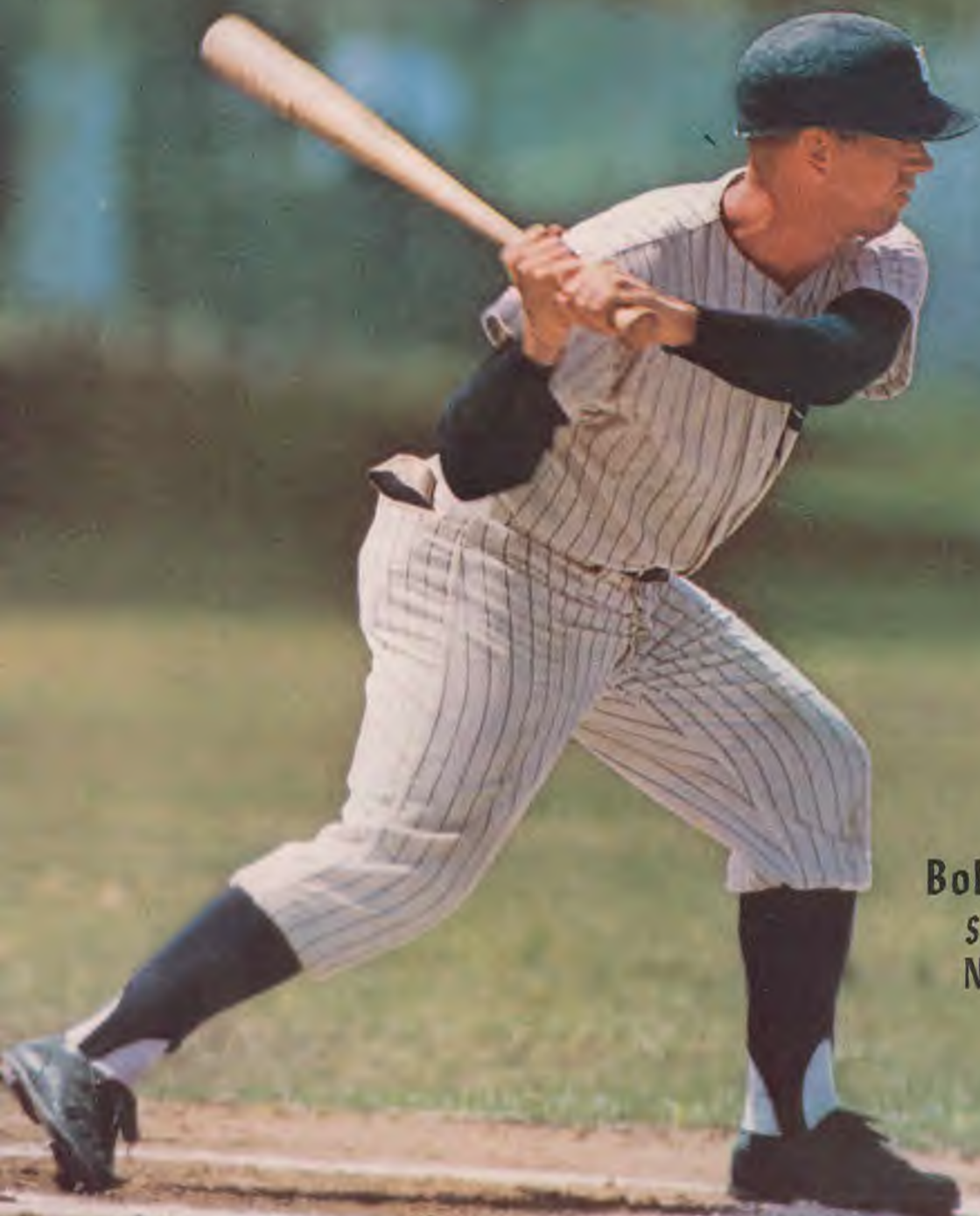


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Bobby Richardson
Second Baseman
New York Yankees



news

◆ **LIQUOR IN THE HOUSE.** Nearly one third of the parents in the United States keep beer, wine, and/or liquor in the house for their own use and for serving friends, according to a survey by Dr. William Brady.

◆ **PARENTAL BLAME.** California Director of Alcoholic Beverages Control, Malcolm E. Harris, says that drinking by minors is his biggest problem, mostly because parents consent to it. California's experience, he comments, seems like that of one area in New York, where a survey some time ago indicated that 95 per cent of high school students between fifteen and eighteen had drunk liquor, 75 per cent of these with parental consent.

◆ **LOWER ALCOHOL BLOOD LEVEL.** To North Dakota and New York go the honor of being the first states to adopt the level of .10 per cent as the blood-alcohol level at which drivers are presumed to be "under the influence." This legislation, to reduce the level from .15 per cent to .10 per cent, has also been introduced in Washington. The National Safety Council advocates this lower level.

◆ **FIVE MILLION GLASSES.** During baseball games last year, Ballantine Beer advertised over television that more than 5,000,000 glasses of their product are quaffed by consumers every day. As it happens, this averages one glass for each of the known 5,000,000 alcoholics currently populating the United States today. Perhaps this is where some are getting their start.

◆ **ALCOHOLIC PARENTS.** Eighty per cent of 400 children undergoing treatment at hospitals for the mentally disturbed or retarded in Paris were found to have at least one alcoholic parent, according to a study reported by Dr. George Heuyere, child psychiatrist, at a meeting of the French National Society Against Alcoholism.

◆ **REGISTER OF DRINKING DRIVERS.** The House Commerce Committee has approved a bill to set up a Federal register of all drivers whose licenses have been temporarily withdrawn because of drunken driving convictions or law violations involving loss of life. The law is aimed at making it easier to prevent such drivers from obtaining licenses in other states. The bill has been passed by the Senate.

◆ **TRICKY KEY.** An ignition key so tricky to use that a drunk cannot start his automobile is being developed, says Dr. James L. Malfetti, head of a safety research project at Columbia University. The experimental key has to be inserted through a maze that requires sober concentration. Effective though this idea may be with drunks, of what use will it be with the drinking driver, who is involved in most of the serious automobile accidents?

"Alcohol Major" at Georgetown Georgetown University, in Washington, D.C., aware that some students drink anyway, has opened a student "rathskeller" so that all students may learn to indulge. "Indoctrination in the proper use of alcohol is part of the education of modern young men," claims the Rev. T. Byron Collins, a university vice-president.

Neighboring property owners were not so sure this was a good idea, however. They hired an attorney, who pointed out that the "rathskeller" would have "a very substantial and detrimental impact on the existing character of the neighborhood." But the neighbors lost, and it now looks as if Georgetown is offering a new "major" in how to drink.



OUR COVER

Many athletes are "flashes in the pan," showing great prowess briefly and then fading rapidly. Others rise more slowly but develop an impressive overall record.

One of the latter is Bobby Richardson, New York Yankees' second baseman. Bobby is considered as the team's consistent hitter, as well as being aggressive and dependable as an infielder.

Listen's cover picture is by Three Lions Studio in New York.



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Students of journalism have long been taught that when a dog bites a man, there is no news story, since its occurrence is so common; but when a man bites a dog, that is news, because it is unique. Here is a "man bites dog" story.

In Oakland, California, the Jerusalem Church of God sought a permit for religious assembly in a building occupied in part by a tavern named the 85 Club. Immediately opposition became vocal, not only from Mr. and Mrs. Herman Campbell, operators of the 85 Club, but from three bars, one liquor store, a pool hall, and a grocery store selling beer—all nearby.

"It's the first time it's ever happened," commented Officer George A. Dini, who heard testimony on the application. "I've often heard church representatives opposing locations of bars and liquor emporiums in their neighborhoods. But this was a real switch."

Obviously, the Campbells were disturbed at the prospect of having a church next to them, commenting, "We do not think our clients would appreciate the church's message, and I don't think church members would appreciate ours. Our clientele is entirely different. This is no place for a church."

Undismayed, church officials requesting the permit were quick to reply, "To us, the location is ideal

for a church. We want to put God right out on the main street."

The application for a permit was denied.

This incident graphically underlines the fact that the basic purpose and program of the church are diametrically opposite to the purpose and program of the liquor industry. Some church leaders these days, and many liquor industry public relations experts, would like to obscure that fact, making it appear that, after all, the church and the industry are not so far apart in fundamentals. But may there be many more incidents to emphasize the entire disparity between the two, keeping them where they should be, poles apart.

The real—and only—reason for the church's existence is to save men, to present One who can redeem from human weakness.

On the other hand, the liquor industry has only one purpose, promoted for financial gain—to make a product which ultimately results in human inferiority, tragedy, and death.

It behooves the church to keep its voice clear on matters of principle, and its message uninfluenced by sinister pressures which would tend to tarnish its good name or turn it from its true mission to the world.



Francis A. Soper

"PRISON OF MY OWN MAKING" / ELVA XANTHE

When I take the pills, I feel important. The first time the police picked me up, it was for reckless driving at two o'clock in the morning. Two of the boys in the car were narcotics addicts with criminal records, the police said. Since I had never taken the hard stuff before, I was afraid.

I am fortunate that Mr. Slocum, probation officer, became interested in me. Even though he knows I lied to him, he still tries to help me. I think of the time Dwight and I went to a doctor's office. I pretended I was sick, and when the doctor asked me to come into his office, Dwight pulled out a gun and asked for the drugs.

The doctor was old, so I was surprised when he took the gun away from Dwight and knocked him down. The doctor said to me, "You look like such a nice young girl. Why are you mixed up in this?"

When he picked up the telephone, I became frightened and rushed to my father's apartment. Later, when the police questioned me, I said that I had not known that Dwight had a gun or that he was going to hold up the doctor. This was the second time I had broken my probation, but Mr. Slocum pleaded with the police to release me, for he wanted to give me one more chance.

When they took me back to the girls' detention center, I locked myself in the bathroom. After a while Mr. Slocum came to the door and said, "Susan, I don't like to do this, but unless you come out, I will have to break the door down."

When I opened the door, my wrists were bleeding. I had tried to commit suicide with the razor I always keep hidden in the lining of my purse with the pills. I am not sure if I really wanted to commit suicide or if I just wanted to frighten the officials into letting me go.

* * *

I wish my father would not come to see me, or write upsetting letters. He keeps telling me he is crushed, and that his life is over because of me. In the next breath he tells me he knows he is "guilty," and he wants to make it up to me because he has never been able to accept me.

I remember that when my baby brother was killed in that automobile accident when I was four years old, my father told me he wished I had been killed instead, that he loved my brother more than he loved me.

When I was a little girl, we lived in Rhode Island. My parents were always quarreling, but I felt they really loved each other. But they did not love me.

When I was seven years old, my father went to live in a hotel in New York. For a long time he had told me that he could not live in the same house with me, that there was no peace when I was around. When he talked about my brother, he would cry and I would feel sorry for him. I was sad when my father moved away because I always loved him, even when he was not kind to me.

* * *

After my father moved away, my mother took me to a clinic for emotionally disturbed children. The doctor was a woman whom I did not like. But after a while I liked her better. I saw her about six times. She wanted to see my father, too, but he said that only crazy people went to psychologists, and after that I refused to go.

When I was twelve years old, my mother took me to California to live. At first I was excited about going, for I thought I would see all the movie stars and that maybe I would be in the movies, too. But it was nothing like that.

We lived in a small town, and I hated it. We had a grubby little house behind another house. I felt ashamed to bring anyone home. I could not make friends at school. I never felt accepted by the girls at school. I thought they were prettier than I was, their families better than mine, and their homes nicer.

A true story revealed in tragic leaves from a teen-ager's diary



I don't know why my parents dragged me into court when they were divorced. They never cared about me. The judge gave my mother custody, but he said I could spend weekends with my father, after he had come to California to live.

I never got along well with my mother, and after the divorce it was worse. She sent me to live in a school for emotionally disturbed children. I think that is an awful

This "Listen" exclusive reveals in random, unvarnished teenage jottings the basic reason many youth go astray—the cold, divisive home influence and the sinister lure of dangerous habits.

Seven weeks after Susan entered the state hospital, where she is now receiving therapy, she wrote a letter to her mother in which she said: "I realize now that when I took the pills, I was on the road to self-destruction. Once I said that I would kill myself if I were sent to prison, but now I know that if I keep on taking the pills, I will always be in a prison of my own making."

I hated it. I felt I was not accepted by the crowd who talked about going on to college.

But it wasn't long before I became aware that there was a different crowd in the high school, which would accept me. This was where I met Dwight. He was the first person I ever knew who needed me, and I felt at home with his friends. I felt at ease with them, and admired their contempt for authority.

The first pills I ever took were bennies. When I took them, I felt wonderful, and all my depression vanished.

Soon I couldn't get along without the pills. I've taken them for more than a year now, but I never took the hard stuff, heroin, or used the needle.

It apparently was such an easy way to be happy. I had never been happy before except for short periods of time when my father would take me out for good times, and I would think he wanted me to live with him. But when I took the pills, no one could hurt or upset me. No one could make me feel unwanted or inferior. I floated into a gay and lively world, where I felt brilliant. When I took the pills, I felt as important as everybody else!

Sometimes during this period my parents used to accuse me of going on sex orgies, but that is not true. We were not interested in sex, but only in how we could get more drugs. It is easy to get the pills, for they don't cost much, but it is not easy to get the hard stuff.

I used to give Dwight money for drugs, but it was never enough, not even when I took money out of my father's wallet or when I cashed my savings bonds.

We were on our way back from Tijuana when the police stopped us for reckless driving, and searched the car. We had bought some stuff down there. At first the police thought I was drunk, but I wasn't. I had just taken some bennies and I felt great.

At juvenile hall I was put on probation while awaiting a hearing. That is how I met Mr. Slocum. While I was out on probation, I was picked up twice. The first time was for "associating with known criminals." The second time was when we tried to hold up the doctor. They sent me back to the detention center until the preliminary hearing.

My mother and father both came to the hearing, and they both said they wanted to take me. I begged to go to my father. My father said he loved me, and he would take good care of me; he blamed everything on my mother and on my environment.

Mr. Slocum asked the judge to send me to my father until the final hearing, but he said I was on probation, that I must not take any drugs, that I must not associate with narcotics addicts.

* * *

I was lonely at my father's apartment. My father now watched me all the time, and seemed to be expecting me to do something terrible.

After a while he telephoned my mother, and they talked for a long time. My mother took me home. I begged her not to send me away again. I said I had learned my lesson and that I would never take drugs again, but in the morning she phoned Mr. Slocum. He sent a policeman to pick me up. I did not think Mr. Slocum would do this to me. I slashed my wrists.

* * *

Although I was not sent to the boarding school, the juvenile court decided to send me to the state hospital for observation for three or four months, and then it would be decided whether I needed further treatment. At the detention center I awaited transfer to the hospital.

* * *

I have been in the detention center for almost five weeks now awaiting transfer to the state hospital. Detention center is a prison. The attendants don't mistreat us, but no one really talks to us, or tries to find out what we are thinking about. They just keep us locked up like criminals. And I find this both deadly and depressing.

I am in despair today. No one cares about me. I would do anything to get out of here. I never knew a person could feel so helpless and so unhappy.

I used to long to be eighteen. I thought that then, magically, a new life would begin for me. I would have money, a big car, and do as I pleased. In four months now I'll be eighteen, but all I really want to do is to kill myself.

* * *

I wrote that last paragraph two weeks ago when my mother was here. After about ten minutes we started to quarrel and she said I was disrespectful to her. I screamed, "Why shouldn't I be disrespectful to you? You don't care about me. Why must I be here? Why can't I live like other girls my age?" Then I started to cry, and couldn't stop.

* * *

I am finally going to the state hospital. How will I know if I am cured? Will my "case" ever be over? Or will it only be over when my life is over? I think I have learned my lesson, but at other times I am afraid that if I am let out, I will go back to the drugs again.



Marie Finger Bale

From a lecture delivered at the tenth session of the Institute of Scientific Studies for the Prevention of Alcoholism, Loma Linda, California.

LET us raise the question again: Can women transform a culture pattern? What must be done in order to make woman's role a truly effective one?

There first must be developed those attitudes which will strengthen the feelings of equality between men and women. Where did the idea originate that women must hold an inferior place in the culture pattern?

A meeting was held in 1944 of the Eastern Branch of the American Psychological Association, which was attended by nearly 1,000 persons. The main discussion revolved around the results of a questionnaire submitted to an equal number of men and women, presented by Philip Kitay of Teachers College, Columbia University. This survey was designed to explore opinions of men and women about women. "Both sexes were in 'a remarkable agreement in favor of equal social rights for both sexes and a wide disagreement in evaluating the emotional stability and originality of women.' Dr. Kitay said the questionnaire indicated that 'the present-day attitudes toward women have been largely made by men. Since many accept prevailing opinions as facts, women as a rule fall into the same opinions as men, and therefore see themselves through male eyes.'"—Mary R. Beard, *Woman as Force in History*, page 270.

Men and women need to realize that they were created to complement each other. Sociologists claim that, as a

Women in Tomorrow's World

Second in a series of two articles.



rule, a culture of any civilization reaches its fullest development when there is a true balance between masculine and feminine influences. Those who work within churches might ask themselves this question: Are organizations within churches directed too exclusively by men while the attendance shows a surplus of women?

Ashley Montagu feels that "women must help men to learn that working in co-operation rather than in conflict is the best support for their egos which men can receive."—*The Natural Superiority of Women*, page 188.

He adds: "A full-rounded judgment of most human endeavors is best achieved when it represents the combined wisdom of men and women. . . . Men should give up arguing about women, and start thinking jointly with them."—*Ibid.*, pp. 188, 189.

Not only is there a need to develop attitudes to strengthen the feelings of equality between men and women, but also the role of homemaker should be raised. The culture pattern is in large part transmitted through the primary group or the face-to-face group. "Children get their values, (Please turn to page 25)

In developing strong human relationships, women can help transform the disturbances in our social life today and strengthen the idealism which makes for stability in society.

RETHINKING REHABILITATION



L. D. McGladrey

more is being done now than at any other time in the history of the world as far as rehabilitation is concerned. The problem of alcoholism is attacked intelligently and from a greater variety of points of view than ever before. A new *hope* has emerged. Alcoholics Anonymous chapters are now readily available to almost any alcoholic in the nation. Information centers, treatment centers, public and private institutions, and hospitals are now engaged in effective programs of rehabilitation. Ministers are better trained and are engaged in more counseling programs, more doctors are willing to take on alcoholic patients, and rescue missions are beginning to combine scientific methods with their traditional religious approach. *A new day has dawned!*

Interestingly enough, *each and every method works*, at least to a limited extent. Thousands are being brought back to sobriety and a reclaimed life. They become good homemakers, workers, church members, and citizens. Each reclaimed case is a miracle. Nothing is quite as dramatic in the public eye as the alcoholic who has really given up his drinking and courageously built back all that he had lost. It is like resurrection from the dead.

But—and it's a big *but*—with all that is being done, rehabilitation efforts barely scratch the surface as far as meeting the need is concerned. There is the general impression on the part of most people that because rehabilitation facilities and organizations are made available, therefore the alcoholic who needs help gets it. The facts do not bear out that conclusion.

Reason No. 1: A.A. has often been called the alcoholic's best friend and hope. Indeed, that organization has given

noble service, something that probably no other could or would have done. It has continually expanded its work for twenty-five years and has units in all the larger centers of population. Its membership has grown to more than 250,000.

Yet Bill W., one of the cofounders of A.A., admits that 1,000,000 people die annually directly or indirectly because of the use of alcohol. Dr. Andrew C. Ivy estimates that the death rate among alcoholics is now about 300,000 annually, and this in spite of the fact that great efforts are being put forth for rehabilitation.

No one can brag much about accomplishments in rehabilitation when more die annually than A.A. has in membership after twenty-five years.

Reason No. 2: Next to A.A., the National Council on Alcoholism with its many affiliates scattered across the nation, is usually thought of as being a leader in rehabilitation. Their annual report for 1960 states, "N.C.A., its affiliates, and alcohol-information centers brought direct help to 64,689 individuals in the previous year." The term "help" is not defined, so it is assumed to mean their total case load. If it did mean real rehabilitation, they would have helped slightly more than 1 per cent of the 5,000,000 alcoholics needing help. If their success was the 50 per cent claimed by A.A. and others, *they would have helped less than 1 per cent in a year's time.*

Reason No. 3: In 1960, while sponsoring a seminar in Chicago on "Understanding and Helping the Alcoholic," with Dr. Howard J. Clinebell as resource leader, I made visits to the rehabilitation centers of the city to become better acquainted with their work and to try to get their leaders to come to the seminar. During my visit to Portal House I

read in their brochure, "There are 250,000 alcoholics in greater Chicago. . . . We ministered to 475 last year." Again allowing for 50 per cent success, it left in round figures about 250 alcoholics helped, out of 250,000, or only 1 out of 1,000 or .1 per cent. Upon seeking out information from other centers, rescue missions, and A.A., and by being generous in allowing for accomplishments, I was forced to draw the conclusion that *in a year's time approximately 1 per cent of the alcoholics of the Chicago area might have been helped.*

I thought to myself, "Surely this cannot be! With all the interest, publicity work, and expenditure, there must be a higher percentage elsewhere, if not in Chicago." To find out, I prepared a brief list of questions and sent them out to all the state divisions of alcoholism, to some N.C.A. affiliates, and to temperance agencies. I received an excellent response numerically, but some of the information given is open to question. Statistics are no better than the source from which they come. We must, therefore, use considerable caution in interpretation. This is reminiscent of the definition of the statistician as the man who "puts his head in the oven, his feet in the refrigerator, and says, 'On the average I am very comfortable.'" Returns on the survey revealed that some of my statistical informers were "hotheaded," and others definitely had "cold feet."

In response to the first question, "How many alcoholics are there in your city, state, or area?" almost all the informers had a ready reply. The formula for determining the number of alcoholics in an area is applied, and these facts are known almost everywhere.

In contrast the next question, "How many alcoholics go through some form of rehabilitation in one year's time (1) in state hospitals, (2) Alcoholics Anonymous, (3) alcohol-information centers, (4) rescue missions, (5) industrial programs, (6) other programs?" brought forth no significant answer except that it revealed an amazing ignorance about these facts even among the people who should be well informed. This information is of extreme importance in evaluating the work of rehabilitation. It is tragic that scientific research is unconcerned in this area.

The question, "Is there any follow-up or evaluation on any of these programs?" brought forth an almost unanimous "No." A few attempts are in progress here and there, but they are the exception rather than the rule. Admittedly, the task is a difficult one, but to sidestep the issue because it is difficult or, worse yet, to evade it because the results might be unfavorable to those engaged in rehabilitation projects or research is like the ostrich's hiding his head in the sand. How can we intelligently expect to face a problem of the magnitude of rehabilitation with no records nor evaluation to help us know whether we are making progress or not?

Two observations can be made on the answers to the question, "What approach do you consider most effective—the medical, psychiatric, A.A., counseling, group therapy, or a combination of several approaches?" *First*, each one answering injected his personal preference and checked one item. *Second*, those who answered were unanimous in their desire for a combination of approaches. They would not admit that any other method was as good as the one of their choice, but they hoped that a combination of all might be better than one.

A wide divergence of opinion was expressed in answer to

the question, "What measure of success would you estimate on the average?" Answers ranged from 6 per cent to 60 per cent with an average at about 30 per cent, far below the claims of A.A. One well-known authority not included in this survey boasted over 90 per cent efficiency, but another equally famous authority disputed this claim vigorously.

If any conclusion can be drawn, it would be this: Rehabilitation of skid-row alcoholics is on a very low percentage basis; in A.A. and information centers reaching the cross section of American life, the percentage rises; in industrial programs where the man still has a job and lives with his family, the percentage is still higher.

In other words, the earlier an alcoholic seeks aid for rehabilitation, and the better the programs related to existing resources provided, the better the chances of recovery; and the farther down he goes on skid row, the more difficult rehabilitation becomes.

Many interesting answers were given to the question, "What is the greatest obstacle in the way of effective rehabilitation work?" Some of the repeated comments were: lack of understanding of the nature of alcoholism, apathy of the public, lack of trained leadership, and lack of funds to finance proper programs. Topping them all, however, was the *unwillingness of the alcoholic to co-operate in any type of therapy.*

The logical inference to draw from this observation so emphatically expressed is that *if any important improvement in rehabilitation work is to be accomplished in the future, it must be based on a better understanding of the ways and means of motivating the alcoholic to want rehabilitation.* The common denominator of the success or failure of rehabilitation processes hinges upon this one thing—the co-operation of the individual alcoholic. *With co-operation all methods work—without it nothing can be done.*

The final question was, "What would you recommend in the way of a program for reaching and helping more alcoholics?" Things emphasized were the need of funds, trained workers, better facilities to work with, and an aroused public opinion. And *need for education led all the rest.*

What conclusions can be drawn from this survey?

First, no reliable or complete statistics are available on the extent of rehabilitation or its efficiency of operation.

Second, from the best estimates that are available, it would appear that no more than 1 per cent of the alcoholics in the United States are really helped in a year's time.

Third, though rehabilitation has been a major emphasis and chief concern of A.A., the National Council on Alcoholism, the Yale School of Alcohol Studies, and all the state divisions of alcoholism in our country for many years, no real impact has been made upon the problem. There are more acceptance, sympathy, understanding, and concern for the alcoholic, more knowledge and technical skill, more organizations and facilities, and more and more money for rehabilitation than ever before, yet we add to our total number of alcoholics each year! We have an average *annual* net increase of from 100,000 to 200,000 alcoholics in spite of all who have died or who have successfully come through a rehabilitation program.

Fourth, it takes an addition of more than 1,000 new recruits to addictive drinking per *day* to make this net increase possible.

Fifth, nine tenths of the alcoholics (*Please turn to page 25*)

Nothing is more productive of lasting good to the people of any nation than public parks and recreational areas.

For "Listen," Senator Neuberger, long an advocate of the vigorous outdoor life, here emphasizes anew the challenge to our nation of preserving those natural areas which are essential in protecting the physical and mental well-being of all citizens.



A century ago Henry David Thoreau expressed the hope that Cape Cod's coast might be preserved as a natural area. He declared, "The time must come when this coast will be a place of resort for those New Englanders who really wish to visit the seaside." Today many experts believe that millions of Americans would benefit by a Cape Cod National Seashore Park. And Congress has acted to preserve a part of our nation's seacoast within such a park. This historic step is such as would please Thoreau.

CHARTING THE PROPER COURSE

*Maurine B. Neuberger
United States Senator From the
State of Oregon*

But Cape Cod is only one of many national underdeveloped beauty areas. Some are inland, along our great lakes. Others are thousands of miles to the west of the Pacific Coast, in our fiftieth state, Hawaii.

President Kennedy stressed the value of natural resources in his special message to Congress on February 23, 1961: "From the beginning of civilization, every nation's basic wealth and progress has stemmed in large measure from its natural resources. This nation has been, and is now, especially fortunate in the blessings we have inherited. Our entire society rests upon—and is dependent upon—our water, our land, our forests, and our minerals. How we use these resources influences our health, security, economy, and well-being."

And he added: "*But if we fail to chart a proper course* of conservation and development, if we fail to use these blessings prudently, we will be in trouble within a short time." The italics are mine because I believe the challenge to us is clear. Consider that the population of the

(Please turn to page 32)



Maurine B. Neuberger

THE AUTHOR. One of the two women members of the United States Senate is Maurine B. Neuberger of Oregon. She, like Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, enjoys the activities of politics and government, but still maintains her strong principles for healthful, abstinent living.

Mrs. Neuberger is at present a member of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, the Agriculture and Forestry Committee, and the Special Committee on the Aging.

Her interests lie in the direction of the out of doors, because, with her late husband, she enjoyed camping in the great wilderness areas, particularly in the Pacific Northwest.

She maintains that a person who loves nature and the outdoors does not need liquor and its narcotic effect to enjoy life or to relax.

Regarding the cocktail circuit in the nation's

capital, she says, "I choose fruit juice at the parties and receptions I attend, and am not embarrassed or excluded. Most citizens would be surprised at how the trend is toward not drinking, for many of our lawmakers are choosing nonalcoholic drinks instead of the alcoholic."

As a solution to the problem of alcohol, she suggests a stronger educational program in the schools, to inform young people of the dangers before they become involved. They should have access to all the information, pro and con, so they can weigh the evidence carefully before making their decision to leave it alone.

Mrs. Neuberger's motto through the years has been: "When in doubt, do right." Americans can look with more confidence to their legislators for leadership when these hold to personal ideals such as are held by Senator Maurine B. Neuberger.

Hoyt McAfee

An old-time newspaper reporter looks at this matter of social drinking.

Someone has commented that Dr. E. M. Jellinek, formerly of Yale University, an outstanding authority on alcoholism, considers "booby trap" another term for social drinking. Thoughtful and farsighted persons never succumb to its false lure, although those who champion the social drink describe it as the road to social acceptance and popularity.

Researchers' files in this field bulge with case after tragic case in which social drinking fastened its victim in a booby trap from which there was no escape. These findings point up that it all began with the person's urge to keep favor with the crowd. Then followed a quickened tempo of his social drinking. In time he lost his self-control and self-respect and became a compulsive drinker. Gradually physical and emotional sickness gripped him.

Over the years this reporter has personally watched easily a hundred or more persons plunge downward along this course. Some of them had attained prominence in professional or public life, only to become victims of social drinking. Steadily thereafter their weakness degenerated into alcoholism. Disgrace was only a short step away. Some wound up amid the human flotsam of skid row.

Once I observed a disheartening case along East Fifth Street in Los Angeles, the favorite haunt of that city's human derelicts. A slender, sad-faced, gray-haired man in his fifties approached me early one night in that area. He importuned me for a quarter to buy another bottle of wine.

It took a bit of persuasion, but I succeeded in coaxing the wino to have a bowl of soup and a sandwich with me, in lieu of more wine. It turned out that he had eaten no solid food for three days.

Later, in the rear booth of a nearby café, we discussed his favorite subject—baseball. That thawed him out. Soon he was sharing with me the miserable details of his downfall. He had once been a prosperous auto dealer in the San Fernando Valley, something mission officials later verified for me. Married and the father of three children, he had lived in a \$75,000 home.

According to his story, he began his social drinking at office parties and at clubs. His first impressions were that a few drinks gave him a "daring feeling." On the other hand, some of his close associates drew him aside—in his nondrinking moments—and recounted his "nasty remarks and behavior" during a round of social drinking.

Within a year, the former auto dealer explained to me, some of his best customers had deserted him. He quarreled often with his wife, and his lost weekends became more numerous. Failure of both his business and his marriage came soon thereafter.

He tried to drown his shame and resentment in heavy drinking. When

(Please turn to page 29)





Vice-Admiral John McN. Taylor has had a long and distinguished career in the Navy. He wears the Silver Star for conspicuous gallantry in the South Pacific. He holds the Legion of Merit with Combat "V" for his pioneer work during World War II in developing methods for preassault naval bombardment, in directing support of ground forces in amphibious operations, and in underwater demolition operations.

At present, Vice-Admiral Taylor's post is Commander, Amphibious Force, United States Atlantic Fleet.

Navy men must remain in peak physical shape to stay in a UDT. Their nerves, muscles, and co-ordination must stand up to the most rigorous challenges that one day may confront them in an emergency.

Although these men live with adventure, you'll find them steady and of mature judgment. They have to be. Their lives and the lives of thousands of men may depend on such qualities.

As for drinking and smoking among UDT men, this is a question they must decide for themselves. Can they swim seven miles in rough water, detonate mines with sure, steady hands, or make vital decisions underwater if they have a hang-over from last night's party? And can they parachute into hostile territory or run for miles carrying heavy equipment over sandy beaches or soggy marshes if their wind and stamina aren't nearly perfect?

The UDT men have set high standards for themselves, and they voluntarily follow the patterns of discipline necessary to stay on the team.

TO MOST people, swimming is a pleasant summer sport, carried on in the placid, clear waters of an ocean beach resort, lake, river, or tiled pool. However, there are those to whom swimming is a deadly serious business. Their lives, the lives of thousands of military men, and even the success or failure of a wartime amphibious assault landing, often depend on a handful of highly trained Navy frogmen, known as Underwater Demolition Teams (UDT).

These teams consist of the most rugged and skilled specialists in the military service, who are quite properly termed "a weapon," just as a gun or a tank would be. As one Marine put it: "Standing alone in nothing but swim trunks, the UDT operator is probably

Interview by Eloise Engle

... in an Arctic snowstorm in Greenland ...



▲ UDT men train rigorously in the rainy swamps ...



◀ ... on beaches to be guarded against enemy attack ...



Lethal **HUMAN** Weapons

No phase of the military is more demanding or more necessary than the UDT.

the most versatile and lethal single weapon that has ever been developed."

At no time in history was the need for preinvasion reconnaissance by frogmen pointed up more clearly than at the battle for Tarawa during World War II, when the invading Marines went aground on a submerged coral reef. As historians remember, the Marines were cut to pieces by the Japanese because obstacles beneath the sea's surface had not been detected.

At the same time, the invasion at Normandy was being planned. Rugged, physically capable men with previous swimming experience were recruited from the Navy's Seabees and from the early Navy, Marine Scout, and

(Please turn to page 30)



◀ *... on rough, rocky coasts isolated from population centers ...*

... in shore areas where enemy-made obstacles prevent frontal attacks.



Mineman McGee



CHIEF MINEMAN JAMES H. MCGEE is a good example of a UDT man. He weighs 165 pounds and stands five feet, nine and a half inches tall. He is tanned, and solid as a rock. He is powerful and pleasant. It is hard to think of him as a deadly weapon; yet, of course, he is.

For fun, he engages in "free fall" parachuting. This is a civilian game, and to play it, you simply dive out of an airplane, time your descent to a certain point, and then casually open your chute. (Military parachuting is all automatic.)

Chief McGee recently participated in a new rescue pickup called "Operation Skyhook." Along with Lieutenant Edmund Jacobs (M.C.), who was pulled up from the ground, McGee demonstrated how downed fliers and astronauts could be rescued from remote areas on land or sea.

For this operation a packet containing a harness similar to a suit of coveralls is dropped to the man. Attached is a 500-foot nylon line with a balloon envelope at the end. The downed man is expected to make use of the helium bottle to inflate his balloon.

At pickup time the man releases the balloon, which lifts the line to its full height. At that time the plane sweeps through at a speed of 150 miles per hour, "forks" the line to the aircraft, the balloon breaks away, and the man is lifted vertically into the waiting aircraft. The crew operating the rescue equipment reel the man aboard.

Said McGee after his first go at it, "It was easy. You just pull the hood of your flight jacket down over your head and lie there, floating through the air, nice and happy."

Of course, McGee makes it sound easy, yet breaking in new rescue operations is always hazardous. Somebody has to do it the first time, and who knows how many will be saved because of men like McGee?

Chief McGee is a total abstainer. "I'll admit I tried drinking and smoking, but I didn't like to do either. You know the doctors at Richmond tested some smokers and nonsmokers, and they found the lung capacity of the nonsmokers to be consistently greater than that of smokers."

He shook his head. "Even if I had enjoyed the habit (which I didn't), I would not have continued smoking after hearing about that. As for drinking, well, I have enough excitement without it." He shrugged his shoulders. "Why bother? I'm better off without drinking."

Early in the morning of June 19, 1961, a phone jingled in the police station

at Montclair, California. "There's a wild teen-age party in progress near my home, and it's keeping everybody in the neighborhood awake," complained the voice on the phone.

Police Officer Andrew W. Farthing and three fellow officers answered the peace-disturbance call. In trying to quiet the disorderly youngsters, Farthing, a church member and father of a five-year-old boy, was savagely and fatally beaten. He died in a nearby hospital three hours later.

This shocking incident in Montclair, a newly incorporated residential community east of Los Angeles, focused attention on a national problem, the growing menace of teen-age drinking and its relationship to juvenile crime.

About the same time the Associated Press reported that eight police officers were injured when they attempted to break up a noisy, predawn party of juveniles in Redlands, California. Nearly 150 youths, ranging in age from fourteen to nineteen, hurled beer cans, bottles, and rocks at the officers in protesting the arrest of one drunken teen-ager. An emergency call brought officers from nearby San Bernardino County and from the state highway patrol to aid in subduing the mob with tear gas. Ten juveniles were arrested.

The fact that these assaults on law officers trying to quell drinking parties occurred in usually quiet, law-abiding communities indicated what government sociologists have found to be a new and alarming trend in juvenile delinquency.

"This 'trend to the suburbs' in juvenile crime," the Senate Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee reported, "is a clear indication that the increase is largely among the children of the so-called white-collar classes."

Newspaper headlines in such cities as New York, Washington, Denver, Seattle, and Miami, show that the problem is nationwide in scope.

From big-city slums to crossroad hamlets, youthful crime set a new record in 1959 and continues to increase, according to the Senate report. This study, covering the period from 1940 to 1959 and a part of 1960, indicates what social investigators describe as "an alarming change in patterns" of delinquency—the suburban increase. In the past, delinquency has been mainly a big-city-slum problem.

"Big cities," the Senate report states, "are still by far the greatest producers of delinquents."

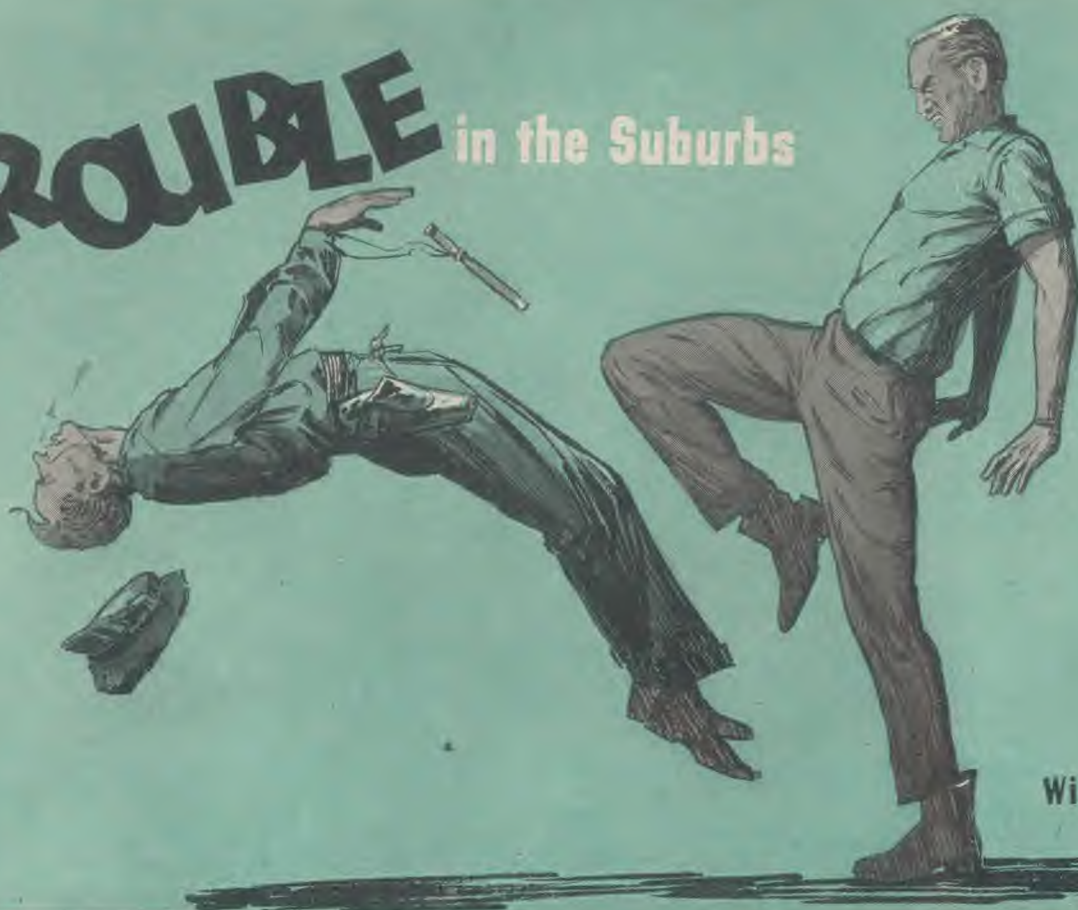
However, the Senate committee investigators report finding a 7 per cent increase in delinquency in suburban areas and a 15 per cent growth in rural areas in 1959. The total number of juvenile cases in 1959, according to the report, was 17 per cent above the 1958 total. Approximately 666,000 youngsters, ranging in age from ten to seventeen, were involved in the 773,000 cases recorded in 1959.

In many of these cases, teen-age drinking was a contributing factor. Although the Senate study, as yet uncompleted, does not pinpoint the percentage, a Yale University study has found that approximately 5 per cent of the male and 1 per cent of the female college students "show all the symptoms of alcoholism."

Obviously, the increase in drinking and the increase in juvenile delinquency go hand in hand. They are the Siamese twins of trouble. Linked also with teen-age drinking are many of the nation's fatal automobile accidents.

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES CONVERSE

TROUBLE in the Suburbs



William L. Roper



Last year the Newark *Evening News* and other New Jersey newspapers published reports by officials who blamed several fatal automobile crashes on drinking teen-agers. Seven youngsters were killed in one accident, after a trip across the state line to New York, where eighteen-year-olds can legally purchase liquor.

"Linked with all the accidents is the strong suspicion that teen-agers who cannot obtain liquor in their own states are finding liquor in the Empire State and coming back into their own states unable to control their automobiles," wrote the New Jersey *Advocate* in an editorial captioned "Lightning Strikes Often."

Congresswoman Florence P. Dwyer, of New Jersey, and State Senator Walter H. Jones, of Bergen, New Jersey, have worked diligently to reduce this hazard, but New York liquor lobbyists have opposed any tightening of New York laws that would ban the sale of liquor to eighteen-year-olds.

Still, tightening of controls to prevent easy liquor purchases by minors is only one step in solving the problem. Education as to the dangers of drinking needs particular emphasis; but this, too, is only one step.

Why this increase in teen-age drinking? Why this alarming new trend—the spread of delinquency to suburban communities?

Declares Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz of New York: "We've been drifting away from God, from family life. There has been a deterioration in the moral climate of our country. We countenance a philosophy of permissiveness.

"It is shocking. While we have the highest standard of living, we at the same time have the highest crime and juvenile delinquency rate, and one marriage out of three ends on the rocks, in the divorce courts."

Dr. Barbara Day, assistant professor of sociology at Long Beach (California) State College, states that she is convinced present-day alcoholism is due partly to the social disorganization of the family.

"Children of alcoholics," she comments, "become either alcoholics or teetotalers. Few become social drinkers."

District Attorney William B. McKesson of Los Angeles, who served for ten years as a superior court judge and for three years as vice-president of the National Council of Juvenile Court Judges, has some particularly helpful ideas on the subject.

He believes that much of our current juvenile crime stems not only from the use of intoxicants and narcotics but also from the fact that "we have unconsciously cultivated a lack of respect for the law" and that our transient pattern of living has left many children feeling emotionally disturbed, uprooted, and lonely.

"People on the move don't have their roots deeply buried," he explains. This, he says, causes many persons to lose their sense of values and the stabilizing influences of their old home town. It is the feeling of insecurity and the desire to make friends, he believes, that lead many youngsters to imitate their elders and experiment with drink.

Undoubtedly, these influences may have contributed to creating the teen-age drinking party at which Police Officer Farthing was fatally beaten. Montclair, a comparatively new community, is populated by newcomers. A lonely, aggressive eighteen-year-old was left at home while his parents made a business trip. He decided to throw a party during his parents' absence, and things soon got rough.

Many of the youthful sprees of vandalism begin in much the same way. Eager for a thrill, one youth gets a "brainstorm" and spreads the word. Disliking to be left out, other youngsters, also eager for a thrill, go along.

Marvin A. Block, M.D., chairman of the Committee on Alcoholism of the American Medical Association, writes that "alcohol can give a feeling of exhilaration, a sense of power, superiority, and grandiosity." But he warns that "this power is unreal and illusive. . . . When a person drinks to get power, there is danger."

Warning that those who "drink to get a lift, to enjoy the envy of their friends, or to acquire a sense of grandeur" are actually trying to escape reality, he advises that they must be taught to face up to real life and its (Please turn to page 34)

WHAT KILLED MY DOCTOR?



ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES CONVERSE

“**C**ORONARY thrombosis”—these were the words on the death certificate, but in my heart I know what killed him. I know because he was my doctor. I know because he was also my husband.

Ours had been a rather ordinary courtship—dates in high school, going steady in college. His going to medical school showed us that we could not live apart. So with the courage that only the young have, we were married with \$200 in the bank and years of study ahead. Yet we were happy. We were in love with love, with life, and with each other.

Finally school was over. Though I had, as I often teased him, “worked his way through college,” my working days were over when he went into private practice. We started our family and proudly bought our first home, and life was indeed beautiful. I was the first to admit that I had everything: a respected and handsome husband, a beautiful home, and four healthy children.

Neither of us could remember when his blinding headaches started. At first they struck only about once every six months, but over a period of ten years they came with increasing frequency. He consulted his doctor friends, who treated the thing lightly. Then he visited an internist in the city, and later a neurologist. Still the pain kept coming, and all the doctors labeled them tension-type headaches.

Soon he was resorting to drugs for relief and would give himself Demerol intravenously when the pain got so bad he couldn't stand it. Toward the last, when the headaches came almost daily (an autopsy showed no physical reason for them), I believed that he persuaded himself that he had a headache in order to rationalize his need for the relief-giving shot. I even found him taking a shot during office hours, an act that showed a type of self-degradation and lack of self-respect that horrified me.

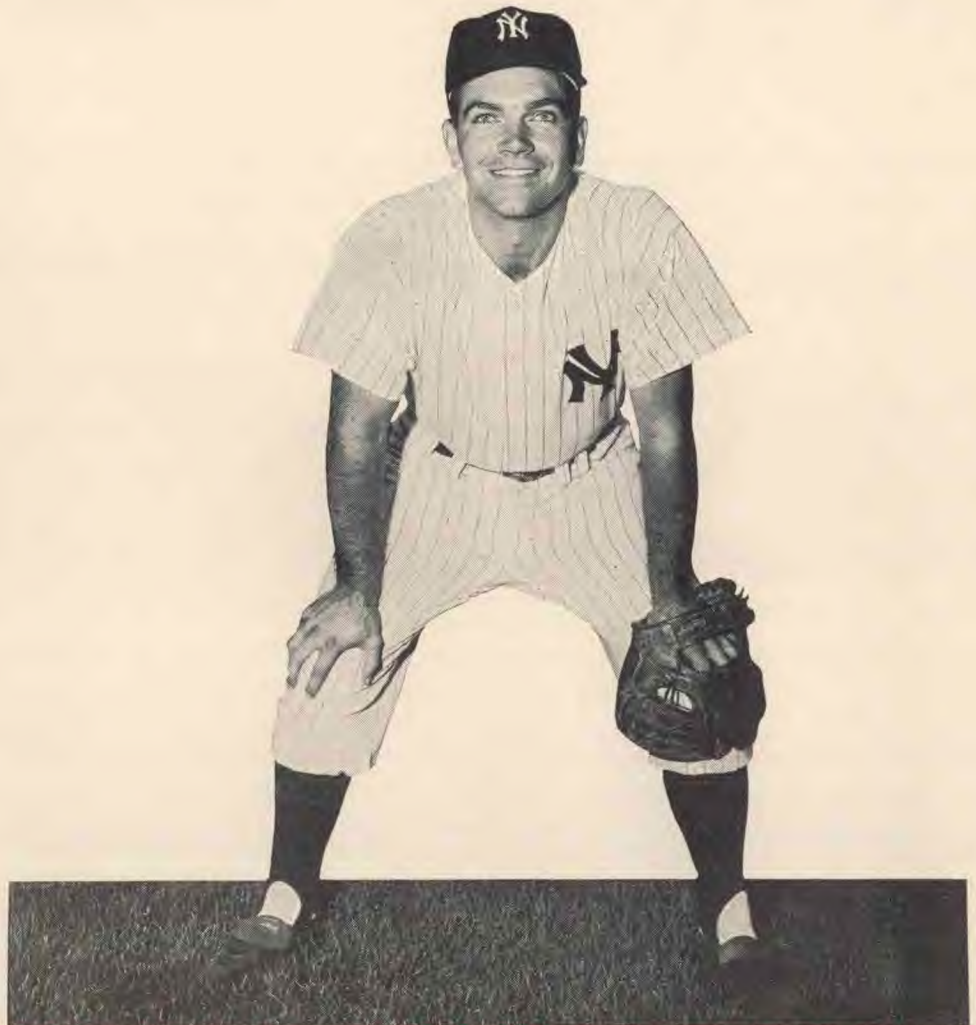
My own life became a nightmare. Nagging, cajoling, crying, I lived in fear that the children or some of our friends would find out. I suppose some of them would have known the signs had they been looking: tiny scars, his being tired one minute, then disappearing, and returning gay and full of vitality but slurring his words slightly. I was embarrassed and ashamed, and yet I loved him. But something curious happened to that love along the way. It changed from the love of a woman for a man to the love of a woman for a sick, misguided, and sometimes badly behaved child.

One morning I woke up about three o'clock, and smelled smoke. I rushed into the adjoining room, where I found my husband asleep, and the chair in which he was sitting was aflame from a dropped cigarette. His pajamas were on fire, and I suppose because of the narcotics he had just taken, he didn't feel the pain of his badly burned leg.

I shudder to think what would have happened had I not awakened when I did. I felt that he endangered all our lives not only then but also when he would take narcotics on a trip and drive all day, for his reactions and physical coordination were not what they should have been.

A shot of Demerol would keep him going when his tired body was crying for rest from *(Please turn to page 30)*

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE



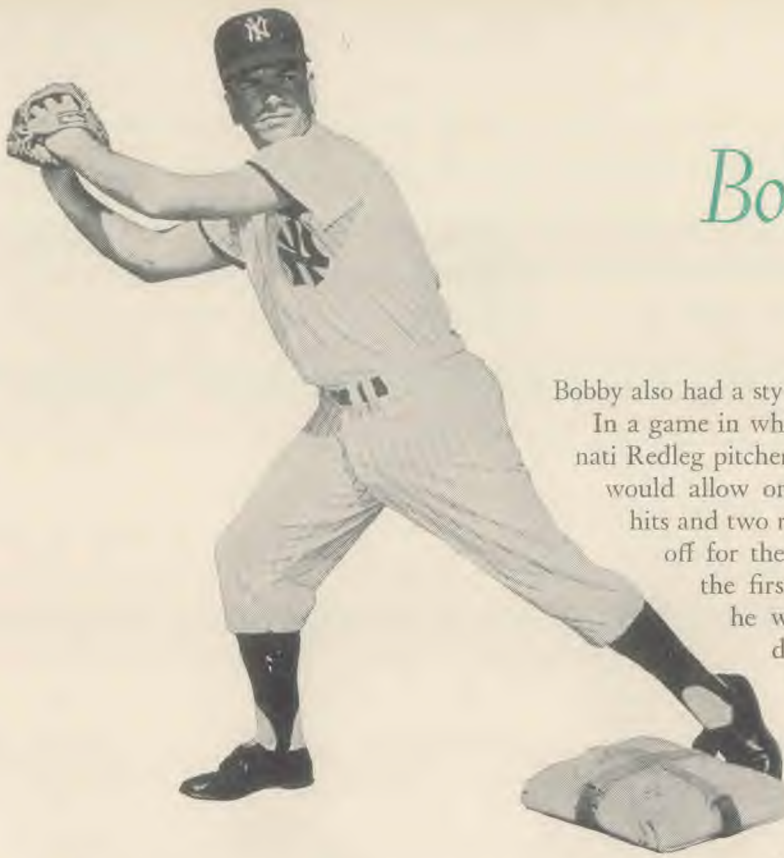
BOBBY RICHARDSON-- THE LITTLE BIG MAN OF BASEBALL

Early in February, shortly after the ground hog allegedly comes out to look for his shadow, birds that have migrated south for the winter turn their beaks northward as they begin to feel the faint stirrings of spring. While this process is going on, another annual event begins to take place, similar in a sense to that of the birds.

Professional baseball players from around the nation begin their annual migration toward Florida, Arizona, and other parts of the southland. Spring training is about to begin. Opening day is just around the corner, and baseball once more becomes the topic of discussion, at least among the tried and true fans.

Heretofore, the last baseball conversation was about four months ago and centered around Mickey Mantle's injury problems, which received prominent publicity in the World Series of 1961. But Mantle wasn't the only New York Yankee with physical problems. Little Bobby Richardson, as the quiet second baseman is known by sports writers, stepped to the plate in the opening game limping from a spike wound and bothered with a boil on his hip. Adding to these miseries,

(Please turn the page)



Bobby Richardson--the

Bobby also had a sty on his left eye.

In a game in which the Cincinnati Redleg pitcher, Jim O'Toole, would allow only six Yankee hits and two runs, Bobby led off for the Yankees with the first of three hits he was to get that day. "Somebody's got to be on base when the big guys come up," he smiled.

As all baseball fans will remember, the Yankees went on to wrench the World Series victory from the hapless Cincinnati Redlegs in five games. Although the "big guys" of the Yankees received most of the headlines, Bobby, Yankee hero of the 1960 World Series against the Pittsburgh Pirates, again emerged as the top hitter among the regulars, with a batting average of .396.

He tied another record by getting nine hits in five games. He had at least one hit in every game, and he fielded his second base position flawlessly during the entire series.

Bobby points out that the lead-off batter of a baseball team is supposed to

get on the base. Whether via walk or hit, it gets on. Then it is up to the power hitters.

An illustration of this came in the 1960 World Series. So often before, Bobby led off with a walk, but in this series he hit to .500 at that point. Taking second base was waiting for one of his teammates to get on.

Two men went out before John Buzuka's fly deep to the outfield. Off at the bat, Bobby was approaching the plate about the time the ball was hit. The little fellow had gotten on base and brought him home. The lead-off run was two runs.

It is not fair to speak of Bobby Richardson as the hero of the 1960 World Series in which the Yankees played the most exciting series ever played, but his contributions by Bobby. First, he scored two runs in one game, with a grand slam.

Second, he also topped all previous records by tying the triples mark for most runs scored in a series. He was also the outstanding W. Corvete car as the outstanding W.

As professional baseball players, Bobby Richardson is a height of five feet nine inches and a performance rather than by poundage. Bobby's performance either in the field or at bat

INTERVIEW BY MIKE A. JONES



Little Big Man of Baseball

it is not important as long as he

ame of the series. As he had done
which raised his batting average
n an error, he stood quietly alert,
e wood on the ball.

d, Yankee outfielder, lofted a high
the bat with two out, Bobby was
ll fell into the seats in right field.
e of the "big guys" came through
s getting on base paid off with

n and not mention the 1960 World
he Pittsburgh Pirates. One of the
event featured several significant
series record by knocking in six
helping him in this matter.
s by driving in twelve men in the
me with two. He tied the record
nt, and won the *Sport Magazine*
es performer.

rdson is a little man at 169 pounds
baseball players are evaluated by
eight. And when it comes to per-
is a star player. Last year he led

the Yankee club in base hits with 173, and he knocked in forty-nine runs.

Bobby was elected to the American League All-Star Team in 1957 and in 1959. He has participated in four World Series in his career with the Yankees, since coming up from the minors in 1957. His best season was in 1959, when he hit .301 for New York. At twenty-six he has been in professional baseball eight years.

Bobby's philosophy of baseball is also his philosophy of life, in a sense. As he puts it: "Major-league baseball can be compared to life. You have rules in baseball that you must adhere to, and also you have rules in life which must be followed.

"In life you have to learn to keep faith in your fellow man. You must do this in baseball with your teammates. Both in life and in baseball you have to learn to cope with defeat and victory. You have ups and downs with moments of glory and times of desperation, but things will work out if you keep a stout heart in defeat and your pride under in victory."

Bobby neither smokes nor drinks, and his reasons for abstaining are religious ones. "I don't feel I can do either, and lead the Christian life I try to lead," he says. And he adds, "Also, you must consider your influence on young people. I don't want to be a detrimental influence on the young people of America." Bobby says his personal feelings are that his living habits without these habit-forming indulgences help him to be a much better ball player.

A Jack-of-all-sports, Bobby does not limit himself to baseball only. He also plays basketball in local church leagues, and when opportunity shows itself he likes to fish occasionally. During hunting season Bobby takes his three bird dogs and goes quail hunting.

(Please turn to page 34)

It was close, but Jackie Jensen of Boston is forced out at second. An instant later Bobby Richardson threw to first for a quick double play.



Bobby is greeted at home plate by three of his teammates after hitting a grand slam home run in a World Series game in Yankee Stadium.

England's New Menace—"Happy Parties"

J. Mortimer Sheppard

Scotland Yard's Drug Squad is currently faced with a mounting teen-age drug problem so serious that, despite an acute shortage of personnel, detectives in many of London's West End districts have been taken off their routine duties and assigned to combating this teen-age menace.

Hundreds of young girls, who formerly worked as hostesses in bars of dubious reputation, have been enlisted by their male "friends" in the growing racket of staging so-called "happy parties." At these parties, other girls are persuaded to indulge in "reefers," or marijuana cigarettes, and alcoholic drinks, which are often bootleg concoctions of dangerous ingredients.

The main Scotland Yard Drug Squad is primarily employed in keeping an eye on the known dealers and importers of narcotics, criminals who dispose of their illegal product on a wholesale basis. Thus, the understaffed squad has been unable to assign sufficient men to the investigation of this new racket that has recently become a fad among many of England's youth.

These teen-age organizers rent apartments or basements for a single night, paying a higher-than-normal fee for this temporary arrangement. Then they pass the word around

that a party will be held at the given address and time.

From forty to fifty people attend these parties, of whom approximately half are young people of both sexes who are being introduced to orgies of this nature, or who have attended, perhaps, one or two previous engagements. They are plied at first with cider to which cheap or home-brewed alcohol has been added.

When the potent brew has had time to take effect, drugged cigarettes are passed around. At first these will be a mixture of ordinary tobacco and Indian hemp, or marijuana. Later, the smokes will consist of straight marijuana.

The profit on such a party will run to \$125 or \$150, but more important to the organizers is the fact that fifteen or twenty new clients will be developed from among the newcomers, who are taught that smoking marijuana is harmless, non-habit-forming, and certainly the popular form of sophistication.

The initiated simply do not care, for they have gone too far to care. They have become addicts. The others, who want to be "in the groove," suffer the illusion that they have had a good time, and they return again and again until they are soon numbered among the regulars.

In other words, they will have become addicts, and as such they will bring in their friends. Also, they will lie, steal, or even commit murder to obtain the funds necessary to purchase their daily supply of the obnoxious weed (at increasing prices), and to be

(Please turn to page 29)

TAIWAN'S

First Lady Mayor



Lin Hsueh-mei visits with Mrs. Everett Drumright, wife of the United States Ambassador to China, in front of San-hsia government building, where Miss Lin has her offices as mayor.

For the first time in the history of Taiwan's local self-government, a young woman has succeeded in invading the domain traditionally held by men.

Miss Lin Hsueh-mei, twenty-eight, bicycle riding and simply dressed, looks more like a coed than a city administrator; but in the latest mayoral election held in San-hsia, twenty miles southwest of Taipei, she defeated wealthy, veteran public servant Chen Hsie-ting in a landslide victory to become the only lady mayor on the island.

Her secret, she said, recalling the race, "is that I go to the people. My footprints were left in every nook and cranny of San-hsia. Of the town's total population of 35,057, I visited 25,000, both young and old."

She campaigned vigorously on the platform of "service for everybody." Among her campaign pledges were better roads and bridges, and a cutdown on waste in local government so as to reduce the burden of the townspeople.

Mindful of her role as a woman leader, Miss Lin has given considerable time to the welfare of the women in her town. She invites foreign or overseas Chinese investors to set up textile mills in San-hsia to give employment to more women.

Mayoress Lin does not smoke or drink. If public functions seem to call for social drinking, she does not attend personally, but sends a deputy.

The lady mayor, still single, lives with her parents. Asked the difference between a mayoress and a mayor, she replied: "In my personal experience, the only difference is this: I have to get up early and help my mother do household cleaning before I go to the office. I guess no mayor would have to do that."

Blue Beathard

"You have to join," this new lieutenant was told, but here he tells why he stayed--

Fresh out of college with an R.O.T.C. commission, I arrived at Fort Polk, Louisiana, where I would serve my active duty training. I had already attended military police school three months, and had only three more months of active duty remaining.

Military service had been interesting while I studied military police procedures, and I was looking forward to actual duty. It was a cold New Year's Day when I signed in at the post, and the duty officer told me to report the next morning for processing.

I had chosen service in the military police for several reasons. First, I planned to remain in the Army only for the minimum six months' duty to fulfill my military obligation, and I wanted to be in a branch of the Army which I thought would provide an interesting tour of duty.

Also, as a college journalism major and editor of the school newspaper, I had studied about police work, since a beginning reporter's first assignment is often the police beat.

When I reported the next morning to begin my processing, I expected to find the usual long lines, but was happily surprised to learn I was one of the few new officers arriving that day.

Processing moved rapidly as I signed various papers at the different processing stations. At the final station a captain looked over my papers to be sure they had all been processed properly. Then he handed me several cards to fill out. One was an application for membership in the officers' club.

I had previously decided that I would not join the club. Since I did not drink alcoholic beverages, and had strong convictions about persons who sold them, I did not wish to contribute my support to an organization which sold and served such drinks.

I handed the membership card back blank.

"You didn't fill out your officers' club card," the captain said.

"Yes, sir," I answered. "I don't wish to join the officers' club."

"You have to join the officers' club, lieutenant," he told me. "Every officer has to belong to the club."

I continued to argue, telling him that the officers' club was a voluntary organization,

OUT OF THE OFFICERS' CLUB

and that I did not wish to join. He told me I would save myself much trouble and time if I would go ahead, join, and pay my dues, whether I ever went into the club or not. Every officer on the post was a member of the club, he said. I could only wonder if this included the chaplains.

The captain finally told me that any officer who did not join the club had to obtain the permission of the commanding general of the post. He suggested that I write a letter of request.

In my letter I explained my beliefs to the general, explaining that I was a total abstainer and that it was against my convictions to be a "stockholder" in a business which sold beer and mixed drinks. As I dropped the letter in the mailbox, I remembered what the captain said about saving myself trouble.

Days passed, and I did not receive any reply from the commanding general. I did receive my first bill from the officers' club, however, for my first month's dues. Afterward, the weeks passed and the bills for dues, of \$4 a month, continued to arrive, but I did not pay them. After three months my statement showed that I owed \$12.

Three more months, and my six months of active duty came to an end. It was time for me to process out of the post. Several organizations were listed on one discharge form, and I had to obtain a signature at each of them, such as the library, showing I did not owe them any equipment or funds. Included on the list was the officers' club.

As I approached the club office, I was determined that I was not going to pay the bills. I slid my discharge form under the cashier's window.

"Oh, so you're Lieutenant Beathard," he said, looking at my name on the paper. "You're the officer who doesn't belong to the officers' club."

I then knew for the first time that the general had approved my request to allow me not to become a member. The cashier explained that he had notified the business office by letter, but that I had been accidentally billed anyhow, since the office was not used to having an officer on the post who did not belong to the club.

I left the Army with my dues in my pocket, and my convictions stronger than ever.

CONTRARY to popular notion, the piloting of an aircraft does not require a special talent or extraordinary quickness of reflexes; but like every special skill, it depends on proper function of all parts of the human body.

Any indulgence that interferes with the accurate performance of the eye, the ear, the equilibrium apparatus, the memory, or the problem-solving activities of the brain can mean trouble for the pilot.

Few pilots realize that the use of tobacco can dull their performance at the controls of an aircraft, or lead to operational hazards in various ways. For example, a pilot with a moderately severe

"cigarette cough" may experience considerable inconvenience during continuous use of his oxygen mask at high altitude.

A pilot who smokes considerably before and during flight may find his appetite dulled to the point where he does not take food which may be needed for the energy demands of a long flight. Constant smoking, which may be a sign of extreme nervous tension, eventually hinders the performance of the pilot who adds the ill effects of tobacco to the physical drain caused by his nervous tension.

Tobacco smoke may irritate the sinus passages and openings, and the Eustachian tube, which con-

Pilots have too much actual drag in flying
without adding any--



extra
"d'ags"

nects the middle ear to the throat. If any of these passages are blocked by such irritation, the changes in outside barometric pressure as the aircraft climbs or descends can interfere severely with hearing and can produce increasing discomfort, progressing in some cases to agonizing pain in the ear and sinus.

These effects, however, are in many ways less significant than those which are produced by the nicotine and carbon monoxide which enter the human body during the act of smoking. Carbon monoxide forms about 1 to 2.5 per cent of cigarette smoke and about 5 to 8 per cent of cigar smoke.

The puffed smoke of a cigarette contains about twenty to twenty-five cubic centimeters of carbon monoxide, about half of which is absorbed into the blood if the smoke is inhaled. The hemoglobin, the oxygen-carrying element in the blood stream, has the peculiar tendency to hold onto carbon monoxide at least two hundred times as strongly as it will hold onto oxygen. So if carbon monoxide is inhaled into the lungs, the affected hemoglobin will in varying degrees prevent the blood from carrying oxygen to the body tissues, often for a long time after the carbon monoxide is first absorbed.

The resulting effects on airplane pilots are well known. The pilot usually expects that he will be able to fly to an altitude of about 10,000 feet without extra oxygen in his aircraft. However, because of carbon-monoxide effects, the pilot's tolerance for these higher altitudes may be considerably curtailed.

The smoke of one cigarette will produce about 1 to 1.5 per cent saturation of the blood hemoglobin with carbon monoxide; 20 to 30 cigarettes a day will produce a 4 to 8 per cent saturation, which will have the same effect on the skill and thinking activities of a pilot at sea level as though he were already in an oxygen-thin atmosphere at 12,000 feet.

If the same pilot then climbs his airplane to 12,000 feet without using his extra oxygen equipment, he will have the same unpleasant effects as though he were flying without oxygen at 16,000 feet. In experimental observations pilots who for brief periods were able to tolerate altitudes of 20,000 to 21,000 feet without oxygen equipment and in the absence of smoking, could reach only 16,000 feet when they smoked heavily, or could make it to 20,000 feet only with difficulty.

Thus it is not difficult to see that a pilot who is

flying above 10,000 feet and who removes his oxygen mask in order to smoke a cigarette is only pressing a dangerous situation closer to disaster. Besides this, the pilot will need at least six hours to eliminate half of the carbon monoxide from his blood. And even twenty-four hours after heavy smoking, appreciable amounts of carbon monoxide can be found in the blood, accounting for some of the "hang-over" effects of heavy smoking. Study of military aircraft accidents in several cases has branded tobacco as a possible contributing factor to the disaster, because of the increased carbon monoxide in the blood. And this was not solely due to burning of the aircraft on impact.

As little as 3 per cent saturation of the blood hemoglobin with carbon monoxide can have a bad effect on the light sensitivity of the eye. The pilot's vision must be especially keen, in order to detect other aircraft, to pick up landmarks, especially at twilight or in the early dawn, and to read maps and instruments under the necessarily reduced illumination of the cockpit at night.

Yet after three cigarettes, with the resulting 4.5 per cent carbon monoxide saturation of the blood, the total effect on light sensitivity of the eyes at sea level is the same as though the pilot were already flying without extra oxygen equipment at 8,000 feet.

Thus the pilot who smokes may begin night operations with a self-induced handicap of one fifth of his effective vision, which he cannot improve quickly by breathing extra oxygen because the carbon monoxide is eliminated slowly.

Although tobacco seems to have little effect on higher mental functions under ordinary circumstances, the carbon monoxide certainly will not help a pilot who is already hazy from lack of oxygen at high altitude. Also, smoking tends to increase muscular tremor, and the nicotine alone can cause an increase of body metabolism by 10 to 15 per cent, both effects tending to increase the body's need for oxygen when it may be getting only marginal amounts at high altitude.

The so-called "unwinding" that tobacco supposedly offers to the pilot contains a hidden price which he should consider carefully before taking the risk. The extra "drags" may cause more actual drag than the pilot had bargained for.

"Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind! Unnerves the limbs and dulls the noble mind! Let chiefs abstain."—Homer.

In our world today there is such a thing as good government, and there is such a thing as bad government. Naturally, to determine the nature of any government is to consider the nature of its laws, and then the nature of the enforcement

given those laws. Some governments have good laws but poor enforcement, while others have only good enforcement.

In good government is it possible for one man to be given his rights, as he may call them, and his neighbor be denied the rights that are equally important to him? To illustrate, can one man contaminate the air by making it offensive with tobacco smoke, while his neighbor is denied the right to breathe pure air?

Whose rights are to be honored, and whose denied? Here is where good government is at a premium. It is true that every person has his rights and a time in which he may exercise them. But then again there may be times when he has no rights that he is entitled to exercise. You have a right to smoke, and I have the right to fresh air, but to have one person getting all the favors is not right. Such questions as these concern good government. Good government recognizes the equality of all before the law.

Something is wrong when certain conditions are allowed to continue that will allow one citizen to prey upon the weakness of another. Good government is to care for the health, the safety, the morality, and the well-being of its citizens. It is to be noted that economically these features do not follow the trail of alcohol.

Furthermore, good government is known by how much its courts of justice are used. Generally speaking, the less the need of such courts, the better the government. This implies that here is much self-government, the basis of all good government.

Justice McClemens of New South Wales, Australia, adds a comment in this connection: "If it were not for alcohol, the criminal courts of this state would be rapidly out of business. At least 90 per cent, if not more, of the cases of these courts are the result of drink." This statement is a tragic revelation of what liquor is doing in Australia, and it is no less a tragedy to have such a report in any country. It can be said that there is bad government in the direct ratio that liquor is allowed to consume the time of the courts of any government.

To make this more meaningful, note the following from Judge A. A. Dawson of the eighty-sixth district of Texas: "If the drinking of intoxicating liquor were to cease, two thirds of our courts could be abolished. Eighty-five per cent of present law-enforcement costs could be saved."

Certainly no good government would tolerate the replenishing of its treasury with dollars taken from the pockets of its citizens, and supplying them in return with a commodity that destroys their manhood and womanhood. It was none other than the great William E. Gladstone, prime minister of Great Britain, who said, "Do not speak to me about revenue from strong drink. Give me a people who do not squander their substance on strong drink, and I will find an easy way to raise the necessary revenue to carry on the government."

Alcohol is antagonistic to the best interests of this or any other country. Liquor is not a friend, and does not cultivate true friendship. The best of friends when sober often become bitter enemies when under its influence. Liquor has no regard for the most sacred vows and pledges. From any angle, liquor and good government simply do not go together. The further liquor can be kept from any country, the better its government will be.

WHAT IS GOOD GOVERNMENT?



WOMEN IN TOMORROW'S WORLD

(Continued from page 7)

their standards, their ideas of what is good, only in a part from the home, the school, and the church," writes S. M. Gruenberg. She adds, "Increasingly they are exposed also to influences from commercial and other sources that are potent in determining attitudes and values."

Thus mothers need to spend more time with their children both in and out of the home. Gruenberg states: "The home loses influence and authority because it offers children less and less opportunity for satisfying activities. Parents and children have strong feelings, but little contact that might serve to guide the development of children's attitudes and skills of social and personal value."—"Changing Conceptions of the Family," in *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, January, 1958.

The role of the homemaker must take on greater significance, value, and honor. Young people have more difficulties today than formerly in adjusting to the social order, as reflected in the increasing incidence of delinquency. There is a breakdown in the environment, and the first and most important environment the child has is his home. We must place higher value on being a mother, a person who is loved by her family for her contribution to them. The mother is the parent who has control over her children in a large degree because of the time she can be with them. This gives her power over what the children may become.

Dr. John Schindler, a Wisconsin physician, emphasizes that the mother has the power of making the family or breaking it. Hers is the power to create for the family a unit of mutual affection, joy, and co-operativeness. Woman is psychologically and socially fitted to the creation of human values. Somehow her special field is to create between herself and her family human values. "Hers is the innate power to increase the value of human capabilities in dealing with other human beings, or enlarging and refining personal and social values that may already exist."—John Schindler, *Woman's Guide to Better Living*, pages 7, 8.

Women need to respect themselves as women, for it is a privilege to be a woman. Montagu feels that "women are the carriers of the true spirit of humanity—the love of the mother for her child. Mother love . . . gives support while endeavoring to under-

stand."—Montagu, *op. cit.*, p. 192. Most women gladly assume the role which is theirs even though they are not always conscious of what it should be.

The world at large is in need of human values that women can bring to its problems. Dr. Schindler feels that "much of human society . . . has been warped by male aggressiveness and selfishness. Woman should make her influence felt more and more and bring to our political and social problems her outlook that our primary concern must be the welfare of human beings—*every human being*."—Schindler, *op. cit.*, p. 9.

Margaret Mead, the anthropologist, asks women to use the experience which they have gained throughout the ages and in all cultures as technicians in human relationships, urging that they use their experience in the creation of more stable world conditions. They should apply their special experience in the creation of harmonious relationships in spheres outside the home.

It is the business of every good citizen to do all he can to transform our culture pattern, so that all may have an opportunity to develop their personalities to the highest potential possible, eliminating such elements as would make them less than they can become.

If men and women work together, complementing their roles, raising the status of the homemaker, recognizing her particular skills in human relationships, then marriages will grow stronger, the divorce rate will be reduced, and some basic causes for juvenile delinquency will be reduced if not eliminated. Women can be a positive force in helping humanity accept the challenge of the great apostle not to be "conformed" to the world, but to be "transformed."

It has been said that "women are the cultural torchbearers in America; and even in the darkest parts of the land, when a gleam of light is seen it is usually cast from a source upheld by the hand of a woman."—Montagu, *op. cit.*, p. 183.

Every time I see the Statue of Liberty welcoming peoples of all the world to our shores, I am glad that the symbol is a woman with outstretched, uplifted hand. May woman continue to develop strong human relationships in her home, her community, her state, and the nation. If she does, she will transform the evidences of disturbance in our social life, and this includes present-day drinking patterns which bring so much tragedy to both men and women.

RETHINKING REHABILITATION

(Continued from page 9)

and those on their way to addiction will die directly or indirectly because of drinking unless far greater efforts are put forth and improved techniques for rehabilitation are discovered and used. Is it any wonder that one doctor said, "I would rather be syphilitic than an alcoholic. There is a known cure for syphilis"?

If alcohol were a person, how he would laugh at the religious rationalizations, the legal evasions, the educational ineffectiveness, and the scientific double talk, all of which play into his hands. The greatest error in the scientific approach to alcoholism and rehabilitation has been in the area of minimizing the addictive quality of alcohol upon those who use it, plus a naïve and overoptimistic faith of the majority of scientists that science could quickly and easily overcome addiction once acquired. But this has failed us. America can't drink its way out of the alcohol problem!

Sixth, the great weakness in rehabilitation work is in the specialized approach. Teamwork is for the main part only in the ideal stage. When more fully practiced, it will speed up the rehabilitation process.

On the basis of these conclusions, it seems that we have lost our sense of proportion on the matter of rehabilitation. We evaluate results in terms of tremendous odds overcome in helping the single alcoholic back to sobriety and a new orientation to all of life, and forget the addicts who have not been touched by any program of rehabilitation.

In the parable of the lost sheep, as told by Jesus Christ, *ninety-nine* were safely within the fold and only *one* was lost. We rejoice, and rightly so, when *one* alcoholic is brought back to sobriety.

But there is a striking difference between the parable and our findings about alcoholics. Instead of just *one* out of one hundred being lost, *all* are lost, and not just 100, but 5,000,000. Modern rehabilitation programs bring in only one out of the one hundred, and there is great rejoicing and sense of achievement. But what about the *ninety* and *nine* still out in the wilderness of their own addiction? We must not forget them!

Note: In a second article on this subject in the next *Listen*, the author will note what is new in the field of rehabilitation and suggest how prevention can be made more effective in solving the problems arising from the use of beverage alcohol.



HOW TO WORRY-EFFICIENTLY

TODAY articles in every publication tell how to do a multitude of things efficiently. You can read how to work efficiently, play efficiently, write efficiently, reduce efficiently, study efficiently.

Everyone worries. Why shouldn't it be done with a plan, too?

The fact that I am not a medical doctor or a psychiatrist should make me unqualified to write on this subject. My Boy Scout first-aid merit badge was the closest I came to a medical degree. What, then, is my background to write on the treatment of worries? Simple. I have had plenty of practice. It takes a thief to catch a thief. It takes a worrier to teach a worrier. A doctor can't always do it. A thousand and one doctors are writing today about worrying, nerves, tensions, and frustrations. Most of these articles say practically the same thing: Don't worry. Don't be nervous. Don't be tense. Don't be frustrated.

This type of advice falls on deaf ears. You are going to worry regardless of what is said or written, aren't you? Did you ever hear of anyone who stopped worrying merely because he was told to stop?

Now if you are determined to worry, and who isn't, then what is the solution? Just this: Let me help you to worry—efficiently. Do it my way, and it won't get the best of you.

What is my claim to this great wisdom? I make none, unless you say a case of high blood pressure is the label of a hidden genius.

Two years ago I left my doctor's office pale and trembling from the news he had given me. "Hypertension," he mused. "You've been worrying too hard, too long, and too often."

I trudged out of his office clutching an illegible prescription in my perspiring palm.

"Happy pills," my pharmacist joked, as he traded the small bottle for my money and prescription. Unable to suppress his own inner frustration over not becoming a medical doctor, he went on to explain, "These will calm you down and put an end to your worries."

He was right. Soon after I began pumping those pellets into my mouth, I stopped worrying about anything and everything. I felt supreme. Nothing bothered me. No brain, no pain. I sailed to work every day on cloud nine. That, in itself, would have been excellent, except for one thing. It is impossible to do down-to-earth work on a job while sailing around in the clouds using pills for fuel.

Six months and eight prescription refills later, I began to realize that pills were not the solution to my problems, but only an escape from them. It was during those months that I formulated my system for worrying. Little by little the plan took shape in my head. I was walking home from the

HAROLD BERSHOW

drugstore one day, my confidence bolstered by a fresh bottle of pills in my pocket, when I mapped out in my mind the final details of this plan. The idea was nothing earth-shaking, but I was confident I had something good enough to put to a test. To make certain that I didn't weaken before I gave it a thorough test, I stopped on the bridge and tossed the unopened \$6 bottle of pills into the river.

The idea worked. My improvement was immediate and pleasing. Anyone willing to follow my instructions will have the same results. Want to try? Well, here is the plan.

It is medically acknowledged that 39 per cent of the things you worry about never actually come to pass. An additional 31 per cent of the things you worry about have already happened. Still another 21 per cent of your worries are over insignificant trivialities. That leaves only 9 per cent for important matters where you have a legitimate cause for concern. That's right, only 9 per cent of your worrying time is efficiently used. The rest is wasted.

With this in mind, let us concentrate on that 9 per cent. I am not going to tell you to quit worrying about that 9 per cent. This you deserve. This you shall have. Others may tell you to stop, and you know as well as I do, it is not that easy. Besides, it isn't necessary. If you stop worrying completely, you will be of little value to yourself, your employer, or your family. A certain amount of worry and tension makes you better. The man who tells you he never worries is either a fool or a liar, or both. Keep right on worrying!

First, I want you to make a worrying notebook. Divide it into four sections. Put one of these headings at the top of each section.

1. Today's worries about things I am not positive will happen.
2. Today's worries about things that have already happened.
3. Today's worries over insignificant trivialities.
4. Today's worries over important matters.

Make your notebook entries in sections one, two, and three just before you go to bed each evening. It will be better for you than a sleeping pill to see, on paper, that not more than 9 per cent of your worries are necessary. Do not fail to write these worries in your notebook. If you review these worries only in your head, you will lose part of the benefit of the plan. One of the most stimulating effects of this idea is to feel the flush of embarrassment in your face as you read back over the first three sections. They look far less important, and less troublesome, too, when you see them down on paper listed below their headings. Try it.

You will perk up immediately if you follow all of these instructions. Within a few evenings you will find yourself

hesitant to write anything in those first three sections.

Section 4 should be worked on at whatever time of the morning, afternoon, or evening you feel in the highest spirits. We all reach an hour every day when we seem happiest and most mentally able to cope with difficult situations. Pay attention to your moods for a few days, and you will find this peak of your day. That is the time to make your entries in section 4.

Write these down just as you did the others. Consider each worry carefully before making the entry. Maybe it does not really belong in this section. Besides, sections 1, 2, and 3 will be looking bare within a few days, and you are likely to be needing additional material.

After you have recorded your entries in section 4, examine them. Force everything else from your mind, and give your undivided attention to these worth-while worries over important matters. Really lean into this project. You must pack much concentrated worrying into this small list. Remember, you are free to devote all your worrying time to only this small part of your worries. Give it everything you have *now*, because when you are through, I want you to forget all about section 4 until tomorrow at this same time. While you are on this list, though, abandon your old method or system of worrying, and do it as I now explain.

Make a decision. Right or wrong, do something *now*. Do not be afraid of making a mistake or of being criticized. Worrying about your problem will not solve it. Doing something will.

As a toddling infant, you learned that walking was a better way to move around than crawling. This prompted you to get up from the floor and try it. You fell a few times, but still managed to get up, so much the wiser from your experience. The process of trial and error will get you off the floor again and moving toward a solution. The way, then, to handle section 4 is to do it with decision—and not with indecision. This new approach will leave your mind clear to think out new constructive ideas. You are going to be a better and a happier person at home and at work.

Section 4 will soon be looking bare. Before long you will find yourself with an extra notebook that you no longer need. I know I did. When you tire of that foolish feeling which overtakes you as you stare at empty notebook pages night after night, you have completed your course in efficient worrying. It is now safe to throw your notebook away. I threw mine over the same bridge, into the same river, where I threw my bottle of pills.

As I stood on the bridge and watched the notebook tumble into the river, I said to myself, "There's no substitute for efficiency—unless, of course, it might be common sense."



From the tragedy and degradation of the street . . .

Frank M. Simison

BEACON FOR THE HOPELESS

CAPTAIN
TOM CROCKER
LIGHTED
A LIGHT ON
SKID ROW
THAT STILL
BURNS
BRIGHTLY.



. . . to the comfort, solace, and victory of prayer and salvation.

FROM that day, in 1929 when he had lost his court clerk's job because of drinking, Tom Crocker had seen the inside of more jails, flophouses, cheap saloons, hospitals, and asylums than he could remember.

Of course, he hadn't planned it that way. No alcoholic ever does! And had anyone told him that he would come off his park bench that night in 1937 to begin one of the most spectacular careers of reclamation evangelism in the history of the Salvation Army, that, even he would have emphatically denied.

Had it not been for his legs, he would never have left his park bench. But his legs worried him. They hurt, and would scarcely carry

him any more. His friends advised a visit to a Salvation Army mission.

He downed the last of a bottle of wood alcohol, and the leaves overhead began to flow into the vague, alarming shapes that accompany incipient delirium tremens. He was frightened. And the next thing he knew he was in a Salvation Army mission. "I don't know how I got there," he said later, "but they tell me I stumbled in looking like something from the morgue."

He was directed to a bed in the Army hotel, a bed up three flights of stairs. "It was impossible, but I made it," was Tom's comment afterward. "And when I realized what it meant, I began to pray. I prayed for three days.

"I nearly went crazy for a drink, but I kept saying over and over, 'God, You made my legs work, now help me get out of this hell I've been in.' And it worked. God saved me. I haven't had a drink since."

But that wasn't the whole story of Tom's past and his battle. For in those eight years from 1929 to 1937, in one sanitarium treatment he had received for alcoholism he had been given shots of morphine—and the narcotics habit. So now it was to be a rugged good-by, not only to alcohol, but also to dope. It wasn't easy, but he never touched drink or dope afterward.

Cured, Tom thought he owed it to others and the mission to stay and help, to reclaim other skid-row

Derelicts from degradation and despair. He joined the Army two years later, and was assigned to Detroit's Harbor Light center.

In 1942 he married Dora Gilbert, an Army captain like himself, and he and Dora toured the United States, putting on successful campaigns all the way from Detroit to San Francisco. And from his contacts with thousands of alcoholics, he gradually evolved a formula for handling them.

"Keeping them busy with other alcoholics is what does the trick," Tom believed, "and finding out that somebody really cares enough about them to give them a chance again. This gives them status; they are again important to somebody. And they have strength to offer others."

Commander of the Madison Street Harbor Light Mission in Chicago from January, 1948, to September, 1955, Tom was at that time given a leave of absence because of ill health. In 1951 Chicago's civic leaders named him their "Chicagoan of the Year" because of his work in reclaiming alcoholics.

"Through the years that Captain Crocker worked with the Salvation Army," says Henry S. Distelhorst, Army public relations officer, "he was making an effort to repay God and the Salvation Army for the help he had received. He left a great legacy to the Army and to dozens of metropolitan communities throughout the United States."

On April 22, 1959, Captain Tom Crocker died quietly at his home in Cedarville, Michigan, mourned and acclaimed by hundreds of judges, Salvation Army leaders, civic personages, and hosts of those once-hopeless bums whom he had reclaimed. Tom, had you asked him, would have been quick to say that this wasn't the sort of career he had dreamed of as a young man. In an extremely hard way Tom had made his alcoholism pay off in the saving of thousands of hopeless men.

Down in Chicago's Madison Street, Detroit's "Bowery," and the slums of a score of other cities where Tom Crocker left his mark, his memory will always be a beacon for the hopeless.

ENGLAND'S NEW MENACE

(Continued from page 20)

financially able to attend future "happy parties."

Sometimes these apartments or basements are rented for a period of months, and may be used two or three times in a single week if it appears safe to do so. Then the lease will be broken before the overworked Scotland Yard Drug Squad hears of the location and has time to raid it.

In England "reefer" cigarettes are sold for around thirty cents (U.S.) each, and this will show a profit of about 500 per cent to the traffickers, the Yard estimates.

It does not require a great deal of imagination to know where the road leads for those teen-agers who become the dupes of dope dealers. There is but one ending to this road. In starting this vicious habit, one invites the complete loss of health and respectability, and often girls turn to prostitution to continue their habit.

A Scotland Yard detective says: "Up to a year or so ago we knew most of the drug peddlers, and it was not too difficult to keep track of them.

"But now these experienced criminals are recruiting foolish young girls to distribute samples and organize these parties. It makes our task of detection far more complicated. We do know that at a single party a dozen or more new addicts can be made.

"True, these silly girls feel terrible the next morning, after an evening of what they are taught to believe is 'heaven,' but the craving for the drug can be implanted after a single bout. And we know well what happens to even the prettiest girl from a good family, once the hemp has got a grip on her!"

Scotland Yard lays much of the blame for this craze upon immigrants from British Jamaica who form a large part, if not a majority, of the peddlers. Many of them were addicts before they reached England, and brought the disgusting habit with them. Upon arrival, since their gain from the sale of such narcotics enables them to purchase their own supply in addition to providing them with a precarious living, they capitalize on their vicious habit in this way.

Police officers assigned to tracking down these "happy parties" and keeping in check all illicit drug trade, come to know the argot, or slang, used by the criminal distributors and the addicts:

Marijuana is called *gunga*, *kif*, *weed*, or *a charge*.

The peddlers are called *spades*.

A regular smoker of marijuana is a *viper*.

A cigarette containing hemp is a *strick*, *joint*, or *reefer*.

A hemp-smoking orgy is known as a *gunga spread* or a *giggle*.

One who is under the effect of the drug is in a *high state*, *rocking*, or *swinging*.

And of course the slang term for one who has become an addict is *hooked!*

Some of these terms are similar to those used in the United States. Some of them, *giggle* for instance, is strictly British English, and quite a number of them are slang importations from Jamaica, such as *spade* and *gunga*.

But whatever one calls it, this language of the addicted spells only misery and defeat to those unfortunates who lack the will power to refuse the first "party," the first smoke. A single indulgence usually leads to a ruined life.

BOOBY TRAP

(Continued from page 11)

he could no longer beg a few dollars from former friends and customers, he gravitated to skid row along East Fifth Street in Los Angeles. There, over a period of dreary months, he mired himself in rot and human wretchedness. A desperate craving for alcohol had driven him to the cheapest available wine. Hence his addiction to this form of alcohol on the night I met him.

In a moment of reflection he told me: "I was born on a farm in Kansas, and was taught by my parents to lead a clean life. I did no drinking till I entered business in my late twenties. Social pressure and false values got me into the social-drinking routine. You can see for yourself what happened."

As we walked down the street a moment later, he admitted that he had had "many talks with preachers" and had taken several alcoholic cures. He added sadly, "I haven't put enough heart into trying to straighten out my life. The craving for drink rises up in me daily, and I always give in to it."

When we passed a parking lot, the former auto dealer spotted two of his wino buddies huddled in a dark corner. They had an unfinished bottle, and he left me abruptly to join them!

In Hollywood, the city of tinsel glamour, I saw a promising and attractive young actress hit the skids. Her name was Frances Farmer. When I first met her, she was, in the words of filmland critics, "one of the best bets for stardom."

It was at that period that Frances

began to heed the chorus of wheedling voices. They harped on the theme that social drinking would make her life more interesting and enhance her popularity. From the time she began to drink socially, Frances became more and more addicted to drink.

She wound up a chronic alcoholic, who flitted in and out of sanitariums over a stretch of depressing months and years. Her screen career was ruined, and so was her personal life.

Years later she was found working in the obscurity of a San Francisco airline office. She had overcome in a large measure her addiction and had restored some normalcy to her life. In spite of TV offers which immediately came her way, she realized better than anyone else that her most fruitful years had been wasted in an alcoholic fog. She had made her first serious mistake when she let the tippers sway her with, "Come on, Frances, have two or three drinks."

A similar fate overtook another vivacious and talented young woman I met in Hollywood. Lila Leeds had that certain charm and talent that often lead to stardom for an actress. In addition to that, she was a clean-living person. Had she stuck to her resolve to work and study hard and make her mark, all might have gone well.

Instead, Lila listened to the beguiling pleas of Hollywood's fast-living and hard-drinking set. Her social drinking became first a compulsive, then a corrosive, force. She became, therefore, an easy prey for the morbid thrill seeker who urged her to try marijuana "for a new kick." Arrest, exposure, and shame quickly engulfed her.

From that night onward an unfortunate Lila Leeds skidded steadily downward. Human misery beset her at every turn. The start of it all was the time she took her first social drink in response to the cajolery of others.

Equally sad was the case of a one-time brilliant North Carolina lawyer I came to know. The United States Senator Clyde Hoey, of North Carolina, once described him as "a living example of what might have been—than which there is no sadder refrain." Had this particular lawyer used his remarkable talents constructively, he no doubt might have become governor, senator, or supreme court judge.

Senator Hoey was convinced of that. He visualized this lawyer as "the best-qualified man I've ever met to render valuable public service." But this tall and extraordinary man permitted the snares of the cocktail circuit to trap him. Launched as a social drinker, he degenerated into a common drunk,

a public charge. He finally died of exposure (while drunk) one winter night.

Of various diplomats I have known as a reporter, one in particular seemed to have great promise. Latin America was his field, the area in which he could have helped to make the good-neighbor policy increasingly more effective. He understood the people of Latin America. He spoke their language, kindled their spirit, and enjoyed their trust. Such countries as Mexico, Guatemala, Panama, Chile, and Uruguay always welcomed his informal visits heartily. He was at home among the people of those lands.

Born and educated in Arizona, he studied for the diplomatic service later in Washington, D.C. He met the toughest requirements. Key Senators entrusted him with special fact-gathering assignments in Latin America. His future looked bright, until he changed from a nondrinker to a social drinker.

That was the first step toward sending his career into eclipse and ultimately into the junk heap. So rapid was his deterioration that within two years he was forced to seek treatment for acute alcoholism in a sanitarium. At a Southwest desert retreat recently he confided to me, "The shame of what I've done weighs upon me heavily. Such wasted effort! With all my feeling I say this: Never take that first social drink. It has brought eventual disaster to thousands. I speak as one of the victims!"

Can anyone say that social drinking is not a booby trap which ultimately ruins potentially great contributors to society?

WHAT KILLED MY DOCTOR?

(Continued from page 16)

his tremendous medical practice and staggering personal responsibilities. He worked hard under its influence, for without it he was fatigued. He played hard under its influence, too, for without its effect he would have been too tired to set foot from his bed. Sometimes it seemed to me that he was driven by something that never gave him any peace. What this was I don't know.

It is hard for the average person to understand how anyone can let dope get a stranglehold so strong that he allows it to endanger his reputation, his prestige, and even the lives of his family. But this happened to my doctor, my husband.

This craving for narcotics proved more powerful than love, than his sense of responsibility, than his moral

obligation to his family and profession. And though he's been gone several years now, the *why* of it all haunts me. I still dream the terrible dreams of his glazed eyes, his shaking hands, and his everyday struggle to keep our children and our friends from finding out. Nothing could be as wretched and as sordid as the mental anxiety and the suffering this caused the people who loved him the most.

LETHAL HUMAN WEAPONS

(Continued from page 13)

Raider volunteers. Grim, realistic training and secrecy were the bywords in those days. Grueling nighttime problems amid noise and explosions, sabotage training, and maneuvers in the snake- and alligator-infested swamps of Florida produced the Navy's first frogmen.

Casualties sustained by the NCDU (Navy Combat Demolition Units) averaged 41 per cent at Utah and Omaha beaches, those hellish entrances the Allied forces faced in the invasion to free Europe from nazism. Survivors were shipped to the Pacific to carry on the fight against the Japanese. Much was learned about the importance of training and physical fitness and how best to use the men of the sea against hostile forces on land.

During the Korean conflict, UDT men performed traditional beach reconnaissance missions, made sneak inland penetrations to gather intelligence data, and destroyed strategic targets.

Today's UDT candidate must be between nineteen and thirty-one years of age and pass a rigid Navy examination. After that, the big test is up to the man himself. Activities include hand-to-hand combat, cast and recovery (rolling from a moving boat into the water and hooking onto it when the boat returns), gas mask drills, jungle warfare, survival and safety, judo, and the most difficult obstacle courses yet devised by man. These men learn to sketch beaches, determine conditions of surfs, and interpret reconnaissance photos.

Many of the men drop out of UDT training long before the famous Hell Week. This is the fifth week of training, and this is the time the TI's (training instructors) really lower the boom!

It is during Hell Week that the men arise at perhaps one in the morning, jump into khaki shorts and fatigue caps to the sound of whistles and harassing TI's. The slightest mistake or hesitation on the Pollywog's part in interpreting orders gets him twenty-five to fifty push-ups or some other equally grueling assignment.

These men work on the second hand of the clock; an order must be heard and understood the *first* time, because under combat conditions, an order might not be repeated.

Hell Week involves more than the usual number of medieval tortures plus a goodly number of the twentieth-century ones, according to the 60 to 80 per cent of the men who drop out. When they turn in their helmets, they say, "I didn't want to be in UDT *that* badly," or, "It is more than the human man can be expected to take."

The men of experience, who have fought in Underwater Demolition Teams, know that UDT is no place for a man who will quit, panic, or give out physically. Therefore, it is best to keep in the teams only the few who can really "take it."

On "So Solly Day" (a parody of the sympathy the Japanese soldiers used to feign while killing United States troops) everything under the sun is thrown at these men with the express purpose of making them give up. Groups of ten men carry 380-pound rubber boats, double time, for a mile and a half through deep sand, wearing boondockers (field shoes). In fact, crews race with one another carrying these enormous burdens. All around them are blinding flashes and thunderous explosions of five- and ten-pound high-explosive charges and half-pound TNT concussion charges.

After Hell Week the training goes on. Swimming distances are increased until the frogmen earn their fins by swimming one mile in the ocean. Eventually, their swimming distance is increased to seven and a half miles between Vieques Island to Roosevelt Roads in Puerto Rico, where the classes go in the winter.

During the fifteenth week, the trainees have an eighteen-mile run to Camp Pendleton, where they bivouac, and learn procedures for cold-water UDT operations. After all this, there is a twelve-week course of underwater training at St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands.

The UDT men have trained and swum in every ocean in the world, including the Arctic and Antarctic. They were literally the first men in space, after having volunteered as guinea pigs for testing on the centrifuge at Johnsville, Pennsylvania.

As a result of the tests, the medical officer was forced to rewrite his entire scale of human tolerance to the now-famous G forces. They were in weightlessness long before the astronauts on volunteer missions, climbing to high altitudes and dropping for several seconds to test their reactions.



YOUTH ASKS.. THE DOCTOR ANSWERS

R. W. SPALDING, M.D.

LISTEN invites you to send your questions to Dr. Spalding, c/o *LISTEN* Editorial Offices, 6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington 12, D.C.

What is the best way to get anyone to stop smoking or drinking?

First, convince him that smoking or drinking is harmful for him. But remember, "a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." He must first *want to quit*.

Second, offer him these suggestions:

1. Stop now—not tonight, not tomorrow—NOW.
2. Avoid "friends" who will try to change your mind.
3. Drink water and fruit juices freely, ten to twelve glasses daily. Avoid coffee, tea, cola, and soft drinks.
4. Eat freely of fruit at regular meal-times.
5. Avoid highly seasoned foods.
6. Get active exercise to the point of physical tiring, preferably in fresh, open air.
7. Take hot sweat baths under proper supervision.
8. Get adequate rest and sleep with plenty of fresh air.
9. Pray, study the Bible, and accept God's promises. 1 Corinthians 10:13, 31.

If parents are alcoholics, are the children more likely to drink?

"Like father, like son," is an adage as old as the hills. If it was true centuries ago, then it is even more likely to be true now. If the mother in the family is an alcoholic, then it is doubly likely to be true. For it is natural to think that what our parents do is the thing for us to do when the day arrives in which we can make our own decisions.

The happier the home, the more surely this saying will hold true. The more the misery that has been endured in the home, the more surely the children will seek to change the conditions under which they live as they gain the knowledge that it did not have to be as it was in the home in which they were reared.

But each child will have to mature sufficiently to have a stable determination that there will be a difference in his home when he grows up. Without the first drink, alcoholism cannot develop. It is that simple.

The UDT men were specifically trained and rehearsed to rescue the astronaut from his capsule, should he have required this assistance. They will be ready for future shots into space where experimental vehicles may plunge astronauts below the ocean's surface.

These rugged men at Little Creek, Virginia, are serious about their work, yet have a sense of humor. The most striking physical characteristic about the men at Little Creek is the way they move. They are like panthers—graceful, muscular, and rhythmic with each step they take, or with each ges-

ture. They fear being called a "hero" far more than they fear a bad current or a school of sharks.

Their deepest feeling is for the team. No one wants special credit; no one wants to be singled out for any reason at all. "We work with the buddy system—two men swim together—and we are a part of the group. That's all there is to it," they say.

Yet, no one can watch them train or see them operate without being thrilled at this exciting group of specialists, or feeling a little more security as the result of their skill and daring—the UDT.



(Continued from page 10)

United States will be 300,000,000 in the year 2,000—nearly double the 1960 census figure. Time is short. We must accept the reality of the need to improve, as the President has said, "both the quality and quantity of public recreational opportunities."

When I introduced legislation to create the Oregon Dunes National Seashore Recreation Area, I emphasized that Congress could not legislate an awe-inspiring natural wonder into existence. But it is possible for Congress to give protection to unique and majestic works of nature, such as these dunes of Oregon—or Texas, or Indiana, or any other place.

Beauty is relative. We appreciate what we know—or in this case, what we see.

Critics to the contrary, I accept the premise that the economy of any area can benefit by planned, sensible recreational facilities. One editor has observed, "Tourists are a crop renewable annually; lumber is a crop renewable in sixty to one hundred years." He was answering ill-founded and unsound charges that a national park or recreation area is economically unsound.

I am convinced that any community can "chart the proper course," if it tries. We have each been challenged to "ask not what your country can do for you: ask what you can do for your country." Part of our responsibility is to make sure our country is preserved for future Americans.

Because we love our land, we must apply our energy, faith, and devotion as we endeavor to keep the best of it intact.

We have been challenged, and we should speak out for those things which mean the most to us. You can let your elected representatives know how you feel about the conservation and development of natural resources. Be assured that the negative thinkers are writing.

If you have questions, take time to get the answers. I can think of no better way to stress the need for action than by quoting the poem entitled "Listen," which appeared in the November-December, 1960, issue of this magazine. Poet Grace Shilling White wrote:

Conscience is a precious gift;
Listen to its rightful plea,
For God put it there purposely
For a much better you and me.

I would only add, "For a much better you and me"—and America.

Recordings of Interest

"TLC," music-therapy recording, Chapel Records, Mountain View, California. Prices: Monaural, \$4.50, plus tax; Stereo, \$5.50, plus tax.

To all medically conversant persons, the letters TLC have long meant "tender, loving care," indicating the human element so desirable above and beyond mere professional interest in the sick.

Many laymen today, as well as some medical practitioners, feel that treatment procedures might be swinging too much toward emphasis on drugs, to the exclusion of other methods of therapy which may be as effective.

This record, developed by Winea Simpson, M.D., currently director of maternal and child health for San Bernardino (California) County, and assistant professor of preventive medicine, School of Medicine, Loma Linda University, is a beginning in the direction of music therapy. It consists of religious choral music interspersed with Biblical passages read by a carefully chosen voice selected for its soothing and quieting qualities. "Reach for a transcription instead of a tranquilizer," is the message of the record.

Patton State Hospital in California uses these records in their wards for the mentally disturbed, with effective results. Homes for alcoholics are beginning to utilize them in rehabilitation programs. Even nonreligious medical men report that "TLC" quiets disturbed patients.

This record holds tremendous potential not only for medical use, but also for the average home. The "rest for the night" selections (side 1) help dispel nervousness, worry, and sleeplessness after a busy, frustrating day. "Strength for the day" selections (side 2) develop courage, faith, and hope, setting a dynamic tone in the morning for tasks to come.

"ANYONE CAN STOP DRINKING—EVEN YOU!" Album of 5 records, voice of Harold Sherman, Self-Help Records, Inc., 1717 North Highland Avenue, Los Angeles 28, California. Price: \$29.50 for the complete album.

Combined with his book of the same title, these records outline a complete, logical recovery program for alcoholics. They follow the general approach of Alcoholics Anonymous, but contain specific suggestions on how to solve personal problems which are often caused or aggravated by drinking.

Mr. Sherman, author and lecturer, has long been known for his self-help books, such as *Your Key to Happiness*, *Know Your Own Mind*, and *How to Use the Power of Prayer*. He has written some sixty books. He has also lectured, presented radio and TV programs in many cities, and conducted classes on the dynamic power of the human mind.

These records deal with all the problems facing the alcoholic and his family. Their scope is illustrated by some of the titles: "The Big Fight—You vs. Alcohol," "How the Family of an Alcoholic Can Help," "What God Can Mean in One's Life," "How to Eliminate Fears," "How to Overcome Feelings of Insecurity and Inferiority," "How to Get Along With Others," "How to Solve Sex Problems," "If You Are a Woman Alcoholic," "How to Stay Stopped Once You Stop Drinking."

This recovery program is effective whether used in A.A. meetings or in the privacy of one's home. Judge Robert Clifton of Los Angeles, who in five years has met in his court some 300,000 drunks, calls the records "extremely valuable."

For anyone, in fact, who has problems to face in his own life, listening to this inspirational and practical series is a very profitable experience.

The Best

E. J. Ritter, Jr.

There's not half the charm in the orchid
Worn with perfume and glove,
As in posies picked at the gate
And presented to mom with love.

The Answer

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

When I must meet
Something I fear,
I begin to pray
To God to hear.
He sends His help
To make me strong
To face and fix
What may be wrong.
He always answers
Whatever my need,
When I have the faith
To live my creed.

POEMS WITH A PURPOSE

BY "LISTEN" AUTHORS

The Mouths of Babes

Beatrice Munro Wilson

I tie a scarf around my head,
To climb the windy hill
And gather silver willow sprays
Beside the happy rill.

My four-year-old plucks violets,
Discovers with ecstasy,
"Mamma, when you've smelled them all,
There's still scent left for me!"

Heart-struck, I hug her to me,
Absorbing this precious thing:
We may take our fill of loveliness
And ne'er deplete the spring.

By-Product

Emily May Young

People pray for a lasting peace,
And look for the messenger dove;
But do they stop to consider the fact
That peace is a product of love?



BOBBY RICHARDSON

(Continued from page 19)

A native of Sumter, South Carolina, Bobby has served as executive secretary of the local Young Men's Christian Association during the past two winters. In the interview for *Listen*, Bobby said he plans someday to work with young boys. He hastens to add that for the present time "baseball is my profession, and I am very happy in it."

Bobby, who thanks his father for giving him the opportunity to play baseball in the Little League and in the American Legion, said he always knew he wanted to be a professional baseball player.

Baseball's immortal Ty Cobb used to study an opposing pitcher so closely that he could often tell what the pitcher's next throw would be. Apparently ball players do not do this so much any more. Bobby says he makes no special study of pitchers other than to observe them when they pitch against the Yankees to see their best pitch and also to see how they move to first base.

"Some are harder to hit because of their natural ability and their experience. You have to put out a little more against these fellows," he states.

Because of his good background in Tiger Stadium, Bobby says he enjoys hitting in Detroit, although he says he has no particular success in any one park. As far as fielding is concerned, Bobby likes to play in Cleveland and in Yankee Stadium because of the infields, which are kept in excellent playing condition.

As lead-off batter for the Yankees, Richardson works opposing pitchers for twenty-five to thirty walks a year. And this figure, he feels, is low. Bobby says Manager Ralph Houk would like him to get on base more often via the walk method. However, 173 hits during a season isn't bad for a fellow who doesn't walk much.

Bobby has the positive opinion that baseball provides wholesome outlets for many young people who might otherwise get into trouble. As he puts it, "Baseball, on the Little League, Pony League, and American Legion level, is good for our youth. This game occupies their time and gives them good, clean competition."

He further notes that young people want to excel, whether in baseball, in some other sport, or in life. "For a person to do this his goals should be worth while and should be to please God and to know, love, and walk with the Lord in his daily life," says Bobby. A philosophy Bobby Richardson tries to follow is this: "Keep a sound soul, a clean mind, and a healthy body." Obviously the star second baseman of the world champion New York Yankees abides by his own motto.

TROUBLE

(Continued from page 15)

problems, instead of trying to run away from them.

He points out that there are many places in high school in which students can be taught about alcohol and the harm it can do to their futures. These scientific facts about alcohol can be taught in general science, biology, physical education, health, and social science courses, he explains.

Blythe Sprott, an instructor in the Los Angeles State College department of psychology, who has made a study of teen-age drinking, is a firm believer that any educational program, to be successful, must be directed at the public as well as at students in school. Not only must parental responsibility be emphasized, in his opinion, but current attitudes about drinking and alcoholics must be corrected.

"For instance, the current attitude to laugh good-naturedly at the drunk wrapped around a street lamppost," he says, "contributes to the problem. It

tends to influence our youngsters to accept drinking lightly and drunkenness as something funny. We need an attitude of concern, instead of one of amused tolerance."

If concern is needed, one has only to read a recent report by E. J. Oberhauser, deputy director of field and parole services for the California Department of Corrections. "Alcohol," he says, "is a three times greater contributor to crime in California than narcotics. Of the 22,000 inmates at the state's eight prisons, only 18 per cent have been involved with narcotics, while 60 per cent have had a drinking problem associated with their criminal activities."

Certainly, teen-age drinking and all the delinquencies linked with it pose a many-sided challenge. A national problem, spreading into the suburban areas and rearing its ugly head in rural communities, it calls for cooperative action on both the Federal and local levels.

Needed is not only enforcement of laws against the sale of intoxicating liquor to minors, but also more comprehensive and effective education in school, church, and home regarding the dangers of alcohol. Also essential are better recreational programs for the nation's children, especially in big-city slum and new suburban areas; laws banning television, radio, and newspaper commercials which glamorize drinking by showing baby-faced youngsters sipping cocktails; laws curbing the liquor lobbyists who are now operating with enormous slush funds in many of the state legislatures; and laws banning liquor selling near college and high school campuses.

If sober, mature parents will assume the responsibility of teaching their children the dangers of drinking, and set a moral example, and if we can place much greater emphasis on public education in this area, then perhaps something will be done to solve the growing troubles in the suburbs.

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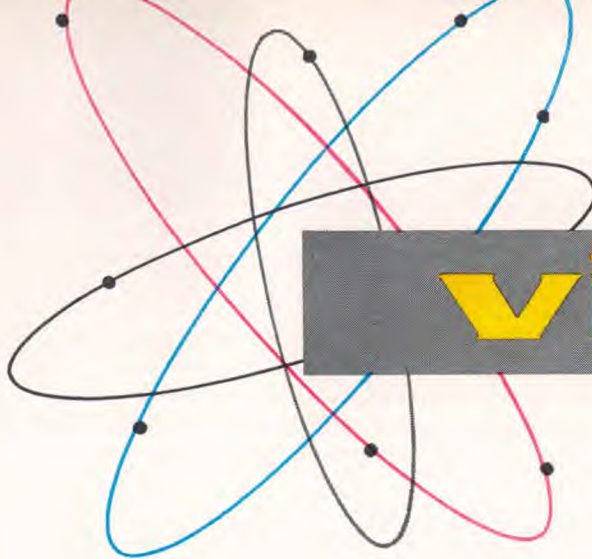
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views

❖ **BEER IN BUDAPEST.** Beer consumption in communist Hungary has increased 1,000 per cent since the end of World War II, the government says.

❖ **WORST PUBLIC-HEALTH PROBLEM.** The problem of alcoholism in this country now outranks every other public-health issue in terms of potential damage to individuals, says Dr. Joel Fort, director, Alcoholic Rehabilitation Clinic, Alameda County, California.

❖ **LITTER BUGS.** Recommending punishment to fit the crime for persons serving jail sentences because of driving while intoxicated, Colorado State Senator A. Woody Hewett said, "I'd like to see them be required to pick up the whisky bottles and beer cans along our highways," and drafted a bill to put it into effect.

❖ **IN THE SAME FAMILY.** "The alcoholic will say: 'I can give up smoking just like that;' and the chain smoker will say: 'I can give up drinking just like that.' They may mean well, but come to think of it, I've never observed that either one actually had the heart to deprive one bad habit of the other's company."—Dr. Peter J. Steincrohn, medical columnist.

❖ **A DOCTOR'S "DISEASE."** Physicians today appear to be prone to a new disease—writing up prescriptions for tranquilizers, according to Dr. Morgan Martin, of Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada. Pressures in this direction include the practitioners' own minds, plus patients, mothers, colleagues, detail men, samples, and selected literature.

❖ **ONLY A EUPHEMISM.** Alcoholism is a behavior problem, not a disease, according to a panel of physicians at a Wisconsin State Medical Society meeting. Dr. Jules H. Masserman, professor of neurology and psychiatry, Northwestern University Medical School, said that alcoholism is no more a disease in the usual sense than "gambling or biting your nails." Dr. Edward T. Sheehan, associate psychiatry professor at Marquette University Medical School, asserted that calling alcoholism a disease is only a euphemism adopted to remove some of the stigma.

❖ **WOMEN BAN MARTINIS.** Some sixty-six "typical" young housewives from fifty states, meeting in Chicago at the fifth National Congress on Better Living, agreed that Martinis should be banned from the social scene. As one delegate said, "I don't know anyone who can drink Martinis and hold them. Give them one or two and the nicest people get raucous."

❖ **PROBLEM OF ADJUSTMENT.** Virtually all top researchers in the field of alcohol are agreed upon one point—teen-agers should not drink. So states Herbert H. Hill, associate director of the Institutes of Scientific Studies for the Prevention of Alcoholism, which are held annually in the United States and other countries. Hill says researchers arrive at this conclusion, not to spoil all the fun, but because the adolescent period of life is the time when the person is confronted with the greatest problems of adjustment he will ever have to face.

❖ **SYLVIA PORTER AND SEAGRAMS ADVOCATE MODERATE DRINKING.** In a column entitled "U.S. Drinking Seen 'Moderate,'" the well-known economist, Sylvia Porter, reports that 234,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits constituted a new sales record in 1960 for the alcoholic beverage industry.

Miss Porter goes on to note, "Every day, newspapers across the land are crowded with sordid stories about drunkenness and the impact of alcoholism on the individual, on industry, and on society." Apparently displeased with these newspaper accounts of the many alcohol-caused problems in the world, Miss Porter went to the president of Seagram and Sons, Inc., to get her "facts."

It was during this interview that she learned that while people today drink on more occasions, they supposedly drink less on each occasion. She also heard the claim that drinking is becoming more acceptable as a social custom and that women have had much to do with this acceptance.

Now that Miss Porter has the "facts" she wants about drinking, perhaps she will be able to overlook those "sordid newspaper stories" about the insidious effects of alcohol on society.



Even with solid-fuel booster rockets, we cannot leave behind the problems presented by alcohol in today's space-minded world. Facing this problem with scientific accuracy and educational frankness, the National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism offers in the United States two Institutes of Scientific Studies for the Prevention of Alcoholism.



Those interested in attending should note that a limited number of scholarships and fellowships are available. The National Committee is an affiliate organization of the International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism, which sponsors similar institutes in Johannesburg, South Africa; Sydney, Australia; Manila, Philippines; Bombay, India; Rangoon, Burma; Warsaw, Poland; and in other parts of the world.

EDUCATIONAL - SCIENTIFIC - EDUCATIONAL - SCIENTIFIC



IN THE SHADOW OF THE 600-FOOT "SPACE NEEDLE," WITH ITS OBSERVATION TOWER TOPPED BY A REVOLVING RESTAURANT, WILL BE HELD THE 1962 SESSION OF THE INSTITUTE IN SEATTLE.

Loma Linda Institute tutes a distinguished **Thirteenth Session** faculty of twenty or **August 6-17, 1962** more authorities of national repute will present the physiological, neurological, psychiatric, and economic aspects of the alcohol problem. In addition, these specialists will suggest solutions which include social, legal, and educational measures.

Washington Institute the student direct **Seventh Session** contact and first-hand information as to the effects of alcohol on the individual and on society. The Loma Linda Institute at its last session visited branches of the Superior Court of Los Angeles, and the Patton State Hospital, where the students were impressed with alcoholism's end result.

Dr. Winton H. Beaven, director of the institutes, and Herbert H. Hill, associate director, lead a thirty-minute discussion period following each lecture. This provides opportunity for student participation and clarification of viewpoint.

Outstanding lecturers who are scheduled include: Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, head of the Department of Clinical Science, University of Illinois; Dr. Cyril B. Courville, distinguished neuropathologist; Dr. Lois Higgins, president, International Association of Women Police; and many other authorities in the field.

Field trips give the student direct contact and first-hand information as to the effects of alcohol on the individual and on society. The Loma Linda Institute at its last session visited branches of the Superior Court of Los Angeles, and the Patton State Hospital, where the students were impressed with alcoholism's end result.

Washington Institute enrollees observed courts and rehabilitation facilities in the District of Columbia.



The Seattle World's Fair will feature such attractions as the United States Science Pavilion.



The National Capitol provides some of the background for the Washington Institute of Scientific Studies.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE
NATIONAL COMMITTEE for the PREVENTION
of ALCOHOLISM

6830 Laurel Street, N.W., Washington 12, D.C.