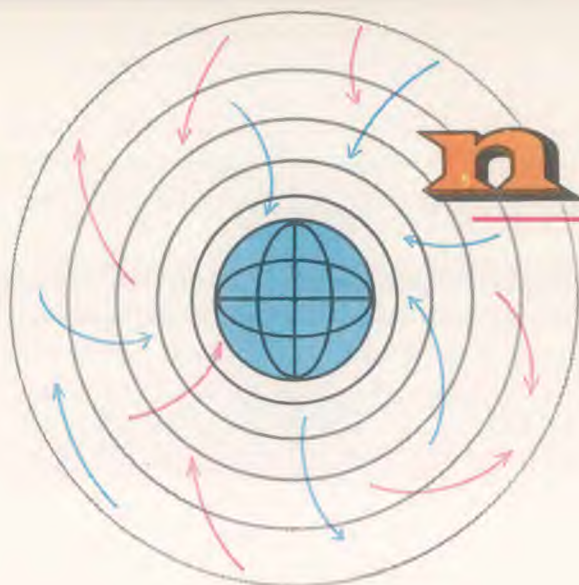


# LISTEN

A  
JOURNAL  
OF  
BETTER  
LIVING



Richard E. Strain, M.D.  
*Neurosurgeon*



# news

❖ **ALCOHOLIC RUSSIAN DEAD.** Vasily Josefevich Stalin, son of the former Soviet dictator, died of a heart ailment. Notorious for his drinking and brawling from teen-age on, he was reported to have started drinking heavily after his father's death in 1953. A few years later he was reportedly sentenced to four years in prison for killing a woman while driving under the influence of alcohol.

❖ **NEW DRUG FOR ALCOHOLICS.** Chlordiazepoxide, a new tranquilizing drug, is reported to all but eliminate convulsions, delirium tremens, and other withdrawal symptoms in alcoholics under medical treatment, it has been reported. Dr. Herbert E. Karolus, director of the Keeley Institute, Dwight, Illinois, an institution which specializes in treating alcoholics, says:

"There is every indication that chlordiazepoxide is the therapy of choice for the alcoholic and that it may replace entirely our present methods of therapy.

"With chlordiazepoxide," he says, "agitation, anxiety, apprehension, confusion, memory lapses, obsessions, restlessness, tremors followed by remorse and depression were controlled more rapidly. No untoward effects were observed," he states.

❖ **WET MONEY.** The State of California will receive from the liquor industry \$57,300,000 as its share of the 1962-63 state budget.

❖ **OUTLAW BOTTLES.** A spate of complaints from individuals, civic groups, and other sources has resulted in Michigan's banning "throwaway" beer bottles earlier this year. The State Liquor Control Commission ordered that the sale of disposable bottles be discontinued.

"As far as I know we're the first state to issue such an order," said Charles Reck, the commission's supervisor of manufacturers and wholesalers. He stated that over 19,000,000 bottles of beer are shipped into the state every month, and noted that "broken bottles littering beaches, highways, parks, and other public places have caused a good deal of concern."

❖ **PEP DRUGS IN SOCCER.** The Italian Football League announced last April the suspension from all sporting activities of five first-division soccer players pending a judgment on allegations they used pep drugs during certain matches. Included among the players were some of the world's top soccer players.

❖ **U.S. ALCOHOLICS OVERSEAS.** Alcoholism is a major problem among Americans working overseas, says a report issued by the International Schools Foundation, an organization which studies the problems of Americans living abroad.

"Surveys conducted by the government indicate an alarming incidence of alcoholism and other forms of emotional disability among personnel who were selected, among other factors, for the stability and apparent strength demonstrated in their own wide career," the report goes on.

It notes that about 660,000 American civilians are now abroad, in addition to some 840,000 military personnel.

❖ **ONE DRINK, ONE TOO MANY.** A motorist who consumes as much as one drink should be classified as a drunken driver, says Dr. Geoffrey T. Mann, Virginia's chief medical examiner. Dr. Mann declares that a completely drunk motorist is usually apprehended before he creates too much trouble. But one drink, he says, may have an "exhilarating effect" on a driver and this "constitutes the greatest danger of all."

❖ **EXAMS AGAIN.** After the Christmas holidays, exam time will roll in on the scholastic horizon, reverberating in a thunder of doom for some. Current solution which does not work: Dexedrine. Said one college freshman at spring exams last year, "A lot of boys are living on dexedrine. They take a couple of pills and stay up for twenty-four hours straight and don't bother to eat.

"They almost kill themselves. You almost go crazy thinking you can't do it. You go in there and it's like it was your doom. Then they hand you your test."

A little studying during the term no doubt would eliminate the semiannual cram for exams, and along with it the pep-pill problem.

❖ **HEADACHE DRUG.** A new drug has been discovered which successfully prevents most migraine headaches which torment some 15,000,000 Americans. Its trade name is Sansert, and it has been cleared by the Food and Drug Administration for public sale under a physician's prescription.

**OUR COVER** Pausing a moment in his crowded surgical schedule, Dr. Strain looks perfectly at home in the midst of the equipment of an operating room. He should, for he has for years been using these gadgets to help save life. He has been "in the business" long enough, as far as brain surgery is concerned, to know what is good for the human nervous system and what is not good.

*Listen's* cover is by Bio Photo, Inc., of Miami, Florida.



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# LISTEN



Reece Boyd is a tall, ruddy Irishman who lives on a remote farm in Virginia, not entirely by his own choice. He was sent there.

For many years Boyd was a pilot, rising to the rank of senior airline pilot. From Washington, D.C., as his base, he flew to virtually every corner of the country, either on regularly scheduled flights or as a charter pilot. Occasionally he drew assignments to fly White House correspondents on Presidential trips.

## menace in the cockpit

Now he is grounded for "chronic alcoholism," suspended by American Airlines, his final discharge dependent on the outcome of an appeal of his case.

While hospitalized for a minor ailment, his condition was diagnosed as "alcoholism" when he twice broke out of the hospital to find whiskey.

On January 3, 1961, Finnair had its first major flying catastrophe in its history, when near the town of Vassa one of its DC-3's went down, killing all twenty-five aboard. Investigation showed that the cause of this accident was the human factor. The two pilots had been drinking the previous night, and their blood alcohol proved to be about .2 percent. Public indignation in Finland resulting from this tragedy caused legislation to be passed making abstinence compulsory for pilots.

These incidents are not cited to claim there are many alcoholic pilots. Actually, airline pilots as a group have a much lower percentage of drinkers than there is in the general population. This is as it should be, for public safety is at stake, and in no instance does drinking add to safety.

But this matter of drinking and flying is coming more to the fore. Not only is this true in military and commercial flying, but also because flocks of personal planes are taking to the air and thousands of private pilots are being licensed.

In fact, the situation has become so noticeable that even the Federal Aviation Agency has taken public note of it. This agency, which is responsible for the safety of our skies, has found that in the year 1961 alone drinking was "a contributing cause" in fifty-four airplane accidents which killed twenty-eight persons. These, of course, are in the category of private pilots using their own planes. One can only speculate how many more flying accidents—perhaps some involving commercial or military planes—would be similarly described if the whole story were known.

"We are finding more and more the brave World War II hero who after about three beers goes out and borrows, leases, or steals a plane and flies it," declares Najeeb A. Halaby, FAA administrator. He says that drunken flying is becoming "a serious problem" among the nation's 80,000 private pilots, and advocates a tightening of licensing procedures for such pilots. This Federal official finds it necessary officially to take action against what he calls "air drunks," who are "disorderly and dangerous" in flight. Be it said to his credit that such action is being advocated before a series of major crashes occur involving "stewed" private pilots and big commercial planes.

Much has been said, and much more needs to be said, about the menace of passengers' drinking and flying, and the insult the airlines are giving to the public by forcing them to ride in flying saloons. But tipsy pilots and crew are much more menacing. In an age when the air over our heads is reverberating with the roar of jets, the whine of propellers, and the whirr of helicopters, it must be emphasized again that where skill is involved, where mental acuity is necessary, drinking simply is not to be tolerated.

In this area of split-second decisions and ever-faster speeds, anything that tends to affect the mind adversely and slow up human reaction must be banned. To take any action short of this is to court danger and potential disaster.

*Francis A. Soper*



# BARBITURATES--

## *Subtle Killers*

William L. Roper

**D**RIVING alone, a teen-age boy crashed into a roadside tree. There were no skid marks. Highway patrol officers approaching the scene of the crash were puzzled. As they lifted the injured driver from his wrecked car, he mumbled, "I must have dozed at the wheel."

Why had he dozed? Inside the glove compartment the officers found a plastic vial. It contained several capsules of a well-known barbiturate. Similar capsules, commonly known as sleeping pills, have been found recently in other smashed cars.

Lately there has been an alarming increase in accidents of this type. In California alone, single-car crashes involving only one driver have increased 388 percent since 1949, according to a study made by the State Highway Patrol. Although liquor has been found to be a major cause of this type of accident, barbiturates run a close second.

At least one million persons in the United States take sleeping pills, and between 10 and 25 percent of them

are addicts, many without realizing it, according to estimates by Dr. Ronald Koegler, a research psychiatrist at the University of California's Neuropsychiatric Institute at Los Angeles.

In a way this addiction is more dangerous and harmful than heroin, this specialist points out.

"A person cannot say he became a heroin addict because he was unaware of the danger of addiction," he explains. "But this can be said about sleeping pills, or rather about the barbiturate which is in the pill."

The fact that many doctors do not seem to appreciate the addictive characteristics of barbiturates, Dr. Koegler says, leads them to prescribe these drugs too generously, or in cases where they are not actually needed. He emphasizes that research shows barbiturates to have a much greater deleterious effect on the body than heroin, and that in habitual use the mental deterioration caused by the barbiturates equals that resulting from heroin. The physical and mental deterioration, he says, are in direct proportion to the dosage and the frequency of use.

Taking an occasional pill on doctor's orders to counter a period of stress is not dangerous, Dr. Koegler goes on to make clear, but he warns, "If you have grown to rely upon the pills to put you to sleep, you are in danger." The subtle, insidious peril of this habit is that if you depend regularly upon sleeping pills to fight insomnia or quiet your nerves, you may have become a victim without knowing it.

Sleeping pills, Dr. Koegler believes, have much the same addictive characteristics as heroin. He describes the typical barbiturate addict as being a nervous, tense person who feels he cannot face life's problems and realities without a crutch. While many persons occasionally take sleeping pills without becoming addicted to the habit, there are many others who keep taking them after the emergency that caused them to be first prescribed has passed.

Frequently the latter keep increasing the dosage, some taking as many as ten pills a night. When they decide to break the habit, they suffer withdrawal symptoms such as cramps, nausea, and convulsions.

But Dr. Koegler assures us that most addicts can break the habit, with the help of a physician, if they will make a determined, persistent effort before they have become too dependent on it.

A special committee, appointed by Governor Edmund G. Brown of California, made a detailed study of these drugs. The committee report calls attention to the shocking misuse of "pep" pills and "sleeping pills," which are sold over drugstore counters under various trade names, and it particularly emphasizes the danger posed by the illegal sale of these drugs.

Since this traffic is nationwide, the California report is nationally significant. The danger is not confined to

any geographical area, but extends to every corner of the country where drugs are sold.

Emphasized in the committee's report are the following points:

1. Because many physicians are prescribing these drugs carelessly and the drugs are easily obtainable, some housewives are becoming addicts.

2. Juveniles are being led to attach no social stigma to the use of these drugs, since so many adults use them legally under a physician's prescription. Consequently, it is easy for drug pushers to sell them to juveniles as a socially acceptable way of "getting kicks."

3. During the first four months of 1961, 59 percent of all arrests made by the Los Angeles Police Department's juvenile narcotics squad involved barbiturates and amphetamines—not heroin. And between 1954 and 1960, arrests for juvenile drug offenses in Los Angeles increased 468 percent.

4. Investigation revealed that a Los Angeles physician, who had been found guilty in 1958 of a Federal charge based on twenty counts of illegally dispensing drugs, was still practicing medicine. The records showed the trial judge had suspended the \$100 fine on each count and had blocked the State Board of Medical Examiners from revoking the physician's license by expressly stating that "no moral turpitude" was involved.

5. Californians have easy access to barbiturates and amphetamines without prescription in Tijuana, Mexico, just across the border from San Diego. The committee found that 1,000,000 units of these drugs were recently delivered there by an American drug manufacturer, while another United States firm delivered 600,000 units in a single three-day period.

How these drugs find their way back to the United States from Mexico and become a profitable item in the nation's drug traffic was revealed by the committee's study. For instance, the manufacturers sold these drugs for seventy-six cents for every 1,000 units. The drug traffickers resold them to American buyers on the illegal market at ten cents a unit, with approximately 1,000 percent profit.

6. The committee also learned that it is possible for individual drug users to buy large orders of drugs by mail from mail-order drug dealers. In some cases it was found that the dealers made no check to determine the authenticity of the signatures of physicians whose names were attached to the orders.

This loose practice indicates the urgent need of new Federal laws. Present Federal laws, the committee found, do not require that records of orders be kept or that duplicate purchase orders be sent by the dealer or manufacturer to the Food and Drug Administration.

Although former Welfare Secretary Abraham A. Ribicoff, head of the Health, Education, and Welfare Department, recommended tightening the controls over the nation's 1,200 drug producers, this is a point that needs particular attention, according to California's special committee.

The suppliers of these dangerous drugs are now operating virtually without restriction in the mail-order field. While illegal possession of narcotics is a felony offense in California, the illegal possession (Turn to page 31)



Food and Drug Administration investigators have a "library" of hundreds of brands of manufactured drugs with which to compare any unmarked or mislabeled containers. Size, shape, color, and die markings are the "fingerprints" of a drug.

*Richard E. Strain, M. D.*

*A medical specialist looks  
at the problem of . . . .*



## ALCOHOL AND MAN

**A**S A neurosurgeon I am frequently called upon to evaluate many conditions affecting the brain. These may be in the form of head injuries; brain tumors; partial obstruction of the arteries going to the brain, thus "starving" the brain of vital blood needed for its function; or "strokes" where hemorrhage may occur.

Often the patient is an unwilling victim of his brain troubles. No one in his right mind would deliberately choose to harm his brain or impair its function. However, a self-induced, self-chosen brain destroyer now ranks foremost among the medical problems of our time. Chronic alcoholism, with its consistent destruction of the most vital and delicate organ in the body, the brain, is a self-inflicted condition involving beverage alcohol. It is said that alcoholism stands fourth among the leading health problems of the United States, being outranked only by mental illness, heart disease, and cancer. There are upwards of six million alcoholics in this country today, but for every alcoholic at least another four persons are closely affected, making a total of some thirty million people intimately involved in the problem.

In this age of spacemen and orbital flights, clearness of thought and intellect are vital at all times. This is true not only in launching rockets or flying fast jet planes, but also in driving automobiles, in performing the tasks of specialized professions, and in making decisions of

business and government. Why, in such an age, do alcoholics continue to increase?

I believe the first reason is that we have failed to teach that alcohol is an addicting narcotic drug, just as is morphine, cocaine, and heroin, or any other opiate. Harris Isbel, of the United States Public Health Service Hospital laboratory, Lexington, Kentucky, says that statistically alcohol is the most important of all addicting depressant drugs.

We control other addicting narcotics. Surely we can control alcohol. The cost to industry from days lost due to alcoholic weekends is staggering, but the loss of manpower, the loss in human worthwhileness, defies tabulation.

Alcohol is not a stimulant. It depresses one's normal caution and judgment by its action on the frontal lobe cortical cells of man where are stored those primary characteristics which distinguish man from animals.

Now, "dope addict" is an offensive expression. While many people may drink and yet carry on fairly normal lives businesswise, so may many people who are addicted to other drugs that are less fashionable than alcohol. I had a drinking friend whom I had known for some ten years. He was a surgical specialist, a skilled, well-trained man. He died with a blood alcohol level of more than .5 percent while an anesthetist friend gave him

artificial respiration trying to keep him going until his liver could detoxify his blood.

Why did he do this? He knew better, but like any addict his alcohol addiction had become unmanageable. Drinking slipped up on him until he was "hooked," and finally it led to his death. A rare instance? I doubt it!

So we must teach our children that alcohol is a dangerous, addicting narcotic, despite all the blandishments of people interested in selling alcoholic beverages merely to make money. On an average it takes about eight years of drinking before an alcoholic really hits bottom. Where did all these millions of alcoholics come from? We all know they came from the group known as "social drinkers," the ones who can take a drink or two and leave it alone.

No one starts out deliberately to become an alcoholic. However, drinking slips up on these social drinkers and millions of them have become chronic alcoholics. One wonders how long we will try to mop up the floor without shutting off the spigot.

We must also realize the alcoholic-beverage industry is interested in only one thing: selling more alcoholic drinks in order to make more money. Alcohol is the only narcotic we permit to be sold in grocery stores and to be advertised on television and radio. A little morphine, or demerol, or cocaine, never hurt anyone any more than a little alcohol, but we recognize that these addicting narcotic drugs should not be advertised, nor should industry be permitted to peddle them for profit through grocery stores, drugstores, or elsewhere. These drugs are carefully controlled, as alcohol should be.

My home city of Miami, Florida, is a cocktail community. I see as patients a number of people who own bars and taverns. However, when I ask one of these men or women his or her occupation, I have never yet had one look me straight in the eye and say he owns a bar, or tavern, as if he were proud of it. They all lower their gaze and mumble something, these peddlers of self-

destruction and self-erosion. They seem ashamed of being connected with such an occupation.

I do not know a single coach who gives his players a cocktail before a game so they will play better, nor have I had a single medical colleague suggest that I have a shot of Scotch to improve my surgical abilities before taking his son into the operating room.

Ethyl alcohol is the (Turn to page 29)

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**DR. RICHARD E. STRAIN**, was born in Perry, Iowa, the son of a Presbyterian missionary to the Indian territory which later became the State of Oklahoma.

Educated in Kansas, California, and Tennessee, he received his medical and surgical training at Vanderbilt University and Stanford University medical schools. Following service as a medical practitioner and teacher in China and India he taught surgery at Vanderbilt and later studied neurosurgery at Harvard.

Dr. Strain is in practice at Miami, Florida, where he is on the staff of every major hospital in the area, and is associate professor of neurosurgery at the University of Miami School of Medicine. He is a member of major national and international surgical societies.

This enterprising specialist is Rotary president for Coral Gables, a nationally known high-class business and professional community, and is active in numerous civic and church organizations.

Dr. Strain serves as vice-chairman of the National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism and appears frequently as a lecturer on the problems of alcoholism, this year traveling to Johannesburg for a series on this subject at the South African Institute of Scientific Studies.

He has participated in the international "sister city" plan, which was launched in 1956 to develop a kinship spirit between cities in the United States and cities overseas of similar size and common interest. Under this plan he performed three brain operations without charge on patients in Cartagena, Colombia, the "sister city" of Coral Gables, in that way saving the lives of these patients.

Interested in youth, Dr. Strain actively supports the training of young men for church service, and the preparing of overseas mission representatives along practical medical lines.



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Three children help enliven the Strain household in Coral Gables, Florida.



# FLOWER OF DEATH

*James Scales*

**A**PPEARING daily in many newspapers across the country are stories telling about people, who have been arrested for possession of the "assassin flower," better known as marijuana.

Marijuana grows wild in the form of a bush. When it reaches full maturity in the fall of the year, it attains a height of from three to fifteen feet. The plant consists mostly of stems on which small grayish-green leaves grow. It is primarily from the leaves that marijuana cigarettes are produced.

*Cannabis sativa* is known throughout the world under such names as hemp, Indian hemp, cannabis, and marijuana. The active drug in marijuana is known as *Cannabis indica* and comes from the dried leaves and flowers. Under any name, however, marijuana is one of the most corrupting influences in our society today.

Marijuana continues to be a dangerous menace because it is very difficult for law-enforcement officers to control its cultivation. Although it does better and is more potent in warmer climates, it can be grown in almost any part of the world.

Marijuana is an intoxicant with peculiar features unlike those of any other drug. It is as definite a weapon in the human system as a gun would be in the hand. It is not at all right to inform anyone that if he is normal he can smoke marijuana without harmful results. I have seen numerous cases of normal, decent, right-thinking people turned, in one soul-shattering moment, into destructive, unreasoning creatures because they smoked marijuana.

Those who have made a study of marijuana point out that the use of the drug releases certain inhibitions and lifts behavior restraints. It causes intoxication of a unique nature, similar to but not exactly like that derived from the continued use of alcohol or cocaine. It also produces hallucinations and delusions.

One hazard is the drug's unpredictable effect on the individual. It does not affect everyone the same way. In the beginning it often produces exhilaration and a sense of temporary well-being. This state of "highness," however, diminishes.

Marijuana affects all the senses. Its use frequently causes lapses of memory and severe mental disturbances. It attacks the central nervous system and distorts judgment. Sensations of time and space are all out of proportion to reality when one smokes marijuana.

Regarding the attendant evils of marijuana, police narcotics squad officials across the country have repeatedly made statements to the public that marijuana is a stepping-stone to more deadly drugs such as heroin.

At one time Dr. Victor H. Vogel, former medical officer in charge of the United States Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, said, "In reviewing the records of adolescent addicts in the hospital, I learned that without exception the teen-age addicts (to heroin) first smoked marijuana. The established pattern is for marijuana addiction to lead to addiction to other and more seriously addicting drugs."

The only way anyone can be safe from the poisonous marijuana weed and its devastating effects is never to touch it in any form. Steer clear of any so-called "tea" parties, where a group is smoking the weed.

One who is pushing the "reefers" will make smoking them sound exciting and inviting, but he does so because it means dollars for him. If you see anyone offering marijuana cigarettes to young people, notify the authorities immediately. By doing so you may help stop a trail of destruction brought about by the use of the "assassin flower."

Some young people start smoking marijuana cigarettes out of curiosity, or because they fear the ridicule of the crowd. If one fears ridicule or doesn't have the strength to stand up for what he knows is right, he should remember that it is better to be called "chicken" today than be a "zero" drug addict later.

**JAMES SCALES** is in prison, and has been for some years. However, he is trying sincerely to use every method open to him to influence others toward a better life.

In this descriptive article on marijuana he uses information gained from numerous personal interviews with those who have used the drug and become victims of its degrading nature. This first-hand background lends emphasis to the warning here given to any whose curiosity may lead them toward the brink of danger.

*This article is already out of date, but it appears in "Listen" for a specific reason.*

*Harry Hanners, high school teacher and apparently reformed narcotics addict, started a jail school for inmates at the Nassau County Jail, Mineola, New York, while serving his own sentence for illegally obtaining demerol to relieve the pain from a series of operations.*

*From all appearances, Harry Hanners had broken his addiction, which nearly ruined his teaching career. After his sentence had expired, he was retained as a full-time teacher of the jail's inmates, many of whom were teen-agers in need of a high school education.*

*However, as this story is being prepared for press, word has come that Hanners has once again been convicted of obtaining narcotics by illegal means. To relieve the pain from a minor operation, he turned once more to demerol. Currently he is undergoing treatment and no longer teaches at the jail.*

*"Listen" tells this story to point up the viciousness of narcotics addiction and the extreme difficulty of "kicking the habit" once it becomes established.*



Harry Hanners, gaunt and haggard, is led by Nassau County Detective Bill Staley into court to face charges of illegally securing narcotics.

# FROM ADDICT to TEACHER — and BACK AGAIN

*Michael Dorman*

It was in jail while serving time as a narcotics offender that Harry Hanners began a new career. He is still in jail today, but no longer as an inmate. He now is the director of a unique jail school for young inmates in Nassau County, Long Island.

His school has been hailed by penologists and educators from all parts of the country. And Hanners, who says he has conquered the drug habit, has been an inspiration to numerous addicts who felt they had no place to go but down after they had once been "hooked" on dope.

Hanners seemed to have hit bottom in October, 1959. Then forty, a former accountant and high school history teacher, he was arrested for the third time in five years as an addict. Jail didn't seem to be the place for this urbane, clean-cut man with a crew cut that made him look even more youthful than his years.

He explained to a judge that he had become addicted to demerol after a doctor prescribed small doses of it to help ease his back pains following a series of spinal operations. Then he had begun going to several doctors at once, each of whom signed prescriptions for the drug without knowing that the others were doing the same thing. As his habit became more pronounced, Hanners developed various other methods for obtaining the drug illegally.

Eventually the police caught up with him. After his first two arrests, judges had taken into account his background and given him suspended sentences, but his third arrest, coming only four months after the second, led to more serious sentencing. This time he drew a six-month jail term.

Led away to the Nassau County Jail, he made a pathetic sight. Once dapper, he was now sloppily dressed. Once a respected man, he now hung his head sadly. This was the most bitter of a series of such experiences in the life of a once-promising intellectual.

A lesser man might have quit trying, but Harry Hanners is not a quitter.

He became concerned as he found teen-age inmates idling away day after day in their cells when they could be doing something productive, so he suggested to Warden Edward O'Hara the idea of setting up a jail school on an experimental basis, with Hanners himself as teacher. O'Hara was impressed with the idea. So were the young inmates.

In November, 1959, less than a month after he had been jailed, Harry Hanners, wearing the same prison-

blue denim uniform as his pupils, taught his first jail-school class.

Before long, half the teen-age inmates of the jail had enrolled. They ranged in achievement level from the seventh grade to the senior year of high school, but Hanners found a way to teach them all.

Between meal hours the boys gathered in the jail lunchroom. Each carried several paper-back textbooks and a notebook, bought out of the jail's "commissary fund." Hanners's only teaching equipment at the start was a portable blackboard and a stick of chalk.

The pupils were not "good kids" in the accepted sense. In their cells they sometimes got restless and surly, but in Hanners's classes there was no disrespect or disorder. The inmates hung on Hanners's words, many of them actively volunteering answers.

Hanners was elated by the program's results. "It's remarkable what this has done," he said. "They're different boys. One boy had his mother down here to visit him and, do you know, he asked permission to go back to his cell to get his marks so he could show them to her. The boys even ask for work to do on weekends. I have no trouble with them. And I think, given time, we can bring some high school graduates out of this group."

Hanners's prediction was borne out. Warden O'Hara applied to the New York State Education Department for permission to make the jail-school students eligible for high school equivalency diplomas. Permission was granted and the students began working toward graduation.

O'Hara, encouraged by the school's progress, plunged into the task of finding additional equipment to help Hanners in his work. Desks were rounded up from school districts which had been keeping them in storage. A television set was obtained, thus allowing the students to view educational programs. When Hanners asked for a globe and some maps, they were quickly found.

On March 11, Nassau County Sheriff Jesse P. Combs announced that he would hire Hanners upon his release. Since the county had no provisions for hiring a jail-school teacher, Combs arranged to appoint Hanners to a vacant \$5,600-a-year jailer's job. Although his title would be jailer, his duties were to consist solely of continuing the jail-school program.

Hanners had good cause for pride. Even during his short stint as a prisoner-teacher, he had been instrumental in bringing about the rehabilitation of a number of inmates. Several had already been released from jail. Four youths whom Hanners described as "some of my boys" went back to high school after their release and started working toward an expected June graduation.

Another youth opened a small business for himself, putting to use knowledge gleaned from Hanners's classes. One boy from an underprivileged family, who hadn't known the alphabet when first jailed, had learned to read under Hanners's tutelage.

"As a teacher, when you see a kid start at zero and he shows such progress, you get a wonderful satisfaction," Hanners says. "I can't put it into words, but every teacher knows what I mean. I like to think that I represent the good that can come out of jail."

Hanners reported back to jail as an employee following his release, received his badge, and has been there ever since, constantly expanding and improving his school. He now has two assistants. On August 7, 1960, the school graduated its first class. Three youths were called from their cells and handed high school equivalency diplomas. A fourth youth, transferred from the county jail to a state reformatory after taking his qualifying examinations for the diploma, received his diploma by mail.

Hanners credits extra work by the four youths with helping them become the nation's first such county-jail inmates to win equivalency diplomas. While they had shown little interest in education before entering jail, they discovered behind bars that they actually enjoyed learning. In the outside world, all four had been thieves, but behind bars they learned a code of honor by doing their "homework" under an honor system.

To Hanners the awarding of the four diplomas represented "the full justification of the faith a lot of people had in me." By this time almost 90 percent of all teenagers being sent to the jail were enrolling in the school.

Honors were bestowed upon Hanners and his school. Educators, sociologists, and penologists praised the operation as a pioneer enterprise that could set a national trend in handling young prisoners.

The National Education Association cited the jail school as one of fifty outstanding school programs in the nation. The school also won an award from the National School Board Association. Perhaps the highest tribute came from one student who applied for, and was granted, permission to remain in jail even after he was entitled to his release, so that he could complete his studies for an equivalency diploma.

In May, 1961, the school graduated its third class, awarding equivalency diplomas to ten boys. This brought to sixteen the number of students to win such diplomas. At the graduation ceremony a special award was presented to an inmate for a prize-winning essay on juvenile delinquency.

The award winner, a nineteen-year-old who was in jail for the second time on assault charges, had quit high school before his arrest. At first he had resisted all efforts to get him to enroll in the jail school.

"He wouldn't have anything to do with the school for five weeks," Hanners said, "but suddenly he came down of his own accord. Now, I'm hoping he'll go on to college."

Today the school boasts thirty-nine graduates. More than 700 inmates have attended classes under Hanners and his assistants. Twenty-one former students have entered college, nine have gone into military service, and hundreds of others have found respectable jobs after leaving jail.

These achievements have brought great spiritual rewards for former addict Harry Hanners, who says his greatest reward was provided by a student who came to him just before leaving the jail to begin serving a three-year term at a state prison.

"Before he left," Hanners relates, "the boy told me he wanted to become a teacher someday, too."

*End*

## HOMER HATHAWAY

**T**EEN-AGE drinking has become one of King County's most serious juvenile problems. Several young persons here are confirmed alcoholics at sixteen and seventeen. There is little hope for them." Robert F.

Utter, King County Juvenile Court Commissioner, Seattle, Washington, recently reported this grim fact, adding that the court has processed liquor cases involving children as young as twelve.

Wayne K. Armstrong, chief of police, Rapid City, South Dakota, states: "Cases involving drinking by teen-agers in Rapid City include fatal automobile accidents, parties which were little more than sex orgies, and one instance in which a seventeen-year-old boy beat a girl fatally with a club. My observation leads me to believe that almost any city of comparable size has a similar problem with drinking minors."

Richard C. Buckland, assistant director of probation in Washington State, speaking at a conference on alcoholism, brought out into the open a subject which has long been either misunderstood or denied:

"One of our major problems is an unwillingness to recognize that kids this age can be alcoholics. Social workers and parents just can't believe that one so young can be so susceptible to alcohol and can't get along without it.

"But when a youth ends up drunk four out of five times he drinks, there isn't much question."

Backing up this opinion is a statement from an Alcoholics Anonymous member in Cleveland:

"It is accepted as something regular and *not* unusual for teen-agers to come into A.A. now, because we know a

teen-ager can be an alcoholic and well qualified to be a member of A.A. From observations made by myself in most of the United States and Canada, I have found that many of our members were alcoholics in their teen years.

"If we will consider the description of an alcoholic as one whose life has become unmanageable according to the individual's own set of standards through the use of alcohol, then we can more easily understand how teen-agers can also fall into the classification of being an alcoholic."

The refusal of many to recognize this fact is preventing many teen-agers from receiving treatment when they need it. As James F. Gavin, parole officer on the Massachusetts Parole Board, put it:

"I feel it smacks of intellectual dishonesty when people experienced in the field of alcoholism and alcoholic therapy resort to circumlocution for descriptive terms of this condition, rather than identifying it for what it is."

So it is useless to deny that teen-agers can be alcoholics. The evidence that some of them are is overwhelming. The important question is, where does it start and how can it be stopped?

Where it starts may come as a shock, but according to most sources who have studied the problem it starts in the teen-agers' own homes. Their first taste of liquor is usually given to them by their indulgent parents, or stolen from the liquor cabinet when the parents are gone. There is no more sure rule of life than that expressed in Scripture: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Forbidding the sale of liquor to those under twenty-one has certainly not provided adequate protection. The

*When adults persist in setting the example of indulgence*

**when the harvest**



fact that it is easily available is either candidly, or guardedly, admitted by most law-enforcement officers. Ingenious methods are evolved by teen-agers to get it, and if ingenuity fails, common thievery often succeeds.

Thus the problem continues to grow. D. E. Cash, captain of the Juvenile Division of the Eugene, Oregon, Police Department, says:

"I would say that teen-age alcoholism is fast becoming one of our major problems with teen-agers, enough so that the Oregon Liquor Control Commission has assigned several investigators to handle this phase of their work. The drinking problem is still increasing at a very fast rate and I don't have any reason to believe that this is not true all over the country."

A lack of proper education within the home itself is oftentimes the root of the trouble. Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, professor emeritus of physiology and head of the department of clinical science, University of Illinois, says:

"Young people should know the chance they are taking of becoming an alcoholic when they are taking a social drink. The chance today, according to estimates, is one in nine."

But parents aren't the only ones who share the blame. Robert W. Ring, educational supervisor, Division of Alcoholism, Illinois Department of Health, also blames other factors:

"It is our feeling that there is an astonishing apathy concerning the use of alcoholic beverages by young people. It is also our feeling that this is primarily due to the attitude of parents, but that other factors, such as easy availability of liquor, are not to be discounted. It is our feeling that our educational program should be directed

largely to the adult population in which young people grow to adulthood."

But even parents are baffled as to how to handle the situation. A mother recently wrote to Ann Landers and asked what should be done about her teen-age daughter, who wanted to serve liquor at a party. Miss Landers's answer was straight to the point:

"Parents who serve teen-agers liquor must accept the responsibility for whatever happens afterwards. This can mean automobile accidents, heavy necking and petting, and a whole series of unpredictable events."

Accidents and petting are gruesome enough, but the unpredictable events, such as rape, assault, and murder are also the outcome of teen-age drinking.

Teen-agers are neither physically nor mentally equipped to consume alcoholic beverages, and if they drink merely because it makes them feel "ten feet tall," or just to be part of the gang, then they are headed for possible trouble.

Dr. Marvin A. Block, writing in *Today's Health*, substantiates this:

"When teen-agers drink to get a lift, to enjoy the envy of their friends, or to acquire a sense of grandeur, they are drinking to escape into unreality. The euphoria, the feeling of well-being, the sense of increased power, the lack of care and responsibility—all of which is more pleasant than facing drab reality—can be very attractive. But it is of no value when preparing for future living."

It is up to parents to prepare today's teen-agers for that future living, but how can they best do it?

It is doubtful that there is any one all-encompassing answer, but the Parent-Youth League of Columbia, South Carolina, has published a social behavior code for children and youth, and in it they spelled out the problem, and a most logical solution:

"Drinking among high school students presents a serious problem in which parents must consider their responsibilities. It is known that, because of lax parental chaperonage, alcoholic beverages are brought to parties by guests and served by the guests themselves. Parents have a major responsibility in this matter. They are aware of the hazards of teen-age drinking—youth is not.

"a. Parents should impound any alcoholic beverages which are brought to a party. No alcoholic beverages should be accessible to young people.

"b. Young people should understand that it is not a disgrace to decline an alcoholic drink.

"c. Young people should understand that it is foolhardy to ride with a driver who is under the influence of alcohol, and should instead seek safer means of transportation."

In a world which offers the greatest challenge ever faced by youth, there is no room for alcohol in their young lives, but the problem isn't going to go away by itself. Until parents, educators, and law-enforcement officials combine their efforts to overcome the problem through *education* and *example*, the problem will continue to create havoc wherever it arises—and there is hardly a community in the nation which remains untouched by the increasing specter of teen-age alcoholism.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." And, for better or worse, the harvest always comes.

They need not be surprised --





a  
growing  
headache . . . .

## Alcoholism in INDUSTRY

**T**HERE are an estimated 2,000,000 alcoholics regularly employed by business and industry, says the National Council on Alcoholism. Most of them are between thirty-five and fifty years of age, and have been on the payroll for more than ten years.

It has been estimated that industry loses at least \$1,000,000,000 per year because of alcoholism, and the problem is growing.

Very few alcoholics are of the skid-row variety. Of this nation's nearly 6,000,000 victims, only 3 percent are in the final stages of alcoholism. An even smaller percentage of the 2,000,000 alcoholics who work for a living are in this category.

The problem drinker has not progressed so far that he gets the "shakes" or D.T.'s (delirium tremens). But he is past the stage of weekend benders and occasional hangovers. He is an early or middle-stage alcoholic. He has reached the point where he cannot control his drinking and he is well on the road to chronic alcoholism.

Why does he drink? It is likely a combination of social pressures and the emotional problems which probably have been made worse by his drinking.

There are no obvious markings on him. Some alcoholics are very important persons while others are unskilled workers. Some are married, others are not. Some live at home, others in boarding houses. In other words, anyone can become an alcoholic if he drinks.

Like cancer, the earlier alcoholism is discovered, the better the chances of recovery. Here are some clues for spotting an alcoholic on the job:

1. Absenteeism: an average alcoholic is absent twenty-two days more per year than the nonalcoholic's six to ten days. The alcoholic is more susceptible to disease. Further, he is more likely to be off work on Mondays and Fridays, unlike the nonalcoholic, who may be ill any day of the week. Half days are frequent, especially for high-status employees, since they may spend the morning working and the afternoon drinking.

2. Drinking: the alcoholic drinks differently from his

cronies. He drinks more, to be sure, but he also drinks faster, slipping in drinks between rounds. In fact, he often arrives at a bar earlier to get a head start.

3. Appearance: the physical clues are red eyes and red face, a slight hand tremor, and an aroma of alcohol (or breath sweetener). Surprisingly, the alcoholic may be a fancy Dan. He often sports sharp clothing and shiny shoes in an attempt to fool others, and himself, into believing nothing is wrong.


4. Work: because of his fatigue, the alcoholic's production slows down and he must work in spurts to catch up. He doesn't work rhythmically. As for errors, although an alcoholic may be extremely cautious for a while, eventually he adopts an "I don't care" attitude, and becomes satisfied with third-rate work.

5. Personality: many alcoholics drink during working hours. Sometimes, as with salesmen, their employers may encourage it. When an alcoholic drinks, his personality may change completely. He may turn from depression to elation, or vice versa. Another sign is hypersensitivity. Any inquiries about an alcoholic's drinking bring forth sullenness or anger.

What can be done? An alcoholic can never recover while he drinks. He must either give up drinking entirely or progressively go downhill. But since he cannot help himself, he needs guidance.

In years gone by, alcoholics were given "one last chance," and then fired. Today provident employers are realizing that many alcoholics can gradually be restored to health and that helping long-time, capable employees pays off.

Do these programs really do any good? Of course, turning an alcoholic into a nonalcoholic may entail a long, grueling struggle. But not only will industry benefit. Though industry loses a billion dollars a year directly because of alcoholism, society loses much *more* than a billion a year. The cost of one human disaster, one broken family, is not easily reckoned in dollars and cents. More important, these tragedies are preventable.




VOICE OF SCIENCE--

**W**HEN white rats are tipsy, caffeine doesn't appear to do anything toward sobering them up. In fact, it seems to prolong the adverse effects alcohol has on their judgment. This, of course, raises the possibility that the caffeine human drinkers seek in guzzling coffee may not possess the sobering effects on man which long have been attributed to it. Intent on finding out are Dr. Robert B. Forney and Dr. Francis W. Hughes of the Indiana University Medical School Toxicology Department. They currently are testing whether a mixture of caffeine and alcohol has the same effect on men as they found in their experiments with rats. The study is being conducted under a United States Public Health Service grant and is part of a long-range examination of the connection between drugs, alcohol, and traffic safety—namely, how drugs and alcohol cause drivers to react.



is  
coffee  
an  
antidote  
to  
alcohol  
?

*Fred D. Cavinder*



shock was administered, creating anxiety in the rats and a desire to escape. They could flee to their choice of two other compartments. One was lighted and the rats received a second shock there. The other was dark and safe from shock.


In about a week the rats to be used were trained to 100 percent accuracy. When shocked, they invariably went to the safe compartment. Then the animals were divided into four groups—those which received nothing, those which got alcohol alone, those which received caffeine, and those which received alcohol and caffeine. Their performances were compared.

Alcohol, as expected, depressed the rats. About half of them showed impaired judgment. They didn't immediately make the right judgment and go to the safe compartment.

"They're drunk. They don't care," Dr. Forney remarks.

Caffeine had no effect on this impaired judgment. They still made wrong decisions. In fact, the rats made more errors with a combination of alcohol and caffeine than they did with alcohol alone.

But the surprising thing was that their judgment was affected for a much longer period of time than could be explained by the effects of alcohol. (Turn to page 30)



The caffeine-alcohol experiment is only a small segment of this endeavor. Dr. Forney and Dr. Hughes also are testing the effects of various other combinations of drugs. "This all goes back to the view of the Public Health Department that 70 percent of our population is drinking," explains Dr. Forney. "And most of those also are driving. Statistics show there is a terrific tonnage of other drugs being sold, so that many of these same people who are drinking and driving also are using such things as tranquilizers." Aside from this application to traffic safety, Dr. Forney points out the need for knowing how drug combinations react for general health reasons. Most doctors don't know what will happen with many drugs if the user stops off for a beer. If experiments show this to be dangerous in some cases, it could be that cautioning the patient against this will make drug administering that much safer.

It was in this general thought pattern that Dr. Forney and Dr. Hughes sought to test the popular belief that caffeine is an effective antagonist to alcohol with a simple judgment exercise using rats.

The device used was a gridded cage with three compartments, designed by Dr. Hughes. In compartment No. 1 where the rats first were placed, a slight, irritating



**Bill Stern**

# RETURN FROM DESPAIR

*Interview by*

**Lee Alexander**

**F**ROM 1940 to 1956 Bill Stern was one of the greatest sportscasters in America. For thirteen years in a row he held top honors in the Radio Daily Poll for Best Sportscaster. He wrote articles, picked All-America football teams for national magazines, and appeared in a number of motion pictures.

Behind the scenes, Bill was enduring a private horror, an addiction to narcotics. It caught up with him in 1956 as he was broadcasting the New Year's Day Sugar Bowl Game. Pale, shaking, and inarticulate, he collapsed at the "mike."

He went to the Institute of Living in Hartford, Connecticut, for treatment. Stern's nightmare began in 1935 when he was involved in an automobile accident. He was given morphine to ease his intense pain. Then, in New York, the doctors found gangrene in his leg and it had to be amputated.

"Then I began to build up a tolerance to the drugs," Stern explains. Because of many sleepless nights, he turned to seconal. Five years later, after an attack of kidney stones, his physicians gave him morphine. "I kidded myself for a long time," he says, "but I was hooked."

Bill said he got back to normal living again by facing up to the fact that life isn't all peaches and cream. "It took me a long time to face up to the fact that I was a coward, and that is why all this happened to me," he says. "In that struggle back, I learned to stand up and face life."

So after sixteen years of addiction to narcotics, Bill Stern, through tremendous strength and faith, has found the way back to a healthy and productive life. His book, *The Taste of Ashes*, is the story of his nightmare and subsequent return from despair.



"If you're strong enough to throw up all night long and be so weak you can't eat for days, try dope. It's really not too bad—it will only kill you."



"I kidded myself for a long time. I magnified the reason to ask for drugs. I was hooked."

"The real blame is Bill Stern. I was what you might call a legal addict."





I tried all the quick cures. You can get off the physical problem with a week of misery and one of being so weak you don't want to live. But these cures don't last."



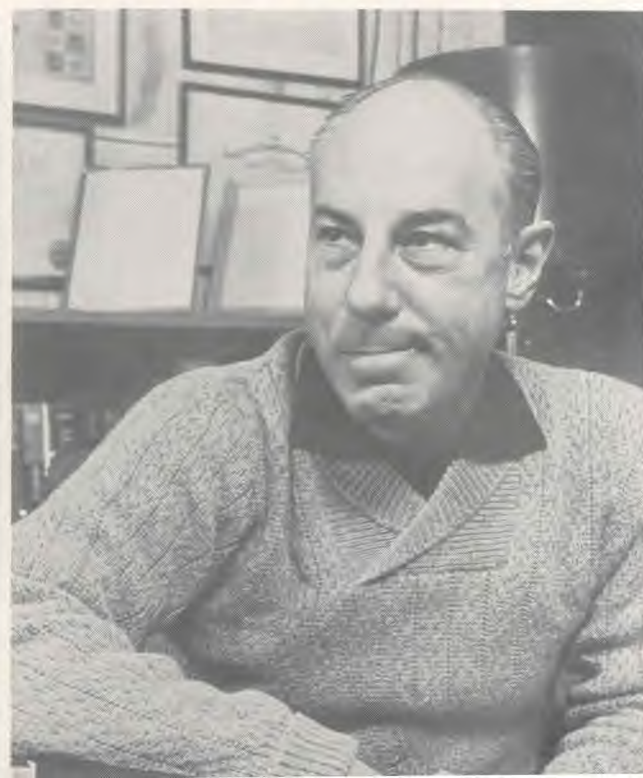
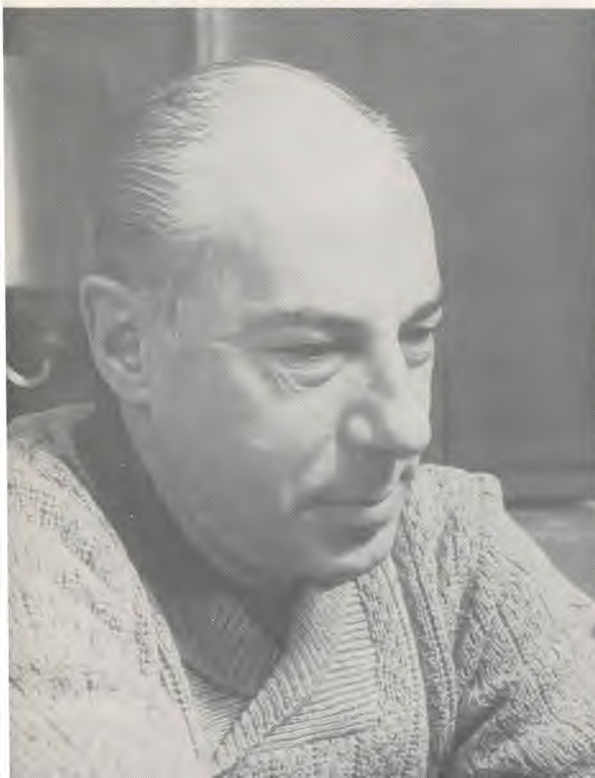
"You can't cure yourself. You need help, I had help. First of all, drugs have to be prescribed. You have to find an excuse to take them. I never knew anyone who cured himself. Taking drugs is a habit."

## *"I'd rather be a live 'chicken' than a dead 'chicken'."*

Young people are only kidding themselves when they say they're not hooked on narcotics. Taking dope doesn't really mean anything to them. It only leads to disaster."

"Most of these youngsters nowadays start more for kicks than anything else. Then they're hooked. They will risk their necks for a thrill."

"It's hard to make a tragedy he is beginning to feel. It's a kick right in the seat of the pants."





ally taken away or  
ly leads to disaster."

"The real problem is to keep off the drug. It's insidi-  
ous stuff. There's a tremendous inclination to go back."

"Somewhere way down deep there's something in you  
or the conditions in which you live that you just can't  
take. I learned to stand up and face life like a man."

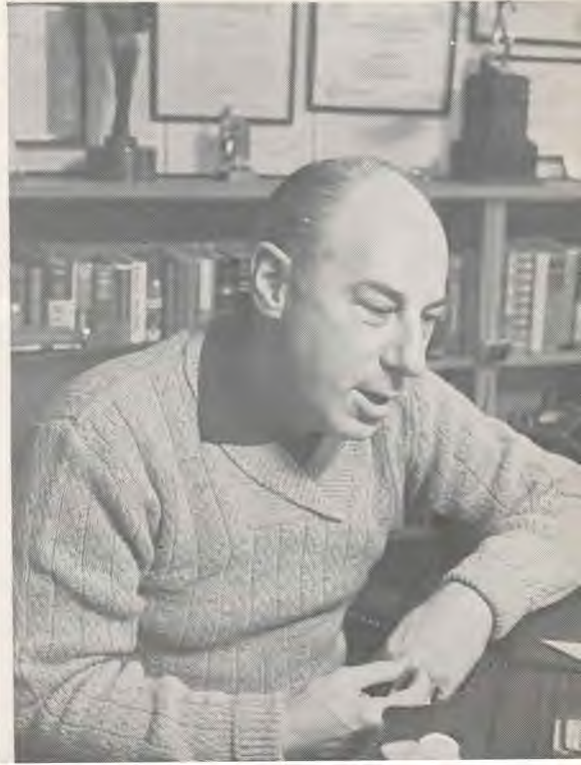
# than a 'dead duck'!"

... **Bill Stern**

en-year-old realize the  
's only going to get a  
ants from some pusher."

"I suspect that most people find relief in drugs or alco-  
hol because they're running. This doesn't happen to  
people who face facts."

"If they refuse they are called 'chicken.' They take  
drugs because somebody dares them to. I'd rather  
be a live 'chicken' than a 'dead duck.'"



# AS THE **WORLD** TURNS

Reports by - J. Mortimer Sheppard

## SOCCER PLAYERS *and* PEP PILLS

Soccer is undoubtedly one of the world's most popular sports. Throughout Great Britain, the European continent, Latin America, and parts of the Middle and Far East, soccer attracts large crowds, and attendance at major games often runs from 50,000 to 100,000 enthusiastic spectators. Every city and town has its team and there are numerous leagues.

For the international competitions, each nation selects a special team that is composed of the best players in its country. This year the international games were held in Chile. The players are professionals and their pay is high, actually fantastic in the case of outstanding players.

Milan, the great industrial city of Italy, has one of Europe's finest teams year in and year out, and the Italian cities of Bologna and Mantua are high up in the Italian League. But it came as a distressing surprise when the Commission of Discipline of the Italian League recently denounced eight players for using artificial stimulants shortly before games.

Four of these players had just been selected to form part of the Italian team that represented Italy in the International Games for the World Championship in Chile.

The Italian League did not announce what measures it



was going to take against the clubs to which these players belong or against the trainers. But according to the rules, which declared illegal the use of artificial stimulants, the clubs could receive a minimum fine of one million liras and the guilty players could be disqualified for a minimum of two games.

Directors of the *Internazionale de Milan* reacted immediately to the accusations (which were not contested), and have expressed their regret. The directors added the statement that they discourage the use of drugs by their players.

A leading Italian sportswriter has stated: "Football is big

business, players are purchased for phenomenal sums, and receive monetary rewards that are all out of proportion to the effort or work involved.

"Competition is terrific for places on the big teams, even more so for positions on the selected 'International Team' to represent the nation for the annual world championships.

"Players are tempted to resort to almost any means to gain these team positions; but it is most lamentable that these players, who are the idols of the youth of our country, should resort to setting such an example. They should be severely punished, if not barred from competition."

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# Drinking Drivers in Germany

The Ministry of Justice at Bonn, West Germany, witnessed an important experiment recently. Minister Wolfgang Stammberger invited eight citizens to drink an unlimited quantity of beer, whiskey, wine, or cognac at federal cost. Then they were asked to drive motor vehicles—in special areas, of course. This curious invitation was part of the German department of justice's plan to test the quantity of alcohol in the blood that renders the drivers of motor vehicles incapable of careful, intelligent driving.

The problem of drinking driving in West Germany has reached a dangerous point. Previously it has been accepted that anything over .15 percent of alcohol in the blood is dangerous for safe driving. However, after this experiment Minister Stammberger asked that .08 percent alcohol in the blood be the legal limit for driving.

West German police authorities have stated flatly that the German driver is the most undisciplined in the world. They say that in proportion to the number of vehicles in circulation there are more accidents in Germany than in the United States, Great Britain, or France. During a recent

eleven-month period, there were in the Federal Republic 891,723 accidents which caused 12,835 deaths and 396,494 injuries. In the most populated zone of West Germany there is an accident every 106 seconds.

Police records show that 85 percent of the arrests for dangerous driving are due to various degrees of intoxication, and that since 1956 there has been a 215.4 percent increase in drinking driving.

Automobile clubs in Great Britain and in continental European nations often warn their motorists who plan to enter West Germany that extreme caution must be exercised there due to drinking and drunken drivers. It is common knowledge in Great Britain and Europe that the average German, when under the influence of alcohol, is a completely irresponsible driver. This, of course, applies to drivers everywhere.

Some of the German breweries have brought out a new beer which they claim is free of alcoholic content. They are advertising these brands as "the one to drink if you're driving." This is good. But better yet would it be for drivers to leave all alcoholic beverages completely alone.



# One M

Read W. Wynn

**A**QUI viene Roberto!" The cry, "Here comes Robert!" from the little parking attendant at the roadhouse as he swung wide the massive double-arched doors to the bar, was familiar in the Mexican border village of Zaragoza.

Familiar, too, was the sight of the handsome, grinning young man in levis, with rusty, pointed boots jammed into his stirrups. He'd be astride an elegant, coal-black Morgan as he rode, head high, through those big doors up to the bar.

Smiling Lupe the barkeeper, rotund and wise, served the young man straight whiskey as he sat on his horse.

With "Good evening, Lupe!" as he downed the drink, Roberto would dismount and Pepe, the parking-lot boy, would lead the Morgan to tether outside. Roberto would drink as if each was the last on earth. If he stayed too long, Pepe would loosen the horse rather than let him get hungry or thirsty, and the horse would find his way back across the shallow Rio Grande to his Texas barn. So would Roberto, but later, much later, and he wouldn't remember afterward how he found his way across the long miles.

This was Bob, the thirty-year-old who thought it "real smart" to ride the magnificent black right up to the bar for his first drink of the evening. His Texas county was

dry, except for beer, and Bob had long passed desire for the mild "kick" of the brew.

This was the man who had begun drinking home brew at fourteen in Oklahoma after his mother died. His father, a carpenter, worked seven-day weeks, and had little time for his son. Two sisters had married and moved away; a younger sister had no control over him. Bob was on his own. Lonely and confused, his main outlet, besides spontaneous irascibility, was the bottle in which he sought solace and found only anger.

For more than three years Bob served honorably as a junior border official along the Rio Grande, confining his drinking to off-duty hours at Lupe's.

He was the model agent during the day, always praised highly by his superiors. But the restless spirit called for something new. More money. For more liquor? He took his dutiful child wife, now with a family of two little boys, back to his home state. He felt the need to expel energy, to bury himself among men. The opportunity was there in the Oklahoma oil fields; he became a roughneck among roughnecks in this oil country.

Hard drinkers all, and with bootleg stuff to be had in those days of 1936, his tolerance increased.

A little girl came to Bob and his forbearing wife; but



## an's Peace

peace in this family was doomed. The youthful mother was trying to help her Bob; his "acquaintances," as he calls them, tried, too, by telling him he drank too much. But this only angered him and he drank more.

Thinking of his slender wife and three beautiful children, Bob admits that even before that fateful Christmas of 1944 he knew his path was wrong. But correct it? He would not!

It was the day before Christmas, just past noon, when Bob came home to find his love struggling to erect and decorate a tree. A pile of sparkingly beautiful packages, the family gifts, was nearby. Bob, sober then, helped with the tree, and they decorated it until there were no more ornaments. He volunteered to walk downtown, a half dozen blocks away, to get more.

Afternoon wore into evening and then into late night. The tired wife-mother straightened the room and balanced the tree lights and went off to her bed, to lie wide-eyed with the fears that now were so familiar.

The front door banged open at midnight. The male had come home.

She slipped into her robe, noted the children still soundly sleeping, and then saw him standing there, weaving drunk and angry—angry all by himself. She spoke quietly:

"Bob, please come to bed."

His lonely, mixed-up spirit exploded with her words. He lunged toward the little tree and its gifts. His pointed boots kicked as he cursed. He ripped the tree apart and stomped the shattered boxes, the children's toys.

The wife, in terror, gathered her small brood and ran out the back door to a neighbor's house.

Only a personal friend from the sheriff's office was able to subdue him. He talked him into a ride in the fresh night air.

The sun was shining when he returned home mostly sober, and as deeply remorseful as his physical feeling that hour would permit. His wrong he knew. His wife came and saw him sitting beside the shattered little tree, trying to rewrap the packages and tearfully restore some order out of the chaos he had wrought.

She let him be. He was sobbing in his remorse, but he was thinking, too, as he had done before, of his disordered life of many years.

That Christmas Day was ruined in that house, and the shattered man crept to his room, shaking like an aspen; his quivering hands could hardly find the pint of whiskey he had deftly hidden in the lining of an old coat.

Twenty-four hours later Bob (Turn to page 30)

**F**ROM a shuffle of despondency, the Rev. and Mrs. Stauffer Moses have seen many a man leave The Anchorage, at Albany, Georgia, after the recommended eight-week stay, with head erect, bright, determined eyes, and a firm clasp of the hand. Often they are happily greeted by wife and children, father and mother, or brothers and sisters.

After they return home, such regenerated men often go back to old jobs, or find new ones. They become active in church and community affairs, and are zealous workers who want to do all they can to help others experience the new-found joy and release in the same life they have found.

Brotherly love for a fellow human being in need started The Anchorage, and keeps it going. During the eight years of its operation, no person has ever been charged for his eight-week stay. Founded by a businessmen's Sunday school class taught by Hudson Malone, local juvenile judge, The Anchorage was patterned after a similar home, the Bethel Colony of Mercy at Lenoir, North Carolina.

A building was secured from the housing authority, along with a nine-acre tract of land. Men from the Sunday school class helped renovate the World War II Army barracks by removing partitions, painting, and doing necessary carpenter work. Business establishments and civic organizations donated furniture, furnishings, and equipment.

Reverend Moses of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, has been superintendent during the entire time of its operation. He came to this rehabilitation work after many years of experience in dealing with problems facing an alcoholic. Together with his wife and five children, he reported for work on November 1, 1953.

The family had hardly unpacked their furniture, hoping to spend about six months in getting the facilities of The Anchorage ready for operation, when they received a call for help. They could not refuse. Soon there came another call, and then another. Always they made room. "By December 25 we had eight men and a Christmas tree," reminisces Mrs. Moses. The number grew rapidly and soon their house was full—and has stayed full. Forty men and eight women constitute a "full house." There is seldom a vacant bed, and often there is insufficient room for all who seek admission.

To date The Anchorage has housed 2,413 men and 196 women. Since there is no charge, these people often become regular contributors out of gratitude for the Christian love that showed them the way back to a useful, well-adjusted life.

Some of the men and women who come to The Anchorage ask to be admitted. Others are referred by friends or loved ones. Several have come directly from jail. Some are nearly dead upon arrival. They come from all walks of life, for alcohol respects no social rank. The Anchorage family has included all occupations and professions.

Among these, 37 percent have been divorced and 47 percent still have their families. The average age is 44; the oldest person admitted was 69, and the youngest 23. It has been noted that men and women become alcoholics at an earlier age now, largely due to the prevalence of

# RESCUE

*for the*

# LOST

Irmgard McLendon

social drinking, often beginning in public high school.

The main requirement for admission to The Anchorage is a person's realization that he needs help. He must sincerely want to regain the respect of his fellowmen and become a useful and dependable citizen. He must realize that he cannot do it alone.

The citizens of Albany have long realized that most sanitariums and rehabilitation centers are financially out of bounds for many alcoholics, regardless of how much they want and need help. Frequently their drinking has cost them everything they owned. It is for this reason that the Albanians took it upon themselves to extend the hand of Christian fellowship and love so that the alcoholic men and women who come to them might be helped back to a normal way of life, regardless of their income bracket or station in life.

By staying at a place like The Anchorage an alcoholic can make a detached appraisal of his or her situation and what needs to be done about it. Then through abstinence, wise counseling, and an awakening of spiritual needs, a new perspective is gained and willpower and emotions are channeled into right thinking and doing.

To foster an awareness of God and man's need for a right relationship with Him, morning devotionals are held in the chapel; evening services are held several times a week by visiting ministers and church groups. Bible study courses familiarize the men and women with the Bible. All of this helps them (Turn to page 30)



Like a rudderless ship on the high seas, the alcoholic is tossed by turbulent winds of circumstance and irresistible habit.

Fortunate indeed are those who find a harbor sheltered from the storms buffeting them. And such harbor is The Anchorage, located near Albany, Georgia, which for eight years now has through the therapy of "love and Christ" snatched victims from the seas of hopelessness and aided them in anchoring firmly to spiritual values, high ideals of life, and a productive experience.



Former guests gather at The Anchorage in Albany, Georgia, for their yearly homecoming.



Felling a tree provides exercise and an opportunity for sharing the work.



Superintendent Stauffer Moses holds a friendly counseling session with one of the men who have come to The Anchorage to seek new freedom.



# HUNTING WITH A CAMERA

Raymond Schuessler

## Open season lasts twelve months

AS THE mother bear gently cuddled her two rubbery cubs in the warm forest glen, I centered her head directly in my sights and pulled the trigger. A perfect shot. I folded my tripod and silently stole away with a priceless photo while the bears continued to frolic.

Yes, this was hunting with a camera, as thrilling an adventure as any I had ever had with a gun. Your "kill" with the camera is only to outsmart the wise denizens of nature and get a close-up picture of them.

Hunting with a camera takes more patience and woodsmanship than hunting with a gun. Often hours must be spent in blinds to get one good shot of some shy creature. But the satisfaction of a good picture is well worth it.

In preparing for our hunting career, first of all, we had to get an elementary background knowledge of animal lore. We simply had to know the private habits of animals in order to invade their domain unnoticed.

We were fortunate in knowing a naturalist who educated us on when and where to look for the creatures, and explained what behavior would be most photogenic. We also spent some time browsing through several good books on the subject and talking to the herpetologist at the local museum.

We learned, for instance, that during winter, spring, or summer a bull moose will run from the scent of man. During the autumn rutting season, however, he may attack. As for the great grizzly bear, be sure to have a man with a rifle along, just in case.

Best of all, we spent enough time in the woods so that we actually learned to read wood lore as though from a printed résumé of the day's happenings. By observing tracks we came to learn whether the animal was a male, female, or baby animal; whether it had been feeding or traveling; whether it was scared or serene. Soon we could almost anticipate the moves of the animals.

If you love the woods and have the patience for it, this is an exciting and educational sport which can add a lot of interest to your life. There is a nobility and gentleness in animals which will astonish you as you watch them in their daily routine of hunger, home making, self-protection, and strife.

We watched these so-called "dumb" animals cuddle, fight, and die for their young—and whack the bottoms of some, too, when they didn't mind. We saw the most gentle reverence of the male for the female; there are no brutal assaults in the animal world. The courtship among birds is one of the most (Turn to page 32)



Machine Age and Stone Age at a stand-off.



Graceful flamingos provide endless opportunities for camera thrills.

This white-tailed prairie dog could not read, and ate his lunch beneath a sign telling of his near extinction.





"CRAZY, GLUED-  
UP KIDS!"

E. M. Leffert

## FOOLISH FAD

Foolhardy and dangerous in the extreme is the teen-age fad of intentional inhalation of the fumes from cements used in assembling plastic models.

Solvents in these cements are usually volatile hydrocarbons, aromatic or aliphatic, including acetone, toluene, xylene, benzene, amyl acetate, butyl alcohol, and isopropyl alcohol.

Also such cements may contain carbon tetrachloride, chloroform, or ethylene dichloride. The last three of these, according to the U.S. Public Health Service, may have extensive toxicities involving the central nervous system, heart, gastrointestinal tract, liver, and kidneys. All these solvents are central nervous system depressants; also many can cause central nervous stimulation as well, and most can have dangerous effects on heart action.

This *Listen* story was written by a senior law-enforcement officer who has been on duty for seventeen years. After personal observation of the effects of glue sniffing, he says, "The practice of sniffing glue for kicks has been growing to alarming proportions. I see the results almost every week."

WELL after midnight on that winter morning, eighteen-year-old Casey Carter piled into the driver's seat of his dad's car. Judy cuddled beside him, clutched at his right arm, and purred, "Thanks, Case, for the wonderful evening."

"It's not over yet," Casey said. "It'll be an hour or so before we get home." He stuck his head out the window, looked around.

Casey saw Jim and Lucy silhouetted against the crimson neon of the drive-in restaurant. Other kids were milling about, talking. Casey blew the horn.

"C'mon, you cats, let's go," he hollered.

Ramming the gears into reverse, Casey roared backward, to where the group stood. The stone shower broke up the gang in a hurry. Casey Carter laughed.

When the four friends left the place that early morning, they giggled and joked, the way they always did. The only thing that was different was that in less than an hour, three of them would be dead.

It was cold that morning Casey punched the shiny car down the highway. At seventy the car radio played the sweetest music Judy had ever heard. She snuggled closer. Judy was happy.

"Hey, whattaya doin' back there? What's that lousy smell?" Casey called over his shoulder.

Jim and Lucy chuckled loudly from the rear seat.

"Guess what," said Jim. "I got gypped."

Casey turned. "Whattaya mean, you got gypped?" Casey saw the plastic bag Jim held.

"Some guys back at the juke joint sold Jim some model airplane glue," Lucy said. "They said we could get high in a hurry, just smelling it." Jim ignored the conversation, then offered, "Maybe we should break up all the tubes into the bag, instead of just one."

"Hey, now it's working," he said, passing the bag to Lucy. Lucy inhaled deeply.

"Listen," Casey cut in, "will you guys cut out smelly up the car?"

"Do you think it really works?" whispered Judy.

"Naw; hey, pass it up front for a while."

Judy held the wheel of the speeding auto while Casey gingerly sniffed the evil-smelling stuff.

"Phew, whatta stench," said Casey. He grinned as he looked around.

And that's the way it went on the cold winter morning. The bag passed from left to right, from back to front, and back again. And somehow the stories seemed more hilarious, and the laughter grew more raucous, more hysterical. The car continued to bore its way through the darkness, its time of rendezvous already set. The participants were locked into place on the highway of death. About three minutes of life remained, that was all.

At seventy-five miles per hour, the polished death car started to leave the roadway, but only Judy noticed. She screamed a piercing, knowing, terrifying scream. In the next split second, the racing car and the hundred-year-old elm tree met, head on. The metal cried in anguish.

The grill, the fenders, the hood, and the radiator crumpled as if made of tissue paper. The tires and wheels grabbed frantically at the bumper, became part of it. Bolts popped and engine parts scattered in every direction. The battery flung its searing, scarring acid this way and that. Hot oil and gasoline flooded the ground as if to prepare a funeral pyre.

Jim and Lucy hurtled over the front seats for the express purpose of crushing their skulls on the door pillars, before being flung limply back into the rear, like a couple of dolls. Casey was almost decapitated by the flying death from the windshield, and he hung lifelessly impaled on the steering column. Thick, oozing, crimson blood and pieces of flesh were everywhere. The car caromed to the left a little and shuddered. The final disintegration having taken place, the deathtrap lay still.

It may have been the exploding tires that shocked Judy into consciousness. The excruciating pain in her legs forced her to scream out in agony as she raised her body from the ground with shaking, glass-splintered arms. Judy focused slowly on the nightmare. She looked at the swinging doors, saw the cloud of unsettled dust, the shredded metal.

"Casey, help me," she whimpered. "I hurt so bad; please, Case." Then Judy fell back into blessed unconsciousness.

In the east a line of red appeared. A rooster crowed.

When the police arrived, they found Judy sprawled seventy feet from the rest of the carnage. The only thing that could be understood from her hysterical babbling was something about "my birthday." A rescue team, equipped with crowbars and torches, were able to pry Casey and Lucy from the wreckage in about twenty-five minutes.

"Wow," one sweating cop said to another. With the emotional impact of the scene, he stumbled unsteadily toward some nearby bushes. That veteran of highway disaster reached for a highway marker to steady himself. His head moved slowly from side to side, as if trying to comprehend something.

"Crazy, glued-up kids," he stammered out.

There was a lot of trouble getting Jimmy out. It didn't help any to be forced to see his clothes, his hair, his shapeless, unrecognizable features frozen into grotesqueness—with dried airplane glue.

only alcohol ever found in any kind of alcoholic drinks, whether they be beer, wine, Scotch, or bourbon. Alcohol is a toxic poison which gains admission to the brain cells through the cellular walls, in this way liquefying them and throwing the brain out of function. Cells may recover from this liquefaction of their cytoplasm. The reaction is reversible, as we say, but by repeated insult the cells may actually coagulate, as an egg is coagulated when it is cooked. This is an irreversible reaction and leads to the partial destruction or total death of the brain cells, so that an alcoholic's brain becomes a "wet brain" with many cells shrunken and destroyed. Such brains have atrophied and become smaller.

Because of the effect of alcohol on human skills and abilities, we need to set up a society in which one does not have to drink in order to "belong." The high price of coping with our millions of chronic alcoholics who vitally affect at least thirty million people, plus the dangers of addiction to alcohol, makes us realize that the liquor industries need more stringent controls. As far as drinking and driving is concerned I believe that anyone caught driving after drinking should not only have his driving privileges removed, but he should no longer be able to buy any alcoholic drinks. Whenever a person drives while under the influence he endangers not only himself but others as well.

We need to do as some overseas countries have done, and as has been recommended by the American Medical Association committee on medical aspects of automobile injuries and death. On October 22, 1960, the committee voted to reaffirm its position favoring legislation to make it unlawful for anyone with more than .05 percent alcohol in the blood to operate a motor vehicle. The level legally permitted in most states today is .15 percent.

Who knows whether your child or mine may be struck by some person unable to handle a car carefully because of drinking, yet not considered legally drunk because our drinking-driving laws are too liberal? Some forty thousand persons are killed annually in the United States by cars, and in well over 50 percent of these fatalities, alcohol plays a vital part. Indeed, in Delaware, where every fatality has to have a blood-alcohol test, in 80 percent alcohol played a part.

In Norway drivers are spot-checked for blood alcohol. Any driver found with a blood-alcohol level of over .05 percent automatically is liable to a minimum sentence of twenty-seven days in jail, even if there has been no accident. We need to *prevent* accidents—not merely treat the injured and bury the dead.

We need, too, to set a parental example we are willing for our own children to follow. If we drink to "belong," so will our children. But if we teach them that alcohol is an addicting narcotic drug, that may slip up on them and "hook" them unawares, then they will approach the danger with their eyes open, knowing how to meet it.

Only by a combination of personal example, education, and legislation can we halt the alarming trend toward self-destruction which is so evident today and stem the tide which threatens to overwhelm us.

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## ONE MAN'S PEACE

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(Continued from page 23)

awoke, bleary, thirsty. The bottle was empty. So was the room, except for the bed upon which he lay, and a chest of drawers.

He staggered into the living room. Only the crumpled tree was there. And a single bare card table. He weaved, blinking, through the bungalow. It was empty; his heart was empty, too.

He told this to me for the first time:

"I opened a gas jet full, and lay there for more than half an hour trying to die. But then, some power kept me from death and gave me life. Even in my weakened, anguished state, I remembered a newspaper advertisement. The operator gave me a number and a voice at the other end gave me an address.

"I stepped into a room of strangers," Bob went on, "people I had not seen in the oil fields, or handing out bootleg cards freely on the streets. But in a few moments I realized that these were not strangers at all. They were like me. They had *that look*, but they were smiling! They called themselves 'A.A.'s."

"I sobered up and tried to learn from these people who had been like me. I studied their philosophy of serenity. I learned to take and give. I inventoried myself."

It took a lot of time, Bob says. "Perhaps I haven't mastered it yet, even after more than a dozen years. But I keep trying every day.

"Liquor, which I thought was my friend, became my enemy that Christmas. It was as if my mixed-up soul had suddenly vented itself, and as I lay there trying to die, I must have subconsciously taken stock and found myself at the very bottom. I had nothing!

"But though I still twinge with remorsefulness, Christmas Eve is *my* day now in my home. I find each year the most beautifully shaped tree there is. I shop meticulously for it and its ornaments. And then I, only I, decorate it and place the gifts for my beloveds beneath. My sons are grown; my daughter, slender and lovely like her mother who came back to me, is fifteen. She doesn't remember, thank God!

"From the bottom of the pile, sobriety has brought me—a traveling salesman during the week for building supplies—two modest homes. One we live in; one is an investment. I have owned nine automobiles during those sober years and now have a speedy cruiser and its trailer that barely fit my garage. A purer outlet for a still restless alter ego."

Bob told me he is weary of his week-

day absence from his home. He felt he was always away for too many years. Otherwise, he is content with his fine income.

But he smiles that boyish way when he says to me:

"The sobriety I face each day is the most important thing in my life now. Back in Texas, but not near the border or Lupe's, I am near friends who understand, who all know—for I have told them this story—that every year, I always have the most beautiful Christmas tree in the Southwest."

That tree, to Bob, is a dual symbol. It is a self-imposed, partial penance that demands his personal care. As he dresses that tree so carefully each year he tastes bitter self-reproach. He remembers that on this day, in the limbo of long ago, his spirit cried out for something.

Today it has found what it sought, a friend in the Prince of Peace.

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## RESCUE FOR THE LOST

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(Continued from page 24)

to become acquainted with the reality of a living God upon whom they can rely for help with life's problems.

To help regenerate a right relationship to others and the responsibilities of life, work details are assigned according to size, strength, physical condition, and ability. These include keeping rooms and premises clean, helping in the kitchen, cutting and storing wood, maintenance, and working the large garden each summer.

"You may think that an alcoholic man or woman is not worth bothering with," says Reverend Moses. "But one alcoholic affects many other people. Yet that one person, after rehabilitation at The Anchorage, will affect those people in quite a different way."

Superintendent Moses hopes to be instrumental in establishing centers similar to The Anchorage in other cities and communities so as to make the therapy of "love and Christ" available to all who need and want it. He has found this to be the most effective.

Three rehabilitation centers, similar to The Anchorage, have already been established through the influence of former Anchorage guests—one each in Alabama, Mississippi, and Georgia.

Obviously, to solve permanently the alcohol problem confronting today's society will require a long-range, intensive educational program, but to cope with the tremendous challenge of 6,000,000 alcoholics and millions more of problem drinkers in the nation at present, many more centers like The Anchorage are needed the country over.

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## IS COFFEE AN ANTIDOTE?

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(Continued from page 15)

With the rats that got both alcohol and caffeine, blood tests showed that the alcohol had passed from their bloodstreams and yet they continued to make judgment errors.

This is an important finding, because it means that judgment affected by alcohol improved faster if the rats took nothing than if they took caffeine to offset alcohol's effects. If human beings were to react the same way, the danger of the old standby sobering-up method of drinking coffee is obvious. Their judgment would be further impaired and for a longer time.

"We have no idea what caused it," reports Dr. Forney. "It was anticipated that caffeine might reverse some of the effects of alcohol since this is so commonly reported."

"The animals receiving this combination were able to respond to the unconditioned shocking stimulus, but did so in a confused manner and with a large number of errors. These animals were grossly depressed."

Before the end of the year Dr. Forney and Dr. Hughes hope to have completed their tests to find out if humans react the same way as rats.

An audio playback system is used. Subjects read, do simple arithmetic problems aloud, or do other easy verbal-mental exercises. Their answers or the words they read are played back through earphones, but with three tenths of a second delay. Thus, the "echo" sounds in their ears while they are trying to say something else.

Each subject takes four tests. One is without taking anything, one is made after alcohol alone has been taken, one after caffeine alone, and one after both have been taken. The errors will provide the data to determine the effects of caffeine and alcohol on performance.

It is believed to be the first time such a playback setup has been used to study effects of alcohol and drugs on performance.

As with the rats, low levels of alcohol and caffeine will be used. Dr. Forney explains that tests on low levels of alcohol are vital. Results of heavy drinking are obvious. It is the effects of small amounts of drink about which little is known.

"It isn't difficult to handle the driver who has been drinking heavily," Dr. Forney says. "He is spotted, arrested, and gotten off the highway. The hard guy to prosecute is the guy who behaves and talks like a normal individual. He has had only a little to drink,

and he seriously believes he hasn't been driving badly."

As a reliable researcher, Dr. Forney can't make guesses as to the outcome of his tests on people, but he does admit to some possibilities.

One is that human judgment may be impaired for a longer period when caffeine is added to alcohol. Another is that caffeine may really make the drinker feel better, but only temporarily. There could be a rebound. The drinker takes caffeine, feels better for a while, then feels worse than if he had taken nothing—a king-size kicker on his hangover.

The results may also show that, although caffeine may make you feel sober, it won't antidote alcohol's effect on your judgment. That would mean that when you feel like you are driving better after several cups of coffee, actually you still are making vital mistakes.

Whatever the outcome, coffee and white rats will have made a large contribution to human understanding and traffic safety.

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## BARBITURATES

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*(Continued from page 6)*

of barbiturates and amphetamines is only a misdemeanor. The committee recommends that possession of these dangerous drugs illegally should be made a felony, and that unlawful trafficking in these drugs should likewise be regarded a Federal offense.

Still another loose end that needs attention, according to the committee, is the carelessness of some physicians who neglect to indicate on their prescriptions that they should not be refilled. Addicts sometimes take advantage of this omission and write in the instructions for refilling.

Manufacturers should be required to keep accurate and detailed records regarding the sale of all narcotics. Uncontrolled mail-order sale of these drugs must be stopped. An extensive educational campaign should be started without delay to inform the general public, particularly the younger generation, of the harmful results linked to addiction.

Because the commonly prescribed barbiturates—pentobarbital, phenobarbital, sodium pentobarbital, and amobarbital—have been given a variety of trade names, many persons take them without knowing a particular drug's true identity or effects.

Despite the fact that these drugs are glowingly advertised in pharmaceutical journals read by pharmacists and doctors, and sometimes in popular magazines, barbiturates do have a marked physical, as well as mental, effect.

In addition to being one of the



## YOUTH ASKS.. THE DOCTOR ANSWERS

R. W. SPALDING, M.D.

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

### *Does alcohol have food value?*

Alcohol does contain calories, but these calories can only be used as fuel. In order for food to be used by the body, certain minerals, vitamins, and amino acids must be present. In alcohol none of these are present. Consequently, these essential food elements must be secured from other sources. Thus alcohol can be a contributing factor in the development of malnutrition and subsequent liver damage.

### *What are the effects of alcohol on the digestive system?*

Because wine has long been used with food, especially on festive occasions, in many homes alcoholic beverages are considered a part of the meal. The idea that such drinks are a digestive tonic has long been prevalent. That this is not scientifically true will come as a shock to many people, for the liquor and wine manufacturers are eager to cultivate such false ideas through newspaper, radio, and television. They make their profits by selling their drinks, and it is easy to glamorize these false ideas. Many people, especially young people, prefer to believe these ads.

The effect on the digestive system itself varies, of course, with the amount of food in the stomach at the time the alcoholic beverage is taken, and the concentration of alcohol in the drink.

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causes of single-car accidents by making a driver sluggish and inattentive, these drugs often cause slurred speech, staggering, and gastrointestinal disturbances. Their worst effects are the damage they can do to the brain.

Coroners' offices throughout the country are receiving more reports of per-

sons who became addicted to sleeping potions and accidentally took an overdose, while still drowsy from the effects of an earlier pill. That is partly why they are known as the "subtle killers." Certainly, America needs to be aware of the addiction dangers that lurk in these habit-forming drugs.

On an empty stomach, beer has a slightly irritating effect, increasing the flow of mucus, which is nature's way of protecting the body from irritating substances. The alcohol needs no digestion but is picked up by the circulation of the blood in the lining of the stomach. However, the greatest amount is passed on into the duodenum for absorption. With those who have inflammation of the stomach, even beer will increase this irritation. For those who have a tendency to stomach ulcers, or have a healed ulcer, beer—and even more so stronger beverages—will cause the condition to become aggravated.

With meals the effect of the alcohol is less marked. The alcohol and the liquid both decrease the activity of the pepsin in the stomach which digests the proteins ingested. Water or fruit juices also have this action when taken with meals. But alcohol is irritating to the mucosa or lining of the stomach, thereby causing increased production of hydrochloric acid and mucus within it.

Thus the digestive processes of the stomach are thrown out of balance by taking alcoholic beverage before, with, or after the meal. Because of this we come to understand the true scientific fact that alcohol in small or large amounts is definitely not beneficial to the digestive process, notwithstanding popular advertising artists. Alcohol is a deceiver, and so are its merchants!

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sons who became addicted to sleeping potions and accidentally took an overdose, while still drowsy from the effects of an earlier pill. That is partly why they are known as the "subtle killers."

Certainly, America needs to be aware of the addiction dangers that lurk in these habit-forming drugs.



Kenyon J. Scudder and Kenneth S. Beam, **THE TWENTY-BILLION DOLLAR CHALLENGE**, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1961, 250 pages. \$4.00.

Juvenile delinquency and crime are reported by U.S. Government agencies to cost taxpayers more than twenty billion dollars a year.

Kenyon J. Scudder, well-known former prison administrator, and Kenneth S. Beam, clergyman prominent in organizing community councils throughout America, have collaborated in this book to present effective ways of meeting this problem.

Each year more than a million children find themselves in serious trouble with the law. The authors contend that law enforcement alone is not enough to stop the tide. A novel feature of the book is the program for community councils which pool the information-gathering resources of a community so that various public agencies which have contact with juveniles may find better grounds for decision and action. Neighborhood action by interested citizens to assess their problems and tackle them unitedly is described in workable terms in this book.

The major objectives of delinquency prevention, including the strengthening of family life and the exalting of moral values, are outlined and illustrated with examples. The case histories in this book make fascinating reading in themselves.

The earliest delinquent American youth on record was Francis Billington, a nine-year-old who shot off his father's musket and almost blew up the "Mayflower's" store of gunpowder, then was later fined the sum of ten shillings for smoking.

"In spite of our best efforts," the authors conclude, "we will always have some delinquency. It is within our power to decide how much."

"CONQUER YOUR ALCOHOLISM," and "TORMENTED WOMEN," two LP records featuring Edward J. McGoldrick, Jr., Pathé Records, Ltd., 245 West 55th Street, New York 19, N.Y. Price: \$3.98 each.

Used in Bridge House in New York, where thousands of alcoholics have found victory over their habit, the McGoldrick method emphasizes the power of the human will and the need for right mental attitudes in gaining such a victory.

Frankly questioning the popular theory of alcoholism as a disease, McGoldrick places great stress on individual choice and responsibility, presenting man as the free moral agent he was intended to be rather than a helpless, groveling weakling taking refuge in the excuse often used by an alcoholic that his condition is merely a disease and he can do little about it.

## HUNTING WITH A CAMERA

(Continued from page 27)

tender. It taught us a close kinship to all living things.

Our equipment was nominal: Camera, tripod, exposure meter, telephoto lens, folding stool, binoculars, flashlight, blind, and record book in which to keep complete notes.

It is advisable that your camera have a top shutter speed of at least 1/200 second and a lens opening of no less than f4.5. You would do even better with a 1/500 shutter-speed camera. Make sure your camera can be fitted with a telephoto lens. Or you can also use slip-on lenses that will increase the power of normal lenses about four times. A sunshade for the camera may also be necessary when you must face the sun.

There are two types of camera hunters: Those who use a telephoto lens,

and those who creep close enough to take the photo with ordinary lens. Sometimes it is a challenge to see if you can creep close enough for a good shot. We often crawled on hands and knees or inched forward on our stomachs in order to get within camera range. On some of these forays we rigged a harness to carry the camera on our back. We checked the light meter often to make sure of its accuracy.

Some of our best shots were made from a blind. Blinds can be built easily by forming a tripod with branches, covered with burlap. Slits are cut in the burlap for the camera. More fancy detachable aluminum frames also can be used. A car can be used as a blind, since many birds and animals have grown accustomed to cars and will go about their usual activities without too much suspicion.

We always found it best to become acquainted with local hunters and ask their advice. A hunter is always eager to tell of his experiences and in this way we easily learned where and what animals to hunt in every new locale we visited.

Our success with small animals depended on the tolerance of the animals. First, we had to win their confidence. Sometimes it took weeks of patient waiting beside a creek or wood trail. Once you are proved harmless, you will be allowed "room" to operate, but never too close to the animals, of course.

Most game will travel at night and we did quite a bit of "jacking," that is, hunting with a flashlight. Usually we located a game trail or watering hole during the day, then waited, concealed, during the night. Merely shining a flashlight into the animal's eyes is enough to freeze him for a moment while you take his picture with a flash. We have even set phototraps at opportune spots, and had the animals trip their own photos.

You don't have to go to the country to photograph birds; you can do this in the largest city, in your backyard or in a local park.

This is a heartfelt hobby. For many years we have walked under leafy branches and sat beneath their shade while my heart thrilled to the pad of strange footfalls. The song of the birds, the voice of every living wild creature, the rolling plains and swift-flowing streams, the blue mountains, all helped awaken us to the rich heritage of the ages.

There are many more new animals to "capture," more dangers to face, and new thrills to be felt. And the season is twelve months long—when you're hunting with a camera.



# Poems With a Purpose

## The Veil

Joan Elizabeth Pecchia

*I think that night is like a veil  
Which hides the weariness of day.  
Yet when the veil is lifted up,  
The weariness has gone away.*

## Winter Night Beauty

Bertha R. Hudelson

*The leafless trees, bare branches held  
Against the frosted moonlit sky,  
The silhouette of a lonely owl,  
Wide-winged and silent, passing by,  
The shadows of the darkened earth,  
Embellished with star-candle light,  
Reveal the touch of God which brings  
Us beauty on a winter night.*

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by "Listen" Authors

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## Beach in Winter

Constance Quinby Mills

*The winter sun shines pale and wan  
Upon a pale and glassy sea,  
Reflection of a dull gray sky;  
The beds of kelp stir listlessly.*

*A lonely sea gull sits afloat,  
Still-legged on a piece of wood;  
A string of geese go honking south,  
To seek a warmer neighborhood.*

*The wading pool where children splashed  
Is dried and crackled blue cement;  
The beach is fringed with dying weed,  
Deserted now that summer's spent.*

*Where are throngs who sunned and swam,  
And played the golden summer through?  
They've all returned to city life;  
The gull and I can share the view.*

## New Day

Margaret Neel

*When morning comes, night-cleansed and new,  
Sparkling with sunbeams, damp with dew,  
I feel reborn, soul glistening, too.*

*To mend the shreds of yesterday,  
To bring back blessings gone astray,  
I'm grateful for each brand-new day.*





Gary Stotler and Judy Weyrauch put up a sign for the 4-H Club highway safety stop.



State patrolman R. A. Moehrke samples cookies offered him by 4-H Club members at highway safety project.

## TEEN-AGERS PROMOTE HIGHWAY SAFETY

Wally E. Schulz

Teen-agers belonging to the Hillmoor 4-H Club, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, have a unique idea for promoting safety on the highway.

"On weekends we take over a truck-weighing station," says Judy Weyrauch, one of the 4-H members, "and turn it into a safety refreshment stand where the folks can pull off the road, get a bite to eat, and get refreshed for further driving. It is the tired driver who often gets into accidents, and our aim is to prevent this from happening."

On the biggest day last fall, the 4-H Club served 450 cups of hot beverages, 496 bottles of soft drinks, eighty half

pints of milk, fifteen pounds of cheese, and 1,200 cookies. More than 700 travelers were served on that day.

The Hillmoor 4-H Club is being joined by other clubs in the vicinity on this "safety" project.

"We feel we are doing our part in slowing down the rapidly mounting total of traffic fatalities throughout the country," says Mrs. Cliff Dennison, a parent chaperone. "The state police and other authorities are backing the project wholeheartedly. I think our 4-H youngsters are doing a wonderful job in slowing the traffic and helping the drivers take a break for safety's sake."

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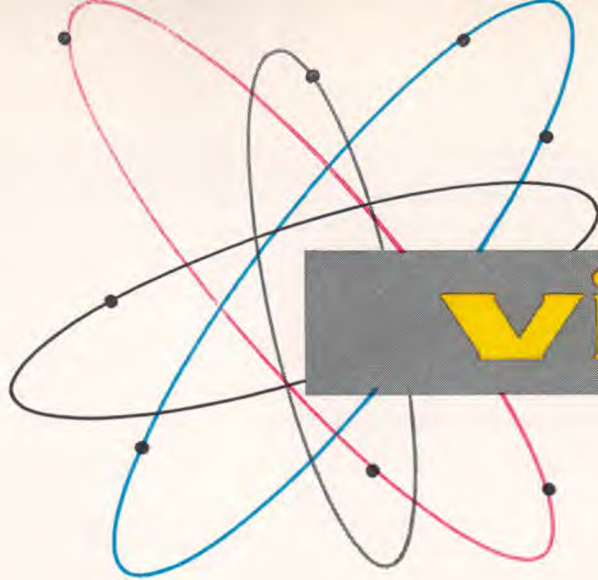
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# views

❖ **PARENTS CLUB HITS PARENTS.** The Parents Club of a New York public high school has indicted parents "who drink and obviously enjoy it" as being most responsible for drinking by young people. The organization declared that an impressionable child who "constantly sees his parents drinking" cannot be entirely blamed for feeling "it might be pleasant for him to try it, too."

❖ **RATS ON IT.** Once rats learn to drink alcohol, males drink more than females, says University of Michigan research psychologist Margaret L. Clay. Seeking clues to the question of what makes an alcoholic (alcohol, of course), Miss Clay found that distressing problems drove rats to more drinking. And it mattered little how early or late they learned to drink. Why male rats drink more than females remains unanswered, she says.

❖ **WORLD HEALTH PROBLEM.** Alcoholism is the world's fourth-ranking public-health problem and little is being done officially to halt its spread, says W. A. Scharffenberg, executive director of the International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism, Washington, D.C.

Scharffenberg pointed out that nearly 6,000,000 alcoholics in the United States may make alcoholism the No. 3 public-health problem in this country. Taking

note of the trend toward labeling alcoholism as a "disease," he says alcoholism ranks as the No. 1 public-health problem in France, No. 2 in Germany, and No. 3 in Australia.

"Drinking alcohol is like playing Russian roulette," he states. "One out of every nine Americans who begin drinking will become an alcoholic."



❖ **TEEN CRIME AND DRINKING.** State Attorney General Stanley Mosk has stated that beer, wine, and whiskey are the major contributors to juvenile delinquency in the State of California.

"More juvenile crimes have been committed under the direct or indirect influence of alcohol than by any other antisocial influence. Since it is not as dramatic as narcotics, I am afraid that many parents are not as fully aware of alcohol's disastrous influence on their young folk as they should be," he states.

Mosk reports that 85 percent of the 17,000 juvenile delinquents in custody of the California Youth Authority got their start from drinking.

❖ **A REPRIMAND RICHER.** Casey Stengel, the riches-to-rags manager of the New York Mets baseball team, which didn't contribute much to baseball this past year, was \$500 poorer and a reprimand richer after he posed in uniform for beer ads. Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick said the ads "were a violation of baseball rules, which prohibit men in uniform from posing for alcoholic beverage ads."

❖ **RUSSIAN NARCOTICS PROBLEM.** In the first public admission that narcotics is a problem among Soviet youth, a Moscow judge has called for compulsory hospitalization of drug addicts. Judge A. Aduyev has complained that present Soviet law is inadequate since addicts cannot be committed for rehabilitation until they commit a crime. The judge also urged compulsory hospitalization for alcoholics, who constitute a known social problem in the Soviet Union.

❖ **ALCOHOLIC AVERSION.** Antidiabetic drugs may help alcoholics stop drinking. Persons drinking even small amounts of alcohol after taking the drugs Orinase or Diabinese, get unpleasant reactions such as nausea, says Edward B. Truitt, Jr., University of Maryland pharmacologist.

❖ **NOT EVEN COFFEE FOR THE ROAD.** "I have found it safer not to undertake driving in a fatigued state and not to use even caffeine to bolster a weary body," says Dr. George Lucas, pharmacologist, University of Toronto.



## RALPH BOSTON--

interview by **C. Aubrey Hearn**

*one-  
man  
track  
team*



**A**T THE 1960 Olympics in Rome, Ralph Boston, a twenty-year-old Tennessee State University student who hopes someday to be a pharmacist, set a new Olympic record with his 26-foot-7 $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch broad jump. Since then, Boston has set two new world records.

One of the best in the broad jump, Ralph also competes in the high jump, the low hurdles, the high hurdles, the pole vault, and the javelin. He holds regional records in a number of these events, and logically has been called a one-man track team.

Because he is so versatile, Boston is a possibility for the decathlon in the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo. He prefers to specialize in the broad jump, but may compete in the decathlon.

Nicknamed "Hawkeye," Ralph practices two to three hours a day, and is in training at all times as far as health habits are concerned.

A lifelong believer in abstinence from tobacco and alcohol, he says his aversion to these indulgences springs from his upbringing in his home. He believes both are detrimental to health and to athletic excellence. "Also, they are expensive. So why start either?" he asks.

A sound body, an alert mind, a driving ambition to succeed, clean living, discipline of body, hours of strenuous practice, and dedication to high ideals—these characterize Ralph Boston, champion broad jumper.

Ralph Boston sets broad jump record of 26 feet 7 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches in the 1960 Olympics in Rome.

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