

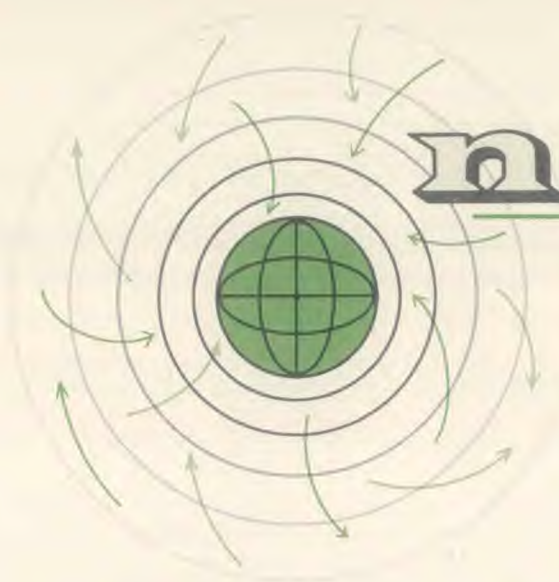
LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



STEVE RITCHIE

Air Force Cadet

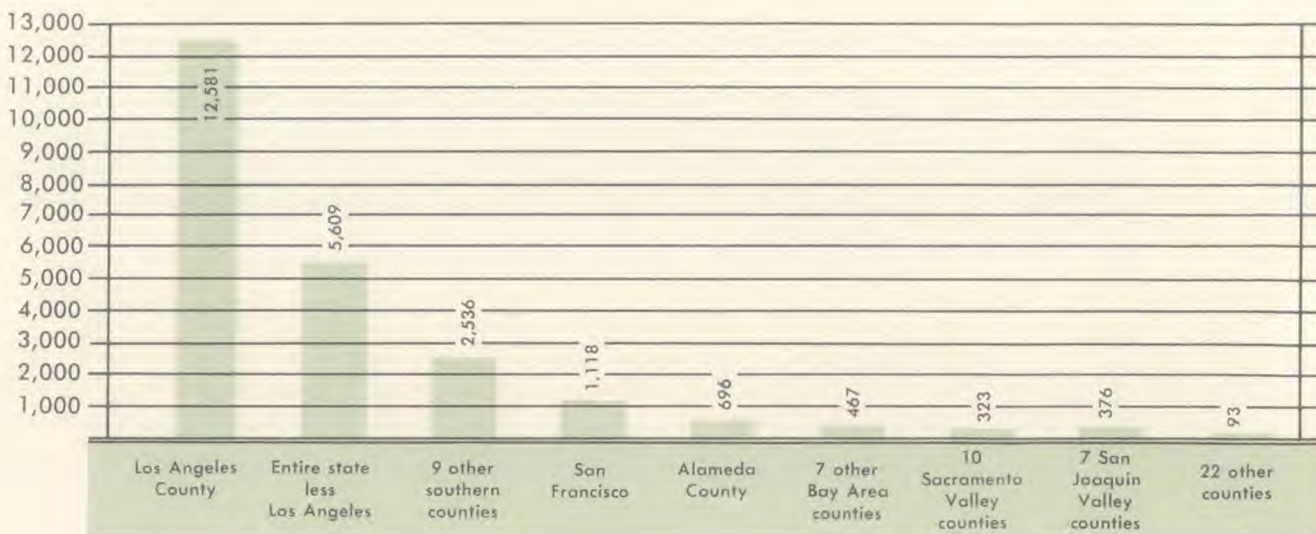


news

- ❖ **CRUX OF THE PROBLEM.** When a Fort Dodge, Iowa, judge sentenced a man to jail for fifteen days when he appeared in court on his 267th charge for drunkenness, the defendant declared, "As long as they make it I'll drink it."
- ❖ **FRENCH CHAMPAGNE STILL FLOWS.** Before World War II, 75 percent of the champagne consumed in the United States was French. Now United States products account for 75 percent, but even with only 25 percent of the market, France is selling us more than ever before.
- ❖ **DRUG RESEARCH.** The United States drug industry spends more than \$100,000,000 annually for research.
- ❖ **FATHER IN THE TAVERN.** The Reverend Malcolm Boyd, a Protestant Episcopal priest, admitted to preaching a sermon in a tavern and hearing confessions at a jazz concert because "we need to accept people as they are, not as we wish they were." Father Boyd also admitted that he had a couple of beers.
- ❖ **CHICAGO LEADS.** A consumer survey by the American Can Company shows that 70 percent of Chicago area adults guzzle beer, as opposed to the national average of 47 percent. New York was second in the survey, with 69 percent of adults listed as beer drinkers.
- ❖ **CATHOLICS ON ALCOHOLISM.** "The Cross of Matt Talbot," a new monthly magazine dealing with the problem of alcoholism, has been inaugurated in Oakland, New Jersey, by the Catholic Church. The publication will contain articles on the spiritual, medical, and psychological aspects of alcoholism, according to Father Brice Riordan, director of the magazine.
- ❖ **DRIPPING WET.** "Ebony" magazine claims that dubious distinction of the highest liquor lineage per issue of all magazines in the nation. Its beer, wine, and liquor advertisements total 17.3 pages for every issue. The "New Yorker" is runner-up with 14.3 pages.

NARCOTICS PICTURE IN CALIFORNIA

A total of 18,190 narcotics arrests were reported by California local, state, and Federal law-enforcement agencies during 1961. This figure "reveals a decline in the narcotics crime rate," says Stanley Mosk, attorney general. He attributed this to new and tougher narcotics laws passed by California in 1961. In 1960 there were 19,243 narcotics arrests. By areas in the state the narcotics picture looks like this:





OUR COVER

Because a nation's future depends upon its youth, it is imperative that the education of these youth rests on a broad basis of right principles and high ideals. Such a program characterizes the Colorado school which is entrusted with training the men of the United States Air Force. In this aerospace age such training is important not only to the nation's defenses but also to the peaceful use of space.

Listen's cover is from the United States Air Force Academy.

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needed: better homes

Some 50,000 fans crowded into the District of Columbia stadium last Thanksgiving Day to watch two high school football teams play for the city's championship. Most of the game went routinely, until late in the last quarter when strife broke out among the players. This was the signal for trouble!

As the final gun sounded, thousands of teen-age fans went wild, erupting into one of the worst riots the nation's capital has ever seen.

Because of the violent nature of the uprising and the black eye that the outburst gave the city, a well-chosen citizens' committee was set up to investigate causes and suggest cures for such rioting.

The committee's report, some six weeks in preparation, boiled down to telling a story of "the fun-

damental lack of self-discipline" and "the brutal display of irresponsibility," a condition which, the committee observed, did not begin and end with the referee's whistles but consisted of a "pattern of conduct" evident at many events and in the daily surroundings of the youth involved. The condition was described as an "atmosphere of lawlessness."

In commenting on the report, the District's school superintendent Carl F. Hansen pointed out that such a condition arose because of many factors, major among which is the present breakdown of the home. "The schools are being required," he said, "to supply many of the functions of the home."

No words could better describe the problem of juvenile delinquency in our society today, a specter which is growing worse year by year in spite of many vigorous and dedicated efforts to solve the knotty question. In the last decade youthful delinquency cases brought before the courts in the United States have more than doubled, and arrests of youth increased 86 percent, until in 1960 they numbered almost 1,000,000.

Not alone in the United States does this basic problem exist. Concerning Britain, Melita Knowles observes, "The steady rise in crime among children and young people points up weaknesses in the moral fiber. The incidence of divorce and broken homes is seen as a major factor contributing to a sense of insecurity to which most child crime is attributed."

This author also points out a declining respect for, and increasing revolt against, any form of authority. Parents are finding it harder to enforce discipline. Some do not even try.

One tragic trend in Britain, as in many other nations, is the disruption of homelife through working mothers' leaving their boys and girls as "latchkey" children. These are children who are given the key to the door and have time to spend with the "gang" before mother gets home from work.

Illustrative of this same situation in the United States is Superintendent Hansen's report of one school in Washington, D.C., in which only 13 percent of the kindergarten and first- and second-grade children had anyone at home when they returned from school. Both parents had to work to pay for their homes, or cars, or good clothes. This generally is done without providing supervision for their children.

The following guidelines, as outlined by Superintendent Hansen, are exactly what are needed now in the training of children in the home. These principles then must be strengthened in the schools and churches as the children grow older.

1. The child must learn to respect the rights of others, and to recognize that if he is disorderly he loses the rights of freedom.

2. He must learn to respect property—his own and that of others.

3. He must learn to respect himself, to think well of himself in relation to persons worthy of his respect and emulation.

4. He must accept responsibility for self-management and self-determination, realizing that this is the only way for him to achieve competence.

5. He must achieve the most important skill of all: the capacity to set at a high level his own standards of conduct and to act on his own without following the crowd or mob.

If such principles were instilled in the young person of today by the home, and later by the school and the church, there would be virtually no problem of delinquency. The happy and productive future of our community, our nation, and our world would be assured. This aim, though a difficult and long-range one, is well worth striving toward.



Francis A. Soper

Can adults justly criticize youth for drinking and at the same time set them an example in cocktail parties? Here a teen-age girl speaks her mind on this --

DOUBLE STANDARD

Lyn Nordlie



"WHY MUST our teen-agers and college students drink at their parties? It only leads to trouble," is a comment often uttered by parents. True enough, but why let it stop there? Why must adults drink at *their* parties? It leads to trouble, too—a different kind of trouble but with far greater implications.

I have been brought up in a community which differs from most because it is a military reservation. Most of the families are well supplied with children, from infants to college students. Like most communities there is a social group which enjoys the occasional party and another which parties constantly. My parents belong to the first group, but have at times attended some of the big windings sponsored by the latter group. Some of my friends' parents attend the more frequent parties, so usually I hear the morning-after reports of these gay events.

Some time ago during my Christmas vacation from college, I attended a party at which most of the upper social strata were present. The hosting couple had several sons of college age, so invited my sister and me. We were the only single young women present. The party began with a free flow of liquor and, subsequently, a free flow of conversation. Unfortunately, the level of both dropped with amazing rapidity as the evening progressed. The fact that nearly all present were married and middle-aged seemed only to contribute to the recklessness of verbal interchange and stories told.

Sex, of course, was frequently referred to, as it is in most alcohol-consuming circles, but under these circum-

stances little attempt was made to be subtle because they knew what they were talking about. My sister and I were not spared the embarrassment of hearing the lewd comments and dirty jokes. In fact our naïveté was the subject of much elbow nudging and "too bad you don't know the scoop" type of joking.

Naturally there are always those whose bloodstreams cannot accommodate the incoming alcohol. To sober observers it seemed amusing to watch their bleary-eyed, unsteady attempts to speak coherently or walk a straight line—some could hardly make it to the door when it was time to leave. It was then that the thought occurred to me, What if my parents had reached that sad state and conducted themselves so disgustingly throughout the evening? My amusement soon passed, and I left that party with a churning mind.

Some months later I was visiting my friend, Anne, at her home, and during my stay her parents held a party for some of their friends. They made it a family affair and invited their children's friends as well. Guests included children aged one to twenty-one. Even though the liquor was plentiful, the overall tone of the party was subdued compared to the one previously mentioned. However, it deeply disturbed me to see Anne's three-year-old sister gaily sipping the remains of several cocktails while others observed with glee. Questioning Anne, I was informed that little sister did that all the time. The family thought it quite amusing.

The family-type party is not uncommon among party-giving social circles. Typical of these is the kind described to me by a friend who (Turn to page 26)

The weed looks innocent enough—



Dreams

Duane Valentry

—but, when processed and made into cigarettes, it can lead to drastic consequences.

THEY WERE SET on a hanging, and only a hanging would satisfy them. Law officers tried in vain to turn back the milling, angry crowd in Baltimore that day in 1937. When the young object of their hate dangled on the end of the rope for his criminal assault of a ten-year-old girl, they were satisfied.

But was justice? The real culprit was the assassin of youth which had perverted a man's brain to do evil as it would thousands of times over in years to come, and as it has done down through history.

Subtle, crazing, the drug known as hashish, and more commonly today as marijuana, is the dark and hideous shadow behind more crime than the public dreams.

The man they hanged in Baltimore was an addict of what was then a new craze. So was the wild youth in Florida who, under its influence, killed his father and mother, sister and brothers. Undrugged, he had little memory of what he had done or why. Both types of crimes have been repeated under the influence of marijuana too many times since even to be news.

A crazy driver roars through a town at 100 miles an hour, leaving death in his wake. When the police catch him his eyes are slits, pupils huge—the typical dilation caused by smoking reefer.

The drug to be blamed is considered the most harmless of the drugs commonly in use by those in search of a thrill. Says one crime writer: "It may make of its victim a philosopher, a joyous reveler, a mad insensate, or a fiendish murderer."

Marijuana looks innocent enough. Any visitor to the narcotics enforcement squad room might think that the tall, graceful plant is for decoration. With leaves that fan into seven long, slender, serrated segments, it has been raised by plant lovers with no idea of its devilish nature.

More often those who grow marijuana know all too well. This plant in the squad room came from somebody's backyard, namely, Tommy's. He is a twelve-year-old who likes to "grow things," say his parents.

But Tommy has a long record of "blowing pot."

Although most marijuana comes from Mexico and traces a deadly trail through haunts and hangouts of youth all over the nation, inevitably many, lured by the promise of rich profits, try to grow it themselves and become converts to its use.

"Come on, take a drag! Nothing to it. You can take it or leave it alone," purveyors tell high school boys and girls, who also tell their friends.

Are they lying? Maybe, maybe not. Medical men argue over the habit-forming effects of this vile weed. But few argue its effects or long record of leading users to other drugs. What starts them off—that boy with his arm pocked with needle marks, the girl with a \$30-a-day heroin habit?

"Sure, we used to park after school to smoke marijuana. Got it from a fellow near the school."

"Somebody told me at a party this was a special brand of smokes that were the 'most.'"

"My date smoked, so I tried. He said it was just for kicks."

Or the boy with the needle-traced arms: "I haven't fixed lately. I still smoke pot, though. It's a better kick than stuff, anyway, and it doesn't leave any marks. I dig pot; it's cool."

Tragically, so do uncounted thousands of other teen-agers. The exact number who "dig pot" can hardly be estimated. Although generally deteriorating to health and making even young users old and drawn long before their time with depleted energies, it is popular because it causes no hangover and has no immediate aftereffects when taken in moderate amounts.

That *Murder*



Teens try it, like it, then find they need it. Some stash it away in shoes, in schoolbags, in clothes closets. Dumb kids? They may be too dumb to know what they're getting in for, but some have exceptionally high IQ's. Others are average students, some from good homes, others with nobody who cares much what they do. Some read about singers or musicians who "dig pot," so they think it smart.

Narcotics officers seize quantities of the weed on every raid. They know it in its various forms, from the innocent-appearing backyard plant to the rough marijuana, and the finely "manicured" stuff with which users roll their own cigarettes.

They know where it grows and often watch it from the time it sprouts till it is ten feet tall. Anyone seeing a squad man wasting valuable time staring grimly through binoculars at a green weed blocks away might well think something unusual is going on.

And it is. Take the case of the white-collar man who came home promptly from the office every night to work in his well-landscaped little yard, a family man, a good neighbor. But the police had him in their sights. The mild-mannered little man was cultivating marijuana in those neat flower beds and getting rich on the profits. But they had to prove what they knew.

The clerk might still be free if fate hadn't stepped in and sent him to his doctor to get an allergy test to find out what was making him sneeze. Ironically, it was marijuana. The doctor phoned the police and they got ready to close in. Their man went to prison for five years.

"Since the weed grows wild and freely in almost any part of the country, it's hard to tag a man a violator just because he has marijuana growing near his home," says Captain Harry Cole of Houston, Texas, whose M-Squad has been directly responsible for charges against some 100 marijuana violators.

"We don't want to 'bum-rap' any innocent person, but there's a big demand and if the dealers can't get it across the border from Mexico they have only one alternative: grow it at home."

M-Squad men search empty lots, seedy yards around old or abandoned houses, along dilapidated fences. One fine plant was brought in from the front of a smart apartment court where it had been carefully cultivated, apparently by somebody ignorant of its nature.

Officers know the weed's odd smell, which has been likened to dried alfalfa. They know what it looks like, how it grows, what it sells for. They know, too, that their tedious stakeouts are often for nothing and the plant they are watching round-the-clock has sprouted by itself from seeds dropped, perhaps, by birds.

But often enough it happens otherwise. The officer watching through binoculars suddenly tenses. A man is standing by the plant. He is examining its leaves; he picks them! The squad jumps into action; the long vigil is over. The suspect is kept under constant surveillance. Sooner or later he will get rid of his dynamite crop and they will have the evidence they need for a conviction.

Narcotics men know they are dealing with slick and ruthless criminals who won't hesitate over killing. To the "grass dealers" the "drug cop" is a hated annoyance they want to shake. He is a constant menace to their cash empire built on the dreams that kill.

"But if we can keep them scared, we're really accomplishing our purpose, because they'll quit trying to cultivate the stuff or make contacts to get it—at least until things cool off," says Cole. "We don't intend to let them cool off."

Rough marijuana can wholesale from \$80 to \$100 a pound. The dealer rolls this into crude cigarettes which sell for from fifty cents to one dollar each. Marijuana leaves, which look something like tea leaves when crushed, are used by young boys and girls for "tea parties" that can wind up with murder.

Many a fellow or girl who couldn't be persuaded to take dope will smoke a reefer. As the habit builds, immunity is set up and the thrills fade fast. Soon the victim is ready to try something stronger, all objections to drug-taking gone, like the smoke from the reefer.

"Once that happens they're

(Turn to page 34)

Judge Walter S. Gates

"THEY SHOULD send that murderer to the gas chamber!" These remarks, addressed by an irate little woman to her husband one morning, were no doubt prompted by the headlines in a morning paper she had a few minutes before pulled from the newspaper rack of one of southern California's supermarkets.

"If every dope peddler were given the death penalty," she added, "there would no longer be a narcotics problem."

The story the woman had been reading dealt with the conviction of a narcotics peddler. There was, no doubt, just cause for the woman's wrath.

The ever-increasing illegal traffic in narcotics is extensive and alarming. Profits of these peddlers of living death are enormous. They often sell a dollar's worth of heroin for \$25. Sometimes they liquefy and dilute it fifty times. It is still potent enough to enslave its user.

Reliable statistics prove that 13 percent of our nation's estimated 60,000 addicts are under twenty-one, and 50 percent are between twenty-one and thirty.

The narcotics user usually starts out smoking marijuana, and goes on with a sniff of heroin. This is followed by the hypodermic needle in his muscle as he demands a greater dosage. Then he climaxes it with a "mainliner," a shot of the powerful drug directly into his vein. Now enslaved, he often pays from \$5 to \$50 a day for the drug.

The physical and mental results of drug addiction are well known to the medical profession.

Body shakes with chills and fever, followed by violent cramps, are common. Later the addict's skin turns yellow, his veins collapse, and his teeth quickly rot.

His mind soon deteriorates, and the end is often suicide or insanity. Occasionally death comes from tuberculosis. Frequently the addict's mind, during his last few months of life, is enshrouded with bitter remorse and hatred of self.

Aside from the hellish torture that the addict is compelled to endure for his indulgence, there is a startling economic factor to be considered.

In 1955, narcotics addiction was directly responsible for one fourth of United States crime. During that period, the world's most wicked racket—dope peddling—caused addicts to pay upwards of \$300,000,000 for heroin alone.

In that year, in New York City, 30 percent of all robberies, burglaries, and dangerous offenses were said to have been committed by drug addicts. These same offenders robbed New York City of \$150,000 or more a day on the average. The statistics are similar in other large cities.

It is claimed that the use of narcotics is becoming quite prevalent in the high schools of some of our large cities. It appears that the dope peddler is primarily responsible for this type of juvenile delinquency.

It is commonly known that the first exposure to drugs is usually by the peddler and that practically all ado-



Will LAWS Solve Our

lescent contacts with drugs occur under illicit circumstances.

In 1955, Harry J. Anslinger, then United States Commissioner of Narcotics, said: "Remove the drug peddler, and each [addict] falls away from his supply." The commissioner further emphasized that the drug peddler should be taken and kept out of circulation.

Fines and short prison terms have failed to stamp out this illicit drug vending. Something more drastic must be done about it.

Some law-enforcement officials are asking: "Should our state pass laws that provide death for the convicted illegal purveyor of narcotics? Would such a law be feasible? If adopted, could it be enforced?"

Some time ago ten men and a like number of women, who had served as trial jurors in a California criminal court, were asked the following question:

"If you were a member of a jury trying a man charged with illegally selling narcotics and were satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt that he was guilty, and the law allowed the jury to determine the penalty—death or life imprisonment—as it does in a first-degree murder case in California, would you, in an extreme case, vote for the death penalty?"

Nine of the men emphatically answered, "No!"

One replied: "I'm not just sure what I would do. I— I— might."

"I certainly would not," eight of the women chorused.

One woman explained: "It would take a lot of evidence for me to vote to send a man to his death. Dope selling is not like murder."

The other woman snapped: "I would. I regard dope peddling as a multitudinous and repetitive kind of killing."

Considering the jurors' answers as a criteria of current public opinion, is it likely that any convicted dope peddler would ever find himself in the death chamber?

The jurors interviewed unanimously agreed that a guilty narcotics seller should be given a long prison term without possibility of probation or parole.

In Michigan, where the law provides that first offenders—drug peddlers—receive a sentence of from twenty years to life, there has been a noticeable decrease in dope peddling in Detroit.

If we are to keep the illicit peddler of narcotics out of circulation, as suggested by Commissioner Anslinger and other law-enforcement officials, we must adopt laws providing for long prison terms for guilty first offenders; and for second violators the penalty should be from twenty years to life, without probation, parole, or pardon.

Is this enough? Can this growing narcotics problem be totally solved by strong laws, their vigorous enforcement, stiff penalties, and adequate medical care for the addict?

Time has proved that these legal and penal aspects of the problem, intended in part as deterrents, have turned

out to be incidental and corrective. When properly applied, they have, in a limited way, repaired some of the terrible damage that has already been done.

The marked increase in the illicit drug traffic has proved that legal correctives as now used do not provide all the answers.

Why have so many of our sociologists failed to come up with preventive measures that are designed to strike at the very heart of the evil instead of being so glib with proffered legislative cures for a growing scourge that is taking a tremendous toll of young lives each year?

Can laws cure society's ills?

It is evident that polio is gradually being stamped out by an elaborate system of education that calls for the immunization of those who are most likely to fall prey to this deadly killer.

An hour spent in two of our criminal courts where narcotics cases are being tried may give us a clue as to why some of our tested corrective methods have not fully succeeded; furthermore, it may answer some questions about the basic causes of drug addiction.

We are soon interested observers seeing two actual cases in one of the criminal departments of our nation's largest trial court, located in Los Angeles.

Our attention is riveted upon a once beautiful, blue-eyed, blond girl of seventeen. We are attracted by her stringy, faded, brick-colored hair that is short and appears dead, probably from repeated bleachings. We note how she is crouched, childlike, in a large courtroom chair. She reminds us of a frightened, helpless animal trying to hide from her pursuers and avoid getting caught.

The kindly but stern-faced, black-robed judge peers from his massive oaken bench at the pallid-faced creature whose immediate future the law has placed in his keeping.

He scowls, glances at the piteous girl seated beside her attorney, a deputy public defender.

"Counsel," the judge apprises, "before I act upon your motion to transfer this case to the Juvenile Court, I would like to hear from the defendant. Her statements will in no way be used against her.

"Perhaps her explanation of how and why she became a helpless victim to this awful drug habit, may help us combat this never-ending dope problem. This growing evil is robbing our nation of some of its finest youth."

"Of course, Your Honor," the defendant's counsel replies.

"Take the stand, Dorothy, and tell the judge all about it," he suggests.

Her blue eyes glow as she is sworn and sinks down into the witness chair that almost hides her from our view.

"It was this way, Judge," she explains. "Before I got into this awful mess, I tried to be a good girl. I got A's and B's at school. I attended (*Turn to page 30*)

Drug-Addiction Problem?



This ad executive found, as have thousands of others, that drink often greases the skids for a rapid descent into the depths of drug addiction.

PHOTOS BY SHERMAN, THREE LIONS

GLASSY-EYED and trembling, a young man entered a city clinic for narcotics addicts. Unshaven, unkempt, he was a walking testimony to the horrors of heroin.

Not many months before, he had held an executive job in an advertising agency. But his social habits spun out of control, and an occasional drink with the boys after work insidiously turned into continued drinking, and finally into solitary drinking. His work and his appearance deteriorated, and he was fired.

Unable to cope with these added problems, and without enough money to buy drinks, he resorted to criminal acts, robbing various stores.

Meanwhile, companions whom he had met at a bar introduced him to pep pills. These, taken with liquor, produced a pleasing effect, and most important, forgetfulness.

When the pills no longer gave him enough of a sensation, he began to smoke marijuana. He started going to parties where everyone smoked it, got "high," and was introduced to a "pusher" of more potent drugs.

Heroin injected into his vein gave him a warm, tranquil feeling, and he began to daydream. He floated. But later on, when the central nervous system became depressed, he was melancholy, sick, and destitute. He sank to the depths of degradation.

Withdrawal seemed impossible, and yet in his more lucid moments he wanted to return to the creative and productive life he had once known. He wanted to be a whole human being again.

Eventually, realizing the depths to which his desperate journey had taken him, he started the long climb upward again by finding his way to a clinic for addicts, feeling himself more fortunate than thousands of others whose dark pathway through the jungle of alcohol and drugs is ended only by the most bitter death.

▲ 1. Fired from his job for increasing incompetence, this young ad executive turns to the companion which lost him his position: alcohol.



▲ 5. As time goes by and his money dwindles, he resorts to crime—the next step to degradation.

▼ 9. He continues his deep drifting in the back alleys of life looking for bigger kicks, and becomes acquainted with a pusher.



▼ 10. First a "sniffer," he soon becomes a "main-liner," perhaps hopelessly addicted.



DESPERATE JOURNEY



▲ 2. A writer by profession, he tries to think out some ad copy, but drinking has dulled his creative processes. ▲ 3. A quick dip into forgetfulness, and he will get back to the typewriter.

▲ 4. But his vision blurs and he falls asleep on the want ads in his newspaper.



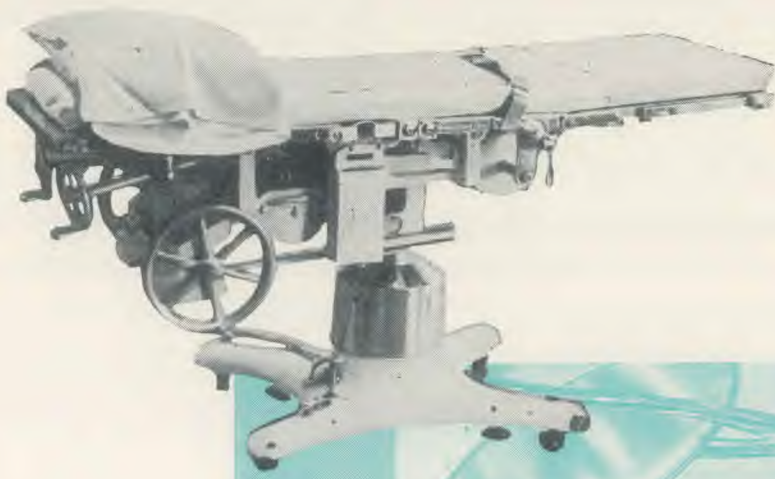
▲ 6. Life becomes tougher; he adds pep pills to his drinking to take the edge off his troubles.

▲ 7. His first introduction to marijuana comes through a bar acquaintance. ▲ 8. After smoking "pot" at a party, our ex-adman is "flying high," but only to fall into deep depression later.

▼ 11. Lonely, sick, and without money, he decides finally to try to get rid of his habit.

▼ 12. But the agony is just beginning. ▼ 13. And the young adman takes a first step in the right direction, to the clinic for addicts.





THE TABLE

In a certain room in this hospital is a table I know well. Steel, foam rubber, chrome, leather, cloth—it is a mute, ugly thing even when draped with the neat white and pale-green cloths that always cover its surface. In a large room it still dominates everything.

I say it is mute, but that is only when it isn't in use, merely when it stands there alone and freshly draped. Otherwise it is almost alive. Then it strains and sighs and bends as though it were crying out at the torture that takes place upon it.

"Emergency room table," they call it. If it could talk, you would have to hold your stomach with one hand, your heart with the other.

Just the other morning an Indian from a forest service fire crew got in some "table time." His three companions, bodies broken like his own, were scattered on other tables about the room.

What was that boy's story? Moaning, sucking desperately for air that tried as desperately to get to his punctured lungs, he smelled like a liquor store with every bottle opened.

He and his friends had been to a party in the foothills near Los Angeles. Then in the early morning hours they decided to travel up the twisting, tricky Angelus Crest Highway where canyons yawn hundreds of feet almost straight down from the roadway.

The table. How often have I seen its vinyl straps strain to hold down a raving drunk, incensed that the California Highway Patrol or Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department was ordering a blood-alcohol test to get his kill-bent car off the congested streets until his sanity returned. "Not me! I'm not drunk," they all mutter through a fog of alcohol and saliva.

Around the table move a host of people when the bad ones lie there. Brain surgeon, orthopedic specialist, thoracic surgeon, resident physicians, internal medicine specialists, nurses, interns. Sometimes a hand saves a life through some simple chore. Other times a thousand hands couldn't stop the flicker of life from fleeing away like the wind.

When it is all over, the nurses take off the red-stained cloths from the table in a weary sort of way, as though if they work slowly it may be a little longer until the table has to be used again.

But it's never over! They keep coming to the table with tragic regularity. The broken ones. Weeping in pain they come.

The table. It is a mute, ugly thing even when draped with the neat white and pale-green cloths that always cover its surface.

DEATH ON THEIR BREATH

MEMENTO MORI ("Remember death") is the Latin slogan that used to be written long ago under the skull-and-crossbones emblem used today to denote poison. Youthful and adult thrill seekers who sniff the plastic cement often used in constructing plastic models should remember this slogan. For glue sniffing can be fatal.

Those who indulge may get a feeling of intoxication. They might also suffer permanent liver and blood damage. Repeated glue sniffing could put them in the hospital with impaired lungs or livers. It probably will put them in mental hospitals with damaged brains. At times it will put them in the cemetery, dead of pneumonia or cirrhosis of the liver, anemia, or some other disease resulting from the failure of a vital internal organ.

Most glue sniffing today is done by juveniles. But it is the adults who bear a heavy responsibility to see that children and teen-agers do not misuse these so-called airplane glues and plastic cements. Parents and teachers should be aware of the danger to children's health. Doctors should be alert to the effects of glue sniffing and report its existence to authorities.

Public officials should enforce or obtain laws against intoxication by glue sniffing—or intoxication by any other means. Municipal ordinances concerning intoxication should be written to cover all possible means of getting "drunk." A Denver, Colorado, ordinance, for instance, makes it unlawful to be "under the influence of any narcotic drug, stimulant, or depressant." Plastic cement is a depressant of the nervous system.

In Azusa, California, where glue sniffing recently became a widespread juvenile fad, the city council passed the following special ordinance:

"No person shall inhale, breathe, or drink any compound, liquid, chemical, or any other substance known as glue, adhesive, cement, mucilage, dope, or any other material or substance or combination thereof with the intent of becoming intoxicated, elated, dazed, paralyzed, irrational, or in any other manner changing, distorting, or disturbing the eyesight, thinking process, balance, or coordination of such person. For the purpose of this part, any such condition so induced shall be deemed an intoxicated condition."

What is glue sniffing? It is the intentional inhalation of the fumes of plastic cement. Such cement is often sold in drug and toy stores in tubes for ten cents or more. It is available wherever plastic toys are sold.

The addict may squeeze the glue directly on his cupped hands and hold them over his face. He may squeeze the liquid glue into a handkerchief or paper bag and then inhale the fumes.

Addicts may be teen-agers riding in a car. They may kill themselves in an auto accident, the same as they might do if they were to get drunk on an alcoholic beverage and drive recklessly. Giddiness, dizziness, confusion, stupefaction, and coma may result from excessive inhalation of plastic cement.

In Los Angeles some time ago two youths died of pneumonia. Doctors blamed their deaths on lung deterioration from glue sniffing. Los Angeles police have reported the cases of glue sniffers found trying to stop a train barehanded, or jumping off an oil derrick.



Airplane glue—USE —and MISUSE

Lois L. Higgins, LL.D.

President, International Association of Women Police
Director, Illinois Crime Prevention Bureau

In Dallas, a frenzied fifteen-year-old herded five members of his family out of their home and shot himself in the leg. He was annoyed when his parents interrupted his glue sniffing.

Washington, D.C., police caught four young glue sniffers who stole fifteen cars in five days, wrecking each one after they tired of it, causing more than \$7,000 damage to the discarded cars.

In Chicago, a youth was sent to the hospital after poisoning himself by inhaling carbon tetrachloride fumes in cleaning fluid. Carbon tetrachloride is one of the ingredients often found in airplane glue.

Parental indifference or lack of knowledge about what their children are doing is the principal reason why children try dangerous or illegal (Turn to page 26)



GALLOWAY

WHAT'S ALL THIS FUSS ABOUT DRINKING?



THERE'S A GIMMICK in alcoholic beverages that makes things appear to be different than they really are. A magic handkerchief is a gimmick that deceives the observer, and anyone can do certain tricks provided he has the necessary gimmick in his hands. Another gimmick is called Chinese magic sticks. There isn't anything Chinese about them, and come to think about it, there isn't anything magic about them; but they do make things appear different.

So alcohol is the same type of gimmick. In the summertime a man takes a drink because it makes him feel cool. In the wintertime he takes the same kind of drink because it makes him feel warm. Who is he kidding? It can't do both. He goes to the races and if he wins, he takes a drink to celebrate. If he loses he takes a drink to drown his sorrows. Somebody has said he doesn't drown his sorrows; he merely teaches them how to swim. Take a little tiny fellow, get him drunk enough, and he thinks he is big enough to whip the biggest fellow in the crowd. Take a fellow who is scared to death of girls and get him drunk enough—well, we won't go into that.

Now let's look at some other things about alcohol. What is it and what isn't it? For instance, alcohol

is not a good food. Milk is a good food. Everyone ought to drink lots of milk, for milk is good for you. It has a balance of the different food elements that a person needs in order to be strong and healthy. You might be interested, too, in the fact that alcohol is fairly high in caloric value, but these calories cannot be stored in the body as a usable source of heat or energy for any period of time.

Did you know that there is the same amount of alcohol in the basic alcoholic drinks? In a one-ounce-shot glass of 100-proof liquor, there is about half an ounce of straight alcohol. In the ordinary wineglass there would still be about half an ounce of straight alcohol, and in the ordinary ten-ounce glass of 4 percent beer there would also be half an ounce of straight alcohol. The only difference is the dilution, or concentration, of alcohol.

What does alcohol do to a person? Let's use a pyramid to represent the levels of mental growth, the brain developing in three levels starting from the top of the spinal cord and going up and forward, and including the medulla oblongata, the cerebellum, and the cerebrum and cerebral cortex.

The first part of the brain that develops has to do

Part 3 of an informal talk which thousands of teen-agers have heard in their classrooms or assemblies.

with basic life functions, such as breathing, beating of the heart, digestion of food. This part of the brain is in what we call the automatic or the autonomic nervous system. It develops long before a baby is born.

The next part of the brain has to do with the motor sensory system—muscular coordination, sex drive, balance, emotions, many different functions, all of which can be disciplined or controlled.

The last part of the brain will mature sometime between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, the period of life we call adolescence. This is the part of the brain that has to do with judgment, the ability to know right from wrong, to plan, create, and reason, self-control, the ability to worship, the higher sensibilities, the reasoning processes. At the pinnacle, the apex, the highest and sharpest function of the mental processes involves a refinement of checks and controls over feelings, a refinement of controls over conduct.

A person's feelings go up and down. He feels good, he feels bad, he feels happy, he feels sad. Feelings vary a great deal, and have to do with many things that happen, even in a short period of time—how a person gets along at home, with his girl friend, boyfriend, husband, wife, children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren.

Alcohol is not a stimulant, but if you don't know what alcohol is, you would think you were being stimulated, because alcohol is a good make-believe stimulant. What really happens, however, is that the alcohol is simply acting as the kind of drug it is—a sedative, a depressant, an analgesic, an anesthetic. Alcohol makes a person less aware of himself, less self-conscious. It acts, you might say, as a tranquilizer. In fact, it perhaps is the oldest tranquilizer known to man. But it isn't going to stimulate you.

Let's take this process stage by stage and see what it actually does. Alcohol puts the brain to sleep by degrees. Or, to say it another way, alcohol causes a person to forget the last things learned. The last things learned are the first things forgotten. The last skills that develop are the first skills to be put to sleep.

One or two drinks will not make a person completely drunk, but they begin to affect him a bit, acting as a tranquilizer. They begin to affect judgment, inhibitions, self-awareness, so that now the drinker may laugh a little louder at a party. It is not that he is having a better time, but it doesn't take as good a time to make him think he is having a good time! He acts less reserved, and his ability to evaluate himself begins to go. That first drink or two may bring the blood-alcohol level up to about .05 percent.

As he continues to drink, the blood-alcohol level

climbs to around .10 percent. Now he is not really drunk, I suppose, but his judgment is definitely impaired and he is apt to do things that he wouldn't do if he had not been drinking. He thinks he is the life of the party, but he is about to kill the party. He thinks the girls are gaga about him, but the truth of the matter is the girls are scared to death of him.

He thinks he is a "big wheel," but he is not even a hubcap.

As he continues to drink, the blood-alcohol level climbs to .15 percent, the legal intoxication level in most states. Now he staggers, stumbles, and knocks things over. His tongue is thick, he has difficulty in enunciating words. He looks like a drunk. He talks like a drunk. He walks like a drunk. He smells like a drunk. Well, he is drunk. Anybody ought to be able to tell that.

But he continues to drink, and the blood-alcohol level continues to climb. By .20 percent he is probably on a crying jag, sloppy, gooey, sentimental, weepy, or if he is overly inhibited and has a lot of frustrations and anxieties he may become mean and want to pick fights, as he continues to drink. When the blood-alcohol level climbs to around .30 percent, the effects reach into the medulla oblongata. The medulla sends an impulse through to the stomach, closing the outlet valve called the pylorus or the pyloric sphincter. When this valve closes, it automatically starts a reversal of the flow of foods. We don't need to draw any diagrams of that action.

If he continues drinking, the blood-alcohol level goes up to about .40 percent. Now he simply passes out, goes to sleep, slides off the chair under the table. If he had been taking ether, exactly the same thing would have happened. The only difference is that he would be taking ether in such large doses, and rapidly enough, so that he would not have been aware of going through these stages.

There isn't anything that alcohol can do to a person that ether can't do and do it faster and better—or worse, depending on your point of view. But it isn't especially acceptable to go to a party with a can of ether and pass it around for everyone to breathe until he acts silly or light-headed.

Suppose he continues to drink? The blood-alcohol level climbs to .50 percent, at which time a person has completely anesthetized the area of the brain which controls breathing, beating of the heart, and digestion of food. He is now dead.

It is essential to get all the facts on the question of drinking and think the issue through. On your decision for yourself may depend much of your future success.

ANDREW G. HANNERS • Director of Education, California Council on Alcohol Problems

Advertising Goes for

PETER BART*

the Teen-Ager

ANY VISITOR from abroad who was exposed to American advertising this season might easily get the impression that this is a nation of teen-agers.

The ubiquitous teen-agers are being shown in every imaginable sort of advertising campaign these days. They are shown clustered around their sports cars guzzling Seven-Up, or reflectively puffing cigarettes with their friends. Or they're clambering into a new Rambler American (which this season is called the "young American"). Or they're shown standing around admiring the new line of Fords ("the lively ones").

Whether it's a food ad, a clothing ad, or even a headache-remedy ad, chances are it will be awash with teen-agers. The teen-ager, it is clear, is very much on Madison Avenue's mind.

None of this has come about by accident. Indeed, the advertising industry's sudden fascination with the teen-age market is a result of cold calculation and careful research.

To begin with, the admen have been studying their population charts and have come up with some astonishing findings. By 1965, they report, half of the people in the United States will be under 25 years of age. The 25-to-39 age group is fast losing importance—it will, in fact, decline by 1 percent between 1960 and 1965. But the number of teen-agers will grow by 30 percent in this period, compared with an 8 percent growth for the entire population.

But sheer numbers are only part of the story. Besides constituting the fastest growing segment of the market, teen-agers also form the segment that is most easily reached by advertising and is most susceptible to its blandishments.

"Teen-agers are spending more and doing more," says Eugene Gilbert, president of the Gilbert Marketing Group and a long-time student of the teen-age market. "Half the girls in the United States today are married

by the time they are twenty. Moreover, over 11 percent of all girls are actually going steady by the time they are fourteen. Why, fifteen years ago we wouldn't have even asked girls that age whether they were going steady. The point is that teen-agers are maturing at a younger age, spending more money, and influencing how more money is spent."

The teen-age market, Mr. Gilbert says, is wide open to the alert advertiser. "Teen-agers are a follow-the-leader group," he comments. "They are more susceptible." This susceptibility is spelled out in an interesting report released recently by the Television Bureau of Advertising.

The report indicated that on any given day, 88.6 percent of the nation's teen-age population viewed television, compared with 69.9 percent of the adult men and 78.4 percent of the adult women. Many of the top-rated TV shows (especially the Westerns) reach up to 33 percent of all teen-agers in the country.

Predictably, the bureau injected a plug for its own medium in its report. The average high school senior can comprehend only about one third of what he reads in a news magazine and about one half of what he reads in a mass picture magazine, the bureau said.

On the other hand, most children today are weaned on television; this is the medium that speaks to young people in an idiom they can comprehend, says the Television Bureau.

Whatever the pros and cons of the various rival media, one point is clear: The teen-ager has emerged as a major marketing target, and in the years ahead the trend is bound to accelerate.

Within five years, the TV commercial that shows an adult using a product may be a rarity. And the nation's adults would not appear to have grounds for complaint. They brought the teen-agers into the world to begin with.

*Adapted from a report written for the *New York Times*.

IN THE SHADOW of Colorado's Rampart Range some sixty miles south of Denver, the United States Air Force Academy is tackling the unprecedented task of training and educating America's future leaders in the aerospace age.

Strangely enough, this \$161,000,000 Academy has about everything on its sprawling, rugged acreage except an airfield. This is because the Air Force is not training pilots at this school, but educating men to assume leadership roles.

One such potential leader is Cadet Second Class Steve Ritchie who, along with his 2,500 classmates, finds life at "Aluminum U" rough going at times, but well worth the effort it takes to stay on the aerospace team.

"I have carried nineteen semester hours of classwork in economics, physics, aeronautics, engineering drawing, English, law, mechanics, military training, and physical training," he explains. Ritchie also worked his way up to a varsity berth on the football squad (the Falcons) as halfback. "With a schedule as tight as this, you don't have much time for loafing around."

Like all other cadets at the Air Force Academy, Ritchie spends nine and a half months each year in the classrooms and laboratories and on the athletic fields. For another month and a half he is engaged in such activities as field trips, both foreign and domestic. In "Operation Third Lieutenant," cadets are given actual responsibility under the supervision of professional officers. They may find themselves in the "tower," or planning operations, or dealing out commands to noncommissioned officers, and it's up to them to handle sticky personnel problems effectively. Many cadets use their four weeks of annual leave to attend

*On its ultramodern campus
of learning the United
States Air Force Academy
is training cadets for--*

LEADERSHIP IN THE AEROSPACE AGE



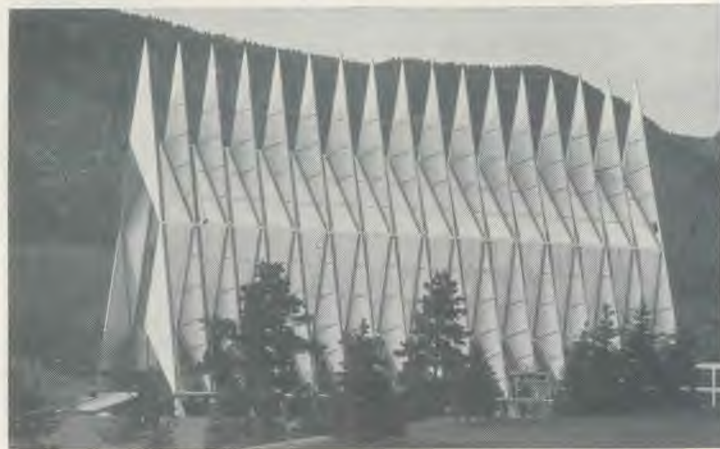
Eloise
Engle

With snow-capped Pikes Peak towering in the distance, the United States Air Force Academy nestles against the steep bluffs of Rampart Range.



During a rare break in his class schedule, Cadet Ritchie crowds in some study. The demanding academic program is the toughest part of Academy life, but cadets must realize the importance of applying themselves to the utmost in order to achieve their goal.

No new building in modern times has been more publicized and discussed than the tri-faith Air Force Academy "chapel of the future." Its seventeen spires are symbolic of man's up-reach toward God. The roof and walls consist of 100 steel tetrahedrons (figures with four triangular surfaces), covered with aluminum and divided by narrow panels of stained glass. Soft light suffuses the interior, symbolizing the way religion should pervade the life and training of the cadet.



LEADERSHIP IN THE AEROSPACE AGE

"The long-range benefits derived from abstinence, building toward a longer, more healthful life are well worth any effort any individual must make. The main point is, you've got to maintain strict training rules if you want to achieve your goal, both on the field and off."

Cadet Steve Ritchie.



"jump" school at Fort Benning, Georgia, where they graduate as qualified parachutists. Others take flight orientation courses at various airfields. Some elect to stay in Europe or the Far East to finish out their leave as "third lieutenants."

With an Academy so new and startling in its architectural lines, you would expect freshness in academic approaches. This is found in the emphasis on the humanities. Say the teachers, "Our officers must be schooled in foreign languages, history, political science, and the fine arts in order to cope with a world that has grown so small. They must be prepared to serve in any part of the world as well as in air or space."

There is also the "enrichment program," where credit is given for courses taken at other universities rather than insisting the cadets repeat the same thing at the Academy. As long as the young man can pass a test, he need not be held back. Also, the extremely ambitious cadet may stretch out into many fields such as fine arts and music. Because of this program, many cadets are graduating with enough credits for a Master's degree. This year, two Academy graduates are headed for Oxford as Rhodes scholars.

Tomorrow's spacemen will need not only strong minds but healthy bodies as well. The emphasis on physical training is the strongest of any military school to date. Every graduating cadet has enough credits in this field to receive a physical education degree from any other university.

Life for the cadet is never easy or soft. Certainly it is not dull, particularly during the first seven weeks. "What it amounts to is not merely living from day

Sharp-eyed and inescapable, this falcon serves as mascot to the Air Force Academy, typifying cadet's tenacity and dedication to duty.



An annual field day marks the end of seven weeks of basic training which each new class undertakes immediately following admission to the Academy. Events include pushball, as shown here, one of eight events played between teams chosen from training squads.



to day, but from meal to meal," they say. This is the period when the young man learns he is not a "big shot" anymore. He is handed over to the unloving arms of the upperclassmen, and the trial begins. There are push-ups galore, and discipline is learned fast. This indoctrination period is climaxed with a practical lesson in overland navigation and survival.

Namely, the new cadets are taken up into the mountains and left there in the company of upperclassmen to find their way back to the Academy. They are given certain tools for survival—a small ration box, a cake of compressed meat, and a live rabbit. By trapping squirrels, rabbits, and other small game, sampling edible plants, and stewing savory insects, cadets learn from practical experience how to survive outside the comforts of home or the plush "glass cage" which is their dormitory. When they arrive back at the Academy tired and hungry, they are given all they can eat.

Spiritually, the cadets are served by the famous new chapel with its succession of tetrahedrons covered with aluminum that reach high into the blue Colorado sky. And along with the spiritual life is the deep and serious Code of Honor. This is completely in the hands of the young men themselves, and it reads like this: "I will not lie, I will not cheat, I will not steal. *And* I will not tolerate those who do." The cadets sit in judgment of their fellow student who is in question, and if he is found guilty he simply leaves the Academy.

"The honor system is vital," says Major Coit Butler, chief of Auto-Instructional Research. "In the years to come, these men have got to *know* the other man is telling the truth about a situation. (Turn to page 34)



Air Force cadets strap on parachutes in preparation for an orientation flight in a T-29 "flying classroom."

Two members of a new class of cadets check a terrain map and an Air Force survival manual during their one-week survival training in Pike National Forest.



"LISTEN" COMMENTS

Youthful Drunkenness

IN THE past five years, drunkenness has increased among American youth by some 270 percent.

This startling fact was uncovered by Earl Jeffrey, editor of *Report*, in personal conversations with FBI officials in Washington, D.C., and reported for the first time in the final 1962 issue of his publication. Federal officials have declined to publicize the figure, because it may seem so incredible, but there is no doubt that it is based on authoritative findings.

Reasons for this increase may not, after all, be so startling. Liquor advertising today is to a great extent geared to appeal to young customers. Drinking has shifted, in the main, from the tavern to the home, where young people see and participate in drinking episodes. Our society's atmosphere is one of social acceptance for drinking. If adults will drink, youth will drink; there's no getting around the inevitable. Youth drink not so much in defiance of their elders as in imitation of them.

The Scriptures declare, "They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind." In this matter of youth's drinking, as in other factors of human life, this principle holds true.

Lawless Liquor Men

OFTEN it is that the liquor industry, of all industries, needs the most constant and stringent policing to keep it within the law. Criminal tendencies, or outright flaunting of the law, seem to occur the most frequently in connection with liquor manufacturing, distributing, or selling.

An example of this is the fact that during the past three years some 95 percent of 250 whiskeys and brandies imported into the United States were improperly labeled as to age. Thanks to atomic energy Uncle Sam was able to detect the fraud and force the producers to label their product correctly.

All liquors contain radioactive tritium, or triple-weight hydrogen, which makes it possible to determine age up to seventy-five years because this isotope loses half its activity every 12.25 years.

Athletes and Their Example

PROFESSIONAL athletes should not endorse liquor or cigarettes. This is the conclusion reached by more than 200 high school athletic and physical-education directors meeting under the auspices of the National Education Association.

"High-school-age students are at a most impressionable stage given to hero worshiping," says their resolution. "There is need for great dedication on the part of school-age athletes to accepted training rules which have tradition-

ally included an abstinence from the use of tobacco and alcoholic beverages."

In addition, these athletic officials asked organizations providing athletic programs for television, radio, and movies not to hire athletes to advertise tobacco products or alcoholic beverages.

In a time when purveyors of drinking and smoking try so vigorously to tie up with athletic events and personalities, this declaration is refreshing indeed.

Ask the Men Who Know

FOR a long time now, certain self-styled authorities have tried to thrust down the throats of the public the theory that alcoholism is primarily a disease, to be considered in the same light as other diseases and to be so treated.

What do the physicians themselves think of this idea?

In a Pulse of Medicine survey of physicians, done by *Medical Tribune*, only 1 percent of the total surveyed believed alcoholism to be basically a medical problem. Nearly two thirds described it as psychiatric with medical factors.

Four out of ten surveyed reported that the hospitals with which they were affiliated did not admit alcoholics as patients. Usually the hospitals which do admit such patients do so only when there are associated medical or surgical conditions, not for alcoholism only.

The doctors well know that alcoholism is a self-induced condition, and have little patience with the sniveling patients who could have prevented their condition with the exercise of a little willpower.

Governor With Convictions

BEFORE taking office as governor of Oklahoma in January, Henry Bellmon declared that he would do lots of entertaining while in office.

He made it clear that he and his wife Shirley do not drink alcoholic beverages and have never served them in their home. However, he promised that no one would leave thirsty, because "we'll have plenty of milk."

Quite a contrast indeed to the previous governor, who pushed repeal on Oklahoma citizens. This repeal has resulted in a per capita increase in liquor consumption of 7.5 percent as compared with the national increase of only one tenth of that amount in the same time.

Teen Drinking Problem Again

FAMILY dining-room atmosphere plays a major role in determining whether a teen-ager will drink or will not drink, says the Psychodietetic Center, a research institute which studied teen drinking habits in several countries.

Teen-Age Singer--

Bobby Vee

Interview by Ernest H. J. Steed

Parental attitudes are all-important in influencing young people who are making their own decisions on drinking.

Also, according to this survey, pressure on youngsters to act grown-up—to speak, dress, and compete as adults—contributes to serious drinking problems. In countries where drunkenness is viewed as a grave social sin, fewer incidents involving teen-age inebriety occur.

Advice to parents based on the study includes the advice that in discussing alcohol with teen-agers glib generalities are dangerous. Warnings should be specific and factual; for example, motor skills, including those needed to drive a car, are seriously impaired by alcohol.

Beer for Lunch?

TWO recent decisions in widely separated places have pointed up the danger in drinking beer, even when it is taken with lunch.

A San Diego beer firm fired two of its own truck drivers for drinking their firm's product: beer. In doing so, it declared that its twenty-five drivers should not drink beer and then drive an eight-ton truck. This ban was announced as "a safety measure," since the company's accident rate has gone up during the past three years.

In New York the Drake Bakeries Company forbade the drinking of all alcoholic beverages at the plant. Suit was brought in order to permit the employees to drink beer with their lunches. The attorney arguing the case stressed that he was not thinking in terms of several beers, or even two, but just "a single beer."

However, the State Board of Mediation, in hearing the case, pointed out that the company rule was made because the "increasing use of machinery presents a hazard for men not fully alert," and that though only one beer might not in itself create a hazard there doesn't seem to be any practical way of making sure the employees would stick to such a limitation.

Economic Costs of Liquor

FROM Pomona, California, comes indication that the costs of liquor far surpass the taxes taken in on its sale. A *Progress-Bulletin* editorial points out that the increasing fatal automobile accidents occurring in that area are largely caused by the effects of drinking, in the opinion of most law-enforcement officers.

When the report was released that in Pomona some \$30,000 was collected in liquor taxes, there was considerable boasting about how profitable this was. No consideration was given, however, to the fact that more than \$300,000, or ten times as much, was spent in maintaining the law. This, of course, does not include the loss of life, the suffering of injured victims, the heartache from bereavement.

The *Progress-Bulletin* editor astutely observed: "Sooner or later there will be a campaign to check the sale of intoxicating beverages, that will be waged on the basis that the cost of the liquor traffic to the public is unbearable."

Profile of Beer Drinkers

IN THE past ten years the percentage of beer drinkers in the United States has not increased at all. This is significant in view of the common claim that "everybody does it," also in view of the tremendous advertising investment by the breweries to lure new consumers.

Because of population increase the number of beer drinkers has grown from 52,500,000 in 1952 to 57,600,000 in 1962.

About 17 percent of beer drinkers are under twenty-five years of age. Men account for 83 percent of all beer consumed.

Traveling by air from Melbourne to Sydney, Australia, I met a group of young people, all stars in the music world of youth.

My seat partner was none other than the teen-age singer, Bobby Vee.

Bobby is like any teen-ager today. He impressed me as being a down-to-earth fellow, despite the popularity he has engendered, having sold more than 5,000,000 records. His first popular song was "Take Care of My Baby," and that was the theme no doubt of Bobby's parents, for they taught the right things regarding healthful and positive living. Bobby agrees:

"My parents gave me good advice. They told me about the effects of liquor and tobacco in such a way that I listened. They then said, 'When you are old enough, decide for yourself.' I have sure decided. I don't drink or smoke," he declares.

He explained that in meeting so many people he possibly has more temptations than the average person. "One is under so many pressures that he could go either way. But a person has to have willpower to hold to his standards. As a Christian and with the influence of my parents, I intend to stick by my convictions," says Bobby.



"GO TO THE ANT" james a. tucker

"Go to the ant; . . . consider her ways, and be wise," says Proverbs 6:6.

The ant colony has long been recognized as one of the most highly developed societies in the animal kingdom. Many a volume has been written concerning the remarkable behavior of ants. They afford an example that we would do well to study with regard to our own society.

An unusual account has been given concerning a kind of ants known as the sanguin ants. This variety of ants has a highly developed form of life. Besides their habits of industry and order, they are well known for their expert management in battle. But a major point concerns the behavior of the sanguin society under much different circumstances.

There is a small beetle known as the golden-haired beetle, so named for its covering of minute golden hairs. From the base of these hairs exudes a sweet-tasting liquid. With only the preservation of her kind in mind the golden-haired beetle enters an efficient sanguin ant colony. She descends to a prominent part of town, as it were, and opens shop.

At first she is ignored, as is the case with many a new business. But before long several ants brush against her and come in contact with the delicious liquid. Then, as is also the case in business, word of mouth is the best type of advertising, and soon she has all the business she can handle.

The ants hover over her, constantly tending to her every need. The indulgence of the sweet-tasting substance is soon to reap its bitter effects, however. Without reason or care and blinded by their desire for satisfying their passion, the ants continue to indulge. Their addiction becomes so great that they begin to neglect the duties of the colony—an unheard-of ant trait.

Thereupon the queen ant, upon whom the whole existence of the colony depends and who in turn is totally dependent upon her subjects, begins to lose health from lack of proper attention. The "innocent" beetle has taken over the attentions of the now stupefied ants, and their only thought is the acquisition of more thirst-satisfying liquid.

The inevitable death of the queen is only a matter of time, and with her passing the colony begins to die. Meanwhile, the golden-haired beetle is thriving. She has even laid her eggs. These are tended and cared for by the addicted slaves until they hatch, at which time they are fed the nearest available food. At first it is normal food, but soon, to keep from going too far, the ants feed their own eggs to the growing beetle larvae. This hastens the death of the society. The final act takes place when these highly organized members of an efficient society begin to murder their own kind to feed their burning passion. Thus at last the colony dies and the beetles move on to other societies.



Tomorrow is graduation at high school, but Millie won't be there.

"MARY, Mary, come quick! It's my father—something's wrong with my father!"

The terrified screams came through our kitchen window only minutes after Millie Thorsen and I had walked home from school together.

I ran out the front door and saw Millie standing on the curb. After the traffic had passed, I dashed across. Grabbing her hand, I raced with her into the house and back to the bedroom where Mr. Thorsen slept.

The shades were pulled, but a tiny night-light shone on Millie's father. I was afraid, but I raised the shade so I could see better. His face was covered with blood. He lay motionless, his eyes closed, and blood seemed to be oozing from every pore.

Suddenly he shuddered spasmodically and the red stain on the sheet beneath him widened as blood spurted out of the corner of his mouth. It looked as if he were hemorrhaging.

There was a sickening odor in the room. I touched his arm and it was cold. I left Millie and went into the kitchen to dial the doctor's number that was kept on a pad by the phone.

"I'll be right out, Miss Tracy," he assured me when I told him about Mr. Thorsen. Millie and I sat down to wait.

I was thirteen years old when my parents bought our home on Park Street. Almost at once Millie and I met and became friends. We seemed drawn to each other because we were the same age and went to the same school. Then we discovered both our initials were M.T.

Gradually we confided in each other. We discovered little similarities of taste in books and clothes. Both



of our mothers worked. It wasn't because they wanted to, but necessity demanded it. You see, Millie's father and mine were alcoholics.

This shared grief brought us closer together. We read and discussed articles on how to help our fathers, and sought advice from our church or our teacher. But it didn't seem to change things.

Just before my sixteenth birthday, my father came home from work one day with his left hand bandaged. His boss brought him home and said if he wanted to continue working, he had to cut out liquor. It was an ultimatum. My father was running the big saw in the cabinet factory and got his hand in the way of the saw. Off came two fingers. He was lucky he didn't lose his hand.

The boss and my father talked in the bedroom for a long time.

From that time on my father really cut down on his drinking. Being a strong and honest man, he succeeded in accomplishing this. My father wasn't a drunkard, but drinking was a daily ritual. Drinking was hard on him not only physically and mentally, but also financially. It forced my mother to work.

Millie's father was different. He had been in the military for several years. Later he worked at the nearby air base until he was drinking so much that he was saluting the fence posts at the base entrance. For the past eighteen months he had been home. Since the Thorsen house was across the street from us, we saw nearly everything that happened.

As soon as Mrs. Thorsen left for work in the morning, Mr. Thorsen, wrapped in a bathrobe, would sneak out the side door, wobble down the three steps and into the garage. I could see him frantically thrashing things around in the trash barrel. Pretty soon he would pull out the bottle he had hidden the night before.

Hiding it in his pocket, he would sneak back into the house to retire to his big chair in the living room. When Millie and I came home from school in the afternoon, Mr. Thorsen still would be in his chair.

He looked like an overstuffed kewpie doll sprawled out, and he sounded like a miniature locomotive. When he woke up and saw us, he would try to act as though everything was all right.

Millie would look at him with a sad expression. Sometimes she would say something about his drinking, and that always started a ruckus. That was when I went home, usually.

For three years I watched Mr. Thorsen drink. Some of his antics were so comical I wanted to laugh, but when I thought of the heartbreak in that family, I always ended up crying.

Last fall I saw the doctor at the Thorsens'. Millie told me later that her father's liver was 'about ready to give out from so much alcohol. He could die in six months. Evidently the doctor frightened him, for that was the last time I saw him go to the garage for his bottle.

After this there was a big change in Mr. Thorsen. When he came out in the yard to trim the grass or cut the huge pyracantha bush away from the windows, he was neatly dressed in slacks and shirt. There was a wonderful change in Millie, too. She pepped up and laughed more. I think she really enjoyed her senior year in school.

But, as the saying goes, "Coming events cast their shadows before."

I spent Christmas vacation in San Francisco with my grandparents, so I didn't see Millie for two weeks.

When I came home from school the day following vacation, Mr. Thorsen was in the yard. Suddenly I heard the motor of his power mower and saw (*Turn to page 31*)

More and more teen-agers these days, in search of new thrills and adventurous sport, are—

Sailing Into Open Waters



THIS SUMMER thousands of teen-agers in sailboats will be racing out into open waters. They will be slicing through the waves of the Atlantic and Pacific, the Great Lakes, and hundreds of other lakes and rivers.

The boating fever is sweeping across America as no other hobby has done in a long while. Boat manufacturers can't keep ahead of their orders. In a great many port cities there are not enough launching areas or dock space to keep up with the boom. In fact, sailboat owners have been estimated to total far above the half-million mark. When it comes to the popular small sailboat, the most enthusiastic supporters are probably the high school and college crowd.

Already there are official sailing clubs in more than one hundred colleges in the country. They are springing up in scores of high schools and prep schools. The Inter-Collegiate Yacht Racing Association has been set up to guide the clubs, to set up regattas between clubs, and to help other high schools and colleges who want to start such clubs.

There are, however, many more teen-agers in sailing than merely these. Myriads of them find fun in sailing informally with their parents or friends. In many places teen-agers have formed their own small, unofficial clubs. A great many of them have chipped in money earned during summer vacations and gone together to buy a boat. Some adult yacht clubs have junior clubs, with classes and races for teen-agers.

It is encouraging to know that a person doesn't need much money to join a sailing club. Usually, the members share the expenses of a regatta. A headquarters can be in a renovated old building, and boats can be stored and repaired in members' garages and basements.

A typical craft for teen-age sailors is a Penguin, about eleven feet long, with a nineteen-foot mast, a ten-foot boom, and one sail. It handles beautifully in the water and looks like an oversized rowboat with a sail.

When racing, two persons sail in each boat. The skipper sits in the back of the boat, keeping one hand on the tiller to hold the boat on course. With the other hand he holds the sheet, the line which regulates the sail. The second person, a one-man crew, lowers or raises the centerboard and balances the boat.

In a tricky wind, almost anything can happen. A wrong move often causes a sudden capsizing. Yet serious accidents are rare. Good sailors stick with their boats, which don't sink. A crash boat brings the dinghy in. It is then righted and drained, and in the matter of a few moments may be ready for the next race.

One attractive thing about sailing is that there are as many girls as boys who can enjoy the sport. Girls emphasize that sailing is almost the only sport in which they can take an equal part with boys.

Wherever you meet teen-age sailors, you can usually recognize them immediately by their tanned faces. They may have sun-bleached hair, and always grin of contentment. Most of the boys wear crew cuts. The girls look windblown. Their standard outfits are swim suits, shorts or blue jeans, and sweat shirts when the mornings are chilly or damp.

When you join such a group, you soon will know the thrill of gliding along in a boat, the tugging of the wind against the sail, the spray flying in your face, and the sun baking your skin.

Races are exciting moments for sailors. Sailboats swish around the buoys marking the course, and when the races are over and trophies are handed out, the gang will usually get together for dinner. After that, there is still time for singing and rehashing the day's activities.

The sailing season lasts from the first touch of spring to the icy blasts of winter. Sailors don't mind the weather. Most of them feel that sailing is the best teen-age sport ever invented, and most of them, when the season has ended, hate to put away their boats until the next spring. And some parts of the country boast of an all-year climate for boating.

It's fun taking to the sails! Why not try it?

MARIE
LAYNE



THE HAZARDS OF HERO WORSHIP



Johnny Songbird may sing like a thrush at dawn, but does that mean he knows anything about motor oil?

YOUNG PEOPLE are hero worshipers. They seem to hallow the ground on which a favorite celebrity walks. They try to emulate him in everything he does.

Foolishly, sometimes, the blindly devoted young person accepts without thinking whatever his hero recommends. Perhaps the product is good; perhaps it is inferior.

It should always be kept in mind that celebrities endorse commercial products for a consideration, and usually a pretty high one. The more famous the star is, the more money he can demand. In some cases these people know little or nothing about the goods they recommend. Maybe they never have tried these products, or if they have done so, do not use them. It is all a cold-cash, unsentimental proposition.

For instance, Johnny Songbird can sing like a thrush at dawn. Love-sick maidens swoon when he warbles his first note. Johnny can sing, all right, and his tones are resonant and dulcet. He's the best in his field. But does that mean he's any judge of motor oil, which he plugs on the air? An expert mechanic of long experience, but who is probably unknown out of his hometown, would be a far better judge of this sort of thing. His opinion would be worth something. However, merely because Mr. Songbird is the hero of millions and frequently is seen on TV by a vast audience, he is hired by this oil company.

How about Handsome Jack, the suave, good-looking actor with the broad shoulders and winning smile? Jack, women listeners think, is the answer to their prayer for a perfect husband. He has everything. And he really can act, too.

However, simply because he endorses cigarettes, and advertises them on the air, does that mean he knows anything about cigarettes and what they may do to the user? Not on your life! Handsome Jack was paid handsomely for endorsing cigarettes. He would endorse anything if the check were big enough to suit him.

Here's old Eddie Prunehead. What a bear cat

Eddie was when he played football for State! A triple-threat man par excellence! He could punt, pass, and run with the ball like a scared rabbit. Eddie is interviewed every week about the football outlook for the next game. He knows much about the game, too. In fact, there never have been much better players than Eddie. **HENRY H. GRAHAM**

Eddie's answers make sense, and he's usually right in his predictions. Most of the radio and TV listeners from grandpa down to young Jimmy who just started to school think Eddie is really good. He is, too, as a gridiron expert. But thinking people won't necessarily go along when Eddie gets on the subject of refrigerators.

Stars of stage, screen, and radio often go on the air at election time to endorse certain political candidates. They may be lavish in their praise of Herman Spoofer, who is running for the Senate. Now Herman, despite his bulging waistline and constant indulgence in alcohol, may be as good a public servant as the people can get, or he may be a heel of the first magnitude.

Mary Glamorous is a beautiful "dish," and has plenty of acting ability. People will never forget her portrayal in that epic of the old West that set every heart aflutter. She may be a shrewd judge of political candidates, too, though the chances are that she isn't.

But here's the danger: whether she knows her candidates or not, thousands of rapt listeners will go straight to the polls and vote for Herman Spoofer merely because Mary says he belongs in the Senate.

Blind hero worship! How foolish and dangerous it is! Nobody should be so stanch in his admiration for a national hero, or anyone else, that he accepts everything his hero says or does. All celebrities are only human, and as such have weaknesses that may be serious. The good in celebrities should be accepted, but there should be no blind endorsement of them. We must learn to make our own decisions in life based on applicable truth.

DOUBLE STANDARD

(Continued from page 5)

lives in a suburb of New York City. Her parents and their friends exchange many cocktail parties, all of which are held in someone's home. Often as not, the children are called on to assist with the preparations before and during the event. The adults delight in showing off their children, so that it is quite customary to allow the children to remain among the cocktail-consuming guests. The younger children are sometimes playfully given a drink or two, and the teen-agers are often allowed to join the adults drink for drink.

These experiences, and the many others I have heard from my peers, give me much to think about. I wonder what it is about the alcohol problem with the younger generation that gives adults the right to complain. I have attended teen-age "booze" parties and fraternity "blasts," both of which are rather ridiculous. Adult cocktail parties, however, seem to me to be equally ridiculous, and even more horrifying and disgusting.

This raises many questions in my mind. Where is the difference, if any? Is the drinking of any one of these groups more excusable than the other? If so, which is worse?

Adults say that young people shouldn't drink, because they drive recklessly and get into serious accidents. So do adults. If they do it less frequently, it is because they usually do not have far to go when they return home after a party.

Adults righteously exclaim that their daughters will get into "trouble" if they are allowed to drink or associate with boys who drink. Is this situation any worse than adults who exchange husbands and wives for an evening's entertainment? The latter situation may not be common, fortunately, but it does happen. And what is so excusable about so-called "frank" discussions of sex in the presence of young girls, or allowing infants to sample drinks, or allowing teen-agers to join one of these randy affairs?

It is an accepted theory that most teen-agers want to be treated as adults, because they think of themselves in that way. It is also true that teen-agers are strongly influenced by adults and often attempt to imitate them. If they do not react favorably to the "goings on" at a cocktail party, they may subdue these feelings in favor of an easy way of being like the adult, that being the consumption of alcohol. In this way may begin what develops into teen-age drinking parties, fraternity "brawls," and imitative "cocktail" parties—none impressive pastimes.

Even worse than this for teen-agers is their reaction of shame and disgust for those they should respect. It might appear amusing to see the next-door neighbor drunk, but it is not funny to see your own father that way. It is quite confusing to the yet-unshaped personality to see those persons who are supposed to be setting a good example conducting themselves like a cageful of hungry animals, after having a few drinks.

The implications of this are far more complicated than I have indicated, but I wish to emphasize that adults should take into consideration their own conduct before they criticize young people. Adults may be always ready to say that we adolescents do not have good judgment and are easily influenced. When they say this they should remember that they are a strong influencing power on young people who emulate their actions.

DEATH ON THEIR BREATH

(Continued from page 13)

stunts such as glue sniffing. Parents should realize that children may do all sorts of dangerous things on a dare, especially if they feel they must do it to keep the respect of their "gang." Most of the scrapes children get into begin with a dare.

The wise parent will make his children understand that the real "chicken" is the person who is afraid to oppose his friends when they want to do something foolish.

Plastic cement commonly contains one or more of the following:

1. Toluene—destroys blood-building cells and leads to anemia.
2. Xylene—destroys blood-building cells of the body.
3. Chloroform—excessive inhalation causes liver damage (cirrhosis of the liver).
4. Carbon Tetrachloride—causes liver damage.
5. Acetone—causes liver damage.

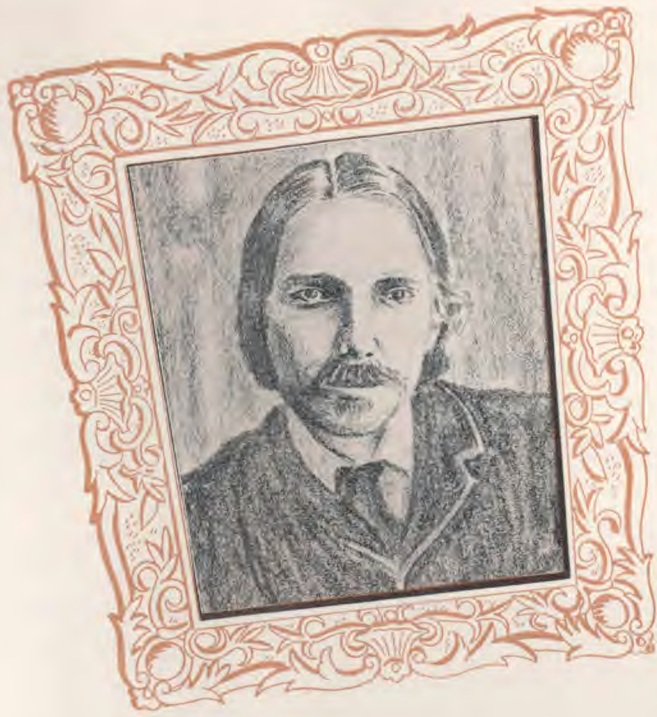
The 1960 Hazardous Substances Labeling Act requires manufacturers to place warnings of toxic substances on the labels of their products. Most manufacturers of plastic cement now place such warnings on their labels. Some children, however, do not understand the seriousness of inhaling a poisonous substance. Or they do not notice the label, or disregard the warning. We all have a big job to do to educate both young and old concerning the great danger of fooling with this fad. Those who smell glue have death on their breath.

TO THE DOGWOOD TREE

Frederick Woodard



Oh, lovely maiden of the springtime woods,
You've all the whiteness of snow without its cold.
Your ethereal gown has rarest value
Without the burdening weight of gold.
Your boughs with glory glow the whole day long
And form a choir loft for the robin's song.
Your snowy blooms are from the highway seen,
A radiant light amid the spring's bright green.
You are to my heart so very, very dear;
I can hardly wait your debut of next year.



Robert Louis Stevenson, who knew human nature for what it is, once wrote, "All of us shall sooner or later sit down at—

"The Banquet of Consequences"

WILLIAM FOLPRECHT

TOM NOLAN knew more about Victor Herbert's music than anyone else I ever knew. And when he began to talk about the composer of "Toyland," a listener actually seemed to hear the music and see the toys and animals.

As a boy, I remember listening, entranced, as "Old Tom" spoke about his favorite composer. Tom was an assistant to our apartment-house superintendent in New York City.

His frequent, lengthy spells of absence, when he could not be found by anyone, disturbed and disappointed me, for I missed his friendly smile and his discussions of music and of the railroad. He had worked on the engines as a fireman before coming to our apartment house. And what boy isn't intrigued with talk of trains?

Each time Tom would reappear I was glad to see him. After all, a boy whose father has been dead for years needs some male companionship. Although a mother and an older sister can do much, yet there is no substitute for an older man's sympathetic understanding. A good father can be a boy's greatest anchor.

It came, then, as a distinct shock to me to learn that the genial Irishman's periodic disappearances were caused by his drinking. Although every time I met him he was cold sober, his "vacations" were a result of his having imbibed too much. At these times he would vanish; where, no one knew. Weeks later he would return. Then he would be collecting refuse, wielding a mop in the hallway, fixing broken window sashes, or painting.

What was behind his drinking? What had caused a lovable "old" man to succumb to such a habit? The clue was possibly in his former job, he intimated. The rocking of the engine, he said, often made men drink. Why, he never explained.

Today Tom is dead.

It was years after I had seen Tom Nolan for the last time that I came to know Richard F. Anderson. He was my boss in Manhattan. His large, well-built frame was the outward sign of what appeared to be a well-adjusted personality. And for six months after I first began to work with him as his secretary in our two-man sales office, I thought he was one of the most admirable men I had ever met.

One day, late in the afternoon, he telephoned, asking me to come to an uptown hotel.

I can't describe my feelings when I found him in his hotel room, drunk and broke. In my new position as his secretary I did not know what to do. He told me he had desperate need for \$5. I gave it to him, although at that time it was a large amount to me, for I was earning only \$125 a month.

When I gave him the money and then at his insistence departed, I was confused and dismayed. His own pay was then \$8,000 a year, and he had a \$300-a-month expense account plus a huge Christmas bonus. The equivalent today would be about \$25,000 annually. Yet he was broke and had to borrow \$5 from his secretary.

I discovered later that in spite of his

friendly disposition while sober, he was a "periodic drinker." He went off almost like clockwork every six months. He would disappear for a week or so.

I shall never forget another afternoon when I left the subway and stepped into the sunshine near Central Park West. I smelled the arrival of spring and heard the birds chirping. But once I had walked up the street to the given address, the spring sunshine and the songs of the birds vanished.

My destination was an old brownstone mansion, now a "cure" resort.

Like Tom Nolan, Richard Anderson, too, with his great potentialities, must have had some reason for taking to drink. He told me also that his job had caused him to start. "A salesman just has to drink with his customers."

Later, in another city, I met Robert. He was a young man about thirty-five whom I had heard was also a drinker. His widowed mother, with whom he lived, began coming to our church and told me about him. Soon he was coming, too.

Like Tom Nolan and Richard Anderson, Robert seemed, while sober, to have excellent qualities. He was good-natured and a most interesting conversationalist.

One night about midnight I received a frantic call from his mother, who was about seventy. He was in the emergency ward of a hospital in a city eighteen miles away. Could I find out what condition he was in?

When I arrived, to my surprise, he was being released that hour. Early in the morning I dropped him off, sober

but quite weak, at his mother's. Robert never licked his habit either. He claimed he had started his drinking in the Army. He is now in a state hospital and his mother is dead.

All these men, and others like them whom I have known, began drinking for some apparently plausible reason, social or business. They had a choice to make at the beginning, whether to lift a glass or not, although they had no choice as to the results after they had drained the contents.

Robert Louis Stevenson, who knew human nature for what it is, as is evidenced in his *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, once said, "All of us shall sooner or later sit down at the banquet of consequences." When a person starts on the alcoholic or narcotics road, it is often too late to do anything about the kind of banquet he receives.

"Play it safe!" I tell my high school students as they pass in front of me year after year. It is good advice for driving a car, and for other actions in life, too.

AN APPROPRIATE HIDEOUT

Omer A. Kearney

At Montgomery, Alabama, revenue agents charged Olyn Thomas with transportation of 300 gallons of whiskey concealed in a truckload of caskets.

This was a logical place to look for such a commodity. With a little imagination, a person might put tags on that load of caskets. One might have been destined for the poor old fellow who had been picked up in the gutter along skid row with a bottle of wine for his last companion. Another might have been used by the sickly thirteen-year-old boy whose father used the family funds to buy whiskey, when the money might have been used for medical care. One might have furnished the resting place for the young wife whose drink-crazed husband shot her.

Two more might have been destined to be used for the two high school boys killed in an auto accident in which high-priced whiskey had an important part. The last one was to be used at the funeral of John Perkins, an alcoholic who had fought a losing battle with liquor, and at last took his own life.

Billy Sunday once was quoted as saying, "Whiskey is all right in its place, but its place is in hell." Perhaps Billy was right, but in the meantime we may well decide that among all those caskets is not too bad as a substitute location.



AWARENESS

Robert B. Fox

Have you ever watched the full moon rise over the crest of the mountain—not just any moon, but a silver moon that appears as a pearl displayed in a velvet sky? Have you wanted to shout and share this experience with someone, but felt you would be laughed at or that no one would quite understand?

Have you ever felt the pangs of real loneliness, the feeling of waiting for someone who never comes? It is not like hunger or thirst, for these can be satisfied.

Yet have you enjoyed your loneliness for the solitude it offered, for the thoughts it gave? In solitude one must live with his thoughts, so make them good thoughts. Your thoughts can fly free and know no bounds, but do not let them be idle dreams. When the opportune moment comes, put them to work, and you will find that even loneliness has its purpose.

Have you searched for four-leaf clovers on the lawn and felt the comfort of the cool grass on your arms? Did you see the fat little potato bug wending its way through its thick forest of green, so unconcerned with the presence of man, a superior being? Did you even consider that perhaps the potato bug has a purpose to its existence, no matter how minute?

Have you lain on an early-morning beach and felt the rays of sunlight strike your cheek? Later, as the day grows warmer, have you splashed in the welcome spray of the surf and run into it headlong and tasted the salt on your lips? At times like these the mechanical and scientific world can seem far away.

Have you slept out at night by a gurgling creek, beneath millions of stars, and listened to the night sounds—a chorus of crickets, the throaty sound of an owl? How soothing these sounds can be, how different from city sounds!

If you have consciously thought upon or experienced any of these things, you have been aware—aware of life itself and its blessings, aware of your purpose and relationship in its total plan. Awareness is the first principle of being alive, and sometimes loneliness can trigger this awareness.

WEEDING

Ruth Hayward



MY FLOWER bed, only about fifteen by thirty feet, periodically becomes the beauty spot in our backyard. But often, I'll have to admit, it is the eyesore of the whole place. It all depends on how often I do the necessary weeding.

In Florida we have a year-round growing season for plants, shrubs, and weeds. A few week's care, and the perennials, bulbs, and low shrubs make a lovely picture. But neglect them, and the weeds—scraggly, thorny, and full of sandburs and thistles—take over. Then no one could ever guess it to be a flower garden.

My eight-year-old daughter Mary likes to help me weed the small patch of land. Together, when we really dig in, we can soon rout the ugliness, filling a wheelbarrow with the prolific weed growth, and smoothing the good black loam. We do not need to plant anything, for it is all there, ready to show forth when the choking undergrowth is gone.

Tugging hard on a ragweed one day, Mary finally yanked it free, and smilingly threw it on a refuse pile, saying, "Wouldn't it be good, mommy, if folks could pull things out of themselves like that?"

"What do you mean, dear?" I asked.

"Oh, you know, things they don't like about themselves. Like me, you

know. I bite my fingernails sometimes, and I really would like to have nice nails like Susan."

She looked down at her black-tipped, chewed-off fingernails ruefully, grinning at me self-consciously.

Wanting to make her feel better, I said, "Well, Mary, maybe Susan has some habit she would like to get rid of, too."

"Oh, I know she wishes she would remember to put away her bike after she's finished riding it. Her daddy's punishing her now by not letting her ride it for a whole week!"

I yanked out some more weeds without speaking for a few minutes. And she worked beside me, busy as a little beaver.

Then she stood up suddenly, exclaiming, "You know what, mother? I guess if people played like bad habits were weeds that had to be pulled out every time they grew, we would all be nicer, wouldn't we?"

She looked at her fingernails again. "Guess I'll pretend that nail-biting is a weed, and I sure don't want it around anymore!"

I think we both worked harder on the garden that evening. Mary seemed to be pulling weeds with a real purpose now, so I played her game, too. Each time I pulled a weed I thought something like this: "I won't let discouragement

in my mind again. Out it goes; and if there's any of the root left, a seed to grow back again and crowd out the good, I'll be on the lookout for that also."

And that clump of sandburs—hard to get out, but so satisfying to fling into the wheelbarrow, and out of my garden. Just so, I determined to rout out my worry over the children. Too often I had let my fretting and scolding about fears for their behavior and safety spoil the beauty of the relationship of life between us.

My impatience with others when they failed me (or so I thought), the way I let mending pile up until it's a real chore, letters go unanswered, visits and telephone calls unmade—these are all weeds in friendship's garden. Out they go, I thought as I pulled green weeds from the dark earth.

One feels close to God and creative nature when working in the ground, even when weeding, though this may seemingly be an uncreative job. Not so, for only if weeds are removed will the flowers grow.

And if, as my daughter suggested, we use this lowly occupation as a life example, and as we weed a real garden, so weed our lives of undesirable habits and traits, the result is the most creative enterprise of all—the making of a better, happier, more useful life.

LAWS AND DRUG ADDICTION

(Continued from page 9)

church and Sunday school regularly. Once taught a class of little kids. My Sunday school teacher and my pastor were both swell guys. I liked and respected them. They often told us kids, in a general way, about 'sin,' 'vice,' and 'wrongdoing,' and—"

"Go ahead. Don't be afraid," the judge admonishes.

"They never once told me," she continues, "that just two puffs on a marijuana cigarette that I took at a high school party might start me off on dope and land me here."

"Continue, Dorothy," the judge urges.

"We had been drinking spiked punch that evening," she explains. "The other kids all drank it and smoked marijuana. I wanted to be like them. After that, I thought it was smart. Just kept on, like some of the others, smoking the weed. Finally wound up on heroin. Was kicked out of school, lost my steady, and—"

The court bailiff gives Dorothy a drink of water; then she continues:

"If I had only known. No one ever told me what I was doing was wrong. Judge, if you will give me a chance, I'll go back to school if they will take me. I'll tell every kid in my class how I've suffered."

The gray-haired judge removes his glasses, wipes his eyes, and murmurs:

"Go back home with your mother, Dorothy. I will continue your case for sixty days. We'll try to help you."

We are soon seated in the front row of another crowded courtroom.

We are just in time to hear the remarks of the judge, who, we later learn, tried the pending criminal case without a jury.

"You, young man, are nineteen and come from a supposedly fine family," the judge slowly summarizes. "Heretofore you have had a most promising future as one of the country's finest trap drummers. Getting into the wrong crowd has wrecked your chance for immediate success. You stand before this court a confirmed dope addict! You are enslaved, owned, and controlled by a deadly drug—heroin, a virulent, consuming poison. You are charged with grand theft, a felony, stealing money from your employer with which to buy more of a drug that is slowly killing you."

"Yes, sir," the tall, dark-complexioned, thin, fine-featured young man meekly admits.

"Your only defense," the judge

points out, "is 'ignorance.' That's no defense. You have been trying to justify your conduct by saying, truthfully I assume, that in none of your school courses, or on TV or radio, or otherwise, was it ever pointed out or explained to you anything about the evils, the effects, or the unspeakable miseries of drug addiction.

"My question to your parents about their failure to warn you about the stranglehold that dope has on its helpless victims, elicited lame answers," the irate judge roars.

"Your father's classic excuse that he had no time to pal around with you, or talk to you, his only child, falls flat. His specious plea that all his spare time, aside from that spent at his office, was used by him at night clubs to entertain is nonsense.

"Your mother tries to excuse her neglect of you by claiming that all her free time was given over to club work and cocktail parties that were designed to enhance your family's social prestige. Bah!" he snarls. "Guilty, as charged!"

"But not wholly your fault, son," the judge sympathizes, as he turns to the defendant's lawyer and orders:

"File an application for probation. It appears that a disinterested public

expects, usually when it's too late, that the courts and other governmental agencies can, and will, rehabilitate, unblemished, the sick, emaciated human skeletons that are caused by society's crass indifference. Each of these unfortunates is a human being with a life to save. That life, oftentimes shockingly dulled, is still existent and important," he comments, as he addresses the defendant:

"Cooperate, young man. We will try to help you. It may be too late. I hope not!"

Legal correctives—proper, vigorous laws, fines, jail terms, and long prison terms for law violators, along with medical care for the helpless victims—are good. Such aids, crutches at best, may alleviate, but will not cure or completely solve our growing narcotics problem.

Until more efficacious methods of fighting the illicit drug traffic are utilized, it is to be hoped that the legislative bodies of our states and nation, in their zeal to stamp out a nefarious evil, will not go to extremes. Such drastic action might result in freeing many guilty dope venders.

An alert, vigilant, determined public, fully aware of the terrific cost to our country and the irreparable damage

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR TEEN-AGERS

1. Stop and think before you drink.
2. Don't let your parents down. They brought you up.
3. Be humble enough to obey; you will be giving orders yourself one day.
4. Turn away from unclean thinking at the first moment.
5. Don't show off when you're driving. If you want to race, go to the Indianapolis Speedway.
6. Choose a date who would make a good mate.
7. Go to church faithfully. The Creator gives us a week. Give Him back an hour.
8. Choose your companions carefully. You become what they are.
9. Avoid following the crowd. Be an engine, not a caboose.
10. Or better still, keep the Ten Commandments.

—Used by Abigail Van Buren, human relations columnist.

that this evil traffic is inflicting upon our society, and willing to use its every influence to warn the coming generation away from the pitfalls of living death, will go a long way toward solving one of our most serious and vexing problems.

Merely speculating about it will not get us anywhere. We must wake up and do something about it!

I WATCHED HER FATHER DIE

(Continued from page 23)

the mower start forward. He grabbed the handle, and down he went like a grass catcher on backward. The mower went round and round crazily, dragging him behind. Then it swerved into the house and stopped.

Millie's father lay flat on his stomach. I thought at first he was hurt, but when he got up and staggered around, I knew he was drunk again.

From that day on I watched Millie's father die, but I didn't realize the end would be so soon. Millie and I were graduating in June from high school. She didn't say much anymore, and she seldom laughed. Two weeks before commencement, her father started on his final binge. After Mrs. Thorsen went to work in the morning, he would come out in the front yard dressed in his bathrobe. Often he would shake his fist at some imaginary object in the sky.

One day during the week before graduation I looked out the window and saw him trying to load a big cardboard box into a wheelbarrow.

It was pitiful to see him weaving back and forth as he tried to lift that box. Then, without warning, the box tipped over and Mr. Thorsen fell across the wheelbarrow like a rag doll.

After wiggling and squirming to get out of his trap, he finally succeeded in overturning the wheelbarrow and dumping himself out head first.

Both slippers came off and it took him half an hour to put them on. The sun was blazing hot by this time, but he didn't seem to mind. He crawled on all fours to the front yard and, looking up into the sky, shook his fist so violently that he fell over again.

I was about to call the police for help when Mr. Thorsen rolled over, dragged himself to his knees and on to the side door, where he fell up the steps and into the house. That was the last I saw him until Millie called me to help her.

Tomorrow is graduation at high school, but Millie won't be there. Millie will be at her father's funeral.



YOUTH ASKS.. THE DOCTOR ANSWERS

R. W. SPALDING, M.D.

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

Why is it dangerous to take alcohol before you drive?

Alcohol is a slow-acting anesthetic:

1. It puts to sleep the judgment—the ability to choose the best course of action.

2. It puts to sleep the reflexes so that they respond more slowly.

3. It puts to sleep the vision, making it less distinct and narrowing the side vision.

These are only three reasons. Many more could be added. Any one of these is adequate for taking the drinking driver off the road as a potentially dangerous driver.

But what makes him the most dangerous is the fact that he is sure that "one drink for the road" makes a better driver of him.

A young man of fifty-eight years sends in the following question:

I have worked in a barbershop for forty years, where people smoke almost continuously. I am a non-smoker. How much less chance do I have for contracting cancer of the lung than do people who actually smoke, themselves?

The Royal College of Physicians of London reports that one in twenty-three heavy cigarette smokers who are thirty-five years of age can expect to die in the next ten years, while only one in ninety of the nonsmokers will die in the same period of time.

Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, director of statistical research of the American Cancer Society, has reported that his study shows that of the men thirty-five years of age, 41 percent of heavy smokers can expect to die before they reach the age of sixty-five, while only 23 percent of nonsmokers and 25 percent of

cigar and pipe smokers will die before they reach that age.

Thus we would conclude that your chance of death before you reach the age of sixty-five years was increased perhaps by 1 percent above what it would have been when you were thirty-five years old because you have worked in smoke-laden atmosphere.

In short, these studies—and many others—lead us to conclude that you will probably live almost as long as you would have had you worked in an atmosphere more conducive to health. You got very few of the cancer-producing products of the burning cigarette, because these were filtered out by somebody else's lungs!

And count the dollars and cents you have had, to spend or save instead of burning up. You will probably live to enjoy your savings, which your smoking friends sent up in smoke. Young people would be wiser to smoke their dollar bills than to smoke the cigarettes their dollars will buy!

Does the use of alcohol weaken muscles?

I dare you to ask this question of your school athletic director and propose the following experiment to him:

Take ten men all forty years of age and put them through a battery of strength tests and record the results. Then hand them each a questionnaire with the following questions.

1. When did you first drink an alcoholic beverage?

2. How much and how often and what beverage do you drink?

3. What is your daily occupation?

4. How much exercise do you average every day?

You may then have a firsthand answer.



Harvey Nash, Ph.D., **ALCOHOL AND CAFFEINE**, Springfield, Illinois: Charles C. Thomas, publisher, 1962, 170 pages. \$7.25.

This book is a technical report of a series of experimental studies on the specific effects of alcohol and caffeine on certain skills and abilities. In general, the author says he found that caffeine "mobilized" the intellectual resources of the organism—he says nothing about the habit-forming potential of the drug caffeine—and that these resources were "immobilized" by the larger alcohol dose. These findings are quite repetitious of many other similar studies, but reemphasize that alcohol contributes nothing significant to the ability or well-being of the user and that caffeine does not act in antagonism to alcohol.

Edward J. Allen, **MERCHANTS OF MENACE—THE MAFIA**, Springfield, Illinois: Charles C. Thomas, publisher, 1962, 326 pages. \$11.50.

Crime and violence these days have, to an amazing extent, well-oiled organizations behind them which operate underground and control influences that at times bid fair, in the words of United States Senator John L. McClellan, chairman of the Senatorial Rackets Committee, to "threaten the very supremacy of our Government." These vicious crime syndicates operate not only nationally but internationally.

The very word "Mafia" through the years has become symbolic of any cartel designed to infiltrate and control, pushing its tentacles even into legitimate business, but lurking behind the scenes back of organized criminal activity, engaging in every type of violence including murder, gambling, white slavery, and traffic in narcotics.

The author of this engrossing volume, who is police chief in Santa Ana,

California, and formerly in Youngstown, Ohio, traces step by step many of the Mafia crimes of recent years, some of them committed in his old area of jurisdiction. In doing so, he

has given a major service to help enlighten public opinion as to the deadly forces which threaten to sap the economic and moral strength of our nation.

Even more significant than this recital of crimes is the most excellent approach he outlines as to "What Can Be Done?" Better law enforcement, more enlightened education, improved courts—all these are needed, he says, but underlying the entire picture is the crying need for high ideals of moral and spiritual life to replace the laxness which allows such a godless monster to rise, develop, and flourish.

Arthur H. Cain, Ph.D., **YOUNG PEOPLE AND DRINKING**, New York: The John Day Company, 1963, 96 pages. \$3.25.

This author devotes a major portion of his book in telling the history and describing the so-called romance of alcoholic beverages. Drinks used in our country today, as well as those of ancient times, are fully explained. Also, the serving of alcoholic beverages and the various mixes, including their names, from the types of wines served to the dry martinis, are considered at tiresome length. The book claims that it is urgent for each young person to learn about alcohol and its physiological effects, and how he reacts to it, through personal drinking experiments. In other words, the author as much as says that a person has to eat a rotten apple to tell whether it is rotten.

There is double talk and scientific misstatement injected through the entire book. For example, science admits quite frankly that alcohol has little if any food value. The book teaches it is a food.

The seven reasons given in favor of drinking are as unscientific as one can get. They are based merely on tradition and the modern excuses which some people use for drinking.

This book arrogantly boasts that anyone who takes a different view from that of the writer is sermonizing, or is a member of an out-of-date temperance society. It ends up by inferring that the question isn't "to drink or not to drink," but *when* to drink moderately. In this connection it is significant that both the Licensed Beverage Industries and the United States Brewers Association, Inc., have given their blessing to the book.

In short, this book seems to encourage exactly what the title implies. After reading it, young people probably will have little or no compunctions against drinking.

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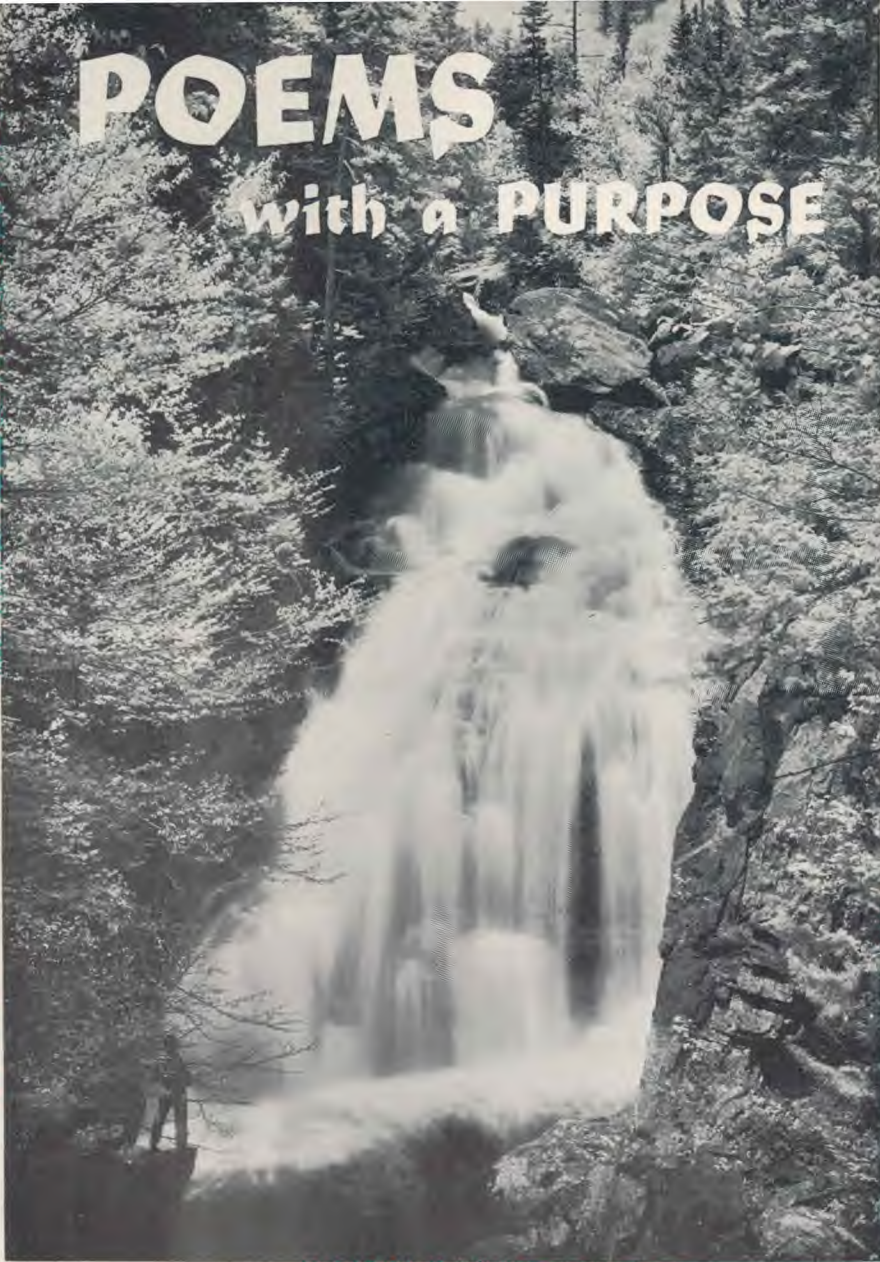
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POEMS

With a PURPOSE



THE BRAVEST MAN

Clarence Edwin Flynn

The bravest man is not the one who goes
Into the face of strong and cruel foes,
Defies the flood, or dares the raging flame,
Or fights to shield the honor of his name.

The bravest man is he who does not fear
The crowd's rebuff, the evildoer's sneer,
Who sees in dreams his country cleansed and new,
And dares to try to make his dreams come true.

The bravest man is he who takes his stand
For truth and right, who pledges heart and hand
To them, though he may live and die unknown;
Who keeps the faith, although he stand alone.

Listen, May-June, 1963

IT'S UP TO YOU

E. J. Ritter

When opportunity does knock,
Although it's once, or even more,
Remember this, remember well,
You have to open up the door.

CHALLENGE

Thelma Ireland

The craggy, far-off mountains,
Tall, slender, and proud,
Point long, purple fingers
At us who are small.
They rebuke our size;
They laugh at our weakness,
Making us accept their challenge
With humility.

VISITOR

June Lee

Spring knocked softly
Yesterday,
Without waiting
Went away.
Perhaps tomorrow
I may learn
She was impetuous
To return.

MY GARDEN

Bessie Gladding

I've pulled all the weeds; I've hoed and raked;
My garden is smooth and clean;
I'm tired and hot, yet I pause in thanks,
For I'd not known that a garden could mean
So much in cleansing of body and mind,
Such a great natural release
Of powers which have grown as my garden has
grown,
Such happiness and peace.

DREAMS THAT MURDER

(Continued from page 7)

on their way to destruction and death," warns Cole. "So you could call marijuana a springboard to that death, because it so often acts as a steppingstone to dope."

The weed that makes men think they are kings, or leaves them insensible to pain, in Asiatic countries is called hashish, ganja, bhang, majoon, and cannabis. It is used to make rope in India. The use of the flower of the hemp as a drug became widespread and in comparatively recent years spread to Europe and America.

"Today marijuana is widely distributed throughout Europe and America in the form of cigarettes," says one authority. "The almost countless number of crimes in one form or another that can be attributed to this robber of reason bear witness to its devastating effect upon morals and mental balance."

Not only in Mexico but in Morocco, Algeria, West Africa, Libya, and other areas, lawless elements raise "grass" for illegal export, often in mountainous and inaccessible regions where patrols find investigation difficult and dangerous. Some makes its way to purveyors who sell it to American troops at West German NATO bases.

Smuggling fleets that include yachts as well as freighters transport the drug from such ports as Tangier to any spot that offers a ready market, with cover-up freight ranging from Swiss cameras to American cigarettes. Sometimes the stuff is even mixed with the contents of standard brands of cigarettes for easier passing of customs.

Reefers (marijuana cigarettes) affect the nervous system, first as a stimulant, then as a depressant, usually combining excitement with depression in varying degrees with each individual.

A reefer smoker may lift his feet high, feeling he is walking on a soft bed of clouds, or above the sidewalk.

Distances recede or come close—he can't judge them. He may not feel it if he is touched or even struck, or hear if he is spoken to. He is in a weird world and his brain is afloat in smoke.

He may drop off to sleep, happy as a baby. He may go into wild storms of weeping; he may run a car off a cliff or pull a knife on his own mother. He is at the mercy of the marijuana that controls him, that is a relentless master, and dangerous as a coiled rattlesnake!

LEADERSHIP—AEROSPACE AGE

(Continued from page 19)

The nation's existence may be at stake, and there should be no hesitation or doubt of honesty."

With tomorrow's spacemen following the strict military discipline, honor code, and strenuous physical training to prepare them for their vital positions, it would seem that alcoholic binges are taboo to this select group. In fact, cadets are not allowed to drink alcoholic beverages at all on the Academy grounds. Instead, these young men consume

2,100 half gallons of milk a day. With their physical and mental activities at peak performance, their calorie intake is well over 5,000 per day, with the training table for athletes at least 6,500.

Says Cadet Ritchie, "I stay away from alcohol and tobacco completely. I feel that anyone, particularly if he is interested in athletics, is far better off without them." The five-foot-ten-inch Carolinian goes on to explain that the rules and personal habits he formed in high school have been a big help to him at the Academy. Today, as a cadet technical sergeant, he holds the position of assistant element leader in the Ninth Cadet Squadron. Twenty-four squadrons comprise a cadet wing.

Do these beliefs affect his popularity with the other cadets? On the contrary, he is admired and looked up to as a man who can be trusted with responsibility. When he plays halfback with the Falcons, his teammates know they have a good man carrying the ball, and in his strenuous training for vital leadership in the aerospace age he is preparing the better for service to his nation and the society in which he lives.

YOUTH

Jimmy Scales

Youth is not entirely a time of life; it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips, or supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotion, a freshness of the deep springs of life. It means a predominance of courage over timidity, of appetite for adventure over love of ease.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old by deserting the ideals of youth. Years will wrinkle the skin, but to give up interest wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear, and despair—these are the things that bow the head and

turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whatever your years, there is in everyone's heart the love of wonder, the unending childlike appetite for what happens next, and the joy of the game of life. You are as young as your hopes, as old as your despair. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubts. In the central part of your heart is a record chamber. As long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, and courage, you remain young. When the wires are all down and your heart is covered with the ideas of cynicism and the snows of pessimism, then and there you have begun to grow old.

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views

❖ **THE "PROBLEM TRAIL."** "Teen-age drinking is on the increase. A study at the Massachusetts General Hospital alcohol clinic indicates that many teens are getting into trouble with liquor at age fifteen or sixteen, some as early as twelve.

"A member of Alcoholics Anonymous quoted recently, said: 'If you talk to any fifteen A.A. members chosen at random, ten will tell you they had a serious drinking problem before they were twenty.'

"What makes so many boys and girls demand Scotch with their soda so soon?

"Experts point out that ours is a drinking society, with 80,000,000 adults now imbibing. Young people, from the time they can read, are exposed on every side to the blandishments of liquor, beer, and wine.

"Teen-agers themselves report that they begin to drink to 'be part of the crowd,' 'show off,' 'prove we're adults,' 'cover up shyness and other inhibitions.' Some continue because they like it. Others, disappointed with the taste, keep it up so they'll always 'belong' or because 'it gives you an excuse to do anything you want.'

"The sad part for me is this: Most of these boys and girls don't realize that liquor neither makes you more attractive nor enhances your reputation. The true facts are that it loosens tongues, blurs vision, disturbs overall coordination, and, when mixed with driving, can take your life.

"By staying aloof from alcohol, you'll be more socially acceptable than if you are dependent on it. Why take the problem trail when there's a 'dry route' to reach your goal easily?"—Enid A. Haupt, editor, "Seventeen" magazine.

❖ **HE SHOULD KNOW.** "If you're an average American over twenty-one years old you drink three gallons of liquor a year. Of course, there are those who drink less—and those who drink more. But three gallons is average."—Jack Musick, president, Hiram Walker, Inc.

❖ **PERVERSE SYMBOL.** Today drinking has attained status and become a sort of perverse symbol in our society. "Having a drink no longer seems to suffice. There must be a succession of drinks before present social standards are met. Today, if a person can make his way to a table unassisted, there is feeling that the host has been niggardly with his cocktails."—Dr. Marvin A. Block, chairman, American Medical Association committee on alcoholism.

❖ **GARY CROSBY QUILTS.** "I have faced the fact that I can't drink. All Irishmen will tell you they can handle the stuff. I was finally convinced that I couldn't. The tough part was admitting that liquor was not for me, that I'd better stop toasting a friend or two all the time. I'd always been too heavy for my height. . . . When I stopped drinking I lost thirty-one pounds, from 210 to 179."—Gary Crosby, singer-actor son of Bing Crosby.



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER DIDN'T LIKE COCKTAIL PARTIES

In his book *Cross Fire*, Ezra Taft Benson tells of his eight years as Eisenhower's Secretary of Agriculture, and describes the President's attitude toward cocktail parties as follows:

"The President is an outgoing man but he didn't like all the Washington social life.

He tried to hold his participation to a minimum. In one of the early Cabinet meetings, I recall his saying, 'The average Washington cocktail party is a tool of the devil.' He said that during the war his job and the job of the American fighting man had been complicated by the vast amount of military information divulged at parties. Both in war and in peace, he said, the cocktail party was used by our enemies to elicit information from indiscreet loudmouths, information they couldn't obtain in any other way.

JERRY KINDALL

Star Second Baseman



Any baseball team facing the Cleveland Indians last summer knew they had an "extra something" to encounter in Jerry Kindall, the Tribe's versatile second baseman.

The twenty-seven-year-old second sacker, whose fielding was a certain deathtrap to any batter who hit anywhere near his area and beyond, neither drinks nor smokes.

"I feel my body and my mind are given to me as a trust from God, and I want to do all I can to keep them a worthy trust," he states. "I don't smoke or drink, just because I don't care to," he says, "but my prime reason is a moral one: These have no place in my life as a Christian."

Jerry's fielding ability has ranked him, by many experts, among the best second basemen in baseball.

Jerry frequently speaks to youth groups about his convictions. "This is an avenue of service God expects me to use," he comments. It is unfortunate, he remarks, that many persons will not listen to a minister, but they often will listen to an athlete.

The day after the 1962 baseball season ended, Jerry was back in classes at the University of Minnesota Graduate School, earning further credits toward a master's degree in English. When his baseball playing days are over, he wants to teach.

Jerry spends considerable time as a volunteer worker with the Young Life Campaign, a Christian club movement in Minneapolis. The unbounded benefits of Christianity,

"like having a million dollars, or being a .300 hitter—make you want to tell people about it,"

he says. That desire to tell others motivates Jerry's service.

Interview by
RICHARD WAGER