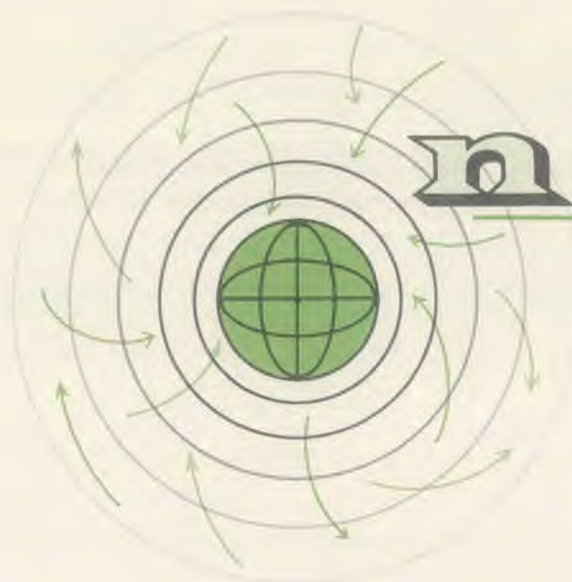


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Teens of the Southwest



news

◆ **CIGARETTE BAN.** Sale of cigarettes on all state-operated college and university campuses in Kansas was banned April 15. The state's board of regents acted on the recommendation of W. Clarke Wescoe, M.D., chancellor of the University of Kansas, and C. Arden Miller, M.D., dean and director of the KU Medical Center.

◆ **MORPHINE REPLACEMENT?** Pentazocine, a new drug believed to be nonaddicting and which approaches the pain-relieving ability of morphine, has been developed, according to Harvard University researchers. Tested in a double-blind study among sixteen patients, fifteen men and one woman, aged forty-one to seventy-two, with chronic moderate to severe pain, pentazocine was found to produce more severe and more frequent drowsiness than morphine.

◆ **CIRRHOSIS DEATHS UP.** The Public Health Service has uncovered a surprise increase, nearly a doubling, of deaths from cirrhosis of the liver among American men and women aged thirty-five to fifty-four, over a thirty-year period. This disease has become one of the five principal causes of death in men and women in this age group, Public Health Service experts report.

Cirrhosis of the liver is caused primarily by alcohol consumption. The P.H.S. also notes that the trends are sharply upward for such lung diseases as cancer of the lung, emphysema, and chronic bronchitis—all linked to smoking by medical science.

◆ **DEADLY DRIVING.** Over half of the 943 persons who died in traffic accidents in an eight-county area in California during 1962 had been drinking, according to the National Safety Council. The Council said that 54 percent had consumed alcohol just prior to their accidents.

Other statistics recently released on California traffic conditions prove that drinking driving is deadly. During 1963, for instance, it is a fact that

of the 4,304 persons killed in road traffic, at least 30 percent had been drinking.

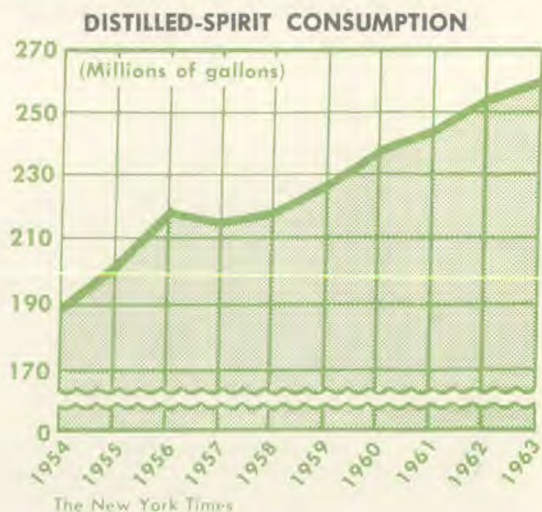
In 1962, the California Highway Patrol arrested 12,502 drivers who were under the influence of alcohol. This is an average of 1,042 a month, or thirty-five a day. The 1962 drinking-driving arrests exceeded those of 1961 by nearly 2 percent.

◆ **NON VINO.** Recently it has been estimated that one third of Italy's wines come not from grapes, but from dates, figs, dried apples, synthetic alcohol, and beans used for feeding horses. The Italian Ministry of Agriculture has proposed the first nationwide census of winegrowers and the types of wine they produce.

◆ **NARCOTICS STILL A PROBLEM.** There are still some 40,000 to 60,000 narcotics addicts in the nation, most of whom were hooked in their teens because of curiosity. Figures from the Federal Bureau of Narcotics show that addiction is present to some extent in every state in the nation. Sadly, the national rehabilitation rate is less than 5 percent.

◆ **"ALCONSUMPTION" UP.** Americans consumed more liquor in 1963 than the year before, the sixth year in succession for such an increase. This was true on both gallonage and per capita bases.

Americans drank 258,979,291 gallons, or 1.39 gallons per person, in 1963. In 1962 they consumed



253,700,065 gallons, or 1.37 per capita. State drinking leader, for the first time, was California (32,509,104 gallons) with New York (32,002,303 gallons) a close runner-up.

The lowest per capita figures were for Arkansas (0.68 gallons) and Alabama (0.70 gallons).

OUR COVER

Five "average" teen-agers typify the "take-over" generation who soon will be the builders of our homes, the leaders of our land.

The horse on our cover is Colonel Donn A. McKay, blue-ribbon winner in halter class, owned by Charles M. Underhill of Keene, Texas.

Listen's cover is by James Cathey, of Fort Worth, nationally known photographer of horses. Ladies' Western wear is from Leddy's of Grand Prairie, Texas, owned and operated by Mr. Rhea Pirtle.



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TEEN- AGERS' SHOULD REVOLT!



A WISE philosopher once observed that youth seem to come with a built-in sense of rebellion.

When young people, about midway in their teens, become old enough to begin to take an independent and critical look at the world about them, they often display a tendency to rebel against what they see. In any authoritarian society this can be ruthlessly curbed and suppressed, often by drastic measures, but a society that believes in freedom is willing to tolerate a certain independence of mind among younger people.

However, this spirit of revolt among young people need not be bad. They can revolt against the evil that they see about them in society with even more zeal than they sometimes show in revolting against the restraints designed to protect morality and decency. This inborn nature of young people to revolt is a powerful drive that can be fanned into a flame and guided into an effective force for good.

My own teen-age son went with me once into a gambling palace filled with slot machines that several misguided counties in southern Maryland have legalized, and when he saw all those people feeding nickels and dimes into those machines, he just couldn't get over it. "But dad, those crazy people, throwing money away on machines that they know are rigged against them! How stupid and gullible can people be?" Right then he began a single-man revolt. I doubt very much that a nickel of his will ever go into any slot machine.

Furthermore, he is indignant at the lax and corrupt authorities of the state. He thinks the slot-machine owners are stealing from simpleminded people, and asks, Why shouldn't they be outlawed?

For that matter, the cigarette industry, like the slot-machine barons, seems to have no higher goal in life than to make money. The average smoker is estimated to spend at least \$120 a year on the habit. Get a young person hooked and he represents \$10 or more worth of business for the tobacco industry every month for the rest of his life. Young people should revolt against this type of exploitation. They have every right to harbor a genuine sense of personal resentment at the misleading advertising which seeks to sell a product that will damage health. And that goes for the brewing industry and the distillers as well.

Do these industries care about the wreckage their products cause in the lives of young people? Just ask them—if they dare to answer. What better target for the genuine fired-up rebellion than the cynical bosses of the alcoholic-beverage industry?

And I actually heard two teen-age boys the other day griping about the "utterly stupid, disgusting, obscene" junk dished up to them in most of the movies. Can one imagine a revolt of youth with which he could more heartily agree than a revolt against the trashy movies emanating from Hollywood? I wish more of our kids would get into the mess and kick both ways. Let them bring on a revolt for real decency, a revolt to restore the kind of love scenes on the screen that would be more typical of the way dad and mom met. Let's revolt for real love, that kind that will last a lifetime, that kind that will lead the hero and heroine to live happily ever after.

With so many things genuinely wrong with society today, and with so many good targets against which they could build up a real feeling of anger and resentment, it is a great pity that any of our young people should go off revolting in the wrong direction.

Perhaps one answer is that our churches have been too complacent. They feel too settled down and middle class to harbor any sympathy for a revolt, even against the things in their surrounding society so specifically condemned by the teachings of Jesus Christ. They probably are afraid of the consequences if young people should set off a revolt—there is no telling where it might take some comfortable, easygoing people of our day. I suspect that we as adults need to show more spirit about our faith if we want our youth to respect us.

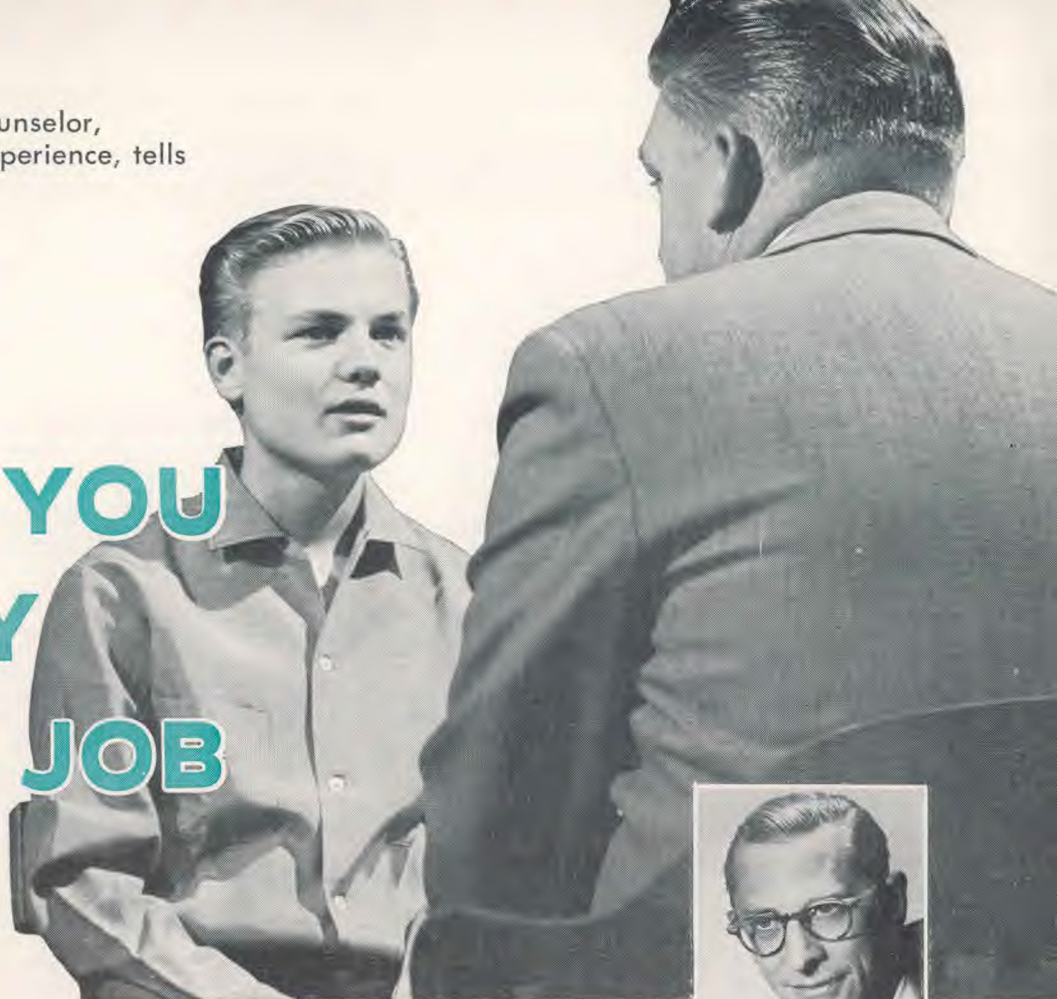
So let's do some thinking for a change. And then let's give some guidance. If we can get these youth of ours to revolt for the right reasons, and guide them a little in heading their revolts in the right direction, there is no telling what a force for good our youth can become to society today.

Glenn D. Everett
Washington Newspaper Correspondent

This professional vocational counselor, out of his years of practical experience, tells what to watch out for—

WHEN YOU APPLY FOR A JOB

Russell J. Fornwalt



THE AUTHOR

"I JUST wanted to bolster my courage a little," Frank finally admitted. "That's why I stopped at the bar and had a drink before I applied for the job."

Needless to say, Frank did not get the job. A few hours after the interview, the prospective employer phoned me to say the young man was not their type.

After the fiasco I had a long talk with Frank. He had fine qualities, but he was bottling them up in more ways than one. Among other things, he was a high school graduate, a good typist and office-machines operator, and quite personable. Yet he was fearful about the job interview, and he thought "a good stiff one" before meeting the employer would help.

It took a little time, but I finally convinced Frank that he had enough on the ball without having to forge a false facade of self-confidence with alcohol.

Frank is only one of many young men I've known whose drinking or drug use came between them and success in either getting or holding a job, or winning a promotion. It is true, of course, that some users of alcohol or narcotics seem to get by on their jobs. They even advance to positions of higher responsibility and pay. Obviously, however, they do not perform what they are capable of doing in their business or profession. It is a case of "in spite of" rather than "because of."

Clarence works as a machine operator in a large plastics factory. His base pay is \$60 a week, and with overtime work he could easily double that amount. But his company no longer gives Clarence overtime. He forfeited that privilege when he developed the habit of pa-

Guiding youth today to the best and most productive use of their energies and talents is indeed a responsible profession.

Russell J. Fornwalt of New York is well qualified in this profession, having specialized in psychology and education at Lafayette College, Pennsylvania State College, and Lehigh University.

His twenty years in counseling has included work with young people in high schools, churches, youth camps, and community centers. His articles on vocational guidance, occupational adjustment, and personality development have appeared in numerous professional and popular journals.

tronizing a local bar during his break between straight time and overtime. In addition, he was passed by when the job of assistant foreman was open.

How much does a drink cost? fifty cents? sixty? seventy-five? a dollar? It all depends, of course, on what you buy and where you buy it, but the price of a single drink can cost a thousand times, even ten thousand times, what you pay the bartender or waiter. Vocationally speaking, the cost can be your career.

Until recently, Joseph was employed as a proof-press operator in a busy printing plant. He started as a messenger. When he was not out on deliveries, Joe watched the typesetters and pressmen at work, picking up tricks of the printing trade here and there.

One day the regular operator was ill. An important job had to be done, but fast, and Joe came to the rescue. He volunteered to run off the proofs, and in color, no

WHEN YOU APPLY FOR A JOB—

- Generate genuine enthusiasm for the job for which you apply.
- Become excited about the most important job in the world—the job you wish eventually to obtain.
- Be happy to be part of the firm that makes the best mousetraps, or mosquito netting, in the world.
- Think of yourself as a salesman, for that is exactly what you are.
- You are your own product; realize in your mind that some employer needs you.
- Never resort to artificial means to put on a false facade for a job interview.
- Always be neat, straightforward, honest, and natural. Be yourself.

less, which is no mean feat for a novice. Much impressed with Joe's work and attitude, the owner made him a full-time operator at the earliest opportunity.

With plenty of overtime, Joe was really packing it in, but, unfortunately, he was also packing something else in. Somewhere along the line Joe got mixed up with users of narcotics, and he chose to become one of them. I say "chose," because no one twisted his arm or held a gun at his head. He readily admits that he voluntarily tried the stuff, liked it, and became what is known in drug-using circles as a "mainliner."

In any event, Joe got the habit—but good. After a while he started taking half days off. At first, unsuspecting fellow workers covered for him, but his record of absenteeism became worse and worse.

The nature of Joe's discharge from the printing firm was such that he was able to qualify for twenty-six weeks of unemployment insurance. This amounted to about \$38 a week. For a while it was enough money to keep Joe "high" most of the time, but when it was no longer sufficient, Joe resorted to other means to get cash, including pawning everything of value he owned, pilfering, and petty larceny.

Fortunately, the law caught up with Joe, and the court committed him to a hospital for treatment; but after his release he went right back on the stuff again. To complicate matters even more, he became a "pusher."

In the course of my twenty-year career as a vocational counselor, I have never come across anyone who completely kicked or licked the narcotics habit. Of course I have encountered young men and women with the greatest of intentions, but intentions of themselves are not enough.

Some drug addicts can stop for four weeks, four months, or even four years; but we know and they well know that the slightest depression, defeat, or disaster can spark the whole specter again.

The chronic drinker also closes the doors to the fulfillment of his life's destiny, desire, and dream. By his dependency on Manhattans and martinis he keeps himself from becoming all he is capable of becoming.

Vocationally speaking, you can do much to develop a psychological climate in which neither the drink nor the drug habit can take root. Make every effort to find that career to which you can give the most. Choose the occupation which can best utilize your aptitudes and attitudes, your ideas and ideals, your interests and intelligence, your talents and temperament, and your personality and potential.

Orient yourself to the philosophy of giving, as early in life as possible. You will find that when your highest motivation is giving, you will not face the many frustrations that people invariably encounter in the rat race of getting. It is those frustrations that drive many men and women to artificial habits such as drinking or drugs.

Once you are in the career to which you can give yourself—mentally, emotionally, and in terms of your skills—it will reward you with a maximum of personal satisfaction. Your job well done will be its own reward.

It is my observation that the vocationally maladjusted are more prone to take to dangerous and damaging habits than are those

(Turn to page 26)

Lifting Our Thoughts

MANY YEARS ago someone wrote, "A man can rise, conquer, and achieve only by lifting his thoughts. By refusing to, he must remain weak, abject, and miserable."

Too many times our thoughts are buried in the muck and quicksand of the age in which we live. They need to be lifted!

James Allen, an Englishman, once wrote a little book on this theme, taken from the Bible, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." In one chapter he proved that man is master of his thoughts, molder of his character, and maker and shaper of his condition, environment, and destiny. Mr. Allen devoted nearly one third of his book to explaining that, while a man cannot directly choose his circumstances, he can choose his thoughts and so indirectly shape his circumstances. In other words, he established that a particular train of thought persisted in, be it either good or bad, cannot fail to produce its results on the individual's character and circumstances. He devoted another substantial portion of the book to showing that the thought factor determines one's purpose and governs the nature and extent of one's achievement.

Mental impurities need to be cleaned up. We are careful to bathe our bodies, to brush our teeth, to keep our scalp and hair

Katherine Bevis

clean, but how often are we careless about the cleansing of our mind. Corroded mental powers destroy spiritual foundations.

We must cultivate a deep and sincere desire to keep our minds clean. The story is told of a group of businessmen, some of whom were church members, who had just finished a dinner in a private dining room of a large hotel in a big city. As soon as the last dish had been removed, an executive of one of the large department stores leaned forward and said, "Have you heard the story of the Scotchman—?" and proceeded to tell an off-color story that evoked laughter from all present, except one. Then a doctor told another, eagerly followed by a lawyer.

Finally the president of the largest corporation in that state stood to his feet. "May I be excused?" he asked in a soft tone.

"Why?" said the lawyer who had just finished the off-color story. "I surely didn't think you were a prude."

"I don't think I am, either," said the corporation president firmly, "but I do try to be logical. As an engineer, I've learned that a machine works better when it is clean, and the mind is the most delicate and most valuable machine I know. I have enough trouble trying to keep my thoughts clean without deliberately filling my mind with dirt."

ELAINE CANNON-- An Old-Fashioned Leader in a Modern Young World

Interview by Reed Blake



In her "Seminar for Sallys," vibrant Elaine Cannon shows teen girls sensible and practical ideas for grooming and poise. "Our concern is with the total image," she says.

Her youth seminars touch all phases of teen life—fashion, dating, fun suggestions, eating, and right habits.

TO BE a welcome guest, goes an old political adage, one must tell the people what they want to hear, and tell it to them often. But Elaine Cannon, fast becoming America's top youth writer and lecturer, neither believes it nor practices it; and her stock, as a politician might say, is climbing by the year.

Standing foursquare on a single standard of morality, of no liquor or tobacco, of no early dating, of moderation in dress—in short, some of the things today's youth might prefer to ignore—Elaine Cannon's popularity is today somewhat of a phenomenon.

From the platform of youth conferences, on the stages of high school auditoriums, as the hostess on teenage seminars, she tells her listeners it isn't good enough just to be good, one must be good for something. Later she may scold them that their timing is off, that they go through the motions of love when they should be learning about friendship, that they affect the look of "big ladies" when that "special freshness of youth is upon them," that they marry when they are supposed to be having fun.

Despite the glamorous appeals of the tobacco and liquor industries and the presentations of motion pictures and television, alcohol and tobacco have no place in one's life, she maintains. "Know for yourself how you want to act," she writes. "Know for yourself and answer for yourself. And don't listen to the foolish suggestion that

'everyone is doing it.' The fact is that *not* everyone is doing it. No one with good sense is."

The author of two books, *Corner on Youth* and *The Era of Youth* (with Marion D. Hanks), she has been awarded the National Pen Women's Writers for Youth award, a diamond pin by her church for service to youth, and a like citation from *Seventeen* Magazine.

Why she is taken to the heart of those with whom she works is best seen in a recent trip to Nova Scotia. When alighting from a plane, she slipped on a patch of ice and fell headlong to the concrete, resulting in concussion and a broken neck. Yet with a the-show-must-go-on attitude ("There were 300 teens at the high school who had sold apples and washed cars to get to Halifax, and I wasn't going to disappoint them"), she went on to make three appearances.

First, without the benefit of a few minutes at her hotel, since the injury had delayed her until air time, she went directly to the television station for a scheduled appearance, then on to the high school for the youth conference, and finally concluded her visit by giving, by special invitation, the spiritual keynote address in a Sunday service the following morning.

Then she sought medical aid and wore a neck cast for six weeks.

The injury did not detract from her presentation or her acceptance. The television (Turn to page 26)

TEEN TALK TEEN

Are High Standards Out of Date?

What do teens today think of ideals and habits which will bring about a better world? To find teen thinking on these questions, "Listen" sent out only some who have won national awards and honors, but who are not widely known, but who constitute the backbone of our country. So, in these two series of interviews—one in the glare of the spotlight, the other around a crowded little table in a corner eatery such as a diner—we find expression of youthful thought, conviction, and hope.

THE SCENE: Miss Teenage America Pageant, Dallas, Texas

SOMEWHERE, at the end of a rainbow, a crown—and fifty lovely girls, ages thirteen to seventeen, hopefully waiting. But busy! Rehearsing, auditioning, visiting Six Flags Restaurant, facing flashbulbs, interviews, banquets, comparing grooming tips.

One does get the idea, walking the halls with these girls, eating with them, chatting with them, watching them perform, that America has far underestimated her greatest potential—the teen-ager.

If we would quit staring at the beatnik, and really look, we would become aware that America has a strength and a promise that we may have ignored.

It is time, perhaps, for America to remember these who have already caught life in their hands and hold it successfully.

And so, what do these super teen-agers think? Do they feel that a dream or a vision is too idealistic?

Here are their convictions, these award winners, these top echelon of today's youth:



Voted Miss Personality by the teen-age contestants at the pageant, folk-song singer Candace Jo Floyd, of Charleston, South Carolina, is flanked by Guna Spacs, Flint, Michigan, as Miss Sportsmanship, and Dianna Smith, Dallas, Texas, as Miss Congeniality.



LISTEN'S correspondent, Marjorie Grant Burns (center), shows to a group of pageant contestants she is interviewing for the present "Listen" story, a copy of "Listen" featuring on its cover Darla Banks, Miss Teenage America for 1963. Standing (left to right): Eileen Melody Speerin, New York City; Ruth Ann Simpson, Fort Worth; Linda Spohn, Cleveland. Seated (left to right): Betty Lou Purvis, Albuquerque; Candace Jo Floyd, Charleston; Mrs. Burns; Susan Rae Houghton, Modesto.

CANDACE JO FLOYD

"I believe that there is fun in maintaining good standards. Many people, adults and teen-agers, feel they must compromise their good standards to become part of the crowd.

"The true challenge of life takes those who can stand up for what they believe in face of the threat of 'oddballism.' Many young people our age seek maturity, commonly called 'kicks,' in artificial props such as smoking, drinking, immorality, and profanity, not realizing that it takes real maturity to fix a set of true values and to stick by them. This is fun. You are meeting a challenge the best way—the way God meant—and you can't lose the battle."

TALK TEEN TALK

Interviews by Marjorie Grant Burns

em the best in life? Is there real fun in maintaining good standards? Correspondent, Marjorie Grant Burns, to interview teen-agers—not to the so-called average youth, those who may not be so well and younger generation. and glamour of a national pageant of talent and personality, and the those where teen-agers gather in a thousand towns across the land—ambition.

THE SCENE: Slick's ice-cream drive-in at Cleburne, Texas



THIS SPECIAL teen-age *Listen* has done a real switch in its cover policy, choosing five teen-agers who are willing to consider themselves quite "average." They haven't won any national prizes or awards. They are known, perhaps, only in their hometowns and to their immediate school communities, but they identify easily with thousands of other teen-agers across the land.

They attend school in Keene, Texas, near Cleburne, where around a little restaurant table they informally discussed for *Listen* their youthful ideals, their vigorous reactions to dangerous and damaging habits, and their convictions as to a better way of life.

On *Listen's* cover appear Bunny Voth, Beverley Deal, Rose Swan, Lohna Burns, and Dale Deapen—and, of course, "Colonel Donn A. McKay."

"We will listen," they say, "to the teen-ager who has the good luck, or the talent, or anything else that gets him to the top; but most of all we listen to other average teen-agers."

Such teen-agers can start a trend. They have opinions worth listening to. They have the right to call some of the directions themselves.

DALE DEAPEN, age seventeen, is well on his way to being one of those "tall Texans." He attends school in Keene, Texas, and was president of his junior class.

Picking up his milk shake and turning it slowly in his hands, he looked up and said, "I've got a job. I'm paying for my schooling, and I'm buying a new car. That keeps me pretty busy, and it takes good care of my money. I can't afford to waste money on useless things. I've had plenty of occasions to try smoking or drinking, as most teen-agers have, but I just don't see anything to such habits."

He took a sip through his straw, and went on, "You know, some people say that a kid with a car is not good, but I think lots depends on the parents. If my folks just gave me a car, I'd have time to run around, and I'd probably bump into trouble. Kids don't go looking for trouble; if they have nothing to do, they often run into trouble unexpectedly. Another thing, since I am paying for my car, I really take care of it."

In spite of all this business of being busy, Dale has gone in for water sports, track, folk music, football, has helped his dad build a boat, and has built a stereo cabinet. He wants to travel, especially to tropical islands; he plans to learn to snow ski well, and he wants to learn to fly.

DALE DEAPEN: "Some people say that a kid with a car is not good."



► On to PAGE 11 now ► Please!

THE SCENE: Miss Teenage America Pageant, Dallas, Texas



Snorkey Bar, registered quarter horse, poses with his mistress, Betty Lou Purvis, Albuquerque, New Mexico. An outdoors lover, she was voted sports queen in her home city and has won many awards at horse shows.

BETTY LOU PURVIS

"We as a generation are not here any great length of time. Why waste our talents and abilities on poor habits? Instead, should utilize them in a beneficial way.

"Each person is unique, unlike any other person. Being unique, he has abilities no one else has. He ought to know himself better so that he won't needlessly waste his many gifts. Too many of us drift along and lose the opportunities around us.

"If you just look around, you will find so many things you can do. Why don't you start right off by organizing your talents toward better citizenship! Then your life will have no room for poor habits."

EILEEN MELODY SPEERIN

"I came within one step of being Miss Teenage America! But I didn't lose.

"Maybe this sounds funny coming from a nonwinner, but it's true. Only those who do not put their whole selves into something lose. I can honestly say that I did the best I could.

"Of course, I was disappointed. Only those who don't care are not. But each disappointment makes me work harder, so when victory does come it will be the sweeter. And the victory I mean is in my everyday life, and in my career. These are more important than single contests."

As many as fifty-three young pupils have enrolled in Eileen Melody Speerin's ballet school. This New York City acrobatic performer, here with her mother, was one of the three finalists.



Singing "He's Gone Away," Ruth Ann Simpson, of Fort Worth, Texas, is a student-council leader, winner of the American citizenship award, and was voted "favorite" by her class.

RUTH ANN SIMPSON

"I feel that a teen-ager can lick any problem with a little bit of effort and a lot of faith in himself. There is no acceptable excuse for merely sitting down and giving up. If for no other reason, he should strive to overcome his problems, to build up his own self-respect.

"Doing your best, regardless of the outcome, is rewarding.

"Guidance, understanding, adaptability, congeniality, prayer, and faith can all be found along the road to success. Never give up. Keep in mind that God has a purpose for everything—no matter how great or small."

SUSAN HOUGHTON

"Keep busy and be happy. Do everything to the best of your ability. This has been the advice given me by my parents from the time I was a little girl. I have had a lot of encouragement and a great deal of assistance toward attaining success. Every day is full of activities and I have no time to be bored or unhappy.

"Above all, I believe everyone should set a goal in life. If you feel you have attained a particular goal now, set a higher one for the future. Then remember that if you do everything to the best of your ability, you will have no regrets and certainly no time at all for the habits that can ruin the best efforts of anyone."

Susan Houghton, of Modesto, California, puts on her own musical shows, with as many as a hundred in the cast, doing all the directing, scenery, and arranging herself. She hopes to enter the diplomatic service.



"Variety" is the word for Linda Spohn, of Cleveland, Ohio, since she has studied art for nine years, piano for three years, ballet for three years, and drama for seven years. She is also an honor student in school.

LINDA SPOHN

"We hear a great deal about teen-age crimes and troubles in our country today. Adults have proposed various remedies and perhaps some of them are effective, but there is one positive way to prevent these problems by the teen-ager by merely being too busy with other more valuable activities to engage in questionable behavior.

"Meeting new people and doing new things, I feel, is the most important thing for young people to do, because this will prevent them from becoming stagnant and uninteresting to themselves and others. A vital interest in people brings new knowledge, and you can learn so much from each person you meet."

THE SCENE: Slick's ice-cream drive-in at Cleburne, Texas

"There's no end of stuff for fellows to do," he says. "If fellows realized this, maybe they could stay out of trouble."

"And I have something to add to that," spoke up Beverley Deal. "I don't see why teen-agers allow themselves to be victims of commercial advertising. Do you know that some companies deliberately plan to exploit the teen-age population? And it doesn't matter to these companies if their product is healthful or not."

Beverley's wrathful pound of a fist on the table brought a laugh from the rest of the group, but they all agreed with her. Beverley is an attractive, black-haired, blue-eyed number, who is working her way as a secretary in the business department of her school. She likes to fish, water-ski, play tennis, sew, and swim. And music is one of her first loves.

"And you know something else? If teen-agers would stay in school, they would have more good things to do, and places to go, and others to do things with, and they would get into much less trouble. School is a good place to be."

"I think kids who quit school merely to be quitting are lazy." Dale added his fist-pounding to Beverley's.

This really fired Beverley. "What's more, I plan to spend one year abroad going to school somewhere."

"To Switzerland," chimed in Lohna Burns. "That's been a dream of mine for the last three years. This quitting school business is out for me, and the marriage stuff can wait a bit. I want to travel some."

"Actually," said Bunny Voth, "I just can't see how any teen-ager can sit down and do nothing. I've learned to sew, cook, swim, water-ski, ice-skate, sing, and I can play the piano and organ. It all makes life so much fun. And I want to learn to ride really well, and to snow ski. In fact, I guess I want to try a thousand and one things. I can't imagine taking time out for smoking and drinking. Besides, it injures your health, and good health comes next to religious faith to me."

Bunny, who served as vice-president of her senior class, sings in a trio. The trio have done a lot of their own arranging, and from the sound of things around their school, I'd say they are very well accepted. They do sacred music, and folk songs and ballads.

Rose Swan, the accepted brains of the crowd, brought the discussion back to the main line with a pertinent observation. "The thing is, the news today covers two classes, the few at the top, and the few who are in trouble at the bottom. The in-between crowd, average teen-agers like us, are about forgotten. But I want to remind the public that there are thousands of teen-agers who do not smoke or drink. If some beginners at it realized this, maybe they wouldn't feel they had to try these habits in order to belong."

"Belong to what?"

"Yes, belong to what? Someone ought to be around to ask that when a fellow takes his first puff."

"And I really heard one the other day. One psychiatrist says, 'Smoking is just a form of adult thumb-sucking.'"

"That's rather strong, isn't it?"

"I don't think he was trying to be implicating in an ugly way. He was trying to say that the reasons that compel a child to suck its thumb are often the same as those that compel an adult to take up smoking."

"One difference, though."

"What?"

"The adult knows better before he starts."

"Well, I can say one thing," Bunny began after a pause; "I've lived out on a farm. Life close to the earth is so big, so busy, so demanding, yet so rewarding, I've never once felt the urge even to be curious about some of those things. I think it takes either example or artificial stimulation of some kind to make one start bad habits. I think living lots in



LOHNA BURNS: "We are the citizens of tomorrow, and tomorrow is so near."

ROSE SWAN: "The in-between crowd is almost forgotten."



MORE TEEN

THE SCENE: Miss Teenage America Pageant, Dallas, Texas



Already winner of 117 trophies, forty medals, and ten titles, Diane Seay, of Detroit, Michigan, gets ready for fire-twirling act.

DIANE SEAY

"Before going places in life, first you must develop a goal or a specific ideal to work toward. No one can ever accomplish much in life unless he knows what he is aiming for.

"When choosing your goal, remember always to choose something you will like and enjoy doing, no matter how long you must work, because this work and practice must become a part of your life.

"Actually, people who stop working when they get to the top in any field slowly slip, and someone else takes their place.

"I'm sure no matter how long you spend at achieving a goal, or a high purpose in life, you'll say, 'It has been worth it'."

JUDY WHITTINGTON

"One of the most valuable commodities you can maintain throughout your life is the ability to be yourself at all times. I don't feel people who are insincere are truly happy people.

"Then, too, from the time you are very young until you are a senior citizen, you have responsibilities placed upon you. You should define them part by part, then concentrate on the best possible way to carry them out. Fulfill your responsibilities with a clear conscience and a sense of achievement.

"Finally, there are a few people who really don't believe in God, but there are also few who have *complete* faith in Him. Faith in God will give you security and peace of mind."

With her teddy bear as a prop, Judy Whittington, of San Antonio, Texas, presents original monologue. She has served as student council vice-president. Assisting her are Karen Valentine, Santa Rosa, California; Linda Merzke, Toledo, Ohio; and Virginia Ann Lee, Texarkana, Texas.



Dawn St. George, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, plans to be an elementary teacher, and has set a good example for her prospective pupils by being on the honor roll herself and taking an active leadership in student affairs.

DAWN ST. GEORGE

"I believe that striving for a goal early in life helps a teenager maintain standards that are high. I have wanted to be a teacher since I was in grade school. I really enjoy working with young people—and especially with children. The deep feeling I get from helping others is very gratifying. It doesn't leave room for useless things.

"Take it upon yourself to be a leader, not a follower. Live up to the high standards that you know to be right. Help provide our country with the honesty and the sincerity that it needs so much."

the MISS TEENAGE AMERICA PAGEANT

Darla Banks, Miss Teenage America for 1963, adjusts the crown for Judy Doll, her successor as Miss Teenage America for 1964. Judy later resigned in order to get married, and Jeanine Zavrel, the runner-up, took her place as Miss Teenage America.

This year's pageant, the fourth annual spectacle of its kind, is to be held in Dallas from November 7-13, 1964, at the Sheraton-Dallas, the crowning of the new queen to be the grand finale of the hour-long C.B.S. program on television, November 13, at 9 p.m.

There are to be up to seventy-five finalists.

The Miss Teenage America Pageant is not a beauty contest, but rather is based on character, personality, intelligence, and talent. Stress is laid on natural, wholesome appearance and mental acuity. At no time do the contestants appear in bathing suits. The panel of judges consists of outstanding personalities in business, sports, and public life.



THE SCENE: Slick's ice-cream drive-in at Cleburne, Texas

the out-of-doors improves one's health, his values, his outlook, and could even help a teen-ager get rid of habits he might not want."

"Lohna, you've been terribly quiet. Aren't you going to add any to this?"

"Want her pedigree?" grinned Bunny. "She is eighteen, can teach boating, canoeing, sailing, skiing, swimming, has trained as a power-craft operator, plays the organ and the piano, sings, plays snare drum, bass drum, timpani, plays a guitar and—"

"Bunny, hush. That sounds terrible."

"Besides," continued Bunny wickedly, "she is vice-president of her class."

"Well, every person in this *Listen* cover shot has a class office. Did you know that? So-o-o—"

Bunny ducked a wadded paper napkin.

"Besides, I can give you a better list than that," said Lohna. "Let me tell you what I want to do someday."

"Oh, no!" Bunny came back. "Let's not get started on that."

"Lohna, can a teen-ager be responsible for using his time well?"

"He certainly can. Most can work some and help out financially. But those who don't have to work, look what they could do with their time—and their money. I have to scrape, skimp, and save, and wait months to do the things I want to do. But some teen-agers could do anything. Money is no problem. Yet they carouse around and waste themselves."

"You feel that some rich young people do this way?"

"Actually, it's some in all classes. They do it for different reasons, I guess, but it is the same to all of them in the end—useless waste of time, money, health, reputation, talent, and it hurts many besides the one who does this way."

"That's right," Bunny accented. "No teen-ager goes wrong in any way, big or small, without hurting someone else."

"You've heard the classic teen-age remark, 'Well, so what? It can't hurt anybody but me.'"

"Yes, we've heard it. We've probably even said it ourselves, but it isn't true. In fact, we know it isn't true even when we say it."

"Rose, do you have anything more to add to this? By the way, are you a hobby fan, too?"

"Here, let me get even with someone around here," said Lohna. "She sews, loves to ride, plays tennis, swims, water-skis, gets on the honor roll entirely too much, and even dabbles in art, I'd have you know."

"And what are your future plans?"

"Well," grinned Rose, "I'd like to snow ski, ice-skate, and learn to camp, and I've always wanted to study birds and stars."

"As a life vocation?"

"No, just more hobbies. As to vocation, I'm interested in psychiatry."

"That sounds above average to me. But maybe, like Marie Fenton suggested, we've been overlooking all these average teen-agers. Did you have a final comment?"

"Yes," smiled Rose again. "I'd like to say that the teen-agers of today are the citizens of tomorrow. When you think about that, it makes you feel kind of serious about what you do—or do not do."

"Umm, I like that. Lohna, any other last thought?"

"Yes, one. It seems to me that to be really upright, if I can use an old-fashioned term, we need religious convictions. Lots of teen-agers think that's just too square, but religious convictions give one a self-respect that won't live with poor habits. It gives you something to tie to. You can be sure and unchanging even though everything else changes. Since we are the citizens of tomorrow, and tomorrow is so near, I think we need strong convictions to help this tomorrow be what it ought to be."



BEVERLEY DEAL: "Teen-agers would have more good things to do, and places to go, and others to do things with."

BUNNY VOTH: "Life close to the earth is so big, so busy, so demanding."



This long-time attorney, skilled in dealing with narcotics cases, points out a fact not widely known today, that—



SAMUEL CARTER McMORRIS

A SERIES of cruel hoaxes is being foisted, inadvertently or otherwise, upon the American people in the wake of the surgeon general's report on smoking and health, which set forth in such dramatic fashion the major health hazards involved in the use of tobacco. As the result of rationalization, and understatement, too, we may well see frustrated the hoped-for benefits from this exposure of the viciousness of the nicotine habit.

The Agricultural Committee of the lower house of Congress, controlled by representatives from the tobacco belt, presented the first hoax and evasion by suggesting that the important thing is to look for, and spend millions of dollars in research in connection with, a relatively harmless form of tobacco.

The best answer to this mealy-mouthed contention, of course, is that the use of tobacco is based on the presence in it of those very ingredients which cause the harm. This suggestion for a new tobacco makes as much sense as would a proposal to de-alcohol whiskey. The point is best illustrated by the fact that many cigarette smokers who have begun using filters which keep out a small part of these harmful ingredients, find themselves "smoking more now and enjoying it less" in order to acquire the level of consumption of nicotine which their habits require. Thus, to spend a fortune in attempting to remove the inherent qualities of tobacco would be the greatest waste of the taxpayers' money yet perpetrated upon an unsuspecting public.

In spite of the unquestioned link between consumption of tobacco and lung cancer, hardly a ripple has in fact been made in the traffic by the disclosures of physical harm resulting from it. Nor will a constructive program be arrived at unless and until all of us are willing to look this problem squarely in the eye and recognize the tobacco business in its total viciousness.

When I was a small boy, I heard the saying, "Cigarettes stunt your growth." Whether this is true, I did not then nor do I now know for sure. However, I believed it then, and now, and this belief was one of the positive influences which made me reject the use of tobacco. On the other hand, many of my little friends, even of nine and ten years old, uninfluenced by such sayings, had already become smokers and, needless to say, they have been through the years among those upon whom the tobacco merchants can count for regular customers.

When I was a teen-ager, the natural interest of my peer group in sports caused me to be aware of the fact that smoking shortens the breath and lessens athletic prowess. Even this knowledge, however, permits one of the most classic self-justifications of the nicotine addict: that it is all right to smoke unless you are an athlete.



Later in life shallow thinkers of this ilk would be those defending cigarettes for being a natural reducing agent to keep the weight down. Their one-track minds would not permit such thoughts as that the same thing can be done more healthfully by proper diet and exercise.

Also during my teens, and long before I heard any mention of smoking and cancer, my reading informed me that smoking by pregnant women was suspected of being a factor in causing certain birth defects in children. It has been years, however, since I have heard or read such a statement. This is a subject area in which more facts are sorely needed.

Still later, my growing interest in the nation's narcotic problem led me to the knowledge that tobacco is, by definition, a narcotic. Now, a narcotic is, by definition, a kind of poison the use of which becomes compulsive so that it is well-nigh impossible to break the habit. Anyone who questions this admittedly unusual statement may check my source: *Narcotics and Drug Addiction*, by Erich Hesse, M.D., noted German physician.

Here we come, it seems to me, to the crux of the case. The use of tobacco, with all the harm resulting therefrom, including the great difficulty in uprooting this habit from our customs, stems from the fact that it is a narcotic.

As a member of the legal profession frequently engaged in cases dealing with narcotics dealers, this writer has often viewed with irony the self-righteousness of jurors, in a room filled with the smoke of one narcotic, deliberating the dire fate of the purveyor of another, usually heroin or marijuana (the latter not strictly a narcotic), products basically the same as that which forms warp and woof of the fabric of the daily lives of the accusers.

Tobacco Is a Narcotic

The rationalizations and excuses of tobacco users to explain their continued consumption of nicotine in spite of the disclosures here discussed, are almost identical with the self-deception practiced by addicts of "heavier" drugs. This fact in itself lends further weight to the view that the problems are similar.

Thus, granting that narcotics in general are harmful to mind and body, we must suspect in the use of tobacco a degree of the same chemical changes which make the heroin addict dependent upon his drug. All of us have observed, too, the extreme difficulty and the physical distress experienced in an attempt to break the cigarette habit, and the constant craving for tobacco once its use has begun, the same as in the physical compulsion and withdrawal pains of the opiate addict, upon which is based the narcotics traffic around the world. Further evidence of the similarity between nicotine and the opiates lies in what is called tolerance, an increasing need for larger and larger amounts of the drug, as the smoker of one furtive cigarette "behind the barn" becomes the adult consumer of three or four packs a day.

Another type of self-deception with which the focus of attention upon this problem in recent weeks has been met, is the approach that we owe it "to the children" to educate them regarding the harm of tobacco use, but implying subtly that we owe no such social debt to the adults among us, to extend the benefits of this practical education in health to them. This philosophy apparently is that, if we grown-ups wish to destroy our minds and bodies, it is nobody's business but our own, that we ought to know better, and that, if we don't, the tobacco industry has every right to benefit by our ignorance or indifference.

In this connection should be mentioned the escape mechanism which should be considered the most complete abandonment of rational thinking: that, since one has to die of something, why not of the cancer caused by tobacco? This species of shallow thinking does not take into due consideration that all our efforts in the medical field are to extend life and minimize the causes of suffering and death; that cancer can be significantly reduced as a cause of death by putting an end to smoking; that a great number of years are cut from the life-span by this deliberate invitation to the Grim Reaper; and that what remains of life is diminished in health and vigor.

Having set forth and defined the problem, it is next important to

understand the proper approach to its solution. First of all, we should eliminate all thought of resorting to the old, time-dishonored, and discredited method of forcing people by law to adopt a particular code of private moral conduct. Fortunately, only one or two small localities have thus far attempted to apply the penal law to the smoking habit. Too frequently, in seeking what appears the easy way out, we deal rather with the surface than with substance, thus increasing the problem or the peril.

Looking further into history, we see a time, as the use of tobacco which was learned from the American Indian began to extend its dire sway throughout Europe, when even the penalty of death for smoking, imposed in czarist Russia, did not stop the spread of the virus. This historical fact points up two things: the seriousness with which this habit, now being so casually adopted by American children, was once viewed, and, secondly, the futility of force where education is the answer: education to discourage the start of the vice and to encourage its discontinuance among those whose past ignorance of the facts has made them the victims of this traffic. Those who have been long so victimized may even need the help of physicians or psychiatrists if they find it extremely difficult to break the curse of the tobacco god.

The solution, then, to what is one of today's major health problems is twofold: It must be accepted as a governmental responsibility to disseminate, through the schools and through mass media of information, the full, ungarbled facts regarding the harm of nicotine and other ingredients of tobacco. Secondly, laws and regulations must be adopted by Congress or by the appropriate Federal commissions and agencies to stop the false advertising of this dangerous narcotic as in any way a beneficial or desirable product.

From the standpoint of education, investigation must be directed not to a futile attempt to change the chemical properties of tobacco, but to discover fully and inform the public of the various harms resulting from its use. In books and magazines, on radio and television and in the press, we must constantly be alerted to this health hazard, to the manner in which general physical well-being, the power to resist disease, are lowered by smoking in all its forms. We must be reminded of the possible connection between tobacco use and birth defects. We must be told over and over again of its relationship to cancer and other specific diseases, of its negative effect (Turn to page 30)

FOLLOW-THROUGH

MILDRED N. HOYER

No runner ever won a race,
No flyer ever flew;
No baseball player made first base
Without good follow-through.

For any venture to make the mark,
It takes a fellow who
Has heard the call, has caught the
spark,
And the will to follow through.

IT WASN'T so long ago really, but today it seems an eternity since that fateful flight from Norfolk, Virginia, to Point Mugu, California. In July, 1962, Lieutenant Frank Ellis, twenty-eight-year-old Navy pilot, ferrying an F-9F Cougar jet, found his mission to be almost yawningly routine until he came in for his landing. Lowering his landing gear and flaps, he called the tower abeam the runway. As he did so, he noticed a slight nosedown tendency of his bird. Well, this he could overcome with back pressure on the control stick. There was no real cause for alarm—yet.

At about forty degrees from the runway heading and three-hundred-foot altitude, the aircraft suddenly went full nose down, and no matter how much pressure Ellis applied on the stick, the jet would not come up to a normal attitude. He would have to eject in order to save his life!

But even as he reached for the “face curtain” above his helmet which would blast him, seat and all, away from that crazy plane, he saw the heavily populated trailer camp below. There were people there, families of mothers, fathers, children. His abandoned jet would plow into their midst, killing and injuring helpless people. No, he would have to wait before escaping from his crippled aircraft.

He did what he could to bring the jet up to a higher altitude as he skimmed clear of the populated area, but it was a downhill path all the way. A second or two later—with jets you live in a world of seconds, not minutes—he ejected, his body crashing through the plexiglass canopy as the powerful charge beneath his ejection seat was triggered.

Unfortunately his particular escape system did not have a zero-zero capability, that is, zero-altitude and zero-speed capability of blasting him to safety. At sixty-five feet, or 235 feet below the minimum safe altitude, his parachute did not have time to open. His last sensation was that of sailing through the flaming-red fireball of the exploding aircraft. Smashing through a grove of eucalyptus trees which partly broke his fall, he landed unconscious in a lemon grove.

The crash crew and ambulance arrived almost immediately. After giving the mangled pilot first aid, they rushed him to a civilian hospital in Oxnard where X rays, bonesetting, and some sewing of cut limbs were done. He was later transferred to Balboa Naval Hospital.

Considering the young flier's injuries, it was a miracle he was still alive. He had three fractured ribs, a broken back, a left leg broken in three places, and a right leg which had been



... climbing upward on the net in his obstacle-course training.

Lieutenant Frank Ellis
lost both legs in a flaming jet
crash, but still—

He **FIGHTS** for the Right to Serve His Country



★ . . . checking correspondence in his San Diego office.

★ Lieutenant Ellis and Lieutenant Commander Bernard A. Andrade look at their squadron decal.

★ . . . preparing to take off in his aircraft.

blown off about nine inches below the knee. So began his grim struggle for survival.

"At Balboa Hospital I had five operations and four casts on my left leg in an effort to save it," he says. "One time my temperature rose so high that they had to remove the top half of a head-to-toe body cast so that towels soaked in ice water and alcohol could be put on my chest to lower the temperature."

In the beginning Lieutenant Ellis refused to take any pain-killing drugs, but the agonizing nights became more than he could bear. He remembers one night when he literally banged his head against the bedpost in an effort to drown out the pain.

Weeks went by as the doctors tried frantically to save the pilot's left leg. His weight dropped from 160 pounds to 100. It was tough and go all the way, but he never gave up. The leg grew worse and the decision was made to remove it. Says Ellis, "The amputation itself came as quite a relief after so much fever, loss of weight, immobility, and pain." From that time on he began to improve, mentally as well as physically.

Such a tragedy as Lieutenant Ellis experienced is something we all must share, for it is

through the courage and bravery of such men that our country stands strong and free. The normal course of events following such an accident would be extensive medical treatment followed by a medical discharge of the helpless amputee. He would be given a pension which would supplement his limited earning capacity, and he would say good-bye to flying forever.

But the young Navy lieutenant decided he didn't like that kind of ending to his story. He didn't want to leave the Navy and he didn't want to give up flying. "The Navy trained me to be a winner, not a loser. I only want to serve my country. I'll prove I can do it, too," he told *Listen's* correspondent during an interview in Washington, D.C. It was impossible to tell that he was wearing prosthetic legs as he climbed out of his car and strode briskly into the restaurant for the interview.

He ordered ice water. "I've never smoked and I've never taken alcoholic beverages. For one thing, I had the tragic example of my father, who was an alcoholic. But mainly I'm interested in sports, and I know you have to be in good condition to do them well."

He pondered a moment. (*Turn to page 30*)

★ . . . preparing for water-survival training.

★ Lieutenant Ellis can leave behind his "land legs" . . . or use them if he takes to water skis. ★



★ . . . with family reading scrapbook about his accident.



★ . . . leaving cockpit of F-3B.



Amos Alonzo Stagg --
 "Everybody's Grand Old Man"



HOW TO LIVE 102 MAGNIFICENT YEARS!

Duane
 Valentry



Football's fountain of youth, Coach Stagg, at ninety years of age demonstrates blocking technique to two linemen at Susquehanna University, when the grand old man coached there in 1952.

Ten years ago, on his ninety-second birthday, Amos Alonzo Stagg was presented with a gold-plated football to commemorate his achievement at that time of sixty-four consecutive years of coaching.

CANNONS boomed August 16, 1862, to usher a boy onto the human scene shortly before the second Battle of Bull Run and one month before the Battle of Antietam. Jules Verne was busy writing *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, and a horse was the fastest way to get anywhere.

An eventful century for mankind lay ahead, one on which the infant would later place an emphatic footprint. Now, 102 years later, Amos Alonzo Stagg is "everybody's grand old man," after a lifetime full enough to have made two by ordinary standards.

"To all Americans who love their country, your emphasis on the moral and physical values of the vigorous life have been warmly appreciated," read a telegram among thousands he received upon reaching the century mark. The telegram was signed, "John F. Kennedy."

Too busy exemplifying the vigor his young President also endorsed, the remarkable Mr. Stagg never gave out any formal rules for longevity. However, a look at his spectacular span finds them, and finds also that they are rules for genuine happiness and extraordinary success.

Rule 1

Don't Walk, Run; Never Ride if You Can Walk

Americans may soon "confidently expect to live to be 100 years old," according to Dr. Edward Bortz's report from the American Medical Association's Committee on Aging.

"Exercise is vital because unless we physically use our bodies, and do it continually, muscles deteriorate and grow slack, bones become more susceptible to damage, and the heart loses some of its ability to cope with sudden tensions."

Amos Stagg was seven when the first game of intercollegiate football was played between Rutgers and Princeton in 1869, the game with which he would become synonymous.

After seventy years of coaching at Springfield, Chicago, College of the Pacific, and Susquehanna, this son of a cobbler was still running sprints with his squads in his eighties. At 100, hospitalized because of a knee ailment, he caused his head nurse to say with some exasperation: "That man insists upon walking and walking and walking, until he has all his nurses just about walked to death."

Rule 2

Speak Out if You Want To

Amos Stagg has never hesitated to call a player, or anyone else, a jackass, if he felt the name applied. In fact, he called enough men jackasses to make a good-sized club in Chicago known as the Jackass Club. His son Paul is one of the members proud to receive this singular honor from one of the great men of the century.

Rule 3

Learn and Keep Learning

College was hardly a likelihood in young Stagg's rearing, but eager to learn and encouraged by a teacher, he attended Phillips-Exeter Academy to qualify for Yale, with the ministry in mind.

Becoming one of the greatest athletes in Yale annals, he was named on Walter Camp's first All-America team, and in baseball was Yale's greatest pitcher. Graduating in 1888, he turned down six major-league professional baseball offers to devote himself to coaching and amateur sports. Coaching others, he himself has been learning ever since.

Rule 4

Live to Work and Never Quit

Feeling he lacked certain essentials to be a good preacher, Stagg enrolled at Springfield College, Massachusetts, where he

coached his first two football teams. In 1892 he went to the new University of Chicago, to become one of the greatest coaches in football for forty-one consecutive seasons, "a living legend, an indestructible part of Americana, seemingly indestructible himself."

He developed such great names in football as Walter Eckersall, Wallie Stefan, Pat Page, Clarence Herschberger, and Andy Wyant, to name only a few.

He was seventy when his employers decided he merited a move into an inactive, supervisory job at his regular coaching salary. Stagg quit and went job hunting.

Invited to the College of the Pacific in Stockton, California, he added fourteen more years to his head-coaching career and revitalized coast football with a brand-new "flanker-football" offensive he developed. By 1939 he had built a team able to beat the powerful University of California. When he was eighty-one, his team rated sixteenth in the nation by national press polls, he was named America's Coach of the Year, and his left tackle, Art McCaffray, was named to the All-America team.

He was eighty-four when his employers again decided he merited a move into an advisory post at his regular salary. Stagg again quit and went job hunting.

In 1947 he became head coach at Susquehanna University in Pennsylvania. Maintaining his home in Stockton, he journeyed to the school for three months each fall during football season to add six more years of active head coaching for a total of sixty-three years and 650 games played by his teams.

In 1953 Mrs. Stagg was not well enough to return to Susquehanna, and he would not leave her. He accepted the invitation of the Stockton (junior) College team, coached by his former players, to teach such Stagg specialties as his famous spread-punt formation and forward passing, continuing in this capacity until he stepped down, with apologies, at ninety-eight.

Rule 5

The Clean Life

The time is not far off when Americans can confidently expect to live to be 100 years old, if they don't misspend their youth, the American medical report on aging continues.

"We are going to have to overhaul some of our supposedly sophisticated views of modern living. The fact that more people don't reach the century mark seems to stem from the fact they are not willing to follow a regimen of proper diet, exercise, rest, and recreation, coupled with the exclusion of stimulants, depressants, and other excesses."

Amos Alonzo Stagg never smoked or drank and taught generations of boys that the clean life pays off and nothing else does.

He also taught that football games can be won with clean play and strict adherence to the rules. Long known for his rigorous standards of training and discipline, he has been criticized for his seeming severity and the penalties he levied for infractions of training rules. "A player is ready to play football when he is ready for sixty minutes of action at top speed," was his credo.

"During his seventy years of coaching, this man, as much as any other American figure, established the model of what the amateur athlete should be—clean living, fiercely competitive, and above all prizing the ideal of good sportsmanship." So read a typical editorial when he was 100.

Rule 6

Don't Think in a Rut

"Mental vitality and personal challenge seem to form a strong bond against deterioration—challenge is a natural stimulant of man," says Dr. Bortz in the A.M.A. report.

Amos Stagg is a man of many firsts. Not only did he win

Big Ten Championships and develop All-American players, but he introduced countless football innovations, today taken for granted.

He rigged up the first tackling dummy and numerous other mechanical aids and was the most versatile early user of the forward pass. A Stagg maneuver of Chicago taken by Jess Harper, one of his great backs, to Notre Dame was turned by Knute Rockne into the famous Notre Dame shift. A founding father of the Western Conference (Big Ten), an original member and life member of the NCAA Football Rules Committee, Stagg was responsible for the first great inter-sectional game, Chicago vs. Stanford, in 1894.

Other facets of his remarkable ability usually overlooked due to his football genius, are his great interest in and development of track athletics, which he coached for many years at Chicago. Also his plans form the basis for modern swimming-pool design.

Rule 7

Be Fightingly Independent

As a boy, Stagg took the ancient Spartans as his model, admiring their discipline, self-denial, and independence. The way to do things, he decided, was to do them on his own—his own resources, physical, financial, and spiritual—a principle he has held to over the century.

"Off to college, he refused a gift of \$10 from the family minister. To this day he dislikes to have people do personal favors for him. He maintains his total independence," says an old friend.

"Mr. Amateur" has been the "last great defender of genuine

"MY PRAYER has not been for victory. It has been, 'Let me do my best.'"

"MY COACHING CREED has been to be fair-minded, not to play favorites, to avoid politics, to be honest in one's thinking, to be square in one's dealings, to shun petty and big graft, to give rebuke with justice, not to bear personal malice, not to harbor hatred toward rivals, not to be swellheaded in victory nor to over-alibi in defeat, to be the sportsman and gentleman at all times, to stoop to no unfair practice but to win by fair means."

Amos Alonzo Stagg

amateur sports—games for nothing but the sheer enjoyment of the fiercest, most rugged and demanding competition." Never at any institution has he had any part in subsidies, scholarships, grants-in-aid, or made-jobs for boys because of their athletic ability.

Rule 8

Don't Ignore the Spiritual

When invited to coach at Chicago at the start of his career, Stagg replied: "After much thought and prayer I have decided that my life can best be used by my Master's service in the position which you have offered."

He believed that coaching young men was his full-time Christian service as fully as the ministry would have been. Among values he taught them was his answer to materialism: "Nothing is more demoralizing than the feeling, 'How much is in it for me?'"

To work actively with boys on the field was his life and mission, and he saw that they learned to take defeat as well as victory. "Life is a matter

(Turn to page 34)

DARK CORRIDOR

That light outside was truly lovely to behold!

Ada Godfrey



"Has he
been hurt?"
A cold fear
clutched
my heart.

Illustrated by
Vernon Nye

THAT MORNING now so long ago and far away began with a pounding on my door. It dragged me from a deep sleep into a bright sun streaming through the window. I turned over and groaned. Sally, my eight-year-old daughter, stood by the bed and shook my shoulder.

"Mamma!" she whispered. "There's a policeman at the door and he wants to see you." She was round-eyed and scared.

"Whatever for?" I asked. Sitting up, I groaned again and reached for my robe. It was dirty and wrinkled, and I ran my hands through straggly hair. I padded to the door, barefoot.

"Yes?" I asked the policeman sullenly.

"Are you Mrs. Godfrey, mother of Johnny Godfrey?"

"Has he been hurt?" A cold fear clutched my heart.

"May I come in?" He stepped in and stood before me. "Johnny was caught pilfering in the grocery store down the street, and the owner filed a complaint."

"Johnny?" I found I could only whisper. "He wouldn't do that! Johnny's a good boy."

The policeman shrugged his shoulders. "I wouldn't know about that. All I know is that I was sent to bring him in. You're to come with him."

I started shivering. This couldn't be happening. This seemed to be one of those nightmares I had deep in the night. What I needed now was a drink.

I looked around for my bottle; only empty ones, and dirty glasses, greeted my eyes. I saw the policeman also looking about, with obvious distaste.

"Johnny! Johnny!" I called shrilly. "Where is he?" I asked Sally, but she only hung her head.

Six-year-old Tommy, my baby, piped up, "He's hiding in his bedroom!"

I shuffled across the cluttered floor, the policeman, Sally, and Tommy trailing behind me. I was confident that there was some mistake, and that finding my nine-year-old son and asking him about it would clear the matter up. We found him hiding in a pile of old clothing on the floor. One look at his tear-streaked face, and I knew that it was true. I knelt on the floor beside him and held him in my arms. My tears mingled with his own.

"Why did you do it, Johnny?"
"We were hungry, and didn't know where you hid the money!" he sobbed.

Later, the county attorney was kindly. Almost tenderly he questioned Johnny. The policeman came and, leaning close, whispered long in the attorney's ear.

"I see. I see," the county attorney kept saying. He was looking at me closely.

"This puts the story in a different light, Mrs. Godfrey," he said at last. "It seems you have been drinking, and leaving these children too much on their own. Perhaps they are even forced to steal for food. I shall have to charge you with child neglect and contributing to the delinquency of a minor. You will appear in Judge Hunter's court tomorrow at 10 a.m. to answer these charges."

Stunned, I stared at him. I realized this could mean that my children would be taken away from me. I was shaking uncontrollably, and the policeman had to help me out of the office.

Home at last, I sank to the couch in a state of shock. Sally asked solicitously, "You want a drink from your bottle, mamma? You look sick."

I heard her with something akin to revulsion. It was drinking that had brought me into this mess, and I knew I must never take another drink. I

think I must have needed a drink worse at that moment than ever before. My whole body and mind were crying out for it.

"Sally," I said in anguish, "you and Tommy throw all the bottles away! Get that old box there and put them in it. Get the full one from under my bed and the two in the cabinet and throw them all away. Hurry, hurry!"

I wanted it done before my will-power was gone. Even then, I had to clench my fists to keep from reaching out and grabbing the bottle they brought from my bedroom.

I became ill and ran to the bathroom. Then I lay down on the bed, my head splitting. Scared and silent, the children stood watching me.

I reached under my pillow and drew out my wallet. "Go to the store, Sally, and get everyone something to eat." I was afraid to send Johnny. "Not the store here," I said, remembering Mr. Jones was the one who had turned Johnny in. "Go to the supermarket over on Potts Avenue, and get some groceries. And get me some aspirin."

All afternoon I lay swallowing aspirin and fluid, then retching weakly. That night I slept fitfully, waking often from horrid nightmares. The craving was a steady grinding within me.

The next morning the craving was still there—and I must face the judge with my nerves screaming. There was a hollow place where my stomach was supposed to be. I thought food might help. I must have skipped a few meals, I thought ruefully. The children must have, too. I was afraid to try solid food, so drank a glass of milk while the children had dry cereal and milk.

If I had been horrified the day before, it still was nothing compared with what I would endure today. I heard myself called a negligent mother and an alcoholic. People who lived around us went on the stand and told how I lay drunk day after day, buying liquor with the welfare money I received to feed and clothe the children. They said the children roamed the streets dirty and hungry. The policeman stated that when he had come into my house the day before, there were "at least a dozen whiskey bottles" scattered about the living room. Under questioning, Johnny haltingly admitted I "hid the money" and he was forced to steal for the children to eat.

"I think Mrs. Ada Godfrey should be declared an unfit mother and these three children removed from her custody and made wards of this court," declared the county attorney.

"Oh, no, no! Oh, no!" I ran to the judge's bench and pleaded with him.

"Don't take my babies away from me. They are all I have."

Two things were in my favor. Sally told how yesterday I had had them throw away all the bottles. My landlord, Mr. Green, told the court, "I have known Ada Godfrey for twenty-five years. She moved into my house, the same one she lives in now, with her widowed mother, when she was just a girl. Ada was always a good girl, but her mother died, and she married a no-good man, who ran away and left her three years ago. She had to go on welfare to take care of these children and she has been hitting the bottle pretty heavy. But she is made of good stuff. I know she'll do better if you give her another chance."

The judge was compassionate. He said he hated to separate families, and everyone should have a second chance.

"I give you thirty days to straighten up," he said. "You are not to drink. Take care of these children. Keep them off the streets, and take them to church. Clean them up and cook them three meals a day. That is what that welfare money is for," he said dryly. "Try to look more presentable yourself, and clean up your home!"

I don't remember the trip home. I was numb. Even the craving pangs were gone, temporarily. I sat on the couch going over the events of the hearing. Each word the witnesses had said, each order of the judge, kept running

through my mind. I had never thought of myself as an alcoholic. But, then, I suppose no one ever does. Always I was going to take that *last* drink.

Thinking back to yesterday when I needed a drink so badly and this morning as the craving had gone screaming through me, I realized what had been said was true: I was an alcoholic. I tested the word, "alcoholic." I had ruined myself. I *was* an alcoholic, and my children were about to be taken away from me.

I could not make you understand the condition of that house. Dirty laundry, old clothing, broken and make-shift toys, trash, and dirt littered the floors. There were no drapes at the windows. The shades hung crooked or not at all. Pieces of old blankets were stuffed in broken panes. Dirty dishes and pots and pans sat everywhere. And there was not a bite to eat except the half-empty box of cereal left from breakfast. The little that Sally had bought was gone.

"Come, children, we're going to the supermarket," I said. I had to call a taxi, for I was too weak to walk the few blocks to the store. But the groceries I bought fairly made them drool, for they could not remember seeing so much to eat in our house before. I bought a week's supply.

At home I put potatoes on to boil and chops to broil. I chopped vegetables for a salad and (Turn to page 25)

NOTE FROM HISTORY

Fatal Frontier Jug

Charles A. Wright

Among the first settlers of Williamstown, Vermont, was Josiah Lyman, who came in 1784 and built a log cabin, which he roofed with hemlock bark. During the following winter he moved his wife and a few household goods to the new home, using a long-bodied handsled as a conveyance. The snow was quite deep, and they had a number of miles to travel. The weather was uncommonly cold for late winter. Nevertheless they decided to start out rather than wait until later and perhaps be caught in the spring thaw.

It seems that a stranger, a Frenchman whose name now is unknown, had accompanied the Lyman family, with the understanding that he was to help draw the sled. Mrs. Lyman sat on the sled, facing forward, and cooking utensils were packed in front, while a big roll of bedding formed a backrest. Tucked in among the bedclothes was a brown earthenware jug.

"You get behind the sled and push," Mr. Lyman said to the Frenchman, "while I guide the sled and pull my share. Now remember, push hard on the upgrade!"

All went well for several miles. Now and again, while descending a grade, Mr. Lyman could handle the task alone. By the time the party reached the boundary line of Williamstown, however, the Frenchman was holding back instead of pushing forward. Presently he collapsed in the snow. He had stolen too many greedy swallows from the jug.

Knowing that they were not far from the new settlement, the Lymans hurried onward along the blazed trail through the frosty woodland. At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Penuel Deming they got help, but on retracing their steps they found the intoxicated man nearly frozen. He died shortly after being carried to the Deming home, the first known death in Williamstown.

New Study on DRINKING and DRIVING

VOICE OF SCIENCE

Fred D. Cavinder

Personnel administering the conducting of the Grand Rapids survey . . .



From left to right • Robert F. Borkenstein, chairman, Department of Police Administration, University of Indiana • R. F. Crowther, statistician • R. Zylman, liaison between Grand Rapids and the University of Indiana • W. B. Ziel, director of data gathering on the scene



The Breathalyzer determines subject's blood-alcohol level.

Drivers with low concentrations of alcohol in their blood are again shown to be a distinct menace on the highway.

RESEARCHERS long have shown that a person who has consumed only two beers is a potential hazard on the highway. Now a team of Indiana University scientists have confirmed the brutal truth of this laboratory evidence with an on-the-street survey that is the most sensitive and far-ranging study so far undertaken on alcohol and accidents.

Their statistics reveal not only that .05 percent alcohol in the blood increases accident probabilities, but also show the relationship between drinking-driving and age, occupation, education, race, marital status, sex, drinking frequency, and mileage driven annually.

The study was conducted for a year in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and involved 17,000 drivers.

Professor Robert F. Borkenstein, a member of the team, feels that the research method has been so perfected that the study now could be conducted with reliability in a few weeks.

He hopes in the near future to validate it along with a countermeasure program. The study would be conducted in a new community. Then a well-measured program of education and enforcement would be undertaken. Following this program, a new study

would be made to show changes in the drinking-driving pattern.

Borkenstein anticipates that such an undertaking would provide statistical evidence to guide new law enactment and enforcement.

"Our results confirmed completely the Uniform Vehicle Code," he says. The code recommends that .05 alcohol-blood content be considered a strong indication of drunken driving and that .10 percent be considered grave enough to call for prosecution in all cases.

Professor Borkenstein and his team found that drivers with .10 percent alcohol level are six or seven times as likely to cause an accident as nondrinking drivers. By the time the alcohol level has reached .15 percent the accident probability is more than twenty-five times that for a sober driver.

The research showed that, in general, drivers whose alcohol level is .08 percent and higher tend to have more single-vehicle accidents, and more expensive and more severe accidents in terms of damage and injury. On this basis it is logical to conclude that a reduction in the number of drinking drivers would reduce the number of accidents, their cost, and their severity.

These results become more significant in view of how the I.U. team cre-

ated a "laboratory" atmosphere in actual traffic conditions.

Drivers were interviewed, oddly enough, with techniques used successfully by the personnel of the famed I.U. Institute for Sex Research. Breath samples were collected and tested to obtain careful measurements of blood-alcohol content.

Professor Borkenstein visualized the experiment six or seven years ago, but facilities of the I.U. Department of Police Administration, of which he is chairman, were insufficient to undertake it. However, the addition of a research department recently and the availability of electronic computing equipment made it possible.

R. F. Crowther, statistician, helped organize details of the study, which was administered by R. P. Shumate. R. Zylman was liaison man between I.U. and Grand Rapids and W. B. Ziel conducted the data gathering on the scene.

It is significant that the study was underwritten by a grant of \$90,000 from the Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc., and the Division of Accident Prevention of the Public Health Service.

Selection of a "control group" was vital. Aside from factors of population and "averageness," Grand Rapids was selected because law requires all acci-

dents to be reported. The I.U. team listed the 27,000 accidents that occurred in the city in a three-year period, noting time of day, place, month, and day of the week.

Cards in this listing were selected at random. One of four data gatherers went to each location at the hour listed and on the corresponding day of the week and month. A policeman accompanying him would stop cars chosen randomly by the use of a sweep hand on a watch.

The driver who was stopped would be interviewed and a breath sample taken in a specially designed bag which retained the sample for testing later. During the study, 2,000 such sites were chosen and four interviews were conducted at each site.

The theory was that if an accident had occurred at one spot, for instance, at 2:30 p.m. on Tuesday on a given day in March, drivers passing that point at the corresponding time a year later would have equal exposure to the accident environment.

The test group, of course, consisted of actual accident victims. Drivers in accidents were interviewed at the scene by research-team members, who had vehicles equipped with police radios. In some cases drivers were interviewed and gave breath samples in hospitals. At other times the data and breath samples were collected by policemen at the scene, who were instructed in the research method.

The interviews were recorded on specially designed forms, which enabled the interviewer to record responses with check marks. This facilitated interviewing; also, if forms fell into unauthorized hands, they could not readily be deciphered to cause embarrassment to interviewees.

How do you get a driver, stopped by a policeman, to tell such personal facts as how much he drinks, how often, with whom, what kind of alcohol, and so on?

The answer was twofold. The police department agreed that data collected by the research team could not be used against drivers. Also, public communications media in Grand Rapids publicized the research study. Within a few weeks, seemingly everyone in Grand Rapids knew about the I.U. team and its purpose. So successful was the publicity that the interviewers received 97 percent cooperation.

"The study convinced me that people will tell you anything if they're approached right," remarks Ziel.

A safety "bonus" was built into the program. When a driver was stopped for questioning and it was learned he



This photograph is not posed. This accident, duplicated thousands of times a year throughout the world, happened in the State of Arizona. Even though the little girl was not seriously injured, she will pay for some driver's carelessness all her life. Her mother did not survive. This photograph was used some time ago in poster form as part of an international traffic-safety program, sponsored by the Association of State and Provincial Safety Coordinators, designed to remind us all that traffic-accident prevention is our moral responsibility—that "we never drive alone."

was drunk, he could not be arrested under the police-research pact. So the I.U. researchers agreed to personally drive such motorists directly home to get them off the street.

Researchers wore bright, identifying clothing and presented drivers taking part with a signed card testifying to their cooperation.

Still, the task was difficult. At times the accident rate was such that the police force, understaffed as many police forces are, could not spare men to stop motorists for the control group. Also, Grand Rapids experienced one of its most savage winters. In January, thirty-six inches of snow fell in ten days.

"As the storm abated, team members returned to sites and on the coldest day in forty-five years, interviewed fifty-two drivers between 7 a.m. and midnight," Borkenstein reports.

It took six months to evaluate the data. In various categories, where there was a difference between the control

group and the accident group that did not come by chance, the team determined what factor caused the difference. Analysis of breath samples taken from drivers in accidents and those not in accidents, helped show the role of alcohol.

These are the major results:

The data imply that drivers in what is now regarded as the uncertain or doubtful range (.05 to .15 percent blood-alcohol level) are contributing more than their proportional share to accidents.

Extremes in age have higher than usual accident involvement. The age groups of seventeen and over seventy-five were in accidents twice as often as other age groups.

The lower the estimated annual mileage, the higher the accident involvement index. Drivers who are involved least frequently in accidents are those who reported driving more than 15,000 miles yearly. Increased driving experience was felt to be a factor here.

In general, drivers with the least amount of education are most often involved in accidents. Married persons are less often involved than those who are divorced, widowed, or separated, and single persons are involved the most.

In all the above classifications, however, the higher the blood-alcohol level, the greater the accident frequency. "Apparently, given sufficient alcohol, all drivers become about equally accident-involved," the report concludes.

In other words, although at the sober level well-educated persons, married persons, and drivers who travel more than 15,000 miles a year may be safest, they have as many accidents as any other driver class when their blood-alcohol level becomes high.

The report states: "When an alcohol level of .06 percent is reached, the estimated probability of causing an accident is double that of a driver from the .00 alcohol level. Beyond the .15 percent level, the data are too scarce to provide satisfactory estimates. However, . . . the absolute probability of causing an accident in this range is high.

"Even before alcohol levels are reached which are legally recognized as a public hazard in driving, the probability of causing an accident has multiplied severalfold."

The "causing" of accidents was determined by analyzing the data only of drivers found to be at fault in accidents, plus the drivers involved in single-vehicle crashes, caused presumably by their own action.

The research (Turn to page 34)

want to be

MISERABLE?

Here's an effective way!

Henry H. Graham

MOST PEOPLE want to be happy, have many friends, and enjoy life to the full. Probably you are one of them. On the other hand, do you ever wish to be thoroughly miserable, drive people away from you, and make a general nuisance of yourself? Swift and sure results are guaranteed if you follow the ensuing suggestions.

Start by considering no one but yourself. Think only about Number One. No matter how much it inconveniences others or works a hardship on them, do precisely as you please at all times. Though you really want to participate in some activity, turn down the invitation and don't even try to be nice about it.

Be blunt and icy. A little well-directed sarcasm helps. You owe nothing to your friends anyway, so why treat them with respect or even civility? Make a habit of giving them "both barrels" whenever you disagree even mildly with them. Force them into arguments even when there's nothing to argue about. Refuse to discuss anything amicably, but keep the floor yourself and refuse to listen to the other side. Become mean and intensely personal, and bring up everything in your opponents' past behavior that has ever annoyed you, magnifying each incident out of all proportion to its true significance. Call them such names as idiots, nincompoops, and half-wits when referring to them.

Whatever you do, never permit yourself to assist others. If a small boy asks you to help him make a box kite or a pen for his dog be sarcastic and insult-

ing and shut him up in a hurry. Tell him to go jump in the lake or get lost for you haven't the time to bother with small fry.

How he will hate that expression—small fry! But this is one good reason why you should use it regularly. What do you care if your hostile attitude gives him an inferiority complex? If you're a skilled swimmer and some novice wants you to teach him a stroke or two, you just cannot be bothered.

Seize each chance to break up any fun young boys may be having among themselves. They're just plain pests anyway, those kids, and don't deserve to enjoy themselves. You were never their age. You were always much more grown-up.

Ignore the fact that younger boys pay you a compliment when they seek for your services. If you manifest patience, tact, and understanding toward them, they may worship you and be your virtual slaves. But what do you care whether they like you or not? The more they stay away from you the better! The nuisances!

Demand your own way about everything and make sure you get it. If your class or group votes overwhelmingly to picnic down at the lake, hold out for your own preference. Be different. Travel your own private road. Never give in. Refuse even to compromise. Sulk and pout for days. Your opinion is the only one that makes sense, you know. So why humor others?

Spread malicious gossip regularly and at random. Don't bother to ascertain the facts. See that your "juicy"

story makes the rounds of the neighborhood. If there isn't a word of truth in it, so much the better. Rejoice in other people's misfortunes. Kick them when they are down. Think of them as suckers even when the fault may not have been their own.

Remember the time you had a bit of hard luck and friends came to your rescue? They were pretty swell, weren't they? You were grateful at the time. But that's all water under the bridge. Forget the past and all the favors you have received.

You want to be miserable? Look how far you have already traveled toward your objective! You are rapidly losing your old friends, even those who were most loyal.

By all means grouse and complain a lot at home. Be impossible to please, never say thanks, and refuse to voice any appreciation for anything.

Ridicule others in a mean, venomous way. Do not permit them to forget a slip they may have made and are trying hard to forget. Keep reminding them of it, particularly before strangers. Instead of sparing feelings, ruffle them at every opportunity and keep everybody stirred up. Make a regular kill-joy out of yourself. Make everybody as miserable as you are. That's pretty miserable, isn't it?

Well, you went all out to make others dislike you. What a wretched life you have! You're about as popular as the measles, and as welcome in any group as a rattlesnake. But you wanted to be despised and left alone. Now you have won these objectives!

DARK CORRIDOR

(Continued from page 21)

opened a can of fruit and a sack of cookies for dessert. I fixed myself a can of soup, for I was still afraid to try solid foods. Sally washed enough dishes for us to eat on and we all sat down to the table.

I resolved to clean the kitchen first thing. And I had no more than started when there was a rap on the door and Mr. Green walked in.

"I've come to mend these screens," he said, with pity in his eyes, and some embarrassment. "Joe, my handyman, and I are going to fix up this place. I haven't done anything to it in quite a spell," he went on, looking around.

In the days that followed, the house began to take on a new look. Mr. Green and Joe patched and mended and painted. The children and I scrubbed and cleaned. Clothes were washed and ironed, and mended or made over. I

sent Johnny and Tommy to the barber shop and gave Sally and myself home permanents. My welfare check came and I bought everyone new shoes and clothes.

Finally the day arrived for my second appearance in court, thirty days later. The judge congratulated me on my progress and then gave me a grandfatherly talking to. I felt he had earned the right.

I do not mean to imply it was all clear sailing for me, for it was not. It would take pages to relate all the fears, the depressions, I lived through. I could not tell the many hours I spent walking the floor in the night, fighting the craving for just one drink.

But the sight of my children always gave me fresh courage. They were secure and happy again, as though they had their mother back from some long journey. I wasn't even yet home, but at least I was on my way. I felt that I had traveled down a long, dark corridor, where I had wandered lonely and lost.

Though I still walked its gloomy paths, I could at last see a glimmer of light ahead, and I traveled toward that light.

Church helped me, perhaps more than anything else. I had not been to church since my mother died; now I found the singing soothing, the sermons medicine for my soul. The minister and his wife called on me regularly, and other members of the church did also. Gradually certain neighbors began to call. It had been so long since I'd had callers, and I accepted them all with gratitude.

Much, much later, I rented a typewriter, and brushed up on my typing and shorthand. I had not done either since my marriage. Soon I felt I was good enough to apply for a job, and, to my elation, I was hired! My salary almost doubled the money I had received from the welfare, so I was glad to say good-bye to the charity checks.

I felt I had at long last climbed out of that dark corridor, and that light outside was truly lovely to behold.

Is Alcoholism a Disease?

Frank Howard Richardson, M.D., F.A.C.P., F.A.A.P.

Formerly Consultant to the New York Department of Health

I have been taken sternly to task for stating that alcoholism is a disease. My critics assert that such a description is merely a medical excuse, or even a justification, to be used by a compulsive drinker who refuses to stop at the urging and pleading of his wife, his minister, or his friends. If such a person could claim that his drinking is a symptom of a disease, these critics assert, and could quote medical authorities to prove his contention, how could the good people who love him and want him to stop his drinking, persuade him to give up the habit?

When I ask them to give me an honest answer, and tell me whether they have ever known a compulsive drinker to be persuaded to stop his drinking as the result of such impassioned pleadings, they remain silent. When I press the point, they are compelled in all honesty to admit that they have never known an instance where these arguments and impassioned pleas have been successful in bringing about the giving up of the habit. If we are honestly concerned with helping the drinker regain control of himself and get rid of his addiction, we shall have to realize that while this approach has been tried millions of times, and is still being used daily, it has not been effective.

Strange as it may seem, this tactic can even produce an effect the opposite of the one desired. If the drinker is really moved by these appeals, as is frequently the case, yet is unable to comply with them, as he usually is, he is even more strongly impelled to drink in order to drown his remorse and feeling of helplessness in the face of his addiction.

How do doctors justify the assertion that compulsive drinking is a disease? A "disease" is defined as "a deviation from a state of health, a definite, marked process having a characteristic set of symptoms." Whether such symptoms may be a rash, a cough, prostration, or fever, they can

certainly not be controlled or cured by an act of will on the part of the patient. This is so even though they may have been brought on as a result of some wrong or foolish action, like drinking contaminated water and contracting typhoid, or exposing oneself to a contagious disease and catching diphtheria or measles.

Consider a similar state of affairs presented by the patient who has become infected with a venereal disease, like syphilis or gonorrhea. Granted that his disease was brought about by his committing a sin, like adultery or fornication. But does his remorse or his determination never again to commit this sin have the slightest curative effect? Can you imagine a doctor refusing to treat a case of venereal disease because the sufferer contracted it by committing a sin, and begging him not to do it again?

Many people feel that a sin may be involved in the present state of the compulsive drinker. But refusing to give medical aid to him, and instead merely begging him to stop doing something over which he has long since lost control, is as ineffective as it is silly. To be sure, we can appeal to him to help make medical treatment more effective by joining Alcoholics Anonymous, to determine never to touch another drop, without which determination medical treatment will be ineffective, and to keep away from places, companions, and associations where he knows that he will be tempted to indulge.

These methods all have their place and serve to reinforce medical treatment. But the compulsive drinker is a desperately ill man, a patient suffering from a serious disease, and hence entitled to medical treatment at the hands of competent physicians. This, of course, does not lessen the risk which a person runs when he begins the habit in the first place.

WHEN YOU APPLY FOR A JOB

(Continued from page 6)

who are happy in their work. Generally speaking, the happy ones are those who are not engaged in any struggle for status. They are not under the pressure of prestige.

Eliminate superficial and false values and you eliminate feelings of frustration, failure, and futility which they produce. Often it is such feelings which beckon people to the bars or barbiturates.

See your job not merely as a means of earning a living but as an opportunity for living and giving. See your job not only in terms of income, but as an outlet for all you have to offer. Actually what we are saying is, *become one with your job*. Do that effectively, and the need or desire for drug or drink will disappear. In fact, it will never appear.

AN OLD-FASHIONED LEADER

(Continued from page 7)

station promptly scheduled her for a thirty-minute show following her recovery.

Another factor in her success is that she stays ahead of those she counsels. Years ago, sensing a trend toward sport cars, she began including tips in her presentations on how to get into and out of the sometimes cramped quarters. Later, as the beatniks began to emerge, she included them—and talked about why *not* to be one.

This past year—which has been her busiest—she has spoken from coast to coast to more than 50,000 people at youth conferences alone; to “so many high schools I can’t count them;” to a dozen or more universities and junior colleges in the United States and Canada; and to thousands in Europe on a tour that took her to Holland, Germany, Switzerland, England, and Scotland. The European tour lasted two months, and at one point she spoke every day for a period of five weeks.

Her shows carry a theme—one current with today’s teens—and feature people from the area in which they are given. Elaine writes the script herself, does the directing, designs the programs and sets and when the show goes on, takes the microphone as narrator.

In August when she staged the “Seminar for Sallys and Sams” in Salt Lake City, it was for the fifteenth time. The seminar’s fashion show has become “the word” for back-to-school

How to Stay Healthy on the Job

RESEARCHERS say that the common cold is the most frequent cause of illness, whether in offices or factories. In fact, illness of all types, including colds, causes twenty times as much work loss as accidents.

So, you’ll be more likely to stay healthy on the job if you heed these eight tips:

1. Keep your distance from co-workers with colds. One sneeze can send billions of tiny germ-laden droplets as far as six feet away!

2. Use disposable paper cups, especially during the sniffles season. Dixie cups in a handy, inexpensive wall dispenser help reduce germ swapping.

3. Report to your superior all tripping hazards—including welding lines, ropes, or cable—which may be lying in wait across a well-trodden path. If you’re in the office, stoop a moment to pick up that loose rubber band on the floor. It’s possibly good for a spectacular skid.

4. If you work around wooden benches or desks, look for any raw edges and bind them with tape. Splinters can be painful and may cause infection. Women may also save themselves a pair of stockings by this foresight.

5. If you work around equipment which must be turned on and off—or with tools which might become fire hazards if left unattended—bind the handles with red tape. When you leave, you can eye-check at a glance everything that’s red and not worry afterward about “Did I, or didn’t I?”

6. At noon eat a nourishing lunch in peace, instead of rushing around doing errands and shopping. Industrial-accident figures show that most accidents are caused at times when employees are hungry and consequently have low blood-sugar levels—at 11 a.m. and around 3 p.m.

7. Don’t encourage employees who like to show off. Show them you think on-the-job horseplay is strictly kid stuff—for example, that lifting heavy loads fast is for the birds, that no-hands-on-ladders is juvenile. Without an audience such persons may straighten up and fly right.

8. Though the hours after quitting time are your own, your job will be easier and your general health better if you don’t stint on sleep. This is especially true near the end of the week when fatigue is prone to catch up with you. Planning on going to bed early Thursday night may help you enjoy the weekend more, leaving you with more energy for leisure-time fun.

buying in the intermountain West. “However popular the show is,” she is quick to explain, “clothes are only one part. Our concern is with the total image.”

Elaine Anderson Cannon is the mother of six: two boys, nineteen and eight, and four girls in between. A graduate of the University of Utah in sociology and a past society editor of the *Deseret News* and *Salt Lake Telegram*, she follows her hectic schedule for one reason only—she loves her work. With her husband, D. James Cannon, director of the Utah Tourist and Publicity Council, she is an avid traveler and reader.

At youth conferences she is fond of quoting Disraeli: “Almost everything that is great has been done by youth,” and backs it up with history: Jeanne d’Arc, martyrdom at nineteen; Alexander Hamilton, famed orator at eighteen; William Pitt, a member of Parliament at twenty-one; Winston Churchill, foreign correspondent at twenty; and Jesus Christ, confounding the learned at twelve and His work completed at thirty-three.

Her writing covers a wide range.

On personality: “It’s a matter of developing taste and polish and personal appeal (lots of help in this department everywhere, these days). It’s being on

the prowl for the unusual in conversation topics, food, and fun. It's thinking—then venturing an opinion. It's standing up and being counted for what is right. It's living so you can be friends with yourself. It's daring to be different in the best kind of way. It's daring to conform to truth. It's thinking. And it's praying. But it's doing, too. Anyone who has tried the unbeatable combination of faith and works readily admits this is the secret of being a someone, not just an anyone."

On running with the wrong crowd: "Be willing to change your environment (your work, friends, hobby demands) if it isn't a good influence."

On morality: "The smartest teens in any town know you don't have to choose between good times and good memories. By taking a long-range view of life, by bringing the whole of it into focus, one has to admit that a good time is enjoyed only when the emphasis is on 'good.' A disturbed conscience following activity of a questionable nature never brought happiness or pleasure to anyone."

On grooming: "Proceed on the basis that it's wise to avoid doing anything in dress or grooming that makes you appear ridiculous, grotesque, or beneath your dignity as a child of God. You accept the word (and abide by it) of authorities in their fields that proper food, rest, exercise, and abstinence from damaging practices (and that means alcohol and tobacco) are an absolute must for healthy, good-looking bodies."

"You choose your clothes with an eye to improving on nature rather than simply cloaking it. You neither trail way behind current trends nor race way ahead of them."

"Explore the possibilities of fashion by studying magazines, shop windows, and well-dressed people. You'll soon learn that it's entirely possible to be an up-to-the-minute dresser and still maintain a personal standard. Remember that anything too tight, too revealing, too baggy or sloppy, too gaudy, too unusual, or which in any way attracts unfavorable attention, you'll rule out of your wardrobe."

To the boys in her audiences she often quotes Joseph T. Bentley, vice-president of Brigham Young University: "Fellows are learning that a young man is never so masculine as when he is helping someone less fortunate, or being a gentleman."

In turn she tells the girls: "A girl never feels so feminine as when a boy is being a gentleman. Sharp girls give boys every opportunity to prove they have manners."

The story of a famous song

MUSIC from the SKY



Duane Valentry

Albert Hay Malotte (right) goes over music score for the film "Big Fisherman" with Director Frank Borzage, and Rowland Lee.

ALBERT HAY MALOTTE, whose name may not be known to many in either the world of flying or the world of music, seldom boards a jet without recalling a day of flying many years ago that changed his life.

It was stormy, and he was piloting a small Boeing 40 through black and rolling clouds, his eye apprehensively on the needle of his gas gauge as it hovered over the empty mark.

Like a good many pilots in a tight spot, he prayed. Usually when he flew, from his earliest days as a student pilot, he would repeat the words of the Lord's Prayer, his favorite Bible passage.

This time was no different. The familiar words came to his lips as he searched for an opening in the murky clouds through which he could get down fast.

"Our Father—"

But there was a difference, for somehow he found himself singing the words as he tried not to eye that ominous gauge. Suddenly he saw the rift he needed, and not a moment too soon, for the plane was now without fuel.

It took some tricky maneuvering to bring the plane in, but Malotte was a skilled pilot and able to make it safely onto the runway. As he walked away from the little plane, he said a second prayer, this time one of thanksgiving, while the strange tune still sang in his mind.

Since he was a musician he wrote it down and sent it to his friend, John Charles Thomas, as a musical setting for the Lord's Prayer, just as he had sung it in an hour of danger.

Thomas enthusiastically entered the new number in his repertory, and overnight it became famous, the most loved work of its composer, Albert Hay Malotte.

Today most people know and love Malotte's "The Lord's Prayer," and it is constantly played and sung in churches, for weddings, funerals, and other occasions. But few know the story behind it, or much about the man who wrote it twenty-seven years ago.

Malotte lives quietly in Hollywood, California, and has composed scores for many motion pictures. Some of his better-known music includes "Ferdinand the Bull," "Song of the Open Road," the recent score for "The Big Fisherman," and other religious music such as the musical setting for the twenty-third psalm.

During the second world war Malotte, after trying unsuccessfully to enter the various military services, flew constantly to remote areas to entertain servicemen with his music.

The tune they requested most? You've guessed it—"The Lord's Prayer," the great music a pilot brought home from the sky.



SOME TRANQUILIZERS ARE NOT PILLS!

Ruth A. Walton

I'M ALL for tranquilizers—grandma and grandpa's kind, that is.

Their tranquilizer wasn't a pill to be swallowed, but its effects lasted a whole lot longer.

No. When the cares and frustrations of life became a bit too much for gramps, he'd find a tin can and head for a spot behind the barn where the fishing worms were abundant.

There he'd turn a few spadefuls of dirt and pick up worms until he thought he had plenty. Now and then he'd find a big, fat grub that he'd toss in, in the hope of luring some hungry catfish.

Bullheads, gramps called them.

Then he'd quietly reach under the eaves of the barn and get his cane pole and start through the woods to the lake.

Unless the day was extremely hot gramps never sat in the shade. He'd find a place where he could stretch out on the sand. He'd bait his hook, lie back, cover his face with his old, worn felt hat and let the sun penetrate his body.

As he lay there, perfectly still, one by one the creatures of the woods would wander down to the lake. Deer often drank of its cool water as he lay there.

Grandpa had no use for coons, and in the cornfield or hen house they were sworn enemies, but sitting there in the midst of God's creation they'd sometimes fish side by side. Usually the coon netted more fish than grandpa.

Every now and then grandpa would lift his head to see if the cork was still there. It didn't make too much difference to gramps whether he caught fish or not. If the cork went under, fine, but he didn't work at it the way some fishermen do today.

And when he returned home, grandma didn't gauge the success of the afternoon by the number of fish he brought back, but rather by the number of lines from his face that he'd left behind.

Grandma had her tranquilizer, too, but it was of a different brand. Hers came from the hills.

She'd start in the same direction that grandpa did, but instead of going down to the lake she'd branch off in the opposite direction, where the hills lay.

She'd climb to the very top of the tallest one, and there she'd sit.

The woods weren't quiet by any means, but it was a peaceful noise. There was almost always a choir of crickets in practice.

Now and then a song sparrow from the field beyond would trill its notes. Even the raucous cawing of the crows seemed less harsh.

The chipmunks were plentiful. When they learned that this strange being sitting in their midst meant no harm, they'd scamper about her feet, scolding as they went.

The gray squirrels would peer down through the leaves and then frisk their tails in a gesture of friendliness.

Sometimes grandma would bring back visible evidence of her trip to the woods. In the spring it was a bouquet of trilliums, and in the autumn an armful of rainbow from the trees or an apron pocket full of hazelnuts that she had garnered ahead of the squirrels.

More often than not the fruit of her jaunt could be seen only in the vigor and zest with which she tackled her household chores.

Grandma and grandpa used these tranquilizers wisely and sparingly. They knew that, like all medicine, if used too often they would lose their effectiveness.

The next time you feel the need, I suggest you try either grandma's or grandpa's brand of tranquilizer.

You'll be amazed at what it can do.

PARTY PICK-UPS

Blossom Engen

For a World of Fun -- A United Nations Party



In communities around the world, October 24 has special significance. United Nations Day is designed to emphasize the pleasant relations which each one of us can have with our neighbors—whether they be from Afghanistan or from across the street.

What better opportunity is there for you to become an international host or hostess than to take your guests on a round-the-world trip of hospitality?

Your cosmopolitan evening will be more authentic if you include decorations, food, games, and at least one individual from outside this country.

If you have imaginative friends, send official-looking invitations to them as attachés of specific governments and ask them to come dressed in native costume. Perhaps you should give them a chance to be an ambassador from a different country, if they can find a typical costume from another place.

A globe, world maps, flags, vases, dishes, and other curios from outside the United States will furnish adequate decorations.

Foreign food is always interesting. The following menu differs from the routine, but the dishes are simply prepared, for the most part well in advance, and are sure to be delicious and well received.

MENU

- **Pastafazool (Italian pasta)**
- **Gado Gado (Bali vegetable salad)**
Bread varieties such as knäckebröd, bread sticks, pumpernickel, sesame rolls
- **Oeufs à la Neige (French dessert)**
Milk

For a quick tour of foreign fun try the following games. The last two demand forfeits from your guests and may be climaxed by a United Nations General Assembly for retrieving the lost articles.

Hana, Hana, Hana, Kuchi (Japanese for "Nose, Nose, Nose, Mouth") is similar to our "Scrambled Anatomy." Divide your group into two sides facing each other. The captain of one side says "Nose, nose, nose, mouth," pointing to his nose three times, but his ear, for example, the fourth time. The idea is for opposing team members to point where he says, not where he points. All players who make mistakes may drop out or, as the Japanese play it, submit to being daubed on the cheek with a flour-water paste. The other captain now takes a turn. The side with the player who stays in the longest or who has the least amount of paint at the end of a specified time wins.

Rompiendo la Piñata (Mexican). A paper sack, the piñata, is filled with nuts and wrapped candy, tied shut, and dressed as a caricature. It is then hung on a tree limb or door lintel by a string.

Players, each in turn, are given a stick, blindfolded, turned around several times, and then without groping given an opportunity to break the piñata. When the bag is broken and the contents scattered, players help themselves.

African Simon Says. A leader stands before the entire group. All players follow him in what he does, making sure that they use the correct hand or foot. A player who makes a mistake takes the leader's place and the leader retires to the group as a chief.

Hit the Bucket (English, but also played in Spain, Italy, and Germany). Players form a circle around a bucket, standing at a distance of ten to twelve feet. Each player is given a prescribed number of beans. At the signal to throw, each player tosses his missiles at the bucket. Those who miss must pay a forfeit which they must redeem by performing some stunt.

The Priest's Hat (Cuban). Players are seated in a circle. The person acting as leader, standing in the center, says, "The priest has lost his hat, and they tell me someone in this room has found it and hid it. I think it is ____." He points to someone in the circle who must not speak or smile but with vigorous action deny the charge and point out who he thinks the culprit is. The point of the game is to make some player laugh or to catch him off guard

so that he fails to respond. A guilty player must pay a forfeit, and the leader starts again.

The secretary-general of your United Nations pronounces sentence by naming something the owner of a forfeit must do to entertain the group, such as:

1. Pose like the Statue of Liberty.
2. Deliver a profound argumentative address using numbers from one to fifty.
3. Pantomime six different visitors to the United Nations building.

Should your ambassadors raise serious objections, perhaps they will be acting typically. Chances are you will still remain friends!

PASTAFAZOOOL

(10 to 12 servings)

- ½ cup olive oil
 - 1 medium onion, cut fine
 - 2 large stalks celery, cut fine
 - 1 small green pepper, diced
 - 1 clove garlic, minced
 - 1 teaspoon each salt, basil, and parsley
 - ½ teaspoon oregano
 - 1 (6-ounce) can tomato paste
 - 3½ cups whole tomatoes (Italian pear tomatoes if available)
 - 4½ cups water
 - 2 (No. 2) cans garbanzos or kidney beans
 - 1 cup grated Parmesan or Romano cheese plus additional cheese to be added by your guests.
 - 12 ounces macaroni (ditalini is authentic)
- Prepare sauce by sautéing vegetables in oil, then combining with seasonings, water, and tomatoes. Simmer 90 minutes. Add garbanzos or beans and simmer an additional 30 minutes. Cook macaroni until tender, about 10 minutes. Drain. Combine macaroni, tomato-bean mixture, and cheese and simmer 5 minutes. Serve with more grated cheese.

GADO GADO

(6 servings)

- 1 cup chopped, raw cabbage
- 1 cup chopped, cooked green beans
- 1 cup chopped, cooked soybeans
- 1 cup chopped, cooked carrots
- 1 small sliced cucumber
- 3 sliced, hard-cooked eggs
- 2 tomatoes, cut in wedges
- Lettuce

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TOMEKAN--



He Helps Young Addicts

Alfred K. Allan

White-haired, robust seventy-seven-year-old Thomas J. Egan retired from the New York Police Force with an outstanding record some ten years ago, but Tom hasn't been spending his retirement just sittin' and whittlin'. Three days a week he is a volunteer worker helping in the rehabilitation of hundreds of teen-age drug users.

The problem of teen-age drug addiction has become acute in recent years. Statistics reveal that 72 percent of drug addicts under thirty years of age were first "hooked" on narcotics when only adolescents. There are at least 4,000 narcotics addicts under twenty-one years of age in New York City alone and at least 4,000 more teen-agers in the city on the verge of addiction.

As the father of eight grown children, Tom has always been interested in young people and in making sure they are set on the right path in life. "What many of these youngsters who try drugs need more than punishment is the same kind of sympathy and understanding that my parents gave me when I was a boy. These youngsters have been denied this proper parental guidance and are the result of broken homes and bad environment that have molded their character in the wrong direction."

Youngsters with whom he works call Tom "dad," for to them he has become a father, a man to whom they can come for advice and counsel and who will listen to their problems with sympathy and understanding. After they complete their treatment, Tom encourages them to become active in their local churches and in youth organizations; he helps them get settled in a good neighborhood and assists them to find good jobs so they will not return to their drug habit nor be tempted by drug pushers.

TOBACCO IS A NARCOTIC

(Continued from page 15)

upon longevity. We must be made aware that sexual energy and potency, in itself a mark of the state of health, is undermined by tobacco addiction.

The use of tobacco is no laughing matter. In today's paper I read with some shock a news release to the effect that in a survey taken by *Young Citizen*, a weekly current-events publication of the civic education service, one fifth-grade teacher said 50 percent of his students smoke occasionally and 20 percent regularly.

What this means is that, in school-rooms across the nation, from the fifth grade on, our children must be taught the facts. They must be shown movies and given dramatic lectures and made to participate in discussions, not perfunctorily once a year in a hygiene class, but over and over again until they fully get the message which may prevent them from becoming our next generation of nicotine addicts.

In the case of adults, the most effective single means of reaching them is through television, though the press and radio must make their contribution as well to a vigorous campaign to counteract the past subtle or hard-sell propaganda of the tobacco industry. Above all, however, all that we do or say from the positive standpoint will

be completely negated and blotted out if we permit continued advertisement in the same media, glorifying tobacco as both ideally masculine and, at the same time, very feminine, as being a part of every important athletic or educational event, as inspiring, relaxing, and sexually glamorous.

On the contrary, it must be required that such advertising be stopped, and that, while sales of tobacco products may be permitted to continue, each tobacco container set forth the proven harms in much the same manner as poisons are required to be labeled as such. Leave it to the buyer to decide whether, in view of the scientific revelations, he wishes to continue to cater to his addiction. The presentation of tobacco in a desirable light is a fraud upon the whole of the American people.

We must not be concerned with the possibility that economic distress may arise in the tobacco belt. The horse and buggy gave way to the automobile, and somehow the employers and employees in the industries that depended on horses for motive power, found a place for themselves in other fields. It is necessary for all segments of the population to be prepared at all times for the social adjustments required by progress.

Least of all should we be concerned with the loss of revenue from tobacco advertising. Other sponsors, heretofore

crowded out by the powerful tobacco interests which today sponsor more television programs than any other product, will be happy to come forward to advertise less harmful, and even beneficial, commodities for the American consumer, so that we may all benefit by the end of this era of dope pushing by way of television.

TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY

(Continued from page 17)

"You know, the doctors told me if I hadn't been in top condition at the time of the accident, I would have died. That made me thankful that I'd always been a total abstainer."

Hearing Lieutenant Ellis speak of his personal habits, his love for flying, and his eagerness to serve his country, brought into focus his current battle. Can a legless pilot actually handle a jet aircraft safely and effectively?

The number one question was whether he could save himself should something go wrong with his plane. Well, he would prove he could use a parachute as well as the next man. After practicing his PLF's (parachute-landing falls) at the squadron hangar, he enrolled with the San Diego Sky Divers to learn the technique of free-fall parachuting. There was some concern about whether his legs would catch in the slipstream as he bailed out

on a static line from 2,300 feet, but all went well. His instructor rated him, "Excellent exit—good canopy control."

What about water survival? the skeptics asked.

This strenuous check-out, which is periodically required of all Navy pilots, consists of such lifesaving measures as a simulated abandon-ship dive from a twenty-foot tower, carrying and aiding drowning victims in the water, escaping from the Dilbert Dunker, a simulated aircraft cockpit, while inverted and submerged, and escaping from a parachute harness while being dragged through the water. Except for a little trouble treading water, the determined amputee passed with flying colors.

One admiral came up with the idea that Lieutenant Ellis couldn't stay in the Navy because he would be unable to serve on ships. "During assaults he'd have to climb over the side on a cargo net."

Ellis said he could handle that hurdle, too, and proved it by climbing to the top of a thirty-five-foot rope net several times. Between stunts in showing the Navy that he could perform as well as the next man, he water-skied and played touch football with his youngsters, just for fun.

The question of flying, getting in and out of cockpits, posed another problem, but he showed that he could crawl up onto the wing and walk along it to the fuselage, cling to the sides, and step down the three spikes into the cockpit. As for needing legs actually to fly an aircraft, he found them not necessary at all. Ellis insists that being legless might give him the same advantage in combat as that enjoyed by the famed World War II amputee, Wing Commander Douglas Bader of the Royal Air Force. Bader lost his legs in a 1931 accident, and later claimed he could pull into tighter turns because he could withstand a greater pull of gravity and thus avoid blackout because of his shortened body.

Most startling suggestion of all, Lieutenant Ellis now feels that he would like to be an astronaut. "I could leave my legs on the launching pad!"

Since his battle for reinstatement, the young pilot has been presented with numerous citations and awards for heroism. Recently the Navy presented him with the Distinguished Flying Cross, the third highest peacetime award, for his courage during the accident which crippled him. Perhaps the greatest award the Navy could give him is the chance to fly again with his squadron. In an unprecedented decision, Lieutenant Frank Ellis was placed
(Turn to page 32)



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, D.C. 20012.

Why do people always want to experiment with drinking, especially young people?

Every normal child wants to learn by investigating or experimenting to find out for himself. A child has to be protected from investigating or experimenting with those things which are dangerous or harmful. But an individual who has attained the age of twelve years or more should have learned that, while personal experience is the best teacher, learning from other peoples' experience is a much safer and less painful method of adding to one's knowledge.

Most twelve-year-olds have not yet developed the ability and caution which a twenty-year-old is expected to exhibit. Consequently, the young teen-ager needs more supervision in order to protect himself from harmful experiences. And as alcohol tends to remove the ability to use the judgment which has been acquired in the learning process, it stifles the inhibitions, thus making more childish the actions under its influence.

A young teen-ager wants to know for himself; a mature young person is satisfied by observing the experience of others. A person who considers the consequence of his actions will accept the experimental findings of his teachers or his elders. With every privilege goes a responsibility. With every choice goes a consequence.

How can one bring a person to the place where he wants to stop drinking?

Why does a person want to drink? The answer to this question is the first step in finding the answer to your question. Can you find the true answer to this question?

Are you willing to walk in this person's shoes for a month? That is, can you come to know this person well

enough so that you can understand why he reacts to the problems of life in the way he does? Is he loved and wanted at home and at work? Does he feel that his life is a success? Is he comfortable with himself, his loved ones, his co-workers? Is he willing to accept his responsibilities with his privileges?

If you can help him, a drinker, to feel accepted by you, a nondrinker; if you can make him feel as successful as you are; if you can build up his morale until he no longer feels that he needs to drink to drown his troubles; if he can count on you as a friend who knows all about him but still loves him (without pity); if you can forget about wanting him "to want to stop drinking," and can make him more comfortable with you than with those who drink, then you will find that he wants to be like you—a perfect gentleman or a charming lady.

How can teen-agers help in educating the public against drinking?

1. By formulating the reasons why they, as future leaders, are convinced that they should not drink.

2. By selling their reasons to their fellow teen-agers.

3. By convincing their elders that they have a program for living which will add years to life, and life to each year.

4. By being considerate, tolerant, and charitable toward those who choose to differ in their opinions as to the benefits or harmfulness of drinking.

"There are no problem children; the trouble is with problem parents." How much truth is there to this statement?

You have heard it said: "Laugh and the world laughs with you." How many problem children come from happy homes? And who creates the home, the parents or the children?



Harry J. Anslinger, **THE PROTECTORS**, New York: Farrar, Straus, and Company, 1964. 244 pages. \$4.50.

Instead of detailing the lives and adventures of criminals, the former head of the Bureau of Narcotics relates thrilling episodes of the men who daily risk their lives in the battle against crime. This is a book well worth reading.

Ruth Shonle Cavan, **JUVENILE DELINQUENCY, DEVELOPMENT, TREATMENT, CONTROL**, Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1962. 366 pages.

Geared primarily for college students and professionals who work with delinquency problems, this book takes a social and psychological approach and delves into the entire spectrum of the juvenile delinquency problem. When she discusses the problem of alcohol and delinquency, author Cavan naïvely notes that much adolescent misconduct "is a perversion of normal adult activity," namely, drinking. She says that adults use cars for transportation, that adolescents use them for pleasure. If the driver (whether adult or adolescent) has been drinking, he is a potential killer on the road regardless of his age.

She logically notes a little later that "for many adolescents the automobile, alcohol, and sex are woven into a coordinated system of behavior that becomes habitual . . . for drinking and for petting or sex episodes. Alcohol releases inhibitions built up against sex activities and reduces the normal precautions against dangerous driving."

She discusses effectively the motivations for adolescent drinking.

Author Cavan's section on juvenile drug addicts is well done and is worth reading by any interested layman. However, it must be kept in mind that this book is primarily slanted toward college students and professionals in the

field. The treatment of this book can be summarized as thought-provoking and thorough, as author Cavan ranges from delinquency origins to delinquency control.

TEACHING GUIDE

TEACHER'S EDITION OF

LISTEN

MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA

Published in the Interest
of Scientific Education

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"Listen" Teaching Guide

Teachers will be happy to learn that a "Teaching Guide" supplement to "Listen," a Journal of Better Living, is now available for each regular issue. With quantity orders of "Listen" subscriptions for classroom use, at \$2.50 per subscription, Narcotics Education, Inc., a nonprofit, nondenominational sales organization, will supply a copy of the "Teaching Guide" without charge. On other orders a small charge is made for subscriptions to the "Teaching Guide" supplement.

Teachers may write to Narcotics Education, Inc., P.O. Box 4390, Washington, D.C. 20012. Ask about this service, and request a free catalog of teaching materials in the fields of alcohol, tobacco, and narcotics.

TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY

(Continued from page 31)

on status III; that is, he must have a copilot with him always and his plane must be land based. He intends to go further, however, and not be limited by these restrictions.

Recently, *Listen's* correspondent was told by a high-ranking authority that Lieutenant Ellis has indeed made four carrier landings, unofficially of course. The landings were executed with all the precision and skill of a top-notch pilot, legs or no legs.

UNITED NATIONS PARTY

(Continued from page 29)

DRESSING

- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons sliced leeks or scallions
- Dash of garlic powder and cayenne
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 6 tablespoons peanut butter
- 1 tablespoon chopped celery
- 2 cups water
- Salt to taste

Cook leeks in butter until brown. Gradually add remaining ingredients, while stirring. Cook until thick. Place dressing in small dish in center of large plate. Mound chopped vegetables around it. Surround with circular rows of sliced vegetables and eggs placed on lettuce leaves.

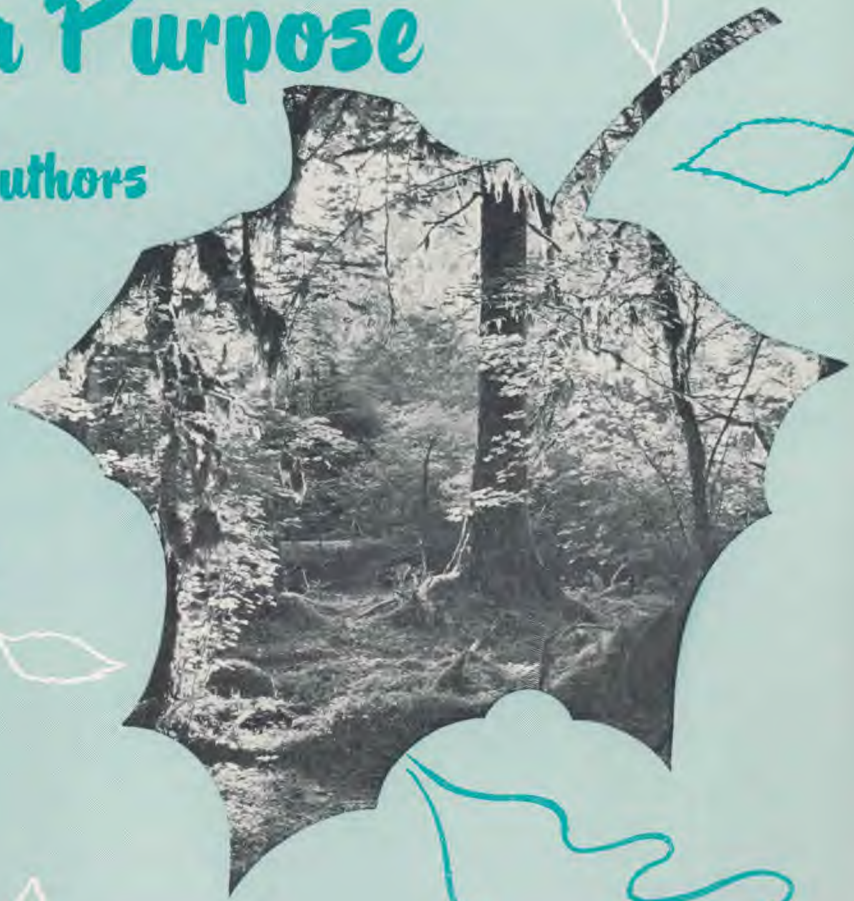
OEUFs à la NEIGE

(6 servings)

- 2 egg whites
 - ½ teaspoon cream of tartar
 - ¼ cup sugar
 - 1 tablespoon cornstarch
 - ¼ teaspoon salt
 - ¼ cup sugar
 - 2 egg yolks
 - 2 cups rich milk or light cream
 - 1 teaspoon vanilla
 - 1 (12-ounce) can mandarin orange sections
 - 2 bananas or 1 pound seeded grapes
 - Unsweetened chocolate, flaked
- Beat egg whites and cream of tartar until foamy. Add ¼ cup sugar and beat until stiff peaks form. Half fill deep skillet with water. Bring water to boil. Turn off heat. Drop egg-white mixture by mounds into water. Cover 1 minute. Drain on absorbent paper. Chill these meringues 1 to 2 hours.
- Combine remaining sugar, cornstarch, and salt in double-boiler top. Mix in egg yolks, then milk. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until mixture is slightly thickened, about 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Cool. Stir in vanilla. Chill. Arrange oranges and bananas or grapes in cups. Pour meringue sauce over fruit. Put meringues on top. Sprinkle with flaked chocolate.

Poems With a Purpose

by "Listen" Authors



CARNIVAL

Beth M. Applegate

Autumn has a sound of revelry.
The roistering winds that roar
Among the carmined trees
Shout madly, as they shake the branches
To send leaves capering down,
As timid summer flees.

THE SIMPLE WAY

Emily May Young

This is what I hope and pray—
May I live the simple way;
Always act without design;
In every deed to be benign;
To find the great within the small;
And render kindness unto all.

TO FIND WITHIN

Grace Ross

From hate-hard eyes
and words of wrath,
turn, turn;
run to find
in timeless mazes
of the mind
a fern-fringed path,
leaf-paved with shade—
tendrils-winding, sorrow-made
path to sightless,
soundless stillness;
refuge deeper
than the night.

NOT BUTTERFLIES

June Lee

I thought I saw a butterfly
Dancing through the air.
I watched it fly against the sky,
Then a hundred more were there.

Red and gold, and autumn hues—
Then suddenly I knew
They were not really butterflies,
But autumn leaves that flew.

THE UNTRODDEN PATHWAY

Mildred N. Hoyer

The path was filled with stones
Of selfishness, and poison vines of envy;
Weeds of discontent still flourished
Beside the briars of bitterness.
But there was one who drew a dauntless breath;
He cleared the pathway as he walked
Until, at length, his bleeding fingers
Found the lock upon the door
Which opened at his understanding touch
To give into his arms—a lonely soul.

102 MAGNIFICENT YEARS

(Continued from page 19)

of being willing to try a comeback after defeats." He could be content with the outcome of any game, win or lose, if he felt he and his boys had prepared and played to the best of their ability.

Playing the game of life according to these rules earned Amos Stagg countless honors and awards, longevity, success, happiness, and the respect and admiration of his fellowmen. Named for him are Stagg Field at Chicago, Stagg Way at the College of the Pacific (now University of the Pacific), Stagg High School in Stockton, Stagg Gymnasium at the Stockton Y.M.C.A., and Stagg Field at West Orange, New Jersey, while the list of his awards would fill pages.

Said Amos Alonzo Stagg, Jr., speaking to one of the many groups which gathered in different parts of the country to pay his father tribute on his hundredth birthday: "It took a lifetime for me to learn what he was doing. The fact that he has become great is not the result of luck. For people to become great, it's the result of a whole life of right thinking. He is a sincere missionary. In other words, he set his life aside to do good, and I think he does it in a very humble and natural way."

NEW DRINKING-DRIVING STUDY

(Continued from page 23)

teams tried to characterize drinking drivers, since any effective educational program must be aimed at the proper population segment.

Persons who drink at parties are in accidents more often, and those who drink in public establishments are in accidents less often, than those who drink at home, with relatives, or at other places, the study showed.

Morning drinkers are in accidents



"And to my lifelong enemy, Fred Jones, I leave a lifetime of FREE drinks at Freddie's Tavern."

more often than evening, weekend, special-occasion, before-lunch, and afternoon drinkers. Among drinkers, the safest driving record was among before-dinner drinkers.

Drivers who drink with casual acquaintances got into more accidents than those who drink alone or with family and friends. Those drinking with business contacts were in fewer accidents than other classes.

Of the drinking drivers who had alcohol levels of more than .08 percent, there were four who preferred beer for each person who preferred distilled liquor. The same was true for accident involvement. Beer drinkers appeared in more accidents than hard-liquor drinkers, and had higher blood-alcohol levels.

Those interviewed were asked how many drinks they thought they could take before becoming unsafe drivers. Thirty-seven percent thought they still could drive safely after five drinks. However, with the average person, the report points out, six ounces of liquor would still produce a blood-alcohol

level above .08 percent after three hours. And the study showed that this level makes chances of an accident at least four times greater than for the sober driver.

The study also showed that drivers with blood-alcohol levels of .04 percent and less seem to have less chance of an accident than even completely sober drivers. Borkenstein attributes this to the possibility that education of the public has caused persons with only one drink, for instance, to use extreme care when driving.

The I.U. researchers conclude:

"High levels of alcohol are always associated with bad accident experience. Many drivers with high blood-alcohol levels overestimate the number of drinks that it is safe to have before driving.

"The tendency to drive after drinking is related significantly to the socio-economic variables of classification, with persons in the lower socioeconomic categories appearing most frequently in the drinking-driver class.

"Blood-alcohol levels over .04 percent are definitely associated with an increased accident involvement."

USUAL FARE

"A woman entered a barroom and advanced quietly to her husband, who sat drinking with three other men. She placed a covered dish on the table and said:

"'Thinkin' ye'd be too busy to come home to supper, Jack, I've fetched it to you here.' Then she left.

"The men all laughed awkwardly. Jack then invited his friends to share the meal with him. He removed the cover from the dish. It contained only a slip of paper bearing the following message:

"I hope you will enjoy your supper. It is the same your wife and children have at home."—Chicago *Chronicle*.

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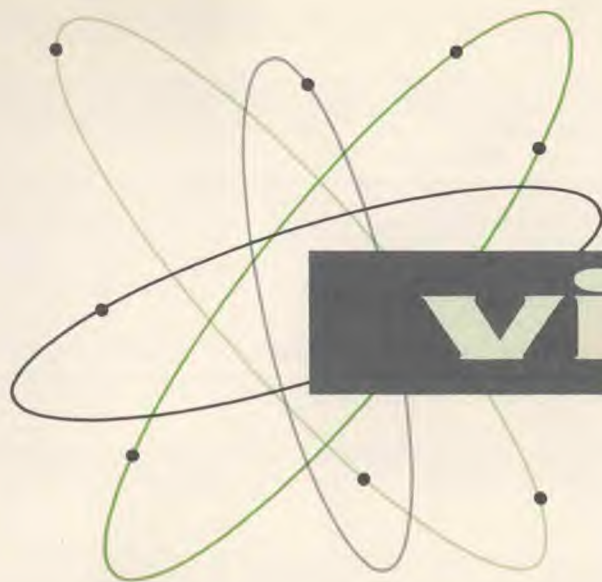
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views

❖ **SNEEZE? DON'T DRINK.** If you're a sneezer, don't drink, says Dr. Vincent J. Fontana, director of pediatric allergy, New York University Medical Center. In a warning to hay-fever sufferers, Fontana said the pollen-induced wheezing and sneezing common in the fall of the year are usually aggravated by the use of alcohol.

❖ **HEALTH THREAT.** "Alcoholism has long been regarded as a disease which occupies one of the leading positions among the four great health threats to our community, including cancer, mental illness, and heart disease."—George Christopher, former mayor, San Francisco.

❖ **SOCIAL DRINKERS ALCOHOLICS.** "Don't be so smug about it. Many who are chronic alcoholics today were the social drinkers of yesterday who used to say: 'Me? Drinking too much? Not on your life. I'm always in control. I can always put on the brakes in time.' Yes. I know you mean well. But how about a dangerous skid one rainy day?"—Dr. Peter J. Steincrohn.

❖ **CLEAN-LIVING BRUINS.** "Force yourselves to keep running and working hard when you are tired in order to improve your condition," says Coach John Wooden to his University of California Bruins, na-

tional collegiate basketball champions of 1964. Wooden says his training demands include: no smoking, drinking, or swearing. And he personally eschews all three.

❖ **BRIDGE AND ALCOHOL.** "Whatever one can say in behalf of alcohol, it is not known for its salutary effect on one's judgment. And bridge is first and foremost a game of judgment. To say that alcohol enlivens a bridge game is to say that tying Gordie Howe's skates together enlivens his hockey game."—Charles Goren, bridge wizard.

❖ **ADOLESCENT DRINKING.** "Adolescent drinking of alcohol is one of the big problems facing America today. While about 75 percent of the people in the United States use alcohol, the greatest percentage of users of any age group falls between eighteen and twenty-five."—Dr. Robert Straus, head of the Department of Behavioral Sciences, University of Kentucky Medical School.

Commenting on the marked increase in drinking by young people, Dr. Straus cites the pressures of modern society that force the adolescent to achieve adulthood too rapidly. He also points to the rapid changes in our society in which the younger generation relies upon its contemporaries, rather than its parents, to find the clues for growing up.

❖ **ACCIDENT-PRONE.** Automobile drivers involved in serious accidents are not just careless drivers. They are serious psychiatric problems, claim Seattle researchers Caroline E. Preston and Dr. Stanley Harris, of the University of Washington School of Medicine.

These drivers have an exaggerated idea of their driving competence. They cannot take any blame on themselves, they don't learn from their mistakes, and they are often problem drinkers or worse. Of fifty who were examined after serious accidents, the researchers found that eleven had failed driver's-license tests in the past, compared with only two among the "normal" drivers.

Six had previous records of negligent, reckless, or drunk driving, compared with only one of the "normal" drivers. And fourteen were alcoholics or problem drinkers, compared with six among the other drivers. "They have an exaggerated concept of their competence, unrealistic ideas about responsibility, a deficient capacity for self-blame, and an inability to learn from past mistakes," said the researchers.

Gary Peters--in there pitching!

Interview by George F. Kinney

"From my own experience I know it has been easier for me to play professional ball since I stopped smoking. Because of the necessity for wind, conditioning, and general physical welfare, I have noticed that it is easier to prepare myself for the season. This preparation in the past was more difficult when I was using tobacco.

"I have never been a drinker, because I realize that this habit is a serious threat, especially to the person considering athletics as a career. It is a threat to the public welfare for high school students to be exposed to the evils of alcohol and tobacco.

"The big need is family education in the principles of clean living. The only satisfactory solution to the problem of our youth is the parents' realization of their duty to feel concerned about the children. When parents carry their responsibility the problem will be reduced, and homes will be intended they should be, for health of the nation depends largely on the health of the family."

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On the sandlots of western Pennsylvania, and in the American Legion Young Boys' League, Gary Peters played first base. For four years he was in semipro ball, following in the footsteps of his illustrious father, who played thirty years of semipro baseball.

In 1956 Gary was "found" and signed to a White Sox minor-league team in Waterloo, Iowa. Here he started his pitching career, and for two years he played baseball in the summer while attending college. The year 1958 saw him spend his first full season in professional ball at Davenport, Iowa.

The next year he jumped to the American Association at Indianapolis, a Triple A club, where he spent three years pitching. Gary was brought up with the Chicago White Sox in 1963, where in his initial year in the majors he won the award as Rookie Pitcher of the Year.

He had a 2.33 earned-run average and 189 strikeouts, which is a record for 243 innings pitched in major-league competition. He had a 19-8 record, just missing the coveted twenty-game goal by one game.

