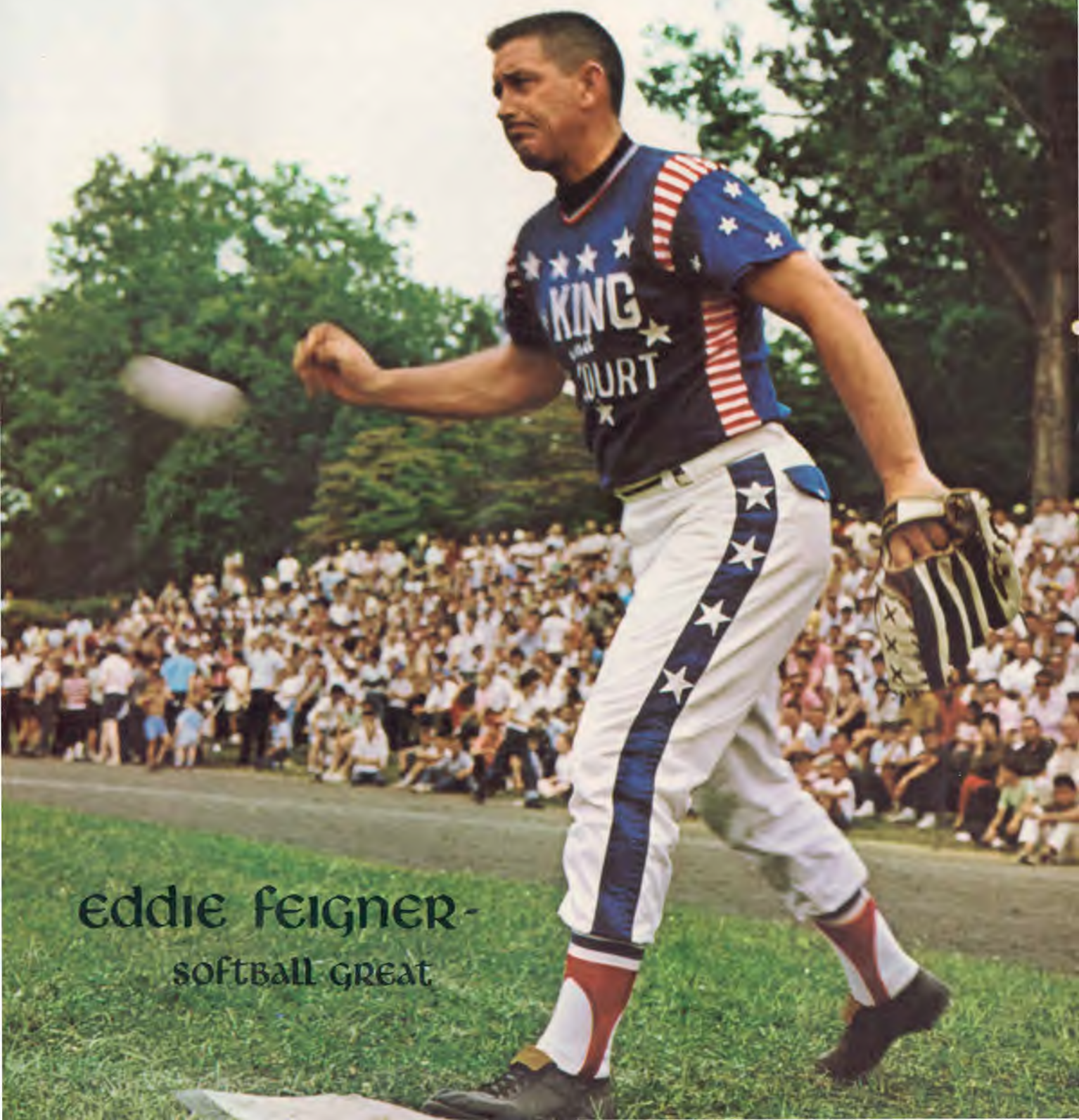
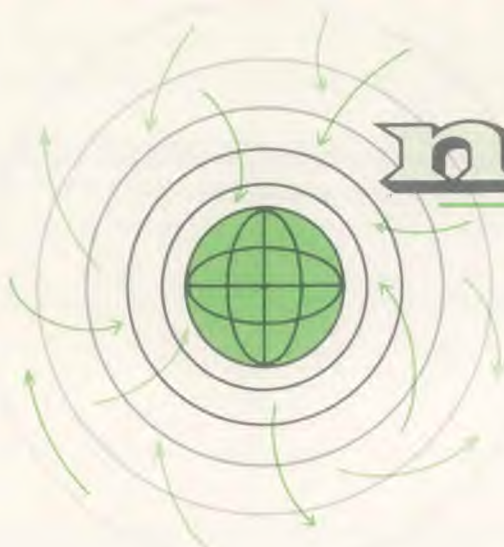


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



eddie feigner-
SOFTBALL GREAT



news

- ◆ **Crowded Schools.** Enrollment in the nation's colleges and universities climbed to a record high during the current school year, according to the Federal Office of Education, reaching the total of 5,320,294 students, an increase of 10.8 percent over the number listed in the fall of 1963.

Students entering college for the first time and taking degree-credit courses increased by 17 percent last fall in contrast to an average rise of about 7 percent annually for the past twelve years.

- ◆ **Flying "High."** Drinking is no minor problem among private pilots. A report from the Federal Aviation Agency reveals that in 1963 alone more than 150 pilots and several hundred passengers were killed as the direct result of the pilots' being drunk.

A study of 477 fatal general aviation accidents during 1963, in which 899 pilots and passengers lost their lives, showed alcohol as a direct or indirect factor in more than one third.

FAA officials remind pilots that a pilot can get dangerously intoxicated on only one fourth the liquor it takes to make an automobile driver tipsy. Also they make it clear that heavy smoking can reduce a pilot's "visual acuity and dark adaptation."

- ◆ **You Can Quit Smoking!** "No reasonable person can deny that cigarette smoking leads to lung cancer and other health problems," declared Dr. Luther Terry, surgeon general of the United States, speaking to the American College of Chest Physicians. He pointed out that those who have the facts about smoking and health tend to give up the habit. "There are ten to fifteen million ex-smokers in our population, so it can be done," Dr. Terry said.

- ◆ **Alcohol in Road Fatalities.** Australian highway fatalities, more than 2,500 in 1963, are still rising, says T. G. Paterson, executive director of the Australian Safety Council.

"Of all single human factors causing fatal traffic accidents," he observes, "the consumption of alcohol has been most thoroughly demonstrated."

- ◆ **Beer at Home.** In Texas the neighborhood tavern is giving way to the home as the favorite beer-imbibing place. The major shift in the Texas beer-selling pattern, reports the University of Texas Bureau of Business Research, has been to the food store, where housewives buy beer to take home with the groceries for the week.

Two decades ago only about 30 percent of beer sales was for home consumption. Today, says the Bureau, at least 80 percent of the beer sold in the state is for home consumption.

One third of Texas beer drinkers do their drinking only at home; 94 percent drink at least part of their beer at home, and only 6 percent drink only away from home.

Some 34 percent of all beer sales during 1963 was made in supermarkets and 33 percent in other types of food stores.

- ◆ **Danger in Moderation.** Drinking of even less than a pint of alcoholic beverage a day for extended periods up to twenty years may cause cirrhosis of the liver, says Dr. Marshall J. Orloff of the School of Medicine of the University of California at Los Angeles. Cirrhosis of the liver is the tenth leading cause of death in the United States, he reports; most victims of cirrhosis begin drinking in their twenties, and the majority of them die in their forties.

- ◆ **Now, Everyone Can Drink!** A compact "home-keg" unit to provide draft beer in the household refrigerator is now being sold by the Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company.

The home keg is an aluminum container with an easy-to-operate clamp-on dispenser unit which utilizes carbon dioxide gas as in full-sized tavern draft systems. The keg, which holds about the same amount of beer as two six-packs, is replaced when empty.

OUR COVER An experience indeed is to watch Eddie Feigner demonstrate his pitching prowess, predicting every move the ball will make and exactly where it will cross home plate.

When playing a game, he has the uncanny ability to predict whether the batter can hit a ball. With such ability he plays with batters as a cat does with mice, at times allowing the bases to be filled, then striking out the side.

Listen's cover is by Three Lions studio, New York.



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RISING TIDE OF YOUTH

ONE of the most significant trends of our times is the rising influence and importance of youth.

Ours is an age of young people. The youth are being courted by government, by the churches, by industry, by the professions. Their mark is being left indelibly on all aspects of life.

The ranks of teen-agers are expanding rapidly. During the twelve months ending June 30, 1965, youth reaching the age of eighteen will total some 3,750,000, a gain of 35 percent over the number attaining that milestone in the year ending June 30, 1964.

And the coming years will see the number reaching that age averaging about 3,500,000 annually from 1966 through 1970.

While the number of young adults aged eighteen to twenty-four will be swelling by 6,200,000 between 1963 and 1970, the older ones aged twenty-five to thirty-four will be moving up by less than 2,900,000.

More significantly, the age group of thirty-five to forty-four will be declining, from 24,600,000 in 1963 to 23,000,000 in 1970.

During the half decade between 1965 and 1970 there will be an upsurge of some 30 percent in the youth population, while there will be only an 8 percent increase in the adult population. Within a few years half of all Americans will be under twenty-five years of age.

Furthermore, the Population Reference Bureau predicts that high school enrollment will rise by a third in the next decade, subjecting already overcrowded facilities to greater strains.

Teen-agers obviously are spending more money in relation to the total economy of the nation. Today they have allowances totaling some \$11,000,000,000 annually. By 1970 this figure will rise to at least \$18,000,000,000.

Little wonder then that the *New York Times* has observed, "The teen-ager has emerged as a major marketing target, and in the years to come the trend is bound to accelerate."

Little wonder, too, that advertising is geared more and more these days to the younger age group, in trying to sell them everything from baby blankets to Mustangs.

And "baby blankets" is not an idle expression in this connection. Marriages totaled 1,600,000 in 1963 and will rise to at least 2,000,000 by 1970. Last year more than 258,000 youngsters turning seventeen were already married.

Women aged twenty to twenty-nine—the peak childbearing years—will nearly double in the next twenty-five years. Some 4,000,000 children were born last year; this total will rise to 6,000,000 in 1975, and to 6,500,000 by 1980.

Not to be outdone by other industries, the tobacco people are cashing in on the young market, well knowing that the earlier they can snag a customer the more money they will make. This money income for tobacco coffers averages \$120 per year per smoker.


One tobacco industry publication has observed, "The adult market is pretty well saturated. The only way we can expand is by appealing to a lower age level."

It is estimated that the average person today is exposed to some 1,000 to 1,100 advertisements a day, with at least 10 percent of them having to do in some way with drinking or smoking, containing an inducement and appeal to start the habit or increase it.

What are the omens of the future if the swelling tide of youth is not aware of the potential danger of destructive habit?



Francis A. Soper



Almost involuntarily I whispered for the first time a short, simple prayer that I shall never forget—

“thank you, god, it’s over”

JIM RANER

“DADDY, what is dope?”

A few days ago my oldest child asked me this question. Hearing it, I felt an involuntary shudder course through my body. I quickly inquired why she asked about dope and where she had heard about it.

“There was a movie in school telling us that it’s bad,” she said, and then she added, “I’ve never heard of it before.”

I asked her to sit down beside me, and I began very carefully explaining to her that dope was something that is used by people who are afraid of the world, people who find no enjoyment in life. They are very sick people, I said. They cannot face the world, and they somehow come to believe that dope will help them, only to find out it makes things much worse and brings nothing but pain. They soon have to steal for it, I told her, as it costs a great deal, and they are in and out of jail as long as they continue its use. They don’t like to go swimming at the park or read a good book or anything like that. Using dope becomes their whole life, and they hate it; but they become slaves and find it almost impossible to stop.

“It sounds terrible, Daddy!” she exclaimed after listening to me.

“It is, honey. It would be hard to find a worse life to live,” I said.

“Well, thanks, Daddy,” she said. “I have to do my homework now.”

Before she left, I gave her a little squeeze and whispered in her ear, “Do you love your daddy?”

“Oh, Daddy! Of course I do!” she said with a giggle,

and then off she went to her room to do her studying.

A few hours later my wife Barbara returned from the grocery store, and I related the entire conversation to her. I saw her grow tense and glance nervously toward the children’s room.

“Oh, Jim,” she said in a frightened voice, “wouldn’t it be terrible if—”

“We have a couple of wonderful, healthy children,” I interjected. “There’s nothing to worry about.”

I have no doubt that similar conversations have taken place throughout our country, but in my household it had a singular distinction; both Barbara and I were once addicted to heroin. It is a story which sounds like ancient history to me now, but one which nevertheless causes me to bow my head, profoundly thankful that it’s over.

Our story starts with the worn cliché of the broken home, the unwanted child. It is axiomatic that a child needs love and attention, and it is equally so that when denied it in the home, he will look elsewhere. A child only midway into his fourteenth year can feel lost and alone when he has no one who cares enough to help him and guide him through those crucial years. I know this all too well, for it was then when I first saw my blood mingling with the liquid of dissolved heroin in the glass barrel of a hypodermic needle.

If only I had known then what I was doing to myself! The needle which punctured my skin that day could easily be likened to a phonograph needle being



JIM:

"It was then when I saw my blood mingling with the liquid of dissolved heroin in the barrel of a hypodermic needle."

placed in the first groove of a painfully discordant record, a record of horror and utter degradation. But heroin, like morphine, is an analgesic. Its effect is to comfort the pain-ridden. But when the pain is that of anxiety and loneliness, its analgesic effect is both comforting and insidious. Anxieties and feelings of inadequacy dissolve when heroin is introduced into the bloodstream; they simply cease to matter, along with all that is good and worthwhile in life.

Heroin quickly became the only thing that mattered to me. Every thought, every action revolved around obtaining my daily supply of the drug. What few feelings of guilt I experienced were quickly eradicated with a single "fix."

I soon became addicted, and for the next five years I stumbled aimlessly through life. I had no purpose whatever except for heroin. Indeed, I hardly had any justification for living. In my few lucid moments, a vague realization of what I was doing to myself would creep over me, but I would immediately stifle it with still more heroin. I couldn't face the pain of seeing myself as I really was. Desperately I tried to convince myself that I liked drug addiction.

Then one day I met the woman who was later to become my wife. Barbara had been addicted for about a year at the time, but still possessed a delicate and lovely beauty. Some remote part of my soul that had somehow escaped the defilement of heroin recognized an underlying goodness in her, and a spark of love began to grow.

It wasn't long before we began to think about ourselves and our future. The truth about our addiction loomed ever larger in our minds, and we found that it could not be denied any longer. It was something very new to us both, and at first, I must admit, we found facing the truth almost as painful as our addiction itself.

The desire to rid ourselves of our affliction soon became an obsession. But how could we do it? I was using more than I ever had before, as one of the many deadly effects of heroin is to cause the body to demand ever-increasing doses as time goes by. I had little money, and I knew all too well that, in the state in which I lived,

the only facility provided for indigent drug addicts desirous of "kicking the habit" was a jail cell. I began to think that drug addiction was a one-way road.

Then one day we were walking along silent and dejected, and Barbara suddenly stopped. I saw her face visibly change.

"Let's go in, Jim," she said.

And for the first time in many years we walked into a church and prayed. To be very truthful, we went to God only as a last resort. Afterward I did feel a glimmer of hope, a feeling that possibly we could beat our addiction. But by night I felt my old skepticism returning. And then, as if to assure me that our prayers had been in vain, we were arrested. True, it was only for using narcotics illegally, a misdemeanor, but it meant jail, and jail meant suffering the torture of withdrawal.

Barbara and I were separated and locked into cells. In a very few hours I began feeling the first symptoms: shivering, yawning, retching. I knew that mine was no "ordinary" habit; to rid my body of that self-administered poison could very well cost me my life.

By the next morning I was experiencing a degree of pain unimaginable to most men. I was tortured by my skin and mucus, feeling thousands of volts of current racing through my nervous system, violently short-circuiting in my legs and back.

Then I received the news that the woman I loved had attempted suicide. My entire body screamed with the



BARBARA:

"The truth about our addiction loomed ever larger in our minds, and we found that it couldn't be denied any longer."

knowledge that the only good I had ever known in my life might die in a jail cell.

Suddenly blood began gushing from my mouth and nose. I fell to the cold concrete floor, writhing in pain, remembering my surroundings only in brief flashes. Later I was in the prison ward of the general hospital, vaguely feeling the doctors probing into my scarred veins with their sharp hypodermic needles.

More than a week later I regained consciousness. I felt very weak and barely alive, but I managed to inquire about what was of high-

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The California Highway Patrol has launched a program with the—



ACCENT ON SAFE DRIVING IN CALIFORNIA

Gordon F. Dalrymple with BRADFORD M. CRITTENDEN, Commissioner, California Highway Patrol

WITH more than 10 percent of all motor vehicles in the United States traveling within its borders, California contends with an ever-growing traffic problem. To meet this situation the California Highway Patrol has launched a hard-hitting safety-education program.

First, the patrol regards the driver as the key to the solution of almost all safety problems, and views his education in safe driving as paramount in making state highways travel-safe. The second part of the three-pronged program has been the development of a highway patrol that will make California's highways the best policed in the nation.

A third point of emphasis is training of schoolchildren on both the elementary and the secondary level in safe driving.

Complicating traffic problems met by the California Highway Patrol are the variety of highway and traffic conditions found in the state. Such divergent locations as the snow-capped Sierra Nevada Mountains, below-sea-level Death Valley, the Mojave Desert, the sparsely popu-

lated northern timberlands, and the densely populated industrial areas of Southern California and the Bay area pose the widest possible contrast in traffic conditions.

The California Highway Patrol was created August 14, 1929, with an authorized strength of 280 uniformed men. Eighty cars and about 225 motorcycles were used. Today there are 2,860 uniformed officers, plus nearly 960 administrative and clerical employees. One thousand radio-equipped patrol cars and 440 motorcycles patrol state streets and highways, enforcing laws on some 83,000 miles of rural roads and state highways.

Patrolmen are trained to assist motorists in emergencies, render first aid, and provide touring information. One moment they may be racing with the stork, the next moment escorting an iron-lung victim to a hospital.

In its early history the patrol was primarily a law-enforcement agency, but today increasing emphasis is being placed on traffic-safety education. To inform the public how it can reduce accidents by understanding and obeying traffic laws is a key activity of the patrol.

Members and employees of the patrol assigned to headquarters help supervise brake-adjusting stations, issuance of permits to authorized emergency vehicles, transportation of explosives, transportation by farm-labor trucks and buses, recording and investigation of auto thefts, and safety of motor carriers.

A careful processing of accident-record data is invaluable to the patrol in its accident-prevention program.

To facilitate its safety program, the patrol issues bulletins including such titles as "Motoring in the Golden State," "Tips for Snow Trips," and "Freeway Driving." Commissioner Bradford Crittenden is convinced that observance of simple rules will save lives. For example, he cautions motorists when driving on ice and snow to allow plenty of room to stop, to stop by pumping the brake when stops are necessary, and to start smoothly.

For children who enjoy bicycle riding, the patrol has recently issued a leaflet on safety basics in bicycling. The leaflet emphasizes the importance of proper signaling, good maintenance of the bicycle, driving on the right side, and proper observance of traffic signs and signals.

To make it better able to crack down on accidents in the state the patrol maintains a complete record of all accidents and their causes.

Crittenden summarizes the objectives of the California Highway Patrol in this way:

1. To alleviate human suffering and loss.
2. To promote economical, enjoyable use of highways by reducing congestion.
3. To assure inspired and dedicated service to the public.
4. To protect the public's investment by preventing damage and misuse or littering of state highways.
5. Furthering efficient operation of the state automobile program by research and testing and by establishing new concepts in driving control.
6. To protect the public against economic loss from

At patrol headquarters in Sacramento a careful charting is made of all accidents listed by major cause of each.



BRADFORD M. CRITTENDEN, commissioner of the California Highway Patrol, is a graduate of the University of the Pacific and a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society. His law degree was conferred by Hastings Law School in San Francisco, in 1937.

Practicing law in Stockton, Crittenden later served on the San Joaquin County district attorney's staff in 1943. He was a deputy district attorney until elected district attorney in 1955.

Crittenden was appointed commissioner of the California Highway Patrol by Governor Edmund G. Brown, March 16, 1959.

He is general chairman of the state and provincial section, International Association of Chiefs of Police. He is also chairman of the Motor Vehicle Legislation Committee and serves on the executive-training and research-steering committee of the Peace Officers Association of the state.

An administrator of the Public Safety Agency, Crittenden is an outspoken advocate of highway safety.

Commissioner Crittenden on the drinking driver:

The wonder of it is that he remains free to stalk the roadways of California, dealing death to several persons each day, leaving many more a few inches from the death that might have saved a lifetime of pain, and disfiguring scores of others.

Public sufferance permits his continued existence. By your leave, he still dominates the motoring scene, threatening all who venture on the road. The curiosity is—Why? Why such staggering indiffer-

theft or arson of vehicles or failure of owners to license vehicles properly.

7. To assure the public maximum personal safety and convenience on the highways by providing protection and assistance night and day.

8. To encourage uniform application of the traffic laws by offering to all enforcement agencies the training facilities of the California Highway Patrol Academy.

Candidates for the California Highway Patrol are carefully screened. Men must pass rigid tests designed to show they are mentally, physically, and emotionally qualified to join the patrol. A written test covering aptitude for law-enforcement work and other abilities, a physical-performance test, a vision test, a personal interview, and a medical examination are given each candidate. The applicant's educational background, employment record, and character are carefully studied.

After his acceptance as a member of the patrol, the new officer reports to the Sacramento Patrol Academy. Topics studied range from the legal aspects of patrol work to proper care of equipment and techniques of first aid. One of the outstanding training schools in the country, the California Patrol Academy has comfortable

ence to a brutal, senseless killer who last year was involved in or directly responsible for more than 1,500 California traffic deaths?

Perhaps because far too many drivers have been cast in this role at one time themselves. Perhaps because the consequences of condemning one drinking driver eventually will mean that all—including you—must be punished.

Yes, it is the drinking driver we speak of here, although the California Highway Patrol and other police agencies have a more descriptive name for him—Public Enemy Number One.

A misnomer? Too dramatic? Hardly. The most infamous criminals in our history never accounted for one-tenth the deaths that can be attributed to the drinking driver in the span of 365 days.

The difference is that the drinking driver comes in many forms—male, female, old, young, butcher, baker, candlestick maker. The drinking driver is so common that we cannot point to a single person and say, "He is the one. He killed 1,500 people." But, in sum, drinking drivers are Public Enemy Number One.

This is a grim title. As individuals we shrug it off even if we have had a few drinks and are about to get behind the wheel. But as soon as we do this, we, you, anyone begins to fit the description.

Every day an average of four people die in traffic accidents involving drinking drivers. Shrugging off the image of "Public Enemy" is one thing—shrugging off death, quite another. And when death and the image become synonymous, perhaps then it is time to reshape not only our actions, but also our beliefs.

dormitories that accommodate up to eighty men, with classroom facilities that will take care of as many as 120 students.

Training sessions at the Patrol Academy, located on 224 acres, are made as practical as possible. Emphasis is placed on traffic laws, traffic supervision, accident investigation, and first aid. Required subjects include radio operational procedures, equipment operation and maintenance, preservation of evidence, photography, court systems, and legal procedures.

Numerous laboratory sessions are conducted. Mock court trials take place in the concluding part of the cadet training program. These are conducted by representatives of the attorney general's office and the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Cadets go through a curriculum of sixty-three subjects during the sixteen-week training period. These comprise 857 hours of instruction and are designed to provide insight into all techniques related to law enforcement.

Crittenden says the drinking driver and the reckless driver constitute major highway problems for California. Driving, he points out, is not something to be done casually. It demands the full attention of the motorist.



To save the lives of schoolchildren, the Patrol conducts traffic education, showing how long it takes for a car to stop.

Too many accidents are occasioned simply because the driver is not thinking of what he is doing.

The motorist must not become so relaxed that he is indifferent to the fact that one careless moment can mean death for him and others. In California at least 30 percent of all accidents are caused by inattentive driving. The State Highway Patrol commissioner says that the patrol is clamping down on the careless driver by making more arrests for reckless driving and by issuing frequent cautions. There is no excuse for careless driving at any time, at any place, or in any way, Crittenden says.

The commissioner is convinced that penalties for drinking driving should be increased. He advocates passage of laws which will make it a crime to drive after consumption of any amount of intoxicating beverages.

Crittenden is intrigued with the necessity of a more adequate educational program to encourage safe driving in the state. While he is pleased with safe-driving courses as they have been taught in high schools, he feels there needs to be more
(Turn to page 28)

This poster, seen throughout the state, exemplifies the attack by the Highway Patrol on the drinking-driver problem.



Instructor Marvin Finto, of John Marshall school in San Antonio, plans projects with his FFA boys.



HE IS clean and well-groomed, even though his denims may be faded by the sun. He is well-mannered and well-spoken. His words are those of wisdom and self-reliance. Here is a fourteen-year-old boy talking about how he goes to the bank and borrows money on his own signature so he can continue raising cattle or chickens on his own.

Multiply this self-reliant, hard-working boy by 400,000, and you have the membership in the United States of the Future Farmers of America, largest organization of high school boys in the world. You also come up against the undeniable fact that here is the result which courts, social workers, police officers, and parents have been looking for—an antidote for juvenile delinquency.

Says National Executive Secretary William Paul Gray, "The foundation upon which the Future Farmers of America organization is built includes leadership and character development, sportsmanship, cooperation, service, thrift, scholarship, improved agriculture, organized recreation, citizenship, and patriotism."

Very little publicity has been given the various activities of FFA boys. An announcement of a meeting may get into a newspaper; or perhaps a paper may run a small "two-column box" feature story of a boy who has achieved the unusual, like Eddie Showers of Harrold,

Everyone today knows when youth go wrong, but the Future Farmers of America show that—

Youth Can Go Right!

MARION RUBINSTEIN

L. C. (Curtis) Stewart III goes over with his mother the FFA program. It has helped him build three trailers.



Encouraged to enter their livestock in fairs and shows, boys take pride in grooming their sheep to compete.

Texas, who at the ripe old age of fifteen owns 148 acres of land and forty-eight head of beef cattle. For this he won the title of the Lone Star Farmer at a recent Texas FFA convention.

Then there are two brothers, Malcolm and Kenrick Lamascus, from Shulenberg, Texas, who raised their own heifers and today are milking their own registered Jerseys and are grooming Brown Swiss cattle for grand championships at county fairs and dairy shows. Multiply instances like these by virtually as many towns and cities as there are in the United States and you will find as many stories of unusual achievements by FFA boys who made it on their own, usually via the hard and rugged path.

Unfortunately, the publicity given these outstanding FFA boys is almost nil when compared with newspaper and magazine attention given to juvenile delinquents whose least infraction against the law brings banner headlines and front-page stories.

"Take a boy off the street and give him something to do and there will be no juvenile delinquent." So says Marvin W. Finto, who has spent sixteen years teaching at John Marshall High School in San Antonio, Texas.

"The reason juvenile delinquency has increased in the past twenty years is that work has been taken away from growing boys. They no longer have regular chores to do." So says Billy W. Spannagel, also at John Marshall, who has completed his tenth year teaching there.

Both men serve as counselors to the Future Farmers of America, which has a larger membership in Texas than in any other state. At John Marshall High this program has 140 boys enrolled, ranging in age from fourteen to eighteen years.

(Turn to page 26)



Fifteen-year-old Scott Binford places proudly for his mother the pennant for first place in livestock judging.

ROBERTA SHORE conforms to no one. She is, as they say, her own man. At the age of sixteen, in 1959, she was asked to model for a girls-who-wear-glasses piece and, still with braces on her teeth, did Bobbie shy back and act horrified at showing herself less than glamorous? Not this girl. She smiled, braces, glasses, and all, and managed to look as girlish as ever.

Now that she has matured by a few years, she has made up her mind on a number of subjects and undergone some changes.

On the "Bob Cummings Show" Roberta played a teen-age tomboy, a part she got because of her inbuilt bounce. Graduating from this and other teen roles, she became widely known as Betsy Garth in "The Virginian" television series.

Today, out of her teens and no longer the tomboy type, she's still "the girl next door," and hopes she always will be. Her recordings have established her as a singer as well as an actress. And this with no more lessons in singing than in acting, which is exactly none.

She's so fond of singing that she's delighted to sing a song now and then on "The Virginian," because she'd rather sing than act.

"I feel I express myself best when I'm singing," says Roberta.

Sportswise for her it's softball and basketball, horseback riding and motor scooter riding.

When it comes to parties, which she likes, Roberta says *No* when the drinks are passed if they're the alcoholic variety. She doesn't drink nor does she intend to, ever, because this is part of her personal conviction and her religion. Furthermore, she's a girl who lives what she believes.

But trust Roberta to take an even stronger stand! Although some actors will take a "camera" drink because it is usually not alcohol but colored water, tea, or diluted coffee, or because it is supposedly the character who is drinking and not the actor, *she* doesn't go along with this latter premise at all.

"To me, the actor is identified with the drinking performance, and to me this identification is taboo. I speak often at youth conferences and encourage the kids to believe that they can succeed, in Hollywood or in any other place, without lowering their standards. How would it look then if I drank on the screen or appeared to act silly, or worse, 'under the influence'? So many roles call for this today."

Her word for it: *inconceivable*. "It would be inconceivable for me to lower my standards in that way."

Saying *No* and not being timid about it doesn't do anything to dim her popularity. She has always had many friends among the girls as well as the boys.

Happy over her blossoming career, she says the hardest thing is getting used to being stared and screamed at.

"You can never be yourself in public. It's like having to get all dressed up just to go shopping. People forget you're human, that you get tired just as they do."

Most weekends she devotes to work for her church, flying to youth conferences throughout the Western states. This work is very serious with her.

"This is not a passing phase," she says. "It's a lifetime opportunity for service. It's the most rewarding type of work there is."



Roberta Shore—
Girl With
Inbuilt Bounce

Duane Valentry



He haunts waiting rooms, on the lookout for luggage that appears to hold valuables, but is unattended for a few minutes.



Driven to desperation, an addict steals anything that is easily totable and salable in order to support his most pernicious habit.

But nothing happens. Dimly he knows he is experiencing involuntary withdrawal; his fix was so adulterated as to have no effect of release for him. He has been tricked.

Photos: SHERMAN,
THREE LIONS

junkies have

TODAY illegal dope is harder to get than ever as a result of increased Government surveillance and arrests of key international narcotics criminals. But as dope becomes scarcer, its price inevitably rises; and as a direct result the nation's crime rate is climbing.

This is because a junky's way of life follows a vicious rut. Weakly oriented psychologically, he depends desperately on his fix, greatly fearing the life he might live without the illusory cushion of narcotics. To afford the current high price of dope costs the junky every penny he has, and more. Hence he becomes a thief, pawning robbed goods and adding that

income to money he has stolen. This is the only way he can keep going.

Not that the pusher, from whom the junky buys narcotics, has been able always to get any to sell. To meet the needs of his craving market, he will concoct stuff that contains no dope at all, or if he does obtain a supply, he will stretch it by adulteration with other drugs. Bad "junk" can have little or no effect on the addict's need. Hence, the junky is duped into a "forced" withdrawal from the habit, a corner of hell where for days there is no escape for the now bedridden addict.

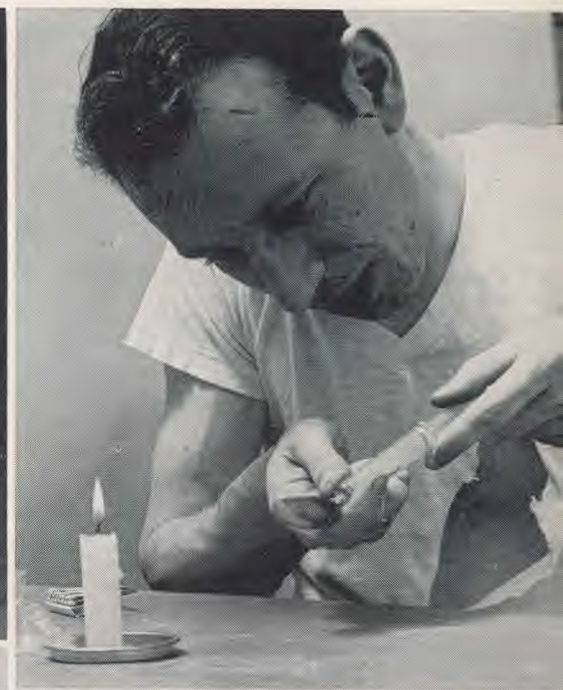
Various pawnshops receive his loot. A small radio may bring him enough cash to satisfy his desperate craving temporarily.



The pusher, however, drives a hard bargain, taking from the junky every penny he has been able to scrape together.



His syringe, too long empty, sucks up the stuff. When he shoots his fix into his arm, relief seems to him only moments away.



Enraged, the junky, with violence as his purpose, searches out the pusher who sold him bad dope. He knows no one will prosecute him; "good riddance" is the theme!



In complete desperation this time, he commits himself to medical treatment, which he hopes will end his terrible hunger for dope forever.

their trouble, too!

The duped junky, however, will be back on the streets soon enough, robbing to raise the price for a fix that, this time, surely will work, and meanwhile, seeking everywhere the pusher who sold him the bad stuff. Confrontation often ends in a bloody slashing and perhaps murder.

At enormous cost in human life, this deadly game of weakness plays to "strength." In money terms, the illegal traffic in narcotics costs America at least \$500,000,000 annually. Included in this sum is the estimated cost of dope to addicts plus the loss from dope-induced thefts.

Hard-to-get dope may push the crime rate up; but police

spokesmen point out that to the extent dope is eliminated crime is bound to come down because of a grim verity: An addict who can't get his fix anywhere becomes an ex-addict, regardless of whether forced or voluntary withdrawal from the habit is involved.

Without dope, there is no escaping withdrawal. The voluntary route means the addict has turned from a sure life of crime, has admitted himself to a hospital, or has gone to live with experienced ex-addicts. Here medication, therapy, and a realignment of life patterns may cure him of his addiction.



DO NOT
DISTURB

"CREATIVE" ROOM OF PEACE

Helen deLong Woodward

A vital suggestion for modern homes and families

IN THESE days of maddening rush, keen competition, and constant stimulation, a boon to all would be a "creative" room in every home.

Or perhaps two, one for the males, the other for dis-taff members.

Only bare essentials should be there—a desk or table large enough on which to spread materials for comfortable working, a chair for complete ease, adequate and well-placed lighting (with many windows, giving the feeling of freedom and air and sunlight), scratch paper and writing implements, a few well-chosen pictures.

Let the furnishings be comfortable, reflecting the beauty of simplicity, with no clutter. This is a place for clear, uninhibited thinking. Individual taste would dictate desired books, art and drawing materials, or whatever the person's fancy might indicate. Add a large davenport for the supreme luxury of lying with eyes closed in complete abandon to thought.

I should like to be presumptuous enough to suggest the addition of a fireplace to this special room, for where can one so utterly relax, expand, or dream as before an open fire? Man lost a powerful adjunct to peace of mind and health of body when he relegated fire only to the black steel monster in the nether regions of his home.

From these rooms, of course, is banned the telephone. The radio must not intrude, and never, NEVER, the TV. "Quiet" is the password, and on the door a "Do Not Disturb" sign. Here is sanctuary. Slip in and close the door gently but firmly. This is now your world.

Such retreat rooms would permit one to shuck off all insistent pressures from people and situations in the same manner as he changes his clothes. In a sense, this would constitute a mental clothes-changing process. An especially cherished robe or gown worn only when entering the creative room would add much to the feeling of release, of putting aside distractions and annoyances, of making a complete change of atmosphere to invite one's soul through the curative medium of working with one's hands or delving in books to commune with those great authors who have left us their beauty of spirit in the printed word.

Assuredly such a room would have therapeutic value for harassed homemakers, mothers to whom the moment of peace and quiet is asylum from perplexing and overwhelming everyday problems—the one moment when I can be I, unhampered and unrestricted.

This is without question as vitally needed by the wage earner, the father who is encompassed by the constant pressure of providing for his growing brood in this demanding world. Machines rush him, the telephone shrills, he waits impatiently for elevators, buses, stop-and-go signs; he stands in line for the privilege of rush-eating.

Many a teen-ager would here find momentary surcease from the struggle of trying to understand his parents, himself, and the baffling questions of adolescence.

An escape into the "creative" room demands nothing of the individual. The room welcomes him with open arms and proffers its comforts,

(Turn to page 31)

AN AUTOMOBILE carrying an Air Force sergeant, his wife, his six-year-old son, and his eight-year-old daughter, approached a traffic-survey checkpoint near Tipton, Iowa, and pulled to a stop behind a truck. A few moments later a tractor-trailer crashed into the rear of the automobile and drove it under the truck in front, where it burst into flames.

The entire family in the automobile were mangled and charred beyond recognition. The driver of the tractor-trailer was not injured. Three bottles of "goofballs" were found in the cab of the truck. Blood tests proved that he was under the influence of amphetamine at the time of the accident.

A tractor flatbed on the West Virginia Turnpike on January 8, 1964, crossed to the wrong side of the highway and collided with an oncoming mobile post office, killing both drivers as well as three persons who were working in the mobile post office. Investigating officers found amphetamine tablets in the tractor flatbed, and analysis revealed amphetamine in the stomach of the tractor driver.

The savage influence of a goofball can send an otherwise law-abiding citizen berserk, making him a menace to himself and society; he may participate in mass violence while misusing the drugs. It is not uncommon for hoodlums who are planning a robbery or other criminal act to take amphetamine to bolster their courage. In Houston, an ex-convict shot and killed a schoolteacher, assaulted a fourteen-year-old farm girl, and committed two robberies while under the influence of amphetamine.

Widespread abuse of barbiturates and amphetamine has been encouraged by the ease with which they can be

to the legitimate channels used for prescription drugs.

3. Adequate record keeping and inventory controls.

4. Prohibitions against possession by persons for non-medical use and distribution.

In 1951 a Government subcommittee explored the problems created by illegal sales and misuse of barbiturates and considered the action needed to correct the situation. It considered the possibility of subjecting barbiturate drugs to controls similar to those applying to narcotics such as opium and heroin. Evidence was presented before the committee to establish that barbiturates had addicting properties, that they resulted in serious withdrawal symptoms when the drugs were discontinued, and that they posed the hazard of accidental overdosage and death. Indeed, barbiturates were shown to be a major cause of accidental death from poisoning.

Dr. Paul B. Dunbar, then Commissioner of Food and Drugs, believed that narcotic-type controls are needed since barbiturates are being used in the same illicit manner as strong narcotics; they are being distributed through bars, motels, houses of ill repute, and similar outlets; and the techniques needed to apprehend the vendors of such drugs are the same as those used by the Bureau of Narcotics against narcotics violators.

The use of goofballs began when some truck drivers learned that taking these drugs permitted them to drive for longer periods without rest or to make more trips per week. Unfortunately, these drivers didn't realize that these drugs do not eliminate physical fatigue. They mask fatigue, and ultimately the driver suffers seriously impaired reflexes, dangerous hallucinations, or periods of semiconsciousness while driving.

ARE WE "GOOFING" ON GOOFBALLS?

obtained illegally. Present laws which have to do only with labeling the drugs and with transporting them across state lines, are simply inadequate to prevent their widespread illegal sale. We desperately need:

1. Adequate control over drugs which cannot be proved to have passed through interstate commerce.
2. Adequate provisions to restrict these drugs only

Illicit traffic in these drugs, unlike the traffic in narcotics, attacks small as well as large communities. A problem of growing proportions has been created by chronic users of barbiturates and amphetamine who are a menace to the public when driving on our streets and highways. These findings are more significant today than they have ever been in the past.

CHARLES
RAYMOND

This posed picture shows a typical situation in which Federal Food and Drug inspectors carry on their undercover investigation of illegal drug traffic, buying the drugs to obtain evidence for criminal prosecution.

Listen, May-June, 1965



Spawned in certain truck stops, service stations, and roadside taverns, the illegal trade in these pills has spread to many parts of the nation. Organized rings bootleg these and other psychotoxic drugs. Some such rings operate in many states and deal in millions of tablets and capsules. Amphetamine pills, for example, can be purchased at wholesale for less than \$1 per thousand and sold at wholesale in the illegal traffic at \$30 to \$50 per thousand and at retail at 5 to 10 cents each! Such tremendous profit for racketeers is a major reason why control is difficult.

The illegal sale of prescription drugs constitutes the largest bloc of criminal violations the FDA uncovers each year. In the twelve-year period ending June 30, 1964, more than 2,100 firms and individuals were convicted of illegal sales of amphetamine or barbiturates. This is an average of at least three convictions per week since 1952, and the rate is increasing.

The goofball business has become so large that FDA investigations are in danger. Inspectors who engage in undercover work often put their lives in jeopardy because hardened criminals are taking over these rackets. FDA agents have been told repeatedly by drug bootleggers that they would be killed if they turned out to be Government men. On July 4, 1963, an inspector posing

tens of thousands of tablets per transaction have become fairly commonplace.

Trying to estimate the use and potential misuse of these drugs, the FDA conducted a survey of all known manufacturers, brokers, and distributors of basic amphetamine and similar stimulant chemicals, and of barbiturates. They wanted to obtain accurate and current information about the amounts produced, the amounts exported and imported, and the identity of all firms engaged in such enterprise.

Oddly, the survey of production figures was incomplete because records kept by several basic manufacturers were inadequate, and also because two of the nation's largest pharmaceutical firms declined to provide information requested. Nevertheless, the FDA did learn that at least enough basic material was produced in 1962 to make more than nine billion doses of barbiturates and amphetamine. According to the FDA, half of these probably ended up on the bootleg market.

It is important also to control other types of drugs capable of causing similar or related ill effects, since there are a number of such drugs already known to be misused to some extent. Serious abuses have developed around some larger educational and research institutions from experimentation with drugs which produce hallucinations and other mental aberrations when administered in small doses. One of these is a chemical commonly referred to as LSD 25.

Besides hallucinations, this drug is capable of inducing lasting changes in the mental and emotional stability of some users, and there are instances in which college students who took doses of the drug for thrills became so disturbed they had to leave college or even enter mental institutions. The drug can produce strong suicidal tendencies in some victims.

Action was taken against two men who were arrested April 3, 1963, when they attempted to sell an FDA inspector \$15,000 worth of LSD 25 at his home. On other occasions they had offered some \$165,000 worth of the drug to FDA undercover inspectors. This drug was manufactured in Israel, shipped to Mexico, smuggled into California, transported to Canada, and returned to California, where the FDA was able to seize it.

There is Federal legislation being considered designed to deal with the problem of illegal traffic in psychotoxic drugs such as barbiturates and amphetamine by regulating the manufacture, compounding, processing, distribution, and possession of such drugs.

One of the inadequacies of the present law is that it must be established that drugs found in illegal channels have moved in interstate commerce before they become subject to Federal jurisdiction. Since drugs sold on the bootleg market are often packaged in fruit jars, paper sacks, envelopes, matchboxes, or cigarette packs, it is often difficult if not impossible to establish the interstate character of the merchandise. The provisions of the new law would apply to all psychotoxic drugs whether or not they enter interstate commerce.

The present law also does not provide suitable means for detecting diversions from legitimate channels. Manufacturers of these drugs are not required to keep adequate records of the production (Turn to page 34)



Investigation of the traffic in prescription drugs takes FDA inspectors to roadside taverns and cafés where they secure evidence of illegal activity. This is a posed photograph, with releases signed by the individuals appearing in the picture.

as a drug peddler from the Midwest was held at gunpoint in Los Angeles for five hours by an amphetamine distributor who repeatedly threatened to kill him. The distributor himself was a heavy user of amphetamine and had a criminal record five pages long.

In 1961 over half a million amphetamine and barbiturate pills were seized when an undercover buy was made from the supplier of a syndicate making wholesale distribution of millions of tablets throughout southeastern United States. Nearly one million amphetamine tablets were seized in November, 1962, from a man who offered to sell FDA and Tennessee investigators half a million tablets at a time. Cases in which peddlers offer to sell

Dangerous Diplomacy

Sydney E. Allen



ONE of my most vivid childhood memories concerns the death of Senator Key Pittman in 1940 less than a week after his reelection to the most powerful legislative body in the United States, where he held the important post of chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Recalling this to my mind recently was the publishing of a scholarly biography of this melancholy figure by Professor Fred L. Israel of New York City College (*Nevada's Key Pittman*, University of Nebraska Press, 1963). The documented story in this book records repeatedly the pathetic fact that this man who possessed enormous legislative power was himself in the power of alcohol addiction.

"Pittman often lived in his own twisted world, in which he magnified his troubles. Only through liquor could he find that hazy, golden state," Professor Israel observes. "Pittman felt relaxed when drinking, and he gradually found it difficult to face his problems without this prop. He described himself as a 'periodical drunkard.'"

"Alcohol gave Pittman a feeling of power and mastery. He drank almost every day, although he did attempt to stop many times. 'I have finally and definitely given up drinking,' he proudly boasted in 1935. 'I now realize how much stronger mentally and physically I am. I have been tested since I stopped, and I know I really enjoy saying, "I do not drink."' Although successful po-

litically, financially, and socially, this was one promise the Senator often made but never could keep."

Born and educated in Mississippi, developing as a lawyer in Nome, Alaska, and in Tonapah, Nevada, and serving as a United States Senator, Key Pittman had skills and talents recognized around the world.

Here was a man whose diplomatic ability and patience almost singlehandedly prevented a fight over the party platform at the Democratic Convention of 1928 in Houston. This achievement was remarkable, given the obvious religious issues involved in nominating a Catholic for President, as that convention did. He was a close adviser to two presidential candidates. His name is attached to a progressive measure, the Pittman-Robinson Act, which has been a great blessing to the conservation of wildlife in America.

For seven of the most crucial years of American history he was chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee (1933-'40). He served as president pro tempore of the Senate for nine years. He was a delegate to numerous international conferences. His personal habits were, therefore, a matter of grave public concern not only in the United States but to the world as well.

Political scientists will evaluate his role as a statesman. What ought to be of immediate concern to every citizen, however, are the unassessed consequences which his career as a drinking man may have had upon his country's welfare

(Turn to page 31)

HE EATS grapefruit in the spring, drinks milk shakes in the summer, and come autumn and the close of the professional softball season, Eddie Feigner hangs up his glove at the end of another successful year.

Pitcher on a unique four-man softball team called the King and His Court, Eddie's success story is more than grapefruit and milk shakes, which he uses to diet and gain weight. He is likely the greatest softball pitcher of all time.

Consider his record. Since 1946 he has won 2,855 of 3,148 games played. In the process he has struck out nearly 50,000 batters, over 6,000 of whom he struck out while pitching blindfolded.

A participant in seven world softball tournaments, Feigner says his confrontation with world champs has been no contest. "Five years ago, for instance, we beat the current champs 11 to 1," he says.

An anemic, skinny kid, Eddie now stands six feet one and weighs a healthy 210 pounds. Ex-Marine Feigner has come a long way since his days as an undersized youngster. In one game not so long ago, Eddie pitched a total of thirty-four innings, striking out seventy-three batters. His average strikeout total per game is something over eighteen per seven innings pitched.

The King and His Court was conceived in 1946 on a dare. Eddie with a Walla Walla, Washington, nine-man team was defeating a team in Pendleton, Oregon. Afterward his skill as a hotshot softball pitcher was challenged.

Eddie replied, "I will challenge you to a game and use only three other players—a catcher, a shortstop, and a first baseman. The reason I need four is because you would probably walk us both if I just used my catcher."

One week later the initial four versus nine took the field. In seven innings Eddie pitched a perfect game and struck out nineteen batters. The final score was 7 to 0 in favor of the four-man team and the King and His Court hit for the circuit.

Since that auspicious beginning played before 400, the team has played before well over 9,000,000 fans in forty-nine states and a number of overseas countries. Along the way Eddie has pitched 461 no-hit games.

Watching Eddie warm up before a typical game must be shattering for opponents. He begins by whipping his fastball to the catcher along the third-base line. Fading back a few steps with each pitch, he ultimately is pitching strikes from far out in left field, so far out in fact that the catcher relays the ball back to him via one of the infielders.

To the fans wondering what kind of game they will see as the fabulous foursome takes the field, Eddie informs in pregame chatter: "We are playing against your all-star team tonight and we hope you root for them just the same. Don't sit there worrying about the score all night. That's been taken care of."

Before pitching one inning completely blindfolded, Eddie tells the fans, "Jerry tells me how big the batter is, which way he bats, and if he looks scared." Then he usually strikes out the side. How does he do it? "I can just sense where the plate is," Eddie explains.

To give opposing batters more of a chance to get a hit, Eddie also pitches one inning from second base. But watching one of his pitches curving six or seven feet usually has the batter numb by the time the ball crosses the plate.

One story he laughingly relates occurred a few years ago

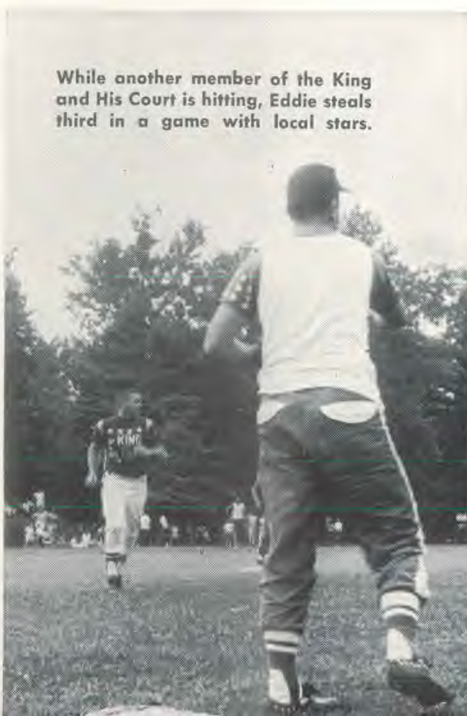
Eddie Feigner

He Wins

MICHAEL A. JONES



Winding up during the inning, Eddie Feigner prepares to dumbfound another batter while pitching blindfolded. He often strikes out the other side.



While another member of the King and His Court is hitting, Eddie steals third in a game with local stars.

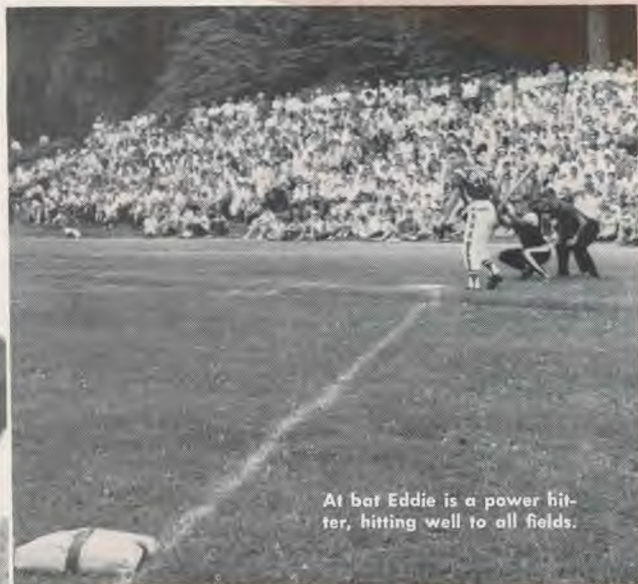


Eddie Feigner steals third in a game with local stars.



The King.

All tensed up, Eddie Feigner fires another ball over home plate in all-star competition.



At bat Eddie is a power hitter, hitting well to all fields.

es over eighteen strikeouts per seven he is shown whipping the ball by and ds he has struck out playing softball.



Will it be a curve ball, fast ball, or a drop? Only Eddie and his catcher know. But the batter will find out.



when he feigned a pitch and his catcher whacked his mit sharply. The umpire called the batter out and the player protested that the pitch was high. Eddie then showed that he still had the ball.

Eddie throws a wide assortment of pitches. And rattled batters find most of them zipping across the plate whether Eddie shoots the ball from between his legs or behind his back. He has uncanny control over each of the nineteen legal pitches he throws. His fast ball was once clocked at 104 miles per hour.

Every sport has its hazards. Eddie says one of the biggest he faces is turning down beer parties after a long, hot game. "You can't drink and throw effectively," he says. "A lot of major league baseball pitchers have thrown their arms away because they drank beer. Beer can be dangerous for athletes."

He also believes that coffee with cream and sugar is poisonous for anyone in sports.

On why he doesn't smoke, Eddie states, "If you can't get anyone to say it's good for you, it must be harmful. So why indulge in something you know will hurt you? In all my life whenever I am offered a cigarette, I have always said to people, 'No, thanks. I don't smoke.' And they have generally answered, 'I wish I didn't either.'"

The King and His Court have never missed a performance. "We are never rained out," says Eddie, "unless the crowd is, too."

Long hours and irregular sleep during the season can cause a man to try substitutes. Eddie knows. "It was back in 1954 or 1955 when we had a hectic 179-game schedule," he recalls.

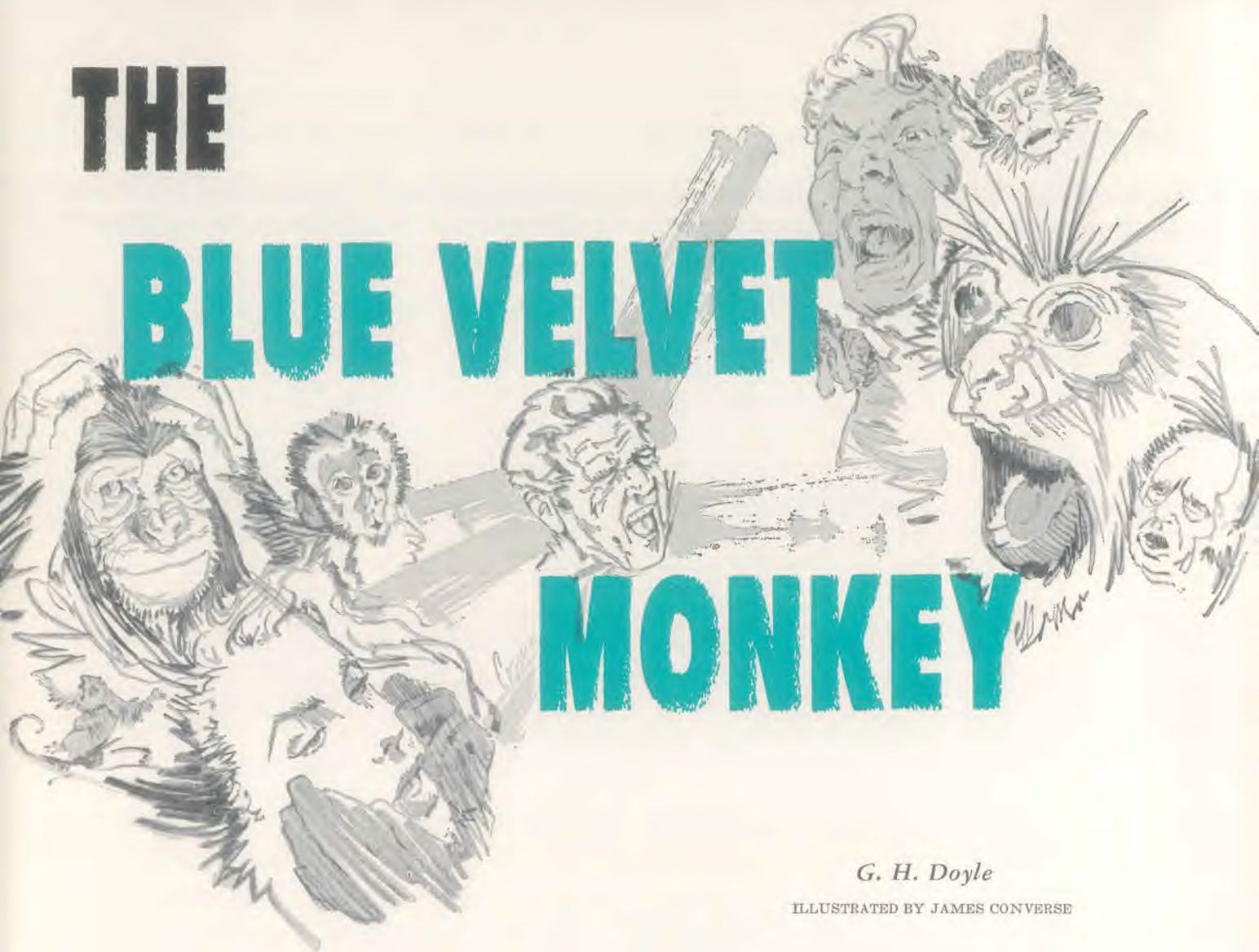
"There were days then when I wished I didn't have to go out to the ball park. So I got to using no-doze pills and dexedrine tablets. For a time I felt as bright and sharp as ever. Then I was introduced to some other drugs. About that time I viewed a television panel program that showed the usual pill progress to addictive drugs. I decided to quit partying and get my sleep," he adds, "and everything has worked out well without drugs ever since."

Life has been tough for Eddie along the way, but he always fights back. "God (Turn to page 27)

THE

BLUE VELVET

MONKEY



G. H. Doyle

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES CONVERSE

IN THE dimly lighted room of a vacant tenement in an east coast city four young men huddled over the flickering flame of a small, portable stove. The odor of camphor permeated the dank and dreary room as a small container of liquid bubbled and boiled.

"It'll be ready in a minute, you guys," whispered Bill, the self-styled leader. The others nodded approvingly. Fred began to unwrap a wad of dirty gauze. Eddie cast an apprehensive eye at the hypodermic syringe and needle in Fred's hand.

"You're not chickening out, are you, Eddie?" Bud smiled. "This stuff will really send you!" Bill kicked a small empty bottle into the corner. It clanked against some empty beer cans and came to rest label-side up. The label: Paregoric.

Similar rituals may be taking place at the same time in a west coast metropolis or in a small midwestern town. From coast to coast and border to border—and beyond—law-enforcement officers are making no attempt to conceal their concern for what is rapidly becoming one of the major narcotics menaces to youth. It is called "blue velvet."

This modern substitute for heroin, LSD, or other addictive narcotics is all the more dangerous because it is

easily obtained. "Blue velvet" is a home-brew concoction derived from paregoric and antihistamine pills—a concoction that is proving to be both highly addictive and deadly.

Paregoric is available without prescription in more than half of our states. A frequent ingredient of patent cough medicines, paregoric has a high content of pure opium along with anise oil, benzoic acid, and camphor.

Like heroin, "blue velvet" is "mainlined"—injected directly into a vein, usually the jugular vein in the neck. While "blue velvet" does not have the reaction of heroin, its effect lasts for several hours. Naturally the doses get larger, the "fixes" become more frequent, and the "blue velvet monkey" clings as tenaciously as heroin to the addict's back.

While cases of "blue velvet" addiction are on the increase across the country, it is currently most prevalent in Detroit. A top-echelon vice-squad officer says, "We have records on 1,216 known addicts, and nearly half of them are on 'blue velvet.'"

Recently two deaths in Detroit were attributed to complications arising from addiction to "blue velvet." One of the victims, a woman, had been on "blue velvet" for two years. According to the autopsy, she died as a result

of an almost complete blocking of the pulmonary circulation in the smaller blood vessels. "The blood clots," explained the physician making the report, "undoubtedly resulted from the intravenous injection of talc contained in the antihistamine." Talc is more familiarly known as dusting powder. If you have ever spilled some into water, you know that it doesn't dissolve. Yet "blue velvet" addicts inject this material into their blood-streams!

The other Detroit victim died of bacterial endocarditis, infection of the heart muscle, possibly caused by an unsterile needle. The postmortem on this victim disclosed lung changes similar to the previous case.

As a result of the two deaths in Detroit, the Michigan legislature recently enacted a law making illegal the sale of paregoric without a prescription. But in twenty-seven other states, paregoric and antihistamines are easy to buy.

The "blue velvet" habit is not limited to hardened addicts of "horse" (heroin) or hallucinatory drugs who find themselves on the wrong end of the narcotics pipeline, or who can no longer feed their habit. Many a high school and college student is getting hooked.

A police chief in a midwestern suburb recently observed: "This isn't a big city. Nobody would ever dream we could have a narcotics problem here. But we do have one—a big one. And most of them are just kids looking for a thrill."

Not long ago a college student in Missouri was found dead alongside the railroad tracks. He had been missing for forty-eight hours. A track walker later told the police that he had seen the young man near the tracks the day before his body was found. "He couldn't talk plainly. He looked as if he was in a daze. I thought he was drunk, so I left him alone."

A roommate of the victim told police that his friend had recently been experimenting with "blue velvet." "It is strange," the roommate recalled with tear-filled eyes. "He told me only the other day that he knew how to handle the stuff and that I should not worry. I remember his exact words: 'There's no such thing as a "blue velvet monkey."'"

Narcotics enforcement officers today are winning the battle in this fight against illegal narcotics, but, sadly, they are also—

LOSING THE WAR

James L. Scales

A CALIFORNIA law making it a crime to be addicted to narcotics was ruled unconstitutional recently by the United States Supreme Court in a six-to-two decision. A California law-enforcement official called the decision "a devastating blow to law enforcement in the narcotics field." More than one third of California's narcotics arrests have been made under this law.

"New York City is a drug-peddler's heaven," says a New York City Federal narcotics agent who must remain anonymous. "I knock on a door and say, 'Open up, I am a policeman!'"

"The door opens a crack and John Doe is standing there. He challenges, 'Let's see your search warrant!'"

The agent continues: "I hand him the warrant. I am still standing in the hallway. He takes his time reading it. In the rear I can hear the toilet flushing repeatedly. Now he hands the warrant back to me and says, 'Get out of here,' and slams the door and locks it.

"Now, and only now, the law says, I and my fellow detectives may put our shoulders to the door and smash it down.

"We do this, but when we get inside John Doe is sitting on a chair reading a paper. He has a couple of pals around him, but there's nothing else in sight. We know where it is—down the drain. And so is our case."

The "it" in question is marijuana, cocaine, or heroin, and the laws such as the one that stalled these detectives are today protecting sellers of narcotics. That's why, say these narcotics battlers, New York City has become the "junkies' heaven," and the estimated 50,000 who are hooked on it often slip through the loophole of an outmoded law.

While arrests are as high as ever in New York, where at least half the addicts in the United States are concentrated, convictions are down. The enforcement officials are winning the battles but losing the war.

What are the laws that members of the underworld find so helpful?

One law prevents the police from searching or seizing a citizen, and another provides that the police must have a search warrant to enter a private home where the commission of a crime is suspected. To the "pushers" who have a load of "horse" (heroin) to cache, measure out, package, and sell in small "decks" (packages), these laws are fine.

Now this same agent describes an almost identical case.

"We know that a certain person has a number of decks and has been making sales, but he's a cutie and our undercover men cannot get near him to make a buy. He'll only deal with the junkies he knows.

"We get the warrant and come on like the Marines. The door goes down in a shower of splinters. Sitting at a table are a couple of men carefully weighing and packaging the stuff.

"We snap the cuffs on them, grab the evidence, and take them into custody. We go through all the proper steps and get an airtight case after the laboratory has checked the stuff and identified it.

"Now we go to court.

"The attorney for the defense admits everything. He doesn't try to say these men, with long records of crime, were at a picnic. He will even admit it was heroin on the table if it will make us feel any better.

"He wants only one thing—an admission from us under oath that we failed to follow the 'legal steps' before forcing in the door.

"There goes our case. It is thrown out of court and the only thing we've accomplished is to have grabbed the seller's current supply of heroin. This may cost him something, but he's free, and we're right back where we started."

Because of outmoded narcotics laws, enforcement officials are winning the battles, but losing the war.

Try a Tenting



*The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,
The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
The streams and the woods belong.*

*There are thoughts that moan from the soul of a pine,
And thoughts in the flower bell curled;
And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of a fern
Are as new and as old as the world.*

Every year more travelers learn that camping is not limited to the rugged individualist with a pioneering spirit, but that it is an enjoyable as well as an economical way of seeing the great outdoors, adding a touch of adventure to a vacation trip.

Why do more and more people each year go camping, filling campgrounds to capacity, while there seems to be no lessening in the demand for space?

Perhaps the answer lies in the fact that most of the campers are families who, aside from the economic factor, simply prefer the unrestricted atmosphere of an outdoor vacation.

During 1963 the National Park Service reported more than 4,700,000 camper days; state parks reported 13,733,510. Visitors to camp and picnic sites in our national forests exceeded 29,000,000.

It's a gypsy life, and you can go where you want when you want. You can throw up your tent on a shelf on a canyon wall, or by a silver stream, improvise a kitchen on the pine-needled forest floor, and eat what you want to prepare over a fire heated by kindling you chopped yourself. In some parts of our wild National Forests where no autos are permitted, you may step on ground that hasn't been touched since Indian days.

Camping in the United States is still in its infancy and is relatively haphazard and undiscovered. In Europe, however, camping is something of an art and enjoys tremendous popularity. European campers carry an international camping card which permits them to stay at any of some 2,000 camps, each of which charges a small fee of about 50 cents a day. This enables the various countries to offer attractive facilities and exercise some control over camping activities.

Most of us have the notion that camping is for kids. But many intelligent adults, including a growing number of retirees, find great pleasure in camping.

Out in the open country you can get the feel and spirit of pioneering life. Putting the tent up, chopping wood, and maybe fording a creek can give you a wonderful feeling of a



Camping out need not be monotonous, with suc



Vacation



Daniel Boone. Here a man can really become "head" of the family, and he can watch his family grow as a unit from working and playing together in the primitive wilderness.

Suppose you don't know much about camping and outdoor living? The best fun of camping is learning the hard way. If you want a trial run, borrow or rent the equipment and take a weekend off to a nearby park and see if you like it.

There are two types of camping vacations: a permanent camp where you set up a tent for the entire vacation, or a gypsy camp where you bunk at a different location each night.

This is the least expensive kind of vacation you can find. Our camping family of four spent \$200 on a two-week vacation. Food took \$90 and car expenses \$65, and we would have spent as much for food at home.

Our equipment expenses were:

Tent	\$90
Stove	25
Icebox	20
Lantern	12
Sleeping bags	75
Air mattresses	45
	<u>\$267</u>

variety of tents available, places to go, things to see!



RAYMOND SCHUESSLER

You don't have to buy all these items at once. You can substitute many items from home if you have the basic tent and stove. If you would rather not invest too heavily in equipment until you find out whether you like the pioneer life, you can rent a tent for \$7 a week and a stove for \$1.

Extra equipment can include a camera, fishing gear, swim suits, tennis and golf gear. Our clothing was simple and washable, such as nylon or seersucker, which we beat clean on the edge of a stream. Laundromats in small towns can also be used.

National parks, of which there are fifty-four in twenty states, contain more than one hundred well-developed camps. Some have a thirty-day limit on occupation, others have less, some none. We have 2,300 state parks, of which eight hundred possess excellent campgrounds. Others permit camping on rough sites. The only charge in some parks is 50 cents to \$1 parking fees.

Upon arrival we visit the ranger for a camping permit in a state park, and a fire permit in a national forest. By writing to the park or forest in advance we were able to plan our trip so we could hit a camp each night. We learned all about each site and what to expect.

This is a really satisfying life. You can fish and explore woods, waterways, and farmlands with the youngsters, and then cook over a campfire which you can build out of freshly chopped wood. (Check restrictions.) You can have fried potatoes or flapjacks, or cook fish fresh off the hook, and buy

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ROSES for JENNIFER

J. N. Hepburn



JENNIFER NORWELL sat up in bed and blinked at her mother, who was standing in the doorway looking reprovingly at her.

"You've been drinking again, Jennifer."

"That's right, Ma, and I've just been fired by the school board."

"I know. It's all over town."

"I'm clearing out, Mother. Going to make a new start at Edgewater. Lois Craig wants me to join her, but it's a long way from here."

"Will running away help? Maybe you can lick this problem; but you're now twenty-six, and sometimes I wonder."

Jennifer's chin jutted out stubbornly.

"I'm sure going to try. I'm sorry, Mother, I've been such a trial to you. Maybe you can get along on your pension for a little while, and I'll send for you when I get settled."

Until she left home, Jennifer Norwell's struggle to overcome her craving was pathetic. On occasion her mother found the pillow slips on Jennifer's bed bitten through where she had gnashed her teeth in agony of mind that was excruciating torture. But gradually Jennifer won the battle. One thing pleased her greatly—her beautiful blond hair had a new sheen, her dark eyes a vivacious sparkle. Also her figure was becoming slim and erect again, instead of slumping badly.

She looked forward with pleasure to seeing her high school girl friend.

Lois Craig now lived at Edgewater since her parents had been killed in an automobile accident three years before.

They met at the bus depot.

"Jennifer, you look wonderful."

"Thanks, dear, now let me look at you."

Jennifer held Lois at arm's length and smiled. "Why some man hasn't scooped you up long ago beats me."

Lois was slight, dark, and petite, her head a little above Jennifer's shoulder. She shrugged.

"Men just pass me by. Guess I'm so tiny they never see me."

After dinner at Lois's apartment Jennifer spoke candidly to her friend.

"As I explained in my letter, Lois, I've become an alcoholic, and they dismissed me from my school at Warren Grove. I deserved it, but you must believe me that since the day I decided to reform I haven't touched a drop."

"What now?"

"Now I'm going to try for a teaching job out here."

"I'm proud of you, Jennifer. You'll win your battle, and you must stay with me here. I meet a lot of people in my work as librarian in town. It's a good place to live, lots of nice people. You must get an interview with the local school board."

Before long Jennifer, who was well qualified, got an appointment to a new school just built and decided to share the apartment with Lois. She was considered an efficient teacher, if not exactly a popular one. Constantly she politely refused all invitations to cocktail parties of the staff without explaining why.

Interested in ceramics, she joined a local art club to learn painting. It was this that began to change her whole life one weekend morning, when she explosively made the acquaintance of a man. He was tall, in his early thirties, with the merriest blue eyes she had ever seen.

His dark hair graying at the temples gave him a distinguished appearance. She was carrying a large vase from the art club, which she was taking home to decorate, when Eric Pringle bumped into her. The resulting crash was like an atom bomb. Jennifer stamped her foot.

"You clumsy idiot!"

His mouth tightened. "You're a very rude young woman not to wait for my apology."

They stood glowering at each other until Jennifer with a toss of her head burst out laughing.

"Are you really sorry?"

Pringle joined in her laughter while his eyes appraised her admiringly.

"Very sorry. Now, if I may have your name and where you live, I'll take care of the damage."

"I'm Jennifer Norwell, teacher at Bay Point School. The superintendent at the art school will tell you the cost of the vase. Now, if you'll get out of my way I'll go back and pick up another vase. And please don't be around when I come out with it."

When Jennifer told Lois of her encounter with Eric Pringle, her friend gasped.

"Eric Pringle, did you say, Jennifer?"

"Should I go into hysterics?"

"Of course you wouldn't know. He's a building contractor, unmarried, and all the mothers in Edgewater are trying to remedy that with their daughters. On Monday you'll probably find a box of chocolates and a bouquet of roses waiting for you when you get home from school."

"Why?"

"Pringle has a well-known, curious quirk in his nature. Every female acquaintance of his gets a box of candy and roses, the day after he meets her for the first time—if he likes her."

"Quite a ladies' man."

"No, just a hard-working, respectable citizen. A curious reporter once asked him why he sent roses with candy. He replied he was too shy ever to propose to a woman. That when the day arrived and he found someone he really loved, he would send her deep-red roses, without candy. That would be his proposal of marriage. As yet none of his lady friends have received deep-red roses."

"Looks like a screwball to me," Jennifer laughed as she thought of the idea.

On Monday as predicted by Lois, Jennifer got a box of candy, and a lovely bouquet of cream roses. That was the beginning of her friendship with Eric Pringle.

Several weeks later, as they sat at dinner, Pringle asked her, "Would you like to come to a small house party at my place at Hermona Beach this weekend, Jennifer?"

She fidgeted in her chair. "I'd like to, but I'd better not." "Why?" he insisted.

"Eric, until a few months ago I was an alcoholic. That's why I came to Edgewater after I was fired by the school board back home. I'm afraid to go any place where there is drinking."

He patted her hand. "That explains one thing about you that has had me puzzled. But so far I think you have resisted the temptation marvelously."

"Thanks, but I'm still scared. It would take only a sip to set me off. You see, I know my weakness."

"Would that we all knew ours as well, Jennifer. You come to the beach party and I'll have Faye Burnett look after you. She's been in love with me since she was in pig-tails, and that wasn't yesterday. You won't mind if I ask her to see you get nothing but lemonade. She's really nice, an old friend of the family."

Jennifer sighed. "All right, I'll come." It was at that moment she found out she was very much in love with Eric Pringle.

"Good. I'll have Faye look you up before the party."

The following afternoon Jennifer met Faye Burnett, when the tall, well-groomed, auburn-haired, green-eyed woman called on her.

Jennifer took an instant dislike to her.

"Eric has told me quite a bit about you, my dear. You are pretty, but I warn you that I am a dangerous rival." Faye smiled sweetly. "Eric has to be out of town till just before the party, but I'll pick you up in the morning at nine o'clock."

Jennifer was having a good time at the party till Faye handed her the lemonade. She raised her glass and caught the old familiar aroma of alcohol in the drink, and the cruel eyes of her rival told her the truth. Immediately she rushed for the privacy of the powder room.

It was there she saw a watch, a dainty thing of dazzling beauty, encircled with diamonds, and a matching band. Some careless woman had left it there while washing her hands.

She wrapped it in her tiny lace handkerchief and went to find Eric Pringle to give it to him. Faye was with him and saw the watch through the lacework. She raised her voice for everyone in the room to hear.

"Eric, look, that watch belongs to one of your guests who told me she lost it earlier this evening. This woman is nothing but a common thief."

Those gathered round gasped and involuntarily drew away from Jennifer. She stammered a protest as Eric Pringle

reached out and took the handkerchief gently from her grasp.

"I can explain, Eric." But the hurt look he gave her sent her running from the room.

The cabdriver let Jennifer out at her apartment and called after her with a wide grin.

"Lady, you've forgotten your bottle."

With a snarl she grabbed the bottle she had snatched from the bar as she had dashed humiliated from the party. Slamming the door, she poured a large glass of the liquid. The shrill ringing of the telephone almost made her drop it. She placed it beside the flower vase on the table and lifted the receiver. Eric Pringle's voice was desperately urgent.

"Do nothing rash, darling. I've just forced the truth out



of Faye. The watch belonged to a girl who mislaid it. I'm on my way to you now."

Jennifer answered his appeal bitterly, "Stay away from me. You believed your precious Faye. I saw it in your eyes."

"Don't hang up, please," his voice pleaded. "Have you seen the roses I brought to your apartment after you left with Faye for Hermona Beach?"

She reached for the glass. "No, and I'm not looking for them."

She hung up the receiver abruptly, but as her lips touched the glass she gagged violently. The falling petals from the roses, which had been in the apartment all weekend, and which she had not seen till now in the vase by the telephone, had clogged her drink. She stared with unbelieving eyes. The petals were red, deep, deep red. She blinked again and looked. There was no candy beside the roses.

Then she remembered what Lois had told her once about Eric Pringle and deep-red roses.

Jennifer's eyes blinded with tears as she tossed the glass away from her, shattering it against the wall.

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TIP YOUR HAT TO THESE SAFETY TIPS

YOUR climb to the top may be a lot less hazardous if you heed these work safety rules compiled by experts.

If you work indoors, a good part of your time is probably spent in handling gear and materials. When lifting, let your leg muscles do most of the work; keep your back straight and bend your knees; get someone to help you if the load is heavy. You can make manual lifting much less painful this way.

A sign in a United States Rubber Company plant reminds employees that a burning match has a temperature of 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and a lighted cigarette has a temperature of 1,800 degrees. Those are two good reasons why smokers must be extremely cautious and light up only in areas where it's permitted.

Never dump cigarettes or ashtray contents into wastebaskets, and be sure you know the location of fire extinguishers and fire-alarm boxes.

When handling extra-long objects such as pipe, ladders, or lumber, hold the front end high and the rear end low. This will keep the front end above the head of anyone you meet when you turn blind corners.

Never stand on the downhill side when you are moving barrels or other heavy things up or down an incline. Use a rope or tackle to fasten the load.

Know your tools and how to use them. Keep wheelbarrows and hand trucks clean and lubricated, and put all equipment where it belongs when you're through with it.

Protect your hands with gloves or leather pads. Protect your feet with safety shoes. It's not a bad idea to wear safety shoes or boots even if you work in the office, since you may have to go out into the plant or yard, and a falling crane can smash a foot in a dress shoe.

Men who do their work out of doors should be garbed for visibility, especially if they work on or near roads. Modern bright-orange or yellow rubber rain jackets and coats can be seen from afar, and they also offer warmth.

Loose laces, loose soles, and run-down heels can often be the cause of major accidents. One answer to this problem is laceless rubber boots. Remember: Run-over heels throw you off balance in addition to placing more strain on your ankles.

Work clothes should be washed frequently as a safeguard against skin infections and irritations. If you operate machinery, you should wear short sleeves or T-shirts. Don't roll up long sleeves, since they may have flapping ends, and the added thickness of the cloth can pull your arm into a machine before the cloth tears.

Trousers should be about ankle length. It's best to have the cuffs sewn up or cut off, since they may otherwise come down and cause you to trip.

A washable cap will keep your hair clean and prevent it from getting tangled in moving machinery.

If you receive an injury, report immediately for first aid, regardless of how slight the hurt may seem. And never allow anyone except a medically trained person to remove foreign bodies from your eyes.

Although it's important to know the treatment for fainting, shock, and bleeding, it's equally important *not* to move anyone who has been injured; wait until proper medical assistance arrives.

Walk. Always walk. Even if you're wearing the toughest rubber safety boots made, and a hard hat to boot, a fall in a crowded plant or near big outdoor machines can be dangerous. Don't run—that's a sure way to cut short your climb to the top.

Since an attitude of rebellion against adults is a strong motivation of the juvenile delinquent, a chief purpose of the FFA is to prevent this before it gets started.

Says Executive Secretary Gray, "No other national student organization enjoys greater freedom of self-government under adult counsel and guidance than the Future Farmers of America."

This effort is extended directly to the individual boy. Secretary Gray goes on: "Every member learns through active participation how to conduct and take part in a public meeting, to speak in public, to buy and sell cooperatively, to solve his own problems, to finance himself, and to assume civic responsibility."

With results like these, the convictions of FFA advisers Finto and Spannagel assume added significance:

Finto: "Instead of sentencing juvenile delinquents to prison, the court should sentence them to some kind of vocational program so they will have something to do. It would be much more effective and yield better results."

Spannagel: "More preventive work should be done among high school boys, and such preventive work should include more youth programs, such as trade schools."

Finto: "Think of all the labor that is wasted every summer because there is a law which says that unless you are eighteen years old you cannot work."

Spannagel: "Many carpenters ask me to send them a boy who knows how to drive a nail. We need manual training in this country badly. We need to train more semiskilled students for trades at two years past the high school level. More effort should be made to guide boys to trades and not only to colleges. There are men in the professions starving while good trade jobs go begging."

Finto: "The enlargement of the FFA will do a great deal to prevent juvenile delinquency, but the home is really the answer. Values and principles and standards must be given the boys in their homes. The church must build on these, emphasizing their importance. In that way boys can be reached before they come into court. Add to this more youth-training activities which will give the boys something to do and financial reward for their work. This financial reward will stop their breaking into stores and other places."

What do the boys themselves think about the FFA program?

Jeff Waldrop answered the question

quickly and with great conviction: "I have learned many things. I have learned to keep accurate records of all the livestock we handle. I have learned a great sense of responsibility in every project that needs individual attention. It has kept me out of trouble because, frankly, I have no time for bad habits."

From sixteen-year-old Bill Arlitt comes this comment: "Everyone here teaches you how to do something and get it done. You may not know a lot about everything, but you learn something about everything."

L. C. Stewart III, "Curtis" to his family, reacts this way: "FFA gives you the chance to learn. You have the material and the leadership available. As for bad habits, I don't even think about drinking and smoking because I am so busy working on my project."

To this, fifteen-year-old Scott Binford adds: "FFA gives you a pride of ownership, especially when you work with livestock. It helps you budget your money. You know where to spend it. It helps you form your personality."

So it is, that as you multiply any one of these boys' reactions by some 400,000, the national membership of the Future Farmers of America, it is evident that here is one organization which proves that youth can go right.

EDDIE FEIGNER

(Continued from page 19)

has struck me out a few times," he says, "but He has never taken me off the team."

Through the years Feigner has attempted to work at many types of employment. "But softball always came into the picture," he says with a smile. On his career, Eddie hopes to be pitching at sixty.

Eddie Feigner has a philosophy with a purpose, and it may be unique for a professional athlete whose entire mission in life is to win.

"If you win you lose," he says.

"The best thing that can happen to you is to lose. If you win at first, you will be back to lose later. If you are a real Christian, you are a loser, in the popular sense of the word. True self-denial means the other fellow wins."

Eddie's advice to youth is simple and straightforward: "You're not a square if you're nice. You are not stupid if you're honest. It's not whether you win that matters. It's how you play the game that counts."

Now in their nineteenth year, the King and His Court are dazzling fans throughout the nation once again. The main reason is Eddie Feigner, professional softball pitcher, who wins to lose.

Lives can be saved even after it seems hopeless!

Common Sense and Compassion

Senior Judge Milton Friedman asked for and got \$10,000 to expand the municipal court's program to help give men back to themselves and their families.



"IF NO more than a handful recover, it's still worth doing," Senior Judge Milton Friedman declares; "but we're hoping for more results than that."

He is speaking of alcoholics for whose reclamation he obtained a combined grant of \$10,000 from the city of Miami and the Florida State Rehabilitation Commission. This vigorous judge, whose youthful appearance belies his college-age children, was caught between a busy day's calendar on the bench and an equally demanding evening. Yet there was power in his words from an intense interest in the new help-to-drunks project.

"Early in 1963," he said, "a full-time probation officer, Philip Haswell, began the work of seeing to these men. Prior to their appearance in court, he interviews them, offers opportunity of working with Alcoholics Anonymous, and learns which ones want help.

"When one answers charges, Haswell will be right beside him to make recommendations. He may say, 'Release him completely; he's ready to come right to A.A.,' and the judge will do it.

"Now, the sentence is generally thirty days," he went on. "However, if the probation officers recommends ten days instead, we send our drinker to the stockade for ten days. He is kept in a separate cell block occupied by some thirty to fifty others, all of the attendants being A.A. helpers and themselves former drinkers. He is given three meals a day, sunshine, and recreation. Light work such as shoe repair or agriculture is optional. Several times a week Officer Haswell meets with each man for individual talks.

"A.A. holds meetings there and provides private counseling. Here again it's the probation officer who recommends release, based on how the man is progressing."

"A man-to-man approach," we ventured.

The judge nodded and his brown eyes softened. "A reversal of attitude," he agreed. "Instead of the old way of looking down on these people, we now are helping those who want help. They deserve it.

"Reclaim the lost and reunite families; it's good for the community. When you help a father you not only help him and his wife and children, but you help society as well. Finding himself with the aid of the probation officer, a man knows he is no longer an outcast but under the wing of the court. Our reward is the knowledge of a restored family unit."

All of this has to do with the down-and-outers responding to the program formally set up by the city judges in Miami, Florida. Of the methods employed, all apply only to men and women who want help. "Mules" and confirmed repeaters go to jail as before. The keynote of the new approach is a change in the city-court system. It now treats drinkers as human beings in trouble.

With no therapy as such, more than 200 men have chosen A.A. over jail, early reports show. Half of them made it and stayed sober. Twelve were even restored to their families and to a life they had feared was over.

Judges now give each offender his chance. No longer do they herd all the drunks in first, routinely send repeaters to jail, and give the newcomers suspended sentences. Today the

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Amazing Story of Your Blood



"THUMP! Thump! Thump!" That's the sound your heart makes approximately 100,800 times each day as it pumps blood through your body at the rate of four quarts a minute.

It takes less than two minutes for your entire blood supply—about five and a half quarts in an average-size man—to circulate. This rapid rate means that the equivalent of 5,760 quarts of blood flows through your veins every twenty-four hours!

Did you know that blood circulates faster in women than in men? It's a fact! A woman's heart beats eight to ten times more per minute than a man's, but the average red-blooded male has $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 percent more red blood cells than his female counterpart.

These red corpuscles—there are about 300,000,000 in a single drop of blood—do much more than give your blood a healthy hue. They perform the vital job of carrying oxygen from the lungs to all the body cells and of transporting carbon dioxide back to the lungs to be exhaled. You might say that you couldn't "breathe" without these blood cells!

Outnumbered 700 to 1 in your bloodstream by the red corpuscles, but as necessary to life and health, are the white cells which attack and "eat" invading germs. Some white cells help repair tissues damaged in the "battle." Tiny red platelets, essential in blood clotting, make up the third class of blood cells swimming in the plasma, or liquid portion of your blood.

Plasma carries food nourishment to body cells, delivers waste products to the kidneys, and transports reserve food supplies to storage depots like the liver. Hormones which regulate various body functions also travel in this liquid, which is about 90 percent water. If it became only a little thicker—or more diluted—it could kill off vital red blood cells.

The blood pressure many people wonder and worry about is simply the push of the blood against the artery walls as the heart pumps. The force your blood exerts on the arteries changes many times a day—falling as you sleep, rising when you are excited or exerting yourself.

Consistently high pressure not only damages the arteries, but causes the heart itself to overwork—and perhaps, eventually, to fail. Heart attacks strike four times as many men with hypertension (high blood pressure) as without; women with hypertension have 20 percent more heart attacks than other women.

Low blood pressure is not usually a threat to health, but a sudden sharp *drop* in blood pressure—as when an accident victim goes into *shock*—can be serious, even fatal.

An examination of your red or white blood count can reveal the presence of certain diseases, but it can also furnish a clue to where you live! Residents of high-altitude areas are normally more "red-blooded" than people who live near a seashore.

A surgeon may want to know how fast your blood clots; normal time is two to eight minutes. Or the doctor may administer a sedimentation test to see how fast red cells settle out of a blood sample—the slower the rate, the healthier you are! If a medic wants to learn how fast your blood circulates, he injects a bitter substance into your ankle, and ticks off the time before you taste it on your tongue!

A fascinating new field of diagnosis is opening up in the study of blood enzymes, substances which act as catalysts to cause or speed up the body's chemical reactions. Normally enzymes stay within the cell walls, but disease sometimes releases them into the bloodstream. By analyzing the enzymes, doctors can often pinpoint the trouble, and spot, for instance, a heart attack masquerading as a digestive upset.

Applying this principle, researchers are now working on a blood test for cancer. Such a test, quick and inexpensive, would enable them to spot many cases

of cancer before any other early warning signs had appeared.

Surgeons are also finding "pipelines" to progress. Over half of all deaths can be traced to artery disease, but now surgeons can often repair or replace diseased sections with synthetic blood vessels.

Your amazing circulatory system may one day perform even more miraculously as science learns more about strengthening it. Meanwhile, its activities are more than enough to make every red-blooded person proud.

ACCENT ON SAFE DRIVING

(Continued from page 9)

driver education at every age level.

The California Highway Patrol makes officers available to lecture to both elementary and high school students on safety. Demonstrations have been given showing how long it takes a vehicle to stop from the time a motorist sights an object to the time the vehicle is actually brought to a halt.

Traffic violation schools have been set up for traffic offenders. These are helpful in educating regarding need for careful driving.

"It's all part of a package program," Crittenden says. "The California Highway Patrol is determined to make the state the safest in the nation for highway travel. While traffic accidents and fatalities have been decreasing on the basis of number of passenger miles traveled in the state in the last few years (from 11.4 deaths per 100,000,000 miles of vehicle travel in 1946 to 5.4 deaths per 100,000,000 miles in 1962), we still have a long way to go."

TRY A TENTING VACATION

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eggs right from under the chicken.

It's a tragedy of civilization that many folk have forgotten the smell of wood smoke or of sun-warmed leaves and ferns, or how a sunrise looks, or the sound of forest and meadow creatures hushing for twilight, or the feel of pleasant tiredness at bedtime.

The great outdoors is a cathedral of serenity for those who look for it.

The following booklets will be helpful to the prospective camper:

1. *Recreational Areas of the United States* (35 cents) and *Camping Facilities in the National Park System* (15 cents), both available from the Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C.

2. *National Forests Vacations*, free from the United States Forest Service in Washington, D.C.

3. Write to the State Park Superintendent at your state capital for information on state parks.

SCHOOL'S OUT! SCHOOL'S OUT!

Who hasn't been exposed to this singsong repetition, come the last day of school with a mixture of nostalgic sadness and magic excitement? Parting with friends you have enjoyed each day of the school term seems hard, but the fun of free days to come is exhilarating even to would-be scholars.

Whether you're six and fresh out of first year, or fifteen and filled with plans for the summer, a party for celebrating dismissal of the school year or introducing a pleasant summer vacation will be fun.

Decorations

For decorating motifs use ideas to depict what your schedule includes for the summer. This stage later becomes the background for your first game. Groupings of favorite books, travel pictures, a stamp-book page, a spool of thread and a pincushion, et cetera, are a few suggestions.

Games

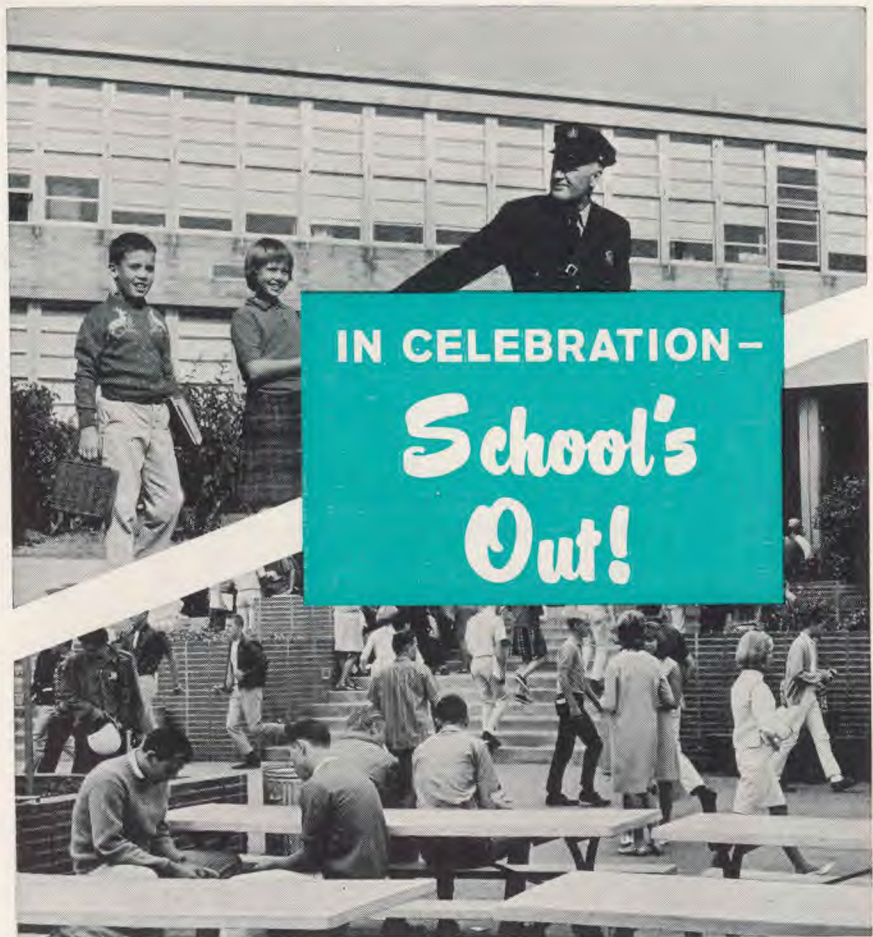
This summer I plan to: At generally strategic and a few subtly inconspicuous places in your party area, arrange materials to suggest some of the accomplishments you hope to finish this summer. Give your guests pencil and paper and a limited time to determine the fifteen or twenty things you plan to get done. Insertion of a few impossible ones will add to the interest—a cereal-box rocket and a picture of the moon, for example.

Happiness is: Extract ideas from each person present as to what comprises happiness at the age of seven, seventeen, twenty-seven, and seventy-seven. If possible, spark your discussion with the library book, "Happiness Is a Warm Puppy," by Schulz. The cartoons are good conversation stimulators.

Bubble-blowing contest: Furnish each guest with a piece of bubble gum. Award prizes for the first bubble and for the largest bubble at a specified time.

We're off on our vacation: Be sure you have along what you need by having your friends double-check. Pack two suitcases with appropriate wearing apparel—at least four items in each. Divide participants in two equal groups. At a given signal the first team member in each group dons the regalia and runs around the room, doffs the gear and repacks the suitcase for the next player on his side. The relay ends when one group completes its tour.

PARTY PICK-UPS



BLOSSOM ENGEN

Refreshments

Refreshments really need to be served buffet style so that the handiwork on your cake can be appreciated. Use a little ingenuity in your choice of punch bowl. Salad bowls, chip dishes, mixing bowls, et cetera, may fit your decor better than a crystal punch set—and you can use paper cups with one of these.

MENU

- Ticktacktoe Cake With Lemon Banana Butter Icing
- Strawberry Delite

TICKTACKTOE CAKE (18 servings)

- 2 (9-inch) square cakes prepared from your favorite yellow cake mix and iced with lemon banana butter frosting (see below)
- 1 tube contrasting colored decorating icing
- 1 No. 2 can sliced pineapple
- 2 cans pineapple spears

Using the tube of icing, place the characteristic crossmarks for tick-

tacktoe uniformly on the iced cakes. Use pineapple slices for ciphers and crossed pineapple spears for X's.

LEMON BANANA BUTTER FROSTING

- 6 tablespoons butter or margarine (room temperature)
 - 1 pound sifted confectioner's sugar
 - 6 tablespoons mashed and strained bananas (baby food may be substituted)
 - 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- Thoroughly cream ingredients together. If necessary water may be added, ½ teaspoon at a time.

STRAWBERRY DELITE (About 24 servings)

- 2 quarts strawberries (reserve 12 pretty ones for garnish)
 - Sugar to taste
 - 2 quarts very cold milk
 - 1 quart strawberry ice cream
 - 1 quart vanilla ice cream
- Mash strawberries in punch bowl. Add milk and about two-thirds of the ice cream. Blend until well mixed. Top with remaining ice cream. Garnish with berries.

On July 8, 1951, the Baltimore and Ohio local train steamed along the Potomac River Valley near Great Cacapon, West Virginia.



The Chesapeake Beach Railway train stops at what was known as "Wreck Curve."



Two Mallets appear to be racing up Salt Lick Curve near Terra Alta, West Virginia.



"REAL GONE" TRANSPORTATION

DO YOU remember the big steam locomotives that once roared through the countryside along the right-of-way? In the last few years the diesels have somehow quietly sneaked up on us—and the electrics, too!

So it is very doubtful that you will ever see a steamer running again, except for special occasions such as when the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad ran its old steamer from Philadelphia to Washington and made several trips back and forth between Baltimore and Washington. Of course some are standing in museums and other displays.

When in February, 1935, the Pennsy inaugurated the through New York-Washington all-electric passenger service, in no time at all the big K-4 steamers with the red keystone on the front were gone.

No longer does the Potomac Valley west of Washington echo and reecho the steam whistles of the old locomotives. Instead, multitonned air horns on top of throbbing diesels blast their decibels across the Potomac's tumbling white water.

It is getting harder every day to remember how closely our cities were once ringed with forests and fields—and how hard it was to get to them. If you wished to spend a day in the country, it meant hours of preparation, a big wicker picnic basket, and transportation

R. H. Riecks

on a train, electric trolley, or boat. Automobiles? There were not many to be seen, and it was a toss-up as to which were the more uncertain—the cars or the roads you had to use.

To go to Chesapeake Beach, Maryland, meant taking the electric car to Chesapeake Junction and boarding one of the two daily trains of wooden coaches run by the Chesapeake Beach Railway. Then, after an exhilarating two hours and fifteen minutes of travel over the twenty-eight miles, with the aroma of fields and barns blowing in with the cinders, you arrived at Washington's most popular bathing resort.

To reach Baltimore or Annapolis or any of the many way stations you climbed the steep steps of one of the big green electric cars of the Washington, Baltimore, and Annapolis Electric Railway. After slowly clanging your way—big bell up front—through northeast Washington, you reached the District Line. Here the motorman "opened her up" to all of sixty miles an hour, so they said, and you raced through the honeysuckle-scented countryside until you reached your destination. To Baltimore there was also frequent service by both the B. & O. and the Pennsy.

Another service to Baltimore took from 4 p.m. on Saturday until 7 a.m.

on Monday. Three times a week, on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, steamboats operated by the Maryland, Delaware, and Virginia Railway and Steamship Company made this trip both ways. They stopped at many landings on the Potomac and Wicomico Rivers, Saint Clement's Bay, Breton Bay, Saint Mary's River, the Coan River, and others.

They unloaded farm machinery, chicken feed, livestock feed, fencing, and new dresses and jeans from the mail-order houses. They took aboard hogsheads of tobacco, barrels of crabs, calves which you could hear all night bawling down in the hold, and hundreds of cases of canned tomatoes from the Virginia canneries.

For sixty-seven years you could tell when it was six-thirty in the evening by the familiar sound of the departing Norfolk steamer. After World War II, the daily service was changed to every other day. Now it, too, is gone, a victim of changing times.

We now have a new era in transportation, and the story of Washington is the story of every other American city. Who knows but that we may soon be rebuilding some of the old rights-of-way because of the supersaturation point that the uncertain vehicle, the automobile, is reaching in its attempt to take care of our daily commutings.

DANGEROUS DIPLOMACY

(Continued from page 17)

while he was holding high office. For example, a World Monetary and Economic Conference was held in London during the summer of 1933. The London *Times* called it "the greatest and most representative gathering of statesmen that has ever assembled for common council." Key Pittman was one of the United States delegates.

Professor Israel in his book states: "Throughout the conference, especially at crucial moments, he would get drunk. While in this condition, his favorite method of amusing himself was to pop the London street lights with his six-shooter. Secretary Hull and Governor Cox were outraged at Pittman's behavior. Warburg noted that Pittman 'was really a wild man when drunk, but he was drunk so often that he was often wild.'" "On one occasion, Pittman chased a technical adviser down the corridors of the Claridge Hotel with a bowie knife. The adviser, who was suspected of inadequate enthusiasm for silver, bought a gun for future protection."

Professor Israel cites the following from the diary of Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes: "The President was quite worked up by a call that he had just had from Senator Pittman. He insisted that the President send 'orders' to the English fleet to proceed to American harbors. The President told Pittman that he could not 'order' the English fleet to do anything, but Pittman was insistent. According to the President, he was almost maudlin; he pawed the President, much to his disgust. While I was with him, the President sent for Steve Early. He was fearful that Pittman might have said something to the newspapers that should not be printed, but it appeared that Pittman was either too drunk to do that or not drunk enough."

This entry was dated June 27, 1940, during the early stages of World War II. A year and a half later the United States became involved in that tragic conflict. Before that happened, however, Key Pittman fought a campaign for reelection to the Senate. "During the last weeks of the contest, he drank very heavily and was in an almost continuous stupor. Four days before the election, he entered Reno's Washoe Hospital. On November 5 his fellow Nevadans reelected him by 6,000 votes over his Republican opponent, Sam Platt. But Pittman was dying. Just after midnight on November 10, 1940, his heart gave way."

Listen, May-June, 1965



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.

Is aspirin a drug, and is it harmful to use?

Aspirin is a drug, if you mean a substance used as a medicine. Aspirin is not a narcotic, a habit-forming drug. Aspirin is a pain reliever and is most useful in giving relief from arthritis and other forms of rheumatism.

Aspirin and other pain-killers should not be used for the relief of pain until the cause of the pain has been diagnosed and proper measures instigated to effect a cure of the cause. Pain is nature's way of telling us that something is wrong. A simple headache may be an early symptom of a serious condition. A painful joint may be the first warning of a dangerous disease.

Any substance taken into the body that cannot be used as food—as a building block—will have some adverse ef-

fect upon the body. The more powerful the medication, the more dangerous it will be to the body. It is wise to use even aspirin with knowledgeable care.

It is said that if a person drinks oil before he consumes alcohol, he will not get drunk. Is this scientifically correct?

Alcohol is a solvent of edible oils. Thus oil in the stomach will tend to tie up some of the alcohol ingested. Oils require digestion. Alcohol does not require digestion before absorption into the bloodstream. The effect of the alcohol on the body depends upon the relative amounts of oil and alcohol ingested. The degree of drunkenness will depend upon these ratios and upon the ability of the body to tolerate this drug.

The sad saga of Key Pittman raises again the important question as to the responsibility that public officials have in keeping their minds clear and ready for the best service to the people who elect them. The peace of the United States—indeed, of the world—may very well ride on the sobriety of our elected representatives.

"CREATIVE" ROOM OF PEACE

(Continued from page 14)

asking nothing in return. If he cuts paper dolls, fine! Perhaps he loves a game of solitaire—good! Perhaps he only sits and leisurely reviews in his mind the last hunting or fishing trip, reliving each exciting moment. On the other hand, he may work out an intricate problem that has been gnawing at him for days and weeks but upon which events and circumstances would not allow him to concentrate. Perhaps he will simply pray, even as Jesus went a stone's throw away and prayed.

Whatever takes place between the individual and himself, he emerges from that room a better person because he has examined and communed with himself. If he was dissatisfied with living when he went in, he has been free to think out something to ease the situation. Problems tend to resolve themselves. He becomes whole, a more thoughtful person, a stronger and better person, able again to face the world. Family quarrels might well be settled or averted if each went to the "creative" room before trying to come to a decision. And family life would run much smoother.

May I therefore presume to raise my voice and urge architects and builders to exercise their influence toward the inclusion of such rooms in home-building plans of the future.

In the solitude and salutary influence of such rooms can be sparked the wholesomeness, the compassion, the greatness governing the destinies of mankind.



J. C. Furnas, **THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE LATE DEMON RUM**, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1965. 381 pages, \$6.95.

Described as "an irreverent history of the temperance movement in the United States," this imposing volume repeats many of the tired old tirades against abstinence that have been worn so threadbare in recent years.

The author presupposes drink to be the "good creature of God," and throughout the book ridicules and scorns all who may not agree, calling them "cranks," "crackpots," or "would-be do-gooders." The work of these zealous workers for temperance he dismisses as "misconceptions, half-truths, and lies."

In spite of his vicious prejudice, however, the writer suggests not one iota of remedy for the situation in this country which has produced some 5,000,000 alcoholics and millions more who are nearing a state of alcoholism. He merely tosses this tragedy off as being the result of the lack of a good definition for alcoholism.

Far from being a real contribution to current literature on the subject, this book belabors the facts, misleads the reader, and reflects the massive dogmatism of a writer who cannot approach this topic objectively. Reading it is a colossal waste of time.

Sean O'Brien, **TWELVE STEPS TO HAPPINESS**, New York: Exposition Press, 1965. \$3.00.

Inspirational in nature, this little book is a refreshing treatment of the well-known Twelve Steps of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Even better is the second half of the book containing a series of short essays

on general subjects under the title, "Meditative Thoughts." These are especially good for occasional reading, and they will be found helpful if reread from time to time.

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TEACHER'S EDITION OF

LISTEN

MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA

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Vol. 18, No. 3

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COMMON SENSE

(Continued from page 27)

rest of the docket goes first. Alcoholics get tried last.

Helping the judges, besides former alcoholics, is the manager of a rooming house on skid row. Selma Green, who is sixty-three, calls these problem drinkers "my boys." She acts as a friend of the court and has many a drifter paroled in her care. With other volunteers, "Ma" Green attends court sessions daily and stands up for the drunks who are willing to accept help.

When she takes one in hand, she provides food, clothes, shelter, a job, and virtually a new start in life. Not only does she give a man a fighting chance to conquer his devil, she also provides free quarters in her rooming house until he can work and pay. She also makes him save his money, and sometimes she banks it for him. In giving him trust and understanding, she gives him confidence.

The judges' program received a double-barreled impetus when young Judge Arthur Massey completed a month-long seminar on alcoholism at Rutgers University, sponsored by the Florida Alcoholic Rehabilitation Program, and Senior Judge Milton A. Friedman appeared before the city commission and obtained the money for expansion.

Asking now for more volunteers for a psychiatric therapy program, with clinical training wherever possible, the judges are aiming at a center for alcoholics, staffed with both professional and volunteer help.

There is a by-product from rescuing lost men and women. The judges foresee a saving to taxpayers through lessening of policing costs as well as the cost of maintenance of jail occupants. By keeping their charges sober, busy, and earning, they feel in this way the police and jails take second place in the picture. The simple, sensible program of common sense and compassion is already showing amazing results.

Philip Haswell reports that 585 persons who completed three months' probation, attending court meetings, were not rearrested.

"The average sentence for these people had been thirty days," Haswell explained in his first yearly report, "and they were arrested about three times a year, so they used to spend some ninety days a year in jail."

With the daily cost per prisoner averaging \$2.90, the total savings from April, 1963, through March, 1964, came to more than \$150,000, plus 585 hopeful new lives.

POEMS WITH A PURPOSE

Spider on Patrol

Virginia Vess

Spider on patrol today,
We inspect your flimsy netting,
Stationed where your plotting may
Bring rewards for careful setting.

Hunter brewed in solemn moods,
Weapons made of stringy trapping;
We observe your little feuds
Camouflaged by subtle napping.

Hermit captain of bug fate,
Life spanned for a blunt encroaching;
Only once you hesitate—
When a bird snap snips your poaching.



Cross-Stitch

Mary Ann Putman

My mother always patched things
When I was small—
Standing with a torn sleeve
Or a broken doll—

Waiting with blue mittens,
The yarn pulled quite apart.
She mended threads of our young lives,
My first broken heart.

My mother salvaged pieces,
And wiser, now I know
And understand why patched things
Are always valued so.

Never Give Up

E. Jay Ritter

Never give up the struggle
When life seems to be in vain;
Time will take care of your trouble
And make you happy again.

Remember that precious something
Which comes only from within;
It is made up of faith and hope
And is called the will to win.

Mine to Keep

Vivian Brown

I am rich, so rich,
For I recall at will,
Smiling elfin faces
On a pansy hill.

So wealthy, indeed,
When I think of a spot,
Delicately tinted
With forget-me-not.

I treasure the gold
Of a field at sunup,
Where I staked out a claim
On the buttercup.

In memory's vault
I have stored my vast wealth,
And no one can rob me
By default or stealth.

What a Neighbor!

Mary Ann Gay

Once I had a wonderful neighbor,
Never saw a better lad;
Sure was he a friend in need—
Needed everything I had.

"THANK YOU, GOD, IT'S OVER"

(Continued from page 6)

est importance to me. She was alive. That day, as I looked upon the shattered pieces of my life, I knew that I would never again poison my body and my soul with heroin. A feeling began to grow in me that I can only describe as a profound realization of death. And even more so, the realization that I had never before experienced life.

The thought of death probably means much the same to all men. I thought of never again feeling the love of my wife; of never again hearing her infectious laughter. I thought of never again experiencing the thrill of watching an autumn sun sink beneath the horizon, and never again feeling the joy of spring. And unlike most men, I thought of the living death called heroin.

A week later I saw Barbara in the courtroom. She looked pale and scared, but she was alive and regaining her health. After a few minutes' wait we stood before the judge and pleaded guilty. The judge scrutinized us carefully and then began poring over our files. Finally he pronounced judgment: ninety days in the county jail, the minimum sentence. I felt confused, not really sure of what had happened. I glanced over at Barbara and saw her eyes directly on me and then a wan smile flickered on her face. Her lips parted and I saw them form the words, "I love you." And she was led away.

As I was escorted back to my cell, I was silent. I wanted to be alone and attempt to gather my thoughts. Once in the cell I sat down and placed my head in my hands. Suddenly I began to understand—I had a chance to start anew! I thought of that brief smile I saw on Barbara's face, and I felt tears of joy well up in my eyes. Almost involuntarily I whispered for the first time a short, simple prayer that I shall never forget: "Thank You, God, it's over."



"Walk which one of the straight lines, oshifer?"

Yes, it was over. Barbara and I have been happily married—and free from drugs—for better than twelve years. We have managed to beat one of the most enigmatic diseases of mankind, and we have lived on to enjoy a productive and fulfilling life. I have been employed by the same company for years now and enjoy my work immensely. We have become active in our church and community affairs and are liked and respected by our friends and neighbors.

Because of our experience we sometimes see in each other's eyes the pain brought on by remembrances of the horror and degradation we once endured. But on the other hand we feel a singular joy when we pause for a moment and survey all that we have accomplished. It seems very strange to us now that anyone could take life and happiness for granted.

Tonight, before I retire, I shall quietly open the door of our children's room, and I shall feel the joy of which I speak. Looking upon the children sleeping peacefully, warm and healthy and loved, I shall close my eyes for a moment and thank God for His mercy.

"GOOFING" ON GOOFBALLS?

(Continued from page 16)

and distribution of such drugs; therefore many of them do not keep satisfactory records. This inadequacy in record keeping is found all the way down the distribution chain from the manufacturer to the retailer. Thus, wholesale quantities of drugs can be sidetracked into illegal channels with virtually no possibility of pinpointing the spot at which they were diverted.

The new law would require manufacturers and others, except doctors, engaged in receiving or disposing of such drugs to keep a complete record of the quantities of such drugs they handle and make these records available to FDA inspectors. The bill would forbid the disposal of these drugs except through legitimate channels and prohibit the possession of such drugs, if such possession is not for the personal use of the possessor or a member of his household or for administration to an animal owned by him or his family.

This bill would immediately place barbiturates and amphetamine in the category of psychotoxic drugs subject to its added controls. But it goes further: it authorizes the Government to decide what other drugs are in need of the same type of control. Thus it could classify such products as LSD 25, and some of the tranquilizers which already are causing problems, as psychotoxic drugs subject to the safeguards of this bill. It is a well-known fact that as one drug becomes difficult to obtain, the underworld will find substitutes.

It is time we begin to close the dangerous loopholes in certain drug laws. Everyone should let his congressman and other public officials know that such vital legislation is supported by a public aware of the dangers involved.

"Drinking makes such fools of people, and people are such fools to begin with, that it's compounding a felony."
—Robert Benchley.

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views

Habits of Youth

❖ **YOUTH IMITATE WHAT THEY SEE.** "It is unrealistic to write minimum-age drinking laws that ignore the customs of young people and ignore the adult customs which young people imitate.

"It is inconsistent for parents to disapprove of drinking by young adults when it is shown that drinking starts for most of them at home with parental approval."—Dr. Herman Goldberg, chairman of the psychology department, Hofstra University, Hempstead, New York.

❖ **YOUTH USE THE SAME EXCUSES.** "Adults sometimes forget the kind of culture they have created for their youth. If they are honest with themselves, adults must admit that ten cups of coffee a day are not basically for food, that two packs of cigarettes a day have nothing to do with nourishment, and that doctors say the consumption of alcohol gives no food value to the body whatever. Then why are these products consumed? Some adults say it is for pleasure, others say that without these products they 'get the shakes,' still others say it gives them 'that necessary boost.'

"And that is exactly what a youngster will say if his parents ask him why he took up narcotics.

"But of course the average adult is quick to defend his generation. 'I practice only minor vices,' he protests. 'You can't compare a highball, a cigarette, or coffee with the stuff my kid's taking!' And in a sense this is true. But police records will show that in the vast majority of cases the pathway of a drug addict is from minor vices to major vices. As one youngster put it: 'I started smoking cigarettes when I was fifteen because it seemed like everybody was doing it. Then somebody coaxed me to try a marijuana cigarette because everyone was doing it. Finally, somebody said to get with it and try some heroin because all the kids were doing it. "Just

for kicks," they said. That's how I got hooked.'

"There is an old saying that 'As go the parents, so go the kids,' but with habit-forming products this may not always be true. Sometimes the kids look on minor vices as old-fashioned!"—W. Cleon Skousen, director, **Law and Order**, police magazine.

❖ **YOUTH DRINK WITH PARENTAL APPROVAL.** "In all instances the percentage of drinking in high schools in the areas studied was consistent with the percentage of drinking by adults in the same areas.

"The drinking patterns of college students reflected the ways of American society and showed clear correlation with parental customs and nationality, religious background, family income, social and personal associations.

"The vast majority of these young people started using alcoholic beverages in the home with parental consent and approval and virtually all of them were below the legal minimum drinking age in their states."—Ellsworth Jones, director, Wisconsin Department of Taxation, Division of Beverage and Cigarette Taxes, addressing a meeting of the National Licensed Beverage Association.

❖ **YOUTH REACH AFTER "STATUS."** "There is much drinking by teen-agers with parental approval. This is generally true of upper-income homes.

"Teen-agers see nothing wrong with drinking when their parents drink openly. Few teen-agers like alcohol in itself. A drink is a status symbol. For the boys it's a sign of masculinity; for the girls it's a sign that they're not being left out of the fun.

"And parents think a mature youngster can handle a drink. They don't anticipate the child's getting into difficulty. It amazes me the way parents defend their children when they get into trouble."—Judge Arthur Massey, Miami, Florida.



DR. GEORGE J. KIDERA --

PHYSICIAN FOR A JET AGE



Our modern jet age requires not merely the producing and maintaining of fast planes to slice through the skies at supersonic speeds, but also the keeping of pilots and other crew members at maximum health standards to cope with the rigorous demands of the age.

Typical of the meticulous care demanded is the program headed by Dr. George J. Kidera, medical director for United, one of the world's largest and most progressive airlines, employing some 3,400 pilots and 30,000 employees in all.

"The medical profession today tends to look at health negatively," says this expert, "and to treat disease after it has developed. It needs to see the positive means of prevention and discern conditions that might lead to disease. Especially is this true with airline crews upon whose physical perfection so much depends."

To find such conditions, searching annual examinations are required, particularly of pilots, including some sixty distinct checks.

For pilots, any drugs are suspect, and self-medication is out. Even tranquilizers are not allowed for pilots. "If a pilot has to take them," says Dr. Kidera, "he should not be flying."

As to drinking, pilots are carefully instructed to use healthful means to relax and relieve tension, not to rely on a crutch for emotional adjustment. "Pilots are one of the most healthy groups in the world, both by selection and by maintenance," the doctor goes on. "Preventive medicine is accepted by pilots; our objective is to keep the man flying."

Pilots are required to be abstinent for at least twenty-four hours before flying. From this there is no appeal. Violation of this rule simply means dismissal.

There is a very high rate of teetotalers among pilots, according to Dr. Kidera, much higher than among other professional groups.

About smoking—carbon monoxide, he says, affects the oxygen potential of the blood, reducing it from 2 to 3 percent, giving the same effect at sea level as flying at 5,000 feet altitude. So it is that far fewer pilots smoke than white-collar workers and most other groups.

It is evident, then, that as speeds become faster, as plane control becomes more dependent on constant and instant pilot alertness, there is less room for both smoking and drinking. In the jet age such habits, for the sake of safety and comfort, must become passé.

Dr. Kidera received from United Airlines' board chairman, W. A. Patterson, the "President's Award," given annually to the company's outstanding employee, in recognition of his service in keeping air crews healthy and flying.

