

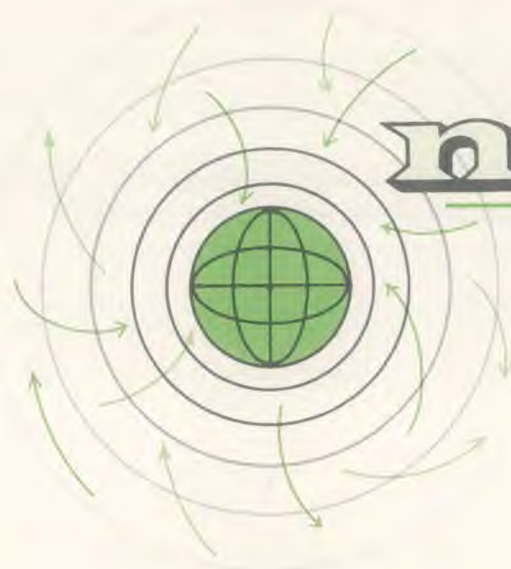
LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



GARY ANDERSON

*World Champion
Free-Rifle Marksman*



news

city. To help change the picture, the judge has set up a "school for prevention." Candidates are culled from the approximately 150 persons who appear in the municipal court daily on charges of drunkenness. These are paroled on provision that they attend the school one night a week for four weeks, during which time instruction is given in the causes and treatment of alcoholism.

"Seventy percent of the 'graduates' during the first year of operation," says the judge, "have remained out of jail."

❖ **NEW YORK PAYS THE PRICE.** More than half the drivers (51 percent) who died within twenty-four hours of being in accidents last year had been drinking, according to Police Commissioner Michael J. Murphy. He also reports that 30 percent of pedestrians in the same circumstances were under the influence.

The toll would have been higher, the commissioner observes, if some drivers had not been prevented from killing themselves and others by being arrested; 71 percent of the drivers arrested for drinking-driving offenses were picked up before they became involved in accidents.

❖ **DRINKING INCREASES HEART LOAD.** For many years it was claimed that alcohol had a beneficial influence on the heart, since it might dilate the blood vessels and thus increase the blood flow, particularly in cases of angina pectoris (heart pain), coronary artery disease, or disease of the arteries supplying the heart with blood.

However, additional evidence now shows that this is not true. "Alcohol has the overall deleterious effects of increasing the cardiac work load and compromising coronary flow," says a report in the JAMA (191:77-80—March 29, 1965), by Drs. Watts Webb and I. U. Degerli. Alcohol either in low or moderate dosages, they conclude from experimentation, causes a "marked increase" in the heart's work load "proportionate to the amount administered." At all dosage levels, they found, coronary flow decreases and coronary resistance rises.

❖ **SAN FRANCISCO GOES TO SCHOOL.** More than seven out of ten crimes involve the use of alcohol. Half the annual arrests are for drunkenness. The death rate from cirrhosis is twice the national average.

This is the picture of San Francisco, according to Judge Gerald S. Levin of the Superior Court in that

❖ **YOUTH LEARN THE IDEA.** "Young people do not invent the idea that they should drink; they learn it," says the Rutgers University Center on Alcoholic Studies. "Liquor appears to be an improvised rite of passage between adolescence and adulthood."

FEWER MENTAL PATIENTS, BUT MORE ALCOHOLICS. For the ninth straight year the number of patients resident on any one day in state and county mental hospitals decreased in 1964, dropping to below 500,000 for the first time in fifteen years, reports the Public Health Service.

On the other hand, alcoholics are increasing among state mental hospital admissions, says Dr. Stanley F. Yolles, director, National Institute of Mental Health. One in every seven newly admitted patients is an alcoholic, an 18 percent rise in ten years. In nine states, disorders associated with alcoholism lead all other diagnoses in mental hospital admissions. Studies show a startling rise in the number of alcoholics diagnosed with "chronic brain syndrome associated with alcoholism," say NIHM specialists.

This is the most severe and hopeless of the classifications of alcoholism, the patients suffering permanent destruction of brain tissue. More than half the alcoholics now in state mental hospitals suffer from this irreversible form of alcoholism—a 50 percent increase in this group in the past ten years. This rise occurred during the time when the number of patients in mental hospitals has dropped.

OUR COVER

Perhaps no sport appears so deceptively easy as that of marksmanship, if the performer is expert. On the other hand, nothing demands more concentrated and rigorous training and practice. Obviously, Gary Anderson has both the perseverance and consistency to achieve world honors in this difficult competition.

Listen's cover is provided by the National Guard in Nebraska.



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WHAT ABOUT HYPNOSIS ?



UNTIL rather recent times hypnotism was a curiosity, indulged in mainly for entertainment purposes. Lately, however, it is experiencing a great surge of popularity.

In 1958 the American Medical Association officially endorsed its use as a medical therapy. Today it is widely utilized as a psychological boost to expectant mothers and as an aid in childbirth, as an anesthetic during surgery, especially brain operations, as a tension reliever while dental work is done, as an agent to treat skin disorders arising from emotional or allergenic causes, as a help in treating serious burn cases, as a control for tobacco, alcohol, and drug addictions, and for other therapeutic purposes.

But it is in psychiatry that hypnotism claims the most spectacular results. It is used in the effort to discover emotional causes resulting in physical symptoms, and in psychoanalysis to dig up forgotten experiences which may have contributed to personality disorders.

Columbia University investigators have now demonstrated that persons can be hypnotized by television, without the hypnotist being present. Trance states were induced by remote TV signals. Sensory and motor alterations were also induced and sustained posthypnotically.

Thus, television hypnosis, say these specialists, might be useful in the future "in mass education, group treatment, and research."

Obviously, hypnotism is regarded by many as a boon to better health, both physical and mental, perhaps even spiritual. Moreover, it may, in addition, hold the potential of becoming an education medium for the public.

But there is another side of the coin.

Hypnosis is akin to normal sleep, but differing in that it is induced by the influence and suggestions of another person. The subject goes into a highly susceptible state, responding to any demand or command by the hypnotist. Anesthesia, hallucinations, even blindness or paralysis, may be induced by hypnotic suggestion. In other words, the subject's mind, his will, is being directed and controlled by another mind, another will. He is a virtual automaton, a mere machine.

Every human being has the God-given right to be an individualist, to rule his own mind, to govern his own will. Never should he relinquish to anyone else the captaincy of his mind. It should at all times be under his own direction. To have one mind completely control another, so that one acts out the will of another, is indeed fraught with grave danger.

Temporary relief may be felt when hypnosis is used in treating medical or psychological conditions, but the mind and self-control of the one thus treated will never again be so strong and reliable. Once placed into a trance, the subject becomes progressively easier to hypnotize. He loses more and more his ability to order his own actions and control his own life. Some even lose their ability to make everyday decisions on their own.

Especially significant—and frightening—is the fact that hypnosis is being so widely injected into our modern age, which is characterized by the extensive and increasing use of "mood" drugs, mind-changing drugs. One cannot help but raise a serious question as to whether such a combination may not over a period of time have a serious effect on man's ability to use and control his own mind.

Francis A. Soper

IT'S A SMART GIRL WHO KNOWS THAT --



There's a Hook on That Baited Line!

Robert C. Niss

"I CAIN'T say no!" made sparkling lyrics for the musical "Oklahoma!" but any girl who doesn't have a sturdy No somewhere in her vocabulary today is liable to be headed for trouble.

Under the influence of an attractive "line" she may find herself floundering in dangerous waters before she knows it.

It's a smart fish who knows there's a hook under the bait and doesn't bite.

How many of these "lines" might draw you in?

EVERYBODY DOES IT! This is generalizing a few cases to make it seem as if you're the only one out of step. If there is a tussle between going along with the crowd and your conscience, better listen to your con-

science. No one ever became a really valuable or extraordinary person without being willing to take a few steps *above* the crowd.

YOU'RE CHICKEN! Calling you a name doesn't make you that thing. You show more mettle by standing up for your convictions than by giving in to practices that could harm your health or reputation.

NOBODY WILL KNOW! Don't you believe it! Even if a body doesn't brag about his conquest (and most of them do), if a girl gets into trouble, everyone will know. And practices such as smoking and drinking eventually become evident both physically and mentally. The results of these habits cannot remain well hidden for very

long. Never forget, you will know first of all—then everyone can see.

YOU WILL IF YOU LOVE ME! This is the oldest gambit in the book. Smoking, drinking, or petting are not signs of love or friendship. All you are doing is satisfying the passions of an uncontrolled youth or giving in to the childish thrills of the gang. If they really loved you or wanted to be true friends, they would not ask you to do anything that would harm your health or lower your moral principles.

NOBODY UNDERSTANDS ME! Here is where the fellow cries on your shoulder to make you feel sorry for him since his parents “don’t love him” and he’s “so alone.” Don’t give in to his desires. In the long run, this wouldn’t solve his problem. What he really needs is interest, understanding, and someone to whom to talk about his troubles.

YOU’RE BEAUTIFUL! Beware! There isn’t a girl alive who isn’t attracted by this bait, but the girl who lacks self-assurance is in the most danger. She may look for compliments by wearing wild hairdos and too much makeup and sporting a long cigarette holder she fancies gives her a sophisticated look. When an experienced “angler” dangles his line, she may be all too eager to snap at the bait. Remember, if the fellow really means it, you won’t need cigarettes or tight dresses to draw his compliments.

YOU WON’T GET HURT! Oh, no? Just bone up on the statistics. The correlation between smoking and cancer is not debatable anymore. The suffering and grief caused by even “social drinking” is measured in terms of highway deaths, unwed mothers, unstable homes, and sudden acts of violence. Drinkers’ damage to themselves, their relatives, and their community is inestimable.

YOU’LL BE POPULAR! Popular with whom? The less desirable crowd, that’s who! You cannot win true popularity merely by popping a bottle or fag into your mouth.

ONLY A LITTLE! Come-ons such as “try it once,” or, “let’s go a little way,” seldom stop early. You may find it as easy to halt halfway down an ice slide. Before you know it you’ve gone the whole way without intending to. An alcoholic starts with the first little drink and later finds he can’t stop.

“SO-AND-SO” DOES IT, WHY NOT YOU? Go slow! Because others may do it is no valid reason why you should. Too, this reasoning could be turned around to say since you do *not* do it, they should not do it either. Do you want to imitate anything that makes you less attractive and healthy?

WE’LL SHOW THEM! Wait! When you behave rebelliously merely to get back at your parents, or a boyfriend, you usually end up hurting yourself far more

than you do them. Revenge is not a good motive for doing anything. The consequences will still fall on your own head.

YOU’RE OLD ENOUGH! Think it over! This is another way of telling you not to listen to your conscience, or your parents, or your church. You may be old enough by the calendar, but are you old enough emotionally, socially, and intellectually, to consider the price you pay for dubious privileges? The price may be higher than you bargained for.

YOU’LL BE RELAXED AND GAY! This is one of the chief promises liquor holds out. Unfortunately, when a drinker feels he is the most scintillating, other people are usually laughing *at* him, not *with* him. There are better ways to relax that do not lead to slurred speech, sloppy posture, and a lessening of your critical faculties.

IT’S ONLY HARMLESS FUN! Easy! This line of talk is to lure you into a sense of innocence and false security. You may start out to a “little party” at a friend’s house and wind up at something entirely unexpected. Many a traffic fatality started out as “one little drink.”

GOOD FOR YOUR HEALTH! This line comes from colleges and other sophisticated sources, where people should know better, and tries to make certain dangerous actions seem helpful to one’s mental and emotional stability by eliminating frustrations. Such pseudodoctors can sound convincing when they use medical or psychological terminology. Give in to this line and you’re on the way to more physical and emotional problems than you knew existed.

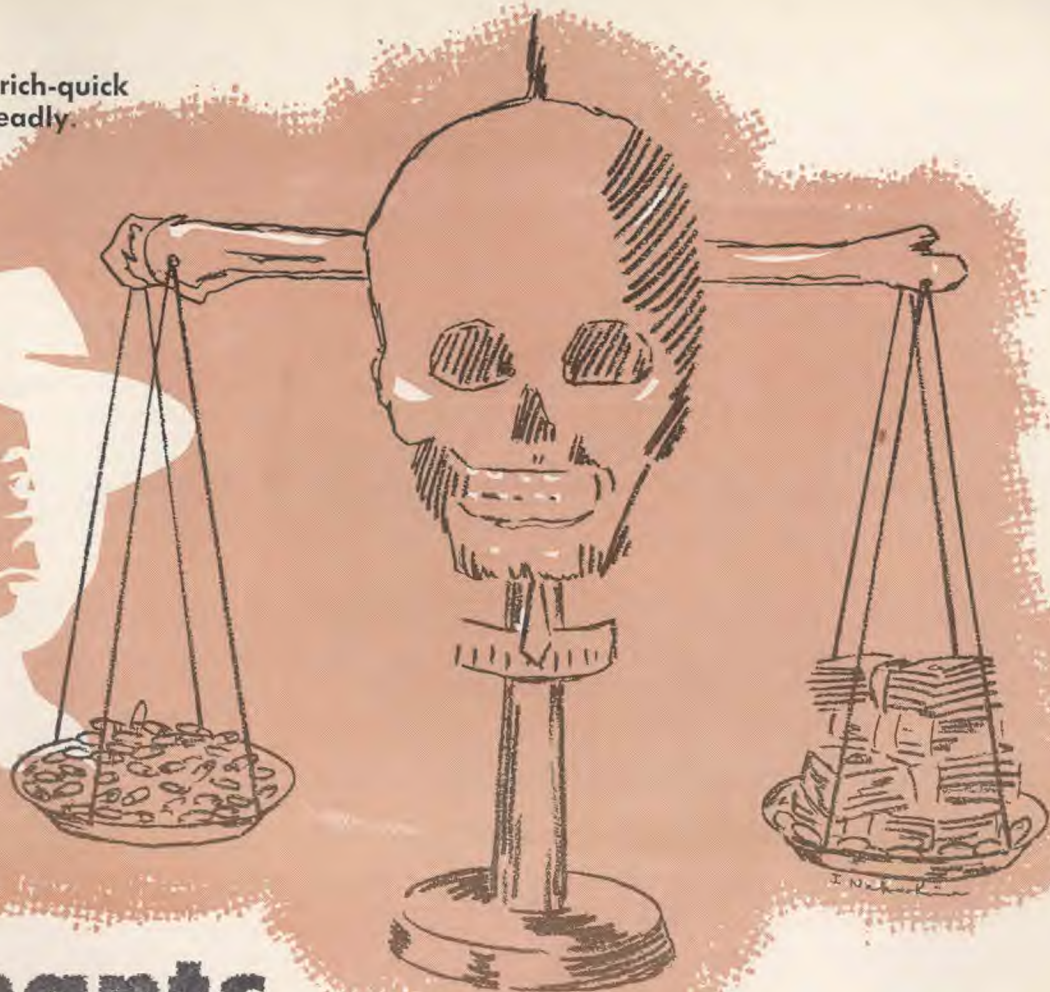
YOU LIVE ONLY ONCE! Red light! Is mere pleasure our only goal in life, so we must live it up today, for tomorrow we die? People who think this way do not see the results of what they do. Right now counts, not later, not tomorrow. One wrong act for fun today can lead to many miserable tomorrows. You not only live once; you live day by day. Don’t discount tomorrow.

THINK YOU’RE TOO GOOD FOR US? Other ways of saying this are, “Who do you think you are?” or “I’m not good enough for you, huh?” or, “Come off your high horse.” When you refuse to lower your standards of conduct, you place the other person in a position of feeling guilty and jealous of the high ideals you are maintaining. He feels frustrated at not getting his way. So he will try to strike back. Be mature enough to withstand a little name calling.

I hope that none of these shopworn baits ever hook you. Don’t be a victim of false thinking and wrong logic. Be on guard when anyone, young or old, tries these baited lines to hook you into doing what he wants you to do.

It’s a smart girl (or boy) who knows there’s a hook under that bait!

The world's greatest get-rich-quick venture—and the most deadly.



Merchants of Death

Pete Dunham

There is an enterprise in this country in which, for a capital outlay of \$12,500, you may net a profit of nearly \$1,000,000. Beware, however, because you'll be trafficking in a commodity that is both deadly and illegal.

Your wares will be narcotics.

Law-enforcement agencies, and those concerned with the increase in the number of addicts each year, have long realized that one of the most difficult factors in curbing the importation of heroin and other drugs into the United States is the phenomenal profit available from their sale.

Take the case of Abraham Lazlo (a fictitious name), twenty-nine years old, and a resident of Los Angeles, California. Following his introduction to a powerful supplier of heroin in Lagos de Moreno, Jalisco, Mexico (60 to 80 percent of all heroin entering California comes from Mexico), he purchases a kilo (2.2 pounds) of "pure" (between 85 and 92 percent is considered pure) heroin for \$12,500.

Abraham returns to Los Angeles with the small

packet of powder concealed in the seat of his sleek blue-and-white convertible. After "cutting" (diluting by mixing the heroin with equal parts of milk sugar), the heroin is reduced in strength to 43 percent; but there is now twice as much, or 4.4 pounds.

He contacts a friend, Albert Saenz (fictitious), and sells him the lot for \$350 per ounce. Abe pockets the \$24,640 he receives only to reinvest it a few weeks later for an even larger quantity of the drug. He has realized a tidy profit of about 100 percent for simply transporting the cargo of poison from Mexico to California.

Albert, in turn, further cuts the drug until it is 2 percent in actual heroin concentrate. This he caps into gelatin capsules, each containing one and a half grains, which are in turn sold by smaller peddlers for \$3 each. The average strength of heroin available to junkies on the street ranges from 2 to 5 percent and costs between \$3 and \$5 a cap.

Al now has 32 kilos (70.4 pounds) of diluted heroin which, when capped, produces a staggering 319,200 pellets of destruction. At the street price of \$3 each, his poisonous cargo will bring \$957,600, or nearly \$1,000,000 of misery, which began with a \$12,500 purchase, made by a man lacking either morals or a regard for the health and welfare of his fellowmen.

Another fellow—call him "Wedo" (white Mexican) Ramirez, twenty-eight years of age, of Spanish ancestry and residing in San Diego, California—crosses the border into Mexico one evening

(Turn to page 28)



Interviews by George F. Kinney

"I was always encouraged by my godly parents, who were vigilant in keeping my life clean and in getting me off to a good start.

"Smoking and drinking never found a place in my life. As a boy I learned to look with disdain on these things. I have seen too many examples of other athletes whose potential was curtailed because of them.

"In these days of severe competition I need to keep myself in the best of physical condition. Surely alcohol and tobacco would be of no help to me.

"In everyday living, right habits pay big dividends. In the end I'll be much stronger in facing the issues of life, and there will be a feeling of contentment that nothing else in this world can give."

Mel Stottlemyre—Pennant Winner

When the New York Yankees were hard put in their pennant drive late in the 1964 season, they called up young twenty-three-year-old Mel Stottlemyre of their Richmond, Virginia, farm club.

Mel started playing very early, and rose through little leagues, high school, American Legion, and junior college. His rise to the Yankees was via Harlan (Kentucky) in the Appalachian League, Auburn (New York) in the New York-Pennsylvania League, and Richmond in the International League.

His pitching last season, a record of 9-3, made the big difference in clinching the American League flag for New York.

Baseball players go all out -

J. C. Martin—He Learned Well

As a boy, J. C. Martin was thrilled with basketball and baseball, but through the years he has played baseball. He has been in Davenport, Iowa, and Duluth, Minnesota, and showed his best promise with Indianapolis.

In 1962 he was sent by the Chicago White Sox to the Savannah, Georgia, club of the old Sally League to learn how to catch.

His success brought him in the next year to the majors. He has been there ever since. To show his ability for catching, he was assigned the duty of catching the great knuckleball of Hoyt Wilhelm, which is a feat in any league game.

"As a young man I always felt that abstaining from intemperance was the only way to achieve goals of right living. I don't believe that alcohol and tobacco can help anyone; therefore, I have no use for these poisonous drugs.

"I want to succeed in life, and I do not want any handicaps to hinder my progress. As a result I shall be honored by God in so refusing to lower my conduct of life."



"I came from a Christian home where my parents emphasized clean living, which, of course, meant the nonuse of alcohol and tobacco. As I grew up, I have continued to follow these right ways of life among my friends, and am respected for so doing.

"It's not good for teen-agers to throw their lives away in harmful dissipations. If in the future I establish a home, I want my home-life to be clean, respectable, and free from such influences."

Tony Oliva—Rookie of the Year

Champion at twenty-three, super star at twenty-four? If this is true of the Minnesota Twins' sensation, Tony Oliva, then the sports world is in for rare treat!

Tony was Rookie of the Year in 1964, the American League's first freshman batting champion with an average of .323.

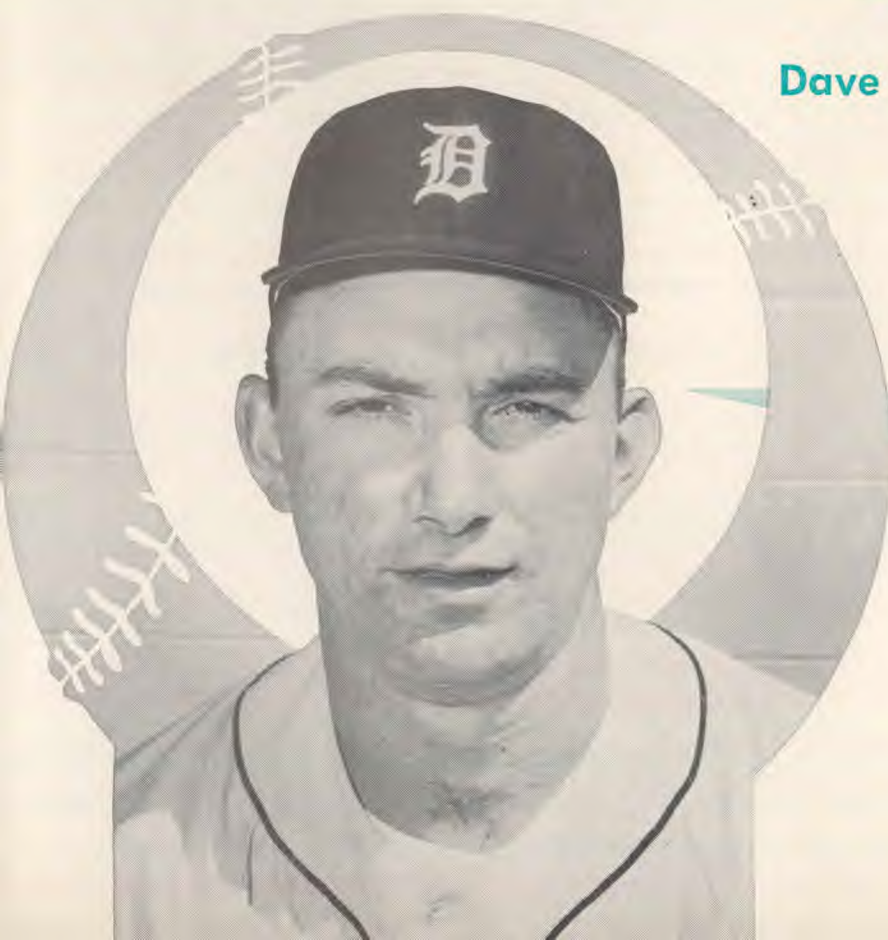
From Wytheville, deep in the heart of the Appalachians, to the top of the league's batting heap required a series of leaps, including the Charlotte Hornets, and Dallas-Fort Worth in the Pacific Coast League. Last year Tony did everything except drive the bus for the Twins, and was one of the few bright spots in a season that saw Minnesota skid from a contending role and finish in the second division.

Few good pitches got past Tony last season. And while the Minnesota defense collapsed and kicked away countless games, Oliva's defensive play in the outfield improved steadily. Minnesota lost eighteen of the twenty-two games in one dreadful July stretch, but Oliva was blithely sitting safely in seventeen straight contests.

If he maintains his present attitude, his health, and his batting eye, nothing seems impossible for Oliva.



to win the game



Dave Wickersham—In There Pitching

Dave has played baseball since he was five years old. He began his professional career in 1955 in Burlington, North Carolina, a pitcher from the start. After Dave's sophomore year in college, Branch Rickey signed him to the Burlington-Graham Pirates in the Carolina League.

In 1962 he started pitching for the Kansas City Athletics and was their most winning pitcher for two seasons.

Last year, with the Detroit Tigers, he made a major contribution to his team by winning nineteen games.

"I don't care how good an athlete is; if he smokes or drinks, he could have been better.

"Both alcohol and nicotine have been proved harmful to the body. They cannot possibly be of help to any athlete, and I don't see how they can help anyone else either.

"These things are not for me. Give me orange juice, lemonade, milk, and water. My chances of serving the Lord are stronger, and I'll do a better job of it."

THE ONLY REAL ANSWER TO TEEN-AGE DRUG ADDICTION

PICTURES BY SHERMAN
(THREE LIONS)

Sammy looks desperately for a fix, but he can't find the pushers who usually supply him.



2. Dope is expensive, and to afford it, Sammy constantly steals. Though jailed many times, punishment hasn't altered his life of crime and narcotics. 3. Unable to find dope, Sammy goes into involuntary withdrawal. He would kill to get money for a fix now. 4. After three days of agony, he is over withdrawal—temporarily, that is. The craving remains within him, and after fitful sleep he awakes to seek not food but narcotics. 5. Sammy has "scored," finding some of his drug. He shoots himself with it, putting it directly into his bloodstream with a syringe. He anxiously waits for a



UNTIL recently the mere mention of Sammy's name was enough to strike terror among certain gangs in his area since he was one of the toughest members of a teen-age gang in upper New York City. Like most of his friends, he supported a heavy narcotics habit.

Today Sammy walks the crumbling slum streets unafraid and unfeared because he has kicked his habit and seeks to help other teen-agers from his ex-neighborhood learn to depend on a spiritual faith bigger than themselves or their habits.

"Go to Brooklyn's Teen Challenge Center," he urges, and he promises that the system used here for getting rid of addiction really works, for he himself has proved it.

The kids know something about the "cure" already. It's called "cold turkey," which means immediate and complete withdrawal from whatever narcotic a person is on. A good deal of physical agony occurs, as these teen-agers know. They have been through it before, when they couldn't find dope because they couldn't "score" with a pusher when they lacked funds or the narcotic was scarce.

Dope is expensive, and most junkies have to steal constantly to afford it. Sammy himself has been jailed a dozen



few hours of release, then back to the hunt. 6. After a time he starts into another bout of involuntary withdrawal. He remembers the leaflet on Teen Challenge handed him on a Harlem street by Don Wilkerson. Painfully he makes his way to the group's headquarters in Brooklyn. 7. Teen Challenge doesn't offer an easy way out. Addicts who come there must kick dope the hard way, "cold turkey," no drugs to ease the agony. But help is provided. Wilkerson urges Sammy to pray, to trust, to depend entirely on God, on a spiritual power bigger than himself or narcotics. 8. At the center, Sammy

and other young addicts join in intense Bible-study sessions, led by volunteer instructors and ministers. 9. Responsibility is a major step in recovery for the addict, and Sammy shares in the regimen of work and responsibility with his new friends. Washing dishes isn't so bad after a good meal. Excellent food, and plenty of it, builds a new foundation of health for the addict. 10. Self-respect is returning. 11. Teen Challenge gives addicts a new sense of "caring" about others. Sammy returns often to his old neighborhood, searching out addicts, urging them to seek the same help he found.



times for stealing, and for carrying, peddling, and holding dope.

"Cold turkey" lasts about three days. After it's over, addicts make to the streets again, looking for a fix. It's at this point that Teen Challenge offers a workable cure. Where hospitals offer transitional drugs both during and after withdrawal, Teen Challenge offers only God.

"Dope addiction is a spiritual problem which can be solved only by the power of God," says the Rev. David Wilkerson, founder of Teen Challenge. Dave's brother Don made the initial contact with Sammy in Harlem, and guided him through the long cure. Sammy's background is similar to most patients at the center, which is located at 416 Clinton Avenue.

Born in Puerto Rico, Sammy came to the States when he was two. He never adjusted himself to his environment in New York's worst slums. A life in the gang and a total dependence on narcotics followed.

Teen Challenge offers a "total" impact on a vicious problem, proving that when mere human attempts fail to cure addiction, divine power is the only real answer.



ten commandments FOR "SAFE" DRINKING

Suggestion plain silly
for a problem drinker

Do you know anyone who
will space himself so strictly
and drink by the clock?

He has "dissolved" his self-control

The "rocks" are in the head of
one who thinks a habitual
drinker can follow this.

At a social gathering this would
be a "stunt," indeed, to be avoided
by most any drinker

The more a person drinks the
less able he is to care or
to gauge how much he drinks

Secrecy and denial are characteristic
of the problem drinker

Would he dare tell his wife, even
without exaggerating, how
much he drinks?

If he "needs" one, he is already
alcoholic and will drink in spite
of what his doctor says

1. Never take a drink when you "need"
one.

2. Sip slowly and space your drinks: the
second drink thirty minutes after the first; the
third an hour after the second; and never a
fourth.

3. Dilute alcohol. Have a long, weak drink
—never on the rocks, never straight, and never,
never out of the bottle!

4. Keep an accurate and truthful record of
the amount and number of drinks you take.
Never take a drink every day. Be vigilant and
alert about the amount of each drink, whether
you mix it or your host does. Does it consist of
1, 2, or 3 ounces of alcohol, or was it poured
without measure—"just a wee drop"?

5. Never conceal the amount of alcohol
you drink. Instead, exaggerate it. If you say
you drink twice as much as you think you do,
this will probably be nearly accurate.

6. Do not drink on an empty stomach.

A person who is addicted to alcohol
demands an "empty stomach" to
achieve the full effect of the alcohol

THE BETTER WAY

William B. Terhune, M.D.

"AS A general measure, all physicians should teach all their patients that good habits of living—work, rest, exercise (particularly exercise), and play—dissipate or absorb emotional stress.

"Therefore, if one feels the need of a drink, he should try walking instead—for hours, if necessary! Physicians can show people how to live less stressfully

Physicians should instruct their patients to follow these ten rules to avoid the development of alcohol dependency, says the New York State Journal of Medicine, in an article entitled, "How to Drink and Stay Sober," and authored by Dr. William B. Terhune, Medical Director, The Silver Hill Foundation, New Canaan, Connecticut.

The article is excellent in general, but it is totally unrealistic in suggesting these ten commandments for "safe" drinking. This bit of amazing "medical" advice is hereby corrected for Listen readers by Dr. FRANK HOWARD RICHARDSON, long-time youth counselor and well-known author on medical subjects. Please note below Dr. Terhune's "better way" which will provide really safe outlets for emotional stress.

Alcohol devotees receive only one signal—loud and clear—
"more alcohol."

7. Stop drinking on signal. The signals are: "Luncheon," "left office," "on the way home," "before dinner," "before bed," "meeting people," "celebrating," and "to get me through." Substitute something in place of alcohol at these times, such as a big cup of hot, strong tea before dinner to refresh and energize (mountain climbers drink tea, not alcohol); a bowl of hot bouillon before lunch in place of a Martini; a cup of hot Ovaltine at bedtime; and the habitual drinking of water. If one uses these beverages as alcohol substitutes, he will feel better, be a better companion, and enjoy happier evenings. The use of some of these measures will interrupt the habit of "signal drinking."

For the drinker there are no real substitutes.

8. When tired or tense, soak in a hot tub and follow with a cold shower.

Tension frequently develops at work. Is it possible to soak in a hot tub or take a cold shower while at the office?

9. Never take a drink to escape discomfort, either physical or mental.

This advice would be most "discomforting" to the alcoholic, who drinks in order to escape discomfort.

10. Never, never take a drink in the morning, thinking it will offset a hangover.

The one who doesn't drink is never forced to face the morning after hangover

by simplifying their lives and following a balanced schedule. Physicians can teach a sound philosophy of life, one that is realistic, strong, positive, and purposeful, and can demonstrate that all problems must be decided in terms of one's life purpose. If a person has no life purpose, he must find one.

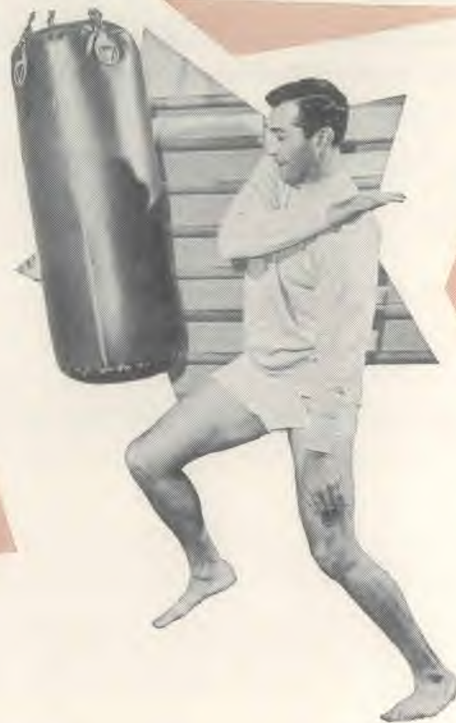
"A personal philosophy and a practical religion en-

able man to navigate the turbulent seas of life. The variant emotional gales are strong, and the sudden explosive attacks of aggression and the force of buried hostility can destroy.

"But these shoals can be avoided and the storms weathered if one has stability of direction and a purposeful life, guided toward ideals."

shape of the stars

RICK JASON stays in "combat" shape with some vigorous karate chops.



Duane Valentry

AMERICANS spend eighty billion dollars a year on food, and they look it—with one out of three adults overweight. Say clothing makers: "Men's seats are getting bigger and trouser sizing has to be changed."

A leading chain restaurant claims that three times as many men as women order such fattening desserts as cream pies, and they make no apologies as the ladies do!

Nature never meant man to carry around an excess load of body fat. If you are overweight, you're not treating your body right, and you are probably shortening your life and aging faster than you should, says Dr. James Hundley. "Most men are at least five pounds too heavy for their height."

One of the trimmest-looking middle-agers today is entertainer Lawrence Welk, who can play a fast game of ping-pong with his son without puffing.

"Moderate exercise, moderate eating, and no drinking!" is the Welk formula for keeping in trim and beating the calendar.

Men and women in the entertainment industry take good care of themselves as a rule. They have to. Most are advocates of sensible dieting and regular exercise, and many forgo all alcohol.

Methods of keeping weight down, however, are as diverse as the personalities of the stars employing them.

E. G. Marshall, not-so-young star of "The Defenders," keeps trim by riding a bike fifty blocks through New York traffic to the studio each day and eating fruit or tomatoes, carrots and celery, for lunch. On weekends he works hard at building on to his country house.

Try the "waistband test," suggests comic Alan King, who didn't like the way he looked and decided to trim

some of the avoirdupois which had crept up on him. "I keep mine so snug that if I'm four pounds over what I should be, it's tight. Then I return to a strict diet for a few days."

King's weight was gained making the rounds of restaurants, his hobby. For eighteen months he gave up everything he liked, stayed away from tempting food palaces, and lost fifty pounds.

Edmond O'Brien counts his calories and limits his intake strictly.

Gary Crosby, one of the heaviest of the young Crosbys, is now in good shape since he decided to quit drinking. Watching his diet carefully and visiting a gym regularly, he says: "I'd always been too heavy for my height. When I stopped drinking I lost thirty-one pounds."

Danny Kaye, in his middle fifties, cuts up in his popular program with the best of them, including performers in their twenties who visit him. Although he likes to cook and is an acknowledged gourmet, he watches his caloric intake—and doesn't drink.

The well-known obesity expert, Dr. Stare, suggests trimming the intake of food rather than cutting down too much or following crash diets.

Many men grab a doughnut or sweet roll for breakfast, a candy bar and pop for lunch, according to a Stare survey. One third were low in vitamin C because of their lack of interest in fruits, salads, and milk. "This cut down their appetite for foods rich in vitamins and minerals and boosted caloric intake. The main reason for obesity lay not in how much the men were eating but in their eating the wrong kind of food."

Alfred Hitchcock may not be skinny, but he avoids get-



LAWRENCE WELK is adept with either baton or ping-pong paddle; the game affords father-son togetherness, and good exercise, too.

E. G. MARSHALL matches his TV constructiveness with man-size construction at home.



STUART WHITMAN flexes his muscles all the way to his toes in "operation dig."



PETER LIND HAYES practices his own version of yogi—nose-controlled appetite. "Like, man, watch those cra-a-zy calories!"



EIGHT TIPS FROM THE STARS

- ★ Eat little and often. Six or seven tiny meals are better than a couple of big ones. This means more energy, too.
- ★ If you like three "squares" a day, establish a rigid ritual of eating at the same time of day, and don't snack.
- ★ Do something else when you want to eat, such as walking, swimming, reading.
- ★ Keep away from foods that might tempt, and liquor.
- ★ Cut from diet some extras not needed.
- ★ Eat slowly. This allows your appetite center to tell your brain to stop eating before you have consumed more than you need.
- ★ Skip late-evening eating, which is especially fattening. If you must have something, make it light like crackers, nonfat milk.
- ★ A daily workout, even if it's only fifteen to twenty minutes, day in and day out, will trim off fat before it accumulates, as will good eating habits, formed as early in life as possible.

ting fatter by limiting his food intake strictly—not easy for him, he admits.

"It's a hard state of mind to acquire, but you must get a kick out of dieting. You must be excited, ecstatic about the achievement, or you will put weight back on as fast as you take it off. The trick in counting calories is to get as much value as you can, like shopping with a limited budget. Why sacrifice 300 calories for baked beans when you get a cup of string beans for twenty-five?"

Burl Ives would also be a lot bigger if he let himself go. Goat milk and goat cheese are his aids when he is dieting, and he recommends them to all fat trimmers. He dropped from 330 to 270 and looks and feels better.

Dan Blocker, "Hoss" of "Bonanza," has to struggle to keep at 275. "Those battle scenes are no snap when you're carrying 300 pounds around, so I swim twice a day, from 5:30 to 6 a.m. and after working hours."

Youthful-appearing Bob Cummings, who doesn't begin to look his fifty-odd years, says: "To be productive, you have to play ball with your body. You have to give it the materials it needs to make repairs. You have to know exactly what your body needs to keep it healthy."

At 173 pounds, he hasn't changed in twenty years and attributes this to daily workouts in his home gym and "clean living."

Home chores are a fine help to any diet, says Glenn Ford.

"Why pay someone to wash your car, clean your windows, and work in your garden when these jobs can help keep you in good health?"

Ford enjoys walking, and he hikes miles along the beach. But a healthy body is the result of what you think, he says, as well as what you eat and how you use it. His own diet is strict.

"No starches, nothing fried, and no rich desserts. I think the most important thing about any diet is discipline. Each man should know what

(Turn to page 31)



A person may begin a habit because it is "the thing to do," but something else happens to him when addiction develops and—

Habit Becomes MASTER

Edward Podolsky, M.D.

THE addict is to be found in virtually every part of the world. He is a constant problem to public authorities as well as to his own relatives and friends.

Many specialists hold that addiction to alcohol or to drugs is often due to an underlying character defect as evidenced by emotional immaturity, inability to face reality, or other psychopathic and neurotic traits. In many cases of addiction there is an acting out of infantile and aggressive drives. There is then an attempt to solve internal conflict by resorting to alcohol or drugs. Addiction is used as a means to obtain forbidden gratification and carry out otherwise buried hostilities, and also to abolish inhibitions and anxieties.

The addict has a variety of reasons for acting the way he does. Prominent among these are the following:

1. A self-pampering tendency, which reveals itself in a refusal to tolerate, even briefly, any unpleasant state of mind, such as boredom, sorrow, anger, disappointment, worry, depression, dissatisfaction, feelings of inferiority and inadequacy. "I want what I want when I want it because I want it," perhaps expresses the immature attitude of many addicts toward life.

2. An instinctive urge for self-expression without the power to organize this urge into creative, productive action.

3. An intense craving for emotional experiences which call for the removal of intellectual restraint.

4. Powerful hidden ambitions without the necessary resolve to take practical steps to attain them. This results in discontent, irritability, depression, and restlessness.

5. A tendency to flinch from the worries and respon-

sibilities of life and to seek escape from reality by the easiest available means.

6. An unreasoning demand for constant happiness or excitement.

Alcohol intoxication produces defects in the way a person copes with the world. The world he sees is distorted. He loses control over all his functions. He cannot express his emotions in a normal way.

His emotional equilibrium is so disturbed that anxiety increases and his impulses are misdirected. His thinking is disturbed.

When in a state of intoxication, all his inner conflicts are intensified. He may become maudlin, depressed, morose, or quarrelsome and belligerent.

Alcohol abolishes inhibitions, and all sorts of conflicts rise to the surface: guilt, shame, anxiety, feelings of inadequacy, and expressions of previously repressed impulses.

What sort of picture does the addict present? The typical adult addict, although passive and dependent in his relationships, is usually a personable, friendly, likable individual. His inner need is to be loved, and in order to have this satisfied he often unconsciously develops a technique of making himself liked. He has a gift of speech. He has many acquaintances, but few close and genuine friends; for he inevitably ruins his friendships because of his excessive demands. He seems bound to destroy himself completely, although he is aware, in sober moments, that he is doing so.

The addict's sexual life may seem normal, for he is quite active heterosexually. However, it requires only a superficial inquiry to discover grave maladjustments and sexual immaturity. There is often a subconscious, or almost conscious, fear of being regarded effeminate. Associated with this fear is the inner, reluctantly admitted, conviction that he is essentially a physical coward.

What brings about addiction to alcohol or drugs? It begins with frustrations. The (Turn to page 32)

WHY I VOTED "NO"

Herbert Ford

"IS THAT really the way you want to vote?" she asked. "Yes," I replied, "I vote No."

"All right, if that is your vote, that's your vote," she responded, her blue eyes sparkling. "Most everyone around you doesn't seem to care, or else they are voting Yes."

"That's their business," I countered. "Their vote is their vote; mine is No. I'm not trying to be stuffy about it, but I do have some strong feelings on the matter. In fact, I think I'll write to your president. In that way he'll get more than just a simple No against a hundred Don't Cares or Yesses."

Outside, the Electra's four power plants chewed their turboropped way through the California sky toward Los Angeles. The noise of the engines bored loudly into the passenger compartment as the chic, Pacific Southwest Airlines stewardess looked up from the clipboard on which she had been recording passenger reaction. She was conducting a survey on the flight to determine passenger feeling regarding the possible serving of alcoholic beverages on Pacific

Southwest Airlines' afternoon and evening flights.

The girl's eyes widened and her mouth began to open ever so slightly at the suggestion that I would write to the airline president. Then she caught herself. "I'm sure our president would be glad to hear from you. We solicit passenger reaction to our service; that's what makes PSA the progressive airline it is," she smiled.

"Now that you've given me such a beautiful invitation, how can I refuse?" I murmured as she turned toward a man in the seat across the aisle.

She put her question to him.

"Sure, why not?" the fellow answered. "What difference does it make anyway? Every airline will be doing it sooner or later. Wish I had a drink right now. It'd settle me down before I get to Los Angeles."

"Sure I vote Yes," he said. "I'm for better service."

A few days later I wrote to the president of Pacific Southwest Airlines. Here is what I said:

Dear President Andrews:

A few days ago one of your stewardesses on a San Francisco-to-Los Angeles flight surveyed me as to whether I favor the sale of alcoholic beverages to passengers on your afternoon and evening flights. I replied No, and told her that I would write to you with a fuller explanation of my reason for a negative vote.

First, let me say that I appreciate PSA's fine record of flight safety and excellent passenger service. I have flown PSA many times and have always found courteous, informative, and helpful crews aboard each flight. PSA has a record of which it can be proud!

You join me, I am sure, in wishing that PSA's future may be even brighter than its past, Mr. Andrews. That is why I hope you and your advisers will give careful consideration about the matter of selling alcoholic beverages aboard your aircraft.

Alcoholism is America's Number Three public-health problem today. And the statisticians and medical experts say the number of alcoholics is increasing rapidly. I would like to think that PSA would not become even a small part of this great health problem.

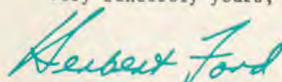
It is easy to say, "What do one or two drinks between San Francisco and Los Angeles matter? That can't have anything to do with the alcoholism problem!" But how do you know? That middle-aged woman who gets rid of her miniature bottle quickly; that personable-looking fellow who nurses his drink all through the flight until letdown in Los Angeles. What if they were already on the road to alcoholism? Potential alcoholics don't usually go around with signs stuck up in the air declaring, "I'm a potential alcoholic."

But, you reason, what difference does one drink make? Ten minutes after they step off the plane the people with potential problems can be downing any number of drinks in the airport bar. At least we won't sell them more than a good "shot" or two. We keep some control on it.

That is true, but it is not the key question PSA must ask itself. The question PSA must decide is, "Do we want to become a part of the problem?" Forget about what the airport bar does, what Pan Am or United or Western or Qantas does. What is PSA going to do? Is it going to be a part, even a small part, of the great, malignant public-health problem which is ruining hundreds of thousands of American lives?

Knowing PSA's desire to see western America's economy and its people grow stronger and stay healthy, I am confident that your decision on this matter will be the same as was the vote I cast on one of your San Francisco-to-Los Angeles flights--No!

Very sincerely yours,



GARY ANDERSON

A steady aim for good marksmanship is developed, as



THE Revolutionary War battle at Concord, Massachusetts, has been described in history as being started by the "shot heard round the world." But so far as Americans are concerned, no shots have resounded with more indication of the determination of this nation's citizens than the ones fired in the Tokyo Olympics last summer.

That's when a young Nebraska marksman, only a few years off the farm, pulled a major upset in the free-rifle competition, winning the gold medal and establishing a new Olympic record in a feat that marked the first time in forty-four long years that an American had finished higher than seventh.

The young man is Gary Anderson, a shy, red-haired student from Hastings College who paradoxically is quite likely the best marksman alive today and, at the same time, is studying to become a Presbyterian minister.

Gary is currently enrolled at San Francisco Seminary, San Anselmo, California. His studies include Biblical languages, history, and theology. In addition to his academic pursuits, he is active in field work, visiting churches both as an observer and as a participant.

If his dedication to serve God is anywhere near as purposeful as the ambitious goal he accepted ten years ago, Gary Anderson should be quite a preacher! Moreover, if present indications are any criterion, success in his future career is about as sure as his shooting victories of the past.

A nonsmoker, a nondrinker, the twenty-six-year-old divinity student made a straight A average, served as counselor in the freshman dormitory at a small Nebraska college (800 students), and proved himself so popular that he was elected president of the student body.

In all likelihood, master marksmanship demands as much grueling training and controlled concentration as any other sport. The rewards, it would seem, are more personal than public and hardly indicative of the tenacious dedication one must have in order to be a champion.



On Target

by
MAJOR
JAMES C.
ELLIOT

Champion Gary Anderson observes, only by long practice.



As an example, news reports from Tokyo paid Anderson's extraordinary achievement, in comparison to coverage of other American victories, rather limited attention—a fact, by the way, that doesn't disturb Anderson. The rifle competition had long been dominated by the Russians, however; and Anderson found considerable satisfaction in proving to his Red competitors that anything they could do, he could do better.

It's rather difficult for anyone who has not been in international rifle competition, as a matter of fact, really to comprehend the significance of Anderson's victory in the Olympics. In establishing the new Olympic record, he was shooting at a target 300 meters away (the length of three football fields). He recorded scores of 392 in the prone position, 384 kneeling, and 377 standing, all out of a possible 400 points. Thus, he amassed a total of 1,153 of a possible 1,200 points, bettering the old record, set in Helsinki, Finland, in 1962, by three points.

If that doesn't sound impressive, laymen should understand that the five-centimeter bull's-eyes on those Olympic targets turn out to be 3.9 inches wide in our language, and, to get that score, Anderson was getting bull's-eyes with remarkable regularity.

Defeating the Russians was, of course, gratifying, but it was not completely new to the Nebraska sharpshooter. He had whipped them before, during the world championships in Cairo in 1962, when the youthful-looking marksman set three world records.

"That proved," he concluded, "that the Russians weren't twelve feet tall."

In fact, the 1962 experience seems to have impressed the Russians more than anyone else. The American rifle team in the Olympics were considered underdogs by everyone but themselves. The Russians, however, had been so impressed by their defeat in Cairo that they switched to younger marksmen for the Olympics. Whether the

younger were better than the older men who fired at Cairo is a question for speculation. But they lost, too.

Actually, being world champion at twenty-two, and winning the Olympics at twenty-five, are in themselves unusual accomplishments. A marksman's training is so long and rigorous that target shooting is one of the few sports in which the top competitors are in their thirties and forties. Reaching the top was a long, tough grind, and an accomplishment that one doesn't really appreciate until he wins something like the Olympics and comes home to a hero's welcome in his hometown, as Anderson did.

Flanked by his pretty brunette fiancée (now his wife), Ruth Ann Bell, his parents, the mayor, and many other dignitaries on the platform, and with "The Star-Spangled Banner" echoing down the main street of Hastings, Anderson must have felt the satisfaction that could come only from achieving a driving ambition and being so honored for it.

Ruth Ann didn't know what target shooting was all about until she met Gary, but now she has taken up shooting under Gary's instruction.

"She has been a real pillar of strength to my morale," he says. "Ruth Ann has been an encouragement in my practicing. You've got to devote so much time to it, and have

to be gone from home so much of the time, that it really takes an understanding woman to accept it."

Gary continues, "Ruth Ann is interested in learning everything she can toward becoming a good minister's wife. That, too, takes a lot of understanding."

Asked if he had any advice for prospective young shooters, he said: "Becoming a champion takes a lot of sacrifice. It's always work, work, work—constant practice. Nothing else must be allowed to get in the way." He also counseled prospective marksmen to abstain from tobacco and alcohol.

"Smoking and drinking, even coffee and tea, have a bad effect on a shooter because of the importance of having precise control over your nervous reactions. They change your reaction, they change your speed or type of reaction when your eye sees a perfect sight picture of the target. You just can't react the same.

"It used to be, before shooting became so highly advanced, that some shooters would have a drink, believing they were releasing some of the pressure. It doesn't happen anymore, though. A good shooter would never do that today."

Gary sees cigarettes as probably the worst. "I have never known a really good shooter who smoked at all," he explains. "I've known some shooters who smoked, and they

Smiling and triumphant, Gary father, and by proud Ruth

is welcomed home from Tokyo by mother and Ann Bell (now Mrs. Anderson).



No one wears an Olympic gold medal with more satisfaction than does Gary.

ave always been able to improve by giving up smoking.” He tries to impress youngsters that smoking and drinking are not worth the trouble, and that such habits actually are injurious by preventing them from producing at 100 percent of their effectiveness.

At the age of fifteen, Gary decided target shooting was, as he says, “*THE* thing,” so he set about training.

At first, of course, he had to satisfy himself with a great deal of “dry” firing. This was not so much a matter of choice as it was one of necessity.

“I had only enough money for about fifty rounds of ammunition a week,” he says apologetically. “That’s all the ammo I could afford.”

Thus, for three or four hours a day, the persevering young marksman-to-be aimed at a target he had hung on the wall of his room, took aim, and slowly, gently, and carefully squeezed the trigger of his empty rifle.

“If you’re really dedicated,” he confesses, “you don’t mind it too much. I was really desperate then, though.”

Anderson’s first opportunity to get the ammunition he needed for practice came from the Army, which he joined in 1958. Following his nine-week course of basic training at Camp Carson, Colorado, he was ordered to Fort Benning, Georgia, for a ninety-day tryout for the Army team. His scores proved good enough for him to make the team.

Although he fired in many matches after his selection, he maintains he didn’t win anything of “great significance” until 1961. That’s the year he walked off with the All-Army and Interservice Championships, plus the International Military Sport Council (CISM) meet in Rio de Janeiro (the “military Olympics” in which competitors from approximately thirty nations take part).

While he was in the Army, practice sessions lasted about six hours a day.

“That’s the only way you can make it,” he continues. “But you’ve also got to have patience and persistence. You can’t be a champion without ability, and you can’t be one without an awful lot of hard work.”

Anderson got out of the Army with the rank of sergeant in 1962. A year later, he joined the National Guard. He completed Officer Candidate School, and served as executive officer of Company C, 128th Engineer Battalion in Grand Island.

The National Guard, which traces its history back to the Minutemen at Concord and before, provided Anderson with a real opportunity. The hometown armory had a rifle range, and he could practice there!

He practices, by the way, with a .22 caliber rifle, a German Anschutz. The weapon he used in winning the Olympics was a combination of a Remington trigger; a hand-tailored gunstock by Sgt. Raymond Benhay, a friend



at Fort Benning; a barrel by Clyde Hart of New York; and a sight and butt plate by Anschutz.

Right now Anderson doesn’t have as much time for practice as he’d like.

“And I miss it a lot,” he admits.

Gary hopes he can get back into the swing of things. He hopes to defend the world championships he won in 1962 at Cairo during the matches to be held in Germany in July, 1966.

“And if I can keep in training, I’ll go for the Olympics in 1968,” he says.

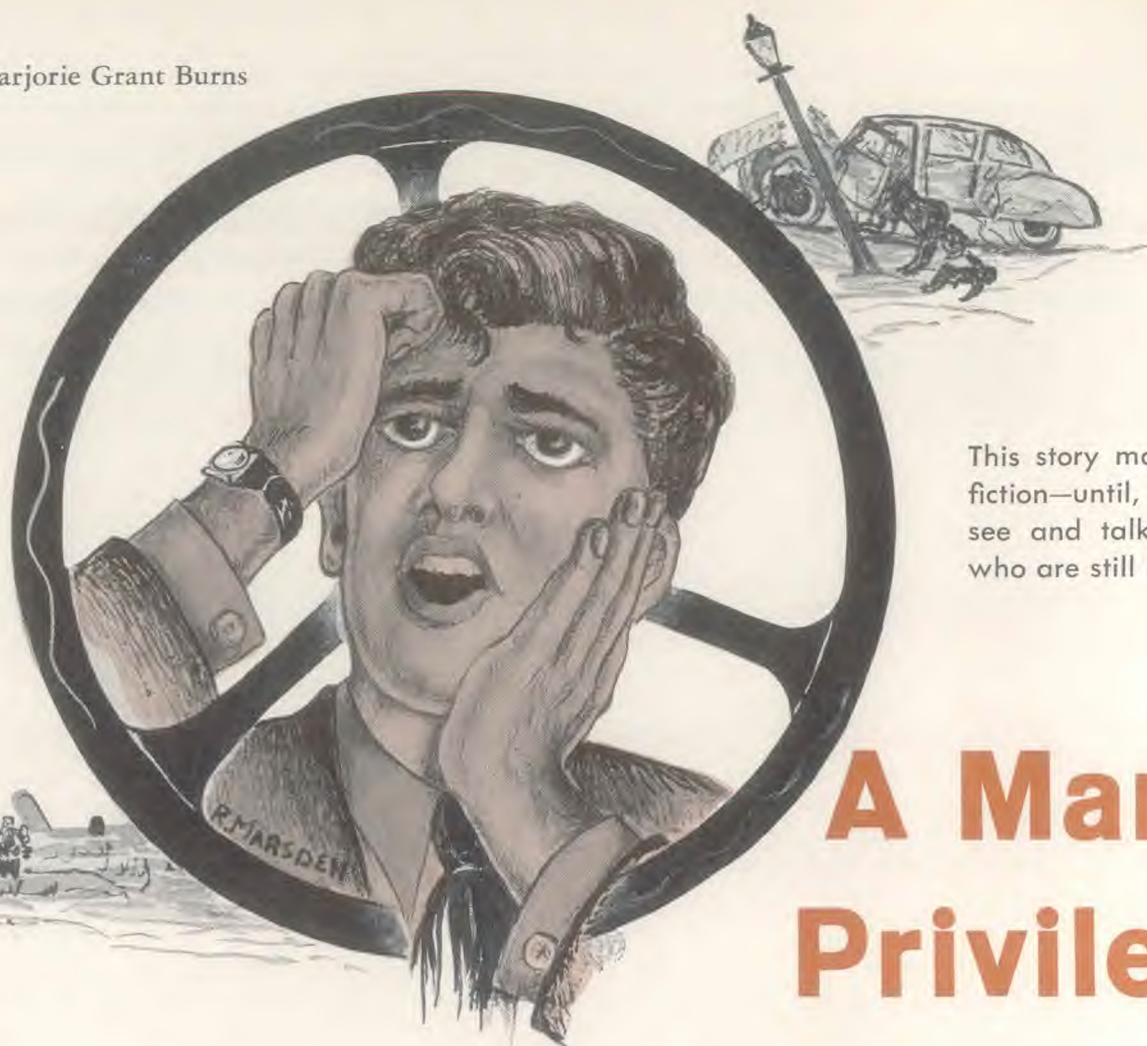
As for all the talk about regulating the sale of firearms, Anderson has some definite ideas on that subject, too.

“I think shooting is one of the finest things a youngster can do *IF* he can get the proper instruction. The best thing to do is to teach kids how to use guns responsibly.”

Gary Anderson hopes to have a parish of his own when he completes his theological studies. He decided on the ministry while in the Army, not because of any bad influences he saw, but because the Army generated his interest in people.

“The more I traveled around and met people,” he says, “the more I became interested in them and wanted to get involved with them. I decided the ministry was the place where I could be the most effective.”

It appears that Gary Anderson will be as much on target in the ministry as he has been in shooting for world championships.



This story may seem like fiction—until, that is, you see and talk with those who are still living it!

A Man's Privilege

SUE turned toward the mirror. She pulled a comb through her auburn hair, retied the neck bow under her chin, snapped off the light in the bathroom, and hurried out the kitchen door, giving it a second jiggle to be sure that it had latched.

Bill leaned over and pushed the car door open from his side, and Sue got in, glanced at the two small, excited boys in the rear seat, and leaned back with a little sigh. "It really is a job getting this family ready to go anywhere."

"Sh!" said Bill. "Want the whole family to hear?"

Sue grinned and glanced sideways across the baby at Bill. He wasn't looking at her, but he knew she was looking at him. He had that intent, smug, show-off look.

"He'll have fun today. He always does at our Sunday school picnics," Sue thought.

Bill pulled out a cigarette. Sue looked off across the empty lot on her side, trouble in her eyes. "I wish he wouldn't smoke," she thought. "And I really wish he wouldn't drink." They had discussed this before; but every time Bill would end it by saying, "It's a man's privilege, Sue."

"No men in my family drink or smoke," Sue would counter.

"Sure, and look what they have missed!"

Well, what had they missed? Sue wondered sometimes.

Five o'clock and eight hours later, the sun was beginning to dip behind the mountains to the west. Sue looked around for Bill.

Sue's father, totally preoccupied with helping Rosebud count her fingers, leaned back, caught his daughter's look, and said, "Bill went with Red about an hour ago. Playing horseshoes down by the river, I think."

"Oh!"

Her father glanced up quickly. "What's the matter, Sue?"

"That bunch always brings something to drink."

Sue's father shifted Rosebud to one arm and got up. He looked down toward the cottonwood and walnut trees. "Does Bill get drunk, Sue?"

"No, just high. He never drinks a lot." Sue was sorry she had said anything. Her folks were proud of Bill, and she wanted it to stay that way.

"Shall I go down and get him?"

"Oh, no. I'll go down. Keep the baby until I get back, will you, Daddy?" Sue remembered how disrespectful Bill could get after a few drinks.

Grandpa sat down with the baby, content to play with her as long as possible. She certainly did look just like Sue, and Sue had been the prettiest baby in the county contest several times.

Sue was still pretty, too, judging by the number of men who turned to look as she walked down toward the river. Ten minutes later she was back.

"I'd be glad to take you home, Sue."

"Thanks, Dad, but I'd better not. That would make Bill angry."

"Yes, I guess so—interfering in-laws." Mr. Graham grinned up at Sue.

She smiled, then took Rosebud. "Mom's been waving and calling from over there. I'll gather things up so you can take yours and go. I'll wait here for Bill."

Mr. Graham got up. "All right, dear, but do be careful. It has been a wonderful day, hasn't it?" He chuckled the baby under the chin, kissed Sue lightly, and then turned to go.

"Good-bye, Dad. Thank Mother for helping me so much with the baby."

Sue sat down to wait. Deck and Buddy were finally weary of the swings and had settled in a sandbox nearby. Nearly everyone was leaving, but Bill would be along any minute. Sue decided to feed the baby. A leaving carload waved, and Sue waved back.

The baby leaned over against her blanket and went to sleep. Sue called Deck.

"Look, honey, sit here with Rosebud a minute while I go and get Daddy."

Deck sat down beside the baby, peering into the beautiful little face. He patted the blanket softly and looked up at his mother, his eyes warm with little-boy tenderness. He looked so like his father that Sue's heart skipped a beat. Sue patted Deck's hand, smiled at him, and then hurried toward the river.

She hesitated under the trees. Everyone was gone! What had happened to Bill? And where was the car? It was gone, too. Sue stood there, anger mounting. Evidently Bill *was* drunk. He had forgotten them.

Sue went back to the children. She was glad she had put most of the things in the car after lunch. Only the baby's bag to carry and the blanket. Rosebud would probably need the blanket soon, anyway.

"Deck, go get Buddy. Brush the sand off him, get both of you a drink, and then come back. We need to start home."

"Where's Daddy?"

"He'll be along. Wouldn't you like to walk a little bit?"

The boys had been playing hard all day and Deck looked dubious, but he went to get his brother.

"Can you carry the baby's bag, Deck?"

"Sure." Sue handed the blanket to Buddy.

"Don't let it drag."

Sue bent down gently, gathered up the baby, and turned toward home.

"You gonna walk, Mamma?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

"But it's a long, long way."

"I know. Maybe someone we know will come along and pick us up."

"Where's Daddy? Ain't he s'posed to take us home?"

"Yes, dear, but Daddy is gone for a little bit. He will be back soon, I think."

"Why don't we wait for him?"

"Because it is getting so late. It will soon be dark." Sue cast a quick glance at the long shadows.

Two hours later they were still dragging slowly along. Each time they had stopped to rest, both boys had gone to sleep immediately. Sue went to sleep herself once with the baby resting on her arm.

As they finally neared the outskirts of town, Sue decided to find a phone. Deck was whimpering, and Buddy simply latched on to Sue's dress, tucked his thumb in his mouth, closed his eyes, and with the blanket under one arm, trudged as he was pulled.

Suddenly, from behind, the lights of a car! It was coming fast. Panicked, Sue dragged the children off the road. The car came to a skidding halt. It was Bill.

"Well, where in the world have you been, and where are you going?" asked Bill, his voice thick and difficult to understand.

Deck reached up to open the car door.

"Don't, Deck," said Sue sternly. "It's not far now, and we'll walk the rest of the way."

Deck turned an amazed face to his mother. Bill leaned over, opened the front door on Sue's side, reached out and tried to pull Deck in. But the odor that hit Deck as he turned his face up to his father's made Deck pull away. Bill slammed the door, straightened up, gunned the motor, and left in a cloud of choking dust.

Deck coughed, tried to brush the dust away, and began to cry.

"Sh! Please don't cry." Yet Sue could not stop her own tears. They sat down on the curb and rested again.

At the first house there were no lights. The second had no phone. The man offered to take Sue where she needed to go, but by now Sue was afraid of Bill. She didn't dare let another take her.

So they trudged on. Sue kept stumbling in spite of herself, but she said softly

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LIKE the PINE

Emmabell Woodworth Davis

Like the pine, let me stand tall,
Twice blest by sun and rain.
Let me be strong
Against buffeting storms,
Nor bend with pain.
Like the pine, let me be gentle,
With arms outstretched—
Giving solace there,
And when the nights
Are calm and clear,
Let me wear stardust in my hair.



The Fine Art of Saving Time

Charles Raymond

EVERYONE wishes he had more time—to get his work done, to read those books on the shelf, to attend to hobbies, to travel, to visit, to rest. But few people realize they can easily add a whole hour to each day!

The secret is to salvage minutes. The busiest people in the world are minute snatchers, and the accomplishments they rack up during their longer days make their names famous everywhere.

If you hate to get up in the morning, for example, take a time-saving tip from Arthur Godfrey.

“Long ago I learned one method that saves me anywhere from twenty to fifty minutes a day,” Godfrey confides. “I simply get up when I wake up! That lingering in bed only delays the inevitable. Developing the habit of popping out from the covers when your eyes open in the morning may give you your extra hour right then and there.”

The idea of jumping up first thing in the morning upsets some people. If you are one of these, consider a person who was a successful stay-in-bed.

Sir Winston Churchill, according to an aide, “always felt that it’s foolish to stand when he can sit, or to sit when he can lie.” So he spent his early hours physically relaxed in bed, propped up on pillows, and accomplished stacks of reading, dictating, and various other paper work right there.

A few minutes at a time, that’s the whole trick of the system.

“All of us start with the same twenty-four hours a day,” says Ray Josephs, author of the widely read book *How to Gain an Extra Hour Every Day*. “Your day is, in effect, a bank from which you can draw your assets in minutes and hours. The supply is limited (you have 1,440 minutes, to be exact). Your use of them is not.”

Often long-established habits, something as automatic as washing or brushing your teeth in the morning, are minute wasters!

Earl Wilson shaves in the shower. Mary Margaret McBride has switched from morning showers to a long soak in the tub at night, and has this to say about it: “I not only use the evening bath time to catch up on all the good books and articles so many people miss, but I find those easy minutes in the tub help me unwind from all the day’s tensions.” It’s an idea worth considering.

How do you get dressed? Many of us wander endlessly from closet to bureau to mirror to shoe rack, wasting precious minutes. Why not keep suits, dresses, gloves, ties in order according to color? It saves time matching accessories. Never put anything away dirty, torn, or otherwise unwearable, and group all your dressing needs together.

That last tip echoes one from General Eisenhower. He shortens his morning dressing time by setting everything out the night before, and still mirrors his West Point training by lining up all equipment in one place close at hand.

Awake, bathed, shaved, and dressed in record time, you head for the office. Do you have a good idea of your activities for the day, or do you clench your fists and rush headlong into an eight-hour barrage of appointments, phone calls, and interviews? If so, heed this prize tip, direct from the office of one of America’s leading industrialists:

“It takes time to save time!” advises Arthur B. Sinkler, president of the Hamilton Watch Company. “Time is our business, and we’ve learned to handle it with care. Don’t try to squeeze more than you can accomplish into an hour. Remember who won the fabled race between the tortoise and the hare? If you walk rather than run from one office task to the next, you’ll have time to sidestep the delays you see in the distance.”

Of office procedure, the late famed financier Bernard Baruch adds, “I find my greatest time-saver is to do one thing at a time and stick to it until I’m finished.”

Most executives would be glad to save time on the telephone. One way is to use a phone which doesn’t require the use of your hands during a conversation. Another is to reserve a portion of the day during which you will not accept incoming calls. Let this fact be made known to your associates, and stick to it. An hour of uninterrupted time for conferences, dictation, studying reports, may be worth many
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Dr. Mitchell, president and manager, is pleased with the success of his "different" kind of family hotel.

The usual sun-and-water attractions of Florida's glittering Gold Coast, are at the Biltmore Terrace.

miami beach's "different" hotel

FRANCIS A. SOPER

MIAMI BEACH is a city of hotels—big ones, little ones, elegant ones, modest ones, unique ones.

But none is quite as unique as the Biltmore Terrace, "the family hotel." Probably the one thing more than any other that contributes to making it different is the fact that it has no bar, at least in the usual sense. This, indeed, *is* unique in Miami Beach.

Yes, the Biltmore Terrace does have a bar; the Globetrotter, it is called. As streamlined as the best of bars, it serves nothing alcoholic, but features enticing Florida juices and all sorts of soft drinks, specializing in the Globetrotter drink, an exotic mixture of frozen punch, blended banana, pineapple, and orange sherbet, garnished with pineapple chunks and cherries.

This hotel, built some twelve years ago, is now in its third season under the ownership of two Chicago contractors, A. Harold Anderson and Paul Brandel. Being devout members of the Evangelical Covenant faith, they wished in their new hotel to develop a quiet family atmosphere, with religious opportunities for those who wished.

They also had for some time wanted to operate a hotel in a place like Miami Beach where, choosing not to serve alcoholic beverages, they could still be successful, even financially. So they knocked out the bar in the hotel, furnished a small room for a chapel, and began hunting for a chaplain to conduct a daily devotional service and to be available for spiritual counseling.

The new owners did not need to look far for the man

they wanted. A Billy Graham team member told them, "I have the man for you."

So it turned out. Dr. Ralph Mitchell, a Baptist minister from the "old country" and an associate evangelist with Billy Graham for ten years, was hired.

"This is the sorry part," says sixty-six-year-old Dr. Mitchell in his Scottish wit. "I came here to be the chaplain, thinking it was semiretirement, merely to conduct one service a day; but now I am not only the president but the managing director as well. I came here wanting retirement—but I am surviving very well!"

It seems that the hotel is surviving well, too. The preacher-president freely admits that business was a bit slow at first. In fact, he says, "we had to start from scratch. Because of our distinctive policy, we lost the old clientele. The first year was very depressing."

"You see, the idea that we do not sell liquor is negative," he goes on. "We

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A moment of pleasant conversation between Dr. Mitchell and a hotel guest takes place in the chapel following the daily half-hour devotional service, a feature unique among hotels.





WHO RUNS YOUR HOME?

Martin Tonn, Ph.D.

Director, Special Education
Moorhead State College, Minnesota

"I'D BETTER get ready to go over to my sales conference," said Mr. Brown, putting down his evening paper.

"Say, I'll have to have the car tonight, Dad," said his seventeen-year-old son Bill. "Tonight is our senior-play practice night."

Mr. Brown frowned momentarily; then he said resignedly, "Oh, I see. I guess Tom Wilson can pick me up." Apparently it never occurred to him to suggest that Bill walk the seven blocks to school.

Down the street sixteen-year-old Judy, a junior in high school, was getting ready to leave the house. She and her boyfriend and another couple were going to a party.

"What time do you think you'll be back, Judy?" asked her mother.

"Oh, it won't be much after midnight, Mom," Judy replied. Her mother smiled faintly. She knew this meant anywhere from 12:30 to 2 a.m.

"We really should get more definite hours for that girl," she said to her husband after Judy had left the house.

"Uh-huh," grunted her husband. And that was that.

These are typical scenes in many American homes every night. An alarming development in family life the past few years has been the almost total surrender of authority by many parents to their children. Juvenile judges, educators, and psychologists throughout the country attest to the fact that this lack of control and guidance by parents is a prime factor in teen-age troubles. It is certainly a problem of sufficient importance to be given careful consideration by every parent.

What are the reasons for this sharp dip in parental control?

First is the misuse of the concept of being "democratic." In their sincere desire to be fair and kind to their children some parents have mistaken chaos for democracy. Children are entitled to an explanation of the rules, and their voice should be heard. They should, however, know beyond the shadow of a doubt that their parents are in a position of authority and that they must learn to respect that authority. They

need to learn that they may gain more freedom as they become more mature in the handling of that freedom.

The rush and hubbub of our modern living is a second causative factor in the decline of parental authority. With the many meetings, activities, and social events going on, many parents are simply too busy to take time to discipline their children properly. It is ironic that sometimes while mother and father are attending a civic meeting or child study group, their own children are getting into trouble.

A child tends to push and bully for as much freedom as he can get. How often one hears, "Why can't I have one? Tommy does," or, "Why do I have to be in by ten? Mary stays out till eleven." This is a vicious cycle. The more parents give in, the more the family discipline is weakened.

Many parents tend to shift the responsibility of disciplining their children onto the school. They seem to think that the school should not only educate their children but it should also "bring them up." The school is natu-

rally interested in strengthening a child's character and improving its behavior; but without the close cooperation of the home, the cause is lost. Children do, after all, spend only about six hours a day in school, 180 days a year, and this for only twelve or thirteen years in elementary and high school. With ever-increasing enrollments, the schools are hard pressed to meet a student's entire educational needs. For that matter, "bringing up" the children isn't their job.

As parents we all want to bring up our children to be happy, responsible adults. It is easy, however, to slip into a routine where we relegate a good deal of authority to our children. Check yourself with this informal quiz and see how you stand in regard to child-parent relationship:

Answer Yes or No to the following questions:

1. Do your children have regular hours to be home at night?
2. Do you insist they be home at regular mealtime hours so you can eat together?
3. Do your children have regularly assigned chores or duties?
4. Do you insist on meeting your children's girl friends or boyfriends?
5. Are your children required to budget their allowance or income?
6. Must your children take reasonable care of their clothing and dress neatly?
7. Do you have a limit on TV time and program choice?
8. Must your children take care of their toys and equipment?
9. Are your children expected to be courteous and respectful to adults and other children?
10. Do you administer punishment when necessary?

Give yourself ten points for each correct answer. All questions should be answered Yes. If you scored 100 points you are likely doing an excellent job as a responsible parent. Every No answer may indicate you're giving in to your children too much.

This quiz is concerned particularly with authority and discipline. It is also recognized that children need love and affection, and praise when this is justified. Parents need not be authoritarian tyrants, but they should maintain a basic control over their children.

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I Didn't Have to Quit Smoking-- But I Did It Anyway!

Ralph E. Prouty

WHEN I decided to kick the smoking habit, I wasn't at all sure I could do it. After all, I had been a regular cigarette smoker for some twenty years, and had become a two-pack-a-day man.

To put it bluntly, I made up my mind to quit because I felt degraded at being the slave of habit. I was sick of that pasty taste in my mouth every morning; tired of having the house and the car and my clothes reek of cigarette smoke.

Here, I think, was the fundamental difference between my decision to quit and that of some of my friends who had already tried and failed. They had made their decision because they thought they had to quit.

One of these fellows was developing a bad heart. His doctor ordered him to stop smoking. Another needed to gain weight, but couldn't seem to succeed. His physician told him to quit smoking until he gained about twenty pounds. Both realized that they needed to quit smoking, but neither actually had any desire.

Well, I wanted to. I was going to do it, too—if I had the willpower. The only problem was to choose the method. Should I try the gradual withdrawal system, or should I just quit "cold turkey" and sweat it out?

I decided in favor of the latter. If I was going to stop, I should do it all at once and get it over. Could I do it? Would I suffer as my deprived nervous system cried out for the solace of the weed?

Fellows who had made the attempt had told me what it was like. Nerves screaming for a whiff of the stuff. Tense. Irritable. No living with the wife and kids.

I surely didn't want that happening to me. If I became so hard to live with, I'd rather keep on smoking. Giving up any habit couldn't be worth all that.

Easy does it, I decided. Leave the back door open. I'd keep my smokes and lighter with me. When the craving became unbearable, I could always give in and light up.

It wasn't long before I caught myself reaching. Do I really want it? I asked myself. Can't I hold out a little longer? Well, I'd try. Each time I found myself going after a cigarette, I'd talk myself into waiting a little longer.

As the days went by, my giving up smoking became progressively easier. I had figured at the start that if I could hold out for a week, I would have it made. It wasn't all sugar and spice, though it was a lot easier than I had anticipated.

I had a job in which I had to write a half-hour radio script every week. There would come moments when I'd sit before the typewriter, outwardly idle, but inwardly furiously busy, working out dialogue. It was during these pauses that I often used to light up.

About the third morning, as I was contemplating the keyboard, I was horrified to find a cigarette in my mouth. No, I hadn't lit it yet, but I was about to. I had been so absorbed in my job that I had not realized that my old smoking habit had taken over.

Over a period of years I had

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YOU MAY BE DOWN, BUT YOU NEED NOT BE OUT!

Inez Storie Carr

At Nature's Giant Fish Bowl in Homosassa Springs, Florida, where one can walk below the water and come nose to nose with thousands of Gulf of Mexico fish with only a glass between, there is a tree that has become famous because of its inability. Held down by another tree when it was only a sapling, it could not live as its fellows did, but its roots kept right on feeding, and it *grew*. Along the ground, down the bank, over dark waters, the tree lifted its head in leafy glory and became a canopy of shade for the creatures of the pool. Nailed to the tree is a sign: You May Be Down, but You Are Never Out. Look What I Did.

Young Abe Lincoln knew his letters at five years of age, and took his turn in reading the only book the family possessed, the Bible. Taught by his mother, at seven he was the family's official letter writer. But "larnin'" was not popular those days, and muscle was. When he was eight, Abe's dad said, "Here is a new hatchet, Abe. You clear out the grapevines and brush, and I'll cut down the big trees until we have space for a cabin."

From then on Abe did a man's work, but always yearned for books. He was pushed down so many times in his strivings and hunger for an education that his face took on a depressed look, and he had times of deep melancholy. However, he kept growing by thinking, and by reading his Bible and some old history books he had earned by hard work. While others slept he plodded on mentally. He did not know his hour would come, but when it came he was ready.

It's not that we may be down in spirits, in cash, in popularity, in IQ or grade rating, or in ability, but whether we keep growing, that counts!

"DIFFERENT" HOTEL

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do not want to be regarded as negative. Rather we prefer to say, "This hotel chooses not to sell alcoholic beverages." To make it even more positive, we describe the hotel as 'the family hotel' where parents can come and bring their children, enjoying all the usual attractions of a good hotel but without any aspects that may disturb family life."

An idea of the increasing patronage of this "family hotel" is the fact that during the first three months of 1965 the guest list increased 75 percent over the same period last year, which was itself a 60 percent increase over the year before.

"This is due," Dr. Mitchell comments, "in very large measure to the recommendations which have been given for the hotel from satisfied customers. We feel that the operation now is thoroughly established."

Some of these "satisfied" guests include world-famous people, from opera singers to baseball players, from religious leaders to public-service officials.

"A man like Robin Roberts comes down to Miami, along with the other players of the Baltimore Orioles, for spring training," the manager describes. "He stayed in the hotel the whole time, then got his family to come down for two weeks. He says coming into this family hotel helps him to have that mental poise with regard to a new year of baseball."

The Biltmore Terrace features attractive convention facilities, as do other hotels. For this reason it is rapidly becoming a mecca for various religious groups to hold their annual meetings or retreats, for public-service organizations such as the Salvation Army to gather their leaders, and for youth conventions having an educational or religious purpose.

High-quality programs of music,

drama, and lectures are provided for hotel guests and for the public. Headlining these offerings are such well-known names as Jerome Hines, Joy Davidson, Dr. Paul Rees, Dr. Robert Lamont, and Dr. George M. Docherty.

It is obvious that the "new" Biltmore Terrace is well on the way to proving that even in a resort center like Miami Beach a hotel can be successful when it features the positive aspects of the nonuse of liquor and undergirds its program with a spiritual emphasis.

MERCHANTS OF DEATH

(Continued from page 7)

and stops for several hours in the border town of Tijuana.

Shortly after midnight the same evening he returns to San Diego with tightly wrapped parcels of brown and green leaves concealed in specially constructed compartments in the paneling of his car doors.

He has purchased 25 kilos (55 lbs.) of marijuana for \$75 per kilo, and once he is safely in his apartment, he and several friends break the bundles into "cans" containing 1 oz. each of the leafy material, seeds, and stems, which eventually retail for \$10 to \$12 each when purchased by the local "weed-heads" or "grasshoppers" (two of many names used for persons who habitually smoke marijuana).

At this point, Wedo's investment of \$1,875 is worth \$8,800.

From each can, some 70 "joints" (cigarettes) are rolled and sold for 50 cents apiece to eager and willing buyers, many of whom are still in their teens.

Approximately 2,450 marijuana cigarettes are obtained from each kilo. This, multiplied by 25 kilos, the original amount purchased by Wedo, produces a fantastic total of 61,250 sense-distorting "joints," with a gross sales value of \$30,625.

Wedo Ramirez's original investment of \$1,875 has grown more than sixteen times!

Shock you? Possibly. But these are the facts that all authorities and all merchants of narcotics have known from the beginning, namely, that dollar for dollar, the sale of narcotics is the most remunerative business venture in existence.

Profits are high indeed, but so are the penalties, ranging from several years in prison to death by execution in some cases, particularly for those persons who sell to minors. Unquestion-

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PARTY PICK-UPS

Blossom Engen

11 at 8 tilkin jabbato 2 tven sewal swo to myf suott
shubwi team qutog swof . pwhareupsawo tuij tan ei'ell
shod ett to woy team M'eW . sevenen in quittewoa
8 to roob

IF YOU were to receive the above invitation, it could mean only one thing: someone is brewing up a really good time with a

BACKWARD PARTY

Should your friends not have used this idea before, why not initiate this all-time favorite yourself?

"Backward" parties frequently mean basement parties. Here is a good opportunity to invite a larger crowd than your living room may comfortably accommodate. Ideas are consequently geared to a crowd, keeping games and refreshments simple. "Backward" parties combine well with Halloween fun.

Greet your guests by telling them how happy you are that they have had a pleasant evening—the please-do-come-back routine.

Naturally, refreshments should come first, but perhaps it would be wise to begin with a fashion show so that those who are becoming a bit uncomfortable with their shoes on the wrong feet or their suits on backward could effect a change, if they so desire, before eating.

You may want to make the first course toothpicks, followed by food, and then napkins. Use your own ingenuity.

MENU

- Pecan Pumpkin Pie With Whipped Cream
- Double Apple Delite

GAMES

In keeping with October tradition, trick-and-treat costume designing would be an appropriate starter and might provide laughs the remainder of the evening. Provide such items as large sacks, crayons, construction paper, newspaper, pins, and glue for each person to create his own original.

For the intellectual, or perhaps as an insult to the intellectual, conduct a spelling bee with three- and four-letter words, spelled backward, of course.

"Reverse buzz" may take your friends off guard. You may want to play "buzz" first, which is done in the following manner: Players form a circle. Going round the circle, each person gives a consecutive number starting at one and going as high as you like, perhaps 100; except, instead of saying seven, or multiples of seven, or numbers with seven in them, players say "buzz." For example: one, two, three, four, five, six, buzz, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, buzz, fifteen, sixteen, buzz, and so on. The player who forgets to buzz drops out. Count as quickly as possible. If you as leader of the game become a bit frenzied, you are sure to help to confuse participants. "Reverse buzz" begins the countdown at 100. Guests will probably want to play this game a second or possibly a third time. It

sounds so simple but it is easy to make a mistake.

If you are smart, your invitations will have given a suggested time for the party to end as well as to begin. Without refreshments as this clue, guests may be in a quandary as to when their departure is expected.

Success of your evening's venture may be partly gauged by comments from your departing guests such as, "Hi! I haven't seen you for the longest time."

Pecan Pumpkin Pie

Pastry for 1 (9-inch) crust, unbaked

- 2 eggs
- $\frac{3}{8}$ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 large can evaporated milk
- 1 (No. 300 or 303) can pumpkin
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped pecans
- Whipped cream, sweetened

Prepare pastry for 9-inch pie and preferably place in glass pie plate. (The crust is less likely to become soggy.)

Beat eggs slightly. Combine spices with sugar and salt and add to eggs along with milk and pumpkin. Blend at low speed until well mixed. Pour into unbaked shell. Sprinkle with chopped nuts. Bake in preheated (Turn to page 30)



GIL'S LEGACY

Audrey Appel Corn

In an era when social drinking is the accepted way of life, the story of our family begins to take on fairy-tale proportions.

We live in a "dry" home. No alcoholic beverage has ever been purchased or served by us.

It all began this way: When I was fifteen and a sophomore in high school, I secured a summer job in a small, country grocery shop. The store was located in a resort area and hired several "temporaries" for the summer rush of vacationers.

One of my co-workers, a "temporary" like myself, was a handsome, witty, high-spirited man of thirty-four or thirty-five. I remember being greatly puzzled by Gil's status as a "temporary." Certainly a man with his pleasant personality and fine mind could have no difficulty getting a year-round job.

Most of us "temporaries" were high school or college students. Like other young folk, we were full of plans for the future. Our conversation during slack periods of business revolved round our past experiences and future desires.

Gil was always vague when we discussed the past or mentioned the future. The only concrete piece of information he ever told us was that he had spent several years in the Army.

The first two weeks at the store went smoothly enough. We "temporaries" learned what was expected of us and did a good job.

Only Gil stood out. His personality can be described by one word—magnetic. He was cheerful, good-natured, and an excellent salesman. Customers began to ask for him. They willingly waited for his assistance if he were occupied elsewhere.

But the day after we received our second paycheck, Gil disappeared.

"He must be sick," murmured Mr. Hanson, our boss. "I wonder why he didn't phone in."

Gil remained away from the store for four days. On the fifth morning he arrived at work looking pale and wan. He offered no explanation for his absence.

Gil worked quietly and efficiently all morning. By lunchtime his face had lost some of its pallor, and his high spirits began to return.

At noon Gil did not eat with the rest of us as he usually did. Instead he hurried out of the store and returned about ten minutes past the time allotted us for lunch.

Mr. Hanson said nothing, but throughout the afternoon I saw him glancing sadly, again and again, in Gil's direction.

Gil continued as a "temporary" for three more weeks. His absences grew longer, and when he did appear at the grocery, his complexion was flushed and the smell of liquor clung distastefully to him.

Finally, and with regret, Mr. Hanson told Gil that his services were no longer required.

I was only fifteen that summer, but the memory of Gil was imprinted deeply and forever on my mind. He was one of the saddest examples of the cruelty of alcohol I have ever known.

I have never touched alcohol. When I married and began housekeeping in my own home, liquor was no guest of ours.

At first my young, sophisticated, college-educated friends laughed at my "prudish" notions. "A 'dry' home!" they scoffed. "You'll never last."

Determinedly my husband and I held our ground. We entertained a great deal, but we never served alcohol. Gradually our "dry" home became an accepted way of life. Friends and relatives stopped commenting.

But we noticed a strange phenomenon. Our home attracted more than our rightful share of guests. We always had visitors. The people who outwardly laughed at us for not accepting social drinking, enjoyed spending an evening. At our home you never had to "have a few."

During our first attempts at entertaining, when we offered our guests a drink, they could choose between several varieties of juices, soda pop, and hot drinks.

Gradually, though, our home came to be known for a rather unusual beverage. Word got around that the Corns stocked the ingredients for the best ice-cream sodas in town and had the know-how for mixing those ingredients into a perfect concoction.

We now have proved to our own satisfaction, at least, that successful social life does not require the assistance of alcohol and that a person who sticks up for his convictions can attain his goal.

PARTY PICK-UPS

(Continued from page 29)

oven at 425 degrees for 45 minutes or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Cool. Serve with dollops of whipped cream and a sprinkle of cinnamon sugar.

Double Apple Delite
(20 servings)

1 gallon apple cider

1 quart ginger ale

Apple rings

Chill cider and ginger ale. Combine just before serving. Garnish with floating, unpeeled apple rings for variety and color.

MERCHANTS OF DEATH

(Continued from page 28)

ably, some persons who engage in this deadly salesmanship go unnoticed for a period of time. However, they are dealing with a "hot" cargo, and their customers are perhaps the most unstable and untrustworthy substratum of our society.

Numerous cases are on police records of brother turning against brother, father against son. When in the throes of withdrawal, no one or nothing is sacred to an addict. He will virtually "sell his soul" for a fix. Consequently, the drug peddler is exposing himself daily to a possible "sacrifice" by one of his consumers who is arrested and has begun to feel the first symptoms of withdrawal while being questioned in a police precinct station, and who seeks to free himself by volunteering the name of his connection—you! in the hope of leniency.

Another requisite to dealing in drugs, and a most important one, is that you must have a cast-iron stomach, because some of the things you'll see on your daily rounds will require it.

You'll have to adjust yourself to the misery that is etched on the faces of your customers, realizing as they look at you when you exchange your packet of powder for their stolen or pilfered dollars, that the grin is only a facade; that beneath the grin is a hatred not unlike the hatred which slaves felt for their "masters" in bygone years, for indeed you, as a dealer, are bringing their master to them, and they hate you for it—a strange ambivalence.

You'll have to forget whatever pity you may feel for them—although the existence of any is doubtful—so that the sight of a half-human, cringing, afraid, in a dirty \$6-a-week flop, his face unshaven, his hair dirty and un-

combed, his eyes haunted, won't bother you. If it does, you're through.

The only dues you'll be required to pay are those which you'll harbor in your own being should you escape detection, or the penalty of long years of incarceration, should you get arrested.

Such is the lot of the merchant who deals in death!

SHAPE OF THE STARS

(Continued from page 15)

is best for himself. Trial and error can establish this. If you've discovered that certain foods don't agree with you, avoid them. And the first exercise one must learn is how to push his chair away from the table!"

Rick Jason, "Combat" star, heads for the Y.M.C.A. sometime every day for a complete workout, both to feel better and to discourage excess fat.

As a high school football player, Stuart Whitman weighed in at 212. Now a firm 195, in addition to swimming and skin diving, he works out in a gym twice a week. "I keep pretty active with calisthenics, hit the heavy punching bag, the body bag, the speed bag, play baseball, some football, play handball, some tennis, some golf, do a lot of water-skiing, and work out some horses for a friend every chance I get."

Generally in fine physical trim are those stars who forgo liquor altogether, such as Bud Collyer, Pat Boone, Don Murray, Red Skelton, Roy Rogers, Bobby Darin, and others. They realize that one drink means 100 or more calories, with cocktails and highballs even higher, calories they can't afford in their profession.

Many stars take seriously the advice of Dr. William Evans, consulting physician at the London Hospital, the National Heart Hospital and the Institute of Cardiology, at a health conference of industrial executives in London:

"Sell your car, take to walking; acquire a dog, one that will pull powerfully at the leash; dismiss the gardener and do it yourself; take to horse riding; turn to golf and dispense with the caddy. And I am here to issue due warning on the ill effects of excessive spirit drinking on the heart muscle."

THE FINE ART OF SAVING TIME

(Continued from page 24)

hours spent on and off the telephone!

Instead of wasting unexpected spare time in waiting rooms, lobbies, et cetera, always have with you something to read or study. A pocket notebook can be invaluable for moments like this.



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.

How does the human brain function, and what does drinking alcoholic beverages do to it?

The brain is the "central" of the body's telephone system, from which the messages from all parts of the body, like messages from all parts of the country, are directed to their proper destination.

Human beings have a special part of the brain situated behind the forehead called the frontal lobes where much of the thinking process is carried on. In this area, the human develops the function of judgment and conscience. This part of the brain may be considered the supreme court of the body, since it tells an individual what is right and what is wrong.

Alcohol has an anesthetic or deadening effect on the cells of the body. The nerve cells are affected first of all, and the frontal lobes of the brain, the supreme court of the body, are affected by the least amount of alcohol.

Alcohol puts to sleep the brain cells, slowing first the ability to choose between good and bad. As the amount of alcohol increases in the bloodstream, the ability to choose decreases. In other

words, one's ability to use his best judgment is affected. Consequently, one's inhibitions are silenced and the drinker feels more at ease. He does whatever comes to mind without the ability to select right from wrong.

Only the sober individual is able to discern that those who have imbibed are no longer able to use good judgment. The drinker does not realize that his body reflexes or protective functions have been slowed. He is quite sure his abilities have been improved. Only mechanical function tests will be able to convince him of the true effect which alcohol has had on his nervous system.

As a youth's judgment is not as yet fully developed, and as judgment is one of the first functions to be decreased by alcohol, it must be concluded that the younger the individual, the more dangerous it is for him to drink alcohol. This is one reason why the law forbids teen-age drinking. The law seeks to protect young people from injuring themselves. Courts which sentence teen-age offenders to go and view the results of drinking, do these youth a real favor.

Perhaps the greatest need for time-saving routines is felt by homemakers who also hold jobs outside the home. A poorly arranged kitchen is as much a time spendthrift as a mismanaged business office. Save steps by keeping pots and pans in a cupboard near the sink. Group all vegetables, dairy products, and fruit in the refrigerator; and consider keeping breakfast foods, such as fruit juice and eggs, together rather than on different shelves.

Even the simple matter of storing spoons near your cups will save time!

Stage star Mary Martin is a firm believer in "the lazy man's load." She uses a cart or large tray for setting and clearing the table, and she insists that this equipment be left empty except when in use.

Once you've begun putting all your 1,440 minutes a day to good use, people will marvel at all you are accomplishing—with time left over to enjoy leisure hours to their fullest. Perhaps by that time you will have brand-new secrets of your own, time-savers to share with your friends.



S. I. McMillen, M.D., **NONE OF THESE DISEASES**, Westwood, New Jersey: Fleming H. Revell Company, 1963. 158 pages. \$2.95.

Authored by the college physician at Houghton College in New York, this little volume is unique in presenting vital principles of mental and physical health based on Scriptural admonitions.

Startlingly modern in their application, the health regulations given by divine revelation to ancient Israel would mean much in our society today if practiced scrupulously.

A major part of this book is devoted to chapters on what emotions and attitudes can do to a person if not carefully controlled. These are especially practi-

cal and well expressed. For example, here is a passage from "The High Cost of Getting Even":

"The man I hate hounds me wherever I go. I can't escape his tyrannical grasp on my mind. . . . The man I hate may be many miles from my bedroom; but more cruel than any slave driver, he whips my thoughts into such a frenzy that my innerspring mattress becomes a rack of torture. The lowliest of the serfs can sleep, but not I. I really must acknowledge the fact that I am a slave to every man on whom I pour the vials of my wrath."

Few books can provide for the reader as much real inspiration and down-to-earth personal help as this book can.

HABIT BECOMES MASTER

(Continued from page 16)

addict wants to feel better and freer, and the illusion of the feeling of well-being that can be secured through addiction seems attractive. He has forgotten or submerged any memories of past distresses, and he remembers only that he has a few times in the past been able to achieve and maintain for a while a sense of relief, well-being, and self-esteem.

This sense of well-being and comfort reassures him, and he feels relieved before any chemical effect takes place. His self-esteem and self-confidence return as anxiety leaves, but there is still some anxiety and guilt for having thus taken the forbidden bottle or shot. So he feels that another drink or another shot will make him feel even better. He continues to drink, and his fears and feelings of inadequacy and inferiority vanish.

As the chemical effect of the alcohol sets in, paralyzing the high faculties of

judgment, discrimination, and perspective on reality, he becomes irresponsible. He finally ends up symbolically dead. Having revolted against the world for thwarting him, he now forces others to take care of him through his ultimate passivity.

The addict is, in general, a poorly adjusted, unstable, restless, superficial individual who does not withdraw in the face of disturbing situations. He does not resort to the usual neurotic adjustments of behavior. He reacts to the various stimuli in his environment as a challenge. He wants to take chances to expose himself to difficulties. He indulges in all sorts of experiences. He refuses to recognize his inadequacies and shortcomings in handling various circumstances. He denies any conflict within himself. Everything is seen only in its superficial external aspects. There seems to be an element of self-punishment in his repeated exposure to all sorts of emotional hazards and activities.

There are certain types of drug addicts who resent the intrusion of any

reality which challenges their illusion of power. As a consequence, they isolate themselves in order to preserve this illusion of power. For example, opium reduces or gratifies certain needs and promotes fantasy living, which permits the user to express aggressiveness and hostility in daydreams characterized by feelings of power.

This is in sharp contrast to the effects of alcohol, marijuana, and cocaine, which do not gratify such needs but intensify them. This impairs repression and allows the user to act impulsively and gratify his needs through this behavior.

In considering drug and alcohol addiction, one gets the impression that there is a certain personality makeup which exhibits a tendency toward solving the hardships and problems of life by addiction. The addict is a sociopathic personality who uses unrealistic means to avoid difficulties and embarks upon actions which conflict with normal and socially accepted behavior.

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

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

POEMS with a PURPOSE

A DAY WITH DAD

Virginia Vess

I yip and yell when Dad says, "Son,
Tomorrow is our day for fun."
When my report cards are OK,
Dad always plans a holiday!

We build a boat or maybe swim;
Ride horseback to a mountain rim;
Or ski as far as I can go,
Until I tumble in the snow.

But camping's tops, beside a stream
On summer days, when I can dream
About the man I mean to be—
The greatest—like my dad to me!

TOGETHERNESS

E. Jay Ritter

No doubt every father has problems galore,
And every new day simply adds to the store;
What seems to be gain often proves to be loss,
And the glitter of gold turns out to be dross.
But life's hardest battles are easier won
If the day's toil is shared by a father and son—
A dad and his lad—together.



VERILY

Gay Elms

More beautiful than budding flow'r that lifts
Its tender petals to a warmth benign;
More precious than the sum of Nature's gifts—
A childish face, upraised in trust to mine!

MY DAD

Virginia Vess

Sometimes when I'm feeling ill and low,
And the clock drags hours out so slow,
I don't want to talk, and I can't read—
Then Dad comes in, and he's all I need.

He throws the switch on every gloom,
And he makes like a pilot, I just zoom
Back into orbit—what plans Dad makes—
I feel like a boy with ALL the breaks!



THE OPEN ROAD

Constance Quinby Mills

Oh, follow me down the open road;
There's the whole wide world to see.
Let's leave the city far behind—
Be a vagabond with me.

We'll see the sun-drenched, sleeping earth,
Away from bustling man;
Note every little bush and tree,
The blue sky's mighty span.

A mountain brook, bird's flashing wing,
The leaves in autumn hue,
The scent of pines, a curving road—
With each, a brand-new view!

Oh, come and lead a lazy life
For just a few short days.
You'll have a treasure chest of dreams
To keep with you always.

A MAN'S PRIVILEGE

(Continued from page 23)

to Deck, "We will get there if we just keep going."

Deck didn't answer. He was limping, and one shoestring was dragging.

"Come here, Deck, and let me tie your shoe."

Sue had a hard time. Her hands shook, and she couldn't see clearly.

Suddenly a car was coming again, roaring, braking, skidding. Sue pulled the children back away from the curb. The car fishtailed to a stop, showering them with gravel.

Bill leered at her in a silly fashion. "Get in," he yelled. Buddy awoke and began to cry.

"Tell that kid to shut up, and get in here before I throw you in."

Sue wanted to scream. If help came, what would they think of Bill? How dangerous was he?

"You are drunk, Bill. I can't ride with you when you're drunk."

"I am *not* drunk. I can drive this car. Now, you and the kids get in!"

"I can't let the children ride when you are drunk."

"The children are mine," Bill yelled. "I'll take them if I want to."

Sue answered evenly, "When you are drunk, nothing is yours. You have given up your rights."

She gathered up the baby, took Buddy's hand, and they started off again. Bill roared away, cursing.

Three blocks from home, Bill returned. He had sobered a little and was ashamed and contrite.

"Please, Sue, it is only three blocks. I'm so sorry. Please get in."

Tears ran down Sue's face, and she could not stop them. She handed Bill the baby, and with exaggerated motions Bill finally got her tucked into her car seat. Sue helped Buddy and Deck into the back seat. It was nearly 10 p.m.



"He drinks only when his favorite team is behind—trouble is, he's a METS fan!"

Bill started the car, gunned the motor, and took off in a skidding jerk.

"Bill, please!"

"I'm a good driver, Sue. I can handle this car."

Sue bit her knuckles to control herself. Bill pushed the gas pedal to the floor. Terrified, Sue reached for the baby but as her hands touched the soft little arms, roaring, blinding oblivion buried them all.

As the noise of the crash subsided, total silence, save for the little rivers of glass that kept tinkling along the crumpled metal to fall, finally, upon the ground.

They are all alive today, except for Rosebud, who lies in a tiny grave near the picnic grounds. Deck is a cripple, Buddy limps, and Sue is often looked at a second time, but now for quite another reason. Bill was not hurt badly, but he now lives with the relentless hurt of a memory that stabs continually through his mind—a rather sharp reminder of the things which, as he claimed, are a man's privilege.

WHO RUNS YOUR HOME?

(Continued from page 27)

Discipline to be effective must be started early. Children want and need rules. They feel more secure when limits are set for them.

Some flexibility in rules is generally desirable. For example, if a youngster is supposed to come in at ten o'clock, he may be given permission to come in at a later hour on special occasions.

As parents you alone have the responsibility and privilege of raising your children. You are doing them a disfavor if you let them constantly have their own way. As they mature they should develop a self-discipline, but this must first be acquired in the home. You and your children will be far happier if you establish the fact that you as parents exercise authority and guidance over them. They, in turn, will grow up to be more responsible and happier men and women.

I DIDN'T HAVE TO QUIT

(Continued from page 27)

developed a set of reflexes. When things got slow or dull, I would reach for a cigarette. It wasn't easy to break the conditioned reflexes developed over twenty years.

What I needed was a substitute for smoking. My answer was chewing gum. Whenever I felt the urge coming on, I would dig out my pack of gum and unwrap a stick. My jaws were getting a lot of exercise, but I was winning the fight.

After a month I was neither smoking nor chewing gum. I wasn't climbing the walls either. I had simply succeeded in breaking one set of habits and replacing them with another set.

In view of all the recent furore over the connection between smoking and lung cancer, I'm glad I gave up the habit twelve years ago.

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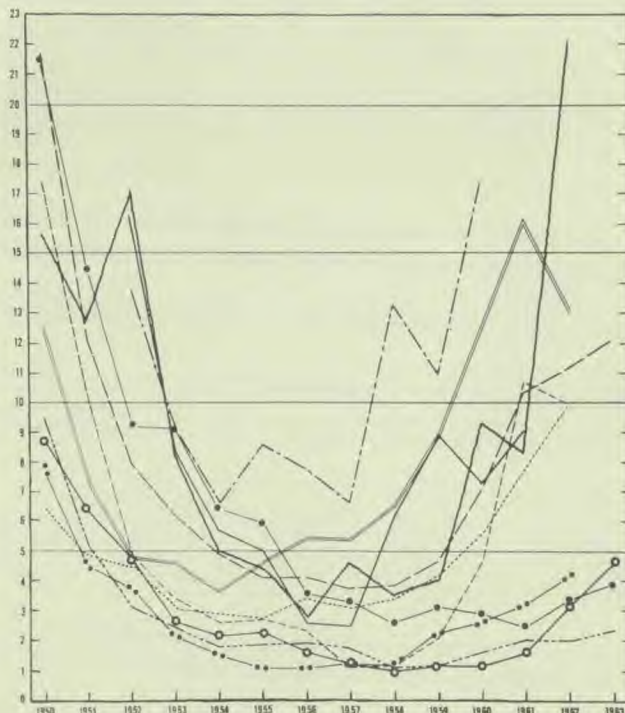
✦ **IS COFFEE A TREATMENT?** "A cup of coffee taken after drinking liquor doesn't help reactions. It just makes a wide-awake drunk."—Rumon Juetten, executive secretary, Minnesota Safety Council.

✦ **FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE.** "We are opposed, and always have been, to administering narcotics to human beings, because narcotics is death. I do not think you can fight narcotics with narcotics. If we embark on this type of program, then we are setting the doom for future generations."—Rev. Oberia Dempsey, Harlem clergyman who has dealt with addiction for twenty years, in opposing the proposal to treat addicts by the administration of drugs.

✦ **DRINKERS BECOME DRUG ADDICTS.** "Alcohol is a chemical and a drug. Therefore, when one becomes addicted to alcohol he is a drug addict—the drug being alcohol. And, of course, in recognizing alcohol as a drug we classify it also as an anesthetic drug, like ether or chloroform. Alcohol's action on the body is much slower than those anesthetics. But when over a period of time the person becomes addicted to this anesthetic, he becomes an alcohol addict, or a true alcoholic."—Marvin A. Block, M.D., vice-president, National Council on Alcoholism, and for ten years the chairman, American Medical Association's Committee on Alcoholism.

✦ **INCREASE OF SYPHILIS.** This graph prepared by the World Health Organization shows the increase of syphilis in eleven countries. In 76 of the 105 countries considered by the WHO the number of cases at the end of 1955 was the lowest ever, but since then it has gone up steadily. The vertical scale refers to rates of new cases per 100,000.

In commenting on causes for this increase the WHO says, "The historical relationship of the consumption of alcohol to acquisition of venereal infections has received renewed attention through the growing number of sexually active young wage earners in technical and other occupations in times of economic prosperity."



Miss America WITH A MISSION

Interview by
HENRY F. UNGER



Miss America is a popular youth speaker. Here her dummy "Kurley Q" helps her put over a point.



"Miss America" is a coveted title sought by hundreds of American girls, and longed for by thousands more.

This year the crown is worn by Vonda Kay Van Dyke of Arizona, who wears it with the dignity and grace befitting the best of American femininity, yet with a delightful mischievous streak.

This nonsmoking, nondrinking beauty queen began to learn the art of ventriloquism when she was only six years old. This ability has since helped her win her much-desired title.

Her dummy, Kurley Q, became a part of Vonda Kay's Sunday school teaching efforts. She is a regular participant in the Central Methodist Church in Phoenix, especially working with children's classes.

There's no hesitation on where the 1965 Miss America stands on the subject of alcohol and tobacco. They have no part in her life. These principles, taught to Vonda Kay by parental example, have been adopted as her own in both precept and personal habit.

Surrounded on all sides by smoking friends at college, she tries where possible and in a tactful way to urge others to break with the habit. "Even on the basis of keeping your good health, it is worth the effort to give up smoking," she will tell her friends.

Perhaps the crowning evaluation of Vonda Kay was made by her minister, Dr. Kermit Long: "The winning of the beauty title will drive Vonda Kay to a new humility."

Vonda Kay on her way to Miss America, as she wins the Miss Maricopa title in Arizona.