

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Cal Farley and His Boys

The Wrong Door!

He was tired that night, so he slipped into bed early for a good rest.

Sometime during the night he was awakened by the heavy smell of smoke and the hot flash of licking tongues of flames. Jumping from bed, but still groggy from a deep sleep, he looked about the room to size up what was happening.

Peering through the smoke as best he could, he saw the fire gaining headway rapidly up the walls of his small apartment bedroom and around the windows. Fortunately, however, the door was still unburned. If only he could get through that door, he could escape to safety.

With a burst of speed, he dashed across the burning room, yanked the door open, slipped through, and pulled the door shut behind him.

It was all over in a few moments. The brief newspaper report went like this:

"Fort Wayne, Ind.—Harold Haught, 39, died in a fire at his apartment yesterday when he mistook a closet door for an exit, and dashed in while trying to escape the flames. Firemen said the closet door locked, trapping Haught inside."

How often this tragic experience is a parable of life!

In order to escape the tensions pressing in from every side and the hot tongues of everyday stress and strain which threaten destruction, many people today see a door of escape. They dash through the smoke to that door, only to find, too late, that the door, instead of affording a route of escape, locks behind them and becomes a trap of death.

Anyone who deliberately trusts in a self-administration of drugs for safety from tension and trouble—and in the United States there are some ten billion such doses a year—is opening the wrong door.

Anyone who tries to find refuge in the bottle—as about six million alcoholics in this country have already discovered—is opening the wrong door.

Anyone who looks to his habit of smoking to assure release from his pressure—as thousands of lung cancer, emphysema, and heart victims are finding to their sorrow—is opening the wrong door.

Escape is essential, true enough; but even more important is finding the right door through which to escape.



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JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

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Forgetting Can Be Fun

Margaret Ross

TO SOME people, memory is a fount of joy; to others, it is a well of misery. You may be embarrassed because you cannot remember, yet there is no experience so agonizing as being caught with a memory that refuses to relax.

Few people know how to forget. Psychiatrists spend much time probing the unconscious mind for festering fears and unresolved frustrations. They know that repressed memories can be the cause of many mental and emotional upsets.

There are many people who are only too conscious of the fears they cannot dismiss. For twenty years a schoolteacher has refused to enter the basement of her home because she once saw a mouse there. She admits her fear is ridiculous, yet she has been unable to conquer it.

A brilliant newspaper editor has been unable to overcome his phobia for snakes. As a result, no newsworthy reptile has ever broken into his columns.

Fears, however, are not the only memories that may need blacking out. A man living in an apartment house is too self-conscious to enjoy himself at parties. "I want desperately to relax and have a good time," he confessed, "but I just cannot seem to forget my precious dignity."

There is an ex-GI who persists in boring everybody with his war experiences. He has plenty of sales ability, but loses job after job because he won't let customers forget that he was once a hero in Korea.

Then there is a woman who cannot understand why people avoid her. Not overly conscious of her own shortcomings, she maintains a mental file of embarrassing facts about her neighbors. Mention anybody on the street and she will oblige with a bit of scandal: "Mr. Cheever? The Treasury was after him about his income tax. That was six years ago."

Maybe there have been times in your own life when you wished you could forget. What about the night you came home from the golf course and gave yourself indigestion by replaying, all through dinner, that easy putt you missed? How about the evening you went to a concert and didn't hear a word the performers sang because you kept thinking about that argument you had lost to the traffic cop?

If modern psychology is right, one never really forgets anything. Once you have had an experience or learned a fact, it is indelibly written in some corner of your memory. So when we say "forget," we mean to dismiss from consciousness. For efficient living, this ability to forget is as important as the ability to remember.

A few years ago I faced a situation which it was vitally important that I forget. With two partners I had failed in business. There was nothing discreditable about it. Our creditors were paid in full; our employees found better jobs; nobody lost a cent except the three of us. Nevertheless, the debacle kept preying on my mind.

As manager of the enterprise, I held myself entirely to blame. What had I done wrong? Round and round my thoughts chased themselves like a phonograph record with the needle stuck. Before long I couldn't eat, sleep, or work. I became grumpy, unfit for human society. I realized I would have to do something to snap out of it. But what?

I took my problem to a consulting psychologist. He was one of those let's-look-on-the-bright-side-of-the-picture people. "The trouble with you," he told me, "is that you take things too seriously."

As if I didn't know that already!

"Much worse could have happened. You still have your health, your home, your earning power. All you need is a little initiative."

All this was indisputably true, but it didn't help me clear my mind.

A few days later I visited a psychiatrist connected with one of New York's famous clinics.

"Yes, we can help you," he assured me. "Electric shock will do it."

He explained how 100 volts of alternating current, speeding through my head for a tenth of a second, could jar the phonograph needle out of the groove. "But of course," he added as an afterthought, "you'll have to be hospitalized. Shock therapy is like mild electrocution."

I thanked him and fled.

Finally it was a memory teacher who showed me how to forget. I went to him because I was desperate.

"You might suppose that people who have difficulty in remembering would also find it easy to forget," he told me. "Not so! A good memory and a good 'forgettery' generally go together. If you suffer from a poor memory, the chances are it is because your consciousness is too crowded with doubts, worries, regrets, and other negative thoughts."

He suggested that I think of my mind as a business office.

"Your consciousness is the glass-topped desk where the head of the firm receives reports and makes important decisions. Your memory constitutes the files. In a well-run office the boss's desk is bare, except for papers demanding immediate attention. The files are kept in perfect order. Anything the boss wants can be found at a moment's notice.

"Now contrast this with an office where the workers lack discipline. The boss's desk is littered, the files are in a mess. It is the same with a mind that has no discipline.

"Once you have properly organized your mind, you'll find that memories take their proper places in your unconsciousness, where you can reach them when you wish, yet where they won't intrude upon your conscious mind unbidden."

At his suggestion I embarked upon a course of "setting-up" exercises for the brain. I began by visualizing, as completely as possible, the contents of a familiar room. I went on to recall, in detail, events of the previous day, and the day before that. Finally, I graduated to stunts requiring considerable concentration, like mentally counting backward from 700 by thirteens.

One advantage about these mental calisthenics is that you can do them anytime, anywhere—in the tub, on the train, at the dentist's.

I devoted fifteen minutes daily to these and similar mental gymnastics, and it worked! Little by little I acquired the power to shift my attention in whatever direction I pleased, and thus the power to turn my thoughts away from matters I wished to ignore. I managed this not by consciously willing to forget but by willing myself to think actively about something else.

It is also possible to apply strategy to this business of forgetting. For example, I found that one can forget a situation more readily if it is completed. If you cannot sleep for thinking about that snappy retort you might have given, get up and write it down. It possibly won't look so clever on paper; and you'll have no trouble forgetting it.

Maybe you are angry at an insolent department-store clerk. Try writing a letter to the manager, and then file it in the wastebasket. This will relieve your feelings as effectively as if you had mailed it. Be sure, however, to file it!

Sometimes it is possible to forget a distressing fact by forcing yourself to remember it. This is not as strange as it sounds. If you force your mind to keep thinking about a subject, it may quit from sheer contrariness or boredom.

I've stopped blistering my brain with vain regrets. I no longer fidget over decisions that are made and done with, nor do I worry about conditions or events beyond my control. At night, whatever the tribulations of the day, I relax and fall asleep at will.

Escapism? Not at all. I call it common sense.

1. Hold no grudges, and avoid suspicion and resentment. Maintaining a grudge costs you 50 percent of your happiness level.

2. Forgive others, but also forgive yourself for past mistakes and failures. Unhappiness comes from unwholesome concentration on mistakes and failures of the past, while happiness grows from doing your best in the present and the future.

3. Do not butt against stone walls. Time and energy are wasted in fighting conditions you personally cannot change, viz., changing the nature of those with whom you live, or curing an incurable disease in a loved one.

4. Don't run away from or try to tear down life, but accept it and cooperate with it.

5. When you find tension building up, or are swept by emotion, be outgoing to other people. Let them know your needs, instead of whining or retreating within yourself and into isolation.

6. Avoid self-pity, and discard the slick alibi that you appear as noble to others as the alibi has made you seem to yourself.

7. Love, honor, faith, hope, charity, loyalty, thrift, and practice of religion are parts of the formula that make happiness certain.

8. Do not set your sights too high and expect achievement from standards that are too demanding. Your achievement may be improved by accepting lesser demands.

9. All happy people have something bigger than themselves in which they believe. Self-centered people whose outlook is only materialistic score lowest in happiness tests.

(Based on a study by the Sociology Department of Duke University.)

It is evident that education has not decreased the overall alcohol problem, so the question might be asked—

Are We Barking up the Wrong Tree?

B. B. Beach

Doctor of the University of Paris

NEITHER religion, nor law, nor science, nor medicine, nor government has yet solved the problems of alcohol in society. Education has hardly been more successful.

The beverage-alcohol interests have generally been more effective in promoting the increased consumption of alcohol than educators have been in deterring its use. It is therefore axiomatic that there must be numerous obstacles, pitfalls, and fallacies in the way of effective alcohol education.

Many feel that the basic approach to the problems of alcohol is and must be an educational one. Past experience seems to make it abundantly clear that the way to solve such problems in society is by prevention. Education is the road to prevention. Care and treatment of alcoholics have apparently done little to diminish the problem. In fact, there is even a danger that rehabilitation may become a kind of "smoke screen" which blurs the total problem and prevents us from coming to grips with it.

Back in the days when there was little knowledge of psychiatry, there used to be in some law courts a rule of thumb to test an individual's sanity. He was placed before a basin of water, with water running from a faucet into the basin. If he dipped and dipped in his efforts to empty it, but never did anything about the tap, he was presumed insane! The analogy is obvious. "Tons" of cure will do comparatively little if positive educational prevention is not put to work.

Six complex factors affect the problem.

1. *A Lack of Clear, Dynamic Goals*

One major pitfall in alcohol education is the absence of clear, dynamic goals. It is vitally important to settle first what is the goal.

A story is told of the English divine, William Inge (b. 1860), who arrived at a London railroad station late for a speaking appointment. He jumped into a cab and called to the driver: "Get going! I'm late. And drive fast." Off they went at top speed over the cobblestones. After what seemed to Inge like a long time, he asked: "Are we almost there?" "Almost where, sir?" answered the coachman.

They were traveling, even fast, but had not yet decided where to.

Positive education concerning alcohol cannot be allowed to remain in the doldrums of indecision and lack of goals.



ILLUSTRATION BY H. LARKIN

Laws do not solve problems. People with dynamic goals solve problems.

It was Plato who said, "The first duty of education is to build good conduct and character." This is done by a process of training and conditioning. In this light it would seem that the fundamental and ultimate aim of alcohol education is not to disseminate scientific information or to cure alcoholics, but rather to reduce the production of alcoholics.

In Western society today this cannot be achieved by endeavoring to remove alcohol from man, or by removing man from alcohol. The only viable solution, educationally speaking, appears to be the production of a type of society and culture that leaves no need or desire for alcohol. In reaching out toward this somewhat utopian but not unreasonable goal, the alcohol educator will have several positive objectives in mind:

a. Impart factual knowledge and accurate understanding of the effects of alcohol.

b. Motivate people to seek lasting, genuine satisfactions of life through healthful living and wholesome recreation, by developing a sense of balanced pride in having a strong, healthy body and a sound mental attitude.

c. Prepare people for times of crisis. Jitters or the numbing paralysis of a drug can be fatal in a moment of crisis.

d. Develop in people a sense of responsibility:

First of all, toward themselves. Help young people to accept the intellectual responsibility of making decisions through the process of orderly thinking, thus protecting

themselves against avoidable difficulties. This should lead to an analytical attitude toward propaganda by developing the ability to cut through words, pictures, and sounds, and discover the underlying motives, methods, and objectives.

Secondly, toward their fellowmen. Help young people to accept social responsibility for the welfare of all people, thus contributing to keeping others from suffering. This involves a fine-fingered respect for the convictions and rights of those who have differing opinions.

Lastly, toward the alcoholic. Help alleviate the sufferings of those who have been victimized by circumstances and beverage alcohol.

2. *The Do-Nothing Attitude*

There is a philosophy at work which invites a do-nothing attitude on the part of those concerned with education and alcohol. Why worry about what we can't remedy?

Related to this is the attitude that the problem, as we are told, is not unbearable today. The next generation will have to take care of itself the best it can. We may as well "get while the getting is good," and then "after us the deluge."

A third aspect of the do-nothing attitude is the position adopted by some teachers that alcohol is a controversial question and controversies are not to be settled in the classroom, and therefore a hands-off policy is indicated.

A fourth position endeavors to concentrate attention on alcoholism or on the alcoholic, to the almost total exclusion of alcohol and its effects. According to this view, which the public-relations arms of the beverage-alcohol industries try to popularize, deviant behavior is not caused by alcohol, and alcohol does not create social problems. So why do anything about alcohol or alcohol education?

This type of reasoning is fallacious and based on half-truths. Of course, alcohol does not operate in a social vacuum. There is plenty of evidence pointing to a circular relationship between deviant behavior and alcohol. Unsatisfactory personality or family relationships interact with the use of alcohol, giving rise to further disturbances in relationships and to more drinking, and so on. It is this vicious circle which is associated with so many social problems.

A fifth do-nothing attitude is based on the fact that there is still much that is not known or is not absolutely certain with regard to the alcohol problem. A fundamental problem, educationally speaking, is that some are not ready to accept and act upon what is known because they do not know everything. Instead of concentrating on that mountain of information which is known, they concentrate on comparatively small points of controversy such as, Is alcohol a food or not? an addiction or a habit-forming drug? a depressant or a stimulant? beneficial at times in very small quantities? and so on.

In alcohol education, we should not slip into the pitfall of giving up what we know because of that which we do not as yet fully understand.

3. *Belief That Alcohol Problems Have Not Changed*

The belief that today's alcohol problems are much the same as they always have been is another factor which undermines positive alcohol education. According to this view, alcohol is simply part of the civilization of man, a part of culture from time immemorial, and will be until the end of time, and therefore it is futile to endeavor to do anything about it.

There is a large element of truth in this, but there is also a basic fallacy. The problems of alcohol today are not as they have always been. The Space Age is an age of technology. Today the work world is so highly organized and complex that the excessive drinker cannot succeed effectively in it, and the moderate drinker takes the risk of reducing his capacity. There is a growing realization that in this supersonic, push-button Age of Power even small quantities of alcohol can turn man into an instrument of danger for small or large segments of society.

In recent years, within many social groups in Europe, the Americas, Africa, and elsewhere, there has been a marked breakdown of tribal, family, sociological, and ethnic controls which restrict the intake of beverage alcohol. The family structure has changed in order to adapt itself to new conditions associated with work, economic support, and urban life. Both parents now frequently spend most of their waking hours outside the home.

The recreation pattern has also changed. There is an increasing amount of free time available to the working man and woman. On the other hand, work has become more impersonal, impassive, and commercial, thus resulting in fewer emotional rewards. This fact, combined with rising standards of living and more free time, has contributed to what is called "free-time alcoholism."

There is another changed situation. Aldous Huxley has pointed out that happiness and satisfaction used to be sought not so much in the external environment as in the individual's state of mind toward that environment. Now the important thing is no longer the state of mind, but the environment.

In traditional Western-Christian education, stress was laid upon restraint. Now emphasis in education seems to be on activity and self-expression. Millions of young people are being educated to be competitive, physically active, and aggressive. The introvert feels out of place and is tempted to resort to alcohol.

It can be safely asserted that the cliché that alcohol in society today is the same old problem, is not true in the light of recent sociological developments.

4. *Insistence on Teaching Only Facts*

There are proponents of the theory that the object of alcohol education is to present only the facts. In this connection several fallacies can be pointed out.

There is the implication that scientific facts should be considered in alcohol education, and interpretations and evaluations should be omitted. In actuality, facts and interpretation cannot be separated into watertight compartments. They go together and mold each other.

It is said that facts speak for themselves. Obviously, facts speak only when they are marshaled into position. What facts to choose, what order of presentation, or in what context must be decided by the alcohol educator.

During the past few years, knowledge concerning alcohol, the human body, psychology, and sociology has grown by leaps and bounds. A superabundance of facts has greatly reduced the hard core of ignorance. Here enters the question of relevancy and relative importance. A teacher must have some kind of unifying theme or philosophy.

Some teaching materials on alcohol education emphasize the thought: "Let's give the facts, but let's not be emotional." Psychologists claim it can be verified that there is no motive



Reverie

Charlotte Shifrin

Blue haze
Over the snow;
Everything colored,
Washed clean with sunset.

Tingle of gold
Shining behind bare trees—
Bare, naked trees—unshamed;
A silhouette against the glowing sky.

A painter's pallet smeared the sky,
Brushing the smooth canvas
With bright gold,
Tinge of gray,
And soft blue.

to action without feeling. The presence of knowledge does not assure its being put into action. The alcohol educator does not fulfill a positive function by tossing facts at young people and hoping that these facts in themselves will be self-propelling. They are not. Facts can be used for good or evil or not at all.

A prime goal of all educational effort is to achieve favorable influence on conduct and habits. The esteem in which the disseminator of information is held will influence conduct and action more than facts themselves. Children learn most from unconscious enthusiasm and example of a teacher. He should not only give facts, but share himself and give of his personality and example. Alcohol education is sterile if not inspired.

5. Claim That Alcohol Is Not an Ethical Problem

There are those who sincerely believe that alcohol may be a medical, public-health, economic, social, or government problem, but not an ethical or a moral one. We have here another fallacy which adversely affects positive alcohol edu-

cation. It is quite evident that the clear, thin fluid called ethyl alcohol, as such, does not present an ethical question, but drinking beverage alcohol is a rather different matter.

Some feel that drinking is simply a matter of taste or manners, but does not involve ethics. On the other hand, it should not be going too far to realize that any action that dulls a man's judgment in a time of split-second decisions cannot avoid having ethical implications. Anything that touches personal relationships, especially in home life, by reaching out after the total personality, must have ethical connotations.

6. The Negative Approach

Alcohol is often presented in a *simplicite* fashion as a poison which causes disease, insanity, divorce, crimes, and the destruction of the family nucleus, as well as all self-respect.

Now, alcohol is, beyond doubt, a major contributing factor to these tragic situations. However, the above negative teaching has not worked well for a number of reasons, among which is the simple fact that in most cases these conditions do not pertain when alcoholic beverages are imbibed.

Concentration on the one-in-twenty chance of severe addiction, with stress on faults, punishments, and possible future failure in middle age, is not too effective as evidenced by the number of former adolescents who as today's adult drinkers have disregarded threatening, fear-arousing pronouncements. The psychology of fear makes a poor teacher.

In dealing with the alcohol problem, teachers and parents should not tumble into the pitfall of simply being against alcohol and against drunkenness. It is not enough for the gardener to dislike and fight weeds, he must plant and grow flowers. Promoting fruit and mineral drinks will do more than thundering against liquor. One may question the health value of cola drinks, but the slogan, "Be sociable, have a Pepsi," has probably done more to deglamorize the alcohol-drinking act than a lot of negative preaching.

In the past, alcohol educators have too often been primarily concerned with kicking the alcohol crutch out from under people, instead of making them strong enough to walk alone. Someone has said: "Lame ducks will feel a need for alcohol." As educators we must also help cure or prevent the lameness.

Positive alcohol education will help young people become emotionally mature by developing their capacity to think, to evaluate, to choose the future good instead of the quick present gratification of immediate impulses, to share their life with others and to trust, relax, and grow.

The negative approach views the alcohol problem in isolation. Positive alcohol education sees the problems of alcohol in the whole social framework, and will therefore endeavor to strengthen mental health and family life and improve poor recreation, housing, and health facilities.

Seeing the magnitude of the task to be accomplished and the apparent insufficiency of the means available to reach the goal, some alcohol educators are tempted to fall into a negative pessimism.

I have been told that in the British Naval Officer's Handbook there is a statement to this effect: No officer of Her Majesty's Navy shall talk discouragingly on the watch or in the mess about the work he is engaged in. A good philosophy, indeed. The alcohol educator, if he is to work for success, must think constructively and talk optimistically.

WE HAVE BEEN SHOWN, ONLY TOO CLEARLY, THAT--

IT DOES HAPPEN



ERNEST CAMPBELL lives next door to us. He is a quiet boy with large brown eyes and a shy smile. Ernest will be seventeen in about three weeks.

His parents, Louis and Jean Campbell, are pleasant, ordinary folk. Louis works downtown in the bank. Jean says she has more than enough to do being a housewife. She will not take an outside job because she wants to be home when Ernest and his thirteen-year-old sister, Sybil, arrive from school.

There is no need for Jean to work. The Campbells are not rich, but Louis's salary at the bank provides them with a good, middle-class income. Jean has told me on several occasions that she and Louis are putting away enough to start the children through college.

We live in a modest, suburban neighborhood. The rows of homes, with their neatly manicured lawns and shrubs, are kept in good repair. We have a split-level house. Ernest's parents own the ranch next door.

Living side by side and rearing children of similar age, we had become quite friendly with the Campbells. Every morning, around 10:30, Jean and I would have a hot drink together in the kitchen. Those coffee breaks provided us both a welcome respite from housekeeping chores and also a chance to discuss our mutual problems.

One morning several months ago I tapped lightly on Jean's back door and let myself into her kitchen. "Anybody home?" I called.

"Coming," answered a muffled voice. A minute later Jean appeared. Her hair was disheveled and her eyes were red.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Louis called me. He had a nine o'clock appointment with the high school principal. They want Ernest to drop the college preparatory program."

"Why?" I asked, astonished. "Ernest has always been an excellent student."

"Not anymore," sighed Jean. "We received a note yesterday, saying that Ernest was failing in four courses."

Jean continued, "I don't know what has come over Ernie. I never know where he is or what he is doing anymore. He stays out late. He does not care about school."

She leaned closer and continued in a half-whisper, "I'm so ashamed. I haven't told this to anybody, not even my own mother, but I've got to tell someone. They caught Ernie stealing a piece of jewelry last week. They let him off with a warning."

When our Ricky came home from school that afternoon, I said tentatively, "Did you know Ernest has been asked to drop the college course?"

"Yes," my son answered carelessly.

"Don't you *care* about your best friend?" I demanded.

"Mom, we don't pal around anymore," said Ricky. "I hardly know the guy."

"Why?" I asked.

Ricky coughed uncomfortably. "I've got to run, Mom," he muttered. "Promised I'd help decorate for the church social."

"Is Ernest decorating, too?" I persisted.

"Nope," Ricky answered, edging toward the door.

"Ricky," I said firmly. "Come and sit down. The church committee can get along without you for five minutes."

Ricky perched uneasily on the arm of a chair.

"Ernest's mother is beside herself with worry," I began. "She does not know what is wrong with her son, while *you* appear to know a lot more than you are saying."

"Aw, everybody knows," said Ricky.

"Knows what?" I asked.

"That Ernie is hooked."

I could feel the color drain from my face.

"Mom, are you OK?" Ricky was standing beside me, his hand supporting my elbow.

"I—I think so," I murmured. "It's just so hard to believe. People like us don't use narcotics. I mean, that's for slums and poor folks and—" My voice trailed off.

"I'm sorry I upset you, Mom," Ricky apologized. "But you insisted on hearing. Now may I go?"

"One more thing," I said. "If everybody knows, why has no one told Ernest's parents?"

Ricky frowned. "The kids know. I guess maybe the teachers don't. Nobody has really asked us until you did just now."

That evening Ricky told us the whole unbelievable story. It seems that a group of boys, including Ricky and Ernest, had experimented with glue sniffing. "It was all pretty innocent—kid stuff," my son explained. "We used to do it down in some of the boys' basements."

"Around that time," Ricky continued, "we saw a movie in our hygiene class at school. It showed how glue sniffing could lead to narcotics. Well, most of us decided we'd better lay off the stuff. Ernie said we were nuts. He said the movie was supposed to scare us. He'd been taking cough medicine and goofballs for a while."

"Goofballs?" my husband interrupted.



PHOTO BY D. TANK

Audrey Appel Corn

The author says: "This story is an actual experience. However, I have taken the liberty of changing names and places, as the people involved have already suffered sufficient hurt and publicity."

"They are pills," Ricky explained, "to make you feel good."

Later, after some reading on the subject, I learned that goofballs are also known as "rainbows" because of their color.

Ricky continued, "All the fellows had tried the pep pills." "How about you?" my husband asked.

Ricky shrugged his shoulders. "I took some bennies once and some dixies another time. But after that movie, I stayed clear of them."

I shuddered. How could this be? Narcotics have no place in a quiet suburban community where the speed limit is twenty-five miles an hour and everyone can afford to bring his youngster up right.

"And Ernie?" my husband persisted.

"That's all I know, Dad," Ricky answered. "Ernest stopped hanging out with our crowd when nobody would go along with him and his pep pills."

I could not sleep that night. I tossed and turned in bed. A tiny, inner voice kept repeating, "How can Ernest be helped if nobody knows what is wrong? It is your duty to tell Jean and Louis." The luminous hands on my clock-radio pointed to 4 a.m. before I sank into an uneasy sleep.

Ten-thirty came and went the next morning. It was Jean's turn to visit me, but she never appeared. How do you tell your best friend that her son is a drug addict?

I was spared the ordeal. Early that afternoon Jean dropped in. My usually well-groomed friend looked miserable.

Jean collapsed on a kitchen chair and buried her head in her arms on the table.

After a while she announced suddenly, "I just got back from the police station. They arrested Ernest for speeding in a stolen car." She gulped and continued, "They thought he was drunk, so they took a blood test. Only he wasn't drunk. A doctor there said he was—" Jean's voice reached a strangled pitch. "He said Ernest was a narcotics addict."

I patted Jean's shoulder, but I could think of no words to comfort her.

She looked up. "At the station Ernest said he had been shooting heroin and had 'gone zip.' That means he had taken heroin and was feeling the effects. The police told me the narcotic would make him act drunk."

She continued, "Now I understand why he stole the jewelry I was telling you about yesterday. He needed the money for narcotics. Ernest told the police that he and his friends had been using 'pot' for a long time. 'Pot' is marijuana cigarettes. They cost almost a dollar apiece."

I nodded my head sympathetically.

"Ernest told how he and his crowd had advanced from the weed—those cigarettes—to heroin." Jean moaned, "If only I had known before what I know now."

"What do you mean?" I questioned.

"I should have been able to guess what was wrong with Ernie. He's been talking a strange language, but I have assumed it was ordinary teen talk.

"And then his face. Down at the station his eyes had such a funny stare. The police said I could have recognized other symptoms, too. They said during withdrawal—that is, when an addict doesn't have any narcotics—he becomes irritable and itchy. He can't eat. Ernie has been like that. He said it was a cold. His nose and his eyes were runny."

"You must not blame yourself," I comforted. "Now that you know what is wrong with Ernest, you and Louis can help him."

"Maybe—" Jean's voice was doubtful.

"Why only maybe?" I asked.

"They warned me that often cures are unsuccessful. They are also very expensive."

Ernest did receive medical treatment, but whether his cure will be permanent remains to be seen.

News of his plight has spread quickly through our suburban area. One question is asked over and over again: How could it have happened in this "nice" middle-class neighborhood?

We have been shown, only too clearly, that it does happen.



TOMMY HAWKINS

Cal Farley and His Boys

Interviews by Marjorie Grant Burns

YOU won't believe it until you see it. Tucked away in the Texas Panhandle, on a stair-step mesa on the banks of the Canadian River, is a \$3,000,000 investment for the reclamation of so-called juvenile delinquents and boys from broken homes. It is one of the most successful attempts being made in this country to give a luckless boy the right kind of break.

And rising over the quiet hills and whispering cottonwoods, the modern water tower proclaims the whole business in four simple words, "Cal Farley's Boys Ranch."

Cal Farley himself is a neatly dressed man who talks easily but never wastes words. His warm, quick smile radiates a sincerity people respond to instantly, yet he maintains a dignity that commands respect. He is definitely a man whom you wouldn't trick, couldn't flatter, and can't fool.

Following the business of getting acquainted, Cal gave us a quick thumbnail sketch on the history of the ranch.

"I've always loved kids; had 'em around me even in Army days. After that I used to work out at the athletic club every day, and I'd see these kids, just drifting in and out all hours of the day and night.

"Used to talk to them. Some had no parents, some no kind of home. I decided to see if I could provide a little help."

Cal took off his glasses and began cleaning them. "You know something? You can't help a kid unless you get him away from his parents, if he has any. Delinquent kids are produced by delinquent parents. And if the kid is alone, you have to get him away from his environment.

"We started with five underprivileged boys, and I began looking for a place to put them, away from the city, in an area conducive to calmness and peace. We found the old Tascosa courthouse with an elderly couple living in it. That became our first home. Eventually we had twenty-seven boys housed in that old building."

I got up and stood at the window, watching some fifty boys of all sizes letting off steam on the ranch ball field. "What kind of boys are they, Mr. Farley?"

"All kinds. One boy out there set out to kill the principal of his school. Couldn't find the principal, so he took a shot at two of his teachers. We have one little guy, about nine, who had a record of some 200 arrests. Ran a gang, stole stuff. Didn't have a bed of his own, had never had a regular meal. First thing he did after he got here was to spit in his Sunday School teacher's eye!"

"How do you ever keep such kids corraled? I see an awful lot of freedom here."

"I know. We have no fences, no whistles, no guards, no locked doors, no closed cellars. A visitor is free to go anywhere. The boys are free. But we guard them with a full program, constant incentive, recognition for every good accomplishment. We surround them with a home atmosphere, routine, and family love. After a time they can't resist these things."

"Do they ever run away before they get adjusted?"

"Once in a while. One even managed to get clear to San Francisco. But we go get them, no matter the cost. We love every boy. No amount is too much to pay to bring them back."

Cal got up and said, "Come on, let's get the car out and look the place over."



Our Cover

Each boy on Cal Farley's Boys Ranch is honored with a celebration on his birthday. It is indeed fitting that "Dad" Farley should be remembered on his birthday, too. Here four of his younger boys present to "Dad" what lies closest to young hearts—a puppy.

Listen's cover is by Louie Heinrichs, photographer for the Boys Ranch Foundation.

The long, low ranch houses were of rather similar style, all of material that blended beautifully with the buttes and hills of the surrounding desert. Each home housed dorm parents and thirty-six boys, ages nine to seventeen.

"We mix the ages in order to teach home responsibility. The older boys of the home help with the younger. Then we compete home against home in everything. You'd be surprised how much family loyalty this develops. We keep points on everything, and give trophies, both to homes as a whole, and to individual winners in the homes."

We passed some heavy road equipment, and Cal said, "You ought to see some of the kids handle that stuff. Regular pros at it. The older boys help build the roads, the homes, and anything we have around here. We are at the place now where ex-ranchers come back to supervise jobs that are too big for us to do alone. Maybe you can imagine a little how these kids look up to an ex-rancher who is successful in business and his married life."

"The kids said they earn money here. You pay them on these jobs?"

"Right. And they bank their money, put some in savings, use some, perhaps, to buy a calf or a pig. Having an animal all his own does something for an insecure boy. If a fellow doesn't have enough to buy a calf, we let him take out a loan and we issue him a 5 percent insurance policy. Then he is in business. He must buy feed, provide medical care, pay pen rent. All this we charge to his account. When the animal is sold at a stock show at El Paso, Fort Worth, or Houston, the note is paid off plus 3 percent interest."

"Makes life a pretty practical adventure, doesn't it?"

"You bet it does. And they get the point in a hurry. These kids have about \$11,000 in savings right now."

We pulled up at a ranch home, got out, and went in. The very large living room had a TV set, books, flowers, ample and comfortable seating, good lighting, and a hi-fi. A trophy case displayed a lot of names and trophies.

"Recognition," said Cal, tapping the case. "No boy can become a man without it. Good recognition, he becomes a responsible citizen. Bad recognition, he becomes a criminal."

We went into a long hall and entered one of the large bedrooms with a divider to shield a small private parlor. The beds were neat; boys lounged feet-over-back on them. Visitors don't bother them; they hardly noticed us. Six boys to a room, each two rooms adjoined the large, bright bathroom between. Everything was spotless, perhaps one reason visitors didn't upset them.

"The boys do 80 to 90 percent of the work in the entire place. The smaller fellows wait tables and do simple chores. Did you know we have two homes for four-to-eight-year-olds?" We saw these homes later, with their huge playrooms, and beds with stuffed animals, and backyards suited to the ideas of small boys.

"These are from broken homes, largely," Cal said, hands deep in his pockets. "Drink does it. Many times the father is gone, leaving the mother with the responsibility of the children. In some instances the boy doesn't even know who his father is. Then, if the mother is irresponsible, what can you expect of the boy?"

We turned and walked over the bridge that crossed the vine-filled moat in front of the house.

"We do not allow drinking on the ranch, and we do not allow smoking as far as the boys are concerned." Cal himself neither smokes nor drinks. "Some of the staff members

have had difficulty along these lines, five out of seven of them quitting rather than trying to tell the boys not to smoke while blowing smoke in their faces. And two of our boys were on heroin, two were confirmed glue sniffers."

We remembered this later in the evening when we were leaving the Sunday-evening worship service attended by the boys. One came up and said, "You're the one from *Listen* magazine, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"I've read it. I had to quit smoking when I came here. Smoked since I was nine."

"Why did you quit?"

"The chaplain here. He got me to figure how much money I was burning up, say in a six-year period. You know what? It was hundreds of dollars. Just burning it up like that!" He snapped his finger. "Boy, think what I could buy with it if I had all that money now. I quit, just like that." He snapped his finger again.

The chaplain grinned. "He quit, all right. Wasn't as easy as snapping his finger, but he did it."

"Better than some grown-ups," we commented. The boy grinned, reddened a bit, then bolted out the door.

We got back into the car and Mr. Farley, consulting his watch, remarked, "Supper time. I'll take you to the dining room. We'll put you where you can get better acquainted with more boys."

"Don't they eat in the homes at all?"

"Only for a party or some special celebration. We solve a lot of problems by all of us eating in a main dining room. Lessens the load on the dorm parents, gets us all together three times a day, makes us feel like one big family."

We entered the dining room. At that moment the nine-year-old eye-spitter came up and held out his hand. One blue-jeaned leg was wrapped in a leather thong and I questioned, "Bicycle riding?"

"Naw. Pants too long."

I laughed and hugged him. He responded with a quick hug, then returned to his table. Cal had said, "What are these boys like when they come? Have you ever tried to pet a coyote?" Evidently the ranch had already tamed this little eye-spitter a bit.

A housemother pulls a sliver.



What I Have Learned

from Boys



IN MY experiences observing the conduct of boys, listening to what they say and trying to analyze their inner conflicts, I have come to some fairly firm conclusions. If I were to summarize these into a simple guideline for parents, my "code" would run something like this:

1. **TEACH THE BOY TO OBEY.** This is the toughest job and the most important. It should begin the minute after he opens his eyes. When a child is allowed to set up his own rules, he will grow up without any rules at all.

2. **GIVE HIM RESPONSIBILITY.** Make him feel part of the working team of the home, just as later he must become part of the team of whatever sphere of life he enters. Assure him quickly that there is no such thing as a free ride.

3. **BE SPECIFIC WITH HIM.** Let him know where you stand—and therefore where he stands. Thus his character is not confused by doubt, uncertainty, or conflict.

4. **LIVE WITH HIM.** Help him to enjoy his youth by showing him how his boyhood years can be used to equip himself for manhood.

5. **LOVE HIM.** Let him know it. Show him that love can't be measured by what you get or give but in how you conduct yourself. It is a kind of mutual respect.

We ate in family style around large round tables. The boys rose graciously as I took my seat. The oldest boy assumed the responsibility of host, introduced himself and the rest at the table. Then talk launched immediately into a wide range of subjects from the afternoon ball game to points of interest where I had been.

I noted, while eating, that serving dishes were brought half full. When sent back for refill, they returned a third full. The dishes could be returned as often as desired, but the system put a subtle curb on needless waste and over-eating.

After supper we visited with the head cook and looked over the modern kitchen filled with cook-capped boys about the business of cleaning up. Even in full use, the place was clean and in excellent order.

Suddenly everyone began grabbing off aprons and caps. It was time to attend the nonsectarian chapel services. It had turned very cold outside, and the white picture-card church, with its tall New England steeple and orange windows blinking a welcome into the night, soon filled with boys and dorm parents. We sat among the big boys at the back.

You get a strange feeling, listening to these former little con men singing, "Give me oil in my lamp," and watching while the dorms battle it out in Bible-verse reciting. "I know it may go in one ear and out the other," the chaplain confided, "but someday, if they ever need it, it will return."

Later the chaplain told us that some of the boys were developing into really fine preachers, taking charge of services, giving encouraging talks, planning programs. "It's the most challenging and rewarding work I've ever been in. I wouldn't be anywhere else."

I thought of one of the older boys who had called out during the song service, "I love to sing. Come on, let's go!" and Cal's words heard earlier, "No one ever knows through what road you may reach and help a boy. We are constantly looking."

Ranch parents must be able to love the boys and must have a devoted patience far beyond the usual.

"This ranch is boy centered," commented Cal. "We are building for a new generation. If something is best for the boy, let's do it. If it means we have to leave the comfort of our home some cold night, let's do it. Buildings, programs, expansion, all must be second to the boy's immediate need. So many times what a boy needs, he needs *now*. Wait an hour and he might refuse it."

On a subsequent occasion while we were visiting in the Farley home the phone rang. Mr. Farley had a knowing grin when he completed the conversation.

"Seems like some boys feel like entertaining tonight! They have made three freezers of ice cream and would like the Farleys and their guests to come over and enjoy it with them."

We had a wonderful time. Thirty-six boys, two sets of dorm parents and their own children, and the four of us about filled the room. Mrs. Farley is a tiny woman, full of fun and deep understanding, and she was soon in a deep discussion with a group on relative merits of various kinds and sizes of marbles to use in a marble game.

I talked with the dorm mothers, women who often provide the first personal touch the boys have ever known. The mothers seemed a bit lonesome, and I realized, for the first time, that as fulfilling as their work is, it calls, too, for a certain kind of sacrifice, a dedication to the deepest sort of selflessness.

"How long will you stay here?" I asked one tall boy.

"Until I learn my trade," he said. "We have to finish high school or learn a trade while here. We have a swell school, and the best gym—it's new."

"Do you go on trips at all?" I asked another.

"You bet. Town every three weeks with our dorm parents. In the summer we go fishing, and on camp-outs, with a chuck wagon. Do you ride?"

"Some," I grinned. "I'll join you one of these days."

"We ride every Sunday if the weather is good. We get up late on Sunday, and can do whatever we want after the chores are done. Just loaf if we feel like it. Some of the guys swim, some play ball or go for their hobbies."

"What do you like to do?"

"I like to whittle things out of wood."

Cal said softly, "And we sit and whittle with them. A boy needs to talk, with plenty of time in between thoughts."

The junior staff members were in evidence the next day, helping plan the day's needs. These young fellows are re-

ing time whets appetites and brings "family" together. Boys do all the cooking, serving, cleaning—and eating!



Evening brings pleasant entertainment and relaxation in the homes.



Each boy buys his own supplies and clothing at the ranch store.



Ranch boys go on frequent riding trips.



Happy boy deposits first earnings in local bank.



Never did boys sing more lustily than these.



Basketball is one of eleven sports played at the ranch.



Boys take pride in growing prize animals on the farm.



Recognition, the key to a boy's heart, builds ego.

TOMMY HAWKINS



Oh, for that happy day when I, too, can ride!

TOMMY HAWKINS



Boys respect personal possessions.



Young firemen learn early.



A boy and his dog—love, affinity, mutual devotion.



TOM

On Boot Hill the boys with sadness solemnly say last rites for a departed pet.



A stitch in time gives new assurance to this young rancher.

sponsible men already. Many of them have been on the ranch since they entered at four years of age.

One said he planned to go to college. "We can get a loan to go. Have to pick a college nearby the first two years. The last two you go anywhere."

One fellow, tall and blondish with a dimple in his cheek, looked with interest at my car after he retrieved the car key for me from under the gas pedal where it had fallen. "First thing I'm going to buy when I can, a car."

"That's the first thing they go for," said Cal later. "Some old jalopy. They got so beat we had to get a man out here to teach the boys how to go about buying a car."

On my last visit to the ranch the whole place was quiet with the comfortable weariness that comes after a job well done. The ranch had hosted 8,500 guests at their rodeo, run entirely by the boys.

"Yesterday was some day!" ejaculated Mr. Sullivan, the head cook, as I sat by one of the tables in the kitchen.

"And I want to show you something," said Mrs. Sullivan. Their apartment is off the kitchen. She returned in a moment with a perfect replica of a saddle, riding on the palm of her hand.

"We had a boy who couldn't read or write too well. But he was the best help in the kitchen and he simply loved 'Mr. Sully' all a boy could. So, before he left the ranch, he made this little saddle and gave it to my husband."

I took it and examined it closely. It was perfect, even to the fleece glued underneath.

"He came to visit during the rodeo," she continued. "When he got out of the car, he yelled across to me and

waved. I started to cry, because there was my baby, and we had missed him so much."

Later she said, "When the boys come to the ranch, they are so hard they can't love. But eventually they become able to."

When I left the dining hall that morning I got into my car, rolled all the windows down, and drove slowly over all the winding ranch roads. The homes were aglow with early fall flowers in full bloom. The cottonwoods were rustling quietly, offering shade and peace to any who would tarry with them a moment. The fields above the ranch were filled with grazing animals. Over on a long hill sprinklers zoomed about against the early morning sun. "New well," Cal had said. "Pipe and well given by some of our friends. Tell people about a boy—and they gladly help us."

From the hill near the water tower I could look down on most of the buildings. The grounds were so quiet, clean, and orderly, I couldn't have guessed that the place housed 331 boys. Coming down again, I stopped for a moment to look across the athletic field at Cal Farley's home.

"What an embodiment of wise, correctly directed devotion it houses," I thought.

I went on, out the gate, veered a little to the left, and went up a sharp hill to the small pet cemetery known as Boot Hill. I got out and stood, as many a young rancher has stood as he brought his pet to be buried. This is a deeply meaningful spot.

It takes courage to love. A boy without security has been let down so many times that he ceases to love. Turns it off deliberately, like a faucet. A dog may follow such a boy around. If the dog dies, the boy will pause long enough to shove it into the gutter, or out of sight somewhere, and go on about his business.

But when a boy who can call the ranch his home stands on Boot Hill, he has learned to dare to love again. He has attended his sick pet, and he has carried him here to commit him to whatever kind of pet heaven he believes in.

As he stands with bowed head on this lonely spot, the very fact that he is here to bury his dead proves that he has acquired the courage to look his past right in the face. He is deeply interested in his present; he has hope for his future. These are the products of the security that love brings. Somehow the ranch has taken a broken, beaten, misguided, or warped child and has produced a responsible young man.

Cal Farley is now seventy years old. You can't believe it to listen to or to look at him. He has been to the top three times, once in the athletic world, once as a successful businessman, and now he stands at the top again, enshrined high in the hearts of all who know him. Highest, perhaps, in the hearts of all his boys, who, somehow, in their individual ways, love him best. They are so proud to be—Cal Farley's boys!



No place is more popular on Boys Ranch than the dining room. For uniformity's sake all buildings on the ranch are now being matched in architecture and materials used.

How Many Eggs Did You Eat This Week?

Only four eggs a week, including those used in puddings and other types of cooking, are allowed heart patients who are dieting to lower their blood levels of cholesterol.

Heart attack patients on a low-fat, cholesterol-lowering diet have fewer repeat attacks and a much lower death rate than those who do not diet, physicians reported to a special two-day scientific meeting of the American Heart Association's Council on Arteriosclerosis.

Egg yolks, along with butter and other animal fats, tend to raise the cholesterol level. Although it has not been proved that cholesterol reduction prevents heart attacks, many scientists believe that there is sufficient evidence to warrant cholesterol-lowering diets.

A standard diet reported by three investigators from the Cleveland Clinic included two servings of lean meat, fish, or poultry daily. Cottonseed oil and unsaturated margarine took the place of butter and other animal fats. This diet brought about a drop of 40 milligrams in cholesterol levels of 100 cubic centimeters of blood.

The researchers reported that a practical cholesterol-lowering diet could be palatable—even gourmet—with the use of properly chosen and readily obtainable foods.

Blood plasma, normally clear, turns milky white when levels of cholesterol and other fatty substances become high. Such levels of these substances are associated with higher death rates and more frequent heart attacks.



Obesity can be avoided if one heeds the control messages coming from a little bunch of cells in the brain.

Insurance "Stolen" From Liquor Stores

So many holdups of liquor stores in Washington, D.C., have been staged in recent months that store owners are now having difficulty getting holdup insurance from domestic companies.

Stores which have been robbed "find it impossible to get their insurance renewed," says Hilliard Schulberg, of the Retail Liquor Dealers Association. Even some stores that haven't been robbed cannot secure coverage because insurance companies are pulling out of this high-risk field.

"Store owners who can't get insurance are scared stiff," he declares. "They are almost afraid to open their doors, because one holdup could ruin them."

An alternative suggested by the liquor men is that the Government step in and organize high-risk coverage for liquor stores—in other words, let the taxpayer assume the high cost of protecting the liquor sellers.

Sacred Cow in Court

In a Richmond (Virginia) court a man was given thirty days unsuspended for the nonviolent theft of 65 cents from an unattended newsstand.

The same day in Richmond area courts, five convicted drunken drivers received suspended sentences.

Lose Your Head and You May Get Too Fat!

Are you too fat? It's all in your head!

So says the California Medical Association in reporting that the problem of overeating is all in the eater's head.

That is to say, a little bunch of cells in the brain, collectively called the hypothalamus, automatically regulates the appetite to balance it with energy output so the body remains in its normal weight bracket.

However, according to the CMA, despite constant messages from this small clump of tissue, its overeating master usually manages to ignore the advice one way or another.

Some people, it seems, avoid the advice because they have become used to certain eating habits since childhood. Others ignore it for emotional reasons, or because of social pressures and popular custom. Still others, through the use of alcohol, dull the appetite center so that communication is not clear.

Children Get New Toys

Sending school patrols to Washington, D.C., to visit historic sights of the nation's capital is good.

However, Washington's souvenir stands are evidently poorly policed. For example, an actual composition handed in by an eight-year-old after he had made such a trip from the South went like this: "Up at seven and got dressed. We loaded up on buses and went to see the White House, then the changing of the guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Back at the hotel I bought myself a keen souvenir hat. It had a little can of beer pinned to the hatband and a sign that read: 'I'm an Alcoholic—In Case of Emergency Open This Can of Beer.'"

A hotel which permits the sale of such a "souvenir" to an eight-year-old is hardly the place where a group of children should spend the night.

In This NEWS

* We have discovered the "fountain of youth." See page 16.

* Can you keep your eleven-year-old girl from smoking? See page 17.

* Addicts are robbing the post offices. See page 18.



Senator Stephen M. Young

Staying Young

Ohio's junior Senator in Congress is well named—Stephen M. Young. He is Young not only in name, however, but also in outlook and philosophy of life.

"Youth is not merely a time of life," he says. "It is rather a state of mind."

And he goes on, "Men and women do not grow old merely by living a certain number of years. People grow old by abandoning their enthusiasm, deserting their ideals, giving up their zest for life, and no longer enjoying an appetite for adventure. Instead of yearning for retirement, this desire for an active, vigorous life—the wish and ability to work hard and look forward with hope and not fear—often exists in men and women of seventy or more. Often it is altogether missing and lacking in men of thirty or forty.

"To be sure, years may wrinkle the skin. But to lose enthusiasm wrinkles the soul and deadens the brain.

"Doubt, self-distress, fear, lassitude—these are the long years that bow the head and turn the spirit of hope toward dust.

"Men and women are as young as their faith, as their self-confidence, and as their aspirations and willingness to look forward to and work hard for a better future."

Pastor Aids Addicts

"Mainliner" and "cold turkey" are not new terms to a forty-two-year-old pastor who is heading a center in Detroit to combat juvenile delinquency and drug addiction.

The Rev. Herb Meppelink is in charge of Teen Challenge Center, which has been opened in a thirty-eight-room mansion, purchased by the national Teen Challenge organization. This group won recognition for its fight against addiction in New York City.

Mr. Meppelink became interested in this type of work following an experience eight years ago in Grand Rapids. At that time he brought a nineteen-year-old girl into his home and watched her transformation from a hopeless drug addict into a married woman and Sunday School teacher.

"When she came to live with us, she was a 'mainliner,'" he says. "Six months later she decided to go 'cold turkey.' She quit altogether."

Mr. Meppelink early in 1965 resigned his position as an Assemblies of God pastor at Woodmere Gardens Tabernacle in Grand Rapids. During the summer he completed a two-week course with the national Teen-Challenge organization in New York City. This included working with "beatniks, drug addicts, and gang leaders in some of the worst parts of the city."

"I think we can do the same thing in Detroit that is being done elsewhere," Mr. Meppelink declares. "We will be going out on the streets and telling these gangs that Christ is the answer to their problems."

He says the Detroit center will operate on an annual budget of \$64,000 and will include a full-time staff of sixteen persons, including counselors, evangelists, and cooks.

Further plans eventually call for a teen farm for rehabilitation of boys, and a girls' home.

Teen Challenge was created by the Rev. David Wilkerson, who has been known as the "gang preacher" since he left his Philadelphia parish in 1958 to go to New York to battle gangs and drug addiction.

There are Teen Challenge centers in Chicago and Los Angeles and a rehabilitation farm in Pennsylvania for teen-age addicts.

Possible Cancer Viruses Identified

Virus particles identical in structure to those of a common African childhood cancer have been found in a United States woman.

The virus particles are of a shape and size characteristic of a herpes virus, such as the one causing cold sores in the mouth. However, this does not necessarily mean that the particles cause cancer, scientists at the National Cancer Institute, Bethesda, Maryland, say.

Studies of tissue cultures of tumor cells taken from the United States lymphoma patient and from Africans having the childhood cancer, revealed the identical structure of the virus particles from the two sources. The particles occur in the nucleus, or cytoplasm, of approximately one of each 300 cells in the culture.



Unburned Tobacco Causes Tumors

Unburned cigarette tobacco contains material that causes tumors in experimental mice.

Dr. Fred G. Bock, of the Roswell Park Memorial Institute, Buffalo, New York, and two colleagues, report that although flue-cured tobacco was less active than prepared cigarette tobacco as a source of tumor-causing agents, the unburned tobacco itself definitely caused some tumors.

For most of the experiments, the paper was removed from commercial cigarettes and the tobacco was extracted with barium hydroxide, then filtered.

Balloon Massages Heart

Doctors confronted by cases of heart failure often open the chest cavity and massage the heart by hand until the organ resumes its normal beat. A novel method has been devised by Israeli scientists to replace the surgeon's hand with—of all things—a balloon.

This is introduced by means of a catheter (a hollow, flexible tube) into the cavity of the heart. The balloon is then inflated, and the expanding and contracting balloon replaces the surgeon's hand in massaging the heart. In this manner adequate quantities of blood are forced into the area where the failure is occurring.

New Heart Is Coming

Have a heart!

An invitation such as this may be a physical possibility before long. An artificial heart is not a "fanciful idea," says Dr. Michael E. DeBakey, one of the world's best-known heart specialists. It will be achieved, he declares.

In many high schools in the United States today students listen to tape recordings made by eminent men of medicine and sports heroes speaking on the subject of the dangers encountered from smoking.





"Their new cigarette is 'Beware,' since that way they'll get their name on all competing brands."

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

I would like to meet people, but I am afraid. How about a little drink to improve my personality?

Do you have an opinion, or an answer? Write your reply, briefly and to the point, to the Editor, Listen, 6840 Eastern Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20012.

How can I keep my eleven-year-old girl from smoking? I work and can't be with her all the time.

"Before your daughter chooses to accept the dictum, Do not smoke, she must already have learned that smoking is not for the vibrant, healthy, glowing individual. She already should know the dangers of smoking, but the final choice not to risk the dangers is hers, and she will automatically make the right choice if the principle of choosing only the best in life has caught her imagination."—D. H.

"You have nothing to fear if your training has included individualism and the importance of standing firm to one's convictions and the fallacy of following the crowd. These principles must have been consistently taught, otherwise there is little you can do now but hope and pray."—S. K.

"If you have taught your daughter to obey you, she will not smoke. If she is accustomed to do as she pleases in other things, she will smoke if she wants to. If you have not established parental discipline by now, I guess it's hopeless—she will keep on doing what she pleases."—M. C.

"Personal example is the place to begin. Next, make available the facts about smoking in a simple, direct form. Lung cancer, emphysema, heart attack, and stroke are but a few of smoking's destructive facts. Finally, encourage an open dialogue with your daughter. Gain her confidence by keeping open the communication two ways."—E. A.

"The power of example and environment play a great part in the decisions of life. First give your girl the right example and counsel in the home, and then do your best to place her in an environment, when you cannot be with her, where she will not have to come face to face with this smoking problem. Pray for divine guidance to know how to solve your problem."—R. A.

No-Drink Rules for Pilots

At last, recognizing the menace of drinking and flying, the Federal Aviation Agency is beginning to take steps in the right direction.

It proposes a new "temperance" rule for air crews of private planes—no drinking by any pilot or crew member at least eight hours before flying.

That this is only a gesture, however, is illustrated by the fact that the nation's commercial airlines already forbid their crews from drinking at least twenty-four hours before flight.

At present there is no FAA ban against drinking, except to prohibit "drunken flying."

With such a network of "big-brain machines," Dr. Miller predicts, a user could type a request for information on an electric typewriter and receive an immediate response, either by typewriter or visual display on a modified TV screen.



Facts - By Machine

This country should use its brains—electronic ones, that is—to help meet the nation's health needs.

Dr. James G. Miller, director of the Mental Health Research Institute at the University of Michigan, has proposed a national network of electronic systems for the storage and retrieval of health information, linking hospitals, clinics, universities, libraries, Government agencies, and industries having to do with health.

Recent advances make such a network possible, he says. Among them are these: time-sharing computers linked simultaneously to hundreds of remote typewriters; photo-readers that can read typed or printed material into electronic storage at rates greater than 1,000 characters a second; and new machines with huge electronic memories, such as the one now being built that can store one trillion bits of information.

TEEN-AGERS ARE TOO BIG TO BE DISCIPLINED! TRUE FALSE

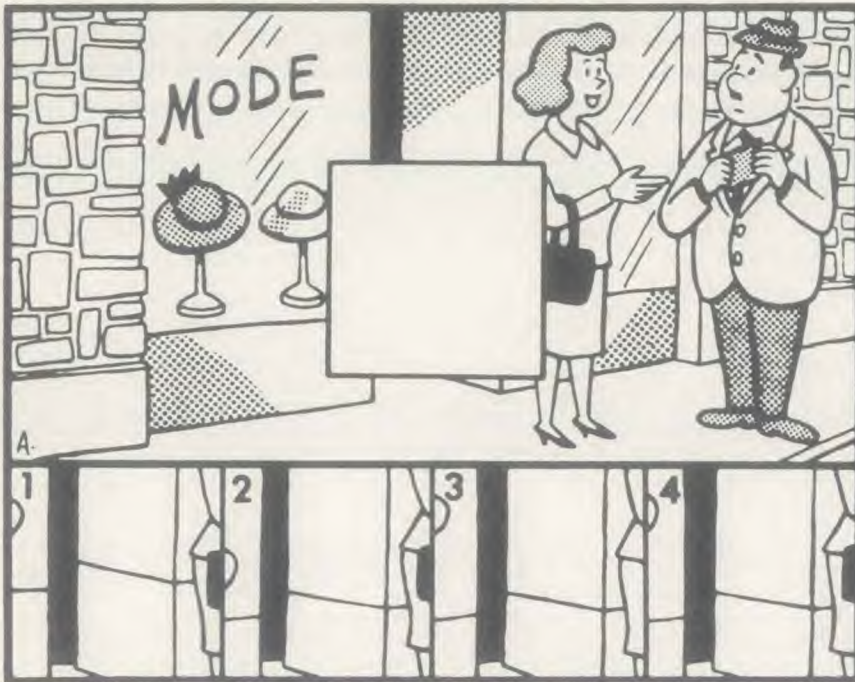


False. Teen-agers are too grown-up to be spanked, or disciplined like little children. But they need discipline all through the teen years, and they know it. Many alert parents realize when their teen-agers are "asking for it." Then, before the youngster has to push farther and farther in testing his limits, he can be brought back within bounds by the adult in charge. Gradually the teen-ager should be encouraged to take over his own discipline until, by the time he or she is ready to leave home, he can manage himself fairly well.

ARE YOU PUZZLED?

Manne Slawin

Singer features



THE MISSING SQUARE. Which of the four squares shown at the bottom fits into the blank square of the illustration?

Near Beer Slips in By Legal Loophole

Charles Layng

In many states where the so-called "legal" drinking age is twenty-one, teen-agers are finding a loophole. Of course, breweries are pandering to their tastes.

Most state laws governing drinking by juveniles carry some such rider as, "the alcoholic content shall

not exceed 1 percent." This leaves the door open for so-called near beer, which, regardless of its low alcoholic content, is still undesirable, as many parents are finding out to their sorrow.

Councilman Conrad Johnston, of Tampa, Florida, discovered this loophole in both the Florida state law and the Tampa city ordinance.

The amount of near-beer drinking has risen so alarmingly in the area that not only Mr. Johnston but also many parents in the area are worried, since sufficient quantities of the near beer can make a youngster irresponsible and potentially dangerous.

The same loophole exists in many states. Parents would do well not to wait to try correcting the legal terminology even though no brewery in the area is now making near beer. In view of the manner in which teen-age fads sweep the country, the breweries in your neighborhood will not long overlook this chance of making money off others' weakness.

Murder - By the Glass

California drinking drivers are getting away with murder, says the California Council on Alcohol Problems.

This educational and legislative group, headed by James William Baird of Oakland and Bergen Bird-sall of Los Angeles, cites the fact that the state's annual traffic toll

Puzzle Solution: No. 4.

is about 1,300 deaths, resulting from some 25,000 accidents. The number of alcoholics is 881,000, with 700,000 teen drinkers in the state. As to liquor licenses, these total 41,159, or one for each 408 residents.

A California survey of victims of fatal crashes shows that well over half of all fatally injured drivers had been drinking. Two thirds of those responsible for crashes had been drinking, while only 20 percent of those not responsible had been drinking. On the pedestrian side, 45 percent of those 15 and older had been drinking.

California's CAP is carrying on an active program of alcohol education in the schools, and effective lobbying efforts in Sacramento to encourage laws for the control of drinking driving, liquor advertising, and teen drinking.

Addicts Rob the Mails

Post office holdups have doubled, and burglaries are nearly 35 percent higher than five years ago, says Chief Postal Inspector Henry B. Montague. In one month last fall, 154 post offices were burglarized, the highest monthly total on record.

Thieves are ripping open safes to get at registered mail with its potential of jewelry and other valuables. They are looting post offices of regular and savings stamps as well as cash and money orders.

A major factor in the upward surge of this kind of crime is the number of addicts who hold up drugstores for narcotics. Many of these drugstores are also contract postal stations, with postal cash available.



by BOB BROWN

PROBLEM: The rising bubble.

NEEDED: Soap solution and a glass funnel.

DO THIS: Dip the funnel into the soap solution and withdraw it, so that a film of soapy water is lifted with it. The film will be at the large end of the funnel, but will crawl slowly up to the little end if the funnel is held as shown. (The funnel must be clean and wet with soapy water for this to work successfully.)

HERE'S WHY: The film has two surfaces, both of which act like stretched rubber sheets (surface tension is the term for this). They tend to shrink to the smallest surface area, and their force due to surface tension is great enough to lift the film upward against the pull of gravity. If the funnel is dirty the experiment may not work.



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Interview by Francis A. Soper



Jerry
Daniels

★
Mr. America

Jerry Daniels, Mr. America of 1965-66, has been called "the most average guy" you will ever meet. He has been and still is a good athlete, specializing at present in baseball. When he was a high school sophomore in 1959, he started out for football; and, in order to develop the physique necessary for playing football, he became aware of physical culture and began following a special regimen for that purpose.

In 1963 Jerry won the teen-age Mr. America title. This contest is sponsored and directed by the American Athletic Union. This organization holds three contests a year — on the junior level, the teen-age level, and the senior level, the latter in direct conjunction with the national weight-lifting championship.

Jerry won his title of Mr. America on July 12, 1965, and holds it for one year. This is a contest for the best overall physique, but it includes many factors, such as personal appearance, symmetry of form, athletic ability, and muscular development. Such things as personality, quality of speech, texture of skin, and personal character are also taken into consideration. The winner must also be a recognized athlete of high caliber.

Jerry's physical program includes regular and proper exercise on a well-balanced schedule, carefully controlled sleep, both as to amount and time, and particular emphasis on diet, especially proteins and vitamins.

He chooses, as far as possible, natural types of foods. He drinks milk, but of the skim variety, eat quantities of fresh vegetables, and has a constant intake of fruit juices, also carrot juice. Of the fruit juices, he prefers papaya because of its nonacid nature. He eats little bread, but what he does eat is of the whole wheat variety. He never takes white bread. He chooses that which has no bleach in it.

"I have often been called a nut on nutrition," he says. "I am very much aware of the impact of good diet on health, and I am constantly careful in the extreme of what I take into my system so that I might preserve to the best extent my strength. A person doesn't realize what good health really means to him until he loses it."

When asked about smoking, he said he was reminded

of the old fairy tales which told of dragons breathing smoke and flame. "If human beings were intended to smoke, God would have prepared their machinery for it. Smoking is simply not natural. I don't believe in what is not natural. Leave the smoking to the dragons."

As to what smoking does, he said that when a person smokes he cuts down his oxygen supply. "Whenever one inhales smoke, it fills his lungs to the exclusion of oxygen. This is the reason so many people today die of suffocation. Every time you smoke you cut a little time off your life. You suffocate a little. Filling the lungs with smoke does not give them a chance to hold oxygen for use by the cells."

Jerry works in the office of the Pilot Freight Carriers. His ambition is to develop into public relations work in order to develop an expansion program for his company. This company runs trucks all through the East Coast area and Southern States.

As far as drinking is concerned, Jerry has seen the results of it and he doesn't believe in drinking. It is not good for the body. He does not feel that he is in a position to order the habits of others, but he knows that a person who drinks harms his own body; and he will have none of it for himself.

"Drinking is not good. It destroys the brain cells. It frequently causes big problems in the home. It hinders physical culture. The body needs the right kind of fuel, and alcohol is not the right kind of fuel. There are many better kinds for the body."

Jerry says he has never drunk in his life. The closest to it he has been was taking cherry cider, but not the hard variety. He has never had a desire to drink and plans never to start. He prefers a glass of papaya juice.

Jerry has made some public appearances before youth groups, and he will be making others in the future. These appearances include posing demonstrations as Mr. America (demonstrating proper physical development), also brief exhibitions of weight lifting, short talks on diet suggestions and physical culture, and encouragement for young people to be careful of their physical condition.

