

LISTEN



A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING

Robert W. Baird, M.D.
Doctor With a Heart

Lonely Old People

Loneliness is bleakness and desolation. Loneliness is being cut off from others. Loneliness is sadness.

These definitions come from the dictionary. The unique thing is that they are used in a full-page liquor advertisement appearing in many newspapers, an ad slanted to "senior citizens," when they find that loneliness is "the cruelest affliction of advancing age." The ad shows grandmother pitifully alone with her sewing and her memories.

Such persons, says the ad, become lonely when children leave home, or when a loved one dies, or when forced retirement changes the whole direction of a life.

"Loneliness can be overcome," the ad goes on. And it centers the whole solution on companionship, the companionship of others "whose years and tears, interests and hopes, are the same." But the problem is transportation.

Then follows a plea for the community to furnish bus transportation, since it provides buses for the youngsters to attend school. "Let us provide buses," says this liquor concern, "to carry our senior citizens from their front doors directly to their centers of companionship."

In this way, it is claimed, boredom and lethargy would disappear, and so would loneliness.

"The problem is great—the solution, simple, if we act upon it. Give happiness a way to arrive, and we can cure loneliness."

This is an excellent ad, one which hits directly at the center of much human trouble these days. The only difficulty is its sponsorship—the business that bought the impressive full-page ad.

One of the great attractions of the tavern, the cocktail parlor, the pub—whatever name is attached—is its companionship. That is why people go there—to visit, to talk, or just to be with people. And this ad illustrates this, especially appealing to old people to come to the taverns, "their centers of companionship," even asking for public transportation to get them there.

Would that service clubs, youth organizations, churches, and other community groups that are established for good purposes, for the uplift and benefit of human beings, could do more in setting up "centers of companionship," for senior citizens, and for people who are not so senior, without the obvious dangers and drawbacks of drinking!

True happiness can indeed cure loneliness, but the bottle and the cocktail glass are not the best way for it to arrive.



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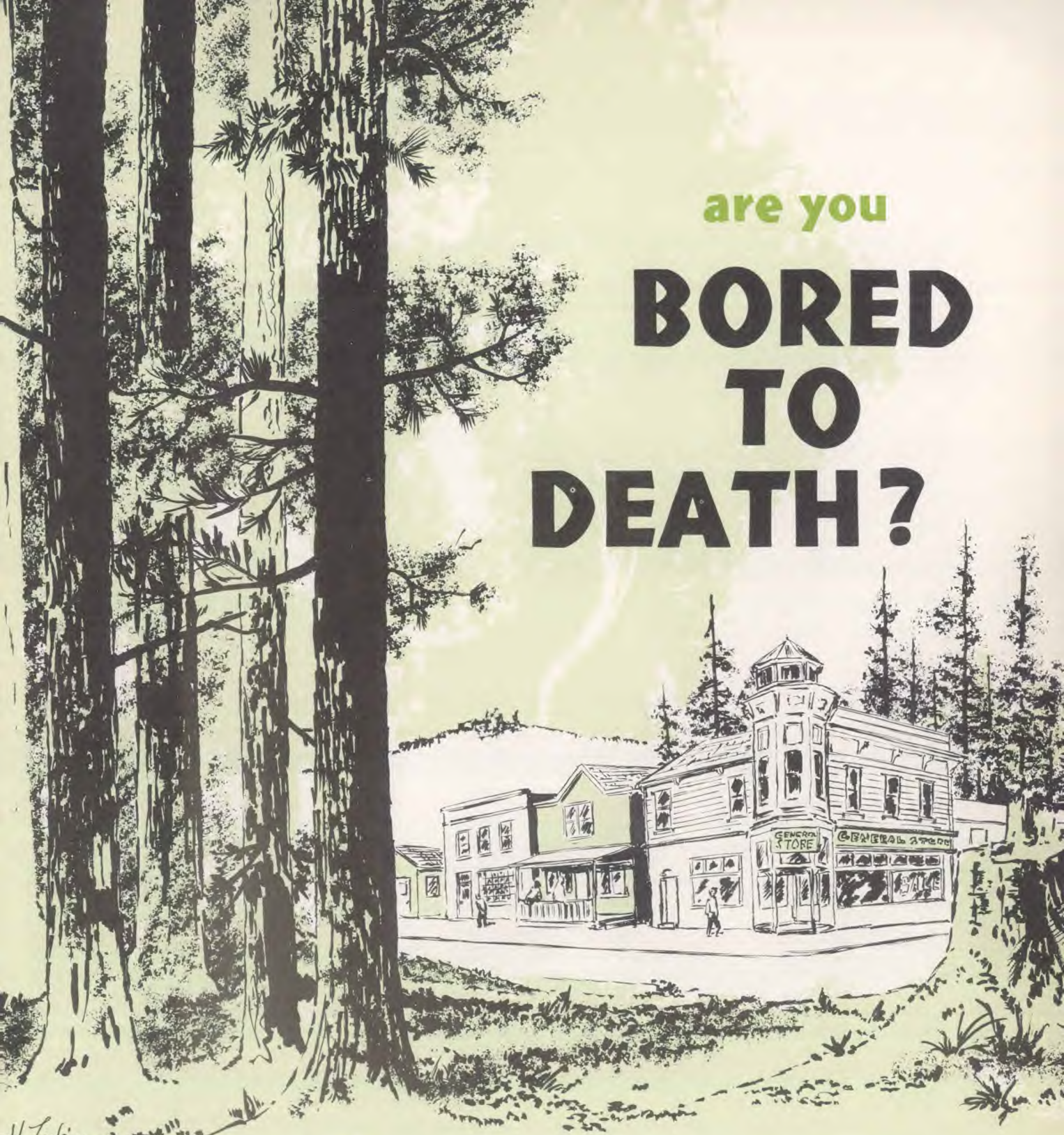
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are you
**BORED
TO
DEATH?**



H Larkin

Here's a
do-it-yourself
remedy.

Irwin Ross, Ph.D.

an air of utter boredom hung over the Southern town. From somewhere behind the frame buildings that lined the dusty main street, the monotonous drone of a power saw sounded, blending with the steady hum of insects in the still air of the summer afternoon. A few residents idled aimlessly in front of the general store or clustered in front of the post office. Their faces were dull, blank.

Then suddenly, almost in a matter of seconds, the whole atmosphere changed. A tiny cloud of smoke appeared in the far hills. A boy was the first to see it. His excited cry swept the town's lethargy before it like a giant broom.

Eyes gleamed with excitement as people milled about, pointing, gesticulating. Someone ran to the phone to call the ranger station. Others climbed to the town's best vantage point atop an abandoned tower. The fire was spreading swiftly now;

flames mingled with the smoke as the blaze began eating its way along a high pine ridge. The townspeople broke into excited cheering as fire-fighting trucks from the ranger station clanged through the town and roared up the road that led to the hills. Almost as a body, town residents climbed into jalopies and followed.

Next day worried state authorities conferred for the dozenth time with the district ranger. Fires had been breaking out in this area on the average of two or three times a week. And authorities suspected that the fires were being started by the residents themselves. Investigators sent into the region ran into a solid wall of conspiratorial silence. Nobody would talk.

A leading psychologist volunteered his services. "I've got a pretty strong hunch," he told officials, "and I'd like the chance to follow it up." The baffled authorities were only too glad to give the psychologist the green light. At first the hill people regarded him with the passive suspicion reserved for "foreigners." He had to win their confidence slowly.

When he returned from his mission, the authorities were astonished. "Those people start those fires, all right," he told them. "In fact, they take turns setting them. They do it because they are bored—bored to the point where they just don't care whether school keeps or not. Those fires break the monotony of their tedious, humdrum existence. And they look forward to them as to a picnic or a circus. Their lives are painfully dull.

"There's only one way to stop those fires. Provide the people with other forms of diversion—give them something else to look forward to. If you'll send social and recreational workers there to introduce sports, hobbies, social get-togethers, and the like, if you'll show these people how to provide recreation for themselves, you won't have any more fires."

They followed the psychologist's advice. It took a little time, because you can't teach people overnight how to amuse themselves, but the formula worked. There's been only one fire since, and that was started by a careless tourist.

Boredom is dangerous because men and women will do almost anything to escape from it. Actually, scientific studies show that simple boredom is responsible for most anti-social behavior. This includes marital infidelities, heavy drinking, brawls, major and petty crimes, and juvenile delinquency.

Ignorance of what boredom really is, and what causes it, makes many people try to escape it by running away from

themselves. Marion W. was the daughter of a socially prominent Washington family. One day at dinner she said she had a headache and wanted to walk round the block to get a little air. She never came back. Six months later, detectives hired by her frantic family found her working as a waitress in a Seattle restaurant under an assumed name. When asked why she had done it, the girl said simply that she was "bored to death with everything, and had to get away from it all."

Many people feel that it would be easy to escape boredom if they only had plenty of money to do the sort of things they've always wanted to do. Maybe so, but studies show that boredom is much more prevalent among those who have plenty of money than among those who haven't.

The files of physicians and psychiatrists yield many cases where extreme chronic boredom has directly or indirectly driven the person to suicide. Studies show that in the advanced stages of chronic boredom, a person actually does not care what happens to him. While he hasn't consciously decided that he wants to end it all, he does find it diverting to flirt with the idea, to see how close he can come to it without actually killing himself. And the closer the better.

He'll drive his car around a hazardous curve at sixty miles an hour, knowing that it's a gamble whether he makes it or not. He flirts with oblivion for the same reason that a bored and fed-up husband may flirt with another woman. Consciously and subconsciously he wants a change, and he's reached the point where he doesn't much care what it is. There's another angle too. Boredom can't exist in the presence of danger.

While most of us are seldom bored to the point where we are driven to extreme measures, studies show that almost nobody is completely immune. As a matter of fact, psychologists estimate that the average individual is bored more than a third of the time.

Well, then, exactly what *is* boredom? What makes it tick? Is there a cure, and if so, what is it? Scientists have gone to great lengths to find out the answers to these questions. And it hasn't been easy, for boredom is one of the most curious phenomena known to man. They found, for example, that people are bored most of the time without even knowing why.

Mr. X. lounges on the terrace of a luxurious vacation resort. He is a fugitive from the monotonous grind at the office. He's escaped from the office, but not from boredom.

"Yes," he confesses, "I'm bored stiff. There's certainly no reason why I should be, but I am."

HOW BORED ARE YOU?

1. In the morning, when you get up, do you dread going to work?
2. Do you "need" much more sleep than the average person? Do you have trouble waking up in the morning?
3. If you had a windfall of \$10,000, would you quit your job either to loaf or to try for a better job?
4. Does time go slowly during the day? Are you usually glad when another week's work is over?
5. Do you rather dread the weekend?
6. In the evening, when you're ready to go home, do you stall around, maybe stop in for a drink or two?
7. Do most people seem pretty dull and stupid to you?
8. Do you dislike being alone, even for short periods of time?
9. Do you find it difficult to sit still without having something to occupy yourself?
10. Do you often find yourself wishing you could "get away from it all"?

How to score:

"Yes" answers to questions 1 through 4 indicate you're bored with your job; 5 and 6 that you're bored with your homelife; 7 through 9 that you're bored with yourself; and 10 that you're just plain "bored." Do something about it!

We've all felt that way. Wanting to do something, without knowing what that "something" is, is one of the prime causes of boredom.

There are two kinds of boredom. One is the self-starting variety which bores from within and has its cause in one's own personality. The other type, just as painful and almost as prevalent, is caused by one of two things:

1. *Insufficient motivation*: You'll be bored by any endeavor which is not motivated by adequate incentive or purpose according to your own standards. Any work or play will tend to bore you unless the reward received is on a par with the effort expended. The reward may be money, satisfaction, pleasure, advancement, credit for any job well done, or anything which seems worthwhile to you.

Try to analyze any job which bores you, identify the reward, as intangible as it may be, and you'll be able to throw yourself into the work or play without fear of boredom. If you can't do that, spend some of the energy you waste in being bored (for tests show that acute boredom consumes more nervous energy than the most violent exercise) in figuring out how to duck the job altogether or how to make it interesting.

2. *Repetitive action*: Everyone's job and daily living involves doing the same things over and over again. And the more repetitious your work happens to be, the more you will likely be bored by it.

Science has discovered, however, a number of ways to make repetitious work less monotonous, even agreeable. If, for example, it's conveniently possible for you to do your humdrum work to music, that is precisely what your psychologist would order. Clinical tests have also proven that if you make a sincere effort to pretend an interest in a dull job, the work can be made to seem actually pleasant. If certain tasks are below your intelligence, occupying your hands but not your mind—housework, for example—make little projects for yourself to keep your brain occupied. Think about the larger view of the job at hand, where the bolts you are packing will be used, how the wearer will enjoy the shirt you are ironing, and the "little" job will seem more important and thus more interesting.

The only real cure, of course, is to pick a job that's consistent with your intelligence, or to think of monotonous work as a stepping-stone to a more stimulating occupation. In any case, the best rule about outwitting boredom is never to fight it. Fight the cause, not the boredom itself.

How can this be done? Fortunately, psychologists are ready with the answer. All you have to do is relax, mentally and physically. It's as simple as that. And here's why. When a state of mental or emotional tension exists, the brain does not function as it should. Its awareness becomes sluggish and dulled. Its ability to recognize and interpret our subconscious wishes deteriorates completely.

To make your innermost wishes intelligible to your conscious mind, it is therefore necessary to relax. Then what you really want to do will become discernible to you, and you'll be able to find means of expressing the frustrated urge which is responsible for your boredom. Significantly, tests have shown that boredom is always accompanied by extreme mental and physical tension. You can't be bored without being tense; it's psychologically impossible. And conversely, studies of the noted psychiatrist, Dr. L. J. Meduna, have shown that boredom cannot exist if you are relaxed.

Give this proven principle a trial. Just relax, let go completely . . . stretch out in a warm tub for a few minutes . . . concentrate on nothing . . . and just feel the tension ease out of your mind and muscles. And even before you've got yourself completely relaxed, you'll find that your boredom is slipping away.



Patrice Smart

on a cliff

A famous lecturer, a Hollywood psychologist, once tried to explain to his audience the futility of telling a person to stop worrying or

that there is nothing to worry about.

Said the psychologist: "I'd be willing to wager that there isn't a man or woman here who is worried about falling out of bed tonight. Suppose, however, your bed were placed near the edge of a 500-foot cliff. Would you feel the danger to be any greater than if it were in your own bedroom? Maybe not; but I doubt if you would sleep as soundly on the cliff."

"The worrier and the fretter," he went on, "are constantly on the edge of the cliff, and it is the cliff that constitutes most of the worries, fears, and anxieties."

Yet everyone worries, and many worry over the bridges they may never have to cross.

Have you ever tried to analyze your worries? Separate the legitimate ones from those that are imaginary, and talk or think yourself out of those that only time or some future condition can control. For instance, you have planned a picnic. It looks like rain. It is too bad, but there is no point in worrying. You won't be able to change the weather.

On the other hand, it would be foolish not to have any concern about the outcome of a serious operation, or about that first solo flight your son is about to make. But mitigating your anxiety with faith in a successful outcome will help.

A certain amount of anxiety about some things is necessary for survival, but it should never create distress.

It has been said that fear is faith in reverse. Fear makes us anxious. Fear makes us worry. But faith in God's providence helps us rid ourselves of both anxiety and worry.

It is more difficult for some than for others to fight the worry complex, but it is worth the effort.

Look worry in the face and ask: "Is this a necessary, helpful worry, or am I wasting precious time and energy on something I cannot change?"

In this way you can learn to brush off uncontrollable problems and expend your efforts in solving those worries that can be eradicated by careful thought and action.

The Irish have a proverb that offers good advice to worrywarts:

"Never bid the devil 'Good morning' until you meet him."

For salesmen

here's a question that might have a lot to do with their sales average—



What's for Lunch?

What do you have for lunch? If you are a salesman or a saleswoman and you work for a commission, then you might be hurting your sales by your lunchtime activities.

Today I sat in a waiting room of a large corporation. The position of my chair was such that I was directly in line with a hallway leading into the purchasing agent's office, and I could observe salesmen making their sales presentations.

I was also in a position to watch salesmen as they waited to see the purchasing agent. All of them were neatly dressed, and they had made sure their suits hung straight. Their shoes shone and their hair was neatly combed. As I watched three different salesmen present their sales talks, I noticed how their chests heaved as they spoke forcefully of the merits of their products. Their lips moved precisely as they called on all their talents to sell what they were offering. Some used hand gestures more than others, but they all sat erect, smiled pleasantly, and did their best.

I was quite taken up with my vantage point, and I went over to the receptionist and asked her if she had ever sat in

that chair and observed the characteristics of salesmen. "I surely notice them in the afternoon," she said. "Half of them come in here drunk and still expect to make a sale."

It was still morning, and these men looked sharp—every one of them. I decided to come back in the afternoon for a look around. Sure enough, during the two hours I spent there I saw two salesmen who looked as if they were returning from a New Year's Eve party. About four others were borderline cases, but it was evident that they had downed a liquid lunch. Their speech wasn't right. They weren't as sharp as they might have been. In other words, they had diminished their selling powers.

I talked more with the receptionist. "Do these fellows who come in here after drinking make any sales?" I asked.

"No," she replied. "My boss gets so disgusted with them. They get half shot and then take a mint and think that all is right with the world. They waste his valuable time."

Many salesmen claim that they are obligated to take a customer out for lunch, and that they must drink with him. Maybe the actual truth is that they take a customer out to lunch *so that* they can drink with him. Perhaps the salesman has set up his lunch buying so that it will be with customers who he knows like to drink their lunch. Maybe this very thing is causing him to diminish his selling record. A study of his progress might reveal that he does most of his real selling in the morning hours.

Alcohol and business do not mix. Most salesmen have to travel by auto, so not only are they poor sellers, but they are a menace on the highway between calls.

"I need a drink to bolster my confidence," one salesman told me.

"If you need a sale to bolster your confidence," I reminded him, "a drink won't help you one bit to get that sale. You need to make calls, good calls, when your mind is sharp and your tongue is working properly. Being dulled by alcohol is only a deceptive crutch. The sooner you throw it away the sooner your sales will climb."

A prominent insurance salesman, a good friend of mine, once admitted to me that he was having a serious problem with alcohol. "I have to keep making these luncheon dates; and, quite frankly, I drink so much it ruins my day. It's ruining my life, and I don't know how to get out of this."

I explained to Frank that the solution was really quite simple: "Just don't drink."

"But the customers expect me to drink. They'd be offended if I didn't. I wouldn't make the sale. They'd think I was an oddball."

"And what do they think now?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied.

"Let me tell you something I know from real experience," I said. "Other people don't really care if you drink with them or not. For all they care you can drink water or Scotch, bourbon or soft drinks. You can drink iodine if you want, and they couldn't care less. Right now you think they care. At one time I thought the same thing; but when I quit, I was amazed to discover that this was only one of many wrong notions I had."

If you are selling and drinking and you want to sell more, then cut out the drinking. You've heard the slogan, "Drinking and driving don't mix." Well, add this one to it, "Drinking and selling don't mix." Come to think of it, drinking and anything that is good don't mix.

ARTHUR J. FETTIG



marks of **DEATH**

Joe Romeo is dead!

I said: JOE ROMEO IS DEAD!—and YOU were an accessory to his MURDER!

Early this morning, before most people were fully awake, the long, black limousine containing Joe's body and a few bouquets of flowers from some who knew him wheeled slowly down Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles, and eventually disappeared beneath the ominous portals that frame the entrance of Forest Lawn Cemetery.

The autopsy didn't show that Joe was murdered, but he was, and you and I both know it. The reason the coroner didn't call it murder was that he couldn't find the usual lacerations or wounds that indicate a person has been fatally bludgeoned or stabbed. He overlooked the point of entry of the death weapon—a small puncture mark over the vein on Joe's left inner arm. But then he's not to blame, for it looked like dozens of older scars that covered the veins on both of Joe's arms.

Those marks were the marks of death—needle marks—where Joe had pumped gram after gram of poison into his body—heroin from the death merchants in Mexico and Asia, and synthetics from unscrupulous manufacturers and retailers.

Death is always ugly, but I wish you could have gone down to the morgue with me Tuesday morning when I received the call from Inspector Ellis of the Los Angeles Narcotic Division, asking me to identify this man who had my name in his wallet.

They had checked Joe's wallet to learn his identity and found it contained no money, no pictures—only a few scraps of paper with cryptic addresses and phone numbers scribbled on corners of envelopes and pieces of matchbook covers. My name, on the business card I had given Joe a year before when he applied for a job, was the only complete link to Joe, so they had called me.

As I looked for the last time on a young man of twenty-one, who had been basically a good kid, anger rose in my chest—an anger born of the awareness that Joe shouldn't have had to die while still so young. Stifling further conversation, I left hurriedly and drove to my apartment.

Go there

and identify

some Joe Romeo

you know— then tell

me you don't care!

**Everett
Merrick**

Joe's death was meaningless and tragic because it was caused in part by men and women like you and me who had steadfastly refused to listen to his pleading for help. We could have helped him help himself—and we didn't!

I don't know much about Joe's background, but I rather suspect that his mother and father were the average American couple, decent folk, providing for Joe as best they could, never believing that only months after their son's twenty-first birthday he would die in a dirty cold-water hotel room.

I remember the first time I met Joe. The wholesale appliance firm for which I work had recently undergone a 25 percent cutback in both production and personnel. It was in the midst of this production lull that Joe called to see me, not realizing that we weren't hiring at the time.

He was dressed in a freshly pressed ivy-league suit, and his hair was cut short, in a Princeton style. His overall appearance was most impressive. He had recently graduated from high school and was, as he put it, "looking for something that holds a promise for the future."

We talked for forty-five minutes, during which time I explained that, while we were not hiring right then, I felt he would certainly find a place in our company when production again picked up.

During the course of the interview I asked him about his plans for the future and his immediate needs, which of course, included finding a job. Having interviewed many young men, I'm always amazed to find how few have any realistic idea about their vocational objectives.

Joe smiled, revealing a beautiful row of white teeth, and said thoughtfully, "I'm not sure, Mr. Merrick, but whatever I do for a livelihood I want to be the very best there is."

Joe's answer left me deeply impressed as did his warm, firm handshake at the conclusion of our interview.

As he was leaving, I gave him my card and asked him to call me in a month or two, even if he had located other employment, because I felt that our company had something to offer Joe Romeo, and I was confident that he had something to offer us.

The next time I saw Joe—he was dead!

What I'm trying to tell you about Joe's life won't bring Joe back, but it might help another kid to live past his twenty-second birthday. If so, it will have been worthwhile.

When I first met Joe, he was no different from most teen-agers. He had the same hopes, the same fears, the same anxieties, and the same curiosity. He had a rigid set of mores dictated by his need for acceptance among his peers.

The kid was impressionable, as most teen-agers are, and he was misinformed and insufficiently educated in the pitfalls of the world. For this, you, his parents, educators, members of the news media, entertainers, and a host of business and professional people stand guilty of acting as accomplices to those who caused Joe's death—by your refusal to tell Joe things he wanted to know; by your failure to replace half-truths—glibly spread on popular radio, television, and film—with truth; by your lack of courage in standing up and telling Joe, "Look, kid! Here's what you're getting yourself into."

The problem was, Joe had no one to ask, no one from whom he could get answers to satisfy his adolescent curiosity; so he turned to the erroneous information supplied by his friends. And today Joe has no problems, no questions—nothing. Everything has stopped for Joe!

You and the others bear the responsibility for allowing him to believe that it was "in" to smoke "weed" (marijuana), and to "drop pills" during his nightly forays with the gang at the high school hop. Sure, you scolded him; you said: "Tch, tch, Joe, Good boys don't do that." But did

you tell him that smoking weed and eating "bennies" was just a prelude to "fixing" heroin, and that in a few short years he'd get some stuff so potent that it would snuff his life out in seconds? No!

Did you demand that the guardians of our morality—editors, publishers, and producers of "B" grade commercial "junk" films and publications—desist from promoting trash which tried (and often succeeded) to create dramatic effect and sensationalism at the cost of sacrificing facts and the truth about the menace which can cripple and kill? NO!

Did you become indignant, white-hot mad, when you saw on your television screen a grown man who was arrested on the public school grounds peddling drugs to those same uneducated and ill-informed kids, or did you merely shrug your shoulders, stretch your legs, and change channels? Apathy and lethargy are easy cloaks to wear if—if the kid down at the morgue isn't a kid named Joe—YOUR SON, JOE.

Did you encourage your P.T.A. leaders to adopt a realistic approach to the full scope of addiction to habit-forming drugs? Did you demand that they incorporate a narcotic education program in the school where Joe, and others like him, learn the principles of accounting and the history of this first-rate country we call "the land of the free," yet never hear a word about the insidious menace of addiction to narcotics? NO! You contented yourself, instead, with an inane discussion about the forthcoming open house; an open house which Joe will miss.

I hear you asking: "Wasn't Joe at fault too? Were we the only ones who were wrong?"

No. Joe wasn't blameless; and he, too, must share, posthumously, the blame for what happened.

Joe's life was paradoxical in that he sought vainly for a panacea which could ease his emotional pain, the conflicts always associated with "growing up," not realizing that he wasn't even approaching the truth. What Joe failed to see was that his use of drugs was only masking, temporarily, a more serious problem, a character defect; and while he continued to anesthetize himself against obtaining self-understanding, his worst enemy would dog his every footstep.

Joe's worst enemy was himself!

Everyone knows that three mandatory requirements comprise a well-rounded personality: self-understanding, self-confidence, and self-control. Joe didn't have any of them to an appreciable degree. If he had only taken the time to acquire the first, self-understanding, the acquisition of the second and third requisites would have followed, but Joe didn't give himself a chance.

Instead, he believed that somewhere in the bottom of a "fix" or, perhaps, in the *next* capsule of heroin, he would suddenly find that this awareness he lacked would be given him; that his inner conflicts would be resolved, and that, at last, he would be a whole person.

Joe, I'm sure, found during his "moment of truth" as he lay dying on that hotel-room floor, that he had been searching in the wrong place for the thing he sought.

This is an indictment, Mr. and Mrs. Citizen, against you; and try as you may, you can't use the "collective responsibility myth" as your defense. The fact that you are one among many who shirk their responsibilities as parents, educators, instructors, and guardians isn't a valid excuse. I realized this all the more when I walked into that room Tuesday morning, the room labeled in two-inch black letters COUNTY MORGUE, where giant whirring motors kept the "ice trays" at the correct temperature. It raked my soul.

Go there and identify some Joe Romeo you know, perhaps YOUR own child—then tell me you don't care!

WHEN THE WHITE HOUSE WENT DRY

NOTE FROM HISTORY

When Sarah Polk, First Lady of the land, determined not to serve alcoholic beverages in the White House, little did she realize the furor that would be aroused throughout the nation.

"What is happening at the White House?" many inquired. "Why all this no-liquor activity? There won't be any more fun at social gatherings there."

But beautiful, scintillating Sarah Polk, wife of James Polk, eleventh President of the United States, stood her ground. Her nondrinking background convinced her that the presence of liquor at social parties in the White House would contribute nothing.

"What the White House needs at these social functions are bright, witty persons who do not need to depend on liquor but rather on their sparkling personalities," she insisted.

In a short while Mrs. Polk, along with the President, convinced liquor fanciers that social functions could be gay, exciting, and important without alcoholic spirits.

At the inaugural ball held on March 4, 1845, word was passed around about Mrs. Polk's preference for nonalcoholic beverages, and this was honored by the celebrators.

Sarah Polk soon demonstrated to a large, doubting public that she could be a popular hostess, depending alone on good food and sparkling conversation for success. She was determined that at all times dignity should prevail at the White House.

One evening, in a tribute to one of Mrs. Polk's fascinating receptions, a distinguished visitor complimented her,

"Madam, you have a very genteel assemblage here tonight."

"Sir," she replied, "I have never seen it otherwise."

At an early age Mrs. Polk had been shown the results of drink. Gifted with a cultural polish and with a dark beauty, she balanced off her husband's dislike for social activity. She recognized that social affairs were necessary. She usually conducted two evening receptions each week and gave state dinners and musicals, as well as many informal parties.

Each Saturday morning when Congress was in session she held a reception. At these affairs Mrs. Polk made friends with the Congressmen for her rather shy husband. All respected the First Lady's ban on alcohol and praised her action. They noticed that White House functions were always well attended despite the lack of alcohol, and that they were zestful and enjoyed by all.

Guests who had attended functions at the White House prior to President Polk's residency noted that Mrs. Polk's magnetic personality plus her insistence on spirited conversation among the visitors was an ideal substitute for filled glasses.

Undaunted by taunts about her ban on alcohol, Mrs. Polk, encouraged by her husband, continued her policy until she left the White House on March 6, 1849.

Convinced that there was no place for alcoholic drinking in the White House, Sarah Polk proved that there were many substitutes for it. Her pluck and determination won the hearts of citizens everywhere, and her attitude encouraged many to give up the use of alcohol.

*Henry F.
Unger*





OUR COVER

Dr. Robert W. Baird gives of himself to every patient. This is true of his flourishing medical practice, but even more so when he volunteers a "second practice" free of charge to aid the most miserable of human beings—drug addicts.

Listen's cover is by Susan Schiff Faludi, of Three Lions Studio, New York.



They know they can get what they most need—because Dr. Robert W. Baird is there!

Doctor With a Heart

Interview by Francis A. Soper





▲ "Alcohol? I'm tough on it. It's a drug too. Don't play around with it. It has no good use at all except to kill germs on a cut. It's mighty bad to mess around with."

◀ "Why am I so tough on marijuana? I'll tell you. So many kids who experiment with pot go on to heroin, maybe 90 percent, especially among the kids who learn how to combine marijuana, goofballs, and wine at parties."



Some 98 percent of addicts are the kids who are both smokers and drinkers before they are fourteen years of age. They get on drinks early and then head toward drugs.

▶ "We all have a tremendous, untapped potential, a treasure box with no bottom. Use drugs—this is thrown away."

At his HAVEN, Dr. Baird holds a night session with addicts striving to kick their habit. On the wall are inspirational photos to help give struggling hearts added push over hard spots during withdrawal time.



◀ "Parents should discipline their children and strive to teach them responsibility. Every one of you parents should know where junior is. No sixteen-year-old should be coming in as late as one or two in the morning."

▶ "The use of so-called milder drugs, like pep pills, marijuana, and barbiturates, leads into ever greater quantities, or to a desire for something with even more kick. Heroin is the horse that has it to give."



Lights glimmered along the street. Traffic wandered back and forth, with the ebb and flow controlled by the signals at the corner. High buildings stood starkly, casting eerie shadows. Here and there a light shone in a window to show someone at home in his apartment. A few business signs advertised the reasons for their existence.

One of these signs—rather hidden and unpretentious—modestly advertised the fact that in the second-floor room behind the sign, miracles were taking place. Human beings were being resurrected to life! They were being rescued from a virtual death. The sign read "HAVEN."

This was Friday night at 226 116th Street in New York City. Some one hundred persons—young and old, mostly young—had collected in their weekly get-together. All had one thing in common, the vicious grip of the drug habit. They were sick souls in search of salvation—and finding it, because Dr. Robert W. Baird was there with them.

This, then, is another episode in the amazing story of Dr. Baird, who has been called the fearless, fighting young medico from East Harlem.

About ten years ago he found a nine-year-old boy hopelessly hooked. The tragic sight so shook him that then and there he embarked on a career of aiding people in trouble. He has been hard at it ever since.

Dr. Baird leads a double life, an around-the-clock life. By day he is a specialist in internal medicine and diabetes at a plush Fifth Avenue office. Patients crowd in from many parts of the world.

In early evening he is usually out lecturing, maybe to a youth group, a civic organization, or even in another town. Perhaps he stops by a radio station or a television studio to make a personal appearance—his subject is always narcotics—giving facts, warning youth, urging action.

By about ten o'clock he arrives at his "other office" on 116th Street, just two doors from his HAVEN (Help Addicts Voluntarily End Narcotics), where he begins a night's work with his addicts, until 3 or 4 a.m. Here his patients are treated free of charge. He operates the clinic at his own expense, a thing he has done, he says, "for years." Patients come usually because a friend, a relative, has found help there. "You can too," is their story, "because Dr. Baird is there."

And each receives help according to his need. "I prescribe a diet," the doctor says, "also vitamins, and in some cases hormones, or other medication. But no narcotics or drug substitutes. The first three days are the hardest, so I urge each one to have someone home with him during that time, or if not call me and come here if the yen to take off gets overpowering."

At first he saw his patients only once a week, but it soon became apparent this was not enough—he would have to do it once a day, at times even more, for at least two or three weeks. One day clean, is his motto, only one day at a time.

And the treatment isn't everything. Even more important are the heart-to-heart chats afterward, the extra faith the doctor gives them in themselves. And every Friday comes the all-night session with the addicts and their families. "Group therapy," he calls it.

"Someone has to care enough to give them the emotional security they need," the doctor says. "We all need it too."

At times he talks tough. Brought up in Brooklyn, he

knows how to speak the language of the addict. From the first night, every addict knows who is "boss," who is in charge.

But Dr. Baird is a man who cares, else he wouldn't be giving his very life voluntarily to help these poor souls. His cold-turkey talk can be coaxing, soft, considerate—depending on the person. He probes for an opening and, when he knows he is communicating, treads carefully lest he hurt unnecessarily.

He spots a phony quickly and unerringly, but every person, especially a young one, who really wants help, receives the most skilled and dedicated assistance of which the doctor is capable. He sees each one as a human being in need.

Here's Anita, twenty-one years old, who has been spending \$15 a day on three "bags" of heroin. "I wanted common everyday things again," she says, "and to be an example to my husband, who hasn't kicked the habit yet. I've been clean seven and a half months now."

Bob's record is eighty-one days. He is well educated, proficient in TV experience. Doctor asks him to appear as a prize "exhibit" to tell his story on one of the series of programs to be taped and shown and repeated at times when the largest number of teen-agers are at their TV sets.

John has been clean thirty-nine days. "It was pretty tough at the beginning. Now it's much easier. Already I have brought three of my friends here for help."

Bonnie is a pianist who has developed a new method of learning the keyboard. She has been clean for 137 days. Several of her fellow sufferers say they want to take lessons from her—this will help her, and them.

Ben has been clean only seven days. As each tells his story, the whole group bursts into applause. They feel for each other, elated by victories gained, each day clean, depressed when someone "blows."

Ralph totals his clean days 348. Only seventeen more, and he will have a whole year. Already he has saved nearly enough from his being clean to buy a Buick convertible.

Eric is on marijuana, still hasn't any record of clean days. Everyone in the room groans in sympathy, knowing what is ahead for the young man, present for the first time.

Tom is trying to kick the use of cough syrups containing codeine. "My coordination is off. My thinking is pretty slow. It's harder to drive."

Jean is a "graduate." She has been clean several years now, but she comes back to encourage others going through what she already has surmounted. Often the old-timers do this. "You can make it—we did." It is usually considered that a person must stay off for a period of two years before he is "safe."

Dr. Baird is proud of his patients, as well he might be. He smiles with them, grimaces when they fail, but always pushes them on to a better life. They love him for what he has done for them. He literally saves their lives. They know they can get what they most need, because Dr. Baird is there. As one grateful patient commented confidentially, "The way he carries on, I believe there is a God."

This is a natural result of his work. He does not use a religious approach to his patients initially. "I have to get through to them first where their problem is, and get some things straightened out in their thinking." The doctor, however, is a religious man himself, active in his church.



"The addict is essentially selfish. He says, 'I want my own way.' But what is 'my own way'? Your way may not be the right way. You must learn to know right by experience. You live in a society where millions of other people live too."

"I am unalterably opposed to the plan of setting up clinics where addicts are given continuing supplies of drugs on a legalized basis. Take the poverty of poor thoughts out of sick minds, and work on that instead. "Drug addiction isn't the only addiction. I list four others at least: compulsory eating, gambling, whoring, and drinking."



He has seen sufficient of the ravages of drug use to stay scrupulously away from drugs in his own life. No false stimulant for him, in spite of his day-and-night program. He is a nondrinker and nonsmoker—stays away from tea and coffee too.

Instead of depending on drugs, he has a vigorous regime of physical culture, practicing weight lifting in a basement gym at home, or flipping himself on parallel bars in his backyard. Occasionally he gets away for a few hours to his upstate ranch.

How does his family stand his round-the-clock set-up? They don't—he's a bachelor.

Dr. Baird is a crusader. He's not satisfied merely in helping addicts kick their habit. He is building for the future, developing a community campaign against addiction, pushing on the medical, legal, and educational fronts both

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to help care for present problems and to lay a basis for prevention in days to come.

So it is that Dr. Baird, working in the present, always looks to the future. Some 1,000 addicts have personally benefited from his human concern and medical help for them. Untold numbers in their own lives have been fortified against the use of drugs because of his lectures and his many radio and television appearances. Cities and communities are the better because of his insight in setting up programs against the narcotics menace. And one cannot even predict the future benefit which will result from his long-range campaign to guard the health of generations to come.

Indeed, myriads of people of every age, of every race, of every station in life are better off, and will continue to benefit—because Dr. Baird is there!

"We all have problems, but we must face them realistically and in perspective. An addict is aggravated by little things; for example, when Fifth Avenue was made a one-way street, many of them went out and took goofballs to lose their frustration."

"It's later than you think if you continue to play around with stuff. If you're eighteen, already much of your life is gone. You don't have much time left to make what you want of your life. Don't waste time playing around, risking five years in jail, or worse yet, risking becoming a stiff in the morgue. It could happen to you."



When I Was Offered

MY FIRST DRINK

Clayton Bowers

I was eighteen and traveling cross-country to teach my first term of school. I had taken refuge in the lobby of a livery stable from a heavy rainstorm that had soaked me through. I had received the ducking while riding in an open buggy. Most of the half-dozen men in the lobby appeared to have met a similar fate, for they were hovering over the little stove.

As the storm outside abated, I rose to depart; whereupon the man sitting in the office chair called out, "Wait a minute. We'll see what's in this." So saying, he drew a bottle from an inside pocket, broke the seal, loosened the cork, and started the coveted prize down the line toward me.

I had no notion of accepting the proffered drink, but I did feel keenly the impact of the occasion. They were a congenial bunch of fellows and seemed to me to be real friends, even though our acquaintance was only one hour long, and about all we had in common were our soaked clothes and the warmth of a friendly stove.

By the time the bottle reached me, I felt I was with men who would divide their last crust with me if I were in need; and for a split second I think I experienced what sways many a lad to take his first drink. I hesitated.

A painful silence ensued as the drink was passed back over the same route by which it had come. No one talked.

However, each in his own turn partook. Only when the empty bottle was returned to the generous donor's pocket was the silence broken.

"If he doesn't mind," this flushed-faced man was saying, "we would like to know on what grounds our hospitality has been refused by the young man near the door."

Then turning directly to me he inquired, "Are you under a vow or a pledge of some kind? Or are you only a Sunday School boy?"

There were smiles and chuckles about the circle, and I could feel all eyes turning in my direction.

"Gentlemen," I managed to say, "it is not because of a vow, although I did make one at the age of ten. It is not because I am a Sunday School boy, although that is exactly what I am. Neither is it because my father is a preacher and hates liquor as he hates a snake. Nor is it because I have one of the best mothers in the world. Many a man has had these same influences in his life and yet has thrown himself away on drink.

"I have refused this, the first I have ever been offered, because I have learned from many sources what it may do for the drinker, for his family, and for society in general. I know that not everyone who takes a drink becomes a drunkard, but I also know that if I never take the first drink, other drinks will never bother me."

"That's right. That's exactly right," rejoined the man with the empty bottle. "I would give anything, yes, everything I possess, to have taken a stand like that when I was young. Had I never taken that first drink, I wouldn't be in the fix I now am in." Every man in the circle nodded.

Prosperity party

Party Pick-Ups

Blossom Engen



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his month millions of graduating seniors will be looking questioningly to the future. What the next few years will bring them, of course, is only conjecture, but it will be interesting to give them an optimistic outlook for one evening at least. Tonight everyone comes out ahead at a—

PROSPERITY PARTY

Dramatize the meeting place of your affluent society by decorating with travel posters from exotic places—generally available from your local travel agents or airlines ticket offices. Use soft lighting. Interesting curios may be placed strategically. Good-quality music will be a pleasing background as guests arrive.

When inviting guests, be sure to inform them you'll be wanting to know how they made their first million by age thirty-five. You might also ask them to wear some status symbol.

As friends arrive, distribute a few hundred dollars of your own manufacture to each.

So that all may become acquainted and able to recognize the abilities of those present, ask each person to interview and then give a thumbnail sketch of the individual to his right. You might give a sample of a flowery pseudointroduction of one of your colleagues.

The Paper Money Giveaway should be followed by further possibilities for building up assets or liabilities. Intersperse the following through the evening:

1. When an alarm goes off, all those seated might receive \$10.
2. All men with shoes polished thirty minutes before leaving home will receive \$10 from all those not falling into this category.
3. All girls carrying purses will give \$10 to those without.
4. Those savers vacationing at home this summer will receive \$10 each from colleagues with the wanderlust.

Gimme: Divide your guests into groups of eight or ten. Teams may be designated by names of local well-known business associates. Provide a container for each group in which to place items assembled. The leader will say, "Gimme _____," and specified items as they are available in each group are deposited in the container. A time limit should be given for extracting articles from each

group. The group having the most items at the end of the game is the winner, and should be reimbursed \$10 per member. The following might be collected: cuff link; car key; hair clip; unused postage stamp; mirror; envelope; penny; tie; perfume; receipt or sales slip; shoelace; nail clipper; comb.

Monetary Charades: Divide the groups and pantomime "money" proverbs such as "A fool and his money are soon parted," "The love of money is the root of all evil," "A penny saved is a penny earned," and so on.

Business-enterprise table games could be used for the remainder of the evening.

Have each tally his money at the end of the evening to determine the one who has shown the most business acumen.

Desserts may be auctioned or sold, the recipients using their evening dividends.

REFRESHMENTS

* Strawberry Cream Puffs

* Golden Punch

STRAWBERRY CREAM PUFFS

(12 servings)

- ½ cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 4 eggs

Melt butter or margarine in water. Add flour and salt all at once and stir vigorously. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture forms ball that does not separate. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Add eggs one at a time, beating vigorously after each addition until mixture is smooth. Drop from tablespoon 2 inches apart onto greased baking sheet. Bake in preheated oven at 450° for 15 minutes. Turn oven heat to 325° for an additional 25 minutes. Remove with spatula and cool on rack. When thoroughly cool, cut side of each puff and fill with a combination of pudding and pie filling and whipped topping.

FILLING

- Pudding and pie filling (small package),
vanilla flavor
- Milk as directed
- Whipped topping (2 packages)
- 1 quart hulled, sweetened strawberries

Prepare pudding and pie filling according to directions on package. Chill with a layer of waxed paper lying directly on the pudding. Prepare whipped topping. Fold into pudding mixture, reserving slightly less than half for garnish on top of the cream puffs. Top with strawberries.

GOLDEN PUNCH

(24 servings, 6-ounce)

- 1 46-ounce can apricot nectar
- 2 quarts lemonade (usually 2 small cans
frozen lemonade with water
as directed)
- 1 quart ginger ale or sparkling water

Combine apricot nectar with lemonade. Chill. Add cold, carbonated beverage just prior to serving.

Keep Drivers Away From Drugs!

Do-It-Yourself Method How to Suffocate

After heart disease, the greatest crippler of Americans is emphysema, which makes breathing increasingly difficult.

More than \$60,000,000 is paid out annually by social security in benefits to persons disabled by the disease. In less than twenty years the disease increased 900 percent—from 2,300 deaths in 1945 to 19,443 deaths in 1963.

Probably the greatest single factor in the cause of emphysema and chronic bronchitis is smoking.

In simple terms, the diseases develop like this:

Smoking irritates the lining of the air tubes, called bronchi, causing them to secrete excessive mucus, or phlegm.

The sufferer tries to expel this mucus by coughing, which increases as the irritation increases. If the difficulty persists for three months, or if it recurs for two consecutive years, doctors consider chronic bronchitis to be present.

Usually, mucus is swept out of the air passages by tiny hairs called cilia that are in constant motion. However, cigarette smoke first paralyzes these hairs and then mucus overwhelms them. The mucus is not removed and so clogs the air tubes.

Emphysema can follow bronchi-

tis. In the lungs are millions of tiny air sacs called alveoli. When emphysema develops, these sacs are gradually destroyed. The lungs lose their elasticity and can no longer expand and contract easily to draw in and expel air.

Smokers are much more likely to develop respiratory diseases than are nonsmokers. The Surgeon General's committee of experts termed smoking "the most important of the causes" of chronic bronchitis.

Jam-Packed Roads

About 95.6 million Americans are licensed to drive motor vehicles, the Bureau of Public Roads says. California leads the nation with 9.5 million drivers. New York is second with 7.4 million. Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, and Texas have more than 5 million drivers each.

More Business for Doctors

Six out of every ten Americans visited a doctor last year, says the U.S. Public Health Service. That means some 122,000,000 persons.

The number of medical consultations during 1965 went up 4 percent over the previous year. More women than men were patients.

With public focus on highway safety these days, there should be more attention on drivers and the medications they receive; for "drugged" drivers are becoming an increasing menace behind the wheel.

Many drugs—from aspirin to antibiotics—may slow a person's reaction time and impair his performance on the road.

These are the conclusions of two psychiatrists, Capt. Carlos J. G. Perry of Brooks Air Force Base at San Antonio, and Dr. Alan L. Morgenstern of Oregon Medical Center at Portland, who teamed up in a special drug study of side effects when prescribed medications are used.

It is obvious, they conclude, that anyone taking drugs should not drive if his driving skill is visibly impaired. However, even more serious are the side effects of which the driver may not be aware.

"This is becoming a bigger and bigger problem with the tremendous increase in the number of persons driving and the number of drugs we have and take," says Dr. Perry.

Furthermore, people are not likely to build up tolerance with drugs. This is unlike alcohol. In fact, Dr. Perry points out, some persons become allergic to drugs that at first do not adversely affect them.

He expresses particular concern about the increasing use of antihistamines, the nonprescription cold and hay-fever remedies that often produce drowsiness.

Aspirin is probably "pretty safe," he says. But "aspirin's effect of reducing the blood's ability to carry oxygen may be as important an effect as air pollution in big-city driving."

The most serious hazards, this specialist declares, result from "explosive" combinations of drugs, such as barbiturates and alcohol, in which each increases the other's effects.

In This NEWS

- * Why do we at times get bad laws? See page 16.
- * Angry people are more susceptible. See page 17.
- * Where are the parents? See page 18.



On January 10, 1937, Paul Flemming (right), an industrial arts instructor in the Arcata (California) High School, swore off both smoking and drinking. Twenty-nine years later—January 10, 1966—he purchased a new pickup with part of the savings resulting from that decision. With him in this picture is the happy salesman. "Why didn't you wait for your thirtieth anniversary?" Flemming was asked. "I just couldn't wait. I wanted to do something to show up financial savings from quitting."

Can Fuzzy Legislators Make Good Laws?

During the latest session of the Maryland legislature Alan L. Dessoff, Annapolis reporter for the Washington Post, wrote the following story (condensed) which shows one reason why we have at times such poor legislative services from our lawmakers. Concerning how many state legislatures this same story could be written is only conjecture, but undoubtedly it would apply to a greater or lesser degree to each one.

The Entertainment Committees of the Maryland Senate and House of Delegates never have any legislation to consider, but that doesn't mean they lack things to do.

Early in the General Assembly's session, Chairman Henry J. Fowler (D-Saint Mary) called a meeting of his sixteen-member House Entertainment Committee.

They met, appropriately, in the State House room normally used by the Alcoholic Beverage Committee.

Fowler didn't want to let the press in, but he later relented.

"We have some important things to discuss that might set some precedents," he said. "For instance, we have to decide about the Governor's Ball. We might not have one this year, and it would affect a lot of people back home."

To resolve such issues, the House Entertainment Committee is established as a full-fledged arm of the

legislature, under the direction of Fowler, whose biography in the Maryland Manual lists him as "Secretary of gas company; farmer."

Governor J. Millard Tawes' budget even allows \$12 a day for a committee secretary, which amounts to \$840 for the seventy-day session.

The Senate has a four-man Entertainment Committee, headed by John T. Parran, Jr. (D-Charles). Parran is frank about it. "We never meet," he said. "I just go ask Henry what's going on, and I announce it over here."

What goes on to cause such deliberations is parties; and when legislators talk about them, they don't mean Democrats and Republicans.

They mean the bash thrown the first night of the session at the Maryland Inn by the Maryland Classified Employees Association, which provided canapes on crackers and toothpicks and all the liquor anyone could drink.

They mean the blast thrown by Annapolis Mayor and Mrs. Roger Moyer at Paca House, the 200-year-old home of William Paca, a colonial governor and signer of the Declaration of Independence.

The legislative social whirl is going full tilt, and there will be hardly a night when a lawmaker will have to pay for his own drinks and dinner, if he handles his invitations properly.

Hotels, country clubs, and other suitable spots all around Annapolis are piling in their liquor for the season, and legislators are ready to partake.

"After all," said one, "what else is there to do at night around here?"

Members of the General Assembly aren't the only ones who enjoy the fun. Many of the spreads are open to all comers, and attract other state officials, lobbyists, and the legislative fringe types who hang around for just such affairs.

Reporters who cover the legislature usually drop in too, because, along with the free drinks and food, they are likely to pick up story tips from loose-tongued legislators who often wish the next day that they had kept quiet.

It was one such party last year, hosted by Attorney General and Mrs. Thomas B. Finan, that brought such good-spirited disorder in an evening session of the House that Speaker Marvin Mandel (D-Baltimore) had to adjourn the proceedings.

In addition to the wide-open parties that everybody knows about, there are the smaller private affairs. Everybody back home who has a legislative project shows up in Annapolis at sometime or other to take somebody to dinner, an exploit he can later talk about to advantage.

While Maryland is parched for progressive legislation, its lawmakers find plenty to slake their thirst. For many, it's one big seventy-day ball.



Deadly Fad

For several years now, glue sniffing has spread across the nation as a youth fad. At least a dozen deaths have been reported, not including cases of homicide committed by youth crazed by inhaling the fumes.

Dr. Jacob Sokol, chief physician of Juvenile Hall, Los Angeles, reports that autopsies of bodies of those who have died from glue sniffing reveal that the toxic chemical toluene, a constituent of plastic cement, irritated the lungs so severely that fatal hemorrhages resulted.

Sniffing is closely akin to heavy drinking and narcotics addiction. One effect is to depress the central nervous system, and continued exposure causes intoxication and loss of normal emotional controls.

New Driver Danger

Drivers should beware of an anti-histamine now given to overcome allergies, motion sickness, and other conditions. This drug, called phenergan, is available by prescription in both the United States and England.

A study by four British doctors describes central nervous depression and impaired hand-eye coordination resulting from use of the drug.

Further experiments are planned to investigate more fully the effect of smaller doses of this and other antihistamine drugs, the researchers say, in view of the ease with which such drugs can be obtained by the general public.

Drinks With a Jolt

It's a shocking experience for two Roman Catholic priests at St. Vincent's hospital in New York to take a drink.

They are part of an alcoholism project in which a five-day drying-out period uses electric shock as a "deconditioner."

The priest-patients receive trays containing fruit juices, soft drinks, and highballs. When they reach for a highball, they receive a shock from an electrode attached to their drinking arm. The jolt is about half as heavy as that from a "live" electric socket.

"Every alcoholic realizes that alcoholism causes bad experiences," says Dr. Robert R. Morgan, project director. "We speed up the process."

This "shotgun therapy" is intended to "reinforce willpower," Dr. Morgan explains. It seeks to have the alcoholic associate liquor with pain.



Hard work, and strict rules which are not for "a bunch of pantywaists," won for this golf foursome the high school state title last year in West Virginia. With their coach Harold McCarty (center) are shown (from left) Kenny Fry, Morgan Hargis, Claude Hobbs, and Frank Sexton. Also shown is a close-up of the trophies symbolizing the title.

The tough, but award-producing, rules include the forbidding of smoking in connection with the game.





"They couldn't
change a \$20 bill."

What Teen-Agers Wish Their Parents to Do

In an effort to probe youthful thinking as to establishing better communications between teen-agers and their parents, Jerrold K. Footlick of *The National Observer* conversed with hundreds of students.

The following suggestions—not "rules," for the students object to that concept—show what they like and don't like about their parents' actions:

- Parents should not make a long list of dos and don'ts, such as no smoking and no drinking. They should rear children by their own example.
- There must be developed an atmosphere of mutual trust.
- Parents should be consistent. They should not say one thing one time and another thing another time, or punish sometimes an act they didn't punish before.
- Parents (and students) should keep an open mind. No one should cut off dialogue, especially on a personal subject. Parents should consider their children's ideas with respect—and vice versa.
- Parents should be willing to "be around," and be willing to talk. They should show interest in what their child is doing, but should not pry.
- Discipline should start early, and should include all the children in a family with consistency.
- Children should be encouraged to take their own point of view, to do their own thinking and not simply conform.
- Children should be allowed to make mistakes—even, someone suggested, "big ones." Parents should guide their children but not dominate them. The consensus is that a child who makes mistakes with parents around to advise and correct

will be better off when he has to face the world on his own than one who has been insulated all his life.

• Parents should always explain why they say No. This does not apply to the very young. An unembellished prohibition can lead to trouble.

Drug Controls Coming

In its efforts against drugs which are subject to controls because of their potential abuse for "kicks," the Food and Drug Administration is asking for a distinctive symbol—an Rx inside a larger C—on the labels of such drugs.

This would help the Government to keep tab on distribution of so-called "pep pills" and "goof balls."



Yes, it's likely. To refer to only one experiment along these lines, one group of people was strongly provoked and another not. Then both groups were subjected to two different kinds of propaganda on delinquency. The annoyed group most readily accepted the "treat-'em-rough" views. The other group was most influenced by the "let's-try-to-help-them" approach. Sounds like human nature, doesn't it?

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

Should grade-school children be taught to drink early so they will know how to do it without embarrassment?

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.

LAST MONTH'S QUESTION:

Do you agree that alcoholism is a disease and should be treated as a disease?

OUR READERS' REPLIES:

"It has been stated by some that the 'basic cause of alcoholism is unknown.' To say this is fallacious, misleading, and dangerous. Alcoholism is caused by alcohol just as surely as tuberculosis is caused by the tubercle bacillus. Not all who contact the tubercle bacillus come down with the disease. Yet we would not say that the cause of tuberculosis is unknown. Only those who totally abstain may have the assurance that they will never become alcoholics. The basic cause of alcoholism is alcohol."—Donald M. Biehn, M.D., Fairfield, Conn.

"When is the American Medical Association going to wake up and call a spade a spade? Alcoholism is an act of the will, hence it is a sin and not a disease. What can we expect when we have given drinking such social acceptance? It is a sad comment that the once-despised bums are now welcome and accepted because they wear fashionable clothing."—Ralph A. Bugleone, Dover, N.J.

"The mystery to me is that we constantly skirt the real cause of this problem. It appears the cause is the present merchandising program of using every conceivable method of promotional advertising and opening up sales outlets to encourage the largest possible number of people to use alcoholic beverages. We have swung from the extreme of prohibition to the other extreme of almost uncontrolled promotion of a product which any intelligent person knows is inherently very, very dangerous. I think the solution is between the two extremes we have had in the past thirty years."—Cecil Owens, president, Wayne County, Ind., Alcoholic Beverage Board.

"Alcoholism is one of the disorders of living. It's the faulty adaptation of an individual to his life."—Dr. Shervert H. Frazier, Jr., Texas State Department of Mental Health and Mental Retardation.

ARE YOU PUZZLED?

Singer Features



"Pushing the car." Out in the middle of the countryside Mr. Hopkins's new car suddenly stopped. Now he is pushing it toward the nearest station. The home of Mr. Hopkins's car is in one of the four garages shown in the corner insets. Which one?

Death-Seat Therapy

by Charles Layng

"You, young man, are sitting in the death seat!"

These words, spoken by Judge D. Arthur Yervey of the Orange County Juvenile Court in Orlando, Florida, invariably startle teen-age drivers brought before the judge on



ASTRONOMICAL MIRROR—A giant step forward is seen in the development of this new mirror made of fused quartz. The world's large astronomical mirrors so far produced have been of heat-resistant glass. This huge mirror blank—151 inches in diameter, 22 inches thick, and weighing 32,000 pounds—will be delivered by General Electric Company by June, 1966, to the Kitt Peak National Observatory, near Tucson, Arizona. The Kitt Peak telescope will be used for observations of the very faintest stellar sources, and will be the second largest in the world. The largest is the 200-inch telescope at Mt. Palomar in California.

charges of reckless driving or causing an accident, almost always because of drinking.

"Three youth, who sat in that chair before you, and paid no attention to my warnings, have died horribly in the past three years. You, I'm sure, do not intend to follow them and wind up a mangled body in the morgue."

Part of each sentence to youthful offenders, in addition to surrendering their driver's licenses for a greater or lesser period, is to spend several hours in the emergency hall of a local hospital on a busy weekend while people injured in automobile accidents are being brought in.

"I want you to see this place while you're upright in a chair before you might view it from a sprawled-out position on a stretcher, if, indeed, you could see it at all," the judge admonishes them. "I'm not telling you not to be a teen-ager, but when you drive you're in adult surroundings. Drive like an adult—a sober adult!"

This method of handling young traffic offenders is having its effect in reducing accidents, deaths, and injuries caused by drinking teen-age drivers.

Lots of Oldsters

Is it really a unique achievement to become a centenarian?

Obviously not. It is reported that in the United States there are some 12,000 persons who have reached the age of 100 years or more.

ANSWER. In No. 3, Mr. Hopkins has run out of gas and has forgotten to take his gasoline can along.

Less Drink, Less Crime

Who says the juvenile crime problem wouldn't be lighter if drink were not around?

Based on a study carried out by the Columbus (Ohio) police department, the following was found regarding crimes usually associated with teen-agers:

Auto-theft figures showed 70 percent of persons caught stealing cars had been drinking before the crime.

Robbery convictions showed that drinking was involved in 72 percent of the crimes. Drinking figured in 71 percent of the *burglaries*.

Sex crimes in 73 percent of the recorded cases involved drinking.

Where Are the Parents?

A graduate student doing a study of juvenile delinquency had difficulty collecting data. His project was to telephone ten homes at nine o'clock each night and ask the parents if they knew where their children were at that hour.

"My first five calls," he lamented, "were answered by children who had no idea where their parents were."



BOB BROWN



PROBLEM: The flame test.

NEEDED: An alcohol lamp or Bunsen burner, table salt, baking soda, small pliers, steel wool, a small copper wire.

DO THIS: Hold the end of the copper wire in the flame; note the green color given to the flame. Hold a small piece of the steel wool in the flame with the pliers, and notice the color. Drop a little of the salt and soda into the flame, and notice the color.

WHICH SHOWS: Each vaporized metal has its characteristic flame color, and many can be identified in this manner. The salt and the soda show the same color, because sodium is present in both.

Some single colors are so intense that they hide other colors which may also be present. Certain types of compounds vaporize more readily than others in the same flame.

For Whom the Bellbird Tolls

Of all the strange tales to come from the jungles of South America, the story of the mysterious bellbird is one of the most uncanny. So called because of its reverberating call—perfectly bell-like in quality—this seldom-seen phantom of the jungle is said to have lured many a traveler to his death.

Bellbirds are members of the family Cotingidae, which is made up of some ninety species. Very little is known about the birds of this group because of their extremely secretive habits. The structure, size, and color of these types vary greatly, and their range is restricted exclusively to Central and South America. The beautiful cock-of-the-rock and the strange umbrella bird are also members of this family.

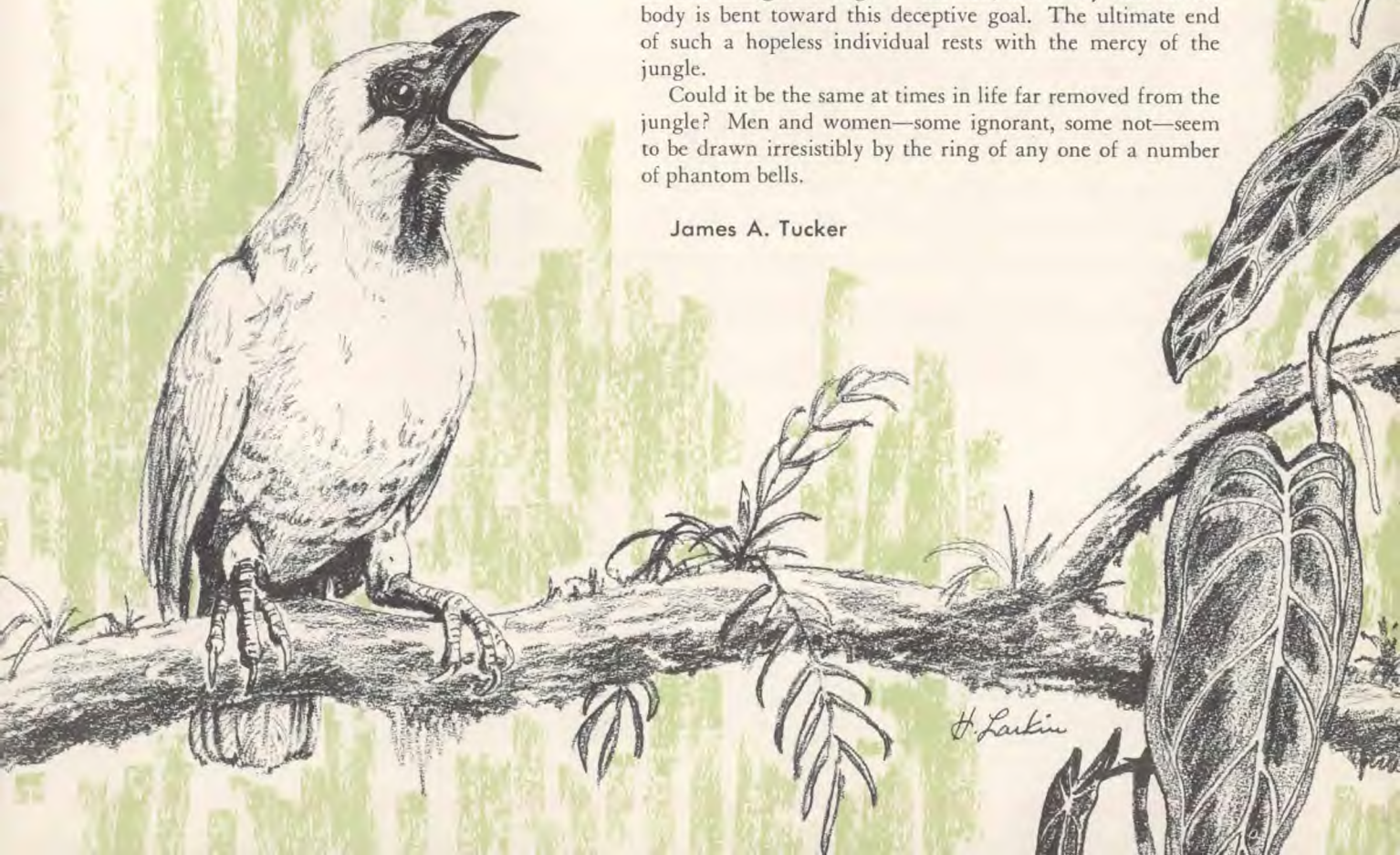
The bellbirds make their nests in hollow trees. They feed on fruits which grow profusely in the jungle. They are seldom seen because they inhabit the deepest stretches of the tropical rain forest. They are feared by the jungle Indians, who think them in possession of some evil power. This superstition is not entirely without basis in view of their strange and luring call.

Even Colonel Clark, one of the greatest of modern explorers and well acquainted with jungle lore, writes of being almost irresistibly drawn by the distant tolling of a "bell," when it was known to be only the phantom bird in question.

The exact power of this mysterious birdcall is unexplainable. It seems to affect even those who know it to be only a bird. The victim is usually a person lost and searching frantically for any way out. A distant bell tells him of a civilized habitation where there will be no fear of headhunters or savage beasts. Hope seems to leap at the clang of that bell. But alas, the bell is always in the distance, or perhaps behind him. He is led in a wide circle without realizing it. By this time, though, reason is usually gone; his one thought is to get to the bell, and every fiber of his body is bent toward this deceptive goal. The ultimate end of such a hopeless individual rests with the mercy of the jungle.

Could it be the same at times in life far removed from the jungle? Men and women—some ignorant, some not—seem to be drawn irresistibly by the ring of any one of a number of phantom bells.

James A. Tucker



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