

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



*"Only the
best is
good
enough."*



LISTEN

JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

"Only the Best"



We live in a day when standards for performance are rising. In sports, records that have stood for years—some for many years—are falling. And recent records don't seem to last long either. The sportsmen on this *Listen* cover are there because they set records, in baseball, in tennis, in swimming, in racing, in sharpshooting, in track. Many of those records, however, have already been bettered.

We live in a day, too, when standards of perfection are required in science, medicine, and mechanics. Before a jet plane comes off the assembly line, every screw, every bit of assemblage is double-checked. Lives depend on it. Before an astronaut is launched into space, even the paint scratches are removed from certain of his equipment, so they will not give rise to undue stresses under terrific strain. His life depends on it.

Should man do less as far as his physical body is concerned? That body, along with his mind, is the world's most delicate and perfectly balanced mechanism. It needs the best—only the best—to keep it in perfect working order.

Take that watch on your wrist. Its jewels, wheels, and small working parts combine to make an intricate mechanism to keep accurate time. You have the liberty to do anything you wish with it, but surely you wouldn't take it to the backyard and pour dirt into its works. You would pay the price if you did!

Or look at that car of yours on the street in front of your house. You have the liberty to do as you please with it. However, you will not take it to a sand-pile and pour sand into the gas tank. Here again you would pay the price if you did!

As far as the human body is concerned, the real price of such habits as smoking, drinking, and self-drugging is becoming more evident as medicine probes deeper into the relation of these habits to health. The price is high, and, though it may not be collected immediately, in due time it must always be paid.

It is just as foolish to force habits like these onto the body and mind, and expect to get the best service, as it is to throw foreign matter into your automobile gas tank or your quality watch and expect them to perform perfectly.

You may not be competing for world athletic championships; you may not be responsible for the perfection of space machines; you may not be a renowned surgeon whose skill can save a human life.

Yet the workings of your mind, the functioning of your body, are as important to you as the right use of mind and body are to the sports champion, the most perfect mechanic, or the skilled physician.

In matters of physical health and mental acuity, only the best is good enough—for them, for you. Choose carefully what you do to your human mechanism, and that which you put into it. Develop only the best habits, and you will get the performance that mechanism was intended to give. Your life depends on it.

Francis A. Soper

E. J. FOLKENBERG, *Executive Director*
FRANCIS A. SOPER, *Editor*

Edna M. Tarr, *Assistant Editor*
Grace E. Tucker, *Editorial Secretary*
Euel Atchley, J. V. Scully, *Contributing Editors*
T. R. Torkelson, *Office Editor*
Howard Larkin, *Art Director*
Ichiro Nakashima, *Layout Artist*
A. R. Mazat, *Circulation Manager*
L. R. Hixson, Jesse O. Gibson,
Sales and Promotion

... in this issue

- 2 "Only the Best" *Editorial*
- 3 How One School Tells Its Youth About Smoking *Dorothy Brant Warnick*
- 5 How to Be a Champion *Raymond Schuessler*
- 6 Don't Mess Around With Dope—I Know! *As told to Edmund Manchester*

COLOR STREAK SPECIAL

- 9 Listen's *Vital Newspaper in Miniature*
- 13 Brainwashing of a Child *Gil A. Stricklin*
- 14 Garden of the World *Freda K. Routh*
- 15 The King and the Cupbearer *E. H. Roy*
- 16 "That's What I Thought!" *Betty Labinski*
- 17 An Elephant Story Did It! *A. E. Terrill*
- 18 Help Yourself—by Forgetting Yourself *Constance Quinby Mills*
- 20 "... And I Found All Three" *Lee Sargent*

Photo and Illustration Credits

Cover: Chuck McKinley is by Hal Swigget; B. Richardson and Eddie Feigner, by Three Lions; Don Schollander, by Fred Helmbold; Gary Anderson, by Nebraska National Guard; Morrow, by Lloyd Jones; Don Bragg, by Charles Stevenson; Rodger Ward, by Herb Elliott; pages 3, 4, James Thomas; page 5, United Press International, Kyodo Photo Service; page 10, Bill Newrock, Hamilton Studios; page 11, Philip Boucas; page 12, Gen. Features Corp.; pages 14, 15, Saint Petersburg "Times"; page 15, Freda Karsen Routh; page 18, Thayne Schneider.

Editorial Office:
6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20012

Publication Office:
Pacific Press Publishing Association, 1350 Villa Street,
Mountain View, California 94040

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, United States, its possessions, and Canada, \$3.00; single copy, 35 cents; to countries taking extra postage, \$3.30; single copy, 35 cents.

Send change of address to LISTEN, 1350 Villa Street, Mountain View, California 94040. Zip code must be included. Allow thirty days for change to become effective. Give both the old and the new address.

Copyright, 1966, by the American Temperance Society.

LISTEN, monthly journal of better living (twelve issues a year), provides a vigorous, positive educational approach to health problems arising out of the use of tobacco, alcohol, and narcotics. It is endorsed and utilized nationally by Narcotics Education, Inc., also by many organizations in the field of rehabilitation. Second-class mail privileges authorized at Mountain View, California. Form 3579 requested. Printed in the United States of America.

Most schools today are confronted with the question of smoking among their students. Here's a school—the Forest Park Junior High in Cleveland, Ohio—that has faced up to this problem and has worked out a practical remedy.

How ONE SCHOOL TELLS ITS YOUTH ABOUT SMOKING

Dorothy Brant Warnick

MANY parents, perhaps like yourself, would prefer that their youngsters do not begin to smoke. However, because they are exposed to the habit as early as in the elementary grades, it may be difficult to prevent them from following the example of their friends.

Some boys and girls become regular smokers by the time they are in junior high school. "I want to be one of the gang" or "It makes me feel mature" are the reasons they give.


Other children may begin smoking to defy authority—because they know their parents do not approve, or because they know that their school forbids smoking on the premises.

Some schools, however, do more than merely ask their students not to smoke. Take, for example, the Forest Park Junior High School in Cleveland, Ohio. It is located in the suburban area of Euclid, largely built up since World War II, and constituting in many ways a typical modern suburban community.

Some time ago one of the general science teachers, John Habat, Jr., became alarmed at the statistics which show thousands of teen-agers beginning to smoke each year. He began to incorporate into his classes a study of the effects of tobacco on the body, along with his regular course on the respiratory system.

As he put it, "We started what we call a positive anti-smoking campaign to inform students of the dangers involved in smoking." He adds, "We're not going to accomplish anything merely by telling a youngster not to smoke. We've got to show him why he shouldn't."

That there was a reason for this unique effort was evident. This school, not unlike many others at this level, had youngsters in the seventh grade—twelve-year-olds—who had



This smoking machine was made by a Forest Park eighth grader, Joe Janosik, evidencing his enthusiasm for the school's program to discourage the students from smoking.

been smoking for two or three years. Some of them were pack-a-day smokers, and several of these young people were not only smoking with their parents' consent, but were using cigarettes purchased for them by their parents.

Teacher Habat's first step was to borrow a smoking machine from a local hospital to use for class demonstrations. This machine, which smokes a cigarette and collects the tar, was fascinating to the youngsters.

The wheels of the whole program were set in motion. One boy was so impressed with what he saw that he developed his own smoking machine, and took it to various classrooms to show to other students. In each demonstration the boys and girls had a graphic illustration of the residue from cigarettes.

Enthusiasm for the subject increased. The students began making posters which were put on display in the halls, the library, the classrooms.

It wasn't that the posters were outstanding pieces of art, but they were something the children wanted to make. They devised their own ways of expressing their feelings.

For example, one placard showed a package of cigarettes behind bars, with the words, "Decision: To Die." Another portrayed a pack of cigarettes spilling its contents, which were being cut in half as they fell onto the sword of the American Cancer Society's emblem, and the words, "Cut out

smoking before you cut your life in half." Still another showed a beautiful girl with yellowed teeth, smoking a cigarette. There was also a skeleton, borrowed from the science classes, with a cigarette in its bony fingers, holding a sign which read, "This is what will happen to you if you keep smoking."

The library was besieged with requests for books on smoking.

The Cleveland chapter of the American Cancer Society was the recipient of many calls from enthusiastic children requesting information and pamphlets.

Members of the Society became interested in what was going on and came to the school to see for themselves. They, in turn, displayed some of the posters in their headquarters.

The Society asked the school to preview a film on smoking, called, "The Huffless, Puffless Dragon." They wanted to test the reaction of these children to this cartoon-type film which was in process of completion.

Because of all these activities, the students were discussing smoking among themselves and with their other teachers. The entire school was aware of what was happening.

This awareness was made even more vivid to them in their sports activities, for physical fitness and good health were also part of the program. "We try to impress on the students the importance of good health," says Mr. Habat, "and they know smoking isn't going to help them."

This was the first year the school had a track program, and it became obvious that smokers weren't able to keep up with those who didn't smoke.

The effects of smoking were brought most sharply into focus during the wrestling match. Physical education teachers are aware that a smoker is clearly shown up in any activity, like wrestling, which requires a sustained effort. In this case, when one lad, a known smoker, was unable to continue the bout, all the students watching knew the reason.

Robert Miller, a student at Forest Park Junior High, operates an automatic smoking machine used in the school's program to promote physical fitness.



This was no sterile classroom textbook presentation. Here was a boy, their own age, who was unable to keep up with his peers because of smoking. The students could see the results of smoking. What could be more real to them than that?

Another effective part of the project was the setting up of a Smokers Anonymous Club. In this group, young smokers openly discussed for perhaps the first time the fact that they smoked.

One youth said, "I've been smoking for quite a while. I've heard that smoking can harm you, but that doesn't mean much when you need a cigarette. There never seemed to me to be any real reason to quit."

"But now I can see that cigarettes have other effects. I can see that I get winded quicker than the other guys while running the track. I know there's a difference in what I can do and what the other kids can do while playing games. Now I can see that there is a real reason to quit. And I am going to."

Other stories were similar. It had been so easy to fall into a habit, and there had been so few evident reasons to want to stop. But now, having been made aware in such a dramatic fashion that there was a vital reason to quit, and having the opportunity to discuss the problem with others (particularly an understanding adult in the form of a guidance counselor), many left the meetings thinking, "I am firmly convinced that I am not going to take another cigarette."

Other teachers in the school became equally enthusiastic about the no-smoke program. Some of them quit smoking themselves, freely admitting that the campaign made an impression on them too.

Even the parents felt the effects when their sons and daughters came home and told them what was being discussed at school. Many of these youngsters urged their parents to quit smoking; and in some cases the parents, needing only this added incentive, did so. They were lavish in their praise of what the school was doing.

There were a few critical reactions. These came from parents who seemed indifferent to what their children were doing, or from those who furnished cigarettes to their children. One of them expressed his lack of comprehension with the remark, "I can't see what the school is getting all steamed up about."

However, such reactions were few and far between. The real purpose of this whole effort in the school was summed up by Mr. Habat: "The youngsters have to make up their own minds. All we can do is give them the guidelines."

The American Cancer Society was so impressed that they presented a special award to Mr. Habat, praising him for his outstanding campaign in which he had inspired his youngsters to participate and for the enthusiasm he generated in them.

It is evident that such a program will have far-reaching effects on the lives of the students. The decisions made, on their own volition but on an informal basis, will help establish habits which will benefit them as long as they live.

Other schools, in this country and in other countries, would do well to set up similar programs, if they have not already done so, in order to provide the opportunity for young people to observe the reasons for the better way of life and deliberately decide for themselves that this is really the "in" thing to do.



Olympic Champion Charley Paddock, once "the world's fastest human," was famous for breasting the tape in one final leap.

Olympic Champion Jesse Owens, holder of four gold medals from the 1936 games, has inspired many athletes and others to win.



How to Be a Champion

Raymond Schuessler

Olympic Champion Bob Richards, pole vaulter, happily encourages youth to do their best. These boys seem ready to excel.

ONE MAN who has not lost sight of the true qualities of youth today is Bob Richards, two-time Olympic champion, and named in 1957 one of the ten outstanding young men in the United States.

Bob travels around the country, appearing on television and radio, writing books and articles, meeting with organizations, to emphasize the need for youth fitness.

Many of his stories deal with youngsters who have excelled in sport, but the message is clear and a refreshing change of pace from the black picture many paint of modern young people. According to Bob, the future leaders of the nation will no doubt come from the youngsters who never made the headlines—the kids next door to you, who may be truly representative of the best.

He points to the many varied programs currently active which reflect the desire of young people to take part in worthwhile, character-building, rewarding activities, such as the tremendous response to the Peace Corps, which now has young Americans working throughout the world.

Bob Richards, in his speeches, emphasizes his philosophy for the betterment of his country. To him, inspiration is the key to life itself. "You show me someone who has no inspiration, and I'll show you someone who won't do anything in life. You've got to be inspired."

As an example, he points to what he considers the greatest sports story he knows, retold here in his own words for *Listen* readers:

Back in 1920, a young man named Charley Paddock had one burning ambition—to be an Olympic champion. He wanted to become the world's fastest sprinter, and he worked at it. When he won the 100 meters in the Olympic Games, he had fulfilled his dream.

Charley Paddock was a great speaker. He loved to talk with young people, and he had one great theme: "If you think you can, you can. If you believe a thing strongly enough, it can come to pass in your life." He was speaking once at East Tech High School in Cleveland, Ohio, and afterward he said to a thousand high school students, "Who knows but there's an Olympic champion right here in this auditorium this afternoon?"



When Charley finished his speech, a young spindly-legged Negro boy came up to him, so touched by what Charley had said that he could hardly speak. His lips quivering, he muttered, "Say, Mr. Paddock, I'd give anything if I could be an Olympic champion just like you."

Charley reached out and, putting his hand on his shoulder, said, "Young fellow, that's what I wanted to be when I was just a little bit younger than you. If you'll work for it, if you'll train, you can become an Olympic champion."

It was the moment of inspiration. That boy was Jesse Owens, who in 1936 won four gold medals at the Olympics. And some years later, strange as it may seem, a nine-year-old boy came to Jesse and made the identical remark Jesse had made to Charley Paddock.

Jesse gave him the same advice, and the boy was so excited he ran all the way home. He didn't stop. That boy was Harrison "Bones" Dillard, and several years later he was to tie Jesse Owens's Olympic record.

Again and again boys and girls who are inspired will rise through training and hard work to become champions—whether it be in sports, in their jobs, in their communities, or at home. And in the end, the world, the country, and each person will be the better for it.

SUNLIGHT streamed through Ward 3 as I arrived for duty earlier than usual that Friday morning. Instantly, horror exploded in me at the sight of the patient whose face was turned toward the wall. At once I recognized his anguishing withdrawal pains.

"Oh, no," I kept telling myself, "not him. He looks to be too nice a kid!" His eyes were closed tight. The shadow of the hospital's window bars formed a grim pattern on the white sheet pulled over him.

The symptoms? Narcotics addict. His chart confirmed this. I shuddered as I lifted the sheet to take an auxiliary temperature. He stirred uneasily as I proceeded, but he said nothing. My hand trembled when I recorded his temperature on the chart. Then I took his wrist to check his pulse rate.

William Thomas, age 16, the chart said. Now he lay almost doubled up with cramps. He was perspiring freely, his black tousled hair glistening against the pillow. Poor boy! Poor boy! I kept thinking to myself. I released his wrist and wrote down his pulse rate on the chart. Thinking of my own past, I found it hard to regain my composure.

I thought of the trunk in my basement, and in it my yellowing uniform, neatly folded. There also were my white cap and pin, plus the ribbon-tied diploma certifying me to be a registered nurse. I'd been proud of that R.N. after my name. I glanced down at the uniform I now wore, the gray of a practical nurse.

"Nurse!" the boy pleaded. "Please—I can't stand it! Do something! Please help me!"

"I'm sorry," I said as soothingly as I knew how. "I'm only a practical nurse—I can't give you any fix!" I winced as I remembered that in my trunk also lay a khaki uniform and a certificate of honorable discharge from active service for Harriet Grant, 24, R.N., Lieutenant, U.S. Army Air Corps.



In this true story the names have been changed to protect those involved.



**Don't
Mess
Around
With
Dope--
I Know!**

Look at me now, the thought came to my mind, and you'll see what dope can do.

He raised his head slightly, looked at my uniform. Then, his voice shaking with frustration, he said, "How can *you* do anything for me? You don't know what I'm going through!" His eyes narrowed to thin slits. "Get me a real nurse!"

"Relax." I patted his arm. "She'll be along any minute with a shot for you." He gazed into my eyes, and I could feel the searing heat of his agony. He sobbed and turned his face toward the wall again.

Gently I washed his hands and face, then started to rub him with alcohol. He could not know that in my trunk, too, were a Distinguished Service Cross and a Medal of Honor Merit, both somewhat tarnished in their velvet-lined boxes. The newspaper clippings also were turning yellow and brittle. They told of Army Air Corps doctors, and of me, making nocturnal helicopter flights over the Pacific in World War II. Some of the doctors had not come back, or nurses either. Others had returned physically but, as I, would forever carry the scars of combat duty.

"You can't imagine what dope addiction is—terrible!" the youth kept repeating.

"I understand," I said, sprinkling powder on his back. He looked oddly at me. I handed him a toothbrush and a tube of toothpaste. When he had brushed his teeth, I set the washbasin on his bedside stand. I wondered if he noticed the old hypodermic scars that peppered my forearm.

"I wish that nurse would hurry," he said anxiously.

"Oh, she'll be along." I tried soothing him.

"Look," he sputtered, calmer for a moment, "I don't mean to be so much trouble. I guess the stuff's got me, and it's real tough!"

"That's all right," I assured him. "Ever been sorry that you started using narcotics?" He nodded vehemently, very boyishly.

He looked straight at me. "But there's not much chance to come off it, is there?"

"If you have the will, you can make it. I've seen it done," I assured him.

I could not tell him of the memories within me like lesions after an internal operation. Those painful past experiences rose sharply at a time like this, plunging my soul into torturous recollection: sounds and smells in ship and shore hospitals; badly lighted and poorly equipped operating rooms; not enough medicines and serums; and always too few doctors and nurses to care for so many sick and wounded.

I had tried to soothe frightened men in torn, bloody clothing who had become like little boys again. I had held their racked and trembling bodies in my tired arms and had given them blood transfusions, sulfa drugs—and morphine shots to stem the shattering anguish of pain.

by
A Former Air Corps Nurse
as told to Edmund Manchester

ILLUSTRATION BY J. PADGETT

In shark-infested waters and snake-filled jungles I had heard, it seemed always, the infernal roar of propellers; had helped in feverish activity aboard crowded helicopters over the cool blue Pacific; had worked without rest through grueling and endless hours in field hospitals.

At those times black coffee had been inadequate to restore to my exhausted body strength and the will to work. As a nurse I had narcotics available, and in desperation, I foolishly turned, finally, for relief to power-giving morphine sulphate. Was I wrong? It was so simple to apply the tourniquet to my arm, insert the hypodermic needle, wait till the bubble of blood showed in the syringe—then press the plunger. The soothing effect over my entire body was followed by irresistible itching.

At first a small shot spurred me on. Soon this dosage became insufficient. I began using larger doses, and I discovered I could get more pleasing results with less morphine by injecting the drug directly into a vein. Before I knew it, morphine had become as necessary to me as breathing. I was a hopeless dope addict.

What a foolish woman I had been to start using narcotics!

As I changed William Thomas's hospital gown, I shuddered at the ugly, familiar holes that marred the once-smooth skin of his arms and legs. After changing his bed sheets, I inquired: "Feeling better?"

"A little."

"The nurse will be along any moment now," I said.

"That's what you've been saying all along." A faint smile creased his youthful, once handsome face. "Say, just how much do *you* know about dope addiction?"

Too much, I thought. Aloud, I smiled, "Plenty." Then after a long silent moment, I added, "I'll help you all I can, William. You've got to get that monkey off your back." Suddenly tears welled in the boy's eyes as well as in mine.

"I'll try," he choked.

"If you try hard enough, you can lick the habit," I assured him. I sat beside his bed now and waited for the nurse. I remembered how morphine had almost brought the end to me. It had been on October 3d, my birthday, and we had been flying wounded soldiers to a makeshift hospital on a tiny Pacific island whose name now escapes me. Suddenly some flak came from out of nowhere below, and a fragment burst through the outer shell of our 'copter—walloping me on the head.

For days I lay unconscious, finally becoming delirious with fever. Later they told me I had continually mumbled through my facial bandages, "Save the patients!" In the weeks of recuperation that followed, Dr. Mingay gave me morphine injections at regular intervals. He had only to see my arms and legs to understand my secret; and he, as a medical man, knew that I lacked the strength to fight my wound and my drug habit simultaneously. Lying there, I vowed, as I had never thought I could, that I would do something—anything—but lick the dope habit I would.

When I recovered, I was acclaimed a heroine by the press, and the War Department decorated me for "bravery above and beyond the call of duty." Only Dr. Mingay and other sympathetic doctors knew of my addiction problem.

"How do you know I can lick it?" asked the youth. "Have you ever been on the stuff?"

"Yes," I admitted freely. Then I sat there and told him my story.

"What did you do when you got out of service?" he asked eagerly.

"I tried to be a civilian nurse, but I couldn't hide or lick my dope habit. Finally I lost my nursing license."

I told him how I ran out of money to buy heroin, had become violently ill from my craving, and had been hospitalized. "That's when somebody helped *me*," I said.

"Who helped you?" he asked, with a curiosity and innocence which only refreshing youth possess.

"A wonderful woman named Nancy Gray. A doctor brought her to me. Her son had died from an overdose of heroin. She understood."

Nancy had been the best thing ever to come into my life. She had taken me into her home and nursed me while I fought the evil pangs of drug removal. Now I told the youth how long and arduous the road back had been. I told him how I regretted ever having started using dope. Not only did I have to overcome the habit, but the black mark against my good name as a nurse was hard to erase.

"A sad case!" and "What a pity that such a thing should happen to such a nice girl!" everyone murmured.

Nancy Gray suggested I enroll in an accredited school for practical nursing in another state. This I had done with the help of my high school diploma, plus recommendations from a senator and a fatherly clergyman. Though the school authorities thought I was a novice at nursing, I did manage to finish my training weeks earlier than the usual ten months expected. Then I had passed the state board examination and had found an opening here in Mercy General Hospital.

"Does anyone here know you were an addict?" he asked.

"No, I don't think so."

"But how do you manage to work around all these drugs without getting back on the stuff?"

"It isn't easy," I answered. "I try to avoid even handling medicines except in extreme emergencies. I still crave the stuff, especially when I hold a syringe for a doctor or registered nurse to use on a patient. But I keep remembering what hell I went through in licking my habit. Then I tell myself never again will I descend to such a depth of human degradation."

"I wish I had your will," he said, then explosively—"but I've just got to have a fix—soon!"

"You can't turn it on and off like a TV set," I told him. "And pep pills, goof balls, and codeine cough syrup are just as bad."

"Yeah, I know," he admitted. "Many of my friends and other kids are smoking reefers too. It's all poison. I just wish I could quit."

"You'd better get with things, and quit, William," I gravely admonished. "Otherwise, boy, you're *dead*—the living dead."

"Dead?" he echoed, startled, in a tone that held a sudden jolting awareness of the danger which had engulfed him.

After a long pause, he finally looked across at me as if to utter those magic words, "Thank you." A warm smile covered his face which was round and firm. In it I saw the quality of abundant moral strength.

"Well, I've had it with dope," he muttered determinedly. "I'll lick my habit—you'll see."

"I have the feeling you will," I said.

Reach for Your Phone, Not a Glass!



The "voice" that assures drinkers that they can make it to victory is that of Chaplain E. F. Irish.

TV cameras record the action in setting up Drinkers Dial at Porter Memorial Hospital in Denver.

New Dial Service

"You'll have a clear mind, sleep better. You are freeing your body of the accumulated harmful effects of alcohol. Best of all, you are going to experience the real satisfaction of being in control again."

Yes, you are listening over your telephone near Denver, Colorado, to the Drinkers Dial, coming from Porter Memorial Hospital.

Famed far and wide for its Smokers Dial, which during some fifteen months now has inspired thousands of smokers who wished to kick their habit, the Porter Hospital on January 27 of this year inaugurated Drinkers Dial.

The response has been excellent and consistent, say hospital officials, with a thousand calls a day on the average. Especially has the service been helpful for an ever-increasing number of women who are drinking at home during the day.

All the worried drinker needs to do is to pick up his telephone, dial a designated number—well advertised by radio, television, and newspapers—and "drink in" the inspiration of a quiet voice encouraging him to victory.

The voice is that of the hospital chaplain, E. F. Irish, who has planned the message in consultation with staff physicians. The first half of each message presents information on the problem of drinking, current news and trends, and facts pertinent to the person who is drinking. The last half features the steps needed to manage and overcome the habit. The steps include adoption of a personal program involving proper diet, exercise, use of willpower, and dependence on divine power.

Each message is on a personal basis, so the person calling feels he is the only one for whom the entire program is intended.

This service is an extension of the hospital's group smoking and health-education clinics. For those who want further help to quit drinking, a clinic service is available, similar to the Five-Day Plan to Stop Smoking and set up in cooperation with the local alcoholism information center and Alcoholics Anonymous, as well as with the individual's personal physician.

Plans for the future by the hospital now call for "slim line," a telephone and community service of weight control and nutrition.

No-Smoke Insurance Is Becoming More Popular

Sales of life insurance policies for nonsmokers by the State Mutual Life Assurance Company of America exceeded \$86 million in 1965, totaling \$127 million in the first twenty-one months the policy was available. Nearly 6,000 policies were issued during this period.

The average policy size in 1965 was \$24,000, more than three times the industry average and 36 percent larger than the company's average for all policies.

The nonsmokers' policy accounted for 22 percent of the company's record individual life insurance sales which totaled \$389,925,828 in 1965. Company officials expect future sales of the special plan to continue at the present high rate of more than \$1.67 million per week.

The plan incorporates reduced rates to otherwise acceptable applicants who have not smoked cigarettes for a period of at least one year. Premium reductions, while varying according to the applicant's age and the policy size, average about 3 percent.

TLC for the Heart

Heart attacks can be prevented by Tender Loving Care for the heart.

One of the major "risk factors" increasing the chances of heart attacks is the matter of high levels of cholesterol or other fatty substances

in the blood, says the American Heart Association.

Other factors are overweight, high blood pressure, lack of exercise, cigarette smoking, diabetes, and a family history of heart attacks in middle age.

Everyone should reduce the risk of heart attack by using polyunsaturated fats as much as possible in place of saturated fats.

Sources of polyunsaturated fats: liquid vegetable oils, fish, poultry, special margarines.

Sources of saturated fats: meat, butter, cream, cheese, whole milk, chocolate, solid cooking fats.

Eggs are also a source of danger. Physicians advise as few as four eggs a week in low-cholesterol diets.

Attention, Please!

It is estimated by "Advertiser's Digest" that each adult on the average spends thirty-five hours a week in front of his television set.

Further, about 95 percent of American citizens read one or more newspapers each day, and each week spend at least thirteen hours listening to the radio.

Add to this the fact that they read magazines, attend movies, and read some books, and the picture becomes clear concerning the tremendous competition these days for getting the attention of people, even for a short time.

Drug Fad Sweeps Across Schools

Teen-agers usually go for fads. One year it was swallowing goldfish, another year it was jamming into phone booths, still another year it was spinning hoops, now it seems to be something much more menacing.

In schools across the land, students by the hundreds and thousands are experimenting with drugs. In one West Coast college it is estimated that 50 percent of the students use drugs. At a nearby university a criminologist says that 40 percent do the same. At least fifty campuses are under surveillance by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics.

The chief psychiatrist at the University of California says that at any big-city university, or any "sophisticated" small liberal arts college, at least 10 percent of the students are involved.

Campus surveys show that "hard" narcotics, such as heroin, are not major problems, but that for the most part the drugs are classified as amphetamines, barbiturates, or hallucinogens, with the latter most prominent.

About eighty hallucinogens have been identified, and are sometimes referred to as psychedelic, meaning mind manifesting, or mood changing. Marijuana is the most prevalent and is recognized as a frequent introduction to harder drugs such as heroin.

Another of the same classification is LSD-25, the most potent hallucinogen, and "the country's fastest growing drug problem," according to the Food and Drug Administration.

Users tell of profound, sometimes terrifying, experiences. They speak of dissolving the ego, finding a truly religious experience, and discovering a creative release.

Why all this fad of drug use among youth? Dr. John D. Walmer, director of mental health at Penn State, says that "for people who are chronically unhappy, drugs bring some relief from a world without purpose."

George H. Gaffney, deputy commissioner of narcotics, says students



Groping for "creative release," this young drug taker risks major mind damage through dangerous experimentation.

take drugs because "of the growing disrespect for authority."

The students themselves say they do it for "kicks," or because they are bored, or because drugs are easy to get, or because drugs offer "deep personal insights."

One boy summed it up when he said he used marijuana and LSD "because there is just no reason not to."

COST TO BUSINESS

Alcoholism costs American business more than a billion dollars yearly by affecting at least two million workers, says Dr. Luther A. Cloud of the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

Rehabilitation is simpler and more effective in an industrial setting than on the outside, he comments. Stricken employees will often have stable lives, except for the drinking. They have maintained their marriages, raised children, attended church, and kept the respect of the community.

Because it can see the problem not as one of isolated individuals but as a larger condition, industry can play an important role in the prevention of alcoholism, he says.



Smoking and Smell

There is a relationship between the sense of smell and cigarette smoking, according to a study by Dr. R. E. Joyner, Texas City, Texas.

Tests revealed a statistically significant decrease in smelling acuity ranging from nonsmokers to those who smoke twenty-one or more cigarettes a day.

"It is, therefore, concluded that both cigarette smoking per se and the actual amount of cigarettes smoked can be directly correlated with a diminished olfactory acuity as measured by this test procedure," Dr. Joyner says.

Addicted Babies

In New York more babies are being born addicted to narcotics.

Some 800 such infants were born to addicted mothers last year, reports Hospitals Commissioner Alonzo S. Yerby. This is an increase of about 20 percent from the previous year.

However, this is not the whole story, he says, since a sizable number of addicted babies were not identified as addicts by hospital attendants.

"Poisoned by the narcotics taken by their mothers, they suffered all the tortures of withdrawal," Dr. Yerby points out.

"Because they are infants, and have no physical reserves of strength to call upon, their suffering is even greater than that felt by an adult addict when forced to undergo 'cold turkey treatments.'"

The rise in the number of addicted babies, according to Dr. Felicia Oliver-Smith of the Health Department, is due both to increased addiction among adults and to dilution of heroin. "Undiluted heroin served as a contraceptive," she says.

For psychological reasons many addicted women want and need babies, she continues. "Pregnancy may serve as proof of femininity or as compensation for a sense of inadequacy or of being aberrant."

Now, an Exercise Break

Maryland state employees now can take a physical fitness break, as well as a coffee break. The state's board of public works has given state employees permission to spend ten minutes a day toning up muscles and trimming down waistlines.

"We have coffee breaks, tea breaks, and coke breaks, and they all put on fat," comments Louis Goldstein, Maryland's comptroller. "It's time we have something to take off the fat."



Students by the thousands across the country are searching for a new life in the mystic, sinister world of drugs but are finding instead a deranged mind and terrifying hallucinations in their visionary experiments.



"I hear your blood pressure is down and your ulcer is inactive, Henderson. How come?"

Courtesy, *Medical Tribune*.

Keeping the Girls Young

"My biggest problem was guessing how old the women were," says a French beauty expert after spending a month in Hong Kong advising women on beauty treatment. "One woman I thought was twenty turned out to be forty-four."

As to the reasons Chinese women look younger—longer—than any other women in the world, Michele Irish, who represents a Paris cosmetics house, comments: "I think they stay 'young' because they don't drink liquor and don't worship the sun the way Americans and Europeans do."

... YOUNG SMOKERS

"Every day of the year, 4,500 youngsters between twelve and seventeen take up the smoking habit." —Katherine B. Oettinger, chief, Children's Bureau in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

Why Have Controls on Liquor at All Anymore?

Antiquated laws prohibiting alcohol to American Indians have only served to aggravate the still serious drinking problem existing among these people, Anthropologist Edward P. Dozier of the University of Arizona believes.

A Federal ban against drink for Indians was lifted in 1953, but several states and many tribal councils continue the restrictions.

Besides being ineffective, Dr.

Dozier contends, the laws have prevented Indians from learning how to "control" alcohol. They have also contributed to a sense of inadequacy by treating the Indians as "children."

Traditionally Indians drink in groups or gangs, Dr. Dozier said. Because the solitary, antisocial drinker is uncommon, the Indian is not an alcoholic by normal standards. However, his drink-associated crime rate is twelve times higher than the national average.

The anthropologist recommended that the most promising technique would be the establishment of centers where Indians can find satisfying group activity to replace alcohol.

...Tastes Good, Like a Cigarette—?



IS COMPLETE FREEDOM EVER POSSIBLE? YES NO



No, mainly because people want things. Whenever people want things they must do what is necessary to get them, which means a restriction of freedom. The man at the airport who wants to get to a certain city is not free to take most of the planes that take off. Furthermore, to get what we want, we must work with others. This means that we are not free to do whatever we might wish. The man who is most free is not the one who rebels against restraints, but is the one who has the discipline to do, not what he wants, but what will get him what he wants.

Marriage--Afterthought

Roughly one out of every six girls under twenty in Connecticut is becoming pregnant out of wedlock, according to a State Health Department estimate.

By all indications a majority of these girls marry before their babies are born, leaving a much smaller number who actually deliver as unwed mothers.

The estimate was based in part on a random sample of 300 married women under twenty giving birth for the first time. Of these babies, probably 63 percent were conceived before the mothers married, said the Health Department.

This is considerably higher than the national figure reported recently at an American Medical Association meeting. One out of every three high school brides is pregnant when she marries, the AMA's Congress on Medical Education was told.

Out With the TV...

Wife (watching rock 'n' roll singer on TV): "They say his personality alone has sold thousands of TV sets."

Husband: "I believe it. After seeing him, I feel like selling ours."

ARE YOU PUZZLED?

WATER--Shallow and Deep Frieda M. Lease

The spaces below, when filled with various watery names, will complete the defined words.

- | | |
|----------------|------------------------|
| 1. d | a coachman |
| 2. off | descendant |
| 3. pen | to moisten |
| 4. er | floating banner |
| 5. en ed | swallowed up |
| 6. onet | weapon |
| 7. d ing | residence |
| 8. s | a reel |
| 9. ous | grand |
| 10. cious | roomy |
| 11. b | street divisions |
| 12. sh | sharp cry |
| 13. rch | to seek |
| 14. f | thin scale |
| 15. res | react |
| 16. proof | insulate against noise |
| 17. be | happens |
| 18. ed | entertained thought |

If One Is Good-- Two May Not Be Better

John Henderson, M.D.

The combination of alcohol and barbiturates, even in moderate amounts, can kill. A normal barbiturate dose of one to three grains, which in most cases would do little more than produce a desired degree of sleep, can produce a lethal effect in susceptible individuals if alcohol is taken before or at about the same time, even though the alcohol taken is not enough to cause intoxication.

Alcohol is a strong central nervous system depressant, and in no sense a stimulant. Its action on the brain is comparable to that of general anesthetics.

Barbiturate drugs also are strong

central nervous system depressants. Of course, this is why they are used: to achieve such results as calming jangled nerves or producing sound and sometimes prolonged sleep. Properly used, most modern barbiturates are safe, unless the user is allergic.

If too much dependence is placed on the drugs they can be habit forming. The drugs are supposed to be obtainable only on a doctor's prescription. But not all of the 300 tons consumed annually is prescribed. Barbiturates provide one of the most popular means of suicide. More than 1,500 deaths occur each year through acute barbiturate poisoning.

There is no doubt that many people overuse barbiturates as an escape mechanism from the problems of life. These same individuals, then, are prone to seek relief from their problems with alcohol. Also, they will use barbiturates to combat the

jittery aftereffects of drinking and to calm alcohol-produced restlessness and sleeplessness. Thus, it is common for two extremely powerful drugs to be combined at the same time, with dangerous possibilities.

Tranquilizers combined with alcohol have an equally damaging effect on the individual. It is possible for an individual who normally can tolerate one or two drinks without showing obvious effects to become very drunk on the same amount if he has taken even a recommended dose of a tranquilizer.

With tranquilizers, many people believe that if one pill is good, two are twice as good, and they fail to follow their doctor's advice or directions on the label.—Adapted, *The National Observer*.



by BOB BROWN



PROBLEM: Surface tension.

NEEDED: Two dishes of water, two table tennis balls, and a small piece of soap.

DO THIS: Place a ball on the surface of the water in a dish, and it will move to the nearer side of the dish and cling to the dish. Mix some soap in the water in the other dish, place the ball on the water surface, and it will remain in the center of the dish.

HERE'S WHY: The water molecules attract the ball and the dish. This effect, surface tension, can be seen as the curved shape of the water surface, drawing No. 1. The double effect of the surface tension causes a small force to pull the ball to the nearest side of the dish.

Soap in the water greatly weakens the surface tension, so the curving effects are not noticed. The water surface will appear flat, as in drawing No. 2, and there will be insufficient force to pull the ball to a side.

How Many People Drink Today?



Based on the Gallup Poll, this graph shows the percentage of Americans, twenty-one years and older, who drink alcoholic beverages. The present percentage is the highest in twenty years.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ:

1. river
2. spring
3. dam
4. stream
5. gulf
6. bay
7. well
8. pool
9. gorge
10. spa
11. locks
12. rill
13. sea
14. lake
15. pond
16. sound
17. falls
18. harbor

There's a Bird
in your
future



OLD
CROW

BRAINWASHING *Of* a CHILD

THIS young boy is being brainwashed—along with hundreds of thousands of other youth—by the glowing and powerful advertising of the liquor industry.

Last year the industry spent approximately \$500 million to brainwash this child, and others.

Everywhere he looks he is told that to be socially accepted in 1966 he must drink.

Billboards, television, newspapers, magazines, and liquor stores in most every city show the “best” side of the alcohol beverages.

For example, P. Ballantine & Son beer company has an advertising budget estimated at \$10 million. It has majored on emphasizing on television the “fun” aspect of beer drinking.

The industry is televising and broadcasting most of the baseball games this season. This year the largest single category of sponsors is the brewers.

If this young boy is a typical youth, he will be a part of the 80 percent of men under thirty-five who drink beer in America.

He is being told that because he drinks, he will be happy, marry a beautiful woman, have a joyous homelife, and make a real contribution to society.

Top liquor men continue to think up new ways to gain beginning drinkers.

Is it any surprise that there are about 240,000 new alcoholics each year in America?

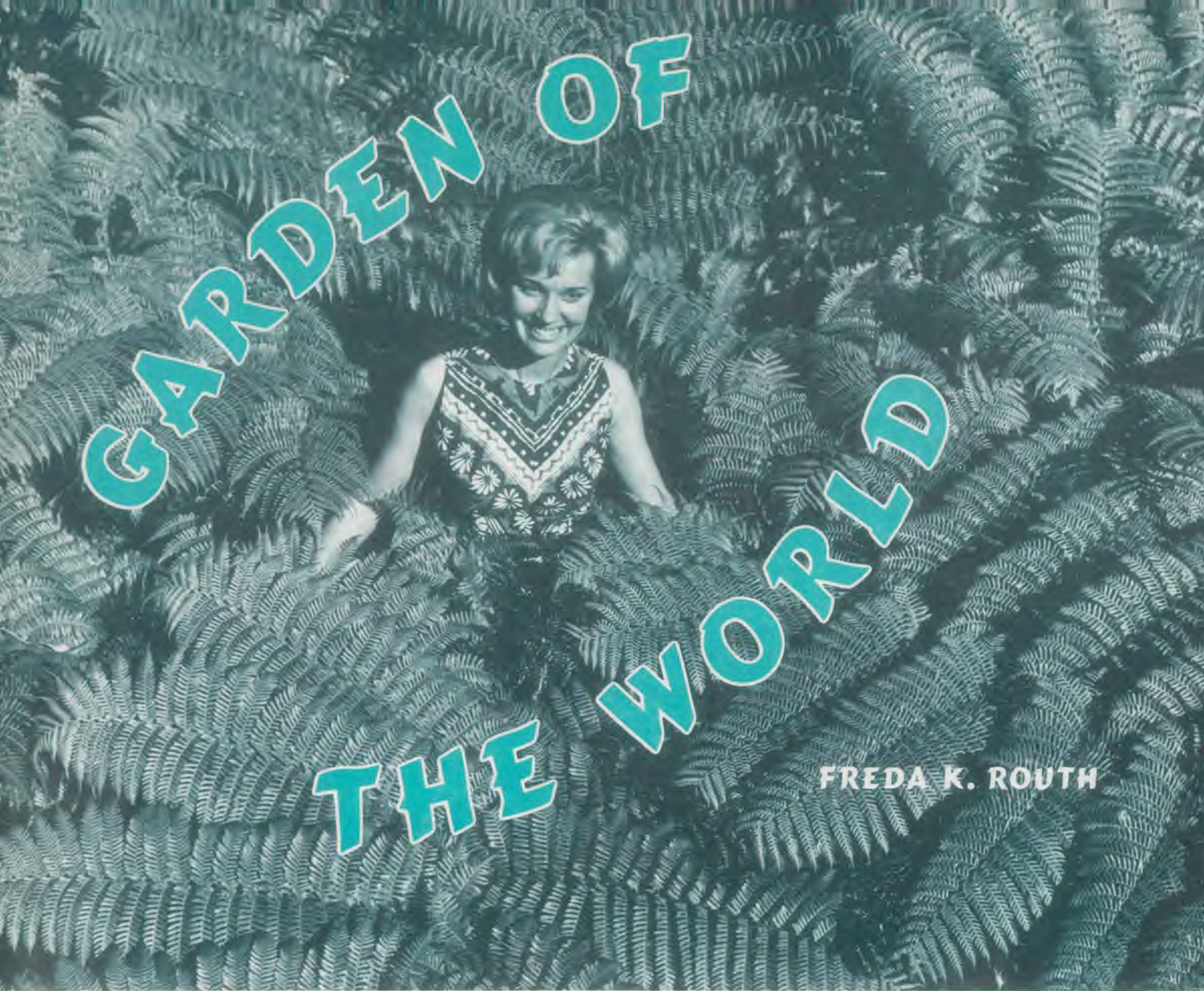
Will your child be a victim of successful brainwashing?

Adapted, “Christian Crusader,” published by Texas Alcohol Narcotics Education, Inc., Dallas, Texas. Used by permission.



Gil A. Stricklin

Photos by Bob Russell



GARDEN OF THE WORLD

FREDA K. ROUTH

SINCE the beginning of history man has sought and found in a garden inspiration and relief from the pressures of life. Cradled in the atmosphere created by natural growth and beauty, the human mind finds it easier to cross the boundary from materialistic stress into that of spiritual rest.

America is blessed with a large number of beautiful public gardens, some of them covering hundreds of acres. Although there are larger ones than the year-round "Sunken Gardens" of Saint Petersburg, Florida, it is doubtful that there exists one quite as beautiful or intriguing. The home of 5,000 varieties of plants from every part of the globe, it has rightly been called "the world in one garden."

A recent visitor remarked, "As I strolled along the winding paths through this Edenlike retreat, I had the feeling that, at any moment, I might see God come walking round a curve." Another said, "Sitting on one of the comfortable benches that dot the garden, meditating with eyes closed, smelling the rich black earth and the multitude of tropical flowers—the heavy perfume of jasmine, gardenias, magnolias, and the sharply pungent scent of marigolds and

zinnias—I experienced a sense of delightful mesmerism."

At every turn within this American Shangri-la there is a challenge to the imagination—flamboyant orange-and-blue bird-of-paradise flowers, the sapodilla or chewing-gum tree, the sensitive *Mimosa pudica*, whose delicate leaves close swiftly when touched. There are huge flopping green elephant ears, coffee trees from Brazil, and *Cycas circinalis* fern which dates back to Biblical times. Exquisite orchids of practically every variety and color nestle happily among the curving limbs of ancient oak trees.

Whether a lover of nature or an amateur student of plant life, one cannot but be thrilled with seeing and perhaps photographing strange plants and flowers. Some of the most interesting of these are Brazil's *Tibouchina*, called glory-bush because of its velvety violet-purple flowers and foliage, whose veining strangely follows the shape of the leaf outline; the lacy bull-horn acacia and the fancy-leaf caladiums also from Brazil; purple and blue passionflower, in which Spanish conquistadores claimed they saw represented all the signs of Christ's crucifixion; pineapple-like bromeliads with blossoms



An aura of mystery surrounds this twenty-five-foot pipe-organ cactus, for its blooms appear only during the night.



In this jungle paradise appear plants from around the world.



This honeymoon couple enjoy the endless varieties of semitropical and exotic blooms, natural lagoons, and stately wading birds.

like flaming candles against the dark jungle greenery; thirty varieties of brilliantly colored bougainvillea vines.

Then there are the plants from the other side of the earth—India, Japan, China, and Australia. The crape myrtle from India shows its delicate feathery pink- and orchid-colored blossoms reminiscent of lilacs. From China and Japan come flaming hibiscuses and the quaint balsams, whose seedpods explode when touched. Then, of course, there are the annuals such as giant orange-colored marigolds and zinnias that were first grown by the ancient Aztecs.

Fascinating because of their rarity in America are tree ferns from Australia and stag-horn ferns from Madagascar. And perhaps the most imagination-stretching of all, the traveler's palm. A weary traveler coming across this plant while lost in some jungle may obtain direction from the fronds that always point east and west, a refreshing drink from the sap, food from the seedpods, and shelter from use of the large leaves. Among other species of palms to be found here are the needle palm, sago palm, Chinese fan palm, Canary Island date palm, and the cabbage palm.

Animal life? Yes. Hundreds of giant goldfish play among

the lily pads that grow in the watercourses. And stately rose-colored flamingos, as well as other types of wading birds, stroll the gardens and preen themselves in the warm Florida sun—and, of course, the sweet-singing wild birds.

How did this modern paradise begin? In 1902 a young man named George Turner purchased a primitive lake in what was then the village of Saint Petersburg. At the time he had no idea that this site would, through the farsightedness and dedicated efforts of his two sons, Ralph and George, Jr., be shaped into one of the world's most beautiful and deservedly popular attractions.

The Turners love the soil and growing things, and it is this love of nature that inspired them to take a dream and turn it into an artistic masterpiece of unbelievable beauty.

Their efforts have now paid off handsomely. In the last year more than a quarter million people have strolled the paths of "Sunken Gardens" or sat resting on its benches—perhaps meditating on their good fortune at having been privileged in their lifetime to experience such a soul-satisfying immersion into the sheerest kind of beauty the world of nature can offer.

The King and the Cupbearer

E. H. Roy

Cyrus the Great, conqueror of mighty Babylon and king of Persia, in his youth was taught to shun the intoxicating cup. Once on a visit to his royal grandfather in Media, Cyrus asked if he might be permitted to act as the cupbearer. The young man did everything to perfection, mimicking the cupbearer, stepping grandly and solemnly about.

The nobles present loudly applauded him. The king, too, commended him, but called his attention to one omission. He had neglected to taste the wine, as the cupbearer always did before he handed it to the king.

Cyrus replied that he had not tasted the wine because he thought it was poisoned. Asked why he thought that, he answered, "It was poisoned the other day when you made a feast for your friends on your birthday. I knew by the effects. The things you do not allow us boys to do you did yourself, for you were very rude and noisy. You could not even stand erect and steady. So I thought that the wine which produced these effects must have been poisoned."

"To those who say it can't happen to them, I have but one answer—

That's

"WHAT are you going to do with my daughter?" I cried frantically as the police matron shoved me into the jail cell, slamming the door shut and locking it.

"What do you care?" she sneered. "If you cared, you wouldn't have been driving with her in the car." The matron left without another word, while I stood there, clutching the bars, and shaking my head, trying to clear away the haziness of too many martinis.

Hot tears rolled down my cheeks. My handkerchief was in my purse, but they had taken that away. I found some tissue in the cell, but I couldn't stop the flow of tears. What was I doing here, in jail? How long would I have to stay? "Let me out, let me out!" I cried, but there was no one to hear. Sudden terror hit me, leaving my knees weak.

I sat down on the narrow cot along one wall of the tiny cell, wrapping a blanket around me, but the cold which seeped to my bones came from fear, and alcohol, and the silence. Even the warmth of the blanket couldn't stop my compulsive shivering. I was in jail, like a common criminal! The thought beat at my brain with a frightening, sobering intensity.

Today had been payday. This came only once a month, and it was hard to make the money reach from one payday to the next. We were celebrating, and while my husband cooked a special dinner, we had had one cocktail. No, maybe it was two.

Then another terrifying realization hit me. I didn't know how many drinks I'd had because I couldn't remember a thing past the second martini and the salad course. Why had I been out driving, with my daughter in the car? Where

Betty Lubinski

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES CONVERSE

What I Thought!"

Converse

was I going? What had happened to all the hours between my husband's homecoming and the time, much later, when I found myself at the police station? The truth was that I didn't know. I had blacked out.

Now it has been several months since that night I spent in jail, but I can remember it with a vividness that still horrifies me. Until then, I had always considered myself an average, intelligent housewife. Age: thirty-two. Children: four. Husband: white-collar worker. Income: about median for the nation. Neither my husband nor I drank frequently, but that was because we couldn't afford it, not because of any deep-seated convictions against alcohol. I had realized that there were people whose drinking was a problem, but in my mind I had relegated them to the class of people who hung round taverns, the drunks one saw in the shabby parts of town.

Perhaps that is the greatest rationalization a moderate drinker makes when he tries to justify his own consumption of alcoholic beverages. "I'm not like that. It couldn't happen to me." Daily the newspapers print articles about drunken drivers who damage property—and even life. "That's stupid," I thought.

"I wouldn't drive if I'd had too much to drink."

But one drink made me sure I could tolerate one more; and one more drink made me very sure that I was sober enough to drive. So I—a very infrequent drinker—got behind the wheel of my car during a blackout and went barreling down the street at night with my car lights off—and almost smashed into a police car. I didn't even realize what I was doing until I found myself in jail.

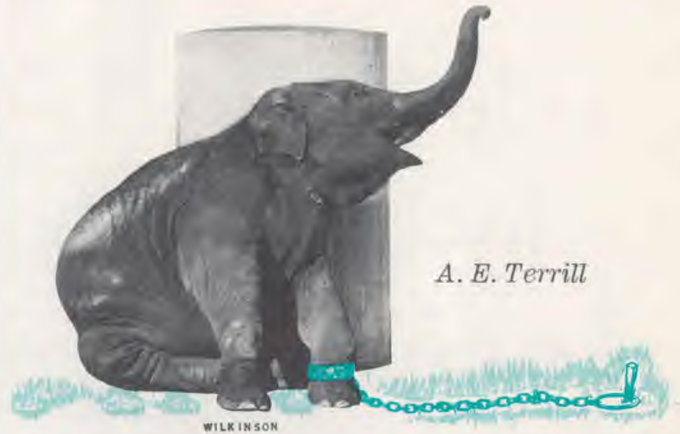
The aftermath of a drunk-driving charge isn't pleasant. There were the psychological blows to my ego. I had to appear in court directly from my jail cell, with no make-up, hair uncombed, dress wrinkled from sleeping in it. None of the harsh things the judge said to me were half as bad as the harsh things I'd been saying to myself. I was fingerprinted and a mug shot was taken of me, with a number hung around my neck. There was a newspaper item in our local paper about me, for all my friends to read. Some of my children's friends apparently read it, too, for the children had to answer embarrassing questions at school. For weeks after my conviction, every time I left the house, I felt as though people stared at me, and whispered.

The aftermath of the drunk-driving charge is also expensive. My husband paid \$40 to a bail bondsman to get me out of jail. The fine for a first conviction was \$110. It cost us \$14 for towing and storage charges for our car. My husband missed a half day's work to arrange bail and to recover our car. My driver's license was suspended for thirty days. In order to get it reinstated, I needed special-risk insurance that would cover me in any car I would drive for the next three years. I don't know the exact price of that insurance because we haven't been able to afford it yet. I am still a pedestrian these days.

We still celebrate paydays at our house because it still seems like a long time between one payday and another. My husband still cooks a special dinner for the family as he used to, but our celebration punch is strictly nonspiked. I learned my lesson the hard way.

"But that couldn't happen to me!" I can almost hear the thoughts flickering through the minds of our moderate drinkers. I have only one answer: That's what I thought!

An Elephant Story Did It!



A. E. Terrill

THERE is nothing like a nagging worry in the back of your mind to take the joy out of life. Smoking was doing exactly that to me. The habit not only failed to deliver the feeling of well-being that the TV commercials insist is the smoker's reward, but it kept me in a state of anxiety about my health. Medical reports about the dangers of smoking were beginning to sink in, but I was afraid I couldn't stop smoking, because I had tried so many times and failed.

It took an elephant story to give me the right clue.

A famous world traveler and animal photographer, speaking to our service club, told of watching elephants being trained by their Indian mahouts.

"When the elephant calf is old enough to begin his education, his trainers attach a heavy chain to one of his front legs. The other end of the chain is closely wrapped around a large tree. The frightened, angry animal struggles and strains to free himself and return to the herd. It may take many days before he gives up, but the mahouts leave him there until he is completely subdued and no longer tries to escape.

"From then on the elephant is conditioned to believe that any stationary object on the other end of his leg chain is immovable. You have probably seen circus elephants tethered to small stakes in the ground. They could easily pull up the stakes and be free, but they are mentally shackled to the giant trees that were on the other end of their first leg chains."

Later, driving home, I was turning the traveler's story over in my mind when a red traffic signal brought me to a stop. Instinctively I reached for a cigarette to fill the short pause, although my mouth was dry and my throat raspy from too many cigarettes already that day.

Suddenly it struck me. Could there be a parallel between the elephant's conditioning and my own habit? Did smoking really hold me as securely as I feared? Was that next cigarette a tall tree or a tent stake? Perhaps my growing wish to quit smoking was big enough to enable me to uproot the habit and be free of it. These thoughts made me grin sheepishly to myself, and I put my cigarette back in the crumpled pack.

Today I can congratulate myself on being smarter than an elephant. With a greater desire, and the elephant story prodding me, I quit smoking that night three years ago. And I haven't smoked since.

help yourself-- by forgetting yourself



DO YOU ever wake up in the morning with your first thought, "How do I feel?" and then the rest of the day dwell on all your real, and imaginary, aches and pains and troubles?

The best cure for this is to stop thinking about yourself and start thinking constructively about some good you are going to do, even if it is only making jam! Get your viewpoint away from yourself, and become interested in outside things and other people—especially other people. Do things for them. Give of yourself, your time and effort. You will be surprised how rewarding this is, both in broadening your own horizon and in making friends.

I have several acquaintances who, when I pass the time of day and ask, "How are you?" answer by going into a long account of their aches and pains. It makes me sorry I asked. Their lives have turned inward. They are their own big interest, and they cause others to be bored. Some of the worst offenders are those people who live alone or have never had any children.

Being a parent is one of the greatest antidotes to selfishness. Babies won't take No for an answer. You have to get up in the middle of the night, no matter how tired you are, to feed them or soothe them. Someone else is the big interest now, and you are forced to forget self. By the time they are grown you should be cured of all self-centeredness.

My mother often quoted this saying to me: "The busy have no time for tears." How true! If you keep busy, you forget yourself. If you have time on your hands, why not cultivate some hobbies? There is nothing

like using your hands and your head to forget your troubles and aches.

Get out in the garden, make some cookies, try your hand at painting—and above all, do something for somebody else. Take a shut-in for a ride, or give a piece of cake to a neighbor. If you are invited out to dinner, take a surprise box of candy or a bunch of flowers to your hostess, especially if the candy is homemade or the flowers out of your garden.

Making someone else happy will bring an inner glow into your own life and stop your thinking of yourself.

Listen

A Journal of Better Living

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Attractive • Scientific
Authentic • Informative

Take advantage now of the special two-year rate for the monthly LISTEN: only \$5.50; one year, only \$3.00. Enclosed find \$_____ for a _____-year subscription.

LISTEN • PUBLICATION OFFICE
1350 VILLA STREET, MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA 94040



Life and **HEALTH**
The National Health Journal

Life!
Health!
Happiness!
Success!



AS A GIFT

It would provide your loved ones or your friends with something they will appreciate every month throughout the year, a gift that will add years to their life and life to their years.

All in one readable magazine

(ISSUED MONTHLY)

ARTICLES of lasting interest and health benefit—written so you, the mother in the home or the man on the street, can understand them.

\$5.50 ONE YEAR

TWO YEARS **\$10.25**

MAIL your own subscription and your gift list today, and a card—personalized by your name—will announce your gift.



LIFE AND HEALTH,
Washington, D.C. 20012

I enclose herewith \$ _____ . Please send LIFE AND HEALTH to:

Name _____	1 yr.	2 yrs.
Address _____	\$5.50	\$10.25
	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

New Renewal Gift

Name _____	1 yr.	2 yrs.
Address _____	\$5.50	\$10.25
	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

New Renewal Gift

Sign your name as you wish it to appear on gift cards. _____

Names for additional subscriptions may be listed on a separate sheet and enclosed with this coupon. Prices slightly higher in Canada.



"...and I Found All Three"

"I sought my soul,
But my soul I could not see.
I sought my God,
But my God eluded me.
I sought my brother,
And I found all three."

--Author Unknown.

As I sat in a group-therapy class at the state hospital, these words sounded meaningless and empty—something which a bearded ascetic, perched on a lonely Oriental hilltop hundreds of years ago, might have mumbled.

I ran away from the hospital, taking a route which I fancied proved me a clever conniver with a degree of bravery. My route led me to the nearest liquor store and to four more years of living agony. Strangely enough, the "meaningless" words wavered in and out of my pickled brain during those years.

Once again I emerged from a remote horror world of unearthly screeches and unimaginable creatures that crawled all over me, to squint at weak sun rays filtering through bars and heavy leather straps holding my arms and legs. It took several days for my brain to clear and my body to become strong enough so that I could stand on my feet.

My inventory of assets was brief. It seemed to amount to nothing, either materially or spiritually. Then someone said to me, "You still have the most valuable possession you ever owned—your mind. Use it. It can make you well." With this thought, I was discharged from the hospital.

A bug-infested hotel gave me credit for a week. I found a job as a waitress and thereby existed—paid the rent and managed to eat. I despised life, but I was too "chicken" for suicide. Months passed, months in which I struggled to survive and, at the same time, struggled for the courage to die.

Then it happened. A little girl, whom I had briefly met, was being discharged from the hospital psychiatric ward. She was coming out into the world with nothing except the clothes on her back. I asked her to move in with me. Now there were two of us to feed and keep a roof over. The responsibility was like an electric shock. My brain snapped to life.

Over the months I found pleasure in a life I'd never known: someone for whom to bring a candy bar home after a hard shift at work, or a book from the library, someone with whom to plan and scheme how to save enough money for an outing, or argue about whether or not we had enough money to buy a soft drink. Sometimes we crept out late at night and "borrowed" a flower from a neighbor's bush to brighten up the room.

After I'd improved my job status, the day came when we moved into a nice apartment. I started saving every dime I could to pay for her tuition at college, her long-time dream.

No one could have been happier than I was when I held in my hand the receipt from the business manager of the school. She was having her chance at life, and I'd been able to play a part in it. I had literally been pulled out of a life of misery, and I was taking someone with me.

I understand those words now:

"I sought my brother,
And I found all three."

Lee Sargent