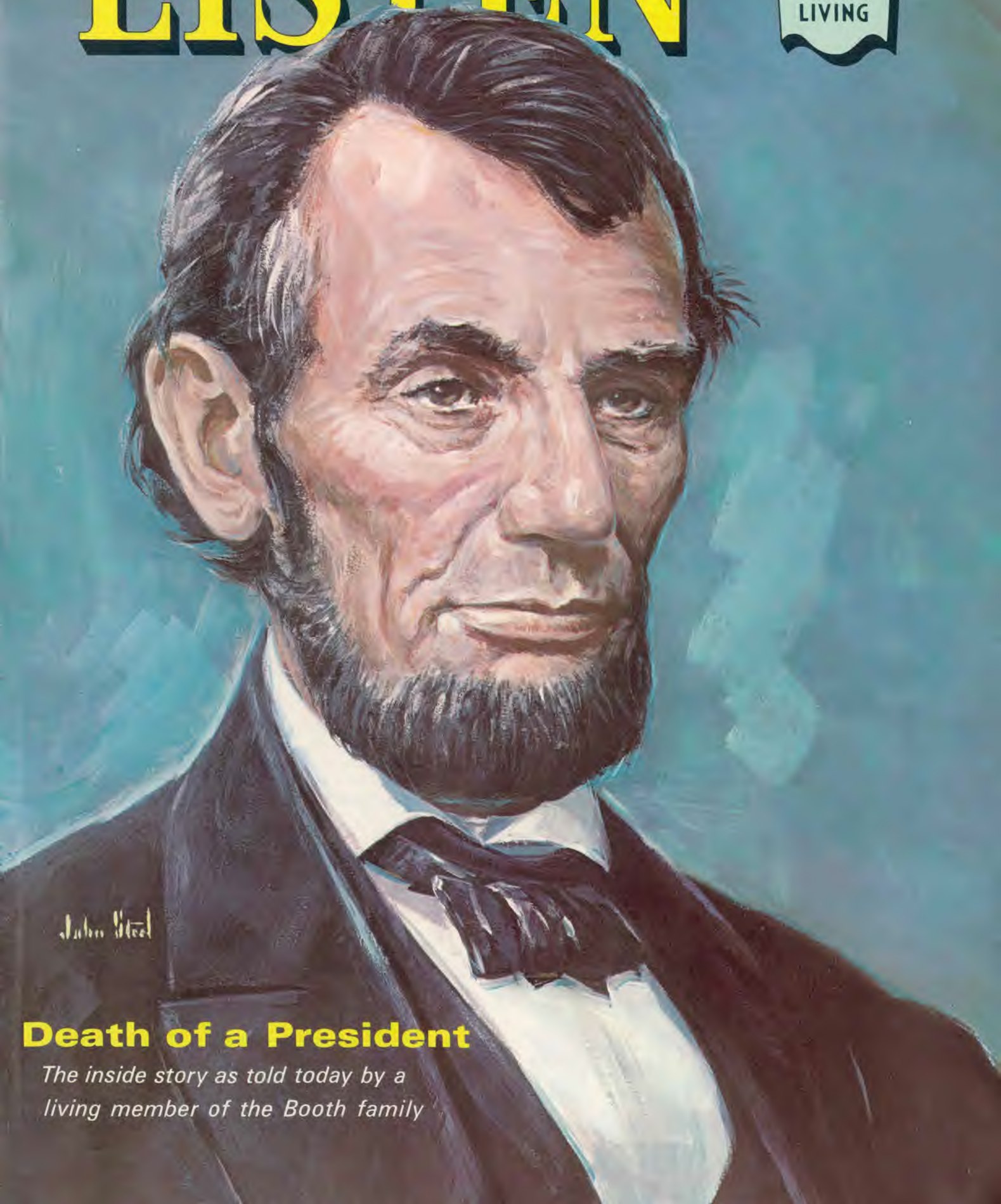


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



John Steel

Death of a President

*The inside story as told today by a
living member of the Booth family*

EDITORIAL

Handicap in Court

No batter in the game of baseball would wish to step up to the plate with a strike automatically called against him before he starts.

Yet that is comparable to what happens when a person takes a case involving his own use of alcohol into court and expects a jury to decide that case.

It is generally assumed that evidence of consumption of alcohol by a party to a lawsuit will react to his disadvantage.

The extent to which this is true is graphically illustrated in a series of reports drawn up by the Jury Verdict Research, Inc., of Cleveland, Ohio, for reference by insurance companies.

In these reports it was found that when the plaintiff in a personal-injury case is alleged to have been drinking at the time of the occurrence it reduces his chances of winning his case by 44.5 percent, a reduction of almost one half.

The reductions from normal recovery rates within various liability situations were shown to be as follows: pedestrians struck by vehicles, 43 percent; driver vs. driver cases, 52 percent; drivers colliding with objects, 38 percent; carrier accidents, 31 percent; passenger cases, 66 percent; occupier liability, 13 percent; work injuries, 7 percent.

The allegation that the plaintiff had been drinking reduces the award he would otherwise expect to receive by an average of 25 percent.

If the plaintiff in a personal-injury case claims, with some substantiation, that the defendant had been drinking prior to the accident, it increases the plaintiff's chances of winning his case by 27 percent, and reduces the defendant's chances of winning by 43 percent.

In other words, it can be said that either plaintiff or defendant, who is claimed to have been more or less under the influence of intoxicants at the time of an accident, stands a much smaller chance of winning his case than if no such allegation had been made.

When both plaintiff and defendant in a personal-injury suit are claimed to have been drinking, it reduces the plaintiff's rate of recovery by 15 percent. Conversely, the defendant wins 24 percent more of these cases than those in which alcohol is not an issue.

It is evident, then, that anyone involved with alcohol has much less chance in court to win verdicts and awards favorable to himself. A jury which finds alcohol to be an ingredient in any case is loathe to overlook its significance and immediately chalks up one strike against the batter!

Why would anyone want to go up to bat with a strike already against him?

LISTEN

JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

E. J. FOLKENBERG, *Executive Director*

FRANCIS A. SOPER, *Editor*

Edna M. Tarr, *Assistant Editor*

Elizabeth Varga, *Editorial Secretary*

Euel Atchley, J. V. Scully, *Contributing Editors*

T. R. Torkelson, *Office Editor*

Howard Larkin, *Art Director*

Eric Kreye, *Layout Artist*

A. R. Mazat, *Circulation Manager*

L. R. Hixson, R. E. Adams,
Sales and Promotion

... in this issue

- 2 Handicap in Court *Editorial*
- 3 Reaping the Whirlwind? *Dr. Irwin Ross*
- 4 Prayer in February (Poem) *Mildred N. Hoyer*
- 6 Learning About Alcohol *A. M. Schneidmuhl, M.D.*
- 8 Chew Your Way to Hell *Blendena L. Sonnichsen*
- 9 "The Name's Booth" *Ken Jon Booth*
- 10 Death of a President
- 13 Nature's Nectar *W. Schweisheimer, M.D.*
- 14 Drug Addict (Poem) *Ruth Bassett*
- 15 **COLOR STREAK SPECIAL**
Listen's newspaper in miniature
- 20 Winter—Best Time of Year *Marie Layne*

... in the next issue

★ It now seems possible to rob a bank and really get away with it. Read "How to Rob a Bank" in March *Listen*.

★ Rebecca Alkire won her title Miss American Teen-Ager out of some 230,000 initial competitors. She expresses herself freely on questions facing teen-agers today.

★ Senseless flies can easily be lured to death, just as some people can at times. "On Catching Flies" is one of the most interesting nature items you ever read.

Photo and Illustration Credits

Cover painting by John Steel; page 4, Siegfried Hartig; page 11, Hester Studio; page 12, A. Devaney, Inc.; page 13, Howard Larkin; page 14, Eric Kreye; Hamilton Studios; page 19, Vermont Development Commission; Canadian Government Travel Bureau; Marie Layne; Dick Smith for State of New Hampshire.

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, \$3.50; single copy, 35 cents; to countries taking extra postage, \$3.75; 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, 1967, 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.

Judging from my practice as a neuropsychologist, I am convinced that a clear majority of adult American women are engulfed today in emotional difficulties. They come complaining about their "nerves," and generally confide that they feel everlastingly ill at ease, empty, and out of step with the world.

Unhappy and neurotic, they may confess to breathlessness, heartburn, muscle twitching, spells of faintness, phobias, and continual fatigue. And the more they are involved in careers, the more they are idle, the more they are childless, the more they are fashionably dressed and elaborately made up, the longer is the list of their troubles.

A large proportion of the patients who consult me about emotional disorders are the feminine careerists, women who have invaded the "big league" of male competition and have held their own successfully. Behind their chic facades, they are usually a sorry sight—a bundle of nerves, frustrations, and anxieties. If they have married at all, typically they have at least one divorce behind them.

Then there are the women who have no careers, but wish they did. Apologetically they explain to me that they are "just housewives." They lament the "boredom" and "drudgery" of their lives; they fiercely resent the fact that they are women. To occupy themselves, they gamble away their husbands' money at bridge, fritter it in aimless shopping, or listen hour after hour to silly soap operas.

Both these groups of women—the careerists and the non-careerists who wish they were—usually have no more than one child (if any), although physically capable of bearing more. When I ask them why, they give all sorts of reasons. They blame their husbands, their "figures," their incomes, their landlords, their health—anything, in fact, but themselves.

Obviously the plight of these neurotic and frustrated women presents one of the great social challenges of our times.

There is one type of woman rarely seen in a psychiatrist's office. That is the woman who is glad she is a woman. Although perhaps now a minority in our female population, she honestly enjoys homemaking, and more than anything in the world wants to rear a family of healthy, normal youngsters. During twenty years of listening to distressed patients, I have never met her in my office, because she doesn't need help.

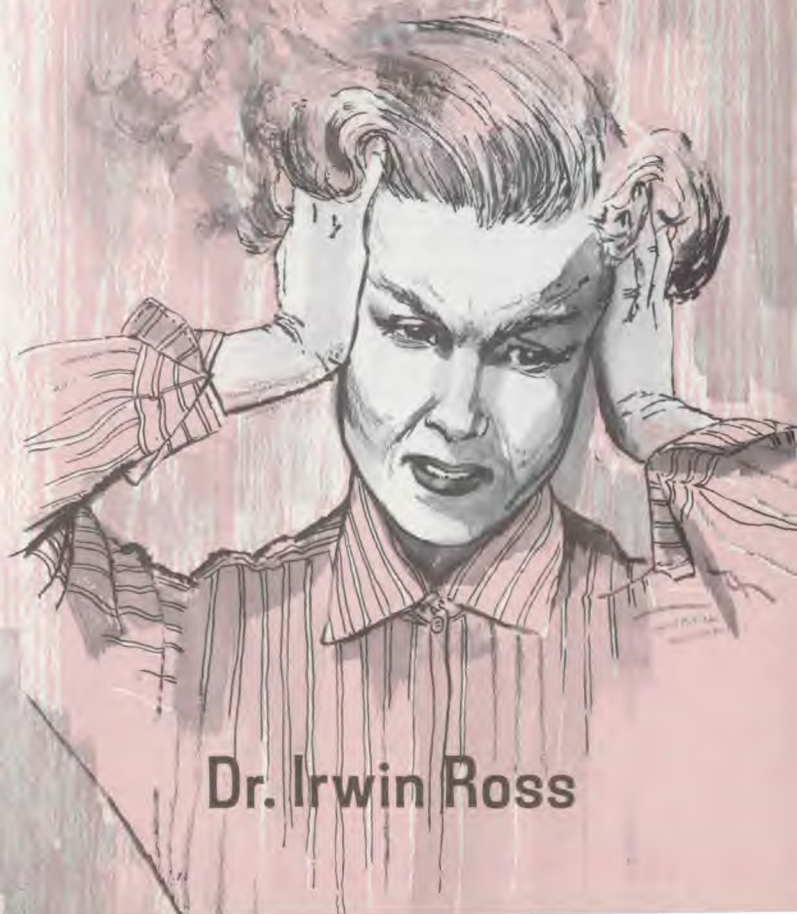
Typically, this woman is serene, sure of herself, and at peace with the world. She doesn't understand when other women talk bitterly about the privileges of men or question the advisability of having children. To her, bearing children and guiding them to maturity is the most natural and wonderful thing any woman can do.

Yet such an all-out woman does not necessarily have to be a "homebody." I know one, for example, who was a secretary while she marked time before marriage. Today she is active in school and community affairs, and has a part-time career as an interior decorator. But her interests are overwhelmingly centered around her children and her home. She does not wish she were a man, and she does not try to compete with men or act like them.

It is constantly becoming harder, however, for a woman to be glad she is a woman. There seems to be a widespread notion today that being a woman amounts to little and being a man amounts to everything. Propaganda of the

"Mother" and "home" are words becoming less real to young people today. As the result, are we—

Reaping the Whirlwind?



Dr. Irwin Ross

feminists and stories about famous career women have convinced much of the public that motherhood is an untidy and bothersome breeding process that carries no prestige whatever.

Acclaim goes to the woman who acquires two college degrees, becomes a business executive, emerges from three marriages as from train wrecks, brings one neurotic child into the world, and sounds off regularly on current affairs, just like a man.

Despite such propaganda, the fact is that a woman who succeeds in rearing several normal, well-adjusted youngsters to maturity is actually accomplishing a feat of much greater difficulty, intricacy, and importance than most men accomplish in their lifetimes. No one thinks to give such a woman credit if one son becomes a judge, another a great engineer, a third a scientist. Yet certainly such an achievement requires vastly more skill and ingenuity than being a high-powered female sales executive.

It is time that we recognize motherhood as our most vital,

and one of our most highly skilled, professions, and exalt it as such. We should all respect and honor the women who are serving society most fully as women, rather than those who are trying to compete with men or serving as men's lackeys. There are many new worlds for women to conquer if they will only stop envying and aping men long enough to face their own challenging problems.

A few weeks ago one of my patients lamented, "I always wanted to be a man, anyhow." Another, trying to justify her unhappiness in a career, sighed and said: "It's a man's world, so what can you expect?"

By nature, man's special sphere has always been that of exploitation. Typically, though not always, he is aggressive, self-assertive, and adventurous, and is better able to thrive on competition than a woman. The special genius of woman has always been that of nurture, for which many men have no talent.

For centuries, woman's citadel was the home. Her present troubles began several decades ago when her citadel was destroyed and many of her traditional functions were torn from her. Instead of striving to recapture them, she flocked to the banner of the feminists, who promised her "equality" with men.

Before the Machine Age, women did not agitate for "equality." They ruled as queens over large households, where the whole family lived and worked together. The mother was responsible for the children's education and led the family in singing and games. Her kitchen was the counterpart of the modern living room.

But today the home is no longer the family center. Husbands travel miles to offices and factories; mothers have been relieved of their role as teacher by an elaborate school system that takes children most of the day, from kindergarten onward.

Today the typical home is becoming an empty shell. People rarely stay home to have their "fun." There are now a multitude of outside diversions: movies, taverns, nightclubs, bowling alleys, golf courses. The home, an efficient yet dreary hole-in-the-wall, has morning and evening rush hours, but during most of every day it is either entirely vacant or practically so.

With the destruction of the self-contained, traditional home, woman's inner balance was disastrously upset. Her framework for emotional security was wrecked. But instead of seeking to build a new life for herself in the areas of her greatest talents, she decided that her only salvation lay in winning "equality" with men. The result was that she began ferociously emulating him, particularly in aggressive striving.

Today, we have thousands of career women competing on a theoretically equal footing with men. But they are paying a frightful price, because the successful career woman is usually called upon to sacrifice her most fundamental instincts. The more wrapped up she becomes in her career, the harder it becomes for her to make the transformation back to homemaker. Few men like a masculinized wife, and few children can thrive very long under a masculinized mother.

Recently I became familiar with the case of a woman who is the manager of a large store. She was the first child born to parents who had hoped for a boy. When, several years



Prayer in February

Mildred N. Hoyer

Father of all men and of all seasons,
Lighten, we pray Thee, the darkness
Of our winter lives. Like a whisper
Of spring over ice-crusts snow,
Breathe upon man's blunderings,
Dissolve the conflict, the confusion,
That unseen crocuses of faith
May soon appear.

later, a brother did arrive, he immediately became such a favorite that the girl felt inferior and envious. She decided that the only thing in the world that counts is maleness, and she set out to win through male achievement the admiration she craved.

She was a tremendous success in school, and later in business. Finally, in her thirties, she married. A couple of years later she decided in an abstract way that it would be nice—and would make her husband happy—if she had a baby—though the idea of pregnancy appalled her.

She stayed at work as long as possible, trying to “cover up” her condition. Then she felt ashamed and took a year’s leave of absence. The whole business of childbearing irritated her. During labor, she was furious because she had to submit to the fierce ministrations of the baby. Later she told me: “I was never so mad in my life. Oh, how I cried! I even tore the sheets apart.”

This woman had at last met her fate. She was being subjected to the will of another human being. No longer master, she hated and rejected the baby. Then her rejection took a more subtle form.

Feeling guilty because she loathed the baby, she became panic-stricken for fear she might somehow kill it. Consequently she held one finger on the guidebook, and kept the nursery as sterile as an operating room. When the baby refused to take prescribed food, the mother sobbed to the pediatrician that it would starve to death unless something was done instantly.

As the child grew, he sensed the rejection and quite naturally was terrified over his prospects of survival. Soon he became a “problem child,” misbehaving in order to punish his parents. He staged hysterics, refused to eat properly, even went so far as to fail deliberately in school. His case was typical of children who feel they are not wanted or loved and consequently develop serious maladjustments.

So let us face a grim fact. The spawning ground for most neuroses in our civilization is the home nursery. And the principal agent is the rejecting, or otherwise emotionally disordered, mother. It is she who is largely responsible for most of our alcoholics, for millions of other neurotics, for our increasing number of criminals, delinquents, and truants.

In contrast, the fully feminine woman—the woman who is glad she’s a woman—normally raises alert, well-balanced youngsters, and gets a great deal of fun from the process. Pregnancy for her is a period of pleasure. As the months advance, she becomes a picture of contentment and serenity. She feels she has achieved a perfect trinity because she has in a sense her husband, her child, and herself, all within her own person.

To the fully feminine mother, the hours of childbirth are a triumphant climax rather than a dreaded ordeal. The pet fantasy of the feminists is that childbirth is a period of horrible agony to which women must submit while their carefree husbands pass out cigars. Actually, the entire process is as natural as breathing.

In rearing the child, this normal, feminine mother is not bothered by the guilt feelings that afflict the rejecting mother. For example, since she has no guilt phobia about germs, she casually sets her baby down on the checking counter in the supermarket. If junior refuses spinach, she says: “OK, I don’t like spinach either. Try these peas.” And thus the child eats normally.

Furthermore, if the mother feels that Junior is taking advantage of her good nature, she has no qualms about wielding the switch because she knows she is acting objectively, instead of venting secret hostility toward the child.

Such a mother finds child rearing satisfying because she honestly likes children. They seem interesting, strange, and unaccountably captivating. The children know that Mother likes them. They also know that she likes herself and likes Father. And they know in turn that Father likes Mother and likes them. That combination is unbeatable for building a sound adult.

The problem right now is how to get more mothers like her, for this type of woman represents one of the nation’s most acute shortages. It is no solution simply to “get women back into the home,” if the home is just a mechanized and empty shell. Our young women must be attracted into reconstructing the home as an institution that will give the female sex a sense of importance again.

How can this be done? First of all, I believe, we must give public recognition to the tremendous importance of mothers as transmitting agents, good or bad, of the character of our people. For example, when colleges grant honorary degrees every spring, they might well make regular awards to women who have successfully reared a well-balanced, respected family. Certainly a woman who has contributed children outstanding in their fields, should merit as much recognition as the political figures who are honored with awards each year.

Some mothers, however, may contend that there is not enough work in the modern home to keep them occupied. This may be true in some instances, but on the other hand consider: How many wives today serve their families even moderately well-cooked and imaginative meals? I would say very few. The late Duncan Hines, surveyor of America’s culinary skills, estimated that four out of five wives are downright incompetent as cooks.

Or how many mothers are satisfied that they provide their children with enough companionship? Again the answer is, very few. Thousands of mothers are so lazy that they toss comic books to their youngsters, or tell them to watch television so that they won’t have to bother reading to, or playing with, them.

And yet, I am *not* suggesting that all women remain in the home, especially on a full-time basis. There are many splendid careers for married women to pursue, which may make them even better mothers, if these careers are pursued on a part-time basis, and if the home at the same time remains the primary interest.

Such careers are those which do not require antagonistic virtues, but in which feminine skills or viewpoints are urgently needed; for example, nursing, social-service work, child guidance, catering, decorating, play direction.

If young women are looking for challenges today, they need not turn to college catalogs, aptitude tests, and career consultants. They can turn directly to the home. They have no excuse for being bored, or for wandering off into masculinized careers, until they have restored the home to its traditional warmth, comfort, and dignity.

Once they have achieved this objective, they will again know that peace of mind and soul that is enjoyed only by those women who really *are* women, and are everlastingly glad of it.



Learning About Alcohol

**"Listen" interviews
Dr. A. M. Schneidmuhl,
Director, Alcoholism Clinic
Baltimore (Maryland) City
Health Department**

Doctor, is alcoholism a major problem today?

Yes, it is. Alcoholism is quite a problem. Statistically, it is the fourth biggest health problem in the United States.

Are you finding it a problem among young people?

Quite a few young people come to the Clinic, as young as eighteen. Alcoholism was once found mainly between ages twenty and forty-five; now the age is lower.

Do you find that alcoholism is any respecter of persons?

As far as socioeconomic distinctions are concerned, no; the Clinic patient group includes doctors, lawyers, white-collar workers, welfare recipients—people of all levels.

How long does it take for the condition to develop?

From what patients tell me, and from what the literature says, it takes from five to twenty years, five to twenty years of steady, consistent drinking.

What is the nature of alcohol itself?

Alcohol basically is an anesthetic. You may remember that in olden times before the advent of ether or chloroform doctors used alcohol as an anesthetic. They used to get the

patient drunk with whiskey, and after that they were able to perform any kind of operation needed. Now alcohol is still the same kind of drug, the same kind of anesthetic. As a matter of fact, when we observe the effect of alcohol and compare it with the effect of any general anesthetic, we see parallel effects—a state of excitement as the patient goes under, and finally coma. At this point, if any more anesthetic is administered, the patient may even die.

Fortunately we don't feed alcohol to the patient; the patient feeds himself. When he gets to the stage at which he loses control over his bodily functions, over his muscle functions, he isn't able to drink any more. This is the reason we have few alcoholic fatalities as a result of drinking.

As a drug, how does alcohol affect the user?

Alcohol is strictly an anesthetic; it puts the patient to sleep. In low doses it takes away inhibitions, and in larger doses it makes the patient unconscious. This is really why people drink; they want to escape the realities of life. They want this state of unconsciousness in order to get away from pressures. Alcohol doesn't cause hallucinations, but this symptom is associated with delirium tremens, the so-called D.T.'s. This condition occurs, actually, not when a person drinks, but when he stops drinking abruptly, after heavy drinking over several days or weeks. Withdrawal symptoms, not direct drinking, cause the hallucinations.

Would you say that a person who drinks over a period of time becomes dependent on the drug effect?

We call it a state of dependence. We also call it a state of habituation. Some scientists feel there is a difference between addiction and habituation, and I imagine there is. If we compare heroin or any other similar narcotic with alcohol, the other narcotics are much more addictive than alcohol, because there develops a physical and a psychological dependence. With alcohol we aren't sure whether there is a physical dependence or not, but certainly there is a psychological dependence. Once a person becomes an alcoholic he continues to crave drink, or he at least craves the result.

Doctor, are there different types of drinkers?

Yes, basically three. Some people cannot drink at all, because with the first drink they get sick. Obviously where the pleasure is much less than the punishment, these people aren't going to insist on drinking. So we have very little problem with them because they don't drink.

The second group is the largest. These people drink and derive pleasure. At least they run away from reality, and they think they have pleasure during this time. The next day they have a hangover. This is the punishment, but they are willing to take the punishment for the amount of pleasure they feel they are getting. Over the years, as they continue to drink, they may become addicted.

Finally, there is a third group. These people seemingly are able to drink without any punishment, without a hangover, without any discomfort. However, as they continue to drink, the habit catches up with them. Because of the organic changes they may undergo, and because of the emotional dependence they develop, these people too will become alcoholics.

You would say then, doctor, that all persons who continue to drink will pay the price sooner or later?

Sooner or later, yes, because our organism has not been created to undergo the abuse of alcohol. Alcohol is a drug, a poisonous drug, and it has to be metabolized in the organism. The major part is metabolized in the liver. This organ can take care of only three quarters of an ounce per hour, so obviously if we are going to put into the liver much more than this amount, the liver sooner or later will get tired of trying to dispose of the excess. This is the time certain liver conditions start to develop, leading to fatty degeneration and eventually to cirrhosis of the liver.

Do alcoholics desire to escape reality simply because of the tensions and unattractive things of life?

No, it's not only because of the unattractive things; it is because these people have not been prepared to deal with reality. The normal person is able to do something constructive about the tensions of life, but the alcoholic, or the neurotic, or the drug addict has to choose another way. The alcoholic, of course, chooses oblivion through alcohol.

What about people who drink only occasionally or for social reasons; is there a factor of trying to escape here?

Here I am not able to say Yes or No. Chances are that they are not drinking in order to escape something, but because in some countries this is merely a habit. For instance, in France and Italy the people drink wine, and in Germany they drink beer. This is a habit, a custom of the country. In other countries, for instance in the United States, it has become the custom to have a cocktail, whether before the meal or after the meal. This has become a habit, and therefore people feel it is part of everyday life.

However, the alcoholic does not drink this way. When he goes to a party, he drinks before he goes, as if he thought there wouldn't be enough there. He usually does not drink slowly in order to taste the alcohol. He gulps it down. He drinks as if he were in a hurry and he wants more and more. Really, it is because he wants the effects of the alcohol.

Doctor, what emotional problems may contribute to the desire of the drinker to escape from reality?

Take the example of the overdisciplined child. Whatever

he does, he always has the feeling that he is never doing right. This type of child will grow up unsure of himself. This increases his tension when he is expected to make decisions. Of course everybody likes to make right decisions, but not being sure of himself, he will always think he is doing the wrong thing. In order to escape this tension he may want oblivion through alcohol, or other drugs.

Would this principle also apply to children who may be overindulged?

Yes, and basically the mechanism is the same. Here the parents are overprotective and therefore do not show enough trust in the child's judgment but keep on telling him to do this or not to do that. The overprotected child will feel that he isn't good enough and for this reason his parents are rejecting him. This, again, will give him the feeling that he isn't able to make any decisions; it will lead to a lack of self-respect, a lack of trust in himself.

These various emotional problems, then, would give rise to a greater urge to escape by drinking?

Yes, but not only in drinking. This type of individual, being insecure, being unable to face the reality of life, will try to escape in other ways also, such as through neurotic behavior, which could develop into mental illness, or through drug addiction, or through delinquent behavior.

How can a person be encouraged to find healthful escape methods rather than unhealthy?

The prevention of illness goes far back. We would like to encourage the individual long before he becomes so dangerously frustrated that he needs to look for an escape. Prevention must start early in life. However, in the Clinic when we get somebody already addicted, part of the treatment is to help him learn new ways of dealing with reality, ways that do not include negative approaches such as drinking and drugs. But prevention is much better.

NOTE: *Listen* next month will continue this interview, noting effects of alcohol on the body and answering frequently asked questions about drinking.

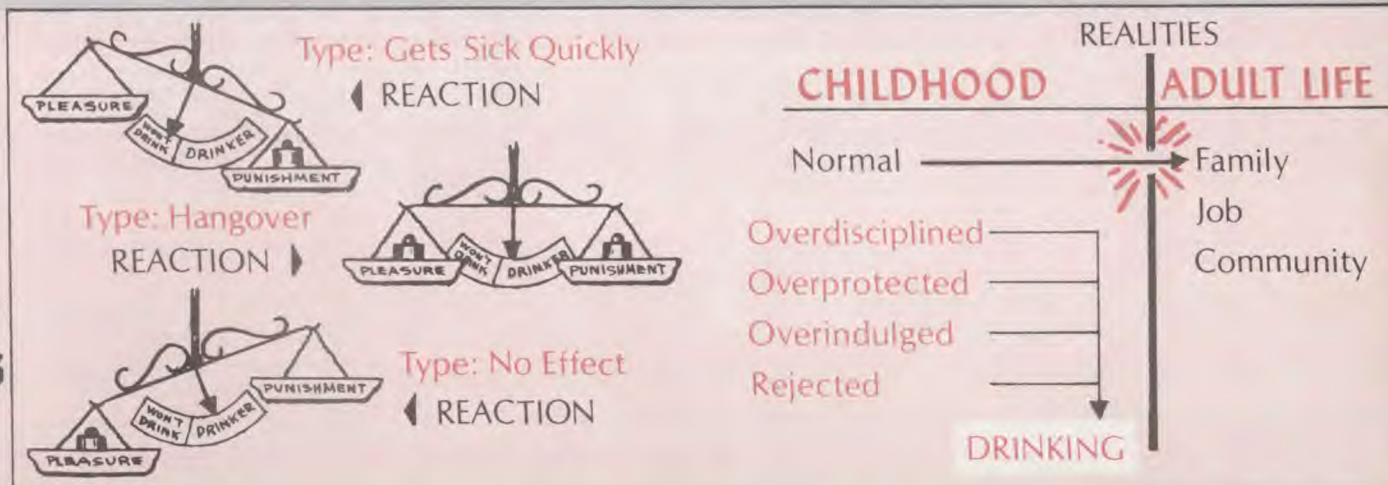
Some persons become sick as soon as they take a drink. Since the punishment outweighs the pleasure, these people will not continue drinking.

Others will drink, and seemingly enjoy themselves, but the next day brings a hangover. However, they are willing to suffer the punishment because of the amount of pleasure they are getting.

The third class seem to be able to drink without punishment; but as they continue the habit, the results will catch up with them. They develop emotional dependence and actual organic degeneration.

Normal transition from childhood into adulthood calls for the person to face realities and solve his problems in ways acceptable to society and healthful for himself. However, if in his home he has developed certain emotional problems, it is all the more difficult for him to adjust to adult life and assume responsibility in family, job, and community. Instead, he tends to search for an escape in drinking.

Three Types of Drinkers



"Buy my gum and chew
your troubles away," the genial fat
man said. What he meant was—

Chew Your Way to

HELL

Blendena L. Sonnichsen



ILLUSTRATION BY JACK KERSHNER

The outdoor Rotunda Bowl program had just started when a man stepped out onto the stage, held up his hand, and stopped the music.

"If Mr. and Mrs. Gil Watson are in the audience, will they please go to the rear exit at once," he announced over the loudspeaker.

"That's us, Lettie," my husband said, grabbing up our pillows and helping me past the row of curious people, up the aisle and out.

As the music started again, our daughter Ciel came flying toward us. I wondered what had happened to bring her to the Bowl.

"Mother, did you take those two sticks of gum in my purse, the ones with the rubber band around them?"

"Why, yes, you told me to when I asked you. Why?"

This outburst over some chewing gum I had asked to borrow surprised me.

"Did you chew it, Mother?" Ciel asked, fear in her eyes, and a white line around her taut mouth. She looked ready to faint.

"Not yet."

"Then give it to me, quick!"

"Now just a minute," her father interrupted. "What's so important about two sticks of gum? You can buy more tomorrow, little 'Indian giver.' Don't tell me you dragged us away from a wonderful performance for this nonsense."

"I don't want more tomorrow, Daddy, I want those two sticks now," Ciel said stubbornly. "Please!"

Obviously there was something strange in Ciel's actions. Taking a stick out of my purse, I removed the foil and held the gum to my mouth.

"No! No!" our daughter screamed, trying to grab my hand. Passersby looked at us curiously.

"Let's get out of here," my husband said, taking our arms and heading toward the car. "How did you get down to the Bowl, Ciel?"

"I came in a cab," she sobbed. By the time we got into the car, our daughter was shaking.

"Now what's this all about?" Gil said, giving her his handkerchief. He sounded a little disgusted, but I was worried. Ciel wouldn't take a cab clear across town if it was not serious.

"Martha's dead," Ciel blurted. "That's why I was afraid you'd chew the gum, Mother. Martha chewed hers and died." Martha was Martha Garner, a childhood friend of our daughter. She and Ciel and Gretchen Bliss had grown up together, gone to the same church and schools. Ciel was fifteen, Martha and Gretchen were sixteen.

"What has gum to do with Martha's death?" I asked, shocked and puzzled. Martha was a quiet girl, a nice girl. How had gum killed her? A hot, heavy lump in my chest made me catch my breath; panic came over me and I began to sweat. Ciel was becoming hysterical now, so we drove right home. I gave her an aspirin and waited for her to talk.

"A few days ago," she said, "we three girls drove up

to the mountains in Martha's little Fiat. We were watching the skaters at the rink when a fat man came up and began talking about roller skating. He was pleasant and seemed to enjoy watching people. Everyone is sort of informal at a resort, and we didn't think there was any harm in talking to him impersonally." One remark led to another, Ciel explained tearfully.

"That fat man said to us, 'Buy my gum and chew your troubles away.' So we did, just for the fun of it. We had only three days before school started again for the year, and I guess we were all feeling a little carefree, or reckless. The way he said it, it didn't sound bad, just exciting."

I nodded, remembering how young people occasionally want to do something "different."

"Tonight, when you asked me for gum, I was in the shower washing my hair, and I said, 'In my purse.' Later when I called Martha to see if I could come down and use her hair dryer, she told me she had just chewed her stick of the gum to try it. She sounded excited. I set my hair, put on a net, and walked down to Martha's about an hour later." Ciel's voice began to rise hysterically.

"She was dead, Mother. Martha was dead. Her mother was lying on the floor moaning—it was horrible!"

"What did you do?" I asked fearfully.

"I helped Mrs. Garner up; then she called the police. She told them Martha came running downstairs laughing and crying, grabbing vases and pictures and lamps to dash against the wall. She had the strength of demors and knocked Mrs. Garner down twice, bruising her. After she had smashed everything she could pick up, she hurled the parrakeet's cage to the floor, opened the little door, took out the parrakeet and—and—"

Ciel began to gag, and ran for the bathroom. She sat down on the tub edge, weak and colorless. I wet a washcloth and wiped her face. Gil stuck his head in the door and looked questioningly at me, but I shook my head and he quietly withdrew.

"Feeling better now, dear?" I asked.

Ciel nodded.

"You were telling me about the parrakeet," I prompted.

Ciel covered her face with her hands.

"Mother, Martha ate that poor little bird when it was alive. She was like a cannibal!"

"But, Ciel, even if she ate the bird alive, I don't believe it would have killed her," I said trying to control my nausea.

"It did, Mother. Martha choked to death on the feathers. If she hadn't chewed that gum, this wouldn't have happened. The gum killed her. What was in it that made her like a cannibal?"

Suddenly Ciel was sick again. I opened the bathroom door and told Gil to call our family doctor.

Dr. Wynn came, gave our daughter a sedative, and sent her to bed.

"She's had a shock of some kind," he said, "but she'll sleep and relax and feel better when she wakes up."

"Dr. Wynn, I want you to look at this gum," I said, taking it out of my purse. Each stick was wrapped in gum foil without an outside wrapper for identification. Briefly I told him how Martha had died, and how Ciel felt the gum was in some way responsible for her actions.

"If it's what I think it is, it would be impossible for me to detect it," the doctor said gravely. "But Lieutenant Casey

of the sheriff's office could give you a positive answer."

The day of Martha's funeral, Lieutenant Lew Casey came to see Ciel. He had a report on the gum we'd given him.

"Miss Watson, how many sticks of gum did you buy, and how much did you pay for each one?" he asked.

"Martha, the girl who died, bought one, and I bought two, one for me and one for Gretchen who didn't have enough money. We paid \$5 a stick, but I forgot to give Gretchen her gum. That's why I had two sticks in my purse," Ciel explained, looking down in shame.

This story, though obviously an unusual case, is true, having occurred quite recently in a Midwestern state. Too often those who experiment with LSD or other drugs find that, instead of going to the "heaven" which they hoped for, they go the other direction, into a tragic half-existence which at times even leads to death.

"This gum was analyzed by our criminologist," Lieutenant Casey began. "It contained lysergic acid diethylamide, probably a drop on each stick where it would dry but retain its deadly power when chewed. It has been found in candy, liquor, fruit juices, tea, coffee, and even on the backs of postage stamps. Now we've got a new one—gum."

"Poor Martha," Ciel moaned. "To think, it killed my best friend; I'll never forgive myself—never. How could we have been so blind, so stupid, as to believe a stranger!"

"Just why did you girls buy the gum?" Lieutenant Casey asked.

"It was more for a lark than anything. We thought it might be like the laughing gas the dentist sometimes gives his patients, and that it would be funny if we all got to laughing at once."

"Unfortunately, that's what the pusher of this drug depends on—the stupidity, egotism, and human inquisitiveness of the potential buyer," the lieutenant said sadly.

"What is this terrible drug?" Gil asked. "How did it kill Martha?"

"It is LSD, or lysergic acid diethylamide, a drug either in liquid or powder form, more instantly dangerous than heroin, because it can cause immediate brain damage which can put borderline cases in a mental institution. Many people who use it become violently psychotic, a kind of mental affection or derangement which cannot be ascribed to organic lesions or neurosis. It's my belief that is what happened to Martha. She chewed the gum and went suddenly insane, and her particular type of insanity was the desire to eat something alive. Shocking as it is, if she hadn't eaten the parrakeet she might have attacked her mother."

I felt faint. "Thank God I borrowed the gum, or we might have had two tragedies," I said, hugging Ciel.

"From now on I suggest you girls accept nothing to eat or drink from a stranger or buy anything he offers," Lieutenant Casey continued. "This LSD is a million-dollar-plus illegal business. One gram can sell for \$140 on the black market. This gram can be broken down into 10,000 dosages and sold in micrograms for \$5 to \$10 a dose. Figure it up—that's as much as \$100,000 'take' for one gram! It's a 'get-rich-quick' scheme for the seller, and maybe eternity for the buyer."

Ken Jon
Booth

"The Name's Bo

EDITOR'S NOTE: The assassination of President Abraham Lincoln on Friday evening, April 14, 1865, in Ford's Theater, Washington, D.C., was one of the most tragic events of American history. Every person who hears the story is deeply moved by it. Even schoolchildren know of the subsequent pursuit and fatal shooting of the young actor-assassin, John Wilkes Booth, whose alcohol-befuddled mind helped conceive and execute this mad act. The one-hundred-year sequel of this event as it has affected Booth's family is less well known. The curtain is partially lifted in this *Listen* exclusive, an intimate, firsthand report written by Ken Jon Booth, the great-great-grandson of the assassin's brother, Edwin.

"THE NAME'S BOOTH!" the little man roared in his great voice.

The noise of the gold-camp bar ceased abruptly as the rough miners turned to stare at this man who was regarded as the most famous Shakespearean actor in America. Some even called him the most gifted theatrical genius of his age.

For a time the little man held his audience in the magic of his spell as he recited passages from *King Lear*. Then, as a hospitable gesture, someone brought Junius Brutus Booth a drink, and that was the end of the performance. This little episode was typical of many such nights in the Western mining camps.

It is strange to think of a man who was hailed in the nation's press as the actor-genius of all time, lying around sick and often senseless, but this was too often the case. His taste for liquor had become so strong that it was necessary for the actor's son, Edwin, to accompany his father everywhere in order to keep him sober long enough to go on stage. Sometimes audiences were kept waiting as long as three hours while friends sought the elder Booth in bars he frequented. When once he was found, more time was wasted as he was washed, dressed, and "walked" until he was able to make a satisfactory entrance.

Twelve-year-old Edwin never again attended school. His only classrooms were drafty dressing rooms, taverns, and cheap hotels. His books were those of Shakespeare, the classics, and the popular dime novels of the day.

It seemed almost inevitable that Edwin would begin to drink while he was still young, and he admitted, "I was a drunkard before eighteen, a libertine at twenty."

Junius Brutus Booth had followed his own father as a drunkard. Yet despite his unfortunate reputation as an irresponsible alcoholic, his fame assured him employment, and the public's indignation at his conduct was soon calmed when the curtain rose. Nevertheless, his habits took toll of his health, which was broken by early middle age, and when he died at fifty-two he was an old man both in mind and in appearance.

After his father's death, Edwin became the undisputed Prince of Players in

America, and later was hailed as "The Mas Despite his brilliant stage success, many da his private and his public life. Most of these d sulted directly or indirectly from alcohol.

The unexpected death of Edwin's wife was of his early years. Desperately ill, his wife had but he was too far under the influence to read grams which arrived at his dressing room.

By the time Edwin was thirty-five he was misuse of his time, health, and money, he was

During Edwin's last year on the stage, so velous condition; what an actor! To be so act impressive." However, at that time he was not eight. Two years later when he died at sixty, h and emaciated. By then he bore little resen during the 1850's every woman in America ha

Despite his own unsuccessful struggle w damaged far more by the results of a younge own. Who doesn't know the story of Edwin Booth? "As handsome as Apollo," some said. the very incarnation of his father's flaming hood, this dashing young matinee idol was wel in Washington. Unfortunately he found his wa saloons. Liberal-minded people considered Joh rather as a family weakness and unworthy o magnificent artistry.

All this took place prior to that fateful sp Booth began drinking early in the morning an the afternoon and on into the evening. Some a bolster his "courage"; others feel that the dr sensitivity. The family is inclined to believe, nature when sober, that neither reason constit instead, they feel that liquor was the instigation preparation for it. In any case, the man was sp was in this condition that he slipped stealthily entered the rear of the President's box, then f of Abraham Lincoln, one of the greatest Presi the greatest. The same dreadful act led directly days later. This deed was also responsible for t who could not sustain the shock of so great a

The entire Booth family was immediatel arrest. Their possessions were confiscated. Th shocked and grieving nation was heaped witho Even today, after the lapse of a century, the s by those of us who are members of the Booth f crime was committed, the lives of my own child When President Kennedy was assassinated, a in our yard, calling insults and threats. Fortuna the group was broken up before any personal

In his early youth, Edwin fathered a son named George (he took his father's name only his father but a few times in his life, when the George's part of the country. These brief encou the respect George held for his father as an



OUR COVER: Few world-renowned leaders have been more often the subject of writers, historians, artists, poets, than has Abraham Lincoln. His roughhewn features have been often described, as have been also his kindness, his humanity, his honesty, his convictions for right.

In his painting for this month's "Listen," our artist John Steel has caught the impact of all these traits of character in the martyred President's face.

th

An inside story of the death of a President--some of the long-range factors leading up to it, and the tragic results which still continue.



throughout Europe as well. Terrible days marked both and distasteful episodes re-

ps the greatest single blow and him to come to her side, then to open, the many tele-

onaire; but due to prodigal apt by forty.

remarked: "He is in mar- the age of seventy is truly y, but had just turned fifty- chin, haggard, silver-haired, to the man with whom sidered herself in love.

quor, Edwin's career was ner's drinking than by his nger brother, John Wilkes considered his fiery spirit Indulged from his child- n the finest drawing rooms eadily to the city's bars and er-present glass of brandy mnation in the light of his

orning when John Wilkes nued to imbibe throughout ies believe he was trying to was intended to dull his se of his extremely gentle adequate explanation. In- awful deed rather than the on by an inflamed mind. It e stairs and the side aisle, e shot which took the life of the United States, if not own miserable death a few th of the assassin's mother, tragedy.

ed under actual or house er, revengeful wrath of a sure upon the family name. of this crime is still borne A hundred years after this ere threatened because of it. p of angry men gathered aner counsel prevailed, and was done.

of wedlock. This boy was he was an adult), and met happened to be on tour in while in no way dimming served to make the son a

Old photos from the family album show the generations of—

The Booth Family



Junius Brutus Booth, Sr.
The "elder" Booth
(considered the most famous Shakespearean actor in America)



Edwin Thomas Booth
(after his father's death, the undisputed "Prince of Players"—elder brother of John Wilkes Booth)



John Wilkes Booth
(Young matinee idol—assassin of President Lincoln)



George Henry May Booth
(A lifelong opponent of drinking. Wrote temperance play on impact of alcohol on his father's life.)



Roy George Booth
(A professional man outside the theater, whose practice was ruined by liquor. Related through his wife to the great actor, Sir Henry Irving.)



Forrest Edwin Booth
(Father of the writer, "did not learn the lesson from observing his father.")



Ken Jan Booth
(The writer—"nor did I from observing my father.")



lifelong opponent of beverage alcohol in all its forms. In reaction against the destructive force liquor had played in his father's life, he wrote a successful and popular temperance play attacking his father's pathetic way of life. George was a respected man of sound judgment and sober habits. He married an actress, reared a half dozen fine children, and accumulated a modest fortune. He lived to be nearly ninety, at which time he looked far younger and more vigorous than his father Edwin at fifty.

George's son was the first Booth in two hundred years to try his hand at any profession outside the theater. He was a successful professional man until he failed to heed the warning signs which heralded his passing from a social drinker to a confirmed alcoholic. At last, puzzled and disappointed when he was unable to maintain his practice, he began to drink more heavily than ever. Unexpectedly, in his office one morning, he suffered a heart attack and died.

"The sons of drunkards seldom drink," says an old wives' tale. Unfortunately, this bit of folklore is untrue.

There are few, perhaps, in a better position than I am to understand the insidious power of liquor to transform a kind, gentle, friendly man into a thoughtless, self-centered coward with so little thought or consideration for his family that he would rather inflict a chain of humiliation on them than forgo a drink. Certainly my own father did not learn the lesson from observing his father, nor did I from mine. Difficult though it has been, I have come to accept the probable truth that I will live to see my father finally destroy himself utterly, as he has been doing slowly over the years. At the age of fifty-nine, he is frail, sallow, and altogether pathetic.*

It is difficult for a man to forgive his father when he knows that his mother's untimely death was hastened by callous inconsideration over a long period of years. Perhaps one day I shall be able to forgive, but it will not be easy. The days immediately before and the weeks following my mother's funeral constitute a period of anguish beyond description.

How glad I am that she never knew of my own close call! I frankly admit that I attempted suicide, triggered by despair and grief.

"The name's Booth," Junius used to say in the gold camps, and I remember hearing these very words as I was

(Continued on page 14)

* Editor's Note: While this article was in final preparation, the following telegram was received from the author, Ken Jon Booth: "FOOTNOTE RE ARTICLE FATHER DIED ABANDONED ALBUQUERQUE 1 NOVEMBER."

In a follow-up letter he enlarges on the telegram: "I haven't received the death certificate yet, but the coroner was certain the cause of death was alcoholic poisoning. For the past several months Dad has been moving from motel to motel and spending his time drinking. He had sold his house, and in the last year managed to spend a little over \$6,000 on liquor.

"When he was found, he had been dead for perhaps three days. . . . There were no mourners, no funeral service, no flowers.

"These past two years have been the culmination of the costly, wasteful progress that alcohol makes. I think it was Hemingway who said that every man's life ends the same way, it is only how he lived that distinguishes one from another. Perhaps he should have added—or failed to live."



DEATH OF A PRESIDENT

Abraham Lincoln, Civil War President and target of an assassin's bullet, was as surely killed by alcohol as if an intoxicating beverage had itself been the fatal bullet.

John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, was a famous actor from Bel Air, Maryland, who sympathized with the Southern cause in the Civil War. The son of an alcoholic, he from his youth had been a hard drinker.

At first the plot against the President was to have been a kidnapping, but as time went on Wilkes, with his brain aflame from constant drinking, decided to kill Lincoln.

At three on the afternoon of the disastrous day, and again at four, Wilkes visited a tavern for brandy. Around six o'clock Booth invited the stage hands from Ford's Theater to join him in a drink.

"At the tavern he joked with them and asked if they had to be on stage soon. They said No, that the scenery had already been set up. He then said that he had an errand to do, but before he left he bought a bottle of whiskey for the men and advised them to 'drink up.' He went back through the alley and the underground passage and up onto the stage."

Having planned his attack by visiting the theater and the President's box, Booth returned to the tavern for the last time that night. He ordered a bottle of whiskey and some water. The bartender remembered this because the actor usually asked for brandy.

In the tavern an intoxicated man lifted his glass and said to Booth, "You'll never be the actor your father was."

Smilingly the traitor answered, "When I leave the stage, I will be the most famous man in America."

That fateful night, John F. Parker, one of the bodyguards to the President, was three hours late arriving at the White House to relieve the day guard. Parker was to escort the Presidential party to Ford's Theater, but was to ride in a different carriage because the President and the First Lady had guests accompanying them.

At the theater Parker examined the Presidential box and saw the empty chair he was to occupy outside the door. But from this chair he could not see the play. Restlessly he waited for the President to arrive. Escorting him and his party to the box, he peered around the edge of the wall at the action on the stage, since the play had already begun when the President arrived.

Just before nine o'clock Parker, not being able to follow the play, became bored. Leaving the theater and his chair empty against the wall, he saw Burns, the President's carriage driver, dozing in the driver's seat outside the theater.

"How would you like a little ale?" Parker asked.

Awakening, Burns said, "That's a good idea," and went with Parker. Before they entered the tavern they were joined by a third man, Forbes, the President's personal valet. Behind them had left the empty chair and the unguarded box—all because of one man's craving for a drink.

When John Wilkes Booth prepared to enter the President's box a little after 10 p.m., he looked at the empty chair before the door. When he realized that he was going to get into the box without opposition, he entered, and with a derringer shot the President through the head. Booth then leaped to the stage below, shouting, "Sic semper tyrannis! [Thus always with tyrants!]" Booth broke his leg in the leap, but escaped through a back door, mounted a horse, and fled to Virginia. He was later hunted down and shot in a barn at Bowling Green, Virginia.

So died a beloved President at the hand of an intoxicated man, deserted by a guard who thought it more important to have a drink than to guard the President of the United States.—Facts taken from *The Day Lincoln Was Shot*, by Jim Bishop (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1955).



Honey is not only a food and a luscious sweetmeat, but an agreeable medicine as well. Its principal components are water (13 to 20 percent), dextrose (32 to 37 percent), levulose or fruit sugar (40 to 50 percent), sucrose (about 2 percent), dextrine and gums (1 to 12 percent), and minute

quantities of minerals such as calcium, phosphorus, copper, and manganese. It would thus be incorrect to measure the value of honey to the human body by its sugar content alone.

Honey is the oldest-known sweetening substance. It was popular in ancient Egypt, as is evident from murals of that period. Throughout the centuries honey has been used both as a food and for giving pleasure. In Europe prior to the introduction of sugarcane from the tropics, honey was the only sweetening substance in use.

Honey's Many Flavors

Odors, flavors, and composition of sundry kinds of bees' honey vary considerably. The differences are produced by minute quantities of certain ingredients. There is white honey from fireweed; yellow honey from goldenrod; brown honey from poplar; and green honey from thistle.

In Russia there is a black honey and in Siberia, a snow-white one. Some kinds of honey are bland and mild, others rich and heady. Honey from Scottish heather has a purplish tinge.

No two honeys are identical. A mile of country can produce a distinct difference in flavor. Bees roaming over fields of clover and those working in forest areas produce markedly different types. Every flower produces its own distinctive flavor. Honey may be as thick as molasses or almost as thin as corn syrup. Color and clearness are other qualities of importance. A clear amber color generally means a good flavor. Fine honey should have the glitter and sparkle of sunlight in it.

In Florida, bees are moved from place to place in barges to gather the honey of the tupelo, while in Australia men live like nomads, transporting loads of bees to districts where the eucalyptus trees are in bloom. In America the chief commercial honeys come from white clover or alfalfa, while others are gathered from the cotton blossoms of the South and the wild sage of the Californian foothills. The standard weight of honey is about twelve pounds to a gallon.

Honey derived from flowering shrubs and leafy trees is considered superior to that from coniferous trees, though the latter also has its admirers.

Honey produced in May and June seems richest in aroma and flavor. The bees visit the flowers for nectar, and this the bees transform into honey. Nectar contains up to 60 percent water, in which sucrose is dissolved.

Generally the various qualities of honeys are blended to produce a good standard product. This is particularly so in England. Consumers prefer a consistent flavor to their honey, and this can be obtained more readily

by a commercial process of blending different varieties.

American, European, and Australian honeys have been carefully analyzed and found to consist of 17 to 20 percent water, and 80 to 83 percent sugars. Honey is rich in vitamins, the vitamin content depending largely on the kind of blossoms available to the bees. In honey the sugar is in a form that is highly digestible.

Honey should always be stored in a warm, dry place. If kept for long, particularly under cold conditions, honey will change from its liquid form to a semigranular condition. This does not mean spoilage, but it is not popular with the consumer.

Honey Drinks and Honeymoons

The oldest alcoholic drink of the Germanic and Slavic tribes was called mead, a drink made from honey, spices, malt, yeast, and water. The British queen sipped a cup of mead in the traditional manner at the reopening of Norwich Cathedral.

Today mead is produced in only a few regions where honey is abundant, such as in England, Holland, and parts of Germany.

Scandinavian marriages used to be celebrated for a period of thirty days. The term "honeymoon" is thought by some to have originated from these marriage customs, when plenty of mead was drunk during the thirty days of celebration.

Honey is usually extracted from the comb by centrifugal force and clarified by straining, but some people prefer to use comb honey—wax and all. Honey put to ferment with yeast and hops produces a honey beer. This is a popular beverage in Ethiopia, as well as in some other parts of Africa.

Honey served to Roman patricians always had to be pure, but when served to plebians this was not so. Martial, a Roman writer of Emperor Nero's time, mentions the extensive use of honey in baking. "Bakers prepare for you sweet cakes in thousands of forms be-



cause the bees work for them," said he in praise of honey.

Honey cakes were popular in Greece and Egypt. The Egyptians fed honey cakes to their sacred crocodiles. The *pain d' epice* (gingerbread) of France and the *lebkuchen* of Germany have become world famous. Both use honey as an ingredient.

Many candies are made with honey, which provides the candy with a subtle flavor and furnishes a major part of the syrup content of the candy product. Bread and pastries baked with honey remain sweet, moist, and palatable for long periods. Honey also may sweeten frozen desserts and beverages.

Honey as a Medicine

The healing properties of honey have never been overlooked by those interested in folk medicine. Recent scientific reports state that honey has certain curative properties in cases of suppuration of the bladder (cystitis) and in kidney diseases, since it stimulates the activity of the kidneys as well as that of the bowels. Honey also has a destroying effect on microorganisms, probably because of its content of dextrose. For this reason molds never form on it.

Honey has been recommended by doctors for its generally cleansing and strengthening effect. One or two teaspoonfuls taken before bedtime are supposed to bring sleep. This effect is probably due to the mild increase of blood sugar.

A 10 percent dilution of honey in hot water or milk is an old household remedy for colds. Honey applied externally also was once used to draw out poison, though today we see no basis for this practice. It was also used for the treatment of various liver and biliary troubles.

Honey is a food that can be digested quickly and almost completely. It is therefore a quick-acting source of muscular energy. For this reason it is recommended to people who suffer from heart ailments. Patients suffering from a weak heart muscle feel pleasant results from using honey. They are not able to eat large meals, but honey seems to agree with them when given repeatedly in small doses day and night. A normal heart uses glycogen (carbohydrates) at the rate

of four milligrams per gram of heart per hour. The heart cells crave the sugar in honey.

For cosmetic purposes honey is being added to soaps, creams, balms, and toilet waters.

A concentration of sugar such as is contained in honey ordinarily would crystallize when produced by a chemist, but it remains in liquid form when the bee prepares it in the beehive. Just what the bee does to keep its honey liquid is still a mystery, as it has been for many thousands of years.

"The Name's Booth"

(Continued from page 12)

brought into the emergency room. "The name's Booth, but I wouldn't bother with a report. Let the mortician take care of it when he comes. This one won't be with us for long."

Ironically, I was as inept at suicide as I was at successful living, and so muffed the effort to take my own life. I am glad now I failed, but then it was a great disappointment.

"The name's Booth"—a familiar phrase, indeed! My grandmother used it often during the years when she was raising me. She always insisted that Booth was a good name, a name to be proud of despite the tragedy that had stained it. Great things had been accomplished in that name. If she had not assured me of that again and again while I was a child, I would not have cared whether or not I lived through that awful night in the hospital and long, dreadful days that followed. But that familiar phrase which the doctor had chanced to use, "The name's Booth," came as a challenge through my hazy consciousness and I accepted it.

When I left the hospital, I promised myself that this abused body of mine would be given a chance to function thereafter without the handicap of alcohol; and I have kept that vow ever since. No more do I have head-splitting hangovers. I have never had a car wreck, and I save considerable money that otherwise would go for drink. Best of all, I hope that none of my children will ever have to hang his head in shame because of me, as he says: "The name's still Booth!"



He walked with whispering phantoms, in the sun,
Untouched by all about him that was real.
The poison in his brain
Was like a mad refrain,
its harsh, insistent rhythm never done.
He drifted, waking, through vague, whirling dreams,
Where pleasures, geared to frenzy, danced ahead.
Weary, he found no rest
In all his tortured quest
For joy—that turned to agony instead;
Until, in the abyss of his despair,
He longed for death—
And found it waiting there.

Ruth Bassett

Too Drunk to Know

A lawyer in Denver urged a judge to dismiss a drunken driving charge against his client on grounds the motorist was too drunk to know what he was doing when he consented to a breathalyzer test.

Morning-Glory Seeds

Morning-glory seeds, generally considered a moderate hallucinogen, are capable of producing a psychosis similar to that sometimes brought on by LSD, report Drs. Paul Jay Fink and Irwin Lyons of the Hahnemann Medical College and Morris J. Goldman of the Albert Einstein Medical Center, Philadelphia.

The "pernicious effects" of eating the seeds are prolonged and may result in mental damage.

The doctors cited cases of three patients who developed psychoses after eating the seeds. One patient, desiring a bigger "high," made and injected an extract from the seeds. Among other effects he went into shock.

Can Dead People Sue?

Victims of drunk drivers may be able to sue sellers of intoxicating beverages for negligence, the Indiana Supreme Court has ruled in a far-reaching decision.

The high court refused to reconsider a previous ruling in the case of John J. Elder versus Fisher's Pharmacy, Indianapolis, on appeal from the Hancock Circuit Court.

One Child in Ten Needs Special Therapy

CLAUDE DREY, FREELANCE PHOTOGRAPHERS GUILD

Most essential in life is the getting of a good start early, so that as children grow they can avoid the emotional problems which lead to the need for psychiatric treatment.

Elder sued on behalf of his paraplegic daughter, Ann Kathryn, who was involved in an accident involving a seventeen-year-old driver who allegedly purchased a bottle of intoxicating liquor just before the accident.

The trial court sustained an objection filed by the attorneys for the pharmacy and this ruling was upheld by the Indiana Appellate Court. The Supreme Court reversed both decisions when it received the case.

Four and a half million American children need psychiatric treatment ranging from counseling to intensive therapy, says a Senate subcommittee on juvenile delinquency headed by Senator Thomas J. Dodd. One American child out of ten in the five-to-seventeen age group shows signs of odd behavior warranting treatment.

"We reap our annual harvest of close to 600,000 delinquents" from this emotionally disturbed group, declares the Senator. More than one out of every ten—2.5 million—have police records.

The figure is much higher for boys alone: one of every six has faced a judge for delinquent behavior.

In 1964, "the latest year for which we have complete figures," delinquency cases coming before American juvenile courts increased 14 percent over 1963, while the population in that age group increased only 4 percent.

While traffic in heroin has decreased in recent years, a "segment of the nation's youth is becoming involved with a whole new family of drugs," particularly LSD on campuses, and glue, which is sniffed by younger Americans.

"Because of the bizarre nature of the effects of these esoteric stimulants, we feel they may be more dangerous to our young people than the traditional drugs of abuse," the Dodd group asserts.

Beer That Is Too Real

"Jet Near Beer" has been taken off the market in Memphis, Tennessee, because it is too near to real beer, containing from .28 to .31 percent alcohol.

"It smells like beer. It looks like beer. And I guess it tastes like beer," said Shelby County Sheriff William Morris. He pointed out that the brew could help youngsters develop a taste for the real stuff.

In This NEWS

- ★ Why Soviet youth go wrong. See page 16.
- ★ Eat moderately—increase work output. See page 17.
- ★ When do youth begin to drink? See page 18.



U.S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE

Two investigators follow automobiles to make motion pictures for studies in driver behavior. Research such as this can lead to evidence in suspected drinking-driver cases.

Talk Your Weight Off

Talking, not pills, is the key to successful dieting, a New Jersey study has found.

Twice-monthly group discussions among obese patients were more effective than antiappetite pills, reports Capt. Abram M. London and Lt. Emanuel D. Schreiber of the Walson Army Hospital at Fort Dix, New Jersey.

Pills definitely bring about weight reduction initially, but after a few months the drug's effect tapers off. In the end, total weight loss is no greater with pills than without them, say the researchers.

Group discussions, on the other hand, motivate the obese to adopt new, permanent eating habits.

"A permanent change in eating habits is the goal of obesity treatment," say the authors of the study. Use of the antiappetite drug "as a crutch" may prevent such a change.

For some of the 240 patients studied, group discussion in combination with the drug produced the best results. Mean weight loss came to 19 pounds. For those who took only pills, the loss was 10 pounds, while patients in group discussions without pills lost 14 pounds. The discussion, however, produced a longer-lasting effect.

Why Soviet Youth Go Wrong

Juvenile delinquency has grown to be a problem in the Soviet Union, despite communist claims that crime and socialism do not go together, Dr. Paul Hollander of Harvard University says.

He declares that this delinquency arises probably out of boredom, and that in this respect the American and Russian problem have something in common.

In Russia, drunkenness rather than violence is the major problem with juveniles. As a recent issue of the *Current Digest of the Soviet Press* describes it: "Last year more than 2,000 intoxicated young men were arrested in one Leningrad borough alone. Out of every ten violators of public order, nine are drunk. A group of juvenile delinquents serving sentences in corrective labor colonies for minors were questioned. The overwhelming majority of them said that the chief cause of their violations of the law had been "drinking out of boredom."

Florida "Drunk Tests"

"There'd be 500 persons alive today if these laws had been passed last year—and enforced."

State Insurance Commissioner Broward of Florida, in making this statement, was referring to bills submitted to the Florida legislature dealing with intoxication tests. Under these laws, persons who do not agree when asked to take tests to

determine the blood-alcohol level would forfeit their drivers' licenses, following appropriate hearings.

Williams, in defending the bills, declared, "The life of a single driver or passenger in a car is more important to me—and it should be to everybody—than the vague questions of whether or not the law is unconstitutional."

Worst Time to Drive

The most unsafe time to be driving is during the first few hours after midnight on Saturdays. That is when most fatal traffic accidents occur, according to the National Automobile Club.

To Smoke, or to Be Fat?

Folks who refuse to give up smoking for fear of getting fat would be healthier if they were chubby and smokeless, according to Dr. E. S. Gordon, professor of medicine, University of Wisconsin, and Dr. Jean Mayer, professor of nutrition, Harvard University.

Smoking, they report, is much harder on a person than being slightly overweight.

They say that smoking a pack of cigarettes a day is about as bad for a person as being ninety pounds overweight, and that persons who refuse to give up smoking, hoping to remain slim, are making a serious tactical error.



Smoking and Leukemia

Heavy smoking by a mother during pregnancy may contribute to the development of leukemia in her child, says Dr. R. T. Ravenholt, formerly of the University of Washington Medical School. In a study of smoking and reproduction it was found that 28 percent of mothers of childhood victims of leukemia smoked a package or more of cigarettes per day during pregnancy. This was almost twice the percentage that was observed among mothers of normal, healthy children.

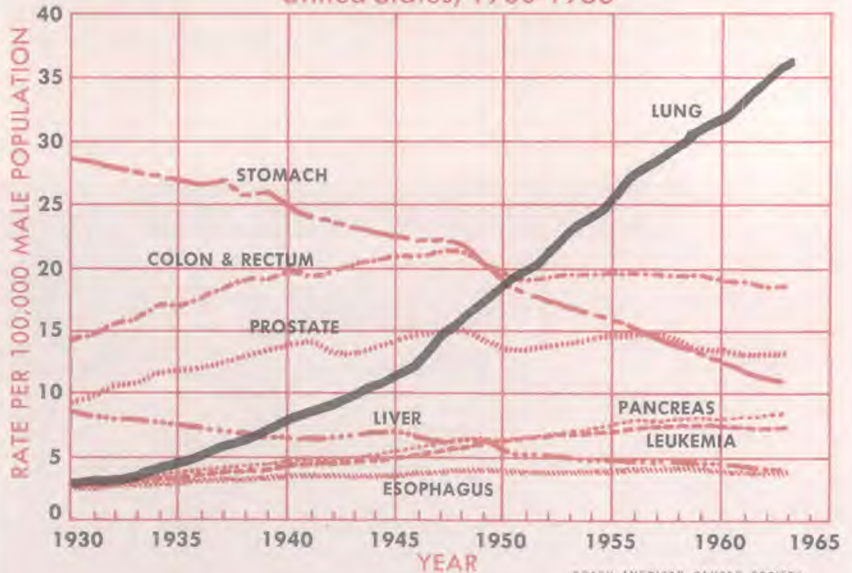
This Is the Worst

Of all illicitly available drugs, including narcotics, LSD is the most dangerous, says the New York County Medical Society.

The great danger in its use, according to Dr. Donald B. Louria, the Society's narcotics committee chairman, is that only one experience with "acid" can produce permanent personality changes or prolonged psychological damage.

The probability is that persons who suffer permanent effects are already emotionally troubled, he says, but "you can't guarantee safety for anybody."

MALE CANCER DEATH RATES* BY SITE
United States, 1930-1963



*Rates for the male population standardized for age on the 1940 U.S. population. Sources of Data: National Vital Statistics Division and Bureau of the Census, United States.



Sylvanus and Evelyn Duvall



True, but with reservations. Natural leaders usually emerge because of their ability to meet some particular need. Thus, if a group is torn with dissension, the person who is best able to understand different points of view and bring people together tends to become the leader. Then when he succeeds in bringing them together, he may be displaced as leader by the person who is best able to show them interesting and exciting things to do. Leadership may depend upon the requirements of the moment.

Pep Pills Hit the Brain

A lethal dose of pep pills, or amphetamine, can affect the brain in the same way as heat stroke.

Abuse of these drugs, which are valuable when used under a physician's direction, has led to serious physical effects and occasionally to death, but few reports are available that show the result of acute massive amphetamine poisoning in man.

Using forty-five mongrel dogs to find out what happens physically under the effect of large doses of amphetamine, two pathologists have found that many of the effects are similar to those previously observed in humans.

The nervous system, heart, lungs, circulation, and metabolism were studied by Maj. George D. Lundberg, chief pathologist at William Beaumont General Hospital, El Paso, Texas, and Maj. Edward G. Zalis, Medical Corps, 97th General Hospital, Frankfurt, Germany.

Not only were the brains of the animals similar to those of heat stroke victims, but cases of heat stroke have been reported showing similar lesions in the vicinity of the heart.

The results were similar whether the amphetamine was injected or given by mouth.

Eat Less, Do More

Eating less means doing more, or so it seems. In nutrition experiments with rats, researchers at the Government agricultural center at Beltsville, Maryland, have found that animals on a restricted diet exer-

cised more than did those well fed.

The animals were given diets balanced much the same as those eaten by an average person in the United States. Some were liberally fed. Others received only 60 percent as many calories, but both groups were given the same amounts of proteins, vitamins, and minerals.

Rats are normally active at night, and these two groups were no exception. All of them were up and about, using their exercise wheel freely.

During the day, however, the well-fed rats rested while those on the restricted diet ran in the wheel almost as much as at night. They averaged 9,790 spins compared with only 5,870 by the less active.

The sleep patterns of the two groups were somewhat different too. The active runners took naps around the clock instead of sleeping for long stretches during the daytime like the well-fed group.

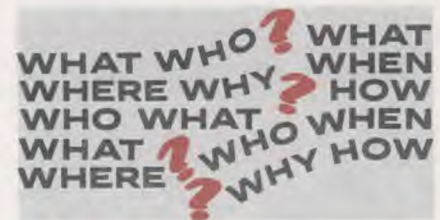
Who Called the Police?

"Cocktails at six," read the invitations to a party planned by a New Orleans woman.

Long after midnight the party was still going strong. About one o'clock the police arrived. Somebody in the neighborhood had complained, and the racket would have to stop. The host was outraged, saying he could not imagine any of his neighbors complaining.

But the sergeant was adamant. The party broke up. As the last guest filed out, the hostess turned to her husband, "I wonder who called the police?"

Replied her weary husband, "I did."



★ Fires cost 12,000 lives and nearly \$1.5 billion in property in the United States during 1965. Every day an average of eighteen persons died in home fires, many caused by cigarettes. (National Fire Protection Association)

★ About three out of every four vehicle accidents occur on urban streets. In 1965 there were 8.8 million urban mishaps. (Associated Press)

★ At least 1,000 American college students killed themselves last year. It is estimated that adolescents of college age are the nation's highest potential suicide risk group. (U.S. Public Health Service)

★ One in four Americans will be stricken with cancer if current rates continue. Every two minutes during 1967 a person will die of cancer. Lung cancer deaths are predicted to reach 51,800, an increase of 2,000 over 1966. (American Cancer Society)

★ In 1965 there was \$128,782,300 worth of cigarette advertising on television. (Department of Health, Education, and Welfare)

ARE YOU PUZZLED? Frieda M. Lease

U.S. HIGHWAY "A"

See how many states you can identify as you travel on this "A" highway. Observe and heed all clues, spaces, and "A" guideposts.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. A _____ | granted statehood in 1912 |
| 2. _ A _____ | produces wheat |
| 3. _ _ A _ _ _ | noted for its potatoes |
| 4. _ _ _ A | where tall corn grows |
| 5. _ _ _ _ A _ _ | Hoosier state |
| 6. _ _ _ _ _ A _ _ | Garden of the Gods here |
| 7. _ _ _ _ _ _ A | a Gulf state |
| 8. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ A | cattle-grazing state |
| 9. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ A | named for a French king |
| 10. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ A | golden-poppy state |
| 11. _ _ _ _ _ / _ _ _ _ _ A | Mount Rushmore here |
| 12. _ _ _ _ _ / _ _ _ _ _ A | named for a Quaker |
| 13. _ _ _ _ _ / _ _ _ _ _ A | Tarheel state |

Need More Lady Doctors

The United States is trailing in the number of women doctors, not only compared with the U.S.S.R., which boasts that 65 percent of its medical-school enrollment consists of women, but with countries in Europe, Asia, and Latin America, according to Dr. John Z. Bowers, president of the Josiah Macy Jr. Foundation, New York.

Only 9.1 percent of medical-school enrollment in the United States is female as opposed to an estimated 35 percent in India, 30 percent in

Malaysia, 25 percent in Thailand, 30 percent in Germany, 20 percent in the Netherlands, 15 percent in Australia, and 22.5 percent in Israel. Chile has 20 percent women physicians and Brazil 13 percent.

Industry—Plagued by Pills

The fast-spinning wheels of today's industry are often oiled by workers who are hooked on illegal drugs, a police narcotics specialist says.

The problem of illegal pep pills—used primarily by production-line workers—"is not actually condoned so much as that backs are turned on it," declares Sgt. F. E. Sweeney of the Vernon Police Department. Vernon, a Los Angeles suburb, has many industries.

Stopping the drug traffic—by arresting all those who use the drugs and those who sell them—would mean industrial firms would have to hire whole new shifts of employees, Sweeney says. That, he explained, is how deep the problem runs.

Drinking Begins Early

Drinking among Americans is apt to start early. When parents drink in the home, youngsters probably will have had their first taste of alcohol between the ages of twelve and fourteen, and probably will be confirmed users by eighteen.

This conclusion, based on observations of more than 10,000 teen-agers, is reported by Dr. George Maddox, professor of medical sociology at Duke University.

In a society where so many adults drink, teen-agers tend to regard the

use of alcohol as part of the process of becoming an adult, Maddox says.

"About one in four may become somewhat gay during a given month, and one in ten may experience actual drunkenness. Most have confirmed their drinking patterns by the time they are eighteen."

Cheating by Radio

Crime fighters may soon have another headache to combat in their battle for law and order.

Two teen-age schoolboys in Athens, Greece, were arrested on charges of cheating in a physics examination by using an unlicensed walkie-talkie.

Discovery of the scandal was accidental, when a member of Parliament happened to pick up a broadcast of examination answers in chemistry and history on his radio. He said they were being given at dictation speed over a powerful amateur transmitter.



BOB BROWN



PROBLEM: Wetting the water.
NEEDED: Two glasses of water, string, scissors, and detergent.

DO THIS: Use one glass of plain water and one glass of water with detergent added. Clip the string into small pieces, and let them fall on the water surface. The strings will float on the plain water but will begin to sink in the detergent water.

HERE'S WHY: The detergent reduces the surface tension of the water and dissolves oil and other materials on the strings. This makes the strings get wet more rapidly.



SCIENCE SERVICE

MYSTERIOUS MAZE?—The seemingly jumbled black-and-white pattern is actually the image of an electronic printed circuit magnified and projected on a screen where it is scrutinized for pinholes, nicks, size and spacing variations, and other imperfections that could adversely affect performance of communications equipment.

Answers to Quiz:

1. Arizona; 2. Kansas; 3. Idaho; 4. Iowa; 5. Indiana; 6. Colorado; 7. Alabama; 8. Nebraska; 9. Louisiana; 10. California; 11. South Dakota; 12. Pennsylvania; 13. North Carolina.



WINTER

Best Time of Year



Marie Layne

February—slow time of the year? Football season gone, baseball time not here yet, basketball beginning to wane. Where is the fun? But now the fun can be outdoors.

February is full of excitement and exhilaration, with rosy cheeks and vibrant health.

In snow areas, a winter wonderland awaits for skating, sleighing, or bobsled runs—not to forget skiing, a sport fast becoming the nation's favorite for this season of the year. Nothing can match the thrill of a fast dash down snowy slopes.

And here's another fascinating thought. Have you ever tried skimming over the frozen waters of winter in an iceboat? It's the sensation of a lifetime. And tobogganing? If you haven't done it, you have missed the greatest thrill of all.

We all know that hayrides are exhilarating and gay, but how about sleigh rides? Instead of riding on wheels, glide along on runners. Bearskins (if you have them!) can supply warmth, and if you have just added a new raccoon coat or warm parka to your wardrobe, here is the place to use it. The sleigh bells, tinkling as you skim along, will excite you as their sound mingles with the crunch of the horses' hooves in the crackling snow.

At the end of the ride, it is time for hearty food and pleasant company. The cozy fireplace, with dancing flames, will brighten the night with a new kind of fun that is simple, yet rewarding. And with this setting, who could not join in singing old-time favorites?

No matter what you choose to do, winter, especially February, can be great fun—in fact, the most exciting time of the year.



mind if I SMOKE?



BILLIONS OF CIGARETTES are consumed by Americans every year. Have you ever wondered what the unbiased facts are about smoking? What do cigarettes do for you? Be informed on these vital facts.

- ◆◆ THE VALUE OF FILTER-TIP CIGARETTES
- ◆◆ CIGARETTES AND HEART DISEASE
- ◆◆ THE CLAIMS OF CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS
- ◆◆ THE INCREASE OF LUNG CANCER AMONG WOMEN
- ◆◆ THE BEST WAY TO STOP SMOKING

Price ONLY \$1 Postpaid

Please send me _____ copies of the book MIND IF I SMOKE? I am enclosing _____ (\$1.00 each) to cover all cost.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
1350 Villa Street
Mountain View, California 94040