

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Barbara Ann Scott

Skating Star

35 CENTS

It's a Fact



► Cause of Cerebral Palsy

About 10,000 new cases of cerebral palsy are born every year, says Dr. Cyril B. Courville, head of the brain research laboratories, General Hospital, Los Angeles. Two causes, though less frequent, involve heavy smoking and addiction to alcohol by pregnant mothers.

► Grape Facts

California produces 94 per cent of the nation's grapes, 90 per cent of its wines, and 100 per cent of its raisins.

► Flooded With Liquor

Hudson, New York, has an average of 44 $\frac{1}{3}$ liquor outlets for every square mile. In its area of forty-five square miles are 1,994 taverns, liquor stores, clubs, and restaurants dispensing liquor.

► More Beer Cans

In the United States the 1953 beer-can production reached an all-time record of 6,250,000 cans, a 23 per cent increase over 1952.

► Washington's Parties

Washington, D.C., has 78,000 cocktail parties in one year, report hotel executives, at which a major part of the annual total of 4,000,000 gallons of hard liquor is consumed. The taxes alone are more than \$40,000,000 on these drinks.

► Crime Climbs

Every 14.9 seconds of 1953 saw a major crime committed in the United States, says J. Edgar Hoover, FBI chief. The crime bill has reached an all-time high of \$20,000,000,000 a year, ten times the total given each year to all U.S. churches.

NARCOTICS NOTES

- Only one twentieth of the illegal drugs flowing into the United States is seized by narcotics officers, reports the Senate subcommittee investigating juvenile delinquency.
- Illicit production of narcotics in China includes 12,000 tons of opium. Legitimate world uses are estimated at only 500 tons annually.
- Californians are more concerned about the narcotics traffic than any other issue of state government, including taxes, according to a public opinion poll sponsored by the state and reported by Governor Goodwin J. Knight. "It was surprising to me," he declares, "that there was far more interest in narcotics than in liquor control."
- It is estimated that there are 60,000 opium users in the United States.

- Underworld revenue from the sale of narcotics amounts to \$275,000,000 a year, says the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. A pound of heroin purchased for \$500 to \$1,000 can be sold to addicts for a total of \$384,000.
- It takes at least \$5,000 a year to keep an addict supplied through criminals. To get that sum, the addict, who rarely turns to honest toil, must steal \$20,000 worth of property or get the equivalent through other crimes.
- "The United States has the highest crime rate of any civilized country in the world and the largest black market in narcotic drugs," says Dr. Hubert S. Howe of Columbia University. Crime costs each family in the United States \$495 each year, according to the FBI.

ALCOHOL AS AN ADDICTING DRUG

"Considerable testimony was presented to the Committee to the effect that, statistically, alcohol is the most important of all addicting drugs.

"The Committee received ample medical and other testimony attesting to the fact that alcohol is a narcotic drug; it was stated by Committee Member Karl M. Bowman, M.D., that 'alcohol cannot

be left out as a cause of juvenile delinquency, that it is far more important in this respect than marijuana, and produces far more crimes of violence and is just as much a precursor of heroin as is marijuana.'"—From the report of the Citizen's Advisory Committee on Crime Prevention, to Edmund G. Brown, attorney general of California.

LISTEN

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OUR COVER

Small in stature, but unexcelled on ice, Barbara Ann Scott has blazed her name high in skating achievement. From her triumphant Olympic sweep of 1948 she has skated her graceful way over the North American continent as a professional. Her cover photo for *Listen* comes from Three Lions.



Ruth Golsner, author of the feature on Josy Barthel, "Little Guy From a Little Country," page 8, is a resident of Patchogue, New York, attending Greater Boston Academy as a senior. She works her way through school as a nurse's aid at the New England Sanitarium close by. Her hobbies include choral music, cooking, and writing. For her lifework she plans to be a nurse.

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Into the welter of talk in the United States Congress occasionally there is injected a suggestion of unique practical value.

One such came out in a meeting of the Senate Agriculture Committee when Senator Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico and Senator Milton R. Young of North Dakota urged that some of the tactics being used to sell beer successfully be applied to fluid milk as a solution to the surplus problem.

There is great value to this idea. Brewers and distillers have found it profitable to spend millions to popularize their products. Their success is evident, not only in increased sales, but also in indirect costs to society as the result of those sales.

A good omen for the future is that already advertising campaigns are getting under way to promote milk and other dairy products. It is unfortunate that such a commendable project, however, had to be initiated from the pressure of a surplus problem and not primarily from the initial desire of the industry to promote the health of the people. The dairy interests in the past have been remiss in allowing beverage alcohol, with its many elements of danger and actual harm, to outstrip them in promotion. If they had been as alert to their opportunities as

Positive Proposal

the producers and purveyors of beverage alcohol have been, there undoubtedly would now be no surplus, and America would not be struggling with its monstrous alcoholism problem.

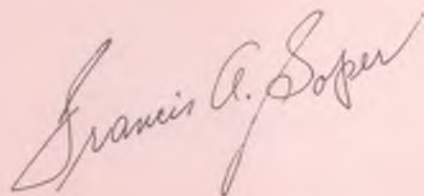
Led by Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson, and endorsed by President Eisenhower, a nationwide milk advertising program is rapidly developing. Putting words into practice, the Secretary has installed milk-vending machines in the Agriculture Building in Washington, D.C. "If I have my way, they'll be in every department of the Government—even the White House," he declares.

The states are taking up the challenge. Governor Thomas E. Dewey appointed a special committee to direct an educational campaign in New York on the nutritional value of milk. Already the committee has more than \$600,000 for the project. The sale of milk by the gallon is bringing cost down and increasing consumption. Wisconsin stimulates sales by dairy festivals, commercial displays, and milk-drinking contests. Other states are following suit with a variety of appeals.

"Buy Milk," "More Milk," "Enjoy Milk" signs are beginning to appear here and there over the nation—on billboards, in stores, on trucks, at sports events. What a refreshing change from the constant barrage of beer and whisky inducements! And what an attraction to see dancing milk cartons on television rather than beer bottles continually! Even singing commercials can be tolerated more when pushing a product like milk instead of beer. It may be an idle dream, but we hope to see the day that dairy foods will sponsor baseball broadcasts, so that the youngsters will view milk ads, not beer commercials.

For its cost, fluid milk offers the most healthful and nutritious returns in protein of high quality, in calcium, riboflavin, and other minerals and vitamins. Milk is a powerful food. If America's 100,000,000 adults were to drink a glass with breakfast every morning, human energy for the day would be mightily increased, ability to cope with the day's work be greatly enhanced. This, along with more widespread use by children and youth, would go far in preserving health, not endangering and undermining it as do alcoholic beverages.

The suggestion to magnify milk is indeed a positive proposal!



Whose Business Is It



IF I DRINK?

IF ANYONE suggests not drinking to people who drink, they are likely to say that it is nobody's business whether or not they drink. After all, is it, or isn't it? Let us look at the question objectively, keeping entirely away from the point of view of its being a religious or moral matter, as people ordinarily speak of morals. Let us approach it from angles that have to do with what anyone, whether he is religious or not, would consider right and fair.

Is it anybody's business? In a recent year somewhere between \$24,000,000 and \$25,000,000 was brought into the treasury of the State of California by liquor taxes. During that same year, it was estimated by the state director of public health that the cost of courts, police, sheriffs, jails, and the insane asylums, in so far as they had to take care of people because of alcohol, was between \$270,000,000 and \$280,000,000. In other words, alcohol costs California more than ten dollars for every dollar that it paid California.

Everyone who drinks is a partner in the liquor business in the sense that it is such people who keep the liquor business going. There wouldn't be anyone selling liquor if no one were buying it. Generally speaking, then, the people who drink are responsible for the costs. So the person who says, "It's nobody's business if I drink," also says, "It's perfectly all right for me to take an extra dollar out of my neighbor's pocket, or two, or three, or ten, for every dollar I put in the public till." Would anyone say that it is all right for me to go to my neighbor and take a dollar or more out of his pocket every time I pay a dollar or more of taxes on liquor? Yet is that not what is being done? From one to ten extra dollars are taken out of the state's pocket by liquor users for every one paid in. So, what is the answer from this point of view as to whose business it is if I drink? It's everybody's business if I drink, everybody who pays taxes.

Can the people who drink relieve themselves of this

responsibility and be able to say, "It is nobody's business if I drink"? They can if they pay enough into the public till to cover all the expense they caused. But the people who are running the liquor business say that taxes are too high, that they can't stand any more. Yet the only way they can be honest people in California is to pay into the state treasury ten times as much as they are paying now. Is that too strong? I think it is only a fair analysis of the situation, and is one of the facts one must face in searching for the answer to our ques-

tion. It should not be considered too severe if we say to liquor dealers, "You've got to pay your way, or you don't deserve to stay in business."

In all parts of the State of California, and other states as well, there are families, and especially children, who are being cared for at public expense. I am not sure of the exact figure in my county of San Luis Obispo, but I know that we spend a little more than two dollars per capita for public health in a year. Aid to needy children takes between two and three times that much. So I say conservatively that more than four dollars per capita is spent in my county each year on aid to needy children.

Every one of these families in which aid to needy children is a part of the program has been investigated by social workers of the welfare department. From their records we find, for example, that in many cases the fault is broken homes; the parents being separated in a large proportion of these cases because of alcoholism on the part of one of them, more often the father, but, sad to say, increasingly so, also the mother. If the family had stayed together,—and they would have had it not been for alcohol,—these children would not be on public support.

In some instances, where the parents are incapable of taking care of their children properly, the children have to be made wards of the court, put in foster homes, and there taken care of at public expense. We have records of

**HUBERT O. SWARTOUT,
M.D., D.P.H.**

Director of Public Health
San Luis Obispo County, California

all of such cases, and in an appreciable number alcoholism on the part of both father and mother caused those children to be taken away from them. Or it may have been bad moral conditions in the home growing out of alcoholism that made the judge decide that that home was an improper place for any child to be. As a conservative estimate, I say that a quarter of the aid to needy children is required because of alcoholism. It might be half, or even three quarters, if the whole truth were known.

Then, does a person who might be spending money for liquor which ought to go for his children's needs have a right to say, "It is nobody's business if I drink"? If he says that, he should be prepared to prove that he is not neglecting his family.

Here is another approach to our question. There are scientific tests proving that a percentage of alcohol in the blood much below that which produces outward evidence of drunkenness is enough to blunt and slow the reactions so that a person cannot get his toe on the brake pedal as fast as he would without any alcohol. Yet, if such a person is involved in an accident, he strenuously denies that he was drunk or that his drinking was responsible for the accident.

And there is another angle which we haven't thought of so much—the pedestrian who is careless because he has been drinking. We don't think so much about his being responsible for anyone's injuries except his own, but what about the careless pedestrian who perhaps is staggering, who steps out into the street because he's half conscious, and causes some driver who has not been drinking to swerve to keep from hitting him, to turn his car over, or to hit someone else or another car? The drinking pedestrian is frequently to blame not only for his own death or his own injury but also for injuries and damage to property and to people besides himself.

So the drinking driver and the drinking pedestrian both have a great responsibility for traffic accidents. If such a person says, "It is nobody's business if I drink," he should be told, "Yes, it *is* somebody's business if you drink, unless you stay out of a car and off the street."

Furthermore, most people will agree that it is their business to conduct themselves in such a way that their activities and their example do not demoralize other people.

The more prominent the person is, the more he can contribute to the delinquency of others if his example is in that direction. No one is likely to imitate the example of a person who is lying dead-drunk in the gutter; but the example of the doctor in the community, the lawyer, the teacher in the school, the banker, has a great influence on the attitudes and actions of other people. In that sense my drinking, even in moderation, may be the business of many other people.

There was a certain member of the first family on earth who asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" And that's exactly what thousands and millions of people today are saying, though perhaps in other words. "I will do as I please about drinking. Let the other fellow look out for himself. If he does not have any more sense than to get drunk, what's that to me?" But when I say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" I put myself in the same class with Cain, who was first recorded as saying it. And Cain was the world's first murderer!



LAMBERT

Why Not Try Nature?

E. B. DAVIDSON

Ask any doctor or clergyman or psychiatrist what you need most when your nerves are frayed and that old egg beater grinds relentlessly in the general area of the solar plexus.

His prescription will often be the great outdoors. For, no matter how nervously tired you are, a day in the open among growing things will make you a new creature. The quiet, slow rhythm of nature will soothe your frantic, rushing soul. Nature never hurries. Yet the bud and the bloom always arrive on time.

Remember, you can't rush a radish!

So, to take care of the inward panic that comes as a result of twentieth-century living, why not try nature?

A walk under the stars will bring you a sense of the greatness of the universe. Life is lonely, unless you have the constant sense that somebody cares. When you realize that you are the object of the love of the Man who made the universe, an abiding calm is yours. A prominent psychiatrist gave this prescription to a man who was in the throes of a breakdown: "Take a long walk with your wife every night; then go home and get down on your knees and pray."

The blessed creative silence of nature will creep into your soul if you seek it. The peace that passes understanding will be yours.

Carlyle said, "Hold (Turn to page 25.)

BARBARA WEBB, beautiful blue-eyed blonde of Hemet, California, is the 1954 queen of California's citrus industry. Selected from thirty-one contestants, she began her reign with a full schedule—morning, noon, and evening—extending invitations to the National Orange Show Exposition.

Barbara is seventeen, a high-school senior. Much of her loveliness is the charm of her warm, spontaneous friendliness that lights her face when she smiles. Barbara likes people, and they like her. "Friends are wonderful to have," she says. She values her friends as among the most important things in her life.

It is sometimes said that beauty is only skin deep. But genuine beauty has depth and reflects inner worth more than any surface attraction. Barbara is vivacious and charming, sincere and gracious. She lives with her

mother, father, and younger sister, Joyce. She likes to cook, and she does her rightful share of household duties. Her father operates heavy construction machinery, and her mother works in a supermarket.

"They work too hard for me to want to spend money on drinking," says Barbara. "Besides, I have plans."

She does, indeed, have plans. She is a girl with a definite goal, which is to be a model before she marries and has a family.

Perhaps the best description of Barbara Webb is the simple one expressed by her sister. Joyce is almost as happy as her sister that Barbara won the title. "But I knew she'd win," says Joyce proudly. "It's not only that she's beautiful, she's got what it takes other ways, too!"—which is just another way of saying that beauty is certainly more than skin deep.

California's

by
**NELLIE M.
STEWART**

ORANGE QUEEN

I don't drink at all, and I don't smoke. Long ago I decided that drinking doesn't give me anything, but that it would take much away from me. I love sports of all kinds, activities that take plenty of physical exertion, and I have observed that the people who are tops in these things don't go in for drinking. Last year I held second place in the All-Western Band Review majorettes.

I'm a Christian, and I'm glad I am. I want to go to college, and I hope someday to have a home of my own. I've observed the effects that liquor has on the lives of people who drink. I figure this way: I've never begun to drink, so why should I deliberately begin something that might become a problem to me later? When I have a family I wouldn't want them to drink, either.



Josy Barthel-

"Little Guy
From a
Little
Country"

RUTH GOLSNER



FAY FRERES

*Yours for clean and
healthy living Josy Barthel*

ONE wintry Saturday night early in 1954 a small man from a tiny country set a new Boston Garden record for the Hunter Mile in the sixty-fifth B.A.A. track meet. The roads outside were extremely treacherous and slippery, but the track inside proved no impediment to the Luxembourg Limited, as Josy Barthel is affectionately known. On this occasion the modest graduate student of Harvard University ran the mile in 4 minutes, 7.7 seconds.

Josy had requested the 14,000 spectators to keep the Garden free from smoke for an hour before his big race, which began at 10 p.m., and the track fans cheerfully obliged. Barthel rewarded their self-discipline with the fastest mile ever run on the Garden boards, which smoldered under his winged feet.

With 9½ laps under his heels he picked up with a sudden spurt and fled past Fred Wilt, the FBI sprinter. Then Bill Ashenfelter came from behind and gained a short-lived ten-yard lead on Barthel. But Josy was merely biding his time. Suddenly Wilt, lurking well back, exploded into a sprint with all stops out, catching a glance from Josy as he passed. Only seconds later Barthel stormed into action and drove past his closest competitor. You see, Josy was "accelerating," as he puts it. At the tape line he was hardly taking a deep breath.

Several of us students from Greater Boston Academy witnessed this fascinating display of human skill, speed, and endurance; and as we left the Garden arena that night we determined to see at closer range this man, who stands five feet, eight inches tall, and is twenty-seven years old.

Six weeks later our school held its annual oratorical contest in the Stoneham Town Hall. The high light of the evening was the appearance of none other than Josy Barthel, who holds the Olympic record for the 1,500-meter dash. Since we had seen him run in Boston Garden, he had acquired new laurels and additional trophies in Madison Square Garden, New York. Now he was giving us his testimony in favor of clean living and clear thinking.

In surprisingly good English, but reinforced with intensive, sweeping gestures, Barthel told of his stern training program, which began eleven years ago. Since then he has run an average of from eight to ten miles a day. He conditioned himself for the 1,500-meter race at the last Olympics in Helsinki by running more than 3,000 miles.

By this time our students who had seen him run, surrounded him on the stage and began to fire their questions.

"How did you become interested in running?"

"I used to live on a farm. We had an apple orchard, and so did some of my neighbors. Sometimes when they thought I had picked up the wrong apples, I found that it helped to be able to run. I've been running ever since, for I like the fresh air and the relaxation when I run in the less crowded sections of the countryside."

"Mr. Barthel, do you ever use liquor or tobacco in your training for these track meets?"

"No!" he answered emphatically.

"Why did you request the Boston Garden audience to refrain from smoking for an hour before you ran the Hunter Mile?"

"A runner's blood depends on fresh supplies of oxygen in order for him to keep going. When I breathe poisonous air my speed and endurance are naturally affected." Barthel is a student of sanitary engineering in the field of public health, and ought to know whereof he speaks. "It's my business," he added.

The track world will always remember Barthel, the "little guy from a little country," as a great runner; but I prefer to think of him, first of all, as one whose ideals of clean living not only challenge the thinking of high-school-age youth, but also make him the champion he is.

WHY DO YOUTH BECOME DRUG ADDICTS?



Young people are ignorant of the nature and danger of drugs.



Most drug addicts begin experimenting with drugs through curiosity.



A person in a drug-using group is "chicken" if he doesn't indulge.



Drugs offer an easy escape from unpleasant realities of everyday life.



An addict invariably lures others into using drugs to pay for his own.

RESULTS OF DRUG ADDICTION



Because of fear, a user of drugs becomes increasingly selfish and secretive toward others.



His family suffers, for the addict will steal and pawn anything from home to get dope.



Lack of drug supply drives the addict into violent crimes in order to get money for drugs.



From the beginning, drugs cause mental deterioration and lead toward physical disaster.

SOLUTIONS TO THE DRUG PROBLEM

C O R R E C T I V E



Victim must accept help from one he can trust, and arrange for medical and hospital care.

P



Choose vital, attractive goals for your life.

R



Be sure to associate and work with only high-principled companions.

E



Carefully select useful hobbies and free-time recreational activities.

N



Carefully select useful hobbies and free-time recreational activities.

T



Carefully select useful hobbies and free-time recreational activities.

I



Preserve personal loyalties to God and take part in work of the church.

DRUGS

DESTROYER OF YOUTH

The story in this feature and the information in the illustrated outline are based on the pamphlet "Drugs Destroy!" by Virginia Ely, published by the Broadman Press, Nashville, Tennessee.

"Harry, have you met Mary Warner?" asked Dennis as he turned from the linotype. The grin which crinkled one corner of his mouth might have been a warning to an observant person. But Harry Grant did not notice it.

"Mary Warner? Don't recall having heard of her."

"Then get your coat. We're going out to a little party. You don't know what you've been missing," replied Dennis, lifting an eyebrow as he indicated the rear door of the pressroom, through which he soon escorted his unsuspecting young friend—a cub reporter on the paper and a college junior.

At that "little party" Harry Grant made the

acquaintance of marijuana (sounding like "Mary Warner") for the first time.

He is an old man now—much older than his actual age of sixty years would indicate. His health, his spirit, and his hope are all broken; and the ties which bound him to those he loved were long since snapped.

Harry Grant never meant to be an addict. He meant to be a successful journalist. He never even took a drink during class time or when he was on the job. He kept such indulgences for Saturday nights when he was out with his carefully selected group of cronies. They told themselves that they were too smart to get deeply involved with anything they could not master; but they did "get a kick" from an occasional weekend spree.

Then Dennis, the new linotype operator, introduced Harry to a few of his friends. They were a little older than Harry, and it gave him a sense of importance to be admitted to their circle. They were so worldly-wise. It

was only a few weeks later that Dennis introduced Harry to his first marijuana cigarette. After that Dennis had no difficulty in persuading him to join an opium pad (a party of opium smokers). The next step was to teach him how to take drugs hypodermically.

Harry's story is typical of the way many young people get started on the illegal use of addicting drugs. Dennis, of course, was a "dope pusher," that is, an underworld character who sells drugs for an organized gang.

The incidence of drug addiction among young people has assumed such proportions that it should be the concern of parents, educational workers, and young people themselves. Several pertinent questions may be asked concerning this problem. The same answers do not necessarily apply to any two individuals, since each addict's case has its own peculiarities. However, general answers can be given to the questions most frequently asked, as portrayed on this page.

This school superintendent looks at the problem of alcohol education realistically.

Facing the Issue

C. C. TRILLINGHAM, Ph.D.

Superintendent of Schools, Los Angeles County



AS A school superintendent I feel that education is a fundamental solution to most of our problems. When the channels of information are kept open, I have the faith that in some way or other the right answers will be found. Some difficulties stand in the way of public education on the alcohol problem, however, difficulties which, if recognized and met realistically, will aid in the education process.

1. Foremost is the matter of public attitude. When I was a youngster in the State of Kansas I knew Jess Winkler. He would come up from the creek south of town on Saturdays completely under the influence. As a youngster I sold papers in that little town, and can recall the instances when he cursed women and children without provocation, because of his drinking, and they would walk off the sidewalk to give him a wide berth. Everyone knew that he was the "character" of that little village. In those days there was drinking, but people were somewhat ashamed of it. Decent people didn't indulge in it. In those days the drinker didn't set an example for the youngsters; it was gutter's fate for bums. We all regarded drinking as stupid.

Today, in contrast, we find that drinking is supposed to be clever, and presumably everybody does it. A letter I received reads: "Dear Dr. and Mrs. Trillingham: Gracious living and fine wines go hand in hand. There are many occasions when nothing is quite so satisfying as just the right wine. Good food is made better by the accompaniment of wine in preparation and serving"—and so on, a couple more paragraphs telling us where we can get the stuff locally.

Less than a week ago I attended the funeral of a house-mother and four boys, boys from broken homes, sponsored by the service club of which I am a member. These five people were hit at an intersection, because somebody who had drunk too much alcohol couldn't make the stop. That is the second such incident within a week. Tomorrow on a college campus I have been invited to attend a cocktail party as one of the speakers on a workshop program. I'm going to the party. I mention these things to show how this business of drinking affects the lives of all of us today, whether we like it or not. Thanks to the movies, magazine ads, and television, our youngsters are confronted constantly with a barrage of advertising and propaganda that gives them the impression that beverage alcohol is a normal and necessary part of American life.

Here is a paragraph from an ad that came out at Christmastime: "Like businessmen everywhere, we know that public good will must be earned. Today the legal liquor industry is one of the country's major economic assets in jobs, payrolls, purchases from other industries, and the enormous tax payments to Federal and local treasuries. It is important to our national welfare that these contributions continue."

Then came the comment by the writer, indicating that America has been softened up by the liquor interests. We sat at television and watched the brewers put on a Christmas play, ending with the Lord's Prayer. Today the radio and television blast away within the American home, with one third of the entertainment of the nation being sponsored by the liquor and tobacco companies. We are a nation of compromisers. (Turn to page 29.)

ONE of America's best-known modern writers discusses the popular question, "Does alcohol aid great writers in producing their masterpieces?"

FOR the last third of his life Jack London and I were close friends. Two years before his death, which occurred during the first world war, he published a book called *John Barleycorn*, in which he told of his exploits as a drinking man. It made terrible reading. He had become drunk at the age of five, when he had carried pails of beer to his father working in the field, and the little fellow had taken too many sips. As an oyster pirate in San Francisco Bay and as a sailor in many ports of the world, he had gone on frightful drinking sprees. Since he was a successful novelist, he had been able to buy his drinking friends all they wanted. Finding that he had great difficulty in controlling his thirst for liquor, he wrote this book to warn others. As a conclusion he proudly an-

remember, for my father was a victim of strong drink. He was a Virginia gentleman, and a Naval captain, first in the United States Navy, then in the Confederate Navy. His grandfather had commanded the first frigate built by the United States Government. Since the family was ruined during the Civil War, my father became a wholesale liquor salesman. He thought it necessary to patronize his own wares, and for the first thirty years of my life I labored in vain to save him. Many times I sought him, a pitiful wreck, on the Bowery; and as many times I took him to a hospital or, when we did not have the money, nursed him at home. Endlessly I pleaded with him; but there must be something wrong with my technique, for I cannot recall any case where I have been able to save or even able to restrain an alcoholic.

My father's oldest brother was a Confederate naval hero who wrote a book called *Three Years on the Alabama*. He died in a home for inebriates. An uncle by marriage, one of the most delightful men I knew in my childhood, joined the melancholy procession.

A brother of my mother, of whom I saw much in my

"SPIRITS"

in American Literature

UPTON SINCLAIR

nounced that he had mastered the dangerous habit, but he meant to go on with his drinking, yet "more skillfully, more discreetly." The answer to this decision came two years later when he took poison at the age of forty, seeking his only escape from his cruel tormentor.

We were close friends, but because we were separated by a continent our intercourse was carried on by mail. Whenever one had a new book, he would send it, and the other would reply with a letter of cordial praise. We shared each other's ideas, with one single exception; those concerning liquor. We met only twice, and for me both those occasions were spoiled by the fact that Jack was drinking. I have found that men who are drinking are always irritated by the presence of men who are not, and on both these occasions Jack spent a good deal of his time teasing his puritanical friend by telling him wild tales, those which subsequently went into his book.

I grew up among drinking men, and there has been no time in my long life when I have not been in contact with some of them. I have counted up, and in the course of seventy-five years I have known almost that many inebriates. More than half of them were writers, and a score of them were among the greatest writers of my time. It is a sad and, to me, a horrifying story.

It began when I was a tiny child, as far back as I can

youth, shot himself in Central Park, New York. Physically he was a magnificent man. When I was a small child, asleep upstairs in my grandfather's home, I heard a commotion and ran to the stairway and listened to my grandfather, a deacon of the Methodist Church, trying to restrain his drinking son from going out to get more drunk.

When I grew up and became a writer I entered a new world, where I encountered a whole string of drinking people. It was impossible to keep away from them wherever I went, in whatever stratum of society. When Jack London's first book of short stories was published, I began corresponding with him. Before long he sent me a book by a California poet, and inscribing the book to me he wrote, "I have a friend, the dearest in this world." The book was *The Testimony of the Suns*, by George Sterling. From then on I wrote to George, and we, too, became close friends. He was one of California's greatest poets, and one of the most lovable persons I ever knew; but he was a drinking man, and it was the same sad story all over again.

The first time I went to California I visited his home in Carmel. George escorted me to Oakland, where I was to be the guest at a banquet. In San Francisco we stopped at the Bohemian Club, (Turn to page 28.)

For more than twenty years, since the Eighteenth Amendment bowed out in favor of the Twenty-first, the State of California has wallowed in a mire of confusion and laxity of enforcement of its liquor laws.

The State Board of Equalization, into whose lap political expediency tossed the law-enforcement problem two decades ago, is a tax agency, now also burdened with the sales tax, the gasoline tax, and other taxes totaling more than a billion dollars.

Amazing public indifference through the years has allowed greed and criminal mismanagement to make mockery of California's liquor-law enforcement, presenting before the nation a spectacle of ineptness plus favoritism which reached a culmination in the shocking but revealing boast from the ace liquor lobbyist Arthur Samish of his power over the legislature and the governor.

When, however, in 1952 Earl Warren, as governor, appointed Paul R. Leake, courageous editor of a Woodland newspaper, to fill a vacancy on the board, the situation could rest no more. This long-time collector of customs at the Port of San Francisco began to inveigh against flagrant abuses in law enforcement, pointing out that liquor industry representatives were meddling with legislation and with legislators, that existing laws were being flouted, that liquor licenses were changing hands in a manner to show profiteering and racketeering.

Gradually California began to listen to Leake, a man who could not be bought off. Refusing thousands of dollars of political financing, he declared, "I don't intend to be obligated to anyone."

The legislature, in time, appointed the Weinberger Committee to take a careful inside look. This resulted in a special session being called by Governor Goodwin J. Knight, successor of Governor Warren, who became Chief Justice of the United States. From this session came remedial measures to begin the process of reform.

Now the people of California, in the November elections, have the first major chance in twenty years to change the situation. In third spot in a list of twenty propositions on the ballot is the proposal for a constitutional amendment removing liquor control from the Board of Equalization and vesting it in a new and separate Department of Liquor, of which the administrator and three-man appeals board would be appointed by the governor, subject to confirmation by the legislature.

California voters are urged to take this step in the right direction, and then go on to remedy the liquor problem effectively and permanently.

—EDITORS.

CALIFORNIA, next to Nevada, is the most bibulous state in the Union. Our rate of alcoholism is 50 per cent higher than in the nation as a whole. Nearly 500,000 Californians, one out of every twenty-four, drink heavily. We have 125,000 chronic alcoholics. Sixty per cent of the inmates in California's state, county, and city penitentiaries and prisons are there because of drinking. The state's annual chit for treating alcoholics runs around \$4,000,000.

Approximately 50 per cent of all local arrests are for drunkenness. It is a matter of record that intoxication is the biggest single crime in the United States, except for traffic violations.

These traffic offenses apply to many people in many dif-

California

has its liquor picture ...and preparation

ferent situations. They may apply to nice Mrs. Smith, who concentrates on planning her shopping, and fails to see the red traffic signal. Mrs. Smith is lucky. The oncoming truck swerves just in time, and she makes it home for dinner.

Not so lucky are Mr. and Mrs. Jones and their four small children, driving happily home from a Sunday outing. They encounter a drunk, who is driving eighty miles an hour and playing that lethal game of three-lane-highway tag. Unlike Mrs. Smith, the Joneses don't get home.

Over the country, alcohol is responsible for killing 40,000 citizens yearly, or one every thirteen minutes. Of 1,350,000 injured and hospitalized, or five persons every two minutes, 47 per cent had been drinking.

On California's highways, 9,501 persons were arrested last year by state highway officers for drunk driving. In addition, 13,000 arrests of drunks at the wheel of a car were made by municipal patrolmen. Death claimed a heavy toll. Drunk driving took 768 lives, an increase of more than 14 per cent over 1952. Of 882 pedestrians killed in traffic, 40 per cent were drunk.

Alcoholism annually costs California in terms of wage losses, public welfare costs, arrests, and jail sentences between \$120,000,000 and \$300,000,000. Nearly one half the entire cost of administering justice in our state is charged against beverage alcohol.

Disappointing is the fact that the total monies expended over the nation by government and private agencies to cope with problem drinking is less than \$1,000,000. Contrast that sum with the \$22,000,000 paid out each year by public and private agencies to aid the families of alcoholics.

In California, compare the state's education expenses last year—\$580,000,000—with the \$738,000,000 spent on liquor. Something has to give.

Apart from the cost in money, there is the toll of lives, injuries, disease, accidents, and broken homes. No amount of money can buy back a life.

California has one liquor outlet for every 272 persons. In our state we have nearly as many liquor premises as there are food stores and drugstores and jewelry and shoe establishments combined. In numerous cities there is a ratio of one liquor outlet for every fifty residents.

Hundreds of these liquor establishments, especially in the larger centers, are in financial difficulty. The law of supply and demand has taken over. Many of them cannot stay in business without violating the law. Sales to minors and sales to drunks are the most frequent infractions. Of the 1,587 arrests in California last year for violations of the Alcoholic Beverage Control Act, 83.4 per cent involved minors. In my own Third District, including twenty-five Northern California counties, the picture was even more disturbing. Of all

the arrests for liquor-law violations, 93.2 per cent involved teen-agers.

During the past twenty-five years the population of Federal and state penitentiaries has increased nearly four times as fast as our national population—126 per cent, to be precise. Most new inmates have just left their teens.

Juvenile delinquency is increasing five times faster than our teen-age population. Last year more than 1,000,000 young people were arrested—one out of every forty-three in the United States. Arrests of children increased 7.9 per cent; arrests for adults were up a mere 1.9 per cent.

Every other person arrested for burglary was under eighteen. One out of three was not yet sixteen. Alcohol is the background of most of these young offenders. Juvenile drinking is a grave problem. In high schools drinking is at an all-time high. For many delinquents, the road ahead leads to the penitentiary. Their history will be one of wasted lives.

ken..... do something about it.

EVER since my appointment to the California State Board of Equalization by Governor Earl Warren I have been on the liquor front firing line, shooting from the lip as well as the hip. If I were interested only in perpetuating myself in public office, I would have been less garrulous. My effort has been described as a "one-man fight" for the enforcement of the liquor laws.

Credit has been too generously given to me for sparking the movement that resulted in an interim legislative committee investigation, a special session of the legislature, and the submission to the people in November of a constitutional amendment to establish an appointive liquor control setup.

Without the powerful assistance of the newspapers, my efforts would have been futile. In the last year and a half more than four hundred commendatory editorials have appeared in the California press, supporting my objectives. It is my friends of the fourth estate who deserve the credit for awakening the citizenry after twenty long years of suffering under an inept liquor administration.

Today the people of California have stark evidence of laxity in liquor-law enforcement. The situation has become a serious challenge to everyone. No real effort, for example, has been made to enforce the law forbidding sales to a person already intoxicated or to a chronic drunk. In the entire State of California, with its nearly 14,000,000 inhabitants, the liquor control officers in one year arrested only ten persons for serving patrons who were intoxicated. In San Francisco, in one recent year there were 45,000 arrests for inebriety, but not one bartender was taken in for selling to drunks.

Flourishing also in some metropolitan areas have been B-girls, paid to encourage drinking and fleece customers. Dope peddlers, bookies, and gamblers have found refuge in bars in the thickly populated cities.

PAUL R. LEAKE

Member, State Board
of Equalization



Trafficking in liquor licenses is under investigation. The state's attorney general, Edmund G. Brown, has charged that licenses costing \$525 were issued in Southern California to persons who never intended to use them, but sold them at fabulous profits, running from \$5,000 to \$23,000.

As conscientious citizens and parents, our duty is to clean up this liquor mess. In California we can make a beginning by voting in November for the amendment removing liquor control from the Board of Equalization and vesting it in a new and separate department whose sole purpose will be to deal with liquor problems, and whose officials would be appointed by the governor, subject to confirmation by the legislature.

California already has eighteen important departments, the heads of which are appointed by the governor. These agencies are functioning satisfactorily and in the democratic manner. When the liquor laws are considered, why should they be administered by a board whose members are exposed to the political taint and contamination of the hierarchy of the very industry it is authorized to regulate?

If we, the people, have been guilty of the indifference that stems from apathy to government, we must take steps to begin functioning as watchful, interested citizens. We must care about government not only at the national level, but at the state and county levels as well. In the shadow of public indifference, grafters and corrupt lobbyists take over.

We cannot afford to be apathetic while these rogues encourage crime through bribery and by financing candidates for public office. It is these racketeers who thrive and fatten on the relentless deterioration of our democratic structure and who encourage the process of decay in the form and framework of democracy.

The Doctor Talks to You,
a Husband, About--

Your "PROBLEM" Wife

HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.

"YOU are so nosy. You are all the time checking up on me and asking me questions. What's the matter? Can't you trust me? Don't you think I have sense enough to run the business without your help?"

These were the words of a husband to his "problem" wife. Since he thought she was definitely too meddling, he decided to put her back in her place. He had failed to recognize the fundamental reason why his wife, like all good wives, was vitally interested in her husband's affairs, so interested that she couldn't resist wanting to know all the details.

This type of misunderstanding is very common between a husband and a wife. It is with the hope of helping you as a husband to gain an insight into why your wife is as she is—and perfectly well-meaning after all—that the present article is addressed to you.

A wife takes a long chance when she marries. Every wife does; your wife did. How can a young woman know, when her suitor asks for her hand in marriage, whether he will become a considerate husband, whether he will be industrious, or whether he will even be successful in his chosen lifework? When she agrees to marry she thereby agrees to share with him whatever the future holds. If he becomes a successful banker, she will be the banker's wife. If he proves to be dishonest and is sent to prison, she will have to suffer the disgrace almost more than he. If he becomes the President of the United States, she will have the honor of being the First Lady, and through little or no effort of her own. Her own future depends definitely upon him. No wonder, then, that at the wedding ceremony the preacher asked her whether she was willing to accept this man "for weal or for woe."

Don't ever think that courtship and marriage are all smooth going for a young woman. There is always some other girl or some older woman friend (supposedly!) who is on hand to taunt the young woman who is engaged to be married. Possibly even the prospective parents-in-law are not quite satisfied with "the match." One or more such persons are sure to whisper in her ear and "warn" her of the risk she is running in casting her life's lot with "such a shiftless young fellow."

She doesn't really believe these warnings. If she did she would break the engagement. But, even so, these comments have the effect of making her a little more solicitous of his welfare than she would be otherwise. She has faith that he will succeed. But she wants to be doubly sure, if for no other reason than merely to show the people who warned her before she was married. Every evidence of her husband's progress and success is precious to her. She can't wait for him to tell about his successes; so she asks him. Or maybe he doesn't tell enough for her to get the full picture, so she presses him for details. She can't help it. It means much to her. It means her very future.

Then, too, a wife's homemaking routine is usually much more monotonous than is her husband's vocation. He faces the world. He meets strangers. In a sense, he is the go-between for his family and the outside world. His thoughts are quite taken up throughout the day with the press of duties. But the wife, even though busy with her hands, has many occasions for meditating. She craves contact with the outside world. During her periods of meditation some of the old anxieties crowd in, and she says to herself, "I wonder whether John is really doing as well as he should."
(Turn to page 31.)



IN THE hills near Los Gatos, California, is a unique twelve-grade school for boys, named after Montezuma, last king of the Aztec Indians. The atmosphere of the school is permeated with the spirit of fresh, wholesome, outdoor living traditional with those Indians of history. Montezuma means "he the lord is full of courage."

From its beginning forty years ago this school has been a monument to the courage of its founder, E. A. Rogers, and others who have joined him.

Professor Rogers, as he is known to all, takes delight in recalling the early beginnings of the school. When he came to the site in January, 1910, it was with a conviction, born of years in public-school work and a term among the Indians, that effective teaching of youth can best be done in good surroundings. "Youth need to learn to *live*," he says; "and as long as they are among companions who smoke and drink and carouse, they cannot do their best in scholarship; neither can they form a good character."

Since the only building on the three-hundred-acre



School of Character

JAMES H. STIRLING

campus in those days was an old farmhouse, the first class of students and their teachers set out enthusiastically to build additional classrooms and dormitories. The rolling hills and wooded acres of the area gave the boys a real taste of outdoor living, and the spirit of pioneering ran strong.

"When the end of that first school year came," Professor Rogers recalls, "the boys, who called themselves the Mountaineers, had become strongly attached to the school. Some even cried when they had to leave, and others returned from a shortened vacation to help in the building program." From that first term a system of self-government was instituted that has become a tradition with the school. The school began to take on an international aspect as students came from other lands—Australia, Hong Kong, San Salvador, Venezuela, Puerto Rico. Esperanto came to be taught as a required subject.

The principles of democracy were applied in the classrooms and dormitories wherever possible, the boys electing representatives to the main governing council. They followed rules of parliamentary procedure and called themselves Junior Statesmen. Enthusiastic converts to this new kind of student government took the story to other schools, and soon the Junior Statesmen idea spread to many parts of California and other states as well. The Junior Statesmen now hold legislative sessions twice a year in Sacramento, California, the state capital, and publish a newspaper.

"No government will work (Turn to page 25.)

FOURTH QUARTER

THE MONTEZUMA CODE

Clean thoughts, for as man thinketh, so is he;
 Clean speech, for words betray the mind within;
 Clean habits, for the body clothes the soul.
 Work hard, lest others have to bear your load;
 Play fair—all manly men despise a cheat,
 And self-respect outweighs the world beside.



Good Times at the Friendship Clubs

But Alcoholic Beverages Are Taboo!

MADLINE GEORGE



Lester Lockwood

"MR. FRIENDSHIP" is another name for Lester Lockwood, of New York City; and that name fits him perfectly, for he practices friendship in a big way, particularly to lonely people who have passed the first blush of youth. In most big cities—and smaller ones, too, for that matter—the forgotten men and women are the folks about forty or more who are unmarried or for other reasons live alone; forgotten, that is, by most people, but not by "Mr. Friendship," who thinks of them day and night.

Lockwood started his first Friendship Club, in the Bronx, early in 1941. He was only thirty-one years old at the time. He now has three Friendship Clubs: one in the Bronx at 149th Street and Third Avenue, one in Brooklyn at Avenue D and Bedford Avenue, and one in Manhattan at 143 West 51st Street, a few blocks from Times Square.

The clubs are open four nights a week and have a total of eight thousand guests weekly. The Manhattan club is held in the Hotel Abbey and utilizes the ballroom, lobby, balcony, lecture room, and offices. There the guests, seven hundred to eight hundred a night on week ends, may talk together (chairs are arranged in semicircle to encourage conversation), dance, sing, hear lectures, or watch television. The dancing is conservative. No rough stuff is allowed.

Among major rules strictly enforced is one against liquor. No liquor is served, and no drinking is permitted, not even previous to arrival. Anyone with even the slightest odor of alcohol on his breath is not admitted, according to Lockwood, who says he is very strict on this point. To enter, one must buy a ticket from the cashier at the entrance (prices range from 85 cents to \$1.25, depending on the place and the day), then pass between ropes to the doorman, who collects the tickets. This makes it easier to detect the odor of alcohol and stop imbibers before they enter.

All guests who have been coming for a time and whose names are known to Mr. Lockwood receive announcements about special events, such as the annual New Year's Eve party. They are always reminded not to accept any drinks before coming to the club, otherwise they might miss the party.

When he was asked why he felt so strongly about drinking, Mr. Lockwood said that his experience in youth had set him against it.

"Oh, I didn't drink much," he said, "just at social events when I was in high school, but I soon realized that it was bad stuff to fool with. Whenever I did any drinking, somebody'd get hurt,

not that I'd get mean and fight but because of my loss of co-ordination as, for instance, when I bumped someone off the porch. When I woke up to the fact that alcohol is bad, I would have nothing more to do with it. I have had opportunities to go into the café business, but I won't go into any business if I have to sell or serve liquor. So, when I opened my first Friendship Club I decided to be firm about no drinking.

"When I went to the police to arrange for a license, the captain told me he thought I was crazy to try to carry out a policy like that in New York City. He said that I was looking for trouble. I have had it, too. Incidents have occurred when drinkers found out they were not welcome. I have been threatened and assaulted, but I have remained adamant. Every so often someone complains to the police because he isn't permitted to enter, but he is told by the police that the club has a right to follow its policy. Many fine people attend regularly. They are not all abstainers, but if they feel like drinking, they stay away from the club for a time."

Lockwood does not smoke, but does permit his guests to smoke in restricted areas. He does not permit card playing because of its association with gambling.

Besides entertaining people, Mr. Lockwood offers consultation services free of charge to any of his guests who may have personality problems they wish to discuss. Many hours he and Mrs. Lockwood have spent trying to help people with difficulties. He has a file of hundreds of agencies in New York—social service organizations, churches, Y.M.C.A.'s, athletic clubs, clinics, doctors, psychiatrists, ministers, priests, and rabbis—so that he can recommend outlets according to the needs of those who come to him with their problems. He has not only the organizations on file but also their activities, hours, and specialties.

"Naturally when men and women associate and friendships are made," Mr. Lockwood says, "marriages frequently result. Whenever one of our clients marries and I hear of it, Mrs. Lockwood and I send the couple a gift. However, I will not use marriage as a bait to attract people to my clubs. I make no promise of marriage to anyone, but I do try to give people a pleasant evening. I like to see people happy."

Mr. Lockwood is a well-built, athletic-looking man with a genial smile. Since he spends so much time trying to make other people happy, it is natural that some happiness comes back to him. He has an attractive wife, three children, a comfortable home, and plenty of friends, thousands of them, in fact! But no liquor!



You can't drink or smoke if you want to make a success in sports. You can't mix the two.

Popular Ferris Hallmark was president of the Michigan State College senior class of 1954 and a member of the victorious Spartan Rose Bowl football squad.

Long recognized for athletic achievement, Ferris made his gridiron debut at Grand Blanc High School, where he captained the football team. His athletic prowess also led him to star in track and basketball at Grand Blanc.

Chemistry major and medical doctor of the future, Ferris has consistently been an outstanding athlete during his stay at Michigan State. He is a member of Coach Biggie Munn's varsity football squad that piled up a phenomenal twenty-eight-game winning streak.

WINNING IN THE ROSE BOWL



Interviews
by
**WARREN L.
JOHNS**

THE sweet scent of roses has been close to Coach Biggie Munn of Michigan State College ever since he began coaching his Spartans. In the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day, 1954, it came closer and sweeter as his team scored four touchdowns to outlast the U.C.L.A. Bruins 27-20. A key player in this victory was the Spartan right halfback, the twenty-two-year-old "Menominee Flash," William P. Wells. Because of his brilliant play in which he personally scored two touchdowns, he was chosen as player of the day and given the coveted Helms Foundation Award.

This triumph was but one in a long series of achievements for Billy. In three years of varsity collegiate football, he scored nineteen touchdowns for a total of 114 points. During those years his Spartans ranked second, first, and third in national college football.

In college Billy began freshman football on the sixteenth team and wound up on the first. By his senior year he rated honorable mention in the nation's newspaper selections for the All-American football team. Wells plans a career in hotel administration. Today he stands as a popular, clean-living champion.

To be a great ball player, one must put forth extra effort, and the only way to perform in such a manner is to live a clean and wholesome life without drinking or smoking.

William P. Wells

Wells and the author. ▶

◀ Wells admiring trophy on display in Alpha Tau Omega fraternity house.





PRINCESS of the ICE



Olympic champion figure skater, and one of Canada's most noted athletes, Barbara Ann Scott has utilized her success less for personal aggrandizement than for more efficient fulfillment of her deeply felt responsibility to her nation, her friends, and particularly those crippled or underprivileged children who most need her kind of help.

At sixteen "Tinker," as her father fondly called her, was the top Canadian skater, taking first place in the Canadian Ladies Championship in 1944. In 1947 she won the Women's European Figure Skating Championship in Switzerland, and two weeks later the World Championship at Stockholm.

The eleven miles of practicing a day added up, and by the time of the 1948 Olympics it was estimated that Barbara Ann had practiced 22,000 hours during her twenty years, one eighth of her entire lifetime, but this practice brought results. In 1948 she not only repeated the Women's European Championship and the World Championship, but also took the Olympic Championship in a dazzling exhibition of skill and grace.

She is slim and healthy, and her vitality is infectious. It is almost unbelievable that a five-foot-three, 108-pound, blue-eyed blonde could combine such dignified loveliness with all the poet-idealized fruits of youth. Throughout her life she has remained a wholesome, sweet girl, mindful and considerate of others and always desirous of skating happiness into the hearts of millions.


Barbara Ann Scott

Skating has been good to me. I have spent most of my time at it since I was a little girl of six and Santa left me my first pair of skates. It gave me the opportunity to compete for my country, to travel all over the world, and to meet and talk to so many wonderful people.

I suppose the one clear observation I have made in my association with so many personalities is the fact that most top athletes have no interest in smoking or drinking. They certainly aren't prudes, but simply do not rely on such superficial habits. To me, drinking and smoking are unnecessary habits and do not add anything to one's personality.

My life today, as a professional skater, requires my attending many parties and social gatherings where smoking and drinking apparently play a major role. But not for me—I enjoy my orange juice, and no one seems to mind. And, believe me, the people who follow this pattern are the ones who have a better time and get much more out of life. I say this sincerely and certainly not to impress anyone. The world is a big, wide, wonderful place—chock-full of people who are truly fine, and they don't need artificial habits to enhance their personalities.

To
6.1
BB



Magazine.

best wishes.

Ann Scott.

WORLD REPORT



The Alcohol Problem in Europe

Archer
Tongue

Executive Secretary, International Bureau Against Alcoholism

France At the time of the twenty-fourth International Congress Against Alcoholism held in Paris, under the patronage of the president of the French Republic, an important report was published by the civil minister to the treasury, Monsieur Jacques S. Brunaud.

Included in this report were thirty-five proposals as factors essential for the prevention of alcoholism. These proposals included the following: Taxation should be increased; all publicity for *apéritifs* and drinks of excessive strength should be prohibited; establishments selling alcoholic drinks should be prohibited from accommodating sports and youth clubs on their premises; the introduction of wine, beer, and cider onto working premises should be restricted to meals only; consumption of alcoholic drinks in beer shops should be prohibited before ten o'clock in the morning; antialcohol education in schools should be reorganized; and blood tests should be compulsory for all people involved in traffic accidents.

Public opinion has been roused, and no doubt the forces working for a saner attitude toward this problem in France will prevail. It is only right to say that the French government does support an organization known as the Committee for Defense Against Alcoholism. This organization, though it does not have abstinence as the basis for its program, endeavors to reduce the consumption of wine, encouraging the restriction of it to mealtime and to small amounts with meals. There is, however, a movement for total abstinence in France. In a population of some 40,000,000, perhaps a membership of from 2,000 to 3,000 doesn't sound very encouraging, but the French Blue Cross Movement, numbering 2,000 members, is supported also by groups of Good Templars, Christian Temperance Women, Abstaining Railway Men, and a small group of medical men. This body is actively spreading propaganda and disseminating information about the harmful effects of drinking.



British Isles

The temperance movement in England is independent of the state, receiving no state help. But in its handbook the government has given definite instruction to teachers on the necessity of alcohol education. However, that education depends largely on the inclination of the individual teachers. It is, therefore, a primary task of the temperance organizations to try to visit schools; and in the organizations, such as the Band of Hope movement, an immense amount of good is being done in this direction.

In Ireland there is a rather large Roman Catholic total abstinence organization, the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association of the Sacred Heart. There are now 500,000 Pioneer total abstainers in Ireland. In a country of 3,000,000, that represents about one in six people who are now pledged abstainers in the Pioneer movement, which is led by the

archbishops and bishops of the church. Ireland and the French-speaking sections of Canada are, therefore, the two countries where there is the strongest support from the Catholic Church for the cause of abstinence.

Yugoslavia

Yugoslavia had a well-developed temperance movement, but it was suspended during World War II. The communist attitude toward the liquor problem is that it can be solved if the profit motive is removed. That alone is not sufficient, and now in Yugoslavia the temperance movement is being allowed to begin its program of education once again.

Holland

Of all the European countries the situation with regard to alcoholism is perhaps the most satisfactory in Holland. By the law of December 12, 1929, the state has the power to intern alcoholics who are not able to maintain themselves or their families satisfactorily. The government supports private houses for treatment of alcoholics and—a particular development in Holland—consultation bureaus to which alcoholics can go for advice and information.

In spite of the better situation with

regard to alcoholism, the temperance movement has had to remain vigilant, particularly during the war, when there was an increase in consumption of beverage alcohol. In Holland it is organized in three sections: a Protestant section; a Catholic section, the head of which is the mayor of one of the leading Dutch towns, Maastricht; and a secular section. There is good co-operation between those organizations.

Finland

Visitors to the offices of the Social Ministry in Helsinki will see one group of offices concerned with the production, sale, and regulation of alcoholic beverages. Across the corridor is another set of offices engaged in furthering abstinence education. In each of the communes of Finland, with two exceptions, there is a state temperance committee, which must include direct education toward abstinence in its program. It must report every year to the Social Ministry on how it has used the money the state grants for that purpose. It must be able to show that it has given some direct temperance education. This system also means that there is a good relationship between the Social Ministry and the individual temperance committees.

In Finland are two groups of temperance organizations, because Finland has

Condensed from an address delivered at the Institute of Scientific Studies, Loma Linda, California.

a language problem and must produce its temperance literature in two languages, Finnish and Swedish. Finland has a population of 4,052,000, and its temperance societies number 264,000 members. In fact, one of the indications of the place of temperance in national life has been the issuance in 1953 of a postage stamp in Finland to commemorate the hundredth jubilee of the Friends of Temperance, the oldest temperance organization.

Bulgaria



Propaganda literature from Bulgaria discusses the communist policy on wine production in that country. The aim is no less than to make Bulgaria the France of the Eastern countries by producing wine for the countries under the influence of Russia.

In Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Poland it appears that the temperance movement is disbanded and that popular temperance movements are no longer permitted. In Poland stringent measures have been taken against alcoholism among workers.

Belgium

The Belgian government has taken a realistic attitude toward the drink problem. It has developed a program of education in the schools. One day each year is known as Temperance Education Day, in which all schools devote time to education on this subject. Moreover, it supports a national committee for the prevention of alcoholism, which has done an immense amount of public education work recently. It has, for instance, organized an exhibition on the question of drink and road safety, which was attended by thousands of people in Brussels. At strategic traffic centers in the capital it has had exhibited large placards indicating that if a person drives he should not drink.

In one particular sphere of activity the Belgians are to be particularly complimented, and that is on their colonial policy. In the Belgian Congo government is a department known as Information for the Indigenous Population, which is now instituting an abstinence program. Materials have been prepared in the form of brochures, posters, and leaflets giving the slogan, "Alcohol Kills the Family; Abstinence and Thrift Render It Happy."

Italy

From an investigation carried out in Italy by the equivalent of the Gallup Poll, it is indicated that, in a viticultural country like Italy, 20 per cent of the men and 39 per cent of the women drink no wine at meals, and apart from meals 81 per cent of the women never drink wine, 17 per cent take some occasionally, and 2 per cent often. Among the men 38 per cent never drink apart from meals, 39 per cent sometimes, and 23 per cent often.

Denmark

In Denmark the state shows a certain amount of interest in the temperance problem. An adviser on temperance questions is appointed by the government, and the temperance organizations receive a certain amount of financial aid from the state. But the liquor trade is more powerful and less strongly controlled in Denmark than it is in the other Nordic countries; consequently the work of education is more difficult. Denmark has a population of some 4,000,000, and the temperance forces number 53,200.

Turkey



With the coming of Western ideas and association with the West, unfortunately alcohol has been brought into Turkey, and the country has accordingly had to take measures against the development of drinking habits within its borders.

Therefore it is a matter of some interest and encouragement that the movement of temperance in Turkey known as the Green Crescent Society is led by the governor mayor of one of its foremost cities, Istanbul. A psychiatrist, this governor mayor has instituted stringent regulations for dealing with those who make themselves objectionable under the influence of alcohol.

Behind the Iron Curtain

It is very difficult to be factual, because it is impossible to obtain sufficient statistics. The official attitude has been that the drink problem is eliminated because the profit motive has been eliminated. Unfortunately, that is not borne out by the facts. At the Nineteenth Communist Party Congress, Mr. Mikoyan made the statement that vodka production is being increased; it is stated

that 39 per cent more grape wine was produced than in 1940, and its production was to be doubled by 1955; that Russian champagne and cognac production was to be increased 3½ times by 1955; that the production of beer during the past year had been 42 per cent more than before the war, and was to be doubled by the end of 1955.

Switzerland

The twenty-two cantons in Switzerland are obliged to spend for the fight against alcoholism 10 per cent of the money they receive from the state Alcohol Administration. This is spent in various ways, particularly in the form of aid to organizations treating drinkers and to education on the alcohol problem. In some cantons there are state-controlled houses for inebriates; in others, the program is entirely under private care. This system, half private and half official, has seemed to work well in Switzerland.

Switzerland is one of the leading countries for high alcoholization. The policy of introducing fruit-juice drinks is of positive social value, and is coupled with another important program—the introduction of nonalcohol-serving restaurants and alcohol-free hotels. The establishment of 1,500 such institutions in Switzerland represents a high proportion for a small country. This offers a positive approach in which all the temperance societies are united, a program which, by the substitution of non-alcoholic drinks and the centers where people may go for refreshments and social intercourse without alcohol, is an effective solution. All this tends to diminish alcoholism.

Austria and West Germany



In both Austria and Western Germany alcoholism is acute. In Western Germany there are 150,000 alcoholics and 1,500,000 habitual drinkers. Someone has computed that in 1951 the equivalent of \$880,000,000 was spent on alcoholic beverages. In Germany private temperance organizations carry on an extensive alcohol education program, which is also associated with education against tobacco. In addition, the various state governments initiate programs on different aspects of the question.

Main entrance of Michigan's Branch Prison.

Prison's school in which the inmates meet for Bible study classes and regular academic studies.



PRISONER NO. 63581

Escape Into Prison

TODAY I am a convict in the grim, maximum-security branch prison of the State of Michigan. And strange as it may seem, I thank God that I was sent here!

Why? Because here behind prison walls I have at last found freedom, freedom from the craving for liquor that had made my life a hideous nightmare. And now, having found my freedom, I realize that it was within my reach all the time, that all the anguish, shame, and suffering I have known could have been avoided. It is because of this that I tell my story, for I sincerely believe it can serve as a warning to someone else.

I was the sixth child in a family of seven children in a little mining town in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. My mother died when I was six years old, and we children were reared by my father, a hard-drinking, abusive miner. Consequently, my early childhood was privation and tears, but I shall skip quickly to a time near my seventeenth birthday. It was then that I tasted liquor for the first time.

It happened at a high-school dance. One of my classmates, having concealed a pint of moonshine outside the school, invited me to sneak out with him for a drink. I declined, but when he began to taunt me about being a sissy, I changed my mind. The fiery liquor made me gasp for breath, but after it began to penetrate my blood stream I grew very giddy and gay. For the first

time in my life I no longer felt self-conscious and shy, and the hours sped by in a breezy, alcoholic blur.

That evening marked the beginning of my journey through the dark labyrinths of alcoholism, for although I was deathly sick the next morning, I had discovered a means of banishing my feelings of inferiority. Because of this I began to make use of that means often.

I began to suffer frequent hang-overs, and my schoolwork, which had previously rated me a place on the honor roll every month, began to fall off alarmingly. Finally, despite the pleadings of my teachers, I quit school and went to work as a laborer on a road gang.

Although I had to give most of my wages to my father, my new job did provide me with money enough so I could get drunk on Saturday nights. This I did with clocklike regularity.

When I was nineteen years old I fell in love with a girl who lived in the neighborhood. We began to keep steady company, and finally I got up the courage to ask her to marry me. To my surprise she refused to do so, although she had admitted that she loved me.

"Not until you give up this drinking of yours," she told me. "My parents separated because of my father's drunkenness, and I don't want the same thing to happen to us someday."

"But I'm no drunkard," I protested. "I can either take it or leave it alone. Why, don't you know yourself that

I get drunk only on Saturday nights?"

"Yes, now; but how will it be in a few years?" she asked.

"Well, if that's what worries you, I'll lay off booze altogether," I confidently assured my sweetheart. "I told you I could take it or leave it, didn't I?"

And for the next two months I stayed sober every Saturday night. To my dismay, however, I soon learned that my appetite for liquor was now stronger than I, and I satisfied it by drinking secretly on the nights when I was not dating. Thus I managed to deceive her, and she trustingly accepted my proposal of marriage.

After we were married we moved to Detroit, where I found a good job and was soon earning high wages. This sudden affluence proved to be a curse in disguise, however, for my drinking increased proportionately.

Time and again my wife begged me to do something about my drinking problem, but each time I stubbornly refused to admit that I had one. Finally in an effort to appease her I agreed to visit one meeting of a local Alcoholics Anonymous group.

I returned home seething with resentment.

"Don't ever ask me to do a thing like that again," I told my wife. "Why, those people are nothing but a bunch of fanatics. Besides, most of them were nothing but skid-row bums before they went on the wagon. If you think I'm that kind of boozier, you're crazy."

My distraught wife tried to reason with me, but I refused to listen.

Two years passed, during which time we were blessed with a son. Again I inwardly vowed that I would stop drinking, this time for my baby's sake; but my firm resolve melted away in the face of my insatiable craving.

My wife endured my increasing drunkenness for another three years, then she suddenly left me and went to live with her married sister, taking our son with her.

From that time on, except for a year in which I served in the Army during World War II, I seldom drew a sober breath.

Eventually I gravitated to Detroit's skid row, where I eked out a drunken existence by working at odd jobs. I became intimately acquainted with the odorous barrooms and gloomy, vermin-infested flophouses. Night after remorse-haunted night I drank myself into oblivion, yet I still continued to delude myself with the promise that I would soon give up liquor and get back on my feet.

One day I chanced to meet the man who had given me my first job in Detroit. He greeted me pleasantly enough, but I could see that he was shocked by my appearance, and I was relieved when he hurried on his way.

That chance encounter stirred up many memories, so that I began to realize how fast and how far I had fallen. There I was, only twenty-nine years old, and already a skid-row bum.

The faces of my wife and child came before my eyes, and an almost-physical ache swelled within me. God, I thought, what have I done to my loved ones? Where are they now? Why haven't I stopped drinking for their sakes? Why? Why?

Suddenly I knew why. I hadn't stopped because I couldn't! I was addicted to alcohol as surely as a dope addict is addicted to drugs! What was the use of going on, then? Why not put an end to it all?

That night in a skid-row flophouse I attempted to commit suicide by slashing my wrists with a razor blade. The man in the bed next to mine heard the dripping of blood, however, and after sizing up the situation, he called the police. I was rushed to the hospital and given a blood transfusion. Then I was strapped to a bed in the hospital's police prisoner ward.

The next morning I was questioned by several doctors, but I refused to divulge even my name to them. In the afternoon a man who identified himself as a member of Alcoholics Anonymous visited me, telling me of how he had once attempted to kill himself because

of the hold liquor had on him. I eyed him skeptically, but when he showed me the ugly scars on his wrists, I knew that he was telling the truth. Before he left me, he gave me his name and address, and asked me to call on him after I was released.

Two days later I was released, but I returned to skid row in search of a drink. Later, I told myself, later I'll go to see him.

That time never came, for that night in a skid-row dive I met a man who offered me what I thought would be an even easier way to get back on my feet. He told me he had stolen a number of payroll checks from a factory, and that if I would help him to cash them, he would split the proceeds fifty-fifty with me. At first I refused, but when he mentioned that we ought to be able to make a thousand dollars within a few

STUBBORN DETERMINATION

Bonaro Overstreet

You say that the little that I make
Will do no good?
It never will prevail
To tip the heavenly scale
Where justice hangs in balance?
I don't think
I even thought it would,
But I am prejudiced beyond debate
In favor of my right to choose
which side
Shall feel the stubborn ounces
of my weight.

hours, I quickly changed my mind. With that kind of money, I could get off skid row, maybe—maybe even get my wife to return to me.

On the following Friday we started out to cash the worthless checks. The deal went off without a hitch, and within four hours we had more than eight hundred dollars each. My partner in crime took a bus out of the city that night, but I returned to skid row and got drunk.

The next morning when I woke up, I discovered that someone had stolen my ill-gotten gains from me. Now I was in a worse predicament than ever. Not only was I broke and still on skid row, but I was also guilty of a serious crime.

Day after day I lived in dread of being arrested, but weeks passed by, and the police didn't bother me. I now realize that, because I had never been arrested for a crime, the police had no

reason to suspect me, and that I might well have gotten away with my crime completely. But my stricken conscience finally impelled me to go to the police and confess.

Before I did so, however, I thought the matter over carefully. Certainly I deserved punishment, I told myself, not only for passing the worthless checks but also for what I had done to my wife and child. Since I could not voluntarily give up liquor, why not get myself into prison where I would be forced to get along without it? Perhaps by doing so I would be able to break the terrible hold that it had on me.

Reasoning thus, I decided that prison would be an escape for me, an escape from the living death of alcoholism.

As things turned out, the judge dealt leniently with me because it was my first criminal offense, and instead of sending me to prison, he placed me on probation for four years. Having no money for a room, I returned to a skid-row flophouse, and within a short time I was back in jail for having violated the terms of my probation.

This time the judge sentenced me to serve from six months to fourteen years in prison, and in September, 1946, I was taken to the state prison to begin serving my sentence.

The prison was not at all as I had feared it would be. Instead of being placed in a gloomy dungeon, I was led to a large, clean cell. This cell was equipped with hot and cold water, a toilet, a comfortable steel cot, a steel clothing locker, and a pair of radio earphones. Clean clothes and clean bedding were furnished to me once a week, and the food was plain but adequate.

Despite what I had read in various newspapers, I found that the prison officials were sincerely interested in helping the prisoners rehabilitate themselves.

Gradually my shattered health improved, and I began to look forward to the day when I would be eligible for a parole. Finally, after a year had passed, I was granted one; but within three months I was back in prison, having violated my parole by drinking.

Again I began to build up time. After another year, I was again given an opportunity to make good on parole. I went out into the world determined to rebuild my life, but it wasn't long before I had again succumbed to my insatiable craving for liquor. Once more I was returned to prison as a parole violator.

Sick with despair, I then sought the prison chaplain's advice on how I might rid myself of my terrible addiction. He suggested that, since I had made such a complete mess of my life,
(Turn to page 34.)

CARL ERSKINE

Strikes Out Liquor

MADELINE WERTHEIM



CARL ERSKINE talked with me on the bench at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn. Nearby were other Dodger players warming up for the coming game. Next to us was the famed Jackie Robinson.

Carl, brown-eyed, friendly, and likable, told me that in his profession he could not run the risk of drinking. Then he continued:

"I guess I can credit my parents with getting me off to a good start. They don't drink either. My father smokes, but discouraged me from starting the habit. I have my own convictions, too. Actually once as a kid I tried smoking but didn't like it, and have never bothered with it since.

"Although, of course, I'm proud to be a big-league player, there is one

thing I don't like about being connected with big-league baseball—the fact that the games shown on television and broadcast by radio are usually sponsored by liquor or tobacco companies, as they figure they can reach the men that way.

"Unfortunately, they reach the kids, too. I'd hate to have the little fellows think, just because our games are sponsored by liquor dealers, that I drink the stuff. I don't. On a national scale the only other company that sponsors these games is the manufacturer of Gillette blades. So I make it my business to use Gillettes all the time. I only wish some other companies instead of liquor and tobacco companies would do the sponsoring.

"I wish the kids who watch these

programs could know how little alcohol is used by big-league players. A number of our players never drink intoxicating drinks, as Jackie Robinson, 'Preacher' Roe, Don Thompson, Bob Milliken, Ben Wade, and others. Those who are not total abstainers don't take more than an occasional glass of beer. They all know that alcohol and athletics don't belong together. Don, Jackie, and I are known as 'the orange drinkers.'"

I was surprised to hear Carl tell of the interest of so many ballplayers in going to church. He said that quite a group of the fellows go to church regularly even when on the road. "It isn't easy. Often after traveling all night, with a game scheduled for the afternoon, the crowd still go off to find a



Chancellor Harvie Branscomb, of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee, is one of America's outstanding educational leaders. A native of Huntsville, Alabama, he served in the Army in 1918 after he had spent some time on the commission for relief in Belgium. Since receiving his doctorate from Columbia, Chancellor Branscomb has achieved distinction as librarian, professor, dean, editor, and author. His suggestions to youth on drinking point to real achievement in better living.

Be Yourself!

Drinking in this country is due chiefly to one or two motives. One is a desire to escape from a sense of incompetence, or failure; the other, to appear socially at ease. Individuals in the first group have a latent, continuing warfare with themselves which they try to relieve with alcohol; that is the surest path to real defeat. The second situation is dangerous and deceptive. A young man desiring to appear at ease before women, and men too, often drinks enough to lose his sharp distinctions of courtesy and judgment, and proves himself socially inexperienced. There is no question but that alcohol inhibits rather than stimulates mental poise and activity.

Competent young men are most attractive and interesting people. I urge that you rely upon your unique and irreplaceable assets, your interests, enthusiasms, and energies. Old boys who drink are merely trying to feel young again. Why change places with them?

church in whatever place they are."

Erskine himself is a member of the First Baptist Church, Anderson, Indiana, where he was born and has lived all his life. There, in the church, he met his wife, Betty, when both were children. They grew up together in the same church, where they are still active when at home. When in Brooklyn they attend a Presbyterian church. Sometimes, too, they go to hear Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, at the Marble Collegiate Church, New York, whom they consider a close friend.

Carl loves to talk about his wife, Betty. She is about perfect, according to Carl. Apparently she likes Carl, too, for she, with their two small boys, Dannie, aged five, and Gary, aged three, follows Carl around and makes a home for him whenever he is in one place for a reasonable time. In the summer they have an apartment in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn. In February they all go to Florida together while the Dodgers practice at Vero Beach.

Carl feels that his wife has been a big influence in helping him attain the success he has gained as a ballplayer. "She has provided me with a good home at all times, and is always understanding. She makes the right things seem important, so the glamour of success doesn't go to my head. She is likewise always there with comfort when things don't go so well. You know, it's quite a job for a young mother to have to move every few months, but she is always competent and ready to pick up and go when my work requires it. Best of all, she and the boys are glad to see me whether I win or lose."

Realizing that baseball players cannot continue in their positions late in life, Carl is already giving some thought to the future. He and a friend have a campers' supply shop in Chesterfield, Indiana, which is conducted largely by Carl's partner at present.

Eventually, too, he wants to work with children in camps and clubs, getting them started on the right track physically as well as spiritually. In making such plans, Carl is, no doubt, remembering his own boyhood when, as early as nine or ten, he was playing baseball on city lots and in clubs around town. By the time he got to high school he was quite a player, so much so that big-league scouts approached him while he was yet in his junior year.

Carl finished high school and took some work at Anderson College, but baseball was in his heart, so he quit college and joined professional baseball, playing in Danville in 1946. Since then he has played at Fort Worth, Montreal, and Brooklyn. He has been with the Dodgers since 1950.

FOURTH QUARTER

SCHOOL OF CHARACTER

(Continued from page 15)

without the right kind of people," Rogers emphasizes. "If democracy is to work, the citizens must be informed, interested, and right-thinking."

The school has done its best to produce citizens with good character training. Although the school is non-denominational, and has attracted students from all faiths, the basic principles of religion and clean moral living are consistently applied. Rogers has staffed his school with faculty and housemothers who encourage their students by example and teaching to live above the vices that afflict the world. He teaches a class in social ethics, in which he emphasizes the strength that comes to the

HORRID HABITS

THERESA E. BLACK

**You can quit them, very true—
Don't wait, for they will not quit you.**

one who keeps his body and mind clean. "If you live up to His ideals," he repeatedly tells his boys, "God will help you to succeed. He will work with you."

In many cases the teaching of abstinent living to the boys spreads to their parents and friends back home. A few years ago when two boys were given the plain facts on the evils of tobacco, they decided to stop smoking. When they were about to go home, they told Professor Rogers that they were going to ask their parents to stop, too. He advised them to be careful about trying to change their parents; and he wondered, somewhat fearfully, what would happen. Days later, when the parents brought the boys back, the mother went straight to the principal's office.

"Mr. Rogers," she began, "when my boys came home last weekend, they were different. One of the first things they said was, 'Mom and dad, we've quit smoking, and we think you ought to do so, too.' Professor Rogers and the other teachers told us it was bad for our health and mind.' There was a long silence, and finally I said to them, 'Boys, would you respect your father and me more if we stopped smoking?' They replied, 'Yes, and we know you would be better off, too.' So, do you know what we did, Professor Rogers?"

Rogers had been holding his breath, and anxiously answered, "I'd like to know."

"We quit," she replied; "and, believe it or not, already we feel better. We are sleeping better, and our food tastes better. We appreciate the work you are doing for our boys here."

After forty-four years Professor Rogers looks back on a rich and satisfying experience in fitting hundreds of youth for the more abundant life. Some have slipped from the high standard that was put before them at school, but many more have gone on to find the rewards that come from temperate living. Typical of the letters that have come back, numbering more than six hundred, is one received recently. "I owe the goals of my life to you," the young man wrote after describing situations he had encountered and temptations he had resisted. Satisfying indeed is the reward of knowing that one has helped to build men of character, preparing them to meet life with the best of equipment and spirit.

WHY NOT TRY NATURE?

(Continued from page 6)

your tongue for twenty-four hours, and you will speak sense forever!" We Americans with our glib speech are so afraid of a vacuum that we fill every moment with chatter. How much of your conversation is merely mouthing pleasant nothings! A woman neighbor said the other day, "If there's no one to talk to, I keep the radio on so I won't be lonesome."

Jesus Christ went apart to be alone with God and nature. Even more so do modern Christians need rest from the pace of atomic living. In the out-of-doors, in silence and vastness, we can find that peace.

Many a nervous illness could be bypassed if people realized that working with their hands with growing things is a necessity. A doctor friend says that if one refuses to work with his hands of his own accord, sooner or later he will be forced to go to a hospital and pay to receive occupational therapy.

Nature teaches us to let go, to cease struggling, really to surrender ourselves to God, and to *trust* in God's goodness. The progress of growing things is based on the fact that God will send sufficient sun and rain. There is no anxiety, or hurry, or scheming.

Why not live part of each day in the beautiful out-of-doors with this prayer on your lips: "O God, guide my thinking, my aspiring, and my finding. May I begin something today that will never end."

Try nature's healing hand. It is God's prescription for vibrant, vigorous health and happiness.

PEARL HARBOR

in

3D

• DRINK

• DISASTER

• DEFEAT

HOYT McAFEE

CAPTAIN MITSUO FUCHIDA, former officer in the Japanese navy, who led the attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, in personal conversation with Hector McLean of the Washington, D.C., "Times Herald," declared:

"I think the American sailors do as the Japanese sailors do on Saturday night—get drunk. The attack was planned to take advantage of that."

In a previous letter to Ernest Gordon, author and editor, Captain Fuchida wrote:

"In fact, on Saturday and Saturday night before the attack, we aviators, listening in to the Honolulu radio, felt sure that there would be very much drinking among American seamen and soldiers. . . .

"Among us Japanese naval officers we had had experience with drink, . . . but during the days before and after Pearl Harbor, the Japanese did give up drink. We depended on the American Navy's being caught wet."



U. S. NAVY

AS AN eyewitness to America's worst naval disaster, on December 7, 1941, I was shaken and disheartened to observe drunken men trying to shake off hang-overs and stumble back to their battle stations after the fury of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

The Japanese high command was all too aware of the weakness of the American military and naval forces for drink, whoop-dee-do, and roistering over the weekends. One of their key commanders has since admitted that the Japanese assault was planned and executed with the full knowledge that American forces would be drinking and celebrating.

But let's go back to that tense and ill-starred Saturday, December 6, 1941, preceding the furious enemy blow on Sunday morning.

The Japanese "peace" envoy Kurusu was in Washington conferring with top-level American officials, his mission being mere window dressing, in reality a false front. The Armed Forces in the Hawaiian Islands had shifted from a state of readiness to one of relaxation.

Some, however, were not deceived by these peacelike overtures, nor did they believe that all would turn out well. For example, it is reported that one intelligence agency of the Government in Honolulu, very much on the alert, learned that the Japanese consulate there was sending out secret messages and burning its official documents, as well as destroying its decoding devices. Quickly this agency picked up and translated the urgent messages flowing from the Japanese consulate. These messages referred, in the most innoc-

uous terms, to such matters as the weather and flowers, but there was something sinister behind them, something secretive and urgent. When it was reported to high-ranking officers, the reaction was one of indifference.

By late Saturday afternoon thousands of soldiers, sailors, and marines had swarmed into Honolulu, out to the play resorts at Waikiki, beyond Diamond Head, and all over Oahu. They were looking for a "high old time." Frolic and drinking were the subjects uppermost in their minds. War—to overwhelming numbers, sadly enough—seemed far away.

On that same night I was in a ring-side position to witness the celebrating going on in the dives and bars of downtown Honolulu, out at Waikiki, and in the swank retreats near Diamond Head. High-ranking officers, including a brigadier general and a rear admiral, as well as thousands of lesser officers and hordes of enlisted men, drank merrily and "raised the roof."

In company with a police friend, in his touring car, I saw it all—the carousing, the merrymaking, the drowning of all cares, the escape from reality. Large numbers of Japanese, Chinese, Korean, Portuguese, and Hawaiian girls were out that evening with their favorite officers or enlisted friends.

Honolulu and the other spots scattered over Oahu were aflame with this revelry. There was no thought of tomorrow, of going back to duty, no concern with possible danger from the air. It was a revel in the traditions of Babylon of Biblical times.

Some of the more drunken men, the rowdier ones, those who had caused fights or brawls, were taken into custody by the civil or military police; but only the worst troublemakers were bothered. There was, in other words, great tolerance shown the celebrating men; for only two weeks earlier they had returned from full-scale battle maneuvers.

As a gesture to Kurusu when he passed through Honolulu, and in the false belief that a peaceful solution would be reached in Washington, D.C., the fighting forces in Hawaii had swung into a state of relaxation. Hence the reason for all the carousing in Honolulu on the night of December 6.

Those who thought war was in the air or who hinted that it might come at the most unexpected moment drew scowls and were, in fact, classed as "gloomy pessimists," "kill-joys," and "victims of spy thrillers." I know this to be true, for a dispatch of mine, deploring the shift from a state of readiness to that of relaxation, met with immediate official criticism. In truth, its authenticity was even doubted by my newspaper editors. The piece was pigeonholed at that time, but rushed into print with hectic fervor right after the Japanese assault on Hawaii!

At any rate, on the night of December 6, those of us who felt greatly disturbed by the relaxation and bacchanalian doings of the fighting forces in Hawaii were both pitied and scorned. No one wanted us around.

"The mood," "the moment," "the occasion," as I heard again and again, called for one big round of drinking

and carousing. That's what many thousands of men in and out of uniform devoted themselves to doing—all night long. As a matter of fact, there were sounds of this revelry as late as three and four o'clock the next morning.

All this suited the purposes of the Japanese leaders perfectly. They had anticipated exactly such conduct on the part of the forces stationed in Hawaii, and they couldn't have been more accurate in their deductions. While the celebrants were still "raising the roof" in the Pearl Harbor, the downtown Honolulu, and the Waikiki areas, two aircraft carriers moved in closer—closer and unobserved—to the Hawaiian (Oahu) coast line, readying for attack.

One of their tiny submarines eased through the lowered netting at Pearl Harbor. Shortly after seven o'clock all hell broke loose. I know that from experience, from a close-up vantage point, for I was an early riser on the morning of December 7. My assignment was to polish up a radio script for a friend who was due to broadcast a little later that morning.

Even as I pounded my portable typewriter, bombs began to fall in flaming fury on the ships in Pearl Harbor, on the sleek planes at Hickam and Wheeler Fields, and on vital targets elsewhere over Oahu. Giant plumes of smoke spiraled into the air.

Rushing to the worst scenes of disaster in my police friend's car, I observed that the stunning sneak blow had caught everyone off guard, and, worse, had done devastating damage. True, one enlisted man had picked up the first approach of the enemy planes,

but his lieutenant (then on duty) had merely shrugged the matter off.

One swift, furious swoop, an all-out attack on the Pearl Harbor fleet, on vital Hickam and Wheeler Fields, on the big guns along the coast—and the enemy, far beyond their wildest dreams, had paralyzed America's fighting might in Hawaii.

Had the Japanese been prepared to do so, they could have followed up with landing forces; and, under cover of their aerial armada, they undoubtedly would have encountered little resistance in invading—and capturing—Pearl Harbor and all of Oahu.

The state of affairs immediately after the surprise attack was most disheartening. Radios and loud-speakers kept blaring: "There has been an enemy attack on Pearl Harbor and Hawaii. This is war. Women and children: Keep calm, remain indoors. Men of the Armed Forces: Report to your battle stations on the double." Over and over that appeal was broadcast.

It met with a stunned, befuddled, and bewildered reception, because of the condition of the men who heard it. Some were still celebrating, stretching their drunken revel into a weekend affair. I know that some had to be thrust under cold showers, given steaming hot coffee, so they would have the necessary steadiness to "navigate."

Others, learning of the awful disaster, were so shocked that the impact sobered them. One officer was so alarmed that he rushed from a wild party in the Waikiki area, clad only in his underwear. A sergeant on duty at

(Turn to page 32.)

COMMENTS ON AN OLD QUESTION

by HANNAH ERICSON

The

Did Jesus Make and Use Intoxicating Wine?

"LISTEN"

Forum

Many persons believe that the wine Jesus made at the wedding feast at Cana as recorded in John 2 was intoxicating wine. On this basis they say, "The Bible does not teach total abstinence, but endorses a moderate use of intoxicants." It is important that the teaching of the Bible regarding such drinking be well understood, for a misinterpretation of its teaching has been made an excuse for drinking.

The Bible makes 637 references to the use of wine and drinking, some with warnings, others with commendations. This seeming contradiction clears when one studies the specific meanings

from the original languages of the thirteen different words translated "wine."

Until the discovery of the process of distillation, about A.D. 1500, the word *wine* was used to designate fruit juices—new, or sweet, when preserved, old, or strong, when fermented. The context of the passage indicates which meaning is intended. Leading ancient writers of Greece, Rome, and Palestine mention at least five processes by which fruit juices were kept unfermented.

From the standpoint of logic, can a person think that at the wedding feast Christ, who by His life, His words, and

His works taught men to live pure, holy, and perfect lives, would have manufactured a drink which under many circumstances gives exactly the opposite effect? Would He tempt the wedding guests to drink a beverage which has robbed millions of people of the happiness and comforts of life? Jesus always used His power to aid others, but never to tempt them to do that which might bring trouble and tragedy.

The six waterpots of stone contained two or three firkins apiece, or from 18 to 27 gallons. Thus, Jesus made 108 to 162 gallons of wine, which would be

from three and one half to five barrels. If this wine had been intoxicating, Jesus had endorsed not only moderate drinking but drunkenness, and had provided the means that would break up the wedding in riot and disorder. Such was not the case, for the eleventh verse of John 2 says, "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory; and His disciples believed on Him." There is no glory to God in a drunken man or woman.

According to the old Mosaic law, a priest was forbidden to minister in the temple if he had partaken of wine. Would Jesus Christ, who is portrayed in Scripture as our great High Priest, have been less careful, and taken alcoholic wine into the temple of His body? Furthermore, even if Jesus may not have partaken of the wine, would He make for others something He Himself would not drink? It is true that the Pharisees accused Jesus of being a gluttonous man and a winebibber, but they also accused Him of casting out devils by the prince of devils. If Jesus set such an example, would He be sinless, and would He have the right to warn men against gluttony and drunkenness?

"SPIRITS" IN LITERATURE

(Continued from page 11)

where there were always men who were ready to escort a poet to the bar and pay for his drinks. George had two or three on an empty stomach, and I had lemonade. On the ferry going over to Oakland I noticed that George's conversation was becoming wild and strange. Faithfully I tried to make out what he was talking about, but soon I realized that he was drunk. At the banquet hall, friends carried him away, and someone else had to read the poem he had written for the occasion.

Back home in Carmel, he was dreadfully ashamed and came to me to apologize. When he found me all packed ready to leave, he gave me his solemn word that if I would stay, he would not touch a drop of liquor while I was there. So I stayed for two months; but, sometimes, as I look back, I regret that I did not stay for the rest of my life and keep this great poet and noble man from his one pitiful weakness.

I have in my possession a beautiful photograph showing three happy young people in a sailboat on San Francisco Bay. It shows them leaning back against the wind to balance the boat and looking behind them, laughing. All three of these persons were destined to take their own lives, and all three for the same reason. They were Jack London,

George Sterling, and Carrie, George's wife.

When I went to live in the country near Princeton, New Jersey, I saw the drinking among poverty-stricken small farmers. Did they drink because they were poor, or were they poor because they drank? It is a problem which has

**"Not tonight, good lagoon: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I would well wish courtesy could invent some other custom of entertainment."
—Shakespeare, in "Othello" Act II.**

confronted me all my life, and I do not know now what the answer is. Probably both statements are true.

I have met rich people, fashionable people, and I have found that it is the same among them. Some of the most intelligent and fine-spirited among them are wrecking their lives with alcohol.

The publisher of one of our great magazines invited me to his home. He was not drunk at that dinner party, but he had all the signs of alcohol on him. I learned that he was ruining himself.

The same was true of some of our favorite writers. O. Henry, the most popular of our short-story writers, was a pitiful inebriate. When his promised manuscript was late, one of the editors would have to sober him up and sit by him while he wrote. He couldn't write anything bad, it seemed, but it was an agony for him to write anything at all.

One of America's favorite folk poets, James Whitcomb Riley, was in the same tragic condition. Everything of any value that he wrote was written in the first half of his life.

The youthful genius Stephen Crane made his appearance by writing a novel called *The Red Badge of Courage*, which created a sensation. He, too, died an inebriate at the age of thirty.

Soon I tired of life on a lonely farm and made an effort to establish a co-operative home, a residential club owned by its members. It was on the Palisades across the Hudson River from New York, and the newspapers publicized it. A young student who was tired of Yale University came to live in our Helicon Home Colony. He accepted the only job we had vacant, that of the janitor. He was a tall, red-haired youth with an extraordinary flaming complexion. Later, when he was better known, people used to get Sinclair Lewis mixed up with me, and I would get letters meant for him, and vice versa. After making half a dozen tries in the

literary and publishing world in New York, he wrote some of America's most vital and timely novels, and became the first American writer to receive the Nobel prize for literature. But, alas, he became a heavy drinker, an almost insane drinker! I never saw him drunk, but friends in New York who knew him intimately told me. The stories broke into the newspapers now and then because he got into fights. His books deteriorated, and his ending was sad.

I could go on telling stories like this about the greatest writers of our time: F. P. Dunne (Mr. Dooley), Heywood Brown, Edgar Lee Masters, Sherwood Anderson, W. E. Woodward, Theodore Dreiser, Klaus Mann, Thomas Wolfe, Ambrose Bierce, Hart Crane, Edwin A. Robinson, F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Hearing all these names, the greatest and most famous of the past half century, you may be tempted to think that that is the way to become a genius—to get drunk. I assure you that it is not so. These men were not geniuses because they got drunk; they were geniuses in spite of their drinking, and in every single case their drinking ruined them. Their work deteriorated, and the best that they did was in their early days, before alcohol had produced upon their brains the dreadful effects which it always does if it gets a chance. I once asked George Sterling whether it was true that alcohol was a help in the production of great poetry, and his answer was as emphatic as he could make it: "It is not so. When you are drunk or half drunk, you have the most marvelous feelings, and you record them. You think they are wonderful, but when you later read what you have written, you find that it is nonsense."

If you read the books of modern physiologists who have studied the problem of alcohol addiction, this is what you will learn. Alcohol taken into the stomach is not digested, but is sent immediately into the blood stream. It is carried to the higher brain centers, where it has the effect of deadening the higher faculties of judgment and self-control. It is not a stimulant and does not give strength; but it suppresses those faculties by which a person knows that he is tired. It destroys judgment and makes a person a fool, and, if he continues to use it, he will become a maniac, or will merely "pass out."

So, young people, my last word is, whether you want to be writers or whatever you want to do, Let Alcohol alone. He is a liar and a criminal; he is a thief of time and money; he is a murderer of happiness and life. It is so easy to let him alone, and it is so tragically difficult to drop him once he has obtained a grip upon your mind and body.

(Continued from page 10)

Youngsters are now immersed in that atmosphere. They have been educated by *all* these influences to believe that the person who doesn't drink is either queer or prudish. Through the years the liquor industry has carried on an exceptionally thorough job of education, thanks to its millions set aside for this purpose. I might remind you that formal education in school isn't the only education that takes place for our youth. Education is carried on all the time—in the community, on the street, in the home, and in the church.

2. The second difficulty stems from the attitude of the typical social drinker. This drinker says he can enjoy a social drink, and then let liquor alone if he chooses; it doesn't bother him, creates no particular problem. He recognizes, on the other hand, that there is a high causal relationship of drinking to traffic accidents, that alcohol is a factor in many broken homes, that insurance policies are rejected and jobs are lost because of excessive drinking, that present statistics show that drinking and crime are blood brothers, that a large portion of the local government budget is spent in handling the victims of drinking, and that human misery usually follows the trail of the drunkard. In short, the social drinker may be aware of the fact that the total alcohol picture is black indeed, but he does not feel that he is a part of the problem.

This attitude on the part of parents in hundreds of American homes makes effective education difficult.

Although high-school youth may not drink in school, they are exposed to the drinking problem. Other associations outside the home and in the home point the finger of blame directly toward the father and mother who have attempted to teach their children how to drink moderately, part of this business of "gracious living." The sad part of it is that no one takes his first drink with the intention of becoming a drunkard, but thousands of alcoholics began their drinking career with that first harmless social drink.

3. Let us discuss some of the environmental influences in which teen-agers live. Whole agricultural sections of California are devoted to the wine industry. Many school districts raise most of their revenue from the sale of wine made from home-grown grapes, and in some of these school districts the majority of the board members make their living through their connection with the wine industry. That is a difficulty. In the Fresno area one of these grape growers indicated that he thought the schools ought to be teaching more about this problem than they are. He happened to be an abstainer himself, but raising grapes was his agricultural livelihood.

For example, these are 1950 figures: California now has vineyards and winery property worth \$500,000,000, or half a billion dollars. There are 382 bonded wineries and bonded storerooms. There are 506,000 acres of vine-

yards, which produce an annual grape crop of 2,716,000 tons with an annual return to the farmers of \$142,000,000. The annual gross wine production was 136,750,000 gallons in 1950. That is one of the arguments used by the moderates and the industry for maintaining the drinking problem. They point out that year-round and seasonal employment was provided for 11,000 persons in California. These situations are advanced, particularly in some areas, for soft-pedaling the problem.

It is paradoxical that one branch of government sanctions the use of alcohol by encouraging the liquor industry as an important part of the state's agricultural economy, and another branch of government—the state department of education—is charged with the legal responsibility of teaching youngsters in the schools about the effects of alcohol on the human organism.

4. Too many organizations interested in programs of education about alcohol tend to regard one another as opponents or as competitors rather than as teammates in this fight. They are often jealous of one another, but there is room for all. In united effort there can be effective counteraction.

These points are not presented as excuses for neglecting alcohol education. Schools everywhere are responsible for giving the youngsters scientific facts, the truth as far as it has been determined. What they do with those facts is another problem, but the schools cannot escape the responsibility of presenting them.

How Am I Going to Vote?

JAMES R. SWEDENBURG

THE time is near for us all to vote. As I listen to people in their responses to political appeals, as I travel up and down and across the country, the question stares me in the face: "How am I going to vote?"

I find there are some who are going to vote for a program that advocates and promotes worldliness and sin. The advocates of such a program are strong for the candidate who will lead them in such a program. They give more money to his support and work harder for a big attendance at his rallies than other folks do for their candidates.

I find another group who will vote for friendship. Their candidate has been their neighbor, or neighbor to their father or brother, and they are voting on that basis.

Then many are voting for a person merely because that man hasn't been treated right. He was reared a poor

man, or has had some misfortune, similar to their own experience.

I find another class who are voting for a candidate because he promises to build a black-top road by their house or a bridge across the creek that has always been a bother to them. Or the said candidate will give son or daughter, brother or sister, a job, or put mother or dad on the old-age pension.

Some are going to vote with the majority, who, when you ask them about a candidate, will say, "Do you think he has a chance to win?"

Pardon me, but when I vote I am going to vote for a cause. The said cause, it is true, may be represented in and through the man by whose name I make the "X." I am going to vote for the continuation of my democracy, for decency, for fairness to all, for the safety of my country, and for the form of government I now enjoy.

If we could ask George Washington, who made great sacrifices of his material wealth, his physical body, his mind, and his time, "How did you vote?" President Washington would say, "I voted for my country." If we could ask his soldiers, who could be tracked across the hills by the blood that had run from their feet and who were fighting for the freedom and the democracy that we now enjoy, "How did you vote?" each would rise up to say, "I voted for my country."

How are you going to vote? For yourself, sinfulness, weakness? Or for your country, your democracy, your religious freedom, freedom of the press, freedom of speech? If our democracy is to survive through its present attacks, we must learn how to support causes in preference to personal interests. *How are you going to vote?*

I am going to vote for my country!

**EDITOR AND
PUBLISHER**



Thirty-two-year-old Walter Horace Carter of Tabor City, North Carolina, is the first weekly newspaper editor and publisher ever to win the most coveted award in journalism—the Pulitzer Prize. For three years Carter conducted a series of front-page editorials and news articles aimed at breaking the Ku Klux Klan in the South.

As a one-man editorial staff and co-owner and publisher of the weekly Tabor City *Tribune*, he was the first to raise a significant voice against the Klan. Largely because of his work, the Klan no longer exists in the South.

Recognizing his achievement, the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce chose Carter as one of the Ten Outstanding Young Men of 1953.

Throughout the world youth must come to realize the importance of preserving character. Today too many youngsters are growing up with a glass of beer in one hand and a cigarette in the other. In the meantime, juvenile crime is running rampant. There can be no compromise with crime.

Youth must be encouraged to grow up as genuine credits to society. They must have an innate desire for the best of character and cultivate certain specific ideals that will prompt them to serve human beings in a way acceptable both to man and to God. Only those with character beyond reproach can hope to lead a people toward established goals of brotherhood, understanding, and service.

OUTSTANDING Young Men

**FARMER AND
LANDOWNER**



Honored by the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce as one of its Ten Outstanding Young Men of 1953, Billie Sol Estes, twenty-eight years old, is a farmer and landowner of Pecos, Texas. Fifteen years ago Estes began his career with a lamb he received from his parents as a Christmas gift. At the age of nineteen he was awarded the President's Trophy, the highest honor ever received by a Texas youth.

After a term of service in the United States Maritime Commission, he purchased three air bases in Texas and New Mexico; a tourist court and 377 rental units in four Texas and Oklahoma cities; surplus stores at Fort Bliss, El Paso, Midland Air Terminal, Camp Swift, and Bastrop; and 2,000 acres of farm land in southwest Texas.

The best time to refrain from all bad habits is before you begin. The little things you do wrong lead to the big things. It's easier to say No at all times than to be sorry later.

I have never taken a drink in my life, and I never intend to. I have a great many business and social contacts where cocktails are served, but I find no difficulty in associating with people because of my stand. They respect my principles of living.

(Continued from page 14)

7 Said Quits— AND I MEANT IT!

VERITAS

7OR many years I had imbibed alcohol, to an extent, and evolved into a chronic case of alcoholism. On examination our family doctor shook his head and frankly told me a few more "benders" would spell finis for me. He recommended a searching self-inventory.

Owing to my condition I was forced to discontinue selling advertising for a newspaper. Then I had a lucky break. From a reformed alcoholic I learned a routine of rehabilitation that he had successfully followed. I will outline the simple routine hoping it may help others.

Donning a sweater over a sweat shirt, and a pair of thick-soled shoes, I left home and started *walking*. I had a full thirty-day jaunt ahead of me. In a lunch box I carried a pound of genuine molasses peanut brittle candy, which I broke into one-inch square pieces. Every two hours I munched a square of the candy carefully, slowly masticating it.* By six p.m., after eight hours of steady walking, I had covered thirty miles and was glad to crawl between the cool, clean sheets of a wayside motel, after a moderate supper. Day after day I trudged along, refusing lifts from passing motorists, until my thirty days were up.

The line of least resistance is NOT for the alcoholic—only the straight, hard way; but it succeeds. I had shed forty pounds of unhealthy fat, hadn't touched a drop of liquor, and, best of all, did not crave any. By degrees I had conquered my intense, inner craving for the self-consuming firewater.

The pure sugar content of the molasses candy subdued the urge for drink and dulled the edge of my usual voracious appetite.

The daily walks helped me sweat out accumulations of toxic poisons in my system. The exercise reduced unhealthy excess weight, which was mainly a product of overindulgence.

By co-ordinating mind and body

*EDITOR'S NOTE: This program would have been even more beneficial had he taken yeast tablets daily during this time.

function I observed the laws of psychology and kept in a cheerful state of mind, never losing sight of the ultimate goal, and repeatedly telling myself it was well worth striving for. That is important!

When I arrived home, my family was overjoyed as I related my saga of self-rejuvenation.

Today, in the upper drawer of my office desk, you will find a box of molasses peanut brittle candy. Several times daily I chew a piece. One week out of every year I walk eight hours daily along my original route to shed any flabby poundage.

I heartily recommend this simple regimen to anyone who will make up his mind to—

1. *Stick* to the procedure.
2. Be *sustained* by the thought that *nature* aids those who *help* themselves.
3. Rest assured that *mind* and *body* must *co-operate* and *co-ordinate*. The exercise takes care of the physique, and your determined mental urge to succeed influences the vital forces of the body.

This is also important: While on the thirty-day walking jaunt, take three light meals a day, substituting butter-milk for coffee and tea. Eat plenty of greens and stay away from too much grease (pork chops, bacon, fat meats).

Wash feet nightly in a tub or basin of warm water. Add three tablespoons of Epsom salts in the water twice a week. This helps to draw out tenderness and aches and reduce any swelling. Wear woolen hose. In the summer wear a lightweight wool sweater over a light sweat shirt. In winter wear the reverse. Wring out in hot water nightly.

If financially unable to negotiate a thirty-day walking trip, do not make excuses. Put in a week's work at anything you can get to do to supply you with temporary funds. En route it is comparatively easy to acquire a few days of extra work to enable you to pay for meals and lodging.

No one can sit back in an easy chair, swallow pills, and expect to eliminate the drink habit!

It isn't that your wife distrusts you, or doubts your abilities, or questions your good judgment. Her whole life is so bound up in your activities and your successes that she should be excused for wanting to share your life with you.

Your wife is a courageous person. She demonstrated this when she expressed her willingness to marry you. She can take the bitter with the sweet. Maybe things are not going so well in your vocation as you would like to have them. Don't hide such facts from your wife. Tell her the truth, and tell her the whole truth. Maybe she is not trained in your particular type of work; but, with her unselfish interest, she can console you, and she may even be able to help you find a way out of difficulties. Many a wife has provided just the right stimulus at just the right time to turn prospective failure into success.

There is another set of circumstances that may assume the proportions of a real problem and may cause you to ask, "Is my wife becoming a back number?" The indications of this problem are: (1) your fear that your wife no longer appears attractive, (2) your observation that she is ill at ease when she meets strangers, (3) your suspicion that she is losing her "charm," (4) your notice that she is quiet when in a crowd and that she does not easily carry on a conversation, (5) your belief that she has not kept pace with you as you have made advancement, and (6) your feeling of apology toward her when she meets your business friends.

Of the several circumstances that may contribute to a wife's becoming a back number, I do not know of any for which the wife is really to blame. It is true that a wife may easily become a back number when she does not have the opportunity to accompany her husband, at least occasionally, while he travels. It may be that family finances make it difficult for her to replenish her wardrobe. Young children in the home may have confined her so closely that she has become timid about meeting strangers. But these circumstances are not the wife's fault. If there is blame, it is the husband's for not having found solutions to these problems.

In order for a married couple to enjoy the full measure of pleasure and satisfaction to which they are entitled, they must keep pace with each other, step by step, as they make progress through life. This does not mean that the wife should neglect her home in order to be by her husband's side in his

business; but it does mean that she should have opportunities comparable to his for advancing socially, culturally, and economically.

Another item should be mentioned, something which may make a wife irritable and difficult. This centers around the wife's concepts of propriety in the intimate matters of marriage. During courtship she had looked forward to marriage as being full of romance. It was the thought of romance that made the courtship so enjoyable. She liked the personal attentions of her suitor. She liked his gentleness and his acts of kindness and consideration.

Marriage is a sacred institution, and the love a husband and a wife express for each other is God-given. It should be an unselfish love, a love in which each partner ministers to the happiness of the other. The expressions of intimate love between a husband and a wife may be properly compared to a heavenly language by which there is expressed a depth of affection for each other that mere words cannot convey.

There are marriages in which the wife's concept of love is thus lofty and pure, but in which the husband permits himself to be selfish as he places emphasis on the physical aspects of love without sufficient regard for its spiritual connotations. Such an attitude on the husband's part is shocking to the wife who has high ideals, and causes her to be repulsed by her husband's selfish brand of affection.

This problem in marriage is actually due to a difference in philosophy of husband and wife. The appropriate solution depends on the husband's re-evaluating his concepts so as to place the emphasis on lofty ideology and on ministering to his wife's pleasure as a prerequisite to his own.

So we have discussed three of the situations that may contribute to the making of a "problem" wife. First, we have noticed how a wife is logically and vitally interested in her husband's making a success. Next, we have examined the possibility of a wife's becoming a back number because of restricted opportunities to keep pace with her husband as he makes advancement. And, last, we have learned that a wife thinks of love as being romantic and lovely. She prefers to explain her husband's regard for her as being personal and unselfish.

Before we leave this topic, however, let us notice how the husband's use of alcohol, if he be a drinking man, will aggravate any one of the problems we have considered:

1. A husband's drinking robs his wife of the pride she had expected to have in his accomplishments. Even the

so-called moderate use of alcohol limits him in his capacity for success. Furthermore, when under the influence of alcohol, he resorts to forms of behavior of which even he becomes ashamed.

2. By using alcohol a husband almost forces his wife to become a back number. If her standards permit her to share with him in his indulgences, she soon pays the inevitable price exacted from those who allow themselves to be mastered by a habit of indulgence. If she retains her high standards, she cannot follow in his example of indulgence. Thus she cannot keep pace with

Saying "NO" Gracefully

R. K. SQUIRE

IS IT difficult for a young man or a young woman to be a nondrinker and not be obnoxious about it? When you turn down a drink, it isn't necessary to say, "No, I don't drink, and I think it's silly." Nor does one have to say, "I don't drink, and I think that anybody who does is stupid." Such answers merely create antagonism.

Many persons have found that in order not to drink in a drinking group you need say only, "No, thank you"—no more, no less—and then pick up the conversation from there as if nothing had happened.

Some people advocate associating only with nondrinkers. This may be all right, but sometimes you have to associate with people who drink. I think, and many agree with me, that in associating with drinking people and setting an example of nondrinking, one is doing more to help the cause of temperance than any other single thing he can do. If other guests see you setting an example of nondrinking unobtrusively and gracefully, you set an example they can follow. Many of them would like to refuse a drink, but they don't know how to do it gracefully. You can set them that example.

A minister once told me how he went to a wedding where he was offered some punch that he knew had been spiked. Rather than cause a scene about it, he accepted the punch, walked over, set it down on a table, turned around, and left it. Several other people did the same thing and came to him afterward to thank him for his example, because they did not want to be in the position of refusing the punch from the host, yet they did not want to drink it. This, in my estimation, is a much better solution than making a disturbance without doing any real good.

him, because his pace is downward.

3. A husband's use of alcohol deprives him of his lofty ideals and makes it impossible for him to consider love as a wholesome, sacred privilege. Alcohol eventually influences a man's thinking until he places emphasis on the animal nature. His attempts at affection in the home become actually repulsive.

We husbands, then, must admit that the "problem" wife is one who is poorly understood by her husband, but that even such a wife has inherent high ideals and lofty concepts of marriage. She will, therefore, respond most favorably when her husband manifests a consistent effort to share equally with her in the privileges and responsibilities of marriage. Marriage, of all institutions, can provide the greatest satisfactions and most wholesome pleasures which this life offers.

PEARL HARBOR IN 3D

(Continued from page 27)

the gate hastily snatched up a raincoat and passed it on to the officer, once he had fully identified himself.

Another officer I knew, a colonel in the coast artillery command, showed up an hour after the assault, muttering, "What's going on? What happened?"

Immediately after the surprise blow on Hawaii a proclamation of prohibition was issued. For seventy-seven days this continued in Oahu. According to press dispatches, during those seventy-seven days of prohibition, there were 268 arrests, an average of 3.3 daily. When prohibition was discontinued by military order, the first day there were seventeen men and five women convicted of drunkenness, and during the next thirty days the average number of arrests was more than twenty-one—more than six times the average number of arrests during the seventy-seven days of prohibition.

As George Barton Cutten, president of Colgate University, declares:

"One naturally wonders whether seventy-seven days of prohibition at Pearl Harbor before December 7, instead of seventy-seven days afterward, might have saved us from the worst naval defeat this country has suffered in its one hundred and sixty-six years of history, and whether we might have been saved also the sorrow and loss caused by the deaths of nearly 3,000 who were killed there."

The banning of hard drink thus illustrates a vital point: An army can become a better, a more efficient, a more alert, and a harder-hitting fighting force without liquor!

B. COURSIN
BLACK

looks different from what it ever did before, as though freshly scrubbed and painted by the brush of imagination. Slowly the shadows fade, and the pinkish dawn filters through snowy curtains. One is eager to be up. Christmas Day has begun.

It is too hectic, too active, too happy, to chart each event. That calls for a candle in the twilight, when one may dream and muse. The walk to church through the sparkling snow, the greet-

We write our cards and letters, we dispatch our gifts, we deck with tinsel and holly, we think of others, and we discover something fine in those we scarce noticed before. And perhaps they *have* changed; perhaps the spirit of the day has touched their hearts and transformed their faces.

It need not end. Scrooge need never again be the Scrooge of old. The spirit of Christmas is always with us, always present to the understanding mind. It

Christmas PROMISE



ings to neighbors, the newness of the sky and trees and houses as though just created for this one special day; Christmas dinner, with old friends, with members of the family returned from far-away places—each hour a delight!

But Christmas is more than feasting and gifts and friendly reunions. It touches magic wand to heart and eyes and ears; love, kindness, beauty, hope, and faith become more than words. It searches out the lonely spirit, the discouragement, the cynicism, and the fear that tarnish other days, and bids them begone. It touches the drooping faith and kindles it to flame.

Christmas is a spiritual event. It is love materialized. It is the eternal spirit of Christ transforming thoughts and desires.

is peace and love and aspiration, peace

within, peace that is not broken by any tumult without. It is not the weak peace of withdrawal, of negation, but the real peace that means harmony, that tames discord, that dispels one's doubts and fears and discouragements. Peace that drives the money-changers from the temple, that refuses to allow alien thoughts to stay in the mind.

The tree is taken down, the ornaments are packed away, the friends have returned to their distant places, the wrappings and toys and tinsel are picked up, and Christmas is past.

But it will come again, just in time to prevent our getting so wrapped in our problems and ourselves that we forget the things that matter. The spirit of Christmas is always here. We pay it tribute once a year. Its promise abides with us the rest of the time.

CHRISTMAS lives deep in our memories throughout the year. The happiness of other seasons is a deep well of inspiration. Christmas is ever and always a hope, too, a promise that gladdens us in anticipation.

But the deep meaning of Christmas lies in the now, in the actuality. The days immediately preceding the day are mellowed as old gold. Busy are the preparations, shining the hearts, that prepare for an annual renewal of love and friendship, of reunion and remembrance.

Anticipation is always a bright part of any event. But Christmas is somewhat different. The festive preparations are exciting enough, the recollections are soul-satisfying, but the day itself stands out as a silver star.

One awakens at dawn. How quiet it is, how still the air. The room itself

The Modern Christmas

Grace Noll
Crowell

At Christmastime down any city street
The baubles and the tinsel have sufficed
To catch the eye and stay the hurrying feet,
And to blur the clear white vision of the Christ,
The Christ whose birthday we would celebrate
With joyous praise and gratitude and prayer.
We should shout the news, before it is too late,
Of His coming, to the whole world everywhere.

We have made too much of giving, save to those
Whose need is desperate in some troubled hour.
The merchants have been money-mad, God knows.
Their false Kriss Kringles have no magic power
To lift the heart and meet the spirit's need.
There is but One can give the dark world light.
Let us keep Christ in Christmas, for indeed,
Without Him we are lost within the night.

ESCAPE INTO PRISON

(Continued from page 23)

I ask God to take it over to do with as He saw fit.

"But how can I?" I asked.

"By sincerely asking Him to forgive your sins," smiled the chaplain. "God is always willing to forgive and help the truly penitent sinner, believe me."

"But what about my drinking?"

"God will take away your desire for liquor," the chaplain told me, "just as soon as you surrender your heart to Him."

Unfortunately, instead of taking the chaplain's advice immediately, I decided to wait until I was again eligible for parole. After all, I told myself, there was no real need for hurry since I couldn't obtain any liquor in prison anyway.

But without God's guidance I could and did get into trouble that caused me to be transferred to the branch prison, where the toughest and most unruly prisoners are kept.

It was here that I finally tested the worth of the chaplain's advice.

Two years ago, when an inmate offered to sell me a pint of "spud juice," a potent drink the inmates sometimes manage to concoct despite the vigilance of the guards, the very thought of the fiery fluid coursing down my throat caused me to quiver with desire. But I knew that if I bought it, I would undoubtedly get drunk, and that would cause me to be placed in the dreaded "hole." In fact, such a serious offense might even result in the loss of the "special good time" I had earned on my maximum sentence. So I asked the inmate to give me one night to think over his offer.

He agreed. That evening I paced the floor of my cell nervously. Finally I grew tired, and plugging in my radio earphones, I stretched out on my cot to listen to some music. Reception was poor, and so when I found a program of church music that was clear, I listened to it for want of anything else.

The solemn, hauntingly sweet music tugged at my frayed heartstrings, and a mood of acute melancholia settled over me. Closing my eyes, I let my thoughts wander back through the years, back to the happier days I had known. The faces of my wife and son came into my mind, and my heart pained as I thought of how cruelly I had failed them.

A wave of remorse swept through me, and, burying my head in my pillow, I began to sob bitterly, heartbrokenly.

Then and there I begged God to forgive me for the terrible way in which I had so often recrucified Christ because of my drunkenness.

And, lo, a miracle occurred!

God heard my penitent prayer! How do I know He did? I know it because almost instantly my tortured heart and soul found relief. I felt as if a great weight had been lifted from my shoulders, and for the first time in years a smile of real peace broke the frozen hardness of my face.

My intense craving for the "spud juice" vanished miraculously, and it has never returned since that wondrous night. If it ever does, I know that I can call upon God for the strength to conquer it.

Many other wonderful changes have taken place in my life during the past two years. Through daily prayer I have

learned to accept the things I cannot change, to build for the future instead of mourning over the past. I have become interested in writing, and during the past year I have contributed articles, stories, fillers, and poetry to a number of prominent magazines.

I can truthfully say I escaped *into* prison, for it was here that I found freedom from the nightmare into which alcoholism had plunged me. Although my wife has divorced me since I entered prison, I will not be lonely when I am released in 1955. I shall have God as a constant companion.

I hope other alcoholics will find Him, too; but I hope they can find Him before they become alcoholics.

Stop! Think! LISTEN!

JAMES A. DAVIS

A father who is now in prison paying the price of his own neglect puts his heart into this word to parents.

WE HAVE in this country men and women who have devoted their lives to juvenile delinquency by helping our youth in positive ways, such as finding proper employment for them, establishing youth centers, and offering clean fun and a chance to let off steam among groups of their own age. However, these youth workers cannot do all the work alone. If they are willing to spend their time and effort to help our youth, we as parents should and must do our part.

The time to begin is now! The place is any home where there is a child in need of love, understanding, and companionship. Parents, defend with all your vigor the rights and privileges of your children. They look to you for guidance.

What is a delinquent?

Any child that falls short of the law is a delinquent, and is punished in accordance with the law when proved guilty.

Where is delinquency most prominent?

Juvenile delinquency is found in every community where youth have no outlet for normal reactions, where there is no place to spend their idle hours, where emotional and moral differences exist in the home, or where parents are indifferent to the child's needs.

Who is to blame when a child becomes a delinquent?

Since every parent is directly responsible for the behavior of his child, let's face the facts. If a youth breaks the law, the blame belongs to a great extent on the parent who was too busy, or just didn't care, to assume the responsibility for the welfare of that child.

These are questions that can and must be met and answered by every civic-minded adult. As a parent, and one who is paying the penalty for neglecting my own parental duties, I write these words from the heart with only one purpose in mind: to help our youth to grow up and become decent, honorable, God-fearing citizens. We must support every effort that will lead these young people with firm steps past all detours to a future full of promise, a world where crime no longer menaces.

My daily concern now is the welfare of my children, also the future of every youth in America. When a person has lost home and family, he has lost his greatest possession. To avoid such a loss, a man must find that the only way to live among people is to respect and uphold the laws made to govern the rights of all, and then to teach his children the same.

Remember! If you parents fail in this, you have failed your children and your community, and you will be forever sentenced to a life of regret in the courtroom of your own conscience.

We

REPEAT

REPEAT REPEAT

Problem for Parents

"The solution to the juvenile-delinquency problem—and obviously there is no miraculous cure-all for this problem—can be found only in the co-ordinated and intelligent action by adults. . . .

"The basic trouble lies in the home and with the parent, and it is unrealistic to attempt to place the blame for our juvenile difficulties elsewhere."—J. Edgar Hoover, director, FBI.

Women's Bars

"Beverage rooms for women are a curse. They lead to many morality problems. I am appalled at the part alcohol plays among people with criminal intent. Criminals put drink on a pedestal."—J. G. Kettles, chief of police, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

"Gigantic Menace"

"The infamous narcotic drug traffic has grown to a gigantic menace to the youth of America.

"This menace, particularly in the large cities of America, has become so pernicious and diabolical that thousands of our young people are victims of nefarious narcotic peddlers who blast their lives and lead them into crime."—Congressman Homer Angell, Oregon.

Social Drinking

"Let no steady drinker or cocktail hound infer that there's no harm in a 'social glass' of beer, wine, or liquor. Aside from the impairment of moral

consciousness, judgment, and responsibility by even a small dose of alcohol, so-called 'moderate' drinking entails the untoward effects of heavy drinking, though in less obvious degree. Remember this the next time you read about the exoneration of some culprit because the chemical test of his blood showed less than .05 per cent of alcohol at the time of the crime."—William Brady, M.D.

Polluting the Air Waves

"To a family that doesn't want its children subjected to the enticements of alcoholic beverages, the advertising of beer and wine over television and radio is a kind of pollution of a public medium of communication."—Lloyd C. Halvorson, economist, on behalf of the National Grange, in testimony prepared for the House Commerce Committee.

Alcoholics as Traffic Hazards

"There are three to five times as many alcoholics involved in traffic accidents as there are in the population as a whole. A survey of 2,000 drunken drivers in Sweden showed 45 per cent of them to be alcoholics."—Leonard Goldberg, of Stockholm, visiting professor at the University of California.

Voters Are Guilty

"If my son is guilty of murder, then every voter in Bexar County is also guilty for permitting hundreds of taverns to operate wide open."—The Rev.

Luther B. Osborne, of San Antonio, Texas, whose son faced murder charges in a brutal \$19 hijack slaying following a beer-drinking party.

Drinking and Murder

"Drinking parties are the chief cause of murder. If the government licenses the liquor business, then how can it condemn a man who, under the influence of liquor, commits a crime?"—Daniel McIvor, M.P., addressing the House of Commons.

Mad Dogs and Drunken Drivers

"Drunken drivers are as plainly a menace as mad dogs. I cannot understand how, for the offense of driving under the influence of drink, any court could consider that a fine of £5 (\$15), whatever the position of the defendant, is an adequate penalty. A motor car in the hands of a drunken man is a most dangerous instrument. . . . It is not to be considered in mitigation that they did not actually injure anyone."—Lord Goddard, lord chief justice of England, when dealing with the case of a drunken automobile driver.

Group Pressure

"Of all the people who state that they sometimes drink, more than two out of every five assign the main motivation to group pressure."—Drs. Riley, Marden, and Lifschitz of Rutgers University.

Diet and the Craving for Alcohol

"There is evidence that many alcoholics are apparently born with higher needs for certain vitamins and foodstuffs than other persons are. Alcohol gives the illusion of meeting these needs, becomes a substitute for food, and craving for alcohol results."—Dr. Roger J. Williams, professor of biochemistry, University of Texas. Dr. Williams reports complete success in killing the craving for alcohol by giving the food material needed.

* * *

"Recent tests have shown that an unbalanced diet is likely to increase the desire for alcohol in persons who are not even alcoholics. Of course it does in alcoholics."—Myra Reagan, nutrition consultant of the Georgia department of health.

Carl Erskine



Carl Erskine is perhaps best known for his record-shattering fourteen strike-outs as he stifled the heavy-hitting New York Yankees in the third game of the 1953 World Series. He established himself as one of baseball's greats during the 1953 season in piling up a 15-2 record during the final three months of the campaign to gain the coveted circle of twenty-game winners.

Carl had a winning record against every club in the league, and his 187 strike-outs (the highest Dodger total since Van Mungo's 238 in 1936) placed him second in the circuit in that department.

He pitched a no-hitter against the Chicago Cubs on June 19, 1952, and only a sixth-inning bunt single by Gus Bell prevented him from duplicating that feat against the Cincinnati Reds, May 17, 1953.



I never drink alcoholic beverages. It is obvious to me in my profession, which demands a great deal of one's body, that if I allowed alcohol or tobacco to abuse my body, my career would be hindered. I'd hate to look back later and think that I might have done a bit better if I had not let drink lower my vitality. For a ball player I'm comparatively small in build, so I have to maintain my body in top condition to compete with men of greater physical stamina.

Carl Erskine