

# LISTEN

A  
JOURNAL  
OF  
BETTER  
LIVING



*Ezra Taft Benson*

Secretary of Agriculture

# It's a Fact



## "MULTIPLYING FACTOR"

Excessive use of alcohol appears to act as a "multiplying factor" in the risk of cancer, says Dr. Sully Charles Marcel Ledermann, chief of the section of economic studies of the French National Institute of Demographic Study. "An alcoholic smoker," he reports, "seems to have, not five plus five times more chance to have cancer of the buccal cavity than a nonsmoker nor drinker, but five times five, or twenty-five times more chance."

## WASTED GRAIN

During 1953 the United States produced 4,829,917,111 bushels of grain, of which 97,828,096 bushels were used in the manufacture of alcoholic beverages, or 2.2 per cent of the whole crop. Of the 241,015,000 bushels of barley grown, 53,626,656 bushels went to make spirits, ethyl alcohol, and beer. That was almost one fourth of the barley crop, or 22.2 per cent. Rye came next with 15.9 per cent of the entire crop, or 2,860,200 of the 17,998,000 bushels harvested, being devoted to making spirits.

## ALCOHOLISM—PREVALENT "DISEASE"

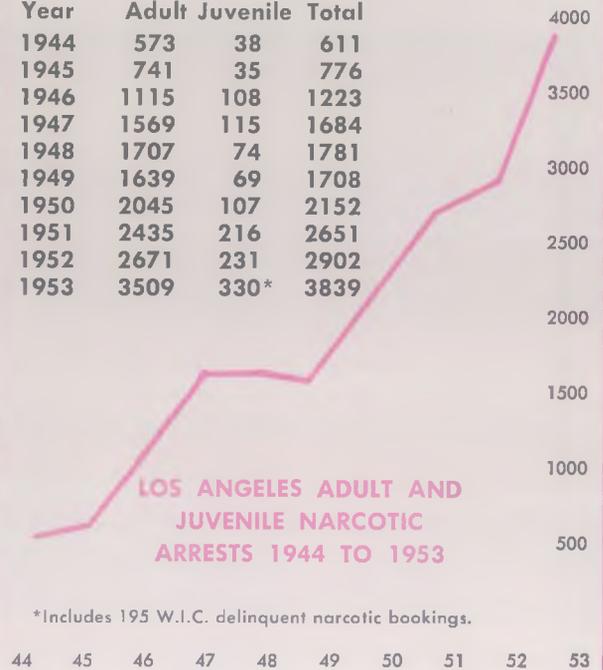
Alcoholism affects 10 per cent more people than does tuberculosis, 50 per cent more than does cancer, and 225 per cent more than does polio, declared Edward L. Morris, executive director of Portal House, Chicago, at a meeting of the Industrial Medical Association.

## NARCOTICS ON THE INCREASE

In 1953 the California State Bureau of Narcotic Enforcement made 1,900 felony arrests of narcotics addicts,

an increase of more than 400 per cent over 1940. Most of these were at the sales or supply level. The Bureau operates on the theory that at this level one arrest might be equivalent to later apprehension of twenty-five narcotics addicts.

Year	Adult	Juvenile	Total
1944	573	38	611
1945	741	35	776
1946	1115	108	1223
1947	1569	115	1684
1948	1707	74	1781
1949	1639	69	1708
1950	2045	107	2152
1951	2435	216	2651
1952	2671	231	2902
1953	3509	330*	3839



## NEWS FROM RUSSIA

- New restrictions on the sale of alcoholic beverages are being strictly enforced.
- Officials are telling the Russians to shun drinks from strangers, because "a drunken person says that which a sober person thinks."
- Thousands of vodka, beer, and quick-drink establishments have been closed in Russia.
- According to the *Observer*, alcohol has once again become a major problem of the authorities, in spite of the high price of vodka.
- Four writers have been expelled from the Writers' Union for drunkenness, hooliganism, and a variety of "immoral acts." Two of these writers, Virta and Anatoly Surov, are celebrated and hitherto distinguished figures in Soviet literature.
- *Trud*, daily newspaper of the Soviet labor move-

ment, is waging war on alcoholism. Its issue of August 15 called excessive drinking "a shameful remnant of capitalism," and asked the labor unions to fight against heavy drinking by the workers. The Young Communist League, with its official newspaper, is engaged in a similar campaign.

- Millions of workers in the Soviet who live in dormitories have been hitting the bottle too much, according to *Pravda*.
- Farmers in Kirov, the Communist *Literary Gazette* charges, neglected their cattle and ripe grain to attend a three-day festival, which was only "an excuse for drinking."
- Heavy drinking among teen-agers is said to be responsible in part for a wave of hoodlum behavior and crime in the Soviet.

# LISTEN

JANUARY to  
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## A Journal of Better Living

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### OUR COVER

After weeks of futile attempts to stop bustling, traveling Secretary Ezra Taft Benson long enough to take a cover picture of him for *Listen*, the Department photographers finally caught up with him at the door of the Department of Agriculture building as he returned from a hop to New York and was ready to leave almost within the hour on the Presidential plane for the Midwest.

### INTRODUCING . . .

LAURENCE A. SENSEMAN (page 14), director of Fuller Memorial Hospital and Sanitarium, has a distinguished record in the field of neuropsychiatry. In 1949, as the result of an address on alcoholism before the Rhode Island Society for Mental Hygiene, of which he was president, he was selected as chairman of the State Commission on Alcoholism to study measures for the prevention of alcoholism. Prodded into action by the report of this commission, the state legislature initiated a Division of Alcoholism. Dr. Senseman, picked as the chairman of its advisory committee, has since directed the development of one of the most active state programs of this nature in the nation.

Editorial Office: 6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington 12, D.C.  
Editor: Francis A. Soper      Manager, Subscription Service: H. K. Christman  
Editorial Assistant: Sue E. Taylor      Assistant Manager: S. M. McCormick

#### Editorial Consultants:

Winton H. Beaven, Ph.D., Director, Institute of Scientific Studies  
W. L. Halverson, M.D., D.P.H., Former Director of Public Health, California  
Matthew Hill, Washington State Supreme Court  
Andrew C. Ivy, Ph.D., M.D., D.Sc., LL.D., University of Illinois, Chairman  
of the National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism  
William R. McKay, Superior Court, Los Angeles  
Joseph T. Zottoli, Boston Municipal Court  
Cyril B. Courville, M.D., D.N.B., M.Sc., Director, Cajal  
Laboratory of Neuropathology  
George T. Harding, M.D., D.N.B., F.A.C.P., President and Medical  
Director, Harding Sanitarium and Hospital  
Laurence A. Senseman, M.D., D.N.B., F.A.C.P., Director, Fuller  
Memorial Hospital

Publication Office: Pacific Press Publishing Association, Mountain View, California  
Office Editor: Charles D. Utt

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One of Chicago's biggest annual conventions is the National Safety Congress and Exposition held in October, drawing thousands of delegates from every part of the nation.

Meeting in nearly twoscore separate sections, the Congress occupies six of Chicago's largest hotels for five days to discuss ways and means of preventing accidents and making life and work safer for American citizens.

Even the preliminary printed program makes an impressive 112-page book. However, hidden in the folds of this lengthy program are some significant things.

For example, in the Food Section one finds that the general chairman of the section meeting is a brewing executive, that the initial demonstration lecture is delivered by a brewer's representative, and that presiding over the evening buffet supper is a distilling director. Furthermore, listed first in the round-table discussions—before the grain, dairy products, confectioners, bakers, and other divisions—are the brewing and distilling divisions. In the roster of Food Section officers, three of the five major positions—the general chairman, one of two vice-chairmen, and the program chairman—are held by brewers.

In no other section of the congress does any brewing or distilling representative appear, either as an officer or participant in the program. And this includes the Traffic

## Food or Fraud?

Section. Evidently the industry feels it wise to avoid being identified with that area of safety in which drink causes at least one fifth of all accidents and deaths.

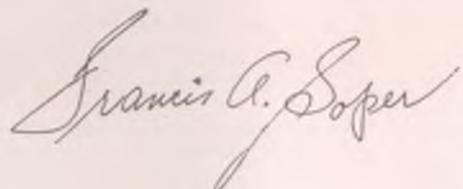
Incidentally, in all the long program on traffic safety nothing relevant to alcohol is included save a routine meeting of the committee on intoxication tests! No mention is made of the greatest safety menace on our highways today—drink.

The mere listing of officers and participants on a convention program would not be in itself significant were it not for the powerful campaign now being carried on by both the brewing and the distilling industries to palm off on the American people the dangerous doctrine that alcohol is a food and that for this reason beer, wine, and whisky should be in every food store, supermarket, and drugstore. This infiltration into the Food Section of the National Safety Council is but one facet of that campaign, a facet which evidently has been developed successfully, but one which casts an additional cloud of doubt over the objectivity and reliability of the council's findings.

This campaign to sell alcohol as a food, and inject it into food-distribution channels, is, as the editor of *Tavern News* puts it, "a protective measure for the alcoholic beverage industry."

Liquor interests recognize the growing momentum of the movement to control, restrict, and ban cocktail parlors, taverns, and bars, and are fearful of the results. There is therefore a deliberate and feverish effort being put forth to convert every grocery and drugstore into a bottle store. When the day comes that taverns and bar-rooms are banned, the liquor industry will then have become entrenched in the food stores.

It is time for the American people to recognize, in all its vicious intent, that the real purpose of the brewing and distilling moguls is to preserve their huge and inordinate profits and not in any way to promote the health and welfare of the citizens.



Francis A. Soper

**“W**HY don't you go to work clerking in a state liquor store?” The question came to me when I had just finished a rather unsuccessful stretch as a salesman. I had many bills to pay, and I needed a dependable income.

Now my friend in suggesting a job with the liquor commission talked up the possibilities of rapid advancement, plus all the advantages of vacation with pay, sick leave, and the retirement fund.

“I don't think very highly of the idea,” I told him, “but if you think it's O.K., I'll do it.”

Then and there he picked up the telephone, and soon told me where to report. The next day I was called to work.

My beginning salary was only \$175 a month, certainly not enough to support a household and not enough to tie a worth-while ambition to. However, my wife returned to her former position to help us over the rough spot, and I set my sights on rapid advancement to store manager.

I went to work on a counter at a small store immediately, and began to learn that a clerk must check a customer's permit, obtain and deliver the right brand of liquor, make a complete and correct record of the transaction, besides the routine work of clerking.

Liquor clerks must also learn to discern whether a customer has already consumed too much and is not entitled to more, and must decide whether the purchaser is a minor using a borrowed permit.

I had never had much experience in handling large sums of money, none in wrapping packages. This mental strain, coupled with the physical strain of standing in one spot for eight hours every day with only a half hour out for lunch, was difficult. So for the first several months I plugged along concentrating on basic fundamentals.

My state operates under the monopoly system, so all liquor is dispensed through the more than forty state stores. Consequently, all liquor employees work under state civil service, and several times each year examinations for the positions of assistant manager and manager are held.

About six months after taking the job as clerk, I took one of these examinations to become manager, and earned a good rating. By that time I had learned enough about the operations of the store to be appointed third man.

My impression had always been that a definite purpose of the liquor commission, with its department for helping alcoholics, was the control of liquor. But I was surprised to discover that the liquor store was no different from a grocery, butcher shop, or department store, having as its main objective to sell as much liquor as possible.

Clerks were urged to cultivate the subtle power of suggestion to induce customers to buy all they were legally entitled to, and thus dispose of old and slow-selling liquors, referred to as “junk” by the management.

Because I was eligible for promotion, I was confident that the assistant managership was just around the corner. But when I reported to work one day, I discovered that a new man was manager. He ignored my third-man rating, and brought a retired man back to work in that capacity. I was shoved back on the counter.

FIRST QUARTER

## What Happens When a Liquor Clerk Uses His Own Product?

# You Can't Sell Liquor and Drink It, Too!

RILEY W. DUNANN

Up to this point working with liquor hadn't tempted me. I suppose I could rightfully be classified as a Saturday-night drinker. If liquor was served at a party, I drank my share. On special occasions we served it in our home. In the store I knew the clerks who drank and the clerks who didn't drink. I knew where the stockman kept his bottle hidden, and that he nibbled on the job.

That night, on a sudden impulse, I stopped in one of the liquor stores where I wasn't known and bought a pint to take home. I took several stiff drinks before going into the house, and hid the rest in the garage.

The line that separates a drinker from a drunk is a narrow one. I proved that to myself in the months that followed. Gradually, instead of one pint of liquor a week, I was consuming a pint every night. I never got stumbling drunk, and I didn't drink on the job. But my addiction became apparent in my personal appearance and my work, though I tried to tell myself the contrary.

One evening I caught my wife looking at me curiously. “Are you drinking too much?” she asked.

Shame framed the answer quickly, “No, of course not.”



That was the first time I'd ever lied to my wife, and I regretted it the moment the words were spoken. I visualized her scorn when she learned the truth. Fear tapped me on the shoulder. I saw my house falling down, and I lacked the moral stamina to pull myself together and save it. Like a drowning man, I clung the tighter to the raft of my destruction. I used imaginary expenses on the car as an excuse for bringing home less salary. And in an abortive attempt to be fair, I began buying my supply from the various "junk" counters.

The new manager knew that I was drinking heavily, but since I continued to do my work satisfactorily and didn't touch liquor on the premises, there wasn't much that he could do about it except act along the usual lines. This meant to have me transferred to another store in an undesirable neighborhood in the hope that I would become discouraged and quit.

Instead of quitting my job, I took another hitch in my belt and hit the fast pace necessary in the new spot. My new manager was friendly. Even then it wouldn't have been too late to realize my original ambition if I had had the strength to make an about-face.

"What you need to do," he said, "is to sharpen your political pencil."

He didn't add, "And cut out the booze!" But my conscience told me he was thinking it.

Every day I found it more difficult to look into the feverish, half-furtive faces of my customers, because I knew that I was looking at a counterpart of myself. I had reached the point where I thought I couldn't stand another day of selling without a good stiff drink every morning, and several more before going on the counter. Then, to tide me over until quitting time, I would drink a couple of beers at my dinner hour.

That was the way life had become for me when the pendulum of liquor-store procedure swung again. My second friendly manager was transferred, and a new manager came in.

I was tabbed as a drinker, though I was in too much of a haze to realize it, just as I was in too much of a haze to remember that I had co-workers with friends and relatives who envied me my steady-salaried job.

Shortly after the coming of the new manager, I had two beers with my dinner as usual. Then I returned to the store, and was preparing to step behind my counter, when I was called into the manager's office.

"Have you been drinking?" he asked.

I admitted to the two beers.

"Get your coat and hat and go home," he said.

I was so surprised I stuttered, "You m-m-mean—"

"I mean that you're to report to the supervisor tomorrow, that is, if you're able to make it," he sneered.

(Turn to page 27.)

## Ashamed of Being Good?

Vinton A. Holbrook

Some people today seem to get their philosophy twisted and think that it is good to be bad and bad to be good. They are proud of their badness and ashamed of their goodness.

A certain politician is known not to drink, but the magazine writer describing him says that this is because of his health and not that he objects to drinking per se. The magazine was full of liquor ads. Apparently the politician wants to make sure that he is not mistaken for one of those long-hairs who do not think drinking is very nice.

Some time ago Don Herold wrote an article in *The Reader's Digest* entitled, "I Don't Like Drunks," which is highly amusing to everyone except drunks who see themselves as others see them. In retrospect probably no one dislikes drunks more than drunks themselves.

However, Mr. Herold is careful not to claim any unearned glory, for he adds: "Don't get me wrong. My own abstinence has nothing to do with righteousness. Several years ago I discovered that I had a severe allergy to alcohol, and gave it up." This sounds as if he were alarmed lest people think he was trying to be good, or afraid that his reputation might suffer if his drinking friends suspected him of abstaining from liquor because of moral principle.

"I have been forced to view the drunken antics of my friends with a sober eye," he writes, and then refers to cocktail parties as "the most infantile of all adult social diversions." As one who gladly acknowledges total ignorance of these matters, I wonder why he was "forced"

to view these antics. Couldn't he view the antics of the chimpanzees at the zoo with more pleasure and less disgust, or even choose other friends?

Really, there are no drunks, only people inebriated. In any event this writer may be setting a good example in abstaining from liquor even though he disclaims any altruistic motive. The antics of the drunks and their infantile conduct at cocktail parties constitute, of course, only a little whirlwind as compared to the tornado of devastation caused by drunkenness in its complete impact on humanity. Perhaps one reason why drunks remain drunks is that they look only at the amusing side of the picture, for the rest of the picture is not a comedy but a tragedy.

If the fact that I am a total abstainer convicts me of righteousness, my only regret is that I have so little of it. As a boy I never had to go barefoot in winter because father had spent all his money for booze, so couldn't buy shoes; nor did I have to go without candy because he had spent all his money for brandy.

Thirty centuries ago the wise man Solomon wrote, "Righteousness exalteth a nation." Proverbs 14:34. These words are chiseled on some of our great government buildings. We should strive for this righteousness and be proud of it, for this great nation was built up not by dissipation, but by honesty, hard work, and debt paying.

Isn't it time for modern people to exalt righteousness, to think of something higher and more enduring than mere pleasure as an end in itself, to regain something of that spirit of duty which made our nation great?

A positive, well-ordered program of prevention is needed.



# Narcotic Addiction:

## WHOSE PROBLEM?

by Arthur K. Berliner, M.S.

**W**HO is responsible for the subtle but unrelenting pressure on our national thinking for the legalizing of drug addiction?

Would such a step be the answer to the vicious racketeering which flourishes wherever illegal profits are to be gained from human misery?

Are those of us who want to restrict the use of narcotics to the physician's prescription merely a group of reformers who want to put a strait jacket on American principles of freedom, including the freedom to drink and the freedom to indulge in drugs?

I know of no organized plot to annul the Federal law, which since 1914 has outlawed the nonmedical use of narcotics. Nevertheless, narcotic addiction, a disorder as contagious as tuberculosis, may be given free rein if the voices of the confirmed addict and some armchair planners are to prevail over the experience of the past generation and the conscience of the American people. For it is the confirmed addict himself who is the most articulate advocate of legalizing the distribution and use of narcotic drugs, and he has the support of those who want to be "realistic" about this problem.

"After all," so the argument runs, "if we could go back to the days of drugstore opium, we would do away with the peddlers, the pushers, the racketeers, and the addict himself would not be driven to crime." But were those really the good old days? Why did the Government enact the Harrison Narcotic Act in the first place? Because addiction had shown a steady and alarming increase, with women outnumbering men as users by a large margin. *The law was passed as a measure of self-protection.* Those who seem so concerned about the freedom to destroy oneself through narcotic addiction fail to recognize that, for the sake of the

larger good, the community must have the freedom to outlaw as well as to sanction.

Since the act was passed, the number of addicts, according to the United States Public Health Service, has been cut by two thirds, and men have replaced women as the principal users. Now that there is an upswing over the past four or five years, is this to be combated by unrestricted use of narcotic drugs?

Violence begets violence, and love teaches love. So every user is a potential (if not actual) carrier of the addiction disease. It may be part of a calculated plot to ensnare others, so that one's own habit may be supported; it may be an aspect of the perverted zeal with which the habitué seeks to share his lot with the nonuser, but the end result is the same. If the drug is made more easily available, nonusers will inevitably be exposed. New victims will be the result. These, in turn, will introduce others.

Not only must we continue every effort to crack down on the smuggling, illegal distribution, and sale of drugs, and redouble our attempts to salvage the victims,—and *some* of them, at least, *can* be salvaged,—but we must work toward prevention in which lies perhaps our only hope.

Also, we must ponder this disturbing fact: Studies of institutionalized addicts reveal that approximately one in five was a chronic alcoholic or problem drinker before he became a narcotic addict. "Morphine became my hang-over remedy, then I switched to it entirely," many users say.

Our hopes for a solution to this problem lie in the fact that addicts are made, not born. This means that a constructive program may be developed along several fronts to improve the situation. *First*, at all costs  
(Turn to page 32.)

## THE AUTHOR

**For many years Arthur K. Berliner has been in close touch with the drug-addiction problem. At the present time he is chief of the Psychiatric Social Service Department of the United States Public Health Service Hospital at Fort Worth.**

**In addition, he instructs in child psychology at Texas Christian University, and is case consultant for Family Service Association at Fort Worth.**

**In this exclusive "Listen" feature he candidly views the legalizing of the use of narcotics being advocated in numerous circles and describes the dire results if such action is taken.**

# The Lure of Real Living

Modern advertising portrays drinking as attractive and glamorous. Is it as alluring, however, when the final results are considered? Here, adapted from Educator H. H. Hill, are a dozen features of life that are made much easier when one abstains.



Maintaining vigorous health, thus ensuring maximum agility of mind and body, especially in times of emergency and crisis.



Assuring a serene, satisfying, law-abiding life that will make a worthwhile contribution to the family and community.



Living on the highest moral level, avoiding the degeneracy often caused by drinking.



Awakening in the morning with a clear head and a sense of well-being—no hang-over.



Attaining the best possible efficiency and uninterrupted success in a chosen profession.



Encouraging the respect and approval of worthwhile associates and friends.



Improving one's personal economic position by saving the money spent for drink.



Preserving one's ability to operate an automobile with the maximum performance of driving skill.



Meeting problems and disappointments squarely the first time rather than depending on drink as a possible escape.



Enjoying a good time without the danger of flirting with a habit-forming drug.



Guaranteeing permanent freedom from the poverty, debauchery, and disgrace of alcoholism.



Setting an example which will influence others, especially youth, toward successful, happy living.

HAVING recently completed my *second* survey of the several states relative to the teaching in the public schools of the effects of alcohol and narcotics, I find that *every state in the Union* requires such teaching in all tax-supported schools.

In thirty-six of the forty-eight states there has been no change in alcohol education laws since 1950, which means that in the last four years only twelve states have seen fit to make any change. This may, or may not, indicate a serious lack in interest.

In five states the law sets aside one specific day each year for special emphasis on these subjects. In three states—Kansas, Nevada, and Missouri—the day is September 28, and is designated as “Frances Willard Day.”

In *two* of these states, Kansas and Nevada, the law requires that one fourth of the day be set aside for special exercises and teaching the history and benefits of the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the United States. Nevada adds “The manufacture of narcotics,” and provides for the discharge of

Responsible citizens will see that the laws are enforced in their state.



DEVANEY

# Alcohol Education in Public Schools

Report of a survey conducted by **HERBERT H. PARISH**

National Executive, Temperance Education, Inc., Chicago, Illinois

any officer or teacher in charge who does not comply. The Kansas law definitely specifies the teaching on that day of the history and benefits of the prohibition laws of the State of Kansas.

In Maine the first Friday of March in each year is designated by law as Temperance Day in all schools, on which day forty-five minutes or more shall be devoted to a study of the history and benefits of temperance laws. The Commissioner of Education must prepare materials for use on Temperance Day, and all schools must comply.

In Georgia the fourth Friday of March in each year was formerly designated by law as Temperance Day, requiring at least two hours of the day to be given to teaching the benefits of temperance and prohibition. In the new laws submitted from that state, however, I find no mention of such a Temperance Day.

In Washington, January 16 is set by law as Temperance and Good Citizenship Day.

In several states in recent years, through the activity of local groups, there has been a temperance Sunday proclaimed by the governor, upon which day by special activity the cause of temperance is emphasized in the churches of the state. Minnesota and Wisconsin are among these states; others are joining the procession. Having urged the governor of Minnesota to begin this practice quite some years ago, I speak from experience when I say that the effect of such an effort is wholesome and beneficial.

In their laws thirty-three states connect alcohol and narcotics in the same sentence requiring the teaching of their ill effects. This may or may not be significant. The New York law reads: “The nature of alcoholic drinks and other narcotics, and their effects on the hu-

man system, shall be taught.” This would indicate that at least in New York the lawmakers have accepted the fact that alcohol is a narcotic.

It is natural that in many states the law specifically requires that the teaching relative to the effects of alcohol and narcotics shall be given in health education classes. This is required in the following six states: Alabama, Connecticut, Nebraska, Ohio, Oregon, and Wisconsin. In nineteen states the law specifies that these subjects be taught in courses in physiology and hygiene.

It follows naturally that in most of the states the law requires that, in teaching the effects of alcohol and narcotics, the teacher shall explain their “effects on the human system.” This specific phrase or one similar to it appears in the laws of thirty-four states.

We come now to certain specifics relative to the type of emphasis that shall be placed upon the teaching of these subjects in our public schools.

For example, Alabama states that the subject shall apply to “the influence and effects of alcohol on human health and behavior and on social and economic conditions.” The public-school teachers of Alabama, therefore, can, if they so desire, go all out in their presentation. In 1950 and 1951 this state appropriated \$25,000 each year for “temperance education.”

In Connecticut the law requires the teaching of “the effects of alcohol and narcotics on health, character, and citizenship,” and that these subjects shall be taught to all grades above the third grade. In all classes above the fifth grade, textbooks must be used.

In Colorado the law calls for the teaching of the “nature of alcoholic drinks and narcotics and special instruction as to their effects upon the human system.”

## Special Features of Alcohol Education Laws in the States

State	Day or Time Specified for Special Emphasis	Alcohol and Narcotics Education Required	Effects on Human Body to Be Taught (Where, if specified)	Penalties for Noncompliance
Alabama			Health Education	
Arizona		✓	✓	
Arkansas	"Adequate time"	✓	✓	✓
California	Entire school year	✓	✓	
Colorado		✓	Physiology and Hygiene	"Shall be removed from office"
Connecticut		✓	Health Education	
Delaware		✓	✓	
Florida		✓	✓	Periodic reports required
Georgia		✓	✓	
Idaho		✓	Physiology and Hygiene (including beer)	
Illinois	"Ten or more weeks per year"	✓	✓	
Indiana	One semester	✓	✓	
Iowa		✓	✓	
Kansas	"Frances Willard Day," Sept. 28		Importance of abstaining	Revoke teaching contract
Kentucky		✓	"Injurious effects"	
Louisiana		✓	"Evil and injurious effects"	
Maine	First Friday of March	✓	✓	
Maryland		✓	✓	
Massachusetts		✓	Physiology and Hygiene	
Michigan		✓	"Benefits of temperance"	
Minnesota		✓	✓	
Mississippi			"Harmful effects"	
Missouri	"Frances Willard Day," Sept. 28	✓	✓	
Montana		✓	✓	
Nebraska		✓	Health Education	
Nevada	"Frances Willard Day," Sept. 28	✓	✓	"Dismissal or removal"
New Hampshire		✓	✓	\$200 fine
New Jersey	"Full and adequate"	✓	✓	State funds withheld
New Mexico		✓	✓	Removal from office
New York	As thorough as other branches	"Alcohol and other narcotics"	✓	✓
North Carolina		✓	Health Education	
North Dakota	Special course	✓	✓	
Ohio		✓	"Harmful effects" Health Education	
Oklahoma		✓	✓	
Oregon		✓	Health Education	
Pennsylvania		✓	✓	
Rhode Island		✓	Physiology and Hygiene	
South Carolina	As thorough as other branches	✓	"Harmful effects"	
South Dakota		✓	✓	
Tennessee		✓	✓	
Texas	One chapter in public health textbook	✓	Physiology and Hygiene	
Utah			"Harmful effects" of alcohol (including beer)	
Vermont				
Virginia		✓	✓	
Washington	"Temperance and Good Citizenship Day," January 16	✓	✓	
West Virginia		✓	✓	Misdemeanor
Wisconsin	Daily for half school year (grades 6, 7, 8), no pupil required to take	✓	Health Education	
Wyoming		✓	✓	

South Dakota also requires a study of the "nature of alcoholic drinks and their effects upon the human system."

Likewise in West Virginia the school children must study the "nature of alcoholic drinks and narcotics, with special instructions as to their effects upon the human system and upon society in general."

We must keep in mind that to some teachers and educators the effects of alcoholic drinks upon the human system may mean one thing and an altogether different thing to others. Some good people contend that harm comes from such beverages only when they are used to excess. Here the advocates of moderation may find a loophole for their type of instruction.

In some states, however, this has been amply taken care of by law. In Idaho, as an example, the law specifically requires the teaching of "the harmful effects upon individual and society of alcoholic beverages, including beer containing alcohol." Idaho and Utah are the only states in which special and specific reference to beer is made in the state laws.

In Kansas a special bulletin prepared by the State Department of Public Education specifically instructs the teaching of "the importance of refraining from the use of alcohol for best physical development."

In Louisiana the law requires the Board of Education to include in the curriculum of all schools a course of study on "the evil and injurious effects on the human system of the use of alcohol and narcotics."

The Michigan law has an interesting departure, which is mandatory upon the Superintendent of Public Instruction. He is required to promote in all public schools, normal colleges, and universities of the state, and "among adult groups, scientific instruction as to the physical, psychological, and sociological effects of alcohol and the benefits of temperance." He is also required to "promote temperance by such other means as may seem desirable."

The vital importance to the moral forces of America that the word "temperance" shall retain its historic meaning of total abstinence is made evident by this reference and several others. If the word ever is allowed to mean "occasional drinking," as moderationists would have it today, some difficult problems will arise in evaluating state laws and in properly interpreting the Holy Bible.

Mississippi law specifies the teaching of "the harmful effects of the use of alcohol." The law further requires the teaching of "the truth concerning the harmful effects of alcohol upon the life of the individual, the family, society, and the nation." This is definite, and gives those in charge of the program in that state a wide area in which to work, and an exceeding great responsibility. In that

(Turn to page 33)

CAN YOU  
AFFORD  
ALCOHOL?

# Paying the Price

HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.

"JOHN, there is a collector at the door, and he says our gas bill is two months overdue." "Maybe so," replied the forty-seven-year-old businessman, "but we don't have the money to pay him today."

John Wakeham used to be successful in business, but recently things had been very slow. His wife knew that their income was low, but she was shocked to find that the gas bill had been neglected, and so remonstrated, "But we must pay our bills first. I notice you can still find money to buy liquor."

Because this was a sensitive point, John retaliated with anger, "When I say I don't have the money right now, that's what I mean. I know my own affairs. Tell the man I'll pay him next week, but don't needle me about our finances. I haven't had a peaceful thought in months."

John was not the person he used to be. His prolonged use of alcohol had robbed him of the efficiency and know-how that had contributed to his earlier success. He had gradually become apathetic and listless. He was now so irritable that it was unpleasant to be around him.

Not everyone who takes a drink becomes a confirmed alcoholic. However, it cannot be determined in advance which individuals among those who drink will become victims of the *habit* of drinking, and John Wakeham was one of those who had become enslaved. He had paid a much higher price for his indulgence in alcohol than can be computed in dollars and cents.

The habitual user of alcohol is emotionally unstable; his feelings are easily hurt; he weeps easily. He is sorry for his shortcomings; but his will power is weak, and he seems unable to lift himself out of the rut into which he has fallen. He is no more able to cope with life's real problems than is a child.

The alcoholic is a poor loser. He craves flattery and praise, and when he does not receive these he becomes depressed and critical. He lacks the ability to stand up against hardships and cannot stand being thwarted in his endeavors. He tries to talk himself out of trouble, but lacks the inner drive to find adequate solutions to his everyday problems.

But there are other factors than the prospect of a deterioration of personality that force one to conclude that the "price" of alcohol is too high. Even the person who drinks only occasionally runs a great risk of personal injury, of future ill-health, and of bringing misfortune to others.

Present records indicate that the use of alcohol contributes to at least one out of five automobile accidents. About 30 per cent of pedestrians who meet death are under the influence of alcohol at the time of accident; 40 per cent of persons shot or stabbed are said to be intoxicated; almost 50 per cent of homicides, of suicides, and of deaths involving accidental trauma are significantly related to the use of alcohol. So the "price" of alcohol mounts higher and higher!

Liquor stifles the higher thought processes. This results from the specific effect of alcohol on the tissues of the brain. As a consequence, thinking is slowed, and the ability to draw logical conclusions and exercise good judgment is lost. This accounts for the social tragedies and even the violent deaths so often associated with the use of alcohol.

As the degree of intoxication increases, those centers of the brain are affected which control the vital functions of the body. For example, there is a suppression of the function of respiration, so that the rate of breathing is decreased and the tissues do not receive their normal quota of oxygen. With reduced oxygen the blood becomes dark in color. Tiny hemorrhages develop in certain of the membranes. Blood flows more slowly, and congestion occurs in the tissues of various organs. This congestion is perhaps most significant in the lungs, where it definitely favors the development of pneumonia.

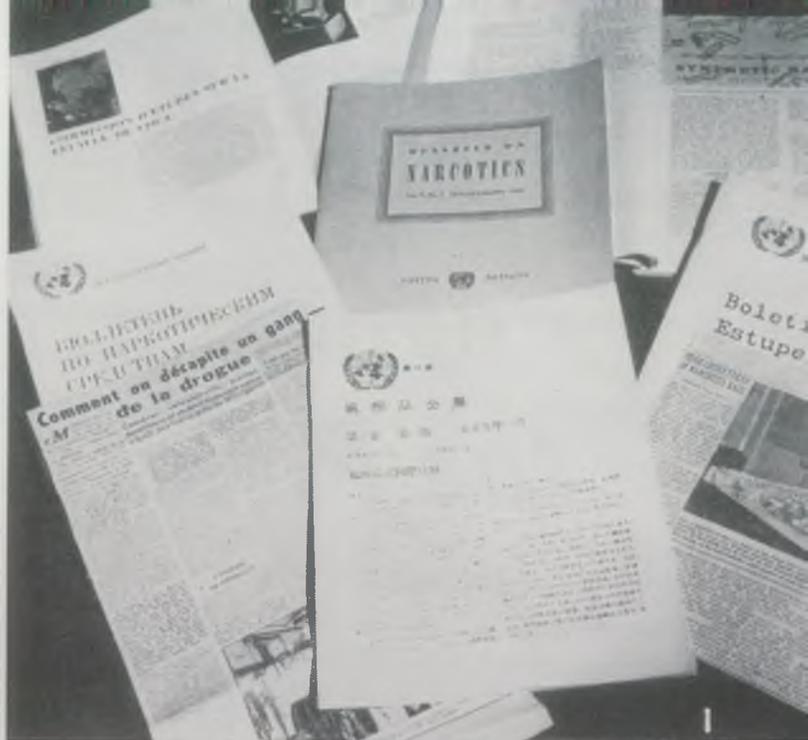
Another circumstance favoring the development of pneumonia during intoxication is the partial loss of control of the muscles of the throat and respiratory passages. The normal person is in

(Turn to page 29.)



President Theodore Roosevelt in 1909 took the first step toward international action in the sphere of narcotics control when he called a conference of nations having Far Eastern interests.

Today the vast job of keeping the world out of the clutches of narcotics addiction rests with the United Nations and the UN's Commission on Narcotic Drugs. The problem is not simple, but the ramifications are such that most nations are co-operative in trying to control illicit traffic of narcotics. In the words of the commission itself, however, the unlawful trade has had "large and well-financed groups operating in many countries and well supplied with money from its enormous profits and from the capital which adventurous traffickers were able to contribute."



# The UN Battles Narcotics

At commission headquarters in New York the work of international control is supplemented by laboratory work, which attempts to determine the origin of opium from an examination of its physical and chemical properties. Such a method of national identification would assist control enforcement greatly by pointing, sample by sample, to the portion of the globe from which traffic was being carried on.

Opium control is at present the most important function of the commission, but its work has also extended into the area of synthetic drugs, on which a protocol exists, and its interest is also focused on coca and Indian hemp. Backing up the work of the Commission on Narcotic Drugs are the national governments responsible for the execution of the control measures. Essentially it depends on these governments to what extent traffic, production, and addiction are limited or eliminated.

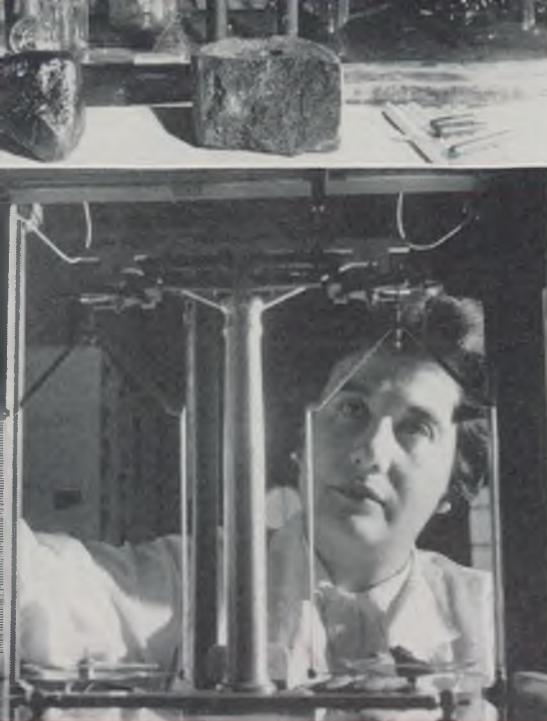


PHOTOS: THREE LIONS

3. At least once a year a full session of the Commission on Narcotic Drugs convenes to discuss methods for the implementation of drug controls.

4. Secretary General Dag Hammerskjold, of the UN signs the final act of the latest UN opium conference as Constantin Stavropoulos, of the UN legal department looks on.





The United Nations quarterly "Bulletin on Narcotics" is published in the five official languages of the organization: English, French, Spanish, Russian, and Chinese.

The instrument of ratification by the United States of the December, 1946, protocol transferred all previous agreements and conventions on narcotics to the jurisdiction of the UN and the World Health Organization. Member nations signed in 1948 the protocol bringing under UN control synthetic drugs. Primarily the commission has been concerned with opium, but coca and Indian hemp are problems, too.

Afyon, in Turkey, whose very name means "opium" in Turkish, is a center of the opium industry. Turkey has a strong opium production, a great deal of which is used for legal purposes.

Dr. Charles C. Fulton, head chemist of a group seeking a method to determine the origin of opium through chemical and physical analysis, works in the laboratory. Such a method would pinpoint the origin of the drugs found in illicit traffic and would enable the UN to track down the offending nation.

This average-sized chunk of opium seized in

illicit international narcotics traffic will be analyzed to determine the country of origin.

8. From left to right are samples of opium in different forms seized in illicit traffic. They are in the laboratory of the UN Commission on Narcotic Drugs for a determination of source.

9. The first step in chemical analysis of opium is weighing the sample. Next a chemist of the laboratory sets up an apparatus to extract the fats from opium as part of the determination process.

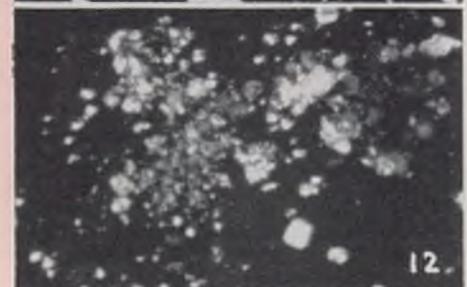
10. A Lovibond tintometer is used to measure the percentage of alkaloids in a sample of opium.

11. This is a photomicrograph of crystals of opium originating in Manchuria.

12. Another photomicrograph shows crystals of opium from Yugoslavia.

13. The paraphernalia of the coca-leaf chewer includes the leaves, the pouch for carrying the leaves, and the small gourd containing lime to be mixed with the leaves before they are chewed.

14. At left, looking much like a chunk of coal or a piece of chocolate, is a portion of raw opium from a seizure. At right is a can of cooked opium and in the foreground is a yen nok, part of the equipment used in smoking opium.



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# Alcohol Invades the Central Nervous System

Take a look at this central nervous system of ours: It is made up of the brain, consisting of the cerebrum, the cerebellum, the medulla oblongata, and the brain stem; and the spinal cord with many spinal nerves. All motions, senses, and body activities are controlled by the brain.

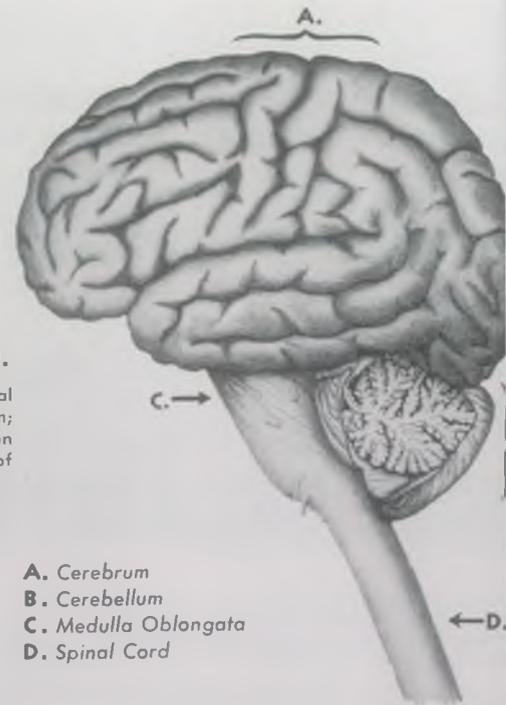
In addition, the autonomic nervous system (involuntary) reaches to every part of the body and controls the autonomic functions of the organs. Each hair on our head is controlled by a muscle from a branch of this intricate nervous system. Everything, including the entire area of the skin and even our toenails, is connected to it.

Therefore anything that affects the central nervous system and the autonomic nervous system affects the entire body, even our personality and emotions.

Now, what does alcohol do to this system?

by  
**Laurence A. Senseman, M.D.**

Director, Fuller Memorial Hospital and Sanitarium; Chairman, Commission of Alcoholism, State of Rhode Island



A. Cerebrum  
B. Cerebellum  
C. Medulla Oblongata  
D. Spinal Cord

ALCOHOL CONSUMED	BLOOD CONCENTRATION	SYMPTOMS	CONDITION
2-3 ounces whisky, or 4 twelve-ounce bottles beer (not an unusual amount to be imbibed at one time)	.05%	Depresses centers of inhibition, impairs judgment.	
5-6 ounces whisky or 8 bottles beer	.1%	Depresses motor and sensory areas. Drinker begins to stagger, has poor co-ordination, fumbles with keys, shows telltale thickness of speech. Has feeling of stimulation, but this is false, since his inhibitions and judgment are impaired.	
10 ounces whisky or 4 quarts beer	.2%	Disturbs entire motor area controlling emotions and behavior. Drinker needs help walking or removing clothing, is extremely emotional.	
1 pint whisky or 6 quarts beer	.3%	Depresses deeper centers of brain. Drinker becomes stuporous, no sense of what is going on around him, totally helpless.	
1 1/2 pints whisky or 9 quarts beer	.4%-.5%	Suppresses whole perceptive areas of brain and deep centers, resulting in coma.	
1 quart whisky	.6%-.7%	Death by paralysis of respiratory and cardiac centers.	

Alcohol, when ingested in any form, is rapidly absorbed by the stomach and intestines, and goes directly to the blood stream. Its effects on the muscles and various organs and tissues are due primarily to the selective depression of the controlling mechanisms of the brain and spinal cord. The highest centers of the brain are the most vulnerable to the toxic or depressant effects of alcohol, the most sensitive to the process of dulling the mind, of weakening self-control, of distorting sense of proportion, and of developing self-deception as to performance and abilities.

Alcohol makes a person feel free and without inhibitions; he may take unusual personal and social liberties, talk long and without much thought content. He has a feeling that he is superior to others; he has no realization of his own limitations.

In this fast-moving age of ours a person must have complete and constant control of his senses and reflexes. When he is mildly intoxicated, a few drinks will adversely affect his visual ability, his hearing acuity, and his touch perceptions as his reflexes are slowed up. In spite of all this, the drinker thinks he is in complete mastery of himself and his faculties—an extremely dangerous deception.

Over a period of time other effects of alcohol on the nervous system occur. Gradually the nerves in the legs

and arms are affected, finally resulting in paralysis, especially of the lower extremities. This can be a painful and incapacitating affliction.

Long-continued and habitual use of alcohol often results in a generalized deterioration and a vitamin deficiency that can be reversed only with considerable time, good food, and complete abstinence from all alcoholic beverages.

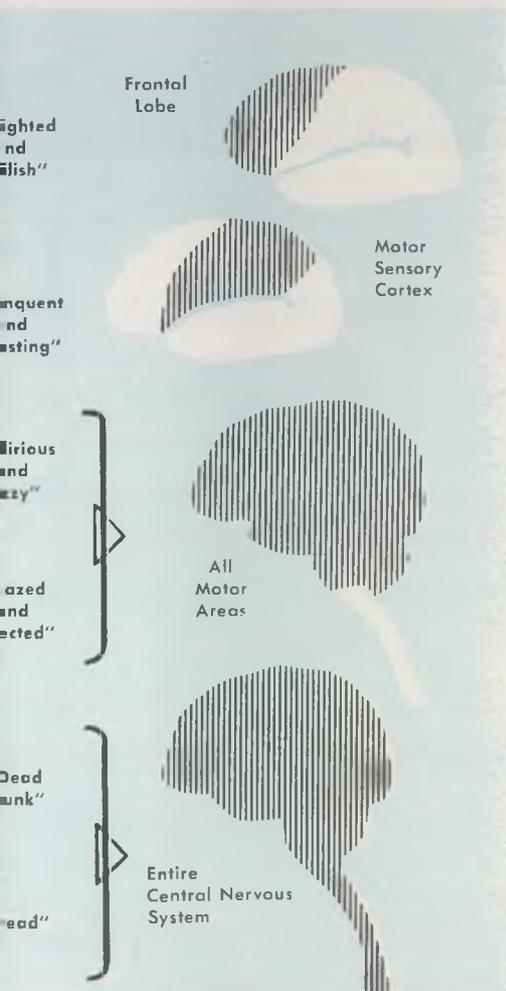
It is commonly thought, even by many intelligent persons, that beer, wine, and ale are harmless because they contain a lower percentage of alcohol than does hard liquor. This is a delusion.

Beer can be as harmful as the hardest liquor as far as damage to the central nervous system is concerned. It does require a greater quantity of beer to give the same amount of alcohol as there is in whisky. In the alcohol clinic operated by the State of Rhode Island, 60 per cent of those admitted are beer drinkers. In my own experience in treating patients, I find many beer drinkers who consume several gallons of beer a day, with devastating results.

It is therefore evident that alcohol, in any quantity or in any type of drink, is harmful to the central nervous system of man, striking at the power of reason, judgment, and intelligence—the very focus of that which makes a man what he is.

DRINKER

AREA AFFECTED



FIRST QUARTER

## Liquor Ads Don't Show This!

- The air was cool and invigorating at 2:30 in the morning on May 20, 1954, as William Thomas Meyers, a restaurant cook, of Richmond, California, left his last bar and sped home across the eight-mile San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. His speedometer climbed to sixty-seventy-eighty.

- Suddenly, 2½ miles west of the toll plaza, he veered across into a westbound lane, picked up even more speed, and in a moment roared down to the foot of the bridge slope, a mile from the toll plaza. Several cars swerved, successfully avoiding him. One was driven by State Trooper J. Billyear, who immediately made a U turn and, with siren blaring, rocketed after the speeding driver; but the officer never reached him.

- Gunner's Mate Daniel Edward Robel, a Pennsylvania sailor stationed aboard the U.S.S. "Orsinsky," driving westward, did not swerve soon enough, and the two cars met head-on, throwing Meyers out into the roadway, dead. Robel died three hours later in the Oakland Naval Hospital.

PHOTOS BY BILL CARRIER



# The Judge Looks at

# D O P E

**DREW S. CLIFTON**

Judge, Tarrant County Court  
at Law, Fort Worth, Texas



BOB ABEY PHOTO

**T**HE telephone rang. A young practicing lawyer of Fort Worth wanted an appointment to bring a mother and her son for a conference. They came at the specified time; but when the mother entered the court's chambers, she gave way emotionally, and we had to wait for her to gain control of herself.

"Judge," her lawyer told me, "I have three of this type of case, two of them Negro boys and this white boy. One of the Negro boys has been taking accessories off automobiles, selling his loot to fences [people who sell illegal properties into legitimate channels], and using the profits to buy narcotics. The other Negro boy has been burglarizing, and he, too, has been using his illegal gains to buy narcotics."

otics. Now, judge, he has broken me. I have gone as far as I can go."

I found that Jack came from a divided home. His mother divorced his father a number of years ago, but she has, under the circumstances, done wonderfully well with the family. However, she had reached her rope's end and wanted help. Jack was apparently suffering from emotional and mental trouble. Fifty per cent of all narcotics users suffer from such trouble.

I gained his confidence and promised him immunity if he would tell where he bought the narcotics. He gave me a list of more than twelve places, and I assure you those places are now in the hands of the proper authorities.

I suggested to the mother and the lawyer that they take Jack to the United States Public Health Service Hospital and let him become a volunteer patient in that institution, since narcotics users are treated there. The court could not sentence him to the hospital; for in order for this to be done, he would have to be caught buying or selling narcotics, or in possession of them. We did not have such evidence, except that he did admit he was a user. In those cases users of narcotics can volunteer to a United States Public Health Hospital for medical and psychological treatment.

Before he went out with his mother, I told her, "Give the clinic workers all the background you can, because they have many narcotics users, and he might get turned down."

Later it was reported that he was turned down, since he had had heroin only once or twice. He had only been smoking marijuana. It seems that a person must use heroin for about sixteen days before he is considered an addict.

The head of the admitting clinic told me, "I don't want to put him in the hospital, because he is not on the more serious narcotics yet. In other words, he can withdraw from marijuana, and there won't be any permanent aftereffects." The doctor, however, admitted that he might not withdraw;

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ROBERTS



Some addicts pay youngsters to steal and sell auto accessories for dope money.

After a while the mother of the white boy spoke up: "Judge, I have gone as far as I can go. I have reared two children, who have done well, but Jack has been a problem to me for some time. He fraudulently enlisted in the Armed Services, and then got a discharge because he was under eighteen. Ever since coming home he has been writing hot checks on me, and I have recently found out that he has been using the money to buy nar-

# To All Marriageable Daughters

Dearest Barbara:

Today is your wedding! You and Don reached for joy, and now you have found it. You are filled with ecstasy, looking forward to a wonderful life of togetherness.

I write to you because I know that marriage is a profession—one of the most satisfying. But it can be no better than the team of equal partners who make it.

A fine adjustment, you will discover, is not a miracle dropped in your lap, but a way of life worked out through the habit of putting yourself in the other fellow's shoes. Today's young moderns call it "empathy."

Dear, I mean not to brush the dreams from your heart, but to help you dream more dreams into reality.

You see, Babs, it isn't marriage that makes you happy. It's you and Don who will make the happiness. At the start find out what it is that irritates and what it is that is a source of pleasure. Find what is to be avoided and what to be encouraged.

Then there are the deeper things of life that need resources larger than those at our command. These we have when we know, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." If discouragement tugs, remember God is greater than the shadows. Make life an adventure of faith. Never entertain the thought of failure!

Plan a cheerful home that the children who will bless your marriage will enjoy. I heard Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick say that if he had his way, he would put "You shall have fun together the rest of your lives" into the marriage ceremony. Laughter ties together the ragged ends of human experiences.

Avoid habits and "entertainment" such as worldly parties and drinking. There are enough problems we cannot escape, without building wrong habits which cause loss of dignity and peace of mind.

Well do I remember a beautifully dressed woman who was your dad's partner at a dinner party—the wife of the president of a large company and mother of two fine sons. Before the evening was over she became intoxicated and, like an irresponsible child, ruined a handsome chair. She raised tear-filled eyes and sighed, "And I was graduated from college cum laude!" So you see, darling, it is not always the stupid and unthinking who become victims of alcohol. Frequently it's the most brilliant and pleasing men and women. Research proves you can drink moderately for years and then overnight become an alcoholic.

Fill your free time with community and church projects; daily strive to establish mutual interests. You will discover, "Life is great, not in doing great and wonderful things only, but rather in doing ordinary, commonplace things in a great and wonderful way."

Compliments, spontaneity, and affectionate banter further romance and a wonderful, rewarding sexual adjustment.

Have a goal. Successful homes are built on sound financial planning as well as on love.

Since you were tiny, Barbara, David and I have thought in terms of tomorrow rather than today, training you to be a potential wife and mother. So, "May all your tomorrows be as happy as your happiest yesterdays," my darling.

I wrap a package of love and send it to the charming daughter of the father of the bride.

Mother.

HELEN  
GREGG  
GREEN

A mother's letter written to her daughter on her wedding day—"not to brush the dreams from your heart, but to help you dream more dreams into reality."





U. S. D. A. PHOTOS



1. Time out for a drink! The Secretary personally has done much to promote the campaign for greater milk consumption.
2. Mr. Benson's friend is Trig, from the McKnight farm in Virginia.
3. An old hand at farm machinery discusses some problems with 4-H Club members.
4. Mrs. Benson visits the Secretary in his office, bringing along their three daughters, Beverly, Bonnie, and Beth.
5. After being sworn in, Ross Rizley of Oklahoma, assistant secretary of agriculture, receives congratulations.
6. Mr. Benson is a powerful, persuasive speaker, admired by all whether or not they agree with him.
7. Milk is good for young folks, says the Secretary, as he demonstrates what he means. Ann Brooke Smith has her glass filled.

# Purposeful Living

**EZRA TAFT BENSON** Secretary of Agriculture

Today the world—and youth in particular—faces a tremendous challenge. As we hover critically near the abyss of destruction we need, as never before, leaders who can dispel the clouds of catastrophe and usher in peace with its attendant blessings.

The answer has ever been available to mankind. The price of peace is righteousness. Men and nations may loudly proclaim, "Peace, peace," but there shall be no peace until individuals nurture in their souls those principles of personal purity, integrity, and character which foster the development of peace. Peace cannot be imposed. It must come from the lives and hearts of men. There is no other way.

I believe it takes courage to trust in God and do the right. No other course, however, leads to a fullness of joy and achievement. Successful, happy living must be built each day with care. Essential foundation stones are clean thoughts, clean speech, and clean actions. Sometimes those who follow such a course are branded as being different. To be different may be embarrassing if one is wrong, but it is an enviable distinction to be different if one is right.

We tend to associate with those of like ideals. Only the wholesome have the capacity to lift and encourage one another to greater service, to greater achievement, to greater strength. Those who follow an opposite course serve only to intensify those unwholesome actions and desires which are the breeding ground for regrets and disillusionment.

Every physical or moral force which impairs or destroys man's ability to think clearly, to act nobly, to serve zealously

and purposefully, is destructive of man's character and is an enemy of peace. The fruits of such indulgence are indolence, lust, greed, suspicion, hatred, and all their attendant companions.

Ours must be a crusade for clean, purposeful living. Only those who steadfastly pursue such a course ever experience real peace, real freedom. Those fettered by insatiable appetites for things destructive of man's noblest qualities never know either real freedom or the sweet fruits of inward peace.

I am deeply grateful and justly proud that mine was a clean, upright, wholesome heritage. How I appreciate and cherish my honorable parents and inspiring associates! The bounteous blessings and rich rewards that have been mine are, in my judgment, not the products of chance, but the results of well-ordered purposeful living instilled within my soul as a youth and nurtured through the years by friends and associates of the highest character. Knowing the infinite joy and peace of mind which result from never having used narcotics, smoked a cigarette, or taken a drink of liquor, never indulging in stories of a questionable character, or knowingly profaning the name of Deity, I can sincerely commend such a course to all.

As we exemplify the good life, the nobility lying within others will rise in majesty to meet our own. Together we may form the vanguard which will lead the way to the long-heralded "on earth peace, good will toward men." It pays everlasting dividends to live the good life.



Seldom have more intense political storms swirled around a public figure than those which have buffeted Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson during his Cabinet term as he has attempted to reverse the direction of the national farm program from one of Government handout to one based on more individual initiative.

Regardless of varied personal views, however, members of all American political parties see in Mr. Benson a man of courage and immovable conviction in what he believes is for the good of the country as a whole.

Demonstrating such conviction in practical ways, the Secretary has vigorously sponsored nationwide advertising programs

for dairy products and farm crops. This tends not only to reduce expensive surpluses, but in a positive way improves the nation's health and provides what is best for its citizens.

Mr. Benson is devoutly religious in both his home and public life, with an unbending faith in the efficacy of prayer. Office associates often find him praying. Said one, "He spends as much time on his knees as he does on his feet."

The Secretary, as well as his family, is a sincere adherent to those principles of abstention which make for the full and happy life. The lead he is thus giving the nation is to be commended. It is one which youth planning for a successful future would do well to emulate.



ERNEST GORDON

## French Medicine and the Problem of Heredity



adults sink into relative insignificance when compared with what they practice on the children of drinkers.

*"Alcoholism is more disastrous to the offspring of the alcoholic than to the alcoholic himself.*

"Apart from bad example and alcoholic poverty, the alcoholic bequeaths to his children many different deficiencies. Fifty to 90 per cent of degenerates (in France) are children of alcoholics, percentages varying in different areas of France; 60 per cent of misfits also. Of juvenile delinquents one half are of alcohol provenance; in Paris three fourths.

"Among poisons, whose action on the nervous system and organs of reproduction is markedly fatal, alcohol incontestably takes the first place. Tests made by Nicloux recently have shown that of all glands, the endocrine and digestive glands and the testicles retain the most alcohol. You may be sure it does not remain inactive. Above all, it attacks the noble elements which produce the germ cells and the internal secretions indispensable to general equilibrium. It overturns their structure and stifles and hardens them.

"It is not astonishing, then, that children issuing from abnormalized germs are marked for a miserable future. *Heredo-alcooliques* (children burdened with an alcohol inheritance) have undeveloped genital organs and a nervous system permanently unstable and often wholly disorganized. With moral sense weakened, when not extinguished, they are the destined prey of bad impulses. This is not usually understood by those who are unaware of their alcoholic antecedents.

"Degenerates and children of degenerates, they often crumble into manias. From the pitiful flock of sons and daughters of drunkards are recruited social rebels, misfits, the vicious, prosti-

tutes, and criminals—in proportion of 75 per cent.

"Certainly all *heredo-alcooliques* are not fatally destined to organic or psychic degeneracy, to crime and insanity. There are degrees in their morbidity. These depend on the age and intensity of the intoxications of those who bred them.

*"But never, absolutely never, do the children of alcoholics come into the world wholly sound.* If, as infants, they do not show visible defects, abnormalities of limb, of skull, of thorax, so common among them, they suffer often from gastric disturbances, are nervous, crying, agitated, and usually puny. At twenty they can have the size of a child of twelve or fourteen. As to intelligence, even under the most favorable conditions there is backwardness in comprehension, difficulty in fixing attention, which at times becomes impossible. Others are simple-minded, mentally undeveloped, even idiotic.

"To complete the picture one must add that these children are frequent prey to convulsions and epilepsies. Two thirds, at least, of the cases of real epilepsy, so say the specialists, have an alcoholic heredity.

"The parents may be sober at conception. But what happens when the mother takes drink during pregnancy?

"The fetus must always pay for the intemperance of its mother. The organic injuries will be in proportion to the period of the pregnancy. During the first two months in which the maternal blood brings this poison to the fetus, that is, when all is fluid and beginning to take shape, the whole work of construction of tissues can be profoundly modified. The infant will be born, if born, dwarfed with abnormalities or monstrosities. If the alcohol intervention comes later in the fetal life, when permanent form has already been

**T**HE following excerpts are taken from *Un Fleau social l'Alcoolisme*, a publication of the French National Committee for Defense Against Alcoholism. This committee is headed by Dr. Rouvillois, the official head also of the medical profession in France, and in its membership is the entire medical faculty of the University of Paris, deans of all the French medical schools, and a long list of eminent medical professors and specialists.

"Alcoholism is a sickness more treacherous than syphilis, tuberculosis, and cancer, since it is caused by a slow and unperceived impregnation of the organism with alcohol. *Hundreds of thousands are alcoholics who never have been drunk. For alcoholism is a permanent state, due to repeated consumption of small amounts of alcoholic drink.*

"Alcohol is an antifeed because it dehydrates the mucous membrane, coagulates the albumen, checks action of the digestive fluids, prevents the utilization of vitamins, hinders the action of sugar in muscular contraction.

"Nor does it warm the body. It is the single known substance which cannot be utilized in the production of heat because the speed of its oxidation never increases.

"In France, two thirds of the alcoholics are wine alcoholics (*viniques*). Wine is the juice of grapes, devitalized by the loss of sugar and become harmful by the emergence in it of alcohol."

But the devastations of alcohol on

reached and the organs definitely shaped, functional troubles as well as organic disturbance will be less.

"That which one must fix in one's mind, must repeat to others again and again, is that *the intoxication of one day, a single day, on the mother's part can be catastrophic for the little one she is carrying. It can cause malformations which may perpetuate themselves to numerous generations.*"

Official 1953 documentary confirmation can be found in the 145-page *Report of the Cost of Alcoholism in France* issued by the president of the Council of the French Government. The director of the investigation was M. Brunaud of the Ministry of Finance. The following briefly summarizes its conclusions on alcohol and heredity:

1. Syphilis plays a minor part in heredity of abnormal children.

2. *The coexistence of an alcoholic heredity with bodily or mental abnormalities is very common. It has been proved to exist in 50 per cent of cases. The constancy of this proportion in all classes of children is very striking.*

3. As a provisional conclusion, the investigator considers that *three fourths of the congenital bodily or mental abnormalities discovered are related to the alcoholism of forebears.*

4. *Juvenile delinquencies seem to be related to these abnormalities.* Circumstances unrelated to alcoholic heredity and family conditions contribute without doubt to provoke a criminal act, as for example bad company, but they would not have sufficed if alcoholism and its (inherited) effects had not preceded them.—*United Evangelical Action*, March 15, 1954, pages 5, 6 (29, 30).

## Wine and France's Government

The question is often asked: "Does the drinking custom of France have a connection with the unstable political situation?" A member of the French parliament, discussing this subject in the parliament, said, "The government could propose that the sale of alcohol should be forbidden at the bar and in the restaurant of our parliament. One does not want to find members of parliament who denounce the bad effects of alcoholism, sitting in front of a glass of alcohol. The prime minister has just been saying he had difficulty in following the discussion because of the noise. If we abstain from all alcohol we should perhaps be more fit to discuss our problems."

That speaks for itself.

FIRST QUARTER

## ICELAND

Iceland is a country illustrating the effect of international co-ordination of effort on the alcohol problem. Iceland had prohibition at one period, but through the action of two other countries this regime of prohibition was defeated. One of Iceland's essential exports is fish. Spain refused to buy



## Alcohol in the Arctic

MADELINE  
GEORGE

"Operation Bluejay" was a completed reality before Americans were appraised of the fact that a huge new air base was being constructed at Thule, in northwest Greenland. To construct this base far above the Arctic Circle, five thousand men worked for two summers with the best industrial equipment and technical skill.

These civilians labored as much as seventy hours a week at premium wages under the supervision of Army engineers. Included in the crews were a number of alcoholics, according to Knute Lee, one of the Protestant chaplains stationed there. These alcoholics went to that icy land with the promise that there would be no alcohol at the job site. However, it wasn't long until some others wanted booze. So, contrary to the promise, beer was brought in. Soon drunkenness became a problem, with many jobs being lost because of drinking.

The four chaplains, two Protestant and two Catholic, had a greatly increased task to keep morale on a high level. Lutheran Chaplain Lee was one who fought vigorously against the degrading influences. He helped direct the Christian men who distributed thousands of handbills encouraging the workers to attend religious services.

Besides preaching, the chaplains had other duties, such as conducting mid-week meetings, visiting the men working on the bulldozers and in the shops and quarries, and delivering messages

Iceland's fish unless Iceland imported Spanish wine, and the power of international trade was evident when France strongly supported Spain in this action.

The temperance sentiment is strong in Iceland. Out of a population of 148,000, nearly 24,000 people are members of temperance organizations, the Order of Good Templars being the largest.

of the death of some loved one at home. On such occasions the men were grateful to have the chaplain's support, with prayer to God and words from the Bible. The chaplain's tape recorder was usually kept busy in transcribing "talking letters," which the men mailed home to lonesome wives and children who could hear the father's voice. Then they would be returned for eager ears to hear the laughter and chatter, and even sobs, of the folks at home.

To combat the foul language so rampant in the camp, Chaplain Lee encouraged the display of antiprofanity posters (such as those distributed by E. L. Wertheim, 11 West Forty-second Street, New York).

Now the base is finished and in operation, having had its full share of publicity. The workmen who did the job that couldn't be done, in an impossible place, have left Greenland and are back in their American homes.

Chaplain Lee, too, is with his family again, and is teaching at Luther College, in Decorah, Iowa, where he thrills his students with tales of his months above the Arctic Circle. Perhaps he also tells them what he told me:

"Of the millions of drunkards in the world, none started with the intention of slipping that far. The man who never touches liquor can never become a drunkard. The sensible thing is to leave it alone. My stay in the arctic has only intensified that conviction."



Some tangible suggestions for solving a difficult modern problem.

HARMON T.  
BLAKE

## What Road for the Juvenile?

GALLOWAY

**B**ILLY was given only a small allowance each week, so inadequate that he was always kidded about it by his buddies; yet his parents would not let him work. Motivated by a need for money, he responded to the jeers of his friends by stealing automobile caps. Soon the police caught him in the act. He was warned and released; and his shocked parents, after lecturing him, forbade his going out with his friends again. Billy went anyway, and before long learned a better way to steal. After three months he was convicted of a more serious crime. Now he is in reform school, where it is doubtful that he will change. Billy is only thirteen.

Virginia looks back to high-school social clubs as her initial mistake. The members of her society smoked in public and drank in private. She did both the first time because everyone else did, and she experienced a guilty pleasure at fooling the authorities and her parents. However, she discovered that she couldn't control her urge to drink. When the school banned the societies, Virginia joined a group who found pleasure in rowdiness, smoking, and drinking. Her need for money to buy liquor turned Virginia into a pusher of dope. Eventually she was caught and is now going through the difficult process of reform. Virginia is sixteen.

Jimmie began his career of crime with vandalism. He did small things at first, such as dumping over ash trays in theaters, but he was challenged to think of new things—sticking gum on

the seats or smearing walls with lipstick. Then came New Year's Eve, when he slashed open forty seats in a theater balcony and stuffed dead fish under the mezzanine lounges. That brought him into court for destruction of property. Fortunately Jimmie took the advice of the police, and found friends that knew something better to do. The police have wiped him off the books as a juvenile problem, though their fingers are crossed. He is fifteen.

In Portland, Oregon, a so-called Broadway Gang for a time terrorized the merchants along the street. The gang would gather at corners and make insulting remarks to the passers-by, and would flood a business place, becoming rowdy and destructive, until the police would have to be called.

They were alternately moody and withdrawn, or loud and silly. They were barred from every downtown theater and were constantly under the supervision of the police. Some became users of narcotics. All of them spent the promising years of their life contributing nothing but trouble to anyone.

These typical cases are duplicated many times over in every city in the nation. Situations like these reflect the confusion and lack of direction that characterize our world today. It is a time of double standards, of a never-settled conflict between what is approved and what is forbidden. The laws of most states deny the right to smoke to a person until he is twenty-one, yet a majority of parents break

this law every day and further moral decline by complacently watching their children indulge in the smoking habit from the age of fifteen up. Curfew laws go unenforced as the teen-ager stays out till twelve or one instead of the law-approved ten or eleven.

The privilege of driving a car when a young person reaches sixteen and is physically able to handle the vehicle, although he is still emotionally immature, has forced insurance companies to increase their rates on this group to far beyond that of any other age division.

Parties for teen-agers now include beer and liquor as more or less permissible rather than being forbidden as they once were.

These are some symbols of a moral revolution in which all previous concepts are being re-evaluated. In this time there is nothing steady to cling to, and youth reveals its instability in its fierce independence, pseudo wisdom, and sophistication while trying to hide its unsure mind and trembling heart.

Though there is no single reason for the juvenile difficulties of today, much of it can be traced to the years of World War II, when formerly placid cities were suddenly flooded with laborers who made high wages, lived in temporary homes, and found their entertainment in beer taverns or shows.

Now the problem has reached a climax. Parents can be blind to it no longer. Youth is searching for a cure, but none has been presented as a complete solution. Prevention is the only cure, say the police, but what about the juveniles who find themselves beyond prevention? What do they have to hold to in a time when the standards of the world are changing? Here are some answers:

1. Community enterprises giving youth a feeling that they belong to something, will ease the situation.

2. There must be greater emphasis on, and participation in, a satisfying home life for both children and parents.

3. Parents and their children must work together in an atmosphere of mutual respect for one another's rights and independence.

4. The greatest change will come as there is sincere search after a life founded on solid faith in God and a deep devotion to religious ideals.

Youth needs a rein upon it, but the hand that controls must be wise and tempered with love if it is to help the generation it produced to know responsibility and a sense of peace, to discover something worth while to believe in and work for. Until then, youth will be the lonely, drifting, and pathetic figures of lost hope that now weigh upon the conscience of America.

# Sarge Says

CLIFFORD THOMAS

# NO!

**C**ONGRATULATIONS, kid. We'll be seeing you at the mess tonight." Roy Dickson was standing before the bulletin board reading his company orders for the following day, and saw with surprise the notice of his promotion to the rank of sergeant.

Roy turned around, to find Sergeant Phillips of another platoon, a rough, uncouth man, speaking. He wondered how he would be able to tolerate this man, with whom he now would be closer associated.

"I guess I'll be there," observed Roy, moving away.

He walked back to his room, his brow knit in deep thought. The sergeants' mess also had a bar. Several times he had passed by in the evening and noticed the sergeants standing around drinking and telling ribald jokes. He dropped wearily onto his camp cot still pondering the situation. Because he did not drink, his sensitive nature shrank from such company. Somehow he wished to avoid that place. However, just then Sergeant Phillips poked his head through the door, interrupting his train of thought.

"Don't forget you're supposed to come over to the mess," he said.

"I know," said Roy. "I'll be over in time for dinner."

"Aren't you coming over for a drink first?"

"No, I don't drink."

"You're nuts," and the sergeant threw him a contemptuous look.

A few minutes before dinnertime, Roy went over to the dining room,

which had a separate entrance. The silence of the room accentuated the murmur of voices in the bar and the clink of glasses.

Presently the others trooped in. Immediately he sensed a feeling of resentment on the part of the others that he had not joined the group at the bar and treated them to drinks to celebrate his promotion. He could not understand why they should take such an attitude merely because he didn't drink. During the next two weeks they left him strictly alone.

One morning Sergeant Phillips stopped him as he came out of his room.

"Say," he said, "why are you in bad at the mess? Are you too high-hat to mix with the crowd? And they don't like your going into the dining room before anybody else, either."

"Well, I don't drink," explained Roy, "and I wouldn't feel at ease."

"Nonsense! No one will force you to drink. You *could* be a little more sociable. Anyway, it's your headache. I wanted you to know how they felt."

Roy had deliberately held aloof. On the other hand, he could not condone drinking. But Sergeant Phillips had said, "No one will force you to drink."

That evening he decided to join the rest. He knew it would take courage, but he was not afraid.

When he walked into the barroom, several members raised their eyebrows in surprise.

"Hi, bartender," called one of them; "here's Roy Dickson for his milk."

(Turn to page 33.)

Roy was miserable, until he had the courage to stand up and declare his principles.



# Dr. Kate

Interview by  
HARVEY HANSEN



Against the backdrop of a huge penny, the Million Penny Parade for Dr. Kate's community hospital is boosted by the presence of the beloved physician herself.

After twenty-three years of service, in the rigors of freezing winters and over rugged back roads, Dr. Kate Pelham Newcomb, at sixty-eight, still is beloved physician to scattered communities and dwellings in the northern Wisconsin wilds.

But her unselfish devotion could not long be hidden in the lonely woodlands and lake country. Nationwide publicity and honor were awarded her on Ralph Edwards' television program "This Is Your Life," and in *The Reader's Digest* story about her (June, 1954).

The TV story brought the Million Penny Parade to a heart-warming climax. This parade was the idea of Arbor Vitae-Woodruff High-School students for raising funds for the now debt-free Lakeland Memorial Hospital at Woodruff. By summertime, after "This Is Your Life" televised Dr. Kate on St. Patrick's Day, more than 200,000 pieces of mail arrived, increasing the hospital fund by \$106,276.

The hospital is the tribute of a grateful community and a responsive nation to this dedicated country doctor.

Dr. Kate, exemplifying in her life the highest achievements of unselfish service and idealism, demonstrates anew by her testimony the fact that those attaining the best of life have no time or desire for such belittling and damaging habits as the use of alcohol and tobacco.

*"Naturally, I do not use intoxicants, narcotics, and tobacco. Why start a habit so many people must break later on anyway?"*

*Kate Pelham Newcomb M.D.*



"Doc" Webb, merchandising miracle man of the South, built up the world's largest package liquor store, with profits in the hundreds of thousands of dollars—then threw it all out! Here he reveals the reason for such a fantastic move by a shrewd businessman.



# Miracle

## of My Life

"Listen" interviews J. E. "Doc" Webb, of Webb's City, Saint Petersburg, Florida

*When did you go into business, Doc?*

In 1908 when I was nine years old. At sixteen I owned a drugstore in Tennessee.

*What was the beginning of Webb's City in Saint Petersburg?*

I moved to Saint Petersburg to improve my health. In 1925 I opened a drugstore in a little cubbyhole 18 x 25 feet, with six employees.

*From that small beginning how large has it now grown?*

It is now the world's largest drugstore, covering four city blocks, employing 16,000 workers, and doing last year a \$23,000,000 business. On many days Webb's City does \$100,000 worth of business in one day, nearly three times the \$38,900 the original drugstore did the first year.

*This certainly must bring you wide publicity?*

Webb's is the world's most famous drugstore, having been played up in national magazines, such as *Life*, *Look*, *Fortune*, *Collier's*, *The Saturday Evening Post*. Our customers come from all over the world.

*Is Webb's City a drugstore only?*

Indeed not. There are fifty-seven types of businesses in Webb's City, each with a separate manager, but each a part of the whole. The drugstore, however, is the major business in this large group, a collection which includes appliance stores, a dry-cleaning plant, service station, surgical supply house, pet shop, and scores of others.

*Is there anything you don't sell?*

We have everything from perfume to pitchforks, from groceries to gas, from pets to pencils. However,—and I want to be sure this exception is made,—we don't sell whisky.

*Did you ever sell liquor?*

I opened a package store immediately after booze became legal, one of the first to be opened, and built it up to \$2,250,000 a year. This was the largest single package store in the world, with the one possible exception of Macy's in

New York City. I also opened a restaurant and cocktail parlor down on the beach. It did \$250,000 business in cocktails.

*What kind of profits did you make?*

My liquor business brought in \$171,000 gross profit, or two thirds of the profit for the whole business.

*Well, Doc, weren't you satisfied with these tremendous profits?*

I began to "follow the bottles home." Everything seemed O.K. at the store, but I began to consider what was happening afterward. I watched people of my acquaintance. Women with disheveled appearance came to buy liquor in the mornings. I noticed a gradual decline in some of my friends and business acquaintances. I could see, too, that their children were being affected.

*What did that have to do with you?*

I came to feel I was the cause of it. I came to feel that every accident, every drunken driver, every drink-fallen woman, was the result of my business. It preyed on my mind, my conscience. As I saw the stuff sold, I could visualize the wrecks, the degradation, the troubles.

*Did all this become a serious matter with you?*

Yes, I declined in health, kept failing, becoming worse. Finally, I told the Lord in prayer (I am a believer in prayer, for the Lord is in there fighting for you), "If I can get my health back, I'll throw the stuff out. I'll get rid of the whisky, the whole thing."

*But what about the profits?*

I hesitated. It's a fearful thing to throw away all those profits in a business!

*Did your associates and customers want you to throw the stuff out?*

Well, in an unexplained manner, while I hesitated, letters began to pour in urging me to get rid of the junk. "Doc," they would say, "you're a good man. We admire you. But why don't you toss out the whisky?" Five hundred letters came in a short time. I have



## "DOC" WEBB SAYS—

**"If you aren't in the liquor business, by all means stay out of it. And if you are in it, either as manager or employee, for God's sake, and man's, too, get out of it!"**

### Editorial Note:

"Listen," in presenting this interview with "Doc" Webb, commends this spectacular businessman for the vigorous and courageous step he has taken in refusing to be party to the danger and degradation drink brings to others.



them yet in these files for reference. Letters from all over the world—England and other countries. In addition, several prominent ministers came to see me. They hadn't come to visit me before, but now they all urged me to quit selling drink.

*What did all this lead to?*

Finally the decision was made, clean and complete. I'm proud of that achievement. It is the miracle of my life!

*Have you often regretted the decision, Doc?*

During the approximately twenty-one years that have elapsed since quitting whisky, beer, and wine, I have not regretted at all the millions lost in sales, and the nearly million gross profits, figured on the scale of over-all increase in business, since then.

*What about your health?*

I am healthier, happier now. I was always in trouble before. Wives and mothers were jumping on me for what I was doing to their families. I was in the middle of fights in the industry and the liquor business. Remember this, it isn't the clean, upstanding type of businessman who is selling this stuff!

*Would you ever go back to selling liquor?*

I'll never sell another bottle of the stuff—whisky, wine, or beer. Now I have a clear conscience. I'm living now! I've bettered my own life as well as others.

*What about the influence of religion?*

I'm not talking as a moralist or as a religionist. This is straight from a hard-headed businessman.

*What about losing all those sales?*

In total sales we made back the very next year all we lost in liquor, with an additional gain of \$75,000, counting commitments with other stores, which are eventually figured in sales. The Lord was in there fighting for me.

*Would you advise other businessmen to do what you have done?*

Let me say this to other businessmen: I know you will do better by throwing drink out. You will be happier, much happier. I know!

Don't fear to get out. The Lord will work with you, and give you more than before, as long as you put the same amount of effort into it. You will make more money, you will have many burdens lifted from your shoulders. Be-

*(Turn to page 34.)*

**W**HEN I first saw Frank James, he looked like a man who did not deserve being given even a first chance to make good. Even he termed himself a tramp. I was agent for the Rock Island Railroad at Okeene, Oklahoma. When I came out of the station one day, he approached me. Not only were his clothes old, but they looked as if they had been slept in. His face was unshaven and weary-worn.

Extending his hand, he gave the grip of a secret order of which at that time I was an enthusiastic member. "I heard of you at the last station where I worked," he said, addressing me by name. "I am a railroad clerk and telegrapher. Is there something around the station I can do to earn a meal?"

When I invited him into the office, I remembered that there were two messages on the telegram hook. As he sat down at the telegraph table, I told him the call for the relay office and our station call in case he wanted to send the messages. Soon he proved that he was a Morse telegrapher.



by  
**MILBURN C.  
HARPER**



# The Tramp Telegrapher

Gradually his story unfolded. "I don't have to tell you I'm a tramp," he began; "my looks confirm that."

My reason told me that he would not be in this condition if something were not wrong.

"For several years now," he went on, "I've been fired from every job because of drinking. No sooner have I managed to work long enough to get a check than it goes for liquor. Now I can work in one place only until my record catches up with me."

His wife and small daughter, he said, were living on the charity of his wife's brother in Memphis, Tennessee.

"If you could only give me a job, I'll leave whisky alone." His frankness and earnestness appealed to me. I told him to go to the Star Restaurant, and I would telephone the owner to give him a good dinner. I had learned from experience not to give tramps money, for it nearly always went for liquor instead of food.

"I need a telegrapher," I told him on his return. He made an ardent appeal for the place, and urged that I put him to work. If the superintendent wouldn't confirm it, there would be no expense except his food and a place to sleep on the floor; then he would reimburse me when he got enough work.

So I put him to work. First, though, I took him to Dave Ruperts, proprietor of a general store, introduced him, and told Dave to fix him up with good clothes, and I'd take care of the bill. Then I gave Frank two dollars for a bath, a hair-cut, and a shave.

In less than two hours a man of surprisingly different appearance returned to the office. He went to work while I

fixed a bed in the depot for him. My wife and I lived in the station. From the very beginning his work was satisfactory.

Frank was anxious about his wife and daughter. When I requested a transportation pass for them from Memphis to Okeene, Mrs. James and the girl arrived promptly. We took them in with us at the station. Mrs. James was a small woman with a decided Southern accent, very pleasant, and was good company for my wife as well as a help to her.

Frank and his family seemed very happy, and we learned to love them.

One day, however, Mrs. James said to me hesitantly, "Mr. Harper, Frank is drinking."

I couldn't believe it. Not using liquor in any form myself, I thought I could detect it on anyone who did.

A few days later she came to me again. "Mr. Harper, I hate to say this, but Frank has received a supply of liquor from someplace."

"Where on earth can he get it?" I asked. His one pay check so far had been given to his wife for needed clothes and supplies.

Some time later, while Frank was out, she called me to the freight house and pointed to several cases of whisky billed to a saloon man in Seiling. Since Seiling was an inland town about twenty miles from Okeene, merchants, including a saloon owner, had their merchandise billed to Okeene by rail and hauled to Seiling by wagon.

Awaiting the convenience and weather to be freighted to Seiling, the shipment had been on hand several days. I found that a case of whisky had been broken into and several bottles had been taken.

About that time the superintendent wrote me to dispense with Frank's services at once, because his application for bond had been refused by the bonding company.

Mrs. James and I confronted Frank with a question, "Where is the whisky that should be in this case?" Frank, although a stouthearted man, broke down and confessed to the theft.

"While I was unloading the shipment and storing it in the freight house," he said, "the whisky was a magnet to me, more powerful every time I passed it. I thought of the opportunity you have given me here, of the confidence you have placed in me. I thanked God for you and for my wife, who has suffered so much and still has remained faithful and ready to come to me after I have demonstrated my weakness time and time again. But I've lost again!"

Frank turned to me. Beads of perspiration were on his upper lip and forehead, even though it was not a warm day. "Mr. Harper, please give me a chance once more. I'll even be your bonded servant, which is far better than being a slave to alcohol. I know my fate—yes—and that of my wife and child are in your hands. Will you trust me once more, both of you? Just once more?"

His desperation was deeply moving. Besides, I thought, having all but hit bottom, might he not start the climb back?

Decisively I went to the typewriter. I prepared a pledge in my own words. He signed it, with his wife, my wife, and me as witnesses.

I then wrote the superintendent that if he would let me keep Frank on the job, I'd be responsible under my own bond for him. Almost immediately I received a terse telegram, "Dispense with James's services at once as instructed."

The message was final.

Frank found a position at Savannah, Oklahoma, on the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railway, and soon his wife and family joined him.

Shortly after they left, I transferred from the Rock Island Railroad to the Frisco. We left Okeene and lost track of the Jameses for a few months, until one day, in Claremore, where I was relieving the agent, Frank walked in unannounced.

"I've kept my pledge," he said. "But my past record still hampers me. I'm going to keep that pledge, though, come what may."

Frank had kept that pledge until his death, an example of the successful life unhampered and unhandicapped by alcohol.

## High Cost of "Living"

The young mother trotted her fretful baby and talked freely with nearby passengers. "We find it very difficult," she said, "to live on my husband's salary; prices are so high."

Later in the afternoon, she handed her baby to a nearby passenger and went to the front of the car where drinks were being served. I had noticed that her fingers were yellow, her teeth discolored, and her eyes had the look of the excessive smoker. As soon as she sat down in the club section of the car she lighted a cigarette. She ordered a whisky and soda and paid \$1.25 for it.

The direct cost of liquor and tobacco in our country is approaching \$14,000,000,000 a year. The indirect cost is probably even larger. This staggering sum is more than seven times the cost of church and religious activities. It shows how untrue is the statement that most people, by saving, diligence, and economy, could not provide for their own retirement. It tells us much about the cause of juvenile delinquency, divorce, crime, poverty, and moral disintegration.—"Christian Economics."

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### YOU CAN'T SELL LIQUOR

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*(Continued from page 6)*

That meant I had been suspended from my job. For an hour I walked aimlessly trying to decide what to do. I was humiliated. My weakness condemned me. I felt that I didn't have a friend left in the world. In the end, I bought a fifth of rye and headed for home.

My secret would soon be out in the open now. There was no longer any reason to tipple in the garage. To build up my courage to the point where I could confess to my wife, I took a long drink and then another. Finally, I put the cork in the bottle and placed it in the refrigerator. As I did, a hand reached out and groped toward me. I rubbed my eyelids with my fingers, and the hand disappeared. With a cry, I ran to the telephone and dialed my wife's business number. As soon as she answered, I blurted out the whole story.

After a brief silence, she said in a voice devoid of expression, "I see. Well, thank you for calling."

I fumbled the receiver back into its cradle, and the dull ache I had been conscious of for a long time became a searing pain that traveled upward to

become the beating of tom-toms in my head. I pitched forward onto the rug. Before I blacked out, I prayed, "God, help me. Please, somebody help me!"

For days I lived in a nightmare of shifting impressions. One minute I would recognize shadows on the floor as shadows, window plants as plants. The next minute they were tarantulas that turned into reaching hands. The red roses on the side table were roses; then they were hands with blood-red fingernails.

Twice I was conscious of a clean-cut young doctor bending over me. Through it all I was conscious of swallowing pills, of taking sips of water, of trying to obey when my wife held glasses of half milk and half cream to my mouth with the request, "Try to drink all of it, Riley; this is good for you."

Eventually the reaching hands I had been seeing blurred into sunsets and ceiling murals, and, although I didn't realize it, the worst of the craving was gone, and I could see my wife clearly.

Standing slim and straight in the doorway, she asked cheerfully, "Feel strong enough to make a decision?"

I answered humbly, "I feel like a worm."

An expression of distaste flitted across her face. "I didn't mean that. I've talked to the supervisor."

"What did he say?"

"At first he was inclined to throw the book at you. Then after reviewing your rating and understanding that you had been absolutely honest about money, never missed a day, or been late to work, he decided to give you a chance."

"I never want to see another liquor store as long as I live!"

"Then I'll write a letter of resignation for you to sign," she answered.

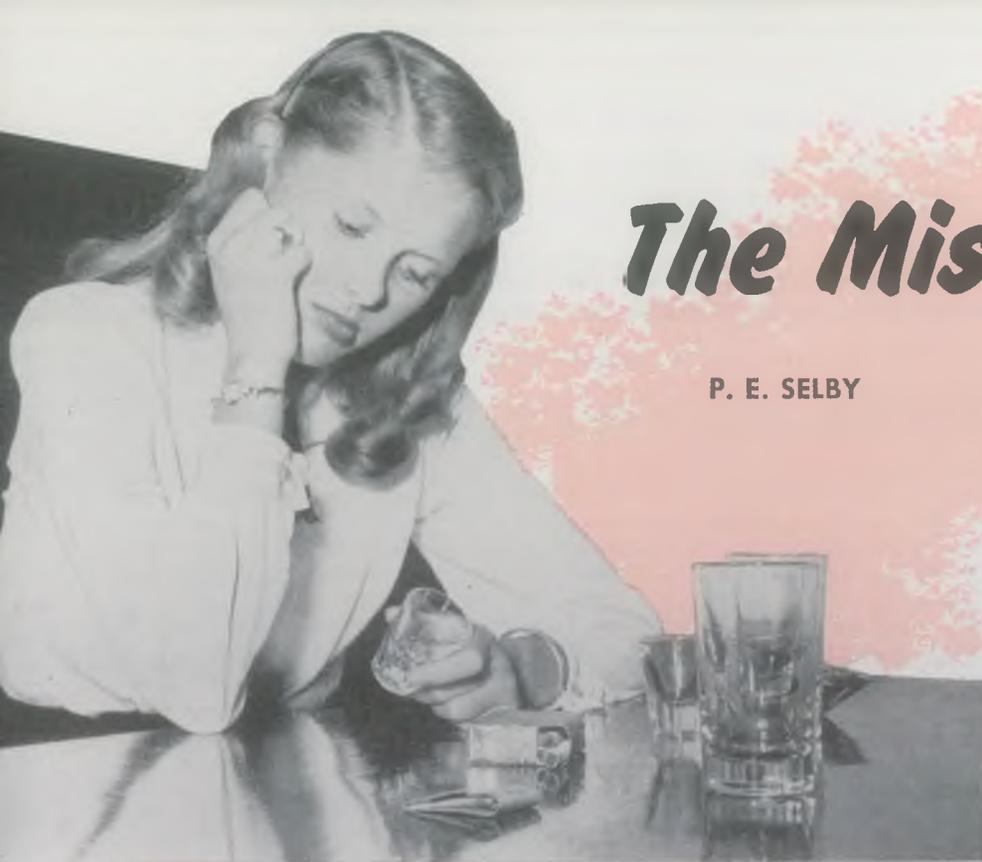
"As soon as I can, I'll leave," I assured her. "You can have the house, the car, everything. It's the least I can do."

She gave me a direct look and said clearly, "If you ever take another drink, just one, I'll hold you to that promise. If you stop now, we will forget this, won't even talk about it again. Do you understand, Riley?"

She meant exactly what she said.

In due course, the liquor commission accepted my resignation and returned my retirement fund. I went back to my original work—construction, building, not tearing down—and this helped me to regain my self-respect.

Three years have now passed, and I haven't tasted even a drop. The state liquor stores continue to open and close for the thousands who enter and leave, but these doors are closed to me. No person or circumstance could ever induce me to cross the threshold again.



# The Missing Link

P. E. SELBY

One is the false assurance—held even by some nondrinkers—that a drinker can control his drinking and abstain at will. Many AA's still believe that they controlled their drinking when they started, but cannot tell when or how they became alcoholics. "No one is immune to alcoholism," declares Dr. Patrick J. Fleming, of the Harvard Medical School. "Anyone that drinks enough alcohol over a long period will become an alcoholic." Scientists generally agree that a drinker can, by his will power, abstain; but he cannot continue to drink and by his will power control the amount he will drink, or prevent his becoming involved in vice, crime, accidents, alcoholism, or insanity, which will shorten his life.

The other is a false feeling of well-being, or flight from reality, with an assurance that the drinker can indefinitely experience intoxication without lasting harm to himself or others.

These delusions are so effective that the drinker has his mind closed to the effects of alcohol as demonstrated in history, by science, and through the knowledge that his prototypes and men smarter than he have failed to control their drinking for long. Among them are well-educated, highly intelligent men with great responsibilities. Alcohol is no respecter of persons.

In view of this, the greatest need in our world is continuous total-abstinence education, beginning with vigorous warnings to youth against that first drink.

**M**ODERN alcohol education does not emphasize as it should the extreme danger of the first drink. In general, it deals too much with alcoholism as being the only result of drinking, when truly, as Dr. Haven Emerson says, "deaths from alcoholism are the least of the harm alcohol causes. It is the constant and severe interference with human relations which is responsible for the major danger of alcohol to society today."

Parents and teachers are obligated to teach children and youth in such a way that they will have full knowledge of the danger of the first drink, and make a definite decision never to take it. The lack of such teaching is the missing link in effective alcohol education.

Also, youth must know "why" in order to have the courage to refuse a drink when someone offers it, saying, "One drink won't hurt you."

The "why" may be summed up as follows:

The effect of the first drink on the central nervous system is the beginning of a habit which may lead to alcoholism. The drinker begins his "alcohol slavery," which Abraham Lincoln described as being "worse than the chattel slavery which we fought."

The first drink is the beginning of an altered personality, for alcohol depreciates character.

There are two delusions which probably motivate nine out of ten persons to continue drinking:

## What About Moderation?

ROSS L. HOLMAN

The  
"LISTEN" Forum

There are some passages in Scripture used by well-meaning persons to indicate proof that the Bible condones moderate drinking. One of these is found in Isaiah 5:11: "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!"

"There you have it," these folk argue. "The Bible condemns only those who drink continually. Not a word is said against those who take only a social drink and know when to stop."

Another passage used the same way is Galatians 5:19-21: "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; . . . drunkenness, revelings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." The apostle Paul also says in 1 Corinthians 6:9, 10, "Be not deceived: neither fornicators, . . . nor drunkards, . . . shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Still another scripture claimed to

condone moderate drinking is the message of the apostle Peter to the people concerning their sins committed before their conversion: "When we walked in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, . . . and abominable idolatries." 1 Peter 4:3.

In considering all these passages of Scripture one must keep in mind the principle of Biblical interpretation that Bible authors repeatedly condemn the excesses to which some people carry their evil practices, without condoning the same evils when not carried to such

extremes. It is obvious that the Bible points out the evils of strong drink. Its teachings on this subject are so numerous as to require much space to cover. Nearly every writer has only condemnation for drinking, especially for those holding governmental or church offices.

It is significant to note that the evils included by Paul and Peter in the above passages cover a wide variety of human activities. Those who contend that these scriptures teach the acceptance of moderation in drinking do not apply the same logic to the other evils mentioned. For example, Peter refers to "abominable idolatries." It is just as logical to conclude that these "idolatries" could have been practiced in moderation with approval as to conclude that the drinking could have been done in the same way without condemnation. The apostle here simply refers to the extremes to which evil practices are sometimes carried, without in any way condoning the less flagrant manifestations of these same evils. This principle also applies to the verses quoted from Paul and Isaiah.

The apostle James declares, "Lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness [wickedness]." James 1:21. The term "superfluity" is another word for "excess," but the writer surely didn't mean that wickedness has to be carried to extremes in order for it to be wicked.

It seems conclusive enough, at least to me, when we read the Bible injunction, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red," or fermented (Proverbs 23:31), to believe that it means what it says, regardless of the amount of wine that may be involved.

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## PAYING THE PRICE

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*(Continued from page 11)*

control of his respiratory organs to the extent that he seldom chokes. Even when a morsel of food does enter his "Sunday throat," he is usually able to cough it up and thus avoid the serious consequences of introducing some foreign substance into the lungs. But these protective reflexes are inactive in the person who is intoxicated. The possibility of choking becomes a serious hazard, for many cases of pneumonia begin with the inhaling of food or other substances.

Alcohol irritates the linings of the esophagus and stomach. As a result it is common for intoxicated persons to vomit. Because of the loss of the protective reflexes as mentioned previously, the material vomited often finds its way into the air passages and lungs,

and increases the danger of pneumonia.

I am thinking of a middle-aged man who was brought into the hospital after he had noticed that his abdomen and ankles were swollen. He had first noticed the swelling about a month before he told his physician about it. Prior to this he had been reasonably well.

On examination it was determined that this patient's liver was so enlarged that it extended about two inches below the lowest rib. Laboratory tests indicated that the liver was not func-

## A Time-Tested Recipe

J. William Burris

### INGREDIENTS:

One reckless fool, one pint of liquor, one automobile.

### DIRECTIONS:

Soak fool in liquor, place in automobile, and release. After due time, remove from wreckage, place in a satin-lined box, and garnish liberally with floral wreaths.

### YIELD:

One dead driver, with possibilities among stray pedestrians, depending upon quantity of liquor consumed.

tioning normally. A diagnosis was made of cirrhosis of the liver. In spite of good treatment, death occurred a few days after he entered the hospital.

Formerly there was considerable discussion of whether the use of alcohol is the actual cause of cirrhosis of the liver. It is true that cirrhosis sometimes occurs in persons who have never used alcohol. It is significant to note, however, that during the years of prohibition in the United States, the deaths from cirrhosis of the liver dropped from fourteen per 100,000 to seven per 100,000. Since repeal the mortality rate from cirrhosis has slowly climbed, but it is still not quite as high as it was in preprohibition days.

It is now known that cirrhosis of the liver results from damage to the delicate liver cells as a result of the action of some toxic agent. Alcohol will cause such damage; but the same kind of damage may also result from poisoning by arsenic, copper, carbon tetrachloride, or the toxins produced by some parasites. Of the various agents which may damage the liver cells and thus produce cirrhosis, alcohol is the most common offender. Recent studies based on laboratory tests indicate that about 90 per cent of persons classed as chronic alcoholics have livers that are damaged to a greater or lesser degree.

Alcohol damages the liver both directly and indirectly. Alcohol's direct effects are the result of its toxic action on the liver cells. Its indirect effects are brought about by producing a dietary deficiency.

The use of alcohol decreases the appetite. This is partly due to the irritation of the delicate lining of the stomach and partly because the drinker obtains a great deal of his energy requirement directly from alcohol. All this reduces his desire for wholesome food. The user of alcohol therefore subsists, in part, on alcohol rather than on food. But alcohol does not contain the essential vitamins and minerals that an adequate diet must include. Thus the use of alcohol brings about dietary deficiency, which contributes to the development of cirrhosis of the liver.

Recent scientific studies have pointed out that the use of alcohol has definite, unfavorable effects on the glands of the body. The glands most obviously damaged are the sex glands and the adrenal glands.

In men the use of alcohol commonly produces a certain amount of atrophy of the testes. As a result the number of sperm cells produced by these male organs is reduced. In extreme cases sperm cells are no longer produced.

In women who use alcohol there is a comparable effect on the ovaries. A certain amount of sexual indifference, irregularity of menstruation, and breast changes result.

The effects of the use of alcohol on the adrenal glands are of the nature of a tissue insult. The adrenal glands are constituted by nature to protect the body against the unfavorable effects of injury or infection. Studies of human beings in the hang-over phase of an indulgence in alcohol give evidence that the adrenal glands have been overworked in their effort to maintain a healthy state within the body in spite of the damages produced by the alcohol. It is not surprising, therefore, that a person who uses alcohol is more susceptible to infection, other factors being equal, than is one who abstains. A person who uses alcohol depletes his emergency reserve as it relates to the functions of his adrenal glands.

What "price" do you pay for alcohol? You pay the price of risking a gradual deterioration of your personality. You pay the price of possible mishap and sudden death on account of the stupefying effect of alcohol. You pay the price of risking damage to the delicate organs and cells of the body.

When one considers the price of these and many other risks, surely there is only one logical conclusion: *You can't afford alcohol!*

From prison a convict tells  
the tragedy of an unbroken  
habit.

## "I Lost My Eyes"

JESSE C. BURT, Jr.



**G**OMORRAH STATE PRISON is a vast, brooding place, on the bend of the slow-moving, highly polluted Greene River, in a Southern state. Near Gomorrah great factories rear smokestacks into the sky, and these belch forth billowing smoke that mingles with the fog off the river.

About the prison there is a stench, a rot, an odor, that not even the nostril-burning reek of disinfectants can dissipate. Probably this is purely psychological, for certainly Gomorrah is as clean as man power can make it. "And we have plenty of man power," a convict says.

Having studied criminology at Harvard University and at Peabody College, and being interested in the roots of crime, I made eight visits to this prison. In the front office I found the warden, looking a little tired, his eyes swollen. "It's a twenty-four-hour job," he told me quietly.

"What causes crime?" I put the question to him bluntly.

"Well, from where I sit, a prime cause is alcohol." He didn't hesitate in his reply. "Did you know that three out of every four convicts brought in here list alcohol as the cause of their downfall?"

In his matter-of-fact, dispassionate way he continues, "Here is what alcohol does. I have seen it happen in hundreds, literally thousands, of cases. First, drinking gets a man into financial trouble. Then it gets him into moral trouble, fast companions, and the like. Third, he moves into trouble with the law. Then I get him," he concludes starkly.

Through the courtesy of the warden and the prison chaplain, a young minister named Jared Jones, I go inside. "Rabbi" Jones, as he is affectionately called by the prisoners, walks rapidly

and speaks rapidly. "You want to see what alcohol does to men?" he asks. "You feel all right today? I mean, can you take it? O.K. Let's go up to the prison hospital. You'll see."

Gomorrah Prison Hospital is an excellent institution, fully accredited by the medical profession. It is well staffed. I see the evidence of "a lot of man power." There's no shortage of help around this place. Like the whole prison, it is neat, clean, and so simply furnished as to give a Spartan appearance.

In the middle of a room with a thick concrete floor, and reinforced with steel bars in the concrete, I see a huge steel safe, big enough for any small-town bank. Surrounding the safe is a cage of steel bars, the bars as thick as a man's wrist.

"What is that for?" I am curious.

"That is where the drugs, necessary in surgical operations and medicine, are kept."

At the end of a long corridor is a twelve-bed ward. Here one can see the savagery of men locked up inside thick, brooding walls. One sees what they do to one another.

Here is old Jack, an elderly colored prisoner, whose skull was crushed a few weeks ago by another prisoner, who brought a stout pipe crashing down on old Jack's head because the two were arguing about the temperature. Old Jack may survive. He may die.

Across from him is Screwball, sitting straight up in bed. He is trying to breathe through a small metal button set in his windpipe, but a bloody froth is oozing from the thing. He whistles when he breathes. "How are you, Screwball?" Rabbi Jones asks. Screwball tries to grin, and his eyes roll in his head. He shudders.

One day last week Screwball and a buddy got drunk on "white mule"—fermented fruit. An argument developed, and Screwball's drinking companion slashed Screwball's trachea with a murderous homemade dirk. It happened in an instant.

In a special room at the hospital seven convicts are kept. These seven men blinded themselves by drinking common, ordinary shellac. They were assigned to do a paint job; but, instead, they drank the shellac containing wood alcohol. This deadly poison spread through their blood stream, and only the skill of modern medicine saved their lives. Here they are trying to learn how to see again, through the tips of their fingers. For morale purposes, they are kept away from the other patients. Two of them are convicted murderers, one is a bad-check artist, two are holdup men, one is an embezzler, and one stole an automobile. But all of them are blind!

The blind embezzler, Tommy, is a college graduate, from an excellent family. At one time he had a respectable job handling large sums of money.

I heard Tommy groan to himself as he tried to puzzle out an arrangement of common, ordinary children's blocks. He was sweating over doing things that are easy for a mere child, but it was necessary for him to increase the dexterity of his fingers if he ever intended to see again.

Many convicts have a grim humor about themselves, but Tommy wasn't able to laugh about his blindness. In that deep-throat tone of the typical convict, he muttered, "And all just because I had to have a shot; I had to have a drink at any price. I paid for it."

His hands trembled, and his face was ashen, even beneath the prison pallor. "I stole the money because of

drinking and because of high living. I had to steal, I thought, to keep living like a big shot. When you drink, you get crazy, you think you can get by with anything. Liquor clouds your judgment. Sure, I intended to pay the money back, but the auditors found me short. I ended up here. I had the liquor habit, and had it bad. I had to have a drink."

What Tommy said didn't come out smoothly, but in gasps, bursts of words, and often without words, just in the trembling of his handsome face. Then his voice dropped to a whisper, "I blinded myself because of a habit I wouldn't break. I'll leave this prison not only an ex-con, but a blind man."

His head dropped; his shoulders quivered and shook. One feels clumsy at such moments, when a man unlocks the door of his secret heart. Perhaps a person is a little ashamed because of his complacency in the face of the increasing prevalence of casual drinking. Tommy is no renegade, but one of God's children. At that moment I was not ashamed of the fellowship of Christ.

Prison is a mighty argument that the liquor ads don't contain. At Gomorrah *three out of every four* convicts give liquor as the cause of their trouble. Here is the sordid pageant of the pathetic victims of a sinister habit. One convict asked me, "When are folks on the outside going to wake up?"

The chaplain gave Tommy a pat on the shoulders, as his head lifted. I will never forget his tear-dimmed, sightless eyes, staring blankly at me. "I lost my eyes, I lost my eyes!" he groaned. He sounded like a little boy saying to his mother, "Mom, I cut my finger." But there is no one to dry the tears from his sightless eyes, and it is too late to give him warning of disaster.

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## THE JUDGE LOOKS AT DOPE

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*(Continued from page 16)*

but he said, "If I put him in the institution, he will be thrown in with users of the stronger narcotics, and I am afraid he will become habituated to those."

"Doctor, what you need is an institution for teen-agers," I remarked.

"Yes," he answered with conviction.

"Could you fill it?" I queried. "Are there enough victims of marijuana to warrant it?"

"Yes," came the reply without hesitation.

At present there is no place for teen-agers who are using marijuana. I have been told by some doctors that it takes only from thirty to thirty-five days of the use of marijuana to develop in a

person the craving for a stronger drug.

This young boy was despondent because he was not admitted to the hospital for treatment. He wanted to be treated, wanted to get away from the "gang," because they wouldn't let him alone. His mother told me that they would come to the house at two in the morning, and then go out back somewhere and smoke marijuana cigarettes. Once a person gets into the web of such people, he doesn't know how to get out. They won't let him go. They

## Resolution for Driving

I promise I will drive with care  
And all the signals heed.  
I'll keep my car in good repair,  
And by no means will I speed.

I will not drive when I've had a drink,  
Nor walk against a light.  
I'll caution others when I think  
They take the risks that don't seem right.

I promise not to break this vow,  
But keep myself alive;  
I'll take the pledge, and do it now  
For nineteen fifty-five.

—Adapted, American Automobile Association.

have his name, and keep pushing him, because it means money to them later on. If they keep him using marijuana, the next step is morphine, and then heroin or any of the other derivatives of opium.

We tried to get the Child Guidance Clinic of Fort Worth to give Jack special treatment, but the clinic has a policy against accepting alcoholics or narcotics users. I tried to get special permission for him, because he so desired treatment. The doctor told me that such treatment would take about a year and a half, since Jack needed a long period of hospitalization and psychiatric treatment.

Jack has now gone to another state. I hope he comes back, but chances are he won't. The odds are against it. He is a nice-looking young fellow. I'm sure that a father anywhere would let him take his daughter out. I think of the torment that that boy must be going through, and the havoc that he is going to play with other people's lives before he is actually apprehended and put away. In terms of dollars and cents I don't know how many thousands of dollars all this will cost.

"Well, judge," the question comes to me, "what is the terrific pull in narcotics?"

Let me give you some idea of the tremendous profit in this thing. Just two weeks ago an undercover man, a narcotics agent, called me from Houston. "Judge," he asked, "do you know

how much heroin is worth on the border of Texas this morning?"

"You mean that stuff has a spot market value as stocks do?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered, "and it's selling for \$450 an ounce. And," he went on, "do you know what the pushers are getting for it in your city and the Dallas area today?"

"No."

"From \$800 to \$1,000 an ounce."

Now, that is the pusher's profit in those few miles. Small wonder they push the stuff across the border and into the hands of teen-agers. If they can only induce them to use marijuana for thirty days or so, until the young victims get that high feeling, which the medical men call "euphoria," then starting them on heroin comes easily. It takes about four caps a day for a beginning addictive user of heroin. This undercover man told me that a cap costs seven dollars. In other words, when a person becomes a new user, he pays twenty-eight dollars a day for heroin, but after a while he must use seven caps—an average number of caps per day for an average user. That means forty-nine or fifty dollars a day. Can anyone question why users commit crimes, write hot checks, pilfer department stores, and steal what they can in substance to get the money for the stuff? It would break even a wealthy family after a period of time.

The dope pusher is a sneaky fellow. When he gets an ounce of heroin he mixes milk sugar with it. This dilutes it. He gets his part free, but sells the rest. Every user, on the average, makes at least four new users.

The dope habit is started in some youth through the use of the barbiturates or the bromides. Another way the habit is begun is with wine. Wine will drive a person crazy; so will marijuana; and so will, particularly, heroin.

I read of a judge who testified before the New York Commission of Crime about young people confronting him in his court. They had aspirins in cola drinks and had obtained that high feeling. From this they went on to strong drugs.

In this way, then, the insidious effect of drugs is taking hold of modern young people.

Americans have the capacity for liberty and freedom. That is a fact that is uppermost and paramount. But to keep our way of life, our freedom, and our liberty, we must fight every evil confronting us—in our own back yard, in our own neighborhood, precinct, city, county, and nation. It is going to take the very best that is in every one of us, but the stakes are high and well worth our efforts.

## NARCOTIC ADDICTION

(Continued from page 7)

we must not yield on the matter of changing the legislative prohibitions which restrict the use of narcotics to the physician's discretion. In the hands of a competent and ethical practitioner morphine is a marvelous substance for the relief of pain and suffering, and no patient need fear it. But this is where it belongs, not as a freely used "medicine" which the addict could obtain cheaply, easily, and publicly.

And does anyone really believe that

ing the chronic alcoholic by a combination of pious exhortations and a pint of whisky.

Another must in any over-all program is continued strong law enforcement. Men are needed to guard the ports of entry, to track down the distributors, to detect the peddlers, and to apprehend the users. On the whole we are doing a magnificent job with what we have, but we do not have enough of them.

Is it too late for those who are already heavy users? The outlook is certainly not hopeless. Of those addicts who enter the United States Public

more take the place of family, friends, jobs.

The hospital program is thus designed to wean the addict from his pre-occupation with drugs and direct him back to the satisfactions of living which come from association with *people*. Therapy sessions, individual or in groups, help some patients to explore their personality problems as these have influenced their use of drugs. A work program and educational facilities restore to the addict the lost confidence in his ability to work regularly and productively and help him to learn new skills and new interests.

It is a long road back, and only a beginning can be made in an institution. Even the best mental hospital can be only a preparation for living.

Who among us yield to the narcotics evil? Are such persons a special part of society? An occupational list of its victims indicates how deadly, how all-embracing, its influence may be, how every part of society has been penetrated. Its victims have been writers, truck drivers, lawyers, mechanics, doctors, bakers, beauticians, carpenters, nurses, musicians—the list could go on and on. What these have in common are inner feelings of inferiority, emptiness, isolation from others.

Often the beginning is in a family group which, like the juvenile delinquents, is an unbalanced one—disrupted by death, desertion, or divorce, or where the mother exerts a dominating influence and the young boy has no adequate male after whom to pattern his own development. But it may be for other reasons: The alcoholic or antisocial father *cannot* help his son become a healthy adult. Whether he is brutal or kind, that is, whether he is a frightening or inspiring figure, he becomes the object of imitation, for it is a psychological law that we tend to imitate those whom we fear or those whom we admire. Easy access of narcotics and their use by popular people sometimes provide an irresistible attraction for the already weak person. When we can strengthen family life, and the institutions which support and stabilize it, we will have provided a powerful immunization against the virus of drug addiction.

The outlined program is not easy to accomplish. Difficult problems never have easy answers. But it is *our* problem, not just that of the addict or of those who specialize in his care and treatment. It calls for the active interest of all citizens, who must support each of the several aspects of the problem.

Is such a program worth aiming for? I believe the readers of *Listen* know it is.

## GIL DODDS, TRACK STAR AND COACH



As a track coach I'm in process of building strong bodies. The rules an athlete must follow are strict and stringent. Violate them, and you won't feel any tapes breaking across your chest at the finish line.

Liquor tears down strong bodies. Ten seconds on any skid row will convince a person of that. I feel that God has given me a body which I should not defile by pouring down my throat that which will destroy it.

What I feel for myself I feel for every fellow on our track and cross-country teams and, for that matter, for every young person in America. You owe it to yourself, to society, and to God to stay away from the stuff that has ruined too many lives.

*Gil Dodds.*

the "legal" addict could control the size of his habit any more successfully than can today's users? The latter, in spite of the constant vigilance of law-enforcement officers and the prospect of imprisonment and disgrace, continues his quest for ever larger doses, because he *must*. Repeated indulgence in narcotics produces dependence. The body soon becomes accustomed to this toxic substance, and abstinence brings on illness of an acutely uncomfortable nature.

Those criminals who drift into addiction by way of the underworld would also find another avenue to "easy money" by selling part of the supply which the American public would, under such a scheme, so generously furnish. The spectacle of clinics all over the country, staffed by members of the healing arts, and dispensing narcotics to addicts, would be ludicrous if it were not appalling. What chance to redeem the addict then? About as much as cur-

Health Service hospitals at Fort Worth, Texas, and Lexington, Kentucky, every year, numbers of them are capable of the self-discipline, the degree of motivation, necessary for effective help. The Federal Government has for years recognized that institutionalization must be the origin of the cure process, for in an institution the addict can safely and surely be withdrawn from drugs, and necessary controls over his pattern of living can be established. Treatment means, in addition to physical deconditioning, the readjustment of the addict to a life without narcotics.

Anyone addicted for a period of time has gradually lost his capacity to gain satisfactions from work and from relationships with people. Here again the parallel with the alcoholic is striking. There are those who indulge hoping to cope more effectively with living, and those who do so in order to blot out the world of reality. In either case, as the addiction advances, the drugs more and

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## SARGE SAYS NO!

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(Continued from page 23)

"Shucks! that's too strong," another voice chimed in; "give him water."

"You fellows trying to pull my leg?" Roy remarked.

"What'll you have?" asked the bartender. "Whisky and soda?"

"Just a soda water," replied Roy.

The bartender shrugged, but made no comment.

Roy stayed until dinnertime. Not many spoke to him, but he had broken the ice. He knew it would be much easier now.

One night a week later Sergeant Phillips came over to Roy and placed his glass on the table. As he took a vacant chair nearby, Roy glanced up in surprise. He was the last person he expected to see.

"Say, Roy," he said confidently, "I really don't care for this stuff at all," pointing an accusing finger at his glass. "I drink only to be sociable, and was afraid the boys would think me a 'sissy,' but I've admired the way you have stood your ground. You know what I'm going to do?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," replied Roy.

"I'm going to throw this out, and get some soda water myself. No more drinks for me."

"Let's shake on that," said Roy happily. "Who knows but what there are others here who feel the same way."

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## ALCOHOL EDUCATION

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(Continued from page 10)

state a full-time instructor in charge of alcohol education is employed and maintained by the state.

In Ohio, teachers are required to

teach "the harmful effects of narcotics and alcoholic beverages." In Ohio there is a full-time employee of the Department of Education to supervise the program of alcohol and narcotics education.

South Carolina teachers must teach "the harmful effects of drinking beverage alcohol" in the schools of the state, both white and colored. This state also provides for a full-time supervisor of alcohol education.

In Utah the law provides for "special emphasis to the harmful effects upon individual and society of alcoholic beverages, including beer containing alcohol." The population of Utah and Idaho, the two states requiring that beer be included in their alcohol-teaching program, is strongly Mormon. This may or may not account for this emphasis.

We come now to the consideration of whether or not these laws requiring alcohol education in the schools of America have any teeth in them. Are they compulsory, or are they merely in the nature of advice? There seems to be leniency in some cases, while, in others, severe penalty is faced by those in authority who do not carry out the provisions of the law.

For example, in Colorado a teacher who fails to teach the effects of alcoholic drinks and narcotics "shall be removed from office."

In Nevada failure on the part of anyone to "carry out the requirements of this school code, shall be sufficient cause for the dismissal or removal of such party from his or her position."

New Hampshire law levies a fine of \$200 for any member of a school board who neglects to carry out the provisions of the alcohol and narcotics law.

New Jersey definitely states in its school code that state funds may be withheld from any district where there

is failure to comply with the alcohol and narcotics law.

In West Virginia a violation of law in this regard is classified as a misdemeanor. This is perhaps the most severe penalty prescribed by any state for violation or neglect in teaching the effects of alcohol and narcotics.

No state has done a more thorough job than Pennsylvania in outlining the required instruction for the use of teachers in presenting these subjects. Special instruction is provided covering the content of alcohol, its physical effects, its mental effects, showing the effects upon the brain, its social effects, its economic effects, and also its moral effects. Few states have dared to move into the field of moral effects to the extent which Pennsylvania has. Of course, in this state, as in any other state, the results depend on the thoroughness with which the subject matter is presented by those who do the teaching.

This brings us naturally to the teacher's part in carrying out the provisions of these laws.

Louisiana specifically states that only teachers who are competent to present these subjects shall be employed. Another state, Minnesota, requires that all institutions preparing teachers must give a course on alcohol and narcotics education, and requires applicants to pass a satisfactory examination on the subject before a certificate to teach may be granted. In New Mexico a similar provision is written into the law. The extension of such requirements would make a real contribution to effective teaching. A teacher who does not know the facts, or who does not believe them, is not equipped to teach the youth, regardless of her scholastic achievements.

Vermont has set up special scholarships for teachers, financed through the Liquor Control Board, to the extent of

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# The Toddler and the Beer Bottle

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HELEN GILLETTE

My two-year-old said another new word this morning, not one of the "naughty words" the books tell us we can expect children to pick up about this age. It was rather worse than a swear word, it seemed to me.

"Beer," he said very clearly, "want beer."

Now, some of the people we know make more or less a parlor game out of giving their toddlers sips of beer. Their guests think it's very funny when the little tots acquire a taste and pick up beer bottles when no one is looking.

But we don't do this, and the only bottles in our refrigerator are the ones with formula in them.

But Jacky learned about beer right in his own home, nevertheless. He heard it via those singing commercials. The way things are, I daresay Jacky hears the word "beer" oftener than the word "milk."

Jacky is interested in pictures now. Book after book and magazine after magazine he turns from cover to cover. A native of Kansas, I never saw a glass of beer until I was ten and was visiting in Colorado. But Jacky comes across a whisky bot-

tle illustration ever so often. He lingers over the bright, pretty pictures, some of them including children in the "family circle" scenes.

"What's 'at, mamma; what's 'at?" he demands.

"That's a bottle," I tell him turning the page.

Jacky is puzzled by this. So far he has experience with only one kind of bottle, the milk bottle he sometimes swipes from his baby brother.

The liquor trade probably will be pleased to learn how wide is their listening and reading audience, teaching toddlers their very first words.

It used to be in the old days that the man of the family was the industry's target. Times and rules have changed. In war now bombers strafe women and children and homes, too, along with men and machines on the front line.

The industry screams loudly that curtailing their advertising privileges would be a violation of freedom of speech, but I wish with all my heart that my babies didn't have to begin life learning to lip liquor slogans at their mother's knee.

\$10,000 per year. If the liquor tax provides the money for such training, one can properly ask: Will the liquor people try to control the material and emphasis of the course?

The Minneapolis morning *Tribune*, of April 3, 1954, in reporting a series of lectures sponsored by the University of Minnesota and the State Health Department, said this of a lecture and discussion by Dr. Seldon D. Bacon, director of Yale University School of Alcohol Studies:

"A teacher asked Bacon what she should say if her pupils ask her whether she drinks. 'You can point out,' he replied, 'there are a good many types of drinking and a good many opinions on the subject.' 'Tell them no group condones excessive drinking, and most of us think, other things being equal, there are no advantages to drinking by teen-agers that couldn't be gained in other ways.' 'Schools cannot teach total abstinence—that isn't their job,' Bacon said. 'If they did, they would be insulting the families and religions of many pupils,' he concluded."

If you doubt that there is an effective movement today to favor a type of presentation that would leave the door open to moderation, I offer this as only one instance of proof.

Some states set aside specific periods required by law for the study of the effects of alcohol and narcotics:

California requires such study "during the entire year." In Illinois the law demands that not less than four lessons a week for ten or more weeks per year shall be given in each school.

However, where the law does not specify the time required to be spent in such teaching, it is assumed that when presented in specified courses and in certain general ways, that that covers the matter sufficiently.

In the case of the Maryland law calling for the teaching of the effect of alcohol and narcotics, the provision is made that it shall be taught to all students "whose capacity will admit it." Perhaps the attorney general of that state will make a ruling on the meaning of that provision.

May I suggest the necessity that each one concerned with this topic equip himself with an up-to-date copy of the laws of his state, that he study those laws carefully, and then that he make a survey as to how generally the provisions of his state laws are being carried out in the schools. After he has done this I would suggest that he contact his school superintendent, and, if possible, his state superintendent of public instruction, and, with the spirit of co-operation and armed with ample good

material, offer his co-operation in a constructive, thoroughly scientific, and up-to-date manner to the end that the job may be more adequately and properly done.



## "No Place for It"

Interview by Phyllis Somerville

### "I do not drink. I find no place for it in sports."

Bill Fenton, of Iowa City, Iowa, was named by his football teammates as their most valuable player during his junior and senior years at Iowa State University. Bill was one of the few men in the Big Ten who captained their teams while still juniors. He was selected as lineman of the week in the 1952 and 1953 seasons by the Associated Press.

Fenton started his sports career in high school, both in basketball and in football. In his senior year he was selected All State in basketball by the Iowa Daily Press Association.

He has made practically all A's throughout his school career, and in the university had a record of five straight semesters of A's, graduating with a 3.9 average. Bill won a Nile Kinneck scholarship to enter the university. His plans are to study medicine.

Bill, a six-foot-three, 210-pound specimen of health, gives his "mom" credit for implanting principles of clean living into his character.

## MIRACLE OF MY LIFE

(Continued from page 25)

fore, I was besieged with troubles, threatened with all types of failures, everything horrible. Now I am free of all this. And this is strictly business.

Anyone who will engage in the business of selling liquor to others is just lacking in character, in real personal happiness, in the finer things of life. He's on the wrong road.

*Doc, are you including all alcoholic beverages in this earnest suggestion?*

Whisky will demoralize; so will wine and beer. There's no difference in the ultimate result. One is just as deadly as the other. Whisky makes a quick drunk; wine, a disgusting drunk; beer, a slower drunk.

*But liquor is legal business, isn't it?*

Many businessmen hide behind the legality of liquor. They know the disaster and death that go with drink, but that doesn't strike home. Their profits are everything.

*Don't profits of this type tempt you?*

If I were starving, I wouldn't go back into it. If I were down to my last piece of bread, I wouldn't sell a bottle of it.

*Couldn't you have sold the business to someone else?*

Immediately I was offered thousands for my name, good will, excellent location. I could easily have sold out for \$50,000. Many businessmen came around, asking, "Doc, how about it? Let's make a deal. I'll rent the property and carry on the business. You'll have nothing to do with it. It's just that Doc Webb had this business, and I can tell folks I'm carrying on Doc's trade."

*Did you rent in that way?*

If I rented—and anyone who rented that piece from me would have to pay plenty—I still would be back of those bottles, those accidents, those drunks, those troubles when the bottles went home.

*What about the license you had?*

In this city the number of licenses is the same year after year. It can't be increased. So, at least two years after I quit selling liquor, I bought up the license even though I didn't use it. I wanted to prevent someone else from getting it, and spent at least \$1,200 in buying it, until it ran out.

*How would you sum up the results of all this?*

The people thronging through the aisles of my stores are happy, our workers are happy, I am happy. I just can't kid J. E. Webb. I was trying to before.



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Field trip to the Los Angeles Police Academy during the 1954 Institute.



Dr. Andrew C. Ivy answers questions during discussion period at Institute lecture.



HERALD PICTURE

I have never taken a drink of alcohol nor let the tobacco habit fasten itself upon me by taking the first puff. I can never allow liquor to slow down my physical or mental alertness, so essential in the sport of tennis. One must be constantly on top, and I can't afford to have my brain fogged up with liquor or tobacco.

Many promising young people are not achieving their aim in life simply because they are being deceived by liquor and the so-called good time it affords. I would suggest to them: Touch not, taste not, and find your future ideals by leaving liquor and other retarding habits behind.

*Ken Rosewall*

## Ken Rosewall and Lewis Hoad

It is hard enough to get anywhere in life, without liquor or tobacco hindering one's chances for the future.

From observation alone I feel that I am better off without liquor in attempting to achieve my goal in life. When a person is young, he doesn't know the outcome if he drinks, especially if he plans a successful career. It is most likely that he will never reach his ideal.

*Lewis Hoad*



# Davis Cup Winners

Interviews by Ernest H. J. Steed

Shining stars in the firmament of sport, Ken Rosewall and Lewis Hoad have emblazoned Australia's name high in tennis around the world.

Ken has become an ideal for thousands of Australian youth and admirers in every land. As a lad he joined a nonliquor club and was a member for five years. "I still hold firmly to the principles learned as a lad," he affirms.

Since he was nine Lewis has used tennis to intensify his love of the open air and sporting activities.

Both these masters of the court have played at Wimbledon, Forest Hills, and all major centers of tennis; but capping their greatest achievements was their 1953 Davis Cup doubles victory that assured their native country the possession of the coveted trophy for another year.

Lewis and Ken admire the gleaming Davis Cup they won for Australia.



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