

# LISTEN

A  
JOURNAL  
OF  
BETTER  
LIVING



**Alvin Dark, Captain New York Giants**



# It's a Fact



## ▶ Illicit Drugs and Communist China

Forty-two Senators have called for stiffer narcotics laws, including life imprisonment or death for second offenders supplying drugs to teen-agers. Senator Frederick G. Payne of Maine, in describing the "alarming increase" in illegal drug traffic since World War II, declared: "With the present strained international situation it is no consolation to know that Communist China is the leading source of supply for illicit drugs being used to corrupt our young people."

## ▶ Nurses and Narcotics

Between July 1, 1953, and June 30, 1954, the Board of Nurse Examiners in California made 577 investigations covering 319 cases which resulted in 17 criminal convictions, with only one case being dismissed in court. Seven licenses were revoked, six licentiates were placed on probation, two licenses were refused after formal hearing, and one license was reinstated after having been previously revoked. Nearly all the formal revocations and other matters which come to hearing involve narcotics and other dangerous drugs.—From the First Biennial Report of California Licensed Registered Nurses, 1955.

## ▶ Loss in Industry

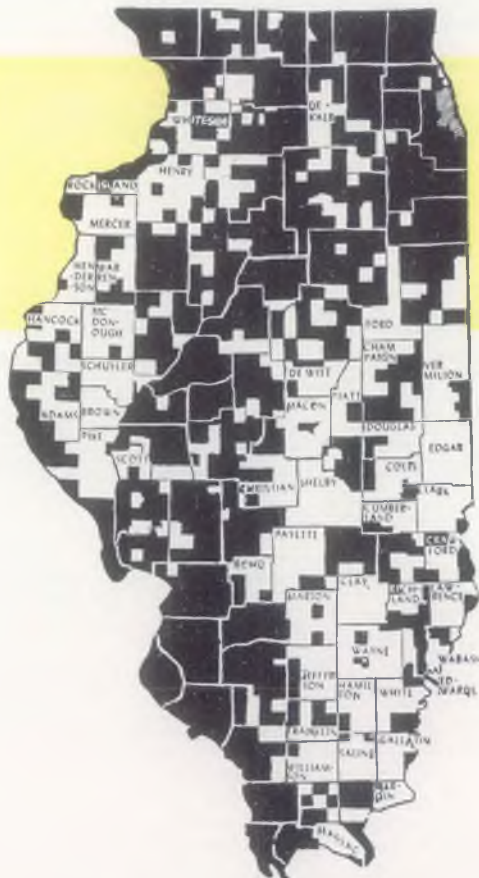
On the average the 2,000,000 problem drinkers in American industry lose 22 days of work annually, or 173 hours a man, at a basic cost of \$357 each, reports the Fort Morgan, Colorado, *Times*. This costs industry at least 346,000,000 man-hours a year, or more than \$714,000,000 in terms of payroll.

## ▶ Significant Amounts of Alcohol

Of sixty-eight Baltimore people who died as a result of shooting, stabbing, or brute force, only twenty-one had no alcohol in their system. Of 180 persons who died as a result of highway accidents in a two-year period, in Baltimore, seventy-five, or more than 40 per cent, had significant amounts of alcohol in their system. These figures are reported by Dr. Russell S. Fisher, chief medical examiner in Maryland.

## ▶ Legal Vs. Bootleg Liquor in the United States

Legal consumption declined to below 190,000,000 gallons in 1954, compared with 195,000,000 in 1953; but in this same period bootleg liquor consumption rose. Based on still seizures, estimates of moonshine output climbed from 73,000,000 gallons in 1953 to more than 80,000,000 last year.



## ILLINOIS DRIES GAIN

Twenty years ago, at the time of repeal, Illinois was practically a wet state, but today almost a quarter of all Illinois towns and cities have voted themselves dry. Two fifths, or 40.6 per cent, of all townships in the state are dry. According to a recent report, 23.3 per cent of all cities, towns, and villages are dry, shown on accompanying map as white areas.

## ▶ Many People Should Do This

Mrs. Forrest Mills, of Stillwater, Oklahoma, sued two beer companies and a restaurant for \$38,400, stating that the defendants had impaired, damaged, and ruined her husband's health by "selling him a beverage called beer."

## ▶ New-Car Secrets Revealed

Secret agents are operating in Detroit constantly to get the "low-down" on the new-model cars of their competitors for the coming year. Much inside information and many new-car secrets have fallen from the lips of prideful executives in the cocktail lounge of the Detroit Athletic Club, says *This Week*.

# LISTEN

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### OUR COVER

While attending a banquet honoring his manager, Leo Durocher, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, Alvin Dark pauses to autograph a ball for one of his ardent fans. The action was caught by Photographer Swan from Three Lions for *Listen*.

### INTRODUCING . . .

No mean runner himself, RALPH KRUM (page 16) loves to attend track meets, not so much for the action as for the thrill of persuading the top stars to speak out on behalf of abstinent living.

Born of missionary parents in Cape Town, South Africa, Ralph completed his theology course last June at Washington Missionary College in Takoma Park, Maryland, and looks forward to a career in church activities, with emphasis on temperance education. His hobbies are swimming, tennis, photography, hiking, and music.

As to a philosophy of life, Ralph quotes Henry W. Longfellow: "Still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labor and to wait."

### PHOTO CREDITS

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# The Ultimate Solution

**M**ODERN man prides himself on his scientific and logical approach to the many problems which confront him. One of the most thorny of these problems of a mechanized age is that of highway safety, and those entrusted with its solution are making long strides in that direction.

They take a look at the highway—then make it wider, improve paving materials, paint new center lines, channelize or clover-leaf the intersections, lengthen the curves, remove obstructions to vision, install brighter lighting, enforce speed limits by radar control.

They take a look at the car—then load all sorts of safety gadgets, redesign the shape, lower the center of gravity, mold wrap-around windshields, make the tires more resistant, legislate periodic safety checks.


They take a look at the driver—then stiffen the tests for drivers' licenses, emphasize the need for additional knowledge of state traffic laws, sponsor driving schools for teen-agers, require increased insurance coverage for driver and passengers.

In all this myriad of solutions, however, one major factor is too often neglected, a factor which, according to the National Safety Council, is responsible for at least a fifth of the highway carnage in the nation. That this estimate of drinking damage is extremely conservative is indicated by a number of specific surveys, the latest being from New Hampshire. Nearly two thirds of the highway fatalities there during the first quarter of 1955, report the state police, involved drinking; more than half involved unquestioned intoxication. These figures are based on tests made by medical inspectors immediately following the accidents.

To date there has been very little logical and straightforward meeting of this phase of the problem by organizations promoting traffic safety, including such large and influential groups as the National Safety Council itself, the American Automobile Association, the National Junior Chamber of Commerce, the President's White House Conference on Highway Safety. The fact that these organizations and others do not adequately deal with this factor in their publicity and their widely promoted safety campaigns raises the question in the minds of many as to their objectivity.

Indeed, this aspect of highway safety should be looked at more realistically. And in such a realistic look, here are some tangible suggestions which may well be considered.

1. Zone all major highways so as to eliminate road-houses, taverns, and other vendors of intoxicants along these main lines of travel. The most modern turnpikes and thruways are being built forbidding the sale of alcoholic beverages in their restaurants and concessions. This shows astute planning.



"... and this buggy has every safety feature the manufacturer could think to put in it."

2. In case of accident, hold the seller of the liquor as liable legally as the driver. Several states already have laws of this type; all should have them. The alcohol-beverage industry should be required to pay for the costs, both direct and indirect, of every drinking-driver accident.

3. Hold the driver himself responsible for the results of his actions while under the influence. He was not forced to drink; it was his deliberate choice. He should have to "face the music" of the consequences. This is not inhuman or brutal. Any other approach represents an ostrich attitude which is grossly unfair to the victims of accidents caused by drinking drivers.

4. Adopt and enforce prison sentences for every drinking driver, whether caught in an accident or not. In the areas where prison sentences are now enforced, the toll from drinking-driver accidents has dropped. A person who drinks, even a bottle of beer or a cocktail, and then takes the steering wheel is potentially more dangerous than a disease carrier and should be dealt with as severely. Human lives are at stake.

5. Require full and accurate news reports of every drinking-driver accident. The prospect of such publicity would cause many to think twice before mixing alcohol with gasoline. A great deal of secrecy and political contriving lies back of the avoidance of telling the full truth about alcohol. The "sacred cow" attitude of omitting reference to the condition of the driver is not protection to anyone. The specific circumstances of the accident are not as important as what and how much was in the driver, and whether his mind was clear and his feet and hands under constant control.

Regardless of how safe the highway, or how perfect the automobile, or how adequate the background training of the driver, the ultimate solution to the highway safety problem lies in the condition of the driver when operating his car.

*Francis A. Soper*



Pilots flying the

oceans reach their

"point of no return,"

but here is a

way modern youth

might reach their

**T**HE narcotics racket is a scourge which is taking a terrible toll in happiness and health among our people. More than anything else, we must make the people aware of this canker sore eating at our way of life. If the people know the truth, they will know how to combat the evil. I am of the opinion that if young people are taught the truth they will respect it, and will continue throughout their lives to act accordingly.

High schools and junior colleges are prime targets for dope peddlers. Such peddlers know something that the uninitiated do not know, that once they can "hook" a victim, that victim is theirs for life. So, they reason, why not "hook" young boys or young girls; they will be slaves for the rest of their days.

Being "hooked" to the dope habit is a terrible thing. It not only results in degradation, pain, and sorrow; it also results in being ostracized from society, suffering the torments of the damned and an untimely death.

The reason that dope peddlers want to "hook" victims, of course, lies in a desire to make money from them. Dope victims usually require from \$30 to \$100 every single day of their lives in order to satisfy this one gruesome habit. One can easily understand why addicts naturally fall into a life of criminal activity and, inevitably, into arrest, disgrace, and imprisonment.

We want to enlist your valued support in curbing the use of narcotics.

We particularly solicit your co-operation in the effort to forestall a current trend among young people to think it smart to experiment with "goof balls," "beanies," and other drug products which oftentimes lead into the use of such narcotics as heroin. Any student who gives the subject a moment's thought will quickly realize that experimenting with drugs is rank stupidity.

You know very well that young people are naturally curious. They like to try out new things. They like to experiment. They like to take a dare. This is all very well in the normal activities of life, but drugs and narcotics are not normal things in life. They are dangerous. They are deadly.

While talking about drugs, I want to warn you against the use of barbiturates, commonly known as "goof balls." They cause definite degenerating effects on the human body. They result in general debility and emaciation, impairment of the mental processes, and eventual deterioration of the body organs. They create a craving similar to that caused by the use

# POINT

# OF

# NO

# RETURN

as told by  
Governor

Goodwin J. Knight  
of California



of opium, morphine, heroin, cocaine, and other vicious narcotics. The one who named these barbiturates "goof balls" chose an apt term for them. In the sad and disenchanted world of "goof ball" addicts, the word is appropriate because it describes well and explains clearly the effect of such products, and the final results from their usage.

"Beenies," named after the drug benzedrine, have a stimulating effect on the central nervous system. The dangers of addiction from drugs of this group should be considered serious. "Beenies" are highly toxic and cause severe injuries to the body. The use of them results in serious emaciation.

If anyone ever suggests that you try a "goof ball," or a "beenie," turn him down quickly and decisively. Only "dopes" use them. None of you wishes to be a "dope." You are too smart to fall for that senseless practice.

The use of "goof balls," "beenies," or any other form of drug easily leads to the use of the stronger narcotics. And, sooner or later, those who are addicted to the use of narcotics pass the "point of no return."

The point of no return, as many of you know, is a phrase employed by pilots who fly the transoceanic routes. Their planes take off loaded with a certain amount of fuel for the long journey. Each pilot is able to plot with exactitude the particular place along his journey where his fuel supply will fall so low that he will be unable to return to his home base. There he will have passed the point of no return and, regardless of what difficulties he may encounter, there is no turning back. He can only continue onward; and if he experiences mechanical difficulties which prevent him from reaching his destination, usually a lonely death awaits him and his passengers in the watery wastes below.

The point of no return in the life of a narcotics user comes when he is "hooked" for good. It means that there is no known cure for his affliction. He cannot turn back the clock to yesteryear when he was a healthy, normal individual. It is too late. He cannot do without narcotics and must continue to have larger, and larger, and larger doses until death relieves him of the evil with which he has chained himself. And that death is a horrible one during which the victim undergoes terrible suffering. Most people who try narcotics "just once" are ripe for being "hooked" for life.

It is difficult, I know, for youngsters who are full of life and health to understand that once "hooked" on nar-

cotics, there is no certain return to normal existence. Boys and girls who bask in youthful strength and vigor believe that they can conquer any temptation. All of us who have passed through the valley of youth know that feeling, because we were all your age once, too. We understand these things now. You will understand them when you have reached our age. And you, too, will then try to make the pathway easier for the young people of your day by talking to them then as I am talking to you now.

If you know the truth now, you will be able to protect yourselves, and thus you will be able to protect others also.

The use of narcotics results in juvenile delinquency. Any youngster can be a juvenile delinquent; that doesn't require any brains or any particular effort. Only a "softie" becomes a juvenile delinquent. The real smart operator is the one who tends to business, who obeys the laws established by his school authorities, who obeys the rules laid down by his parents, and who obeys the laws of his city and his state. A boy or girl who has the moral courage and the mental ability to stick to the rules and regulations is genuine. There's nothing phony about that type of boy or girl, and don't let anyone tell you anything different. Anybody who tells you anything different is a first-class "square" who is walking around without his dunce hat on.

All of you can do much to help solve the problem of the narcotics traffic. You can do a great deal by making it unpopular to experiment in these horrible concoctions. In the vernacular of the young people of today, don't try to be "game cats" and give such stuff a "fling." It is bigger than you are. It is bigger than I am. It is bigger than any of us are. Nobody can lick a drug or a narcotics addiction. Experimenting with addiction is an "off-beat routine" that will result in nothing but "black days" for anyone who tries it.

---

When asked the question, "What is the best measure to help prevent addiction?" Governor Knight replied:

"Today from the cradle our children need right training, including proper guidance and love and education. Parents, as well as children and youth, need a spiritual awakening. Too many have drifted from the straight and narrow path. The broad highway of life is dangerous ground."



Ever since he became California's chief executive, Governor Knight has been intensely concerned about the narcotics problem in his state, and has vigorously sponsored measures to cope with it.

The state legislature has acceded to his request for greater punishment for dope peddlers, but the governor does not depend on punitive measures alone. He believes that "if young people are taught the truth, they will respect it, and will continue throughout their lives to act accordingly."

Spurred by this conviction, Governor Knight has called several youth conferences to discuss the whole matter of narcotics addiction. Here both students and faculty representatives from all the public and private high schools and junior colleges in the area learn about narcotics from law enforcement and youth authority officials.

*Listen* is glad to present herewith the address of the governor before the Sacramento conference in December. This timely appeal can well be heeded throughout the nation.



The governor speaks to the youth representatives at the Sacramento narcotics conference.

## Education for the Youth---

## Compassion for the Victims---

## Punishment for the Offenders

W. Harry Comber interviews Governor Knight on his solution to the narcotics problem.

### The Narcotics Challenge

*Governor, do you feel that there is a solution to the narcotics problem?*

If any single action could solve this situation, I'm sure it would have been done already. But there is a great deal that can be done to improve existing methods of dealing with both the offenders and the victims. In general, the challenge we must meet is for more extensive educational programs to make clear the dangers of narcotics, and intelligent, practical medical and psychiatric care for the victims.

*Isn't it true that the great percentage of new users are teenagers?*

Unfortunately, young people are the easiest prey for the "pusher." Fear of being called "chicken" or just a natural curiosity about the artificial thrill involved gets them started.

*What would you suggest that parents do to prevent their adolescent children from falling into the hands of unscrupulous dope sellers?*

Parents can discuss this subject frankly with their children, and thus remove any mysterious aura surrounding it. Teenagers who have plenty of good, clean, wholesome activities seldom get in this kind of trouble. Parents should encourage their children to attend Sunday school, to join church groups, and to participate in Scout groups, Y.M.C.A., C.Y.O., school sports, and youth organizations.

*You say improved enforcement and treatment are needed to fight this evil, governor. Can you elaborate on this?*

Let's look at it this way. There's one major reason why any racket flourishes, narcotics or any other—the enormous profit for the unscrupulous. The average healthy youngster does not grow his own marijuana, then develop the habit. Someone starts him on it, and before you know it, a whole group of teenagers indulge in the drug habit. In every case some individual or group has furnished the incentive, or challenge,  
(Turn to page 32.)

## Governor Knight Talks to Youth

Dope peddlers are rats. They deserve no mercy whatsoever. Remember that they represent a greater and deadlier evil than a man with a loaded gun pointed at your heart. No punishment is too great for a dope peddler who deliberately creates a craving for narcotics among our young people. It is my unalterable determination to drag them out of their holes and put them behind bars. I ask your help in this effort.

1. If you locate a drug or narcotics "pusher" working on your campus, or anywhere among young people, push him away from you. Report immediately to your teacher any suspicious actions you may notice on anyone's part that might indicate the use of drugs or narcotics. Teachers will get in touch with the proper authorities.

2. Do not attempt to handle the situation yourself. That type of action requires the services of experts. Trying to take care of the problem yourself might give the dope peddler time to escape—and it might be very dangerous for you.

3. Do not, under any circumstances, sample any substance, pills, powders, liquids, nose-drops, or cigarettes unless you are certain what you are doing. Even if the person offering the substance claims that it is harmless, do not sample it if it is an unknown to you.

4. Choose your associates with care. Most youngsters who fall victim to the drug or narcotics habit do so through association with thrill-seekers, or those who are using drugs on occasion or are addicted to them.

5. Do not try to solve a problem involving a friend who has become a drug user. This is a delicate task and should have the assistance of a qualified person. Talk to your parents, or your teacher—they will know what to do, and they won't do anything that will embarrass you or your friend.

6. Don't keep information about dope peddlers to yourself. Help to push the "pusher" right into the arms of the law. By doing so, you will help to save the happiness, the health, and the lives of your own friends and other students everywhere.

7. Some of you may attend schools where there is no narcotics problem. But the day may come when the problem will present itself. In many schools the problem is acute right now. There is no such thing as a "slight" case of narcotics traffic—one dope peddler on a campus, or one student addict, is one too many. The "pusher" must be captured and efforts made to cure the youthful user before the youngster is "hooked" for all time.



# WHY I ABSTAIN



To maintain physical health and efficiency. I owe it to my country, my family, and myself to keep fit.



To be always mentally alert and efficient. Alcohol, even in small amounts, retards mental activity and dulls the senses.



To encourage safer driving for myself and others, where human lives may be at stake.



To preserve my self-respect and dignity, being courteous and kind to others at all times. I wish to stand for principle instead of merely following the crowd.



To succeed in life. Alcohol blights good judgment, destroys the finer senses, and always leads downward.



To exemplify the good life to others. From their example I have sadly learned that many lives have been irretrievably wrecked as a result of drink.



To spend my money on profitable, worth-while things instead of on those things which hinder in the search for happiness.



# Marijuana--

## CAUGHT IN THE WEB



When a person turns to drugs for pleasure or escape, he welds the first link in the chain reaction to destruction.

Daniel Carlsen, Executive Secretary, Narcotics Anonymous, with Barbara Doyle

**I** HAVE many reasons to regret deeply the wasted years I spent as a drug addict. If during that period I can be grateful for one thing, it is that fact that I did not smoke marijuana often. I am not saying that other narcotics are more desirable, but I do know that marijuana is a killer of men's minds and characters.

As nearly as can be determined, marijuana heightens the mood of the moment. If a person is feeling pleasant and at ease when he takes it, he is likely to become gay, even silly, laughing and talking a great deal, and finding everything amusing. If he is tired or depressed, he may become frightened and despairing. If he is feeling frustrated, this might carry over, with the aid of marijuana, into a mood of aggressive hostility toward others.

Most of my reactions to marijuana were normal, I suppose. I laughed a great deal and, yes, even giggled, which is not particularly becoming to a grown man. But a few times I had bad reactions that are hard to forget. A reefer smoker refers to a bad reaction as a "bum kick" or the "bull horrors." At this time he is assailed with the most acute terror imaginable. He becomes suspicious, anxious, panicky—actually paranoid.

Fortunately, I never became violent under the drug's influence. However, no reasonable theory, from my viewpoint, indicates I might not have become wild at some unguarded moment if I had continued.

One experience in Chicago stands out vividly in my recollection. Very tired, I went to a "tea" party, and had smoked only half a "joint" before the "bum kick" set in. I was so apprehensive and nervous that I had to leave. As I started walking home, I kept looking behind me to see who was following. With my heart pounding and my hands icy cold, I was almost frozen with terror—of what, I did not know. Half a block from my hotel I saw a

policeman standing quietly, and panic swept over me. I knew he was there just waiting to grab me. The fear I felt then was more real than any I have ever experienced when in my right mind. I was shaking violently and drenched with perspiration by the time I reached my hotel room; and, even then, I kept hearing noises outside my door that spelled disaster. For hours I sat on the edge of my bed waiting for the unknown intruders to break in, and finally I fell into an exhausted nightmare. That's a "kick"? I thought. I didn't "dig it," as the "hip cats" say. I was ready to "play it cool," or not smoke any, for a long time after that episode.

It was an unnerving sensation, nothing more, but suppose someone *had* approached me during the time of my magnified sense of danger. In that state of unreasoning terror and, with mechanical self-defense, I might have struck that person, even killed him.

Does marijuana lead to crime? I say Yes. It leads to crime both among so-called potential criminals and among normal persons. There really isn't any such thing as a person who can remain normal while under the influence of marijuana. Even the most lenient observers state that marijuana causes temporary mental disturbances.

Regarding permanent insanity, experts differ. One authority says he believes that marijuana does not cause serious and prolonged mental illness, while another famous expert says that in many instances persons using marijuana develop a type of dementia from which there is no recovery.

In countries where the hemp plant is used widely, at least 25 per cent of all mental cases are due directly to use of the drug.

When doctors report on what they call temporary disturbances, I wonder whether they ever follow up their

**The use of marijuana has become so prevalent that anyone may come in contact with it. If young people are told the truth before this**

**happens, they can avert disaster and remain secure from the torment of addiction and its attendant destruction.**



surveys. It might be an enlightening experience. I have known innumerable chronic marijuana addicts who have, after a time, had complete mental breakdowns.

I am thinking of Pedro, a boy from Puerto Rico, who began smoking the weed when he was fourteen; I met him four years later. I talked to him many times, trying to help him understand what he was doing to himself.

"This stuff can't hurt me, Danny," he said. "I'm having a 'ball.'"

At nineteen Pedro was deteriorating rapidly, and at twenty he was declared legally insane. I visited him at the hospital, and he stared at me out of dead eyes without a flicker of recognition. It was pathetic to see such a young person completely broken in mind and spirit. His doctor said Pedro would remain in that condition for the rest of his life.

During adolescence and early adulthood, everyone needs to establish a pattern of mental health, so that he can realistically face and solve his problems. *When he turns to drugs for pleasure or escape, he lights the fuse in the chain reaction to destruction.*

Janet was only twenty-two when she came to me, nervous and depressed. "I've been in the middle of a 'teapot,'" she said somberly, "and now I'm out of it."

Like so many marijuana addicts, she had graduated to heroin. Now, temporarily freed of both drugs, she lived in fear of reverting to addiction. Marijuana was her greatest enemy, she said.

While we were discussing her problem, I learned that her emotional disturbances were so complicated that I was not qualified to guide her. I took her to a psychiatrist and was saddened to hear the verdict.

"There is no way in which you or I can help her," the doctor said gravely. "She is a very sick girl. The only effective treatment for her lies in a hospital, and even so, it will be a long, long time before she will be well."

This girl had had an unhappy childhood in a loveless home. When she first smoked marijuana, she found a false solution to her problems. As exhilaration was followed by depression she found herself so involved that there was no way out of the web.

No one really knows how many cases of mental illness follow marijuana addiction and are precipitated by the drug. So many cases of mental derangement follow the smoking of reeferers that it is only logical to believe that they are not just coincidental.

When one depends on artificial means for escaping reality, the price is high, and in the end the victim discovers he has literally been paying for nothing, losing his will, his spirit, and his physical and mental health.

Sex often shares headlines with marijuana. It has been both positively declared and indignantly denied that marijuana stimulates sexual phantasies and results in brutal sex violence. Regardless of what the answer is, no one has ever declaimed that marijuana leads to a healthy sexual adjustment.

We have been discussing the long-range effects or *results* of marijuana intake. Let's see what the more immediate effects are.

As previously pointed out, the use of marijuana releases inhibitions and lifts behavior restraints. It causes intoxication of a unique nature, similar to but not exactly like that derived from the continued use of alcohol or

cocaine. It also produces hallucinations and delusions.

One hazard is the drug's unpredictable effect on various individuals. Naturally it does not affect everyone in the same way. No substance known to man does.

In the beginning it often produces exhilaration and a sense of temporary well-being. This "high," however, diminishes as the smoker progresses into addiction.

Marijuana affects all the senses. Its (Turn to page 33.)



## Sonya Klopfer

Ice Capades Figure-Skating Star (KAYE)

"I sincerely believe that smoking and drinking are definitely detrimental to maintaining peak performance and endurance in skating. Unless your work comes easily, you don't enjoy it as much. I don't believe that it is possible to keep at the top in skating, and yet dissipate by drinking or smoking."

Starting early to attain skating greatness, Sonya became national junior skating champion in 1949 and two years later the national women's figure-skating champion. In both 1951 and 1952 she skated to the North American championship and was runner-up in world championship competition.





Harold  
Munson

Richard C. Redmond

We didn't sit back in  
helpless rage at this  
neighborhood nuisance.  
This authentic story tells  
how—

# We Closed a Beer Joint

**A** WOMAN'S piercing scream filled the quiet summer night, followed by a crash of glass and a man's loud cursing. Suddenly I snapped awake, gripping the sheets with fear and apprehension. As I glanced around the dark bedroom, I could see only menacing shadows and the alarm clock proclaiming the time: 1:30 a.m.

Then it dawned on me. The tavern nearby was closing with its usual disgraceful racket. I settled back, bathed in sweat. My wife stirred. She had been awakened, too.

"This makes the fifth time this week," she complained bitterly. "Is there no way of stopping this nuisance? All the neighbors are complaining, but no one does anything about it. Dr. Stillwell told me today that my nervous condition was caused by a lack of proper rest, and I can see why."

I turned on the light. As my wife got up to arrange her pillow, I noticed the lines etched around her mouth and the dark shadows under her eyes.

All that day at work I thought of our problem. It was either close down the tavern or move. I racked my memory trying to think whether any of my acquaintances had ever closed a tavern. It seemed useless. A few had tried, but none had succeeded. We loved our apartment. It was cozy, clean, near my office, and not expensive. The only drawback was the close proximity of the public tavern.

The more I thought of the situation, the more irked I became. Before the day was over, my mind was made up.

"How would you like to get in a hard battle?" I asked my wife that night at the supper table.

"A battle?" she asked a bit puzzled.

"Yes," I said, "to get that beer joint out of business."

Her eyes widened in surprise; then a grim expression came over her face.

"Count me in," she remarked firmly. "I'm sick of taking a back seat to that disgusting place. When do we start?"

I looked at my watch. It was 6:15. "The zero hour is now, and no holds barred."

So began our fight to rid the neighborhood of a troublesome tavern, which for years had been an evil influence in the community. We were tired of seeing drunkenness, brawls, and frequent visits of the police to quell fist fights. It was giving the area a disreputable name. To put it bluntly, Tony's Tavern had become nothing but a cheap beer joint.

Not knowing how to close a long-established business, we began to inquire. What we found out was both informative and disheartening. We learned that a petition to close the place had been circulated a few years before, but with no success. And we soon discovered that Tony's customers were ready to squelch any new petition by using veiled threats.

(Turn to page 27.)





Where the Island of Manhattan narrows at the harbor, there looms a famous structure that thousands of seamen call home, 25 South Street. It is the Seamen's Church Institute, founded in 1834 as a floating church. Today it is a skyscraper, a partially self-supporting welfare organization for active seamen who need friendship, guidance, recreation, or temporary financial help. Having assisted seamen with problems for more than a century, the Institute is still innovating. The latest boon to the sailor is the Alcoholics' Assistance Bureau.

Seamen have, for many reasons, been traditionally heavy drinkers. The Institute, however, is intervening for those who stand between trouble and disaster because of drink. At the club a special room has been set apart in which seamen with alcoholic problems can recover their sense of direction with the help of other seamen who understand their problem. When seamen with drinking problems come to the Institute in bad shape physically, they are given a medical examination and put on a diet of wholesome food and liquids. They are helped to understand the futility of trying to drink their way to oblivion.

This is only one of many services provided to seamen in times of personal or national emergency. In war and even depression the Institute has assisted thousands of seamen of all races and creeds, welcomed torpedoed and shipwrecked crews, and provided a clean and comfortable place where they could get started again.

# Seamen







1. Carrying his bag from a recently docked ship, a sailor heads for the Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street, a short distance from the tip of Manhattan Island. The ship's bells over the main entrance ring out the hour, making the seaman feel at home.

2. This seaman, just returned from the Seven Seas, collects his mail at the post office, where it is held in general delivery for six months. This post office does the approximate business of a town of 30,000.

3. The Seamen's Club Alcoholics' Assistance Bureau helps the drinking sailor get back on his feet and leads him to try a better solution to his problems than drinking.

4. Seamen with alcoholic problems are given complete physical examinations and are furnished good food and comfortable places to rest and relax, so they can recover their physical and mental health.

5. Named the Joseph Conrad Library, after the great writer on the sea, the library provides diversion for the sailor when he comes ashore and also while he is on a ship.

6. A sailor, wanting to keep busy during his time ashore, can use his hands for work with wood, leather, jewelry, and other materials in the Institute's shop for crafts.

7. The baggage room, where a Chinese seaman checks a souvenir he picked up in South Africa, handles more than 135,000 items annually.

8. Founded by the widely known and loved "Mother Roper," the Institute's Missing Seamen's Bureau has located thousands of missing men and reunited them with their families.

# Home SCUTTLES A MAJOR PROBLEM



9. At the Institute a sailor looks over the current exhibit of paintings by the members of the Artists and Writers Club for the Merchant Marine.

10. When a seaman's luggage is left at the Institute for more than a year, with no word from him, it is opened, papers are filed away for safekeeping, clothes are cleaned and kept for needy seamen, and souvenirs are exhibited in the curio room.

11. Atop the Institute a sailor gets the feel of the helm on the flying bridge. This is one of the many activities offered seamen.

12. Two seamen learn how to use sextants in "shooting the sun" on the roof of the Institute. This is part of the training to help them gain promotion to higher grades.

13. As they relax in the Netherlands Room, one of the various nationality rooms in the Institute, Dutch sailors meet those who talk their own language.

14. Waiting for berths, these seamen pass the time in the main lobby of the Institute.



**H**ORATIO ALGER'S name has long been synonymous with success stories, but the story of Knott's Berry Farm almost out-Algers Alger himself. Yet there it is—huge and still growing, interesting to the point of enchantment, painlessly educational, and all as tangible and real as the food you eat.

It had its beginning in 1920 when Walter and Cordelia Knott came to Buena Park near Los Angeles, with their four children from the Mojave Desert, where they were homesteaders. As Mrs. Knott wryly observes, "All we raised out there was a fine bunch of children." In Buena Park for seven years they rented ten acres of farm land, planting them in berries. In 1927 they bought the ten acres, and Knott's Berry Farm began to take shape. There was a cozy little dining room with five tables; and Mrs. Knott and the three daughters served pie, hot biscuits, and berry jam.

Today, as then, Knott's Berry Farm is on no main thoroughfare. It is off U.S. 101, the nearest big highway, a mile or two. It is twenty-two miles southeasterly from downtown Los Angeles.

As the guest approaches this fabulous place, his attention is attracted by a sign as large as those offering food, "NO LIQUOR SERVED." Thirst can be quenched here with water or various fruit juices—nothing stronger than malted milk.

Proof that the policy is a good one is indicated by these solid evidences of vitality and growth:

On November, 25, 1937, Thanksgiving, 1,774 dinners were served.

May 10, 1942, Mother's Day, 6,390 dinners were served.

May 12, 1946, Mother's Day, 7,838 dinners were served.

May 13, 1951, Mother's Day, 11,621 dinners were served.

May 10, 1953, Mother's Day, 13,423 dinners were served.

The estimated total number of meals for 1954 is somewhat more than 1,250,000.

Mr. Knott himself observes somewhat reflectively, "It may be we have lost some business because we serve no liquors. On the other hand, I know that many who use liquor and who have it in their homes come here and bring their guests because they know there is no drinking. They know they will be free from rowdiness and have no embarrassments. Perhaps that makes up for those who do not come."

The combined restaurant seating capacity is 1,750. It is obvious that there must be considerable waiting on the part of some guests. Mr. Knott has, in his own way, solved the problem of making the waiting period agreeable and entertaining.

In 1938 there was constructed a miniature volcano which rumbles and emits smoke and steam. Also there was built Our Little Chapel by the Lake with its inspiring description of Christ, which now is given with the showing of the lifelike painting "The Transfiguration" by artist Paul von Klieben. One cannot visit this and not be reverently impressed.

The year 1942 saw Mr. Knott construct an authentic gold mine. Here the guest, for a small fee, can "pan" gold—actual gold—under the direction of a desert miner, and keep what he pans. At the entrance to the gold mine is the arrastra used for twenty years by Desert Jim at his mine near Death Valley. As the burros travel around, they drag a heavy stone over the ore, gradually crushing it so the gold can be extracted.

Ghost Town has been growing for the past several years, these old buildings being brought in from various places. Already there are the steak house, a livery stable, Wells Fargo Express, general store, blacksmith

# GHOST TOWN

ON A





shop, hangman's tree, and a bottle house, which is the replica of the original in Rhyolite, Nevada, made of 3,082 bottles emptied by those who thought it possible to find pleasure or to drown trouble in liquor. In Calico Saloon one can still have drinks: boysenberry juice, sarsaparilla, cider, and buttermilk.

In 1951 Mr. Knott bought the seventy-five-acre tract and ghost town of Calico, not far from Barstow on the Mojave Desert. Here, where \$87,000,000 in silver was taken in fifteen years from the barren colorful hills, the old town is to be restored as a landmark of California mining. Shops of various sorts will be there. One of the most interesting tunnels is being cleared and made safe for tours.

Another addition was made in 1951. In Colorado a short narrow-gauge line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad was discontinued—that is, the scene of its operation was drastically changed. Instead of plying in Colorado, it now runs around a picturesque circle on Knott's Berry Farm. It is all here: engine, train, water tank, and railroad station. The grand excursion probably takes as long as six minutes! But the youngsters love  
(Turn to page 33.)



*When Mrs. Knott and I started this business years ago our children all worked with us. It was a family enterprise, and soon their high-school and college friends came in with them. Now these children are partners with us, heading various departments.*

*We never had any liquor in our home as a matter of principle and decided that it should not be any part of our business. In spite of it, our business has increased and grown steadily, and for this we are most appreciative.*

*Wally Knott*

# BERRY FARM

One of the West's most fabulous attractions, Knott's Berry Farm features its saloon without liquor.

Elton A. Jones



1. Main Street in Knott's Ghost Town.
2. A picture of serenity itself is Our Little Chapel by the Lake.
3. Over the bar of the Calico Saloon where used to flow rivers of "tangle foot," "O, be joyful," and other potent intoxicants, now is served boysenberry juice, sweet cider, sarsaparilla, and buttermilk.
4. Calico Saloon, where thirst is quenched—with boysenberry juice.
5. Knott's Berry Farm flourishes on a perpetual drouth.
6. The front of Knott's Berry Farm on a normal weekday morning.
7. The covered-wagon arena and a few wagons.
8. An exact replica of the famous Bottle House of Rhyolite, Nevada.
9. Near the entrance to the "gold mine" is an old arrastra.
10. A look into the "gold mine." A very "safe" venture—25¢ per pan—and the panner keeps the gold, real gold, too.
11. The narrow-gauge Ghost Town railroad.
12. The Ghost Town railroad ticket office.



# Top Performance in Life



## GUNNAR NIELSEN

Second Fastest World's Active Miler

"I am convinced that a person has to stay away from alcohol and tobacco if he expects to give top performance in life. My wins are the result of strict habits. Why should a young person smoke or drink when the best things in life can be enjoyed without such habits?"

*Gunnar Nielsen*

Gunnar Nielsen's star of achievement has risen rapidly, from the day he placed fourth in the 800-meter race in the 1952 Olympics. Last year he set a new world record for 880 yards, and early this year won the Junior Chamber of Commerce Invitation Mile in 4:09.5, a new meet record.

## JOHN BENNETT

First in World Ranking in Broad Jump

"Without a doubt, alcohol and athletics don't mix. It's a matter of common sense, and my firm conviction that these habits cannot be indulged. If you're going to shoot for the limits in your field, you cannot start by drinking and smoking."

*John Bennett*

With his eyes on the coming Olympics in 1956, John Bennett already holds the world title in broad jump and expects to better his own mark. He is a graduate of Marquette University, with plans to go into retail business.



## RODNEY A. RICHARD

National Dash and Sprinter Champion

"My experience in running track has shown me that in order to be a successful competitor, an individual must adhere to the highest standards of living, and refrain from tobacco and all alcoholic beverages."

*Rodney A. Richard*

Excelling in the shorter runs such as the 80-, 100-, and 220-yard dashes, Rodney A. Richard's list of victories reads like the record book itself. His latest accomplishments were at the Pan-American games in Mexico City in March, 1955.



Track Interviews by RALPH K

## ROY RANGE

West Coast Broad Jump Champion

"I have never smoked or drank in my life. I don't see any sense in it. It would do me more harm than good. When I need strength to achieve distance in the broad jump, dissipation in any form is a sign of weakness."

*Roy Range*

Roy Range last year jumped 25 feet  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch to become West Coast champion. January, 1955, saw him set a new record in the Washington *Evening Star* Games by leaping 25 feet  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches.





# HAS THE PENDULUM SWUNG TOO FAR?

**A**SK your neighbor whether alcoholism is a disease. The chances are that he will say Yes. To this extent has the current campaign of education and public enlightenment been successfully diffused; but the question might be asked, Have we really achieved a net gain in our efforts to control this, the major public-health problem of our day?

Undeniably there have been significant advances in our technical knowledge of the nature of the drug, of what it does to the mind and body of man. Though we now recognize that repeated exposure and indulgence make the victim unable to cope with this Frankenstein monster by "will power" alone, we are still a long way from understanding the full nature of alcohol's effects. We know that it has destructive physical consequences, may damage the nervous system, may lead to deterioration of social habits, and is connected with diseases such as cirrhosis of the liver, several forms of insanity, and delirium tremens. We know that no immunity exists by virtue of age, sex, race, income level, occupation, or station in life. We know that alcoholism is a progressive malady, that he who "drinks a bit too much" to start with is likely to end up engulfed by a monster which demands everything of its victims.

Is there a danger that because the public now thinks of alcoholism as a disease it will be relegated to the same category as other illnesses, like polio, which science will "automatically" and inevitably conquer?

Some of the dangers stemming from the present theory of alcoholism as merely a disease are the following:

1. A tendency by the average citizen to slough off the problem as one for the experts. Since it is an illness, the thought runs, it is something to be dealt with by the medical profession or other experts. At most the conscientious citizen may be aware of the need for an extension of treatment centers or the establishment of clinical facilities to deal with this disorder. That is, concern tends to be mobilized in the area of repairing the damage after it has occurred.

2. The belief that because we have identified the monster we are closer to caging it. This goes on all the time, the illusion that labeling something, describing its characteristics or its source, is the same as liquidating it.

The discovery, during the last century, that tuberculosis is connected with a specific bacterial agent was followed by a wave of optimism that the "white plague" would be wiped out in the next generation. The disease

is still very much with us. Suppose, as some investigators believe will eventually happen, a specific factor were found to be involved in alcoholism—a vitamin deficiency, for example, as is suspected by some researchers. Does anyone believe that because of this discovery alcoholism would be conquered?

3. The effect on the alcoholic and those in his immediate environment. This seems to operate in two ways: The first concerns the element of individual responsibility. The alcoholic, now more than ever before, is prone to say, "This is not my fault; I'm sick." "This is not his fault; he's sick," echo the members of his family.

Though we may be dealing with what is considered an illness, we still should demand some assumption of responsibility by the sufferer. This is seen again and again in treatment of other conditions in which a psychological or emotional illness is involved. Sophisticated by the spread of psychiatric concepts, the neurotic complains to his therapist that it is not his fault/he is this way: "My parents did this to me." One does not argue this point with the patient, but often does indicate to him that more to the point is, "What are you now going to do about your messed-up life and personal relationships?" It may be pointed out that he is no longer a child at the mercy of parental attitudes and their alleged destructive effects.

I think the pendulum may have swung too far, from unthinking condemnation of the alcoholic (uncharitable and self-defeating because it alienated the victim further), over to indulgence and uncomprehending "tolerance" (also unfortunate because it accepts an unsatisfactory state of affairs as though it were a law of nature and tends to sap individual effort to get well). The secondary gains involved, in receiving sympathy for being sick and from the opportunity to dramatize (Turn to page 34.)

A noted psychiatrist candidly looks at the theory of alcoholism as a disease.



A moment with his family is a rare privilege for Alvin.

“I have always been a nondrinker, and have always been against drinking as far as I am concerned. And this includes ‘moderate’ drinking. There is no such thing as a moderate drinker, if by ‘moderate’ you mean one who doesn’t harm his body. I think even one drink harms the body.

“Drinking doesn’t entice me at all. I just never have been tempted by it. Early family and church influences have kept me from it.

“To be specific, I don’t think a baseball player can do his best with drink. In fact, from my observation, there is no place for liquor in baseball.”



**A**S CAPTAIN of the world champion New York Giants, Alvin Dark is at the peak of a brilliant baseball career.

He was a major factor in the Giants' spectacular dash for the 1954 National League pennant, and helped "quarterback" their stunning World Series upset in four straight games of the favored Cleveland Indians, contributing seven hits, scoring two runs. His batting average of .412 for the series was the best on his team.

Though engaged in a highly publicized sport, the name of this "backbone of the Giants" is not often found in the headlines. He shies away from personal publicity. However, Alvin the Quiet, as he has been nicknamed, invariably comes through with the important plays when they are most needed.

At bat or afield, he never lets up. His fierce determination to win has carried his teammates to victory on many an occasion. Always on hand, he hasn't missed one of his team's games in the last two seasons.

"The cement that holds the team together," Leo Durocher, his manager, calls him in tribute to his leadership qualities. And the Giants have shown their respect by signing him for two years at \$36,500.

Alvin always has been a standout in any sport he took up. All through his youth he played baseball, beginning as a youngster on the sand lot. At twelve he was playing for his American Legion team. Always his ambition was to be a major-league player.

In track he broke ten seconds in the 100-yard dash. He high-jumped four inches above his head, and broad-jumped twenty-three feet. His early reputation was as an

In no other way open to me could I have grown up to exert so much influence on young people of all faiths."

And this influence, he is convinced, is exerted most efficiently by personal example rather than by trying to specify for youth exactly what they should do and should not do.

Some time ago Alvin turned down an offer of \$500 to sell his testimonial to a cigarette company, refusing to allow himself to be represented as smoking when he does not smoke. The next day Manager Leo Durocher offered him the captaincy of the team with \$500 extra pay. "It was part of God's plan for me to play baseball," he sincerely explains.

Obviously, religion means something to him in everyday living. "I am a Christian, and am proud of it." He is in frequent demand by church, civic, and youth groups, and readily speaks in behalf of high ideals in modern life. Often his testimony has to do with tithing, for he has consistently turned into his church 10 per cent of his earnings ever since his mother encouraged him to set apart 25 cents a week from his \$2.50 weekly earning on a paper route. \$1,114 of his \$11,147 World Series check was promptly earmarked for tithe.

During off-season Dark works as a salesman for Magobar Drilling Mud Company, which manufactures chemical muds used in drilling for oil. The main drawback, he observes, is that he has to be away from home so much. And one can understand his feeling, for he has a modernistic country home near Lake Charles, Louisiana, and in it a charming wife, Adrienne, and three lively youngsters, Allison, Gene, and Eve.

## Alvin Dark - Captain of the Champions

exceptional passer and fine punter in football and as the spark plug on his basketball team.

For three years he served with the Marines, including a tour of duty in China. Upon his return he was deluged with offers from major-league teams, with which he has now played nearly nine years, six with the Giants.

Dark is not known for hitting a long ball, but he holds the record for home runs by National League shortstops—23 in 1953, and he hit 20 in 1954. Only two other shortstops have ever had a higher batting average than his.

"You don't have to make the driving, spectacular plays to be a great ball player," he says, in summing up his philosophy. "A great ball player is the man who can make the plays within his range and make them consistently."

When asked about the greatest thrill of his career, he with typical self-effacement referred to Bobby Thompson's thriller of a ninth-inning home run that won for the Giants their sudden-death game against Brooklyn and with it the 1951 pennant.

Perhaps some names in baseball are better known than that of Alvin Dark, but probably no player has a more dedicated sense as to why he is in the game.

"Since I picked up a baseball," he says, "I have believed I was intended to be a major leaguer, and for one reason.

THIRD QUARTER







## Report From French Morocco

Dick  
Miller

## I TRIED HASHISH

**H**ASHISH, marijuana, pot, kiff, lup, or whatever you want to call it, has always been and still is a main prop of Moroccan civilization. When France, England, and Spain sat around the conference table with the sultan of Morocco and divided up his country at Algeciras in 1906, the diplomats agreed: "The sultan of Morocco shall continue to exercise his monopoly in the sale of kiff and opium."

The treaty is still in force, but the French have stopped the sale of opium and have taken to packaging reefers of an inferior blend. In Spanish territory strong reefers can be bought at most tobacco stores, and they are easy to get from racketeers in the French port of Morocco.

As a result, along the streets of Medina or any Arab quarter in Morocco people sit in doorways or on mats in cafés smoking their pipes of hashish. So when the American construction crews went to Casablanca to build air bases, they saw the stuff in use, and many tried it, either out of curiosity or for "kicks."

It was probably just plain temptation and curiosity which led me to try it. At any rate, try it I did, and I pass along the results as a warning.

Jim and Bill, two friends of mine from the air base, had been after me for some time to sample the stuff. Giving in, I met them in a restaurant where we each ate three hashish-stuffed dates which they had brought, and washed them down with tea, as is the custom.

While waiting for the sweet dope to take effect, the boys ran through some hashish lore for my benefit. Hashish, it seems, comes from the leaf of the hemp plant. In many Arab cafés the clients separate the leaves from the rest of the plant, and these are cured like tobacco for smoking in long clay pipes, or cooked up in a sort of fudge for stuffing dates or spiking tea.

Jim and Bill had tried it all three ways, and claimed it either made them pass into weird fancies or go on laughing jags. Once when they spiked a girl friend's tea, she told them the next day that they were the most entertaining young men she had ever met. She had never laughed so hard in her life. Time slows down, Jim explained, a phenomenon which is the point of most of the so-called "jive" jokes.

"Now," he told me, "Pierre has discovered a particularly strong type of hashish called lup. He's been smoking the stuff in his room for three months, never leaves even to eat. His friends bring him food. We're getting worried about him—three months is too long to sit around and smoke lup."

The word *lup* struck me as funny. "Lup, lup, lup," I said. Then I began to think of each letter and laugh. The word got funnier and funnier—too funny, I thought—but then I got up from the table to buy some cigarettes and forgot about it.

When I came back, Jim and Bill were sprawled all over the table, laughing in a strange way. And as I started walking toward them, a buzzing started in my head. Then it seemed to me that I wasn't walking but my feet were pulling the floor and their table closer to me, like a treadmill.

I began to laugh. It puzzled me that it could take so long to pull their table over to where I was standing, but after twenty minutes it arrived, and I collapsed in my chair roaring.

Now the dope really began to make my head buzz. The buzz-z-z-z-z-z got louder and louder, and I began to feel light with everything going out of focus. To us everything we said seemed immensely funny, but no outsider could have seen the joke. Jim said, "Let's go," and that was the climactic gag. We knew that we had to go to a party a block away, but to us a

block was halfway around the world. It seemed it would take hours for us to get out of the restaurant. We didn't know whether we could walk.

When Jim and Bill left, one at a time, so as not to attract attention, I admired them for their courage. After they were gone, I was terrified. It took me what seemed like two hours to find the party.

The buzzing grew louder, then everything snapped back into focus, in two dimensions. It was as though the whole scene of the room was painted in color on a piece of glass. My mind was in two parts: one in observing my reactions and the other in a new and terrifying frame of reference.

Nothing was real. I looked out the window and saw a factory in Detroit. The people weren't real. Time had slowed down. Everything I saw was a painting. I was all alone.

I looked at my hand in front of me. It, too, was painted on colored glass, and I began to think of how the muscles worked, toying with the idea of cutting it up to get a better look.

Our conversations were like trains with gaps in them, gaps that let other trains pass through, unnoticed. Jim and I would be talking about something, others would change the subject, and maybe an hour later Jim would deliver a few more ideas on our subject. We'd laugh and laugh, sometimes inquiring of one another: "You still tuned in?" to see whether we were still together on the same track.

Glancing across the room at my hostess, I thought it would be fun to kill her, as an experiment, except that it would be too hard for me to cross the room. I was completely objective, dispassionately removed from life and reality, and I knew I could kill anyone if the fancy took me and if I could work up the energy. Then it struck me: "This is the way it feels to be insane!"

The laughter was only a sham, for half of me was in absolute terror till, at length, the scene on the colored glass began to get depth, and I could identify myself with others again.

At last I was free, free forever! Some might say the frightening experience was worth it, but never another.

Now I know why *hashish* means "the assassin."



## Report From Mexico



EMIL ZUBRYN

# ALCOHOLISM IN MEXICO

**A**LARMED at the frightening upsurge of alcoholism within its borders, the Mexican Government is embarking on a large-scale antialcohol campaign.

Preliminary steps have already been taken. Article 249 of the recently revised Sanitary Code prohibits advertising of alcoholic beverages over television and radio except from ten in the evening until six in the morning. Presumably this measure will help to avoid enticing under-age youngsters to drink.

Article 250 of this code drastically decrees that no intoxicating beverages can be sold in any new hotel, restaurant, casino, cabaret, night club, or similar establishment opened within the next five years. This ruling met with immediate strong opposition from merchants, industrialists, and men on the street.

Even the Mexican Government Tourist Bureau criticized the senate for approving the clause which, in effect, meant that no wine, beer, or liquor could be sold before or during meals. Tourist officials said that the measure would be a "severe blow" to the nation's tourist industry and would discourage possible future investors in hotels, restaurants, and night clubs.

As a result, the senators added an amendment stating that the prohibition would not apply to "establishments which, in the judgment of the National Tourist Bureau, are indispensable to maintain and develop the national tourist industry."

According to conservative estimates, at least 50 per cent of the workers' salaries go into the cash registers of cantinas, *pulquerias*, and cabarets. Furthermore, 95 out of every 100 farmers, 75 of every 100 factory workers, and 60 of every 100 government employees are habitual drunkards. Official sources refuse to admit these high percentages, but extraofficial sources and private spot checks show that the probabilities are that the percentages are even greater.

Alcoholism on a national scale is Mexico's chief social malady. This widespread elbow bending has undeniably curbed the republic's progress and contributed to the degeneration of its citizens, for records show that more than 75 per cent of prisoners jailed for various crimes, especially murder, are alcoholics.

The situation is aggravated by the fact that liquor imbibed by the average citizen is of the poorest quality. Adulteration is the rule, with alum and other equally harmful chemicals added to distilled spirits.

Another factor makes alcoholism a serious problem in Mexico. Drinkers in other countries are usually hearty eaters,

whereas few Mexicans get proper food. The daily diet of the vast working class is a monotonous repetition of beans and tortillas.

It is only since 1949 that Mexico has seriously attempted to curb alcoholism within its borders. At that time the senate proposed a radical prohibition in production and sale of alcoholic beverages. However, the liquor interests were able to have this measure shelved. Time and time again in the past five years leading health authorities have warned that chronic alcoholism in the nation is out of hand.

Dry-minded farm and labor deputies attempted to pass a constitutional amendment early in 1954 which would have "rationed" all alcoholic drinks. But this move was curbed by the liquor interests, who show their political power by controlling votes and legislators.

But since drinking continues to become a graver national problem, the administration and legislators not influenced by the liquor interests are gravitating toward a three-way attack against alcoholism: higher taxation on all alcoholic products; increased licensing fees for cantinas, taverns, and retail liquor outlets; and eventually a rationing system to cut drastically amounts of liquor available to the public.

All these measures to restrict drinking are not viewed with any pleasure by the general public, and the liquor interests

are exploiting this public antagonism to the full.

While the government girds for war with the liquor factions, with beer also included as an alcoholic beverage, there is no actual brake against drinking in Mexico today. Merrymaking, elbow-bending Mexicans go on imbibing freely. A small percentage, perhaps the upper fifth of the population, forswears national liquor in favor of imported Scotch whiskies, ryes, bourbons, champagnes, and assorted wines. By contrast, the average Mexican seeker of alcoholic forgetfulness has his choice of mescal from Oaxaca and Guerrero; *bacanora* from Sonora and Chihuahua; tequila, *raicilla*, and a long list of *aguardientes* (cheap low-grade whiskies made from sugar cane).

One thing links both the man who pays three pesos (24 cents) for a bottle of tequila and the well-to-do citizen who can afford 100 pesos (\$8) and more for imported liquor—adulteration. Neither the one nor the other can ever be quite certain that he is drinking the bona fide product, be it national or foreign, listed on the label.

Who are the drinkers of Mexico? They range from wide-eyed streeturchins of no more than ten or twelve to adults in all walks of life, including a high percentage of women. Lower-class women confine their drinking to

(Turn to page 33.)

## Report From Alaska



Helen  
Gillette

**I**N THE Third Division of Alaska, with the majority of roads and cars in the territory, liquor and speed killed all but two of the nineteen persons who died on the highways during 1954, according to statistics released by the Territorial Police. Twenty-five other persons were hurt in these same accidents.

Mechanical defects were responsible for only one of the fifteen wrecks in

## Drink Murders Seventeen

which these people died. This involved failure of a truck's brakes on a hill, and was clearly beyond the driver's ability to avert.

Four of the fatal accidents were caused by liquor alone, and liquor and speed formed a fatal combination in eight of the others. All these accidents occurred in the vicinity of Anchorage.

Lieutenant Ernest Mayfield, head of the police in Anchorage, declared, "People who drive while drinking and people who drive faster than is safe, do most of the killing on our highways, and we are going to do our best to run them off."





MILDRED COLE

# TRAGEDY in Our Town Today

**T**RAGEDY walked in our town today. Over on O Street a small funeral was held for John Nixon. He died after three days and nights of convulsions, after nearly a lifetime of debauchery, suffering, shame, and crime.

In another mortuary three blocks down the street morticians were busy preparing four bodies for burial, all members of the Selby family. One was a pretty little girl with the promise of youth still on her face. The others were her father, her grandfather, and her great-uncle. Her mother lies in a hospital, unconscious from the accident that claimed the four lives.

John Nixon never knew the Selby family, and the Selbys had never heard of John Nixon, yet they shared a common destiny from a common cause.

Here are the stories, and unfortunately they are true.

John Nixon was graduated from high school at sixteen. He had bright, inquisitive eyes, as though he were eager to see what life held in store. Out of his entire class he was picked as the boy most likely to succeed.

With his choice of scholarships, John went to the university. He was younger than the majority of the students and, as some of the more serious-minded of them observed, John started "going off the deep end." They watched in amusement, surprise, or disgust, as the case

might be, as John demonstrated, again and again, his inability to leave drink alone. Yes, he was sowing his wild oats; he was merely another university student having a fling. After graduation he'd marry, settle down, have a family, and make that mark his friends and teachers expected of him.

Through all his fun John was serious about his studies. He maintained good grades, and occasionally he seemed to approach his old-time brilliance, but always there was another drink.

John's parents borrowed money and came out for the university commencement week. They thought John looked thin, haggard. They watched his nervous hands, the slight tic in the muscles of his cheek. He'd been working too hard, they said.

This time there were no laurels for John. The professors shook his hand and said, "Well, good luck!" But they didn't pick him as the student most likely to succeed. One instructor, a "dope," John called him, had urged, "John, you must give up drinking entirely. It isn't too late—yet."

John didn't like the way he said "yet," and hurriedly replied, "Why, I can quit any time." In fact, he wasn't drinking any during commencement week. Mom was sharp as a tack, and would smell it on his breath. At least, he didn't take a drink Monday or Tuesday, but by Wednesday the tic was worse.

So John went to Lark's room. "Let's have a drink together," he urged, "just for fun, just for old times' sake, just this once."

By this time John didn't need any reason. Lark finally put him in his own bed and rolled himself up in a blanket on the floor. After all, John was only a kid, only twenty and already an—.

But Lark couldn't bring himself to say the ugly word. He had an uneasy feeling that he had poured John's first drink that night he had been pledged. No, it couldn't have been. It must have been someone else. Anyhow, it wasn't his fault if the little fool couldn't hold his liquor. Still, he remembered the uncertain way John had fingered his glass, hesitating.



"I dunno. I don't— that is— I've never—"

Lark recalled the guffaws that went round the room, and how John, scarlet with embarrassment, had gulped the drink. The crazy fool hadn't been able to stop gulping ever since, it seemed. Yes, he had poured it. Lark remembered now. Well, that didn't make him a criminal. If he hadn't poured it, someone else would have, he thought.

John didn't go on to graduate school. He had planned on a scholarship, but there was none forthcoming. He went home with the folks and got a job with his eldest brother. Soon he married his high-school sweetheart, and bought a little home on the installment plan.

Julie liked a nice home, so she worked in an office, and they budgeted their money. They bought a piano—Julie could play quite nicely—and some fine furniture. She made her own curtains, and she planted a border of flowers along the front walk.

"So you can walk between rows of flowers when you enter your kingdom!" she said as she kissed John. Then the light in her face began to die. Too often nowadays she smelled liquor when she kissed him.

The night came when John couldn't walk proudly between the rows of flowers. He tried to put his feet right—on—the—walk, but somehow they got into the flowers instead, first on this side, then on that. Ashamed that the neighbors should see, Julie came out and helped him in. The future looked ominous for her and their baby who was on the way.

John made promises. He tried, but the word Lark had skirted back there during commencement week was a reality now: John was an alcoholic.

The night Kurt was born, John was the typical father. He walked the floor with the other fathers, and even prayed. He promised himself and God that he'd never drink another drop. Just bring Julie through and give them a normal baby.

They would bring the youngster up to go to Sunday school. None of this drinking for him, if the baby were a boy. Tough on a little fellow to have an alcoholic father. No, he *wasn't* an alcoholic! Not any more. Not after tonight, if God would just bring Julie through.

When the nurse announced, "It's a boy," John broke down and cried. He wasn't ashamed. He'd been through hell out here with all these regrets and self-recriminations. He tiptoed in and kissed Julie. He wanted to tell her about his new-formed resolution, but the words wouldn't come. Anyway,  
(Turn to page 29.)

THIRD QUARTER

# March of Death

Harry J. Miller

Solemnly and slowly at high noon a parade moved recently down the Main Street of Tampa, Florida, evoking no gaiety and not a single smile from the beholders.

Thousands of sobered watchers gazed at this March of Victims, for each marcher was dressed in a black mask and a long black cape and represented a person killed in a traffic accident in Hillsborough County during 1954.

There were sixty-nine men in the funeral procession!

To remind citizens of the tragic cost of careless driving, music was furnished by a small band—each member garbed in black—which played funeral-type marching tunes.

And banner-bearing members of the schoolboy patrol led the parade, followed by a truck loaded with coffins.

The "victims," marching in twos, each carried a sign telling the cause of his "death."

One read: "I only had three beers." Others also told the role of alcohol in boosting the list of casualties from drunken driving, such as, "Took one for the road." "I had the right of way" was another. How useless to argue the point with a drunken driver!

The standard alibis were included: "Took a curve too fast;" "I tried to beat the light;" and "High speed, lost control."

How many of these victims could have saved their lives by strict adherence to sobriety and their better sense of judgment!

Tampa town fathers believe the parade had a salutary effect on its viewers, so much so that it is to be repeated annually. It is sponsored by The Civitan Club.





# "TROUBLES

## A-Plenty"

Virginia Ely



This interview with a drug addict, exclusively for "Listen," provides a typical illustration of how young people become addicts.

In all, one hundred addict patients in one hospital were interviewed concerning their introduction to addicting drugs, and their answers were found to be substantially the same. The information gathered from these interviews indicates a pattern which many young addicts follow in becoming involved with narcotics.

*How old were you when you first began experimenting with addicting drugs?*

I was in my early teens.

*Were you introduced to drugs through some of your friends or through a stranger?*

The group I ran around with all got to "joy-popping" (experimenting with drugs periodically) together.

*Was your group composed only of young men, or did it include girls?*

Boys and girls. Of course, sometimes we fellows would be out alone.

*Where did you procure your drugs when you first began using them?*

From another fellow who did not exactly belong to our crowd—he was older than any of us.

*Were all of your group in school when you first began taking drugs?*

Yes.

*Did you live in rural or city communities?*

We all lived in town.

*Was the older boy in school through whom you procured your drugs?*

No, he had quit school.

*How had you and the members of your group spent your free time before you began taking drugs?*

Most of us worked after school and on holidays.

*When you were not in school or on your jobs, what did you do for entertainment?*

Oh, we would just gang up and go to shows, dances, and do the things that kids usually do—sometimes just fool around somewhere.

*Did you enjoy ball games and other types of sport?*

Oh, yes. We all enjoyed sports.

*What did you do when you were just "fooling around"?*

Usually nothing much, except sit around and smoke and talk. We would generally go out some place where we could have a few drinks.

*What did you drink?*

Oh, just anything—beer, wine, gin, whisky—anything that would give us a "high."

We obtained our drugs from another fellow who did not exactly belong to the crowd we had known.



*Did you take your liquor straight, or did you mix it with other drinks?*

When we first started drinking, we usually drank something like cokes mixed with liquor; then we got to trying to see who could drink the strongest stuff.

*Did any of you ever get completely intoxicated?*

Yes, that happened pretty often.

*What did the group do when one of its members got drunk?*

That is how some of us got started on dope—we learned that by taking certain drugs we could sober up quicker; so we just stayed out until we got all right. After some of our gang started taking dope to sober up, they quit fooling with liquor and stuck to dope.

*Is that a normal course for one who is drinking and taking drugs—to progress from liquor to drugs?*

Yes, that is the usual way. They go from liquor to drugs, but not from drugs to liquor.

*Would you consider all alcoholics and problem drinkers to be potential drug addicts?*

Most of them are probably already on some form of dope, especially sleeping pills.

*What are the effects of dope that make it so desirable to young people?*

First, let me say that it is not desirable to all young people; but only to those who feel that they do not measure up to what they would like to be.

*You mean they feel that their personalities are inadequate?*

That is exactly right. And different drugs have different effects. Marijuana makes you feel as big as anybody, and you feel you can do everything better. When you take M or H (morphine or heroin), you feel like you don't have any troubles at all.

*When the effects of the drug wear off, how do you feel?*

You have troubles a-plenty. You just go crazy. There is no way for a person who has not experienced it to understand what the suffering is like when one is without his dope. It is the worst torment one can suffer on this earth.

*Is it true that addicts commit the crimes with which they are charged because they are intoxicated on drugs?*

That may be true concerning marijuana, because addicts usually smoke weed and drink some kind of liquor at the same time—it makes you crave liquids. But the opium derivatives do not incite the addict to criminal activities unless he is already a criminal. It is when he is without his dope that he would do anything to get it.

*You have explained how some young people are introduced to addicting drugs, to get over hang-overs. What*

*about the others—how do they get started using drugs?*

Oh, you know how it is—one thing leads to another. All of us started smoking cigarettes about the same time; then we began taking a little liquor; and when we were offered "junk" (addicting drugs), we did not want anyone to think we were "chicken" (one who is afraid to experiment with drugs), so we just went along with the crowd, and before we knew it we were "hooked" (addicted).

*Which drugs did you start experimenting with?*

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## THE CRUTCH

Any narcotic resembles a crutch,

To use it seems fun, if you don't use it much;

But sooner or later there's this much about it,

You find, in dismay that you can't do without it.

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Most of us started smoking marijuana, and from that we went on the "needle" (taking drugs hypodermically).

*When you "got on the needle," what were you taking?*

Morphine, dilaudid, heroin, or anything that would give us a "high."

*After you began taking drugs, did you continue in school, and did you keep on working?*

No; all of us dropped out of school, and we soon lost our jobs.

*Why did you quit school, and then lose your jobs?*

After we got on dope we lost interest in everything else. When one is on dope, that is all he wants, and all he thinks about. When we were without our medicine, we were too sick to stay in school or on the job either. When we had it, we were often too drowsy to study or work. An addict can't go to school or work because he has to put in all of his time managing for his medicine, meeting his connection (source of supply). Some of us lost our first jobs because we became too inefficient, undependable, and some because they were caught stealing from the company.

*After a person becomes addicted to heroin, how much money does it take to support the habit?*

It all depends on how big a habit he has, and his source of supply, but from \$15 to \$50 a day, or even more.

*How do addicts manage to get money to buy drugs if they do not work?*

That is where we usually have our first run-in with the law. We can't hold jobs successfully, and if we did,

we could not make enough money to buy our drugs. We can't look to our families for such help; so the only thing an addict knows to do is turn to stealing, burglary, pickpocketing, shoplifting, forging prescriptions for drugs, operating confidence games, and "pushing" (selling) drugs. The girls nearly always turn to prostitution.

*Before you began these various indulgences, were you and the other members of your group regular attendants at Sunday school, church services, and youth activities sponsored by most churches?*

No, most of us did not go to church.

*What is your general impression of the types of homes from which most young addicts come? Are they homes in which grace is said at the table before meals, in which family devotional periods are held, and in which the parents are active in the religious life of the community?*

I know that in most cases young addicts do not come from homes where there is much religious training, if any at all.

*When you first began experimenting with drugs, did you have any idea that you would become a drug addict?*

If I had had the least idea of what I was getting into, I never would have taken the first shot.

*If you had your life to live over, would you experiment with anything that might be a threat to your future welfare?*

If I had my life to live over, I would not begin experimenting with tobacco, liquor, or drugs. Aside from the real harm they do, they are all filthy habits. They have all led me from one bad thing to another. They have cost me all I have and all I love.

*Do you think you will be able to let drugs alone when you leave the hospital?*

I do not know. If I thought I would lose (return to drugs), I would rather be dead.

*What do you think is the best way to solve the problem of drug addiction among young people?*

The best way is to keep them from getting involved the first time. After they are once hooked, there is little hope that they will ever be free again. They will live and die as slaves to a monster that can only exist by feeding on the souls and bodies of its victims.

*As soon as they see what drugs do to them, why do young people not take themselves in hand and refuse to have anything more to do with dope?*

It is not so easy as that. By the time they realize what drugs do to them, it is  
(Turn to page 31.)



# Corking

## THE BOTTLE CLUBS

**When Congress wants to put an end to a disgraceful situation, it has the power to turn desire into fact.**

**MORREY DUNIE**

Reporter,  
Washington "Post"  
and "Times Herald"

**T**HE infamous bottle clubs of Washington, D.C., have been effectively corked by Congress. Festering sores in our nation's capital and the spawning beds of crime, vice, and death, the clubs were shoved out of business by a law enacted in June, 1953.

It is now two years since the statute exterminating the notorious after-hours establishments went into effect. The law was an obvious attempt to control the habit of Washington's drinkers to gulp alcoholic beverages not only all day, but throughout the night until dawn as well. It was aimed at "till dawn" drinking.

While Congress was considering the legislation needed to close the clubs, which served whisky after the hours permitted by District of Columbia officials by using the old ruse that they were private social clubs, defenders of the racket shouted that Congress was trying to legislate morals and this couldn't be done.

Perhaps morals cannot be controlled by law, but certainly the 1953 statute put a big dent in this argument and proves that something can be done by legislation.

Exactly what were these twosome or more after-hours clubs that one Federal judge termed "moral cesspools" and "cancerous sores on the side of the Government of the District of Columbia"?

Bottle clubs in Washington go back about fifteen years, with the first one being founded shortly before World War II.

They prospered by ignoring the regulations governing consumption of alcoholic beverages through use of a legal sham. In many respects they were not unlike the "speak-easy" of twenty-five years ago.

Although taverns and bars in cocktail-conscious Washington must stop selling alcoholic drinks at 2 a.m. Monday through Friday (nights) and midnight Saturday, the after-hours clubs did not open until 11 p.m. or midnight. They remained open until 6 a.m., 7 a.m., or even later the following morning.

Theoretically, they were private organizations with regular members who allegedly maintained their own "bottles" at the clubs. When the "members" visited the places, they were supposed to be served whisky from these bottles and none other. Hence, club owners said they were not selling whisky in violation of law. The clubs merely charged their members for "set-ups"—perhaps fifty cents for cracked ice and tap water and a dollar for ice and a little ginger ale. This produced a huge profit, of course, for operators who sometimes became greedy and sold whisky illegally—at inflated prices, naturally—and were caught redhanded by police undercover agents.

Hoodlums and ex-convicts patronized most of the clubs, and streetwalkers plied their wares during the wee hours. At the same time businessmen, Army and Navy officers, Government employees, even Senators and Congressmen, visited the more elaborate clubs. And it was not unusual for teen-agers to be seen in the clubs. On the whole, however, it was the seamy side of Washington who was always visible in the smoky recesses of the drinking establishments.

Clarence H. Lutz, deputy police chief in charge of the Metropolitan Police Department Morals Division, describes the sallow-faced bottle club habitués as the "crowd that wants to sleep all day and frequent those places at night. They're people who live by their wits and have a certain disposition to show off and be big shots."

Lutz also points out that the clubs bred crime. Not only were they places where nefarious criminal plans were made, but on three occasions they themselves were the scenes of needless shootings and deaths.

The 1953 law which ended this senseless bloodshed is simplicity itself. It bans drinking in the clubs from 2 a.m. until 8 a.m. Monday through Saturday and from 2 a.m. until 1 p.m. Sunday. Furthermore, the "social" organizations must be licensed by the District Government, and in order to obtain a license the club must prove that it is a nonprofit venture in operation as such for three months and with a regular membership, that not just anyone can come in off the streets and order whisky.

United States Attorney Leo A. Rover maintains that closing of the after-hours bottle clubs was a contributing factor in the decrease in Washington crime the last two years. However, Lutz notes that the all-night drinking places have moved out of the District of Columbia and have set up shop in neighboring Prince Georges County, Maryland. Hence, the effectiveness with which clubs within Washington were closed has been somewhat negated.

However, with the rising anger of the country's citizenry, soon these bottle-club owners will be forced to padlock their doors. At the present time county authorities are doing more than taking a dim view of the operations of the undesirable drinking dens. They have been raiding the clubs with increasing frequency. To cope with this situation, the Maryland legislature at its last session passed laws permitting law-enforcement officers to raid and close these pestholes.

Whatever happens in the future, one fact is clear: When Congress, or any legislature for that matter, wants to put an end to a disgraceful situation, it has the power to turn its desire into fact.



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## WE CLOSED A BEER JOINT

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(Continued from page 11)

I asked a member of the city government for advice, and he was far from encouraging.

"Sure, it can be done," he admitted, "but you will have to get a lawyer, and that will cost you money. You must get rough, too. Fainthearted attempts will get you nowhere." He looked at me condescendingly, and went on, "I doubt if you can do it. If I were you, I'd drop the whole matter, or move. Tony has lots of friends."

When I related the conversation to my wife, she listened attentively.

"Humph! He doubts that we can do it, does he? Well, let's make it so hot for that tavern that it will burn up by itself."

"That's what I've been thinking," I agreed. "We'll go all out. We can't any more than lose."

"You said it!" she answered with an air of determination.

Living adjacent to Tony's turned out to be an asset, for we were able to obtain specific evidence. This we classified as to time, place, and happening. If a brawl took place outside the tavern at midnight, July 3, which involved two men and a woman and necessitated calling the police, this became part of our record. We missed no breakage of windows, destruction of property, condition of individuals, and other pertinent facts.

The tavern was under constant surveillance. We discovered that the proprietor flouted the orders of the liquor board, such as ignoring closing hours and selling to minors. Both of these are serious infractions.

Three months brought us sufficient proof for our purpose. This was typed up in a terse report as incriminating evidence. While this was going on we were doing other detective work, at the local liquor board.

We found that taverns with unsavory reputations are warned by the board to mend their ways or suffer the consequences. This could mean a closing for two weeks or for an indefinite period. I found that Tony's Tavern was on the black list, having been closed before for law violation.

We had hit the jackpot!

All these facts were arranged in proper form and incorporated into a petition, beginning like this:

"We, the undersigned taxpayers of Center Street, City of Elgin, object to the restaurant at 76 Center Street known as Tony's Tavern.

"We feel the above-mentioned tavern is a menace in the community, not only

because of the unsavory reputation it now has, but because of the innumerable brawls for which the tavern has become famous.

"Must we, as taxpayers, continue to live and rear our children in this sordid atmosphere?"

"We the petitioners feel that drastic action should be taken immediately to abolish this condition in our neighborhood.

"Since June 1 we have kept a report on Tony's Tavern. Here are only a few of the incidents which have taken place in full view of respectable citizens and growing children. Do you want this condition to exist near your home?"

Chronologically the evidence was

### DETERMINATION

I am only one, but I am one;  
I cannot do everything,  
But I can do something.  
What I can do I ought to do,  
And what I ought to do  
By God's grace I will do.

listed. We were now ready to canvass our neighbors for their signatures.

This turned out to be more difficult than we had surmised. We frankly told each person we visited what we were attempting to do and why. Some signed with eagerness, but others were suspicious. They wanted to know, Would they be involved in a lawsuit? Would the petition have repercussions? Several businessmen refused flatly to add their names. Such an acknowledgment, they said, would affect their work. This was a legitimate reason, so we dropped the matter as far as they were concerned.

However, another obstacle arose. Most wives were more than pleased to add their signatures, but in some cases the husbands strongly objected. This was easy to fathom, for those husbands were habitués of the tavern.

After working several days and nights getting the signatures, we felt fortunate in obtaining fifty, and hoped that they would have weight in backing up our demands.

Immediately upon completion of the petition we sent one copy to the city council and the other to the local liquor board. At the same time we went to the mayor to ask his help and cooperation. From this visit we learned

that the mayor was in complete sympathy with our crusade to oust Tony's Tavern. This was excellent news to us.

Two days later we wrote a long letter to the state liquor board, not only summarizing our petition but giving more evidence on why the tavern should be closed. We sent newspaper reports stating how the proprietor had become embroiled with the police and had been charged with drunkenness, disorderly conduct, and resisting an officer. This, by the way, was his third offense. We stressed the point that we felt such a character should be made to close his doors.

With the letter mailed, my wife and I sat back to await the outcome, confident that we had covered every conceivable angle to rid the community of this nuisance.

We didn't have long to wait. Three days later the evening paper carried this headline: "CENTER STREET RESIDENTS DEMAND CLOSING OF JOINT."

Yes, there was the entire story of our petition and its reception at the city council meeting.

But two anxious weeks went by, and nothing happened. We began to worry. Was our hard work all for nothing?

Some of our petition signers grumbled. "Here you go," said one, "and get the whole neighborhood riled up with a crazy petition, which hasn't a chance. You'll never close Tony's. He's got too much political pull! You wait and see."

She was right on one count—we had to wait and see. There was nothing else we could do. Every day we glared helplessly at the stream of customers entering the tavern and wondered at the outcome.

Early one morning, however, much to our surprise, there was a different kind of activity at Tony's Tavern. We saw workmen arriving with tools, trucks carting lumber, store fixtures being unloaded on the parking lot. Was Tony remodeling? Was he expanding?

Then it came out. Tony was giving up his tavern! Instead, he was setting up a fruit business. Yes, it was gloriously true, and the evening paper verified it. Our prayers and hard work were not futile after all. Anyone who has lived near a tavern will realize the happiness we felt.

The signers of our petition agreed not to hold a grudge against Tony in his new start, and to trade at his store if it was kept clean and run properly. We could all afford to be generous; for, having won the victory, we welcomed the opportunity to give Tony a chance to make good.



# "Occasional Nightwork"

E. HADDEN HAYNES

I WANT to tell my story especially to teen-agers, for I'm one myself.

This being my last year in high school, I needed more and more money—you know how it is when you begin taking the girls out! The few jobs I could pick up around Tucson didn't keep me going. One day I saw an ad: "Occasional nightwork. Well paid." When I applied at the drugstore to learn the details, I was told it was secret government work. A certain chemical used in a new explosive had to be hurried from Mexico in quick stages, since it didn't keep for long. A trustworthy messenger was wanted to carry it secretly across the border, to avoid delay at inspection stations. I was to drive to the border once a week at night, get the package, and deliver it to the drugstore. I never thought of questioning this queer deal, for the adventure appealed to me, and the money still more!

My first trip was about two months ago. Following instructions, I drove south in my jalopy. Turning right at Kinsley, I drove almost to the border on a dirt road. This was of course to avoid the inspection station at Nogales.

Near the border fence I turned off on a small desert road, which crossed a fairly deep arroyo. My instructions were to hide my car at this lower level behind some desert vegetation so it could not be seen from the dirt road. Then I walked on to the border fence, timing it so that the occasional patrol was nowhere near. An ancient saguaro with one broken arm was the landmark I looked for. There it was, seeming to point between two fence posts. This was the spot where the can was buried.

I had a trowel and a flashlight, and, shaky with excitement, I dug down and soon pulled out a sealed metal coffee can. It was like being in a movie thriller! No one was about, and the return trip was easy. I delivered the wrapped can at the drugstore's back door and received \$250 in bills!

On my third trip I couldn't make out why the drugstore was locked and no light anywhere. Next day I took the can there again, and found a different man at the back. After he took the can, he said I'd be paid for two after

my next trip. This seemed a bit fishy, but I decided to go on with the game.

It was about this time that some of the students at our school began behaving queerly. They came to classes in a kind of dream and could not concentrate on anything. Their minds seemed in another world, and their eyes had a horrid glassy look. Generally they slipped off home or somewhere when the teacher noticed their condition.

One morning I'll never forget. Class had just begun when the boy next to me, who had stumbled into his seat, doubled up in pain. He was carried out groaning. I had seen him try to sniff something up his nose while he was squirming. On his desk was a scattering of white powder. The boy behind me leaned over and whispered, "Heroin."

"What's that?" I asked. I was soon to find out!

Now came my fourth trip to the border. All was as before except that I had to be more careful in the half moonlight. I got to the drugstore door with the can; but instead of receiving five hundred dollars, I was grabbed from behind and a pair of handcuffs clamped on! The officer took me and the package to headquarters. You can guess the rest.

The other side of the story I had yet to learn from the two Tucson newspapers brought to the jail by friends. The schools had asked police to investigate. They suspected that narcotics were being peddled to their students. Several officers watched, and in a few days traced the source to a drugstore. They saw a car (my jalopy) stop there in the early hours, and a small package was handed in at the back door. The officer followed to get my license number, but didn't arrest me then so that further investigation could be made.

The druggist was arrested with the dope, and the store locked. From then on the Federal Narcotics Bureau was on the job. The strange man I handed my can to next day was from the Bureau.

The Federal men guessed that highways and inspection stations would be avoided, so a special watch was kept on the side roads. The one I traveled leads





southwest through hilly country to the tiny Indian settlement of Bellotas on the Mexican border. They also guessed that this might have been the route, and had several men watching each night.

On my fourth trip I was followed, but didn't know it. Those men are smart! The agent parked his car on the dirt road and followed my car on foot, along the desert track. There was plenty of vegetation to provide cover, and the report says he hid in a thick paloverde tree near the fence and watched me dig up the can. Then he short-cut back through the desert to his car and waited there till I drove out to the road farther on. He trailed me to the drugstore and got me.

The newspapers also told how the can was brought to the border. The Narcotics Bureau had men watching on the Mexico side, too, and made their catch that same night. A frightened Mexican was arrested dodging into the shadows at Bellotas, and soon gave the name and address of his rich employer.

A man was arrested the next morning in his palatial home outside Magdalena, Mexico. In the basement many empty coffee cans and a bucketful of heroin were found.

My sentence is light, because I didn't know I was a dope runner. I'll soon be out on probation, but how can I make up for the evil I've done? How many lives has that dope already ruined? What hurts most is that it was *I* who carried the heroin to my fellow students!

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### TRAGEDY IN OUR TOWN

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*(Continued from page 23)*

she'd see. He held her hand and stroked her damp hair until the nurse sent him away.

But John went out and got drunk, and didn't show up at work, or the hospital, for three days; so Julie never knew the grand promise he had made to himself and God there in the hospital waiting room.

Julie went back to work when Kurt was old enough to go to nursery school. John sensed that she did not enjoy the baby as much as she had expected. In an inarticulate way he knew why, too. She was worried about him, about his job, about Kurt's future.

Sometimes John would go several weeks without touching the stuff; then something would snap inside his head. He'd go berserk. He had to have a drink, and he would have committed murder to get it.

Fortunately, he never did commit murder. He only lied, cheated, stole; but the worst infamy was when he would strike Kurt or Julie. Kurt hated him, and wouldn't come near him even

when he was sober. And John's father and mother grew old overnight, it seemed.

There was no reason in John any more. He could not hold a job, could not count one real friend even in his drinking crowd. He took money from Julie's purse while she slept, and sold their furniture, piece by piece, while she was away at work. He even pried open Kurt's bank, and when the boy got a paper route he bullied him into giving him money.

At school Kurt had to fight the boys who made fun of his father. Hating the house of misery that was "home," he often slipped out of the house at night, and was eventually absorbed by the neighborhood gang.

As for John, his brothers took over the responsibility of providing food and shelter for him. They often talked of putting him in an institution, and they tried in vain to get him to join Alcoholics Anonymous. Toward the last they confined him to his room, for alcohol had completely taken over.

## What Alcohol Does to the Kidneys

EDWARD PODOLSKY, M.D.

ALCOHOL used over a number of years has definite effects on all organs of the body. Alcohol in excess is an unnatural, foreign element in the human body. It does not belong there physiologically, and like any irritating substance will, in time, produce unhealthy results.

The kidneys are the filtering system of the body, concerned with the excretion of wastes. Waste material from anything that is eaten or drunk will in time pass through the kidneys. Alcohol is no exception.

In 1932 Drs. F. S. Langmead and T. C. Hunt made the statement: "The drinker undoubtedly shows some increasing susceptibility to inflammation of the kidneys [Bright's disease]. Whatever the causal mechanism, there is abundant clinical experience that alcohol may promote chronic nephritis." There is no doubt that the constant subjection of the kidneys to alcohol will in time cause them to become irritated and then inflamed.

Dr. F. Vogelius has declared: "Very few authors deny the importance of alcohol intoxication in the occurrence of renal [kidney] disease." Of the forty-two patients studied by Dr. Vogelius, tests of kidney function revealed the presence of kidney disease in twenty. Other doctors whose practice included many alcoholics have been impressed

So they buried John Nixon today, and the mourners and those who came to pay their respects were few. Kurt was there, under guard from the reformatory. Julie, living in another state, could send only a note to the stricken parents, living out their own days in shame and sorrow.

There is still another story to tell in this day of tragedy. This is the short story of the Selbys. They were on a vacation, driving their new car, carefully, safely. Someone else, however, was not so careful. From the roadside tavern he came plunging up the hill in his big car, on the wrong side of the road.

You know the rest—the bodies in the mortuary, the mother fighting for a life that will seem futile once she knows the truth about her loved ones.

Yes, tragedy walked in our town today. But it walks every day in your town and mine. It walks city streets and country roads, high places and low—wherever liquor flows.

with the presence of one or another form of kidney disease among drinkers.

Dr. S. Moschini reported a case of kidney disease in a nursing infant of four months, in whom the kidney ailment was due to alcoholism in the mother. The chronic use of alcohol by the mother increased the alcoholic content of the breast milk to such a degree that the nursing child was affected.

Dr. C. Wegelin has reported definite changes in the kidneys of chronic alcoholics. So have Drs. Zeigler and Horner. Other pathologists have reported various changes in the structure of the kidneys in those who drink alcohol habitually. These changes vary from slight to quite severe, depending upon the amount of alcohol imbibed and the number of years it has been used.

Recent studies have demonstrated that persons with certain diseased conditions in the kidneys cannot tolerate drinking alcohol even in small amounts. In such patients the ingestion of alcohol is followed frequently by an increase in the number of red and white blood cells and casts excreted in the urine, and by a reduction in kidney function.

There is no doubt that the constant use of alcoholic beverages does in time exert an unfavorable effect on the urinary tract. In the presence of any disease of the kidneys the use of alcohol tends to aggravate this condition.



# An Ounce of Prevention

HOW ONE WIFE PROVIDES FOR HER HUSBAND AN ATTRACTIVE HOME PROGRAM THAT OFFSETS THE LURE TO DRINK

ETHEL RUSSELL



Not this when he gets home—



But this!



And then this!

WHEN I married the son of the town's worst drunkard, I should have been scared; but young love is blind. Besides, I reasoned, the vices of parents are not necessarily handed down to their children, and my husband had formed no drinking habits yet.

Everything was perfect until we met some of his office gang while on a fishing trip. Unknown to me, a bottle of whisky went, too. They passed it around; Ernest got his first taste, and liked it. He came home, bought a bottle, and began taking what he called a little snifter each night, watered down with whatever is used to weaken whisky. It took him a whole month to consume a fifth, which amount some men could have downed in an evening.

But I didn't know that then. All I knew was what I as a child had learned from my father: "Hard cider is the devil's kindling wood; whisky is his firewater." I fearfully felt sure that Ernest was headed straight for a drunkard's grave. He could have been, at that.

Then his mother came to visit us. I picked a prize for a mother-in-law, one of those comforting souls who has a solution for every problem. When I frankly told her what was happening, I saw a scared look come into her eyes for an instant; then she patted my hand soothingly and said, "Now don't you worry. I'll go home and pray, and everything will be all right."

It didn't take the Lord long to answer her prayer. Ernest became ill with an intestinal ailment that forced him on a strict diet, and the whisky was forgotten.

However, I didn't forget. Then and there, I made some strong resolutions, and for thirty years I have stuck by them. These resolutions are *preventives*, and are not intended to reform a confirmed alcoholic any more than overshoes are a cure for a cold.

First, I always have dinner hot on the

table the minute Ernest gets home from the office. Many a before-dinner-cocktail habit is formed because a wife is pokey about getting meals. Liquor is more effective on an empty stomach and, as the craving becomes stronger, the desire for food decreases. Besides, the cocktail-at-the-table habit so often leads to the vicious practice of giving the youngsters a taste, building up, sip by sip, a desire for liquor in children.

Moreover, I try to make circumstances so pleasant at home that my husband would rather spend his nights there instead of "out with the boys." Sometimes they aren't all *boys* and a person would have more than a liquor problem to deal with.

Then, too, I make it easy for him to do whatever he likes best even if it is only tooting tunes on a two-bit harmonica or dozing in the big chair with the radio going full tilt. No matter how much it may hurt my ears to listen to the galloping sheriff's posses, I stuff my ears with cotton, and let them gallop, if that is what he likes. I have all day to listen to the things I like.

I don't make a baby sitter out of my man the minute he gets into the house. I always recall what one father said about his brood when he came home after working all day: "I get lonesome for them when I'm away from them and tired of them when I'm with them."

Perhaps he *is* tired and would like a quiet place to read and be by himself instead of surrounded by bedlam. My husband likes to read, too, but has poor eyesight. I solved this problem neatly by reading aloud to him. Occasionally I find myself wasting my breath because he has dozed off, but it doesn't worry me. We have enjoyed many fine books much more because we shared them.

Try to keep your man from adopting the old American slogan, "I work like a dog all week; I'm entitled to celebrate on Saturday night." So many drunk-



ards in the making begin at Saturday-night parties. Many times these affairs turn into brawls, and husbands and wives exchange familiarities with others they wouldn't dream of in sober moments. Is it any wonder that drinking is conceded to be America's foremost home wrecker, the cause of 75 per cent of divorces?

The people who celebrate on Saturday night usually celebrate Christmas the same way, although I never have been able to see the connection between the birth of the Christ child and a bottle of liquor. We stay at home during the holidays mainly because we are too scared of other drivers to go anywhere in our own car.

We solved the Saturday-night problem by inviting a few of our musical neighbors to our home. Although Ernest doesn't play, he delights in what he calls "canning our noise" on a wire recorder. We are not accomplished musicians. We play strictly for our own amusement, and our instruments include chromatic harmonicas, a mandolin, and a tenor banjo. We fill in with some harmonizing, serve light refreshments, and then play and sing some more.

Sure it's old-fashioned, but so is drinking. Liquor is supposed to make one feel good, but there is no feeling quite so good as the afterglow of a friendly songfest.

Long years have passed since that first fishing trip with a bottle of whisky. Like thousands of other wives I could have spent most of those years in the dreadful shadow of fear and uncertainty that living with an alcoholic brings. But I used my own simple methods of prevention, and you will be able to add others more suitable to your environment. Be sure that you never take it for granted that your home is beyond the reach of the liquor curse.

I never touch liquor myself. I'm not sanctimonious about being a teetotaler, neither am I ashamed of it. I just laugh it off by blaming my liver or some part of my digestive apparatus. I have as much right to coddle my insides as a person who refuses mince pie or dill pickles for the same reason.

Nor am I one of those wives who brag, "I drink with my husband to be sociable." Cocktail bars are filled with women who started that way. Soon they outdrink their men, and spend their days and nights filling up or sobering up.

We can't afford to drink, yet we have our own little joke about it. When we want something foolish and beyond our means but which seems terribly important at the time, we spend what we call our "hooch cash," and don't

feel so guilty about the expenditure. This money has bought the nicest playthings we own—cameras, binoculars, paintings, boats, motors, and other luxuries. They are much more fun to have than a hang-over.

We *don't* go near cocktail bars or anywhere else where liquor is served in public. We use the alibi that cocktail bars are too dark, and we like to see what we are drinking.

We have no so-called friends who expect a drink the minute they cross our threshold. When thirsty people do

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## How Narrow the Line!

J. WILLIAM BURRIS

**In an impending accident the difference between life and death may be in one error of judgment; in a race the difference between victory and defeat may lie in a fraction of a second; and in the case of drinking the difference between social drinking and alcoholism may be in only one drink.**

**Drinking is a dangerous business. True, all kinds of tempting advertisements try to show why one can imbibe in good fellowship without danger to the drinker, and many people do drink all their lives without visible ill effect. Sometimes, too, the drinker ignores the danger signs that experience has taught others. He assumes, "I take it or leave it alone." Then something often goes wrong, and there is tragedy.**

**Many, many times the narrow line between social drinking and alcoholism is just that close. The drinker may not see it at the time, but the signs are apparent to others, who are afraid for him. Later on, when the drinker sobers up, he, too, understands and is frightened for himself. It is when this fear and this lack of understanding become too strong for him to face that the drinker seeks escape from reality through more drink. When that time comes, he has lost his power of choice—he is no longer a social drinker, but an alcoholic.**

**This is one reason why parents are often afraid for their children, and why youth are so little afraid for themselves. These parents see the narrow line between safety and tragedy, between success and failure, between drinking in good fellowship and compulsive drinking.**

**Indeed, the lines are drawn fine at times. Differences in cause may be small, but the differences in effect may be tremendous. In view of this, every man should ask himself, Is it necessary for me to see how close I can come to the edge of the precipice without falling over? Altogether too many find out by falling over!**

come with their tongues hanging out, we politely let them hang.

It has been estimated that at least one out of every sixteen of the 65,000,000 drinkers in the United States will become a chronic alcoholic. That adds up to 4,000,000. And these alcoholics don't plunge from sobriety into drunkenness in a minute like jumping into a cold stream. They drift into it drink by drink as they would cruise down a river.

If you never form a habit, you don't have to break it!

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### "TROUBLES A-PLENTY"

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*(Continued from page 25)*

too late. Instead of being able to break their habit, their habit breaks them. Besides, from the first shot of dope that a young person takes, he is controlled by fear for the rest of his life.

*Afraid of what?*

As long as he is having anything to do with dope, he lives in constant fear of being picked up by the police. If he wants to quit, he knows that some of the gang will be afraid that he might put the finger of the law on them, and he would be given a "hot shot" (poisoned dope), or bumped off some other way.

*What advice would you give to young people as to the best way to keep from becoming involved in the drug evil?*

I would advise every young person to stay away from the wrong kind of places and the wrong kind of people. And if they happen to fall in with the wrong crowd, remember that it is smarter to say No. All young addicts want to be big shots. There is nothing wrong with that if they have the right idea of what is real greatness.

*What do they usually think constitutes greatness?*

Most of them think that by taking a few drinks of liquor, a few shots of dope, and going along with the thing the others are doing, they can win the approval of the leaders in their crowd, and cinch their friendship. They all learn the hard way that every addict is for himself. If a young person wants to be big, then he should seek his friends among people who are big because they do big things, good things.

*Where would you advise young people to seek their friendships?*

I think young people who go to church are usually the ones who stay in school and stay out of trouble. They are the ones who are our future leaders of society. As a group, they are certainly the safest ones to cultivate as friends.



HE followed the same route three or four afternoons a week during the school year, walking briskly along a faintly marked roadway across the open flat a few steps from her back door. In cold weather her coat was a shabby, loose one; in warmer weather a jacket replaced the coat and a purse was slung from her shoulder.

On a late afternoon in early June a neighbor working in his yard saw her returning along the roadway, and watched a car stop for a few minutes beside her. The same car containing several young folks had just passed his home. He thought what a pleasant person she is; the young people take time to chat a few minutes with her. He had seen others do it before, even in very cold weather. He thought idly that it was strange so few called at her modest house, then shrugged his shoulders. They probably knew she took brisk walks in the fresh air just as he knew it; she did not have too much free time after working nights at the hospital. He noticed the car was moving, and turned his attention to his work.

## SHIELDED FANGS

**This sinister creature had struck repeatedly and silently.**

**KAY ROBERTS**

He did not notice her return and enter the house. She locked the door behind her, went at once to the bedroom, emptied the purse she carried, hung the jacket in one closet, and from another closet brought a zippered garment bag. She laid the lovely dresses it contained across the bed, replaced the empty bag, and brought one after another from the closet. The dresser drawers were opened and closed; more and more delicate finery was heaped upon the bed. Expensive shoes and purses were wrapped in tissue. A row of matched luggage stood ready in the center of the room.

A light rapping sounded at the front door. She frowned and listened for a second signal and for yet a third before she closed the bedroom door and crossed the living room, turning the key. When the door opened, a young girl lifted anxious, wide eyes to meet her own. She slipped inside quickly and, as the door closed behind her, laid several bills on the table. Not a word was spoken.

The woman left the room and returned with several small packages, dropping them beside the bills. The girl's eyes seemed fastened on the moving hands that stacked carefully, then on the index finger that checked the count again. The tip of her tongue touched the parted lips and withdrew. When the packages were dropped in a sack, she moved; two shaking hands were extended. The sack was clutched against her body, and, reaching the door, she escaped as quickly and silently as she had entered.

Again the key was turned. The woman returned to her bedroom, piled the bills on those she had taken from her purse. Little did she care how this young girl had secured so much money—by lying, cheating, begging, perhaps by theft. She lifted the stack of bills, and her thumb caressed the edges; she tucked them safely into a new purse.

The greed in every portion of her being could appear as a heavy, quivering, engorged, distorted, black thing, clinging to her as a vampire clings to his victim, for all to see. It could squeeze every cell of her brain to useless gray powder; it could twist her attractive features into a hideous mask.

She packed quickly, preparing for a journey by air to a cool resort by the sea where she could live in luxury, prepare her plans for another nefarious campaign, unobtrusively obtain supplies.

A rattlesnake warns. This sinister creature had struck repeatedly and silently, wounding deeply. The venomous poison had traveled swiftly through an ever-spreading network of winding, concealed channels.

She locked the door of her house, secure in the knowledge that its purpose and her own were hidden and shielded by the helpless ones she sought to destroy.

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## THE NARCOTICS CHALLENGE

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*(Continued from page 7)*

as well as the product, and depended on the law of averages to create enough new users of narcotics to make it pay. It's a pathetic, sordid picture.

*Does it not, then, take an enormous investment to get the habit started on a paying basis for "pushers" in any community?*

Yes, and it takes a tremendous income to keep this business going. That is why I say stricter law enforcement is a key to smashing it on a grand scale. Crack down on the sources, and there will follow a sharp decline in the number of new users.

*Who constitute these "sources"?*

We must be tougher on the leaders of the narcotics syndicates, the smugglers, the wholesalers, and the contemptible "pushers." Those are the people who must be hurt.

Sellers of narcotics must be punished with such dispatch and firmness as to make the risks involved not only unattractive but downright repulsive. There is no basis for "going easy" on these people, for they have left a trail of broken homes and sorrowing families in their wake, and make criminals out of decent young people while growing rich on the profits from their vile traffic.

*Stamping out the source of the evil would reduce the number of new victims, but will it help to cure the present user?*

Many factors must be carefully considered in any rehabilitation program for the addict. For instance, the longer a person has been on the habit, the more difficult it is to effect a cure that would be permanent. A habitual user who starts with benzedrine or barbiturates has a good chance of being cured. Codeine, marijuana, and cocaine cases are more difficult. The toughest cases are those involving addiction to morphine or heroin. The high cost of such drugs to the individual usually indicates he has had to get money illegally to secure them. In many cases the addict has also become a criminal with even less chance of returning to a normal life and a good job.

*Sir, has your experience shown that people can cut out dope, or "taper off" by themselves?*

That requires a lot of will power. For the most part, people who go on dope have a basic weakness, and it is not likely they will have the degree of courage it takes to break off the habit. Usually the conquest of the habit requires medical aid. Addiction must be treated. Punishment is not the answer.



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## ALCOHOLISM IN MEXICO

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(Continued from page 21)

pulque, extracted from the maguey cactus plant. The higher-born go after the same fancy sweetened, colored drinks as women elsewhere in the world.

At one time Mexican officials considered combating the alcoholic wave with beer, which had enjoyed the status of a "soft drink" until it was classified as an alcoholic beverage by the new Sanitary Code. Brewers are fighting to regain the status of "refreshment" for their product, but lawmakers are standing firm on their decision. Two years ago brewers had been delighted by the proposal to wean alcoholics away from hard liquor to more beer.

Beer was hailed as a healthful, nourishing, and refreshing drink. The upshot of all this was not what the government expected, for there was no noticeable drop in consumption of liquor. The entire campaign was hastily dropped.

Under investigation is a vast anti-alcohol plan which includes an extensive educational campaign aimed at children and adults alike, and curbing advertising of liquor. Also included is the expansion of public diversions, such as libraries, sports, theaters, pageants, and other group activities to "elevate the spirit" of the Mexican population to aid them in forgetting their misery which they currently drown in drink.

Huge sums of money will be required, and the administration, in launching its national antialcoholic campaign, intends that it will have not only proper financing but trustworthy personnel to gain the victory. Religious leaders have already indicated their readiness to co-operate when the call to arms is sounded.

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## GHOST TOWN

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(Continued from page 15)

it, and every passenger can rest assured that the engineer is cold sober.

Notwithstanding all these attractions, the Knotts remind us that their place is still a berry farm. The ten acres have now grown to two hundred or more. A sign hanging in the Farm Market says: "These boysenberries were grown here on the farm. During the season of 1951 more than seven carloads (200,000 pounds) were put in our freezers for use in jam and pie-making throughout the year."

Naturally, parking the cars of so many guests is a problem—but Mr. Knott has attended to that matter. Forty acres of land are laid out, cross streets are near together, and all is marked for free parking. Parties com-

ing with reservations announce their arrival; then they are free to roam about. When the table is ready they are courteously called over a loud-speaker. All is well organized at Knott's Berry Farm.

These are but a few of the features that make this place the magnet that it is for resident and tourist alike. It has been featured in *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The American Magazine*, *Popular Mechanics*, and many other national magazines. Thousands visit it every weekday, and ten thousand are served on an average Sunday.

**"Wine has two defects: if you add water to it you ruin it; if you do not add water, it ruins you."—  
Spanish proverb.**

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## MARIJUANA

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(Continued from page 10)

use causes frequent lapses of memory and severe mental disturbance, attacking the central nervous system and distorting judgment. Time and space are seen out of all proportion to reality. It seems sometimes as if a person has lived for hours in the course of a few minutes. Space and distance do not exist. An inch can look like a foot, or a mile.

Walking down the sidewalk, the smoker, while only half a block from the corner, may think that it looks at least three miles away and that he will walk hours to reach it. After he has crossed the street he finds that the curb presents a problem; he might lift his foot high to climb the curb because it seems so tall.

A smoker's breath smells like burnt rope. His eyes are often seriously irritated and so bloodshot that the color is orange-red where it should be white. The drug dilates the pupils of the eyes, making them fixed and staring. His eyelids are often swollen and droop sleepily after he has smoked the weed.

Marijuana increases the rapidity of thought, but in a disconnected manner.

Years ago I moved into a rooming house in Detroit, and on the first day I ran into a "viper," a marijuana smoker, whom I had known in the South. When he asked me to accompany him to a reefer pad, I did not hesitate.

Returning to my residence, I encountered my landlady at the front door, and stopped to speak to her. I couldn't remember paying the rent, so I stood talking, talking, talking, one part of my

brain trying to direct conversation, and the other part attempting to unravel the all-important question: Did I pay my rent? I was aware of the fact that I was jumping from one unfinished sentence to another, and that she was bewildered, but I could not stop the incessant talking that sounded like thunder in my ears.

Finally the confused woman managed to get away from me, and I went to my room. The next morning I found the rent receipt where I had left it the day before. It was unnerving to realize that I had put myself in a position where I didn't know what I was doing or saying, and that I had lost the ability to connect and control thought and action.

Sense perceptions are heightened after one has smoked a reefer. Sometimes colors appear brighter, sounds seem louder or sharper, and sensations more vivid. At the other end of the scale, of course, are those reactions when everything seems grim, unreal, and terrifying. Thoughts come quickly, and the illusion is that one thinks more clearly, reasons and talks better, and performs more efficiently. Actually, it has been proved, time and again, that efficiency is seriously impaired when one smokes marijuana.

How is it that a person begins using such a vicious drug? Few people realize the consequences of taking marijuana. They believe they can put it down after trying it just once. But there are few people who have smoked marijuana only once.

Many people take it through curiosity, or because they want to go along with the crowd, or because they fear the ridicule of others if they refuse.

The secretary of our board of directors (of NACON) was twenty-four years of age before she ever came in contact with any narcotics. She was offered a marijuana cigarette at a social gathering.

"What does it do to you?" she asked.

"Oh, it just makes you drunk," was the reply.

Not being interested in becoming intoxicated and being old enough to be indifferent to the opinion of others, she declined.

"I often wonder what would have happened to me if that marijuana had been offered to me when I was a few years younger," she said.

Perhaps this is part of the answer to youthful addiction today. Adolescents reaching toward adulthood, prone to emulate and experiment, who are exposed to narcotics without being given all the facts concerning them, are ready "suckers" for the bait thrown out.

Regarding the attendant evils of marijuana, Inspector Peter Terranova, chief of the Police Narcotics Squad in



New York City, has repeatedly made the statement in public that it is a well-known fact that marijuana is the steppingstone to more deadly drugs, such as heroin.

In 1951, Victor H. Vogel, former medical officer in charge of the United States Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, also said: "In reviewing the records of the teen-age addicts in the hospital, I learn that without exception, the teen-age addicts [to heroin] *first smoked* marijuana. The established pattern is for marijuana addiction to lead to addiction to other and more serious addicting drugs."

I do not minimize this danger, for it has definitely led countless unfortunate persons deeper and deeper into the hell of drug addiction via the heroin route; but I do believe this is not the only danger, or even the greatest danger, connected with the vile weed.

Marijuana jeopardizes one's physical, mental, and emotional health; robs its victims of self-control and will power; and causes the user to violate the law and actually risk his own life and the lives of others.

But there is a still greater hazard.

Many people claim marijuana is not addictable. In order to understand this problem, one should know what addiction means. It is made up of three factors: dependence, tolerance, and habituation. *Dependence* means that one must continue to take drugs to feel right. *Tolerance* describes the physical need for increased dosages of drugs. *Habituation* is psychological dependence on drugs.

Marijuana does not produce physical dependence or tolerance, but it does bring out psychological dependence. For those inclined to pooh-pooh the impact of psychological dependence, let me say that it is nothing to be shrugged away, not where marijuana is concerned. I have known this psychological addiction to get a strangle hold on its victims that is most difficult and many times impossible to break. The power of the drug, the strong craving for it, the shattered nervous system, and the depressions that linger long after a user has stopped smoking marijuana must not be underestimated if this problem is viewed fairly.

In my opinion, *the greatest danger connected with marijuana is the misinformation given the public concerning the drug.*

If people are encouraged to believe that only those of poor homes, criminal backgrounds, or unstable make-up are prone to marijuana addiction, or are affected by using the drug, a false sense of immunity is given them.

The widely accepted theory—and un-

fortunately, acted-upon theory—that *this* person is liable to fall prey to marijuana if he experiments with it, and *that* person is immune, is utterly false and without basis.

There is one way in which a person can be certain he is safe from the poisonous weed: *Never touch it in any form.* But he should understand why he is not touching it by learning the truth.

If, in addition to proper behavior at home and in the school, children were taught the *truth* about marijuana and other narcotics, we would not have our present epidemic of drug addiction.

I only wish that when I was sixteen years of age and began taking narcotics, which were first given me for medical reasons, some informed adult had told *me* the truth concerning them and the tremendous and tragic consequences of taking them.

I cannot go back now to unravel all the threads that wove the pattern for the waste and heartache that make up my life; but I can go forward, earnestly and unceasingly endeavoring to tell the truth to those who have the right to know what I should have been told.

*Reprints: In handy pocket-sized form, quantity reprints are available combining Daniel Carlsen's article in the previous "Listen" entitled, "Marijuana—the Assassin Flower," with this feature, "Caught in the Web." Address the editorial offices of "Listen." Prices: 10 cents per copy; \$ .75 for 10; \$5.00 per 100; \$40.00 per 1,000.*

## DOES BEER INTOXICATE?

Cecil K. Garrison

I began drinking with 3.2 beer when I was sixteen years of age, and by the time I was eighteen I was a confirmed drunkard.

I was in and out of jail and in and out of hospitals during a period of eleven years, during which time I was a hopeless alcoholic. I wanted to stop drinking, but was powerless. I went to doctors for a cure, but they had nothing to effect a cure in me. I drank so much that I would not eat sufficient food, and lost weight from my normal 178 pounds to 120 pounds. The doctor said I was slowly starving myself to death.

Through part of this eleven years of drunkenness I longed for help, but found none. Then my mother put me in contact with Alcoholics Anonymous. Some of the members mentioned the help they had received from God, and this thought lingered in my mind. This made it easier for me to accept the invitation of an acquaintance to meet her minister. Through the services in this church I was converted, became a new man, and was saved from the slavery of alcoholic beverages—a slavery begun from drinking only 3.2 beer!

## HAS THE PENDULUM SWUNG?

(Continued from page 17)

oneself as the victim of a disease, can be very damaging!

4. The belief by the alcoholic, his family, and others that because it *is* a disease, it can and will be cured if only the "right" doctor or "right" institution can be found or still another magic pill developed.

*But alcoholism is a way of life.* The alcoholic is not merely making constant use of intoxicating beverages but has developed a pathological substitute, a chemical substance, in place of human relationships. The bottle takes the place of people.

5. Because alcoholism is now increasingly thought of as a sickness of the individual, it detracts from the consideration of appropriate measures of social control. The public is exposed to persistent propaganda that the problem of alcoholism is only an individual concern. The question to drink or not to drink is not now a matter of law or public policy, we are reminded, but should be left to the individual conscience. We are told that the so-called problem drinker is simply not exercising his faculty of moderation; that is, he is taking poison in too large gulps for his own good! While this side of the question is presented to the American public by the lobbyists, another is presented to those who enact our laws.

But when does a purported individual problem become a social one? We have more than a million chronic alcoholics and *several times* that many problem drinkers (first-stage alcoholics)—an army as great as or greater than the largest standing army on earth, an army which costs the Republic billions in unfulfilled potential of talent and productivity plus vast sums in premature deaths, accidents, injuries, sickness, and crime, plus immeasurable human misery. It deprives the national society and the next generation of the full contributions of millions of damaged Americans, among whom are physicians, lawyers, engineers, scientists, teachers, parents—our pool of cultural leadership.

Can we still insist that this is not a social problem? These millions of Americans already are. And no magazine advertisement that pleads for freedom of the individual to "imbibe in moderation" will change that fact.

Is it not time, recognizing the social aspects and implications of the present problem, that adequate measures be taken to stem the further spread of alcoholism and *prevent* the constant increase of its victims? And should not this be a social responsibility?



# We

# REPEAT

# REPEAT REPEAT

## "An Alcoholic Crutch"

For his whole lifetime, W. C. Fields, "an emotional cripple who required an alcoholic crutch," feared insecurity, suspicion, and famine. During his final days a friend inquired: "If you had your life to live again, what would you like to change?" His response was wistful and tragic: "I'd like to see how I would have made out without liquor."

## Success and Failure

"I don't care if you make a lot of money—even a million dollars. You're not a success unless you have a happy home, where your kids respect you and your wife thinks you are the tops."—Heard from a heavy drinker and a sage philosopher in a tavern as he raised the question as to whether he was a success or a failure!

## Can't Drink the Stuff They Sell

"How can a person who is intoxicated tell whether he's selling to a minor, or even look at the clock and tell when it's time to close up? No bar operator should be his own best customer."—Deputy Attorney General William Bennett of San Francisco, in reply to a court case of a woman tavern proprietor who had been drinking too deeply of her own stock.

## Narcotics, Cause of New York Crime

"Almost every addict in this city is an active criminal and the Federal Government is failing miserably in dealing with both the public-health and enforcement aspects of the problem."—Chief City Magistrate John M. Murtagh, referring to the inadequate enforcement of Federal narcotics laws.

## No Liquor Ads for Fifty Years

Reaffirming its 50-year-old policy of not accepting advertisements of alcoholic beverages, *The Ladies' Home Journal* recently said editorially:

"The *Journal* considers liquor and similar items unfit advertisements for a woman's magazine. The *Journal* annually refuses to print, in its readers' best interest, nearly a million dollars' worth of ads other magazines find acceptable. Because of this attitude, the

*Journal* leads all other woman's magazines in total advertising revenue, and total circulation."

## Twelve to Twenty Years From Your Life

"You have the most important things in the world in your grasp right now—your youth and health. Many millionaires would trade their fortunes for them. All you have to do is hold on to them. The best way to do that is by refraining from drinking, smoking, and carousing. Don't put a mortgage on your future. These things can subtract from 12 to 20 years from your life. Don't let them. Don't give in to the temptation. Fight it."—Glen Cunningham, world's indoor track record holder.

## ANGINA PAIN MASKED BY ALCOHOL

"It is widely—and mistakenly—believed that alcohol dilates the blood vessels of the heart, allowing more blood to get through. It has long been known that whisky would prevent or stop an attack of angina.

"Recent tests show that this effect is due not to action on the heart but to action on the brain. Alcohol simply acts as a sedative, masking the pain without having any effect on the root of the trouble.

"The pain of angina is a warning signal for the patient to stop and rest. Alcohol's action prevents him from recognizing this pain. This, obviously, is dangerous.

"The old remedy of nitroglycerine tablets placed under the tongue is far superior in preventing and stopping an attack of angina than is a drink of whisky, which produces its effect by creating a false sense of well-being."—C. A. Dean, M.D., columnist and counselor.

## An Intelligent Approach

"So long as fruits are fermented and alcohol distilled for man's consumption the problem of alcoholism and drunkenness will complicate existence. It will . . . certainly be most intelligently approached by applying the methods of research, of discussion and of education."—*The New England Journal of Medicine*, Jan. 13, 1955.

## Intelligent Citizens

"Do let us get it out of our minds and out of our propaganda that there is any self-sacrifice about teetotalism. If people want to get the best out of themselves and others, and be really intelligent citizens today, they *must* be abstainers."—Dr. Somerville Hastings, M. P., in the *Labour Abstainer* (London, England), July, 1948.

## Alcoholic Costs to Industry

"Among the tangible losses, which can be measured to some extent are: loss of production; increase of scrap materials; loss of time; increase in accidents and injuries to both the problem drinker and his co-workers, which occur particularly during severe hangovers; increase in hospitalization and medical expenses; increase in disability payments; and increase in pension payments through premature retirement.

"Among the intangible losses are: interruption of production and time schedules through disruption of teamwork; decreased efficiency due to fatigue; slower reaction time and impaired judgment; increased need for supervision; weakening of safety standards which apply to all personnel; irrational promises based on poor or impulsive judgment that leads to production jams and loss of good will. Then, of course, there is lowering of morale of employees who are associated with the problem drinker on the job. Employees become irritated if they have to do another man's work when he is absent from the job or dull when on a job requiring teamwork."—Mrs. Elizabeth D. Whitney, executive director of the Boston Committee on Alcoholism, in an address before the Industrial Hygiene Foundation at the Mellon Institute, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.





# Ginger Steen

1955

## National College Queen

Habits are easy to form and difficult to break. Be smart and help yourself to good health through good habits.

Why is good health so important? Because I personally know that without good health I could not possibly continue with my college work and at the same time carry out my duties as National College Queen. Good health is essential. Don't hinder your chances for it.

I neither smoke nor drink. I realize that neither one is an asset to my well-being. Smoking becomes an expensive, unhealthy habit, and drinking becomes an escape for those who wish to run from reality.

Give yourself a fair chance. Help yourself to happiness and success through better living, and start now by making your lasting habits good habits.

*Ginger Steen*

Deemed the most beautiful and brainy college girl in the United States on the basis of 50 per cent for beauty and 50 per cent for brains, Ginger Steen of Philadelphia became the 1955 National College Queen winner at the grand finals of the National College Queen Contest in Asbury Park, New Jersey. Her essay, "What College Education Means to Me," was judged outstanding. Along with the coveted crown she received \$5,000 in prizes, three scholarships, and other awards.

Five-foot-eight, 132-pound Ginger is nineteen years old, brown-haired, and blue-eyed. While attending Tem-

ple University, she works as part-time secretary in the psychology department, models for several advertising agencies, and is active in campus organizations and projects. She also excels as a member of the tennis and swimming teams.

With a major in business education, she plans to become a teacher, a calling in which she will certainly inspire her students to high ideals. Her friends and classmates respect her courage, perseverance, enthusiasm, and wholesome, optimistic attitudes—true characteristics of a deserving queen!