

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



BAYLOR UNIVERSITY

It's a Fact



► Accidents and Liquor

More than 40 per cent of the 1954 traffic death victims whose bodies were tested for alcoholic content showed signs of intoxicating liquors' being involved, reported Coroner E. B. Mozes from a survey in Stark County, Ohio. Of the pedestrians killed, alcohol was involved in two out of every three cases.

► More Dry Victories

In a total of seventy-six local-option elections in Pennsylvania the dries have scored again. In the liquor column ten communities went from wet to dry, three more than vice versa. The dries had a net gain of five municipalities voting on beer. Many of these elections were called by the liquor forces to help reverse the gradual dry trend over the nation. Similar victories for the dries were recorded in 1954 elections in Texas and Ohio.

► Early to Drink!

In the Pacific Northwest beer with an alcoholic content of $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent is being sold as a "beer for children." This canned beverage is advertised to be used as a television drink for children while mother and father sip real beer.

► Victory for Sobriety

The Council of Churches won a battle to keep beer from being sold in the new \$7,000,000 Municipal Auditorium in Omaha, Nebraska. When the bill "created

something of a furor in the Nebraska legislature," as a result of letter-writing campaigns on the part of the breweries and the churches, two state senators withdrew their bill.

► Request for Conventions

This year the Georgia Association of Petroleum Retailers asked the National Congress of Petroleum Retailers and the local associations, which act as hosts to the annual conventions, to omit liquor from their future plans for entertainment.

► Supermarket Beer

One brewery claims that supermarkets sell 65 per cent of all beer sold in the city of Saint Louis, Missouri. At one store the liquor business doubled in two years, and in another in four years.

► Alcohol-Related Arrests

Of the 1,688,555 total arrests last year from 1,389 cities with a population of 38,642,183, some 59.2 per cent were for the offenses of drunkenness, disorderly conduct, driving while intoxicated, and liquor-law violations, according to the FBI Uniform Crime Reports.

► No More Bus Ads

The Twin City Rapid Transit Company of Minneapolis and Saint Paul has agreed to carry no more liquor ads on its busses. This gesture, it is said, will cost the company \$50,000 a year. The public will benefit immeasurably!

● More "Whisky Allowance"

The State Department petitioned Congress to boost the \$475,000 a year allowed diplomats to wine and dine foreign officials to \$700,000, which will buy four times as much abroad as it does at home. Congressmen have dubbed this the "whisky allowance."

● No Vaccine Needed

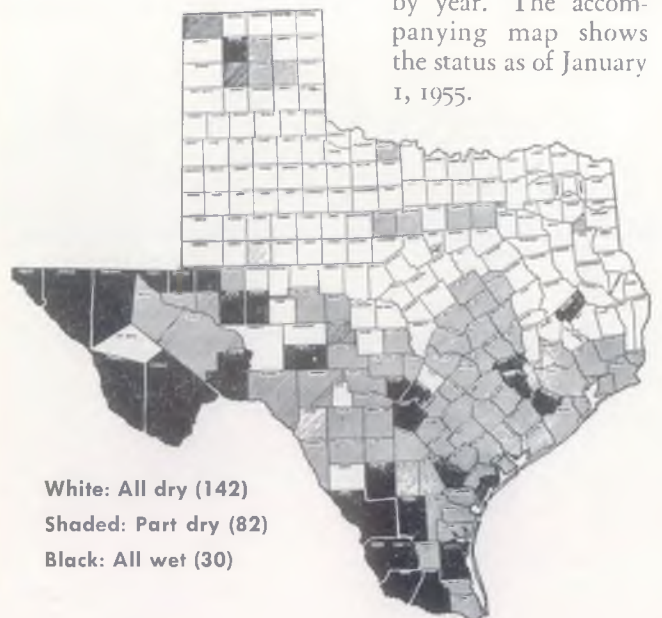
In the United States, alcoholism is 102 times more prevalent than polio. Unlike polio, however, all cases are contracted willingly.

● The Only Safe Way

Delegates to the convention of the AFL Air Line Stewards and Stewardesses Association emphasized the seriousness of passengers' drinking when they instructed their president to "discourage the serving of liquor on commercial air transports in the interest of the safety of the flying public."

Steady Gains in Texas

Texas dries are making steady gains in local-option elections year by year. The accompanying map shows the status as of January 1, 1955.



LISTEN

OCTOBER to
DECEMBER, 1955
Volume 8
Number 4

A Journal of Better Living

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OUR COVER

Dr. W. R. White, Baylor's president, talks with football aces Doyle Traylor and Bill Glass. Listening in is Jane Ferguson, who set an almost perfect record for debate wins the past year. *Listen's* cover is by Windy Drum of Waco.

INTRODUCING . . .

The sight of a young man experiencing delirium tremens on her lawn one lovely summer day developed in Ruth Cross Palmer (page 20, "Cocktails and Foxtails") an aversion for everything alcoholic. An author of considerable note (including eight books), she has, through her writings, initiated "The Sane Set," an organization designed to encourage modern youth to form their social circles among nondrinkers. "It is off to a fine start," she says, inviting further inquiries.

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Pages 4 and 10, Devaney; pages 6 and 7, Sue E. Taylor, Carol Hetzell, Thomas, Smithsonian Institution; pages 8 and 9, Kealen Rice; pages 12 and 13, Pix Incorporated; page 14, Carol Hetzell; page 15, *New York Naily News*; page 17, Windy Drum, Edward Haake; pages 18 and 19, Harold Hawkins; page 21, Bob Abey; page 22, Stanley Hall, Hinchliffe Studio; page 24, Les Hamm; page 29, Michael Kosinski Photos; page 30, Roberts.

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LISTEN—quarterly journal of better living, published in the interests of scientific education for the prevention of alcoholism and narcotics addiction. Endorsed and utilized nationally by Narcotics Education, Incorporated.

Entered as second-class matter July 16, 1948, at the post office at Mountain View, California, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, and authorized September 18, 1918.

Yearly subscription, United States and Canada, \$1.25; single copy, \$.35. Foreign Countries, \$1.50; single copy, \$.40.

When change of address is desired, notify the Pacific Press Publishing Association. Please send the old address as well as the new.

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They Say

How many utterly drab and uninteresting people are there in the world who might have developed real personalities if they had only had courage to do and be something different from the crowd. . . .

You can afford to have a decent regard for public opinion: but you can never afford to let yourself get into the pathetic condition where what "they say" or may say will keep you from doing what ought to be done.

—Bruce Barton.



GALLOWAY

Of major current interest is the liquor situation among the American Indians, especially now that the Government permits the sale of liquor to Indians. To find the facts in the case, "Listen" commissioned Madeline George of Wertheim Advertising Associates in New York to survey the field and evaluate the present attitudes of the Indians toward this new "freedom." Extensive research and wide investigation have gone into the preparation of this feature.

Special recognition for assistance in gathering information and providing leads is due the Association on American Indian Affairs, the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and numerous chiefs and tribal representatives who responded to queries addressed personally to them. Editors.



Firewater AND THE AMERICAN INDIAN

MADELINE GEORGE

WHEN is an Indian not an Indian? When he is a citizen of the United States, the American Government is trying to reply, though with tongue in cheek.

Actually, so far as blood is concerned, many Indians are more white than Indian, anyway—but they are still Indians in culture and background and usually prefer to be considered Indian. Yet they want equal rights with other American citizens and in addition a few "Indian" rights, like freedom from land taxes and hunting licenses. Of course, when one considers that this whole continent once "belonged" to the American Indians and was ruthlessly taken away from them, one feels that such requests are very little in comparison to what they lost and the conditions under which they have since lived.

Little by little the conscience of the American white man is pinching him, rather belatedly to say the least. Some of us who were brought up on cowboy and Indian movies and history books in which the red man was usually a savage villain forever out to massacre and scalp, are shocked to discover that our forefathers often treated these native Americans in dastardly manner.

When the white settlers first came to the New World,

they were welcomed by the Indians, who taught them how to plant corn and potatoes and how to catch, kill, and eat wild turkeys.

In return the white man gave some things to the Indians, such as guns, horses, and alcohol. On the other hand, it is true that missionaries shared their Christianity—sometimes, however, at sword's point. Other missionaries won converts by love and service.

The material contributions to Indian life had varying reactions upon the Indians. Certainly the horses proved of great value. Even though there were wild horses in North America, descendants from early Spanish importations, the Indians were slow in learning to capture, tame, and ride them. Soon the Indian learned to outpace the white man. Consequently, when he later became the enemy of the whites in an effort to defend himself from the inroads upon his land, the horses were a great asset and made him a far greater danger to the white men.

Guns, too, were later used against the settlers, whenever the Indians could procure them.

Perhaps, however, the greatest liability to the Indian and the white man alike was alcohol. At first the drink

was given in a friendly way for a little fraternizing. Later it became a source of amusement to see the Indian, unaccustomed to intoxicants, become drunk. Still later it became a method of taking advantage of the Indians in order to get furs, horses, and land for mere pittance, or as gifts. Sometimes these bargains cost more than the white man expected—when the aggrieved Indians, still under the influence of alcohol, turned quarrelsome and put their tomahawks into action.

As early as 1633, laws were passed to prohibit the giving or selling of intoxicants to Indians. At that time the general court of Massachusetts decreed, "No man shall sell or give any strong water to an Indian."

New Jersey followed with a prohibition law in 1679, and Pennsylvania in 1701. But enforcement was lax everywhere. By 1783 the Indians of western Pennsylvania took enforcement upon themselves, resolving to "spill all rum among them for five years."

In 1801 the Miami Indian Chief Mehecunnaqua, speaking at a meeting of Friends in Baltimore, through an interpreter, said, "We tell them, 'Brothers fetch us useful things, bring goods that will clothe us, our women, and our children, and not this evil liquor that destroys our health, that destroys our lives.'"

The Friends arranged a meeting between Mehecunnaqua and President Jefferson. As a result of this meeting, Congress enacted the first national authorization to control the distribution of liquor to Indians. The Act of March 30, 1802, permitted the President "to take such measures from time to time as may appear to him to be expedient to prevent or restrain the vending or distributing of spirituous liquors among all or any of the said Indian tribes."

The first tribal prohibition law was imposed by the Cherokees in 1819, with a fine of \$100 for the offender. Later other tribes adopted similar measures. Then the Indians insisted that the Government include in their treaties, beginning in 1820 with the Choctaws, regulations eliminating liquor traffic among Indians.

Finally, in 1832, Congress enacted a provision that "no ardent spirits should be thereafter introduced under any pretense into the Indian country." Other laws followed at intervals of fifteen and forty years.

In 1938 a bill was enacted which made it illegal for anyone to sell or give any intoxicating liquor to an Indian, under penalty of imprisonment for not more than a year, and a fine of not more than \$500 for the first offense, and imprisonment for not more than five years, and a fine of not more than \$2,000 for the second offense.

Then came the problems of enforcement. Inadequate funds were allowed for the purpose. The superintendent of the Crow Indian Reservation, for instance, wrote, "We are standing back helpless to do anything on account of the fact that we have only two police officers to patrol a territory which is 100 miles wide, east and west, and sixty-five miles wide, north and south."

In some areas remote from white towns, enforcement was comparatively simple. In other places the Indians themselves took on the responsibilities of enforcement. Where white towns were adjacent, or tracts of land within the reservation had been sold or leased to whites, enforcement was often very ineffectual. Some states also passed their own laws and aided in enforcement.

It seems that most Indians wanted this law prohibiting the sale of liquor to the Indians to be withdrawn, not because the tribes approved of drinking, but because they felt that the law was discriminatory and that those who wanted to drink were getting it anyway through illegal channels. It was claimed that often they could not get a glass of beer at a bar, as other Americans, but that they could buy poor liquor by the bottleful on the sly.

The bill, H.R. 1055, which was passed by Congress in August, 1953, repeals all Federal laws affecting the sale of liquor to Indians outside reservations and leaves to the individual tribes the option of forbidding or permitting sale of liquor on their own lands.

However, according to the Bureau of Indian Affairs, "That part of Public Law 277 which permits tribes to legalize intoxicants on their reservations has not been extensively used. Out of nearly 300 tribal groups with which this Bureau has special relationships, only twenty-five in nine states have acted to legalize intoxicants on their reservations."

From the land of the Apaches comes the significant word that the Tribal Council of the Mescaleros banned the sale of liquor on their reservation, thus tacitly admitting that they felt that the no-sale practice was better for their tribe.

As to what have been the results of this repeal, it is difficult to determine specifically.

Iliff McKay, member of the tribal council of the Blackfoot tribe, in Montana, sent the writer a long letter on the situation. In part he wrote:

"I definitely feel that the law allowing the Indians to purchase liquor in the same manner as other people is a step in the right direction. . . . I believe Congress is also to be commended for the manner in which the law was written, that of allowing Indians to choose for themselves whether or not they wanted liquor sold on their own particular reservation.

"Most of the older members of our tribe were against the sale on the reservation, and understandably so; for liquor played an important part in inducing the fathers and grandfathers of these older members to sell their lands and properties to unscrupulous white traders. . . . In general, the young people wanted the legalized sale of liquor, especially those who had served in the Armed Forces."

Mr. McKay said that the only other tribe he knew of in Montana who took definite action on the sale of liquor on its reservation is the Crow Tribe at Lodge Grass. The Crows voted to prohibit the sale of liquor.

Many of the reservations preferred to keep local prohibition. The Albuquerque *Press*, November 7, 1953, stated, quoting an Associated Press release: "Now that New





1. Many Navahos live in hogans, or huts. This one is in the desert of Monument Valley.
2. Chief Bright Canoe and Young Buffalo do the Indian challenge dance at the Shinnecock powwow on the Indian Reservation at Southampton, Long Island, New York.
3. Julius Twohy, Ute Indian, painter of murals. One of his well-known murals is at the children's refectory at Tacoma Indian Hospital, Washington.
4. Navahos carding wool, spinning thread, and making belts near Keams Canyon, Arizona.
5. Delaware Indian chief at an annual exposition in Anadarko, Oklahoma.
6. Indian tribes in native costume perform a ceremonial dance at the powwow in Anadarko.
7. Chosen from her own tribe, each princess represents her people at the Anadarko exposition.
8. Indian boys learning to read at a mission school in Arizona.



Mexico's Indians can have a sociable drink at home, they don't want it.

"Although it's been almost two months since the state lifted its ban against sale of liquor to the tribesmen, the nineteen Pueblos, two Apache reservations, and three Navaho communities still haven't O.K.'d use of liquor on tribal land. And officials say they don't expect the tribesmen to do so.

"'Repeal of the law does not automatically teach people to drink moderately.' That's the way Merle Jarcia, 'sheriff' of Acoma Pueblo, the Sky City, built atop a cliff-ringed mesa west of Albuquerque, looks at it.

"At Taos Pueblo, Councilman Manuel Cordova said, 'We want to protect the life that belongs to the Indian, because that life is the most important thing. A man should drink good water to live a long time—and not other things which make him a maniac wanting to fight. Even if we are the only people in the United States, we intend to keep the door closed to liquor.'"

The Pine Ridge Indians of South Dakota voted to continue prohibition on their reservation—519 votes in favor of prohibition to 383 votes to permit liquor sales, according to a United Press release.

In Pocatello, Idaho, all the older Indians on the Fort Hall Reservation opposed the new Federal law, and liquor is still banned from that area. Many of these declared that liquor is and always will be a curse, and they wanted no part of it.

At an Indian powwow on the Shinnecock Reservation near Southampton, Long Island, I had an opportunity to interview briefly several chiefs who had come from various parts of the nation to attend this annual celebration. In passing, it might be noted that *(Turn to page 34.)*

Indians Granted "Local Option"

Congress on August 15, 1953, passed Public Law 277, modifying the so-called "Indian liquor law." The new law did two things:

1. Repealed the Federal prohibition against selling intoxicants to Indians outside of "Indian country" (reservations and similar areas), putting Indians on the same basis as other citizens in off-reservation areas as far as Federal statutes are concerned.

2. Made Federal statutes inapplicable to any act or transaction within Indian country, if such act or transaction is in conformity with both the laws of the state and with an ordinance of the tribe having jurisdiction over such area of Indian country.

In other words, as far as Indian country is concerned, the matter was put on a "local option" basis within limitations imposed by state law.

According to the Bureau of Indian Affairs, "That part of Public Law 277 which permits tribes to legalize intoxicants on their reservations has not been extensively used. Out of nearly 300 tribal groups with which this Bureau has special relationships, only twenty-five in nine states have acted to legalize intoxicants on their reservations."





DR. GILBERT FRANKLIN DOUGLAS, SR.

A native of Alabama, Dr. Douglas received his M.D. degree from the University of Alabama. To become a specialist in gynecology and obstetrics, he took graduate work in New York, Harvard, and Paris, France.

In June, 1912, he and Mary Rachael Griffin were married in Chunky, Mississippi. They became the parents of six children.

At the present time he belongs to twenty-seven outstanding national, state, and local medical organizations, serving as president, chairman, or vice-president of many of them. In Birmingham, his own city, he is a member of the staff of the five leading hospitals.

The Douglas Family

To the Readers of "Listen":

Considering the different habits to which a person might become addicted, I feel there are three definite angles to be thought of: 1. What effect do they have on the individual? 2. What effect do they have on his family—environment and heredity? 3. What effect do they have on the public?

Everyone has influence, either for good or for bad. No one lives alone, regardless of the walk of life that he may pursue. Influence is like our shadow—it follows us.

Some of the more common habits, such as drinking and smoking, are not only injurious to mental well-being, but are a great physical handicap. Smoking, without a doubt, has been proved to cause many cases of cancer of the lungs. It is estimated that smokers develop cancer of the lungs at least ten times as often as do nonsmokers.

Those who drink may be very efficient, but they could be much more so without drinking. Some think it smart to drink; others feel that they should keep up with the crowd, but never think that they themselves may become addicts. The first drink or the first cigarette is the one that starts toward addiction. Young people especially should have courage to stand up for their convictions; they will be our leaders later.

I have never felt it necessary either to smoke or to drink to make a reasonable success in my profession.

It has been a great joy to know that our three sons, who are all physicians, and two daughters, who have both majored in the sciences, do not drink or smoke.

My own feeling is that the two habits, drinking and smoking, could well be left off for the good of our present and future generations and to the benefit of our great American way of living.

No word of praise or approbation as to the accomplishments of the rearing of any family should be given without due credit to the mother, and ours is no exception. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

Most sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Gilbert F. Douglas".

Gilbert F. Douglas, M.D.

Dr. Douglas, Sr., and Dr. George Douglas speak
the mind of the whole family as they express
the ideals which form the basic philosophy of
this American family of true distinction.

To Modern Youth:

It is my conviction that the usage of alcohol destroys man's appreciation of the higher things of life which cause him to be better than a mere animal that lives by animal instincts. It will prevent a person from realizing and fulfilling his responsibility to himself, his family, his fellow man, and his God.

Usage of alcohol destroys personal integrity and character. I have never seen any advertisement by a beer or whisky manufacturer which stated that his brand of poison causes the user to be a better person. I have also never seen any of such ads which recommended its usage by infants and children. If its usage should, by any means of imagination, be rational, why then should it suddenly become efficacious when we reach our teens or beyond?

I would hold out to youth this axiom for conduct: If our lives are to be meaningful in "the great scheme of things" and are to be raised above the drab, sordid, animal realm, then we have to seek higher levels of thinking, acting, and living than animals. We must cut off those habits and activities which do not give a positive force to our lives. We must live life through doing things which are definitely good instead of doing things which are just "not too bad." For, if the best that can be said about our actions is that "they're not too bad," then they're likewise "not too good!" and are not worthy of our time or talents.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "George C. Douglas, M.D.".

George C. Douglas, M.D.

Birmingham



DR. GEORGE CAPERS DOUGLAS

An Eagle Scout and member of Omicron Delta Kappa, Kappa Phi Kappa, and other scholastic fraternities, George served in the United States Navy and returned to finish his M.D. at the Medical College of Alabama. After an internship at Jefferson-Hillman Hospital and a one-year residency he entered the United States Air Force. He is now senior resident in obstetrics and gynecology at the Jefferson-Hillman Hospital at the Medical Center in Birmingham. His wife, the former Mary Elizabeth Shields of Nicholson, Pennsylvania, has a B.S. degree in Music Education. They have three children.

MRS. LILLIAN MIRIAM DOUGLAS BERG

Valedictorian of her high-school class, she received a B.S. from Birmingham-Southern where she was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Mortar Board, and other honorary fraternities, and *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities*. Like her sister, she was graduated *magna cum laude*. Her M.S. in chemistry is from Emory University in Atlanta. She taught in Armstrong Junior College in Savannah, Georgia, and at Pennsylvania State University, where her husband completed his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees in geophysics. Dr. Berg is now a professor at the university of Tulsa.

MISS SARAH FRANCES DOUGLAS

Salutatorian of her graduating class at Shades Cahaba High School, she graduated from Birmingham-Southern with B.S. and A.B. degrees and from University of Alabama with an M.S., followed by special work at the Duke University School of Medicine. She has a degree in Medical Technology from the Medical College of Alabama, and is now in charge of the laboratory at the Douglas Clinic. Miss Douglas is an accomplished pianist and accompanist and is a member of the First Methodist choir, in which church she is very prominent and active.

MRS. MARY RACHAEL GRIFFIN DOUGLAS

Born in Pulaski, Mississippi, Mrs. Douglas attended the public schools and Meridian College in Mississippi, and later finished at the Mississippi Conference Training School at Montrose. She finished in piano at Cooper Institute at Dalesville, Mississippi, where she taught piano, later teaching at Jackson. She attended the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston.

The mother of six children, three sons and three daughters, Mrs. Douglas is an active worker in the First Methodist Church at Birmingham. Her first devotion has been to her home in the rearing of the six children (five now living), lending energies and talents to her physician husband and to her three physician sons and the two daughters, who have majored in the sciences.

Mrs. Douglas has never thought it necessary or proper to drink, smoke, or dissipate in any way while in college or, later, in the home. In her life she finds that her God, her home, her children, her native land, and her church stand as beacon lights to the true way of living.

DR. WILLIAM WESLEY DOUGLAS

Valedictorian of his high-school class, William received his B.S. from Birmingham-Southern, where he was a member of Omicron Delta Kappa and other honorary fraternities. He received his M.S. from the University of Alabama, his M.D. from the Medical College of Alabama, and completed an internship at the Philadelphia General Hospital. Before entering the United States Air Force as first lieutenant in the Medical Corps, January, 1955, he did graduate work in pathology at Jefferson-Hillman and Philadelphia General Hospital. He is one of Birmingham's finest church tenor soloists.

DR. GILBERT F. DOUGLAS, JR.

Receiving his M.D. from Vanderbilt University, Gilbert, Jr., interned at Jefferson-Hillman Hospital in Birmingham, followed by one and a half years of residency. Dr. Douglas spent two and a half years in the United States Navy Reserve as a medical officer and was discharged as lieutenant in the Medical Corps. He returned to accept a fellowship at the Trudeau Sanatorium at Saranac Lake, New York, then went to Boston for a residency in internal medicine at Pratt Diagnostic Hospital, and returned to Birmingham, locating with his father. One of the greatest thrills of his life was becoming an Eagle Scout. Dr. Douglas married Sarah Phillips. They have four children.



The realistic program being
followed in California schools
helps answer the question—

IS NARCOTICS EDUCATION

ALL state, county, and local school officials have as a constant concern the protection and improvement of the health and well-being of school-age children and youth. The California Legislature has accentuated this responsibility as it pertains to narcotics education through a provision requiring all schools to provide instruction on the nature of narcotics and their effects on the human system as determined by science.

Problems in this area vary greatly among communities throughout California, for some communities have a relatively high incidence of narcotics addiction, while other communities have had no cases of addiction within their entire history. In recent years, however, the increase among adolescents addicted to narcotics drugs is of great concern to those responsible for public-education programs and for the enforcement of narcotic-law provisions, as well as to parents and the general citizenry.

Questions such as the following are often asked: What are the public schools doing to help educate our children and youth concerning the dangers of using narcotics? In what grades should the effects of narcotics be taught?

ESSENTIAL?

Since 1887, legal provisions have required instruction in California public schools regarding the effects of narcotics on the human system. The present requirement, Education Code Section 8253, reads, in part, as follows: "Instruction upon the nature of narcotics and their effects upon the human system as determined by science shall be included in the curriculum of all elementary and secondary schools. The governing board of the district shall adopt regulations specifying the grade or grades and the course or courses in which such instruction with respect to narcotics shall be included." In addition to the above provision, Education Code Section 8254 states, "All persons responsible for the preparation or enforcement of courses of study shall provide for instruction on the subjects of narcotics."

To implement instruction on the effects of narcotics, in September, 1952, the California State Department of Education prepared a manual of basic information for teachers, entitled, *Narcotics—The Study of a Modern Problem*. This manual provides teachers in California public schools with accurate, scientific information that may be used in preparing instructional units for appropriate grade levels.

In this manual it is pointed out that teaching about narcotics is considered to be one important phase of the larger area of health education in California public schools. Such a health education program actually helps each child or youth to achieve his maximum potential in growth and development, to become a well-adjusted human personality in a rapidly changing society, to make wise choices based upon accurate and scientific information about health, and to assume responsibility for his own health and that of others.

In local districts school officials have the responsibility for setting up within their own systems appropriate teaching units relating to narcotics. In regard to grade placement, the teacher's manual on narcotics presents the following guide lines: Instruction in the first five grades should develop in pupils



**Roy E. Simpson,
M.A., Litt.D.**

Superintendent of
Public Instruction
and Director of Education
State of California

those health habits that are suitable to children at these levels. Desirable health habits should be taught as carefully as other phases of the curriculum, and the teacher should expect them to be achieved as successfully as learnings in reading, arithmetic, and spelling. Questions about narcotics that may arise in these lower grades should be answered according to the pupils' understanding, interest, and needs. The first six years of instruction in school should lay the foundation for ideals, attitudes, and concepts of strength, vigor, and fitness that are so important later in adolescence.

Instruction in the nature and effects of narcotic drugs should begin in the sixth grade, and should be continued in the succeeding years as a part of the regular program of health instruction. In science, nutrition, and social studies many opportunities will arise for discussion of narcotics, and supplementary instruction about narcotics in these courses should be co-ordinated with the content of the health courses.

In the study of health and science the effects, both physiological and emotional, of narcotics on the human system are taught according to the maturity of the students. Questions such as the following offer opportunities for discussions and activities that develop good attitudes and healthful practices: What is a narcotic? What is drug addiction? What are the medical uses of various narcotics? Is drug addiction inherited or acquired? What methods are used in treating drug addicts? Can drug addiction be cured? What are the mental and physical effects of drug addiction? Why do some teen-agers become involved in the use of drugs?

In social studies these questions are studied as part of the program of instruction of the effects of narcotics: Is drug addiction a social problem? In what ways? What have been the social and economic effects of opium addiction in China? What narcotics are imported into the United States? What agency is responsible for the supervision of the importation of narcotics? What international control is exercised over narcotics? What is the cost of addiction to the addict and to society? What laws have been passed in California to regulate the sale, transportation, and use of narcotics? What is the effect on a family if one member becomes a drug addict? What is our community doing about the problem of narcotics addiction? News articles brought to class by students may point up current problems related to narcotics on which vital learning experiences may be based.

Problem solving seems to be one of the most successful of educational methods in developing an adequate instructional program on the effects of narcotics. In this method the students and teacher together select the problems or problem they wish to study. The problem is analyzed and broken into subproblems. Groups of students then attempt to find as much information as possible on the subproblems. Information may be obtained from reference material, from contacting persons who have some of the information that is desired, by discussing an aspect of the topic with parents or others in the community, or by other methods that might be applicable. After gathering the information, students analyze it and compile the facts necessary to the solution of the problem. By this method students learn to think things through for themselves. *(Turn to page 31.)*

CRAIG HOSMER,

Member of Congress,
Eighteenth District, California

As told to William L. Roper



Alert the Youth!

**NO HALFWAY MEASURES WILL
CONQUER THIS EVIL.**

NARCOTICS are a major factor in the rising tide of juvenile crime in the United States. In my opinion the growth of drug addiction among the young is one of the big problems facing the nation.

To meet this problem we must have (1) improved legislation, (2) tighter enforcement at both local and Federal levels, and (3) a dynamic educational campaign to alert the youth of the nation to the life-wrecking dangers of narcotics addiction.

Churchmen, educators, legislators, and law-enforcement officials must all work together to meet the challenge. Only an all-out attack offers any real solution. No one effort will work alone. The problem must be attacked from every possible angle. Any single attack, whether it be in the field of education or enforcement, is doomed to failure.

The narcotics problem may be compared to a pillow full of feathers. If a person gets the whole pillow, he can dispose of it; but if it breaks and the feathers fly to the wind, he has an endless task in tracking down each and every feather. In other words, we must try to deal with the whole problem instead of being satisfied with only one approach.

One of the first steps in making an all-out effort is to tighten controls at the points at which narcotics are being smuggled into this country. I introduced the bill H.R. 7184 into the House, specifically to close the entire Mexican border to minors unaccompanied by adults. I maintain that if such border stations as Tijuana were closed to minors, one vital source of supply to teen-agers would be blocked.

Of course, stopping the influx of marijuana from Mexico is only one phase. According to Governmental statistics, there are now at least 200,000 drug addicts in the United States using derivatives of opium—morphine, cocaine, and heroin. So marijuana is only a part of the problem, but it is closely related to juvenile crime in Southern California, where my district is situated.

For the most part the drugs that are demoralizing teen-agers come across our borders illegally, although some of the barbiturates used by addicts are produced domestically.

It is estimated that the Iron Curtain countries are producing approximately 4,500 tons of narcotics annually, and the nations of the *(Turn to page 33.)*

Famous for his fight against narcotics in Chicago, Judge Gibson E. Gorman served on the narcotic court bench from its beginning, on April 1, 1951, until he was promoted to the superior court of Cook County. This narcotic court, the first and only one of its kind delegated solely to dope cases, is only one weapon being used by Chicago in its celebrated battle against addiction. Also effective have been an educational program which aids in the detection of addicts and a vigorous police campaign against offenders.

Regarding the problem of narcotics addiction, Judge Gorman has declared, "If there were only one dope addict in the whole city, he would constitute a grave problem, legally, medically, and morally."

Listen's picture story portrays the tragedy of Phyllis Mathews, a young wife and mother, who, according to Judge Gorman, was picked up by Chicago police for disorderly conduct while under the influence of narcotics. Her case is perfect for showing the cure of a beginner before real addiction takes hold. Brought before the judge, Mrs. Mathews identified two men as having sold her the heroin.

After hearing the case, Judge Gorman sentenced her to the house of correction for a two-week period of observation by prison psychiatrists. On the recommendation of these specialists, she was transferred to Dunning



Not HOPELESSLY

State Mental Institution for psychiatric help. She is now free and cured.

Although this is a typical case, among the seventeen- and eighteen-year-olds marijuana is a graver problem than heroin, because marijuana is cheaper and easier to obtain. The Illinois state narcotics law, enacted in May, 1952, makes it dangerous for narcotics peddlers to cater to teen-agers. For those convicted of selling these to minors, the new law sets the maximum penalty at five years and a \$5,000 fine for the first offense, and possible life imprisonment for the second offense.





1. Judge Gorman explains a chart showing points at which narcotics have been picked up in the Chicago area.

2. In court Phyllis Mathews bares her arm to the assistant district attorney, who is looking for needle marks.



3. Phyllis stifles her sobs as her husband looks away, visibly shaken.

4. While she stands with lowered head, her husband glares at the two bums being interrogated about dope peddling. Because of lack of evidence and because no dope was found on them, they had to be released.

Hooked



5. Phyllis and her husband are questioned by Judge Gorman before he pronounces sentence.

6. Still crying bitterly, Phyllis waits for the police wagon to come.

7. Judge Gorman, when he served on the bench of the narcotic court, dealt with many narcotics users each day.



8. Police arrive to take women narcotics users off to prison.

9. Phyllis and the others are about to enter the wagon.



10. As the first step in her hard fight against addiction, Phyllis is sent to bed for complete rest.

11. Nervous and distraught, she has her first interview with Dr. Hall, the prison psychiatrist.



12. Back in her cell, wearing prison garb, she sits on the bed waiting to be transferred to Dunning State Mental Institution.

Edward Beaty

BUILDER

Gwendolen Lampshire Hayden interviews Edward Beaty of Corvallis, Oregon, leader in DeMolay activities and a long-time friend of youth.

OF

BOYS



Twenty-year-old Kenneth Lassig, of Albertson, New York, member of DeMolay six years, talks to Edward Beaty as they attend the International Convention of the DeMolays at the Statler, Washington, D.C.

Facts About DeMolay

The International Order of DeMolay is thirty-two years old.

It was founded in Kansas City by its present secretary-general, Frank S. Land.

Its goal is "Building Better Citizens."

There are now nearly 2,000,000 DeMolays, and nearly 2,000 chapters in the United States, its territories, and eleven foreign countries.

Membership is of boys fourteen to twenty-one.

NO, THANK you, sir. You see, I don't drink, not even home-made blackberry cordial. A glass of milk would taste good, though." The young student smiled shyly but not apologetically at the university professor who had offered him a glass of wine after a hiking trip.

With his polite but firm refusal Edward Beaty reaffirmed one of the guiding principles of his life. Yet little did this gangling young Oregon State College freshman dream on that day in 1899 that this adherence to his ideals would reward him with a life crowned with honor and jeweled with lasting friendships. Little did he guess that more than a half century later this same institution in which he had enrolled would honor him with the title of professor emeritus and invite him as honor guest to a banquet and program attended by more than seven hundred people.

Every career has a beginning. Edward Beaty's began fifty-six years ago under a black cloud of despair that engulfed him as he heard the old family doctor's diagnosis of his physical condition.

"Hm-m. When did you first notice this fever each day?" the kindly doctor had asked.

"I can't say exactly, but I think it was when I played baseball in high school. I enjoyed the discipline and training very much, but then I had to quit because I felt ill."

Edward's heart sank as the physician shook his head, but he continued bravely. "No matter what's wrong with me, doctor, I want you to tell me the truth. I've always faced each situation that has arisen, and this is no time to be a coward."

Edward felt that nothing would ever dim the sound of the doctor's grave voice as the verdict knelled in his ears: "A bad case of tuberculosis—two of your classmates also have this disease. It will be impossible for any of you to live more than six months."

"Six months to live!" Edward whispered faintly. "But—but I can't give up. I've got to get an education. I want to amount to something. I want to be a teacher and help other young people. No, I can't die."

And Edward Beaty did not die, although within three months his two doomed classmates had been buried. On February 19, 1899, Edward left Chicago on a westbound

(Turn to page 33.)

FOR twenty-five tormented years I was addicted to narcotics, and experienced the strangling influence of heroin. However, I did not know how extensive its use is among young people until I found recovery from my own enslavement, and began working in a constructive program to help other victims of addiction.

Although scare headlines blaze suddenly in the nation's press, and as quickly die away, few people realize the death and destruction following in heroin's wake and the number of youth who, unprepared for the force of their attacker, are mutilated beyond salvage and abandoned like so much refuse on the rubbish heaps of life.

Most addicts become addicted when very young. Ask any addict, twenty-five, forty-five, or sixty-five years of age, how old he was when he became addicted. In at least 90 per cent of cases the answer is, "Before I was twenty-one." More often it is "sixteen," "seventeen," or "eighteen years." Exceptions, of course, are "medical addicts," who received drugs legitimately for severe pain or prolonged illness, and some "psychopathic" addicts.

Experts give many reasons why individuals take drugs.

Most youthful addicts use crude tools to inject themselves with narcotics, in this way causing painful abscesses and serious infections.

**Daniel Carlsen
with
Barbara Doyle**



Heroin-

OUTLAW KILLER

To my mind there is only one reason why the majority of addicts began taking drugs, and that can be summed up in one word: ignorance. Ignorance of the true effects of the drug have lured most victims into the trap of addiction.

Victor H. Vogel has stated that all the youthful heroin addicts interviewed by him at the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, gave only one answer, an emphatic No! when he asked them whether they would have started on heroin if they had known what it would do for them.

It has been conclusively proved in experimental research that even animals are not immune to drug addiction. Given addictive drugs regularly, dogs, cats, and

monkeys manifest exactly the same symptoms of addiction as their human counterparts.

It is true that certain people are more addiction-prone than others, but that does not mean some individuals are immune to addictive drugs. Make no mistake about it—*no one can withstand the habit-forming properties of heroin*, regardless of his character, will power, or any other quality. Heroin reduces its user to a will-less person who cannot exist without it. Those who have successfully overcome dependence on heroin after being addicted to it are so few as to be considered "miraculous" cases.

Heroin is the trade name for diacetylmorphine, an innocent-looking white powder, resembling ordinary confectioner's sugar. It is an alkaloid derived from morphine which, in turn, comes from opium.

Today's younger addicts refer to heroin as "horse," and along with the older addicts, simply as "H." It is also called "stuff" and "junk."

The drug is sometimes "snorted" (sniffed) by beginning addicts, but few continue taking it this way for any length of time. Most addicts inject the drug at the onset of their addiction. Some "skin-pop" as do many morphine addicts (inject the drug subcutaneously, or

This pile of confiscated heroin is worth between a quarter and a half million dollars. With it can be seen the tools to weigh and "cut" it.



into the muscle), but the majority shoot the drug into the "main line" (intravenously, or into the vein).

Few heroin addicts use hypodermic syringes, principally because having one in their possession is against the law, and an added threat to their security. They often fasten a needle to the end of an ordinary eye dropper, with a little "collar" of paper to hold it tightly in place. When an addict finds himself "up tight" for equipment, he might even puncture himself with a safety pin before injecting the drug, a procedure frequently resulting in painful abscesses and serious infections. Implements used by addicts for preparing shots are referred to as "the works."

To view correctly the present widespread usage of heroin and other opiates, we must go to the source—opium.

For centuries man has sought alleviation from suffering, and peace of mind and joy in living. Wise men have found these in truth, religion, philosophy, and art, while others have sought them by artificial means. When narcotics are employed to bring happiness, the transitory pleasure experienced by the user turns to gall, as bitter as the characteristically acrid odor of opium itself.

References to opium go back almost as far as written

DID YOU KNOW?

Heroin can be diluted twenty times and still result in addiction to its user.

There is no real medical cure for addiction to heroin.

It takes at least four and a half months and sometimes much longer to treat a heroin addict, after which he is not cured. His addiction is merely arrested.

Heroin affects every part of the human body.

No one is immune to the addiction properties of heroin.

The only way to be positive that you will never become an addict is never to touch narcotics.

The most susceptible age for becoming a drug addict is between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one.

history. For several thousand years before Christ it was called "the flower of joy" in the Far East and was used by ancient physicians therapeutically. Throughout the centuries it has played a dual role: a servant to the wise doctor and a comfort to the sick, but a ruthless master to those who turn to it for pleasure or escape.

In the early part of the nineteenth century a German apothecary isolated the first alkaloid of opium ever to be extracted in a pure state. This was morphine, named after Morpheus, god of sleep. In the middle of the century, a Scotchman invented the hypodermic syringe for injecting drugs. And in the latter part of the century, in Germany, heroin was discovered—many times stronger than morphine, from which it is derived.

Ironically, heroin was introduced to America primarily as a cure for morphine addiction. At that time authorities did not realize that heroin was the most addictive drug known to man. It is a potent poison, so powerful that the tiny amount of pure heroin one could put on the tip of a kitchen match would instantly kill the person taking it. However, a person who uses it habitually develops a "tolerance" for the drug, so that he can, and indeed must, take increased amounts of the drug. In a relatively short time the addict is taking enough in a single dosage to kill several nonaddicts.

Chronic use of heroin renders the user incapable of functioning without the drug. As dependence on heroin grows, more and more is needed. In fact, this continues until the tolerance grows so high it is impossible to buy the amount needed by the individual.

When an addict says he needs the drug to feel normal, he is not referring to the "normal" of his preaddiction days. Addiction to heroin results in drastic changes in the person not yet understood by medical science. The addict suffers loss of appetite, weight, and strength. There is a "drying up" of saliva and mucus, an impairment of kidney and intestinal functioning. Respiration and digestion are seriously affected. Perhaps most radical of all is the impact on the central nervous system. The addicted person is at best only half alive, and functions inadequately even with the drug.

Uninformed persons believe the heroin addict is a "sex fiend," but addicts themselves, and doctors familiar with the problem, know that this is not true. Heroin, in time, completely kills the vital sex urge, rendering the addict not only disinterested in sex but physiologically incapable of sexual acts.

When I work with youth groups, young men often ask me whether they can ever hope to be "normal" again. One boy, planning to marry, inquired whether if he continued free of drugs he could hope to become a father. It is surprising how often addicts believe that they will continue to be half alive even after breaking the shackles of addiction.

Because of the lowering of their general health and resistance to disease, many addicts develop illnesses of which they are not aware. They often die of a disease which progresses unnoticed while they are addicted.

This was almost my experience. I had been taking drugs for a long, unbroken period, and was unaware that a serious condition was present in my kidney. When I entered the Lexington hospital for withdrawal, the doctors discovered I had cancer. They were able to remove the entire kidney, thus saving my life. Some years later, after I had found recovery from drug addiction, cancer developed in my lung. I am sure that if I had been taking drugs at this time, I would not be alive today; but because there was no narcotic in my system to disguise the symptoms and reduce pain, I was able to have the malignancy removed.

Heroin, in addition to "hiding" disease, also kills outright. For several years I worked with a young man of exceptional intelligence and talent. He impressed me because he honestly wanted to stop taking drugs. He succeeded in living without heroin for several periods of brief duration, but because he

(Turn to page 31.)



Baylor University

Baylor University in Waco, Texas, has several claims to distinction. Besides being the largest Baptist school in the world, it is the oldest institution of higher learning in continuous existence in the State of Texas, dating back to the days of the Texas Republic. On February 1, 1845, it was chartered, preceding by only eleven months the voting in of Texas as a state.

Sprawling over sixteen blocks in south Waco, the beautiful Baylor campus represents a \$15,000,000 investment in buildings, based on actual cost. More than 5,000 students from forty-four states and twenty-one countries attend classes in Waco, and another 730 are registered at the Baylor medical and dental schools in Houston and Dallas.

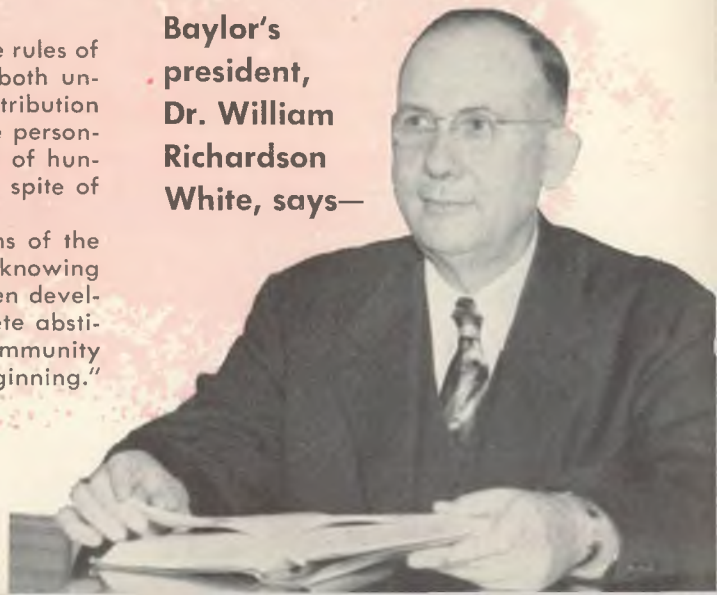
Baylor, the university, consists of ten schools and colleges. The Waco unit has the Graduate School, the College of Arts and Science, and the Schools of Business, Education, Law, Music, and Nursing. The Baylor College of Dentistry, Graduate Research Institute, and Baylor Hospital are in Dallas; and the Baylor College of Medicine is in the vast new Texas Medical Center in Houston.

"Drinking on the part of students is a serious violation of the rules of Baylor University. This is based on the conviction that it is both unnecessary and dangerous. Drinking has never made any contribution to the intellectual, moral, or spiritual development of a single personality. On the other hand it has made a disastrous shipwreck of hundreds of thousands. Those who escape and succeed do so in spite of the hazard it represents.

"Alcoholism has become one of the major health problems of the nation. When a person begins drinking, there is no way of knowing whether he will become an alcoholic, and there never has been developed any permanent cure for this condition. Only by complete abstinence can it be arrested and kept in subjection. Complete immunity can be guaranteed only by total abstinence from the very beginning."

FOURTH QUARTER

**Baylor's
president,
Dr. William
Richardson
White, says—**



Dub King was named to the Helms Foundation All-American team of college sports publicists in 1949. Currently he is considered one of the outstanding athletic publicity men in the Southwest. Dub, ever active in youth work, often serves as counselor at youth camps, and speaks as a layman in church endeavors.



Baylor's Ban on the Bottle

C. E. Bryant

Director, Baylor University
Public Relations

Baylor is renowned for many things, but one of its chief distinctions is the fact that it is bone dry. The quickest way for one of the 5,200 students to get an eviction notice is to be detected with the smell of alcohol on his breath.

"No Baylor student will be permitted to come onto this campus with liquor on or in his person," the late Governor Pat M. Neff used to say in his chapel addresses while he was Baylor's president.

The same strong conviction is held by Dr. W. R. White, current president. Only last year Dr. White retired from five years as president of the United Texas Drys, and he remains one of the nation's strongest temperance advocates.

"Complete immunity from alcoholism can be guaranteed only by total abstinence," Dr. White often declares from the platform.

Campus rules in this regard are really unnecessary, for Baylor students, coming from Christian homes all over America, are opposed to drinking. They do not touch the bottle themselves, and most of them are evangelists for abstinence among their associates.

The Winning Difference

"I have been associated with athletes and athletic contests of all kinds for the past twenty-two years, as a newspaper reporter, as coach of Army teams, and for the past seven years as director of athletic publicity at Texas A&M and Baylor University.

"I know for a fact that athletes who have that certain something which provides the winning difference in the close ball games are athletes who refrain from drinking any intoxicants.

"I'm positive that I have been able to carry out my duties better because I've refused to drink, even a small social drink. I'm tremendously proud of the fact that I was raised in a home where neither liquor nor beer was served or kept. My wife and I are trying to rear our two children the same way, and I can report that there has been no liquor or beer in our home during the fifteen years we have been married."



Life, a Series of Problems

"My attitude toward beverage alcohol can be stated in basic terms," Larry Hargrove, president of the 1954-55 student body, declares. "Because alcohol impairs one's ability to solve a problem, whether in analyzing it, evaluating it, or effecting its solution, it should be avoided."

Baylor students pay a great deal of attention to Hargrove's opinions. He has chalked up an almost perfect scholastic record in four years of college. He is a debate champion, ranking "superior" in the national Pi Kappa Delta tournament at Redlands, California.

Larry sees life as a series of problems posed by the environment in which he lives. "It seems to me, therefore," he says, "that if a man is to be a totally integrated personality, in healthy relationship with his world, and is to be a force for good in accord with his faculty for moral evaluation, *he must keep himself fit to be an effective problem-solving device.* It is in part the outcome of these problem situations which determines what we really are."

Alcohol must be avoided so that the human being may be fully able to solve his problems, Hargrove concludes.



Covering Up Deficiencies

While still in the debate clinic, I ran into Jane Ferguson, a beautiful girl from Knoxville, Tennessee. She and her partner, Johnnie Stone, won first place in five of six tournaments last winter, and finished third in the sixth tourney.

"As I see it," Jane said, "the practice of drink can only be a step downward on the ladder of success or popularity. *The world is looking for young people who show strong*

character, vigorous individuality, and wholesome vivacity. It is already too full of those who seek to be one of the crowd. "Drinking represents, to me, either a desire to cover up a personality deficiency temporarily by removing inhibitions, or a fear of being different. In any case, it represents weakness uncorrected; therefore, I can see no point in it."



Intentional Handicaps

Baylor's campus is overflowing with pretty girls. One of them is **Patty Morris**, of Dallas, a religion and recreation student. She has won almost every honor for beauty and personality that can be handed a Baylor coed.

"Clear-thinking, quick-acting men and women are the conscious need of our modern world," Patty prefaces her testimony. "We certainly cannot expect to become better equipped to face the decisions of life by befuddling our minds with alcoholic beverages.

"To me," Patty says, "there is no reasonable argument for alcohol or its use—it does not make us wiser or more attractive or happier, but makes men the enemies and often the destroyers of their loved ones.

"I realize that it will take every ounce of my capabilities and every inch of my moral discernment to face the problems of life. That is why I would never choose to handicap myself intentionally through the use of alcohol."



To Live Most and Serve Best

Next in my tour of the campus I visited McLean gymnasium, home of Baylor's physical education and athletic activities.

Dr. Lloyd O. Russell, a Baylor grid great of the 1930's, is now chairman of all physical education study at Baylor. He has the body of an athlete, muscular and erect. What is his opinion, in the light of his athletic experience?

"The use of alcoholic beverages of any kind has no place whatever in the philosophy of a health and physical educator. Every person should constantly strive to reach a state of physical health and well-being that will enable him to live most and serve best in our society. One cannot drink alcoholic beverages and accomplish this worthy aim. Alcohol stimulates only by removing inhibitions which have taken years of education and moral training to develop.

"It has been said that ignorance is something that no one can afford. From the viewpoint of a physical educator, I should like to say that the drinking of alcoholic beverages is another indulgence that no intelligent person can afford if the individual wishes to live most and serve best."

FOURTH QUARTER

Sure Sign of a Jellyfish



Then I met two football players on the nationally famous Baylor Bear grid squad, **Dick Baker**, and **Bill Glass**. Both were emphatic.

"Alcohol is a sure sign of a jellyfish character," said Baker, 185-pound halfback, who comes from Birmingham. "People who use it don't have any backbone to face the world with bare hands.

"Some of my best friends use alcohol for their backbones," Baker admitted. "These boys are brawny, strong, and extremely masculine in physique. They fight like tigers on the football field; but"—he paused a minute—"they don't come under the title of men because physical battles are merely a small part of life. A man is a being whose power comes from above and not from the bottom."



Sacrificing Mental Alertness

Bill Glass, 6-foot 4-inch, 215-pound football center from Corpus Christi, has the big brawny look of a gridster, and he expects to preserve his physique in perfect condition.

Glass put it this way: "One cannot run barefoot across hot coals and not expect to be burned; neither can he take alcohol into his body and not expect to suffer. In our highly competitive society, as in football, to sacrifice even a split second of mental awareness is enough to drop a person far behind or completely out of the running. And certainly it is a mistake to play with a thing so dangerously enslaving as alcohol, for many times it causes the sacrifice of mental alertness not only for minutes and hours, but for entire lives."



Proving Instability

On the way out of the gym I met **Doyle Traylor**, a Baylor sophomore destined, according to the sports writers, to be an All-American before his college years are over. He was the high-school sensation of Texas during his years as quarterback on the Temple team.

"At no time in my life have I found any place for alcohol," Traylor said. "To me a person who drinks shows he is unstable. I am thankful that the Lord gave me wisdom and courage to deny alcohol and all that goes with it. I pray that He will keep me firm in my convictions."

A fox caught in a trap escaped with the loss of his tail. Henceforth, feeling his life a burden from the shame and ridicule to which he was exposed, he schemed to bring all the other foxes into a like condition with himself, that in the common loss he might the better conceal his own deprivation.

He assembled a good many foxes, and publicly advised them to cut off their tails, saying, "You would not only look much better without them, but you would get rid of the weight of the brush, which is a very great inconvenience."

One of them, interrupting him, said, "If you had not yourself lost your tail, my friend, you would not thus counsel us."

—Aesop.



Cocktails and Foxtails

Ruth Cross

"EVERYBODY'S going to have a cocktail tonight, and like it. We're not milk-fed babies. We're graduating from high school!"

Lucille, Tom Hilliard's girl, already held a glass in her hand. She whispered urgently, "You're making us conspicuous. Everybody's laughing at you!"

The scene was the senior class high-school banquet in a small New England town. Cocktails were being served in the lounge of the restaurant where the festivity was taking place. With the girls in their evening dresses and the boys wearing their first tuxedos, this pregraduation affair was their coming-of-age party.

Tom, who had never taken a drink in his life, laid a hand on Lucille's arm and tried to steer her away from the jeering group. Most of the boys and girls who had been his classmates for four years were drinking and smoking, trying to look casual and sophisticated. The laughter grew louder, and Tom was miserably aware that a good deal of it was directed at him.

"For goodness' sake, don't make a fool of yourself—and me, too!" Lucille almost hissed at her escort. "One cocktail's not going to kill you."

"How right you are, sister!"

Bill Carter, the football hero whom Tom had rather idolized, clinked glasses

with Lucille. Then he picked up a fresh glass and held it out to Tom. "Bottoms up, my boy! I'm off training and ready to celebrate."

"Thanks, I don't care for a cocktail, and I think that what I eat and drink is strictly my own business." Tom went white as the crowd around him and Lucille grew thicker and more boisterous. He came from a home where drinking was not only frowned upon but held contrary to deepest religious principles, yet he liked Lucille very much. She was the smartest, prettiest girl in the class, and he didn't want to cut a poor figure in her eyes.

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do." Lucille summed up that line of argument close to his ear. "I was never so embarrassed in my life!"

"You heard what the lady said." Bill laughed uproariously. Then he turned to the crowd, holding up the glass Tom had declined. "Here, boys, let's make 'im drink it!"

But Tom had had enough. As Bill shoved the glass at him, spilling some of the contents down his shirt front, Tom knocked it out of his hand. Some of the liquid splattered in the football hero's face.

Tom looked at Lucille. "If you want to stay here, it's all right, but I'm getting out."

A few minutes later he found himself in the street, considerably roughed up, with blood trickling from over his left eye. He would have fared worse if one of the teachers hadn't intervened. He was alone, for Lucille had not come with him. Her last cutting, impassioned words burned in his soul: "Good-by—forever! I hate you for making such a scene, setting yourself up as a pious hypocrite so much better than the rest of us!"

Then she had finished her own drink in one gulp and gone off with Bill Carter, as soon as the teacher pulled him off Tom.

The outcast walked for some time without knowing where he was or in which direction he was going. Finally he found himself in the village park and dropped down on one of the empty benches. This was the blackest hour of his life, and he had all he could do to fight back the tears.

Then a miracle took place. Out of his subconscious popped a story he had read when he was a boy. With it came the picture, too: a semicircle of foxes, each with a beautiful, fluffy tail tucked in beside him. Facing them was a fox who had lost *his* tail in a farmer's trap.

Aesop, the Greek slave who, 500 years before Christ, wrote the story about the fox who lost his tail, had

spoken to a troubled, unhappy boy in the middle of the twentieth century. For what are young people, beginning to acquire the drink habit, but foxes who have lost their most valuable assets in a trap?

Tramping away from the scene of his bitter test, Tom Hilliard recalled an ancient maxim, "He laughs best who laughs last." If one is snared in the trap, it takes a desperate effort, and often great loss, to get free. The fox who lost only his tail was fortunate. A real alcoholic—and fifty thousand more are coming of age in that sense every year—loses his birthright of freedom. He is never again completely his own boss, captain of his own soul.

"It's a lot easier to get into things than to get out of them," Tom muttered to himself. But the alcoholic trap was so cunningly baited with shrewd advertising—pictures of seductively gowned movie stars, impeccably groomed "Men of Distinction," a deliberate and fantastically lucrative conspiracy to make young people feel silly and old-fashioned if they try to stand out against the universal trend.

"So easy to be on the popular side." Tom was still thinking to himself. So grim sometimes, as he had learned the hard way, to stand up and be counted on the right side. But there was no doubt in his mind as to who would come out best in the long run; and the long run was what counted.

"Let the other foxes cut off their tails," he mused. "I mean to live my life in my own way. And in the future, as far as I'm concerned, 'cocktails' will always rhyme with 'foxtails'!"

DON'T BE FOOLED

Georgia C. Nicholas

Don't be fooled by the notion that you will have more fun by getting a little tipsy. It is far more fun always to be in charge of yourself and to be able to choose the time and place to let yourself go.

Don't be fooled by the claim that drinking helps you relax. Maybe it relaxes your thinking equipment, too. Maybe there are better ways of relaxing. Explore the better ways.

Don't be fooled by the contention that many a famous and influential man has also been a heavy drinker. Did the heavy drinking, or any of his drinking, make him famous? Did it increase the real value of his influence? Better explore that idea, too.

Don't be fooled by the indulgences of those who seem to be getting away with it. You haven't seen everything. And it may be that the stuff would have an entirely different effect on you. Ask yourself. Do you want to be a guinea pig?

FOURTH QUARTER

A marijuana cigarette may lead to abject tragedy.

ONE VITAL MISTAKE

Sheriff Harlon Wright

Tarrant County, Texas

ON THANKSGIVING DAY, at approximately 3:30 A.M., some of my deputies and I were called by a sheriff from an adjoining county to set up a road block for the purpose of apprehending some grocery-store burglars who had been cornered in a wooded section.

When I returned to the sheriff's office in Fort Worth, a ranger who had been helping in the road block was in the office. The telephone rang. It was a call from the police department from one of our small cities in Tarrant County reporting that a body had come to the surface in a lake in the west part of the county.

The ranger and I answered the call. Arriving at the scene, we found that the body had floated to shore—a female with automobile tire chains around her neck and mid-section, with her knees pulled up and tied with chains under her chin. The body was decomposed beyond recognition.

Arriving at the funeral home where the body was taken, an identification officer was called to try to lift fingerprints to identify the woman. To do this, he had to cut the skin from her fingertips. We were fortunate to find that she had been picked up and fingerprinted recently by the Fort Worth City Police Department. Immediately the fingerprints were classified, the files checked, and the person identified.

A report from the pathologist who held an autopsy estimated the girl had

been dead approximately twelve to fourteen days. This would make it about November 12 when she was murdered.

I am telling this to warn the boys and girls of our state, county, and nation of the danger of narcotics. During her school days this girl was popular and beautiful. Coming from a broken home, she was forced to live with aunts, uncles, and friends. She made one vital mistake during her school days when she smoked a marijuana cigarette. This called for a second, third, and fourth, until she had reached the craving for something stronger than marijuana.

This went on until she had built up such a narcotic habit that it required \$50 a day for her to satisfy her craving for deadly drugs purchased from dope pushers and peddlers; therefore, in her weakened mind, affected by narcotics, she turned to prostitution to obtain money to buy dope.

At one time she was apprehended in another state and charged with the possession of narcotics and was sentenced to a term in Alderson, West Virginia, where there is a Federal institution for female narcotic addicts.

She was cured of the habit, returned to her city, and was living as a respectable citizen when she came in contact with a known narcotics pusher. Being weak and craving excitement, she tested herself by what is known to dope addicts as a "joy pop," and from

(Turn to page 27.)

At the world-famous Fat Stock Show in Fort Worth, Sheriff Wright looks at the special display showing the equipment and materials used by drug addicts.



Alice M.
Johnson,
R.N.



Teen-Age Sue

"O MOTHER, I didn't want you to find me like this."

Sue's voice trailed away as she held her aching head and with uncertain steps continued toward her room. The slam of the screen door at the break of dawn had awakened Sue's mother, and now, surprised and bewildered, she sank into an easy chair holding her own head.

"Oh, no, this can't be my Sue; what has changed you so, dear? My little girl whom I took to Sunday school, who used to say the sweetest prayers at my knee." But Sue, uninterested, continued upstairs.

"This is no time to talk to Sue," the mother mused; "but what has happened in the past few months? Surely my husband and I have been understanding parents, and now that Sue is older, she is entitled to her own life, to choose her own friends. But, come to think of it, why doesn't she bring them home evenings as she used to?" She sat pondering over the past, confused about the present, and worried for the future.

Sue's father and mother were like many parents interested in the welfare of their children, concerned about their future success, their happiness, wanting them to have happy association, wanting to supply every desire. They were not the type of parents whom teenagers of today call "fuddie-duddies." They thought they understood quite well the needs of their daughter and her friends. They wanted her to bring her friends home, and she had. They enjoyed the laughter and gaiety that these evenings brought and the added delight of being called pals by Sue's friends.

Her gang always looked forward to those occasions, especially the refreshments. Sue's father maintained that the drinks needed just the right little kick. "Of course, we must keep the percentage 'way down for you youngsters," he would say, "and see to it that you don't do any drinking anyplace else."

There were always plenty of games in Sue's home and music to fit any mood. However, these evenings at home became less frequent; and Sue, a senior in high school, nearing her seventeenth birthday, seemed to have a noticeable turnover of friends. Her mother noticed it the most, and began to ask Sue, "Is home too drab now? What is lacking? Why don't you bring your friends home any more?"

From time to time Sue did not arrive home until the early morning hours, and she would get her sleep during the day, which seemed of greatest importance to her mother. Sue became increasingly quiet around home, and seldom discussed any activities with either her mother or father. This was disturbing to them, since she had always taken them into her confidence in all her plans. Was this any reason for alarm? After a time they became accustomed to their grown-up daughter's making her own decisions and handling her own problems. If only they had known how much Sue wished to talk with them; but she didn't have the words or courage, and she knew they probably would not understand. She often appeared nervous in the late evenings as she waited for her friends to call for her. They didn't



even come to the door; merely the sound of the horn sent Sue running to the street. These particular friends, she explained, felt uncomfortable in someone's home; they wanted to be on their way.

It was late in the evening when Sue left this time. She was unusually made up. Scarcely taking time to say good-by, she hurried through the door at the sound of the horn. "This is really going to be a tour of the high spots tonight," her escort, Eddie, told her. "You haven't lived yet. Has she?" he asked, turning to Tony and Tess in the back seat.

Sue had experienced many a sensation from having had too much to drink, but had vowed she would not let it affect her noticeably, and that she would always know what she was doing. She would never let herself get into the condition of some she saw at the bar, sitting there from dark till daylight, and then have to be carried out—girls like herself, but numbed to decency, easy prey for anyone else already under the effect.

Sue at first had cared little for the cheap entertainment,—hoarse, raspy voices, swaying bodies,—but now that was part of it; and, after all, hadn't she been told that some of these women, unskilled for other work, had thus paid for the education of a son or daughter? This made it seem more tolerable.

Tonight she and Eddie dashed from one spot to another as though to set some kind of crazy record. She was getting attention from every side, touching her lips to the glass of many a drink that burned her throat.

Vaguely, though, came the remembrance of a young mother in her neighborhood who had left her baby with a friend and had gone out for a "lift," doing a round of bars—she never returned. After a few hours of drinks, this mother's dulled mind deprived her of the ability to distinguish right from wrong. A suggestion to go home with a stranger sounded good to her, but this sadistically-minded man had no thought of returning her to home and baby—only to abuse, torture, kill. Her mutilated body was found the next day.

Thinking of this made Sue wish she were home, but Eddie was tugging at her arm. "Let's move on to the other room, for the show has started," he was saying.

"Oh, no," thought Sue as they entered the room, "how can all these people sit here and pretend to enjoy such entertainment?" It was nauseating—and these were women. "I'm ashamed to think of being called a woman," blurted Sue. "Let's get out of here!"

"Come on, sit cool, and have a

drink," suggested her friend, "and keep your fingers crossed so this place won't be raided tonight."

"Just ginger ale for me," Sue said.

"Baby, huh?" Eddie teased. "No, you've only started tonight, and there are hours ahead"—and he ordered for Sue the same as for himself. Not until then had Sue noticed that she and Eddie were by themselves.

"Where are Tony and Tess?" she asked.

"Never mind," came the answer. "Tony has been hitting the needle, and when he can't get the stuff, he gets plenty low. Drinks don't even help. They just left, that's all. Forget about it—see!"

Sue's head felt as though an elastic band were tightly gripping it. She wasn't sure she was thinking straight or clearly. In spite of this, she somehow rationalized that these were not her friends, that she must get through this one last night of thrills and chills.

Coming Next Issue

Dropped from its national network because it wouldn't accept alcoholic-beverage advertising, Radio Station KOME, in the business and cultural city of Tulsa, Oklahoma, stuck by its convictions. Read in the next "Listen" the full story of this thrilling battle and the station's return to the network, now with specific contract provisions barring such advertising.

"Let's get moving, Babe—why the solemn look?" These words jarred Sue to her feet, and she and Eddie were off to the bright lights again.

The few hours before dawn were absorbed in a less-dashing rush. They sat longer at the bars. The people sitting near had been there much longer still.

By this time there seemed to be no alert minds or peppy conversation—no, the tempo was slowed after the short, stimulative effect usually experienced from alcoholic drinks. As though from the reaction of a sedative, women were lolling about with strangers, thinking little of what their mumbling lips were saying. Sue observed this hazily, and suddenly everything seemed repulsive to her.

"I wish my head would stop aching, I wish I could think clearly, I wish I were any place but here, and more than anything I wish I were home," she was thinking. This was soon interrupted with another drink being placed before her, and the band playing louder, on

beat with her throbbing head. The rhythm of the blaring instruments was accompanied intermittently with a raucous, singing call, "Come and get your alcohol—last call for alcohol." Then the band was gone, the din still ringing in everyone's ears. The drinking went on for the rest of the crowd, but Sue was through. At the "last call for alcohol" Sue felt that this *was* the last such call she ever wanted to hear.

With disgust Eddie finally consented to take her home, realizing that something had come over her, something he was not interested in. After a fast ride home he let her find her own way out of the car.

Sue, still desperately trying to clear her brain, found her way to the door, hoping no one would hear her, for she didn't want to talk to anyone—yet. She kept wondering where this night life, this drinking, this whole program began. She didn't want her mother to see her like this. Though her mother did see her, she quickly walked upstairs and went to bed.

A few hours later, however, when she came to the parlor she was happy to talk.

"Mother," she started, "I've never talked to you like this before, but I know you will understand now. You and dad have not known my friends of the past few months, and there is a good reason why: They haven't been good friends to me at all. They are not the kind of pals you want me to have—they aren't the pals I want to have, mother—not any more.

"Mother, this may surprise you, but I acquired the taste—that is, whatever taste I had—for liquor at home. You and dad meant well when you served drinks at my parties. Do you remember how dad would say, 'Now be sure you don't drink anyplace else'? Well, mother, that doesn't work. You see, young folks aren't always at home.

"I want so much to help other teenagers to see the importance of being happy and having good clean fun. Be thankful, mother, that I haven't brought shame and disgrace to you. Be thankful that I am not like Millie, who went so far that she ended it all by jumping out a window of a cheap hotel. Be thankful I'm not Bess, whose drinking friends were responsible for her drug addiction—she has been hopelessly fighting this ever since.

"Mother, I think the world of you and dad, and I know you always intended the best for me. I'm happy now that I have come to my senses and realize what drinking and night life have been doing to me. These will never be attractions for me again."

And Sue meant what she said.

Lawrence
Welk



“Champagne Music”

Without Champagne

“In my twenty-five years as a band leader I have had numerous experiences and have developed certain convictions with regard to alcohol and music.

“In such work as mine, in which twenty musicians must co-operate, I could not afford to have one drinker nullify the efforts of the other nineteen musicians. As we play it today, music requires the utmost co-operation, sensitivity, and physical co-operation. With my various commitments, such as the weekly television show, nightly network air shows, and record and radio transcription sessions, the possibility of any drinking problems arising would be of great concern to me.

“As far as the business aspect is concerned, I am aware that one member of the band who becomes an alcoholic can ruin the musical output of the whole band, can nullify the good public relations of the group, when I need him the most, and can jeopardize my relationship with the people who hire our organization.

“Let me say that the musician who drinks the liquid liquor ‘blend’ can ruin the musical ‘blend.’”

Although his music is advertised as “Champagne Music,” Lawrence Welk, band leader for twenty-five years, and total abstainer, recommends that, to succeed in any profession, everyone, and youth especially, should refrain from the use of alcoholic beverages. He and his band produce “sparkling” music, but not with champagne, as might be expected.

A resident of Santa Monica, California, Mr. Welk has his own nationwide TV program, radio broadcast, and many recordings featuring his music, produced without the use of alcohol in any form.



Interview
by
CHARLES
C. CASE



WHEN I first took office as a judge, back in 1930, during the prohibition era, there were few drunk cases. Now I am asked to grant more divorces than there were drunk charges in those days. I consider that drinking underlies three fourths of the divorces today, and that the two go hand in hand.

On Saturday mornings I hear cases involving charges of neglect of children, usually from two to five cases every week. On the average, liquor plays a part in about half these cases. Let me illustrate. A man or woman visits a tavern. Since women frequent them as much as men do these days, the problem of child delinquency is increased when the mother is out of the home. She may also be charged with neglecting her children. Under the influence of drink, the finer sensitivities of right and wrong, morality, honor, law and order, genteelness, and reason are clouded, or are completely destroyed. Soon her marriage is on the rocks, and one and often two homes are wrecked.

What of the children? The court may allow the innocent member, if there be such, to keep the children, or they may be adopted or placed in foster homes for the county to support. The children will always wear the scars of disgrace of coming from a broken home. They may become maladjusted for the rest of their lives. If the remaining parent, a wife, is allowed to keep the children, she must often seek financial assistance. The aid to dependent children's program, set up under the Social Security Act, may be her means of support, which comes from national, state, and county funds. You and I pay the liquor bill!

It makes my blood boil to know that the state is in such a disgraceful business for the all-powerful dollar. For example, Iowa has set up a state liquor store business to sell hard liquors. This business takes in more than \$8,000,000 a year. The purchaser pays one dollar for a permit. This one dollar was a high price for the father of four children to pay, who was picked up for drunken driving on the same day he got his first card, and charged a fine of \$300, the minimum sentence in this state. Everyone knows that a father of four children has better uses for \$300, and should have for the one-dollar cost of the permit and the price of the whisky.

Our trouble today is greed for money, short-sightedness, and lethargy on the part of many citizens and church people, who should stand up in a body and oppose the liquor traffic. The sentence of being weighed in the balances and found wanting may fall on America. To avoid such a fate will take courageous and constant action by everyone concerned for the future welfare of the nation and its citizens.

THE

Judge's Verdict

Judge Elmer K. Daugherty

Interview by Phyllis Somerville



As judge for twenty-four years in the Second Judicial Court of the State of Iowa, Elmer K. Daugherty says emphatically, "I'm a teetotaler. My parents did not drink and taught me not to, and I've never used it." From Alexander Pope, the essayist, the judge quotes, "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," in referring to the importance of early training for youth. He has seen firsthand the results of drink as there parades through his court a stream of divorce actions, juvenile-delinquency charges, and child-neglect cases. Liquor is back of from one half to three fourths of these tragedies, he says.

WHEN a survey showed that 63 per cent of the population of reform institutions in Ontario, Canada, were committed for offenses against the Liquor Control Act, the Department of Reform Institutions for the province saw the need for a new approach to cope with the ever-increasing number of alcoholics. Therefore this department decided to do something more constructive than merely locking alcoholics up.

Early in the year 1951 it launched a carefully planned program of rehabilitation. A large brick building located a few miles from the city of Toronto was completely remodeled and converted into a clinic for alcoholics, and was officially opened September 17, 1951.

The clinic, pleasantly situated on the extensive grounds of the Ontario Reformatory, looks more like a well-appointed fraternity house than a part of the reformatory. When I visited there on a recent Sunday afternoon I was struck by the peaceful and tranquil atmosphere. No bars were on the windows, no wall surrounded the premises, and no guards were to be seen.

Since treatment is on a voluntary basis, all men admitted to the clinic must request it. A selection committee meets once a week to examine all requests, to ensure that the applicants really are alcoholics and are sincere in wanting treatment. Inmates selected usually are in prison for such offenses as drunk driving, assault, or breaches of the liquor laws, some having long records of alcoholic habits with up to seventy-five convictions involving drinking.

Once selected for treatment, applicants are transferred from the reformatory to the clinic for the last thirty days of their sentence, during which time they lose their "prisoner" status and become "patients."

The method of treatment is simple but direct. Lectures are given on mental hygiene; the progressive stages in the development of alcoholism; and the psychological, psychiatric, and social aspects of the alcoholic. Films on such subjects as problem drinkers, or the effect of alcohol on the human body, are shown, and individual or group therapy forms an essential part of the daily program.

In addition, so that the taking of alcohol after their discharge may be discouraged, patients are given a bottle of antabuse pills and are told they can get further supplies free by writing for them. The value of antabuse as a protective drug, during the period when the patient is becoming accustomed to doing without alcohol, is highly rated.

First clinic of its kind in North America, Mimico points the way for reformation of alcoholic lawbreakers.

New Hope AT MIMICO

ARTHUR R. TURNER

"People would be drunk within days of getting out of the clinic, despite all that is done for them, were it not for antabuse," states Dr. Gordon Bell, consultant of the clinic. "Our program would bog down without it."

Similarly, the follow-up program, in which rehabilitation officers of the clinic maintain contact with patients after their discharge, is considered absolutely essential. No treatment could be completely successful without this program, which in the case of the Mimico clinic is unique in its contact.

Although the Department of Reform Institutions has no jurisdiction over patients after their discharge, an attempt is made to keep in touch with them for at least a year. The rehabilitation officers encourage them to continue sobriety until they feel they have gained sufficient confidence to lead an independent and secure life. In addition, employment is found for those without jobs; and, if necessary, suitable living accommodations also.

Graduates of the clinic have been found to fall into the four following general categories:

1. *Socially Recovered* (14 per cent)—Applies one year after completion of initial treatment to those who have their condition completely under control, who do not go back to alcohol, and who lead normal, law-abiding lives; those who have had no relapses; and those who have had occasional relapses, but not severe enough to impair their new social status.

2. *Much Improved* (25.2 per cent)—Applies to patients who have been under observation by rehabilitation officers for thirteen months after their discharge.

3. *Somewhat Improved* (8.8 per cent)—Applies to those who have gone through the first month after initial treatment; patients who have too little confidence and return to drinking as a solution to their problems, but, who, at the same time, have shown improvement in motivation and effort.

4. *The Unimproved* (52 per cent)—Applies to two complete classifications:

a. Those 15 per cent who have undergone no noticeable change and are still considered candidates for successful treatment.

b. Those 37 per cent who are considered to be unsusceptible to any form of treatment at the present time.

Thus it is seen that 48 per cent of those treated at Mimico have shown varying degrees of improvement over their original condition.

Dr. Bell has checked these figures carefully. "There has been no exaggeration," he says, "and I must say I am thrilled at the result so far. These statistics, in my view, are complete justification for what we at the clinic are doing."

A survey of 207 patients who had been gone from the clinic for four



months or more showed an employment improvement of 17,023 days over the pretreatment period, when a major portion of their time was spent in institutions.

This figure supports the contention of Dr. Bell, who considers it a mistake to presume that alcoholics have a poorer potential than do other persons. A great many problem drinkers have unused potential, and the job of clinical treatment is to shift their dependence away from alcohol and back to people.

When the clinic was first inaugurated, inmates were cynical about its treatment and were disinclined to submit themselves to any form of cure. The conscientious endeavors of its hard-

working staff, however, soon became known; and its growing reputation for successful treatment has led to a large upswing in the number of applicants genuinely interested in improving their condition.

ONE VITAL MISTAKE

(Continued from page 21)

then on she started life over again as a prostitute and a dope addict.

I do not want to be an alarmist, but it is a known fact that a great percentage of our crime today is caused by persons trying to get enough money to satisfy their craving for narcotics.

A recent survey by the Department of Public Safety shows a great increase of addicts in sixty-four Texas towns. Each addict needs a minimum average of three to five capsules a day. To satisfy this craving, addicts must have dope. If they are not financially able to buy the dope, then the men must turn to stealing and burglarizing, and the women addicts to prostitution and shoplifting.

I have told of this true case from our records for the County of Tarrant, hoping in some way to show that smoking the first marijuana cigarette can lead only to stronger narcotics, then possibly to thievery, burglary, and even murder.

A Can of Beans

John W. Rabb

VIC DOWDIE fidgeted nervously as he watched the clock on the wall creep slowly toward five o'clock. This was their anniversary, and he and Mae were planning something special in the nature of a quiet celebration at home. His hand trembled as he put the last paper away in his desk. The day had been a hard one, and he was tired.

Inside Ernie's Bar down at the corner the blinds were drawn, and a somber light of elegance like that of some luxurious suite seemed to pervade this urban retreat of burnished brass and polished mahogany.

Vic, waiting for his bus, hesitated on the threshold. He did not really wish to let Mae down. He had promised her to be home early, and to purchase the supplies for the special occasion. Assuring himself, however, with the thought that he would be only a minute, he went in.

Ernie, the bartender, rested his pudgy hands on the bar in front of him. "Same as usual, Mr. Dowdie?" he inquired.

Vic struggled to get out a cheery response, but somehow the words stuck in his throat. He merely grunted and nodded weakly. He felt guilty and ashamed without knowing why. Funny, he had never felt that way before. He had often been in there for a drink.

As Vic waited for his drink, he talked to the stranger sitting next to him about the ball game, and did not notice that Ernie in his haste had forgotten to pour his drink. The place grew more crowded and noisier as the stores began to close. The juke box's blaring noise was getting on Vic's nerves.

"Ernie, how about my drink?" Vic

called out. As Ernie poured the drink, he paused with the bottle in his hand and stood eyeing Vic intently.

The latter squirmed uneasily, but soon realized that the bartender was not staring at him, as he first supposed, but over his shoulder at someone else. Vic turned, and saw through the haze of tobacco smoke a ragged old man with a can of beans in his hand. The wretched character was trying desperately to panhandle departing patrons who showed all too plainly their anxiety to be rid of him.

When Vic turned back to the bar, Ernie had poured his drink. Tossing a coin on the bar, he was about to lift the glass to his lips when he sensed the presence of someone approaching behind him. He set the glass down, and turned around on his stool to find the bum standing at his elbow. The old man held the beans out while addressing Vic in a whining voice.

"I spent my last nickel for these beans because I was hungry, but I found out I need liquor worse. Won't you take 'em, please, sir, and buy me a drink instead?"

"I don't want your beans," Vic responded with irritation.

The bum grew frantic at the prospect of refusal. He pressed the can on Vic, who absently dropped it into his coat pocket. He suddenly remembered what Mae had said to him only a few days earlier.

"Vic, I've been praying that something will happen to make you realize the way you are going before it is too late."

Vic saw himself in that bum, as he might appear a few years later after his

job was gone and his friends had deserted him.

A timid nudge in the ribs brought him out of his reverie.

"How about my drink, cap'n?"

Vic scrambled clumsily to his feet and started slowly for the door.

"You forgot your drink, Mr. Dowdie," Ernie called after him.

"Give it to him," Vic said, indicating the bum. "He needs it worse than I do."

Ernie picked up the drink and dashed it into a sink under the bar. "On your way, fellow!" he said gruffly. "We don't allow bums in here."

Vic missed four busses in a row while trying vainly to find some small grocery or delicatessen that was still open. It was after eight o'clock before he finally reached home empty-handed.

Mae was not waiting for him in the living room as she usually did. She was not in the bedroom either. The dressing table where she did her hair, the odds and ends which reminded him of her presence in the home, little knickknacks she treasured—all impressed Vic with the emptiness of life without her.

Finally, he found her in the kitchen of their cheap three-room apartment, where she had cried herself to sleep at the dining table. It was tastily decorated and set for two people, but no dinner had been prepared because Mae had depended on him.

As they set down to a snack of cold beans, Mae did not reproach him for his neglect. She was happy that he had not been drinking that evening. She could tell that Vic was through with liquor, and felt that he could not have given her a better anniversary present.

Paul T. Hubbard, during the major part of his active life, has been dealing with youth problems. For eleven years in Stockton, California, he did all types of probation work, becoming the chief assistant in charge of all juvenile workers. In 1954 he was called into state parole work for the California Youth Authority and assigned to a caseload of boys from thirteen years to twenty-four years in downtown Los Angeles and East Los Angeles. "Next to gang warfare," he says, "the biggest problem in my caseload of ninety boys is the narcotics problem, since about 25 per cent of the parolees are heroin addicts."



Paul T.
Hubbard

An Armload of Death

THINKING back, I am not too proud of the part I played in the case of the *State vs. José de la Rosa Dominguez*. Then, when I think of little Dolores and of the calm, patient grief of her parents, I tell myself that I acted in the only way possible for a citizen in a community held together largely by mutual co-operation.

The district attorney had sent for me as the official court interpreter for Spanish-speaking cases when twenty-one-year-old José, who understood no English, had been picked up for questioning. Four-year-old Dolores, last seen in José's arms, had been reported missing by frantic parents.

José was quietly co-operative when we interviewed him. "Yes, I was with the little girl all day while her parents worked. We played together as a brother and sister should. She is like one of my own blood," he said warmly.

She had worried about her mother not returning as early as expected, so the two had gone to the store to see whether her mother had stopped to buy groceries. He had gone inside, leaving Dolores looking down the long street toward the cannery. When he came out, she was gone. He told his story simply, and who could say that it wasn't true?

Bit by bit the little information available was pieced together. The young Mexican national, working in the tomato fields, had been living with Dolores's family in malodorous "Goat Valley," a collection of shacks that had sprung up outside the city limits. For several days the rain had made work impossible in the fields. Only old-timers like Dolores's parents had a chance at the inside jobs at the cannery. To the lonely tot it had been something new and exciting to stay home from the cheerless nursery school and play with a loving older brother.

Then an itinerant "wetback" had happened to see José and told him about Rosa, back in the little village in Guanajuato. Rosa had decided not to wait for José, her lover, to make his fortune in the United States, and had married the local baker.

José had heard that liquor would dull the pain of grief. Incurious neighbors had seen him go to the little corner grocery and bring back an armload of bottles, the little girl half running beside him to keep up. Some beer, some sweet wine, some whisky—what matter to one not used to drinking?

He was next seen at dusk, walking down the street near the house, carrying Dolores and murmuring comfortingly, "There, there, chiquita. We'll find your mother."

Nothing further developed so, lacking any other charge, he was held for the United States Immigration Service for illegal entry. The officers began digging harder than ever for evidence against José, while neighbors searched feverishly for the body of little Dolores. No one could any longer hope that she would be found alive.

The day before José was to be returned to his home in Mexico, two officers took me over, and we questioned him again. Only negative nods

answered our questions. Finally the officers gave up the questioning and left me alone with him. After watching him for some time, I took a last desperate gamble.

"José," I said softly, "you go to church, don't you? You have always been a good Christian, haven't you?"

José nodded, and I continued: "Little Dolores loved you, didn't she, José? And you loved her, didn't you? You still love her, don't you?"

He leaned forward and covered his face with his open hands. I noticed the slight tremor across his shoulders, and wondered whether he could possibly be more miserable than I was. I went on, still speaking gently: "You know that little Dolores can never receive the last rites of the church and be properly buried unless you tell us where she is. Can you let that happen to her? How can you carry the load on your conscience?"

Without waiting for an answer, I turned as if to leave, but he clutched at my arm, and whispered brokenly, "You will find her under the last tree in the orchard behind the store."

I stood looking down at him, feeling no triumph. I could feel only a great pity, as I thought of the real cause behind all this tragedy. Gradually he gained a measure of control over his emotions. Lifting his face, he caught my right hand in both of his in a desperate grip. His young face was lined with agony as he looked up at me. Then the words came in a torrent: "But, Señor Interpreter, I did not kill her. I swear I did not kill her. I remember nothing from the time I started drinking until I came to myself at sundown,—the dead girl in my arms,—those terrible marks on her throat. You must believe I could not kill her. She was like my sister. She loved me."

Wanting to be as comforting as I dared, I said, "Be sure to tell all this to the public defender when he takes your case, José. He will want the judge to know anything in your favor."

"Gracias, señor,"—his voice was near breaking,—"que vaya con Dios." How ironic the traditional farewell, "May you go with God," in such a setting.

I believed José. Having looked deep into his agonized eyes, I believed him; but the jury did not, neither did the judge who sentenced him in superior court, nor did the supreme court of the state when the case was reviewed. So, on a cheerless Friday in the dingy gas chamber the case of the *State of California vs. José de la Rosa Dominguez* was closed.

Closed? Surely somewhere there must be a final review of the facts—a fixing of the real responsibility.

**A Novel
Suggestion for
a Fascinating
Hobby**

PHOTOGRAMS

Michael
Kosinski

Anyone can produce photograms—pictures made without a camera by direct exposure of opaque or transparent objects on photographic paper.

The production of photograms does not require complicated equipment or costly materials. For a very small sum any local photographic dealer can supply the novice with easy-mix chemicals, instructions, and photographic paper with which he can make 8-by-10-inch photograms.

An easy type of photogram can be obtained by simply placing objects—keys, feathers, leaves, ferns, your own hand—directly on the photographic paper and turning on the room light for a few seconds. The opaque objects, not permitting light to pass,

leave that area on the paper white, and the uncovered portions of the paper turn black on exposure to light.

In an illuminated room more complicated designs can be composed on a sheet of clean glass, which is later placed on the photographic paper in the darkroom and exposed to light the usual way.

Creation of photograms is as ideal an occupation for the beginner as it is for the advanced amateur. These pictures offer an excellent opportunity to develop the creative talents of children. Once youngsters are shown how to obtain a picture, almost by magic, the innumerable ideas popping into their minds will keep them well occupied and out of mischief.

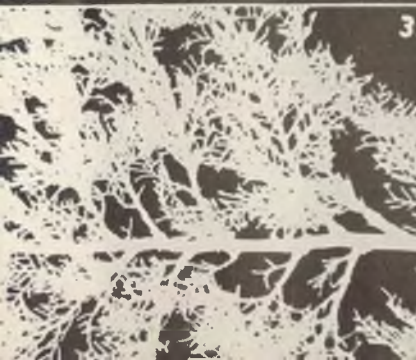
Photograms of leaves and ferns, often used as material for illustrated books on natural history, can be hung as decorative pictures in the child's room.

It does not take much time to imagine appropriate objects for a photogram. Shortly, almost anything in the house will be marked for a potential photogram, and the amateur soon becomes an expert in the selection of forms and the appreciation of the results.

He should begin with such simple objects as rubber bands, nails, and paper cutouts. Later, as an interesting variation, silhouettes may be fashioned from paper to represent people, moon, sun, and other objects. The opportunities are unlimited.



1. This modern design was made with a coin, paper strips, and film edge.
2. Kitchen utensils are ideal to begin with, for they give one confidence to try more delicate photograms.
3. Twigs of pine when photogramed appear as giant trees.
4. A good exercise for patience is this paper-strip design.
5. Photogramming a doily shows its fine structure and design.
6. Pine twigs fall into a natural, free-flowing pattern.
7. Leaves could be the beginning of a collection in natural history.
8. A crystal candy dish and a garden weed make a sunflower.
9. A pencil sketch for the moon, paper cutout for the rocket, absorbent cotton for the exhaust, with sugar for the stars, and a rocket flight to the moon is easily done.



It's modern and satisfying
to forget the materialistic and
observe Christmas for what
it is, for—

Christmas is that wonderful time of year when we wear our hearts on our sleeves. Right out loud, good and plain, we speak of lovely things like love, compassion, forgiveness, understanding, and thinking of others.

We're interested in seeing how many smiles we can bring to harried faces, how much cheer we can put into voices long choked with tears, how many new friends we can make, and how many old friendships we can renew.

Impulsively we pick up the telephone and invite cousin Frances to Christmas dinner, even though she may not have spoken to the family for seven years.

Ever since our sunshine-toting postman told us he and his family celebrate Christmas a week late (so they, too, can enjoy it), we make a point of shopping and mailing early.

After thinking it over, our neighbors and our family have come to the conclusion that Christmas is the time of year we should never fail to live the golden rule. You see, everyone has a need for loving others more than himself. To get away from that unhappy self-absorption which tends to envelop all of us at times is a grand feeling. As Samuel Grafton writes, "The injunction to love your neighbor as yourself is designed not to make you good but to make you happy."

To think of others in terms of small, affectionate gifts, even a smile or cheery word and a sparkling "Merry Christmas!" lifts our spirits above that "Life's so daily!" with which we're often burdened.

Yes, at Christmas we weigh others in the same balance as we weigh ourselves. We look into their hearts, and want to do something about the broken and hurting ones. St. Francis of Assisi wrote in a simple prayer: "It's not so important to be consoled as to console; to be understood, as to understand; to be loved, as to love."

Christmas Is Love

Helen
Gregg
Green

Best of all, we remind ourselves, is remembering the *real meaning of Christmas*. Grateful hearts in all ages bow in joyful wonderment at this precious Gift. More than ever in this "age of peril" do we find satisfaction in faith that sustains and helps us calm the uneasy gnawings in our hearts.

This season is the time for heart-lifting fun and heart-lifting religion, a time to remember and a time to forget—a time to remember the good in others, a time to forget their mistakes.

For Christmas is *love*: "Mother, let's ask that lonely man down the street to dinner!"

Christmas is *remembering*: "Mary, dear, do you recall the first time I kissed you? It was Christmas Day. You wore a blue dress and were as beautiful as you are today!"

Christmas is *understanding*: "Bob, let's ask your college roommate, so far from home, for the holidays!"

Christmas is *compassion*: "Fred, how about 'adopting' a child for a year for a *family* Christmas gift?"

Yes, Christmas is all this and more. It's old-fashioned and dull to try to keep up with the Joneses at Christmas, or any other time. It's modern and satisfying to forget the materialistic and observe Christmas for what it is, a beautiful occasion which keeps hearts shining with hope.

Remember, "the best gift of all" is to give part of ourselves. This weary old world, chilled by too much hate, is much in need of love.



NARCOTICS EDUCATION

(Continued from page 11)

One of the problems involved in Narcotics education is to provide meaningful instruction to students to help them recognize the dangers involved in using narcotics, but not to glamorize the use of narcotics and arouse more curiosity than previously existed. It is generally recognized that overemphasis on this topic may create problems where none existed before.

In a community where addiction does not exist, students may study the factors that seem to contribute to prevention of the problem. Where the problem of addiction does exist in the community, there should be more emphasis on how drug addiction affects the community and the individual; the importance of developing good physical, social, and mental habits; and the need for treatment. In such a community the problem-solving technique can be brought down to the individual school and used to solve a real problem facing the adolescents and parents in the community.

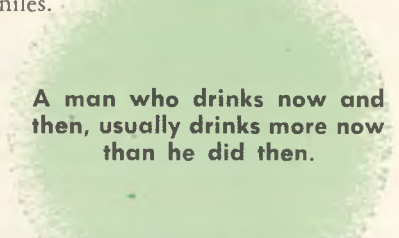
In many California schools, teachers and staff members have been made familiar with the appearance and characteristics of narcotic drugs, the paraphernalia which indicates its use, and the symptoms of use among teen-agers. Correctly identifying signs of addiction is often a difficult task, and care should be taken not to attach suspicion to non-addicts on the basis of misleading symptoms. Teachers, parents, and any other persons who may have reason to suspect the sale or use of narcotic drugs should immediately notify the school administrator. Direct contact with the proper juvenile authorities has been established in many areas, and help from them can be obtained immediately in case of need. In many schools there are staff members who are familiar with agencies in the community and who can help the addict and his family get proper medical consultation and family counseling.

It should be emphasized that narcotics addiction is a symptom of insecurity in home, school, or community, or a combination of any or all three. School personnel, parents, and members of community groups must work together to eliminate factors that cause insecurities, pressures, and feelings of being pushed aside that often lead to drug addiction. In addition, community leaders must recognize that it will take many tax dollars to provide a community with adequate educational, recreational, welfare, and cultural services, but the providing of these resources will not in the long run be so costly as the present staggering sums spent on law enforcement,

prisons, and mental hospitals. When parents and members of community groups understand these problems and support their local school boards they will help produce public schools with the following characteristics:

1. Adequate health and guidance service.
2. Reasonable student-teacher loads in all classes, especially in physical education.
3. A teacher or counselor readily available, especially at the secondary level to help each pupil analyze and solve problems. Each pupil should feel that he has at least one friend and helper in the school.
4. A curriculum designed to meet the needs of all kinds of pupils, including the so-called "normal," the gifted, the moderately and the severely mentally retarded, the socially maladjusted, and the physically handicapped.
5. A wide variety of student activities, including school recreation for all pupils—not a select few.

Schools with such characteristics provide an environment that satisfies the needs and interests of children and youth for normal, wholesome school and social experiences which will certainly do a great deal to prevent the increase of drug addiction among juveniles.



A man who drinks now and then, usually drinks more now than he did then.

HEROIN—OUTLAW KILLER

(Continued from page 16)

continued to associate with active addicts, temptation was ever present. When he had reached "the end of his rope," he decided to "kick the habit" at home. He telephoned me to say he would see me at the end of the week and assured me he would never again take drugs once he "got off" this time. Two days after that telephone conversation he was found in bed, a needle still in his arm, dead from an overdose of heroin. Attempting to reduce the amount gradually, he had unknowingly taken heroin too strong for his system.

This boy might have had a great deal to contribute, and could have become a useful citizen if he had never taken heroin, or had successfully found recovery from addiction. But once a person has fallen prey to heroin, his chance for recovery is slight.

Many addicts die as did this young man, although their deaths are seldom noted in the newspapers. The adulteration of heroin is accomplished in a hazardous manner by the various persons handling it, and no addict knows whether the injection he is taking will be his last. If even a tiny speck of pure heroin remains unadulterated, death may come to the user in a matter of seconds.

A twenty-one-year-old boy who had gone to the Government hospital in Lexington wrote confidently of his "cure," stating that he would never again "touch the stuff." His parents and I were hoping that this was the beginning of a new life for him. However, on the train coming home, he encountered an acquaintance who was going to "get some good stuff" at the first station change. The boy accompanied him, reasoning that "one little pop" wouldn't hurt him. That one shot, too strong for his detoxified system, killed him, and he never reached home to be welcomed by his waiting family.

Another boy, twenty years of age, whom I visited in his home, told me he didn't actually "have a habit," that he was just "joy-popping." When he tried to stop taking heroin, he admitted he was "hooked" (addicted). There was little I could do to help, other than urge him to go to the hospital for proper withdrawal. This he refused to do, insisting he could "kick his habit" at home. He tried to taper off by taking smaller doses every day. Within a week, he was dead from an overdose.

There is no easy way out of drug addiction. Regardless of the technique employed, the addict suffers intensely. The best way to express his condition during withdrawal is to say, in the words of one addict, "Everything seems to come back to life at once." In addition to physical discomfort, mental torture takes place during and after withdrawal, and the addict is burdened with an inflamed sense of guilt. For these reasons both psychotherapy and physiotherapy are of great benefit.

After withdrawal, which lasts from four and one half to six months usually, the addict still has many problems to overcome before he can consider himself on the road to recovery. The actual withdrawal of the drug is accomplished in a matter of weeks, but the aftereffects last for many months. Having overcome so much misery, it is difficult to understand why addicts revert to the use of heroin, but most of them do.

In addition to the addict's ignorance of his true condition, he must face the lack of understanding by others. Of-

ten because of his past, he must encounter suspicion and hostility from those close to him. Because of his past addiction, he frequently suffers from extreme nervousness and insomnia for months, and even years. All these factors must be understood and controlled by the former addict if he is to cope with his problems and eventually overcome them.

For the majority of addicts, and recovered addicts, there simply aren't any facilities to give them the needed help and guidance. This is another deterrent to lasting recovery.

Many addicts, as well as the general public, do not realize that once they have been addicted, they are not "cured" by the simple act of withdrawal from drugs. The condition has been arrested and will remain arrested so long as no addictive drugs are taken; but because the patient is now sensitive to drugs that are habit forming, even one dosage will bring his addiction back to life. If the former addict becomes ill, if he finds "things going wrong," if he takes up association with using addicts, the temptation to take "just one shot" is there. Every former addict is "just one shot" removed from active addiction. Once he takes even one small dosage of a narcotic, his desire for more becomes compulsive, almost impossible to resist.

There is fantastic profit in the sale of heroin. The drug can be adulterated many times and still have effect on the user. One ounce purchased in the country where it is initially processed might cost as little as \$8 or \$10. The original dealer might "cut" the drug (adulterate it by mixing it with milk sugar) so that the price becomes \$20. Brought to this country, the heroin is "cut" again and again by various handlers, as many as twenty times, until the original ounce which cost as little as \$10 or less, now multiplied, might bring a price of from \$400 to \$500. Criminals peddling this outlawed drug might easily feel, with stakes so high, that they can afford to take the chance of being apprehended.

Because of the costliness of the drug, many addicts turn to crime who would not otherwise do so. I know of hundreds of young people (and many other addicts as well) who are now in prison for having broken the law in order to secure the funds for purchasing heroin.

Anyone taking heroin automatically becomes a criminal, because it is illegal to purchase it. Therefore, the victim of heroin finds himself in a vicious circle—taking the drug leading to crime, and crime leading to taking the drug.

The novice, or beginning addict, ex-

periences a temporary feeling of well-being. Once hooked, he has no longer any pleasure, but only a driving need to secure more and more of the drug that poisons body and mind, kills the will, and renders a user unfit to associate with any but others trapped in the living death that is heroin addiction.

When youngsters are taught in school that they are *not immune* to drug addiction, we will have come a long way in preventing the plague of youthful drug usage. Unfortunately, people are taught that it is the neurotic, the unstable, the weakling, or the criminal types who become addicted. Naturally most people do not visualize themselves in these categories. This fallacious teaching causes many to believe that *they* can safely "pick up narcotics, and put them down again." Nothing could be further from the truth. By the time the victim learns this fact he is usually lost to the world and enmeshed forever in the vicious trap spun by the narcotic.

Legal battle shows up stigma attached to all alcoholic beverages.

R. R. Taggs

IN ONE of the strangest legal cases of its type, the Court of Customs and Patent Appeals refused to register the trade-mark "Madonna" as applied to wine, on the grounds that it was "scandalous." (*United States Patents Quarterly*, volume 37.)

A wine producer adopted and used the name "Madonna" as a trade-mark for wine and sought to file it in the United States Patent Office. Registration of the mark was refused by the Patent Office tribunals on the grounds that it was sacrilegious, so an appeal was taken to the Court of Customs and Patent Appeals. The court sustained the Patent Office tribunals, pointing out that the name "Madonna" was generally understood among English-speaking peoples to refer to the Virgin Mary or to a representation of the Holy Mother. The court then pointed out: "The Virgin Mary stands as the highest example of the purity of womanhood, and the entire Christian world pays homage to her as such. Her representation in great paintings and sculpture arouses the religious sentiments of all Christians."

The abuses associated with alcoholic beverages were considered by the court, which concluded that many people would be shocked to see the name "Madonna" displayed, among other places, in barrooms and establishments of a questionable nature. The reasoning of the court is succinctly set forth in the following quotation from the opinion:

"In our opinion, to commercialize the name of, or a representation of, the Virgin Mary as a trade-mark is of very doubtful propriety, and we feel certain that its use upon wine for beverage purposes would be shocking to that sense of propriety of nearly all who do not use wine as a beverage, and also to some who do use it; therefore, we think such use of the word Madonna would be scandalous and its registration prohibited under said trade-mark act."

It is interesting to note that there was a sharp dissenting opinion by two of the justices of the court, in which they claimed that wine is an ancient and honorable household beverage. The dissenting opinion stated in part: "Ordinary wine is used as a common and usual beverage by multitudes of our people instead of water. The Saviour changed water into wine at the behest of His Virgin Mother at the wedding feast; it was used at the Last Supper, and, as a matter of common knowledge, it is part of the very core of the most sacred religious rites of many of both Christian and other faiths."

Personally I enjoy the wonderful freedom from drugs I sought for so many years, but I am aware that many thousands of despairing addicts are suffering from narcotics' ravages, dying needlessly, or living their deathlike lives, believing there is no hope for them. Their loss is the nation's loss. These potentially useful citizens are a dead weight around society's neck.

Prevention of drug addiction is an important task facing all of us. The searchlight of truth, thrown on the superstitions and pseudo facts now accepted as information, can do much to combat the problem.

Certain truths should be emphasized:

1. No one can take heroin regularly without becoming addicted to it.
2. There is no such thing as "controlling" heroin. It is far too addictable.
3. *In only one way can an individual be certain not to become a slave to heroin, and that is never to touch the vicious drug.*

Madonna

(Continued from page 11)

free world are producing about 2,000 tons.

We have good reason to believe that the communist countries are sending around 4,000 tons of their annual production into the United States and other free nations with the intention of demoralizing our people, while at the same time enriching themselves. It is also possible that approximately 1,500 tons of the annual free-world production is finding its way into illicit trade channels.

Red China alone collected more than \$70,000,000 from the sale of illegal narcotics in 1952. Evidence shows that communists in the United States have been aiding and abetting the Chinese Reds in smuggling opium and heroin into this country, another activity that must be stopped.

I believe in trying to control the shipment of narcotics by international treaties and the moral force of the UN, but am not overly optimistic about the results that have been obtained so far by the United Nations Educational, Social, and Cultural Organization in that direction.

Although UNESCO now operates a narcotics commission, which attempts to limit production, it has not proved successful even in limiting production in the free world, where four times the authorized tonnage of narcotics is produced annually.

Treaties seem to have been more effective in providing international control. In 1833 the United States entered into an agreement with Siam to outlaw the opium trade. Later, since the Hague Opium Convention, there has been a gradual attempt to achieve an effective, multilateral approach to the problem through the co-operation of many nations. In 1948 U.S. Narcotics Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger got an appropriation to send agents to Italy, Turkey, France, and other overseas areas where wholesale shipments destined for America were believed to be originating. On the whole, this effort was as successful as any attempted up to this time.

Since certain factors, such as these, are outside the immediate control of the people of the United States, *special emphasis must be placed on an educational campaign to alert the nation's young people to the dangers of drug addiction.*

Here, then, is a summary of the outstanding points of my proposed attack on the narcotics problem:

1. Tighten Federal and state laws, so

that they provide sterner penalties for smugglers, wholesalers, and peddlers.

2. Work for more rigid enforcement of existing laws against these traffickers in human misery.

3. Negotiate treaties with opium-producing countries in an attempt to regulate the production and trade in narcotics. Use economic pressure, if necessary, to enforce co-operation.

4. Vigorously support international control through the UN, and work to make the UN more effective in this field.

5. Enlist churches, schools, and civic groups in a nationwide educational program to alert young people to the fact that addiction can ruin their lives.

The sooner we all realize that this problem will not be licked by halfway measures, the nearer we will be to victory. This is a battle for the future of America.

The Worm Turns

Ethel R. Page

Once I was an outcast. Respectable society slammed the door in my face—even the back door. I was despised and trampled upon by all that was called good. I lurked in dark alleys and behind warehouses. Saloons and pool halls were the only places of business I was allowed to enter. The future boded ill for me.

Today that is all changed. I repose in the most luxuriant homes. Jeweled hands fondle me. Aristocratic lips caress me. I am the honored guest at elegant functions and the toast of the banquet hall. My praise is heralded across the air waves and through the press. Millions give me obeisance and hasten to do my bidding. O'er those who once maligned me, I now wield the scepter.

Slowly, insidiously, I undermine the health of my devotees. I gradually deaden the nerves and perception. I weaken and cloud the brain. I corrupt the morals. My use excites a thirst for more and lays the foundation for an unbreakable habit.

Though my use is expensive, addictive, and an offense to many, yet my patronage is on the increase. Youth are my favorite victims. If through my subtle wiles I can enthrall them and lead them captive to my sophistry, a brilliant and successful future for me is assured.

My name is Alcohol.

(Continued from page 14)

Northern Pacific train for a seven-day trip to Oregon. He had in his pocket all that remained of his summer's wages, \$51.50, which did not add much to either his importance or his weight. Twenty-two years old, five feet ten, completely garbed in long, red woolen underwear, heavy woolen suit, high-topped shoes, overcoat, cap, and mittens—his total weight still barely equaled 110 pounds.

It was a long journey from Indiana and Chicago to the home of a relative in the pioneer town of Ballston, Oregon. It was a long, hard pull to work his way through Oregon State College in Corvallis, but Edward made up his mind to succeed. And succeed he did. He lived in Kidder Hall and ate in the dormitory dining room. He carried mail, washed dishes, and even worked in the fields for ten cents an hour, for honest labor held no terror for this young man who was living on borrowed time. At the end of the first year he had not only completed his freshman courses but also improved so much in health that he spent the entire summer in the Pendleton wheat fields of eastern Oregon. Here he made and saved enough money to pay his way through two full years of college.

During following summers he worked with and supervised railroad crews, working regularly in the fresh air, eating plain, wholesome food, and adhering to his family training in neither drinking nor smoking.

Too, Edward Beaty was more interested in what he was worth to humanity than in how much he would be worth financially. From young manhood he was interested in things of the spirit, for even during his busy, work-filled college days he spent what many young men would have considered a day of rest in teaching a 7 a.m. Bible study class, attending an 8 a.m. Presbyterian Sunday-school class, a morning church service, a Y.M.C.A. afternoon meeting, and a young people's and evening church service.

He had entered college in 1899, and in 1903 he graduated from Oregon State College in the fields of electrical, mechanical, and civil engineering. His preparation for teaching included algebra, trigonometry, analytical geometry, calculus, and differential equations. None of these were easy courses for a student who was working his way through college.

The year 1904 was an important one for young Edward Beaty, for it was then that he met his wife-to-be, Sylvia

Spaulding. They were married in 1905, and to them was born one son, Edward, Jr. After six happy years of marriage Mrs. Beaty passed away. While attending the University of California, Edward met Mabel A. Welch. Holding the A.B., B.S., and M.A. degrees, he had gone there for advanced study, and the two attended some of the same classes. In trying to peer around the big hat in front of him, he soon became aware of its charming young wearer, and in 1912 they were married.

In Corvallis they opened their home to young people, for Edward Beaty had never forgotten the pleasant and informative fireside evenings for students at the home of the Oregon State College president, Dr. Gatch.

In 1922 he began to work with the DeMolay organization for boys aged fourteen to twenty-one. DeMolay members believe in going to church regularly, in the separation of church and state, in good citizenship, in racial and religious tolerance. Toward the development of these high ideals Edward Beaty felt that he should contribute as much time as possible.

A recognized Masonic group sponsors each DeMolay chapter, in which is continued the same character-building work as that done by the Boy Scout organization. Edward Beaty found, "You can't teach honestly unless you teach right living. There are more than four million present and past DeMolay members in the world today, and insofar as can be determined only two of them have ever been in prison. We should have saved those two. This splendid record speaks for itself."

Although nearing eighty, Edward Beaty appears to be about fifty-five years of age. No doubt his continuing interest in young people and his work in their behalf has helped to keep him young.

The years have brought health, happiness, and honors to Edward Beaty. This year, on November 21, he and his wife will celebrate their forty-third wedding anniversary. They have a son and a daughter who live near them. The son, Edward, Jr., is also active in DeMolay work and shares his father's zest for living.

The best reward of all, Edward Beaty feels, comes from his own satisfaction in knowing that throughout his lifetime he has concentrated his efforts upon worth-while things. He has spent his time and what money he could upon boys. To them and to his thousands of students he has imparted his own high ideals in clean living, respect and appreciation for education, freedom from bigotry, and a belief in and a love for God.

FIREWATER

(Continued from page 7)

not only was the powwow most entertaining with its show of Indian dances and sale of Indian handwork, but the whole spirit was extremely friendly to all visiting whites. Also, during the festivities, including the dances, there was no sign of vulgarity, profanity, or drinking.

Chief Strong Horse, of the Pueblos of Bonita, Arizona, said he thinks there is less drinking among the young people than there used to be. He personally does not drink alcoholic beverages; he has seen too much of what liquor does to people. "People even in their right frame of mind can't do all they want to

A DEPRESSING AND ADDICTING DRUG

"A tendency to switch from one drug to another, and more potent, narcotic is the factor which makes the juvenile problem extremely serious. . . . Often the first step is alcohol, a depressant and addicting drug."—"Youth and Narcotics," Los Angeles Police Department, 1952.

do," he said, "so why weaken the mind and drink?"

Princess Nowedonah lives on the Shinnecock Reservation and invited me into her home. She is a noted cook and even cooked for royalty, she claimed. She blamed the drinking situation on the white people. "If the white people would stop making and drinking alcoholic beverages, the Indians would stop, too. What does the Indian get out of it but drunkenness and loss of his money? It is the white man who makes the money on booze."

"Have you any suggestions as to how we can get the white man to stop making and drinking it?" I asked.

"By getting him to give his heart to the Lord Jesus," she immediately replied. When one considers that Christianity also came to the Indians through the white man, it gives one something to think about—a realization that the cure to this problem is with the white man himself.

In fact, to date, there seems to be no other solution. In February, 1955, shortly after the alcoholic death of Ira Hayes, the Indian hero of the flag-raising on Iwo Jima, I received a long and helpful letter from a man who knew Ira Hayes well. Speaking in the name of the Association for Papago Affairs, a philanthropic organization

in Tucson, Arizona, for bettering conditions among American Indians, he stated that in Arizona the Indian liquor laws are in a period of gradual change, which will lead eventually to full use of alcoholic beverages by the Indian. Although the Federal Government made it legal to sell liquor to Indians in the fall of 1953, the State of Arizona did not pass approval until December, 1954; but in the meantime more and more liquor salesmen, anticipating repeal, were selling to Indians.

In analyzing the history of drinking among the Pimas, he pointed out that even twenty years ago there was very little drinking by the Indians; but that since improvements in transportation and because outside work has become a way of earning a livelihood, the Indians mix more with whites and Negroes, and drinking among them has become commonplace.

This spokesman estimates that about one quarter of all males between fifteen and thirty years of age are heavy weekend drinkers. This is especially true among Indians who have contact with whites, either through work or because they live near the edge of the reservation. Usually, he says, the weekend drinker is the rule rather than is the chronic alcoholic. The small undersized Pima jail is the landing place for many drinkers.

Coincident with the increasing problem of alcoholism has been the gradual cutting off of Government funds to maintain the reservation police force. At present, he wrote, there is one policeman covering the large Gila River Reservation. He is also the jailer, and as such must buy the supplies and supervise the jail labor, besides trying to patrol 370,000 acres and 5,000 Indians! There were eight policemen before the Government cut appropriations.

Under these circumstances he expects the drinking problem to increase.

As to his suggestions for meeting the problems, he recommends a larger police force and a larger jail as well as AA groups on the reservation itself. White AA groups do not help the Indians because of racial and cross-cultural barriers. Good church leadership is also recommended, for, he wrote, "Several permanent cures have been noted by me in Indians' undergoing spiritual conversion experiences. This seems to be a powerful force."

In the meantime, however, the burden of the Indians' drinking lies with the white man. Though he cannot undo what is past in the way of his treatment of the Indians, it does behoove him to consider well what his "firewater" has done in the past and not impose its ravages on the Indians in the future.

We

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Worst Problem

"The most troublesome problem I've encountered perhaps will surprise you. There are people who still coax, 'Lillian, for heaven's sake, you haven't had a drink in nine years—one won't hurt.' They don't know that they can start someone on the road to insanity or death that way—I know because I've been near both."—Lillian Roth, famous singer, in answering the question, "What is your most troublesome problem?"

Almost Like a Religion

"I've never seen an addict who doesn't want to get off the stuff, but they lack the moral courage. . . .

"Narcotics addicts—even though they would like to get off it themselves—sometimes take the greatest delight in making addicts of other people. It is almost like a religion with them."—Dr. Reynolds D. Smith, City Hospital physician, Seattle, Washington.

Drinking Drivers

"Last year in North Carolina 34 per cent of the drivers involved in fatal accidents had been drinking, and 18 per cent of the pedestrians who were killed in the highway accidents had also been drinking. In only 7 per cent of the fatal accidents was the driver classified as 'drunk.' It is obvious from these figures that the drinking driver who has not been officially classified as 'drunk' influences the fatality figures far more

than does the drunken driver."—*Morning Herald*, Durham, North Carolina, in an article of five pages decrying drinking and driving.

Jail Sentences Needed

"Jail sentences should be mandatory for persons convicted of drunken driving. I don't think this menace will ever be erased by fines. . . . Legislation making a jail sentence a part of drunken driving would be the only way to stop people from driving when drinking."—Judge Anne X. Alpern, after sentencing a disabled veteran to sixty days' imprisonment for ramming and demolishing a parked car while under the influence of alcohol.

Precollege Drinking

"Most students begin drinking before they enter the nation's colleges and universities. Eighty per cent of male students and 65 per cent of the coeds have acquired the drinking habit at a precollege age."—Yale survey.

Insidious Social Relationships

"I want no more two-, three-, and four-hour lunch hours over Martinis, after which state employees come staggering back to their offices. There have been cases where whole staffs have gone to lavish parties given by people they are to regulate. The problem of government is not so much of anyone getting bribes as it is a process of insidious social relationships."—Governor Orville

Freeman, speaking to the Ministerial Association, in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Who Owns Radio and TV?

"Let me say first of all I would not have accepted your invitation if ABC was not a willing servant of the beer industry. It is our privilege to serve you—it is not just your ability to buy us. . . .

"I have heard people criticize the broadcasting business, as a public franchise, for taking beer advertising. As far as ABC is concerned, we not only actively solicit it; we definitely want it; we believe it is a basic part of the American scene just like our radio and television is. . . . So let me say that we approach your industry with a great desire, both on our local stations and on our network, to cut the pattern to fit your cloth. And may I compliment, very sincerely, the United States Brewers Foundation and its advertising agency, the J. Walter Thompson Company, for the building up by advertising and public relations of the concept that 'beer belongs' as the family drink of a freedom-loving people. . . .

"The part radio and television has played in helping you in bringing beer into the home has been a part of which we are proud. . . . The more the story appears and is told generally, the greater is consumption."—Robert C. Kintner, president of the American Broadcasting Company, to the U.S. Brewers Foundation in Los Angeles.

Senator Finds Abstinence a "Bonanza"

"I do not drink. I never have done so, and I have no intention of beginning at the age of forty-two or later. When I politely turn down a cocktail or highball, I often am asked to furnish an explanation for this curious act. Like ancient Gaul, my reasons are divided into three parts:

"1. I do not like the taste of alcohol.

"2. I don't enjoy the effects of alcohol.

"3. These other factors being true, why should I indulge in something which obviously is not good for one's health? . . .

"I have said to my staff that I think

there should be no alcohol served from the small icebox in my Senatorial suite. I have done this for two reasons: (1) constituents might interpose a proper objection to mixing liquor with legislative business, and (2) we need clear enough heads for the vexing problems of the twentieth century. . . .

"Human existence is frequently a vale of tears. The passage through life is rarely easy. I have friends who attempt to modify tensions, anxieties, and disappointments with alcohol. It never seems to work. The quarrels and anguish pushed aside temporarily by

liquor's dim twilight zone are intensified when they again appear, as they invariably do. . . .

"But for me, personally, the habit of nondrinking has been a bonanza. I think it has added to my enjoyment and appreciation of life. I am certain it has prevented the despair and gloom which often accompany two professions as volatile and fickle as journalism and politics. And I have no thought of abandoning it. I am a nondrinker to stay."—Richard L. Neuberger, United States Senator from the State of Oregon.



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