

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING

Carolyn Rogers

*Air-Line
Stewardess*



It's a Fact

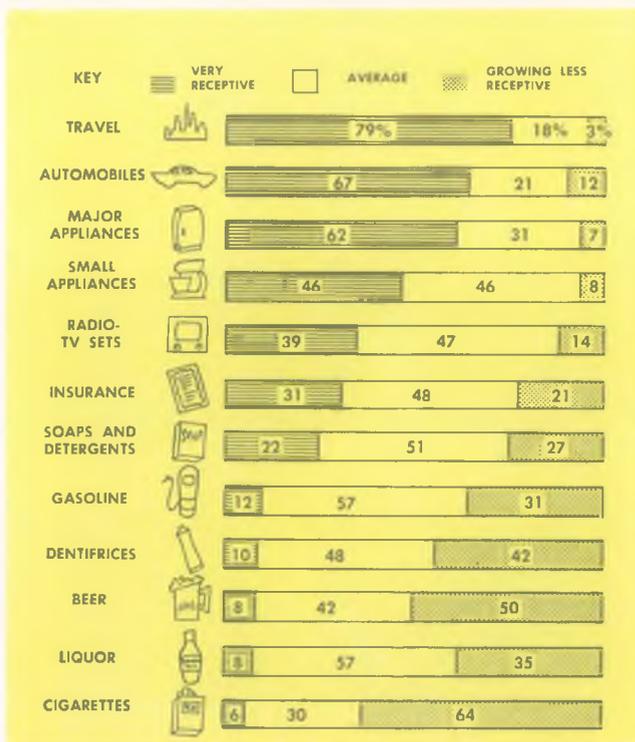


● Briefs

Kentucky has more than 48,000 alcoholics, who cost the state \$11,138,000 a year. 🚩 A nineteen-year study of violent deaths shows that ethyl alcohol was a contributing or responsible factor in 465 (37 per cent) of 1,258 cases. 🚩 The Yale University Center of Alcohol Studies says that there are 4,589,000 known alcoholics in the United States. 🚩 According to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the annual cost of crimes committed under the influence of alcohol comes to the sum of \$188,000,000. 🚩 Seven of every 100 adults in California is an alcoholic; that is one reason the state leads the nation in problem drinking. 🚩 The National Television and Radio Advisory Association has requested advertisers voluntarily to eliminate reference to liquor from their radio and TV shows. 🚩 Wine consumption in 1955 was up 5.3 per cent over 1954, totaling 199,570,748 gallons, as compared with 1954's 189,470,688 gallons.

● Public Reaction to Advertising

The editors of *Tide* some time ago published a report from "leading marketers, agency men, and public-relations executives" as to public receptivity to the advertising in various product fields. At the bottom of the list, with least popular enthusiasm, appeared beer, liquor, and cigarettes. The list appears below:



● Devil to Be Shut Out of Paradise

A night club in Paterson, New Jersey, was advised by the state to change its name, "Devil's Paradise," because such a name is paradoxical, irreverent, and illegal.

● Decrease in Drinking

Late Gallup polls indicate that only 60 per cent of the adults interviewed use alcohol, whereas ten years ago 67 per cent said they used alcoholic beverages at least occasionally.

● Dry Convention

In preparing for their 1956 nominating convention in the Cow Palace in San Francisco, Republicans specifically requested of the building's administrators that all sales of liquor be banned during convention time.

● San Francisco "Wins"

Among the nation's big cities, San Francisco has "by far" the highest rate of alcoholism, report two Yale University researchers. The rate for this Western city is 4,190 "alcoholics with complications" for every 100,000 population.

● Second Only to Automobiles

Michigan's liquor operation is now a \$200,000,000-a-year business in state-operated units. The retail volume of the alcoholic beverage industry in the state totaled \$750,000,000 in 1955, second in volume only to the automobile industry.

● Preferred Canned Brew

About 54 per cent of the urbanites bought beer in cans in 1955, the American Can Company claims. In contrast, 15 per cent of urban home imbibers bought canned beer in 1947. Other facts disclosed were: (1) More people in the Northwest (67 per cent) drink beer at home than in any other section of the country. (2) About 50 per cent of all adults buying beer for home use make their purchases in food stores, and in the West the figure reaches 69 per cent.

● Too Young to Vote

In its 1955 annual report on crime in the United States, the FBI reported that total arrests of persons under eighteen increased 11.4 per cent. Of all arrests for major crimes in 1,477 cities, 42.3 per cent were persons under eighteen, with 47.9 per cent of them being teen-agers under fifteen. Thus nearly half of America's crime problem involves youngsters too young to vote, and half of these are too young for high school.

LISTEN

OCTOBER to
DECEMBER, 1956
Volume 9
Number 4

A Journal of Better Living

ARTICLES

Editorial	4
Behind the Mask Raymond Schuessler	5
The Best Answer Chester R. MacPhee	10
Preparing for Life N. Blaine Winters	13
"We Can Agree" Browne Sampsell	14
The Traveler's Friend Maurice Moyal	20
Consolidated Edison Points the Way	Alfred K. Allan 24

SPECIAL FEATURES

Adventure in the Air	7
Is Moderation Safe? Richard E. Strain, M.D.	11
I Talked With Ira Hayes's Mother	George D. Shafer 15
Before—and After Joe L. Ray	17
Big Jim's Credo Duane Valentry	18
Everybody's Narcotic Picture Feature	22

PERSONALITIES

Carolyn Rogers—Stewardess	7
Allen Lefferdink—Insurance Executive	12
James Farley—Businessman	18
Billy F. Bouldin—Football Star	34
Paul Anderson—Weight Lifter Ralph Krum	36

REGULAR FEATURES

It's a Fact	2
World Report	20
We Repeat	35

STORIES

Fool for Dope Martha McMillin	26
This Promise I Keep Lorene Walker	27
The Woodsman's Gift Diane D. Dunann	29

POETRY

Two Sculptors Cleo Victoria Swarat	13
The Prayer Leatha Tarra	27
The Anchor Grace Cash	31
Poems With a Purpose Listen Authors	33

MISCELLANEOUS

One-Sided Advertising Adapted	6
Is This Consistent? Calvin T. Ryan, Ed.M.	16
International Commission	21
For a Fearless Tomorrow Arthur J. Burke	23
Education for Service	25
Putting the Blame Where It Belongs	Harry J. Miller 28
Will the Gremlins Get You? Ruth Chase	30

OUR COVER

Though the day's official weather forecast was for clouds and possible rain, the sun paused long enough on New York's International Airport to smile on Stewardess Carolyn Rogers as she prepared for another adventure in the air.

Ready in her usual charming manner to welcome her passengers aboard, she looks forward to the smooth, streamlined flying symbolized by the conventional wild bird on the graceful tail of this Golden Falcon plane.

Carolyn's informality and warm personality are caught for *Listen's* cover by George Pickow of Three Lions Studio.

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 5, Devaney; pages 8, 9, Three Lions; page 12, Roberts, Denver Post Photo; page 19, United Press; page 22, Three Lions; page 33, Lambert; page 36, United Press.

Editorial Office: 6340 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington 12, D.C.
Editor: Francis A. Soper Manager, Subscription Service: H. K. Christman
Editorial Assistant: Sue E. Taylor Assistant Manager: S. M. McCormick

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

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

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.

Copyright, 1956, by The American Temperance Society, W. A. Scharffenberg, Executive Secretary.

Will the "Little Planes"

Be Safe?



I

IN A tiny plane flying through overcast skies Pilot Roy Atchison, with his wife and two-month-old baby, was trying to find their home airport. They had taken off from a distant place to return home from a trip, only to find as they approached home that a thick bank of clouds hid the airstrip from view.

Their gasoline supply became nearly exhausted as they circled about, flying between two layers of clouds searching for a break through which to descend. Disaster threatened them.

In another plane, a twenty-one-passenger air liner, the pilot was gazing into the sky ahead of him as he cruised along on his scheduled flight. Suddenly he saw the green and red running lights of Atchison's plane and immediately recognized that it was in trouble.

Gradually he eased his big liner toward the tiny plane, and with precision flying drew alongside. He lowered the wing flaps and wheels to slow his speed so that Atchison could join up and follow him to the airport. Once the little plane plunged down into the fog, apparently out of control, but Atchison brought it up into the clear once more. Again he was joined by the liner, which guided him to a hole in the clouds over the airport. Immediately he dived through and landed.

When the pilot of the liner saw the little plane descend safely, he continued on toward his own destination, fifty miles away. His quick and skillful work that day had prevented a whole family from plunging to certain death. Through the dangerous fog and clouds he had successfully guided his "little brother" to the home airport. His big plane, fitted with full navigation and radio equipment, had been the means of saving the tiny plane which had no way of flying in on a radio beam to a safe landing.

How often, in the travels of life, there are "little planes" near us! They need help and guidance through the dangers so prevalent today, and past temptations that lurk on every hand. These children and youth, watching us and following our lead, expect to arrive safely at their home ports.

Will these little planes be safe through our guidance?

In all habits of life our example should be trustworthy, but especially in this connection is it important to call attention to temperate living. Alcoholic beverages, advertised in the most enticing and inviting manner possible, have a strong lure for millions. And the power of example is but adding to that lure when boys and girls, young men and young women, observe those who are older partaking consistently of such beverages.

The other day as I was walking along the street I noticed that ahead of me was a mother with a little girl about four years old. As they came near a tavern, the mother turned to go in. The youngster caught hold of her mother's hand and began pulling back. "Don't go in there, mommy!" she cried out, repeating it again with more emphasis. Mother went in anyway, pulling her protesting daughter after her.

Will this little plane be safe?

At a vacation resort I went to the camp store to purchase some groceries. In the line of customers being served was a gentleman accompanied by a boy about ten. Among the purchases were two bottles of beer. Shortly afterward I saw this father outside the store drinking a bottle of that beer. Where was the other one? The boy was busily emptying it.

Will this little plane be safe?

I was talking over the back fence with a neighbor. The day was warm and sultry. After a short conversation he said, "Well, I must go in and get another bottle of beer. I simply can't get through the afternoon without it." He turned toward the house, followed by his three toddling grandchildren, each one calling, "Me, too! Me, too!"

Will these little planes be safe?

For the sake of the children, therefore,—and youth, to whom the temptation is yet stronger,—think before you drink! Think of the "little planes" who need your help to guide them past the dangers of intemperance into habits of better living.

Francis A. Soper

Why the "golden wedding" feature in a national magazine was canceled.

TURN on the radio or TV, pick up a newspaper or magazine, ride a bus, buy a program, look up, down, or search inside your pocket—everywhere you hear and see exhortations to drink. Want to sing in the opera, hit a home run, swim the English Channel, or maybe be popular with 500 girl or boy friends? Why, all you have to do is drink! Look there: a blazing billboard advertising whisky winking at you over the top of the church.

Constantly we are being cautioned to "drive safely," but even more continually urged to drink something that will make us drive less safely.

The law forbids minors to purchase beverage alcohol

Behind **THE MASK**

Raymond Schuessler

and then permits powerful advertising to influence them to do what the law forbids. It doesn't make sense.

In olden days liquor manufacturers were ashamed of their business and didn't attempt very hard to sell their products to the American family or youth. They were content with new recruits they picked up here and there at the corner bar. Now they have come out for something bigger.

New customers had to be found. But one couldn't simply burst into the American home, not unless one had "respectability," that is. So liquor polished its cork, put on its white coat and tails, trimmed the grass, polished the patio, and dusted the dining-room mantel. With such an environment it gained respectability by sneaking into homes through the pages of the fine magazines and under cover of delightful radio and television programs. Day and night in beautiful surroundings alcohol was played up as a delightful part of the American home, something that belonged in every part of our life; drink if you want to be popular and successful.

Merely page through some popular magazines and note the beautiful and expensive advertising, whose chief purpose is to secure *new* customers. Study the "men of distinction" ads, for example. Note the rich colors, the beauty of the art work. Observe that these men look healthy and prosperous. Read the brief comment included in such advertising. It looks and reads respectable, doesn't it?

Another form of respectable ads is a beautiful home scene: lovely surroundings, gracious living, with father and mother, even grandfather and grandmother, boosting this or that variety of whisky or beer, while the children look on approvingly, and the daughter of the household helps to serve it. To catch young people through their parents seems to be the chief purpose of such advertising.

FOURTH QUARTER

Wine, beer, and whisky ads rival the perfume and jewelry manufacturers in glamour. You see "glamour people" drinking on a beautiful beach, or sipping cocktails in a gorgeous home. The people are always immaculately dressed for the occasion, and the artist makes them appear happy and enjoying the best that life has to offer.

This advertising has a great effect on teen-agers, who "really go for" glamour and sophistication. After all, why should a teen-ager think there is much wrong with drinking when his parents subscribe to fine and expensive magazines carrying wonderfully attractive advertising casting a glamour over the drinking custom?

Liquor ad men go about deliberately to appeal to





"WELCOME ABOARD!"

Even after 300,000 miles
of flying, Stewardess Carolyn Rogers
still gets a tingling
thrill out of her—

adventure

IN THE AIR

FOR a young lady born and reared in a small town who wanted to get out and see the world, Carolyn Rogers feels that she is as near the achievement of her dreams as a mortal ever comes.

Born twenty-two years ago in Alma, Georgia (population 2,500), Carolyn today lives in the largest city in the United States, New York, but she commutes several times weekly to distant and glittering cities.

As a stewardess flying on Eastern Air Lines, she is constantly mingling with the great, the near-great, the would-be great, the famous, and the wealthy.

From time immemorial, oldsters have been saying that the surest way to turn a young girl's head is to take her off the farm or out of a small town and transplant her into an environment like the one Carolyn is in today.

Instead of turning her head, however, Carolyn's present way of life has only strengthened the beliefs and convictions she picked up while growing up in a close-knit, churchgoing Christian family who recognized and practiced the true moral precepts that have sustained mankind from the days of lumbering, thick-wheeled wagons to the pressurized cabins of today's air liners.

Carolyn, who neither drinks nor smokes, derives a keen enjoyment from meeting and talking to people. For recreation she still turns to the three basic hobbies she started in childhood—cooking, swimming, and designing and making her own clothes.

After finishing high school in Alma, Carolyn went to Jacksonville, Florida, and, after a business course, tried her hand at secretarial work in a large insurance office, but all the time she dreamed of travel. Then one day a

friend suggested that she try to satisfy that wanderlust and get paid for it at the same time.

She applied at Eastern Air Lines for stewardess training. After noting her wholesome appearance—she's a brown-eyed brunette, weighs 126, and is 5'6"—and sparkling personality, the interviewer enrolled her on the spot and sent her to Miami, where she took Eastern's six-week training course at the famous Miami Springs Villas, a breath-taking tropical estate which was once the property of multimillionaire Glenn Curtiss.

Carolyn has been flying more than a year now and has logged some 300,000 miles flight time, but still she hasn't lost her love of travel.

"When my flight roars down the runway for its take-off and I contemplate all the interesting people I'll meet en route and the change of climate and scenery that will occur when we land, I still have a tingling thrill—probably greater than most of my passengers have," she says.

In New York, Carolyn shares a Jackson Heights apartment with Catherine Jordan, a former Scranton, Pennsylvania, girl, also an Eastern Air Lines stewardess.

"Catherine is a wonderful roommate," Carolyn says. "Usually, however, our flight schedules alternate. When I'm arriving, she's getting ready to take off, and vice versa. Consequently we seldom are able to spend more than a half day's time in each other's company."

Because of such dovetailing schedules, air-line stewardesses probably get more "mileage" out of their living quarters than do any other working girls. Carolyn occupies an apartment in Miami when she "overnights," while the stewardess who holds the lease on it uses Caro-



lyn's New York room during her layover in the north.

Asked to mention any disillusionments she had encountered as a stewardess, Carolyn said, "There really aren't any if you enjoy flying as much as I do. However, sometimes five o'clock seems an odd hour to be eating breakfast." After her interviewer agreed that that did seem a little early, Carolyn replied:

"Of course, you're right, it is a little early, but what I meant was eating breakfast at five o'clock in the afternoon when we are taking out a night flight."

One regret that Carolyn has is that her family is seldom all together any more. She has a married sister who resides in Buffalo, New York, and two brothers in the Infantry, one stationed in Hawaii, the other in Austria.

What does a high-flying stewardess do on her vacation?

Why, travel, of course. By air, too! Arriving back in New York from her Louisville flight, Carolyn pauses long enough to catch forty winks, then takes off for enchanting Nassau, via Miami, to relax but never entirely forget the adventure that is hers in the air.

I am unshakable in my personal opposition to both smoking and drinking. I cannot see how anyone can excuse the use of that which, annoying to others, is contaminating and injurious to the user, on the grounds that it gives "pleasure." It's unthinkable to me that anything which deprives us of our God-given sense and injures the body could increase our enjoyment of the truly wonderful life that is the heritage of every American today.

During the past year I have met some 18,000 or 20,000 air-line passengers in the course of my work. I don't think it is an exaggeration for me to say that those who seemed to enjoy themselves the most were those who avoided that which has brought tragedy to so many through the years.

I have never felt it essential in my personal life to drink, even on a social basis. This conviction has not been a hindrance to me or an embarrassment in any way.

Carolyn H. Rogers

1. Both stewardesses for Eastern Air Lines, Carolyn and her roommate Cathy happily anticipate new adventure in the air as they leave their Jackson Heights apartment for Idlewild airport to check in for Flight 405 to Louisville. It is seldom, however, that stewardess roommates are assigned to the same flight.

2. Neatness of appearance is an absolute essential for all flight attendants, in addition to the personal qualifications of courtesy, tactfulness, patience, and satisfaction in serving others. Also they must have a pleasant manner, be well-poised, and know the meaning of discipline.

3. Carolyn jots down notations from the flight board in the dispatcher's office. From centers such as this are controlled the movements of Eastern's 124 planes which crisscross half of the United States. More than 120 new aircraft are on order, including some threescore jet-powered planes.

4. Before boarding her flight, Carolyn picks up a message from the dispatcher relating to an assignment in one of the ninety-five cities served by Eastern's 12,000-mile network covering twenty-four states, from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, from the Great Lakes to Puerto Rico.

5. Pilot John Shereffs chats with Stewardess Rogers in the flight personnel lounge, comparing the new luxurious 13,000-hp Golden Falcon planes with the tiny 200-hp Mailwing aircraft with which Eastern started its service twenty-seven years ago between New York and Atlanta.

6. Sun, storm, wind, clouds? Meteorologist John Galson points out on his detailed current weather map what Flight 405 to Louisville can expect. Constant incoming reports from plane crews help to provide an accurate basis for weather prediction.

7. Messages and personnel information are distributed to flight attendants in this handy post-office arrangement. Out of a total of more than 12,000 employees on Eastern's payroll, some 1,030 are flight attendants, with an average yearly turnover of 278.

8. Amid the maze of instruments and indicators, Pilot William Morrison pauses to receive a hot beverage from his stewardess. It takes the combined efforts of as many as thirty persons, from reservation agents to flight crew, to get a Constellation into the air.

9. Serving the needs of her passengers, and helping them while away their time pleasantly, Carolyn performs the duties of her profession. Rising public interest in flying is reflected in the fact that over the past nine years Eastern has shown an average annual increase of 18.3 per cent in its business.

10. In the trim kitchen of their New York apartment, roommate Cathy impishly contemplates the cake Carolyn begins mixing. No mean cook, this flying hostess is at home amid the pots and pans and other paraphernalia of cookery.

11. Tape measure in hand, Cathy checks the hem of a new dress for her roommate. When not in uniform, Carolyn still takes careful note of her dress, since one of her hobbies is designing and making her own clothes.

12. When in Miami, Carolyn takes to another element as she swims in the pool at beautiful Miami Springs Villas, where in lush tropical surroundings she took her six-week training course to become a stewardess.





Chester R. MacPhee

Collector of Customs

Port of San Francisco—Oakland

Narcotics in use at the present time are of high potency, and as a result can be "cut" many times after arrival in the United States from other countries. Due to this high potency, smugglers are able to conceal the narcotics almost at will. A small amount with substantial monetary value might fit into a very small package or be concealed on the body of a person.

In addition to its many other responsibilities, the United States Customs Service is charged with the task of processing all incoming carriers, cargoes, and persons. An inkling of the herculean nature of this operation can be gleaned from the fact that thousands of ships and millions of tons of cargo are checked annually to assess properly and collect the duties, taxes, and penalties due the United States Government. During the past year more than 118,000,000 persons returning from abroad were processed by the Customs Service. Examination of their baggage and collection of customs duties on the merchandise carried by them are no small parts of customs work.

The detection of all smuggling of contraband, of any and all types, is, of course, a major responsibility of Customs. This is the job assigned to the customs enforcement officer, who today is faced with almost unsurmountable problems. Although he must protect the revenues due his Government in connection with legitimate imports, he also must match wits with the crafty and elusive narcotics smuggler.

Consider for a moment the area in which smuggling may occur outside the established and supervised ports. There are 2,500 miles of Atlantic and Gulf Coast, and 3,000 miles of Canadian border. Consider, too, the various media of smuggling—ships, planes, vehicles of many different types, the mails—that can be employed by the smuggler at any section of these vast 9,000 miles. Thus the enforcement officer's problems become a veritable dilemma.

It has been said that if Customs were granted all the necessary enforcement personnel to screen and

In addition to its other responsibilities, the Customs Service has to cope with the cunning of unscrupulous narcotics smugglers, who use such hard-to-detect methods as shown here:

1. Gum opium in stick form concealed in biscuit tins aboard a boat from the Middle East.
2. Jacket with underarm zipper pockets, with zipper covered by flat strip of material, used for smuggling narcotics.
3. In a collection of old magazines, one is hollowed out (top of pile on left) to be filled with packages of heroin.
4. Shipboard fire extinguisher with contents removed and replaced with opium.

the best answer



America needs common-sense logic in facing its narcotics menace.



search all persons, carriers, and merchandise crossing our borders and entering our ports, it would still be impossible to stop all narcotics from entering the country.

For this reason I believe that prevention first, rather than treatment, should be the national goal in the solution of the narcotics problem. Men and women interested in health, safety, and welfare have done and are doing an excellent job in providing ways and means of rehabilitation of addicts. Police juvenile bureaus recognize that the problems of youth require special handling, and experienced and trained officers particularly interested in young people are given this assignment; but this is hardly the answer to the problem and certainly is not the only approach to it.

I am convinced that one of the best ways to approach this alarming and sordid menace is through education. I cannot believe that people properly informed of the dangers of drugs would experiment with something that may well ruin their lives and the lives of their families. I cannot believe that people fully informed of the dangers of becoming involved in narcotics would risk a future life of illness, dissipation, and frustration. I cannot believe that people will become involved in using the deadly narcotics of today if they have been intelligently informed in advance that such a start could lead to a fate even worse than death itself. The lives of many people can and must

be altered before the tragedy, the misfortune, of narcotics strikes them.

If the problem is studied from an over-all viewpoint, one important solution is clear. I believe a program should be instituted at either the state or Federal level which would provide adequate education in the areas where the danger is the greatest. This education could be in the form of newspaper stories and radio, press, and television programs, with particular emphasis on the training in schools.

All persons handling the dissemination of this information must have an accurate awareness of the need to protect life, health, and business. All must function in such a way that undue curiosity is not aroused in children, especially delinquents. The best medical and psychiatric talent available should be employed in developing and presenting such a school program.

It is well recognized that unless this information is properly prepared and properly presented, more harm can be done than good accomplished. It is, therefore, necessary to take it out of the experimental or "just-trying-it-once" stage, and present the cold, hard facts.

With proper education and a specific program, two important steps can be accomplished:

1. Persons well informed as to the deadly effects of the use of narcotics

(Turn to page 23.)

A world-renowned brain surgeon poses the question--

Is Moderation Safe?

RICHARD E. STRAIN, M.D.
CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA



COME on; one drink won't hurt you. Be a good sport."

How many times in colleges, and even in high schools, is this challenge flung at young people! In a few short words, it advances two main arguments of social drinkers: 1. "Moderate drinking does no harm." 2. "Drinking enhances popularity." Most persons, young or old, want to be liked, but only a few realize early that one frequently has to decide with which groups he will be popular. It should be obvious that true and lasting popularity cannot be built on shallowness; it depends on our agreeableness, thoughtfulness, and service to others.

"One drink won't hurt you." A person has to admit that there are people who apparently can take one drink and leave it alone, and that there are moderate drinkers in every city who carry on reputable businesses in an acceptable manner. However, every day in any large metropolitan newspaper there are reports of murders, traffic deaths, and innumerable other tragedies caused by those "under the influence." Nearly every large city hospital now has a ward for chronic drinkers. Every jail has its share of people who once

thought they could drink in moderation. Nearly every state now has a rehabilitation program for alcoholics, every one of whom thought he could "control" his drinking.

As a brain surgeon I have yet to meet a moderate-drinking colleague who would like to have me operate on his son after I "have had a few." No one does his best work after drinking. He may think he does, but his judgment is defective.

If a person never takes the first drink, he *never* becomes a problem drinker. In America today there are some 5,000,000 alcoholics. I have heard many of them say, "How I wish I had never taken that first drink!" This proves that moderation is a terrible fallacy. These millions of ruined lives, with their moral degeneracy, wasted productive power, and economic burden, show that conclusively. These problem drinkers cause our country to be ridiculed all over the world and lose for America the moral leadership of the world.

When we see the serious harm that comes from moderate drinking, we may well ask, What real good has ever come from drinking, even moderately? Is moderation safe?

“**W**E NEED men! Our businesses are growing so fast that our present executives and salesmen can't handle all the business coming our way. Five years ago our businesses grossed less than \$200,000, and we estimate they will run \$6,500,000 this year.”

So ran an ad on April 28, 1956, in the *Daily Camera*, community paper of the university city of Boulder, nestled at the foothills of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado. But summed up in that modest ad is one of the most fantastic stories of business growth in modern times.

Nine years ago young Allen J. Lefferdink, then less than thirty years old, borrowed \$500 to finance a small hole-in-the-wall insurance and real-estate office in Boul-



der. Thus began “Allen’s enterprises,” which, after less than a decade, now consists of some twenty-five corporations, including two banks, two insurance companies, and a finance firm, with assets exceeding \$2,000,000.

Major current interest centers in the completion of the new “skyscraper” headquarters for the Enterprises, which will be Boulder’s tallest building, visible from the entire surrounding area.

From the new quarters as its nerve center will be directed an expanding network of operations in thirty-five states, Alaska, and Hawaii, represented by 3,700 agents and doing business with some 1,500 banks.

Back of any ballooning business is the genius and driving enthusiasm of a leader—in this case, Allen Lefferdink himself. Ever and always a salesman par excellence, this energetic executive is constantly bubbling with ideas, which pour out at a tremendous rate to activate his corps of young associates.

His career in insurance, started when he was a student in the University of Nebraska, was only temporarily interrupted by World War II, in which he served as the commanding officer of a submarine chaser in both the Atlantic and the Pacific. In 1945 he moved to Boulder as agent for Northwestern Mutual Life.

Two years later he began on his own, and in 1950 he organized two insurance firms called Colorado Insurance Group. Every year since then his business has doubled.

“We hire young fellows who will work hard,” says Lefferdink, who himself is always looking for managers and key men in his Enterprises. But not only are youthful minds constantly being gathered into the growing

business, but future plans call for a \$500,000-a-year business in loans to students. “Anyone who gets to be junior or senior in college ought to be worth a loan.”

In commenting to a *Listen* interviewer concerning significant trends in the business world of recent years, Lefferdink said, “The cocktail party isn’t as important a thing as it used to be. I have been associating with leading business executives for some eight years now and have observed a trend away from the feeling that drinks are essential in connection with business contacts. I believe this trend is, to a great extent, the result of the intensive educational program being carried on to persuade people away from drinking.

“As far as I am concerned,” continued this executive with deep personal conviction, “I have never lost my taste for alcohol—I never had it in the first place. In fact, I didn’t ever take that first drink, nor the first smoke either. If I were a drinking man, it certainly wouldn’t be any help to my business career. It, instead, would be a definite hindrance.

“Moreover, I see no need whatever to drink in business. It is the greatest asset to be an abstainer. People will know you won’t be under the influence, and they can trust your judgment and decision.

“In my own business I would be very happy if every-life we insured were that of an abstainer, or every automobile we insured had an abstaining driver. There would be much less trouble and tragedy than is being experienced at present. I look forward to the day when this can be the case. Continuation of public education, especially of the young people, will hasten that day.”

MANY persons today look upon the school as only a place to teach the three R's. However, there are other people—and we should be thankful that they are in the majority—who believe that education should serve another more important function, that of developing in the young person principles of good living, of getting along with oneself; in other words, principles of becoming a desirable, contributing member of society.

There are laws in every state that assign certain responsibilities to schools. One quite general assignment throughout the United States is the responsibility to teach the effects of alcohol on the human system.

This statutory assignment, like many others, leaves to the integrity of the schools the *modus operandi*. In too many cases the administrators and teachers side-step their responsibility. A good deal of "shadowboxing" goes on in other cases. However, there are some who are striking resounding blows at the problem.

The faculties who are accomplishing results in this field are those who recognize their responsibility to society. "Teach the facts!" This is a frequent cry of many sincere people interested in the problem of alcoholism.

It is easy for teachers to present facts regarding the effects of alcohol and other narcotics on the human system in a cold, impartial, unbiased manner, yet fail to develop attitudes among their pupils to improve their principles of living as a result of those facts. Mere knowledge of facts will not settle any moral or disease problem; but action, wisely based on facts, will. The future conduct of the pupil is the true test of teaching. Factual honesty needs sincerity to back it up.

Therefore unless the higher institutions accept the responsibility of training the teachers so that they, in turn, will accept the responsibility of training youth in such a way that youth will accept the responsibility of living to be better members of society, we are in a large degree failing as an educational system.

Also, if the teacher is going to instruct boys and girls in the art of weighing values, he must be an exemplar. Never was the call so clear for excellence in teaching; never was there such a need for professional men and women who teach by example as well as by precept. No adult holds a position of greater influence on boys and girls than does the teacher, unless it is the parent. The two working together accomplish great things. The teacher should be proud of this and hold inviolate this trust.

When we discuss the problem of alcohol education in the schools we should look at ways to improve the teacher's part in this effort by better training. Let me divide this training into two parts: (1) the preservice training; (2) the inservice training.

Preservice Training of Teachers. In the preservice program of teacher education it seems that we have the greatest potential. All the teachers experience approximately the same minimum pattern of training, at least within each state. With the co-operation of the teacher-training institutions, all prospective teachers may be given a unit in alcohol education. This probably is included in the course in health education required by many states. (Turn to page 32.)

FOURTH QUARTER

N. Blaine Winters

Director of Teacher Personnel,
Utah State Department
of Public Instruction



Two Sculptors

I dreamed I stood in a studio
And watched two sculptors there.
The clay they used was a young child's mind,
And they fashioned it with care.

One was a teacher; the tools he used
Were books, music, and art.
One, a parent who worked with a guiding hand
And a gentle, loving heart.

Day after day the teacher toiled
With touch that was deft and sure,
While the parent labored by his side
And polished and smoothed it o'er.

And when at last their task was done,
They were proud of what they had wrought;
For the things they had molded into the child
Could neither be sold nor bought.

And each agreed he would have failed
If he had worked alone,
For behind the teacher stood the school,
And behind the parent, the home.

—Cleo Victoria Swarat.

Factors that will assure success in an
alcohol-education program in the schools.

Preparing for Life





(From the Philadelphia Code)

1. No one has the moral right to serve any alcoholic beverage to other people's children. The adult who does so is directly responsible for any of the serious consequences which may result.

2. State law prohibits sale of liquor to minors (under twenty-one years), and forbids serving it to them in any public place.

3. Public opinion stamps as improper and inconsiderate the serving of beer or liquor to any high-school boy or girl who is a guest in your home.

4. Parents should impound any alcoholic beverage which is brought to a party. No alcoholic beverages should be accessible to young guests.

5. Young people should not feel that it is a disgrace to decline an alcoholic drink.

6. Young people should be informed that it is foolhardy to ride with a driver who is under the influence of alcohol, and should be encouraged instead to seek safer means of transportation.

"WE CAN AGREE"

Browne Sampsell

NOTE

Gaining momentum in various parts of the United States is the new "Codes of Conduct Movement" by high-school students. The codes consist of simple rules of conduct in the classroom, on the campus, and at social and athletic events, including standards of dress. These rules, usually worked out by student councils and voted on by the entire student body, appear in handbooks or on pledge cards. Teen community and recreation centers are adopting similar codes. The booklet "We Can Agree" mentioned in this "Listen" feature can be obtained from the Parents Council of Secondary Schools, Box 241, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania.

"I'm in, everybody," announced Carole Morgan as she came in the door. "Party's over."

"Yeah, over for you," laughed big brother David. "Never mind, Little One. I know just what a struggle it is to leave before the party is over."

"Not for me," declared Carole.

"Now, now, you can't fool an old man like Sergeant David Morgan, home on his first furlough. Did I hate to be the first to leave the party! Remember, sis?"

"Of course," said Susan, his twin, with a smile. "But the teen scene has changed a bit since you and I were teens. Now our young people operate on a fixed schedule. Everybody leaves at the appointed hour, and no one has to apologize or make excuses for leaving early, or feel sorry for himself that he has to miss some of the fun, or be afraid that his group will label him 'old hat.'"

"Do tell! Who drew up this timetable for teen-agers? And how do they get them to follow it?"

"As far as I know, the teen-code movement started in suburban Philadelphia. Parents and school personnel were concerned about modern social practices of teen-agers, like unchaperoned parties, unreasonably late hours, immodest dress, untrained drivers, and drinking of alcoholic beverages by high-school students. So five years ago they organized the Parents Council of Secondary Schools, representing seventeen public and private schools. The Council's first step was a questionnaire sent to parents and pupils, to get the opinions of both groups on the social behavior of their young people."

"What did they find out?" David asked.

"That while many parents were deeply concerned about the situation, they felt helpless to do anything about it singlehanded. They felt that group strength and action were needed."

"A good point," agreed David.

"And another one," said Mrs. Morgan, who had been a quiet listener, "was the young people's frank admission that often they did things they did not approve of or enjoy, but felt compelled to do, that they might be socially acceptable to their group."

"After the survey," Susan put in, "the teen's timetable, as you call it, Davy, was drawn up. The Philadelphia Parents Council and the students auxiliary worked out together a set of principles of acceptable social behavior for teen-agers. And as a public service the Fair Food Stores, Inc., of

(Turn to page 32.)

TO REACH the Hayes home, I pushed fourteen miles into the Gila River Indian reservation from the Arizona village of Sacaton, in the valley edge southeast of Phoenix. I was introduced to the family by kind personal friends of mine, themselves Pima Indians.

On my mind was a direct question as I sat down under the ramada at their home with Mr. and Mrs. Job Hayes and their son Kenneth. I needed the right answer to this question, since I had been requested to speak on Christian work among the Indians, especially those on the Gila River Reservation, which was Ira Hayes's home reservation.

Mrs. Hayes was spokesman for the family. Her eyes were steady, but there was pain in them; and any man hearing the words she spoke must have felt, as I did, that he was hearing the truth.

She looked out over the ten acres of semidesert reservation land allotted to them, and on which she and Job had reared a family of four boys—Ira, Kenneth, Leonard, and Vernon—a Christian family.

Three of those boys have served their country in the Armed Forces, two of them with distinction. Kenneth has the silver star, the bronze star, and the purple heart. Ira was decorated by the President of the United States with the Medal of Honor. When he died, his body was taken to Washington, D.C., where his family saw him accorded an honored burial in the nation's resting place for military heroes. He was buried at Arlington National Cemetery, near the giant bronze statue of the flag-raising on Iwo Jima, immortalized in Joe Rosenthal's famous war picture. Ira had been a special guest at the unveiling of that statue.

I could see all this reflected in the eyes of Mrs. Hayes that day out on the reservation. But I could see more, and

my question welled up again. When I asked it, her answer was immediate and positive: "My son Ira first learned to drink while he was in the Marines."

After a moment she continued, "He was not a common drunkard, as some think from newspaper reports. He never brought liquor into our home. He never came home to us 'that way.' He did not want to drink, but at the bond-drive banquets and other places where he was asked to appear, always and everywhere people offered it to him. Why? Why?"

Why, indeed! Who could answer rightly? I shook my head, and then tried: "The good God spares his life from the bullets of the enemy, and then, because of an old public social custom, men, supposing they do a friendly act, press drink on him."

Of the six men in Rosenthal's picture, three were killed in battle soon after the picture was taken. None of the other three wanted to be singled out from the rest of their comrades as heroes and brought back for publicity and war-bond drives. They thought it was their job to stay with their buddies and help win the war. It was the duty of citizens back home, they felt, to sell and buy bonds.

Besides, another thing bothered the three men. The flag-raising in which they had a part was actually the second flag raising. The first flag had been too small, and was replaced by a larger flag. Few people in the States knew that fact at the time.

So the three men singled out for all the publicity had no part in the initial act. It was really the picture that brought attention especially to them. Ira, particularly, protested this attention, and was never reconciled to it. He said over and over to his mother and family at home that if he was a hero, all his buddies were heroes together. They had all gone through the same things, he told her. Together they had struggled to a landing on Iwo Jima

The memory of a famous native American speaks again.

I Talked With Ira Hayes's Mother

George D. Shafer, Stanford University

and toward the slope of Suribachi through a rain of bullets so heavy that out of 250 men in Ira's company, only twenty-seven were left alive and able.

If it was the beer bar, when he was in the Marines, that gave Ira the taste for beverage alcohol, then it was wine and such stronger drinks at banquets during the bond tours and other events to which he was invited after the war that confirmed the drink habit in him. His brother Kenneth learned to drink in the Army, too, his mother told me, but he has been able to adjust to normal living.

It was not so with Ira, however. Alcohol began to claim him, and his brooding over those agonizing things



Helping raise the flag on Iwo Jima, Ira Hayes is second from the left (rifle slung over his shoulder) in Joe Rosenthal's dramatic war photo.



Monument and flagpole (base in center background) erected in memory of Ira Hayes—both dedicated February 22, 1956, on the reservation where the Hayes family lives. Standing by the monument are Mr. and Mrs. Hayes and two of their sons, Kenneth and Vernon. A third son, Leonard, was not present.

Is This Consistent?

Calvin T. Ryan, Ed.M.

We become greatly frightened whenever there is an outbreak of polio. For that reason we rejoiced when the Salk polio vaccine was declared safe to use. We are distressed by reports of deaths from cancer, and alarmed at the increase of deaths from heart disease. There is nothing strange about this attitude. What is strange, however, is that we do not become alarmed at the increase of alcoholism and the other effects traceable to alcohol. Is this consistent?

Air lines solicit passengers, furnish them with alcoholic beverages, and then warn of the danger of getting drunk.

In so far as I know, alcoholism is the only "disease" sponsored by the United States Government, and alcohol is the only narcotic that one can buy without signing for it. Manufacturers can freely advertise it in national magazines, on television, and over the air. When any effort is made to control or restrict this advertising, we hear much about discrimination and restriction of liberty; but we hear not a word from the manufacturers, or from the press, TV, and radio, about the morals of youth or the homes where beer does not belong. Is this consistent?

It is claimed that if we let whisky alone, it will let us alone. My home is in the residential district, nine blocks from the nearest tavern. One afternoon when I came home from work and walked into the living room, there sat a strange man. My wife and child were in the rear of the house, unaware of the man's presence. I soon discovered he was an alcoholic, so far gone that he didn't know where he was or what he had done.

Does it make sense to say that if I let whisky alone, it will let me alone?

One of the counselors in a state industrial school for boys near my hometown said that most of the boys were there because their parents gave them no attention, or because they set the wrong example before them. In nearly all instances drink was behind the bad home training. We punish the children for faults of the parents; then we furnish the stuff that spoils the parents who neglect the children. Is this consistent?

It is common practice among many churches to retain on the church rolls the names of those who serve cocktails in their home. Can anyone feature a truly Christian home with a bar in it? Is this consistent?

he saw on the battlefield made it harder for him to resist its claim.

When he looked at Rosenthal's famous picture, for example, he did not see in it what others see. He saw, instead, his special buddy (just in front of him in the picture) at his side in a foxhole on Iwo Jima; he heard the gasp and felt again his buddy's body falling back into his arms, and he saw him die there. That had happened after the Rosenthal picture was taken, but before it was even published. He saw, and heard, and felt; and then his memory ran riot. Once more, men were falling all around him as his company charged onto the shore of Iwo Jima on that first awful day when the enemy swarmed out from hiding and turned loose the fire of everything they had.

These were the kind of unwanted memories that were always crowding in, until they almost undid the sanity of this sensitive man; and they never failed to stimulate anew that overpowering craving until it drove him off to drink again.

Ira Hayes had been drinking once more on the night of his death. Invited, with a few other men, to a house on the reservation, he became involved in a drinking party. When the party broke up, Ira went only about 300 yards from the house and lay down by an abandoned car. He would have been received at home with sympathy, love, and understanding; but he kept his home-coming record clear—he did not go to his home "that way." There alone, in the night, on the winter-cold ground, under the desert sky, he yielded up his life, and there his body was found next day. The report was: "Death from alcoholism and exposure."

Let no one suppose that this strong, sensitive Pima Indian, and he alone, was responsible for the manner of his death at thirty-two years of age. Of course, there is that "old custom of the Armed Forces," of permitting or maintaining beer halls. There is that custom at banquets by which supposed friends mistakenly think they honor the hero by pressing champagne or wine or whisky upon him. There is the civil government that sells licenses which now permit the retailing of liquors to all its adult citizens. But if any man seeks to point a finger at officials of the Armed Forces alone, or to the high command, or at men who make and sell alcoholic beverages, that accusing finger will turn, at last, upon the man who points it. For, under a government like our own, every citizen must bear his share of the responsibility.

What is the answer? Does alcohol have no place in this modern nation? Certainly it has a place in industry, in the arts and crafts, and in the laboratories; but this day of precision and power should allow it no place in the nation's beverages. Many are looking for the day that will bring to an end its present use in that way, just as human slavery came to an end.

Our people sought to make the living Ira Hayes a symbol of Marine heroism; in his death, he became a symbol, *to us*, of our need for deliverance from those old *customs* that menace the sober, productive life of soldier and civilian alike. Such menacing customs must go. The memory of this native American—of Ira Hayes—will cry out to remind us of our need for courage, character, and conviction to bring this about!

BEFORE AND AFTER



DE RIDDER, a thriving community in southwest Louisiana, is in many respects a "typical" American city, with its industries, its businesses, its schools, its recreation, its churches—everything that goes to make up everyday life for 10,000 residents.

Before World War II, De Ridder was a "wide-open" city, with all the results that that term connotes. Little by little, however, sentiment grew for a change; but, as always, it took tragedy to bring about that change. The

climax was reached when one day in 1942 Mayor W. R. Middleton started across the street. Struck down by a drinking driver, he was dead within a few hours. Soon Beauregard Parish went dry by more than two to one.

What has been the result since? To find out, *Listen* talked to a number of De Ridder's business, civic, and youth leaders. These forthrightly expressed their convictions as reported by Joe L. Ray, *Listen's* special-assignment writer from Lake Charles.

I coached in De Ridder when the town was wide open, and I have coached here after it voted dry. My job as a coach has been made much easier by this vote. When we had night spots in town we coaches made regular rounds and chased our athletes home. There were very few of them who did not drink. Their mothers and fathers drank at football games. We had special police to take care of drunken fights, and it was not unusual for them to drag a drunk by our bench on the field.

We had little success in the won-and-lost column. The whole athletic program was cheapened by the actions of the drinking people in town. Since this type of person thinks so little of the young people at these contests, the young people thought very little of athletics.

Then came World War II, and conditions were so bad in De Ridder that the good people of Beauregard Parish rose up and voted liquor out. I left a pretty rough town when I went into the Army. I returned to an almost perfect town as far as athletic training is concerned.

It has been ten years since my return to De Ridder. In those ten years I have never known one of our athletes to drink. We have a sign over the gate of our stadium: "Respect Our Young People—No Drinking or Gambling, Please."

In the last ten years we have been much more successful with our teams in the won-and-lost column. What is more important, we are able to develop boys who are morally as well as physically fitted for life.

Our fans are different now, too. They have a sincere interest in each boy taking part. They prop him up when he loses, and pat him on the back when he wins. I know of no fans who enjoy football games any more than ours do.

De Ridder is now the finest town I know. I think the absence of liquor from its streets has contributed more than anything else to making it this type of town.



COACH E. D. KELLY of De Ridder High School, one of the most respected men in the city last year was chosen Coach of the Year for southwest Louisiana.

It is my personal belief that De Ridder is one of the finest and cleanest cities in the U.S.A. The crime rate is exceedingly low; not a single traffic fatality in eight years. As far as having a juvenile delinquent problem, we don't. De Ridder is a dry town, and the townfolk would not have it any other way. They have tried both; therefore they know the difference.

A charter member and past president of the Lions Club, D. D. HOOKS, owner of Hooks Department Store, has been in business in De Ridder for twenty years.

I came to De Ridder in 1901 when I was a lad of thirteen years and it was a village of six or eight business houses. I have lived here ever since. De Ridder was "dry" until about 1932. At the time of the repeal of the prohibition law I was a city official, and we did everything in our power to hold drunkenness and crime to a minimum. In spite of this, these conditions increased rapidly, prevailing until the people of Beauregard Parish voted liquor out. Since that time drunkenness and crime have decreased to a minimum.

Perhaps the best-known residents of the community, MR. and MRS. D. S. JOHNSON have five daughters, all graduates of De Ridder High School. Johnson served as mayor when Mayor Middleton was killed by a drunken driver.



IN THE dining room of a lavish New York hotel a group of businessmen were being served before-dinner cocktails—that is, all but one, a large man with a face that millions know. When the others had been served, the headwaiter placed a bottle of Coca-Cola before the big man with a special gesture that brought a laugh from the others.

“Big Jim” laughed, too. “Everybody thinks I arrange this gimmick,” he said, “but I don’t.”

Jim Farley doesn’t have to, for the fact that he doesn’t drink is as well known as he is. Without being ordered to do so, the headwaiters in most restaurants that know him see that he is served his own refreshment.

Jim Farley, one of the most outstanding examples of a successful man who has achieved more than ordinary goals without the false stimulation of liquor, is also proof that a man can abstain and still personify geniality, friendliness, and popularity.

This famous American speaks forthrightly of the ideals that started him on a distinguished career, ideals of religion and abstinence taught him from earliest boyhood.

Graduated from New York’s Stony Point High School in 1905 and from Packard Commercial School in New York City the next year, Big Jim was awarded degrees from four colleges by the time he was forty-five, and had become Postmaster General of the United States and chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

His credo? Hard work, a good memory, love for people. These have stood him in good stead over the eventful years. The hard work began early in life—in 1898, to be exact.

It was a snowy morning at Grassy Point, Rockland County, New York, and Jim Farley, Sr., had led the horse out of the barn so that the family might attend a funeral. Suddenly the horse reared and kicked him, and five boys were left fatherless.

“Maybe we five sons didn’t feel *responsible!* And therefore important,” Jim remembers. “I ran errands and did chores until mother bought a small business with her last \$1,000. Then we really had responsibility. During the summers I also worked as a machine boy in Morris’s brickyard for less than a dollar a day.”

But hard work was no hardship to young Jim. He felt a keen pride in shouldering, with his brothers, the load of a man. Nor was it all work and no play, for Jim had time to skate and play baseball on the green acres of his home county. And there was always time for church.

“We had the blessing of needed work,” he recalls today. “You can’t live in the country without going miles to school or market, without tending furnaces, clearing walks, caring for chickens, horses, cows, or other stock and knowing a garden with your knees.”

Although he never had a chance to acquire a degree through attendance at college, the Irish lad from Grassy Point learned how to get along with others. A job as a town clerk interested him in politics for the first time, an interest that was to stay with him all his life.

As traveling salesman for a gypsum concern, Farley learned more about the qualities needed for success and for good relations with others. Never, he says, did he find it necessary to break a boyhood confirmation pledge of abstinence. Nor did his sales suffer as a result. Quite the reverse, for as salesman Jim Farley had the same magnetic touch that was to follow him through life.

“I understand you can call ten thousand people by their first names,” Dale Carnegie once said to him. Farley laughed and shook his head.

“No, you are wrong. I can call fifty thousand people by their first names.”

This amazing memory for people, names, and faces helped advance his political career. His method was and is simple. When he made a new acquaintance, he would make out a mental file on him: his whole name, the size of his family, his business, his opinions. Sorting these in his mind, he never let go, and when he met the same man a year later, or two or ten years later, he made that man feel good because he remembered him and a lot of things about him.

Today, at sixty-seven, Farley is a picture of robust health. His favorite form of exercise is walking, and he does this strenuously, taking the New York City square with big and easy strides. He remains a hale 215 pounds and likes to get seven hours sleep six nights a week. As chairman of the board for Coca-Cola Export, he keeps going at a lively pace, yet he has time for the things that interest him.



Between
innings of the
World Series in
New York, James
Farley chats with
his friend
Roy Rogers.

Big Jim

Grandchildren are one of these. Married in 1920 to Elizabeth A. Finnegan, an Irish beauty, Farley had a long and happy life with her until her recent death, a life shadowed perhaps by too many separations made necessary by Jim's political program.

Two girls, Betty and Ann, and Jim, Jr., know their dad well, nevertheless. Today they spend much time with him, usually on weekends, with their children—eight in all.

Spectator sports occupy some of Farley's leisure time, and the friendship of those he has known over the years, among them many notables. Each day finds him scanning countless papers and magazines to keep abreast of the current scene; each Sunday finds him in church. There are also many business trips by air to all parts of the world in his capacity as top export man for one of the world's popular drinks.

There is another activity dear to Jim Farley's heart. It is lending a helping hand to youngsters, especially those who have but few advantages. He is interested in boys, boys of all ages and from all backgrounds. He considers youth a challenge and a responsibility to good citizens, and he feels that every man and woman ought to help shape into a force for good this mighty force that is youth.

Boys need leaders, he believes, good leaders who will personify to them the idealism hidden deep within each boy. They need rules to follow, something like the strict training rules of a fighter. It is up to each adult to see that every boy in the neighborhood is in good activities such as the Cub packs, Boy Scouts, Big Brothers.

"Every man can take on one boy, even form a group of five or ten boys. Many are from broken homes; many never heard of God. Each of us can teach at least one boy the glory of God and the excitement of doing."

Jim Farley remembers his own boyhood—the excitement of doing and the joy of achievement. He remembers the example set by his parents, the good life that made him take on the boyhood vow that was to help set the course of all his years.

By beginning at an early age, Big Jim Farley started on a way of life that meant sunshine rather than shadows, clean living rather than sickness and despair. Fun? Jim Farley has had lots of it; also popularity, respectability, success, and a rich contentment.

"My mother never lost an opportunity to advise me against the use of liquor in any way. She also had a strong dislike for smoking. Recognizing her strong feeling on this subject, I respected her wishes. When I was confirmed at the age of twelve years I took a pledge to abstain from the use of alcoholic beverages until I was twenty-one, the usual pledge given to Catholic youths. It was easy to observe the pledge, and at its expiration I was already deep in local politics. Using that as a reason, although there was usually some liquor in the house, mother never offered it to me, and she always emphasized the point that while engaged in political affairs it was better not to drink at all. As a result of her continued warnings and pleadings and out of regard for her feelings, I have never started smoking or drinking, and never felt the lack of either."

James Farley



Credo

Duane Valentry

WORLD REPORT



The excursion of 570 passengers to a temperance meeting marked the beginning of the fabulous Thomas Cook and Son, Ltd., story.

The Traveler's Friend

Maurice Moyal



In some 300 major cities scattered over sixty countries and six continents travelers come upon the welcome sign, Thomas Cook and Son, Ltd. For more than fivescore years this round-the-world travel agency has been the helper and guide of those who go to distant corners of earth.

Even better known to travelers in Europe, however, is the far-flung network of railroads operated by the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits/Cook, which Thomas Cook helped establish.

While looking out the window of a Compagnie train onto the scenery of the Continent, a traveler may order a meal in one of the de luxe dining cars that he will always remember, but in certain areas through which these trains pass, all the money in the world could not buy him a single drop of alcohol while riding on such a train. Furthermore, if any of the firm's 10,000 employees, from the highest executive to the lowest waiter apprentice, shows the slightest hint of drinking alcohol while on duty, he would be fired immediately.

This refusal to subordinate high principles of conviction to commercial expediency may be costing the firm the patronage of a few tipplers, but for this stand it has earned the highest regard of the millions of travelers it transports yearly, from myriads of stations from Oslo to Cairo and from Lisbon to Baghdad. Its patrons agree that a business fighting for what it believes to be

right will invariably give the best of service.

After more than a hundred years of existence, Thomas Cook and Son, Ltd., and its associate Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits, still bear the total-abstinence stamp of the small-town Christian evangelist and temperance worker who established it in 1846. He thus pioneered in the package-tour business, with service, tips, and everything included in the bargain.

To get on in the world, no country boy ever had to labor under heavier handicaps than did Thomas Cook. He began life as a gardener's boy for a penny a day. At twenty-four, by hard work and night studies, he became a master printer at Loughborough, England. He then met an Irish reformer who had launched a nationwide campaign to combat alcohol and tobacco.

This Irishman knew a good man when he saw one, so at once he appointed young Cook as his leading worker for the county of Rutland. Soon his simple and heartfelt eloquence was to make Cook a national leader of the Temperance League. His lectures from tree stumps, mine slags, and soap boxes were to take him to every corner of the British Isles.

It was while plodding sixteen miles on foot to deliver one of these lectures that he read an account of the opening of a railway line from Leicester to Derby. At once it occurred to him that the new railway might be used in



1. Any request for liquor from this waiter would bring a polite but final, "Sorry, sir, liquor is against our principles." In Turkey the general agent for the Compagnie is chairman of the temperance league of that country.

2. The Orient-Taurus Express train leaves Paris for Baghdad on its 3,500-mile trek across two continents.

3. On the dining cars of the Compagnie, epicurean meals are served, along with ice water or fruit juices.

4 and 5. The sleeping cars transport millions of passengers over three continents, in single, twin, or triple berths.

6. A second-class Pullman space ready for day travel.

bringing more people to another temperance meeting to be held at Loughborough.

Approaching the railway officials, he persuaded the authorities to place a special train at his disposal. On July 5, 1841, when railway travel was still an exciting adventure, 570 temperance workers climbed into Cook's special train of open carriages to go from Leicester to Loughborough at a fare of one shilling for the double journey of twenty-four miles.

It was so big a success that Cook was kept busy for the next few years planning and conducting free excursions in various parts of England for temperance societies and children's welfare associations. However, it was five years after this first epoch-making tour that his friends finally prevailed upon him to give up his print shop and put his practical Christianity and business ability at the service of the public.

He was to lead a good many caravans of tourists to Europe, the United States, and all around the world. In spite of himself he grew immensely rich in the process, but money was never his primary concern. Ever faithful to his

religious and teetotaler convictions, he meant to put pleasure travel within the reach of the common man. This was his own way to foster good will and international understanding through getting people of different countries and races better acquainted through mutual visits.

Thomas Cook regarded his personally conducted tour around the world in 1872 as his "crowning achievement." It was an unhurried journey that occupied 222 days. Throughout his life he emphatically maintained that it was never necessary, either for him or for any other abstainer, to abjure in any country, however remote from civilization, the principles of total abstinence.

In 1884, when war in Egypt broke out, Thomas Cook and Son actively engaged in it, taking charge of the transportation of the Anglo-Egyptian armies. The Cooks, with their practical knowledge of navigation on the Nile

and considerable transportation facilities already established in Egypt, were considered the most likely to succeed in the undertaking. Thus for the first time in history a private firm was placed in charge of the transportation of an army. In carrying out their commission, Thomas Cook and Son transported 17,000 British and Egyptian troops, 130,000 tons of war materials, 70,000 tons of coal, 50,000 tons of cereals, and 800 whaleboats up the Nile. The firm had twenty-eight ocean liners running between Great Britain and Egypt, operated twenty-seven steamers and 650 sailing vessels on the Nile, and had 13,000 railway trucks running between Alexandria, Bulaq, and Assyut.

It was to the honesty and integrity of Cook's character that his triumph was mainly due. Not only did his name guarantee safety,—no fatal accident marred a Cook tour,—cleanliness, com-

(Turn to page 28.)

International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism



International Commission officer group meets at Geneva, Switzerland, to go over plans establishing the Institutes of Scientific Study. Four such institutes were conducted during the year 1956. Left to right: Winton H. Beaven, associate director, Washington, D.C.; Chad B. Israel, Poona, India; Jakob Rimensberger, Bern, Switzerland; Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, president, Chicago; Dr. H. Müller, Nyon, Switzerland; Governor F. K. Gokay, of Istanbul; W. A. Scharffenberg, executive director, Washington, D.C.; Governor Ruben Wagnsson, Kalmar, Sweden; Archer Tongue, associate director, Lausanne, Switzerland.

RAPIDLY taking specific form is the organization of the International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism, being set up to unite the efforts of leading citizens of various nations interested in solving, on a permanent basis, the problems arising from beverage alcohol. The work of the Commission is to emphasize and implement the fact that total abstinence is the only final, ultimate, and scientific solution to the alcohol problem.

The Commission, when complete, will consist of about 150 prominent men and women carefully chosen from all walks of life and every nation of the world.

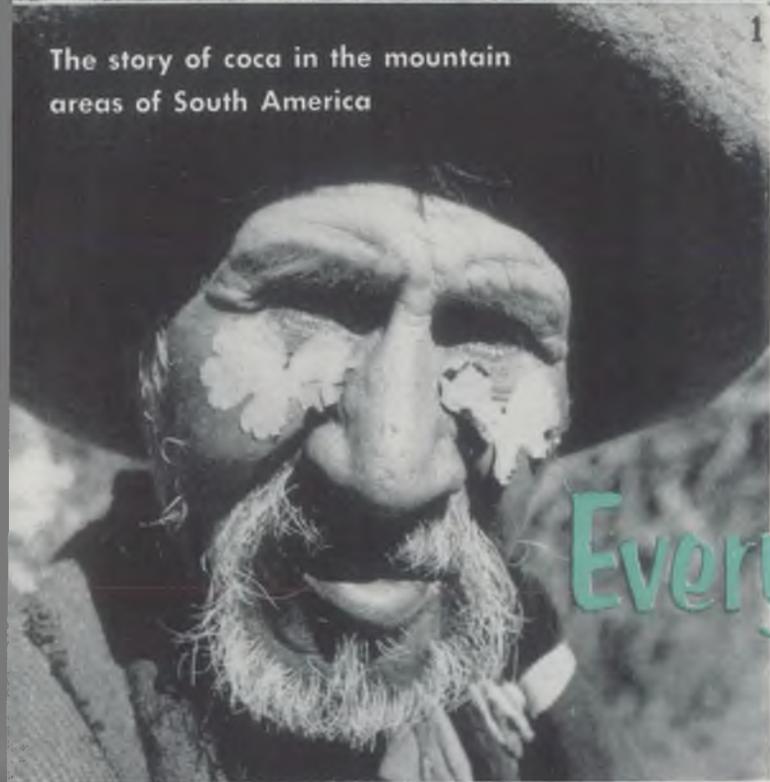
Commission president is Dr. Andrew C. Ivy of the University of Chicago; executive director, W. A. Scharffenberg of Washington, D.C.; associate directors, Archer Tongue of Lausanne, Switzerland, and Winton H. Beaven, of Washington, D.C. Willem Dress, premier of the Netherlands, is serving as honorary president.

Different sections of the Commission will represent geographical areas of the world, with a regional president for each. For example, Governor Gokay of Istanbul, Turkey, heads the Middle East section; Governor Ruben Wagnsson of Kalmar, Sweden, leads the European section; B. G. Kher, former chief minister of Bombay and more recently India's high commissioner to London, is president of the Southern Asia region.

The major initial project of the Commission is the establishment of Institutes of Scientific Studies in strategic areas to foster research and education on all phases of the alcohol problem. The first such Institute was established in 1950 at Loma Linda, California. The All-Europe Institute began its work in August of 1955, at the University of Geneva in Switzerland. The summer of 1956 saw two additional institutes inaugurated: the Southern Asian at Bombay, India, and the American at Washington, D.C.



The story of coca in the mountain areas of South America



Everybody's Narcotic

Eventually nearly everybody in the mountain areas of South America becomes a coca addict. This narcotic is not as dangerous as morphine and opium, although its derivative is cocaine. In the highlands the climate is cold, oxygen is limited, nutritional intake is at a low level, and labor is long and hard. The coca leaf is a cheap, easily available stimulant with more kick than tobacco, and it has a pleasant, pungent taste. When chewed it is the source of a sensation of warmth in the mouth, then to the whole body. Even young children turn to coca for the bodily stimulation that good food should provide.

It is believed by the mountain Indians that coca leaves can be used for external ailments, but their action is only internal.

Though the chewing of coca enables men and women to carry heavy burdens both literally and figuratively, there is a subtle disorientation of both body and mind.

Some intelligent, informed groups in South America are recognizing the coca problem and are beginning to co-operate with the UN Narcotics Commission, which is considering remedial measures. The problem is in the weft of the social fabric, and many leaves will yet be chewed before the solution is found.



1. The narcotic effects of coca seem to ease the burdens of, and make life easier for, many South Americans. This Indian has pasted the leaves under his eyes in the belief that they will cure a hyperopic condition.

2. In the Bolivian mountains a coca harvest is in progress. As the women work, they chew in an effort to obtain warmth and energy. Coca is not to be confused with cacao, from which chocolate is made.

3. Even young children are pressed into service during the coca harvest. When the young bodies tire, they will be stimulated with a coca leaf.

4. Once coca leaves are harvested, they are spread out on burlap mats to dry. The leaves must be kept dry or they will spoil.

5. After drying, the leaves are stuffed in bags and then wrapped in palm leaves to serve as a base for the bag of coca leaves.

6. In La Paz, capital of Bolivia, a youngster helps tend a coca stand. The bag of leaves is turned on its side, and small amounts are weighed out for the customers.

7. Coca sellers do a thriving business along with other merchants in the market place.

8. In the Yungas below Chulumani in Bolivia the beauty of the mountains is breath-taking, but the terraced fields are all devoted to raising coca. This adds to the continental narcotics habit.

(Continued from page 11)

will neither take the first step toward addiction nor risk becoming involved in the narcotics traffic.

2. More information will come to law-enforcement officers through public awareness of the problem and an aroused desire to help combat this growing evil.

Family agencies, Government, and voluntary organizations constitute a national resource in any community for meeting the physical and social needs of the people. The recent steady rise in narcotics addiction gives cause for a careful examination of some reasons for an educational program. Ways must be found to *help*, and ways must be found to *prevent*.

Church, civic, and fraternal groups have assumed roles in enlightening the public. Many have taken the stand that in this field they *are* their "brother's keeper." They stand able, ready, and willing to aid in any way. Can right-thinking persons conscientiously stand by when we need the help of all?

I can supply the answer. I do not think they can, and I know they will not. Let mass education take the place of mass destruction. Join your church, civic, and fraternal groups. Through them, or individually, solicit the aid of your legislative representatives and other public and law-enforcement officials in formulating a vibrant and effective educational program.

Fight the evil that fights you!

Narcotics News

The United States has more drug addicts, both in total numbers and in proportion to population, than has any other nation in the Western World.

The United Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs reports that the quantity of illicit opium seized last year was up 204 per cent over 1954; morphine, 673 per cent; and heroin, 804 per cent. In all, more than 5 tons were seized, but ten times that much got through.

Dr. Walter J. R. Camp, toxicologist from the University of Illinois College of Medicine, says that a variety of modern drugs, including the so-called "tranquilizing agents," rival alcohol as highway hazards. "Users of marijuana, morphine, heroin, or cocaine have no business driving a car," he asserts; "but insufficient thought has been given to the effect of the more commonly used drugs. Heading the list are the barbiturates, . . . which often leave a hang-over when used as a soporific."

Constant fear is a killer more devastating than any other.

I discern growing fear in those whom I meet in the post office, on the street, at the market. I hear it discussed, expressed; I feel its emanations. They inspire me to fear, and I know they inspire others, like sullen waves spreading on a pond. It is fear of tomorrow. It is fear of the unknown.

Fear is of the jungle. It makes the running rabbit halt and allow the mink or weasel to overtake and slay it. It is fear which causes the bird to move closer and closer to the gently weaving, uplifted head of the hungry snake.

But we are not rabbits. We are not birds. We are intelligent men and women, and the fear which can destroy us is born within our individual selves.

FOR A FEARLESS TOMORROW

Arthur J. Burke

Imagination is stronger than the mightiest man-made weapon. With it man can encompass the world, fly from planet to planet, stride among the stars, but also scare himself into a stupor.

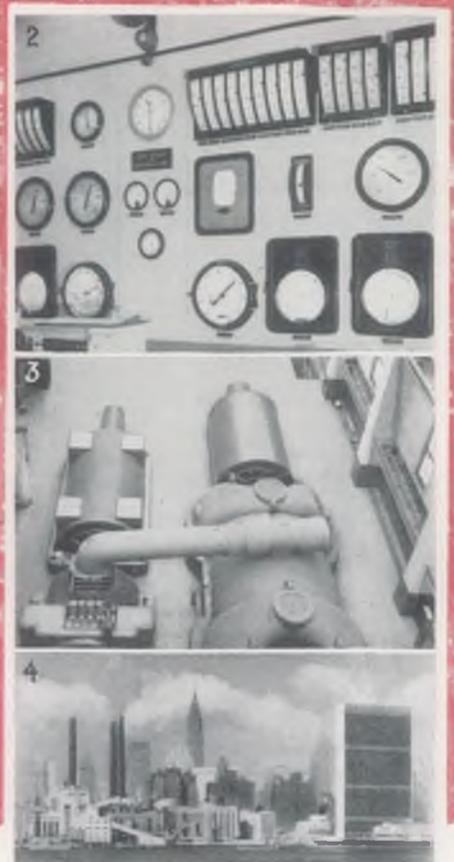
Fear is normal, a warning to beware, bestowed upon nature. Controlled, fear is power, greater than any explosive; uncontrolled, it is a maniacal monster. Fortunately we all have intelligence enough to make the use of it that nature intended. We can control it, not be controlled by it.

Not long ago a great leader told us, "The only thing to fear is fear itself." Unfortunately the words have been quoted so often that, like set prayers, they lose their meaning from too much use. We mouth them, listen to them, without feeling, without realization, without really being aware of them.

I have during my life been numb with terror, but nothing I feared ever packed the wallop I had dreaded. I took the wallop and lived.

I, like my brothers and sisters, always have, or believe I have, something about which to complain. When I analyze the facts, however, I discover little ground for complaint. I make the discovery that I have never exerted myself, all out, for anything or anybody, including myself. If it is ever required of me to exert all out, and I respond, I'll be too busy to complain—or be afraid.

If I go all out as it is demanded of me, I shall not only banish my own fear and help all who stand with me to banish their fears, but I will also obviate all need for fear, even that which is built up only in my vivid imagination.



Background: This night view of Manhattan shows the place of electric power in modern life.

1. Night view of Con Edison's office building.
2. Control panel in a new generating station.
3. Two modern turbine-generator units at Edison's East River generating station in Manhattan. These two cross-compound units together generate 300,000 kilowatts of electricity.
4. Viewed from across East River, Con Edison's Waterside electric generating station blends into Manhattan's skyscraped sky line.

Consolidated Edison Points the Way

ALFRED K. ALLAN

"THE great bulk of problem drinkers are married and supporting a family. Over two million problem drinkers are regularly employed, many of them with records of long and faithful service to one company." This is the startling conclusion reached in a recently completed investigation by the Yale University Center of Alcohol Studies. Though to all outward appearances a problem drinker may seem normal, in reality he may be headed for the first terrifying stages of alcoholism. Three out of every hundred workers in this nation have serious drinking troubles. They form a major factor in our country's basic alcoholism problem.

Five years ago a civic-minded company, the Consolidated Edison Company of New York, joined forces with the Institute of Industrial Medicine of the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center in establishing the Consultation Clinic for Alcoholism, the first

clinic of its kind in the country to be devoted exclusively to the rehabilitation of alcoholics in industry. "The clinic," remarks the Institute's director, Dr. A. J. Lanza, "has a special significance. It is one more example of how industry and the medical profession can resolve between them a great many of the problems affecting the social and physical welfare of the American people."

In December, 1951, Con Edison representatives first placed the special clinic idea before the officials of the Institute. The company agreed, through Con Edison Employees' Mutual Aid Society, Inc., to underwrite much of the cost of the clinic's first year of operation, to refer alcoholic employees to the clinic, and to encourage other companies to join in this meaningful endeavor. In February, 1952, this clinic was officially opened, with both anxiety and hope, and by the end of its first year there were fifty-one Con Edison patients. A few months later Standard Oil Com-

pany of New Jersey offered its support, and nine other companies were quick to follow.

How does the clinic work? Here is the story of a typical patient. This man had been employed at Con Edison for twenty-seven years. He was steadily rising in the company's ranks, when the pressure of family problems intervened. He had always been a social drinker, but now he found alcohol a temporary relief from his psychological pain. Before long he had a serious drinking problem. The signs that he was in the early stages of alcoholism soon became apparent, and he was referred to the company's medical department. The worker was consistently tardy, especially on Monday mornings, and many a Monday morning he was absent from work altogether. Frequently also he had to leave early on Friday afternoons. There were several instances of unexplained disappearance from his job during a tour of duty. Even a person-

ality change was noted, the man having previously been classified as a good worker. His workday seemed always to be filled with recurring accidents and mistakes, and he showed definite variation in mood coupled with a general disinterest in his work.

One day he was summoned to the office of Dr. S. Charles Franco, the company's associate medical director, where a member of the medical staff minced no words with him. "We don't want to lose you," the doctor said earnestly, "but unless you control your drinking, we will have to let you go. The company is prepared to help you control it." The man was told about the clinic, and with his consent the medical department made an appointment for him there.

At the clinic he was ushered quickly into the office of Dr. Arnold Z. Pfeiffer, the physician in charge.

"How can I help you?" the doctor said after the preliminary introductions were completed.

"Well, the company doctor told me I should come down," the man said in an annoyed tone. "Some nonsense about my being a problem drinker. Oh, I take a drink once in a while—who doesn't?—but I can hold my own."

"There must be some reason for your being here," Dr. Pfeiffer said. Then he added reassuringly, "You understand, sir, nothing that is said here or that happens here gets back to the company. They can't obtain any of your records without your permission. We are not an extension of Con Edison."

This statement had the desired effect. The man's resentment and suspicion of the clinic were slowly broken down in the face of Dr. Pfeiffer's sincere "We'd like to help" attitude. The patient spoke more freely, and he volunteered the information that he genuinely wanted to do something constructive about his drinking.

Once the patient's confidence is assured, the clinic staff can go on to determine, by evaluating all the available information on the patient, the kind of treatment best suited to the patient's needs.

The treatment used may be individual psychotherapy, in which the patient is told frankly about the difficulties his drinking will lead to—loss of job, debt, poor health. He is urged to abstain from drinking completely, to shrug off that first drink, to associate with non-drinkers, and to involve himself in a useful and time-consuming hobby.

Perhaps the deeper probing treatment, called "analytic individual psychotherapy," may be utilized. This involves letting the patient talk freely. From this he learns of the inner conflicts and motivations hidden inside until then, that brought about his drinking problem. His tension is thus decreased, and he has less urge to turn to drink.

Highly significant results have been produced through group psychotherapy. The more neurotic patients are placed in a group of eight fellow alcoholics. Being with others who share his problems, the patient is stripped of his feelings of loneliness and is encouraged to search out his own mind, to explore and evaluate the hidden feelings that can shatter his life unless he masters them.

The results of the clinic's first two years of operation have been phenomenal. Sixty per cent of the patients treated so far are well on their way to rehabilitation. One patient, whom the clinic was instrumental in helping, recently summed up the feelings of the majority of his fellow patients when he said, "I'm really glad all this happened. Why didn't they tell me about this before?"



EDUCATION FOR SERVICE

Nurses in training at the Springfield (Missouri) Baptist Hospital prepare to answer the call to one of the most urgent needs of the world today.

They are unanimous in their aim not only to fulfill their Nightingale Pledge which calls for them to "abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous," but are pledged to their own consciences to live and

teach the better way of life, lending their influence against such vices as smoking and drinking.

"They have sat, studied, and played side by side with other college and nurse students whose admiration of their courage fades into envy as they themselves reach for the glass and the cigarette," says Geneva Bowman, director of the school of nursing.

The school's philosophy emphasizes "Education for Service," and these chosen girls have patterned their lives after the same philosophy. None of them use either alcohol or tobacco, having made their decisions on the basis of their own conviction that such habits are not in accord with the high principles of their profession.

"OH, I WANT TO TELL THEM THE STUFF IS HELL!"

As told to Martha McMillin

FOOL FOR DOPE

I was a fool for dope. When I was fourteen I started smoking marijuana cigarettes. A family "friend," who made regular trips into Mexico to buy the stuff, visited my home and dared me to take "just one little smoke."

I was hooked. After that I demanded dope, or my nerves would fly to pieces. My parents never suspected. Even when I was expelled from high school for smoking on the school grounds, they refused to believe that I was anything but a "good girl." They defended me, said I was being picked on because they were poor. They enrolled me in a school in an adjoining district.

My body soon demanded something stronger than marijuana, so I began using goof balls, and from that I went to cocaine and heroin. Now I was really hooked. By the time I was nineteen I had to have so much dope that I started stealing, first from my schoolmates during the gym period, then from the neighbors. I'd wait until they left home, then pry open a window and enter, taking whatever of value I could find.

Now there was never enough money for my growing needs, so when I met a personable young man, also an addict, who said he could use me in his safecracking gang, I joined. I was always so starved for dope that I seemed never afraid. All I wanted was to get the safe open, and my hands on the money so I could buy more dope. Now it cost me ten dollars a day to get pleasantly high. I had to have that money, or go mad.

The police finally picked us up, but I didn't care about anything. All I wanted was a big shot. I begged, cried, clawed, and scratched; but they took me to jail. Since it was my first offense,—so they thought,—I was paroled.

When I got out I joined another gang. We made a regular business of breaking into doctors' offices and drugstores. We could usually find something to tide us over until we made a "big strike." I guess we robbed more than sixty drugstores in all.

Finally, at twenty-three I realized I was headed straight for the "crazy house," a ward in the state mental hospital. Only one thing could save me—my own decision.

When I was high on dope, I thought I was really somebody great. Then when I came off the cloud, I realized how small I was, only a guttersnipe. I was always afraid. Addicts always are afraid, deep inside. They're cowards at heart. Finally I decided to "kick" the habit.

Doctors agree that kicking the habit requires almost superhuman will power, courage, and tenacity. I tried three times. The first two failed. It took me three months to shake the heroin fiend from my mind. But it never leaves you. It's always there. After you once kick the habit, you're still on probation for life.

It takes five full days to get the dope out of your system. The first day you're nervous, irritable, white-eyed. Your muscles refuse to function. Your mind is hazy, uncontrollable. Then the pain starts, violent pain. You ache all over, every nerve like a white-hot iron jabbing at your muscles, bones. You want food, but the sight of food makes you deathly sick, until at last you're vomiting blood.

You turn fiery hot all over. You stand for hours under the cold shower, and still you burn. The sweat pours from your body in streams. The odor is foul, like that of decaying animals. Narcotics being sweated out of the human body give off the foulest odor imaginable. You can't stand it. But it's your own body, and you can't get away from it.

Suddenly you turn icy cold. You pile blankets over your shivering body, and still you freeze. For three interminable days you freeze, then you burn. You lose track of night and day. Your nervous system is torn apart. You can't see. You can't even hold your eyes open. Though you pray for a minute's rest, the pain increases until it racks you with millions of hot pins. You lose consciousness, only to return to a worse hell than before. The pain claws at your body. You can't remember your name or where you are. Your entire mind and body and being are enveloped in terrible pain.

This goes on for three days. After what seems like an eternity, the pains lessen ever so slightly, though they are still agonizing. You gradually begin to notice daylight and darkness. The chills let up, also the heavy sweats. You are purged of the narcotics. At last you can sleep. After four days you can sleep. What a heavenly thing it is, just to sleep!

You still crave the drug, crave it passionately. But you now realize that you have an outside chance to lick the habit, so you grit your teeth and shout aloud, NO! NO! NO!

At last I was taken to a special home for girls, and here I met a sympathetic matron who gave me the help and encouragement needed. Now, two years later, I have completed a course in business college and am working in an office.

You ask me, Is the habit broken for good?

I can't say for sure. I can only hope and pray. I know I'm on probation. Everyone who breaks the habit faces a lifetime probation. But I've met a good man, a social worker. He wants to marry me. I think he'll keep me safe.

This is my own story, told with tears, and told only because I want to help other unfortunate girls. Oh, I want to tell them the stuff is hell, dirty hell! It's hell when you're taking it, and worse hell when you start to kick it. Please, never, never start.

This Promise I Keep

IN A quiet waiting room in a hospital two people stood watching, hoping. They were as strangers, this man and this woman standing apart, each with his own thoughts. Once they were close, sharing joys and sorrows. Now their life together depended on the word the doctor would bring them.

Today had been the first day at school for their small daughter. This morning, in her new dress and ribbons, she had sung and skipped all the way, her eyes alight with the wonder of a new world opening before her.

Then came the first recess, and an older girl's unkind words: "I won't play with you; your daddy drinks."

The shy, sensitive girl stood as if struck, then started running as fast as she could toward home. Her only thought was to get to mother, away from this hostile child and the taunt she couldn't understand.

Dan hurried to the hospital as soon as he was notified of his daughter's accident. She was already in surgery when he arrived. He found his wife Martha in the waiting room with a strange woman. He started toward Martha, but she stopped him, saying, "Dan, this is Miss Green, Carol's teacher; she has something to tell you."

"Glad to know you, Miss Green," he said and waited for her story. She repeated the child's words and what had happened because of them.

At first an expression of surprise came over Dan's face; then an angry scowl appeared. "What right has anyone to judge me or my family?" he asked.

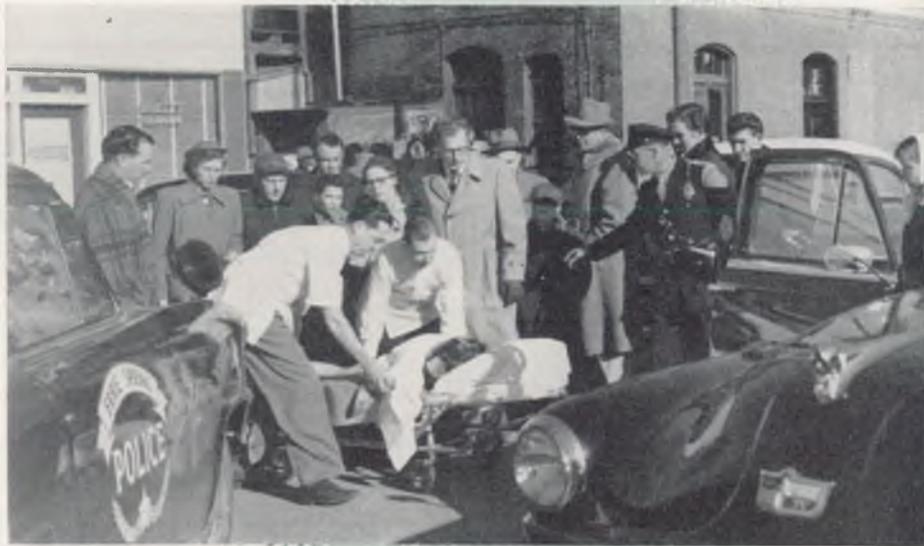
She looked at him with tears in her eyes and answered, "I'm afraid *you* will have to find the answer to that." At the door she turned and said, "Good-by. I'll keep in touch with the hospital. I hope with all my heart this comes out right for all of you."

When they were alone, Dan looked at Martha with accusing eyes but silent lips. Then she turned away before he could speak, and walked to the window.

Outside the world was gray and bleak, like her hopes. She was past tears now; there was only a dry emptiness inside her.

Back over the years of their life together she traveled in thought. They were like a thousand other couples:

Lorene Walker



high-school sweethearts, then marriage. When Carol arrived, both of them worshiped her.

Dan was a machinist and worked hard. His drinking had begun in such a casual way that no one realized the danger until it was too late. One night after work one of the boys offered to treat the crowd with beer. Later on the same group stopped again; then it was Dan's turn. Gradually it became a habit.

After the first drink, Dan would forget his family and home. When Martha pleaded with him, "Please, Dan come straight home tonight; tell the boys No just once," he always answered, "I would look like a piker telling them No. It's just being friendly."

Hers was a lonely life, keeping to herself, always afraid of the censure of the people around her. Some might understand; some wouldn't. She couldn't take a chance on friendliness and meet the rebuff.

Carol, too, was kept in. Since the little girl's last birthday she had talked constantly of "When I go to school I'll do this, or that." She was happy at the

THE PRAYER

Leatha Tarra

"Dear God," the little girl said in her prayer

While the doctor was waiting close by;

"I know it's Your will that I be like I am;

But, dear God, don't let mother cry.

"'Twas a speeder I met on the way home from school,

I was thinking of daddy, not me; And now I must suffer the ache and the pain

Since daddy his way cannot see.

"Dear God, up above, I wish You could show

The men when they're out on a spree

That mothers and children suffer so much

And their loved ones are crippled like me."

prospect of being with other children.

Now Martha was back in the present again, blaming herself for waiting too long. "I should have known," she kept saying to herself; "I should have known." She had been so deep in her thoughts that no outside sound had penetrated her ears; but then she heard it, muffled crying that grew louder. She turned and saw Dan on his knees, his head in his hands. Each sob wrenched itself from the innermost part of his soul. Between spasms he mumbled something, and she realized he was trying to pray. Bluff and bluster were gone now; humility and suffering had taken their place. She could distinguish some of the words: "Let my baby live, Lord; it's my sin, not hers. Just give me one more chance."

Gradually the sobbing ceased; he brushed the tears from his eyes and slowly got to his feet. The sagging shoulders straightened, and he raised his head as if a great burden had been lifted from him. Then he saw Martha. He had forgotten her presence in the room as he, too, had gone back in thought trying to discover what had happened to him.

Then he knew what she had meant when so many times she had asked, "Why, Dan, do you keep on drinking

when you must know it hurts Carol and me?" He could remember his answer, too: "But I don't hurt you. Oh, I get a few too many now and then, and am late; but I always come home, drive slow, and go right to bed. I've never hurt anyone." He remembered her hurt look the mornings after he had forgotten the anniversary dinner, Carol's birthday party, and the concert they were to attend—the tickets still lay on the bureau.

It all fell into a pattern now. Clearly he knew that he couldn't ask her forgiveness, but somehow he must find a way to prove that he would make amends if given the chance. If there were only someone to help. He remembered his mother's words: "If you ever need help, son, pray; God will hear you." So he prayed.

There were footsteps in the hall; then the door opened and the doctor stepped in. The smile on his face was the answer they had hoped for. "She will be all right," he said, then left them alone again.

Looking over the top of Martha's head as he held her close, he now noticed how bright the room was. A streak of sunshine shot through the window. Softly he whispered, "Thank You, God. This promise I'll keep."

THE TRAVELER'S FRIEND

(Continued from page 21)

fort, and punctuality of operation; but he found in the rise of the temperance movement a timely aspiration among the people for the education of travel and the experience of holidays by the sea and in new and strange surroundings. His organization was so good that it eliminated the ruthless robbery and exploitation to which most travelers had been previously subjected.

In a crowded life Thomas Cook found time to edit, print, and publish *The Temperance Messenger*, *The Children's Temperance Magazine*, *The Teetotalers' Pocket Library*, a temperance hymnbook, and other publications; establish temperance hotels; and organize the raising of £10,000 to erect the Temperance Hall, Leicester.

At the present time Cook's Travel Service offers hotel and steamship or airline service everywhere, tours, cruises to any part of the world where cruising is practical, expeditions, and financial services, including the issuing of travelers' checks.

At Saint-Ouen, near Paris, the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits/Cooks has its own extensive workshops and maintenance facilities for its rolling stock, including more than 2,000 de luxe Pullmans, sleeping and dining cars.

Also, the Compagnie has well-equipped central kitchens, workshops, and laundries at Madrid, Basel, Brussels, The Hague, Munich, Vienna, and Istanbul. Their kitchens turn out two million alcoholless meals a year. For the benefit of the Compagnie's 10,000 employees, each national headquarters runs a comfortable restaurant, into which no alcohol ever finds its way.

Nowadays the longest trip possible, without changing trains, is from Lisbon, Portugal, to Baghdad, Iraq. Before World War I it was possible for the traveler to go in comfort from Lisbon to Vladivostok, Siberia, traversing the whole of Europe and of Asia. This longest line on record represented a great technical triumph, for the train had to roll over no less than four different railway gauges. This was made possible by special-type bogies, capable of being fitted with four various sets of axles and wheels to tackle Portugal's, Spain's, Western Europe's, and Russia's meter gauges! At the present time part of the line through Russia is not operating.

It is significant that on these railway expresses, as they travel through many countries, no intoxicants whatever are served.

Putting the Blame Where It Belongs

Harry J. Miller

Awakened to a realization of the real cause for the tidal wave of liquor-involved cases flooding Florida court dockets, Miami city officials are turning to the liquor dispensers themselves to provide funds for an alcoholic clinic.

Municipal Judge Henry L. Balaban, in the spirit of "you got him into this fix; now help him out," has sent letters to wholesale and retail liquor interests, asking them to foot a \$15,000 bill for an inpatient clinic for alcoholics at Miami's city stockade.

Says the judge, "I can't think of a better group to pay the bill." The learned jurist should know, since he is a member of a city commission committee for relief of alcoholism. "I've already heard from the liquor wholesalers," he goes on, "and they seem to think it would be a good idea. They've shown an interest in the project and a desire to help."

If the plan is carried out, Miami's Municipal Court judges would sentence habitual drunks to long-term commitments in the clinic rather than sending them to jail. The choice would be voluntary on the part of the defendants, who would receive psychiatric and other treatment in a rehabilitation program. While the clinic would be situated in the stockade grounds, it would operate as a separate facility without such custodial and restraining features as guards and prison bars of steel.

Judge Balaban; Police Captain A. W. Anderson, head of the city's jail operations; and Hugh Lalor, of the Florida Alcoholic Rehabilitation Service, have been trying to get the service set up with the help and blessing of the city commission. There's a reason.

The judges of Miami's municipal courts have asserted that 90 per cent of the cases coming through these courts have resulted from use of intoxicating liquor.

Specifically, in his letter to Richard Hunter, director of the Miami Wholesale Liquor Association, and Jay Weiss, of the retail liquor purveyors, Judge Balaban made the significant observation: "Four fifths of all city prisoners are *addicted* to alcohol in some degree."

EVERY seat in the church was filled, and extra chairs had been placed in the rear aisles to accommodate the crowd. The visiting minister had concluded his sermon, organ music was drifting softly overhead, when the tall, distinguished, and popular pastor Ralph Walker strode to the edge of the platform.

"This morning," he began abruptly, "I received a present sent to me by special messenger. This present, which I value so highly that I'll never part with it as long as I live, was a bottle, a whisky bottle!"

This dramatic statement brought the vast audience to the edge of their seats with an audible gasp.

Dr. Walker smiled. "Oh, the bottle was quite empty," he went on, "and as it now stands you would hardly recognize it as a whisky container, because the man who

Diane D.
Dunann

THE WOODSMAN'S GIFT

sent it had taken the time to paint it and decorate it with a design, the design of a pine tree, the symbol of his lifework."

The congregation were still leaning forward.

"And with this bottle," the speaker continued, "in which Mrs. Walker has placed a very beautiful rose, I received a note that read: 'This is the last bottle of liquor I ever drank, and with God's help and yours, it will continue to be the last.'"

Thinking they were beginning to understand, the audience relaxed a little.

"My friends," minister Walker went on easily, "that bottle I've been telling you about once contained a liquid the like of which I've never tasted, but from which much evil has come. I've hesitated to talk to you about these evils, for I know that there are many fine people in my audience who are not averse to drinking cocktails, and do not consider this social habit an evil."

There was an uneasy stirring among the people.

Dr. Walker continued at the same easy tempo. "Then, too, never having indulged in this social habit myself, I've felt that I'm not really qualified to tell you what you should or should not do in regard to it. But there is a man in the audience this morning who is qualified. My friends, the man who sent me that bottle is here!"

The pastor paused, and the audience looked about curiously.

"He is here," Dr. Walker repeated, "and although he had no idea he was going to be called upon to speak, I'm going to ask him to come up here and tell you, in his own words, just what he thinks about drinking."

His smiling glance turned to the left, and the heads of the congregation automatically swung in the same direction.

There was a moment of silence that seemed much longer. Then a man rose and went forward slowly, a working man, awkward in his Sunday suit. Pastor Walker held out his hand, and the man's hand slid into his in the manner of a child's hand reaching for the hand of a parent.

"Folks," Dr. Walker continued briskly, "I want you to meet John Polska. John's going to tell you his story as he told it to me." To John he added, "John, get up there behind that pulpit and tell the folks all about yourself."

John gave the preacher one wild, beseeching look. Then he walked steadily up the five steps and turned to face that sea of curiosity. He had expressive dark eyes in which panic flashed for a moment, panic so stark that the audience shuddered in sympathy. He clutched at the pulpit for support, and looked down at his hands as though startled to see them there.

John wasn't going to let his pastor down. "I work in the woods," he began, squaring his shoulders. "I've worked in the woods ever since I was seventeen."

His story wasn't a new one, but self-consciousness forgotten, he told it honestly and vividly. The audience saw the fearful youth taking those first drinks with the older, tougher men to prove his own manhood on their weekend brawls.

Over a period of years the weekend drinking continued. He thought he could handle it. He never got into trouble as did the others. He progressed in his work until he became foreman. He lived alone in a cabin in the woods. He read books, trying to improve himself, but he was lonely. He began taking a bottle home occasionally, then more often, but he never drank on the job. He clung pathetically to that virtue.

The sight of this homespun sinner standing behind

their revered minister's pulpit was electrifying to the congregation, and they listened with mingled emotions.

John's life went on without noticeable change until his company began hiring Indians. "They hired them because they could get them cheap," he said. "They didn't pay them enough to live on. They were poor and dirty and miserable, and nobody cared. But they were good workers when they had enough to eat."

As John's crew, the Indians became his special responsibility. He told the audience how some of the men gave his charges liquor just to see how they would behave under its influence.

"With most of the fellows," he added quickly, "if I asked them to lay off, that was enough. Then this rat who was greedy for money came on the job, and right away he began selling liquor to the Indians. I warned him twice."

John paused to steady his voice. "On my day off," he resumed, "I went back and caught him at it. I was drunk. I tried to kill him."

His big hands lifted toward his face. He forced them back to the pulpit. "I meant to kill him," he finished simply, but with a tremendous burst of emotion. "It took three of my Indians to stop me. I thank God they stopped me."

At this moment Pastor Walker stepped forward. "Thank you, John," he said warmly, and with a gesture indicated that John was to join him at the foot of the stairs.

Then, with consummate skill, he left his pulpit vacant. Standing in the aisle, he thanked the Creator of all men for John's splendid honesty and courage.

The audience stared at the empty platform and pulpit. The drop of a pin could have been heard in the moment of silence that followed his Amen. Then the crowd pressed forward to meet John.

In following weeks, many pledges of abstinence were made in the privacy of Dr. Walker's study.

Alcohol Not Effective

"As a vasodilator, ethyl alcohol has been reputed to be of value in coronary artery disease since 1772, when Heberden suggested its use in angina pectoris. Convincing experimental proof that the drug has any visceral vasodilating effects is lacking. . . . Any beneficial therapeutic effects of the drug in cerebrovascular disease must be considered more psychic than physiologic. . . . As a prophylactic agent for arteriosclerosis there is no valid evidence that alcohol is effective."—Maurice Eliaser, Jr., M.D., and Frank J. Giansiracusa, M.D., in *California Medicine*, April, 1956.

WILL THE GREMLINS GET YOU?

RUTH
CHASE

Airmen during World War II frequently told of foot-high gnomes interfering with their instruments, equipment, and machine guns. In this way was born the idea of "gremlins," those little busybodies hiding in dark corners and watching maliciously to throw monkey wrenches into the machinery.

Most of us have at least one gremlin lurking in our minds and causing us to maintain a quirk that we would be much happier without; but since gremlins are so illusive, it is hard to destroy them. In fact, many of us don't even know they are there.

Some time ago I described to my doctor my sensation of being choked to death. I was sure I had a goiter or a cancer of the throat. After making a complete examination of my throat, my doctor said, "There's nothing physically wrong with your throat, but this choking feeling is a form of hysteria. You're up against a psychological problem that you can't solve."

"What can I do about it?" I asked.

"That's up to you. I can't go any further with it. I can suggest that you study this feeling. Note when you first feel it, the act that increases it, and try to find out why you react this way. Then do your utmost to eliminate what causes it."

At home I began to think back. "When was the first time I felt the sensation?" I asked myself. It was when I began typing a book manuscript that I thought had to be done without error. Each time I sat down to type I began to feel choked. That was it. When I talked it over with my husband, he said, "If a typing bill is interfering with your health, have the manuscript typed." After I spent about \$30 to have it typed, the choked feeling went away. I had found and destroyed the little gremlin that was ruining my health and making me feel foolish and frustrated.

A year ago I destroyed another gremlin, one that had been warping me for more than thirty-five years.

Last year my profession called me to work with a brunet man. Our work would put us together for hours at a time. If I did not overcome my aversion, I would have to give up the project which meant much to me. I made up my mind to rid myself of this quirk, and I went about it in this way. Was it the dark hair and eyes I disliked? No. I liked dark hair and eyes. Did I feel this way about brunet women and children? No; in fact, I was greatly attracted to dark women and children. That meant it was only dark men I avoided. I asked myself, Have I ever liked a dark man? Yes. My father had been very dark, and I had loved him more than anyone else in the whole world.

I searched my mind about my father's death. I had been too young to understand death, had not accepted it, had not even believed he could really be gone. For years after his death I looked into the faces of all dark men, hoping to find my father.

Finally I accepted the fact that he was really dead. By that time I had built up an uncomfortable feeling and a revulsion toward all dark men. I had carried this quirk all these years. When I was able to analyze it and trace the meaning of it, I was able to eliminate it.

Have you a gremlin hiding in your mind which is making you unhappy? If you have, don't tolerate the little busybody. Rout him out, search through the crevices of your mind, and turn the spotlight on him brightly. Study him, decide where and when you picked him up, and why he is there. When you understand all these things, you will be able to destroy him. Any machinery, even human machinery, functions much better without gremlins.

(Continued from page 6)

set, one brewing company picked up the sponsorship of the "Halls of Ivy," a pleasant comedy based on the human foibles of college life. The aim is to add an aura to beer by association with the atmosphere of "typical" college life, and to increase the social acceptability of their product in the minds of college students and faculty members. Worst of all, the program utilizes a college-flavored commercial in which a lovable, elderly professor discusses the fine taste and flavor of the beer.

On one TV program a young man was presented with a prize at a Timonium, Maryland, state fair. The prize was a case of beer. The M.C. quipped, "I suppose you'll have to give this to your parents, since you are a little young."

"I'll drink it myself," said the boy, and everybody laughed.

On the same program on a different day, the M.C. said, "I have something interesting here. A lady writes in that her baby just four years old knows the advertising jingle perfectly, and goes about the house singing it, 'Oh, boy, what a beer!' We'll have to send her a case."

There are other even more dangerous ways in which liquor is pushed. William P. Howlett, a man who has been on the inside of the public-relations business, says, "It has been my experience to observe closely the education campaign conducted hourly by the distillers. I want to tell you a little about how the biggest propaganda machine in this nation is endeavoring to make young people of America drink.

"The 'men of distinction' are there to make you a social outcast if you refuse to drink. I don't mean only the teen-age young people of this country; I mean everybody that works and moves in our social pattern.

"I am not talking about the ads that you see in magazines and on television. It is the job behind the scenes that is being done. Let me give you an example: the movie industry. When your favorite star has a glass of liquor in his hand, nine times out of ten the script was prepared by a man behind the scenes working for the liquor industry. I have watched it firsthand. It is done every day and is part of the program. It is part of setting up this social pattern which makes it difficult to say, 'No, I don't drink.' It is being done on radio and television shows. They don't sponsor television shows, but they get in. These things don't happen; they are helped.

"One thing that I have observed closely is the way the liquor industry helps create popular songs. Of course this type of indirect advertising would have a double advantage. Besides appearing to be the natural expression of the way people feel about the subject, it would be a free singing commercial every time a disk jockey spins the record, which represents a substantial saving even after paying to have it popularized. This is public relations working behind the scenes. . . .

"Another form of indirect advertising is the news stories the distillers put out about how much taxes are paid—

THE ANCHOR

Grace Cash

It was no easy task
To tow the boat upstream
Over treacherous falls and suction
And the river's rugged seam.
Yet wise was he who anchored it,
Who fastened the strong rope;
For loosed, he knew he could not
With waves and rapids cope.

It is no easy task
To follow where He leads;
For the upward way is rugged,
And it calls for selfless deeds.
Yet wise the soul that anchors,
That grasps the one stronghold;
For guided thus, one's life is kept
Within the Master's fold.

what their great contribution is to our economic life—in an attempt to justify their existence.

"This web reaches out very quietly. One of our clients was one of the nation's largest distillers. In the interest of this client I was sent down to what is known as the Bible Belt of the country, Missouri and Kansas. My assignment was to find a couple that were about to celebrate their golden wedding, and this subject was to become a story in a national magazine, called 'Golden Wedding.' It was a fruitless search. I looked far and wide and met many golden-wedding couples, but could not find any couple willing to endorse a statement that a little 'snifter' once in a while did no harm and perhaps contributed to long life and happiness. It was a blessing. They all refused to be taken in by this and took a definite stand about drinking. I was grateful that it worked out that way, and that story was never published."

Of course, the truth is not told in liquor advertising. If it were, it might read something like this: "Last night two fans drank too much at the ball game and ran down two young bicyclists on the way home." "Men of

Extinction" would be found in mental hospitals, jails, the police court, and associated with highway murder, crime, poverty, and disease. Wouldn't a drawing of a smashed automobile with the entire family of five dead, killed by a drunken driver, be appropriate and accurate? And another showing a couple of high-school boys behind steel bars for damage done on a drunken spree?

However, there are thousands of editors and publishers who place the public interest above money. Though some 1,800 daily newspapers, 6,000 weekly newspapers, and 5,000 magazines accept liquor advertising, there are some 2,500 newspapers and magazines that refuse to take alcoholic beverage advertising.

That there is enormous profit for certain magazines who carry such advertising is obvious. The liquor advertising in three widely read magazines in the United States—*Life*, *Time*, and *Fortune*—has brought more than \$14,000,000 a year in income to those publications. Little wonder they fight attempts to curb laws limiting such advertising.

Latest estimates show that the liquor industry is annually spending at least \$260,000,000 to advertise its products, or on the average of nearly \$1.60 for every man, woman, and child in the United States. Is this an excessive amount to spend on advertising? Not when Americans spend nearly ten billion dollars each year for alcoholic beverages.

A controversy has raged ever since the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment on how much advertising the liquor interests should be allowed to purchase on radio and television. From time to time there have been recurrent rumors that whisky manufacturers were planning to start radio and TV advertising of their products. Beer and wine are already firmly entrenched in the advertising field. Certain distillers have made repeated attempts to negotiate for broadcast time and would do so if the stations would accept contracts. They claim that Congress would violate the Twenty-first Amendment by banning liquor advertising. Since it is now legal to sell liquor, they say, it must be legal to advertise it. But thus far legislators have held to the view that the Twenty-first Amendment provides only for the legal "selling" of alcoholic beverages, and that this is quite separate and distinct from advertising.

I believe this unrestrained and misleading advertising can be curbed only by public indignation. It will be curbed by law when the public supports legislation in Congress banning liquor advertising. In almost every community

there is an active organization supporting such a program which would welcome public interest and would help in making protest more effective.

One can also protest by writing directly to his representatives in Congress, and to magazines and radio stations, specifically making known his personal stand on such advertising. Publishers, radio stations, and TV stations should decline this advertising as a decent patriotic gesture.

Finally, schools would do well to give study to the problems of liquor advertising and join in educational attempts to curb this influence.

PREPARING FOR LIFE

(Continued from page 13)

When we were developing our state program in Utah, it seemed necessary to strengthen this unit. The higher institutions were quick to respond to an invitation to name key persons on their staffs to receive all-expense scholarships to a special school on alcohol studies. These trained individuals have in some cases become outstanding leaders in our attack on the problem. Their talks are in great demand outside of their departments, and in many cases off the campus at civic clubs and churches. The greatest use of these people has come from their regular direction of campus courses for teachers.

**The trouble with
America today is the
high cost of low living.**

In each of the major teacher-training institutions, courses are now offered as electives, and are presented in addition to the units on alcohol, tobacco, and narcotics which are a part of the health course for teaching.

Teachers of physical education and health are exposed to an additional amount of training on the subject when they study the state manual. This extra amount is valuable in this field, because it is in health and physiology that the greatest amount of teen-age teaching on the subject of alcohol takes place.

Inservice Training of Teachers. One of the most valuable methods of conducting inservice training of teachers on the problem of alcoholism prevention has been through the extension divisions of our teacher-training institutions. Evening classes have been held in many parts of the state and are offered regularly as campus evening

courses. Evening institutes on the subject have also been held with great success.

For a number of years a summer-session class which I taught at the University of Utah was the chief attempt in this state at training teachers in service. The classes were five or six weeks in duration. The enrollment in these summer classes was primarily of teachers, although social workers, business people, and nurses also registered.

Because of the excellent response to the summer courses we determined to enlarge the offering and increase publicity to bring in a greater number of students as well as national authorities on the subject. The State Board on Alcoholism, the State Foundation on Alcoholism, and the University of Utah combined their forces, and the Utah School of Alcohol Studies was born. Now upwards of 200 attend sessions of this school.

Since the attitude in the home has a tremendous influence on the actions of the teen-ager, and this influence is felt long before the child enters school, we must not fail to include the adults in our program. The training of teachers should include the study of methods and materials for gaining the support of the adult community.

There must be strong support from the community in order to make the teacher's work effective. In fact, the program usually moves no faster than does the community attitude. It may take some careful and discreet planning in order to secure the co-operation necessary. Too frequently cold facts are thrown at youth, with little care being used. In each class there are personalities of many types, and each must be handled individually. No one should expect to have all brought to the same standards, even by close individual attention. We do not run them through a mill with a standard stamp of a die. The confidence and interest of the individual members must be cultivated carefully. The present shortage of recently trained teachers makes the smooth operation of the program more difficult and makes inservice training more imperative.

Therefore it is evident that much depends upon the teacher and his training!

The preparation of teachers to handle this problem adequately should include six important items:

1. An adequate supply of facts regarding the effects of alcohol on the human system.
2. Recognition that alcoholism is a *self-induced* illness.
3. Recognition that the prevention of alcoholism is a community problem.

4. A knowledge that the surest prevention is abstinence.

5. A liberal amount of direction on how to encourage, mobilize, and utilize community support.

6. Stimulation of the teacher to recognize his responsibility in attacking the problem.

The paths of persons who are engaged in alcohol education either in the schools or elsewhere are not strewn with flowers. Sometimes there are discouraging aspects, but as the poet has said of the teacher:

"Stand tall,
Hold up a regal head.
You may not have fine clothes,
Nor a downy bed,
But walking close to God
Will strengthen you for all
The criticism hurled.
And yours shall be the hands
That will reshape the world."

—Adah B. Duncan, in *School and Community*.

"WE CAN AGREE"

(Continued from page 14)

Philadelphia, published this teen-age code in a booklet entitled *We Can Agree*."

"They printed two booklets, Susan," said Carole, "one for junior- and one for senior-high-school students. They have special rules for each group and general rules for both."

"Ugh!" frowned David. "Rules. Don't you hate and despise 'em?"

"Not the code rules," Carole answered quickly. "I go for rules like, 'It is important that parents be at home and on call at all times when young people entertain.' We don't want our parents to be watchdogs, but we do want them to be within call. Without them, how can we cope with unruly party behavior, crashing, and the like? Our code calls party crashing an inexcusable custom, and says that crashers should never be admitted. Often it is the crasher who brings beer and other such drinks to a party. To help keep them out, our code advises written invitations and guest lists."

"Another thing in our code that I like," Carole went on, "is that parents should plan with us in advance our home entertaining. To prevent confusion, our code advises that invitations should state clearly whether it is a formal or informal affair. Then we will know how we should dress. Also the hour of arrival and leaving should be stated, so all the guests can leave together as we did tonight."

"This code," said Mrs. Morgan, "recognizes the function of the home as a

Poems With a Purpose

DECISION

Bessie Gladding

I decided to smile and look outward, not inward,
And carry a prayer in my heart.
The smile brought me friends; the outward look, peace;
And the prayer brought me a part
In that upsurge of thanks we mortals feel
When at last we've made a good start.

RAIN AFTER DROUGHT

Edna Hull Miller

Last evening grasses bleached and dry
Were bending toward the ground;
The dusty air was charged with thirst,
For drought and death were found.

The earth this morning fresh and sweet
Is cool, content, and bright;
For God's own hand has touched the land—
The rain came in the night.

BY LISTEN
AUTHORS

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE NEED

Mary Gustafson

The Christian has a large account
To be drawn on with each prayer.
It just takes faith to claim it,
For the wealth is always there.

You hold the checkbook in your heart;
Just use your faith as power
And claim the promises as yours
Until you feel a shower

Of blessings such as never was,
With still more yet to be.
You hold the passbook; check it out
In all sufficiency.

TO A DAFFODIL

William Allen Ward

There is something about a daffodil,
That sends its roots through rocky soil
Upon the rugged wasteland hill,
That makes me think that flowers toil
And struggle and fight to finally win
Battles as hard as fought by men.

SUNRISE

Clifford Thomas

How sure the hand that gently draws
With loving care the veil of night;
The breathless hush, expectant pause,
As darkness merges into light.
And while the dimness slowly fades,
The sky reflects a golden hue;
And scudding clouds in purple shades
Their shadows cast on sparkling dew.

Thus God reveals His mighty hand,
Projected in the glowing sphere,
Which spreads a halo on the land,
A promise that He hovers near.
This vital truth all doubts disperse,
To know God rules the universe.

TRIFLES

Helen True

A little bit of patience
Often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love
Makes a very happy home.

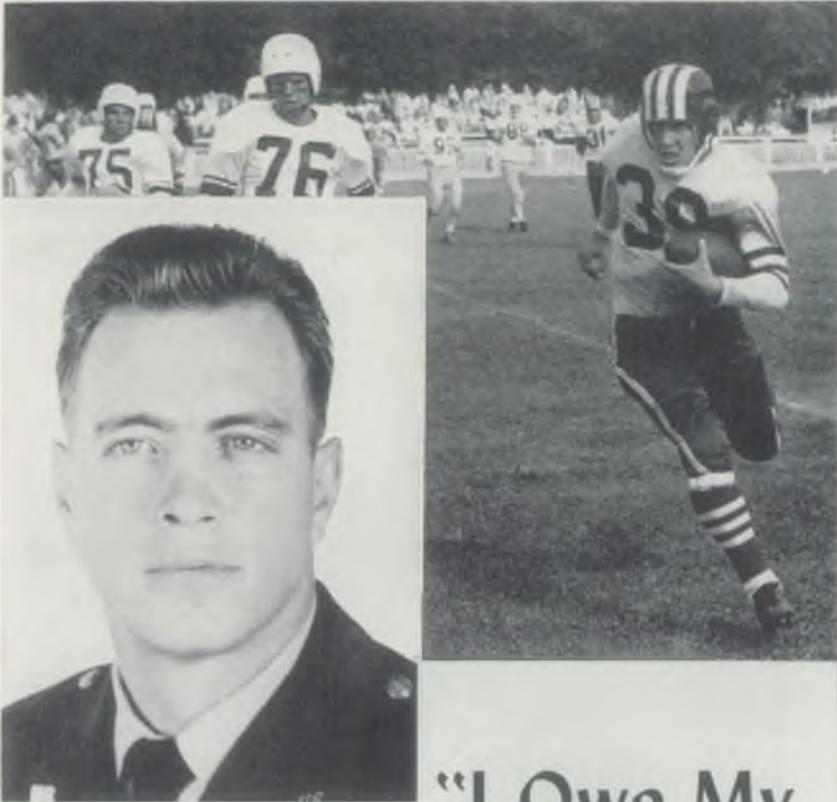
A little bit of hope
Makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity
Makes glad a weary way.

DEFINITIONS

Helen Sue Isely

Fear is a large ear, waiting;
Hope is an open eye, weeping;
Work is a dry lip, compressed;
Bounty is a fat cheek, turgid;
Fulfillment is a profile, with a shadow.





"I Owe My Best"

"I completely abstain from smoking and alcoholic beverages because I believe I owe my best to my God, my country, and my family."

Billy F. Bouldin

Outstanding in all aspects of his military service, First Lieutenant Billy F. Bouldin was voted the most valuable player on the service teams in the France football conference last season. He was his team captain and played at halfback position.

proper dating place. It relieves the strain on the boy's pocketbook, and it is safer for the girl to date at home than to be flying around in a hot-rod jalopy."

"How about when Carole goes out on a date?" quizzed David. "Who sets the time for her coming in?"

"The girl and her parents choose a definite time for her return from a date, and she sees that her date meets her parents before they leave for the party or whatever they are going to. This gives the parents a chance to tell the boy the time they expect him to bring their daughter home."

"Sounds like a many-splendored thing. Do teen-agers live by such a code anywhere besides in our home town and in Philadelphia?"

"Indeed they do," replied Mrs. Morgan. "Since the Philadelphia Parents Council published its code booklet, thousands of youngsters in many different states have worked out codes of conduct with the help of P.T.A. groups and school groups. For example, these codes are now used by most of the schools in the entire Chicago area. In fact, they can be found in most of the states, and in Canada and Mexico.

"This evening we've merely scratched the surface of these teen-age codes," Mrs. Morgan went on. "Besides curfew rules, parties, and dates, codes deal with drinking, smoking, use of the family car and telephone, allowances, and home duties. Carole, read David some of what the Philadelphia code says about 'Parental Responsibility.'"

"Parents should know where, and with whom, their sons and daughters are spending their time while away from home."

"Under the use of the family car, the code urges trained instruction for young drivers, says that it is the duty of the parents to make certain that any car driven by their young people is in a safe operating condition.

"Also the code says, 'Young people should be informed that it is wise to refuse to ride with a reckless driver,' and, 'It is foolhardy to ride with a driver who is under the influence of alcohol.'"

"Is that as far as it goes on the drinking menace?" David was eager to know.

"Not by a long sea mile," said Carole. "No one has the moral right to serve any alcoholic beverage to other people's children. The adult who does so is directly responsible for any of the serious consequences which may result."

"I notice," said Mrs. Morgan, "that the code of the high-school pupils in the Davis High School, Mount Vernon, New York, states, 'Drinking intoxicating beverages, including beer, is not acceptable among high-school students.' This same code says that smoking 'is not advisable from a health and social standpoint.' And the students there do not feel that they have to smoke to be socially acceptable."

"Well, sergeant," Susan spoke after a long silence, "do the terrible teens seem as terrible as they are supposed to be?"

"I never thought that they were, but I always felt that it was a matter of adult example, guidance, and training, individually and in groups as well."

"You are so right," said Susan. "I want you to know that under these codes they get results. In the new Trier High School in Winnetka, Illinois, for example, vandalism was a perpetual problem until the teen-age code was adopted by 92 per cent of the pupils. Now vandalism is a thing of the past in that school."

"Another worth-while result," observed Mrs. Morgan, "is that wherever the code is used, parents are spared the old rallying cry, 'But, mother, all the girls do it,' or 'But, dad, the other fellows drive the family car whenever they want to, and drink a glass or two of beer.'"

We

REPEAT

REPEAT REPEAT

► Social Drinkers—The Real Menace

Social drinkers are greater highway menaces than are habitual drinkers, for this reason: "The social drinker likes to speed, to show off, while the driver who is just plain drunk is a little slower."—Dr. C. J. Rehling, chief of the Alabama State Crime Laboratory.

► Alcoholism From Beer

In answer to the question, "Is it possible to become an alcoholic from drinking beer?" Dr. Theodore R. Van Dellen has replied, "Yes, because the heavy drinker usually switches to whisky or gin when he no longer gets the desired effect from beer."

► Alcohol, Tobacco—Drugs

"The habit-forming drugs—alcohol, tobacco, and the barbiturates—are high

among the major causes of human deterioration. . . . We should definitely have a reduction of self-medication with drugs that are merely habit-forming and not curative. We have taught people to drink milk, but not to avoid other things that come out of bottles!" —Dr. Haven Emerson, Columbia University, member of New York Board of Health, in addressing the Central Atlantic States Association of Food and Drug Officials.

► Baseball and Beer

"The drunkenness, fighting, and hoodlumism at the baseball parks during Sunday double-headers has become too serious to continue to ignore. Comiskey Park and Wrigley Field on Sundays become literally the biggest saloons in the world. Brawling is inevitable in the emotion-charged atmosphere. The managements of the ball

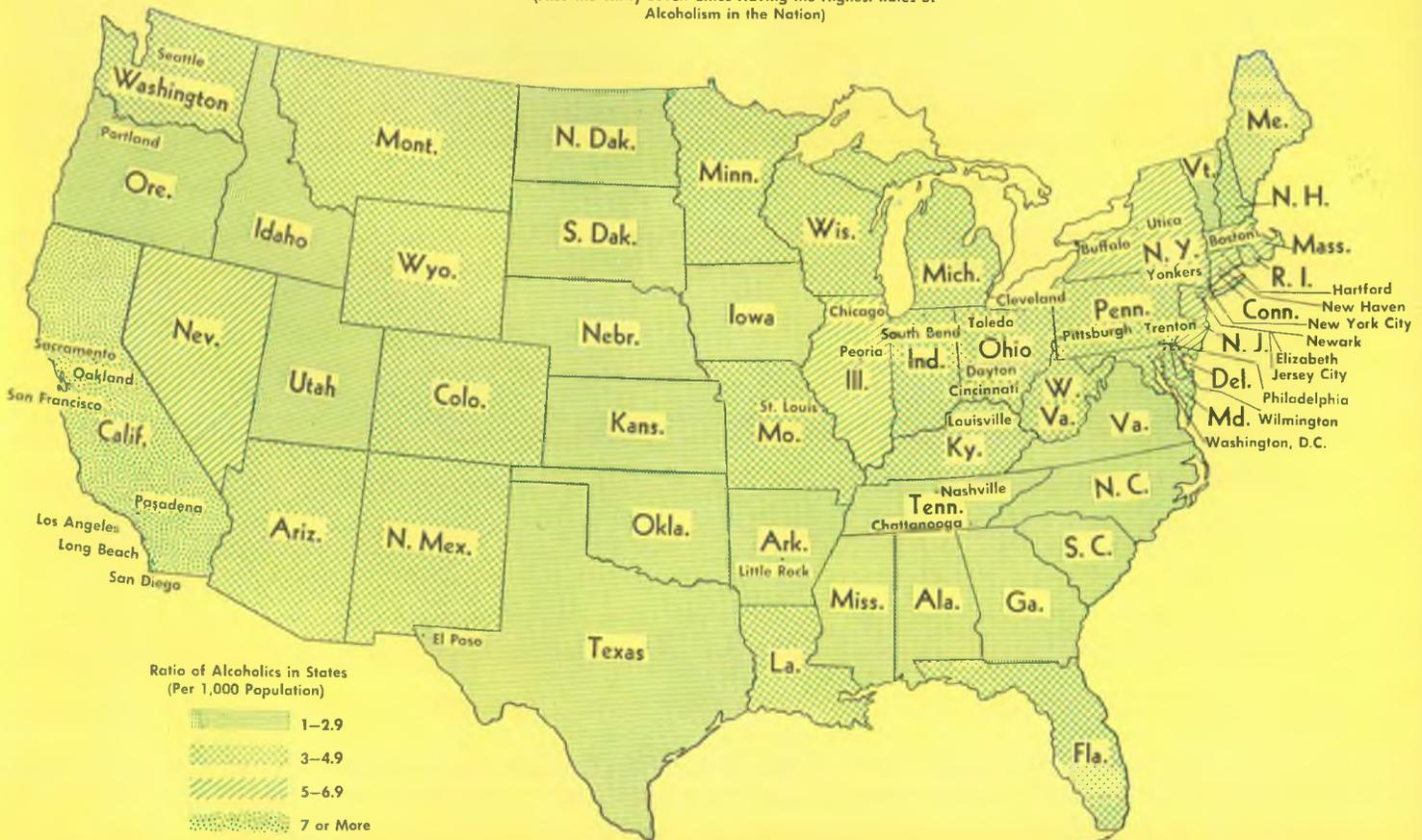
clubs have done nothing to curb the drunkenness. . . . Their present policy will drive more and more decent people away from the ball parks."—Jack Mabley, in *Chicago Daily News*.

"Drunkenness is increasing in baseball grandstands and is becoming so obnoxious that it is keeping many of the game's most avid followers out of the ball parks. . . . If baseball doesn't control drunkenness and rowdyism in its grandstands, the decent people will stay away."—*Sports Magazine*, November, 1955.

"Nobody wants to sit in the vicinity of a bunch of drunks. Baseball is exciting enough in itself so that no one really needs alcoholic stimulation to have a good time. . . . The subject is one which is going to demand more and more attention, . . . and owners would do well to realize that drunks and baseball do not belong together."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Prevalence of Alcoholism in the United States

(Also the Thirty-Seven Cities Having the Highest Rates of Alcoholism in the Nation)



"In the rigorous field of world athletic competition, it is possible that the use of alcohol and tobacco might make the final difference between a champion and a runner-up. Why take the chance?"

"My advice to beginning athletes is that the prize is worth the effort, however great. To be a champion you must be able to beat the best in the world. Even to be able to compete against the best the world has to offer is a great honor.

"In winning, however, I think you finally realize that your greatest victory is over yourself, gained little by little in the moments of struggle with the ever-present temptation that mediocrity is good enough."

The World's **STRONGEST MAN**

Interview by Ralph Krum

Massive and mighty, 325-pound Paul Anderson of Toccoa, Georgia, handles huge bar bells with almost casual ease. Last year saw him win his first national weight-lifting championship, setting two world records. The next day he left for Russia, where in an international meet in Moscow he lifted 1,146 pounds in three Olympic lifts, the highest total ever achieved. In Munich he won the world championship, setting more marks, only to surpass them again in the 1956 national championship meet, where he picked a total of 1,175 pounds off the floor, tallying up a new world mark and breaking two other records in the process. His sights are now set for 1,200 pounds in the Olympics at Melbourne this November.



Paul Anderson

"Listen" Index for 1954-1956

Alcohol and Safety

	<i>Volume, Issue, Page</i>
What About "Rule G"?	Thomas D. Beven 7-1-7
"Divorce Them!"	Clarence C. Kott 7-1-12
The Accident Builder	Kathryn V. Clark With Arthur J. Burns 7-2-28
Safety Bumper Strips	7-3-22
Novel License Idea	7-3-28
Tragedy in Our Town Today	Mildred Cole 8-3-22
March of Death	Harry J. Miller 8-3-23
This Promise I Keep	Lorene Walker 9-4-26

Alcohol and Youth

School of Distinction	Ruth E. Johnston 7-2-17
School of Character	James H. Stirling 7-4-15
The Missing Link	P. E. Selby 8-1-28
Baylor's Ban on the Bottle	C. E. Bryant 8-4-18
Open Letter to Youth	Dick Whittemore 9-1-9
This Is the Problem	Judge Phillip B. Gilliam 9-1-16
Amarillo High School	Jim Parr 9-2-8
Moment's Decision	Marie B. Ryan 9-3-23
"We Can Agree"	Browne Sampsel 9-4-14

Crime

Escape Into Prison	Prisoner No. 63581 7-4-22
The Plus Way of Life	Judge Bolitha J. Laws 8-2-9
The Judge's Verdict	Judge Elmer K. Daugherty 8-4-25
An Armload of Death	Paul T. Hubbard 8-4-28
My Story	Claude Ritter 9-1-34
Three in a Row	Robert A. Roach 9-3-9

Culture and Economic Problems

A Newspaper Reporter Looks at Drinking	Hoyt McAfee 7-1-20
The Case of Evansville, Indiana	Emerson J. Boyd 7-1-21
Whose Business Is It if I Drink?	Hubert O. Swartout, M.D., D.P.H. 7-4-5
The Alcohol Problem in Europe	Archer Tongue 7-4-20
"Spirits" in American Literature	Upton Sinclair 7-4-11
You Can't Sell Liquor and Drink It Too!	Riley W. Dunann 8-1-5
Management's Skeleton in the Closet	Richard Paul 8-2-15
Child Alcoholism in France	H. Müller, M.D. 8-2-20
Apologize—Who?	Albert W. Olson, Captain 8-2-31
Has the Pendulum Swung Too Far?	Arthur K. Berliner 8-3-17
Firewater and the American Indian	Madeline George 8-4-5
The Question of Alcoholism	9-1-14

Cure for Alcoholism

Twelve-Step House	Nellie M. Stewart 7-2-30
Cooking for the Alcoholic	Grace Clifford Howard 7-2-33
I Said Quits—And I Meant It!	Veritas 7-4-31
New Hope at Mimico	Arthur R. Turner 8-4-26
Tracy Farms	Sigmund Neuman 9-1-25
The Conditioned-Reflex Treatment for Alcoholism	Kenneth R. MacDonald 9-2-29
Try the Simple Life	Mary Elsna 9-3-25
Consolidated Edison Points the Way	Alfred K. Allan 9-4-24

Editorial

America's New H-Bomb	Francis A. Soper 7-1-4
Imitating the Ostrich	Francis A. Soper 7-2-4
Memo to Parents	Francis A. Soper 7-3-4
Positive Proposal	Francis A. Soper 7-4-4
Food or Fraud?	Francis A. Soper 8-1-4
Men Wanted	Newton N. Riddell 8-2-4
The Ultimate Solution	Francis A. Soper 8-3-4
They Say	Bruce Barton 8-4-4
"Snowed Under"	Francis A. Soper 9-1-4
Leave It to the Ladies	Francis A. Soper 9-2-4
"Cup of Fury"	Francis A. Soper 9-3-4
Will the "Little Planes" Be Safe?	Francis A. Soper 9-4-4

Historical

Did Jesus Make and Use Intoxicating Wine?	Hannah Ericson 7-4-27
Crater of Diamonds	Elizabeth Wakefield 9-1-24
Up From the Rubble	Emma Jean Johnstone 9-2-5
Alcohol or Success	Charles Patti 9-3-31
Oldest Temperance Flag	9-3-34

Home, Family, and Social

Common-Sense Code for Teen-Agers	E. Laurence Springer 7-1-16
Do You Think Morals Are Old-Fashioned?	Governor Frank G. Clement 7-2-5
A Song for His Heart	Maryan B. Wilkinson 7-3-10
A Little Talk to Wives About Husbands	Harold Shryock, M.D. 7-3-14
Your "Problem" Wife	Harold Shryock, M.D. 7-4-14
The Friendship Clubs	Madeline George 7-4-16
Saying No Gracefully	R. K. Squire 7-4-32
What Road for the Juvenile?	Harmon T. Blake 8-1-22
To All Marriageable Daughters	Helen Gregg Green 8-1-16
The Toddler and the Beer Bottle	Helen Gillette 8-1-33
The Considerate Drinker	8-2-17
Why I Abstain	8-3-8
An Ounce of Prevention	Ethel Russell 8-3-30
A Can of Beans	John W. Rabb 8-4-27
This Is One Solution	Nellie M. Stewart 9-1-16
Citizens Force Liquor Off Grocers' Shelves	Sally Clark 9-1-29

Human Interest

	<i>Volume, Issue, Page</i>
Dear Mamie	Mildred Cole 7-1-15
Clean Town for a Clean School	James H. Stirling 7-2-16
Mountain House on "The Lake of the Sky"	8-2-27
KOME—Station of the American Home	E. William George 9-1-5
A New "Freedom" Train	Joyce Chandler Parks 9-2-17
Nonsmokers' Pay-Off	9-3-24
The Traveler's Friend	Maurice Moyal 9-4-20

Inspirational and Patriotic

Patterns for Living	Helen Gregg Green 7-2-6
Mountains and Bottles	Sylvia Clark 7-2-24
There Was a Green Hill	Eleanor Gilbert 7-2-25
Make Your Mirage a Reality	B. Coursin Black 7-3-6
Religion's Role in the Prevention of Alcoholism	Louis D. Evans, D.D. 7-3-9
Why Not Try Nature?	E. B. Davidson 7-4-6
Pearl Harbor in 3D	Hoyt McAfee 7-4-17
Christmas Promise	B. Coursin Black 7-4-33
Ashamed of Being Good?	Vinton A. Holbrook 8-1-6
The Lure of Real Living	8-1-8
Keeping America Strong	Pearl A. Wanamaker 8-2-5
Flying Jewels	Blanche Dyer Ballagh 8-2-29
Cares Fly With the Birds	Claire Spofford 8-2-29
Christmas Is Love	Helen Gregg Green 8-4-30
Believe You Can	Mary Elsna 9-2-25
Facing Life Realistically	Cyde E. Weaver 9-2-33
Pull a Weed—Plant a Flower	Ruth Knudson 9-3-22
I Talked With Ira Hayes's Mother	George D. Shafer 9-4-15
For a Fearless Tomorrow	Arthur J. Burke 9-4-23
Will the Gremlins Get You?	Ruth Chase 9-4-30

Liquor Advertising

Exit "Joe Marsh"	Bob Roach 7-2-11
Liquor Ads Don't Show This	8-1-15
Liquor Advertising Bills Before Congress	9-1-30
Famous Faces in Public Places	Vinton A. Holbrook 9-2-24
Behind the Mask	Raymond Schuessler 9-4-5
One-Sided Advertising	Adapted 9-4-6

Medical Science

What Alcohol Does to the Brain	Edward Podolsky, M.D. 7-1-27
How Will Alcohol Affect You?	Wayne Willert 7-2-34
R/x for the Heart	Browne Sampsel 7-3-20
The Doctor Looks at Alcohol	Clifford R. Anderson, M.D. 7-3-21
Paying the Price	Harold Shryock 8-1-11
French Medicine and Heredity	Ernest Gordon 8-1-20
Alcohol Invades the Central Nervous System	Laurence A. Senseman, M.D. 8-1-14
Alcohol as a Narcotic	8-2-14
The "Larger Problem" of Drug Addiction	Raymond A. McConnell 8-2-14
What Alcohol Does to the Kidneys	Edward Podolsky, M.D. 8-3-29
Does Beer Intoxiccate?	Cecil K. Garrison 8-3-34
Drinking—Its Basic Relation to Disease	Andrew C. Ivy, Ph.D., M.D. 9-1-15
The Medical Case Against Beverage Alcohol	Andrew C. Ivy, Ph.D., M.D. 9-3-14
Is Moderation Safe?	Richard E. Strain, M.D. 9-4-11

Miscellaneous

Broken Bottle Dagger	Jack Hamm 7-1-20
Where Truth Is Told	Charles Patti 7-1-24
Dad's Day	O. A. Kearney 7-3-26
The Runaway	R. K. Squire 7-3-30
Wanted—Bartender	7-3-32
Stop! Think! Listen!	James A. Davis 7-4-34
High Cost of Living	8-1-27
What About Moderation?	Ross L. Holman 8-1-28
A Time-Tested Recipe	J. William Burris 8-1-29
Memo to Living	B. Coursin Black 8-2-6
"We Know You"	C. S. Longacre 8-2-16
What Is Made There?	Louis Arnold 8-2-28
A Hit Without a Hang-Over	R. K. Kent 8-2-32
How Narrow the Line	J. William Burris 8-3-31
Don't Be Fooled	Georgia C. Nicholas 8-4-21
The Worm Turns	Ethel R. Page 8-4-33
The Champion Bill Collector	Carroll Van Court 9-2-34
The Seeing Eye	9-3-23
Is This Consistent?	Calvin T. Ryan, Ed. M. 9-4-16
Putting the Blame Where It Belongs	Harry J. Miller 9-4-28

Narcotics—Human Interest

"Just a Follower"	Helmer O. Oleson 7-3-14
I Tried Hashish	Dick Miller 8-3-20
"Troubles A-Plenty"	Virginia Ely 8-3-24
Occasional Nightwork	E. Hadden Hayes 8-3-28
Shielded Fangs	Kay Roberts 8-3-32
One Vital Mistake	Sheriff Harlon Wright 8-4-21
Fool for Dope	Martha McMillin 9-4-27

Narcotics—Informational

Youth's Lost Generation	J. A. Buckwalter 7-1-9
Report on Narcotics	Tamara Andreeva 7-2-8
Narcotics Capsules	7-2-2
Drugs—Destroyer of Youth	7-4-9
Narcotic Addiction	Arthur K. Berliner, M.S. 8-1-7
Marijuana—The Assassin Flower	Daniel Carlsen With Barbara Doyle 8-2-7
Marijuana—Caught in the Web	Daniel Carlsen 8-3-9
Heroin—Outlaw Killer	Daniel Carlsen With Barbara Doyle 8-4-15

Report From St. Louis Marie Aubuchon 9-1-7
 Sisters of the Opium Family Daniel Carlsen 9-1-13
 Sleeping Pills—Growing Nightmare Gilbert Geis, Ph.D. 9-2-16
 Morphine and Codeine—Medical Booby Traps
 Daniel Carlsen With Barbara Doyle 9-2-22
 Sleeping Watchdogs Daniel Carlsen With
 Barbara Doyle 9-3-11
 Are Barbiturates Addiction Forming? 9-3-12
 The Best Answer Chester MacPhee 9-4-10
 Everybody's Narcotic Picture Feature 9-4-22

Narcotics—Need for Education

The Judge Looks at Dope Drew S. Clifton 8-1-16
 The UN Battles Narcotics Picture Feature 8-1-12
 The Narcotics Challenge W. Harry Comber 8-3-7
 Is Narcotics Education Essential? Roy E. Simpson 8-4-10
 Alert the Youth! Congressman Craig Hosmer 8-4-11
 Not Hopelessly Hooked Picture Feature 8-4-12

Personalities—Business

Roy Cash, Businessman Charles Etheridge 7-1-29
 P. Tremain Loud 7-2-21
 J. E. "Doc" Webb 8-1-25
 Allen Lefferdink—Insurance Executive 9-4-12
 James Farley—Businessman Duane Valentry 9-4-18

Personalities—Educational

Harvie Branscomb, University Chancellor 7-4-24
 Dr. Oliver Cromwell Carmichael 8-2-36

Personalities—General

S. J. Phillips—Birthplace Saver Madeline George 7-1-25
 Charles L. Broley, Eagle Man 7-3-27
 Outstanding Young Men 7-4-30
 Mrs. M. H. Driftmier,
 Iowa's Mother of the Year Phyllis Somerville 8-2-21
 Gilbert F. Douglas Family 8-4-8, 36
 A Remarkable Family 9-3-32
 Before and After Joe L. Ray 9-4-17

Personalities—Public Life

UN President Looks at Listen 7-1-8
 Ezra Taft Benson 8-1-18
 Chaplain Knute Lee Madeline George 8-1-21
 Dr. Kate Harvey Hansen 8-1-23
 Governor Goodwin J. Knight N. Harry Comber 8-3-6
 Ladies of the House Sue Ellen Taylor 9-1-18
 Kenneth Richardson—Saving Life Phyllis Somerville 9-1-32
 The "Real" Mickey Finn Jerome Kearful 9-2-20
 The Neuberger—Oregon's
 Legislative Family Cecil Coffey 9-3-5

Personalities—Radio and TV, and Fine Arts

Virgil Fox, Organist 7-1-5
 Vladimir Elin, Opera Star Christine True 7-3-15
 Lawrence Welk Charles C. Case 8-4-24
 Effie Lawrence Marshall—
 Youthful, Zestful Eighties Madeline George 9-2-26
 Gale Storm—Life's True Values Duane Valentry 9-3-8
 Lily Pons—Music's First Lady Fredrik W. Edwardy 9-3-18
 Charlie Walker—Steering Straight John E. Keplinger 9-3-30

Personalities—Sports and Physical Development

George Bruce, Body Builder Fredrik W. Edwardy 7-1-28
 Marjorie Jackson, Champion Sprinter E. H. J. Steed 7-1-36
 Gordon Howe Eric Jones, Jr. 7-2-36
 Sammy Lee, Sullivan Trophy Winner 7-3-36
 Josy Barthel, Track Star Ruth Golsner 7-4-8
 Carl Erskine, Pitcher, Brooklyn Dodgers 7-4-36
 Gil Dodds 8-1-32
 Bill Fenton Phyllis Somerville 8-1-34
 Ken Rosewall and Lewis Hoad Ernest H. J. Steed 8-1-36
 Sonya Klopfer, Skater 8-3-10
 Track Stars: Gunnar Nielsen, John Bennett,
 Roy Range, Rodney Richard Ralph Krum 8-3-16
 Alvin Dark, Captain of the Champions 8-3-18
 Edward Beatty, Builder of Boys Gwendolen Lampshire Hayden 8-4-14
 Henry Armstrong, Fighter for Youth 9-1-22
 Norman Von Nida—World
 Champion Golfer E. H. J. Steed 9-1-36
 Cyril L. Pennel—Golfer Fern Row Casebeer 9-2-31
 Arnie Duncan—Star Halfback 9-2-36
 Captain John Kolb—National
 Service Rifle Champion W. H. Bergherm 9-3-36
 Billy F. Bouldin—Football Star 9-4-34
 Paul Anderson—Weight Lifter Ralph Krum 9-4-36

Personalities—Youth and Beauty

Carolyn Corley, AY Chairman Roger Burgess 7-1-32
 Evelyn Ay, Miss America, 1954 7-3-11
 Barbara Webb, California's
 Orange Queen Nellie M. Stewart 7-4-7
 Barbara Ann Scott, Princess of the Ice 7-4-18
 Linda Weisbrod, Miss District
 of Columbia Ralph Krum 8-2-11
 Carol Morris, Miss Iowa Phyllis Somerville 8-2-11
 Janice Hutton Somers—Michigan's Queen
 Iva Lee Kinne and Warren L. Johns 8-2-18
 Ginger Steen, Campus Queen 8-3-36
 Sharon Kay Ritchie—Miss America, 1956 9-2-12
 Carolyn Rogers—Stewardess 9-4-5

Picture Features

Health on Wheels 7-2-14
 Teen Time Is Hobby Time 7-3-12
 The UN Battles Narcotics 8-1-12
 When Is a Driver Too Drunk to Drive? 8-2-12
 Ghost Town on a Berry Farm Elton A. Jones 8-3-14

Seamen's Home Scuttles a Major Problem 8-3-12
 Not Hopelessly Hooked Picture Story 8-4-12
 Photograms Michael Kosinski 8-4-29
 Teen-Age Bar Helps Squelch Delinquency 9-1-10
 School of the Road 9-2-8
 Back From the Bottle 9-3-13
 Adventure in the Air 9-4-7

Poems

The Old Year 7-1-10
 Time to Spend Theresa E. Black 7-1-32
 Two Windows Emily May Young 7-1-33
 The Drunk Ruth Bacon 7-2-23
 A Garden Is a Prayer 7-2-26
 A Word to the Driver Olive Marie Cook 7-2-29
 Merry Miser Theresa E. Black 7-2-32
 The Alcoholic Marty Kelly 7-3-22
 Strange Power Margaret Neel 7-3-25
 Poems With a Purpose Listen Authors 7-3-29
 Afterthought Buddy Bligh 7-3-31
 Infinity Ruth Kaplan 7-3-33
 Stubborn Determination Bonaro Overstreet 7-4-23
 The Modern Christmas Grace Noll Crowell 7-4-33
 Resolution for Living 8-1-31
 Motorist's Prayer 8-2-22
 Hymns William Allen Ward 8-2-30
 Poems With a Purpose 8-2-33
 You Have No Enemies? 8-2-34
 Today's Riches Frederick D. Brewer 9-1-23
 The Drunkard Ruth Bassett 9-1-26
 Moonlight Addiction Evelyn DeWalt 9-2-27
 First Draft Ed Mack 9-2-28
 Prescription Helmer O. Oleson 9-2-32
 The Slave Clarence Edwin Flynn 9-3-32
 Poems With a Purpose 9-3-33
 The Prayer Leatha Tarra 9-4-26
 The Anchor Grace Cash 9-4-31
 Two Sculptors Cleo Victoria Swarat 9-4-13
 Poems With a Purpose Listen Authors 9-4-33

Psychology and Mental Health

Maintaining Marital Morale Harold Shryock, M.D. 7-1-11
 The Evidence of True Greatness Harold Shryock, M.D. 7-2-7
 I Saw Them "In Between" Theodore Simonson 9-1-27
 Drinking and Human Nature Kermit Hamilton, M.S. 9-2-9

Regular Features

It's a Fact 7-1-2, 7-2-2, 7-3-2, 7-4-2, 8-1-2, 8-2-2
 8-3-2, 8-4-2, 9-1-2, 9-2-2, 9-3-2, 9-4-2
 World Report 7-2-20, 7-4-20, 8-1-20, 8-2-20, 8-3-20, 9-3-20, 9-4-20
 We Repeat 7-2-35, 7-3-35, 7-4-35, 8-2-35, 8-3-35
 8-4-35, 9-1-35, 9-2-35, 9-3-35, 9-4-35

State and Legislative Control Problems

Needed—A New Law Margaret A. Gustafson 7-1-30
 How One State Is Meeting
 Its Alcohol Problem Hugh Gregg 7-3-5
 California Has Its Liquor Picture Taken 7-4-15
 How Am I Going to Vote? James Swedenburg 7-4-29
 We Closed a Beer Joint Richard C. Redmond 8-3-11
 Corking the Bottle Clubs Morrey Dunie 8-3-26
 Madonna R. R. Taggs 8-4-32
 Who should Pay? William L. Roper 9-3-17

Statistics

Ask the Man Who Sells It Max Rice 8-2-10
 Do Saloons Keep the Law? 8-2-26
 A Respector of Persons Judge Joseph T. Zottoli 9-2-14

Sports

Masters of the Puck Eric Jones, Jr. 7-2-18
 Winning the Best in Life Ralph Krum 7-3-7
 Erskine Strikes Out Liquor Madeline Wertheim 7-4-24
 Winning in the Rose Bowl Warren L. Johns 7-4-17
 Top Performance in Life Interviews by Ralph Krum 8-3-16
 Capturing a Principle of Life
 (Walter Reed Swimming Club) Ralph N. Krum 9-2-18
 Modern Trojans E. M. Davis 9-3-26

Stories

Where to Find a "Full Meal" Ruth Shartel 7-1-23
 Gentlemen's Agreement Frank Cornelius Ross 7-2-13
 I Became a Bowery Bum John I. Shields 7-2-22
 Life of the Party Frances Taylor 7-2-27
 It Could Happen Again Charles A. Blank 7-3-24
 Sarge Says No! Clifford Thomas 8-1-23
 The Tramp Telegrapher Milburn C. Harper 8-1-26
 "I Lost My Eyes" Jesse C. Burt, Jr. 8-1-30
 Dead-End Violence Charlie Blank 8-2-24
 Cocktails and Foftails Ruth Cross 8-4-20
 Teen-Age Sue Alice M. Johnson 8-4-22
 You Are a Miracle Ruth Cross 9-1-28
 Emergency Ward Robert H. Rudy, M.D. 9-2-21
 The Woodsman's Gift Diane D. Dunann 9-4-29

Temperance Education

Alcohol Education—For Moderation or Abstinence?
 Andrew C. Ivy, Ph.D., M.D., D.Sc., LL.D. 7-1-13
 7-2-7
 Alcohol in the Classroom C. M. Sellery, M.D. 7-3-8
 Facing the Issue C. C. Trillingham, Ph.D. 7-4-10
 Alcohol Education in Public Schools H. H. Parish 8-1-9
 New York City Schools on Guard Madeline George 9-1-12
 The Catholic Total Abstinence Union Francis A. Soper 9-1-20
 Battles Without Bombs Helmer O. Oleson 9-3-27
 Preparing for Life N. Blaine Winters 9-4-13
 International Commission 9-4-21
 Education for Service 9-4-25