

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Nancy Priest
regatta queen



The Big, Big Drink

Americans poured more than 2,500,000,000 gallons of beer into their stomachs in 1958, according to the United States Brewers Foundation.

Government Aid to Liquor Sellers?

Legislation to make liquor sellers eligible for financial aid from the federally operated Small Business Administration has been introduced in the House of Representatives by Representative Abraham J. Multer, New York Democrat. An existing regulation of this Government agency states, "A small business concern is ineligible [for loans] if a substantial portion of its gross income is derived from the sale of alcoholic beverages."

Oklahoma Stampede

Before sunup on August 1, 1959, the day liquor advertising became legal in Oklahoma for the first time in the state's fifty-two-year history, whisky ads were already printed in the morning newspaper in Oklahoma's largest city, according to **Tap and Tavern**. The ads appeared in newspapers a full month before it became legal to sell liquor in the state on September 1.

Just a Coincidence?

Carry Nation, the great foe of liquor, was born in Kentucky, a state which is now synonymous with whisky production, but which is also dry by local option in most of its geographical territory.

What's Wrong With France?

Frenchmen consume 1,200,000,000 gallons of alcoholic beverages a year, and France has one bar for each fifty inhabitants, reports "Newsweek." France spends \$1,000,000,000 a year just to treat its alcoholics.

Drunk Drivers—Headed for the Last Roundup?

An increasing number of states are taking steps to round up drunk drivers on their highways. Most state legislatures are adopting laws authorizing the use of chemical tests, reports the New York "Times." An increasing number of states are also adding "implied consent" provisions which hold that when a person accepts a driver's license, he gives his assent to a chemical test if and when such a test may be called for.

Smoke Got in Their Eyes

When a company which manufactures tobaccoless cigarettes was unable to advertise in New York City newspapers or on radio and TV, it filed a \$15,000,000 suit against five tobacco companies, charging "conspiracy and restraint of trade."



In mile-high Denver, Colorado, there is less drinking than in the nation as a whole, according to a poll conducted by the American Temperance Society.

Pollsters interviewed 506 people—220 women and 286 men—and found that 52.20 per cent of the people surveyed were drinkers, compared with a national figure of 55 per cent. It also showed that 62.68 per cent of the men and 39.56 per cent of the women were drinkers.

More than half of the drinkers interviewed said they began drinking when they were teen-agers.

Most of the women had their first drink at a party—47.24 per cent for women compared with 38.78 per cent for men. Surprisingly, 42.42 per cent of the men took their first drink at home; 18.80 per cent had their first taste of liquor at a bar. After parties, the next most frequent place for the first drink by women was in the home—44.83 per cent, and 7.93 per cent of the women had their first drink at a bar.

Did they like the first drink? Sixty-six per cent of the women and 50.28 per cent of the men said they did not.

The poll disclosed that 50.54 per cent of the women who drink do not like the taste of alcoholic beverages; 49.46 per cent of the women said they do like the taste. Among men drinkers, 68.78 per cent said they like it now, but 31.22 per cent said they do not like the taste of their drinks.

Why, then, do people drink who do not like alcoholic beverages? Social pressure was listed by 67.04 per cent of the women and 52.02 per cent of the men.

In response to the question, "Do you think alcoholic beverages should be served on airplanes?" 58.30 per cent of the people polled replied in the negative, 32.68 per cent were in favor, and 9.02 per cent expressed no opinion.

Of the men who drank, 37.51 per cent opposed serving alcoholic beverages on planes, and 53.84 per cent of the women drinkers were opposed.

Of the 47.80 per cent of the people who did not drink, a majority gave religious reasons for their position.

LISTEN

A Journal of Better Living

MARCH-APRIL, 1960
Volume 13 Number 2

OUR COVER

Even though she is a busy student at Sullins College, Bristol, Virginia, practical Nancy Priest still finds time to make most of her own clothes. Her flair for interior decorating has made her dormitory room a cheerful place to live.

Nancy, whose mother is the Treasurer of the United States, works each summer to earn money for personal needs and school expenses, usually in some occupation where she can meet people. Establishing a home and rearing a family are goals she has in mind after college.

"Listen's" cover photo of Nancy was taken on the Sullins College campus by Tom Daniel Studio, Bristol, Virginia.

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Editorial Office: 6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington 12, D.C.

Editor: Francis A. Soper

Assistant Editor: Bill Oliphant

Editorial Assistant: Sue T. Baker

Circulation Manager: H. K. Christman Editorial Secretary: Muriel Christiansen

Sales and Promotion: L. R. Hixson, Jesse O. Gibson

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, 1350 Villa Street, Mountain View, California.

Office Editor: Richard H. Utt



A Social Problem

BESIDES BEING the county seat of Montgomery County, the city of Rockville, Maryland, has long been considered a model community. Several years ago it received national recognition for its progressive, long-range community planning and its appeal as an attractive residential area.

On West Middle Lane in Rockville is a series of small businesses, one of them a hardware store owned by Glen J. Koepenick. Some time ago he noticed his business falling off because numbers of his once-regular customers weren't patronizing him any more.

To find the reason, he bluntly asked seventy-eight of his former patrons why they weren't coming back. Out of the replies, the one most frequently given was, "the loiterers." To him the picture then became clear, and he took his problem to the county council.

In presenting his case, he pointed out that since the time the county had set up a liquor dispensary next door to his store, his situation had become progressively worse, and asked that a policeman be stationed there.

The council said the county couldn't afford to do that, and suggested that the storeowners share the cost of a deputy sheriff.

However, Herman Hartman, owner of Rockville Stationery, retorted, "This is the county's fault, not ours," and said that the loiterers swear, drink, and even fight near his store.

So the council came up with another idea: The police should go by and make wholesale arrests. "Arrests aren't the answer," rejoined State's Attorney Leonard T. Kardy. "This is a social problem. We've lost every loitering case." Someone else said, "Put signs on the parking lots, No Drinking." Mr. Kardy declared these cases would be lost in court, too.

Judging from news stories and reports from many places, this experience is not unique. Hard-working, thrifty owners of business establishments face trouble, at times even the loss of their business itself, when liquor outlets come into an area.

This is another indication that liquor inevitably leads to inferiority, whether it be the person who uses it or the community that harbors it.

The trade journal *Wine, Beer, Spirits* (October, 1959) claims, "It's a good business to be in, this beverage business," and lists three so-called "advantages" of taverns and bars over other lines of business.

Advantage No. 1: "You're in a permanent type of business." Nothing is said, however, of the fact that in those business or residential sections where liquor outlets have been in operation the longest, there is the most blight and degeneration of community pride, appearance, and safety. Such areas require the most policing, the greatest attention from law-enforcement agencies, and the most intensive coverage to prevent crime and violence. Wherever liquor outlets are the most permanent, there is the least desirable place to live or to operate another business.

Advantage No. 2: "You're an independent businessman." Indeed, if he can shut his eyes to the results on his own customers, on the community in general, or on other businesses nearby, the liquor dealer can be independent.

Advantage No. 3: "You're in a sound, money-making business." The "money-making" aspect of this claim is the most nearly correct of the whole list of claims. The temptation to "make a buck" is uppermost in this kind of business that preys on the personal weakness of human beings and draws its income from businesses that supply the real everyday needs of the average person.

"Ask the man who owns one," was a popular advertising slogan of days gone by. Today, if the real truth about the results of liquor outlets are to be known, ask the man who owns a store next door, such as Mr. Koepenick of Rockville, Maryland.

Francis A. Soper



THROUGH THE EYES of TEEN-AGERS

Youth answers the question, Should parents teach drinking at home?

Sophie Altman and Dorothy McFarlane

TODAY'S parents are jolted to discover that teen-agers begin drinking in high school. They are shocked to learn that many boys have regular weekend drinking bouts, acquiring an early taste for liquor or even the liquor habit, and exposing themselves to the dangers of drunken driving and uncontrolled behavior leading to delinquency.

They are horrified to realize that their well-brought-up daughters may lose some of their moral principles when dates keep bottles in parked cars.

Because of all this, they know that they must act protectively. Alarmed, some feel that they must maintain stricter discipline. They try to explain the hazards, then issue orders and threaten dire punishments, while attempting watchdog surveillance.

Others, fearing secret rebellion, decide that they must help by teaching their teen-agers to drink. They want to meet what they feel is an inevitable situation with know-how, through a training course at home.

But the best answers to "how parents can and should help" come from teen-agers themselves. They know their own difficulties. They see where their parents have failed them. They explain when, where, what, how, and why teen-agers drink today.

WHEN Does Teen-Age Drinking Begin?

Since most teen-agers move with their chosen group and adopt its habits, the age at which the question arises depends upon the "fastness" of the group involved. "Some kids start in at sixteen. Others don't drink till they're seniors in high school. It just depends upon the gang you run with."

Others add:

"Some kids have an occasional drink at home, maybe at some sort of family celebration. This doesn't mean much to most of us. We can take it or leave it there. It's when we're with our own crowd that we feel we have

to be part of the group. That's when we're tempted to show off. Then, one drink leads to another."

"Usually, parents have no idea that drinking has even touched our lives. If and when they find out, they have all kinds of reactions. But most of them are just plain surprised."

"Or they are shocked. Then they may be furious, worried, or understanding. Of course, they don't like it."

WHERE Do Teen-Agers Drink?

Boys usually drink more and earlier than girls. They begin at stag or fraternity parties, or when a few are out in a car. Then they may include the girls, on dates, and at parties when there are no parents present.

"Where do we get it? Oh, there are always some of the older kids who can buy it, legally. Some sneak a bottle from home. And lots of times the boys raid the family bars and refrigerators, and empty the decanters in the homes where parties are held."

"Most of us can't afford to spend much money on liquor. We find it's cheaper to buy a few bottles and drink among friends, than to go 'out on the town.' We keep it in our cars, hide it in coat pockets."

WHAT Do Teen-Agers Drink?

Beer is the favorite. It's cheaper, milder, and easier to purchase. The youngsters who drink are aware of their limitations, and while they wish to appear sophisticated and unrestrained, they don't want to "fall flat on their faces."

Note.—This exclusive *Listen* feature is based on a survey which was touched off by startling revelations of the extent of drinking among teen-agers. The survey included hundreds of students in parochial and public high schools in the Washington, D.C., area and neighboring communities of Maryland and Virginia. Information was obtained from questionnaires, discussion groups, and TV programs.

Words that

Lift

B. COURSIN BLACK

WORDS are never idle, indifferent, or casual, though they may be so used by the thoughtless. We sometimes forget that words themselves are things. Words are actions that profoundly affect those who speak them as well as those to whom they are directed. Thoughts are cloaked in the garb of invisibility; words become manifest.

There is praise. Words of sincere, merited praise have wings. By praise we are inspired and lifted out of our everyday selves into the realm of the limitless. Praise is the shaft of sunlight that pierces the gloom of discouragement, the recognition of our higher potential that by some magic adds to our powers and abilities. Praise is dual; it does strange and wonderful things to the person who utters it, and works alchemy in the minds of those who receive it.

The word of praise is more than mere recognition, appreciation. When we praise a kindness rendered, an extra effort made, a good intention, a struggle well carried forward, a new purchase, a good dinner, or even a battle that may have ended in defeat, we are really using extrasensory perception! We have glimpsed truth back of the mask, penetrated beneath the outward into the real self, and showed awareness of the human spirit that motivated the act.

Sometimes praise may be embarrassing, even humiliating. It may be resented, if it is given perfunctorily, superficially. Some psychic core that dwells in each of us knows honesty and recognizes hypocrisy or sham. Completely sincere appreciation brings totally different response from what casual politeness does.

When we genuinely praise another we are reflecting a quality of our own thinking and feeling. We are seeing with a third eye. Before we may ever utter a feeling, we must experience it; and before we may express appreciation, we must know the thrill, the glow, of having felt something clean and fine and true and real in the person before us. We have noted that person's motives, analyzed his efforts, understood his real aims. And whether or not these succeeded, we have known a cool wind sweep through us from the far stars, as we admired courage, or honesty, or unselfishness; and we spontaneously utter these things in words we know as praise. For each of us the world is ever a little better because we felt these things and spoke them.

(Turn to page 34.)

However, if they are trying to impress their contemporaries, or make some occasion seem like a "big deal," they often feel they should choose something stronger.

Many of them report that they are offered unfamiliar drinks in the homes of friends. Other parents feel that they should be hospitable, and pay this compliment to their growing maturity. At this time a jovial father or an oversympathetic mother may say, "Have a 'gin and—'? I'll make it light, almost like a lemonade." Or, "Just a little Scotch and water? That's the least harmful of the lot." Or, "How about a beer? That can't hurt you."

Actually, the youngsters are not flattered by this kind of would-be comradeship. They resent being put on the spot by someone's parents. "It's bad enough when you have to try to resist your friends." And they never like adults to treat them as contemporaries. "It's kind of embarrassing when parents act our age or pretend that we're their age."

HOW Do They Drink?

According to the boys, many seem to dive into drinking, becoming heavy drinkers at an early age. The boys think that about 25 per cent in high school don't drink at all, but about 50 per cent may have about one mild spree per week. "They don't get 'stoned,' just a few beers."

When they begin, they realize that they "don't know their capacity." They are cautious, and experiment only on weekends.

"Most of us don't really get drunk, nor do we want to. But we do learn to enjoy it."

"The next stage is when it becomes a kind of competitive sport, 'he-man' stuff, when there's just a bunch of boys together."

"And then, when they really get a taste for it, you'll find that certain crowds 'chug-a-lug' whenever they get the chance. Chug-a-lug? Oh, that's just tossing it down as fast as you can take it, drinking for its own sake."

The girls say that they usually start among themselves, too. Perhaps some adventurous lass will suggest a bit of tasting and tipping at a sorority meeting if things are getting dull. At a slumber party, it may seem gay and different to try something more adult than the usual soft drinks. Or someone may "spike the punch."

Once they have had a few "with the girls," they may feel daring enough to have a drink on a date. Usually they hesitate to drink in "mixed company." While they feel that they must "put up" with a boy's drinking, in moderation, they have to be urged to "take a beer, oh, come on."

Boys have compunctions, too.

"We usually watch it on dates. Most boys feel kind of guilty drinking in front of girls, so there isn't much drinking with them."

"Actually, boys don't particularly like to see girls drink, either. I won't say you lose your respect for a girl if she takes a drink. But if she orders a soft drink, more power to her."

The school athletes order soft drinks, too, when they're in training. These rules are carefully followed during the special season of each boy's chosen sport. All of them recognize the underlying reasons for these regulations.

"However, you'll often find that the athletes are the heaviest drinkers of all, when they're not in training. They're supposed to be 'strong men,' so they feel they have to prove it by holding their liquor well."

WHY Do Teen-Agers Drink?

In many cases they use the same excuses as adults, since one primary cause is that they wish to feel adult.

"We drink to blow off steam."

"We drink for some excitement, a momentary thrill."

"We drink because we want to see what it's like, to see if we can handle it. We're curious."

"We drink because we're forced to. If we want to be part of our group, we have to yield to that group's pressure. Even though we know our parents may oppose it, we have to go along with our friends."

Many of the girls explain, "We take a drink because it makes us feel 'smart.' You know all that glamorous advertising? Pictures in magazines and on TV of a slightly older crowd having a perfectly wonderful time in a nice way? They all look so gay, and yet right and proper. They seem to be everything we want to be. And they're all sipping away, quite happily."

Check-Off List for Parents

1. Establish family drinking attitude and code.
2. Explain in detail the physical effects of drinking.
3. Define psychological effects fully.
4. Point out moral complications.
5. Show social pitfalls in social drinking.
6. Provide a friendly atmosphere for discussion of the problem.
7. Develop poise and self-reliance in youth as resistance to pressure to drink.
8. Suggest conversational aids for refusals to accept drinks.
9. Encourage increased alcohol education in schools.
10. Be a good example—on the right side.
11. Teach how not to drink.

One adds, "Maybe we shouldn't be taken in, but it sure looks good."

Another says, "It gives you something to do, keeps your hands busy at a party, and kind of puts you at ease."

HOW Do Parents React to Drinking?

According to the teen-agers surveyed, most parents "shy away from an answer." They seem to feel that if they avoid the subject, and let it "wait until you're twenty-one," they will also avoid the situation. Many of

them succeed in closing their eyes conveniently, but they are no help to their almost-grown-up children, who must make their decisions independently.

Another group of parents delivers a flat, "No, you are not to take a drink. There's nothing to discuss. You're just not to do it." This group becomes very angry if they discover that group pressure has overcome parental authority, and the resulting arguments, punishments, and disagreements may cause a serious break in family relationships.

A third group feel that they should avoid trouble by "meeting it halfway." They make a point of serving drinks to sons and daughters at adult parties. They may invite them to join the family cocktail hour before dinner. They may indoctrinate them in the selection of wines and liquors, and not only tell but show them the varying strengths and effects of different cocktails and highballs. They become quite pally, teaching their youngsters how to make a choice in liquors, but really giving them no chance to refuse that choice.

WHAT Parental Attitude Do Teen-Agers Prefer?

In drinking, as in all other problems, teen-agers really want firm guidance. This does not mean dictatorship, but it implies an earnest effort to understand and face situations together.

To tell them, "No, you must not take a drink," is not always enough. In fact, it is often a waste of breath, an invitation to flout parental authority. "I can't say, 'My parents don't want me to drink.' That's not enough. It sounds childish, weak, dull."

"Most kids at our age feel we've got to break away from our parents and make our own decisions. However, if our parents would give us advice that we could pass along as our own thinking, we could really use it."

Minority Welcomes Drinking Instruction

A few of the questioned teen-agers feel that they would welcome drinking instruction at home. "That way, you get a feeling of what it's like, and you'll know how much to take when you're away from home."

"You can read about or talk about the pitfalls of drinking, but that's an academic approach. You need some real sampling. You can learn what your reactions will be only through experience, and it's good to get that at home."

"I think it's good to get this drinking preparation at home, but I'll admit you'll be more prone to drink away from home, because you'll feel so sure about yourself. You'll probably drink sooner and drink more, if you think you know how."

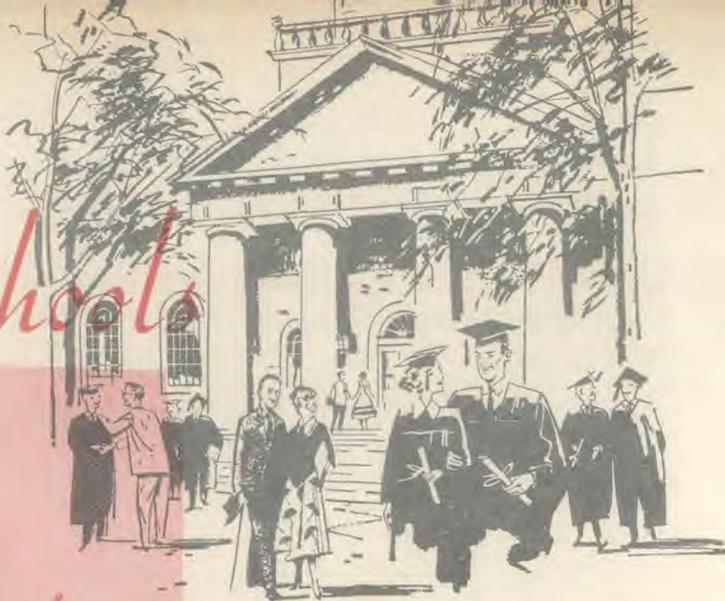
Majority Seeks Nondrinking Support

The majority of students interviewed feel that parents should firmly "steer their children away from drinking." They say that they must begin early, before a crisis occurs. They should approach the problem from two angles: education about alcohol and its relation to body and mind, and the establishment of a friendly atmosphere in which general and personal aspects can be discussed at any time.

"Parents should let you know they're always ready to talk anything over

(Turn to page 34.)

Illinois Schools Face Up to the Alcohol Problem



GEORGE T. WILKINS

If 350,000 of the citizens of Illinois—or of any other state—were to be stricken with any one of a hundred different diseases, the state and Federal governments would instantly declare an emergency, directing all their medical resources toward stamping out the plague.

We have been made acutely aware of the dangers of polio, cancer, cerebral palsy, and heart and mental diseases. We have spent millions of dollars for the treatment of tuberculosis and mental illness and for vaccines for many types of ailments, and are still spending vast amounts in public and private laboratories in the search for the cause and cure of cancer. But, for the most part, we have ignored alcoholism, which spreads like a cancerous growth through our society. Many medical experts today look upon alcoholism as a disease; and, they point out, whether acute or chronic, it assumes a pattern which gives it clinical identity. And there are more than 350,000 alcoholics in the State of Illinois—175,000 of them in Chicago alone. This represents about 4 or 5 per cent of the total population.

While statistics are always subject to margins of error, and reports on the prevalence of alcoholism are at best sketchy and partial, it is undeniable that there are at least 4,500,000 alcoholics in the United States. This is more than the population of many of the states. It is literally an army of alcoholics.

Considerable progress has been made in treating mental and physical illness, but alcoholism, which destroys not only the body but also the mind, the family, the morals, and the spiritual values, is increasing with fearful rapidity. Between 1940 and 1953, statistics from the Illinois Commission on Alcoholism show, the rate of alcoholism in Illinois per 100,000 adults increased by 38

per cent; in the United States as a whole by 44 per cent. It is no comfort to us that the Illinois rate of increase ranks below Indiana (67 per cent), Michigan (41 per cent), and Ohio (48 per cent).

Studies show that 27 per cent of those admitted to Illinois mental hospitals in 1955 were alcoholics, and that the alcoholic patients cost the state more than \$2,000,000 per year.

It has been estimated that as high as 33 per cent of all public-welfare relief cases, which are a burden on the state, are due, in varying degrees, to alcoholism in the families.

Officials of our state and county hospitals are unanimous in their agreement that alcoholism is a factor in many of the tuberculosis patients who come to public institutions for treatment.

The greater tragedy, however, lies in the fact that for every alcoholic, or every drug addict, there are on the average three or four other persons—husband or wife or children—who are suffering agonizing emotional upsets, deprivation, malnutrition, and lack of proper shelter because the family earnings are poured into alcohol or drugs.

In Chicago more than 70 per cent of all police calls involving robbery, violence, homicide, and public disturbances are directly or indirectly traceable to use of liquor or narcotics. Besides this, there are the broken homes, the suicides, and the ghastly effects on children.

In my thirty-five years as a schoolteacher and school administrator, I have had many hundreds of students who displayed chronic tensions, emotional insecurities, inability to concentrate on studies, inability to organize their activities, unwillingness to co-operate with fellow

students. They were—as the term has it—disoriented, becoming victims of a force outside the school and outside themselves.

That force was liquor. In a tragic number of cases, it was shown on investigation that these boys and girls were suffering intense emotional upsets because of drunkenness in the home, with all of its attendant inhumanities—quarreling, violence, bedlam, poverty, and illness.

As a teacher, I have met such conditions many times. They were not only tragic—they were disasters in that they blighted the lives of youngsters who otherwise were full of bright promise. I am confident that there are few veteran school principals and teachers in any large population area who have not experienced the conditions I describe. In a survey taken in Illinois several years ago by the Commission on Alcoholism, 73 per cent of school superintendents reported the need for more literature and training in the effects of alcohol. They also reported that 60 per cent of the students who had discussed with them drinking in their homes, stated that their own adjustments were disturbed by parental behavior.

To fail these students in their classwork because of their poor performance in their studies serves only to victimize them further. It is simply unfair to allow them to suffer the full consequences of their inability to maintain passing grades, which stems not from their lack of intelligence but from the chaos, instability, and insecurity in the homes. They are carrying terrible burdens. Most of them are struggling to advance themselves, but they are helpless victims of conditions they do not understand. To fail them is to punish helplessness itself.

The primary objective of our school system is to produce a good society, a society balanced in its accomplishments and needs, educated and forward-looking, emotionally stable, moral, endowed with deep spiritual values, capable in all ways of meeting the tests and the problems of the future. If our schools are the hope of the future, and I believe they are, then we who administer them must meet this problem of alcoholism in society.



*George T. Wilkins
Superintendent of
Public Instruction
State of Illinois*

Otherwise, we are cheating the students. We must meet it head-on, because halfhearted measures will not be enough. If we shirk the job, we are cheating society.

Through its Commission on Alcoholism, Illinois is endeavoring to assist and advance the programs of research, education, and treatment undertaken by local units of government and many private agencies. The Chicago Alcoholic Treatment Center, established by Mayor Richard J. Daley as the first such municipally supported institution in the country, is advancing its program of research and treatment within the limits of its modest budget.

The enormous efforts of Alcoholics Anonymous are beyond any praise, but these efforts are not enough. There must be a far greater effort if we are to control alcoholism. The public and private agencies are not equipped with staffs, funds, or techniques adequate to carry out the vast program of general education that is essential. Moreover, most of their immediate efforts are concentrated on the *treatment* of alcoholism after it has taken hold on the person, not its *prevention*.

If the boys and girls of America are to be educated in the facts of alcohol's effects on the human mind, the human body, the family, and society generally, then the schools will have to take on that job. No other agency of government is equipped or trained to carry out such an educational program. Under Illinois law we have authority to carry it out.

We propose to use that authority. We are not "declaring war" on taverns and night clubs, but we intend to teach the facts. Every boy and girl must understand exactly what is involved in accepting alcohol as a beverage. If the facts are taught, fairly and adequately, for a period of years, then we confidently hope to see a decrease, and ultimately a reversal, of the present and continuing increase in alcoholism. Youngsters must be taught how to deal with this problem when they meet it. They must understand the potentially disastrous effects of alcohol upon its user.

To do our job, we teachers must better educate ourselves in the characteristics of alcoholism. We have to learn, vicariously, what many members of AA have learned from bitter personal experience.

Presently the alcoholic is a social outcast, unwanted and considerably at war with society. He is not wanted in industry, business, or most of the professions. He is the "untouchable" of our casteless business and social organization. Through education and advance studies, we must recast our thinking toward these unfortunates, just as we have recast our thinking toward the mentally ill and no longer regard them as lunatics. We must realize that the alcoholic is the product of (1) highly complex forces of fear, turmoil, and instability both within and without himself, which no psychiatrist has yet been able to pinpoint or to analyze completely; (2) lack of education in the real nature of alcohol; (3) inadequate foreknowledge of the disastrous effects produced by uncontrolled use of alcohol; (4) inability of the medical profession to find a solution to this social problem.

Under these conditions, the only sensible course is to turn to *prevention*—through the processes of education.

As superintendent of public (Turn to page 29.)

1. Joseph Levine, chemist in the Division of Pharmaceutical Chemistry of the Food and Drug Administration, tests a dextroamphetamine tablet on an apparatus known as the "artificial stomach." This was devised to test the rate at which drugs are dissolved in the stomach and intestinal tract. When the drug is placed in the "digestive tube" of the apparatus, the chemist will chart the release rate of the principal drug ingredients at regular intervals by analyzing samples of fluids taken from the "stomach."

2. The fact that specific drug ingredients dissolve much better in certain liquids than in others enables the chemist to use solvents to separate, identify, and measure amounts of active ingredients in a drug. Thus all components can be easily ascertained.

3. Another test that a drug may undergo is called paper chromatography. Chemist Frieda Kunze places droplets of a sample solution at bottom of paper. When the paper is rolled and placed in a solvent at bottom of cylinder (center, right), the sample drug moves up the paper. The pattern made can then be treated chemically.

4. To develop the picture of chromatogram, Chemist Kunze sprays paper with reagent. This produces colors and brings out the position of the drug on the paper. Should the unknown drug produce a spot of color at the same height as a known standard drug, the unknown can be identified.

5. The ability of a drug to absorb ultraviolet light (its ultraviolet absorption spectrum) is an identifying characteristic, and can be compared with the spectrum of known substances to give positive identification. Here, Helen Sultanowski uses the ultraviolet spectrophotometer on the dextroamphetamine tablet.



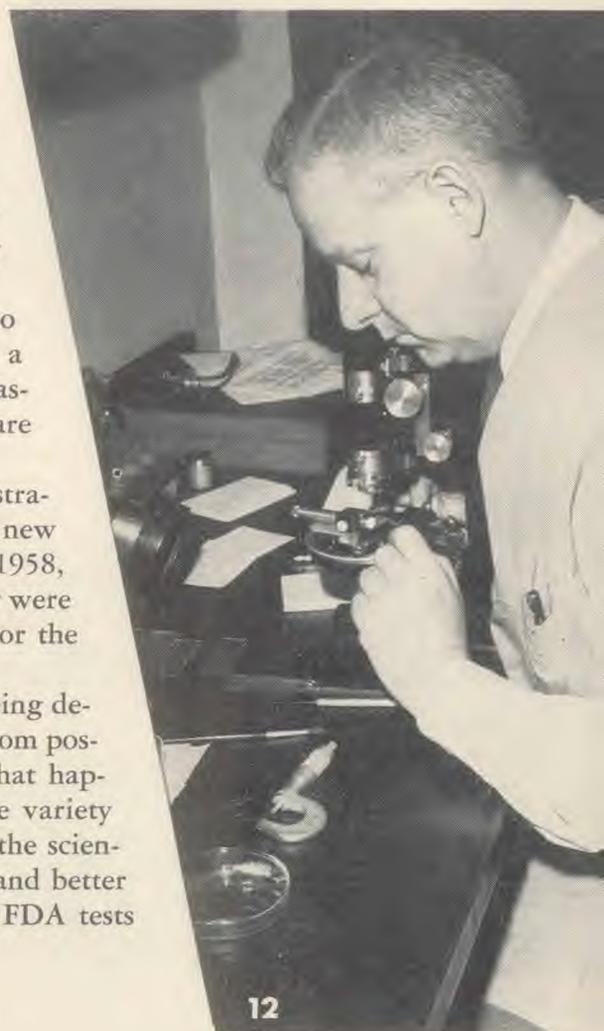
Guardians of the

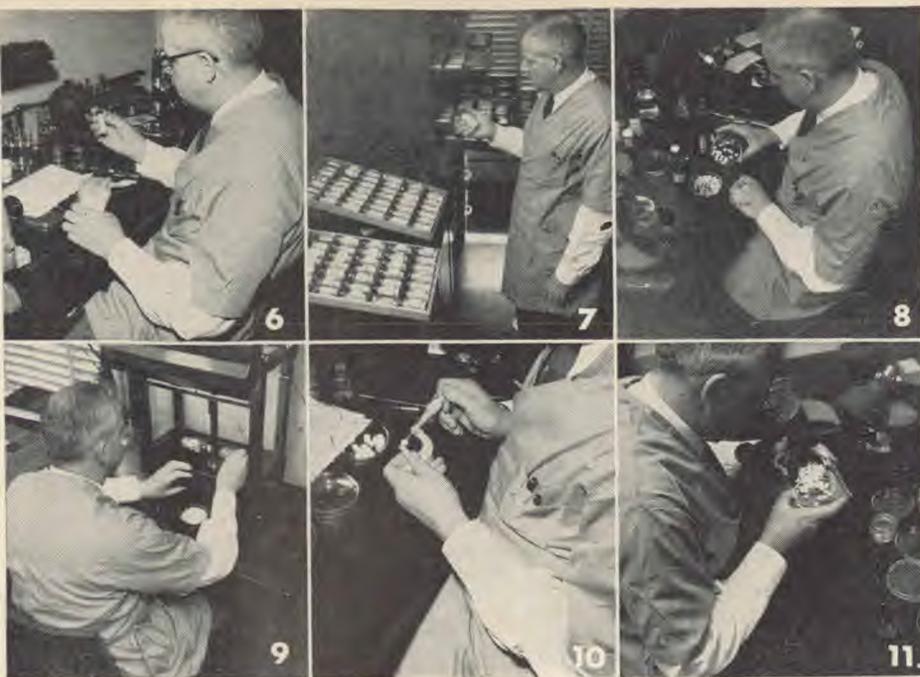
To protect millions of Americans who are taking an increasing variety of drugs from barbiturates to stimulants is the work of scientists at the Washington, D.C., laboratories of the Food and Drug Administration. The main function of one of these laboratories, the Division of Pharmaceutical Chemistry, is to evaluate drugs and to identify them.

Much attention is given to new drugs, but the labs also keep a close check on all drugs on the market. Whenever a drug, new or old or unknown, is put under scrutiny, every aspect of its manufacture and every one of its ingredients are painstakingly investigated.

So tough are the standards of the Food and Drug Administration that of more than 11,500 applications for the sale of new drugs considered by the Administration between 1938 and 1958, only 8,000 were passed as safe for marketing. The remainder were rejected, or withdrawn by the applicant for further testing or the development of safer new products.

Now, as more and more useful and powerful drugs are being developed, it becomes imperative that the public be protected from possible harmful effects or impurities. These pictures show what happens when a tablet goes through the labs of the FDA. The variety and exhaustiveness of the tests it receives are extensive, but the scientists are always working toward the development of newer and better testing methods. Drugs found defective in composition by FDA tests are removed from the market by Federal court seizure.





6. Dr. Albert H. Tillson, microanalyst, checks on official drug sample from a container sealed by a Food and Drug inspector and identified by him as a product from a particular dealer.

7. What happens when a person dies from an overdose of tablets from an unlabeled bottle? What were the tablets? Were they legally sold? This FDA drug detective begins his investigation by making a comparison by eye of the unknown with authentic samples from this "library" of known brands. Size, shape, color, and die markings are the "fingerprints" of the drug.

8. Another test given to an unknown drug is the comparison of authentic samples of the drug manufacturer's product and of the unknown placed in separate dishes for visual examination.

9. The FDA scientist determines the weights of tablets under scrutiny. The analytical balance he is using is accurate to 1/300,000 of an ounce.

10. With micrometer, he measures exact dimensions of tablet that is being investigated. He is doing this to the dextroamphetamine tablet as part of his check.

11. Distinctive scratches and marks are left by the punch press used to make each drug manufacturer's tablets. These punch marks identify the punch press as surely as marks made on a bullet by the rifling of a gun. Here the drug expert compares tablets under a sixty-power microscope.

12. Crystalline structures of known and unknown tablets can be compared under this 210-power polarizing microscope. This is a test made after punch marks are seen, and what had been the unknown can now be scientifically identified as the product of a particular manufacturer.

Drug Market

PICTURE FEATURE

DID YOU KNOW THAT...



► **THE SAFETY** of all *new* drugs must be proved to Food and Drug Administration scientists before marketing?

► **IT IS ILLEGAL** to advertise a drug for a particular disease unless the disease is named on the label and unless the drug is an effective treatment for that disease when used according to directions?

► **AT LEAST** 50 per cent of the drugs sold today were unknown fifteen years ago?

► **A PRESCRIPTION** for a dangerous drug is like a check—an order for a specific quantity—and hence may not legally be refilled without your doctor's permission?

► **"SLEEPING PILLS"** cause many needless deaths each year because people forget how dangerous they are? Your druggist is not permitted to refill your prescription without specific orders from your doctor.

► **A NEW CHEMICAL** proposed for food use may have to be tested two years or more on animals before its safety can be assured?

► **A FRESH FRUIT** or vegetable bearing an injurious amount of spray residue is illegal? Safe tolerances (or limits) for pesticide residues are set by the FDA.

► **FOOD PACKAGES** must be free of any materials which will make the food injurious to health?

► **A FOOD IS ILLEGAL** if inferiority or damage has been concealed, or if it has been made to appear better or of greater value than it is?

► **CANDY CONTAINING** an alcoholic beverage is illegal?

► **UNDER STANDARDS** of quality set by the FDA, canned tomatoes that are not red enough, or canned peas that are overmature, or canned peaches that are broken and discolored must be boldly labeled to show that they are below standard in quality?

► **THE LABEL** of a vitamin product is required to state the quantity of each vitamin present, in terms of the minimum amount you need each day?

The Olympics



▲ Man flying down slope on skis is symbol of the Winter Olympics, the first such event in the United States since 1932.

Olympic Village, \$20,000,000 site of the Eighth Winter Olympic Games, Squaw Valley, California, was built to house 1,200 athletes and officials during the games. ▼

"The most important thing in the Olympic Games is not to win but to take part. The important thing in life is not the triumph but the struggle. The essential thing is not to have conquered, but to have fought well."—Baron Pierre de Coubertin, of France, originator of the modern Olympic Games.



Eddie Rudolph, Jr.

▼ National indoor skating champion, 1958, 1959; National outdoor champion, 1959; North American champion, 1957; Illinois State champion, 1958, 1959; Silver Skates Winner for the past three years.

"I do not believe anyone who uses tobacco or alcohol could ever be a great athlete. If one is sincere and truly loves a sport, he will train hard and stick to it; he will have faith and be grateful to God for a clean mind and a healthy body."





more than mere sport

Since the first modern Olympic Games were held in Athens in 1896, the building of friendship between nations has been a strong factor in this great world event. Says President Eisenhower, "The Olympic Games, bringing together athletes from many continents, encourage higher standards in the field of sports, and, in a larger sense, contribute to better understanding among peoples of the world. For the same spirit of fair play which exists in international athletic contests can, when applied to human relations, bring members of the human family closer to the eternal goal of a true and just peace."



Willis S. (Billy) Olson
 National Class A ski champion, 1958; National Class B champion, 1949; National Class C champion, 1948; has jumped 393 feet, 93 feet more than the full length of a football field.

"I would do neither of these things [smoke or drink] even if I were not a ski jumper. I simply have not begun to indulge in such habits. I find no pleasure in them, for I am too busy enjoying life."

Adolph M. Kuss, Jr.

Winner, Far East Slalom and Cross Country event, 1954; second-place winner in National Cross Country event, 1952; director of recreation, City of Durango, Colorado.

"As Americans and individuals we must set an uncompromising way of life that excludes the use of alcohol and tobacco. We must strive for a way of life that will bring us to the peak of physical, mental, and spiritual perfection."

Adolph M. Kuss Jr.



Ross Zucco

Fifth-place winner, European International 5,000-meter skating race, 1958; in 10,000 meter Olympic qualifying race had second fastest time; has been skating only six years.

"I strongly believe that any athlete who wishes to rise to the top in any sport should not smoke or drink. I believe being a champion in any sport requires hard, devoted training and good living habits."

Ross Zucco



Roland Carlson

Top point scorer in speed skating in senior men's division, Minnesota, 1959; winner of 440-yard race, North American Championships, 1959; holder of the 220-yard record, senior men's division, Minnesota, 1959.

"I feel that anyone who indulges in smoking and drinking is advertising a weakness in his character. I don't think anyone who indulges in these things can be considered an athlete."

Roland Carlson



Jon Elliott

Seventeen years of age, competitor in four-way skiing for ten years, jumped 284 feet on Graham Jump at Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

"An athlete's success can depend greatly on his living habits. A ski jumper doesn't have to be a toughened individual, but he needs exceptional speed and timing. Nerves deadened by nicotine and a brain clogged with alcohol slow all the body's reactions."

Jon Elliott



Dick Taylor

Captain of Dartmouth College Ski Team, 1958-59; seventh in North American Nordic Combined Events at 1959 Olympic tryouts.

"The extra load of body stress from alcohol or tobacco will rob the athlete of the recovery time he needs after a workout. A man cannot help going downhill by including smoking and drinking in his schedule."

Dick Taylor



Eleanor Bennett

Started skiing at age of six; Montana State champion, 1956, 1957; Northern Rocky Mountain Ski Championship winner, 1958, 1959; winner of slalom, downhill, and combined events at 1959 Belmont Invitational; American Regional junior champion, 1959.

"I take my sports seriously. I have never felt any desire to drink or smoke, but I have seen a lot of good athletes ruined by alcohol and tobacco."

Eleanor Bennett



Olympic Village, deserted after the games, is to be used by the public as a winter sports area.





J. Marion Roynon, chairman of the People's Committee, in the victorious La Verne drive.

J. Onis Leonard, assistant to the president of La Verne College and director of public relations, had a key role in planning campaign strategy to keep the college's campus area dry.



The beautiful W.I.T. Hoover Memorial Library building with Studebaker Hall, the women's residence, at left rear.

The La Verne Story

WHAT can a community do to protect its young people from the delinquency-breeding, morally corrupting situation created by more and more liquor bars being located near schools and college campuses? In California, where this problem has been a source of growing parental concern for several years, a key may have been found. La Verne, a small college city some thirty miles northeast of Los Angeles, has shown the way.

There, through well-organized and concerted action, an aroused citizenry has given the powerful liquor industry a significant defeat which may have far-reaching effect. For the industry, which has been striving by every lobbying and legislative device to extend its tentacles into all the residential areas of the state, this is a major setback.

The La Verne story began in 1957. A large chain market concern, the Market Wholesale Grocery Company, with headquarters in Los Angeles, established a branch retail store at 2125 Fourth Street, a busy downtown location next door to La Verne's oldest and largest church, the Church of the Brethren. Also the store was only a short two blocks from La Verne College, a rapidly growing, sixty-year-old institution sponsored by the Church of the Brethren.

Liquor dealers had been eyeing the vicinity eagerly for some time, surveys having shown that La Verne was one of the few dry areas left in the state. Knowing this, officials of the grocery chain, H. K. Chamboss, president of the firm, H. E. Moore, vice-president in charge of operations, and Harry Brodine, local manager, decided

to "crack" the community by getting a license to sell alcoholic beverages.

Their first application for a license was denied, after Rev. Galen B. Ogden, who was then pastor of the next-door Church of the Brethren, and members of the church expressed vigorous opposition. But the market operators did not give up. Convinced that a liquor license for the store would bring them big returns, they quickly filed a second application.

What if a few Brethren had objected? That was to be expected. There were many new residents of the city who were not Brethren, and among them the market men were certain they would find many thirsty customers. For although La Verne had been founded by church people and had once been known as "Lordsburg," the operators felt that the community had outgrown the religious pattern of its founders. In a short time the community would drop its opposition, the market operators believed, and give in, as so many other California cities had done in recent years.

The State Alcoholic Beverage Control Board set December 6, 1957, as the date for a public hearing on the second application. It was to be held in the city hall.

Notice of the meeting came as a shock to many Christian people in the community. They had assumed that the battle had been won when the first application was denied. Now they began to realize that they had a real fight on their hands, and that California's politically powerful liquor industry did not quit with the first knockdown.

PATTERN

for Community



William L. Roper

Action

Dr. Harold D. Fasnacht, president of La Verne College, and church leaders were among the first to realize the seriousness of the challenge. At their first meeting in the study of Dr. Elias D. White, pastor of the First Brethren Church of La Verne, J. Marion Roynon was named chairman of a committee to begin planning resistance to the liquor encroachment.

There was sound reasoning behind Roynon's choice. For thirty-one years he had been superintendent of the schools. In this long experience with the city's school system, he had established warm and friendly contacts with local churches and civic groups. And having recently retired from this post, he had enough leisure to do the needed contact and organizational work.

A modest, friendly man and the father of six grown daughters, Roynon immediately got busy in enlisting the aid of other Protestant churches, and civic and temperance groups. The Lions Club, the only service club in the city, joined Roynon's team, and the local Baptist and Methodist churches sent representatives to Roynon's strategy meetings, pledging assistance.

When the public hearing was held in the La Verne City Hall on December 6, 1957, the auditorium was filled with sober-faced, determined people. The men who met to plan the famous Boston Tea Party, or the minutemen who defied an invading army at Lexington, were probably no more serious. They had assembled to defend their home city, La Verne, one of the last clean, dry cities of California, against invasion.

At the hearing, however, the people were given to un-

derstand that the decision of the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board would not be influenced by their wishes, but strictly in accordance with state law—and the law clearly favored the applicants seeking the liquor license. Even La Verne's city attorney, Morgan W. Lowery, explained that under the California law the old right of local option no longer existed, and that the A.B.C. Board could only follow the law.

So the decision of the Board on December 23, 1957, reversing its prior decision and granting the store operators' application for a liquor-selling license, was not too great a surprise to many of La Verne's citizens. At that point, several of those fighting the license were discouraged and ready to quit.

"We cannot fight our own state government," some said. "We're licked. How can we hope to prevent the store from getting a liquor license, when hundreds of protesting communities have had them thrust upon them?"

Checking California's recent history, there was justification for the gloom. For years the state legislature had been dominated by a powerful liquor lobby, headed by the shrewd lobbyist, Artie Samish, who had boasted that he was more powerful than the governor.

During the years of Samish's reign, before he was finally deposed and sent to jail for Federal income-tax violations, he had maintained campaign machines in both northern and southern California. These were for the purpose of electing pliable candidates to the state legislature, men

(Turn to page 31.)

PSYCHIATRISTS are primarily interested in the phenomena of human behavior, both normal and abnormal, in why people do the things they do, feel the way they feel, and think the way they think.

Early in the development of psychiatry—it hasn't been many years ago—psychiatrists were interested only in the classification of mental diseases. Cataloguing patients was their main interest and occupied the major part of their time. Once they had classified their patient and put him in the proper pigeonhole, they thought they had accomplished their purpose, and had a sense of satisfaction. That approach to psychiatry, however, was an incomplete one. It offered nothing from the standpoint of treatment, and psychiatry in that phase attracted very few good doctors.

Then a relatively few years ago we emerged into what we could call the era of dynamic psychiatry, which is

There is no better way to lay down a few major concepts than to discuss the theoretical point of view of the "anatomy" of the personality.

One of the fundamental subjects for a young medical student is anatomy. I will never forget my first year in medicine, because of the emphasis on anatomy. This, to me, was a trying experience. So, as students in the study of alcoholism we will also turn to anatomy; but this time to a theoretical concept of the personality. The mind is divided into three anatomical parts. The first is the *ego*, or the conscious part of the mind; at least, consciousness resides in the ego. The second part of the mind, partly conscious and partly unconscious, is called the *superego*, or the conscience. The third part of the mind is known as the *id*, or the unconscious.

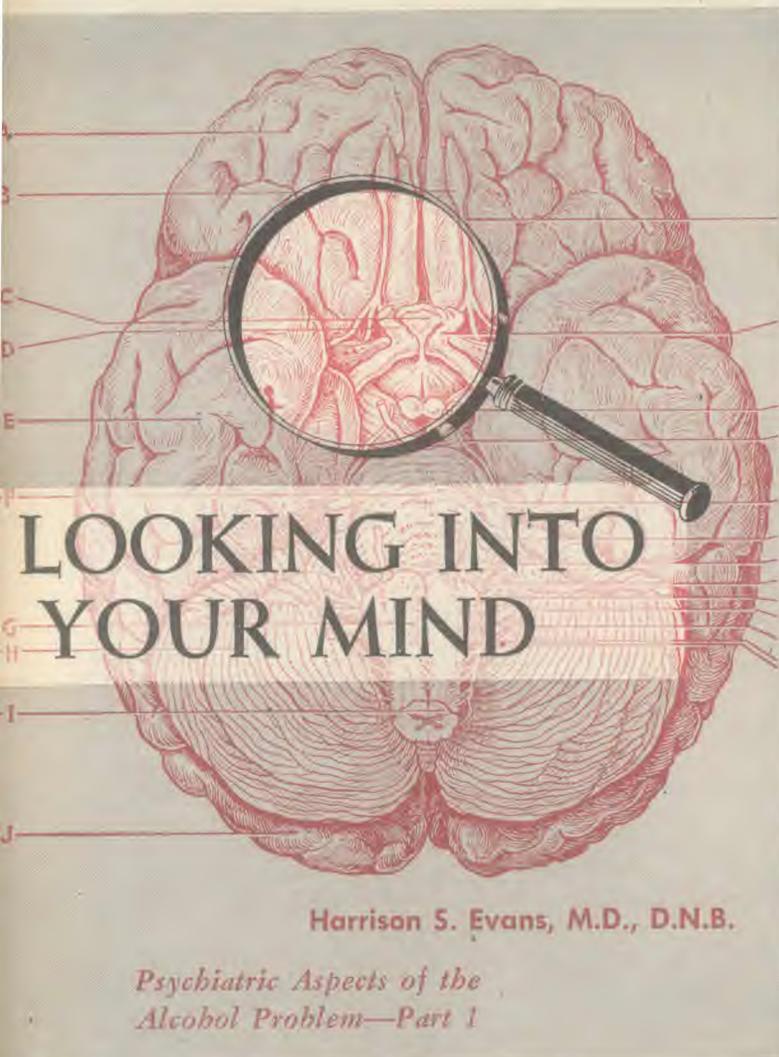
When we consider the mind from its anatomical parts, we learn that these various parts can develop conflicts among themselves. Incidentally, conflict of one sort or another in many instances is directly related to the use of alcohol or drugs.

First, let us look at these various parts of the mind, find out what their function is, and see how they might come in conflict with one another.

The ego is the result of our life experiences, the organized part of our mind functioning as the executive organ. It synthesizes various experiences, exercises judgment, makes choices, and helps one to find adequate satisfactions. So, the ego really has a good-sized job. The strength or the weakness of the ego determines how well adjusted an individual is.

We think of the *id*, or unconscious part of the mind, as a reservoir in which two main things reside: (1) Innate bodily forces, or drives, or instincts, serving to animate the body and give the basic energy that propels a person along life's road; (2) the experiences that we have had but have not retained in the ego, or the conscious part of the mind. Obviously, because none of us can retain within our immediate consciousness all the things that have happened to us from infancy on, those things filter into the unconscious. Some of them can be recalled; some of them are almost beyond recall. Sometimes with special techniques, such as injections of sodium amytal or sodium pentothal, or through hypnosis, things from the unconscious can be brought to consciousness that the individual ordinarily would not bring to consciousness. So we have a great deal of memory and experience in the unconscious that are not immediately available to the ego.

We can think of the *superego* as the judge, or the supreme court, of our personality. It carries the laws, and tells us what we can and cannot do. It has the function of criticizing the ego for what it does. It is in a sense like the United States Supreme Court which has the right to pass on the laws of Congress, or perhaps pass on some of the actions of the President. It has not only a prohibiting, censoring function but also to some extent an inspirational function. We speak of that as our ego ideal. We greatly admire or love certain people. They represent certain patterns of living which we have incorporated within our *superego*. Then we strive to live up to what those persons do, say, and live out before us. So the *superego* has a tugging as well as a whipping effect upon us. (Turn to page 28.)



concerned with the recognition and understanding of the underlying processes and forces that cause certain reactions and types of behavior in action, thinking, and feeling. Recognizing that alcoholism represents one type of behavior, and reviewing together briefly what we know about the dynamics of behavior, we can understand a little better this far-too-common and terribly destructive phenomenon.

by Bill Oliphant

Portrait of an American Mother



IVY BAKER PRIEST
HOMEMAKER AND PUBLIC SERVANT

and her . . .

ONE OF the most charming women in Washington, D.C., is the tall, gracious lady whose signature appears on the face of the nation's paper money—Mrs. Ivy Baker Priest, Treasurer of the United States. Utah-born Mrs. Priest not only is a hard-working public servant who has custody of all the money in the United States Treasury, but is also a successful homemaker whose three children are a testimony to her devotion as a mother. In fact, she was named the "Most Successful Homemaker of 1954," and "Mother-in-Law of 1959," both distinctive honors.

How can a high-ranking Government official whose duties include issuing a daily statement of the country's financial condition, receiving all money paid to the United States Government, issuing a large part of the paper currency, making speeches and public appearances throughout the country, and a multitude of additional duties, find time to be a successful homemaker?

"My family comes first," is Mrs. Priest's answer. "I have always found time to spend with my children and to give them the love and guidance they need."

Mrs. Priest has two daughters and a son. Pat, twenty-three, is married to Navy Commander Pierce A. Jensen; Nancy, eighteen, is a first-year student at Sullins College, Bristol, Virginia; and seventeen-year-old Roy attends Washington and Lee High School, Arlington, Virginia.

This busy woman, who has been active in civic and public life since 1934, feels that a child's early years are the most important from a training and character-building standpoint.

"A mother must begin early to teach rules of conduct to her children. A child needs discipline, and must learn to respect authority," she points out. She adds, however,

that "children are individuals and should be treated as such."

Mrs. Priest has taken time to teach all her children to become good cooks, including Roy. She followed the practice of giving each a specific responsibility in the home in order to teach self-reliance.

"Many times it would have been easier to do the work myself, rather than to let my children help me, but I felt they needed to learn to assume responsibility, and to know that someone was depending on them to fulfill that responsibility," she says.

Once Mrs. Priest spent an entire morning teaching her small son Roy how to put on his shoes. "It was worth it. He was so pleased over his accomplishment that he didn't want to take them off to go to bed that night," she commented with a smile.

An important principle Mrs. Priest has followed in rearing her family is that of consistency.

"Mean what you say, and always keep your word to a child," she says. "Throughout his life, a child will reap the consequences of the training his parents give him. You can't expect a child to be better than you are."

Mrs. Priest, a staunch Mormon, believes a parent must guide by example as well as by advice. In public life, as well as in private life, she has given her children an example of wholesome, healthful living they can safely follow. She neither smokes nor drinks, and her children have followed this example, as she has followed the example of her parents.

Mrs. Priest, who has shouldered her family responsibilities alone since the death of her husband, feels she has been sustained by an "inner fortification" composed of faith in God and a reliance on sound principles of living.



1)

Nancy Priest

Successful Junior Citizen



2)



3)

by Bill Oliphant

... teen-age daughter

AT EIGHTEEN, attractive, blond Nancy Priest typifies the modern, wholesome American teen-ager few people hear about in this age of the headline-grabbing juvenile delinquent. And like the majority of this nation's young people, blue-eyed Nancy looks confidently to the future, making careful preparation to fill a place of honor and usefulness when she steps into the adult world.

What is the role this teen-ager has decided will be hers when she reaches adulthood? "I want to establish a home and have six or seven kids," says Nancy, "but college must come first." She would like to combine homemaking with writing about food and nutrition to make a career which she thinks would "provide an outlet for all my talents and let me make a contribution to the betterment of my fellow men."

She is now enrolled at Sullins College, in the foothills near Bristol, Virginia, with some 350 other young women from approximately thirty states and foreign countries. Nancy, like most of her schoolmates, is a graduate of a public high school, and she excels in such practical courses as home economics and food and clothing, which she is taking along with required liberal arts

courses. Few of her classmates realize that this quiet, friendly girl who makes most of her own clothes is the daughter of the lady whose signature appears on all this nation's paper money—Ivy Baker Priest, Treasurer of the United States.

"Occasionally college friends will ask, 'Is your mother really Treasurer of the United States?' When I answer that she is, the next question is, 'Does she have lots of money?' Unfortunately, I must answer that she sees lots of money, but that very little of it is hers," says Nancy.

Nancy worked as a salesgirl in a Washington, D.C., department store during the past summer to earn part of her college tuition. And she keeps as careful an account of her small monthly allowance as her mother keeps of the billions in the nation's treasury.

Nancy Ellen Priest was born June 5, 1941, at Bountiful, Utah, near Salt Lake City. She grew up in a close-knit family where training in the Mormon faith was coupled with warmth and companionship from her father, a representative for a furniture company, and her mother, who was active in Utah civic affairs.

But no matter how busy Mrs.

Priest was with her own activities, she found time to be with her children, teaching them to shoulder responsibility within the family circle.

"I guess I've already washed a mountain of dishes, and maybe two mountains of clothes, in my life," smiles Nancy.

Mrs. Priest kept a close watch over her little family, even during the busiest of her activities as a member of the Utah State Republican National Committee and during several election campaigns in which she participated as a candidate. She took her children on trips whenever possible, and left them in the care of her mother or an aunt on other occasions.

On one trip the family had to spend Christmas in a hotel, and Nancy became greatly worried about Santa Claus.

"How will he know which room we are in?" she wanted to know.

"He can read, can't he?" her sister Pat proclaimed airily.

Mrs. Priest always made sure her children were in church each week, and Nancy today still attends faithfully, taking part in church activities.

"No matter where I go," she says,

- 1) Interior decorating is one of Nancy's hobbies.
- 2) Nancy entertains schoolmates in her room at Sullins College.
- 3) Break between classes offers chance to visit with friends.
- 4) Studious Nancy Priest does her homework faithfully.
- 5) Even the home-town newspaper is a welcome "letter from home."



5)

I want to establish a home, but . . .

College must come first.

"Is your mother really treasurer of the United States?"

I've already washed a mountain of dishes.

I always feel at home in church.

Naturally, I am concerned about the future.

I don't see how anyone who drinks could have a good time.

"I always feel at home when attending church."

Family problems in the Priest home were solved at a family conference, and this gave each member a voice in keeping the household running smoothly.

Nancy grew up "always wanting a horse and a sailboat" of her own, but she never got either. Nor has she ever owned an automobile, although she and her brother Roy once shared one jointly, earning the money for gasoline and repairs themselves.

When Mrs. Priest was named treasurer by President Eisenhower in 1952, the family home was transferred to Washington, and the children were again enrolled in public school. Nancy, her sister Pat, and Roy continued to do most of the family housekeeping, including the cooking. Nancy attended Washington and Lee High School in Arlington, where she was "an average student," who got A's in art and drama but was "not very good in math."

Now enrolled at Sullins College, which she chose because of its carefully planned small classes and high standards, Nancy Priest is a poised young lady whose warm smile has made her one of the most popular students on the campus. At Sullins,

which has a fine stable, she can now ride horses to her heart's content, and she can sail, swim, and water ski as much as she desires at beautiful South Holston Lake. Nancy also enjoys ballet at the college.

What is this modern teen-ager like, deep inside? What are her views on some of the problems faced by all teen-agers?

"Naturally, I am concerned about the future, but I don't worry about it," she says. She feels her faith in God will help her meet the problems of life successfully when they come. She thinks one of the greatest challenges to her as a young person is "finding a place in life and developing a set of values which will make adjustment to that place successful." She is also greatly concerned that what she does is "right" in the eyes of God and man.

She is "fascinated by people," and feels all people have something of real value to offer others through friendship. "I want to know and understand people," she says. Because of this, she would like someday to travel extensively in Europe and other parts of the world to meet people of other nations firsthand.

Nancy feels that a person who can stand out from (Turn to page 22.)



South Africa Organizes National Committee



Above: Organizing group of the South African National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism. Below: Dr. E. H. Cluver (left), president of the National Committee, and W. A. Scharffenberg, secretary, International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism.

Spearheading a new total-abstinence movement in South Africa, a National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism was organized in the Union of South Africa on Monday, September 14, 1959.

The Honorable W. Nicol, former administrator of the Transvaal Province, was elected as honorary president, and Dr. E. H. Cluver, director of the Institute of Medical Research, was elected president.

Other officers include Dr. L. Alberts, head of the physics department of University College of the Orange Free State at Bloemfontein, as vice-president; W. H. J. Badenhorst, executive secretary of the Temperance Society of South Africa, as executive secretary; Major O. M. Tannock, M.B.E., of the South African Airways, as treasurer; and S. P. Freeland, general secretary of the Christian Citizenship Department of the Methodist Church, as chairman of the Board of Directors of the Institute of Scientific Studies.

P. H. Coetzee, president of the Transvaal Conference and an alumnus of the Loma Linda Institute of Scientific Studies, was appointed director of the Institute.

Twenty-one persons were included in the charter membership list of the Committee. When fully set up, the group will consist of fifty prominent physicians, educators, clergymen, statesmen, judges, editors, temperance workers, social-welfare workers, businessmen, sports leaders, and professional men and women.

Following the organization of the Committee on September 14, a Board

of Directors was appointed to conduct the Institute of Scientific Studies. The date for the first session was fixed for January, 1961.

The Institute is to be conducted on a graduate level, the course of study to consist of approximately twenty lectures, twenty discussion periods, four seminars, four panel discussions, four workshops, and four field trips, a total of fifty-six hours of actual classwork. The Institute will be conducted for a two-week period.

Invitations will be extended to public-health officials, educators, clergymen, and temperance and social-welfare workers not only in the Union of South Africa, but in all the countries included in the South Central African

bloc of the International Commission.

The International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism, a non-sectarian and a nonpolitical organization, is engaged in launching a worldwide educational program in behalf of total abstinence and international sobriety. Its immediate aim is to organize a National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism in every country in the world; establish Institutes of Scientific Studies in strategic areas; conduct surveys, polls, and research work; and publish authoritative materials on all phases of the alcohol problem.

The principal objective is to put the spotlight of science on the effects of alcohol, even in small quantities, on the physical, mental, and moral powers of the individual as well as on the social, economic, political, and religious life of a nation, and to call the attention of the public to religious, medical, legal, and educational measures that have been successfully used to prevent and hold in check the rise and spread of alcoholism.



Institutes of Scientific Studies 1960

First Session

Australasian Institute
January 18-29
University of Sydney
Sydney, Australia

Sixth Session

All-European Institute
June 13-24
UNESCO Building
Paris, France

Eleventh Session

Loma Linda Institute
July 11-22
Medical College
Loma Linda, California

Fifth Session

American Institute
July 25 to August 5
American University
Washington, D.C.

A SIMPLE grave in a cemetery on the edge of Basel, Switzerland, has this epitaph almost hidden in ivy: "We reap much that we did not sow, and we sow much that we will never reap." This is the grave of

Gustav von Bunge, one of the outstanding discoverers of vitamins and the basic laws of nutrition. Every scholar in the field of nutrition knows about the contributions of Von Bunge and is familiar with his excellent textbooks. These textbooks are now more than fifty years old, but can still be read with profit.

In the city of Basel, only a few blocks from the railroad station, a small water fountain bears the figure of a young mother giving a drink to her child. This fountain was built as a memorial to Von Bunge by his devoted followers in his antialcohol crusade in Switzerland. These disciples knew something of their leader's contribution to science, but few scientists today realize that in his time Von Bunge was more widely known throughout the world for his attack upon alcoholism than he was for his basic scientific discoveries. Today, the children of Basel play in the fountain dedicated to Von Bunge, but few will ever know about his contributions to their well-being.

Gustav von Bunge was born in Dorpat (modern Tartu), Estonia, in 1844. At that time the University of Dorpat was famous because of its outstanding staff of scientists. Among them was Von Bunge's father, who was not only an explorer but also the leading botanist of Russia. Dorpat was near both Finland and Russia. Teaching was in the German language, but was Russianized about 1890. Throughout his life Von Bunge spoke German with a heavy Baltic accent.

Von Bunge received most of his scientific training in Dorpat, but went to Leipzig for his medical degree in 1882.

As early as 1874, Von Bunge had become an excellent biochemist, and devoted much study to the role that table salts play in maintaining the health of

the body. He early found that potatoes were rich in potassium but low in sodium. Therefore, most potato eaters salted their food heavily to keep a balance between these elements. The writings of Von Bunge upon salt and the part it plays in the life of mankind can still be read with interest.

When Von Bunge was forty-one years old he decided to leave his fatherland forever. He spent the rest of his life laboring and struggling in two rooms of the Vesalianum, Basel, Switzerland. Many American medical students work each year in the laboratories of this institution.

In some European universities it is customary for a new professor to give a public lecture. When Von Bunge gave his lecture, he was heard around the world as no other biochemist had been before. The lecture was entitled "The Alcohol Question," and was a strong stand for total abstinence, analyzing the dangers of moderation. A million copies of this lecture were printed in twenty-six languages, according to Eduard Graeter, who wrote an excellent biography of Von Bunge for the Swiss Society of Abstaining Students and Teachers.

As a result of his lecture, people of the university, the city, and the Swiss nation became either his bitter enemies or his ardent admirers. Although the lecture has long since been forgotten by most people, a few well past eighty in Basel will still have nothing to say to each other because of the sides they took after the lecture years ago.

Many celebrated leaders in Switzerland agreed with Von Bunge. Others maligned him and spread gossip.

Within five years after the famous lecture, a number of youth clubs were created to oppose alcoholism. These were called such names as "Patria" and "Humanitas."

In the schools these youth temperance clubs met some turbulent opposition, because of the long-established custom of using wine in Swiss homes. Also large industries and agriculture were greatly concerned about the movement. In truly modern style the young reformers were branded as "zealots."

In his teaching on nutrition Von Bunge was very modern. He believed people ate too much salt and advised the public to use only about a half tablespoonful of salt daily. He worried about the great increase in the use of sugar, which reached a level of about seventy-five pounds per person in 1890. He believed mothers should nurse their infants and supplement the diet of milk.

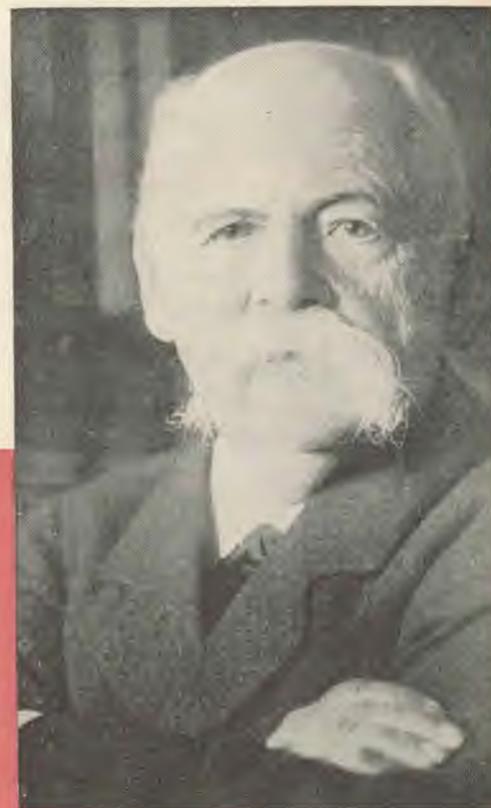
Von Bunge appreciated the fact that poor nutrition was often due to the wastage of the family budget in the purchase of alcoholic beverages. He taught that poverty and alcoholism often went together.

During his entire life Von Bunge was a cheerful bachelor. His companion on his long walks about Basel was a little dog. He lived and entertained students and other friends in the two rooms that adjoined his laboratory. He was fond of fresh fruit and served this to his guests. He loved birds and fed them at his window sill.

Von Bunge's most famous student was Emil Abderhalden, who probably published more technical papers in biochemistry than did any other one person. Von Bunge used to compare him with Paracelsus.

Von Bunge was modern in his attitude toward tobacco. He believed smoking was partly responsible for many diseases of later life.

When Von Bunge died in 1920, he left a permanent imprint upon the science of nutrition and upon the attitude of many people toward alcoholism.



Von Bunge

Pioneer in Nutrition

Clive M. McCoy, Ph.D.

Cornell University, Ithaca, New York

(Continued from page 19)

the crowd is to be admired. She does not smoke or drink, because she does not feel doing these things is necessary to having fun.

"I don't see how anyone who drinks could have a really good time, because a person who has been drinking is not in his right mind. Alcohol harms a person, and one cannot be completely healthy and drink," she states.

"If young people are brought up right, they are not going to go wild just because they are teen-agers," she points out.

Nancy also thinks young people who pick up the smoking habit "are making a terrible mistake."

Has she ever gone steady? "No," says Nancy. She has too much fun dating a variety of fellows. She says going steady does not give a young person a chance really to grow up socially.

Recently, when Nancy was crowned queen of the 1959 President's Cup Regatta, romantic newspaper reporters tried to "create" a romance between Nancy and the Navy lieutenant commander selected as her escort for the gala event. Nancy's sister Pat had married her escort, also a lieutenant commander in the Navy, shortly after she reigned as queen over the same affair in 1953, and reporters forecast a similar turn of events for Nancy.

"My escort and I had a very good time, in spite of the news reports," she laughs.

Being queen of the President's Regatta was one of the "most thrilling events of my life," says Nancy.

Six years earlier the committee which had selected her sister told Nancy they would keep an eye on her and wait for her to grow up a little bit.

"And I was so surprised—they remembered," she says happily.

Nancy lists six points which guide her in life as a teen-ager:

1. Always try to help others in any way possible; indirectly you will be helping yourself.

2. No matter where you are placed, make the most of it; be co-operative and work to your fullest capacity.

3. Always be considerate of others.

4. Keep in touch with your parents.

5. Be friendly and develop a good sense of humor.

6. Live your faith every day.

Thus, Nancy Ellen Priest typifies the modern American teen-ager, quietly filling the role of successful junior citizen, preparing to fill in adulthood a greater role based on wholesome living and a worth-while purpose in life.

The Charming

B. M. LANE

Mr. X



THE DAY I met the charming Mr. X we became good friends. As time went by, it seemed that his good humor and friendliness became so inspiring and uplifting that I began to take him with me on many of my business trips.

One day while we were traveling along the highway, my car crashed into a bridge abutment and was damaged beyond repair. Luckily I suffered only a few minor cuts and bruises, and Mr. X escaped without any apparent injury.

But this was not the end. The investigating officers said the evidence indicated that Mr. X was responsible for the accident. I was mortified and infuriated. I saw no reason to blame my friend for the crash. During the court trial, I defended him to the last. Eventually, because of insufficient evidence, the case was dismissed, and I heard no more about it.

Some time later my fourteen-year-old son and several other boys had a party, which ended with the destruction of property and the theft of personal belongings. As the result of an investigation, a story came out in the newspaper that kindled my indignation almost to the point of revolt. The story said that my friend Mr. X had been seen with the boys on this occasion, and that his influence had induced their disgraceful actions. This story, I knew, was casting a somber reflection on my associations with Mr. X. I was irritated, and decided that everyone was blaming Mr. X for everything that went wrong. During a series of unpleasant discussions with the juvenile authorities, I voiced my opinion, but learned I was getting nowhere. The affair was settled their way, and I was forced to resign to a dignified silence.

At this point my humiliations had just begun. My wife, I thought, became jealous of my loyalty to Mr. X. She said I was showing more consideration to him than he deserved, and complained about his constant intrusion into our family life. Finally she declared she would leave me if I con-

tinued to associate with him. Such a declaration, I thought, was unreasonable. After a series of family flare-ups and bitter haggings, I asserted what I thought were my personal rights. My family packed up and left me.

I became desperately lonely. Although Mr. X's friendship never lagged, it seemed that he now had little influence over the emptiness I felt in my heart.

After viewing the situation one way, and then another, I decided to discontinue my associations with Mr. X. As I approached him to tell him, I had a feeling of deep regret. However, I made it understood, I thought, that our pleasant companionship must come to an end. On this occasion I learned that Mr. X had other ideas. I heard him laugh—a horrible, sickening, hollow laugh.

"You're stuck with me, chum," I heard him say tantalizingly. "You'll never get away from me."

It was then I recognized the "Jekyll and Hyde" personality in him. Everything went topsy-turvy in my mind. I avoided him for a time, but after a few despondent days I approached him again.

"You are a fool, man," he made me to understand. "You'll never leave me now; I have a strong magnetic charm. Against me you have no defense. In spite of all you say, you'll cling to me. You know me well for what I am—the utmost in hypocrisy—yet you will not condemn me. While I bring sorrow, woe, humiliation, you will pretend you do not see my ways. Ah, yes, you'll cling to me. You'll see my exploitation to the point of crime, yet you will close your eyes to my misdeeds and cover up my wickedness by making excuses. And while you writhe and squirm beneath my heel, you'll never quite dispraise me—knowing you are conquered more than ever. You'll hold me high before the eyes of men and swear I am your loyal friend. Your love for me will never end, because I have you in my power, and you'll cling to me—your alcohol."

FEELING as if I would faint, so dizzy I couldn't meet pop's eyes, I screamed at him: "My own boss now, so get out! I do what I want, go where and when." I hung onto the bed, wanting him to leave so I could sleep. I heard his sob, but I wasn't weakening now.

"Pat, think of your mother's pride! You're smashing every dream she's had, Pat. What's gotten into you?"

I laughed, "Great fun, pop; drink enough, and you forget everybody!"

"Your mother; know what you're doing to her?"

The room spun around faster, so I screamed, "She's got a pump for a heart! Now get out!"

After I had slept, I didn't feel so good. I washed my face and headed for the package stores, which our small city had voted in. Since the school had sent me home, I spent the money old Aunt Sadie had left me, for plenty of drinks.

With my bottle I went to the park, where I met friends of school days, friends of my respectable parents; yet not one spoke to me. I laughed inside myself. Did they think they were hurting me? Not on your life! I had planned all this through the long, torturing years mom had made me a slave to the violin. I had no real friends, for I had no time for them. Mom would say: "Practice, practice, so we'll be proud of you, Pat. We'll show this town a thing or two. Someone is going places, and that's you!"

Now I was really going places, out to the park to drink! While I was crossing the bridge to the park, my bottle slipped through the sack, landing with a splash in the water below. I was desperate, so ran across the bridge and down to the water. A good swimmer, I dived in, dress and all. My drinking must have dulled my senses, for the next thing I knew, I had gone under. I fought my way up and was really scared, for I was afraid to die. I tried to reach shore.



andres rose

The next thing I felt was a terrible pain. My lungs felt as if they were on fire, and I was fighting for every breath. I never knew pain could be so terrifying. I moaned, then felt the prick of a needle, and then all was black and still.

Later I found I had been delirious for a week. A park attendant had pulled me out, nearly dead. I made the headlines in our town paper and some city papers, but it wasn't a pretty story. I had made a hero of the attendant. He saved me from suicide, so he had said.

Pain is a good teacher, so I lived to learn. It is funny how the thought of liquor was something nasty to me as I lay in the hospital, alone and forgotten, the shame of parents and friends. One morning the wonderful doctor said, "Pat, you're going to make it now, but you'll need care."

Mom had never come to see me, only poor pop. Next time he came I asked, "Find out how much money I have left, pop. Doc says I must stay here and have quiet for a few months. Wouldn't it be best for me to stay here, pop?"

He wouldn't look at me, just muttered, "Best way."

I had to fight to keep from crying, to keep from asking about mom. Pop never mentioned her. He probably remembered how I had said I hated her. Dreading to be alone, I asked: "Remember, pop, when I was invited to Marge's party? I was so excited. Then when the day came, and I asked mom about a birthday gift, she said: 'Where would I find that kind of money? Don't I work all hours to pay for your music lessons? Isn't that enough?'"

"Then when I cried, she said, 'If parties call for presents, don't go. Get your violin and practice. More sense to that.'"

Pop remembered: "Pat, darling, I tried to tell her you needed fun, too, but she was afraid your music wouldn't come first. She was mighty proud of you, Pat."

So many times I had wanted to join in good fun, and mom had denied me. To a growing kid those things mean so much. These small things preying on my mind made me do things to shame her, the mother who had driven me against my will.

When I went away to the big-name school to finish my music training, I was all keyed up inside with rebellion. At last I had freedom, could do and go as I pleased. Since mom had always been so against drinking, I thought the way to get even with her was to become what she hated most, a drinker. With money of my own, left to me by my aunt, it was easy to get into the crowd who liked their drinks.

At first my grades and reputation as a musician were high, but when liquor began to take control, everything else went wrong. I couldn't make sense out of the musical notes. Soon I was skipping classes. When word came that I was being let out, I wasn't surprised.

The news pop brought to me at the hospital the next day wasn't good. My drinks had really cost; I was nearly broke. I whispered, "O.K., pop, I'll manage." During the long night I decided I was through. I had brought disgrace to my parents and to our good name, so I decided I wouldn't eat. Maybe my heart would just quit; then my folks could forget their foolish child.

When pop heard how I wasn't eating, he got down on his knees and held me tight as he cried: "Pat, darling! We all love you; you're our girl, the prize of our love."

"It's best this way, pop, and I won't worry mom any more. I know she hates me, never been to see me." I felt so cheap. I wasn't scared to die; I was more afraid of living, of facing those I knew. In a small town a person's mistakes become common talk—all the crazy things I had done when I thought I was enjoying my freedom.

Pop couldn't talk for a while, then he said: "Know what, Pat? No person can honestly say he's not done something he's ashamed of, something he

(Turn to page 31.)



DUANE
VALENTY

havoc with wind and physical stamina, that it could make a man or woman nervous even while it was supposed to relax nerves.

Still, nobody much blamed that innocent little white cylinder, except in small ways. Loss of appetite, perhaps (but look what a help to dieting!), dulling of taste buds, unpleasant smell, insomnia, high cost—still, nothing that the smoker and society generally could not overlook.

Maybe a few hundred people did lose their lives each year from smoking in bed. "Careless, weren't they?" was the usual verdict on this tragedy too often in the news.

Cigarettes weren't to blame.

Then there were the car crashes, apparently for no reason at all. Do they happen this way? A man is driving sixty miles an hour, and he is trying to light his cigarette and can't quite make it. He leans forward to escape the wind through the window. In that instant—when he's off guard—it happens.

The accident and its tragic results are put down simply: "Car out of control." Multiply the incident by thousands (perhaps tens of thousands?)—here is another and unpublicized cause of highway disasters: Hands off the wheel to light a cigarette.

Nobody blames the cigarette.

But the villain is not to escape forever. Justice has a way of catching up—sometimes late, but usually certain. Tobacco, regarded with tolerance and even affection by a large segment of the human race, is about to reap an overdue harvest of censure.

"Lung cancer—attributable to smoking."

At first nobody believed it when it appeared in the news. Then evidence began to pile up, statistics piled on statistics, and the finger pointed. Smokers, somewhat alarmed, switched to filters. Now they were safe!

The evidence still mounted, showing that filters made little if any difference. Cigarettes, long known to be generally detrimental to health but tolerated regardless, were now shaping up as a killer—a killer that had to be recognized as a killer, that could no longer hide in the shadows while the spotlight fell elsewhere, a killer that assembled victims from the ranks of the very young without a qualm.

"I have just learned that the large tobacco companies hire university and college students by the month (retained on a monthly payroll) to hand out on campuses to other students free samples of their particular brand of ciga-

The Killer That Almost Got Away

As smoke poured from the windows of the Hollywood apartment in the predawn hours, the fire engines rolled down the street and the crowds gathered.

"Not much of a fire, just one apartment," said a watcher, an hour later, turning away.

The one apartment, which had contained the fire, belonged to a famous band leader who, weary after an all-night session with new arrangements, had stretched out with a cigarette in hand. True, it wasn't "much of a fire," but the band leader paid with his life for that last smoke. He isn't the first to do so.

"With about one fire every hour in Los Angeles, these figures on hand indicate that one every four hours is caused by careless smoking. It's a high price to pay for the lack of applied

common sense," Fire Chief William L. Miller said in Los Angeles recently, disclosing that 525 out of 2,281 fires over the year were caused by smokers.

The cigarette is the killer that almost got away, but not quite. Safe in the shadows while the spotlight was directed on alcohol and narcotics and their dire effects, the little weed smoked by millions escaped public attention as a culprit.

Fire fighters, weary after long hours attempting to put out a brush or forest fire, didn't discount it. They knew cigarettes tossed by careless motorists had done things that had cost millions in damages and destroyed natural resources, and taken hundreds of lives.

Many doctors refused to discount it. There was a good deal of evidence that it shortened life. They, as well as athletic coaches, knew smoking played

rettes," an aroused reader wrote to a newspaper. "As anyone knows, cigarette smoking becomes a habit, therefore this label of free samples is most insidious."

How can the advance of advertising to teen-agers be halted when one cigarette company alone admitted it spent \$100,000,000 for television advertising over a period of a few years? This advertising cleverly hid the killer under a score of disguises—the handsome athlete puffing a cigarette while swinging a tennis racket, the beautiful girl taking a smoke before winning a diving contest.

Pictures of teen-agers, movie stars, politicians, moms, dads—all including, apparently without question, smoking as part of gracious living. Why surely no one could object to smoking, so innocent a pastime in comparison with drinking, or dope taking? Teen-agers were taken in, by the millions, to accept the habit most of them would spend much time later on trying to break.

But the shadow of doom is over the killer.

It fell in June, 1959, with the announcement by the American Cancer Society that it had voted to wage a "massive antismoking campaign aimed chiefly at teen-agers."

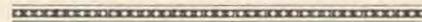
At its meeting the society's board called for "more vigorous efforts to bring to the attention of physicians and the public—particularly teen-agers—facts about cancer and smoking." To get the move under way, the society began to prepare plans and estimates of costs for what Dr. Howard C. Taylor, chairman of the special committee on tobacco and cancer, termed "total educational effort toward modification of the smoking habit in a community."

This attack may well develop into the handwriting on the wall for the



"DEAD MAN'S BUTTON"

Jackie Sweet demonstrates a "dead man's button" for autos, like the ones used on trains, designed to cut down the number of deaths on the highway. The button is connected to the ignition circuit, and the car cannot be started without elaborate preparations, presumably eliminating the drunken driver, who would not be able to do the necessary actions. The button would also stop the car, because of changes in pressure on the steering wheel, if the driver fell asleep.



killer that has so long escaped despite so many crimes.

"But I can't give up smoking!" This remark, heard from people of all ages who smoke, has long been a common excuse for going right ahead with the habit, despite a desire to quit, no matter what the cost. Those who say they can't give up the habit frequently add that they've used all the will power they can summon, but it does no good.

Can cigarette smoking be given up? "I gave up smoking," said actress Gloria Swanson. "One day I looked at that little paper with all the junk in it and I got mad at myself. To think it had gotten the best of me! I like to be in control of all my faculties, and you can't be when you're a slave to tobacco. The joys of not smoking are so much greater than the joys of smoking."

Smoking is constantly being given up by people everywhere. Like the actress quoted, some get mad. Some resort to prayer. Some find articles on the subject to help them break the

habit; reading, for example, that President Eisenhower did it.

"Take a stand, fill your mind with other thoughts, and stop pitying yourself," was the President's counsel to anyone who wanted to quit.

During war years under the burden of responsibility he carried, Eisenhower was a heavy smoker. Suffering in 1947 from a brief respiratory ailment, he stopped for a week, then early in 1949 decided to stop altogether. He has never smoked since.

Asked by a reporter for "helpful advice" for the many who might want to break the pernicious habit, President Eisenhower gave the advice already mentioned, adding that if anyone did this it wasn't as hard as generally supposed.

To friends the President has confided that in the days when he smoked two packs a day he found that often, during conferences, he would have "several cigarettes lighted and going in separate ash trays at the same time, and was convinced that he was using cigarettes as conversational 'props.'"

President Taft renounced the habit soon after his inauguration and never took it up again. Although President McKinley was a smoker, he must have been ashamed of the habit, for he would not permit his picture to be taken while he was smoking.

The list of big names who don't smoke includes athletes, singers, movie stars, and other prominent people, names like Jim Farley, Fred Waring, Dinah Shore, Tommy Sands, Debbie Reynolds, George Montgomery, Pat Boone, Terry Moore, Cary Grant, Ezra Taft Benson, skating champ Kenny Bartholomew, and most other sports champions and near-champs.

J. P. McEvoy, writer of the much-quoted article, "Are You a Man or a Smokestack?" was a chain smoker, and gave up the habit. He claims anyone can who sincerely wants to. He laughs down the theory that the body "craves" nicotine as "defeatist pish-posh." The whole carefully constructed fabric of the "glamour" of smoking he labels "delusion."

"Today the physical benefits of a tobacco-free life are undeniable," he concludes. "But the mental lift and the moral glow from conquering an enslaving habit add up to the most exhilarating satisfaction in the world."

With the strong support of medicine and science, millions may now become aware of this "exhilarating satisfaction" as they loose themselves from the grasp of this killer who has, for too long, gotten away with murder under the guise of innocence!



◀ *Instead of going along with the TV ads for smoking, entertainer Gloria Swanson decided to discard smoking as a personal habit.*

LIKE A BLOOMING IDIOT!



"This is our big night, you know."

Louise Jean Walker

DON THORPE rubbed the palm of his hand over the shiny yellow surface of the fender. "Nice job," he said to his lanky friend as he inspected the swanky new convertible.

"It's a honey," admitted Fred, "but already there are a few scratches on the body."

"Nobody'll notice a little thing like that," said Don quickly. "I wish I had a car of my own! I get mighty tired of having to ask the folks. It's always, 'Where are you going?' 'What time are you coming home?' and, 'Be careful.' Are you ever lucky, Fred! You can go whenever and wherever you like. It must be fun. With a plush car like that you could date Princess Margaret! Suppose you'll be taking that gorgeous redheaded senior to the prom."

"That's what I bought it for!" Fred replied with a grin.

Don kicked a small piece of gravel as he walked away across the nearly empty school parking lot. "It isn't right. Other fellows, at least most of the seniors, have their own cars or drive the family car to school, but I

have to walk," he grumbled. "Dad and mother are just downright mean and unreasonable!"

"We can't afford another car," his mother had said the last time he had broached the subject to her. "The insurance and upkeep on one car are hard enough to pay. When you need to use one, you can take the family car. If there is something you need one for, you know we will be reasonable."

But only last night his father had said, "A car isn't a plaything. You can't take it just for roaming around the countryside after school. I don't refuse it for school activities or any other good reason. I'm trying to save all I can to send you to the university next year."

Don walked slowly homeward. "Of course, I know dad and mother are interested in my education, but why can't they realize that I want some fun now?" he asked himself. "Wish they could understand that a fellow can't be popular without his own car."

Don sauntered along, drenched with self-pity. Soon he heard the sound of a car approaching with the cut-out open. Looking up quickly, he saw Fred with the attractive redhead seated beside him. They waved wildly as Fred, pressing the accelerator to the floor board, drove the car with such speed that it flashed by like a yellow streak. "Fat chance I have after school to take Darlene or any other girl to the lake!" He muttered in disgust as he approached the front door of his home.

After dinner Don was still feeling sorry for himself, but he sat down to study. The midsemester examination in chemistry was scheduled for the next day. Don wanted to do well in the test, for he had hopes that his high grades in high school would make him eligible for a university scholarship.

Presently the telephone rang. Picking up the receiver, Don heard Fred moan, "My plea is greater than that of Mark Antony! He wanted only your ears. I want you to lend me both your ears and your brains tonight. How about your helping me memorize those valences? It seems I've been studying them for an eternity. Yet not one of them will stick in my skull. My hopes of graduation will be all washed up if I flunk tomorrow's test. Be a good sport and let me come over for some help."

"O.K.," said Don. "I'm studying those valences myself."

"Fine," said Fred. "I'll put the jalousy in high, and in a split second I shall be sitting beside a brain."

Soon the boys had their materials

spread out on the dining-room table and were hard at work. Then Don realized that much of Fred's trouble was a lack of real study and effort. After several hours of coaching, Don said, "I believe we've got tomorrow's examination all sewed up."

"Right," exclaimed Fred with relief.

Just at that moment Mrs. Thorpe came into the dining room carrying a tray. Putting it down beside them, she said, "It's time you gave those brains of yours a rest. How about a big piece of apple pie with cheese and a glass of milk?"

"You really mean it? It sounds fine!" said Fred. "It's been a long time since I've had any homemade pie. Since mother died there's just pop and me. He doesn't get home from work early, and so we eat most of our meals at the restaurant." Turning to Don, he continued, "It must be grand to come home after school to a mother like yours and to a well-filled refrigerator, if this pie is a fair sample. Boy, you are really lucky!"

While they were eating, the boys began talking about the approaching track meet and tennis tournament.

As Fred rose to leave he asked, "How about our having a double date for the senior prom? I'm taking Maribel. I suppose you've already invited that black-haired beauty. Darlene is a lot of fun. I know Maribel and Darlene like each other. I think the four of us could have a grand time."

When that long-anticipated evening came, the beautiful decorations in the banquet room and the gay crowd of seniors dressed in formal clothes satisfied the expectations of all the guests. Everyone called it a successful party.

As soon as the occasion was over, the foursome hurried to Fred's car.

Fred and Don had reserved a table at "The Hollywood," fifteen miles away. Soon the happy couples were speeding to their favorite spot.

The yellow light for the cross traffic became visible as the convertible approached one intersection. Fred stepped on the gas. At the moment his green light appeared, he shot across the line.

"Close," said Don.

"Got to make time," Fred excused himself. "Must get to 'The Hollywood,' you know. We've got no time to wait for lights."

"Sure," said Maribel, giggling. "We would have gone through even if the lights had been red, wouldn't we, Freddie?"

"What's the matter, Don?" Fred asked, whizzing around a slow-moving truck. "Can't you take it?"

Don laughed a bit nervously. "Just give me a chance to eat a sandwich before I die."

"Who wants to get a ticket, anyway?" added Darlene after Fred had failed to reduce speed.

The green light faded out at East Michigan, but Fred disregarded it and made a sweeping right turn onto Vine Street. At the time, a group of factory workers from the stationery company were crossing East Michigan Avenue. Fred blew the horn, swerved right, then left, skillfully and calmly, without slackening the speed.

In a moment a police siren ordered him to stop.

Fred pulled over to the curb and stopped nearly a block from the intersection. "Watch me handle that officer," he bragged.

The broad-shouldered young policeman's eyes blazed with anger. "Let me see your driver's license," he demanded as he came to the car.

"Sorry if I did anything wrong, officer," Fred said, "but this is our big night, you know. The senior class of Lee High is celebrating its last party.

We've reservations at 'The Hollywood.' We don't want to be late."

"Maybe you will be," said the officer. "You went through a red light. You endangered the lives of fifty workmen walking across the street. You raced so fast around the corner that you had to zigzag to keep from killing an old man. If you don't produce your driver's license immediately, into the jug you'll go. All of you. That's where irresponsible people belong."

The policeman looked at the license, wrote out a ticket, and handed it to Fred. "See that you are in court Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock," he said. "Drive on now."

"Oh, officer, don't you remember when you were young? Haven't you any heart?" implored Maribel.

"Heart? You haven't any idea what that word means." The policeman's tone was very low. He began to choke. Gaining control of himself, he said, "Drive on before I lose my self-control."

Fred drove on.

"He's the stupidest, most heartless cop I've ever seen. Did you see the

way he looked at me? I believe he would have taken pleasure in killing me," Fred said.

"Seems to me that I've seen that officer somewhere. His face looked familiar. Let me see the ticket," said Don.

For several minutes he studied the ticket. Then he went on, "He's the officer whose mother was knocked down and killed by a car last week when a teen-ager was showing off."

"His mother, did you say!" exclaimed Fred.

The group was strangely silent for several minutes.

Then Fred said, "I've been acting like a blooming idiot! Only a kind fortune has saved me from a manslaughter charge. I wouldn't have blamed that cop if he had given me a beating."

"Guess the time is ripe for some careful thinking. I believe we had better re-examine our ideas about our personal liberty and our driving practices," remarked Don. After several minutes of silence, he repeated with conviction, "It's incredible how often my dad's and mother's ideas are right!"

ONCE a disagreeable comment had me terribly hurt. I was seething. Even hours later I was shaken, my brain spinning with retorts I should have made. "Why didn't I say this? Why didn't I say that?" The thoughts nagged me, disturbing me until I wanted desperately to close my mind to the incident, but could not.

"Forget it!" I told myself. "The remark was stupid, and you're even more stupid to dwell on it." But, try as I would, I simply could not forget. It was getting the best of me—and it was ridiculous! No, on second thought it was downright funny. "Go on, laugh!" I told myself. "Laugh!"

But who could laugh? The corners of my mouth felt weighted down. I couldn't get them up far enough to smile. "Laugh!" I insisted. This time I managed a somewhat insipid, frozen smile. "Laugh!" I ordered. And before I knew it I was not only smiling but laughing—hearty peals of laughter, with the incident getting funnier all the time.

Anyone observing me would have pegged me an idiot; but it wouldn't have mattered, because a wonderful phenomenon had occurred within me. I could feel the bottled-up tension ease. It was sheer magic! My head cleared; my heart cleared; I felt wonderful, and so grateful for an experience that since then has changed many a trouble to merely a bubble.

Of course, in life there are troubles that cannot be laughed away, but they can be greatly alleviated, even dispelled, by smiling. Somehow, you cannot remain miserable with the corners of your mouth up. No matter how dismal the situation, how dejected you feel, a smile *can* and *does* help.

When you lift the corners of your mouth, you simultaneously lift the weight from your heart; and once your heart is lightened, your thoughts brighten. Brighter thoughts bring clearer thoughts; and clear thinking results in a new attitude, a more lucid perspective, and a better understanding of yourself and your disturbance. This can counteract *any* trouble.

So the very next time troubles beset you, force the corners of your mouth up, and don't take No for an answer. Work at it until you accomplish your purpose, until you feel tension melt, until your distracted, unhappy mind can relax. Depression will disappear, being replaced by courage and hope. You will regain your appetite, and be fully aware of what you are eating. You will enjoy it, too. Indigestion will no longer plague you; neither will insomnia, for sleep will return—good, sound slumber from the peace deep within you.

Either way—whether you laugh or smile your troubles away—life will be sweeter, fuller, richer.



Clare Misesles

LOOKING INTO YOUR MIND

(Continued from page 16)

Let us go back a moment to the work the ego has to perform. Here we have reality or the everyday factual problems of life. The ego is really caught in the squeeze, because on the one hand reality impinges on the ego, saying, "You've got to do this," or, "You've got to do that," and the ego attempts to comply. Also we know that in the unconscious there are various forces, drives, wishes, longings, and desires that want to be heard and want to be expressed. These impinge upon the ego by saying, "You do this, you do that, for me." Thus the ego has to give one of his ears to the clamoring of the unconscious wishes and drives. But then there is a third force impinging on the ego, that of the superego, which says, "You can, or you cannot, do that." So the ego has to synthesize and organize the drives and try to pick out the best mode of action. This can in certain instances give rise to real difficulty for the ego, because many times reality seems to demand of us certain things that we basically feel are wrong.

For example, some of us feel that abstinence is the proper course of action; but when we are invited to a social affair, a cocktail party, we meet a reality situation. Because all our friends are having cocktails, they offer us one. Our training and our better judgment tell us that we shouldn't accept. We feel we have an example to hold up, so we have to say, "No, I shall not do that. Give me a soft drink instead." Sometimes, maybe in a weaker moment, a person might take a cocktail and say, "Oh, what does that hurt?" When he goes home, what has he? He must pay the piper in terms of feelings of guilt, because the superego also has to be satisfied.

There are times when some of our wishes, our inner desires, or our inner strivings lead us to do things that we feel basically are wrong, but the ego cannot withstand these drives. To some extent the ego is overwhelmed by them, and consequently gives in to such wishes, drives, and desires. It later has reactions of guilt, depression, or other psychological phenomena.

All this, then, gives us an idea of how we view the anatomy of the personality and the personality concept.

The next concept that I would like to bring out is the strength of the ego. Psychiatrists often use the term "a strong ego" or "a weak ego." In determining the prognosis, the type of treatment that we might use in any given

LIFE'S BOOK

Grace Shilling White

"I'm impatient," Youth said.
"Wait," Maturity replied.
"Be well advised," said Experience.
"Rely on God," warned Age.

And so they talked and planned,
Though it was understood
That God gave Youth,
Maturity,
Experience,
And Age;
And that Life in its degrees
Is as the turning of a page.

psychiatric case, we always try to take into consideration what ego strength the patient has. This is an important problem from the standpoint of alcoholism.

What are the indications of a strong ego? I think the apostle Paul showed tremendous ego strength. A strong ego is able to be decisive, to show intellectual capacities, and usually is reflected in a wide range of interests. Another indication of ego strength is shown by a person who is able to find real satisfactions in life. An unhappy, depressed, discouraged, maladjusted person in himself reflects weakness. A weak ego is shown in one who reacts in contrast to the attitude shown by a strong ego. As a rule, the weak person is indecisive, and is very dependent upon other people. His interests are narrow.

I have observed repeatedly at the sanitarium where I work that few patients have a wide range of interests. Almost invariably they are persons who have virtually no hobbies, no interests, only their work. A woman has her housework and likes to sew, but she doesn't enjoy people, doesn't enjoy getting out. She doesn't have a broad base on which she can live. Or a man has only his work, and he works from eight to twelve hours a day. When he comes home he sits and reads the paper and maybe watches television, and nothing else. He has no broad interests. People who develop hobbies, many interests, who learn to do things with their hands, creative things, rarely become emotionally sick. They have activities that give them satisfaction and make life interesting and rewarding for them.

In childhood the ego is expected to be fairly weak. After all, it does not have many experiences to draw on. The child feels small and helpless, and therefore his ego is naturally going to be

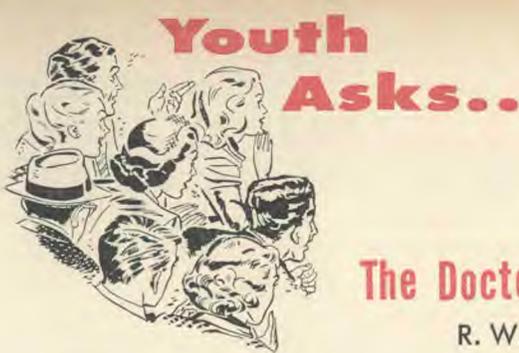
subject to injury, to wounds, and to marked feelings of weakness. For the sake of an example, let us say that the infant meets a life situation that stimulates him to an angry or hostile impulse. But he feels weak and that it is dangerous to express his anger. He reasons: "If I do, my father is liable to spank me, liable to harm me in some way; some destruction is liable to come to me. So I mustn't display anger, must inhibit it, must disguise it, cover it up." So instead of this anger being recognized and expressed by the ego, it is repressed. It is pushed back down, turned in on the individual instead of being expressed.

Thus, if the person cannot handle impulses, he merely says, "I don't have such impulses, I'll deny them, I'll say that they don't exist." Consequently, they are pushed down into the unconscious. As long as they are repressed, as long as they are maintained in the unconscious, he is relatively comfortable. To keep the ego insulated from these dangerous impulses is one purpose of repression. It serves to make the ego relatively comfortable, relatively at ease, as long as it is maintained. Some repression is necessary for all of us. We all have to repress certain impulses. But if we have to repress too many impulses, then the repression becomes a serious problem to us and can become a weakening factor to our personality.

Let us think of the ego as a central government with a vast territory to control and direct. Let us say that there is a small uprising, as in the middle of the nineteenth century when the Indians went on the warpath. The central government had to dispatch soldiers to take care of that uprising. Actually, the Indian uprising was so small that the people on the east coast didn't even know anything was going on. In this uprising the ego, or the central government, was not disturbed, but some strength had to be deflected to take care of that uprising.

That is exactly what happens when we have impulses that we feel are dangerous. The ego has to dispatch some energy to maintain repression, to put down the rebellion. When a child has feelings and impulses that should have been repressed or expressed, many of them should have been permitted to find expression, healthy or unhealthy—he needs to learn how to repress or express them. As he does this, his ego gains strength. He learns which is right and learns techniques of adjusting.

If through intimidation or other traumatic factors of early life the ego has to



The Doctor Answers

R. W. Spalding, M.D.

Listen invites you to send your questions to Dr. Spalding, c/o Listen Editorial Offices, 6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington 12, D.C.

Would a baby born to parents who both drink heavily be mentally retarded?

The incidence of imbecility is much greater among children born of alcoholic parents than those of nonalcoholics. In fact, in experimental work with guinea pigs, Dr. Dora Papara-Nicholson has demonstrated that there are more defective offspring with alcoholic fathers than with nonalcoholic. With alcoholic mothers the degree of defectives increases markedly with the degree of alcoholism. After the third generation of alcoholics the offspring began to develop tumors and cancers.

While this cannot be demonstrated on the human level in a sufficient number of cases to be proved statistically, a study of the birth dates of mental defectives in one large institution revealed three peaks, indicating that larger numbers of defectives were conceived during the New Year, Decoration Day, and the Fourth of July holidays when drinking is notably also at its peak.

From her study into the hereditary factors of the inmates of mental institutions, Dr. Nicholson also reports that a much higher percentage of mental defectives have alcoholic parents than nonalcoholic.

What is the cure for children born with the desire to drink?

1. Remove them from the environment where alcoholic beverages are served.

2. Give the children food which will supply all essential dietary needs. Do not use refined foods such as white flour, sugar, prepared puddings, prepared breakfast foods, except when unrefined foods cannot be secured to replace them. Avoid the use of highly seasoned foods containing pepper, mustard, vinegar, and similar irritants. Use fruit and vegetables freely, especially in their fresh state.

3. Give them good emotional food: love and affection, a feeling of being wanted and needed. Give them all the responsibility which they can manage successfully.

4. Keep them busy with physical ac-

tivity in the early years. Challenge them to mental exercise and alertness as their minds develop.

5. With love for the alcoholic, teach them the results of the ingestion of even the first alcoholic drink. Teach them that alcohol within the man destroys the man.

6. Give them a purpose for life, a life of giving more than getting. Teach them to be a friend of the friendless, that the world may be better for their having lived.

What right does the church have to legislate on the personal habits of its members? Take drinking, for example, if drinking does not cause a social problem either to the church or the community.

What right does a team manager have to enforce training rules such as time to go to bed? Obviously, because it is for the good of the team member and the team as a whole.

Does any club, city, state, or country have a right to set up rules and laws to direct and protect the lives of its citizens? Then why should not the church?

Why do some doctors advise people to smoke to keep from getting too fat?

Smoking decreases the appetite and the enjoyment of eating. Any person who was a smoker and has shed that filthy and taste-destroying habit, will tell you that his appetite improved and the food tasted much better after he no longer smoked. Incidentally, it is harder for a girl to quit smoking than it is for a boy to quit.

What do people get from drinking?

1. Relaxation. They put their brain to sleep. They anesthetize themselves.

2. Freedom from fear. Their burglar alarm is silenced.

3. Escape from conscience and from reality.

4. A thrill. Beware, the brakes are "shot," the hill is steep, and the curves are sharp!

repress a number of things, a source of potential rebellion may almost overwhelm the ego. In this process the ego has to deflect far too much energy, far too much attention, to take care of the turmoil that is going on within the personality. This leaves far too little energy for the ego to use in meeting life and in adjusting to reality situations.

We can think of this problem of repression, first, as a *complete* repression. Things happen in your life and mine that we push down unconsciously. We have forgotten some of them, and to all intents and purposes they will never bother us again. That is complete repression. But there are some things we have pushed down that were important to us. We really wanted to do them. We knew we shouldn't, that we would get our hands slapped, or that we would be spanked if we did them, or something terrible would happen, so we repressed them. But we still wanted to do them. This impulse, then, in the unconscious has much force, dynamic power, and therefore keeps wanting to come back up. We keep trying to push it down, and a tussle goes on. This is a *partial* repression, one that we dream about at night. Maybe in the daytime we are not much aware of it, but it goes on in our thinking, in a disguised form in our dreams.

In other instances some of these forces become so strong that they are expressed whether we like it or not. They defy the ego. They slip by the margin, and find expression in a disguised form. When we as doctors recognize that in our patients, it is behavior that represents direct expression of unconscious wishes. If we tell them what they are really doing and why they are doing it, they are shocked, mad, indignant, and walk out of our office. So we don't tell them until they trust us enough to believe what we want to tell them and what insight we want to give them. But when we see these forces finding expression in a disguised way, we are brought directly into the realm of psychiatry, because this is a symptom of one sort or another. It may be a mild symptom or a serious one.

Perhaps this description clarifies in a simple, brief way the basis for conflict.

ILLINOIS SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 9)

instruction for Illinois, I have named Mark A. Peterman, one of the state's outstanding educators and athletic coaches and a member of the Department of Health, Physical Education, and Safety, as a consultant in alcohol

and narcotics education. It will be his duty to initiate and direct, throughout our schools, a broad program to teach students the facts and effects of alcohol as a beverage. Last summer he attended the Loma Linda Institute of Scientific Studies for the Prevention of Alcoholism.

We expect to work through the local teaching staffs and school boards, and we are confident of their full cooperation. The facts will be taught objectively; lectures, visual materials, and printed materials will be provided the teachers in meetings and conventions. This will be done in local school meetings, teachers' assemblages, athletic meetings.

The staffs will be directed to carry this teaching forward into the classrooms, and they will be given every possible assistance from Mr. Peterman and this office. We intend to see that a thorough job is done.

As we begin this important task, it is best that we recognize some heavy handicaps with which we are faced. Schoolteachers, as a rule (and with only the rarest of exceptions), are sober citizens; very few of them use alcohol, even socially, and almost none of them have better than an observer's knowledge of the complex problems involved in alcoholism.

Our teaching program will cover two broad categories of facts.

First are the physical facts of alcohol. These are the findings regarding the effect of alcohol upon the liver, heart, circulatory system, central nervous system, and the mind itself.

Also we intend to stress the fact that neither medicine nor psychiatry has, despite great expenditures and extensive research, been able to find the cause or cure of alcoholism or to determine that precise point at which an individual crosses over from being a social drinker to being a helpless, compulsive alcoholic. These physical facts are undisputable, clear, and easy of expression.

Second are the social facts of alcohol, which embrace the findings of the research experts; the self-analysis disclosures by members of Alcoholics Anonymous; the social factors which may cause a man or woman to become an alcoholic, or to avoid alcoholism; the emotional wreckage of the individual; the effects of alcohol upon his family and upon the children of alcoholic parents; the results of alcohol as reflected in police crime rates, tuberculosis cases in hospitals, mental cases in state institutions, and welfare case loads.

Students must be taught that no class or group is immune to the insidious

For Your



Reading and Reference

Frederic Sondern, Jr., BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL, New York: Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy, 1959. \$3.95.

That malevolent organization, the Mafia, a strange combination of Sicilian families, has produced many notorious criminals of the underworld in the United States and other countries. Not a secret society, the Mafia has no president, no formal roster, no oath of allegiance, but is bound together by family ties and by a strange code of conduct, which includes a contempt and hatred of law and all its workings.

The author, a roving editor of *Reader's Digest*, tells the history of this fraternity of 1,000 criminals, combining readability with factual information. He explains how this organization controls the underworld, "using bribery, extortion, blackmail, robbery, violence, and assassination to maintain their grip on the narcotics traffic, gambling, prostitution, labor racketeering, and also a host of legitimate enterprises ranging from food and liquor distribution to trucking and garbage hauling."

One chapter is devoted to Alphonse Capone's life of crime, relating how he organized the brotherhood in the United States. Another chapter is about Harry Jacob Anslinger, Federal Commissioner of Narcotics, who first discovered the extent of the powerful syndicate of the Mafia, and has been its relentless enemy ever since.

Of primary interest to *Listen* readers is the strange entanglement with narcotics as one of the main sources of income for these antisocial men, such as Frank Costello, Lucky Luciano, Albert Anastasia, Vito Genovese, and others. The book has particular interest for students of social trends, of government and law enforcement.

Andrew Wiehl, CREATIVE VISUALIZATION, New York: Greenwich Book Publishers, 1958, \$3.00.

Positive, constructive thinking, with creative visualization, says the author, can change a person's life and help him attain the objects of his dreams.

Much emphasis is placed upon human power within the person himself. Virtu-

ally no recognition is accorded to forces from outside.

Illustrative of the basic philosophy of the author is the following:

"To quit drinking I employed the same method as I used to stop smoking. Visualizing little worms crawling around inside the bottle. Every time after that when I touched a bottle, mentally I saw those disgusting worms crawling around, and a shudder gripped my entire body. I'm sure you wouldn't want to drink it either, knowing in imagination, that it contained worms! Impress upon your subconscious mind, if you have a drinking problem that each glass of liquor and each bottle contains worms—live, wriggling and loathsome. . . ."

"Any time you wish to break yourself of a bad habit, visualize something *bad* about it, and in thought speak to your subconscious mind against the habit you wish to break, visualizing at the same time the bad points about it."

Col. Gregory Boyington, BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1958. \$5.

One of the nations greatest heroes, also one of its most famous barroom brawlers and "black sheep," has a story to tell of how he came to terms with himself and civilian life. In his autobiography, *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, he graphically tells this gripping account.

Col. Gregory "Pappy" Boyington, Marine flying ace of the second world war, was wined and dined in the fanciest spots around the world, but now lives quietly in a little white house in Burbank, California, with his wife. He spent months writing this story.

The book reveals the background of an extraordinary man who, in his own words, "didn't grow up" until after he was forty years old. When the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor shook the world, Pappy had already reached thirty, but no matter, he could not keep out of anything as exciting as a war.

He rejoined the Marines, was sent to the Pacific, and proved his mettle when in three weeks he turned a group of misfits and green youngsters into the famous Black Sheep Flying Squadron.

Read the details of his being captured by the Japanese, how he was reportedly shot down and killed in 1944, how he was honored by the entire nation, how the reports of Pappy's death were "greatly exaggerated." The horrors of a Japanese prison camp, his return to the United States, the music and the cheering, and then returning to his old-time brawling—all these led to where?

Baa Baa Black Sheep is a revealing story of self-discovery and Boyington pulls no punches in its telling.

poisons of alcohol, which afflict doctor, priest, minister, laborer, businessman, banker, and beggar all alike. They must be taught that the alcoholic is, indeed, in the grip of an uncontrollable compulsion to absorb liquor, a person torn by bitter resentments and fear of the condition which he knows himself to be in, and acutely aware that the insane compulsion to drink will ultimately bring on poverty, decrepitude, insanity, early death, or suicide.

Whether or not students drink liquor is their personal choice and responsibility; but we believe that they should know the facts of alcohol in both the physical and social aspects and that they should become as aware of alcoholism as they are aware of cancer, tuberculosis, polio, or heart disease. Social diseases always tend to thrive under a protective cloak of public ignorance. For that reason, the most powerful treatment has always proved to be education as to their natures, causes, and effects—*education out in the open*. Venereal disease, as a social evil, was more effectively treated only after the hush-hush attitude was dispelled and the disease was treated openly as a threat to our society. So it will be with alcoholism.

It is well for our schools to concentrate on producing brilliant mathematicians, chemists, biologists, and leaders in the humanities. We need them desperately.

But we also need them *sober*, just as desperately.

The only wise course for society is to concentrate its efforts and attention on *prevention* of alcoholism, while the medical and psychiatric professions continue their work on the causes and a cure.

The only way society can undertake an effective and sufficiently broad program of prevention is through its educational processes, through public and private schools.

Our boys and girls must be told more of the facts of alcohol and its effects upon individuals and society, just as they were once taught the facts about measles, polio, tuberculosis, and other common diseases.

Once this is accomplished, then in ten or twenty years we may hope to see a drastic decline of alcoholism in our society—a decline that will be reflected in reduced welfare-relief loads, reduced populations in our tuberculosis and mental hospitals, reduced cases in the juvenile courts, and reduced cases in the divorce courts.

If it is to fulfill its total responsibilities to society, education *must* make this effort.

FREEDOM MY GOAL

(Continued from page 23)

wishes with all his soul he had not done. Yet this need not hinder us, for we can grow into something worth while, using our mistake as a ladder, to grow above it. Real freedom means a clean conscience. You've made a mistake, darling. Now be big enough to forget it."

I had to cry, "Please, pop, I can't face people, just can't."

"Quitter, Pat, a coward? It is easy to die. The hard way is to make everyone proud they know you. You can, you know."

"But, pop, I've been such a fool!"

"Sure, but you can go on from here and make a good name for yourself.

GUIDED MUSCLES

Carroll Van Court

He who drives with wild abandon,
Till he takes away your breath,
Needs a course in guided muscles
If he wants to put off death!

Some will snicker, call names for a while. Shut your ears and keep on; you'll earn the right to respect."

I looked at my wonderful pop, wondering if this could be true. Then I had to say, "Mom will never forgive."

"Pat, you're all mixed up! Sure, she was hard on you when you were a kid. That was only ambition. She wanted you to be what she couldn't afford when she was a kid. Why do you think she has not been here to see you?"

Realizing how much I needed mom, I wept, "She couldn't stand the sight of me."

"Wrong, Pat, dead wrong! The shock of your nearly getting killed brought on a heart ailment; she's flat on her back at home, just living and getting better so she can look after you when you come home. You're her world, Pat, her whole world with a ribbon tied around it for love."

Pop let me cry my heart out; then I felt better. Pop washed my face, then he said, "We've gotta get some meat on your bones before mom sees you. You look just awful."

That did it. I wasn't letting mom, my proud mom, see me looking just awful, so I ate and then ate some more. I did have some meat on my bones when I finally got home. They were simply wonderful, my mom and pop. Mom was up and around, much thinner and older. We didn't need words.

She took me into her arms and held me close. After a while she whispered, "I've learned a lot, too, Pat darling."

It's just heavenly to be home, to feel free at last, to know I'm no longer a slave, to feel good and clean inside. I'm asking the dear Lord to help me make them proud of me. I love them so!

COMMUNITY ACTION

(Continued from page 15)

who would do the bidding of the liquor lobby. Naturally, these Samish-elected stooges carried out the lobby's will in fashioning clever laws, which instead of controlling the liquor industry, often forced hitherto dry communities to accept liquor outlets in defiance of local sentiment.

As early as 1938, the Philbrick report had exposed this corrupt domination of the state's legislative machinery by the liquor lobby. Yet since the California Newspaper Publishers' Association also employed Samish as its lobbyist, the people of the state were never adequately alerted to the situation. The Philbrick report itself was expurgated and soon forgotten.

This bit of background history helps to explain the hopelessness of many La Verne citizens in December, 1957, when the A.B.C. Board ruled against them. Many of them realized that a bad state of affairs existed, but their leaders were not quitters.

"*This is no time to quit,*" declared Dr. Fasnacht. "*We must fight on.*"

It was at this point that the generalship of Dr. Fasnacht's right-hand man, J. Onis Leonard, began to make itself felt. Leonard, a former Y.M.C.A. secretary, now public-relations director of La Verne College and "assistant to the president," had been handling organizational strategy with Roynon, chairman of the People's Committee. Leonard realized that the battle must be won in the field of public opinion, regardless of the legal outcome. He set about marshaling those forces. He talked with newspapermen, other college officers, and numerous state officials.

He wrote numerous letters and sent telegrams, rallying the defense, not only in La Verne, but throughout the West.

"*I knew we must convince people living outside of La Verne that this was not a local matter, that an important principle was at stake,*" Leonard explains. "*This college represents an investment of more than two million dollars. It has been operating as a college for more than sixty years. It has*

I WAS in a hurry that morning, for I wished to take some books back to the library on my way to the office, and the detour didn't leave me much extra time.

Waiting to cross Second Avenue, I noticed that the "Don't Walk" signal was showing. I usually obey these signals, but this time I looked up the street, and seeing no nearby traffic, bolted across.

I really didn't give it much thought, but if I had done so, I would most likely have reasoned along this line, "Guess I can make it. Most everyone takes a chance once in a while. What's the harm?"

I found out differently. I reached the curb safely, but that wasn't all. Standing there facing me and waiting obediently for the traffic signal was a lady holding the hand of her six-year-old son, who was wearing a Cub Scout kerchief. As I approached, he gave me an inquiring look, and I heard him ask his mother: "How come that man doesn't do what the signal says?"

It was a good question, and I did not hear her reply, which was probably just as well. I think I know what she was thinking, and I was ashamed. Looking back now, I'm sorry I didn't have the courage to go back to the boy and tell him that I was wrong.

Here was a mother who was trying to protect her son by teaching him to obey the signals. She had no doubt explained to him that these signals were placed there for his protection and that he should be appreciative enough to obey them. Then, here comes a big blunderer like me, who seems to demonstrate that one can

some 2,000 alumni, mostly in California. Many of them are persons of influence, key businessmen in their communities."

In addition to impressing local residents with these facts, Leonard began enlisting the moral, political, and financial support of these loyal outside friends of the college. A flood of mail, supporting the college's stand, reached the desks of key officials in Sacramento.

On January 29, 1958, the A.B.C. Board reopened the case, on its own motion. After reviewing the case, it again reversed itself, denying the license on July 17, 1958. Once again La Verne opponents of the license relaxed. Many believed the fight was won.

But the store owners, eager for liquor profits they hoped to make by



LITTLE EYES ARE WATCHING

Omer A. Kearney

ignore the rules and get away with it.

It seems to me that there is a similar situation in connection with the liquor problem. Many a fine mother carefully explains the potential results of liquor to her son in the hope that he will avoid drinking. She tries to put up a "Don't Walk" sign in this area.

Then the lad may look in on a cocktail party and see the grownups standing around drinking and paying no attention to such warning signs.

Should not we as adults give more thought to the confusion we bring into the minds of these young folks when we are tempted to crash through the "Don't Walk" signs?

"cracking" the state's driest city, filed an appeal on August 25, 1958, with the A.B.C. Appeals Board. On February 27, 1959, the Appeals Board again reversed the lower board and ordered the store's application granted.

But meanwhile something strange and almost unbelievable had happened to the branch grocery market, located in a modern building valued in excess of \$50,000—next door to the Church of the Brethren. *It had closed its doors! It had won a liquor license, but lost its business.* Even though the market had closed, the La Verne Committee filed a new appeal from the last decision.

Explaining the market's closing, Kenneth S. Bevan, a member of the board of the Market Wholesale Grocery Company, said, "During the past

year, the business of the market fell off 60 per cent."

Bevan added: "In effect the church has won its battle, although the appeal before the A.B.C. is still pending. We're not mad about that. We're just sorry the store was not a success."

A Pasadena law firm, Snyder, O'Neil, and Hancock, which has specialized in similar cases, is handling the case for the La Verne Committee. This group has raised a fund to continue its fight against the granting of the license.

The Church of the Brethren has 17,000 members in the college's regional area, which includes Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Arizona, and western Canada, as well as California. Many of these members have indicated their willingness to assist in the college's fight to keep its campus area free of liquor outlets.

While they have been successful in blocking one lone beachhead near a campus sought by the politically powerful liquor industry, they know a battle of this kind is never completely won, and that their fight has shown the inadequacies of state laws that aid, rather than control, the liquor trade.

They know that the liquor laws of California need a complete revision and tightening, and that no campus is secure from the contamination of licensed outlets under the present laws that nullify past safeguards. And as they and many others have pointed out, this is a job for organized, dedicated Christian action.

Meanwhile, the California Restaurant Association, a front name for a lively tentacle of the powerful liquor lobby, carried on a new campaign to get licenses for so-called "bona fide" restaurants located near college campuses, a new assault on certain dry areas.

This new attack to crack dry campus areas for the liquor interests was directed by Russell S. Munro. Although he was the state liquor control officer—the big key man—when the La Verne battle began, he is now off the state payroll and is openly working as a liquor lobbyist. Munro's easy switch from state liquor control officer to liquor lobbyist once again shows the close link that exists in California between those sworn to uphold the liquor laws and those paid to push the sale of alcoholic beverages.

La Verne's victory, achieved by organized Christian action, has established a new pattern for fighting the liquor invasion of dry campuses. It shows once again the power of aroused public opinion, and it demonstrates that liquor sellers and would-be liquor sellers can be made to feel that pressure.

orientation

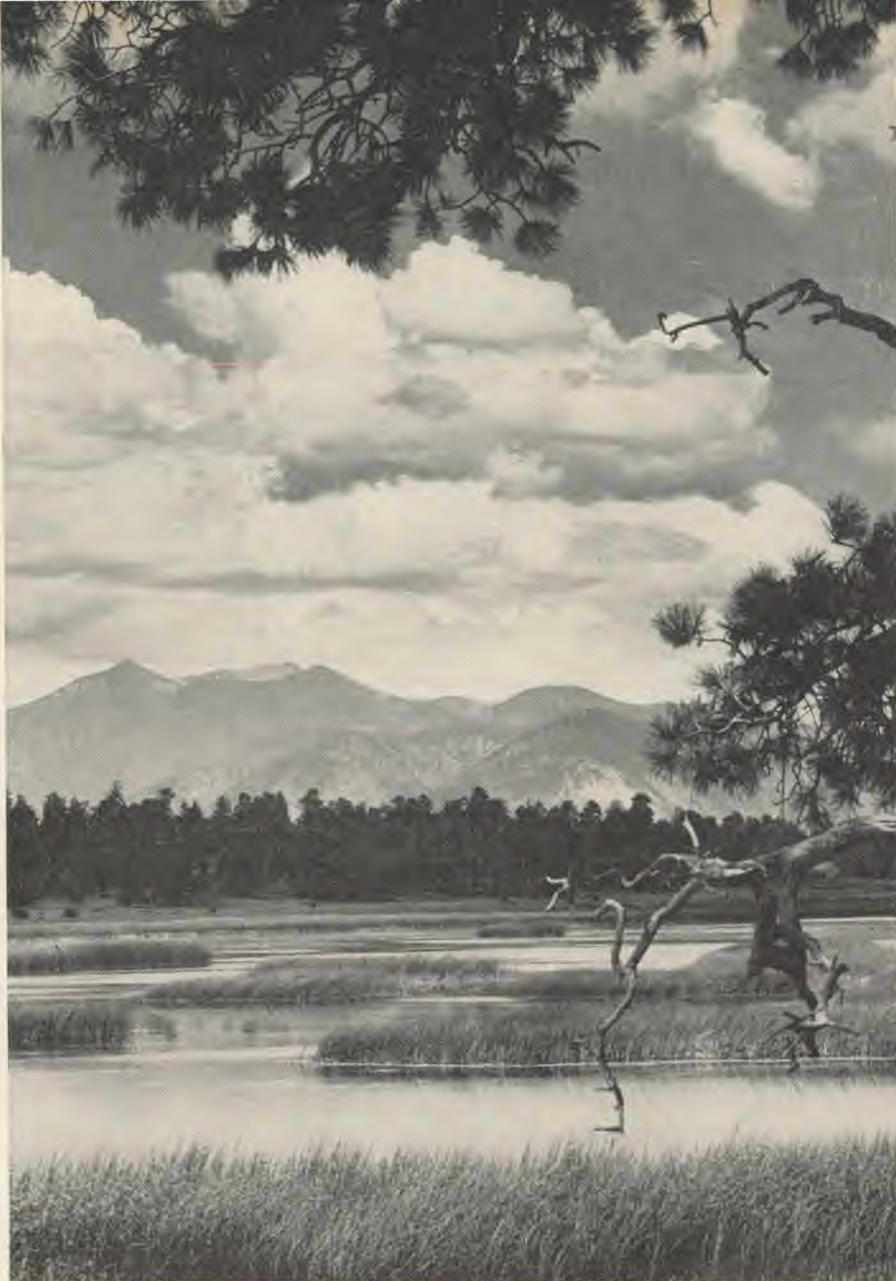
Through bleached bones of a
juniper

On top a windswept peak
We looked down on the valley
And jagged, purple streak
Of distance-painted mountains.

From there the cares of day
Seemed petty, insignificant,
And just as far away.
The world and life looked different.

It made us more selective,
Reevaluating worth and truth;
It bettered our perspective.

Thelma Ireland



poems with a purpose by "Listen" authors

by-product

People pray for a lasting peace,
And look for the messenger dove,
But do they stop to consider
That peace is a product of love?

Emily May Young



THROUGH THE EYES

(Continued from page 7)

with you, and vice versa. Then, before you can get into any difficulties, they should explain this liquor deal. It's their responsibility to point out all the facts relating to alcohol, and to show you just how it can affect you."

"Some parents who drink feel hypocritical, taking the attitude of 'don't do as I do, but do as I say.' However, most of them can quote from experience."

"Parents take their responsibilities hard. So they often say, 'I forbid this.' But they should point out our growing responsibility for ourselves. I think it's very effective when my parents give me a complete picture, and then let me work out my own fate. Since I feel responsible for my actions, I often find I'm a lot stricter with myself. While I'd resent being 'forbidden,' I find I go along with what they'd like me to do when the choice is my own."

Among the students who don't drink, most have been deterred for reasons of health. They feel that it isn't worth the many risks involved.

Some, because of respect for parental objections, are holding off until they are of age. They are delaying their final decision, and "their experiments."

Others find it too expensive.

How Can Parents Help?

Teen-agers feel that before a boy or girl is faced with refusing or accepting a drink, his parents should establish a family attitude toward drinking.

While there are exceptions, of course, the youngsters say that those who come from homes where there is no drinking are the ones most likely to avoid drinking. The ones from homes where liquor flows are likely to imbibe freely.

In moderate households, and those in which discipline also tends toward moderation, the parents recommend restraint until the teens reach legal drinking, college, or voting age. The decision becomes a family affair.

Whatever the home standards may be, no parent should ever disrupt the pattern of another family by offering a drink to a teen-age guest, even though the teen-ager may seem willing or eager to experiment.

Parents should fortify their children with facts. They should explain that alcohol is a habit-forming narcotic, and eventually physically destructive. They should describe its psychological effects, how as a depressant it anesthetizes one and clouds the sense of responsibility and clarity of choice, making dating or driving dangerous. They

should make youth realize that although it may be a "social custom," it can also be a social menace destroying the very good will, charm, and friendliness it is supposed to promote.

Parents should try to strengthen their children with social assurance and poise enough to refuse drinks. They can point out the ulterior commercial motives in attractive advertising, and show them how seldom a real alcoholically enlivened party stays on that idyllic level. They can introduce them to successful, charming, sophisticated adults who do not drink; some who never took a drink and some who learned that it was smarter to avoid "the stuff."

Parents can arm their children conversationally, encourage them to turn down drinks with a light touch. "No, thanks, I'll have a straight ginger ale." Or, "I'm feeling so good now, I would not dare have a drink." "I'm having too much fun the way I am. I don't want to spoil it." Or, "I'm not nervous. I don't need a prop." Or, "Can't stand the stuff. Give me something that tastes good."

Every teen-ager can find an easy out, if he tries with parental help. He won't want to seem stuffy, or critical, but if he can refuse while emphasizing that it's fun to do something else, he'll get away with it.

Parents should urge increased education in the schools, based on facts and situations of interest to teen-agers, to offer additional support to the standards that parents and the teen-agers themselves would like to endorse.

Obviously, teen-agers don't "need a drink." Too many of them are drinking who do need parental help. They say they don't want to be "taught to

drink at home." They want to be "taught how not to drink." Their parents must show them how.

WORDS THAT LIFT

(Continued from page 6)

But caution! Since we know a pat on the back boosts morale, it would seem all we had to do was go about praising everybody, and lo, Utopia! Praise works; so does a sleeping pill.

Giving or receiving praise must never become a thing of routine. It must be earned, deserved, and sufficiently scarce to have deepest significance. He who is so dependent on such encouragement that he seeks it, feels lost without it, has lost touch with himself.

Life is not lived for us by others. It is upon our own inner resources that we grow, that we translate experience into knowledge. No other human being may know our grief, may share our sorrow, may taste the bitterness of our defeats, or may stand with us on the high hill when we have won a triumph.

But we may hope that there will be those comparative few who will in a measure understand us, know a bit of our secret hearts and dreams, and extend to us the word of rich appreciation. Praise is never fulsome, never extravagant, never loud. It is the quiet word, the glance of an eye, the wave of a hand, that signifies perception and recognition. And we may hope, too, that we ourselves attain this quality, adding much to our own stature.

As we help others to grow, so do we develop ourselves. As we help others to live, so do we comprehend something of the mystery and the witchery of our own awareness of life.

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OPINIONS

Is the Professor Kidding?

The best way to keep Johnny from growing up to be an alcoholic is to get him on the stuff early and often, but in a relaxed atmosphere—so says Dr. Albert Ullman, professor of sociology, Tufts College, Medford, Massachusetts. Early introduction to alcohol, with frequent exposure to small amounts under conditions of low tension and low ego involvement, is best for prevention of alcoholism, he claims.

Too Easy on Drunk Drivers

"Courts and prosecuting attorneys are at fault in not enforcing strictly controls which would help eliminate drunk driving. The victims of drunk drivers are being killed in principle by negligent jurors."—Dr. Horace Campbell, chairman of the Automobile Safety Committee, Colorado Medical Society.

Fizz and Fizzles

"Americans seem to be more concerned about the fizz in their gin than about the fizzle of their rockets. Too often our race for space is a race for elbow room at the cocktail table. Cork the whisky bottle, and there will be no need to worry about the nation's security and prestige."—W. A. Scharffenberg, executive secretary, National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism.

The Cup of Indignation

"Between 1965 and 1970 the majority of the states in the United States will be under prohibition. The extent of alcoholism has run through history in definite cycles. With increased availability of liquor, heavy drinking becomes more and more 'the thing to do.' Hand in hand with this is a sharp upswing in cases of alcoholism. Ancient China, Japan, and Egypt have followed this familiar twentieth-century pattern. Public indignation in these countries finally forced the advent of total prohibition. The same revolt will take place in most

of the United States—even in such a recently wet state as Oklahoma."—Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, University of Illinois.

India Solves the Problem

"In India one can be a drinker or a driver but never both. Indian law states that a man must have a license to buy liquor, and no one who is known to be a drinker is issued a driver's license."—Rajendra Singh, Member of Parliament, India.

Smokers Are Drug Addicts

"Smokers are drug addicts. The basis of the physical joy of smoking is a drug effect."—Dr. Richard A. Overholt, famed Boston thoracic surgeon.

Subliminal Advertising

What is the purpose of getting consumers to behave like well-trained animals? asks Jonkheer W. Van Andringa D. Kempnaer, president of the Netherlands Advertising Association. In using such techniques as motivation research and subliminal communication, he observes, advertising may be headed for a victory that will mean its own defeat.

Drinking Is Habit Forming

"Alcohol does something in the body, or causes action, that leads to its continued use."—Dr. P. K. Knoefel, professor of pharmacology, University of Louisville School of Medicine.

"Research has shown that an alcoholic can get a physical dependence on alcohol similar to that produced by the use of barbiturates."—Dr. Harris Isbell, director of research, U. S. Public Health Service Hospital, Lexington, Kentucky.

More Slums

"The more liquor stores you have, the more slums you have."—Richard R. Atkinson, commenting on the slum section of Washington, D.C.

Nine Tenths Blame Alcohol

"Ninety per cent of the inmates of the Idaho Penitentiary blame alcohol for their difficulties."—Warden L. E. Clapp.

Face This Fact!

"Many alcoholics find solace in reports that cirrhosis of the liver is not due to alcohol but to the faulty diet associated with alcoholism.

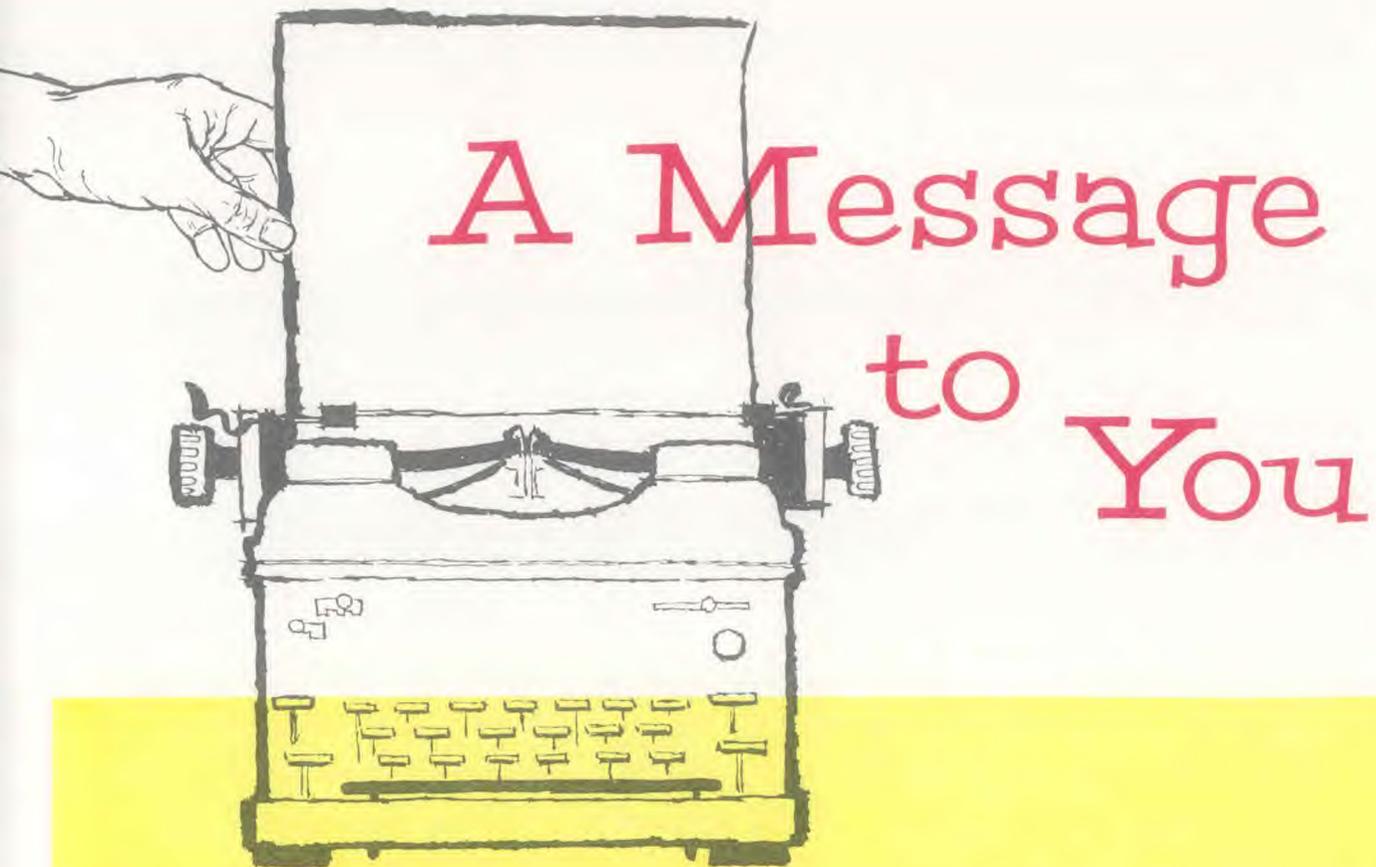
"This sounds good, but it is hard to escape the fact that alcohol is the common denominator in more than 50 per cent of all victims of this condition. . . . Cirrhosis is becoming a more serious problem and, among adults, is the fifth most common cause of death. It is outranked only by heart disease, cancer, strokes, and accidents."—Dr. Theodore R. Van Dellen, physician and medical writer.

Crackdown in Russia

In a pep talk to collective farmers, Nikita Khrushchev called for a crackdown on moonshiners: "He who makes home brew, he who gives drink to the people, acts against the interests of the state, against society, and deserves punishment." Then he told of his distaste for "wet propaganda" in films and plays: "I have seen a film, 'Before It Is Too Late,' made by the Lithuanian film studio. In this film the hero drinks vodka very often. It is not seldom in plays on the stage the hero is shown with a large bottle of vodka. We must not permit drunkenness to be made a cult."

He Brings It on Himself

"Man dictates to man that he shall take a drink, and man thus creates his own illness. Alcoholism isn't caused by glands, nor do conditions make a man a drinker. Man brings it on himself, and it is only by using his own moral force that the disease can be licked."—Vincent T. Tracy, operator of Tracy Farms, a New York center for rehabilitating alcoholics.



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