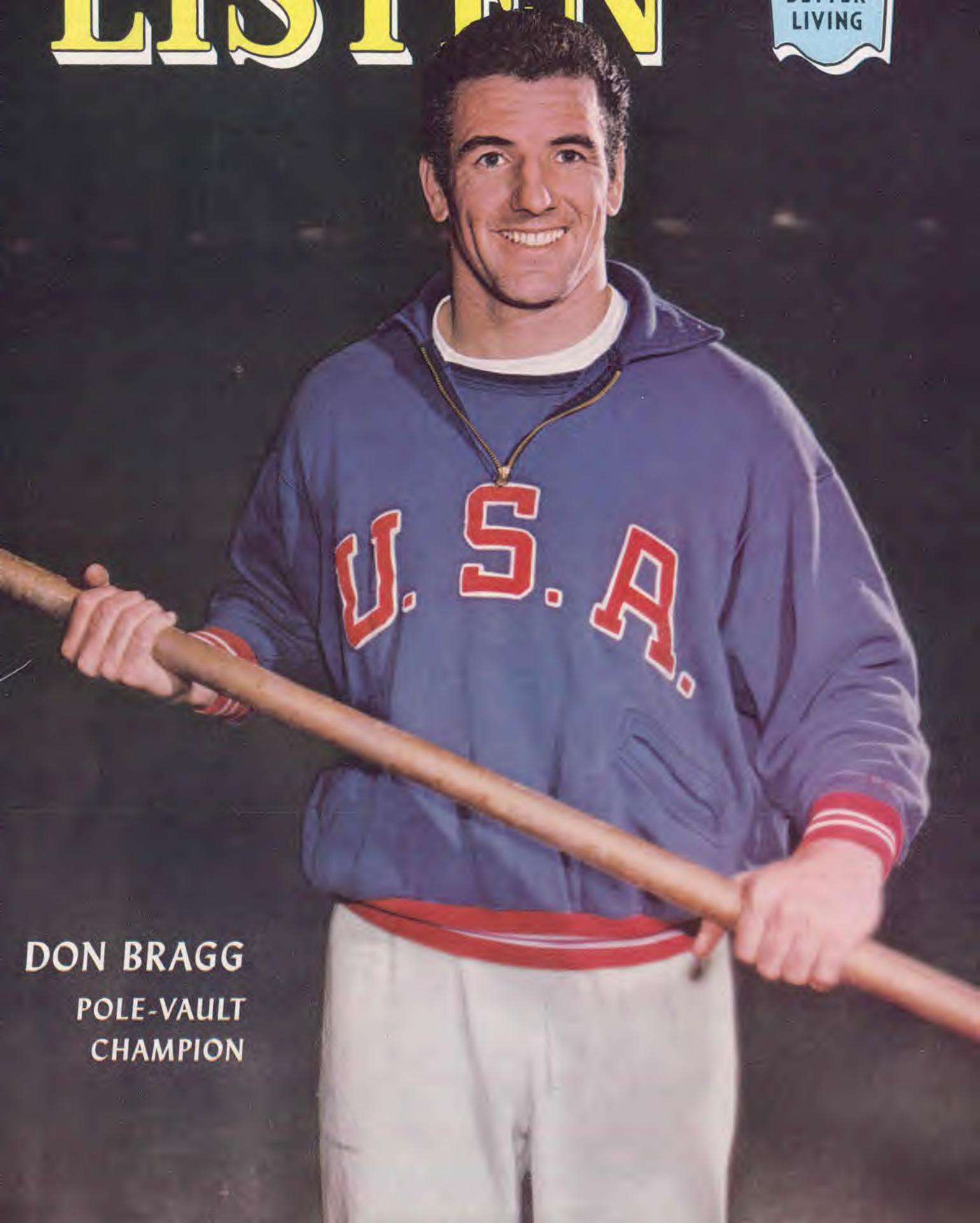


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



DON BRAGG
POLE-VAULT
CHAMPION

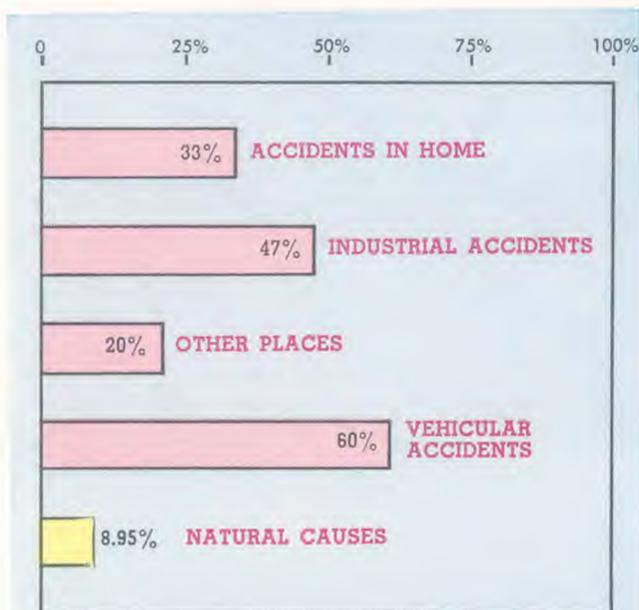


"Privileged" Characters

Eleven states plus the District of Columbia allow beer drinking at the age of eighteen. But of all the fifty states, New York alone permits the sale of beer, wine, and hard liquor to eighteen-year-olds.

The Costs Are Much More

Public revenues from alcoholic beverages during 1959 amounted to \$4,298,465,834, or an increase of \$233,937,952, or 5.8 per cent over the returns reported for 1958.



ALCOHOL IN VIOLENT DEATHS

Probably no more careful investigations are carried on or records kept concerning deaths than in the coroner's offices of Cuyahoga County, Ohio (Cleveland). This graph depicts the percentage of fatal accidents of various categories during 1959, in which alcohol was found in the blood via quantitative chemical tests.

According to the Cuyahoga County Coroner's "Statistical Report" for 1959, "The alcohol test results obtained in deaths due to natural causes are not necessarily representative of the general population. However, they do give a figure in the nonviolent deaths which dramatically illustrates the major role alcohol plays in deaths due to violence."

To Revoke 1,000,000 Licenses

One in every eighty-five drivers is expected to lose his license annually because of drunken driving, violations causing death, and repeated offenses of reckless driving, says the Federal Bureau of Public Roads, which plans for revocation of more than 1,000,000 licenses each year.

"Goofballs" Restricted

A bill to require prescriptions for amphetamines has been introduced in the Pennsylvania legislature. These drugs, which stimulate the central nervous system, are known as "goofballs," or "bennies," and have been used widely by truck drivers to fight off sleep on long runs.

Swift Sobriety

A speedy way to sober up alcoholics has been discovered. Merely inject them with the thyroid hormone, L-tri-iodothyronine. Use of the thyroid hormone treatment to sober up highly intoxicated persons within an hour or two is expected to be particularly valuable in hospitals where drunk patients who are unconscious may have been in an accident or the victim of an attack. Use of this hormone method is still in the experimental stage, researchers report.

Public Relations for Wine

Three public relations firms—two in New York and one in Los Angeles—have been approved by the Wine Advisory Board to conduct special public relations programs for the California wine industry. The Board also has voted an additional \$95,000 for consumer media advertising and \$55,000 for sales promotional material.

Beer With All Courses

"Enjoy Beer With Your Meal," slogan promotion of the Wisconsin Malting Company, Milwaukee, for the past three years, has been made the keystone of an article in an issue of the "American Restaurant" magazine. Entitled "High Profit, Extra Sale—When Beer Is Suggested With the Meal," the article claims increased profits for restaurants by having their employees suggest beer before and during meals as well as afterward, by preparing dishes with beer, and by using beer steins and similar articles as focal points of the decor.

LISTEN

A Journal of Better Living

JULY-AUGUST, 1961
Volume 14 Number 4

OUR COVER

Don Bragg, world pole vault record holder, is preparing to launch an assault on sixteen feet. By the time this "Listen" appears, he may have another world record to his credit.

Don began jumping at fourteen in high school. Last summer in Rome he brought home an Olympic gold medal for Uncle Sam. His formula for success: "You have to be dedicated to hard work to succeed."

This month Don jumps in Russia. Several times recently he has cleared sixteen feet only to nudge the bar on the way down. But sports fans are no longer dubious about world records when Don Bragg jumps.

"Listen's" cover is by Charles Stevenson.

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FRACTIONAL



SUICIDE

Francis A. Soper

WHEN one drives across the Golden Gate Bridge over San Francisco Bay, he can hardly keep from thinking of the numerous despairing souls who have leaped from that high, graceful span into the strong current below as suicides.

Neither can one climb to the observation deck at the pinnacle of the Empire State Building in New York, and observe surrounding that deck the long, sturdy iron rods, sharp at the top and curved inward, without considering the potential number of human beings who would jump as suicides from that dizzy height above Fifth Avenue if they could only get through the barrier.

Certain places in our world today have become associated with suicides—real or contemplated. When new bridges are built, or high buildings constructed, a major factor in their planning seems to be safety measures needed to prevent their being used by people bent on self-destruction.

However, there is today a more fashionable method to achieve the same result, though in a more gradual manner. Apropos indeed is the comment by a supervisor in the huge Dupont Corporation who faced his own problem of drinking by telling himself: "You're letting this chemical, this bottle, lead you around as if you were a puppy dog. You're a fractional suicide—drink by drink."

True it is that alcoholics can be called "fractional suicides." They go through life as "half men." Furthermore, there are a surprising number of them—three out of every hundred people in the entire nation. Only a small percentage of them are on skid row. In fact, the majority are in everyday society, attempting to live more or less normally while they are in reality destroying themselves. For example, of the 35,000 employees on New York's subways and buses, at least 1,250 are known alcoholics. In addition, some 500 more have been fired because of drinking. The same story can be repeated across the nation—and around the world.

This is not the whole story, though. Probably as many more are secret alcoholics as are known cases. The most prevalent and serious aspect of the alcohol problem, yet the most imponderable, is the hidden alcoholic.

There is more yet. The rest of the story concerns more millions of drinkers, many of whom probably are worrying about the alcoholics, little realizing that they themselves are skating on thin ice. As William Rambo phrased it, "You have something to worry about if you drink as little as one cocktail at lunch, two before dinner and several on Saturday night. You have something to worry about if you drink even one cocktail before dinner and only three or four at a party once a week. You have something to worry about if you drink only to be sociable on weekends. You have, in short, something to worry about every time you take a drink.

"Why? Because every time you take a drink you die a little."

One of the most baffling paradoxes of modern life is that while life is man's most prized possession, yet often he deliberately takes the initiative to shorten his own life. This he does when he takes a drink.

This becomes all the more amazing when one recalls the difficulty of recovery by those afflicted with the "disease" of alcoholism. Alcoholics Anonymous, in the past twenty-five years, can list only about 250,000 living recoveries. There are upwards of that many new alcoholics being made every year now.

Studies are now under way which may indicate that only about 1 per cent of alcoholics are cured permanently. One of the most frightening of diseases today is lung cancer, but its cure rate is about 5 per cent. We may find out that alcoholism has only one fifth that cure rate.

Nothing is gained, either, if one tries to disassociate himself from such potentialities. It all adds up to the inevitable conclusion: It simply does not pay to play with fractional suicide.

new teen-age addiction

Tension in the small oak-paneled room had turned electric! All eyes were now upon the lean, uneasy-looking seventeen-year-old boy who was seated on a small platform so he could be better seen by the dozen or so persons in the room. It was obvious that the boy wished to try to forget forever the hideous circumstances which had brought him to this predicament.

The man at his side stepped forward and rapped a gavel on a desk for attention. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "I am your county coroner, and this inquest is officially in session. As jurors, your duty is to determine whether young Danny Brennan, seated before you, be held for an indictment on homicide, manslaughter, or receive an acquittal.

"Danny is connected with the sudden death of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Brown, residents of this county. I've asked this youngster to relate the circumstances, and he will answer your questions."

The boy tried hard for a beginning. He didn't understand the situation very well himself. Only a few hours before, a doctor had given him an injection to help clear the haze from his mind, but the treatment seemed slow in action.

"I go with a gang of kids," he heard himself saying, "good guys, mostly, and my pals at Courtland High. A week ago Bob, Walt, Matt, and Karen Thomas and I held a huddle in the cafeteria at school and decided to ditch our afternoon classes. We had been feeling good all morning, real good."

"Just a moment, Danny," the coroner interrupted. "Tell the jurors how you acquired your 'good' feeling that morning."

"All of us were on 'Cos,'" the youngster answered unhesitatingly. "That's a brand of cough sirup we've been buying at the drugstores.

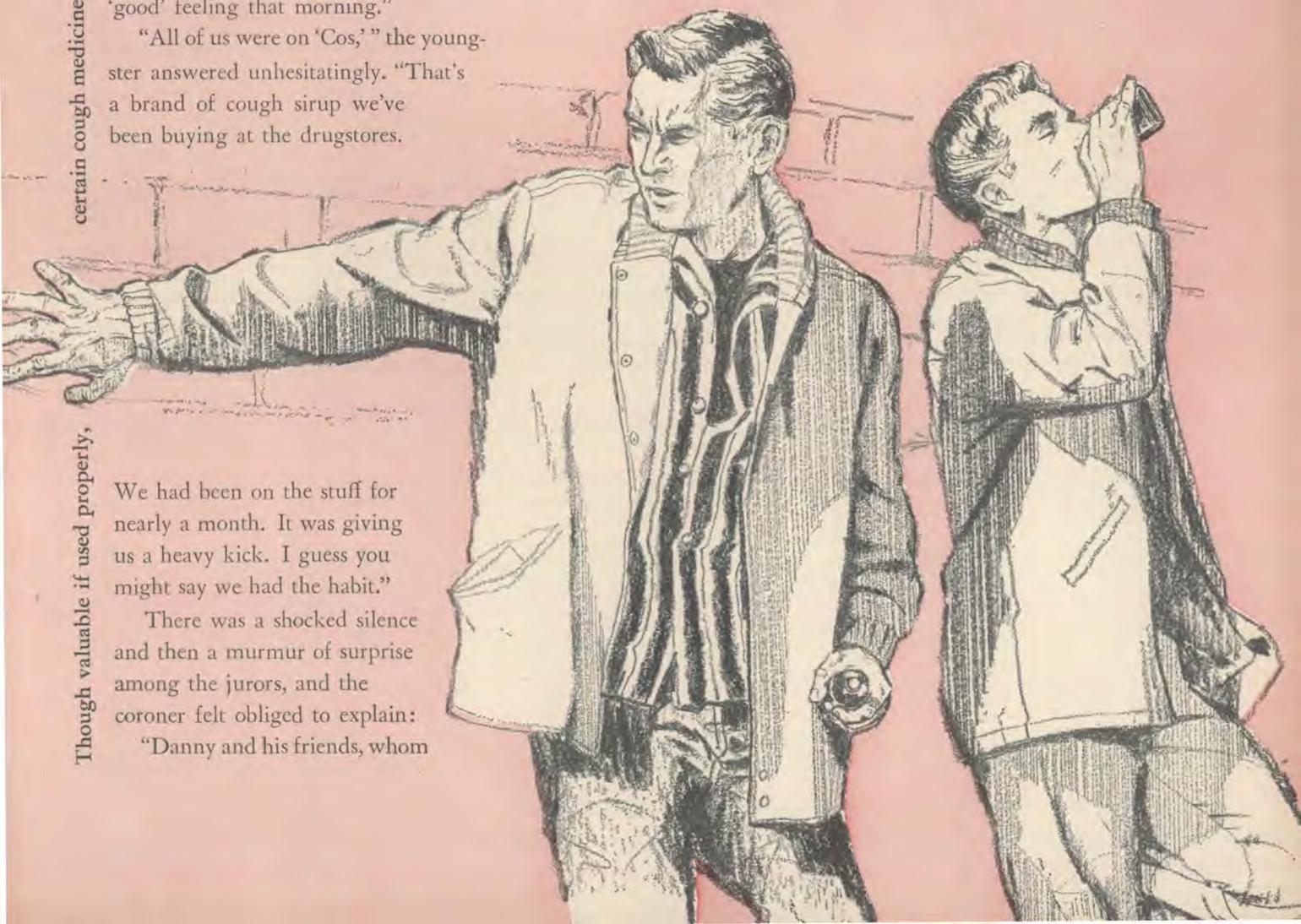
We had been on the stuff for nearly a month. It was giving us a heavy kick. I guess you might say we had the habit."

There was a shocked silence and then a murmur of surprise among the jurors, and the coroner felt obliged to explain:

"Danny and his friends, whom

certain cough medicines hold a terrible potential for tragedy if they are misused.

Though valuable if used properly,



you'll have the opportunity to question, were accustomed to drinking cough medicines containing a preparation identified as dihydrocodeinone bitartrate, a drug with properties similar to morphine and very habit forming. You'll be given a complete description of such addicting cough sirups before this inquest is over.

"In judging Danny, you will have to keep in mind the fact that in various parts of the United States, teen-agers have lately taken to cough sirups in an alarming manner. Our own pharmacies in this county have had complete sellouts of their stock to teen-agers on weekends, and the situation seems to grow worse rather than better. Addiction to cough medicines is more than a fad—it is a menace!

"As a physician, in addition to my duties as coroner, I want you to accept the fact that some brands of cough sirups are far more dangerous than many narcotics obtainable only through prescription. Sweetened sirups with dihydrocodeinone can distort the individual's sense of proportion, alter his judgment, and send him off into an unrealistic hunt for bizarre thrills and adventure, or leave him in a helpless, dreamy state of high intoxication."

Danny was told to continue his story. "We knew we were on the road to 'Endsville,' taking so much cough sirup," the teen-ager explained, "but we couldn't seem to do anything to stop ourselves. We were ashamed to tell our folks that every cent of our allowance and earnings went to buy the stuff. Drinking a bottle apiece each day for a month didn't seem to make us really care about anything. That was the way we felt that day we ditched classes.

"Bob and Walt had managed to get some bottles of 'Cos' from a druggist who was on the opposite side of town and couldn't guess we were getting kicks from the stuff. We drank it behind the school gym, and then went to where Walt had his hot rod parked. I got behind the wheel when Walt complained of feeling sick from his drink.

"Honest, I just don't really know exactly how things went after that. I remember driving along Beltline Road, and all of us were screaming and having fun. The road was clear except for a car coming toward us about a quarter of a mile away.

"Let's play 'chicken,'" Karen suddenly screamed. "Make the car that's coming be 'chicken.'" That's a game where you drive against an oncoming car until it is forced off the road or into another lane to avoid a collision," Danny explained.

Again the jurors exclaimed surprise, and Danny squirmed as he sensed the growing hostility in the room. There was nothing to do but to go on with the story.

"Somehow the Browns driving the other car didn't understand we were trying to have fun. I couldn't seem to be able to pull Walt's hot rod into the right lane, and we hit the Browns. I had been so sure they'd pull off, but they didn't!"

The youngster broke out into uncontrollable weeping, and the jurors awaited his composure with discomfort. Later other witnesses were heard, including Danny's friends, one of whom was still bandaged from the effects of the accident.

All the teen-agers admitted that their original intent

had been to purchase liquor, but they could not, being under age. Then someone made the discovery that some cough medicines gave more of a kick than wine or beer.

"Ironically," stated the coroner, "these youngsters were seeking intoxication and wound up as addicts to dangerous cough preparations."

The jury reached a quick decision. Danny Brennan was to be held for trial on a manslaughter charge as driver of the death car. His companions were referred to the probation office for possible juvenile court action.

Meanwhile, several of the jurors, in co-operation with the coroner, reviewed the situation concerning cough-medicine addiction among teen-agers as a means of controlling the problem, and this is what they learned:

Throughout the United States, in the majority of large pharmacies, anyone can purchase up to one hundred brands of cough sirups, several containing sufficient dihydrocodeinone to cause mental stupor, bizarre behavior, and excessive stimulation, in addition to addiction. Besides containing this hazardous drug, some preparations also contain other drugs capable of causing physical and mental disturbances if taken beyond the prescribed dosage.

The states of New York, Oregon, New Jersey, and Maryland have a current teen-age problem on their hands as concerns the "Cos" fad. Recently in Virginia the problem became so prevalent that druggists were asked to refuse the sale of cough sirups to youngsters. In Texas the state board of pharmacy alerted adults to the danger of cough-medicine addiction, and asked parents to effect control measures on a community level.

Early in 1960 the city of Baltimore suddenly discovered that the problem of such addiction was a serious menace, and the *Baltimore News Post* undertook a crusade to fight the situation. Teen-age and adult cough-sirup addicts were encouraged to go to health agencies and physicians for help. Habit-forming cough preparations were placed on a prescription basis, making their purchase limited.

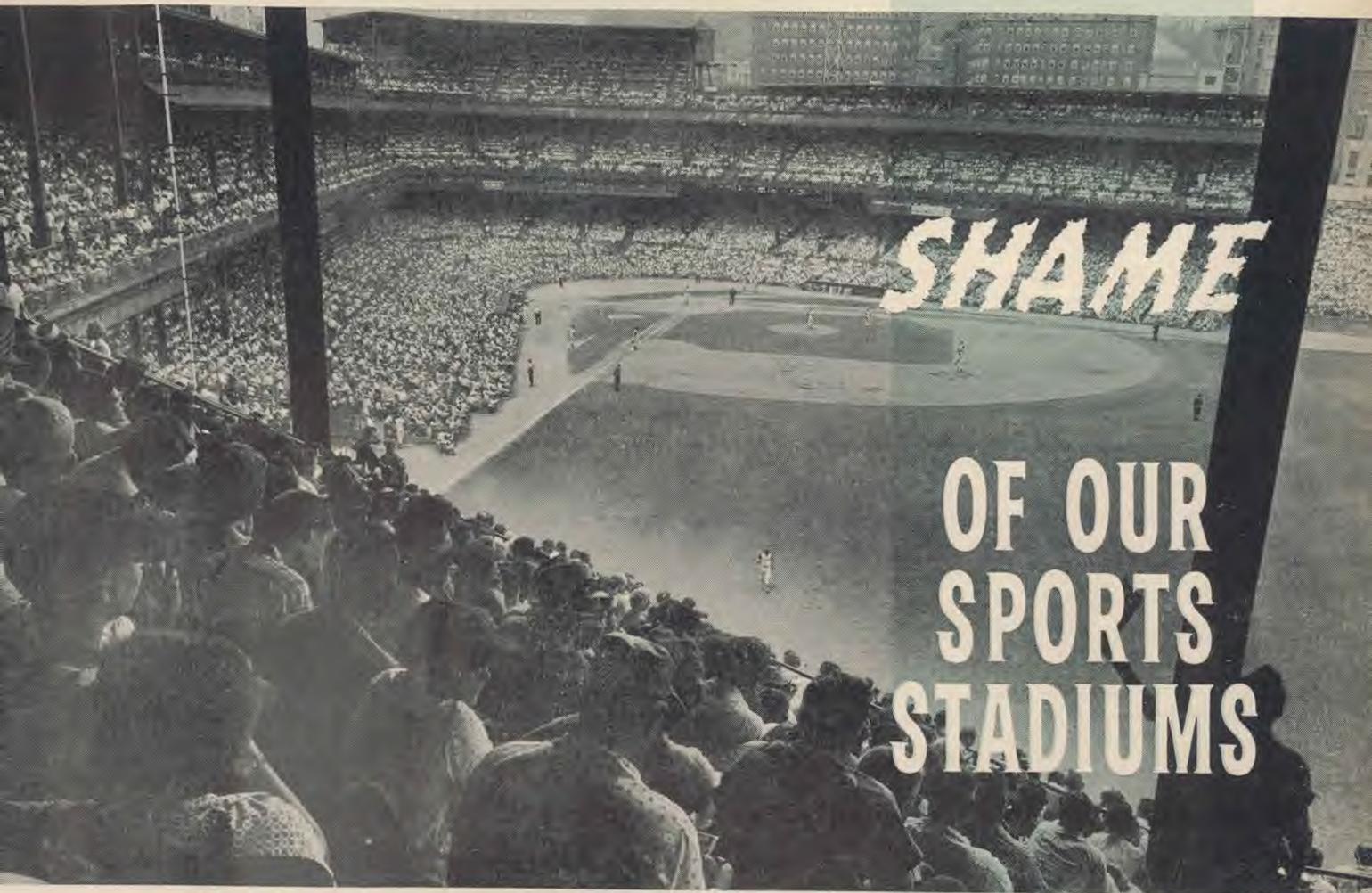
Dr. F. S. Balassone, chief of the division of drug control for the Maryland State Health Department, sent letters to pharmacists, physicians, and dealers in narcotic drugs, advising them of the addiction problem arising from use of cough medicines, and informing them that Maryland had passed a regulation restricting the sale of any preparation with dihydrocodeinone "to sale by prescription only."

Maryland citizens were shocked when the Baltimore police narcotics squad revealed that some addicts were drinking as many as eight bottles of cough medicine daily.

Since the Baltimore incident, many officials, pharmaceutical houses, druggists, and physicians throughout the United States have studied the efforts of Maryland's regulations toward control of this serious problem in order to work out procedures in their own communities.

Dr. Balassone pointed out that the preparations were valuable if used properly, but were all too often abused by teen-agers and others.

"When bottles were found in restaurants, movie theaters, alleys, and just about every place imaginable, something had to be done to protect the public," he explained. "If we had known a few years ago that these products would have been abused, they never would have been left off the prescription list. (Turn to page 31.)



SHAME OF OUR SPORTS STADIUMS

BASEBALL, the American national pastime, continues to be threatened and shamed by a No. 1 problem—drinking, which spawns fighting and hoodlumism by baseball fans at sports stadiums. The situation has reached alarming proportions. During the 1960 season Louis Rosenberg, safety director at the world champion Pittsburgh Pirates' Forbes Field, banned the carrying of any canned or bottled drinks into the park. He explained: "The greatly increased number of cans and bottles that have been brought into our park in recent months has created a serious situation. "Cans and bottles have been thrown by irresponsible people," Rosenberg reported. "Persons have been splashed by contents from these containers, and drinking oftentimes produces uncalled-for remarks." At New York's Yankee Stadium on the evening of May 31, 1960, a close Yankee-Senator game was the scene of a riot by unruly spectators. "They were throwing beer cans, tomatoes, everything," Jim Coates, Yankee pitcher, stated. Late in July, 1960, similar rowdiness plagued a Yankee-Tiger game at Detroit's Briggs Stadium. At Connie Mack Stadium the Philadelphia team almost lost the game by forfeit because of shocking fan behavior, and the (Turn to page 30.)

Each of the major league baseball teams has beer sponsorship in broadcasting or televising its games, but the use of the product so advertised has led to unsavory conditions.

Alfred K. Allan

Interview by *ELOISE ENGLE***LAWRENCE G. DERTHICK**

EDUCATION today is an ever-greater problem and a vital one in a world facing sinister and foreboding problems. But education is more than books and pencils, more than study desks and playground equipment. Education means people—leaders, who are striving to persuade the public to place education in its proper perspective.

One of these leaders is Dr. Lawrence G. Derthick, assistant executive secretary of the National Education Association, who for four years held the post of United States Commissioner of Education. Then President Eisenhower, in paying tribute to him, said: "You have rendered an outstanding service in what is certainly one of the most difficult and, at the same time, most important positions in the executive branch of the Federal Government."

However, Dr. Derthick takes a more modest view of his own accomplishments. "I am a schoolteacher," he says with a faint touch of a Tennessee drawl. "It seems as though my entire family is involved in education, one way or another." His father, now eighty-eight, still teaches every day and preaches on Sundays. His mother was dean of women at Milligan College in Johnson City, Tennessee, until her death.

His wife, the former Helda Hannah, was trained as a teacher but married before she practiced her profession. A brother, Roger Derthick, is principal of Henry Grady High School in Atlanta. Another brother, who taught in public schools for many years, recently retired from the Vocational Rehabilitation Services of the Veterans Administration.

Born fifty-four years ago, Dr. Derthick is not the cartoonists' dream of the absent-minded professor. Equipped with enormous stores of energy, a dictating machine, and a way with multiple words, he has traveled thousands of miles to the far corners of the globe to lecture, study, and confer with people in the educational field. Skimming the palm trees of Hawaii, landing in the frozen reaches of Alaska, and visiting one-room schoolhouses in our country's poorer sections were practically routine for this dynamic worker.

Probably his most heralded and lengthy journey was his tour of Soviet Russia, when he covered 7,000 miles and 100 schools to look at the Russian educational system.

He found that the Soviets considered schools and universities far more important than beautiful clothes, cars, and homes. There was a passion for education in all walks of life; young and old were going to school. "Reach and Overreach America" was their slogan.

"In spite of all this," says Dr. Derthick, "the Russians are still the underdogs. To them, education is for the good of the state. We are educating people to think and create. Character building, if you will, is important to our way of life."

And he goes on: "With the enormous strides in the knowledge of science, man himself, and space, there is more to be taught, and it must be taught *faster* and more effectively. But you get what you pay for. In this country we have come to the time when we can no longer put alcohol, tobacco, automobiles, and amusements ahead of our schools."

(Turn to page 31.)

VOICE OF SCIENCE

HOW does that cocktail after office hours, or that beer before the bowling team breaks up, affect a fellow's ability to drive on his way home? A pioneer experiment in Indiana has pointed the way to learning the real effect of small amounts of alcohol on driving reaction and skill.

Using a long-established device of sports-car enthusiasts, the gymkhana, Dr. Robert B. Forney, director of the Indiana State Toxicology Laboratory, conducted the unique test in co-operation with the state police and the United States Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

Among many legal-medical experts there is general agreement that the average person with a blood-alcohol content of .10 per cent is too intoxicated to handle an automobile properly, but there is widespread difference of opinion as to the effect of concentrations less than that.

Dr. Forney undertook not only to collect statistics on small amounts of alcohol, but also to test the reliability of breath-measuring devices and to see whether it was possible to measure the amount of stress imposed on the body by driving.

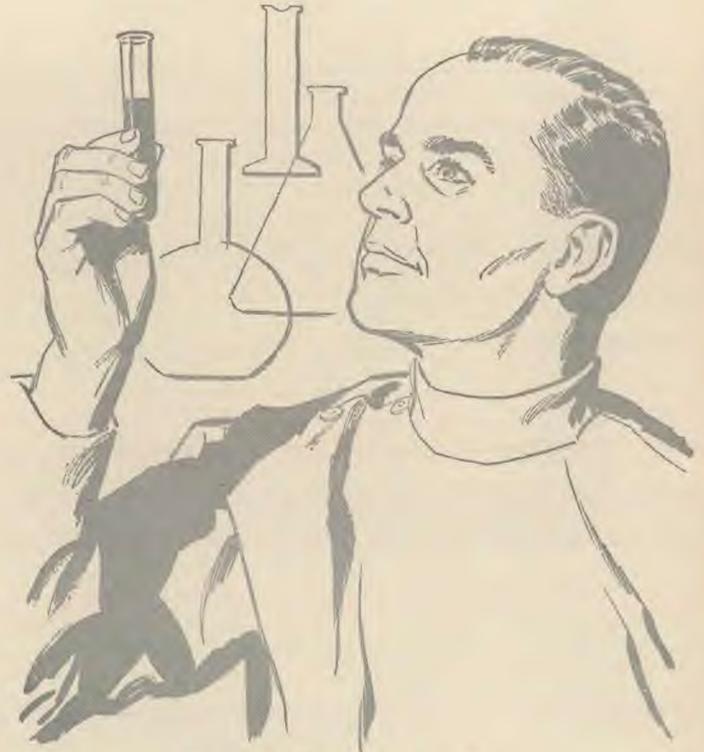
Results of the experiment are so promising that Dr. Forney has applied for grants for further study. In general he found:

1. As little as .05 per cent of alcohol in the blood can impair certain driving skills, and with some persons might seriously affect over-all driving performance.
2. Breath-testing devices can accurately predict the results of laboratory blood tests for low levels of alcohol.
3. Certain chemical changes in the body result from the stress of driving and can be measured, but small amounts of alcohol appear neither to increase nor to decrease the amount of such stress.

"We don't pretend that we did a complete job," admits Dr. Forney, "but we think it's the first effort to do scientific driving by expert drivers to test the influence of alcohol."

On hand to watch the experiment were Dr. Herman Heise, of the American Medical Association; Milton E.

NEW RESEARCH TESTS THE EFFECTS OF LOW ALCOHOL CONCENTRATIONS



Fred D. Cavinder



Attendants give participating cars a final check before the beginning of the Stout Field experiments.

Moskau, of the American Bar Association's traffic court program; and Dr. Clarke Mangun, of the Chicago regional office of the Public Health Service. Several police officials from other states also watched.

"This was a basic step toward building up a scientific background for laws," said Moskau. "We're interested in getting this information to legislatures to show them where drunk-driving laws are valid, that they are needed, and that they are proper. It all ends up with traffic safety, which is everybody's problem."

Although breath-testing devices have been considered accurate on medium and high levels of alcohol in the blood, there have been no published studies showing how accurate these devices are in measuring lower concentrations of alcohol. The same is true of measuring the effects of small amounts of alcohol on actual driving.

To study these theories, Dr. Forney and Lt. Charles Davis of the Indiana State Police enlisted the aid of the Indiana division of the Sports Car Club of America and the club's gymkhana program—a competitive sport in which drivers test their dexterity on special courses requiring precise driving against the clock.

Members of the club had been competing in gymkhana events for three years before the experiment took place in June, 1960. Five events were chosen which might best measure driver skill. Then fifty drivers, evenly matched in skills on the basis of their past performances, were divided into two equal groups according to sex, age, and weight. Later analysis of the statistics showed that the two groups were almost perfectly matched.

Stout Field in Indianapolis, an Air National Guard airport, was the scene of the test, along with state police headquarters. The five courses were set up on the runways.

Course No. 1 involved backing along a rectangular course, twining in and out of precisely spaced rubber pylons.

On Course No. 2 cars took a flying start and made five right-hand circles which got consecutively smaller, the last circle being only forty-five feet in diameter.

Course No. 3 was a maze through which drivers were required to pick their way.

Course No. 4 involved backing and driving into a series of "garages" formed by pylons.

And last, Course No. 5 required a driver to drive 100 yards as fast as possible, stopping with his front axle exactly on a given point.

Scores were timed in the tenths of a second it took a driver to complete each course. Penalties were assessed each time a driver knocked over a pylon or hit one without knocking it over.

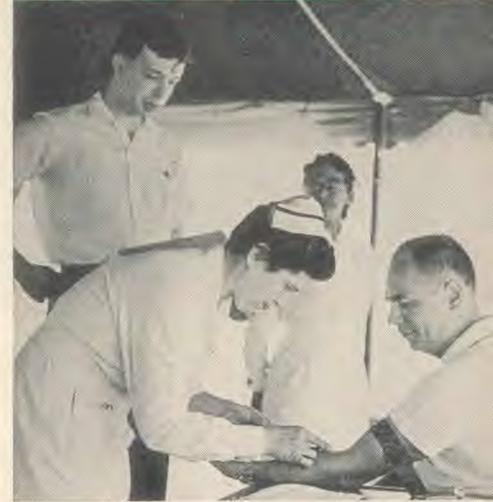
To inject a spirit of competition, which would not only motivate a driver to do his best but also increase the possibility of stress, cups were offered as prizes to the drivers with the five top scores.

All drivers were given breath tests, the first

All drivers took three breath tests—one before they started, one after alcohol had been consumed, and the third when all tests and competition had been completed. Giving the test is Sergeant Robert Van Dyke.



Miss Toledo Syester takes a blood sample from a driver. Numbers were assigned to each driver. Experimenters never knew to which driver a number belonged, thus ruling out prejudice in testing breath and blood.



Fruit-juice drinks, some containing alcohol, were given to drivers by group leaders. Neither driver nor group leader had any idea which drinks had alcohol. Tabasco sauce disguised the taste of the liquor, and added a "warmth" that made 90 per cent of the drivers believe there was alcohol in their drink.



Chuck Rikert gives final instructions to drivers, all of whom knew the nature of the experiment and their scores as they went through the course.



The first course involved backing. Judges and assistants timed drivers, and gave penalties for pylons brushed or knocked over.





Tires squealing, a sports car tries to maneuver in ever-decreasing circles. Speeds reached forty miles an hour as the cars started the circles. Numbers on pylons kept the cars on course.



Here a driver finds a path through the maze too tight, and he knocks over a pylon. Penalty for this was adding one tenth of a second to his score for that event.



Here a driver backs into a "garage" formed by two rows of pylons. In this event drivers had alternately to drive and to back into a series of three garages.



Judges measure to see how close this driver came to stopping with his axle directly in line with a painted mark from 100 yards away. Penalties were assessed for each three inches past or short of the line.



Dr. Robert B. Forney (left), who conducted the experiment, examines a Breathalyzer with Sergeant E. A. Likins, state police technician who helped administer breath tests to drivers.



Dr. Forney shows one of the cups given to the top five drivers to Dr. Rolla Harger, head of the Indiana University Department of Toxicology and inventor of the Drunkometer.

of three to be taken. Blood and urine samples also were taken. The breath tests were taken by ten Indiana state troopers who regularly give tests to ordinary drivers. Five used the Breathalyzer, and five used the Drunkometer, both of which were invented by Hoosiers.

White blood cell and eosinophile counts were made on blood samples at the scene by technicians, and the blood was prepared for extensive tests later.

Then all drivers went through the course twice, so that, in addition to their past experience in running the events, they would have equal chances to gain practice on these specific courses.

Then half the group had fruit juice "spiked" with ethyl alcohol, and half had only fruit juice. They were given twelve ounces for each 150 pounds of body weight. To prevent drivers from knowing whether or not they had alcohol, Dr. Forney mixed the drinks himself. Only he knew which group had been designated the "drinker" group.

To each container of pineapple-grapefruit juice was added some tabasco sauce as a disguise for the alcohol. Significantly, 90 per cent of the drivers were unable to tell by taste whether or not their drink contained alcohol. Even after the alcohol had been absorbed into the system, seven of the fifty still were mistaken about whether their drink had been spiked.

Each driver took thirty minutes to drink the juice. An additional hour was allowed for the alcohol to come to equilibrium in the body. After this, a second breath test was taken. Then all drivers ran the courses a third time. Each then was given a final breath test, and final blood and urine samples were taken.

The data resulting from these measurements were placed on punch cards and statistically analyzed by Dale Hall, chief programmer of the Indiana University Research Computing Center, and his staff.

"I think we can safely say that impairment is produced in some people by low levels of alcohol," says Dr. Forney. "We hope to redesign the course some time in the future for more critical study.

"Because of the fact that drinkers and nondrinkers were treated as a group, low individual scores tend to be hidden," he points out. "Even so, as a group, the drinkers did significantly poorer on the first course only. There was no significant difference on other courses."

However, the first course was the toughest, in the opinion of drivers and officials. "The most difficult thing a driver has to do is back up," Dr. Forney points out. This could indicate that low levels of alcohol might impair a driver at the most critical time, when his most precise skills are called upon in traffic.

Sometimes it is claimed that a little liquor might improve driving, but in these experiments it should be noted that no drinker made a higher score after drinking than he had before drinking. In fact, all the drinking drivers generally (Turn to page 28.)

YOUTH - IN NEED OF HELP

YOUTH - IN NEED OF HELP



1. No stronger bond exists anywhere than the one among these teen-age children of alcoholics.

2. Peter's father and mother were frequent cocktail drinkers. However, when his mother died, his father took to heavy drinking and after some months was definitely an alcoholic, staying out late at night on binges.



3. Often Peter found his father slumped on the sidewalk, stone drunk. These rescues had a bad emotional effect on him; he shied away from youth of his own age.



4. Gradually he became an expert hang-over nurse. He had to skip school many days because his father would be sick throughout the morning. The problem was getting too big for him to handle.

"MY MOTHER and father drink. In the afternoon my mother is great, but do I dread the nights! After four Martinis, my father gets mean and unsteady. One night when we came home from eating out, we went off the road three times. Sometimes I feel like crying, even though I am almost fifteen. I have tried diluting the Martinis, but I got restricted for six months. What can I do?"

Such is the pathetic story of one teen-ager who is worried about his parents' drinking, but doesn't know what to do about it.

A fifteen-year-old from Texas has a similar problem. He says, with feeling: "I'd like to take an ax and smash every bottle of liquor in this house. Both my parents inherited money, so nobody works. They sit and drink all day, and at night it's more of the same. My brother and I eat in the kitchen with the help because our parents fight like cats and dogs at the dinner table, and we just can't take it."

The same sad tale is emphasized by a sixteen-year-old girl: "My father is an alcoholic. My mother, brother, and I have about reached the end of our rope. We don't understand him. We don't know why he drinks, and we don't know how much longer we can take it. We need help."

To secure such help, youth with the same story are banding together in Alateen groups across the country in order to find responsible ways to help their alcoholic parents and to solve the problems in their own lives arising out of their parents' drinking.

Originated in 1956, the Alateen idea was started by a high school boy named Bob living in Pasa-

YOUTH - IN NEED OF HELP



7. When he understands his parents' struggle, a youth can begin to change his shame to pride, his defiance to obedience, his resentment to love. He then feels able to contribute to a solution of the basic cause of the trouble. Peter fortunately persuades his father to attend A.A. meetings, while he himself continues to go to Alateen meetings.



8. There now develops a strengthening and hopeful bond between father and son who together face the father's problem of alcoholism squarely. It is going to be a hard struggle at first, but the effort is in the right direction.



6. At the meeting, Peter found the atmosphere to be informal; he felt free to talk about his problems and frightening feelings with other children of alcoholics who experience the same problems, fears, hopes.



5. When he heard of Al-Anon, an organization for families and friends of alcoholics, he found that other people were concerned over the same problem he was facing. He also found that Alateen, a subgroup for teen-age children of alcoholics, was soon to hold one of its weekly meetings.



9. Finally, there is a solid relationship between Peter and his father, and good news about father's job is a happy assurance for the coming years.

dena, California. Since his father had been helped in A.A., Bob attended some of the adult meetings. There he decided that many of the same principles could help children of alcoholics.

So it was that in a kitchen in the suburbs, six young people met for the first Alateen meeting. A year later this group had twenty-one members. Today there are more than one hundred active groups in the United States and Canada, with as many more in process of organizing. Membership is above two thousand, with the total increasing every day. Already the idea has been carried as far as Australia.

Alateen has its national headquarters at 505 Fifth Avenue, New York City. At the same address is the Al-Anon Family Group, a companion organization to A.A. to help wives, relatives, and friends of alcoholics. Alateen is guided by A.A. and Al-Anon, and is based on the same program. All these organizations join in a common bond of effort to cope with the problems of alcoholism and its impact on the alcoholic and those near him.

Much of the impact of drinking on modern youth arises from the prevalent custom of the cocktail hour. When they see their parents drinking in their own home, or attending cocktail parties elsewhere, they see demonstrated before their eyes the results of such drinking, which in many instances give rise to distress and disturbing conflicts for teen-agers. A few years ago such an organization as Alateen was unheard of, but now youth are forced to seek aid for the very parents who should be setting the right example before their young people and leading them into productive and happy lives.



The Woman's Angle

Robert W. Driver

ARE GIRLS Ron and Gayle were out on their first
NATURAL-BORN date. Ron wanted to impress
HERO Gayle, one of the prettiest girls
WORSHIPERS? in his high school, so that she would date him
again when the school social
events began later in September.

To show what a fabulous fellow he was, Ron brought along a hip flask filled with vodka. Gayle asked him to put it away, but she didn't ask hard enough. Ron kept nipping at it all evening, and when it was time to drive home he was neatly "stoned."

The tree they slammed into was a large maple that, like Gayle, had grown tall, straight, and lovely for about sixteen years. The tree was replaceable. Gayle's face wasn't.

She's home from the hospital now, and the bandages are off. But her scars aren't. Even her parents don't like to look at her. At least, Gayle doesn't have to worry about dating now. Nobody's interested, and may never again be interested.

Ron? He was more fortunate.

He was killed instantly.

If you think this was an exceptional incident, you're right. It was. Many Gayles get home safely; but the few who don't, make up for all the others who do. The danger of sudden death or of permanent injury is one reason girls don't like boys to drink. There are others, maybe less dramatic, but just as valid. If you want to find out what some of them are, ask the girls. Here's what the answers will sound like:

"If drinking made a fellow better—I mean, really improved him in some way—I might not mind it so much, but it doesn't.

"Take Jack, for instance. He used to be a scream at every party, really a funny guy. But now he thinks a few cans of beer improve his act. He's crazy. All it does is make him twice as loud and half as funny.

"Same way with Howie, that drummer in Central High's band. When he's sober, he's another Krupa. But after a few drinks, he's playing only for himself.

His rhythm is all in his head. He doesn't even hear the crowd mocking him.

"If only those guys would realize that drinking doesn't improve anybody, no matter who they are or what they're doing."

Girls are funny—there is something inside them that makes them need to be proud of boys. It isn't that girls are natural-born hero worshipers, because they're not. Maybe it is just an inborn sense that tells them how fine and strong a boy can be, if he only wants to.

But when a boy—especially No. 1—lets alcohol get in the way, a girl finds it pretty hard to feel pride, or anything like it.

Listen to what Laurie, a cheer leader, has to say along this line:

"I yelled myself blue for the basketball team all last winter, but mostly for Brad, who played center. I was dying to go out with him, but I almost flipped when he finally asked me to be his date for an after-the-game party.

"I thought we might have a few soft drinks. We had the drinks, all right, but Brad spiked his. He sat and laughed about the coach telling the team not to break training.

"I was sick. I wanted Brad to be as wonderful as I had hoped he was, but he turned out to be a cheat. That's a mild word compared to what the coach called him when he finally caught on. He canned him, quick. Boy, talk about having a dream shattered."

A third reason girls don't like boys to drink is that any decent girl likes to be treated as such. But once a guy gets tanked up, he's likely to forget how. Alcohol tends to make a boy forget his ideals. It also makes him forget that his date may have a few ideals of her own. His notions get free and easy, his language follows suit, and before long he may have ruined his social reputation.

College freshman Julie tells this story: "I don't think I was on campus more than a week before I met Ted, who was a junior. He seemed (Continued on page 27)

"PUSHER" is a new word, meaning a confirmed addict. He is usually seventeen to twenty years of age, a seller of illicit drugs. Unscrupulous, base, and vile, the pusher, because of his own addiction, would inoculate anyone. The originator of this word? Any one of the thousands of addicts living in large cities like Chicago.

The pusher as a rule will sell any type of drug needed by his customers, such as marijuana cigarettes, commonly called reefers, weeds, Indian hay, or loco weed; barbiturates, benzedrine, or any synthetic drugs known as goof balls. The pusher also sells heroin, morphine, or any of the other narcotic drugs. He may sell cocaine when it is procurable.

Because of his addiction, this is the only means the pusher has to keep himself supplied with drugs for his habit. He is the agent for small-time peddlers, who, in turn, depend on sellers for their supplies. Sellers are never addicts, and very few of the peddlers are addicts. All pushers are addicts. One can now see why the pusher is a knife poised at the throat of the community.

A pusher makes the first contact with the prospective addict. Because of his age he can easily mingle with youthful groups. Eighty per cent of all addicts in the United States are thirty years of age or under. He knows that one of the first steps toward drug addiction is the use of the marijuana cigarette, so through experience he has learned whom to seek as a prospect. The one easiest to exploit is the cigarette smoker, who has learned to inhale and will not require instruction in this art.

After a short period of time, varying from a week to months, marijuana will pall on the user. He is now ready

The Author: For the past twelve years Joseph F. Fiedoral has been addressing student assemblies in high schools and colleges throughout the Middle West. To paint graphically a word picture of the insidious effects and vicious results of drug addiction requires knowledge gained primarily through personal association with the victims, a knowledge learned by the author of this "Listen" exclusive during a lifetime spent in the police department, where he was assigned to the notorious Maxwell Street District in Chicago, once the focal point of drug distribution. He also authored the perceptive and forthright article, "Why the Narcotics Menace Grows," appearing in "Listen," September-October, 1959.

for the next step, so heroin will be introduced in a tricky manner, accompanied by a dare or a challenge. Most beginners are instructed to use it orally, or to inhale this drug; but this method is expensive, and shortly the tyro will be using the hypodermic needle and taking the drug intravenously, better known as "mainlining."

Ninety per cent of the thousands of addicts questioned in the Narcotics Court in Chicago state that after the first injection of heroin they were "hooked," hopelessly addicted.

This, then, brings up the question of what can be done to eliminate drug addiction among young people. It is obvious that the answer must be an educational program on narcotics in the schools, augmented with student assemblies to

(Turn to page 28.)

Why wait till the narcotics menace becomes full-blown, when with the proper education it can be—

❖ NIPPED ❖ IN ❖ THE ❖ BUD ❖

JOSEPH F. FIEDORAL



Grace L. Sunday

SOME time ago one of his friends described Arthur De Moss, rising young insurance tycoon, as jet propelled, because of his restless ambition. Today the same friend calls him a guided missile, but loaded with good will. Art admits he is indeed guided, and explains that it was on Friday the 13th, October, 1950, that he got on the beam.

As a teen-ager this ebullient young man was a precocious gambler. In spite of natural and vigorous parental objection, he defected from school and, enamored of Lady Luck, headed West from his boyhood home in Albany, New York. He was hungry for excitement, and thought the pastures of Las Vegas would be greener than those of the Empire State capital.

For a time they were, but soon he moved on to Texas, finding thrills in work on a ranch and as a busy bartender in a real saloon, with sawdust on the floor. He became acquainted with drinking, with drunks, with many Ring Lardner characters. Burning midnight oil trying to improve his gambling "system," he concluded that maybe more mathematics might help.

Back in Albany, he caught up with the high school class he had deserted, and undertook to run a bookie business. But Art wonders today how he kept out of serious trouble. He came to know that the seamier side of life can be rough. However, it was alcohol that really frightened him.

The Gold Star Total Abstainer's Policy was originated by Arthur De Moss, who has always felt that persons who do not drink ought to be entitled to protection at a special rate. World Mutual Health and Accident Insurance Company of Pennsylvania has underwritten this Gold Star Plan, which is made available by mail to nondrinkers only through De Moss Associates, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania.

"It was when I got into the liquor business," says Art, who is now thirty-four, "that I saw the results of drinking that liquor ads never reveal—broken homes, hearts, and health. Maybe that sounds hackneyed, but I had nightmares—and for real. I quit. I decided that I couldn't sell misery, no matter for how much, and be happy myself.

"Then, when I was looking around, my friend John Hamm—he's an insurance man, and a good one—said, 'Art, I think you can sell anything, especially insurance. I'll help you get a job. I think you'll like it.'

"Well, I did like the insurance business, especially health and accident. I liked it so much that within a year I was in business for myself. But there was something missing."

Now the expression on Art's face changes. His smile fades and he becomes

(Turn to page 34.)

★
ARTHUR DE MOSS
HAS INTRODUCED
SOMETHING NEW
INTO THE
WORLD'S MOST
COMPETITIVE
BUSINESS



PEACE-OF-MIND
SALESMAN



RESULTS OF THE FIRST YEAR OF REPEAL



OKLAHOMA - NOW "UP TO DATE"

Calvin Bergdall

Listen, in its November-December, 1958, issue, featured an article of mine entitled "Behind the Times," wherein I stated how happy I was to be living in a dry state. At that time 3.2 beer, certainly of sufficient danger in itself, was the strongest legal drink sold in Oklahoma.

My glory was short-lived. On September 1, 1959, after fifty-two years of prohibition, legal liquor made its first appearance. Now we are no longer behind the times!

What is the result of this modernization? To begin with, there are now 800 or more liquor stores for our children to pass by as they go to and from school. There are full-page newspaper advertisements boasting of the fine taste of this brand or that brand, and extolling the virtues of the "fine gentlemen" who drink. Youngsters wait in the auto outside the store as their parents purchase a supply of drinks to take home, a supply which needs no longer to be hidden. Liquor cabinets and bars are standard equipment in "sophisticated" homes.

Liquor and wine shipments into the state for the ten months of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1960, came to 1,441,261 cases. This averaged more than half a case for each man, woman, and child living in Oklahoma.

As one television reporter observed when making this announcement, "Perhaps you didn't get your half case? It averages out—the drunken teen-ager you saw last week did!"

Thus has repeal changed the face of Oklahoma. There is still the problem of bootlegging, since many still seek to avoid payment of tax. There has, in fact, been practically no progress toward betterment, and much toward retardment.

Advocates of repeal maintained that controlled liquor would eradicate problems that existed under dry laws. According to their vague reasoning, once a liquor store was situated in every town with over 200 population, there would be fewer drunks than before.

Has this been the case? The records of the police court of our largest city, Oklahoma City, shows the comparison between the first months of repeal and the parallel months under dry laws:

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Interview by Mike A. Jones



A former Villanova star, Don goes over the bar at fifteen feet, nine and a half inches to set a new indoor record, in the Philadelphia "Inquirer" Games.

AS THE loud-speaker blared in the huge indoor arena, several thousand people were suddenly silenced. The pole vaulter studied the jump he was about to attempt. Athletes loosening up on the oval track surrounding the pole-vault area crouched to watch. Clad in white shirt and white trunks, 130 feet away from his jump, the pole vaulter leaned forward.

Gathering momentum, he sped down the runway, set the pole down, and started up. After a moment of flight he was in the sawdust. While the crowd cheered and applauded, he brushed off the sawdust and pulled his sweats on. Don Bragg, world record holder and Olympic gold medal winner in the pole vault, had just cleared more than fifteen feet to win another track meet.

When he came down, I began talking with him. Angling through the crowd, we gained the sidelines, and conversed sitting on the gym floor of the Armory in Washington, D.C. A strapping six foot three, this dark-haired two-hundred pound athlete is commonly referred to as "the dominant figure in pole vaulting" and "the world's greatest pole vaulter."

One of the first to clear fifteen feet in the pole vault in modern times, Bragg has broken the records set by Bob Richards, former pole-vault king. Present holder of all existing major records in the pole vault, Don Bragg set an Olympic record when he won his gold medal in last summer's Olympics in Rome. Last February he narrowly missed jumping an unbelievable sixteen feet at the Philadelphia *Inquirer* track meet.

"When did you first become interested in pole vaulting?" I began.

"In high school when I was fourteen years old."

"How did you find it the first time you attempted to pole vault?"

"Comparatively easy," Don commented. "At first I was able to do around seven feet. Then, after that, it really



Don is shown with his bride, Terry Fiore, after their marriage November 12, 1960, in Penns Grove, New Jersey.



As a mock warm-up for his coveted role as Tarzan, Don swings happily from a tree at Fort Dix, New Jersey, while holding his Army discharge papers.

HE J



Don Bragg (left), world record holder in pole vaulting,

receives the Bob Gutowski Memorial Trophy after winning the "Evening Star" (Washington, D.C.) Games event in January, 1961, with a leap of fifteen feet, one inch. Sponsors of the pole vault designated this year's event as a memorial to the late Bob Gutowski, 1960 winner, who was killed in an automobile accident last summer. Presenting the trophy is L. A. Davidson, president of the Government Employees Insurance Company.

got hard when I got around eight or nine feet. I gradually improved, but it took work and practice."

"Which incident or event catapulted your name into national headlines, and when did you really become known as a prominent athlete?" I queried.

He pondered a moment. "I would say my senior year in high school. During that year I placed third in the national championships in Dayton, Ohio. Shortly after that I began jumping against the best pole vaulters in the country."

I asked Don what his most thrilling moment was in all his track and field participation.

He offered two. "My biggest thrill was winning a gold medal at the Olympics at Rome last summer."

"How high did you jump?"

"Fifteen feet, five and an eighth inches," he said. "My second biggest thrill was breaking the world record at Stanford, California, last summer. It was July 2, and I vaulted fifteen feet, nine and a quarter inches."

"You said your greatest thrill was winning a gold medal in last summer's Olympic games," I repeated. "What are your plans for the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo?"

"I doubt that I'll participate. I plan to be devoting all my time to making a living by then."

"Speaking of earning a living," I said, "lately we are hearing rumors that you aspire to play the role of Tarzan in motion pictures." Don's wife Terry had told me he has been interviewed by most of the studios.

"At this time things look pretty good for this role," he said.

"What do your immediate plans include?"

"I'll jump a few more indoor track meets. Then I hope to participate in the Russian track meet in Moscow this July."

"Speaking of the Russians," I inquired, "how would you say the Russian athletic

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Mrs. Bragg speaking—

Between talks with Don Bragg, "Listen" interviewed his wife Terry while Don was busy jumping. Here are some side lights:

"Terry, how long does a typical pole-vault competition last during a meet?"

"Since each vaulter has three attempts to make each height, the pole vault usually starts at 7 p.m. and often ends at 12 p.m. I have been with Don when we have actually closed the doors of Madison Square Garden after a meet."

"What do you do when Don is away performing at some track meet?"

"I do secretarial work, and when I'm not working I enjoy being near a good swimming pool in sunny California."

"How does Don travel mostly?"

"Plane is the only type of transportation which can house his pole."

"How heavy and how long is his pole?"

"The pole weighs about seven pounds, is sixteen feet long, and is made of aluminum. If Don could get a fiberglass pole to hold his weight, he could jump seventeen feet."

"Does Don receive much fan mail?"

"Yes, he gets much of it from Europe, where he has competed about five times. And he usually answers every letter, especially the children asking for autographs."

"Does Don have any nicknames?"

"I call him Sayre. It's a gypsy word meaning 'Friend.'"

JUMPS TO CONQUER

WORLD VIEW



TODAY alcoholism is widely viewed as a medical problem, but in most instances it is not treated as such. Characteristic of modern medicine is its major emphasis on the removal of causes for disease, in this way aiding the prevention of disease.

As far as alcoholism is concerned, a myriad of committees and organizations are treating and rehabilitating alcoholics, and doing commendable work in this field, but very few sponsor an effective program of prevention to attempt the removal of the basic causes of the "disease."

This lack was what prompted a group of physicians, educators, and other professional leaders to organize a decade ago the International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism to provide a world-wide framework through which to sponsor an intensive educational effort for prevention. This Commission, when fully manned, will consist of 250 members, representing all countries on a basis of population, and is dedicated to the immediate objective of establishing Institutes of Scientific Studies in strategic areas that will encourage research, provide scientific training, and publish authoritative materials on all phases of the alcohol problem.

The Institutes operate under the direction of National Committees for the Prevention of Alcoholism, affiliates of the International Commission. Father of the growing family of Institutes is the Loma Linda Institute, in California, beginning in 1950, and developing into the ideas which since have created a world-wide impact.

With the aid and co-operation of European leaders in alcohol education who attended the Loma Linda Institute, the All-Europe Institute was established in 1955, and has conducted its sessions in Geneva, Vienna, and Paris, with the current session being held in Amsterdam.

The following year an Institute was set up in India, and the American Institute in Washington, D.C., to serve the eastern half of the United States. The year 1958 saw the beginning of the Australian Institute, and 1961 the first session of the South African Institute in Johannesburg and the Philippine Institute in Manila. Others are in the planning stage for Mexico, Brazil, and other areas.

Most active in the establishing of the Institutes, not only in the United States but also in other parts of the world, has been W. A. Scharffenberg, executive secretary of the International Commis-

sion, and organizing genius behind the Commission idea in the first place. Success of this program has been due in great degree to his untiring and rapid pace around the world.

In addition to the Institutes directly operated by the National Committees are numerous others set up as the result of the inspiration and training by Institute students.

According to Dr. Winton H. Beaven, university professor of Washington, D.C., who is director of the Institutes, there were about three Institutes on alcohol in the United States when the Loma Linda school was first started. "Today there are probably fifty," he says, "and a significant number of these have been organized by Institute of Scientific Studies alumni, and have been patterned after it."

"To illustrate, a few years ago four of our Institute alumni organized a similar Institute at the University of British Columbia, Vancouver, Canada. It now has been operating since 1956. Also, letters from Institute alumni indicate that many have been inspired by their attendance to prepare courses of studies for their own organizations, churches, or clubs, based on the Institute program."

It is the purpose of the Institutes to



1. Washington, D.C.: Dinner meeting of the Washington Institute at the Shoreham Hotel.
2. Paris: Students at the All-European Institute listen intently in one of the conference rooms of the UNESCO headquarters building.
3. Loma Linda: Police officer Geraldine Lambert of Los Angeles directs an Institute field trip.

Institutes of Scientific Studies

provide basic information and techniques, which may be adapted by a wide range of individuals to meet the particular problems involved, either on national or on local levels. "There is probably no other single program in the United States which offers the student such a broad informational approach to the study of alcohol problems," states Director Beaven.

Student bodies at the Institutes are composed largely of professional or lay people who are already working on problems caused by alcohol in society. These people include law-enforcement officers, educators, clergymen, and social workers.

Lecturers for the Institutes are chosen for their abilities to communicate their knowledge to the average person, not alone for their knowledge and pre-eminence in their fields. Great care is taken to keep technical language at a minimum, consistent with understandability.

Prominent Institute lecturers include Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, distinguished professor of physiology and head of the Department of Clinical Sciences at the University of Illinois, who also serves as president of the International Commission; Dr. Lois Higgins, director of the Illinois Crime Prevention Bureau

and president of the International Association of Women Police; Dr. Cyril Courville, professor of neurology at Loma Linda University, Loma Linda, California; and Dr. George T. Harding, director of the Harding Sanitarium, Worthington, Ohio.

After the basic foundation has been laid, varying aspects of the alcohol problem are discussed by experts, either by lecture or by panel discussion. For example, a leading psychiatrist may discuss psychiatric problems of alcoholism, and this may be implemented by a half-day visit to a psychiatric hospital, where doctors will present case studies for discussion. Lectures and discussions dealing with alcohol and traffic may be followed by a visit to the local police station, where officers will describe the problem as they see it.

Although the Institutes are conducted on a graduate level, students who are currently enrolled in college are accepted as well as those who are not college graduates, but whose experience and position qualify them. Reading is required in a special library maintained for the purpose, and examinations are given at the conclusion of the course.

To serve the needs of a wide public, costs of attendance have been kept at an absolute minimum. According to Dr.

Beaven, "Total costs for a two-week session (including room, board, and tuition) need not exceed \$100. This is one reason the Institutes are conducted in the summer on university campuses where housing is available in dormitories, and cafeterias are convenient."

To encourage Institute attendance, a limited number of scholarships are made available by the National Committee. Scholarships are allocated annually, covering the tuition fee only. Fellowship funds include tuition, fees, and round-trip railway fare from the student's home. The director points out that there is still a great need for increase in these funds since many more persons desire such assistance than the Committee can accept.

Is the Institute idea a good one? Here's an example: Early this year in the city of Lincoln, Nebraska, forty civic leaders organized a local action committee to combat alcoholism in their area after Director Beaven had personally appealed to them. Dr. Beaven had only to put on the organizational touches, since the ground work had already been done by an enthusiastic student of the Loma Linda Institute. This is the result that makes the Institutes of Scientific Studies worth while.



4. Sydney: W. H. Beaven, Institute director, addresses a luncheon meeting of the first session in Australia.

5. Bombay: Many professions are represented in the student body of the Institute in India.

6. Dr. A. C. Ivy, International Commission president, and W. A. Scharffenberg, executive secretary, confer with Jawaharlal Nehru, prime minister of India.

7. Johannesburg: First session of the South African Institute took place in January, 1961.

In La Paz, highest capital city on earth, the rarified air at 12,000 feet makes exercise difficult; and the laborers, most of whom are Aymara or Quechua Indians, are largely addicted to the coca leaf and its drug, cocaine.



This wreck of humanity owes his sad condition to long use of the Bolivian coca leaf.

SNOW OF SLOW DEATH

DRUG addiction, to a lesser or greater extent, is to be found in almost, if not every, nation on earth. In nearly every country it is fought by the government, the medical fraternity, educational authorities, the church, and all thinking people. If it were not controlled, addiction to drugs of one kind or another would sweep through the world like the plagues of the Middle Ages. Introduced to children, drugs bring about an addiction that, if not curbed early in life, is completely ruinous to mental and physical health. Adults, too, are by no means immune to drug craving once it has been established in their system.

One of the most unfortunate nations in this respect is Bolivia, where the growing and marketing of one of the world's most insidious and devastating drugs are virtually uncontrolled. That drug is coca, and its derivative, cocaine.

Cocaine is widely used throughout the world by dentists. If you have had a tooth extracted, the chances are that you were given a small injection in the gum surrounding the tooth to render it insensible to pain. This is right and proper since the injection is local and is strictly controlled by a licensed and practicing dentist who knows what he is about.

However, suppose that you took this drug, cocaine, internally so that it would be absorbed by the blood stream and carried to all parts of the body; that instead of taking the drug once or twice in a lifetime, you took it daily in repeated doses, year after year, saturating your body and glutting your nervous system with it. Can you imagine the result? Yet that is what a majority of the population of Bolivia does!

There are many Bolivians who are by no means drug addicts. Bolivia has brilliant minds, good people of high morals, who are intelligent, ambitious, courteous, and refined; but the hard fact remains that most native-born people of this saddened land use the coca leaf almost every day in their lives. This is reflected in the equally hard fact that Bolivia is a destitute country and one of the poorest nations

on earth, with a shocking rate of illiteracy, general ill-health, and all-round degeneracy.

Between 80 and 90 per cent of the people of Bolivia are either Aymara or Quechua Indians, with the former predominating. Most of these people are cocaine addicts. They place the semidried coca leaves in their mouth, along with an alkali—usually wood ashes—and then chew these into a wad, which is placed in a corner of the mouth, much like a plug of tobacco, where it is then sucked slowly for hours.

When every vestige of the cocaine in the leaf has been absorbed, they repeat the process. They are, perforce, saturated with the drug.

Why do they do this? What is their justification, if any? Speaking fluent Spanish and a fair smattering of Andean mountain Quechua, I put this question to a score or more of Bolivian Indians. The answer was always the same, and it has a number of facets:

"Our people have always chewed the coca leaf. Why shouldn't we? We are a laboring class and very poor. The coca leaf stays hunger, and we can do without food if we are 'loaded' with the coca. The coca leaf gives us energy; with it we can carry heavy loads over long distances or labor in the tin mines without fatigue.

"The coca leaf enables us to forget our poverty, our worries, and our woes. It does not make us happy, but it numbs us to our distress, and under its influence we no longer care that we are downtrodden, destitute, and without hope."

To these ignorant people their argument in favor of cocaine seems logical enough. What they do not seem to realize is that by staying hungry, the coca leaf deprives them of food and vitamins and allows the body to deteriorate. They fail to understand that the continued use of the drug not only numbs the mind but destroys it, slowly but surely, so that it becomes incapable of sound thinking, even reason. More, they cannot comprehend that continued use of the drug lessens body resistance to disease, destroys the nervous

Unemployment is rife in Bolivia. The lower classes are drug-ridden, and have little ambition to work for anything beyond the barest necessities of life.



Coca leaves with high cocaine content are sold openly in Bolivian market places. The vendor, an Aymara Indian woman, collects the leaves from her plants at her country place, bringing them to the market for retail sale to the public.

Their bodies racked with cocaine for decades past, these women show the ravages of drug addiction plainly. The girl in the center, daughter of the woman with beads, is already a cocaine addict with unbalanced mind, and she will soon look like her mother and aunt.

system, and in the long run is weakening in the extreme to physical health.

As a rule, users of the drug die early in life. The immediate cause of death might be any illness, but the underlying cause is cocaine, which eliminates natural resistance to any attack of illness, regardless of its nature.

I was constantly struck by the discrepancy between the age and appearance of these people. A person who appeared to be over fifty years of age would turn out to be in his late twenties or early thirties. A really aged person—and these are somewhat rare—would be in middle life, say fifty years, yet he would give the impression of eighty or more years. The coca leaf, cocaine, did that. A nice “present” indeed! The infant mortality rate is staggering, and the life expectancy terribly short. These people have little to live for, and a brief life to suffer, if that is any compensation for the questionable pleasure that the drug gives them.

Why, then, do the succeeding Bolivian governments permit the growing of the coca leaf, and worse, the use of it? The answer, as given to me by two government officials, was brief and to the point: “Any Bolivian government that made a serious effort to prohibit the propagation or use of coca, would not last forty-eight hours. For the outside world press, we make the gesture of agreeing that cocaine is a menace and should be curbed. We indicate that steps will be taken, but in our hearts we know that coca forms such an ingrained part of the majority of our population that we would lose our jobs and our public following almost overnight if we really went after coca on a major scale.

“In short, we would face a quick and upsetting revolution; and revolutions, as you may know, are not new to Bolivia. The only hope lies in education beginning at the lower school levels, but this is not easy when you consider that the child sees the drug used in the home, usually by both parents, and may even have the craving for it at early school age.

“He sees the coca leaves sold openly in the public markets, and along the streets where women sit with a basket of the leaves in front of them, offering to every passer-by, and the cost, because the plant is so easily grown, is trifling.”

Coca leaves are not exported from Bolivia, for they are too bulky to be readily concealed; but cocaine is extracted from the leaves in Bolivia at numerous semihidden locations, and the crystalline alkaloid, which is concentrated, is widely distributed throughout much of the world, *including the United States.*

Narcotics peddlers in the United States refer to cocaine as “snow,” since in its distilled and concentrated state it vaguely resembles snow crystals. There is a ready market for large quantities of the stuff, although narcotics officials have been doing excellent work in discovering these imports and apprehending both the wholesale and retail dealers. Yet some “gets by” in spite of every vigilance, although the amount actually getting through is but a dribble. For that reason the cost of a “shot” of it is stupendously high.

There is, of course, such a thing as legitimate cocaine, manufactured and/or imported under strict control and regulation for the medical, and particularly, the dental profession. Cocaine, like morphine, has its place, value, and usage when properly prescribed to alleviate temporary pain.

There has been much in the world press of late concerning a Soviet woman doctor who claims to have discovered a combination drug that includes cocaine, which she states to be a rejuvenator, but latest reports from qualified medical scientists in the United States and England are positive in their rejection of this “remedy,” and flatly state that it is worthless for that purpose, indeed far more harmful than beneficial.

But anyone who has spent some time in Bolivia knows that cocaine or the coca leaf can bring only misery to anyone addicted to it. You do not need to be a medical man or a laboratory technician to see what this “snow of slow death” can do, not for, but against you.

L

LOIS ANN was in the music store sifting through the albums.

Suddenly from a nearby booth there came the crashing opening notes of an orchestra. A tall, fair-haired boy stood gazing down at the turntable. Soon soaring strings took up the notes, and to the end of the record she listened entranced by the glorious music.

"That was heavenly!"

He looked up, startled. "How long you been here?"

"Since it began. Do you mind?"

"Why, no. Only everybody yaps when I play this kind of music. I'm Jerry Graves."

"Lois Ann Goodman."

He walked her home. Jerry's older sister had a turntable. "I have one, too," Lois Ann said. It wasn't a good one, but it played. "And a few records. You have to baby-sit for hours to earn the price of an album."

She asked him in, and after that they spent one evening a week together with their music. One weekend Jerry's sister took her record player back to college, so they had only Lois Ann's. Then her Aunt Martha in Cleveland bought a stereophonic record player and new classical records to go with it.

"I'm weeding out my collection," she wrote. "If you want them, they're yours."

"Dad's going after them Sunday afternoon," Lois Ann told Jerry.

"Swell. Say, we ought to have the needle checked. With good records like that, we could ruin 'em. Suppose I take the player to Benford's Friday and get it checked."

She agreed. On Friday afternoon Jerry came in Chuck's jeep to pick it up. At six he called, "Lois Ann? The craziest thing happened!"

"Oh, Jerry! The needle—"

"You know that corner where you swing around? As Chuck swung around, the record player sailed out and right over against the curb."

"Oh, Jerry!"

"Benford's can't fix it, Lois Ann. I'm awfully sorry."

"But, a new record player—"

"I'll help you buy another, Lois Ann."

That had been months ago. Jerry had broken open his bank, but it contained less than \$10. "I could spare five," he said. "It would start the fund."

She added the whole \$15.27 that she had saved. Jerry

scooped up the money. "I'll take charge of the fund, Lois Ann. I'll help you that much."

As time went on, she worked harder than ever, and gave up things she wanted. When they had \$50, they selected the model they wanted, then kept on working.

Once, when she confided their plans to a girl friend, the girl looked skeptical. "Jerry Graves? Isn't he the one who's drunk on weekends? My brother says he's a queer duck." Lois Ann denied it hotly. Because Jerry liked good music, everybody thought he was queer, she thought.

Now, with the \$3.55 in her purse, she figured it was enough. The long months of slaving and saving were over. Jerry should know the good news, too. She rang the Graves bell and pushed open the front door.

"Jerry, look. Three fifty-five! It's enough, Jerry. Enough!"

He frowned. "I don't think so, Lois Ann."

"But it is," she exulted. "We counted last time."

"Your arithmetic, girl!" He shook his head.

Her face sobered. "Jerry, you're the one who can't add. Get the money, and I'll prove it."

He hesitated. "You'll just be disappointed."

"Get the money, Jerry," she said quietly.

Again he hesitated, but soon was back. "Count it yourself."

"Ten dollars. Twenty." She went on adding. Then she stopped. Four dollars and eighty-five cents shy.

"Well?" Jerry said harshly. "I told you girls' arithmetic was full of bugs."

"But the last time we counted—"

Jerry gathered up the coins. "Don't worry. Another week or two—"

"I'm sorry," she mumbled. Almost \$5 short. She went out the door and walked home. Then she went slowly to her room and picked up Aunt Martha's records: Mozart, Beethoven, Verdi. Tears suddenly blurred the print.

Lois Ann felt dull and heavy the next morning. She had thought it out. Surely the money hadn't gone anywhere; she had miscalculated somehow. The thing to do now was to plan, but there wasn't the same joy in planning. This last \$5 seemed so hard to achieve.

The game at Harvington—everybody was going. But 75 cents! She could save that much. She saw Jerry briefly in the hall the next day, and told him.

Elizabeth
Eicher

JERRY



He nodded. "I'll wash cars on the weekend."

She beamed. That alone should be enough. But, of course, he couldn't turn over all his money.

All week it loomed in her thoughts. In the drugstore she chose only a root beer. Her camera was out of film, but—not this week. And no one, not even her favorite baby-sitting prospects, took an evening out.

But the weekend should do it. Saturday night they might even go to Benford's and buy the player. Jerry would call when he got home. But Saturday night crept into Sunday and Jerry hadn't called. Sunday noon she could wait no longer, so she called. Mrs. Graves told her that Jerry had been sick, and that he was sleeping now.

"Sick!" Lois Ann repeated, frightened.

"Oh, it isn't serious." Mrs. Graves sounded calm. He had worked hard and would call when he felt better.

So he had been able to work. She hoped he earned the \$5. He would call as soon as he felt like it, of course.

But Jerry didn't call. He was at school Monday. Her anxiety burst out. "Jerry! I was so worried."

He looked embarrassed. "Aw, it was nothing."

"We can pick up the record player tonight."

"Not tonight. I got things to do."

"But it won't take long," she protested. All these weeks and months they'd been laboring toward this time when they could buy the record player.

"Sorry," he said. "My head still aches."

"But—your head—" She hesitated. Things she'd heard—and had refused to believe—came flooding back to her. Oddly, they had never been together on weekends.

"Jerry," she said, "you weren't drunk, were you?"

"Of course not." His tone changed to belligerence. "Well, what if I was? So I got a hang-over. Is that a crime?"

"No." She wasn't handling it right, but she didn't know how to do better.

"Well, even if we can't go tonight, you did wash the cars this weekend?"

"Killed myself."

A smile flooded her face. "Then we've got enough!"

He rolled his eyes. "Don't start that again."

"But we have, Jerry."

He shook his head.

"We do," she cried triumphantly. "With what I saved, and what you made." This time there was no room for doubt. The money was there—unless it had been taken by someone.

"Jerry," she said in a voice so calm she scarcely recognized it as hers, "last week I thought we lacked \$5. Between us, we've added more than five. Yet you still say we don't have enough. If we don't, then you've been spending it."

He flushed. "I only borrowed it. Why such a fuss?"

Why? He knew how important the record player was to her, how hard she had worked and saved.

"I've a right to my money," he said. She turned away from him, and he bolted.

She went woodenly into an empty classroom, for she couldn't go where people were, feeling this way. She now knew that he had drunk up all the money he had earned that weekend, perhaps some of the player money.

She wondered how often their money had gone that way. She knew, sickeningly, that no matter what the goal was, his urge to take the money would be overpowering.

All these months she had spent her time with him almost exclusively because of their love for the same kind of music. The record player had given them a common goal.

The class bell rang and students flooded the hall. She slowly walked out into the bedlam.

She could still have her music. Though it would take a long time, she would earn the record player alone. She would be much better off—in more than one way.

From the Diary of Mary Anne Burns

THE day is gone. The green and the gold of April have been wrapped in the black satin of a spring night. There are no stars, no moon. The only light I see anywhere is the one that shines from a small lamp onto this page. As if I were alone in it, the world seems very still. But I do not mind the quiet. It is this empty sheet of paper that frightens me.

I think of everything else but what I must write—the tulips outside my window, which I can no longer see; the way the sun felt on my hands today; my little girl, asleep in the next room. Yet as surely as night supplanted day, I know I cannot escape coming back to the pain that banished these simple pleasures; and I know that I must put the agony of that pain into words that will be meaningful.

Today I saw my father for the first time in twenty years. My name having been found on a slip of paper in his wallet, I was summoned to the county hospital shortly before noon. He was in a ward whose doors were locked and whose windows were barred. His doctor accompanied me to his room, explaining gently, "You may not recognize him."

I smiled to myself at that. Not know my own father? "Doctor," I said silently, "love stamps an indelible image on the heart that renders time meaningless. He might not recognize me, but I'll know him, all right."

I kept thinking of the last time I had seen Duncan Burns, his shining eyes, his sleek black hair, the arrogant set of his hat, even the way he smelled, of lotion and cologne. I could still hear him

saying to my mother and me, "Good night, my ladies! Off with all my cares and woes."

The doctor's voice disrupted my reverie. "You may not be able to arouse him," he said, "but he is improved. I think we can safely say we no longer need fear for his life."

Fear for his life? Duncan was young yet—only fifty!

I looked around the small, crowded cubicle which, though immaculate, smelled strongly of liquor—a stale, sour odor emanating from the breaths and bodies of its occupants. I walked past the first bed where an old, white-haired man lay, and started for a cot near the window.

The doctor put a restraining hand on my arm. "This is Mr. Burns," he said softly, pointing to the cachectic individual I had bypassed.

No, it couldn't be! I peered more closely.

Partially open, the man's glazed eyes did not see. Long hair rimmed his ears and stubble



*Good Night,
Beloved Stranger*

Jean A. Andre

covered his cheeks and chin. A web of mucus was caught at the corner of his mouth, and his face was strangely distorted. His body was covered with bruises, and leather restraints held his wrists and ankles.

I got down on my knees by the low bed and pushed the damp, dirty hair away from this stranger's forehead. I could think of nothing to say. Finally, the word "daddy" came. I repeated it, but he did not respond. "It's Mary Anne, daddy," I said again. Still he did not stir. I touched the bruises on his exposed leg. The skin felt spongy.

Then, with a terrible mingling of love, shame, fear, and compassion, I sobbed, "It's Mary Anne—your little girl."

I thought that might help him to remember. I thought it would tell him he was not alone. But he lay like a dead man. The doctor helped me to my feet. "Please come to the office with me," he said. "There are some things I must discuss with you." As I turned to go, Duncan mumbled an unintelligible protest, then fell silent again.

Outside, the doctor asked, "Is there a Mrs. Burns? Does he have a wife?"

"She died of tuberculosis fifteen years ago," I answered. "Five years after—" No, no, I had no right to say that Duncan was sick. He didn't deserve censure.

"This could be the toxic psychosis of acute alcoholism," the doctor was saying.

"But you don't think it is?" I asked.

He shook his head sadly. "No. No, I don't."

Underlying his words there was a tentativeness which belied the question he postponed but must ultimately ask. I knew, instinctively, what it was, but I couldn't answer. It was such a frightening request.

I felt overwhelming guilt, because in all these years I hadn't tried to find my father, because I hadn't held out my arms to him in welcome. I realized now that I had been too afraid of being hurt again. I had cherished the image and forgotten the man.

Suddenly it occurred to me that kindly Dr. King was not asking me to inflict pain upon his patient. Rather, he was affording me the opportunity of giving him a gift of love. It would take courage, but I alone could offer him respite from further physical abuse, degradation, and loneliness. I could rescue him from himself and see him to the only kind of sanctuary now available to him.

I looked at the doctor. "If you are trying to tell me that my father should be institutionalized," I said—and I felt a tear slide down my face—"I will sign the commitment papers."

Good night, diary. Good night, beloved stranger.

THE WOMAN'S ANGLE

(Continued from page 14)

wonderful, so much more considerate than the boys back in high school.

"I guess I would still be dating him if he hadn't taken me to his fraternity's open house. They tapped a keg of beer, and Ted spent half the evening up in the front row, scoffing away.

"Walking me back to my dorm, he saw to it that we wandered onto a dark path. Suddenly he began playing the Great Lover. If you have ever been grabbed by an ape that just broke out of a brewery, you can picture what it was like. He apologized the next day, but I couldn't have cared less. One round with him taught me a big lesson."

Money is another big reason girls wish boys wouldn't drink. Sure, in the movies and on TV the big man steps up to the bar, orders a round of drinks, and never bats a lash as the bartender hands back the mangled remains of a \$20 bill. But that's stage money he's using.

In real life, drinking just doesn't come free. For some reason the psychologists haven't been able to understand, girls seem to realize this better than boys. For all their chatter about hairdos, charm bracelets, and other fripperies, most girls can be real tightwads when it comes to demanding a dollar's value for a dollar spent. So when they hear a boy blowing a week's allowance in a bar, they feel someone has rocks in his head.

A final reason girls wish boys would leave the cork in the bottle is one that we'll tag "woman's intuition"—or the teen-age girl's version of it. It's something that was described pretty well by Barb, who one night invited her girl friends over for a pajama party.

"I don't know why we weren't 'kookie' as ever that night, but we just weren't. For a change we talked about serious things—life, and all that, you know. Anyhow, the 'yakking' shifted somehow to boys who drank, and which ones didn't, and why a boy did or did not. You won't believe this, but the whole night we stuck to that one question: *why?*

"We all had different ideas, and we never did agree on whose was best. But one thing did come through. All of us somehow felt that the fellows we know who drink, drink because their personalities or lives lack something.

"They seem to lean on alcohol as a substitute for whatever is missing. But they end up with only a hang-over, less money, and fewer friends. That's a poor substitute."

NIPPED IN THE BUD?

(Continued from page 15)

hear qualified speakers on the subject.

One cannot urge young people *not* to start on the drug habit merely because this miserable habit will undermine them morally and physically; they laugh at these reasons. Telling them that they lose courage and *independence* is a better approach. Challenging them to become individualists is a dare that they understand. As I explain the horrors of drug addiction—acting, hurting, trying to reach students—I can see that, above all else, they want to retain their individuality as unique human beings.

How is such a presentation made? Here is a general explanation: Lack of the drug causes hysteria. The only thought in the mind of the addict is to get some more drug. The shape of fear lurks in the mind, hidden there. The cousin of fear is panic. Fear perches on the shoulder of the addict and keeps whispering, "Drug! Drug! Drug!" There is generated in the body and brain of the addict a sensation so horrible that words cannot describe it. It can be realized only by those who have experienced it, a combination of emotion, incomparable physical reaction, and fear.

First comes apprehension, then bewilderment, and last frenzy. How can one act cool, reflect, or sit? This frenzy thrives upon itself. The addict shouts and screams. Fear chokes him and engulfs him, and reason deserts him utterly. There remains nothing but horror and panic. He experiences this and more, a throbbing, rending terror. Yet even at the height of this panic there lies beneath the turmoil something more horrible and ghastly, a fear of things to come.

The enactment of "cold turkey," or abrupt and complete withdrawal of the drug, is the most illustrative part of a presentation. Physical dependence is one of the most striking characteristics of addiction, and its importance to the total picture of addiction is minimized when not explained to an audience.

What is "cold turkey"? Several hours after the last injection of the drug, the addict begins to tremble, having what is commonly known as the "shakes." Large beads of perspiration form on his forehead, his eyes begin to water, and beads of perspiration roll down his face. Respiration slows to a gasp. The pupils of his eyes dilate. Hot and cold flashes permeate his body, and cause waves of gooseflesh on the skin. The body twitches and jerks, cramps, doubling him up. Vomiting and diarrhea with the expectoration of blood occur within

forty-eight hours. In the final stages the addict falls into a semistupor, followed by a deep sleep.

In the usual educational program students in a high school are seldom shown drugs or "tools" used by the addict. An exception can be made when the principal of a school permits a science class to view them. At the colleges and universities, drugs and paraphernalia can be shown. I show equipment and sample drugs confiscated during my many years in the police department.

Student participation at assemblies should be encouraged. I have seen many question-and-answer periods which lasted for two or more school periods. It is during such question periods that our American youth are shown that there is no cure for drug addiction, also that in many instances the habit of smoking, or drinking, can be the initial step toward such addiction.

Parting words such as these to assemblies have proved effective: "It takes courage, the rawest kind of courage, and it takes *GUTS* to say No when you are offered a cigarette or an alcoholic drink." Today group society expects one to conform to its poor living habits. Too few individualists exist among the youth of our country, and altogether too few have vowed that they will never develop such habits.

In 1950, 106 juveniles and 194 youths seventeen years of age came to the attention of the Chicago police as drug addicts. This program of addressing school assemblies was put into effect that year. Figures for the year 1960 show that only ten juveniles and twenty-five youths seventeen years of age were apprehended in Chicago as addicts. This was 265 less than in 1950. Here is evidence that this type of program can be effective in our schools.

In the twenty years that drug addiction has changed from an adult to a youth problem, there have been hundreds of conferences, institutes, seminars, and meetings on national and local levels. There have been investigations by Senate and House subcommittees at Federal and state levels. We have enacted new laws and strengthened old ones. The judiciary has meted out stiffer sentences to violators. All of these methods have not solved the problem.

Official meetings and seminars are not the whole answer. Law enforcement is not the whole answer. To bring the question to the young people themselves, who are most involved with this problem, why not try school assemblies with qualified speakers on the subject, to be followed with class discussions? This is one way of helping to nip the narcotics menace before it becomes full-blown.

NEW RESEARCH

(Continued from page 11)

made worse scores than the lowest of the nondrinkers.

"The drinking group showed no improvement, plus the fact that stress values were not altered," Dr. Forney states. "This tends to show that low levels of alcohol do not improve driving."

Stress was measured by checking blood sodium, potassium, chloride, and cholesterol, and measuring urinary sediment, cystine, and other factors both before and after drinking and driving. Changes in these factors, indicating that the drivers were under stress, occurred in both nondrinkers and drinkers. But the alcohol had no effect on the concentration of these components.

Although Dr. Forney cautions that results of the experiment in no way mean that persons with a blood-alcohol level of .05 or lower should be barred from the road, it does form the first step in collection of statistical data which may be helpful.

In the first place, many drivers, as well as some judges and lawyers, believe that under the law a person with less than .15 blood alcohol automatically is not under the influence, and that evidence of a lower blood-alcohol content should not be considered as admissible in court.

In most states this is not the case, Dr. Forney points out. Some authorities already are fighting to lower the point officially at which a person is presumed to be under the influence, from the present .15 per cent to .10 per cent, and some want to lower it even more.

Another milestone of the gymkhana research is that it proves it feasible to test for the effects of low-level alcohol in driver performance and that it may be possible to test the effects of a little alcohol and a small amount of psychotherapeutic drugs.

Police authorities, and also doctors who prescribe drugs, feel a responsibility to find out what their effect is on drivers. Most important, they want to find out if drugs, when combined with alcohol, form an explosive mixture which can produce actual hazardous intoxication—enough to make a person incapable of operating a car safely. There is no evidence in this field at present.

Dr. Forney hopes that the gymkhana experiment has opened a door through which such evidence may be obtained.

"We can't make a flat statement," he says. "Some will argue that this was a specialized event and that you can't translate it to the average driver, but we hope to continue these experiments in both animals and men."

Marie Layne



SUMMER TRIPS ABROAD FOR TEEN-AGERS



GOING abroad during the summer often gives a teen-ager a sense of responsibility and maturity that he cannot get in any other way. A distinguished writer once said: "The most important experience in my life was being allowed out on my own at a relatively tender age. I owe it to my otherwise completely erratic father. I was only eleven when he came into my bedroom one morning and asked me how I would like to go off for a week on my bicycle. Off I went—completely on my own. I bicycled about for a week. That was a good many years ago. I met all kinds of improbable people, had a wonderful time! When I was fourteen, I went to Norway by myself for the summer. There's no doubt that those two holidays, in which I was completely on my own, were among the most meaningful in my growing up, and I would do it all over again if given the opportunity."

This summer parents of many teen-agers are giving their sons and daughters the privilege of overseas travel—some go individually, some as members of tours, and others as members of youth organizations. But the important thing is that they go.

Educators, youth workers, and members of religious councils and scientific bodies are wholeheartedly endorsing summers of independent travel for the teen-ager, and often for the child under twelve. Student tours are carefully supervised. Both tour directors and guides keep track of their charges at all times, doing so even on "free" days.

Some colleges have instituted a year in Europe as part of the regular schedule of studies. The program has proved an outstanding success in the educational process.

Student travel cost is by no means overly expensive. Many a college girl can go to Europe on an eight-week tour for less than she would spend on clothes in a single year. By working their way across the ocean on boats, boys can go for quite a modest sum. Many tours offer go-now-pay-later plans whereby the teen-ager can earn money to pay for his trip after his return.

The experience of Susan Craine, a seventeen-year-old, who attended high school in Wichita, Kansas, is typical. A few years ago, a friend of hers had gone to Europe on a bicycle tour, and had come back so bubbling with enthusiasm that Susan made up her mind immediately to go on a bicycle trip, too.

Susan got in touch with an organization that arranges student tours, which had eight girls and ten boys on the tour. (A group of less than twenty is the best size, tour organizers agree.) They visited seven countries: England, France, Italy, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and Belgium. For three of the eight weeks, they cycled. They traveled by rail, bus, and on foot for the remaining five.

Susan and her chums traveled lightly, each with all her belongings packed into one small bag. Boys and girls sometimes go to Europe for three- and four-month stays with nothing more than the contents of a gymnasium bag or an airline satchel. They take clothes that can be washed easily and drip dried without ironing.

The trip was well planned, but flexible. If the group decided to stay a little longer at one spot than had previously been planned, they immediately received permission from the supervisor. Nights were mainly spent in youth hostels and moderately priced hotels. It was a wonderful summer—the most memorable of young Susan's life.

When she returned home, Susan's parents noticed a change in her. She had become more mature, more self-reliant, and had gained a new perspective on life.

There are a variety of tours available to students, who can go for fun or for work and study. They can take an economical "hobo" tour, or if they can afford it, they can go on what one agency calls a "de luxe red-carpet tour." Many reliable travel agencies either book tours themselves or are willing to put prospective young travelers in touch with such organizations as the United States National Student Association, the Council on Student Travel, American Youth Hostels, Catholic Youth Travel Office, or Experiment in International Living.

But whatever the reason for going abroad, either for fun or for study, you can be sure you will enjoy it a great deal. It is an experience a teen-ager will long remember, and will tell his children and grandchildren about in the years to come. It is an experience afforded many fortunate young people every summer.

For Your



Reading and Reference

Douglas Jackson, STUMBLING BLOCK, Nashville, Tennessee: Abingdon Press, 1960.

The purpose of this book is to give "a clearer understanding of what is required of sincere churchmen," and to provide "the new approach the times demand." Actually, it is difficult to discern much of a "new" approach claimed for this book. It does appeal to common sense and Christian responsibility.

Charts and drawings add to the interest of this little paper-bound volume, and are well done. Emphasis is placed on the Methodist stand and viewpoint.

Marty Mann, NEW PRIMER ON ALCOHOLISM, New York: Rinehart & Company, Inc., 1959. \$2.95.

As the name indicates, this volume by Marty Mann is a rewrite of her former book. Commendable is her expressed desire to bring the problem of alcoholism to public attention and inform the "great mass of people."

The book seems to be written on the premise that if a thing is repeated often enough, everyone will believe it. She is in love with the disease theory of alco-

holism, and is determined to allow the reader no respite from its repetition.

Specifying that the "disease" occurs only when the drinker loses *all* control, Mrs. Mann addresses herself primarily to the end product of drinking. This end product is indeed formidable in its extent. She points out that there are more than 5,000,000 alcoholics, whose lives affect some 25,000,000 nonalcoholics, a grand total involving more than one sixth of the total population. If any ingested product other than alcohol resulted in such widespread tragedy, it would be vigorously banned at once.

"Science has ruled out alcohol as the cause of alcoholism," the author says. This philosophy is the delight of the liquor industry, which follows in the wake of such a theory to continue its promotion of the very product which results in the rapid increase of alcoholism.

To hear the exact echo of this claim, one has only to quote Thomas J. Donovan, president of the United States Licensed Beverage Industries, who boasts: "Science has established that alcoholism is not caused by alcohol. In view of the scientific diagnosis, the alcoholic beverage industry need not and should not feel any sense of blame for the existence of the illness."

The basic question remaining unanswered is, How can a drinker avoid crossing the imaginary line between heavy drinking and alcoholism? When a person finds himself over that line, his will power is so weakened by long indulgence that he has no ability to resist. The basic premise put forth by Mrs. Mann is, Let the drinker go to the depths, and then try to rescue him if you can. More logical and rational thinkers would set themselves to a program of education to prevent such needless exposure to potential danger in the first place.

in her direction. Teen-age boys, perched about the stadium's upper decks, flung water, beer, and soft drinks onto the field. Increasing public and newspaper protests finally reached the ears of the management of the local ball clubs.

Chuck Comiskey, vice-president of the White Sox, and James Gallagher, business manager of the Chicago Cubs, met with Chicago's mayor and police commissioner to map out a vigorous crackdown on foul-acting fans.

"More police in the stands during the games are urgently needed," Comiskey declared. "There is only one thing that will calm down a young hoodlum, and that's the sight of a policeman's star."

Gate guards were ordered not to allow fans to bring any alcoholic beverages into the park.

"The trouble is created by a small group. We are aiming to protect the 99 per cent who come to see a baseball game and don't deserve to be disturbed by the disorderly few."

A July 4 game at Forbes Field in Pittsburgh exploded into bedlam after a heated dispute between a player and an umpire over the umpire's decision on a close play. Some fans leaped to their feet, screaming their displeasure at the decision. Fans in every section pitched bottles and cans onto the playing field. An urgent plea to the fans to calm down came over the public-address system, but the bottle barrage continued. The umpire's decision remained, of course, as did the memory of the unpeppable behavior of the fans.

Then, of course, there's the now almost legendary Ted Williams "spitting" incident when the great Boston Red Sox outfielder became so incensed at the derisive jeers and heckling leveled at him by foul-mouthed fans seated in the stands that he contemptuously expectorated in their direction. Ted was fined \$5,000 by his club for letting his temper get the better of him, but many believe that Ted's action, though perhaps a bit too extreme, was nevertheless justified under the circumstances.

Shortly after Ted was fined, a sizable number of his fans banded together as a committee to raise money to pay off his fine. Representative Condon of South Boston introduced a bill in the Massachusetts legislature making it a crime punishable by \$50 fine to level profane, obscene, or impure language or slanderous statements at a ball player.

As Chuck Comiskey said, "It is the small minority of ill-mannered fans who are making it bad for the game and for the rest of us who love baseball and want to enjoy a game in peace. Something can be done about this rowdyism!"

Fans themselves should report to the

SHAME OF STADIUMS

(Continued from page 7)

police commissioner had to station a special twenty-man detail in the park to keep the fans under control.

At Yankee Stadium a prankish spectator tossed two signal flares onto the field, filling a section of the park with dense, choking clouds of orange smoke. The game was delayed for a considerable time.

During another game at Yankee Stadium a group of young men pushed their way into the park, each one carrying a large bag containing cans of beer. The group continually annoyed

the other spectators in their section. The men gulped their beer, and then drunkenly heaved the emptied cans at others seated around them, mixing in filthy jokes and profanity in their wild merrymaking.

Some remedial action is being taken. This past season the Detroit Common Council passed a new ordinance providing for a \$500 fine or ninety-day jail term to anyone found guilty of throwing objects during a sports contest.

Chicago's Comiskey Park was plagued by beer brawls and battling fans at almost every game. On one Sunday there were at least three fights, and a woman spectator received a deep gash across her head from a beer can hurled

park guards anyone whose behavior is annoying or obnoxious, and make their voices heard in getting the park and club owners to take steps needed to clear up this shameful situation. Steps like these can help:

Anyone who is obviously drunk should not be admitted to any ball park, whether he has a ticket or not.

Park guards should watch for anyone attempting to carry intoxicating beverages into the park.

Concessionaires should not sell liquor to anyone who already has had too much.

Most effective, of course, would be the banning of alcoholic beverages in the stadiums and the complete alienation of drinking from the national game.

Each of the sixteen major league clubs employs a large force of private police and ushers to supplement the city police who patrol each major league stadium at game time. These public watchdogs should be firm and vigorous in keeping order. Drunks, people using bad language, and those acting in a rowdy fashion should be quickly escorted from the park. Park police must be alert to weed out these nuisances.

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

Perhaps someday, too, this realization will lead to sponsorship of baseball games by businesses other than breweries whose product has had such a great part in producing the condition which has become the shame of our sports stadiums.

NEW TEEN-AGE ADDICTION

(Continued from page 6)

Curiosity is one of the biggest reasons anyone takes up drinking a preparation with a narcotic in it.

"After that, users become dependent on it. Some get a pleasant physical feeling, and others become detached from this world. This problem of abusive use of such cough medicines is a problem throughout the country."

If the "Cos" fad has come to your town, you can follow the Maryland example and fight the menace with legislation and local regulations. While that legal procedure is in process of development, a more direct approach may be made to druggists to be alert to the teen-

age interest in cough-medicine preparations and to limit their sale.

Dr. George S. Mirick, former physician in chief at Baltimore City Hospitals, advises that dihydrocodeinone is much more habit-forming than codeine.

"Dihydrocodeinone bitartrate has the same properties as codeine in that it will reduce pain, but is only about one seventh as effective as codeine," explains Dr. Mirick.

"Overdosage of dihydrocodeinone can kill a person, although it is only about 40 per cent as lethal as codeine. Overdosage can produce convulsions, vomiting, severe constipation, and depression of respiration, heart rate, and body temperature, along with increasing the likelihood for infection. Occasionally, people are allergic to dihydrocodeinone, and a small dosage can cause dizziness and nausea."

But this physician advises that tolerance can be acquired for the drug, just as with morphine.

During January to October, 1960, some 1,140,096 teaspoonfuls of cough medicine were sold by four Baltimore wholesale drug firms, and sales of cough medicines were excessively high in that city in the summertime when few people should be having colds.

Other cities are now taking recognition of their cough-sirup addiction problem by watching the sales of the preparations. Certain drug firms are policing the distribution of the sirups to prevent their abuse, but the Federal Government is also alerted to the problem.

United States Senator J. Glenn Beall introduced a bill to stop the sale of habit-forming cough medicines in the Washington, D.C., area.

"Confirmed dope addicts have found that certain cough sirups 'tide them over' until they can get a 'fix,' a shot in the arm," revealed Senator Beall.

It is also expected that the White House will make effective during 1961 a bill introduced by Representative Frank Karsten of Missouri, giving United States Narcotics Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger the authority to remove habit-forming and abused cough medicines from the "no prescription needed" drugstore shelf.

"Cough medicine is the new form of addiction among teen-agers who are seeking excitement, little realizing that they will be trapped in the process," reports Commissioner Anslinger. "Dihydrocodeinone is as potent and as habit-forming as codeine or morphine, with the same effects on those who are cut off from their supply—headaches, nausea, dizziness, cramping, and great discomfort."

Other authorities dealing with narcotics problems know that some teen-

agers will daringly try anything, not believing they can actually become addicted to something so commercially available as cough sirup.

Through the land, most drugstores and supermarkets permit children and teen-agers to select cough-medicine preparations at will from drug shelves, but deny the purchase of tobacco and alcoholic beverages to these youngsters. Obviously, the cough sirup may be a greater hazard in terms of possible addiction.

The files of state narcotics bureaus are thickening with reports of cough-medicine fads. Unless proper control measures are effected and enforced, there may be many more Danny Brennans facing a coroner's inquest in the months and years to come.

EDUCATOR WITH PERSPECTIVE

(Continued from page 8)

Studies by the Office of Education show a total expenditure of \$96,000,000,000 for public elementary and secondary schools in this country during a ten-year period ending in 1959. During a similar ten-year period, the American people spent for alcohol and tobacco, \$139,800,000,000; for automobiles, parts, and repairs, \$160,800,000,000; and for recreation, \$129,600,000,000.

"This distorted sense of values must change. Education is the most important instrument in the cold war. We are spending about 5 per cent of our income for education. The underdeveloped countries spend 40 per cent," Dr. Derthick explains.

This educator feels that once citizens know the facts, they will do something about the situation. The same is true, he points out, with teaching youngsters about the perils of drinking, smoking, and the use of narcotics. "Of course, this is up to the state and local school authorities to decide. However, I know that schools everywhere are stressing these points in health-education classes and otherwise. But one can't preach 'at' youth these days; one must present the facts scientifically and clearly, and let them make up their own minds."

Dr. and Mrs. Derthick do not drink or smoke, and they do not have liquor in the house. "I wouldn't know how to serve it anyway," he smiles. "We never had it in our homes while growing up. I don't consider myself unusual because I abstain, and I am never embarrassed by declining a drink. People these days generally respect one another's preferences."

Dr. Derthick's three children are also nonusers. "I suppose they took their cue from their home life, as my wife and I did from ours," he says.

HE JUMPS TO CONQUER

(Continued from page 19)

program compares with that of the United States?"

"In Russia if a fellow has any athletic ability at all, he participates in sports. It's not that way in the States. A fellow can have great potential, but he may never turn out, because no one is around to push him. In the United States it is left up to a fellow's own initiative, whereas the Russians provide more coaching and more opportunities for participation. We definitely could push our program more."

I asked Don what physical qualifications are essential for one to be successful as a pole vaulter.

"To be a successful pole vaulter, a fellow first should be fairly tall. And second, he should be gymnastically inclined and have good leg speed."

"Do you have any special techniques or tips you would pass on to high school young men who hope to excel in pole vaulting?"

He replied swiftly, "I would say a fellow who hopes to become a good pole vaulter should run at least forty-five minutes each day. Also, he should spend at least forty-five minutes working on his upper body. By this I mean he should practice rope climbing, weight lifting, and do chin-ups, sit-ups, and push-ups. What I am trying to say is that the secret of success is hard work."

"Do we understand correctly that you neither smoke nor drink?" I asked. He nodded.

"If you were talking to a group of high school students," I went on, "and someone asked you why you did not indulge, what do you think you would tell him?"

"If a fellow has a sincere interest in what he is doing, if he is really dedicated, he will be willing to put aside these habit-forming activities. It has been proved and is very evident that smoking and drinking are harmful to the human body. I feel that any athlete who is concerned with his particular field, and is serious-minded toward sports in general, would have no association with these habit-forming drugs."

"To your knowledge, Don, do top athletes indulge in the use of alcohol or tobacco?"

"The majority definitely do not."

Continuing with the discussion of alcohol, I asked Don how he refused alcohol at social gatherings.

"I'm afraid I am rather blunt about it," he replied. "When we go on tours for various athletic events, often we get

invited to social gatherings where we are offered cocktails. But when alcohol is offered to me, I just say, 'I'd rather not, thank you.' I credit my father with being a good influence on me. When I was a boy, I never knew him to drink any alcoholic beverages."

"Do any of the top pole vaulters, to your knowledge, use tobacco or alcohol?"

"None of them, to my knowledge."

When I asked Don about his eating and sleeping habits, he informed me that he gets at least ten hours' sleep a night when he is training. He eats plenty of protein foods, and plenty of green vegetables and tossed salads. Don's blond little wife Terry commented, "I feel as though I'm losing my cooking touch. During training, Don eats hardly anything but steaks and tossed salads. He likes green things very much."

I queried Don, "What is the difference in your habits when you are training and when you are not training?"

He grinned. "My eating habits. I eat more when I don't have to train." While we were watching Don jump, Terry told me that Don's weight has been as much as 230 pounds when he is not in training.

"At present," I asked Don, "what is your world record in the pole vault, both indoors and outdoors?"

"My outdoor record, which I made at Stanford, California, is fifteen feet, nine and a quarter inches. The indoor record is fifteen feet, nine and a half inches. I made the indoor record on February 13, 1959, at the Philadelphia *Inquirer* track meet. Incidentally," he volunteered, "it was a Friday the thirteenth."

"Is Don superstitious?" I asked Terry a little later.

"Not at all," she replied. "All events are the same to him."

"But I've noticed that he follows a certain procedure before he jumps," I said. "First, he pushes the pole ahead of him all the way down the runway with his sweats on. Then he takes off his sweat pants and makes a mock run down the runway. Finally, he takes off his sweat shirt and then makes his jump. Why does he do all that if he is not superstitious?"

"Well, first, he doesn't always follow that procedure," she replied. "And second, when he does leave his sweat shirt on until just before he jumps, it is to keep his chest warm. No superstitions."

Standing with Terry Bragg along the sidelines, I found that she and Don had dated seven years before getting mar-

ried. "How come you dated so long?" I asked.

"I was pretty young when we began dating," she said.

"Can I ask how old you are now?"

"Twenty-one," she smiled.

"Then you and Don started dating when you were about fourteen!" It was after this discovery that I learned that the Braggs were newlyweds at the time of the interview. Terry informed me that she and Don were married November 12 of last year.

Regarding training procedures, I asked Don how he prepared for big meets such as the Olympic games.

He replied tersely, "Good sleep, good food, and hard work." Then he opened up. "I try to get ten hours of sleep each night, and I work hard up to the week before competition. About four days before a big meet, I taper off and do light workouts, such as jogging. The two weeks before this I have done a lot of exercising, vaulting, and arm work. Over-all, I maintain good regularity in all my living habits."

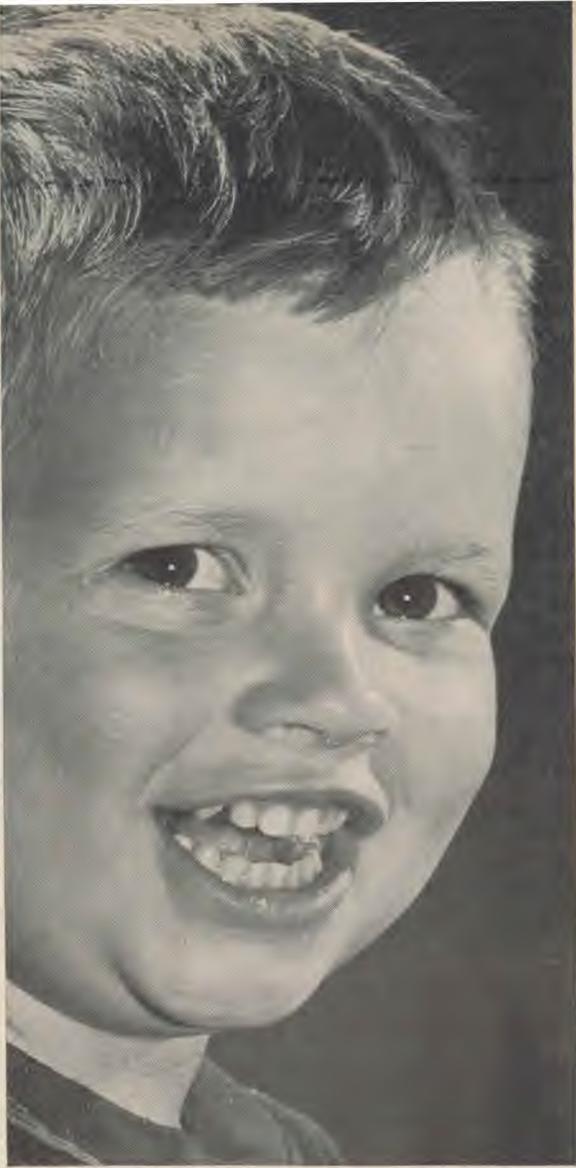
"Don," I said, "all athletes, no matter how talented, experience defeat a few times on their way to the top. What was your reaction to the few times you failed to win? How did you get yourself 'up' for your next meet?"

"The times I got beat I was very disappointed. However, I never held my loss against any opponent. Losing simply gave me renewed incentive to work that much harder as I prepared for the next meet."

"One last question," I asked. "To what factors do you attribute your success?"

"I have two assets. One is co-ordination. The other is strength. One night my form may be off, but my natural physical strength will be enough to help me make the height. Also, one has to be dedicated. This is a twenty-four-hour-a-day job. Sometimes even when you are sleeping you dream about it. I've given twelve years of my life to pole vaulting. People don't realize the time involved and the sacrifices. Today sports are so highly competitive that you have to be dedicated to hard work to succeed." He reflected a moment, and then said, "I guess that goes for life, too."

We shook hands and parted, as Don Bragg, world record holder and Olympic gold medal winner in the pole vault, arose and walked toward the runway in the center of the oval track. The crowd grew silent once again as he stood at the end of the runway and concentrated on his next jump. Before him were ever higher marks to strive for. Indeed, in his business, one has to jump to conquer.



Decision

Helen Sue Isely

Tiny morning prayer:
"Help me to decide things right"—
Enormous request!



Gifts Without Tags

Annette Victorin

Some gifts do not need string and bows
Nor gift-wrapping finesse;
Sometimes a touch, a look, a word
Brings inner happiness.



No Truer Words

E. Jay Ritter

The room was a shambles
Of laughter and toys.
When mother came scolding
The source of the noise,
Dear, lovable Dennis,
Her four-year-old menace,
Stared up at the ceiling
And uttered, with poise,
"If you wanna have fun—
You need little boys!"



POEMS WITH A PURPOSE

by "Listen" Authors

PEACE-OF-MIND SALESMAN

(Continued from page 16)

very serious. "I was making money," he says in a quiet voice, "but I had no real goal in life, if you know what I mean. Not until that October night in 1950 when something prompted me to go to a religious meeting for the first time. That was the point of no return for me. Then I experienced real conversion. Believe me, it can happen to you, to anyone truly willing. I was.

"I began to think about how, in my daily life and in my work, I could help people, really help them to be happier, to have more peace of mind. If you think like that, you don't have to worry about how to help yourself."

Art De Moss travels a great deal in the interests of his insurance business. He is a major stockholder in several growing insurance corporations, and also represents World Mutual Health and Accident Insurance Company, with policyholders in all fifty states and many foreign countries. But he travels more than 50,000 miles a year on what he calls "God's business." Art is highly articulate, and for several years has devoted much of his time to preaching.

He speaks annually at as many as 200 meetings, and his zeal for this work has taken him all over North, South, and Central America. His charming wife Nancy (Art married in 1957) shares his crusading spirit, their honeymoon including a tour of Latin American countries to hold meetings. Some of these drew more than 10,000 a night. Although these campaigns are costly, Art pays all his own expenses.

When asked to talk about the phe-

nominal growth of his insurance business, Art says he is grateful to God.

"I was determined," says Art, "to offer a new and better kind of insurance, a type of protection that could provide peace of mind they never had before. That is why, after long and prayerful thought, our Gold Star Abstainers Hospitalization Policy was evolved.

"We know that nondrinkers are decidedly better risks for hospitalization policies, and it is not fair or just that those who do not drink should be penalized by paying the same rates as those who foolishly add to the hazards of health and of life itself by use and abuse of alcohol.

"As far as we know, we originated and introduced this revolutionary abstainer's policy. No doubt our plan will be imitated by other insurance companies, but if competitive policies can be as sound and thrifty as those offered by World Mutual, it will be all to the good. We are confident that these new abstainer policies will help in a practical way to emphasize the importance of sobriety. Sobriety is like a jewel with many facets. One is peace of mind, the knowledge that you are making intelligent use of the mind God gave you."

OKLAHOMA—"UP TO DATE"

(Continued from page 17)

Arrests for Drunkenness

	1958	1959
September	821	1,295
October	929	1,321
November	972	1,100
December	775	1,111

During the last year of prohibition there were 10,968 arrests for drunken-

ness. The first year of repeal showed 14,440, an increase of 3,472, or 31 per cent!

Thus the contention of the wet forces that there would be no increased consumption of alcoholic beverages is proved wrong. Statistics show that the easier liquor is to obtain, the more people there are who will use it.

Drunken drivers are naturally more plentiful. Charges of driving under the influence of alcohol have jumped 16 per cent. This is hardly conducive to highway safety.

The present law calls for sale by the package or bottle alone. Before repeal it was contended that this would eliminate the bar or sale by the drink.

However, private clubs are permitted to dispense liquor by the drink. It's amazing how many private clubs have sprung up in the past year!

And in many of them it's surprisingly easy to become a member. As one enters such a place, he is informed that it is a private club, but if he has no membership card to show, rather than turn him away, the doorman explains that he can buy membership for one night for a dollar or so.

We might as well have regular bars.

In Oklahoma red-faced state officials wax eloquent in attempting to explain away present conditions. As a last resort, they had hoped to point to the tax money resulting from repeal.

But since the 1961 legislature convened, the sole topic of discussion is upon how to raise money for the state. Schools are being threatened with closing in eight months instead of running for the usual nine. Bills to increase state income taxes, raise gasoline taxes, abolish homestead exemption—all these are being advanced to meet the most critical financial crisis in the history of our state.

Many citizens who themselves are nondrinkers voted wet because they felt that the good accomplished by this tax money would offset any harm done by increased consumption. But now they are aghast at the increase in consumption, and the fact that apparently the liquor money expected has not been the solution to the state's financial troubles.

Where, ask Oklahomans, is the liquor tax money that we heard spoken of in such glowing terms? We thought that with liquor, all our financial troubles would be over.

Such is far from the truth. Even were it so, how can more alcoholics, more deaths from drinking driving, and greater lure toward youth drinking be offset by tax money?

Personally, I'd rather still be "behind the times!"

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OPINIONS

Stiffer Laws for Drinking Drivers

East Cleveland's traffic judge, Stanton Addams, told the board of control of the Cleveland Safety Council that Ohio's driver's license law should be changed so as to "require that a motorist agree to tests for intoxication if he is arrested for a traffic violation in which he has been involved in an accident." Judge Addams said the law should "suspend for three years the driving right of the motorist who refuses to take such tests in these circumstances."

Is There a "Proper Place"?

Father Don Murray, famed "Flying Padre," says that alcoholic beverages have a proper place in the life of man, providing those who dispense it are "aware of their responsibilities in preventing its abuse." Father Murray told 3,000 National Licensed Beverage Association delegates at a Las Vegas convention that observation of the alcohol industry has convinced him that they are "keenly aware" of their responsibility to make alcohol work for man rather than against him.

None for the Road

"If you want one for the road" after a party, stay away from coffee as well as liquor, a laboratory expert on drunkenness advises. Prof. Robert F. Borkenstein, of Indiana University's police administration department, says the danger is that coffee will give the motorist a feeling of false security.

No Ideal Tranquilizer

During a recent year, 50,000,000 prescriptions were written for tranquilizers, according to Dr. Theodore R. Van Dellen, health columnist. Stating that "aspirin alleviates pain, but does not cure the cause," and "sedatives induce sleep but do not correct the cause of insomnia," Dr. Van Dellen points out that "tranquilizers are even less specific in their action; yet some people consider them the answer to all their problems. As yet, there is no ideal tranquilizer."

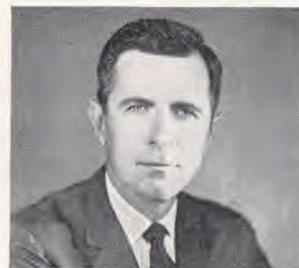
Russians Fight Home-Brewers

Premier Nikita Khrushchev, who has fought Russian brewers of homemade vodka for the past three years, says the Russians must be merciless in stamping out home-brew. In a radio broadcast he said, "The struggle against the distilling of home-brew is being poorly waged. It is essential that a merciless struggle be waged against hideous, antisocial manifestations."

More Flood Than Splash

In the eighteen months beginning January, 1959, bourbon sales increased 5,066,000 gallons—70.9 per cent of the increase in total domestic whisky sales. These gains are here to stay, and the extra profits will repeat and repeat, says Admiral William J. Marshall, president of The Bourbon Institute, because bourbon drinkers don't switch. One reason allowed for the increased sales was that "the woman's market was invaded with a 'splash of bourbon' promotion in

More
Drinkers
Than
Speeders



Drinking and speeding drivers helped bring the District of Columbia's 1960 traffic death toll to seventy-two, according to George A. England, director of motor vehicles. England noted that in twenty-six (39 per cent) of the sixty-seven fatal accidents, a drinking driver was involved, while in twenty-one (31 per cent) speed was a major factor.

"Vogue" magazine, merchandised with department store displays, fashion shows, and promotion in major U.S. cities."

A "Temperance" Man?

"My great wish is that South Africans will be converted to a wine-drinking nation," commented Paul Sauer, minister of lands, at a wine-tasting ceremony in Stellenbosch. Mr. Sauer said he was speaking as a "temperance" man who wished to substitute wine for spirits.



Dedicated Doctor



IN THE chain of international effort against the alcohol problem, Poland holds a vital link. In charge of the Polish endeavor to keep that link strong is Dr. Jan Rutkiewicz, deputy minister in the Polish Ministry of Health and Social Welfare.

For thirty years this dedicated doctor was engaged in practice as a physician and a leader in various phases of the medical profession. In recent years he has been chief director of the Central Hospital of the School of Medicine in Warsaw.

More than two decades of service have been given by him as a director of the Polish antialcohol movement, especially of an association named "Sobriety." In 1959 he was elected president of the National Polish Committee Against Alcoholism which serves in Poland as a central organization to co-ordinate and guide the major lines of activity by local committees and other antialcohol societies, both those which work in various professions and those sponsored by church and youth groups.

As president of the Polish Red Cross, he has inaugurated and developed an educational program for the prevention of alcoholism among youth, and has authored books in this field.

With this wide background of experience and observation, Dr. Rutkiewicz has developed deep convictions on alcohol's effect on the drinker. "The spectacle of a person who has become mentally abnormal because of alcohol is indeed a pitiful sight," he says. "It is even more so when we remember that the alcoholic himself, through the exercise of his own will power, is responsible for his condition. Such a sight constitutes the most striking proof that alcohol is an extremely dangerous poison for the human organism."