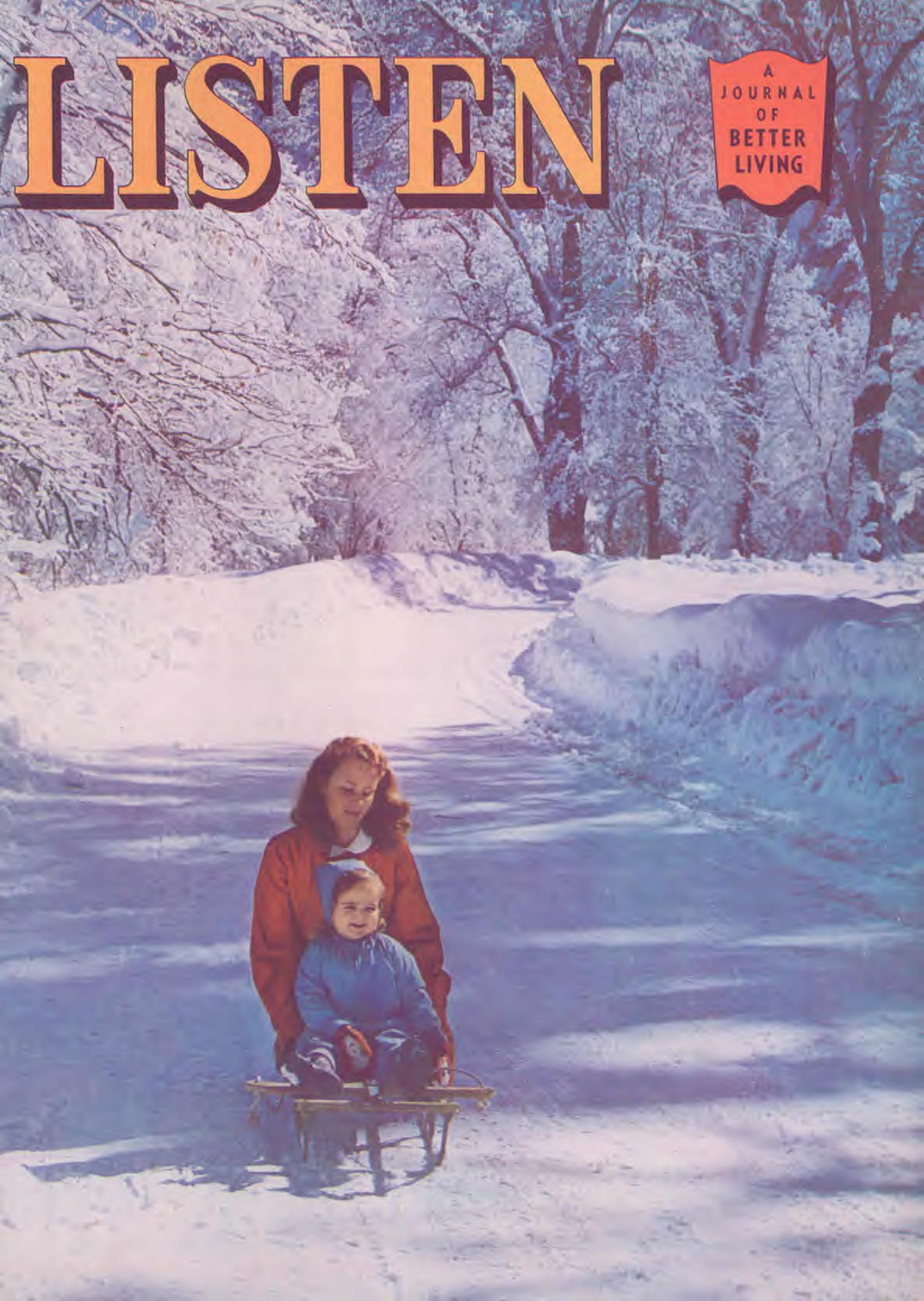


# LISTEN

A  
JOURNAL  
OF  
BETTER  
LIVING



# Do You Know?



## Presidents' Declaration

In 1833 Edward C. Delavan of New York secured the signature of ex-President James Madison on a document which has come to be known as the Presidents' Declaration. Subsequently Delavan secured the signatures of eleven other Presidents.

## Declaration

Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirit, as a drink, is not only needless, but hurtful, and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue, and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction, that should the citizens of the United States, and especially the young men, discontinue entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their personal benefit, but the good of our country, and of the world.

James Madison  
John Quincy Adams  
John Tyler  
Millard Fillmore  
Franklin Pierce  
Andrew Jackson  
M. Van Buren  
Z. Taylor  
James K. Polk  
James Buchanan  
Abraham Lincoln  
Andrew Johnson

This is the agreement of  
twelve great Americans.

**THINK IT OVER!**

Mr. Winston Churchill turned down the offer made by the Schenley liquor interests of the highest price per broadcast in the history of radio. The distillers wanted the English statesman to conduct a fifteen-minute weekly commentary on world events.

There is an average of at least one woman "problem drinker" on every residential street in every town and city in America, and among her neighbors on the street are five or six other women who drink habitually, but who have not yet reached the chronic alcoholic stage, according to the *Magazine Digest*. The *Digest* estimates that there are one million women "problem drinkers" in America.

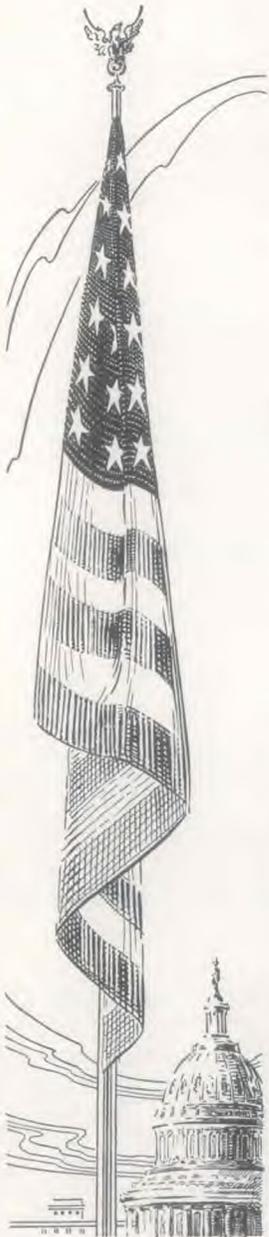
Liquor interests are putting on pressure to persuade Congress to reduce excise taxes on alcoholic beverages. Schenley called upon 170,000 liquor retailers and wholesalers to telephone or telegraph their Congressmen immediately and to put all their lobbying facilities into action.

The volume of illegal distilling, according to reports of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, has increased 34.8 per cent during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1949. The number of illegal stills seized during that time totaled 8,008, compared with 6,757 during the previous year. The percentage estimates were based on the increase of 945,631 gallons in the amount of mash seized.

Princess Margaret, during a holiday in Italy, set a good example for all society women by declining to drink a new type cocktail prepared by an expert in honor of Her Royal Highness. The cocktail was named after the princess, but she drank fruit juice instead.

In *Collier's* exposé of the astonishing lobbying activities of Arthur H. Samish, the "legislative representative of the California State Brewers Institute," under the title, "The Secret Boss of California," Governor Warren is quoted as saying, "On matters that affect his clients, Artie Samish has more power than the governor." "Artie's" lobby places the facilities of the legislature of the Golden State at the disposal of his liquor clients, and influences the liquor legislation in eleven other western states. Samish, according to *Collier's*, boasts, "I am the governor of the legislature."

Oklahoma's militant dry forces have crushed another attempt to repeal the state's prohibition laws, scoring their sixth solid victory since Oklahoma became a state in 1907. Roy S. Hollomon, executive secretary of the united dry forces, issued a statement calling upon every individual in the state to join with the public officials in ridding the state of "bootleggers and the evils of the whisky traffic."



**COMING NEXT ISSUE**

Demanding ever greater attention today is the problem of narcotics. In our next *Listen*, the United States commissioner of narcotics, Henry J. Anslinger, treats of this subject under the title, "The Abuse of Narcotic Drugs."

Also high on our list of notable contributions is "Moral Force—the Cure for Frustrations," by the well-known and versatile Senator Margaret Chase Smith.

Dr. George W. Crane writes on the subject, "How to Stay Sane and Happy." Other attractions will include the second installment of "The Scar;" another pictorial feature on the history of alcoholism; and the regular features, none of which you will want to miss.

**OUR COVER**

What would winter be without snow to cover its barrenness and transform it into a fairyland of fantastic beauty? What is more exquisite than the fragile and lacy fabric of the trees as they stand weighted down with snow freshly fallen? This, the magic appeal of winter, is well portrayed in our cover picture, taken by a Three Lions photographer.



# LISTEN

A JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

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JANUARY-MARCH, 1950

VOL. 3, NO. 1

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# "Wanted - A PRESCRIPTION FOR A BETTER WORLD!"

**I**NTRIGUED with the prospects of building a better world, we offer this formula: *We will have a better world only when there springs constantly from within human hearts the desire to bring happiness and joy and blessing to others.*

Separated by selfishness and greed, weakened by dissipation and self-indulgence, barren and broken like the parched wastes of a Sahara, this old world needs the revitalizing spirit of a new way of life—the way of love where kindness rules.

The better world of tomorrow can be built only by the better living of today. It is inferior living that has betrayed modern civilization.

We have gone about this matter of creating a better world in the wrong way. It can never be achieved by pressure groups, vested interests, federated power, legislated conformity, secular security, or even by ecclesiastical authority. All of these have been weighed in the balances of history and found wanting. This question of a better world is a matter of the heart. It can never become a reality until it is born in the hearts of men and women. New hearts alone can bring a new world. Was this not the thought of the Master of men when He breathed one dynamic, revitalizing word describing the world of His dreams? That word was "regeneration." It is either that or death.

Could Utopia, the phantasy of philosophers, be created overnight, man's inhumanity to man would soon change it into an

abyss of selfishness, lust, and greed. As long as self-love, self-indulgence, and self-seeking take precedence over the principles of service, sacrifice, and brotherly love, this world will be cursed with its tyrannies of evil thoughts and deeds, its pagan philosophies and enslaving habits. Whenever selfish interests take no thought for God or for fellow men, civilization itself decays and dies.

Better living—the spirit of kindness and brotherly love, the spirit of consideration for others, and fellowship in service, the spirit of love's sacrifice—these will build a better world and bring to all the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Our world needs the pleasant smile, the cheery word, the warm handclasp, the little acts of kindness and simple courtesy—in short, the society of brotherly love. When these principles are reborn in human hearts they will solve the basic problems of human relationships and will transform communities and nations. They will banish the twins of selfishness and hatred, and all the leeches that feed on the lifeblood of others will find no victims for their evil practices.

We need more of the spirit of true friendship which makes life rich and meaningful. We need more of that kind of living which is a foretaste of a world of love where kindness rules.

If from all human hearts there constantly should spring the impulse to serve and bless others, would we not build a better world?



J. A. Duckwaller



"If we are to survive in this new world we must be willing and able to achieve a self-discipline individually and collectively that will hold and increase our moral as well as our physical strength."

Senator ROBERT S. KERR



ACME

# America AND THE NEW WORLD

WE ARE a new generation in a new world, with the greatest hopes and blessings and responsibilities of any generation in history. America has come of age and knows it. The nations we dwell among likewise know it. In the drama of this fast-moving new age we behold mysteries and strange developments of which our fathers never dreamed.

On the body of a dead Australian soldier was found this verse: "Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes beyond the tragedy of a world at strife, and know that out of death and night shall rise the dawn of ampler life, rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart, that God has given you a priceless dower to live in these great times and have your part in freedom's crowning hour, that you may tell your sons who see the light high in the heavens their heritage to take, I saw the powers of darkness put to flight, I saw the morning break."

Analyze the new world. Will greed and confusion, ruthless power, and seeds of aggression, riots and bloodshed, disregard of law and order, hunger and disease, lack of educational opportunities, and physical, mental, and spiritual poverty, be our lot?

We have exhibited an industrial genius such as was never before known. We have originated and developed the techniques of mass production on a basis to astound ourselves and the world. If we are to survive in this new world we must be willing and able to achieve a self-discipline individually and collectively that will hold and increase our moral as well as our physical strength.

Among the free peoples of the world our nation is a symbol of the dawn of freedom—freedom of our own

citizens at home, and freedom for all other nations abroad. Those who are free, and those who yearn to achieve freedom look to us for leadership. Where else can they go? We must be daring as we go forward into this new and strange environment. We must rise above confusion; we must live above fear. *We must vouchsafe to all peoples who look to American leadership, our sublime heritage of civil and religious liberty.*

Religious freedom is the indispensable prerequisite of all freedoms, whether there be four or forty. Without it the church would again be subject to all the ills of the unhappy chapters of her history, and our people, too, would become the victims of every form of intolerance, persecution, and death.

We do not live under a religious order where other men direct or supervise our lives in conformity with any set of rules or code of religious laws. All men are equal under God. As freeborn Americans, we can do no less than guarantee this freedom to all our fellow citizens, and transmit to our posterity a heritage of freedom as fine as our own, or finer.

## *The Pagan Despotism of World War II*

The instigators of World War II thought that they had destroyed or sidetracked Christianity in their own lands as a necessary prerequisite to their being able to drive their people into an all-out effort in that unholy struggle. They believed that the Christian church was at such a low ebb of strength in the civilized world that it would be impotent to marshal the forces of freedom in time, or in sufficient strength, to prevent their achiev-

ing their awful purpose. They erred, these evildoers, and grievously. Never in the history of the race have so many suffered so much. But though they loosed the "gates of hell" itself, they did not prevail!

History has proved, and Hitler and Hirohito in the German and Japanese nations have demonstrated in this generation, that there can be nothing but a pagan citizenship without the Bible. The foundation for our own enlightened civilization is that of the Biblical teachings of the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the individual dignity and worth and personal responsibility to God, of every human being on this earth. This is the only cure for the ignorance and superstition and prejudice of the world.

#### *A Free Church in a Free World*

The free church is the parent of democracy, freedom, and justice. Without it there would have been no Western civilization and no American Statue of Liberty.

In the Dark Ages, when the wells of human understanding and tolerance were dry and the cisterns of human hope were all but empty, the church

kept its dark and lonely vigil by the hearthstone of the human race whereon the light and fire of human liberty flickered at its lowest.

Out of our early church struggles came democracy's splendid ideal of tolerance, that principle whereby we grant to others the freedom of assuming, under the severe discipline of personal responsibility, the right to believe and to worship according to their own convictions. From the operation of that principle of tolerance within the church came also, by analogy, the existence of the principles of political and personal freedom.

#### *Free Public Education*

Not in the confused legends of Teutonic gods, not in the cynical denials of the atheist, can human hope be found; not in the glorification of self as was practiced by the Nazis; not in the pagan disposition of human selfishness, passion, and greed; but in the simple words and deeds of the humble Carpenter of Nazareth! *A free church in a free world revitalized with the spirit of the Christ is our only hope for the preservation of the American way of life.*

"--all I ask is a fighting chance, Dad!"

I

LICKED a guy at school today. Nobody's going to talk about you as he did, when I'm around. You're the swellest dad—even though you have changed lately.

Mom and I know that you don't mean any harm to us by drinking liquor. Guess you don't realize how it's getting you. But we can tell. When you drink, home doesn't seem the same—feels empty and damp, and as if the fire's gone out. Mom said yesterday that if you don't quit, I'll have to give up the idea of college, and get a little job.

If I don't go to college, I'll have two strikes on me at the start, and I won't get to first base. All I want is an even chance to make my own way, as you did. My teacher says that a man must kneel on his own two knees before his God, and stand on his own two feet before his neighbors. That's what I want to do.

When you quit drinking, dad, that'll be the happiest time for mom, and the proudest for me. I'll figure that when I've got a dad who wins that fight all by himself, nothing can stop me. Watch me pile into my books at high school, then college, and a great big job afterward. All I ask is a fighting chance, dad!

H. E. Norton.

PINNEY, MOREMEYER

The  
So

As a fruit of our great dogmas of political and personal freedom and of the church's principle of self-determination of the Scriptures, there came that great underlying pillar of democracy—free public education. A people who are to have the privileges of free and uncontrolled use of the ballot must be a literate people. And their education must extend far beyond the mere ability to read and to write. America's educational system must never become the tool of any subversive element. It must provide enlightened understanding of the principles of true citizenship.

The willingness of people to endure in hardship, to overcome obstacles, to sacrifice for the right, depends entirely upon their understanding of the issues involved, of the advantages that might be lost, and of the tragedies that can be averted.

#### *Better Homes*

*A better world is the product of the combined efforts of better men and women. Better generations would be developed if our homes were better. In the great task of child training, the home, the church, and the school must meet their responsibilities with an en-*

(Turn to page 22)



# AR



## CHAPTER I

**T**ENSE and quiet, the gathered doctors watched the final moves as the surgeon closed the incision, deftly sewing the gaping flesh together. The great modern white-walled, expensively furnished operating theater, scene of so many battles between life and death, had never before witnessed such bold, daring, and spectacular ability as had been apparent that morning.

Young Dr. Daniel Wright, "Red Wright," had completed successfully a valvular operation on the heart of a patient, a thing that could not be done. Some of the nation's most learned and expert surgeons of the day had watched, amazed and speechless at the skill of the young surgeon. They waited now to pay tribute to this courageous healer whose marvelous skill and daring had spelled life, hope, and ease from pain to one doomed to suffer and to die.

Dr. Dan stepped back from the operating table, his work done. His face glowed with pleasure and triumph. He had won, against odds, one more battle with death. He smiled proudly as the patient was wheeled rapidly away to a waiting bed.

Through the courtesy of William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, "Listen" presents in serial form the book, **THE SCAR**, by CHARLES HOLDING.

Only then did the tension break and men's voices beat like gongs against the white enameled walls. Men of science and medicine, men of national and international repute, joined with attendants, internes, and the local staff in offering sincere professional and personal congratulations to the young surgeon. All came with commendation and praise for Dr. Dan. His future was assured; his reputation established; his place among the leaders of his profession secure.

Dour old Robert McCloud, chief of staff of the huge General Emergency Hospital, a close friend and adviser to Dan, was the last of all to grasp his hand. With tears of pride in his eyes the old master could only whisper, "Good boy, good boy," then hurriedly leave the room.

Competent hands soon cleared and cleaned the room. Order was restored, instruments washed and placed in

clean, shining array in their gleaming cabinets, strange and wonderful tools of a strange and wonderful trade.

Pale and shaken after the past hours of nervous tension, strain, and excitement, Dr. Dan mechanically thanked the well-wishers and hastened away to clean up, anxious for the quiet of his private office.

He must telephone Laura—Laura who would be patiently and hopefully waiting word of this his latest triumph, Laura who with little Dan would be listening for the telephone's welcome ring and the loved voice of husband and father telling of this new achievement, Laura who had kissed him good-by that morning and had whispered, "We will be waiting, Dan, and praying, Little Dan and I."

How he loved them, his wife and baby son! They were his world, the center of every plan and dream and hope. Their welfare and pleasure and comfort was back of his every move.

He picked up his telephone and called home. Almost instantly the soft, clear voice of his wife answered.

"Laura?" he softly spoke her name.

"Yes, Dan."

"I did it, honey."

"Oh, Dan, I am so glad, so happy, so proud; but I knew you would."

"I really mean, darling, that we did it," answered Dan. "I felt that you were with me all the way."

"Thank you, Dan, oh, so much. I do so want to be of help to you," came the answer and Laura's voice trembled with emotion.

"I may be a little late tonight, dear, quite a crowd here and all," said Dan.

"All right, dear, we'll be waiting for you whenever you come, and so glad to welcome you," was the answer.

Dan hung the telephone back on its hook with a smile. What a lucky man he was: young, just thirty-three, best job in the world, best wife in the world, finest son in the world, and the brightest prospects for the future of anyone he knew.

He was tired and nervous. He needed a drink. He didn't drink much, was hardly ever drunk, except on special occasions. Yet he was honest enough to admit that he found himself more and more dependent on drink to help him on. He could handle it, though; it wouldn't get him. Laura did not approve; she was scared needlessly. Ha, ha, just a small jolt would quiet him. He had to relax. No one could know how fine his nerves were drawn. Shucks, just a little. Be careful; no need of being a hog. It wouldn't hurt anyone; it perked one up, and seemed to smooth the rough edges, somehow. He needed one right now; his head

was bursting, his hands were shaking, he was nervous, his mouth was dry. He mustn't go too strong, though. He had to watch old McCloud. Twice during the past year McCloud had had him on the carpet for drinking. Though McCloud was out of date in some respects, still he was boss and had to be catered to. Such were his thoughts when his door opened and Dr. James Greenway, a fellow member of the staff, entered.

Greenway's face wore a peculiar smile. He was a handsome man, tall, athletic, suave, and sure, deliberate in speech and act. Dan did not like him as much as he did other members of the staff, yet the men worked together in harmony. They were friendly, though not intimate.

"Wright," asked Greenway, "will you come to my office as soon as you get through with all this rah, rah?"

"Sure, Greenway, be there soon as

possible. Anything special?" asked Dan pleasantly.

"Just planning a little celebration for you, Wright, with your consent, of course. As you know, it isn't every day we have a hero in our midst."

"Mighty fine of you, Jim," answered Dan slowly. The man seemed sincere, yet Dan sensed an undercurrent of jealousy or bitterness in his words—or did he? Oh, bosh, he thought, it's just nerves, I'm jumpy. "Sure, Jim, I'll be down as soon as I can get away," he answered.

Dr. Greenway left the office, and Dan turned hurriedly to reports and routine work. Many were the interruptions, and it was late before he was able to leave his own office for that of Dr. Greenway. He felt sick, too, with a blinding headache and nerves on edge; and he was irritable. He would hurry with Greenway, go home to

(Turn to page 28)



## FORGET YOURSELF

E. G. WHITE

Doing good is a work that benefits both giver and receiver. If you forget self in your interest for others, you gain a victory over your infirmities. The satisfaction you will realize in doing good will aid you greatly in the recovery of the healthy tone of the imagination.

The pleasure of doing good animates the mind and vibrates through the whole body. While the faces of benevolent men are lighted up with cheerfulness, and their countenances express the moral elevation of the mind, those of selfish, stingy men are dejected, cast down, and gloomy. Their moral defects are seen in their countenances. Selfishness and self-love stamp their own image upon the outward man.

GENDREAU

# A Message from Swimming **Champions**

Special to  
**LISTEN**  
Readers

## **Joe Verdeur**



"In biology we are taught the theory that the body is only about 25 per cent efficient ordinarily, but that this percentage can be raised to 40 per cent under the proper conditioning.

"In sports we learn the lesson of the difference in human efficiency by training, and one cardinal rule for keeping in shape is: 'Abstain from alcoholic beverages.'

"Certainly the sports world has produced many colorful characters who have disregarded this ruling and yet who

continued to win. Truly they were above-average persons who were as strong with 25 per cent efficiency as other persons were at 40 per cent.

"But think what phenomenal athletes they would have become by observing training rules. I hope any young person who is an outstanding athlete and who doesn't train too strictly will remember that he can increase his prowess immensely by a little self-denial."



INTERNATIONAL

Four finalists in the National AAA swimming championships at Daytona Beach, Florida. Left to right they are: Jim McLane of Yale, Joe Verdeur of La Salle College, Walter Res of University of Iowa, and Keith Carter of Perdue.

## **Keith Carter**

"I sincerely believe that it is absolutely impossible for an athlete to obtain maximum stamina and co-ordination, and also drink alcoholic beverages and smoke."

# A Total Abstainer's Steady Nerves



MR. CLOSE is a great admirer of youth, and he urges young people to build healthy bodies and steady nerves by abstaining from every unhealthy indulgence and habit.

His message to youth is: "Youth, even if politics and money blind adult eyes to the fact that alcohol is the chief instigator of crime, surely the evidence on every side is clear to your younger vision, and you can do something about it. By your personal stand and influence oppose our nation's greatest crime producer."

# N THE TIGHTWIRE

**GEORGE R. CLOSE** of Angwin, California, at 70 years of age is still a juggling and tightwire artist. Mr. Close attributes his retention of youthful ability to a life of total abstinence and clean, healthful habits.



**A**

S A youth, Mr. Close trained to be "a daring young man on the flying trapeze" and a tightwire performer. Now at seventy years of age, he is an equilibrist with an enviable record. The feats he performs are considered to be limited to the abilities of much younger men.

Mr. Close walks the tightwire blindfolded, with his ankles fettered, and he rocks in a chair, rides a scooter, and does other difficult feats on the wire. He is also an expert juggler, and with bows and arrows, balls, bottles, and glasses, he does a series of thirty hand-balancing acts requiring the steadiest of nerves. Assisting him in arranging these acts is his wife, Mrs. Bertha Pierce Close.

He delights in displaying the steady nerves possessed by a total abstainer by wheeling his colored temperance placards across the tightwire. His health principles include more than abstinence from alcohol and tobacco, for Mr. Close has not used tea or coffee for many years. He has been a vegetarian for nearly fifty years.

Mr. Close has a solution to the family drinking problem. It is simply this: "If the family were to be provided with fruit and fruit juices instead of spiced and irritating foods, the tendency to drink intoxicating liquor would be greatly lessened, and temperance would begin at home."

*Geo. R. Close*



**A**TTORNEY General Fred N. Howser of California, chief of the state's law enforcement system, believes that marijuana is as deadly a drug as opium, cocaine, and morphine. "Marijuana," he explains, "is the drug which opens the door to the use of opium and other drugs injected with a syringe." It is a particularly deadly menace to society, because it has fallen into use among the youth of the nation.

The records of the Division of Narcotics of the attorney general's office show that almost without exception those who use marijuana graduate into using heroin.

"Somebody is always asking us which of the drug evils is greatest in California," the attorney general explained. "All phases are bad, and you have to lump the problem together—but the marijuana evil is extremely serious because it makes drug addicts and criminals out of those who become habitual users of marijuana."

"Most youthful marijuana users," he said, "finally reach a point where they must have a more potent drug. When a drug user graduates from marijuana into other drugs, you can just about cross him off as a useful member of society." From that point on, he is, as a rule, a member of the criminal underworld.

"The reasons why a drug addict becomes a criminal are very simple. In the first place, a drug addict is not dependable; therefore he cannot hold a regular job. In the second place, there are very few drug addicts who have an income which will adequately supply their daily cravings. It costs about twenty-five dollars a day to supply drugs for the average addict."

"Even with the high wages paid in many businesses and professions today, twenty-five dollars a day is beyond



the reach of most persons. To obtain that kind of money, the desperate drug fiend turns to criminality. Eventually he winds up in one of our mental institutions or in a state prison."

Contrary to general belief, opium is still in widespread use. It is either smoked in the traditional Chinese opium pipes, one of which is pictured here with Attorney General Howser, or it is injected in the same fashion as is heroin or morphine.

Opium is commonly sold in a five-tael can. This can is about the size and appearance of the standard tobacco can, except that it carries no label. From this can the opium is transferred to various other types of holders by the user. These are often small jars much resembling cold-cream jars.

A small ball of opium about the size of a fingernail is baked over a lamp and then transferred to the bowl of the opium pipe for smoking. In the injection method, a small lump of opium is placed in a teaspoon, water is added, and the addict heats the mixture by the application of a couple of matches to the bottom of the spoon. It is then transferred to the syringe and injected.

Attorney General Howser disclosed that, during the recent war, supplies of opium from the Orient and the Near East were shut off. Thousands of poppy fields sprang up in Mexico, and a thriving opium trade developed, with the deadly drug being flown across the American border in planes at night. A United Nations survey showed 4,500 poppy fields in Mexico in 1947. Since that time the Mexican government has co-operated in a campaign which is gradually stamping out the fields.

The attorney general has more than once publicly criticized a frequently expressed tendency to regard the use of marijuana as being "not particularly harmful."

"Our agents have had considerable difficulty stamping out the sale of marijuana to teen-agers," he declared, "and I want to emphasize that the smoking of marijuana has ruined many a promising career among youths of high-school age.

"There is an unfortunate psychological trait which prompts many youngsters to smoke marijuana for a thrill. It is tragic that they do not realize they risk shutting all the decent things out of their lives forever. Their first marijuana cigarette may open the door which plunges them into a life of degradation, crime, and perhaps eventual insanity or imprisonment."

# OR TO DOOM

HARRY COMBER AND ATTORNEY GENERAL FRED N. HOWSER  
OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

## THE TOOLS OF DOOM



The Paraphernalia of the Drug Addict

SHOWN here from among the deadly trappings of the narcotic addict seized by Attorney General Fred N. Howser's office are (1) a five-tael can of opium, the container in which that drug is commonly marketed; (2) small individual can and jar of opium; (3) Chinese weighing scales; (4) the case for the scales; (5) a pipe for smoking marijuana; (6) a contrived opium pipe made from a glass bottle, the nipple of a baby's nursing bottle, and a glass tube. When narcotic agents raid, the bottle can be broken and the pieces flushed down a toilet. The bottle has a small hole drilled in one side to facilitate smoking.

Nos. 7 and 8 are lamps over which balls of opium are baked before being inserted in a pipe for smoking. Nos. 9 and 10 are opium pipes.

No. 11 is a can of marijuana. Marijuana is often shipped in these containers (tomato cans), and is sealed in the same fashion as are vegetables or canned fruits.

There are six articles listed under No. 12. From left to right, they are: an individual jar of opium, a scraper to remove yen-shee from the opium pipe, two Chinese needles on the points of which opium is rolled and then baked over the flame, a knife used as a yen-shee scraper, and another individual jar of opium, having the appearance of a small jar of cold cream. (Yen-shee, scraped from opium pipes, is the residue from the smoking of the opium and is a coarser form of the drug. It is carefully saved and used by addicts.)

All articles of the type here shown are still in use among drug addicts in America, according to the attorney general.



ATTAS, BLACK STAR





IT WAS mid-August, 1942. The alley behind the Union Rescue Mission was hot and dusty, but, at this hour of the day, it was also safe. It offered refuge from the prying eyes of the "ragpickers"—the plainclothes officers of the Los Angeles police force, whose special duty was to pick up the town's "winos" for booking and investigation at the city jail.

Carefully checking the prospects in all directions, to make sure no prowler had seen me, I made my way hurriedly up the alley to the slim shade afforded by a doorway within easy access of the rear entrance of the Mission. The uninitiated may wonder at all these precautionary measures, since I was a "bum" rather than a criminal. I was a "wino," and I had been drinking for ten days; ten days, during which my burden of a guilty conscience had been growing to almost unendurable proportions; ten days, in which the most casual second glance from a passer-by on Main Street had sent me scuttling for the nearest doorway, certain that I was about to be stopped and questioned about my residence, employment, and the reason for my presence in that particular neighborhood.

It seems absurd that an individual who lives in a modern city and has committed no violation of local statutes should be mortally afraid lest he be accosted and asked the simplest of questions in broad daylight. But I was a wino; and the wino has built around himself a strange and terrible world in which only one thing is real: his abiding fear and distrust of his fellow men.

Now I was safely seated in my doorway. I could see in all directions, so that at the first approach of a car with a police symbol, I could dodge through the rear entrance of the Mission and find sanctuary until the coast was

clear again. I reached into the capacious inner pocket of my faded and torn sport jacket, and brought out the bottle of cheap bulk wine that I had been hugging close to my body as I came up the alley. Tokay—27 cents a "fifth"—26 cents if you brought your own bottle.

## I WAS A WINO, TOO

by a Member of Alcoholics Anonymous

clear again. I reached into the capacious inner pocket of my faded and torn sport jacket, and brought out the bottle of cheap bulk wine that I had been hugging close to my body as I came up the alley. Tokay—27 cents a "fifth"—26 cents if you brought your own bottle.

With trembling, unsteady hands, I unscrewed the cap and took a long gulp of the acrid, improperly aged vintage, and seconds later I felt the raw alcohol creeping into my blood stream to give me, momentarily at least, the only respite the wino can get from this agony. I began to think again, with some measure of coherence, and my thoughts were bitter.

What a mess I was—and life itself—I reflected. Why did this sort of thing have to be my lot? I thought of my

home in New York—of my six sisters, all married and all secure. They were probably troubled occasionally, wondering about the younger brother who had disappeared into the Army twelve years before and had never been heard from since. I thought of my old school, rated as one of the top "prep" schools in America. Only a week before, I had read in *Time* magazine of a classmate who was doing well for himself and his country in the State Department. He hadn't been particularly outstanding at school. As a matter of fact, I had accomplished considerably more than he had in scholastic and extra-curricular activities. But his destination was the Department of State, and mine was a garbage-strewn alley in downtown Los Angeles. Why?

Another gulp of wine, and the same old excuses, the same dreary alibis, marshaled themselves to defend me against my own accusations of failure. They were worn threadbare now, as unconvincing and palpably dishonest to me as they were to friends or strangers. I could find no comfort and no answer there.

But how was a man to get out of a mess he had made for himself? I looked toward the doorway of the Mission. No, the answer wasn't there—not for me at least. My enslavement to alcohol was the great evil to me, and I saw no way for a man like myself to be free of that enslavement. Should I try going "on the wagon" again? No. Too many times in the past, the resultant and inevitable fall had been too sudden and too agonizing. Too many times the reproaches for yet another failure had sent me to a lower depth than I had hitherto known. Should I try total abstinence? How did one explain so radical a change of attitude to one's fellows? What would people say, or, worse still, what would people think? Most "reformed drunkards" with whom I had

come in contact were infinitely harder to associate with than the worst wino I had ever met. Where was it that I had read about Alcoholics Anonymous? That might be the answer, if the fellows in it had really been like myself at one time. I had heard of a group that met somewhere in the city. Maybe—

My ruminations were cut short. Joe, a fellow wino, appeared with a jug, and

the news that he had spotted a prowler car at the end of the alley. We ran across a car lot to a safer location.

It was the last week in November. It was a cold and cheerless night, and if my problem in the alley behind the Mission three months before had seemed impossible of solution, my present state seemed beyond any hope whatever. Desperation gleamed from my eyes, and desperation occupied the whole of my heart. I was sober, experiencing the agonized, sick sobriety of the alcoholic who has been "shaking it out" for many hours. I had the "shakes," and a vain desire to vomit. Handmade cigarettes, badly rolled, tasted like burnt rags to my dehydrated tongue and lips. I faced my last desperate hope; I was on my way to a beginners' (Turn to page 34)

In all sports  
the year around  
the total abstainer

**EXCELS**

Adolph F. Rupp says, "The one basic rule that every boy and girl—athlete or otherwise—should abide by is this: Never drink alcohol in any form."



COURTESY, UNITED AIR LINES



**MISS AMERICA PAGEANT EXECUTIVE SAYS:** *One of our ironclad rules is that a contestant must never be seen in a cocktail lounge or bar, nor drink intoxicating beverages while participating in our pageant. . . . Contestants have informed me over the years that this rule is the easiest in the contest, for they never drink intoxicating beverages and do not like the taste of them.*



## LIFE PRINCIPLES

### *For a Miss America*

by **LENORA S. SLAUGHTER, Executive Director, Miss America Pageant**

**PAGEANT TIME** has passed again, and after fifteen years of association with this great institution, the Miss America Pageant, I believe I have earned the right to make a true analysis of the American girl of today. My opinions are based on actual contact with thousands of wholesome, representative girls, for I have known them personally as they faced success and defeat in true sportsmanlike manner. I have seen them live the words of the great sports writer Grantland Rice, who wrote, "For when the One Great Scorer comes to write against your name, He marks—not that you won or lost—but how you played the game."

True greatness is within the individual, and oftentimes the world never knows or acclaims the winner; but his footsteps are deeply imprinted on the sands of time for having made the world a better place to live in. The losers, as well as the winners, in the Miss America Pageant, have been my daily inspiration to give my best efforts in the interest of education and training for our youth of today. I know that their principles are sound and good.

In judging our local and state contests, as well as our national finals, I have heard this question asked in the personality and intelligence test over and over again: "What do you consider

the most important lesson a child should be taught in the home today?" The answer in nine cases out of ten is, "Love of God, parents, and country." Certainly this philosophy builds a sound constructive personality.

We search for clean, wholesome, typical American girls to wear the coveted crown of Miss America. Contestant winners would have lost the decision of the judges had they been less than a model of good breeding, charm, graciousness, and intelligence. That is why I place such a high value on their opinions, ideals, and philosophy of life.

One of our ironclad rules is that a contestant must never be seen in a cocktail lounge or bar, nor drink intoxicating beverages while participating in our pageant. This rule has never been broken, even though contestants are warned they will not be advised that they have been eliminated from the judging.

Contestants have informed me over the years that this rule is the easiest in the contest, for they never drink intoxicating beverages and do not like the taste of them. They hasten to assure me that they are not trying to crusade for a cause; but their good, intelligent "horse sense" tells them that the habit is unnecessary in their scheme of living, which includes study and work in

the interest of successful careers, and simple pleasures which safeguard their health and happiness.

A large majority of our contestants attribute their natural beauty to proper diet, sleep, outdoor exercise, and peace of mind. Let us review some of the statements made by the lovely girls who competed for the 1949 Miss America title, in answer to this question, "To what do you attribute your health, beauty, and happiness?" Here are their replies:

Miss California, the nineteen-year-old **JONE ANN PEDERSEN** of Santa Rosa, who wants to be an interior decorator, says, "A good home life."

Miss Hawaii, eighteen-year-old **BEE JAY JOHNSTON** of Honolulu, says, "Sleep, proper diet, sunshine and fresh air, good morals, and a cheerful disposition."

Miss Indiana, eighteen-year-old **FAY LOUISE SUTER** of Fort Wayne, Indiana, and sophomore at the University of Indiana, says, "Regular habits, unshakable faith in God and humanity, and naturalness."

Miss Mississippi, **KATHERINE WRIGHT**, twenty-year-old Kappa Kappa Gamma from the University of Mississippi, whose home is Pascagoula, says, "Exercise, regular hours, pleasant

(Right) One of the chief attractions of the pageant parade was the Miss Pennsylvania float, which was covered with more than 5,000 roses, each in its own container.

(Below) Opening the 1949 "Miss America" pageant at Atlantic City was this colorful parade in which each contestant rode her float before more than 250,000 spectators.

PHOTOS BY ACME



friendships, good environment, and nonuse of alcohol and tobacco."

Miss North Carolina, **NANCY LEE MELVERTON** of Rocky Mount, aged eighteen, who will begin her college education at the University of North Carolina in September, says, "Peace of mind, cleanliness, and orderliness of mind and body, a happy, well-adjusted home life, and good friends."

Miss Tennessee, **ADELYN LOUISE SUMNER** of Knoxville, twenty-two-year-old University of Tennessee student, says, "Clean habits, living in a Christian environment, and cultivating the intellectual friendship of others."

Miss Utah, **JUNE ELIZABETH BARLOW** of Bountiful, Utah, twenty-four-year-old University of Utah graduate, says, "Plenty of regular sleep, regular meals consisting of wholesome foods, fresh air and daily exercise, nonuse of tobacco and alcohol."

Certainly, as you analyze statements from American girls from every section of this great nation of ours, you can fully appreciate that they are standard-bearers for clean wholesome living. This should prove to all youth that success comes to those who have high standards and ideals, and the courage to live up to them.

Bebe Shopp, the Miss America winner of 1948, places the crown on the head of Jacque Mercer who won the 1949 title.





## ACCORDING TO THE SENATOR—

TODAY in America there are 65,000,000 people who drink alcohol either regularly or occasionally. Of these, 3,750,000 are alcoholic addicts.

During 1946, \$8,800,000,000 was spent on beer, whisky, and wine—\$733,000,000 a month, \$24,400,000 a day, or \$1,000,000 an hour.

Since the repeal of national prohibition, America's liquor bill has totaled \$65,000,000,000, while tax-paid money for public education amounted to only \$36,725,000,000.

Yet, there are those who would contend that there was more intoxicating liquor used under national prohibition than since its repeal. That statement is made in spite of the fact that the per capita consumption of beverage liquors increased from 10.25 gallons in 1934 to 20.53 gallons in 1946.

Drunkenness increased from 1,000 per 100,000 in the last prohibitory year to 2,000 per 100,000—and saloons have increased until there are now 407,000 in the United States, with package stores alone outnumbering churches and schools. There are actually today more barmaids than college girls.

While 15,000,000 American men and women in uniform and 100,000,000 civilians worked for winning the war, retail beer sellers in this country built up the stupendous income of \$10,680,000,000.

These facts substantiate the following conclusion, which I reached long ago: that "*Alcohol has cost more money, destroyed more property, killed more people, and created more ill-health and human suffering than all the wars in the entire history of the human race.*"

ACME



# Alcohol WORSE THAN War



## SENATOR ROBERT S. KERR

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Robert S. Kerr was born in 1896 in a cabin in the Indian Territory which is now Oklahoma. He grew up on a farm, educated in common schools of Ada, and attended Oklahoma Baptist University at Shawnee, Oklahoma, and the University of Oklahoma. He served as a second lieutenant in the field artillery in World War I and later organized an Oklahoma national guard unit in which later became a part of the 38th Division, devoting to it a part of his time from 1921 to 1924. He served as state commander of the American Legion.

In his other activities he has been a leader in Y.M.C.A. campaigns for members and boys' funds, and has participated in many Cross drives and other endeavors, such as heading the bond-issue campaign for the Oklahoma City water supply.

In the religious field the Senator has served as a Sunday-school teacher for twenty years, has been chairman of the Oklahoma Baptist Orphans' Home committee since 1941, which, in two state campaigns, raised \$450,000, and in 1944 was president of the Oklahoma Baptist General Convention.

In the oil industry he was president of the Kansas-Oklahoma division of the Mid-Continent Oil & Gas Association for six years and is now president of Kerr-McGee Oil Industries, Inc., with offices in Oklahoma City.

He served as governor of the State from January, 1943, to January, 1947. Twice he has been a member of the executive committee of the national governors' conference, and was chairman of the southern governors' conference two years. He keynoted the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, in 1944. He was elected

to the United States Senate in November of 1948, and began serving a six-year term on January 3, 1949.

Senator Kerr and his wife, Grayce, have three sons and one daughter. The Kerr home is in Oklahoma City.

### FROM THE VOICE

In an appeal to the voters of Oklahoma not to repeal their prohibition law, Senator Kerr wrote in *The Voice*:

"I am glad to have the opportunity to reaffirm my position of unalterable opposition to the repeal of our constitutional prohibition against the sale of intoxicating liquors.

"Based upon my observations and knowledge of the many evils of liquor to human beings, I have been against it all my life and will oppose it as long as I live. . . .

"Brought face to face with the tragic record of alcohol, I cannot compromise on this issue."





# NEWS

The SWISS society of abstaining teachers organizes holiday and skiing camps for children and adults. In planning youth excursions, it patronizes those youth hostels where no alcoholic drinks are permitted to be served.

CANADIAN excise figures available for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1948, indicate that Canada's drink bill for that period was \$619,448,317.

Home-brewing of beer has become legal in GERMANY again for the first time since 1939.

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN alcohol consumption is lower than that of the west of Europe and a little higher than that in other Slav countries.

In RUSSIA, drinking is prohibited on working days, but not on holidays. Any man who is seen drinking on his way to work or in the street is punished. Dr. Horejsi reports remarkable results and says the young generation live practically as teetotalers. The Russian attitude appears to be that the alcohol problem will disappear of itself with the new social order.

Whisky, brandy, and wine are not drugs or medicines which may be properly provided by pharmaceutical services, and therefore should not be ordered by medical practitioners, according to a ruling of the Department of Health for SCOTLAND.

In order to secure their drinks, some English residents in MADRAS registered as drunkards and chronic alcoholics, inasmuch as the government had provided that such could receive a certain allotment of whisky on doctor's orders. Several days later, however, they were chagrined to receive official

notice that they must surrender their auto driving licenses, on the grounds that drunkards and chronic alcoholics were in no condition to operate automobiles.

ENGLAND'S newest licensing bill contains a clause compelling public houses in London to remain open on weekdays until 10:30 p.m. Compulsory later hours indicate that the liquor interests are getting some strong backing from government sources. This is verified by reports in the *Alliance News*. Another amendment seeks to extend the hours of drinking in London's night clubs until 2:30 a.m.

The *Alliance News* calls attention to the fact that BRITAIN'S drink bill



# ALCOHOLISM II

There is much evidence to believe that in many cases alcohol seriously affected the military movements and efficiency of the United Nations, and the individual health, morality and discipline of their armies.

## SCOTLAND

The supervisor of a Scottish Y.M.C.A. canteen reported, "The number of drunk and incapable sailors was so large that the work is seriously hampered." A night census of the men returning to the military camp, Gailes, Scotland, revealed that about 100 out of the 500 were under the influence of drink, and wholly unprepared for any military emergency.

## FRANCE

The French newspaper *Le Temps* published a communiqué issued by the French headquarters, which states, "The percentage of soldiers hospitalized because of alcoholic poisoning was twenty times higher than in the

worst years following the last war." On the tenth of August, 1940, the same journal blamed excessive consumption of alcohol by the French soldiers for the collapse of the French front. On the same day Major Pétain spoke of the part drink played in the ruin of France, and the need of taking steps to check alcoholism, which was destroying the nation.

A Vichy dispatch reported to the *United Press*, August 24, 1941, carried the statement of a government spokesman to the effect that alcoholism was the chief cause of the moral collapse of the French army under the German attack.

## SINGAPORE

The evils of drink in Singapore during the festival season December 23, 1945, to January 12, 1946, affected the morale and discipline of the troops and caused incalculable loss and many casualties." Here are a few excerpts from Captain Ian Cecil Easton's diary:

"Dec. 23, 1945. Court Martial concluded in the case of Spr. O—, who ran amuck in barracks after drinking 'hooch,' fixed bayonet on rifle, loaded, fired, and reloaded in a room full of soldiers before being himself shot in the arm by R.S.M. (We were lucky, for 21 servicemen died that week from drinking 'hooch.')

"Dec. 24. Sgt. W— killed in car crash, returning from late party in another sgt's mess, where Christmas ration of spirits flowed freely. Driver, a sgt., and one of the hosts, subsequently found guilty of manslaughter.

Dec. 25. Visited Coys. Patients in hospital at 4 p.m. Unable to find Spr. M—, in ward 4a (47 British General Hospital, Singapore) as no one in this ward could help after free Christmas issue of rum and beer. Sgt. C— . . . returned later to another ward of this hospital and found patients running wild with surgeon's instruments, while dazed and stupid nurse looked on."

# REPORT



## LASHES



has already leaped from £376,000,000 in 1940 to £762,000,000 in 1948. While expenditures on food were increasing 31 per cent, alcohol purchases increased 130 per cent.

~ ~ ~  
AUSTRALIA'S drink and smoking bill for the eleven months ending May 31, 1949, cost Australians £9/6/8 per capita in customs and excise duties. Excise revenue on beer increased from £24,782,000 to £29,344,000, and excise on spirits from £6,074,000 to £6,476,000.

~ ~ ~  
In a recent NEW ZEALAND voting on liquor-bar closing hours, the returns indicated 140,037 for ten o'clock closing and 439,558 for six o'clock closing.

According to the Melbourne *Herald*, AUSTRALIA'S Dave Sands, a triple boxing champion, the middle, light-heavy, and heavyweight titleholder, is "a nondrinker, nonsmoker, and non-swearer."

~ ~ ~  
Lady Dugan, wife of the former governor of VICTORIA and SOUTH AUSTRALIA, has demonstrated that it is not necessary for those in political circles to hold cocktail parties. Throughout the entire period of their public office, 1934-1949, she did not once give a cocktail party.

Said Lady Dugan, "I would not have

it on my conscience to have anyone the worse for coming to Government House."—*Alliance News*.

~ ~ ~  
Mr. Ben Spence terms liquor CANADA'S billion-dollar problem. He has estimated the net cost of the manufacture, sale, and consumption of alcoholic beverages to the people of Canada in 1947 at \$1,658,470,979—net debit after deducting direct and indirect costs from dominion and provincial revenue.

~ ~ ~  
In NORWAY the state maintains three institutions for alcoholics, with total accommodations for 150 patients. There are four authorized homes by private organizations, two of which are recipients of annual grants from the state.

~ ~ ~  
According to Dr. Cordonnier, death rates from alcoholism in FRANCE have increased from .6 per cent in 1914 to 1.9 per cent in 1945. The average consumption of pure alcohol is 5½ gallons per capita. The doctor says that 63 per cent of France's criminals are alcoholics, and 40 per cent of the fatal car accidents are caused by drinking drivers.

# WORLD WAR II



### ENGLAND

At a temperance convention in Leicester, Wing Commander Geoffrey Cooper, M.P. for Middlesbrough, England, personally observed:

"I recall one man after another in my night operational squadron who took too much drink too often, thereby risking not only their own lives but the lives of the other members of their crews. They did not stay the course. Usually such men would fail to finish their operational tour of duty; the strain of their task, added to the strain of alcoholic indulgence, caused them to crack. A nervous or mental breakdown would then occur. Sometimes on an operational trip, perhaps through loss of judgment or through sleep overcoming a vital member of a crew when alertness was needed most, the crew did not return. The defeating of sleep was one of our greatest trials."

It is a known fact that spies who were found and executed in Britain

admitted that they had been instructed to haunt public houses in search of information of military importance.

Supreme headquarters announced the following on June 7, 1944: "An American major general has been reduced to the rank of lieutenant colonel and has been sent back to U.S.A., for disclosing the date of invasion at a cocktail party." He was one of the commanders of the American Air Force in Britain, and it was General Eisenhower who ordered his return.

Near the city of Nottingham, England, there was a large ordnance camp with 3,500 men and 1,000 women. One late train from Nottingham to this camp was generally known as "The Drunks' Express." Conditions in this camp showed that V.D. and alcohol were closely associated.

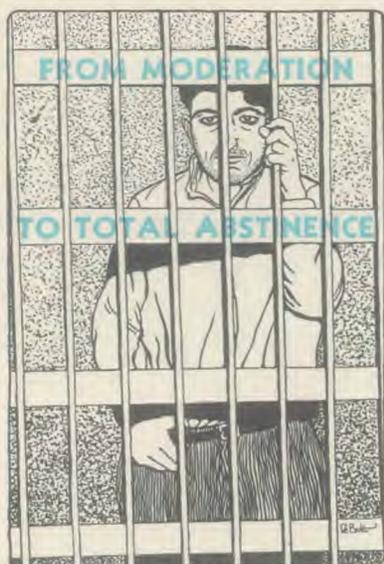
### PEARL HARBOR

The part liquor played in the infamous attack on Pearl Harbor is of such common knowledge that it

needs no extensive comment here. One of the witnesses in the official inquiry made the statement, "Liquor was everywhere, in the hotels, taverns, on the park benches, and even in the civil drink establishments. . . . Men milled in and out of bars and staggered from one bar to another."

### UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

Not only did alcohol have its ill effects on the soldiers in the front lines, but the war brought its problems of increased alcoholism among civilian populations. The Union of South Africa reports a tremendous increase in drinking and drunkenness during the decade 1936-46, when thousands of men and women were at the front and the home police force was depleted. Convictions for drunkenness increased 77 per cent for Europeans and 154 per cent for non-Europeans, according to the report of the International Congress Against Alcoholism made by Ruby Adenoderoff, B.S., P.F.C.



King County, Seattle, Washington, has changed the Parole Board ruling relative to the use of intoxicating beverages by parolees or probationers.

In announcing the new rule, E. D. Farrow, district parole officer, asserted that: "92 per cent of all parolee violations are due to liquor."

The rule change reads as follows:

"This is to inform you that the Board of Prison Terms and Paroles, on May 15, 1949, changed the following rules regarding the use of intoxicating liquor. The old rule was **THAT THE PAROLEE OR PROBATIONER SHOULD ABSTAIN FROM THE EXCESSIVE USE OF INTOXICATING LIQUOR.**

(2) Please notice change **THAT THE PAROLEE OR PROBATIONER IS TO TOTALLY ABSTAIN FROM THE USE OF INTOXICATING LIQUOR.** This means that you are not to drink liquor or beer, or any intoxicants of any kind whatsoever, and you are not to go into a place where intoxicants are served or sold."

## AMERICA AND THE NEW WORLD

(Continued from page 6)

lightened determination. Of these institutions, the home is the most basic and fundamental. For it there can be no substitute. It is the ultimate social unit in the training and development of the child. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined."

There are some who feel that the home is disintegrating under the strain of our modern social order. If that be true, we must repair the damage and rebuild the structure, because society worth the name cannot continue without the home. It is the foundation upon which is built the individual character and the collective morality and strength of the nation.

What doth it profit a parent if he should accumulate vast wealth, and wield great power and exercise much influence, and yet live to see a son or daughter become an economic failure or a prodigal in character?

A dear friend of mine once said to me, "I have guaranteed forever the security of every child I have. None of them can ever suffer want or poverty." He was sincere. He thought he had achieved unbounded success. He thought no storm could ever damage, nor danger threaten, any child of his.

How foolish he was. Today not a single one of his children can manage what has been given him or earn his own living. Each of the four indulges in drink. One is a definite alcoholic, and another is on the verge of becoming one.

Now in his old age, the father, shamed and humiliated, sees his failure. If he were to have another chance he would do differently. Instead of creating trust funds for them he would seek to help them find the mastery of life, rather than depend on material wealth alone. He would seek to instill in them the great principles of better living—to know and honor God, to shun the tyranny of enslaving habits, and to give true service to mankind.

### *Our Youth and Our Destiny*

Our forefathers were magnificent men; but they are dead. We have made and are making our contribution, but "The moving finger writes, and having writ moves on," and whether we of this day and generation have fashioned well or poorly, we are on the way out.

What of the youth of today who will either build a better world or destroy the one we have, tomorrow? They will hold in their hands the fate of the world.

In their hearts will be the dreams

and desires for a better life, or cold and empty chambers of human selfishness. What are we planting in those hearts? Are their minds fortified with the eternal truths of the Bible?

All those who have achieved outstanding success in new fields of human endeavor have suffered many failures and disappointments. Without fortitude, patience, unyielding determination to go on, they could have known nothing but failure, and humanity would never have known the blessings of their discoveries.

We need youth inspired with the spirit of Kipling's great poem:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools. . . .  
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

Edison failed two thousand times before he discovered the incandescent lamp. Madam Marie Curie and her husband, Pierre, failed at least five hundred times before they discovered the amazing element of radium. Said he, "It cannot be done; maybe sometime, somewhere, it will, but not in our lifetime." Said she, "It can be done. I do not know when or where, but if it takes a hundred years I can do no less than work for it so long as I have life."

*Our world today greatly needs youth with such vision and singleness of purpose in realizing life's nobler aims. America's destiny in the new world and the destiny of the world itself hang in the balance.*

"A drunkard's life has two chapters:  
1. He could have stopped if he would;  
2. He would have stopped if he could."  
Frances E. Willard.

# ARTISTS' STORY OF THE SOCIAL GLASS

Photos in this feature from the Schoenfeld Collection by Three Lions



## Western Europe

UNDER the military rulers of the Middle Ages the drinking customs of Western Europe's peoples were intensified. The earlier drinks of the north-western tribes were beer or ale made from grain, and mead or metheglin made from honey. Cato the Elder tells of how, in his day, vine plants were brought into Italy from Gaul, and Cicero refers to the great trade in wine carried on by the Gauls.

Pliny says, "All the several nations who inhabit the west of Europe have a liquor with which they intoxicate themselves, made of corn and water. . . . So exquisite is the cunning of mankind in gratifying their vicious appetites, that they have invented a method to make water itself intoxicating."

The Anglo-Saxons in their ancient home on the Continent prior to their invasion of England were hard

drinkers. Their social life was centered in the ale feast.

Drinking was associated with the ancient religious rite of all Scandinavian peoples. Swayed by pagan influences, their drunken orgies usually commenced with drinking toasts in honor of the gods, and their ancient beverage in old Norse sagas was declared to be the favorite drink of Thor and other drink-loving deities. These drinking habits did not cease with the conquest of paganism, but continued on into the Christian Era.

Of the ancient European peoples it is said that "the Germans led the van of drunkards." The primeval forests of early Germany witnessed drunken indulgence to an astonishing degree. German intemperance became a byword among the nations. As early as the middle of the eighth century there were legislative enactments against drunkenness.



A Teuton Festival—Nineteenth-Century Woodcut.

Intemperance in Europe—Engraving by Sadeler From the Sixteenth Century Depicting a Drinking Scene of the Renaissance.



A Gay Entertainment in the Seventeenth Century—Engraving by Guttenberg After a Painting From the School of Gerard Della Note.



Nineteenth-century Europe, however, saw both the English and the French outdrinking the Germans. For the five-year period from 1881-1885, the United Kingdom's beer consumption averaged 33.72 gallons per capita a year. For the same period the French were consuming an average of 29.12 gallons of wine per capita, compared with Germany's malt liquor consumption of 24.84 gallons per capita.

In early European history, before the era of great cities, it appears that almost every drinking family brewed their own beer at home. The practice of brewing is one of the oldest inventions of which we have knowledge. The cultivation of hops is mentioned as far back as A.D. 768. Apparently, however, distillation was introduced into Western Europe during the Middle Ages. (A Scottish dictionary of chemistry attributes the invention of distillation to the barbarian tribes of the north of Europe, while Arnold claims that the art of distilling liquor first became known to the Chinese during the Yuan dynasty [A.D. 1280-1367].) The potency of alcoholic drinks was greatly increased by the introduction of distillation, and made their socially destructive power felt in the affairs of mankind.

Throughout medieval and subsequent times the extent of drunkenness in Europe varied with the accession to the throne of temperate or of intemperate rulers. The masses apparently took their cue from royalty. Charlemagne in his day employed a combination of moral appeal and imperial edicts against the drinking customs of both the clergy and the laity of Central Europe. When drunkenness became too revolting, reaction set in, and restrictive measures would temporarily prevail, only to give way to license again. From time to time, men of eminence would take their stand against degenerating social drinking customs. The spirit of political and religious reforms led some of the Continent's ablest statesmen to become abstainers from intoxicants and to inaugurate restrictive measures. The up-and-down battle of the English political reform has written a unique chapter in the history of the struggle for sobriety.

## Scandinavia

Tendencies toward inebriety were early in evidence in the Scandinavian branch of the Teutonic family. An old saying lists intoxication as "a vice of the chilly north."

Cherrington observes that "ale drinking flourished in Sweden in the Middle Ages in connection with the guilds or trade associations. About the end of the fifteenth century, brandy made its appearance, and by the nineteenth cen-

tury, "threatened the very existence of the country."

A royal ordinance of 1892 required compulsory public-school instruction on the nature and effects of alcohol.

Next to Finland, Norway probably averaged the lowest per capita consumption of alcoholic beverages. Numerous complaints of the increasing consumption of brandy were evident in the latter part of the twelfth century. Norway sought to check the growing consumption of spirituous liquor by legislative restrictions and higher taxation.

The Danes were among the heavy drinkers of Northern Europe. It is believed that they originated the custom of drinking "Healths!" As recently as 1903 a government commission, as quoted by Cherrington, reported that 66.6 per cent of all criminals had committed their crimes while under the influence of alcohol.

## The Low Countries

The Netherlands drink trade flourished almost unchecked until 1881, when a liquor license law fixed a legal maximum number of shops in proportion to the number of inhabitants for each town and village.

A remarkable petition to the Dutch government carrying the signatures of some 670,000 men and women who were above twenty-three years of age, launched in 1914 a campaign for the introduction of local option. Approximately five years later parliament dealt with this question for the first time.

Belgium, long noted as a land of excess, inherited its drinking customs from Germanic and Gallic ancestors. As early as the twelfth century, brewing was an important industry, and toward the close of the nineteenth century the evils of the liquor traffic in Belgium had become appalling.

On April 5, 1895, the ministry of finance and the ministry of agriculture reported to the king, "Alcoholism is without question one of the worst evils of our times."

In 1902 no fewer than 26,747 persons were convicted of public drunkenness, in a country with a population of less than eight million people. As recently as 1909, Belgians were consuming an astonishing 55.2 gallons of malt liquor per capita.

## France

France is the traditional land of wine. Frazier Hunt claims that, by the turn of the twentieth century, France had become the heaviest user of alcoholic beverages in the world.

For many years the liquor industry was more strongly represented in the French parliament than in any other similar legislative body in the world.



Drinking and Smoking Bout in Holland—Engraving From Amsterdam, Early Seventeenth Century.



French Lady Takes Her Wine and Breakfast in Bath—French Lithograph, About 1840.



A Drinking and Smoking Party of German Noblemen and Noblewomen—Engraving of About 1720.



A London Gin Shop in Dickens's Time—(1812-1870).

The *Paris Constitutionnel* of 1872 contained the following indictment: "The habit of drunkenness has increased in France year by year since the beginning of this century. The French race is deteriorating daily. In forty years the consumption of alcohol has tripled in France."

French leaders warned that France would destroy itself if alcoholism were not curbed. When finally the Nazis blitzed their way to the channel, Pétain said that his soldiers were drunk and could not fight.

## Germany

According to Cherrington, "The Germans of the first four centuries of the present era, like all the barbarians of that period, were hard drinkers."

The monks were among the chief promoters of viticulture, and beer brewing and wine making were favorite industries of the monasteries for twelve hundred years. Cherrington says, "At the famous cloister of St. Gall the allowance for the monks in the tenth century was five quarts of beer daily for each monk, besides occasional drafts of wine." Up to 1800, the monasteries received a vast revenue from beer brewing. In that year many of them were secularized, and governments and private citizens took over a number of the breweries. The wine industry was also first fostered at the monasteries, and later operated by private and government enterprises.

"King Alcohol"—Caricature of Early Nineteenth Century by Cruikshank.



In the tenth century, drinking customs became milder. In the days of the knights, wine was used; but drunkenness was held to be unchivalrous and disgraceful.

Although the Renaissance brought refinement and culture to Western Europe, it, too, was followed by luxury and laxity, and drinking increased. The Nuremberg Council in 1496 felt it necessary to take steps to meet the evil of the "misuse of distilled wine."

The Protestant Reformers stressed the evil effects of wine, beer, and brandy upon the people of high estate. Melancthon would frequently say, "You Germans drink yourselves poor, drink yourselves sick."

## THE BREW OF THE WORLD\*

DIAGRAM I.

Mill'n Bbls.	Great Britain	German Empire	Russia and N. Germany	United States	Bavaria	Austria-Hungary	Austria	Belgium	France	Wurttemberg	Netherlands	Denmark	Baden	Alsace-Lorraine	Switzerland	Sweden	Norway	Hungary
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**AGGREGATE**

	Gallons**
Great Britain and Ireland	1,302,000,000
German Empire	1,023,000,000
Russia and North Germany	558,000,000
United States	515,000,000
Bavaria	336,000,000
Austria-Hungary	248,000,000
Austria	241,000,000
Belgium	210,000,000
France	171,000,000
Wurttemberg	109,000,000
Netherlands	55,000,000
Denmark	39,000,000
Baden	31,000,000
Alsace-Lorraine	31,000,000
Switzerland	31,000,000
Sweden	31,000,000
Norway	24,000,000
Hungary	15,500,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>4,970,500,000</b>

Mr. Mulhall\*\*\* makes the total for the world 2,579,000,000 gallons; but his table is not as full as the above.

\*For this diagram and the statistics the author is indebted to Wing's "Brewer's Hand-Book," 1882, page 35, office of the "Western Brewer," New York City.

\*\*Calculated at 31 gallons per barrel.

\*\*\*"Progress of the World," London, 1860, pages 18, 19.

drink ourselves to death, and drink ourselves to hell."

Frederick the Great (1740-1786), when asked on one occasion to grant a license for a rum factory, wrote "I wish the horrible stuff neither existed nor was drunk."

## Ancient Britain

The love of revelry that permeated all ranks of Roman society left its mark upon ancient Britain. One historian has left on record, "Sensual banquets with their attendant revelry . . . speedily became as palatable to the new subjects as to their corrupted masters."

**NOTE:** In the next installment of "Listen's" feature picture story on the "History of Alcoholism," artists portray drinking scenes of the British Isles.

**L**ONG ago Wordsworth deplored the fact that "plain living and high thinking are no more." Life in this modern age is so complex and intricate, and regimented thinking is on such a low level, that modern man needs to cry out, with Kipling, "Teach me delight in simple things."

It was during the simple life of colonial days that America produced its greatest galaxy of poets, authors, statesmen, and intellectual giants. The greatest characters of ancient and modern nations came out of the pioneer days of plainness and simplicity. If we relearned the virtue of simplicity and plain living, we might return to the plateau of high thinking.

Thoreau was so much concerned over the complexities of life in his day that he sought escape by retreating into the country, where he lived on a weekly budget of twenty-seven cents. He approved of the custom of the ancient Mexicans who made a ritual of burning all their earthly possessions every fifty years, in order to return to plain living. Life in the first half of the nineteenth century was simple, compared to what it is today. Today we have more wants than any other race in world history. There is an anxiety to acquire a myriad of aids to luxurious living. A hundred years ago our forebears had only 72 wants, 16 of which were considered necessities. Today, Americans' wants total 485, with 94 rated as necessities. Buyers of a century ago had about 200 items of merchandise to choose from, compared with our 32,000 or more.

We have become too much material-minded. The pursuit of so many things has disturbed the emotional balance of modern man. Tension and nerve strain, together with the disillusion that comes from putting emphasis on the wrong things, combined with the feeling of insecurity and disappointment, are making nervous wrecks of a constantly increasing percentage of our generation.

One of America's greatest tragedies is that so many, both of men and women, are more and more seeking the false release of alcohol to escape from the realities of anxiety, inse-

curity, confusion, or humiliation. Skid row—the jungle of our modern cities—has become the end of the road for thousands of Americans who have tried to drown their troubles with the bottle.

The American Medical Association is responsible for the statement that

## RECIPT FOR ANXIETY



TAYLOR G. BUNCH

fully 50 per cent of all diseases are rooted in the mental and spiritual rather than in the physical realm. Some medical authorities say that it is nearer 85 per cent. A leading medical scientist said that 100 per cent of the fatigue of sedentary workers is due to emotional factors.

There is a close relationship between the physical, mental, and spiritual nature. This is evident from the remedial effects of the application of the Biblical principles of spiritual psychiatry. The following life principles of emotional stability as translated by James Moffatt illustrate the practical power of the Scriptural philosophy of better living.

In Proverbs 14:30 we read, "*A*

*passion makes man rot away.*" This is a most illuminating and yet obvious principle of life. Alcohol and narcotics only make more certain the last half of this assertion. Again, "*A glad heart helps and heals: a broken spirit saps vitality.*" Proverbs 17:22. Morbid sorrow, self-pity, and a broken spirit destroy the life forces of emotional stability. The psalmist wrote, "*My health is wasting under my woe, my life eaten away with sorrow; . . . my body falls to pieces.*" Psalm 31:9, 10. The ill effects of mental strain and anxiety upon the human system are relentless. Woes drowned in alcohol only make more complete the mental, moral, and physical collapse. The remedy is: "*Banish all worries from your mind, and keep your body free from pain.*" Ecclesiastes 11:10. This calmness is a simple prescription for nervous jitters, and its quiet cheerfulness can side-step tension.

No operation or medicine can heal a broken heart, impart peace to the mind, or remove care and worry, which are the greatest hindrances to recovery of health. All competent personality counselors are aware of the value of a spiritual peace of mind. The revitalizing spirit of the indwelling Christ touches with healing virtue the brain, the nerves, and every part of the body.

Jesus, the greatest thinker of the ages, lived a simple life and knew to the full the majesty of calmness. His composure and serenity even in the hour of crisis cause us to marvel, and create in our hearts a desire to be like Him.

In these days of distress and perplexity the nerves of men and women are worn and threadbare. Haunting fear of the uncertain future is causing hearts to quake and fail, with no apparent hope of peace or assurance of security. Anxiety and worry seem to be the order of the day.

The remedy for anxiety was set forth by Jesus, the Master of all human problems, in His words addressed to Martha. "'Martha, Martha,' replied Jesus, 'you are anxious and worried about a multitude of things; and yet only one thing is needful. Mary has chosen the good portion and she shall not be deprived of it.'" Luke 10:41, 42, Weymouth. Martha, the anxious, distracted provider of material (*Turn to page 34*)

*(Continued from page 8)*

Laura, to his little Dan, and to rest.

He found Greenway pacing his office, smoking. Dan had known him for about four years here at General. A good doctor, steady, efficient, and reliable, a coming man with the knife, a great surgeon in the making. That he was a poor mixer, reserved, selfish, and somewhat jealous, was the general opinion of all the hospital staff.

"How are you feeling, Wright?" asked Greenway as Dan entered the room.

"Tough, Greenway," answered Dan shortly. "Nerves, I guess—nerves and worry, for I did worry."

"Sure you worried, and you had every reason to do so. Have a drink?" Greenway turned away as he asked the question.

"Drink?" asked Dan in amazement. "What do you mean, drink? I'd give my left lung for a good shot right now."

"Oh, I keep some private stock. I have to slip it in here under cover on account of old McCloud, and keep it in tonic bottles; but it's good stuff, just what you need. It will pick you up in fifteen minutes. I'll admit it has a kick, though. Maybe you had better not risk it."

Dan, redheaded, fighting, impetuous Dan, caught the sarcasm in the voice, the sneer on the face, and the challenge in the tone of the other man.

"I can handle liquor, Greenway," he almost snarled. "If you have any, give me a good bracer, anything for this infernal headache."

Greenway took two pint bottles from a cabinet and set them on a table. He found two glasses and poured one almost full. Dan, still smarting from the insult he thought he had been offered, picked up the extra bottle and drank a long, long drink, leaving but a little.

Greenway slowly drank his glass while watching Dan narrowly.

The fiery liquor burned its way down Dan's throat. Yet there was something pleasant and soothing in the burn and something satisfying in the taste. Every nerve in his body seemed to cry out for the liquor.

"Great stuff, Jim," said Dan, "but why keep a good thing like this to yourself?"

"You know how finicky old McCloud is, Dan. He would blow a fuse if he ever smelled alcohol on any of us. Besides, I have other reasons," laughed Greenway.

Dan's better nature rebelled against the slurs and slights Jim had hurled at

## Youth of Character

*Listen* pays tribute to three more fine young ladies whose principles of total abstinence are an important part of their philosophy of better living. Miss Katherine Wright (Miss Mississippi 1949) and Miss June Elizabeth Barlow (Miss Utah 1949), list "nonuse of alcohol and tobacco" as one of their life principles of beauty and character. Zoe Ann Olsen, Oakland, California's great woman diver with a record of more than 156,000 dives, is quoted by *Allied Youth* as follows:

"Young people, whether in athletics or not, should realize that it is not drinking that wins friends and brings popularity, but a genuine interest in other people. They should cultivate the desire within themselves to excel in one certain field—whatever it is—to give them a goal in life and to provide constructive rather than destructive activities for leisure time. I have been far too busy following a strict training schedule, keeping my mind and body in condition so that I can perform the intricate gyrations and split-second timing necessary in springboard diving, to indulge in drinking."

Congratulations to youth of character and achievement!

Dr. McCloud, his friend, but the drink had already begun to dull his finer sensibilities.

"O.K., Jim," he answered thickly, "what you say goes. Say, what about the blowout you mentioned?"

"Well, Wright, we have eight or ten young fellows here at General, anxious to get ahead. Some of them are your friends; some of them mine. I have planned a little get-together where all of us can become better acquainted, talk shop, trade yarns, exchange ideas and discuss plans for the good of all."

"Fine plan, Jim, fine. When and where?"

"I am glad that you are willing, Wright. After today you will be rated as a 'big shot.' I was a little afraid you might be somewhat slow in accepting an invitation to join the common herd."

"Listen, Greenway," answered Dan softly, "I don't like your way of expressing yourself toward me. Deliver me from the high-brow class and from egotism and big-headedness. Let's drop hints and formalities and get down to cases. Now when and where do we hold this powwow?"

Greenway managed to hide his elation. He grinned and slapped Dan on the back, saying heartily, "At my rooms in the Savoy, tomorrow evening at eight o'clock. Dinner, drinks, and entertainment, all on me."

"I'll be there, Jim, with bells on," replied Dan as he rose to his feet. He picked up the almost-empty bottle and drained the last of the liquor from it. Greenway placed the other bottle in Wright's coat pocket, waiving aside

any objection Dan might try to offer.

"You sure surprised me, Dan," he said. "I had you wrong all the time. You can carry your liquor. You are a man's man, and I'm all for you."

Dan was moved by this sudden friendliness on Greenway's part and delighted with the compliments given. With a hearty handshake, a wave, and promise to meet tomorrow evening, Dan left the office.

Greenway laughed to himself as he watched Dan go down the walk, enter his car, and drive away. *I've got him. I'm sure of it; he's highly emotional, nervous, high-strung, high-tempered, quick to take offense or a dare, and has the drink habit and doesn't know it. No one must ever know how I'll lead him on. I wouldn't do it if there was any other way.* Such were his thoughts as he, too, prepared to leave his office.

Laura was watching eagerly for Dan's home-coming. She was quick to note his condition as he drove recklessly up the drive and came noisily into the house. His face was flushed, he was loud and boisterous, his greeting rough and careless, his speech thick and disconnected.

Laura was hurt. A cold clammy hand seemed to take her by the heart and press and chill her. She remained calm and watchful, and at the first opportunity asked, "Dan, haven't you been drinking?" Her face was gravely serious, her voice anxious.

"Sure, sweetheart, just a shot with Greenway for nerves and a headache; just medicine, doctor's prescription, you know. Nothing to worry about."

"But, Dan, please."

"Now shut up about it," he snapped. "I'm old enough and big enough, and if you must know, smart enough to take care of myself. I know what I am doing."

The hurt in her deep blue eyes softened him, however, and as they prepared for bed he clumsily tried to smooth his rough words with tender ones and to explain away her fears.

Long after, as she lay by his side, kept awake by his heavy breathing and restlessness, and the fumes of liquor fanning her cheek, she wept as she prayed and wondered with a nameless fear growing in her heart. She wondered what she could do for Dan, and she prayed for strength for them both. She had seen this thing growing on Dan through the years. At first, she worried but little. Dan could "take it or leave it alone," he said so, and she believed him. Now the truth was that Dan was fast becoming a slave to drink. Oftener and oftener he drank, and his excuses grew less plausible. Laura prayed that night as she had never prayed before. Toward morning she slept.

## CHAPTER II

The next morning Dan, awake and ashamed, was filled with remorse. He was afraid of what Laura might say, afraid to look into her dear, clear eyes, afraid of the hurt, the scorn, or the reproach he might read there. He spent extra time in his bath, dallied with shaving, aching to see her—yet dreading it, too. His fears were groundless. Laura was her same, sweet, cheerful self. For a long time they chatted over their pleasant breakfast, talking, planning, and visiting. Dan was two hours late when they parted for the day, more deeply in love than ever.

Dan had forgotten to mention the party scheduled for the evening. He would telephone or, better still, run out for an early dinner and tell her then.

He wondered as he drove down to the hospital just how drunk he had been or seemed to be, how many friends had seen him, and what they would think. He had been a fool to be taking such chances. Still, the two drinks had helped him—he could use another right now. His breakfast hadn't suited him. His coffee hadn't tasted right. Water, and it seemed as though he had swallowed gallons, failed to quench his thirst. He must be careful, although, he thought, an occasional drink wouldn't hurt him. He knew just when to stop, when to drink, how much to drink, and when not to drink. Wasn't he a grown man?

## FIRST QUARTER

A doctor, recognized as among the best?

He drove into the great hospital grounds and parked. A gallstone operation was waiting for him, so hastily reporting, he entered the operating room and took up the case.

Dr. Greenway, an excellent scribe, good at figures, exceedingly neat and accurate, had, at his own insistence, taken over part of the office books in addition to his medical and surgical duties. He was on duty this morning, seated in Dr. McCloud's outer office checking records and accounts, when voices in the private office attracted his attention.

Dr. McCloud's deep voice was speaking and Dr. Greenway paused in his work to listen.

"Gentlemen of the board," began Dr. McCloud, "I have called you here at this unusual hour for a very special purpose and for a very important reason. I want you to listen carefully and patiently to what I have to say, study closely what I tell you, and be prepared to come to the regular quarterly meeting two months from now, with open minds, ready to act on my suggestions one way or the other.

"I am growing old, and I am growing tired. For twenty years I have served the General Emergency as faithfully and as well as I knew how. I have made mistakes. I admit them. I have erred in my judgment and in my work, and I confess every error. Yet, I think I can safely and honestly say that the sum of my labor here shows a very good balance on the credit side of the ledger.

"We have a great institution here, well equipped and well manned, doing good work and growing. But, gentlemen, I want to quit while there is yet time for me to enjoy life, and to see some of the beautiful and historical spots of the world that I have wanted to see, and to do some of the things I have wanted to do.

"What I have wanted the most this morning, is to determine, or have you determine, my successor here. May I suggest my choice for your consideration and, I hope, approval. If by any chance he fails, in your judgment, to merit this responsibility and honor, I beg to present a second choice for the place.

"My first choice is a young man who has been with us for six years, a family man, a home-loving man, and an honorable man; a man with unusual skill as a surgeon, an expert in the use of medicines, experienced and reliable. He is a man of rare charm and personality and a man with a divine gift, a rare gift, a beautiful gift—the gift of

healing hands. I refer to Dr. Daniel Wright.

"My second choice would fall on another young man, not as good as Wright in every respect, but still reliable, able, and, I believe, trustworthy—Dr. James Greenway.

"Kindly give this matter your study and thought, and have your minds made up by the time we meet again, because, gentlemen, I am going to leave.

"I wish to take this opportunity to thank you as a board and as individuals for every kindness and consideration shown me through the years, and to express my deep and sincere regard for each of you who have been, and are, my friends."

The board members, to a man, expressed regret at Dr. McCloud's decision, yet, knowing him as they did, none of them pressed him to stay or to reconsider. Promising him that they would return with their answer, and assuring him of their regard and respect, they left him alone.

Greenway slipped quickly away to his private office. His face was drawn with emotion and pale with excitement. The chance of a lifetime! Only one man in his way! Just as he had thought. Wright was McCloud's pet, his little

## FARTHER ON



As up life's mountainside I stray,  
Thinking how wearisome the way,  
I hear a sweet voice softly say,  
" 'Tis better farther on."

What though the way be rough  
and dreary,

What though thy footsteps be weary,  
Look up, faint heart! and be more  
cheery,

"Tis better farther on.

Though thickest mist thy path doth veil,  
And storms and thunderclouds prevail,  
No heart that trusts in God should quail,  
"Tis better farther on.

When up the last steep hill we go,  
And see the valley all below,  
"Tis then we feel and see and know  
"Tis better farther on.

Behind are all the mists and tears,  
Behind are all the cares and fears,  
And heaven's pearly gate appears,  
A little farther on.

"tin god." Why hadn't he started earlier to ruin him? Two months—did he have time? He must! He would try, anyway, playing the game swiftly, but craftily. Jealous rage filled his bitter heart.

The party tonight, if he could swing it right, would be a good start. Wright was a fool, a brilliant, trusting, easily influenced, fighting fool; and Greenway, coldly calculating, counting the cost and the prize, planned his moves carefully and well. He was a good doctor, and knew anatomy, and thus discerned Dan's physical weaknesses, his nervous temperament, his daring, and his independence. He knew that Dan was at the breaking point and ripe for a fall, and that he already craved liquor and could be made a slave to drink. He believed that he could lead Dan on, and decided to chance all on the one last effort to do so.

His thoughts and plans were interrupted by Dan himself entering the office.

"Hello, Wright," he cried with exaggerated pleasure. "How is the boy this morning?"

Dan was pale and restless, and his roving eyes were a sure sign of nervous strain. He licked his lips and his voice was brittle as he answered, "Okay, I guess, Jim, just finished a gallstone case; quite a mess, too. Somehow it got me. Guess I'll take a leave of absence and get hold of myself."

Not that, not that, Greenway's evil nature cried. But to Dan he said, "Pull yourself together, Dan; you will be all right, just the strain of yesterday. You shouldn't have operated today at all. Don't run; fight it out here."

"Guess that would be best, Jim," answered Dan, as Jim knew he would.

"Say, Jim, I have that infernal headache again," said Dan crossly.

Jim laughed to himself. Wants another drink, does he? Well, I'll fix him. I'll give him just enough to keep every nerve jumpy and howling for more.

"I'm sorry, Dan," he said earnestly, "I haven't but a little here," pouring out a small drink. "But I'll get some more; it's good to have on hand."

Dan swallowed the drink with evident relish, thanked Greenway, and started for the door.

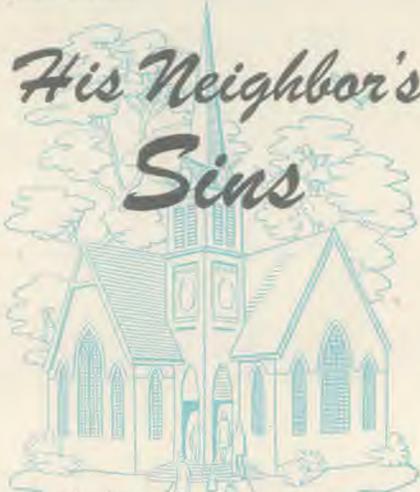
"I've got to make my rounds, Jim, and go into a huddle with McCloud on some cases."

"Here, Dan," called Jim sharply, you don't want McCloud in your hair. He'll smell that liquor. Take a few drops of this," extending a vial of oil of cloves, "then fire up a good cigar."

"Jim, you're white. I sure didn't think of that," said Dan, truly grateful.

Jim knew that the cloves and cigar would kill his breath and that the amount of liquor wouldn't affect him, except to stimulate the desire which Jim would help keep alive and supplied for two months at least.

"So long, Jim, see you tonight at your rooms."



A Presbyterian clergyman one Sunday morning told his flock that in the afternoon he would preach a sermon touching many of the glaring sins that were conspicuous among them. Everyone attended in the afternoon to hear his neighbor's sins pointed out.

Shortly after opening his sermon, the pastor asked loudly: "Where is the drunkard?" A solemn pause followed. Suddenly, a deacon rose, his face red, partly on account of frequent drafts of his favorite drink. Steadying himself as well as he could with hand on the pew rail he looked up at the parson and replied in a trembling voice: "Here I am."

Consternation on the part of the congregation was the reaction to the honest deacon's response.

The pastor commented severely upon the sin of drunkenness and warned his congregation to avoid such an evil habit. As soon as the pastor was finished with this section of the sermon, the deacon sat down.

The pastor continued: "Where is the hypocrite?" No one responded. People were looking in all directions, but most of the glances were aimed at the squire's pew. Even the preacher seemed to be staring hard in that direction.

On account of being a good church member the squire was somewhat secretive about his beverages. The deacon saw which way the shaft was aimed, and once more rose in his pew, leaned over and tapped the shoulder of the squire, and said: "Come, squire, why don't you stand up? I did when he called on me."

"Good-by, Dan, don't fail me," answered Greenway, and then to himself he thought, *I've got you, my boy. Dr. Greenway will be chief of staff at General, and Dr. Wright will be—finished.*

### CHAPTER III

At the Wright home, dinner was served promptly at six o'clock when the doctor's duties permitted him to keep the hour.

His was a very comfortable, happy, cheerful, and pleasant home; not pretentious, but "homey" with a wholesome atmosphere of contentment.

Dan drew a good salary and lived well, but thrifty Laura insisted on a "rainy day" fund, and so a savings account that ran high in four figures increased their feeling of security and well-being.

On the day of Greenway's party Dan arrived home early. He romped and played with little Dan, teased Laura and the cook, and was in every way his usual gay, lovable self. After the early evening meal, a quiet hour of reading, visiting, and resting was enjoyed in the library.

"Laura," said Dan casually, "the boys invited me to a stag party tonight, sort of an honor affair because of the heart operation. I don't much want to go—rather be with you."

"Dan, that is wonderful, of course you are going."

"I had not decided, Laura, for I am tired and hate to leave you. We seldom have an uninterrupted evening together."

"Go on, Dan, darling," she said. "The outing will do you good. You need social contacts. You must have some pleasure and relaxation or your work will become a burden."

Dan was easily persuaded. Soon "arrayed in his glad rags," as he expressed it, he left for Greenway's, after tenderly kissing his wife and boy. He found most of the guests on hand when he arrived at the Savoy.

A very pleasant hour was spent in general talk, comparing ideas, trading yarns, discussing aims, aspirations, and ambitions. Time passed rapidly for all.

Greenway was an ideal host. Suave, polished in manner, an interesting conversationalist, he was widely read and familiar with a great variety of subjects, and was entertaining and affable. He saw that everyone was included in the conversation and that all were kept interested. He paid particular attention to Dan, according him a most deferential attention.

Dan's opinion of Greenway underwent a radical change during the evening. Tolerance changed to open admiration. He was amazed at the

man's ability, awed by his knowledge, and flattered by his open attention.

How I have misjudged him! he thought. He is simply wonderful, brilliant. I must cultivate his attention and friendship. He is the type that will do things and go places.

A little after ten o'clock, Greenway excused himself, returning shortly with two large hampers from which he took sandwiches and bottles and soon had an appetizing array of food and drinks spread before his guests. Inviting the men to help themselves, Greenway said apologetically, "If any of you do not care to drink, please feel free to decline. I am serving only wine. Still, in these hectic days, whether you favor prohibition or not you are masters of your own tastes and stomachs while you are my guests."

This brought a burst of laughter and applause from all present as they crowded around the table.

"Dan," said Greenway clearly and pointedly, "you had better confine yourself to food. As a fellow member on the same staff, I advise it."

He said it with a smile both frank and friendly, but knowing Dan so well, what followed did not surprise him.

For a moment Dan was furious. To be thus singled out of the crowd was to be ridiculed.

"Say, Greenway," he growled, "you invited me here, didn't you? You insisted on my coming. Why, then, try to make a monkey of me? Why cut me out of most of the fun? I am my own man, and will eat what I please, drink what I please, when and where I please, see?"

Poor Dan had been eyeing the bottles thirstily ever since they had been set out; and after his outburst, without more ado, he snatched up the nearest and drained it.

Greenway was elated, but hiding his thoughts behind a mask of innocent seriousness, he said, "Very well, Dan, I meant no offense; merely a suggestion for your own good, from one doctor to another. These bottles hold only wine as I said before—prime wine."

"Don't worry about little Daniel," cried Dan, boastfully. "I am one man that can take it or leave it alone."

"Bravo, good boy, atta boy, Dan." Shouts of approval and approbation sounded through the room as the eating and drinking went on.

Louder grew the laughter, coarser the jests, quicker the tempo of the party as the night advanced. Greenway watched Dan closely, without appearing to do so, and managed to spike several bottles of wine for him from a flask of pure grain alcohol which he carried.

At one o'clock the party began to break up. By ones and twos the men excused themselves and left. Only Dan and Harry Blakely, an interne at the General, remained with Greenway. Dan was in a stupor. Like many men of keen, brilliant minds, liquor affected him quickly and completely.

Greenway saw that matters had shaped themselves to suit his evil purposes.

"Harry," he said, "this is shameful, tragic! We must get Dan home before he gets any worse. Let's get him to his car. You drive him out and I will follow in my car and take you home."

"Doctor, I can't face Mrs. Wright with Dan like this," protested Blakely.

"You won't have to face her. We will just run him into his drive; the night air will soon sober him. I don't want to face her either," he added.

This they did, but the noise of the cars awakened Laura, who was a light sleeper. Hurrying to the door she saw the car parked close by the porch steps with Dan slumped over in the seat, apparently asleep. What was wrong? Was he sick? Why didn't he put the car in the garage? Hurrying into a robe and slippers, Laura ran out to the car calling softly, "Dan, Dan, what is wrong, dear? Are you sick or hurt? Oh, Dan!"

Opening the car door, the heavy odor of alcohol smote her. Her world rocked and reeled. Dan drunk! Her Dan, drunk—it couldn't be—it must not be! What should, what could, she do? Controlling herself with an effort that left her panting and weak, she managed to coax, half drag, half carry Dan into the house, where she laid him on the divan in the living room. She ran to get cold wet cloths to bathe his flushed face. Such a face—those staring, bloodshot eyes! How they haunted her and filled her with a nameless terror! She ran back to find that he had rolled to the floor; he was too far gone in sodden, drunken sleep for her to be able to arouse him.

Working a pillow under his head and covering him carefully with warm covers, Laura hurriedly dressed and started her vigil of terror, a night of aching, numbing, dragging hours whose agony and suffering and grief, none but those who have lived through them can know.

Alone she watched, burdened with despair and fear, whose cold, clammy hand seemed to press every drop of blood from her broken heart.

The fight was on. She with her praying strength must save Dan. She would fight so long as God would give her breath.

*(To be continued)*

# WORDS of WISDOM

## Hope

There's always a hope, but we've got to believe; we've got to be ready to see, and receive, the hints and the signs, although faint they appear; to wait, and to trust till the meaning grows clear. . . . And when through the murk of the shadows we grope, we've got to remember—there's always a hope.—Patience Strong.

## Faith

Those who put their faith in things beyond the strength of man, wait with quiet confidence the working of His plan.—Patience Strong.

## Quality

Many individuals have, like uncut diamonds, shining qualities beneath a rough exterior.—Juvenal.

## Fame

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do things worth writing.—Franklin.

## Beauty

That which is striking and beautiful is not always good, but that which is good is always beautiful.—Ninon de Lenclos.

## Today

Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday, and it never happened.—Anonymous.

## Cheerfulness

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.—Montaigne.

## Liberty

Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely according to conscience, above all other liberties.—Milton.

## Hatred

To harbor hatred and animosity in the soul makes one irritable, gloomy, and prematurely old.—Berthold Auerbach.

## Defeat

What is defeat? Nothing but education. Nothing but the first step to something better.—Wendell Phillips.



# EDITORIAL NOTES

## THE RIGHT TO DRINK?

Some time ago, while riding on the train between Washington and Chicago, a group of businessmen were discussing the futility of laws restricting the right to drink intoxicating beverages. "Men have a right to drink just as they have a right to eat," said one. "It is foolish," added another, "to vote for laws to outlaw the liquor traffic when prohibition does not prohibit. Men will drink in spite of the laws that aim to restrain the sale of intoxicants. To attempt to regulate drinking is an interference with a man's personal liberties and with his right to drink."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by a passenger who asked the question, "Do you gentlemen believe that the engineer and the train crew who operate this train should enjoy liberty to drink intoxicating beverages?" The unanimous reply was an emphatic "No." "Why should the engineer and the crew of this train be denied the right to drink?" The verdict was: "The law should require these men to be sober so as not to endanger the lives of the passengers on this train." The interrogator asked again, "How many engineers are there in the United States?" They answered, "About 60,000." The interrogator said, "You are badly mistaken. Besides the 60,000 railroad engineers there are 35,000,000 licensed automobile engineers, who are entrusted with high-powered gasoline engines on the public highways, where there are no rails and guards and signals. Is it not as necessary that these automobile engineers be required to be sober like the railroad engineers?" Again the answer was given in favor of restricting the drinking liberties of the automobile driver.

Who, then, has a right to drink? If 35,000,000 automobile drivers do not have a right to drink for fear of endangering the public, how about the pedestrian? In one fourth of the 32,000 fatal automobile accident deaths for the year 1948, the driver or pedestrian was reported to have been drinking. According to figures from the National Safety Council, 23 per cent of the adult

pedestrians killed had been drinking.

How much right does an individual have to impair his good judgment by the use of intoxicating liquor, and thereby endanger the public and the general welfare of society, his personal liberty, and rights sponsored by the society of others? Has anyone a personal right to rob another man of his property, his loved ones, or his life?

Do places of business have a right to sell poisonous food? If not, why poisonous drink? Are we justified in prohibiting the promiscuous selling of cocaine and morphine and other habit-forming drugs to the public, and at the same time license liquor dealers to advertise and dispense their wares at liberty for a few paltry dollars?

Have prospective parents a right to drink? Has the father a right to abuse his wife and children? Has a mother a right to bring shame, disgrace, and dishonor upon her offspring? Has a son or daughter the right to bring reproach and dishonor upon respectable parents because of drink?

Has a nation a right to debauch and corrupt its youth to secure revenue from a business that creates all these complicating problems? How many rights should we take into consideration when we discuss this right to drink?

C. S. L.

## FEMININE DRINKING

"Seventy-five per cent of my bar patrons now are women," says Joseph Colucci, veteran café owner of New York, who claims that his Fifty-first Street café is "a veritable oasis for women." Most of his women clients come from Radio City across the way. Colucci believes that "the average woman began to outdrink the average man in about 1947." "Before the war," he continued, "there were very few women that visited bars unescorted. When they did come in they sat at tables and drank Manhattans. Nowadays we have almost three times as many women drinkers. They all like to sit at the bar and few, if any, go to the tables. And now they prefer Martinis to Manhattans."

Judge John J. Connelly of the Boston Juvenile Court asserts, "More than 60 per cent of the neglected or wayward children" of the city "can be traced directly to drinking mothers who prefer barrooms to their homes and children."

Dr. Robert V. Seliger, psychiatrist at Johns Hopkins, points out the following: "What makes the spread of alcoholism so ominous is the fact that it is among our most intelligent and most sensitive women that it is making the greatest inroads." The Los Angeles *Star* commented, "The woman bar fly has become a standard character in the modern saloon." It also said, "They are mostly women . . . who have swallowed tawdry notions of 'freedom' and 'broad-mindedness.' . . ."

Ladies, men have always looked to you as the champions of decency, culture, virtue, and nobility. Please don't let down the bars at the public bar!

J. A. B.

## GONE WITH THE WIND

Margaret Mitchell-Marsh, author of *Gone With the Wind*, is gone—killed by a drinking driver. She was struck down, with fatal injuries, on the night of Thursday, August 11. We offer a tribute to a famous writer, and an indictment for a death-dealing business.

Over and over again the columns of the newspapers repeat the tragic tale. When the toll takes someone of more than usual prominence, a few more good citizens express their horror, but what are we doing about legalizing, licensing, and aiding and abetting the industry responsible for the trouble?

J. A. B.

## LIQUOR IN POLITICS

In his effort to aid the breweries, according to the Washington *Evening Star* headlines, Major General Harry H. Vaughan, the President's military aid, put "abusive" pressure on a Department of Agriculture official to start tightening grain rationing in 1946. The general's attempt at intervention followed a call from a person in Milwaukee representing the liquor interests, the Washington paper said.

J. A. B.

### LIFE'S GREATEST JOY

Have you ever helped another?  
Ever earned a grateful smile?  
Ever asked a weary brother  
In to ride with you a mile?  
Have you ever given freely  
Of your riches and your worth?  
If you haven't, then you've really  
Missed the greatest joy on earth.

Has a thrill of pride possessed you?  
Have you felt your pulses run  
As a weaker brother blessed you  
For some good that you have done?  
Have you seen eyes start to glisten  
That were sad before you came?  
If you haven't, stop and listen,  
You have missed life's finest game.

### TALK OR EXPERIENCE

Talk not of strength, till your heart has known  
And fought with weakness through long hours alone.

Talk not of virtue, till your conquering soul  
Has met temptation and gained full control.

Boast not of garments all unscorched by sin,  
Till you have passed unscathed through fires within.

### LEARN TO WAIT

Learn to wait; life's hardest lesson  
Conned, perchance, through blinding tears;  
While the heartthrobs sadly echo  
To the tread of passing years.  
Learn to wait, hope's slow fruition;  
Faint not, though the way seems long;  
There is joy in each condition;  
Hearts through suffering may grow strong.  
Thus a soul untouched by sorrow  
Aims not at a higher state;  
Joy seeks not a brighter morrow;  
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

### HIGH RESOLVE

I'll hold my candle high, and then  
Perhaps I'll see the hearts of men  
Above the sordidness of life,  
Beyond misunderstandings, strife.  
Though many deeds that others do  
Seem foolish, rash, and sinful, too,  
Just who am I to criticize  
What I perceive with my dull eyes?  
I'll hold my candle high, and then  
Perhaps I'll see the hearts of men.

### FRIENDSHIP

Friendship needs no studied phrases,  
Polished face, or winning wiles;  
Friendship deals no lavish praises,  
Friendship dons no surface smiles.

Friendship follows nature's diction,  
Shuns the blandishments of art,  
Boldly severs truth from fiction,  
Speaks the language of the heart.

Friendship favors no condition,  
Scorns a narrow-minded creed,  
Lovingly fulfills its mission,  
Be it word or be it deed.

Friendship cheers the faint and weary,  
Makes the timid spirit brave,  
Warns the erring, lights the dreary,  
Smooths the passage to the grave.

Friendship—pure, unselfish friendship,  
All through life's allotted span,  
Nurtures, strengthens, widens, lengthens,  
Man's relationship with man.

### MINUTES OF GOLD

Two or three minutes—two or three hours,  
What do they mean in this life of ours?  
Not very much if but counted as time,  
But minutes of gold and hours sublime,  
If only we'll use them once in a while  
To make someone happy, make someone smile.  
A minute may dry a little lad's tears,  
An hour sweep aside trouble of years.  
Minutes of my time may bring to an end  
Hopelessness somewhere, and bring me a friend.



## LITTLE POEMS WITH BIG MEANINGS

by Anonymous Authors

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## I WAS A WINO, TOO

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(Continued from page 14)

meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous!

Fear clutched at me, reaching out black arms from every dark doorway, as I made my way slowly out West Seventh Street. Would I find an answer? What would these people say to me? How would they regard my sorry appearance—the wine-stained GI khaki worn shiny from my sleeping in flophouses and parks? What would they think of the roughdried sport shirt, once a bright green, now a faded and nondescript gray, and the worn-out shoes, so obviously a pair of “relievers” given me by the secondhand dealer in place of the ones I sold him to buy my last jug? Well, it didn't matter now, what they said or what they thought. Nothing mattered, except that I had to have help.

Eight o'clock came, and I walked up the stairs and into a room where twenty-five or thirty persons stood around talking. They were well-dressed men and women, a complete contrast to my own derelict appearance. I introduced myself to the nearest, and told him I was a drunkard. He showed no surprise at this characterization of myself, and appeared not to notice my attire. He looked earnestly at my face, instead, and introduced me at once to others who were near us. We talked, but only casually, until the meeting was ready to begin. No one seemed to give me a second glance, and I had the astonishing feeling that they would have been as unconscious of my dress if I had appeared among them in white tie and tails. These people were not concerned with external matters.

The leader of the meeting presented a simple, straightforward exposition of the program of recovery that A.A. advocates. I didn't understand much of it. Four months' devotion to cheap wine is not conducive to the rapid assimilation of new ideas.

After the meeting, a man strolled over to me and called me aside. He took a dollar out of his wallet, and said, “Here's a buck. If you have to buy a jug to get through the night, buy it. It won't make any difference to me. I was a wino, too; I know what it's like. But if you want to get sober and stay sober, give yourself a break and get back to these meetings.”

As I walked down the stairs, he spoke again to me, “Hey, bud, get sherry and muscatel mixed, it's easier to take!”

Seething with resentment at this last remark, I started slowly back toward skid row. I was to get sherry and

muscatel mixed, eh? Who did he think he was? I had come there for help, not a handout. What a remark for a person to make. So he had been a wino, too?

Suddenly, I stopped. *He had been a*

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“Our newspaper has never accepted any liquor or cigarette advertising in the forty-five years of its history. It might further be added that the present management of this newspaper never intends to accept such advertising despite the substantial and needed revenue that we are losing by taking this position.”

—Eugene A. Simon  
The Valley Daily News  
Tarentum, Pennsylvania

NO  
LIQUOR ADS  
ALLOWED



—F. A. Miller  
President and Editor  
South Bend Tribune  
South Bend, Indiana

“The *Tribune* is greatly interested in the alcoholic beverage situation and the reduction in alcoholic beverage consumption. We do not allow alcoholic beverages advertised in the *Tribune* nor on our radio, WSBT, 960. This order has been in effect about two years.”

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*wino, too!* That was why he had dared to make that remark about sherry and muscatel. A flash of great understanding came over me. That man had accepted me, without cavil or question, and without reference to my background.

“I was a wino, too.” Magic words! I was accepted; I was received by all these people just as I was, without a

second glance at my clothes or my condition. I was accepted, and I was expected back. New courage began to take shape in my heart and to flood my entire being. I raised my eyes from the pavement and looked ahead three or four blocks, toward the downtown area. It had been months since I had raised my eyes from the pavement while I walked the city's streets, hopeless and helpless. Now it didn't seem such a long walk downtown, after all.

A little more than six years have passed—six busy, happy years filled with all the things life should hold for a man; six years in which I have been able to think of my classmate in the State Department, and wonder if the paths we have traveled were really so widely separated, or if perhaps it was that I had to come by a somewhat longer way, through less pleasant scenic prospects.

In a sermon, recently, I heard the words which exactly describe the thing that happened to me that November night, six years ago. These are the words:

“You are accepted. You are accepted by that which is greater than you. . . . Only accept the fact that you are accepted.”

Freedom came to me that night, as it has come to thousands of others. Freedom can come to any alcoholic man or woman who wants to be free again.

I know. I was a wino, too.

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## RECEIPT FOR ANXIETY

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(Continued from page 27)

things, had missed the calmer conquest of life at the feet of the Master of men. There the questing spirit of Mary had found that which was of permanent and eternal value; that which Martha, absorbed in a multitude of things, like so many people of today, had missed.

Care, anxiety, sorrow, and a guilty conscience crush the life forces. On the other hand, the consciousness of justification and freedom from guilt brings serenity and composure. It imparts health-giving, life-giving joy. The opening of the windows of the soul heavenward brings in a flood of healing virtue. Faith, trust, and confidence in God, energize and vitalize the life forces of the whole being. This is the greatest need of the restless, nervous, fearful, and anxious generation that constitutes the modern world.

Drinking in moderation is not the solution of our liquor problem. It is the main cause of that problem.—Joy Elmer Morgan.



# WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

## Case History—BEER

### How State Grocers' Associations Have Helped Start Millions of Dollars' Worth of Business Flowing Through Grocers' Doors

Reprinted from NATIONAL GROCERS BULLETIN, May, 1949, by courtesy of National Association of Retail Grocers

While only 61,000 of the total 407,500 U. S. food stores are now selling beer according to latest checkup, they nevertheless average 4,084 cases of beer per store, and outsold every other type of outlet by 1,900 cases average per year. Multiply that by an approximate price of \$4 per case, 25 per cent gross margin; to say nothing of the related "Dutch Lunch" high-profit "go with beer" sales volume attracted to such items as popcorn, olives, anchovies, cheese, pretzels, potato chips, luncheon meat, pickles, etc.

Secretaries of grocers' associations of practically every state have materially contributed to the food stores' sale of beer . . . by editorials in their own publications, by personally urging grocers to obtain a license, and by actively fighting for the grocers' interest in legislation affecting the sales of beer.

While the "beer ball" is just starting to roll and a tremendous job remains to be done, here is a quick picture of what has been done, with great credit due the grocers' association secretaries affiliated with NARGUS.

*Alabama.* Arranged grocer group meetings—personally urged association members to get license.

*Arkansas.* Sold association members on getting a license. Supported state beer wholesale association activities.

*California.* Fought prohibition amendment, also bills to restrict out-of-state beers, . . . to eliminate grocers' sale of beer, . . . to restrict hours of sale of beer by grocers, . . . to tax license as personal property. Obtained approval for grocer beer-merchandising displays.

*Florida.* Conducted campaign in co-operation with State Brewers and Beer Wholesalers Associations resulting in passage of bill removing cities' zoning restrictions on grocer beer licenses—and reducing state, county, and city license fees to a total of \$15. Fighting restrictive ordinances in St. Petersburg, Florida, and other cities.

*Illinois.* Working to get reduction in grocers' license fee.

*Indiana.* Fought for state grocer license fee reduction, and to get grocers' licenses in restricted cities.

*Idaho.* Fought increase in state beer tax.

*Iowa.* Fought the divorcement bill which would have prevented grocers from selling beer. Fought measures in various cities inimical to beer.

*Kansas.* Fought for reduction of state grocer licensing law; . . . personally sold association members on getting license; . . . other promotional work.

*Kentucky.* Fought efforts to prevent delivery of beer by grocer; . . . to get Louisville city license reduced; . . . for reduction of state license.

*Missouri.* Arranged grocer group meetings and personally sold association members on getting license.

*Maine.* Working with State Wholesale Beer Association to improve state grocer licensing law.

*Maryland.* Arranged for passage of a liberal grocer licensing law. Kills all efforts to have this law changed.

*Michigan.* Fought proposal to increase beer tax. Helps grocers get licenses. Working for liberalization of regulations.

*Minnesota.* Fought bill to eliminate grocer's sale of beer. Arranged for presentation of story to state convention.

*Montana.* Fighting to get grocers' license fee reduced.

*Nebraska.* Unified efforts of independents, chains, and supers in fight for removal of city council limit on number of grocer licenses in Omaha. Fought bill to eliminate state grocer licenses. Personally sold association members on getting license.

*New Jersey.* Fought increase in beer tax . . . to lower license fee and remove limitations.

*New York.* Fought bill restricting sales of out-of-state beers. Killed crippling requirements on grocery beer license; . . . ob-

tained extension of filing time; . . . working for liberalization of regulations.

*North Carolina.* Had passed a bill to reduce state grocer license fee to \$15; . . . arranged for presentation of story to state convention; . . . personally sold association members on getting license.

*New Hampshire.* Organized effort by State Grocers' Association to obtain removal of restrictions on grocer beer merchandising.

*Ohio.* Fought bill to increase grocer state license fee, also fought for removal of limit on grocer licenses, . . . to permit grocers to deliver beer, . . . to expedite issuance of licenses.

*Oklahoma.* Supported passage of law to reduce state grocer license fee of \$15; . . . arranged grocer group meetings, personally sold grocers on getting license.

*Texas.* Arranged for presentation of story to State Grocers' Association; . . . arranged grocer group meetings; . . . personally sold grocers on getting license; . . . fought to remove zoning restrictions.

*Oregon.* Fought bill to eliminate grocers' beer license. Fought restrictions on beer merchandising.

*Utah.* Killed several efforts to increase Salt Lake City license fees, also ordinance to limit number of grocer licenses. Fought to get license reduced, also to get license granted to grocers.

*Vermont.* Organizing effort by State Grocers' Association to obtain removal of restrictions on grocer beer merchandising.

*Washington.* On two occasions killed bill to eliminate grocer licenses. Endeavored to obtain removal of beer-merchandising restrictions. Fought state-wide initiative to eliminate grocer beer licenses.

*Wisconsin.* Fought bills to eliminate grocers' sale of beer, . . . to increase state license fee, . . . to curtail hours of sale, . . . to require sale in separate rooms, . . . to stop grocer deliveries of beer, . . . to prevent sale of iced beer.

*West Virginia.* Personal work to popularize sale of beer by association members; . . . arranged grocer group meetings. Fought for law to reduce state and city grocer license fee to \$10. Fought subsequent bills to increase this fee on two occasions, . . . bill to increase beer tax.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Apparently the beer-grocery tie-up is making a super beer salesman out of the American grocer.



# Glamorous

— is that  
what you said?

“Yes, I also thought that drinking at parties was glamorous, as the liquor ads made it appear.

It seemed harmless, until once

I overheard two women talking.

You see, I had acquired the habit of drinking at home every day, for ‘good’ reasons.

I did not know I was slipping, until I heard one woman say about *me*, ‘She used to be *so smart* about her hair and complexion.’

That was several years ago.

I haven’t tasted liquor since.

Now, when other women say and do things while drinking at a party,

I wonder if I was like that.

*I think enough of myself to be myself all of the time.*

I tremble to think what would have happened to our home

if I had kept on drinking. I was like 1,200,000 others who start their drift into alcoholism from ‘innocent’ party drinking. So, I do not touch alcoholic beverage at all. The risk is too great,

and I’m having more fun without liquor than I ever had with it.”



ROBERTS

H. E. NORTON.