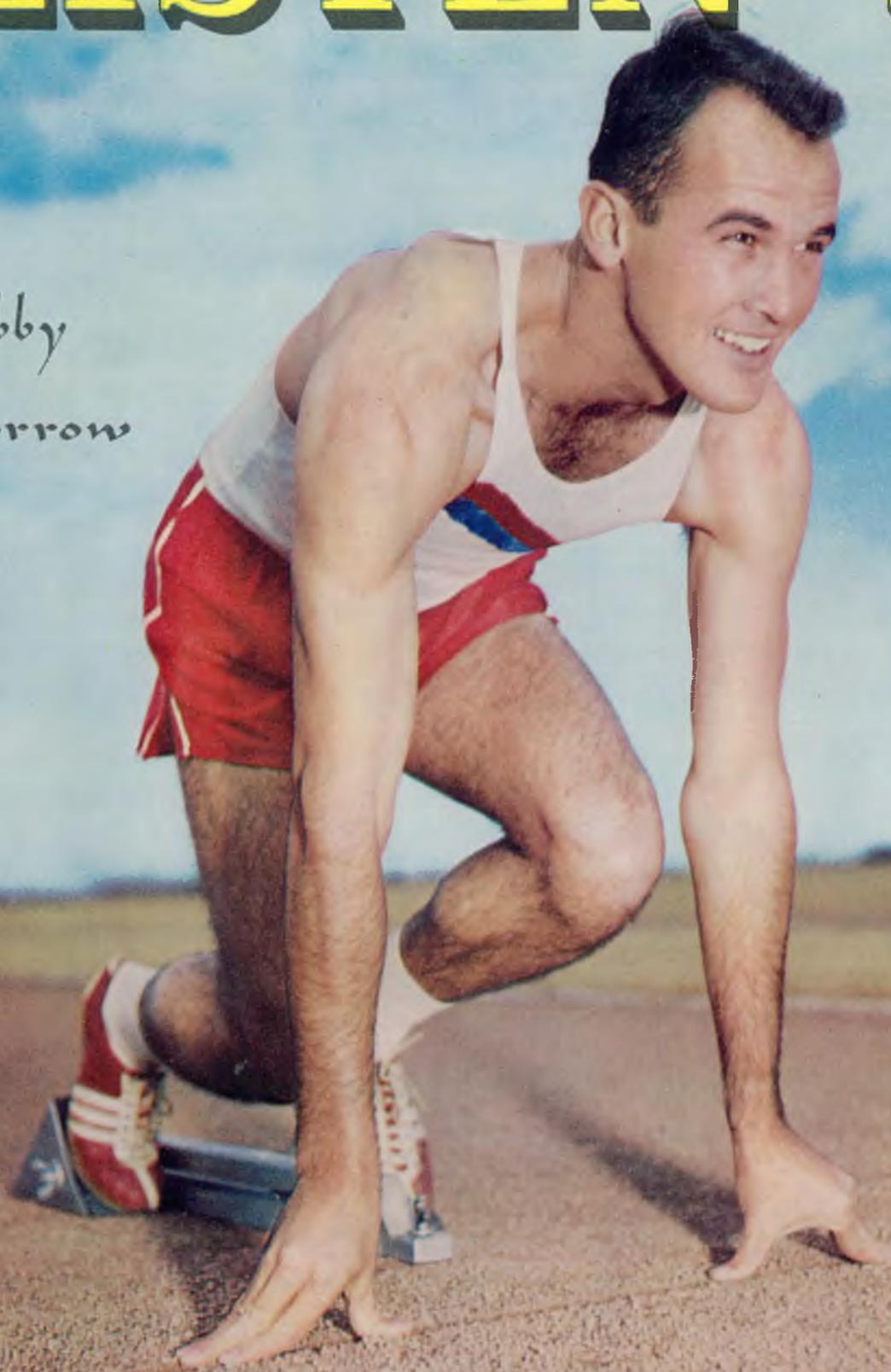


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING

*Bobby
Morrow*



"Fastest Man in the World"



Sobering Thought

The per capita consumption of spirits by adults in the United States has decreased from 5.57 gallons per year in 1850 to less than 2 gallons at the present time, says the *Beverage Industry News*.

Higher, Still Higher

Sales of alcoholic beverages reached 214,000,000 gallons last year, up 2,000,000 gallons over 1957. Forecast for 1959: 220,000,000 gallons, according to *Business Week*.

Where's the Law?

San Francisco has 1,576 bars for its 800,000 people. Based on the state law allowing one liquor license per 1,000 persons in each county, the city has enough outlets for twice its population. Even the *San Francisco Examiner* protests editorially: "So many liquor outlets are not good for the city and not good for the industry."

Milk Bars Free From Tax

The Internal Revenue Service says that the 20 per cent Federal cabaret tax does not apply to milk bars. One rule is that "no alcoholic beverages are served or permitted to be consumed."

Bars and Crime

Cleveland's Fifth District has 606 liquor establishments, about 20 per cent of the total in the city, making up 8 per cent of the municipal geographic area, but accounting for 33 per cent of the crime.

Drys Make Influence Felt

Causes for the decrease in per capita consumption of malt beverages in the United States, complains *Brewer's Digest*, are: (1) Pricing of beer out of reach of lower income groups, due to material and labor cost increases. (2) Increases in dry territories where beer may not be legally sold. (3) Competition from other beverages, alcoholic and nonalcoholic. (4) Intangibles, as changing public attitudes and movement to suburbs, with the revolution "suburbia has brought in shopping, recreational, and home-entertainment habits."

Big Business

The brewing industry, a major economic force, has now grown into a \$5,000,000,000 business, producing more than 85,000,000 barrels of beer and ale each year, said President Edward V. Lahey, of the United States Brewers Foundation.

No Liquor for Pat Brown

At the twin inaugural balls held this year for Pat Brown, new Democratic governor of California, no alcoholic refreshments were served.

Narcotics to Blame

Fifty per cent of the crime in California has a definite connection with narcotics, says Rep. Patrick J. Hillings.

Muscle Builder

"I never smoked or drank," asserts Charles Atlas, who has taught building muscles by mail for sixty-six years. He carried the title "America's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Tuberculosis and Alcoholism

In a majority of tuberculosis sanitariums, 70 per cent of the patients are alcoholic. And Mrs. Mary Clark, western representative of the National Council on Alcoholism, goes on to say that there is a "fantastic susceptibility" of an alcoholic to develop tuberculosis.

Increase of Crimes Involving Alcohol

Arrests for nonalcohol-related crime, except traffic violations.	1934	UP 9.6%
	1956	
Arrests for all crime, except driving while intoxicated and traffic violations.	1934	UP 12.5%
	1956	
Arrests for driving while intoxicated.	1934	UP 207.9%
	1956	
Arrests for crime usually or frequently alcohol-involved or related.	1934	UP 28.5%
	1956	
Arrests for drunkenness.	1934	UP 30.2%
	1956	

SOURCE:
AMERICAN BUSINESS MEN'S
RESEARCH FOUNDATION

LISTEN

A Journal of Better Living

JULY-AUGUST, 1959
Volume 12 Number 4

OUR COVER

The title "fastest man in the world" is not easy to come by, but with Bobby Morrow this title does not consist of mere empty words. Olympic gold-medal winner three times over, and national champion 14 times over, Bobby already has his sights on Rome for the 1960 games.

However, through all his physical exertion his mind is on brighter things. He says his greatest race, "the Christian race," is the most important of them all.

"Listen's" cover of Morrow is by Lloyd Jones Studio in Abilene, Texas.

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

Editor: Francis A. Soper Editorial Assistant: Sue Taylor Baker

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

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

Editorial Consultants:

Winton H. Beaven, Ph.D., Director, Institute of Scientific Studies

W. L. Halverson, M.D., D.P.H., Former Director of Public Health, California

Matthew Hill, Washington State Supreme Court

Andrew C. Ivy, Ph.D., M.D., D.Sc., LL.D., University of Illinois, Chairman

of the National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism

Joseph T. Zottoli, Boston Municipal Court

Cyril B. Courville, M.D., D.N.B., M.Sc., Director, Cajal Laboratory of

Neuropathology

George T. Harding, M.D., D.N.B., F.A.C.P., President and Medical Director,

Harding Sanitarium and Hospital

Laurence A. Senseman, M.D., D.N.B., F.A.C.P., Director, Fuller Memorial

Hospital

Publication Office, Pacific Press Publishing Association, Mountain View, California

Office Editor: Richard H. Utt

AT 1:30 a.m. a man was found stretched out on the lawn of the Dean Hotel in Miami, Florida. The police officer who found him said that he was unconscious and that only a slight odor of alcohol was on his breath.

In the emergency room of the hospital to which he was taken he was given a routine check and released to the care of a nurse who returned him to the hospital police room for delivery to the police as a common drunk. No case history was obtained and no X rays were taken.

The intern in the hospital's emergency room later testified that the man was not unconscious but incoherent and that his breath reeked with alcohol.

About 3 a.m. the police carried the man to a patrol car and took him to the city jail. En route he slumped over on the seat of the automobile, and when he was placed on the elevator in the jail he crumpled to the floor. On a cot in a cell he was left alone.

Later that morning, about seven o'clock, he was found dead. Examination proved that the lungs had been punctured by about nine broken ribs, suffered possibly from a suspected fall from the second story of the hotel.

When the case came into court, the suit being brought by the administrator of the dead man's estate, the plaintiff complained that this was the result of a failure to use reasonable care and skill in the hospital emergency room. The case eventually went to the Supreme Court of the State of Florida.

The disposal of this case seemed to hinge mainly on the question, "Should the intern in the emergency room, instead of charging the man as drunk after fifteen or twenty minutes, have pursued a more thorough course of inquiry and examination under the circumstances?"

Actually, this case may not be as unique as it sounds. If all the facts were known from the emergency rooms of our hospitals, probably many more similar cases could be recorded.

Nothing is more disgusting and unrewarding in itself than to take care of drunks. In general, doctors and nurses as well as the average laymen have little respect for a person in such a condition, and to this attitude is added downright revulsion when a drinker becomes involved in an accident that maims or kills victims who are themselves entirely innocent.

When a victim of accident or emergency is brought in for treatment, the fact that he has alcohol on his breath may place him at a disadvantage in receiving as extensive and as careful an examination and care as he otherwise would receive. Most emergency rooms nowadays are virtual parade grounds for drinking victims, and the care of those who have obviously been drinking may tend to become rather routine. The reason for this lies not so much with the doctors and nurses as with the drinker himself. On his own volition, and as the result of his own choice, he has a count against him from the very start, in case there is an accident or an emergency. In other words, he deliberately asks for trouble when he takes a drink.

This in itself is a logical reason for the nonuse of alcohol as a beverage.

Asking for Trouble

Francis A. Soper

ALL living things have the will to survive. All participate in the struggle for existence, and nature uses all its powers to save the race from destruction. In the world of living creatures the urge to live is indeed a powerful motive. Self-destruction, which is known only to mankind, is contrary to nature and presupposes a temporary or permanent abnormal mental condition.

Suicides are so numerous in all countries that the total is estimated at about 100,000 yearly. They are, therefore, of some account in statistics relating to death. The international nomenclature of causes of death agreed on in Paris in April, 1948, by the representatives of the World Health Organization indicates no less than 160 different forms of suicide among some 999 causes of death. Half of all suicides hang themselves, a quarter seek death by drowning, a seventh shoot themselves, and gas, poison, and overdoses of drugs account for a large proportion of the remainder.

How does it happen that a man throws away the priceless possession of life as worthless? The reasons are manifold. Inherited personality defects, with melancholic and impulsive causes and accentuated anxiety conditions, are often causative factors. Alcoholic intoxication is a temporary mental disturbance often followed by the disagreeable aftermath of the hang-over, a condition of bodily and mental malaise not infrequently associated with feelings of inferiority and

per cent of the suicides were committed under the influence.

According to Thompson,³ "The alcoholic is not able to live with anxiety, whereas the patient with an anxiety and tension state but who does not drink is able to get along with it."

K. Menninger⁴ calls the progressive self-destruction seen in chronic alcoholism chronic or partial suicide.

Psychiatrists also believe that addiction to drink represents a subconscious expression of the will to die.

Haggard and Jellinek⁵ restate this theory but add, "Suicide blots out life entirely; intoxication blots out only the undesirable aspects of life."

Among the causes of suicide are worry, domestic troubles, unrequited love, financial ruin, fear of disgrace, fear of arrest, and threatening danger. The highest number of suicides was in the year 1000, and in the comet years of 1919 and 1927. Sex and age, position and dwelling, and the season of the year all play a part. Among men suicide is three times as great as among women. It increases with age from ten to eighty years. Suicides among unmarried people are twice as high as among married, and are higher among city dwellers than among those living in the country; suicides are most frequent in the month of June and least frequent in February. The suicide rate also varies considerably from country to country; in Europe, for instance, one can generally ascertain a decrease from the north to the south.

On the suicide rate for men and women the report of the World Health Organization on various epidemics and a number of migrations of peoples gives the following information:



a close look at one of the causes of self-destruction

Professor Henri Gachot
Strasbourg, France

repentance. Frequent repetition of this condition can lead to weariness with life, and can prepare the ground for suicide. So it happens that many alcoholics who were led astray by the "harmless" smile of the "banisher of all cares," end their lives by suicide.

"Hang-over increases the risk of suicide; autopsies have shown that about one fourth of those committing suicide have been under the influence of alcohol," states Saarenheimo;¹ and Verkko² reckons that in the years 1931-32 in Finland 30.8

Suicides per 1,000,000 Men or Women in 1950

	<i>Men</i>	<i>Women</i>	<i>For Every 100 Female Suicides</i>
Berlin	427	333	128 male
Austria	341	148	230
Switzerland	315	131	240
Denmark	317	150	211
United States	329	99	332
Western Germany	274	119	230
Japan	241	153	157
Finland	267	54	494
France	239	72	332
Sweden	227	69	329
Spain	84	26	323
Ireland	42	9	466

Finland, which possesses the oldest suicide statistics in the world, from 1750, shows a regular increase in the number of cases, and the same applies to Sweden. In Norway, on the other hand, there is a sharp decline after the fifties of the last century. In Denmark also, which formerly had the highest suicide rate, there is a big reduction at the turn of the century. Morselli,⁶ writing in 1879 about the decrease in Norway from 1851 to 1855, says: "This exception is perhaps due to the strict laws against drunkenness enforced in the last twenty years and the government restrictions placed on the sale and consumption of alcohol, by which an important cause of death by suicide has been removed."

For Finland also, less alcohol means fewer suicides, as Saarenheimo¹ indicates: "The early suicide statistics show that in the old agrarian society the number of suicides decreased in the year following the failure of crops because there was no corn with which to make spirits at home. Generally no alcohol was available during the period following bad years."

In his book *Alcohol and Human Life*,⁷ Weeks quotes the Decennial Supplement of the registrar-general in

England in which it is indicated that the social distribution of mortality from suicide resembles that from cirrhosis of the liver.

A monograph by Auguste Lumière in *L'Avenir Médical* January, 1951,⁸ indicates that from 1925 to 1949 in Paris 12,454 persons committed suicide, 7,973 of whom were men and 4,481 women.

During the second world war this difference disappeared, so that from the middle of 1943 to the middle of 1944, the suicide curve for both sexes fell. "The considerable decrease in suicides from 1940 to 1944 is easily explained and corresponds with the recession in alcoholism. Pathologists admit in effect that next to melancholia, alcoholism is the principal cause of suicide."

The Swiss statistical yearbook for 1940 gives a special study on alcoholism as the cause of death, and on suicide.

While the total of male suicides in Switzerland during 1930-39 was 8,210 and of female suicides 2,519, alcohol was responsible for 14 per cent of the male suicides but for only 1.4 per cent of the suicides among women. Of the alcoholic men twenty-two
(Turn to page 33.)

Reward in Repossession

Miles Eisele

ALTHOUGH it costs nothing more than shoe leather, the habit of walking can be a priceless jewel of many facets. You don't need mountain paths or ocean beaches to enjoy a walk. Merely a blade of grass or a rippling brook can be as enchanting in your home town as in the most storied vacation land. The stars shine with the same impartial splendor over your home as they do anywhere on earth. Every climate, every region, has its own special charm that can be found only by walking.

Physicians say that walking is one of the most beneficial and convenient forms of exercise, and that you will feel better and live longer if you exercise regularly. Dr. Ernest Jokl, of the University of Kentucky, has found that men of sixty who are used to sustained exercise can outperform men of thirty who are not. In the physically active the incidence of heart disease is much lower, and all three evidences of the aging process—decline in efficiency, decline in physique, and decline in health—are delayed.

Is our dependence on automobiles to carry us the least distance related to the appalling rate of mental illness? The late Dr. C. H. Mayo pointed out that there are few insane persons among the primitive races, people whose primary means of transportation is their feet.

Anyone who is physically able can cultivate the walking habit. The great physical culturist, Bernarr Macfadden, frequently walked four or five miles before breakfast, and a hike of fifteen or twenty miles was not uncommon for him.

But walking will do far more than impart good health. The poet Jean Jacques Rousseau loved walking, and he was most creative during long, solitary treks. He summed up his enthusiasm for walking with, "Never have I thought so much, never have I realized my own existence so much, have been so alive."

Traveling on foot is always a delightful adventure, be it a journey long or short, in fair weather or foul. Each day has a dignity like no other. You learn to appreciate charming kinds of days that will never make your acquaintance through the window of an automobile.

You'll know a new intimacy with the seasons. There is a rare ecstasy in tramping under the

immaculate blue autumn sky, when the air is crisp, clean, and still. The captivating rhapsody of fall is everywhere—in the song of the wood thrush and in the fallen leaves of startling red and bright yellow that crunch-crunch under your feet.

Nor is winter an unfavorable time for walking. You can soon become accustomed to chilling temperatures, and your winter walks will take you with a quicker pace and a longer stride over the frozen earth. The sharp, stimulating winds will awaken your whole being and toughen you.

In springtime the precious moments at the beginning of the days are more conducive to reposeful meditation than any other time. The profusion of new life and resurgence seems to offer you health and happiness, with humility as the only price.

Through the green fullness of summer, you'll adjust your step to the slow deliberateness of nature in her full glory. You may walk a bit earlier, to savor the quiet interval when the short summer night is rushing into eternity and the day is young and fresh. A walk early on a summer morning vividly recalls the carefree days of childhood, so soon forgotten.

Walking can be fun any time of day. During the hour of twilight a slow, contemplative walk can be infinitely more inspiring than a television murder mystery. Or a relaxing walk just before bedtime will tend to clear the mind of minor problems and irritations. The petty happenings of the day fade into their proper perspective. This change of pace at eventide, after the day's work is done, is fostered by the eternal beauty of the heavens. The serene impression of the exquisite stars upon the consciousness will serve far better than sleeping pills to induce the peaceful sleep you need.

There are no set rules for walking. Just explore the paths where you live. Where you walk, when you walk, and how you walk, are up to you.

British historian George M. Trevelyan probably stated the case for walking when he wisely observed, "I never knew a man to go for an honest day's walk for whatever distance, great or small, and not have his reward in the repossession of his own soul."



There's new health and vigor
for you simply in walking.

Primer on Alcohol



Richard E. Strain, M.D.
Vice-Chairman, National Committee
for the Prevention of Alcoholism

WHEN it comes to this matter of alcohol and what it does to the average person, there are many today who ask, What are the facts? How do we stand in relationship to its beverage use and our health?

These are questions that should be answered, and answered clearly. First, to start at the beginning—

What is Alcohol?



This substance has a chemical formula of C_2H_5OH , ethyl alcohol to the chemist. It is the only alcohol in alcoholic drinks, whether the drink is whisky, gin, beer, or wine. So it really doesn't matter whether a person drinks bourbon or beer, he still is taking ethyl alcohol—only the bourbon is stronger.



How does it affect the body?

The mouth and throat of a drinker may absorb a minute quantity of alcohol, but about one third is absorbed into the blood stream from the stomach. The remaining two thirds reaches the blood from the small intestine. Alcohol reaching the blood stream has *not been digested*, has not been changed. The same effect can be achieved by injecting alcohol into the blood stream directly. Some alcohol may remain in the intestine for from four to twelve hours.

Alcohol entering the blood stream from the stomach and intestine passes through the portal vein to the liver, then through the inferior *vena cava* to the heart, which pumps it to the lungs and then through the entire body.

Alcohol appears to remain longest in the brain tissue and spinal fluid. Its immediate effects are caused by the blood and brain concentrations. As it passes through the

liver, from two to four teaspoonfuls an hour are oxidized, or burned, producing acetyl aldehyde, then acetic acid, and then carbon dioxide and water. That is the way alcohol circulates through the body and is broken down.

What happens to bodily functions through this process?



Medical men are agreed that the higher functions of the brain are inhibited first.

In the *first* stage of use, in which one to four drinks have been taken, alcohol depresses those areas of the brain that distinguish man from animal—the frontal lobe cortical functions where thought, abilities, skills, and finer judgments arise. Normal caution is removed. Judgment is impaired, whether it is deciding the speed of a car or how quick one “under the influence” can cross the road. The drinker has many of his inhibitions removed, so that he thinks he is wittier and more charming. The athlete believes he is stronger and better co-ordinated. The car driver believes he is a much better driver. However, all tests done under standardized conditions readily prove alcohol is the great deceiver here. I don't know a single football coach who gives his players a shot before or at game time to help them win, nor a single patient who wants his surgeon to have a shot of Scotch to increase his operating ability!

In the first stage of alcohol intoxication the blood concentration is usually below .08 per cent. The protoplasm of the cells of the cortex of the frontal lobe has been liquefied. This is a temporary reaction. From this these cells usually recover, but in higher concentrations or by constant repetition alcohol may actually coagulate the protoplasm of the brain cells as an egg is coagulated when it is cooked. Then the brain cells become “ghost cells.”

In the *second* stage, usually when the blood concentrations reach .05 to .15 per cent, the person may be “under the influence.” In the United States a person is legally considered drunk when blood or exhaled air tests show



Does drinking cause real problems in our nation today? In reply Dr. Strain uses the example of his own city of Miami, Florida, a not-altogether-extreme sample of the problem nationwide.

In the greater Miami area today we have 60,000 chronic alcoholics, 10,000 of them women. I can imagine the consternation that 60,000 cases of polio, or measles, or flu, or tuberculosis, would cause in Miami health circles; but somehow 60,000 cases of chronic alcoholism are largely shrugged off.

We are a "cocktail" town. Some hospitals even serve cocktails at monthly meetings.

These 60,000 vitally affect 240,000 other people's lives. Last year they cost the residents of Miami more than \$300,000 merely to be taken off the streets for a few days to sober up.

As far as our state is concerned, alcoholism in Florida is increasing three times faster than the population—and we pride ourselves on being a growing state.—Figures from Miami "Herald," Nov. 2, 1958.

concentration of .15 per cent. This is the standard recommended by the National Safety Council. The American Medical Association appointed a committee to study problems of motor vehicle accidents. This committee, in May, 1939, stated: "Although there is no minimal figure which can be set at which there will be absolutely no effect from alcohol, the committee recommends persons with a concentration of .05 per cent should not be prosecuted for driving under the influence. When the concentration is .05 to .15 per cent a *great many of the people* will be under the influence of alcohol, but the committee recommends prosecution only when the circumstances and results of physical examination give definite confirmation of such influence. *All persons* show a definite loss of thought, clearness of intellect, and control when the concentrations are above .15 per cent."

This is a liberal interpretation of "under the influence," judged by standards of more recent work. At the First International Conference on Alcohol and Road Traffic held in Stockholm in August, 1950, it was reported: "The minimum concentration of alcohol in the blood at which some motor car operators in actual driving situations are significantly affected lies in the range of .03 to .05 parts per hundred."

At the Second International Conference on Alcohol and Road Traffic held in Toronto in September, 1953, it

was reported the accident hazard was ten times as great with concentrations over .15 per cent. If four cocktails or bottles of beer are taken in an hour, the alcoholic content of blood will be from .10 to .15 per cent, and the hazard increases two to ten times.

Suggestions have been made in view of the 40,000 lives lost annually in auto accidents in this country, that the legal limit be lowered to .05 per cent as is already done in Norway and Sweden. Two bottles of beer would produce such a level. In Denmark, Germany, and France the level is .10 per cent instead of the .15 per cent in this country.

In the *third* stage of alcoholic intoxication, alcohol causes stupor, with marked depression of the function of the cortical areas of the brain.

**Is alcohol
a drug?**



That alcohol is a depressant, narcotic drug, and that it definitely affects the functions and tissues of the brain to the disadvantage of the host in respect to his most human qualities of intellect, self-judgment, capacity for self-control, inhibition, and motor function have been recognized even by those not trained in medicine.

Harris Isbell, head of the laboratory at the United States Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, the only laboratory in the United States devoted exclusively to the study of drug addiction, says that statistically, alcohol is the most important of all the addicting depressant drugs.

A definite effort to have alcohol removed from the list of narcotic drugs is being made by those interested in making money from promoting it. Laws once passed are hard to repeal, so if alcohol could be declassified as a narcotic, many restrictions on its sale and laws requiring education against its use could be made inoperative. In order that this may be done, practically all well-known and approved definitions of a narcotic must be changed.

(Turn to page 29.)

One Survivor . . . These six caskets tell the gruesome story of the George N. Bentley family, when their car was hit head on by a vehicle going in the wrong direction on the Ohio Turnpike near Norwalk, Ohio. The only survivor of the crash that killed seven people in a matter of seconds was the driver of the oncoming car—who had been drinking.



When it comes to drugs and youth, some say, "Tell the kids;" others say, "Keep them in the dark." From one of the nation's "hot-spot" areas of drug addiction, Edward Peterson, Jr., a former Navy chief hospital corpsman, is beginning to provide a practical, effective answer through his vigorous program of—

Narcotics Education in San Diego

Edward Peterson, Jr.

groups to recruit teen-agers to narcotics addiction. This is a national problem that has gained momentum in recent years because of the apathy of a large segment of the American public.

Most parents are pathetically ignorant of the nature or menace of illegal drugs, so little or no instruction is given at home concerning the dangers of experimenting. The problem is also new to the schools. Many teachers assigned to make plain to youth the dangers of narcotics and the results of addiction find themselves poorly prepared to discuss the subject, and hopelessly lost when confronted with students already exposed to drugs.

If teachers are not ready to give frank, accurate answers to questions on this subject when they are asked, students object to being told, "Come back tomorrow." Such a teacher, to his students, "doesn't know the answers." It is at this point that a student may turn to one of the "guys who know" for his answer.

Unfortunately, some misleading and occasionally false statements are made by uninformed law-enforcement officers who occasionally are invited to schools as guest speakers. When poorly read on the subject, they are inclined to state, for example, "Marijuana is not an addicting drug." This is misleading, because they do not explain fully what is meant. Actually, such a statement helps the drug peddler. It reinforces his "pitch" to a new client, and he may say after the class: "See, what did I tell you? Marijuana is not addicting. Even the cop said so. Go ahead and try some. I dare you. Go ahead. Be a man." This is "sucker bait," but the unsuspecting, gullible teen-ager can't see it. "After all, if everyone says it is not addicting, why can't I use it?" he reasons.

Many churches avoid this subject entirely. Their leaders admit they do not know how to answer the questions put to them by the *(Turn to page 27.)*

PETTING RATTLERS!

HAVE you ever heard of a teen-ager petting a rattlesnake for "kicks"? No, the chances are that you have not, and will not.

Teen-agers do not pet rattlesnakes, because they respect the fact that a rattlesnake's bite is extremely painful, may be crippling, and above all can be fatal—this, in spite of any teasing dare from one of the gang to be "a man."

The reason for this is quite simple. Poisonous snakes have been discussed in the home, in the school, in the church, on radio, on television, and in the press. This educational effort has virtually eliminated snake-bite fatalities in the United States. The fact that only thirty to thirty-five deaths occur each year is not due to there being a small number of poisonous snakes in the United States. On the contrary, the poisonous snake population is very large.

Today in these United States we are faced with a problem of serious proportions, that of drug addiction among youth. The casualties that lie in the wake of such addiction far exceed those caused by poisonous snakes.

An insidious warfare is being waged by organized

IN 1950, when it became apparent that drug addiction was on the increase among juveniles in the United States, Edward Peterson, Jr., a Navy chief hospital corpsman, began research on various aspects of illegal narcotics, investigating reports from law-enforcement agencies and available records of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics; of the UN Commission on Narcotic Drugs; of the Federal Hospitals at Lexington, Kentucky, and Fort Worth, Texas; the Crime Prevention Bureau of the State of Illinois under Dr. Lois L. Higgins, director; and numerous other agencies in both the law-enforcement and prevention fields.

In 1953 he went onto the lecture platform, and established an educational program for military personnel in the Eleventh Naval District. He also lectured to schools, churches, service organizations, and other civic groups.

Transferred to the Far East in 1954, as Chief Petty Officer, Peterson established a similar educational program there for the United States Navy, which was later endorsed and requested by the Army, Air Force, and Marine Corps. On arrival at the United States Air Force Base at Iwakuni, Japan, he discovered that from one to three servicemen each week were involved with drugs. In three months following his lectures not one serviceman was involved or suspected of involvement. Narcotics violations in the entire area decreased 80 per cent.

While in the Far East, he was appointed a special investigator and assigned to the Intelligence Office, Commander, Naval Forces, Far East. In this capacity he lectured to more than 30,000 United States military personnel and British Commonwealth troops in Japan and Korea. He spoke to Japanese medical societies and audiences, and was principal speaker for the Japanese Newspaper Editors' Convention at West Iwakuni in 1954. He also appeared before U.S. Army dependent schools at Yokohama, Iwakuni, and Eta Jima.

Upon returning to the United States in June, 1956, he retired from the Navy, but resumed lecturing in San Diego for the military and the San Diego Junior Chamber of Commerce. In one year he spoke to approximately 32,000 persons, of which 10,419 were students in the city and county high schools.

His vigorous efforts to prevent narcotics addiction through the right kind of education are already beginning to be felt in San Diego, and bid fair to reverberate across the nation.



SAN DIEGO, a beautiful city in Southern California, is growing by leaps and bounds, as newcomers are attracted by increased aircraft and other diversified industry. Within the past few years it has become the playground of the West Coast.

Nevertheless, San Diego is only a short ride from the border city of Tijuana, Mexico, virtually a "wide-open" town. Liquor can be bought by youth of any age with no questions asked. Narcotics can be secured from almost any bartender, cab driver, prostitute, or sidewalk salesman. Drugstores sell barbiturates and benzedrine tablets in any amount without a prescription.

Smuggling drugs across the international border to San Diego is not difficult, since the automobile traffic crossing the border is enormous. It is estimated that approxi-

Mr. Peterson Tells the *Why* and the *How* of His Program in the San Diego Schools

mately 13,000,000 people cross annually. Some arrests are made, of course, but they are too few compared with the actual number of smugglers running drugs over the border.

About the only barrier between this situation and American youth in Southern California is the stopping at the international border of all cars suspected of having unescorted teen-agers in them. This is done now by the San Diego Police Department. Records show that only two out of five unescorted teen-agers crossing the border are from San Diego County, showing that this is not San Diego's problem alone. Nevertheless, repeated efforts to have the border closed to all unescorted teen-agers have been to no avail.

This, then, was the picture in San Diego when I was asked by the San Diego Junior Chamber of Commerce to undertake a program of narcotics education under their sponsorship in the city and county high schools. I had been, and still am, very active in this respect among the military establishments of this area. For instance, in four such appearances I addressed 10,000 personnel at the Naval Training Center.

Robert F. Heilbron, assistant superintendent of the city schools in charge of secondary teaching, suggested that such a program be restricted to tenth-grade students taking basic citizenship classes. This suggestion was adhered to in each of San Diego's eight high schools except one. In Mission Bay High School the administrators decided that this information should be given to the entire student body. In the county high schools, however, after school authorities had cleared the program, it was decided that all the students of each school should be taught the dangers of narcotics.

In launching this program *(Turn to page 27.)*



1. Captain W. W. Gilbert, M.C., U.S. Navy, of the San Diego Naval Station, discusses with Edward Peterson, Jr., visual materials used in his appearances in Naval and Marine establishments.

2. Interested listeners crowd around to take a look at the pictures portraying some of the effects of narcotics on the body.

3. Complete with realistic rattlesnake and cobra, this display of addicting drugs, along with the tools and instruments used by addicts, makes more vivid the menace of illegal addicting drugs.

4. For his community service in educating the youth of San Diego to the peril of addiction, Edward Peterson, Jr., received a certificate of Special Award from the San Diego Junior Chamber of Commerce in connection with a civic community project.



Beckoning with an inviting hand, this occult therapy seems to be winning friends in the battle against alcoholism.



Leo Rosenhouse

New Medical Use for Hypnosis

LONG carried on under cover, today's fight against alcoholism is being brought out into the open. With an estimated one in nine persons in the United States drinking "heavily"—to the extent that he needs assistance to overcome his addiction—authorities are now aware they are dealing with a major national disaster.

Lately a large number of physicians have included treatment of alcoholism within their medical province. These doctors count as many as 5,000,000 chronic alcoholics in the nation, and take it upon themselves to respond to this massive problem by offering office treatment to alcoholics.

The specially oriented physician considers alcoholism as basically a brain disease, since the alcohol in any alcoholic drink first affects the brain by making it endure blood changes and varied physiological stresses, which in time disturb the psychological or behavior responses of the body and bring on mental and emotional conditions frequently greater than the original conflicts which may have induced drinking.

In the search for new methods of treating this major ailment, some physicians, especially psychiatrists, have turned to a new, much-debated facet of psychotherapy—hypnosis. The only "newness" about the modern use of hypnosis is that certain medical men have come to be-

lieve that it has a limited scientific and therapeutic value to certain patients. At the same time it is also recognized that this value is questioned in other scientific circles.

In past centuries, hypnosis has been the forte of the magician, and a tool cleverly exploited by sorcerers and charlatans. Pagan healers of antiquity used hypnosis as medical therapy. Until the early 1940's, hypnosis was sure-fire entertainment in vaudeville, and it was cloaked in public disrepute because many persons had seen the harm done to those placed in hypnotic trances by amateurs.

Scientifically applied, this form of psychotherapy has come to interest the American Medical Association as a form of medicine.

Although the American Medical Association points to psychiatrists as persons best qualified to use hypnosis, they report that obstetricians, anesthetists, and dentists also utilize this means in the attempt to relieve pain caused by disease, as well as stresses and tensions brought on by illness.

Into this picture has now stepped the specialized physician interested in combating alcoholism. The form of hypnosis this psychotherapist may use in treating the problems of drinking is not what is described as the hocus-pocus "evil-eye" tech-

(Turn to page 29.)



How to Raise a Miss America

Mrs. David Williams
Mother of Mary Ann Mobley
Miss America, 1959



FIRST, let me say, I do not set myself up as a perfect example of motherhood for anyone. I am not a model mother. I am just plain lucky. The Lord has been good to me, much better than I deserve, I am sure.

How parents start their children off is the way they will generally go. You must put your whole life into your children. They are well worth it, for your family is the only continuing thing in life. Teach them that morals are necessary for happiness, and religion is necessary for living.

Your child is your first obligation. It did not ask to be brought into this world.

I often ask myself as a parent, "I can lecture, but do I myself always set the right example?"

Parents should provide ample activity for their children to keep them busy. Mary Ann was never allowed to loiter on the streets. My two children return home immediately after school each afternoon. If either should desire to go somewhere after school, I was or am always asked. I must know where they are at all times.

When Mary Ann returned to Brandon for her homecoming after she became Miss America, some of the people of Brandon hardly knew her, since they did not remember her as being in the corner drugstore as they did some other children.

Mary Ann always had a few chores to do at home from the very earliest. We felt that she must be taught responsibility. And she would always do something when told. You could always depend on her.

Our family unit has been very close. If we went anywhere, we always went together and took the children. Mr. Williams has never believed in leaving them at home. We felt that they should share in our experiences of living,

so they would be able to meet situations when they became adults.

Some parents worry about television. TV has its good points. It may be hard, however, for parents to exercise the will power to control it. In our home we simply have to tell our younger daughter Sandra, "Go in and finish your lessons first," and stick by what we tell her.

It is so difficult to keep young in thought and keep moving in order to keep up with your children, but you must not let them get ahead of you.

We have always been frank with one another in our family circle. We have laughed at Mary Ann's freckles, and the family has always laughed at the shape of my nose. Sex is something that we are always willing to discuss and explain. I think the question "Why?" always plays a big part in the life of a child, and we as parents should attempt to answer such questions.

We live on a three-acre plot in the middle of our town of Brandon. We have horses and ponies for the girls to ride. Mary Ann has always had her own horse for as long as I can remember, and today she writes home about her horses. Too, we have taken the children swimming whenever possible. We believe that children should have an outlet for their energy.

To my mind three elements are most important in bringing up children. In the home and in the church they learn the rudiments of life and ideals; then in society they have a chance to evaluate what they have learned.

A religious pattern for youth is more important than beauty, form, or talent. My husband and I have tried in our home to instill in our children respect for other people. The matter of religion is closely woven into this, especially because nothing is so important as religious training.

The trait that we are most proud of in Mary Ann is her interest in her church. She feels when church time comes that church is the place she should be. For example, if asked for a date on Sunday night, she would always respond, "I belong in church." I am sure that many a boy found himself in church on Sunday night who otherwise would have been someplace else. On occasions when we were on a trip away from
(Turn to page 32.)



A clear mind makes clear decisions. Drinks and business don't mix. Fuzzy thinking leads to blurry commitments.



Trying to drown your sorrows only irrigates them. After bad news a drink doesn't change or dissolve anything.

when to say NO!



When company comes, do you immediately regale them with the customary toasts? Milk or soft drinks will do much better, be cheaper, and give no hangover!



Close allies of the glass are the "blues," but a smart fellow knows that beverage alcohol as a depressant only compounds the depression already present.



A drink for every year of their age is the way some celebrate birthdays. What would such a person do when he became 100 years old?



When the offering hand belongs to a pretty young lady, it may be hard to say No. You will, however, enjoy her company the more.



It may not make you feel like doing high jinks at the Christmas party, but milk will permit you to have happy memories of a really happy occasion.



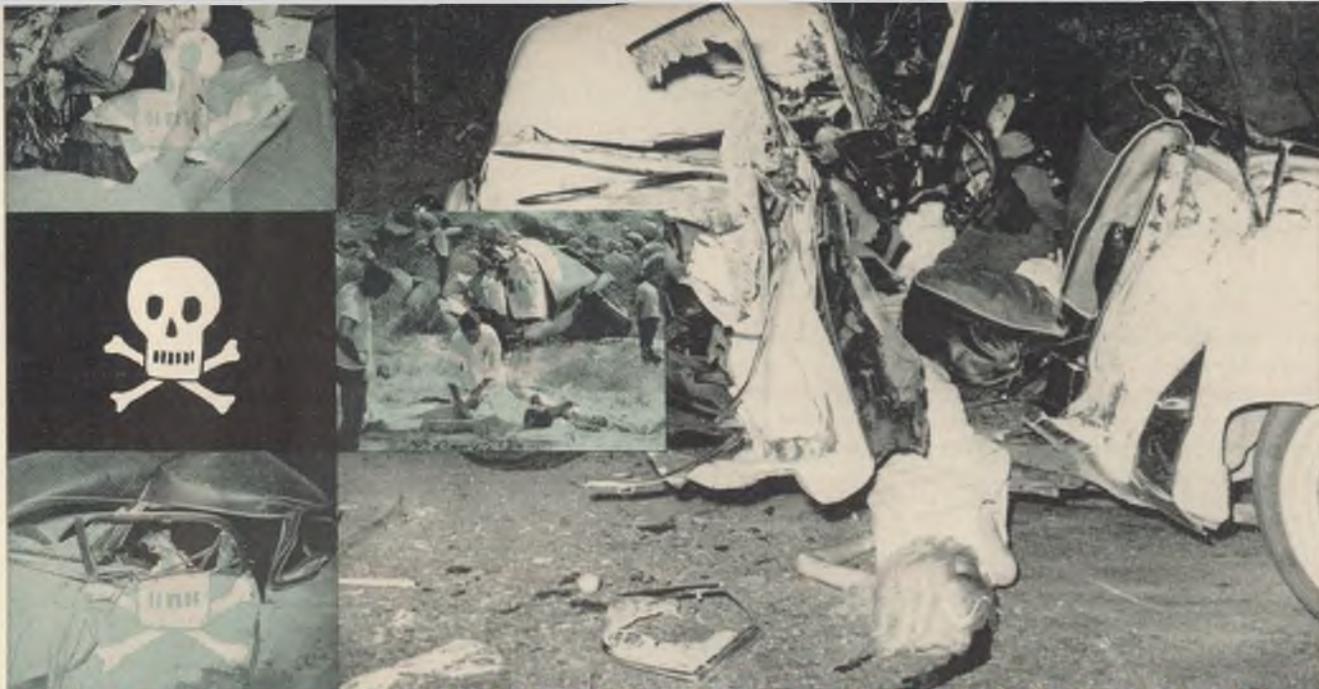
If problems become too tough, calling a friend and talking things over is much more satisfying than upending a bottle and momentarily not facing life.



After a hard day it may seem difficult to say No to those beer cans, but any other answer may lead to a harder day tomorrow.



Ridiculous? Not really! Being different from everyone else at the party isn't so bad after all. Too, they will think more of you for it.



HELL-BENT FOR SUICIDE

TRICKY and treacherous, the highway snakes before you on a bright summer morning. Your wife never looked more fetching; and in the back seat, instead of pinning each other's cars back, the kids are counting foreign sports cars.

Joy in your heart! Why not? You're a lucky fellow. Your foot gently nudges the accelerator down, a little more, a little more, and the speedometer edges steadily up. Sure, you're speeding. But your vision is 20-20, and the car's in good shape for the shape it's in, with not a highway patrolman in sight. You pass a speed-limit sign. Who needs such signs?

But there's a catch. Ahead another driver miscalculates his clearance, and attempts a left turn. You slam on the brakes—there's a sickening squeal, a scream—and then the moment of impact.

You're thrown from the car, and you die instantly. Your wife is rushed to the hospital with grave internal injuries. Your children will bear the scars, mental and physical, to their dying days.

The road sign you scorned so blithely should have read: "One-way: Cemetery."

Right now, this incident is happening and it will be repeated round the clock in California—and in every other state in the United States. This drama could star *you*. Statistics prove it.

This hypothetical accident occurs for a number of reasons. Some are allied to our growth as a state and a nation—growth that in itself is good. Other causes cry out for recognition and control.

Americans are the most itchy-footed, mobile people in the world. We bow to none in our ability to engineer intricate freeways, throughways, expressways, speedways. Having sand in our shoes, we use the freeways. The Californian who lives in Sacramento thinks nothing of a 200-mile round trip to the Sierras for a Sunday's outing. The Texan who won't drive his insolent chariot seventy-five miles to a dinner party is letting down his state, *suh*.

There's another distinction, too: The incidence of

death on the highway is self-induced. As a nation, when this question comes up, we are generally out to lunch. We take umbrage at Castro's bayonets, and we turn an X-ray eye on Mikoyan's plausible silkiness, but we won't face the facts on our round-the-clock highway slaughter.

In California we're ashamed of the fact that our state invariably leads all others in the roundup of holiday death tolls.

Why? Not for want of an expert, on-the-job highway patrol. This branch of our state government regularly receives national commendation for its efficiency.

One major cause is our zooming, booming population. A few weeks ago we passed the 15,000,000 mark. Before 1970, we'll be pressing New York hard for first position. Our public thoroughfares are jammed.

During 1958, for example, there were over 7,500,000 vehicles registered in California, or more than one tenth of the total in the United States. We're rolling up an annual total of about 65,000,000,000 miles of travel within our borders.

With 2,300 miles completed and 500 more budgeted or actually under construction, *(Turn to page 28.)*

It is true that traffic accidents cost California \$1,500,000 every day in 1958 in wage losses, property damage, insurance, and medical expenses. But this figure deals only with measurable losses, not lives. We have no way of placing dollar signs on gravestones.

The time is long overdue for us to require all drivers apprehended in violation and suspected of being intoxicated to submit to a mandatory blood-sample test.

Forcible attempts to take blood samples might be unconstitutional. We wouldn't use force, but refusal to submit to a sobriety test would be made grounds for a driver's license suspension.

Let me say that we will not mollycoddle these repeat violators, and their licenses will be suspended.

from Governor

Edmund G. (Pat) Brown



7HAT day in March, 1958, was an exciting one for me, because that evening I was to have the lead part in a play at our high school. Mother and father were proud of the fact that I had such an important part, and they had purchased tickets for the whole family. By six thirty I had finished the few bites I could eat of dinner, had showered and dressed, and was waiting eagerly to leave for school. Dad laughed at me. "The play doesn't start until eight," he said.

I grinned back. "I just wanted to be ready."

About seven we started out, walking because the high school is only five blocks away, also because my father had had his driver's license revoked. I was so excited I was walking on air; you see, this was the first



recognition I had ever had from anyone in my family.

"Just a minute," father said, as he paused, then dashed toward a doorway we were passing. "I'll be right back. I'm just —"

"No!" I cried. "No, dad, don't."

It was too late. He was already inside. Hesitating only an instant, mother followed him. Sharon and I stood on the sidewalk looking at each other. We knew one thing: They wouldn't come out of that bar for hours. When they did, they would be staggering drunk.

Sharon began to cry, and my little brother Steve looked as if he would like to cry, too. Steve was only eight, and having alcoholic parents didn't yet trouble him as it did Sharon, who was twelve, and me. I was fifteen, and when my parents were drinking I roamed the streets, staying away from home as much as possible until they were sober—or as sober as they would get.

A year ago mom and dad had joined Alcoholics Anonymous, and for seven months had been sober. For a while I believed they were going to stay sober. Now they were in a bar again. One drink, and they were lost. I knew it; they knew it. Why did they take that first drink when they knew what liquor did to them?

"We should have gone around," Sharon said, weeping. She meant that we should have made a full block detour to avoid the bar. Too late I knew she was right. Too late I remembered that dad, on his way home from work every night, made this same roundabout detour *because he couldn't trust himself to pass that bar.*

I went on to school and got through the play, but I was no good in it. The drama coach questioned me, "What's the matter, Larry?"

I couldn't tell her. My eyes were blind with tears I couldn't shed; my throat ached with the fullness of emotion I couldn't control. My chest felt as if a tight band had been pulled and knotted about it. When the play ended and the rest of the cast stood about receiving congratulations from friends, I slipped away alone. As I walked out the door I hit a glass window as hard as I could with my fist. The splintering glass made a brittle,

Teen-Agers Have Their Problems, Too..

As told by an Alateen to Nellie M. Stewart

Originating in Pasadena, California, the Alateen Clubs are beginning to show young people that their problems are not beyond solution.

echoing sound down the corridor. People turned to look, and I ran.

An hour later the police picked me up. I knew they had come for me. They asked the same question they always asked, "Why did you do it?"

Why did I? I didn't really know why.

"I just wanted to," I said. Then I added, "I'll pay for it."

"How'll you pay for it?"

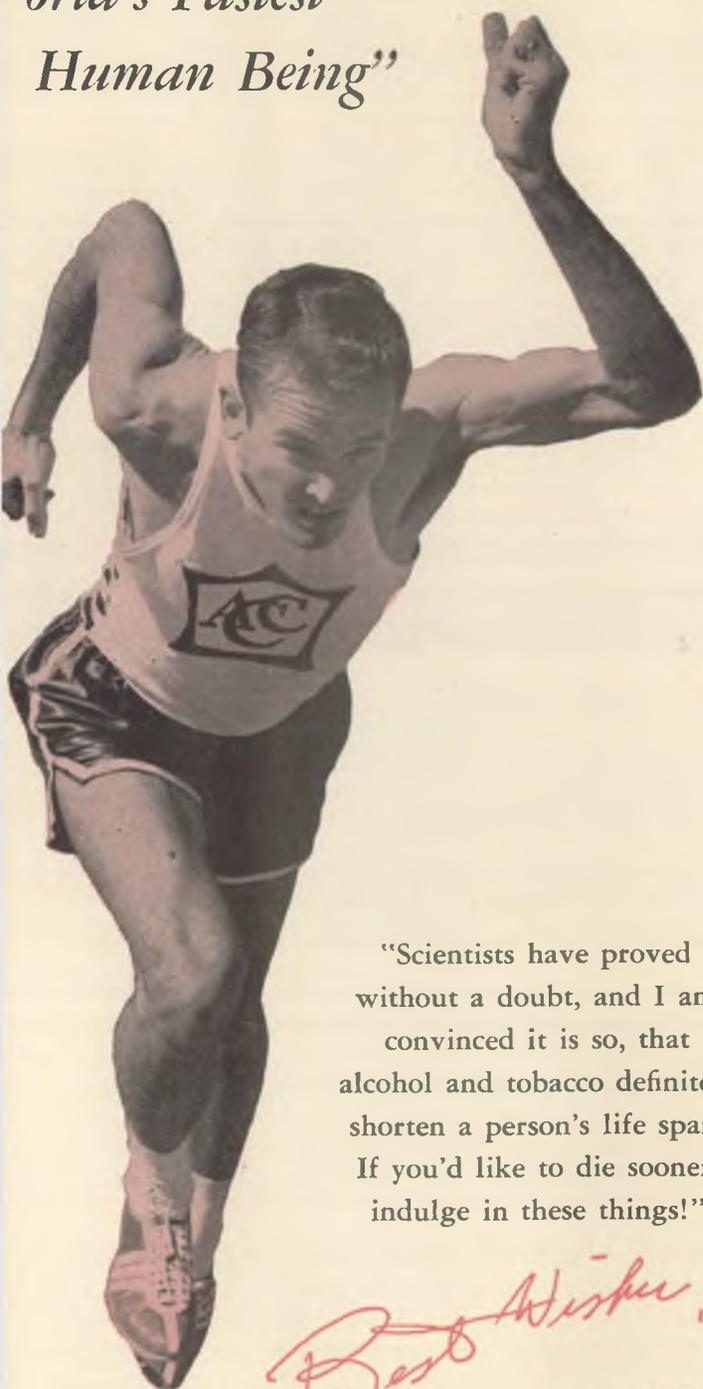
"I'll get a job."

The sergeant looked at me. He conferred with another officer a moment, and then said, "All right. You get a job and pay for that

(Turn to page 30.)

BOBBY MORROW

*World's Fastest
Human Being"*



“Scientists have proved without a doubt, and I am convinced it is so, that alcohol and tobacco definitely shorten a person’s life span. If you’d like to die sooner, indulge in these things!”

*Best Wishes,
Bobby Morrow*

FROM high-school sprinter to Olympic champion in three years is the amazing record of Bobby Morrow. A triple gold-medal winner, twenty-four-year-old Bobby is regarded as “the world’s fastest human being.” This good-looking, Abilene Christian College student holds a string of accomplishments that make the record book bulge!

He is 1956 Olympic winner of the 100- and the 200-meter dash; anchorman of the world-record-setting 400-meter relay team at the same Olympics; winner of fourteen national sprint championships; and coholder of five world records, including 9.3 seconds for 100 yards outdoors.

Such an enviable record is not achieved, however, without a specific training program. Bob says, “I definitely do not eat between meals. This is the most important thing. I try to get at least ten hours sleep a night. I train six days a week, two and a half hours a day.”

What is your attitude toward drinking and smoking? Is there any danger to youth from these habits?

“I don’t see how any individual, especially an athlete, can indulge in drinking and smoking, and still be in his top condition. I personally hate the smell and taste of alcohol and tobacco.”

What suggestions do you have to encourage modern youth to better living today?

“I believe a young person should set a goal, then strive for it. You must have a faith in God, in fact, you have to have a faith in anything, if you intend to succeed.”

Bob, what has been your most thrilling experience?

“I think the most thrilling experience to me—or to any athlete—was to be a member of my nation’s Olympic team, to represent my country in the greatest sports event in the world.”

And Bob has a busy program the next couple of years, entering the dual meet with Russia at Philadelphia in July, the Pan-American Games, Chicago, in August, and trying for the Olympics in Rome, August, 1960.

Whether on the campus or on the track, Bobby Morrow is a serious-minded, clean-cut, all-round American hero. Summing up his convictions, Bob submits to his admirers the following Code of Living:

1. Have faith in God.
2. Have faith in yourself.
3. Learn to appreciate your fellow men.
4. Wear a smile; show friendliness to others. This will go a long way in the great game of life.

FOR MORE INTERVIEWS FROM THE
TRACKSIDE TURN THE PAGE. 



Bob Gutowski

Bob Gutowski

World record holder for pole vault (15 feet 9 3/4 inches) from Occidental College, Olympic winner, international traveler.

"I think that by the use of alcohol and tobacco an athlete is destroying what he is working for. In the pole vault you need a high degree of precision, and the use of these drugs dissipates his co-ordination. Alcohol and tobacco have no place in my daily program."

Charles "Deacon" Jones

One of the nation's greatest distance runners, national record holder for the two-mile steeplechase, only American to qualify for the 3,000-meter Olympic steeplechase, from University of Iowa.

"An occasional drink is an easy step toward a bad habit. As for me, I don't think a future champion should jeopardize his potential by indulging in either alcohol or tobacco."



Mildred McDaniel

Tuskegee women's high-jump titlist, national champion (5 feet 6 1/4 inches), Pan-American winner.

"I think that smoking and drinking affect the athlete's ability to a great extent. I highly encourage anyone who intends to become a champion, not to take the first smoke or drink."

Mildred McDaniel



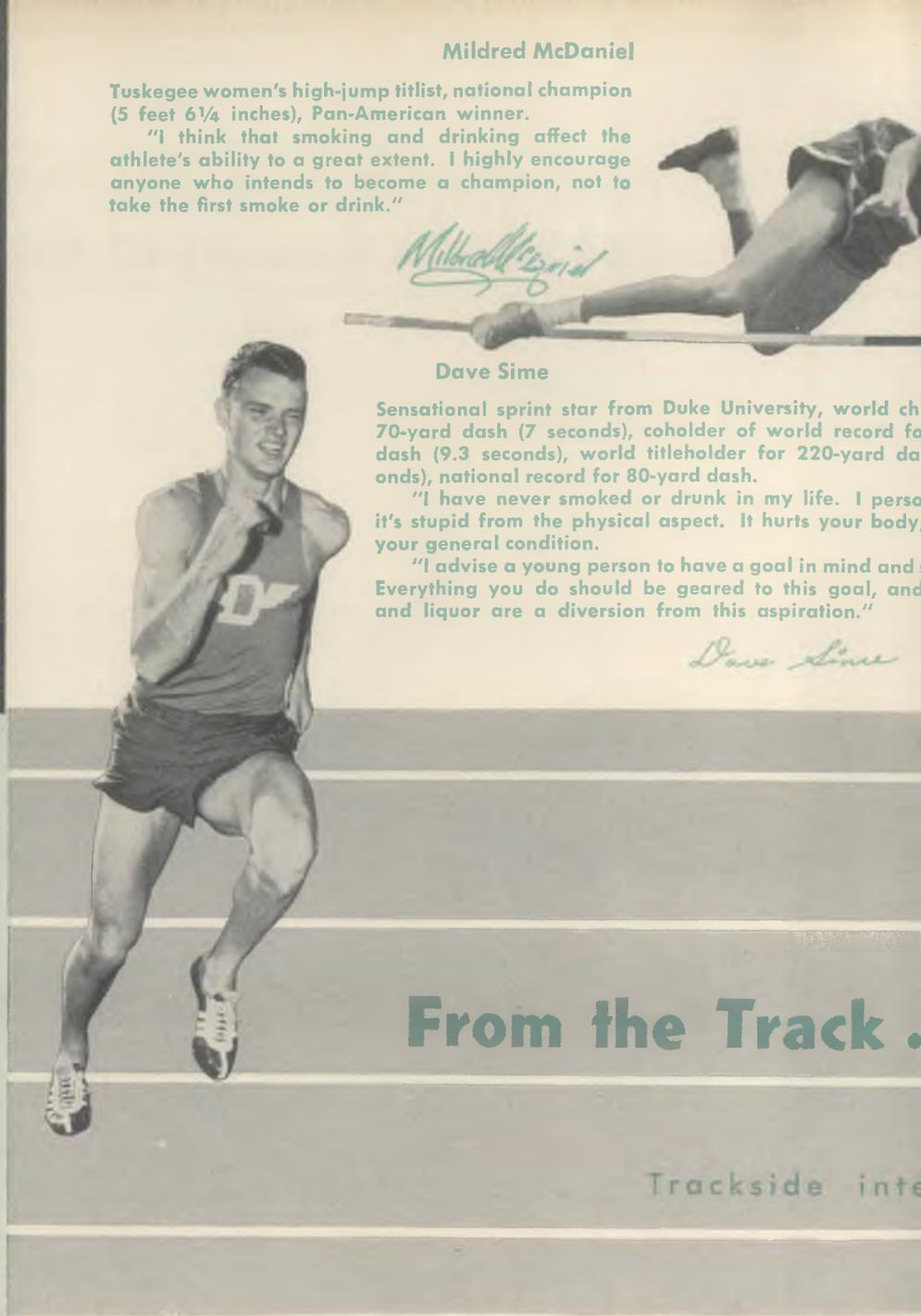
Dave Sime

Sensational sprint star from Duke University, world champion 70-yard dash (7 seconds), coholder of world record for 100-yard dash (9.3 seconds), world titleholder for 220-yard dash (19.8 seconds), national record for 80-yard dash.

"I have never smoked or drunk in my life. I personally think it's stupid from the physical aspect. It hurts your body and ruins your general condition."

"I advise a young person to have a goal in mind and stick to it. Everything you do should be geared to this goal, and smoking and liquor are a diversion from this aspiration."

Dave Sime



From the Track .

Trackside inter

Mal Schwarz

Pole vault champion from Baltimore Olympic Club.

"I do not use alcohol or tobacco in any form because I believe it would hinder my physical condition. My daily routine includes good food, proper rest, and intelligent conditioning—which means absolutely no smoking or drinking."

Ira Murchison

Sprint speedster from Chicago, coholder of world title for 100-meter run (10.1 seconds), Olympic winner, British Empire champion.

"In order to be a world champion, you must get proper rest and proper diet, with absolutely no smoking and drinking."

"My advice to any young person is that he must believe that he's never too good to train. If you want to reach the top, never take your first smoke or drink."

Josh Culbreath

Olympic 440-yard hurdle winner, Pan-American champion for 400-meter hurdles.

"If you want to be a successful athlete, you've got to make a great sacrifice. You must train sincerely, and that means no alcohol."



Lee Calhoun

Olympic Gold Medal high-hurdle champion from North Carolina College, Durham.

"I personally believe that the first drink or smoke would be habit-forming, hence I abstain from both."

Lee Calhoun



Don Bragg

Don Bragg

Pole vault champion from Philadelphia, Olympic aspirant in 1960.

"It has been proved and is very evident that smoking and drinking are harmful to the human body. I feel that any athlete who is concerned with his particular field, and is serious-minded toward sports in general, would have no association with these habit-forming drugs."

Ted Wheeler

United States Army champion miler, Big Ten titleholder for half-mile and mile from University of Iowa.

"Any young athlete who drinks or smokes is compromising with his own standards. If it's worth being a champion, it's worth making the sacrifice. These bad practices retard this advancement."

the Champions Speak

Interviews by Ralph N. Krum

and tobacco. I am a firm believer against any harmful indulgence that would hinder your becoming a successful champion."

John Macy

Two-mile champion from University of Houston.

"Smoking and drinking work against the breathing and muscles in the two-mile race. These habits weaken a young athlete, cut down his wind, and hinder his performance."

George Dennis, Jr.

High-jump specialist from Morgan State College, Baltimore.

"To be a champion, I believe an individual must omit from his training program alcohol or tobacco in any form. I believe that my success is due to clean living, thorough training, proper sleep and food. My advice to any up-and-coming athlete is to refrain from smoking and drinking if you want to rise to the top."

Bob Barksdale

High-jump expert from Morgan State College, Baltimore.

"I think that the first drink or smoke will lead to a bad habit. With hard work and faith in God an athlete can reach the top."



Ted Wheeler

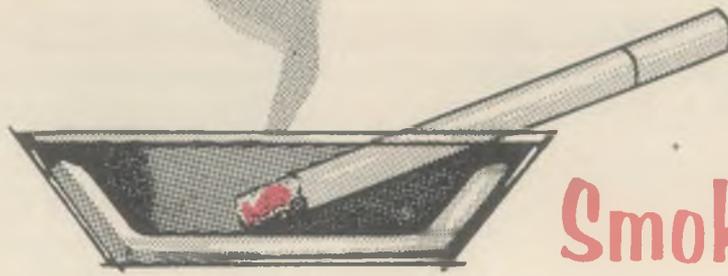
Voice of Science

Because of prevalent public interest in the relationship of smoking to health, "Listen" presents this forthright reply to the oft-asked question—

Have Doctors Changed

Their

Smoking Habits?



Edward R. Bloomquist, M.D., Glendale, California

APPROXIMATELY six years ago, Americans were startled by release of medical research reports strongly indicating a link between cigarette smoking and lung cancer. For a time cigarette consumption decreased. Then a question arose as to the validity of the reports, and sales began to rise.

By 1957 tobacco manufacturers had significant evidence of the positive result of their advertising campaigns against the so-called "tobacco scare," for in that year Americans smoked more than 409,000,000,000 cigarettes, an increase of 4.1 per cent over 1956. In 1958 Americans set a new high of 462,000,000,000 cigarettes consumed, and the Agricultural Department predicts a further increase in 1959.

This casual ignoring of clinical evidence is due to many factors, one being an erroneous impression that physicians are personally unconcerned about tobacco research findings.

Little was done to correct this idea until the national medical journals *Medical Times* and *Resident Physician* published results of an editorial survey among physician smokers which revealed facts correcting previous impressions concerning doctors' attitudes toward smoking.

These journals attempted to find out whether doctors had made any signifi-

cant change in personal smoking habits between 1952 and 1957. In the first extensive survey of its type, two groups of American doctors were questioned: approximately 10 per cent of hospital residents, young physicians in specialty training, and over 2,100 general practitioners. Only doctors who had been smoking in 1952 were included in the survey.

Specifically, the editors asked whether doctors polled had altered their smoking habits during the past five years, what factors influenced their decisions, and if they had passed their conclusions to patients.

Their answers may surprise you!

Between 1952 and 1957 significant changes have occurred in the smoking habits of many American doctors. Two thirds of residents and 44 per cent of general practitioners in this survey expressed a change in attitude toward cigarettes.

Among residents, 20 per cent stopped smoking completely, 19 per cent reduced their cigarette intake, and 7 per cent switched to pipes or cigars. Among generalists, 17 per cent stopped smoking, 14 per cent reduced their consumption, and 3 per cent switched forms of tobacco. In contrast, 21 per cent of residents and 10 per cent of general practitioners increased their daily cigarette consumption during that time.

Why do doctors smoke? Funda-

mentally, physicians differ little in their enjoyment of personal habits from persons with less intensive health education. The majority indicated it gave them pleasure, promoted relaxation, and decreased nervous tension—at least while smoking.

Reasons given for stopping or decreasing smoking, however, were far more varied and sometimes caustically frank. Despite accumulating evidence that cigarette smoking is a causative factor in producing lung cancer, physicians refused to accept it as the *sole* reason for quitting cigarettes. Only 6 per cent of residents and 4.8 per cent of generalists altered cigarette habits because of this factor alone. More than 70 per cent of both groups, however, believed a relationship exists that is probably coupled with other as yet unproved causes. Principal reasons for changing personal tobacco habits centered around health factors other than cancer or displeasure with the habit.

Inasmuch as many continued to smoke, this question was asked: "If you believe there is a link between smoking and cancer but you have not decreased the amount of your smoking, would you state your reasons briefly?"

Residents responded with hopeful optimism. "Since there are perhaps 20,000 deaths a year from cancer reported in the United States and some 35,000 or more deaths from the auto-



Photo at right: At the Institute of Industrial Medicine in New York City, investigations are under way to determine if certain inhaled materials can induce cancer of the lungs or other parts of the respiratory tract. Here a technician studies mist particles of uniform size which have been prepared and measured for the studies.



Photo at left: In Buffalo, New York, to study the effects of fresh tobacco smoke on lungs of experimental animals, mice are subjected individually to intermittent puffs of cigarette smoke. Each mouse "smokes" six cigarettes a day. Then these "smokers" are carefully compared with the "nonsmokers"

Pleasure— or Poison?

mobile," one resident rationalized, "I feel that you should weigh the danger and unless you feel that you, as an individual, are more susceptible than average to possible danger it is rather foolish to give up a pleasure."

While some residents were ready to admit smoking because of "habit" and "no will power," another put it this way: "I have smoked too long to expect to decrease risk by cutting down right now and am too lazy to stop smoking."

Then there are statements such as this: "I enjoy smoking and am willing to risk the increased chances because of the pleasure I derive from it."

General practitioners, however, manifested a different attitude. With the exception of those who tersely commented, "I like to smoke," answers were fatalistic or expressed disgust that the habit was so difficult to overcome.

Although most cancer-cigarette reports indicate a lower incidence of lung cancer among those who have quit smoking than among those of the same age who have continued to smoke, many generalists chose to overlook this fact. "At my age it would make no difference whether I continued or stopped," is an average but inaccurate comment. "Even if nine out of ten die of cancer," added another, "ten out of ten will die anyway."

Doctors having cared for nonsmokers who died of lung cancer had this to say, "Too many factors enter into cancer of lung—many nonsmokers in group," or "had seven patients with cancer—none smoked."

There were also remarks of personal disapproval. "I don't stop because of my stupidity. Cigarettes should be removed from the market—the only way we can stop."

One letter most revealing of cigarette-smoking physicians' attitudes on the subject was that of a generalist who stated smoking provided pleasure for him. He recognized that statistically he had a "slightly" higher chance of developing lung cancer because of his habit, but added, "I am willing to take such a risk in order to enjoy the immediate relaxation and enjoyment which 'the habit' gives me. In short, I am compromising my beliefs for my immediate pleasures. What's more, having been a smoker for about fifteen years, it seems that any damage it might have caused has been done already. I am now depending on constitutional and hereditary factors at least to 'hold the line' for me."

Despite the choice of some to ignore positive factors involved in quitting cigarettes and a seemingly fatalistic attitude, the advice to "cut down" to "be

on the safe side" was frequently jotted on the questionnaire.

Further, many changed to filter cigarettes.

Although a wide variety of responses were elicited by this survey, three attitudes were frequently repeated. They were:

1. While a large number of physicians have stopped smoking, many more admit they wish they could.
2. It is a common thing for doctors to stop smoking, only to start again.
3. Many balance their immediate pleasure against the possibility of developing cancer, which they feel is remote, or the lack of "conclusive evidence" that smoking is the only factor involved.

The survey also inquired into doctor-patient-tobacco relationships. Among generalists 31.9 per cent were sufficiently convinced of potential health hazards to warrant advising patients to stop smoking. Over 38 per cent of residents expressed the same conviction.

Ninety-eight per cent of physicians who possess this opinion advise patients to stop or cut down, without being asked. The remaining 2 per cent do so if asked. Interestingly, 14 per cent of physicians *not convinced* of the cigarette-cancer link also advise limitation of smoking.

While many physicians purposely avoid precipitating anxiety in their patients, some of whom have smoked since adolescence, others are disturbed because of the reticence of some professional colleagues to recommend that patients quit the habit.

Although many physicians continue to smoke, and the majority tend to discredit tobacco as the *only* factor in production of lung cancer, there is a definite changing pattern in their smoking habits. Over the five years (1952-1957) included in this survey, the total cigarette consumption of physicians has decreased 12.4 per cent for residents and 20.1 per cent for general practitioners—a radical departure in habit and attitude from the general public.

Regardless of age, many physicians feel cigarette smoking entails a calculated risk. While some, particularly older physicians whose attitude is fatalistic, are willing to take this risk, others are not.

There is food for thought in the concise remarks of respected family physicians who summarize their own situations with the unhappy phrases, "damage already done," "too late," or "too old to make any difference!"

And this, perhaps, is the most poignant remark of all: "Believe advice is for next generation—they *should not start smoking.*"

Whenever arguments for smoking are added up, there are usually only three at the most, summarized about as follows: Smoking is a habit which (1) supports a tremendous industry, (2) brings millions of tax dollars to the Government, and (3) provides pleasure and relaxation to smokers. The latter argument seems the one most often used.

However, in the extensive research continually going on relative to smoking and health, certain conclusions are becoming well established. Though certain aspects of the problem are not clear, the following, as summarized by "Consumer Reports," cannot be successfully controverted:

1. Tobacco smoke contains tars, nicotine, carbon monoxide, arsenic, and a miscellaneous group of acids, phenols, aldehydes, and other chemicals. Relative amounts, of course, vary in different tobaccos.

2. Physical factors associated with smoking—holding a hot pipestem in the mouth, or holding hot smoke in the mouth and the respiratory tract—have irritating properties independent of the chemical composition of the smoke itself.

3. Because chemicals from tobacco smoke are absorbed into the blood stream from the mouth and the respiratory tract, smoking affects ALL the organs and tissues of the body, at least to some extent. The most important known effects are on the gastrointestinal tract, the heart, and the blood vessels.

4. Tobacco smoke irritates the mucous membrane, despite the lavishly-paid-for mildness claims by sports and movie stars. Try to inhale smoke from any source; a campfire, for example!

5. Smoking increases the heart rate, raises the blood pressure, and constricts the blood vessels of the extremities, thus increasing the load on the heart.

6. Discrimination in taste and smell sensations is impaired by smoking.

7. Heavy smokers have a death rate from coronary artery disease twice as high as that of nonsmokers. This fact was brought to light by the survey of 187,000 men, aged fifty to sixty-nine, by the American Cancer Society.

8. Chronic bronchitis results from continued smoking. Nearly every smoker is bothered by "cigarette cough." A condition nearly always associated with coughing is pulmonary emphysema, a lung disease marked by breathlessness, brought on by constant obstructing of the small air passages of the lungs. This is more and more being traced to smoking.

9. The chance of a nonsmoker developing lung cancer is about 1 in 275. The man who smokes even less than one pack of cigarettes a day has a chance of one in 36.

10. Smoking causes tremendous economic loss in damage by fire to homes, business establishments, and forests, let alone the tragic loss of life through this cause.



Father Keller: "Less than 1 per cent of humanity is causing most of the world's troubles."

"ONE SMALL LIGHT"

Alice M. Ogle



SHORTLY after World War II, some 100,000 people were gathered one night in the Los Angeles Coliseum, when the huge amphitheater was suddenly plunged into darkness. With that, the voice of the master of ceremonies spoke over the microphone:

"Maybe you sometimes tell yourself you are not important," he began, "that you don't count as an individual. You *do* count—much more than you know. Let me show you why." Father James Keller, the speaker, struck a match, and in the darkness the tiny flame could be clearly seen by everyone.

"Now, you see the importance of one small light," he went on, "but suppose we *all* strike a match!" Within seconds, pinpricks of flame flooded the arena with light, the result of 100,000 individuals each doing his part. "That," said Father Keller, who founded the Christopher Movement in 1945, "is how this movement works. No matter who you are, or what you are, or where you may be, you can do something to change the world for the better. You as an individual are important. You count!"

Crowds on the subway to Coney Island were surprised some time ago to find a listing of the Ten Commandments alongside the ads for chewing gum and soap. Some 1,500 subway cars carried this unique ad with the commandments for a whole month at a cost of \$400. The ad bore the simple statement, "Paid for by a friend." But news reporters became curious.

It was not easy to locate the originator of the idea, for she had sworn to secrecy the few who knew. Eventually newsmen discovered that Adelaide O'Mara, a stenographer at the New York Life Insurance Company, had planned and executed this way of bringing the commandments to the attention of the public. She said quietly, "I have

heard it said that sometimes a *small* thing can change the world."

After it was learned that Miss O'Mara paid for the ad out of her own savings, newsmen were so impressed that all New York newspapers featured the story.

In Argentina a worker in the underground movement visited Christopher headquarters there and related that, about the time despair was setting in and the cynical were asking, "What can one person do?" the first Christopher books began to circulate in Buenos Aires. Many persons found the answers and the encouragement they were hunting.

Chains of letters were written, mostly by hand, but some with the help of such mimeograph machines as were available. The people had been living in fear, fear of losing their jobs or of having bank credit cut off, and general fear of the dictatorship crisis. The steady flow of information sent out by the underground took a long time to bring results; but, finally, when success hung in the balance, when organized mobsters threatened to ransack the city of Buenos Aires, and despair was at its greatest, the unexpected happened. The dictatorship was broken.

In Argentina many people firmly believe that their prayers saved them, along with their efforts which can be summed up in the motto of the Christophers, expressed in the words of an old Chinese proverb: "Better to light one candle than to curse the darkness."

The Christopher Movement is under Catholic auspices, but it reaches people of all creeds, colors, and races. It has no chapters, no meetings, no memberships, no dues. The central headquarters is in New York City at 18 East Forty-eighth Street. Monthly news notes are mailed to nearly a million and a half interested persons. Christopher books

have circulated 3,000,000 copies, upwards of 400 television films have been produced, and the Christopher column, "Three Minutes a Day," appears in nearly a hundred newspapers.

The man who started this movement, James Keller, was born in Oakland, California, and was educated at Maryknoll Seminary and Catholic University, Washington, D.C. In lectures throughout the United States and in many parts of Europe he has urged men and women everywhere to use their influence in the task of changing the world for the better.

Father Keller was convinced that less than 1 per cent of humanity is causing most of the world's troubles. He started the Christophers, he says, with the aim of developing in another 1 per cent of sound-thinking men and women a deep sense of responsibility and initiative in bringing back into the market place the major truths which guarantee a better world.

For ten years prior to 1945 he had worked toward his present formula of getting "little" people to do "big" things, of encouraging the average person to reach beyond his own small circle for the big world outside. It is a formula that stresses action by those who believe in individual responsibility for the common good of all. The Christopher thesis is that complaining and criticizing accomplish little.

Father Keller says, "As soon as there are more people turning on lights than there are turning them off, the darkness disappears.

"The true Christopher," he goes on, "motivated by love of all people because of love for God, is continually trying to reach the many, not merely the few. He goes into the educational field, government, labor-management rela-

(Turn to page 34.)

Founded to get "little" people to do "big" things, the Christophers encourage the average person to take his mind off himself.

Jet Living



for a Jet Age

J. Lewis Schanbacher

TODAY we are hurtling forward into a new era, an era of electronics, atomic development, and the conquest of time and space. Science has uncovered the innermost secrets of the atom and is designing vehicles for interplanetary navigation. Industry is rapidly applying the many discoveries of science to make this world a better place in which to live.

In the field of social progress, however, we are advancing more slowly, but here again powerful forces are in motion striving for peace, tolerance, recognition of the rights of the individual, and the

emancipation of human beings from want, ignorance, and disease. Certainly the rising generation hopes to live happier, healthier, and longer lives than any other since civilization began.

Indeed, we have a better opportunity today, if we make the right choices, to live more magnificently, more triumphantly, than anyone has lived before.

Take this question of drinking, for instance. Some young people may ignorantly make the wrong choice. Others will fail to exercise their privilege of choosing. All such, obviously, will participate only to a mediocre extent in the

glorious living of the atom-space age.

There is only one alternative left. That is the one which I choose personally. I find myself quite wealthy—not in money, but in possessing a home, friends, health, some leisure, and peace of mind—those intangible values which make life really worth living. Although endowed with only average ability, I have achieved, to some extent at least, the goals which every young man and young woman hopes and strives for. Fortunately, I chose years ago to be a nondrinker. As the basis of this personal philosophy of life . . .

. . . here are twelve reasons:

1. Nearly all the people I most admire and respect do not use intoxicants. To associate with them is a delightful, inspirational experience I would not care to miss.

2. In this fast-moving age there is not time for alcoholic indulgence. One needs to be alert every moment to keep pace with modern progress.

3. Like you, I do not wish to appear ludicrous by inane talk and boisterous laughter, as most do after a few drinks. I'm silly enough when sober.

4. One cannot take the chance of becoming a confirmed alcoholic. So many good men and women have started out with one drink and wound up among our 5,000,000 victims. Who can foresee that he might not go the same way?

5. I want to be able to drive safely at all times. Studies have shown that even one bottle of beer may slow up one's reflexes enough to cause a fatal accident. I'm playing safe.

6. It is a proved fact that alcohol has a deleterious effect on health and longevity. Life insurance companies know what they are doing in charging a higher premium for insuring habitual users of intoxicants.

7. I want to set the best kind of example for my children and grandchildren. I want them always to be proud of dad and to feel he is worthy of their emulation.

8. I know the effects of liquor are illusory and transitory. Alcohol offers only a momentary escape from life's problems and disappointments.

9. Drinking too often leads to domestic quarrels, separations, and marital unhappiness. My wife finds it hard enough to get along with me now, without my making matters worse.

10. I find nonalcoholic beverages entirely adequate for social entertainment. Sociability and hospitality can be more effectively demonstrated by a glass of tomato or fruit juice than by alcohol.

11. I have so many better uses for my money. For instance, the cost of two beers a day, beginning at age twenty-one, if saved systematically and invested in savings bonds, will amount to approximately \$6,700 at age sixty-five.

12. I want to retain my own self-respect. I want to be able to hold my head high in any company, and never be the object of pity, scorn, or reproach. I simply want to live victoriously.

This, then, is true jet living for a jet age.

Birth of a Boy

Phyllis Lane



AS I rested at my desk in the noon-time quiet enjoying the peace of my schoolmarm's lunchtime, there was a loud bang against the door and Pat lumbered in.

"There's something I need, Miz Lane," he muttered, tramping to his desk. He fussed with his half-finished arithmetic paper, then stood gazing out the window.

I had wondered about Pat since the first day he came to school with the other "home" boys. They were all boys who had been placed in the "home" by juvenile court, either to escape inadequate home conditions or because of juvenile crimes, and were included with the other students in our public school.

Pat had an employed father and mother. It would appear his home was adequate. He was not starved and lean-looking as many of the boys were. There was a vitality about him. His brown eyes sparkled when we spoke of telegraph, radio communications, or mechanical devices. He would slouch down, an insolent sneer on his full lips, when we bored him with spelling, or adding, or subtracting. I tried everything from good-natured prodding to bribery and flattery to get him to study.

"Catch this!" he would challenge as he hit the ball far out of reach and raced around the bases. He would scorn when another child was hurt in play which he felt was far from rough. He belittled any who were not as robust as he. Incongruously, he excelled in art and music.

One day he came to school with his arm badly cut and bleeding. "Oh, I stuck it through a window at the 'home,'" was all the explanation he would give as I tried to stop the bleeding and bandage it. "It's nothing!" he insisted, though he did let me gently care for it.

Today I watched as he stood at the window, passive for once.

"What's on your mind, Pat?" I asked between bites of my sandwich.

"Oh, nothing." He paused. "I was just thinking."

"Anything special?" My mind wasn't really on the conversation. So many times I had tried to reach him, only to be rudely cut off.

"Just about this place. It's 'cool!'" The words tumbled out as though they had been straining for release.

"Cool?" I had heard the expression and felt it was not derogatory. If true, this was a new attitude.

"I kind of thought there must be places where people weren't mad all the time," he continued. "The kids really act like they like me." He grinned shyly. "You do, too, don't you?" His brown eyes were velvet soft.

"Of course we like you, Pat!"

"That's what I mean—it's different. My mom doesn't like me. My pop doesn't like me." He shrugged, and was suddenly hard and sneering. "I don't care. I can take care of myself!"

"Maybe they're not happy, Pat. That can make people act very strange," I suggested.

"Well, my dad's always mad. He says he always had to fight. See, he's an Indian. They don't let Indians do things like other people can. He has to fight for what's coming to him."

"A real Indian, Pat?" He had my full interest now.

"Yeah, he lived on a reservation when he was a kid."

"Why, Pat, that is an interesting thing to know. You can teach us many things about Indians."

"You mean that's good?" He cocked his head and grinned self-consciously.

"Why, of course it's good, Pat. I think it's wonderful!"

We both laughed, a little in relief and a little at just being friends.

"My mom and pop were always fighting at home," he went on. "Then one day mom sure screamed at dad. Dad yelled back. I didn't sneak out to hide like I usually do when they fight. They were fighting mad, but not at me this time."

"You shouldn't have let him go," I followed my pop.

"Shouldn't have let him go to a kid's

party?' screamed my mother. 'Stop yelling at me! You're just scaring him more.'

"She was wrong. I wasn't scared, not any more. I just wished they would stop yelling and let me forget the whole thing. I wasn't scared of anything then. I was just sick, and mad, and tired."

"Pat, you know who the guy is?" my pop asked me.

"Yeah, I know who he is."

"Where's he hang out?"

"Sells papers down at Fourth."

"Come on," he growled, grabbing me by the shoulder.

"We tore down Main Street, the old car doing about sixty, and screeched to a stop at Fourth. It was about five o'clock, and the traffic was thick."

"There he is," I pointed to the scrawny, dirty kid selling papers. He looked like a kid now, but the last time I had seen him he had looked plenty big the way he wielded that knife at me. Dad swung the car alongside him.

"Get in!" he muttered through his teeth.

"The kid glanced across at me and turned white. Without a word he oozed into the car. None of us spoke as we sped down to the station. Dad knew the way—he had been there enough times for my brother or me. 'The blasted cops,' he usually snarled. This time he needed them—or I did, maybe. It wasn't clear to me why we were going."

"The last time we were down at the station I sure knew why! That was last year when I was eight. It was after Joe and I had been picked up for snatching wallets out at the beach. I knew why I was going that time! They really made it hot for me. But when they wanted to keep me in Juvie, pop blew his fuse. He got me out, all right. Just like he always says, 'Fight your way out of everything! That's the way to get by—fight!' I could hear his yelling clear down the hall where they had me locked

up. Guess they let me out to shut him up. I almost thought he liked me that night.

"But I couldn't see why he was taking me down this time. I had tried to get away from the guy at the party. I didn't want to go with him, but he pulled his knife at me, and I was scared. I didn't know what was coming.

"Now, Pat, you tell me what happened," the officer at the station said. He sounded kind, but I couldn't trust him. My pop had warned me against cops.

"I looked at pop. 'Go on, tell him,' he scowled. Why did he have to act so mean? I felt rotten enough. I wished there would be somebody who was just plain nice!

"I had to tell the officer the whole thing. It was almost like it happening all over again. They made me tell it over and over to be sure I wasn't lying."

Pat paused in this lengthy narrative.

"I can't tell you the rest, Miz Lane, honest, I can't," he said softly, as he looked away from me.

I understood now. All the horror tales carried in the newspapers of the willful mistreatment of children flashed through my mind. Now I knew what made him so erratic at school. His defenses always had to be up in a world as hostile as his, and I had shown the colossal nerve to scold him for disturbing the even tenor of my little classroom! Had our positions been reversed, I would doubtless have tried to retaliate by upsetting more of society than one small room. If school were to be the channel through which some knowledge of good would come to him, I prayed that it would not fail.

"It's all over now, Pat," I offered. "Nothing so bad can ever happen to you again."

"That wasn't why I went back to Juvie, though," he said after a time.

This was to be a day of confidences! "Do you really want to tell me, Pat?" I asked gently.

"Yeah, I guess so," he said. "See, I was going around with this boy, Joe. He was fifteen. He was my friend, see. We wanted to get some money, so Joe said he would hold up a gas station. Well, we started to, but the guy called the cops. We got away O.K., and I was sure relieved, but Joe made us go back. He said he would get even with the guy for calling the cops. We got some papers, and Joe pulled out his matches. That's when I saw his gun. We set fire to the place, then started to run. The cops must have been there watching. They yelled at us to stop. I saw a flash from a gun, and Joe fell flat on his face.

"I was really scared, so I hid in the

shadow of an old car next to the station. They turned their big flashlights on me. I started to run, but they were too fast. One cop grabbed my arm. I tried to get away, but the others caught me. They didn't know I was only nine till they got me down at the hall. Then they told me Joe was dead. The bullet went straight through his heart. They locked me in solitary. My pop came down there. He yelled around the place, but it didn't do any good. I stayed at Juvie about six weeks. Then they sent me out to the 'home.'"

"It must be good to be here, Pat." I thought of my own two boys and knew real gratitude that they were with me, and safe. "It must be hard on your mother."

"Oh, she don't care." He was suddenly hard again, and the sneering look was back, but only for a moment.

"There's something else," he said.

"What is it, Pat?" I wondered what other horrors his short lifetime had held.

"I don't know how to say it." He shuffled, and half turned away.

"Well, just try," I encouraged. "I'll understand."

"It's just that—oh, I can't say it."

"Yes, you can tell me if you want to."

"Well," after a pause, "they took us to church Sunday."

"Yes." I waited.

"Well, I—at—church—I—"

"You mean you prayed," I offered.

"Yeah." It was so softly whispered I could hardly hear it.

ASPIRATION

Blanche Dyer Ballagh

Give me grace for today
To strew love along the way,
Like rose petals falling,
Winging beauty's array.

Give me hope for today
To guide those in dismay,
Like dewdrops sparkling
In the sun-kissed spray.

Give me courage for today
To speak kind words to allay
The burdens of sorrow
Leading someone astray.

Give me wisdom for today
To help a brother, I pray,
Who at life's crossroads
Cannot find his way.

"O Pat, that's good!" I breathed.

"That's not all."

"Yes, Pat; what else? What did you pray for?" A wrong word would break the spell. We might never be so close again.

"Well, I, uh, I prayed that I would be a better boy."

It was like a breath of fresh air.

"O Pat! I'm so proud of you! And you *are* a better boy, Pat. Everything is really all right now!"

"Will you help me, Miz Lane?" The brown velvet vessels were close to spilling over.

I found my own voice husky and wavering. "Of course, Pat, in any way I can."

The bell rang, ending the lunch period, and the chattering class jostled in. I felt as though I had been walking on sacred ground, and had to make a profound effort to pull myself back to classroom routine. The three R's seemed ineffectual weapons for the arming against the woes of such as Pat. Then I saw again his shining brown eyes looking out at me from his accustomed seat, and I knew!

"That's it!" I told myself. "What he needed was the armor of peace that comes through kindness and understanding. He died and was born again in a classroom. Let arguments of the educators go on. A teacher who has witnessed the unfoldment and growth of a child in her room knows her work has not been in vain!"

Look Out for Your Outlook

Frederick D. Brewer



IT HAS been said that the greatest thing to fear is fear itself. This is particularly true as it applies to us oldsters. I know men who actually fear the day when they must retire. They say they won't know how to put in the time.

I believe what they really fear is that they will cease to be useful, and a useless existence is, to put it mildly, an unhappy outlook. No man, however, need live such an existence if he has any desire to live otherwise.

One of the widest and most fertile fields of usefulness in our land today is that of making others happier, wiser, or more comfortable. Anyone, exploring this field of usefulness, not only blesses those he sees, but enriches his own life in direct proportion to his unselfish activities.

A movement has begun to establish the age of possible retirement at sixty, with sufficient income to provide a modest living for the retired worker. Though possibly a commendable undertaking, its trend indicates a future when many active, capable workers will be retired from the payrolls.

Many of the help-wanted ads of today stipulate a maximum age limit, not exceeding thirty-five years. This means no place is provided for the capable man of advanced years, even though his ability may be exceptional, with many potential years of useful work left in his life span.

It seems only natural that, realizing the existence of this condition, some firms conduct fitness examinations for their older employees. These physical and mental tests establish the employees' confidence and prove the value of many older workers in different industries. Those who pass such tests remain in active employment, with increased retirement benefits for every extra year of service.

This land of ours is based on freedom and independence, and these blessings have become so much a part of each of

us that we cherish them in our hearts through the years. Many of us look forward to the day when we can escape the press of routine work, and enjoy our lives, each in his own way.

We believe we deserve this reward that has been earned by the years of service we have rendered to our society, but look out for your outlook!

Covering the years ahead, your outlook makes the difference between happy, useful years and years of dull, uninteresting indifference.

One of the best ways to ensure a good outlook is to have a hobby in which one can become absorbed, with pleasure to himself and, if possible, with interest in others and helpfulness to them. Such a hobby may be profitable, bringing in cash that always comes in handy, or it may be merely interesting work that is its own reward.

I have a friend, retired from railroad work after more than forty years, who became a writer. Although he had never

had any training in that line, he has had his work accepted by many well-known magazines. Thus he not only employs his time profitably but contributes to the entertainment of others, and he is happy.

Many hobbies are at the disposal of the retired worker. A few of these are coin collecting, antiques, poetry, stamps, oil painting, water-color painting, wood-working, souvenir-making.

One retired worker, moved to Florida, has built up a nice business in selling souvenirs that he makes from shells, coconuts, dried seeds strung into bracelets and necklaces, and many articles that he obtains without cost.

When asked how he established himself in this line, he replies, "Well, I always liked souvenirs, so I adopted them as a hobby, and they're lots of fun."

So, when the time comes to retire, our outlook on the journey through the years ahead will be a happy one if we have a good hobbyhorse to ride. These are really the hobbyhorses of happiness.

"AFTER-HOURS" CLUB

Harold Helfer

Businessmen of East Liverpool, Ohio, some time ago banded together to form some unique "after-hours" clubs.

Generally speaking, there is nothing new about clubs which meet after regular working hours. In most areas there are private clubs where members congregate for comradeship and a few drinks after business has closed. But there are several things which make these East Liverpool clubs unusual:

1. No intoxicants are served at the meetings. Soft drinks, lemonade, and orange juice are on hand for refreshment.

2. Businessmen themselves do

not patronize these clubs, but furnish the money to carry them on. Most of the money is expended for Bibles for the members.

3. The membership of the clubs is made up entirely of children, youngsters from the fifth to the eighth grades. The clubs meet four times a week after (school) hours. They are to benefit boys and girls whose parents prefer to have their children learn more about the eternal principles of better living rather than hang around the street corners. This organization—with some twenty-five clubs and 600 members now—is East Liverpool's answer to the juvenile delinquency problem.

PETTING RATTLESNAKES

(Continued from page 9)

young members of the congregation. They reason, "Drug addiction is a problem to be solved only by law-enforcement agencies and the schools, not the church." How wrong they are! Drug addiction is *everybody's* problem.

In general, then, here is one problem that is inadequately dealt with by parents, teachers, and the clergy. They have not failed in teaching about rattlesnakes, about swimming safety, and other similar subjects, but they have failed, and are failing, to give adequate answers about illegal drugs and addiction. It stands to reason that if youth cannot find their answers about drugs from their home, school, or church, they will find the answers elsewhere, and too often such answers lead to tragedy. This we most certainly do not want to happen. A great need exists across the nation for a strong educational program not only for our youth but for parents, schoolteachers, and church leaders.

THE WHY AND THE HOW

(Continued from page 10)

in the schools, I used as visual aids a collection of three hundred photographs of drug users and the damage narcotics cause the human body, a display case of drugs causing addiction, and the working tools of a drug addict. A stuffed rattlesnake and cobra help to illustrate vividly that narcotics can cause death in many instances faster than the bite of either reptile.

In talking with the students, I describe the international traffic in narcotics, the cultivation and production of drugs in various parts of the world over and above the needs for medicinal purposes, the sinister aims behind the spread of addiction among adolescents, and the reasons why youth are targets of dope peddlers.

I also emphasize that there is no shortage of illegal drugs, because of a deliberate overproduction; that peddlers are interested only in the number of new "suckers" they can add to their lists. The user-peddler is one who tries to induce others to try drugs in order to get his supply from his peddler at a more reasonable cost. The peddler—a liar, a cheat, and a fraud—misrepresents and misleads the unsuspecting, gullible adolescent, because he is interested in drawing into his net any new "sucker" who nibbles on his bait. He cannot afford to tell the truth about drugs or the harm they cause. To do so would put him out of business.

The results of a questionnaire filled out by a cross section of high school students substantiate beyond a doubt the need for a realistic educational program on this subject in the school system. Well over 90 per cent of the students clearly indicated they had many false ideas about drugs in general.

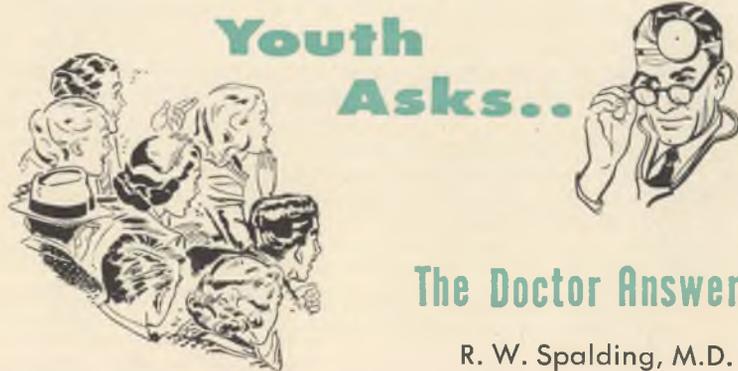
For example, "I didn't know that marijuana could lead to heroin;" "I heard that marijuana was taken because it made you feel good."

Many youth do not know that heroin is addicting, that a person suffers pain as the drug wears off, that drugs cost so much money they often involve users in crime to pay for the drugs. Some believe that a person can stop using

drugs any time he wishes, that after a short "withdrawal period" a user is "cured."

That this program of narcotics education is well received is evident from numerous recommendations from principals and teachers in schools where it has been presented, and from the requests for repeat appearances.

During the past year my coverage extended into Imperial County schools, and this year will extend into Orange County as well. Soon it may go beyond that. Influential organizations, led by the Elks Lodge, are actively pushing for a state-wide program. It is possible that this year will see real progress in that direction.



The Doctor Answers

R. W. Spalding, M.D.

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

When should alcohol be used as a medicine?

There is no known illness in which alcohol can be used as a medicine where there is not some other medication which is more effective. The American Medical Association has officially barred all advertising of alcoholic beverages from its professional and lay magazines. However, there are certain medications which can be held in solution best in an alcoholic solution. These medications must be used in small amounts to prevent a harmful effect as a result of their use.

Would one drink a month cause physical or mental harm?

Why one drink a month? There must be some reason for drinking, even one drink a month. Alcohol is an anesthetic. It is also a narcotic, according to the best authorities on pharmacology (the science of the use and effect of drugs, of which alcohol is one). Alcohol is *not* a food. Alcohol is not even a good medicine!

Alcohol would not be used were it not for its effect upon the nervous system. It is a deceiver. One drink, and your best judgment is put to sleep. It's easy to take another drink after the first

—rather, it's hard to stop with one drink. That is the danger of drinking; one drink opens the door for another. One's best judgment and one's inhibitions are put to sleep by the first drink—and the one-glass drinker is not aware of it.

Should a boy or a girl associate with a person who drinks?

The answer would depend upon the ability of the nondrinker to maintain his own ideals. The less mature mentally and emotionally a person is, the greater the danger that he would be unable to meet the temptation to be one of the crowd. The desire to belong to the crowd is one of the strongest drives of the early teens. To be able to lead one's crowd away from evil shows not only leadership but maturity.

What should one say when invited to join in the drinking of alcoholic beverages?

First, avoid the company of those who frequently drink. Second, plan ahead. Order nonalcoholic drinks. Learn to be proud that you are a nondrinker without appearing to be a preacher. Relax. Prove to yourself that it doesn't take an anesthetic to put you at ease.

HELL-BENT FOR SUICIDE

(Continued from page 15)

California leads the nation in mileage of multilane, divided highways. Our highway system is second to none in the world.

But you need your wits about you to drive in California. Danger stalks the highways and freeways in the form of the unexpected accident.

In 1958 one motorist was killed every 2.5 hours the year round in California. In all there were 3,502 fatalities. This tragic toll cost the state's economy more than \$498,000,000, according to the National Safety Council's formula for computing injuries and property damage accidents.

An additional 134,822—or one every 3.9 minutes—were injured in traffic accidents in California.

The greater number of the victims—about 25 per cent—of highway mishaps were in the twenty-five- to thirty-four-year age bracket, and 80 per cent were males.

Our highway patrol has carefully studied accident causes. Speed, of course, leads all the rest—accounting for more than 35 per cent of all accidents.

Conspicuous among other causes is drunk driving. In 1958 more than 20,000 drivers who had been drinking were involved in fatal or injurious accidents in California, 5.1 per cent more than in the prior year.

The number of victims killed or injured in accidents involving drinking was 32,136.

Obviously many other factors spur traffic deaths, the black plague of the twentieth century, but most experts agree that immediate improvement would follow the removal of liquor from the traffic picture.

The holiday alcoholic is one of our gravest menaces. By combining his internal consumption of firewater with poor weather conditions, fatigue, and the universal spirit of merriment, you have public enemy No. 1 behind the wheel.

Traffic observers assert that the social drinker is a serious menace. His judgment is impaired with a fairly low alcohol concentration, and he appears normal until his wits fail him in an emergency. The drunk in the weaving car can be detected and stopped.

Fortunately today there is an increasing lack of public acceptance of the lethal combination of drinking and driving. Once the fellow who bragged he could handle his liquor and also his car was considered a "wise guy" and looked up to when he got away with it. Now he is resented and feared.

"One for the road" must be eliminated from the national vocabulary. The public is finally beginning to realize that alcohol is a problem not only for those who are inebriated but for all who come in contact with persons under the influence.

Doctors advise us that we should never forget that alcohol removes inhibitions while it depresses the senses. Alcohol is not a stimulator to the senses. Even one drink can make the driver believe he can accomplish things he would never attempt when sober.

What can be done about it?

1. Co-operation by all mass-information mediums is needed to publicize the true situation and in this way to slow down the slaughter.

2. All governmental agencies concerned should put on an accelerated campaign to let the public know that drinking drivers are hell-bent for suicide, and that they are members in good standing of Murder, Inc.

3. We must have rigid enforcement by police agencies and the courts, and stiffer penalties for offenders.

Pending before the California State Legislature at this writing are bills which stress longer jail terms and heavier fines for drunken drivers. The toughest of the measures would include a mandatory jail sentence of fifteen days and a minimum fine of \$500 on a second conviction of drunken driving involving bodily injury. This supplements an existing law imposing a mandatory five-day jail term for a second conviction of drunken driving not involving bodily injury.

Newly elected Governor Edmund G. "Pat" Brown has been wielding a mighty sharp-bristled broom during his first days in office. One of his announced objectives is to promote traffic safety in the state and reduce sudden deaths caused by the had-been-drinking driver.

Even before his inauguration, the governor-elect sent his newly appointed director of motor vehicles, former State Senator Robert I. McCarthy of San Francisco, to Connecticut to confer on that state's successful system for cutting down traffic accidents.

Widely commended as an imaginative and effective move, this is sure to be the first of many actions to reduce the slaughter.

4. Through educational programs, improved systems of highway signals, expanded patrol services, and stiffer laws, we are determined to wake up California—and wake up America—so that you, the driver, and your family may indeed have the opportunity to wake up tomorrow morning.

In my book this means none at all for the road!

Peyote-- Colors Everywhere

Peyote is not classified as a narcotic in some states; however, in California there is a punishment for its use, sale, and possession.

Considerable history is connected with the use of peyote. For centuries some tribes of Indians in the Southwest have used it in their religious rites, and in recent months an arrest of several members of a tribe using it caused a furor among Indians. After considerable litigation, one state supreme court found in favor of the Indians, declaring that the tribes' constitutional right to follow their own religion should remain inviolate, and they were allowed to follow their traditional rituals which included the consumption of peyote.

This decision appears to have been influenced by several researchers' findings that the drug's use does not appear to induce a tolerance or dependence on the drug itself, and the most manifest effect is an extrasensory chromatic perception where colors are more important than masses, positions, and dimensions.

This strange herb, peyote, is actually a cactus, and the part of the plant used as the narcotic is a bulb approximately the size of an apple. Dried, it can be chewed for the effect desired, or it can be brewed into a tea which, when drunk, soon sends the user into an ethereal ecstasy, not unlike, it is purported, the stimulus of marijuana except that the effect is more chromatic. One author's synopsis on the effects of peyote intoxication is a vivid description of flashing colors, tints, and hues, at times clashing, at other times in perfect spectral harmony, but always colors, colors, everywhere.—Adapted from "Los Angeles Police Beat."

USE FOR HYPNOSIS

(Continued from page 11)

nique frequently displayed on television and in the movies, in which the doctor gazes mysteriously into the patient's eyes, puts him in a deep trance, and then has him do unusual deeds.

In this type of modern hypnosis the physician tells his patient he will make some suggestions to try to remedy his drinking; then he focuses the patient's attention on some monotonous sight or sound. From outward appearance, the alcoholic is wide-awake, normal, and responsive. He cannot perform extraordinary feats while in this stage of trance, but he may follow suggestions, and even recall long-hidden events of the past. It is this characteristic of hypnosis which makes it attractive in the treatment of alcoholism.

A few months ago, at the tenth annual meeting of the Society for Clinical and Experimental Hypnosis in Chicago, Dr. Bernard Gindes, of Beverly Hills, California, described a method of hypnotic treatment for alcoholic patients which he has tried, in degrees of variation, on 1,000 persons.

Dr. Gindes' intent in these cases was to create in the mind of the alcoholic a dislike for liquor. He first placed the patient under medium hypnosis to make him susceptible to suggestion. Then the patient was given a drink of his favorite alcoholic beverage and told to hold it in his mouth.

This produced a slight burning sensation which the patient will remember. After he swallows the drink, he is asked whether he liked it. The answer is Yes.

Now the patient is told, Dr. Gindes advised, that what had been swallowed was not a favorite drink but something quite vile and obnoxious. This usually makes the patient nauseated.

The object of the treatment is to make the patient respond in a different manner to stress situations which, says Dr. Gindes, prompt alcoholics to drink. Medically, the technique seems to be a variation of the well-known conditioned-reflex method used by other practitioners, and by clinics and institutions who treat mental ailments.

While the patient is under hypnosis, Dr. Gindes tells him that when he awakens he will become ill if he takes an alcoholic drink. He then places the patient in a state of posthypnotic suggestion and advises him, when trouble arises and if tensions become too great, to start to count forward and backward from one to ten, or write his thoughts down for five minutes and then destroy the paper. This is a substitute response provided to take the place of liquor.

Since the patient is in this posthypnotic state, Dr. Gindes said, he automatically follows the doctor's advice.

Hypnotism came to the attention of the medical profession at the end of World War II when many ex-soldiers and civilians showed they were suffering from built-up emotional strains. Alcoholics made up a large percentage of these cases, and some medical men used hypnosis in the privacy of their offices to treat this addictive disease.

Medical hypnosis seemed to be successful, but doctors learned that hypnosis by itself would cure nothing. The patient had to be responsive and willing. Physicians also discovered that occasionally, hypnosis appeared to remove a severe symptom, such as alcoholism; but by probing too deeply into the subconscious, doctors would at times awaken unhappy memories that sent the patient into black moods of suicidal despair with unfortunate consequences.

These failures, occasionally ending in abrupt tragedy, have induced an attitude of cautiousness in the use of hypnosis by the medical profession at large. Doctors have been advised that not every physician can become qualified to treat disease by hypnosis. Skepticism about this therapy is still persistent in the medical ranks, and for the alcoholic this is somewhat of a safeguard.

If the drinker exhibits an interest in seeking aid through hypnotism and makes inquiries, he will learn that very few group treatment clinics and institutions employ hypnosis. Their feeling is that this form of therapy is too experimental and costly to warrant any extensive application. The drinker will be told that hypnosis may serve the alcoholic best when applied as a dynamic form of therapy in which the whole person can be treated.

The alcoholic will find few physicians professing themselves sufficiently experienced in the use of medical hypnosis to be willing to use it on him. Invariably, the drinker will be referred to the psychiatrist with many years of specialized training and experience in the treatment of emotional disorders.

Hypnosis tries to restore the alcoholic to his proper dynamic wholeness, but not to alter his inner beliefs. It must be remembered, however, that these beliefs can be subtly altered without awareness by the subject, or even without the deliberate intention of the hypnotist.

Medical and allied journals report more frequently on the use of hypnosis, and an increasing number of professional organizations are looking into its reported values. Judging by current usage, it is not being overlooked either in the problem of rehabilitating alcoholics.

PRIMER ON ALCOHOL

(Continued from page 8)

What about alcoholism as a disease?

An editorial on the problem drinker in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, May 5, 1956, states: "There is a growing tendency to consider alcoholism as a disease. In so far as this has focused attention on the need of the problem drinker for constructive assistance, this has been helpful, but even though the alcoholic needs treatment he cannot be exonerated from legal and moral responsibility for his acts as though he were the victim of a virus. Too great emphasis on alcoholism as a disease may be a disservice to the problem drinker because, although this does not deceive him, it may allow him to rationalize his condition to others. He can be helped only if he undergoes a change." Alcoholism, then, is a *self-induced* disease.

The *Canadian Medical Journal* of November, 1955, reports a survey of 146 alcoholics intensively studied. Of these, 134 were "not sick and did not have disturbed personalities." Ninety-one per cent would have become active and productive average citizens, except for drink.

Why do people drink?

At first, regular drinking is merely an effort to be accepted by the group. Most people drink because of a desire to feel they "belong." Some people can't have any fun unless they are mildly tight. Such people can't have any fun unless they do what everybody else is doing. No one likes to be a bore or a "wet blanket," and this desire to be congenial and have friends—to "belong"—makes these people victims of social pressure rather than victims of disturbed personalities when they begin to drink. The addictive narcotic effect of alcohol thus may be said to "slip up" on these social drinkers before they are aware of what has happened. In this way alcohol *can* make a man sick. In fact, 5,000,000 Americans are sick now from alcohol. Most of them only wanted "a little fun."

How great is this problem?

Alcoholism is fourth among the leading health problems of the United States, outranked only by mental illness, heart disease, and cancer.

By those who know, it is estimated that for each of the 5,000,000 alcoholics in the United States, another four persons—family, employer, friends—are closely affected. This makes a total of 25,000,000 people intimately involved in the problem.

To understand the effects of alcohol

on the body, one must understand that alcoholism is the most common form of poisoning, that it is a toxic agent to the cells of the nervous system just as other poisons may destroy cells of the kidney or liver. In fact, the number of cases of acute or chronic alcoholic intoxication surpasses by far the number of cases of poisoning from all other toxic agents combined.

If, in addition, one recognizes the multiform complications of alcoholism, which predisposes to other diseases, plus the fact that many serious and fatal injuries occur to persons while "under the influence," he can readily see that alcoholism represents one of our greatest hazards to life and health. Sooner or later the public-health aspect of this preventable problem must be recognized and solved just as other preventable health problems have been.

What does alcohol do to the nervous system?

Cells of the nervous system have a high lipoid, or fat, content, and fat tends to accumulate alcohol. This promptly exerts a narcotic effect on these cells by inhibiting their function and probably producing a lack of oxygenation of the cells. If the mother drinks, an unborn fetus may have the cells of its brain vitally affected by this narcotic and the oxygen lack. The alcohol acts on the cell membrane, then gains admission to narcotize the protoplasm of the cell, and finally may destroy the nucleus of the cell itself.

What about alcohol and nutrition?

It is recognized that the serious lack of vitamin B and altered glucose function plays an important part in alcohol's effect on the nervous system. It is well established that the alcoholic develops severe vitamin deficiencies which in turn lead to serious disorders such as peripheral nerve lesions, beri-beri, and similar conditions. There is some evidence that alcohol destroys the enzymes necessary to metabolize B₁ and glucose. Alcoholic epilepsy is a dramatic and not uncommon occurrence in alcoholics. "Rum fits" have been known for years, but generalized convulsions apparently "triggered off" in susceptible individuals are recognized so that nearly all patients with epilepsy or seizures are told to avoid alcohol in all forms.

In summary, then, one may say that alcohol exerts its chief action on the stomach, liver, brain, spinal cord, and peripheral nerves, but the greatest damage is done to the brain, spinal cord, and peripheral nerves.

Also, alcohol narcotizes the brain cells. It liquefies the protoplasm of the cells in the acute process, but in higher

concentration or by repetition it coagulates the protoplasm of brain cells to give an irreversible permanent reaction leading to death of the brain cell and production of "ghost cells" in a ghost individual. The narcotic effect of alcohol appears to act in the same way that lack of oxygen to the cells does. Then the severe malnutrition and vitamin deficiency that the alcoholic develops play an important and vital part in his deterioration.

What is most needed today is a core of informed and dedicated leaders to "speak up" regarding the true nature and potential danger of alcohol, and for the rest of us to lend our support to a social system where one doesn't have to drink to "belong."

TEEN-AGERS

(Continued from page 16)

window within a month. Do you see?"

They were tired of me, sick of my whole family, and I knew it. Going home, I found my mother. My father wasn't there, but mother was lying on a couch in the living room, deep in a stupor, drunk, with her skirts pulled crazily around her and up above her knees.

In the dining room, which adjoined the living room, Sharon was sitting at the table with a young friend of hers who was talking sympathetically with her. It struck me that Sharon hardly ever had a friend until now; she skulked around, afraid to bring a friend home.

Walking down town the next night, I went past the AA house. The lights were on so I went in. I had attended a few meetings with my folks. If there was one thing I had in my mind, it was that I was never going to take even the first step toward becoming an alcoholic. None of that stuff for me; I knew too much about it.

I sat down to listen. Most of the members talked about overcoming drinking, but one didn't. He talked about forming a club called Alateens. In a few minutes I understood that an Alateen Club is organized for the children of alcoholic parents, and I listened. Sometimes I thought I hated my parents, but when they were sober I knew I didn't. I thought suddenly, Maybe I can help them. So I was all for organizing such a club.

We found a place for our meetings in the kitchen of the AA building by simply pushing the long tables together at one end of the room. In the beginning we had four members; later the club grew to fourteen or fifteen, and it is still growing now.

My father returned to his job with a

construction company and helped me pay for the window I had broken. He and my mother thought the Alateen Club was a good idea, but their understanding of it was different from mine. His understanding of it was the right one: The Alateens were going to try to solve some of *their own* problems.

In the beginning I never thought of myself as a problem; all I wanted was to help my parents. So I thought I would like to talk with other kids, and see if we could do things to help our parents.

At the very first meeting I said: "My parents' problem is that they can't even *smell* the stuff without having to have a drink." I told the group, with quite a bit of bitterness, about the play and what had happened. "They can't walk past a bar!" I emphasized. "How can you help people who can't even walk past a bar? Sometimes I *hate* them."

"You got to stop hating them," a boy named Jim said slowly. "I found that out. I hated my dad. He did things when he got drunk, things he wouldn't have done when he was sober. He kept saying he was going to quit, but he couldn't. So I told him I hated him. I kept telling him, and he died in December. Now I can't forget what I said.

"I didn't really hate him, I just hated the things he did when he was drinking. I still have the same problem with my mother."

Jim stopped, and I felt terribly sorry for him. Everybody knew his mother's reputation. Then he went on:

"Finally, I learned that the best thing for me to do was to change my own life. I mean, what good did it do for me to go around telling them I hated them? I didn't really. So I got a job, and I'm going to try to make something out of my own life."

A girl named Verda said: "My folks fight all the time, drink and yell at each other. I can't study at home, and if I don't study, I can't get passing grades at school. What can you do when your parents fight and yell all the time?"

"You could go to the library to study," I said. "I go there to look up stuff for my debate class. You could study there."

"Yes, I guess I could," Verda said. "I never thought of that."

So that was how we began, and how our club still works. We keep our membership limited to teen-agers who need help, who haven't been able to help themselves. We now have two members whose parents are not alcoholics but who fight and get into trouble all the time. We all talk about the things we have to face and what we can do about them.

I never went to Sunday school much, and neither did the others. Jim says

Just Wishing

L. K. Twitty

that he has never been inside a church in his life, and thinks he has missed something. He hasn't gone to church yet, but I think he's going soon because he keeps talking about it. I think maybe I'll ask him to go with me. I haven't been to church for quite a while, either.

My sister Sharon comes to the meetings now, too. We don't let small kids in because they don't understand what it is all about, but Sharon does. I feel closer to her than I used to, because I didn't realize she had problems almost as big as mine. But now I do.

The club has set me straighter in my thinking by letting me talk out my troubles and hear what the other kids have to say. The thing that surprised me most was to find out that I wasn't alone in my problems, as I had thought.

Every day for a long time, Rae would get up in the morning, see the dust and dirt and the dishes piled around unwashed. Maybe her mother would be lying drunk on the sofa, and then would vomit. Now Rae tries to clean the house up, washes the dishes the best she can, and is planning to graduate from high school and then take nurses' training. Rae says she has decided that if you can't do anything about someone you love, you have to live your own life—not let the loved one's troubles get you down. Much of Rae's feeling about this has come through the prayer which we say every meeting night. Rae says she truly believes the part of the prayer in which we ask God to be a real Partner with us in this business of living, and that it makes a difference to her that she knows that. "I thought nobody cared a thing about me, before," she says.

As for me, it makes a difference to me to begin to understand the *problem* of drinking. I never understood it before. I always blamed my father and mother for drinking; I still don't like it, but I can take it better now. I mean, I understand that they have a constant battle *not* to drink all the time. And when they do drink, and I see them drunk, or arguing, or sick, I don't feel like running off and smashing up something the way I used to. I try to remember that *my* problem is, what I do with my life.

If other teen-agers would like to organize Alateen Clubs, they can write to Alcoholics Anonymous at Pasadena, California, and their letters will be answered. It was at Pasadena that the first Alateen Club was started, and where the high-school boy whose idea it was, still lives.

Besides the regular meetings of our Alateen Club, we have one night a week when we play games and have fun. We serve cookies and soft drinks. Most of us wouldn't miss an Alateen meeting for anything.

UNDER the old oak tree the small child played alone. For toys she used a battered cloth doll, an assortment of acorn cups, and a few odds and ends of colored marble she had picked up near the quarry. The house in the background showed the neglect and disrepair of years, no flower beds gracing its yard, no TV antenna sprouting from the roof, no garage or family car.

The child's play was interrupted by a strident voice from the house. "Mary, come here; I have an errand for you."

She hurried into the dwelling where the father sat hunched by the battered radio, indifferently following its raucous bleats. The room contained a sagging iron bed, a rickety table, and an ancient chest of drawers of uncertain ancestry.

If an observer cared to penetrate beyond the sleazy curtain separating the two rooms, he might have glimpsed an oil stove covered with grease and a sink piled high with the malodorous dishes of several meals.

"Looks like your maw is going to be late coming from work again," grumbled the man, shifting his weight irritably in the cane-bottomed chair. "I want you to go down to the plant and fetch my pay envelope. Tell Tom Simmons that I worked four days this week, and I want every cent, too—no holding out on me. And don't you dare lose it, you hear?"

"No, I won't lose it, father, I promise I won't," the eight-year-old child said. "And I'll hurry, too."

"See that you do," said the man surlily, as he turned back to the blatant cackles of the radio.

The slight figure ran down the hill in front of the house, and in a few minutes came to the large, sprawling plant on the edge of town. By dint of much questioning she found foreman Tom Simmons and told him her errand.

"You tell your father we'll have to replace him if he can't get to work," said the man. "He's been here only six weeks, and he's missed at least twelve work days. We can't run a shop like that."

"Yes, sir, I'll tell him, sir," said the child. "He has been sick this week."

"No doubt," said Tom Simmons, as he patted her blond curls. "Well, just tell him what I said, anyway." Shaking his head, he watched the slight figure go away with the brown pay envelope clutched tightly in her childish hand.

Mary walked along the street of the town, her bare feet wincing slightly at the contact with the hot pavement. She avoided some of the more populated districts because she was ashamed of her thin dress and her lack of shoes. When she saw other small girls in the

distance, she managed to evade them by crossing the thoroughfare.

As she walked along, she eyed the brown envelope curiously and felt its contents through the paper. There must be several bills inside, she decided, and a half dozen coins. She wondered how much it would buy. How curious, she thought, that a few pieces of green paper could be changed into bread, meat, and vegetables, or into a new bed, or a new table, or a new stove. She pressed her face against the plateglass window of a dress shop and stared at the display of children's dresses, shoes, socks, and those delightful standout slips. She wondered what would happen if she should walk into the store and say to the clerk, "I'll take that pale blue dress, please, with the flower trimming on the skirt. And also, I'll have this slip to go with it, and of course I'll need new shoes with my new dress."

She walked slowly past the tempting display and crossed over to the corner supermarket. What delicious odors floated from its doors, and what a delightful picture presented itself behind that glass window! Yes, she might do her buying here, instead of at the clothing store. She would get one of those little carts and have such fun choosing. She was sure she would first lift down some of those delicious-looking apples and grapes. For mother to eat she would buy a huge roast so that she would grow well and strong again, and would not be obliged to go to the doctor so often. And she would select red, red tomatoes, and some of those pretty yellow squash. She wouldn't forget eggs and milk either, and last of all she would take several boxes of those cookies on the center display rack.

But there! She must hurry home, or her father would scold. So, clutching the brown pay envelope, she ran the rest of the way to the house.

"It took you long enough," growled the man as he took the envelope and ripped it open. "Little enough," he scowled, as he eyed the few bills and coins. He looked so fierce that Mary decided to relay Tom Simmons's message later, and she returned to her place under the oak tree.

The man took his bottle from the table and eyed the remaining contents. "Guess this will last tonight," he muttered, as a swallow slid down his throat. "The money will be enough to get a couple more tomorrow."

The little girl played serenely. Her dream was over. No, the crisp green bills never turned into crisp new frocks, or tasty foods, or delicious milk. Those nice things that other little girls had were not for her—not ever.



Titus A.
Frazee

No. 4:
SECURE SOBRIETY

In an old story a young book salesman was trying to sell books on agriculture to the operator of a run-down farm. He said, "If you read these books, you will know how to be twice as good a farmer as you are now."

The farmer replied, "I already know how to be twice as good a farmer as I am. Knowing is not my problem."

In dealing with the problem of alcoholism, we already know more than we do. Knowing is definitely not our problem.

But with all our knowledge we as a nation spend \$3 for liquor every time we spend \$1 for religious purposes. Our total giving to all church enterprises, all denominations, is about \$3,000,000,000 annually. We spend at least \$10,000,000,000 for alcoholic beverages and continue to advertise such anesthetics to the tune of \$400,000,000 annually.

No, it doesn't make sense; it isn't good economics; it certainly isn't Chris-

tian; but we continue to encourage the spread of alcoholism through our failure to take steps to stop the advertising of products causing an "illness." Do we permit any other "disease" to be encouraged rather than prevented?

Bob Moon pictures it succinctly in his little essay, "Old Scarecrow and the Cows":

"Just suppose there were 150,000,000 cows in America. Let's suppose there is an industry doing a great business selling a certain kind of hay. This hay, called Old Scarecrow, while made entirely from locoweed, is alluringly described as a blend of old straw aged in the cornfield. As a result, cows by the millions turn from their sober diet of alfalfa and begin chewing Old Scarecrow.

"Now let's suppose that this stuff makes the cows do silly things such as running into barbed-wire fences, jumping off bridges, or running into automobiles—so much so that 500,000 are

killed or injured every year. Suppose milk production is cut down because the users of Old Scarecrow lost 50,000,000 'cow-days' a year. Suppose the life expectancy of the cows who chew it regularly is reduced by an average of 12 per cent. Suppose that it makes 4,000,000 of the cows so sick that much of the time they are useless, and suppose that for every one that is cured, the industry makes ten more Old Scarecrow addicts. Suppose that caring for the victims of Old Scarecrow requires 80 per cent of the farmer's time.

"And now, just suppose that in spite of all this, the merchants of this fatal fodder are allowed to advertise the stuff in every pasture, so that on almost every fence there appear large pictures of contented 'Cows of Distinction' munching away on Old Scarecrow. And suppose that the manufacturers of Old Scarecrow are making a tremendous profit out of all this trouble and tragedy they cause the farmer.

"How would you expect the farmers to take to all this? Would you expect them to take it sitting down? Or would you expect them to stand up and say to the producers of Old Scarecrow, 'That ain't hay,' and then put forth an effort to protect their cows by banning the advertising and promotion of Old Scarecrow from the range.

"And now just suppose that you cared as much about your children and your fellow men as you would expect the farmer to care about his cows! What do you suppose you would do about drinking?"

MISS AMERICA

(Continued from page 13)

home we always planned to be back in time for choir practice. Sometimes my own heart was not in it, but my parenthood had to be.

I do not feel that children today are any worse than those of previous generations. It is true that parents have more interests outside of the home. Also, children now do not seem to have a growing period. They are rushed from babyhood into adulthood without any opportunity to grow up. Children need a period of "awakening" to life—that there is a vast difference in childhood and young adulthood, that growing and developing bring more responsibilities. Mary Ann seemed one of the slowest children to develop, and this we encouraged.

She always has had a good time, but not in the same way as some other young folks. Actually she was in the

tenth or eleventh grade before she even went out with a boy. She was never allowed to just have a young man drop in; he called and asked whether he could visit. Time with her was to be sought by a young boy, not to be taken for granted. She told me a few days ago that at that time she thought we were the meanest parents in the world. Now, however, she is thankful for the strictness we exerted over her at that time, and insists that we be as strict or more so with her young sister.

From the very beginning, Mary Ann has always had a destination whenever she left home. To my knowledge she has never made an aimless trip. Furthermore, she was always in by ten thirty during her high school years. She was never late even if it meant leaving a show early in order to get home by that time.

In our family circle we have talked over frankly the facts of life. As far as Mary Ann is concerned, she has never been the type to "park." It is true that

a boy quickly recognizes the quality of any girl and whether she is "that kind." Also, we have always felt that she could come to her parents and confide in them.

I do not believe that Mary Ann will ever run away to get married. From childhood she has been taken to church weddings of our friends to see the beauty and dignity, and now she feels that this is the right, the only, way. She automatically thinks of the two together—the church and the wedding.

In anything that she undertook, Mary Ann has always wanted to do her best. She has never been concerned about winning for the sake of winning. For example, when she went to Berkeley to compete for National Football Queen, she did not even take a bathing suit along! She did not think she had a chance of being crowned, but she knew that it was a wonderful opportunity of meeting new people and having new experiences.

She never entered a competition just

to be competing. She is a good loser. She lost her first beauty contest, and has lost another one since then, but she went back later to win that first contest. Possibly the best thing that ever happened to her was to lose. That helped to balance her sense of competition.

To my mind, the purpose of the Miss America Pageant is not necessarily to find the most intelligent girl in America as such, or the most beautiful. I consider the Miss America to be a composite representing the best in American girlhood, in other words, an average American girl. The Miss America Pageant is conducted with great dignity, and I feel that any girl is very fortunate to be able to participate in it.

Mary Ann has a knack of finding a value in every person. She is very observing in that respect, has a great interest in people whether young or old, and has a way of making everyone she meets feel that she has been looking for just that one person all day. She likes talking with people, and is interested in everything they are interested in.

At the end of her year's reign I do not believe that you will know that Mary Ann has been Miss America, except perhaps that she will have made many new friends, and learned a great deal from these acquaintances. As a person she will be the same little girl she was in her home community before being awarded the honor.

DEAD END

(Continued from page 6)

were suffering from delirium tremens and 1,119 from some other form of alcoholism, while among the women suicides there were none suffering from delirium, but all thirty-seven were observed as having other alcoholic diseases. The Swiss statistics indicate clearly that alcoholism is one of the leading causes of the higher suicide rate among men.

In studying the case histories of 100 suicides furnished by an insurance company, Professor Schwarz⁹ of Zurich University, Switzerland, found that in 30 per cent of the cases alcohol had played a decisive part in the decision and the accomplishment of the act. In the autopsy of 300 suicides Heller estimated that 47.6 per cent of the cases had definite signs of chronic alcoholism.

Gabriel¹⁰ studied the causes of death of alcoholics and found that suicides constituted the second cause (20.6 per cent) after tuberculosis (23.4 per cent).

A close connection between alcohol consumption and the frequency of suicide has been noted in Denmark.⁷ During the period 1900-1909 the per capita consumption was 7.8 liters of pure

alcohol per year. In this period out of 100,000 men who died between twenty-five and sixty-five years, 76 died from alcoholism and 98 were suicides. In 1918 the consumption rate was 1.5 liters, while the deaths from alcoholism dropped to one per 100,000 and suicide rate to 28. In 1924 when the consumption rate rose to 2.9, the alcoholism death rate went up to 4, and the suicide rate to 56.

Morselli of France,⁶ in discussing the relationship between alcohol and suicide, quotes the researches of Lunier to show that in France the suicide rate stands in direct relationship to the rate of alcohol consumption. In 1849 hardly 6.69 per cent of suicides were due to alcohol, but twenty years later, at a time when there was a heavy increase in the use of alcohol, the percentage rose to 12.98.

Raymond Girard writes in the September, 1958, issue of the magazine *Realites-Femina Illustration*, page 72: "The counties in which the most suicides occur are those in which the most home distillers are to be found."

In his exhaustive study on "The Excessive Alcoholization and Mortality of the French,"¹¹ Sully Ledermann recalls that in cases of suicide, there is a dovetailing of different causes:

"The alcoholization of an individual can be one of the causes of personality troubles leading to suicide. Conversely neuroses and maladjustments can push a person toward alcoholism and from that point, as before mentioned, a cross process of reciprocal disturbance is released which leads the individual to commit suicide. It is here apparent that without the alcoholization as either primary or secondary cause, the individual would probably not have committed suicide because every regression in alcoholism manifests itself in a decrease of suicide."

In the sixty-seven provinces of Russia in Europe the suicide rate at the turn of the century was very small, according to Korowin,¹² namely, about 25 per 1,000,000 inhabitants. This is in accord with the fact that at that time only 13.89 per cent of the Russian people lived in towns as against 41 per cent to 72 per cent for other European countries. Korowin has put the sixty-seven provinces into five groups according to their vodka consumption, and compared with the suicide rate. From this he shows an increase in the drinking of spirits accompanied by an increase in suicide.

In the United States Moore and Gray¹³ report that among 1,195 cases of attempted suicide among patients admitted to the Boston City Hospital, 143 were alcoholics. Out of eleven patients

Faults in Dust

E. J. Ritter, Jr.

If unkind words and cruel thoughts
And faults of those you trust
Are troubling you, my friend, sit down
And write them in the dust.

If injured by a hasty tongue,
Before you raise your hand
To point a finger at some friend—
Just write it in the sand.

The faults of others you'll forget,
And friends are yours to trust,
If only you'll remember this—
To write their faults in dust.

who committed suicide in another large American hospital there were, according to Pollack,⁴ three chronic alcoholics. In the State of Maryland in 1953 the investigating doctors found that two out of five, 40 per cent of 94, suicides were considerably under influence of alcohol.

Among 100 cases of attempted suicide, Arieff, McCulloch, and Rotman¹⁴ found 22 acute or chronic alcoholics.

One writer on this subject, Boris Kader,¹⁵ came to the conclusion that he who fights alcoholism simultaneously fights suicide. No one who has studied the evidence will doubt that there is a relationship between alcoholism and the suicide rate.

¹ Eero Saarenheimo, "Sosialogisia Itsemurhatutkimuksia," in "Alkoholikysymys," 1952.

² Veli Verkka, "Homicides and Suicides in Finland and Their Dependence on National Character," in "Scandinavian Studies in Sociology," 3, Copenhagen: G.E.C. Gads Forlag, 1951.

³ George N. Thompson, "Alcoholism," Springfield, Illinois: C. C. Thomas, 1956, 548 pp.

⁴ Edwin S. Sheidman and N. L. Farberow, "Clues to Suicide," New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 1957.

⁵ H. W. Haggard and E. M. Jellinek, "Alcohol Explored," New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., 1942.

⁶ Henry Morselli, "Suicide," Troisième édition anglaise, Londres: 1899.

⁷ C. C. Weeks, "Alcohol and Human Life," London: H. K. Lewis and Co., 1938.

⁸ Auguste Lumière, "Variation de la Mortalité par Suicide à Paris de 1925 à 1949," in "L'Avenir Médical," No. 1, 1951.

⁹ Fritz Schwarz, "Probleme des Selbstmordes," Zurich: 1946.

¹⁰ E. Gabriel, "Über die Todesursachen bei Alkoholiker," in "Ztschr. f.d. ges. Neurol. u. Psychiat.," 153:385, 1935.

¹¹ Sully Ledermann, "L'Alcoolisation Excessive et la Mortalité des Français," in "Le Concours Médical," No. 16-19, 1953.

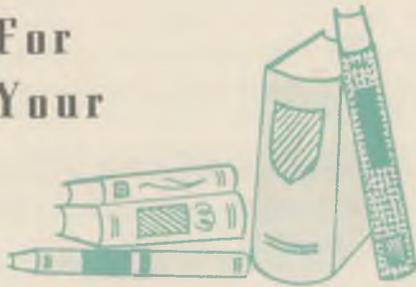
¹² A. M. Korowin, "Samoubijstvo i Potrebienie Vodki v Evropejskoi Rossija," Moscow: 1916.

¹³ M. Moore and M. G. Gray, "Alcoholism at the Boston City Hospital," in "New Eng. J. Med.," 221:45-61, 1939.

¹⁴ A. J. Arieff, R. McCulloch, and D. B. Rotman, "Unsuccessful Suicidal Attempts," in "Des. Nerv. System," 9:174-179, 1948.

¹⁵ Boris Kader, "Life, I Salute You," Cambridge, Massachusetts: Sci-Art Publishers, 1945, 368 pages.

For
Your



Reading and Reference

Really Living, Washington, D.C.: Narcotics Education, Inc., 1958, \$2.50.

Pocket-sized, with eye-catching cover, *Really Living* is full of basic information especially adapted for school use in a program of scientific education for the prevention of alcoholism and drug addiction. The sixteen chapters consist of material reprinted from *Listen* magazine, interspersed with spritely statements from popular personalities such as Pat Boone, Lawrence Welk, Shelly Mann, Carl Erskine, Neva Jane Lang-

ley, Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, Senator Richard Neuberger.

This valuable book includes articles by six authorities in their fields, among whom are Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, of the University of Illinois; Edward J. McGoldrick, Jr., director of Bridge House; Upton Sinclair, modern writer; Daniel Carlsen, founder of Narcotics Anonymous; J. E. "Doc" Webb, fabulous businessman; and Gilbert Geis, of Los Angeles State College.

Really Living is designed to help modern youth face some of the basic problems of life in making right choices for their future happiness. The Andrew C. Ivy series has to do primarily with alcohol, while Daniel Carlsen discusses marijuana, heroin, morphine, codeine, and the barbiturates.

At the close of each chapter, "Guide Suggestions" aid the teacher to summarize the information and to adapt the reference material to the classroom. This provides a factual basis for counseling youth, with emphasis on prevention.

Eric Larrabee and Rolf Meyersohn, Editors, *Mass Leisure*, Glencoe, Illinois: The Free Press, 1958, \$6.25.

Although most people these days feel they have no leisure time, the editors of this book have compiled more than four hundred pages dealing with "Time on Our Hands," including an interesting "Comprehensive Bibliography on Leisure."

In the section entitled, "The Runaway Weekend—Mass Leisure," sports, hobbies, holidays, fads and habits, and the future of leisure are discussed. Particularly of interest to readers of *Listen* is the chapter, "The Motivational Pattern of Drinking," by John W. Riley, Jr., Charles F. Marden, and Marcia Lifshitz. Here are outlined the excuses given for drinking, with special emphasis on the social and individual reasons. Most people drink, the authors find, because of social pressures.

For the hosts and hostesses comes this suggestion: "Never insist on anyone taking a drink. Following this simple rule of etiquette may have greater consequences than you know. If all hosts and hostesses heeded it, the problem of alcoholism might be greatly reduced."

Mass Leisure could be a worth-while book to read—especially in your leisure time.

"ONE SMALL LIGHT"

(Continued from page 22)

tions, the writing field (press, radio, television, motion pictures, books, and magazines). In other words, the Christopher gets out of his own little world and into the big world.

"Parents, directors, and teachers too often are so preoccupied with protecting the young that they overemphasize self-preservation, self-sanctification, self-development, and self-enjoyment. Without intending any harm, they give their children the impression that they have only one mission in life—to take care of themselves. In many instances, they are heading for the monotony, the frustration, even the tragedy which is the inevitable result of concentration on self."

Father Keller declares that one of the best places to practice and perfect love for others is in the home. "Such action will arrest much of the divorce, the juvenile delinquency, the general breakdown of morale that is creeping steadily into millions of homes as love of one another diminishes."

He refers to the millions of people in this country who suffer from some form of mental sickness, including those who have become alcoholics or are on their way to alcoholism. He says, "Many of these tragedies are symptoms of human,

personal crises in the lives of millions of little frustrated people whose daily paths are concentric circles." He believes that in most of these cases the backgrounds are the same. These are the unhappy mortals who are sick of their jobs, sick of their families and friends, sick of their very lives.

"Millions of Americans who are on the brink of mental and emotional disaster can be guided toward self-salva-

tion simply by convincing them to 'wake up and live'—to get out of themselves, and their real and their imagined troubles, by helping others to help themselves."

When we study our relations to the physical world around us, Father Keller promises that "we will come to realize as did the American scientist, Steinmetz, that the hand of God cradles the whole human race in loving solicitude."

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OPINIONS



For the Women!

Women Say NO!

"It is my hope that no club will open its program to women representing distillers. . . .

"The General Federation has always recognized that the American way of life has its source in the home, and that the moral and spiritual strength of the nation radiates from the home. To make drink attractive to men, young people, and now women, through advertisements, television, and the movies will only cause distress and degradation."—Miss Chloe Gifford, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in commenting on the new advertising gimmick of sending women around to promote liquor.

Women as Liquor Peddlers

Speaking to the special Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of Repeal cocktail party held in New York by the Women's Association of Allied Beverage Industries, Edgar M. Bronfman,

potential is women. Women customers in taverns, buying beer, to be specific. . . .

"More than 20 million women consume malt beverages.

"Begin remodeling it [the tavern] for a woman's discriminating taste and her convenience. . . .

"With the remodeling taken care of, your licensed establishment is now ready for full-fledged female patronage."—*The Server*, Jan. 26, 1959.

Advertisers Fawn on Liquor Industry

Charles H. Brower, president, Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborn, one of the nation's largest advertising firms, offered advice to the National Convention of the United States Brewers Foundation on how to increase sales:

"Your product is just as essential as bread, and a whole lot more inviting. Yours is the beverage of moderation. Beer has eased more troubles, and restored more smiles, than all the comic strips and TV shows in the land.

"Beer is more legal than corn flakes. The Constitution of the United States doesn't mention corn flakes, but beer was

"Ghastly Businesses!"

"Cocktail parties are ghastly businesses! I cannot bear them. I don't give them and I rarely go to them. There are a number of people in this world I don't care to meet, and whenever I go to a cocktail party, there they all are! Cocktail parties are full of noisy chatter, wretched people, horrible hors d'oeuvres made with rancid mayonnaise and tired tomatoes, poisonous little-finger sandwiches, warm drinks made with inferior liquor. Cocktail parties are boring, dull, and inefficient—the most miserable form of entertaining

there is, and also the cheapest. I avoid them like the plague."—Miss Elsa Maxwell, radio star, lecturer, and columnist.

"Cocktail parties make you feel articulate, lucid, and wise. In fact, it has been said that million-dollar ideas often occur at cocktail parties. But here I must report somewhat inconclusive results. My own ideas, for instance—which sound highly original and easily worth a million at the party—have a habit of losing their glitter when examined soberly."—Stephen Birmingham, in "Holiday," *March*, 1959.

president of Seagram's Distilleries, emphasized the increasing role of women in the liquor trade and their promotional value for increasing sales, declaring:

"The New York Chapter of WAABI is well known for its charitable activities. Like other industry groups it has earned high community standing. Where once doors were firmly shut in your face and you were called 'those liquor women,' many organizations now request you to serve on their councils and attend their meetings and conventions. Your program of education to acquaint the women of America with our industry and your roles in it is of vital importance to the entire industry, and you would well be proud of it."

Cultivate the Women

"Although beer . . . has become a household byword, both breweries and their natural retail benefactor—the tavern—are still missing out on an inestimable sales potential. This

made specifically legal by the Twenty-first Amendment, which repealed the Eighteenth.

"Women are notoriously more affected by advertising and promotion than men. And as far as you in the brewing industry are concerned, they are just a nation of sleeping beauties. . . .

"Just remember a few simple things. Be proud of your business. Fight like hell. Don't conform."

Your "Only" Business

"Intemperance is one of the great and growing causes of failure in the United States today. Everywhere you go you'll find business and professional men drinking far more than they should. At a cocktail party recently I heard a wife admonishing her drink-happy husband not to take another. 'That's my business!' he snapped. 'Yes,' she said, 'and it's becoming your *only* business, too.'"—Kenneth McFarland, educational consultant for General Motors Corporation.

Distinguished National Leader



BASILIO V. VALDES

IF RESPECTED, leading names in the Philippines, perhaps none stands higher than that of Basilio J. Valdes. Closely associated with General Douglas MacArthur and with Dwight Eisenhower, then an Army major, this vigorous officer was at that time military adviser to the Commonwealth government. During the war he performed valuable service as military chief of staff and secretary of national defense.

His early life was devoted to medicine, both as instructor and as practicing surgeon. He served in nearly every country of Europe as military surgeon and Red Cross Commissioner. In his own country he helped place the practice of medicine on a firm, ethical basis. Because of his abilities along this line his government appointed him Commissioner of Health and Public Welfare.

General Valdes was the first prominent official of the Philippine government to sign the Declaration of Purpose prepared by the International Commission for the

Prevention of Alcoholism to provide opportunity for public officials to go on record banning the serving of alcoholic beverages at all their social parties and state functions.

This distinguished national leader is himself an abstainer, declaring, "As a physician, I know the consequences and the effects of alcoholism. Not only does it affect the organs, but it affects the personality of the individual." He also refrains from the use of tobacco in any form.

To further the cause of prevention in the Philippines and establish an effective educational campaign against alcoholism, there has been organized the Philippine National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism, with Dr. Valdes as chairman. He also represents his country on the International Commission. In this capacity he is continuing the high tradition he has established of personal dedication and service to his country—and to the world as a whole.

