

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING

1960 NATIONAL
COLLEGE QUEEN

Carole Reinhart



How's Your Cholesterol?

Researchers report that three ounces of whisky will increase the cholesterol in a drinker's blood. This study, reported in *Circulation Research*, a journal of the American Heart Association, conflicts with an older theory that heavy drinking protects against hardening of the arteries.

Spiked Preserves

Not long ago the beverage industry sponsored a proposal to amend the fruit preserves standard to recognize as permissible the addition of cherry liquor and rum to flavor preserves. Representatives of the Food and Drug Administration warned those making the request that such a proposal might bring protests from mothers and others who have misgivings about the use of alcoholic beverages. The formal petition was filed anyway.

Within the time allowed for interested persons to submit their views and comments, approximately 500 responses objecting to the proposed amendment were re-

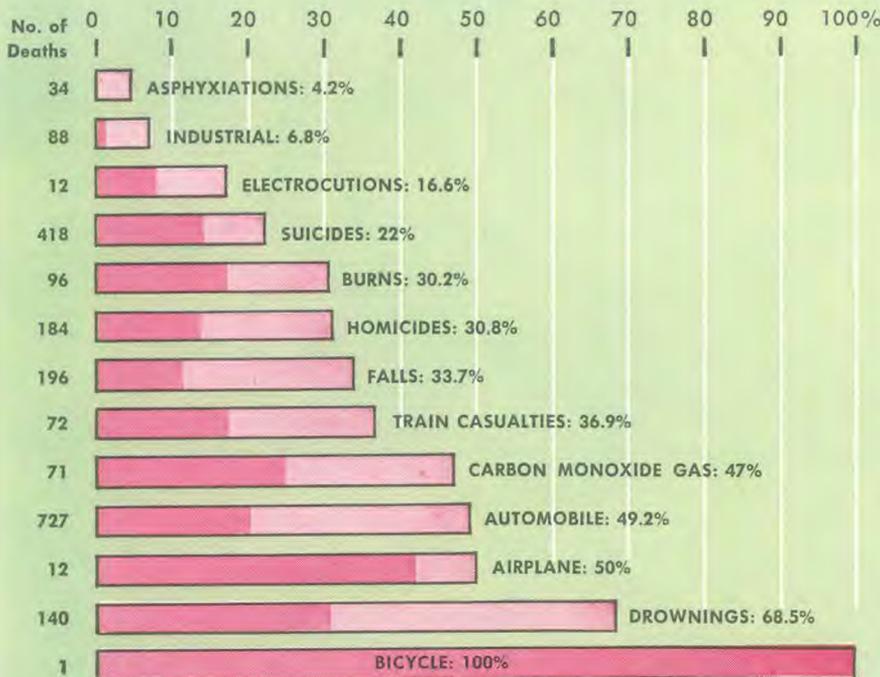
ceived. Shortly thereafter, the Commissioner of Food and Drugs rejected the proposed amendment.

Stop!

Michigan is now using a new paper for drivers' licenses which deters alterations often made by minors attempting to buy alcoholic beverages. When ink eradicator is used, the surface design disappears, and the word "stop" appears.

Anything for an Excuse

Czechoslovakian drivers are required to submit to a blood test administered by a physician upon a charge of drunken driving, provided it will not endanger the subject's health. Objection was raised in Virginia to the proposed "implied consent" law on the grounds that a subject might have hemophilia, a very rare disease causing a subject to bleed continuously from small wounds. Such a provision could overcome this objection.



Alcohol and Autopsies

Some 31 per cent of the 3,617 autopsied cases over a 25-year period in Middlesex County, New Jersey, had alcohol as a factor in the deaths, according to records released by the county's chief medical examiner, Dr. William C. Wilentz.

This chart shows alcohol's influence in the various categories of violent deaths. The darker shading indicates the percentage of "under the influence" cases (.15 per cent or more of alcohol), and the lighter shading indicates cases where blood and brain tests showed less than .15 per cent. The percentages stated are those in which some drinking was involved. The graph is adapted from *Report*.

Of the total of violent deaths represented in this graph, alcohol was involved in about 40 per cent.

LISTEN

A Journal of Better Living

MARCH-APRIL, 1961
Volume 14, No. 2

OUR COVER

"I came to Miami to find a girl as an example of good health and vivacity, and here you are flat on your back."

Thus began "Listen's" preliminary interview with Carole Reinhart—in the university infirmary. The flu bug catches up with everybody sooner or later, but with Carole it couldn't stay long. Because of her tremendous bounce she was up the next day and back at her breakneck pace as a sophomore, student in music, symphony orchestra player, band member, and National College Queen.

"Listen's" cover picture of Carole is by David Greenfield.

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WEDDINGS are at times solemnized in unique places, but in most such instances the only purpose to be gained is that of publicity.

In San Francisco not long ago a cocktail waitress and a truck driver were married in the bar where she worked. However, this was not for morbid publicity purposes, since to this couple the atmosphere and environment of the bar seemed the most logical for such an occasion.

"Neither of us has a family, and all our friends are people who come here," the bride commented. "So I decided that I wanted to have my wedding right here in the bar."

There is a poignancy to this story that cannot be mistaken. There is no more lonely place in the world than a city, particularly a large city. Perhaps the most prevalent of the gnawing troubles of mankind today is that of loneliness. Here's where the bar comes in, and here we find the chief reason for its drawing power and financial success.

For millions of people, life has settled down to a humdrum existence; for example, work all day, then come home to a

compact efficiency apartment, throw together a bite to eat, glance at a bit of television, and saunter off to the only place they know to get a little human companionship—the bar.

As Guy Wright describes it, "You see them there. Rootless men. Lots of women, too. Divorced, widowed, or maybe they never got around to marriage. They talk to the bartender, using him as a sounding board for covertly communicating with each other, waiting for the alcohol to give them the courage to be friendly. Or maybe they sit silently toying with their ice cubes, grateful just to be in the presence of other human beings."

And he goes on, "I am surprised that studies of alcoholism have paid so little attention to the part that loneliness plays in the making of a lush. Many people who eventually become habitual drunks start going to a bar, not to seek oblivion in a bottle, but simply in search of human companionship. They would be willing to spend the evening sipping hot chocolate, if someone would only talk to them."

There is a lot more truth in this comment than appears on the surface. We are told by those who should know that there are more than five million alcoholics in the United States. Take the combined population of ten selected states, and it wouldn't total as many as this mass of miserable beings.

Much is said, too, as to why all this comes about, why people begin to drink in the first place, and what it is that makes an alcoholic. Some say that a chemical imbalance in the human system is at fault. Others point to an emotional lack, or a psychological quirk. Of course, the question is always present, as with the hen and the egg—where does the *cause* leave off and the *result* begin?

If the whole story were known, probably a considerable percentage of the alcoholics of our nation, and other nations in the world as well, have become such because of loneliness, and their attempt to find respite in returning to places where human company is coupled with drinking.

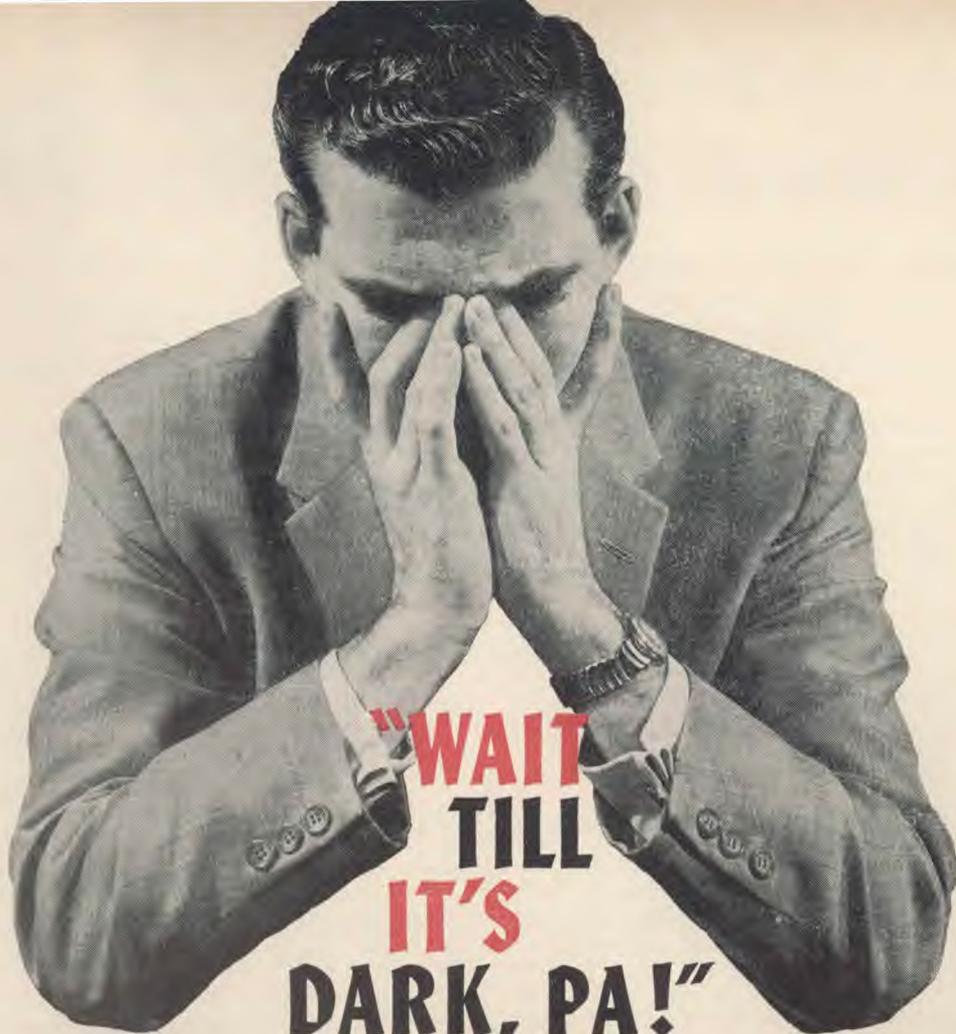
Loneliness can be devastating if a person permits it to be. For that reason keeping as busy as possible will help keep loneliness at bay. The advantage of being busy is that you don't have time to think about yourself. This principle is a good one, too, to be applied at the age of retirement. Interests and hobbies should be developed so as to keep the attention off oneself.

In solving this problem of alcoholism on a permanent basis, there could be no greater contribution made than the supplanting of the bar and tavern with social centers minus the intoxicants, where the lonely could find converse and association in an environment which does not lead downward and thus tend to increase the already staggering toll of alcoholism.

on loneliness



Francis A. Soper



**"WAIT
TILL
IT'S
DARK, PA!"**

HE HATED daylight-saving time because it got dark so late. It was better when darkness set in about six o'clock or so, because then the people couldn't see his pa. Oh, they could see him, all right, but it would not be so obvious, and the darkness would be a protective seal, so to speak.

Yes, a protective seal. Odd, isn't it, that all of a sudden his pa should become the object of his shame. For years he had never paid too much attention to his pa's carrying on, figuring that that's how it is, and so what? His pa's drinking was more or less taken for granted by his ma, too. When he would come wobbling upstairs and into the kitchen, ma would ease him into the bedroom, and that was that. He never argued or raised his voice in anger. He was the nicest and most obliging drinker in the whole neighborhood.

The boy fidgeted on the porch. He reached down and scratched his right thigh. After a moment he ran his fingers over his chin, and a sudden cold fear overwhelmed him. Yes, he needed another shave. That meant the second one for the week, and before he knew it he would be shaving regularly every other day.

Ah, well, it was all part of the penalty of being sixteen. Now twenty-one is the best age of all, the boy thought. Five more years to go, and he would make it, and then Agnes and he could get married. His sister had married Jimmy on her eighteenth birthday, and now they had two daughters. Girls. One girl wouldn't be bad, but *two*. This was tough, being in love with a blue-eyed blonde,

and not being able to get married and live your own life.

"Frankie, you'd better come upstairs now and wash up. Supper's almost ready."

"O.K., ma!" he called. He didn't look up. He knew she was leaning out the window directly overhead, her hands resting on the sill.

He wondered what she was doing now, this very minute. Not ma—he knew what she was doing, puttering around the kitchen and worrying about pa. Here it was six o'clock and still bright out, and his father punched the factory time clock at four thirty. His stomach felt queasy for a moment as he thought of his pa, because he knew he would have to tell him soon, maybe tonight. It would have to come to a head sooner or later, and it might as well be sooner. He was getting sick and tired of it, particularly when he was playing football here in the middle of the street with the neighborhood kids after supper, fifteen or twenty of them, and he just couldn't take it any longer. Now, at sixteen, he was ashamed.

Ah, now—and it was all because of her. He turned his head to his right and saw the upstairs porch of her house 'way down at the very end of the street. She's probably eating supper, he thought, and tonight they would meet in the library, and whisper.

When he strolled into the kitchen, his ma was standing by the stove, a tired smile playing at the corners of her mouth.

"Pa home?" he asked, merely to make conversation.

"Not yet, Frankie. He'll probably be a little late."

"Yes, about two and a half hours, when the street is crowded and all the people in the neighborhood are sitting on their front porches," he said. "Ma, I hate the summertime, do you know it? I hate daylight-saving time!"

"Now, now, Frankie. Just wash up, and you and I will eat. I'll keep his supper warm on the stove." She paused, studying him intently. "Your pa's all right, Frankie. Ah, he likes his little nip while he gabs with his cronies down there, but there are worse faults in other men, you know. He's gentle and kind, and he's never abusive. And he's never missed a day's work in his life," she finished proudly.

The boy and his mother ate in silence. It had been rather lonesome around the house since his sister married Jimmy. Funny, but he still wasn't resigned to her being gone. He had never paid much attention to her when she was here, but now that she was gone he missed her.

After supper he sprawled on the living-room sofa and tried to concentrate on the sports page of the evening paper.

"Aren't you going out to play football with the boys, Frankie? I hear them in the street."



"Later, ma. I want to digest that good meal."

He could hear them yelling in the street below. Ah, no sense in getting all sweated up and then sitting next to her in the library.

After a while he strolled over to the open window and gazed up the street. When he spotted his pa rounding the corner, the boy's heart constricted for a moment, and he studied the walking figure intently. Yes, yes, he was wavering—precariously, but not dangerously. He wasn't too bad; bad enough, but not too bad. Then again, he was earlier than usual. The boy ducked back to the protective safety of the sofa. His cheeks felt warm, and he kept rubbing the palms of his moist hands together, occasionally interlocking the fingers.

They would notice. Every guy in the street and every blabber-mouth on a porch or perched in a window would notice, and they would all exchange knowing glances, sly smiles, or lips puckered in a snicker.

The boy heard the heavy footsteps on the hallway stairs, heard the kitchen door close softly, and then the hushed, mellow voices of his parents floated in to him. Now they were giggling. He had never in his life known two people like them. Two middle-aged people who cared so very much for each other, and yet, and yet—

Well, it was now or never. His pa probably had a glow on, but he certainly wasn't inebriated. Probably a dozen beers or so at Hugo's Place, which called for a rosy glow.

The boy took a deep breath, sighed, and strolled into the kitchen. His pa was bent forward, his lips puckered; he was blowing gently on his wife's neck as she leaned over the stove. Her melodious, childish giggle cut the boy like a knife.

"Silly old man," she said softly.

"Pa," the boy said.

He saw his father glance up quickly, a pleased gleam in his dark eyes. "Frankie boy!" he called happily. "Thought I noticed you on the street playing football."

"No, pa. But I have something I would like to say." He gulped, and pressed his back against the wall. It felt itchy. "Pa, I—I don't exactly know how to put it. I did, but now I don't. You understand? It's a favor I'm going to ask, pa." He saw his father eyeing him steadily as he groped for a chair, and the boy's vision seemed bleary for a moment as he watched him sit.

"Yes. Well, go on, Frankie. I'm listening," his father said.

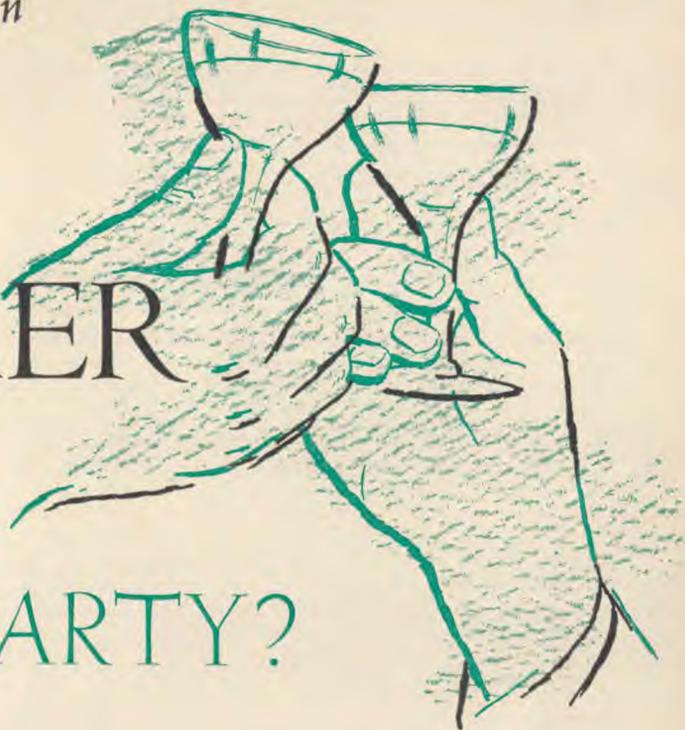
"I—I just don't know how to put it," the boy stammered. "But you know how much I think of you, pa. You've been good, the best, always working and all. There's only one thing, but to me, right now, it's the most important thing in the whole world." He paused suddenly, and the terrible silence sent cold chills racing up and down his spine. "Pa, I—I—" He broke off, almost in utter defeat; his tongue felt loose, as though it had collapsed on him in the most crucial moment of his life.

"Say it, son," his mother said suddenly, and when he turned he noticed the fine, rigid set of the jaw, the unwavering look of the tired eyes, the firmness of the lips. She knew, and she was glad. He would be speaking for them both because she didn't have the heart—the courage, yes, but not the heart. She

(Turn to page 27.)

The boy listened to heavy footsteps on the hallway stairs. The kitchen door closed softly, and then the hushed, mellow voices of his parents floated in to him.

WHAT CAN A NONDRINKER DO AT A COCKTAIL PARTY?



Many young people face this dilemma in one of two ways: by refusing to drink and being considered unsociable, or by weakening and beginning what can become an unhappy habit. However, there is a third way that avoids these two extremes and fits right in with any social gathering.

The first person to bring this third way to my attention was a fellow bank employee named Jerry. One day, a few years ago, we were both told by a bank officer to be at the local country club that evening. There was to be a regional bank meeting, and he assured us that we were going to have a good time. Some of the older bank employees later on in the day gave us a more specific term for this good time—"the yearly drunk."

I was apprehensive about this meeting and how I was going to make a good impression. I was more concerned about Jerry's reaction. He had about as much of an idea as I did of what to expect at this meeting. I knew he belonged to a particular church group that didn't believe in drinking, and I knew further that his parents felt the same way. In fact, he had made some strong remarks about the dangers of both smoking and drinking. This

meeting would be a good chance to see if he really stood by his beliefs.

I arrived at the country club that evening a few minutes after the scheduled time for the meeting. Evidently everyone else had arrived earlier, because the parking lot was nearly full. The cocktail party was in progress when I entered the main clubroom. All the men (this was a stag affair) seemed to be either gathered in groups or wandering about in the process of drinking—including Jerry!

I was disappointed to see Jerry with half a glass of "mix." Somehow I thought he would stick by his oft-repeated convictions.

A few minutes later I had a chance to talk with Jerry. I'm afraid I was a little too blunt when I said, "I thought you didn't drink!"

He seemed to be offended, and replied, "I don't!"

"Well, then, what do you have in that glass—lemonade?" I shot back.

Jerry smiled as he said, "I'll let you in on a secret. I don't drink, and I'm just fooling the public when I carry this glass around. When I got here I went into the bar and got a soft drink. This way I can stay sober, keep drinking, and not be obvious. All I have here is a straight drink, no liquor added. Here, smell the glass."

This stunned me for a second. I smelled his glass, took a sip, and confirmed that Jerry was telling the truth. Maybe this was hypocritical, but it seemed less hypocritical than what some of the men around us were doing as they were getting off to a good start in getting drunk.

I thought to myself, if Jerry can do it, so can I! I worked my way through the crowd to another part of the building. In theory, this part had been closed off to the bankers' meeting. This was the regular barroom, which was open only for the regular club members. I went up to the bar and ordered

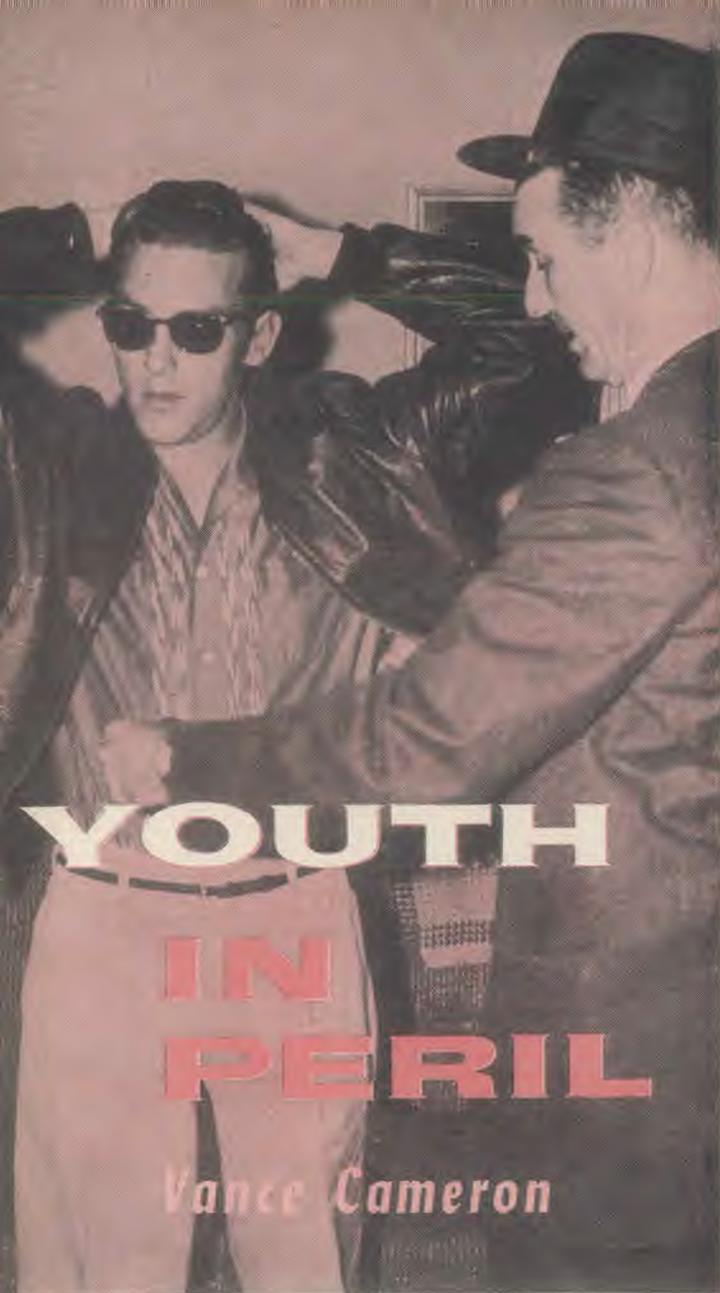
(Turn to page 32.)

OPINION PLEASE! Before publication, this article by Ed Shannon was submitted to a reading panel of experts. Result: divergence of opinion, such as, "Best solution possible," "Cowardly, sneaky," "Why doesn't he stand up and be counted?" "Only way for a young businessman to get ahead."

What is your opinion? What would you do, or have you done, in the same situation?

"Listen" plans to feature your replies to this question. Send your personal suggestion to the Editor, "Listen," 6840 Eastern Avenue, N.W., Washington 12, D.C.

The Sober Way to Be a Social Drinker



YOUTH IN PERIL

Vance Cameron

In Houston, Texas, a stake-out netted this man who was helping to arrange dope parties to trap unwary victims.

AS A former drug addict, I am personally involved and painfully conscious of the menace of narcotics that threatens our country today. During the two years I have just spent as a patient in the United States Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky (one of the Government's two treatment centers for addiction), I met and talked with several thousand addicts from all corners of the nation. Many of them were committed by the courts, but the majority volunteered for treatment.

Some of these addicts are professional people: doctors, lawyers, engineers, and even clergymen. Some own or operate businesses, both large and small. Others are laborers, white-collar workers, housewives, musicians, farmers, and factory hands, contributing members of society who maintain respected positions in their home communities in spite of their pathetic affliction.

A firsthand glimpse of one of the most devastating scourges of our modern day.

But the majority are social derelicts, parasites whose very lives are lived at an expense to others. These scavengers contribute nothing. Their daily "occupations" are varied and sordid. They are prostitutes and the half-men they support, thieves who have perpetrated every conceivable form of larceny, skid-row leeches, gamblers, jail-hardened toughs, street-toughened delinquents, vice punks of all shapes and sizes, the sweepings of the nation's slums.

But no matter who they are, what they are, or where they hail from, almost all voice the same frightening report:

Dope is everywhere, and more innocent victims are being enslaved every day!

According to New York addicts, there are upwards of 30,000 heroin users in that city alone. Chicago drug users claim nearly as many. Also reputed to support vast numbers of addicts are California, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Texas, and Louisiana.

An addict today can purchase narcotics almost anywhere in New York City. Anyone familiar with the city's widespread narcotics complex can quickly cite at least twenty-five areas where a dope purchase can easily be made. Harlem is a sanctum for dope traffickers.

In some sections teen-agers and their adult counterparts need go no farther than the corner candy store to do business with a "pusher."

A Senate subcommittee investigated New York City's recent wave of teen-age terrorism, and firmly linked dope addiction with the alarming increase in juvenile delinquency. Mayor Robert F. Wagner demanded tighter Federal control of narcotics as one measure needed to fight the "epidemic of crimes committed by teen-agers of both sexes." Mayor Wagner explained that young addicts will do anything to get their next "shot," and often they are driven to violent crimes.

Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller also called for tighter control of the narcotics traffic to prevent further addiction among youth. In addition, he requested the establishment of Federal treatment centers and rehabilitation facilities for teen-age narcotics addicts.

The Chicago story is much the same. The city is saturated with illicit narcotics, and plagued with the attendant juvenile crime. Despite the hard-hitting efforts of a formidable police force, the drug problem remains critical. As one Chicago addict stated: "The police have declared an all-out war on us. Sure, a lot of peddlers are being arrested, but for every one they nab, two will take his place."

And this alarming axiom appears to hold true! Heroin can be bought in many sections of the city. On Chicago's dope-plagued South Side, peddlers are doing a big business, and prodigious amounts of money and narcotics change hands every day.

How many addicts does it take to support this anthill of dope activity? Chicagoans say the addict population

must number around 20,000. Many feel the figure is probably much higher. Said one young addict: "Every day I meet a couple of new ones, mostly kids, and I sure don't go out of my way to meet new people. Chicago must be loaded with junkies!"

In Washington, D.C., dope transactions have taken place in the very shadow of the Capitol! Peddlers have even been known to conduct their cruel business in the corridors and lobbies of Government buildings. Many dope "pads" are spotted throughout the southeast and southwest sections of the city, and suppliers sometimes stand on various street corners, selling their deadly merchandise as openly as if they were peddling newspapers.

Philadelphia is reputedly a tough town for addicts. But three to five thousand manage to survive the rigors created by the city's zealous police department.

Pittsburgh is now being called an addict's haven, and many addicts, mostly New Yorkers, are migrating there because they have become too well known in their native haunts.

West Coast addicts speak warmly of San Francisco, "a drug addict's paradise." The North Beach and Fillmore districts support several thousand addicts, and pushers peddle their powdered death within half a block of the Hall of Justice.

Los Angeles and Oakland are also prominently mentioned as cities where heroin is plentiful, and many California addicts make regular trips across the Mexican border to purchase their drug needs.

Southern states, too, are faced with a severe narcotics menace. Hundreds of Southern addicts ply regular rural routes, deceiving unsuspecting physicians with faked ailments in order to gratify their insatiable craving for dope. Aside from Birmingham, Mobile, Charlotte, Atlanta, and New Orleans, where moderate heroin traffic exists, most Southern drug users profess a preference for the so-called "legal" narcotics. These include morphine, dilaudid, pantopon, laudanum, demerol, and methadone. To get these drugs, when prescribing physicians are unavailable, addicts often rob or burglarize pharmacies, wholesale drug supply houses, and doctors' offices. They frequently steal and forge hundreds of narcotics prescriptions, and occasionally a physician will return to his automobile to find that his medical bag has been stolen for the small quantity of dope it contains.

Many supposed experts maintain that this country's

A Damoclean Sword

Dr. Lois Lundell Higgins

Director, Crime Prevention Bureau, State of Illinois
President, International Association of Women Police

The menace of drug addiction today hangs like a Damoclean sword over our nation. Thousands of young Americans are victims of the dope habit, and as their number increases, so too does the total of crimes in our communities.

Admit it or not, narcotics addiction is a national problem. While many of our cities are openly, actively, and courageously fighting the drug traffic, others are burying their heads in the sand and denying their troubles.

We had to learn how to fight cancer before we ever made any progress in that field—and yet, we have so much still to learn. It is the same situation in regard to narcotics. If we are to cure our addicts, or halt the spread of this illegal traffic, we must turn and face our enemy in every community, and fight back intelligently, as a team. We can't leave the fight to the few who have been carrying the burden. If all of us will join them, work with them, study and plan with them, the menace of drug addiction can be eliminated for all time.

narcotics problem is well in hand. Yet, according to the testimony of addicts, this is an inaccurate appraisal apparently designed to mislead the public. Aside from those already mentioned, a number of United States cities are still confronted with the awful specter of addiction. A few of these are Saint Louis, Kansas City, Detroit, Indianapolis, Seattle, Portland, San Diego, Berkeley, Dallas, Houston, El Paso, Baltimore, Louisville, Miami, Newark, Jersey City, and Boston.

Then how many addicts are there in the United States? Just how extensive is the problem? Even after hundreds of investigations, no one actually knows.

Since the enactment of the Harrison Narcotic Control Act in 1914, and the passage of subsequent laws calling for progressively harsher

(Turn to page 28.)



Paraphernalia used by addicts is here discussed informally by Joseph Fiedoral of Chicago and two patrolmen. For twenty-seven years Officer Fiedoral dealt directly with the narcotics problem, receiving much of his inside information in the notorious Maxwell Street district, once the focal point of drug distribution.

Handcuffed suspects rounded up by the police in a west coast dope raid.





◀ *Brian Phelps, Britain's bronze-medal diver: No smoking, no drinking.*



SEVERAL months have not dimmed my memory of that day: recess day for the athletes in Olympic Village in the old city of Rome. In company with a friend of mine, a member of the Australian team, I was "doing" the village, taking a close look at everything in this unique town—the living quarters, built on pilasters to leave space underneath for direct access or relaxation; the meeting hall for the athletes; the gift shop with curios from all around the world; the post office, busy with mail for the ends of the earth; and the barbershop. Olympic Village was indeed unusual, a community virtually independent from the outside world.

More than in buildings and sidewalks, however, I was interested in people, the best people of the world, the most skilled performers from many lands, the athletes who had spent their lives in preparing for this wonderful moment.

Near the village entrance we found a young Italian, dressed in his sports suit of sky blue with "Italia" embroidered in white across it. He greeted us warmly and talked freely. Part of his "freely" had to do with the use of tobacco and alcohol by athletes.

"These things are certainly to be put aside by every athlete," he said. No, he didn't use them himself,—during training, that is,—but "between training periods" he confessed that he did smoke a few cigarettes and take a little wine at mealtime.

"Well, did you ever win the finals?"

A wry, bitterish smile creeping across his face, he came back, "No, I was eliminated."

We could but wonder how many of the eliminated could tell the same story.

Not far away in Olympic Village we found Lanzi, the former Italian champion in the 400-meter track event, who had also won a silver medal in the Berlin Olympics, now instructing the Italian track team.

"My best athletes do not drink, nor do they smoke," he commented, "and those who do not follow this rule never achieve lasting success."

We put the question, "How many of your team members abstain?"

Without hesitation he began to recite names—Lievore, Conti, Baraldi, Gardoni, Panic, Ottolina, Cotola, Cavalli, Martini, Berruti, and Consolini.

As to the last named, a world-renowned discus thrower, Lanzi repeated in emphasis, "He adheres strictly to the principle of abstaining from alcohol and tobacco."

"Why do real champions leave these habits alone?" we asked him.



▲ *Betty Cuthbert, Australia, gold medals in track: "To get to the top in anything, I would say it is better and necessary to leave liquor behind."*



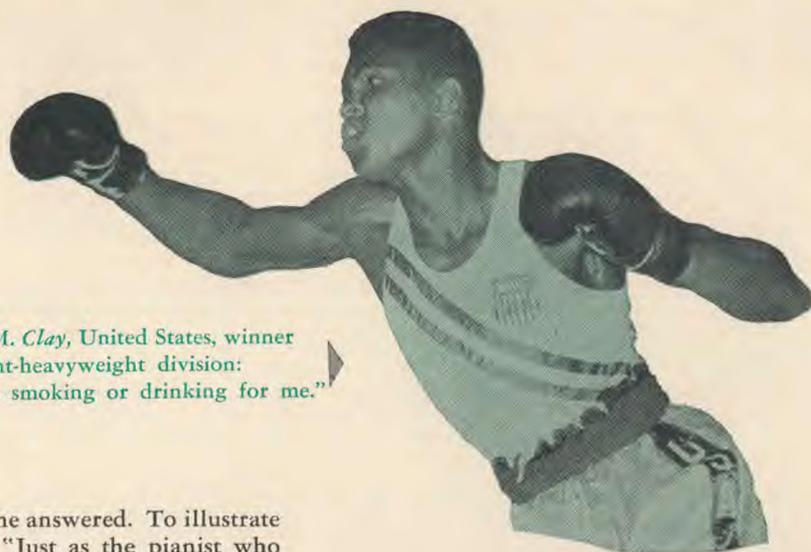
◀ *Livis Berruti, Italy, and Wilma Rudolph, United States: Personal demonstration of most healthful drinks.*

John Thomas, United States, world champion of high jump: "I abstain." ▶



Gianfranco Rossi

Murray Rose, Australia, swimming, gold medals: "Neither smoking nor drinking have any value whatsoever upon health or the development of the best in life. They are therefore harmful and should be left alone."



Cassius M. Clay, United States, winner in light-heavyweight division: "No smoking or drinking for me."

"Alcohol has a deadly effect on the nervous system," he answered. To illustrate his meaning, he compared an athlete with a pianist. "Just as the pianist who drinks does not have a steady playing hand, so the athlete who indulges does not possess quick reflexes." He described what exacting measures must be taken with athletes to ensure their best performing ability. "In our country," the vigorous runner asserted, speaking of the sports fraternity, "Bacchus and tobacco have no right to citizenship."

Next stop for my Australian friend and me was the hospital. There we found Dr. Oliva Gaetano, who had access to the clinical charts of all the Olympic contestants. These charts included the question asked of each athlete: "Do you use tobacco or alcohol?"

Looking at the files on his desk, Dr. Gaetano remarked with emphasis in his voice, "Very few of those sportsmen who drink or smoke ever achieve success. It is a commonly accepted fact that tobacco and alcohol are not for athletes, especially cigarettes, which are always damaging."

To show how top performers adhere strictly to such a rule, the doctor cited an incident happening the day before. A young Easterner was brought in great pain to the hospital, suffering from a boil. During medical attention his pain became so great that it was suggested that the young fellow drink something to help deaden the pain. The doctor didn't mention alcohol; but, taking for granted that that was what was intended, the athlete opened his eyes wide and replied, "No, doctor, I neither drink nor smoke!"

During the day we talked to scores of athletes from many different countries. The story was always the same: The price of real success is to leave all detracting and degrading habits alone.

I was satisfied with my visit to Olympic Village. Young people coming from all nations, each different from the others in race, civilization, culture, and habits, were competing with one another to win the medals of victory. Confirming what I already knew, and what all young people should know, each one told me that alcohol and tobacco are enemies of the body, the soul, and the mind, enemies of health and life itself.

One of the aims of the Olympic Games in Rome was to send out to the world and to the victims of divisions, tensions, and cold war, a message of fraternity, of peace, and of life. But another message was sent also, silently, indirectly, powerfully, that of the example of the best athletes on earth, saying, "Free yourself of dangerous habits, and your life will be healthier, happier, and more victorious."

John Konrads, Australian swimming medalist: "I don't agree with drinking, even in moderation—the stuff is no good."



Rasvorova, Russian silver-medal winner in fencing: "To me, drinking may mean not winning."

Herb Elliott, Australia's 1500-meter gold medalist: "I stopped smoking to run."

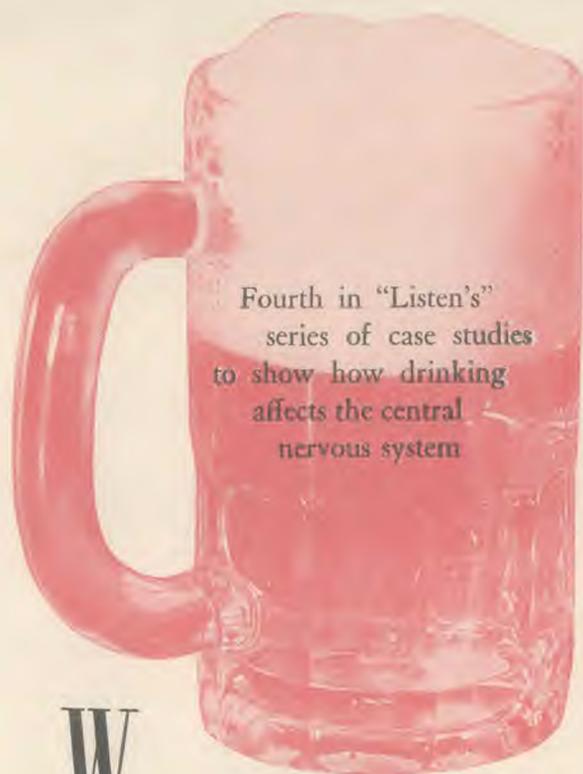


Jack - Drank Only

Laurence A. Senseman, M.D., D.N.B.

Medical Director

Fuller Memorial Sanitarium



Fourth in "Listen's"
series of case studies
to show how drinking
affects the central
nervous system

WHEN he was eighteen, Jack was interested in doing exactly as other boys did. When he went to a dance, he usually took one or two beers. This was not unusual in his group; in fact, all drank. When he returned home nights, beer was always in the refrigerator because his father, mother, and other members of his family drank also.

Jack had much promise as a machinist as he grew up, and he married rather young.

His drinking continued until it was not at all unusual for him to drink more than a gallon of beer a day. This, of course, was easy because he had a job as a bartender after his day's work. There were times when he was not sure exactly how much he did drink.

An "Absolute Necessity"

Jack never became really drunk, nor did he eat a full meal for a number of years. He never seemed to be hungry, and he skipped many meals; but that glass of beer was always handy, and bottles were always in the refrigerator. His hours at the bar gave him little time to sleep, and in the morning he needed something to pick him up for his regular work. His bottle of beer became an absolute necessity. Even during his lunch hour he had his usual beer.

At the age of forty-three Jack began to show evidence of neurological disease. First, he noticed that he couldn't see as well, his eyes did not always move in the direction that he intended them to, he became unsteady on his feet, and he even found it difficult to hold things in his right hand. He and his wife became alarmed about these symptoms, and the doctor who was called advised hospitalization. This was such an unusual problem that it puzzled his family physician, who called in a neurologist. At first it was diagnosed as a cerebral vascular disorder in the brain stem.

In the family history it was noted that the patient's father, who was also a drinker, died at the age of fifty-eight. His four brothers and two sisters, except one, all drank. Several members of his family had died at a younger age from cerebral vascular accidents.

Effects on the Eyes

On careful examination it was noted that the pupils of Jack's eyes did not react properly to light; in fact, they were both different in their size and response to light. It was also noted that the eyes did not converge, nor did they move upward in a normal fashion. It was impossible for Jack to read at this time, and it seemed that he could not focus his eyes accurately. There was also a disturbance in the reflexes of his upper and lower extremities, with more weakness noted on his right side. Jack was somewhat unsteady when walking about his room. After considerable hospitalization and lengthy examinations, it was determined that Jack had Wernicke's disease, described elsewhere in connection with this article. Now at forty-three Jack was totally incapacitated and probably would remain so the rest of his life. His beer drinking and lack of adequate diet had produced vascular changes in the brain stem resulting in serious impairment of this man's ability to function and lead a productive and happy life.

It is often thought that beer does not harm the central nervous system. This is a delusion that the brewing industry would like everyone to believe, but it is a fact that more than half the patients who are seen at the Doyle Avenue Clinic of the Rhode Island Division of Alcoholism are under the care of this clinic because of the exclusive and continued use of beer.

Beer

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO JACK

Deep in the center of the brain are certain areas of gray matter known as nuclei, or nerve cell centers. These include those nerve centers which are in close proximity to the cerebral aqueduct, a channel deep in the center of the brain through which the spinal fluid flows from the ventricles to the subarachnoid space. In these nuclei, under certain circumstances, are small vascular lesions, which are results of changes in the blood vessel wall. These are degenerative, or necrotic, areas which are in reality small, or petechial, hemorrhages. Even very small areas of hemorrhage in this area cause considerable damage to function because of the heavy concentration of vital nerve centers, one of which controls the eyes and their movements.

It has been recognized for some time that alcoholism can produce just such damage in these vital areas, and this may be enhanced by a vitamin-B deficiency, frequently associated with alcoholism. That similar lesions can be reproduced in laboratory animals is well known.

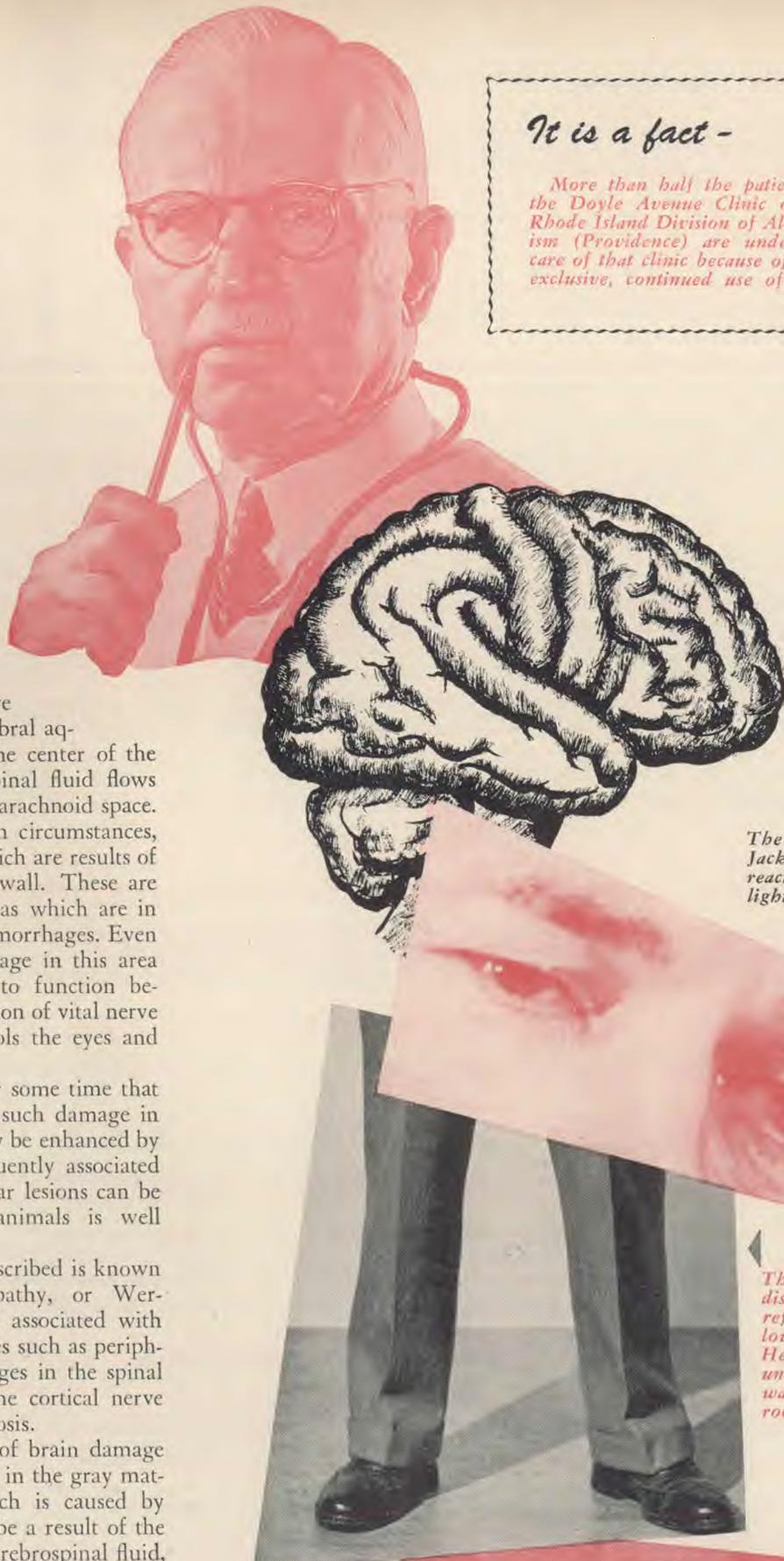
The structural damage described is known as hemorrhagic encephalopathy, or Wernicke's disease, and may be associated with other postalcoholic syndromes such as peripheral neuritis, also with changes in the spinal cord and degeneration of the cortical nerve cells as in Korsakoff's psychosis.

It is, therefore, this type of brain damage with its characteristic lesions in the gray matter deep in the brain which is caused by chronic alcoholism. It may be a result of the presence of alcohol in the cerebrospinal fluid, but its actual genesis is probably due to associated avitaminosis as a result of chronic alcoholism.

This, then, was the end result of Jack's continued and heavy use of beer,—just beer.

It is a fact -

More than half the patients at the Doyle Avenue Clinic of the Rhode Island Division of Alcoholism (Providence) are under the care of that clinic because of their exclusive, continued use of beer.



The pupils of Jack's eyes did not react properly to light.

There was also a disturbance in the reflexes of his lower extremities. He was somewhat unsteady when walking about his room.



He even found it difficult to hold things in his right hand.

A Primer on Alcohol

HAVE you seen a normally reserved, quiet person become loud and boisterous after a few drinks? Did you attribute this change to the stimulation of the alcohol in the drinks? If so, many people would agree with you; but all of you would be wrong, for alcohol is a potent drug acting on the brain, not as a stimulant, but as a depressant.

The reason most people act exhilarated and gay after drinking alcoholic beverages is that the alcohol has depressed the higher functions of the brain which control judgment, sense of caution, and skills. With these controls removed, he is like a car without brakes. The drinker, with his self-criticism in abeyance, usually has a very high opinion of himself; and this attitude, or false sense of power and superiority, is often demonstrated through noisy camaraderie or antisocial behavior.

Contributing to the popular conception that alcohol is a stimulant, another factor is that those beverages with a 40 to 50 per cent alcohol concentration cause a burning, smarting sensation. This may induce a reflex action of the nervous system which temporarily increases the rate of breathing and of the heartbeat, and arouses one from a faint. Ordinary smelling salts would do the same.

Actually, alcohol is an anesthetic which tends to numb and paralyze the central nervous system. "Intoxicate" is from the Latin *intoxicare*, which means "to drug or poison." According to Dr. C. W. Muehlberger, Michigan State toxicologist, ethyl alcohol, because of its wide use in social drinking, might be said numerically to top the list of all poisons in seriousness of consequences. Although it does not directly cause as many deaths as carbon monoxide, its indirect toll in dead, permanently disabled, and seriously injured is far greater.

Tests show that there is measurable impairment of ability after a person drinks one bottle of beer or a drink containing only one ounce of whisky, especially when the drinker weighs less than 120 pounds. The higher intellectual levels of the brain, which are the first to be affected, control those functions which are the most essential in man's progress toward becoming a profitable human being, able to make a free choice and to control his destiny.

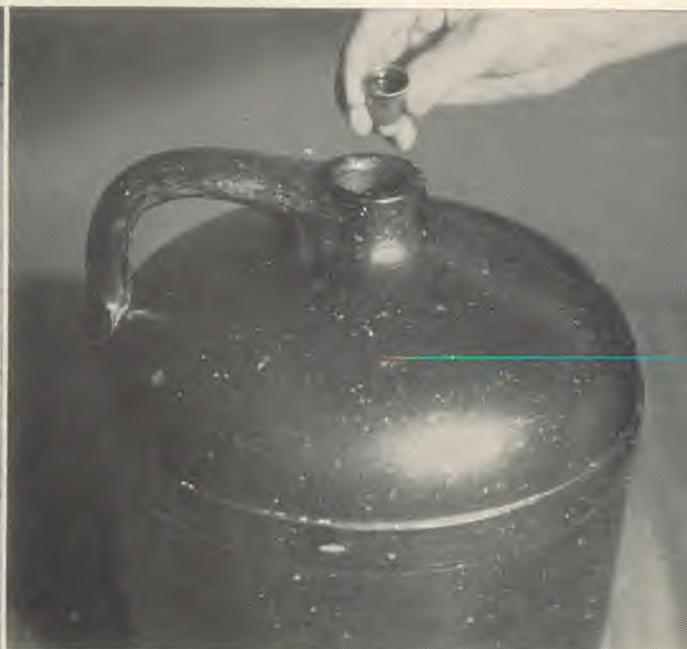
To make a fanciful comparison, then, you might say that drinking alcoholic beverages could be compared to entering a time machine, which the clock moves backward. The process takes only a short time to erase the highly developed functions of discrimination, judgment, and social consciousness, and to lower man to the level of the animals.

The second level of the brain, which controls crude muscular co-ordination, is next to be affected. Vision becomes blurred or double, because the eye muscles stagger; speech becomes thick and slurred, because the tongue muscles stagger. All actions and movements become clumsy. Not only is the gait staggering, but the mildly intoxicated person even has difficulty putting a key into a keyhole.

With continued drinking, the lower brain centers are affected. The person then becomes disoriented and passes into stupor. Finally, involuntary body functions decline, especially breathing. At the point of stupor the drinker is unable to continue drinking; however, if the concentration continues to rise from a large drink taken before the onset of stupor, enough alcohol may be absorbed into the blood stream to stop breathing, resulting in death by asphyxiation.



It is as logical to put a block under the brake pedal of a car and expect the brakes to work as it is for a man to drink and expect his brain to work properly.



Only a thimbleful? It would take 2,048 thimblefuls to fill this jug. But only one thimbleful of whisky per 20 pounds of body weight causes measurable impairment of ability.

Lillian R. Donato

In a 160-pound man, the alcohol in one ounce of whisky or a bottle of beer produces an alcohol concentration of about .02 per cent, and a half pint of whisky produces about .15 per cent. A concentration of approximately .40 per cent induces stupor. At .45 or .50 per cent death frequently occurs.

Alcohol is absorbed from the digestive tract into the blood stream quite rapidly. When a person takes alcohol with the stomach empty, alcohol can be found in his blood within five minutes, the peak concentration being reached thirty to seventy-five minutes later. The presence of considerable food in the stomach slows the absorption of alcohol, but it does not prevent eventual passage into the blood. The peak concentration is about 66 per cent of that when alcohol is taken with no food. A sandwich or two, however, has no significant effect on absorption.

The body disposes of most of the alcohol through oxidation, which begins in the liver. From one and a quarter to two hours is required to oxidize the amount of alcohol contained in one bottle of beer or one ounce of whisky by a 100- to 150-pound person.

Often a person who has had several drinks may think he is sober during the elimination period, but this is a false impression, for he is comparing his present condition with the peak of impairment, and his judgment is abnormal. The fact that he is less drunk now than he was then causes him to think that he no longer suffers impairment. Even many persons who are obviously drunk claim they are not drunk. This is one of the characteristic effects of alcohol on the brain; it is a deceiver, a "mocker."

An occasional drinker shows the effects of drinking much more than the person who drinks regularly. There are reasons for this, such as size, weight, consti-

(Turn to page 27.)

from cause

t o t e f f e c t

A youngster with a loaded gun may not be as dangerous as a car with a "loaded" driver.



Duane Valentry

THE restaurant was new and doing well, in a small way. Townspeople were proud of it, and pointed it out as the venture of "those young Wakefields." But some of them didn't think it had much chance of succeeding, not during a depression and with prohibition controls on.

But even while some shook their heads pessimistically, others were enjoying the fine food served them at Toll House Restaurant, and the excellent service and pleasant atmosphere that went with it. The fame of the place was slowly but surely spreading; and with the holiday season coming, Ruth Wakefield and her husband worked long, hard hours to please their customers, some of whom came long distances as word of mouth spread the tale of good food and fair prices.

"The Toll House Cookbook," authored by Ruth Wakefield, is a current favorite in myriads of kitchens.



One day the Wakefields were surprised to be visited by town officials with the news that prohibition controls were being relaxed, and they would be glad to grant the couple a liquor license.

"And just in time, with New Year's Eve coming up," said one of the men. "It will make all the difference in your business."

To the surprise of the committee, the offer was immediately but kindly rejected, apparently without even the need of a family conference to talk the matter over. Business was fine, the officials were told, and no such incentive was needed—nor to this day has it been.

"My great-grandmother would have been horrified," Ruth Wakefield later explained, "to think of any descendant of hers ever making a penny from the sale of liquor! Besides, we already had 900 reservations for that same New Year's Eve!"

It was this same great-grandmother who, three generations before, had set sail for Cape Cod from England. She did not know exactly what lay ahead, but to be better prepared for it, she packed some old family recipes in her wooden trunk. People, she knew, liked to eat good food anywhere in the world.

How right she was, her great-granddaughter, Ruth Wakefield, can testify. Those recipes impelled her to open, with her husband Kenneth, a restaurant that was to become famous all over the nation, and to put many new delights into America's cookbooks.

Toll House at Whitman, Massachusetts, and Toll House cookies, now part of the baking repertory of every good housewife, are both results of that long-ago thoughtful insertion into a trunk bound for a new land.

So well has the restaurant done without benefit of "incentives" such as the sale of alcoholic beverages, that it has been widely imitated in many parts of the country, and is itself a must for every visitor to New England.

(Turn to page 34.)



GRANDMA'S RECIPES PLEASE A NATION



History would not be the same without the fantastic story of Toll House Cookies!

Here's a gold mine of good ideas for rewarding summer jobs for students.

VOCATIONS DURING VACATIONS

Russell J. Fornwalt

Vocational Counselor, New York City

FOR many students the summer job outlook is often discouraging, but it need not be. If you have imagination, initiative, or ingenuity, you can have a summer job before tomorrow morning. You can make one of your own. Every year more and more fellows and girls do just this, and they find it to be fun and fortune.

You can "hit the bottle"—the right way—this summer and actually make it pay off. For example, the daughter of a friend of mine makes attractive lamps out of old bottles. A local carpenter drills holes in the glass with a special bit and brace, and the girl does the wiring and decorating. She paints original designs on the shades. Her lamps make unique gifts for Christmas, birthdays, and other occasions, and she has no trouble selling them. She makes vases, too.

Several high school boys in the Coney Island section of Brooklyn run a profitable "bottle business." Every summer they patrol the beaches, pick up and clean "pop" bottles, and redeem them at local groceries.

If your hobby is building boats in bottles, maybe you can make it pay off this summer. In fact, whatever you make for pleasure you can also make for profit. In my apartment house is an art student who spends her summers making papier-mâché flowers, and as a sideline she tutors others in flower making and conducts a weekly class in that craft.

Another girl I know makes attractive little novelties and party favors out of pipe cleaners. When I saw samples of her clowns, monkeys, fish, and spiders, I was amazed at what

can be done with those fuzzy strips of wire. Her work had a professional look, too.

The girl told me that her customers tell other people about her novelties, and that's how she gets more business. She learned pipe-cleaner art in a crafts class at summer camp, and she tells me she likes to let her imagination run wild and come up with original designs.

Perhaps you, too, have learned how to make something in your arts-and-crafts class in school or camp. Maybe it's soap carving or whittling. With a little more practice you might be able to open your own business or form a partnership with some classmates and friends.

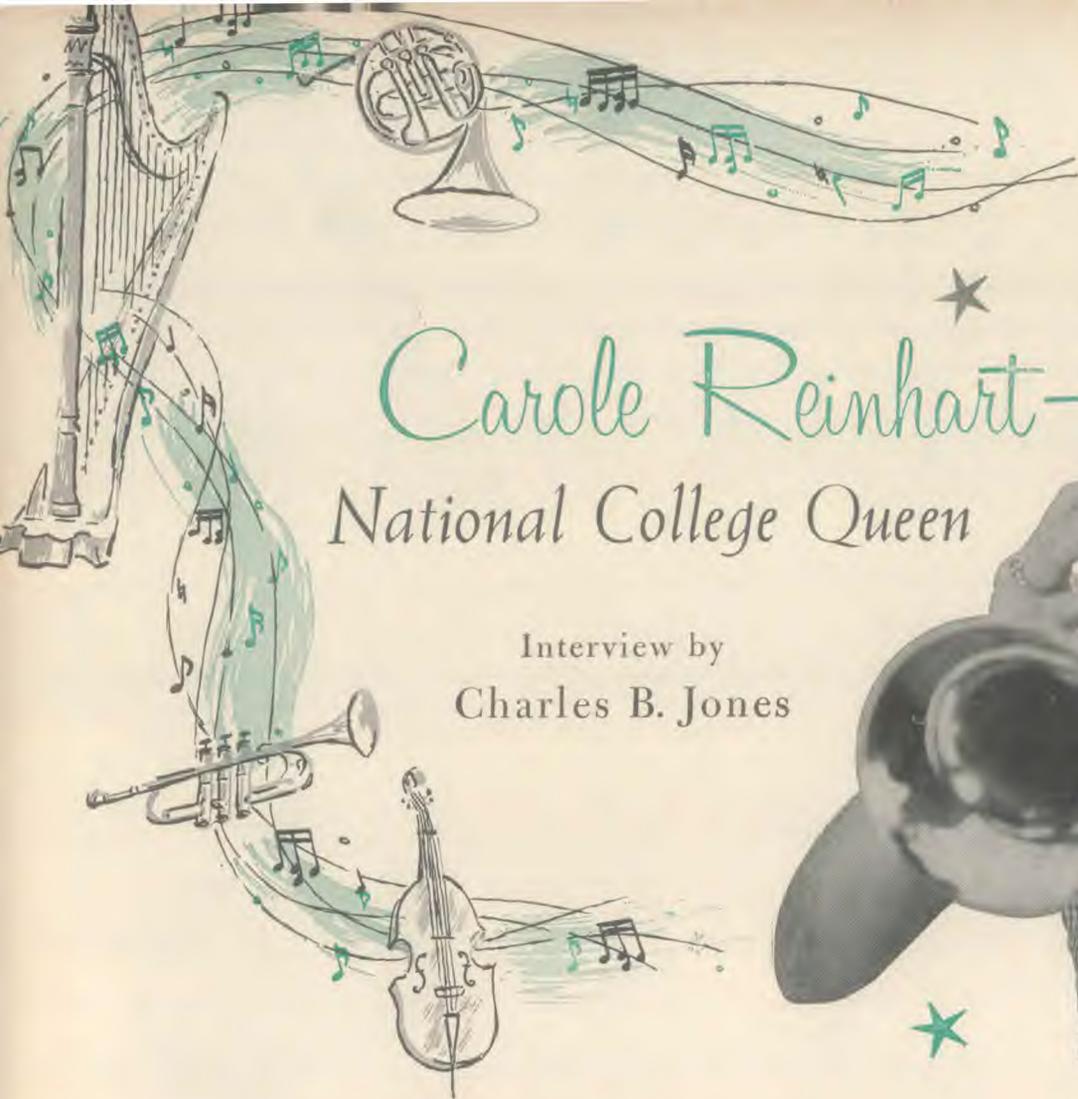
Actually, there's no telling what a crafts hobby might lead to. It might mean *your* summer job all through high school and college. When you are older you might become an arts-and-crafts counselor at a camp, church club, or community center. Such a hobby could even lead you to a life career in teaching, designing, or occupational therapy.

Yes, you can "cut up" this summer to the limit, and earn and learn at the same time. If you have a jig saw, dust it off. Cut out wooden ducks, cats, and chickens. Lots of people buy them to decorate their lawns and gardens.

Get yourself a supply of leather, and cut out belts, wallets, key and comb cases, and other novelties. Or if you prefer working in plastics, go right ahead. Many girls are making costume jewelry out of seashells.

I wouldn't tell anybody to "go to the dogs," but (Turn to page 29.)





Carole Reinhart— National College Queen

Interview by
Charles B. Jones



CAROLE DAWN REINHART, an "interested in everything" girl, thinks she began working toward a career when she was three years old. Now eighteen and a sophomore at the University of Miami, she is well on her way to success. Playing a slide cornet in church, Carole made her first public appearance as a musician when she was five and won her first music scholarship when she was ten, and she has been getting scholarships ever since.

"A well-rounded personality with genuine talent and intelligence," say both her peers and her professors.

Doubters might ask how a young lady of three learned to play a difficult wind instrument—and play it from sheet music. Carole claims it was her love of nature and a mother with native music teaching ability that enabled her to begin.

"I can still remember my first lessons," she says. "Almost the first thing I learned was to identify trees and birds, and that was long before I learned the alphabet. Mother plays both the piano and trombone, so she knew the difficulties of learning to play. She taught me to know the notes as different birds. Low C, for example, was a meadowlark, and I could remember this because a meadowlark makes its nest close to the ground. It was the same sort of thing with other notes."

Today her ability as a musician and as a music student is responsible to a great extent for her regal title, National College Queen. The annual college queen contest, held in New York City, scores candidates on the basis of intelligence and, of course, beauty—50 per cent for brains and 50 per cent for beauty. During the finals, candidates are judged on their mental acumen in a series of forums.

Carole is on the dean's list at the university, despite a schedule which keeps her going from early morning until after 10 p.m. Students and faculty have only good things to say about her, and the same is true of the many others her varied activities touch during the week. "We feel Carole is an outstanding citizen at the university," says Dr. May A. Brunson, University of Miami dean of women. "She has set an outstanding example for the other students."

As another top administrator emphasizes, Carole serves as a good example without offending anyone. "We consider her to be one of the finest musicians we have

in the university," said Associate Dean [name obscured]. "I don't know how many people can admire her wholesome attitude toward life. The many awards she has received, Carole has retained her

"Wholesome" seems to be the key word. Carole neither smokes, nor does she make an issue of it. She is friendly with her friends. Her ability to carry a heavy load of work without ever appearing tired or missing a class is a demonstration of her freedom from alcohol.

"Carole always has been an intelligent girl. She is not on anything," her father explains. "She doesn't smoke, even if she didn't see these boys. She makes her own conclusions, which would be a good thing for her."

In her early teens, Carole says, she was a bit of a party girl. "Other kids sneaked out for a 'smoke' but I didn't. I had other things to do. It's been the same ever since. I don't mix up with my activities if I had to take a night drinking."

Good physical condition is particularly important for a musician. Carole realizes this. Her days are busy. She started smoking, depriving her of her health. She is on the medical details, having begun playing the trumpet.

Anyone with doubts about Carole's ability to handle her personal schedule, which is usually a busy one. Even Sundays may mean appearing in person as a soloist during the morning.

Every Sunday evening she dons her uniform and goes to work in downtown Miami. She was commander in Plainfield, New Jersey, when she was a member of the best bandmaster in the country at that time. She also plays the cello, piano, French horn, ba



Carole gets kisses from the runners-up for the post of 1960 College Queen at the contest held in New York, September 9-10. On the right is Patricia Merrill, nineteen, a junior at Hood College, Maryland, who was second. Third place went to Judy McGuire, eighteen, a sophomore at Vassar College, New York, shown at left.



For the past two summers, Carole has been a music instructor at Camp Carteret in West Orange, New Jersey, a summer activity of the Carteret School for Boys. She was seventeen at the time she is shown giving lessons on the flutophone and (at far right) the autoharp, instruments which give the youngsters basic training in fingering.

a Tarpley of the School of Music. "We work, because, despite all the honors she gets personality."

in talking of Carole. She neither drinks nor smokes. Her feelings on these habits in dealing with her crowded schedule every day of the week and appointment through fatigue is a clear and tobacco.

l, and I never saw the need to lecture. I knew she would come to me for help. "When I was in school, I always had more important things to do than smoking, or spend hours every day practicing."

It would be impossible for me to keep up with her. "When I was in school, I always had more important things to do than smoking, or spend hours every day practicing."

necessary for musicians who play wind instruments. "I knew she would come to me for help. "When I was in school, I always had more important things to do than smoking, or spend hours every day practicing."

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to play with the Salvation Army band. "I knew she would come to me for help. "When I was in school, I always had more important things to do than smoking, or spend hours every day practicing."

During the week she must somehow squeeze in rehearsals with the University of Miami Symphony Orchestra. She rehearses and plays in the university's brass quintet, which gives more than sixty concerts annually before local grade school children. And, of course, she attends classes.

Carole is far from being an "ivory tower" student. She lives in an apartment with six other girls on the campus, despite the fact that her parents recently moved to Miami. "I feel this is the way to get the most out of a university education," she explains. "I love my family, and I see them as much as possible, but this way I feel part of the campus life. My family understands."

After earning her Bachelor of Arts degree, Carole hopes to get a Master's and perhaps eventually a Ph.D. "One of my prizes as National College Queen is an eight-week trip to Europe, which should help me decide where I might want to do my graduate work. If all goes well, I'll make the trip this summer—and I can hardly wait."

Her music career bears a striking resemblance to that of her twenty-four-year old brother Rolfe, now a third-year medical student at Miami. Both have brought unusual fame to their home town of Roselle, New Jersey, as well as to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Reinhart.

Brother and sister at different times were selected solo cornetist for the New Jersey All-State Band and solo trumpeter in the All-State Orchestra for high school musicians.

Before reaching their teens, both Carole and Rolfe had earned scholarships to the preparatory division of the famed Juilliard School of Music, where Carole hopes to complete at least a portion of her graduate work. Carole and Rolfe were top students both before and since they entered the University of Miami with music scholarships.

"I won't rule out marriage," Carole says, "but whatever happens along that line, I plan to keep up my music. I hope to develop myself as a soloist, so that I can be an active musician anywhere."

Whatever this year's college queen decides to do with her future, chances are she will do it well.

WORLD VIEW



1. Opening fanfare launches Congress.



2. M. P. Glenville Hall of London makes a point.

3. Crowd in Skansen Park enjoys variety program.



26th International Congress on Alcohol and Alcoholism

MORE than 500 delegates from the four corners of the earth converged on the historic city of Stockholm last August for the Twenty-Sixth International Congress on Alcohol and Alcoholism.

Under the patronage of His Majesty King Gustav VI Adolf of Sweden, the sessions were conducted in the parliament building Riksdaghuset, located on a small island between rapid-flowing water channels leading into the Baltic Sea.

Virtually all professions were represented, as physicians, social workers, business leaders, government officials, legal experts, and educators joined in discussing alcohol problems and suggesting solutions.

Plenary sessions for the entire Congress group preceded the dividing of the delegates into five study sections on (1) legislation, (2) industry and road traffic, (3) education and prevention, (4) treatment of alcoholics, and (5) medical and sociological alcohol research.

All general sessions were benefited by simultaneous translation facilities into German, English, and French, with delegates representing some forty different countries.

Diversions of high light of the Congress was a side trip to Uppsala, boyhood home of the United Nations' Dag Hammarskjöld, and location of Sweden's premier university, founded in 1477.

These international congresses are held every four years, the previous one being convened in Istanbul in 1956.



Congress secretary-general Archer Tongue, translated for Sven Elmgren.

5. Informal beginning of reception in Town Hall—Stadsbuset.



6. Plenary session listens to scientific lecture.



7. Congress president Ruben Wagnsson welcomes all delegates.

8. Gymnastic performers march in beautiful Millesgården.



DRUGS DARKEN THE SPORTS PICTURE

J. Mortimer Sheppard

A British doctor investigating the use of drugs in connection with sports was amazed and shocked to see a racing cyclist at a stadium in Paris inject himself with a strychnine solution. "It was enough," the doctor said later, "to kill a normal man," but the cyclist explained that he had used the drug so often and so long that he had built up a resistance and needed a larger quantity of the drug to give him the staying power that was required in a hard distance race.

Doctors in various parts of the world are becoming alarmed at the way sportsmen, and women, too, are consuming dangerous drugs such as strychnine, benzedrine, and even sex hormones in order to give themselves that extra lift, or perhaps to break a record. The truth is that today some athletes resort to pep pills and the hypodermic syringe.

In England, where soccer football is the national sport, the manager of the Kettering team quite frankly admits that after trying pep pills on his men he found the pills to be a "distinct asset, especially toward the end of the game." The cup finalists in England, Nottingham Forest, also admit experiments with dope, including glandular injections.

It is an acknowledged fact that Japanese table tennis players have been accustomed to taking pep pills, or so-called "goof-balls."

Another drug that has recently come into popularity in the competitive sporting world is amphetamine, which, so the managers of teams and boxers claim, "can give an enormous boost to a highly trained athlete's performance." But doctors point out that drug effects are dangerous to good health, even to lives.

In some of the world's big sporting events, stars collapse, and it is reported that this is due to nervous exhaustion; but at times it is a case of bodies having been pushed too far with drugs, even beyond the limits that can be expected of any human being.

A case in point is that of the American tennis star, Herbie Flam, who was given an unnamed drug before his match against a Belgian at Brisbane, Australia. Flam won his match, but collapsed afterward and was under medical care for weeks.

During the series between Spain and Britain at Barcelona in 1959, Andrés Gimenco, who had previously won the London championship, was given an injection of testosterone, the male sex hormone. True, Gimenco beat his English opponent, Billy Knight, in a game that went two hours and twenty-eight minutes, but such artificiality is not good sportsmanship.

Unless the coaches, and athletes themselves, can bring this disgusting fad to an early end, it may become necessary, even by law, to make an examination of every human winner in any athletic event.

Have we sunk that low?

an alcoholic for many years, my husband Don suddenly went totally blind after a terrifying two-week binge.

The doctor assured him the blindness was temporary if he freed his system of alcohol, ate nourishing food, and exercised moderately.

This was a challenge, one that Don debated before he decided to quit drinking; but sometimes blindness makes a person see his weakness, and in this way take the first step in the right direction.

An alcoholic is like a child; his consent cannot be forced or his reason appealed to. He needs constant understanding, patience, and love to help him control his thirst, but, most important, there must be satisfactory substitutes for beverage alcohol.

The first thing I did to help my husband was to experiment with nonalcoholic drinks, including a variety of carbonated beverages, lemonade, other fruit juices, and drinks with a milk base such as eggnog and milk shakes.

The novelty of trying different concoctions appealed to Don, and he discovered that some drinks helped to increase his appetite.

The doctor prescribed special vitamins to supplement his diet, and I kept a supply of tasty snacks handy. He particularly enjoyed peanuts, rye bread, and crisp crackers with butter.

As the alcohol gradually left his system, Don began to ask for ice cream, macaroni and cheese, and other tasty dishes.

But he found it a continual battle to control his desire for liquor, and he had days and days of angry despair and self-pity. However, the thought of regaining his sight strengthened his will power, and he eventually felt so good without the alcohol that drinking was no longer his problem.

After eight months Don regained his eyesight, but during that time he had done some serious thinking.

The week before he returned to work we discussed how he could control his thirst after he was back in circulation again. Carrying money makes it easy to stop at the bar and have "just one," so my husband suggested a solution to this problem: All gas and oil for transportation would be charged. On payday I would drive him to work and pick up his pay check; after shopping we would deposit the rest of the money in a checking account in my name only, and I would pay the bills.

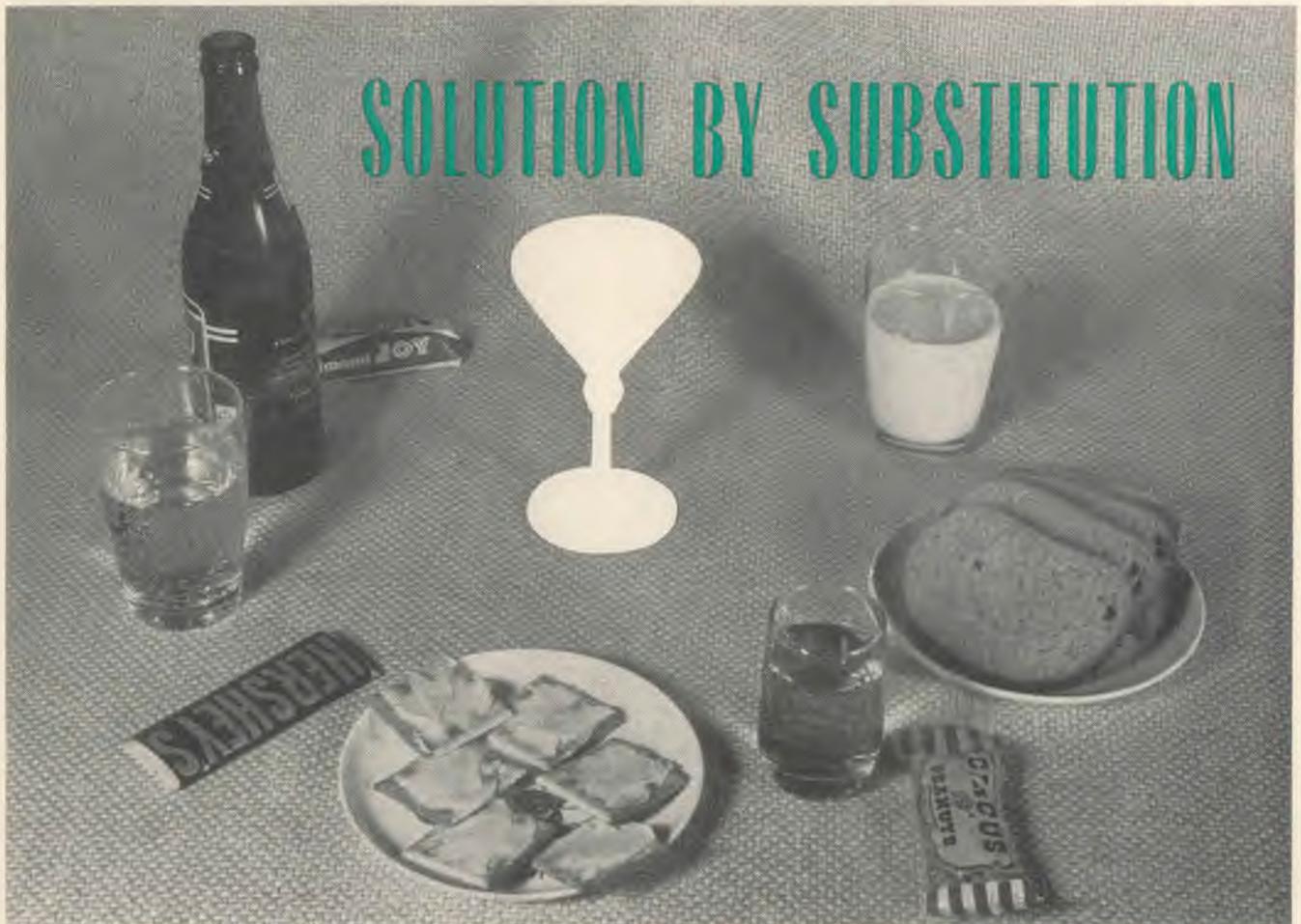
Don asked to carry his lunch every day, taking only small change for his newspaper. It sounded like a Spartan existence, but it was my husband's decision, for he realized now that the way to conquer temptation is to stay away from it.

When I found he really wanted to quit drinking, I suggested we move away from the neighborhood bar to a restricted residential area. We also broke away from the old drinking crowd by turning down invitations to functions where liquor would be served and by not entertaining people who expected to drink in our home.

Once in a while someone would underhandedly test my husband by serving a food or beverage containing liquor; but he always refused, and the crisis passed.

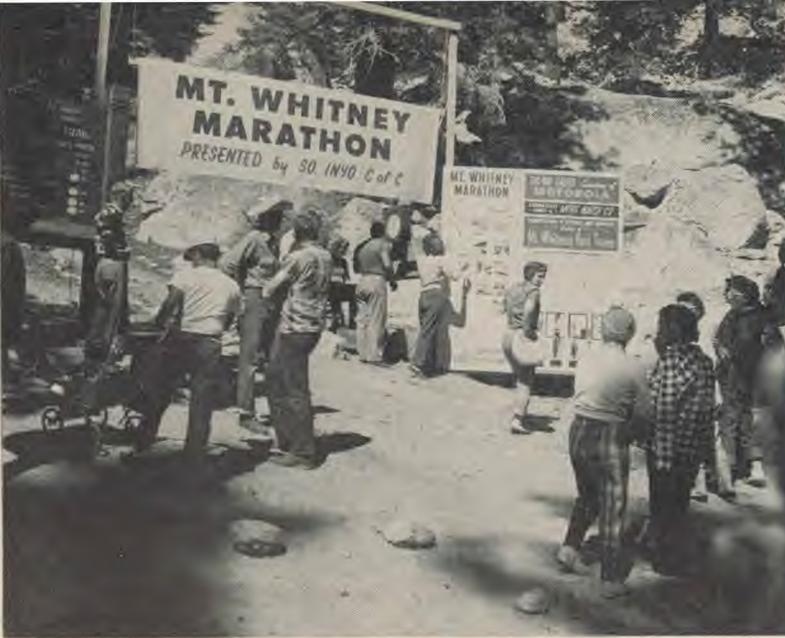
We found pleasure in being together, in making new friends, and in attending church regularly. For the first time since our marriage we had money for a hobby, and Don began a stamp collection.

My husband discovered that there are satisfactory substitutes for alcohol, and with patient determination he has solved the problem of drinking and adjusted himself to a newer, happier way of living.



Mountain MARATHONS

Fredrik W. Edwardy



★ Getting set for the first marathon race up Mount Whitney.



★ Coach Bob Lee chalks up the running time of each contestant as it is reported over two-way radios.

★ Calvin Hansen breaks all known records for the twenty-one-mile round trip to the summit of 14,495-foot Mount Whitney in California.

CALVIN HANSEN, twenty-five-year-old physical-culture enthusiast of Colorado Springs, Colorado, has made the headlines at least in his home-town newspaper during the past three years. It happens each August when he trots off with the first-place award in the annual Pikes Peak twenty-five mile marathon.

One would think that such a feat would merit more news value, the fact that anyone could *run* up 14,110-foot Pikes Peak at almost five miles an hour. Yet not one of the syndicated news agencies has picked up the report as anything unusual.

Last August 14, Cal took the race again in his stride, clipping 6 minutes, 7 seconds off his previous year's record, making the round trip in a mere 4 hours, 14 minutes, 25 seconds. His nearest contender for the cup was Hubert Morgan, thirty-eight-year-old Pueblo, Colorado, schoolteacher, who came in 26 minutes over the time set by young Calvin Hansen.

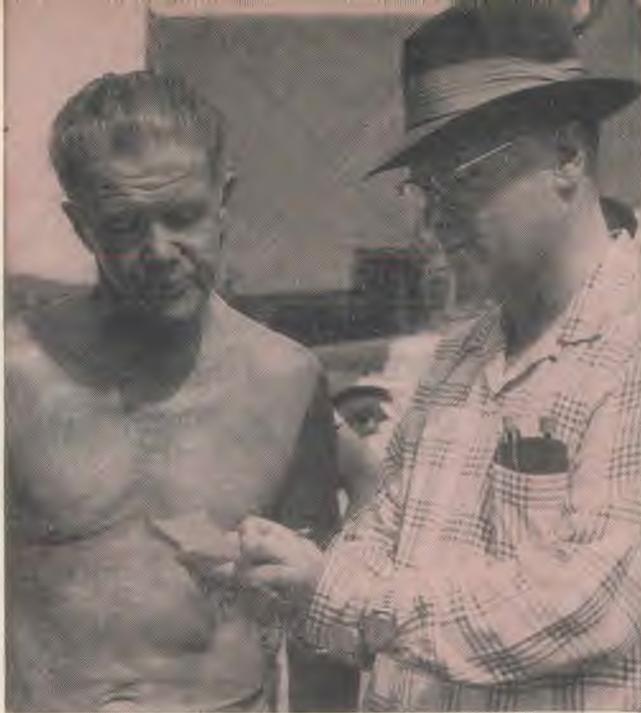
Although contenders for the cup are attracted from all parts of the United States, and the starting line always in-

cludes twenty to thirty trained and amateur athletes of all ages, not one cigarette smoker or drinker has ever made a showing in the race.

The Pikes Peak foot race was initiated in 1956 by Dr. Arne Suominen, sixty-year-old former Finnish track star. Dr. Suominen, recognizing the folly of cigarette smoking and its relationship not only to shortening an athlete's wind but also to the eventual shortening of one's life by lung-damaging nicotinic tars, challenged any cigarette smoker to beat him to the summit. Over the rocky Barr Trail beginning at Manitou Springs, the distance is 12.6 miles, over twenty-five miles round trip.

Scores accepted his challenge. Among them were a number of nonsmokers who came to climb just for the fun of it. But no cigarette smokers broke any records. Most of them were fagged before they reached anywhere near the top. On the other hand, several young nonsmokers beat Dr. Suominen's time—which was to be expected because of his age.

The race has been held each year since under the direction



★ Dr. Arne Suominen (left) checks time with official timekeeper Silvola at the 1959 Pikes Peak Marathon.

of sixty-two-year-old Coach Rudy Fahl, himself a nonsmoker who has climbed the peak some seventy times, as near as he can remember. But each year, fewer and fewer smokers make the attempt, although Coach Fahl says it is a fact that at least one cigarette manufacturer has offered as much as \$10,000 to any smoker who could win this very difficult race!

In 1959 only one smoker signed up among the forty entrants. Dennis Frandsen, a nineteen-year-old Marine from Camp Pendleton, California, looked like a lad with possibilities, even though he did admit to smoking at least ten cigarettes a day. Only a few weeks before, he had participated in a tough 175-mile combat training hike up from the floor of Death Valley to the crest of Mount Whitney. Coach Fahl admitted that the boy's chances of winning appeared good. But Frandsen was winded at the eight-mile point. He dropped out, blaming a turned ankle.

Last year every one of the thirty contenders for the Pikes Peak cup was a nonsmoker, and when the first Mount Whitney Marathon was announced for September 7, only two cigarette users entered the race.

There was little publicity prior to the event. Even so, there were nineteen who signed up with Coach Bob Lee, who managed the marathon for the Inyo County Chamber of Commerce. Among them were Cal Hansen, fresh from his latest triumph, and another Pikes Peak runner, Joe Arrazola, twenty-seven, who had taken fifth place in the grueling 1959 race.

Although shorter by a good four miles, the Mount Whitney trail is considerably tougher, with about 300 sharp switchbacks along the 8,300-foot climb from the Portal to the summit and return. Near the top, much of the course is icy, rocky, and hazardous most of the year.

Coach Lee and his wife, Jerri, held the record for the round trip for several years: 4 hours, 56 minutes, 33 seconds, for men; and 7 hours, 56 minutes, 58 seconds, for women. They can vouch for the trail's treachery, because they have made the trip at least fifteen times. On one hike, they measured every foot of the course with a steel tape to make sure of the distance!

Bob and Jerri, both nonsmokers, operate a successful physical-culture gym at Ridgecrest, California, and they know a well-built body when they see one. However, they

shook their heads when they first met Cal Hansen. He appeared anything but a champion. His gangling six-foot frame looked too lean; and compared with any muscle-padded athlete, Cal seemed hollow-chested. He also had a history of acute asthmatic attacks which wasn't in his favor.

Only sixteen showed up at the Portal at seven o'clock that crisp autumn morning: two women, two boys, and twelve young men. Runners left at five-minute intervals to prevent bottlenecks on the narrow path, and six walkie-talkie radios along the trail and at the summit reported each runner's progress.

Competition appeared good, and surprisingly, a United Press reporter appeared on the scene to take pictures and send in a story on the race.

Cal looked downright spindly beside almost any of his competitors lined up for take-off on the dusty trail. Among the best of them was twenty-one-year-old Allen Robinson, a handsome, well-proportioned Stanford University student who had been training on the course for a week or more. His best record was just short of Bob Lee's. He didn't smoke, but his entry blank revealed he drank beer occasionally. He left the Portal as though jet-propelled, yet he wound up an "also ran."

Curtiss Jessen, a seventeen-year-old high school track star from El Segundo, California, looked good when he took off. He, too, had been running up and down the course for several days in anticipation of winning the cup. His physical condition appeared excellent, with stocky arms, legs, and neck muscles reminding one of Michelangelo's statue of David. He might have been as good a man, except for one point: Curtiss had started smoking about three months prior to the race, and although he used only about six cigarettes a day, it evidently was enough to cut his wind. He admitted afterward he thought of a thousand excuses for dropping out, but thinking about his mother, father, and sister waiting for him to win one of the five cups, he kept puffing and managed to come in fourth place. He literally collapsed in the arms of his mother as soon as he stumbled past Coach Lee's stopwatch.

But it was Cal Hansen's time that dumfounded Coach Lee—and everyone else, for that matter.

"It's fantastic!" Bob yelled when word came through from the summit that Cal had arrived. "Two hours and 37 minutes to the top!" He pushed back his cowboy hat and scratched his ear in disbelief.

"I've had people call me a liar to my face when I've told them how much time it takes *me* to get to the summit," he grinned; "how'll I ever get 'em to believe *this*?"

As it turned out, first-, second-, and third-place winners were all nonsmokers. Cal Hansen pounded down the trail to make the round trip in 4 hours, 9 minutes, 22½ seconds; Leslie Milson crossed the finish line 20 minutes behind Hansen; and Joe Arrazola came in third, a mere two minutes later.

"Well, looks like we've got what we came up for," the UP man said to me as he jogged down the road to the nearest telephone. "I thought they had sent all our best men to cover the Olympics in Rome, but they saved one good story for me," he grinned.

I had to agree with him that here was one of the best stories in the athletic world. Maybe the news services or editors that picked up the story would include the fact that the race had gone to men who had proved again the stamina of those with right living habits—but none did. Perhaps over their own beers or through the smoke of their own cigarettes, or because of the jingle of advertising money in their pockets, they felt that such was not important to their readers.

Harry R. Welker

THE smooth sound of my truck engine was music to my ears as I swung my big car transport out into traffic. For me, a cross-country truck driver, this was to be just another trip from the automobile city of Detroit to Miami, Florida.

I had four shiny new cars for the land of sunshine, and with good luck I planned to deliver them in about three days. This averaged out five hundred miles per day, yet gave me ample time for rest and gas stops along the way.

As I passed through Detroit I noticed, as all motorists will, the imposing signs posted prominently along the streets. The signs read, "Drunk Drivers Go to Jail." I knew Detroit had adopted a get-tough policy toward any driver who drinks. This is as it should be, I felt, because the drunken driver ranks close to the speeder as a traffic hazard.

Since I do not drink, the signs created no personal threat to me, and I forgot them as I left them behind.

Traffic was light at this hour of the night, midnight. I usually select a departure time late at night because of the reduced number of motorists on the highways.

Time went by uneventfully for the first hour and a half. Toledo loomed up, and soon this city, too, lay behind.

Now my path lay southward on United States Route 23 toward Columbus, Ohio. For the most part the road was flat and nearly straight. What vehicles I did meet proved mainly to be trucks. Only now and then a passenger car came along.

It was nearly 4 a.m. when I first saw the lights far ahead. They seemed to be headlights, lights that were not moving.

The strange thing about them was that they were tilted at an extreme angle. This could mean trouble, and in all probability an accident.

Since this route is flat and straight, when I had first seen the tilted headlights they had been miles distant. Now, at a steady 45 miles per hour, I was rapidly closing the gap.

I had not met another vehicle for nearly half an hour, so I presumed the accident, if it were such, had not yet been discovered.

Minutes later I pulled my truck over onto the shoulder and grabbed a flashlight. The car, headlights still burning, lay up along a tree.

Flashing my light into the car's interior, I noticed only one occupant, a man, evidently the driver. Fearing the worst, I wrenched a door open. Slumped over the wheel, the man appeared unconscious, possibly badly hurt.

What hit me first of all was the reek of fumes, alcoholic fumes. I touched

the man carefully, trying to find out if he were hurt. There was no blood anywhere on his person, so I tried to awaken him by calling. After several attempts I got a drunken murmur, unintelligible, but evidence that he might not be hurt critically.

I went back to my truck and ignited a fusee, sticking it upright in the shoulder of the road. This bright red flare should warn approaching motorists of danger ahead. I switched the car's headlights off. The ignition had been on, too, so I turned that off. Doing this might prevent a fire.

At this point another tractor-trailer pulled up and stopped. I now had company with my problem. What to do with the victim?

After serious discussion on the sub-

ject of my trip to Miami. It was spring, the roads were hard and dry, and of Betsy, my truck, purred smoothly and steadily.

I saw the usual number of accidents on this long, 1,500-mile trip—minor ones, like dented fenders and smashed trunks, plus one serious three-car crack-up, labeled as "undetermined" as to guilt.

Coming back empty, two days later, was a different matter. This wasn't to be an ordinary trip. I sensed that when I began meeting some of the cars piloted by drivers who had been celebrating.

An experienced over-the-road driver can usually tell by the action of an approaching vehicle what kind of driver is operating it.

For instance, if a driver is sleepy and prone to nod at the wheel, his car will



ject we both agreed that we would each go his own way (we were traveling in opposite directions) and stop at the nearest telephone to notify the state police. It would be their duty to carry on from there, to get medical aid.

Both of us had come to a decision on one point: not to move the accident victim. All accident rules will tell you that it is not wise to move victims *unless* you are experienced in first aid.

This accident, evidently a direct result of the emptying of the bottle which lay alongside the driver, made me think of those signs back in Detroit.

Things went along well for the rest

wander one way or another on the road. His machine may cross the center line into your lane, but usually he will wake up and get it back to his own side.

With the drinking driver it is different. His path is a weaving, erratic one. He wanders all over the road, but he goes his way fast. His actions are harder to figure out and avoid.

Such a driver I met as I came back north through South Carolina at night.

I spotted the weaving headlights as possible trouble, so I was ready to take to the shoulder if I had to. This action, riding out the shoulder, is something

(Turn to page 32.)

drive a car transport

Overnight hikes develop a love of the outdoors.



IN MANY cities today, neighborhood clubs of one sort or another are lifesavers for thousands of young citizens who because of unsolved personal problems or conflicting home backgrounds have been thrown onto the streets and whose circumstances bode ill for themselves and their community. Young people become good citizens only to the extent to which they can be trained for the privileges and obligations of citizenship.

Wholesome social and recreational opportunities assist boys and girls in developing unselfishness, in learning leadership qualities, in practicing useful home arts, in emphasizing the skills of co-operative efforts, in showing the advantages of living productive and responsible lives for their own happiness and the service of society. The pictures in this feature were taken at the Sarah Heinz House in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

DEVELOPING GOOD CITIZENS

Girls begin young to learn sewing.



A young wood craftsman concentrates on his work.

Boys, too, can become good cooks.



"WAIT TILL IT'S DARK, PA!"

(Continued from page 6)

had too much love for this man, and she wouldn't break his spirit for all the money in the world. But this—"Say it!" she called firmly.

"Pa, I've got a girl. She's a fine girl, and she lives right down there, down at the end of the street. Her name's Agnes, and she's from a fine family. You can see her house from the front porch."

"That's fine, Frankie," his father said.

"But, pa, what I'm trying to say is this: Your drinking is your business. I've never in my life mentioned anything like this to you before because I'm like ma, and I love you, except for that. All I'm asking is this, pa. When you come home in a bad way, don't come home so early. Wait, wait until it's dark out, so no one will notice so much, because I'm ashamed unless it's dark out. I'm sixteen, pa; and if Agnes ever sees you like that, I think I'll die. I think I'll die, pa!"

Then the boy was gone. He hurried down the stairs, crossed the busy street, and headed directly for the library. He was almost two hours early for his date, and the silence of the library was ghastly. He knew that the next look at his pa would be the toughest part of all. He dreaded it, but after that it wouldn't be so bad.

The boy had not stayed to see a father who swung his face away from his wife and pressed a thumb and forefinger over his eyes, in a tiny kitchen that was as voiceless as the vast inner walls of a library.

FROM CAUSE TO EFFECT

(Continued from page 15)

tution, and physical condition, which cause some people to seem to be less affected than others. One reason is that the heavy drinker has learned to adapt. A person who has never been on a ship before will find it almost impossible to stand up during rough weather, but the experienced sailor has learned to roll with the motion of the ship, and has little difficulty. Similarly, the non-drinker will stagger when he tries to walk after a few drinks, but the experienced drinker has learned to compensate by walking on a wider base.

However, tests show that, with the same concentration of alcohol in the blood, the degree of impairment of ability is the same as far as reaction time and clearness of vision are concerned. But this is not true of most heavy drinkers. They have a greater

tolerance, and require more alcohol in the blood to impair their abilities. This is because the brain of the heavy drinker is more irritable when the blood is free from alcohol, and when he is more irritable, more alcohol is required to depress the brain or to put it to sleep.

Once alcohol has been consumed, little can be done to accelerate its elimination from the body. It has been found that exercise does little good. Drinking coffee may appear to reduce the degree of intoxication, but most of those who

a better driver than anyone else, and blinds him to the fact that his abilities are impaired. On the other hand, because of this lack of judgment, he has an exaggerated sense of power and a decreased sense of caution. This is like allowing a child to play with a loaded gun. He feels a new sense of importance and power, while being limited by a child's judgment and ability.

How many drinks may a person have if he is going to drive? To be safe, says the National Safety Council, have *no*

"Cocktail"

It is said that this word was born during the American Revolution when a barmaid who served colonial and allied French officers their evening drinks decided on an extra touch. She garnished them (the drinks, not the officers) with tail feathers of chickens stolen from a British sympathizer. This so delighted one of the Frenchmen that he shouted bilingually, "Vive le coq's tail." The name stuck, and now denotes any drink into which fruit, flavoring, feathers, or some other alien item is mixed.

have made a study of the subject contend that this is a false impression. Since coffee is a stimulant, it helps to wake a person up, but whether awake or asleep, if the alcohol has not been eliminated from his body by oxidation, he is still intoxicated, and his faculties are still impaired.

The drinking of alcoholic beverages is associated with the creation of our country's No. 3 or No. 4 public health problem in regard to size. The number of alcoholics approximates 5,000,000, and of prealcoholics, 3,500,000. Furthermore, some 800,000 more persons are injured or killed on the highway due to drinking drivers. Many who drink suffer from nutritional and other diseases directly or indirectly attributable to alcohol. The amount of mental ill-health and unhappiness, as well as crime, divorce, illegitimate birth, poverty, delinquency, and disorderly conduct is enormous.

As just indicated, one of the serious problems concerned with alcohol is drinking drivers. Driving while under the influence of alcohol is immoral, because the person is willfully exposing others, as well as himself, to danger. It is a problem difficult to solve because of the double effect of alcohol on the brain. On the one hand, the alcohol deceives the driver into thinking he is

drinks if you must drive. It is the social drinkers who are the greatest threat on streets and highways, because there are more of them than of conspicuously intoxicated drivers. They often show no signs of having been drinking, even though their ability is impaired.

One study indicates that a blood level of a trace to .06 per cent of alcohol in the blood (one to three drinks, depending upon the body weight) raised the hazard of accident to 3.2 times that of sober drivers; with from .07 to .10 per cent, 5.5 times; with .11 to .14 per cent, 14.5 times; and with .15 per cent or more, 55 times. Although in many states a person involved in an accident must be found to have .15 per cent alcohol in the blood to be considered under the influence of alcohol, one drink is too many if you are to drive, the American Medical Association says.

Because the drinking of alcoholic beverages not only undermines the health and well-being of the drinker but also tragically affects people with whom the drinker comes in contact, it causes social, economic, and moral havoc. Since a large part of the tragedy is caused by the social drinker who has had "only a few drinks," it is apparent that the only way to solve the problem permanently is to eliminate the cause of the trouble in the first place.



One college student's experience with —

Pep Pills for Night Study

Victor Di Genti

WHEN one becomes a freshman in college, a whole new world confronts him. It is a pleasant world, unless he makes it otherwise, a world of men and women, and of books and professors, and the freshman is supposed to fit right in.

Like other freshmen, I arrived at college highly optimistic; there was so much to do, so much to accomplish. Like all the others, I found myself in new surroundings and different situations. My college life began immediately; I was introduced to the fraternity men, to professors, to studies, and, of course, to exams.

Another introduction I shall not soon forget was my introduction to dexedrine. I had heard of this drug before, since it is the custom of the college to warn all incoming students about it. I was told of its unlawfulness, and cautioned abstractly of its consequences.

As exams approached I noticed that the older students were in the habit of studying throughout the night. I learned these pep pills were used freely, and was surprised at the plentiful supply in my own dormitory.

Curious how a forbidden drug could be found in such quantities, I learned these pills are obtained easily enough, through doctors who are friends of the students' families. I was shocked to hear that one boy had stolen his supply from a drugstore where he worked. Inexpensiveness coupled with the abundance of this drug made it easy to start this insidious habit.

As the semester progressed, and the finals approached, there was a rash of "cramming." Keeping pace with my schoolwork became quite a chore, and I began using the pills occasionally. Minutes after swallowing a capsule, every fiber in my body seemed alert and energy-packed. It produced a sensation of well-being. However, what started out as a gesture for better

grades soon—insidiously and irrevocably—turned into a joy ride of misery.

It is hard to describe those last few weeks, but the term "vicious cycle" is accurate. Dexedrine is effective for only a certain period of time. In most cases this is followed by a period of drowsiness, and then an exhausted feeling which drains out every ounce of ambition. The letdown can be unexpected and complete. Because of this I began using dexedrine to relieve the depression left from the previous night. I came to rely on those innocent-looking capsules.

I became conscious of abnormalities obviously being caused by the overdosage of this drug. Naturally I had noticed a growing nervousness, but I maintained that it was simply pressure, for nervousness can be caused by many things. I now saw that my condition was more than nervousness. I became restless, tense, and had developed a slight tremor. Since I was also having difficulty sleeping, I ended up taking sleeping pills to offset the stay-awake pills.

For the first time I realized the dangerous pattern I had fallen into. Sobered, I immediately disposed of my pep pills and went to the infirmary to see what damage had been done. There I was given a complete checkup and a lecture, and was told that I needed a week's rest and some good meals. I also learned more about the dangers of the drug which I was falling prey to. Besides the toxic effects that I had been experiencing, extreme cases could lead to hallucinations, delirium, and panic states, and perhaps more seriously to homicidal or suicidal tendencies.

My habit did not become a terrifying dope addiction. Nevertheless, it was a wrong which could have compounded itself into a physical catastrophe if permitted to grow. I was cured; I now know better. But why does it take the bitter taste of experience to set some of us straight?

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YOUTH IN PERIL

(Continued from page 9)

penalties for drug violations, addicts have been forcibly driven underground. According to present criminal statutes, possession or sale of heroin can result in five to twenty years' imprisonment for first offenders. Second and subsequent offenders face ten to forty years. The sale of heroin to a juvenile can result in from ten years to life imprisonment, "except that the offender shall suffer death if the jury in its dis-

cretion shall so direct." All penalties are mandatory, and probation or parole is impossible to obtain.

Today's addict, facing such severe punishment, is unwilling to identify himself—he cannot afford to stand up and be counted. Consequently, the only statistics we have to show the number of addicts and the scope of the problem are based on only the most general estimates.

Before a Senate investigating committee in 1956, Federal Narcotics Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger stated there were approximately 60,000 *known*

addicts in the country at that time. (He has since steadily reduced his original estimate.) However, when questioned, Commissioner Anslinger admitted that his much-quoted 60,000 figure represented nothing more than the total of a list of the names of heroin users who had been convicted of violations of Federal and state narcotic laws.

But thousands of addicts do not use heroin. Additional thousands have never been arrested for so much as a speeding violation.

Other authorities estimate there are somewhere between 100,000 and 500,-

000 addicts in this country. The New York City Mayor's Commission on Narcotics found that in the summer of 1951 there were between 45,000 and 90,000 addicts in that city alone. Meanwhile, the California Citizen's Commission reported a total of 20,000 drug addicts in their state. Seizures of illegal narcotics and the number of addict arrests during recent years offer no conclusive evidence that these figures have been appreciably reduced.

Addicts themselves, who are in perhaps the best position to judge, believe there are probably as many as a half million Americans using some form of narcotics. Of their number, they estimate that about 150,000 are addicted to injected opiates, heroin, and morphine. The remainder are probably addicted to the exempt narcotics found principally in various cough-syrup preparations and paregoric. These preparations—about 170 in all—contain opium derivatives in varying amounts and can be dangerously addictive if misused. Quite a few states have banned the sale of exempt narcotics within the past year, but in others the preparations can still be legally purchased across the counter of any drugstore.

There is no question that drug addiction is rapidly increasing among today's youth. In 1936 the "typical" addict was a white male, thirty-eight years of age, who became addicted to morphine when he was twenty-seven years old. His parental home was intact up to the age of eighteen, and his first arrest would have been at about the age of twenty-eight for infraction of a narcotics law.

The 1955-model addict differed greatly. He was a Negro male, in his twenties, who probably could not even remember his father, and whose mother was away from home most of the time trying to earn a living as a domestic. He began using heroin at about the age of twenty.

Today's addict is ordinarily introduced to the deadly delights of heroin before he reaches his twenty-first birthday. According to the 1958 admission statistics at Lexington, 53 per cent of the patients admitted were making their first appearance at the hospital. Of the 3,500 patients who entered the hospital during the year, 45 per cent were introduced to narcotics before they had reached thirty years of age. And many other institutions have also noted this perilous increase in addiction among adolescents and young adults.

Aside from the terrible price in human lives, the menace of narcotics is costing an enormous fortune in money every year. The average addict must spend at least \$15 a day for his drugs

alone, and many spend as much as \$100 a day to satisfy their ever-increasing need for dope. This means that if there are 150,000 addicts in the country, they are spending about \$2,250,000 a day for illicit dope!

Drug addicts are directly responsible for one quarter of the nation's crime. To meet their always-rising dope requirements, addicts steal about a billion dollars annually. In addition, Federal, state, and local governments are forced to allocate untold millions every year for specialized police agencies and institutions to cope with the addict problem. The total cost of all this represents an immense dent in the public pocketbook and a fantastically lucrative business for the "bloodsuckers" who prey on, and profit from, human frailties.

No wonder public-health authorities, jurists, sociologists, religious leaders, penologists, and police officials are visibly alarmed! Thousands of Americans are being destroyed by narcotics. Vulnerable children are being contaminated daily. Families are being wrecked, homes left in shambles. Jails and hospitals are becoming desperately overcrowded, and the cost in dollars, cents, and suffering is tragic.

This indeed is not a pleasing picture, but it is one that must be faced by all realistic citizens and community and national leaders.

VOCATIONS DURING VACATIONS

(Continued from page 17)

last summer a high school boy in New York's Westchester County did just that. He opened a "dog-sitting" business. The lad offered to take care of dogs, cats, parakeets, and goldfish for people on vacation. It was a "howling" success in more ways than one. The local newspaper editor was so intrigued by the idea that he gave the boy free publicity.

Nor would I tell you to go out and "clip" anyone, but maybe if you do it in the right way, it'll pay off. I read about a California boy who last summer set up a barbershop on his back porch. He invested \$8 in a home barbering outfit, studied the instruction booklet *carefully*, and then began getting into people's hair—but good. Because he was unlicensed by the state, he was not allowed to charge. So in plain view he set up a box marked "Donations." He did quite a bit of cutting and bobbing for boys and girls who couldn't or wouldn't pay the prevailing rate of \$2 a trim.

Last year two girls down South ran a doll hospital. They did major surgery on broken arms and legs. They oper-

ated on eyes that wouldn't open, close, or wink. They rendered first aid to torn clothing or made new dresses and hats. If plastic surgery were needed on a doll's face, they took care of that, too. They even gave scalp treatments and permanent waves. The girls charged moderate fees for their "professional" practice, and they had a grand time, too.

One summer job open to all high school and college students is direct-to-consumer selling, also known as door-to-door canvassing. It's a business you can easily enter. No special education or experience is required. There are no minimum or maximum age limits. You make no capital investment, and you have no overhead.

Of course, you sell on a commission basis, and the more you sell, the more you make. You can put in as many hours daily as you wish, and you can continue selling all during the school year.

If you've had no previous direct-selling experience, I would suggest you sell an everyday household item which retails for \$5 or less. Your chances of making sales will be much greater than if you tackle sewing machines, refrigerators, yachts, made-to-order suits, vacuum cleaners, or real estate.

You'll find almost every home is a prospect for Bibles, magazines, fire extinguishers, insecticides, napkins, religious plaques, pots and pans, brooms and brushes, window cleaners, ball-point pens, razor blades, shaving cream, toothbrushes and toothpaste, hair preparations, cosmetics, needles and thread, nylons, personal stationery, pillow cases, flavor extracts, vitamins, everyday greeting cards, and Christmas cards.

Right now hundreds of manufacturers and distributors are offering summer employment to high school and college students via direct selling or a business of your own. You'll find their names and addresses along with the products they handle listed in such places as the *Salesman's Opportunity Magazine*, which you'll find on most newsstands. Or you can obtain a free copy by sending your name and address on a card to Opportunity, 850 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Illinois.

What can you do well? Play tennis? Whittle? Knit? Carve soap? Converse in Latin? Perhaps there are people in your town or city who would like to learn your art or skill. If you're expert enough, you can easily charge up to \$4 or \$5 an hour for private instruction.

Many elementary and junior high school boys and girls are in need of remedial help in reading and arithmetic. Also, many high school students want private tutoring to get ready for college

board entrance and competitive scholarship examinations. Private tutors usually receive between \$2 and \$4 an hour.

If you have organizing ability and love children, why not operate a "party service?" Put on birthday, roller skating, and other parties for the kids in your community. Arrange for the entertainment, decorate the home, make or provide the refreshments, and clean up after the party.

Your typewriter can be the makings of your summer job. You'll find opportunities for typing manuscripts for authors, lecture notes for college professors, and theses and doctoral dissertations for graduate students. You may even be able to address envelopes and labels at home for local businessmen.

Man, dig that garden! And that's not jive talk! I mean get out there and dig. That's if you have a back yard or a vacant lot somewhere. You won't strike oil or gold, but you might find some good soil. Plant a vegetable garden. Sell carrots, corn, peas, potatoes, tomatoes, turnips, radishes, and beets to your friends and neighbors.

If you live in the suburbs or a small town, you've got it made as far as a summer job is concerned. You can mow lawns, trim hedges, prune trees, weed and water gardens. And if you know something about landscape architecture, the home owners will really give you the business.

There's no need for anyone to dream, drift, or dawdle all summer long; no need for anyone to dissipate, despair, or be discouraged during school vacation. Everyone can be earning a living and *living* by making his own summer job.

Put your imagination to work. You'll find there are many things you can do in your own home town or community this summer to make money. You can whitewash cellars, paint barns, or clean windows. If you have a jeep or an old jalopy or just a good pair of legs, you can operate a "pick-up and delivery" service for merchants and housewives. You can take care of apartments or homes while people are on vacation. You can collect old books, political buttons, coins, or stamps, and sell them to dealers in such things.

A college classmate of mine converted old fossils into cash. He collected the specimens in the Delaware Water Gap region of Pennsylvania and New Jersey and sold them to geology students and professors all over the country. I once read of another college student who used to spend his summers collecting insects, which he sold to museums and laboratories. There's no telling where *your* imagination can lead you.

All right, you've decided to teach Hindustani or build birdhouses this summer. Your \$64,000 question then is, "How do I get customers?" There are several ways. Put notices on the bulletin boards in your school, college dormitory, fraternity, sorority, or church. Have a few business cards or circulars printed, and hand them to neighbors and friends. If your idea is unique enough, ask the editor of your local paper to give you a plug. Also, put an attractive sign on your front lawn or in a window. But the best way to drum up trade is via the satisfied customer. Get a few people to boost your biscuits, and you're "in the dough"!

I LEARNED TO SAY NO



Bunny Maxey

When played together piano and organ blend well, but few musicians can play as a one-person duo, as Bunny Maxey does in her specialty performance.

THE question, Shall I drink? arose soon after my first playing engagement. I have been a professional organist for many years, appearing in theaters, hotels, and lounges, and doing specialty entertaining for Navy men.

Although I had never tasted liquor, I had seen its effect on others. Do I want to act that way? I asked myself.

It was a hard decision to make and to abide by, for I was surrounded by drinkers.

"Why don't you have just one drink?" people would ask. "You don't know how it relaxes a person. Just try one."

But I had to say No. I was worried that I might act as had a certain prominent, shyly reserved woman whose husband was a judge.

I'll never forget the night they came into the club with friends and sat down at the bar. The judge's wife was coldly aloof to everyone at first, but after a few drinks she suddenly stood up and began ripping the jeweled buttons off the front of her dress.

The judge tried to stop her in a good-natured way, but she jumped up on the bar and, waving her arms, she danced her version of Gilda Grey's shimmy.

Seeing her made me think, Do I want that or something worse to happen to me?

When I weighed the odds, I knew what my decision would be. I could not drink. My job demanded that I make a good appearance under harsh, revealing spotlights, and drinking tends to age and coarsen a woman. Also, since I had a long drive nightly, I couldn't risk losing my driver's license.

I enjoy my work and realize I must be alert to handle all kinds of people diplomatically, play their requests, and keep the entertainment lively and interesting. This I could not do if I drank.

I have never regretted my decision about drinking. I am glad I learned to say No.

Does temperance mean not taking even one drink?

To me, to be temperate means to use those drinks which are beneficial in a manner that will produce health and happiness. Overuse of that which is good will be productive of physical, mental, and spiritual harm.

To use that which produces immediate or delayed effects which are harmful to oneself or to another individual, is intemperance. Its effect is destructive.

Temperance in practice is beneficial, constructive, creative. Even one drink of an alcoholic beverage puts the higher nerve centers to sleep to some degree, depending on the amount of alcohol contained in the drinks and the rapidity of its absorption from the digestive tract.

Is it true that an alcoholic who eats plenty of fats will live longer than the alcoholic whose diet is low on fats?

Because alcohol has an affinity for fats, fats eaten at the time one drinks or before he takes a drink will act as a buffer to slow the absorption of alcohol into the blood stream. Consequently, the toxic effect of alcohol is decreased but prolonged. An alcoholic on a balanced diet will decrease the addictive effect of alcohol on his body, and will have a tendency to control his drinking more effectively.

Is the harmful effect of coffee on the body comparable to that of cigarettes? Is coffee harmful when the amount is limited to three or four cups per day?

Yes, they may be compared, but they can also be contrasted. Both contain poisons, as implied by your use of the word "harmful." Neither can be truly beneficial since neither contains any nutrient properties that can be utilized by the body. Both have an immediate stimulating effect, as the body attempts promptly to rid itself of harmful substances ingested or inhaled.

But only the first effect of tobacco smoke can be said to be stimulating. Nicotine, the most active of some twenty poisons contained in tobacco smoke, is truly a narcotic. Caffeine, the most active poison in coffee, tea, and the cola drinks, is not a narcotic but a true nerve stimulant.

Again, both nicotine and caffeine depress the appetite. But food is needed to provide increased energy as well as to provide protective nutrients to prevent nervous tissue damage. Nicotine blocks the efficient transmission of nerve impulses between the brain and the nerve endings in the muscles, skin, and



Youth Asks..



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.

other tissues. Thus smoking and drinking coffee at the same time do give a quick pickup. But soon the narcotic effect of the nicotine overshadows the stimulation of the caffeine, and another "coffee break" is needed.

Caffeine and nicotine both tend to cultivate stomach ulcers. They both increase the pulse rate and blood pressure and the work of the heart and liver. The effect of both is harmful on those competing in sports. Check the effect on the performance of your local teams!

If all of this is true about coffee, tea, cola drinks, and smoking, do you and I want to decrease our chance for success even a little bit by a few caffeine drinks a day or an occasional puff? You may take the chance; I won't! Why take any poison?

Do people who drink water have a tendency to gain weight?

Those who drink water with their meals have a tendency to gain weight. Also those who use any liquid, alcoholic or nonalcoholic, to wash their food down rather than chewing it thoroughly, have a tendency to overeat as well as to overdrink. (Drinking water between meals is seldom carried to excess, because it aids metabolic processes. Drinking alcoholic beverages between meals is more harmful than with meals because it interferes with digestive processes.)

Those who drink alcoholic beverages without ingesting food are more apt to lose weight. It's a matter of total calorie intake and expenditure. The bank account of calories stored in the form of body fat will be depleted if the deposits do not equal or exceed the withdrawals!

How can the drinking habit be broken?

First, it is important to remove the cause, and it is one or more of five: (a)

social pressures—everybody does it; (b) availability—easy to obtain; (c) escape gadget—can't meet and solve life's problems; (d) addiction—which may begin with the first drink; (e) ignorance of effect.

Second, it is important to obtain adequate physical exercise and sufficient rest, a balanced diet rich in vitamins, especially the B complex. This diet consists of fruit eaten freely at regular mealtimes, fresh when possible, fruit juices in profusion, salt used sparingly, spices and rich foods eliminated. Also helpful is a change of environment, with calm, happy associates who seek to understand and aid, but not to sympathize in words.

Third, the alcoholic must reach the place where he is willing to admit that help is necessary.

Is there anything wrong with a glass of wine at meals, and at meals only?

Natural wines contain from 12 to 14 per cent alcohol. Dessert or sweet wines are fortified, or "hopped up," to about 20 per cent alcohol. Is alcohol to be classed as a food? Medical science and nutritionists say No. The body cannot use alcohol's calories to produce energy. Therefore, wine taken with a meal will still affect the body, especially the nervous system, adversely. However, the action is less marked because the alcohol is buffered by the food and is absorbed more slowly for this reason. Consequently the liver can detoxify that alcohol which is absorbed into the blood stream more effectively, preventing the alcoholic content of the blood from rising to the extent to which it would if the wine were taken on an empty stomach.

Let us remember that alcohol is not a food, but is treated by the body as a poison, a depressant, an anesthetic agent. Alcohol slows mental activity, destroys alertness.

For Your



Reading and Reference

Al-Anon Family Group Headquarters, Inc., LIVING WITH AN ALCOHOLIC, New York: 1960.

A close relative of Alcoholics Anonymous, Al-Anon is a fellowship of wives, husbands, relatives, and friends of the members of A.A., and of problem drinkers. The basic purpose of the organization is the same as that of A.A.

A book on rehabilitation, *Living With an Alcoholic* bases its philosophy upon the theory of alcoholism as a disease. It is repetitious of A.A.'s philosophy in discussing the Twelve Traditions and Twelve Steps, but tying them in with Al-Anon and applying them to the alcoholic's family.

The most informative chapter outlines the work of the Alateen groups, which may prove helpful to youth with drinking parents.

Lincoln Williams, TOMORROW WILL BE SOBER, London, England: Cassell & Company, Ltd., 1960.

Dr. Lincoln Williams explores the possibility of determining the personality of a person which may predispose to alcoholism. No two alcoholics are the same, but Dr. Williams classifies them into four types: the good, the sad, the mad, and the bad.

The author, an advocate of moderate drinking, maintains that alcoholism is a disease, and that the alcoholic needs the same kind of treatment and help that any sick person needs.

He repeats the line put forward by the liquor industry when he says, "The source of the problem is the use of the alcohol and not the alcohol itself." He does not have any answer to the question: How can any person become an alcoholic without alcohol?

This book may prove rewarding, but many other books are far more helpful to victims of alcoholism who may be searching for help, and to others who may be concerned with the problem in other ways.

NONDRINKER

(Continued from page 7)

a plain drink in a glass. Now I, too, was equipped for this meeting.

A little later on, still waiting for the meeting to begin, I was nursing my drink along and talking with Jerry and several other younger members of the bank's staff. Our bank president was busy moving around being sociable, and he soon came up to our group. He slapped everyone on the back, made a few inane remarks, and passed out cigars to all present—except Jerry. He skipped Jerry with a jovial remark about his being a nonsmoker. Then our boss inquired if we were too bashful to get refills for our glasses. Jerry and I passed up this offer with the excuse that we had enough on hand. The others in the group moved toward the improvised bar at the other end of the room.

The fact that Jerry was two years below the legal drinking age in our state didn't seem to bother the president.

We were fairly alone when Jerry said, "You know, it's really funny how people won't be offended when you turn down a cigar, but that same idea won't work with a drink. Right now I can say I have enough and get away with it because I have this glass in my hand. Later on I'll add an ice cube or two to take up space, and add more drink. One thing is certain—I'll leave here just as sober as when I came, and I'll still have a good time."

Then I suddenly stumbled onto another secret. The only way really to fool your way through one of these affairs was to make sure that whatever was in your glass be a dark-colored "mix." In this way no one could tell exactly what was in the glass.

Jerry and I managed to keep getting refills, either in the main barroom or from a friend who was dispensing drinks to the assembled bankers. No one else ever bothered us about drinking or not drinking. We took part in the meeting which finally came later in the evening.

As I look back on this incident, I can see how these same practices can be used by others. Since that time I have watched people at other social gatherings and meetings, and have detected some who were doing the same thing. If these people had opinions concerning alcohol, they didn't compromise their beliefs for the evening, and yet they were a part of the crowd in their own way. By nursing along a plain drink they avoided any so-called embarrassment from not drinking at all.

Jerry and I were lucky at that bankers' meeting. With another barroom

handy we could sneak out and get our plain drinks without any trouble or questions. The essential idea at these gatherings is to be diplomatic in refusing drinks, and to have a partly filled glass in the hand at all times. After a while no one seems to care, and I can hold my glass, be as sociable as the next person, and watch others get drunk.

This bank meeting did have one unexpected dividend. All of the men in the bank were either tired or suffering from hang-overs the next morning. Jerry and I, by contrast, were fresh and ready to meet a new day. The reason was obvious. Jerry had stayed by his principles, and I had learned the sober way to be a social drinker.

CAR TRANSPORT

(Continued from page 25)

all truckers do to avoid oncoming vehicles in their lane.

I slowed my truck, since with a slower moving truck I would have greater control. I blinked my lights in hopes of alerting the other driver.

Luck was against me *and* the other driver. He veered directly at me, and my only recourse was the shoulder or the ditch.

He missed me, but I didn't miss the ditch, and neither did he. I swung my outfit, luckily empty, down into a wide, shallow ditch. Coming right back out, I stopped on the shoulder only yards from where I had gone in.

It wasn't so fortunate with the other driver, or his one passenger. His car headed into the ditch and struck a tree beyond.

The two occupants, both drunk, were badly injured. I felt good that no other victims were involved—as is the case with thousands of similarly caused accidents across the country.

The next day I was back in Ohio again. Toward the middle of the day I noticed a trucker changing a tire on his outfit. He had parked his truck in one of those fine roadside stops that Ohio proudly keeps up.

Pulling in beside him, I soon got an earful—bitter words about persons who carelessly throw empty liquor and beer bottles where cars and trucks can run over them.

His tire, a \$300 one, was ruined after running over several beer bottles left at the edge of the grass in the roadside park. This has happened to hundreds of other motorists, too, and is one of the sins of our country.

As I left that truck driver, uppermost in my mind was thankfulness that I was not a drinking man, and particularly not a drinking driver.

REVERIE

Judith Dodge

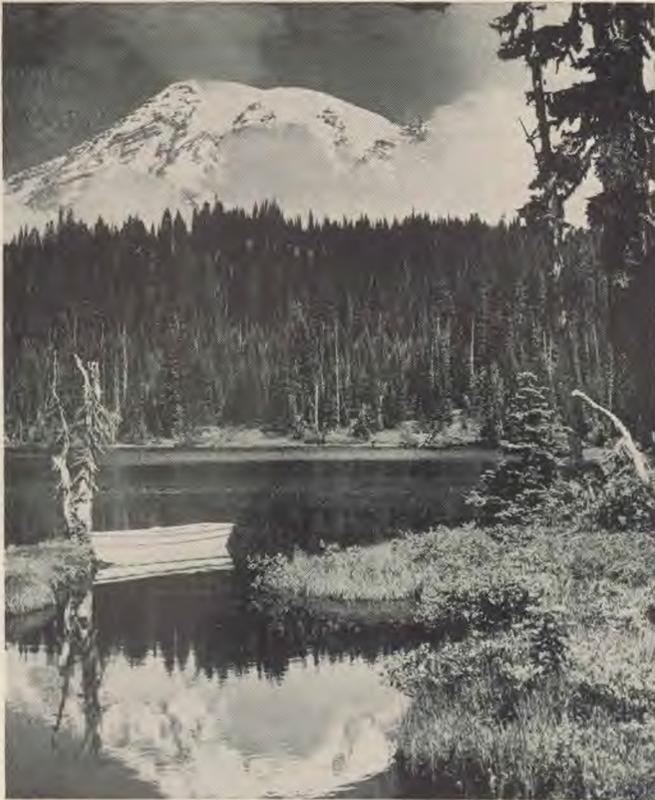
Tonight I stood alone
On the bank of a pond—
Alone with the rippled
pond,
The flaming sunset,
Splashing frogs,
Waving weeds,
Rustling wind,
Silent sky,
And God.

Greater men than I
Could think great thoughts
In such a place.
But I could only breathe
In wonder at the fact
That I stood all alone
Beside a rippled pond
With the flaming sunset,
Splashing frogs,
Rustling wind,
Silent sky,
And God.



POEMS WITH A PURPOSE

By "Listen"
Authors



I FOUND GOD ON A LONELY HILL

Roqua Wassam

One night I found God on a lonely hill.
We watched a storm. He grew quite near to me;
Then all at once the world was hushed and still,
The air was filled with hidden melody,
And God was gone. But from that time I knew
Just where to find Him—in a beam of light,
A sunset glow, a silver drop of dew,
The moonlit stillness of a summer night.
I've wondered why the people go to pray
In some dim chapel. Surely God must be
Wherever beauty is. I'd found the way,
And thought my secret hidden safe, in me.
Today I found my son with awe-struck eyes,
Watching the flaming dawn sweep through the skies.

NEW DAY

Margaret Neel

When morning comes, night-cleansed and new,
Sparkling with sunbeams, damp with dew,
I feel reborn, soul shining, too.

To mend the shreds of yesterday,
To bring back blessings gone astray,
I'm grateful for a brand-new day.



Unique Horseback Ride

Wally E. Schulz

Sixteen-year-old Dale Diehls always dreamed of a long trip on horseback. That dream came true when last summer he took off from his Wisconsin home and headed for Iowa. Nights he spent in the open, or with friendly farmers. He averaged about thirty miles a day for the thirteen-day round trip, and spent only \$20 en route. "I lost ten pounds," he says. "My horse lost about 200."



★ *Using his saddle as a pillow, he had very little trouble sleeping.*

★ *Dale traveled light, carrying his possessions in a feed sack.*

GRANDMA'S RECIPES

(Continued from page 16)

What has made Ruth Wakefield's restaurant venture, now in its thirtieth year, different from a thousand others? Many things, it would seem. She has, for instance, always insisted on quality with a capital "Q," even when relaxing standards might have meant a greater margin of profit.

A quarter of a million hungry visitors come to Toll House every year and never miss the alcoholic drinks other restaurants feel to be a necessary part of pleasing the public. When this ravenous host is considered in terms of din-

ners served and dishes washed, it is impressive, and this seems to indicate that similar high standards elsewhere could eliminate any need of serving liquor.

With a full schedule, which sees her daily on duty at the restaurant where guests coming from far and near expect her to greet them, is there time for rearing a family and meeting the demands of a home? Don and Mary Jane do not visit the restaurant often, since their parents have no wish to exploit them in any way, so the Wakefields arrange their schedules to allow them ample time at home.

"You see, our son and daughter come first," she says. "I'd rather be a success as a mother than a business success.

And I love cooking just for the family. We have specialties at home that aren't duplicated at the restaurant."

Don likes to take a hand in the cooking when he is at home. He is currently in Switzerland, however, taking a three-year course on foods and restaurant management in order to work at Toll House in the future.

Does the restaurant serving no liquor find the going difficult? Is there a secret of success for anyone considering operating such a business? Ruth Wakefield's secret has been that of giving full measure and then heaping on a little extra, maintaining consistently high standards, and being willing to try out new ideas.

Another factor, important to any business, is the happiness and welfare of employees. The 136 who work at Toll House work on an eight-hour shift five days a week,—six in especially busy times,—get a cash bonus at Christmas, and a month or more of vacation with pay. Some employees prefer to work part time and do so, even though it makes more complicated bookkeeping.

The fame of Toll House is not without reason. To the beauty of the 240-year-old house with its lovely gardens can be added perfect appointments and service and the finest food.

"Through the constant expansion Toll House has always tried to hold fast to its original purpose, to offer warm hospitality with fine food cooked and served as it would be in a well-appointed home."

Serving liquor had no place in this plan and obviously hasn't been missed. Restaurant owners, take note!

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OPINIONS



Parental Delinquency

"The startling increase in juvenile delinquency is largely due to parental failure. The drinking woman today probably deserves more than her statistical share of the blame for juvenile delinquency."—J. Edgar Hoover, FBI director.

Hidden Persuaders, or Hucksters?

West coast advertising men took issue with Governor Edmund G. Brown of California when he said that Americans spend "more on advertising, tobacco, and alcohol" than they do on education, and that "we need help to free us from the hypnotic spiel of the hucksters and the hard sell."

Richard B. Ryan, president of the Advertising Association of the West, protested in a letter to Governor Brown thus: "The advertising clubs and their more than 3,000 members in this state are not hidden persuaders nor hucksters, but generally are honest people who sell or use advertising in order to make our economy move."

of Weld County. Senator Ranger Rogers of Littleton charges, "Alcoholism is the chief problem among migrant workers. . . . I can't keep a crew for more than a week or two. The men I hire get drunk and quit."

A Touch of Genius?

"For a bunch of whisky makers to clap Isaac Newton's picture in an ad, and claim to have stepped into the circle of great geniuses by this rash action, is a stench in the nostrils of all people of taste," protests Andy Howlett in an irate letter to the editor of *Advertising Age*. Mr. Howlett's ire was aroused by a whisky advertisement which stated under a picture of Newton labeled "genius" that "there's a touch of genius in every taste" of their product.

Is This Deprivation?

Rev. Hugh Michael Beahan, Catholic radio and TV director in Grand Rapids, Michigan, told tavernkeepers in that city, "Stand up and fight the blue-nosed enemies of the liquor industry. Because drinking creates a problem for a relatively few people, we should

* "Not Guilty," Claims Culprit *

* "Science has established that alcoholism is not caused by alcohol, but is expressed in the abuse of that product," said Thomas J. Donovan, president of United States Licensed Beverage Industries, in a speech to a liquor industry meeting. "In view of the scientific diagnosis, the alcoholic beverage industry need not and should not feel any sense of blame for the existence of the illness," he claimed. "It should, instead, view the problem objectively and continue to assist in its ultimate solution." *

Mistaken Pep

"Innocent persons as well as drugged drivers are endangered by misuse of amphetamine drugs on the highways."

These amphetamine sulfate pills (also called "bennies," "copilots," "dexies" by truck drivers) "are often used by overtired drivers to keep awake." The "use of the drugs for such purposes can cause people to think they see things that do not exist, or fail to see such things as oncoming vehicles."—George P. Larrick, Federal Food and Drug commissioner.

Just Keep on Drinking

While politicians argue about which problem is worse, low wages or alcoholism, Colorado migratory workers just keep on drinking.

"If you pay them more money, they get drunker and stay away from the job longer," says Representative Noble Love

not consider depriving the vast majority of normal adults." Barkeepers, he added, should get rid of their inferiority complexes as they are in "an honorable profession."

Public Charges

California Representative George Kasem says that there are 3,500,000 problem drinkers in California out of a total population of 15,000,000. "We suddenly are becoming aware that what we thought was a problem of a few people is an immense problem we all must meet, and meet with urgency. In the year 1959, the State of California paid out to needy children the unbelievable sum of \$220,000,000. It is estimated that three fourths of these needy children are dependent upon the state as a result of drinking parents."

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