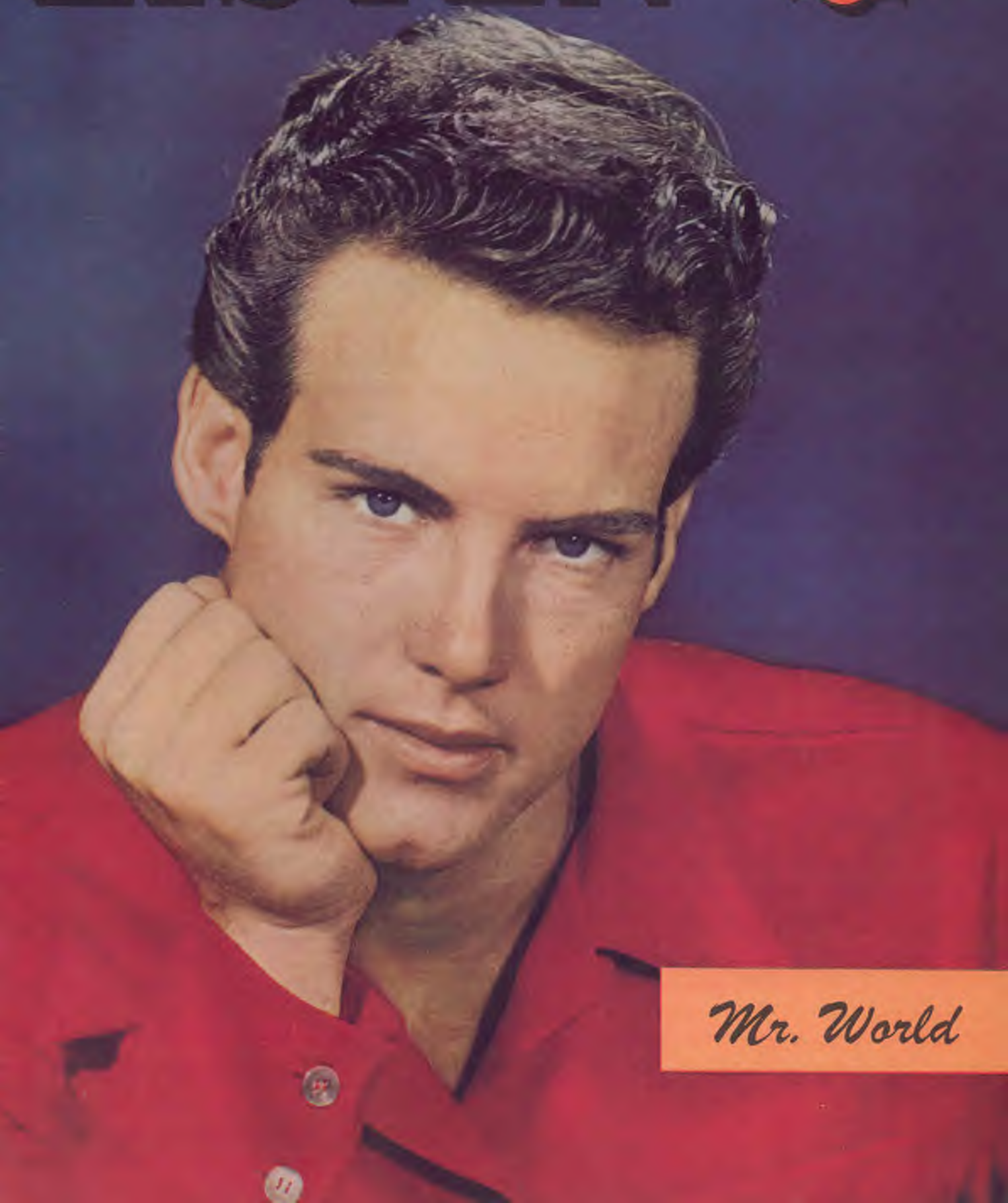


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Mr. World

Alcoholism in Industry

by Francis A. Soper

Medical directors in large concerns have found it difficult to gather accurate statistics on the incidence of alcoholism to determine when a supervisor's report records the true cause of absence and when the stated cause is a blind for alcoholism.

While comparative figures are lacking, the estimated 2,060,000 alcoholic employees with an annual loss of 29,700,000 working days cost industry an estimated one billion dollars yearly loss from absenteeism, hang-overs, and inferior work turned out while under the influence, and an additional one billion dollars estimated loss in consumer demand by a large group of former employees who have already reached the Boweries or skid rows and do not maintain purchases of ties, shoes, white shirts, food, et cetera, on the average consumer level. The accident rate for alcoholics is 321 per 100,000, or twice that of the nonalcoholic.

Staggering figures on industrial

losses caused by alcoholic employees, do not include numerous other indirect costs paid in whole or in part by industry; for example, the estimated \$188,000,000 cost of crime committed by alcoholics, \$35,000,000 for hospital care of alcoholics, \$25,000,000 for maintenance of drunkards in local jails.

Small wonder that industry, with these enormous losses staring it in the face, is beginning to see alcoholism as a major problem. It is a much greater wonder that leaders of big business, who usually scrutinize every possibility for reducing production costs, have not long ago recognized this drain on efficiency and economy.

The Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company has created a new office in its employee relations department—the office of counselor on alcoholism. A former executive secretary of Alcoholics Anonymous heads the plant's program of counseling. A group of 71 habitual drinkers of the plant who had lost more than \$23,000 in wages during 1948 were used as a test. After counseling, thirty-nine of the seventy-one were able to cut down their drinking, and only five had to be fired for continual problem

drinking. The Allis-Chalmers Company reports that the result has reduced absenteeism and tardiness due to alcoholism, and there is a steadier working force, with definite monetary savings.

It is commendable that big corporations organize programs to diagnose and treat the unfortunate victims of alcohol. Such persons need and should receive all the care and attention possible for their rehabilitation. However, noble as these plans may be, they do not take into consideration the most important factor of all.

Doctors and psychiatrists may bring all their skill to bear on workers who are alcoholics, leading them to a better way of life and the giving up of alcoholic beverages. But if it were possible that every alcoholic in all industry could be cured, still the problem would not be solved. Soon there would be more alcoholics to treat—the men and women who are now acquiring the drinking habit by partaking "moderately."

Alcoholism will continue to plague industry and skyrocket its production costs until industry finds a way to deal directly with the root of the whole problem.



According to the report of the National Safety Council's Committee on Tests for Intoxication, eight additional states in 1949 passed legislation supporting chemical test evidence in drinking-driver accidents.

★ ★ ★

The average monthly consumption of wine in the United States is now over

10,000,000 gallons. Commercially produced wine in the last decade has risen from an average of 68,000,000 gallons a year to 125,623,000 gallons for the 1948-1949 year. Wine from California vineyards represent 87.8 per cent of the wine produced.

★ ★ ★

According to a poll conducted by the National Temperance Movement, there is very little drinking on the campuses of church-sponsored colleges. Of those replying to the questionnaire, approximately 44 per cent said campus drinking was a minor problem, and 31.1 per cent said it was no problem at all. Fifty-

one per cent of the presidents indicated they had very little trouble with off-campus drinking, and 16.4 per cent said it was no problem at all. Eighty-seven per cent of the responses indicated that the colleges were teaching the moral aspects of the alcohol problem.

★ ★ ★

The Colonial Airlines, which operate between New York and Bermuda, conducted a passenger poll over a sixty-day period to determine passengers' wishes relative to the question, "Would you like alcoholic drinks served while in flight?" Approximately 78 per cent replied, "No."

COMING NEXT ISSUE

Listen inaugurates 1951 with an issue packed full of attractions.

"The Way to Real Popularity," by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, author of *A Guide to Confident Living*.

Representative Joseph R. Bryson of South Carolina writes on "Licensed Youth Exploitation."

The pictorial story features figure skaters Dick Button, world's champion, and Yvonne Sherman, American queen of the iceways.

Anthony Norvell, lecturer and philosopher, takes a look at alcoholism.

Other special features highlight two of America's outstanding golfers, the Bauer sisters; Jim and Kay Victor, hand-balancing acrobatic artists; American Mothers of 1950, both national and state. Other writers include Dr. Martin Bickham and H. C. Mookerjee, vice-president of the constituent assembly of India.

OUR COVER

Our cover picture of Steve Reeves, Mr. World of 1948, the man with the most perfect physical form, was taken especially for *Listen* by Steve's friend, Anthony Norvell, the twentieth-century philosopher whose hobby is photography.



LISTEN

A JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

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Yearly subscription, \$1.00. Single copy, \$.25. All but junior members will receive LISTEN included in their membership fee.

INDIA'S



MAN OF THE CENTURY

"If I were appointed DICTATOR

for one hour for all India, the first thing I would do would be to close without compensation all liquor shops." With these words the late Mahatma Gandhi expressed his forthright opposition to the liquor slavery that British beverage alcohol imports had foisted upon his country.

Gandhi fought for the rights of all men—Moslems, Hindus, Sikhs, Parsis, Jews, and Christians. He became India's historical symbol of nonviolence, equality of races, freedom of religion, and total abstinence from alcoholic beverages and narcotics. As a molder of thought, no man of the twentieth century has more influenced the destiny of his own people. His achievement in India is a miracle of this generation.

Gandhi's Fourteen-Point Program of social reform listed as its two top objectives: (1) the removal of the curse of untouchability and freedom of the outcasts, and (2) prohibition against liquor and narcotics.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's government accordingly placed on the statute books of India's New Dominion Parliament as its first law, the liberation of India's outcasts. The government's second declaration was that of the progressive achievement of prohibition of alcoholic beverages and narcotics in all of India's provinces, to be completed by the year 1952.

High in the freedom objectives of the new sovereign democratic Republic of India is the basic freedom of religious liberty. The preamble to India's new constitution, which took effect January 28, 1950, stresses justice, liberty, equality, and fraternity. The fundamental rights of this constitution guarantee religious liberty and provide that: (1) Every person will be free to profess, practice, and propagate his own religion without any restriction of any

kind, and (2) "The state will not discriminate against any people on grounds of religion, race, caste, or sex, or any one of them."

The world watches with interest Nehru's program of liberation for one of the largest nations which emphasizes these three freedoms which are basic in the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness.

Freedom has given birth to earth's noblest experiments in government, yet dreams of freedom often fade as the failure of the human element to grasp their vital importance handicaps or deliberately hinders their achievement. Will the clearheaded foresightedness of the freedom-loving, total-abstaining leaders of this new sovereign democratic republic find adequate response in a sufficient number of men of caliber and character to vouchsafe to the generation to come the principles for which India's dominion republican government stands?

Regardless of the differing opinions as to the best methods of liberating mankind from physical, mental, and spiritual slavery, freedom lovers everywhere will agree that basic freedoms such as these would go a long way to achieve the desired liberation of the world's republics.

In a sense the spirit of Gandhi seemed akin to the spirit of Christ. India's great leader had followed in the self-sacrificing footsteps of the great Lover of mankind, who sought to free the human race from every form of slavery. Will this spirit prevail? This is what made Gandhi India's man of the century.



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*"Intoxicating
 figured in"*

Our Insidious Moral Cancer

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LISTEN

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The attached insert in the
 back pages of this issue is
 for your convenience.

R. McKay

urt,
 County

THERE is no domestic problem in the United States today that is of such concern to the citizenry generally as the growing disrespect for law and order and constituted authority. I am quite certain that if it were not for the seriousness of the international situation that this problem would be even more impressed upon us. Many theories have been advanced as to just why this ominous condition continues throughout the great length and breadth of our land.

It has been charged that our present penal system has neither rehabilitated nor reformed people who commit crimes against society. While it is true that our criminal law, its interpretation, and its procedural features relating to law enforcement have not kept abreast of the times, there are other matters which, in my opinion, have contributed to the present problem far more than any criticism that might be pointed at the basic law of the land.

Liquor Involved in Nine Out of Ten Cases

Some few years since, while I was serving as the presiding judge of the Criminal Division of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, I stated that the in-

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YOUTH NEED TO KNOW

by SENATOR CLYDE R. HOEY

THE temperance question is as old as man. Intemperance began with the creation of the first man, and our weak, frail humanity has continued to indulge itself in the practice of all forms of intemperance and excesses.

The most usual form of intemperance in the popular conception is in the use and abuse of alcoholic spirits. In this social custom intemperance has left a trail of destructiveness of life and character through the ages.

While temperance is an old question, it is as new and fresh as the most recent life born into the world. It touches all of our humanity without regard to whether or not individuals are addicts to the use of alcoholic spirits; because the influence and effects of the use of alcohol are all-pervasive, and the innocent as well as the guilty suffer the consequences.

It is for this reason that the American Temperance Society exercises so much influence in the thinking of the people of the nation. This is likewise the reason that in our international Sunday school lessons there is always set apart at least one Sunday in each quarter of the year for a temperance lesson, so that the cause of temperance may be presented to the young and old, with special reference to mature men and women, many of whom become addicts to the use of liquor or alcoholic beverages after they have reached maturity.

Youth need to know and understand that indulging in alcoholic beverages discounts by 50 per cent the chances for success in life. Youth also need to know that intemperance never makes the slightest contribution to success in life. The theory that young people must indulge in drinking in order to be popular has long since been exploded. The practice of temperance on the part of young people, as well as their elders, commands the universal respect of their associates and the public and adds to their efficiency in any line of work.

Young men and women should realize that if they drink moderately today, the chances are that they will drink immoderately tomorrow. If they have good po-

sitions today and follow through on the practice of drinking, they will have a less good position tomorrow. As time goes on, they will find their value as an employee or official lessened, their efficiency reduced, and their possibilities of further advance, recognition, or distinction remote, if not entirely impossible of realization.

The liquor advertisements invariably portray scenes of happiness, congeniality, and prosperous surroundings. This is a complete misnomer, for the ultimate result of the use of intoxicants is to promote poverty, increase want, and create despair. This is one reason why fraudulent representations and the insidious appeals of liquor advertisements based upon false conceptions of the results of the use of intoxicating liquors ought to be prohibited in newspapers and periodicals and radio broadcasts.

The appeal for temperance should be continually made upon the high basis of the good of the individual, the preservation of the home, the happiness of the family, the advancement of community life, and the development of the moral fiber and spiritual strength of all the people— young, middle-aged, and old. This is the message which the American Temperance Society constantly brings to the people of the nation. These are facts youth need to know.

Clyde R. Hoey, United States Senator from North Carolina.



The Greatest Little SWIMMING CLUB in the Nation



BILL ARMSTRONG, Coach of the Ambassador Swimming Club,
Says:

"There is absolutely no place in competitive swimming for tobacco or alcohol. It prevents proper breathing, retards co-ordination and slows up the reflexes."

Bill Armstrong

Motto
THINK like a Champion,
ACT like a Champion,
TRAIN like a Champion,
And You Will Be a
CHAMPION.

ten-year record any coach can legitimately be proud of. It is the only club in the nation with competitive swimming beginning with six years of age and up. Coach Armstrong voiced the personal satisfaction that has been his in coaching the club in the statement, "This swimming club is accepted as the greatest little swimming club in the nation."

Bill Armstrong had the honor of coaching Leola Thomas Wahler, the national Senior AAU champion in the 800-yard free style. Her record has never been broken. She also won four Junior AAU medals.

One of the club rules is, no smoking or sale of cigarettes or drinking or sale of alcoholic beverages on the premises. Coach Armstrong observes: "A coach can tell if swimmers should take up smoking or drinking on the side. In swimming, exercising the elbow in drinking is the wrong kind of exercise if you want to succeed. If you want to be a champion, or just a good swimmer, leave alcohol strictly alone."

Reported for
Listen by
BOB ROACH

Bill Armstrong is the original organizer and present coach of the Ambassador Swimming Club located at the Ambassador Hotel, 14th and K streets, in Washington, D.C.

Mr. Armstrong's specialty is creating new swimming champions. Bill, whose home town is Pittsburgh,

Pennsylvania, began swimming at eight years and has been teaching Red Cross methods for twenty years.

The atmosphere of the Ambassador Swimming Club, emphasized by its motto and its inspiring collection of medals, is the atmosphere of competing champions. The club has a



NATE FINE PHOTO

Four AAU Champions

Reading from left to right: Barbara Hoblemann, Mary Freeman, Ann Quackenbush and Ellen Oberti. Barbara Hoblemann stole the spotlight in this year's District AAU swimming championship at the American University, and the other three young

ladies are the winners of the girls' trio 150-yard medley relay National Junior AAU championship held at Atlanta, Georgia, April 1, 1950.

BARBARA HOBLEMANN—This seventeen-year-old high-school senior began swimming at four years of age. At twelve she was stricken with polio, but overcame its physical complications through exercise in swimming. At Atlanta, Georgia,

Barbara broke the record for the 200-yard free-style event for the South-eastern division of the AAU, and won the 100-yard free-style.

ANN QUACKENBUSH and **MARY FREEMAN**, with **ELLEN OBERTI**, are the national winners in the AAU 150-yard medley relay. Mary Freeman also broke the National Junior AAU record for the 200-yard backstroke at Atlanta.

Drinking and smoking have no place in my life as a swimmer. If I ever hope to be topflight as a swimmer, my body will have to be in the peak of its condition. I feel that drinking and smoking would make this quite impossible.

Ann Quackenbush

As long as I have never started the habit of smoking and drinking, it's not a real problem for me. Besides, for health reasons, I don't think smoking and drinking have any place in swimming or in any other sport.

Mary Freeman

Mary Piranian is the Ambassador Swimming Club's woman coach and chaperon on field trips. Her interest in swimming was first aroused while in attendance at youth summer camps. Mary comes from another total-abstaining family who know by experience the value of the alcohol-free way of life. Neither her parents nor her five sisters smoke or drink.

Mary Piranian says:

"I can't see much sense in deliberately beginning a habit which doesn't do you any good, and which may eventually become your master."

In addition to her own personal testimony, Mary adds this comment on the value of total abstinence to the entire club:

"Problems confronting chaperons of the Ambassador Swimming Club are few, thanks to the attitude of our swimmers toward the use of alcohol and tobacco. These two bad habits just don't fit into any of our programs."



D. WOLKONSKY

Mary Piranian

These three lovely swimming stars of the Ambassador Hotel Swimming Club are the 1949 winners of the Junior National 150-Yard Medley Relay in Southern AAU competition. They are, reading from left to right, Dyan Wilson, Joel Leeman, and Ellen Oberti. All three have given their personal statements on total abstinence to LISTEN magazine.

DYAN WILSON, who is fifteen years of age, began swimming at the early age of three and has already competed in approximately 40 swimming meets. She won the 50-yard free-style Junior AAU for the District of Columbia in 1948 and was a co-winner in the Junior National 150-Yard Meter Medley Relay in North Carolina in 1949.

JOEL LEEMAN learned to swim at ten years of age. A lifeguard at Key West, Florida, who helped Joel overcome her earlier fear of the water and taught her how to swim, made the remark: "Some day you will be a real swimmer." Beginning competitively at the age of twelve, she won the Junior AAU 100-Yard Backstroke at San Diego. In 1949 she won the District of Columbia Junior 100-Yard Back and Free Style.

ELLEN OBERTI, a seventeen-year-old high-school student, also started her swimming career at three years of age. Miss Oberti, too, has winning ways. In 1947 she won the 100-yard free style in the Junior AAU, and the following year the Junior AAU 100-yard breast stroke. In 1948 she also won the 200-yard free style in the Senior AAU and in 1949 she was winner in the 100-yard Senior AAU free-stroke event. Ellen's father was a boxer, and all during his athletic career never smoked or drank.



NATE FINE P

"I don't drink or smoke, and to my mind anyone who does, and is interested in making a career in athletics, will not succeed, for these don't mix."

Dyan Wilson

"I do not believe that any athlete can afford to use narcotic drugs. Alcohol and tobacco are classed as such. Therefore I do not drink or smoke."

Joel Leeman

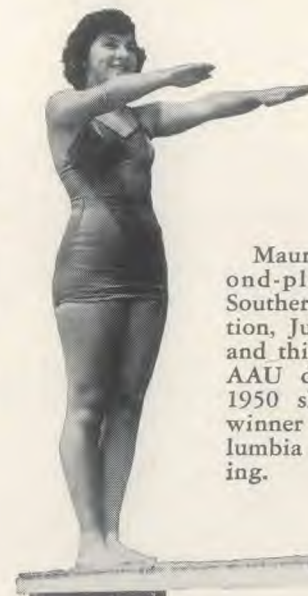
"I believe alcohol is injurious to athletes. It is not a necessity, and I therefore think it should be excluded by all potential athletes."

Ellen Oberti

"Health is the thing I want to have more than anything else, not only when participating in sports, but in the duties of everyday life. Smoking and drinking seem to me to hinder that feeling of health and a strong body, which all young people want to have in order to be able to do their best in anything they set out to accomplish."

"Young people usually start drinking and smoking because they see others their age doing so. If we could only realize how by so doing we are injuring our health, and in turn hindering our chances of success, I know that these bad habits would be eliminated in social circles."

Maura Silverman



Maura Silverman, second-place winner in Southern AAU competition, Junior AAU diving, and third place in Senior AAU diving (1949). In 1950 she was first-place winner in District of Columbia Senior AAU diving.



BARBARA McCUTCHEON, the 1949 winner of the Junior National AAU diving championship, in action.

BARBARA is a graduate of the University of Maryland (physical education major, 1948) and at present is physical education instructor at Central High School. As an instructor she is temporarily barred from amateur diving competition. At the early age of six, Barbara started her Red Cross swimming lessons, and at the age of fourteen she was taught how to dive by her older brother, who was a lifeguard.

The versatile Miss McCutcheon won her first championship at the Ambassador Swimming Club. Under Bill Armstrong's coaching, winning became a habit with Barbara. In 1945 she annexed the Junior AAU title for the District of Columbia and in 1946 won the Senior AAU crown for the District. In 1947 she was the Senior outdoor diving champion, and she placed second in the Senior indoor diving championship for the District. By 1948 she won both the Senior outdoor and indoor championships; and as a fitting climax to her achievements at Orange, New Jersey, on April 1949, Barbara annexed the Junior National AAU Diving Championship.

Miss McCutcheon has a distinguished heritage of total abstinence. Neither her parents or her grandparents on either side smoke or drink. She represents one of America's fine total-abstaining families; none of her four brothers, or her sister, are users of tobacco or alcohol.

"I cannot see the social or athletic advantages of smoking or drinking. The athlete who refrains from indulging is one step ahead of his or her competitor. I think all young people should be aware of their potentialities as nonsmokers and nondrinkers."

Barbara McCutcheon

Assistant Coach Bill McGrath seen coaching beginners. Bill is a general swimming instructor in Boy Scout and Red Cross courses and in lifesaving, and has been an active swimmer for twenty-two years.

The counsel of this swimming coach is:

"The smoker can't stand up in swimming, and the drinker has no chance at all.

"I do not believe that alcohol has any part in normal living."

Bill McGrath



D. WOLKONSKY

LIQUID FOOD OR LIQUID POISON?

D. H. KRESS, M.D.



IS ALCOHOL when used in moderate quantities a liquid food? To answer this question intelligently and satisfactorily it will be necessary to ascertain first what constitutes a food, and what its purposes in the human body are; and, secondly, what alcohol is, and whether alcohol meets any one of the requirements of a food in the body.

What Is a Food?

The human body is composed of muscles, nerves, bones, and other tissues. As a result of activity these are constantly undergoing changes. The old tissues break down, are eliminated, and have to be replaced by new material. Aside from this the existence and activity of the body demand the constant production of heat and energy.

To repair and build up tissues or to produce the needed heat and energy in the body, is the purpose of food. Any substance, therefore, to be a food must either build up and repair tissue or it must be capable of producing heat and energy.

The Food of Infant Life

Milk is the food that nature provides for the newborn. Upon analysis of this fluid we find that it contains both tissue-forming and heat- and energy-producing elements, and in the right proportion to meet the requirements of the rapidly growing and active infant.

After a certain period in child life, nature indicates a change of food from liquid to semisolid or solid, by providing a full set of teeth for the purpose of mastication. Upon a careful analysis of rice, wheat, oats, peas, beans, fruits, nuts, and other food products of the vegetable kingdom, we find food elements present in varying proportions, similar to those found in milk. These, when masticated and digested, are capable of taking the place of the food of infancy.

A bunch of grapes has stored within it considerable nutriment. If we should put a bunch of grapes in a warm, moist place for a week or two and allow it to decay, or ferment, it would no longer be classified as food.

While it might still contain some of the original nutritive elements, it would, in addition, contain poisons which are always formed when such foods ferment. Alcohol is a poison thus formed.

The Deceptive Nature of Alcohol

The pure juice of the grape imparts strength to the body. Hence Paul's advice to his youthful associate, "Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." Alcohol claims, and appears, to do the same. It produces an immediate feeling of well-being and exhilaration that may be, and is by many, misinterpreted as strength; but this sensation of strength is an initial form of intoxication.

Alcohol does not build up tissue, neither does it impart energy to the body. It dissipates energy and lowers body temperature. The sensation of strength following the use of alcohol in a short time leaves the person actually weaker. When the deceptive effect of this drug has worn off, the drinker begins to realize his real condition, and there exists a feeling of depression and a lack of energy. This feeling of weakness naturally calls for a new supply of alcohol to produce the same *sensation of strength*, and so another drink is taken. In this way unconsciously the alcohol habit is formed, and men and women imagine that their very existence depends upon having alcohol in some form—that they cannot keep up without it.

Is Alcohol in Small Doses a Food?

If alcohol is a food, why is it altogether withheld from athletes when in training, and why is it not recommended to engineers and firemen on our passenger trains, who must have steady nerves and clear brains? If alcohol is a food, why do surgeons refrain from its use, and why do they consider it dangerous to operate upon one who is addicted to its use? Alcohol makes men mentally unsafe, physically unfit, and it lowers the vitality of the body. Food will not do this.

Go with me to the islands of the Pacific and note the effect of the alcohol introduced by the white man to these races. Has alcohol improved their physique or made them intellectually or morally better? On the contrary, it has been a major factor in racial degeneration. The *Honolulu Advertiser* said a few years ago, "There are men living of voting age who will witness the death of the last full-blooded Hawaiian."

The Maoris of New Zealand were once probably in physique the finest race with which civilization had been brought in contact. When Captain Cook first visited their island, he found them a most exceptional people, active, agile, and perfect in physique. After a number of years of alcohol addiction among the Maoris, Chief Justice Stout, of New Zealand, in pronouncing sentence upon a drunken Maori, said, "If this drinking continues, we are in measurable distance of the time when the Maoris will be exterminated." The same results may

be seen among the natives of Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, and other islands of the Pacific.

The fact that the use of beer, or stout, increases body weight has led some to consider beer as nutritious. But opium, morphine, and phosphorus produce similar results, yet they possess no value as nutrients. They increase body weight by interfering with normal cell activity, causing fatty degeneration of the tissues. The increase in weight is due to a *disease* process, and is in no wise an indication of health. The weight gained by the use of alcohol is pathological, not physiological. It is well known that while *in appearance the beer drinker may be the picture of health, in reality he is a degenerate and incapable of resisting disease.* He may have an abundance of tissue, but it is of an inferior quality.

Baron Liebig, of Germany, and an authority, in speaking of the nutritive value of beer, said, "If a man drinks daily from eight to ten quarts of the best Bavarian beer, in the course of *twelve* months he will have taken into his system the nutritive constituents contained in a five-pound loaf of bread." Not only is beer not of value as a food, but alcohol in any form has been shown to diminish working ability and the power of endurance. The fact is, alcohol *always*, no matter in what form it may be taken, impairs muscular and mental activity, and leads to degeneracy.

Sir Frederick Treves, in referring to his observations on the battlefield, says, "It was a curious fact that troops could not march on alcohol." In the Ladysmith relief column, which he accompanied, "the first men to drop out were the men who drank. The fact was as clear," he said, "as if they had all had labels on their backs." "Men," he added, "could not be fit if they took alcohol."

Does Alcohol Give Warmth to the Body?

It has been repeatedly demonstrated that alcohol is one of the worst things to take when it is necessary for the body to withstand great cold or fatigue. *It produces a sensation of warmth by bringing the blood to the surface,* but it actually lowers the temperature of the body. The arctic explorer Nansen showed that those who drank alcohol could not bear the northern cold, and not one of his staff was allowed to partake of it. Dr. Lesser noted that a number of regiments in the English army while in the Sudan received certain quantities of alcohol, while other regiments went without. The result showed that the latter could bear the strain of long marches far better, and were better preserved from the heat, than those to whom alcohol in any form was given.

Alcohol Is Liquid Poison

Instead of being a liquid food, alcohol is actually a liquid poison. The scientific facts available admit of no other conclusion. It does not perform the true functions of a food, but on the contrary acts as a narcotizing poison to the central nervous system of the human body.

The distinguished Dr. Haven Emerson in his book *Alcohol and Man* provides this excellent summarization of the poisonous effects of alcohol which are exhibited in the human body "both physiologically and psychologically":

"Alcohol is an important and widely used poison. It is readily absorbed and distributed (Turn to page 32)

WORDS OF WISDOM

"Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us feel what we are capable of doing."—Thomas Carlyle.

"There is not enough darkness in the whole world to put out the light of a single candle."—Anonymous.

"Again and again I have been tempted to give up the struggle, but always the figure of that strange Man hanging on the cross sends me back to my task again."—George Tyrrell.

"The bigger a man's head gets, the easier it is to fill his shoes."—Joliet-Stateville "Time."

"When some men discharge an obligation, you can hear the report for miles around."—Mark Twain.

"To escape criticism, say nothing, do nothing, be nothing."—From a tapestry motto belonging to Sir John Simon, former British chancellor of the exchequer.

"I recommend you to take care of the minutes, for the hours will take care of themselves."—Chesterfield.

"Nothing is impossible. God has His ways and means—and sometimes at the darkest hour of all—He intervenes."—Patience Strong.

"A pessimist is one who feels bad when he feels good for fear he'll feel worse when he feels better."—Anonymous.

"Happiness is a hard thing because it is achieved only by making others happy."—Steward Cloete, "Third Way," Houghton, Mifflin Company Journal.





WESTERN

Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, vice-president of the University of Illinois in charge of the Chicago Professional Colleges, who is chairman of the National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism.



WESTERN

The officers of the National Committee. Reading from left to right, Arthur L. Bietz, Ph.D., Institute director; Andrew C. Ivy, Ph.D., M.D., D.Sc., chairman of the National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism; Haven Emerson, M.D., professor emeritus of Columbia University, vice-chairman; and W. A. Scharffenberg, executive secretary of the National Committee.



Classroom scene in the pathology amphitheater of the College of Medical Evangelists at Loma Linda, California, shows Judge Joseph T. Zottoli of Boston addressing the assembly.

SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE

ATTACKS

ALCOHOL PROBLEM

In First School of Scientific Studies
Sponsored by the National Committee
for the Prevention of Alcoholism

Nationally known leaders headed a group of sixteen men of science, medical doctors, educational leaders, and judges who formed the faculty at the first session of the Institute of Scientific Studies for the Prevention of Alcoholism, held at Loma Linda, California, July 24 to August 4. The *Los Angeles Times* commented, "The Institute is unique among professional groups interested in this subject in that it stands for total abstinence." The Institute was sponsored by the National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism, with headquarters at Washington, D.C. The second Institute is also scheduled to be held on the beautiful campus of the Loma Linda, California, Medical College, July 9-20, 1951.

Banquet scene at the Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles, showing a large section of the nearly one hundred representatives from more than forty states, Canada, and eight countries overseas.



From Alcoholic BARS



ROBERTS



KEYSTON

TO PRISON BARS

VOICES from prison speak from experience on the matter of criminal offenses springing spontaneously from drinking situations. The following personal statements on the relationship between their drinking of alcoholic beverages and their current offense were made to the editor of "Listen" by the subjects themselves in a Western penitentiary survey.

No. 21908—"If it wasn't for liquor I wouldn't be here. Young folk should pay more attention to parents and not be influenced by wrong companions. Whisky should be prohibited."

No. 21923—"My advice to all young men is to leave drink alone. One cannot drink sociably and not overdo. . . . Every good opportunity I ever had has been lost through drinking."

No. 21928—"I don't think I wrote that check, but I was too far under the influence of liquor to know."

No. 21947—"I was never in trouble except when drinking. My advice to youth is, Don't drink."

No. 21952—"I would not have been in trouble had it not been for drinking. Drink is the greatest curse."

No. 21969—"Most of my drinking has been social drinking. I have no specific craving. I am certain, however, that if it had not been for drink, I would not be here."

No. 21979—"I was drunk; I didn't know what I was doing."

No. 21991—"I was very drunk and did not know what took place. I do not even know if I am guilty or not. I

have never been in trouble when I was sober, only when I am drinking."

No. 22000—"If it wouldn't have been for drink, which gave me false courage, I wouldn't have been here. If there were other places where I could make friends, I wouldn't care for taverns."

No. 22012—"I started to drink in the Army and drank continually overseas, if possible, and anything I could get. I was high most of the time. . . . I was intoxicated at the time of the current offense and did not really care. Drink is the cause of my trouble."

No. 22013—"I was under the influence at the time this happened and had lost my mental balance."

No. 22025—"If I hadn't been liquored up I wouldn't be here."

No. 22032—"I don't even remember the circumstances. I remember nothing and I can't deny it; I admit the charge. . . . It was a blackout. . . . Drink was to blame every time I was in trouble."

No. 22037—"I have never done any wrong in my life unless I was drunk. I was too drunk to remember any of the circumstances."

No. 22045—"I know in my own mind that if I hadn't been drinking, the crime wouldn't have taken place, for I have been in as much trouble before, but have not done anything."

No. 22060—"I was under the influence at the time I was arrested and had been drinking heavily. Alcohol has been involved every time I have been in trouble. . . . Once I start to drink I can't stop."

No. 22063—"I was under the in-

fluence the day of the current offense. . . . I remember nothing about this act because I had been drinking wine at the time."

No. 22064—"I was just plain drunk. Drink put me in jail. Drink has always been the reason for my trouble."

No. 22075—"Every time I get drunk I get in trouble. I have never been in difficulty but when I have been drinking. . . . Better leave drink alone if you want to live happily. I have lost my home, my car, my family, because of liquor."

No. 22078—"Liquor is my downfall. If it hadn't been for going on sprees I would have never gotten into trouble. . . . I do not remember the details because I was under the influence of drink at the time. Anybody drinking by invitation, even to the health of friends or associating with those who drink, in the end gets into trouble."

No. 22084—"If I hadn't been drinking and wanted to purchase more liquor, I wouldn't have signed the checks. Drink is to blame for the last four times I have been in trouble."

No. 22101—"Drink has been the cause of all my penal commitments. My advice to all young folks is, Don't drink."

No. 22105—"Subject had been drinking from two o'clock in the afternoon to three o'clock the next morning. "I was blacked out completely at the time. I can faintly remember grappling with the girl in the car. . . . I cut her up, but I don't remember. Drink put me here."

(Continued from page 5)

divorce hearings, and, of that number, in 317 instances intoxicating liquor figured prominently in the cause which impelled a legal separation.

Drinking Mothers and Juvenile Delinquents

I have been particularly impressed with the increased drunkenness among women. Of course this is morally bad in every sense. Obviously it contributes to juvenile delinquency, because mothers neglect their homes and children while they spend their time in saloons saturating themselves with drinks.

Something must be done about this insidious moral cancer. Most desirable would be self-regulation—first, by the women themselves, awakened by the foolish degradation of drinking women; second, by the saloonkeepers, against whose interest it is to encourage the situation. It is however quite patent that if self-regulation is not to be had or hoped for, then it is decidedly up to the law to exercise its duties of protecting the sisters, wives, and mothers of the community from the consequences of their own folly and, by protecting the dupes of the alcoholic era, keep our society clean and healthy.

Drunk Arrests in Los Angeles

In Los Angeles, southlanders went to bars and bottles to see the new year in. They broke the unsavory Christmas record for wholesale drunk arrests, according to police reports. Their record showed more than 725 celebrants welcomed 1950 through the barred windows of jails. However, police reported that the wild county-wide bender that followed office parties of the Friday before Christmas and saw 209 drunken drivers arrested, was not repeated. It was apparent that the bar and bottle folks had learned a lesson, for police said they arrested only 28 motorists who were trying to handle both their liquor and their steering wheels. The record in Los Angeles also indicates that approximately 95,000 persons were arrested for intoxication within the city during 1949.

More Effective Law Enforcement Needed

It is noted that throughout the country there is a growing clamor for more effective law enforcement so far as the dispensing of intoxicants is concerned.

We appreciate with concern the number of juveniles who have pursued a life of crime because of an early addiction to the use of these very intoxicants. In many large cities there is little or no effort made to enforce the statutes which prescribe that liquor cannot be sold to juveniles. In Los Angeles an awakened citizenry has risen up in righteous indignation and made a demand that this unholy practice must stop immediately.

We were told that if prohibition was eliminated it would be much easier to enforce the liquor laws, or little or no difficulty would attend the dispensing of hard liquor. This promised utopia has not arrived; but, on the contrary, we are faced with a sad and ugly scene which is something to ponder upon seriously if we are to avoid a degree of decadence and immorality beyond the power of cure, and difficult to extirpate.

Y AWARD of Mr. America in 1947 and Mr. World in 1948 was based on my muscular development, general health and all-round athletic ability. I have

perfect teeth, have never had a cavity in my life, and enjoy the healthiest of skin conditions. Every morning before breakfast I walk eight miles, and outdoor sports such as swimming and horseback riding are a specialty with me. In striving to give myself the full benefit of a balanced diet and the most perfect meals, I drink a considerable quantity of fruit juices.

Since much depends on keeping the body free from the poisons of alcoholic beverages and tobacco, I never drink or smoke, and I advise very strongly against these dissipating habits.

Some people excuse them because they find an athlete of some attainment who does drink or smoke, but what would the same individual have achieved if the principles of total abstinence from alcohol and tobacco had been adhered to?

I have known athletes who have had only a few drinks, perhaps on a Saturday night only, who have exercised along with me and have been unable to keep up the exercise nearly as long; nor did the exercise benefit them as it should, all because they were moderate users of alcohol.

Drinking ruins the benefits of exercise both in quality and quantity. *Very moderate drinkers suffer this loss.* Smoking likewise affects the ability to exercise properly. While I am able to exercise a couple of hours without being winded, I have known other young men who smoked a package of cigarettes a day who could not maintain the same rate of exercise for one fourth as long.

The reason many people drink and smoke is that they feel the need of a false stimulant. Because of the care I have given my body, I feel in peak condition and high-spirited all the time.

I value too highly the wonderful results of total abstinence and clean living to permit myself to yield to social pressure to drink. At a party I merely decline with courtesy, and say, "No, thanks, I should like a limeade, if you please. I don't mind if you wish to drink, but thank you for excusing me." Or I go to the bar, if there is one in the home where the party is, and ask, if they order drinks for the party, to give me a limeade.

People of character will admire you for sticking by principle regardless of social pressure to the contrary. They recognize the strength of character in maintaining such a position, and it is not infrequent that some of them will express a wish that they, too, had taken a similar stand.



STEVE REEVES

MR. WORLD OF 1948

Says:

"My superior health and muscular development I attribute to clean, healthful living, regular exercise, and to the fact that

I DO NOT Drink Alcoholic Beverages or Smoke."

For personal health and safety, the total abstainer has a terrific advantage. Liquor is dangerous. It destroys health, muscular co-ordination, and mental and physical abilities, and often destroys the life itself. It certainly spoils athletic co-ordination.

To me, dissipation is the worst thing an individual can do to personality, health, and life. By dissipation, I mean drinking, smoking, any other narcotic habit addiction, and staying up all hours of the night. Next

FOURTH QUARTER

to dissipation, the lack of exercise is, to my mind, the most common physical harm; and the third evil is that of an inadequate diet. *My advice to youth is to never be bribed, pressured, or fooled into taking false stimulants. You stand to gain in every way if you leave alcohol and tobacco alone.*

Mr. Reeves released the above statement as a special feature for *Listen* in an interview with the editor.

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Upside Down With

Bob Jones

PHYSICAL CULTURIST, SAYS:

"I personally have never used tobacco or alcohol; I lead a very active life, and I do a lot of work both physical and mental. . . . I never take a 'Lucky' or anything else that in the long run is going to injure my health instead of helping it."



Mr. Robert L. Jones conducts an exercise business at 702 Venango Street, Philadelphia. Besides his gymnastic work, his lectures and writing, he is also an ardent photographer and philatelist.

W

HEN you see a drunk reeling down the street having a terribly hard time to keep even a little semblance of balance, what thoughts go racing through your mind? Possibly pity for the poor fellow who's got himself in such a stew? And maybe a little pride in the fact that you can walk straight—in perfect control of your feet?

Lest you become too proud, ponder a little while on Bob Jones of Philadelphia and maybe you will decide that your superiority is only relative, after all, and that you still have a few things to learn about balance.


Bob Jones is only five feet six inches tall and does not appear too husky, but his muscles seem like iron. As an authority on hand and head balancing, his performance is phenomenal.

"Oh, I have heard of that fellow," you are probably saying by now. "I saw his picture in Ripley's 'Believe It or Not' or 'Strange as It Seems' by John Hix." Undoubtedly you have, for he has appeared in these features about twenty-five times, and he has been in the newsreel, and on radio and television, too.



Downright Facts

MADELINE GEORGE



Bob Jones literally carried his balancing exhibitions sky-high, for he became a flying acrobat: wing walking, parachute jumping, and performing on a rope ladder suspended beneath a flying plane. He became such an authority on athletics that he was called upon to write many articles and to serve as referee at over 550 professional wrestling bouts. At his lectures Bob gives exhibitions of his various hand and head balances. He uses no special costumes or aids, or gimmicks of the trade. He has no special support for his fingers, as some other performers have.



If you were to drop in on Bob some evening you might find him standing on his head on the piano stool, or, while his feet reach skyward, resting his thumbs comfortably on Indian clubs! And don't be astounded if he decides to cut you a piece of cake with one hand while he balances himself on the other—as he did at his forty-fifth birthday party last year. In fact, he seems as

happy with his feet up in the air as you and I are keeping ours on the ground—only he doesn't even need ground. Most of us are cautious riding in a canoe, but Bob will stand up in one, not on his feet, but on one hand, or on his head! Or if you invite him out to see the swing under the apple tree, he will stand up in it, too, but not on his feet—on his head, of course.

But perhaps you do not know how much importance Bob Jones places on the principles of total abstinence from alcoholic beverages and tobacco in his gospel of a sound mind in a sound body. A featured lecturer and demonstrator with the "Hale America" program before the war, in late years he has spoken before many young people's gatherings, inspiring them to live clean lives, to avoid the use of alcohol and tobacco, and to build up strong healthy bodies and minds.

But Bob Jones wasn't born strong. Nor did he spend his toddling years walking around on his hands with his feet over his head. Actually he was almost seven years of age before he was able to rise from the floor unassisted by a person or a piece of furniture. A sickly lad, his chances of survival appeared slim. All through school he was a skinny little runt, and in high school he looked with envy at the boys who made the football and basketball teams.

Gradually, however, through perseverance, the help of physical culture books, and his local Y.M.C.A., he built

his muscles to such a degree of proficiency that he became a recognized authority and performer at hand balancing and head balancing and in muscular development.

Lecturing is one of Bob's favorite hobbies. He especially loves to demonstrate to young folk how they, too, can conquer weakness of body and spirit. He believes that finding escapes through drinking is just a coward's way out, that with faith in God and good health one can lick any problem.

Bob is very much annoyed at some athletes who endorse liquor and tobacco when they certainly know those products are harmful. Bob's philosophy is that "When one enjoys the admiration, respect, and confidence of the public, particularly the young public, the least a man can do is to be honest and set the best example he knows how to set."

What a pity all athletes are not as honest as Bob Jones about liquor and tobacco. Bob's principles are worthy of emulation. "O.K., Bob, we'll go along with you—as long as you don't expect us to stand on our heads!"



FLASHES

● Assam has launched an opium prohibition drive adopting the resolution requesting the Indian government to help make poppy cultivation and traffic in opium illegal throughout INDIA, and to take effective steps to stop the smuggling of opium into Assam.

● The UNITED NATIONS Commission on narcotic drugs reports that fifty-nine sovereign states and seventy-eight territories have failed to submit information on illicit traffic in narcotic drugs as of 1948.

● CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S liqueur-filled Easter eggs, barred from England because of high tariffs, found their way to America.

● PARIS reports that the St. Bernard dogs in the Alpine passes are carrying spirits again, a cheap grape distillate.

● "TAP AND TAVERN" reports that the demand of the hops market indicates more brewing activity all over the WORLD.

● In all of ICELAND there is only one licensed hotel for the sale of wine and liquors.

● In the past twenty-three years ENGLAND'S brewers who have been taken by death have left a combined fortune of £40,000,000.

● CANADA'S all-time high bill of \$630,000,000 represents a \$48 per capita expenditure on drinks.

● NEW ZEALAND'S beer consumption in 1948 indicated a new high of 17½ gallons per capita.

● Alcohol production per hour in DENMARK is at the rate of 1,250 liters, and in NORWAY, 1,950 liters per hour. Norway's wine monopolies realize \$100 per minute during opening hours.

● It is estimated that the SOUTH AFRICAN UNION, after deducting the state revenue from alcoholic beverages, has a debit expense charged against liquor of £66,500,000.

FRANCE

The government of France is deeply concerned at the increased rate with which wine-drinking Frenchmen are dying of alcoholism, which is "climbing back to prewar heights." Health Minister Pierre Schneider's request of the French expert, Professor Leon Derobert, for an investigation brought a report of France's alarming alcohol addiction. The investigator stated that during the days of the German occupation alcohol addiction was largely confined to three main areas of the country, but since then it has spread like wildfire over the map until France has, he contends, become the most alcoholic country in the world.

Deaths from delirium tremens, according to the report, which dropped

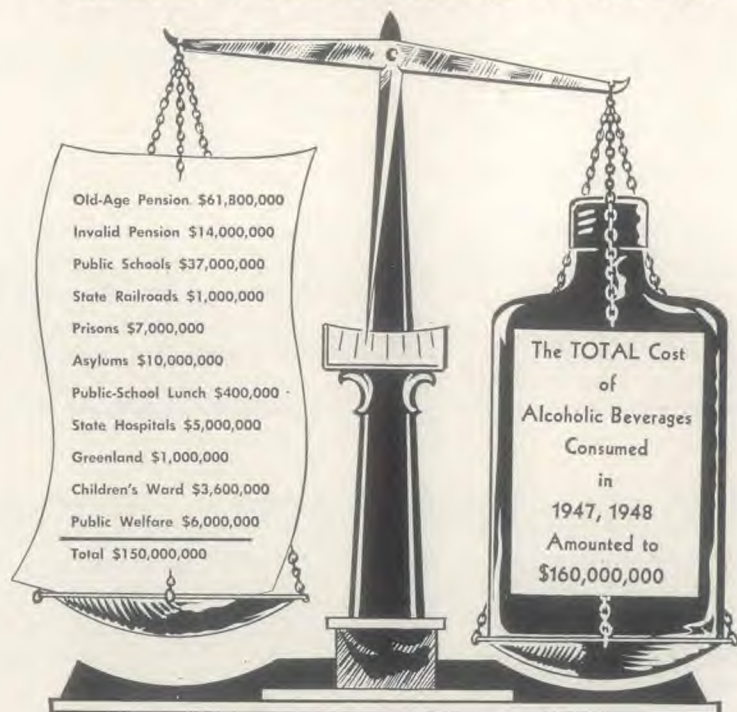
from 1,140 in 1936 to 232 in 1944, climbed to 1,302 in 1948.

Twenty-six per cent of the mental cases treated in Paris hospitals in 1948 were due to drinking excesses.

Reports published by the French National Institute of Demographic Studies lists "Moderate alcoholic intoxication" as the principal cause of death and notes that the Frenchman is the world's heaviest consumer of alcohol. Says the report, "It is not acute alcoholism that sends the Frenchman to his grave so much as 'the daily reported absorption of wine, *apéritifs*, and *digestifs*.'" The French champion tippler consumes about forty-four pints of pure spirit a year, compared with nineteen for his runner-up, the Italian.

ALCOHOL BEVERAGE COSTS FOR DENMARK

Denmark's 4,000,000 people consumed \$160,000,000 worth of alcoholic beverages in 1947-1948

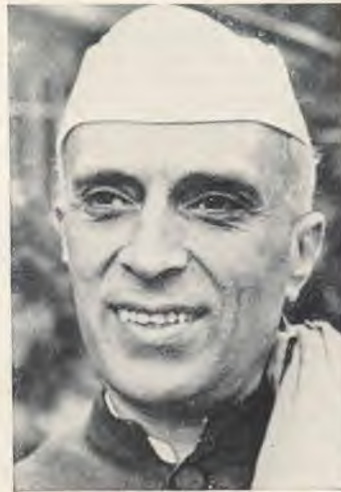




INDIA

Pandit Nehru's Indian government is seeking to achieve complete prohibition throughout all Indian provinces by 1952.

India's governor general, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, also a man of deep convictions, has made no compromise with liquor interests. Government monopolies of state-owned toddy plants and shops and state-grown-and-manufactured opium have ceased. The clear-cut policy of the government is seen in such regulations as (1) no alcoholic drinks served at state functions, (2) no liquor advertisements accepted in India-owned newspapers, (3) elimination of all drinking scenes from motion pictures, (4) the ban against serving liquor in refreshment rooms of railway stations and on dining cars of trains, (5) the official direction that diplomatic representatives abroad substitute fruit juices for cocktails at all official functions, (6) provincial co-operation and constructive state policies of prohibition, (7) the reported party rule that "No person who carries on trade in liquor or is addicted to drink shall be eligible for election as a congress delegate."



Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru

Shorans S. Singha has aptly put it: "In short, India has declared war on drink as the greatest enemy to progress and economic and social development."

Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, India's beautiful and capable ambassador to the United States, a sister of Pandit Nehru, in commemorating the second anniversary of India's independence at the Indian embassy, served fruit juices as a substitute for Scotch whisky and bourbon.



Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, India's ambassador to the United States, is welcomed by President and Mrs. Truman.

● Sir Stafford Cripps, chancellor of the British exchequer, has refused any promise of reduction in taxation of spirits.

● Professor Gokay, the honorary president of the Turkish Abstinence Society, has been appointed governor general and mayor of Istanbul.

● The Swiss Catholic Abstinence League has opened the first anti-alcoholism exhibit *Sobrietas* in Rome to attract attention of the Catholic world to the alcoholism problem.

● The Swedish parliament has 156 total abstainers among its 380 members.

● The Glasgow city council has voted to accept advertisements for municipal transportation, with the exception of those relating to alcoholic liquors.

● Queensland, Australia's, new traffic act (February, 1950) provides for heavier penalty for drinking drivers. An automatic three-month suspension of operator's license is in effect if the driver has not been convicted of a similar offense in the previous three years. If he has a prior conviction within that period, the minimum suspension of his operator's license is for a period of one year. That act makes it mandatory for drinking drivers to appear in court.

● The Luton Girls' Choir from England on schedule tour in America, consisting of seventy unpaid singers, will sing for charity benefits. Before embarking for America each girl was handed a letter of counsel including the statement, "Alcoholic drinks: These are definitely barred to every girl. Any member breaking this rule will be brought before the special discipline committee."

● Norway's drinking driver prosecution is one of the most drastic in Northern Europe. Every conviction of driving under the influence brings a minimum twenty-one-days' imprisonment plus suspension of license for twelve months for the first offense, a five-year license suspension for the second offense, and life suspension for the third offense.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

The test of a man is the fight he makes,
The grit that he daily shows;
The way that he stands on his feet, and takes
Fate's numerous bumps and blows.
The coward can smile when there's nought to fear,
And nothing his progress bars;
But it takes a man to stand up and cheer,
While some other fellow stars.

It isn't the victory, after all,
But the fight that a human makes;
The man who, driven against the wall,
Still stands erect, and takes
The blows of fate, with his head held high,
Bleeding and bruised and pale,
Is the man who'll win in the by-and-by,
For he isn't afraid to fail.

It's the bumps we take, and the jolts we get,
And the shock that our courage stands,
The hours of sorrow and vain regret,
And the prize that escapes our hands,
That test our mettle, and prove our worth;
It isn't the blows we deal,
But the blows we take on this good old earth,
Which prove that life is real.

LIFE OWES ME NOTHING

Life owes me nothing. Let the years
Bring clouds or azure, joy or tears;
Already a full cup I've quaffed;
Already wept and loved and laughed,
And seen, in ever-endless ways,
New beauties overwhelm the days.

Life owes me nought. No pain that waits
Can steal the wealth from memory's gates;
No aftermath of anguish slow
Can quench the soul fire's early glow.
I breathe, exulting, each new breath,
Embracing life, ignoring death.

Life owes me nothing. One clear morn
Is boon enough for being born;
And be it ninety years or ten,
No need for me to question when.
While life is mine, I'll find it good,
And greet each hour with gratitude.

THE WINNING WAY

If you put a little loving into all the work you do,
And a little bit of gladness, and a little bit of you,
And a little bit of sweetness, and a little bit of song,
Not a day will seem too toilsome; not a day will seem too long.
And your work will be attractive, and the world will stop to look,
And the world will see a sweetness, like the tinkling of a brook,
In the finished job, and then the world will turn to look at you
With a world's appreciation of the thing you've found to do.

DO NOT JUDGE!

Pray don't find fault with the man who limps
Or stumbles along the road,
Unless you have worn the shoes he wears
Or struggled beneath his load.

There may be tacks in the shoes that hurt,
Though hidden away from view;
Or the burdens he bears, placed on your back,
Might cause you to stagger, too.

Don't sneer at the man who's down today,
Unless you have felt the blow
That caused his fall, or felt the shame
That only the fallen know.

You may be strong, but still the blows
That were his if dealt to you
In the self-same way at the self-same time,
Might cause you to stagger, too.

Don't be too harsh with the man who sins,
Or pelt him with words or stones
Unless you are sure, yes, doubly sure,
That you have no sins of your own.

For you know, perhaps, if the tempter's voice,
Should whisper as soft to you
As it did to him when he went astray,
'Twould cause you to falter, too.

LITTLE POEMS WITH BIG MEANINGS

By Anonymous Authors





Dr. MARTIN H. BICKHAM, sociologist, has for a number of years been active in the study of the social problems of American communities, and has visited the British Isles, where he made an analytical study of unemployment and its social results. As a social analyst he has aided the development of numerous relief and work program plans.

ALCOHOL and CONSCIENCE in AMERICAN CULTURE

For the past six years he has held the position of chairman of the Illinois Interracial Commission, to which he was appointed by Governor Dwight H. Green.

Dr. Bickham has lectured and written considerably on the beverage alcohol problem in society. This is the first of a series of five articles from his pen dealing with the alcohol problem in American culture which "Listen" is happy to make available to its readers.

PART I ALCOHOL AND CULTURE ➤

ALCOHOL AND CULTURE

PART I

ALCOHOL in various beverage forms has appeared in many civilizations in the course of the long cultural history of mankind. Woven into the customs of many different tribes and peoples, it has become part of their way of life, knit into their sentiments and mores.

THE ANALYSIS OF CULTURES

The scientific analysis of human cultures is a relatively recent development. There is still much to learn in this new science. Enough is now known to apply this knowledge in unraveling the intricate manner in which beverage alcohol is woven into human cultures.

CULTURE HISTORY

Some light is thrown upon this alcohol culture complex by going back to the ways and the periods in which various forms of beverage alcohol have appeared in their respective human cultures. From the point of view of culture origins in the dim and unrecorded past of mankind, . . . archaeological investigations indicate that fruits in abundance for fermentation, and vessels serviceable as containers, appeared before 3000 B.C. in the urban cultures then developing in the valleys of the Euphrates and Nile Rivers. Thus it is apparent that fermented forms of beverage alcohol have long been present in various human cultures and are today a widely spread cultural heritage from these ancient cultures, and deeply embedded in the cultural experience of many peoples.

TECHNICAL PROCESSES

Malinowski, the famous anthropologist of Yale University, includes "technical processes" in his definition of cultural heritage. Analysis of the alcohol complex in human culture from this point of view brings out another significant aspect of this cultural history. Man early learned to take advantage of air-borne yeasts that appeared in the mash of cooked grains, and turned the contents into a brew and the resulting liquids into a form of beer. Here, again, two conditions were necessary; the possession of vessels large enough to hold the grain mash in quantity, and grains, such as barley or rice, with which to make the mash. Thus the brewing of beer did not appear until the grains had been domesticated and were being raised in sufficient quantities to be available for food and the brewing process. Cultural history shows that these conditions appeared much later than those necessary for the fermentation processes, but in the same general areas of the Sumerian and Egyptian cultures.

Professor Robert Lowrie, in his *Cultural Anthropology*, has recently pointed out that "early Egyptian kings already kept vineyards, and both on the Nile and in Western Asia the vine was cultivated well before 3000 B.C. Barley yielded a beverage as well as bread in the Near Orient. The earliest known recipe for beer goes back to Babylon in 2800 B.C."



From these culture areas, brewing spread westward into Asia Minor and Greece and southward into various African cultures. Ethnologists currently report that native African tribes located south from Egypt to the Cape Colony still carry on various forms of brewing grains to make native beer.

It is also clear, today, that these technical phases of brewing with various improvements have become the source of vast quantities of alcohol beverage in the form of beers that flood contemporary European cultures and saturate our own American culture.

No evidence has been found by culture historians that the processes of distilling alcohol were known in ancient cultures. Even the advanced Greek and Roman cultures did not learn the technical processes of distillation of ardent spirits. This secret of nature was later learned by Arabian alchemists and transmitted to medieval leaders

This attendant in the laboratory of a modern brewery examines a flask of brewer's yeast, with a "pedigree" dating back to 1881. The original mother cell was brought from Copenhagen, Denmark, and the "offspring" from this cell has been carefully guarded ever since. When a small portion is removed for fermentation purposes, it is lifted out with a sterilized rod of platinum.



in Central Europe, who soon learned to apply the distilling process to the wines which were produced there in abundance. Thus what these medieval experimenters called "aqua vitae" or forms of distilled alcohol beverages such as brandy, were soon produced in considerable quantities and spread throughout Western culture.

Later application of the distilling processes to the starchy content of several grains, such as rye and wheat and corn, and the heavy root vegetables, beets, and potatoes, produced large quantities of whisky.

Similarly, as the sugar industry developed in the West Indies, distillation of molasses and other by-products of the crushing of sugar gave rise to large quantities of another alcohol beverage to which the name *rum* was applied. In the days of Colonial America, this form of rum was poured into the colonial communities in vast quantities until the conscience of these colonial Ameri-

left. In ancient times the production of alcoholic beverages was a crude process. This drawing represents a servant emptying some ingredient from a small vessel into one of a number of large amphorae stacked against each other. Two of these are placed upright on stands of rushes, and are being sealed with mud seals doubtless giving the date and particulars of the vintage. The gray mud used for this purpose lies handy in a shallow bowl, while in another bowl is the stamp ready to be impressed on the clay.

below. Modern production methods utilize such containers as these stainless steel kegs, shown here coming from the pickling vats and now ready for final inspection.



GALLOWAY

cans was roused against the destructive traffic and resulting deterioration in colonial life.

TECHNOLOGY AND CULTURE

In summary, it is clear that throughout these thousands of years of cultural history, the application of technology to the production of alcohol beverages has multiplied their forms and the quantities available for human consumption. If against this technical background one begins to estimate the resulting influences of beverage alcohol on the various human cultures and societies thus brought into perspective, it is also clear that these technological developments are running ahead of man's attempts to apply effective controls to the production, distribution, and consumption of these various forms of beverage alcohol, and so limit their poisonous effects upon imbibing human stocks and their disintegrating influences upon contemporary human cultures.

In our contemporary American culture we are in consequence now face to face with a serious moral dilemma. The technical facility for producing and distributing in palatable form all types of beverage alcohol, is actually running ahead of our processes of moral and social control. There is evident need to develop a controlling personal and social conscience in our present American culture that will be directed to creating and maintaining effective controls over production, distribution, and consumption of beverage alcohol in the various forms in which it is now saturating American culture.

FOURTH QUARTER

The SCAR

THE STORY THUS FAR

Young Daniel Wright had been called home from law school to the bedside of his dying mother, the tragic victim of an auto accident in a car driven by her intoxicated doctor husband. Young Dan's father had once been the chief surgeon and pride of the General Emergency Hospital, but had lost his job through drink. For Dan's mother years of hardship, poverty, and heartache followed as she loyally fought the terrific battle to rid her husband from drink's relentless tyranny.

Young Dan had developed a deep-seated hatred for the bottle which had laid his brilliant father low and robbed his mother of happiness. From the lips of his dying mother he heard her charge, and he accepted the challenge to battle the demon rum.

Back at school Dan was eagerly following his law training. In his senior year he met Ruth Cole and found in her the comradeship that brought new warmth and inspiration to his lonely life.

Virtually drafted by his party as a candidate for the state Senate, young Dan soon found himself in the middle of a bitterly fought election campaign over a proposal to abolish the state's dry laws. Here was young Dan's chance to battle the relentless foe that had laid his father low and had so hurt the heart of his mother. He announced himself as a dry candidate and flung every energy into the fight.

The repeal forces poured money and influence into an all-out attempt to defeat Dan at the polls, and Ruth soon found her lover and her father fighting on opposite sides. No threat or bribe would deter Dan from his position.

LISTEN'S serial review of Dr. Charles Holding's book, "The Scar," made possible by the courtesy of William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company.



THE SCAR

BY CHARLES H. HOLDING

CHAPTER XII

THE political machines of the state soon felt the power of "King Cole." Money was lavishly spent. Aided by distillers, brewers, and allied interests, the repealists carried on an aggressive campaign.

The dries, with Dan at their head, were very active. He threw himself wholeheartedly into the fight. He made speech after speech, and traveled far and wide. His eloquence, coupled with his sincerity and honest approach to the questions of the day, had a telling effect on the voters. His former schoolmates flocked about him by scores, young, eager, willing, tireless workers, and with high courage they carried his banner to every precinct. They worked every street, road, and byway carefully. They drew the youth of the state about them. Both sides looked with confidence to election day and success.

The leading spirits of the repeal crowd were gathered one evening at the Cole home. Jim Delaine was the principal speaker. He had been hired and imported into the state by the wets for the sole purpose of managing this campaign. He represented the allied brewers and distillers of America. He was experienced as a campaigner.

Soft-spoken, restless, shifty-eyed, cold, and dangerous, he wandered about the room listening all the while to reports from state points.

Then he summed up the situation. He clipped out his words in jerky sentences—fairly barked his orders. He radiated energy and inspired his listeners to redoubled effort.

"Gentlemen," he snapped, "the state reports are all in. They are correct, in the main, I believe. The state seems to be fairly divided. Our object will be to gain ground in doubtful territory while strengthening our hold and increasing our lead in sections that favor us.

"We have spent too much money and given too much time to this measure for us to slow up now. Such a course is unthinkable. Frankly, I doubt that the repeal bill will carry by popular vote, but we will fight on and concentrate our force on the incoming legislature. There, our fight will be won; there, the battle will be decided. This means simply fewer men to contact, fewer men to 'fix,' less money spent, and less time lost. Keep up the fight, elect legislators favorable to us. We will then

rush through the repeal bill with an emergency clause, sit back, and collect.

"Mr. Cole reports that the governor favors repeal and that he will include, or rather demand, the proper legislation in his message. The majority of state officials, both elective and appointive, favor repeal. Our fight then narrows down to the legislators personally.

"With the weight of administrative pressure behind us, it should be an easy matter to swing the necessary votes to our side. Let us but secure a close margin of votes in both houses and we have won the fight. That is our job—elect our man and keep him in line.

"We all know that young Dan Wright is virtual head of the state's dry forces. Don't underestimate his ability nor his power. Stay away from him. Don't cross him. Use ridicule; ignore him; compliment him, but laugh; weaken him; break his reputation; smear his character; but personally, leave him to me. He is my meat. I will have him 'fixed' before this bill comes up in the Senate or my services won't cost you a dime!

"Now go ahead, full time. We have but ten days to go. Make every hour count!"

Delaine took his seat amid a roar of approval. Assignments were quickly made, money and instructions handed out to workers who were about to scatter to every district in the state.

Nothing was overlooked. No move was too dirty for them to use if it would help them win. The fight was on! Not for glory, pride, patriotism, liberty, or human welfare, but for *money!* Greed was the watchword, and selfishness was the bond that bound this assembly together.

Dan had received daily threats, warnings, and advice by note, telephone, and word of mouth. His political future, his character, reputation, and life itself had been threatened. However, Dan had gone on his way blithely, ignoring every word thus received.

A few hours after the "wet meeting" at the Cole home, a knock sounded on the door of Dan's headquarters in a downtown hotel. Dan had had a trying day. He was tired, but was still busy checking reports, answering letters, issuing orders.

"Come in," he called, barely glancing at the door as the knock sounded.

"Good evening, Wright," a silky voice sounded at his elbow. Dan looked up into the strange, shifty eyes of Jim Delaine. Dan felt an instinctive aversion to the man, as if he were in the presence of an unclean thing—dangerous, unreal.

"Good evening, sir," Dan answered cheerily. "Have a chair. You are one up on me, however, for I do not know, or at least remember, you."

"No," replied Jim coolly, "I think that we have never met, but we are going to get mighty well acquainted, you and I." He smiled as he took a chair facing Dan.

"What can I do for you?" asked Dan. "You see, I am very busy." Delaine failed to take the hint. He studied Dan closely. *A hard nut to crack,* he mused, *but I am a fair nutcracker.*

"Delaine is my name, Wright," he said

abruptly, "I am associated with King Cole and the boys in a little political difference with you and your pussyfooters."

"I see," answered Dan shortly. "And to what do I owe this honor?"

"Wright," said Delaine unpleasantly, "we have your hide hanging on our fence, in so far as repeal goes. However, you are a good lad, so Cole says—a smart fellow. I can fix it so you won't get scratched or burned politically, if you say the word."

"How?" asked Dan flatly.

"Easy," answered Delaine drawing his chair closer. "You keep on howling your head off, see? We elect you. Then when the bill we want comes up, you forget to vote against it, see? Keep on yelling, no one will be the wiser and the future will be pretty much what you choose to make it."

"That all?" asked Dan.

"No, not all," answered Delaine with a smile. "There are always special favors shown our friends. We even have a very good motto which we like to use. 'Pay as you go,' say we," and Delaine laid a large sheaf of bills on Dan's desk.

"Is that all?" asked Dan coldly.

Delaine sensed something wrong here and decided to play his hand.

"No," he said with quiet deadliness, "that isn't all. You are young, ambitious, and healthy. Cross us and we will bury you politically—and you might just as well understand—we will bury you physically. It has been done, you know."

Dan faced the issue squarely. He felt fear, honest cold fear; fear of this thing in man's form who could so calmly attempt bribery and threaten death without change of tone or expression.

"Delaine," said Dan quietly, "I have received several calls and letters with practically the same proposition you have offered."

"And your answer?" asked Delaine eagerly.

"My answer to you, sir, is the same as my answer to them," said Dan. Then, rising suddenly to his feet and snatching the roll of bills, he threw it in Delaine's face. "Take your dirty money and get out!" he ordered coldly.

Delaine's face flamed with anger as he stooped to pick up his money. Silently he pocketed the bills and walked to the door. He then turned and looked at Dan, his face a mask of fury and hate. His voice chilled the boy with its bitter venom as he said:

"We won't talk any more tonight; no more promises, no more offers, no more chances. If we don't break you, you poor simple fool, at the polls, you will wish we had!"

Slipping quietly through the door, Delaine was gone.

The room seemed foul to Dan. He went to the window and raised it high. He needed fresh air; he felt oppressed. For many minutes he stood there by the open window looking across the city's sea of lights to the huge pile that marked the state's capitol building looming silent and dark on a far hill. Dan prayed for faith and guidance as his mother, in years past, had taught him to pray. There came to him a great sense of the presence of the

Man of Galilee who said in the long ago, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," and with the divine presence came peace.

CHAPTER XIII

Six days until election—busy, hectic, crowded days; speeches, promises, charges, countercharges, pledges, warnings, political data, filled the air. Placards covered every available space, handbills and cards were everywhere, and every street corner boasted its orator.

The great American nation was about to speak! This election was national. From the highest to the lowest, offices were to be filled, new faces or old, by the will of the people, were to be placed in positions of responsibility and trust. There is a sovereign power in America mightier than any in all the world. Its scepter is the ballot; its throne, the voting booth; its crown, the public will; its law, the majority.

In Dan's bitter fight the hour of public verdict was but six days away. Excitement was high, and nerves were tense in both wet and dry camps of the state. King Cole and his partisans were confident of victory. National prohibition had been repealed. Most of the states of the nation had already nullified their dry laws. With the prestige and political weight given them by both state and national leaders, the state repealists felt sure of a sweeping victory. They were seeking a repeal victory by direct vote, and also were trying hard to gain control of the legislature where, as a last measure, a wet bill could be forced through.

Dan Wright knew the danger of overconfidence. He realized the power of the state machine and the tremendous advantage they held in national administrative backing. Yet, he fought coolly, cleanly, doggedly. He believed that the dries held an even chance, and allowed neither himself nor his followers to weaken in their drive for public favor.

He saw but little of Ruth now, an occasional phone call or a few moments' visit stolen from the hurrying hours was all. Mr. Cole was coolly courteous, Howard friendly, but condescending in manner on their infrequent meetings with Dan.

A large rally was billed for an industrial city in the southern part of the state. All parties had been invited and arrangements for representatives and speakers made. The rally had been widely advertised. The character and population of the city was such that its vote would have a very vital bearing on the outcome of the election.

Dan Wright was chosen to represent the dry forces. The governor of the state was to oppose him. Several other speakers of state repute were to express their views. Dan went down to the southern city a day or two before the time set, in order to lend his aid to perfecting the local organizations, and helping to plan the final drive.

Mr. Cole was well informed as to the importance of this meeting. He was determined to strike a telling blow there for his cause. Calling Delaine, Howard, and others into conference, he discussed

plans as to what method would be most useful in aid of the governor and themselves.

A band was chartered and everyone throughout the state who favored their program was urged to be on hand to stage a huge repeal parade and to cheer the governor. Howard Cole was to go directly to the little city with a supply of literature and money to be distributed among the chosen workers. Over their highballs the men pledged themselves anew to a vigorous fight to the end of the campaign.



"LIFE'S ALPHABET"

- Attend carefully to details of your business.
- Be prompt in all things.
- Consider well, then decide positively.
- Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
- Endure trials patiently.
- Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
- Go not into the society of the vicious.
- Hold integrity sacred.
- Injure not another's reputation nor business.
- Join hands only with the virtuous.
- Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
- Lie not, for any consideration.
- Make few acquaintances.
- Never try to appear what you are not.
- Observe good manners.
- Pay your debts promptly.
- Question not the veracity of a friend.
- Respect the counsel of your parents.
- Sacrifice money, rather than principle.
- Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
- Use your leisure time for improvement.
- Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
- Watch carefully over your passions.
- Extend to everyone a kindly salutation.
- Yield not to discouragement.
- Zealously labor for the right.

Under the drive and strain and excitement of the race Howard had been drinking more than his usual number of highballs and cocktails. He had learned to like his whisky straight. Both Ruth and his father had noticed this, and had remonstrated and admonished him in vain. Howard left early for the industrial city with a hilarious crew of young fellows, with plenty of money, plenty to drink, and ready for fun, fight, and frolic.

Never had the little city witnessed such a meeting. Never had its busy streets been so crowded. The speakers could scarcely reach the square where they were to talk, so dense was the throng, so high the fever of the hour. The local and secondary speakers made no attempt to speak at all. The governor and Dan spoke with difficulty to a cheering, jeering, milling, yelling, whooping mob of restless, noisy humanity. Neither felt they had done their cause any good, and both were doubtful as to the political good of the meeting.

Dan left as soon as he could possibly do so, and drove back to the capital city. The crowd stayed on, surging here, swaying there at will. Each individual celebrating in his own way, getting a thrill from the press and noise of the human sea.

A terrific storm of rain and hail, with darting tongues of flaming lightning and crashing peals of deafening thunder broke up the crowd and drove them to shelter. The storm caught Dan and his party a short distance from the capital. They managed to drive in without mishap.

Mr. Cole and Ruth were at home. Neither had attended the mass meeting, but had spent the evening at home. Both of them were nervous and restless. Mr. Cole had smoked numberless cigars, and as it seemed to him—he had paced miles through the lower rooms of his home. Ruth had tried to read, to play one of her musical instruments, and to sew, but all in vain. A sense of impending evil seemed to possess them both. This gloomy feeling was intensified by the storm which burst in a sudden fury upon them. It came with a terrible wind, which shook to the very foundation their beautiful and palatial home.

Strangely enough both were thinking of Dan Wright—Ruth, with deep tenderness; Mr. Cole, with annoyance. Dan seemed to be with them tonight in spirit, riding the storm, fearless, dauntless. They could see again his tragic eyes as he told them something of the burden of his life. They could hear again his prayer, "God grant that you may never know personally the horror, grief, and misery whisky can cause." Both of their hearts were heavy as they thought of their own beloved son and brother who had left them early that morning, young, careless, reckless, and—half drunk!

The storm raged on. Midnight struck—one o'clock. How leaden and slow are the feet of time when one waits. Tired and worn with restlessness, Ruth kissed her father and went up to her room to try to find sleep. Mr. Cole continued pacing the lower floor. Why were his spirits so low, his thoughts so bitter tonight? He could not explain his feeling.

The scream of an ambulance siren racing by their home startled and sickened both the old man and the young woman. Minutes dragged—time stood still. The striking of the hall clock beat in upon their brains—two o'clock! Then their phone rang, shrill, piercing, and persistent.

Ruth heard her father's steps as he went to answer the clamoring summons. She crept to the stairhead; her head throbbed, her eyes burned. Her heart labored as she listened to her father's voice, strained,

worried, and pitifully tired. She heard him answer the call, heard his voice break, and then she caught the words—"when?—where?—how?" . . . She heard the receiver click back into place, heard dragging steps back to the study and then she heard . . . no more.

Fear—clammy, unreasoning fear gripped her as she stole down the stairs and into his study. There he sat, his face a mask of drawn, bleak, stark misery. His eyes held such a hurt as she had never seen there before—his lips were blue and stiff as if frozen. Ruth rushed to his side and throwing her arms about him, cried:

"Father, oh, father, what is wrong? What is the matter? What is it, father?"

Mr. Cole labored for breath; he struggled to speak. Then he gasped out the terrible truth.

"Howard drunk—driving recklessly through the storm. The car left the concrete slab at a bad turn—Crashed!—He was taken to the University Hospital—There now—Delaine called."

Numb and inarticulate, Mr. Cole and Ruth clung to each other in such agony of sorrow and suspense that time passed unnoticed.

After the storm they hurriedly called for the family car and were driven to the hospital. Here Dan found them.

Alcohol had scored again!

CHAPTER XIV

There is nothing so pitiful as a strong man in grief. Mr. Cole's sorrow was deep. His eyes, his speech, his every move and action, spoke eloquently of the weight of grief.

He had built so fully around his only son. His every plan was centered around the boy. They had so greatly enjoyed their comradeship. They had loved as men alone can love. They were proud of each other. Their aims, ambitions, and tastes were similar. Because of all this, Mr. Cole's loss was the greater.

This grief which was thrust upon him so suddenly and unexpectedly, bowed and bent, but did not break, the spirit of this proud old man. He was made of sterner stuff, and had a rod of strength and beautiful source of comfort in the person of Ruth.

Ruth, who suffered, even as her father, possessed a heart which, though torn and sore, was the heart of youth with its quicker adaptability to change, its stronger resistance to shock, its ability to heal rapidly. Mr. Cole had a tender heart but an old one; one which cherished memories and suffered long.

Dan was at the hospital before dawn. He was more than repaid for his concern and attention by the look of love and gratitude he saw in Ruth's eyes. Mr. Cole greeted Dan eagerly; leaned on his young shoulders for strength and support, their political differences forgotten in the face of stark reality.

The morning was far spent before they could learn anything definite as to Howard's chances. Then Dr. Wells, old and gray in the service of suffering humanity, came to them. Howard would live, but would never walk again. It would be days

before he could speak and possibly months before he could be moved to his home.

Dan returned home with Ruth and her father after they had a brief look at the crippled boy. How lonely was this great, beautiful home as only a vacant chair can make a home lonely. Forgotten was the march of time, his political race, his appointments, his business career, and for Dan, this was a work of love. His to share the burden of a loved one, his to serve.

Late in the evening as Dan prepared to leave his home, Mr. Cole with trembling voice thanked him for his kindness and help, and requested that he return on the morrow for an important conference. This Dan gladly promised to do.

Ruth's parting kiss was far sweeter than

WHAT'S IN A WORD?

"Did" is a word of achievement,

"Won't" is a word of retreat.

"Might" is a word of bereavement,

"Can't" is a word of defeat.

"Ought" is a word of duty.

"Try" is a word for each hour.

"Will" is a word of beauty,

"Can" is a word of power!

—Adlai A. Esteb.

ever before. Dan was humble, grateful, and thankful for this great blessing of love which had come to his lonely, love-starved heart and life.

Dan worked most of the night issuing final instructions for the election. The race had lost much of its interest for him. His mind and heart turned often out to a palatial old brownstone home where an aged man and a young woman were passing through a long, long night of sorrow.

The rising sun found him weary in body and mind, but with every detail attended to. Every worker was placed, every order was given, everything was ready for the battle of ballots less than one week away.

Dan went to his rooms where he bathed, shaved, ate his breakfast, and then hurried out to the Cole home.

Ruth was still asleep, worn by the days and nights just past. Mr. Cole was up, however, and greeted Dan warmly. They went immediately to Mr. Cole's study where Mr. Cole plunged into the matter he had invited Dan to discuss with him.

"Dan," he began, with a voice strangely gentle, "once you told Ruth and me something of your life. Something of the troubled heart of a little boy; the bravery, courage, faith, and death of a mother. The tragic ending of a promising, brilliant

career. Then you asked prayerfully that Ruth and I be spared the agony of such an experience. You were very generous in your wish and in your prayer. I was persuaded that I was right and you were wrong. I was above such an experience, above it. Nothing like that could ever touch me or mine.

"It was greed that drove me, as you said. Money, wealth, power, and position—I craved them all. I was selfish, I refused to see your side, or the 'other side' as you called it. I was blind to any way but my own way; to any plan but my plan. I was deaf to any fact, figure, or argument that opposed my desires, ambitions, or wants.

"I use the past tense, Dan, because I am changed. My plans, my life, my ambitions, my desires, my very dreams are changed."

Mr. Cole stopped speaking as he tried pathetically to stay the tears that would flow; to calm the voice that would tremble. Dan, understanding, merely took his hand in a firm clasp and waited.

After a time the older man, calm again, resumed speaking.

"I have made the first payment, Dan, on my debt—the debt of blindness, selfishness, greed, and hardheadedness. I want to make atonement, if I can, for the harm I have done and would have done humanity. I am not only withdrawing my interests from the repeal crowd, Dan; I am throwing all the weight I can on your side. The time is short, but much can be done when you know, as I know, where to strike. I have severed my connections with Jim Delaine and the liquor interests he represents. I have closed my distilleries, and they will remain closed. The buildings will be remodeled and made into something more useful and helpful. My brewery buildings here will be turned into a hospital which I plan to call, 'The Howard Cole Clinic'—it will be for the study and treatment of alcoholic cases.

"That is as far as I have planned, Dan, but time will open new methods and ways for me to help people. I drank but little in my life; I never liked it. I have no excuse to continue the manufacture or sale of liquor. Dan, oh, Dan," the old man cried, "you were right. I would not have voluntarily gone through these last hours for all the gold in the world."

"Oh, my boy, my son!" Again the old man broke down and wept in sorrow.

Dan knew that tears have a healing power; that they sometimes wash and bathe the soul and soothe the pain of the aching heart. He could not but weep in sympathy, so real, so painful, so touching was the grief of the older man.

When both men were again calm they felt themselves drawn closer together by sorrow than they could have ever been by joy. With faces shining with high purpose and noble resolve they parted.

Telephone and telegraph wires hummed through the day as Mr. Cole wired and called newspapers, political leaders, and personal agents. Unbelief, astonishment, remonstrance, rebuke, pleadings were the answer to his orders, but he was firm and immovable in his purpose.

The newspapers of the state, great and small, carried in huge type the following day such headlines as: "King Cole Quits"—"Brewery Baron Backs Down"—"Liquor Interests Licked"—"Cole Climbs on the Water Wagon," and others more or less personal which headed as many different stories and versions, and speculations as to the why of Mr. Cole's change of front. All agreed that his move made the dry chances for defeat of the pending bill and success in the legislature much better.

Enemies and former business associates cursed and belittled him. His name was spoken with curses or with prayers throughout the state. But little cared he; his heart was glad. His soul had found peace, and he rested that night better than he had in many years.

CHAPTER XV

Election day! Hurrying, eager, excited people making their choice, rendering their verdicts. The last court of appeal for the candidates where hope, aims, and ambitions are realized or blasted by votes.

Election day! Where the obscure and oftentimes unsuitable are raised to places of prominence and trust; where the great are demoted; where political figures are buried and resurrected; where careers are finished and begun; responsible positions won and lost; where the voice of the people speaks in sure finality; where their choice is made, their wish fulfilled, their will done, for better or for worse.

And the candidates—what a day for them! Now exalted, now depressed, now filled with high hope and sure of their chances, now doubtful. Strained and tense they wait anxiously, fearfully, or confidently, the result of the poll.

Dan Wright was only human, and the spirit of the day possessed him. Excitement is an emotion akin to fear, in that it is contagious. Dan found himself swept along with the crowd, eagerly scanning reports waiting for tabulation, wondering, and anxiously waiting. Conflicting reports, wild conjectures, vague rumors, unofficial figures, filtered through the state and kept the people excitable and expectant throughout the day.

A large vote was cast. The liquor question had fired the zeal of friend and foe alike. Tireless work on both sides had borne fruit in an extra large number of votes polled. All other state questions and bills were secondary in importance and interest. The liquor bill held the limelight. The races for seats in both houses of the legislature were hard fought. "Is he wet or dry?" was the password which opened or closed the door of service to many capable men that day.

The day ended, the polls were closed, and the returns began to come in slowly from the heavy city boxes; more rapidly from rural boxes and smaller centers.

At the close of the day, Dan had gone to the Cole home. They visited as they caught the tabulated returns over the radio. For hours they listened as the night wore on and the figures piled up. Sometime after midnight the vote began to show a definite trend, and the result became clear.

The liquor bill was defeated! Dan Wright won his seat in the senate by a small margin. Reports showed that the repealists had won a slight lead in the house. The senate was fairly evenly divided, neither side having a definite lead.

Dan knew that the hardest fight was ahead. He knew what a vast, far-reaching, powerful, unscrupulous, and overbearing organization worked behind the scenes on the repeal side. Just how strong, how well entrenched, how ruthless and greedy, he was yet to learn.



FOR THE GOOD OF THE PEOPLE

"Good Housekeeping" magazine, which has refused all liquor advertisements since 1885, is the only woman's magazine which has not suffered a circulation loss in thirty-four years, with the exception of paper-restricted war years. "Good Housekeeping" has the largest thirty-five-cent circulation in magazine history. It has achieved the highest number of women readers per copy of any woman's magazine.

The "Saturday Evening Post," another nonliquor-advertising magazine, in a comparative survey found that advertising confidence of the people in the "Post" outscored the liquor-advertising "Life" 3 to 1, and according to report in the "Foundation Says," completely outdistanced "Collier's" and "Look."

Senator Capper, writing of the no-liquor-advertising policy of the Capper publications, states, "We find that this position of refusing liquor advertising contributes to our financial success because it gives greater prestige to the advertising we do carry." The former Senator also pointed out that many families refused publications carrying liquor advertisements to enter their homes, because they do not want their children exposed to this sort of propaganda.—Adapted from the "Foundation Says."

Mr. Cole was a great help to Dan. Older, more experienced, he always had valuable counsel.

Ruth was delighted with Dan's victory. Little did she know or think of the responsibility, work, worry, and even danger it entailed.

The incoming legislators were to be sworn into office the first Monday of the new year. The governor had promised to call a special session for the week following. His sole purpose seemed to be to have drafted, passed, and vitalized a state repeal law. This left about two months to perfect plans and gird for the fight.

Dan covered the state in the interest of dry legislation. He interviewed and discussed the proposed legislation with every incoming member who would talk with him. With some, he could talk freely and reasonably. Others were either stubbornly silent as to their positions and intentions or openly favored repeal. Still others were undecided.

Dan enlisted, in so far as possible, the aid of dry organizations, the press, and individuals, and carried on the fight.

The repealists, too, were busy. Elated with control of the house, they centered their fire upon the senate. Especially did they train their guns upon Dan Wright and upon Mr. Cole, whom they branded an ingrate and a traitor. Dan they tried to bribe, to scare, to control by threatening, by promise, by ridicule. They attempted to break his hold on the people and on the dry senators. They tried to blacken his character and to ruin his reputation. Anything, to break his strong hold and weaken his leadership. They tried threats, flattery, pleading, everything and anything, but Dan stood firm and fearless and determined, deaf to threat, ridicule, flattery, bribery or plea. His staunch stand, his fearlessness and courage, his high ideals and earnestness held the dry senators in line and did much to give them the will to win. The seeds of faith and prayer and trust and love of a mother were bearing fruit.

Dan felt very hopeful as the day for the legislature to convene drew near. He felt that he would be able to hold his own in the senate, and thus defeat the bill which he was sure would be rushed through the house, and then brought to the senate for action.

CHAPTER XVI

The legislature was in session.

The governor, before a joint session, had made an eloquent and stirring appeal for repeal legislation. Backed by the national administration, by the press and political leaders, he felt sure of success.

Lobbyists were swarming the halls of the capitol. Members were contacted hourly. Petitions, letters, wires swamped the building. People from all over the state came in droves, clamoring and demanding to see this senator or that house member. All this served to hold up action on the bill and delay the time for decision.

The repeal, short and concise and plain, calling for flat repeal of all dry statutes and opening the state as a liquor market, was introduced in the house and passed with

little opposition. Then it was placed in the hands of the senate. Here the battle waged for days. Every political, legal, and parliamentary trick known was used to push the bill forward or to halt its march. Argument, oratory, appeal, accusation, countercharge, filled the chamber.

The galleries were packed with an anxious, watching, nervous throng. The very air was electric with feeling. Dan Wright was speaking.

The repealists had thrown their best speakers into the fight. Their floods of oratory had thrilled the listeners. Now Dan Wright, pale, calm, fearless, and collected, stood in open defiance of them all. Inspired by the firm belief that his cause was right and just, and by the presence of his beloved Ruth who sat in the packed gallery smiling encouragement to him, Dan spoke.

"This is the time for decision and for action; it is no time to think of either party or of self. Greater than party, greater than self is this moment. The decision we make here will affect not only those present today, but all the citizens of the state, their children, and their children's children."

"I love my state and my country. Every glorious tradition that makes up its history is dear to me. 'I love its rocks and rills, its woods and templed hills.' It is not alone my personal feeling, but my love for this, my native land, that prompts me, urges me to take the stand that I do take upon this question.

"You have listened patiently to figures and facts, dry and uninteresting, however true or false they may be. Let us admit some of them. We agree that a greater revenue may be enjoyed by the state under this proposed bill. Let us not forget the increased cost which follows with it. Every honest criminal judge in our state will tell you that, almost without fail, every crime that is committed is carried out by persons under the influence of intoxicating liquor. Crime, heartache, misery, want, poverty, vice go hand in hand with it. Look to our highways, with their bloody toll of victims. Would you add to this death toll?"

"We must look to our responsibility to humanity as a whole. It is not enough that we feed and clothe our people. We must build character, encourage mental and spiritual growth. You cannot build with liquor; you can only destroy, for liquor is destructive. It is far easier to condemn than to condone; easier to destroy than to build; easier to find fault than to find favor; easier, and oftentimes far more pleasure, to take the path of least resistance.

"I do not seek to rob you of liberty. I seek only to teach you that if what you do harms your country, your race, or the future of either, then it is no longer liberty but license, and must be stayed.

"I cannot believe that our people want to lower the standard under which our glorious land has grown and prospered. The shadows of our forefathers who have made our very soil sacred; those whose hands helped raise and sanctify this very building, seem to be present today in spirit. Can you not hear their voices coming back from the land of silence, urging you and

HISTORY'S VERDICT

by
Henry F. Brown

China

"Our people have been greatly disorganized, and have lost their virtue, which can be traced to their indulgence in spirits. . . . If you are told that there are companies who drink together, do not fail to apprehend them all and send them to Chow, where I will put them to death."—Extreme method advocated in old edict of Chinese emperor, 116 B.C.

Babylon

"If outlaws collect in the house of the wine seller, and she does not arrest these outlaws and bring them to the palace, that wine seller shall be put to death."—Code of Hammurabi (2250 B.C.), Law 109.

Carthage and Greece

"I should prefer the Carthaginian law to the effect that nobody while on military duty must ever taste this drink, but must keep entirely to water for the whole time; that in the city no slaves, either male or female, must taste wine at any time, nor the president during the year of presidency, nor the helmsmen, nor the judges while on duty; neither must anyone do so who is taking part in any deliberation of importance; nor, speaking generally, must anyone drink during the day."—Plato (429-327 B.C.), discussing regulatory laws on liquor.

Xenophon, the great Athenian general and historian, about four hundred years before Christ, gave this definition of true temperance that has never been surpassed:

"Temperance means, first, moderation in healthful indulgence, and, secondly, abstinence from things dangerous, as the use of intoxicating wines."

Rome

"Drunkenness is nothing but a condition of insanity purposely assumed."—Seneca, in his Eighty-Third Epistle. "A sensual and intemperate youth hands over a worn-out body to old age."—Cicero (44 B.C.).

"So boundless the cost which we lavish upon a liquid which deprives man of his reason and drives him to frenzy and to the commission of a thousand crimes; so exquisite is the cunning of mankind in gratifying their vicious appetites that they have thus invented a method to make water itself produce intoxication."—Pliny (A.D. 23-27).

me to hold fast to the principles upon which were founded our state—honesty, purity, justice?

"Let us therefore, when we vote, vote not as our neighbor, our leaders, our party may ask, but as our hearts, our better selves must dictate."

Wave after wave of applause greeted this simple, sincere talk. The name of Dan Wright was written upon the hearts of the people in letters of gold and upon the records of the state in honor.

The hour was late at the close of Dan's speech. The senate adjourned to convene on the following day, when the vote on the repeal bill was to be taken.

CHAPTER XVII

Dan, upon arriving at the state house the following morning, found a mass of excited humanity surrounding the building. They jammed the halls and corridors and stood, a living wedge, against the very doors of the senate chamber.

The night before had been one of little rest for Dan. He had been almost swamped by letters, telephone calls, and personal visits from partisans of both sides with last-minute appeals for his support. This morning, the final act was to be staged, and a chapter closed in this long, bitter fight.

The doors were opened, and the senators took their seats as they arrived. Their faces plainly showed the tension under which they labored, and the gravity of the present situation.

Dan waited in the hall until Ruth and her father arrived. He found them seats in the gallery; then made his way back to the chamber. As he worked his way toward the door of the senate chamber he came face to face with Jim Delaine. Dan nodded curtly and would have passed on, but Delaine grabbed him by the arm and jerked him to a stop. Delaine's face was white with passion; his eyes blazed with both hate and triumph.

"Wright," snarled Delaine, "you got in, but try to block our play here and see what happens to you!"

Dan did not answer. He tore himself free and made his way through the door and to his seat. He, too, was pale, and his heart beat with emotion. His determination remained unshaken.

Silence like a smothering blanket settled over the great room as the senate convened. The chaplain opened with a prayer. The members sat erect and expectant. The clerk and the other officers sat tense and watchful. The spectators hardly breathed as the clerk rose to read the bill.

After the bill was read, and preliminary action was completed, the vote was called. Minute after minute passed, as the clerk read the names of the members alphabetically and they voted their sentiments.

A two-thirds vote was necessary to carry the bill. The fever of waiting grew as the voting went on and the repealists' margin grew slowly but apparently, surely, to the figure necessary for passing.

There were sixty-six qualified votes in the senate. As the clerk called the names slowly and clearly, the figure of the repeal vote rose steadily until, as the clerk called the name of Daniel Wright, the repealists held forty-three of the necessary forty-four votes. Only two votes remained to be taken: Dan's and the vote of a young man by the name of Wray. Neither side had been able to get a statement from Wray as to his attitude or intentions.

All eyes were on Dan Wright and Wray as the clerk paused to look their way before he called in a voice hoarse with excitement,

"Daniel Wright."

Dan rose to his feet, looked slowly around the room, let his eyes rise for a moment to the gallery where Ruth watched and waited. Then in a calm, clear voice, he said,

"My name, my character, my reputation, even my political career and my life may hang in the balance and be the price I must pay for the vote I cast this morning. Upon my vote may rest not only the fate of this bill, but my own fate—if it be fate.

"I refuse to consider self. If I am buried politically by my vote today, it will not be a drunkard's grave that receives my remains. If I make any sacrifice, that sacrifice will not be upon the arrogant altar of Alcohol! . . . my vote, Mr. Clark, is—*No!*" The clerk called Wray's name and that young hero rose and in a slow drawl said, "Guess I'll trail along with Wright on this—I vote *No.*"

Then all restraint was cast aside. Never before had such a demonstration shaken the stately capitol building. In vain the president pounded his gavel; in vain the sergeants-at-arms screamed for order. Curses, shouts, screams, sobs, laughter, whistles, jeers, cheers, handclaps, yells, and roars filled the building and rolled in a wave over the waiting mob outside, where it was caught up, swelling to a louder clamor which was deafening.

The tumult grew as word was shouted from one to another, "The bill has failed!" Everyone seemed determined to outdo his fellow in noise as they expressed their anger or joy at the news.

Over the city spread the word, over the state and nation flashed the news! The state was to remain dry!

The senate was hastily adjourned and its members started to leave the chamber.

Dan signaled Ruth and her father to meet him outside and started for the door. He was jubilant, and his heart sang with joy and contentment as he passed into the great corridor which led to the outer door of the building.

Amid a deafening din of shouts, cheers, and roars, Dan stepped into the lane of humanity that opened for him. He was almost halfway to the door when Jim Delaine leaped into the lane in front of him.

His face was distorted with insane rage. He screamed as his right hand flashed to a side pocket.

"Wright, I warned you!—now pay!"

His hand held an automatic pistol. Dan had no chance in the press which crowded him on either side, to escape; no weapon of defense with which he could fight back.

Delaine's arm stiffened. He fired!

Just as the gun flashed its spiteful bark of death, a figure,—a gray-haired, bearded, deformed, poorly clad, and apparently very old man—leaped in front of Dan and into the path of the speeding bullet. Into his body plunged the deadly missile. He dropped at the feet of Dan as the blood welled from his wounded body and patterned the tile floor in crimson.

Strong hands seized the raving Delaine and hustled him away. Tender hands aided Dan's trembling ones as they raised



THE SONG OF YOUR LIFE

You have written a song for the world to sing, and chosen each note with care; and ever so perfect its harmonies ring in melody everywhere. You have written a poem for others to read, and wisely selected each word; and many the care-laden hearts in need that are cheered when that poem is heard. The song that you wrote for the world to sing, its own inspiration imparts, and the perfect poem continues to bring its courage to wearying hearts.

But what of the song of your life, my friend, the song that you live each day? Are its notes as well chosen as those that you penned, and as perfect in every way? You watched the rhyme in each written line you wanted the world to see; but are you as careful what the design, the style, of life's poem shall be?

The song of your life is a work of art not written in letters that dim, but its theme is recorded in somebody's heart like the lines of a lovely hymn. And someone plays back the record you made, hears over again each word, and ponders each passing chord that you played in the song of life that he heard.

Make the chords in your life as perfect, my friend, as those you so carefully wrote; for somebody's heart hears the song never penned, and listens intent to each note.

Marjorie Lewis Lloyd.

the body of the old man and carried him to a waiting ambulance which had been hastily summoned.

Dan did not recognize the old man, but remembered having seen him about the city on several occasions.

Ruth and her father had joined Dan,

and all three accompanied the victim to a nearby hospital. They waited as the surgeons probed and worked over the wasted form. They received the word that there was no hope. Ruth and Dan went in together to wait and watch by the side of the stricken sufferer. Mr. Cole had gone home, as he was tired and old.

The night was long as the watchers waited so hopefully for a return of consciousness. Toward morning, the old man grew restless. A stimulant was administered. The eyelids fluttered open and Dan Wright, physician and surgeon, looked into the eyes of his son. Still . . . "little Dan" did not recognize him. Dan was weeping with pity for the old man as he bent over him.

A smile of surpassing beauty stole over the face of the old man as he raised a hand and gently stroked the tear-wet cheek of the younger boy. His roving eyes found Ruth and registered understanding and content as they looked long and deep into her own.

"Poor old fellow," sobbed Dan. "He can't last long, Ruth. How I wish I could repay him for his sacrifice, at least in part. I wish he could talk a little and tell us what urged him to take such a step for me, a stranger."

Day was breaking as the old lips found strength to speak, though feebly. Then his words, in a mere whisper, startled the young couple so eagerly waiting to hear what he would say.

"Danny boy, Danny boy," breathed the old man, "I am so glad I could help you—" he paused and struggled for breath. His old eyes grew set and dim as his last words came slowly, "God, forgive me, all . . . Laura, dear Laura, . . . and the eyes of Dan Wright closed in death.

As full realization of the import of his father's dying words came to Dan, he fell upon his knees by the bedside and buried his face in the pillow by the side of the dead man.

"Dad, oh, dad," he cried. Through tears of mingled joy and sorrow, he looked upon the old face, marked even in death by traces of sorrow, pain, and loneliness that the years had stamped upon it.

Dan found the comforting arms of Ruth about him and found refuge and sympathy very sweet. Her love was dearer to him than he could express.

Together they covered the still, dear form and left to make arrangements for his burial.

CHAPTER XVIII

The funeral of Dr. Wright was marked, not by pomp or ceremony, but by the large number of sincere mourners from the slums and poorer sections of the city. They came, sincerely grieving for the man who was laid by the side of his faithful wife.

Dan soon learned that through the years his father had been an angel of mercy to the needy, a tower of strength to the weak among those of life's unfortunates who lived "across the tracks" in that busy, thoughtless capital city.

Dr. Wright had come to them unheralded, unknown, a haunted man, broken

in spirit, and sick of soul. His tireless work among them, his marvelous skill, his matchless ability, his willingness and understanding had won their faith and love.

Who can say how far his labor and his supreme sacrifice spread?

A visit to his bare, simple rooms revealed much to Dan. There he found pictures of his mother and himself; countless clippings from news sheets, recording his activities in school and political circles. A broken locket, a bunch of dried flowers, a lock of brown hair which Dan recognized as his mother's—pitiful souvenirs of bygone days, of paradise lost, of a ruined home,—so carefully cherished by a lonely, brokenhearted old man.

Carefully wrapped and laid away in the drawer of a battered, mirrorless old dresser, Dan found the old sign with which he was so familiar. Its glass face broken, its brasswork dull and lusterless, its lettering faded and dim. Still its legend bore mute testimony to an old man's pride in a lost estate. It read:

"Dr. Daniel Wright, Physician and Surgeon."

When and how had the old Doctor managed to get the sign? Dan would never know. He took it and had it set in the base of the simple stone which marked his father's resting place.

* * * * *

The sun had set, but the mellow afterglow still wrapped the world in a mystic "cloth of gold" as Ruth and Dan walked hand in hand between the mounds of the cemetery.

They paused where twin shafts of pure white marble marked the tombs of Daniel and Laura Wright. As Dan stood, with bared head, the evening breeze seemed to mourn with him as it kissed the silent mounds.

"Don't grieve, Dan," said Ruth gently. "Remember your father's dying prayer for forgiveness, and his mention of your mother."

"Ruth, dear Ruth, how can I tell you how I love you, what you mean to me, how much you have helped?" replied Dan sincerely. Ruth took his hands and said:

"Poor Dan, how you must have suffered in the years gone by. What heartaches you must have known. What long and lonely hours, what sorrow. How wonderful your mother must have been, how true her trust, how firm her faith, how great her love. I wish I might thank her for giving you, my lover, the strength and courage that is yours."

"Dan, it is my purpose to try, oh, so hard, to make the years ahead so happy for you that you will forget all the shadows of the past."

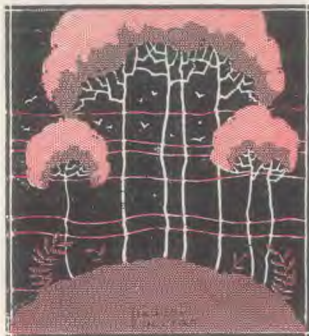
The wound in the heart of Dan Wright was healed. How deep the wound, how painful the hurt, only one who has borne such a cross as his may know. Love healed it, but throughout the years it bore a *Scar*.

"In the more than 20,000 cases that have come through municipal court, at least 75 to 90 per cent can be indirectly or directly attributed to intoxicating liquors and beverages."—Wendell Y. Henning, Saint Cloud Municipal Judge.

LIQUID FOOD OR LIQUID POISON

(Continued from page 13)

throughout the body. Many of the poisons found by man are psychologically if not physiologically uninteresting; not so alcohol. It has proved to be a means for temporarily, but more or less effectually, disconnecting the higher brain



STARS, MOUNTAINS, AND FLOWERS

God expresses Himself, not only through stars and mountains, but through the flowers beside our paths.

Let us express our kinship to Him, not only through dreams and work, but through our every word and deed. These are the flowers of our lives. They have the color, the fragrance, and the delicacy we give them. Through them let us help faith, hope, and love to grow on earth and His will to be better done.

Harold Hitz Burton,
Justice of the Supreme Court.

from the lower and of leaving the latter largely in control.

"The immediate effects of the absorption of alcohol constitute the state of drunkenness. . . . It is characterized primarily by a gradual, descending loss of the functions of the brain, manifested first by disappearance of the normal inhibitory mechanisms, and later by more obvious signs of neuromuscular in-coordination. The symptoms are directly related to the concentration of alcohol in the blood and tissues. When this becomes high enough, the subject passes from stupor to coma and eventually to death.

"Alcoholic beverages are often associated with other poisonous sub-

stances. The ethyl alcohol contained in these liquors, however, is by far the most dangerous component.

"In short, both in its immediate effects and in its slower and more chronic manifestations, alcohol is the most dangerous poison widely included in the human diet, affecting nearly every tissue of the body but having a particularly toxic action upon the tissues of the central nervous system. Recognition of this fundamental fact must underlie consideration of any other aspect of the alcohol problem."

LIQUOR ADVERTISING

"Full-page advertisements in many national magazines, advertisements in hundreds of daily and Sunday newspapers, hundreds of billboards, and thousands of car cards are being forced upon the attention of adults and children, men and women, boys and girls, until no matter where they look or what they read, the appeal and urge to drink is being continually pounded into their minds. There are notable exceptions, for there are some outstanding magazines and newspapers which refuse to permit their publications to be used for this purpose.

"I venture the prediction that if this bill were to be placed before all of our people for a vote, an overwhelming majority of drinkers and abstainers alike would strongly approve the passage of the Langer bill.

"The costly and subtle advertising designed to persuade the old and young, men and women, boys and girls, to drink clearly reveals that the objective is to make drinkers out of everyone, if it possibly can, in order to achieve its sole objective, the making of more and more and more profits.

"I like to make profits. I think it is a wonderful thing in this country, but I do not think we should allow drugs to be advertised to make money. I don't think we should allow any of those things that are dangerous to people, and while liquor is legal, certainly its effects have been very, very serious, and the liquor industry itself should make the correction.

"The time has come for those who still love decency, who love these growing young people, who really love this great country of ours, to at least stop this insidious and dangerous advertising. The least we can do is to enact this Langer bill into law at the earliest possible moment to prevent it from spreading into these counties in almost every state where liquor is prohibited."—J. Frank Grimes, president, Independent Grocers Alliance of America.

EFFECTS OF MODERATE DOSES OF ALCOHOL ON DRIVING ABILITY

Kjell Bjerver, B.M., assistant in pharmacology, and Leonard Goldberg, M.D., associate professor in pharmacology, Karolinska Institute, Stockholm, Sweden, report the following findings in their practical road tests and laboratory experiments to determine the effects of moderate doses of alcohol on driving ability.

Road Tests

Road tests were performed by expert drivers before and after the consumption of 40 or 53 c.c. of absolute alcohol contained in beer and in distilled spirits. A control group of equally expert drivers who drank no alcoholic beverages performed the same test the same number of times.

The subjects in the beer series drank three or four bottles of 3.2 per cent beer by weight (4 per cent by volume). The subjects in the distilled spirits series consumed 100 or 133 c.c. of "brannvin," a Swedish whisky containing 31.7 per cent alcohol by weight (80 proof).

On the whole the controls, who did not drink before the tests, on the average improved their driving on the various tests by 20 per cent.

In the alcohol group there was no definite improvement in time from the first to the second drive, as there was with the nondrinking group. In the last test it was noted that fatigue was more marked in the alcohol group than in the nondrinking group.

The driving impairment resulting from the alcohol "varied between 3.3 and 71.8 per cent on the separate tests and averaged 27.9 per cent."

Commenting on this the authors state, "Thus, the presence of .4 to .5 per mil alcohol in the blood deteriorated the capacity to drive a car by 25 to 30 per cent." Alcohol is thus seen to deteriorate performance and to increase fatigue and offset the benefits of practice. In the road tests, therefore, alcohol "caused an impairment in driving ability of between 25 and 30 per

cent after a dose of 1 or 1.3 liters of beer at 4 per cent alcohol by volume or after a dose of 100 or 130 c.c. of distilled spirits containing 40 per cent alcohol by volume." *The resulting alcohol concentrations in the blood ranged between .04 and .06 per cent, which is less than the minimum level usually thought to indicate drunken driving.*

Most of the alcohol subjects showed a departure from normal in their performance that lies outside the average of the control group.

The authors observed, "*The role that alcohol plays in causing traffic accidents is thus probably considerably greater than appears from official statistics and this impairing action commences at a lower alcohol level in the blood than has previously been considered.*"

Laboratory Experiments

The laboratory tests consisted of a flicker test and a blink test. The flicker test determines the ability of the eye to distinguish a flickering light and measures the intensity of light necessary for fusion.

"For the alcohol group on the average the intensity of the light necessary for fusion had to be increased by 48 per cent as compared to the value preceding drinking, corresponding to a deterioration of 32.4 per cent." For one subject the intensity of light had to be increased 175 per cent, revealing a 63.5 per cent impairment, reducing to one third of normal efficiency.

No definite change in performance took place in the control groups.

The blink test "consists of determining the strength of a jet of air which, directed toward the cornea, just elicits a blink reflex." In the control group there was no important variability of the test when repeated several times. There was, however, a definite impairment in the performance after the consumption of alcohol. *The strength of the jet of air had to be in-*



creased by 54 per cent on the average to produce a blink reflex. This corresponds to a 35 per cent impairment. All test subjects showed on this test a definite impairment due to alcohol. One subject showed a 64.7 per cent reduction of normal performance.

Scientific Findings

Among the alcohol subjects the two tests showed "an average maximal deterioration of 32.4 per cent on the flicker test and 35 per cent on the blink test." This compares with a 32.7 per cent impairment by these drivers in the practical road tests. The alcohol consumption was the same in the alcohol laboratory test as in the road test.

Summarizing, the experimenters point out: "The role of alcohol as a causative factor in traffic accidents is considerable, and greater than would appear from statistical data based on official information. Alcohol is the cause of accidents in more cases than those which come to official attention, and its part as a cause of accidents seems to begin at a considerably lower threshold of alcohol in the blood than has previously been thought to be the case."

In the general summarization of the scientific findings of these practical experiments it is obvious that the drinking of three or four bottles of beer containing 3.2 per cent alcohol by weight and 4 per cent by volume, or of 100 or 130 c.c. of spirits containing 40 per cent alcohol by volume, caused an impairment in the driving performance of expert drivers of between 25 and 30 per cent at blood alcohol concentrations of .04 to .06 per cent (i.e. 40-60 mg. of alcohol per 100 c.c. of blood). The control group of drivers who performed the same road tests without alcohol improved their driving by 20 per cent. *The threshold of alcohol impairment was indicated by these tests to be a blood alcohol concentration of .035 to .04 per cent.*

The study also revealed that the impairment with distilled spirits was 32.7 per cent compared with 18.6 per cent impairment with beer.

A complete summarization of their findings and description of the road tests is reported in the *Quarterly Journal of Studies on Alcohol*, March, 1950.

Reprints of the complete article are available from the editorial offices of the *Quarterly Journal*, Yale Station, New Haven, Connecticut, at 25 cents a single copy, 20 cents each in quantities of 10, and 15 cents each in quantities of 100.



THE years 1830 to 1836 are known as the golden age of temperance. In the year 1833 there were 5,000 temperance societies in the United States with a million and a quarter members.

On February 26, 1833, great mass meetings were held in both Europe and America to let as many people as possible know about the temperance cause. On that very day the American Congressional Temperance Society was formed with Honorable Lewis Cass, then Secretary of War under President Jackson, as president.¹ Temperance was not a new subject to General Cass, for he had already lectured on that subject and prohibited the sale of liquor to the Army troops.

The report published on the fifth anniversary of the American Congressional Temperance Society states that it was made up of about one hundred members, drawn from the House and Senate, as well as from various Government offices, "whose design is to promote the good cause of temperance by moral influence alone."²

How did such a society become organized in the greatest lawmaking

body of the United States? Congress had invited Reverend Justin Edwards, corresponding secretary of the American Temperance Society, to speak before its members on the subject of temperance. He aroused so much enthusiasm that shortly afterward the society was formed.³

During the 1830's Congress had been upset by many disturbing issues. Garrison and his plea for abolition in 1831 had set some of the members from the North at variance with members from the South. Added to that was South Carolina's refusal to comply with the tariff acts of 1828 and 1832. The North had wanted to protect its manufactured goods against the cheaper-priced products of Europe, so that industry could be built up in this country. It was to the advantage of the North to place a tax on manufactured goods that came into America; but to the South, which had no manufactured goods to protect, the tax worked a hardship. As a result, South Carolina made the statement that, should the Federal Government make her pay the tariff, she would form a separate government.

President Jackson was quick to reply to South Carolina's pronounce-

ment. He said, "The laws of the United States must be executed. I have no discretionary power on the subject—my duty is emphatically pronounced in the Constitution. Those who tell you that you might peacefully prevent their execution deceive you. . . . Their object is disunion, and disunion by armed force is treason."⁵

The formation of the temperance society seemed to have a quieting influence on all this turmoil, for the fifth anniversary report says:

"Men of all parties in politics, of all sects in religion, men coming from all parts of the union, laid by their politics . . . and forgot their local partialities and united on one common ground, to ascertain a cause which they held identical with humanity, benevolence, and patriotism. Temperance is the great moral common on which all men meet, unite, and labor."⁶

Changes were made to comply with temperance principles. One record says, "The two spacious rooms in the basement of the Capitol, kept as places of refreshment, had each a large bar, filled with all kinds of ardent spirits and intoxicating drinks. . . . Early in that session the two Houses concurred in the prompt passage of a joint standing rule that 'no spirituous liquors shall be offered for sale or exhibited within the Capitol or on the public grounds adjacent thereto.'⁷

Records are not clear as to how long this society continued. Lewis Cass, the society's first president, left this country in 1836 to serve as minister at Paris; but the society was in existence at least until 1838.

It is easy to see why the members of Congress in 1833 could work together more intelligently and peacefully after they cast "ardent spirits" aside. Who can say what harmony might result today if the governing bodies and statesmen throughout the world should follow the example of the Congress of 1833?

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² DANIELS, W. H., *The Temperance Reform and Its Great Reformers*, Nelson and Phillips, New York, 1878, page 58.

³ American Congressional Temperance Society, *Fifth Anniversary*, Washington, 1838, page 4.

⁴ FEHLANDT, *loc. cit.*, p. 73.

⁵ WILSON, WOODROW, *History of the American People*, vol. 4, p. 37.

⁶ *Fifth Anniversary*, page 4.

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WHEN CONGRESS SIGNED THE PLEDGE

BY GRACE C. HOWARD





GENDREAU

WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

Canadian Quotes

"Liquor is the leading factor in 85 per cent of traffic accidents in this area."—Chief Robert Weatherup of New Toronto, Ontario.

* * *

"The traffic problem is the No. 1 problem facing police today. It is more serious than crime. And the drunk driver rates as one of the

worst, if not the worst, menace in this situation.

"A drunk-driving charge is one of the most difficult to prove."—Police Chief Walter Mulligan, Vancouver, British Columbia.

* * *

"Drunk driving has succeeded war as the most wasteful scourge of modern times.

"The drunk driver's killings and maimings would appall the public if they could be put before people

in all their horror. He is the greatest menace we have."—Dr. Joslyn Rogers, Ontario Provincial analyst.

* * *

"The drunk driver is more dangerous than a maniac with a gun, for the weapon he wields is virtually an atom bomb on wheels.

"Whatever is done, it should be drastic, and it should be done fast. Drunk drivers are a greater menace every year."—Inspector Vernon Page, head of Toronto's Traffic Division, Toronto, Ontario.

State of the NATION

Kansas Alcohol traffic doing \$40,000,000 business.

Colorado 1949 per capita alcoholic beverage consumption, 18.29 gallons.

California 21,282 Californians lost their driver's license in 1949 on drunk-driving convictions.

California Judge Lewis Clark says liquor was a contributing factor in 90.6 per cent of misdemeanor cases handled in Merced, California,

where 71.9 per cent of city's arrests were for intoxication.

Georgia A tax suit of \$395,340 was brought by the state against a Cairo, Illinois, dealer charging him with smuggling \$1,750,000 worth of liquor into the state in six months.

Idaho Drunkenness was the major factor in 11 out of 18 murders in the state in 1949.

Washington, D.C. United States Attorney Judge Morris Fay has filed a brief charging that Washington's after-hour bottle clubs constitute a highly organized business set-up by

"certain masterminding individuals" under the guise of charitable, sociable, and educational clubs. They evade local liquor laws.

Michigan A Pontiac, Michigan, survey reveals that the city's net financial loss due to alcoholism, after deducting alcohol tax receipts, was \$229,301.

Michigan Michigan's Flint County averages 1 alcoholic for each 27 residents, according to a news release which states that the county has 4,500 problem drinkers and 900 chronic alcoholics out of a total adult population of 147,000.

Dr. Haven Emerson's Testimony on the Langer Bill

"I come before you as a physician, as a student and teacher of preventive medicine, and, being a member of the Board of Health of New York, having a concern with public health in general. . . .

"Sickness and death from the use of alcoholic beverages are preventable conditions affecting not only the body and mind of the individual but the public at large because of the disturbed conduct and performance of the drinker and the great cost of caring for him and the results of his mismanagement of his life.

"Among the powerful factors resulting in an expanding use and severe abuse of alcoholic beverages by the people of our country, is that of commercial advertising, to promote the sale of all varieties of beers, wines, and dis-

tilled liquors. Teaching in the medical sciences is that alcohol is a depressant narcotic drug, not a food, and that its use, while having under some circumstances, a medicinal value, does not add to or improve the health of well persons and has but limited value in sickness.

"Advertising of alcoholic beverages obstructs, contradicts, and seriously interferes with the educational influences upon which so much of personal and public health depend.

"Advertising, whether by printed or spoken word, creates a demand for alcoholic beverages to the detriment of public health. The advertising is false and misleading in many respects.

"In my opinion the passage and firm enforcement of the bill S. 1847 under

your present consideration would be an important contribution to the public health and would be welcomed and respected by a great majority of our people. . . .

"The offensive and extravagant promotion of the liquor industries is a form of promotion of a commerce which is a serious and increasing hazard to the safety, the health, and the economy of our people of all classes and of almost every age.

"The bill before you appears to be so phrased as to promise a substantial abatement of antisocial aspects of the liquor trade, which is one of the major causes of abuse of the body and mind, leading to a large amount of preventable disease, and death."—Haven Emerson, M. D., professor emeritus of Public Health Practice at Columbia University, and member of the Board of Health of the City of New York.

I Pawned My Baby's Shoes



FLAMES of seething impulse *crackled* through my brain—like a Christmas tree ablaze, destroying worship of God and symbols of sentiment for my family. That was my condition when I pawned those priceless keepsakes—for *another drink of liquor*.

Hospitalized afterward and convalescing, I saw my whole picture unfolded before me. That first social drink five years ago, on a dare. My ever-increasing use of it. Then my life became a snarled skein. I envied others, their clothes, cars, and houses. I pitied myself. Blind to the blessings around me. Remorse vanished. Then the pawnshop—and hospital.

When they brought me home, recovered, John and Junior acted as though I was returning from my usual trip to mother's. They were very attentive and loving. I pray daily in gratitude. I feel that *God* is beside me, listening, watching ready to help, *always*. When I come to those moments of decision, I stop whatever I am doing and wherever I may be, and pause and ask of *Him*, "*What wouldst Thou that I do?*" I thank *Him* for my deliverance, for this beautiful home, for my dear family, and for such calm comfort and happiness as I have never known before. How *He* would have helped me back in my tragic days, if I had let *Him*!

(One out of every thirteen drinkers in the U.S.A. today is killed or crippled by alcohol—and I was one of them. Like the rest of them when starting, I said to myself, "I shall always drink 'moderately.'" The next time you see a liquor ad, remember what I have said here. Read my story again, *slowly*.)

H. E. NORTON.

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