

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



COLLEEN KAY HUTCHINS

MISS AMERICA, 1952

Do You Know?



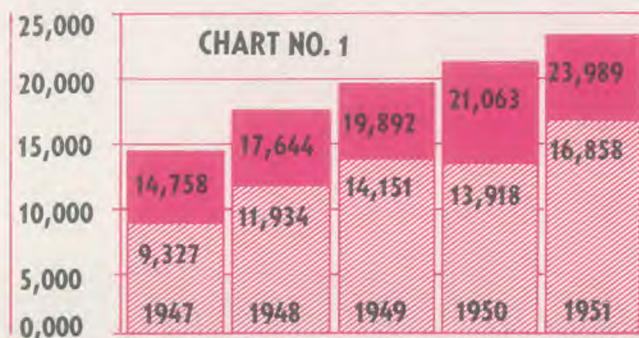
SPORTS TIE-IN: When the Indiana Alcoholic Beverage Commission announced its intention to enforce a state regulation prohibiting sports sponsorship by holders of alcoholic beverage permits, a great hue and cry went up from the alcoholic beverage industry. Enforcement of the regulation would dissolve 75 per cent of the American Legion junior baseball teams in the state, declared William E. Clarkson, director of the Legion's youth baseball program. Alcohol versus youth!

WIDE-OPEN UNITED NATIONS: The attorney general of New York has ruled that the state liquor laws do not apply to United Nations headquarters in New York City, which are regarded as an international enclave. He contends that UN territory is "inviolable" to state alcoholic beverage inspectors. Effect of this ruling is that the UN can operate its bars without a license and buy liquor untaxed by the state. The principle of inviolability has already been accepted by the Federal Government, making the UN exempt from all Federal provisions governing alcohol, including taxes. Comments the *New York Times*, "Whatever its other deficiencies, UN seems headed for a great future in the gin-mill business."

BOOTLEGGING: "Corruption and racketeering" are on the increase because bootlegging is making a strong comeback, wails Ralph T. Heymsfeld, general counsel of Schenley. He says that Federal and state officers seized 19,644 stills during 1950, compared with a high of 22,000 during the prohibition period. And the repealers said that prohibition caused bootlegging!

DRYS ON THE MARCH: Abraham J. Levinson, law editor of *Tap & Tavern*, admits that "25,000,000 Americans live in areas that forbid sale of liquor, and 3,000 towns and 2,000 miscellaneous political subdivisions are either bone-dry or have outlawed distilled spirits." He warns, "The picture is not one of drys on the rampage, but of drys on the march—a steady, unspectacular kind of march that has carried them far and will take them farther unless they're opposed by a united, alert trade."

COMING INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS: The next International Congress on Alcoholism is to meet from September 8 to 12, 1952, at the Sorbonne in Paris. Reports are to be submitted by qualified representatives from many countries on the medical, educative, and social aspects of the alcohol problem.



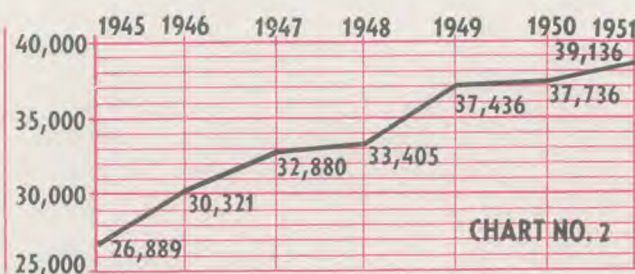
ARRRESTS for drunkenness account for about two thirds of commitments for all offenses in the penal system of Washington, D.C. In 1947, intoxication accounted for 69 per cent of commitments; in 1948, it was 68 per cent; in 1949, 71 per cent; in 1950, 66 per cent; in 1951, 70 per cent. Chart 1 portrays these figures graphically. The figure at the top of each column shows total commitments for all causes. The figure in the shaded portion shows commitments for intoxication.

Arrests for intoxication have been increasing in Washington from about 26,000, at the end of World War II, to a figure that approaches 40,000 in the current Government year. Chart 2 shows this constant increase.

Alcohol Invades the Nation's Capitol

The cost of keeping a prisoner in one of the District's prisons has been kept to an average of \$2.64 a day by the rigidity of appropriations. However, the number of intoxication commitments has increased so much that this group of prisoners now costs the taxpayer more than \$500,000 a year just to keep them off the streets. And that does not include the burden they place on the police force and the courts.

Five years ago it was estimated that there were 5,000 acute alcoholics in Washington, D.C., and an additional 15,000 "problem drinkers." According to the number of arrests, both these figures are increasing faster than the increase in population.—Figures and graphs from *Washington Star*.



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BETTER LIVING

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OUR COVER

America can be justly proud of its queen of beauty for 1952. Miss Hutchins is a home-loving, deeply religious girl, a true representative of that which is highest in modern youthful ideals. Our cover shows Colleen in the lovely setting at Vestavia, Roman Temple Garden near Birmingham, Alabama. Photo by Three Lions.

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W. A. Scharffenberg, Executive Secretary

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GALLOWAY

ASSASSINS OF YOUTH

THE OLD Persian renegade who doped his hired assassins with marijuana, or hashish, before sending them forth on their bloody crimes was a blundering novice at the racket compared with the international narcotic smuggling ring of today.

The word "assassin," we are informed, is derived from "hashshashin," the original connotation of which was to sneak up from behind and kill. Marijuana, medically known as cannabis and commonly called Indian hemp, is most graphically known as the "assassin of youth." Other more potent and now commonly used narcotics form a formidable band of assassins.

Marijuana's ugliest role today is that of introducing teen-agers to the slavery of heroin addiction. Doubtless the most fertile field known to peddlers or pushers of heroin is the marijuana-using teen-ager who finds the "reefer" has lost its kick and who is easily enticed to try a bigger lift.

The rapid increase of teen-age addiction is appalling. New York City's arrests indicate there are a probable thirty thousand teen-age addicts in the metropolitan center alone. Recently six thousand par-

ents patrolled the city's 650 schools to curb dope selling on the school grounds. Chicago authorities conservatively estimate a minimum of four thousand addicts of high-school age or younger. Los Angeles reports a 46 per cent rise in teen-age "junkies" in one year. America's youthful dope victims in our large cities have been estimated at three hundred thousand.

The United States Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, reported that of the four thousand addicts admitted in 1950, 18 per cent were under twenty-one years of age. Six years earlier only 3 per cent of the admissions were under twenty-one years of age. Back in 1946 the hospital had only twenty-six youthful addicts. The past two years they have averaged seven hundred a year.

Teen-age boys have become criminals, and teen-age girls have sold themselves to prostitution, to secure money for dope. Numerous puff and pet parties are camouflaged dope dens.

We must have an aroused and intelligent citizenry to protect our youth who are still immune from these "assassins of youth." Pleasure-seeking, curious young folk, unaware of the hopeless slavery of drug addiction, are easily led into reefer smoking or joy hopping, and from there it is but a step into the degradation of heroin addiction.

Falsely glamorized dope publicity in newspapers, magazines, and over the radio should be banned. On the other hand, our boys and girls should be educated and inoculated against this evil in the home and school. There are scientific facts to show that dope's false thrill robs them of the real thrill of living.

State and local laws against the dope traffic are inadequate. Peddlers to minors should be given life imprisonment and not let off on misdemeanor charges. Separate hospitals are needed for teen-age addicts to segregate them from the experienced pusher. Our narcotic squads need to be enlarged to cope with this highly organized racket. Unless the profit is taken out of smuggling and peddling, the worshipers of mammon will continue to exploit our youth for the profits of their addiction-creating wares.

Dare we allow our children to know that abject slavery whose physical demands require continual addiction to live with any degree of comfort? Dare we fail to act now, while the pushers continue to sell our boys and girls a one-way ticket to that slavery of infernal suffering that ends the dope fiend's dream world?

The home, the school, the church, and the state can, if they will, destroy these "assassins of youth" before they get your children and mine.

J. H. Buckwalter

Winners of Nationwide "America" Contests

EXTOL THE ALCOHOL-FREE WAY OF LIFE

COLLEEN KAY HUTCHINS, MISS AMERICA OF 1952

"I have never partaken of alcoholic beverages nor smoked cigarettes, and I would not be a Mormon Sunday school teacher if I approved of same."

BLOND, blue-eyed Colleen Kay Hutchins, the reigning queen of American beauty, won her title at the latest Miss America pageant in Atlantic City, in competition with the best from every part of the country.

Talented and dynamic, 1952's Miss America came out on top after three grueling days of contest, her natural smile broader than ever and her lovely features graced by the crown emblematic of her right to be regarded a representative of the best in young American womanhood during 1952.

Colleen's title is by no means her first, for her path of prizes has been a brilliant one. Contests in her home state of Utah found her winning high honors, these being bestowed by admiring fellow students when she attended Brigham Young University and the University of Utah.

SECOND QUARTER



Active in many facets of life, she has developed her hobbies of sewing and painting, and her favorite sport, swimming, even competing in a national AAU swimming meet. In addition this gifted girl won recognition for her work in acting and musicianship, having studied dramatics and piano since childhood.

But the best is yet to come. Colleen plans to proceed with her training. She says she entered the Miss America Pageant in the first place with her eyes on the scholarship offered, so she could further her education. She wants to attend the American Academy.

It is fitting—but not surprising—that this illustrious winner attributes her beauty and happiness to clean, healthful living, with emphasis on the alcohol-free way of life. In fact, thousands of modern youth are finding that the farther behind they leave alcohol, the farther ahead they are on the road to success.

Page 5

Mrs. Penny Duncan,

MRS. AMERICA OF 1952



HAS AN ALCOHOL-FREE HOME—

by **MADLINE GEORGE**



Mrs. America, 1952, with her proud husband, Maynard, their son, Craig, and George A. Smock II, mayor of Asbury Park.



MRS. PENNY DUNCAN won the title of Mrs. America, 1952, in September at Convention Hall, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Mrs. Duncan, who lives in New York City, received \$7,500 in prizes on the basis of her beauty and homemaking abilities. Among the prizes she won is the Hess Brothers Mrs. America Trophy, the Simmons Hide-a-Bed Trophy for winning the bedmaking contest, the Conservation Recipe Plaque for her own bread-and-cheese casserole recipe.

Asked about her beauty secrets, she replied, "I eat nourishing, well-balanced foods, get plenty of rest, sleep, and sunshine. On week ends I spend as much time as I can with my husband and son out of doors, especially in the park."

Mrs. Duncan is interested in civilian defense and active in the organization. She designs and makes her own clothes, as well as those of her son. In her leisure time she paints. She and her husband attend a Protestant church, where her husband takes an active part in the music.

Mrs. Duncan believes that people drink because they are unhappy. In her own home she never serves alcoholic beverages. When she is with others who offer her a drink of any intoxicating liquor she replies graciously, "No, thank you; I don't drink."

She says that she is teaching her son that intoxicating liquors are harmful and that people who, sensibly, want to protect their health will leave it alone.

"I never smoked or drank, because they do not appeal to me. My husband used to drink moderately, but now has given it up as he realized it was not doing him any good and would hurt his career, for he is studying voice."

"I have come to detest the use of alcohol and tobacco. It is not an act of smartness to drink or smoke. My advice is, If you want to be physically well and able to think quickly and clearly, leave alcohol and tobacco alone. Drinking and smoking definitely work against health and muscular strength."

Roy S. Hilligenn

by
EUGENE SAMPLE



LOGAN

Mr. America

ROY S. HILLIGENN

POINTS OUT ENEMIES OF BODY BUILDING



HEALTHFUL living and abstaining from harmful indulgences have been vindicated again in the life of twenty-five-year-old Roy Hilligenn. Only nine years ago, as a youth in South Africa, Roy was a physical wreck, weighing only eighty-five pounds. Given up by his doctors, Roy set himself on a rigid health-building program. He was determined to win. In two years he was able to capture the Mr. South Africa title, which he held for three consecutive years.

In 1947 he appeared before the king and queen of England, at which time Queen Elizabeth commented that she had never seen such muscular perfection in a human body.

Since coming to the United States, Roy has appeared in most of the forty-eight states, winning more than one

hundred medals and trophies. Competing with twenty-six contestants at the Greek Theater in Los Angeles last June, Roy was selected Mr. America.

"My plan for good health," says Roy, "centers around proper sleep, correct exercise, good food, plenty of sunshine, and having a happy outlook on life." In addition to abstaining from alcoholic drinks and tobacco, Roy has no use for coffee, tea, and condiments. He also chooses only whole-wheat bread in his body-building program.

Roy's trainer is the well-known Ed Yarick of Oakland, California. "Big Eddie" affirms that Roy is correct in his estimate of what it takes to build a healthy body. He also adds that, out of the dozens of men that he trains, the most successful are those who neither drink nor smoke.



IN OUR previous discussion on the effects of alcohol on the stomach and the pancreas I pointed out that alcoholic debauches cause severe gastritis and pancreatitis in one fourth of the cases. I shall now discuss in more detail than previously the subject of the effect of relatively small doses of alcohol on human performance.

Alcohol decreases accuracy, particularly where attention to the work that is being done is required. However, if an act is of the nature that it can be done as a matter of habit, such as tatting or knitting, and requires little or no thinking or attention, more alcohol would be required to cause one to make a mistake or to drop a stitch. If a person is copying printed matter with a typewriter, the performance of the fingers is mechanical; but, if a person has to arrange words or figures in a column while typing, less alcohol is required to cause errors than with the former work. *Where attention and skill are required, a blood concentration of .01 per cent of alcohol will increase the number of errors.*

The second effect that a relatively small dose of alcohol

ton, the time is longer and the reflex is more complicated. In the case of the withdrawal reflex, the impulse arises from a sensory nerve ending in the skin and passes to the spinal cord, where a motor impulse arises and passes out to the muscles which act to withdraw the hand. But when the light flashes, the visual nerve impulses arise in the eyes, pass to the visual portion of the cerebral cortex, and then they spread over the visual area of the cerebral cortex, from whence they go to the spinal cord and thence to the muscles which cause pressure on the button. A great number of nerves are involved in performing the act of pressing on a button after a light flashes. Hence, more time is required.

The testing of reflex time becomes more complicated when we determine the multiple-choice reflex time. We use an apparatus with a red light, a green light, and a yellow light, with three buttons instead of one to press on. We tell the subject that when a red light flashes, press on button No. 1; when the yellow light is flashed, you press on button No. 2; and when the green light flashes, you press on button No. 3. In this test the subject has to make



ANDREW C. IVY, Ph.D., M.D., D.Sc.

MODERATE DRINKING & HUMAN EFFICIENCY

How Do Relatively Small Amounts of Alcohol Affect Human Performance?

has is to *increase the reflex time*. I shall give you an example of reflex time: I shall connect my hand to a recording apparatus, and then, at an unknown time and while I am blindfolded, someone will prick the skin of my finger with a pin, and I withdraw my hand. The time that elapses between the application of the pin to the finger and the withdrawal of the hand is known as the reflex time.

When you determine the amount of time that elapses between the flashing of a light and the pressing of a but-

a choice of a button to press depending on the color of the light. This increases the length of reflex time, because after the light flashes the subject must think or recall which button to press.

We have to make a choice of this type every time we drive our automobile. Every one of us has difficulty at times deciding whether we should go through the yellow light or whether we should stop, in order to avoid being caught in the middle of the intersection. Here you have a choice between putting on the brakes and stopping or not doing so.

NOTE: "Listen's" series of articles by this distinguished medical scientist were first presented by Dr. Ivy in lecture form at the Institute of Scientific Studies for the Prevention of Alcoholism, at Loma Linda, Calif.



GALLOWAY

THE SENTENCE

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Another example will suffice. When you are driving on a highway and you see a car approaching from a side road you have to exercise judgment. You ask yourself, "How am I going to slow down? Is that fellow going to stop at the stop sign, or am I going to continue at a fifty-mile-an-hour speed and take a chance on that fellow's stopping? If he does not stop, I must put on the brakes when I am certain that he is not stopping." There are a number of choices that one can and must make. *It is just in such a situation that a small amount of alcohol in the blood creates disaster by lengthening reflex time and impairing judgment.* Experiments were performed by Dr. Heise a number of years ago, in which the results showed that two bottles of beer increased the reflex time from two fifths to four fifths of a second. *The distance that is involved in that increase in reflex time amounts to from twenty to sixty feet more in stopping the car, depending upon the rate at which the car is traveling.*

Small amounts of alcohol interfere with neuromuscular co-ordination. One of the easiest ways to demonstrate neuromuscular co-ordination is the Romberg test. In this test the subject places his feet together to decrease the base on which he stands. He looks straight forward with his eyes fixed on a distant point. Normally everyone sways a little, because no one has perfect neuromuscular co-ordination. If the subject closes his eyes, he will sway more. A record of the amount (Turn to page 32)

A man committed a hideous crime
 While madly crazed with drink,
 And his sentence by "twelve good men and true,"
 Was death; but do not think
 The one who sold him the fiery stuff
 Walked with him that last mile.
 Ah, no, it is not the current fad,
 Nor quite the accepted style
 To condemn one "working within the law,"
 A "highly respectable man."
 No court on earth would condemn him here—
 Find one if you can.

But up and beyond the supreme court
 Of earth, there is one in heaven,
 The last and the highest court for men,
 Where decisions will be given;
 Where voters who sanction the liquor trade,
 The distillers, the barmen, all
 Will be judged by the miserable part they play
 In some weaker brother's fall.
 The crime and the criminals will be scanned,
 The murder, the theft, the lust;
 Not only the drunkard will be condemned,
 And the sentence will be just.



BLACK STAR

THE ACUTE ALCOHOLIC SYNDROMES

PART II

CLARENCE W. OLSEN, M.D., F.A.C.P.



HERE is a story current in psychiatric and neurological circles about the doctor who came back from a medical convention. He had not attended all of the sessions. In fact, he had skipped a good deal of the scientific part but had been active in the social part; and the doctor afterward said rather sheepishly, "They tell me I had a good time." However, he did not remember anything about what had happened during his alcoholic stupor.

You may have heard about the relationship of alcohol to convulsions and epilepsy. You may have heard that 70 per cent of all alcoholics are subject to seizures, although I have not seen anything to warrant so high an estimated percentage.

Alcoholic convulsions are of various types. The commonest is just like epilepsy. The patient collapses, then he stiffens out; then he goes through a series of jumpy twitches; and after a minute or two, or maybe three or four minutes, he quiets down, the respiration becomes regular, the pulse settles down, and the person usually recovers, not as a rule dying in any one convulsion. Less commonly the person simply stiffens and then relaxes without any jumpy motions. In another type of alcoholic convulsion that is not so common, the person may have a great deal of very active and uncontrollable jerkiness, rather rhythmical, just like a convulsion, yet he remains relatively conscious and not entirely paralyzed.

This brings up the question of the electroencephalo-

gram as a means of studying alcohol and its effects. Alcohol tends to slow the electroencephalographic wave. If it is very regular at ten cycles per second, alcohol's first effect is to rather cause it to disappear, and then these rather slow waves appear and slow down proportionately as the person becomes more deeply unconscious. That is a general rule in anesthesia, not just in alcoholism. In asphyxia the same thing happens if the person does not get enough oxygen.

An interesting fact, in the cases of perhaps quite a large proportion of rather active, intellectual individuals, is that ten cycles per second is not the rule, and the person has rather an exceptional brain wave in the direction of its being faster than normal. If that person takes alcohol, he goes through a phase in which his rate slows down to the same speed as the normal individual, and in that sense the alcohol has a normalizing effect before going on to the *definitely abnormal rhythm*.

The same thing happens to some extent in tremor. Some very highly energetic people have a certain amount of waste energy that shows itself in the form of a tendency to tremble, especially under any great emotional stress, and it is rather embarrassing to the individual. He goes in to sign the checks to pay for his new farm, and he is so keyed up about the deal that he can hardly scrawl his name, especially if someone is watching. You talk to people like that, who are embarrassed by tremor, and you ask them, "What effect does a small amount of alcohol have on your tremor?" Their answer is, "Well, a small amount of alcohol tends to diminish the tremor." Many of my patients have told me that it affects them in this way.

I have, unfortunately, not as yet secured any graphic evidence that this is true. I have an experiment in process to try out the handwriting as an index, and see if there is any nervous person whose handwriting temporarily improves at a certain stage due to the sedative effect of the liquor. I am inclined to think that, just as we found that the brain wave may become temporarily more normal, we may find certain highly tense individuals who very temporarily lose some of their tremor. That is due to alcohol's sedative effect on their high emotional charge. All the evidence I have is the observation of someone whose mental faculties are to a proportionate extent depressed by the same drug that he thinks is helping him in some way.

Alcoholics who have convulsions are not quite the same as ordinary epileptics. There is a proportion of them who do not have convulsions unless they take alcohol. We may say, perhaps, that they are allergic to alcohol to the extent of responding repeatedly with that rather serious complication. Perhaps the majority of those are not epileptic in the sense that their electroencephalogram between seizures is more normal than it is in the case of epileptics. Thus the fact that a person has a convulsion with liquor does not necessarily brand him as an epileptic. It may have nothing to do with heredity or anything of that kind.

It is remarkable how smoothly people recover from deep narcosis. The various control levels that were completely depressed by alcohol gradually begin to take over. There may be, however, a little abrupt jump or jerk or twitch here or there as these

(Turn to page 28)

CUTTING the "POPPY LINE"



THREE LIONS

THE "POPPY LINE" is the somewhat pretty name given by authorities to an insidious network of contraband smuggling operations which spirit large quantities of opium in raw and refined states out of the various Middle Eastern countries where the flower blooms. This opium is dumped into ready and well-paying markets that reach well out of the Near East and into the Mediterranean, eventually to find its way to the United States.

Much of this poppy is grown legally under government auspices, but as in all large operations, some of it is bound to "get away." It is this gotten-away opium that has made it necessary for the various Near Eastern countries to organize highly efficient patrols to sift the deserts for illegal caravans carrying the stuff.

The Republic of Syria, for example, contains within its borders a tract of desert land which long has been one of the favorite smuggling routes of the Poppy Line. This region of desert is roughly ten times the size of the State of New Jersey. Since Biblical times caravans have plied their way slowly across these wastes from Damascus to Jerusalem. The camel—the ship of the desert—is still the prime mode of transportation here.

The task of maintaining order in this vast expanse is entrusted to the Syrian Desert Police, an agency that is perhaps responsible for nipping the opium traffic as close to the bud as possible, and which, in effect, keeps illicit drugs worth millions of dollars out of world circulation each year. The Desert Police have their headquarters at Dmeir on the edge of the desert about thirty miles from Damascus. Outposts are located at strategic points in the wilderness, and communications with the outposts are carried on by means of carrier pigeons. Telephones are used also, but severed lines are too common.





THREE LIONS



CUTTING THE "POPPY LINE"

1. Commanding the Desert Police is Dawas Alam El-Dine, shown here in front of the insignia of the Republic of Syria. He is responsible for patrolling terrain ten times the size of New Jersey.

2. The Desert Police use carrier pigeons to communicate with the outlying police posts, for telephone wires are easily cut. This pigeon has just brought an urgent message reporting an unauthorized and suspected caravan.

3. The officer of the day hastens to inform the inspector of the Desert Control Office, who will direct the formation of the punitive expedition.

4. Advance scouts, with armored cars mounting machine guns, arrive at the point where the caravan was last sighted. The cars separate and search the desert in a series of wide arcs. This is near El-Bueib, some three hundred miles from headquarters in Dmeir.

5. When motorized scouts have located the general area of the suspect caravan, the camel patrols take over. The detachment breaks up into four patrols of three men each, the individual patrols having specific area assignments.

6. A witness who has spotted the caravan is questioned by one of the patrol inspectors who has arrived in a car. Old desert dwellers know when anything unusual occurs to break the systematic journeyings of the nomads and caravans.

7. The leader of the illicit caravan is finally spotted and taken by the patrol.





8. One of the prisoners is brought back to headquarters in Dmeir and questioned by the Desert Patrol.

9. This opium runner confessed to eight successful caravans of illicit dope before being caught.

10. The contraband opium was concealed in large bags filled with grain and rugs.

11. An armored car is dispatched to recover the contraband. The smugglers watch sadly as raw opium worth thousands of dollars is seized.

12. An opium smoker and his pipe. Officially opium smoking is forbidden in Iran, where this picture was taken, but enforcement is extremely lax.

13. Accessories of opium smoking are left boldly on the street of a city where the law expressly forbids it: the pipe, the coal bed, and a pair of tongs with which to apply glowing coals to the bead of opium.

14. The result of opium that gets through. This man lies pitifully in the street, stupefied by use of opium and completely out of cash. He is no longer energetic enough to do any sort of work.



THERE are certain ways of life that are inimical to family security and home tranquillity. Unfortunately our records seem to indicate that there are many Americans whose would-be happy marriages are drowned by torrents of alcohol. Chronic alcoholism is a major factor in our increasing divorce rate.

While there are many causes which contribute to the disruption of a family unit, it is apparent that alcoholism enters through many back doors and plays an important part in the disrupting process. The family is a basic social institution, and for the child it is the source of physical, economic, and social satisfaction, as well as of security and control. Broken homes destroy children's careers.



REDMAN

The records do seem to indicate that among male inebriates who have been arrested and among those in mental institutions the incidence of bachelorhood is far greater than it is in the comparable general population.

In a recent Connecticut survey it was found that out of 1,200 arrested male inebriates only 23 per cent were married, while 72 per cent of the ordinary male population (of the same ages as the inebriates) were married and living with their wives. More than half of the inebriates were single, compared with less than one fifth of the general population of the same ages. Of those men in the general population who had been married, about nine tenths were living with their wives; while less than half of the inebriates were living with their wives. *The inebriates were divorced twelve times as often, separated six times as often, and widowed more than twice as often as were men of the same age in the general population.*

Drinking not only wrecks both the economy and prestige of the family, but also deteriorates the normal social roles of husband and wife as they exist in our society.

Judge Laurence Speckman of the chancery court of Louisville, which granted 2,070 divorces in 1949, in stating the true reason for marital trouble, said, "It's always liquor, liquor, liquor. Not one case in a hundred is filed with drunkenness as the grounds for divorce, but that is the *real reason in 90 per cent of the suits filed.*"

The Federal Security agency released a report which stated that over 500,000 marriages in the United States for one period had ended in divorce. The number of divorces in proportion to marriages has been increasing steadily for many years. In 1889 it was 1 to 17—thirty years later the proportion was 1 to 7, and within ten years more, 1 to 6. Now the estimate is approximately one divorce to every three marriages.

Judge Samuel H. Silbert, dean of the court of domestic

relations of Cuyahoga County, Ohio, is recognized as an outstanding authority on divorce because of his long years of experience in that field.

Judge Silbert believes that there are many conflicting and varied influences which affect the married life of our citizens. He feels it is difficult to attribute the breakup of homes to any one controlling factor, although incompatibility, sex difficulties, and misunderstandings may appear as the precipitating causes. He does not hesitate to say, however, that more than 50 per cent of the divorce cases which he has handled in his long experience of almost forty years have given evidence of a background of drinking and alcoholism. Frustrations, tensions, and economic instabilities have frequently precipitated drink-

Modern Marriage on the Rocks

One Real Reason Why American Homes Are Breaking Up

Judge LEWIS DRUCKER

The Municipal Court of Cleveland

ing excesses. The same factors which have been productive of alcoholism have given impetus to the tensions which have been productive of discontent.

"In my opinion," states Judge Silbert, "based upon almost forty years of experience as a judge, alcohol has a most decided effect upon the crime rate. And, referring to divorce cases, in which I've specialized, I must add this statement: Sometimes the divorce ground is obvious, and then again it is hidden behind a mass of other facts.

"Habits—drinking habits—are not inherited. They are acquired by our gregariousness and imitativeness. Much of our nervousness and our high tension shows itself in two ways. Tensions cause us to overeat and to overdrink. People drink as an escape. They drink likewise to stimulate their jaded sex appetites.

"Then comes the letdown and the depressing effect following the use, and you know the rest—they've acquired the habit and cannot let go. If they are married, the very first thing you know there is a divorce. So I might add that *many of our divorces are caused by alcohol as a direct or a contributing cause.* I could not give exact statistics. They may allege one ground or another. For instance, take the case of the man who gets drunk and then beats his wife. The divorce ground alleged may be cruelty or neglect. In reality the proximate cause is alcohol. If he hadn't gotten intoxicated he wouldn't have struck her. The same with sexual incompetency or impotency. It has been definitely shown by experts that impotency and alcohol are directly related. Alcohol has a depressing effect upon sex. Thus again though impotency may be alleged as the divorce ground, the fact is that the direct proximate cause is alcoholism.

"In other words, the ground alleged for divorce and the actual cause for divorce, though related, may be wholly different. One cannot give (Turn to page 29)

A Page From the Doctor's Diary

C. E. PARRISH, M.D.



KEYSTONE

ACROSS the clear midnight air, in waves of crescendo and diminuendo, the siren's whine grew louder and nearer, then suddenly slowed and faded into the smooth whisk and hum of tires and motor along the driveway as the ambulance neared the floodlights at the hospital's big doorway.

Into the emergency room sturdy ambulance attendants carried a struggling form, making special efforts to keep him on the litter. An oxygen mask was replaced over and over again as his thrashing arms pushed the restorative away.

Momentarily he would lapse into unconsciousness, eyelids closed. His face was pale, smoke-smudged. Then when a few breaths of oxygen would brighten the man's facial color, the eyelids would flicker open, and with a wild look of fear he would cry, "I'm going to burn! Lemme out!" Un-co-ordinated movements of arms and legs accompanied these outcries.

It scarcely required a trained medical diagnostician to judge the delirium to be more than the sheer panic of an upstairs inmate from a smoke-choked rooming house. During the routine emergency-room examination, the heavy smoke-laden breath carried also to our discerning senses the unmistakable musty effluvium of malt liquor.

Almost miraculously, heroic firemen, heedless of the danger to their own lives, had carried him unconscious from a blinding and choking inferno. Although the delicate tissues of the lungs were inflamed and soggy from exposure to hot and acrid fumes, externally he had escaped injury.

As the fog lifted from his mind, he begged that his aged parents not be told where he had been, and with apprehension and seeming guilt, repeatedly queried, "Was anyone hurt?"

It was an old story, a too-common story to the ears and eyes of a doctor. First the "social" drink; next a "couple" to offset the letdown from unnatural stimulation, until a "few quick ones" become a crutch. Soon a broken home and a gradual descent in the social scale. Evenings spent in a tavern; the wavering course homeward to a drab room; the stupefied fumbling with matches and cigarettes; and then the slowly growing, suddenly leaping blaze; and then the call for man power and municipal funds for the saving of lives and property that need never have been jeopardized; and the story is told.

I wish that every American could see what we doctors see repeated over and over, in the emergency room, at the bedside, across the office desk, and in the morgue.

It is the picture of the cumulating tragedy of men, women, and children enduring suffering, receiving ugly scars, paying hospital expenses, losing countless possessions; increasing accident tolls reflected in mounting insurance rates. Who can compute America's total of empty chairs, ghastly memories, broken hearts, misused opportunities, spoiled resources, wrought by alcohol in such desolation as we would expect to find only in a war-torn country?

If they could only see what we see, how could they fail to renounce completely the always hollow, often hurtful, and ever humiliating practice of so-called "moderate" drinking?

DR. ATWATER, a physiologist, back about 1890, conducted a series of studies on the caloric value of foods. Calorie values had a great vogue in dietetics and personal food habits at the turn of the century, as some of you may remember.

At that time the knowledge of the calorie became important, for, after all, feeding ourselves is a matter of stoking the furnace to keep up the heat to provide a store of energy, and we do that by burning foodstuffs in our body. We have found that we are, in fact, a combustion system of astonishing efficiency and really great economy if it is properly used.

The system of calorimetry was developed. Atwater, among other things, took in his studies not only the solid foods of people's diet, like butter, beans, bread, and beef, but

of taking part in the growth of or the development of the body.

Alcohol does not add at all to the growth or development of the human body. That is one reason why we cannot raise as good babies on alcohol as we do on milk. *Alcohol is not capable of serving as a food by the process of being integrated with any of the living tissue cells of the body, so it is not a food in that sense.*

When we take a hearty meal, we take more than we are going to use in that



HAVEN
EMERSON, M.D.

WESTERN



SCIENCE and ALCOHOL

PART II

by

HAVEN EMERSON, M.D.

Professor Emeritus of Public Health, Columbia University

also included the soft drinks, cocoa, tea, and coffee with milk and sugar in it, and also alcoholic beverages. He sought to find the caloric contribution of those articles in a person's diet.

Among other things, his study of alcohol indicated the difference between that particular fuel—alcohol—and other substances more truly described as foodstuffs with a capacity for creating heat and energy in the body. Alcohol was known to burn within the human body. The question was, "*Is alcohol a food?*"

How do you define a food? *A food is a substance that has some useful purpose for bodily growth, development, energy, and the creation of heat.* We cannot function except within a certain narrow range of temperature. We accomplish that by burning fuel in our body, and when we exhibit energy of one kind or other it is by the application of the metabolism of our body, chiefly to the creation of muscular action. So heat and production of energy are indispensable to our human existence. We can get that heat and that energy from alcohol, but in the process of so doing, the alcohol is exerting toxic effects on various body functions, as described by Schmiedeberg and Kraepelin.

There is another quality of food that alcohol does not comply with. *A food substance can be stored. A food substance can be incorporated into the tissues of the body. But it is impossible, so far as the chemists have learned, for the molecules of alcohol to be incorporated into any living tissue.* It is incapable of being incorporated in or

particular day. It may be that on a particular day we are not running a race, or climbing a mountain, or digging a ditch, or serving in the factory or in other strenuous ways, and we do not use all we eat in producing heat and energy. The body stores excess food, and that is one reason why we may get fat. We do not always use our food in proportion to what we eat, but we store it, we set it aside in our tissues until we need it. The body can then call upon those reserves in times when we have to skip a meal or when the food is not handy. Therefore among the qualities of a food is the specification that it can be stored. *Alcohol cannot be stored under any conditions in any part of the body.*

It is characteristic of a foreign substance and a harmful substance that the body goes about trying to get rid of it just as fast as it can, as soon as it gets into the body. Food, though, can be stored, and food can participate in the creation of growth and development of the tissues and can become part of the living cells of the body into which it is taken. So, out of the studies of the calories that Atwater and others later contributed, came the *evidence that alcohol is not properly to be considered as a food.*

It is not uncommon to find in wine-drinking or beer-drinking countries, such as France, that as many as six hundred calories a day can be used by the body in violent or vigorous physical work, in physical exertion. When the big muscles of the body—the legs, thighs, back, and arms—are used in heavy manual labor, a person can use from alcohol as much as six

(Turn to page 31)

The Story of **PREFERRED RISK**

by **ROBERT ROACH**

"ALCOHOL is the greatest single killer on our highways. And it is getting worse!"

"Strange, isn't it, that insurance companies aren't doing something about it? It would seem that some rate reductions could be offered persons who are abstainers and who contribute nothing to insurance losses from alcohol-caused traffic accidents."

The conversation was that of a nationally known clergyman and a Des Moines, Iowa, lawyer, as they lunched together in 1944 in a leading cafeteria in Louisville, Kentucky. The clergyman was Sam Morris, known as the Voice of Temperance; the lawyer, William N. Plymat, then an executive of a large Midwestern insurance company.

Before the lunch hour was over, these men resolved that something could and should be done to insure exclusively those who bar the bottle.

They decided to make a survey. Soon a letter was on its way to 20,000 nondrinkers to get a cross section of public opinion. Replies came from all over America. These were sorted, tabulated, and assembled in the lawyer's study. Confidence was established as letters poured in from interested persons, this resulting in the nationwide organization for total abstainers—The Preferred Risk Mutual Insurance Company.

"Bill" Plymat's interest was not one that came overnight. In his youth in high school before repeal he had organized a temperance society. This organization spread to more than a dozen Minnesota schools. It wasn't long until this dynamic young man was made national secretary for Allied Youth—a fast-growing nationwide program for teen-agers who want a good time without alcoholic beverages.

Upon completing his legal education at the University of Minnesota, young Bill settled in Des Moines to begin legal practice. Often the temperance forces of that state called on him for legal counsel. It was here, in one of America's leading insurance centers, that the idea of "Preferred Risk" was born. Bill knew scores of men who believed in supporting the businesses of those who were total abstainers because they were convinced of their more sound financial relationship.

J. J. Mallon, a lawyer friend and old college chum of Plymat's, surprised him one day with a visit as he pondered the results of a letter survey. His friend, who had been a lieutenant in the Coast Guard, had returned from

service in the South Pacific. After going over a goodly number of these letters Mallon soon decided that his law practice in New York could come second. It was thus that Mallon became the third man to see the possibilities. Today he is secretary of the company.

Personal interviews all over the State of Iowa brought to light two hundred individuals who would be charter policyholders. Late in 1946 the Iowa State Department issued a corporate charter, and the company had its humble beginning, with only three employees.

High-pressure advertising had no place in this young concern. Preferred Risk was to have a strong foundation. Sam Morris went on the air, sponsored by Preferred Risk. His broadcasts on temperance stirred up interested people all over the state. It wasn't long until there were policyholders in more than five hundred Iowa towns. Each month business increased. In 1948 the business doubled itself, and redoubled in 1949. When 1950 came along, it came close to doubling again.

Though early in 1949 a new home at 2506 Grand Avenue, Des Moines, was provided for the company, with three times the space of the original office, the close of 1950 found this new home altogether too small. An auxiliary office was established, and home typists were pressed into service.

Today, nearly every state has a substantial number of policyholders. Thousands insure with the company, and policies providing millions of dollars of insurance protection are in force. From the beginning to date, the company has collected on the average 28 per cent less in premiums than the charges of the largest companies. This takes into account a special merit dividend plan under which policyholders who do not have claims receive a special dividend on renewal premiums. The company's plan calls for a continued downward trend in premium charges.

(Turn to page 29)



William N. Plymat, cofounder and executive of the Preferred Risk Mutual Insurance Company.

"Mr. Physical Culture"

I HAVE been an athlete since grammar-school days. As a young fellow I, like so many others, tried beer and ale and liquor. Weak or strong, all alcoholic drinks and tobacco in any form destroy the precision timing so characteristic of the stellar athlete. They cloud the athlete's mind, slow up reflexes, and in the long run undermine his stamina, power, and timing.

I was never a drinker or smoker, though I tried both, perhaps to be smart like many other young men and women. I soon discovered my mistake.

Neither dad nor mother have ever smoked or drunk, and that is an asset to any boy or girl, as example, I believe, is stronger than precept.

Both drinking and smoking destroy the happy combination of the successful athlete—a sound mind in a sound body, which means good timing, response to stimuli, and the energy to meet all situations. The way one lives determines the kind of athlete he is, what he achieves, and how long he can keep at it.

My health code of living, which is recommended to young people, whether or not athletically inclined, is simple:

1. Plenty of fresh air and sunshine.
2. Walking or any systematic exercise or outdoor recreational activity one favors.
3. Communing with nature—hiking, fishing, or hunting.
4. Wholesome food, fruits and vegetables, whole grains predominating.
5. No tobacco in any form.
6. No alcoholic drinks, beer, wine, ale, or liquors.
7. No coffee, tea, or cola drinks.
8. Some inspirational reading which lifts man above himself.

I have led the physical-culture life since the age of seven. This life has meant so much to me in so many ways. It is simple and direct.

Now that Mr. Macfadden has honored me by acclaiming me "Mr. Physical Culture," it is my hope that through my humble example I shall be able to help our young boys and girls and our young men and young women who are tempted more than ever to smoke and drink, to employ themselves in healthful activities such as those offered through the Macfadden-Mercer Physical Culture Clubs, which we are organizing. Two of the basic tenets of membership are:

1. Absolute abstinence from all alcoholic drinks.
2. Absolute abstinence from all tobacco.

And I should say that many of our boys and girls abstain from coffee, tea, and cola drinks in addition, for we believe these lead to smoking and drinking.

Marvin "Atomic"
Mercer, the World
Junior Heavyweight
Wrestling Champion
and Holder of the
Ed "Strangler" Lewis
Belt



Marvin Mercer



"Alcohol and tobacco do not mix with athletics of any sort. I speak from experience. Singly or together, they mean poor performance and eventually poor health."

THE men at the top in the sports of the "squared circle" are seldom drinkers and smokers. Most wrestlers are abstainers or have found from experience that they cannot hope to hold their honors while using alcohol and tobacco.

A unique personality of the age-old mat game, is Marvin "Atomic" Mercer of Reading, Pennsylvania.

Reputed to be one of the fastest athletes of all time, and one of the most scientific wrestlers of the age, Marvin, "Atomic" Mercer achieved the pinnacle of his profession within three short years of active competition. He is the junior heavyweight wrestling champion of the world, holder of the Ed "Strangler" Lewis triple gold shield belt, emblematic of the title. In addition to his Junior Heavyweight crown he has defeated or held his own with most of the top heavyweights of the day, including such other outstanding nondrinkers and nonsmokers as "Gene Stanley, Mr. America," and Frank Sexton, heavyweight champion of the world.

He performs his so-called "atomic kick" by vaulting into the air and planting both feet flat on his opponent's

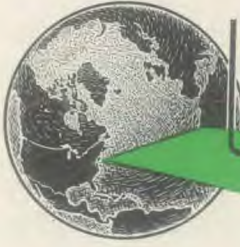
chest, then turning in mid-air and landing on his own feet. All this is done, it is claimed, in three fifths of a second. For this act, among other things, Bob "Believe It or Not" Ripley dubbed him the "Atomic Wonder."

The "atomic kick" and Mercer's other breath-taking techniques require precision timing, concentration of power, and fine co-ordination of mind and muscle. Champion Mercer declares that these qualities depend upon constant training, good wholesome food, and freedom from all alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and colas.

As a boy Marvin Mercer excelled at basketball, playing on a championship team at the Olivet Boys' Club in his native Reading. He was also a top swimmer and fancy diver, and he was reputed to be the best water-polo player in the East.

Bernarr Macfadden, in making the "Mr. Physical Culture" award to Mr. Mercer, stated, "Marvin Mercer is an inspiration to young people; he symbolizes the physical-culture ideal. His fine example encourages the youth of America to accept personal responsibility for health."

—Interview and comment by Dr. J. M. Gehman.



World Report

DRINKING HABITS IN ISRAEL

Gleaned by
C. AUBREY HEARN

IN ISRAEL there are several rather different communities; known usually by their religious names. Of course, within these communities there are the very religious, the less religious, and even the completely nonreligious, but their behavior in regard to drinking strong beverages does not differ very greatly within the community.

Among the Moslem community, which is Arabic and numbers some 130,000 people, drinking is largely limited to certain of the urban classes. The men only are affected. These drink with relative moderation. As good Moslems they should not drink at all, as there is a Moslem restriction regarding strong drink, even wine. I have never seen a "drunk" Moslem, though in cer-

very special occasions. A small number of more evangelical Arabs oppose any drinking, but use, for example, real wine in Communion services. I have never heard of alcoholism among Arab nominal Christians.

Among Jews in Israel the problem of drink is also very minimal. For example, I have never seen a sign or advertisement sponsored by the traffic associations related to drink. "When you drink, don't drive" is apparently almost unneeded in even rare cases. Drinking of wine on Friday evening, the beginning of the Sabbath, is traditional in almost any Jewish home whether religious or not (and the majority of Jews in Israel are not religious in any formal sense). The social drink



Street scene in one of the cities of Palestine.

tain urban areas I have heard of a limited amount of drunkenness among Moslems.

The Arab nominal Christians of Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic, or even Anglican Protestant faiths all practice a certain amount of drinking. There is little drunkenness among them, but rather heavy drinking is done by the men sometimes at weddings or other

is relatively common among town dwellers and even in the villages, but it is not considered good taste to drink more than a small glass of wine or a "finger" or two of brandy. Drunkenness among young men occurs, to a certain extent, on special occasions such as weddings. The young fellows definitely get a bit "high" at times during these occasions.

All in all there is little cause for great social concern over the problem of drink in this land. There remain large sections of the populace which are almost total abstainers.—R. L. Lindsey, secretary, Near East Mission of the Southern Baptist Convention, Jerusalem, Israel.

In my long experience of dealing with the poor of Jerusalem the liquor problem has not been serious. The Moslem Arabs do not drink, except those who have come in contact with Western civilization. Unfortunately many of them take the worst that we have instead of the best. At the same time it is not a serious problem.

Amongst the Christian Arabs the habit of drinking is more common. They drink a native liquor called Ar-rack, which is very strong and potent. Whisky, brandy, and beer, which are all manufactured in Western countries, and are expensive, are not used.—Mrs. Bertha Spafford Vester, for sixty-eight years a resident of Jerusalem, author of *Our Jerusalem*.

AL KOHOL'S BROADCAST NO. 3

HERE I am again, Al Kohol, broadcasting from Tromsø, Norway!

It is barely possible that I got thirty-year-old Erling Pederssen into trouble. You see, he was feeling pretty gay on Sunday morning and thought he would celebrate the day in the right spirit—with the aid of spirits. He had attended a party all Saturday night, to which I had also been invited.

About eight o'clock on Sunday morning he walked over to the home of his neighbor, Elnar Elesenssen, and shot him dead while he was still sleeping. Don't know why he did it, since both men had apparently been on good terms. Maybe Erling will have to serve a term in jail now. Anyway, after he had shot his neighbor, he grabbed Mrs. Elesenssen by the throat and threatened to take her life if she did not submit to his advances. One of the neighbors who heard the shot arrived just in time to save Mrs. Elesenssen.

In the Tromsø jail, perhaps Erling Pederssen is now doing a little thinking. I don't mind particularly if people do a little thinking after they land in jail, as long as they don't think too much before they get there. I would rather they would drink too much. Incidentally, that will generally get them there. How is this for a little "yingle," as Erling, our Norwegian friend, would probably say:

To expedite your trip to jail,
Drink plenty of whisky, wine, and ale.

Signing off,
AL KOHOL.

LISTEN, 1952

Drink Deluges CANADA



Canada in 1943 had 7,446,800 people twenty years old and over. Of this number 3,053,188 (41 per cent) were abstainers, and 4,393,612 (59 per cent) were drinkers. In 1950 the population was 8,658,900—2,857,437 (33 per cent) abstainers and 5,801,463 (67 per cent) drinkers. Thus, in spite of an increase of 1,212,100 in population, there were 195,751 fewer abstainers, and a total of 1,407,851 more drinkers. During the period of 1934 to 1950 Canada's population increased by 13 per cent, but their alcohol consumption increased 207 per cent

More Drinkers:

Each drinker on the average drank 11 per cent more spirits in 1950 than he did in 1943, 41 per cent more beer, but 19 per cent less wine.



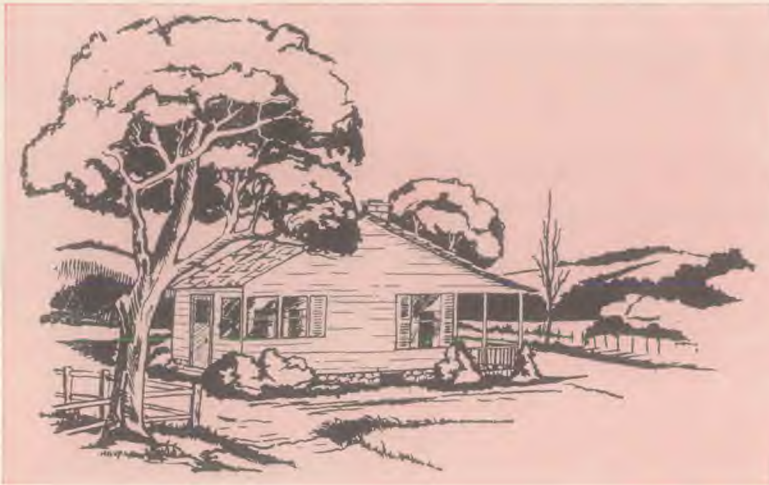
THREE LIONS

In 1950 the average Canadian drinker took 951 drinks—274 of spirits, 51 of wine, 626 of beer.



In 1943 the average Canadian drinker took 753 drinks—246 of spirits, 63 of wine, 444 of beer.





Mrs. E. A. ALLEN

WHAT DID

DID I really know? I thought I did. For a long time I had been uneasy and dissatisfied. I said I was tired of hard work and no finery such as all women covet. I was but twenty, with a three-year-old boy, Bill, and my husband, Jimmy. We lived on a small farm, and, though I worked like a plow horse—so did Jimmy—there was never enough money to pay our living expenses. After Jimmy's sickness he lost weight, and because of weakness he couldn't work. I did more work than before, and as I worked I became more bitter while I hissed, "We have to have money—lots of it. I'll do *anything* to get it."

Soon I was in the small-town bank. They were making a big fuss over the owner of the beer joint because he had money and were snubbing a pretty woman. Yes, I was pretty and young, and I vowed under my breath, "I have to have money, lots of it."

On the way back I saw on the bus a woman wearing a mink coat which was finer than any displayed in the stores, and I coveted it so—how I wanted it! I stared at my cheap cloth coat, the best I could afford, and vowed inside, "I want a mink coat *now*. It's not right for her to have one which costs more than the farm we slaved to buy. I want money, so Bill can go to college when he is grown, and drive a fine car and have everything. I have to have money *now*. And I'll get it, but how?" The bus turned on a curve in the road, and there, at that strategic spot a big new sign shouted, "See Link & Link for a real money-maker. Buy the Bit & Brace roadhouse and make a fortune."

My thought leaped through my brain. Roadhouse—that meant good meals, music, fun for the young, release for folks like that woman in the fur coat.

Good meals—I had yet to see the woman who could beat me at cooking. New dishes or old stand-bys, Nell Andrews knew how. "Buy the roadhouse and make a fortune." The words kept floating before my eyes. I wanted a fur coat. I wanted, more than anything, a better break for my blond, sweet boy, Billy.

If we owned the roadhouse, I reasoned, I could run it while Jimmy regained his strength. I could make enough to buy the Poyer farm with running water and green pastures and red cows entering the big white dairy barn. After I had that farm I could buy a mink coat just like that on the woman who was getting off the bus.

I was in town. On a brick building before my eyes was another sign:

"See Link & Link."

It would do no harm to inquire. I entered the building and took an elevator. As it climbed rapidly I caught a quick glance of my shining brown head in the mirror. I didn't wear a hat; they cost too much. I saw my clear skin and brown eyes and my tilted chin. I told myself, "I'm no pauper. I am a possible buyer. I will receive courtesy."

As I clicked down the hall I met a tall thin man in gray. I asked, "Which way do I go to find Link & Link?"

He extended a long arm, grasped my hand. "I am the senior member of the firm," he beamed. "Come in and tell me everything."

I was so terribly tired from running after and milking cows, and repairing the separator and a hundred other things, that when he put me into the soft rose-colored chair I laid my head back and took a long blissful breath. It seemed like heaven, this office.

"Just relax"—that soothing voice made me close my eyes for just a min-

ute. "When you are ready, tell me what is on your mind."

Then the words came in a flood. I said I wished never to see another cow. I told of hard work and the longing for money and the last words came with a rush, "I want a mink coat."

"There are thousands of women just like you—" Those words were involuntary, for he caught them. Then he smiled into my eyes and suggested, "If we trade this money-maker for your farm, you could get all these things you want—even that mink coat." He added, "With a small mortgage."

He turned to his desk and rapidly began filling in a legal paper.

"I can't sign anything. Jimmy would have to do that. I just stopped to inquire," I explained.

"I'll come to see your husband and *you*," he said, as he squeezed my hand so tight and looked into my eyes.

I was so happy that I had finished my errands in no time. It was as if I floated on a cloud. I went home to Jimmy and talked a blue streak as I always do when I am excited. Jimmy looked me through as he shook his head.

"In a roadhouse I would have to sell liquor."

"You go to them," I countered.

Again he studied me. "Would you think it a fit place to bring up a boy—our boy?"

"We could keep him out. I could make the living so you would have a chance to get well." His continued disapproval made me flash back, "Even though your dad did run a Sunday school, he didn't leave us any money. Jimmy, we've got to have money."

"There are things more important than money," he said sadly, as he went to the barn. I quit talking, but real-estate men kept coming. They knew that small farms were good sellers.

Eventually they had the farm, and we owned the Bit & Brace, with a mortgage as Mr. Link had suggested. We signed a note with payments coming each month. When I learned that one month's arrears in rent would bring foreclosure I was much more uneasy and less reassured.

We moved to the "Bit and Brace." At first I hated the noisy place; hated catering to impudent men who leered



KEYSTONE

WANT?

and sometimes followed me to the kitchen. I longed for the quiet country and its green pastures where I could rest beside the running water. I missed my favorite bossies' velvet noses against my cheek. But I was no slacker. I knew the money must be paid, and it was up to me to make the business go.

I soon forgot to keep Billy upstairs. The men and women called him. They said he was a pretty boy. They gave him so much money that he just flung it about. I didn't know he was drinking the sweetened dregs from the whisky glasses. One night I heard such loud laughter from a bunch of bums that I investigated. They had Billy standing on the counter. When they forced him to drink the stuff, he made such funny faces that the men roared. I jerked him off the counter and rushed him upstairs.

But I could not keep watch over him all the time. I worked all day long and half the night. Help came and went. No matter how much I paid they would not stay. I kept on. I said I was young and could stand it. Our bank account began to swell; so did Jimmy. He drank with high-toned customers to keep their trade, he said. He was fat and cross and red-eyed. Of course I was restless, but I did not know that Billy had learned to like the stuff.

"When we have sufficient money to buy the Poyer farm," I told Jimmy, "we'll quit." I added to myself, "Plus the cost of the mink coat."

The years flew. We were making a fortune. When Billy entered high school we bought the swankiest car on the road. He drove like a mad boy. I did not ask where he went. I was too busy. The world was mine.

Billy began keeping company with girls. Why not? He was seventeen

and as likable a lad as ever you saw. He was a star player and captain of the basketball team. Jimmy and I went to every game. Time passed, and Bill's playing went bad. The coach bawled him out, and so did we.

"You act like a scared pup. What is the matter with you?" I asked him when he came home. "You have had everything money could buy."

He just stood there shaking, then he stuttered, "Nell's going to have a baby, and she says it's mine." She was the black-eyed, sharp-nosed girl who had hung about the roadhouse.

"Shame on you!" I shouted. "You came from respectable people, and *you* disgrace us."

"I'm not sure," he continued. "She was running with soldiers, too, but she stayed with me the night you were gone. If I don't marry her, their smart lawyer says he'll sue pop for contributing to juvenile delinquency. The lawyer says pop will go to the penitentiary and lose all his money."

"My money," I cried. I was nearly wild. "I worked my fingers to the bone to earn that money. No lawyer can make me give it to a no-account girl. Oh, you ungrateful boy."

"It's no use to rave." Bill's voice was tired and sarcastic. "We are on the spot, and we will lose the dough you sold us to get. I'll have to marry her." He added, "I do love her."

That made me more angry than before. "A seventeen-year-old boy can't get married unless his parents sign the papers. I'll kill myself before I sign your death warrant."

"You asked her to come to the Bit & Brace and bring the other girls, and

you said you would stand treat," accused Billy. "They came. You have ruined half of the girls in town. You gave them the habit of loafing in a beer joint. Now, they go to the city dumps not so decent as yours. To get money, you ruined pop and me."

Then Jimmy tottered in, fighting mad. "Me contribute to youthful delinquency," he shouted. "You are crazy, boy." If I hadn't stepped between them there would have been a fight.

The next day we heard that the girl's father was bragging at stock sales, "I'll kill that boy and his liquor-guzzling dad if the kid don't marry my girl."

We went for a vacation, but we did not stay. "I'm uneasy," I told Jimmy, after three days. "We keep a decent place, but if we are away and a fight comes, we can't put 'em out."

"Sell 'em the stuff to make 'em fight," drawled Jimmy. "When we've got their money, we kick 'em out."

We got back just in time to separate the men who were knocking each other all over the place. Jimmy reached for his gun and somehow the thing went off and killed a girl standing by the juke box. The papers shouted in big headlines:

"Innocent bystander killed in the Bit & Brace while listening to juke box. It is time for decent citizens to come to the protection of our women and children."

Jimmy was sober that night. I wanted to fight. "It's not right to blame us for the thing," I told him, "but we'll quit

(Turn to page 34)



R. & H.

C. S. LONGACRE

The Appalling Dope Menace



THE Senate Crime Investigating Committee, of which Senator H. R. O'Connor of Maryland is chairman, introduced a bill S. 1900 which provides an increased penalty for the sale of narcotic drugs to persons under seventeen years of age. Under the present narcotic laws, penalties imposed do not seem to be at all commensurate with the grave wrongs the narcotic racketeers are committing against society and especially against the youth of our country, whom they are exploiting and corrupting on a scale that beggars all description.

As a result of the hearings and investigations conducted by the Senate Crime Investigating Committee into the exploitation of teen-agers by ruthless narcotic racketeers, it was found that the present narcotic laws are wholly inadequate to meet the present situation, and that they constitute a serious handicap in the suppression of the illegal dope traffic among juveniles. Our judges and courts have been too lenient in dealing with these dope peddlers, by giving them the minimum sentences and paroling them after they served half their time in jail.

These dope peddlers who have been debauching and ruining our teen-agers, in our high schools and on our city streets, with marijuana, heroin, and cocaine, are human vampires feeding on the blood of teen-agers. They capitalize on human weaknesses to fill their coffers with gold by selling these habit-forming drugs which morally wreck our youngsters. No more vicious breed of human parasites has ever been produced than these leeches who suck the lifeblood out of the veins of our youth.

The bill now pending in Congress introduced by Senator O'Connor, imposes a minimum sentence of twenty years with a maximum of life imprisonment

and without the benefits of suspension or probation for peddlers who sell dope to any person under seventeen years of age. Heretofore these dope peddlers with the minimum sentences imposed by the courts, and then serving only half time, regarded their term in prison at public expense as a vacation.

Those who reap rich harvests selling dope among boys and girls ranging as young as thirteen and fourteen years of age, starting them down the path to physical, mental, and moral destruction, deserve even a greater punishment than that proposed by the bill now pending in Congress.

Some of our state legislatures propose even severer penalties than those proposed by Senator O'Connor. There are some respectable organizations and legislators that advocate life imprisonment without the right of parole, and even the death sentence, for convicted narcotic criminals who give or sell illegal dope to minors. No punishment is too severe for these law-defying monsters, who give away and sell illicit narcotics to teen-agers, in order to make them dope fiends and enrich themselves thereby.

Various remedies are being suggested by different organizations in order to put a stop to this nefarious traffic which exploits the children in our public schools and entices them on the streets and at public functions. It is high time that something drastic be done to minimize this evil. United States Narcotics Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger informs us there are 10,000 youthful addicts now, triple the number in 1950. The peddlers are giving away free samples, as it means big business and steady customers for them.

Some suggest a program of education in our schools, telling the children all about marijuana, heroin, cocaine, and

the other poison drugs, and the effects they have upon the human body and mental faculties. But Mr. Anslinger and many expert educators point out that where such a program has been carried out in our high schools and at youth gatherings, the curiosity of some of the youth was so aroused that they decided to test the dope to see if it did give them the thrill and the consequent aftereffects portrayed by the lecturer.

It is high time for Americans to wake up to some of the grave dangers we are facing which threaten the future stability of our government and our civilization. The dope invasions into the juvenile ranks are producing juvenile delinquencies that are more alarming than the war casualties from the Korean front. Dope is ruining thousands of our American youth.

Newspapers, magazines, radio, and television depict scenes of the wildest orgies, induced by marijuana, heroin, and cocaine addicts who engage in narcotic and cocktail sprees and sex carousals. The secret peddling of these narcotics to our school children is resulting in their complete mental, physical, and moral collapse. We think the death penalty—the same as that for kidnaping children—is not too severe a punishment for those who sell these body-and-soul-destroying narcotics to our youth.

Recent investigations reveal a sickening story of what is going on even in the capital city of our nation. One witness, a juvenile dope fiend, testified before the Senate Investigating Commit-

tee that marijuana and heroin "were as easy to buy as a soft drink." Many of the children confessed to the Senate Committee that they began with beer parties conducted by dope peddlers who induced them to change over to dope.

The low status of our political code of ethics, which legalizes beer and liquors and which fosters and promotes the desire for dope as a relief thriller, is largely responsible for the breakdown of juvenile morals. Youth of today are influenced by the example of their superiors in the home and in the government, who are living a double standard of morality.

Recently in New York City a group of juvenile delinquents reacted to a judge's lecture on respect for the law and good behavior by informing the judge that he ought to be lenient with juvenile delinquents, when government officials were themselves guilty of stealing government funds and of malfeasance in public office. These juvenile de-

linquents are suffering the impact of loose morals in public office as well as in private life. There is a near collapse of home morals on the part of delinquent parents as well as of national morals in political life.

Our government needs to re-examine the fundamental principles of our great American heritage as conceived by the founding fathers of our Republic. The further our government departs from the American way of life and condones the misdeeds of miscreant public officials, the less respect will the youth of America have for our government and for moral standards.

Our liberties, our security, our morals, and our stability in government can be maintained only so long as the ideals and fundamental principles upon which our government was founded prevail in the hearts and lives of the people. It is high time for Americans to awake and grapple with the domestic foes which aim to capture the youth of

America, for the youth of today will be America tomorrow. A nation that neglects its youth and allows racketeers to exploit them destroys its own future. All the great nations of the past that rose to the pinnacle of glory and world dominion, crumbled away again into the dust. They were destroyed not by any foreign enemies, but by dissipation, drunkenness, moral decay, greed, corruption, debauchery, loss of self-control, and by bartering away their liberties for a mess of pottage.

WE DO not minimize the threat to America from abroad, but we do say that the threat from within our own house is more serious. Suppose we are attacked from abroad and the defending country is completely destroyed—it will have come to a noble end. But suppose we are corrupted and debauched? We will just as surely reach our end and there will be nothing noble about it.—*Clipsheet.*

ERNEST LLOYD

The Narcotic Octopus

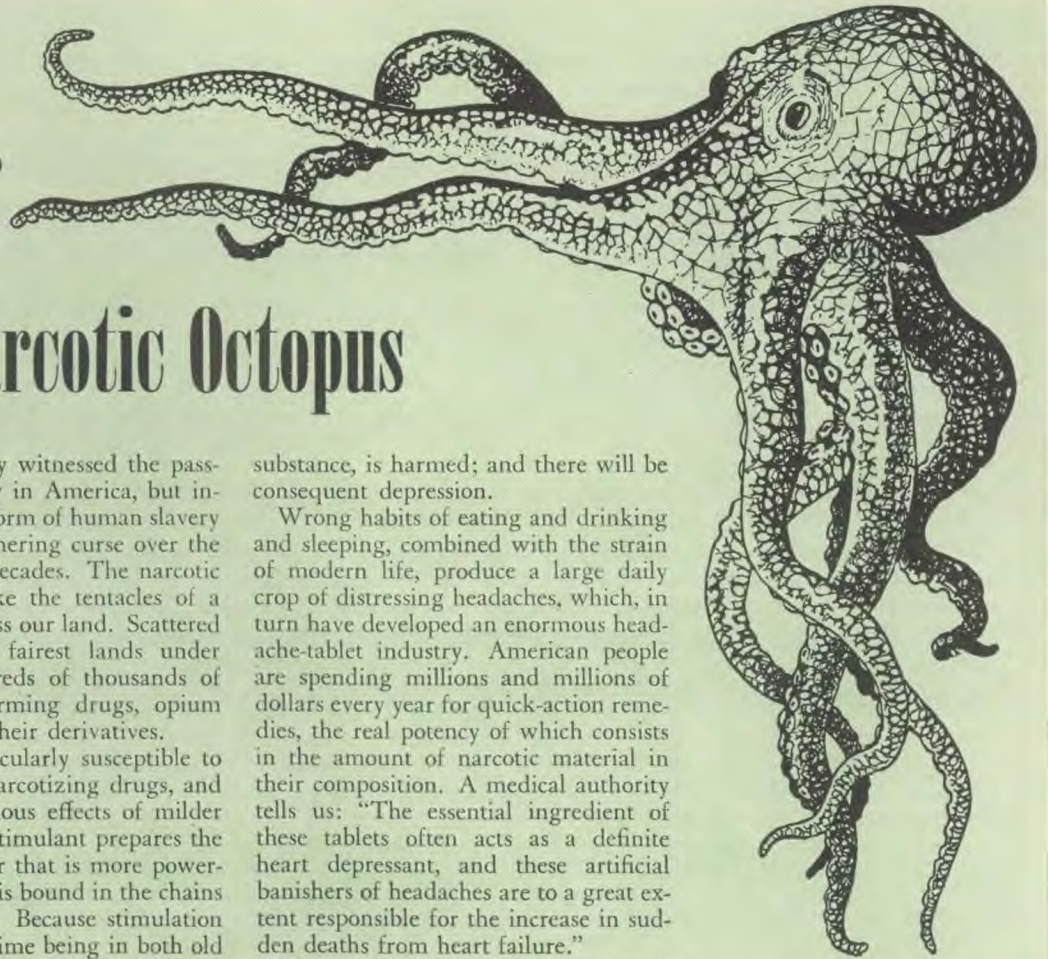
THE last century witnessed the passing of race slavery in America, but insidiously another form of human slavery has spread its withering curse over the nation in recent decades. The narcotic traffic stretches like the tentacles of a giant octopus across our land. Scattered over one of the fairest lands under heaven are hundreds of thousands of slaves to habit-forming drugs, opium and cocaine and their derivatives.

Youth are particularly susceptible to the influence of narcotizing drugs, and also to the poisonous effects of milder stimulants. One stimulant prepares the system for another that is more powerful, until the user is bound in the chains of a slavish habit. Because stimulation produces for the time being in both old and young such agreeable results, many conclude that they really need such drugs, and so continue their use. But there is a reaction to follow. The nervous system, having been excited and whipped by an unnatural and foreign

substance, is harmed; and there will be consequent depression.

Wrong habits of eating and drinking and sleeping, combined with the strain of modern life, produce a large daily crop of distressing headaches, which, in turn have developed an enormous headache-tablet industry. American people are spending millions and millions of dollars every year for quick-action remedies, the real potency of which consists in the amount of narcotic material in their composition. A medical authority tells us: "The essential ingredient of these tablets often acts as a definite heart depressant, and these artificial banishers of headaches are to a great extent responsible for the increase in sudden deaths from heart failure."

One reason why Americans spend vast sums for pain-killing tablets, aside from nine billion dollars for alcoholic beverages, is that they have a wrong conception of the causes of disease and the philosophy of healing.





LAURENCE A.
SENSEMAN, M.D.

IT CAN HAPPEN HERE



"THE day I was seventeen I enlisted in the Navy, and I was put on a United States submarine." Casually Bill began his story—the story that proves it can happen here. I retell it to you just as he told it to me. "I stayed on the submarine for three years during the war. I believe I was very nervous. After I enlisted in the Navy and went on the submarine I was drinking very heavily. We would go to sea for sixty-five to seventy days, and we would come back for two weeks' recuperation leave, which at that time I think we all tried to make the most of; and we did that by drinking, which we thought would help us at the time.

"When I left the services I thought I could go on living the same kind of life that I had lived in the Navy, but I found that I could not adjust myself to life back in the United States. I managed for two and one-half years to stay out of any serious trouble, but I was drinking very heavily and not working too steadily. I moved from Florida to a small town in Pennsylvania where I had been promised a job, and shortly thereafter I purchased in a jewelry store a ring for the young lady to whom I was engaged.

"About one week after this, feeling quite discouraged and generally disgusted with life, I went up to the American Legion hall, where I again met the man from whom I had bought the ring. He offered to buy me a couple of drinks, which he did, and we talked for three or four hours on different subjects. He was a veteran, and we had a pleasant time together.

"However, when I drink I usually have a mean feeling such as the impulse to strike someone. On this particular night I became very nervous; I left the hall and walked along the street, passing by the jewelry store in which I had bought the ring. Seized by a sudden impulse, I stopped and kicked the win-

dow in and then turned and started to walk away. Then I thought to myself, 'Well, since I have broken the window anyway I might as well go back and take something.' I did go back, and I took a cigarette lighter and several different articles, which I put in my pocket and then walked home. When I arrived home my mother was waiting up for me. She sensed that there was something wrong because I acted mean, but I just went into the house and went up to bed.

"The next morning when I awoke I knew I had done wrong, but I just did not know what to do. I did not work that whole day, and at night I was thinking about how I might return the stolen articles to this man; I did not want them. I believe it was the next morning, about eight o'clock, two policemen came to my home and they asked me if I would go to the police station with them. I agreed, and at the police station they questioned me about the jewelry store break-in.

"After I talked with them for twenty minutes or so, I told them, 'Well, I will give you the stuff back, but I do not want you to put this in the papers or do anything to hurt my people.' They told me that they had a pretty good judge there and probably I would not be sentenced at all, so I agreed. That morning I agreed to plead guilty, and I gave everything back, and they took me down to the district attorney's office, where I signed papers. They were going to take me to court right away but the court had adjourned. They then took me over to the police station and put me in jail overnight.

"The next morning my mother came down. She was trying to get a psychiatrist to see me, as she said the police hadn't done anything for me. That same morning they took me down to the court, and when I appeared before the judge he asked me if I was guilty or

not guilty of the charges against me. I said I was guilty, and he sentenced me to five to ten years of hard labor and a period of solitary confinement in the state penitentiary. I think that it was then that I realized the mistake I had made and that I should have had a lawyer to defend me. From the court they took me directly to the penitentiary.

"In the penitentiary they quarantine a man by putting him into a little dark cell. I was in one of these cells for twenty-nine days, with nobody to talk to, and the darkness and solitary confinement made me very nervous. After this period of segregation I mingled with the other prisoners. They were not my type, and I did not make any friends there. I was thrown in with murderers, homosexuals, and every other type of criminal. We all lived together in that one little section. I was so disgusted that I could hardly look at them, and in consequence was mad with everybody; I tried to keep to myself. I stayed in my cell and did not go to the movies. I could not get any pleasure out of the things they did. I lost about twenty pounds. Later I went to see a doctor for dizzy spells, as I did not feel good at all. All they did was to give me a few aspirins and tell me to go back to my cell and get used to it. The food they gave me was all starch.

"I was very fortunate, however, to terminate my five to ten years sentence within fifteen months. I was just one of the very fortunate ones, too, for I have talked to men who say, 'Well, I have fifteen to twenty years in here, and I have tried ten times to get out on parole and I have never made it.' There were two or three hundred veterans there, many of them were hurt and were getting pensions. They would go before those judges and they would get from seven and a half to fifteen years; and maybe they had never been in trouble before, but when they get in there they

cannot get out. I was lucky; my people did everything in the world for me.

"I do not think I have ever done anything that you would call bad when I wasn't drinking, but when I am drinking I just cannot control myself. After that fifteen months in that prison I am sure that I will never touch another drop of whisky again."

This is the personal story of an ex-GI who committed a rather minor felony for which he was apprehended and pleaded guilty, and for which he received a sentence of from five to ten years of hard labor in a state penitentiary. It provides a striking contrast compared with that of a recent criminal who operated on a national scale, and who had sixty counts against him but received only a two-year sentence and a \$30,000 fine, the money being a mere token of the questionable business in which he was operating. In view of the

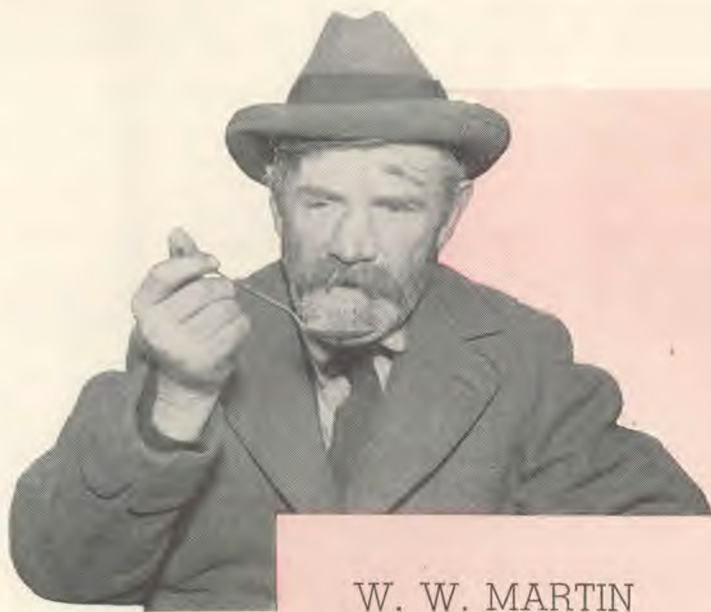
latter case our ex-GI was sentenced out of proportion to his offense. Furthermore, he was not given the benefit of any legal counsel, and, in fact, was discouraged from obtaining a lawyer. He did not have any psychiatric examination or even a trial by jury. He had no help in overcoming the alcohol habit that had landed him in jail. The injustice of the contrasting methods of dealing with these two offenders is a startling reminder of the fact that it can happen here even in these United States "with liberty and justice for all."

Alcoholism is fast becoming one of America's most prevalent social problems. Its victims, as a rule, are the American youth, and it takes from approximately three to fifteen years to develop. It therefore attacks both men and women during that period of life when they are the most productive and active. It is an important factor in contributing

to juvenile delinquency and all types of criminal behavior and pauperism. We cannot safely ignore the injustice meted out to so many of our youth due to the influence of alcohol.

We inconsistently advertise the narcotic poison that removes their natural inhibitions and leaves them without the controls of conscience, the victims of criminal impulses; and when they drink themselves into crime, we sentence them to the penitentiary for what they did under the influence of that which our nation is doing its best to sell them.

Bill's story, however, has one point of encouragement, and that is the fact that the boy learned a lesson regarding the evil influence that alcohol can have on a man's life. His testimony, "I will never touch another drop of whisky again," should be a warning to all those who would thoughtlessly succumb to this dangerous habit.



FALLOWAY

W. W. MARTIN

The STRANGER

THE hour was late. The old man, dirty and unkempt, shuffled feebly through the door of the small lunchroom. A small lock of hair protruded through the old felt hat that stuck to his greasy head.

Hesitating but a moment to adjust his bleary eyes to the unaccustomed light, he moved toward the counter, his oversized shoes flapping at every step.

Once relaxed on the top of one of the high stools, he gazed with a long and

questioning look at the clear-eyed young man behind the counter. He continued to stare as the youth stepped over with the query, "What are you going to have, pal?"

Still staring blankly, the old man finally blurted out, "Bowl of chili, and coffee." Even after his order was placed before him, he did not start to eat until he had taken another questioning look.

"What's the idea?" queried the young man. "Do I look like someone you know?"

"'Scuse it, please," drawled the old man. "You do look like some of my family, but I just can't remember. I've soaked up so much booze, I forgot. You don't drink, do you, son? You don't look like it. Don't, don't do it!"

"You needn't preach to me," replied the youth. "Preach to yourself; you need it. As for me, I never liked the smell of the stuff, its taste, or its effect.

"You see, my father used it too much for his own good; he left my mother and us two baby boys more than eighteen years ago, and we have never heard of him since. We struggled along for years until my mother married my stepfather. At least he was sober.

"I don't know why I should tell you all this. Why don't you straighten up, old man? You can't win."

"Too late, boy, too late; but don't you ever start using it."

Slipping slowly from the stool, the old man drew out a few small coins to pay his bill, and then stood hesitating, his dirty hands resting on the counter, as a tear dropped from his bleary eye.

"Son, don't ever follow my example," he pleadingly muttered. "I am only your father."

And he shuffled out into the night to lose himself again in the land of lost men.

*Dr. Robert A. Millikan, world-known physicist, and recent president of the California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, is quoted in *Clipsheet* as saying, "I think it is unintelligent for anyone to take into his system regularly a habit-forming drug such as alcohol. The biggest social force in the world is the force of example. What we do is more important than what we say."*

ACUTE ALCOHOLIC SYNDROMES

(Continued from page 10)

controls try to get in gear again. There may be a certain amount of clashing; but, generally speaking, it is a remarkable thing to observe how smoothly the individual regains the use of his nervous faculties.

One of the complications most complained of is the fact that the person wakes up with a headache. What is this hang-over headache? I have had opportunities to see the so-called "man of distinction" on the way out of his alcoholic stupor. The hang-over headache is a very common thing.

Now, if the hang-over is due to alcohol, then inevitably you ought to be able to give almost anyone a certain amount of alcohol and ascertain how soon he gets the headache and see how long it lasts. Those who have studied headaches extensively tell us that it does not seem to work quite so well in the experimental laboratory. They give the amount of liquor that the person says customarily gives him a hang-over; but he, under the scrutiny of science and in the company of serious observers, seems to escape some of the symptoms of a hang-over, and we do not know why that is.

The explanation may have something to do with the great expenditure of energy in a very convivial situation or staying up late at night. You cannot just simply say to someone, "Well, how much do you have to take before you have a hang-over? Come into our laboratory, for we want to observe the hang-over." In the laboratory he does not seem to react just the same way, and so it is one of those things that does not stand scrutiny unless you have present all the other factors that go with it.

When a man recovers from a very prolonged alcoholic stupor, he does not always have a smooth recovery. I have mentioned convulsions as one of the possible symptoms attending the attempt of the different control levels to take over. There is a little clashing, as I say, of the gears, and then something goes wrong. Furthermore, as the man regains his consciousness he may find that somewhere along the line some faculty that normally he had, was not picked up. For example, he may not regain his memory right away. He may be conscious, but the surroundings may appear very strange.

A man on the verge of the d.t.'s had this interesting experience: He went to the Maywood Hospital. Now, the Maywood Hospital has sort of a prolonged entryway which is rather attractive and decorated with plants. You finally come

to the hospital, which is near the center of the block. Well, this man went in there under the misapprehension that it was another bar! He says that he was very much surprised at the customs there. They wanted to remove all his clothes and put him to bed; but he, in his vague state, thought that was all right. And though he knew Maywood well he simply did not recognize the hospital. He was recovering to the extent that he thought he needed another drink. In his alcoholic haze, "it seemed so strange and odd," he said.

Another phenomenon of the recovery from narcosis is that the individual may wake up and find that he cannot yet talk. He may regain consciousness and yet have a definite, rather prolonged speech disturbance called aphasia. In one of these cases the whole thing was rather embarrassing, for it was hard to

evaluate the trouble. A man of very good standing in the nearby city was having a little celebration. He was not drinking to excess, but he was tired. He needed what he felt was a little relaxation, and in the midst of the celebration he suddenly collapsed and went into a stupor. It was almost a convulsion, but the family said, "No, he did not actually have a convulsion, but he very suddenly passed out." However, when he recovered he was scarcely able to talk. He could say a few words, but he had trouble even remembering the names of objects. He could not discuss anything elaborate, such as his plans for treatment or what was to be done about his business while he was confined to the hospital for a few days.

When this went on day after day, we concluded that this must be a case in which the alcohol has brought to light

SHOULD A NONDRINKER ATTEND COCKTAIL PARTIES?

Grace Clifford Howard

COCKTAIL PARTIES seem the most popular way of paying social debts, or launching celebrities and "causes." The morning "coffee" and the afternoon "tea" have had to give way before it. Oliver Wendell Holmes's description of the tea party has now been changed to "giggle, gabble, guzzle, git," with special emphasis on the "giggle" when applied to the cocktail party.

One knows beforehand what a cocktail party is for. Its chief purpose, besides the sociability of the occasion, is to *drink*. Now, if one does not drink, she is hardly living up to the expectations of her hostess, who feels that personal affront has been offered. Social error No. 1.

By not drinking, the abstainer makes the others at the party feel she is maintaining an attitude of superiority and condemning them for drinking. Such an attitude, of course, cannot be tolerated among social equals, so the drinkers develop an attitude of resentment and hostility toward the nonconformist. Social error No. 2, for the nondrinker to allow such a situation to arise.

Then, too, by gracing the cocktail party with her presence, the nondrinker has given such social affairs her moral support, even though she does not drink. This, it seems, goes even further than being *social error* No. 3.

Do we mean, then, that the nondrinker attending a cocktail party

should always drink? By no means. What is meant is that the cocktail party is no place for the nondrinker. She can regulate her social life to occasions where her influence will have a more telling effect. If she must attend a dinner with her husband where cocktails are served first, it is not difficult to go later than the imbibing group and time the arrival as dinner is served. This saves embarrassment on all sides.

Our social practices are largely matters of sanction and taboo. Who knows, if enough hostesses discarded cocktail parties,—and they would, if no one came,—put them under the ban, made them taboo, but what they could have a mighty influence in causing that form of entertainment to pass out of the picture? If you are a hostess, why not try it?



some other complication which this man already had. It really looked as if he had a tumor of the brain. Studies were made, and though he was still sick and still could not talk, there was no evidence of a tumor. After five or six more days had gone by, he gradually improved and regained his speech. There was no permanent paralysis of speech, though it looked, for a time, at least, that he must have had a stroke.

The same thing happens in an anesthesia sometimes. We have a good many cases in which the person only partially wakes up, especially in a large center like the Los Angeles County Hospital. The neurologist is called to find out why the person did not regain speech and was paralyzed somewhere after an anesthetic. We have many, many alcoholic cases in the neurological ward for this very reason that something did not clear up. Some function did not return to normal as it should.

PREFERRED RISK

(Continued from page 17)

A speedy claim service policy has been established under the direction of J. J. Mallon, and reports spread that the company was even more generous than its competitors in settling claims. Today a policyholder in a serious personal-injury accident can call the company at any time of the day or night, and someone will start a chain of contacts that has put adjusters on the spot across the country in less than an hour.

Has it paid off to operate for a special cross section of Americans? The financial position of the company has consistently grown, with its surplus (net worth) increasing sizably each month. Statistics from its accounting department show it operating at a true-loss ratio substantially below average. On December 1, 1950, the annual financial statement of Preferred Risk indicated an excellent increase in assets of 66.3 per cent over the previous year end. A comparison of total assets with all liabilities and reserves showed that the company had \$155.35 of assets for each \$100 of liabilities, reflecting a strong surplus condition.

The 1951 report by Dunne's Insurance Reports, a well-known policyholders' reporting service, rates Preferred Risk as A (excellent) and recommends the company as "worthy of public confidence."

Bill Plymat has felt from the beginning that thinking people do not want to pay for the mistakes of others if those mistakes are preventable.

"Total abstainers," he says, "want a sound policy to invest in at a low rate,

and still get all the advantages the big insurance companies offer."

There is a stipulation, of course, in getting Preferred Risk insurance. You must be a confirmed abstainer. Policies are written only for those who shun the bottle completely. Furthermore, more than 50 per cent of new policyholders are those who have been recommended by old policyholders, persons of influence and integrity in their community.

At first, company officials anticipated problems in screening, but to date, not even the moderate drinker has shown up among their applicants. The applicant must sign an application for insurance upon which is the statement, "I do not use alcoholic beverages and will not do so for the term of this policy."

The company has done pioneer work in developing a special incentive plan for policyholders. The company believes that policyholders with extra care can reduce their own claim losses, and it feels that insurance costs should reflect this situation by offering lower costs to policyholders who avoid accidents. The company believes that its true profits are a reflection of the activities of its better policyholders in avoiding accidents and therefore accordingly the profits should be shared more with this class of policyholders.

As a result the company has developed a special merit dividend plan and pays dividends to policyholders of 5 per cent after a claim-free year, 10 per cent after a second claim-free year, 15 per cent after a third claim-free year, 20 per cent after a fourth claim-free year, and 25 per cent after a fifth claim-free year on the principal coverages of the policy. These principal coverages include liability to others for injuries and damages done to others' property and collision coverages for damages to one's own car in an accident or upset. These dividends do not apply to the minor coverages, and a claim under minor coverages does not prevent the policyholder from receiving dividends on major coverages.

The big companies of many years' experience at first smiled at the "babe in swaddling clothes," but they have ceased smiling. The growth of the new company under Bill's energetic genius has been tremendous, and hundreds of applications pour in as a result of the Sam Morris broadcasts. June 30, 1951, found Preferred Risk with assets totaling nearly a half million dollars.

Has Preferred Risk stopped its phenomenal growth? Bill expects the company growth to be four times more in 1953 than in 1950.

Today in America Preferred Risk is the only automobile insurance company to specialize in insuring total ab-

stainers. Another, however, is in operation in Sweden.

Bill Plymat's years of research on drinking and driving make him a ready speaker with an arsenal of facts that are impossible to refute. He declares, "Company records of one thousand total abstainers, compared with the records of one thousand drinkers, moderate or otherwise, readily establish the fact that there is a difference. Sweden's experiments have proved that there is 27 per cent impairment of driving ability where there is a concentration of .04 per cent to .06 per cent of alcohol in the blood. (This would range from one to three bottles of beer, varying with the driver's body weight and other factors.) Experts say two shots of 100-proof whisky or two bottles of beer will normally give a .05 per cent concentration."

From its company records and its own experience, Preferred Risk has concluded that alcohol is responsible for 30 per cent of all losses paid by casualty insurance companies in the United States. The National Safety Council says that one out of every four fatal traffic accidents involves liquor. This means 8,000 persons killed, thousands of others injured, and millions of dollars lost in property damage. All of these cost money to the insurance companies—money paid out in claims, and which comes first from the pockets of policyholders paying for the premiums.

Hearing Bill lecture and personally cross-questioning him for details convinces one that Preferred Risk has a sound argument in favor of total abstinence, even if it is for the advantages of getting a lower premium on automobile drivers in America. Preferred Risk's profitable investment in total abstinence offers both good advice and substantial savings!

MODERN MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 14)

exact statistics, but the effect is noticed almost daily in our courts. If it were possible to eliminate the alcohol, we could reduce the divorce rate greatly."

In the probation department of our courts and in the prosecutor's offices of our city, the social service agencies of our community have innumerable cases of broken homes, and family disturbances, where drink has been the contributing factor for the breakdown of the family.

Homes can be happier, domestic difficulties can be avoided, broken homes can be mended and restored, if we can reduce the number of instances where drinking drowns out the happiness in the homes of the members of our community.

"I have been a lifelong abstainer for eighty-one years, due to the fact that my parents were active temperance people both by precept and example. There was instilled in me at a very early age a lifelong righteous fear of the first drink of alcohol. I have always been proud of the fact that I could decline the first drink. Looking back over the years, I have reason to be thankful that I escaped the alcoholic slavery of those of my age who started drinking in their youth."

P. E. Selby



Let's Teach Our Children Total Abstinence

GT WAS Paul Calvin Payne who said, "If you want to change a whole civilization overnight, start with the children; if you want to plant a conviction indelibly into society, plant it into the hearts of children." In view of the inroads alcoholism is making in the ranks of our youth today, can we not see the importance of planting conviction in the hearts of children and the necessity of educating them for total abstinence in their formative years?

It is the duty of those in the home, in the church, and in the school to instill in the minds of children and youth a lifelong righteous fear of the first drink and to build within their young hearts the moral courage to decline to accept the first drink. Unless this elementary education for abstinence is achieved, our children will not be wise enough to rightly choose between alcoholic slavery and the abstinent way of life.

The crucial period during which abstinence is imperative is that of childhood and youth and up until the age of twenty-five years. By that time a person has had opportunity to acquire enough wisdom not to sacrifice his freedom by taking the first drink. One of our most shameful failures is that we are allowing millions of children, eager and willing to learn, to grow up to become alcoholics because we fail to use the first ten to fifteen years of these

children's lives to teach them abstinence. With our parental apathy and our shocking lack of Christian courage and morality we have grossly failed in our responsibility to the rising generations.

Abstinence is a Christian virtue; it is one of the most important virtues to be taught to children and youth. They must be prepared to decline the first drink, which can start them on a tragic road of mental, moral, and spiritual debauchery. In this country each year millions of innocent and lovely children start to school. It is the duty of everyone having anything to do with their training to teach them that abstinence is the only healthful and absolutely safe way of escaping alcoholic slavery.

Alcoholism is a self-inflicted injury; there is one absolute safeguard against it, namely, total abstinence. Everyone who takes the first drink thereby becomes a potential alcoholic. In this age of social pressure and convivial environment the lack of adequate education for total abstinence during childhood and adolescence is resulting in a shocking number of drinkers among our high-school and college population.

It is impossible for one to be sure he can control his drinking when alcohol decontrols that part of the brain on which he depends for control. The first drink, therefore, is in effect the main step from the freedom of the abstainer to the slavery of the drinker.

Youth need to be shown that alcohol is unsafe and unfit for human consumption, that it is a deadly narcotic poison, harmful in even small doses. Children and youth in most localities receive more bad advice from the brewers and distillers than they do good advice from their parents.

Drinking church members have great influence in support of the liquor interests, both in the responsibilities which they hold and the associations they make, and they continually influence youth and others to begin drinking. The church must overcome her impotence, apathy, and indifference toward this greatest evil influence against the home, the church, and the nation.

Unless the church moves into the forefront in opposing the drinking evil, permanent success is impossible. The continued silence of members of Christianity, while the liquor interests spoil our youth, is making moral cowards of all too large a segment of our population. *The whole picture will change when the churches seriously launch a continuous adequate total-abstinence educational program, beginning with the youngest child. Those responsible in the home, church, and school fail to prepare the children to meet the drink temptation unless they instill in their young minds this lifelong fear of the first drink, which will give them the moral courage to say NO!*

(Continued from page 16)

hundred calories, or one fifth of the total of three thousand used in a day. That is a lot of alcohol in a twenty-four hour period. *It can be so used for energy, but in the process of its use the toxic effects are taking their toll upon the body functions. Alcohol calories are neither economical nor efficient.*

Alcohol is not an efficient source of physiological energy. It is not free from the disadvantages of its toxic effect. It cannot meet any emergencies of the body by storage, but it can add to the production of heat and energy at a toxic cost. If you take food to meet your needs, it goes through the process of digestion, of absorption, and of elimination; and food that is not presently used is put aside or stored for future use. But alcohol cannot be stored in the body.

From the moment alcohol is taken into the body, the body goes about the process of getting rid of it, and it does it in an amazingly consistent and efficient manner at the rate of about 10 per cent per hour until it is all gone. *In other words, the body is not satisfied to live with alcohol. It has mechanisms of detoxication in the liver; it has mechanisms of elimination by the breath, by the urine, by the sweat, which are so consistent that under ordinary conditions, after a single dose of alcohol, the 10 per cent elimination goes on, and in about ten hours you cannot find any of that alcohol in the body. Such are some of the facts that came out of these studies back in 1900 or thereabouts.*

Physiological Effects

I will refer to two other contributions that helped form the basis for our consensus of knowledge useful for social purposes. The fourth item is the work of Benedict and Dodge at the Carnegie Nutrition Laboratory at Harvard on the physiological effects of alcohol. That study involved delicate, refined, quantitative measurements of physiological effects. They used very small amounts of alcohol and tested with great delicacy the effect of alcohol on the body reflexes. Their conclusion in simple terms was that the reflexes of the body were slowed down from 5 to 10 per cent by amounts of alcohol too small to show any appreciable effect upon conduct.

The fifth fact of science to which

I would refer is the work of Walter Miles, formerly of the University of California and now of Yale, an experimental psychologist. He made a study of alcohol and human efficiency, using alcohol of low percentages.

Miles made the study on alcohol and human efficiency along lines similar to those of Benedict and Dodge, under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution. That work was published, and it gave evidence that all the processes of the mind, memory, and central nervous system are slowed, are made inferior by amounts of alcohol far below the level of social significance or behavior change.

If you will keep those five scientific facts in mind, I would say that they are the starting point of a great series of constantly increasing scientific research

in the field of alcohol. If you have those things in mind clearly I believe you will readily see why their impact still has a bearing upon our social problems. If we ignore any one of those five important subjects we are not prepared to apply science in an intelligent manner to our social pattern.

It is apparent that some chemical change—chemical, biological, metabolic—occurs in the cells of the nervous system from the action of alcohol carried in the blood so that there is a block or delay in transmission of nerve impulse from one cell to another. We do not know the mechanism of narcosis. It is not clearly understood, and there may be a half dozen possibilities other than dehydration and action as solvent of lipoids, although those are the ones that appear most likely. They have not stood up entirely under careful examination, and it would appear that we still do not know the answer to the question, "What makes a drug a narcotic? What is it that blocks or inhibits reaction? What is it that slows the reflex time?" Those things are not known.

It is suspected that among the causes of narcosis is the withdrawal of the dendrites at the synapse of the cells, the separation of the terminal filaments of one cell of the nervous system from those of the next nerve cell in the series.

No Benefits Proved

Of the different people who have contributed to the knowledge of the science of alcohol and its effects on the human body we think of course of chemists, physiologists, psychologists, psychiatrists, statisticians, physicians, sociologists, economists, and pharmacologists. All of these have contributed to what we know about alcohol, and none have found it beneficial to the healthy person. No investigators have been able to show with reliable evidence that the normal healthy person at any age is improved in any of his functions by the use of alcohol either temporarily or continually. This is a fact that we should remember.

Alcohol as a drug has medicinal uses, as many other poisons have, such as strychnine, arsenic, and mercury. The physicians must be allowed free conscience in deciding when alcohol or other drugs should be used, if at all; but as an article of diet and as a means of improving human functions, it has failed to show any beneficial results to healthy persons.



The Rose

FREDERICK D. BREWER

No lovely flower that in the garden grows,
Can claim the magic sweetness of the rose.
Its fragile petals, wondrous to behold,
Conceal a message, hidden in each fold.

The red rose breathes of passionate desire;
The white would truth and purity inspire.
Each petal weaves its spell with magic art,
And whispers secrets to a lover's heart.

Hold close a rose. Then marvel at the Power
That gives such treasure for a fleeting hour.
What alchemy of nature can design
Such eloquence of beauty in each line?

From that inert, dull mold that we call "earth,"
Unostentatiously, it takes its birth,
To issue forth and, striving for the light,
Burst into flaming beauty in a night.

Then, as each dainty petal is unfurled,
It lavishes that beauty on the world,
A true, unselfish gift that all may see,
And smell, and touch, and hold in memory.



MODERATE DRINKING

(Continued from page 9)

of sway can be made by placing a football helmet on the subject's head and extending a straw upward from the helmet so that it touches a piece of glazed paper covered with soot. As the body sways, the soot will be rubbed off, leaving a white line. The sway for one, two, or five minutes is recorded with and without alcohol. *A concentration of .05 per cent (one to two bottles of 5 per cent beer, depending on the individual) of alcohol in the blood will increase body sway in some persons with or without the eyes closed. A staggering gait is perceptible at a blood concentration of .1 per cent. At this concentration or a little higher, the co-ordination of the eye-control muscles is disturbed, and the subject begins to see double.*

In order for us to see things singly the image of the object has to fall on what are called identical points on the retina. When this happens, the images are fused to yield one image in my brain. If my right eye were to wander off to the extent of two degrees, then the image on the right retina would fall on a non-identical point, and I would see two objects instead of one.

Another effect of relatively small doses of alcohol on the cerebral cortex is a disturbance of judgment. *It causes a person to be foolhardy, more reckless, loquacious, argumentative, abusive, insolent, and silly, and to arrive at illogical and prejudiced conclusions more readily than otherwise.* I shall cite an interesting example of a disturbance of judgment induced by the consumption of 22.5 c.c. of alcohol on an empty stomach. It is an instance in which a faulty judgment is formed while under the influence of alcohol, and the error is carried over into the sober state. I frequently point out this fact to lawyers, to show that *a judgment formed while under the influence of alcohol, though erroneous, is carried over to the sober state;* and that this has to be taken into consideration in evaluating testimony.

Several years ago I was making a movie film on the effect of alcohol on the body. We used some medical and graduate students as subjects. They were trained to perform certain psychomotor tests without alcohol. Then they were given 45 c.c. of diluted whisky. At the end of the tests, performed while the students were under the influence of alcohol, they stated with much vigor, and even argued, that the alcohol had improved their performance decidedly.

The student subjects reacted just like lay persons, who, when taking a type-writing test under the influence of

alcohol, make more mistakes but afterward insist that they performed better. They are like the drunk who boasts that he can lick anybody in the crowd even though he is too drunk to stand up.

Thus our young student scientists reacted just as any lay person who is intoxicated. When feeling euphoric, they also believed that they had performed better with than without the alcohol. So I said to myself, "That is an interesting observation. I shall ascertain whether that disturbance of judgment will continue into the sober state." Consequently the next day at the luncheon table, I said, "Do you fellows still think that you performed better when you had that whisky in you?" "Oh, yes," they replied, and they continued as the day before, pointing out why they were certain that they had performed better under alcohol. They were quite surprised when I showed them the actual experimental data which proved clearly that all but one made more errors while intoxicated with 22.5 c.c. of alcohol.

When one knows the effects of relatively small amounts of alcohol on performance, it is readily understood why at least 25 per cent of the automobile accidents are due to the consumption of alcoholic beverages. Accidents due to drunken driving are increasing at an alarming rate among teen-agers and persons under twenty-five years of age. I have a clipping from a Washington newspaper which reads as follows: "The alarming situation is complicated even further by the fact that driving while drinking is increasing among teen-agers. Many youngsters apparently believe it is a mark of distinction to carry whisky bottles in their cars. This mixing of alcohol and gasoline by young, irresponsible drivers must be stopped, and it is the police and court that must take the initiative." This statement was made by Lou C. Holland, former president of the American Automobile Association.

I shall quote from an editorial in the *New York Times*, dated December 31, 1949: "Above all, during this week end, traditionally a time of gaiety and celebration, let us never forget that alcohol and gasoline are two fluids which cannot be mixed with safety. Drunken driving has been on the increase of late, especially among drivers of the younger age group. It must be eliminated; an intoxicated driver does not belong behind the wheel. A less obvious fact, however, which has been substantiated in countless surveys and tests is that *even a little drinking* is often enough to blunt and trick and disturb the active reactions necessary for safe driving at today's car speeds and in today's road competition."

An article appeared recently in *Peo-*

ple Today, under the heading, "Recipe for Death: Take Two Drinks and Drive." This article contained such striking statements as: "Science has shown that even one drink before you drive may be an invitation to sudden death." "Your driving is worse; but to make it doubly dangerous, you think it better." Dr. H. Ward Smith of Toronto University was quoted as stating, "Alcohol becomes a factor in accidents even though the concentrations may be as low as .03 per cent to .05 per cent." Reference was also made to Dr. Leonard Goldberg of Sweden's Karolinska Institute, who found that three beers or three to four ounces of spirits caused experienced drivers to show a driving impairment of from 25 to 30 per cent.

The appearance of such releases and editorials is encouraging to those of us who have been lecturing since 1932 about the danger of driving after drinking. The newspapers and magazines have been silent too long. This anti-alcohol education is greatly needed. *Will it take a drunken-driving accident or an alcoholic in every family in the United States before the American people will wake up to what is actually happening in our country?* Fortunately there are signs on the horizon which appear to be encouraging to those of us who are interested in the prevention of alcoholism and accidents due to alcohol. Here is an important fact to remember: At least 25 per cent of the automobile accidents are due to drunken driving. Almost twice as many persons, some 400,000, are killed or injured annually as the result of drunken driving in the United States as were killed and injured annually in our armed forces during World War II (about 240,000). The killed and injured in World War II in the forces of the United States totaled 950,000. The total killed and injured by automobile accidents in 1949 was 1,595,000. Twenty-five per cent of this figure is 400,000.

Here is another important fact to remember: When a driver or pedestrian has .15 per cent or more of alcohol in his blood, which may occur after taking 75 to 100 c.c. of alcohol on an empty stomach, his chances of having an accident are increased fifty-five times.

The number of traffic deaths on our nation's highways since the advent of the auto has passed the one-million mark. Ned H. Dearborn, president of the National Safety Council, in an Associated Press release last October said, "All that remains is the shame of a civilized nation which can accept this terrible blight of death, injury, and suffering without any widespread effort to prevent it."

DEAR GOD, I am sorry to hurt so many people. I know I'll never be happy." That was all that the pretty, blue-eyed, and honey-haired eighteen-year-old girl put into her suicide note before plunging from an eleventh-floor New York hotel room one day last winter. Irene Mikulik, a small-town girl visiting the big city, had attended several shows the day before, since she always had loved fun.

Relatives and friends, stunned by her tragic exit from life, explained that she also loved people and that "she made people like her." She had had everything a young girl her age could ask for, health, good looks, a good steady job and a just-as-steady boy friend who shortly before her suicide had purchased a \$2,000 car for Irene. As a matter of fact, a few short hours before taking the fatal leap, Irene had discussed wedding plans with handsome young Lou Sloboda.

What made her do it? Why didn't she want to live? The local newspapers, in substance, summed it up thus: There is no answer; only facts and a mystery. If some psychiatrist could have examined the girl before she opened the hotel room window for her jump, he undoubtedly would have found some neurosis, if similar cases in the past indicate anything at all. It seems that whenever some person commits a tragic, unexpected act, psychiatrists always mention this word, which is being heard so much of late. The dictionaries define it as "nervous disorder," but Fulton Sheen in his *Preface to Religion* offers this illuminating definition:

"Neurosis is the common disease of every man who has no hope except in himself. Being *fed up* with life, he becomes cynical, self-centered, asserts himself in loud, boorish, boasting tones to atone for his own inner hunger, nakedness, and ignorance."

Neurotics and cynics, however, do not become "fed up" with real life, the way it ought to be lived, but rather with their substitutes for it. Someone recently called American night life, as such persons so often live it, "organized boredom!" With the kind of life the Creator intended for man it is impossible to get "fed up," for it never satiates, but always satisfies.

One of the most celebrated lumi-

naries in the art of depicting American life was the late Sinclair Lewis. It is believed that the reason why this author's books have enjoyed such wide circulation is that they dealt to a large extent with frustrated Americans, and frustration is a type of neurosis. At any rate, Joe Doe of Main Street, U.S.A., saw himself in characters like George

A CURE FOR NEUROSIS

PAUL K. FREIWIRTH



F. Babbitt, who once told his son very pathetically, "I've never done a single thing I've wanted to in my whole life." The average American eagerly went for the works of a man who, he had reason to believe, understood him.

Max Lerner, well-known contemporary American thinker, in writing about the psychological dangers of modern entertainment, attributes the development of neuroses to the fact that modern man has "seen gaiety and sophistication and terror, but not experienced it," and that his "imagination has been excited but not nourished." Modern entertainment provides man with an overdose of living vicariously in the lives of his favorite entertainers. This has the effect of robbing him of the desire and ability to face the stern realities of his own life day by day, and a neurosis develops.

If we were to go to the root of the problem, we would discover that selfishness and self-centeredness, rank materialism and utter disregard of the spiritual values of life, are the fundamental causes of the various kinds of neuroses so alarmingly rampant today. According to Dr. Harry S. Mustard, executive director of the State Charities Aid Association, of New York, "Mental illness is one of the nation's most threatening health problems." The organization of which he is head has gone on record in declaring that patients in mental hospitals cost the United States

\$1,000,000 a day. Surely, even if for no other reason than the need for thrift, it is high time to look around for a cure.

Recently, a talented young American artist returned from a trip to Europe, where she had met a heavy schedule of public appointments. Upon her return home, she told a friend that several times when the load became too heavy, she had prayed for a nervous breakdown. She had hoped that such might give her an excuse to spend a few days in bed. But no breakdown came, and the young performer attributed it to the fact that she had the joy of an all-absorbing purpose in life. Hers was the secret of overcoming neurosis. Instead of being self-centered, the creative outlets of her career gave her something outside herself to love and live for.

A celebrated British scholar, known throughout the intellectual world for his skepticism, and not at all for his religious faith, has presented the one unfailing cure for neurosis:

"There are certain things that our age needs, and certain things that it should avoid. It needs compassion and a wish that mankind should be happy; . . . it needs, above all, courage, hope, and the impulse to creativeness. The things

that it must avoid and that have brought it to the brink of catastrophe are cruelty, envy, greed, competitiveness, search for irrational subjective certainty, and what Freudians call the death wish.

"The root of the matter is a very simple and old-fashioned thing, a thing so simple that I am almost ashamed to mention it, for fear of the derisive smile with which cynics will greet my words. The thing I mean—please forgive me for mentioning it—is love, Christian love, or compassion. If you feel this, you have a motive for existence, a guide for action, a reason for courage. . . . Although you may not find happiness, you will never know the deep despair of those whose life is aimless and void of purpose for there is always something that you can do to diminish the awful sum of human misery."

Perhaps someone reading these lines by Bertrand Russell will make the "derisive smile," but not many folks living in that "old-fashioned" way were troubled by these modern neuroses. Says the Good Book: "Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

WHAT DID I WANT?

(Continued from page 23)

the place." I had started swearing, too. Angrily I cried, "I'm working myself to death to keep a big fat drunk, and what do I get but abuse?"

Jimmy's steely voice interrupted, "Who brought me here?" I didn't answer. My conscience was enough without abuse from Jimmy. "You're no better now than the other women who haunt beer parlors." He laughed loud and long. "I'm innocent, but I'll be tried for murder."

I do not want ever again to recall the awful days that followed in the courtroom and on the streets. It dragged on for weeks. Finally the verdict was accidental shooting. The bank account had dwindled, but we had enough, when everything was paid, to buy the Poyer farm and to remodel the house.

I was alone much of the time and on my knees, not praying but scrubbing. I kept asking the echoes why I should be blamed for that girl's death. She had no business in such a place, my place. Why blame me for the change in Jimmy or for Billy's predicament? "It will work out." Alone in my fine house I reasoned, "I have the farm and money and the mink coat. It's stored until the time to wear it. I'll go to town and—" While I was gone, the place and everything in it burned. Subsequently we bought a neat little house in town.

People had the nerve to say I had reaped what I sowed. Billy enlisted in the Navy, and did not even telephone before he left.

Finally one fall day I went for my coat. I wore it home. As we turned the bend of the road, homeward bound, I saw a big new sign, "See Link & Link for a money-maker. For Sale, the Bit & Brace roadhouse."

I remembered all as I recalled the picture of the lady with the mink coat. Now I was even more restless and dissatisfied than ever. I saw drab, poorly clothed women who didn't own a foot of ground or a bank account or a mink coat look scornfully at me. I had believed money would give happiness. How wrong I had been! I believed riches would provide security. A fire had swept them away in an hour. Riches had made me toss my head and believe I was of some account. I had looked down on the poor, but now they were scorning me. I had said I wanted riches for Billy, but what a miserable crutch they had been!

I had no husband. Jimmy had left me. No boy; just money and a farm and a mink coat.

I went home to face a lonely life, but Billy was rejected at the training station and sent home. I was eager to see him, even though he had done wrong. Had I not been responsible? He had married the girl. Rumor said her folks would not keep her. Could I desert my own flesh and blood? I saw him go into the grocery on the corner and I

telephoned. I didn't know how I might be received but I made my voice sound happy, confident.

"Just heard you were married. Bring your wife down. Of course you can stay with me." I had walked the floor all night. How I had struggled. But a part of the penance I must pay was to take her in as a daughter.

It was pitiful. Billy was actually afraid at first of me, his mother. The baby was born in my house. It is a fat little dumpling, like Billy when he was a baby. I have made the prettiest embroidered dresses and crocheted booties and caps. The children named him for Jimmy and asked Jimmy to come to the church for the christening. He did, and we made up again. Now we have started to Sunday school. We are to be taken into the church when we are fully prepared.

I returned the mink coat. What need had I for such finery? Once again I have a husband and son and grandson. I had thought wrong, or I would not have been so confused. I had had no early training in Christian living, and had missed the way. But I remembered how Jimmy's father once told me it was never too late to mend, and that God was willing and able to save even to the uttermost. He said only right living pays in the end. Experience proves this beyond a doubt.

Sometimes when I am alone I think, and think. It is terrible what a woman can do, if she sells her soul over the bar for liquor's filthy lucre.



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