

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Clyde H. Harris

HARRIS PINE MILLS

Do You Know?



CHANGING THEIR TUNE The midnight curfew for United States troops in Germany worked out better than had been expected, reducing sharply the number of traffic accidents and serious incidents involving American GI's and officers. The only loud complaints came from the same pub keepers who before had objected to rowdy U.S. soldiers.

TAVERN BEER SALES IMPERILED Sales of beer in grocery stores has increased by 10 per cent during the past year, reports G. W. Davidson, Brooklyn brewery sales manager. More people are drinking beer at home only, and less in taverns. This, says industry officials, threatens the business in taverns. Nothing is said of the results at home!

SOCIAL PRESSURE! Arlene Dahl, glamorous Hollywood star, divorced screen Tarzan Lex Barker on the grounds of cruelty. Reason: Barker had called her "a hick" because she once refused to drink a Martini.

CHILD DELINQUENCY

ENGLAND The wave of violent crimes by juveniles is attaining frightening proportions, writes correspondent William McGaffin. In one year 75,804 boys and girls between eight and sixteen have been caught and convicted. One observer in the London *Daily Graphic* says: "I have lived in the United States for many years, but find England is much more unsafe than Chicago, Detroit, or Cleveland."

UNITED STATES The nation has an annual total of a million juvenile delinquents, and the number can be expected to increase to 1,500,000 annually within the next eight years, says Dr. Martha M. Eliot, chief of the United States Children's Bureau. "We are deeply worried about what is happening to America's children. Reports received by the bureau in 1951 from 9,179 juvenile courts located largely in cities in thirteen states in various sections of the country showed that these courts handled 19 per cent more juvenile delinquency cases than in 1948."

Alcoholism in New York City

New York City has between 200,000 and 300,000 chronic alcoholics.

The probable annual private and public cost to the victims and the community is \$200,000,000.

This toll includes \$50,000,000 in lost wages and perhaps \$13,000,000 in home relief, nearly a tenth of the city's entire relief bill.

So says the Welfare and Health Council of New York City as reported in the *New York Times*. At the same time, continues the report, existing facilities are "grossly inadequate" for dealing with the problem and treating its victims. Only 14,025 cases were treated during 1951 in nineteen metropolitan institutions equipped for such care.

Magnitude of the situation is further emphasized by these additional facts:

City home relief costs run at the rate of \$2,600,000 for each 1,000 families. Commissioner McCarthy says it would be conservative to estimate that 5,000 families are on relief in "the end product of alcoholism." Ten thousand of the 14,590 admissions to Riker's Island Workhouse in 1951 were due to alcoholism.

There are six male alcoholics to every female alcoholic. Of the men 85 per cent are between 35 and 55 years of age, the prime years of achievement and responsibility. The alcoholic's life span is reduced by twelve years.

The council's report also noted "greater crime proneness among alcoholics than for the general population." Their homes are more often broken—16 per cent of married male alcoholics have been divorced, and 25 per cent separated. Seventy per cent of marital cases in the city's Home Term Court involve alcoholism.

What to do about this tragic and growing problem? The council suggested more treatment facilities, teaching centers on alcoholism, making alcoholism a reportable "illness" for physicians and health agencies, keeping up a "continuing interpretation" of the problem, and a comprehensive educational program to bring these recommendations about.

All of which doesn't even touch the outer fringes. The question might be asked, "When is common sense going to be used by these great organizations, and the real cause be considered and eliminated?"

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A JOURNAL OF
BETTER LIVING

APRIL-JUNE, 1953
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OUR COVER

Seldom has a business success story been written to equal that of Clyde H. Harris of Pendleton, Oregon. His plant has grown to be the largest manufacturer of unfinished furniture in the world, representing a gross investment of more than ten million dollars. Back of this achievement lie astute planning, bold but carefully calculated business moves, steady progress toward ambitious goals, all made possible through clean living habits and the highest of moral and spiritual ideals. *Listen's* cover picture, taken in the Harris home, is by G. L. Cole Studios, Pendleton, Oregon.

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The American Temperance Society

W. A. Scharffenberg, Executive Secretary

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Accenting the POSITIVE

A unique use for milk-vending machines has been demonstrated at gasoline stations along Connecticut's main highway, the Merritt Parkway. Two automatic cows were placed in stations on the north side and two in stations on the south side. In one forty-eight-hour week end these four stations sold 3,200 half pints of milk, in spite of the fifteen-cent charge made.

Many uses are possible for these milk robots. A quart-size dispenser installed in the basement of a large apartment house operates very profitably, allowing the apartment dwellers to save time and distance by the convenience of merely inserting a quarter into a slot, getting their quart of milk, and receiving the correct change.

In a day when clever advertising and deceptive sales campaigns have increased the market for alcoholic beverages merely on the basis of social acceptance, America needs more projects like these milk-vending machines to make available products which are good and nourishing. It is a tragic note that, in spite of widespread knowledge about the nutritive properties of milk, the per capita consumption of fluid milk in the United States has been dropping each year from a peak in 1945, while the intake of beverage alcohol has gone up! The trend needs to be reversed! And here is one positive, effective way to help bring this reversal about.

IT HAS ever been a truism of human nature that an evil thing can be discouraged or eliminated through the substitution of something better. Many are the methods which have been used—with varying degrees of success—to counter the evils of alcohol on our nation and people. Perhaps, in addition, the time has come to accent a bit more the positive!

One tangible program with vast potentialities along this line has of late been receiving much publicity and favorable experimentation.

Fluid milk is making friends and influencing new customers through the means of vending machines. Experiments are proving that milk is a popular seller if made readily available to consumers.

As part of its study of ways to better human nutrition, the Cornell University School of Nutrition placed five milk-vending machines on the campus. A few months later these were dispensing as many as 15,000 half pints a month—all increase in the use of milk, since there was no decrease in its use at the regular cafeterias and eating places on the campus.

Sixteen machines put on the University of Michigan campus are responsible for selling the equivalent of 10,000 quarts a month, without reducing normal sales. A Rochester, New York, dairy installed a number of these dispensers in various office and factory buildings, and has found that American workers welcome more milk into their diet when they can handily get it.

Francis A. Soper

"The Sky Was the LIMIT"

When he started, Clyde H. Harris didn't know a cutoff saw from a rip saw, but he has built the world's largest tree-to-furniture industry. Clean living and creative planning have paid him great business dividends, he says.



The log pond and sawmill that keep the Harris furniture factory supplied with needed lumber.

PENDLETON, OREGON, has long been known for its annual roundup—its colorful Indians, skillful cowboys, and prize cattle. But of late another name is helping push Pendleton's fame coast to coast.

On a fifty-five-acre tract at the west side of this robust Oregon city lies the main plant of Harris Pine Mills, largest manufacturer of unfinished furniture in the world and the only national marketer. Along its bustling sidings every four hours, on the average, around the clock, a freight car receives a load and is tagged for Fremont, Nebraska; Denver, Colorado; Dallas, Texas; Miami, Florida; or some other city near or far.

While solidly built, low-priced tables, dressers, chairs, are fitted into their traveling spaces, nearby there is being loaded a car of lumber and box shoo for Ogden, Utah; two cars of lumber for Chicago, another to New York, and so on!

The Harris Pine Mills, employing about 720 workers, uses more than 40,000,000 board feet of lumber annually, and for its furniture takes the tree all the way from the stump through to completed products. More than a million dollars' worth of the finest logging equipment is theirs, also road-building and maintenance machinery, their own fire engines and snowplows, and a modern fleet of Diesel trucks.

Logging camps, the farthest one 175 miles from the main plant, dot the beautiful Blue Mountain area and the Wallawas. To keep the thirsty machines in these camps operating, each month \$10,000 worth of Diesel fuel is consumed.

At the Pendleton plant are fourteen dry kilns with a weekly capacity of 700,000 feet of lumber, the average length of drying being from four to eight days. Recently there was added a pulp chip mill which utilizes all refuse lumber, so there is no waste of any material.

Back of the success of any business, especially one representing more than \$10,000,000 gross investment and doing a gross annual business approaching \$8,000,000, is the story of a man—a man with astute planning, skillful business maneuvering, and steady, progressive pushing. The man in this case is Clyde H. Harris.

Merely to talk with this man is to learn some of the rea-

sons for his firm's phenomenal growth. At sixty-three he has abounding vitality, constant activity, and a wide, immediate grasp of far-reaching and involved business matters. His face, seldom showing tension, radiates good health. "I guess it's because of the clean living that I both inherited and practiced," he says. "As I have grown older in years I have learned more and more to appreciate the fact that my mother never used liquor or tobacco and that my parents gave me a clean, healthy mind, and that I married a girl who never used liquor or tobacco. I have always lived these clean principles in my life."

Clyde early made the box and lumber business his life interest. "I started in the 'box' business on March 9, 1890, at Milton, Oregon," he said. At the early age of fourteen he already had an acre of fruit and a vegetable garden. As a young fellow in the foothills of the Walla Walla Valley he worked in warehouses, packing fruit, but he feels that an opening of providence started him on his career. At Cove, Oregon, he intended to stay at a hotel while on a fishing trip. Finding this closed, he searched for a rooming house he was told about, but stopped at the wrong place. However, he was invited to stay. Soon he was working for the man of the house, who owned a fruit-packing business; before long he substituted for him as manager when he became sick.

"I would go to buy boxes from a little box mill about a hundred yards away. After a time I became chummy with the fellow and we called each other by our first names. One day his casual remark that he had cleared \$4,000 that year stimulated my interest in the box-factory idea. It seemed the hand of God was leading in it all for me, because apparently it was a mistake to go to Cove at that particular time, and enter at the wrong house; yet all those circumstances threw me into contact with the business which was to be my chosen work."

Clyde Harris and his brother borrowed a capital of \$3,500 and in 1912 organized in Milton, Oregon, the Milton Box Factory. This was incorporated in 1917. The first two years of operation went hard, the brothers drawing only \$225 apiece. "I had a small acreage of fruit land, and my brother



1. Clyde Harris, with his brother and one hired man, in their first box factory, in Milton, Oregon.

2. Work begins on the present mill site in Pendleton. Left to right: E. B. Aldrich, "East Oregonian" editor, who invited the Harrises to Pendleton; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Harris; Mrs. Lem Paulson, wife of the construction superintendent; Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Harris, partners in the business until 1942, when they sold their interest to Clyde; Don Robinson, Pendleton businessman who joined in arranging the move from Milton.

3. Custom-built logging truck that has just been completed in the shops. These trucks are capable of carrying gross loads of 100,000 pounds. Automatic scales, built into both the truck and trailer, enable the

driver to keep his load within legal limits. The Diesel motor is 200 hp.

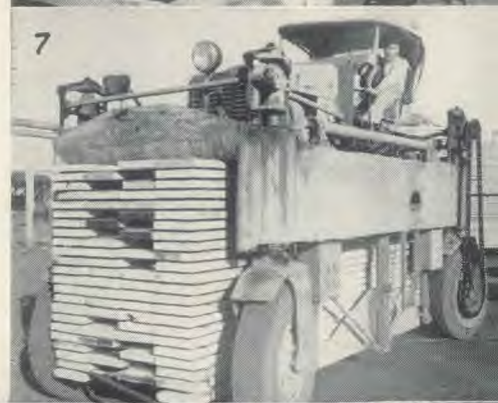
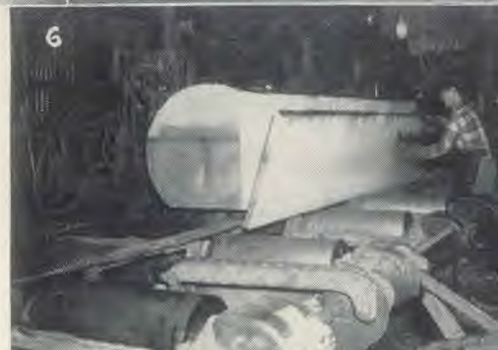
4. Loraine, or "jammer," used to load trucks. A \$25,000 machine.

5. "Cold deck" logs are held in reserve to be used by the mill when roads are impassable. Each season about 10,000,000 board feet of logs must be "decked" to keep the mill operating. Large logs are worth \$200 each.

6. A pine log starts through the mill, being cut into 2-inch slabs that will be fed into edging and resaw machines before being dried and planed for use in the furniture factory.

7. A "straddle buggy" is used for rapid and easy handling of the millions of board feet of lumber constantly coming off the "green chain."

8. Hyster equipment moving green lumber onto cars to be run into the dry kiln.



9. Automatic machines are set to cut precision parts for assembly into articles of furniture. When once set, thousands of pieces will be cut before the machine is reset for another run.

10. Automatic nailer used in assembling furniture.

11. Unfinished pine furniture on display at Meier and Frank in Portland. All over the nation this furniture made from the forests of the Northwest by the Harris Pine Mills is finding its way into homes of satisfied customers.



was a piano tuner. This tided us through," observes this enterprising manager, who in recent years has drawn tens of thousands in salary annually.

The Harris Pine Mills were incorporated in 1939 and moved thirty miles southwest to Pendleton. The city of Pendleton offered the site for the new factory and \$10,000 advance to induce the mills to move there. Prime pushers for this tangible invitation were E. B. Aldrich, editor of the *East Oregonian*, and Don Robinson, Pendleton businessman. This gift was repaid to the city of Pendleton in 1946.

Since then the plant has grown from a \$150,000 payroll to \$2,250,000, largest in the area.

Always back of this growth has been the idealism and decided purposes of Mr. Harris himself. Both Clyde and his talented wife, Mary, are deeply religious. They feel that their progress has been made possible by divine blessing. They have lived out their religion in their home life, and Clyde carries it into his business life. "When we acted on religious principle," he recalls of the past, "even my brother said we could never be successful, particularly when we laid off Saturdays, which was the big business day [the Harrises are Seventh-day Adventists], but I am personally convinced that no one has ever been penalized because of his Sabbath convictions."

This religious conviction has moved the Harrises to turn over, in January of this year, their \$10,000,000 business to the Seventh-day Adventist denomination, the returns from the mill and furniture factory to help support churches, hospitals, schools, and missions around (Turn to page 34)

Mr. Harris Tells of His—

Business Success Without Drinking

"From the time we started, probably 80 per cent or more of our employees never used alcohol. It is our desire and preference to hire men and women who do not drink. Our absenteeism is low, for our workers are for the most part sober and are ready to go to work each morning. Very, very few days have been lost because of hang-overs or night parties or drinking.

"As far as my personal life is concerned, I never found my total-abstinence principles any problem in my social life. I have always been taken care of very courteously. I know there is no need for any man to drink to secure business. In fact, I have found that businessmen would rather deal with one who does not drink and is always ready to discuss business intelligently, than with a man who drinks and who, if he does make commitments, does not know what he has done."

My Code of Values



1. I believe that when a person begins something, he should stay by it and make it a lifework, becoming more efficient at it as the years go by.

2. I believe in God's interest in man and His guidance in human affairs. If we lack wisdom we are told in the Bible where to go to get it. I have faith in such divine leadership and know that God has guided in the operation of this plant.

3. I believe in the advantages of healthful living, including abstinence from alcohol and tobacco. This has kept my mind clear for the transaction of business.

4. I believe in making decisions on true values in life. When but a young lad I saw a little ad in *The Saturday Evening Post*, I think it was, which said, "A boy or a man should never read anything he does not want to remember. By the reading of fictitious stories the mind is trained to forget, and thereby it counteracts the training of a man to remember the value of things in life." I accepted that counsel, and choose carefully everything I read.

5. I believe in the value of hobbies and outside diversions. My favorite hobby is fishing, and I like hunting. I love the outdoor life. It's healthful and satisfying.

6. I believe that a person's interest and work should constantly grow. When I started I promised myself that whatever I got into, that thing would expand. The sky was the limit. As a young fellow I was actually thinking beyond my capacity, but I have learned in life that this has paid great dividends. I did not know much about this business when I began. I didn't know a cutoff saw from a rip saw, but my friend who introduced me to the box business told me the names of the tools. I started out and made a "go" of it.

7. I believe in associating with successful people at all times. Achievement has always been a challenge to me. If others are successful, I can be, too.

8. I believe in making money, but also in using it to help my fellow men. I have watched men accumulate great wealth, pile up their riches, and then die. I ask myself, "What did they get out of it? Where are they today?" I feel that it is not only a matter of getting wealth, but of putting that wealth into the right places. This conviction has led me to give much to Christian charity, including now my entire business.

Ch Harris



THREE LIONS

Dealing with five thousand alcoholics over a period of twelve years, the author has proved the success of his McGoldrick Method. Not a member of any temperance society nor an advocate of prohibition, he here outlines the basic philosophy which he has found so effective in helping alcoholics back to normal living.

by **EDWARD J. MCGOLDRICK, Jr.**

Director of Bridge House, Bureau of Alcoholic Therapy
Department of Welfare,
New York City

Are Alcoholics Sick People?

HUNDREDS of thousands of words have been written about the alcoholic as an individual, and about the destructiveness of his habit. Books, treatises, magazine and newspaper articles, have explored the extent of drunkenness, its causes, its effects, its remedies. Their one achievement has been to give us an awareness of alcoholism as one of our most pressing social problems, one which urgently needs solution. But most of the literature on the subject is so involved and so self-contradictory, so bereft of established fact and positive program, as to leave the reader who has plowed through it feeling, "So what?" Still the deluge of words continues, leading those interested in the problem to rush in out of the storm and remain content with their preconceived notions rather than buffet the tidal waves of meaningless phrases, suspended judgments, and misinformation so glibly offered.

And, as though this were not enough, the public has now been asked to swallow, on an already overstuffed stomach, the idea that the alcoholic suffers from a disease—that he is a sick person. This is the theme pounded at us in advertisements in press, radio, and magazines. This is the most pernicious of all dogma on alcoholism. For now, the alcoholic need no longer rely on the obviously silly and childish reasons he usually offers to justify his drinking. He can say, with prominent persons backing him, "I can't help it. I'm sick." The result is more drinking, more alcoholics.

Much of this dangerous approach, though misguided, is sincere. But let us leave it for a moment and see if we cannot find another approach, one which will enable us effectively to help the alcoholic by focusing the problem

on its real center—the alcoholic himself. For—and make no mistake about this—unless the drinker is revealed to himself and is given a definite, positive procedure with which he can help himself, there is no cure!

Let's start with the fact which was long obvious and which has only lately been obscured by the "experts." *The alcoholic is not a sick person.* To think that he suffers a disease of some sort is actually to place a great stumbling block in the path of his recovery. In dealing with thousands of alcoholics and their families, I have found that those who could help the problem drinker are left needlessly bewildered, confused, and hopeless before the statement, "Don't blame me; I'm suffering from a disease."

In truth, they know he is not sick, and they know that he does not really believe he is sick. Furthermore, they soon learn that the alcoholic who once finds this excuse successful will wear it as a badge, and will flaunt it as a special pass which permits him to crash through ordinary social responsibilities and which gives him complete freedom to plunge into a spree.

Those who speak of alcoholism as a disease are aware that they do not use the word in its ordinary medical sense. They know that when the alcoholic is not drinking, in his sober intervals, no one would ever take him for a mentally unbalanced, queer, or "off-base" person. He is, when sober, usually an industrious, conscientious person, and an able worker. His conversation is normal, often bright, always coherent, and he has mastered not merely his own routine and duties, but is fully aware of what goes on around him. He dresses well; he is con-

genial, and he is usually a personable and well-liked fellow. No one would suggest when he is sober that he needs a doctor, a pill, or a hospital.

He has no fever. He eats well and sleeps well. Examine his blood, urine, sputum, under a microscope, and you will find no disease germs, no indication of a virus. But suddenly he drinks. And, according to the new "experts," he thereby becomes a "sick" person. It is true that prolonged drinking will make him really sick; he will



Director McGoldrick of Bridge House earnestly but informally explains to one of his residents the importance of right thinking in preserving permanent sobriety and an enduring mental calm.

THREE LIONS

not eat normally and will suffer from any of a number of dietary deficiency diseases. But these can be cured by supplementing his diet—the alcoholism cannot. The fact is that overindulgence in any food or drink will make one "sick." Eat a crate of bananas, and your stomach will not behave normally.

It is not ridiculous or an exaggeration to say that it won't be long before it is suggested that clinics be established for adulterers, gamblers, thieves, and for those who habitually throw their clothes on the floor before retiring. The next thing you know, it will be suggested that alcoholism be a reportable disease! If the doctors have trouble now with this will-o'-the-wisp called the alcoholic, one can imagine their dilemma when such a law is on the books. *What a strange sickness! What a peculiar disease that is remedied and cured in so great a proportion by laymen, and in so small a proportion by the medical profession!*

Those who call the alcoholic sick are guilty of character isolationism—setting apart such a drinker from the rest of mankind, considering him a particular species unrelated to the habits manifested by others. Alcoholics, it is true, seek to escape from reality when life for them becomes a bit too difficult. So do millions of other people. These other people can develop bad tempers, ulcers, high blood pressure, and become neurotics or just plain unpleasant people. These latter reactions to the tyranny of thoughts are less notorious in their incidence than the drinking of the alcoholic—perhaps considered more respectable, but hardly less destructive.

There is really no such human being as the alcoholic

who is *compelled* to drink. As Dr. Brian Bird, a psychiatrist, so aptly states, "You and I react to life's difficulties in our own peculiar ways; the alcoholic reacts in his way, and it is not at all certain that the way of the alcoholic is worse or more destructive than many of the ways the rest of us are forced to use."

The premise that the alcoholic is sick not only operates to his detriment, but contains within itself a profound fallacy, more far-reaching in its scope than its mere application to the alcoholic. It represents a basic materialism of thought which actually deprives one of all responsibility for one's life and conduct, and of the very basis for self-respect. It is a philosophy of life, unfortunately all too prevalent today, which appears innocuous enough to the unthinking; but because of this very fact it is dangerously subversive, intellectually, emotionally, and spiritually.

Why? Consider this. Those who claim sickness is the cause of alcoholism are constrained to accept the corollary that the drinking of the alcoholic is beyond his personal control, that it is not a question of morality in any degree, and that will power has nothing at all to do with overindulgence in alcohol. It is time, this writer thinks, for all of us in this field, and in every field, to be alert against such doctrines and to debunk such ideological claptrap.

Whenever possible we must protect ourselves and our fellow men from the character negations of materialism, and specifically avoid the continuous waste of taxpayers' money on ill-advised schemes to house, hospitalize, and "clinimize" the alcoholic in the pursuit of doctrines that only make the drinker's confusion worse confounded.

Drinking definitely involves moral issues and an exercise of will power. And will power must be applied in an enlightened fashion. Man is a walking trinity of spirit, mind, and body. To disregard moral questions is necessarily to preclude a consideration of man's spiritual source, make-up, and ultimate accountability. It is like attempting to operate a three-cylinder engine on two cylinders. The purpose and function of the machine are fully realized only when all three cylinders are used. Though the engine could operate on two, eventually it would break down. So, too, with man. He can operate while employing only his mental and physical capacities, but inevitably, because it is contrary to his inherent nature, he must fail when he ignores the spiritual within him.

The alcoholic drinks as he does because he thinks as he does. Change his thinking and you eliminate his drinking. Change of environment, clinics, hospitals, sanatoria, jails, jobs, money, love of loved ones, will not cure his drinking any more than a pill, medication, or "shotgun" therapy.

What the alcoholic needs is, first of all, a sincerity of purpose. When he then really desires to change what he recognizes as an improper course of conduct, he can only be helped by a *technique which gives him specific mental and emotional tools which he can use in a prescribed step-by-step fashion.*

There must be a daily sequence prescribed for him which is definitely aimed at explaining to him the power of thought, its function, its purpose, and how he can practically apply his knowledge to alter his mental attitude.

All of this must have for its goal the recognition by the drinker that he is *not a sick* (Turn to page 34)

The House That Marwin Built—and Lost

BOB CLAYTON

7HE finest hotels in the Pacific Northwest employed him as chef. His culinary ability was legendary. But when he progressed from what is known as a social drinker to an alcoholic, the end was inevitable. That end for Marwin Davenport came when he was sentenced to the Oregon State Prison.

Behind the confining walls, however, his exemplary conduct and sincere interest in the Prison's A.A. won him a parole, then an offer of employment from a well-established café in Oregon City. The owner, a widow, aware of his ability as a cook and his earnest effort to rehabilitate himself, was eager to give him the chance she felt he had earned.

A month after Marwin took over his duties, business, already good, began to get even better. A year later the café was doing a capacity business, and remodeling became necessary to take care of the increasing trade.

By this time the proprietor, convinced that Davenport had conquered his appetite for alcohol, had accepted his proposal of marriage. Their relationship had soon blossomed into friendship, and naturally it wasn't much longer before they were in love.

Short's Café now became known as Marwin and Daisy's Café. The old sign was replaced with a beautiful new one. Marwin and Daisy's was *the* place to dine, because Marwin's culinary art and policy of serving only the highest quality foods attracted the elite of Oregon City. Together, Marwin and Daisy met every challenge with food better than before, more attractively served, with two smiling hostesses to greet guests as they entered. Their dinners, with varied extras, soon became the talk of the town.

Three years passed. Business increased to such a degree that Marwin and Daisy felt "fenced in," and they began perusing trade journals with the thought of entirely modernizing the place.

When Marwin outlined his plans to Daisy, she stared



Short's Café as it was when Marwin Davenport assumed his duties as cook. Note the exposed wires at the fountain, poor lighting, wooden chairs, and dingy booths.

Marwin and Daisy's Café, about ready to open after complete remodeling. Cheery surroundings and delicious food combined to make it a drawing card for Oregon City. But "the house that Marwin built" was lost when drink sent him back to Oregon State Prison.

at him appalled at the scope of his broad undertaking.

"But Marwin," she protested, "we are now serving more than 4,000 a week. We would have to close down at least a week, to say nothing of the loss of revenue. It would cost us at least ten thousand dollars to make the changes you suggest."

"You're partly right," said Marwin good-naturedly. "The chances are, though, we would have to close down for at least two weeks, and the remodeling would cost nearer to twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Twenty five—," Daisy looked at her husband in dismay, unable to put her thoughts into words.

"Sure," laughed Marwin, thoroughly enjoying the result of his bombshell. "But, Honey," he continued seriously, "it will give us a much-needed vacation, and when we do reopen with modern equipment and larger accommodations we will be able to feed half again as many as we can at present."

He won. When they reopened two weeks later, the first day's business proved the logic of Marwin's plan. Marwin and Daisy's Café was now the show place of the town.

But this is not the end of the story!

Up to that time Marwin had stayed religiously away from his old enemy. Although often tempted, he had refrained from again taking that first drink. Then one morning a well-meaning but

(Turn to page 34)



For the first twenty-four to thirty-six hours the patient at Whittier Hill stays in the receiving ward, where necessary medical attention is given. Most patients are sponsored by an Alcoholics Anonymous group.



THREE LIONS

Usually, though not always, incoming patients are suffering the acute symptoms of alcoholism, such as deliriums and malnutrition. Often their weakened state requires bed rest and medical treatment before they can walk about.

WHITTIER HILL--

WAY STATION FOR RECOVERING ALCOHOLICS

IN THE heart of the picturesque New England made famous by John Greenleaf Whittier—on the north bank of the Merrimack, above the settlement of Amesbury, Massachusetts—stands Whittier Hill, way station for recovering alcoholics. Here two early-century residences stand in quietly pleasant surroundings in clear view of the distant shore of the Atlantic. One of these residences, Annex House, has been set apart specifically to assist alcohol's victims to prepare again for a normal place in their homes and communities.

The guiding principle at Whittier Hill is that in a friendly environment of people with the same problem, the alcoholic can learn to perceive his own difficulty and examine it in the light of reality, that his resolve to confront his problem is immeasurably strengthened through knowledge that he is not alone. This results directly from the "we," not "I," approach of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Minimum suggested stay at Whittier Hill is six days. At the sanitarium the patient is first given such medical attention as is required to permit him to function again on his feet. For the remainder of the stay he chooses his own activities. Staying in bed is definitely discouraged. There is a reading and writing room for those who desire quiet, and a rumpus room for the more active.

At the sanitarium the patients are active participants in their own progress and assume some responsibility for their surroundings, in order to promote and mold an atmosphere in which the fullest advantage may be gained from the brief period "away from it all."

SECOND QUARTER



Here the patient is helped over his first steps out of doors since arriving at the sanitarium.

As soon as is feasible the alcoholic is urged to get out of bed and begin entering upon normal personal activities.

THREE LIONS





▲ Recreation and physical activity help bring the alcoholic back to health. The patient can select his own activities, but he is urged to include those which bring his muscles into play.

Throughout the alcoholic's stay at the sanitarium, which usually is about six days, the doctor keeps in close touch with his patient and prescribes medical treatment designed to hasten recovery.

Meals at Whittier Hill are an integral part of the therapy, for most drinkers with acute symptoms are suffering from lack of nourishment, which opens the way for many diseases.



Snacks and fruit juices are always available to the patients at Whittier Hill from the snack bar in the rumpus room. Frequent nourishment helps them regain lost strength.





Formerly a private home, Whittier Hill retains much of its homelike atmosphere, to avoid giving the impression of an institution. Quiet and peace help the alcoholic to relax from the terrible tensions which may have contributed to his alcoholism. ▲



As the recovered alcoholic says Good-by to Whittier Hill, he goes with reserve strength to face the problems confronting him, and the knowledge that there are other men and women who, like himself, are determined to win over the temptation to drink. ▼

Before leaving the sanitarium, the patient has a final word with Mrs. Comely, wife of the sanitarium's director, about the arrangements of his stay. If he has been admitted under A.A. sponsorship, which means lowered rates, he cannot be so admitted again. ▼



Life in the open air amid surroundings of natural attractiveness contributes to rapid recovery. ▲

The unregimented diversions of the sanitarium give the patient an opportunity to catch his breath and prepare for the time when he must face the world again. ▼



ALL PHOTOS THREE LIONS



DEVANEY

Walking Life's Way Together

How to Find True Happiness in Marriage

HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.

WHEN young people become engaged to be married, they are fully confident that marriage will bring them supreme happiness. Yes, they know that some marriages fall short of the mark, but they believe that theirs will be different. However, it is only as they conform to those principles which ensure successful human relationships that their marriage will be happy. —

In order to discuss the principles on which happy marriage depends, it is first necessary to agree on the evidences of success in marriage. How do we know when marriage is successful? What criteria may we use for recognizing marital happiness?

Obviously, a marriage which terminates in divorce does not qualify as being successful; but the mere fact that John and Mary McCormack are able to smile when they pose for the photographer on their golden wedding day does not necessarily prove that theirs has been a happy marriage. Although "Till death do us part," is the goal of every marriage, and although anything short of the attainment of this goal means that the marriage has been less than successful, there are still other factors which contribute toward true happiness for a husband and wife:

1. The first criterion of happiness in marriage is that husband and wife enjoy their companionship and always are pleased to be in each other's company. When we notice that Mr. Hancock does not take his wife to the community picnic, and when we see Mrs. Hancock alone with the children at church, we begin to surmise that Mr. and Mrs. Hancock do not find genuine pleasure in being with each other. There are reasons why a husband and wife cannot be together always, but the couple who are really enjoying married life will find ways of spending time together as often as possible.

2. The husband and wife who are happily married will harbor no regrets for having chosen each other as life companions. A happily married wife's mind doesn't wander back to some other suitor. The husband who is really happy never makes remarks, even in fun, about his "bondage" or about the "yoke" that keeps him from being his normal self.

3. Happily married folks are consistently proud of each other's accomplishments and never resort to unkind criticism one of the other. Each partner maintains an attitude of helpful

(Turn to page 28)

---Theory Put Into Practice

Although Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Ward of Portland, Oregon, have not read Dr. Shryock's article beginning on this page, "Walking Life's Way Together," they have been practicing its principles for the sixty-eight years of their married life.

Charles, ninety years old, and his chipper wife, eighty-nine, say that cheerfulness has helped their marriage, but emphasize that clean living has been a prime factor, too. "I never drank, smoked, or chewed," says Ward. "I have never had a cigarette in my mouth."

The Wards have four living children, ten grandchildren, thirteen great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild—maybe two by now; Mrs. Ward wasn't certain. Mr. and Mrs. Ward were married in 1884 by a Congregational minister in Fayette, Iowa. Both the Wards are in good health and are fairly active, and they look forward to more anniversaries together.

"Come back when we are 100 and 99," they suggest hospitably.



OREGON JOURNAL

IRIS ANNE FITCH---

MISS WASHINGTON D.C.

Interview by RALPH KRUM

*For anyone to enjoy happiness in life
and be successful and healthy, I
firmly believe one should not drink!*

Iris Anne Fitch



WHEN Iris Anne Fitch was selected to represent the nation's capital as Miss Washington, D.C., it was but another in the long series of beauty and talent awards she has won. Her grace and charm have brought her many honors, including the much-coveted one of being chosen queen of the National Auto Show, the extravaganza of motordom held annually in the huge Washington Armory.

At the Miss America Pageant in Atlantic City last fall she received a \$500 scholarship as a Congeniality Award and a talent trophy for excellence in song.

Since Iris Anne's school days at Anacostia High School she has been rapidly climbing the ladder of ac-

complishment, receiving awards for her skill in music and in bowling. Music has been a means of crowding her life with activity, and bids fair to provide her a career. Her ambition is to excel in this line. Between lessons and a busy schedule of singing appointments she finds time to act as hostess at USO gatherings and to model on Washington's exclusive Connecticut Avenue.

Iris Anne recognizes the advantages of an alcohol-free way of life. With such a background of charm and accomplishment as is hers, her message to young Americans carries great weight, for it comes from personal habits which, as she has demonstrated, lead to success.



WALTERS STUDIO

to what can be done about these persons who are acute alcoholics. We are not going to do anything for them, we all concede, by sending them to jail for five days, then for ten days, then for thirty days, then for sixty days. If sending them to jail would cure them, most of them would have been cured a long time ago. We realize that something more than jail is needed; we recognize that it is a medical problem, from a certain standpoint. Yet, as is emphasized again and again, alcoholism is *a self-induced sickness, and there is no reliable cure for it unless the individual wants to be cured and, generally speaking, has reached a point where he is willing to concede that it is beyond his power to do anything about it and is willing to turn to a power beyond himself.*

While I am ready to recognize alcoholism to be a health problem, in fact, one of the major health problems in the United States, still I think we need to direct our

Legal Aspects of

A LAW can be a help, but a law cannot be a solution. No one is ever going to solve the alcohol problem by legal measures alone. We may sometimes have to have legal measures to assist in a solution, but actually we are engaged in an educational program; and unless we have a people ready for legislation, unless we have them ready for the enforcement of that legislation, the enactment of a law accomplishes nothing.

The emphasis of late has been designedly directed to the limited group known as acute alcoholics. Figures vary, but the number generally given is 60,000,000 who drink and 3,000,000 who are affected to the extent that they are alcoholic—people who may be absent on Monday morning, who have hang-overs, who definitely have been affected to an extent that can be seen and evaluated. In other words, that is one out of twenty. The figures vary from 750,000 up to more than 1,000,000 as the number of acute alcoholics—those who have lost their social value, who can't hold a job, who can't practice a profession, who are from a certain standpoint desperately sick individuals.

I know of nothing, other than alcohol, that would be very injurious to 5 per cent of its users, that our Congress would permit to be sold from the shelves of drugstores or other stores. If we found that even 1 per cent of the users of a commodity would be made desperately ill by its use, we would not permit its sale. But the liquor traffic has apparently hoodwinked our nation to the point where it is willing, not only apparently but actually, to sell alcohol openly and legally, knowing what the consequence is going to be.

Efforts today are now being directed, and the legal profession and the judiciary are directing their attention,

*Address delivered at Institute of Scientific Studies, Loma Linda, California.

thinking beyond those people whom we are trying to cure of acute alcoholism. In the old days, before we knew as much about psychiatry as we do today, a rule-of-thumb test was used in some courts. When there was a question as to an individual's sanity, there would be put before him a galvanized iron tub into which water was running from a faucet. He would be given a dipper and asked to empty the tub. If he turned off the faucet and then proceeded to empty the tub with his dipper, there was a presumption that he was sane. If he didn't do anything about the faucet but merely dipped and dipped and dipped, letting the water continue to run into the tub, the presumption was that he was crazy. I wonder what the presumption would be as to people who are given the dipper with which to empty this tub of acute alcoholics but don't do anything about the sources which are producing them! The test is still applicable.

In considering the legal aspects of this question, I am not concerned about emptying the tub. I am concerned about what we can do with the faucet.

Most of our legislation is directed at limitation and regulation. We have been regulating for three hundred years. We have recognized that the liquor business is not on the same legal basis as are other businesses; that the state is entitled to require a license that it wouldn't require of an individual in another kind of business; that the government is entitled to regulate the hours that a liquor dealer may sell, the amount that he may sell, and, to a certain extent, to whom he may sell. That is the system of regulation we have devised. We find some states today using a licensing and regulatory system and other states on a state monopoly basis.

The first question that I would like to leave with you—or the first suggestion, because, after all, these are matters upon which no one can give a dogmatic conclusion—is whether the best results are obtained by license and

regulation or by putting the state directly into the business. As we consider this from the legal aspect, there is more and more a feeling that the better results are gained by putting the state into the liquor business, much as we dislike it.

Many states are in the business, some to a greater extent than others. In the State of Washington, until after the 1948 election, when the law was changed to permit the sale of hard liquor in specially licensed cocktail lounges throughout the state, hard liquor was sold only by the state through its state liquor stores. It could not be found in any other place, except in certain clubs. I have not been all over the country, but I have watched the operation in other states. I am willing to say that until 1948 we had in the State of Washington as good a liquor-control situation as there was anywhere in the United States, if not the best. Our state liquor-control

ing the prohibition period was less than is being spent today in the enforcement of present liquor laws. We never got really serious about enforcing that amendment, except in certain parts of the country. We could have done a much better job of enforcement than we did; but even with all the failures and with all the evils that resulted therefrom, we had a better situation, I am satisfied, than we have now.

It is true that those of us who were interested in stopping the flow into the tub put too much confidence in the law. And that is what we are prone to do in these United States today; we are prone, when we see any situation that needs correction, to pass a law. But, I repeat, to pass a law is not the final or complete answer. It may help, but unless people are educated to the extent that they are willing to accept that law, and realize the value and need of it, it cannot accomplish its purpose.

The Alcohol Problem

Judge MATTHEW W. HILL*

Supreme Court
State of Washington

board did not require proof of that; they admitted it. They said, frankly and fearlessly, that they were doing the best job that was being done and, so far as I know, they were. But I have only this to say: *If that was the best that can be done by state monopoly, the best is not good enough. It is not the answer to the problem; it did not do enough, so far as the source of supply was concerned.*

The state did no advertising; it did not say, In liquor store No. 1 you can get this brand, or that brand. The distillers, however, were industriously promoting their own business within the state. The state had a very ready means, if the liquor control board had wanted to use it, of stopping that kind of advertising, simply by saying to these distillers, We will not stock your product if you continue to advertise it in Washington. That would have stopped newspaper and billboard advertising overnight, and would today; but there seems to be no disposition to do it.

I do not think any method of regulation and control is going to be satisfactory. That leaves prohibition, and we are told that prohibition was far from satisfactory. I was in the United States district attorney's office during the prohibition era. For a limited period of time *I saw prohibition at its best, and at its worst. I want to say that at its worst, in my opinion, from the standpoint of a practicing lawyer and a judge, the conditions were infinitely better during that period than they ever were before or have been since.* As a matter of fact, for a considerable period of time before the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, the State of Washington had been dry, as had many other states in the Union.

Certainly under prohibition there will always be bootlegging. It could have been controlled to a greater extent than it was, however. After all, we did not spend a great deal to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment. Actually the amount spent for such enforcement in any year dur-

After the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, we who had been anxious to see the Amendment adopted said, "Well, we have achieved the result; it's in the Constitution. That's all there is to it." We quit educating, and when we quit educating we opened the way for the Constitutional amendment and the laws implementing it to fall into disrepute. The consequences we have seen.

Prohibition is not a perfect answer, but it is, in my opinion, the best answer. However, in the present state of the public mind it is impracticable to say that prohibition is the immediate objective. That would nullify our efforts because prohibition has been so effectively ridiculed by the press and by other elements of our modern scene. A certain phrase or word can acquire such a connotation and come so generally into disrepute that nothing can be done with it. For example, take Mr. Hoover's phrase, "rugged individualism," which in itself is a perfectly proper phrase. I (Turn to page 30)

PARADISE

It's everybody's business
In this old world of ours
To root up all the weeds we find
And make room for the flowers,
So that every little garden,
No matter where it lies,
May look like one God made
And called it Paradise.

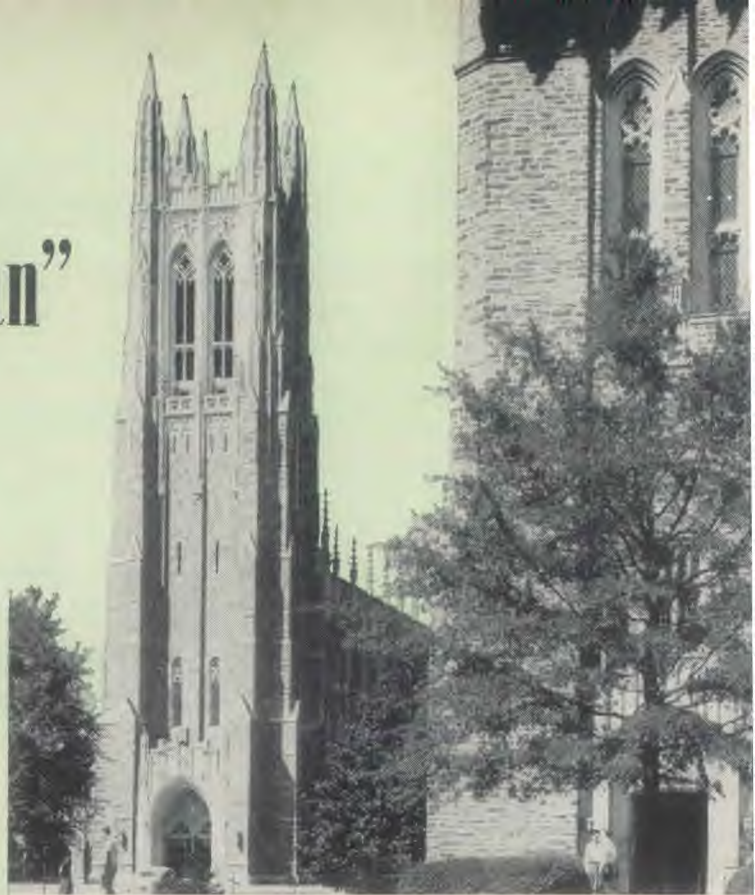
—Selected.

Duke University---

Building the "Whole Man"

EARL W. PORTER, Director
Bureau of Public Information

Listen presents the third in its American University Series, featuring personal replies by campus leaders in America's greatest educational centers to the question, Is drinking essential to campus success? Here are the answers which came from Duke University. Previously played up in *Listen's* series have been University of Washington in Seattle, and Texas Christian University at Fort Worth.



H. J. Herring

UNIVERSITY DEAN

Students who aspire to positions of effective campus leadership cannot afford the serious handicap of drinking.

The responsibility of institutions of higher learning in the development of leaders makes it imperative that great emphasis should be constantly placed on the qualities of mind, body, and character essential for those who would serve worthily in places of trust. Dulled intellects and dissipated bodies cannot discharge the duties of the leaders of

men in any area of human endeavor.

People of college age normally give themselves with greater abandon to their interests than do older people; hence they are far more likely than their elders to participate excessively in the activities in which they are interested. Youth should, therefore, exercise great caution against the formation of any habit that could be grievously harmful. Alcoholic beverages certainly fall in this class.

H. J. Herring

STUDENT BODY PRESIDENT

Nolan H. Rogers, president of the Duke University student body, a member of Red Friars (Duke's highest leadership honorary), former president of Bench and Bar (undergraduate legal organization), and star defense man from Duke's highly regarded lacrosse team, says:

"I feel that drinking can be detrimental to the social, cultural, and moral well-being of a student and the university which he attends.

"One cannot be an athlete and drink at the same time. We know that there are athletes who drink,

but their athletic proficiency over a long period of time will be greatly reduced.

"Drinking also encourages situations that otherwise could have been prevented. In our society the individual is responsible for his own actions. A student who becomes inebriated is incapable of controlling his actions and is in danger of doing things he will later regret. *College life can be a rich and beneficial experience without drinking.*"

Nolan H. Rogers



FROM its beginning in 1838 as a one-room log cabin in Randolph County to today's expanse of Gothic architecture on the highlands of Durham, North Carolina, Duke University has emphasized the importance of building the "whole man."

A selective admissions policy brings to Duke potential leaders who will set a higher-than-average standard, because in President Hollis Edens's words, "It must be remembered that it is the leader who determines progress."

Some five thousand students from every state and forty foreign countries are enrolled at Duke. With classes averaging fewer than twenty-five students, a ratio of one faculty member for every seven students, and emphasis on discussion teaching, Duke offers students the advantages of a major university within the atmosphere of a college.

Besides high academic standards, the university maintains the most modern educational facilities for its students.

The Duke library, with more than one million volumes, has for many years been the largest and best in the South, and the law school offers its students one of the largest legal libraries available.

Duke Hospital, with 600 beds, and the Duke medical

school combine to form one of the nation's leading medical centers. Since 1932 the Duke medical school has graduated almost 1,200 doctors, and someone has received treatment at Duke Hospital, night and day, every five minutes for the past twenty-two years.

Students of the forestry school do their laboratory work in the vast 7,500-acre Duke forest which adjoins the campus.

The Woman's College, Trinity College (undergraduate college for men), the college of engineering, the divinity school, the school of nursing (ranking among the top 25 per cent in the nation), an outstanding summer session, and a host of other medical and scientific training programs provide more tools for students.

Duke theology enrollees work closely with clergymen, bringing new learning to outlying areas, books to practicing ministers, and training to supply pastors for rural churches.

All this is part of Duke's long-established aims: "To assert a faith in the eternal union of knowledge and religion; to develop a Christian love of freedom and truth; and to render the largest permanent service to the individual, state, nation, and church."



CHAM ENG. CO.

TOP SPORTS STAR

Richard M. Groat, Duke University's All-American basketball and baseball player, is—for many reasons—"Richard the Great" to those who know him. Voted United Press basketball player of the year, 1951-52, outstanding male athlete in North and South Carolina for 1950-51 (and again a leading contender for the same honor), outstanding athlete in the Southern Conference for 1950-51 and 1951-52, Dick is a popular man on the Duke campus.

Back at Duke to finish his studies after spending the summer playing shortstop for the Pittsburgh Pirates,

he says, "It is impossible for me to see how any athlete or any thinking individual can hope to achieve success on or off the playing field if he uses alcohol or tobacco. *I'm certain I would never be a credit to my teammates if I did drink or smoke.*"

"I'm grateful for the friendship and respect of my classmates, and I'm proud that so many of the student leaders at Duke neither smoke nor drink."

Dick Groat

POPULAR COED

Mary Lee Robinson, of Coral Gables, Florida, is president of the Inter-Collegiate Council and of the Presbyterian Westminster Fellowship, secretary of the Student Religious Council, working in the Durham Community Center for Children, and singing in the choir and glee club.

"College life offers a particular challenge, I believe," Mary Lee says, "in the realm of personal behavior, because of the pattern we are setting for our lives after college and because of the great number of people

whom we can so easily influence.

"I feel that in choosing not to drink I can possibly influence others who may not be able to draw the line between pleasant limits of social drinking and the all-too-often degenerative extremes that begin with the college experience.

"If we have the sincere appreciation of our educational opportunities and a dedicated purpose to achieve some ultimate goal as the educated citizens of tomorrow, then the conviction of 'I do not choose to drink' can be an asset to ourselves and to all with whom we come in contact."



Mary Lee Robinson



Dr. Debré, congress chairman, sums up the problem . . . and the constructive solution.

"Alcoholic intoxication is terrible because alcoholism attacks the higher centers, those which characterize the human species." It not only provokes "the great havoc which leads to the hospital, the asylum, and prison, but in reality plays a much more serious role in altering the behavior of man, modifying his social instincts, robbing him of respect for himself and for others, disturbing his equilibrium in his family and in his country.

"Let us not retain in our minds the fanciful idea that by means of education, demonstrations, conventions, publicity, and information, we can succeed in conquering a social evil so profound, comprehensive, and progressive. It is indispensable that we supply the public authorities with a constructive political policy. In a country where millions of men derive their living from the production and even the growth of alcoholism, for whom publicity in favor of alcoholism is publicity which is to their own advantage, we must present the public authorities not only with the demonstration of total abstinence, but also with plans for the conversion of economy and agriculture."



Tapio Voionmaa, Finnish ambassador in Brussels, president of the International Union Against Alcoholism, sponsoring organization of the Paris sessions.



WORLD REPORT

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS AGAINST ALCOHOLISM

FOUR hundred delegates from twenty-seven countries met in Paris September 8-12, 1952, to take a look at alcohol problems and find solutions. "Listen" is indebted to Dr. H. Muller for making available the reports and photos in this feature.



Delegates to the International Congress Against Alcoholism meet in Paris, capital of the most important viticultural nation in the world—also the most alcoholized!



TURKEY

"First Duty of Every Administrator"
Dr. F. K. Gökay, Governor-Mayor, Istanbul

To train youth against the danger of toxicomania, to forbid the marriage of alcoholics, to prevent the newly married from drinking during their honeymoon, these are ways of ensuring the strength of the new generation. Temperance education should begin on the benches of the primary school.

To protect society from the disastrous effects of drunkenness, to reduce crime, to maintain social peace, is the first duty of every administrator. As a governor-mayor of a town of a million inhabitants, having fought for thirty years against alcoholism, the rapporteur has applied to administrative life what this struggle has taught him.

BELGIUM

"Deplorable Moral Atmosphere"
Dr. M. Alexander, Brussels University

In all social conditions alcoholism often favors the genesis or the development of neuroses and of psychoses. Think of the resulting consequences on the children, the bad educative conditions, the deplorable moral atmosphere.

For the drinker himself the states of drunkenness or of chronic alcoholism are not the only symptoms to point out. We must recall the epilepsies which do not manifest themselves without the intervention of the intoxicant, the perverse, antisocial, sometimes criminal tendencies which remain latent without the alcoholic stimulus.



It is therefore justifiable to say that there is no domain of mental pathology, no domain of mental hygiene, which is not directly linked with alcoholism.

In too many groups of society, drinking habits have taken such firm root that they exert a marked influence on the individual and collective mind. Their most injurious effect is due to the fact that the drinker seeks peace of mind, consolation, forgetfulness of troubles, happiness, in artificial means calling for no effort on his part.

NEW FRENCH REVOLUTION

Those who are acquainted with France realize that during the postwar period there has been a real revolution in the struggle against alcoholism, which is shaking ancestral conceptions as to the value of wine and which bids fair to change the drinking habits of the country.

The National Committee for Defense Against Alcoholism favors moderation rather than abstinence. This National Committee is to some extent an official voice of the government, responsible not merely for defending an ideal but rather for facing national economic realities and doing what is humanly possible in this gigantic struggle.

If therefore it favors "sobriety" (which it defines as not more than one-half liter of wine per day with meals for a person of sedentary life, and not more than three fourths of a liter for a manual worker), this constitutes for the average Frenchman an enormous reform, which is incurring the violent and desperate opposition of the vinegrowers, the wine merchants, barkeepers, and especially brandy, liquor, and bitters manufacturers.

In a country like France, the greatest viticultural country in the world, such a proposal is daring and requires courage. It is precisely this stand on the part

of the government—still a rather timid stand, based on official investigations ordered by the minister of health and population—which constitutes one of the two revolutionary aspects.

The other aspect is the attack on wine. Until recent years, wine—"gift of the gods"—was sacrosanct. To speak against wine was treason to the country, almost deserving of lynching.

It was first the physicians who found courage to raise their voices against the abuse of wine. The members of the National Academy of Medicine dared to affirm that the wine which was so generously distributed to the soldiers to give them courage, was instead the cause of France's overwhelming defeat in 1940. Then there was the experience of the enemy occupation. There was a shortage of wine because the occupying army, too, was thirsty. The result was that, in spite of a scarcity of food, the general health level improved and the psychiatric institutions were emptied. It was an impressive and convincing spectacle: The wine shortage resulted in emptying the insane asylums of two thirds of their occupants! Likewise, deaths from cirrhosis of the liver diminished from 6,766 in 1938 to 2,682 in 1946.

At the close of the war, France was

Dr. H. Müller

again flooded with wine; the psychiatric institutions were again filled with patients, and deaths from cirrhosis of the liver attained the prewar figures. The experiment was as rigorously controlled as if in the laboratory; but instead of happening in the laboratory, it was extended to a whole nation. It proved that wine is an important factor in the alcoholization of the country.

Faced with the recrudescence of alcoholism, the government was obliged to act, even though the parliament decided in 1951 and 1952 to permit again the manufacture and sale of alcohol-based *apéritifs*. On the other hand, the parliament refused, by 400 votes against 205, to increase the soldier's daily ration of wine from one half to three fourths of a liter in order to prevent a slump in wines, as had been proposed by one committee.

In order to be able to act, the government must first establish a basis of action, which has been done in the form of investigations and scientific research ordered by the minister of health and population and carried out by his departments. These studies and investigations are most impressive, because of their rigorous objectivity and the unequivocal conclusions to which they lead.

JEFFERSON

and the Brewers

ERNEST GORDON



In one of a series of continuing question-and-answer advertisements designed to "soften up" public thinking about beer, the United States Brewers' Foundation has featured the question, "What was Thomas Jefferson's attitude on beer and brewing?" and the answer, "He brought brewers to this country because he wanted beer to become popular here."

"Listen" features herewith a reply prepared by the well-known research writer Ernest Gordon, to set the record straight as to the attitude of one of our greatest Presidents on this subject.

"I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."—Thomas Jefferson.

IN AN oft-quoted statement President Jefferson said, "Nothing has corrupted the legislation of the country more than the use of intoxicating drinks." He insisted that had he his Presidential life to live over, "he would make it one of the conditions on which he would nominate anyone to office, that at least as long as a man continued in office, he should abstain from intoxicating liquor wholly."

That beer is intoxicating has been definitively proved, even 3.2 per cent beer and lower percentages, by recent Swedish studies.

There is an even worse evil than beer intoxication, namely beer politics. To borrow Jefferson's phrase, "Nothing has corrupted the legislation of the country" more than such groups as the United States Brewers' Association. This was proved definitely, for example, by the Overman Senatorial Committee of 1918.

What did it show?

1. That the brewers were under constant Government surveillance because of their close association with the enemy before and during World War I.

2. That for decades they raised annually millions for political corrup-

tion funds by a levy of five cents, or more, on every barrel of beer manufactured.

3. That they had an extensively organized boycott system which was used to intimidate even the most powerful corporations which in any way crossed their operations.

4. That their control of the press was so complete that contracts for advertising were usually, if not invariably, made on the basis of free news and editorial space, the material to be furnished by their propaganda agencies.

5. That their control of politicians was also so complete that they were able to oblige Senators, Congressmen, governors, and others in the political hierarchy, to sign written statements to support legislation they wanted and to block legislation they opposed.

6. That they were in intimate business relations with dives, dance halls, and places of prostitution. All the vice reports of the early part of the century emphasized this. The Wisconsin Committee wrote, "The chief direct cause of the downfall of women and girls is the close connection between alcoholic drink and commercialized vice." It was not the distil-

lers but the brewers who were thus stigmatized.

7. They systematically broke all laws which it suited them to break, and because of their political power they usually got by with it. The *Brewers Journal* for May 1, 1910, said editorially, "No matter what 'laws' may be made to cripple the beverage industries of our present time, they cannot and will not be observed by those managing these industries."

No wonder the U.S. Brewers' Association changed its name to the U.S. Brewers' Foundation as a slight disguise of its shameless past.

They are today up to their old tricks! The California Brewers have been shown by the Kefauver Crime investigation to be, through their public-relations man, Samish, engaged in the same corrupt political practices. They have their slush funds from levies on each barrel of beer produced, which runs into hundreds of thousands of dollars. Samish boasts that he is as powerful as the governor of the state.

No, for the brewers to use the name, the great name, of Thomas Jefferson for trade protection and trade expansion is little less than blasphemy.

WALLACE BRADLEY alighted from the bus. His khaki uniform was remarkably neat, considering his long ride from the Separation Center at Mitchell Field. His service ribbons showed that he had been fighting in the European theater, while the chevrons on his arms, "three up and three down," indicated his sergeant's rank.

How good it was to be back home in Florida after that long, bitter winter with General Patton's Third Army!

Before enlisting, Bradley as a police officer had been fighting for public peace and decency, and before discharge he had taken two months of intensive training at the Scotland Yard Police Academy, that he might be better equipped to continue his fight against crime.

The walk from the bus terminal to his home where his wife and four-year-old daughter were waiting for him took much longer than he had expected. Everyone in the city of Halstead knew him—ministers, policemen, butchers, grocers, truck drivers, shoppers, newsboys. Each one stopped to greet him.

"Hello, Wally, welcome back!"

"There goes Sergeant Bradley. Look at all the ribbons and medals he has!"

"Welcome back to Halstead, Bradley! We certainly missed you."

"Greetings, Brad! You're looking great!"

"We're all proud of you, sergeant."

Bradley smiled and greeted everyone. These people were worth fighting for. It was good, really good, to be back again! If so many people liked him as a policeman, he didn't mind being hated from the shadows by pickpockets, thieves, dope peddlers, and the like.

Two days after his arrival home, Bradley, relaxing during a vacation, was romping in the garden with his daughter Corine.

"Wally, Wally!" came a call from Laureen, his wife.

"Yes, Lore. What is it?"

"Wally," began Laureen, walking across the lawn, "someone just called. I couldn't recognize the voice."

"What did he want?"

"I don't know. I asked him to wait until I called you from the garden, but he said there wasn't time, and that I should tell you to come to the city hall—right away, in a commanding voice."

"Hm. I wonder who it could be."

"Wally, do you think there's anything wrong?"

"Wrong? Of course not, Lore. Now, don't you worry. It's probably some old friend anxious to see me, but I had better be on my way. Here, hold Corine. I'll take her back as soon as I come home."

What Does It Cost?



This story is not the flight of an active imagination. Ask the citizens of a certain little town in Florida who experienced it. But what community is safe as long as the legalized killer is abroad in our land?

Three hours later Bradley returned.

"Oh, Wally, I thought you'd never come home. Something *is* wrong. You look worried. Who was it who called you?"

"The—the mayor," he said weakly.

"Mayor Tim Hogan? What could he have wanted from you to have given you that terrible worried look?"

"It seems that—well, he appointed me police chief of Halstead."

"Police chief? Oh, how wonderful! Why, that makes you about the youngest police chief in the country. And the finest and the bravest. Oh, Wally, I'm so proud of you!"

She fell into his arms and wept. Bradley was afraid that he would begin weeping with joy himself.

"Now, Lore, is that any way for the pretty wife of the new police chief to carry on? You'll waken Corine. Then I'll have two pretty girls weeping in my arms."

"And here all the time I thought something was wrong," she said, drying her eyes.

"Let's sit down here, Lore. There's something I want to tell you."

Bradley spoke softly, as he always did when he confided his innermost thoughts.

"Lore, would you believe me if I told you that at first I wanted to refuse the appointment? Well, it's true. You see, not so long ago I was a highway patrolman, and before that only an-

other policeman walking a lonely beat. My duties were simple, routine, and quite safe from any real danger. I was thinking of that security from danger and from important responsibilities while Mayor Hogan was talking to me."

"But, Wally, you always wanted to do so much good. Now you'll be in a position to have some of your ideas about reform and decency realized."

"Yes, I know. But the kind of danger I feel is—is a peculiar kind of danger, which lies not so much outside of myself as within. Yes, I think that's what I feared at first—the danger of failing to measure up to certain ideals."

"But you shouldn't feel that way, Wally. Do you think that Mayor Hogan would have appointed you unless he was certain that you were the best man for that appointment?"

For a moment he seemed uncertain. Then he sighed. He felt better. Lore had a genius for restoring his confidence in himself with her unflinching confidence in him.

"Lore, I don't know what I would do without you. The job won't be an easy one. Evil in Halstead isn't the worst in the world, but it's stubborn. So many people 'legally' co-operate in its cause—like corruptible public officials and certain alcohol peddlers who sell to those who they know will be transformed under the influence of alcohol into disturbers of the peace, dangerous drivers, rapists, and even killers."

"But you'll have the ways and the means to begin weeding out some of this evil."

"Yes. But you don't meet evil face to face and shoot it as you would a mad dog or an enemy in the field. It strikes and vanishes. Sometimes it leaves tracks, but more often it doesn't. But it always comes back, reinforced, in some form or another, leaving broken lives, misery, mangled bodies, and death in its crimson wake."

"I know, dear, but I'm sure it will be difficult for crime and vice to flourish in our city while you are its chief of police."

Police Chief Bradley quickly won the respect of the entire police force. The program which he initiated resulted in an increase in the number of patrolmen, officers, and plain-clothes men.

The regulation of traffic lights by patrolmen at heavily congested intersections during rush hours and holidays facilitated the flow of traffic and minimized the number of accidents. Patrolmen or deputized men and women stationed in school districts afforded added protection to carefree children hurrying across streets.

Stringent regulations were enforced in regard to "impaired drivers." Heavy fines descended on all drunken drivers. Licenses of drinking drivers involved in accidents were revoked for one year or more, depending on the damage to life and property resulting from their impaired driving.

Tavern and bar curfews were rigorously enforced. The serving of alcoholic beverages to minors was punished with fine and loss of license.

Results of six years of this strenuous campaigning gratified the citizens of Halstead. Bradley cherished more the satisfaction that he had helped minimize vice, crime, and drunkenness in his city than he did the many honors accorded him by various local, state, and national lodges and organizations.

Wallace Bradley and Don Cartel were unknown to each other. However, the patterns of their lives were such that their paths were destined to cross on the night of March 15, 1952, for the first time—and the last.

Don Cartel was twenty-seven. He was a foreman of a working crew at the State Prison Camp on the outskirts of Halstead. Although he was considered a good worker, his weakness for alcohol was well known.

Early one Saturday morning he hurried out of the prison camp. A few yards behind him followed another prison employee, Ned Palos.

"Hey, what's your rush?" Ned

shouted, trying to match Cartel's long strides.

"I'm headin' for the Silver Bar to drown myself in beer," said Cartel without turning around or slackening his pace.

"Without going home first?"

"After the hard time that labor gang, specially a couple of them Mexicans, gave me, I want beer first."

"I'm going home," said Palos, stopping to catch his breath. "But, I'll see you at the Silver Bar later."

Palos came to the Silver Bar late that afternoon. Cartel was sitting at the bar, eyes red-netted. His cheeks were pulsating as if he were chewing his beer.

"Where ya been? Come on, have a drink. I'm way ahead of ya. You'll never catch up with me now—never."

"Maybe it's good for me that I don't catch up with you, eh, Don?"

"Ha! Very funny. Yeah, very, very funny. Ha!"

"Hey, Slim," Palos called to the bartender, "a bottle of my usual."

"What about me?" Cartel snorted.

"Your bottle isn't even half empty yet."

"What? So it isn't, I'll fix that." Cartel drained the beer into his mouth in one lipless swallow.

"O.K. Make that two, Slim," said Palos.

Our Question and Answer Corner

QUESTION: *Is alcohol a food?*

ANSWER: A food is a substance which nourishes the body in four ways.

1. It supplies energy or calories when burned or oxidized in the body.
2. It provides materials for building and upkeep of body tissues.
3. It furnishes means by which body processes are regulated.
4. It provides material which may be stored as glycogen (animal starch), fat, or protein, or normal body structure, and is nontoxic in nutritionally significant amounts.

A *nutrient* is a substance which contributes to nutritive function in any of the four ways and is nontoxic in nutritionally significant amounts.

Alcohol supplies only calories, and it causes intoxication when taken as ordinary food is taken, namely, in amounts sufficient to produce enough calories to be nutritionally significant. So alcohol is not a food and is not a good nutrient.

In textbooks for medical students alcohol is discussed under drugs and not under foods. Alcohol is a depressant, anesthetic, narcotic (stupefying), habit-forming drug.

—A. C. Ivy, Ph.D., M.D.

"Up with two!" Slim cried.

"Now don't ya stay away too long, Slim," said Cartel, fumbling for his bottle of beer. "I'll be needin' ya soon—very soon."

"Maybe you'll be needing a Bromo soon, too, eh?" Palos said.

"If I didn't know ya was kiddin' I'd shove this bottle after it was empty right down your throat. Bromo! Beer! That's for me—*beer!*"

Palos sipped his beer while Cartel gulped his in long drafts. By nine o'clock Palos was unsteady and Cartel was growing loud and bellicose.

Two Mexicans had come into the bar and sat down next to Palos. With each drink they spoke Spanish more rapidly. Soon they were laughing.

"Hey, Ned, them Mexicans; what are they talking about?"

"Where? Oh, Mexicans. How should I know? Am I a linguist or somethin'?"

"Listen, Ned. They're laughin' at me—laughin'. I'll fix 'em, but good."

Cartel stumbled from his chair and swayed toward the Mexicans.

"Hey, you! I'm warnin' ya to stop laughin' at me!" Cartel cried, pulling at the sleeve of the first Mexican, the one sitting next to Palos.

¿Qué quiere Vd.? ("What do you want?")

"Don't pretend ya don't understand! This is my last warnin' to ya. Stop laughin' at me!"

Cartel swaggered back to his seat. He ordered more beer.

"I'm not takin' any more insults from them Mexicans—specially from the one sittin' next to ya—the leerin', lantern-faced one."

"But how do you know it's you they're insulting?"

"What do ya think?"

"But maybe they're—," Ned tried to interrupt.

"Shut up! D'ya think I'm stupid? Listen! Just listen to 'em—laughin', laughin' at me. I'll show 'em! Come on, let's get out o' here. Come on, I said!"

Palos followed Cartel out of the tavern.

"Where you going, Don?"

"All you gotta do is follow me; see?"

Within twenty minutes the two men were at the prison camp.

"Now all ya gotta do, Ned, is wait out here for me. I'll be right out. I gotta see Jetson, the bookkeeper."

Inside the prison office, Cartel told Jetson he wanted the keys to the supply room in order to get some aspirin. Soon Cartel returned to Palos with the keys.

"Hope them aspirin make you feel better," he said.

Outside the prison camp Cartel showed Palos the "aspirin"—two .38-caliber pistols and a box of cartridges.

"What are you going to do with all that?" asked Palos.

"I'm goin' to show them Mexicans they can't laugh at me and get away with it."

"Don, maybe they're not at the Silver Bar any more. Maybe we can drink someplace else. Maybe—"

"Maybe! Yeah, and maybe you're turnin' yeller, like them Mexicans. Go on and run off. But wait till I tell the boys at the camp about ya."

"O.K., O.K. Just so you don't get hurt. That's all."

"It's not me that's goin' to get hurt, but if anybody tries to stop me from takin' care o' that Mexican!"

Both men headed for the Silver Bar. When they reached it they saw that only one of the Mexicans was seated at the bar. Cartel yelled for beer. Slim quickly and smilingly obliged.

"Look, Ned, look at that leerin' Mexican! He's still laughin'—laughin' at me."

"Yeah, yeah, he's still laughing," said Palos without turning to look at the Mexican.

"Well, I'm goin' to take care o' him soon—very soon," Cartel said, patting his bulging coat pockets.

By eleven o'clock most of the beer Cartel aimed into his mouth flowed over his chin and down his coat. He looked at the Mexican.

"He's still laughin' at me," Cartel hissed, his cheeks pulsating violently.

He backed away from the bar and shuffled over to the Mexican. He pulled out a revolver from his right pocket. With his left hand he spun the Mexican around in his swivel seat. Raising the pistol, Cartel took two steps backward.

"*No me moleste. No—*" the Mexican pleaded.

Cartel tightened his grip on the pistol. The shot cracked above the meaningless din. The white-toothed mouth of the Mexican flashed wide. He fell to the floor before he finished making the sign of the cross.

"Come on, Ned," said Cartel calmly, "let's go. My job here's done."

Police Chief Bradley had been attending a meeting with two other men when he was advised of the shooting at the Silver Bar. He and the two men proceeded to the police station for verification and more detailed information. They left the station to pick up Kenneth Giles, a deputized policeman.

When they arrived at the Silver Bar, the Mexican, Pablo Caldre, was being carried into an ambulance. The four officers followed the ambulance to the

John Bowman Hospital, where they learned that Caldre was not dead, but that his condition was serious.

"All right," said Bradley when he returned to the police car, "let's catch this beer-crazed killer before he gives a repeat performance. Prowl south to First Avenue."

Soon a message from the station came over the police radio: "John Foley, owner of a nursery on S.W. Eighth Avenue, reports that two men roughly fitting the descriptions of the gunman and his friend from the Silver Bar were seen prowling among the trees in his back yard. Approach with caution. Gunman still armed."

Foley came out of the front door of his house when the police arrived.

There was no sign of Cartel. Foley was running to the car.

"I helped the chief into the house. He's been hit—pretty bad, I think."

One of the men in the police car notified the station and called an ambulance. Bradley, now unconscious, was rushed to the hospital.

Aircraft, the police of the entire county, and bloodhounds were used to track down the killer. Captain London, head of the prison camp where Cartel was employed, was informed that Cartel had shot two men, including Chief of Police Bradley. London expressed certainty that Cartel would return to the prison camp after he had become sober.

So it was. Sheriff Hanson, Deputy

A MENACE TO LIFE

"The drunken driver is as great a menace to the dignity of human life as is communism. He should be driven off the streets. He has been coddled and excused too often. Prosecutors, judges, the people, have all been guilty of indifference and complacency toward this menace. . . .

"It would revolutionize our safety record overnight if, throughout every state in the nation, drivers guilty of speeding, careless driving, and drunken driving had their licenses revoked for varying periods in accordance with the seriousness of the offense and if citizens were made to realize that driving while under revocation of license would be promptly and effectively dealt with."

Judge Luther W. Youngdahl, addressing the National Safety Council, Chicago, Oct. 22, 1952.

"I'm glad you came so quickly," said Foley. "I think they're still hiding around here."

"Step in, Mr. Foley," said Bradley. "Can you point out the spot where you last saw them?"

"Yes, around to the left of the house toward the rear of the yard."

When the car reached the spot indicated by Foley, Bradley turned on the spotlight.

"Keep this spotlight focused in this area," said Bradley. "I'm going to look around. They can't be too far away."

As Bradley stepped from the car four shots barked from close range. The men in the car dropped to the floor as Bradley moved toward the rear of the house. A figure crawled under the spotlight beam toward the car.

"Let me in! For God's sake, let me in!"

The door of the police car opened. It was Palos.

"Now let's get out of here," Palos pleaded. "Cartel's got a lot more cartridges—a boxful!"

Dodge, and Criminal Investigator Miles were with London Sunday morning when Cartel walked into the prison camp with his hands up.

The following morning Police Chief Bradley died.

Soon the flag of the city hall waved at half-mast. City offices closed. Thousands of deeply shocked citizens attended the funeral services of Wallace Bradley on March 20, 1952.

The Reverend H. J. White originated a petition urging that the sale of liquor in Halstead be prohibited on Sundays and after 11 p.m. on week days. The acting police chief, B. H. Atwell, invoked an old city ordinance limiting the sale of intoxicating beverages, declaring to the operators of bars and taverns that it would be enforced. The operators all agreed to close on Sunday.

With all the Halstead bars closed on Sunday, the city enjoyed the most peaceful week end in its history.

Within a week after his gun-blazing drinking spree, Cartel was indicted by

(Turn to page 34)



DEVANEY

It's Good to Be Alive Again!

My Life as an Alcoholic

A Frank Confession by Harold McEwan
as Told to John I. Shields

I USED to be a chronic alcoholic, but I'm not any more. I haven't had a drink now for more than a year—not since I went to Keswick, in New Jersey. I was really down in the gutter, too, about as low as a man can get, before I gave it up. I'm doing my best to make a comeback now. Of course, I'm still pretty well shot physically, and then, too, I'm a man of fifty-eight with no trade because I was always so busy drinking I didn't take time really to learn a business.

It isn't easy for me to lay off drinking. Sure, I still want the stuff, and sometimes I'd give anything to have a shot; but I know that one drink, one little drink, would set me off again. My friends don't help much, either. They all drink. That's how I got to know them in the first place, resting my foot alongside theirs on the brass rail. So now when I'm with them we sometimes go to a gin mill, where they take rye and I take ginger ale. It's no picnic, watching them drink like that—some of the people I call friends! Why, once a pal of mine put a highball on top of a ten-dollar bill and said I could have the ten if I took the highball. I really needed the money, too. That fellow was a real friend, all right! But ones like him are the only friends I have, and life can be pretty lonely without somebody to talk to.

I suppose I should be ashamed to call them "friends." Most of them are just bar flies who used to like me because I'd set them up for a drink. When I was drinking, I'd feel the world was mine, even if I was lying in the gutter. If I had money I'd buy everybody in the house a drink. I'd spend every cent in my pocket and not know where it went. Sometimes I felt like a million-

aire, and when I felt like that I had lots of friends. I'd be a rich man today if I hadn't thrown away my money.

Don't ask me how I came to hang out with the bar flies and the women who were at the bars trying to get fellows to pay for their drinks. It was just because of my drinking, that's all. I came from a good home. My father was president of one of the largest lumber yards in Brooklyn and my brother now has a big position with a copper company. He's assistant vice-president, or something like that. My uncle had a good job in Wall Street, but he lost it during the crash. He started drinking after that, but now he's dying of ulcers. He can't drink or smoke any more. And he used to pal around with men where money didn't mean a thing.

I could have had a good job today, too, and I could have been a wealthy man, if I hadn't gone all out for drink. I started young—way back when I was in high school. I was with a gang when I was in school, and every night we'd go down to a saloon and have a glass of beer. I had my first drink of hard liquor on a Christmas Day. I was with a gang from my Sunday-school class, and there wasn't much to do, so we went into a saloon and ordered some rye, to celebrate Christmas.

My dad didn't seem to care at first that I drank. He was very religious. Once I saw him write a check for five hundred dollars for the Baptist church. He took a drink now and then for social reasons, and he figured my drinking was my business. My mother liked beer and she had a glass almost every evening. She was a real sport. She'd always stick up for me with my father. She gave me money when I was in trouble, and bought me all sorts of clothes and she didn't care whether I

drank either. So I kept going with this gang to the saloon in the evenings; only then, instead of buying beer, we got to taking rye. Pretty soon that was all I would drink.

I went in the Army when I was twenty-three, and that was when I really began to drink. I was a private for about thirteen months, and was in France most of the time. It was cold, awfully cold, and we had to sleep on the ground. So we drank hot rum and water before we went to sleep. The officers even advised us to drink, and the fellows would ride you if you didn't. I got really drunk only once, though. The second lieutenant found me in a ditch, and so I had to dig trenches for two days, ten hours a day, with no breaks. Then I went into the front lines for a while and was gassed a bit, so they sent me home.

My father gave me a job at his lumberyard when I got back. I started as a truck loader, then graded lumber, then waited on customers, then became an outside salesman, and finally the sales manager with four men working under me. It took me a year to work up, and I stayed as sales manager for about twenty years, until 1940. I was earning \$65 a week, which was good money in those days, plus commissions on sales, and plus a thousand-dollar bonus my father gave me every Christmas. But every week I was broke. I'd squander every cent.

Prohibition was coming in when I got back. I never took beer during prohibition. It was awful. Of course the whisky was bad, too; but all the salesmen drank, so I kept drinking with them. It was a good way to get orders. Every week I'd drink with a client who was president of a manufacturing concern. Another friend had

an iron foundry in Brooklyn. He got crazy when drunk. He ruined clothes all the time, and thought nothing of it. Once he split a new jacket of mine right up the back, and another time he rammed his fist through a fifteen-dollar hat my mother had just bought me; but he always paid for things that he ruined.

I don't quite remember when drinking got a real hold on me. That period seems very fuzzy to me now. It seems I was always drinking or wanting to be drinking, and that's all my past seems to be. I know that when I was working for my father sometimes I'd go out to call on a client and would stop at the gin mill across the street instead and stay there all afternoon. Or sometimes they would send me across the street to get some change and I'd just stay there drinking.

My father started getting more and more disgusted with me. One night he was going to whack me with the andirons. He would have, too, because he had an awful temper. I had come home half drunk and he began telling me off, so I started cursing at him. He really got angry, and was all ready to lay into me with those andirons; but my mother stepped in between us.

Sometimes when I was home I got to feeling I had to have a drink, but of course that wasn't permitted in the house. I used to have bottles hidden everywhere, as in "Lost Week End," and sometimes I'd sneak into the bathroom to take a quick shot. Mom always knew when I did it, though. She'd hear me pull the cork, or sometimes she'd smell it on my breath. I knew she was disappointed in me, but she wouldn't scold. She started calling up all the saloons to ask them not to serve me—but it didn't do any good.

It got so every Saturday night I'd come home drunk, but I'd always remember to bring home half a bottle so I'd have some in the morning. I'd wake up the next day feeling awful, and wanting a drink as I never wanted anything else in my life. So I'd put my hand under the bed. When I'd feel that bottle I'd start to feel good again. Then I'd pull the bottle out and discover it was empty. Some time during the night I had drunk it all. I'd feel miserable, so I'd hurry up and dress, and without even stopping to eat, would head for the tavern down the street. The fellow in the kitchen knew me, so he'd let me in the rear door and bring back drinks and I'd sit there in the kitchen all day long just drinking and drinking.

I don't know why I drank. I never did like the taste of the stuff, and I still don't. I started mainly for social reasons, I guess. I liked to be one of the

gang and have friends. But pretty soon I just drank because I felt terrible if I *didn't* drink.

Of course, after a while I wasn't any use at all to my father. His business was falling off anyway, and he kept ranting and raving about my drinking, so I quit. A friend recommended me to Ted. I worked around his office and ran errands for him for a couple of months. At first Ted didn't realize I was drinking, but gradually he found out. Ted is an upright, religious man who has always tried to help others get back on their feet when they've been overcome by temptation. He helped me get another job with a big store in New York and I worked there for a while as a stock boy. I'd been there a couple of months when they gave a party for a fellow going into the Army and served liquor. I got drunk. The next day when I came to work I was still drunk. They fired me right then and there.

I later got a job in a war plant, in the finishing lab, where airplane parts were plated with chromium. They paid about \$50 a week and I worked there

about two years. I was often drunk on the job, but they caught me only twice, and that second time I was fired.

Next I had a job in an aircraft factory, and worked up to be head of the stockroom. I used to go down the road to a gin mill for lunch, and I'd start drinking there and usually get back to work pretty drunk. They warned and warned me about it, but I was there four months before they finally fired me.

After that I did odd jobs whenever I was sober or could find them. I cut grass and did gardening and dug post-holes. Usually I didn't have any money, but I got drunk whenever I did get some. That was about two or three times a week.

Friends used to pay for my drinks sometimes, so I got to hanging around bars. I did little errands for the bartender, like emptying garbage or hauling up boxes from the cellar. He might give me a little something to eat, and once in a while he would slip me a shot. He knew I wanted it.

For a couple of years I bummed around like that. Finding a drink was the only ambition I had. I was pretty

Sucker and Associates

LESLIE F. ROBBINS

Some of my friends and business associates drink. I suppose, strictly speaking, that is none of my business as long as they do not get offensively drunk or get behind the wheel of a car. However, there is one aspect of the matter I might consider. I don't like to see a friend of mine victimized, taken for a ride, made a sucker of. If he is being gypped and doesn't know it, I feel I ought to tell him whatever I may know about the deal.

I am a purchasing agent for a university, and I am expected to know something about prices and values. I buy grain alcohol for legitimate laboratory uses, buy it by the barrel. I got to wondering how much my drinking friend was paying for alcohol when he bought it by the drink, how much per gallon, that is.

We'll say my friend orders a drink in a cocktail lounge, Scotch and soda. He isn't ordering it for the soda, that I know. He's ordering it for the alcohol in the whisky. Prices vary from twenty-five cents to forty cents and higher. Being conservative, we'll say that the drink cost him a quarter. I've heard him complain that bartenders don't put

enough liquor in the drinks any more; just pass the cork over the soda a couple of times, to hear him tell it. But we'll give the bartender the benefit of the doubt and say he puts in one "jigger" of whisky, surely not over one fluid ounce per drink. Sixteen ounces to the pint, two pints to the quart, and four quarts to the gallon, times twenty-five cents, comes to about thirty-two dollars to the gallon of whisky!

But we're not on a comparable basis yet. The whisky in his drink is not over 90 proof, I'm sure, so to compare it with the 190 proof alcohol I buy, we'll have to hike the price up at least 100 per cent. So he probably is paying for his alcohol at the rate of more than \$64 a gallon.

Do you know what I pay for that selfsame alcohol—unadorned, uninflated, untaxed, and unglamorized? I pay forty-eight cents a gallon. From forty-eight cents to \$64 a gallon is a total of more than 13,000 per cent in markup.

I think the bartender who sold my friend that drink—plus a few sundry middlemen and tax collectors—made a sucker of him.—*Baptist Leader*.

much of a wreck, too. You don't know what it's like to get drunk almost every night and wake up in the morning vomiting, and try desperately to take a drink that you can't keep down, and then sit there for ten minutes that seem like hours before trying to take another drink that somehow stays down and then makes you feel better again.

That was all there was to my life for that couple of years, just drinking, sleeping, and vomiting. Then my aunt invited me to spend a few weeks with her in Brooklyn. After I'd been with her awhile she gave me some literature on Keswick, this place in New Jersey that tries to rehabilitate alcoholics. I read it, but didn't think about it much. She urged me to see our minister; and finally, just to please her, I said I'd go. Dr. Shelby, the minister, asked if I'd like to spend three months at Keswick. I really didn't know for sure, but I'd gone that far and it would have seemed funny if I'd backed out, so I consented. I knew that drink was killing me, that I hated the stuff, but I didn't know whether I could quit. I was so far gone at that time that I really didn't care.

I went to Keswick the next week. I haven't had a drink since that time. That was over a year ago now, and that year has been a pretty rough one. Ted got me a job filing reports and sweeping up at the Memorial Hospital when I got back, but I was only there five

weeks before I started having blackouts. Once I fell down a flight of marble stairs and could have been killed. They sent me to a rest home where they treated me for malnutrition and high blood pressure; and then I went back to Keswick for another three months just to make sure I was off for good. I came back from there about three weeks ago, and Ted got me a job washing dishes at the Y.M.C.A. I don't know what I would have done without his help. Nobody else seems interested, and I don't have a cent to my name.

I know I'm not much good to anybody any more. My face is red and bloated and my hands shake so I can hardly hold a pencil. Sometimes I have to take "yellow-jacket" pills so I can relax and sleep; and when I eat, the food sticks in my throat and I have to throw it up. I've paid dearly for my sins, which were many, but I am trying to live a good and clean and decent life now. I realize that on the outside I'm pretty much of a human wreck, but inside I feel that I'm more than that. For the first time since I was a boy I feel that I can hold up my head again. For the first time I can call on God and know that He is not ashamed of me. For the first time I can feel that I'm really a man and that life once again is worth living. The road back has been a hard pull, but it's been worth it. It's good to be alive again!

WALKING LIFE'S WAY TOGETHER

(Continued from page 14)

encouragement, always interested in the other's comfort, welfare, and pleasure.

4. Happy partners in marriage have kindred interests. They may enjoy music. It may be that the husband had to cultivate his interest in music. Even though he may not be a musician, and even though his judgment of music may be imperfect, he can be genuinely and consistently interested in music, if, for no other reason, he and his wife find pleasure in enjoying it together. A wife may have had no fundamental interest in horseback riding; but if her husband enjoys riding, she can cultivate the same interest and can persist until she becomes skillful enough to contribute her share to the pleasure of an afternoon together.

5. A home in which there is genuine happiness is a home in which husband and wife possess kindred philosophies. Of course it is not advisable for a husband to try to force his wife to believe as he does or for a wife to insist that her husband follow blindly in her particular brand of religion. The matter of harmony in religion should have been settled early in the period of courtship. Personal philosophy and religious belief are such vital elements in the life of a human being that he is presumptuous who assumes that a husband and wife can live harmoniously in spite of differences in belief.

The apostle Paul aimed directly at this important element in human relationship when he admonished: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" 2 Corinthians 6:14. Religion is a way of life, and it is impossible for a husband and wife to follow different ways of life and still enjoy the ultimate in conjugal happiness. Of the many factors which tend to weld a home into an invincible unit, religion is perhaps the most important. When husband and wife are members of the same church, establish their home in direct harmony with the principles of that church, and rear their children accordingly, the chances for happiness in this home are extremely good.

A religious faith has a stabilizing influence in the personality. A person who really believes that God is merciful can see beyond his present problems. When husband and wife have learned to kneel side by side in asking the Lord's blessing on their home and in beseeching Him for divine help in

This Will Be Taught in California's Schools

A new manual telling California's public-school teachers what they should teach their students about liquor was adopted at the beginning of 1953 by the State Board of Education, and is being distributed throughout the state. The eighty-six-page manual, *Alcohol—the Study of a Current Problem*, tells teachers they should avoid "propaganda" either for drinking or for abstinence.

The writer condones moderation, declaring that "to expect total abstinence by everyone is unrealistic." Sample quotes indicate a mixture of the misleading with the true:

"In general, the evidence seems to indicate that alcohol does not make poor human stock but that alcoholics come from bad stock."

"The use of even small amounts of alcohol during working hours will impair the efficiency of most persons."

"It is recognized today that alcoholism is a symptom complex, and the alcoholic should be regarded as a sick person."

"Alcohol is not the cause of alcoholism, but it is the agent that brings it about."

"Alcoholism not only poses severe economic problems for the family, but also renders the husband unfit for performance of many of the essential duties that he assumed on marriage."

solving their problems, their home becomes invincible. Problems, disappointments, and heartaches draw them closer together because they have taken united recourse to that faith by which human problems become steppingstones to progress in character development.

6. A happily married man and wife agree in their choices of special friends. This is a logical sequence of their having kindred interests and of their having similar philosophies. The happy husband will always feel free to invite his friends home. His wife will accept them as "our friends" even though it was the husband who made the first friendly contact. Similarly, in a happy home a husband will be tolerant of the neighbor women who come to call on his wife.

7. In a happy home there is agreement even in such a perplexing matter as finance. Well-adjusted partners in marriage consult together as they plan the use they will make of their funds. The method will vary from family to family, but the principle by which harmony is maintained is the same: Family funds are a joint asset, and the expenditure of these funds should be made with due regard for the interests of each person involved.

8. Another important factor in maintaining a happy marriage is the willingness of each partner to assume his share of responsibility. Marriage carries with it many privileges and pleasures, but it also requires adjustments to stern realities. The planning of financial security for the family, participation in projects which further the welfare of the community, the discharge of the duties of a good citizen, co-operation in church activities, the obligations of parenthood, including the training and discipline of the children—all these and many more are responsibilities which must be shared by husband and wife. Some fall more heavily upon the husband, others upon the wife, but in many there must be a co-operative sharing of responsibility.

9. With all the give and take that is necessary to the maintaining of happiness in marriage, it is still necessary that each partner retain his individuality. In a happy home there is mutual respect for the other's personal rights. Happiness cannot endure when either husband or wife dominates the family scene. There are spheres in which the husband will naturally take the lead and there are other areas in which the wife is logically pre-eminent. But permanent happiness in marriage requires that each partner be respected by the other and have an equal share in the lifelong task of building and maintaining a successful home.

A SMILE

A smile costs nothing, but gives much.
It takes but a moment, but the memory of it usually lasts forever.
None are so rich that can get along without it,
And none are so poor but that can be made rich by it.
It enriches those who receive
Without making poor those who give;
It creates sunshine in the home,
Fosters good will in business,
And is the best antidote for trouble.
And yet it cannot be begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is of no value,
Unless it is freely given away.
Some people are too busy to give you a smile;
Give them one of yours.
For the good Lord knows that no one needs a smile so badly
As he or she who has no more smiles left to give.

Now that we have finished this outline of elements and criteria that are related to happy marriage, it is easy to agree that these are not mysterious or difficult to attain. They are simple phases of daily living. The marvel is, therefore, that so many husbands and wives fall short of the goal of happiness. Why is it that so many marriages end in disappointment?

There are many reasons. Ranking high among these, however, is the prevalent use of alcohol. How does alcohol prevent the attaining of happiness in marriage?

As previously mentioned, the happy husband and wife harbor no regrets for having chosen each other as life partners; but how can a wife be proud of her husband's unbecoming actions when he is under the influence of an agent that benumbs his intelligence and allows his baser nature to take over? How can she avoid chagrin over the language he uses? How can she retain her respect for the man who loses his devotion to her whenever he drinks?

A husband and wife cannot find happiness or consolation in the sharing of a religious philosophy when either one indulges in the use of alcohol, for alcohol and a wholesome religious experience are incompatible. Thus the use of alcohol by a husband or wife cancels out the stabilizing influence of religion. Bible religion teaches, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." Ephesians 5:18. The Bible even pronounces a curse on those who indulge in spirituous liquors: "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!" Isaiah 5:11.

Alcohol handicaps a couple in developing wholesome friendships. The person who uses alcohol chooses his friends from among those who also indulge. He finds his interest in those things which are of interest to his

drinking friends and associates. Thus alcohol determines his way of life and requires him to give priority to attitudes, customs, and practices which are out of harmony with the foundations on which happy marriage is built.

The use of alcohol dwarfs a person's sense of responsibility. And a person who does not assume responsibility cannot be successful as a husband or wife. When one shirks responsibility, it means that the other partner in marriage has to carry more than his share. An unequal distribution between husband and wife causes each to think less of the other.

The husband who finds satisfaction in using alcohol cares little about maintaining good health. He ignores the necessity for a good diet. He cares more for his alcohol than he does for keeping the home in good condition. He thinks more of having sufficient money to purchase liquor than he does of having enough to pay the taxes. Community welfare and the responsibilities of citizenship take second place to his unwholesome thirst. So he becomes unable to perform his share of the obligations on which the success of the home depends.

By sidestepping his responsibilities to his home, the person who uses alcohol imposes on the personal rights of his partner in marriage, thus distorting the ideal picture of co-operative individuality.

Happiness in marriage depends on circumstances which are readily understood and easily attained. Happiness, therefore, is within the grasp of every sincere husband and wife. Of the various factors that may deprive the married couple of the ultimate in happiness, the use of alcohol is the most obvious. It is an extreme misfortune, therefore, when an intelligent human being sells out his claim on happiness in marriage by permitting himself the doubtful luxury of indulgence in liquor.

A Doomed GI Advises His Brother

A twenty-one-year-old Army private was sentenced to death by court-martial for raping and killing an aged Korean woman and raping her eleven-year-old granddaughter, while on a drunken spree. Facing execution,—later commuted to life imprisonment,—he wrote “last letters” to his two brothers. One letter read like this:

“This letter will be the last. So don’t try to grieve over me.

“You can’t guess how hard it is for me to write like this. I hope it won’t sound too mushy. Tomorrow’s Christmas again. This will make my fourth away from home.

“If at any time you should join the service, keep your nose clean. If you don’t drink now, please don’t start. It will get you in a lot of trouble. I hope you can do this one little thing for me. You know that I would do anything for you that I could.

“So be a good boy. O.K.? Take good care of yourself.

“Your brother,

“Sonny.”

LEGAL ASPECTS

(Continued from page 17)

would that we had more of what it connotes. Yet “rugged individualism” has been so thoroughly ridiculed and so completely undermined that if, talking to almost any group, you say “rugged individualism” you get a half-smile or a sneer, as though you were harking back to the Dark Ages. We don’t go in for rugged individualism any more. The same principle applies to the term “prohibition.”

From the legal standpoint, from the educational standpoint, and from any other standpoint, we need to chart a course. We need to find those things we can do now so that we can ultimately achieve our goal. What, then, are the most effective things that we can do from a legal and educational standpoint?

The press generally was against the Eighteenth Amendment. Of course, there were Gannett and a few other publishers, and some newspapers, that did not accept liquor advertising and have not since. However, it is a tremendous thing to look at those beautiful display ads in *Life* and in *Time* and to estimate their cost. When you figure the liquor advertising that is in one issue of some of those magazines, you begin to realize why publishers, by and large, were opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment.

One of those ads showed four roses draped over a dictionary. The ad said to look under “D,” and when you looked under “D” what were you going to find? You were going to find “delicious” and “delectable” and “delightful” and “distinctive.” I looked under “D,” and I found “drunk” and

“drunkenness” and “delirious” and “delirium tremens” and “divorce” and “disease” and “death.” I found a lot of things when I looked under “D.” That advertising is, to my way of thinking, the most damnable (and I found that under “D,” too) and dangerous (I found that under “D,” too) of the things that are happening here in America. Many people are not going to be influenced by that advertising, intriguing as it may be, but there are a lot of our young people who get the idea that to be a gentleman or a gentlewoman of distinction, you have to have a cocktail before dinner and you have to yield to the social pressure to have a drink. *I wish our young people could go down to police court some Monday morning and see what has been brought in over Saturday and Sunday—the real finished product of the liquor business, the real gentlemen of distinction—or, rather, gentlemen of extinction.*

That kind of advertising is misleading. It is false advertising, and it is advertising that, in my opinion, can and should be stopped. I remember yet some of the arguments that the advocates of repeal used to bamboozle our people. They promised that the saloon would not be permitted to return. You know how well that promise has been kept. Here is another argument that was repeated again and again: People have an appetite for liquor, and they have an appetite for it to the extent that if it is not given to them legally they are going to get it illegally. Then what? The nation repealed the Eighteenth Amendment, opened the state liquor stores so that people with this consuming thirst could get liquor legally. That took away the necessity to patronize bootleggers. Those people didn’t have to be sold on the product because they

were so filled with the craving for it, it was claimed, that they were going to get it whether or no. That was the basis of the argument for repeal.

Well, then, what need to advertise? Those were the people for whom the Eighteenth Amendment was repealed—those people who were going to get it one way or another. The advertising, then, is not for them. The advertising is for a new crop of customers; it is for our boys and girls, for that very substantial number of young people who each day reach the age at which they can legally buy liquor.

There is no legal justification, no moral justification, no justification of any kind, for advertising this product. I am willing to concede for the purpose of argument that we cannot at this moment have prohibition; I am willing to concede that there are people who have a craving and a thirst for beverage alcohol, and that they’ll get it illegally if they can’t get it legally. But after it has been made possible for them to get it legally, what more need be done?

I wonder if any of you have ever tried the experiment of going through your own home newspaper every day for a month and cutting out the liquor advertisements to see how much space is given to such advertising, and then find out the cost of it. I have the feeling that a lot of newspapers, a lot of magazines, a lot of advertising media, are going to use this source of revenue as long as they can; but if it ever comes to the point where that source of revenue is denied them, they are going to consider the problem from the standpoint of the public good.

A Jewish rabbi, trying to get a certain idea across to a young pupil of his, asked him to look through the window and tell him what he saw. The young man looked out the window and saw a green lawn, trees, a street with automobiles and pedestrians on it. Then the rabbi handed him a looking glass and said, “Now, look in that and tell me what you see.” The young student said, “I can see only myself.” The rabbi said, “It is exactly the same kind of glass, except that a coating of silver has been placed on the back of it. Consequently you see only yourself; you don’t get any perspective of what is beyond.” So it is when a silver coating is applied; the magazines, the newspapers can see only themselves; they can see only the immediate revenue.

Oftentimes the question is asked, “What can be done in a state that is trying to stop the liquor traffic? What can be done about the state border and the liquor that is being shipped across the border?” There is only one solution to that problem, and that is a na-

tional solution. We need state laws to stop at least the billboard advertising; we can stop advertising that is published in the state. We can't stop the magazines; we can't stop the radio programs; we can't stop those things that don't recognize state boundaries. There needs to be a national law.

There has been before every session of Congress for the last twenty years a bill designed to restrict liquor advertising. It never gets out of committee; it never gets onto the floor of Congress. I am satisfied that this type of legislation, once it is up for passage and a lot of people put on the spot, would receive a substantial favorable vote. But the Committee on Interstate Commerce takes the heat and keeps the bill in the pigeon-hole. If we are interested in this type of legislation, if we think it would be helpful to the solution of the problem, we need to begin working on our Congressmen and our Senators to get this measure out of committee and offer a chance for an expression on it by members of the House and Senate.

I suggested at the outset that the question of whether we want to put our states in the liquor business is a serious one. There are arguments pro and con. I have to confess that, from the standpoint of a trial judge, it is embarrassing to sentence a man to fifteen or twenty years or maybe life in the penitentiary, or perhaps sentence him to death, because of something the prisoner has done while under the influence of that which the state has sold him—to have him ask why he should be so punished for having used an article which the state has sold him.

I do not like to feel that, as a citizen of the state, I am in the liquor business; but at the same time I am forced to the conclusion that, with the state in the business, I can help prevent others from promoting sales to make profits for themselves. But I don't think the state should stop, as we did in the State of Washington, with hard liquor. The state ought to take over the sale of beer, the sale of all liquor, so that it will have a real control of the number of outlets and a control of the advertising. Though it is a tremendously debatable question as to whether we want to put our states in the business and to give the business the sanction of state recognition, I have a feeling that, so far as our own experience from the legal aspect is concerned, it is desirable to eliminate private profit from this business at every place possible.

Of course, another thing should be watched. Wherever referendums on this question are introduced, an attempt is made to tie the revenue from liquor, or the tax from it, in with aid to the

aged, the blind, or other groups. In our state we have a pari-mutuel betting system, and the state's share of the revenue goes for the care of those who are not able to care for themselves. Well, there is a certain amount of justice there; I don't know of anything that would bring people to the situation where they need state aid sooner than would betting on the races, unless it be the use of intoxicants. But those things should not be connected. Liquor revenue is sometimes connected with the schools. An attempt is then made to influence the P.T.A., school authorities, and the public by capitalizing on their natural and laudable interest in the schools, to create a toleration of the

liquor business because revenue from it is used for school purposes. Such revenue ought to go into the general fund and not be allocated for any particular or special purpose.

We have, then, before us the ultimate goal of prohibition. We know that no matter what our regulation, no matter what our licensing, no matter what our system may be, we are still going to have people affected by liquor. We can discuss which are the most effective methods of regulation and control, but these are not the answer to the problem. The water is still coming into the tub from the tap, and we are still confronted with the necessity of emptying the tub.



“Faith Makes Us Whole”

B. COURSIN BLACK

The day had been dark, but toward evening the low layer of clouds seemed to break. Occasionally through rifts a fleeting glimpse of the sun revealed itself. But the gloom of the landscape seemed only intensified.

On an impulse my partner and I climbed into our little plane. It had cost us less than an average used car, but how many times it had carried us toward the stars! As the 65-hp motor roared with life we swiftly left the ground and climbed. At about 2,500 feet we entered the layer of stratus clouds, and for a moment we were in a wall of cold mist. Then abruptly we shot through into a sunlit wonderland.

All about us were blue, clear skies and a dazzling sun. Below gleamed white clouds like fairy castles and turrets, like frozen snow in lovely formations. Through breaks in the clouds we saw the ground, the fields of green and brown, the woods like miniature bushes, the pools of water that were lakes. It was like night down there on the ground, but we flew in airy brilliance. Only a few moments before, it had seemed to us that sunshine had disappeared, that leaden skies and gray gloom were all that existed.

We had seen only in part; now we realized that a thin veil was all that had separated us from the beauty of the

sun. I thought of that passage in Corinthians: “For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.”

When one feels discouraged, when it seems certain that hopes are crushed and dreams are shattered, it is because a person sees only the partial, the incomplete. The obstacle that seems so impassable, or the problem that appears unsolvable, is, in reality, from a broader perspective, but the challenge to new achievement. The lamentations of today seem real, but in another day it is difficult to recall their cause. The view from a window may seem clear, but perhaps it is a basement window that prevents a true perception. The partial is not the actual.

We are aware of our thoughts and actions for the day. We may not know the results of them for the week, the month, the year. We live in the finite. He who grinds the pigments sees only the details of his partial job. He does not see the picture that will be made by the artist from those pigments.

Faith—through this portal we pass to larger understanding, greater comprehension. By faith each of us, in his limited way, in his limited time, creates that which transforms the part to the final, glorious whole.

I THOUGHT you understood that I am really through. My divorce charges should have proved that. Stop annoying me." The sharp voice of my former husband pierced my aching heart. Fred had instituted divorce proceedings, and he was angry because I was annoying him with letters and phone calls, many of the latter on into the middle of the night.

"But I am so unhappy," I pleaded, my eyes filling with tears of self-pity.

"You ruined my social and business career." There was not the slightest trace of sympathy for my misery in his retort. His words were harsh and angry.

until I had good news, we parted as friends. I was thrilled with anticipation, for before my heavy drinking came between us, our marriage had been an ideally happy one.

My girlhood home had had its quota of wine and spirits, but I never knew my mother to touch any alcoholic beverages, nor have I ever seen my father intoxicated. He served alcohol to his friends and they seemed to enjoy it. Though they became a bit noisy at times, I took it all for granted, never blaming the drinks for their exhilaration. Somehow, during prohibition, I had my first taste, an innocuous glass of "spiked" punch served at a sorority party. The main ingredient was "bath-

have liquor. It was easy to obtain but almost an impossibility to let alone.

Then began a round of doctors' offices and so-called "cures." I received plenty of sympathy, but not a single person provided mental, physical, and spiritual healing for my sickness of alcoholism. They gave me vitamins and pills of all sizes and colors, but nothing relieved the craving when it came upon me. I experienced frequent blackouts. Things happened while I was under the influence which I could not remember afterward. Each morning I had to have a drink, if I would start the day without the "jitters."

Now, I faced the crisis of my life and my one hope to salvage my marriage.

I Am an Alcoholic

ELIZABETH LONERGAN



GALLOWAY

"Irene, I've been through enough. Let me alone, I tell you!"

"Fred, I have tried, but I just could not stop drinking."

"Could not?" he coldly queried, "you should say, Would not!"

"Ellen Saunders told me of a new doctor whose treatment helped a friend of hers to stop entirely."

"Well, then, try him; but you must really have the desire to stop."

Suddenly I was captivated with the idea that possibly, if I could conquer my craving for alcohol, my husband might come back to me. The divorce would not be permanent for almost a year. I wonder if I could—I decided to put on an "act."

"What is there in life for me, without you, Fred darling?"

A sudden look of compassion crossed his face as he responded, "I tell you what I'll do, Irene. If you can convince me of your honest effort and really stop your drinking, I'll tear up the divorce papers and we will have a second honeymoon."

Subsequent events belied his sincerity and even then I was doubtful as I ventured, "Do you mean it, darling?"

"Have I ever lied to you, Irene? This is a real promise."

With this assurance and my agreement not to communicate with him

tub gin," a very popular drink during my college days.

Frequent affairs followed, and on occasions, several of the girls had to be helped to their beds. Soon we graduated from "Pink Lady" and "Side Cars" to cocktails and other libations with high-sounding names, like "Manhattan," and "Bronx."

A long period of drinking, almost without interruption, followed my marriage. My husband and I soon drifted apart. He was unable to put up with my "failing" and the boisterousness which seemed inevitably to follow a few drinks. I resented his temperance lectures, and it seemed best for us to part.

At first there was no thought of a legal separation, though I suspected that some other woman who was not a drunkard had come into his life, and that he had finally decided to try to live his life over anew. I hated the idea of divorce, but it left me free to keep on with my drinking and gave me an excuse to be continually intoxicated. My income being more than adequate, I spent some time in traveling. It was a relief to be away from advice-giving friends and for a time, most satisfactory. Then came the blackouts and I could not help realizing that the craving was increasing all the time. I just *had* to

I would try "just one more doctor," the one about whom Ellen Saunders had told me.

His office, I found, was most luxurious. I told the pretty nurse who inquired about my appointment with Dr. Morris, that I was recommended by Mrs. Gerald Saunders, and understood she had made one for me. "Yes. Here it is," she said, consulting her appointment book, "but you are ahead of time. We did not expect you for another hour."

"I am usually pretty prompt," I retorted, adding, "I was afraid I might change my mind again."

She smiled, took out her pad and proceeded to take down my history: "Name? Age? Married or single? What is your trouble?"

"That is for the doctor to tell me," I replied flippantly, for her manner was most irritating to my already jittery nerves.

"Well, the doctor will soon be free and he can get the rest, since you evidently do not wish to discuss things with me." She closed her notebook with a slam, slipped the pencil inside and went into the inner room. Perhaps she recognized the symptoms, perhaps Dr. Morris was a specialist in alcoholism, perhaps my friend Ellen was an alcoholic. Perhaps—perhaps—I just

could not think clearly. I looked about the waiting room, which was furnished with luxurious simplicity, spelling success. He must be a good doctor to have such a restful office, I thought as I recalled the others, none of which had affected me so pleasantly. I really had confidence in Dr. Morris before I had even seen him. What was it?

When the door opened from the consulting room, the nurse appeared and ushered me inside. She did not stay, for which I was grateful. My first impression of the physician was an agreeable one. He was tall, handsome, capable-looking, and approaching middle age. His eyes were gray and his serious professional mien gave the impression that he had, withal, a deep sympathetic understanding, as well as a genuine sense of humor.

"I believe you can help me," I said impulsively.

Dr. Morris put his hand on mine as he replied, "I believe I can, too, if you honestly want to be helped."

Could he, I wondered, accomplish that almost impossible task? Others had tried unsuccessfully, but I had never had such instant faith in any doctor. I resolved to be absolutely honest with him. He did not look like a person who could be fooled, anyway! So, when he asked my trouble, I did not evade the question as I had with the nurse, but blurted out, "Can you make me stop drinking?"

Dr. Morris looked serious, "Curing alcoholism is not always easy."

"But I am not an alcoholic, I can take it or leave it alone."

"Then why don't you leave it alone?"

"Because I just cannot seem to do so. Mrs. Saunders told me you had helped a friend of hers. Neither she nor any others suspect that I drink too much at times, and must go to bed to sleep it off."

Dr. Morris smiled at me as if I were a small child, and a very ignorant one at that. "Of course everyone knows you drink. The alcoholic fools nobody about his drinking problem except himself."

I rose angrily, "What do I owe you for the visit? I am *not* an alcoholic and did not come here to be insulted. You could never help me, I am sure."

Dr. Morris arose regarding me sadly. "You owe me nothing. Perhaps you will come to see me sometime for a social visit, since you do not care to consult me professionally."

Making no reply, I hurried through the door, handed the nurse a bill, and started out. By this time several other patients were waiting. I coldly returned their curious glances, murmuring, "Alcoholics!" and hurried on my way, furious at the nurse, at the doctor, at

his patients, and most of all furious at myself and my lack of self-control.

With bitterness of heart, I hastened to the nearest bar, which happened to be downstairs, and proceeded to drown my sorrows in alcohol. The table in the booth where I sat was, before long, covered with empty glasses, but still I sat on. Finally I realized that I was slipping into unconsciousness, into another blackout.

When I came to, Dr. Morris was bending over me, and I was resting on a couch in an inner office. "They found my card in your purse and sent upstairs for me," he explained. "I think it best for you to remain quiet for a while."

A wave of shame and remorse came over me. "Oh, doctor, please help me," I cried. "I will try with all my heart. I want to be cured for a very special reason."

Think Before You Drink— It's Too Late Afterward.

"I am giving you something to make you sleep. When you are thoroughly rested, we will take you home." His word was reassuring, and I passed into a quieting sleep. My dreams were pleasant and restful, and Fred and I were together again. Life was happy.

How long I slept I don't know. When I awoke, a lovely young woman was bending over me. The doctor introduced her as his wife, explaining that she was his very best assistant in cases such as mine.

"What does he mean?" I inquired.

"He means that I am an alcoholic," answered Mrs. Morris, "and was in a worse state than you are now but was able to do something about it, as you can, if you really want to."

"Why," I countered, "do you say 'am' an alcoholic, and not 'was'?"

"Because the alcoholic has to realize that he is the victim of a condition of the body, coupled with an obsession of the mind, and that he can never take another drink. Would you be willing to do that?"

"My husband will come back to me if I can stay sober; and I am willing now," I assured her, "to go to any lengths to stop drinking."

"I will help you," she said softly, and added, "but you must put your faith in a Higher Power, too. Let me take you to an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting. You will find lovely new friends there, who, like you, have had an alcohol problem. You, too, will soon be able to help and inspire others, just as I am

trying to help you, in appreciation of my sobriety."

Mrs. Morris then drove me home, prepared a light supper for me, and remained with me until I was settled in bed for the night. I felt relaxed and went off to sleep almost at once. My dreams were the continuation of those I had had in the doctor's office—pictures of coming happiness.

Upon awakening next morning I was aware of odors of an appetizing breakfast, and there was Lillian Morris with eggs and toast and coffee. Although protesting that it was too much, I managed to eat all of it. I still felt weak, but now I was strangely happy. We went for a drive, and in the evening I attended my first A.A. meeting. I cannot recall what was said, but the friendliness and sincerity of everyone impressed me.

"They are not all alcoholics, are they?" I asked Lillian.

"When you hear their histories from time to time, you will have the surprise of your life," she replied. "One of our most aristocratic members owns up to having spent four years in jail for drunkenness, and has been to any number of sanitariums."

The battle was not easy. There were times when my nerves screamed for a drink, and I thought I simply could not hold out. At such times, in desperation I would call Lillian or some other new-found friend and we would go for a walk together, or call on another more unstable member. I went back to tennis and golf. As soon as I was stronger, I worked at the Red Cross one day each week and served as a volunteer collector for the Community Chest Fund. Before long I was too busy to think of drinking and I was happier than I had been for many years.

On my calendar, I marked off the days, working toward the red-circled date when I was to write Fred. A few days before it came around, a thick letter came in his well-known hand. Opening it, I found instead of a newsy epistle, a wedding invitation. He was to marry one of my dearest friends.

In my rage, I tore the letter into small pieces. Forgotten were all my resolutions, as I hastily put on my hat and coat, bound for the nearest package store. The name of my former favorite brand came automatically to mind. I bought and paid for it. At the door to the street, my mood changed. I suddenly realized what I was giving up, what I was going back to. I dropped the bottle into the gutter. "He was not worth waiting for," I said, hurrying away to escape the fumes.

That was six years ago. I have never had nor wanted a drink since.

THE HOUSE THAT MARVIN BUILT

(Continued from page 10)

thoughtless friend insisted that Marvin should join him in *just one drink* to celebrate the success of the new ultra-modern café.

That first drink, of course, led to another—and several more—before his friend left him, still voicing congratulations and good wishes. However, by this time Marvin's thoughts were centered on only one thing, to get another drink.

Sometime later, crazed by the effects of the whisky, Marvin reeled into his café with a gun in his hand. For several minutes he terrorized the patrons, threatened his wife, and finally wound up by sending a number of shots into the ceiling—all of which brought the police on the run.

Marvin was returned to the Oregon State Prison as a parole violator, with the added charge of having a loaded gun, and using it. Daisy, disillusioned and brokenhearted, secured a divorce. The business, lacking Marvin's management and culinary know-how, dwindled as fast as it had increased. Though still prosperous, it is far from the rosy future which seemed assured for it.

WHAT PRICE ALCOHOL!

WHAT DOES IT COST?

(Continued from page 25)

the Dawson County grand jury for first-degree murder. On April 21, a circuit-court jury began hearing the testimony.

On the last day of the trial, April 23, the defense attorney, during his summary before the jury, argued that Cartel had been "befuddled with beer and temporarily insane."

The prosecuting attorney, however, reminded the jury that Cartel had been declared "legally sane" by psychiatrists in the sanity hearing before the trial, and that competent authorities and reliable witnesses had established beyond doubt that Cartel had intended to kill Caldre and anyone else who tried to suppress his killer tendencies; and on these counts alone Cartel deserved the death penalty.

The prosecuting attorney concluded his summary with these words: "Bradley is the second police chief in this city within a generation to lose his life in an effort to combat crime brought on by drunkenness. Nor will he be the last, unless far more stringent laws are enforced prohibiting the sale of intoxicating beverages, not only in our city, but also in neighboring cities. If we continue to neglect our social responsi-

bilities we ourselves will not be completely innocent of the death of our valiant friend and brother, Wallace Bradley."

After two hours of deliberation the jury returned with its verdict: "Guilty of second-degree murder." Circuit judge H. G. Colt sentenced Don Cartel "to ninety-nine years of hard labor in the state prison."

The death of a thirty-eight-year-old police chief, the serious wounding of a Mexican laborer, the sentencing of a twenty-seven-year-old man to ninety-nine years at hard labor—all this was the cost of one man's drinking.



Big Ten Champion

"Chuck" Darling, rated as one of Iowa University's all-time greats in basketball, was chosen as most valuable player of the year by the Big Ten schools in 1951. All-American center on every coach's ballot and every magazine sports survey, "Chuck" smashed the following Big Ten basketball records: Most points for one season, most field goals for one season, most free throws in one season, most free throws in a game, most points in three years. *Look* magazine presented him with a gold watch in recognition of his selection as All-American center.

I personally do not drink or smoke. I believe there is no place for either alcohol or tobacco in life, and particularly they must not be used in association with athletics.

"THE SKY WAS THE LIMIT"

(Continued from page 7)

the world. "We have tried to be faithful in our dealings with the Lord," says Mr. Harris, "and He has given us far more than we deserve. Now we are giving our entire business to Him."

Clyde and Mary Harris love to get away to their ranches. This may involve making a choice, for they own a thousand-acre wheat ranch near Walla Walla, another 1,300-acre ranch in the Wallowas, also a 22,500-acre cattle ranch, one of Oregon's largest.

They look forward to the day when they can live "away from it all," turning the mills, the camps, the business problems, the weighty responsibilities, over to others. It would seem that when this is done, difficult as it will be for a hard-working businessman, Clyde H. Harris will have earned his respite and made the world much better off for his having done his part.

ARE ALCOHOLICS SICK PEOPLE?

(Continued from page 9)

person or suffering from a disease, but that he is a victim of a habit, self-inflicted, as a result of a wrong way of thinking. He must understand also that this therapeutic technique, though *initially* applied to breaking the habit of drinking, is not the goal itself, but merely a means to an end. He must be taught that the technique he employs to establish himself on the road to permanent sobriety is the same technique he is to employ in every aspect of his life, for his joys, and for his sorrows. This is the basic aim of the McGoldrick Method. It is the reason for the success of Bridge House.

Unless a clinic, hospital, shelter, or any other facility has its own similarly developed technique, it is not worthy of the name. Facilities offering only physical therapy, custodial care, and a referral service, do not justify spending public funds to support them.

Let's stop the gobbledygook of these politically-minded social welfare schemes and white-elephant plans of local interest which grab newspaper headlines but don't "get to" the alcoholic. Let's realize that no man can ride into the kingdom of heaven as a result of an injection, a pill, shelters, health farms, spending of millions, or crying to the heavens to open the gate in mercy because he is sick. Life is not that way. Man carries his own heaven or hell with him. Alcoholics can be helped. They need information, not merely reformation.

Be Prepared!



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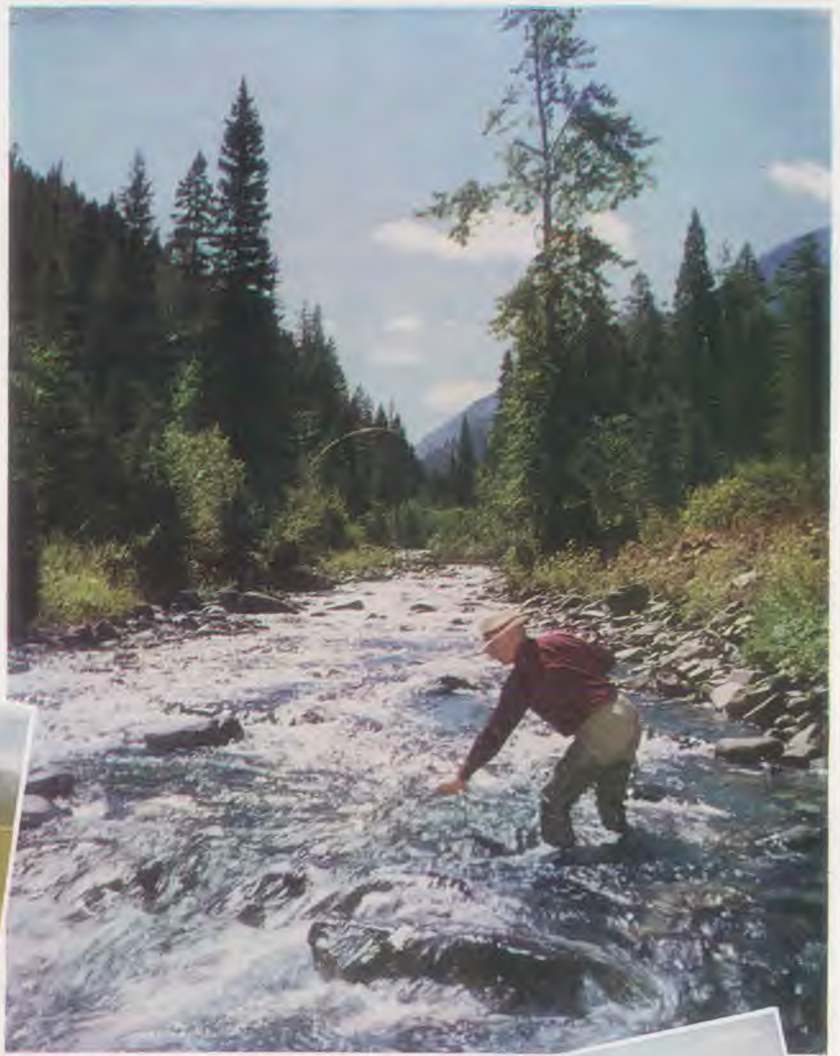
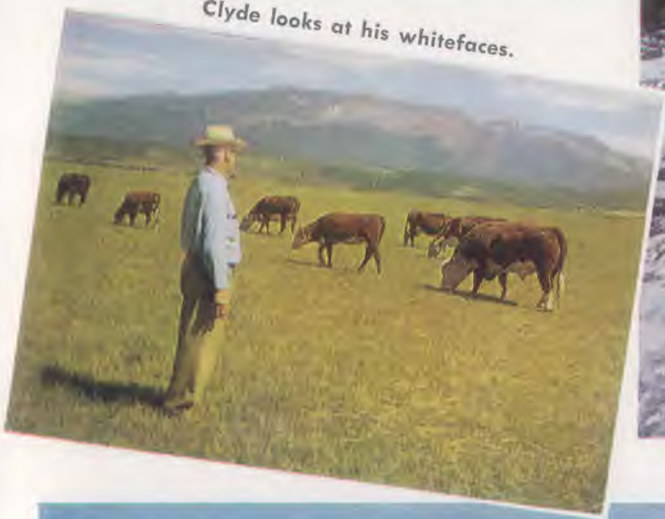
Aerial view of the College of
Medical Evangelists, Loma Linda.



**Clyde and Mary Harris
at home on their
wheat and cattle ranches
in the Wallowa Mountains
of Northeastern Oregon.**

(See story on page 5.)

Clyde looks at his whitefaces.



Good fishing in Hurricane Creek.



The Harris family inspect their granaries.



Sprinklers ensure even watering.



Wheat to be proud of!