

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING

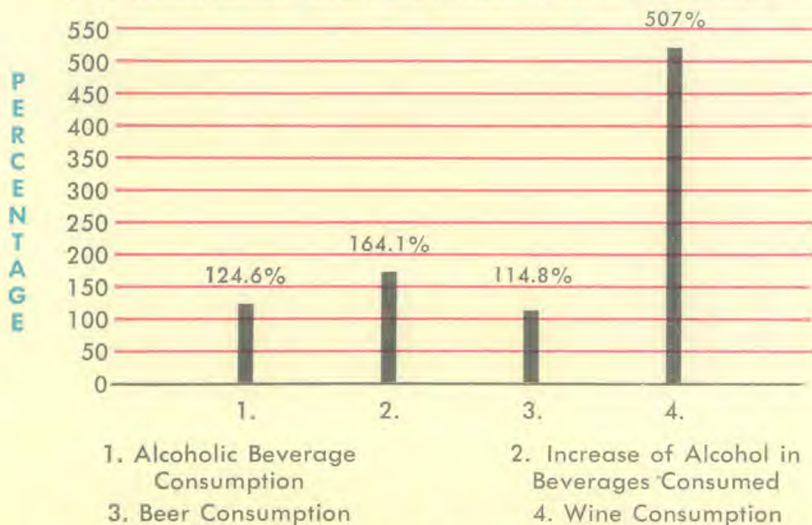


*University of
New Mexico*

Do You Know?



Percentage of Increase in Consumption of Alcoholic Beverages [1934-1952]



Alcohol beverage consumption in the U.S. has increased 124.6 per cent from 1934 to 1952. Consumption of alcohol in these beverages has gone from 0.53 gallon per capita to 1.39 gallons per capita. Beer consumption jumped from 7.90 gallons per capita to 16.95. Wine jumped 507 per cent.

● Alcohol Taste Inherited

Alcohol is not only habit-forming, but a taste for it can be inherited, according to a series of experiments on mice by Dr. Leonora Mirone, University of Georgia. Two groups of mice were used in the experiments, one raised on water, the other on alcohol solution. Offspring of the alcoholized mice were then divided, half being raised on alcohol and half on water. The alcohol-fed mice outdrank their parents, and the mice raised on water drank less than those raised on alcohol, but drank more than had the original water-fed mice from the water-fed parents.

● Traffic Recipe in Italy

Ten killed and 157 injured daily—this is Italy's sorry traffic record, one of the world's worst. The recipe—combining "race track" drivers, bicycles, whizzing motorcyclists, motor

scooters, and politically minded pedestrians, and adding alcohol to the mixture.

● Bootlegging

In the State of Georgia last year 1,759 illegal distilleries were discovered by Federal tax agents. This is 17 per cent of the national total of 10,269. For every still discovered, however, agents estimate there are ten yet un-found. The only moonshiners that give enforcement officials much difficulty are those who become intoxicated with their own brew, one agent asserted. "But that doesn't happen too often, because most moonshiners are smart enough to leave their own stuff alone. They have a saying: 'This is made to sell, not to drink.'"

● Cleaning Up the Bowery

The Bowery finally seems to be hurting New York City's conscience,

to the extent at least that a ten-point program of improvement is recommended by the Committee to Abolish Bowery Conditions. Included are the worthy aims of rehabilitation of habitual drunks, expansion of hospital facilities, and stricter control of taverns and rooming houses. Not one word has been said, however, about dealing with the underlying cause of Bowery conditions—alcohol itself! No permanent improvement is possible until that is done.

● Beer Drinking

Every American, on the average, will drink thirty-eight cans of beer in 1953, estimates L. G. Cannella, of the Continental Can Company. This will be an increase of 18 per cent over 1952, and will represent a total consumption of 6,000,000,000 cans.

Drinking Behind the Iron Curtain

Drunkenness and rowdiness are on the increase behind the Iron Curtain.

The communists are worried because alcoholism is upsetting the speedup in their industrial production. Communist newspapers from Eastern Europe indicate workers are drinking more.

Roving gangs of young drunken hoodlums brawl and fight in the early hours. In the Polish city of Lublin, for instance, a newspaper reports:

"Gangs of drunken boys roam the streets or stay in restaurants and cafes until late at night. On their way home they stage brawls. On Stalingrad streets, groups of wild youths block the sidewalks."

A Czechoslovak newspaper complained that miners in the Moravská Ostrava coal fields have been drinking so much wine and schnapps that hundreds of shifts are being missed and mine accidents are on the increase. At week ends, drunken street-car drivers also are causing trouble.

There is a running campaign against tippling, not only in Czechoslovakia, but in Poland, Roumania, and Bulgaria. It is called "immoral" or "bourgeois," and good communists are pledged to fight excessive drinking.

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OCTOBER-DECEMBER, 1953
Volume 6, Number 4



OUR COVER

Three students enjoy the New Mexico sunshine in front of the library of the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque. From left to right they are Margaret Avis of Tulsa, Roberta Jordan and Sonny Montoya, both of Albuquerque. *Listen* cover picture is by courtesy of G. Ward Fenley, Department of Information director of the University.

LISTEN—quarterly journal of better living, published in the interests of scientific education for the prevention of alcoholism and narcotic addiction, and official publication of the Narcotics Control Service.

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The American Temperance Society

W. A. Scharffenberg, Executive Secretary

Entered as second-class matter July 16, 1948, at the post office at Mountain View, California, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, and authorized September 18, 1918.

Yearly subscription, \$1.25. Single copy, \$35.

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MONKMEYER
Student and youth groups are pointing out certain unsavory conditions and appealing for their remedy.

Youth in REVOLT

YOUTH cannot be presumed upon too long. If distillers and brewers consider that youth have the blind indifference to sit idly by and view the brazen lawlessness so often characteristic of the industry and its representatives, they certainly will have to find another thought.

Youth are rising in revolt! Come to a Maryland high school, for example, and see 205 students—two thirds of the entire student body—sign an urgent petition to State Governor McKeldin pinpointing unsavory conditions in their county: 1. Sale of alcoholic beverages to minors in the numerous taverns. 2. Employment of minors in such establishments. 3. The small number of arrests in relation to the number of violations known to the citizenry. 4. The apparent need of more severe penalties for violation of traffic and liquor laws.

This sounds like the report of a grand jury, but it comes from high-school youth who have had enough of alcohol and alcohol lawlessness. What do they suggest as a remedy? Here are their recommendations, as endorsed by the state police: 1. Aid from the state to bring about a more complete enforcement of laws regulating the sale of alcoholic beverages and employment of minors in taverns. 2. Advice and assistance to aid in establishing a more successful youth program in this county to provide an environment where young people can find recreation outside of taverns.

Usually it is considered the work of an adult society to protect and provide for its youth. Shame on any society which allows conditions to come to the place where the youth have to point out those conditions and appeal for their remedy. But, if need be, youth can and will do it!

Another case in point is the University of Virginia, where the student council felt compelled to impose tight restrictions to curtail drinking by students, thereby to prevent incidents that might reflect discredit on the university.

The youthful legislators, with full power to dismiss violators from the university, cracked down hard. "Any student," they decided, "caught drinking at athletic events, school dances, and concerts will be subject to strict disciplinary action by the council." Moreover, the same action was threatened to anyone who "because of intoxication needs assistance to or from an athletic contest or shall display himself in any way so as to bring discredit to the university."

Furthermore, to set a good example to the community in which the university is located, they forbade all "open display of containers of alcoholic beverages on streets or sidewalks of Charlottesville."

Such instances as these—and many might be cited—indicate youth rising in revolt. We don't claim that the tide is rolling in, but the breakers are beginning to swell. If the liquor industry knows the signs of the sea, it will look to its own self-discipline while it may!

Youth, THE FUTURE IS YOURS

ARTHUR B. LANGLEIE
Governor, State of Washington

7 HERE is something about human beings that makes the word NOW their most important measure of time. They want to cash in on life NOW. They want action NOW. They want recognition NOW. They somehow expect the total fulfillment of life to be funneled into the immediate channel of minutes within which they live and have their being—NOW.

But life is not so simple. Human wants are not fulfilled so easily.

If this human impetuosity were borne out fully in the life of every man and woman in our society, think of the mad scramble for power, the selfish grasping for material wealth, the trampling one upon the other of people who once were friends.

Perhaps we see no danger of such an extreme in our community. We look about and assure ourselves that no one is getting trampled in the climb up the stairs to success. But there is a subtle danger that we do not see, a danger not easily classified, not easily detected. That is a danger which hurts not other people, but that man himself who decides that patience and planning and foresight have no part in his pattern for immediate success.

Take the case of a young man, equipped with

A sports enthusiast, Governor Langlie (left), with his daughter Carrie Ellen, and Mrs. Langlie, watches the University of Washington Huskies team as it puts on a top performance at Seattle.



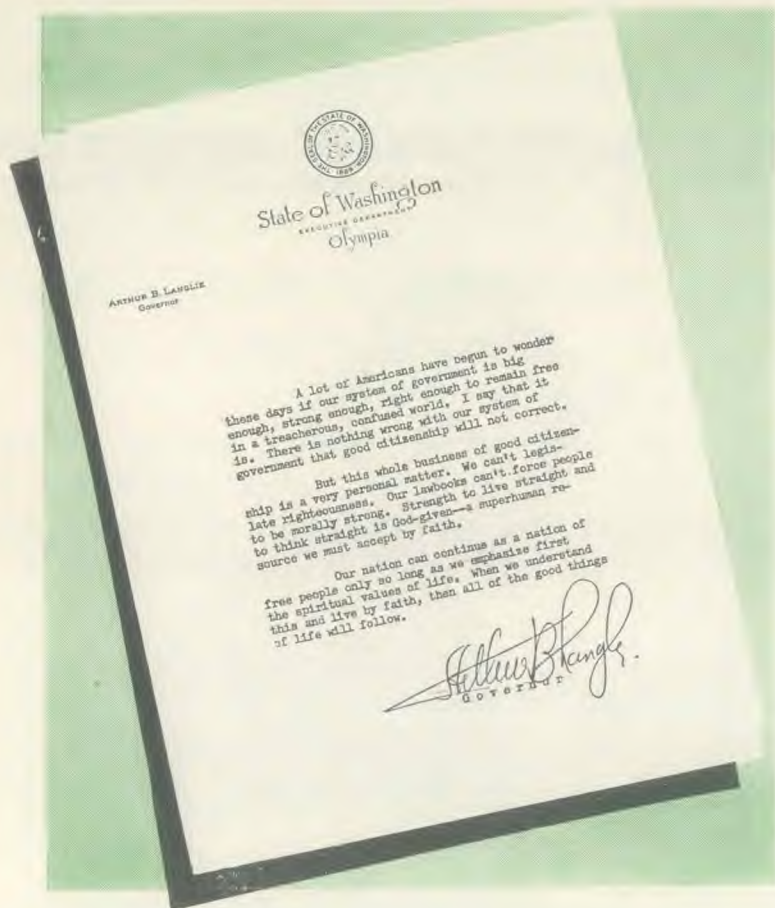
FORDE AND GARTER



a capable mind, a broad education, and a sound bringing up. The world is new to him. In his young honesty he figures he wants, more than anything else, happiness out of life. He wants success. And he wants it as soon as possible. So he sets out to get it.

He decides to do all the things that he thinks spell success. Success as he has seen it on the surface of other people has meant self-confidence, social facility, a fine home, many associates.

So he makes the acquisition of these transient properties his program for happiness. He borrows money, he rents a lovely home, he drives a big car, he dresses nicely, he entertains, he brings more and more "friends" into his fold. Then suddenly his borrowed money is gone. He finds himself in a place where he not only must curtail his "successful" living, but he must withdraw to a station even less attractive than he had before



in order to pay off the debt of his short-time, superficial living.

He becomes disillusioned—his original intent to find happiness was honest enough—he considers himself a failure, and he doesn't know why.

There is a young man who mistook success for what *appeared* to be success. He forgot that those people after whom he had patterned his life had spent many years planning, building in patience, using restraint, practicing foresight. Their success lay not in the materials they had accumulated incidental to their careers, but rather within themselves. He thought if he lived as the successful lived he would have purchased a one-way ticket up the ladder.

His trouble was that he had no patience. He wanted his success NOW. He had no faith in his own ability to make a life for himself, and rather settled back on a crutch of imitation. He wanted a free ticket. He wanted success overnight without paying of himself for it, and in the end he found bitterly that he could not get something for nothing.

Thus, the question arises: If *this* isn't the way to happiness, what is? The question for today's youth is perhaps more puzzling than it was for some of us in the same position a few years back, for today we are living in the fastest, most confronting, history-making time in all the annals of human events. We know it from the newspapers and the radio, and we know it from our own experience. The future is wide open for suggestions. But the future belongs to those who plan to do something with it, for those who may choose to forgo immediate gain for long-range fulfillment.

If you are a young person, you may be trying to figure out the secret combination of such a plan, trying to figure out exactly what it is that will bring happiness, success, and usefulness.

People who have sought happiness on the basis of the money they could make instead of the service they could render have often been sorely disillusioned.

My answer to any young person looking for the key to success would be this: Real happiness is to be found in the spot where you are *needed*.

Never before has a country and a world needed so much. Never before has youth had such opportunities. America needs more than anything else young men and women who believe in God, who think straight and stand straight and live straight.

That is the kind of living that will make the difference between hope and despair for our land. All over the world we have found that men who have no respect for God are making this world a hell on earth. Those are the people without patience and without purpose who would sell the future of the world down the river if it meant immediate gain to themselves. Those are the reckless world strategists who have played fast and loose with moral concepts and religious convictions.

Those are the people who have forgotten all about service, who take life on the lam, who figure any penny is a good penny. Those are the people who eventually meet despair and lose themselves in it.

But when we have young men and women who are fortified with clear, unspoiled minds and with faith in the guidance of God, we can look for a future filled with promise and a new era where all men can find happiness through service and love.

OUR CHOICE

Not what we have, but what we use,
 Not what we see, but what we choose;
 These are the things that mar or bless
 The sum of human happiness.

The things nearby, not those afar,
 Not what we seem, but what we are;
 These are the things that make or break,
 That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true,
 Not what we dream, but good we do;
 These are the things that shine like gems,
 Like stars in fortune's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give,
 Not as we pray, but as we live;
 These are the things that make for peace,
 Both now and after time shall cease.

THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS FOR ALCOHOL EDUCATION

Andrew C. Ivy, Ph.D., M.D., D.Sc., LL.D.



FIRST, the need for a program of alcohol education should be considered. This need is best shown by presenting the alcohol problem as it exists.

There are approximately 100,000,000 persons in the United States who are twenty years or more of age. Estimates indicate that among these 100,000,000 persons—
35,000,000 are abstainers,
65,000,000 are not abstainers.

Those who do not abstain may be classified as follows:

- | | | |
|---|--------------|--|
| 1. Occasional drinkers | 48,000,000 | |
| 2. Moderate drinkers (3 times a week) | } 10,000,000 | |
| 3. Habitual social or dietary drinkers (more than 3 times a week) | | |
| 4. Heavy drinkers | 3,000,000 | |
| 5. Addictive drinkers | 3,000,000* | |
| 6. Chronic alcoholics | 1,000,000* | |

(*For the year 1949)

The "heavy" drinkers sometimes drink so much that they get into domestic, social, or business trouble. They can quit drinking voluntarily. The *addictive drinkers* cannot quit of their own volition, but require treatment. The *chronic alcoholics* show mental and physical deterioration.

Addictive drinkers are increasing at the rate of 200,000 per year, and chronic alcoholics at the rate of 50,000 per year. (For derivation of the number of alcoholics in the U.S.A., see article by Dr. E. M. Jellinek in *Quarterly Journal of Studies on Alcohol*, June, 1952.)

The fact that the number of addictive drinkers and chronic alcoholics is so large is the reason alcoholism is called by some public health authorities the No. 4 public health problem. (Heart disease is first; cancer, second; vascular disease, third.) The number of chronic alcoholics exceeds the number of tuberculosis cases (700,000) and of cancer cases (600,000).

Unfortunately, the size of the alcohol problem has been growing in both the United States and Canada.

In the U.S.A. the following figures show the rate of increase:

FOURTH QUARTER

Does the American nation
take better care of its
cattle than of its citizens?

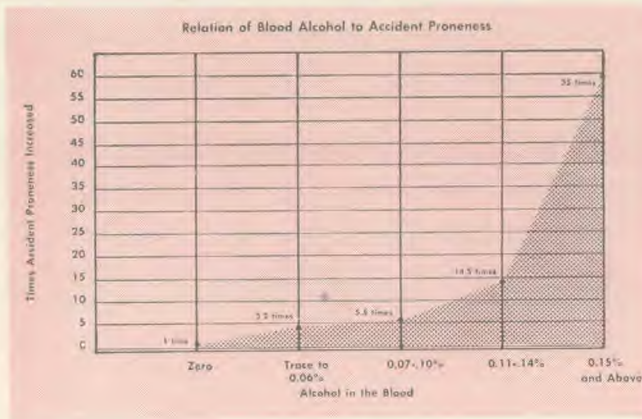
Drinkers in the United States



The following figures from the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion show the increase in Canada:

Year	No. of Persons 20 Yrs. or Over	No. of Abstainers	%	No. of Drinkers	%
1943	7,446,800	3,053,188	41	4,393,612	59
1950	8,658,900	2,857,437	33	5,801,463	67

Since there are 4,000,000 addictive drinkers and chronic alcoholics and 65,000,000 drinkers, at least 1 in 16 who start drinking will probably become one of these types of drinkers. There are roughly 7,000,000 heavy and addictive drinkers and chronic alcoholics, or persons whose drinking causes them and their families trouble. The risk, then, of becoming such a drinker is 1 in 9. Since the number of problem drinkers is increasing yearly at present, in another ten or fifteen years the chance of becoming a drinker whose drinking causes trouble will be 1 in 5. Prior to 1918, it was said that 2 or 3 out of 10 persons who started drinking would at some time wind up as an alcoholic. At the present rate of increase the preprohibition ratio will return.



The reason addictive drinkers and chronic alcoholics are produced by alcoholic beverages is that alcohol is an addiction-producing drug. Those who are most susceptible succumb first to the addiction. *According to estimates, from 55 to 70 per cent of all problem drinkers start drinking when they are as normal mentally as anyone. About 70 per cent start drinking or get drunk while they are minors.* They are not seeking release, but conformance with their set.

"Drug addiction is a state of periodic or chronic intoxication detrimental to the individual and to society, produced by the repeated consumption of a drug (synthetic or natural). The characteristics of addiction include:

- "1. An overpowering desire or need (compulsion) to continue taking the drug and to obtain it by any means.
- "2. A tendency to increase the dose.
- "3. A psychic (psychological) and sometimes a physical dependence on the effects of the drug." "A habit-forming drug is one which is or may be taken repeatedly without the production of all the characteristics outlined in the definition of addiction and which is not generally considered to be detrimental to the individual and to society." (See pamphlets Nos. 21 and 57 of the World Health Organization, Columbia University Press, 2960 Broadway, New York City.)

Alcohol is considered to be an addiction-producing drug by the Subcommittee on Alcoholism of the World Health Organization. At the stage where the patient cannot quit voluntarily, "the subcommittee believes that a condition of addiction in terms of that definition [see above] may be said to exist with the reservation that point No. 2 [a tendency to increase the dose] is not necessarily present." (See pamphlet No. 42, of the World Health Organization.)

Dr. Isbell, of the Section on Drug Addiction of the U.S. Public Health Service, is undoubtedly correct when he says: "Statistically, alcohol is the most important of all addicting depressant drugs" in Western civilization. (*Merck Report*, vol. 60, July, 1951.)

Alcohol, of course, is not as addiction-producing as morphine and heroin, which cause addiction in everyone after three to twenty doses, depending on the susceptibility of the person and conditions for which it may be given medically. However, no one knows his susceptibility before he becomes an alcoholic. There is no way

to tell in advance whether a person who starts to drink socially will become an alcoholic. There is no way of telling who is or is not immune.

A disease is considered to be present when the bodily functions are impaired. They are impaired when a person takes one or two cocktails or beers. Then the person is suffering from subclinical acute alcoholism or subclinical alcoholic intoxication. When enough alcohol has been taken to make one obviously drunk, the person is suffering from clinical acute alcoholism.

Alcoholism, acute or chronic, is a disease because the normal bodily functions are impaired; but it is a self-inflicted disease. It is self-inflicted as the effect of any vice is self-inflicted. The person has a free choice to drink or not to drink. *So, acute and chronic alcoholism or alcoholic intoxication is due to a vice which leads to a disease, in which alcohol is the toxic agent. Unfortunately, in its early stages alcoholism is socially accepted by a majority attitude of our present society.*

Heavy drinking, addictive drinking, and chronic alcoholism constitute one of the leading public-health problems; but the large number of personal injuries due to driving after drinking alcoholic beverages greatly increases the size of this public-health problem.

The most scientific data we have showing the extent to which alcohol is the cause of traffic injuries came from a survey made a number of years ago in Evanston, Illinois.

INCREASE OF ALCOHOLICS

Addictive Drinkers

Chronic Alcoholics



200,000 more each year.

50,000 more each year.

In this survey, drivers of automobiles were stopped at random and the alcohol content of their blood was determined. The same was done on drivers injured in accidents. The results showed that the drivers who had alcohol in their blood were, as a group, 6.5 times more prone to have an automobile accident.

The following table shows the relation of alcohol in the blood to proneness to have an auto accident:

Alcohol in Blood	Drivers Stopped at Random Who Had No Accidents		Drivers Injured in Accidents		Drinking Increases Accident Proneness
	Number	%	Number	%	
Zero	1,538	87.9	144	53.4	1.0 time
Trace to 0.06%	133	7.6	39	14.2	3.2 times
0.07 to 0.10%	46	3.2	28	10.4	5.5 times
0.11 to 0.14%	16	0.9	22	8.2	14.5 times
0.15% or above	7	0.4	37	13.8	55.0 times

Note that 32.8 per cent of all drivers in accidents with alcohol in their blood had less than 0.15 per cent of alcohol in their blood, the concentration at which most people are obviously or clinically drunk. (Turn to page 32)

If America were to select a poet laureate, it could well beat a path to the door of Grace Noll Crowell of Dallas, Texas.

For forty years she has dipped her pen into the inspiration of her heart and come forth with simple songs of cheer, courage, and fortitude. Hers has been no easy life. Seemingly doomed to be an invalid following an injury at the birth of her boy, she did not give up. Out of the pain she learned to pray, and from the prayer came the poetry. "One day she took a pen in her hesitant, untrained hand, dipped it in prayer, and wrote a little poem. It was not a great poem—its feet faltered and stumbled, she tells us—'but at least they got somewhere.' She did not know how to write poetry, but she learned, singing in her songs what she had been taught in sorrow. Today her poems go all over the world, and some of them have been meat, milk, and medicine to millions of people."

Mrs. Crowell was poet laureate of Texas from 1935 to 1939, chosen by the state legislature. In 1938 she was American Mother, selected by the Golden Rule Foundation. American Publications picked her as one of the ten outstanding women of America. She was once chosen as Honor Poet of America. Her thirty books have been published by some of the best publishers in the world, such as Harper and Brothers, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, Augsburg Publishing House, David C. Cook.

Much of the power of her poems, however, comes as a result of her own humility. She hesitates even to send an editor a brief account of her life, because it sounds "con-



ceited." She says simply, "I have tried always to write only the things that might prove helpful to my kind. That has been my great joy and my great reward—the letters that come telling me I have helped hearts in trouble and sorrow."

Always she has upheld the highest ideals of spiritual and physical living, not hesitating to denounce that which degrades and destroys. In the latter she includes beverage alcohol, a subject of many of her poetic denunciations. When "Listen" asked for her personal convictions on the matter, she wrote "Questions and Answers," a forthright expression from one who has observed the results of that about which she writes.

Questions and Answers

What do you think of alcohol?

It is the devil's brew;
Drink it and its poison fangs
Will dart and pierce you through.

What do you think of whisky?

It is a thing distilled
Of hate and wrath—the evil one
Has crushed the grain, and willed
That it destroy instead of feed
Mankind as good grain should.
It is a potion bottled tight
In hell, and labeled "good."

What do you think of the stuff called "beer"?

It is a subtle thing,
Holding a promise out to men
Of mellow comforting,
And yet it leads to farther depths,
A steeper, downward path.
Truly any hard liquor holds
The dregs of Satan's wrath.

Grace Noll Crowell

What would you say of licensing

The sale of all dark brew?
An awful punishment awaits
The wicked ones who do.

And what of total abstinence—

Would it be best, you say?
O my comrades on the road,
It is the only way.

Grace Noll Crowell



**The Real
Measure
of a Man's
Maturity**

When a Husband Becomes

HAROLD
SHRYOCK, M.D.

CHILDISH

AS FAR as the law is concerned, a young man is a minor until his twenty-first birthday anniversary. But at midnight, when his twenty-first birthday begins, some magic takes place after which he is an adult in his own right. Yet those of us who have passed through this experience of becoming of age, realize that there is no sudden change in intelligence, judgment, or even physical strength that occurs at exactly the time of the twenty-first birthday.

There are several ways of measuring maturity. The law measures it by numbering birthdays. Physical maturity is measured by inches of height, pounds of weight, and strength of muscles. Of course the arrival at physical maturity is tied in quite closely with age; but, even so, some persons reach physical maturity at an earlier age than do others.

Progress toward maturity of personality does not necessarily occur at the same rate as progress toward physical maturity. A person may be perfectly mature as judged by his height, weight, and strength, yet may still be in the stage of infancy on the personality level.

Though we cannot measure maturity of personality by counting birthdays, it is still easiest to describe the sequence of personality development by relating it to the various stages of physical development.

The first stage, logically, is the stage of infancy. The normal infant is quite helpless, dependent upon his mother or nurse for food, for keeping his body warm and clean, and for protecting him from harm. But for this tender watchcare, he would perish. In addition to being dependent, the infant is funda-

mentally self-centered. He knows little of the world about him. All happenings are, therefore, related to himself. His demands are personal. He has no concept of service to others. In his own thinking he is the pivot about which the entire world revolves.

The second stage of personality development is the stage of childhood. Even though the normal child has learned how to take care of his basic needs, he is still much attached to his parents, or at least to one parent. He looks to his parents for direction and for the making of decisions.

Another characteristic of the childhood stage is freedom of emotional expression. The normal child cries easily when he is injured or when his feelings are hurt. He responds as easily on the other extreme

of the emotional scale whenever he is overjoyed. When he is frightened, his fear is intense, and when he becomes angry he gives prompt expression to his displeasure.

A normal child is also incapable of carrying responsibility. He may be co-operative and obedient, but his actions must still be under the direction of a more experienced person. He is not able to undertake long-range planning. We summarize his inability to carry responsibility by saying, "He is still a child."

The next stage of personality development is typified by a normal youth. A youth is impulsive in action. He needs only to receive a suggestion or to conceive a new idea, and he will respond wholeheartedly. He is impetuous and does not wait to consider the possible consequences of his action. A youth's incentives depend upon momentary rewards. He craves action, and he wants results. His greatest pleasures come from thrills of the moment. He revels in excitement. In order to be content, he must see the evidences of his progress day by day. Tedious research or humanitarian service without obvious rewards have no appeal.

A normal youth is curious about members of the opposite sex. He thrills at being able to attract the attention of someone on the other side of the room. But his interest is still superficial. His definition of love is more physical than it is emotional.

The fourth and last stage of personality development is the stage of maturity. This stage should be reached in the early twenties, (Turn to page 32)

East Harlem Youth Battle

NARCOTICS

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON COMMUNITY CENTER

Teen-agers are the hardest group to reach in East Harlem. Crowded out of homes and schools, lacking family or financial security, rejected by society, they escape to the excitement and protection of gang life.

To help give youth guidance toward useful action, the James Weldon Johnson Community Center was established in 1948. Its membership includes 850 regular participants, with monthly attendance at its functions of more than 7,000.

As a community project, a Narcotics Committee was initiated last year by the teen-agers themselves, for whom the use of drugs is a daily temptation. Working with parents, local agencies, the Narcotics Squad, and probation officers, the young people already have reduced juvenile delinquency and use of narcotics in their community.

Here is a "Go thou and do likewise" story for other American cities and towns!



Jackie Robinson, baseball star, addresses youth mass meeting in East Harlem.

by **MADLINE WERTHEIM**

WHEN teen-agers doze at youth socials, something must be wrong, decided Mildred Zucker, alert executive director of the James Weldon Johnson Community Center on East 112th Street in New York City. Another member of the staff had heard suspicious language for some time, whispers about getting the "stuff," but as the Community Center was rather new and had plenty of other pressing problems, including gang fights, court actions, and program development, the guarded words were allowed to slip by unchallenged.

With the extension of their closing time from 10 p.m. to midnight, however, the results of narcotics were more evident. When heads droop instead of bodies swaying to the modern melodies of youth, it is time to take notice, the staff thought. Curious, Miss Zucker contacted several other agencies and found that they, too, were becoming increasingly aware of the use of narcotics among their young people.

The Teen-age Council was called together. As a result, a general meeting of the young people was planned and a psychiatrist invited as speaker.

The young people, largely of Puerto Rican, Italian, and Negro background, living in a city housing project named after the famous Negro poet, James Weldon Johnson, came eagerly and asked questions, plenty of them, particularly about the effects of heroin and marijuana.

Maybe the interest would have stopped right there had not a dramatic event taken place. On the front page of a New York newspaper appeared the picture of a group of young people picked up in a narcotics raid. One of these young men was from the center. Miss Zucker, knowing the boy's situation, hastened down to court, secured his

release, and, together with his parole officer, arranged for psychiatric care. A few weeks later another of their young people turned himself in to Miss Zucker for placement in Lexington Hospital to secure treatment.

The staff members were discovering more and more of their young people who were using narcotics. Yet Miss Zucker was convinced that to report them to the police, or even to their parents, would cause the young people to distrust the social workers. But something had to be done. So they turned again to the young people themselves.

Another council meeting was called. The girls began to ask for action to keep out narcotic users and, in some cases, refused to invite their boy friends. Some of the boys would not bring their girl friends. It was decided to single out the users and work with them individually. Miss Zucker offered to help them break the habit by seeing that treatments were given, even in hospitals or through psychiatrists. Whenever possible she secured free care for them. In the meantime the users were not permitted at social affairs, but were allowed to come to some activities, like those in the gymnasium.

Following this firm staff action, some of the young people requested that a committee of teen-agers be formed to see what they could do. At the suggestion of the young people, the staff appointed the committee, including the leader of the Teen-age Council and several others who could speak up and express their ideas.

After three meetings of this committee, it was decided to hold a meeting of parents and young people. Although letters were sent to 123 parents, only five came, besides two members of the Adult Council, three board members, and fifteen teen-agers.

This joint committee then planned a neighborhood meeting to find out what other groups in the area were doing. Fifty-six representatives of other neighborhood centers, churches, the Narcotics Squad, Youth Board, district attorney's office, and probation officers attended. From this group the present Neighborhood Committee of teen-agers and parents was formed.

First, this committee decided to prepare a leaflet calling the attention of parents to the problem of narcotics and telling them what to look for in the habits and attitudes of young people who might be taking narcotics, and where to turn for help if they thought their children were users. The young people themselves, out of their own experiences and findings, wrote the leaflet. Then they raised the money for printing by appealing to local social-service agencies, passing the hat at P.T.A. meetings of nearby schools, and soliciting contributions from individuals.

On October 13 the twenty-five young people and parents worked from morning until night, in shifts, distributing 30,000 leaflets, both in English and in Spanish.

The response to the distribution of the leaflets surprised even the most optimistic. Letters came in from social agencies, from schools, from the Narcotics Bureau, from the district attorney's office, and from individuals all over the state, from other states, and even one from Ireland. Parents came seeking help for their children; users of the drugs sought assistance. Radios and newspapers commented on the good job these youth were doing.

Shortly afterward seven members of the committee visited Riverside Hospital, which had been set aside by the city especially to meet the needs of youthful addicts. Thus they learned at close range the unhappy consequences of the effects of narcotics.

On November 12 the carefully planned mass meeting was held. Hunter College students, who by now had become interested, made badges for the committee to

wear. This time more than four hundred people attended.

For speakers the committee had secured James P. Dumpson, vice-chairman of the Committee on the Use of Narcotics Among Teen-Age Youth, of the Health and Welfare Council of New York City; also Dr. Jerome L. Leon, medical superintendent of the Riverside Hospital, and Jackie Robinson, the well-known and socially-minded baseball star; also speaking were a parent member and the teen-age chairman of the local committee. Leaflets were again distributed. Publicity was sent to all the New York newspapers and radio and television stations.

As a result of the mass meeting the narcotics committee of the James Weldon Johnson Community Center was promised two days' proceeds from a film about narcotics produced by Broadway Angels, Inc.; *Focus* magazine ran a story about the work of the young people; the *World-Telegram*, New York daily, ran a half-page feature article; Jackie Robinson offered the committee radio time on his program; and Miss Zucker, with some of the young people, appeared on TV.

Since that time the young people have prepared a petition to be sent to Governor Dewey and President Eisenhower, asking that additional narcotics agents be assigned to help clean up the city. At the time of this writing, the youngsters have secured five hundred names as signers, having visited many families, telling about the work and getting their signatures.

Possibly because of the work of this group and the attendant publicity, the Narcotics Squad has been considerably increased in East Harlem, and the law-enforcement agents have been doing a good job of picking up pushers. The police declare that teen-age delinquency and narcotics users are definitely on the decrease. Surely much credit goes to Miss Zucker and her staff, as well as to the young people themselves who planned and carried out so much of the fight against narcotics in East Harlem.



Miss Mildred Zucker, executive director of the James Weldon Johnson Community, talks to Jackie Robinson at the East Harlem mass meeting. Next to Jackie is James E. Dumpson, vice-chairman of the Narcotics Committee of the Health and Welfare Council.



Dr. Jerome Leon, medical superintendent of the Riverside Hospital, tells East Harlem youth how doctors look at narcotics.

JACK SAYS—"I've seen liquor's effects on others, and I don't like it. Too, I have inhaled enough secondhand tobacco smoke in the Army to do me for a lifetime. I cannot afford to fool with the stuff and expect to follow the career I've set for myself. I have to keep fit, and I know what alcohol and tobacco do to a fellow. I've seen the results on some of the other boys who started out to be athletes."

**CLARE
WOLFSEN**



Marathon Runner From the Hills

ONE of the toughest long-distance runs in the world is the renowned Dipsea, which follows an old unimproved Indian trail in places overgrown with brush. Starting from Mill Valley (north of California's Golden Gate), with an ascent so abrupt that four hundred rustic steps must be climbed, the course leads down through Muir Woods, then up the shoulder of steep Mount Tamalpais to an elevation of fifteen hundred feet, and from there down to the beach on the Pacific Ocean. It is presumed that a dip in the sea is the final act, so the course thereby derives the name of Dipsea.

Jack Kirk was the 1951 winner of this rugged seven-mile race in competition against forty-four top distance runners from several Western states, including seven former champions. This strenuous handicap race, started in 1905 by a group from the California Olympic Club, is considered the most difficult race in the West, and second only to the famous Boston Marathon.

Jack has seldom missed a long-distance track event in California since leaving the Army and has recently placed tops in two twenty-six-mile runs. He estimates that he runs some 750 miles a year in training and competition, and takes part in as many as fifteen to twenty races during the year. He has won some fifty trophies and more

than one hundred medals and a number of other valuable prizes.

Though he has been running a number of years and could hardly be called a *young* athlete, Jack's heart and wind are as good as ever. He made his start as a runner when as a high-school lad he covered a morning-paper route, and then hurried off on foot to school, a mile and a half away. Speed and endurance carried him there on time—generally.

He pursues several outdoor hobbies, is interested in minerals and plants, and is well enough acquainted with the stars to call most of them by their first names.

During the summers, between premedical studies at California's Pacific Union College, Jack is employed in Yosemite National Park, not far from his home in the foothills of the Sierras. After an active day he takes his regular workout before supper by running up some of the steeper trails.

"There's something satisfying about exerting oneself to the fullest to reach a goal. Whether you come in among the first, or not so good, it's fun trying," says Jack. "I am planning on being a medical missionary to India or China someday. You know, I was there in the Army during the war, and I promised myself I would go back and try to do something for the needy people there. I figure that it will take all the stamina and endurance I can muster. I'm just keeping in condition now."

Christmas



▲ While Christmas Eve cheers the hearts of men around the world, a forlorn look is cast into a well-lighted window by a man who can only thirst, but hasn't the price he would gladly pay.

"Silent Night, Holy Night." On the Bowery the sobered singers grope for the spirit of the long forgotten song.

THE Bowery in New York, the most famous skid row in the world, is a strangely contradictory locale on Christmas Day. In the mission church, carols and prayers ring out as a throng of derelicts gives itself over to God on this day. And the church, the Bowery Mission, reciprocates in a way these men can best understand, by feeding them with a Christmas dinner, the like of which they will not see for another year. On Christmas night each one receives a present from the huge pile that lies under the church Christmas tree. The presents are not lavish, but the important thing is that someone has thought of them. If only Christmas came more often!



On Christmas Day, carols and prayers fill the church as the men come in, clean-shaven and dressed comparatively well for the worship hour.



At the end of the Christmas Day service, a moment of silent prayer. Will the next Christmas find them more at peace?



The biggest meal of the year is Christmas dinner. The Bowery Mission serves more than one thousand such bountiful dinners.



n the Bowery

Outside on the bleak, depressing winter street that lies in the shadow of the rattling elevated railroad, Christmas is less warmly noted. Here and there one of the ubiquitous bars has decorated its windows; advertising billboards are embellished with season's greetings. For those who spurn the Bowery Mission, life in all its alcoholic disguises goes on as usual on Christmas Day. The surreptitious drinkers standing in doorways and the paralyzed drunk whose bed is the cold sidewalk devalue the meaning of the day. Christmas on the Bowery is a mixture of infant hope for those who have prayed, another day of masochism for those who have not.



For those who couldn't, or wouldn't, come to the Bowery Mission, Christmas can be just another day of panhandling or work as dishwasher to finance another bottle. Passed hand to hand, the drink can supply some of the enervating and agonizing peace these unhappy men so much desire.



On Christmas Day some of the Bowery bars are appropriately decked out for the season. Inside, whisky at 20 cents a glass for the "lucky" ones who have the 20 cents.



Christmas comes but once a year, and it is a welcome change from the drabness and despair of the remainder of the year. The Bowery Mission tree must do for many, since their homes may be doorways, between times, or flophouses.

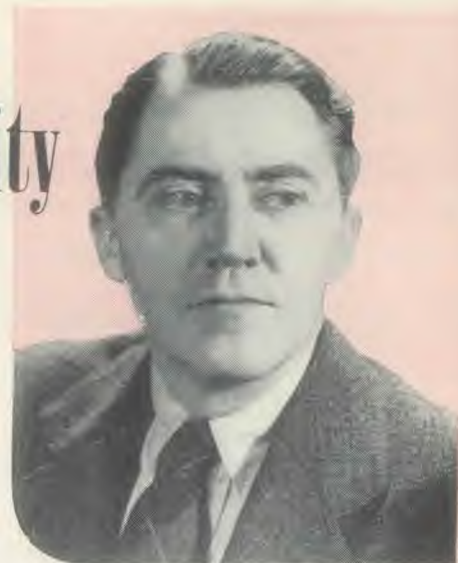
On the steps of the local bank three friends wait out Christmas night. Tomorrow will be another day, just like the one that passed.

PHOTOS: THREE LIONS





The Puts Christianity Into Practice



Madeline
George

LISTEN

commends the Y.M.C.A. for its program of wholesome activity and character development for modern youth. The "Y" program is exemplified in the life of Harold T. Friermood, senior secretary for health and physical education of the Y.M.C.A. National Council.

Harold T. Friermood had no problem getting started in his lifework. He has been serving as a Y.M.C.A. physical director since he was eighteen years old, starting before he even began his student days at George Williams College in 1921. He continued this work for eighteen years, serving in local Y.M.C.A.s until he became a program staff director of the National Council in 1943.

In his present position Mr. Friermood serves nineteen areas with 1,000 physical departments in 1,700 Y.M.C.A.s. His duties are numerous and varied and take him to all parts of this country as well as abroad. One task, for instance, is to investigate locations being considered for national Y.M.C.A. sports championships. He must make sure that adequate facilities are available for housing as well as the conduct of the athletic events. He must also make certain that the spirit of the community is such that the athletes and the related personnel will be welcomed regardless of racial background, for the Y.M.C.A. has an interracial policy that permits any member to participate regardless of color of skin or religious affiliation.

The "Y" believes that character is more important than color. Consequently, exemplary behavior is expected from all members on tournament



GILMORE

Director Harold T. Friermood, with photographic bag over shoulder, and Dr. Arthur H. Steinhaus, famed physiologist, at Olympic Village in Helsinki, Finland, on the Avenue of Flags of the seventy competing countries.

Earnest and direct is Harold T. Friermood's address to a breakfast group at the 1952 National Volleyball Championship in Columbus, Ohio.

"I personally feel that as a leader of youth I should set a good example; therefore, I do not drink or smoke. We do not serve liquor in our home, nor is it served at Y.M.C.A. functions. When I attend parties where liquor is served I request fruit juice, ginger ale, or milk. If none of these are available, I just drink water."

H. Friermood

teams. That behavior includes every member's cooperation in keeping himself physically fit. The coaches encourage practices and attitudes that develop good mental and physical health on the part of every athlete. Anything that lowers the achievement of even one player handicaps the entire team, and this is considered unfair to the others. Therefore drinking alcoholic beverages, eating wrong foods, and failing to get adequate rest are all considered breaking training.

Sometimes Mr. Friermood's duties call upon him to participate in meetings and conferences as speaker or discussion leader. One such example is the Annual Junior Leaders' Institute, of the Ohio Southwest District at Dayton's Camp Kern. About one hundred boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen, elected by their various clubs to be leaders, are brought together for a two-day workshop. Through discussions and work groups attention is given to the development of more effective leadership in various volunteer opportunities in the Y.M.C.A.

While in Dayton on one occasion for this institute, Mr. Friermood visited Samuel L. Finn, one of the leading attorneys and respected citizens of that city. During that visit Mr. Finn said that his total abstinence from liquor today is due to his training as a boy in the Leaders' Group of the Y.M.C.A.

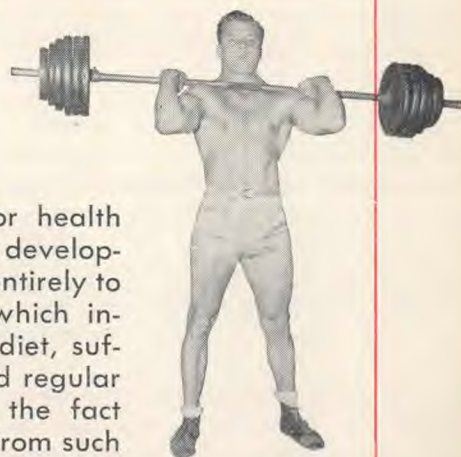
"Mr. Finn is but one example," comments Mr. Friermood, "of the tremendous influence of Leaders' Clubs and Leadership Training in the Y.M.C.A." Part of the health education training is to examine from various angles the subject of alcoholic beverages. "One must never forget," he continues, "that the boys come from all kinds of homes representing various cultural, racial, and religious backgrounds. In some of these homes alcoholic drinks are a part of their cultural heritage. To condemn drinking as wicked or sinful would only create emotional upsets within their homes. We must help the boys to think through carefully, in a friendly way, the pros and cons of drinking until they come to see for themselves that, all things considered, it would be wiser for them to leave it alone. Certainly far

(Turn to page 30)

FOURTH QUARTER

Carl Hempe, Weight Lifter

Interviewed by
RALPH KRUM



"My superior health and muscular development are due entirely to clean living, which includes proper diet, sufficient rest, and regular exercise, plus the fact that I abstain from such habits as smoking and drinking."

Carl Hempe

One of the strongest and best-built men of his size in the nation, Carl Hempe's outstanding feat of strength has been the lifting overhead of a bar bell weighing 205 pounds with one hand in the "clean and jerk" method. This weight is more than any other middleweight in the country has been known to lift.

He has executed a two-hands "military press" of 255 pounds, to break the former official A.A.U. mark of 250 pounds. He has done a "snatch" at 220, and does the two-hands "clean and jerk" against a 280-pound pressure. He has performed a two-hands "dead lift" with 500 pounds.

Carl is famous for his body beautiful, having won at New Amsterdam, New York, the best-built man prize (Class B) at the Mr. America contest in competition against muscle men from all the forty-eight states. He holds numerous medals of weight-lifting championships of the Middle Atlantic and other Eastern areas.



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Campus Opinions From the

G. WARD FENLEY
Director of Information

University of New Mexico

DO STUDENTS at state-supported institutions of higher learning drink more in order to be successful and popular on the campus than in private or denominational schools?" Students at the University of New Mexico have come up with some surprising answers to that question for "Listen's" American University Series.

From the president of the student body on through fraternity and sorority leaders to stars on the athletic field, five top activity mixers at UNM answer an unequivocal No. Here's a broadside of student opinion on drinking at New Mexico's largest school for higher education.

The University of New Mexico was founded by act of the territorial legislature in the waning days of the 1889 session, and it enrolled 108 students during its first regular year, 1892. Located in the heart of downtown Albuquerque, the spacious 440-acre campus about equally divides in half the city's population of 125,000.

In the early 1920's, UNM officials happily adopted the unique modified pueblo style of architecture into which all the present fifty permanent buildings now fit as the crowning glory of a regional campus.

Blessed with a climate that permits sports the year around, Albuquerque is one of the few spots where golf and tennis are played in midwinter, with skiing only twenty miles away in the Sandias.

The university draws its some 5,000 students from every state in the Union and from about forty foreign nations.

The nine fully accredited colleges are: Arts and Sciences, Business Administration, Education, Engineering, Fine Arts, Pharmacy, Law, Graduate School, and General College.



**"Let Your
Friends Know"**

JOHN MARVIN McSMITH
for three seasons at UNM a star
halfback on the football squad
has this to say about alcohol:

"I grew up in a small town

My parents did not send me, but took me to church and Sunday school. I never recall seeing a drop of liquor in our home, not even for what people used to term medical purposes.

"I have found that it is not necessary to drink to hold down a spot on the team. My teammates feel the same way I do about not drinking. We believe in clean living.

"There is only one way to start in college life. Let your friends know from the very beginning that you do not drink.

"Someone may say that a young man studying for the ministry, which is my case, is supposed to feel the way I do about drinking. That is true, but it is as important for any young man to have the same ideals regardless of what he intends to make of his life."

"Neither Difficult nor Trying"

MARY JOHNSON, a popular student and member of the Intersvarsity Christian Fellowship and the Hiking club on the campus, can see no true correlation between drinking and campus life. Mary says:

"I believe that my time spent in college has been useful, constructive, and has contained a maximum of college activities, despite the fact that I do not drink. I have often been invited to have a drink, but I never found it necessary to take one.

"When people found I did not drink, it did not mean the end of our friendship. On the contrary, it usually helped me to gain their respect, and in many cases their envy.

"To lead a good life, and that includes abstention, is neither difficult nor trying. It is difficult at times to aid others on the same path, simply because they deliberately blind themselves to that path."

"Simply Was Not Necessary"

MISS NORMA SHOCKEY, member of the Associated Women Students, Boots and Saddles, Alpha Delta Pi, Phi Gamma Nu, and a junior in the College of Education, is a leader in many campus activities. Norma says:

"As a child, I was horrified to see otherwise brilliant minds ruined by drink. I thank God every day for having parents who not only tried to bring me up in the right way, but who pointed out the dangers which invariably accompany the drinking habit.

"It has been no sacrifice to me to abstain from alcohol at the University of New Mexico. Drinking simply was not necessary. My refusal to drink has never excluded me from social functions."

"No Place To Start"

JAMES RAY BRUENING, sophomore from Du Bois, Pennsylvania, arrived at the University of New Mexico with no promise of a scholarship, but has become a power on the defensive football platoon. Jim says:

"I did not know what to expect of a state-supported school. But there was one thing uppermost in my mind: Whether state or denominational institution, I decided to bring my morals along with me. I had never been brought up to drink and carouse, and my college career seemed no place to start.

"Instead of making me less respected, I found to my great surprise that my stand for clean Christian living has been an inspiration to others.

"No, I don't drink. I don't date girls who do. I never intend to touch liquor that can do nothing but tear down all my intention to live a pure life. I feel that each college student can preach a sermon every day during his four years of training on university campuses by simply holding firmly to total abstinence."



"Being One of the Crowd"

AL UTTON, UNM student-body president and one of the most popular students on the campus, is in the Intramural Council, Khatali, Alpha Phi Omega, Student Senate, and on the dean's honor roll. This past May Al won a Rhodes scholarship and is now attending Oxford University. He doubts the common belief that you have to drink to be popular. He says:

"I have never found this to be the case. I don't believe any student owes his popularity to drinking. My abstention from liquor has not detracted in any way from my being one of the crowd.

"In fact, when you get right down to it, you find that the person who gets the least pleasure, and gives the least pleasure to his friends, is the person who drinks to the greatest extent.

"It is for moral and physical reasons that I abstain, but it hurts me to see others take a destroyer of mind and body for absolutely no reason except that they feel 'it's the popular thing to do.'"

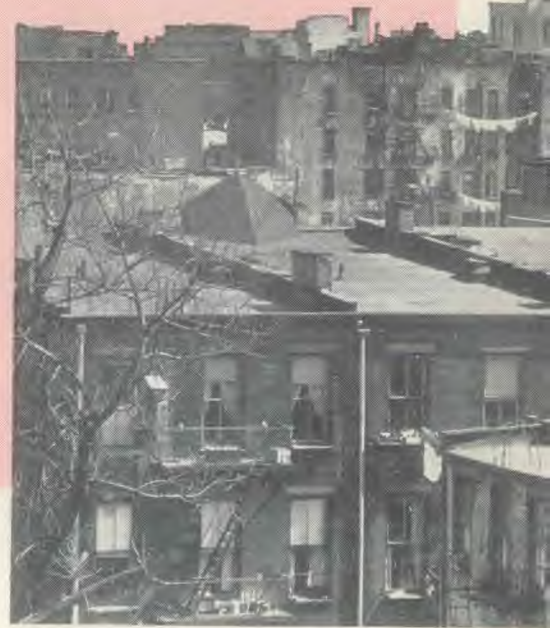
The Visiting Nurse Looks at Life



**An Unadorned Picture
of Alcohol's Toll As
Seen by—**

ALICE M. JOHNSON, R.N.

Visiting Nurse, Chicago, Illinois



THE sun was shining; the sky was blue. It seemed to the Visiting Nurse that the whole world should be at peace, that there should be no pain or heartaches, no war or disaster, no disappointment or misunderstanding. She slipped into her car and, before closing the door, inhaled deeply of the fresh air. Soon she would be in the great city where the air was heavy with smoke and factory odors. How good it was simply to be alive, to be well and strong and able to help those in pain and trouble!

She would see many patients today, as every day, and there would be new problems, new decisions to make, and the unexpected. As was her daily habit, after the motor was purring and she had checked the mileage, she bowed her head and breathed this prayer: "Dear Lord, help me to think clearly today so that I may be prepared to act quickly and surely in any emergency, and give me Thy protection, I pray. Amen."

What a privilege to be able to think clearly! Did you ever stop a moment to appreciate it? Maybe not, until you see someone staggering down the street with alcoholic breath and red eyes, and you step aside to make way. At such a time never be guilty of smiling; it is

too pitiful for such light reflection. Be thankful for the clear mind with which God has blessed you, and, most important, be determined to keep it that way.

As the Visiting Nurse drove along the busy boulevard, she thought of one patient in particular, a dear little lady dying of cancer. This sufferer was in excruciating pain, but she always managed to have a smile on her face. There was sadness in her eyes, though; not from the fact that she knew she was in the last stages of cancer, but because her husband was seldom sober. His best friend seemed none other than the bottle. Although his nature was mild normally, he became abusive after drinking, and although his sweet, suffering wife was dying, he was unsympathetic and seemed only to want to drown all thought of her. Already in that home a daughter had obtained a divorce because of her husband's incessant drinking and abuse. Their little girl continued to ask again and again about her daddy, "Why does he go away?" "Why doesn't he love me?" There in one home was suffering, with death at the door, and love, understanding, and kindness being submerged in alcohol.

The Visiting Nurse soon came to a dark, damp basement apartment room

where a baby had been delivered the night before. To the Visiting Nurse the follow-up care and instruction for such cases are considered important, and usually this is a happy assignment. Here, however, she found a young mother who readily admitted that she had been drinking shortly before the baby was born, so remembered little about the occasion. She didn't want the baby girl, because she was alone to support herself and the baby. Her husband had left because he could not stand her drinking habits. The baby would have to be left with anyone who could help her, because the homes of both the maternal and paternal grandparents were broken. This mother's only thought was to get back to work and make enough money to have a good time with her crowd. Responsibility for her baby did not enter her plans. A question came to the mind of the Visiting Nurse as she left this dismal place, "How can anyone with intelligence permit alcohol to mar the beautiful picture of motherhood?"

The Visiting Nurse makes many interesting calls every day. Each situation is a new challenge; but there is no time to be depressed, only time for action. As she goes on her rounds she cannot help but think of the cold, drab,

soot-darkened apartment buildings. She thinks of the large families with the children and babies living in one room or in a walled-off corner of a basement. But she thinks, too, of the love and kindness that are oftentimes within. She knows that when the cold of winter is passed, the lush green of summer brings a bit of beauty to those drab surroundings. Vines and branches reach toward the windows and make a living frame for the faces of the children as they lean out to call and wave to those passing below. This is the life they know.

Into one of these buildings the Visiting Nurse stepped lightly as she descended the stairs to a small basement apartment. Only a few days before, a well-fed rat stood its ground and stared at her on one of those steps. She remembered most of all that it was not easily frightened away. Here lived four small children and their parents. The father was able to be about and work some, but an open wound had required a daily dressing for nearly two years. The Visiting Nurse could not forget the day he insisted on giving her a bottle of wine as well as pouring a glassful for her to drink. Upon her refusal, and explanation that she had to have a

clear mind in her work, therefore never touched wine or any other alcoholic beverage, he became angry. Beads of perspiration broke out on his brow and he shook the bottle before her face telling her in a loud voice that she was foolish to believe wine could ever cause harm. He consumed wine, for there were always freshly emptied bottles around. This also answered for the father's quick temper, for he would rip off his leather belt to whip the small children or reach for the broomstick to strike at them for no reason. Fortunately they had learned to dart under a chair or a table like little animals.

Down a busy street, through a narrow, dark alley, into a side entrance, up three flights of stairs into a dingy, two-room apartment went the Visiting Nurse. Here she found a pleasant-looking and soft-voiced mother lying on the bed where she had given birth to her first baby girl only the day previous. She had three grown sons by her first marriage, which had ended because of drinking. Their home could not be maintained, because her husband had been unable to keep a job of any kind, and when he did have work the money was used for drink. This mother had

struggled through a few years to work and support her sons the best she could, then she moved into this great city, where she found better employment. Also she found a man who said he loved her. He drank only moderately. This sounded good to her at the time, in comparison with what she had experienced. Time went on; after they had been married a short while the moderate drinking increased and became heavy drinking. Now her husband was unemployed because of a circulatory condition with complications that followed, but he continued to drink and had become abusive when under liquor's influence. This discouraged mother felt that learning the hard way had been too much for her and that this precious baby girl was not to be subjected to a life of abuse because of a drinking father. For her there was no happiness or security in sight, so she had already arranged for her baby to be taken away for adoption. A look of longing and emptiness lingered in this mother's eyes, but her decision was final. Would that he who titles himself a "moderate drinker" could see the danger signs that mark his way!

(Turn to page 31)

When "the Beverage of Moderation" Lets You Down

ERNEST GORDON

The next time you see a claim that "Beer Belongs," read this thoughtfully.

OUR political and uninstructed Congress in 1933 decreed 3.2 per cent beer to be nonintoxicating. This percentage is slightly under that of ordinary commercial beer. In this way the brewers got into the Army with their product.

Here is something authentic. The finance department of the Swedish government has released a volume of 132 pages on *The Action on the Human Organism of Malt Drinks*, by one of the outstanding investigators of the time, Dr. Leonard Goldberg, of the great Swedish medical school, the Karolinska Institute. It carries the death sentence for 3.2 per cent beer!

A highly technical treatise, it is full of complicated graphs and mathematical formulas. Briefly summarized, its conclusion is as follows:

Three or four glasses of 3.2 per cent beer reduce average capacity for auto

driving 25 to 50 per cent and at times 70 per cent. Yet the alcohol in the blood averages only .05 per cent, which some American academic writers think is in no way incapacitating for good driving. Indeed, this Swedish investigation finds that even .035 per cent alcohol in blood spells inferior driving.

Experiments on the reception of telegraphic messages by military radio signalists confirm the preceding results. They were carried out by military instructors at the army signal school at Marieberg.

Of the twenty-five test students, all had had three years of training in radio telegraphy. The test was reception of various messages to determine speed, freedom from mistakes, et cetera. At times disturbing factors, as conversation and singing, were introduced. All were subjected to these.

The results were astonishing! A liter

and a third of beer ("a couple of beers") brought about a 56-72 per cent increase in mistakes as compared with abstinent controls. There was reduced judgment, less self-criticism, weakened attention.

Another important fact! The abstainers improved by practice; the beer drinkers deteriorated. Yet to outside observers there was no *apparent* change, a little redness of face, perhaps, and increased talkativeness.

In the second series the amount of beer was about two thirds of a quart. The resulting alcohol blood content was only .0375 per cent, yet the depreciation of quality in work was 22 per cent.

Any drink which reduces the efficiency of military signaling 22 per cent is a serious menace to military operations. It should be banished from armies. In this day of precision instruments in warfare it is necessary to have precision timing in the operators.

FROM JAVELIN CHAMP TO DOCTOR



RITTER

SIX years ago a slender young athlete at Lincoln, Nebraska, gave a mighty heave to toss the javelin 248 feet, 10 inches. That record still stands as the best in America.

Whenever he thinks of it, between his professional calls as a doctor, Stephen Seymour smiles at the accomplishment. It is a record to be proud of, but it isn't his only achievement by any means. Into his thirty-two years he has crowded, so far, travel to twenty-six countries on four continents; runner-up spot in the javelin throw in the 1948 Olympics; the winning of the "English Channel Swim" event at Long Beach, when he swam twenty-one miles in thirteen hours and forty minutes; 1945 decathlon championship of Turkey, where he represented the U.S. Army.

Now he specializes in the problem of alcoholism, directing the Alcoholic Research Institute in Long Beach, California. "The shrouds of ignorance," he declares, "must be withdrawn and the mysteries of this problem dissipated by prevention, scientific knowledge of treatment, and compassionate understanding." To hasten recovery of alcohol's victims and their restoration to normal life, Dr. Seymour utilizes all the resources of modern medicine and finds in his work a mighty challenge to exert to the utmost the vigor developed—and kept—by his outdoor life. His is the worthy ambition of one desirous of aiding his fellow men.

In all my seventeen years of track competition, during my four trips to more than twenty countries in all parts of the world, in competitions with hundreds of American and foreign champions, I have never met a great athlete who used alcoholic beverages.

On the rare occasions that I did see an athlete drink liquor, it was tantamount to a public announcement that he had, or soon would, fall short of the demands of the real athletic champion, that he would either leave the sports world or become just another competitor rather than a star.

Rigorous physical discipline and the use of alcohol can never be a winning team. Never have I found any exceptions to this rule.

Stephen A. Seymour



PRESTON STUDIOS

A BUSINESS LEADER LOOKS AT

ALCOHOL

WHETHER on huge pipe lines carrying oil from wells to shipping points, or on small pipes to bring water and gas into an apartment, the control valves and fittings may bear the name "Stockham," and be manufactured at the plant of one of the leading industries of Birmingham, Alabama. The Stockham Valve and Fitting Company manufactures virtually every type and size of pipe fitting needed to regulate anything moving through a pipe.

The fifty-year-old concern, with 1,600 workers, makes approximately 11,000 various-sized valves, pipe fittings, and similar items, and has warehouses, sales offices, and sales agents from coast to coast, also in Cuba, Hawaii, South America, and the Philippines.

The Stockham plant has been well known for its efforts on behalf of employee welfare, providing such benefits as hospitalization plans, pension plans, free dental and medical care, full Y.M.C.A. facilities, and baseball diamonds, all within the plant area.

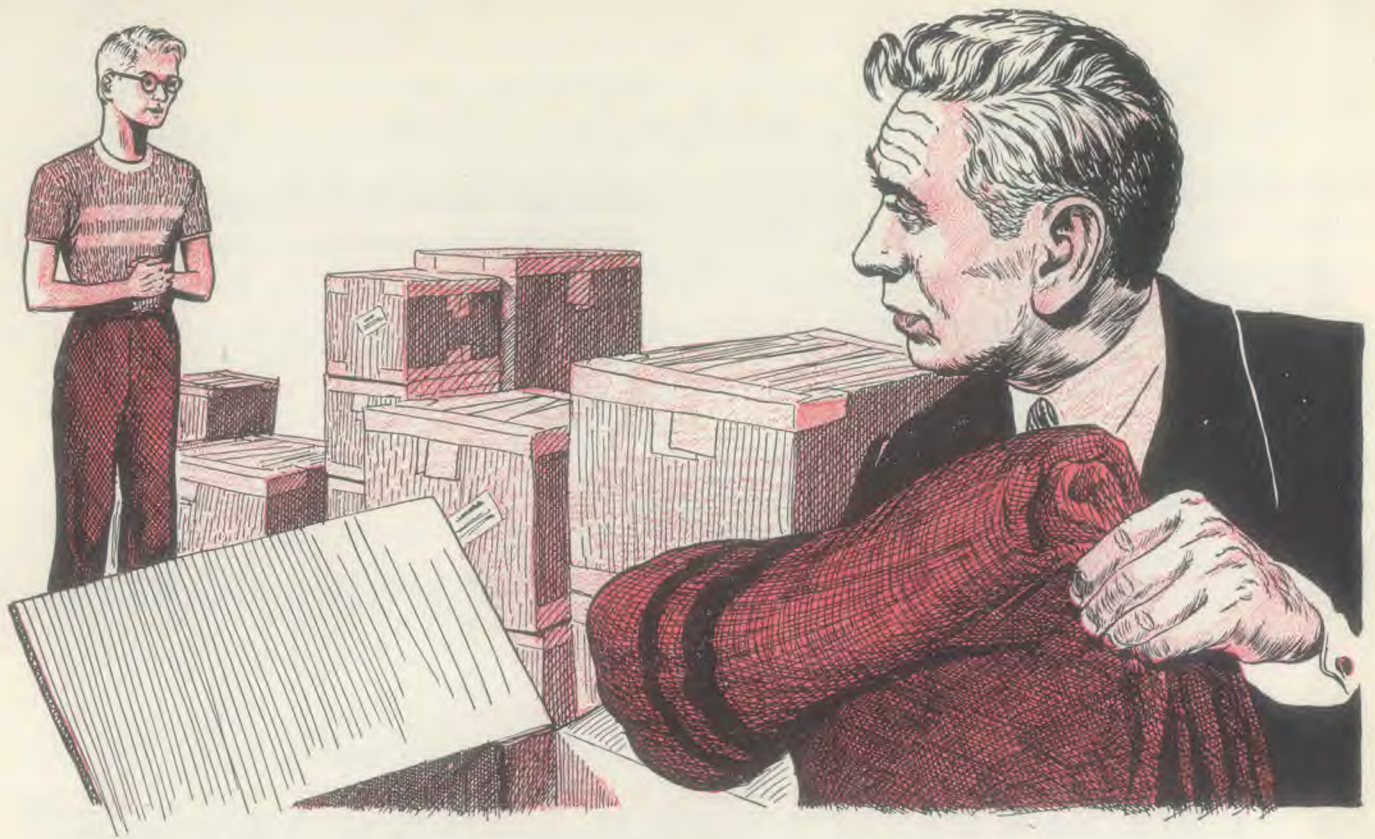
Another service being made available to Stockham supervisors is the "Listen" magazine,

journal of better living. Commenting on this, H. C. Stockham, chairman, says:

"These fine associates of mine are the leaders among the folks who work in our factory. Most of them have young children. They and their children are constantly being bombarded with pernicious propaganda attempting to make the use of alcoholic beverages popular and glamorous. I am hopeful that your excellent magazine, with its obvious truths, will alert our people to the danger of allowing liquor to become respectable in their sight.

"I hope you can persuade many employers to help you expand its circulation. By so doing they will be exerting an exceedingly constructive influence among their own people."

H. C. Stockham



THE RETURN

Charlie Blank

“YOU looking for work?”

Mrs. Martlein, who had come to the door, was short and stout, fortyish, but quick in her movements. Her pale-blue eyes squinted sharply from under her sandy hair. She smiled.

“Yes, I saw this ad and—. Well, ma’am, is the job still open?”

I was eighteen when I answered the advertisement which called for a “sober, hard-working young man, age 18-21.” It was then that I met Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Martlein, who were venturing a mail-order business in the basement of their home on the northwest side of Chicago.

“I don’t know. Four or five other young men came and left their names and telephone numbers, but—”

“But I don’t have a telephone number.”

“But you *do* have a name.”

“Yes, ma’am, Neil Creyton; and I had two years of high school, Lane Technical High School.”

“Oh? That’s fine. Mr. Martlein is in the basement now. If you’ll go down those stairs to your left, you’ll see him. And—good luck.”

Mr. Martlein, surrounded by crates, cartons, and boxes, was folding a bedspread into a box, which he then tied,

addressed, weighed, and stamped in one smooth motion.

He was a man of medium stature. A lock of graying hair kept falling down on his forehead. His dark eyes studied me with what I thought was disappointment; but when he spoke, his voice was soft, almost tender.

“You looking for work? Well, here, as you see, is a lot of work; but maybe you wouldn’t like this kind of work—boxing bedspreads and blankets, packing china, receiving and shipping merchandise, and driving packages to the post office.”

“Driving—a car or truck?”

“Why, yes. But if you can’t drive, well—”

All third-year students at Lane High School received driving instructions, but I had gone only two years.

“Ah,” he continued, “driving is easy to learn. There are other things more important. Can you work alone? That is, do you work as hard by yourself as you do with other people?”

“Yes, sir. I like to work alone.” I was quitting the hat factory because there were too many people around me.

“Tell me, do you *drink*?” His eyes searched mine.

“Yes, sir,” I replied naively, “milk

every morning. I like root beer, too.”

“When can you begin working?”

I removed my coat. It was almost eleven o’clock in the morning, but Mr. Martlein said he would credit me with a full working day.

After a few days I could pack almost as quickly as he, and within a month I had learned to locate, receive, ship, and route the merchandise, which seemed to sell as rapidly as it came in. The Martleins were building a mail-order business, dealing in radios, toasters, broilers, cameras, tables and chairs, lamps, curtains, drapes, chenille bedspreads, and blankets.

When I had learned to handle the incoming and outgoing merchandise, Mr. Martlein spent most of his time soliciting, covering Michigan, Indiana, northern Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.

Then came the “lean thirties.” While many business firms were stagnant or going bankrupt, the Martlein Trading Company flourished. I had been working there three years when we moved the stock to a large two-story building which we rented on the west side of Chicago.

More employees were hired—two bookkeepers, a correspondent, three

salesladies, two packers, two order pickers. Increasingly I came into contact with more people. My salary trebled.

But I often thought of the happy hours I spent working alone in the Martlein basement. Even as a boy I had kept to myself. And whenever I joined other boys in games, I was usually bruised or injured. I early decided to avoid the humiliation that came with the realization that I could never compete with other boys who—though of my own age—were much taller and stronger than I. My failure to feel at ease with people, I was to learn later, grew out of my immature dislike for competitive activities.

So it was that I became panicky when Mr. Martlein asked me to meet a group of his buyers, salesmen, and distributors. I was to give a report on our best-selling items, the slow movers, the inadequacies in the handling of other items. I was intimate with all these aspects of merchandising, but the thought that I had to talk to people frightened me.

I went to the restaurant where I usually ate, but nothing on the menu appealed to me. I told the waiter that I didn't want to eat.

"Oh," he said, "I see. Here is a list of our ales, wines, and liquors."

"Ales, wines, and—"

"Sure. There's nothing like ale to put an edge on your appetite or a glass of wine, our special port, to loosen the tongue."

"Loosen the tongue?"

"Yes."

My tongue was always tied when I was with people. Would a glass of port really banish my painful feeling of shyness?

"Well," began the waiter, "what will it be: ale, wine, whisky?"

"What? Oh, yes. A cheese sandwich, please, and—and a glass of wine."

"Large or small?"

"Small—very small."

I sipped the wine—my first drink. I began to feel a little lightheaded. I ate the sandwich, and the sensation started to wear off. Then I drank the rest of the wine and returned to the store, feeling that I could accomplish anything—even meet and talk to people.

For an hour before the buyers and salesmen I discussed the details of our stock problems—the items with which we were overstocked and which we should "push," the items which could be handled in large quantities and which required limited storage space, the heavy items whose high cost of shipping and mailing was beginning to jeopardize an appreciable profit.

All of them seemed impressed, especially the Martleins. But I was glad when the meeting came to a close, be-

cause I was beginning to feel self-conscious and shy again. The reality which a glass of wine had softened faced me hard and stark.

At other meetings I was required to talk, and it became necessary for me to meet more people. Soon I was "fortifying" myself with a large glass of wine for every ordeal.

Before long even a large glass proved insufficient. Within a year after my first drink I was drinking a pint of wine a day, and when this amount failed to enable me to feel at ease with new business associates, I drank more.

Then the time came when I could not

The Great Unsatisfied

**The men who are not satisfied
Are they who set the pace,
The men who do not meet
defeat**

**With calm, contented
face,**

**The men who labor on and on
With mind and fingers
skilled—**

**They are the great unsatisfied
Who plan and fight and
build.**

**The men who are not satisfied,
They are the ones who lead;
They force humanity ahead
By strident work and deed;
They bring us out of bygone
ways;**

**They guide us through the
dark**

**To where some man, un-
satisfied,
Has set a shining mark.**

even begin the ordinary routine of my work without a large drink of wine, rum, or whisky. I kept licorice and chewing gum in my mouth to camouflage my alcoholic breath.

The Martlein Trading Company continued to grow. Mr. Martlein rented another warehouse. With its two receiving platforms, its ample, dry basement, and its spacious first floor, it was ideal for receiving and storing. Here, isolated from the store, was my "Superintendent's Office."

Each morning at the store I checked what bins needed to be replenished. The rest of the day I received new stock at the warehouse and loaded the truck with merchandise needed at the store.

Across from the warehouse was a liquor store, where I bought my beer, wine, rum, and whisky. In the privacy

of the warehouse my addiction to alcohol deepened.

I drank even in the store, pretending to suffer from a stubborn "cough" which required me to drink "cough medicine" every hour. But this "cough medicine" consisted of a mixture of equal parts of port and rum which I kept in an old half-pint medicine bottle.

I could no longer tell at a glance what bins needed to be filled at the store, nor was I able to distinguish the price, style, or pattern of one bedspread, blanket, or drape from another. However, the painful awareness of my decreasing mental efficiency was appeased with more "cough medicine."

One morning as I was about to drive to the warehouse, Mr. Martlein asked me into his office.

"Neil," he began thoughtfully, "you've been with us a long time, haven't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Martlein, eighteen years."

"Eighteen years! It really doesn't seem that long. And all this time our business has been growing. And—now—"

I started to cough, reached for my "medicine," and drank deeply.

"This cough, sir," I rasped, "is certainly stubborn."

"Yes, very. You've had that cough for nearly a year. You really should see a doctor, *another* doctor, about it."

Blood rushed to my face and head, leaving my knees cold and trembling. Close to each of my flying thoughts was the terrible conviction that Mr. Martlein knew that I had been drinking. I wondered how long he had known.

"I started to say—well, Neil, this firm has grown. In many ways you have helped it grow, but the amount of stock we now have is too cumbersome for one man to control. It's time you had an assistant. I hired a man, Mike Sorley. He's thirty-one. Will start tomorrow. Show him all the tricks, and if he doesn't show promise, let me know."

I felt that all this was not what Mr. Martlein had originally planned to tell me. I was sure that instead of dismissing me abruptly, he was gradually and diplomatically easing me into a "pink slip." That day it took two quarts of beer and a pint of whisky to numb my painful reactions.

The next day I saw Mike Sorley. He was short and thickset. He wore a plaid cap to cover his premature baldness. His black eyes were narrow, restless, and alert. The corners of his wide mouth were turned up as if in a perpetual smile. Unlike myself, he was sociable and talkative.

The first day at the warehouse I told him to count all the "Hayes blankets." While he was busy I hurried across the

street to the liquor store for a fifth of whisky, and met Mike again standing at the door of the warehouse as I returned. He was looking at me, smiling.

"Hey, boss," he began as I brushed by, "how about me joining you in a snort or two?"

"There'll be no drinking on the job," I said, authoritatively. But my voice sounded weak.

"Come on, boss, you didn't run across the street to get a 'blanket count.' Let's hoist a couple together."

"Listen, Mike, Mr. Martlein asked me to report to him as to the kind of worker you are. I'm sure he won't keep you long if he finds out you want to drink on the job."

"What if the old man finds out about your drinking, boss? And if he already knows, then what's wrong in my drinking with you? I've yet to see a warehouse 'soop' that don't like his alky. We're going to work together, ain't we? Then why not be sociable and drink together? And what the old man don't know about you and me depends on what you and me don't tell him."

I didn't like Mike and his reference to Mr. Martlein as "the old man," nor did I like his blunt effort to blackmail me into a drinking pact with him. But greater than my dislike for Mike at that moment was my desire for a drink, which I felt I had to have even at the distasteful expense of sharing my whisky with him.

In my office I opened the bottle and poured whisky into two plastic cups.

"Boss, this is going to hit the spot. I ain't had a drink since two o'clock in the morning. Bottoms up!"

Before returning to the store late that afternoon, we had drunk the fifth I bought and part of the fifth Mike bought. I felt unsteady, but Mike, who had matched me drink for drink without once making a wry face, looked perfectly sober.

Mike was always socially at ease. He was witty, friendly, and glib—everything I thought I wasn't. Within six months after he had begun to work with me, he had "taken over." Everyone at the store, including Mr. and Mrs. Martlein, no longer asked me but Mike about back orders, stock available, bills of lading, and the latest merchandise received.

The workers who had once respected me now ignored me. Sometimes I thought they were imitating my "cough" and my reeling gait. Often I would hear them laughing as I went through the apparent motions of taking inventory.

One night when the store was to remain open until 9:30, one of the salesladies could not find Mike, so asked me if I would come into the showroom to

price and identify a certain bedspread.

I examined the bedspread. To me it looked like any other bedspread, or blanket for that matter. Suddenly peach, brown, blue, white, and wood-rose chenille patterns began swirling around me. I clutched at something. It came crashing down.

Later I saw Mike on a ladder in the showroom, repairing the broken bedspread rack. The porter was sprinkling sawdust on the showroom floor where I had fallen. Was I glad that the Martleins were not at the store that night!

The next morning, while waiting impatiently to go to the warehouse, I saw Mike in the office, talking to Mr. and Mrs. Martlein. When he came out he was smiling—triumphantly, I thought.

"Well, Mike," I said when we reached the warehouse, "did you give them a full report of my drinking last night?"

"What are you bellyaching about, boss?"

"Don't call me boss! You're the boss

that unless I'm given your office, your title, and your salary within the next ten days, I'm quitting. Well, boss, they gave me no reason to quit."

"They do know—Mr. and Mrs. Martlein. They knew all this while," I kept mumbling as if to myself.

"Sure they knew. Anybody with half an eye or half a nose could have spotted you as a rum-dum years ago."

My deep humiliation and the agonizing knowledge that I would go to any length to blot out or escape reality with alcohol, spurred the hellish thirst for a drink!

I looked behind the desk where the bottle was kept. I found the bottle—but it was empty. I turned to Mike. He was smiling.

"Mike, what happened to that whisky?"

"What usually happens to whisky around here, boss? I finished it. What's wrong with that? Didn't I buy the stuff?"

I fumbled through my pockets and found twelve cents.

"Mike, tomorrow's payday. Let me have a couple of dollars. I'll pay you back."

"Like you've been paying back the porters, the janitors, the salesladies, and the stock boys? Oh, no! I've been buying you whisky for almost a year, for a reason. And now, boss, I got no reason to keep you boozed up any longer."

"A reason?"

"Sure! I spent nearly two hundred bucks to keep you so groggy everybody at the store could see what a useless, soused-up superintendent you were!"

"At the same time to show them how well-fitted you were for the job?"

"That's right, you runt. The only difference between you and me is that I can hold my liquor, but you can't."

I went to the liquor store, and signed a note to pay double the value of whatever I drank. Later Mike came into the store. He bought a fifth. He was smiling. I drank until I saw Mike locking up the warehouse for the day.

That night I loitered in the store, later stealing two cameras and an electric razor to exchange for whisky. I brushed by Mr. Martlein, standing in the door, waiting to lock the store.

"Neil, you should see a doctor," he said softly.

I looked into his eyes. They were wide with the same kindness I had always known them to have toward me. I wanted to return the cameras and shaver I had in my pockets, but I could not move. My knees trembled. I tried to scream. Then I found myself dissolving in a crimson whirlpool.

(Turn to page 34)

LOST

ELLA ELIZABETH PRESTON

I might have stopped sometime, dear,
as you say,

And climbed the little ridge that beck-
oned me,

Explored its minute forest eagerly,
Or sketched the view below. But now
today

The iron genie has cut my hill away,
Torn out the poplars, banished the
bumblebee

Nested in grass. Now all that I can see
is a sorry, level-lying streak of clay.
What song has vanished from the with-
ered tree,

What dewdrops perished with the tor-
tured grass,

What prospect died, imprisoned, un-
displayed,

I cannot tell. But I shall never pass
This way unshaken by what is lost to me.

now, and you know it as well as I do. Now, thanks to your early-morning treachery, the Martleins know it, too."

"Listen, you runt. You bet I'm the boss. But get this straight. I didn't squeal on that jag you had last night. The old man and the old lady have long known you're a souse. They've given you all the time to straighten out, but it seems you didn't. The old man hired me not to spy on you, but to take your place as soon as I learned all the ropes. I was ready for your job a long time ago, but he couldn't bear the thought of seeing you go down the ladder. This morning I reminded them in the office

Builder of Men and HOMES



OFTEN referred to as the "Henry Ford of the building trades," Mr. Johnson has built more than 1,000 low-rent homes annually for the past ten years. His Enterprises are now a formidable list—rental properties, sawmill, retail lumberyard, plumbing company, electrical concern, sand-gravel-brick yard, retail hardware store, linoleum-tile company, nursery—but all are used to help further his earnest endeavor first to build men, then to build better homes.

● *Mr. Johnson, what is the nature of your business?*

We are builders of homes.

● *Over how wide an area do you operate?*

We operate in three states, namely, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Arkansas. However, we are now opening up branches in additional states in the South.

● *What started you in the building trade?*

Well, of course, I have been in the building business all of my life. I started out as a carpenter when I was about sixteen years of age, and then went into the contracting business when I was eighteen years old, starting it as a lifework at that time.

● *Do you have a specialty in the trade?*

I'd rather build homes for what we consider the low-income people, those who really need homes much more than do those in the high-income brackets.

● *How many homes have you built?*

I wish I could tell you. I will say that our 1953 program, as of now, includes close to 4,000 or 5,000 units.

● *Over how many years have you been building these homes?*

Mrs. Johnson and I went into business for ourselves December 1, 1939. Since that time we have been in business continually.

● *How does it happen that you specialize in low-cost housing?*

At one time I myself worked for \$39, and \$37, and \$35 a week; and it was an awful hard job to pay \$45 a month rent plus utilities. I realized then that the people in that income bracket needed help more than did others.

● *Do you feel, Mr. Johnson, that good homes and surroundings tend to have a stabilizing effect on people, keeping them out of trouble and away from such places as liquor joints?*

Absolutely. For proof, we have traced that through many times with home purchasers who tried to purchase their homes. The wife and the husband spent Saturday nights in the beer parlor. But after they got the new home it made a new man, a new woman; it made a new home for both of them.

● *Do you have in mind an outstanding, specific example of how that has worked out?*

At this particular time I have in mind one man, but I won't give you his name. He was a bus driver. At that

time he was living upstairs in an attic, on what would be about third or fourth floor. He was making sufficient money. His mother-in-law lent him \$350 as a down payment on his little house. In a suburban community of Memphis today he is one of the finest servicemen of any living. He told me himself, "Mr. Johnson, when you made me buy this house, that was my best day's work in my life."

● *Do you feel that liquor is worse for one group than for another, for Negroes, for example, than for whites?*

I would not say that liquor is worse for one group than for another. I am going to say that liquor is bad for any group.

● *How about the tenants in your housing projects? Do you screen them?*

No, sir, we do not screen them. However, we run a credit report on each one, but if we find that that person has been using alcohol, we do not keep him out just because he does drink. We feel that we can take that person and do him more good by helping him become settled in a good home. I could give you numerous illustrations of what this has meant to many of the tenants, and to other people.

● *Has your confidence in these people been justified when you made available to them good housing and good surroundings?*

Yes, since we started this building for the low-income groups we have not for a single day been unhappy about it. Our confidence in these people has been renewed from day to day. We are proud of the fact, for example, that, of the 328 tenants in our Vandalia and Lincoln

apartments, 324 of them have radios, 142 own automobiles, 60 own television sets, and 211 have telephones. None have been in serious trouble with the law since they have lived there. All this indicates the stabilizing influence of good housing.

● *Very interesting. How many workers do you have, Mr. Johnson, in your enterprises?*

In the three states I would say we have a range of between 800 and 1,500, depending on the time of year.

● *Do you allow your workers to drink?*

We encourage our workers to refrain from drinking. The foremen at their weekly and monthly meetings stress the importance of not drinking. We request that the workers not stop for their checks on payday while they are drinking.

● *Do you feel that alcohol helps a man in any way to be better or to do his work more efficiently?*

No, sir, I am positive that, to the contrary, alcohol tears down the mental ability and the body of anyone.

● *With such a conviction as you have expressed, I would suppose then that you yourself do not drink alcoholic beverages.*

I do not drink, period!

● *Would you say that your physical habits along this line have contributed toward your present success?*

I think I am just about as healthy as the average citizen that is fifty-one years of age, and I can say that the absence of alcohol has helped me to be healthy.

● *Do you serve alcoholic beverages in your home?*

No, sir! We do not serve alcoholic beverages in our home—never have and never will.

● *Do you find it advisable or needful in your social life to drink?*

Not in the very least. It is not necessary. I regret that many businessmen feel that it is necessary for them to drink. That is not true.

● *Could you, Mr. Johnson, say in a few words, why you do not drink?*

First, it was laid down in this Holy Book by Christ to care for one's body. And if for no other reason, I look at the harm that drink has done today to men and women. That reason in itself should convince any man that he should never take it at any time.

● *Would you say also that you abstain from drinking to set a good example for your associates, or for young people?*

We do want it to be a good example. Our pay through the years is the privilege on our part to show that man should not use alcohol or dope.

● *There is a prevalent idea today that a businessman, in order to succeed, must drink socially at cocktail parties or with business prospects. Do you as a businessman find it that way?*

No, that is not true. Mrs. Johnson and I travel from coast to coast. We attend many meetings and conventions. Everybody knows we do not drink. Many of those who do drink have talked with us and have said, "We congratulate you; we wish we had the strength to withstand the temptation."

INVESTMENTS

Money spent for lunch lasts five hours.

Money spent for a necktie lasts five months.

Money spent for a car lasts five years.

Money spent for water power lasts five generations.

Money spent for the kingdom of God lasts for eternity.

—Roger W. Babson.

● *Do you feel that business today would be better off if there were fewer cocktail parties and business contacts over the glass?*

I cannot see where liquor does anything as an asset to business. After all is said and done, I think the fellow making a business contact would prefer to deal with a man who has his wits about him rather than with a man whose brain is befuddled by alcohol.

● *Even if he is a drinking man?*

Even though he may be a drinking man himself.

● *Has this been demonstrated all through your business life?*

I regret to say that before I went into business myself I had a few drinks. I regret it very much. But I don't think any of us have traveled down the road of life without putting up some signboards of which we are ashamed today.

● *There are thousands of people these days, Mr. Johnson, struggling with the pressures of glamorous advertising and social inducements to drink. If you had the opportunity to give them a personal word of recommendation or suggestion, what might you say?*

Young boy, young girl, America today is facing the greatest day of its life,

of leadership, and not only leadership locally and in the state, but nationally and internationally. I would strongly recommend to you to leave alcohol out of your life at all times.

● *Do you feel that there is a way to solve the drink problem today?*

Yes. The answer to it is Yes, by the type of work you are doing with *Listen*—an educational program. I know it has been going on here in Memphis. It is only through education that we will be able to bring to the minds of the people today the evils that liquor causes. Let me congratulate you and *Listen* in the fine work which you are doing. Our prayers are that God will give you the wisdom and strength to go further and send this magazine into the homes of all people in America. It is badly needed.

● *Would you recommend a definitely positive approach; in other words, the presenting of something better and higher to live for?*

Yes, by all means, something better and higher to live for.

● *Would this be a permanent solution?*

Yes, this would be a permanent solution in the light of this question. People ask for security; they ask for security through a bank account. Why not ask for eternal security? You can't have that, in my opinion, by serving the devil—and the devil is certainly mixed up with liquor.

● *Many individuals have the habit of drink already. I understand, Mr. Johnson, that you are a real believer in prayer. Do you feel that prayer will help to overcome the habit?*

My friend, all problems of mankind can be solved by prayer. I cannot over-emphasize the importance of praying to God daily.

● *Has prayer been a factor in your own life?*

Yes, yes, yes!

● *Would you say that living right and overcoming these inducements to bad habits is sort of a co-operative venture—God's helping us if we do our part?*

Yes, God is ready at all times to be our partner. The question is, Are we ready to be His partner?

● *By the way, what is your greatest ambition in life, Mr. Johnson?*

You're not the first one who has asked that question. I'd rather build a man than to build a home. We have a slogan known as Bomah—Builders of Men and Homes. My ambition daily is to build men, and then we can build better homes.

...But Not Really Friendly



CHARLES H. LERRIGO, M.D.

ROBERTS

AN "EXCHANGE" student from a foreign shore, he had found unexpected favor with the coeds. You see, Rudolph was born and brought up as one of a family who took great pride in their highly vaunted business. In their advertising they used catch lines that (freely translated) said:

This honest, sparkling, friendly beer:
We make it! We take it! We're here!

Such publicity ran through his native land, so to Rudolph it was very commonplace. Yet Nell, this adorable girl, the one girl of his choice, met him with a definite No, even insisting that beer was never any man's friend.

"But you folks don't understand," protested Rudolph. "In my country we think differently. You might as well say that bread never was man's friend, or that water never was man's friend. When you know me better you will know that although my father owned a brewery he brought me up to use no liquor, and I have never taken it. You know that I and all my folks are against these rumrunners and bootleggers who defy the law of the country. You know that, don't you?"

"I know!" she replied. "I've thought of that. And I wonder; because the things you have told me make me think your people are so fine!"

"I'm not bragging. My people truly are fine. Believe me, I'm honest when I declare that you are all wrong in saying alcohol never was man's friend. Think of how many times a little alco-

hol served out to starving sailors or soldiers has put new heart in them. Think how it has revived frozen men in arctic explorations. Think how doctors give it to break up a cold. Think—oh, I could name a thousand helpful things!"

Rudolph attempted to inject playfulness into his tone, but there was none in her reply.

"What I have said must stand," she declared. "I haven't said that this world has no use for alcohol, but I've been studying this beer problem ever since—well, a long time. There is a place for alcohol in manufacturing; there is a place in chemistry; the doctors say there is a small place in medicine, although not of much importance. But I'm saying that alcohol is not and never was man's friend. If I had no other reason for this opinion, the fact that alcohol always fools you would be enough. What kind of friend is one who always fools you?"

"But what about all those good points I've named?"

"I can make those points prove my case," Nell came back. "Those are some of the things in which alcohol has fooled men for ages. Take the idea that alcohol was a wonderful help to explorers in the arctic. For years and years men were fooled about that. Then a celebrated explorer checked up on his men and discovered that those who took no alcohol had far better resistance than others. Alcohol is a paralyzer that

takes the pep out of a man's blood vessels and other tissues so that, instead of the blood's flowing along at a lively rate through the whole body, it loiters around at the surface of the skin. This makes the skin feel a little warmer, but the deep vital organs have to pay for it because they get less circulation. So the man who depends on booze has been known to freeze to death, while he who won't drink a drop comes safely through. Modern explorers don't depend on alcohol."

"But your doctors—your family doctors prescribe it!" Rudolph said.

"Not in this country, Rudolph. Doctors in our state cannot prescribe alcohol without signing a lot of blanks and permits. The big American Medical Association declares it of little value in medicine. That's another story exploded."

"But beer's just as good as it ever was," protested Rudolph.

"I'll agree with that from my own viewpoint, that it never was any good in the first place. Rudolph, I've done a lot of work on this very subject for a class assignment. Will you listen to a few of the things I've found out?"

"Alcohol was no better in the days when folks sang about its virtues than it is now. They fooled themselves. The tired workman you hear about, who could take a glass of liquor and go on and do a lot more work, found no friend in his glass. Drink fooled him into thinking he was stronger because it

(Turn to page 33)



What Alcohol Does to the STOMACH

Edward Podolsky, M.D.

ALCOHOL'S effect on the stomach has been known for a great many years. In 1833, Dr. William Beaumont, a young surgeon, had the unique opportunity of having for a patient a man by the name of St. Martin, who had a gunshot wound of the stomach, and who also liked to drink alcoholic beverages. Dr. Beaumont noted that alcohol caused definite inflammation of the stomach lining. In later years other scientists noted that alcohol caused irritation, and later inflammation, of the lining of the stomach in dogs studied in the laboratory.

As time went on, doctors came to the conclusion that the chronic drinker was liable to develop stomach trouble. The first of the clinicians to advance this view was a German physician, Dr. H. Bamberger, who published an article on this subject in 1855. The medical term for this condition is chronic gastritis, meaning a chronic inflammation of the lining of the stomach. It is found in most individuals who have been lifelong heavy drinkers.

When an instrument known as the gastroscope was invented, enabling a doctor to look directly into the stomach, it was found that indulgence in alcohol over long periods of time results in changes in the walls of the stomach. Dr. M. L. Villaret, who was among the first to use this instrument, found that chronic alcoholic addicts had red, angry-looking, inflamed stomach walls. One of his patients had erosions in the stomach wall which, if not treated, might have resulted in hemorrhage.

In many cases, drinking causes congestion of the blood vessels in the stomach wall, increased secretion of mucus, and often spasms. The stomach always

reacts violently to concentrated alcoholic beverages. The effects may be temporary if drinking is not long continued, but after a prolonged binge the results are more pronounced and often quite serious.

The first changes that drinking brings about in the stomach are those designated as superficial gastritis. This is an inflammation of the stomach characterized by patches of thick, gray, adherent mucus, covering a swollen and reddened stomach wall. This first involves only a small portion of the stomach. However, as drinking is continued, greater areas of the stomach become involved. Sheets of mucus hanging from the stomach wall may be seen, with large, angry-red patches of the stomach itself underneath.

The individual who drinks alcohol habitually develops what is known as atrophic gastritis. This means that the stomach wall is becoming thin. When seen through a gastroscope, the stomach of the chronic alcoholic is thin and gray, and networks of purplish-blue blood vessels can be seen on the stomach wall. Usually the gastritis becomes more severe in the uppermost portions of the stomach.

In long-standing cases of chronic alcoholism the stomach wall is very thin, with graying of the lining and with huge protruding, branching blood vessels. Many areas of bleeding points can also be seen. The relatively high incidence of mucosal hemorrhages in the stomachs of such persons is striking. In advanced cases these hemorrhages are quite severe, with subsequent ulcers developing in the stomach walls.

How does the individual feel who has these stomach changes? Quite ill and miserable. There is pain in the stomach,

quite often rather severe. The stomach may feel blown up and distended. Belching is common. These conditions are aggravated following a meal. Sharp pain in the region of the stomach is rather common. Constipation and diarrhea are not uncommon in cases of alcoholic gastritis.

The more severe cases of alcoholic gastritis complain of rather serious pain and distress. Quite often the pain is like that caused by an ulcer of the stomach, sharp, gnawing, or burning pain a half to one hour after meals. Pain during sleep may be so severe as to awaken the patient.

The chronic alcoholic as time goes on has more and more serious difficulties to complain of. There is often extreme weakness with numbing and tingling of the fingers. Morning nausea and vomiting are quite common.

The occasional drinker may be fortunate enough to escape permanent damage to his stomach, but the chronic alcoholic cannot withstand the constant assault of two to six pints of 20 to 90 per cent alcohol daily for ten, twenty, or forty years without damaging his stomach severely.

Y.M.C.A.

(Continued from page 17.)

too many people lay the foundations in their youth for alcoholism when they are older. We wish to help them avoid future trouble if possible, through balanced living, discriminating choices, and consideration for themselves as well as others."

During the summer of 1952 Mr. Frierwood attended the Olympics in Helsinki, Finland. He said he noted at the Olympic Village training table that the most popular drink was milk. He recalled that in 1936 Eleanor Holm was disqualified for competition on the U.S. women's swimming team because of drinking.

The year 1951 was an unusually busy year for Mr. Frierwood and all Y.M.C.A. personnel, because of the one-hundredth anniversary of the Y.M.C.A. in the United States and Canada. The Y.M.C.A. was founded in London in 1844 by George Williams, later knighted for his services. Today the World's Alliance of Y.M.C.A.s has about 3,623,000 members in 9,660 Y.M.C.A.s in seventy-seven countries. The "Y" movement started as a distinctly evangelical, Christian organization, with emphasis on religious activities and fellowship. Today the Y.M.C.A. seeks to put Christianity into practice through all activities by building persons who are strong in body, mind, and spirit. In keeping with emphasis on exercise and clean living,

the Y.M.C.A. has pioneered in basketball and volleyball around the world. It has endeavored to discourage drinking and smoking by making these habits unnecessary in a well-adjusted life.

Mr. Friermood has received various honors throughout his thirty-two years of service as a Y.M.C.A. physical director. In 1944 he received the Roberts-Gulick Award given annually to the man who has made an outstanding contribution to physical education in the Y.M.C.A. Incidentally, Mr. Gulick is the person who conceived the idea of the Y.M.C.A. red equilateral triangle, used for more than sixty years to symbolize the harmony and balance between body, mind, and spirit. In 1952 Mr. Friermood was elected president of the U.S. Volleyball Association.

Harold Friermood was born in La Junta, Colorado, in 1902. He was educated in George Williams College, Chicago, named after the founder of the Y.M.C.A., the University of Chicago, and the University of Wisconsin. He, his wife, and their one daughter, Libby, live in Pelham, New York. If you drop in sometime when you are in the neighborhood, they may offer you a nice cold glass of milk, but no cocktails!

THE VISITING NURSE

(Continued from page 21)

On her way home after her last call, the Visiting Nurse saw an unexpected stage, as it were, set with performers in action. Here was a group of men, young and old, with their only possessions in little bundles either on their backs or tossed to the ground. They were passing "the bottle." By the condition of some and the number of empty bottles around it was evident that at least some of them had been at it for a long while. The title of this scene could well be, "Strong Drink Is Raging." Some of the men laughed raucously—from the first brief stimulating effects of alcohol. Others were stumbling and falling to the ground—already experiencing the sedation that is sure to follow. None of them seemed to be aware of the biting, cold wind. What a heart-rending scene! What was it along the way that had caused these men to become prisoners of a vicious habit rather than to enjoy reality in freedom? Where along the way did someone fail to encourage or offer help?

The Visiting Nurse, at the close of her busy day, opened the Bible to read with renewed meaning a message written by a wise man: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Proverbs 20:1.

FOURTH QUARTER



COOKING FOR THE ALCOHOLIC

by GRACE CLIFFORD HOWARD

MANY requests for additional information have reached us following the appearance of the article in a recent issue of "Listen," "Are You Cooking for an Alcoholic?" It was there stated that the person who wants to break away from the use of alcoholic beverages could do so more easily if he gave up stimulating foods and drinks of all kinds, and that meat is a stimulating food.

Before discussing recipes, we may consider this question: Is it possible to obtain adequate protein in the diet without meat? Proteins are not all of the same value; some are known as complete proteins, while others are not; but by the use of a variety of foods containing different proteins, we manage to obtain an adequate protein diet. No one can begin a change in diet by thinking he can eat exclusively of one protein food and be adequately nourished.

Another question one should consider is this: How much protein do I need daily? The answer is, between forty and sixty grams, or between two and three ounces, less than a quarter of a pound. So you see you do not need a large amount of protein each day.

But is there scientific evidence that a meatless diet can be adequate? Many statements could be cited in reply, but the following, from a well-known nutritionist, is convincing: "I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that a vegetarian diet, supplemented with fairly liberal amounts of milk, is the most satisfying type of diet that man can take."—E. V. McCollum, Johns Hopkins University.

"That it is easily possible to sustain life on the products of the vegetable kingdom, needs no demonstration for physiologists, even if a majority of the human race were not constantly engaged in demonstrating it; and my researches show, not only that it is possible, but that it is infinitely preferable in every way, and produces superior powers of both mind and body," writes Dr. Alexander Baig, in "Uric Acid in the Causation of Disease," page 864. "There is no scientific evidence that meat is necessary," states Professor Cathcart, prominent English nutritionist, in "Lancet," May, 1939.

The peanut is an excellent source

of protein. A peanut-butter sandwich made with whole-wheat bread is a complete protein food. Here are a few recipes made from peanuts that would make any meal adequate as far as protein content is concerned:

Baked Peanuts

Soak skinned raw peanuts overnight. (Buy raw blanched peanuts whenever possible. Removing the skins is a tiresome process.) In the morning, drain the peanuts and put them in a bean pot, cover with water, season with 2 tsp. salt to each pint of peanuts before they were cooked. Bake for 2 hours or more. As they become dry while baking, add liquid, which will be necessary several times during the baking. Tomato juice, onion, and bay leaf may be added.

Nut Cheese

1 cup peanut butter 1/2 cup flour
2 cups cold water 1 1/2 tsp. salt

Thin the peanut butter with the water, then add flour and salt. The result is a thin liquid. Pour into oiled cans, cover tightly, and steam or boil from 3 to 5 hours. After taking from the stove, let the cheese stay in the cans until cooled and solidified.

This cheese may be eaten hot or cold, broiled, baked in tomato sauce, cut in dice for salads or used in Irish stew, stewed with peas and chopped nuts. Sliced thin, it is good as a sandwich filling.

Nutmeat

1 lb. peanut butter
Small can condensed milk and equal amount of water
3 eggs
Salt to taste
1 tsp. oil
1 cup toasted bread crumbs, rolled fine
Can tomato soup and equal amount of water

Use a fork to combine the peanut butter and the milk liquid. Add the other ingredients and combine thoroughly. Pour into oiled straight-sided cans and set in water. Steam from 2 to 3 hours (for pressure cooker, shorten the time to that recommended for brown bread). Before removing from cans, let cool in order to have it hold its shape. Use as above recipe.

CHILDISH HUSBANDS

(Continued from page 10)

even though increasing maturity is normally apparent thereafter.

The greatest single characteristic of the mature personality is the ability to accept and carry responsibility. A person who is really mature will carry an assignment to completion in spite of obstacles. He will honor his obligations, pay his bills on time, and meet his appointments as arranged. A mature person not only accepts those responsibilities that are thrust upon him, but also carries his share of interest in the welfare of his community. He is a good citizen. He is a person who senses the importance of his own influence.

A mature individual possesses a sense of loyalty. He is loyal to his wife, loyal to his children, and loyal to his colleagues. He is above petty jealousies or mean retaliations. His loyalties prompt him to follow an accepted code of ethics. He will stand personal loss rather than take unfair advantage of someone else.

A mature individual finds satisfaction in unselfish service to mankind—service for which he does not receive immediate reward. Thus he participates in worthy endeavors and Community Chest drives. He watches his opportunity to do a favor for someone who has been a victim of adverse circumstances.

A person who has arrived at maturity has overcome the attitude that his personal aspirations and desires are primary. He has learned that his greatest satisfactions come, not from being waited upon and ministered to, but rather in contributing to the happiness and welfare of others. He has learned to derive his satisfaction from productive effort and from co-operation with others. He stands on his own in a crisis rather than take refuge as he used to do, under mother's apron, when he was a child. He has learned to endure hardships and discomforts without giving vent to emotional outbursts. He has learned to face crises squarely and to make his decisions with respect to future considerations rather than yield to immediate inducements. He has learned to treat his emotional responses as his own concern rather than imposing his emotional expressions on others who are not especially concerned with his personal problems.

It is proper and normal for a husband to assume the role of leadership in family matters. He is head of the house not only because it is his right and duty to take the responsibility for earning the living, but also because he must stand as a bulwark in maintaining the honor of the home.

The feminine personality of the wife is so constituted that she finds comfort in knowing that her husband will protect her interests and the interests of the home even under adverse circumstances. It is right for her to look to her husband for consolation when disappointment threatens. She admires her husband, not only for his physical strength, but also for his fortitude, courage, and high ideals.

In those unfortunate cases where a husband permits himself to indulge in liquor, he thereby relinquishes his claim to maturity of personality. The effect of alcohol is to rob a man of the advantages he has gained in the process of growing up. Under the influence of alcohol a man's intellect is impaired and his judgment is unreliable. Thus, in effect, he reverts to the immature pat-

Distiller's Antics

William Hillman, in his book *Mr. President*, quotes President Truman as writing to a prominent distiller in 1948: "I've never been a 'dry,'—never voted 'dry' in my life,—but some of the antics of the distillers make me feel like doing just that, and, I think, there are a lot of other people in the same frame of mind."

tern of personality typical of an infant, child, or youth.

Alcohol makes a man selfish and self-centered. He gives first thought to his own interests and demands top priority for his thirst for liquor. Even though he may realize that his use of alcohol works a hardship on his wife, on his children, and even on his colleagues, he is so egocentric as to become indifferent to all interests except his own.

Under the influence of alcohol, a man loses emotional control. Like the child, he gives free expression to his feelings of sadness, of anger, or even of pleasure. In such a state his conduct is humiliating to his wife and others.

When intoxicated, a man becomes impulsive and responds promptly to the suggestion of the moment. His decisions are not balanced by reason or seasoned by intellect. He craves the momentary thrills that come from sensual indulgence.

The man who uses liquor is not trustworthy, for he has lost his sense of responsibility. Personal interests and desires come before the discharge of rightful obligations. He cannot be depended upon to fulfill a promise. His employer loses confidence in him and says, "John would be a good man were it not for liquor."

Finally, alcohol deprives a man of his

sense of loyalty. Loyalty to his wife, to his children, or to his associates lasts no longer than does his determination to abstain from liquor.

How pathetic it is that a man who is an adult in years and in physique may revert to immaturity by simple indulgence in alcohol. This is reason enough, then, for the husband who prides himself in being a man and being the head of his own house, to abstain from all forms of liquor.

ALCOHOL EDUCATION

(Continued from page 8)

Since persons who have been drinking are 6.5 times more prone to be involved in a personal-injury traffic accident, it may be shown that alcohol was the cause of 40 per cent of the 270 accidents shown in the above table.

In surveys made in Los Angeles, St. Louis, Cleveland, and New York it was found that 51 per cent of persons involved in fatal traffic accidents had alcohol in their blood. Since 37,600 persons were killed in traffic accidents in 1952, and estimating that at least 40 per cent were due to alcohol, then 15,040 were killed because of alcohol. (The National Safety Council reports that alcohol is involved in 20 per cent, a figure that is admittedly too low because it is based on coroners' and police reports, and an examination for alcohol in the blood is not made in all traffic fatalities.)

In 1952 there were approximately 2,000,000 personal-injury motor vehicle traffic accidents. (The Travelers Insurance Company reported that in 1952, 37,600 persons were killed and 2,090,000 injured.) On the basis of the estimate that 40 per cent were due to alcohol, which is the most scientific estimate we have, alcohol was the cause of the injury of 836,000 persons in 1952. This is more than were injured or killed abroad in our Armed Services during World War II.

World War II Killed and Wounded in the Armed Services Abroad*

Service	Killed	Wounded	Total
U.S. Army and Air Force	237,049	139,703	376,752
U.S. Navy, Marines, and Coast Guards	72,431	105,953	178,384
Total	309,480	245,656	555,136

*From 1952 "World Almanac," New York "World-Telegram."

Of course, it has been shown by scientific tests that alcohol in very small amounts in the blood increases accident proneness in traffic. It does this chiefly by decreasing dexterity and

skill, by impairing judgment, by making one less cautious, and by slowing the rate at which one reacts to sight and sound. If you refer to the table showing the effect of alcohol on accident proneness, you will note that among those in traffic accidents who had alcohol in their blood, 32.8 per cent had less than 0.15 per cent. This latter figure is the blood concentration at which all persons are obviously drunk. So most drinking drivers in accidents are "moderate drinkers" and not obviously drunk. One or two beers or cocktails are enough to increase accident proneness in many people.

Summarizing, the most scientific evidence we have indicates that the consumption of alcoholic beverages in the U.S.A. has produced approximately 4,000,000 alcoholics, is increasing the number at the rate of 250,000 per year, and in 1952 was chiefly responsible for killing 15,040 and injuring 836,000 persons in traffic accidents.

It does this for two reasons: *First*, it is an addiction-producing, narcotic drug. *Secondly*, it puts the brain to sleep, the degree depending on the amount consumed; it impairs dexterity and skill, the formation of judgments, and other functions of the brain, such as caution and self-criticism or restraint.

Social Problems Increased by Alcohol

Juvenile Delinquency. From 25 to 75 per cent of juvenile delinquency is directly or indirectly due to alcoholic beverages, according to various reports.

Divorce. From 25 to 75 per cent of divorces are directly or indirectly due to alcohol, according to various reports.

Felonies (grave crimes) and *misdeemeanors* (less serious crimes) are reported to be due to alcohol in at least 50 per cent of cases.

Arrests for Drunkenness. In 1952 there were more than 5,000,000 arrests for drunkenness. Of course, not one half of those who were drunk were arrested.

Economic Cost. The estimate of the economic cost of alcohol, other than its purchase price to the consumer, ranges from \$1,500,000,000 to \$3,000,000,000 annually. A recent survey reported by the National Committee on Alcohol Education indicated that the cost to American industrial concerns alone was \$1,400,000,000 annually in the form of absenteeism, inefficiency at work due to hang-over, and wastage of material.

Sense of Values. In the United States there are 437,303 schools and churches, and 482,033 retail liquor stores and saloons.

Approximately \$9,000,000,000 is spent yearly on alcoholic beverages, and only \$7,500,000,000 on all educational and religious purposes (\$6,000,000,000 on

education and \$1,500,000,000 on religion).

Dollars Spent to Advertise Alcoholic Beverages. \$200,000,000, and probably more, is spent each year to advertise alcoholic beverages in the U.S.A.

Summary Showing the Need for Alcohol Education

We spend more to enslave and to put the brain to sleep than we do to awaken it and to create noble aspirations.

We spend more on alcoholic beverages, thereby increasing vice, crime, disease, traffic deaths and injuries, poverty, and human misery, than we do on all educational and religious purposes.

Alcohol in War

French troops, in one phase of the battle for Indo-China, drew a communist-led Viet-minh division of 15,000 men into pitched battle and handed it a severe beating. Thousands of the enemy troops, "drunk on rice alcohol," said the French, streamed out of the jungles and dashed headlong into combat with armored forces, heavy artillery, and infantry.

The best scientific estimates indicate that there are in the United States 1,000,000 chronic alcoholics, 3,000,000 addictive drinkers, and probably 3,000,000 heavy drinkers, and that the number of addictive drinkers and chronic alcoholics is increasing at the rate of a quarter of a million yearly.

In 1952 approximately 15,000 traffic deaths and 836,000 traffic injuries, according to the best scientific estimates, were caused by alcoholic beverages.

We spend \$200,000,000 a year to advertise \$9,000,000,000 worth of a product which produces, according to experts, the No. 4 public-health problem in the United States.

There are about as many cattle in the United States as there are human beings. What would the cattlemen in our country do if \$200,000,000 a year was spent to advertise a product which had caused 7,000,000 of their cattle to become sick and added a quarter of a million sick cattle to this number each year, and furthermore killed 15,040 and injured 836,000 of their cattle annually?

They would certainly do something about it and in a hurry, and it would probably be something quite radical. The least they could do about it would be to educate all cattlemen about the cause and nature of the astounding inroad on the health and welfare of their

cattle, and the economic loss they were sustaining.

Obviously, no rational person can be against the teaching of facts which would *prevent* the ravages of alcohol on the individual and society. It is important to know how to cure a disease, since frequently such information also tells us how to prevent the disease. However, in all areas of public health, which most everyone supports, the objective should be to prevent disease in preference to curing it.

BUT NOT REALLY FRIENDLY

(Continued from page 29)

paralyzed his 'fatigue sense.' If the man worked in a factory with high-powered machinery, there was a good chance he might kill someone because his accuracy of control was gone.

"All this is not a lot of talk that cannot be backed up. Doctors and chemists have studied the subject both in laboratories and by actual experiment. People said that alcohol sharpened the brain. To find out about this, doctors made tests of men doing many kinds of brain-work, as well as mechanical work. What did they find? The worker who was given alcohol thought that he was working more quickly, but in the long run he turned out less work; he thought he was doing better work, but when checked up, his work was found to be full of errors. Alcohol was fooling him.

"Not so long ago folks claimed that alcohol increased the strength. For a particularly hard piece of work, rum was served. We laugh at the idea now because we know that alcohol was merely fooling people.

"Runners used to be given alcohol, and it was served to men in boat crews, but athletes were among the first to find out how false drink actually is. Nowadays not even a prize fighter will take a drink when training.

"The doctor who gave me these facts said that he had been looking alcohol in the face for fifty years and hoped that he was now looking it in the back. He said that he had known alcohol to make strong men childish, but never to make a weak man strong; he had known it to hasten the course of disease, but never to check disease; he had known liquor to snuff out the life of a child, but never to resuscitate. Without the slightest hesitation he made the statement which I pass on to you: Alcohol has never been man's friend."

It seemed rather evident that, to this girl, friendship meant nothing if it was not genuine.

In 1952, twenty-four local option elections were held in Texas. The Drys captured eighteen.

"THE RETURN"

(Continued from page 26)

When I awoke I found myself in a hospital bed. The thought that I had been discovered, not only as a drunkard but also as a thief, overwhelmed me with nausea, and I wept.

Mr. Martlein visited me the next day. He assured me that a few months of rest and care would cure me.

Pearl Lewis Meads



RAYMOND'S STUDIO

BEER, the BIBLE, and the BILL- BOARD

WHEN the rending, smashing noise of the crash had died away, I sat stunned, with blood rippling over the right side of my face. Suddenly my senses came alive and I looked at my husband, bent forward over the steering wheel, his face a welter of blood. His left arm hung at a grotesque angle through the rim of the wheel, and a section of the broken patella of his left leg stood on end holding the fabric of his trouser leg up in a peak above his knee. On my other side our friend traveling with us leaned half-conscious against the car door, her neck, with a cracked vertebra, twisted hideously. Beside the light truck that had careened into us on our side of the road the driver lay unconscious with a slight cut on his forehead.

Then came the crowd of excited people and the whine of sirens. At the hospital the driver of the truck revived and was booked on a drunken-driving charge. Our friend was released in the care of an acquaintance in the city, pending X rays. My cut head was patched up, and I managed to hobble about on a painfully injured knee. But my husband had months ahead of him in the hospital with two operations

"But the expenses—I can't stay here. I can rest in my own sleeping room."

"Neil, don't worry about expenses."

"But, Mr. Martlein, don't you understand? I don't have a penny. And I don't want anyone—"

"Neil, you sort of took the place of my son who died a few months before you started working for me. He would have been your age now."

"I'm sorry. I'm sure you would have been proud of him, not like—"

"Well, Neil," he interrupted softly, "this is what I came to tell you. Remember that savings agreement we made when you were hired? I was to take 5 per cent of your salary and invest it in our own business, a sort of profit-sharing plan. As you know, business has been good; you must have by this time about \$14,000."

"Fourteen thousand—I—I don't believe it."

"You'll see for yourself after you get well. So rest and don't worry."

A month of rest and well-balanced diet made me strong enough to exercise in the gymnasium, take walks, and work in the garden.

I began to look at the causes and the reasons for my drinking, with the aid of trained psychotherapists. They explained the groundlessness of my feelings of inferiority and shyness.

But it was Mr. Martlein who really gave me the incentive to stop drinking. He made me feel that I was not useless, that I could be of great help to him.

After five months I was released. Both Mr. and Mrs. Martlein insisted that I stay with them until I felt able to go to work for the Martlein Trading Company, start a business for myself, or work for some other firm.

But, more than anything else, I wanted to work for the Martleins, to prove to them and to myself that I was no longer controlled by alcohol. I was willing to accept any kind of job, as a janitor, packer, or order picker.

"But there are no openings in those departments," said Mr. Martlein. "What I need is a superintendent."

"A superintendent? What about Mike? Isn't he working for you any more?"

"Yes, he's still here, but—listen, Neil, you take my car to the warehouse."

He gave me the keys to his car, and walked out of the store with me. Before I stepped into the car he put his hand on my shoulder.

"Neil," he said, "see if you can help straighten Mike out. He needs help, the kind of help that you alone can give him."

At the warehouse I saw Mike. He was reeling on one of the receiving platforms, trying to suck the last drop of whisky out of a bottle.

"Hi, bosh—long time no shee. Care to hoisht a couple with me? Come on! You gotta bring your own stuff. I'm fresh out. Whoa!"

He fell between cartons of blankets.

How Mike Sorley was helped to realize that successful living is necessarily nonalcoholic, forms a chapter in the story of his life. That is for him to reveal, as I have revealed a similar chapter from my life.



WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

Alcohol Blamed in One Third of Nation's Violent Deaths

GLEN SHEPHERD, M.D.

"More than one third of all violent deaths have alcohol as the cause or as a contributing factor. This is the shocking finding of Dr. William C. Wilentz, medical examiner of Middlesex County, New Jersey, and of other medical examiners of New York City. Various studies throughout the nation reveal a similar startling relationship between drinking and violent death—preventable death. . . .

"Drinking is responsible for many other forms of violent death than auto accidents. Although the National Safety Council claims that one fifth of fatal auto accidents involved in drinking driver or pedestrian, murders and suicides also are increased by liquor.

For instance, of 250 homicides reported by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, either the slayer, the victim, or both had been drinking in 116, or 46 per cent. Eleven of these cases showed no apparent motive for the slaying except that the slayer was crazed with liquor.

"The cost to people for crimes committed under the influence of alcohol is estimated at upward of \$188,000,000 a year. Another \$30,000,000 a year is spent for the care of alco-

holics in mental hospitals. An additional \$25,000,000 goes to U.S. jails for the housing of alcoholic prisoners.

"Dr. Wilentz reports that in his own experience, 31 per cent of 136 murders showed an alcoholic factor. Not all of these people were intoxicated. Some had been 'just drinking.' Suicides also show alcohol an important factor, present in about one suicide in every four.

"People killed by falls, drownings, electrocutions, and other violent accidents had been drinking or were drunk in about one third of the cases.

"Dr. Howard Harlan, professor of sociology at Southern College, Birmingham, Alabama, and also experienced on criminology, claims, 'It would be no exaggeration to guess that alcohol is significantly involved in more than 50 per cent of criminal cases.'

"Although many more figures could be quoted, it is clear that liquor is bad medicine. It is either causing or contributing to a lot of nasty deaths that could be entirely prevented. Perhaps the best preventive is letting enough people know the dangers from drinking."—*Washington Post*.

● Beware of "Distinction"

Fearful of possible unfavorable publicity from rowdiness and coarseness invariably arising from their product, the Beverage Dispensers, meeting in Portland, Oregon, were advised: "As we intend to use extensive publicity in the form of photographs taken during this congress, your co-operation will be greatly appreciated if you will dress in conservative tones, so that we might impress through our public relations that operators of bars and cocktail lounges are average Oregon businessmen."

● Drug Addicts in Canada

"There are five thousand unfortunate men and women (and a goodly number of them are teen-agers) in Canada today who are slaves to the use of narcotic drugs. Each one of them must spend, on the average, \$7,500 a year on their habit, and this means a grand total of \$37,500,000 which pours into the greasy pockets of the drug traffickers every year."—Jarvis Warwick, in *New Liberty*, April, 1953.

● Sleeping Pills and Delinquency

Sleeping pills and other drugs are an "acute" problem linked with juvenile delinquency in many communities, according to the Food and Drug Administration. More than 55,000 retail drugstores, in addition to other sources, deal in such drugs, all dangerous without medical supervision. In one city a drugstore uses runners to supply youthful customers around high schools and parks.

Teen-Age Drinking

THE PROBLEM

"Teen-age drinking," according to a report to the California Congress of Parents and Teachers, "is one of the most serious physical and moral problems in the United States. It is also one of the most difficult to cope with because of the EXAMPLE set by the parents and other adults. Family bars built in homes, lack of supervision during juvenile home parties, and many other types of parental selfishness and negligence are the obvious reasons for moral deterioration among youth. The problem is, first, a home responsibility; sec-

ond, a community responsibility, the school, of course, being a part of the community."

. . . . THE SOURCE

"When our two girls (now fourteen and twelve) begged for beer as small children, we gave them sips. I even let them wet their tongues once or twice on highballs. They were curious, not unnaturally, about the smell of straight bourbon, and I encouraged them to smell. All their lives, my stock of Scotch, rye, bourbon, and wines has been in plain view and easily accessible. . . . Since I like a drink or two myself, why should I pretend otherwise with my children? Why should I be ashamed of being civilized? . . . In another year or so, I'm going to start serving them a thimbleful of light wine or beer with our holiday meals. Having, I hope, properly conditioned them thus far, I'm going to talk, casually, adult-to-adult fashion, about liquor as a pleasure vs. liquor as a problem. I'm going to tell them that, obviously, there's nothing inherently wrong in it, or I wouldn't drink, or allow them to do so. . . . The way I look at it, somebody is going to teach my children to drink, and I think it's my job."—Thomas Conway, in *Pageant*, May, 1953.

MISS GREECE


DASY MAVRAKIS



Charles Eliot Norton, scholar and man of letters, once wrote: "It is perhaps the highest distinction of the Greeks that they recognized the indissoluble connection of beauty and goodness."

This is as true in the present as it was in the past, for when Greece searched for a modern queen of beauty to represent its people, it selected Dasy Mavrakis, of Athens, a worthy successor to the famed Grecian beauties of antiquity. She has been a sensation in Athens and throughout all Greece, and her statuesque charm not only captured her own country, but as well the runner-up spot in the Miss Universe competition of last year.

When asked concerning her ideals and life habits, she attributed her beauty to the training of her mother, and then to good, clean, healthful living.



"I do not drink, neither do I smoke. I certainly recommend the plan of leaving liquor and tobacco alone if a young lady wishes to have real beauty."



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