

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Frank G. Clement

Governor of Tennessee

35 CENTS

It's a Fact



Narcotics Capsules

● Narcotics violators under twenty-one arrested during 1951 and 1952 in forty-three cities totaled 9,189, of whom 1,515 were girls.

● Heroin from communist China is available on the west coast in such concentration that a single shot may cause death.

● "Statistics [in New York] for the first half of 1953 reveal a startling increase in teen-age use of dope over the past two years, with a noticeable increase by females. And 1951 was supposedly the peak year!"
—Sylvia J. Singer, Chairman, Narcotics Committee of the Welfare and Health Council.

● Since 1950, stiffer narcotics penalties have been enacted in sixteen states. Laws for detention or commitment of addicts have been passed in twenty-three states.

● According to Bertram M. Beck, of the United States Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, "one out of every fifty children in this country is an official delinquent—a child who has come before a juvenile court for committing a serious offense."

● In 1952 the eighteen United States cities having narcotics squads arrested 17,514 violators. New York's 2,745 arrests up to September 30, 1953, showed a 500 per cent increase over 1946.

● Between 25 and 40 per cent of burglaries and robberies in Washington, D.C., are by drug addicts. One chain of food stores lost \$100,000 in a year to addicted shoplifters. Some addicts spend more than \$50 a day on drugs.

● At the end of 1952, narcotics police compared the seizure-purchase totals with 1951. The result in ounces:

	1951	1952
Opium	904	7,303
Heroin	948	2,292
Marijuana	35,481	40,775

In Washington, D.C., conspirators raided the contraband vault of the Federal Narcotics Bureau and made away with an estimated \$250,000 worth of drugs.

● San Francisco dope seizures jumped from \$61,350 in 1950 to \$761,000 for the first nine months of 1953.

● Estimated world opium production is 12,000 tons a year. The needs for medical and scientific purposes are a mere 450 tons!

● Bobby Greenlease in Kansas City fell victim to a sadistic kidnap-killer who was a dope addict.

● Federal Judge Thomas F. Murphy once said that each dope seller supplies up to fifty-two addicts to stay in business. There are nearly ten thousand known dope pushers in the nation.

● Enough heroin is produced annually around the world to supply 29,000,000 addicts with three capsules a day for a year.

● "If you shoot a man, the wound may heal. But an adolescent addict . . . stays mentally ill."—Dr. Madge C. L. McQuinness, New York medical authority.

Secondary Problems From Alcohol

Alcoholism, in addition to being a major primary problem of the world, is now recognized as causing enormous interference with other health problems. So says Dr. E. M. Jellinek, consultant to the World Health Organization. Thus, he says, 15 to 18 per cent of tuberculosis patients are alcoholics, or near-alcoholics.

Similarly, the doctor reports from his world-wide survey, a large percentage of juvenile neuroses arise as the result of alcoholism of the parents. Yet, how many claim that drinking is a "personal" liberty with which no one has the right to interfere!

Bootlegging Booms

In the fiscal year of 1946 agents of the Bureau of Internal Revenue seized 5,006 stills with a total daily capacity of 131,894 proof gallons, in coast-to-coast raids. In the fiscal year of 1953 agents seized 8,237 stills with a daily capacity of 275,431 gallons. This marked an increase of 46.5 per cent in stills seized and an increase of 108.8 per cent in daily capacity. In eighteen months, twenty stills, each with production capacity of 1,000 to 2,000 gallons a day, were seized within a hundred miles of New York City. Whatever happened to the "wet" promise that bootlegging and bootleggers would disappear?

LISTEN

APRIL to
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OUR COVER

When he assumed Tennessee's highest office, Frank G. Clement wanted so much to be sure God went with him into the governor's office that he arranged a special precedent-making worship service to begin his inauguration day. *Listen's* cover picture of this progressive and deeply sincere administrator is by Moore and Danley of Nashville.

INTRODUCING . . .

HELEN GREGG GREEN (page 6) claims "people" as her hobby. She is filled with the joy of living, a quality that is apparent in all her writings, whether articles or letters, and in her home at the Lake Shore Hotel in Cleveland where she lives with her husband, Ross Childs Loudon, businessman and student of political economy. An authority on education, psychology, and current problems, she has written for a dozen top national journals and has for years prepared material for a syndicate with translations in thirty-three languages. Throughout her make-up is a deep-seated spiritual note. "Next to bread," she says, quoting the late Dr. Joshua Liebman, "it is simple kindness that all mortals hunger for."

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Imitating the Ostrich

TO THE distress of many high-ranking public officials who keep discounting its importance, the problem of drug addiction as a national youth menace is refusing to "lie down and be quiet." This fact is intensifying the rising debate whether or not to educate modern young people about the nature and dangers of drugs.

Teen-Age Menace, a film exposing the evils of drug addiction, was made in New York by Producer Bill Free as a public service. Its theme is of two teen-age couples drawn into the use of heroin. Jimmy eventually gets some poisoned drug, and dies. Chuck, addicted himself, lives to testify against the guilty dope peddler, who is sent to the electric chair.

When censors took a look at this film, they decided that, far from being a public service, it was merely a thirty-minute picture that would "tend to corrupt morals" and "incite to crime." They seemed convinced that the scenes showing boys injecting themselves would make the film a "how to" picture instead of one emphasizing "not to."

However, the picture's defenders cite the fact that any youngster who wants to can easily learn how to obtain and administer drugs, without a movie to tell him how. Furthermore, they wonder how the starkly realistic portrayals of the dying Jimmy, the depraved Chuck, and the doomed peddler can serve as a lure for anyone to use heroin. "Burying the public's head in the ground like an ostrich is not the best way to fight the drug evil," says Wallace Garland, one of the film's backers. "Neither do

we feel that narcotics should be considered a dirty word. Denying that we have a serious teen-age drug problem will do as little to cure causes as taking the word 'narcotics' out of the dictionary." Two highly respected New York agencies, the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies and the James Weldon Johnson Community Center (see *Listen*, vol. 6, No. 4), have recommended *Teen-Age Menace*.

It is not our purpose here either to recommend or to denounce this particular film. It *is* our purpose to raise another voice in the growing chorus calling for adequate narcotics education.

Federal Narcotics Commissioner Anslinger reports that the United States is caught in the squeeze of an unscrupulous international dope ring smuggling its vicious product of death in from all sides. A San Francisco customs official estimates that \$2,000,000 worth of dope is smuggled through that port alone each year, though the seizures have increased ten times since 1950. In New York, at one time, there was taken from the liner "Flandre" thirteen pounds of heroin worth \$1,000,000 at retail after the customary dilutions. At least ten organized rings, Mr. Anslinger says, are operating within this country, getting their supply from Red Chinese sources and selling it to American teen-age addicts.

When we face these facts and others such as appear on pages 2 and 20 of this issue of *Listen*, it is obvious that the narcotics problem is not confined to one nation; it is international in scope. The United States of itself is virtually powerless to stop large-scale narcotics smuggling into this country from Mexico, China, and other countries. The drugs that are degrading thousands of our citizens seep through our seaports and across our borders at an ever-increasing rate—far faster than control agencies with limited personnel and power can handle the situation.

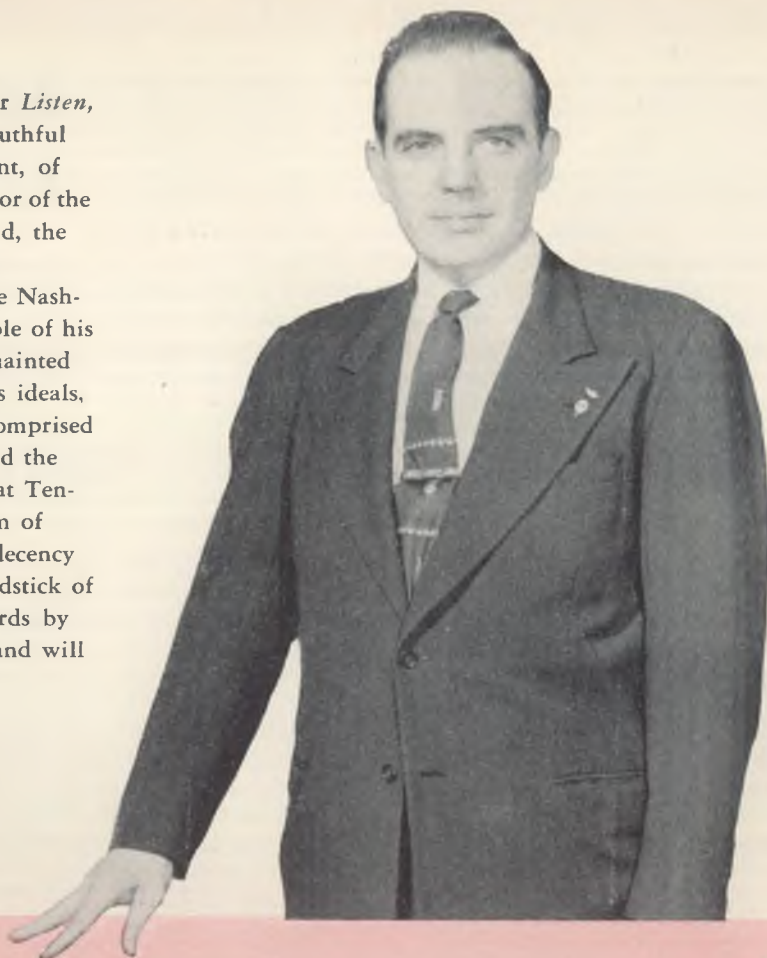
There is no doubt that so long as the world dope scene is as it is, increasing quantities of drugs handled by money-mad peddlers will confront our youth, regardless of intensive efforts to prevent it. Only the youth well-versed in the truth about narcotics can make decisions to ensure their own welfare and that of their nation.

We submit, that the lack now of an immediate, well-co-ordinated, long-range plan of narcotics education for our boys and girls, our teen-age youth, is not only short-sighted but also can be classed as criminal neglect.

Francis A. Soper

This forthright message, written especially for *Listen*, comes from one of America's most vigorous youthful leaders in government. When Frank G. Clement, of Dickson, Tennessee, became the forty-third governor of the Volunteer State, he was only thirty-two years old, the youngest governor in the United States.

At the beginning of his term the editors of the Nashville *Banner* expressed the sentiments of the people of his state, and of the nation as it becomes better acquainted with him: "It is obvious that Tennessee liked his ideals, basic to character and so sincerely held that they comprised the very platform on which he asked and received the assignment of this solemn trust. It is obvious that Tennessee, like much of America in the whole realm of government, likes the old-fashioned virtues of decency and morality and wants them restored as the yardstick of official conduct. They are the honorable standards by which this nation was built. By them it can be and will be preserved."



Do You Think Morals Are Old-Fashioned?

FRANK G. CLEMENT, Governor of Tennessee

RRAN for the office of governor of Tennessee on a platform that included a promise of returning "morality" to our state government. Some people asked me why I included such a promise in a political platform. The answer is the same as the answer to the question I pose here: Do *you* think morals are old-fashioned? Think. If the fact that I ask the question surprises you, then maybe it isn't necessary to ask; but if you think it is a debatable question, then regretfully we must conclude that maybe morals have become "old-fashioned."

Your grandmother and your great-grandmother—and mine—would have refused to debate such a question. But they lived in the Victorian Age, which for us moderns has too often come to mean narrow-mindedness, exaggerated scruples, and outdated thinking.

We are proud of the fact, and justly so, that ours is an age of freedom and emancipation. In our times we hold in high regard what we call the "rugged individualist." There's good reason for it, too. After all, some of our greatest Americans were rugged individualists. Consider George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Abe Lincoln, or Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison. Our times can certainly do with more rugged individualists of the Washington and Jackson brand; but I am afraid someone has been trying to sell us a poor substitute, a not-so-reasonable facsimile of the historic red-blooded American individualist. Someone has been trying to pawn off on us a kind of atheistic character who holds in contempt the ancient commandment to honor our parents, a kind of gin-head jerk who is more afraid of something he miscalls "frustration" than

he is of hell-fire and damnation. He is the kind of character who believes in holding together a marriage not because it is holy in the eyes of God but because he fears heavy alimony payments.

We're living in a time when many people believe sin is a superstition. "Sin" is an unpopular word. You don't see much of it. No one comes right out and denies it—not in the open at least—but some people are trying to deny that it exists by never using the word!

I believe in the existence of sin, and I believe that we must recognize it and announce its existence before we can find a solution to the problems which it creates.

Most of our modern social problems are the result, directly or indirectly, of violating our moral code. Some people prefer to say this some other way, but I believe there's no better way to say it. When we do avoid the moral aspects—the "sin connection," I say—we're taking a backhanded swipe at our most precious institutions, the family and the church. Chip away at these long enough, and eventually we'll make a hole that nothing will fill as terribly and as easily as will atheistic communism.

Let me get right down to one of our gravest social problems. I believe that in the shying away from the question of the morals involved—or the sinning—we have missed the boat in meeting the problem of alcoholism in our times. Temperance is not just a good idea, a smart, intelligent guide for living. Temperance is a virtue, a godly virtue, something admired and smiled upon by our Father and Creator.

Intemperance is not merely ruinous of our health, hard on our pocketbooks, tragic for our loved ones and ourselves, it is a sin; it is not merely a serious social problem, it is a serious moral problem. In those areas where we have a choice, the best guard against intemperance is complete abstinence.

The problem of alcoholism, or just plain drunkenness to use the old-fashioned word, is primarily a moral problem. We must recognize it as such in order to make headway against it. You need to understand that.

Deny that evil and sin exist, and you deny that there is such a thing as bad conduct or immoral conduct. Deny that sin exists, and you're only a step away from denying the existence of duty and responsibility.

Do *you* believe morals have become old-fashioned, outdated? Certainly they haven't. But maybe the terms have. Maybe we're using the wrong words these days. I think we ought to call a spade a spade. If our problem is a moral one, let's call it that. I don't believe morals are any more old-fashioned than the family, the church, the school, or our democratic way of life.

Whenever we feel inclined to regard morals as old-fashioned, let's remember that though our forebears may not have foreseen the problems of the atomic age, they did know the difference between good and bad, right and wrong. Let's remember, too, that no matter what you call it, sin is with us, and sin's brother is sorrow.



Governor and Mrs. Clement with their two sons.

PATTERNS FOR LIVING

by HELEN GREGG GREEN



To lead a *balanced* life, one must keep well mentally, physically, and spiritually. Marie Beynon Ray in *Two Lifetimes in One* suggests we ride three horses during our mature lifetime: sports, social life, and avocation. I'd like to add two more mounts: education and religion.

Sports

If you live in a city, all sports are available; in smaller towns and farming communities there are usually recreational centers. Anywhere, any place—you can always *walk!*

Social Life

"I'm not gregarious!" you say. "I get along very well in my own world!" Think it over! Wouldn't life be more stimulating if you *were* social? Entertaining and being entertained is a delightful diversion. You expand as you exchange ideas with your friends, discuss interesting subjects, learn to converse well. Watching for new menus, flower and table arrangements, new ideas along every line, is broadening and fun.

Hobbies

We all need "beloved work." We crave vital, colorful experiences that rescue us from monotony and drabness. Material compensation can never equal the joy derived from a hobby that takes us outside ourselves, into something bigger than our own interests. Hobbies lead us away from the mediocrity to which the present generation is exposed, reminding us, "Only today is awake, and we ought to be awake with it."

If you haven't a hobby, why not *acquire* one? It will bring a sense of excitement and accomplishment. Captivating hobbies include collecting cookbooks, buying and selling antique furniture, carpentry, gardening, fishing, reading, collecting stamps, writing poetry, designing aprons and house dresses, arranging flowers, making baby clothes, collecting old glass, knitting, and a hundred others.

Education

There's as large an enrollment in adult education classes sponsored by the public schools as there is in our university and college classes. Regardless of your educational background, you're watching from the sidelines if you haven't broadened your horizons since school or college days to a marked degree. There are many avenues leading to a cultural background and a new, modern *you*.

Besides adult classes in which 1,700,000 ambitious folk are enrolled, (Turn to page 28.)

From an address delivered at the Institute of Scientific Studies, Loma Linda, California.

ALCOHOL EDUCATION-- FOR WHAT?

JOHN L. C. GOFFIN, M.D.

Health Education Department
Los Angeles City Schools



COURTESY LOS ANGELES BOARD OF EDUCATION

ONLY within recent years have the problems of alcohol been approached scientifically. Most of the research has been directed at the causes of chronic alcoholism, the treatment of alcoholics, and their rehabilitation. Alcoholism has been shown to be a symptom complex that in many instances can be arrested, but not cured. The organization known as Alcoholics Anonymous has had remarkable success in salvaging human lives.

All these endeavors are excellent and worth while, but they are like locking the garage door after the car is stolen. They do not get at the root of the problem—the prevention of alcoholism. As long as the present popular attitude prevails and as long as liquor is made freely available, the same old evils will be present that have always prevailed under any and every system of legal control. Beverage alcohol has always been an indispensable ingredient in the foul mixture of gambling, prostitution, and political graft stirred up by the underworld for fat and easy profits. The tide of disease, death, and depravity is rolling on, and ever rising. We are merely trying to mop up the debris left in its wake.

The only solution that I can see is a widespread, persistent, and enlightened program of education directed at our school children and the general public. It must be factual and motivated with the eventual goal: *individual total abstinence*. There can be no halfway measures with such a potent, habit-forming drug as alcohol.

Particularly the young people must be brought to realize that alcoholism is no respecter of age, sex, class, economic or social position, educational attainments, or intellectual capacity. In the army of alcoholics can be found doctors, lawyers, teachers, mechanics, ditchdiggers, housewives, chambermaids. Every trade and profession is represented. There are child alcoholics and octoge-

narian alcoholics, men alcoholics and women alcoholics.

Youth must be enlightened concerning the current controversy over the addictive character of alcohol. It is ridiculous to say that alcohol is not habit-forming, when we have millions of alcohol addicts. To be sure, it is not addictive in the same sense that morphine is addictive, and it doesn't make addicts of so large a number of users, but in some respects alcoholism is as hard to overcome as the morphine habit. And the treacherous aspect of indulgence is that no one knows in advance whether he is destined to become an alcoholic. Although psychiatrists have searched diligently for the alcoholic personality, they haven't found it. Anyone can become an alcohol addict.

Intelligent young people can hardly fail to see the irony in tolerating and embracing a potent, habit-forming narcotic drug and at the same time outlawing all the other narcotics and sedatives, from heroin to the barbiturates. Medical authorities have repeatedly asserted that alcohol has done more damage to the human race than all the other narcotics combined. If a person smokes a marijuana cigarette or carries one in his pocket—even if he commits no crime—and is caught, he is clapped into jail. If he becomes intoxicated on alcohol, he is merely amusing or a nuisance; and if he commits a crime, he is often treated leniently because it is assumed that it was not he but the alcohol in him that was responsible.

Some people shy away from alcohol education because they say it is a controversial subject. Not any more! Medical research has steadily narrowed the areas of controversy until now there is very little that is theoretical about the effects of alcohol on human beings. What such persons mean is probably that it is a controversial question because some people think it is a good thing and others think it is a bad

(Turn to page 34.)



Sheriff Eugene W. Biscailuz, Under-sheriff Peter J. Pitchess, and Sergeant Harry Hines of the Narcotics Bureau, help direct the fight against narcotics in Los Angeles County. This west-coast area, into which are smuggled large quantities of narcotics from the Orient and from Mexico, is recognized as a major center for the nation's narcotics menace.



TAMARA ANDREEVA

TAMARA ANDREEVA with the co-operation of the Narcotics Detail of the office of Mr. E. W. Biscailuz, sheriff of Los Angeles County, California

Vital questions asked by modern youth are answered by Los Angeles authorities in this--

Report on Narcotics

- Is there a road back?
- Might I get "hooked"?

- Is addiction a respecter of persons?
- Marijuana—as dangerous as heroin?
- Why does the "stuff" allure?
- Who are the real "pushers"?

A RAID on a dope addicts' den in the Los Angeles of the thirties might have taken the arresting officers to some dank basement of a Chinese laundry. Today, though the ravages of opium and its vicious derivative, heroin, are as devastating, the picture has changed. Dope addiction is no respecter of caste, social position, or age. Narcotics users have been arrested in fashionable drawing rooms, in bank lobbies, in innocent-looking malt shops. With improved transportation the spread of narcotics has become alarming: they come in by boat, by air, and by rail; they are carried on peddlers' persons or are secreted in their cars as they come across international borders.

With customs inspectors being constantly vigilant, it may seem incredible that drugs of this sort escape their attention. But specially trained narcotics agents are few. There are only twenty-eight of them working in Los Angeles, a city of nearly two million population. Only twenty-six agents are covering the harbors and interna-

tional border towns for this thriving metropolitan area.

An accurate check on the flow of crowds across one point of the Mexican border alone showed that a million persons cross it in less than a month. No matter how well trained or how sharp, the narcotics bureau men are likely to miss their man.

Potent narcotics, such as heroin, come in powder form and can be easily packaged in such a way that they will escape detection. Five thousand dollars' worth of this deadly drug can be carried in an ordinary cigarette package. Because even a little bit of the "stuff" is always salable and brings a large profit, dope peddlers have thought nothing of bringing it across secreted in such fantastic places as the hollow heel of a shoe, a drilled-out tooth, or a plastic handle of a toothbrush.

Even a small quantity of heroin can be sold profitably, because the peddler usually "cuts" or adulterates it with lactose prior to selling it to the addict.

In spite of being pitifully understaffed, the Narcotics Bureau agents do get their men sooner or later. Because dope operators never work singly, making a single arrest would mean very little. So, patiently the Bureau men work to uncover the entire chain of peddlers. This finally leads them to the higher-ups—the heads of the dope syndicates. Here again the Class-B movie version of the dope ring czar's plush hangout does not always hold true. Fabulously rich "brains" of such syndicates at times do not even maintain an office or a decorative secretary, but operate from a convenient street corner.

A major reason for this type of operation is the dope peddler's fear of apprehension. One to twenty years is the penalty for the possession or sale of dope. In certain cases the penalty is even life imprisonment. There is also the fear of informers. So most of the larger and more experienced dope runners work as lone wolves and delegate authority only where absolutely necessary. Even then they try to avoid any connection that might be traced between them and the distributors of their wares. The more innocent the distributor, the less chance there is for the finger of suspicion to point to them, the real operators. That is the reason women and juveniles have been recruited into this racket. Both women and young people are usually employed as "pushers"—middlemen to introduce prospective addicts to the "stuff." Many of them are not dope users when they begin, but heroin is so extremely addictive that association with it sometimes creates an insatiable appetite for it; so eventually such pushers themselves become the syndicate's faithful customers.

Once a person "goes on dope"—contrary to popular belief—there is virtually no road back. Many of the addicts, realizing the danger they are running, willingly give themselves up to the authorities and ask to be sent to a state institution for a cure. There are two such cure centers in this country: one in Fort Worth, Texas; another at Lexington, Kentucky. Many of the narcotics users who have not been using it too long, or were addicted to less-dangerous and habit-forming types of narcotics, may come out of the experience whole; but once a person has been on heroin, a cure is only a self-delusion. It may work as long as the former addict does not have access to the drug, as the case would be with him in the hospital. But as soon as he or she gets out and resumes his old associations, the old urge for a "jolt" is renewed, and he is retracing his steps to self-destruction. The Los Angeles County sheriff's narcotics detail has known some intelligent professional men who have tried to shake the addiction habit by committing themselves to the institution for as long as two years. When they came out, however, it was not long before they were using dope again. Once they resume its use, they usually increase the dose, each injection giving them the relief they seek, and bringing them closer to the grave.

Often the question is asked: How long does it take a narcotics user to deteriorate physically? There is no hard-and-fast rule, sheriff's deputies say. It all depends on a person's constitution and on how much tolerance he has built up to the drug. There is one thing sure, however: They all crave the "stuff" so badly, there is nothing they would not do, or do not do, to get it. Men and women living at home will

(Turn to page 32.)



TAMARA ANDREVA

1 Many dope addicts operate with homemade paraphernalia, such as shown above: a bent teaspoon in which to heat and dissolve the drug prior to injection; some sort of hypodermic needle, often made from an eye dropper; pin or razor to puncture the skin where the injection is to be made; gelatine capsules to hold the deadly powder; tins for holding marijuana leaves; a wad of cotton twine through which the drug is soaked prior to being injected. Also shown in this photo is an opium lamp, an opium pipe, and an opium scale.

2 Marijuana is a weedlike plant, easily recognizable and not difficult to grow, especially in a climate like that of Southern California. From it, however, is made marijuana cigarettes, in some ways more dangerous than the stronger drugs, since its users soon graduate to barbiturates and the deadly heroin.

3 A woman narcotics detective shows Sergeant Hines the "sap," a weapon taken from an addict. On the desk can be seen an opium pipe and other smoking equipment, along with the "handy talkie" radio.

4 In the San Gabriel area near Los Angeles a group of youth were arrested, each of their cars bearing a plate suspended under the rear bumper showing a hypo needle and the word "narcos." It is not often, though, that drug addicts so flauntedly advertise their addiction.



The Evidence of

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Harold Shryock, M.D.

True Greatness

ONCE I watched an amateur ball game in which the players were the employees of a small industrial plant. The occasion was a holiday, and the game was being played purely for purposes of recreation and entertainment. In the course of the game two of the players became angry over some trivial difference in their interpretations of the rules. Soon they were manifesting genuine tempers—the extreme of emotional display which indicates that anger is out of control.

These men were ordinarily good citizens. They were respected in the community. During working days they carried their responsibilities in the plant in commendable ways. They had been good friends. Suddenly, however, on the occasion of the ball game, a slight provocation caused them to lose control of their emotions as they allowed their tempers to flare to the extent that they were humiliated ever after at the memory of the circumstance.

One of the evidences of a thoroughly integrated, mature personality is the ability to control one's emotions. Lack of emotional control is observed in normal children when they cry easily, laugh hilariously, and become angry at minor provocations; but we properly expect an adult to have learned how to control his emotions. Particularly do we expect a mature person to avoid the unnecessary manifestation of anger, which we commonly call temper.

The response of anger as it is present in an infant may be considered as a protective mechanism. An infant does not need to learn how to become angry; the response is built into his nervous system. Should his crib blankets accidentally restrict his breathing or his freedom of movement, he automatically becomes angry. He throws his arms and legs and cries loudly. If he is not able by this means to loosen the blankets that are limiting his move-

ments, he is at least able by his loud cries to attract someone to his rescue.

An infant is able to manifest anger even before he is able to think or reason. Even a horse or a dog or a cat is capable of manifesting anger when its movements are restricted or when it is teased. Such an animal, when angry, follows about the same pattern of behavior as does the infant who has not yet learned to control his anger. Whether in man or animal, anger is a normal, automatic response to insult.

The nervous patterns that make it possible to become angry are not found in the part of the brain used for thinking and reasoning. The brain centers providing for anger are connected to those areas of the brain in which conscious thought and judgment occur. By means of these connections it is possible for a person to control, if he will, his response of anger. Without this control, any insulting circumstance will cause a person to react like an infant or an animal. But by exercising intelligent control he can avoid the extremes of anger, which we call temper. The two men who manifested tempers while playing in the ball game had allowed the automatic centers in their brains to take over. They were not controlling their responses of anger by exercising good judgment. They had not yet developed good self-discipline. Each felt that he had been insulted and, unfortunately, allowed himself to act in response to the insult just as an infant would react.

As an infant develops, he naturally observes that his mother comes quickly to his rescue whenever he exhibits anger. Thus there is the possibility that he will learn to abuse this means of summoning help. He may then become angry merely to obtain recognition or special consideration. This is where *(Turn to page 29.)*

THE Meredith Publishing Company, of Des Moines, Iowa, publishers of *Better Homes and Gardens* and *Successful Farming*, is a young organization when compared with many other businesses and industries. In October, 1902, E. T. Meredith, Sr., brought out the first issue of *Successful Farming*. Meredith's second dream, a home magazine for urban and suburban families, took shape in 1922, when the first edition of *Fruit, Garden and Home* came from the press. Two years later this magazine's name was changed to *Better Homes and Gardens*.

According to research conclusions, *Better Homes and Gardens* has a particular halo about it. The very title does a great deal to create that idea, plus its content and its guiding philosophy as set by its founder. He was the nineteen-year-old Ed Meredith who received a losing publication, *The Farmer's Tribune*, from his grandfather as a wedding present with a note saying: "Sink or swim." Ed swam so well that he continued publishing as a career. Soon he sold the *Tribune* and launched his first magazine, *Successful Farming*, which today has at least 1,200,000 subscribers. However, nine out of ten of those who receive the magazine live in fifteen of the Midwest's leading farm states.

What has been the guiding advertising policy of these two national magazines with a total present circulation of more than 5,000,000? In a time when truth in advertising was not popular the Meredith idea was this: "We believe . . . every advertisement . . . is backed by a responsible person. But to make doubly sure, we will make good any loss." This statement of principle appeared in the first issue of *Successful Farming* in 1902, and represented the first advertising guarantee in which the publisher of a magazine assumed such responsibility out of a desire to serve its readers.

Modern advertising is as versatile and changing as human nature, and its growth has been astronomical in terms of dollars and cents. Advertising is the big story in selling any product on a national scale. Many and devious are some of the methods pursued.

"Attitude research" is the expression that covers a new approach to selling. Of particular note is the trend by reliable research organizations who solicit opinions of the potential buyer toward the medium—particularly the magazine—in which a certain advertisement appears. Being printed in different magazines, the same ad creates different attitudes as to the reliability or worth-whileness of a product. Magazine-advertising departments are becoming more and more sensitive to this factor in human judgment and evaluation.

Finding out what makes for better techniques, why some products are excluded, and what are the basic appeals, spell dollars and cents for the publisher; and learning what people actually think about a magazine—and no less important, what they think about what is advertised—is vital to the stable progress of any business. The advertising atmosphere

SECOND QUARTER



"JOE MARSH"

**BOB
ROACH**

5,000,000 Meredith home and farm magazines a month prove publishing success with no liquor advertising.

of magazines differs greatly. A detective magazine has an atmosphere worlds apart from *The Christian Century*. Obviously the kinds of ads in those two publications will be as different as the magazines are. So it is with the Meredith publications.

Before the name *Fruit, Garden and Home* was changed, the editors made the following statements regarding the purpose of their magazine (April, October, 1924):

"Before long, with your enthusiastic co-operation and support, such as we have had in the past, *Fruit, Garden and Home* is going to be the most potent influence for good that the American home has. It is even now exerting a tremendous influence all over the country in the cause of better yards, better homes in which to live, and better improvements inside those homes.

"But most important of all, it is bringing a newer appreciation of the great heritage that home really is. When all is said and done there is no place quite like a real home. It is the foundation, the keystone, the pillar of a great and reliant people. And to bring this thought to folks who live in homes has had a great influence for good.

"Of course, ALL isn't exactly right with the world.

The unique prestige and reader acceptance of the Meredith publications result from the human, dramatic principles conceived and developed by Edwin Thomas Meredith, Sr., founder of the Meredith Publishing Company.



Meredith Executives Outline Their Basic Advertising and Editorial Policy

Many things can be changed for the better if civilization is to progress and better itself. That is to be expected. There will always be work for us to do. And one of the greatest works, as I see it, is to do what we can to make the home the center of our interest and activity. The home is the starting place in our whole social organization. If it is made to breathe all the finer aspirations which men may lawfully cherish, it will do more to make this life a paradise than anything else."

Mr. Meredith, Sr., died June 17, 1928, at the age of fifty-one; but his tremendous vision, enthusiasm, and sound concepts have become a permanent part of the Meredith Publishing Company. This organization and its publications have continued to grow.

In May, 1949, Meredith was one of the first ten persons named for the Advertising Hall of Fame by the Advertising Federation of America. His citation was for "special achievement and service in the upbuilding and advancement of the social and economic values of advertising."

What has been the advertising policy of the company since Meredith's death? An experiment has been tried showing what happens when a big magazine must choose between public opinion and revenue from advertising alcoholic beverages.

In 1943 a column entitled "Joe Marsh Says" was started, and used intermittently until April, 1949. The basic idea was to educate the public to tolerate those who used alcoholic beverages and to convince them that there is nothing wrong with the habit of using such products. At first the publishers of *Successful Farming* did not feel that this was objectionable material. The contract for this advertising was always subject to immediate rejection if it became offensive to the publishers—and it did!

The story that drew this conclusion concerned two young people who were just married. The most objectionable idea was that they should settle all their differences over a friendly glass of beer—exit Joe Marsh from *Successful Farming*! Any thinking, unprejudiced person can readily see the obvious incongruity in such a setting when judges from Boston to Los Angeles will say in no uncertain words that from one third to three fourths of the divorces in this nation have alcohol as a contributing cause.

When the present advertising manager was asked whether he had received any complaints concerning Joe Marsh, his reply was right to the point: "Constantly and consistently." Then when asked as to what constituted objectionable materials, he gave a concrete example: "We will not accept even sparkling waters that obviously are associated with and are an accessory in using alcoholic beverages. This is a recent action."

What about the larger magazine published by Meredith and sold on the newsstands in every city in the nation—*Better Homes and Gardens*? In 1946, covering a period of not more than six months, wine advertising in a mealtime setting was permitted. Public reaction set in, and along with it the wine industry brought the ax down on its own neck. In December there arrived in the Meredith offices a four-color ad (Turn to page 29.)

Hugh Curtis, Editor,
Better Homes and Gardens



**Better Homes
and Gardens**

As editor we know we should not impose moral choice. That is for other publications. Our job is to furnish how-to ideas which are and motivate happier, more comfortable, more successful living in and about the home. Let us depart from that position—and we're not tempted—readers would object! H/Curtis

Charles J. Stark,
Publicity Manager



**Better Homes
and Gardens**

Families read *Successful Farming* and *Better Homes and Gardens* with an intimate interest that they find in few other publications. They expect to find in these magazines ways to better farms and better homes. Any article which doesn't specifically fill these needs is not to the point.

Charles J. Stark

AN OLD-TIME saloonkeeper made a teetotaler out of me. This may not be the best opening for my story, but, believe it or not, that's how it happened.

It all began when Nathan Berkowitz and I, Andy Macintosh, became inseparable companions. This seemingly commonplace occurrence becomes noteworthy because Nat and I were from different sides of the tracks and were absolute opposites in everything. Nat was always the immaculate, well-mannered little gentleman, while I was an overgrown, short-tempered roughneck.

My strict-living Scotch parents were a bit dubious about my friendship with Nat; his father was the only saloonkeeper in town. But mother and dad wouldn't have thought of blaming Nat for his father's business, so he was always welcome in our home.



GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT

AS TOLD TO FRANK CORNELIUS ROSS

If Nat saw anything unusual in our little five-room, cheaply furnished home, he gave no sign; but I'm afraid my self-control let me down the first few times I visited him. The two-and-a-half-story brick, in the center of a half block of well-kept lawns and shady maple trees, was a new and unbelievable world to me.

In time I became accustomed to Nat's home, though I never quite recovered from my first sight of his sister, Rachel, a tiny little thing two years younger than our advanced age of ten.

I realize that the use of superlatives is a sign of poor storytelling, but how else can I tell you about Rachel? With a creamy white complexion for a background, her black hair and eyes and full red lips added up to a flashing beauty that reached out and gripped your heart till you could hardly breathe.

But it wasn't so much Rachel's beauty that made me her slave for life. It was the way she was so friendly and didn't look at my clothes, which had been outgrown by an older brother. She didn't even kid me about the holes in my stockings the way the other girls did.

Long before I reached fourteen I had found enough odd jobs to buy my own clothes. I was no longer clothes-conscious, even though I couldn't quite achieve Nat's immaculate perfection.

Nat was a little disgusted with the way I felt about his sister, but he still took me home to dinner occasionally,

where I could exchange bashful grins with her across the table.

By the time I had finished high school I knew there could never be another girl for me. And Rachel seemed to—but that's another story. I should have known that mentioning Rachel would get me off on a tangent.

To get back to our story: Nat and I would go to the saloon once in a while for a visit with his father. Mr. Berkowitz was a little fellow, about five feet six, and a lot of fun. He joked and kidded with us the same as if we were grownups and not just two kids.

Soon after finishing school Nat and I took the town wits at their word and went into business together. Those jokers always insisted that, with me doing the buying and Nat doing the selling, we couldn't miss.

Our store was almost directly across the street from the saloon, so we visited back and forth with Mr. Berkowitz. It wasn't long till I was waiting for a slack spell so I could drop in for a beer. This went on for several months.

Once I was sitting there sipping my usual beer when the town drunk came in. He ordered a double shot of whisky. Mr. Berkowitz went to serve him, but shortly came back and went on polishing glasses. After a time he jerked his head toward the town drunk and said: "Jake here is one of my best customers." Jake grinned at the compliment, and Mr. Berkowitz continued:

"You'd be surprised how few customers like Jake it takes to make a saloonkeeper successful. Yes, sir. Jake hustles around doing any kind of work he can find. Then, instead of wasting his money, he brings it in here and makes himself sick."

Jake finished his drink and ordered another. When Mr. Berkowitz came back he placed both hands on the edge of the bar across from me and said: "And I can remember when Jake was only a beer guzzler, just like you."

"Mr. Berkowitz!" I exclaimed; "you don't think I'd let a taste for beer get me down like that, do you?"

Jake got up and staggered out, highly offended, and Mr. Berkowitz nodded. "Almost exactly the same words Jake used when I warned him." He became even more serious. "You see, Andy, there's no such thing as a casual drinker. Either he goes on drinking more and more, or he lets it alone. The smart ones let it alone."

Without stopping to think, I blurted: "All right, Mr. Berkowitz, I'll make a deal with you. I'll quit drinking it if you'll quit selling it."

He hesitated only a second before he said: "Want to shake on that?"

I couldn't very well back down, so I reached across the bar and we gripped hands for a moment. Then he smiled, emptied my half-finished glass of beer into the sink, and stepped around the

(Turn to page 29.)

Health

ON WHEELS

The outdoors has ever been the healthiest place for human beings. With this in mind, the AYH, American Youth Hostels, was formed in 1934. Since then more than 200,000 Americans, most of them young people, have taken advantage of AYH to spend their time traveling, learning, and living healthily under the open sky. AYH provides travelers who want to get places under their own steam (most members ride bicycles) with inexpensive accommodations along the road. Overnight accommodations at hostels cost fifty cents, with the hostellers cooking their own meals. Smoking in hostels is forbidden, and drinking alcoholic beverages is taboo as being inconsistent with a healthy approach to energetic travel.

Nearly three hundred hostels exist in the United States, and millions of miles have been logged under AYH auspices by American and overseas hostellers. Returning the compliment, increasing numbers of Americans have headed overseas for educational trips by bike around the European continent.

AYH membership is open to all regardless of race, color, creed, or religion. Membership fees are nominal. Boys' and girls' dormitories are separate, and service at the hostels is nonexistent—you must do all yourself.



ALL PHOTOS ON THIS PAGE
THREE LIONS



. All hostel trips are well planned under the efficient direction of a leader who either has traveled the route before or has taken the preparatory AYH leadership course.

. The sign the cyclist is drawing informs those who are following that their co-cyclists have taken the turn. Divisions in the arrow indicate how many miles yet to go.

. Often the travelers pause as the trip leader tells them the history and background of interesting points along the way.

. Around the "family" table an AYH group enjoys appetizing food. Through their own co-operation and self-reliance their meal has been prepared. Smoking and drinking are not allowed in hostels.

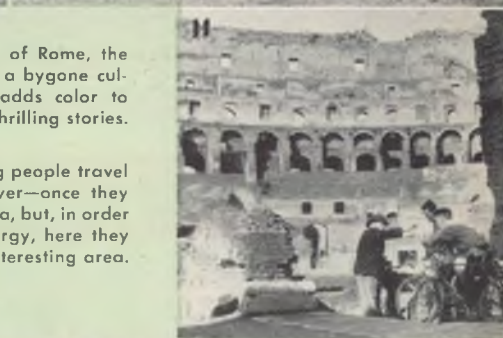


9. Unloading bikes in Geneva, a contingent of United States AYH members prepare to embark on two wheels to visit many of the famous old landmarks of Europe.

10. These hostelers from America visit Italy and stay in inexpensive hostels that provide rough, yet neat and clean, accommodation.

11. In the Colosseum of Rome, the ancient monument to a bygone culture, a local guide adds color to the journey with his thrilling stories.

12. Usually the young people travel under their own power—once they get into the hostel area, but, in order to save time and energy, here they take a train to that interesting area.



. Traveling along at steady speed, the AYH members keep in good physical condition by riding their bicycles, breathing pure air, and preparing for their comforts.

. In the dormitory at night the boys talk over their day of travel and anticipate the day to come. Lights are out at 10 p.m., or they must rise early the next morning.

. From the vantage point of the King's Bastion in the Quebec Citadel youthful hostelers gaze at the Chateau Frontenac and Lower Town of historic Quebec City.

. Leaving bicycles behind, these hikers hike to a countryside road in eastern Canada. Hostel facilities in the Dominion extend from Nova Scotia to British Columbia.

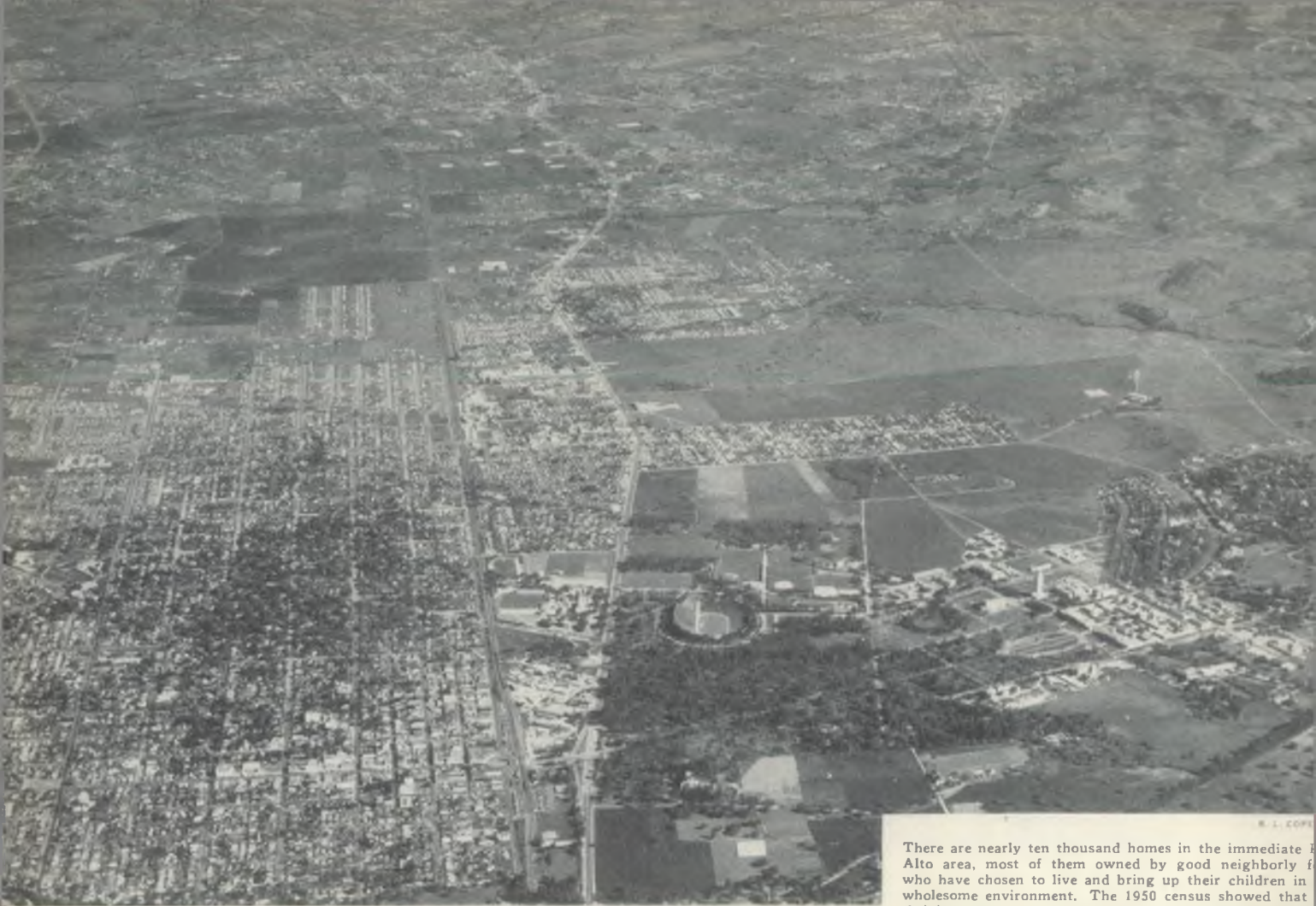


13. At the close of the day, as they relax before going to bed, the travelers often hear stories of the country through which they have gone that day, often from the old-timers themselves.



14. On a beach an AYH member downs a bottle of milk. The group plans at least one hot meal a day, or possibly two while traveling.

15. Good to the last drop! A pet dog finishes the milk from the picnic lunch.



There are nearly ten thousand homes in the immediate Palo Alto area, most of them owned by good neighbors who have chosen to live and bring up their children in a wholesome environment. The 1950 census showed that this thriving city had a population of more than 25,000. The above air view shows Palo Alto in the left foreground, Stanford University to the right. The university stadium is in the middle. Neighboring Mountain View, Los Altos and Sunnyvale are in the distance at the top of the picture.

CLEAN TOWN

JAMES H.
STIRLING

for a Clean School

Founders of California's Stanford University planned for a community free from the encroachment of liquor.

WHEN Senator Stanford of California set out sixty-six years ago to build a university in memory of his son, Leland, Jr., he wanted a clean school and a clean community. As a result of his foresight and the interest of public-spirited citizens since his day, Stanford University and the city of Palo Alto have come close to achieving this goal.

Unable to find a town where there were no saloons, in the part of California where he wished to build his school, he selected a townsite of seven hundred acres in Santa Clara County. With a friend, Timothy Hopkins, he laid out the town of University Park, and proceeded to write into every deed a clause placing a complete ban on the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquor.

The city soon grew, taking the name of Palo Alto, and the city fathers extended the original ban on liquor to include everything inside the city limits.

With the coming of repeal in 1932 the California Legis-

lature compelled the city to open its doors to beer, but the effects of the city's alcohol-free tradition may still be seen. Its newspaper is one of the few in the state which do not accept liquor advertisements, and its streets are respected by visitors for their freedom from taverns. It is known even yet as a clean city.

One of the benefits the city receives from its policy is the absence of drunks on the city streets. W. A. Hyde, chief of police, says that when he compares his work with that of other cities, he feels that Palo Alto police have a much smaller "work load." Vagrancy and drunkenness cases are only a quarter of what they are in other cities the same size.

Despite the present advantages of the city, many citizens feel that they have lost ground to the liquor interests. About three years ago some two hundred church members and other prominent citizens formed the Citizens League for Liquor Law Enforcement to discourage the

efforts of liquor dealers to encroach on the rights of the town. Besides observing and reporting on law infractions, the group try to encourage grocers and other merchants to refrain from selling beer.

One such manager of a large chain grocery explained his change of mind after he had applied for a beer license. He was quoted in the newspaper as saying: "Several Palo Alto citizens have called on us and asked us not to stock this item. We are anxious to warrant the respect and admiration of the community."

Another manager, from a large independent store, said: "In reversing its decision on this matter, the proposed sale of beer, the board gave thoughtful and conscientious deliberation. The decision was made in the interest of maintaining a climate of harmony in which the more challenging ideals of the society can be fostered."

Not long ago the Citizens League found that a drive-in restaurant was about to open near a high school, and planned to sell liquor. The League enlisted the aid of the city superintendent of schools, Dr. Henry M. Gunn, and their efforts were rewarded by denial of the license to the restaurant.

Recently the city council of Palo Alto announced that it will file a formal protest with the state board of equalization whenever a new liquor license is requested by a merchant inside the city limits. It was supported in this move by a petition which had been signed by more than 1,600 Palo Altans.

Their efforts have not always been successful. In one long-disputed case a grocery store near a grammar school was selling beer. Since it was within Stanford's original one-and-a-half-mile outer zone in which all liquor was taboo, they brought suit in court to restrain the store from its liquor trade.

After a lengthy trial, however, the court ruled that since the nearest course by roadway was slightly more than this distance, the store should be allowed to continue selling beer.

Palo Altans realize that the legal approach to the liquor problem is not the only one, and every effort is being made to educate people, especially youth, about the dangers of drink. In the city schools, from the lower grades up, state-approved material on alcoholism is presented in the social-study and science courses. In the high schools biology instructors present facts about alcohol. Teachers of these subjects and school administrators find such material easier and more effective to present in a community where popular sentiment is favorable.

If a student brings liquor to school, and is discovered, he may find himself expelled. If he is on an athletic team and is found to be drinking, he may likewise suddenly discover himself without a uniform or a place on the team.

"We believe," says Dr. Gunn, "in enforcing these rules here."

Senator Stanford's dream of a clean school in a clean town may not have realized its complete fulfillment, but many today feel that because of his ideals this part of the world is a better place in which to live. Not every town may hark back to a history like that of Palo Alto's, but in every city and community in America where there are clean-living citizens they can take steps to help free their community from liquor.

SECOND QUARTER



Palo Alto owes its name to this historic old redwood tree at the city's northwest boundary, called by the early Spanish settlers El Palo Alto (The Tall Tree). The explorers Portola, de Anza, and Vancouver used the "palo alto" as a landmark. Earlier the Indians, it is said, held peace councils under its limbs. This tree has been a part of the official seal of both Palo Alto and Stanford University for more than half a century. In 1937 the redwood was officially designated as California's state tree.

Palo Alto is fortunate in having a charter which forbids the sale of liquor in the city limits and also forbids the establishment of bars within the limits of the municipality.

Because the founders of the community were so farsighted, it is much easier for school administrators and city officials to develop habits and attitudes about the use of liquor and to enforce the control of the city laws with regard to the use and sale of liquor.

A citizenry that wants a community free from the sale of liquor and the abuses that come from the use of liquor can have it. Palo Alto for a good many years, ever since its founding more than half a century ago, has had people who believed that a good town is one that controls the sale of liquor.

DR. HENRY M. GUNN
Superintendent of Schools

Palo Alto, a residential and educational community, restricts the sale of alcohol, and an absence of taverns lessens the work load of patrol units. This contributes to favorable working and living conditions in the community.

WILLIAM A. HYDIE
Chief of Police



ERIC JONES, JR.

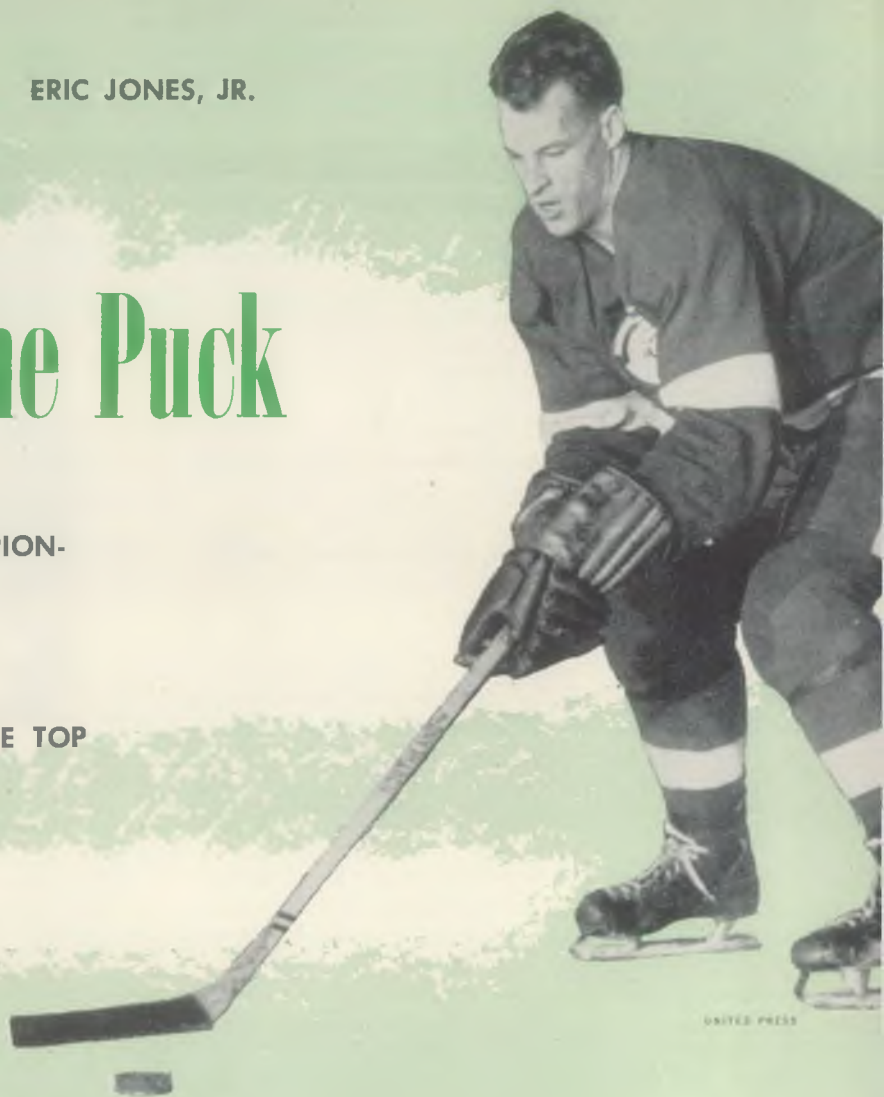
Masters of the Puck

TOP PLAYERS OF THE CHAMPION-

RATED DETROIT RED WINGS

TELL HOW THEY REACHED THE TOP

IN ICE HOCKEY.



ICE sizzles beneath the blades of Detroit's Red Wings, champions of hockey, one of the world's fastest sports.

The whirring Wings have captured the National Hockey League championship nine times, the last five in succession; qualified for the play-offs fourteen straight seasons; won the Stanley Cup four times, twice in the last three years; and possess five of the seven team and individual awards that the National League offers.

Included in the Red Wings' award galaxy on display in the trophy case at Olympia Stadium, Detroit, are the Prince of Wales Trophy (emblematic of the league championship); the Ross and Hart trophies (scoring championship and most valuable player award), currently held by Gordie Howe; the Vezina Trophy (award for the goalkeeper who allows the fewest goals), which Terry Sawchuk holds; and the Lady Byng Memorial Trophy (for sportsmanship and gentlemanly conduct), which belongs to Red Kelly. Only two trophies, the Stanley Cup (for the world's hockey championship) and the Calder Trophy (outstanding rookie award) were missing at the beginning of the 1953-54 season.

The Detroit puck punchers have cut a long, hard trail since first hitting the rinks in 1926. They then were

homeless and winless; now they defend with pride their home ice in Olympia Stadium, and they seem unbeatable.

It took a sure-fire combination of three outstanding men to guide the Red Wings onto championship level.

Jack Adams, general manager, has been with the Detroit organization since the early days of hockey, and it is he who instigated the now-famous farm system from which the Red Wings' firing lines pull their strength.

A multimillionaire, the late James Norris, purchased the team in 1933. He changed the name of his future champions from Falcons to Red Wings and adopted the winged-wheel insignia and the red-and-white color design. Under the new ownership Detroit's major league hockey outfit began their flight to the top.

But it wasn't until Tommy (Tiny Tee) Ivan joined the Wings in 1947 as mentor that the pucks whistled into enemy nets for consistent victories. It doesn't surprise Ivan that his boys are making history and breaking records; the Red Wings are champions because he planned it that way.

Owned, managed, and masterminded by such a threesome as this, the Detroit Red Wings have become undisputed masters of the puck.

In connection with these statements of personal conviction of outstanding Red Wing players, "Listen" takes note of the fact that a chief radio and television sponsor for the team's games is a prominent beer producer. We also note that at least fourteen of seventeen team regulars leave all alcoholic beverages entirely alone.



TOMMY IVAN

f players are right physically, y are right mentally. I attribute success in the last six years to: . The good physical condition our players, which can be obtained only by abstaining completely from smoking and drinking. . The great spirit and close comony in the Red Wings club.

pper Tommy Ivan, of the Red Wings, has completed seventh session as a National League coach, and his season in professional coaching ranks. During that time he has proved himself as one of the of hockey coaches. He is a rarity in professional sports, who has become a top-flight coach without ever having d a single game of professional hockey. Yet, so keen analyst, so close a student of the game is he that his round as amateur player, junior coach, referee, and has well fitted him to match tactics with the great rs of yesterday now among the game's mentors.

SECOND QUARTER

BILL DINEEN

I always wanted to play in the National Hockey League. I feel that staying away from smoking and drinking helped me achieve that goal, and that is why I am with the Wings today.

Newest of the Red Wings is dark-haired Irish Bill Dineen, who has accomplished hockey's biggest jump, from junior ranks with Toronto directly to the National Hockey League—and this with no previous professional record. He serves as both right wing and center.

Unmarried, he makes his home with his parents in Ottawa, Canada, and during the summer works as a surveyor, gaining practical experience to supplement his studies for a degree in civil engineering, his father's profession.

MARTY PAVELICH

I once made a promise that I wouldn't smoke until I was eighteen, but I never began. Hockey is such a strenuous sport that I have to live a good, clean life and be in top physical condition at all times. A person gets only a few chances to break into a big league sport. Smoking and drinking hurt his chances; living a clean life will help him.

Twenty-six-year-old Marty Pavelich is left wing for the Red Wings, and is considered as one of his team's principal championship factors. He has been in professional hockey since 1947, playing a majority of each season with the Red Wings. Two seasons he played with the Indianapolis team.

Unmarried, he is one of the most personable and socially sought of the Wings. During summers he serves as manager of a local softball team.

LEN "RED" KELLY

When I was a youngster at home, my dad told me not to smoke or drink if I wanted to play hockey. I have always followed this advice, and believe that that is why I was able to make the National Hockey League and have lasted so long with the Red Wings. If any young fellow wants to succeed, he should stay away from these two vices.

Redheaded Len Kelly, defense, has been hailed as the handiest all-around player in the National League. His stick-handling skill, his ability to control his temper, and his sound blocking have made him a paragon among rear guards. Too, he is noted for his ability to propel the puck by skate far more skillfully than many players can by stick.

"Red" has won All-Star recognition four times, and topped the league's defense men in point scoring for four consecutive seasons.

Noted for his abstinence from tobacco and profanity, he is a gregarious person, enjoying society and activity.

EARL REIBEL

If I had begun drinking and smoking at an early age, I wouldn't be here with the famous Red Wings. It would help a great deal if young people would leave such things alone.

A product of the Detroit organization is stocky Earl Reibel, the brush-cut youngster from Kitchener, Ontario. He played with Omaha, Indianapolis, and Edmonton before he came to the Detroit Red Wings. Earl concentrates intensely on his hockey in a drive to earn a berth in the National League. During summers he substitutes a baseball for the puck.



WORLD REPORT



Jottings on the Narcotics Problem



JAPAN

The Japanese call the town of Chitose, on the island of Hokkaido, "the world's most evil town." Among many vices reportedly flourishing there, Bill Miller of the United Press says that heroin and marijuana are sold openly on any street corner for less than a dollar a shot and that marijuana cigarettes are cheaper and easier to find than regular United States brands.

A drug that kamikaze pilots used during World War II to keep from falling asleep on long-range suicide flights is increasing the juvenile drug addiction problem in Japan. The Welfare Ministry estimates that there are 1,500,000 addicts of "philonon," trade name for phenyl dimethyl aminopropane. The drug is also used by university students to keep awake during examinations after nights of "cramming."

KOREA

Army officials point out that some of the teen-age drug addicts in high schools, about whom so much was written three and four years ago, are in the army now. This has made more difficult the dope problem in Korea, where drugs are plentiful and cheap. It is said that drug addiction figured in the cases of GI's in prison camps espousing the communist cause, incipient addicts being the easier to "break down."

Small heroin decks can be purchased like candy in Seoul.

UNITED NATIONS

In a memorandum on illicit dope traffic, the United Nations secretary general has stressed the following significant features: upsurge of Mexican drugs across the Rio Grande, a flow of

Asiatic heroin to Japan and the United States, opium pouring from the Persian Gulf and Asia into United States internal traffic, Burmese and Thai opium in southeastern Asia traffic, and continuous attempts to establish secret heroin laboratories in France.

The illicit traffic pattern, the UN official observes, touches every part of the civilized world. Seizures disclosed that illicit dope entered British ports from Sydney and Algiers, and American coastal cities from Asia, Europe, Africa, and South America. Sweating caravans braved the blistering heat of the Negeb Desert (Jordan to Egypt). The dope kings used air mail in Delhi, false-bottomed boats along the Chinese coast, and a myriad of hiding places on Atlantic liners and freighters.



GERMANY

A dope-peddling ring has been uncovered and smashed at Nuremberg. Dope traffickers have been arrested at Frankfurt, Munich, Stuttgart, and other German cities. Army investigators have found evidence of agents' peddling dope, especially marijuana, to troops in Germany.

CHINA

Quotations from a report released by U.S. Narcotics Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger:

"Red China is subsidizing opium farmers with credit and mortgage loans from the government-controlled People's Bank of China. Communist leaders go secretly to Tokyo, Singapore, and Bombay to promote sales of illicit drugs."

"The Reds took over the largest known narcotics plant in the world at Mukden, Manchuria, and this became the focal point for production of morphine alkaloids. We had an expert American chemist appraise the poten-

tial of this plant. He said it can produce 50,000 kilos (fifty tons) of heroin yearly. The Reds' total opium production could conceivably amount to 12,000 tons a year. (The world's medical-scientific needs stand at 450 tons yearly.)"

"Red China is forcing farmers to grow opium in some areas by imposing such heavy taxes that the only thing the farmers can do is to raise opium to pay the taxes. It is a deliberate policy on the part of the local government in Jehol Province to compel the farmers to grow opium."

Mr. Anslinger indicated that the resulting flow of dope has created a traffic in the United States difficult to crush; as fast as one ring is broken, another springs up to carry on the conspiracy of "selling poison for profit." He reported "very definite proof" that huge quantities of heroin are being shipped to dope peddlers in this country.

EGYPT

Egypt has imposed its first life-imprisonment sentences and heavy fines on convicted dope peddlers. Five persons convicted of selling hashish, made from the hemp plant, have been sentenced to life imprisonment and fines of 3,000 pounds each. This was the first application of a drastic new law against drug smuggling and peddling, decreed as part of the government's campaign against crime and corruption.



CANADA

"Drug addiction is a very special occupational hazard for those in the medical profession," said Dr. J. K. W. Ferguson, head of the University of Toronto's department of pharmacology. "The supply of drugs is accessible, to begin with. Then those in the profession can see the beneficial effect drugs can have under some circumstances. They are inclined to take them when they are under stress, and they can get caught by the habit."

Hotel Californian



The MANAGER SAYS:

My father was a hotel man, owning and operating hotels in Upper New York State along the Hudson River. There were three children in the family—two sisters and myself. My father was so strict about our training that we were never permitted to go anywhere near the barroom. Although he sold liquor, he always referred to his liquor sales as “blood money.” When I became old enough to think about a vocation, I decided against the hotel business, because in those days all hotels in the country sold liquor. After I had spent many years in the auditing field, however, the inherited urge in my blood asserted itself and caused me to think seriously of the hotel business.

Then I went to San Francisco because one of my sisters had married a Western man, and they both urged me to come West. I was fortunate in finding employment immediately, and in the hotel business. It was enjoyable, because it was during Prohibition, and I did not come into contact with the sale of liquor. In 1933, in the middle of the depression, I was appointed receiver for the Hotel Californian. In 1935 the hotel was sold to the Glide Foundation. Prohibition was later repealed, but the hotel did not take advantage of it, and has continuously operated since without the sale of liquor.

Frankly, I am sure that God, in His mysterious ways, has made it possible for me to return to the hotel business and not be connected with the sale of liquor. My faith is firm in that belief, because in my youth I would not be associated with it, and in my last stretch of life I do not have to be, even though I am in the hotel business.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "P. Tremain Loud". The signature is fluid and cursive, written over a light-colored background.

SLEEPY and tired people who want a good night's rest away from drinkers' disturbances can find it at the Hotel Californian, one of San Francisco's many hotels. It is not one of the city's 3,000 taverns, clubs, bars, and hotels having facilities for intoxication.

The Hotel Californian is owned by

the Glide Foundation, and has been leased to P. Tremain Loud, who has personally operated and managed the business for more than twenty years. The night the Foundation bought the hotel its bar was closed at eleven o'clock; it hasn't been opened since. When this happened many predicted failure, saying that people wouldn't stay at a hotel

where they couldn't get a drink. The prophets also said that the people who came to such a hotel would not be willing to pay for service, and the Californian would go bankrupt. The continued success of the Hotel Californian, under the progressive management of Mr. Loud, has given the lie to such pessimistic prophecies.

LET my hair grow a month, then waited three days for a beard. Finally, with an old cap and clothes from a used-clothing store, I made my debut as a bum.

It was early in September when I stepped out upon that street—the saddest, loneliest, most forsaken street in all the world. It was gray, like death. Uneven cobblestones were worn into ruts to bounce and jostle passing cars. Towering above was the elevated, murky, dark, casting stark shadows across empty windows of tenements crumbling with decay. It was still, like death. Noises seemed muted, hollow, lost—pierced periodically by the passing of the elevated—mass rumble and shriek that wipes out all other sound. There were men, moving like death. Sprawling in doorways, keeled over in drunken stupor. Squatting on the curb. Leaning in twos and threes against the buildings. Staggering down the pavement that leads to nowhere. Land of the living dead. And I was to be one of them!

I wandered, going nowhere. How to kill an hour. Just one hour? Make it two. Make it a dozen. How to go about killing all the hours left in life. Two drunks leaned on a fireplug, their arms over each other's shoulders and their heads close together. In thick-lipped speech they mumbled incoherently, each totally absorbed in what the other said. A man with only an undershirt covering his hairy chest supported himself against a building, jabbering to himself, gesticulating with his hands and arms. Men slowly lurched along the street.

Men everywhere, twenty or thirty in one block alone. A glazed look in their eyes. Thin, emaciated. Lines of sorrow deeply etched around their mouths. Jaundiced complexions, coated with grime and beard. Congealed blood showing on their ankles from infections they had scratched. Six saloons, seven restaurants serving beer, four flop-houses, three used-clothing stores—all within two blocks.

A tall, muscular man stood swaying in a doorway, angrily yelling oaths and obscenities, but everyone kept passing by without seeming to hear. Suddenly he pulled a bottle from his hip, took a long swig, emptied it, and then tottered out onto the sidewalk, flaying his arms. "Ya don't think I'm good enough?" he shouted at no one in particular. He reached out and collared a bum. "Ya don't think I'm good enough?" he bellowed in his face. The bum winced and tried to draw away. The man drew back and delivered a smashing blow that sent the bum reeling across the pavement. "Not good enough, eh?"



LOS ANGELES DAILY

I Became a Bower

JOHN I. SHIELDS

He hurled the bottle shattering against the sidewalk. He clawed at his shirt and tore the buttons down the front. He flailed his arms, and as he kicked, one shoe went spinning off. "Not good enough!" He stood, suddenly still, nostrils wide, a wild, hunted look in his eyes. Then he fell forward. His knees hit the pavement first, then his head. He sprawled, limp, as in stupor or in death.

I went over and started a quick investigation to see if he were hurt. As I bent over I felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked up and confronted a small old man with a grizzly gray beard. "Leave him alone, mister. He'll thaw out," he warned. I straightened up, and he cackled, as though highly amused, "He's just mokus. A smoke-hound. Nothin' to do but let him sleep it off." He looked at me. "New here, ain't'cha?" he stated. "I always spot the new ones." His eyes narrowed. "Got any money?"

"Just enough for some food," I answered with hesitation.

"New ones never got no money," he said disdainfully. "Try the horse-market up the street. They get leftovers

from other restaurants, but it's cheap. Come on, I'll show you—but wait a minute."

He cast a furtive glance around, casually picked up the shoe the boy had kicked off, then unlaced and removed the other shoe. He tucked them under his arm and joined me. "He'll sleep better without these on his feet," he grinned.

It was growing dark when I returned to the street. The numbers of men were multiplying. Down by the Bowery Mission there was a mob of at least two or three hundred. I saw them begin to file in the door of the mission down to the basement. No cockroaches there, I thought. No stale bologna. Good soup, good bread, good coffee with cream.

I felt an urge to join them, but that was the one place I was forbidding myself to go. The Bowery Mission represents the outside hand, helping men to lift themselves above this human squalor, and as yet I wasn't ready for salvation.

A crowd of men, all stupid with drink, still milled about the mission after the others had gone in. I wandered over and found they were selling

It was still, like death, on the saddest, loneliest, most forsaken street in all the world—the land of disappointment, disillusionment, despair.

things. “Pair a pants, buddy?” A man touched my arm. “Let you have ‘em for a dime, only a dime.” They were pin-striped and looked clean. Off on the side a sly-looking character was speaking to a blowsy-faced man who could hardly stand up. “What you need is glasses, Mac. Make you see real good. Just try these on, see how good.” He pushed a pair of heavy rimmed spectacles onto the other’s nose. “Now read this.” He held out a cigarette package. “Read the names.” The blowsy-faced man muttered something unintelligible. “See what I told ya. Read real good, don’t they? For you they’re only fifty cents, half a rock.” The blowsy-faced man was still absorbed, trying to decipher the lettering, while the other man nimbly searched through his pockets, where he discovered a flask. “I’ll take this instead,” he declared as he pushed the man away and took a swig. The blowsy-faced man staggered away, still trying to decipher the lettering.

There were shoes for a quarter a pair, socks for a nickel, wallets—with the previous owner’s identification still intact—for a dime. “Shoes, mister? Real cheap.” I turned around. It was the old man with the grizzly beard, holding the drunk man’s shoes. “Oh, it’s you,” he said. “Good place to buy stuff here. This is the trading post.

THREE LIONS



There were men, sprawling in doorways, keeled over in drunken stupor, squatting on the curb, staggering down the pavement that led to nowhere, in this land of the living dead.

THE DRUNK

RUTH BACON

Laugh when I reel!
Shmirk at my staggerin’
shteps!
Shtare when I fall to the
shtreet!
I won’ know.
I live in a hell of my own.
I gotta have a drink.
It won’ leave me alone.
Gotta have a drink!

I don’ wanna drink.
Losin’ all my frien’s;
Nobody wan’s a drunk.

Wonner how I got drunk?
I just had one lil drink
And ’nother lil drink.
And I’m drunk.

Know why I drink?
I don’ like myself,
Tha’s why.
I was gonna be
Fine, uprig’ charac’er.
An’ I’m jus’ a drunk.

Why do I have t’ drink?
I don’ wanna drink!
Gotta have a drink.
It won’ leave me alone.
It won’ leave me alone!



COURTESY FREE PRESS

Lush divers, mostly. They roll drunks, strip ‘em naked sometimes, and get the price of a bottle when they sell the clothes. But,” he glanced over his shoulder, “let’s move along now. Cop’s comin’.”

I followed him across a side street, and then I saw that all the others were crossing, too. “That street’s the end of the cop’s beat, so he can’t bother us over here. When the cop on this beat comes, we’ll cross back again,” the old man explained. Then he shuffled away, stopping each man he passed, offering his shoes.

Gradually I began to feel I was beginning to suffocate. We were outside, but the air seemed dead and stale. And there was a stench. Alcohol, garbage, human filth. It was closing in on me. I began to feel trapped. “Goof ball, friend?” A grinning man with drool dripping down his whiskered chin was staring up at me. “Goof ball? Only a nickel, friend. Just a little pill, see, but knock you higher’n a kite. Give you a real kick. Only a nickel.”

I hurriedly moved away. Then I noticed that everyone had grown quiet. Trading had stopped. The staggering men stood still and stared. It was the Black Maria, the patrol wagon, coming silently down the street like a messenger of death. It stopped before a doorway. A patrolman got out, dragged a couple of sleeping drunks from the hallway, dumped them into the wagon, and locked the gate. Slowly the black specter moved away, stopping at doorways, adding to its cargo, stopping again, and again, until at last it was out of sight.

"Comes around five or six times a day." The old man was at my side again. "Every time it goes back full. Don't ever get picked up, mister. They lock you up ten days. You go crazy. Nothin' to drink. Don't bed down in railway stations or subway depots. They'll pick you up for sure." He scratched at his beard. "You got a jug on you, mister?" He saw I didn't comprehend. "A jug's a bottle. Some fellers call it a 'crock.' Costs thirty-five cents for a pint of Sneaky Pete. Dago wine, 20 per cent pure vitamins. Better'n smoke. That's denatured alcohol. Got the price?" I shook my head. "Too bad," he replied stoically. "I sold the shoes. Hoped we might have a bender together." He sauntered off, and I saw him enter the One Mile saloon.

Once more I began to wander down the street now teeming with these human derelicts. Three men stood on the corner, passing a bottle back and forth, each in turn tilting his head and taking a long swig. Another stood on the curb befouling the street. The saloons were lined with men. They sat at the bar, or in rows along the walls. Some had a glass of beer before them, others had nothing but the empty tables, covered with soiled oilcloth. They sat silently, sipping without sound, staring with apparent preoccupation, seeing nothing, thinking nothing, just staring at the blankness confronting them.

It was growing late along Misery Lane. A flophouse—good place to spend the night. The clerk gave me a hanger and relieved me of thirty-five cents. I went on upstairs, put my clothes on the hanger, as was the custom, and returned it to the clerk, who guarded all the clothes during the night. I kept my shoes, as the others did, and slept with them under my pillow so they wouldn't be stolen. There were no electric lights. The large room was pitch-black, filled with the coughings and cursings of drunken, broken men. No sheets, just a filthy blanket that I put over the bare springs to keep them from cutting my flesh. Men snored, deep, resonant snores, and

in the corner one man whimpered throughout the night. I felt a nipping along my legs and lit a match to investigate. Bedbugs. They were crawling on the ceiling, dropping onto the beds. I pulled the blanket over me and tried to sleep. Toward morning I dozed off.

I was numb when I awoke. My body ached, and I itched all over. My eyes were bleary and a horrible taste was in my mouth. Off at the end of the room was a spigot that served as a shower. Water ice cold, and no towels. I rinsed my hands and face and wiped them on my undershirt. I ran my hand through my hair and tried to smooth it down. I felt my beard, and wished desperately that I might shave.

Downstairs I rummaged through a trash barrel and found a morning paper. "Men wanted," the classified ad read. When I reached the agency, the girl at the desk looked up from her filing and glanced at me appraisingly. "No openings," she curtly said. "But, Miss, I just have to have work. I haven't a cent." She continued filing as though she hadn't heard. "Miss," I pleaded, "I'll do anything!" She turned toward me sternly. "I told you there are no openings. We recommend only steady, reliable men. If you want to work, try over on Chambers Street, or go to the Bowery Mission."

It was futile to try other agencies, I realized. On Chambers Street a group of men were standing around in front of a building. A man came out and bellowed, "Dishwasher, one day." There was a surge toward the door. The men pushed and mauled, fighting to get there first. A taut, thin man won. "That's all till tomorrow," the man in the doorway announced. The men began to drift away. A scrawny-looking young man of about twenty stopped in front of me.

"You got a smoke, mister?"

"Sorry," I shook my head.

"Just gotta have a smoke." His hands were trembling. A man up front flicked away a butt, and the boy hurried out into the street to retrieve it. He came back. "This waitin', it begins to eat at you," he explained.

We walked, automatically heading back toward the Bowery. "I'm from Buffalo," he confided. "Came down four months ago. Sixty-three bucks in my pocket—thought I'd be all set." He took another puff and threw the snipe away. "All I want's a job. Been knocking around—dishwashing, dock wallop-ing, messenger boy for a week. Now look at me—flat. Everything I own I'm wearing."

He was a nice boy. Clothes were dirty, naturally, but he was trying to keep neat. He even wore a tie. "Back

AUTHENTICATED NEWS

Mountains and Bottles

SYLVIA CLARK

Empty bottles—a familiar sight anywhere strewn beside roads or scattered on beaches and picnic grounds. There are all kinds of bottles: whisky, lime juice, wine, chocolate milk, beer. Ordinarily we know nothing about the different people who drink these beverages and throw away the bottles, but on mountain trails the distribution of empty bottles, if observed carefully, tells a surprising story.

Down in the valleys near roads that are easily accessible to automobiles you see bottles marked with the names of strongly intoxicating liquors. However, as you leave the easily traveled roads and follow trails that require some climbing, the bottles you find are those of lighter drinks, such as beer and ale. On higher trails where the climbers need to have still more physical fitness and skill you find only the bottles from soft drinks, fruit juices, and milk.

These are left by hikers who get to the top! You can see their tracks in the sand of glacier streams and in the perpetual snows above timber line, and all you ever find beside their trails are the bottles from wholesome drinks.

What an illuminating story is told by bottles! It is a living allegory of the fact that the highest peaks of attainment are reached by persons who live clean, temperate lives.

in Buffalo, I was a plumber's assistant," the boy continued. "Couldn't stand the place though. My family. Mom died when I was seven months old. Dad remarried." He nervously wiped his mouth with the palm of his hand. "Lousy, rotten woman. I had to get away."

"The Lord teaches us to forgive," I said quietly.

"I thought of that once," he replied with bitterness. "So on her birthday I brought her a big box of candy. Know what she did? She slapped my face. Thought I'd stolen the money. That's her forgiveness. Look around, right here," he motioned with his arm. "Call this a Christian world? All I want's a job. I want to work. I don't drink. I ain't no bum. But will anybody believe it?"

We had walked a long way, and were now abreast of the Mission. I stopped and put my hand on the boy's shoulder. "I've got to go on ahead, but I think you ought to stop in here. They'll give you food and a bed. You'll have a chance to look around a bit."

"I ain't in the mood for no preachin'," he replied defiantly.

"Try it once, just once, and see." I quietly directed him toward the door.

"You seem like a right guy," he said. "Why not? Sure, I'll try it once." He went in and I continued down the street.

Then, right there on the Bowery, I saw an employment agency! I started over. "Don't go in there, mister," a voice cautioned. It was the old man with the whiskers. He was seated on the sidewalk by the door. "Some guys get desperate and go in," he explained. "That's what they're waitin' for. Make a gandy-dancer out of ya. Go around fixing railroad ties. Live worse'n rats under an outhouse."

"But I've got to find a job," I said. At this he cackled. "Not so easy here, mister. The city'll put you on the island if you want, but that's no better'n being in jail. If you stand around with those fellers on the corner over there—" he pointed up to Houston Street—"maybe somebody'll come along and let you move some cargo. That corner's where the boys who want to work all go, and sometimes they get a job that lasts an hour or two."

I sat down on the sidewalk beside him. "But how do the men down here live?" I asked. He cackled again. "Well, me, for instance, I get social security. Course that ain't enough. Some of the boys go on unemployment, but they get found out sooner or later. You can always get a push cart, go round robbin' garbage cans. Good money in that. Pick up whisky bottles,

get a penny apiece for all you can find."

I simply couldn't believe it. I got up and stumbled away, trying to make myself realize what I knew deep down was true. "Surely a man can't be condemned for the clothes he wears; he cannot be forsaken because of sins he is forced to bear!" I shuddered, for reality proved my credo false.

"Useless," I decided. "Useless."

I sat in a doorway and watched the hopeless derelicts plodding by. After a while it began to get dark. Some fellows were heading up Third Avenue, and I joined them. We ended up a block from the Bowery at the Municipal Lodging House—a bleak brick building that used to be a school. I fell in line behind an old ragged geezer with a beard. Fleas were jumping from his worn overcoat. Lice were crawling on his eyebrows. We went in. First we

I stretched out on a bench in a park. Someone tapped my leg.

"Don't stay here, pal. Cops patrol this park."

A man of about thirty-five, wearing only an undershirt tucked into ragged trousers, was bending over me.

"Come with me," he urged drunkenly. "I know a good place cops never find." He pulled at my sleeve. "Come on with me."

We went down several side streets, then into an alley. Finally he led the way down some steps, and we came into a damp, cobwebbed cellar of an abandoned warehouse.

"Cops never find us here," he boasted. He shoved his bottle toward me. "Yer a good pal. Have drink?" I declined. "Tha's what I call a good pal."

I kept answering in monosyllables, and he kept talking and drinking until

There Was a Green Hill

ELEANOR GILBERT

Caught in the almost motionless traffic winding up to the Greek Theater in Hollywood one night, my taxi driver began to tell me how he and his buddies hated such bottlenecks. "Not so bad as the Hollywood Bowl though," he said. And then, since I seemed an attentive audience, he went on:

"Last Easter morning about four-thirty some of us drivers went into a restaurant for breakfast to keep from having to haul people up to the sunrise service. Our cabs were parked outside, and soon a man came in looking for us—one of those pompous fellows. Under one arm was a blanket, on the other arm was a blonde, in his back pocket was a pint of whisky. He demanded that someone drive him up to the Bowl.

"Whatcha going up to the sunrise service for, buddy?" I asked him.

"Well—because everyone goes," he said.

"Now, I'm not a religious man, but that was too much for me. 'You don't have any cross to carry,' I said. 'Christ carried a cross on His back up a hill. All you've got is a bottle of whisky. Take the cross and you won't want the whisky.'

"Without another word the man turned and left the restaurant."

got a bowl of soup, then an orange, and were taken upstairs to a dormitory. The old geezer with the lice was on the bed next to me. On the other side was a decrepit man with no teeth. "Best place is Bowery Mission," he remarked. "They delouse you and fumigate your clothes before you can have a bed. Makes no difference here. They only fumigate once a year."

The air was foul, and I woke up repeatedly, gasping for breath. The nipping on my legs continued, and in the morning I woke up scratching fleas and lice. We got ugly-tasting oatmeal and an orange. Then I left.

That day seeped away into nowhere. I tried stemming over on 14th Street. "Mister, I'm starved," I begged. They passed me by or gave a contemptuous stare. One man laughed in my face.

I had no lunch or supper and at night

finally he became very solemn. He held up the bottle and scrutinized it. "I hate this stuff, but can't leave it alone. Burnin' out my guts. Look at my hands!" he quietly sobbed. "They won't hold still no more. I can't even think straight now." He took a drink. "Lost my false teeth. Woke up, my jacket's gone. That's the Bowery. But where else could I go? No dough. I can't lay off this stuff."

He was visibly crying now. He took his glasses off and rubbed at his eyes. "I had a wife," he began again. "Good wife, but I'd lose my temper. I'd keep criticizing. She took our little girl and left. I pleaded with her to come back, but no. So I started drinking. I was an accountant, but they fired me. Worked up in the mountains awhile. Waiter at a winter resort, but that closed. Ran out of dough. What's a guy to do?"

Had no dough. Everything busted. Life's all busted. My wife, she's gone."

He took a drink and emptied the bottle. He stared at it, and his hands began to tremble more than ever. "Gotta have a drink," he mumbled. He got to his feet and staggered up the steps. "Gotta have a drink," he sobbed. "Gotta, just gotta."

I could hear him crying and shouting as he lurched away down the street. His glasses were lying where he left them. I put them in my pocket to keep for him, then, in weariness and hunger, I rolled over and slept.

The next day the streets were quiet. A carillon played in the distance. It was Sunday. Something inside me perked up, and I walked a little faster. Up ahead was a church. Doors open, people going in. I felt a gladness in my heart. I started forward, but then stopped. My clothes, I remembered. My beard. God would welcome me, but I knew His children would not. I stood outside and watched them enter. They scrupulously avoided me with their eyes. They made a wide detour around the spot where I was. They wouldn't let me mar their day of worship, but they had ruined mine.

Days after that became a succession of nothingness. Time was the immeasurably long distance between morning and night, between night and morning. The only feeling I knew was of hunger and aching muscles. The passing world became a blur. I'd stop to rest in a doorway and somehow I'd fall asleep. I'd wander along 14th Street, or Wall Street, or down by city hall, everywhere being ridiculed when I asked for food. Some mornings I went around with the fellows looting trash barrels and garbage cans. I loafed around saloons and helped myself to "free lunch" of pickles and pretzels. Then one night, when I was desperate, I stood before the Mission and sold the glasses the drunk had left behind.

I lost track of the days. It seemed I'd been there always. One morning I was standing on a corner trying to decide which street to canvass when a neatly dressed young man stopped nearby to buy a paper.

"Mister." I tapped his arm. "Could you help me out? Haven't had a bite all day."

"Sure." He put a dime in my hand.

He looked familiar. "Why," I exclaimed, "you're the boy I took to the Mission!"

His face lit up. "I've been looking all over for you." He grabbed my hand. "I wanted to thank you. It was only because of you that I've found how good life can really be!"

Arm in arm we moved over against

the buildings, and he sat down beside me on a step. "When I went in the Mission," he related, "they gave me food and a bed. I didn't go much for the preachin', not the first night. But the second night a whole new world opened up to me. God was there. I felt His power surge all over my body; I felt Him pushing around inside me. For the first time in my life I felt fresh and clean. It was all so clear, and what the preacher said was true—I just know

A Garden Is a Prayer

A garden is an answered prayer.
It is the sower's faith
That God will breathe upon the air
And raise the flowers from death.

The ground, so short a time ago,
Was ugly and unkempt.
But now a dream begins to grow
That some rash dreamer dreamt.

A garden is a holy spot,
For anyone can see
God's footprint in each garden plot,
God's hand on every tree.

—Author Unknown.

it was true. I wanted to get up and shout, and tell everybody, and I wanted to work for God. The people at the Mission helped me. They gave me these clothes. They sent me out on jobs. Everybody seems nice again, and already I'm working steady."

His face was radiant, and somehow it rekindled a gladness in my heart. I was happy, so happy for this boy, that all I could do was smile and nod my head.

Then he laid his hand on my arm. "I don't know what you've got against the Mission, but you ought to try it. Maybe you can get back on your feet again, too."

I smiled. A rather melancholy smile, I guess.

"I think it's time to do that now," I replied. "Yes, I think it's time."

Slowly the men filed in, and downstairs we had warm, heavy soup, bread, and coffee. I felt better than I had in days. Then we filed upstairs to the chapel. All the pews were filled and

the organ began to play. The numbness and the weariness that had tortured me gradually began to ebb away. There was a spirit in that hall.

The men started singing, "Near to the Heart of God," and I started singing, too. My whole body began to feel a warmth, and when we sat down, I felt at home, at peace among my friends and brothers.

Pastor George Bolton stepped to the pulpit and called for testimonies. One man after another stood up and related how he had been saved through Christ. Then a man in a neatly pressed blue suit arose. He didn't stand in his place the way the others had done, but stepped out into the aisle and turned to face the assembled men.

"For a week now I haven't had a drink," he stated, "and so help me God, I shall never have a drink again. I was down for the count. Sleeping in gutters, eating from garbage cans. I felt I had to have it."

Haven't I seen him somewhere? I probed back in my mind.

"Nobody was ever a worse addict than me," he continued. "It ruined my life, but not any more. I was desperate, so I came to the Mission, and it was here I found salvation."

The man in the cellar—the man whose glasses I had sold! Slowly that night all came back to me.

"Through Jesus Christ I've found new life. I'm not dead any more. I can see and feel all the wonderful things God created in this world. I've got a job. Mr. Bolton has written my wife, and she's promised to come back. I'll see my daughter again." His voice quavered. "All of us are sinners, but God is merciful. He's given me the courage and the strength for a new beginning. For this new life I give eternal thanks."

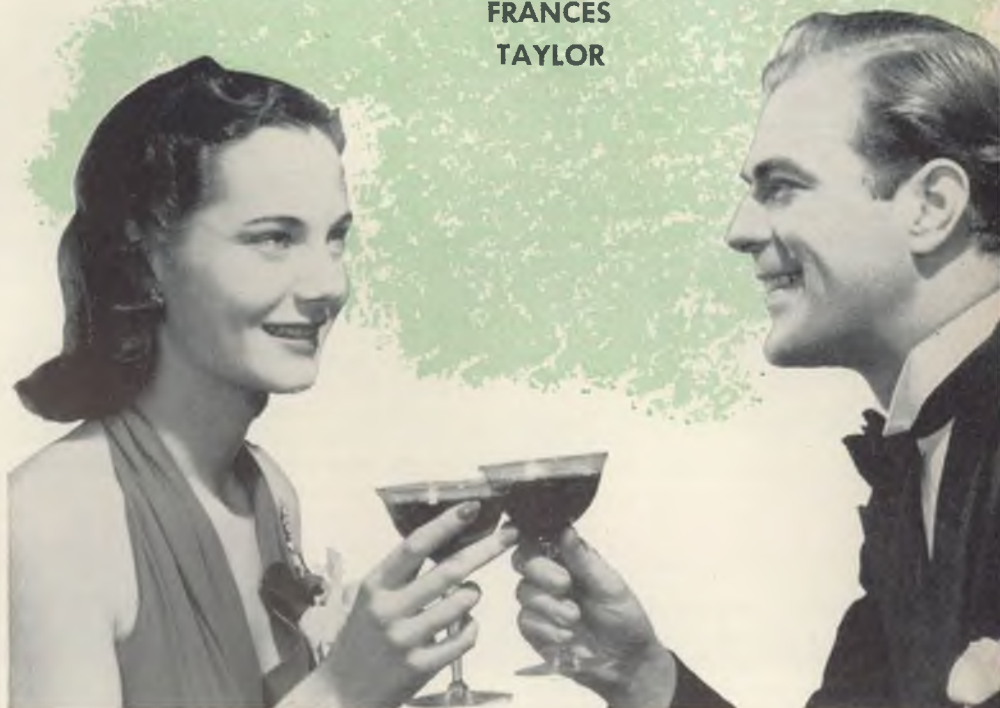
Tears were running down my cheeks as he sat down. Street of Forgotten Men? By whom forgotten? Surely not by God. Here He was among us. Welcoming us. Here was Christ, cleansing our hearts. Understand these men? Understand the depths of their misery? It is but to understand and know the ugliness, the hopelessness, of a loveless, godless world.

George Bolton came back to the platform. "You've tried the rest, now try the best," he invited. "Step forward to the altar now. Accept the living Christ into your hearts. Who'll be the first to pray, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner?'"

I could not help myself. I rose and stumbled down the aisle. I had been away, a long way away, and now, like all these others, I found I could come home again.

Life of the Party

FRANCES
TAYLOR



ALL through her high-school and university days Elaine Sutherland had been considered the prettiest, wittiest, and most popular girl on the campus. At the social affairs she usually managed to capture the handsomest, most eligible young swain in school.

During her junior year at the university, however, she dropped out of school to take a clerical job in the city. She enjoyed her work at the big insurance office, but she missed her home, the campus associations, and the many social functions of school life.

She did not find it so easy to make friends at the office. Finally one of the girls, Sally Jones, offered her friendship, but she was the last girl Elaine would have chosen for a companion. Yet, because she was so lonesome, she accepted Sally.

Soon Sally invited her to one of her parties. The social affair proved to be one of the usual wild cocktail parties. Elaine was shocked at what she witnessed, and remained apart from the crowd, neither drinking nor entering into the loud hilarity.

Because she was a new girl, though, and one of the most attractive women there, she received much attention from the men in spite of her reticence. She was disgusted with their roughness and drinking, and vowed never to be caught in such a crowd again.

On the way home in the small hours of the night Sally's friend chided her for her reserve. "Guess you think us a pretty tough bunch, huh? We're no college folks, but we ain't so bad."

The following week Sally Jones made her way to Elaine's desk. "Ready for another frolic, gal? Want to go along with me tonight?"

Hesitatingly she answered: "I'm trying to think, Sally. Maybe next time, but not tonight. I have other plans. Thanks just the same for thinking of me."

Possibly the other girls might have made advances toward her had they not seen her with Sally. She waited and waited to find other friends, but she waited in vain.

Night after night she spent inside the four walls of her tiny apartment. She read so many books and magazines she almost ruined her eyes. She listened to her radio until she turned it off, disgusted. It never occurred to her to join a club at the Y.W.C.A. or to attend a church.

In desperation she again began to invite attention from Sally Jones. The uncouth but friendly girl welcomed her with open arms. Soon she had an invitation to another party with the offer of a blind date. She accepted both. It

wasn't long until the quartet were out together several nights each week.

To her surprise, Frank Berger appeared to be a perfect gentleman, but he had a weakness for drink. At first Elaine declined to take a glass with him. "Aw, come on now; don't be prudish!" He had taken just enough to loosen his tongue and make him silly. "I used to be ladylike, too. Had no friends a-tall. Didn't git nowheres. Now I got lots of friends. Just try one little sip."

To prevent Frank from attracting attention to their table and making a scene, Elaine quaffed a little of the foamy stuff; but for her it became fire in her veins.

To her dismay and chagrin she became lightheaded, loud-spoken, and foolish acting. She began to talk and laugh and be gay; soon she was dubbed the life of the party.

The drink made her lose her shyness, forget she was a lady, a girl who did not indulge in things common and cheap. No longer was she shocked by the loud talk, coarse laughter, and

common jokes. After taking a few more sips from the tall glass, she accepted these boistrous, half-drunk people wholeheartedly. The rest of the time she became the center of attraction with her wit and silliness.

The following morning Elaine despised herself for making a fool of herself. For several days she avoided Sally, determined that she was through with her kind. But in time she relented again.

Gradually Elaine became one of the crowd. No longer did her conscience prick her. Night after night Frank Berger brought her home in a most disgraceful condition.

Strange as it may seem, liquor only made him silly, never intoxicated. He drank far more than she, but no matter how much he took, he never "slid under the table." He always rescued Elaine and piloted her from the "joint" before she reached this stage.

One week end Sally went to visit her folks in a small town, leaving Elaine alone. To prevent becoming lonesome, Elaine drove to the bar where women

were served, and took a glass of toddy.

"Just a little something to bolster my flagging spirits," she told the girl behind the counter. But before she realized it, she had taken several.

As she placed her shapely white hands on the steering wheel of her car, which she had recently purchased, they were entirely too unsteady to guide so powerful a machine; but Elaine did not know this. She was in high spirits.

"Come now, my beauty. We must get home and find ourselves some itsy-bitsy tings to eat!"

The beautiful new car careened around the corner and headed for the broad boulevard that stretched out before her like a long dark ribbon. Fortunately, there was little traffic at this particular time.

She managed to make her way along the palm-lined lane without crossing the white line. "Let 'er go, beauty! We'll show 'em how fast we can go!" She stepped on the gas and tore down the road like a Missouri tornado.

On and on she flew, down the slope and up the next one. "Such a beautiful lil ol' boulevard! Come, beauty!" and she stepped on the gas harder than ever. Faster and faster she went.

And then—a curve, a car. She turned short, skidded, flew off through a sweet-smelling rose hedge, down into an orange grove, and crashed over a fruit-laden tree, breaking the tree and upsetting her car.

The physician at the hospital said Elaine Sutherland would live, but she was sure to be a half cripple the rest of her days. The deep cut across her once-beautiful face would always leave a most disfiguring scar.

Many weeks and months of suffering gradually told Elaine that this life of the party was not a life to be desired, not a life to bring her happiness and success.

PATTERNS FOR LIVING

(Continued from page 6)

there are lectures, concerts, Y.W.C.A. and other classes (outside the school system), community forums, libraries, and museums.

Religion

Communing daily with God, attending church regularly, and studying the Bible bring a solace nothing else can give. Let us "weave a garment of love" for all mankind. Resentment, hate, and bitterness breed discontent and illness.

If we but let the power of God flow through us, believing that "with God all things are possible," it will open doors to a new, shining life. I for one know that faith possesses great healing power.

The Accident Builder

Kathryn V. Clark
with Arthur J. Burks



A plea for plain, everyday self-control in this matter of automobiles.

I WAS the first woman justice of the peace in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Part of my beat is a traverse of The Lincoln Highway, one of the world's most dangerous speedways. It slashes through rolling country, so that the driver who dives down into a valley at sixty miles an hour rises to the crest of the hill beyond without being able to see that someone else, just over that hill, is ready to emerge from his own driveway. For the driver who lives under a hill along this highway, though he knows that the road is marked with signs warning drivers to slow down, and the law covers the situation adequately, knows also that "the accident builder" invariably takes a chance.

I've long since lost count of the accident builders who have faced me, but this I remember: None was himself ever at fault; it was always the other fellow's fault entirely. Moreover, the accident prone *always* expects no more than a reprimand, a *light* one, or to be discharged without even that. However, he always recommends that the other parties to his accident be punished to the fullest extent of the law—if they are still alive. If they are dead, then their *relatives* should be punished.

A defiant driver faces me in my office. He literally *dares* me to "throw the book" at him, that is, punish him to the limit. An ordinary justice of the peace hasn't an effective book to throw. I can fine up to twenty dollars, or confine a culprit for a few days, but ten dollars for violation of the vehicle code is customary. Not a weighty "book" to throw at a killer in the making.

The state—and the state only—can "lift" a driver's license, a procedure that accomplishes nothing, because the persistent accident prone doesn't hesitate, perhaps that same day, to drive without it—and right past the state police barracks, over the speed limit at that. Such a man or woman is apparently born to take chances. All he asks of the world of wheels is that it keep out of his way; if it doesn't, it takes the consequences.

I look at my records when a new case presents itself. Usually I don't actually have to check. The face is familiar.

The same men and women, often young ones, face me time after time—sometimes the same ones on successive days for exactly the same offense, often from the same stretch of road. We would all be on a first-name basis if I could possibly feel remotely friendly toward people who seem certain, sooner or later, to kill or cripple others.

What is the answer to all this? Behind every accident prone is a doting parent, son, friend—some sort of protector who believes, with the accident prone, that the latter can do no wrong, that if he does he never gets the breaks. This protector may be a lawyer. He may simply be someone who likes a perpetual joust with the law. If those protectors would cease to protect, and for *their own sakes and the sake of the accident prones themselves*, co-operate fully with the law, the accident rate would decrease immediately.

There are schools in which safe driving is taught. Graduates of these schools have no excuse whatever for building accidents. But how many accident prones attend these schools? Very few.

"Sissy stuff!" Next time out with a carload of pals, he's likely to fold his arms to prove it.

I'm not quoting from anyone particularly. I'm just quoting from the composite accident builder I've constructed in my mind after years of watching the same faces—faces that belong to people who have shortened the lives of others or are likely to—enter my office to defy me, the officers, the public, and to blame whoever else was in the accident for what happened.

Another thing, there will always be law violations while it is possible for any violator anywhere to "fix" a ticket. I am often asked to "fix" tickets. Other justices of the peace occasionally ask me whether it isn't possible to "do something about" Violator So-and-So. I always make it clear that it isn't.

I'm well aware that, writing this article, my neck is far, far out, but never as far as that of the driver, *any* driver, who pulls onto any highway anywhere in the United States, while wild-eyed predators drive cars with virtually no control, even *self-control*, especially *self-control*.

EXIT "JOE MARSH"

(Continued from page 12)

blatantly advertising wine as a commercial product. Results? Oh, yes, but definitely in terms of storms of protests from regular subscribers. Needless to say, there was no more wine advertising. Thanks to the sound, thoughtful policy of *Better Homes and Gardens*, the high ideals of the American home are not violated by such "Joe Marsh" material.

When the advertising department executives were asked what they now consider acceptable and objectionable materials concerning the philosophy of drinking alcoholic beverages, they summed their policy up thus: "There is a range of acceptance and rejection that must of necessity be difficult to eliminate all glasses, since many wholesome beverages are consumed in glassware similar to those used by alcoholic beverages." Any recreation room that looks like a bar is rejected.

It is obvious that the Meredith Publishing Company is not launching a moral crusade against the use of alcoholic beverages and for the cause of total abstinence, but of great significance is the fact that upon experimentation with alcoholic beverage advertising this conclusion was reached: "Alcoholic beverage advertising would damage general acceptance, circulation, other advertising, and the 'spirit' of the magazine."

With a circulation upwards of 3,750,000 and having (1) more advertising lines, (2) more advertising pages, and (3) more advertising dollars than any other monthly publication above 1,000,000 circulation, *Better Homes and Gardens* has proved that alcoholic beverage advertising is not essential to the financial existence, success, or popularity of a large national publication, for this magazine is sixth in national circulation.

EVIDENCE OF TRUE GREATNESS

(Continued from page 10)

temper, or unnecessary anger, comes into the picture. When parents unwisely give in to the child every time he becomes angry, the child learns to use his anger as a means of coercing his parents. Such a child lays a poor foundation for afterlife. Rather than learning how to give and take, he learns to use his anger as a club for obtaining his selfish desires.

When such a child grows up, he is poorly prepared for the responsibilities and privileges of marriage. Successful marriage implies a willingness by each partner to merge personal interests and

preferences with those of the other; but the person who has not learned to control his anger is a person who has not learned to compromise in matters of preference. He still responds as he did in childhood by an attitude of: "You must do it my way, or else I will have a fit of temper."

Even though you may have arrived at adulthood without learning how to control your anger, you can still bring it into subjection if you will apply yourself diligently and consistently to the task. You have doubtless noticed that your anger is hardest to control when you are weary or when things have not

A WORD TO THE DRIVER

Olive Marie Cook

**You can pile up without
liquor—
But that way it's quicker!**

gone well. As a general precautionary measure you should, therefore, determine to obtain adequate sleep each night and to avoid such irregular hours as would make you tired or irritable the next day. This simple precaution will give you access to a degree of will power that is not available when you are fatigued.

If in the course of breaking your slavery to an evil temper some particular provocation comes to your attention, do not bring this to a prompt issue. By waiting for a few moments or even a few hours, you will have time to think the matter through from cause to effect and will even be able to consider the question, "What would I gain by getting upset over this matter?"

Another help in controlling your anger is to cultivate an interest in the other person's viewpoint. If you are tempted to become angry because your good wife does not have dinner on the table the moment you enter the house, try to understand the reason before you allow your anger to get out of hand. It may be that you have not kept your wife informed on the exact time to expect you. It may be that some emergency arose that robbed her of the time she had planned to spend in preparing the meal. Once you can see the problem through her eyes, the temptation to resort to temper will probably disappear.

As you try to control your anger, it is helpful to develop a pride in your own accomplishments in this direction. Obviously, the control of anger is one evidence of true greatness. It does not require intellect to manifest anger. Intellect is necessary, however, to the control of anger.

Probably there will be times when you will break over and then feel very much humiliated. Do not focus on these failures, however, but notice, rather, the number of times you succeed in exercising control. This will give you a real basis for encouragement.

If you happen to be one who is tempted to indulge in liquor, the problem of controlling your anger centers largely around your abandoning the use of alcoholic beverages.

I had a friend who had used liquor for a period of several years. Ordinarily he was a congenial person, beloved by his wife and children as well as by his many friends. When he indulged in drink, however, his disposition changed completely. Under such conditions, his anger knew no restraint. His wife and children stood in fear of him, and for good reason.

The means by which alcohol brings about a lack of emotional control is simple to understand. As previously pointed out, the response of anger is inherent within the human nervous system. Its control is brought about by the development of intelligence and self-restraint. The effect of alcohol is such as to benumb the higher intellectual faculties, allowing the basic habit patterns to have free rein. Under these circumstances, the human being has no more control over his emotions than does an animal. When he encounters an insult, either supposed or real, his pattern of anger becomes promptly active. The control of his emotions that he has developed laboriously over a period of years is now lost, and he conducts himself in ways that he will soon regret.

Successful living requires that a person control his anger, and leaving alcohol behind helps him to do so.

GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT

(Continued from page 13)

bar to the front door. After closing the door he threw the bolt and turned back into the room. I swung around from the bar and waited for him.

We stood smiling at each other for a moment. I had to swallow a couple of times before I could speak. I said: "You love her almost as much as I do, don't you?"

He looked a little embarrassed. "Oh, it's time I retired, anyway," he replied.

So that's how it happened. I couldn't crawl on an agreement like that, so—what? The other story?

Well, good storytelling or not, Rachel is still the loveliest little woman in the world. But don't take my word for it. Ask any of our grandchildren.

They'll tell you the same thing.

NEAR the downtown district, in San Bernardino, California, stands a large, rambling old house that looks much like the houses around it. Like the other houses, it has a long, wide front porch; but this particular front porch is nearly always crowded with men sitting about talking to one another. To them—and to hundreds of other men—this particular house is known as Twelve-Step House, and from its doors every day of the year walk men trying to hold fast to the new start in life that living in the house for a few days has given them. For this is the home for alcoholics organized and operated by Lloyd E. Miller and his wife, Helen.

In the past three years more than eight hundred men have been treated at Twelve-Step House, about 70 per cent of them successfully. It is not a branch of Alcoholics Anonymous, although Miller uses many AA concepts. One of these is that of the Twelve Steps in the rehabilitation of alcoholics.

To understand the methods and purposes of Twelve-Step House, one should know something about its founder. Four years ago Lloyd Miller was confined in the psychopathic ward of Patton State Hospital near San Bernardino. After nearly twenty-five years of hard drinking, he, then thirty-four years old, was pronounced by doctors as a hopeless alcoholic. He had had several operations, and at this time was diagnosed as having degeneration of the brain. "Only one person in a thousand after such a diagnosis," Miller says, "ever comes out of that ward to take a normal place in society again." Lloyd E. Miller was that thousandth man.

All of his life that he could remember he had been a drinker. When he was a mere child eleven years old, his grandmother, whom he adored, died; and Lloyd experienced deep grief. He took a jar of corn liquor, his fishing pole, and his sorrow down to the river, where he could weep alone. Liquor was an ordinary thing in his life; his parents had corn liquor on hand all the time. By the time he was grown, Lloyd could not leave it alone. "It was like a huge magnet," he says, "and I was a bit of metal. It drew me as certainly and relentlessly as the magnet draws the metal."

He began to realize the hold that alcohol had on him, so when he married he resolved to break the liquor habit. For a number of years he didn't touch liquor, but then he bought a small grocery store and stocked canned beer. One day he sampled the beer, and his wife and child lived in terror of him thereafter.

"When a person is under the in-

TWELVE-STEP HOUSE

NELLIE M. STEWART



Twelve-Step House is not distinctive or imposing in appearance, but it is "home" to more than eight hundred men who have there been snatched from alcoholic doom. Lloyd and Helen Miller are on the front steps.

From the depths of alcoholism Lloyd Miller came back; now he is helping reclaim others.

fluence of alcohol," says Miller, "he doesn't care about anything. He loses all sense of fitness and of responsibility. I remember one day while I was sitting at a bar my father came in and sat down beside me. 'Lloyd,' he said, 'do you know where your wife is?'

"I said: 'Yes, I know; she is in the hospital.'

"He replied: 'You know how sick she is?'

"I said: 'Yes, the doctors said she might die.'

"Then he asked: 'And you can sit there and drink liquor knowing that?' He got up and walked out; I sat there and kept on drinking. All I wanted was another drink."

The Millers had other children, but Lloyd Miller didn't support them. His wife went to work to support the children. Lloyd shamed his family and was sometimes brutal to them. One day one of his children cried out to him: "Why don't you go away and never come back again, and leave mother and us alone?"

Miller wept. In his heart he loved his wife and children, but he knew they didn't believe it. How could they believe it? They thought that if he really loved them, he would stop his drinking. They couldn't understand that he wanted more than anything in life to be able to stop, but he didn't know how.

When he went to Patton State Hospital for the third time, he had served a total of 581 days in the city jail. He had had two terms in the alcoholic wards of

the hospital. This time, the attendants said, it would be permanent. This time his condition was complicated by degeneration of the brain. He had reached bottom.

But now and then even the best of doctors discover that miracles can be performed. So it happened that into that ward came a man of religion who once had almost hit bottom himself—a man who had been a hopeless alcoholic, too. Because he himself had attained sobriety, he knew that it could be done. As a result he was dedicating himself to the task of ferreting out others who could be saved. He found and talked to Lloyd Miller. A member of Alcoholics Anonymous, he was convinced that Miller could still climb out of his black pit if he would make the effort. He began to talk to him, explaining the different steps of the AA program. The first step was to face the fact that the alcoholic cannot master alcohol, to recognize the fact that once he began to drink he was lost.

That was easy for Miller. He knew that once he began to drink he could concentrate on nothing else. But how did knowing that help him? It helps, his friend told him, because it shows you that an alcoholic *cannot* be a moderate drinker. Well, Miller could agree to that, too. He had spent most of his adult life trying to become a moderate drinker, but without success.

The second step was less easy to accept. This was to believe by faith that a Power greater than himself was neces-

Millers pre-
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sary to restore him to sanity. To *sanity*? Miller was in a ward of a hospital primarily dedicated to caring for mentally ill patients. "I'm not crazy!" he said vehemently. "I'm a drinker, but I'm not insane!"

His new friend had patience with him, pointing out that there may be many forms of insanity, one of which is simply an obsession of the mind. "You've got such an obsession," he said. "You believe you *can't* stop drinking, but you can. You're not drinking in here, are you? Well, then you *can* stop drinking."

Miller had never thought of it in that way. Yes, he could stop drinking, if he could lose the obsession for liquor. So, after a while he could accept that second step. And he certainly knew that he needed a Power greater than himself to help him.

The third step was the most difficult. It was for him to turn his will and his life to the care of God as he understood Him. It was that last phrase that troubled Lloyd Miller. "I didn't understand God at all," he says. "I doubted whether He understood me. I had tried to pray, but I didn't even know how to do that. In jail, in the alcoholic wards at the hospital, I'd prayed, *God, get me out of this*. Then, the minute I got out, I'd head for the nearest liquor joint.

"That was a tough one for me be-

cause I couldn't pray. I didn't know how, and I didn't believe God would listen anyway.

"But that was the third step, and I had to get past it. So I kept trying, and I kept failing. Then one night I faced the blackness of despair worse than anything I had ever known. Lying on my small cot in that tiny little cell room, I thought I was going to die. The doctors, all thirty-two of them, had said I could not get well. And I knew that, if I didn't somehow get to God, they were right.

"I got out of bed and knelt beside my bed. Suddenly words poured from my heart, but I didn't pray to God. 'Grandma!' I cried, sinking back into the oblivion of time to when I was a small boy and grandma had been the one I loved and the one who loved me. 'Grandma, help me! Please, please help me!'

"Maybe you think I was crazy then, do you?" asked Miller quietly, smiling a little. "I wasn't. I climbed back into bed, and I knew somehow that God was going to hear my prayer. A kind of peace settled over me, and I slept like a baby. It was the first night of quiet, peaceful sleep that I had known for months. In that way I poured my heart out to God. Suddenly I could pray to Him."

As the AA friend kept going to the hospital to see Lloyd, to talk with him, to explain, he began to get better physically. The doctors noted the change, and one day they sent a stretcher to take Lloyd to the hospital wards for special treatment. "Now I was really praying," says Miller. "I knew God had prepared the way for me, and at last I could get to Him. I prayed earnestly—the most earnest thing I ever did in my life. 'God,' I said to Him, 'if You will get me out of here, make me well again, I'll spend my life helping other men like me get well. It's a promise, God. Will You do it?' And He did do it. I got well, I got out, and I remembered my promise."

So Lloyd Miller went to his wife, told her what he wanted to do, and asked her to help him. She said she would. Thus did their big project begin.

Immediately there were those who needed the help that the Millers wanted to give. Lloyd and Helen took these people into their home. At first they planned to keep them ten days, but they discovered that seven days would rid a man's body of the toxic effects of alcohol.

In less than three years more than eight hundred men have come to the Millers, as word of what they are doing, how they do it, and their success in their methods reached the men who

need that kind of help. They are men off the streets, from well-kept homes, from jails, and from the state hospitals; men who come from distances as far as 160 miles, in rattletrap jalopies, in high-priced cars, and afoot. One man walked twenty-five miles to get there. All of them want to hear the story and find out the way of a man who reached bottom in alcoholism and struggled to the top again.

The Millers erect no barriers to a man's welcome at their Twelve-Step House. White or black, any race or creed, a man honestly desiring to stop the alcohol habit is welcome.

Almost every man coming to Twelve-Step House arrives sick with the effects of liquor. He is put to bed immediately, and a physician called. After a thorough examination he is given a sedative and any other medicine he may require. The first two days he sleeps most of the time. On the third day when he begins to feel better he gets up. This is the beginning of the hard part for him. His hands shake; he feels a craving need for a drink. About the house there are a dozen or more men waiting for him, eager to talk to him, to give him courage, to assure him he can make it. If he gets past the fourth day without giving up, he can make it.

Now he is on the road to recovery, ready for group therapy. He is beginning to be regulated by good nourishing meals three times daily, and his body responds. In the big dining room he eats with perhaps twenty other men—each one like himself. They talk to him and to one another. If his hands shake so badly that the whole table shakes with him, nobody pays the slightest attention. *Every one of these men* has been through an experience just like it! Every one of them is pulling for him.

Every afternoon after the third day all the men meet in a large living room for a group therapy session. At this time, some of the wives of the men are present. An important part of the treatment for married men is helping the wives understand what their husbands are facing and to show them ways they can help.

Lloyd Miller presides at all meetings, and every day he repeats, along with other information, one story—the story of his own life. No man present can have a more discouraging outlook. None can face a more difficult future. None has hit bottom more thoroughly than he. Understanding their problems, their innermost fears, their most shattering despairs, he can help. Walking past a man, he will often stop and ask: "What's the matter, Jim? What's worrying you?" And the man will be

surprised and say: "How did you know?" It is difficult to look at tall, broad-shouldered Miller and visualize him in the depths of despair.

All ages of men come to the Millers' Twelve-Step House, men as young as twenty-five and as old as seventy-five. "I was an alcoholic at eleven," says Miller, "although I didn't know it then. And it sometimes happens that a man who never touched liquor until he grew older begins to take a drink now and then and discovers that he becomes an alcoholic very quickly."

There is no charge for the treatment at Twelve-Step House, but most of the men successfully treated there come back later to repay the cost of the physician who treated them and perhaps to pay something for the food and lodging while they were there. Paying is not required, however, and some never do. By paying only two dollars a day, a man who has nowhere else to go may sleep in an upstairs bedroom and eat in the main dining room, with only one requirement: He must never take another drink of liquor. One drink bars him from the house. Occasionally a man comes back for a second course of treatment, but the Millers take great pride in the record that more than 70 per cent of the men are cures—a cure is a man who has not taken a drink for more than a year. Many of the men come back periodically to visit and to tell other men, just beginning the new life, that it can be done, and to prove it they tell the story of their own lives.

The Millers' Twelve-Step House is operated on many of the AA concepts, but with this difference: The Millers take men into their own home and keep them, helping them personally. A laundry provides a place for the men to wash their clothes. A man without decent clothes is given a pair of clean pants and a white T-shirt, because a new start in life for any man includes the clean, presentable appearance of his body. With a bath, a shave, a haircut, and clean clothes he gets a tremendous lift in self-respect.

"Do you feel any shame in operating a house like this, bringing in men constantly under the influence of alcohol?" Mr. Miller was asked.

He smiled and replied gently: "God isn't ashamed of it—why should I be?"

Mrs. Miller smiled, too, and said: "It is priceless. You can't really understand how priceless it is for us to know we're helping people who need us desperately. Oh, no, we're not ashamed; we're proud. And we're happy for the first time in our lives."

It isn't the wet spots on the highway that cause the trouble so much as it is the wet spots just off the highway.

REPORT ON NARCOTICS

(Continued from page 9)

steal from their families to be able to pay up to twenty-five dollars a day for heroin. Holdups, thefts from drug-stores, and thefts of physicians' prescription blanks are common. Unable to pay for the drug, the addict turns to crime. Most of our police-file habituals have a record of addiction.

The necessity the addict builds up is not only psychological but physical, too. Being away from the drug creates the so-called "withdrawal symptoms"—

MERRY MISER

Theresa E. Black

Oh, I am a miser
With riches galore,
Counting the treasures
Which I have in store:
Scarlet from sunset,
Purple from night,
Silver from sunrise,
Gold from moonlight,
The laughter of babies,
The song of a bird,
The face of a loved one,
A well-spoken word.

retching, terrible aches, nausea, and nerve jitters. Of course, the relief he gets from the injection is only temporary; the more drug he uses, the less effect it produces, the larger has to be the dose, the more he has to pay to get it. It is a vicious circle, and no one knows it better than the addict himself. But the craving is so tremendous that he goes on, the stupid one not caring, the intelligent one aware of the fact he is destroying himself and yet unable to stop.

The Narcotics Bureau's interference, therefore, is no Pollyanna thing. It not only saves the individual from himself but prevents him from introducing others to dope. The introductions may be a matter of "pushing" to obtain more heroin for themselves or merely seeking company of other addicts. Dope users are peculiarly gregarious. They like and seek one another's company, and instinctively know the user even in a large crowd.

On the other hand, with others who do not "belong" they are extremely secretive. That is why the operation of a dope syndicate is so hard to uncover. While with any other type of crime the wronged party thinks nothing of going to the police, a person addicted to dope knows that police interference would

cut off his personal supply of dope. So he suffers in silence, and it takes the narcotics agents of the sheriff's office so much longer to work through and get their men.

Besides the undercover agents there are tips that help apprehension. There are also addicts themselves who vainly grasp at the last straw of hope: a cure. Again and again the narcotics deputies repeat: "There is no road back." But the authorities will do everything to help the user shake the habit. One of the more stark cases the sergeant cites from his experience (he processes several thousand cases a year) is of a prominent debutante who became addicted to heroin, was arrested, and willingly went to Kentucky for a cure. When she returned, to all appearances she was normal again. She went back to her family and her bridegroom. It was less than a month, however, before her own mother turned her in again. Once more the young woman was using dope. Questioning revealed that her return to the "stuff" was psychological as well as physical: she was in the kitchen washing dishes, and looking out the window. She saw a bird fly from tree to tree. The bird's flight reminded her of the "lift" she used to get from heroin. Getting her car keys, she rushed out the house to seek a dose of the drug that gave her that floating sensation. She got it, of course, and from then on she *had* to have it.

There was a case, too, of a prominent young surgeon who was reported by his own nurse, who told authorities only out of her desire to save the man from destroying himself. Sheriff Biscailuz's men got a tip that the doctor would be at home using a large prescription of heroin; yet when his agents arrived at the address, they found the note on the door saying that the doctor had gone away for a week end.

"Something told us the note was a phoney," one says. "I put my foot through the window, and we went in." The house seemed empty, but again, acting on a hunch, the sheriff's men continued the search. It led them to the bedroom where they found the doctor and his wife unconscious, sprawled on blood-stained sheets, marred by blood spurts from the vein into which they had been injecting repeated "jolts" of the drug.

The pair were taken to a hospital for first aid, then into custody. After a dreary court session they were committed to an institution for a cure. The doctor himself insisted on a longer term than is usual. He *wanted* to shake the habit. The agents were skeptical, and they were right. The pair were not back two weeks before the agents had

news of their buying and using the "stuff" again. Finally, the doctor himself came to the offices of the Los Angeles County sheriff's narcotics detail. "You have been so good to me," he said, "I hate to louse you up, but I can't stop now. The only thing I can do is sell my business and move away somewhere where I can be using the 'stuff' in peace till it gets me." So now the deputies watch the headlines to see the name of the man and the news that the "Feds" have gotten him.

Though it is somewhat understandable how an adult may begin using narcotics, how do young people become involved? As a rule, deputies say, they start on the more innocent-appearing type of drug, marijuana. This is the more innocent-sounding because it is not directly addictive, but it does form an appetite for the use of drugs, and invariably its user graduates to barbiturates and the terribly addictive heroin. Then it is a one-way alley to destruction and painful death.

Marijuana is easy to grow in a climate like California's, and comes in from Mexico, where it is grown in large quantities. The weedlike plant is chopped up into a substance resembling tobacco and is smoked. In some ways its effects are more dangerous than those of the more potent drugs, because it destroys all moral barriers. Most terrible crimes have been committed under its influence, yet most of the young people are drawn to it by the mistaken idea that anything is safe to try once

and that they can always leave the stuff alone. Experience has shown that once they start, they never do leave it, and it never lets go of them. The use of narcotics introduces them to a crowd in which they meet more hardened users and are in turn introduced to more potent drugs.

The addicts who use heroin, which is injected into the vein in the crook of the elbow, are known as "mainliners." Most of such users have telltale sores or scab marks in that area of the elbow where numerous injections have been administered. Some try to conceal the habit by injecting in and around a tattoo mark where a casual examination may miss the revealing scars. Not all young addicts will try to hide their addiction, however. Deputies were able to make an arrest of a group in the San Gabriel area who flaunted their connection with dope. Each user's car bore a plaque suspended under the rear bumper which showed a hypo needle and the word "narcos." Though the possibility of such a plaque meaning anything was remote, the narcotics men of the Los Angeles sheriff's office who work under Hines have learned not to overlook any bets. They followed up this one and hauled in their men.

Morphine, opium, and cocaine are other drugs that are used, but marijuana and heroin lead the parade. Though vigilance of the authorities is constant and penalties are high, how do the dope pushers manage to get their supply? In some countries, like

India and China, opium poppies are grown openly, and the trade in the drugs they produce is only mildly restricted. Since the Korean War, Red China has deliberately pushed opium and heroin in the United States and in Europe as a means of psychological warfare, in this way trying to destroy its enemies on the home front.

Because the sale of narcotics is tremendously profitable, in spite of the efforts of the police and sheriff's offices and the fine work of the Bureau of Narcotics agents, their work can only furnish a few checks. Punitive measures do work, but nowhere is an ounce of prevention worth as much as it is in forestalling the use of marijuana and heroin.

The work on forestalling their use begins in the home and the school. *If the young person understands thoroughly what the effects of these drugs are, he is less likely to try them.* Furthermore, if he is not left to himself until boredom builds up and he is willing to try anything, he is less likely to investigate dope. In short, parental attention—not only supervision, for it is a loveless, overly strict home that creates dope users—and general education are the greatest hopes in saving modern youth from narcotics.

"The pleasing poison, the visage quite transforms of him that drinks, and the inglorious likeness of a beast fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage charactered in the face."—John Milton.

Cooking for the Alcoholic

GRACE CLIFFORD HOWARD

In previous issues of *Listen*, suggestions have been given to those who have the responsibility of cooking for alcoholics. It has been stated that the person who wants to break away from the use of alcoholic beverages can do so more easily if he gives up stimulating foods and drinks of all kinds. Meat is a stimulating food.

To substitute other foods from which a person can obtain his full need of protein, one should use nuts, grains, and legumes. Many well-balanced combinations of these can be developed by an alert cook desirous of preparing foods both tasty and nutritious.

The lentil, while not too well known in this country, is a valuable addition to one's diet. Not unlike the split pea in appearance, it is much different in taste. Lentils may be used in soups or stewed. They may also be incorporated in tasty lentil roasts.

Lentil Soup

Lentils, ½ cup	Butter, 2 table-
Onion, 1	spoons
Diced potatoes,	Flour, 1 tablespoon
1 cup	Sour cream, ¼ cup
Water, 6 cups	

Cook lentils until nearly done, then cook lentils, onions, and potatoes in 6 cups water. Put butter in small frying pan and add flour, which has been browned lightly. Add to mixture, then add sour cream. This soup may be strained after the cream is added. Approximate yield: 1½ quarts.

Tomatoes-Lentils

Mashed lentils,	Strained tomatoes,
2 cups	2 cups
Bread crumbs,	Salt, sage, onion,
2 cups	and celery for
	seasoning

Bake in a loaf from 20 to 30 minutes.

Walnuts-Lentils

Cooked mashed	Chopped walnuts,
lentils, 1 cup	½ cup
Bread crumbs,	Water, ⅔ cup
1 cup	Salt, sage, and
Browned flour,	onion for season-
1 tablespoon	ing

Form into little cakes and bake in a hot oven until brown. Serve with tomato sauce or brown gravy.

Legume Roast

Cooked beans,	Tomatoes, 1 cup
1 cup	Bread crumbs,
Cooked lentils,	1 cup
1 cup	Walnut meats,
Cooked peas,	1 cup
1 cup	Finely chopped
Salt, sage, 1 tea-	onion, 1
spoon each	Parsley

Combine all ingredients and bake in a loaf. A large bread pan makes a loaf that slices well.

(Continued from page 7)

thing. When confronted with the facts, the former will have a hard time justifying their stand. It will be found to be based on ignorance, emotion, prejudice, and illusion. In fact, the prevailing popular attitude toward beverage alcohol can only be realistically described as mass hallucination.

In motivating pupils for total abstinence some educators are frightened by the apostles of appeasement who say: "You must not use propaganda." Yet propaganda (see the dictionary) is a legitimate tool of education that teachers use every day. When a teacher tells a class, "Candy between meals is bad for your teeth," she is using propaganda.

In spite of these theoretical objections, I have found that most teachers are eager for authentic information and guidance so they can do a better job of teaching about alcohol. Some few teachers are already doing an excellent job of fearless, forthright teaching and have been for years; but they lack leadership and backing from those in authority. Among these teachers there is an unfounded fear that minority groups will object or that powerful liquor interests will crack down. They are fleeing from ghosts. Surely the parents, regardless of their personal beliefs, want their children to know the facts about alcohol and its effects. The liquor interests dare not make an issue of it. They are always on the defensive. It is inevitable that they should be, since theirs is a very weak case.

Apparently the people of New York State mean business in respect to alcohol education in the schools. On July 1, 1952, they amended the law to make teaching about alcohol and all habit-forming drugs mandatory from the fourth grade up. The law says: "The nature of alcoholic drinks and their effects on the human system shall be taught in connection with the various divisions of physiology and hygiene as thoroughly as are other branches in all schools under state control, or supported wholly or in part by public money of the state, and also in all schools connected with reformatory institutions."

Elementary Schools. Education in the lower grades is of prime importance because lifelong attitudes and habits are formed in these early years. This is particularly true of alcohol education, because the miseducation presented by life in the present-day world is replete with suggestion and persuasion toward indulgence.

Therefore, the teacher must use vari-

HOW WILL ALCOHOL AFFECT YOU?

Wayne Willert

According to the late Professor Raymond Pearl, of the Johns Hopkins University, heavy drinking shortens the life span.

In their recent book *Alcohol Explored*, Drs. H. W. Haggard and E. M. Jellinek focus new light on the subject of drinking. Alcohol, they say, is not good for colds. In fact, it tends to increase the acidity of the blood, and could even make a cold worse.

Furthermore, alcohol will not stimulate thought, warm a person up, or cure fatigue. Instead, it deadens the nerves, gives a numbing effect that frequently deludes the drinker into a false state of well-being. This explains why alcohol can be habit forming.

Actually, even a small amount of alcohol can affect muscular control. Tests show that reaction time—the time it takes between the seeing of a signal and the reaction to it—is measurably lengthened after drinking. This, of course, is significant to drivers.

An experiment was conducted in Chicago with the co-operation of Tony Bettenhausen, of Tinley Park, Illinois. Bettenhausen was the 1951 national race driving champion. In special tests behind the wheel of a mock-up car, his reaction time was taken before and after one drink. After one drink Bettenhausen was amazed at the difference in his timing, *although he felt no effects!*

The National Safety Council regards 15/100 of 1 per cent of concentration of alcohol in the blood conclusive evidence that the person is under the influence of alcohol. Also the council states that drinking is reported in about one of every three fatal auto accidents at night. In a special study at Evanston, Illinois, it was found that drivers who have been drinking are fifty-five times more likely to have a personal-injury accident than nonindulgent drivers.

ous methods to tell her pupils the facts about alcohol, and she must do this impersonally. She may use the subject of health to teach the children objectively. The values of milk for growth, development, and good health can be discussed. In a simple way comparisons should be made with unwholesome substances, especially beverage alcohol, that contribute nothing to physical or mental health and that in larger amounts are so destructive.

Motivation is secured by rhymes, stories, games, and by drawings made by pupils under teacher supervision.

In science, social studies, health education, language, arts, reading, writing, and spelling the teachers of the upper grades have found abundant opportunity to integrate and correlate alcohol education. Moral and spiritual values also are promoted in teaching children to help others and make a better community by avoiding harmful drugs.

Secondary Schools. Since the alcohol problem has social, moral, emotional, public health, medical, economic, physical, and psychological aspects affecting in various ways the lives of every one of us, it lends itself readily to integration in almost every course of subject taught in secondary grades.

For instance, in the homemaking class particular emphasis can be placed upon foods and nutrition, and the fact that alcohol is not a food can be discussed. The teacher can easily use practically every class as an avenue of alcohol education. Units of work may be utilized to help add interest to the study program and to aid in retention.

In the social studies, alcohol—its role in crime, divorce, juvenile delinquency, accidental deaths, and insanity—may be studied as a social problem.

However, the solution of the alcohol problem requires more than merely education about alcohol. It involves an intensified effort to train young people to be stable, well-adjusted citizens. The stresses, strains, and tensions that impinge upon us all in this fast-moving age are disintegrative, and require citizens of strong moral fiber and emotional stability. Youth needs also to learn to discriminate between truth and error in advertising and to evaluate the various types of propaganda.

Alcohol education must be long-range and look far into the future. We cannot hope overnight to change attitudes that have been hundreds of years in the making, but if we don't make a determined effort to change them by education, the problem of alcoholism will remain with us and will continue to grow more menacing. The problem must be tackled with energy, determination, and courage.

We

REPEAT

REPEAT REPEAT

Drunk, or Not?

"The supreme court is right in its ruling, of course, and I am not deciding on the chemical analysis of 3.2 beer. I find that as far as the city ordinance is concerned, you gentlemen are guilty as charged."—Judge Mitchel Johns, of Denver, Colorado, when four youth appeared before him charged with being drunk in a public place. They pleaded innocent on the basis that they had drunk only 3.2 beer and that the state supreme court had ruled such beer non-intoxicating.

Bobby Greenlease

"Ninety-five per cent of the men in this prison are here because of liquor—but they learned too late."—Carl Austin Hall, kidnap-murderer of Bobby Greenlease, as he began his twenty-seven days in Death Row of Missouri state penitentiary prior to his execution.

"I would give anything if I could go back to that Sunday in September and erase everything that has happened since. It all seems like a nightmare to me. . . . I am not trying in any way to make any excuse for my actions, as I don't have any; but I think anyone will find if you drink from one to two fifths of whisky a day for a year and a half that your brain doesn't function properly."—Bonnie Brown Heady, co-conspirator with Carl Hall in the Greenlease kidnap-murder.

Home in One Piece

"If you go to a party and find that you are drinking, put your car keys in a self-addressed envelope and mail them back to yourself. Then, if you should want to drive, you won't be able to, as you'll have no keys. You'll get home somehow in one piece, and you won't kill yourself or anyone else doing it."

So said Dave Garroway on his New Year's Eve television program "Today"

as he and Dr. Jim Osterberger, of the New York Police Department, graphically tested the effect of drinking on driving, using actual demonstrations for his viewers. These tests proved that after a man takes six martinis, his reaction time is so reduced that he requires twenty more feet than normal to stop his car—enough in many cases to cause tragedy.

Garroway concluded: "It sure seems silly to have to beg people not to kill themselves. The fact is that, when there is an accident due to drinking, often innocent people who haven't been drinking get killed."

Accidents and Alcohol

"Figures have been put out regularly by the National Safety Council from which it would be fair to state that alcohol is involved in 20 per cent of all fatal automobile accidents. I would say *that is a gross underestimate.*"—Dr. Selden D. Bacon, director of the Center of Alcohol Studies, Yale University.

Television Temptation

"Every ingenious device that money can buy is being used to persuade our children to become addicted to alcohol. In homes where the use of liquor is discouraged by family tradition and parental choice, the solicitation of television is continually urging the children and young people to become drinkers. This invasion of our families by urgent appeals to acquire a habit which is ruining millions of our people, is insufferable."—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Evolution Goes Backward

Writing under the title, "Evolution Unwinds Backward at New York Cocktail Parties," Hal Boyle describes vividly the drinking in the world's largest city: "The denizens of the great concrete jungle foregather at a thousand water holes at dusk—and begin the night pattern of life and death in the big city forest. They call these watering places cocktail parties. Many people claim cocktail parties bore them. The truth is, the reason they go to them is they are already bored."

"You can see in two hours the whole story of evolution unwind. The guests arrive as people. Three martinis later they are children, and from then on you can watch them turn from children into animals."

Johnny Lattner

Notre Dame Football Star

"If you smoke or drink, you don't put out. If you don't put out, you don't stay on the team."

Social Problem

Asserting that liquor consumption is the greatest social problem in America today, far graver than communism, the Rev. John W. Keogh of Philadelphia, president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, declared to the group's eighty-first annual convention: "Communism in America is yet only a threat to our life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness, but the drink problem is not something threatening to undermine our social status and life. It is a tremendous, active, eternal, visible force causing havoc and chaos."

Alcoholism as Sickness

"The current popular theory that alcoholism is simply a sickness . . . is misleading and mischievous. . . . The state of alcoholism is self-induced and so different from the common conception of sickness as not to be properly described as such, but is a self-inflicted poisoning by a narcotic drug."—Dr. Haven Emerson.

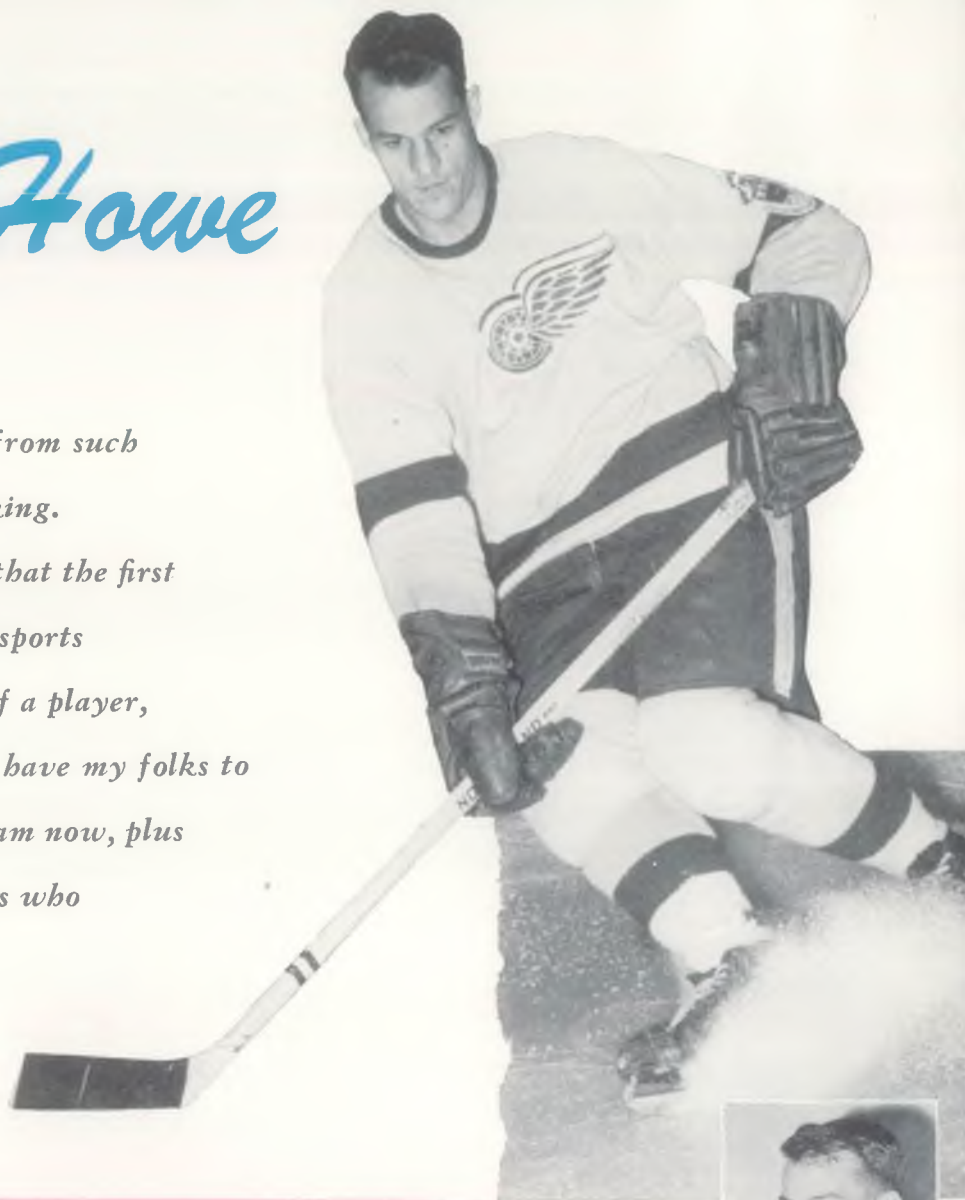
Small Amounts

"Even small amounts of alcohol interfere to a deadly extent with a driver's perceptions and reactions. One does not have to be intoxicated in the general sense of the word to be a menace."—Report of the Governor's Highway Safety Committee, State of Virginia.

Gordon Howe

I have always stayed away from such things as drinking and smoking.

At an early age I found out that the first thing a coach in any field of sports checks on is the reputation of a player, whether it is good or bad. I have my folks to thank for my being where I am now, plus the will to listen to my elders who know better than I.



Gordon Howe, right wing of the Detroit Red Wings hockey team, bids fair to become one of the greatest hockey stars of all time. This husky six-footer from Western Canada, only twenty-five years old, seems destined to rewrite his team's scoring records and may well do the same for league records.

During the 1952-53 season he led the National League in both total goals and total points, setting a new point total of 95, eclipsing his own mark of 86. In seven years of big-time play, up to the present season, Howe has amassed 209 goals, 229 assists. His 438-point total places him third among the all-time Detroit scorers.

Personal achievements include being the first man to lead the league in scoring for three straight years, the first man to score more than forty goals for three consecutive seasons, and the first player in Detroit history to win the David Hart Trophy two successive seasons. While pacing his team in points for three seasons, he has topped the Red Wings in goal scoring for four years. He has won All-Star mention five consecutive seasons.

Quiet, somewhat bashful, Gordie is a perfectly co-ordinated athletic machine, yet underneath the physical perfection lies a warm, humorous, colorful personality.

Married a year ago, he makes his home in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada, in off season.

For the remainder of this exclusive "Listen" feature on the Detroit Red Wings hockey team, see pages 18, 19 of this issue.