

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



SHELLY MANN
SWIMMING STAR

It's a Fact



- Commander Marvin Wellman of the naval hospital at Esquimalt, British Columbia, Canada, has verified through a specific study that most young men become alcoholics because they are thrust into heavy-drinking social groups. For two years, from March, 1952, to March, 1954, he studied the lives of twenty-eight excessive drinkers, all under the age of thirty-five. Two men, he found, drank because of severe head injuries. The rest were sociable individuals who drank to be liked.

- An average of \$1 for drinks and \$2 for meals for every legislator every day of the Wisconsin spring legislative session is the record of registered lobbyists, which outnumbered the lawmakers more than two to one, according to William R. Bechtel, in the *Milwaukee Journal*. However, only 119 lobbyists reported, as required by law, expenses for entertaining legislators, which amounted to \$42,000.

- In Chicago the mother of three children sued forty-one taverns for a total of \$490,000 on charges of their furthering the drunkenness of her former husband and disrupting their home.

- Hugo Theorell, Swedish blood specialist, who worked out the formula for measuring exactly how drunk a drunken driver actually is, was named recipient of the 1955 Nobel Prize for medicine, worth about \$37,800. His

prosecution in the nation's major cities were accused of alcohol-related crime. Out of a total of 2,776,389 charges for all crimes, reported from 1,732 cities, 1,691,836 were for such offenses.

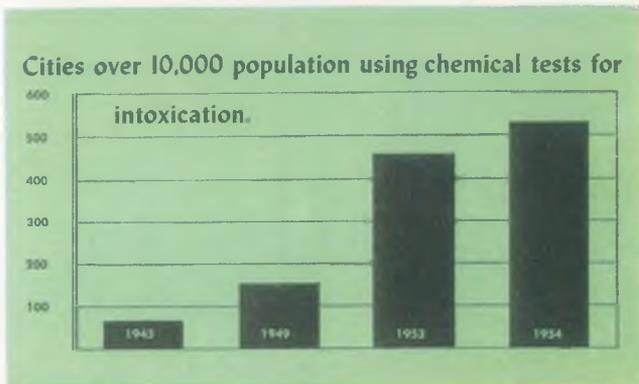
- What next? A Cincinnati firm is advertising a dentifrice with whisky as an additive. This toothpaste comes in three flavors—rye, bourbon, and Scotch—and is guaranteed to be six-proof, or 3 per cent alcohol.

- When New Castle, Indiana, was put under martial law because of labor trouble, tavern owners vigorously demanded that they should be again permitted to operate. The governor's aide angrily replied that the sale of alcoholic beverages "might be as dangerous as tossing a match into a strawstack."

- In the brewing industry 470 gallons of water are necessary to produce one barrel of beer. In an ordinary community the daily consumption of water for household purposes varies from twenty-five to fifty gallons per capita. The rate is seldom less than 100 gallons in an industrial zone, and may go up to 275 gallons per individual.

- From 1900 to 1951 cars and trucks killed 1,000,000 persons. At present rates, however, it will take only another twenty-five years to kill another 1,000,000. By A.D. 2000 the accumulated toll for the first 100 years of the motor vehicle history in America could be more than 3,000,000 killed, more than 105,000,000 hurt, and some 10,500,000 permanently disabled. And, according to the National Safety Council, liquor is responsible for at least one quarter of these tragedies.

- Automotive and insurance businesses have launched intensive campaigns on safety. The insurance companies are developing a program of public education, and the automobile companies have come up with safety belts and other devices of safety. When is the liquor industry, the greatest single cause of highway death, going to do something about it?

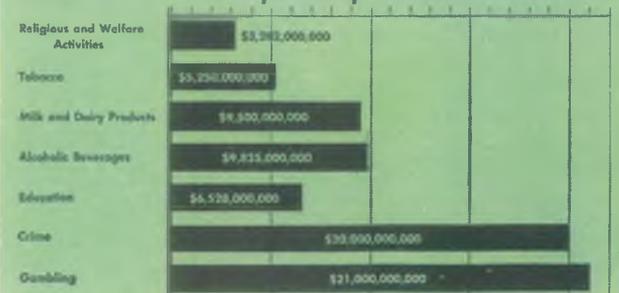


work on the nature and behavior of oxidized enzymes included blood tests used by police on motorists arrested for drunken driving.

- Of the top ten outdoor advertisers in 1954 two were distillers and two were brewers, three of which spent \$3,000,000 or more each. Among the leading 100 firms in this type of advertising 39 were alcoholic-beverage companies.

- More persons were charged with liquor offenses than with any other crime category in 1954, FBI reports reveal. Figures show that 60.9 per cent of all persons held for

1954 Personal Consumption Expenditures in the U.S.A.



LISTEN

APRIL to
JUNE, 1956
Volume 9
Number 2

A Journal of Better Living

ARTICLES

Leave It to the Ladies	Editorial	4
Up From the Rubble	Emma Jean Johnstone	5
Drinking and Human Nature	Kermit Hamilton, M.S.	9
A Respector of Persons?	Judge Joseph T. Zottoli	14
Sleeping Pills—Growing Nightmare	Gilbert Geis, Ph.D.	16
A New "Freedom" Train	Joyce Chandler Parks	17
Morphine and Codeine—Medical Booby Traps	Daniel Carlsen With Barbara Doyle	22
The Conditioned-Reflex Treatment for Alcoholism	Kenneth R. MacDonald	29

SPECIAL FEATURES

Amarillo High School	Jim Parr	8
School of the Road—Picture Feature		10
Capturing a Principle of Life (Walter Reed Swimming Club)	Ralph N. Krum	18

REGULAR FEATURES

It's a Fact		2
We Repeat		35

PERSONALITIES

Sharon Kay Ritchie—Miss America, 1956		12
The "Real" Mickey Finn	Jerome Kearful	20
Effie Lawrence Marshall—Youthful, Zestful Eighties	Madeline George	26
Cyril L. Pennel—Golfer	Fern Row Casebeer	31
Arnie Duncan—Star Halfback		36

STORIES

Emergency Ward	Robert H. Ruby, M.D.	21
--------------------------	----------------------	----

MISCELLANEOUS

Famous Faces in Public Places	Vinton A. Holbrook	24
Believe You Can	Mary Elsnau	25
Facing Life Realistically	Clyde E. Weaver	33
The Champion Bill Collector	Carroll Van Court	34

POETRY

Moonlight Addiction	Evelyn DeWalt	27
First Draft	Ed Mack	28
Prescription	Helmer O. Oleson	32

OUR COVER

Whether in Melbourne or Philadelphia, Montreal or Indianapolis, Mexico City or Daytona Beach, swimming and Shelly Mann are synonymous. She has won many honors and awards and has helped bring victories to her team, the Walter Reed Swimming Club.

When talking with this unassuming teen-ager, however, one would hardly recognize her as a world winner were it not for her sterling qualities of determination, sportsmanship, and good, clean, healthful living which do not long remain hidden.

Versatile in her interests, accomplished in performance, Shelly is in frequent demand at youth functions, fairs, and other public occasions because of her attractive and winning personality.

When *Listen* requested Jon Francis of the Adams Studio to take a cover photo of her, he found her in a happy, informal mood on the campus of American University, Washington, D.C.

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 5, courtesy British Information Service; page 6, Gilbert, U.S.G.S.; page 9, International; pages 10 and 11, Three Lions; page 13, Fred Hess and Son, Alabama State Fair, U.S. Naval Air Station; page 16, Reeves Camera Store; pages 18 and 19, Bob Motter, Signal Corps Photo; page 21, Roberts; page 29, Crown Photos Service; page 30, Gene Tupper, Palo Alto Times.

Editorial Office: 6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington 12, D.C.
Editor: Francis A. Soper Manager, Subscription Service: H. K. Christman
Editorial Assistant: Sue E. Taylor Assistant Manager: S. M. McCormick

Editorial Consultants:
Winton H. Beaven, Ph.D., Director, Institute of Scientific Studies
W. L. Halverson, M.D., D.P.H., Former Director of Public Health, California
Matthew Hill, Washington State Supreme Court
Andrew C. Ivy, Ph.D., M.D., D.Sc., LL.D., University of Illinois, Chairman of the National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism
Joseph T. Zottoli, Boston Municipal Court
Cyril B. Courville, M.D., D.N.B., M.Sc., Director, Cajal Laboratory of Neuropathology
George T. Harding, M.D., D.N.B., F.A.C.P., President and Medical Director, Harding Sanitarium and Hospital
Laurence A. Senseman, M.D., D.N.B., F.A.C.P., Director, Fuller Memorial Hospital

Publication Office: Pacific Press Publishing Association, Mountain View, California
Office Editor: Charles D. Utt

LISTEN—quarterly journal of better living, published in the interests of scientific education for the prevention of alcoholism and narcotics addiction. Endorsed and utilized nationally by Narcotics Education, Incorporated.

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

Yearly subscription, United States and Canada, \$1.25; single copy, \$.35. Foreign Countries, \$1.50; single copy, \$.40.

When change of address is desired, notify the Pacific Press Publishing Association. Please send the old address as well as the new.

Copyright, 1956, by The American Temperance Society, W. A. Scharffenberg, Executive Secretary.

Leave It to the Ladies

“THE efforts of women can further be used to increase sales and improve community relations by helping the entire liquor industry get over its feeling of inferiority.”

Thus the wife of a liquor industry retailer writes in a recent liquor journal.

She goes on to say: “I have observed and heard, at liquor conventions, of manufacturers, wholesalers, or retailers, a very definite undercurrent of feeling insecure and inferior in relation to public opinion and kind of business. And I know that it exists on the personal level, too. This absolutely must stop. And it can be stopped, and changed, by the efforts of women.”

How to accomplish this? This liquor author suggests: “To begin with, give your children the proper attitude,” and cites instances in which children, when asked the occupation of their father, cried and refused to tell. “I think they must be representative of thousands of others throughout the country.”

“Women of our industry have decided if the men of our industry can’t put over our story to the American people, they can do it,” Virginia Adams of Los Angeles writes in the same issue of this liquor journal, urging all women licensees, wives, mothers, sweethearts, and daughters interested in the tavern business to join efforts to build “a potent force of good public relations.”

The most evident fact from all this is the recognition that there is in the thinking of the average person, including children, an instinctive stigma attached to everything having to do with the liquor industry.

This feeling is spreading rapidly today, and for good reason! When any industry, legal or otherwise, makes and distributes a product which is associated with so much lawlessness, disorder, tragedy, accidents, and death as is liquor, there hardly can be any other reaction.

And women—dissociated from the industry—with their increasing influence in social and public life, can do a great deal in making the actual *truth* known about beverage alcohol. Here are some practical suggestions:

1. Learn and teach how to mix healthful, non-alcoholic drinks—at home, at luncheons and afternoon parties, on all social occasions, calling particular attention to recipes which omit wine and similar alcoholic ingredients.

2. In personal conversation, club talks, and at every opportunity remind their hearers of the drinking factors when such are involved in highway accidents, crimes, or family troubles. Women can

advertise liquor to death by telling the truth about it. The liquor industry condemns itself when the truth is known about its product.

3. Commend editors of newspapers and reporters on radio and TV programs when they tell the *whole* story of drinking-driver accidents, especially in instances when the driver claims he had only a couple of beers. There is the same amount of alcohol in one bottle of beer as in a jigger of whisky.

4. Use your influence to urge bartenders, liquor clerks, beer-truck drivers, and other liquor workers to find employment more conducive to community safety and welfare.

5. Continually be on the lookout for infractions of liquor laws. No major industry in the nation is so often involved in lawbreaking as the liquor industry.

6. Tell children and youth the truth about alcohol, reminding them that alcohol, medically and scientifically, is a drug. Doctors study for years to know how to administer drugs, yet millions of laymen think they can administer a drug to themselves without any training.

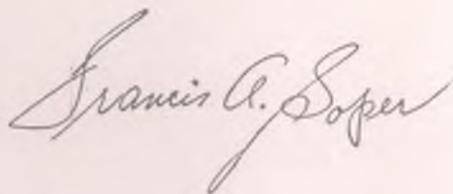
7. Support public officials who take a strong stand against the inroads of alcohol and refuse to compromise their convictions for political purposes. A high Government official recently felt compelled to defend himself for inviting a liquor executive to join his staff. He didn’t gain any stature in the minds of thinking Americans by so doing.

8. Register your objection to the displaying of alcoholic beverages in supermarkets and grocery stores next to foods. Alcohol is *not* a food and should not be sold in conjunction with it.

9. Protest new liquor license requests, especially when such establishments would be near churches and schools.

10. Encourage your fellow church members to publicize the fact that liquor just doesn’t fit in with the high ideals connected with religion and the church.

Nothing more effective for the betterment of the home, the community, the church, the nation could be done than for women to unite in a concerted and vigorous effort to publicize the real “inferiority” of the product of the liquor industry.



TWO giants were trying to tear the world apart. At least so it seemed at 5:13 a.m. to the rudely awakened people of San Francisco. The city swayed, then jolted sideways. Streets writhed and hill slopes slid. Large buildings collapsed. The shock lasted forty-eight seconds.

Gas connections broke, electric wires fell, stoves overturned, chemicals in drugstores spilled. Fifty small fires started within a few minutes. By the second day the downtown section of the city was an inferno, with the frenzied tones of the interior of a volcano.

Destruction of the city water system made fire fighting impossible. The fire chief was killed when, hearing a terrific crash in his wife's bedroom, he forced open the door and fell three stories through a gaping floor. A large tower had fallen from a neighboring hotel and crashed through the building. Two hundred thousand people became homeless. The entire business district disappeared, and one third of the residential area.

San Francisco was faced with an emergency that was to result in either its life or its death, the outcome depending on immediate action.

Most immediate of all measures for protection and safety in the stricken city was the *first* emergency order by the mayor—to prevent the sale and use of liquor.

But that wasn't the beginning of the story.

Abe Ruef,* University of California graduate and capable attorney, was city boss—with all that that name implies. When he was barely old enough to vote he was precipitated into politics in an unusual way. He attended the meeting of a political club in a dangerous part of town where shanghaiing was still practiced. It took courage to knock on the door. Only two people were present: the boardinghouse keeper where the meeting was held and a saloonkeeper.

These two men told Ruef that the meeting of more than 150 politicians had already adjourned and had elected them as officers. They told Ruef he was secretary and gave him a vivid account of the meeting. He wrote it down and carried it to the newspaper, but not until later did he realize that there had been no such meeting and that the forbidding place had been scheduled so that no one would attend and the two "hosts" might elect each other.

At first Ruef was horrified at the corruption he met. Later, according to his own testimony, whatever ideals he had were relegated to the background. His power in politics increased quickly. It was he who decided that a musician, Eugene E. Schmitz, would make a good mayor.

One of the most notorious of the major types of graft in politics at that time resulted from the powers of the police commission to grant licenses for the sale of liquor and to control gambling and prostitution. Naturally the support of the liquor interests was of great political importance. Among the registered voters of San Francisco there were a thousand saloonkeepers, more than the number of grocers. In addition, there were nearly a thousand bartenders. Thus the liquor industry took great interest in the election of favorable officeholders. It had appointed a central committee on the endorsement

*This description of conditions in San Francisco before the earthquake is based on "Boss Ruef's San Francisco" by Walton Bean, University of California Press, 1952.

Editors of the time graphically tell how earthquake-devastated San Francisco taught the world an amazing—but now unremembered—lesson.

up from the rubble

Emma Jean

Johnstone

of candidates. Ruef persuaded this committee to support Schmitz quietly, without a public endorsement which might alienate the votes of the temperance elements. Schmitz was elected mayor.

A San Francisco newspaper, the *Bulletin*, started making charges against Schmitz and Ruef in connection with what it termed "the municipal whisky ring" and "the local whisky ring," pointing out that on printed business cards handed to saloonkeepers by salesmen of the Hilbert Mercantile Company, wholesale liquor dealers, the name, "A. Ruef, Attorney," appeared in larger type than the name of the company's president.

The inner history of the affair was revealed two years later. The Hilbert Mercantile Company had temporarily avoided bankruptcy by an agreement with the administration: Saloon men in the red-light district were to be compelled to buy large quantities of low-grade whisky at high prices, in return for police protection.

One of the transactions of Ruef and Schmitz concerned the "French restaurants" which operated public dining rooms on the first floor, private dining rooms with couches on the second, and on the third-floor private supper bedrooms as in hotels. These multimillion-dollar establishments were dependent on the city government for their liquor licenses.

In 1904 Commissioner Harry W. Hutton began to vote against the renewal of the licenses for these places, arguing that they were a menace to the character of the young. One restaurant was finally refused its license, and the other owners became deeply worried. It would be difficult to carry on their type of business without alcohol.

These owners employed Ruef as their attorney, and he drew up a series of proposals which led to license renewals, though the establishments did not need to change materially their methods of conducting business.

Because of such activities, more and more frequently the *Bulletin* asserted that both Ruef and Schmitz belonged in the penitentiary.

Then came April 18, 1906.

Boss Ruef, with his political machine undergirded by the liquor traffic, suddenly disappeared from the picture. Puppet Mayor Schmitz threw off his shackles and rose to inspiring heights. He forgot himself, and began serving the people, really serving. He often said that his life

began on April 18. His first order was to close every saloon in the city and to destroy their stocks, to break the bottles and empty the barrels.

What was the result of this order? Here is the story as told by contemporary newspapers:

April 19, 1906. Combined *Call-Chronicle-Examiner* (page 3): "Mayor Schmitz to prevent disorder ordered all of the saloons closed."

April 25. The *Bulletin* (page 2), relief committee's report: "Mayor Schmitz announced that stores selling liquor are not permitted to open for the present."

April 27. The *Bulletin* (page 4), statement from the Board of Police Commissioners: "Resolved, that all saloons continue closed until further order."

April 30. The *Bulletin* (page 4), editorial: "Families are astonished at the discovery that the many things they had been accustomed to look upon as necessities of life are really superfluities. She [the housewife] did not dare cut off father's pint bottle of beer at dinner. She forebore out of maternal affection from reducing son Charlie's allowance for cigarettes. Yet father without his beer . . . still lives and is healthy. No spoiled darlings have perished for lack of cigarettes.

"Probably the toper suffered most acutely; but he, too, is recovering. In the first three days of martial law the hospitals received a large number of persons afflicted with delirium tremens precipitated by the sudden deprivation of liquor. The man who had the habit of taking an early morning nip to brace him for the day went about for a while after the earthquake in a very low state and complained of a depressing sense of hollowness inside, but he is regaining his spirits and by the time the saloons reopen may be cured of his habit."

May 1. San Francisco *Examiner* (page 2): "The saloons are tightly closed."

May 2. San Francisco *Chronicle* (page 12): "The military authorities, while fire was in progress, effected the destruction of practically all the liquor in the retail districts by emptying bottles and barrels in the streets."

May 2. The *Call* (page 4): "Since the days when San Francisco was a mining camp lost in the wilderness of the sand hills, the available supply of intoxicating liquors has never been diminished to its present extent."

May 4. San Francisco *Chronicle* (page 10): "The city is almost without crime. Perhaps never in the history of

Looking north on Broadway street the morning of the earthquake.



The Call=Chronicle=Examiner

SAN FRANCISCO, THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1906

EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE SAN FRANCISCO IN RUIN

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION HAVE BEEN THE FATE OF SAN FRANCISCO SHAKEN BY A TREMOR AT 5:30 O'CLOCK YESTERDAY MORNING, THE SHOCK LASTING 4 AND SCOURGED BY FLAMES THAT RAGED DIAMETRICALLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS, THE CITY IS A MASS OF SMOLDERING RUBBLE. AT SIX O'CLOCK LAST EVENING THE FLAMES WERE STILL PLAYING WITH INCREASED FORCE, THREATENING TO DESTROY SUCH SECTIONS AS THEIR FURY HAD SPARED DOING THE EARLIER PORTION OF THE DAY. THE PATH IN A TRIANGULAR CIRCUIT FROM THE START IN THE EARLY MORNING, THEY JOYCEIVED AS THE DAY WANE, LEFT THE BUSINESS SECTION, WHICH THEY HAD SPARED, AND SWEEPED IN A DOZEN DIRECTIONS TO THE RESIDENCE PORTIONS. AS NIGHT FELL THEY HAD MADE THEIR WAY OVER INTO THE NORTH. EACH SEC

I think it highly commendable that so many youth today are engaged in an attempt to restore to our American standards of conduct some of the finer things that have been taken from it.

I believe in the Allied Youth program because, in the first instance, it is the only organized national youth movement to combat the evils of the organized liquor traffic. It is a committal of youth on the side of ethical conduct, and obedience to, and respect for, the laws of our land.

—R. B. Norman, Principal.

Mr. Norman is serving his twenty-seventh year as principal of Amarillo High School. He has served as president of the Texas Principals' Association, and is at present a vice-president of the National Association of Secondary School Principals.

It falls to my lot to accompany many groups, both large and small, on trips to workshops, conferences, and conventions. It is only natural, I believe, that an adult would at first enter into such an experience with misgivings, realizing the "example" set by many grown-up convention goers, of delegates with cocktail glasses and beer mugs in hand and pockets bulging with flasks.

These trips have extended from New York City to Miami Beach, from El Paso to Portland. Such an experience proves a real test to the teen-ager who is away from home and parental supervision, often for the first time; in cities that often flaunt wickedness; and at an age when a teen-ager might wish to "try his wings."

In accompanying students on some thirty or forty trips, I know that not one single student has taken one sip of an alcoholic drink. I give the credit for this notable conduct largely to the influence of our post of Allied Youth. This strong organization has proved to students that drinking contributes not one whit to the art of having fun, nor does it contribute to the intellectual, spiritual, and moral development of one's personality.

—Mrs. W. B. Burkhalter, Senior Counselor, Sponsor, Student Council.

To me a person who drinks clearly indicates he has nothing better to do. Our churches and worth-while organizations need interested people to carry out their work.

If everyone would occupy himself with profitable tasks, he would neither have the time nor the desire to drink. Therefore the person who drinks isn't doing his part in making his school, church, or community better and the world a better place in which to live.

—Jim Parr, Letter Man in Track, President, Sunday-School Class, President, Amarillo Allied Youth.

I am an athlete at Amarillo High School. I love to run, so track is my favorite sport. To run a race, a person needs help; but that help is not from any alcoholic beverage. It takes endurance and stamina to run a race like a champion. It takes the same to run this race of life. To be a champion, a person must be able to think clearly, act quickly, and expect help from up above, not from a bottle.

—Billy Walker, Football Star, Trackman (10-second 100-yard dash), Coeditor, Yearbook.

Shirking His Part

Help From Above



Amarillo High School has long been a model school because of its student honor code. It is one of the few schools in the nation to feature daily morning devotionals, given over the public-address system by students. The Morning Watch, sponsored every Thursday by the Student Council, is also unique.

The school annual, "La Airosa," has for four years received national honor recognition.

Amarillo High School enrolls 2,100 students. Three fourths of its faculty have M.A. degrees, and many hold office in educational organizations.

An influential student organization is the Allied Youth Post, designed specifically to provide social and cultural activities without alcohol. The Amarillo post has been the world's largest for five years, its membership this year totaling 1,071, or 50 per cent of the student body.

Intentional Paralysis

A Threat to Our Nation

God's creations are all perfect. It seems foolish to think that I, or anyone else, could improve on His highest creation by the use of alcoholic beverages. God gave me a brain, which I know will never be developed to its full capacity, and I wouldn't think of intentionally paralyzing it, even temporarily, as alcoholic beverages do. I know that alcohol does not make one's personality sparkle; instead it paralyzes one's mind so that things that ordinarily are considered dull seem clever.

—Dalphia Dawson, Student High-School Queen.

Drinking poses a major threat to the social and moral standards of our country. Drinking for social purposes is undermining and lowering the standards of social conduct of our people. Drinking of any alcoholic beverage tends to lower the individual's morals and lessen his loyalty to high ideals. The problem of drinking seems to be a very small one to an individual, but when thinking on a national basis it becomes enormous; therefore the youth of today must take a stand against this menace to our nation.

—Jack Melton Mobley, President, Senior Class.



Amarillo High School

Interviews by Jim Parr



HAVE you ever discussed the matter of drinking with one of your friends who imbibes? When the weight of your logic drives him into a corner,—as it could well do when alcohol's toll in human misery is weighed against its claimed benefits to mankind,—does he then take refuge in a final appeal to history and “human nature”?

His argument may go something like this: Every group of people, everywhere, and through all times has known and used intoxicants. “There,” he says, with an air of triumph, “that proves it's natural and inevitable; people always have drunk and always will drink!” Now he is sure that he has you. And I wonder how often this naïve argument may actually carry the day for his side, as far as your discussion is concerned.

For it is a naïve proposition which regards human

deep, can find a workable answer to this real problem.

I am optimistic, even in the face of admittedly frightening statistics. These reflect growing crime rates, an increasing highway accident toll, expanding mental hospital populations—all of which testify, in part, to alcoholism's grip on our national life. I am optimistic because of this very “human nature” which others may invoke to seal the doom of man's efforts to free himself of the scourge of alcoholism.

As so many cynics are wont to use the concept, “human nature” is hauled out whenever it seems necessary to justify an undesirable state of affairs, whether it be war, poverty, crime, or alcoholism. Depending upon the issue, we may be told that man is inherently pugnacious (“That's why we have war”), man is inherently an escapist (“That's why we have alcoholism”).

**Does man have an instinctive
need for the use of intoxicants?**

Drinking **AND HUMAN NATURE**

Kermit Hamilton, M.S.

customs as fixed, “natural,” or necessarily desirable merely because they happen to exist. Once upon a time, in a number of places throughout the world, human flesh was a choice item of food among primitive peoples. What “unnatural” occurrence changed this traditional custom? The social evolution of these peoples and changes in the conditions of their existence, among a whole complex of factors. But what had once been “natural” then became abhorrent and unthinkable.

For the first eighteen centuries of the Christian Era and for generations before, Europe periodically was decimated by the scourge of smallpox, a “natural” phenomenon which the white man brought with him to the New World. Then a brilliant medical scientist, the Englishman Jenner, showed how to conquer what was “natural and inevitable” and what had existed “through all times.” Today the disease is so rare that many medical students are able to learn about it only through lectures and textbooks, for there are no smallpox patients for them to observe and study.

Does your argumentative friend reflect, as he advances his notions about human nature, that last week he flew to a business conference one thousand miles from his home in only four hours, that with a simple flick of the finger he periodically defies nature's edict that the world must exist in darkness half of each day, that his son served his country at war by prowling through the inky blackness of the ocean depths inside a vessel never found in the “natural” order of things?

I will agree that at present in many circles it is customary to drink. However, I will challenge anyone's assertion that it is *inevitable* or *necessary* that our society continue to breed drinkers. Surely a species which has eradicated smallpox, invented the electric light, learned to outsoar the eagle and to outswim the creatures of the

There is enough of a grain of truth in each of these characterizations to trap the unwary. But, given a moment's reflection, is this all we can say about man and his nature? Pugnacious, lazy, antisocial, escapist man also strives earnestly for world peace, toils and builds, herds in great urban centers, and is dominated by a passion for what he considers to be “the truth.” He is a creature full of contradictions. The Swiss (surely as human as their French and German neighbors) have been at peace for hundreds of years, yet man is supposed to be inherently combative!

The fact is that man, of all living (Turn to page 33.)

Modern war vessels are never found in the “natural” order of things.





SCHOOL OF THE ROAD

Death on the highway costs the United States more in lives than the total of all its national wars. Drinking ranks among the *sure* accident factors, for the brain affected by alcohol cannot make the necessary quick judgments of safe driving in time to avoid what usually turn out to be fatal crashes.

Much of the nation's hope can be pinned to a vigorous program of education of drivers to make them aware of the consequences of bad driving, the dangers of drinking, and the lack of concern for the powerful machine they have been privileged to drive on public highways.

Education of this type is the only practical way. Such a process begins in the high schools, even before the driver is licensed. Figures have indicated that this is already serving to reduce the menace on the high-

ways, for educated drivers are earning better safety records than noneducated drivers.

Local communities are becoming more and more aware of the dangers inherent in the automobile, and are increasingly interested in training drivers when they are young and can be instructed in safety procedures. In numerous communities crash automobiles displayed in strategic places are showing the public what the consequences of unsafe driving can be. As the new generation takes over the wheels of the nation's autos, these young people should become aware of how careful they must be.

Persons appearing in this feature are from Mount Vernon and Rye, New York. Pictures are posed and do not represent normal habits of the models.





1. Many communities are making their citizens conscious of the consequences of unsafe driving by leaving crashed vehicles in prominent places around the town. These Mount Vernon, New York, youth examine the devastating results of poor driving displayed in their town.

2. Alcohol and automobiles don't mix. This lesson, however, is ignored by thousands each year who drink, drive their cars, and cause tragedy. This Mount Vernon police officer lectures to a youth group on the price of mixing gasoline and alcohol.

3. The cigarette has meant smoke in the eyes of many a driver. Often the fumbling for a match and lighting a cigarette while driving have caused dangerous antics and perhaps have resulted in death.

4. When everyone wants to go, it is difficult to leave anyone behind. This often means an overcrowded car, which is unsafe because the driver does not have clear vision to the rear, nor can he maneuver his arms and legs with ease.

5. The one-armed driver is dangerous and must be taught that the highway is no respecter of romance. This kind of driver may not have an accident himself, but other drivers, in avoiding him, may end up in crashes.

6. The picnic as conducted by many a high-school group usually uses autos to get to the meeting grounds. Once there, picnickers have refreshments that are soft, because hard drinks will lead to dangerous conditions on the return trip.

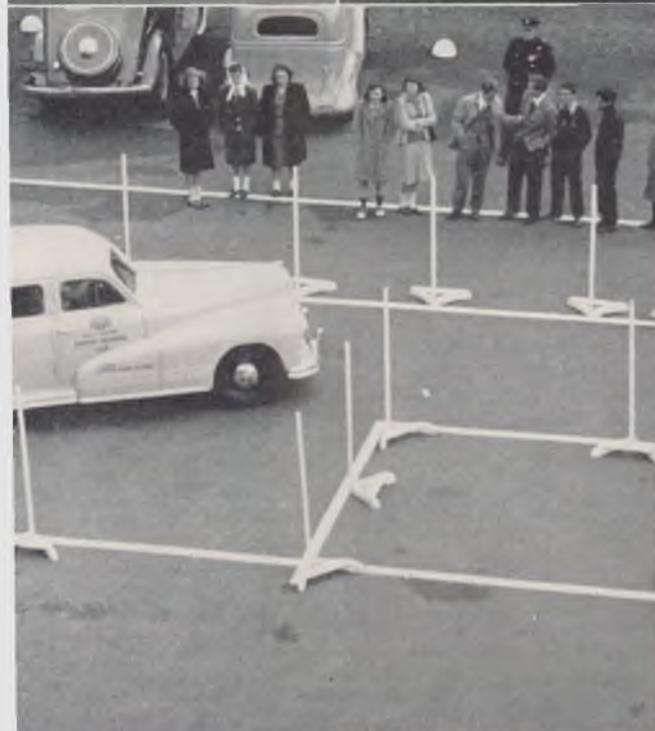
7. Classroom discussion in high-school driving courses supplements driving instruction on the road. This student at Rye High School, in Rye, New York, is demonstrating a safety point concerning an intersection.

8. Handling a car in marked lanes, turning between rows of stanchions without hesitation, and generally efficient driving conduct in this school situation help train the young driver for heavy-traffic driving.

9. Driving students must learn what makes an engine turn over, how gasoline is burned to cause the car to move, how the pistons transmit power to the wheels, and how other mechanical devices operate.

10. When the light flashes in the small black box in front of this girl, time is measured by the stop clock in the box on the floor. She must take her foot off the simulated accelerator and apply it to the brake, which stops the clock. Time elapsed is "reaction time." A half second is considered fast; most people vary between a half and three quarters of a second.

11. A test for peripheral vision is given this driving student to determine how much of the total situation she is able to see even though looking straight ahead. Drivers with poor peripheral vision may be more susceptible to accidents.



What makes for true beauty? Millions of modern misses are searching for the secret. But hear it directly from the young lady which America has chosen as her most beautiful.

"It's what you believe and what you do," answers Sharon Kay Ritchie, current Miss America from Denver, Colorado.

Any idea that a Miss America reign involves the cocktail circuit or a fling of night life is squelched soundly by this eighteen-year-old Midwestern winner as she maintains that inner attitudes are more important and that the real key to basic beauty is religious faith.

"The happiest of all people," she says simply, "is one who lives a Christian life." Sharon taught Sunday school in her home town of Grand Island, Nebraska, and led out in daily student chapel periods when she went to Colorado Women's College in Denver. Morning and evening prayer are a habit with her, as is the consistent reading of devotional books. Her favorite hymn is "He Leadeth Me."

When her crowded travel and personal appearance schedule lands her in New York, she spurns the bright lights and blaring night clubs. "I'd rather go for a buggy ride in Central Park," she emphasizes, and plans her program carefully in order to attend all the noted New York churches.

After Miss Ritchie made a speech to a gathering of great industrialists in Detroit, Ed Sullivan remarked, "This amazing young woman is a modern Joan of Arc who obviously has a deep and abiding belief in God and His teachings."

Thus it is that America once more picks as the top representative of its young womanhood a teenager with deep convictions and high ideals, a dedicated sense of real purpose in life.

Sharon Kay Ritchie

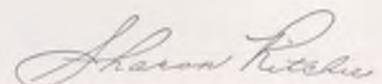
THROUGHOUT my childhood and young girlhood, religion was a guiding force in my family. My parents believed in the Bible and reared their two daughters to derive spiritual guidance and peace of mind through its teachings. I read this great Masterpiece daily for comfort, help, and guidance. It never lets me down.

In my home, intoxicants were never served, nor did my parents cultivate friends who served them in their homes. They also avoided public places where liquor was served. It was not because they are narrow-minded or a bore with their religion; it was simply against the doctrines of our church and the teachings of the Bible, which we love and respect.

As I grew up and began broadening my horizons, I attended many social gatherings where drinks were served, but I have never found that I was ostracized by others for a principle deeply embedded in me. In fact, many new friends have been made because I was respected for my beliefs and my abstinence.

Please do not feel I am intolerant of people who partake of alcohol, for it is not so. I am, however, deeply sorry that their lives are not full enough to find the answer to a rich and rewarding way of living without damaging their health, even endangering their lives, and perhaps the lives of others, through a worldly pleasure which can become habit-forming. I wish I could convince them that a few minutes out of their busy daily schedule to read their Bible and understand its teachings would solve their unrest and help them find greater happiness and peace of mind.

I believe I won the coveted Miss America title because I truly wanted to live and represent the finest type of American girlhood. I shall endeavor to live up to the ideal entrusted to me this year. It is, therefore, a privilege for me to have the opportunity to tell all my fellow American girls the value of spiritual guidance and the privilege of living in a home where God and His teachings, as well as His gifts, were accepted with reverence and gratitude. In this great country courage of one's convictions is respected. My convictions have certainly brought me success and happiness beyond my wildest dreams or expectations.





**miss
merica,**

1956





a respecer of persons?

Judge Joseph
T. Zottoli

**Do only abnormal or predisposed
persons become alcoholics?**

HUMAN beings are much alike, have the same organs, when they are born of a normal individual. For example, they all have two arms and two legs unless they are defective. If it were not so, doctors would have a hard time prescribing. A physical variance exists between people, but by and large that variance is not great.

Any drug or poison affects one a little differently from another because of the state of the individual at the time of intake. Because people are about the same, why should there be this difference in the effect of alcohol on people, some coming to court repeatedly, others keeping away from it entirely? It is a natural question.

As I delved into the history of alcoholism I found time and again remarks to the effect that such people are born that way, that they are weaklings, that they are merely "lame ducks," and that they are this and the other. I found many descriptive expressions as I made this study, such as the following: predisposed to alcoholism; can't drink in moderation; sick; cannot carry his liquor; immature, having been pampered since childhood and cannot drink in moderation; subnormal and cannot stand realities, choosing an escape by way of the bottle; allergic to alcohol; underprivileged and abnormal in search of

The author says:

This question involves the necessity of making a close study of those who are using alcohol. I met the situation when I first went on the bench about thirty years ago. Being associated with the busiest court in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, I needed to realize what was going on about me and try to find the solution of the problems being presented to the court. With me it was really a search for facts.

I had been practicing at the bar on the criminal side of the court twenty-one years before I went onto the bench, and for a number of years before that I had been associating with social leaders in community endeavor. I thought I understood what was disintegrating many of the families I visited. On the bench, when sitting in the criminal sessions of the court, I met from 50 to 200 drunks a day and dealt with their problems in the various sessions of our court. Since we operated on a circuit basis, each judge spent about a month in each session. In this way I handled all forms of litigation and criminality, but I did not have sufficient facts relating to the problems of alcoholism on which to operate efficiently.

I would discuss the matter with the older judges, but they would say, "Drinking is a habit." Then I would ask, "What is the cause? Why is it that we have men coming in here 200 to 250 times in their life? Why is it that they repeat, repeat, and repeat irrespective of what we do?" The older men would again tell me, "Oh, it's habit—a habit." Then I remembered that when I had a bad habit as a child, my mother gave me a good spanking, which usually ended that habit. But in these cases a person could spank, spank, and spank; still these repeaters would come back. So I reasoned, "There's something more than habit here, some fundamental underlying cause, that brings about these effects. What is it?"

sex satisfaction, turning to liquor as a crutch; was born an alcoholic because his parents used liquor in excess; or is a victim of his environment. Some of these expressions come from the medical field, the psychiatric field. How much truth do they tell?

I became curious and wanted to find out what caused the alcoholic to degenerate as he does. Because of my twenty-eight years of experience on the bench and twenty-four years at the bar I've seen a great many of these people who have got into trouble, murder included, because of alcohol. Therefore I could not accept the explanation that they were "lame ducks" in the beginning. I've seen doctors, lawyers, judges, and close friends go down to oblivion through alcoholism. So the thought came to me, "That theory can't be 100 per cent correct. Something is wrong."

I began to make surveys, not for the purpose of helping someone establish any theory; but I needed facts on which I could base my chronologies and help the individual and the state with reference to him.

One survey of mine went back as far as the Chinese Empire, thousands of years before Christ, and showed that all classes of human beings, from kings to serfs,

SURVEYS - -

from popes to priests, from magistrates to ministers, from generals to privates, the rich, the poor, and the middleman—all who had sufficiently partaken, on feast days or at any other time—became degenerated by alcohol so much as to be termed “drunkards.”

From all the surveys I made or supervised I found that the vast majority of alcoholics were *not*, in the beginning of their downfall, of the inferior character of manhood, but were degenerates who came originally from classes of so-called superior personalities. My research covered the study of eight institutions dealing with alcoholics.

The first survey was made by two careful and reliable doctors studying conditions in the McLean Hospital, to which the better class of people is sent. One of the doctors was Robert Fleming, a psychiatrist of Massachusetts and a former member of the commission to study alcoholism for the legislature. He and his collaborator reported regarding 100 males, whose major problem was chronic alcoholism, for ten years beginning in 1938. In these they found that thirty-nine of the patients were college graduates, thirty-five others had finished high school, and twenty-four had gone through grammar school. But two had received only elementary formal education. From the standpoint of occupation, forty-three of the men were in business, twenty-two were in the professions, eleven were craftsmen or manual workers, nineteen had no occupation, and five were unclassified. By the way, the nineteen who had no occupation were children of the “idle rich.”

The second survey was reported in 1936 by Dominican Bishop Thomas N. Moore. The substance of his report is as follows: “In a careful study of insanity in priests, and in persons of other religions, in the United States, based upon admissions to all Catholic hospitals, 96.53 per cent of all state institutions and all city hospitals, 91.04 per cent of county sanitariums, and 76.96 per cent of all private institutions, the rate of alcoholic insanity among secular and religious priests was 20.75 per cent as compared with 7.3 per cent for males in the general population.” In other words, almost three times as many priests went insane because of alcoholism as did other people. That might seem rather exaggerated, but Bishop Moore did careful work.

Alcohol is a poison; it doesn't favor religious people above anyone else. They, too, fall by the wayside. Were these priests predestined to inebriety? Were they of weak or low mentality when they began to drink in so-called moderation? I venture to answer an emphatic *No!*

Let me view the inebriates of my own state, Massachusetts. Two surveys were made by me personally, and one by our probation department at my direction.

One survey concerned inmates of the Washingtonian Home, one of the oldest institutions dealing with alcoholics. Extending over a period of fifty years from 1865 to 1914 inclusive, this survey covered 14,428 patients in this hospital. That is a sizable survey, a long piece of work. Here are the results showing the number of classes of persons who went to the Washingtonian Home because of insobriety:

Clergymen	48	Physicians	538	Architects	2
Policemen	1	Dentists	104	Artists	17
Druggists	28	Editors	12	Novelists	3

(Turn to page 31.)

1 In 100 male alcoholics, educationally 74 were college or high-school graduates, occupationally 65 were in business or the professions.

2 This carefully conducted nationwide study shows that alcoholic insanity is three times more prevalent among “secular and religious” priests than in the average populace.

3 In the Washingtonian Home for alcoholics over a period of fifty years, 14,428 inmates represented all major professions and occupations.

4 Only 303 of 3,737 admissions to the Massachusetts State Hospital for Inebriates over a period of eleven years represented the “laboring class.”

5 538 different trades, on the average, were represented by 30,627 persons arrested for drunkenness in Massachusetts in three years.

6 A New York study shows 54 per cent of male alcoholics (64.5 per cent of female) admissions to mental hospitals to have come from “comfortable circumstances.”

7 Rhode Island alcoholics admitted to the state hospital were 45 per cent from professional, skilled, or clerical groups.

8 Keeley Institute, Illinois, reports major occupational groups of their alcoholic admissions as 69 per cent business and professional, and 29 per cent unskilled.

Enough sleeping pills are manufactured annually in the United States for every American to be put to sleep twelve nights in a row by them.

Sleeping Pills— GROWING NIGHTMARE

GOOFBALL party! To most American parents, saturated with teen-age slang, this may sound like another relatively innocent form of adolescent merriment. To narcotics experts, however, already overburdened with the staggering problem of drug addiction among youngsters, goof-ball parties represent an ever-growing nightmare of law enforcement.

Goof balls are barbiturates, the sleeping pills that lull overworked, tense American adults into soothing and relaxed sleep after days of hard work. Used for this purpose in prescribed doses, sleeping pills may be a boon to overwrought men and women; but teen-agers, who have discovered that sleeping pills are cheaper and considerably more available than marijuana and the opium derivatives, such as morphine, heroin, and codeine, are increasingly becoming enmeshed in the serious web of drug addiction.

All this is behind a goof-ball party. A group of youngsters may, for example, obtain a cache of sleeping pills, rent an apartment (which they will often call a "pad"), and then have a wild, orgiastic evening, mixing the pills with liquor, beer, or soft drinks to supply the fuel for their abandon.

What happens in such cases? The Food and Drug Administration, a section of the Department of Health,

Education, and Welfare, which is responsible for the control of barbiturates, answers this question with sample case histories:

In Peoria, Illinois, the Administration found illegal distribution of drugs apparently related to the death of a man who either fell or was pushed down a flight of stairs following a goof-ball party.

In Saint Louis a fifteen-year-old boy was found in a coma caused by drinking a mixture of sleeping pills and a cola drink.

In Waco, Texas, a kindergarten teacher noticed the unusual behavior of a pair of twins in her class. She found that one of them had a box of pills which the child said her father had given to her. Investigation showed that the father, a factory worker, had been put on the night shift and, unable to adjust himself to the new hours, had become dependent on sleeping pills. He was

Teacher and author specializing in criminology, Gilbert Geis is assistant professor of sociology at the University of Oklahoma. He has written extensively for professional journals such as "Journal of Criminal Law," "Federal Probation," "The Prison Journal," and for a number of popular magazines. He has served as research director for the Oklahoma Crime Study Commission.

In addition to degrees from Colgate University, Brigham Young, and Wisconsin University, Dr. Geis has studied at the University of Stockholm, Sweden, and under a Fulbright grant in Oslo, Norway.



The Author
Gilbert Geis,
Ph.D.

still disturbed by the noise of the twins playing, so he started giving them pills, too. The children were taking them regularly.

Extensive educational campaigns are alerting the American public to the dangers of marijuana and the opium derivatives. Films, newspaper and magazine articles, and lectures are stressing the tremendous peril associated with the use of these drugs. Relentless state and Federal drives have made some progress in drying up the sources from outside the country through which these narcotics are smuggled into the United States. Addicts, who need more and more of the drug to support their habit because their body soon builds up a tolerance for lesser amounts, usually must resort to theft or illicit sex behavior to secure the money necessary to feed their addiction. Depending upon the stage of addiction, the cost usually runs from twenty to one hundred dollars a day.

Barbiturates, however, are inexpensive and easy to come by—much too easy. No wonder, then, as they flood the country, pushed haphazardly across drugstore counters to adults who generally know little, if anything, of their potential dynamite, they are well on their way to becoming a problem of national magnitude. Used in the

large doses teen-agers take, they can provide as big a kick as marijuana or the opium derivatives, sending the teenage user into an uninhibited frenzy of gaiety, convincing him that he is superbly wonderful and powerful, a law unto himself, and releasing all the antisocial aggressions that he normally would be able to control.

Many adolescents substitute sleeping pills for liquor. The pills are cheaper; and the reaction, of the same type as that produced by liquor, which is also a depressant, is considerably more pronounced and much more erratic. Barbiturates, in addition, are preferred by some teenagers to liquor because they leave no telltale signs on the breath. Mixing sleeping pills with alcoholic drinks is also common. Together the two are what biochemists call "synergistic;" that is, the combined effect is stronger than a double dose of either item alone.

For the chronic misuser, sleeping pills are the equivalent of slow poisoning. He will suffer from mental, physical, and emotional letdown, from severe drowsiness, from memory defects, distorted speech, poor vision, and, in extreme cases, even paralysis.

Policemen, who have to deal with the users of the opium-derivative drugs, the "main liners" who shoot morphine or heroin into their veins with hypodermic needles, prefer to be confronted with these opium addicts rather than with youngsters who have been doped with barbiturates.

"Those on opium drugs are predictable," one officer said. "If they have a few grains of morphine in them, they'll settle down happily, content with their delusions. But let those kids get jazzed up on sleeping pills, and they're liable to do anything. I don't like to be anywhere near them, because they don't know what they want themselves, and they don't understand what the drug is doing to them."

The Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency, which delved deeply into the problem of the misuse of sleeping pills by teen-agers, pinpointed the connection that exists between adolescent misconduct and barbiturates. In its interim report the Subcommittee noted: "There is a definite relationship between the illegal sale of dangerous drugs and juvenile delinquency in that these drugs bolster courage to the point that juveniles may indulge in antisocial activities ranging from theft to the most degrading sex conduct. Many instances of older people furnishing dangerous drugs to teen-agers and having sex relations with them were reported by the Food and Drug Administration to the Subcommittee. In New Orleans, more than sixty youths were arrested in a raid on a recreation center which had become a meeting point for sex deviates preying on juveniles after influencing them to take drugs."

The report goes on to point out that most of the states have either very weak laws regarding these drugs or no laws at all, "and the drugs can be secured by anyone with comparative ease with or without a prescription."

These are some of the facts on sleeping pills that many American parents who use the pills for legitimate reasons don't understand, at least not until their children get into trouble because the drugs have been handled carelessly at home where the youngsters can get them. These are some of the facts, too, which need (Turn to page 30.)

Thousands of vacationers have often wished for an excursion with the type of freedom described by this happy passenger on a train unique in modern travel.

a new "freedom" train

Joyce Chandler Parks

To travel across the continent and back on a train which does not have a cocktail bar or a smoker, or permit liquor or tobacco on its premises, is a novel experience in this day. I was one of approximately 150 nondrinking and nonsmoking passengers on such a trip, and I found this way of travel filled with happy, wholesome memories.

This train was a special, sponsored by a major railroad company, and has been making this trip for several years now. We began our trip in Los Angeles, traveled up the coast to San Francisco, then inland to Stockton, Sacramento, and up through the Feather River Canyon. From there we journeyed on across the continent, stopping at Salt Lake City, Denver, Chicago, Washington, D.C., New York, Boston, and Montreal. The return was by way of Canada, to Banff, Lake Louise, Vancouver, then Seattle, Portland, and back to San Francisco and Los Angeles. It was a three-week trip with stopovers in some of the major cities of from one to six days. The passengers boarded this train along the line of route from Los Angeles to Denver.

As the train wended its way over mountains, through valleys, across rivers, and around lakes, there was a light-heartedness about it, even a gaiety to its whistle. At least to this passenger it seemed so, and I wondered whether perhaps it wasn't automatically responding to its release from "excess baggage"—liquor and tobacco in their many forms. Having shaken loose from those burdens, it, too, was in a holiday mood, and seemed to have caught the spirit of its passengers. There was a freedom about it which was enjoyed by all aboard, a freedom manifested in numerous ways. What a joy it was to sit in the diner and not have the odor of cocktails within smelling distance as you were about to enjoy a tasty meal, nor to be subjected to the stifling smoke of after-dinner cigars, cigarettes, and pipes of table companions!

On our liquorless train one could sit in the observation car and view the magnificent scenery of the Rocky Mountains, the verdant New England springtime, the Canadian Rocky Mountain country, the shining and turbulent rivers, or the Great Lakes without being annoyed by some liquor-drinking pest (Turn to page 25.)



MARY JANE SEARS

"I firmly believe that any athlete starting out who admires the national champs in their field, and who wants to reach that goal himself, knows that it is common sense not to indulge in smoking and drinking.

"This abstemious way of life gives you the assurance and incentive to give every race your best."

Mary Jane Sears

Holder of two world records and four American records, sixteen-year-old **Mary Jane Sears** has wins in the 200-yard and 250-yard breast stroke.



BETTY MULLEN BREY

"I feel that it is impossible to drink or smoke in the sport of swimming and still reach the top. It would have been very detrimental to me if I had smoked while I was training, because it cuts down on a person's wind.

"I strongly advise any young person who is interested in becoming a champion in the field of swimming, to completely avoid alcohol or tobacco in any form."

Betty Brey

World traveler **Betty Mullen Brey** embarked on another adventure last August, marrying Private Paul M. Brey, Jr., arriving back just in time for the wedding, from a tour of Greece, Italy, Egypt, Turkey, Switzerland, Holland, and Finland, where she competed in swimming meets and exhibitions. She holds both American and world records in the 100-yard butterfly.



SHELLY MANN

"Personally, I don't drink or smoke because I don't like either habit. Since swimming is an endurance sport, one must have the complete control of all his faculties. I like to know that I have the complete control and not that something has the control of me."

Shelly Mann

Five American titles, three Mexican championships, and the world record in the 100-meter butterfly belong to **Shelly Mann**, seventeen-year-old Arlington, Virginia, swimmer. Early last year she toured Australia and New Zealand to conduct swimming clinics in various cities. Her hope is to return to Australia this fall for the Olympics.

cap



DOUGIE GRAY

"Nobody can possibly become a great athlete by drinking or smoking. Smoking cuts down your wind, alcohol beclouds your mind. In all sports you have to be quick-witted to win."

Member of the world's record relay team (Montreal, Canada), **Dougie Gray** attends Holton-Arms School in the District of Columbia. Her special talents tend toward the 400-meter free-style race.

From unknown amateurs to international champions in four years is the record of the Walter Reed Swimming Club of Washington, D.C. Seldom has any group of athletes anywhere achieved such an amazing rise.

Smoothly and swiftly stroking their way to one championship after another, the six members of the team are now among the world's fastest women swimmers. Each girl is a champion in her own right, holding individual records as well as contributing to team achievement.

Always looking for new pools to conquer, the Walter Reed speedsters have surged during the past two seasons to new records at Daytona Beach, Indianapolis, Mexico City, Philadelphia, and Montreal, and now have their sights on the Olympics at Melbourne, Australia, this November.

The present scoreboard shows Walter Reed with three national indoor A.A.U. championships, four national outdoor championships, and a world relay record set at Montreal.

Such consistent winning, however, is not done



STANLEY TINKHAM, Walter Reed Coach

"I like to think of the human body as a fine stop watch. The body is much more intricate than the watch, but in most cases we treat the stop watch better than we do our own bodies. If we want our bodies to run well, we must treat them carefully.

"All the girls on the team are, of course, thumbs down on both tobacco and alcohol."

ring a principle of life

without a reason. In this case, the "reason" is youthful (aged 24 years) Coach Stan Tinkham, only two years with Walter Reed, formerly with neighboring Ambassador Swimming Club. Meticulous in detail, undemonstrative in execution, constantly striving for better performance, Stan is team drillmaster—hard yet considerate, taxing but not overbearing.

Rigid is the training regimen, but the team is entirely a voluntary swimmers' organization, and the girls carry their carefully regulated habits into everyday life as well as during training times.

Members of the team must have a competitive alertness. This enthusiastic group practices two hours a day for four months preceding championship competition.

Most of the girls get from eight to ten hours sleep every night to keep in top performance. Besides their physical activities, theirs is a definite spiritual emphasis, too, since all the girls are active in church work.

Coach Tinkham believes the girls have captured a principle of living. In the pool they learn that life is what you make it. And they are out to make the best of it. But whether in the pool, at home, in church, or in school, these six American girls are symbolic of the clean-cut, satisfying way of life that is a challenge to modern youth.

Interviews for "Listen" by Ralph N. Krum

MARIE GILLETT

"If you really want to reach the top in any sport, I believe that an athlete cannot afford to break training by the use of either alcohol or tobacco." *Marie Gillett*

Eighteen-year-old Marie Gillett has especially fond memories of Philadelphia and Daytona Beach, where she shared in both American and world records. As also are her colleagues, she is working toward the 1956 Olympics.

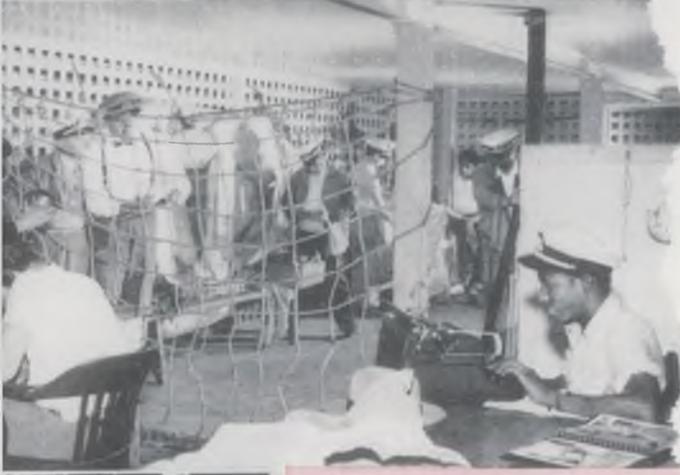
WANDA WERNER

"I firmly believe that the top performers cannot risk the use of alcohol or tobacco." *Wanda Werner*

Specializing in free-style competition, Wanda Werner counts national titles in the 400-meter and 880-yard relay among her possessions. When she is out of the pool, her ambition is to study journalism and history.

(Left to right) Shelly Mann, Marie Gillett, Wanda Werner, and Mary Jane Sea





1. Mickey's first police beat was one of the toughest in Los Angeles—North Broadway, Main Street, Chinatown. He enforced the law strictly, but his heart was touched by the plight of the youngsters. Here he talks to some of his young friends.

2. To help his boys know something better than the way of life they saw every day, Mickey organized the Mickey Finn Youth Club, which at first met in the condemned city jail and carried on their projects in the old "felony tanks."

3. From dismal, crowded surroundings such as this come the boys being helped by Mickey's youth activity program.

4. Ann Sheridan, picture star, talks to a group of the boys at a meeting. Mickey is standing beside her.

5. One of Mickey's dreams is taking shape in the establishment of his boys' ranch in the mountains near Palm Springs. The boys get into an entirely new environment, taking active part in ranch work and upkeep.

YES, that is his name—but this Mickey Finn is different—not a poison, but a power for good; not an intoxicant, but an inspiration in his community. "The Lord helped me when I needed help," says Mickey Finn. "Now I'm trying to do His work." This is the way Mickey talks about his youth, when prayer saved him from alcoholism, and about his present activities as a leader, guide, and counselor of underprivileged boys in Los Angeles.

One day several years ago the problem of drink brought a crisis in Mickey's life. Somehow he felt that only a power greater than his own could help him. "I was walking down the street," he says, "when I happened to pass a church. I felt a great desire to go in. As I prayed on my knees for help, after a long time a great feeling of light and peace came over me. Since then my whole life has been different."

Shortly after World War II, just out of the service, Mickey first joined the Los Angeles police force, from which his father had retired after twenty years, and which his brother had also joined some years before.

Mickey was assigned to a beat in the skid-row section of

THE "Real" MICKEY FINN

Interview by
Jerome Kearful

the city, where people lived in squalor, poverty, and dismal surroundings. From this area came much of the city's crime and delinquency. Many of the boys had police records, and others were headed in that direction.

Mickey was touched by the plight of these underprivileged children. People claimed that their case was hopeless, but Mickey believed that if they had opportunity to know another kind of life, most of them could be saved. He remembered his own earlier life.

What could he do to help? His answer came when he found that the delinquent boys from his section could not become members of a Scout troop. Immediately he decided to form a club for them.

When Mickey talked to the boys along his skid-row beat, they were enthusiastic. However, there was one big problem—where could they hold their meetings?

Again the answer came. Captain Red Erwin, of the Police Department, offered Mickey and his boys the use of a condemned jail. It was not even good enough for prisoners, but Mickey and the boys scrubbed, painted, and cleaned. The Mickey Finn Youth Club held its first meeting there in 1946.

Mickey bought a surplus Landing Craft-V from the Navy and yachting-style hats for the boys. He took them on cruises to Catalina Island and along the coast. Although they lived but a few miles away, many of them had never seen the ocean!

Mickey tried to pay all the expenses from his policeman's salary, which did not go far, particularly as more and more boys came to the club. Then some of Mickey's fellow policemen helped out. Later on, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, and Ann Sheridan contributed to the work. As they learned about Mickey's club, others, some anonymous, helped.

After a year or two, Mickey and the boys were able to move from the jail into an old warehouse. Athletic and handicraft materials were added by purchase or donation. Soon youth leaders and other people were contributing their time in organizing and directing special club activities. Of the whole program, A. A. Scott,

(Turn to page 34.)

emergency ward



Robert H.
Ruby, M.D.



I HEARD the ambulance back up to the emergency-room door. A glance at the clock showed the hands pointed down at 6:30 p.m. When the stretcher was rolled into the room, I saw a wizened little man, Joseph, on it, obviously in great pain. I should guess he was in his fifties. A quick examination revealed that the bones of his left leg were broken, the sharp edges protruding from the torn skin. A compound fracture of the leg!

Joseph's blood pressure was dropping steadily to shock level; his skin was wet with perspiration. Soon intravenous fluids were running in. This would do until blood could be typed and cross-matched. The man was given tetanus antitoxin.

With the attendant's help the leg was quickly dressed with sterile gauze flats and then splinted. Joseph was sent to the X-ray department and then up to surgery.

The prognosis for Joseph is guarded. The bone was shattered, but the difficulty lies in possible infection in the bone, with the development of osteomyelitis; and maybe even amputation will be needed.

Joseph had been on his way to the grocery store when he was run down by a driver, an afternoon drinker.

Through the large double doors of the emergency ward of a publicly owned and operated hospital pass acci-

dents of all types. The causes are many. There are shootings and stabbings due to suicide, alcohol, accident, argument, and fits of jealousy or anger. Also there come injuries from accidents in the home, accidents at play or work.

Herein are only the accounts of the automobile accidents of an "average" weekend. The weekend extends from Friday noon to Sunday evening, Friday noon (not Saturday noon) since many laborers receive their pay checks on Friday. This makes Friday a heavy day in many large city hospitals.

I hear the piercing howl of the siren. The admitting nurse stands at her station. She instinctively punches a card on the time clock: 9:49 p.m. The attendants push a stretcher near the door to transfer the young woman from the ambulance carrier.

The nurse punches the clock twice again: three young people—two are young men.

Tom seems stoic; he has a dislocation of his left hip. Nancy is less brave; she sobs and complains bitterly of pain in her back. Bob has only minor scratches.

X rays show that Nancy has a broken back, but with no involvement of the nerves of her spinal column. Tom's dislocation is reduced under anesthesia in the operating room. Bob is not injured greatly.

These youngsters had not been drinking. Bob was driving more than sev-

enty miles an hour, the state patrolman tells me, when he lost control of his auto and went off the highway.

It seems to me only seconds until the ambulance again comes around the corner of the hospital and up to the door. There is no great aura of rush or excitement about the driver. Probably a routine minor injury.

The driver brings his stretcher into the main emergency ward. "Two DOA's, Doc." Dead on Arrival!

"Two?"

"Yes, here's the other." A second ambulance driver pushes in a second stretcher. Each body is covered. It is necessary that all DOA's be checked by a physician for the presence of any life.

As the bodies are uncovered, it looks like ritual to check for vital signs.

The face of the lady on that stretcher is smashed beyond any recognizable feature. The blond hair is matted into a sticky, bloody mass.

The man has one arm dismembered near the shoulder. The other extremities are twisted. No question but that the bones are shattered.

Later in the evening the coroner leaves the hospital from the morgue laboratory. "The blood alcohol studies show they were loaded," he says.

"They must have been, to run into that train," I reply. "The approach out there is clear vision."

(Turn to page 27.)

A person need only be of the
"human type" to fall prey to
addiction.

MORPHINE AND CODEINE--

given morphine daily for several years. After this period he decided to stop taking the drug, but found withdrawal at home too unpleasant. He told his doctor he would like to stop taking it, but the doctor sadly told John this was impossible, that he would have to continue taking it for the rest of his life.

Exceptional in every way, John possesses more than a fair share of stubbornness. To talk over the problem, he called on another doctor who was a personal friend of his.

"I'm afraid your own physician is right," he was told. "You need the drug, and you're not breaking the law by taking it. Why not just accept the facts?"

Finding that morphine made him listless and confused mentally, John thought it absurd that he must take a medicine he didn't want. After reading extensively on the subject and seeing the two doctors' opinions echoed in what he read, he went determinedly to the narcotics authorities, who told him about the United States Public Health Service Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky. John applied for admission.



medical booby traps

○ Daniel Carlsen

With Barbara Doyle

ANY user of narcotics can be compared to a soldier marching over supposedly solid ground who falls into a camouflaged booby trap. In much the same way the person taking narcotics, confident of his ability to control the drugs, awakens with terrifying suddenness to the realization that he is in a trap from which he cannot escape.

A large proportion of those addicted to morphine and codeine are termed "medical addicts," or "accidental addicts." They have been given the drug for severe pain or prolonged illness, or have taken it without being aware that they would become addicted to it.

The wise physician who finds that his patient has become dependent on narcotics will effect withdrawal from the drug before releasing him. But many patients unfortunate enough to become addicted medically continue to take narcotics long after their original cause for taking drugs has vanished.

Many doctors, including some noted authorities on addiction, believe that once a person has become addicted, he will remain so for the rest of his life. This is often the case. Opiates exert such a power over their victims that it is almost impossible for them to escape.

One man I know proved exceptional in this respect. He was already in middle years when tragedy struck him, unlike average nonmedical addicts who often begin taking drugs during adolescence.

John suffered greatly after the removal of a lung and was

"I was *cured* there, for most unorthodox reasons," he related later. "I left the hospital before I should have, and against medical advice. I was warned that I would probably revert to taking drugs if I left so soon. However, I was so appalled at the attitude of the average addict there, and so depressed about their pessimism concerning a 'cure,' that I felt I must get away from them."

A number of years have passed. John has lived through several serious illnesses and a major operation since then without taking narcotics. He admits it hasn't been easy.

"But all I have to do, when I am tempted to take narcotics to relieve *temporary* pain," John says, "is to think of those poor unfortunate addicts, and the *permanent* misery they must endure. That stops me."

John has learned what few recovered addicts know. Once a person has been addicted, he is sensitive to drugs. If after withdrawal he takes even one dose of narcotics, he is in effect an active addict, and finds it next to impossible to resist taking a second and third dose, until he is again well "hooked."

Many addicts and nonaddicts believe that doctors are indiscriminate in giving narcotics to patients, and that thus they help create addicts. I have occasion to deal with many doctors, and they often refer patients to me. Sometimes they invite me to address hospital staffs. In all cases I find them sympathetic, anxious to avoid causing addiction, and concerned with discovering a means for decreasing its incidence.

It is my opinion that the majority of doctors are extremely conscientious about administering narcotics and that, when addiction does result, they do the best they can to remedy the situation. There are, of course, a few unscrupulous doctors who give out narcotics unnecessarily. They cannot be regarded as doctors at all, but a strange group of calloused souls who have, by their own misconduct, cut themselves off from honor and their own profession.

Doctors themselves, as well as nurses, often become enslaved by narcotics. So common is addiction in the medical profession that it is called an "occupational hazard." It has been said that availability of drugs is responsible for this fact. Being very single-minded regarding this problem, I disagree, and assert that it is ignorance that creates the addiction plague even among doctors and nurses.

Medical textbooks teach them which "types" of persons become addicts. Therefore, the doctor or nurse suffering from exhaustion or nervous tension might easily rationalize that narcotics cannot hurt him, because he isn't "the type."

being withdrawn, he is only one injection away from being "hooked" again.

For sixteen months Dr. Bill enjoyed a period of abstinence. Then he was struck with such a painful illness that narcotics were administered. He is struggling now to recuperate from the devilish addiction that has hounded him for years. To take drugs is even more tragic for this man than for the average addict, because he knows how wrong it is.

Doctors or nurses who really understand addiction will never administer narcotics to themselves.

For twenty years I have known one nurse who foolishly took some of her patients' morphine to overcome exhaustion. Recently I received a sad letter from her, still an addict, broken in health and spirit. Morphine holds its slaves in an iron vise.

A banker I know became addicted to morphine thirty-four years ago in Germany. He has had countless "cures." He suffers from chronic insomnia and eventually, after withdrawal, resorts to taking sedatives. In time this causes him to revert to morphine.

Recovered addicts and alcoholics are especially sensitive to barbiturates, usually becoming addicted to them. They may be led back to the original addicting agent.

As addiction to morphine, or any other opiate, progresses, tolerance for the drug grows, and a person must take more and more to gain the same effect. The person who gains tolerance thrives on poison. His system alters so much that it requires the drug to function at all.

A person may begin taking an eighth or a fourth of a grain of morphine. In time five or ten grains, even fifty or more grains, may be required to attain the beneficial result attained at first with a quarter of a grain.

I knew a man who was given, by a research group, all the morphine he could take for a period of six months. At the end of the period he was taking seventy grains a day—enough to kill seventy nonaddicts.

Dr. Joseph J. Kindred reported a patient who took 140 grains of morphine and sixty grains of cocaine daily.

Doctors and nurses who take codeine have begun doing so with the mistaken notion that they could control it because it is such a "light" opiate. Although codeine gives little euphoric effect, it possesses a peculiar power to strengthen the tired mind and body and to relieve anxiety. Codeine, taken medically, is only one eighth as strong as morphine. Its action is slower, but the codeine addict usually continues to take it for life or graduates to the use of morphine.

Having been withdrawn from morphine fifteen years ago, I can remember trying desperately to remain free of drugs. A kidney ailment sent me to a doctor, who prescribed codeine. I didn't know what I know now about this problem, and I took the codeine unquestioningly. In very short order I was hopelessly caught, and the only way I could get off the codeine hook was to return to taking morphine.

Not aware of the danger in any opiate, people often become addicted to ordinary cough medicines, containing codeine or opium, and sold in drugstores without prescription.

Elixir of terpin hydrate and codeine is a medicine for coughs containing one grain of codeine to the ounce and from 38 to 42 per cent alcohol. In the Army, ETH is called "GI gin" and is taken by the bottle by unwary soldiers.

When a friend of mine went to a drugstore, she asked the pharmacist to recommend something for her three-year-old boy's cough. He brought out a bottle of terpin hydrate and codeine.

"But this contains narcotics!" the woman exclaimed in amazement, reading the label. "Who on earth would give narcotics to a baby?"



Many of these persons are superior, and know it. They frequently possess high intelligence, good character, and solid backgrounds in social and economic terms. They have learned that inferior people—weaklings, psychopaths, products of broken homes or the slums—are those who become addicts. Yet in taking narcotics, they are reduced themselves to the same status as their unfortunate fellow sufferers.

I believe that when doctors and nurses are taught the truth,—that they only have to be the "human type" to fall prey to narcotics,—the high incidence of addiction in their field will take a sharp drop.

Also, many people in the entertainment world, working beyond their strength, are ensnared in the same way—because they have "always" heard that "weak" people are the ones who become addicts.

Dr. Bill is an exceptionally gifted surgeon, but every once in a while he has to go away from his practice, in which he is outstanding. What only a few people know is that he goes away for a "cure."

His wife appealed to me several years ago when he was a patient in a fashionable hospital. I called on him and was touched by his abject misery.

"There really isn't any hope for me," he said, turning brilliant eyes on me. "I just don't have will power, in spite of how I try." I explained what I have learned—that no recovered addict has will power against drugs and that after

"Half of my customers," the druggist assured her. "Most parents are glad to switch to this medicine when I explain its value."

"I don't think you should be allowed to sell anything more dangerous than toothbrushes," the woman said spiritedly. "You're doing a terrible thing, peddling dope to babies! Do you ever think of how much damage you are causing?"

"If you know so much about it, why did you ask *me* for advice?" the druggist said condescendingly. "Go give a lecture to one of my competitors, why don't you? I'm far too busy to argue with you."

This man's attitude was extreme, to say the least, yet many druggists find the sale of medicines such as this a most profitable enterprise.

Another product closely paralleling ETH'S popularity is Cheracol, a cough preparation containing codeine, chloroform, and alcohol. Brown's Mixture contains opium, as does paregoric.

[Ed. note: Another such preparation, Coldene, was recently advertised nationally with the *boast* that it contains

codeine; yet nothing was said about the habit-forming danger in the drug.]

On the label of these bottles is a warning, in very small letters: "May be habit-forming." I have known a number of persons addicted to one or the other of these medicines. They are usually surprised that such "innocent" medicine can cause so much harm.

All opiates are addiction-forming. This self-evident fact seems incomprehensible to average people. The ordinary person has been schooled to visualize the "dope fiend," a criminal skulking on the borders of society, as the only one who takes, or becomes addicted to, narcotics. When he learns that he, too, is susceptible, true education will be effective.

These cough medicines are called "exempt narcotics." According to the law, customers purchasing them must give their name and address to the druggist; but this requirement is almost never met. Government narcotics agents are supposed to regularly check the druggists' records of these sales.

In many pharmacies a large display of these bottles is featured as promi-

nently as liquor bottles in barrooms, but they spell dynamite for "recovered" addicts or alcoholics. Many of these have slipped back into their trap after taking a few doses of the medicine.

I know people who drink as many as four to eight bottles a day. They are as hopelessly addicted as if they were "shooting" heroin or morphine. One salesman has to commit himself to a hospital at regular intervals for withdrawal from codeine taken in this form. A remarkable feature about this chap is that he never goes on to taking stronger narcotics.

Another suffering man cannot grasp the fact that he is not immune to it. Time after time he has taken a "cure," only to drink some cough medicine when he is beginning to regain his balance. In a matter of weeks he progresses to morphine. The cycle is repeated, and he again goes for a "cure."

Beware the medicine that "makes you feel good," for in almost all cases it is dangerous to take.

"If only patients would follow instructions, we wouldn't have all this trouble," one doctor said sorrowfully to

Vinton A. Holbrook

famous faces in

PUBLIC PLACES

NO FAMOUS ballplayer or beautiful actress would think of slapping a child or mistreating a young person. Yet these same persons whose pictures appear in some ad for Silts Beer or Two Petunias Whisky may be doing infinitely more harm.

Successful persons, such as athletes and actresses, are endowed with exceptional talent or beauty. Millions of hero-worshiping youth admire and love them, and look to them as models after which to pattern their own lives. But most of these young people do not know the great care many of these famous persons take to preserve their strength or appearance, nor realize that a large number of those whose names advertise beer or whisky do not themselves use such drinks.

More than \$250,000,000 is spent every year in advertising liquor. All this comes out of the pockets of drinkers. Common people must pay this bill. Brewers and distillers are shrewd businessmen; they know that it pays to advertise, that they will get back not only the millions they spend in advertising, but in addition a great margin of profit. They don't pay \$1,000 or more to a famous person for his picture and testimonial unless they know from experience that such an investment pays off.

Does the ballplayer or actress whose picture appears on these ads ever think of how many youth seeing such ads may become drinkers? If the ad is to bring money back to the advertiser, it must bring more liquor into the lives of more

people. Some of these will be boys and girls who otherwise would not start drinking.

Is it something to be proud of, having one's picture on liquor ads? It would be more honorable to earn money with a tin cup on the street corner. In the latter case at least no one else would become a drunkard because of such advertising.

Selling one's picture to advertise liquor is an index to character. Some may justify themselves by saying, "I use liquor myself, so why shouldn't I recommend it to others?" They know perfectly well that they would be better off without it.

Liquor dealers try to excuse themselves, "Am I to blame if men are fools enough to drink to excess?" The answer is, "Yes; because liquor never satisfies; every drink creates a craving for more, until the thirst ends in disaster."

Did you ever hear of a person trying to catch cholera or smallpox? No; but the person who "catches" alcoholism gets it deliberately. Everyone who encourages drinking by ads that reach millions of people is responsible in some degree for the results of drinking.

Famous athletes and movie stars, remember that there are millions of us common people who raise the wheat and herd the cattle, who wait on you in the stores. Our names are not in the headlines, our pictures aren't in magazines, but we're sort of necessary after all. We common people look up to you for your talent and beauty. We feel that you should be among those who lift up, not among those who drag down.

me. Many people do become their "own doctors." When they take a medicine labeled "habit-forming," they are on their way into a trap if they take it repeatedly. Another danger faces the person who takes "double" doses of narcotics given by doctors. A woman suffering from chronic pain that is not particularly serious, but very distressing, calls on a doctor. Almost any doctor might prescribe codeine for her condition. But this woman calls on six or eight doctors in a week's time. Of course, she has paid the price by becoming addicted, but this might have been prevented if she had known the dangers involved.

There are many dangers inherent in taking morphine and codeine. The experts will tell you that people become addicted because of a "basic underlying disturbance." I disagree with their findings in many cases, basing my opinion on intimate association with many thousands of addicts, some of whom I have observed over a lengthy period of time. What many experts still have to learn is that the use of opiates causes mental disturbance.

There are few statistics available on this phase of the problem, but it is readily apparent that opiates actually do impair the mind. Morphine particularly results in mental confusion while the drug is being taken, and often long after it is discontinued. I have seen many morphine addicts progress into a condition of mental illness closely resembling psychosis.

The fact that a researcher in combing an addict's history finds a basis for underlying disturbance, proves little if anything. Almost any human being in our present society has had experiences which would provide groundwork for addiction susceptibility.

The most normal and the least disturbed person will change considerably after becoming addicted to opiates. There is no yardstick for measuring which person will completely break down in the trap of addiction. Taking narcotics results in an erratic way of living. The addict cannot function adequately under the best circumstances.

In taking narcotics, a person is experimenting with death and decay. Nothing wholesome, worth while, or good can come from the experience. No one knows which persons, falling into the trap, will emerge free. Thus far, those successfully overcoming narcotics addiction are negligible, regardless of what type they are.

It doesn't matter what route a person takes to doom where narcotics are concerned. All such end up in the same place and in the same pitiful condition.

SECOND QUARTER

FREEDOM TRAIN

(Continued from page 17)

babbling away on nonentities, or the smoke cloud of a fellow passenger's cigarette veiling the scenic beauty. Moreover, it was possible really to relax in the lounge car free of tobacco fumes, and not the least of the pleasures was that one's clothing wasn't saturated for weeks with smoke.

The cleanliness of the whole train was manifested not only in the purer atmosphere but in various other ways, such as the absence of the clattering debris of liquor containers, and ash trays with their trappings of messy cigarette stubs. Often the porters spoke appreciatively of this, and responded in ways which made traveling more comfortable and more enjoyable for us. Also there wasn't the obnoxious possibility of encountering a drunken passenger staggering through the train in search of his berth or compartment, and probably getting in the wrong one.

Another kind of freedom, less tangible perhaps, which I think most of us felt, was the peace that comes from being free from enslaving habits and their reminders. This is not a smug peace, but a cheerful acceptance of a way of travel we had not dreamed possible before.

One small, but important, factor which should not be overlooked is that we all felt richer in a monetary way, too. Considerable money, that necessary commodity in traveling, was not spent on nonessentials, annoyances such as liquor and tobacco. Instead, this large amount of money we had for shopping and entertainment, as well as needful items for travel.

The influence of our liquorless train followed us even when we were not on board. On side trips, whether we were touring metropolitan New York, historic Boston, or Washington, D.C., by bus; sailing the Chesapeake Bay; riding the trolley in Montreal; or dining at George Washington's Old Clubhouse in Virginia, the delegates restaurant at the United Nations, or Chateau Lake Louise, we were always well surrounded by the nondrinkers and nonsmokers of our party.

As we rolled happily along on our homeward way, we somehow felt that we were traveling a different kind of streamliner, perhaps the most advanced of them all, for our liquorless and smokeless train was streamlined as none other is, being rid of two major unpleasantnesses of modern travel, for there wasn't a cocktail, a cigarette, or a cigar in thirteen carloads.

BELIEVE YOU CAN

MARY
ELSNAU

YOU cannot be defeated until you acknowledge yourself a failure. Even then there is still hope. Many a man has admitted the failure he has made of life, but somehow, somewhere, a turn in the road has brought him inspiration to start over again, and his later, richer years proved how right he was to follow this inner conviction which guided him to success.

A Chicago skid-road habitué was picked up and brought into the police court of Judge Hyman Feldman. The prisoner identified himself as William G. Wood, age sixty-five, once a distinguished lawyer and law professor who, because of "trouble at home," drank himself into skid road two and a half years previously. His easy talk, along with his familiarity with legal phraseology and knowledge of court procedure, impressed the judge. Turning to him as he was about to dispose of the cases of drunks brought in during the night, the judge said:

"Let's see if you still have it. I want you to defend one of these men." It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene. Unkempt and as much in need of a shave as his client, Wood stood before the court in a rumpled, stained suit, soiled shoes, tieless shirt, and bleary-eyed.

Unexpectedly his chance had come to prove himself and lift himself out of skid road. He grasped at the chance, with a prayer, and leaned on his forty years of legal experience, and so ably did he defend his client that he won the case. Judge Feldman was so impressed that he asked Wood to sit on the bench with him and help him dispose of the skid-road cases, advising on the character of the defendants.

"Judge," replied Wood, "for five dollars a day I'll come in here every day and try to be whatever help I can."

"You come in here Monday, sober, and you'll get your five dollars," replied the judge.

Today Attorney Wood is back on his feet, working as librarian in the county building office of State's Attorney Gutknecht, proof that one *can* make a comeback, once he sets his mind to it.

MOVE out the writing desk and move in the printing press! This literally has been the story of Effie Lawrence Marshall, author and lecturer. Until recently she spent her summers in Maine, but she sold her large house there to her publisher, who turned the place into a publishing plant.

Mrs. Marshall's latest book, *Out of the Manger Cradle Comes the Magic of Christmas*, is the first book to be printed in what previously was the author's summer home. It is doubtful whether any other author has ever had such an experience.

Her books to date are: *Queen Esther*, illustrated by a photographic frontispiece of an exquisite tapestry hanging in her Coral Gables, Florida, home; *Mary of Bethany*; a book-length poem, *Leaves on the Current*; *Ruth—the World's Greatest Love Story*; *Sunflower Gold*, an autobiographical story, dealing with early western Kansas; and *Out of the Manger Cradle*, printed in the same house in which it was written.

Effie Lawrence Marshall was reared in a home of high ideals, but where the parents thought it not unusual to have wine and beer in the cellar. There was no drunkenness. But when they learned, through a temperance speaker, that there was poison even in mild alcoholic drinks, the whole family, including Effie, decided never again to touch alcohol.

After she studied at Salina University in Kansas, Effie went to Teachers College in Cortland, New York. There she signed a formal pledge for personal total abstinence.

She has never varied in her position that abstinence is the only safe rule for living. She is convinced that no one is born with an appetite for alcohol, but that the appetite can be developed. This has been a major theme of her temperance lecturing, which has taken her into every state of the Union.

Effie Lawrence Marshall believes that faith in Christ is the cure for an alcoholic, and that having once formed the appetite for liquor, the victim is under such a tremendous burden that he must lay hold on the strength that only God can give.

"I never go to a cocktail party or anywhere that liquor is being served, if I know it," says Mrs. Marshall, "and I never hesitate to put down a glass that gives a telltale odor. I try to refuse without ostentation, but if people wish to talk about my views, I'm always glad to do so. I am happy that I've been able to persuade many of my hostesses that it is not good to encourage alcoholism by serving alcoholic beverages."

Effie Lawrence Marshall has been twice widowed. Her first husband, Edward M. Lawrence, was a shipowner. Rev. Harry I. Marshall was a retired missionary to Burma when he married Effie Lawrence. He, too, was an author, having written articles and books on Burma.

This diligent, hospitable, friendly lady will be eighty-three on her next birthday. At the time of this writing she is touring Europe and is planning a trip later to the Holy Land. She is a splendid example of clean living and faith in God leading to longevity and usefulness even in the eighties, youthful and zestful eighties indeed!

EFFIE LAWRENCE MARSHALL—



youthful,
zestful

eighties



Madeline George

UP FROM THE RUBBLE

(Continued from page 7)

few citizens who know better the percentage of crime, degradation, and lawlessness resulting from the saloon than a physician who has practiced medicine here for the past thirty years. . . . The City's present freedom from crime and lawlessness should clearly demonstrate to every taxpayer the necessity of high license in the future."

May 15. San Francisco *Examiner* (page 14), statement by Mr. Leonard, Jr., prominent lawyer of New York: "I have been greatly impressed with the remarkable cleanliness and good health of the people here after so great a disaster."

May 16. San Francisco *Examiner* (page 16): "Recently San Francisco has had the pleasure of going without saloons. The change has been a valuable lesson in the responsibilities of the saloon and the part of the city's burden it should bear. Crime has almost disappeared, though the opportunities for crime have been enormously increased. Because of this salutary effect of the closing of the saloons, the Mayor and Police Commissioners have withdrawn all saloon licenses and ordered the saloons to remain closed indefinitely."

May 26. San Francisco *Examiner* (page 16), editorial: "The city has had before its eyes the salutary effects of closing the rum shops. The decrease in the amount of crime in a disorganized city has caused the astonishment of the police and the gratitude of the people.

"Crime is one of the most expensive luxuries in which a city indulges. If half the crime could be cut off by the closing of the saloons, the cost of running the city government could very easily be kept under the dollar tax limit, and there would be plenty of money left for permanent improvements.

"It is the saloon that makes taxes high by making necessary the maintenance of a large and expensive system of police protection."

June 10. San Francisco *Chronicle* (page 22), editorial: "In spite of the striking object lesson which we have received during the last two months of a city virtually without crimes of violence while saloons remain closed, it cannot be expected that San Francisco, or any other city of its size, will remain permanently a prohibition city."

June 15. San Francisco *Chronicle* (page 6), editorial: "We have now had a two months' object lesson which has convinced the public that freedom from saloons involves freedom from a great mass of crime."

June 21. The *Call* (page 3): Reference was made to the emergency order of April 18 by which the saloons were closed, and the mayor says: "The order has had so marked and beneficial a result as to justly be termed almost marvelous."

June 22. The *Bulletin* (page 6), editorial: "The *Bulletin* has not approved of all the Mayor's actions in the past, but his action in the matter of the liquor license the *Bulletin* commends without reservation. Any man who stands up against the influence of the liquor in-

Moonlight Addiction

Evelyn DeWalt

Not much danger in this moonlight,
Silver liquor of the sky;
Nor peril to those poppies, nodding
Where the tucked-in grasses lie,
Snugly sleeping. But that oak tree
Should have a warning: moonbeams
spill
White wine all through his branches. By
noon
Tomorrow he'll be tipsy still!

terest shows that he has plenty of spirit."

June 25. The *Call* (page 8): "The health conditions of the city were never better."

Ray Stannard Baker, writing in the November, 1906, issue of *The American Magazine*, summarized this whole situation in San Francisco:

"Never in the history of the city was the general health of the people better than it has been since the fire. Many causes contributed to this rather surprising result: the enforced simple life, no intoxicating liquor of any kind for nearly two and a half months,—they tell great stories of reform in this direction,—fresh air, hard work, excellent sanitary conditions enforced by military officers, and no brooding over small personal ills.

"Without paupers, without drunkards or vice, with little racial animosity, no political bitterness nor business rivalry, no religious denominational quarrels, with little selfishness, indeed, for there was for a time no property or, at least, sense of property—it was surely a wonderful period in a city's history."

But then came the sequel.

On July 5, because of increasing pressure from liquor men, the restrictions on liquor selling were lifted. It didn't take long for the results to be evident—a lesson plainly written to all cities of the future who do not have the courage to deal with the liquor problem as it should be dealt with. Here is the graphic proof:

August 22. San Francisco *Chronicle* (page 6), editorial: "Crimes of violence have increased so rapidly within the last six weeks and have been of such a peculiarly vicious character that it is useless to deny that some resolute citizens are getting out their old histories and carefully rereading the record of the city in the early fifties. . . . It may be only a coincidence that the beginning of highway robbery in this city immediately followed the opening of the saloons, but that the city was virtually free from such crimes up to July 5th and has been cursed with them since cannot be denied."

EMERGENCY WARD

(Continued from page 21)

The faces of the patients change like the tide. In midafternoon it is the middle-aged. Then along in the early evening the pediatrics cases and youngsters of early school age come in. The late evening brings in teen-agers and those in the thirties and forties. Oldsters trickle in all through the day and night, whenever they are found lying out any place in the middle of the night. When the cover of darkness brings loneliness and a seeming constriction to their field of activity, then symptoms seem worse.

It is after midnight now. The emergency room is quiet. No crying children. No excited, hysterical parents. No loud-talking inebriates. Suddenly the peace is disturbed. A stretcher case.

The man appears to be in his early forties. He is well dressed, but covered with blood and the foul vomitus of mixed gastric juices and alcohol.

Inspection of the unconscious man reveals a large scalp wound extending all the way across the top of his head.

Head injuries are sent immediately to the floor. On the ward blood is started. The head wound is cleaned, the hair shaved, and the wound sutured. Portable X rays show a frontal-temporal skull fracture, at a region where a large vessel courses under the bone. If this vessel is torn and signs of a blood clot develop, it will be necessary to operate to release the pressure.

I learn that he had been to a stag affair and was on his way home after a night of drinking when he ran his car into a telephone pole. His wife is frantic when she arrives at the hospital.

It is Saturday. As the occasion arises, I make these accounts. They are fact, not assumptions or interpretations. These stories are partly from what I see and partly information I received from patients, relatives, witnesses, and policemen.

Early in the afternoon, not one but two ambulances come in. In a short minute the emergency ward is all activity. Five persons are brought in, two of them young children, frightened and wailing. Almost immediately several physicians are scurrying around.

The total of the affair, not realized for some hours, turns out to be shocking. The patrolman reports that a farmer in an antiquated car on the wrong side of the highway had run head on into a family of four. The farmer was intoxicated "to the gills," says the patrolman. He was not seriously injured. In fact, he was released from the hospital.

The family were on their way into the city for an afternoon of shopping. The husband is not critically injured, but his wife has fractured ribs which punctured her lung. She has to have tubes inserted into her chest to drain off blood and leaking air from the perforated lung. She has a fracture of one leg just above the knee, so she is put up in a balanced traction apparatus, where she will spend months.

Little seven-year-old Wanda has lacerations on her face that need surgery. Nine-year-old Frank has internal injuries, a torn spleen which requires an abdominal operation.

The day passes rapidly, because there are always people in the emergency ward waiting to see the doctor for one reason or another. At times it is reasonably quiet. Then bedlam breaks loose when a disturbed psychotic is brought in pulling at the restraints, or when someone with gunshot wounds is brought in.

The doctors are all busily working over Jane, a matron of thirty-eight. She has a large piece of tissue avulsed from her face, and fractures of the bones underneath. Her blood pressure is unobtainable. They try in vain to get a needle into her collapsed veins. Jane lies motionless, barely breathing, her respirations frothy with blood. One medic keeps her throat suctioned of the blood which has run down her mouth. A nasal tube with oxygen going is in her nose.

One doctor calls for a cut-down set. It is necessary to cut the tissues in her leg until a vein can be picked up and under direct vision a needle inserted. There is a sigh of relief when a life line is established.

In the meantime two policemen are trying to keep an obstreperous young man restrained. He was the driver of the car which had run through a stop light directly into Jane's car. A shameful-looking chap, using foul language, he is noisy, resentful. There is no remorse. He is drunk.

I inquire of several highway patrol-

men why there are not more stringent laws against the drinking driver in more states.

"The laws are so set up that in the courts one cannot be 'proved' to have been drunk regardless of what evidence is available or of witnesses' observations," is one answer.

Or, "It is a fallacy in the laws, the courts, and law enforcement."

I know that an individual can never be forced against his wishes to take a blood test to determine the alcoholic content. "Besides," offers one policeman, "even that is too easily thrown out of court."

FIRST DRAFT

Ed Mack

"One swallow doesn't make a spring,
Is logic I can follow;
But a lot of long lost weekends have
Been started by one swallow."



It is 1:30 a.m. The ambulance backs up to the door.

Two teen-agers! Pat had been, I am sure, a beautiful girl. When I look at her face I know the best plastic surgeon in the world can never remedy the disfigurement which is now over one side of her face. Besides the multiplicity of lacerations and abrasions, dirt is ground into her tissues, tattooing them a dirty brown color.

John, resentful of being helped, gets up off the stretcher. He walks over to Pat. As he looks at the bloodstained figure he sobs. Unsteadily he walks to a chair, takes out a cigarette, lights it, throws it down, and buries his face in his hands.

"They ran off the road out by Palmer's. Quite an embankment at that sharp turn. Those kids were at a place down near the river. It's the teenagers' hangout," explains a policeman.

"They've been drinking?"

"Yeah; get beer from the joint there. Carry their liquor out with them. When we got into their car, we found empty beer cans and an empty whisky bottle. That car was a mess. I can't see why they are alive."

I shook my head.

"They are just kids and drinking themselves silly."

Sunday is not beautiful, not the average day a person likes with lots of sunshine, warmth, and dryness to make a long drive, or go out on a picnic, such

days as those which bring out the American driver, his car, and the lunch basket. Beautiful weather is a blessing, but perhaps the not-too-nice days mean less sadness, less unhappiness.

The afternoon runs into the evening. It is now late. Can this be a Sunday with no major traffic accidents where at least one of the involved persons had been drinking?

The thought perishes. I see five persons!

"These four were in one car. This guy was in another," reports the ambulance driver. The party of four are from out of state.

I approach one of the stretchers. Gerald asks, "How's my wife?" When I reassure him, he murmurs, "How is George and his wife?" It is a shock to him to learn George is dead, but it doesn't penetrate. He can't realize or comprehend in this moment of anxiety. His wife? An invalid for life. A broken back and paralyzed.

"It was so crazy, doctor. This guy was weaving from side to side. We knew he was drunk. So we pulled over and stopped our car. He must have focused on us and came straight for us. His car is demolished, too. How is he?"

I tell Gerald that the intoxicated driver has only two small lacerations on his forehead.

Weekend toll—nine major auto accidents. In seven of these a drinking driver is responsible for life or limb of not only himself but of innocent victims.

Traffic deaths in the United States alone in one year are higher than the battle casualties of major wars. There are no complete statistics to show how many of these can be blamed on the drinking driver, but careful observation of hospital accident and emergency wards shows that nearly three out of every four accidents can be attributed to alcohol.

On this particular weekend, death came instantly to three victims. The following weeks and months will bring death to others. Some will be invalids for the rest of their lives. Others will be permanently disfigured.

The healing and repair of traumatic injuries are long and drawn out. They incapacitate the breadwinner from earning a living, and are costly and disabling to other family members.

I have seen life savings wiped out instantly. I have seen entire families wiped out.

If you would see the true toll of drink, come to the emergency ward. And all so unnecessary a toll!

A UNIQUE approach, new to California in the treatment of acute and chronic alcoholism, is now under way at Redwood City, twenty-three miles south of San Francisco, where Woodside Acres has been constructed as a hospital for the individualized treatment of alcoholics.

Dr. Ellis D. Sox, San Francisco city health director, reports that some 45,000 residents of the city are in various stages of alcoholism. He cites the tendency to associate the term "alcoholic" with skid-road habitués; yet, he points out, this class represents only 15 per cent of the alcoholic population.

The new hospital, designed by a San Mateo architect, Albert Kahl, is privately financed and run by Woodside Acres, Inc., with Lloyd F. Eckmann as director.

"The patient must sincerely want to stop drinking," Eckmann explains, "and this desire can be most successfully stimulated and assisted in a small, ethical hospital devoted exclusively to the treatment of alcoholism. The staff, doctors, and personnel must be experienced in this specialized work, sympathetic, understanding, and patient."

Complete medical detoxication is the first requisite to Woodside Acres treatment. When the patient is completely detoxified, he is then thoroughly briefed on his responsibilities in attaining a cure, and only after he understands and accepts these responsibilities does actual treatment begin.

Eckmann and his staff at Woodside Acres use the conditioned-reflex treatment of alcoholism, which consists of two phases:

First, the initial course requires that the patient remain at the hospital from seven to ten days while a "peak" of conditioning is reached. Then he is taken to a soundproof room, which has an array of the popular brands of alcoholic beverages, and given an injection subcutaneously of emetine, pilocarpine, and ephedrine, which cause nausea.

Alcoholic drinks are given to the patient just before the nausea begins. In this treatment, Eckmann warns, timing is most important. The drinks are continued for a period of ten or fifteen minutes, with the resulting emesis.

Given once a day, each succeeding treatment becomes more severe each of the four or six times it is administered during the original stay in the hospital. Rest days are allowed between treatments. Five treatments will usually suffice for the patient to reach a peak of conditioning. However, every care is taken to achieve a true conditioned reflex and not merely a temporary dislike for alcohol.

During his stay in the hospital the patient is encouraged to converse with other patients, make full use of the social room, and enjoy the outside grounds. Every effort is made to help him regain his self-confidence and to obtain his complete co-operation.

Upon discharge from the hospital he returns to his personal physician for a recommended aftercare therapy. Rehabilitation counselors, who have a thorough knowledge of the problems of the alcoholic, work closely with this



1. View showing attractive entrance way to Woodside Acres.
 2. Woodside Acres executives in conference. Center is Lloyd E. Eckmann, director of the unique new rehabilitation center, to the left is Charles Wright, and on the right is Harold Robbins, two of the staff counselors.
 3. Attractive lounge at Woodside Acres.
 4. One of the single-bed rooms.
 5. A staff meeting for discussion of problems of patients. Only patients pictured are those with backs to camera.
 6. Pleasant and sunny patio where patients gather for rest and relaxation.

the conditioned-reflex treatment for alcoholism

Kenneth R. MacDonald

physician during the first year in order to help the patient return to a normal life.

The second part of the Woodside Acres treatment consists of a series of reinforcements similar to the last treatment given in the first phase, but only during an eight-hour stay in the hospital, appropriately spaced over a period of a year. A lasting conditioning against all alcoholic beverages is thus attained.

SECOND QUARTER



SLEEPING PILLS

(Continued from page 17)

to be broadcast to the public, so that sleeping pills can be controlled intelligently and used only in constructive ways.

It is important, for instance, that people be made aware of the vital fact that *barbiturates are addictive drugs*. As defined by the Expert Committee on Drugs Liable to Produce Addiction, a part of the World Health Organization, addiction has three components: (1) an overpowering desire or need to continue taking the drug and to obtain it by any means, (2) a tendency to increase the dose, and (3) a psychological and sometimes a physical dependence on the effects of the drugs. All three of these items are characteristic of barbiturates.

The devastating results when morphine, heroin, or codeine is taken away from the addict who has been using it for some time—the so-called withdrawal syndrome—are well known. The addict suffers torture: His body is alternately freezing and burning, his eyes become bloodshot and watery, he has severe nausea, and he is racked by an overwhelming desire to do anything, anything in the world, to secure another shot of the drug. Few persons realize that the withdrawal effects in barbiturate addiction are considered even more serious than the symptoms of opium-derivative withdrawal.

Dr. Harris Isbell, director of research in narcotics at the United States Public Health Service Hospital, Lexington, Kentucky, summarizes the fact tersely: "Withdrawal of morphine is much less dangerous than withdrawal of barbiturates." He describes the withdrawal experience of a patient named Jack, who was given large doses of a barbiturate for a period of ninety days:

"Jack had one convulsion at the thirty-ninth hour of withdrawal and another during the fifth day. Following the second convulsion, he gradually became confused and began to experience both visual and auditory hallucinations. He thought that smoke rings floated through the air and, when they went into one of his ears, he pulled them out of the other. Various people, he believed, tried to assault and kill him. Nonexistent persons came into the room and talked with him. He thought that cotton was growing in his mouth, and he tried to pull it out."

Jack, in fact, became so agitated in the absence of the barbiturate that he had to be put back on the drug, which was then withdrawn gradually. Eventually he recovered.

The dangerous quality of sleeping

pills is illustrated notably by the part they play in both intentional and accidental deaths in the United States. It is estimated that sleeping pills are now responsible for more than a thousand deaths annually in America, three times as many as twenty years ago.

Lupe Velez was one of the better-known victims of the pills, committing suicide with an overdose. Robert Walker, another motion-picture star, died of a respiratory ailment two hours after he had taken a dose of sodium amytal, one of the barbiturates, to calm his nerves. Driving accidents are also often caused by motorists numbed and confused by sleeping pills. Marie MacDonald, another Hollywood personality, for instance, made national headlines recently when she was arrested after an automobile crack-up and was found to have taken a large amount of barbiturates a short time before the accident.

Some attempts to cut down the number of deaths caused by barbiturates have shown promising results. One of the most encouraging is a new drug which combines a barbiturate compound and metrazol, the drug employed in the shock treatment of mental patients. Compounded by Drs. Theodore Kopanyi, of the Georgetown University School of Medicine, and Joseph F. Fazekas, of Gallinger Municipal Hospital in Washington, the drug is marketed under the name of tetropenobarb, tetropentobarb, and tetrosocobarb. It is a "chemical policeman," preventing fatalities by bringing on nausea and severe vomiting before the user is able to absorb a death-dealing quantity.

Sleeping pills, which are derived from barbituric acid, a coal-tar product, have been in use for only fifty years. This acid was first isolated by two German scientists, Emil Fischer, a Nobel Prize winner in chemistry, and Joseph von Mering. Since this discovery, some 1,500 different types of barbiturates have been compounded. Actually, only about twenty of them are sold commercially today. Most common are phenobarbital, or luminal, which is used by some parents to quiet their children; amytal; barbital, or veronal; evipal; nostal; pentobarbital, or nembutal; penothal; pernoston; and seconal.

To the teen-agers the scientific names for the drugs are replaced by a jargon that is typically the addict's. The pills are most often tagged by their color. There are "yellow jackets" (nembutal); "red birds" (seconal), "blue heaven" (amytal); while other designations include "wild geronimos" (barbiturates plus beer) and "idiot pills" (phenobarbital).



In addition to inducing sleep, the barbiturates are efficient allies in a number of important medical undertakings. They make good anesthetics for minor operations, and have been used with considerable success in inhibiting epileptic convulsions. Amytal was employed extensively during the second world war to relieve front-line soldiers who were suffering from combat fatigue.

Sleeping pills are produced commercially by about fifty large pharmaceutical houses in the United States. The unpleasant fact is that a large percentage of the production—some estimates run as high as 50 per cent—finds its way into illicit channels. Many thousands of pounds are stolen or sold illegally by small numbers of American druggists who specialize in feeding and nurturing a teen-age market. There is good evidence that professional dope peddlers, frightened by the crackdown penalties being imposed on them for selling marijuana and opium derivatives, are turning to the less hazardous business of supplying sleeping pills to ready customers.

Growth of the trade in sleeping pills is readily illustrated by production figures which show, according to the statistics compiled by the United States Tariff Commission, that manufacturers annually produce about 700,000 pounds of sleeping pills. That's enough for every person in the United States to have twenty-four doses of 1½ grains each—a not inconsiderable potion—or

CYRIL L. PENNEL -- *Golfer*

Interview by Fern Row Casebeer

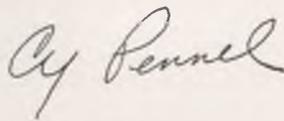
Cyril L. Pennel holds the gold trophy as winner of the San Francisco City golf championship at the Harding Park course in 1954. He has also mastered the Stanford fairways course, winning the club championship five times, and has twice been elected to play in the California Morse Cup team in Seattle, 1954-55.

When Cy began caddying for top players at Stanford in 1930, he had little interest in golf other than replenishing a depleted pocketbook. Now he holds the Peninsula's championship.

His wife, Dorothy, also enjoys golfing; and their three sons, Lee, Dennis, and Terry, are interested in Palo Alto's Little League, where Lee was an outstanding hitter in 1953.

A native of South Dakota, Pennel, at the age of four, moved with his parents to California, where he spent his boyhood days. He owns and operates a prosperous service station near Palo Alto, finding time to golf at least twice weekly.

"I have never found drinking or smoking necessary to maintain social standing; neither has abstinence from these habits been a barrier to progress in either sports or business."



for about 9,000,000 daily doses of the same amount of drug. Put another way, enough barbiturates are manufactured annually in the United States for every American to be put to sleep twelve nights in a row by them.

Inadequate control of this enormous sleeping-pill production, coupled with growing evidence of the illegitimate use of barbiturates, was responsible for Congressional action aimed at curbing barbiturate abuses. With the support of the National Association of Retail Druggists, Congress in 1951 passed the Durham-Humphrey amendment to the Pure Food, Drug, and Cosmetics Act. The amendment makes it illegal for a druggist to sell barbiturates to anyone not presenting a bona fide prescription from a doctor. Nor can the prescription be refilled without a second written doctor's authorization.

The major problem revolves around the enforcement of the amendment. The Food and Drug Administration, in whose hands enforcement lies, has a staff of only 250 agents to check on 50,000 retail drug outlets. Although an overwhelming majority of the druggists are scrupulously honest, the problem of ferreting out the few who handle barbiturates promiscuously is beyond the limited resources of the Food and Drug Administration field staff.

With these conditions prevailing, only a few of the abuses of the law regarding the sale of sleeping pills are apt to be detected. During a recent Senate hearing, for instance, it was brought out that a group of doctors were prescribing sleeping pills by mail to alleged epileptic patients who wrote in outlining

their symptoms. In Jacksonville, Florida, the Senate investigators found that one doctor had supplied a local druggist with a large number of prescription blanks on which he had placed his signature. The druggist filled in the drug which the customer desired, and he and the doctor split the profits from a thriving business. Considerable material was also presented regarding people who posed as medical doctors, complete with phony engraved diplomas from nonexistent schools, and who wrote out batches of sleeping-pill prescriptions which were treated as legitimate by unsuspecting druggists.

Essentially the most important problem relating to sleeping pills today is one of education. The public must be made aware of the dangers lurking within the pills if they are not used in a legitimate manner. Parents must be taught to handle barbiturates in their house as carefully as they would handle any substance which could bring great injury to their children. They must be made aware of the effect of large doses of barbiturates on adolescents so that they can recognize the symptoms if they observe them among their own children or their children's friends. Only with this information will the family be able to act effectively in heading off the dangers from sleeping pills.

Doctors and druggists, too, must be cautioned about the growing peril of sleeping-pill misuse. Druggists should handle prescriptions for sleeping pills with great caution, dispensing the pills only when they are certain that the prescription represents the legitimate desire of the doctor treating a bona fide pa-

tient. No refills should be given without an additional prescription from the doctor. Sleeping pills should be kept securely in the drugstore, safe from thievery. Youngsters who have made the drugstore, with its attached soda fountain, their hangout, all too often soon become aware of carelessly handled drugs. Temptation should not be put in their way.

Finally, some doctors who have been wont to scribble out sleeping-pill prescriptions for every client claiming various tensions, insecurities, insomnia, or simply general unrest, will have to exercise more care in dispensing barbiturates. Too often, medical men are being employed as dupes in a game in which the over-all stakes in life and health are extremely high. In particular, doctors should take time out to point out carefully to patients for whom they prescribe barbiturates the dangers of the drugs if they are used in any manner but that prescribed.

Barbiturates can be a benefit to mankind when they are used correctly. It would be a tragedy if they had to be prohibited in the United States for medical purposes. This had to be done with heroin to control its misuse. Such a situation is still quite far-fetched in regard to barbiturates, but it could come about if the growing abuse of the drugs is not checked. George Larrick, deputy commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, once neatly summarized the sleeping-pill dilemma while addressing a Congressional committee:

"It is just unfortunate that a drug which has so great value, also has such great capabilities for harm."

A RESPECTER OF PERSONS?

(Continued from page 15)

Bookkeepers	6	Brokers	5
Chefs	15	Clerks	2,908
Designers	3	Judges	7
Electricians	23	Letter carriers	6
Lawyers	480	Blacksmiths	19
Music teachers	2	Carpenters	55
Musicians	23	Plumbers	21
Merchants	2,735	Hotel men	7
Printers	35	Professors	2
Actors	99	Mechanics	2,183
Chemists	2	Manufacturers	17
Engineers	14	Salesmen	1,108
Inventors	2	Jewelers	334
Mayors	1	Teamsters	25
Reporters	30	Shipmasters	19

I made the next survey relating to the occupations of inebriates committed to the Massachusetts Hospital for Dipso-maniacs and Inebriates in the years 1903 and 1904, and the Massachusetts State Hospital for Inebriates for the period 1905 to 1913 inclusive. The total num-

ber of patients surveyed was 3,737. It appeared that these men carried on 375 different trades. Only 303 of the 3,737 were of the laboring class; only 109 were reported as having no occupation, and they were almost like the other, considering the total variations:

Lawyers	20	Printers	59
Doctors	34	Plasterers	13
Druggists	9	Shoemakers	192
Artists	2	Machinists	117
Engineers	24	Musicians	13
Contractors	9	Stenographers	10
Reporters	24	Waiters	97
Bookkeepers	48	Butchers	25
Carpenters	82	Post-office clerks	13
Blacksmiths	28	Plumbers	49
Clerks	252	Tinsmiths	10
Cooks	36	Leather-workers	24
Electricians	32	Firemen	18
Grocers	11	Nurses	8
Roofers	13	Superintendents of mills	3
Sheet-metal workers	13		
Weavers	30		

From this table we see that they run much alike, including all the different trades and occupations. There aren't any judges on this list, because they don't go to a charitable state institution in Massachusetts. But in the nearby States of Connecticut and Rhode Island some judges are on the list. In other words, in Massachusetts their relatives are wise enough to send them out of the state so they won't make such a disgraceful appearance among their own families.

Another survey was conducted under my direction by the probation department of the Municipal Court of the city of Boston. This survey was supervised by the chief probation officer, Joseph W. Crockwell, who saw to it that each case was carefully checked from the case histories on file with the probation department.

He investigated 30,627 persons arrested for drunkenness in the district of our court during the years 1944 to 1946. In 1944 the inebriate groups surveyed totaled 10,284 men, who had been occupied in 508 different trades and occupations. In 1945 the inebriate group totaled 10,208, who were engaged in 509 different trades and occupations. These were men, but the situation with reference to the women runs almost parallel to that of the men. Women differ little except that they are fewer; the ratio is about seventeen men to one woman arrested for drunkenness. So far as trades and occupations are concerned, they are diversified. In 1946 the group survey totaled 10,135 inebriated, engaged in 626 different trades and occupations when first arrested for drunkenness.

In these surveys we went back to the

time of the first arrest, when the people arrested would not be classed as inebriates. When a person checks the records of these people, he learns that they degenerate. In other words, they were druggists, for example, when they first began to drink, but they may have become soda clerks when they had degenerated to the inebriate stage. Usually they would descend in their occupation to dishwashers in restaurants, or similar workers. It is really pitiable to see these people gradually degenerate from a high place to a lower.

In view of this evidence, can anyone be childish enough to believe that these inebriates were weak-minded when they began their careers of inebriety?

Another survey made in New York is reported in the December, 1949, issue of the *Quarterly Journal of Studies on Alcohol*. Its findings are summarized thus: It is unfortunately not true that the so-called upper class of people do not suffer from alcoholism. Of all the

istics of the 243 men and women who were admitted to the state hospital for mental disease, for alcoholism treatment for the year ending June 30, 1950. . . . Occupationally, 24 per cent of the alcoholics were skilled workers; 13 per cent, unskilled; 12 per cent, semiskilled; 12 per cent, professional and managerial; 9 per cent, clerical workers; 16 per cent, with unknown occupations."—*Union Signal*, Oct. 6, 1951, p. 15.

Added to all this evidence is the report of a study made by the Alcoholic Research Department of the Keeley Institute of Dwight, Illinois. The statistics are based solely on information of voluntary patients treated at the Keeley Institute during 1949 and 1950. The major occupational groups of these alcoholics were as follows: small businessmen, including merchants and salesmen, 28 per cent; professors, 21 per cent; skilled laborers, 17 per cent; farmers, 16 per cent; unskilled laborers, 13 per cent; managers and executives, 3 per cent. And the educational status of these alcoholics was as follows: less than fifth grade, 1.4 per cent; fifth grade through grammar school, 26.5 per cent; ninth grade through high school, 35.9 per cent; junior college, 17.6 per cent; college, 12 per cent; and professional and postgraduate training, 1.6 per cent.

Strong comments on page 4 of the Keeley Institute bulletin dated February, 1951, referring to the figures showing the educational status of alcoholics, furnish additional evidence that alcoholics do not begin their drunken career because they are "lame ducks." Here the editor states: "Many people will find this chart the most interesting in the survey because of the large showing made by patients with above-average intelligence. The educational chart corresponds with the occupational breakdown in that the first two categories of the latter—merchants and professionals—consists of persons who ordinarily have had college or professional training. These figures are consistent with the sociologists' theories that most alcoholics are above average in their intellectual attainment."

The evidence furnished by these surveys should be sufficient to establish the fact that alcohol is no respecter of persons. We must bear in mind that alcohol is a poison, and that *alcoholism* actually means "poisoning by alcohol." The effect may be greater or less, depending upon the amount taken or the condition of the individual who takes it. Nevertheless, as poison, alcohol does the harm that poison will do, no matter how much is taken. It is harmful in any degree. There is no doubt in my mind that many of those who have become victims of alcoholic poisoning be-

PRESCRIPTION

Helmer O. Oleson

I have a new cup
For men of thirst.
I will mix a nightcap
Out of the sunset.
I will prepare an eye opener
Out of the dawn.
There are mint leaves growing
On the green lawn of the morning.
This is a bracer,
Spiked with sharp wind.
It has all the kick of the weather.
Take it before and after meals.
Between awakening and retiring.
Shake it up merrily
In a laughing heart!

forced admissions to all hospitals for mental diseases throughout the State of New York during the year ending March 31, 1948, 54 per cent of the males were in comfortable circumstances, and 64.5 per cent of the females had comfortable economic status. Of all those admitted, 41.8 per cent had finished high school and 26.9 per cent were college graduates.

The following is additional proof that drunkards, when they begin to drink, are mostly persons of superior personalities: "A special study made of alcoholics treated at the Rhode Island State Hospital last year [1950] showed they were predominantly skilled workers less than forty-two years old. . . . The study was completed for Edward P. Reidy, director of the State Department of Social Welfare, by Miss Ruth A. Kruger, supervisor of analysis and research for the department. The study details the personal and occupational character-

lieved that they could safely drink "in moderation" and could stop at will. How mistaken they were! That is why we say, "Abstinence is the only real preventive of alcoholism."

If, then, alcohol is identified as a poison,—and it is now scientifically so established to be,—there shouldn't be much difficulty deciding what should be done to avoid its effects. It is apparent that these workers were once skilled and well educated in their particular trades, but it is also obvious that men can be all this and yet be ignorant as to what alcohol is and what it does to those who drink it.

There are about 1,000,000 incurable alcoholics in our country. Insanity or an untimely end at an average age of fifty-five years is their lot. In addition, there are from two to three million more inebriates who are on the border line of "the incurables." What a price they must pay for the privilege of drinking poison! It is well to bear in mind that these men and women were at one time so-called "moderate drinkers" of "superior personality." How sadly mistaken are they who believe that only predisposed persons, morons, abnormal persons, become alcoholics!

Important Factor

"Liquor is an important factor in about 80 per cent of prison cases in California."—Richard A. McGee, director of correction in California.

DRINKING AND HUMAN NATURE

(Continued from page 9)

creatures, is the most flexible, the most capable of change and development. The prolonged helplessness of the human infant, in contrast with the rapidly achieved maturity of the newborn of lower species, is precisely the difference between creatures whose life history is bound by unchanging instincts, and us whose enormous potentialities for change and development are unparalleled in nature.

The mud dauber and the army ant are much better prepared for independent existence at birth than are we, but therein lies the permanent limitation on their development. Instinct governs the entire pattern and scope of their lives. Human beings, too, are born with instincts; but these are modifiable to an amazing extent, as the variety of societies throughout the globe, with their diversity of customs, will attest.

Among these instincts—the inborn, *unlearned* drives which are part of our original survival equipment—science recognizes various natural impulses. The instinctive need for the use of intoxicants is not among them! If it were, then everyone would use liquor. To turn our opponent's argument around, is it "natural" to feed the body with adulterants, intoxicants, or drugs?

Drinking is learned behavior. In this

connection it should be noted that everyone learns to drink at first in moderation. No one is an alcoholic in the beginning. The drinking pattern is learned both directly and indirectly. When alcohol is involved as a silent partner in any family group, it becomes part of the accustomed, "natural," familiar environment to which children are exposed. Liquor is available, sanctioned, and used, part of the social inheritance of the next generation, one of the unhealthy (therefore *unnatural*) means by which the alcoholic parent attempts to stabilize a family structure riddled with conflict and unhappiness.

Sadly enough, the example of alcohol's failure to solve problems with which the unhealthy adult is attempting to cope does not guarantee that the innocent child victims will turn from liquor in revulsion and disgust. It is a fact that alcoholism breeds more of the same, as is attested by the fact that many problem drinkers give a history of drinking on the part of their parents. Though, as a form of escape, it is conspicuously unsuccessful, bringing in its wake more problems than the drinker faced to begin with, this fact does not deter some of those reared in an alcoholic environment from following the same downward path.

Recognition that alcoholism represents a form of escape should not blind us to the fact that it is a peculiarly inept kind of flight reaction, and cannot be a

FACING LIFE REALISTICALLY

CLYDE E. WEAVER

MOST people who drink do so in order to avoid something, rather than to enjoy something. This suggests that the logical solution to the drinking problem lies in developing such wholesome living habits and circumstances that people will not seek this type of escape. Such an approach should be a concern of the individual, the church, the community, and of all organizations interested in the alcohol problem.

First, we must learn to face life, with all its perplexities. Today even some church members are so caught in our anxiety-ridden society that alcohol suggests itself to them as a means of escape. Life involves both joy and sorrow, and to ignore either at the expense of the other is totally unrealistic. Indeed, it is often only in crises and problems that spiritual values can be emphasized. To be able to use life's tragedies as doors into new truth is truly a great art. The road to alcoholism can begin at the point of our unwillingness to accept life for what it really is.

Second, we must help people to learn to love life, which is given to be enjoyed—every inch of it. For example, associating the church with frowns is doing an injustice to it and its Creator. Too, we need to find real satisfaction in our vocation. Boredom will always tempt us to seek unwholesome outlets for the creativity it frustrates.

This business of loving life is not easy, especially when we ourselves have not been loved. Pleasant experiences create pleasant memories which do not need alcohol to anesthetize them. Alcohol is not necessary to blot out memories that are enjoyably relived. What a responsibility such a concept places upon our homes and programs of religious education! Some of the causes for alcoholism can be found in bickering Christians, unhappy homes, long faces, and uncreative efforts, just as much as in the saloons.

If we love life, we can create it, by helping others live. Creativity, therefore, begins when we share in another's world. Indeed, as we create we are re-created. We cannot help others without helping ourselves.

All this is of tremendous significance as we think of preventing alcoholism. We cannot prevent alcoholism until we are willing to assist our fellow men in finding their real purpose in life.

Alcoholism begins in men's minds. Love begins there, too. Those who seek an "alcoholic heaven" have been unable to find an earthly heaven. This makes it necessary for everyone to feel personally responsible for producing that kind of mental and spiritual climate whereby more people can experience a real heaven on earth.

sensible argument for toleration of the custom. If it is a crutch, can we not find a better, one which will not endanger the welfare of others as well as the user's?

What would you do about a dangerously icy sidewalk in front of your house? Would you simply regard it as a natural phenomenon and resign yourself to the fact that some of the people who will pass by are bound to slip and hurt themselves? This attitude is analogous to the views of those who say that alcohol is a potent substance and that some who encounter it are simply bound to hurt themselves. Would you merely have a crutch handy for those who do fall on the ice? This approach may be compared with the attitude of those who advise a solution to alcoholism focused entirely on provision of treatment facilities. Or would you remove the ice? Of course.

If this will take time, *warn people away* and suggest they use an alternative route to their destination. This other path to a solution of difficulties in living can be one which is more consistent with man's inherently social nature—an avenue utilizing the power of relationships with other human beings, such as minister, doctor, social case worker, family, friends, rather than the self-defeating isolation of the person with his bottle.

Because we have always had drink and drunkards, must it always be this way? Is polio inevitable, for ever and ever? Is cancer? Is war? Mankind does not believe in the inevitability of catastrophe. Jenner did not believe that a condition found in nature, one which exacted from mankind a fearful toll, justified the race's passive acceptance of the inevitability of the sacrifice.

Must we submit to the continued depredations of alcoholism? We need not, and we will not, if we devote the same degree of energy and determination to combating this problem that we have to the host of other ills which at one time seemed insurmountable, but are now relegated, like museum pieces, to the story of man's past.

THE "REAL" MICKEY FINN

(Continued from page 20)

presiding judge of the Los Angeles Juvenile Court, said, "This splendid movement gives many underprivileged youngsters an opportunity they otherwise never would have had, and, at the same time, keeps many of them out of Juvenile Court." At last Mickey began to see his plans taking shape.

With the Korean War, Mickey was called back to service for a year. A

friend, John Entz, who runs a camera shop in Los Angeles, took over as general manager of the now incorporated nonprofit Mickey Finn Youth Club. After Mickey returned from service, Entz and his wife remained on as his loyal assistants, donating their time.

Then came the Southern California earthquake of 1952. The warehouse was so badly damaged that the club rooms were declared unsafe, and there seemed to be no place to go. But a local firm then offered another warehouse at a rental within the club's means. This location, on Second Street, is the headquarters of the Mickey Finn Youth Club today.

Last year Mickey resigned from the police force to carry out one of his great dreams: starting a boys' ranch in the mountains. Here the boys who most need it can get an entirely new start in life. Each boy has his share of ranch work and goes to school by county bus. As with the club meetings in Los Angeles, every day starts with prayer. There is no distinction of race, color, or creed. Mickey, his wife, and Mickey, Jr., now divide their time between the ranch and the Los Angeles club.

"The Lord will show me the way as I try to do my part in this work," Mickey affirms.

The Champion Bill Collector

Carroll Van Court

A YOUNG woman once became a successful bill collector for a big firm which had many accounts long overdue.

This clever woman, after giving the debtors a reasonable warning, would one day appear at the door, dressed in full Indian regalia of loud colors. The attention she drew from the neighbors in the vicinity was so embarrassing that most of the dead beats paid up their bills promptly.

But she was a piker in comparison with the champion "bill collector" of them all, a collector that no one can permanently dodge.

I have been around famous athletic clubs for more than sixty years. I have met all kinds of movie stars and champions in every branch of sports. I have seen them come, and I have seen them go.

Only a few days ago I missed a well-known athlete and businessman whom I have known for thirty years, and who suddenly stopped coming to the athletic club where we so often met.

"What happened to ——?" I asked one of my pupils.

"He had a breakdown, and is in bed," came the reply. "His athletic days are over, Van. He's a permanent invalid."

Then I remembered several things. He was a heavy drinker; he also kept bad hours and did everything that could hurt a man's health. And he was one of those so-called "hot sports" who used to sneer at me because I never drank.

That same week in the obituary column I read about another well-known athlete who had died suddenly. Then I began to count the men I knew who had died in the last three years. The list was long—too long, for all these men were from five to ten years younger than I am. It all proved again that if a person burns the candle at both ends, soon he will have no candle left.

So, let me now introduce you to the greatest bill collector in the world—Mother Nature. You might postpone payment to her for a time, but when she finally decides to collect, all the money and tricks in the world cannot help evade payment, for she always collects.

One of the most successful dietitians I ever knew once said that the whole philosophy of his own business could be summed up in one sentence: "Stop doing what hurts you!" How simple and how easy! Yet how many so-called smart men and women totally ignore this priceless advice!

We *can* be foolish—and suffer discomfort.

We *can* be careless—and commit physical suicide.

We *can* be reckless—and commit sins against those temples, which are our bodies. 1 Corinthians 6:19.

But if we are willing to use our brains and common sense, we can live long, useful, happy lives.

We

REPEAT

REPEAT REPEAT

► Can't Drink Their Own Product!

"Many licensees absolutely prohibit an employee from taking any drink while on duty, and some even prohibit an employee from drinking in the establishment after the employee's shift is finished."—*Tap and Tavern*, Aug. 12, 1955.

Is there any other industry that finds it necessary to prohibit its employees from using its own product?

► Impairment Below Legal Level

"From a legal standpoint a person is generally considered to be intoxicated if the blood concentration of alcohol is .15 per cent or more. One is considered 'under the influence' at levels ranging from .05 to .15 per cent. The experiments revealed that definite alcohol intoxication caused a very marked impairment of fusion power and convergence. Neither mechanism seemed to show serious detrimental change at a level of .05 per cent, but somewhere within the range of .05 to .15 per cent they definitely deteriorated in all subjects."—G. B. Brecher, A. P. Hartman, and

D. D. Leonard, reporting in *American Journal of Ophthalmology*, February, 1955, experiments conducted on a select group of medical students, and showing that double vision may occur with blood levels well below the "legal limits."

► Alcohol and Heart Disease

"Alcohol is far inferior to nitroglycerin in the treatment of the symptom of coronary heart disease, that is, of angina pectoris. . . . All in all, the question of the use of alcohol must be judged carefully from individual to individual, but I cannot myself confirm the common cliché that 'it is good for the coronaries.'"—Dr. D. White, Boston heart specialist attending President Eisenhower.

► Alcohol Is a Narcotic Drug

"Alcohol definitely is a narcotic. Alcohol also is habit-forming. If taken away from an alcoholic completely, he has much the same physical effects as a drug addict who has been denied his narcotic—nervousness and other general symptoms."—Karl M. Bowman, M.D., professor of psychology, University of California.

► No Help in Liquor

"I would drink if I could detect any good purpose in drinking. Liquor exists to remove one from the realm of reality—to create a shadow world in which problems cease to have substance. Of course, no problem ever is ended or even modified by liquor."—United States Senator Richard L. Neuberger of Oregon.

► Liquor Mogul Fears Alcohol Education

"The American people have been subject to a barrage of antidrinking propaganda which has inculcated a fear psychology. There have been hundreds of articles in the last few years about alcoholism which pay not the slightest heed to the millions of moderate consumers, focusing attention only on problem drinkers. This fear psychology has resulted in only 57 per cent of the total male adults ever drinking; and 27 per cent of these can be classified as regular moderate drinkers."—Walter P. Terry of New York, vice-president of Calvert Distillers Company.

If it's "fear psychology" that protects the American people from more alcoholism, let's have more of it.

Wet Washington

"Someday somebody will dare to write a column about the boozing that goes on around Washington, D.C., and it will curl the hair of the churchgoers who have been sending their missionaries to the wrong places first. It will have to be somebody who is neither a prude nor personally vulnerable, someone who thinks the need for ventilation of this situation justifies the alienation of any friends he may have among the tipplers on the hill.

"There is a gentlemen's agreement among the solons not to mention this subject. It is so binding that one United States Senator (who has repeatedly been helped from the floor by colleagues or page boys) escaped any mention of this 'weakness' even during a bitterly contested election in his home state.

"A ranking member of a committee which hears top-secret testimony concerning our military preparedness is a loose-tongued ninety-proof nincompoop in public places. . . .

"When the bell rings for a roll-call vote, even one lawmaker not in full possession of his senses might jeopardize a proper decision. There will be more than one.

"For those who would not think of drinking 'on duty,' there is the ever-present temptation of the cocktail hour afterward, or the social gathering which lasts until all hours.

"International fraternizing has led us to imitate the social customs of our most emaciated and degenerate Old World neighbors.

"Until now official Washington mixes business and pleasure utterly indiscriminately. . . .

"At this point I am supposed to pay tribute to the hard-working and sincere Senators and Congressmen and explain that the ones who would flunk a sobriety test during working hours are few indeed.

"Only that's not so. They are many.

"The average grass-roots American often endows his Congressmen with more intelligence than they rightly deserve.

"They must know what they're doing," you'll hear the constituents say.

"And they don't always."—Paul Harvey, in *Washington Star* (copyright by General Features Corporation).

My major interest is football, and I have been convinced by the mistakes of others that drinking interferes with a sound practice in the game.

I have many reasons not to use alcohol. An alert mind and a healthy body are needed in athletics. A false stimulation destroys these required qualifications.

Most of all, I want to play well in the game of life and see no advantage in the use of alcohol.

ARNIE DUNCAN.
(Outstanding Halfback.)

**AMARILLO
HIGH
SCHOOL**



to play the game

For more campus opinion from Amarillo
(Texas) High School, see page 8 of this LISTEN.