

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Maxine Blome, R.N.



No Alcoholic Coke

The Michigan State Liquor Control Commission rejected requests for the sale of an alcoholic beverage packaged like a soft drink, but having an alcoholic content of from 6.3 to 6.4 per cent. Such permission, the Commission said, would make it impossible to keep the drink from being purchased by minors.

Positive Proposal

In the government-sponsored drive against alcoholism, French workers are setting up dispensing machines selling fruit juices in factories and offices. The French parliament spends some \$560,000 a year in a campaign to stop the French from drinking too much, but many times that amount to subsidize the production of more wine.

Cancer and Liquor

Dr. Ian Air in the *British Medical Journal* reports: "Cancer of the throat is certainly commoner in alcoholic subjects."

Potential Trouble

As a test, on West Saddle River Road, leading from New Jersey into New York State, 135 cars were stopped between 11:30 p.m. Friday and 2:30 a.m. Saturday. It was learned that sixty-eight of these carried teen-agers who had been drinking.

Upside-Down Values

The German Medical Association reports that \$3,000,000,000 was spent for drink and tobacco in Germany in 1956, more than twice as much as the \$1,250,000,000 spent for education and cultural entertainment.

No Strong Drink for Strong Man

It is reported that Marlon Brando, one of Hollywood's most famous actors, drinks nothing stronger than milk or ginger ale.

Teen-Age Violations

Surveys conducted by the Lewiston (Idaho) Police Department reveal: "Possession and drinking of beer by teen-agers has been our greatest juvenile problem. Possibly in better than 98 per cent of the cases the beer was bought by some individual who was of age and resold to the teen-agers, or it was taken from the home of the teen-agers without their parents' knowledge."

Wet Drivers

In Missouri last year 1,112 persons were killed in traffic, liquor being involved in at least 20 per cent of the cases, according to state sources.

Drug Damage

Of the 15,000 men in California's prisons last year, 16 per cent had been drug addicts. Almost 70 per cent of men imprisoned for breaking narcotics laws were themselves addicted. Of those sent to prison for thefts, excluding automobiles, 14 per cent were addicts.

Significant Supreme Court Ruling

The United States Supreme Court, in one of the most significant rulings in its history, has found that involuntary blood tests of *unconscious suspects* in drunken driving cases do not deprive liberty without due process of law. By a 6-3 decision the Court upheld the decision involving a New Mexico physician who extracted a blood sample from an unconscious man after an accident involving his truck and a car.

Addled Brains

In Nassau County, New York, a searching analysis reveals that 50 per cent of the victims of fatal crashes who have been examined over a period of ten years had a "significant level" of alcohol in their brains.

Thailand Curbs Opium

In 1957 opium smoking was made illegal by the government of Thailand. The 50,000 estimated addicts are coolies, day laborers, and 95 per cent Chinese.

Women Getting Equal Rights—and Results

Women alcoholics in the nation are increasing, says Yvelin Gardner, associate director of the National Council on Alcoholism. Three years ago one out of every six alcoholics was a woman; today the ratio has increased to one in five. With more than 4,500,000 alcoholics in the country, this would mean some 900,000 women. Furthermore, only 10 per cent of alcoholics are actually "visible" to the public, says this authority.

LISTEN

A Journal of Better Living

JULY to SEPTEMBER, 1957

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OUR COVER

More than two years ago a search was begun by the editors of "Listen" to find a nurse as a personality subject. The standards for such a subject were set high. Every part of the nation was covered, until early this year contact was made with Maxine Blome at the Portland (Oregon) Sanitarium and Hospital. There the search ended.

A worthy representative of the highest ideals of her profession, Maxine is a skilled nurse in administrative position, one who is also making a real contribution to her community.

Her ready smile is her trademark. Though it was difficult for her to stop long enough in her productive rounds for such "frivolities" as pictures, Condit Studio of Portland finally succeeded in capturing the radiance for "Listen's" cover.

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EVEN the wind and weather were favorable on the fourth of July, 1776, birthday of the United States of America. At 6 a.m. Thomas Jefferson, a practical-minded delegate from Virginia to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, recorded the temperature as 68 degrees Fahrenheit. This was to rise to 76 during the heat of the day, very comfortable indeed for that time of year. The breeze was from the southeast, and gentle. The sun was bright and pleasant.

Two days previously a resolution of political independence had been adopted by the twoscore representatives from the thirteen colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia. For this reason John Adams, delegate from Massachusetts, took it for granted that July 2 would be celebrated by Americans ever after, and wrote his wife Abigail: "It ought to be celebrated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, evermore."

But the infant nation actually breathed its first on July 4, when a full charter of freedom was formally adopted, and the steeple bell pealed out news of the birth of a new republic dedicated to human freedom.

Every sovereign nation of earth treasures its independence. Precious memories cluster around the gaining of that status. Holidays are set aside so that special ceremonies and celebrations can commemorate the occasion. All the emphasis centers on patriotism. Every relationship and activity is gauged by its contribution to the nation. Only the constructive is worthy.

It is a well-known fact that one commodity widely used today is not in that category. In spite of all efforts to remove it, there still is an innate stigma on alcohol as a beverage. This is as it should be, since alcohol remains as it ever has been, a narcotic drug, whether taken in concentrated or weaker form. Its costs—and its results—also remain as they have ever been. Neither to nation nor to citizen has it ever brought lasting good.

Patriotism is "devotion to the welfare of one's country." Only in clear thinking and by the unhampered use of all his abilities can anyone give such devotion. In so giving he must leave behind anything that tends to degrade, endanger, or detract. Whether in distinguished international statesmanship, high professional achievement, or in the consistent performance of everyday work in a humble capacity, a citizen gives his patriotic best to his country by being at his *best*. Alcohol simply cannot be associated with what is best, because it makes its user inferior, to the degree it is used. He thus performs a national service by his nonuse of alcohol, not only on Independence Day, but on the other 364 days of the year as well.



HALLORAY

A National Service

Francis A. Soper

Radiant Lady in White

by
Beverley Henrikson

MODERN as tomorrow, despite its antecedents dating back to Deborah of ancient times and Fabiola of the reign of the Caesars, is the profession of nursing. A successful marriage of the highest ideals with down-to-earth translation of those ideals into practice, it is like any happy marriage, blessed by contributions, old, new, and borrowed, from many sciences and cultures. But the profession is decidedly not "blue," not while its need for new members to swell its ranks and attest its high ideals is being met as well as it is by a slim, sprightly brunette at the Portland Sanitarium and Hospital, the modern 250-bed general hospital operating in Oregon's largest city.

Twenty-seven-year-old Maxine Blome has accomplished almost too many worth-while things within the realm of her profession. She's a too-good-to-be-true type, currently employed as assistant director of nursing service, the youngest person ever to hold the office. She takes, or makes, time to participate in an astonishing number of activities designed to make health more accessible to all members of her community.

Her workday begins at seven in the morning, when she arrives to ascertain that the hospital is adequately staffed for the day. She works until five in the afternoon, hearing complaints of aggrieved souls from all parts of the hospital, helping to hire new employees, planning health campaigns for hospital personnel, and assisting with administrative problems. On days when committee work takes up an additional four to six hours of her time, she may put in as many as sixteen hours; but life agrees with her, for her trademark, which she should patent and package for public consumption, is her spontaneous, easy grin, a disarming feature which makes her work in public relations considerably easier.

The foundation of this remarkable career was laid about twenty years ago in Nevada City, California, when a small girl dreamed, as small girls do betimes, of standing, melodramatic and radiant in white, in the midst of disease and bloody wounds, dispensing here a cup of water, there a touch to the fevered brow, and bringing calm and peace to the whole pale-blue scene. But even as she grew from pinafores to trim size-nine junior misses', this dream seemed to remain just her size, and after graduation from high school in Salem, Oregon, she entered nurses' training.

A girl devoted to the broadest ideals of nursing, and believing that her duty to the patient "in sickness and in health" includes being equipped to care for him not only in the hospital but also in the home in which he lives, Maxine followed her training with a course in public-

Since this convalescent patient will soon be going home, Nurse Blome checks some information that will help make the home-going easier. The outdoor surroundings on a sunny afternoon make the questioning more pleasant and the patient more ready to respond to suggestions for his full recovery of health.

No longer is it considered sufficient for any nurse to confine her work within four walls. The major functions of her profession have to do not only with curative therapy and rehabilitation, but also with early detection and prevention of disease conditions. Maxine is a board member of the Multnomah County Unit of the American Cancer Society, which helps encourage and conduct programs of service to cancer patients as well as educate the public concerning cancer. Photo shows her going over her secretarial minutes with Mrs. Merve, Multnomah County representative.



health nursing at the University of Oregon. Thus, when "the san" wanted to form an experimental referral system, which not only provides home care through various local health agencies for patients leaving the hospital but also guards against duplication of nursing services, Maxine was the natural choice to head the section. This department, rapidly growing, owes its being to Maxine, whose enthusiasm made the project increasingly popular despite the initial apathy that usually attends any new enterprise.

In recent years she received front-page mention in Portland papers for her vigorous part in the Civil Defense program, particularly for her lead in equipping children with identifying metal "dog tags" recommended by National CD authorities. Maxine is an enthusiastic promoter of these tags, which bear the child's name, address, blood type, and religion, and feels them to be invaluable in an emergency where a child's safety might be involved.

Anyone who feels that the age of the Crusades is only a part of ancient history has not met this girl, who, when she discovers a new crusade, lights up as some people do over a new uranium find. Her latest project involves the newly formed Multnomah Cancer Society, to whose board of directors she was recently elected. Feeling strongly that an educated public is the one best protected against the ravages of a disease which is almost always curable if recognized early enough, she is on fire with plans for pushing this public-education scheme.

While all these features make life for her varied and colorful, Maxine has one full-time, all-pervading duty—being a Christian. "I believe," she declares, "we must have a positive attitude toward life and realize that every-

thing works out for the best. I feel that without the help of God a person can accomplish very little."

When interviewed, she was surrounded by the paraphernalia involved in planning a young people's church program for the following weekend. This youth's organization has occupied at least part of Maxine's weekly ration of time for several years, and church attendance with her is a must.

She neither drinks nor smokes, dismissing both with the comment, "They're unnecessary." Out of a life that is full to the brim with exciting, rewarding work, this lady of the helping hand says, "To do his best work and enjoy life, one has to be in good physical condition. Therefore the use of strong drinks, tobacco, or anything else that is not beneficial, has no place in my life."

Her ideas of fun are as wholesome as a summer breeze. She is an outdoors fiend who believes that activities outside one's work should take place literally outside. In summer she water-skis and takes long, lazy trips in her semimodern Ford, which has carried her to both coasts and over a lot of territory between. She has an admirable rock collection as a tangible reward for these journeys.

Indoors she is a virtuoso on the nonmusical, down-to-business saw, and has used know-how garnered from observing her carpenter father to remodel the apartment into which she moved not long ago, and in which she lives alone. Colorful and conscientious, elfin and energetic, she embodies not only all that is progressive but also all that is traditional in the romantic profession of nursing, and is doing a man-sized job that no man could do half so well.

Opportunities for the Nurse in the Field of Prevention

1. Many persons drink, not knowing the true nature or potential danger of alcohol as a beverage. The nurse, in her professional capacity, frequently can make plain the fact that alcohol is a narcotic drug, and as such cannot be safely self-administered.

2. Alcoholism can be prevented through a vigorous program of action in providing adequate and wholesome recreational facilities both on an individual and on a community basis. People drink for seeming relaxation. Nurses can take an active part in the development and operation of such facilities.

3. In talks she may be asked to give to P.T.A. groups, clubs, churches, and youth organizations, a nurse can forthrightly discuss certain phases of the causes and background of the problem of alcoholism.

4. Simple, fundamental instruction along this line can frequently be included by public-health nurses in counseling clinics for mothers in the prenatal and postnatal care of their children. This will tend to strengthen the home against the inroads of alcohol.

5. Every nurse can well consider the influence of her own example in the personal nonuse of alcohol as a beverage. Professional people in a community tend to set the pace for others.

6. Because of current advertising approaches by liquor interests, and in many instances the parental example set in their own homes, young children should be approached early with basic alcohol facts. Nurses can effectively present such facts to boys and girls even on the grade-school level.

7. It is obviously in the interest of better community health to educate young people to obtain release from worry, discontent, and tension without recourse to a drug. Proper mental hygiene is essential to happy, successful living.

8. Nurses, in their unique public position of influence, can well take the lead in promoting basic concepts of morality and faith in religious ideals.

9. Drinking is an increasing problem among the working class and industrial employees. The nurse, especially the industrial nurse, can at every opportunity strive for better working conditions for these classes and an environment not conducive to drinking.

10. Through sympathetic and understanding help to alcoholics and their families, the nurse reduces the current problem by helping to restore these victims to normal living so that they in turn can be instrumental in warning others away from the same pitfall.





1. Miss Blome welcomes another applicant for nursing service. Hospitals need, on the average, one nurse to every four patients for day-time care, and one nurse to from ten to twenty patients for night care. Elements that attract nurses to any particular hospital include the reputation of that hospital, its convenient location, and its personnel policies.



2. Modern care of the sick goes beyond mere hospital treatment. Arrangements are here being made by telephone to refer a patient to a public-health nurse for follow-up nursing care in the patient's home. This program helps provide comprehensive nursing care. There are in the United States about 25,000 public-health nurses, out of a total of nearly 400,000 nurses.

3. The new trend in hospital policy is to provide for closer and more constant contact between the patient and his family. Parents are often encouraged to be with their children who are under medical care. Nurses' aides assist in performing general work not of a professional nature in treating patients.

4. One of Maxine's loves is working with children, especially in an effort to prepare them for possible emergencies. Here she presents one of the 400 pupils of the Portland Union Grade School with a metal identification tag as part of an over-all community campaign for Civilian Defense readiness, as Principal Al Butherus checks off the name. Through her efforts this was the first school in the State of Oregon to be so equipped.

5. Not only versatile in her nursing profession and in community activities, Maxine has also developed skills of a practical nature in finishing and redecorating her own apartment. With an experienced eye she prepares to cut off a piece of wallpaper to add to the cheery, attractive atmosphere of her living quarters.

6. From most parts of the nation this hobbyist has gathered rocks to add to her growing collection, but this is only one of her many interests that take her to the out-of-doors. On days she can't hunt for rocks, one might find her donning ski togs and taking off for the snowy highlands for a few hours of recreation.

NIGHTINGALE PLEDGE

"I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully.

"I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug.

"I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling.

"With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care."

THIRD QUARTER



IS THE LIQUOR BUSINESS *my* BUSINESS?

Charles F. Jones
President
Jones Motor Co., Inc.
Gray, Maine



After a group of interested citizens met with the city council to protest a liquor license application, a city official exclaimed, "I wish those people would mind their own business!"

This sums up the attitude of many people in the matter of selling and drinking intoxicating beverages. They claim, "It is nobody's business if I drink." But I claim that the liquor business is my business. Drink costs me much in many ways; it is indeed my business.

I am a man. As such, I am a member of society. Whatever affects the society of which I am a member, in a very real way affects me. It is my purpose in life to improve that society. I have joined that great host who want to make the world better, if for no other reason, because we want to live in a better world. By drinking, a person tears down that structure we are trying to build. It is my business if you drink!

I am a customer for the products you produce or the services you render. What do you do for a living? Do you work in the service station where I buy my gasoline? Or are you the man who checks my groceries at the supermarket? Whatever you do, I have a right to expect you to be at your best, for I pay for your service. Liquor never made anyone any better. It impairs efficiency; and as your efficiency is impaired, I pay for it through higher costs and poor service. It is my business if you drink!

I am the driver of an automobile. When you steer your two tons of steel and glass onto the highway and propel it toward me at a rate higher than 100 feet per second, I am reasonable in expecting that your faculties be unimpaired. Drinking makes you a dangerous operator. On a lonely highway a family of six were making their way to the city. Today six small white crosses mark the spot where they were involved in a head-on collision with a drinking driver. A singular accident? No, but repeated in different settings thousands of times over. My friend, my family, or I might be in that car that meets you someday. It is my business if you drink!

I buy auto insurance. My insurance rates are set at a schedule to make insurance profitable for the company. Claims paid, whether for smashed tail lights, serious physical injuries, or the tragic loss of life, are reflected in the premium I pay. You, Mr. Drinking Driver, are responsible for a high percentage of accidents, which result in increased insurance premiums. It is my business if you drink!

I am a taxpayer. I am no authority on what drink is costing the taxpayers. I have heard that from every dollar we take in from liquor revenue we are spending at least from four to eight dollars to care for the problems alcohol has created. As a taxpayer, I am helping to pay for hospitals, prisons, policemen, and relief for families—all because you drink. It is my business if you drink!

I am a father. Your drinking affects my children. The newspapers are full of accounts of drinking men molesting children and youth. You may never be guilty of such a crime, but drinking makes the practice more common and increases the danger for all children. Further, your children will, innocently enough, believe with you that it is all right to drink. Through association with your children, will my family not be affected? It is my business if you drink!

I am a Christian. As a Christian I have an interest in you, not born of dollars and cents. It is not a desire to exploit you for any cause, nor to count you on our church roll. This interest arises from the fact that you are a living soul for whom Christ died. Any sin against your own mind and body, your family and friends, the society in which you move, is also a sin against the Creator who gave you life. It is my business if you drink!



"A man who is under the influence of even a small quantity of alcohol is changed."

the right to every action which does not harm others. This declaration is reflected in similar declarations of modern history.

In states belonging to the United Nations the safeguarding of human dignity is a fundamental moral concept, a universal ethical minimum. Solidarity between human beings irrespective of sex, nationality, language, race, color, creed, or social class, is on the way to becoming the unifying limitation of freedom, for democracy is a deeper concept than freedom. It is responsibility.

2. Alcohol is a rapidly operating nervous poison, with narcotic effect. It lowers the vital functions, especially the higher functions, and by its direct or indirect effects sometimes extinguishes life itself. It temporarily transports the intoxicated person into an illusory world, but it is a flight from reality which only too often ends in asocial behavior, severe self-reproach, and great unpleasantness for other people. Alcohol also literally casts its victims into fetters by creating a morbid dependence upon it (narcomania), and in that way, too, is a threat to human dignity. The fact that even a *light* alcoholic effect seriously lowers the functions of man has a special significance in the mechanized life of our time.

In the limited sphere of traffic safety, for example, the nonuse of alcohol is the choice of an increasing number of people. The idea of total abstinence in this respect brings closer the realization of the proud slogan, "Respect for Life." Mixed moral and social motives, reinforced by

Respect for Life

DANIEL WIKLUND

Chief Inspector, The Royal Social Board, Sweden



THE ultimate cause of the "abuse" of alcohol—that is to say, the consumption of alcohol to the manifest harm of the drinker and of others—lies in its use. A part of the alcohol problem arises from the fact that its damages cannot be diminished merely by rejecting a certain alcoholic beverage. It is alcohol itself which causes the damage, irrespective of whether it is consumed in the form of strong or weaker beverages.

What reasons does a person of today, whether religious or not, advance for the nonuse of alcohol? His reasons may be based on the following two assertions:

1. Modern culture and civilization, especially if they rest on democratic foundations, are held together by the guiding principle of the protection of life. This is another way of expressing the famous French declaration on human rights in 1789, in which freedom is defined as

research in the spheres of medicine, traffic, and social science, have brought the idea of abstinence more to the forefront than perhaps ever before.

In our age of machinery and technical progress, with the advance of automation in industrial production and the forced pace and intensity of living, the scope for the unarmful use of a narcotic such as alcohol is becoming smaller and smaller. The worker in the modern factory has to face demands for sobriety at least as great as the car driver, if accidents are to be avoided. Surveys of industrial accidents show that alcohol, as might be expected, plays roughly the same fateful role in industry that it does on the road, even as regards consumption on a small scale. Total abstinence in modern society is clearly becoming more urgent and inevitable in one sector after another.

Dr. Courtenay Weeks wrote in his book, *Alcohol and Human Life*, published as long ago as 1929: "A man who is under the influence of even a small quantity of alcohol is changed, and the change is always for the worse rather than the better."

Increasing public support is being won for an effective divorce, by legislation and other means, of alcohol from traffic, alcohol from work, alcohol from sport, alcohol from youth entertainment. The need for separation between alcohol and sport rises out of the observation that even small quantities of alcohol seriously impair athletic performance. The claim that alcohol should be kept apart from youth entertainment grows out of the experience that, for example, venereal diseases are spread, and irresponsible sexual relationships (with unwanted and therefore handicapped children as a result) are entered into, almost without exception under the auspices of alcohol and generally under the influence of mild alcohol consumption as part of entertainment.



Sensible at Last!

Harry J. Miller

Unhappy about the prevailing tendency toward starting many banquets with a cocktail "social hour" or "reception," by the end of which period quite a portion of the guests are anything but social, a brave Chicago company has evolved a new plan for entertaining conventioners.

And weary convention goers are finding glowing phrases to praise it.

Anyhow, "it was time for someone to change the trend away from liquor," was a typical comment heard at the annual American Hospital Convention in Chicago.

The "someone" is Bauer and Black, nationally known producers of first-aid and hospital supplies, who decided to eliminate all cocktail parties at conventions and trade-association meetings. As a substitute, Bauer and Black serve a late evening "icebox party," a buffet spread of cold cuts, cheese, bread and butter, coffee, and milk.

"We just thought how people like to raid the icebox, and decided to give them a chance to do it at conventions," said a company executive. He reports enthusiastic reactions everywhere to the new system, and he adds, "Milk goes over biggest."

The modern problem of alcohol is thus not only a question of alcoholism, but also of ordinary, moderate consumption. Obviously, too, an important part of this question is, even now, concerned with alcoholics and the social injuries associated with their way of life.

A fundamental rule and starting point in the treatment of alcoholism is to help the patient observe total abstinence. One of the causative factors behind alcoholism is alcohol. It may appear unnecessary to mention the fact, but it is one that is liable to be forgotten in the intense and urgent search for other causes.

Owing to the still deep obscurity in which the etiology of alcoholism is wrapped, none of us know for certain whether we have tendencies to become alcoholics or, rather, how soon we may become so. Certain scientists consider it established that *all* persons can become alcoholics if they drink sufficiently long enough and in sufficient quantities. Only in regard to the length of time and the quantities of alcohol required to provoke the disease of alcoholism are there differences between individuals. Thus unless we observe total abstinence we all run the risk of becoming alcoholics, with everything that that implies of frightful sufferings for the subject himself and for others. Both for our own sake, then, and as an expression of human solidarity with the suffering alcoholic and of help to him, the nonuse of alcohol is the only right attitude. Is there any better way of influencing people than by the power of example?

Arguments for continued alcoholic consumption in the traditional style are diminishing in power; conversely, the arguments for its rejection from people's lives are becoming stronger. The manufacture, sale, and consumption of alcoholic liquors imply a direct or indirect threat to human dignity and mutual solidarity—the more so in our mechanized world. In so far as I myself do not observe total abstinence, I propagate the alcohol habit and am an accessory to the alcoholic ravages of different kinds.

A person, not an abstainer, was appointed head of an institution for the help of alcoholics. He made this spontaneous statement after only a few months' employment: "The liquor sticks in my throat when I think of all the agonized wives and children of the alcoholics we are trying to help!" He might have expanded the circle of those he was thinking of to, for example, the crippled victims of drivers under the influence of alcohol and those who are made widows and orphans through traffic accidents caused by such drivers. The number of these victims seems to increase as long as the stupid alcohol habit retains its power over us.

The world movement against alcohol is therefore a movement of emancipation in the name of human brotherhood and humanity, a movement which says Yes to everything that can promote healthy life and work, and No to everything that can harm such life and work, prepared to do all it can to counter the open threat that alcohol and the alcohol habit implies to human dignity and happiness. It is also willing to support every effort to extend the protection and care of people in distress and especially those who suffer from the curse of alcoholism, both addicts themselves and their victims. It is a question both of fighting the thieves and helping their victims, as in the parable of the good Samaritan.

"Mr. Basketball"

HUSTLING leader of the best basketball team on the professional scene, Bob Cousy is "Mr. Basketball" himself. Full of spectacular plays, he paced the Boston Celtics in their high-scoring, runaway 1957 season with his deceptive behind-the-back and reverse dribbles, his amazing one-handed push shots, and his "blind" passes, and was the biggest factor in their average of more than 100 points a game.

Bob knows what it means to keep in good physical condition the year round. He knows, too, the necessity of carefully choosing only that which will enhance that condition. He is especially adamant on the use of alcohol by athletes and by young people who engage in sports.

"Sports and alcoholic beverages simply don't mix," he says. "In the long run, the alcohol takes its toll, and the player's ability is impaired. Drinking affects timing and co-ordination and slows the reflexes."

To help youth start early in forming right habits, Bob is active in organizing and operating summer camps. This past season he served as athletic director at Camp Graylag, Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Here he was able not only to enjoy the outdoor healthful life himself but also to teach the principles of physical conditioning to the boys in attendance.

There was not a youngster present who wasn't thrilled with the experience he gained at the hands of a man who has captivated America with his superlative play.



Rope skipping loosens muscles and gets youngsters ready to go at Camp Graylag, near Pittsfield, Massachusetts.



Athletic Director Cousy rises early, checks the day's schedule with one of his counselors and organizes activities.



Graylag campers inspect the bulletin board which lists team standings and records of players in various fields.





A lesson from the master, Bob Cousy, the finest ball handler in the game, shows his boys what it's all about.



Getting into the act himself, Bob practices his favorite sport with his counselors. Here he goes up for a shot.



Even in the water, basketball is not forgotten. Campers attempt to obtain the ball from Bob, who holds it aloft.



All campers are given life-saving instruction. One of the counselors watches as the boys demonstrate their holds.



Latter-day Robin Hoods practice at the archery range, to develop arm and back muscles. Every boy chooses his activity.



Nature study is part of the camp program. A counselor presents a titbit to a raccoon, one of several pets at Camp Graylag.



Getting even closer to the animal world, a quartet of campers take to horseback riding and enjoy many trails aloft.



By the evening campfire boys listen as a counselor in Indian dress chants ancient rhythms and tells stories of early America.



Learning to keep their quarters neat, their belongings in order, and a homey atmosphere, promotes the campers' self-reliance.



At the end of a long day Bob Cousy plays with his children, Mary Patricia (left) and Mary Collette. His wife, Marie, looks on.

Do You Agree?

Beginning with January this year, a large metropolitan newspaper started a weekly teen-agers' page to encourage young folks to speak out on current issues and problems.

The very first such page, on January 6, contained a forthright editorial by a high-school student, based on his personal and nerve-shattering observation of a liquor-induced accident in which a young man was nearly decapitated. "I held the victim's head in my arms," he wrote, "and prayed."

In all earnestness he pleaded: "Where are the men courageous enough to make war on this No. 1 enemy, drink?"

The following week there appeared on the teen-agers' page an answer to this editorial. *Listen* herewith reproduces the second, "Let's Face the Facts."

Does this express your thinking? Do you feel that the author is right? If he is, why is he? If he isn't, wherein is he wrong? What is your opinion? Send reply to editor, *Listen*, 6840 Eastern Avenue, N.W., Washington 12, D.C.

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

Alcohol was vehemently blasted in this very spot last week. It was blasted as a killer. No doubt the writer of the editorial was impressed deeply by the experience which he related, but his calling for strong men to defeat this so-called killer seemed naïve and negligent of many aspects of the problem.

This may not seem to be a problem of youth, and a stand to the contrary might be contested, but we would contend that in essence it is one of youth's problems for two reasons.

Primarily, alcohol is a parasite on the society in which we live, and secondarily, because it is one of the many problems which is not being faced in reality.

As a society, we have cloaked abstinence in temperance, and we are content to let the schools teach strongly the disadvantages of drinking, while it is practiced in many homes.

As a nation we banned alcohol for a long period, and during that period, drinking rose to an all-time high, while the quality of "booze" sank to an all-time low.

Still we have those who ask for the knight on the stately white charger to ride in and rid us of this foe.

We devise and execute numerous plans to solve the alcohol problem, and we brand as complacent the man who says that, "Those who don't drink won't, and those who do will continue." But all available statistics and reports show him to be correct.

Where does this leave us?

Face the fact that alcohol is disastrous when used in excess, and realize that at the same time many people use it moderately and enjoy it for its taste alone. Quit crying for legislation and demanding the return of "prohibition."

Instead, remove teeth brushing, ear washing, hair combing and the like from the health education programs of our schools, and instigate a vast, objective program of teaching people the evils and values of alcohol and how to drink.

We are not suggesting that we put bars in every classroom,—actual consumption does not have to take place in the school,—but students should at some time in the period of education be given the opportunity of facing the problem objectively in all of its harsh reality.





GALLOWAY

DORIS HALE

ARE YOU IN A *Rut?*

MY HUSBAND and I are a typical young American couple of the comfortable, educated middle-class society. We're both college graduates. My husband was an officer during the war. We own a cozy new home in a suburb of one of our major American cities, and my husband works as an engineer for one of America's large companies. We have three children, a medium-sized television set, an automatic washer, a low-priced car, and a ping-pong table.

We're very much like the Joneses, and the Smiths, and all the others whom we've met in Chicago, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, or Pittsburgh. We like to play bridge, square-dance, and have barbecues in our back yard. We're busy, like all the rest of the couples, building our home and raising our family. We love to entertain, meet people, and make new friends.

There is one point, however, on which we differ—we do not like to serve liquor. The serving of liquor is such an accepted part of average hospitality that we sometimes feel we are being inhospitable unless we serve it.

We go to the Joneses', or the Smiths', and the pattern of the evening is snacks and highballs during bridge, and dessert either before or after. With rare exceptions, we know that when we are invited to a home, this is the pattern that will be followed. A Coke means a Coke with bourbon, and a ginger ale means a ginger ale with whisky. Rarely does anyone refuse one of these drinks or ask for a plain drink.

When we attend parties consisting of larger groups, it is customary to bring one's own bottle of whisky, and the host and hostess serve the mixes.

We're all very nice people. We're the leaders of society. Most of us are active church members. The parties are

never wild or boisterous, and everything seems socially acceptable.

My story is not a reformer's plea to rid the world of the curse of drink, but to suggest that we get out of our present entertaining rut. It is to suggest that cocktails and parties do not necessarily have to be synonymous, and that fun can be had without liquor.

Emily Post says that it is not necessary from the standpoint of etiquette for anyone to serve liquor in his home. She also says that if liquor is served, a nonalcoholic substitute should be offered, too.

At Christmastime we were invited to an open house, which was lovely. The decorating was exquisite; the refreshments were dainty morsels fit for a king. Nonalcoholic drinks were the only beverages served. It was held at the minister's home.

All the other social functions to which we were invited were either eggnog open houses or cocktail parties.

We gave a party the other evening—a gay, informal get-together in our basement. We square-danced and served popcorn, apples, homemade candy, and unspiked fruit punch. Everybody seemed to have a wonderful time, although the cocktails were absent.

Those of you who do serve liquor in your home, could you not make it easy for your guests to refuse to drink if they so prefer? And why don't you try having a social function without liquor once in a while? It's easily possible.

I wouldn't be so concerned about this subject if I had only myself to consider, but I'm thinking about ten years from now when our Betty starts going with Johnny Jones. Teen-agers like to do what the smart young set does. We're the smart young set now that's setting the example for someone else's teen-agers. Perhaps some night in the dim future when Johnny and Betty are in a smashup because they thought it would be fun to try a few drinks, we'll wish we had been a little more concerned about someone else's teen-agers ten years sooner.

Young people like to do what's fun. If mom and dad can't have fun without drinking liquor, our sons and daughters will feel they can't either. If during their childhood years their home has reflected warm fun and generous hospitality without liquor, they'll realize they can have fun without it, too.

I want my children to grow up in a society where they do not have to feel prudish if they stick to the principles of social standards their parents taught them. I would like to have them grow up in a society where drinking liquor is not a necessary component of entertaining. There was a time when nice girls didn't drink at all.

Our children don't learn appreciation of good literature by reading comic books; they don't learn appreciation of good music by listening to nothing but jive. We want the best standards for our children in everything else. Let's set the best social standards for them as well.

Finally, the popular people set the patterns for social life. The Joneses and the Smiths are having the same kind of parties in every city and small town. Why don't you try it, too? Why don't you have exactly the kind of party you like to give instead of giving the kind of party others give? Surprise us the next time we come over. I'll bet you would be amazed at the number of people who would be happy with the change.



Perhaps no more careful and exhaustive study has ever been made of the various state instructional programs in public schools relative to alcohol and other narcotics than that made by Everett W. Woodward to fulfill requirements for a master of arts degree from the University of Washington last year.

Here Mr. Woodward condenses for "Listen" the findings of his survey and outlines recommendations resulting from the study.

PRESENT STATUS OF *Narcotics Education*



Everett W. Woodward

Highline High School, Seattle

IS IT possible that the majority of responsible, thinking people of America are not sufficiently concerned or informed about the misuse of narcotics, including alcohol, in our nation today? If this question is answered Yes, then it can be readily understood why so many have neglected the moral and legal obligation of public schools to provide adequate instruction for children as to the harmful effects of narcotics on the human body, as well as the broader sociological and cultural aspects of the problem. The future culture in which the children of today expect to live successfully will demand all the highest ethical and moral capacities each can muster.

In spite of periodic attempts to control these drugs through Federal and state laws, the ultimate solution will be found in a joint application of effective education with adequate legislative measures. It is not generally understood that about 80 per cent popular support is necessary to make legislative measures effective, and that such support is largely the result of a sound educational program.

Education must be regarded as the most promising ultimate solution to a great many of our social problems. An outstanding psychiatrist, Dr. Frederick Lemere, whose work at Shadel Sanitarium, Seattle, is widely known, told this writer recently, "I can certainly state that prevention of alcoholism is almost entirely an educational program."

What, then, is the legally charged obligation of the public school in regard to narcotics instruction? What do the school laws say about this important instruction?

To answer these queries, a graduate study project was undertaken at the University of Washington, in the department of physical and health education, during 1955-56. Each state department of education was asked to send copies and excerpts of its narcotics instruction laws as well as current instructional material. These laws and materials were then analyzed for content and for agreement with statutory requirements. The findings can be summarized as follows:

It was found that all states, except Oregon, which only recently (1955) repealed its required narcotics- and alcohol-instruction law, have statutory provision for requiring such instruction in public schools. This shows almost universal agreement among the states as to the importance of narcotics instruction in public schools.

The majority of these laws had their inception during the last two decades of the nineteenth century, and have since been progressively modified and strengthened, so that their original intent has been preserved or extended. It follows, then, that the maintenance of these laws for nearly three quarters of a century reveals the important recognition given to this phase of instruction. About half (twenty-one out of forty-six) of the states were found to require what was considered to be more than a minimum instructional program.

A few states (Alabama, Georgia, North Dakota) have made provision for additional funds to be used for narcotics instruction. Since the majority of statutes do not provide for additional instructional (Turn to page 27.)

Knowing a Problem Is
Half the Battle in Solving It

FACING THE narcotics menace

WHAT makes a narcotics addict? A normal, happy person does not obtain real pleasure from narcotics. Usually he finds drugs unpleasant and sickening, obtaining from them only a feeling of relaxation, nothing more.

A few persons may become addicts because they have had to use drugs continually during a long illness or for extremely painful injuries. These are accidental, or medical, addicts. Once treated, however, they aren't likely to return to using drugs, because they have no special emotional problems that cause them to desire opiates.

Some who have neither desire nor need for drugs may also become accidental addicts. These are often normal boys and girls, or men and women, who become involved by associating with a group of addicts who talk them into taking dope—the "smart" thing to do. The sad truth is that once a person begins to use narcotics, it doesn't make any difference what sort of person he is. Once he starts, there is danger he can't stop. He may become an addict.

Also, there are the neurotics, those who feel insecure, inadequate, unhappy, and who seem unable to

find satisfaction in life no matter how hard they try. Unfortunately, these people look for something to hide behind, they seek excuses, they search for something that will make them forget their troubles. Then, in trying to escape their problems, if they do not take to heavy drinking, many become drug addicts; for the use of heroin gives them a self-sufficient, superior feeling, and in their own "hopped-up" minds their personalities are considerably strengthened. The largest percentage of drug addicts come from this group.

Next come the psychopathic personalities, the emotionally disturbed people who are extremely antisocial. They do not like the world or anyone in it. Persons like this, who never grow up emotionally, take to narcotics for the "pleasure," or "thrill," given them. They will continue to take drugs as long as they can obtain them, or until heroin curative treatment is successful.

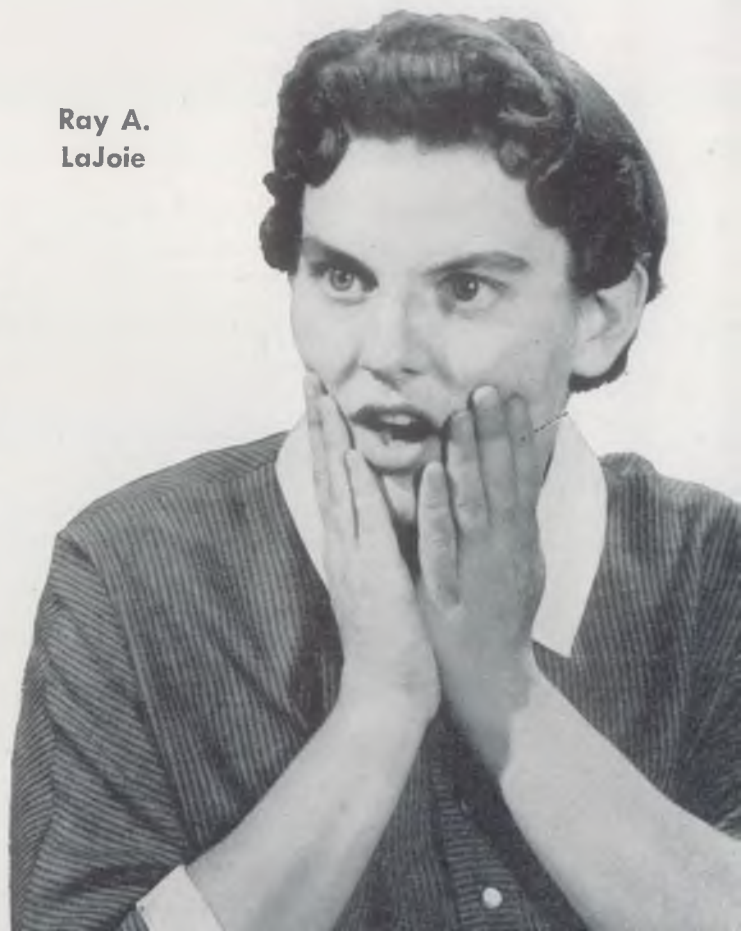
Neurotics and psychopaths together make up a group who are often referred to as *addiction prone*, meaning they are likely to become addicts. Each one has some emotional difficulty that makes drugs seem attractive—a makeshift, sorry answer to their troubles.

However, it does not necessarily follow that every addiction-prone person becomes a drug addict. Some realize that their problems are too difficult for them, and they seek help from such trusted advisers as school and college counselors, community agencies, pastors, psychologists, and social workers. If anyone really wants help, he can get it.

Is drug addiction harmful to the body? Yes, because it upsets the performance of brain, nerves, stomach, intestines, and muscles. Drugs decrease the appetite and cause severe constipation. Teeth become affected, and general poor health results.

What's more, an addict loses pride in personal appearance and cleanliness, and because he doesn't take care of

Ray A.
LaJoie



himself properly his resistance to disease is greatly lowered. There is always the danger that, with numbed pain—the body's danger signal that something is wrong—he may develop some other serious condition and not realize it. He fails to get treatment until it is too late. Or he is liable to be seriously burned because he will drop off to sleep while smoking. There is also the constant possibility as well that he may fall and receive injuries, for the drug produces a blurry daze.

Even worse, malaria, syphilis, infectious jaundice, and blood poisoning are some destructive diseases one addict passes on to another when the same hypodermic needle is used. It is common for addicts to develop badly infected sores from drug injections, caused either by impure powder used to dilute drugs or by filthy needles. Since an addict doesn't care about germs and infections, in a short time his arms and legs become scarred and ugly.

With steady use, the narcotic drugs cause the addict's memory to blur and his will power to vanish. No longer has he the faculty to concentrate, to think, and to reason. Ambition disappears. His only goal is to get enough drugs to keep going. Usually he becomes the worst type of liar and cheater, and honesty is a thing of the past. Frequently theft and murder result. Sexual instincts, too, soon deaden.

That's not all. There is always the possibility of a fatal dose, for an addict usually doesn't know how much of the capsule is "pure." In other words, he doesn't know to what extent it has been diluted. He may be accustomed to taking two "caps" of 5 per cent heroin, but next time without knowing it he may take a new supply that contains a whopping 75 per cent of heroin. The result—violent, convulsive, sudden death!

Occasionally an addict will *(Turn to page 30.)*

WOMAN WITH THE PACKAGES

W. Clay Missimer

**This hair-raising adventure
could be repeated in any city
or town across the nation.**

THE call came in for a taxi about nine o'clock one night. Several pawnshops were on the little street, with tiny apartments over them. I blew my horn several times. Finally a door opened and a woman appeared, carrying a package about the size of a shoe box. She gave me a number far over on the east side of the town, told me to drive fast and take a roundabout route because she had had a fall out with her boy friend, and she was afraid he might follow her in his car. So I did a Daedalus labyrinth trip through the city and finally brought up before the number she had given me. She alighted, handed me a \$10 bill, and told me to keep the change. She said, "I might want you again; for whom shall I ask?"

I told her, "Teddie." Then she disappeared into the darkness, leaving me to think that that was an easy \$10.

Three nights later there came another call to the same address, and a request for Teddie's cab. When I honked my horn the door opened and the same woman appeared. She motioned to me. She thrust a package into my hand, said she had a terrible cold, and would I deliver this to 405 East Lane Road? I started to tell her that it was against the rules for taxi drivers to deliver parcels, when she pushed two \$20 bills into my hand.

I should have turned the project down flat. I should have been suspicious because of the amount of the fee. But since I was desperate for money, \$40 looked big to me. I would comply this time and refuse any future requests.

In another ten minutes I rang the bell at 405 East Lane Road. The door was opened a narrow slit, and part of a man's face appeared in the aperture. "Oh, the drawings," he muttered in a guttural voice. He slid out his arm and pulled it back, the package passing from me to him.

You will condemn me, admits the author, and say that for a schoolteacher I must have been ridiculously dull and unalert not to have realized from the very first episode of this adventure that something was suspiciously wrong. But my physical condition at the time—frayed nerves—and a critical shortage of funds dulled my perception and acumen.

I had been dangerously close to a nervous breakdown. My doctor thought I could not last to the end of the school term without actually cracking up, but I did. Then he urged that instead of teaching summer school this vacation, as I had done in previous years, I should occupy my mind with something different. But I had to earn money. I was desperately hard up and badly in debt. So I landed a job as a taxi driver.

Sufficient time has elapsed since the episodes for me to set down the facts, and I have no photographs of the principals involved. The ringleaders have long since served their time and been released and disappeared. So the story can now be told.

Two nights later came the third call. This time the woman was abrupt. She thrust the package into my hand and gave me instructions that unmistakably amounted to orders.

Her manner irked me. I would end this right here! "I can't do this," I said brusquely. "Once was O.K. It's against the rules."

"You're in this up to your neck, brother," she hissed. "Be smart. There's big money in this for you. Curtains if you buck or go to the police." She pushed two \$20 bills into my hand.

I had my first good view of her. She was as hard as glass. I hesitated. But I was scared. I had gotten into something. This needed thinking through. So I pocketed the greenbacks, returned to my cab, and roared away into the darkness.

What to do? I thought of the police. Then watching my mirror, I became aware that *(Turn to page 31.)*



**HIS MAJESTY
KING SAUD I**

**Builder,
statesman,
sovereign**

support of a number of tribal factions, and gradually welded together the kingdom of Saudi Arabia.

The King, when only a child, idolized his father, and as a teen-ager, followed him everywhere he went. Becoming toughened to the rigors of desert fighting, he led numerous battles, raids, and campaigns that helped pave the way for the rise of the united nation.

When the late King Ibn Saud reached declining years, he called his sons together and secured their agreement that they would recognize the eldest as heir apparent. So at the King's death the crown prince succeeded to the throne on November 3, 1953.

As his father excelled in military action in order to unify his country, so the new King set himself to build and strengthen the nation after its centuries of stagnation and backwardness.

Seldom, if ever, in any nation of comparable size have so many major projects been launched, so many houses and office buildings put up, so many people been directly

Making giant strides in material progress, Saudi Arabia is already far ahead of other nations in dealing with beverage alcohol.

A Nation Comes of Age

TELEPHONE cables stretching across the desert, reservoirs being built to conserve water for agriculture, cities expanding to care for increased commerce, modern buildings rising as business centers, hospitals and clinics in process of construction, wide new highways linking major cities, monetary system reformed and stabilized, schools mushrooming to care for a large influx of students.

Such is the story of a young, thriving nation just coming of age—such is the story of Saudi Arabia.

Only a few years ago small warring tribes surged back and forth over the scorching sand fighting each other. Today Saudi Arabia is strong and united, a respected and equal partner in the community of nations.

But the present amazing story of Saudi Arabia is not merely one of sand, of oil, of buildings; it is a warm, living story of a person, His Majesty King Saud I.

A colorful, vigorous monarch, King Saud comes from rugged stock. His father, Ibn Saud, with a band of loyal soldiers captured the old capital of Riyadh, won the

engaged in developing their country. Saudi Arabia not only is rising to leadership in the Arab bloc of nations, but is already seen as a power on the world horizon.

King Saud I has followed in the footsteps of his father in the complete banning of alcoholic beverages in his kingdom. This includes not only their importation, but also their manufacture, sale, and use. The King is well aware of the potential results of drinking, even to tragedy close to his own family.

He therefore has taken the lead in enforcing the ban on intoxicants, making this ban applicable also to oil workers and other nationals in his country, and proceeding on the premise that drinking is in no way compatible with the growth and happiness of a young, progressive nation.

King Saud is serving as an honorary president of the International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism.

The official statement, expressing His Majesty's views on the serving of drinks at social and diplomatic functions, indicates that Saudi Arabia is *(Turn to page 33.)*



King Ibn Saud, father of the present monarch, welded his country's warring factions into a unified nation.

King Saud I entertains at dinner the executive secretary of the International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism, W. A. Scharffenberg, who extended to the King the invitation to become an honorary president of the Commission.



INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION MEMBERS VISIT KING SAUD

Few overseas visitors to Washington, D.C., have excited such widespread interest as did King Saud I of Saudi Arabia during his state visit to President Eisenhower early this year.

Since the King is an honorary president of the International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism, he took time from his crowded schedule of appointments with the State Department and the President to receive officials and members of the Commission in private audience at Blair House, the official reception center for guests of the United States Government.

Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, president of the International Commission, flew over from Chicago for the occasion, to be joined by W. A. Scharffenberg, executive director; W. H. Beaven, director of the Institutes of Scientific Studies; Francis A. Soper, "Listen" editor; and Raymond Lewis, Commission member and director of the Allied Youth organization.

Shortly before noon on the appointed day we found our way to Blair House, pushed through the knot of reporters, photographers, and curious spectators up to the front door, where we were admitted past the guards and ushered into the crowded waiting room. Scores of people were bustling here and there—brown-robed members of the Saudi Arabian delegation, official callers, state ministers, and advisers to the King.

As the time for the private audience with the King approached, we were ushered between rows of stern-looking guards into His Majesty's reception room. As we entered, the King, seated across the room, graciously arose to greet us with a typical American handshake as each was in turn presented to him.

Behind the King stood his official interpreter, a bodyguard, and his chief of protocol—an imposing array of officialdom.

The King, tall and commanding, beckoned us to be seated with him and evidenced intense interest in the organization and work of the International Commission, especially when future plans came up for discussion. He responded with a smile and a vigorous nod to the suggestion that it would be an honor to have him present at the first formal world-wide meeting of the Commission.

After the fifteen-minute audience was concluded, we were ushered out of the room, with an acknowledgment of the King as each left, and invited to sign the King's guest book of his official callers.

The active co-operation and participation of such world leaders as King Saud in the work of the Commission is rapidly bringing this organization to the forefront and setting the stage for great achievements in the future.

The Editor.



1. King Saud greets Dr. W. H. Beaven, director of the Institutes of Scientific Studies. Left to right are Francis A. Soper, "Listen" editor; Raymond Lewis, Allied Youth director; and W. A. Scharffenberg, International Commission executive director.

2. The King receives members of the International Commission in private audience at Blair House. Behind the King stand (left to right) his interpreter; his bodyguard; and Abdullah Balkhair, the King's director-general of press, broadcasting, and publications. Mr. Scharffenberg and Dr. Andrew C. Ivy are seated to the King's right.

3. At the reception at the Saudi Arabian Embassy, King Saud shakes hands with Mr. Scharffenberg.

4. Two Saudi Arabian members of the International Commission chat over future plans with the executive director.

WORLD REPORT



BEER-GARDEN SURVEY

Ernest H. J. Steed

AUSTRALIA



At the request of the city's editors I conducted in Sydney a survey of hotel beer gardens and lounges over a period of six weeks at a time when, on the average, a person would think drinking would be almost at a standstill.

The weather during the time of this survey was cold, and wintry conditions prevailed. My visits were made during week nights when one would expect business to be much slacker than on Friday or Saturday evenings; but I found that, in spite of these facts, many of the lounges and beer gardens were jammed with customers. The majority of the persons interviewed stated that on Friday and Saturday nights these places were packed to the doors. It is obvious, then, that my findings are on a conservative basis.

I found that, contrary to law, young people under the age of eighteen were drinking in these places. Two youths at a certain hotel told me they had been visiting that hotel twice a week for the last fifteen months.

One stated that his age was eighteen, and the other was nineteen. "This would indicate that you were drinking before the age of eighteen," I commented. They both agreed, telling me that there are many other young people doing the same.

Two other teen-agers whom I met at another hotel, again eighteen and nineteen, told me that they had begun drinking at the age of fifteen and sixteen respectively, and that when 10 p.m. closing time came they began drinking in the beer gardens. One boy reported that he had visited almost every hotel in Sydney, and that nowhere did he find anyone asking his age, except at one which was well known for this practice. From the replies of young people themselves there is conclusive evidence that thousands of young people under age are drinking in these

places, and no one is questioning them.

Young people under the age of twenty-five, I discovered, make up approximately 40 per cent of the drinkers in these places. At one I found it was almost 60 per cent. These teen-agers at the conclusion of a musical selection stamped their feet, whistled, and hooted.

At another hotel I saw thirty young fellows in the bar, all standing in a group talking. Out in the lounge I saw eight young girls seated around a table. At another table there were twelve young boys, with a heavy percentage of youth throughout the whole establishment.

What is driving these young people to these places? Are they interested in liquor? These were some of the questions I asked, and almost 100 per cent of the youth interviewed stated that they were there because of the entertainment. They felt it was just the spot; it was a good evening's outing. As one young man expressed it, "This is certainly as good as a night club."

There is no question but that the liquor forces today are not only talking liquor; they are also talking entertainment. They are talking about family occasions, somewhere to take a wife; and this subtle Pied Piper act is luring young people into the ranks of hardened liquor drinkers. One lad said, "I like it here because of the atmosphere." He was enjoying the vaudeville, the blue jokes, and the tin-pan music that had the crowd whipped up to a drunken laughter. So I asked him, "What about the liquor—do you like it?"

"Well," he answered, "it goes along with the entertainment, so it doesn't worry me."

The majority, I found, had begun taking liquor since 10 p.m. closing time was voted. Whereas I found that when they first started they would drink only one or two middies, now they were drinking four or five. Some were spending up to four and five pounds (\$11.20-\$14.00) a week on liquor, and they considered that this was not exceptional by any means among young people. I chatted with some of these on the possibility of giving up the habit. Those who were drinking fairly heavily admitted that they did not think they

could. Anyway, why should they? Some few felt they could reduce the quantity.

The majority admitted that this kind of life is not the best; but life doesn't hold much today, they went on, therefore get all the pleasure you can as quickly as you can. Said one youth, "You never know when your number will come up, so you may as well make the best of it."

I questioned many of them about considering the Christian faith as an answer to their perplexity and finding real enjoyment in Christian living. Some gave me to understand that if they ever did have any faith, they had lost it. The only faith one can have today, they believe, is in oneself; one cannot trust the other fellow.

What do the parents think about their teen-agers' drinking? Some of the young people said their mother and dad came along with them occasionally; others said their parents did not know they were at the hotels. "I am old enough to look after myself," was the opinion of one eighteen-year-old, typical of many others.

Ten p.m. closing has been a boon to those places that have introduced beer gardens and lounges, because they have emphasized the entertainment appeal. This has primarily attracted the women and youth, two sections of the community which before had been restrained from drinking by legislation and public opinion. Today all that seems to be thrown aside, and we see this iniquitous practice invading the home circles themselves.

I found thousands of cars lined up around hotels in the city and suburbs, and at 10 p.m. out the revelers flocked and drove away as potential murderers on the road. I saw children left in cars while the parents hurried in to have their so-called enjoyment. The children sucked at soft drinks and chewed candy until they fell asleep across car seats and on the floors.

Such facts should stir the hearts of all thinking citizens who have a regard for the future of our country's youth. To meet this problem successfully will take the united energies of all church mem-

(Turn to page 32.)

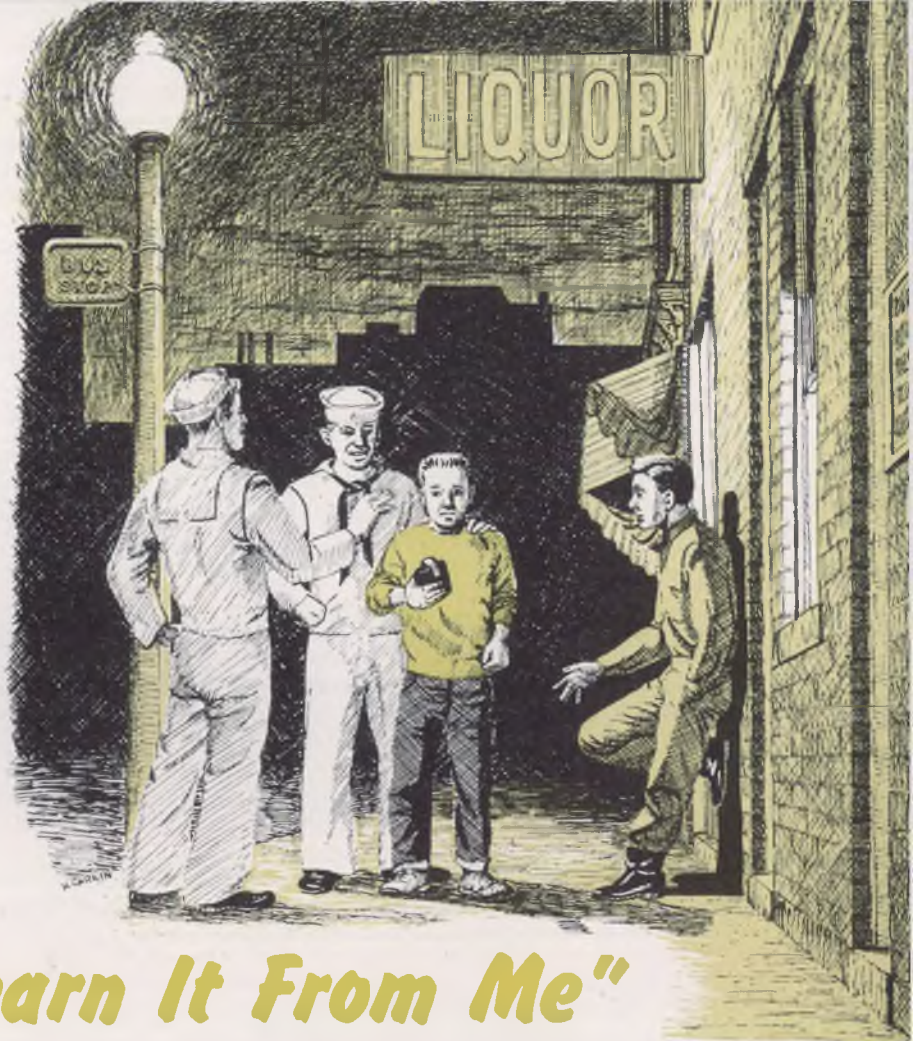
Abbie Faye Petty

I BROKE a promise that night, one I had made to my dad over and over before he checked out on mom and me. It is a funny thing, though—I felt closer to him than I ever had, and I couldn't help wondering what he would think if he knew exactly how it was.

Maybe it was breaking my promise that made him seem so near. Maybe it was the sight of all those pitiful, sordid adolescents—we kids called them J.D.'s, short for juvenile delinquents. Or it may have been the exasperation of the police as they tried to get information out of the kids who were too dumb, too scared, or too plain ornery to tell them anything. A lot of them were like my pal, Russell Mead, over there under the lights, who was too drunk to talk.

Anyway, I could almost hear my dad saying, "It's the first drink you gotta watch, son. If you don't take that one, you won't ever get no craving."

I think he started telling me this the



"You Didn't Learn It From Me"

day I was born. I can remember how solemn his voice was, and how mine used to match it as I would take the pledge.

We were always poor. Dad couldn't let mom out of his sight long enough to hold down a job. Yet he would leave us suddenly and remain gone for weeks at a time. I was ten when he left the last time, so I wasn't looking for him to turn up any more. But he seemed so close to me that night.

Dad didn't take any clothes when he left. I don't suppose he had a decent change. I remember that he stopped by the vacant lot where I was playing ball with the gang, and sat down on a stump till I joined him. We talked idly about the game and the heat a few minutes, then he got up to go.

"Yep, Joe, you can say your old man is a drifter, a ne'er-do-well, a no-good bum, if you please; but you can't say he was a drunkard!" He always lifted his shabby shoulders at that point, and I realized even then that he was groping for something to be proud of, some excuse for existing.

"Yeah, dad, that's right," I said, and patted his arm. But I guess he knew I was wishing he would go, so I could get back in the game. He wasn't the kind

of father a kid liked to show off for.

"It's the first drink you gotta watch, son. Don't take the first drink, and you won't get no craving," he said again.

"That's right, dad. I won't touch it," I said for the millionth time.

"If you ever do," he said slowly, with more emphasis than usual, "just remember—you didn't learn it from me."

"I'll leave it alone," I promised, and he shuffled off. I haven't seen him since.

But there I was, at fifteen, on the second floor of the city jail, with my raw throat still seared from the liquid fire I had swallowed three hours before. And sick! If Russ gagged just one more time, it would finish me. Every time he did, I did, too—but Russ had the advantage of being out cold.

The police who had taken charge of us when we were brought in passed me to get another bucket of water. He had been halfway kind at first, but that was two hours before, and the place was filling up fast. The clock on the wall said 1:00 a.m.

He emptied the bucket on poor old Russ, who was already drenched.

"Yippee!" muttered Russ faintly, and slid farther down in his chair.

Oh, I was sick. Added to the rest of my misery, I felt guilty about the whole

affair—me, Joe Harris, the model teenager who had tried—and up to now had succeeded—to steer clear of such scrapes.

The light was on Russ again. You would think it would wake the dead, but his long, gangling body seemed boneless, and his dark curly hair lay wet and plastered to his forehead. His head dropped toward his chest, and a little flow of saliva drooled from his half-open mouth.

That cop was looking at me again. I shook my head, trying to wade through my foggy memory. What was Russ's stepfather's name, or even his address? That cop meant business this time. He was going to make me get hold of mom. I had told him she was not at home, and anyway we didn't have a telephone. That was when they first brought us in. I must have looked as desperate as I felt, for he said gruffly, "Well, we'll call the other kid's folks."

I knew it sounded fishy, but I actually didn't know their name or address, in spite of the fact I had picked Russ up at his home that afternoon. We were on the same team. I was captain, and Russ was our best pitcher, a southpaw. We were to play our final game that night in the city-wide tournament.

The winners would get three weeks' vacation at the Y.M.C.A. camp on the bay, and I was wild to go. Our team won the year before, and it was swell!

All day the weather had kept us jumpy. It had showered, then cleared off, then clouded up again. It looked so rough at five that we called the game off, but by six it was clear, so the manager called me and said if I could get the gang together, we would play.

Another fellow and I got in his jalopy and rounded them up. He did the driving, and I didn't pay any attention to house numbers or street names either at the time.

Russ's stepfather didn't want him to go. He said Russ had been hanging out too much and too late recently. I looked around at their nice things and wondered why a fellow would want to bum when he had a home like this.

But, of course, I had heard a few rumors myself. I told them how important this game was, and how badly we needed Russ, so he relented and said he could go, if he would come straight home after the game.

Russ was the best pitcher we had, even though he didn't show up for practice half the time. His mother looked so pleased—right then I had a
(Turn to page 34.)

PRINCIPLES OF ALCOHOL EDUCATION

Herbert H. Hill

IN PREVIOUS issues of *Listen* we have looked at the sociological background of the modern drinking problem, and the principles and purposes of education in general.

Now we turn to the principles of alcohol education specifically. Some of these seem quite obvious, but they need to be reviewed.

1. All subject matter must be scientifically sound. One of the tendencies in alcohol education is to generalize broadly from incidents of specific experience. For example, because a person has seen another in a state of intoxication under a specific set of circumstances, in a particular place, he generalizes broadly from that incident. This is not justified. Perhaps Aunt Mary's second cousin had some particular ailment, and the doctor prescribed a certain alcoholic potion. She recovered. It never occurs to the person that Aunt Mary's second cousin may have recovered in spite of the treatment, not because of it. Generalization of that sort must be avoided.

2. All teachings should be based upon situations familiar to the group, and within the level of their interests and understanding. In other words, it is a matter of curriculum building, relating the subject matter to the academic level of the group being taught. At this point I might say that the teacher should not be reluctant to introduce technical terms into the discussion that may be above the normal vocabulary development of the group, so long as the terms are used in a setting where their meaning is indicated, or so long as they are carefully defined.

3. Increased attention should be given to curriculum integration in the field of alcohol problems. Study and effort should be given to developing a proper curriculum integration. Teaching about alcohol has its place in health, biology, chemistry, social problems, driver training, home economics, family living, psychology—all these courses. If it is dealt with appropriately within the framework of these various areas of subject matter, the student will see this subject in the setting of these various classes, then will recognize that this is an important problem related to many areas of life and living.

4. Avoid overstatement and exaggeration. Sometimes there is a tendency to make a good case better than it really is, "gilding the lily." I don't suppose there is any area that has suffered more in this way than has the field of alcohol education. This comes from an honest motive—trying somehow or other to reach out and impress young people in such a way that they will be sure to grasp what is being presented.

5. Care should be taken to make certain that all experiments and demonstrations are reliable, and that the conclusions are valid. I suppose we have all seen the classic demonstration of breaking an egg into a beaker of alcohol.

There is only one thing that that demonstrates, and that is the effect of alcohol upon eggs. There is practically no valid relationship between that experiment and the effect of alcohol on the human body.

Let me point out one of the fallacies that is often overlooked. The person who becomes intoxicated is putting into his body a minute amount of alcohol. For example, you can take a 10 per cent solution of alcohol and put it in your eye, which is one of the most sensitive organs, without damage to the eye. The concentration of alcohol that is required to kill an individual is from .5 to .8 of 1 per cent of alcohol in the blood stream. If the person has .5 of 1 per cent of alcohol in the blood stream, he is on death's threshold. From there on up to .8 of 1 per cent, death occurs. I have yet to find any medical study or scientific data indicating that anybody has ever gone as high as .9 of 1 per cent of alcohol in the blood stream and lived to tell about it.

Therefore, there is little connection between the dropping of an egg into a solution of high alcohol content and minute quantities of alcohol diluted in the solutions of the body. The point often overlooked in this particular demonstration is the chemical interaction between the alcohol and the protein of the egg, or coagulation. Sometimes this is referred to as cooking. I doubt sincerely that it can be appropriately called "cooking," because the egg is not cooked; it is merely coagulated.

6. It is important to avoid embarrassment. I can't over-stress this point. It is important to avoid embarrassment on the part of students whose parents may have involvements with beverage alcohol, whether it be alcoholism or participation in some phase of the liquor business. In other words, teaching should always deal with problems, not personalities. We're concerned with basic issues, fundamental facts, and principles.

7. This is perhaps a bit expansive of the previous topic. Care should always be exercised in covering any material which may tend to create damaging emotional conflicts. In other words, in trying to deal with one problem in the life of the child, we may create emotional conflicts in him which may do more damage than those we are trying to avoid.

8. Respect the student's right to decide as to his personal conduct. This doesn't mean, however, that the teacher lacks conviction. To make an impact on the student toward a definite decision requires conviction in the teacher.

Upon these general principles, then, rests to a great extent the success of a teacher in bringing before his students the facts regarding alcohol and leading him to conclusions beneficial in his own life.

H. N. Ferguson

"Mayor of Capitol Avenue"



... slept in doorways.

... headed for the never-never land of skid row.



... no thought beyond the procuring of his next drink.



... last vestige of self-respect.

THE damp, muggy breath of a humid Texas evening drifted in from the moss-draped banks of Houston's Buffalo Bayou as a human derelict stood on the corner staring at the passing crowd through bleary, unseeing eyes. Down the street a paddy wagon slowly eased along seeking its nightly recruits, who weren't hard to find on the bleak skid row of Capitol Avenue, the street of forgotten men.

This wretched bit of human flotsam on the corner did not remonstrate when he was added to the motley collection of stumble bums already garnered as part of the evening's harvest. What matter that they were being transported to the drunk tank at city jail? He had been there many, many times before.

Bunk Lock simply didn't care. His whisky-fogged brain had ceased to give thought to anything beyond the procuring of his next drink. He was a hopeless alcoholic and was slowly dying of tuberculosis.

The paddy wagon pulled up to the city jail and stopped. Bunk pleaded guilty to the charge of drunkenness. "\$100!" pronounced the judge tersely, and, not having the \$100, Lock was off to the city prison farm again. He didn't have to work out there, though. He wasn't able—his lungs gave up blood with every coughing spasm he endured.

Bunk Lock had once been a man of substance, respected and honored. He had begun his career in the oil fields. From this he had gone into the oil-field supply business, had become one of its top salesmen. Good old Bunk!—the drinking partner of rich and influential

oilmen, the life of every party. Business got better and better, his orders increasing, his commissions mounting steadily. So did his taste for liquor.

Then came the war, and Bunk enlisted in the Air Force. He came back a combat veteran, but somewhere along the way he had lost something. He had become a chronic alcoholic, headed for the never-never land of skid row.

He entered one veteran's hospital after another, where he was given everything from deep insulin shock to antabuse treatment, in a vain effort to stem his desperate craving. But the cures didn't take.

Fresh from each hitch in the hospital, Bunk would appear on his beloved avenue, jaunty, nattily dressed, enthusiastically greeting everyone, checking that all was well in his domain. When he was feeling up to par, Bunk ran his street with despotic zeal. He could spot trouble in an instant. When an ambulance was making a run to cart some inebriate to the cooler, Bunk was self-appointed dictator, issuing orders and upbraiding the driver.

But Bunk's trips to the Government hospital became more frequent and his stays longer and longer. He gradually became a complete misfit—a wino, a drug addict, a benzedrine fancier. The last vestige of his self-respect vanished. He slept in doorways, in filthy alleys, on church steps, or in chilly parking lots. He was referred to derisively as "the mayor of Capitol Avenue."

Then one October Sunday in 1951 the first of a series of miracles took place for Bunk Lock. He was doing

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BUNK LOCK



one of his periodic stretches at the prison farm, and he attended the church services being held for the prisoners. One of the speakers, a woman, took as her theme, "The Sinner's Prayer." Bunk, who had never taken religion seriously in his life, was deeply moved. He couldn't explain why.

Sleep eluded him that night as he lay in his cell. He was thinking again, for the first time in years. His body was a mere shell, diseased and tormented with pain. His thoughts converged into a

Finished with his stint at the prison farm, Lock went back to his old haunts on Capitol Avenue. Even though the desire for liquor had left him, he still frequented the beer joints where his friends hung out. There was no place else to go.

But death still walked arm in arm with Bunk. The insidious germs of tuberculosis were slowly consuming his body; his lungs were nearly gone.

One day a friend took the dying man again to the veteran's hospital. A new

nue would never have recognized the new Arthur Lock as the drifter they had once known. This new man had a look of calm assurance, his blue eyes were crystal clear, his smile warm and friendly, and his handclasp firm and strong—a brand-new personality.

His first need was to find employment, and it was here he learned that the comeback trail is long and hard and often lonely. It led him first to a position of trust at the desk of a downtown hotel. The irony was that in the old days he had been refused admittance to this same hotel; now this scene of his earlier ignominy was the setting for his first step in the long trail back.

One night he visited the old Star of Hope Mission that he had frequented often as a derelict. This was the night of his third miracle.

Someone asked him to speak, and he sat tongue-tied. He had never made a talk in his life. Then, without realizing it, he was on his feet. Where the words came from he didn't know, but to his amazement people listened with spellbound attention as he told the story of the transformation in his life.

It wasn't long after this that Lock was offered an excellent position with an insurance firm and walked right into yet another significant transformation.

Many a man of sterling character has been an inveterate smoker, but Arthur Lock suddenly felt "unclean inside." "I wanted to quit smoking," he explains, "but I knew I had no will power to quit of myself. God had been so good to me in deliverance from other things, I believed He would surely rid me of the tobacco habit. And on March 29, 1954, at 10:30 p.m., I was alone in my room reading the Bible when I seemed to hear a clear, audible voice saying, 'This night I have delivered thee.' From that instant there has been no desire, no temptation, for tobacco. I am free!"

Lock enjoyed the insurance business, but more and more he felt that he should devote his entire time to helping others. He became associated with A. C. SoRelle, Jr., an oilman and a dedicated Christian, who is president of the Full Gospel Men's Fellowship, and Lock is now treasurer. This organization sponsors Lock's public appearances. He is much in demand as a speaker before congregations, lay groups, and civic bodies.

Life is on the upgrade for Bunk Lock now, with everything in its true perspective. Yet a reminder of the past lies only a few blocks away. No one realizes better than he that the transition from the stark realism of Capitol Avenue to the position he now occupies was not made by himself alone—God has been his unseen guide.



"OF COURSE I DRINK!"

Interview by Madeline George

When spry, ninety-year-old Dr. Joseph Lincoln Warvell, of North Manchester, Indiana, was asked whether he is a drinking man, he replied, "Of course I drink!" Then with a twinkle in his eyes, he added, "I drink many things—but no alcoholic drinks!"

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because alcohol doesn't add anything to one's personal being. No one can think as accurately with alcohol as he can without. If anyone needs a stimulant, he can certainly find something better, because after seeming alcoholic stimulation, a depression always follows. For that reason doctors don't use alcohol as a stimulant any more.

"There was a time when I used alcohol for patients. But that was back in my horse-and-buggy days. Later in my practice when I had more experience and better medicines to work with, I stopped giving brandy to my patients.

"Clean living means a lot. If I had been a drinking man, I probably would not be here now. While occasionally an old man may say he drinks liquor from time to time, by and large over the country generally, most aged men will say, as I do, that they never use alcoholic drinks. The men and women who seem to enjoy such things are usually dead long before they reach the ninety mark. Possibly they think they need alcohol to have fun, but I've enjoyed my life and still do without it."

seething maelstrom of remorse and self-recrimination. He was dying, and suddenly he was afraid of death.

Then from the depths of his despair came the words of a prayer, and the soul that uttered them was penitently humble, completely submissive: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Then came the miracle.

Lock told of it later: "I'm not sure just what happened. All I know is that at that precise instant I lost my appetite for alcohol. It seemed that the hand of God touched me on the shoulder and drew from me the tormented craving for whisky and drugs that had become a part of my life. It was a profound and thrilling experience."

set of X rays was made, and the doctors shook their heads hopelessly. Bunk Lock was facing death for the second time. Only this time there was a difference. "I'm ready to die," he said. "I'm not afraid any more."

But he didn't die. The second miracle took place. It was a slow, heartbreaking struggle, but after eighteen months of constant treatment he was dismissed from the hospital. The amazed doctors pronounced him completely cured. The date was July 23, 1953. The transformation from Bunk Lock, the bum, to Arthur Lock, the man, was nearing completion.

He went back to Houston, but not to skid row. His friends on Capitol Ave-

DURING World War II, and again during the war in Korea, press and radio acquainted the world with the brain-washing techniques used to break men's minds and wills and extort confessions. In one form or another Hitler used these techniques, but the world did not become specifically aware of them until several years later.

Most of the techniques used in this diabolical torture are based on the findings of Ivan Petrovich Pavlov, a Russian psychologist who lived between 1849 and 1936, and who from experimentation with dogs gave to the world the process of conditioning an animal to a given response. Of course, long before Pavlov's experiments, people had made efforts to control other people's minds and obtain desired responses from them. Torture chambers are not the inventions of either the Russians or the Germans, for they were used long before the twentieth century. But not much was known about the working of the mind of the person being punished. This study has now become a science that can be used in many ways.

"masters" of our minds

Dr. Charles W. Mayo told the United Nations, "The tortures used, . . . although they include many brutal physical injuries, are not like the medieval torture of the rack and the thumbscrew. They are subtler, more prolonged, and intended to be more terrible in their effect. They are calculated to disintegrate the mind of an intelligent victim, to distort his sense of values, to a point where he will not simply cry, 'I did it!' but will become a seemingly willing accomplice to the complete disintegration of his integrity and the production of an elaborate fiction."

Such torture methods destroy the manhood in man and make him no more than a puppet to be manipulated as his torturers wish. The highly intelligent and educated person is, strangely enough, often a more sure victim than a man with less education and intelligence, but with a strong religious belief to which to cling.

We rightly cringe under the very thoughts of such mental torture, for it means more than mere physical torture. Under physical pain the sufferer often becomes unconscious and does not feel the pain.

The mass influence attempted upon entire groups of people is dependent upon the same psychological process. Hitler was acquainted with this procedure and used it, especially on peoples in conquered territory. The Russians use it on their own people, and try to prevent their thinking for themselves or daring to question what is done by the higher-ups. The same psychology is used at political conventions and by politicians striving for votes.

For that matter, it is also the same method that is used by advertisers. There is a mass appeal in sheer numbers. Although the party thrown by the governor of California preceding the 1956 Republican Convention may prove a boomerang, it served the purpose at the time by its appeal to numbers. There were not enough champagne glasses in California to serve the guests at the party, so the governor had to go elsewhere and get them. It was indeed a fine appeal to numbers, to the slogan "Everybody's Doing It," and doubtless made its intentional appeal to champagne-drinking homes throughout the nation. For the politicians it was an effort to influence the thoughts and acts of those at the party and those in their homes looking at their television set. For the whisky and wine manufacturers, it was an effective piece of mass suggestion.

It is known that tone and sound in speech have a conditioning quality. Even our pets respond to the kind of speech we use in speaking to them. We can hurt their feelings, as every lover of dogs knows. We tell a person, "It isn't what you say, but how you say it." The "Welcome" sign on the door of the office may be defied by the voice that answers our knock. The villain can smile and smile, and still remain a villain. Many people have eventually become suspicious of the Russian high official's smile. Give him a few drinks of vodka, and he may reveal the treacherous nature that he has been trying to cover up.

Words and like symbols are used in mass conditioning, especially through

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"A MAN IS LIKE A RABBIT;
YOU CATCH HIM BY THE EARS."

CALVIN T.
RYAN, M.A.



propaganda and indoctrination. Although communist China made it illegal for any of the Chinese to use opium, they smuggled the drug into other countries to debauch the people. After Thailand complained to the United Nations, the Chinese shifted from opium to words, that is, to propaganda.

It should be obvious by now that Christians in our land are subjected to fears and anxieties even more destructive than the H-bomb, and that the

“cold war” is actually reaching into the daily lives of harmless citizens. We think in words and communicate in words and other symbols. Therefore those who tell us what to think also tell us what to say. The press, radio, and television have become “masters” of our minds. They tell us repeatedly, “Beer belongs,” and we have to throw up a barrier to keep ourselves and our families from believing it.

A grandfather was relating a conver-

sation at the table where his three grandchildren were eating their dinner. All three are under teen age, but their conclusion was that when they “got big” they were going to drink beer rather than whisky, because beer “wouldn’t hurt them.” Unprompted, these children were simply drawing conclusions from what they had heard and what they had read.

A mature, highly respected man said to the writer recently, “You can’t tell

Now I Can Wear a Short-Sleeved Shirt

Dennis L. Renz

“**I** NCE an addict, always an addict.” I had heard that proverb so many times that I believed it was true. Yes, I was an addict.

I started using the devil’s powder when I was sixteen years old, a tender age when most kids are thinking of baseball and growing up. Why did I start? That’s like asking why a tourist visiting Britain drinks tea. In the city where I lived, you weren’t one of the gang if you didn’t have a long track of needle marks on your arm. It was a must if you wanted to belong.

Of course, the reason for my addiction lies much deeper than that. Patterns of behavior are developed from birth, and taking drugs is an effect of many causes. “Addiction,” a psychiatrist once told me, “is one of the mechanisms men use when they wish to escape reality. Another is alcohol. A man seeks to escape reality when he becomes such a coward he can no longer face the world or himself. His choice of method is governed by his personality training and the degree of escape he desires. Thus you have the people who escape only occasionally, such as the social drinker. And you have the few extremists such as the confirmed alcoholics and the drug addicts.”

To his face I agreed with him. Behind his back I laughed in typical addict fashion. Since then I have found that the answer to the problem of addiction lies within the addict himself. Until he realizes that he and not the world must change, he’ll remain a slave to the powers of evil.

At first my “habit” was easy to handle. I had only to use narcotics occasionally and in small quantities. I prided myself in the fact that I was smarter than anyone else and that I would never get hooked like the rest of my friends. Then one morning a

strange thing happened. I woke up with my nose running and my eyes watering. My body ached as if I had been beaten with iron rods, and my brain was a ball of fire. The “monkey” had a death grip on me. I was hooked.

By stealing and cheating I managed to stay ahead of the habit for quite a while, at the cost of my pride, my self-respect, and the esteem of everyone who had cared for me. I stole from my mother and cheated my friends. I became a depraved, rotten shell of a human being, living a sordid existence in back alleys and dark doorways. It was a year before the law finally caught me with someone else’s property, and in that time I had built a casual habit into a soul-devouring monster.

Because of my youth and comparatively clean past record, the court allowed me to commit myself to a hospital for the cure. At the hospital I received the best of treatment, both physical and mental. I was assigned a psychiatrist, and together we went over my past to find out what had contributed to my downfall. As a patient I progressed beautifully, so much so that in about five months I was discharged with a certificate in my pocket that said I was cured, and I had the best intentions of remaining that way. It was a wise man who said, “The road to hell is paved with good intentions,” for in a month I was on the stuff again.

Needless to say, this cycle was repeated many times. As I became well known to everyone as a confirmed addict, the police found it easier to keep track of me because no one wanted me around and would call them to keep me away. Consequently I spent more and more time behind bars. During the periods that I was confined, I would try many ways to beat the habit. I consulted psychiatrists and attended end-



less therapy sessions. I read continually on the subject, but to no avail. Every time I was freed and left to my own resources, I would be right back on the stuff.

One day a casual prison acquaintance gave me a book to read. He knew my problem because he had a similar one of his own. It was a simple book that had been written by a clergyman for alcoholics. I read it once, then I read it again. Here was a philosophy of life that I could understand—no high-sounding medical terms and definitions, just everyday common sense. Basically, all it asked was that I face reality and have faith in God. I had never had much religious training or experience, but all else had failed, so why not give it a try? I was locked up at the time, and I decided I couldn’t find a more appropriate moment to start. From that day forward I began building faith in myself, in my fellow man, and faith in a right and better way of life.

How has it worked? I won’t fool anyone and say it has been easy. I spent many sleepless nights, tossing and turning in my bed, when the yen was on me so hard I would be almost hysterical. But each successful battle was a stone in the solid foundation. Each time I conquered myself the next encounter was made easier.

Now? Well, when I walk down the street in the summertime, I can wear a short-sleeved shirt because there have not been any needle marks on my arm for years.

people these days that it is a sin to drink." That man has been thoroughly conditioned, and if *he* has, there are many others.

In a country where ready-made opinions are handed out to the people through all kinds of mass communication, they are sure eventually to make the required pattern in the brain. So whether it is soap or champagne, or even champagne glasses, "Big Brother's voice resounds in all the little brothers." The masses of people, even in a democracy such as ours, can be incited to think in a definite pattern. In communist China the radios are constantly broadcasting "the official truth," and in a sugary voice that makes it like an incantation. A Frenchman once said,—and long before we had radios and loudspeakers,—"A man is like a rabbit; you catch him by the ears."

One virtue of our democracy is that it tries to apply psychology to the learning process in such a way that men and women become independent and mature by enlisting their conscious aid. For instance, we are told, "One indication of strength in a personality is that one can be alone, walk alone, think alone, and feel alone." Toward such an end our churches and educational institutions constantly work. Not so in a totalitarian country.

However, the higher aim is often interfered with by all sorts of prejudices, all sorts of propaganda, and all sorts of advertising. Intelligence is belittled. "Men of Distinction" use only a particular brand of whisky, we are told, and for real Southern hospitality and sociability you must use another brand.

Not only are words intoxicating and used for shaping men's minds, but drugs are also used. The growing use of sedatives is alarming. The person who shuts out his troubles and the perplexities of modern life by taking a sleeping pill is not far removed from the person who uses narcotics for the same purpose. Manufacturers of drugs propagandize every doctor whose name they can get. Their desks are littered day after day with samples and advertisements of this or that gadget, and this of that sure cure.

Drugs may seem like miracle tablets to their users, for they give them "a passive and magic solution" to all their problems. But there must be something wrong with a man's way of living if he has to resort to such "miracles" for escape.

Whole communities may become affected or infested. Take prejudice, for instance. Here it is the Negro. There it is a Catholic. Over there it may be any foreigner. A mass hysteria may hold the group in its clutches. We read

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about the Greek Bacchanalia and the dance fury of the Middle Ages. Restrictions upon a people often break out in some hideous or pathetic form of hysteria. The people want real happiness, but go about getting it in a way that can only bring more unhappiness.

One form of intemperate living automatically leads to another form. Pills lead to more pills. Words lead to more words. Trying to run away from oneself is about the silliest thing a man can do. It is a real accomplishment these days when a person can be happy alone. Beset on all sides by propaganda, deafened and blinded by "commercials," a man must be able to build up barriers to save his own soul.

We look for science to give us a brave new world, but it was Jesus who said, "Behold, *I* make all things new." That means, I think, not only a new world, a new society, a new environment, but a new man as well. We must look in the right direction and to the right source for our complete happiness.

NARCOTICS EDUCATION

(Continued from page 15)

funds, current expenditures for instruction are provided from some source other than these statutes.

The majority (thirty states) have statutes that provide no penalty for failure to comply with the instructional requirements. Since all these statutes were classified as mandatory laws, it is concluded that, as a rule, statutes speci-

fying required narcotics instruction have failed to provide adequate enforcement stipulations.

The majority (thirty states or 65.2 per cent) prescribe physiology and hygiene as the courses with which narcotics instruction is to be correlated. However, there is a noticeable trend in rewriting these laws to omit "physiology and hygiene" from the statute. Therefore it is imperative that curriculum directors, supervisors, administrators, and teachers not only know the law, but make provision for narcotics instruction in the curriculum as specified by the statute.

Most of the statutes do not allocate a specific amount of time for classroom instruction on narcotics. The lack of such specific allocation adds to the danger that the emphasis might be inadequate.

This study revealed that nearly all statutes specify that narcotics instruction must begin in the elementary school, and practically as many include this instruction also for the secondary level.

Approximately one fourth of the existing statutes require a textbook which must meet certain acceptable standards set up for instructional material about narcotics, including alcohol.

The study found that "narcotics" is a term common to all statutes; whereas "alcohol" is most frequently referred to, among other terms, as "alcoholic drinks." Accordingly, the statutes place equal emphasis on these terms, and do not indicate stress on one term at the expense of the other.

Most frequently the responsibility



Lights On!

Harry J. Miller

Cracking down on the dimly lighted bars and taprooms of Tampa, Florida, the city's vice-squad police are now armed with light meters similar to those used by photographers to judge the necessary light intensity for picture taking.

Since a new ordinance calls for minimum lighting, the light meters are used to check Tampa barrooms. The new law requires these bars to maintain a minimum of "three foot-candles of power."

It is fully expected that the knowledge that police can check their lighting accurately, will force the dispensers of liquor to brighten up their dives so youngsters will be discouraged from entering. Pity it is that a major industry needs such drastic measures to keep it law-abiding!



Creating Business by a Deficiency

The Normandy Kitchen, one of Minneapolis' most famous eating places, has a deficiency, and is proud of it. In fact, this lack is a major reason for its huge patronage.

Openly advertised as "the steakhouse without liquor," the Kitchen is nationally known for its Henry VIII burgers and its large pies made of hand-peeled apples. It has become a "teen-age spot" to which young folk repair for their postgame snacks and meals, especially on Saturday and Sunday nights. Parents have developed assurance that the Kitchen is a wholesome place for their teen-agers.

The Normandy Kitchen, opened in 1946, has used its no-liquor slogan (not even beer) to create business. "It tends to put a stigma on liquor, especially in the

minds of young people," says John F. Noble, president of Hotel Normandy, which operates the Kitchen, not as part of the hotel, but in the hotel dining room next door.

Comparatively small in size (seating 100), the Kitchen is giant in reputation, known coast to coast, recommended by Duncan Hines. "It is evident," Mr. Noble declares, "that merchandise can be sold without liquor as well as with it, if not better, and certainly more inexpensively.

"Moreover, the absence of liquor tends naturally toward a more attractive and wholesome atmosphere. That is the reason we have from the very beginning had no hesitation in publicizing this 'deficiency'—if you call it that."

for providing a program of instruction which complies with the legal requirement lies with the local school board; thereafter, instruction becomes the duty of the teacher. Some statutes charge local and state public-school administrators with a portion of this responsibility.

Every statute specifies in some degree the instructional work required, and the majority make some provision for direction as to how the task is to be achieved. This being so, it appears that the greatest strength in the statute might be in specifying the task to be done. From this point forward, however, the statutes reveal a lack of direction in conveying specific stipulations that could aid in carrying on the intent of the law.

Only a few states have statutes that require submitting a report in review of the narcotics instructional program. The majority of statutes do not emphasize any periodic report which would aid the properly designated school officials to summarize and evaluate the effectiveness of the program.

There are only a few statutes (Iowa, Montana, Washington) with technical misconceptions involving clarity of terms. Therefore the laws are generally well written and clearly state the will of the legislature.

Leadership in the production and publication of instructional materials at the state level is almost unanimously vested in the state superintendent of public instruction or a like official. At this level it is often delegated to the

state director of health, physical education, and recreation; or, in a few instances, to a director of narcotics and/or alcohol education, whose services are available through the state department of education.

Most of the materials were found to be of the instructional guide type of publication, devised to assist the classroom teacher in meeting instructional requirements.

This study found the committee technique to be common practice in the production of instructional material at the state level. This being so, the resources and talents of a selected group can give a more comprehensive interpretation to the problems of instruction as well as to the materials themselves.

There is considerable emphasis in such publications at the state level to orienting the teacher in narcotics instruction. Thus, in planning such publications, the problem of teacher orientation must be adequately anticipated and the instructional materials must attempt to provide suitable assistance in meeting this need. It would follow, then, that the inclusion of orientation procedure is a necessary feature in that it should establish a continual and logical emphasis on narcotics instruction in the over-all program.

Specific correlation of narcotics instruction with existing subject areas was found to be the most common general approach used in these materials. As the matter stands, effective narcotics instruction will probably continue to be emphasized in related subject areas in

addition to being included in physiology and hygiene courses.

The subject content of the materials was always found to include the "effect" of either narcotics or alcohol, or both. The inclusion of such subject matter is concluded to be in unanimous agreement with the statutory requirement. Any noticeable disagreement comes into focus when the materials exclude one of these legally required items.

The study found a considerable inclusion of materials which predominantly concern alcohol instruction. It is concluded that the alcohol problem merits more concern than other narcotics because of the greater prevalence of alcohol-related social problems.

The inclusion of a bibliography for either the pupil or the teacher, or both, was found to be the most common resource in the publications. By reason of such extensive use of the bibliography, it is evident that easy access to the opinions and findings of experts in this area could provide ample additional material for study by the pupils.

From the extensive scope and findings of this study, several recommendations are in order for the future development and conduct of the narcotics instruction program.

States desiring to study their narcotics instruction area should secure the sympathetic interest of the state superintendent of public instruction, who should in turn appoint a capable and resourceful committee to study and recommend such action as might be

necessary: (a) to enable the program of instruction to function effectively under existing laws, or (b) upon the discovery of inadequate legislation to formulate laws to remedy the lack.

As a matter of professional ethics, every public-school teacher and administrator should accept the inferred as well as the legal responsibility delegated by the statutes in such a manner that his personal life exemplify the integrity of such teaching.

In order to be acceptable, narcotics instruction laws should (a) specify what is to be done, (b) offer adequate methods for achieving the task, (c) provide necessary funds and resources for implementing instruction, and (d) require a progress report to be made to the state superintendent of public instruction accounting for the effectiveness of such instruction. An additional statute should prescribe the necessary training extended by institutions of higher education for the preparation of instructional personnel.

Adequate enforcement procedures, which lead to severe consequences for failure to comply with the law, should be imposed in such a manner as to guarantee satisfaction of the law.

In instances where unsatisfactory agreement exists between the statute and the instructional material, such materials should be revised to conform to the statutory requirement.

The states requiring the use of textbooks as a "cover-all" device for meeting the instructional requirement, should investigate the subject matter, and approach an evaluation procedure contained therein not only to secure the best scientific information available but to eliminate propaganda or slanting tactics often found in this material.

All addiction-producing drugs, including beverage alcohol, should be studied under the unified heading of narcotics education. This is the trend in those states whose programs are of noticeable consequence.

Since a great deal of responsibility for the inclusion of such instruction is legally delegated to the local school board, an intensive study of these statutes and directives should be undertaken on this level.

Appropriate display of available materials is recommended for educational institutes and conventions, so that teachers may have firsthand access to information, resources, and consultant service in connection with narcotics instruction.

Only with the co-operation of all organizations and persons concerned can the public-school instructional program be made truly effective and successful.

THIRD QUARTER

College of Hope

BRUCE F. BAXTER

IT WAS a cool March evening in the gateway district of Minneapolis. In the Harbor Light Mission there were some off-key notes as the band played, but it didn't seem to matter. The spirit was there!

In the audience sat the forgotten men of skid row. Forgotten? Not quite! Haltingly, questioningly they had come in and sat down, to witness a unique event—the first graduation of the Skid Row Seminary!

On January 31, 1956, this seminary, first school of its kind in the country, was officially opened. On hand for the first general session were Minneapolis Mayor Eric G. Hoyer and Lieutenant Colonel T. Herbert Martin, divisional commander of the Salvation Army.

The plan behind the school was to train a group of men from skid row who could in turn help their neighbors. With a new-found life of salvation and sobriety, these men would act as a "hard core" to assist other men living on this avenue of misplaced fortune.

So a three-month course was undertaken, classes being held every Tuesday and Thursday in the Harbor Light Center. The school opens with a forty-five-minute general assembly, speakers being featured each week during this time.

The group then divides into three classes: The first learns about the Bible and Christian living. The second group deals with traffic safety, hygiene, and citizenship. The third centers its discussion around the problems of alcoholism and their implications in modern society.

The Bible class is taught by student pastors. Teachers for the other classes come from the ranks of the civil service, medicine, law enforcement, social work, and psychiatry.

So, on March 29, lilies decorated the mission, and the band played a hymn as the graduates entered. The triumphant twenty-two came down the aisle to the stage one by one, dressed in the academic black caps and gowns. One was in his early twenties, a baggy yellow sweat shirt showing under his gown. Some had on new white shirts and were clean-shaven. One, tall and white-bearded, resembled an Old Testament prophet. They were of different ages and backgrounds, but they had many things in common. Their heads were all held high, and courage and pride shone in their eyes.

The judges and other dignitaries spoke, and the teachers who had been working with the graduates beamed proudly.

The graduates received their diplomas, tied with blue ribbons. Colonel Martin closed the ceremony with, "This graduation is not the end; it is just the beginning!"

Indeed it was only the beginning. The twenty-two graduates now have jobs and are assisting other unfortunates on this boulevard of shattered personalities.

In this way, through the efforts of dedicated leaders, this "college of hope" shows the forgotten men of skid row that they are being remembered.



FACING THE NARCOTICS MENACE

(Continued from page 17)

commit suicide by deliberately taking an overdose. This happens when he becomes so ashamed and depressed by a miserable, troubled life that he feels there is no other way out.

Shocking it is that criminal peddlers have been known to give drugs mixed with poison to customers who they believe may give information to police authorities.


The horrible state that drug addicts fear more than anything else is withdrawal illness. It is no wonder they will beg, borrow, or steal to avoid it; for when morphine, heroin, or other opiate is abruptly stopped, the hellish nightmare begins. After fourteen hours the victim's eyes and nose begin to run. Yawning is excessive, and heavy sweating starts. Pupils of the eyes get large, and goose flesh appears. These symptoms intensify for about twenty-

The Master's Test

Grace Cash

He bears the burdens given him
Across the desert land,
Or anywhere his master bids,
The camel is at hand.
So silently, so meekly borne,
The camel wends his way;
Yet he kneels for full release
At end of every day.

Men, too, are burden bearers here,
And oft the way grows dim;
But trusting ones may find release
If they will follow Him—
The One who said, "Come unto Me,
And I will give you rest;"
Yet leaving all to follow Him—
This is the Master's test.



four hours. Then in twelve more hours the really severe symptoms set in—excruciating cramps in the legs, back, and abdomen, and painful muscle twitching. Along with these go vomiting, diarrhea, loss of appetite, fever, and a rapid loss of weight.

Between forty-eight and seventy-two hours after his last dose, the addict reaches his peak of suffering. Then for the next five to ten days the suffering quiets down. During this period, addicts may become so ill and utterly miserable that they wish they would die, but seldom do. They are too sick to act violently, and usually are able

to keep a comparatively clear mind. Opiates are locked up, however, if the addict is in a medical institution, for addicts may do almost anything to get relief from agonies and sufferings.

Can an addict be recognized? No, not for sure. Even a doctor is not sure until after close observation and laboratory tests. Unless a person admits to being an addict, his family may be completely unaware of his condition.

Where can the addict get proper treatment? If he is *really addicted*, treatment must be in a hospital where the drug is kept out of reach; for, sad to say, he has no control whatsoever over his desire for drugs. The U.S. Public Health Service hospitals, for example, take great care to keep narcotics from being smuggled in.

Addicts must remain in a hospital for a fairly long period of time. They can be taken through withdrawal in a matter of days or weeks, but that is only the beginning of the treatment. The real "cure" comes when the patient is rehabilitated, when his attitudes are changed. Unless this is done, the recovery is not likely to be permanent.

The first, and probably most uncomfortable, part of treatment, going through withdrawal illness, is made more tolerable by another drug, *methadone*, administered in progressively smaller amounts at increasing intervals, with intravenous use of glucose when severe vomiting or diarrhea occurs. This process requires a week or ten days, and the patient must be closely observed and controlled. Even under the best of circumstances, there is absolutely no pleasant way of getting off drugs.

Research has shown that an addict's body does not return to normal until at least six months after the last dose. It is generally believed that hospital treatment should last for four and a half months, and experience indicates that those who stay from four to six months have the best chance to remain cured.

Vitally important is the treatment of physical defects and chronic diseases. Because of this, the second part of the "cure" must also be in an institution where the patient can receive right medical and dental care. Even young and healthy addicts require a period of convalescence to regain former health.

Following the return of a normal appetite, and after a period of rest, the patient is ready for his next phase. The basic sources of discomfort which made the drug useful to him are dealt with, the original motivation eliminated, or the patient is likely to resume his use of the drug whenever he is uncomfortable or unhappy.

Group therapy has proved worth

while in working with drug addicts, as have also occupational therapy, education, and recreation. The patient is thus given every chance to build skills and interests to help him get along with other people after his release and counteract the loneliness typical of drug addicts and chronic alcoholics. Many then will learn to deal with their own troubles and live healthfully outside the hospital by substituting a religious or spiritual force.

How can an addict get treatment? If he can afford it, there are private hospitals that will give him the necessary care. The doors are always open, however, at the Federal Security Agency's U.S. Public Health Service hospitals at Lexington, Kentucky, and Fort Worth, Texas.

Girls and women are treated only at the Lexington hospital. Patients are required to stay at least four and a half months before they may leave as cured. If they need help when discharged, they are given train fare and new clothing. No distinction is made in the treatment of prisoners and volunteers or paying and nonpaying patients. Those who are able to do so pay \$5 a day, only a small part of the charge made by private organizations.

When an addict is released and returns to his home, he needs an extra measure of sympathy and co-operation from his family, friends, school, and community. He should keep interested and busy, away from places and people who brought on the original addiction. He must find healthy new interests, make new friends, and frequently get an entirely different job, to stay clear from the old atmosphere. Music, reading, hobbies, and all types of healthful recreation and athletics help, for the more varied interests he can develop the better he will be.

There are things all of us can and should do about addiction. We can take care of ourselves, using drugs only if prescribed by a qualified physician. Never should we let anyone talk us into experimenting with drugs for a "kick."

We must help others realize that it is stupid and sheer foolishness to toy with drugs. We must speak up when we hear anyone say that drugs are harmless.

Moreover, we must all support our local, state, and Federal narcotics laws. Law-enforcement personnel need the encouragement of the public.

Above all, parents must be acquainted with the greatest of all preventive measures—a satisfactory home environment. Young people given a normal heritage, emotionally stable parents, sufficient love and understanding, freedom for normal emotional growth, will rarely become drug addicts.

A Cracked Maple

Theodore Simonson

A HIGH, screaming wind had bent the tall trees in the hollow below the dormitories. On my way to work I had paused at the sign reading "Kingsfield Mental Hospital" and looked down into the hollow. One of the maples had gone over, leaving a white gash of splinters.

Now, on the ward, over the drone of Teddy Arthur's manic monotone, I could hear the wind outside still moaning. Some of the patients listened to it as they sat in their big oak chairs along the wall. The alcoholics kept up a steady run of small talk, stale jokes, and ribald laughter to drown out the sound of it. Jamieson, the drug addict, dragged at his cigarette in silence, then held it in trembling fingers as he exhaled. I made a mental note to keep my eye on him. There might be a little trouble later.

"I believe you're not listening to me," Williams said, fumbling with the corner of his gown abstractedly.

Williams was fifty-three, cracked-toothed, in-co-ordinated, his mind shattered by dissipation. Pathetically he carried about with him the tattered remnants of a culture and sensitiveness that once, a few short years before, had gone to make up a successful and accomplished businessman.

"O.K." I said. "How about a game of checkers, Bill?"

Around the hard oaken rim of the room there was the cackle of dry laughter as Bill staggered toward the center table, clutching the white sheet he had half-wrapped around him toga style. As if absurd, fumbling Bill Williams could collect himself enough for a game of checkers!

But absently I thought it would do him some good, tie up some lost memory, complete some hidden chain. It's easy to play the amateur psychiatrist on a mental hospital ward. The most illiterate attendant must guard against it. The most objective doctors must beware lest they be caught playing the role of benefactor. It is too easy to walk into this wasteland where no flowers grow, walk through its great arid silences, listen professionally to the jungle throb of a distant pulse, and gaze unseeing into a thousand lost faces.

I should have seen that Williams's in-co-ordination was heightened by indecision. When he ate food, he ate with a sense of panic. He could never make up his mind which food to eat first in the various sections of his tray. He would touch each portion lightly with his fingers in quick indecisive move-

ments until finally it was mixed in a sloppy conglomeration.

I was involved in a laugh when it happened. I was looking on life from a high platform, notebook in hand and laughing genially when Williams was caught between two moves. He stared at them, trying to decide which to move. His hand, shuttling back and forth, came to no decision. It just shook, kept shaking, and suddenly Williams began a seizure. His undilated pupils snapped back and forth, literally "jumping" against the white of the eye. His body grew tense. Every muscle began the ancient ritual, the ragged, naked rhythm of the convulsion.

I half carried him to a bench and turned him on one side so saliva would not choke in his throat. Finally the attack subsided into a vague trembling. His pupils continued to jump as if, between some hidden battery terminals, his mind jerked and was burned in a torturous electric rhythm. I took his pulse and whistled, looked up at the other two attendants, Poole and Kesting. They looked down, silently waiting.

Five minutes later Williams was seized again. His back arched in board-like stiffness, breaking finally into machine-gun-rapid convulsions that shook him like a loose shutter. After a third attack we carried him into the gray side room and laid him down on the bed opposite the single window. Over the phone I heard the doctor tell Kesting, "It won't be long now. He probably won't last the night."

A hard lump grew in my throat. I had "adopted" Bill Williams just because the other attendants considered him a nuisance. I had washed him in a tub like a baby and fed him three times a day with a spoon. He didn't know who I was. He even forgot his own name, but in rare moments of clarity he had called me his dearest friend.

But could you honestly call it "friendship," the kind of relationship you have with a mind-shattered creature, the ghost of a real, live person? I looked out the window into the barren courtyard where the patients sunned themselves on good days. Dead leaves skidded and twisted, spun in dizzy pirouettes. The sky was cold blue and white.

But Bill Williams had been a human being once. Once his nerves and muscles were as sound as mine, back when he could "hold his liquor" with the best of them, back when drugs were an exciting game played by the really daring. He had never even dreamed about a

mental hospital *then*. Rich, successful, talented, he had had everything.

I looked out toward the gray wind-lashed hills that made the horizon. Just beyond was a great city. People were going to work and coming home. Men were buying newspapers on street corners. Women were shopping on busy avenues. In gay music-filled bars people were raising drinks and laughing. Nobody was thinking about gray stone walls and high wire windows and big oak chairs—big and oak so they can't be used as a weapon.

Finally, I turned from the window. Bill's eyes focused for a second, and he looked at me. A faint smile cracked across his face, and he said, "My dearest friend." Then he was gone again.

I sat down beside the bed, took the hand of my friend, and began to pray.

WOMAN WITH THE PACKAGES

(Continued from page 17)

my cab was being followed. I shot down a side street, out across town. The pursuing car held tight to the trail. So I decided that the first thing I had better do was to get the package to its destination. If I headed for the police station, I doubted not that the pursuing car would rush alongside, and I would go out in a burst of machine-gun fire.

The next two days my wife, Molly, and I discussed the situation. She was badly frightened. So was I. She was opposed to going to the police. She felt that I was being watched. She was sure she had seen a couple of men keeping our home under surveillance, but we did agree that if another call came in, I would ignore it.

For three nights nothing occurred. Many patrons liked to have certain cabbies handle their business, and I had some who asked for me. So when a call came in the fourth night after I was threatened and followed, from one of the more fashionable sections of town with the request that Teddie be sent, I had no suspicions. I was driving along slowly trying to figure just where the number was when a woman stepped out from behind a tree and hailed me. I stopped. Then I recognized her.

She handed me the parcel and a bill. "405 East Lane Road," she snapped out curtly. "Be quick, Buddy. You're being watched. The slightest attempt at double cross, and it's rat-tat-tat for you. You get fifty a trip now. If you squeal or quit your job, you'll go out like a light. Be smart. When things get too hot, we'll pull out of this town and you'll be free. Till then watch your step."

What could I do? I pulled away. I

didn't need a clairvoyant to tell me I was involved in a nasty, dangerous situation. The man to whom I had delivered the first package had muttered something about drawings. Drawings of what?

I drove slowly. I couldn't tell whether I was being followed or not, but I couldn't see any pursuing car lights. Then I had a sudden idea. I drove for home. I would open the package and see what it contained.

Molly was deadly frightened when she found out I had been summoned again. But she agreed that we should examine the contents of the package. If it contained drawings of what appeared

to be Government secrets, then it was up to us to go to the FBI, come what may.

We removed the outer paper, disclosing a box a trifle larger than a shoe box. We lifted the lid off. There was a mass of newspaper packing. In the center was a small box about six inches by six inches by two inches high. Then the door chimes rang, at that time of night.

I must have turned lettuce green. Molly was pasty white. Then came a terrific pounding on the door. Molly finally answered while I tried to hide the box. "It's the police, thank God," Molly called back.

Two squad car officers and three

plain-clothes men entered. I was thankfully relieved, but for a few seconds only.

"We've got the rest of your gang, buddy," one of them sang out. "The woman, the guy on East Lane Road, the woman's contact man, and now you. We've been trailing you for two weeks. Where's the stuff?"

I got the box from the cupboard where I had hidden it. They ripped away the paper, pulled off the lid. "As nice a cache of heroin as I've ever seen. Come along." Bewilderedly stupefied, I said nothing as they snapped handcuffs over my wrists.

Despite the convincing manner in which I poured forth my story, and Molly's sincere heart-rending corroboration of it, I was indicted by the Federal grand jury and forced to stand trial.

The gang apparently laid the intervention of the narcotics agents and the police to me. So they swore I was one of them. The woman testified that I had offered to act as go-between in order to pull down big money, that I was virtually one of them because I was fully aware of the nature of the packages I was delivering. Despite my straightforward story and Molly's convincing testimony, I was found guilty. In black despair I appeared before the Federal judge for sentence.

He handed me two to five years. Then came his voice again: "I am convinced that you told the truth at your trial. Therefore, I am suspending sentence. You are to report to me personally every three months for two years. I hope my confidence in you is not misplaced."

I'll stick to schoolteaching hereafter to the end of my days.

Two Thirds of the Battle

C. E. Swinney

On July 8, 1944, I was rolled into the operating room of a hospital for major surgery. I remained on the operating table for more than three hours. After being brought back to my hospital room, I soon developed black gas. A stomach pump was kept in my stomach for more than eighteen days, and I was swollen all over. During those days the doctors gave me shots of morphine every three hours. After the poison gas disappeared, infection set in, and the morphine shots were continued.

When I got much better I could not sleep, so the doctors began giving me red capsules. I didn't know what they were at the time I began taking them. After going home I still could not sleep, so my family doctor continued the red capsules. When I was sent home, a place near my backbone was still running, necessitating treatment every other day. The doctor who treated me after I went home questioned me about sleeping, telling me I could never get well without plenty of sleep. He continued the red capsules, two each day.

The place near my backbone did not heal for three months. During that time I learned I was getting seconal capsules of 1½ grains. When the place in my back finally healed, I still could not sleep without the aid of the seconal capsules, which the doctors said I must have.

In about two years I decided to discontinue the use of seconals. I tried, but became so nervous I could not sleep or eat. I talked to a doctor and a pharmacist, and the pharmacist showed me a bottle containing a hundred seconals. On the bottle I read: "It might or might not be habit-forming." That statement, "might not be habit-forming," impressed me that they were not dangerous, so I continued to use them for two or three years more.

Then again I thought I would quit. After a day and a night without them, I began to see men walking around me and talking to me, and I would hear all kinds of noises. I went without them for twenty-three days and twenty-four nights; but my condition gradually grew worse, and the doctors put me back on them. I continued to take them for a total of eleven years.

But finally I decided again to quit. Since I was losing weight, and my memory was failing me, I imagined all kinds of things. I saw that something had to be done, and the one thing to do was quit using seconal capsules. When I talked to my family doctor, he recommended a weaker sedative to "taper off," but I soon saw that in that way I could never quit taking any kind of medication. So I simply made up my mind to quit, and for about a week I had a rough time; but after that time I could sleep and eat well. From then on I kept improving, and in a month I had no desire for the drug. I was back to normal for the first time in more than eleven years.

In all this experience I learned that the only way a person will ever quit is to get to the place where he wants to quit. To want to quit is two thirds of the battle. I tried quitting at least three times, but I finally came to the place I desired to quit; and I did—without too much difficulty. The last time was the only time I *really* wanted to quit.

The stick-to-it procedure is the only really effective and permanent victory.

BEER-GARDEN SURVEY

(Continued from page 20)

bers and every responsible citizen of the community. It is my belief that entertainment should be banned as a major attraction in the hotels. We should see that hotels are what they should be—places for accommodation. Moreover, it is my conviction that the restrictions as to age must be strictly enforced.

A large percentage of the adult community has failed the youth. These older persons have set the pace and example for drinking. So-called moderation by the father is not necessarily guaranteed in the son. Furthermore, neglect of basic moral principles in the home and failure to instill a fundamental religious faith in the young people of today have sown the seeds of dissatisfaction with high-principled living and has opened the way for the insidious intrusion of low health- and character-destroying habits. Herein lies the real root of the current problem.

Who Has The Button?

Madeline George

IF YOU ever find yourself hunting high and low for a button, or searching for a unique hobby, give a thought to Mrs. J. W. Rittenhouse of Washington, New Jersey; for she belongs to that ardent group of persons called button collectors.

And what buttons!—glass, metal, china, plastic, cloth, picture, and every

This unique hobby brought new zest to a severely handicapped life.

kind of button one can think of, and lots more one probably never thought of before! Her buttons include deep-set brass buttons illustrating stories or ideas, as well as buttons picturing noted people, such as George Washington and Queen Elizabeth.

If you chanced to attend the National Button Show in Philadelphia a year or so ago, you may have met Maude Rittenhouse. You would surely have noticed her, a charming, vivacious, happy woman in a wheel chair, for she is a victim of multiple sclerosis.

You would probably have noticed her exhibits, too, for with seven trays of buttons, she won six ribbons and a silver cup. Her entries were black glass buttons, transparent glass, lacy metals with mirror backs, a basket of flowers, a rose window, and religious symbols. Her calico button exhibit won her a cup.

Astonishing about Mrs. Rittenhouse is the fact that, after being paralyzed more than twenty years, she is gradually getting the use of her arms and legs again. Her crippled body is responding to her active, eager mind. Formerly she had the use of only one hand and arm; both legs and the other arm were useless. She had to be helped out of bed in the morning into a chair by the window, where she would sit all day with a desk pulled up in front of her. She would watch the students and teachers going back and forth from school. Many of them would wave as they went by or drop in to see her. Many of them became her lifelong friends.

When she wasn't visiting or watching, she would work on her buttons. She managed somehow to hold each button in her crippled hand and polish with her good hand. Then she attached the buttons to cards or placed them in boxes. She never lost heart or gave way to despair. Always she'd say, "I'll walk

again, you'll see." Now she can get around on both legs and use both arms. True, she dare not go very far alone, but her progress is remarkable, a testimony to her abiding faith in God, as well as her own persistence in a hobby that helps keep her mind occupied.

She had never heard of a button hobby when she started collecting about sixteen years ago. While she was cleaning out the old family button box, something seemed to tell her to put one of each kind in a separate box and start a collection. Then she told her friends and her neighbors, who added their bits from their old button boxes, which she offered to clean in exchange for one of each kind of button.

One day in a copy of the magazine *Hobbies* which her daughter Helen bought for her, Mrs. Rittenhouse noticed that she could buy, sell, and trade buttons. She soon became a fast friend of a dealer near her childhood home in Pennsylvania, learning from her of the National Button Society and its state clubs. She quickly joined and became engrossed in correspondence and in meetings. Some were held at her home; others she managed to get to if they were held near enough.

In 1949 she was made chairman of the shut-in division of the National Society, and was featured in the *National Button Bulletin*. She was also interviewed over radio.

Mrs. Rittenhouse says she has no way of judging the money value of the buttons. She doesn't even know for sure how many she has; she thinks about 25,000. She feels strongly, however, that their real value is the great influence they have been in helping her overcome her physical handicaps and in helping her to make friends and keep her interested in life. She has found her hobby very educational, too, for it has required considerable study to learn the stories connected with certain buttons, and the meaning of the various symbols on others.

While no doubt her hobby has done much to help her regain her health, there are other aspects of her life as important. She has always been a cleaning person, with no time or place in her life for such extraneous things as alcoholic beverages. "I just don't need alcohol," she says. "Life is so wonderful, anyway; why should I take something extra that would only do harm in the end?"

So instead of being a lonely shut-in,



Mrs. Rittenhouse holds the silver cup awarded her at the National Button Society Convention in Philadelphia.

or one who tries to wash her sorrows away in drink, Mrs. Rittenhouse is one of the happiest persons anyone would want to meet. "There is never a lonely or idle moment," she exclaims. "In fact, the days are far too short. I often wish that a day were forty-eight hours long. To me it is not the buttons I have collected, but the fine people I have met and the wonderful friends I have made.

"There is indeed something in a hobby for everyone!"

A NATION COMES OF AGE

(Continued from page 18)

far ahead of many other nations so far as the ban on alcoholic beverages is concerned. The official statement, signed by the King himself, reads as follows: "Dammam, Saudi Arabia
1 Dhu al-Qa'idah 1375
10 June 1956

"We thank God that wine and narcotics are absolutely and categorically prohibited in our Kingdom, Saudi Arabia. They are not permitted to be served in banquets or homes, by individuals or groups, and are religiously banned in accordance with the Shari'ah Law of Islam, as has been literally provided for in the Holy Koran. The importation and manufacture thereof are also prohibited. He who is guilty of importing, manufacturing, using, or dealing with alcohol or narcotics is subjected to the penalty of the religious code.

"We hope that all Islamic countries, nay, the whole world, will follow our steps for the purpose of relieving mankind of this scourge.

"We appreciate and admire every individual or group working to combat this plague.

"(Signed) SAUD."

Building on such convictions as expressed in this official statement, Saudi Arabia faces the future with the determination to develop those ideals which will most benefit its people. Such a development, in the words of King Saud I, "has just begun."

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fleeting picture of my dad and his search for something to be proud of. His mother didn't like to have him rush off without eating, but we promised to get something at the park.

"I'll take care of him," I promised, not thinking how silly it sounded. After all, Russ and I were the same age. But she had a look in her eyes I knew too well, and my promise did seem to reassure her.

We played two innings, and the freakish weather quit teasing. What I mean, it flat came undone! We were lucky to make it to a bus, where I found myself paired off with Russell.

"I'll bet you're starved," I said. "Looks as if you'll get to eat your mother's good supper after all."

He shook his head. "Might as well make a night of it since we're out."

I thought of his stepfather's reluctance to let him go, and remembered the apprehension in his mother's eyes.

"I think we'd better check in."

Russ wasn't the best friend I had in the world. Outside of baseball, we didn't have much in common. He was getting a reputation for wildness, and I guess he thought I was pretty much of a sissy. I had a morning-paper route, and usually stuck close to home in the evening so mom would not be alone. A couple of merchant seamen had come by just before I left that evening.

We got off in town to transfer, and that's where the trouble began. In the first place we got off in front of a liquor store. Any other time that would have been O.K. But then two seamen came out, those friends of mom's. You know how it was during the war—a uniform was open sesame to anybody's front door. Mom had met these fellows somewhere, and they dropped around every time they made port.

"Little Joey!" They greeted me like a lost brother, although I was not keen on either of them. Then the big one shoved a half pint of liquor into my hand. I held it as if it were dynamite, and they just guffawed.

"Got to shove off, kid—can't take it aboard ship," the other explained.

"It's a present. Take it home with you," the big one called back.

I stood there helplessly, blinking back the angry tears. Russ grabbed the bottle and ducked between two windows of a closed shop. He had taken two long swigs before I could trust my voice.

"Hey, you mustn't do that, especially on an empty stomach!" I said belatedly.

He laughed and took another long draw.

There wasn't much left, but more than *he* ought to have. I couldn't pour the stuff out there; we were lucky not to have been seen as it was. So I did the only thing I could think of then.

It was my first taste of whisky. It went down like a live coal and exploded like a rocket in my chest.

We caught the next bus, but we hadn't gone more than three blocks when Russ began to holler, "Yippee!" That was all, but he shouted it lustily, and about every third breath. Everybody started giving us hard looks, and pretty soon the driver came back and told me we would have to get off.

I steered Russ over to a park. We were not far from home, but I wanted him to calm down. I couldn't take him home in that condition. I remembered the promise I had made his mother.

A Fool's Paradise

E. R. Kirk

"Drink from my bottle," the old soak said,

As the fumes flared up to his addled head;

"Drink from my bottle, 'twill even all scores—

Another wee nip, and the world is yours."

So he drank from his bottle until it was dry,

Then stumbled around with a blood-shot eye;

He lost his job, like a drunken lout—
Rolled in the gutter, down and out.

"Lend me a dollar," he begged near the last,

"My time for drink is now long past;
I'm all of a-shake, and my time is nigh"—

But the world that was his had passed on by.

Russ stretched out on a bench and shouted, "Yippee!" I got up and lost my supper. About that time a cop cruised by and hauled us down to the detention ward.

Russ never did say anything else. His "Yippees" kept getting fainter. I would have been O.K. if I hadn't been so worried about mom. I was afraid they were going to drag her down there yet. That cop was heading my way again.

"O.K., young feller, you'd better start thinking fast. We can't worry with you two all night."

I tried, but it was no good. I looked over at Russ. He was a sorry-looking mess, drooling like a teething kid, and wet from his head to his tennis shoes.

His tennis shoes! I had an idea.

"Hey—if those are his gym shoes, they'll have his name and maybe his telephone number in them!"

The cop looked at me like he wished he had thought of that two hours ago, and yanked them off. Poor old Russ! He'd fairly got some rough treatment and didn't know a thing about it.

His stepfather came right down. He looked as if he hadn't been asleep, so I guessed his wife hadn't either. They let him sign for me, and I helped him get Russ into the car. He didn't ask any questions, and I was too sick to attempt an explanation. I kept dreading to meet his wife's eyes when we carried Russ in, and I guess he did, too.

It was just as I thought it would be. Russ let out a pretty good "Yip" when we set his feet on the ground, but his legs were like jelly, so we carried him in. He muttered it again when we laid him on the couch, then he started to snore.

I groped desperately for words to comfort his mother, but you can't offer sympathy to anyone so rigidly composed. Her eyes were dark with pain and despair and something like self-reproach, but she held her head proudly as she covered him gently with a blanket. I hoped to know her better someday, but this was no time to begin.

The clean, rain-washed air felt good on my burning face as the six blocks to my house stretched before me. Again I could taste the liquid fire, and my stomach rebelled. My head felt light and empty; the turbulent thoughts beat on the outside, trying to get through to my brain. I kept seeing a woman's bewilderment, and I was hearing again my dad's monotone: "Don't ever take the first drink, the first drink, the first—"

I walked inside with heavy steps, not caring if I did wake mom. I no longer felt relieved for keeping her out of this. It might have been good for her, better than it was for Russ's mother. Again, it might have been rugged.

I turned on the light in her bedroom, half hoping she would stir. But I knew she wouldn't, not after those seamen had been here. I felt a sudden blinding rage, and for the first time I knew my dad's urge to hit the road.

For a long moment I looked down at her. She lay sprawled across the bed, her dark curls tumbled across the pillow, and there was a little flow of saliva drooling from her mouth—like Russ's.

Shivering, I snapped off the light. Long after I went to bed I could hear my dad's solemn voice saying over and over again, "But if you do turn out to be a drunkard, just remember—you didn't learn it from me!"



OPINIONS



Prostituting Nature

Reporting on new plans for advertising Rainier beer, Jim Miller, account executive and head of Miller, Mackay, Hoeck & Hartung, the Rainier agency, told distributors, "The spots were designed to seduce the consumer rather than hit him over the head with a club. But they will sell more than the noisy type." This referred to the scheme of using nature scenes as a background in TV spot advertising for their beer.

Social Tyrant

"We have reached the point where intoxicants have begun to tyrannize over much of modern social life. Their use is paraded in such a way as to suggest to the rising generation that no happy social life is possible without them.

"The resort to intoxicants by an ever-increasing number of people in ever-increasing quantities is clear evidence of their tyranny. Social drinking habits have thus been approved in the

minds of maturing youth. Not only is drinking given the stamp of approval, but it is surrounded with an aura of positive virtue."—Rev. W. F. Barfoot, Anglican Primate of All Canada.

Billions for Beer

"Schools are being held on short sessions, double shifts, by unqualified teachers, in garages, coal bins, basements, and abandoned churches, while we spend billions of dollars on highways, billions for beer, and billions for televisions to see soap operas."—President Carl J. Megel of the American Federation of Teachers.

Part of the Cure

"So far as I know, no one is going to get over alcoholism unless he very much wants to and will make great efforts to do so. As that wise old Roman, Seneca, said, 'It is part of the cure to wish to be cured.'"—Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, emeritus consultant in medicine, Mayo Clinic.

Blight on Nation's Capital

Some 40,000 arrests are made for drunkenness each year in the District of Columbia. About 16,000 of the cases were committed to serve time in the District jails.

More than 6,000 different patients have sought help from the Alcoholic Clinic since its establishment in 1950. In addition, 1,500 patients are admitted each year to the D.C. General Hospital.

In 1953 the nation's highest rate of alcoholism was recorded in the District—7.8 per 100 adults. Among males the ratio is 13.2; among females, 2.3.

In the face of this disgraceful spectacle, the *Washington Star*, second largest newspaper in the District, began accepting whisky, wine, and beer advertising on January 1, 1957, in this way creating, it claims, "a special opportunity for alcoholic beverage advertisers in the richest mass market in the nation." What industry in its right mind would be proud of the results of this "richest mass market"?

WOMEN BARTENDERS

"Does a woman have a constitutional right to be a bartender if she so desires?"

"As of now, the answer appears to be, No. . . ."

"This matter has come up in half a dozen cases in the past twenty years or so, and in each of them it has been held that no violation of individual constitutional rights occurred.

"Most recent of the cases was decided several weeks ago by the Supreme Court of New Jersey. It involved nineteen women bartenders of Hoboken who brought a test suit to determine the validity of a local ordinance which prohibits women from tending bars unless they are either the owner of the establishment or a close relative of the owner.

"In upholding the city ordinance the court noted that 'liquor traffic has problems of its own that are peculiarly related to the public health, safety, and morals.'

"What the court was driving at was the justification of

a law which, while clearly discriminatory, based its discrimination not on sex but on the need for public order.

"The reasoning behind the local law against women bartenders appears to be (1) that women may not possess the physical ability or mien to keep order and (2) that their presence in some instances may actually promote disorder.

"Where city ordinances reasonably rely on the public-order rationale, they are usually difficult to combat on a constitutional basis by persons or classes of persons who feel their rights are infringed thereby. This invariably seems to be true in women bartender cases.

"Of course, women have employment rights which cannot be denied because of sex. But in cases where the employment is apt to result in harm to the employee because she is a woman,—or to the public for the same reason,—discrimination in most jurisdictions is sanctioned by the law."—*Washington Star*, June 8, 1956.

Maker of Champions



"Athletes must keep themselves in top physical condition the year round to be able to give the game their best during the playing season. We coaches feel alcoholic beverages have absolutely no place in the life of an athlete. We forbid our boys the use of alcohol, and we hope they will refrain from using it for the rest of their lives."

W. W. ("WOODY") HAYES,
Coach, Ohio State University.

"Woody" Hayes has coached at Ohio State University since 1951, and has proved himself one of the nation's leading football strategists. His Buckeye teams won two successive undisputed Big Ten championships in 1954 and 1955. The 1954 national champions were undefeated in ten games and victorious in the Rose Bowl.

Hayes insists on flawless execution of minute details and meticulous pregame preparation. Soundness and simplicity are his characteristics. He stresses perfection of a few plays rather than great variety.

A natural psychologist and an astute judge of human ability, he well knows what contributes—and what detracts—from the making of champions.

Interview by

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