

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING

LeRoy Collins,
Governor, State of Florida





I Hate Them!

Elsa Maxwell, actress and song writer, who probably attends more parties than anyone else, has gone on record, both in articles and on the radio, that she detests cocktail parties. And she doesn't mince words! If a poll of public opinion were taken, it would be found that the population in general would be against cocktail parties, too.

Drinking and Throat Cancer

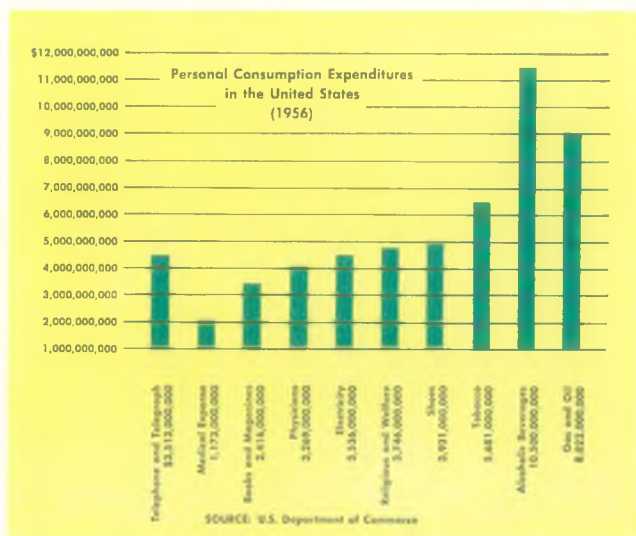
Heavy drinking, as well as heavy smoking, tends to increase a man's risk of developing cancer of the mouth and throat, according to Dr. Ernest L. Wynder of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research. Such an imbibor has ten times more risk of mouth or laryngeal cancer than has the nondrinker who smokes a comparable amount.

Look at the Picture

In Redding, California, all persons convicted of driving while intoxicated are required to study pictures of fatal traffic accidents. This is in addition to fines and jail sentences.

Money Inducement

In a study of food stores of New York State it was learned that in stores with a weekly gross volume of \$1,500 or more, beer sales had a profit per square foot of display space of \$2.15, with a 20 per cent markup. Bread showed a profit of \$1.11 per square foot. Soft drinks produced a profit of 78 cents per square foot with a 29 per cent markup.



Wet Washington, D.C.

Washington, D.C., police arrest ten times as many drunks today as they did back in 1900. However, the population in the nation's capital has increased only threefold since then, when 4,188 persons were arrested. In 1956 this had jumped to 39,506, a steady climb.

Too Busy for Defense

In Darien, Connecticut, Civil Defense Director Joseph Ward blames the sorry status of the civil defense program there on too many cocktail parties. "Cocktail parties, morning and afternoon teas, and coffee take up far too much of the time of the residents of this community," he says. "When we ask for only a few hours a month of volunteer service, they're always too busy and can't afford the time."

One in Eight

One out of every eight persons in the United States is an alcoholic, says Austin MacCormick, University of California professor and renowned criminologist. He emphasizes that the chronic drinkers, including their families, total 20,000,000 persons.

Television's Influence

In 1941 the Federal Communications Commission sanctioned commercial television. In the few years since then more than 45,000,000 Americans have bought TV sets. More time is spent watching television than in any other activity except sleep. Some 2,600,000,000 man-hours per week are spent before TV screens. In contrast, only 1,900,000,000 are spent in the business of earning a living.

In Great Britain there are 7,000,000 television sets; in West Germany, 1,000,000; France, 550,000; Italy, 550,000; Belgium, 200,000; Holland, 100,000; Denmark, 76,000; Switzerland, 25,000; Sweden, 25,000; Soviet Russia, from 1,300,000 to 1,500,000; and Japan, 700,000.

Losses in Industry

An estimated 3,500,000 man-hours is lost annually to Chicago industry through traffic accidents and traffic-law violations involving employees, reports the American Businessman's Research Foundation. If this is based on \$2 per man-hour the total is nearly \$7,000,000 in lost time alone. If every employee produced \$5 worth of goods, \$17,500,000 would be the loss for the year in time lost. Also, figuring conservatively that 25 per cent of accidents and traffic violations are due to alcohol, investigators estimate that \$4,375,000 was lost in Chicago from this cause during the year 1956 alone.

LISTEN

A Journal of Better Living

MAY-JUNE, 1958

Volume 11 Number 3

OUR COVER



"The governor was working in his study at home the day I was in Tallahassee, and for my two sessions with him he sent his private limousine with a trooper driving to bring me out to the governor's mansion. This is the kind of treatment I am not used to," comments Cecil Coffey on his visit to Governor Collins to get "Listen's" story. "After serving orange juice and cookies, the governor took me by the arm and showed me through the entire house."

"Listen's" informal portrait is by courtesy of the Florida State News Bureau.

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 6, United Press, Leo Friedman photo, Warner Bros.; page 7, Paramount Studio, United Press, Warner Bros.; page 8, Luoma; page 11, Moulin Studio; pages 12, 13, Three Lions; pages 13, 14, Orie Collins, Houston Chronicle photo; page 14, Houston Police Dept.; page 15, Roberts; page 17, Cecil Coffey photo; pages 18, 19, Florida State News Bureau, Hinman photo, Cecil Coffey photo; page 23, Three Lions; pages 25, 29, Three page 33, Monkmeier; page 34, Ernest Miller.

ARTICLES

- The Real Frontier Editorial 4
Whither Research? . . . Winton H. Beaven, Ph.D. 9
M Squad Mike Thorne 13
Leading Youth to Think for Themselves
H. H. Hill 15
Avoiding the Pitfalls
Martin Hayes Bickham, Ph.D. 23

SPECIAL FEATURES

- Two Roads Duane Valentry 5
Is Alcohol a Food? M. Dorothea Van Gundy, M.S. 11
Narcotics Squad on the Job Picture Feature 12

PERSONALITIES

- LeRoy Collins—Governor Cecil Coffey 17
Dr. Marion Wiles—Teacher . . . Madeline George 26

REGULAR FEATURES

- Have You Heard? 2
World View 20
Opinions 35

STORIES

- "Tell My Daddy . . ." Thomas Manley 8
Headline Wedding Maryane G. Myers 21
"Why Didn't Someone Tell Me?" 25
The Better Way Claude A. Doyle 27

POETRY

- Columbine Ruth Stephens Porter 22
Poems With a Purpose Listen Authors 33

MISCELLANEOUS

- New Climbing Records for Mount Whitney 28
Counting the Cost Sewell E. Masoncup 29
Alcohol Contributes—to What? 30
Crackdown in Florida Harry J. Miller 32
Lost His Head Ernest Miller 34

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

Second-class mail privileges authorized at Mountain View, California.

Yearly subscription, United States and its possessions, Canada, Mexico, and Pan-American Union, \$2.00; single copy, 35 cents; to other countries taking extra postage, \$2.25; single copy, 40 cents.

When change of address is desired, notify the Pacific Press Publishing Association. Please send the old address as well as the new, and allow four weeks for change to become effective.

Copyright, 1958, by The American Temperance Society, W. A. Scharffenberg, Executive Secretary.

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

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

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

The Real Frontier

IN DESCRIBING our age, future historians may use many titles. They may point out that this is an era of jet propulsion, of the guided missile, of the A-bomb, of the satellite. However, no title would be more apropos or significant than "the age of drugs."

Throughout history, man has used drugs for many purposes; but never have their uses been so widespread or varied as today. For one purpose or another, good or bad, drugs are intruding into virtually every phase of life. Most of these drugs affect directly or indirectly the human mind.

Such effects on the mind are the theme of one of the most startling and stimulating books of our time, written by Robert S. de Ropp, of the University of London.*

With fascinating clarity this author traces vividly the workings of the human brain, and against this background notes the historical use and development of various mind-affecting drugs from their earliest beginnings, including opium, described by Homer as the "potent destroyer of grief;" marijuana, mystery drug of the Orient; peyotl and mescaline, cactus derivatives from Mexico; and other drug preparations from nearly every corner of the earth.

The chapter "Sick Minds, New Medicine" provides exciting glimpses into the world of modern medical discoveries which are giving hope to millions of unfortunates suffering from mental illness, and to their families.

Unique in this book, especially at a time when many medical and scientific men deliberately ignore the drug nature of alcohol, is the author's frank inclusion of alcohol as a drug. "Of all the drugs that affect the mind and emotions," he points out, "it has the longest history," and further comments: "On this rather crude protoplasmic poison—and no conscientious pharmacologist would dignify alcohol with any better title—the people of the United States spend more than they do on the education of their children, the care of their sick, or the glorification of their God."

"If mankind *must* take an occasional holiday from

reality," he goes on, "it is certainly high time the chemists found a more satisfactory 'happiness drug' than that dreary old nerve poison, ethyl alcohol."

Also unusual, but accurate, is Dr. de Ropp's treatment of tobacco as "this very toxic drug," whose "poisonous products" offer such an insult to the lungs; and his inclusion of tea and coffee, drugs which have a powerful habit hold on their millions today.

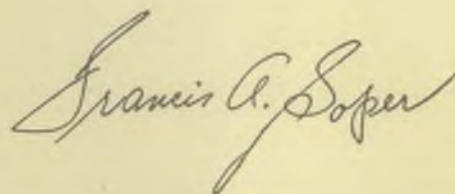
"As we stand at the entrance to the chemopsychiatric era and look toward the future some may feel disposed to cheer and some to shudder. What can we expect from this intrusion of the chemist into the most sacred recesses of the human soul? . . . Must our very moods be by-products of the contents of a bottle, must the stuff of our lives be fashioned by a chemical formula?"

With tongue in cheek, the author describes a vision of the future for the mentally disturbed, a vision logical and conceivable from the recent amazing discoveries in the field of chemopsychiatry: "Lucky neurotics! Soon the specter of care will be banished from your world, the burden of anxiety and guilt will be lifted from your souls. The restoration of your primeval innocence, your re-entry into the Garden of Eden, will now be accomplished through the agency of a pill. . . . O most fortunate of mortals, whose spiritual defects are made good by the skill of the scientist, whose personal shortcomings are supplanted by a formula. No longer need you struggle with your weaknesses or agonize over your sins. Salvation need not be purchased at the cost of spiritual war. In the chemopsychiatric age you can buy it by the bottle. O brave new world that has such bottles in it!"

In his sane and sensible conclusion, Dr. de Ropp emphasizes that it is possible to tranquilize a man to the point that he loses not only his anxieties, but also his ambitions, ideals, and creative urges, a situation which in this crowded, tense, unstable, and anxious world is most tragic. "This mechanized, fast-moving, highly explosive culture balances on wheels as finely poised as the jeweled movements of a watch. To keep it in equilibrium men are needed who are equally well balanced."

For this reason, "the real frontier of research does not lie out in the wastes of interplanetary space; it lies within the small mass of pinkish jelly, the human brain. . . . Within that 'great raveled knot,' with its marvelously complex network of branching fibers, those processes take place which lead to the ultimate choice between good and evil. It is a realm the exploration of which is worthy of the utmost efforts of the serious scientist, a realm in which science, art, religion, and philosophy find their natural meeting place. Here we can go beyond our present rather childish preoccupation with rockets, space ships, and the like and face the supreme task which confronts our age: how to reach spiritual maturity before we destroy ourselves. It is not an exaggeration to say that the future progress, perhaps even the future survival, of man depends on his rate of progress in this field of endeavor."

*"Drugs and the Mind," St. Martin's Press, New York, \$4.50.



Even in the world of popular entertainment there are many who shun the road of needless regrets and travel instead the wholesome, happy way.

TWO ROADS



DUANE
VALENTY

HOLLYWOOD has recently produced a series of films depicting the lives of well-known entertainment figures. These men and women, according to the critics, had talent, good looks, opportunity, and success, yet ended in despair because of alcohol.

The question might be raised, Why doesn't Hollywood do a series contrasting these unhappy lives with those of contemporaries who achieved fuller use of talent and opportunity because they didn't allow liquor to rob them?

Show business, they say, is full of temptations, and many succumb.

For instance, there was the girl with the lilting sadness in her voice who was the toast of New York during the Prohibition era. Beginning her career in Chicago during

the early 1920's—in a place where Al Capone was bouncer—she soon rose to stardom and was in great demand.

Along the road to fame Helen Morgan began to find solace in the bottle. By the time she had her own club she needed that bottle close by to enable her to do her act.

Chez Morgan was known as a plush speak-easy, and many found their way to its forbidden doors. But the club was doomed from the start. Its owner-star insisted on treating all comers lavishly to champagne "on the house," a custom that soon began to cost more than the club could afford. When creditors demanded satisfaction, they were often paid off in cases of liquor. Helen herself went on drinking, seeking security in an environment where there was none.

Hollywood, kinder in film than in real life, wrote a happy ending to Helen Morgan's story. Its heroine actually died penniless at the age of forty-one in 1941. There were a few who shed tears, but not many.

"We took up a collection for flowers," recalls Joy Rogers, once a friend of the singer. And if another of her friends, Joe E. Lewis, hadn't rounded up a busload of club employees and taken them to the funeral, there would have been no one there. A pitiful ending to a story that might have been so much different!

This generous friend, and comic, who paid for Helen's funeral, was also recently the subject of a Hollywood film entitled "The Joker Goes Wild," a film which uses a bottle of liquor for a prop on every occasion—actually, the comic's real-life prop, a fact he does not attempt to hide.

A rather curious coincidence that the man who showed enough kindness to see that a fellow performer should not go unmourned would himself look for happiness from the same source that had destroyed her!

Those who, like Helen Morgan, lean upon a "broken reed," unfailingly reap a deadly harvest. There were three young women seeking to make an impression on Broadway about the same time she sang her sad songs. Let's follow them along the road they took.

One girl received "rave notices" after her appearance in "Dead End." That title was prophetic for her. Parties and drinking became more important to her than her work, and the years that might have brought success and opportunity brought instead shame, and, at last, in a cheap hotel room, a lonely death of what the doctors called "alcoholic brain."

Another girl, leaning on the same reed, fared little better. Her name was up in lights briefly in New York and Hollywood; she sang her way across the stage to applause that after too short a time died away. She was found dead of an overdose of sleeping pills, weary of life at forty.

The other? Her beauty was proclaimed, and she appeared in fabulous shows. Through succeeding years she went on to stardom, clutching youth and beauty feverishly, then drinking to forget that she would not always be beautiful. Hollywood would surely have written a happier ending for this girl too, who threw herself from the window of her hotel.

The movies have chronicled another life of the same era, and for this one they didn't need to concoct a happier ending. Lillian Roth wrote her own. Years later she could look at the picture telling in detail the sordid story of her life, its degradation and its depths, and be thankful.



Dinah Shore
"If you don't like onions . . ."

Dale Evans and Family
"As happy a life as we can
hope for . . ."

John Raitt
"As soon drink vinegar . . ."

Debbie Reynolds
"A jerk' or 'a real strange one' . . ."

"I think it is an honest picture. I think it will help people," she said. "It shows the stages of alcoholism. A person can look at himself and say, 'That's my life. That's where I am now.' And he can see where he is going."

The story of Lillian Roth's victory and ascent from the depths is well known, and has inspired thousands—those, that is, for whom it did not come too late. It was years too late, for instance, to warn Jeanne Eagels, another subject for a recent Hollywood biographical film, another young, beautiful, and talented woman whose career was cut short through dependence on that which it is fatal to depend upon.

Unfortunately these are the ones who make the headlines more frequently. They have chosen the dead-end road of sorrow, wasted years, and death. Some, like Lillian Roth, are able to struggle out of the bondage that holds them, before it is too late.

John Agar used to make the headlines for drunk-driving escapades, but found himself and gave up drinking.

So did Tom Neal, who stopped drinking and left acting for a prospering flower-gardening business of his own.

Actress Gail Russell is attempting a comeback after sad, lost years and much notoriety. "Believe me, I'm going to win this war," she says.

Frances Farmer is another who went from stardom on the screen to ugly headlines and many long years of oblivion. Today she is emerging from the grip of the torment which held her captive so long.

Some never find their way back, and those who once saw and admired them for their talents occasionally say wonderingly, "Whatever in the world became of So-and-So?" In many cases So-and-So has been in and out of hospitals and institutions seeking a cure that ever evades. Some of their names would surprise the public.

So would the names of others who have sold beauty and ability for a mess of pottage, yet kept sufficiently "above water" to maintain a precarious hold on fame. But for each of these there is another who says No, who proves that environment or occupation does not govern, but character does.

But all singers of sweet songs do not take the road chosen by Helen Morgan. The life of Dinah Shore, for instance, has unfolded quite differently over the span of years.

Dinah chose the other road and stuck to it. There

were difficult days for her, but she met them resolutely. There was the time when she was singing for nothing on a small New York radio station while her parents back in Tennessee were demanding that she come home. She had attempted to make her impress on the big city and failed, they reminded her—why continue the heartbreak?

Something kept Dinah going. For another year she lived on thirty-five cents a day (spent mostly on drug-store sandwiches) and nebulous hopes. Perhaps the reason she didn't give up, or look for comfort along that other road, was that she remembered an earlier victory, when she had nothing to lean on but her trust in a religious faith. That was when Dinah, a victim of polio as a youngster, had been told she might never walk again. That religious trust had been her mainstay and had seen her through to recovery.

Two years after she sang for nothing, Dinah Shore was commanding a weekly salary in four figures and on her way to becoming one of America's most popular singers. Now she has been in the public eye for sixteen or more years.

Along the way Dinah has garnered, not the scandal and notoriety that follows those who choose the other road, but honor and awards from varied groups and individuals. Her home life is happy; neither she nor her husband, George Montgomery, drinks. Because she doesn't she is always coming into contact with people who think she should.

"Why is it," she recently asked a reporter, "that people try to make you drink when you don't want to? Why is it, if you don't like onions, nobody tries to force you to eat onions?"

There are also many others in the entertainment business who face these temptations and overcome them, who reach success without the false aid of a glass crutch.

Doris Day had reason to despair, if anyone did, when her dreams of a career were shattered. Doris was involved in an auto crash which broke both her legs. Lying in the hospital, she heard the doctor say that she would never dance again.

"Well, you could sing, Doris," suggested her mother. Doris began to take singing lessons while she was still in that hospital bed. With hard work she was ready for opportunity when it presented itself. After years of singing with orchestras in smoke-filled night clubs, the same



Doris Day
"You have to be ready for it . . ."

Gail Russell
"I'm going to win . . ."

Lawrence Welk
"Can ruin the musical 'blend' . . ."

atmosphere which had destroyed Helen Morgan, she went on to become a star popular for the outdoor appeal she generated from within.

A wholesome type of girl in actuality, Doris has natural exuberance, and, far from wasting her life in the grip of a passion for poison, has been able to give laughter and melody to millions.

"You make your own happiness," Doris says. "It isn't just something that happens to you. . . . You have to be ready for it."

Doris lives quietly, never frequents night clubs, which she hates, and doesn't drink.

But Doris Day is not the only one who refuses to let the environment of show business dictate her way of life. John Raitt, star of many successes, also believes in hard work and in living a clean life.

"Not only do my wife and I abstain from alcoholic beverages," declares John, "we do not serve them at any time. We don't really need to, for none of my intimate friends drink liquor or wines or beer. I would just as soon drink vinegar as champagne."

Did John Raitt fail to get the "breaks" because he didn't conform to social custom and spend his time in bars or at giddy cocktail parties? Did he need "stimulation" to give a good performance and put vigor into his rousing voice? Quite the contrary, he says.

"Theatrical producers are appreciative of actors who do not drink. They know that they can depend on abstainers to give good performances at all times because they do not dissipate their health with night life and alcohol. There was a time when the curtain's rising would be delayed for some shows for a half hour or more until some booze-filled actor sufficiently pulled himself together to go on the stage. But such is the case no more! If anything like that should happen now, the actor would find himself off the stage for good."

His statements are echoed by another abstainer, the popular Lawrence Welk, who says, "I could not afford to have one drinker nullify the efforts of the other musicians. With my various commitments, the possibility of any drinking problems arising would be of great concern to me. Let me say that the musician who drinks the liquid liquor 'blend' can ruin the musical 'blend.'"

The list of those who don't drink, even in towns like New York and Hollywood, is long, longer than many would believe. Such a list would include Gale Storm, Terry Moore, John Barrymore, Jr., Kim Novak, Stuart Hamblen, Ricardo Montalban, Ann Blyth, Kay Kyser, Fred Waring, Billie Burke, Charlotte Greenwood, Gordon MacRae, Ernest Borgnine, Alice Lon, Jeanne Crain, Polly Bergen, Sonny James, Tommy Sands, and many, many others.

(Turn to page 34.)

The list is long,
including . . .

Ann Blyth

Gordon MacRae

Pat Boone and wife



A piercing glimpse into the heart of a four-year-old whose daddy is not home.

"Tell My Daddy-

THOMAS MANLEY



TERRY frowned, his brow wrinkled in the agony of concentration peculiar to a four-year-old. With the mass of paper surrounding him and the pencil in his hand, scratching erratic grooves, he resembled nothing so much as a miniature khan devoting vast efforts to matters of state.

After a few moments of intense effort, and seemingly no co-operation on the part of the pencil, he exploded into frustrated action, running into the living room where his mother sat reading.

"Mommy! This ol' pencil won't write the way it's s'posed to!" He held the offending article outstretched in his hand. "I want you to write, mommy. I want you to write me something!"

The tall, blond woman cocked an eyebrow at her son's tempestuous entrance, shook her head in mock despair, and accepted the pencil and ragged piece of paper that Terry held out to her. She smiled faintly and settled herself to take dictation. "What do you want me to write, Terry?"

The little fellow thought for a moment, obviously considering a serious problem, then his face lighted up, and excitement made his voice shrill. "I want you to write a letter to daddy. Uh, huh; I want you to write a letter to my daddy for me!"

The woman sat very still for an instant, an unreadable expression flitting across her face. Her fingers knotted around the pencil in a tiny spasm; almost before it had happened her hand relaxed, and she said, "All right, Honey, you tell me what to say, and I'll write it—to daddy."

Terry climbed to the arm of the chair that his mother was seated in, and after a few preliminary fidgets started to dictate. "Tell my daddy, no,—wait a minute,—say, 'Dear Daddy.' After that I'll tell you."

His eyes sparkling, he traced the lines of the pencil as they raced across the paper. "Does that say, 'Dear Daddy'?" he asked. At his mother's nod, he continued his dictation.

"Tell daddy about Kathie, and my new dump truck, and about the funny boy next door. And tell him about the ghost in the ol' barn, and—" Terry came to a bubbling halt when his mother laughingly pleaded for less speed. He hugged himself and half sang under his breath as he watched the pencil loop and whirl into letters his daddy could read. Maybe daddy would even write back and say when he was coming home.

"Tell daddy that I want a bicycle, and a wagon, and a kite! And tell him that Kathie wants one, too; a kite, I mean. She's too little for a bike like I want. She's on'y three." His tone scorned such infancy.

The small boy waited patiently, chin cradled in hand as his mother wrote. When she stopped and looked to him for further dictation, the excitement had left his face, and now he looked wistful and a little uncertain.

"Tell daddy to please come home pretty soon. Kathie and I want to play with him, and go to the zoo like he promised, and have milk shakes. I know he's working very hard, but we want him to come home for a little while. The boy next door says that he isn't ever coming home, that I haven't got a daddy; but he's dumb, and I bet that his daddy doesn't work so far away that he can't come home all the time. And I bet that his daddy doesn't have a big truck like my daddy, either!

"Tell daddy that he promised me we would go fishing when I get big. Well, I'm big now; so tell daddy to come home.

"Tell him that we say our prayers every night, and that I am a good boy, and Kathie is on'y bad sometimes, and that's all right because she is just a little girl and doesn't know any better. Tell daddy we love him. Tell him please come home."

The graceful hand of the woman finished the letter haltingly, as if the pencil had become a great weight. At Terry's insistence she carefully folded the paper and placed it in an envelope. She wrote her husband's name across the envelope, and a tear fell to make a period after the address—"State Prison, San Quentin, California."

Alcohol is perhaps the most thoroughly studied substance in the world, but in all the mass of today's research there is danger that we may lose sight of the real goal.

Whither Research?



Dr. W. H. Beaven (right), director of the Loma Linda Institute, welcomes Herbert H. Hill after his selection as associate director. Chairman of the board, W. A. Scharffenberg, looks on.

WINTON H. BEAVEN, Ph.D.
Director, Institutes of Scientific Studies
for the Prevention of Alcoholism

SOMEONE has said, "Knowledge is power." Whether this is 100 per cent true or not, certainly the reverse is true—that without knowledge one is powerless. This is especially true in the field of alcohol and its effects on man and society.

It should never be forgotten, however, that there are two areas in the consideration of knowledge. One is the discovery of knowledge; the other is the use made of it. For many years not much was known scientifically about alcohol and its effects. In the last fifty years a great deal has been learned, but it remains to be seen whether this knowledge has availed much to man or society.

Experimental research is the lifeblood of knowledge. Controlled experimentation, carried on by unprejudiced men anxious and willing for truth to be revealed, is the basis for nearly all we can or will know about anything.

The history of discovery and research in the field of alcohol is a thrilling one.

Our story begins in 1853 with Otto Schmeideberg, professor of pharmacology at the University of Strasbourg, who presented the results of his study of a series of narcotic drugs, the trio of ether, alcohol, and chloroform. Ether and chloroform had been only recently established as safe, general anesthetics, alcohol having been used crudely in surgery as an anesthetic before that. Schmeideberg was the first of a generation that has produced the miracle drugs of today. He created a school from which came most of the great leaders of pharmacology. He was the founder of experimental pharmacology.

In 1883 an international physiological congress was held in Germany, and at that time Schmeideberg published a report of this study of alcohol. All his experiments were made on warm-blooded animals, in which he was testing whether the drug had a stimulating effect, a depressant effect, or a toxic effect, or whether it persisted in the body.

Alcohol was at that time, of course, considered as a food element and an article of diet, and was to be studied as such. But he determined that it was a depressant, narcotic drug, different from ether and chloroform only in the rate of its effect and its duration. He found that alcohol is the slowest to take effect and the longest to be recovered from, that ether is faster in its effects, and that chloroform is the quickest and permits the most prompt recovery.

That idea was revolutionary and was not accepted by the physicians at that time. It has taken all these years for it to filter gradually into the consciousness of medical practice, until today, in the medical schools of the United States, alcohol is discussed as a depressant drug which primarily dulls sensibility and consciousness, and is recovered from after a period of time, with or without unconsciousness.

The point is that Schmeideberg had put down in terms of science the fact that the drug alcohol, instead of improving or increasing the quantity, quality, and endurance of any function of the body, deteriorates every function of every organ, however tested, in whatever animal used. Whether it was muscular tissue or glandular tissue, whether it was nervous reaction, secretion, or absorption, alcohol was found to cause a depression of bodily functions.

Despite the thorough, scientific proof of these qualities and effects of alcohol, there are still many in Europe and the United States who do not wish to accept this evidence. They can offer little counterevidence, however. All honest, scientifically thorough documents still include it as a narcotic, and it is so included in the reports of the World Health Organization.

Almost at the same time that Schmeideberg made his discoveries, one of the first of the generation of high-grade psychiatrists, Emil Kraepelin, had charge of the mental hospital at Stuttgart. Kraepelin observed that all the manifestations of alcohol could be explained solely on its collective depressant effect upon the central nervous system—the brain and the spinal cord. He noticed that all the performances of the people who came to him, up to about 10 per cent being alcoholic psychotic, could be explained on this basis.

We do not know all about the chemistry of that process yet (this is an area crying for further study), but we do know that the cells of the gray matter of the cortex, or shell of the brain, cannot be replaced. They are unique in that once they are destroyed, they are not re-formed, as are the cells of muscles or other tissues of the body, but may be rendered relatively useless by alcohol. In any event, there is a selective ability of alcohol to damage the functions of the highest centers of the brain and the spinal cord.

That was an important observation, because people at that time thought that some of the sensations arising from the use of alcohol were due to interference of the muscles, others of the liver, others of the kidneys, and others of the special senses. Kraepelin showed that a man's brain could not operate under the influence of alcohol, since alcohol wreaked its chief damage on the cells of the central nervous system.

The next important research, about 1890, came from a series of studies by a physiologist named Atwater, who studied the caloric value of food, developing the bomb calorimeter. This was a device by which a measured portion of food could be put into a container and burned, the total expression of energy registered, and the amount expressed in energy recorded. Out of that came the idea

of gauging people's diet in terms of so many heat units of productive capacity.

Atwater experimented with alcohol, considered as an article of diet, to see what it would do. He found a number of interesting facts, which also tend to alter the social attitude regarding dietary habits. It was obvious that alcohol did not act like any of the substances we think of as foods. He found that alcohol began to be destroyed in the body by the liver, or by oxidation, as soon as it came in; and was continually destroyed until it all disappeared within about ten hours of the time it was taken in. This was the usual experience; it was burned, causing heat. It could be used as energy, but it could not be stored and used when the body needed it. It couldn't add to any growing tissue, it couldn't contribute to the repair of any tissue, and to that extent it did not comply with the definition of a food. A food must be something that benefits the body, assists in its growth and development, permits of its repair, and does not damage the body in the process of doing these things. But alcohol is merely capable of giving energy and allowing muscular use, and it injures the body as it goes through, because of its definite toxic effect.

Between 1915 and 1918 came the first of a series of monographs from the Carnegie Nutrition Laboratory at Harvard. One was by Benedict, a physician, and Dodge, an experimental psychologist. They did their work in Boston with grants from the Carnegie Institution. The gist of their long, elaborate work was to conclude that alcohol, when administered to healthy people, whether they had used it before or not, even in amounts too small to be recognized as having any appreciable effects, invariably slows the reaction times of the body from 5 to 10 per cent. This means that all the protective mechanisms of our nervous system, which make it possible for us to react in the presence of threat of injury or damage, are interfered with.

In that same year, 1918, the first creditable, honest, scientific publication by any modern government on the effect of alcohol on the human organism came out. The British Government published a small booklet called *Alcohol, Its Action on the Human Organism*. This was, by all odds, the best thing that any government had published up to that time; and in some ways it is still the best thing published by any government. The booklet was republished in 1924 and again in 1938. Prepared by a distinguished committee of the Liquor Control Board in Great Britain, it straightforwardly set forth the scientific facts about alcohol and its known effects on man. That publication is the first instance of a national government putting before its people the simple truths, scientifically established, of the actions of alcohol on the human organism.

In 1924 Walter Miles brought out a massive monograph, also from the Carnegie Institution. Miles studied only alcohol in low concentration, in small amounts. Miles's study, *Alcohol and Human Efficiency*, shows that simple processes, whether a person is typing, copying, taking dictation, or adding sums,—doing the simplest kind of work,—are interfered with, delayed, and made inferior by the use of alcohol in amounts too small to have any obvious intoxicating appear-

(Turn to page 30)



At the time of the organization of the American Institute in Washington, D.C., Dr. Beaven confers with Dr. Carradine H. Hooten (left), chairman of the board of directors, and Dr. Hurst Anderson, president of American University, where the Institute sessions are held.

*Second in "Listen's" series
of interviews with M. Dorothea
Van Gundy, Nutritionist,
International Nutrition
Research Foundation.*



is alcohol a food?

IN OUR interview in the previous issue of "Listen" we spoke of a food as "a nutritive material absorbed or taken into the body of an organism to serve the purpose of work, growth, and repair, and for the maintenance of the vital forces."

That is the basic definition, according to Webster's dictionary.

Some think that alcohol has real food value, and therefore contributes to nutrition. Do you feel that alcohol should be classified as food?

Alcohol does not have any of the qualifications of food, except that it furnishes heat. Each gram of alcohol has a few more calories of heat than does the same amount of a protein or carbohydrate, and not quite as many as does fat. However, the body cannot operate on heat alone. There is nothing in alcohol to help build body tissue, and nothing to contribute to the efficient maintenance of the healthy body. Therefore I certainly do not feel that it can be classified as a food.

Does not alcohol furnish vitamins and minerals?

Straight alcohol furnishes neither vitamins nor minerals. Wine does contain enough of the vitamin B complex to be a supplementary source. Wine also contains some minerals. These beneficial elements, however, are all found in the unfermented grape juice without the harmful effects of the alcohol.

What about mixed drinks?

When alcoholic beverages are used in mixed drinks, in combination with fruit juices, egg-nogs, and so forth, of course the drink contains the nutritional elements of whatever is mixed in; but these elements do not come from the alcohol.

Nutritionally speaking, how does alcohol affect the system?

It might be called a "psychological deceiver," because it makes the drinker feel warm when he is cold, satisfied when he is hungry, rich when he is poor, and happy

when he is miserable. It lowers the blood pressure and slows down all the major functions of the body, in proportion to the amount used.

Are persons made more susceptible to disease when they drink?

They may be more susceptible to degenerative disease, perhaps not so much because of the alcohol content in their program, but because of the food they do not get. Most alcoholics suffer from malnutrition, and as a result develop nerve disorders such as so-called "alcoholic neuritis."

Is alcohol ever stored in the body?

No, it is not. The body goes to work as soon as possible to eliminate alcohol, as any poison or toxic material would be eliminated.

How is this done?

The liver is the organ that does this work. As the concentration of alcohol increases in the blood, the liver works to keep it as low as possible. However, when people are taking in alcohol faster than the liver can remove it, the concentration in the blood increases. As this concentration goes up, the degree of intoxication also increases.

Because of the extra strain on the liver, do heavy drinkers have a tendency to develop liver diseases?

Cirrhosis of the liver is a common disease among drinkers.

Many persons drink beer with the idea that it has food value. Is there any research work that supports this theory?

There is no support in research for this idea. In fact, some time ago a German professor worked out the following: If a man drank from eight to ten quarts of the best Bavarian beer (equal to (Turn to page 28.)



NARCOTICS SQUAD ON THE JOB

AMONG the least known members of the New York City Police are the men and women of the Narcotics Squad. To a large extent their efficacy depends on their anonymity and their ability to work undercover. Although the narcotics problem, which they have to handle, might not ordinarily be more severe than in other large urban communities, they have the added complication that New York is the biggest port of entry through which narcotics from foreign countries are channeled for distribution in the United States. This, however, makes it possible for this Narcotics Squad to engage in "primary detection," thus cutting off traffic in dope as near to the source as they can get without actually stepping outside the country.

Obtaining a conviction for violation of narcotics laws is not simply raiding premises and finding drugs in a state of illegal use or possession. To make a case, this squad must first prove that the substance involved is actually a drug, and then they must determine the strength of that drug. This work is done in the police laboratory. Qualitative and quantitative tests are made on every sample of a suspected drug, so it may be introduced as valid evidence during court proceedings in which the user, pusher, or peddler is on trial.

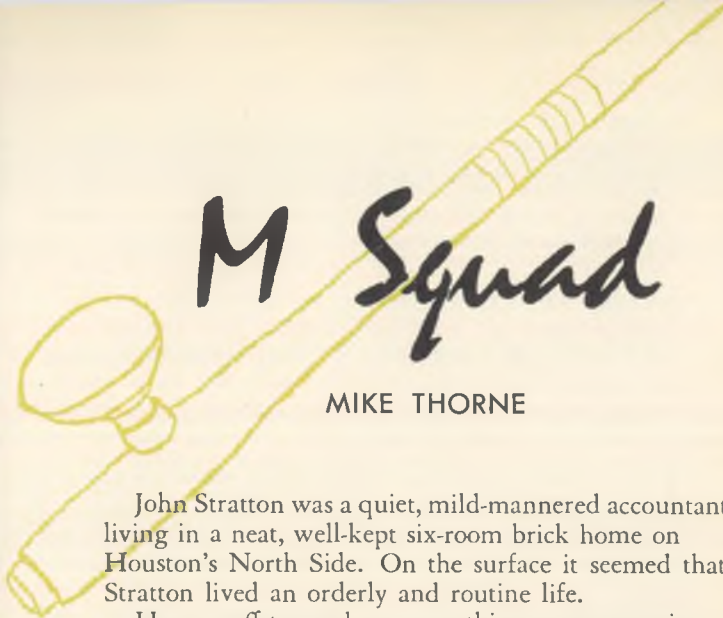
A particular narcotics court case may last for months, from the first hint of a violation, through the unobtrusive detection procedure which strikes the violator with an arrest when he is clearly guilty, to the confirmation of the evidence by laboratory test, and to indictment, trial, and conviction.

1. Behind a locked screen door at Narcotics Squad headquarters of the New York City Police Department a supervisor receives information concerning a reported violation of the narcotics law.
2. A monthly activity board for the previous year, for comparison purposes, shows the number of arrests by violation made by the Narcotics Squad. Figures show a rise in the number of arrests since 1950. This may not mean necessarily that there are more users, but rather that enforcement techniques have developed so that more violators are apprehended.
3. A detective at the Squad headquarters checks the files for information on a suspected person.
4. Evidence collected by the Narcotics Squad include marijuana cigarettes, here compared with a cigarette made of tobacco.
5. An opium pipe is among the evidence collected. Squad members never pose for the camera, since their best work is done on an undercover basis.
6. Evidence found by the Squad is delivered to the police laboratory to determine whether or not the substance is a narcotic and how much of it there is. A sample is washed into a separate funnel in preparation for tests to extract the narcotic.
7. A qualitative examination of the suspected narcotic is made. It is weighed for analysis. The police department investigates all evidence taken by the Narcotics Squad.



M Squad

MIKE THORNE



John Stratton was a quiet, mild-mannered accountant, living in a neat, well-kept six-room brick home on Houston's North Side. On the surface it seemed that Stratton lived an orderly and routine life.

He was off to work at seven-thirty every morning and home promptly at five. He spent his spare time working in his small, but perfectly landscaped, yard. He was an attentive husband and a patient father. His neighbors knew him as a perfect homebody.

That's why they gasped in amazement when a black unmarked police car stopped in front of Stratton's house one day and two fast-moving plain-clothes officers searched his home and hustled him off to jail.

What could the police want with a man like Stratton, a man whose only crime seemed to be slavery to routine and an obsession for yard work?

It was only the yard work that interested police. There had been a good reason for the attention that Stratton had given his flower beds. He was cultivating marijuana and reaping a rich harvest—expensive for those who bought it, and eventually for Stratton himself.

Stratton was given five years in prison!

What tripped Stratton up? A simple—but ironic—organic reaction, a sneeze.

Stratton had been bothered with hay fever and had visited his physician for repeated tests. The tests

Captain Harry Cole holds a double handful of rough marijuana, seized by men of Houston's M Squad in a recent raid.

Captain Cole uses finely "manicured" marijuana to demonstrate how habitual smokers of such cigarettes "roll their own."



continued on next page

showed that Stratton had only one visible allergy—marijuana.

The doctor telephoned police, and that's where Houston's newly organized and highly efficient M Squad took over.

"Call them the M Squad, Back-Yard Brigade, or whatever you like," laughed Captain Harry Cole, a bright young former homicide officer who rose through the ranks to become chief of the police narcotics division a few months ago.

"Whatever you call them, call them efficient. They get the job done!"

And who should know better than Captain Cole? He had the figures to prove it.

Through last October the M Squad had been directly responsible for charges against eighty-nine marijuana violators.

But that figure is only partly reflective of their job. There were countless arrests, but only eighty-nine charges. That's because evidence is so hard to produce in marijuana cases.

"Since the weed grows wild and freely in almost any part of the country, it's hard to tag a man a violator just because he has marijuana growing near his home," according to Cole.

"And we don't want to 'bum rap' any innocent person, but we do want to jail the guilty ones. That's why we've got the M Squad."

Cases like Stratton's are not exactly routine. In fact, it's rare when a violator is caught cultivating marijuana in his back yard.

"We don't have any figures," Cole says, "or even any tangible evidence to support the thought that home-grown marijuana is becoming a real law-enforcement problem."

"But we do know this: Federal agents are making it so tough for would-be marijuana smugglers from Mexico that the 'grass dealers' have reached a point of desperation.

"The marijuana trade works like any other business—the supply is determined by the demand. We know there's a ready demand for marijuana, and if the dealers can't get it across the border from Mexico, they have only one alternative—grow it at home.

"It's a risky step, but a logical one. And that's why we're trying to stay one hop ahead of them, with the M Squad. We don't want them ever to become a problem."

The M Squad goes much further than simply snooping in back yards for potential marijuana growers. The officers are equipped with a clear and perfect knowledge of marijuana's appearance and growing habits. They know its distinctive smell, similar to that of dried alfalfa.

On their routine scanning missions they search suburban vacant lots, watch the yards of abandoned houses, and even keep an eye on parks, where marijuana is likely to be sprouting. But once they've found it, their job has just begun. That's where the really nerve-grinding part of the work starts.

The officers must set up a "stake-out" on the marijuana patch and wait for someone to try to gather it. And there's less than a fifty-fifty chance they will, because the plant more often than not simply sprouts up by itself and grows unnoticed until winds spread its seeds to new locations.

The M Squad men work in shifts, posted a block or more from the marijuana, constantly watching the patch to see if anyone will show up to harvest it.

If nobody does, the plants are pulled up and destroyed. But if someone is spotted picking the leaves, he is followed and kept under a twenty-four-hour watch until he tries to dispose of the marijuana. Then he is nabbed, and the officers have sufficient evidence to get a conviction.

"It's a tiring and thankless job," Captain Cole comments, "but it's paying big dividends in terms of arrests.

"And when the word spreads that the M Squad is at work, it keeps every man in the marijuana trade jumpy. That's the way we want them, because the jumpy ones make the most mistakes."

Perhaps the tireless, harassing tactics of the M Squad are more important than any other phase of the fight against marijuana.

"Marijuana dealers are the slickest criminals of the lot," Captain Cole says. "Many of them are white-collar lawbreakers, the types that hide under a cloak of respectability and always have a perfect alibi when they're caught.

"We don't expect to convict them all—or even to catch them all—because they're a smart and slippery type of criminal. But if we can keep them scared, we're really accomplishing our purpose, because they'll quit trying to cultivate the stuff or make contacts to get it—at least until things cool off. We don't intend to let them cool off."

Marijuana customers fall into two categories, the thrill-seeking teen-ager with a natural curiosity and perhaps an innate desire to be individualistic, and the confirmed, older smoker, the professional "weed monkeys."

The latter group doesn't interest marijuana dealers. They are a particular group who have smoked marijuana for years and probably will continue to do so for life. They are choosy about the quality of their weed, and always make certain that it is "manicured" or sifted to remove the leaves from the stems and seeds before they smoke it.

(Turn to page 32.)

With powerful binoculars, Narcotics Officer A. J. Burke sits tirelessly on a lonely "stake-out," watching an almost hidden marijuana patch on a vacant lot.

This seems to be a decorative pot plant. In reality, it is a marijuana plant, cultivated at police headquarters to aid officers in recognizing the wild marijuana.



*A specialist in the field
gives some specifics in the how
and why of alcohol education.*

Leading Youth to Think for Themselves

H. H. HILL
Seattle, Washington



MY INTEREST in alcohol education is to develop methods, techniques, and materials which will help to make for more adequate, competent young people and better prepare them for life. I mean objective education which does not infringe on the person's right to decide issues for himself. At the same time I do not think that educational efforts should ever be devoid of conviction and the impetus of the interpersonal relationship which can be so fruitful in the hands of a skilled teacher.

At the beginning of every class period in my work with young people in high schools I have said to them, "I am not here to make decisions for you, but to discuss with you the findings of medical and scientific research, and the results of statistical studies. Any conclusion as to your own personal conduct will have to be the result of your own thought processes."

At the close of one class period a student came to me with earnest determination and said, "Mr. Hill, this thing makes me so mad I just want to fight!" I had not said anything about its being "wrong" to drink. That was a conclusion the student had come to. But I doubt if she would have reached such a conclusion, and so decidedly declared it, if I had come before the class determined to convince the students, whether they liked it or not, that drinking was wrong.

Not long ago a letter came to my desk from a high-school student after our guest instructor had spent several days at the school. He wrote to express his appreciation for the help he had received, and made this significant statement: "The thing I liked so much about it was the fact that he didn't preach to us." In other words, the instructor had simply "laid it on the line," answering the students' questions in an honest, straightforward way.

The final sentence in the letter said, "I'll be truthful

and say that I have been drinking occasionally, but the other night, in my prayers, I vowed that I would never drink again." Here was a lad with the background of a Christian home and Sunday school training, but on reaching high school he was swept along with what we might call the "fast crowd." In his anxiety to be accepted, he had followed the social whirl.

I would be quite apprehensive of a program which attempted to dictate what that youngster should do. But because the instructor challenged the student to think for himself, and then find the solution within the framework of his own thought processes, he was helped.

Perhaps a brief résumé of some of the studies I have used in helping young people to think this problem through will serve to illustrate the method of teaching that I think proves most helpful.

Functional Areas of the Brain. I try to illustrate my talks in a very simple way. For example, in one study I place a simple drawing on the board to represent a human head. Then I explain the three general areas of the mental function; not the organic structure, but the functional areas.

The No. 1 area corresponds to the frontal lobes of the cerebrum, and the cortex, out of which arise the capacities of intellect having to do with judgment. This area has to do only with the more complex thought processes. No physical activity is actually involved. Here a person weighs, evaluates, analyzes, and reasons. There are many ways by which this can be illustrated to young people, depending on the age level. If I am talking to a group of little folks, I may illustrate the point as follows:

"When you come home from school, and all of a sudden some delightful aroma strikes you as you enter the house, you head for the kitchen. There you find an apple

pie just out of the oven. Apple pie is your favorite. It smells so good and looks so good that it makes you hungry right away. Then you look in the refrigerator. Mother has been to the store, and, lo and behold! there is a quart of chocolate ice cream, your favorite. Now you are in a dilemma. Mamma says to you, 'You may have either chocolate ice cream or apple pie for dinner tonight.' Both of them are favorites, so what are you going to do? It's pretty tough, isn't it? You see, you have to think; you must make a decision; you must let your conscience guide you. You must take advantage of lessons you have been taught, and have self-control, or you are going to find yourself having chocolate ice cream on apple pie."

There are many little tricks that the teacher can use to illustrate this sort of thing to youngsters and give it relationship and meaning.

Releasing the Brakes. After discussing the principle of complex thought with the children briefly, you might go on like this:

"We were going to talk about alcohol. What does this have to do with drinking? I will show you: Let's say that on a steep hill someone has left his new Cadillac. Suppose you step up and release the brakes on that car. What happens? It rolls downhill. Listen carefully now, or I may trip you with this question. Does the fact that I release the brakes on the car *make* it go downhill? No. Releasing the brakes *lets* the car go downhill. Now tell me, does the fact that people take alcoholic beverages into their bodies *make* them say and do foolish, ridiculous things? Does it *make* them dance along the street at two o'clock in the morning singing or shouting at the top of their voice? No, it does not *make* them. It *lets* them. How does alcohol let them? It *takes* the brakes off, just as we released the brakes on the Cadillac."

The first effect of alcohol is in the No. 1 area of the brain. It dulls the judgment, impairs the conscience, destroys the effects of learning, and releases self-controls, restraints, and inhibitions.

The No. 2 area of the brain corresponds with the back part of the cerebrum and the cerebellum, and controls the motor sensory functions—the five senses, the capacity for emotional response, the sex impulse, and the physical movement. This area of the brain involves two areas of activity—simple thought and complex action.

The second effect of alcohol is in the No. 2 area of the brain, having to do with the motor sensory functions. The teacher might spend considerable time discussing the effect of alcohol upon the individual, emphasizing the impairment of judgment and referring to the fact that after a person takes a few drinks he has poor judgment. To prove this, all a person has to do is to go to a cocktail party and see some fellow putting his arm around the wrong girl. Why does he do that? It is because he has poor judgment.

The effects of alcohol on the five senses may be humorously indicated by referring to the man who comes out of the bar having had a few drinks. He doesn't *see* so good, he doesn't *hear* so good, and he doesn't even *smell* so good! And let me emphasize that one of the most important aspects of alcohol education is entertainment. If you go into the classroom with a "sour puss" face, without the ability to smile or laugh or enjoy life with the students,

you might as well give up before you start. If you have the capacity to have fun with the kids, it's amazing what you can do with them.

Driving an automobile. As already stated, the second area of the brain involves both *simple thought* and *complex action*. For example, if you are driving down the road in your automobile and a cow suddenly appears on the road, what are you going to do? You have three choices: (1) you can stop, (2) you can go into the ditch, or (3) you can make hamburger. When you see the object in the road, do you just sit there and weigh, evaluate, and analyze all the potential possibilities of what might occur? No, when you see the object in the road, you get a mental reflex, you transfer it into physical activity, lifting your foot from the gas and placing it on the brake. That is stimulus and response, thought and action. It is simple thought and complex action.

The No. 3 area of the brain has to do with the basic life functions, and corresponds organically with the medulla. This area of the brain controls circulation, digestion, and respiration, and involves only one basic area of mental function; that is, action. It is simple action because no conscious or deliberate thought processes are required.

The third and final effect of taking sufficient alcohol into the system is to anesthetize this third area of the brain. The No. 1 area of the brain is the first to be put to sleep. But as anesthesia continues, even as the doctor puts the patient to sleep for surgery, the anesthetic takes effect in other areas of the brain, putting them to sleep. Alcohol is a progressive depressant, the same as other anesthetics. That is why the nurse watches the patient's pulse and respiration carefully. She can tell when the anesthetic is having its effect in the No. 3 area of the brain. If a person takes enough alcohol into his system to produce what we call total anesthesia, circulation, digestion, and respiration cease to function, and, obviously, so does the person. The question may then be asked, Was this person *stimulated*? No, of course not; instead of being stimulated, he is dead.

From Childhood to Adulthood. What do we mean by the word "adolescence"? This is an interesting question. Some may try to interpret adolescence in terms of specific chronological years, but ultimately the conclusion must be reached that adolescence is the period of transition from childhood to adulthood.

Prior to adolescence, the person is a child; subsequent to adolescence, he is an adult. In childhood, life is very much circumscribed. The child lives under the guidance and direction of his parents. He is told what to do, how to do it, and where and when to do it. He is told when to go to bed, what he shall wear, and what he shall eat. He has little opportunity for individual expression. I am not taking the position that every child is identical with every other child. Obviously, that is not true. I am referring to two important facts: (1) The child has a limited opportunity for self-expression. (2) There is a high degree of uniformity among children. It is important to note in contrast that adults demonstrate a vast range of attitudes and responses as compared with those of children.

As the child progresses through adolescence, the normal childish tendency to make decisions on the basis of that which is pleasant and

(Turn to page 26.)

Official duties require frequent entertaining, and there is nothing the governor and his wife enjoy more than to join with friends in pleasant social occasions.



"Uncommon Man With a Common Touch"

Florida's

LeRoy Collins

CECIL COFFEY

An ardent sports enthusiast, the governor examines a baseball autographed by the Milwaukee Braves, who train in Florida.



In a moment of relaxation away from the affairs of state, the governor has fun with his six-year-old daughter, Darby.



One day during the 1956 gubernatorial race in Florida, Governor LeRoy Collins was accosted by a young pre-medical student at an Orlando bank.

"If you get re-elected, governor," the student said, "I'd like to visit you at the capitol in Tallahassee sometime."

The governor laughed, stuck out his hand, and said, "You come to see me anyway, son. Tallahassee is my home."

Nearly a year later the student and his wife showed up at the governor's office in the state capitol building.

"Of course, I remember you," said Governor Collins, "and I remember my invitation, too. Let's see, now. You'll just have to meet Mary Call. I'll call the house."

For the next three hours the student and his wife were escorted around the capitol, entertained at the governor's mansion, and were generally made to feel that there could be no better folks than LeRoy and Mary Call Collins.

"The governor took a liking to that young fellow," a mutual acquaintance explained later. "And what he did was natural and sincere with him."

"Sincerity" and "natural friendliness" are terms frequently used to describe the personality of Florida's chief executive. He is known as a man who can look you in the eye and state his convictions on an issue regardless of where the political chips may fall.

Perhaps it was this characteristic which caused Collins in a speech recently to describe what he considers to be the kind of man who ought to run for President.

"He must be an uncommon man with a common touch, . . . a real 'stand-up' man who recognizes his

responsibility to all the people, all the time; whose solemn commitment to the national interest and welfare he places above self, above friendship, above section, above state; yes, above all, save his God.

"He must know good," the governor said, "not because he can sense it, but because he has done it. He must know progress not because he has seen the low ground left behind, but because he has been a part of the struggle for the high ground ahead. He must know injustice not because he can place the blame for wrong, but because he has righted it. He must know the truth not because he has heard it, but because he has spoken it."

"UNCOMMON MAN WITH A COMMON TOUCH"

This speech by LeRoy Collins did not come as a surprise to those who know him best. In the collective opinion of his supporters the personal qualifications set forth in the speech describe his own attributes to a T. The governor, of course, would be the first to disclaim this. That he sincerely believes in what he said, however, can scarcely be doubted.

The governor himself is indeed "an uncommon man with a common touch," as he so aptly phrased it. Honest almost to the point of painfulness, he demands and generally gets aboveboard service from his subordinates. He believes that a man in public office has a right only to his salary and the reputation he has earned.

"He simply can't stand anything that's shady," an assistant explained.

Collins was quite emphatic on this point at his inaugural on January 4, 1955. "I so anxiously want the people of Florida to understand that progress in business, industry, and human welfare can only go so far with a ward-healing, back-scratching, self-promoting political system," he declared. "Our progress is sure to run into a dead end if our citizens accept the philosophy that votes can be traded for a road, or for a job for an incompetent relative, or for a favor for a friend, or for a handout through a state purchase order. The state cannot raise enough money by fair taxation from its people to finance a government of that sort very long.

"I pledge to the people of Florida," he said, "that, in so far as the strength within me lies, government by trade, barter, and sale will be out for the next two years." This pledge was reaffirmed at the 1957 inaugural.

Collins's personal life seems to measure up to the "uncommon touch," too. He is a family man, a churchgoing man, a total abstainer, and a hard worker. To these must be added such attributes as personal charm, dashing good looks, and obvious sincerity. Such a combination usually spells success in any line of work.

Perhaps because of his personal qualities of family responsibility and mature judgment on the things that count in life, Collins has taken special interest in such social problems as juvenile delinquency, divorce, and unemployment. He sees the use of alcoholic beverages as the major contributor to these conditions.

In a statement specifically for *Listen* he declares, "At the root of 90 per cent of our problems in the fields of juvenile delinquency, crime, broken homes, failures in

employment, there is the basic cause of 'too much to drink' by somebody."

To help remedy this, the governor has pressed for, and has received, considerable corrective legislation—legislation which has been translated into one of the most modern and progressive penal systems anywhere; which has built up a summer program in the schools for purposes of keeping youngsters busy at whatever constructive things they like best, be they sports or lectures on the finer points of opera; which has eliminated "quickie" divorce laws and has instituted an outstanding program in social services.

In governmental areas Collins has vigorously advocated reforms such as constitutional revision to keep pace with problems of the new, mushrooming Florida, and fair apportionment of representation in the state legislature. He also has established a merit system for state employees.

In education the governor has looked far ahead to future needs and has strongly endorsed a program to build at least six new classrooms a day in the public schools, to establish and equip another large university by 1960, and to add six brand-new community colleges within the next two years to the four now being expanded. Collins's contribution to educational advancement in Florida and the South has been recognized by his twice being elected as chairman of the Southern Regional Education Board.

In promoting the interests of Florida, Collins frequently goes out of the state to meet people and to speak to groups. Industry in the state recognizes that he is probably more responsible for Florida's amazing industrial growth than is the sunshine which blesses the entire peninsula the year round. This has helped the state achieve an economy balanced on what the governor describes as the "three sturdy legs of industry, agriculture, and tourism."

While in the state senate, Collins twice was selected in

Never is the governor happier than when he is with his family (left to right): Mary Call, Mrs. Collins, the governor, Darby, Roy, Jr., and Jane.



the Saint Petersburg *Times* poll of newspaper correspondents and editors as the most valuable senator. He has been so honored by numerous other polls and groups.

The Florida governor grew up in the capital city of Tallahassee, where he was born forty-seven years ago as the son of a grocer and the grandson of a circuit-riding Methodist preacher. He worked first as a grocery clerk and delivery boy around Tallahassee, then as a bank teller. As a teller he saved \$500, which bought him a one-year law course at Cumberland University in Tennessee. On finishing the law course, he came home to make the second highest grade ever scored—until then—on the Florida bar examination. He hung out his shingle in Tallahassee and, as he puts it, “proceeded to starve.”

But lack of means never kept an eligible young man from casting an appraising eye toward a pretty girl, especially if she has the dark-eyed beauty of Mary Call Darby. And that’s just what LeRoy Collins did.

Mary Call came from a family whose history was largely synonymous with the history of Florida. Her great-grandfather served twice as territorial governor, her father as a state senator. Others, both men and women of the family, have likewise contributed much to the political and economic growth of the state.

Mary Call and LeRoy grew up together, and theirs has been called “the ideal romance.” For a while, she confesses, he pretty much ignored her, but “that was because he was three years ahead in school.” Besides, she was thoroughly enjoying life then as the playmate of his younger sister.

But there came a day when he appeared at her front door with a box of homemade candy, his intentions obviously serious. Unfortunately, his law practice in those days was earning him a bare \$34 a month, hardly enough to properly support one, let alone two. To remedy this, LeRoy decided to run for the office of Leon County prosecutor, a job which paid enough for two to live on and
(Turn to page 34.)

Florida Highway Patrol, Lieutenant William Norris, official driver for Governor Collins, says his charge frequently gets out and walks a mile along the highway.



Governor LeRoy Collins says—

Fundamentally I dislike the idea of expressing an opinion about the personal habits of others, especially other public officials; but I do not hesitate to say that I believe that all public officials should completely abstain from the use of alcoholic beverages for two basic reasons:

First, a public official never knows when he may be called upon to exercise a public responsibility.

Second, public officials are all in positions of leadership. Young people admire and respect them. Whether a public official realizes it or not, youngsters will follow the course he sets, for better or worse.

As governor I have realized, more than ever before, the evil consequences of immoderate use of alcohol. I believe that at the root of 90 per cent of our problems in the fields of juvenile delinquency, crime, broken homes, failures in employment, there is the basic cause of “too much to drink” by someone. Since we know that so many people can’t be, or won’t be, moderate, and the consequences of immoderation are terrible, I think public officials have an obligation to assert as strong leadership as possible by example for complete abstinence.

It helps a parent in counseling his boy or girl to be able to say, “No, everyone doesn’t drink; look at your Congressman, your governor, or your mayor.” This I know as a parent, and this help I think we as public officials should cheerfully provide.

Always pulling for new industry to help his booming state, LeRoy Collins signs authorization for expansion of a huge atomic research program.

Governor Collins welcomes Boy Scouts to admire the awards given by the Freedoms Foundation for their efforts in the “Get-Out-the-Vote Campaign.”

Going over a speech with John L. Perry, administrative assistant, Florida’s governor checks his facts.



WORLD VIEW



INDIA



WHAT A REPUTATION FOR THE WEST!

When an international conference of the Red Cross was held in New Delhi, the ban on drinking was relaxed for ten days in that city. Prohibition is becoming the official policy of India, but "in honor of the delegates," the government permitted some hotel bars to be opened. New Delhi permits drinking at home, but no more than three bottles may be purchased at one time, and none on Tuesdays and Fridays. No drinking is permitted in hotels and restaurants.

KOREA

GOOD USE FOR BEER MONEY

Many GI's in Korea are digging deep into their pockets to provide help for South Koreans, even giving up their Saturday-night beer. The war left about 100,000 children in that country without parents, so this beer money is being put to a good use to help these orphans.

ENGLAND

MORE MONEY SPENT

The total expenditure in England in 1956 for various commodities was as follows, compared with those for 1955:

	1956	1955
Beer	£ 548,000,000	£ 547,000,000
Other alcoholic drinks	358,000,000	333,000,000
Tobacco	841,000,000	831,000,000
Housing	816,000,000	811,000,000
Household goods	763,000,000	736,000,000
Clothing	1,059,000,000	1,030,000,000

"The number of Britons under twenty-one convicted of drunkenness almost doubled between 1953 and 1956.

Convictions rose from 3,100 in 1953 to 5,400 in 1956, an increase of 74.4 per cent. This age group would increase by 40 per cent by 1962, and unless the present tendency is checked, the figures might become really alarming," says Lord Aberdare, chairman of the National Association of Boys' Clubs.

PUBLIC RELATIONS PROBLEM

"The seriousness of the position is almost beyond calculation." This is the description by the deputy commander of the United States Third Air Force based in Britain, of the mounting number of accidents on the road. Drunkenness has been the cause of nearly 25 per cent of all Air Force road accidents during the past two years. A get-tough policy has resulted from conferences in Washington, D.C., regarding the effect of this drunkenness on American public relations in England.

AUSTRALIA



COMPULSORY BLOOD TEST

According to a public-opinion poll, eighty-five people out of every one hundred in Australia are in favor of a blood test for drivers under the influence of drink. Answers to the poll were as follows:

For compulsory tests, 68 per cent; for voluntary tests, 17 per cent; in opposition to tests, 8 per cent; with no opinion, 7 per cent.

LITTLE DRINK, BIG TROUBLE

Four out of ten people killed in traffic accidents in Perth, Western Australia, since 1950, drivers as well as pedestrians, were under the influence of alcohol. Dr. A. T. Pearson says, in the *Medical Journal* of Australia, that a motorist's ability to drive begins to be

impaired when he has between .05 per cent and .1 per cent of alcohol in his blood. Most drivers are no longer safe with .1 per cent. This concentration means that the driver has taken a minimum of about three pints of beer.

MEXICO

PUTTING THE BLAME WHERE IT BELONGS

The Supreme Court of Mexico has ruled that if a pedestrian hit by a car is drunk at the time of the accident, the driver is absolved of all responsibility.

RUSSIA

ROUGH ON DRUNKS!

What penalty is imposed on drunken drivers in the Soviet Republic of Kazakhstan? They're shot!

NEW ZEALAND

ANOTHER RECORD

The per capita consumption of beer and stout by New Zealanders reached 21.8 gallons in 1955, compared with 20.7 and 19.3 gallons for the previous two years. Figures for the first nine months of 1956 showed a further increase of at least one gallon per capita. Production of these has now reached 50,000,000 gallons annually.

UNITED NATIONS

DAILY NIGHTMARE

Westerners and Communists alike seem to be coming to the opinion that the cocktail party will have to go—that is, if they can ever find time between the endless round of diplomatic receptions to take such an action. During the General Assembly session its delegates attend a constant round of social activity, scarcely able to escape home without stopping first for a "quick one" at some colleague's big affair. If a chief delegate does not show up at such functions, it might be immediately concluded that new war clouds are in sight.

was not the sort of feeling a girl could put into words, not even in words to her mother, and certainly not on her own wedding day.

Adjusting her white satin hat, Mira turned from the dressing table and faced her mother. In her mind the foreboding thought persisted, "You won't be there! I know you won't!" Aloud she said, "I wonder why George and Terry aren't here. Do you suppose—"

Mrs. Laing shook her head and interrupted, "I don't think so, not on your wedding day. Your brothers promised to be home early."

"It's an hour's drive to the church in Springton, and the ceremony starts at eight."

"I know, darling. It is only six-thirty. We'll be there on time."

Mira crossed the room, gave her mother a tender hug. "I wish you and Dorothy would ride with us. Jim won't mind."

Headline Wedding

Mrs. Laing patted her hand. "I told the boys that we would wait for them."

"Please don't! I have a feeling that you won't be there if you do!" The foolish-sounding words escaped Mira's lips.

Her mother rose from the foot of the bed, a shadow of sorrow in her eyes. "I don't believe Terry and George would miss your wedding for anything."

An excited teen-ager shouted from the doorway, "Ready, sis? Jim's here!" Her eyebrows shot up. "You look as beautiful as your white orchid!" Dorothy said with emphasis, meaning every syllable of it.

Mira lightly kissed her mother and sister.

"Don't let anxiety spoil happiness," Mrs. Laing reminded her.

"I promise I won't give it another thought. See you at church!" She tried to sound gay, and with an enchanting smile left the room.

The sky outside was jewel tone, a mixture of aqua and rose, with a sprinkle of diamond stars in the dark blue overhead. Mira snuggled against Jim's shoulder. This was the happiest journey of her life, and she did not intend to permit fear to spoil it.

"Happy?" Jim asked.

"Yes, indeed," she admitted, and meant it.

In Springton, Jim stopped beside a vine-covered church, and the young couple went inside. They were greeted by a few intimate friends before going to the pastor's study.

Later, as she sat waiting in a small church room with her aunt, foreboding thoughts returned to Mira. The clock reminded her that the ceremony could not be postponed longer.

Aunt Jean impatiently tapped a toe against the worn green rug. "I can't imagine what is detaining your family!" She sighed, glanced at her watch, then up at the wall clock. "It looks as if they aren't going to come."

Mira nodded. "I've had that feeling all day! You might as well tell the organist to start the music. Mother would want me to go ahead with the ceremony."

Her aunt started to say something, but left the room in silence.

A tear formed a dewdrop on Mira's orchid, and she

by
Maryane
G. Myers



rubbed its mate away from her cheek. "It seems the boys could stay sober just for this evening. Poor mother and Dorothy must be sitting at home waiting for them—and they probably won't come home until the last tavern door is shut in the morning."

"All set!" Lois Armstrong, the maid of honor, and Uncle Ed stood smiling in the doorway.

Another tear slid down Mira's cheek as she took her uncle's arm, but it melted into a smile kindled by the happiness in Jim's eyes as she walked to the altar to meet him.

Mira and Jim did not stay long at the reception. The cake was cut, a few pictures taken, and they slipped away from the crowd. "I want to hurry home and tell mother and Dorothy about it," Mira said.

"I have something to tell them, too," Jim smiled. "That I have the most beautiful wife in the world."

"Ridiculous! But please never change your mind."

They laughed and talked as they drove homeward. "Two tickets to the moon!" Mira exclaimed when the road curved to meet a crescent moon at the hilltop, which seemed to be waiting like a small ship in a silver cloud ocean.

Jim chuckled. "Seems like lots of travelers are going both ways. Traffic is unusually heavy tonight." He caught sight of a flare. "Say! There's been a bad accident up the road, head-on collision!"

Police were directing traffic. Ambulances were at the scene. Mira shuddered. Broken bodies and human blood were on the pavement. At a quick glance she saw a woman stretched out almost beneath an overturned vehicle. Other bodies were lying still, grotesque-looking under the light of flares. A state police hurried them along as an ambulance screamed past them.

Sickened, Mira put her face against Jim's shoulder. "It's so horrible," she breathed. "I'm glad mother and family couldn't come. I wouldn't want her to see such an awful sight."

Jim patted her shoulder. "Try not to think of it. We'll be home in less than twenty minutes, and your family will want to know all about the wedding."

The house was dark when Mira unlocked the front

door. "Where do you suppose they are?"

"Probably at the reception by now."

They turned on lights as they went through the house. It was evident that Terry and George had been home by the way their work clothes were strewn about their room.

"We might as well take my luggage to the car and be on our way," Mira sighed, "but I do wish I could have told them all good-by."

Jim hugged her. "They will understand." He picked up the suitcases and went outside.

When Mira was alone, the telephone rang. It was a call from a hospital. Her two brothers had been in a wreck and were in serious condition. Could she come at once?

Columbine

Ruth Stephens Porter

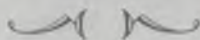
Bells in colors of our flag
Grow beside the walk.
They are patriotic flowers,
Trying hard to talk.

Bells in shades of ruby red,
Swaying to and fro,
Ring for freedom, dearly
bought,
By fathers long ago.

Bells arrayed in snowy white
Like feathers of a dove,
Urge us on to brotherhood,
Lasting peace, and love.

Bells in dress of sapphire blue
Peal for loyalty
And allegiance to the flag
That flies above the free.

Flowers show our country's
flag;
May those colors shine
And blossom for America,
Lovely Columbine!



Shaken, she put the telephone in place. As she hastened to the front door, the phone rang again. Her sister and mother were in another hospital. The latter was not expected to live. Could she come?

In a daze Mira dropped the telephone. She opened her mouth to call Jim, but her voice was gone. He found her standing in the center of the living room, with a trembling hand on her throat. Her face was as white as the flower she wore.

"What is the matter? Talk to me, darling!" Jim pleaded.

She closed her eyes and seemed to gasp for breath. Then she looked at him blankly. "The accident—my family," she managed to whisper hoarsely. "I must go to Parkdale Hospital at once—mother—" Her voice refused to continue.

It was a night of horror and suspense. Beside her mother's bed after the operation, Mira added another silent prayer to the long chain she had made that night. Gradually the woman opened her eyes and smiled. Then she closed them again.

The attending physician softly whispered, "Your mother is going to be all right. You should rest as soon as possible."

Wearily Mira looked up at him. "I'm so thankful, but will she ever walk again?"

He nodded, keeping his voice low. "It will take time."

Jim came into the room as Mira rose from the chair. "You're needed at Greenway Hospital. Terry is in pretty bad shape," he told her as tenderly as possible, his arm about her shoulders. "We'll go as soon as I go to Dorothy's room and let her know that mother is going to be all right."

It was daybreak when Mira and Jim left Greenway Hospital. Terry would live, but to face a serious charge of drunken driving. Both brothers would be crippled for months. On the way home Mira bought a newspaper. Its blazing headlines told a story worse than she had imagined: "ONE KILLED, FIVE CRITICALLY INJURED IN COLLISION." There was the story of her family speeding to the wedding. A young mother and her small child were in the other car. Terry had crossed the highway to strike it head on. The child had been thrown clear with only minor injuries, but his mother had been killed by the impact.

Headline wedding, to be sure! The cocktail glass had again taken its toll. A small boy had lost his mother, a manslaughter charge was facing Terry, and Mira's family would be crippled for months.

DRINKING

beverage alcohol is a form of human conduct difficult to limit or restrain. It is a habit that tends to get out of control, to demoralize persons and dominate group life.

Participated in casually and without adequate consideration, drinking develops not only as a personal habit but also as a social custom. Thus it is stimulated and increased by both personal appetites and group pressures. By these processes, *alcohol saturation* is being advanced in our American culture.

Forty years ago Dr. Albert Schweitzer, that wise observer and student of human conduct, pointed out: "The ethical consists not in submission to traditional customs," but "in active devotion of individuals to their fellow men" and "in aims which seek improvement of social conditions."—*Out of My Life and Thought*, page 142.

Today we may wisely apply these ethical insights in seeking to formulate guides that will serve to release our social groups from alcohol customs and pressures.

We may well ask, "Why is it that the known facts about beverage alcohol, its results on human personality and its effects on human society, are not more effective in restraining people from the forms of conduct involved in the use of beverage alcohol?"

This is a realistic and perplexing question. There is no simple or readily apparent answer, but by utilizing psychological and ethical insights as to the springs of human conduct, we can find some sure and sound ethical guidance out of situations that alcohol saturation is now producing.

We seek principles that will be the foundation of right types of conduct in the face of the customs and social pressures that today are arising around beverage alcohol. We seek to clarify those types of conduct that contain promise of being most conducive to personal welfare and "the improvement of social conditions."

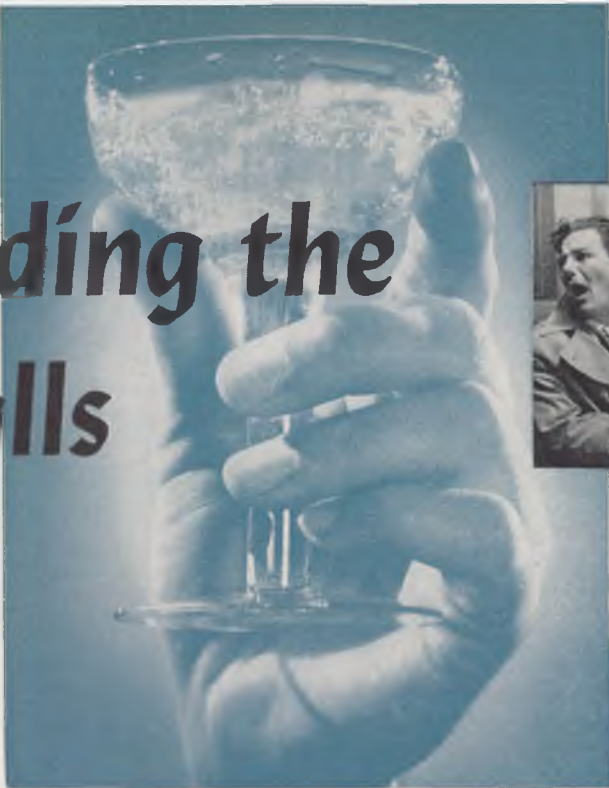
In this process we are working in line with thoughtful men from the time of Socrates in the fifth century B.C. to the present, who have sought to apply reason to human conduct and to work out guides to forms of conduct that are conducive to human and social welfare.

Beyond the ethical principles that aid in guiding *personal* reactions* to beverage alcohol, it is advisable also to formulate those that are designed for the guidance of *group* life. We seek to move toward an American group life

*See article by Dr. M. H. Bickham in *Listen*, volume 10, No. 4, on "Is Drinking Unethical?" for ethical principles guiding personal reaction to beverage alcohol.

Avoiding the Pitfalls

MARTIN
HAYES
BICKHAM,
Ph.D.



Developing an
Ethical Guide
for Release
From Alcohol
Customs in
Group Life.

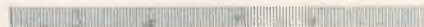
free from the pressures of drinking customs. It is not enough to deal only with the reaction of individuals to beverage alcohol; we must formulate ethics that utilize organized group resistance to social pressures for participation in prevailing drinking customs.

Here again insight is provided by another outstanding leader of modern thought. Arnold Toynbee, the noted historian, in his recent book, *Civilization on Trial*, page 205, calls alcohol one of "the conspicuous dangers in our modern Western society." My own grass-roots investigations of the influences of beverage alcohol consumption in our American culture during the last twenty years have confirmed this historical insight of Professor Toynbee. It is becoming increasingly clear that the degree of alcohol saturation now prevailing is slowly but surely advancing the disintegration of American culture.

For this reason, students of contemporary society seem to be generally agreed that since social conditions are becoming more complex and involved, such ethical principles that provide wise guidance for persons need to be supplemented by the elucidation and formulation of ethical principles adapted to guidance of group life. Gardner Murphy points out in his recently published *Introduction to Psychology*: "Many individuals feel out on a limb when they differ from their fellows. The group presses upon them to conform and not to stray far from the fold. . . . There is a need to feel oneself a typical member

of a group, a need not to be queer or exceptional or deviant."—Pages 175, 176.

Certain trends in the consumption of beverage alcohol are becoming evident. Drinking customs are involving increasing numbers of our adult population. Evidence is at hand that these drinking customs are also including more adolescents and even children. Thus the alcohol-consumption groups, and the social and group pressures to participate in drinking customs, have spread in many directions through our American culture. We must recognize in this situation, as Kurt Lewin points out in his recent *Field Theory in Social Science*, that "any constancy of culture is based on the fact that children are growing into that culture."—Page 170. If, then, our youth and our children are being swept into the alcohol-consumption groups by prevailing drinking customs,



"Dad, what do they mean when they say a fellow has horse sense?"
"He can say 'nay,' son."



it is evident our American culture is drifting toward the cultural disintegration that Toynbee sees in the historical trends of Western society.

The present alcohol-consumption situation in America is deeply embedded in our group life. Drinking with others, whether at cocktail parties or in

taverns or restaurants, acquires a psychological meaning. These psychological responses shape up the drinking conduct and set up the social pressures that sweep many into drinking customs and on into alcohol addiction.

For these persons, internal conflicts arise around alcohol. The question arises, "Shall I drink and go along with the crowd, or shall I resist the social pressures and refuse to follow prevalent drinking customs?" It is apparent that anyone who wishes to see an alcohol-free culture develop in America must seek to strengthen the motivational forces that have power to release our people from these pressures to drink. Here we see the value of Dr. Schweitzer's insight that ethics includes "aims that seek an improvement in social conditions."

A review of these conditions makes it clear that ways need to be developed to resist and overcome group pressures to drink. We need a group ethics that is directed to conscious control of these primary group processes, an ethics that is concerned with basic values, one that will create and advance a type of group life that is free from alcohol.

Therefore out of these positions it is possible to formulate and advance an ethical principle that is applicable to group life. It may be formulated in these words:

Participate positively in those wider group and community relations that shape a public opinion which actively resists the invasive tactics of beverage alcohol customs and encourages conduct directed to aiding in the realization of the welfare of all our people and to releasing our group life from the pressures to drink.

Even amid pressures to join social groups in drinking customs, those persons committed to the development of an alcohol-free culture are called upon to exert their influences in group life and develop counter-group pressures that effectively operate to reduce alcohol indulgence and prevent the decadence that follows from this indulgence.

"WHY didn't someone tel

PRISON INMATE NO. 92212

We were out of breath as we ran up the stairs and dashed into the locker room. Jimmy and I had just "scored" for five caps of heroin, and we had to "play fast." The bell for physics class would ring in a few minutes.

Jimmy, standing in the doorway, was "on the point," and I, hidden behind the locker door, began "cooking up." Four or five "squares" making last-minute book changes, were jabbering away in the corner. I had gone all night without a "fix," and by now I was sneezing and yawning beyond control. I went out in the hall and got "on the point" for Jimmy. But I was so "high" I could not stand straight. I was really "coasting"!

The next thing I knew, someone was shaking me by the shoulders. It was Mr. Lawrence, one of Jimmy's teachers. I knew then that he had caught me "playing the nod." When he saw Jimmy in the locker room, he dashed in and caught Jimmy "bang-up" taking a "fix." This was really a "pinch."

When Mr. Lawrence wheeled us into the principal's office and exhibited what he had taken from us,—spike, eye-dropper, and blackened spoon,—the principal was so surprised you could have knocked him over with a feather. He sure blew his top. But we were too "high" to "dig the rumble" until two officers came in, flashed their badges, and looked us over with a curious, not-too-friendly gaze.

When I saw them I nearly "flipped," for I knew they were "fuzz"! And in a flash I realized what it meant—my parents would find out, the neighbors would know, and, worst of all, my girl friend would find out. What would they think of me, and what would they say? Above all, I trembled to think what the police would do.

In a few days my parents came down to the city jail and tried to get me out. I guess they thought they could claim me as their lost boy and take me home. But that would not work. This "pinch" I was in was for real.

I remember the first thing mom and dad said, or the first thing they screamed, would be more like it. This was it: "Oh! No! Not our son! There must be some mistake."

But there was no mistake. It was me all right—their son Frankie, who had been using drugs for ten months without any responsible person's knowing about it.

Mom cried. She couldn't believe it. I could believe the seriousness of the situation I was in, but I could not answer her question: "Why did you ever start doing such a thing?" But I had a distinct remembrance of that night at a school program, when on a dare I was afraid to "chicken out," so I took a few drags on a marijuana cigarette. Soon after that there followed regular "weed" parties at the lake. But the "weed" soon wore off. I wanted something stronger, something with more drive, more thrill.

I found it all right, in heroin! First, I took heroin once a week. A bunch of us kids would get together and "chippy-fix." Then I took heroin twice a week, and soon I was taking it every other day. Soon I could not do without it and had to have heroin every morning. But where was I to get the money? My allowance would only buy two "fixes." Some of the other kids told me how they were getting their money, and this is how I reasoned the answer to my problem: "Well, if dad wanted me to finish high school and go to college, he surely would not object to giving me money to buy extra books!" Of course, my father did not object to giving me money to buy the books, but as fast as he turned the money over to me I spent it for narcotics, and stole books from the city library to meet my need.

My constant need was money, money, money. I never seemed to have enough! Soon I ran out of "reasons" for needing the money and, as a last resort, turned to selling the many gifts which I had received during recent years. Next I began taking things from my home and pawning them, small things at first, things my parents would not miss right away. Then I pawned anything I could get my hands on. But I could not conquer the habit; it kept getting stronger and bigger all the time, and I could not keep my mind on my studies. I was all the time thinking and planning on how to get "score dough," which was slang for money.

One night some of the boys began talking about angles for getting money. I got "hepped" that night. In no time I, with other "junkies," was out "boosting," short-changing, and stealing from parked cars. In ten months I had really built up a habit, which was "an oil burner!" I had gone too far; I could not stop.



"A few drags on a marijuana cigarette."

me?"

In graphic teen-age jargon, the terrors of "cold turkey" are here portrayed by one who went through this living hell.

"I found it all right, in heroin."



But in the city jail I *had* to stop. They call it the "cold-turkey" cure. I call it slow murder. I became so sick I thought I would die. Hours on end I would roll on the floor, screaming my lungs out for someone to help; but nobody paid any attention. At times the cold floor felt good when I was wringing wet with sweat and felt as though I were burning up. I could not bear even to touch my body, because it felt so sensitive and ticklish. Then I would suddenly turn from hot to cold—very cold. I would shake from head to toe, but there was nothing to cover up with for warmth, for all my clothes had been taken away from me.

How my legs did hurt! The pain was dull and throbbing. I kept hitting and pinching my legs, but it did no good. I screamed for someone to come and cut my legs off; and I think I would have readily submitted to having it done. My back ached also. It seemed as if someone had jumped on my back and broken all my bones.

Savagely I bit, scratched, and tore away at my pains, but nothing gave relief. It seemed that I could never stop vomiting. My stomach seemed filled with hot coals. I retched and retched until my throat was raw and blood came from my mouth. My face was puffed and swollen from the attacks by my own hands. It seemed that I could not stand the pain any longer, and I wanted to kill myself. I made a desperate

search for a razor blade or something that would serve as a noose, but to no avail. I even bit a vein in my arm because I wanted to see blood and pretend that I had just had a "fix." But there was no relief from agony.

Once a young policeman stopped outside my cell and said something about my being a "junkie" and that, if I didn't stop hollering, he would lock me up for good. He blew smoke in my face as he went on his way. But the smell of tobacco made me vomit again.

I longed for something to make me sleep, but there was nothing I could get hold of. There was nothing to do but lie down on the cold, bare floor and sweat it out. Why didn't somebody tell me that taking narcotics would result in a condition like this? Didn't the kids say that a person could quit any time he wanted to?

The only thing I knew about narcotics was what I saw in the movies and read in some magazines, all of which was distorted and far from the truth. If you tried to talk about it and get some information you were considered too curious for your own good, like small kids talking about sex. Perhaps I thought I was being smart, and not a dumb "square," a term used by the gang to represent a person who would not indulge in drugs on the sly, but was an example of being true to right principles. Or perhaps I was trying to substitute something for what I was not getting at home—love and affection. I am sure that if I had understood what the taking of narcotics would really mean I would never have messed with it. I could not understand why I was being treated as though I were a real criminal. It seemed to me they should at least take me to a hospital or call a doctor. But people didn't do anything but leave me in the cold bare cell to sweat it out in agony.

I was really scared and was not sure from one minute to the next what the jailer would do to me. There were all kinds of people in the jail; we were all thrown together. All the older "junkies" talked about was that "this or that guy is a 'connection,'" or, who had the "best stuff in town," and where to "score." I heard more about narcotics in the city jail than I had heard on the street. It was awful!

After four days the period of convulsions had passed. The bailiff called my name, and I stepped forward on wobbly legs. I was still weak and could hardly stand on my feet in court. The judge appeared to be sympathetic and understanding. He asked me how I started to use drugs, when I began, and if I had ever been warned about the evils of drug addiction. All I could do was to shake my head to indicate No.

Then he asked my parents to step forward, and he talked straight to them! He said:

"It is your duty, as well as that of the community, to educate your sons and daughters in the evils of drug addiction. How children can use drugs for months on end without detection, is fantastic and unbelievable.

"Many times, when parents have discovered that their teen-age children have fallen victim of the sinister, enslaving drug habit, I have heard them cry out, 'If only we had known!' It is the parents' responsibility to know, and to be on guard against this vicious monster, and be well informed about this evil. Newspapers frequently reveal tragic accounts of our teen-agers who, upon their arrest for a minor crime or a drug violation, sob out their plight of addiction. It is then—on their arrest, and only then—that parents come to realize that this depraving habit has befallen their children. But at that time it is too late to prevent shame, humiliation, and public ostracism as a result of their apathy in youth guidance and supervision."

Continuing to address my parents, the judge said, "It is tragic, indeed, that you parents, and your children also, were not educated in the evils of addiction. Had such instruction been given and heeded, much addiction could be halted in

its early stages, when proper medical treatment and careful guidance could again restore these unfortunate victims to a normal life. It is true that legislators have recently taken stern measures in an effort to combat this ever-increasing evil; but you, as parents, must realize that much of the burden remains on your shoulders. You must be constantly on the alert for addiction in your own home. That is where the demon kidnaps the soul of the uneducated, the unsupervised, and the unwary.

"Parents are too naïve in believing that addiction cannot strike in their own homes. But, be that as it may, addiction knows no discrimination. This

malignant evil will ferret out the thrill seeker wherever he may be."

Pointing his finger at me as I sat facing him, the judge continued:

"Like this young boy in front of me now, faced with a prison sentence, which I am compelled by law to give him, the cry is heard on every hand, 'Why didn't someone tell me?' I know this plea is dulled at the edges, but I hear it time and time again. The day must come when these youths will not be able to give that as their excuse."

I glanced up at my parents. Their heads were bowed low, and my mother was pleading with the judge not to send me to prison, claiming that I was still just a baby. But her pleading was in vain, and I was led away to begin my first sentence.

Sitting in my prison cell, I have plenty of time to think of the past, and I wonder why someone did not tell me of the danger. Perhaps I would not have listened then, but who knows? I might have been saved all this suffering myself, and the great sorrow and anguish of my parents. It is difficult to think back over the history of how it all happened to me, but there is one day which stands out clearly in my experience—one day! The day I thought I was being smart by seeking companionship in a teen-age gang. Maybe if things had been a little different before that, or even that day, I might have finished high school and gone to college and lived a normal life.

"A STITCH IN TIME . . ."

I am writing this in the hope that it may help some other young person. Here is what you can do to avoid the vicious trap into which I became ensnared:

1. If you have problems creating emotional stresses, tension, and strain, work them out with your parents and older friends, such as your teacher or your pastor. Your alternative, like my own, will be to seek a crutch on which to carry the load that seems too heavy to carry alone.

2. Speak up boldly if you hear anyone say that one little "fix" will just give you a harmless thrill. There are many people, young and old, who do not know the truth.

3. Be "chicken" rather than become addicted! Believe me, a chicken is a far happier bird than is a jailbird addict.

4. If others come to you with the suggestion, "Just one 'pop' will pep up you and the party," remember that not even a pill will pep up life in a prison or padded cell.

LEADING YOUTH TO THINK

(Continued from page 16)

satisfactory gradually diminishes, and ultimately reaching adult life, he makes decisions on the basis of responsibility. Did you ever go to your office or to work when you would much rather play golf, go fishing, or engage in some other pastime? If so, it shows that you still cling to some of those adolescent tendencies. The progression of the individual through adolescence is not always uniform, especially the degree of development reached in relation to any particular period of adolescence as there are experiences in life which mature some more quickly than others.

Another aspect is the problem the adolescent has in dealing with adults, some of whom always insist upon treating him as a child. Some adults always want to do the thinking and the deciding for the child or the adolescent; while the adolescent is increasingly trying to develop the capacity and the ability and the will to think for himself.

Then there are those adults who always want to treat the adolescent as an adult, and expect his attitudes, behavior, decisions, and conduct to be the same as an adult. Fortunately we have some adults who are capable of treating the adolescent as an adolescent, recognizing that he is striving to break out of the shell of childhood and assume his responsibility in a world of adults as an adult. During this experience he is vacillating. One moment he wants to be the child,—protected, loved, caressed, nurtured, ornery,—and the next minute he wants to be an adult, wanting to do all his own thinking without having anyone telling him what to do.

This makes it difficult for the adult, for he doesn't know which way the adolescent is going to jump next. The intelligent adult is the one who has the capacity always to keep before the adolescent the challenge that there is something more for him to gain, to do, and to learn for himself. Although every adult was once an adolescent, I have discovered that unfortunately too few adults remember what it was like to be an adolescent.

The question is often asked: How can we help the child develop a sense of responsibility and the ability to think for himself?

At the close of a lecture in a high school a lad came to talk with me. He said he was terribly worried about his buddy. He explained that he and his buddy like to go to dances, and, while he has a wonderful time, his buddy will never start to dance until he has had a

"Just Common Sense"

Interview of Dr. Marion Wiles, by Madeline George

Dr. Wiles is well known for her wide experience as teacher, educator, and leader in school and church activities.

At present she is executive assistant to the superintendent of the Great Neck, New York, public schools, a system having almost 10,000 pupils. Her work includes co-ordinating guidance services, doing educational research, organizing local school Civil Defense, and serving on committees for improving the educational program.

Dr. Wiles Says—

As an educator I realize the effect of alcoholic beverages on the human system, as has been consistently emphasized by health specialists and educational leaders. In my own experience, through the years of my public work, I have observed that intoxicating liquor has caused much suffering. Many persons have thereby lost health and prestige; others have lost good positions, bringing hardship upon themselves and their families. Homes have been broken up and children led into delinquency. Also, neither I nor any person can ignore the many traffic accidents which have brought death or bodily injury to thousands of persons.

In the face of such evidence it seems to me to be just common sense to leave drink strictly alone, not only for my own good, but because of the example I might set for others. Since character is as much caught as taught, it seems wise for a leader of children, youth, and adults to set the example of wholesome, not harmful, living. Certainly the drinking of intoxicating beverages is not essential to success in one's professional or social life.

couple of drinks. "I can't understand why he has to have the drinks," he said.

The answer to such a problem involves an examination of the effects of fear and tension. It happens that in the process of maturation, of growth, of development, we all experience problems. We come up against situations which put us under tension, stress, or strain. Why wouldn't the fellow dance before he had a couple of drinks? Because of fear, which produced tension and destroyed his capacity to be adequate to the situation.

I have never danced in my life, and know nothing about it; but I assume that to dance properly a person would want to be relaxed and feel at ease in order to be graceful. I don't suppose that the person who is tense and nervous will appear very graceful on the

dance floor. That, apparently, was the underlying cause of the conduct so mystifying to the lad who talked with me. He observed that a couple of drinks seemed to make it easy for his buddy to join in the dancing. But, as I tried to explain, his buddy was up against a problem which put him under tension, stress, or strain; and, instead of facing the problem, he was dodging it. The next time he faces the problem, it will have greater dimension, and he will take the course which he thinks is the easiest, and take another drink. So he keeps on dodging the problem every time he meets it, and as other problems arise he will probably meet them in the same way.

Take, for example, another person who responds to his problems in a different manner. When under the ten-

sion and strain, he makes up his mind that he is going to exert his personality. He says to himself, "I am going to do my best to face my problem head on. I may muff it, but I am going to do the best I can." The next time he faces the problem, it looks smaller than it did before; and as he goes on facing it, the problem becomes progressively smaller until it disappears. This we call *personality development*. In the other case it is *personality disintegration*.

The simplest definition I have found of an alcoholic describes him as nothing more nor less than an individual to whom the ordinary problems of life have become so painful that he feels he cannot face them without alcohol.

It has been my privilege for the past few years to be associated in one capacity or another with many outstand-

THE BETTER WAY

Locking the barn door after the horse is stolen—these are not mere idle words for Emmett Sterling, gang foreman for the Marson Construction Corporation, which builds power lines in southern Indiana. An alcoholic for nineteen years, he knows their real meaning in his own life.

Having a thirst for almost anything with a "kick" in it, Sterling became a good customer of the taverns. He, however, always paid for his drinks and never was noisy and troublesome. Every weekend for years found Sterling sitting at the bar or lounging in a booth.

"Though I was married and had a family I spent at least a third of my wages on liquor. I dreaded to look into my billfold Monday morning after a Saturday night's binge, knowing I had spent a great deal of money that I could ill afford," Sterling says.

Naturally enough, Sterling's mother worried about him. In 1935 she was struck down with an illness and died within two weeks. The night before she passed away she called the children to her bedside and asked Emmett to promise never to touch another drop of whisky. Since she said nothing about beer and wine, Emmett acceded to her request.

The years rolled by, and though he had never downed a tumbler of whisky since his mother's death, Sterling made up for it by guzzling numerous bottles of beer and wine. "Many weekends

were lost weekends to me," Sterling declared. "Sometimes I would begin drinking Saturday noon and stagger home early Sunday morning, completely unaware of what I had done or said, caring for nothing, my mind a blank.

"I desperately wanted to stop, but my system was saturated, and my thirst was too strong to be denied. I knew I would shorten my days if I didn't do something, but my will power was weak, and I knew of no one to help."

All this time his family despaired that Sterling would ever be free again. Then one night the turning point came.

"I was sitting in a tavern drinking when a man told me my sister was outside and wanted to see me," Sterling recalled. "She persuaded me to go home with her. Unknown to me, she had visited Alcoholics Anonymous and secured a pamphlet for me to read. I never will forget that moment. I was so drunk I could hardly read, but the realization came upon me that this was exactly the help I had needed so long.

"Though I felt new determination, it did not keep me from returning to the tavern for another round of drinks, but all the time a thought persisted in my mind that this would be the last time I would ever indulge. This was in 1950, and since then no intoxicant of any kind has ever touched my lips."

Strange as it sounds, and so unlike the experience of others, Sterling insists that no great desire to drink has

Claude A.
Doyle



tormented him since. Only now and then the thought of a cool glass of beer comes to him, but a cold drink of water satisfies the craving.

His health greatly improved and his self-confidence returned, and his family was overjoyed at the great change. Sterling felt and looked like a new man. He emphatically declares that he will never again take a drink of anything intoxicating for any money.

Sterling's suggestion to alcoholics is to resolve to quit drinking and mean it, and then contact AA as soon as possible. He contends that nobody knows how to talk to an alcoholic except another who has had the same awful experience.

But, he says, "This is like locking the barn door after the horse is stolen. It is far better never to begin drinking." Sterling would shout from the rooftops to all young folks, "Never, never take that first drink. Let them call you 'sissy' if they will." He knows that even in social or moderate drinking, there are too many like himself who go the limit after they start.

Sterling indeed knows whereof he speaks when he emphasizes, "Don't take that first drink!"



Jerri and Bob Lee sign the register at Whitney Portal after setting new records. Ranger Chuck Short (left) observes, and Emmett D. Watts of Ridgecrest checks the time.

New Climbing Records for Mount Whitney

To acclimated mountain climbers the trail up Mount Whitney, highest mountain in the United States, is not forbidding. In fact, hundreds of amateurs make the climb each year. Because of this, anyone setting the record for this climb is up against heavy competition.

Bob and Jerri Lee, of Ridgecrest, California, two advocates of the alcohol-free and tobacco-free way of life (coupled with weight lifting and a high-protein diet), now hold the men's and women's records.

The men's record stood since 1951 at 8 hours and 25 minutes for the round trip. Lee broke this record by doing it in 8:08, then September 26, 1957, he broke his own record with a time of 7:08, exactly 1 hour better.

The women's record is less well known, but stood at a little more than 10 hours until Lee's wife, Jerri, made the trip in 9:42. On September 26 also Jerri did the trip in 8:22, breaking her own record by 1 hour and 20 minutes, and setting a new women's record.

These times, both Lee's and his wife's, include all stops, rests, even the time spent on top signing the register.

The Whitney Trail is 13.3 miles one way, or 26.6 miles for the round trip. It begins at an elevation of 8,367 feet and rises to an elevation of 14,496 feet at the summit. According to Roy Saarni, district Ranger with the Forest Service at Lone Pine, a man on horseback usually takes seven hours to reach the summit from the Portal, where the trail begins. As a mountain trail, the Whitney Trail is good, but its roughness and rockiness are a far cry from a cross-country type of trail.

In 1954 the Lees hiked the whole length of the famous John Muir Trail, some 220 miles, in 17 days. They back-packed their supplies and equipment all the way rather than depend on food caches. The trail from Camp Curry in Yosemite Valley to Whitney Portal, west of Lone Pine, goes through some of the most rugged mountain country in the world.

ing scientists in this field. I have yet to find among these researchers, irrespective of their personal habits, any difference of opinion on this one issue: Teenagers shouldn't drink. Is this a case of being a wet blanket? Not at all. They have come to recognize that the adolescent period of life is the time when the person is confronted with the greatest problems of adjustment he will ever be called upon to face. I am not saying, the greatest problems he will ever face; but I am saying, "The greatest problems of adjustment" he will likely ever

in his whole life be called upon to face.

All around us we see people who apparently have cultural backgrounds that are about equal; their economic, social, and educational backgrounds seem about the same, as near as can be assessed. One person goes on to an eminent degree of success, and the other achieves only a mediocre status in life. What is the difference?

The greatest factor in determining the success which a person achieves is probably that of personality development—the extent to which he makes

these adjustments. During the adolescent period of life he leaves off the attitudes and behavior patterns of childhood and accepts responsibility and develops the capacity to face the exigencies of adult life.

This, in my judgment, is an example of objective alcohol education. It places before young people factually, honestly, and sincerely the results of investigation in this area of human relationship. I do not think that being *objective* means never to talk about abstaining. It merely means that you do not impose your value judgments upon young people, but rather lead them to think fruitfully and creatively about their own lives, in order that whatever decision they reach will be the result of their own thought processes. It is natural to like best and trust most that which we have thought out for ourselves.

IS ALCOHOL A FOOD?

(Continued from page 11)

American lager beer) daily, in the course of twelve months he will have taken into his system the nutritive constituents contained in five one-pound loaves of bread. So, you see, that would be getting nutrients the hard way and be very expensive—to say nothing of the damage done to the body by the alcohol content of the beer.

Many people who are heavy drinkers have a tendency to put on weight. Isn't this a sign they are building up tissue in the body?

We have already mentioned that alcohol has calories, or units of heat. A pint of whisky will supply approximately 1,400 units of energy. This energy is not like that furnished by food, since it does not contain any of the building properties and therefore cannot produce or add to body tissue. It appears to have the unique property of storing carbohydrates and also protein, and this allows these food elements to be stored as fat. Many heavy drinkers have so damaged their body chemistry that they carry extra weight due to bloating and waterlogging of the tissues.

You have been emphatic about disqualifying alcohol as a food. Do you think alcoholic beverages should be sold in grocery stores alongside milk, potatoes, and other staples?

I believe that if alcoholic beverages are sold, they should be entirely separated from food and have no connection with it whatsoever. When they are sold in grocery stores, it is easy to associate them with food. The alcoholic-beverage industry is anxious to have its

products sold in all such stores to make them more easily available to their customers.

Is alcohol ever listed among foods in nutrition textbooks?

I have never seen it listed as such.

There are some people who take alcoholic beverages as medicine because a doctor suggests it. What do you think about this?

I know of some who drink for this very reason. Some doctors advise wine for high blood pressure. It does seem to have a tendency to lower the blood pressure in some cases due to the fact that the capillaries are dilated. This is one reason why many people who drink have a red face. This lowering of the blood pressure, however, is only a temporary benefit and is no cure.

Is wide publicity being given to purported reasons why alcohol should be used in medicine?

Considerable research is being carried on by the alcoholic-beverage companies to try to show some scientific reasons why doctors should use alcoholic beverages as medicine. I have here, for example, a forty-two-page booklet put out by the Wine Advisory Board in San Francisco, entitled *Uses of Wine in Medical Practice*, a summary. This, of course, is distributed only to the medical profession. There are eight or nine different disorders for which they recommend the use of wine. Wine is spoken of as "the safest of all

sedatives." Here is the summary of the chapter "Wine in Cardiology":

"1. Wine has been found effective in relieving the pain of angina pectoris and other cardiovascular diseases.

"2. It has been reported helpful for older patients with normally advanced arteriosclerosis.

"3. It may be used to reduce the apprehension and general discomfort often associated with hypertension."

Miss Van Gundy, what do you have to say about this kind of advice? Is there proof that it should not be followed?

Yes, we can find much proof to show the danger in following such advice. Let me refer you to the work done by three U.S. Public Health Service doctors. Their work was written up in the May 27, 1950, issue of *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. A brief report of it appeared in the *Science News Letter* of June 3, 1950, entitled "Alcohol No Heart Remedy," and carried this statement:

"The past practice of giving alcohol in cases of heart disease known as angina should be changed. Alcohol does not dilate the heart arteries as once thought."

These workers go on to tell that alcohol acts purely as a sedative. It does relieve the pain, because the person is drugged and has no feeling of pain. This in itself may be very dangerous in that it gives the feeling of well-being

which is usually attendant on drinking. Thus the patient under alcohol sedation may continue with activity, not knowing he is suffering a heart seizure until it is too late.

Is it possible that a person may begin the road to alcoholism by the route of a doctor's prescription?

Yes, indeed, this is possible, and I suppose we'll never know actually how many begin that way. Let me quote a paragraph from the book, *What's New About Alcohol and Us*, published by the American Businessmen's Research Foundation, 431 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois:

"The one-or-two-a-day drink habit innocently prescribed by many physicians can lead to serious proportions. Take the case of Lillian Roth, a great movie idol first discovered by Paramount in 1929 but degraded by alcoholism almost from the time of her first drink of the 'safest of all sedatives.'"—Page 120.

The doctors had suggested that she take wine as a blood builder, but before long she had tripled her dose. Miss Roth gives the story in her book *I'll Cry Tomorrow*. This is just one classic example of what can happen.

This book *What's New About Alcohol and Us* goes on to say that the American Medical Association "has never recommended, as a body, the prescription of alcoholic beverages to the elderly to counteract the chill of old age."—Page 121.

THE real effects of alcohol on a man's health, on his morale, and on his family cannot be measured by any known yardstick. In addition to its inroads on his physical being, alcohol's cost digs deeply into his purse.

A confirmed drinker can imbibe as much as 1½ pints of liquor a day, and many are known to consume a quart a day as their tolerance increases.

But here are the actual cost figures for the conservative average: Since there are 16 ounces in one pint, if the drinker uses whisky at the rate of 1½ pints a day, the total will be 24 ounces. What will be the cost?

The cheapest whisky sells for about \$4.50 a fifth, and that makes it cost \$22.50 per gallon. But let us calculate what the drinker actually pays for the alcohol in the gallon of "cheap" whisky. If the liquor is 100 proof, that means that half the whisky is alcohol; that is what the drinker is buying anyway. So alcohol—the stuff the drinker really

craves and pays for—costs \$45 per gallon. If he wants to buy a "better" 100-proof liquor at \$6.85 a fifth, the actual alcohol purchased jumps to an astounding \$68.50 for one gallon.

If the drinker buys canned beer at \$3.60 a case, and if the beer is 6 per cent alcohol by volume, he drinks 288 ounces of liquid to get 17.28 ounces of alcohol at a cost of more than 20 cents an ounce. In the higher-priced imported wines, brandies, and whiskies, the sum of money taken from his pocketbook may double that amount.

Thus, to the cost of drinking on the mind and body, add the cost in cash. By using a price of only \$4.50 a fifth for a "cheap" whisky as our base, we find that it will cost in round figures, \$4.50 a day to drink 12 ounces of alcohol—24 ounces of 100-proof whisky—at about 35 cents an ounce. That comes to approximately \$1,642.50 a year!

At that price can one really afford to drink?

counting the cost

Sewell E.
Masoncup



Has the American Medical Association anything to say about alcohol in vascular diseases?

Yes, let me give you this quotation from *The Journal of the A.M.A.*, volume 143, page 1514 (1950): "The total record, therefore, of the effectiveness of alcoholic beverages in vascular disease is not good. The prescription of alcohol in these disorders . . . may lead to acute and chronic alcoholism in a large proportion of cases. It is distressing to see such harmful effects of a drug whose efficacy is doubtful."

Does drinking directly affect a person's food intake?

Yes, the heavy drinker is not usually interested in eating. He's interested in drinking more, and if he eats it is mostly because by so doing he can drink longer. It is a compulsion with him.

This thought is expressed well by Dr. Roger J. Williams in his book *Nutrition and Alcoholism*. On page 58 he has this to say about a person who is a habitual drinker: "The drinking he does crowds out of his diet the nutritional element he needs, and he becomes more and more deficient until finally the deficiencies make the craving so strong that he cannot resist it. There is something about alcohol that acts like pulling a trigger—when a person is in a deficient condition with only a mild incipient craving, the first drink sets off the craving and makes it more intense. This type of phenomenon is probably not uncommon: give salt-hungry animals a little taste of salt and they become ravenous for more."

This brings me to another question, Miss Van Gundy. Does a person's nutritional pattern have anything to do with his craving for alcohol?

That is a question it will take some time to discuss, so we will hold it over until the next section of this interview.

WHITHER RESEARCH?

(Continued from page 10)

ance. He confirmed that alcohol is an intoxicating drug and that intoxication is in proportion to the amount circulating in the blood at the time. That intoxication depends on a multitude of things about the person—his personality make-up, the contents of his stomach, the rate at which he secretes, the rate at which he absorbs. All these determine whether he has so much alcohol in his blood that he is wholly incompetent, or only enough to be his usual dull self.

These studies by Benedict and Dodge and Miles are significant. They show how to measure the effect of small doses

of alcohol. In this mechanical age, in the operation of a motor vehicle the difference between a 5 and a 10 per cent delay in reaction time, due to tiny quantities of alcohol, is the difference of 10 to 20 feet in the position at which a driver's car stops when he is going 35 miles an hour.

With the completion of these studies in the 1920's, the basic nature of alcohol, its physiological and psychological effects, became known. Other studies were completed during these years by Europeans and Americans, which in general confirmed the outline as we know it. Some were done by Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, by Dr. W. Fischer, and by others. But these ideas were not generally received into the consciousness of the public either in Europe or in America. With a rising incidence of alcoholism in most of the countries of the Western World, little use in a broad sense has been made of this basic knowledge. In fact, it is not even universally accepted.

A great deal of so-called research is still being carried on in Italy, in the United States, and especially in France on the food value of wine and alcohol. As late as 1954 almost an entire issue of the *Bulletin de la Societe Scientifique de Hygiene Alimentaire* was devoted to the replies of a score of experts on questions relating to the role of wine in nutrition. Some "experts" reported at great length on the indispensable nutrients found in wine; and one "expert" testified, "Wine is an excellent food, when drunk in moderation (e.g., two liters a day for an agricultural worker). At this dosage, wine manifests remarkable qualities of a physiological food, and has constituents which cannot be found elsewhere." So long as such views are held by "experts" in the light of all the definitive research completed before 1930, it would appear that even the best research is not guaranteed to dispel ignorance.

Since 1930 whole new areas of research have been opened up. Turning from the effects of alcohol on man, researchers have explored other aspects of the problem. One phase has been the effect of alcohol on society, and, especially, excessive drinking as a social problem. Another has been the study of alcoholism itself, its causes and cures. Perhaps most significantly, in recent years, the overwhelming majority of research has been in three areas: 1. The long-term effects of continued use of large quantities of alcohol upon the physical and mental organs and functions of man. 2. The causes or cause of alcoholism, the search for that elusive factor "X" which makes some users of alcohol become alcoholics,

while others do not. 3. The study of alcoholism as a disease, with emphasis on its amelioration and/or cure.

With an almost complete denial of the factors inherent in alcohol itself, which is an addictive, habit-forming drug by nature, this research has turned the spotlight from alcohol to alcohol addiction and chronic alcoholism. No one should be critical of this scientific research. It has served to call the world's attention to the growing problem of alcohol addiction, which threatens to bring about the downfall of Western civilization itself. This research has alerted progressive governments to the problem and has sent them searching for help in facing it.

However, there have been two concomitants of this research which have not been wholly beneficial. The first is that many sociologists and social scientists have drawn wholly unwarranted

Alcohol Contribute

To the Editor of the *News*:

The licensed beverage industry has 1,260 producing firms, 7,500 wholesale houses, and 400,000 retail outlets, representing a total capital investment of \$9,000,000,000. It provides employment for 1,200,000 persons. It pays annual wages and salaries of \$4,100,000,000. It provides a market for goods and services of other industries of \$2,800,000,000.

It pays in to Federal, state, and local government treasuries in the form of taxes, \$4,100,000,000 annually. Since Repeal it has paid in excess of \$54,000,000,000 in these same taxes.

A recently completed study by Licensed Beverage Industries shows the degree to which the employers and employees of only the retail and wholesale establishments of the distilled spirits sector of the alcoholic beverage industry contribute to the livelihood of their fellow citizens in other lines of business. It showed that their personal consumption expenditures total \$2,718,245,285, with \$847,124,601 going to grocers and food stores, \$308,026,798 to landlords, \$372,786,653 to automobile dealers, and similar huge sums to other sectors of our economy. I am sure these figures point out the vital significance of the alcoholic beverage industry to the economic well-being and general welfare of our country.

JOHN C. SMITH, President,
Miami Valley Restaurant Association.

conclusions from some of this research, conclusions which have been more widely heralded than the basic research itself. These conclusions, by wide repetition and dissemination, have become accepted as scientific facts, when they are often only widely held theories with which large bodies of scientific evidence are in disagreement. An outstanding example of this is the widely held view that alcoholism is a disease.

The second result has been the over-emphasis on the cure of alcoholism to the detriment of prevention.

One great contribution of a descriptive nature has been the classification of drinkers into types. This work was pioneered in 1941-43 by Bowman, Jellinek, Flock, and Myerson in various studies. What these researchers accomplished was to show clearly that "a drunk was not a drunk," but that there were all kinds of drinkers. Described

fully now are (1) primary addicts, who were such from their first use of alcohol; (2) secondary addicts, who became addicted from long and continued use; and (3) abnormal drinkers, all of whom have severe alcohol-induced problems. Within each of these main groups are many widely divergent sub-groups.

While this work has been helpful in the study of alcoholism, popularly it has resulted in the belief, "Some people can drink, and some can't," which is an evasion of the basic truth of the effect of alcohol upon human minds and bodies. It reminds me of a joke which appeared in a popular magazine in an article written by the former ambassador to Russia, George Kennan. He said that the two stupidest statements made by living man are: 1. Alcohol does not affect me. 2. I understand the Russians.

Other researchers have attempted to discover why the drinking habit is initiated. This is called "the etiology of alcohol addiction." This is the search for the mysterious factor "X." Thus far, all published research has produced theories at wide divergence to one another. In this area we have many famous names of outstanding researchers: Bowman and Jellinek; Baldie, who postulated alcoholic craving as the result of chemical influence; Ladrage, with his "cellular paresis" theory; Silkworth, Seliger, and Strasser, with the allergy theory; Crichton-Miller, Carrol; Kolle, Juliusberger, and Stefan, who believed that addiction was innate. In the psychoanalytical field are the theories of addiction related to repressed homosexuality or other phases of the sexual drive. Here we note the names of Tabori, Glover, Abraham, Tausk, Rado, Sachs, and Davidson. Another popular psychoanalytic theory is postulated by Menninger, that addiction is a suicide complex. There are many others too numerous to mention.

There are psychological theories, but they are no more unified than the psychoanalytical ones. There is the thesis that parents are responsible because of excessive love, overprotection, rejection, or the like. The literature is full of the general idea that in the childhood of the addict the chief factors are the overprotective mother and the severe, repressive father. Schilder believed the basic cause to be insecurity. Strecker attacked the problem in terms of introversion and extroversion. Bird and Katzoff explained addiction as an escape from inner reality. Lolli sees addiction as an expression of lopsided mental growth.

What is important to note here is that much of this research is observational. It in no way compares with strict laboratory-controlled experimen-

tation. Second, the results are at such variance with one another as to be disturbing. Third, and most important, a perusal of the psychological literature on alcohol addiction leaves one with the impression that many are evading the central issue of the problem. What motivates the individual to drink? They neglect to say. More important, the personality characteristics and behavioral patterns which they so carefully describe can all be interpreted as the results of alcoholism rather than as etiological factors in its development.

Much valuable research has been carried on in the investigation of social and cultural factors in alcoholism, though unfortunately the results of this research have been slow to reach the public mind. Bowman and Jellinek reject one explanation after another of addiction that has been offered by departmentalized research, such as physiological or personality theories. They, with Myerson, Pohlisch, and Mapother, have stressed the social and cultural factors. In such an undertaking their research has blasted certain popular ideas on alcoholism. For example, their research has shown that alcoholism cannot be listed as a "poverty disease."

Much research remains to be done, however, in the area of the relationship of occupation to alcoholism. In this area the Yale group has made exhaustive studies of ethnic and national groups—their drinking habits and patterns, the development and rate of alcoholism, and the like. Particularly interesting have been their studies of Italian and Jewish groups. The social and cultural aspects of the alcohol problem appear to Bacon, Jellinek, and other leading authorities to be of greater fundamental importance than the more specific psychological and physiological aspects of the problem.

There have been, in addition, a great many investigations into the psychology of addiction. They are of varying nature and scope. Some are formal psychometric studies, with the aid of intelligence tests and personality inventories. Others have studied broad personality types.

There have been studies employing projective personality devices. Not all are of equal worth; some are poorly conducted and controlled. Halpern, Roe, Moore, and Wechsler have shown that the alcoholic addict is not limited to any particular intellectual, occupational, or educational level. Abramsen, Brown, and Manson have shown that the alcoholic groups have much larger percentages of psychopathic personalities than do nonalcoholic groups; but there is no typical pattern of simi-

What Mr. Smith left out of his letter to the Dayton (Ohio) "Daily News."

o What?

Would any nation be proud to boast that it had one fourth more liquor outlets than it has churches? The U.S. has only 305,449 churches.

You forgot, Mr. Smith, to say that this industry's product has also made 2,000,000 unemployable, and at least another 4,000,000 personnel problems because of heavy drinking.

Americans pay up to \$20 for every dollar received in taxes from the liquor business. Who says? America's great financial genius: Roger Babson.

Why not say, too, that we spent \$92,500,000,000 since Repeal for drink, and in doing so have produced the No. 4 public-health problem for the nation?

You left out the policeman, the prison warden, the court judge, and undertaker. The industry contributes especially to the livelihood of these people!

In New York City alone, 250,000 chronic alcoholics cost the city \$200,000,000 annually. This could better have gone to legitimate business.

Is all this for the "economic well-being and general welfare"? Haven't you kind of "missed the bus," Mr. Smith?

larity among alcoholic addicts. Research by Manson, with various testing instruments, Klopfer and Kelley with Rorschach studies, and Seliger and Cranford with Rorschach studies, all concluded that while addicts had certain behavioral characteristics in common, "there is no one definite alcohol personality type, as such." Jastak concluded that the only conclusion possible was that alcoholic patients did not have normal Rorschach records.

None of the studies solve the question of whether traits studied in alcoholics appeared before the prealcoholic period, or after. Landis and Cushman wonder whether these might not be characteristic of any maladjusted person. These issues are of great importance. The chief value of all this investigation is to make a predictive diagnosis of alcoholism before the victim becomes an alcoholic. Thus far, that goal has not been achieved, and many question if it ever will be.

Finally, much research has been done in the treatment of alcoholism. There are at least twenty methods employed today, according to Voegtlin and Lemeré, and all claim about the same percentage of cure. Since these methods are so widely divergent, this fact alone should cause considerable cerebration. There are psychological methods, physiological methods, and combinations thereof. There are hypnosis, psychoanalysis, pharmacological methods, and clinics. Much research has gone into the development and use of apomorphine, emetine, antabuse, benzedrine, and the like. Neither should Alcoholics Anonymous nor religious conversion be neglected, both of which play a great part in treatment and cure of alcoholism. In fact, what statistical data we possess would indicate that these two probably are the most economical and effective therapeutic agencies.

So now we ask, Whither research? All honor to those who have advanced our frontiers of knowledge. May all those devoted researchers, who have so far achieved, be joined by growing ranks of dedicated persons who will, in all these areas of research, continue to discover all they can about alcohol, alcoholism, and its relationship to man and society. But it seems to this observer that much of the research goes down a blind alley, if we are really interested in the prevention of alcoholism. Nearly all the recent research has been directed toward the end of discovering the "potential alcoholic personality," so that he may be warned away from the use of alcohol. This obsession with factor "X" is based on a hypothesis which is no more scientifically sound than others.

All the research on alcohol has shown us its nature clearly; though, as was indicated earlier, not everyone is willing to accept the results of this basic, scientific research. Why should it be thought incredible that a substance that is narcotic in nature should be the "chief cause" of alcoholism? This is in no way to discount the fact that there are more disturbed personalities among alcoholics than in the general population, but we are not sure that their disturbances were not caused or greatly aggravated by the use of alcohol itself. It is merely to say that all evidence

Crackdown in Florida

Harry J. Miller

With one sweep of the pen, all Florida restaurants operating under special package liquor permits were put out of business. Under a new beverage bill, which went into effect January 1, 1958, sales of alcoholic beverages by licensed restaurants were limited to the period of time that meals are regularly served. All sales by restaurants of alcoholic beverages in packages for consumption off the premises are now prohibited.

The law restricts restaurants to sales of drinks only during the hours for serving food, ending sales after the hours of serving food have ceased, and prohibits the restaurants from operating as package liquor stores.

points to the fact that there is a direct relationship between the amount of alcohol consumed and the number of alcoholics, and that the only invariable factor in the production of alcoholics is alcohol.

I am not so naïve as to assume that alcohol is the only cause of alcoholism. All I seek to insist is that research most helpful to society would be along the lines of ways and means to decrease the amount of alcohol consumed. Therein scientifically lies our only hope for the conquest of alcoholism. Let us develop and test means and methods for the dissemination of the truth about alcohol and alcoholism. Let us enlist the support of every educational agency to train youth, with the best-tested methods, to a life of sobriety. Let us encourage in our home countries every form of scientific research in every phase of this vast and vicious problem. But let us not neglect to make maximum use of the information already at hand. Let us not lose sight of the real goal, which is the *prevention* of alcoholism.

M SQUAD

(Continued from page 14)

As a consequence they don't buy retail marijuana cigarettes, or "reefers." They are too expensive, and the quality is too poor. Instead, they buy their own rough marijuana, which wholesales for \$80 to \$100 a pound, and manicure their own.

There's no profit in them for the dealer. His game is to buy the weed wholesale and roll the rough seed and stem-littered leaves into crude "sticks," which bring 50 cents to a dollar apiece.

The youths buy marijuana and hold "tea parties," so-called because of the resemblance of crushed marijuana leaves to tea leaves. The inevitable result for those who attend many parties is arrest for a crime ranging from misdemeanor theft to murder.

"It's hard to say how a person will react to marijuana," Cole says. "Its usual effect is that it produces a sense of power and warps the smoker's ability to reason. Any way you examine it, it's a dangerous product.

"It's known not to be physically habit-forming, and that's one big reason why we consider it an even bigger menace to youth than the major narcotics.

"That sounds paradoxical, but here's our reasoning: A youngster who wouldn't touch a dope needle can often be persuaded to try a reefer. And the reefers produce the 'kicks' the kids are looking for. But only for a short time. Any smoker will quickly build up an immunity to the effects of marijuana. And when this happens to the youngsters and they fail to get the thrills they thought would last forever, they start looking for something else. And with their inhibitions broken down by the effects of the weed, it isn't hard for them to turn to the needle.

"Once that happens, they're on their way to destruction and death. So you could appropriately call marijuana a springboard to that death, because it often acts as a steppingstone to dope.

"That's why we fight the marijuana trade tooth and nail. We don't want to give the 'grass dealers' a moment's peace. They don't deserve one. Their victims never get one.

"The fight is a tough one, and it always will be. There's a big profit to be had in marijuana, and the cold-eyed, greedy marijuana dealers want to make that profit at anyone's expense.

"We want them to get paid off, too, with a payment that's just as permanent. We want the final payoff to be a ticket to the 'big house.'"

Water

George Stevens

God took the most refreshing taste
He ever could invent
And put it in a beverage
That doesn't cost a cent.

An ale that you can well enjoy
In everybody's sight,
And need not drink in some dark spot
Where you can hide at night.

It will not jeopardize your job
By causing loss of skill,
And bears no blame for craze or crime
Or any other ill.

A drink that never takes the funds
Intended for your debts
And leaves you in an aftermath
Of sorrow and regrets.

It does not lift your spirit high
To mock you when it falls
Into remorse for actions that
Sobriety appalls.

Here is a drink to bring you life
And happiness and health,
Without the least propensity
To dissipate your wealth.

Tomorrow

E. Preston Summers

If fortune with a smiling face
Strews roses on our way,
When shall we stop to pick them up?
Today, my friend, today!

But if stern justice urged rebuke
And warmth from memories' sorrow,
When shall we scold, if scold we must?
Tomorrow, friend, tomorrow!

Poems With a Purpose

by "Listen" authors



Footprints

Dawn Flanery Parker

If anyone wants his footprints
On time's recording sands,
He should disregard his feet
And think of his heart and hands;
For a noble soul leaves footprints,
And surely all would feel
Them more of a satisfaction
Than the footprints of a heel.

My Need

Inez Brasier

I pause beneath old trees
When spring is in the air;
For in my heart I need
The atmosphere of prayer.

Magic of Prayer

E. J. Ritter, Jr.

When the trials of this life make you weary,
And your troubles seem too much to bear,
There's a wonderful solace and comfort
In the silent communion of prayer.

When you've searched for the sun without ceasing,
And the showers continue to fall,
There's a heavenly lift in the wonderful gift
That God has extended to all.

From the magic of prayer there comes power
That will minimize all of your care;
And you'll gather new hope, when you're able to cope
With the troubles that once brought despair.

So lift up your heart to the heavens;
There's a loving, kind Father there,
Who offers release and comfort and peace
In the silent communion of prayer.

(Continued from page 19)

which would also be a good way to enter public life.

Everything appeared rosy and went according to plan, except for one small detail: LeRoy lost the election. But he and Mary Call decided to get married anyway, and on June 29, 1932, they joined their lives and hearts in Tallahassee's historic St. John's Episcopal Church—the same church where all their children were later baptized and where the family continues to worship.

In 1934 Collins again ran for public office, this time for election to the Florida House of Representatives. He was victorious and began a long and fruitful period of legislative service, six in the house and twelve in the state senate.

Collins first was elected governor in 1954 to serve the final two years of the unexpired term of Dan McCarty, a close personal friend, who died in office after serving less than nine months. In 1956 Collins was eligible to succeed himself since he was not filling a full four-year term.

Thus by the end of his new term in January, 1961, he will have served six consecutive years as governor. This, combined with his history-making primary victory over five opponents in 1956 and 747,753 votes he received in the general election that year (largest ever accorded any candidate by the people of Florida), is given as reason enough that his supporters are pushing him as a likely national candidate.

LeRoy Collins's ability to get things done in government and his tireless efforts to promote his state, as well as his high standards of conduct, are well-known and proved facts.

Perhaps the kind of life Governor Collins lives has much to do with the positive leadership he gives the people of his state. Though he resides in a plush new executive mansion and has all the services and comforts a man in his position can desire, he customarily walks to or from his office at the state capitol at least once a day. Often accompanied by an aide or a neighbor, he greets those he meets with all the unhurried charm and sincerity of a genuine Southern gentleman.

At home his family occupies an apartment at one end of the executive mansion, and here the Collinses become just another family concerned with the routine of life. They normally come and go by the back entrance, for the governor sees in too much activity on the front lawn a fish-bowl existence catering to the frequent sight-seers and



Lost His Head

ERNEST MILLER

Five miles west of Sherman, Texas, the driver of this station wagon swerved onto the wrong side of the highway and collided with a bobtailed truck going in the opposite direction. His head was crushed and spattered over the rear of the station wagon, the largest piece being about the size of the palm of a man's hand. His wife was severely injured. The driver of the truck received only a bruised shoulder.

The fifth-of-whisky bottle (under the steering wheel) was about nine tenths consumed. Witnesses stated that the station wagon was traveling about 100 miles an hour, weaving from one side of the road to the other, and the boat trailer that he was pulling was jumping all over the road.

to the curious. This, he believes, might disrupt the normalcy of family life.

The Collinses have four children, Roy, Jr., twenty-two, a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis; Jane, eighteen; Mary Call, fourteen; and Darby, the youngest daughter, six. They like doing things together, and when they can slip away, you likely will find them at a beach cottage facing the Gulf of Mexico. The governor likes to fish, and he fondly describes another form of recreation, "I just like to walk barefoot in the sand."

While LeRoy Collins may like to walk barefoot in Florida sands, in public life he walks far beyond the bounds of palmetto and surf. He is completely current in method, completely traditional in message. Resolutely, purposefully he strides—this "uncommon man with a common touch."

(Continued from page 7)

Are they thought "peculiar" because they don't drink?

"I don't think anybody is subject to ridicule because he doesn't smoke or drink," says Debbie Reynolds. "Nobody has ever called me 'a jerk' or 'a real strange one' because I don't smoke or drink. They just respect my wishes and don't push it on me."

Many homes in these entertainment centers revolve around normal wholesome activities, and in place of cocktail serving they have cider and old-fashioned singing and other homemade entertainment.

Such a home is that of Roy Rogers and his wife, Dale Evans. When asked why their life doesn't include drinking, Roy replies, "My wife and I feel we have found about as happy a life as we can hope for; and we have not found that happiness in cocktail parlors, but rather in our everyday activities. If the family life is centered around wholesome, satisfying activities such as sports, church fellowship, and other group gatherings, that is the way of life they can expect their children to follow."

The nondrinking younger set is represented by Pat Boone, Tommy Sands, Terry Moore, and Sonny James. The latter says simply, "I don't believe in drinking." Terry Moore's parties are talked-about affairs which depend for their jollity on youthful high spirits and not on another kind of "spirits."

Those who aspire to success, in the entertainment world or other profession, and do not fear that drinking will cheat them of popularity and contacts they need for reaching the top, can take the word of Bessie Love, retired actress whose name was once well known.

"In the theatrical profession since my early teens, I never smoked or drank, and as far as I know was not considered a social pariah because of it. Many of my friends, well-known movie names, did the same. Never in my long theatrical experience, whether in Hollywood, London, New York, or on the Continent, in films, vaudeville, or on stage, radio, or television have I been 'expected' to drink for business reasons. Nor is anyone else. It is entirely a personal matter."

Two roads leading to different destinations. Thousands travel each road. One is a highway of health, sharing, and happiness, unspoiled by needless regrets and impaired usefulness.

The other is a road that, traveled far enough, knows no returning and in the end demands as toll not only life itself, but life's very purpose and meaning.



OPINIONS



Wait Until They Grow Up

"When our recent crop of new babies grows up, you will observe greater marketing potential. Beer sales will rise proportionately."—A. Edwin Fein, editor of the *Annual Brewing Industry Survey*.

Even Brewers Used to Admit It

"The chemists and the brewers alike admit that, practically, the food value of alcohol, and even beer—in spite of its nourishing additions—is too small to be considered. The quantity of beer necessary to nourish the system would be so large as to act as a poison."—*United States Brewers' Year Book, 1913*.

Really a Sissy

"There is something weak and pitiable about a person who cannot 'face reality.' The drinker is really a sissy. He is the one who can't take it."—Dr. Roy L. Smith.

"You Drive as You Live"

"If you are considerate and thoughtful of others, you will conduct yourself the same way when you get behind the wheel of a car. Safety is a basic and important aspect of the whole structure and fabric of society. And since the church is the natural guide in matters of morals, it's the obvious place for those in the safety movement to look for guidance in solving the moral

problem."—John T. Kenna, director of church activities for the Christian Science Church.

Alcoholics as Drug Addicts

"Alcoholics constitute the largest number of drug habitués known."—Dr. Thomas N. Burbridge, University of California medical scientist, at the eighth annual meeting of the North American Association of Alcoholism Programs.

"What'll You Drink?"

"At home the social drink, once a casual mark of hospitality, has become as mandatory and as automatic as a Prussian salute. The clink of glasses, like the click of heels, at once shows dutiful conformity and pays homage to a commanding custom. Long hence, when future Menckens report on the American language, the 1957 version of salutation will go down as 'Hi, what'll you drink?'"

"You hardly get into anyone's house before they shove a drink under your nose,' a resident on New York's commuting fringe complained. 'They don't ask how you are, what you've been doing, or what you think. Just, "What'll you have?"' It seems to be a mark of prowess, or opulence, to see how fast the host can get a glass into each guest's hand."—Howard Whitman in *Better Homes and Gardens*, October, 1957.

Ashamed of Best Customers

"The seller of liquor is the only man who is ashamed of his best customers."—Herbert W. Thomson.

Liquor Ads on the Air

"Whereas: The American public has been unjustifiably imposed upon by the promoters of the sale of beer and wine by the invasion of their homes (over the air) to advertise such beverages, . . ."

"Resolved: That we, as memorialists, recommend to the Congress of the United States enactment of appropriate legislation to bar the use of the air waves to all advertising of alcoholic beverages."—Legislative Document 243, prepared by the Legislature of the State of Maine, to be sent as a memorial to the Congress of the United States.

"Somebody Else's Problem"

"Prohibition was the only public act in modern times which did much to reduce alcoholism," according to Dr. J. K. W. Ferguson, chairman of the medical advisory board, Alcoholism Research Foundation, Ontario, Canada.

"At this stage in our history most people are reluctant to look very hard at the one necessary causal fact, access to alcohol. It seems that most of us don't want to abolish the problem of alcoholism at any cost. We would rather live with it, particularly when for most of us it is somebody else's problem."

Down the Drain

"If you want to indict the intelligence of the American public, you cannot do it better than to point out that they spend annually nine to ten billion dollars for liquor, but only half as much for all forms of education, less than one third as much for all kinds of religion, and that so far as the health and economic well-being of our country is concerned, we would be far better off if it was all poured down the drain."—Dr. Robert Milliken, former professor, California Institute of Technology, Nobel prize winner in physics.

Why We Lag in Science

"We Americans spend more money each year in pool halls and at the race track than we do on basic scientific research. We spend three times as much money going to the movies, twice as much watching sports, almost ten times as much in saloons. The cost of annual membership in country clubs alone would pay for a 60 per cent step-up in our scientific attack on the fundamental problems of life and the universe. This undoubtedly is one of the reasons we have slipped behind Russia in the race to perfect ballistic missiles and space satellites."—Dick Preston, writing for Scripps-Howard.

**the national
committee for
the prevention
of alcoholism
presents the
wisdom of
master teachers**



Some Forty
Distinguished Lecturers
Participate in
**INSTITUTES OF
SCIENTIFIC STUDIES**
for the **PREVENTION
OF ALCOHOLISM**

Andrew C. Ivy,
M.D., Ph.D., D.Sc.,
Distinguished
Professor of
Physiology

Henry F. Todd,
Judge,
General Sessions Court,
Nashville,
Tennessee


Matthew W. Hill,
LL.B., LL.D.,
Chief Justice,
Washington State
Supreme Court

Cyril B. Courville,
M.D., D.M.S.,
Director, Cajal
Laboratory of
Neuropathology

Loma Linda Institute, Loma Linda, California
July 7-18, 1958

American Institute, Washington, D.C.
July 21 to August 1, 1958

For a prospectus describing the course and
information concerning admission,

Write to:  Institute Director
6840 Eastern Avenue, N.W.
Washington 12, D.C.