

# LISTEN

A  
JOURNAL  
OF  
BETTER  
LIVING

A man, identified as Billy Olson, a ski jumper, is the central figure. He is wearing a bright blue V-neck sweater with a small patch on the left sleeve, a white collared shirt, a dark tie, and a blue and white striped knit beanie. He is holding a long, thin wooden ski vertically, with both hands. He stands in front of a brick fireplace with a fire burning inside. To his right, a pair of ski poles is leaning against the wall. The background is a red brick wall.

Billy Olson, Ski Jumper



### It's the Brain That Counts

A close relationship exists between alcoholism and cerebellar degeneration, say three Boston physicians, Maurice Victor, Raymond D. Adams, and Elliott L. Mancall, of Massachusetts General Hospital. They maintain that this condition is directly related to alcohol intake and inadequate diet.

"This state is distinguished from other forms of cerebellar diseases by its onset at a relatively early age and, in a significant number of cases, by a rapid evolution followed by years of stability," they report. Findings based on a study of thirty-nine patients with a history of protracted and excessive drinking, show that all but five had a poor diet "grossly inadequate for months or years before the onset of cerebellar symptoms." All patients exhibited a cerebellar ataxic gait and a lack of co-ordinated leg movements.

### Antabuse Most Helpful of Remedies

At the Menninger Clinic for the past five years a research project has been carried on, testing 278 hospitalized male patients whose ages ranged from twenty-one to fifty-eight. These were treated for two and a half years, then followed for another two years. Being divided into four groups, they each received only one form of therapy. Antabuse was used in a group of 47, conditioned-reflex therapy with 50 others, group hypnotherapy with 39, and milieu therapy with 42.

Antabuse therapy helped a little more than half of the 47 patients to whom it was given, and was the most helpful to the most patients in the series.

### Crash Every Thirty Minutes

Every thirty minutes during the first part of 1958 an accident occurred in California involving a drinking driver. Commissioner B. R. Caldwell, of the state highway patrol, declares that drunken driving is a major cause of accidents on the highways in his state.

### A New High in Advertising

Liquor advertising in periodicals will set a new record in 1958, says *True's* "Beverage Industry Trends." "The distillers' spending in magazines for 1958 will rise approximately 8 per cent to a record level of \$22,450,000."

### Rich Man's "Disease"

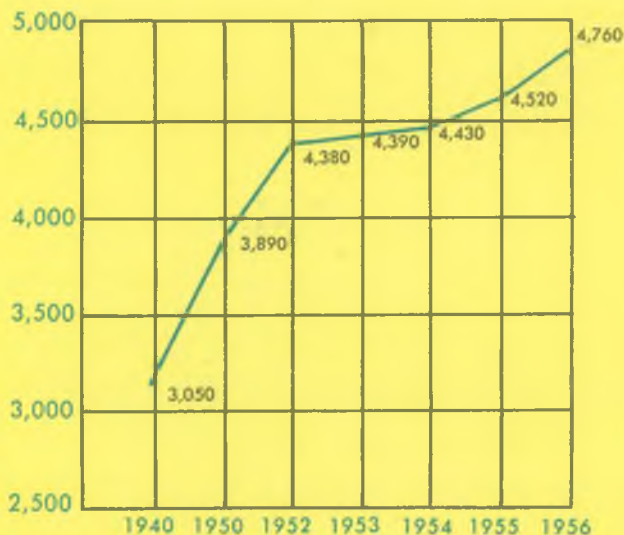
In what is often considered as the "millionaires' county," Westchester County, New York, the number of alcoholics has been estimated at 20,255; and 5,050 of these having major physical and psychological handicaps from drinking. Some maintain that there are at least 40,000 alcoholics in the county, fewer than 10 per cent of these being on skid row.

### Take-Home Packages Popular

In 1957 package sales of beer amounted to 79.4 per cent of all beer sales, compared with 78.9 per cent in 1956. Of this market, bottled beer accounted for 63.2 per cent, and beer sold in cans increased to 36.8 per cent compared with 35.6 per cent in 1956. In 1950 canned beer was 25.8 per cent of the package market, and bottled beer 74.2 per cent.

### NUMBER OF ALCOHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES

(per 100,000 adults)



Source: Yale Center of Alcohol Studies

# LISTEN

## A Journal of Better Living

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1959  
Volume 12 Number 1

### OUR COVER

For many of those living in northern lands one of the most refreshing, invigorating memories of childhood is their fun on sled, toboggan, or skis during the winter months. The very snow that brought frustration to business, transportation, and formal activity meant only unbridled enjoyment for the young folks.

To some, however, such enjoyment did not end with childhood. Snow continues to bring them real zest—and to a vigorous few it brings fame and honor as well. One of the best known of these is Billy Olson, who from his earliest memory took to skis and is still on them.

In a sport that demands extra courage, skill, and determination, in one that combines considerable danger with adventure, in one in which very few ever attain the top, Billy is the epitome of real success.

"Listen's" cover is taken by the Aanes Studio in Billy's home town of Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

### PHOTO CREDITS

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Editorial Office: 6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington 12, D.C.

Editor: Francis A. Soper      Editorial Assistant: Sue Taylor Baker

Circulation Manager: H. K. Christman      Editorial Secretary: Muriel Christiansen

Sales and Promotion: L. R. Hixson, Jesse O. Gibson

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

# Desperation Tactics

**For** twenty-five years women were barred from liquor ads.

The beginning of this story goes back to the early days shortly after repeal when Federal officials informally suggested to the liquor industry that it adopt a self-imposed code to regulate its advertising. One provision of this code eventually turned out to be the barring of women from all its ads.

This rule came to be regarded by its advocates as the "bulwark of the industry's public-relations program, to guard against intensely competitive sales approaches which would provide aid and comfort to the industry's critics." Or, in simple words, to reduce the vulnerability of the industry to public criticism. The provision was not adopted on the basis of principle, for the industry is not one that is based on principle!

Business has been increasingly harder to come by recently for distilled spirits makers, in spite of nearly \$100,000,000 spent in clever, luring advertising. Distilled liquor consumption during the first nine months of fiscal 1958 went down 5 per cent.

Moreover, the over-all percentage of drinkers in the United States is dropping. In 1945, 67 per cent were drinkers, while last year only 55 per cent admitted to using alcoholic beverages. A year ago 46 per cent of the women were abstainers; today the figure is over 50 per cent.

In view of this trend, the liquor industry grows panicky for its business, and views its future with foreboding. The specter seemingly becomes so frightening that it is now willing even to discard the "bulwark" of its public-relations program, and stoop to picturing women in its ads.

Of course, such illustrations must be handled "in a dignified manner." As Fred Athman observes, however, "The big question is, how does a lady maintain her dignity while extolling the virtues of 100-proof bottled-in-bond schnapps?"

Even the liquor industry—which surely is not noted for a tender conscience—seems to have some qualms of conscience in breaking this long-standing rule. It well knows it is now looked upon more than ever by thinking people as an industry making a product which carries a stigma. It is only increasing that stigma by pulling womanhood down off its pedestal to sell spirits.

Women are usually looked up to as the preservers of the highest ideals in any society, those who set the standards and examples for the coming generation. What kind of ideals are shown by womanhood in whisky ads? What type of example for the young is that of a mother peddling gin, rum, vodka? All of which makes a mockery of any effort to keep youth from drinking!

There is one encouraging aspect to this picture. Evidently the efforts put forth the past few years to educate the public to the real nature and potential danger of beverage alcohol are having their good effect, enough so as to throw a major scare into the industry. When one considers the startlingly large number of liquor outlets across the nation, and the ease of obtaining drinks almost anywhere, he marvels that there are not more drinkers and more alcoholics. It is a tribute to the common sense of the public that nearly half of the entire population never touches an alcoholic beverage.

A few more desperation tactics like this discarding of the ban on women in liquor ads will develop a lot more *nonusers*—and the industry will have only itself to thank.

Francis A. Soper

# Pattern for Progress



RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

United States Senator from the  
State of Oregon

Back to the simple, basic things of life.

THE time has come, I believe, for serious Americans to confront a number of obvious facts. One of these is the fact that despite all the wealth lavished upon the American standard of living—and we are the wealthiest country in the world in terms of consumer goods and creature comforts—the male citizens of the United States have a shorter life expectancy than those of no fewer than seven other nations. It is significant that the men of Holland, Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, New Zealand, Israel, and Denmark all live longer than their counterparts in the United States. This is true, I repeat, in spite of the fact that America has a higher *per capita* income and a greater consumer-purchasing power than any other nation. We have more food, we have more vitamins, we have more shelter, we have more clothing—yet a shorter life expectancy.

What are the reasons for this situation? I am not wise enough to give the final definitive answer, but I would say that among the reasons are these: First, an excessive reliance upon alcohol and tobacco to relieve the tensions of our modern competitive culture; and, second, the lack of emphasis upon physical education and individual athletic activity.

For example, I think it is a commentary on our society that between 1954 and 1958, as disclosed by the United States Public Health Service, smokers' death rates from all causes were 32 per cent higher than those of nonsmokers. The rate for regular smokers of cigarettes was 58 per cent higher than for nonsmokers. For heavy smokers—two packs or more a day—the death rate was twice that of nonsmokers. Yet despite these facts, disclosed by a Federal agency which spends millions of dollars appropriated by Congress for research in this most vital of fields, during this same period the annual consumption of cigarettes among Americans increased from 355,000,000,000 to 410,000,000,000.

One of my approaches to this problem is from the angle of education. I have introduced legislation into Congress which would authorize Federal matching funds to any state whose schools would conduct courses telling of the adverse impact on health of the use of alcohol and cigarettes.

When I spoke early this year at Harvard Medical School, one of the greatest doctors in our country asked me, "Have you noticed that the advertising for both alcohol and tobacco is beamed to the young person?" It is evidently felt that any older person who uses such products is already hooked, that the habit is formed, and that he has been secured firmly and perhaps until death as a customer. For this reason the appeal and the glamour of such advertising are directed to the young person.

Since that doctor asked me such a question I have tried to watch the advertisements and the television appeals. I have noticed on television, for example, that cigarette advertising often shows a handsome young man driving up to a house in a fancy convertible. He honks the horn, and a good-looking girl comes out of the house, down the steps two at a time, jumps in the car beside him and puts her arm around him, and they drive off. As they do so, he lights up a cigarette for her, then she lights one for him. In this way the manufacturer makes use of the appeal of sex, the appeal of youth to youth, the appeal of athletic prowess on the part of the boy, and of glamour and beauty on the part of the girl.

In a country with freedom of the press it is extremely difficult to restrict advertising. The Federal Trade Commission has for many years tried it, with greater or less

Condensed from an address before the banquet session of the American Institute of Scientific Studies for the Prevention of Alcoholism, July 23, 1968, Shoreham Hotel, Washington, D.C.

intensity depending on the policies of the commission at any particular time. It has not had much success, perhaps with good excuse.

For this reason I think the least we can do is to arm our young people with basic physical facts about these products so that they have a fighting chance to resist such subtle appeals. The young people of this nation will be the citizens of the future; they will decide the destiny and fate of our country, and perhaps of all mankind.

It is a sad commentary on our civilization that during the first five months of 1958, which were unfortunately a time of business recession and general decline, General Motors profits were down 29 per cent, Standard Oil profits down 30 per cent, the profits of U.S. Steel down 46 per cent, but at the same time the profits of the American Tobacco Company were *up* 22 per cent. It is significant that, at a time when the greatest industrial firms in our country were experiencing a diminution in their profits, the largest cigarette manufacturing company had a vast increase in profits.

We have six agricultural products described legislatively as "basic," out of some 172 such major commodities. These six qualify for Federal price supports; in other words, if a person's farm has a historic acreage pattern of one of these six, he qualifies for price-support payments.

To me it has always been ludicrous that one of the six basics of American life is tobacco. The other five, if I'm not mistaken, are wheat, corn, cotton, rice, and peanuts. Thus, tobacco is one of the crops we subsidize.

We rise up in righteous wrath and indignation when we hear that Red China subsidizes the growing of poppies for opium. But I wonder what people in other countries think when they learn that the United States Public Health Service, an agency of the Federal Government, reports that the death rate among heavy smokers is nearly twice that for nonsmokers, and yet another agency of our Government, the Department of Agriculture, pays price supports to farmers to encourage the production of tobacco.

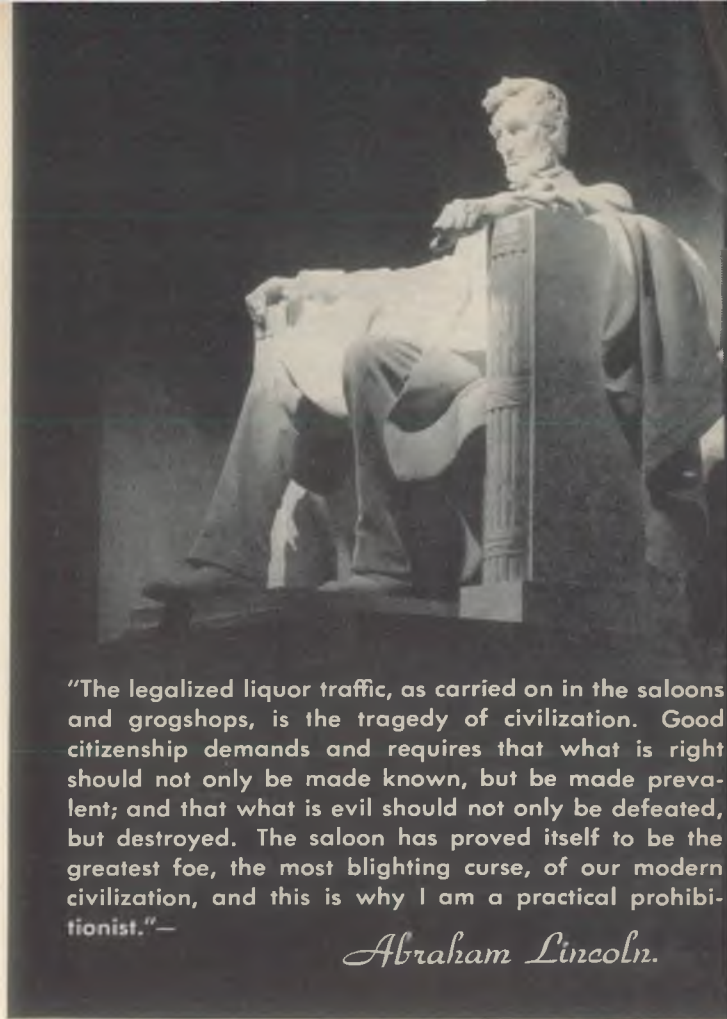
You know, Robert Burns, the great and talented Scotsman, once said:

O wad some Power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us!

The second factor I mentioned is that we Americans don't get enough exercise. We are in the habit of getting into an automobile to go two blocks, or using an elevator to go up one floor. We have almost stopped using the ordinary method by which human beings were supposed to travel over this earth before the internal combustion engine was ever invented.

I think it wouldn't hurt us at all if occasionally some Americans got a little bit of physical exercise. We are the greatest nation for spectator sports in the entire history of the world. It is easy, for example, on a Saturday afternoon to get a hundred thousand or a hundred twenty thousand people to sit down to watch twenty-two men take their exercise.

In all seriousness, I believe that one of the things we should do is to encourage physical activity and athletic prowess not only on the part of the athlete in our



"The legalized liquor traffic, as carried on in the saloons and grogshops, is the tragedy of civilization. Good citizenship demands and requires that what is right should not only be made known, but be made prevalent; and that what is evil should not only be defeated, but destroyed. The saloon has proved itself to be the greatest foe, the most blighting curse, of our modern civilization, and this is why I am a practical prohibitionist."—

*Abraham Lincoln.*

society, but on the part of the average person. I am strongly in favor of the President's Commission on Physical Fitness, but I am disturbed by the things that it has revealed about the lack of physical condition not only on the part of those to be inducted into our Armed Services, but also of the average American who is around middle age. We need a great deal more physical stamina in our country. Too much emphasis is put on the superior athlete and the great athlete, which very few of us can be, rather than on the average individual.

I get concerned, too, when I see too much emphasis on mere prowess rather than on having a good time, recreational and creative time, playing a game.

I recently read in the paper, for example, of a coach in a Little Baseball League, who gave his eight-, nine-, or ten-year-olds a bawling out because they didn't win their game. A person doesn't need to win every time; he doesn't need to be as fast as Roger Bannister; but just let him go out and get some exercise and have fun. I think it is important for us to inculcate that spirit in the young people of this country.

My appointment by Vice-President Nixon to the National Recreational Outdoors Resources Review Commission is particularly gratifying to me, because of my profound conviction that the inspiring cathedral of the outdoors is a great deterrent to immorality and wrong indulgence.

All too few Americans appreciate from personal experience the majesty of the mountains and the sublime grandeur of a rocky seacoast, the cry of the loon at dawn and the honk of the gander at sunset. These are

impressions which follow a person through life, but not enough people know them. I believe it was Thoreau who said that all the speeches ever delivered in Congress were as nothing compared with one gentle breath of the south wind. Men and women accustomed to the sky for a roof generally have a profound appreciation of the Creator of such marvels.

I am one of four Senate cosponsors of the Humphrey Bill to establish a Youth Conservation Corps, which would be patterned after the CCC camps of the 1930's, by which President Roosevelt took idle youths from the slums and sent them into the national parks and national forests to do trail building and shelter construction. He saved these young men from a life of crime, drug addiction, alcoholism, and jail cells.

Today the crime rate is the highest in American history, and many of the new criminals are teen-agers. I think the Youth Conservation Corps is one way to get these boys out of back alleys and into the pine woods, before they have a felony conviction on their records, a conviction which will hound them all their lives.

The sheer physical stamina and endurance required by the vast outdoors are a deterrent to indulgence in both alcohol and tobacco. Remember the famous mountain-climbing book *The White Tower*, by James Ramsay Ullman? The great Swiss guide decided he had to get one of his party off the perilous peak when the man began drinking furtively, before he could plunge the entire group to disaster.

My wife, for twelve years a teacher of physical education in our public schools, has always insisted to me that a healthful and zestful appreciation of the outdoors is incompatible with excesses. Mrs. Neuberger's notion of fun is to frolic in her Oregon-made bathing suit in the spray of a waterfall nurtured by snowbanks, so I imagine she would qualify as an authority on the Spartan way of life!

Americans today probably face a sterner challenge than any generation of people in our country has faced since its founding nearly two hundred years ago.

I happen to be one who believes not in prohibition, but in education. I believe there are very few people in the United States who, if they know the basic facts of

## Figure This One Out

Omer A. Kearney

**A**LPHONSE DULLE of Saint Louis is a nonconformist. He doesn't mind being a little different from his neighbors. For example, instead of a black mailbox with white letters, he set up a white mailbox with black letters.

Perhaps he did wrong, I don't know; but in some ways I like this man. He dares to be different, and he makes his own decisions. His mailbox suits him better by being a different color.

I lose patience with persons who guide their actions by the slogan "Everybody Does It." From the standpoint of drinking, this is a major excuse. Many people say that they don't care for liquor, but use it merely because it is "the thing" in their crowd. When it comes their turn, the Joneses give a party, and they serve a spiked drink, not because they like it, but only because everyone else serves it.

All hail to those sturdy souls like Dulle who have the courage of their convictions. I have read a couple of lines which appeal to me as being quite right: "Sometimes one tries to be somebody by trying to be like everybody else—which makes him a nobody."

the impact on health, on nervous systems, on personality, of alcohol and tobacco, will willfully go on and indulge to any degree—if indeed at all—in either of these drugs. It is important to show there is no relation whatsoever between such things and personal prestige, achievement, and distinction.

The task is not easy. I doubt if any important task is easy. However, the challenge is great, the opportunity is great, and the goal is commendable, for on its attainment rests the future of our country. In the final analysis what our country does and what it symbolizes to the world will be dependent upon the health, the vitality, and the strength of its people.

I am thoroughly convinced that anything which weakens the health and strength of Americans is a menace not only to America but to the survival of liberty upon this planet.

1. At Williamsport, Maryland, Senator Neuberger becomes the only member of Congress to complete the seven-teen-mile annual hike along the Chesapeake and Ohio canal tow-path under the leadership of Justice William O. Douglas. He is welcomed by Emmett Castle, one-legged veteran pilot of the last of the barges actually to operate on the canal.



2. The Neuberger's pause on the steps of the Capitol following a session of Congress. 3. The Senator and Mrs. Neuberger at one of their many news conferences.

*Interview*  
by  
Duane  
Valentry



begged so hard to be taken to the station to meet the singers that his mother agreed.

Tommy must have made a good impression, for he was given an audition and a weekly job on the program. "He was unbelievably bad," recalls his mother.

But young Tom had something, probably the same sincerity that characterizes his work today, and it came through. Learning to play a guitar from a chord book his mother bought him before he even owned a guitar, he added strumming to his singing talent as soon as Santa Claus left him a shiny new instrument.

The close and affectionate relationship between mother and son goes back to the days when she worked in a department store and Tommy went to school, sometimes getting a singing job afterward. In those financially hard days Tommy promised his mother he would someday get her a mink coat; just last year he was able to fulfill that promise.

At sixteen the young singer tried a first acting role, doing so well that he won a newspaper critic's award as the most promising youngster of the year.

There followed an association with Colonel Parker, manager of Elvis Presley, during which Tommy often played on the same bill with the wild rock-and-roller. Hearing the tumult of applause Elvis got, the younger

## Tommy Sands--

Young Man With "Something More"

**A** SMALL boy with black hair stood on a soapbox and preached a sermon faithfully once a week or more to two little Negro boys who listened with wide eyes. They seemed to know that his heart was in every word, and they thought he was about the best preacher they knew.

That was in the days when Tommy Sands wanted to be a minister more than anything else he could imagine. Sunday school was the high spot of the week to him, and what he learned there he immediately put into stirring sermons for his small friends.

That ambition to be a minister, however, didn't work out for him. Tommy Sands became what is today known as a teen-age idol, a singer with a different approach. He has now, at twenty-one, a fabulous motion-picture contract and more television and personal appearance offers than he can possibly fill.

Although he is only twenty-one, Tommy Sands has been in entertainment business for thirteen years. He made his singing debut when he was only eight years old in Shreveport, Louisiana, where he had gone with his mother to visit his grandparents. That was the year the boy first heard country music on the radio, and he

boy decided he just didn't have what it takes to be a big success, especially when, with the transition to deeper-voiced adolescence, he found jobs harder and harder to get.

Sure that he "had had it" and reconciled to being a failure at the one thing he loved most—singing—Tommy went back to work at a radio station, disc jockeying seven hours a day, never singing a note.

However, when he and his mother moved to California, he made one more try. Calling on the manager of the Tennessee Ernie show, he was given an audition and appeared as a guest. So impressive was he on this program that thousands of letters poured in demanding more of the young boy with the black hair and the fine singing style.

Then Colonel Parker suggested Tommy for an appearance for a Kraft television dramatic role. The "failure" was an enormous overnight hit, one of the most phenomenal in the history of entertainment. Within months he was given a huge motion-picture contract and honored on Ralph Edwards's "This Is Your Life," the youngest guest to appear on this program.

This rapid success hasn't (Turn to page 32.)



**T**ODAY the accent with drug addicts and smugglers is on heroin, one of the most lethal of narcotics.

Not one opium pipe has been found in the United States in the past three years, according to Federal Narcotics Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger.

Commissioner Anslinger says that Communist China is responsible for 65 per cent of the world's illicit drug traffic by extending her opium-poppy plantations from 300,000 acres to 900,000 acres, giving her an added revenue of \$250,000,000 a year to finance her industrialization program through purchases of strategic materials and equipment. Red China's narcotics output has increased from 2,000 tons in 1952 to the current 8,000 tons, which is *twelve times* more than the annual needs for licit medical and scientific purposes throughout the world!

The bulk of Communist China's narcotic exports come down secret routes from the province of Yunnan, where the frontiers of Burma, Thailand, and Laos touch,

to Rangoon and Bangkok, and thence are smuggled to such way stations as Singapore and Hong Kong, to flood the lucrative underworld markets of the United States.

The switch from raw opium to heroin has made it extremely difficult for Hong Kong agents and American T-agents. Aboard ocean-going vessels, headed toward West Coast ports, soap-sized cakes of compressed heroin can be more easily hidden than the old smelly opium. As a result, heroin-processing laboratories are being installed in Hong Kong and Kowloon. During the past two years in the crown colony law-enforcement officials have destroyed eighteen large plants which were turning out pure heroin for smuggling into America.

It does not take a high degree of technical skill to handle the processing of heroin. Because it is merely rudimentary chemistry, a person can be taught in half an hour to handle such equipment, by following simple written instructions. One does not even have to know

the nature of the various chemicals used. "Simple as baking a cake," Dr. A. J. Nutten, Hong Kong government chemist, declared. "It involves only how much to mix, and when to add the other ingredients."

Every month the Hong Kong Preventive Service and antinarcotics agents search from twenty-five to fifty ocean-going vessels, and last month alone they boarded 3,559 native craft—sampan, junks, and launches—berthed in the "floating cities" of the typhoon shelters. Revenue launches are on a 2,500-hour monthly patrol duty. Their vigilance last year resulted in the seizure of 701.266 kilograms, or 1,546 pounds of illicit narcotics. Still their confiscations are accounting for only about 1 per cent of that getting through to underworld sources in America.

The illuminating and significant

# Installment-Plan Murder

Wilman Menard

Heroin Hellhole:  
Part Two

"The average narcotic addict seldom spends less than \$5,000 a year. Because he has become addicted before he has learned skills to earn a living, and because employers shun his unreliability, he can earn the money required only by becoming a 'pusher,' or by resorting to crime. The youth of our nation are menaced.

"In addition to the economic compulsions leading to crime, the young addict lives in an atmosphere of compound fear. He has a fear of not being able to obtain his drug, a fear of being apprehended for his criminal activities, and a fear of the persons who supply his drugs. This latter fear stems from the fact that by delivering to the addict an overdose, the supplier can cause the addict to kill himself. The user has no way of determining the amount of the dose until it is too late.

"So the pusher is able to impose on the addict the sternest of discipline—the power to inflict torture by withholding the supply, or death by delivering too much."—Dr. Hubert S. Howe, chairman, New York Academy of Medicine's Committee on Narcotics.

When this electric cargo winch refused to work, an inspector found the control box loaded with heroin packets. (Right) This beggar could be a "retriever" for dumped packets of opium or heroin. Heroin is packed in cakes of salt, which are thrown overboard attached to a cork float. When the salt dissolves, the packet bobs to the top and is picked up by a waiting sampan.



factor about the smuggling of contraband narcotics by ocean-going vessels is that, in spite of repeated seizures by revenue officers and police, traffickers still favor this mode of transportation. These facts indicate clearly that the sea route is the tried and true one.

District Judge Louis E. Goodman in San Francisco sentenced seven members of a former eight-man \$1,800,000 narcotics ring to a maximum five years and the remaining operator to three years in prison. The seven at one time had been seamen making trips to and from Hong Kong on transpacific vessels of the American President Lines, and the eighth was a former longshoreman who already was serving a prison term on state narcotics charges. The enormous profits they had realized from dope smuggling had made it possible for them to enter legitimate businesses in the San Francisco Bay area.

When one considers the myriad of fantastic places aboard ships where narcotics can be concealed, he can begin to understand the Herculean task assigned to the Revenue Preventive Service of Hong Kong and to American agents and customs officials. Looking for a compressed cake of heroin aboard ships of 5,000 tons and over is like looking for the proverbial needle in the haystack.

Because of the stupendous profits from smuggling narcotics, Americans in the Far East have been tempted. A self-styled "trader," an American Negro, was arrested at Haneda Airport in Tokyo while trying to escape to

turned up and no key was produced, the revenue inspector at Kai Tak obtained permission to break it open, and found it fully packed with bricks of morphine hydrochloride weighing fifty-three pounds!

So it is apparent that not only the hardened criminal smuggler is engaged in funneling narcotics into America. The veteran addict is a sorry enough human being, but the terrifying fact now is that young people are being contaminated by the drug traffic in American cities. The death penalty has been imposed for those who smuggle or peddle heroin, in view of startling disclosures that 13 per cent of the country's addicts are under twenty-one, and that 50 per cent of robberies and murders are dope inspired.

Senator Price Daniel, head of a Senate committee investigating the narcotics problem some time ago, declared: "Heroin smugglers and peddlers are selling murder, robbery, and rape. Their offense is human destruction as surely as that of a murderer! Heroin is murder on the installment plan!"

Judge Jonah J. Goldstein of New York's Court of General Sessions, who has had many narcotics addicts come before his bench for sentencing, remarked: "In all the years I've been in practice, I have not seen a rich user of drugs come before me. I am sure that there are some rich users of narcotics. Crimes are committed not because people are under the influence of narcotics, but because addicts need money to get their dope."

An object lesson for the youthful addict in America experimenting with heroin for "kicks" would be to look in upon the dispensary of the Hong Kong prison, to witness the antics of the emaciated chronic addicts—the real "weirdies," with unkempt hair, somnolent eyes, slack mouths, and the telltale waxen, slate-colored tint to their skin. They are listless, unmoved, and detached, their reactions and movements dream-like.

But it is their eyes that are so frightening—empty, blank, without focus, as if the mind and soul had died. Their only expression is a moving and eerie acceptance of imminent death which will free them from the hopeless struggle. Doctors estimate that a new addict using pure heroin will die within four months, which is why this particular narcotic has been justly called the "killer drug."

Or the young addict should see the agonies that heroin addiction can entail, when addicts have been abruptly cut off from narcotics during their maximum two months' confinement in a Hong Kong prison. He should see the sea of shocking faces distorted by the ghastly facial paralysis of "withdrawal symptoms," or hear the soul-chilling sounds of hysterical unhuman sobbings. Some are doubled up with stomach cramps, retching and moaning in agony; others shiver although it is hot and humid; and several, not responding to the tapering-off treatment, unable to support the torment and in a state resembling mild epilepsy, jerk and stiffen spasmodically. Many have shrunk from 150 pounds to 80 pounds.

There is no redemption, no hope for the chronic heroin addict. His only relief is death.



This crude wooden doll was used to smuggle heroin. Note the hole in the back used to conceal quantities of the drug.

Transpacific ships of American President Lines are among those used by smugglers to bring narcotics into the United States.

the United States. Investigation revealed he had been the head of a dope ring, smuggling narcotics to America, hiding the packets in the pleats of ladies' pajamas and slips.

A United States Air Force warrant officer, John M. Howard, and his wife walked off a United States Air Force C-47 at Kai Tak Airport in Hong Kong with three suitcases. When Howard was directed to the customs counter, he suddenly realized that the crown colony, although a free port, entailed a customs search, so he claimed only two of his three suitcases, declaring that the third had been given to him by his "wife's friend in Bangkok for delivery in Hong Kong," and that he had no key for it. The suitcase was placed in customs storage; and when five days later no claimant

**A**LL over America state mental hospitals are sadly overcrowded, but in many of these institutions from 10 to 25 per cent of the beds are occupied by alcoholics. Because of this fact those bona fide mental cases, those unfortunates *whose illness of the mind is no fault of their own*, too often must be denied treatment in the very institutions intended primarily for their care.

More and more, psychiatrists are coming to question the classification of the average chronic drunk as a mental case. One such specialist puts it this way:

"The alcoholic can be cured of his craving by exercise of the will. This is not true of the chronic mentally ill. The mental hospital can only act to restrain the alcoholic from securing liquor during the period of his confinement there. Thereafter, when he has been released, his continued abstinence is altogether a matter of will power.

"Of course, we can feel sorry for the plight of the alcoholic, but we can do this without blinding ourselves to the fact that his condition and troubles are of his own making. When we see a ludicrously obese person we do not say, 'Poor fellow, he's mentally ill!' Rather, we are inclined to laugh at him. And it is this fear of ridicule that keeps most of us weight-conscious.

"Our attitude toward fat people is wholly realistic. Toward the alcoholic, however, we are apt to become as maudlin as the drunk himself."

This psychiatrist sees two possible solutions to this problem. His first is simple enough: Let the alcoholic go through his periodic drying-out process at home, under the care of his family doctor. If the drunk is sincere in wishing to get away from alcohol for good, he can himself substitute will power for forcible restraint, while his doctor can prescribe for him as much paraldehyde or other medicine as he would get in a state hospital to help him get past the two-week period of "the shakes." After that, it's going to be primarily a question of will power.

The psychiatrist's second solution, one that is now receiving careful study in a number of states, is that a large state hospital be built to treat only alcoholics. The recommendation is further made that the cost of constructing, equipping, and maintaining such institutions be underwritten solely by the distillers, brewers, and distributors of their products in the state in question.

Psychiatrists have been surprised at the readiness with which their proposal has been given favorable consideration in some areas by the liquor interests and their associations. Obviously, at least some distillers and brewers are aware that they have a serious public-relations problem to solve, and that the chronic alcoholic is not helping in its solution.

Whatever the reason, it now appears that the liquor people will not generally oppose legislation designed at making them responsible for the rehabilitation of those whose condition has been brought about by the use of their products.

This second solution has much to recommend it. Certainly it takes the alcoholic out of the bed intended for use by the mentally ill, and does away with the practice of treating mental cases in the hallways and dayrooms of our state hospitals.

Placing the responsibility of rehabilitation where it really belongs.

## Should the Public Pay?

Morley Cooper

In addition, treatment of alcoholics in special hospitals would permit the staff of such an institution to specialize on this type of treatment, so that the results might be more encouraging than is now the case.

At the present time, state hospitals can be of little permanent benefit to the alcoholic patient. Present facilities do not permit thorough treatment of this type of patient. Nor do the methods now in use encourage the alcoholic to exercise will power to help himself—the only basic method that has ever proved really successful in the cure of any liquor addict.

As of now the treatment of the alcoholic in our mental hospitals is not expected to produce a permanent cure. The patient is admitted (usually committed by court action) and remains for a period of three or four months, depending on whether he was experiencing a psychosis when admitted. The drying-out period is about two weeks; thereafter the alcoholic is fed the best of food (the food bill at a state hospital serving 5,000 patients is more than \$1,000,000 yearly) and given work therapy for the remainder of his stay.

Thus, if he is kept off liquor and kept busy, he is encouraged to do a day's work without drinking. After his release it is hoped that he will stay away from liquor. Almost invariably, however, this is not the case. Many patients of this type spend the months of their confinement planning the daddy of all binges, as soon as they are released from the hospital. (Turn to page 27.)

**W**ITH a tiny iron hand, but a large, understanding heart, Nellie Noble, standing only five feet and weighing a mere hundred pounds, handles the homeless men and derelicts who find shelter at the Volunteers of America's Bowery Tabernacle.

Mother of three grown daughters, Adjutant Noble left the tranquil suburbs of Portland, Maine, for the alcoholic jungles of the Bowery. Her husband was, at first, head of the tabernacle, but when he was assigned elsewhere the command was turned over to her.

She puts in a fourteen-hour day, sometimes longer, at a job requiring the acumen of a high-priced executive and the patience of a saint.

During the course of an average day, she plans three

meals for fivescore homeless men. She oversees the cleaning of the shelter and the changing of bed linen in the dormitory, then prepares the evening service. She delivers mail, hunting in saloons and flophouses for those who have checks and parcels waiting at the tabernacle, used as a mailing address by many men. If a man wants to stay sober, he is sent to work in the rehabilitation warehouse, where, by repairing old furniture, clothing, and toys, he helps repair his own damaged soul.

To the legion of homeless, society-scorned men, Adjutant Noble is the symbol of strength, reaching up to help tear down the awful signpost that hangs over the Bowery. She is proving that the human heart, no matter how deeply sunk in self-degradation, is incapable of abandoning all hope.



Nellie Noble, at the unusual post of running a shelter for the homeless men on the Bowery's skid row, here leads her charges in grace at the dinner table as they prepare to eat.

Comfort and hope, the greatest needs for the Bowery's homeless men, are found at the evening religious meeting.



Those men who can do a day's work are rewarded with a hot meal and a clean bed at the tabernacle for the night.

One of the men helps Adjutant Noble sort clothing for distribution at the center's warehouse for those in need.



In quiet, earnest conversation this energetic woman endeavors to persuade her "family" to live only for higher ideals.

Homeless men come to the tabernacle in great numbers every day for help. Mrs. Noble is on hand to help them.

# Nellie Noble's Adopted Family



Mrs. Noble goes over plans with her husband, now head of the VOA rehabilitation warehouse in Long Island City.

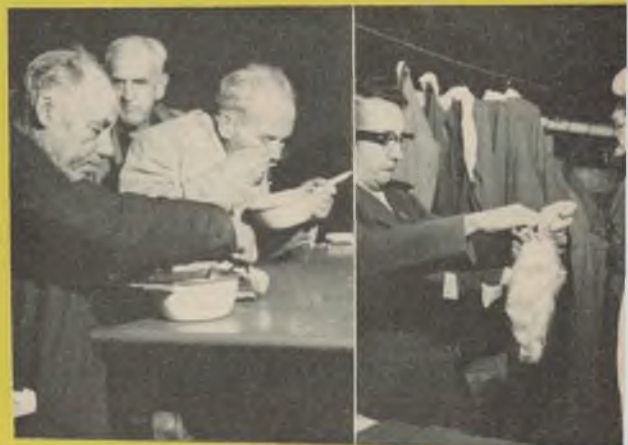


Wistfulness and anticipation flow from the eyes of this derelict at mail time. Many wandering men use the tabernacle as their regular mailing address.

Considered as good medicine to make them feel useful, various jobs are assigned to those able to perform them.



As with most other human beings, mealtime is still the most popular time of day with Bowery vagrants and derelicts.



When the meal is finished and the dishes are cleared away, Adjutant Noble plans the next menu with her kitchen help.



On the average one hundred men are fed daily at the shelter.

During the Christmas season, when men take up posts as sidewalk Santas, their outfits are so made that they are exactly right.

# B O R N

Nancy knew the symptoms  
all too well.

Noda May Ramsdale

# A

# D R U G

# A D D I C T !

**N**ANCY pulled the suitcase from her closet and opened it wide. It was packed with pretty nightgowns and cosmetics, and dainty clothes for her first baby. But blonde, pretty Nancy was not thinking of those things, except that everything was there she would need while in the hospital, everything but one small package.

"Just fixin's," she murmured, and opened the little brown packet and poured some powder.

"Oh, hurry, Joe!" The pains, faster and stronger, almost bent her double, but with a spurt of determination she straightened herself and finished the "fix."

"This may have to last, if I can't sneak another," she mumbled, and hurriedly plunged the needle into her arm. "Joe must never know," she whispered.

She heard the car door slam. She had just time to put the paraphernalia back into the package and slip it into the secret compartment of her bag before Joe opened the door and rushed her into the car.

"Just lean on my shoulder, Hon; I'll have you there in a few minutes," he said.

He had laid off awhile from his truck-line job to take her to the hospital. He didn't like his cross-country run, but the salary was good. Someday he would buy a business where he could be home every night with his seventeen-year-old bride.

Joe had come into Nancy's small town—and Nancy's heart—one summer evening. Nancy and her friends were

gathering at the drugstore to go to a church social when Joe came in.

Seeing the crowd, he had asked, "Am I crashing a party?"

His friendly, dark eyes flashed happily, and Nancy invited him to go with them. After that night the big truck stopped in the small town many times that summer. When Joe was transferred to another run, Nancy was married to him in her little church; then amid showers of rice and best wishes they went to live in the city.

Because Nancy was lonely while Joe was gone, she got a job and met Steve and Mary Lou. She was glad when they invited her to the club she had heard them talk about. Steve had assured her, when she had asked, that there was no drinking; but he added, "We have a better way of having fun."

The party was in a large room back of an old café. It smelled awful. The music was soft, and the atmosphere weird. Steve put one arm around Mary Lou and one around her, and they joined the circle of young folks who were passing a cigarette from one to another.

Nancy had smoked an occasional cigarette, but not like this one. Steve told her it would give her a build-up. Soon she did not mind the sweet-smoked room. She heeded Steve's warning and did not tell Joe. Why she had wished to keep it a secret from him, she did not know.

That was the beginning of once-a-week parties, but the smoking grew into daily affairs, lunch puffs, and take-home packages. It wasn't long before the cigarettes did not satisfy a craving she had developed. She became nervous and irritable.

When an important-looking man appeared at the club, and offered to give them, free of charge, something called a "fix," which he said was tops, Nancy was ready. It gave her a feeling of well-being. She then wondered why she had never asked Steve what to do if she wanted to quit.

Now, as they neared the hospital, she remembered how Steve had said, "Oh, any doctor can give you some little pills."

She found the first "fix" was the only free one, then it took all her money and what Joe gave her to keep her supplied. She thought many times, "Just one more, and then I'll get the pills." She found she would have to quit in nine months; now it was that time.

"Before I leave the hospital, I'll ask the doctor for the pills," she mumbled, and leaned heavily on Joe as the pains came more frequently.

"What did you say, Honey?" he asked, driving faster.

"Nothing," she answered, groggily. The "fix" was on. She felt she was floating on air, yet she knew the baby was coming.

When she caught a glimpse of Joe's frightened face as he lifted her from the car, she tried to tell him not to worry.

"Poor Joe, I've spent all our money and now the hospital—"

The doctor asked questions she could not answer. She saw the look of horror on Joe's face as the doctor pointed to the needle marks on her arm. Then she lost consciousness.

"She's in a critical condition," Nancy thought she heard the doctor tell Joe much later.

The baby? She swallowed

(Turn to page 30.)

**A**S NEW YORKERS sat down to their breakfast tables last April 13, they opened their newspapers to startling headlines. Potential death faced them. A dangerous drug, formerly thought safe, was abroad in their city, stocked by some 4,000 drug outlets and 200 hospitals. In the form of "pep pills," the drug Marsilid had suddenly become suspect in the death of one victim and possibly in the death of a second.

Such an emergency immediately focused the spotlight of attention of New York City's 8,000,000 residents on an unassuming building in Manhattan, down in the heart of the city, the headquarters of the Bureau of Food and Drugs of the Department of Health. In the average day-to-day life of New Yorkers little thought is given to the round-the-clock activities of this dynamic organization, one whose work is complex, exacting, and as exciting as any detective thriller.

It is often essential that the bureau's personnel act quickly, as in this case involving the energizing drug known as Marsilid. But in reading news reports like these, the thoughtful citizen is sharply reminded of how much he takes for granted regarding public-health protection, and questions rise in his mind: How is such protective action taken? In what way does this bureau—and similar ones across the nation—operate to protect the health of the people in its area of jurisdiction? How does this bureau learn about a dangerous substance? What determines its decision to act?

To obtain firsthand answers to these and other questions, I found my way to the labyrinthine offices of the Department of Health in the massive stone building at

Grace Lockhart

# Safeguarding

## the Public's Health

125 Worth Street. On the third floor I found Jerome Trichter, assistant health commissioner for New York. A very busy man, he nevertheless took time out to answer my queries, specifically reviewing the course of action in the Marsilid case.

Knowledge about materials that might be hazardous or dangerous to health is acquired by the department in many ways and from many sources.

"It might be," explained Mr. Trichter, "a telephone call from some individual, saying, 'I was made sick.' It might be a report from a doctor or a hospital saying that a patient was made sick by this or that. It might be a call from a manufacturer who suspects something

is wrong with his product. It might be a call from another health department, or a call from the Federal Food and Drug Administration of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Eight million residents of New York City are potential sources of information. More than 5,000 complaints of various kinds against food and drug establishments are received each year from citizens. The Department of Health investigates every call, even if it is anonymous."

Citing Marsilid as a case in point, Mr. Trichter outlined departmental procedure. It was not necessary for him to refer to files. Every detail was thoroughly in his memory. At 8 p.m. Friday, April 11, Washington, D.C., had called to say that the company which manufactured Marsilid had decided to recall containers bearing heavy-dosage labels.

"A message was relayed to me at my home (it always happens on a Friday!) advising me that the company was undertaking to recall containers of the drug calling



Whenever he eats, drinks, swallows a pill,

or grooms his hair, the average citizen may

owe his very life to an alert Bureau

of Food and Drugs.

for 150-milligram dosage. Since death was involved, and the drug was being used to treat sick people, time was of the utmost importance. The task that confronted us was withdrawal of the heavy-dosage labeled product as quickly as possible.

"Telephone calls were immediately put through to the director of the Bureau of Food and Drugs, and by midnight Friday we were well under way. Early Saturday morning one hundred persons began their rounds with instructions to embargo the product in drugstores, surgical supply houses, and hospitals. At the same time a crew of men in the offices of the health department were assigned to calling hospitals and doctors to discover whether any further cases had been reported and to learn what their experience had been with the drug. Originally produced in 1955 as a treatment for tubercular patients, Marsilid later was quite widely used to relieve the depression of mental patients. It is sold only by prescription and is intended for administration under direct and close medical supervision.

"By three o'clock Saturday afternoon the emergency inspection had placed 2,277 embargoes on various establishments and seized 4,698 of the heavy-dosage bottles containing 583,292 tablets. These were tagged, sealed, and set aside, with instructions to druggists that they were not to be used or sold to doctors or the public, but should be returned to the manufacturer. By Tuesday we had everything under control."

How can the department be sure whether a specific material had caused a certain illness or death?

"We make every effort to get the facts," continued the

Trichter. "We subject ourselves to considerable soul searching. Bad judgment might cause a person or a company severe financial loss, give his materials or product a black name, ruin reputations. However, the primary concern of the Department of Health is the health of the people. Other considerations are secondary. This is as it should be."

Edwin W. Ludewig is director of the Bureau of Food and Drugs. The New York City Board of Health is a five-man body, deriving authority from the city and being responsible for the enactment of regulations known as the Sanitary Code. These regulations have the effect and force of law. The Department of Health, with some 5,000 employees, enforces these regulations, and in providing direct service to the public, utilizes the services of physicians, public-health nurses, educators, sanitarians, laboratory technicians, and statisticians. Public-health protection is the function of the Department of Health; and community aspects of hygiene, such as sanitation and communicable-disease control, are integral phases of the public-health program.

The work of the New York City Department of Health is closely co-ordinated with that of the state health department, and with that of the Federal Food and Drug Administration. At the Federal level the Pure Food and Drugs Act of 1906 was the result of a long and stormy campaign led by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley to safeguard purchasers of food and drugs. This act was superseded in 1938 by the more inclusive and more stringent Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act, administered since 1938 by the Food and Drug Administration of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. This body is charged with a multitude of duties involving the wholesomeness and purity of food and drugs that move in interstate commerce.

The Bureau of Food and Drugs of the New York City Department of Health presently has a personnel of 323 employees, including 268 sanitarians and several veterinarians, whose job it is to safeguard public health. These competent guardians of health are constantly on the alert, since the Bureau of Food and Drugs is the only agency charged with the authority and responsibility of supervising within the city all food, beverages, drugs, and cosmetics—no small undertaking.

It is estimated that 38,000,000 pounds of food and beverages are consumed each day in New York City. This vast amount of foodstuffs is purveyed in about 100,000 retail and 5,000 wholesale food establishments. Drugs and cosmetics are handled by approximately 4,000 wholesale and retail drug dealers. All these are under the supervision of the Bureau of Food and Drugs. Consider the problem of milk control, for example. New York City gets some 5,000,000 quarts of milk per day. No incidence of disease from this Niagara of milk has been recorded in the city in thirty years, because of the careful inspection and supervision of health authorities.

Controls apply not merely to raw products, but also to every establishment in the city that manufactures, holds, or sells food, beverages, drugs, or cosmetics, and to hospitals and institutions as well. There are about 100,000 retail food establishments in the city, of which 22,000 are restaurants. Pointing out that restaurants present



The energizing drug Marsilid comes under the scrutiny of (left) Saul Handelsman, chief, Drug Division; (center) Jerome Trichter, assistant commissioner in charge of Environmental Sanitation Services; Edwin W. Ludewig, director of the Bureau of Food and Drugs.

assistant commissioner. "With the facts in hand we can make judgments. For example, the incidence of illness as contrasted with the incidence of use of a material is an important factor in determining whether a specific material causes a specific illness. Sometimes we have only a suspicion, but if the suspicion is strong enough, we act on it. After we determine how serious the illness is, we decide how quickly to move in—must we act in one day, one week, one hour? In the instance of Marsilid, in which newspapers reported that two deaths had been attributed to the drug and some twenty other deaths and numerous cases of jaundice linked with it, we moved in immediately."

A grave responsibility! "Yes, it is," commented Mr.



the greatest potential hazard to the consumer, since food is prepared and served on the premises, Mr. Ludewig explained that special units devote most of their time to improving restaurant conditions from the standpoint of maintaining high levels of sanitation. This also applies to 5,000 wholesale food establishments.

Drugs and cosmetics need not be registered with the Bureau of Food and Drugs, but they must be labeled in accordance with regulations of the Sanitary Code. Emphasis is placed on enforcement of those regulations prohibiting the sale of certain drugs except on a doctor's prescription. In the course of the bureau's food and drug control work, thousands of samples are submitted to the chemical and bacteriological laboratories of the Bureau of Laboratories to ascertain whether they conform to Sanitary Code standards.

While code regulations are quite comprehensive and complete, amendments are frequently made to meet new situations and problems. Violations of the code are misdemeanors and are punishable by a fine of \$500 or one year in jail, or both. Foods and beverages are condemned and destroyed when found to be unwholesome, and if the facts warrant, the operator is prosecuted. Drugs, devices, and cosmetics unfit for use, and misleading labels and circulars, are also destroyed.

Under its present laws the Federal Food and Drug Administration permits no new drug to be put on the market until the manufacturer has made exhaustive clinical tests. The manufacturer then makes application to the Food and Drug Administration, and if that agency is satisfied with the data as to the safety of the drug for the specified use, the application is permitted "to become effective."

Since 1938 the Food and Drug Administration has approved some 10,000 drugs. "However exhaustive the tests and however careful and conscientious the manufacturer," observed Mr. Ludewig, "it happens sometimes that something suddenly goes haywire, as occurred in the case of Marsilid, which had allegedly been used successfully among thousands of patients following good reports on it in 1957 at Rockland State Hospital. Suddenly twenty deaths and hundreds of bad reactions were allegedly attributed to it when used in large dosage as an antidepressant. In situations like this our work is made easier by the fact that manufacturers, by and large, co-operate with the bureau in withdrawal of products in question, even though the circumstances are obscure enough to make an exact pathological report difficult."

Saul Handelsman, chief of the drug division in New York City, pointed out that one of the important activities of his division concerns compliance with sanitary regulations providing that certain drugs may be sold only on a doctor's prescription—such as three-color reducing tablets, barbiturates, etc. Where violations are found, prosecution is instituted. The Bureau of Food and Drugs also conducts numerous checks on products in question such as cosmetics that may contain uncertified colors which may be harmful.

It checks, too, on the availability of drugs, especially when shortages are anticipated as occurred during the recent Asiatic flu epidemic. It also conducts investigations. For example, every

*(Turn to page 34.)*

## What If I Were That Mother ?

Marie B. Ryan

SEE by the papers that a driver, under the influence, ran down and killed a young mother and her three-year-old child. The proprietor of the highway restaurant that sold the driver the drink doubtless said, "Liquor will leave you alone if you leave it alone."

It didn't let that mother and child alone; they had not stopped at that restaurant. They were walking quietly home. I ask myself, "What if I were that mother?"

Recently the Nebraska papers carried a long account of a group of high-school boys and girls from Omaha who planned and staged a booze party as part of their "commencement exercises." The police heard of the party and made a raid on it, but some of the party were warned and escaped. The fact remains: Here was a group of boys and girls, either in high school, or recently graduated, who were forcing their sophistication, declaring their claimed adulthood prematurely. Some of the hundred involved came from homes whose parents are members of churches, and who doubtless thought they had left imperishable impressions upon their children. Some of the group came from homes where they had been given their first drink by their own parents; they had seen their parents drinking and serving cocktails to friends.

Being a mother, I know something of the feeling of those whose girls or boys were in the party. What if I were one of those mothers?

As a mother, I am also a taxpayer. I resent the false but popular notion that we have to have licensed saloons for the taxes they bring in. When so many of the crimes committed and the accidents constantly occurring are "alcohol flavored," that means taxes to pay the police, the courts, the hospitals. The taxes paid by liquor industries do not counterbalance the money needed to pay for the damages. I have to pay taxes in my town to make my home safe. I have to pay taxes in my state to have decent highways, but I have no protection against the drinking driver who uses those highways.

A former county attorney in a nearby county went on a drunken spree, was arrested, and had his driver's license revoked. At home were his wife and two children. Fortunately they were at home. The disgrace remains nonetheless unbearable.

What if I were that mother, that wife? That is the sort of experience that can come to any wife or mother with a drinking husband, no matter on what social level the family lives. It can come to any family that "can take it or leave it," to any family that indulges in the social glass.

No person ever becomes a problem drinker who did not first become a social drinker. No one ever becomes an alcoholic who does not take the first drink. Except for the greater calamity, it doesn't matter whether the chances are one in ten that the first drink will lead to alcoholism, or whether they are one in twenty. There is always a chance of some mother's son, some mother's daughter, becoming that one alcoholic.

What if I were that mother?

# M A N ON THE N FLY I N G SKIS



Though he is now the nation's No. 1 ski jumper, Billy Olson has his eyes on greater worlds to conquer—the 1960 Winter Olympics.

**F**ROM the juvenile ski jump on the grounds of the Fourth Ward grade school in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, to the massive, world-renowned Holmenkollen slide near Oslo, Norway, or the gigantic ski-flying hill at Oberstdorf, Germany, is a long jump—but Billy Olson is a long jumper, so long, in fact, that on his best jump he soared 93 feet farther than the full length of a football field (393 feet).

For a decade Billy dreamed of the top rung of the national skiing ladder. He not only dreamed, however, but jumped his way upward, rung by rung, till in 1958 he climaxed the ascent by winning the National Class A championship at Iron Mountain, Michigan, competing against some fifty other jumpers. Virtually in a class by himself at that meet, he swept all the honors, becoming the nation's top jumper.

This achievement was about the only major goal remaining for him to reach—except, that is, the coming Winter Olympics next year at Squaw Valley, California,

toward which Billy has definitely turned his eyes and pointed his skis.

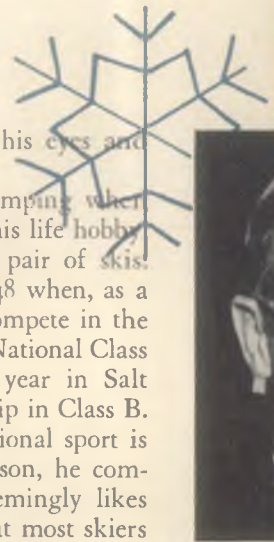
Billy early showed his interest in ski jumping when in elementary school he adopted skiing as his life hobby. At five years of age he received his first pair of skis.

His first major ski trip was taken in 1948 when, as a high-school senior, he went to Seattle to compete in the national championships. Here he won the National Class C championship for boys, and the next year in Salt Lake City he won the national championship in Class B.

Billy observes that ski jumping as a national sport is gradually dying out. When asked the reason, he commented that the average person today seemingly likes the easy way out, illustrated by the fact that most skiers use the ski lifts instead of climbing up the slope.

Auditing municipal and school-district books, Billy—Willis S. is his real name—has chosen as his profession the business world, working as an accountant with C. A. Bertelsen, C.P.A. He has now passed his state examination for recognition as a C.P.A. himself.

In 1952 Billy competed in the Winter Olympics in Oslo and came out twenty-second, missing a place among the top ten because of only one bad landing. The 1956 Winter Olympics at Cortina, Italy, saw him come in forty-third. The comparatively poor showing by the American competitors in general can be attributed to the fact that about this time the "torpedo style" of ski jumping had been adopted by the Europeans, and not yet



by the Americans. This style of jumping is characterized by the competitor holding his hands close to his body or behind his back while jumping, making a streamlined appearance, rather than the former "arm-flapping style" in which the competitor extended his arms during the jump. The new style reduces wind resistance considerably and results in a longer jump. Most Americans are now using this torpedo style.

In recent years Billy has competed in all the national ski-jumping championships except during 1952 and 1956, when he was overseas with the Olympics. In all these events he came very near winning first place, but finally in 1958 he took the national championship with a jump of 264 feet. This distance actually was far from his best performance, but the wind was blowing the wrong way that day.

"Skiing is one of the cleanest sports," says Olson. "It brings a zest for the open to a person and is engaged in during the winter, when the effect of the cold air is much more invigorating." A team spirit is connected with it, he points out, but primarily it is an individual sport. The real thrill of ski jumping comes from personal achievement.

This far-flying skier is known in his home town of Eau Claire as "Billy the Kid." Whenever he is seen on the street, friendly voices hail him. Frequently one finds him driving along the streets of Eau Claire in his older model Chrysler. Though an unassuming young fellow, he is easy to get acquainted with, easy to talk with. When, however, it comes to personal convictions he is unshakable.

few athletes ever indulge in either of these habits. Frequently, when a carload of ski jumpers starts on the way to a national event, he goes on to say, not one in that car will ever light up, and *very* seldom does a drink, even a beer, appear.

"I would do neither of these things even if I were not a ski jumper," he specifies. "I simply have not begun to indulge in such habits. I find no pleasure in them, for I am too busy enjoying life and the best things of life."

As far as Billy is concerned, he will not tell someone else what to do with his life, but he does not like to see anyone using intoxicants. He notes that drinking tends to "corrode character," commenting that the results are also seen on the highways and in our jails in the form of accidents and criminals.

When people indulge in such habits as drinking, he asserts, they do so primarily to find companionship and seemingly to enhance their own social standing. He says, though, that he has never felt "out" because he does not indulge, but feels that he has been "included" anyway. He is simply too occupied with the more important things of life, such as family, profession, hobby, to be bothered with drinking.

Olson attended Denver University from 1954 to 1956, choosing this school in order to be near the territory where he could practice his favorite hobby. In 1955 he took a trip to Argentina and Chile along with a team of Denver University jumpers. At the university he was a member of the varsity team, which held the national championship during the years he was a member of it. Also, while at D.U., he was the national collegiate



He comments freely on the physical condition of the average young person today: "People watch TV too much. It would be much better if they got out of doors and enjoyed an outdoor life." Our way of life is too easy these days, he repeats. "Fifty per cent of the high school students these days drive a car to school; in former days they walked. All this combines to lower physical tone, making a person much less able to meet life's demands."

Billy himself neither smokes nor drinks, and does not hesitate to make known his stand. He says that very

ski-jumping champion—but he majored in accounting.

He has a scrapbook of considerable size containing clippings and stories about his achievements. His living room is becoming dotted with his medals and trophies, but the trophy he values the highest is the one obtained in 1958 by winning his National Class A championship.

Billy and his wife Ardella live in a bungalow-style home they bought about a year ago, located in the newer section of Eau Claire, an industrial city straddling the Chippewa River and nestled in the green hills of north-west Wisconsin. He met his (Turn to page 34.)

# WORLD VIEW



## Progress in El Salvador

Condensed From an Interview With Lieutenant Colonel José María Lemus, President of El Salvador

by

Héctor Pereyra Suarez, Editor, "El Centinela"

**S**INCE my inauguration as president of El Salvador I have strengthened my decision to fight all the vices that undermine the creative power and spiritual integrity of my people.

My convictions regarding alcoholism originated long ago; in fact, during my youth I obtained a vision of its disastrous impact on the morale and economy of the nation. Since that time this problem has become the subject of my most serious and constant efforts.

The possibilities of my participating with good results in the solution of the problem have grown with my becoming president of the republic. By the end of my term I hope to have been able not only to establish legislative measures to reduce, as far as possible, the consumption of intoxicating beverages but also to encourage public opinion against drunkenness. In these ways the evils of alcoholism may be prevented.

Education, recreation, intense social action, sports, and cultural advancement are all substitutes for drinking. These, when well promoted, will convince the people that sobriety is a good companion to help make life happier and more productive.

We face the problem with serenity, decision, and objective vision. During the initial few months we have achieved remarkable results. It would be inaccurate to claim that miracles have been performed, but with perseverance and determination we look forward to great accomplishments.

The main obstacles in this battle against alcoholism seem to be in the matter of education. I believe that ignorance, which itself gives impetus to the development of alcoholism, the lack of a plan of life, which makes a man lose his sense of duty, and the lack of personal will power, which permits evil habits to take root, all deserve more serious consideration than mere economic factors and those of special interests.

Some people have objected to the measures already taken in our country, thinking that the national treasury will be ruined and the national economy hurt when the consumption of liquor is reduced.

We are trying, however, not to destroy but to reform. The efforts now wasted in an industry whose product is harmful to public health and morals may be changed with relative ease to the making of more healthful and useful things. This calls for careful methods and deliberate progress, until every-

However, I repeat that the problems arising out of these economic interests in the solving of the alcohol problem are not the most important. In fact, at present many producers of beverage alcohol are co-operating in such a change-over. They know that the state will assist them in obtaining facilities and capital in making the change. Therefore, the major obstacles are in the field of education; but with clear discernment and correct action, even these may be met and conquered.

We have thrown the entire moral

President Lemus (arrow) inspects housing projects built for the poorer classes. (Center) The president and the first lady cut a ribbon to open a public project. (Right) Often the president uses radio to broadcast his messages to his people.



one involved can adapt himself to the change, with the full understanding that his country will be benefited by the kinds of industry and investment that will promote progress and bring the people greater happiness.

Such a transformation, of course, represents different areas and interests: the state, which collects substantial taxes from the sale of intoxicants; the manufacturer, who provides employment for workers; the consumer, whose habit supports the liquor industry. Everyone presently engaged in this industry is called upon to change his vision and the use of his resources.

weight of the state into the fight against vice and delinquency. The problems and procedures are discussed and planned at the council of ministries, and each of the secretaries of state takes part in the resulting action.

This action by the government is strengthened by private civic organizations which have well-developed and definite programs with the same objective. Even before the government began to take action the public's social conscience had to some extent been developed. This tends to guarantee that no matter what political changes

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A

SHE squirmed her neat little figure into the sophisticated black sheath and gave her pine-blonde hair a final pat, Sylvia Lane tried not to be apprehensive about Steven's tardiness. It wasn't like Steven to be late, except—but, surely he wouldn't—not on their first anniversary.

The jangle of the telephone sliced through the room.

"Hi, angel!" called Steven's voice over the wire, a bit too gaily. "I'm sorry I'm late, but I got tied up with Al Andrews, and you know how important he is to the firm. Would you mind meeting me at the club?"

"Of course not," Sylvia answered amiably. "It would be foolish for you to drive clear out here this late."

Steven's prematurely white hair gleamed, and Sylvia clicked happily to the table where he sat. He looked up at her and snarled, "Where've you been? Out messing around with one of your backwoods admirers?"

A jagged chunk of ice skidded into the place where Sylvia's heart had been. She knew, instantly, this man was *not* Steven. It was Rocky. Rocky had the same sable-brown eyes, the same classic features that Steven had, and he wore Steven's charcoal suit. But Rocky's eyes were bleary, his features sagged loosely, and his upper lip curled up in a sneer just inside the corner of his mouth. Sylvia refused to let this despicable character use Steven's name; "Rocky" seemed apt.

"I got here as quickly as I could," she answered, as she recoiled into the chair opposite him.

"Well, it wasn't quick enough," barked Rocky, tossing the double shot in front of him toward his mouth, and catching it with the practiced accuracy of a trained seal catching a fish. "So you go back to wherever you came from, so I can lament the worst year of my life."

Later Sylvia undressed, slipped into pajamas, and sank wearily onto her bed. Her eyes fell on her wedding picture that stood on the maple table between the twin beds. How happy she had been when that picture was taken! She had known, even then, that Steven and the bottle were not strangers, but she had loved him so deeply that she thought she could ignore this little imperfection. Now she felt like a bigamist. She was married to two entirely different men. One of them she adored with the intensity of a midsummer sun's burning rays. The other one she loathed with all the acid in her soul.

And she was seeing more and more of Rocky.

She wasn't hungry, but she wanted something to do. She got an apple and a paring knife from the kitchen and went back into the bedroom. Sitting up in bed, she cored the apple, nibbled at it, and tried to read; but she couldn't concentrate, so she flicked off the lamp, and lay in the dark, thinking. What was there about her or about Steven

She felt the handle of the paring knife she had left on the table beside her, burning into the icicles that were her fingers. Stealthily she slid her legs down the side of the bed until her bare feet touched the green shag rug that lay between their beds. She took two steps toward Rocky's bed, squeezing the knife handle in her clenched fist. Then the room seemed to whirl around her like a roulette wheel. She put out

Virda Poland

Legal

Bigamy



that brought out this cruel streak in him, only when they were alone?

Hours later Rocky staggered into the room in an aura of fetid fumes, struggled out of his clothes in the dark, and flopped onto his bed.

"You're a leech and a parasite," he began.

Sylvia lay quiet. Anything she could say would only furnish fuel for the blistering tirade she knew he was kindling.

"All you do is spend my money," he continued thickly. "And you're stupid. You don't belong in the human race. You're just like your old lady, and she's no good. And your old man! What's he? A two-bit farmer that grovels in the dirt."

Sylvia could tolerate the verbal clubs he beat her with, but this was the first attack on her beloved parents.

Suddenly she could hear his heavy, labored breathing, and she knew he had dropped off in a stupor; but his voice droned on in her ears: "Your old lady's no good. Your old man. Two-bit farmer that grovels in the dirt." Wrath suffocated her!

her free hand, groping for the table to support her. Her knuckles grazed something hard, and she heard the splintering of glass. Startled, she fumbled for the lamp and flashed it on.

Puffs of air continued to squirt from between Rocky's slack lips, like the slow starting spurts of a percolator.

Sylvia stooped and picked up their wedding picture. The cracks in the glass frame made it appear that there were deep gashes across Steven's throat and face.

She felt as if she were awakening from a bad dream, but the ominous knife in her hand was proof that it was no dream. As if trying to escape from the sordid reality, she ran from the room. Huddled, shivering in panic, on the divan in the living room, she decided she had to leave Steven the next day before she did do something desperate.

After an eternity she heard the clang of the alarm in the bedroom and hurried in to turn it off. Steven stirred, opened his eyes, just a slit, smiled at her, and said sleepily, "Good morning, angel." A corner of that jagged chunk

of ice that lay in Sylvia's bosom thawed and broke away.

Steven wandered groggily into the kitchen. As he lifted his tomato juice with a quaking hand, Sylvia blurted out, "Steven, I can't go on living with two different men!"

Steven set the glass down, drew a deep breath, and said gravely, "Angel, I've been thinking a lot about this obsession you have. I admit, I had too much to drink last night, and as usual I don't remember exactly what happened. But I do know that as much as I love you, I just couldn't talk to you the way you always say I do. I know you wouldn't lie about it, but no one else ever hears me berate you. That proves that you're having delusions, darling," he continued gently. "I've talked to Dr. Huff, and he thinks he may be able to help you. I'm going to make an appointment for you for tomorrow," he said with finality.

He drank his juice while Sylvia stared at him, speechless. Then he poked at his egg with his fork.

"I don't feel like eating anything," Steven said as he left the table. "Oh, by the way, I'll be a little late this evening. I have a late appointment with Andrews at the Sportsman's Bar. Well, honey," he went on, as he read her expression, "he suggested it. I could hardly say, 'No, meet me at the drug-store, and we'll have a soda,' could I?"

That meant Rocky would be back tonight. Sylvia dared not risk what almost happened last night. Yet she knew now that she couldn't leave Steven. She loved him too much.

If he could hear the way Rocky talked to her, she knew Steven would despise him as much as she did. If only he could hear Rocky!

Late that evening, when she saw his sneering lips, Sylvia was glad to see Rocky for the first time in her life.

The next noon, after brunch, Steven said, "I made an appointment with Dr. Huff for two-thirty for you, angel."

"All right, dear," she said obediently, "but, first, let's go in the living room. I want you to hear a new record."

Steven queried, "Can't it wait till we get back?"

"No, it can't," Sylvia answered firmly. "As soon as you listen to it, I'll go with you, but not before."

"O.K., bon-bon, if that's the way you want it," he said as he leaned over and kissed the tip of her nose.

When he was settled, she started the record.

A voice that Steven recognized un-  
(Turn to page 34.)



### Alcohol Causes Circulatory Failure

The treatment of severe alcohol intoxication in man will probably be changed as a result of animal experiments. These animals were given alcohol by either mouth or injection until they had taken a lethal amount, the first time such an experiment has been done. Of those that took alcohol by mouth, about 65 per cent died within twelve hours, seemingly of respiratory failure. With the other 35 per cent respiratory rate and depth were relatively unchanged, but their blood pressure showed a progressive drop and death was finally due to circulatory failure. These animals, however, lived longer than twelve hours.

Alcohol given the animals by intravenous injection invariably caused death by respiratory failure.

One finding reveals that at high alcohol levels destructive changes are begun, and continue to death, even though the body is able to eliminate some of the alcohol in the meantime.

### "Only Two Beers"

The *British Medical Journal* reports from experiments that after two whiskies, even some long-experienced bus drivers are willing to try to take their busses through a gap fourteen inches narrower than the bus. The effect of alcohol was not to make the drivers willing to take a bigger risk but to make them see the same risk in what was a more difficult or impossible task.

Taking part in the experiment were bus drivers who had an average of twelve years' experience driving a bus and another eight years' driving other vehicles.

As each man sat in the driver's seat of his bus, two white posts three feet tall were placed twelve feet in front of the bus. The space between the posts was gradually increased two inches at a time until the driver thought he could drive his eight-foot bus through it safely five times out of five attempts.

One group of drivers had consumed no alcohol, another group two fluid ounces, and a third group six fluid ounces.

The results—no alcohol-free driver attempted to drive through, but three of the men who had had two ounces of alcohol did try to put their bus through a gap fourteen inches narrower than the bus.

Therefore, it was concluded that a man's judgment is impaired when the alcohol concentration is lower than the legal .15 per cent, now recognized in the United States.

### Cancer Test Promising

American scientists are experimenting with a cancer-detection technique that could "deal a decisive blow against cancer in the United States."

Dr. John R. Heller, director of the National Cancer Institute, Bethesda, Maryland, reported the findings to an International Cancer Congress in London.

The technique includes a testing of body cells that are normally and continuously being sloughed off by the organs. These are then collected and studied in the laboratory. The test itself is not a diagnosis for cancer but a first step in warning doctors that suspicious cells are present within the body.

J. Walter Rich

# Legitimate Versus Legal

**A** PERMIT may make a business legal, but does it make that business legitimate? Can a government license in itself make a thing right?

A government may make a business legal and may give permission to carry that business on, but to legalize a business does *not* make it a legitimate business.

The state has no right to treat its citizens the way liquor treats them, nor does the state have the right to allow any such conduct on the part of any of its citizens toward another part of its citizenry. Furthermore, the state cannot give to any of its citizens a right that it does not itself possess. Even the state cannot legitimize a thing that is wrong in itself. It may legalize a wrong, but it cannot in so doing make that wrong right.

Let me illustrate the situation. I may adopt an illegitimate child and give it every favor that a legitimate child would have in my home, and the state may make my action legal and lawful, so that I could give the child my name, and make it a legal heir. However, all that in itself can never make the illegitimate child a legitimate child. Law cannot make an illegitimate act a legitimate one, and since the state does not have the power to legitimize an act that is illegitimate, it cannot give that right to any of its citizens.

No one has the right to *make* another pray, no one has the right to sell another illegal narcotics, no one has the right to debauch another by making him drunk, and no man has the right to treat another brutally, to make him unconscious by striking him on the head and then robbing him of his money. The state does not have such right, and cannot give such right to another. Yet this it attempts to do when liquor is legalized. The state



may make it legal and protect the man who does the dirty work, but it cannot legitimize the act. It cannot make that act right by law, nor can the state properly legalize an act that in itself is not legitimate.

To engage in an ordinary calling which is not injurious to public morals or public safety is a natural business in which anyone may engage in a legitimate way without governmental protection.

Making and distributing liquor is a business that is injurious to public welfare. This business is injurious to public safety, and as a result is not legitimate. No inherent right can be taken from any business that, in the wording of the Declaration of Independence, has an "inalienable right." No right is taken from the liquor industry when the government seeks by law to regulate its program. Such an industry does not have rights, to begin with, a fact which our courts have held for decades.

The Supreme Court of the United States has thus declared in the case of *Crowley vs. Christensen* (137 U.S. 86): "There is no inherent right in a citizen to thus sell intoxicating liquor by retail. . . . As it is a business attended with dangers to the community, it may, as already said, be entirely prohibited, or permitted under such conditions as will limit to the utmost its evils."

Since the liquor business is a special license or permit business, existing only by sufferance and having no inherent right to exist, it follows that the right to advertise is also a "special privilege," not an "inherent right." Also, such a right can be regulated or restricted or prohibited altogether; and when this is done, those so engaged in this business are not deprived of or denied any right, only *special privilege*.

I, NORMA LAYNE, brown-eyed and a matronly one hundred thirty pounds, was an alcoholic grandmother. Such a creature is a loathsome one, I concede—a pariah. I hated myself!

I did not belong to the wrong-side-of-the-track class, so my drinking was *not* done to drown my troubles. I had a tall, handsome husband, who loved me, and I had no money worries. We were proud of our son and two daughters and of our grandchildren.

I lived in the fifty-thousand-dollar-home section of Truesdale. We had landscaped grounds, with a barbecue pit and a heated swimming pool in the garden.

The people with whom I associated

belonged to Truesdale's cocktail elite. I was a fair golfer at the country club, prominent in the woman's club and in three social clubs. We entertained often and were entertained in return.

My husband, Harry, demanded his usual dinner cocktail, so cocktails became a habit with us. He never got drunk. Instead, he would spin such thrilling yarns that his listeners were convinced that he had been around the world several times. It was, "Tell us another, Harry;" yet he had not been outside the States.

After our children were married and established in their own homes, I frequently became fuzzy-headed over cocktails. My husband would wag his leonine head, with its thick gray hair,

as if my muddled state were a joke. I was exhilarated, too, little suspecting the insidious nature of what I was doing. I didn't have the sense that gray hairs are supposed to bring.

One afternoon I had sipped a tall glass of my favorite gin rickey, when my next-door neighbor, Alice Radeer, telephoned, pleading, "Callers dropped in. I need a fourth for bridge. Can't you come over?"

Not only was my head reeling, but my tongue wouldn't work. Yet I managed to blurt out, "O.K." I was provoked with the maid, Tersha, though, because she hadn't answered the downstairs telephone, as I had told her, and said that I wasn't there. But Alice was special.

# Grandmother's Vow

Olga  
Root Newcombe





Already dressed for the afternoon, I forced my unsteady feet to negotiate the stairs and the four front steps. Perhaps the outdoors would clear my head? So I shuffled down the walk to our grill-iron gate.

I clung to the gate a moment, then jerked it open. Outside our grounds at last, I gave the gate a heave to close it. That upset my balance. I fell backward, skidded across the sidewalk, and landed on the grassy parkway. Floundering like a duck with a broken wing, I couldn't get up.

A huge van braked beside me. The burly driver hopped down from his seat and scooped me up as if I were a sack of meal. He promptly demanded, "Are you hurt?"

**"I thought she was in the pansy bed, until I heard a splash and a scream."**

"Uh, huh," I mumbled. I meant my feelings.

The man bent his unshaven face over my head and sniffed, snorting, "Bah, yer drunk!"

He carried me to the house and dumped me into the swing seat on the veranda, then went down the steps.

I closed my eyes. Sleep was all I wanted now, but I came to with a start. It was raining on me!

There stood the driver, squirting me with the garden hose. He adjusted the nozzle to a stinging spray and let me have that full in the face.

"This'll sober you up!" he chortled. "With all your money—an old woman—it's disgusting!" At that he shut off the water and stalked to his van.

I was appalled! It was the first time anyone had been uncivil to me. The whole episode was like a nightmare. How I wished it were!

I sat up, shook the water off, and staggered into the house. Then I made the upstairs on my hands and knees. How glad I was to have a large home and that the maid was in the kitchen!

I took a shower and stuck my head under the electric dryer for a few minutes. I was almost sober now and telephoned my neighbor. "I couldn't make it, Alice—" I began.

"Too drunk, eh?" she cut in frostily and replaced the receiver. She and I had been intimate friends for years.

So someone at the Radeer home had

seen the van driver pick me up. I was thunderstruck. The story immediately would spread all over town.

One person who didn't hear of it was my husband, for which I was thankful. For three days I remained at home, ashamed to face friends and acquaintances. I was so mortified that I only toyed with cocktails, pleading headaches. How my craving stomach gnawed, though!

Then Harry flew to a convention in Chicago. I won't fly. A tantalizing inner voice kept prodding. "Now you can stay at home and drink all you like." How I wanted to feel the fiery stuff warming my insides!

Well, I decided, at dinner I would sip my usual. I acted jumpy, though. Tersha looked at me curiously, yet said nothing. She was the stolid type.

But when ready for bed, I drank my favorite gin rickey. For two days I obeyed the inner urge and wasn't sure that I was Norma Layne.

All the while my subconscious kept worrying me about something that had to be done. I tried to sober up enough to remember until the sight of a golf club brought to mind, "This is the day I'm on the committee to welcome a famous woman golfer." I wanted so to meet her, yet couldn't even recall her name.

Cold packs on my head helped bring an easing of tensions. I finally felt steady enough to get ready for the afternoon reception.

I backed my small foreign-make car from the three-car garage, turned around, and started for the country club. I was proud of that expensive car, the only one in town so far.

At the first red light, my foot refused to press the brake quickly enough and I rammed into a cement truck. My car stopped, but its hood looked like an accordion, although I wasn't hurt.

Policemen seemed to converge on the scene, and a crowd soon gathered. An officer waved the cement-truck driver on. His behemoth was hardly touched.

Several men hastily pushed my car out of the intersection. Their vulgar jokes were not funny to me.

Two officers helped me into a patrol car and drove me to the police station, where I was given the sobriety test. A police matron scornfully led me into the women's ward. Sick over my wrecked car, I didn't care. Harry could never be persuaded to buy me another such car, if any.

Had my husband been at home, however, he would have killed the story. As it happened, I was too confused

to do anything about my predicament.

Next day our two daily papers bore the startling front-page headlines: "Society Matron Arrested for Drunk Driving." Underneath was a much-embellished story.

My son bailed me out. "I took your car to Cliff's Garage," he said. He added bitterly, "You have disgraced our name! I'm leaving Truesdale. So is Helen. Virginia can't!" His sisters, my daughters!

"Oh, no, no!" I whimpered in protest. But he delivered me to my home as if I were a bag of groceries. Tersha gave me a bath and put me to bed. I cried myself to sleep.

When Harry returned from Chicago, he promptly installed me in an expensive sanatorium for alcoholics. There the nurses filled me so full of alcohol that I became sick of the stuff. Next they sweated it out of me, and I gradually lost my middle-age spread. But, oh, how ill—nauseated—I was most of the time!

My husband gave up his own home cocktails to bolster my morale, and for three years I didn't drink a drop.

On my sixty-sixth birthday the country club celebrated fifty years of continuous existence. The town's fashion world was there in all its jeweled splendor.

The club's founder, Theodore Frond, came to Truesdale for the champagne dinner. I had known Ted well. When he clicked his glass against mine, saying, "Here's to old times!" I drank, too.

That champagne was like nectar from heaven! My craving returned. As soon as we reached home, after midnight, I searched for a chaser. Now there wasn't a bottle of strong drink in the house, not even beer. Denatured alcohol was rank poison, so I drank the household vanilla.

Yawning, "I'm ready to drop!" Harry slid into his twin bed. He didn't notice that I had acquired a good-sized jag. My fitful sleep was a nightmare, where I struggled to obtain gin which always remained just out of reach.

In the morning I was limp. Three cups of black coffee, strong, helped me to act almost normal.

It was Tersha's day off. Harry would eat at the weekly Lion's Club luncheon. I telephoned for six bottles of gin. The liquor store proprietor brought the gin himself and said, "Anytime you want more, just give me a ring."

My source of supply assured, I spent the day drinking. My husband came home from his insurance office that night whistling, but he came home to the ugly spectacle of a crying jag.

*(Turn to page 33.)*

Note  
From  
History



# P. T. Barnum--

Promoter of Temperance

THE name of Phineas Taylor Barnum is tied in too firmly with the circus and zany promotion schemes to be remembered much for his considerable contribution to the cause of total abstinence.

Though he lived in an era which tended toward prohibitory laws, he utilized moral suasion to turn thousands away from indulgence. His energy in this direction began by his sponsoring of the vivid five-act drama *The Drunkard*, after it had had a sensational run of 140 consecutive performances in the Boston Museum, and moving it to New York to the "moral lecture room" of the American Museum. Here it broke all house records, attracting even many persons who considered the stage demoralizing. Horace Greeley commended Barnum for presenting his "reformatory piece to two or three thousand persons at a time," expressing his confidence that it would emancipate "the public mind from the shackles of prejudice" and restore to it "a sound and promising condition of moral healthfulness on the subject of temperance."

In commenting, Stewart H. Holbrook, in his *Dreamers of the American Dream*, writes:

"Barnum himself had only recently signed a pledge of abstinence. What is more, he kept it. Never again in his long life did he touch any kind of intoxicating liquor. There was no bar on the museum premises, and when Barnum discovered that men were in the habit of going out for a drink be-

tween acts of *The Drunkard*, he refused to give them return checks. And at every performance it was announced from the stage that all who wished to sign the pledge could do so at the box office. He himself often lectured on the evils of drink, and appears to have planted shills in the audience to ask him a question: 'Mr. Barnum, how does alcohol affect us, externally or internally?' Then he let them have it. 'Eternally,' said Mr. Barnum.

"Yet there was nothing phony about his teetotalism. When he dined Jenny Lind on arrival, and the famous Swedish Nightingale lifted her wineglass and asked to drink his health, he replied he could not return the compliment. 'I must beg,' he said, 'to be permitted to drink your health and happiness in cold water.'

"Later, when he teamed up with James A. Bailey to produce the immortal circus, each performer, indeed even the roustabouts, had to sign a contract prohibiting the use of intoxicating liquor during the period of employment. Still later, when Barnum imported Jumbo, who he said was 'the only surviving mastodon on earth,' and was at the dock to meet the elephant, he protested vigorously when the animal's keeper poured a full quart of whisky down Jumbo's throat and followed it with a ration of beer. Though there is the flavor of ballyhoo about this incident, there can be little doubt that after he signed the pledge, in 1847, Phineas T. Barnum was a devout, possibly fanatical, teetotal man."



## SHOULD THE PUBLIC PAY?

(Continued from page 11)

For this reason alcoholics are released, not as "recovered," but with F.T.N.B. on their discharge tickets, which means, "further treatment not beneficial." The reason for this becomes obvious when it is noted that a majority of alcoholics who have thus completed a "cure" in a state mental hospital are committed repeatedly. They remain "outside" until they have neither money nor health, then they return for another period of three or four months to receive the benefit of enforced abstinence.

This routine of the alcoholic repeater is costly to the taxpayer and productive of little or no lasting results so far as divorcing the alcoholic permanently from liquor is concerned. It is unfair to burden the state with the care of people who are not mentally ill, but who are using the state hospitals as free sanitariums in which to undergo periodic cures.

The alcoholic in any state hospital is most reluctant to undergo treatment, such as the use of antabuse, which may interfere with his enjoyment of alcohol in the future. The true alcoholic views with pure horror a future in which there is no liquor.

Given more specialized treatment facilities, such as the hospital for alcoholics would ensure, psychiatrists feel they could achieve a much higher percentage of genuine cures. Some contend that it would be well to amend present laws so that the alcoholic who has been confined within an institution for treatment on three occasions may be deemed incurable and confined therein for life. Such a tightening of the laws would act as a serious deterrent to the alcoholic who now utilizes these facilities regularly as a convenient place in which to get dried out and built up so that he may better enjoy getting drunk.

It is to be noted that twenty years ago most of the alcoholics in our mental institutions were middle-aged or elderly, whereas today most of these repeaters are under forty. Frequently youths of sixteen and seventeen have already completed several of the three-month drying-out stretches.

Thus, the special hospital for the treatment of alcoholics, *supported entirely from funds collected by law from the liquor interests*, would give opportunity to devise better curative methods for the alcoholic, free our state mental hospitals of all but the mentally ill, and save the taxpayers of the states hundreds of millions of dollars now being paid by them for the treatment of alcoholics.

### SPECIAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Additional information on the problems of alcohol and narcotics is available to individuals, organizations, and educational groups upon request. Pamphlets and booklets dealing with specific subjects may be secured, if desired. Address your letter of request to Editorial Office, "Listen," 6840 Eastern Avenue, N.W., Washington 12, D.C.

Your request will be kept strictly confidential.



Clarence  
Edwin  
Flynn

Ever Try

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**A**RE you eagerly looking for some new drink to appeal to your jaded appetite?

If so, I have a suggestion—not exactly new; in fact, it has been overlooked by some for so long that its repetition may be something of a novelty: "Ever try water?"

True, water is a chemical compound, a fluid made up of hydrogen and oxygen. True, it is indispensable for cooking, laundry, sanitation, and irrigation. However, many have forgotten that, as a beverage, water holds an ancient and honorable precedent.

Any person who propagates the idea that water is a failure as a beverage has reached his conclusion by following the dangerous road of perverted taste. Presumably, such a person has never experienced a thirst in a barren desert, or been engaged in hard work under the summer sun. Under such conditions he would have found it true that, when one is really thirsty, pure water is the only beverage that satisfies.

The blood stream serves to wash out impurities and to carry life-giving material to all tissues of the body. Therefore it is essential that there be a constant intake of clean water to maintain the necessary proportion of fluid in which the blood cells may live. Each tissue cell is largely composed of water, and the cell dies if the supply fails.

The fluid portion of the brain cells makes a great demand for pure water. As a steam engine cannot run without water, so the brain cells cannot operate without a constant intake of water. There have been ample demonstrations to prove what happens to brain functions when alcohol is substituted for water, and no one is proud of the results.

There is also an economic side to be considered. Have you recently totaled what it costs to be an abnormal person with a perverted taste? Think it over. If you figure on a long-time basis, you may find that the total is a sum sufficient to enable you to buy a home, or to establish a paying business, and at the same time build up a reputation as a sober and industrious citizen of the community where you reside.



## Golden Guideposts

TITUS A.  
FRAZEE

### No. 1: HEALTHY HUMOR

"The world would be better and brighter," according to Sir John Lubbock, "if our teachers would dwell on the duty of happiness as well as on the happiness of duty, for we ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only because to be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others."

The apostle Paul thought the same thing. He told the church at Rome: "For the kingdom of God is . . . righteousness, and peace, and joy."

To the church at Philippi he wrote, "Rejoice: . . . and again I say, Rejoice." He reminded the faithful in Galatia, "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace." A sunlit chord of joy sounds through all he wrote.

Religion, which should make for joy and sincere laughter, is too often placed in the ranks of somberness.

There are those who believe they must, if they are to be pious, attain, retain, and maintain "faces long enough to drink buttermilk out of a churn." But in Proverbs we read, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones."

A cartoon strip depicted the president of a company reprimanding the superintendent in an angry mood. The superintendent criticized the foreman, who, in turn, took it out on a worker. The laborer snarled at those working with him, then went home and snapped at his wife. The wife scolded her little boy—and the boy kicked the dog. This situation is not as far-fetched as we may think. What if the president had started a chain reaction of good will and friendliness instead?

Joaquin Miller has said:

That man who lives for self alone  
Lives for the meanest mortal known.

The founders of Kiwanis International recognized this truth and incorporated as one of its objectives:

"To encourage the daily living of the golden rule in all human relationships." Although I have been active in Kiwanis for fifteen years, I have never been convinced that we should give this great service organization a monopoly on this goal.

If we are to reach this high but attainable standard, I would mention several golden guideposts pointing the way to such a noble objective.

I would suggest that golden guidepost No. 1 be *healthy humor*, remembering that "a broken spirit drieth the bones;" or you might choose to name it holy happiness, or merry moods, or jubilant joy.

Roy Angell, in his inspirational book *Baskets of Silver*, retells a story told by the governor of one of our states:

"I have one patrolman I wouldn't swap for any ten patrolmen that any other governor has—not because he is so good at being a policeman, but because he is like Will Rogers. When I get so swamped with the cares of the State, and he comes in off the road from 'way out yonder' somewhere, and

that genial face of his peeks into my office and he says, 'Are you busy, Governor?' I say, 'No, come in here. If you've seen anything to laugh about, tell me, for I'm tired and loaded down, and I need to relax a minute.'

"He came in the other day and draped himself on the corner of my desk just like I was a fellow patrolman. With a smile on his face, he began to speak. 'Governor, I saw something funny. I was in Big Stone Gap, and there is a country store out there that is run by Mr. Jim, a fine Christian man. When I went in the other day, I saw a big sugar barrel half full of excelsior in the middle of the floor, and an old Dominique hen was setting in it.

"'Mr. Jim, what's the idea?' I asked.

"'Look under her, patrolman.' I reached down and picked her up. Governor, there were two of the cutest little fuzzy white kittens that you ever saw. After I got over my astonishment, I asked him how it happened.

"'Well,' he said, 'the old cat brought a kitten, carrying it by the nape of the neck, and dropped it right in the middle of the floor. She went back and brought another one and then looked at me as if to ask where she should put them.

"'And so I put all three of them in

## Circle-A Boy's Ranch, Inc.

Many persons these days stop to speculate on the why of juvenile delinquency in America; on the banks of the Missouri River is a unique growing community dedicated to the task of doing something about it.

A vacation hobby of six years ago, called the Coast to Coast Campers, was the beginning of Circle-A Boy's Ranch, Inc., two miles west of Annada, Missouri. Growing out of a 115-acre tract given for the project by Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Allison, of Mason City, Illinois, this ranch had a small beginning, and it is still small enough to be like a closely knit family with a few pioneering ideas. George M. Berry, experienced in youth work, is director.

The plan of operation calls for taking into the family one new boy, who has had no real home life himself, every thirty to sixty days, giving him opportunity to become adjusted to family living. He is given a "pal," a companion who helps him in this adjustment. The boys are given work to do for themselves; in this way they feel that the home is theirs.

This project indeed points the way to a practical solution of one of America's thorniest problems.

the barrel. I needed them to keep the mice away. Then the old cat went out and was struck by a car on the highway. The old Dominique hen came in looking for a place to set. She finally decided to adopt the kittens, I reckon. It was a place to set, and there she is, anyhow.”

“The patrolman said, ‘Just about that time a little towheaded boy came in— one suspender, freckled face, hair down over his eyes.

“‘Mr. Jim, what you got that old hen settin’ in the middle of the barrel for?’”

“Mr. Jim answered, ‘Look under her, son.’ The boy picked her up, and when he saw those two white kittens, he froze. He stood perfectly still, staring at the ceiling for half a minute, and then said, ‘Mister, I done et my last egg.’”\*

Maybe all of us need the thing that Will Rogers and the patrolman had, the ability to see the humorous things in life, remember them, and pass them along to help lighten burdens and release tensions in this age of missiles, guided and unguided; this age of hot wars and cold wars; this age of hurrying to get somewhere, not knowing why we are hurrying or what we are going to do when we arrive (if we arrive).

Why not try closing the door on fear and gloom? This poem, “Closing the Door,” by Irene Pettit McKeeham, is to the point:

I’ve closed the door on Fear.

He has lived with me far too long.  
If he were to break forth and reappear,  
I would lift my eyes and look at the sky,  
And sing aloud and run lightly by;  
He will never follow a song.

I’ve closed the door on Gloom.

His house has too narrow a view.  
I must seek for my soul a wider room.  
With windows to open and let in the sun,  
And radiant lamps when the day is done,  
And the breeze of the world blowing through.

My friend Roy L. Smith, who has been so successful both as a minister and as an editor, told me that he had once picked up an old man with a battered cane and that the old gentleman practically took charge of the conversation to the delight of each of them.

He thought he could land a job if he could only get to the newspaper offices, but Dr. Smith continued to cross-examine him.

“If you don’t get that job, what are you going to do?”

“Well, I’ve got that all figured out, too,” he replied, without a second’s hesitation. “A number of years ago I

\* Roy Angell, “Baskets of Silver,” copyright, Broadman Press, Nashville, Tennessee. Used by permission.

was working on a certain Eastern paper. My managing editor got wind of a lot of graft going on down in the state insane hospital, and he sent me down there to investigate. I stayed nearly a week, and I learned aplenty. But the most interesting fellow I met was a chap who believed he was a big-league baseball pitcher. He had a pitcher’s mound fixed up out in the back yard, and every afternoon he would go out and start in pitching an imaginary baseball in an imaginary game. For two hours you would see him out there, every day, winding up, throwing an imaginary ball, and sweating as much as if it were a real game.”

“But what has that to do with your plans?” he was asked.

“Well, sir, if I don’t get this job, I think I’ll go back to that asylum and

try to get a job as catcher for that fellow,” he replied dryly.

Here was a man who could not be depressed. He was able to see the humor in any situation. He could laugh in the face of his difficulties.

The man who can dismiss his difficulties with a smile, look upon his problems as challenges, and face his temptations with a sense of inner strength, is a man who cannot be depressed and who will never need the synthetic pick-me-up of a “couple of beers” or a highball.

Some wise person has written: “Success is a journey, not a destination. Happiness is to be found along the way, not at the end of the road, for then the journey is over and it is too late. The time for happiness is today, not tomorrow.”

## Youth Asks - --- The Doctor Answers

R. W. SPALDING, M.D.

*Listen* invites you to send your questions to Dr. Spalding, c/o *Listen* Editorial Offices, 6840 Eastern Avenue, N.W., Washington 12, D.C.

*What are some of the fallacies that entice a young person to smoke?*

1. “Smoking is a proof of ‘having arrived’ at maturity.”

True fact: Smoking of a cigarette proves that that individual has not yet learned to avoid the nineteen kinds of poison contained in the smoke of the cigarette.

2. “Smoking is relaxing.”

True fact: The usual effect of the first cigarette is nauseating as the body attempts to throw off the new poison. The immediate effect of smoking on those who have learned to tolerate the poison is relaxing. Repeated use increases nervousness after the immediate narcotic effect has been overcome by the body.

3. “Smoking increases romantic companionship, enhances beauty and popularity, and encourages endurance.”

True fact: *a.* Poll forty of your friends and find out for yourself. *b.* Ask ten thirty-year-old women who have smoked ten years or more to compete in a beauty contest with ten women thirty years of age who have never smoked. You will be surprised at the result. *c.* Put ten untrained male smokers who have attained the age of thirty and have smoked for ten years

or more in a relay team to compete with ten nonsmoking men of the same age, all of whom have been selected in the same manner. Use any physical tests of skill and endurance. After the tests do you still believe this fallacy?

*Why do parents allow their children to pick up bad habits when they realize these are harmful to the body?*

Recently I was talking to the father of several young people who are attending college. This man is a health educator, heading his section of one of our state health departments. In talking about this problem, he said, holding up his cigarette, “My father forbade me to smoke. I took two or three thrashings for doing so, but I kept on smoking behind his back. I set a bad example for my children, but I taught them the danger, the harmfulness, and the foolishness of smoking. I never told them that they would not be permitted to smoke. I let them decide for themselves. Today they do not smoke.”

Although this man is in his prime, his smoking caught up with him— his coronary arteries failed him one day on the golf course. Now he is recuperating in bed. I hope he gives those arteries a chance!



## “Listen” to Our Readers

### “Drunks in Congress”

DEAR SIR:

*Listen's* article “Just a Mirror” (July-August, 1958), by Paul Harvey, starts off saying, “We’re going to talk about the drunks in Congress.” I have held jobs in Congressional offices for twenty-four years and have never seen a drunken Congressman.

I am not trying to defend members of Congress as lily white, but I am defending Congress against some of the insinuations of this article.

Instead of casting a shadow over all members of our National Legislature by such articles, wouldn't it be a lot better, if there are “drunks in Congress,” to roll up our sleeves, name names, and try and get them out at election time?

WILLIAM H. HACKETT.

*House of Representatives,  
Washington, D.C.*

### Roses From an Editor

DEAR SIR:

I must tell you the pleasure I have in reading *Listen*. Being a typographer, I enjoy as much, perhaps, the very excellent typography you put on *Listen* as I do reading the contents. You see, it enhances the contents, as good as they are. I don't know of a publication that comes to my office, and they are numerous, that I enjoy as much as *Listen*.

HENRY F. HENRICHS,

EDITOR, *Sunshine Magazine*  
*Litchfield, Illinois*

### Very Important Part

DEAR SIR:

You and your staff have helped me very much for the past nine and a half years. Your magazine *Listen* has been a very important part of my life.

Your magazine has helped me walk the path of total abstinence for a long time. I wish I could say that it started

me on that path, but it did not. I found your magazine in a library six months after I witnessed the biggest shock of my life. Your magazine has been a constant reminder of that shock because it contains many similar experiences.

BENJAMIN J. SUITCH.

*Camp Hill, Pennsylvania*

### “Learning by Living”

DEAR SIR:

I am writing to express my gratitude for the beautifully written article, “Learning by Living” (January-February, 1958).

I have been an inveterate cigarette smoker since my middle teens; however, I do not relish the prospect of my fifteen-year-old son's developing the habit. Your article, and *The Challenge of Children*, inspired me to give up smoking in an effort to influence him and his two brothers, aged eight and nine, against it. I realize from reading the book that the effort should have been made a long time ago, before the eldest boy was born; in fact, I never should have started what is actually a destructive habit.

JOHN PHETHEAN.

*La Puente, California*

### Only Kind of Approach

DEAR SIR:

I want you to know that I greatly appreciate your issues of *Listen*. The approach and the format are both excellent.

Especially did I appreciate the article about Governor Collins, and the motion-picture stars (May-June, 1958), with their pictures. This, I am inclined to feel, is the only kind of approach which will meet the minds of people today.

RUSSELL C. SAWMILLER, JR.

*Centenary Methodist Church,  
Granville, Ohio.*

## BORN A DRUG ADDICT

(Continued from page 14)

the medicine the nurse offered, and slept again.

Slept to awaken to the realization that her body was cramping, twisting, demanding dope. She looked around. The nurse was not there. She got out of bed, stumbled and crawled to the suitcase. The secret compartment was empty. She fell to the floor, shivering, writhing in agony.

The nurse put her back in bed and gave her some medicine. “Not the right kind,” thought Nancy.

When she finally awoke from a long stupor, Joe was bending over her, his face old and drawn, his broad shoulders silently shaking.

“Better, dear?”

“Yes,” she murmured, looking around. Finally her mind cleared.

“O Joe. How could I have done this? I didn't know.”

“It's my fault, darling, my negligence. I should never have left you alone so much.”

Nancy's thoughts seemed to float far away. “I was so ignorant, Joe.”

“Yes, I should have warned you. I knew the city, and you didn't.”

Her eyes, full of love, met his. “Joe, I must be cured. With your love and by God's help.”

“Yes, dear,” Joe agreed.

Nancy believed she had faced her crisis. Realization of how sadly mistaken she was came like a bombshell when the nurse placed her tiny, frail baby in her arms for the first time. The little body started writhing in pain, her muscles cramping and twisting. Nancy knew the symptoms all too well. A fiercely protective love, mingled with the deepest sorrow of her life, welled up in Nancy's tormented heart.

The doctor, who had followed the nurse into the room, explained how the baby had become addicted to drugs before her birth.

“It almost cost both of you your lives,” he said. “Every doctor in the hospital has watched your case and the baby's. It seemed almost impossible at first to save your child, her normal functions being slowed to such a degree by the drugs you took.”

It took two weeks of constant care before mother and baby were off the critical list, and the baby was gradually weaned from the drugs with a few drops of medicine to soothe and relax her during convulsions. But it took nearly two months to bring a healthy glow to her thin, pale face.

“Free,” that wonderful word rang

in Nancy's mind. It would be six months before she could dispense with her companion, a companion who was really a guard while Joe was gone; and she knew it would be years before she would be completely free, even though the spells of withdrawal symptoms were gradually lessening.

## Inborn Addiction

**D**RUG-ADDICT mothers are giving birth to baby narcotics addicts, according to a team of New York physicians, including Drs. Samuel O. Krause, Peter M. Murray, James B. Holmes, and Reynold E. Burch, of Sydenham Hospital.

Their research, reported in the "American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology," indicates that the babies pick up the addiction from their mothers previous to birth.

This study "covered a twenty-six-month period during which eighteen babies were born at that hospital to mothers addicted to heroin. Sixteen of the babies developed withdrawal symptoms, mostly in one to fifty-six hours after birth.

"First, an excess of brownish mucus begins to plug the baby's breathing tubes so the air pipes must be constantly cleaned out and life-sustaining oxygen fed into them.

"About six to eighteen hours later, the baby's arms and legs start to twitch. These 'tremors' signal the start of the life-and-death crisis, for soon afterward the infant begins vomiting and is unable to stomach anything, even water.

"Breathing becomes more difficult and the infant may turn blue and die from lung collapse.

"Of the first eleven babies born with the 'heroin habit,' four succumbed. The doctors then decided to treat such infants the way they do adults suffering from withdrawal symptoms.

"So in the next five cases, the baby was prescribed a narcotic substitute named Methadone—which is given in decreasing doses for several days and then stopped.

"This seemed to turn the trick. All five babies survived and 'have appeared to have less severe symptoms for a shorter period' while fighting off the inborn addiction."

**B**ETH DAY, *No Hiding Place*, New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1957.

All too many self-styled authorities on alcoholism these days consider in their research on causes and cures, only "the physical," virtually eliminating the fact that man's mind, after all, permits him to drink in the first place.

Vincent Tracy goes further in his philosophy—to the mental processes—and arrives at the logical conclusion: "The alcoholic doesn't drink because he is sick; he is sick because he drinks!"

He puts his finger on the spot that really needs attention: "What you will do, you can will *not* to do." This expression of conviction puts man back on his own dignity, where his Creator intended him to be in the beginning. It restores to man the concept that in ordering his life he can use his own intelligence. The theory of alcoholism as a "disease" makes man only a pawn to the power of a bottle—no will power, no personal decision.

And Tracy speaks from his own life—no one ever sank lower into the well of alcoholism than he.

*No Hiding Place* is his comeback story. Of all comeback stories published in recent years, this is without doubt the best. It does have many "typicals," as does any story of a man struggling up from the depths; but it has much more. It is *human*. The reader lives with Tracy his initial business success, his decline from the social glass to the compulsive binge, his abject despair, his gradual and difficult climb out of the depths, and his present dedicated work at Tracy Farms to aid others to escape the hellhole that was his own.

Indeed, to use a cliché, when the reader picks this book up he cannot put it down until the final page.

E. M. Abrahamson, M.D., and A. W. Pezet, *Body, Mind, and Sugar*, New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1951.

For several years now this book has been a virtual Bible for thousands of readers, especially those affected in some way by such conditions as asthma, peptic ulcers, rheumatoid arthritis, alcoholism, drug addiction, and insanity.

The authors, almost on a blanket basis, attribute these conditions—even to suicide and murder—to sugar "starvation" in the body (hyperinsulinism), the opposite of diabetes.

If as many questions rise in the reader's mind about each chapter in this book as they do about the chapter on "Alcohol and Alcoholics," one might raise a grave doubt as to the basic accuracy of the entire book.

The authors blandly make patently

For  
Your



## Reading and Reference

uninformed—even unintelligent—comments about the prohibition era in the United States. Obviously the writers are out of their medical field on this subject, and in one about which they know practically nothing—at least of the real facts.

They do much better in outlining the nature and effects of alcohol as a beverage, debunking many of the wild claims often made about it. In doing so, however, they open themselves to serious question by asserting that alcohol is a food, only because it contains calories, and ignoring the drug nature and habit-forming tendency of alcohol.

Furthermore, in saying that "drinking in moderation never harmed anyone," they completely close their eyes to the thousands of drinking-driver accidents in which moderate drinking is a causative factor. The majority of alcohol-involved traffic crashes come about not because of the "roaring drunk," but through the foolish imbibing of a beer or a cocktail before taking to the road.

As to the cause of alcoholism, no explanation is attempted of the 75 per cent of alcoholics who started their drinking when they were normal persons, because of social pressures and not because of any inner compulsion or lack.

All in all, this book is challenging reading, but one who reads it must keep his mind alert for both inaccuracies and insufficiencies.

Andrew S. Kushner, *Stop Smoking—Live Longer*, New York: Vantage Press, 1955.

Invaluable as a handbook to anyone desiring to stop smoking, written by a victim himself who discovered in time that his habit was overpowering him.

Practical and usable, but based on the premise that the smoker really *wants* to stop, a requisite for anyone desiring to quit any habit. Will power is given its rightful place.

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## TOMMY SANDS

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(Continued from page 8)

changed Tommy one iota. He still goes to church regularly, still holds to his preferred way of life. He has a great belief in teen-agers, a belief he would like to pass on to other people.

"I think most teen-agers are smart enough to realize they're living the best years of their lives," says Tommy, "and they don't have any urge to mess up their lives with drinking. To mention just one thing: most of them drive cars, and they have a healthy respect for what it takes to drive a car well in today's traffic. They've heard enough about drunk drivers to know such drivers aren't safe.

"I've seen some drinking where I have made appearances," he goes on, "but not by teen-agers. There's a law about that. Besides, I don't think most teen-agers are inspired enough by the examples of the drinkers they do see to want to become drinkers themselves."

When the question is brought up, Tommy joins the ranks of those abstainers who can truthfully ask, "Who needs it?" To social pressure that he take a glass in hand he turns a deaf ear.

"This is a free country. Everybody has a right to live as his own conscience dictates. If I don't want to drink, if I want to be clearheaded and physically fit, no one can make me drink!"

Does this stand of Tommy's make him a peculiar standout, or prove awkward at parties or with prominent people? He shakes his head emphatically No.

"This hasn't been a problem in my

life. I haven't been much of a party-goer. Big parties are usually given on weekends, and for years I've been working on weekends. Most of the parties I've ever been to, or given, have been small, impromptu get-togethers with close friends. Most of my friends are in show business. Living with that excitement, trying to make something of ourselves, we've never felt any need to look for any other kind of intoxication. We've never even talked about it. We've had plenty of other things to think about, I guess."

A lad with ideas that make good sense, Tommy Sands feels it is foolish for teen-agers, or anyone else for that matter, to worry about "doing what the crowd does." The important thing, he feels, is to stand out as an individual.

"If you have something to offer, something in yourself, people will discover it sooner or later; and chances are they'll discover it sooner if you aren't an easy mark for social pressures. It seems to me nobody has much respect for people who are easily persuaded to do what the crowd does."

Tommy doesn't try to hide his views; on the contrary, he is outspoken when the occasion calls for it. Before long, after becoming a top singer, he had more than a quarter of a million young fans, with clubs springing up all over the country. Since then that number has grown steadily.

These fans, aged eight and up, mean much to Tommy, who is probably one of the most sincere youth in an insincere business. If they want his advice—and many of them do—he doesn't hesitate to give it, but not at all like a fellow who thinks he "knows it all."

Along with sincerity, Tommy has another engaging quality too often lacking—appreciation. He's grateful to everyone who helped him along the way, and says so. Predictions are that he will one day become as famous for his acting as for his singing.

Most important, Tommy is a clean-living fellow at peace with himself and likely to stay that way. He indeed has "something more." He doesn't profess to have all the answers at his age, but a mixed-up teen-ager he's not. Regrets over misspent years aren't going to clutter up his future. He knows what he wants, and seems happy in that knowledge. But if things had not worked out in quite the way they did, he would be just as happy doing something else and working hard at it, with common sense enough not to waste time on false stimulants and all that goes with them.

"It seems to me that any teen-ager who wants to drink is trying to forget something he doesn't like about himself. Only he usually doesn't stop there, but wants others to drink along with him. Then he won't have to respect them any more than he respects himself.

"It isn't going along with the crowd that starts the trouble. It's the crowd 'going along' with the rebel against good common sense!"

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## DANGER: Liquor Always Requires Close Watching

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"The advertising of alcoholic liquor calls for particular care. It should be directed only to the adult audience, and no children or adolescents should be allowed to participate in the presentation of these advertisements. Liquor should not be advertised in proximity to children's sessions, or at other times when the television audience may be expected to include a large proportion of young people. Such advertisements should not be televised between 5:00 and 7:30 p.m., Monday to Saturday inclusive, nor at any time on Sunday. Licensees should ensure that all liquor advertising, and especially that associated with sporting events (when large numbers of adolescents may be viewing) is presented in good taste and with restraint."—The Australian Broadcasting and Television Act, 1942-56.



### WHERE IS MOTHER?

Found asleep in a car in Los Angeles, these four children of a thirty-four-year-old mother, of Burbank, were fed by police while she was booked on a drunk charge. Left to right they are: Karen, four; Kelly, six; Kathy, seven; Kerry (Kelly's twin), six.



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## PROGRESS IN EL SALVADOR

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(Continued from page 20)

may occur in the future, every advance in this field will last.

As to specific measures already taken, I point to the fact that the press, radio, television, theater, all are co-operating with the program of public education. In addition, all alcoholic beverage expenditures are prohibited on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. Also the hours of sale of liquor in restaurants and bars on weekdays have been reduced. All smuggling is immediately prosecuted.

Punishments for infractions range from a fine of 250 to 500 colons to the temporary or permanent closing of the store. Habitual drunkenness is subject to prosecution, as is also the concentration of clients in bars during working hours.

In addition to the enforcement of these laws by police action, which at times is not too effective, we are striving to interest the medical profession in the encouraging of more facilities for the therapy of alcoholics.

The actual benefits of these efforts so far can probably be seen more in the lives of the people than on a national scale. Many weekly wage payments that formerly were wasted over the weekend on drink are now reaching home to take care of the family's needs. Also weekend arrests for drunkenness or its consequences have decreased, and criminality is on the decline.

Our objective is to keep this battle on the same high level on which it has been started, and gradually increase its effectiveness as new social forces are added to it. The task is difficult, and is made harder because many consumers, as well as economic investors, find ways to bypass the law.

I hope that in the future, reports from El Salvador can show that the vice of alcoholism is being defeated on all fronts and eliminated from all its entrenchments, even from those that seemed invincible.

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## GRANDMOTHER'S VOW

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(Continued from page 25)

Too, I had the big TV on loud and couldn't turn it off.

"Do I have to go through all this horror again?" he demanded.

I only fell back on the pillows.

"If you can't get along without drink," he added, "don't you dare leave this house while you are drunk! I'm going out now, for dinner."

So I was back in the drinking groove.

Since I remained at home, no one but Tersha and Harry knew it until—

I was sitting in the garden seat beside the pool. Tersha had gone to market. My head felt like a spinning top. How I wished that I could jump into the swimming pool to sober up! But it was too much of an effort to get a swim suit.

Suddenly Virginia, our daughter who remained in Truesdale, and her three-year-old youngster hurried into the yard. "Mom, please take care of Kathy while I go to the dentist. A tooth is killing me, and I'm late now!" She thrust little Kathy at me and dashed off, before I could say Yes or No.

Kathy ran around so fast chattering, "Pitty fower!" that I kept seeing two of her.

I finally arose unsteadily, determined to take the too lively child into the house as a safer place. I thought she was in the pansy bed, until I heard a splash and a scream.

"Kathy! Kathy!" I shrieked. Without removing dress or shoes I plunged into the water after my grandchild. The one thought uppermost was, "Get her out!"

My shrill cries brought neighbors and passers-by to the garden. But it was Alice Radeer, in her sun suit, who arrived first.

A born leader, she promptly ordered, "Someone telephone the fire department! Tell 'em it's a drowning." She then kicked off her moccasins and dived into the pool. While I groped ineptly, she brought Kathy to the surface and handed the limp body into outstretched arms.

"Now work on her!" Alice panted her command. A man took charge and

began kneading the small body with a pumping rhythm. Next she said, "Somebody get Mrs. Layne out before she drowns."

If Kathy were dead, I wanted to die, too. Several arms reached down and fished me out of the water. I sank in a heap on the clipped grass, sobbing, "Kathy! Kathy, don't die!"

With siren blaring, the fire department's trained personnel arrived within minutes. More spectators crowded around, and not a one left.

The three firemen worked valiantly for half an hour. Finally their leader raised up and announced, "It's no use!"

The crowd murmured, "Too bad!"

I shrieked, "No, no!" and fainted.

Later Alice told me that she would not let the firemen stop short of an hour. In the next ten minutes Kathy gasped. She was breathing normally before the hour was up.

When aroused, I wasn't wholly sober, although the awful weight of murder was lifted.

Tersha was back and came out the kitchen door. Her dark eyes grew round as glassies at the sight of my disheveled self and Alice, in wet shorts, with Kathy in her arms.

With Tersha's help, Alice undressed Kathy in the service porch, wrapped the child in a big bath towel, and put her to sleep in our sun room.

While Tersha was getting a bathrobe and slippers for me, Alice scolded, "Kathy is alive; no thanks to you, Norma! I hope you've learned your lesson!"

"God helping me, I have stopped drinking as of now!" I vowed. And through prayer and the image of Kathy's limp body I have kept my vow.

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## LEGAL BIGAMY

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(Continued from page 22)

mistakably as his own boomed, "What garbage have we got to eat tonight?"

Sylvia's voice answered quietly, "Your favorite dish."

"It's just so much slop the way you fix it," growled the voice. "You're too lazy to cook. Besides, you nauseate me. You're just an ugly bag of bones. I used to think I could make a lady out of you, but you'll always be a hick tramp."

Steven's face chalked as white as his hair. He swallowed hard, walked to the machine, and lifted the needle.

"Then it's true," he whispered hoarsely.

For a long moment he stood staring at the record. Then he said slowly, "Now, let's go to Dr. Huff's."

"You mean you still think I should keep that appointment?" asked Sylvia in dismay.

"No, angel," he said firmly. "I'm going to keep it."

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## SAFEGUARDING THE PUBLIC'S HEALTH

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(Continued from page 17)

poisoning case involving barbiturates is investigated by the bureau. A close watch is kept on labels concerning food and drugs. Where unfounded claims are made, the label must be changed. "This label business," said Mr. Handelsman, "calls for continuous vigilance, and although it has been a tough problem, much has been accomplished. The cure-all label has been entirely eliminated in New York City."

How does the bureau find out about these things, these hazards to health?

"We have ways," he replied. "We are trouble shooters. Every complaint is carefully tracked down. We are seldom caught off guard. Not only do we check complaints, but we look for trouble where we think it may be brewing."

For instance, last January someone reported finding ground glass in a package of chili powder. Rush tests by the bureau revealed more ground glass in other packages. A recall program was instantly initiated, and 487 cases—a total of 15,000 jars—were embargoed in the city.

The bureau does not, as has been pointed out, always act *after* a report comes in. It often takes the initiative. Toys or contrivances containing chemicals, or made in such a manner that a child playing with one of them might

## Skid Row-

### THEN and NOW

E. J. RITTER, JR.

**T**HE year 1860 saw Lincoln elected, the Pony Express begun—and the birth of skid row. Lincoln lived less than five years from then, and the Pony Express lasted less than two; but skid row will soon round out one hundred years.

The first skid road was an inclined path, greased for sliding logs, at the then outskirts of the new town of Seattle. As the town grew, the logging moved to new limits. As with many near-downtown districts, skid road attracted the saloons, brothels, and dives common to a boom community. Soon when a woman sank low enough to work on skid road, or a man consistently drank so that he practically lived there, the prodigal was said to have "hit skid road."

History caught up with the times. The railroad pushed east to west; culture and immigration, too, were from east to west. But the expression "hitting skid road" and its word-of-mouth change of "road" to "row" moved with the boomers and the barflies to San Francisco, Dodge City, Saint Louis, Chicago, and other cities. During these almost one hundred years any town's district that meant degradation, lost hope, human weakness, and the catering to these weaknesses became that town's skid row.

suffer damage from inhaling or swallowing a portion, are objects of critical inquiry. "We investigate these things," said Mr. Handelsman, picking up a small bird made of wood which, when placed on the edge of a glass of water, bobbed up and down. "Do you know what makes this bird bobble up and down?" he asked. "It has ether in its head. Now, suppose a child bit this bird's head off; anything could happen!"

"Some of the things we run into," he added, "are almost unbelievable in these days and times. I'll give you an illustration. Our attention was called to a device known as the Road to Health. It consisted of a copper plate to which two wires were attached. Circulars explained that the user was to attach the wires to any radiator in the home and stand in stocking feet on the

plate. The theory: latent electricity in the body would be drawn forth and with it aches and pains from which the user was suffering. Five dollars for this wonder-working device! We embargoed the plates, the circulars too. The case went to court. Many witnesses were produced who testified to amazing 'cures.' The company lost the case just the same."

Indeed, the Bureau of Food and Drugs is engaged in work that is never done. In the tumultuous drama of life in the world's largest city, it plays a strategic role in projecting and directing safeguards to the public health. Is the vast control program carried forward by this bureau worth the taxpayer's money? It is worth his money ten times over if he values his health, not to say his life.

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## MAN ON THE FLYING SKIS

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(Continued from page 19)

wife in high school, and they were married in 1950. They have two children—Nancy Kay, four, and Kathy Sue, one year. Ardella also likes to ski and indulged in it considerably while in Colorado, but home responsibilities now keep her from much skiing. However, they both agree that as soon as possible they would like to see their little daughters take to skis, too.

The greatest thrill of Billy's life, he says, was the winning of the National Class A championship, a thrill for which he worked and waited at least ten years. Training for such a national event begins in December, or as soon as the snow comes. But this training is not a formal training as in some other sports, only a weekend proposition which is carried on when at odd times the skier can get away from his regular profession.

When a person competes in the Olympics, Olson comments, he must be careful not to do anything that will reflect on the team representing his country. If he is careful in this way, he finds it much easier to develop higher idealism in his own life and not be lured toward personal habits that tend to lead downward.

Billy loves life and lives it to the full. It is easy to see why he has attained top honors in ski jumping. Don't be surprised to see him go even higher—and farther—in the most grueling and competitive event of the sports world—the Olympics of 1960.

"Dad, what do they mean when they say a fellow has horse sense?"

"He can say 'nay,' son."



# OPINIONS



## A Community Affair

"Every time someone uncorks a bottle, it becomes potentially a community affair and not a personal one, since the influence of liquor on the individual is so unpredictable. The taxpayer who does not drink has a right to be interested in the effect of alcohol on the drinker, since he foots the bill for law

Alcoholism's direct cost to industry "must be in excess of one billion dollars annually."—James F. Oates, Jr., chairman and president, Equitable Life Assurance Society.

## Who Causes the Accidents?

"It is the social drinker and not the teen-ager who creates the greatest traf-

## Almost Off the Map

"Excessive drunkenness has brought the Irish people to within fifty years of extinction."—A Catholic social worker in Ireland.

## The Indian Not to Blame

After nine years' experience on the United States bench in Albuquerque, New Mexico, District Judge Carl A. Hatch says: "I cannot recall a single case where alcohol was not an element in crimes involving Indians."

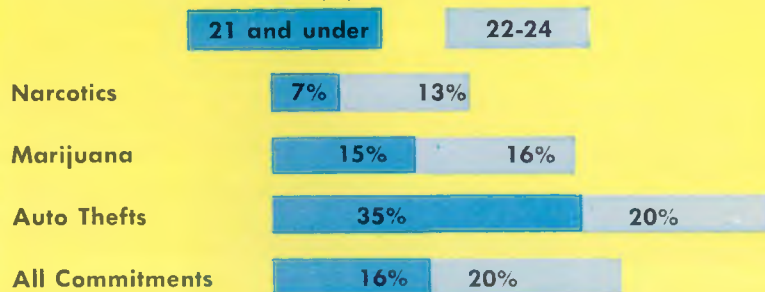
## Big Dividends

"I started Hallett Construction Company on the basis that drinking on or off duty by key men would not be tolerated. At first I had an occasional objector, but as time went on the entire organization, seeing the fine public acceptance of our clean-cut, sober organization, are all for it and proud to be contributors to the policy.

"We have found that the positive 'no drink' policy pays big dividends in dollars and even much bigger dividends in happiness to our men, their families, and the public they come in contact with."—E. W. Hallett, president, Hallett Construction Company, builders of roads, dams, and bridges, with plants in ten different cities, which undertakes large construction jobs, sending large crews to all parts of the United States.

## FEDERAL NARCOTICS AND MARIJUANA COMMITMENTS

AGED UNDER 25 (1957)  
(except juvenile delinquents)



Source: Bureau of Prisons

enforcement needed when drinking produces disturbance."—Judge Mildred L. Lillie, Second District Court of Appeal, Los Angeles.

## Intoxicated Without Drinking

"I am one of those fortunate people who can get intoxicated without drinking. I have all the fun and none of the hang-overs."—Shirley MacLaine, TV comedienne.

## One of the Major Causes

"Never urge a drink on anyone! The requirement of our society that drinking is a social obligation to which one must conform is one of the principal causes of alcoholism in this country."—Dr. Marvin A. Block, chairman of the American Medical Association Committee on Alcoholism.

## High Cost to Industry

"Whether management likes it or not—and there is much to tempt us to shun the subject—we must take a position on alcoholism" and "combat its increasing menace." A big reason:

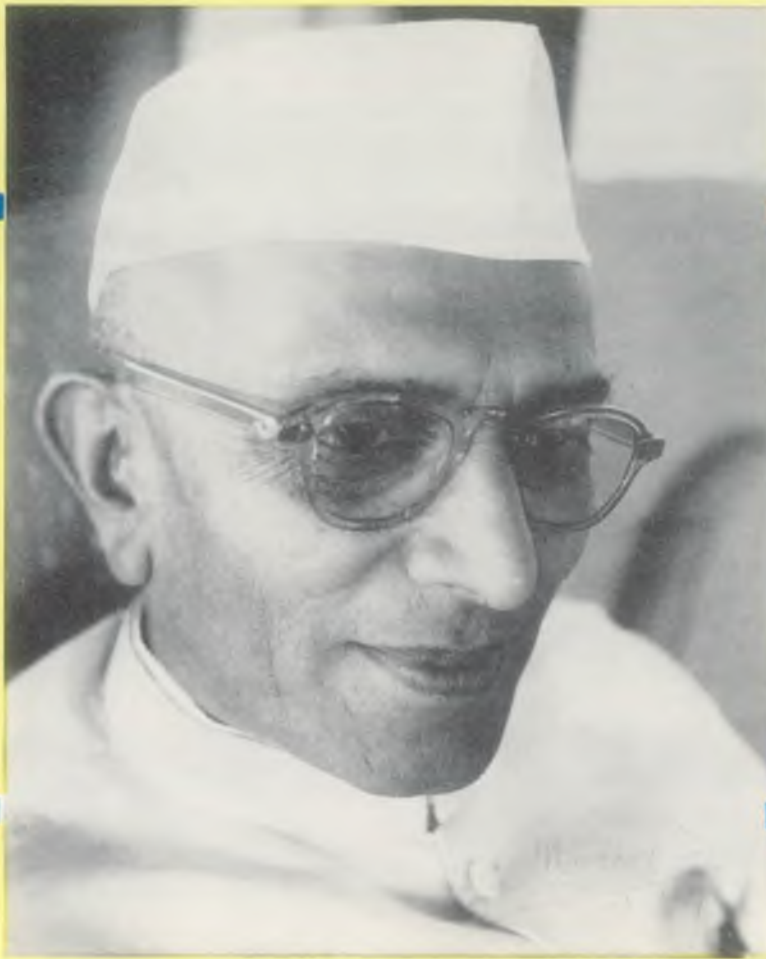
fic hazards. Teen-agers make up 11 per cent of the drivers in Los Angeles, but are involved in only 4 per cent of the fatal accidents."—Officer Daniel Knock, Traffic Education Division, Los Angeles Police Department.

## Why Did Joe McCarthy Die?

"Time reported that McCarthy had died of 'cirrhosis of the liver.' In cirrhosis, the liver turns into something the consistency of wet sawdust. The commonest agent for the transformation is alcohol. Many people are convinced that McCarthy drank himself to death. One way or another, he probably did—but not, perhaps, in the usual way. It is conceivable that years of drinking had given him a wet-sawdust liver, but the suddenness of his death suggests another possibility. He had had hepatitis, and for a victim of this disease alcohol even in small amounts is poison. The chances are that his last drinking bouts—begun when he got the bad news about his investments—did him in. Either way, liquor and the liver had something to do with it. . . .

"Whether drinking was a primary or a secondary cause of his death, the fact remains that he could probably have held onto life by not drinking, and he elected to drink. . . .

"And he soon died because he could not lay off liquor."—*Esquire*, August, 1958.



## LEADER WITH COURAGE

**A** NATION in ferment needs an astute, steady leader to guide it through its rough seas. During its present voyage of uncertainty and change, the vast nation of India is finding exactly such a leader in Moraji Desai, who as minister of finance is heading the most important department of his government—most important because in its twelfth year of independence this country of fourteen languages, 800 dialects, and nearly 400,000,000 people finds across its land industry booming, education developing, agriculture improving, social distinctions disappearing.

As a person, Moraji Desai has the courage to be unpopular. No man, he comments, has ever improved by going on the line of least resistance.

This courage is clearly shown in his vigorous efforts toward national unity, his vision and integrity in nurturing India's international relationships, and his intensive faith in the future of his own country.

Desai is a man of strong convictions. His creed of life, both for personal habits and for official action, is summed up in his statement made to the Asian Institute of Scientific Studies at Bombay: "That which strengthens our minds, that which makes us healthy, is good for us. What weakens the mind and what weakens the body cannot be considered healthy for us."