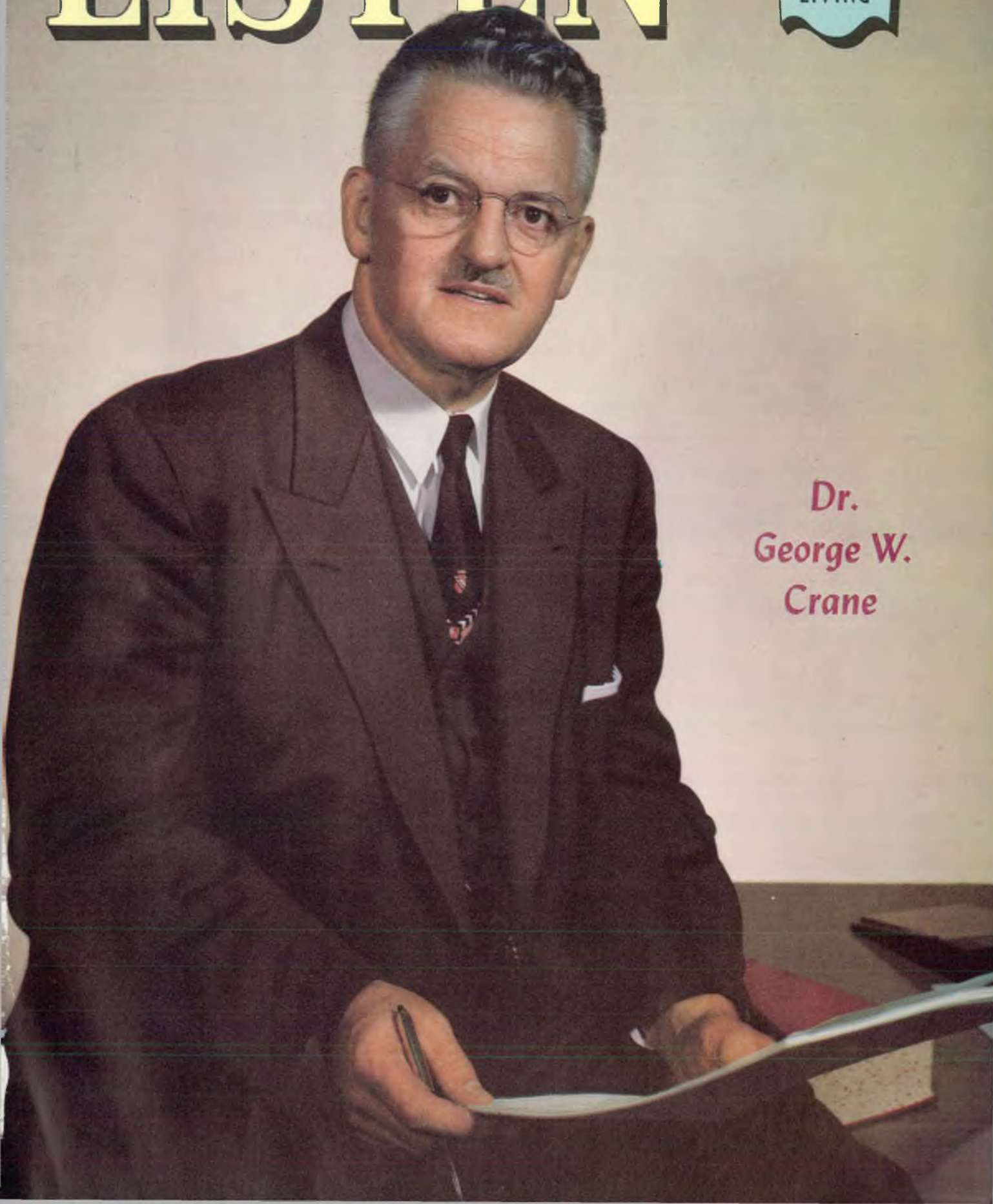


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Dr.
George W.
Crane



License Revocation

Colorado is considering a new state law providing for revocation of a driver's license if the operator refuses to take a blood test or other chemical test for drunkenness. Such a law has already been passed by several states.

Women Alcoholics

A study of alcoholics by the Yale Center of Alcoholic Studies shows that 44 per cent of the women in the survey had a mother or father who was a problem drinker; 24 per cent had a brother or sister who drank heavily.

The men in the study took their first drink at seventeen, on the average, but the women did not drink until they were almost twenty-one.

More than half the women said that they drank alone, drinking at home during the day and going to bed with a bottle.

Judgment Impaired

In a recent laboratory test of drinking drivers, subjects were given 150 c.c. of whisky. They appeared able to pass ordinary tests to determine drunkenness and to perform adequate *routine* actions for driving. But they varied definitely from the norm in actions which had not become habits, such as backing, avoiding obstacles, and other unusual movements. Reaction time increased, and all those tested showed a deterioration in judgment and motor control.

Relative Values!

In 1957 Canadians spent \$1,042,000,000 for liquor, but gave only \$90,000,000 to churches and \$140,000,000 to charity. The question might be asked, How long can a nation survive that considers beer, highballs, gin, and cordials nearly eight times as important as religion?

Narcotics Education Needed

The Christian Science Monitor reports: "Narcotics addiction throughout metropolitan Los Angeles is increasing at the rapid rate of 10 per cent annually." However, Los Angeles is only third in the list of cities with high drug addiction problems, with New York first and Chicago second. The *Monitor* "found no disagreement with the grand jury recommendation that the public schools enlarge their program of required teaching about the narcotics problem."

Spiked Candy in Canada

When liqueur bonbons, some filled with an alcohol concentration of 17 per cent, went on sale in Toronto, Canada, the liquor control board confiscated the chocolate-flavored spiked sweets, since Canadian law says that any product with more than 2.5 per cent alcohol is intoxicating.

Susceptibility to Sickness

"People who smoke and drink age faster, and they don't live as long as those who abstain," says Dr. Ivan Vasilevich Strelchuk, assistant director of the Institute of Higher Nervous Activity, Moscow, Russia.

"Smoking shortens life, but I don't know by just how much," he declares. "My studies indicate that cigars are especially bad. Smokers are ten times more likely to get cancer of the lung than nonsmokers."

Must Want to Quit

From an analysis of 1,038 alcoholics treated over a ten-year period at the Shadel Hospital for Alcoholics in Seattle, Washington, Drs. Frederick Lemere and Paul O'Hallaren report, "Few of these patients would have sought abstinence had not some sort of pressure been put on them to give up their habit. The decision to stop drinking is usually prompted by the threatened loss of a job, family, security, physical or mental health, or the respect of associates."

NUGGETS

Beer consumption in Hungary, a country that drinks primarily wine, has increased by 700 per cent since the end of World War II. 🍷 Prof. Robert Debre, president of the Academy of Medicine in France, desires farmers to grow wheat instead of grapes because, he maintains, alcohol causes twice as many deaths in France as tuberculosis. 🍷 Three per cent of the employees in America have a

drinking problem, reports Dr. Robert Burrell. "This represents an annual loss of 36,000,000 working days and of \$432,000,000 in wages." 🍷 The United States produced 119,539,323 gallons of whisky during 1957. 🍷 Of more than 300,000 arrests of persons over fifty in the United States during 1956, two thirds were for drunkenness.

LISTEN

A Journal of Better Living

MARCH-APRIL, 1959
Volume 12 Number 2

OUR COVER

Nothing pleases Dr. George Crane more than to sit down and talk informally with a person, particularly a young person, about a problem of life or conduct.

Perhaps second best is the opportunity he frequently enjoys of addressing youth groups—high school, college, church, or otherwise. Such an occasion was the background for "Listen's" cover this issue.

Between school appointments in Pontiac, Michigan, photographer Robert Benyas, on assignment from Three Lions Studio, caught Dr. Crane on the run just long enough to focus the lens and snap the shutter.

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 5, Cecil Coffey; pages 12, 13, Three Lions; page 16, Western Photo Company; pages 18, 19, Jurgen Jacobsen from Three Lions; pages 24, 34, Roberts; pages 26, 27, Tamara Andreeva; page 33, Southern Pacific.

ARTICLES

Request to Parents	Editorial	4
Power of a Woman	Marion Rubinstein	5
No Escape	Herbert Ford	7
Where Do You Fit? George W. Crane, Ph.D., M.D.		15
It Is the Law	Judge Mildred L. Lillie	16
Diplomat of the Keyboard	Doron K. Antrim	18
Modern Trojan Horse	Hy Young	23
Golden Guideposts	Titus A. Frazee	31

SPECIAL FEATURES

Map of Misery	Stephen A. Seymour, D.O.	8
Pitfalls for a Teen-Age Girl	Picture Feature	12
Jail Without Locks	Tamara Andreeva	26

PERSONALITIES

Lynne Levin—Crusader	Marion Rubinstein	5
George W. Crane—Author, Counselor		14
Van Cliburn—Pianist	Doron K. Antrim	18

REGULAR FEATURES

Have You Heard?		2
Note From History— Edward Bok Meets the President		11
World View		22
Youth Asks—The Doctor Answers R. W. Spalding, M.D.		30
Opinions		35

STORIES

The Wallet	Elsie Combs	20
Honey	Gladys Louise Cortez	24

POEMS

Poems With a Purpose	Listen Authors	33
--------------------------------	----------------	----

MISCELLANEOUS

Wildcat in Your Home	Roy L. Smith	17
That "Liquid Sunshine"	Edna Mae Anderson	21
A Clean House?	Harry J. Miller	23
Treatment for Hang-Over		28
Those Awful Lights	Gladys Wilson White	29
Substitutes	Wendell White, Ph.D.	32

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

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

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

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

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Request to Parents



NEW Trier Township High School is one of the largest, best-equipped, and most efficient high schools in suburban Chicago. It serves two bon-ton communities on the North Shore—Wilmette and Winnetka, enrolling some 3,600 students.

Not long ago New Trier students took a close look at teen-age drinking, then sat down and wrote a letter to parents of the school's students asking help in controlling it.

"We are very concerned about a problem that involves New Trier students," the letter began. "The problem is drinking. It is becoming serious because of the increasing number of people involved and the actions of these students while under the influence of alcohol."

The letter was signed by presidents of three student groups—Lyn Madigan, Girls' Club; Mike Belknap, Student Council; and Vance Etnyre, Tri-Ship Club, boys' service organization. Moreover, when P.T.A. officers saw the letter, they approved it and mailed it out for the students.

Not intended as a publicity stunt, nor as an indictment of their parents, the letter was sent out in all sincerity as a "request to some parents to stop and think."

"We strongly feel that there is no need for a high-school student to drink. There is no 'social dignity' in it. But yet, some parents must feel there is, because there are parties at which cocktails are served to students. In other cases, parents knowingly let students bring liquor into parties without taking any action. . . . A third problem arises at large parties at which there are an inadequate number of chaperons and in some cases none at all. That is the problem as we see it."

"Drinking is not a game!" the student letter to their parents went on. "Yet many of our friends (your children) are treating it as if it were. Must the name of New Trier be lowered again and again because of the obnoxious actions of its students who find it necessary to become intoxicated? Must more houses be damaged, before parents become interested in the problem?"

"We as students can really do little to control the problem. That is why we are turning to you for help! You can do far more than we could ever hope to do."

The letter urged parents, "Discuss the problem with

your children and convince them of the folly in 'drinking to get drunk.'" Also suggested was a closer watch on student parties, and an attempt to show other parents who are in favor of student drinking that "nothing is gained by it."

"We are striving for a better New Trier through more mature students," the letter concluded. "This objective can neither be approached nor achieved until the drinking problem is under control."

Significant about this letter is the fact that students are appealing to their parents. Logically, it should be the other way around! Young people have a right to look to their fathers and mothers for examples of a life they would be proud to live, and for constant encouragement of high ideals in personal habits. Tragic indeed is the plight when the situation is reversed.

Nor should New Trier student leaders be criticized for their action in writing this letter. It is no reflection on their school. Rather, they should be commended. Their fervent wish to improve their own school gave them courage, a courage which is sadly lacking in many other places having perhaps a much greater student drinking problem.

It is reported that reaction from both students and parents at New Trier has been "good," and that a better understanding of the problem has been brought about as the result.

Would that parents in lifting glasses in social drinking could see the power of influence on their own young people!

Would that parents in the gaiety of their home cocktail parties could discern the potential result when young feet follow their steps!

Would that parents who allow, or deliberately encourage, drinking on the part of their teen-agers could fathom the future of such a course!

Would that all parents in these days were dedicated to a life that their children would be safe in imitating, one that would develop physical, mental, and spiritual habits that are only the best. Drinking simply does not contribute in any way to this kind of life. The sooner parents come to this realization, the sooner modern youth will come to the same conclusion.

Francis A. Soper

Statement for "Listen" Magazine by
Governor LeRoy Collins of Florida



The drunk driver is one of America's greatest menaces.

It would be bad enough if he endangered only his own life; but, as we all know, his irresponsibility does not stop there—he endangers the lives of innocent men, women, and children.

A person who would drive a three-to-four-thousand-pound vehicle upon public streets and highways while his normal faculties are thus impaired is more dangerous than an intoxicated

person walking the streets of a city with a loaded firearm.

As Governor and a member of Florida's Pardon Board, I have had the evils of drunk driving repeatedly brought to my attention.

If individuals will not on their own volition refrain from driving while drunk, then society must resort to rigid punitive measures to restrain them and to deter those who otherwise might do likewise.

A REAL feat of magic has been performed by a professional magician in the State of Florida.

Actually, there is no magic to it, except conviction coupled with plain hard work. The magician is Lynne Levin of Miami, a singularly pretty young woman with piercing dark eyes and a purpose in life.

That purpose is to rid Florida of drunken drivers, the kind who injured her eldest son. Although Mrs. Levin performed as a professional magician before marrying her hotel-owner husband, she would be the last to claim any element of magic in her campaign, which has resulted in mandatory jail sentences for those convicted of drunken driving in Dade County. Indeed, the whole state of Florida is feeling the impact of the one-woman crusade of this aroused housewife.

Long hours spent at the telephone, in writing letters, in talking before various organizations, in arousing the interest of other mothers, in traveling to the capitol in Tallahassee to talk to state senators and representatives—these are some of the ingredients which go into the awakening of the public to the need of safe driving and of passing stronger laws.

Mrs. Levin is working toward the accomplishment in Florida of what has been done by the State of California, where drunken drivers go to jail. In Florida the mandatory jail sentence bill once passed the house of representatives, but was delayed by a senate subcommittee and did not reach the floor for a vote. Governor Collins has, however, indicated he will recommend to the 1959 legislature the passage of such a bill.

Mrs. Levin's crusade began in October, 1956, when her thirteen-year-old son Roger was injured by a drunken driver. Struck while riding his bicycle, he has now quite fully recovered.

Lynne tells what happened: "It was five in the morning and still dark when our doorbell rang. Roger had left the house on an early-morning errand, and I had a premonition that the ring had something to do with him. It did.

"A stranger was at the door. 'Your son has been injured by a car,' he said. 'Better get down to the hospital.'

"My husband Lou and I called a neighbor to look after our two younger children. Four blocks from the house we saw



MRS. LYNNE LEVIN

POWER of a woman

INTERVIEW BY MARION RUBINSTEIN



For her efforts Lynne Levin receives a special award from her township mayor.



Roger kibitzes over his mother's shoulder as she arranges some of her publicity stories on her crusade for highway traffic safety.

police cars, and Roger's twisted bicycle lying in the middle of the street; but we had no time to stop. Lou put his arm around me. 'Be brave,' he said, but I could see tears in his eyes, too.

"We spotted Roger as soon as we entered the hospital emergency room. His face was colorless, and he didn't seem to be conscious. He kept crying out: 'Stop! Stop the lights! They're following me!' Then he began to scream. My knees buckled, but Lou held onto me. The doctor asked a nurse to give Roger a hypodermic."

At this point no one knew for sure the extent of Roger's injuries. His left side was paralyzed. A tendon in the knee had been severed, and his pelvis was damaged. As he was being moved upstairs, two police officers began asking questions about him.

"Your boy was riding his bicycle near the curb," they explained to the Levins. "A witness saw a car weaving toward him. The boy screamed as the car's headlights aimed directly at him. He tried to pedal out of the way, but the car veered and struck him. We booked the driver and her four male companions. They had been at a roadside bar for hours. She was very drunk."

"Drunk," Mrs. Levin repeated the word. "What will happen to that driver?" she asked.

"Oh, the law will take care of that," came the reply. "She'll probably lose her license for a year, and get fined, too. But, believe me, you're lucky. In most drunken-driving accidents you go to see the victim in the morgue."

On the way home and in the days to come, one phrase kept ringing in the mother's mind: "*The law will take care of that.*" A slow, glowing anger was building up inside her. Neighbors dropped in. She repeated again and again that something had to be done about drunken driving, but the reaction was almost unanimous: *What can one person do about changing the laws?*

"I am mad enough to attempt the impossible!" she exploded. She called a friend on the *Miami Herald*, and the next day a reporter interviewed her at the hospital.

After the newspaper printed the story of a boy carelessly maimed and a mother who had declared war, it soon became obvious that Lynne wasn't in this battle alone.

Newspapers, television programs, and radio stations all began to publicize every accident in which drinking was involved. Telephone calls and letters began to pour in, a thousand calls the first week.

Roger began to mend. His mother found time to talk to more of her neighbors and to folks who wrote to her, also to other patients in the hospital.

In the room next to Roger's were two young sisters, one whose pretty face was so disfigured that the mirror was removed from the room. Another girl had her pelvis so splintered that she had to be suspended hammocklike in traction. The driver responsible for both these tragedies was convicted of drunken driving and fined only \$75.

A young mother who had been in a cast up to her hips for nine weeks and still had a month to go, had the "satisfaction" of knowing that the driver who hit her had been fined \$50—that was all.

"I held the hand of a nine-year-old girl whose face was shriveled with pain," Mrs. Levin related. "Her ribs had been crushed."

"It's not really serious," the girl's mother had said, "except that she suffers

(Turn to page 32.)



Top: A professional magician, Mrs. Levin skillfully shows some of the feats of his trade to son Roger.



Left: All the children join in a sit-down hunger strike to persuade their mother to run for a seat on the West Miami city council. Now, as a member of that council, she sponsors many community-benefit projects.



Center: Young Mark warms up his accordion, to play duet with nine-year-old Veda.



Left: A homemaker first of all, Mrs. Levin reads a bedtime story to her five-year-old son Mark.

by
Herbert
Ford

No Escape



THE man across the table looked as if he knew his way around. He put his cup down slowly and looked at me through cold, hard eyes. "They're just like anybody else," he said. "They laugh and joke and get angry like anybody else. The only difference might be when they get angry—they get angrier than most people."

Through a nearby window I looked down into the yard below at the object of our conversation—nearly a thousand blue- and gray-clad men. Their combined conversations produced a sort of low-key buzz that reached up to the guards' dining room where I was eating supper. The man across the table, one of the deputy wardens of West Virginia State Penitentiary, looked down into the yard, too. "It must really take something extra to stick it out around here as a guard very long," I ventured.

"Yeah," he laughed suddenly, after pondering the thought for a long moment. "Yeah, I guess it does take something extra, at that. I came here just after the big trouble in the early forties, and since then I think I've learned the something extra it takes."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Be kind, but never trust anybody," he said.

The meal finished, we stepped out of the dining room and descended the stairs into the yard. "This is one of the few prisons in the country in which the warden walks through the yard unguarded," my host said with a note of pride in his voice. "We try to give every man a square deal, and the 'system' knows and appreciates it. Little things like listening to a man when he has a problem, eating with the men in the dining hall to keep the quality of the food up—little things like that count up."

In the yard we moved slowly among the men. Groups were playing dominoes; some were merely talking to each other. A large group was clustered around a radio listening to a baseball game. On the bandstand across the yard several prisoners were working up a new musical arrangement. A wedge of sweepers moved briskly across one side of the large court, leaving the asphalt behind spotless.

As we walked along, any nearby conversation always dropped into a subdued tone. This, said the warden, was a show of respect for prison authority, but my being along had something to do with it, too. I was from outside, not to be trusted.

As we reached the other side of the yard, we passed through two electrically controlled heavy steel gates. Here, between the two main wings of the prison, were the deputy wardens' offices. Beyond these offices there were still three gates, including the ingenious "wheel," which separated the prison population from freedom. We passed beside the wheel, a revolving door made of heavy steel bars. The difference between this device and the typical commercial revolving door is that there is only one small entrance to the revolving interior area. That entrance also serves as the exit. Thus when a person has entered the wheel he cannot exit on the outside until the single opening is aligned with an opening on the outside. When this alignment is made, the inside, or prison interior side, of the wheel is completely blocked. A special guard operates the wheel from a cage on the outside. If he does not recognize the person desiring entrance or exit, he simply refuses to engage the mechanism that operates the wheel.

Through two more electrically controlled doors we moved. These doors were more heavily guarded than any

others in the prison. Passing through one door, we were locked into a small area and studied carefully by the guards. Then the inmost door was unlocked. We stepped out into the prison's darkest alley—death row.

On "the row" we found four frightened men. I say they were frightened; they looked that way to me. The youngest was about twenty-five, the oldest not more than double that age. I shook hands with each of them and muttered some words I hoped might provide comfort.

Why were they there? I wondered. They had committed grave offenses, to be sure. One had killed the wife of the man who had helped him gain parole earlier. Another had raped and killed an eleven-year-old child. But what caused them to commit their crimes? "Every-one of those fellows will tell you that he got his 'courage' to get into the trouble that has put him on the row, from a bottle," I was told later. "It'll be hard for any one of them to escape death now. One is scheduled for the electric chair in just a few days."

Outside in the yard again, we watched the men at their evening recreation. Every few minutes one would approach the warden with a request. Most wanted to know details of their parole date or how much "good time" they could expect for certain duties they had performed. One white-haired prisoner wanted the warden to be sure to attend an evening meeting at which a quartet he headed would be singing.

"He's quite a fellow," the warden commented as the aging man turned away. "Seems he just doesn't feel right on the outside. He's been here before, but this time I think he'll finish out his life here."

"What makes a fellow go back into crime after he once gets out of this place, warden?" I (Turn to page 32.)



Map of Misery

Stephen A. Seymour, D.O.
Seymour Sanitarium and Medical Clinic
Long Beach, California

LIVE in a wonderful city!

It is true, however, that not everyone can see life in my city as it is seen by those who work to make it a healthier community. No one should, as the ostrich, bury his head in sands of fantasy, denying stark facts that aren't so pleasant.

Some of these facts, as far as my own city of Long Beach is concerned, appear graphically on this map, which because of its nature might be called a Map of Misery. This map has grown out of a ten-year survey study of the prevalence of problem drinking and alcoholism in a city of 360,000 surrounded by a metropolitan concentration of 1,000,000. The survey has been a continuous one carried on by the Seymour Sanitarium and Medical Clinic, which specializes in the treatment of alcoholism.

The idea of this map originated in the offices of our city public-health officer when I was studying his polio survey map of Long Beach. I had seen maps prepared by the fire department, of fire outbreaks. I also had familiarity with maps showing auto accidents, incidence of tuberculosis, and social welfare cases. I noted with unusual interest the configuration made by the polio case pins. They rarely seemed to strike within the city confines, but largely were concentrated around the boundaries of the city, bordering on the suburbs and the farm lands running along both sides of the Los Angeles River.

It occurred to me that alcoholism would also make an excellent survey, and I was curious to determine what pattern, if any, this great national public-health problem would follow in my city. To my knowledge, no one had ever before attempted a similar survey of the magnitude that I contemplated, extending over a decade and involving thousands of actual case histories.

Each pin on the map represents a living case history, a problem drinker or alcoholic, or his family calling our

In the study of modern social problems here is a most significant portrayal of the inroads of alcohol on a major American city.

clinic on his behalf. We charted and pinned each request for advice on alcohol problems and the acceptance (or rejection) of treatment.

Thus, behind every pin is a human being in trouble from alcohol. Many of these pins, of course, over the period of ten years have come to represent deceased persons who solved their own problem eventually through tragedy caused largely by alcohol involvement in their lives.

This Map of Misery drives home the challenge of alcoholism—in Long Beach, in California, in America, in all the world, a disease of deterioration. This map is alive; it depicts an epidemic. It is an index to an anxiety-plagued society. It indirectly illustrates the inadequate facilities existing to cope with what I feel is really the No. 1 public-health problem of our nation today.

The Jellinek formula was developed as a rigid measuring equation to determine the prevalence of alcoholism with or without complications in cities, states, and countries. It is based on morbidity and mortality figures of cirrhosis.

But we have found that this formula is wrong for our city; it does not represent the real extent of the problem. This is true in spite of the fact that Long Beach has been rated the fifth highest city in the nation in respect to alcoholism, and the third highest in the State of California.

This map does not represent any rigid formula applied to this problem, but it is the extent of the problem reporting for itself. It shows cyclic mental illness abetted by alcohol in a community, as observed by only one physician and his staff for a period of ten years. But it is more than merely a ten-year statistical picture of alcoholism for one given area; it is a symbol of the actual problem for every American city, be it yours or mine.

What effect may the significance of these pins have

upon your community? There has been a widespread attitude among many community leaders that alcoholism isn't much of a problem. Among too many, the problem often enlists only an attitude of amusement. The medical profession, which treats these cases, sees only tragedy—or hope, depending on how soon it is called in.

It might be noted that surveys have been taken at Waterbury, Connecticut, at Jackson, Mississippi, and at San Francisco, California, to provide specific information pertaining to community needs and problems of alcoholism, but not on the same intensive, prolonged scale as this study.

The taking of surveys involves certain skills. Enthusiasm alone is not enough. I once participated in a survey of alcoholism in our community that collapsed because it involved extensive paper work, tremendous time, and thousands of dollars' investment. The results of such surveys can well be questioned, since they depend for their statistical evidence on physicians, ministers, social workers, and others who frequently are too busy to fill out and return questionnaire blanks.

There were many questions to be answered in this survey in Long Beach: Is there any particular pattern that shows up in the incidence of alcoholism in a typical American city? Are the wealthier sections of the city immune to alcoholism? Where are the dense concentrations of the problem? Is it a problem confined largely to transients? How many cases come for treatment from

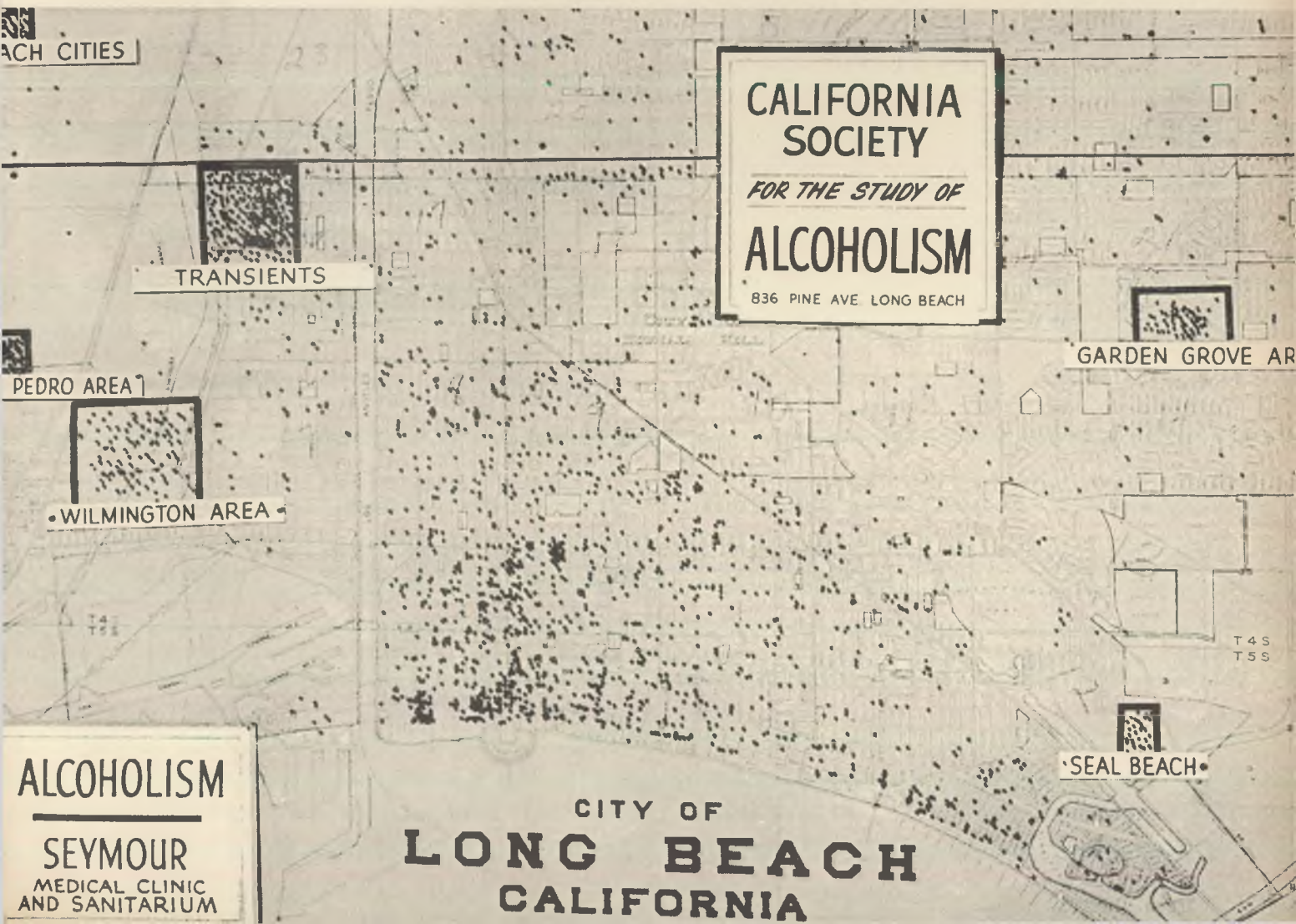
distances of ten miles, one hundred miles, or from out of state? These questions will not be fully answered until the revelations of the Map of Misery are completely evaluated, but trends clearly show up in the map itself.

Every case represented on the map can be classified as an emergency or near-emergency. They came to the clinic by car or ambulance, referred or not referred, or wandered in aimlessly. Many were referred by physicians, hospitals, ministers, lawyers, friends, judges, the police, social welfare agencies, or Alcoholics Anonymous. Most of them came of their own volition, others under duress by their families or employers. Most were complicated by problems such as divorce, poverty, irresponsibility, financial abuse, infamy, juvenile delinquency, senility, psychoses, crime.

During a preliminary study of this map, made three years ago, I distributed some 5,000 photostats, along with professional and laymen's literature on alcoholism, to professional and lay people all over southern California. Every doctor, lawyer, minister, pharmacist, and major businessman in Long Beach received copies, even retail liquor dealers, to show realistically the community results of the liquor business.

The problem represented on this Map of Misery, illustrating the incidence of alcoholism and problem drinking in Long Beach, is directly proportional to the strength of the dangers which threaten our society. It bears a direct correlation to a lack of parental control and to juvenile delinquency. The causes of such delinquency

Each pin is a case history, a human being in trouble. Shown here is only the central area of the Map of Misery.





The full-size Map of Misery occupies the attention of Henry Gram-Jorgensen, director of counseling (left), Mrs. Dorothy Lawter, administrative secretary, and Dr. Stephen Seymour.

in a community most often are involved with alcohol problems among parents.

Every pin shows a culturally destructive impact on the city. I am forced to think of alcoholism in terms of my city's general welfare. It contributes anywhere from 25 to 50 per cent of all accidents. It is the point of argument in half of all California divorces. It is involved in at least half of homicides. Half of the police tax dollars are spent for running jails and handling the problem of arrests for intoxication. It eliminates immunity to many diseases, thus guaranteeing the filling of our tax-supported county general hospitals. Estimated costs in this county include a total of one billion dollars in potential wage loss.

Two police officers assigned to the handling and custody of psychotics in Long Beach told me the surprising fact that at least 70 per cent of the psychotics that need forcible custody for the protection of themselves and of Long Beach society are involved in alcoholism.

And the over-all tragedy is that the density of this map, if it were *totally* accurate, would be increased to a plaguelike pox, overwhelming, giving a catastrophic appearance of the incidence of this problem in the city—like a vicious epidemic, from which many have turned their heads.

Alcoholism is synonymous with eventual irresponsibility, and eventual poverty. The warden of San Quentin

told me that 66 per cent of his inmates were admitted because of alcohol problems. Industry reports twenty-two days of additional unemployment beyond ordinary sick leave for the problem drinker. In this way the whole community bears witness to a massive deteriorating process.

Can my city council, or any city council across the nation, deny that an emergency epidemic situation exists regarding alcoholism? None who would attack the problem should forget to cope with the immediate emergency situation which demands direct, specialized attention. Robert Browning said, "Man has forever." I doubt that the human symbols on this map have even the security of today.

I am sure that more than four hundred doctors in my area could each, conservatively speaking, average ten known patients with alcohol problems. This would mean an additional four thousand cases. Four out of five of these patients are "silent alcoholics," not diagnosed as alcoholics. These come from the impoverished, from those on relief rolls, or from the large segment of social drinkers well on their way to alcoholism.


Adding, we have the four thousand known clinic cases and contacts as shown on the Map of Misery. In addition, there are about three thousand Alcoholics Anonymous cases, four thousand medical cases under the care of four hundred physicians, and one thousand cases classified as skid-row chronic jail offenders, or committed to state hospitals from this area. Then there are an additional two to five thousand cases of "silent alcoholics." This makes a total of from fourteen to nineteen thousand alcohol cases in this area alone!

From the four thousand cases not diagnosed as alcoholics, but which already are under the treatment of the medical profession, I mention some possible diagnoses for which they may be treated, though their ailments are complicated by problems of alcohol: dermatitis, hypertension, cardiac disease, peptic ulcer, obesity, fractures, drug addictions, tuberculosis, pneumonia, premature senility, cirrhosis, endocrine disturbances, pancreatitis, neuritis, anemia, gastroenteritis, asthma, vitamin deficiency, concussions, contusions, and all the major psychoses. All these illnesses may conceal problems of alcoholism in diagnosis.

This map indicates a civic area of social disorganization. It foretells loose family structure and general individual personality instability. The density of the city will undoubtedly increase year by year. What is shown on the map may be said to be directly proportionate to the escapism of human beings, to antisocial behavior. It is a shocking indictment of our social forces. It bears direct testimony to the effectiveness of the liquor-industry advertising in a neurotic, bored society.

In this connection, note the boast made by the vice-president of a major distillery combine: "We of the National Distillers are going full steam ahead to keep our business at a high level, and you distillers can count on us to aggressively support our brands with our regular multimillion-dollar advertising and promotion campaign. This will contribute to your sales and to our prosperity."

Again, the chairman of the alcohol beverage board of North Carolina a short time ago commented, speaking of educating the public: (Turn to page 32.)



Edward Bok Meets the President

Note From History

Edward Bok, immigrant boy to the United States, was interested in writing. When he realized that if he learned shorthand he would stand a better chance for advancement, he

joined the Young Men's Christian Association in Brooklyn, and entered the class in stenography.

Before many weeks Edward could "stenograph" fairly well, and since the typewriter had not then come into general use, he was ready to put his knowledge to work.

An opportunity offered itself when the city editor of the Brooklyn "Eagle" asked him to report two speeches at a New England Society dinner. The speakers were to be President Rutherford B. Hayes, Ex-President Grant, General Sherman, Mr. Evarts, and General Sheridan. Edward was to report what Grant and the President said, and was instructed to get the President's speech verbatim.

In those days at public dinners it was the custom to serve wine to the reporters. As the glasses were placed before Edward's plate, he realized that he had to make a decision then and there. Of course he had seen wine on his father's table, as is the European custom, but he had never tasted it. He decided he would not begin then, when he needed a clear head. So he asked the waiter to remove the glasses in order that he might have more room for his notebook.

At this first time for him to report a public address the young reporter had no trouble, since General Grant's remarks were few and spoken slowly. But alas, President Hayes was too rapid for him, and he did not get the speech. Nothing daunted, after the speechmaking Edward resolutely sought the President and told him his plight, explaining it was his first important "assignment," and asking whether he could be given a copy of the speech so that he could "beat" the other papers.

Curiously the President looked at him and asked, "Can you wait a few minutes?"

After fifteen minutes the President returned, and said abruptly, "Tell me, my boy, why did you have the wine-glasses removed from your place?" Completely taken aback at the question, Edward explained his resolution as well as he could.

"Did you make that decision this evening?" the President asked.

He had.

"What is your name?" the President next inquired.

He was told.

"And you live where?"

Edward told him.

"Suppose you write your name and address on this card for me," said the President, reaching for one of the place cards on the table.

The boy did so.

"Now, I am stopping with Mr. A. A. Low on Columbia Heights. Is that in the direction of your home?"

It was.

"Suppose you go with me, then, in my carriage," said the President, "and I will give you my speech."

Edward was not quite sure now whether he was on his head or his feet.

As he drove along with the President and his host, the President asked the boy about himself. At Mr. Low's house he went upstairs, and in a few moments came down with his speech in full, written in his own hand. Edward assured him he would copy it and return the manuscript in the morning.

The President took out his watch. It was after midnight. Musing a moment, he said, "You say you are an office boy; what time must you be at your office?"

"Half-past eight, sir."

"Well, good night," he said. And then, as if it were a second thought, "By the way, I can get another copy of the speech. Just turn it in as it is, if they can read it."

Afterward Edward found out that it was the President's only copy. Though the boy did not then appreciate this act of consideration, his instinct fortunately led him to copy the speech and leave the original at the President's stopping place in the morning.

And for all his trouble, the young reporter was amply repaid by seeing that the "Eagle" was the only paper having a verbatim report of the President's speech.

But the day was not yet done!

That evening, upon reaching home, what was the boy's astonishment to find the following note:

"My Dear Young Friend:

"I have been telling Mrs. Hayes this morning of what you told me at the dinner last evening, and she was very much interested. She would like to see you, and joins me in asking if you will call upon us this evening at eight-thirty.

"Very faithfully yours,

"Rutherford B. Hayes."

Edward did not possess a suit of evening clothes, and distinctly felt the lack for such an occasion. But, dressed in the best he had, he set out to call on the President of the United States and his wife!

Bok had no sooner handed his card to the butler, than the latter announced: "The President and Mrs. Hayes are waiting for you!"

Edward had not been in the room ten minutes before he was made to feel as thoroughly at ease as if he were sitting in his own home before an open fire with his father and mother. No boy has ever had a more gracious listener. Not for a moment during all those two hours was he allowed to remember that his host and hostess were the President of the United States and the First Lady of the Land!

That evening was the first of many thus spent. President and Mrs. Hayes became lifelong friends of Edward Bok, whose name was to become renowned in American history. And this rewarding friendship began as the result of the simple act of a young boy asking that his wineglasses be removed from his place at the table.—Adapted from "The Americanization of Edward Bok," pages 30-34.

Pitfalls for a

A teen-age girl can get into serious trouble today, and often that trouble begins in drugs, alcohol, cigarettes. Such forms of indulgence rapidly become habits, then addictions. As the craving for the "kick" derived from these vices increases, her moral fiber decreases.

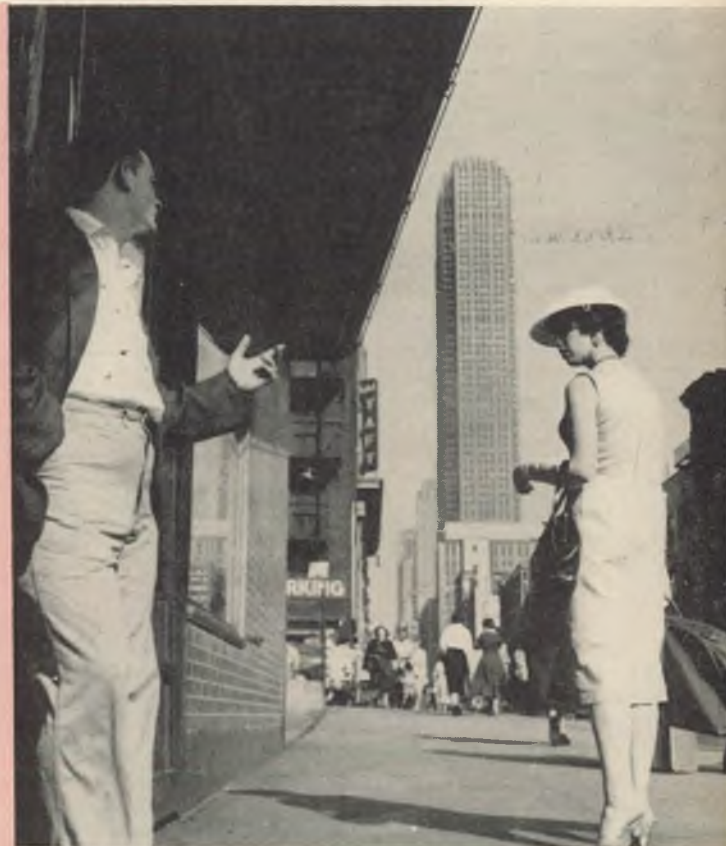
Such a girl does not have strength to resist these temptations, particularly if her home environment is not good or if she has begun to associate with questionable companions. She must find methods of obtaining the desired drugs, eventually illegally and by force, resorting to crime when her need for "relief" becomes paramount in her already befogged mind.

The false stimulation to her senses, set in motion by drugs and alcohol, is harmful physically and emotionally and eventually helps to debilitate her entire personality. The process may be quite gradual, with the result that she does not notice her step-by-step enslavement. Today, without proper guidance, any young girl can easily be swayed in her thinking by the glamorous, superficial portrayals of life presented in movies, television, and many books and magazines. A girl trapped by such fantasy finds her ideals changing. Drugs and alcohol, along with similar fake stimulants, create the "illusion" that she can do anything she pleases. But when the effects wear off she is left with a reality hard to cope with, because of the atrophy of her mind and body.



Teen-age Girl

PICTURE FEATURE



1. Smoking a drugged cigarette, Amy likes the exhilarating feeling it gives her. Her friends started her on the habit.

2. Under the influence of narcotics she "enjoys" freedom from inhibitions. She will soon pay a high price for this "freedom," however, and will lose her self-respect and her decent friends. Probably she will be driven to criminal activities to sustain this way of life.

3. Soon a pusher makes his regular call. Since drugs are fantastically expensive, Amy will soon be driven to desperate measures to obtain them.

4. Doped cigarettes eventually prove to be too mild, and are replaced by "mainline" jabbing, injecting narcotics by a needle into the vein.

5. A milder form of addiction involves the new tranquilizers. Taken in quantity, they can be harmful. They cost much less than heroin and marijuana.

6. Amy, with her gang, holds a house party, with much smoking, drinking, and "hot" jazz, leading to raucous behavior. The debaucheries end as a detective shows up after complaints by neighbors.

7. The street pick-up is common for some misled girls. A sure way to ask for trouble, this ends in tragedy.

8. Perhaps, before it is too late, a friend lends a helping hand to persuade Amy to return to a better way of living. But all too frequently there is no happy ending to stories like Amy's.



If you, like millions of your contemporaries, have had personal problems lately in your life, there is a good chance you have got some advice from Dr. George W. Crane through your newspaper, over your radio, or by individual letter.

Some 20,000,000 homes across the nation benefit daily from the practical, down-to-earth philosophy of everyday living from this eminent physician-psychologist, as it appears in his syndicated column, "The Worry Clinic," sometimes called "Case Records of a Psychologist." This feature is also broadcast over more than 400 radio stations, and often spoken directly in one of his frequent public lectures.

Born in Chicago, George Washington Crane, Ph.D., M.D., spent most of his youth in Fort Wayne, Indiana, where his parents ran a grocery and bakery.

At sixteen he became president of the Epworth League at Wayne Street Church in Fort Wayne, where he met a girl, Cora Ellen Miller, who was elected third vice-president. She impressed him so much that subsequently she became his wife and copresident of the Crane household.

While he was teaching at George Washington University, he became research psychologist of the National Research Council and Carnegie Institute.

It was here that he became convinced of the unique power of the press in adult education, and originated the idea of his newspaper column. He has received the title, "Newspaper Philosopher."

His textbook "Psychology Applied," written at this time, is now used in 819 colleges and universities. It has been reprinted in several foreign languages, and soon will appear in revised and enlarged form. In 1940 he published another volume, "How to Stay Happily Married," which also has had a large circulation.

By this time his mail had grown to such proportions that the Hopkins Syndicate was formed to meet requests for his writings. Today booklets on a host of subjects are mailed out daily by the syndicate for a nominal fee. A staff of eighteen to twenty secretaries and clerks are employed regularly in answering Dr. Crane's more than 2,500 letters a day.

In his columns he covers six major subjects every week: love, child care, business strategy, marriage, nervous ills, and personality.

For example, in one of his columns he tells of a child only five years old being given a simulated "cocktail," a fruit mixture, to be like her parents when the three of them went out to eat in the evenings. Both parents order cocktails while their little girl looks on. This child is being taught to look upon liquor as a mark of adulthood and sophistication and possibly as a necessity at mealtime.

Dr. Crane protests, "You parents, as well as you uncles and aunts, have a moral responsibility to set a strong positive example before your kids. It isn't enough to preach ethics. You must act the proper example before them."

Where Do You Fit ?



“Dr. CRANE, just why do people start to use alcohol?” many a high-school student has asked me.

Here are the usual reasons which we as psychiatrists find true:

1. A shy, timid teen-ager wants to follow the crowd, is afraid to call attention to himself. So if the folks ahead of him in the line take a highball, he follows their lead.

This is what we call the “sheep” reaction. People who drink are thus likely to have a sheeplike personality. Being afraid, they indulge in the “herd” reaction, and merge with the group.

2. Another type of teen-ager has an inferiority complex, but tries to obtain the spotlight by acting as he imagines a “big shot” would perform.

You have heard about the scared boy who whistles when he passes a cemetery to bolster his own courage. Well, this second type of drinker is the “scared kid” type. Secretly, he is afraid, but he refuses to merge with the crowd, for he has more drive than the drinker previously mentioned. So he downs his drink to try to prove to himself he is a he-man.

But remember, he-men don’t have to prove the fact! Swilling down alcohol is usually a public admission that you are secretly afraid.

3. A third type of drinker is the obvious amateur who tries to fortify his dating technique with liquor. Such a male will take a flask or a case of beer along in his car when he parks in lover’s lane.

He is secretly unsure of himself, perhaps shy, so he drinks to forget his fears. He also urges his girl friend to drink, so she, too, will forget her fears—and her reserve.

A basic reason why men still think liquor will make

them brave is the old-fashioned notion that “courage comes in bottles.” Actually liquor increases no one’s courage. Instead, it acts like ether, putting part of the brain to sleep. Then you no longer realize the rashness of your action.

That’s why drinking escorts who are basically afraid will load liquor into their cars when they go on dates. This isn’t bravery. It’s stupidity.

4. A fourth type of drinker tries to ease his conscience by becoming so anesthetized he forgets he’s a failure and a social disgrace.

This is the type who has failed at one job after another, or who has been jilted, or who has lost his money in an unwise investment, or whose wife is suing for divorce.

So—analyze the drinkers you know. Classify them in this list, which includes all the usual types of drinkers.

In psychiatry we regard drinking as similar to the fire escape on a burning building. It is an escape device from inner emotional fires that burn until the victim wants a quick way out.

The ultimate cure for a chronic alcoholic is to analyze his inner “fire” that torments him, and to help him rebuild his ego till he no longer needs liquor as an escape device.

Really smart Americans who are up-to-date leave liquor alone entirely. You *can* be labeled as old-fashioned, as well as a “sucker” for cunning liquor advertisements, if you take a highball.

Courageous Americans don’t need to drink. It is cowards who drink because they are secretly afraid and want to camouflage the fact!

Where do you classify yourself? Where do you fit?

The judge looks at this matter of drinking.

It Is the Law

MILDRED L. LILLIE

Justice, District Court of
Appeals, Second Appellate
District, Los Angeles



IN years past I have talked extensively on the effect of alcohol, in the home and on the family and on social behavior generally, and specifically in connection with criminal activity. It was my purpose to speak not from the standpoint of the personal unhappiness and misery of the man who drinks and his family, but from the viewpoint of the judge who sees the effect of this problem on society, as every day hundreds of persons affected in some way by the consumption of alcoholic beverages appear in the courts.

The effect of the drinker's conduct on society is seen in countless ways: in our divorce and domestic relations courts, in which hundreds of men and women each day appear in order to relieve themselves from intolerable situations caused from drinking by that person or some other member of the family; in the psychopathic department of the superior court, in which otherwise normal persons who themselves are innocent of wrongdoing are often subjected to the drinking problems of some member of the family, and find it necessary to seek medical and psychiatric advice or care; in our state hospitals, where many persons with an alcoholic problem have committed themselves for treatment; in our welfare department, and on our relief rolls, which are filled with families who are unable to care for themselves and which have been abandoned by father and/or husband who, because of a drinking problem, is no longer able or willing to support himself and his family; in our criminal courts, in which men and women both are criminally involved in a myriad of misdemeanor and felony offenses, ranging from plain drunkenness to murder; in our juvenile courts, in which delinquency in youngsters is due either to neglect of parents who are more interested in outside activities, including drinking, than in creating a proper environment for rearing children, or to a condition in which they, too, imbibe or run with company that does; in our hospitals and clinics in which neglected health, accidents due to drinking, or other factors connected with the consumption of alcohol have prevented the existence of a healthy mind and body; and in a variety of other ways which bespeak

From a lecture delivered to the ninth session of the Institute of Scientific Studies for the Prevention of Alcoholism, Loma Linda, California.

great personal tragedy both to the drinker himself and to his family.

The effect of a drinker's conduct is seen particularly in the children of the home and in the great burden that is placed upon the taxpayer to cure or punish the delinquent and support his family. It seems that the more society is willing to care for the drinker and his family, the more irresponsible he becomes about his obligations to himself, to his family, and to his community. He knows that there is a vast variety of agencies, official and otherwise, operated at tax expense or from charitable contributions, to assume his responsibilities where he leaves off. This permits an irresponsible person to continue his drinking career without much public censure, secure in the knowledge that someone else will keep his family in clothing, food, and shelter; someone else will try to care for and educate his children.

Not only is drinking a problem with the drinker; it is also a community problem that draws on the strength and wealth of the community. No one knows this better than the social worker, the doctor, the psychiatrist, the lawyer, the probation officer, the police officer, the parole officer, and the judge.

Until it gets out of hand in some way, individual drinking may not become a community problem, yet every right-thinking person knows that this happens when other persons are in any way adversely affected. He also realizes that today the use of alcohol seems to be the accepted thing, common in our homes, in social gatherings, and in society generally; and for this reason it is seldom viewed in its proper perspective. Unfortunately, the average citizen gives the alcohol problem but little thought until tragedy strikes him, his family, or some of his friends, or until some member of his family, heretofore known only as a "social drinker," is suddenly found to be hopelessly dependent upon alcohol, losing job, reputation, and self-respect. Only then does the average person realize the enormity of the situation that has been existing in our society for hundreds of years, and will keep on thriving as long as Mr. Average American does not give it its proper importance.

One of the most interesting results of alcohol consumption is the legal effect of intoxication in our law, particularly with reference to contractual obligations, to crimes

in which a specific felonious intent is necessary, and to torts, in which negligence is involved.

Heretofore I have never talked to laymen about this phase of alcohol consumption and its effects on litigation in our courts, because, like many lawyers and judges, I consider this subject of primary interest only to persons trained in the law. However, it is a fascinating subject; and in viewing it from a distance you may face an emotional conflict within yourself between not wanting to permit one who voluntarily becomes intoxicated to be able to escape responsibility for his crime or act because he lacks the capacity to form the necessary criminal intent, and realizing that no matter what the cause of his state of mind, the policy of our law protects anyone who by reason of any incapacity is relieved legally from responsibility for his own acts.

First, let us look at the law of annulment, which in almost all states relieves a party from the legal incident of a marriage contracted when one or both parties were intoxicated. For the past three years I have served on an annulment panel with two other judges, and have dealt with numerous situations involving drinking that led up to marriages, particularly in this section of the country where Las Vegas, Reno, Tiajuana, and other places are open day and night for the performing of marriages. The great tragedy involved here is the fact that in most cases these parties would not even look at each other twice, let alone marry each other, when they are sober. They have absolutely nothing in common, and sometimes are already married to someone else and unable legally to contract a lawful marriage. Often these parties have not even known each other twenty-four hours before the marriage, having met for the first time in a bar; or they have been married as the result of a dare while drinking

at a party, or because of false courage or self-pity they have agreed while under the influence to get married. Generally this does not occur in Los Angeles, because the facilities are not available for performing marriages here such as are found in Mexico and Nevada. So, after an all-night ride, accompanied generally by constant drinking on the way, they discover for the first time on the way back to Los Angeles, or in the morning in a motel room along the way, that besides having a hang-over and no money, they also are clutching a marriage license.

Well, setting aside the morals of the situation, the law protects these people, if they at the time were so intoxicated that they were unable to consent to the terms of the contract. This is based upon two theories: first, on contract law, in which capacity to enter a contract must be present to make the terms binding; and second, to preserve the sanctity of legitimate marriages.

Whether the drinking at the time of the marriage amounted to the degree of intoxication that will relieve a person from the responsibility for his acts, is of course a question for the court. In California, as in most states of the Union, contractually a completely intoxicated person is generally placed on the same footing as is a person of unsound mind. Our courts hold that one deprived of reason and understanding because of drunkenness is, for the time, as unable to consent to the terms of the contract as is the person who lacks mental capacity by reason of insanity or idiocy. Hence a person completely intoxicated at the time of making a contract may avoid it, notwithstanding the fact that his intoxicated condition may have been caused by his own voluntary act and not by the contrivance of another party.

However, our law is clear on the point that it is not the influence of liquor alone (Turn to page 28.)

Wildcat in Your Home

Roy L. Smith



TWO young women of Palo Alto, California, made a pet of a wildcat kitten. For six months it displayed none of its wild nature. Then one evening one girl was alone with the half-grown wildcat. Suddenly it began stalking her, snarling and baring its fangs. Every time the terrified girl started toward the phone to call for help, the wildcat lunged. For ninety minutes the struggle went on. Finally the phone was knocked to the floor; the operator heard screams and notified the police.

The arrival of the officers ended the girl's ordeal. But there is a lesson in her experience for anyone capable of serious thinking.

Again, a young couple active in church affairs decided to broaden their circle of friends. They accepted an invitation to spend an evening with a crowd that "drank a little." In the course of time it became necessary to entertain their new friends in their home, and a few cocktails seemed necessary.

No one became drunk; no one was rowdy. But the wildcat kitten had entered into the home.

The young wife, having been introduced to the effect of alcohol, found herself in a low mood one day when left

alone, and to brace herself decided to take one little drink in private. The wildcat kitten was beginning to grow up.

From that point on the story runs true to pattern. The kitten grew up until it began to stalk her. One evening her husband came home and found her in a drunken sleep. With sickening speed she became a helpless victim of the habit. Finally, the home was at the point of breaking up and friends began whispering to each other, "She's an alcoholic, you know."

It is unfortunately true that our wildcats come in a wide variety of species. In all cases they are untamed, savage, vicious, and destructive. But when they are young they appear cute.

In one case it was as "innocent" a matter as winning a small prize in a bingo game that started a youth on his way to a gambler's doom. In another, it was a more or less "innocent affair" that wrecked a home and a marriage. In still another it was a matter of sleeping pills which led to drug addiction and tragedy.

Remember, wildcat kittens grow up—and when they are grown, they are killers.—Reprinted by permission from "Together," August, 1958, copyright 1958 by Lovick Pierce.

Van Cliburn...

Diplomat of the Keyboard



"I am highly stimu-
ing gasoline on a
I have found that
does it enhance o
people the world

Not in Geneva
single diplomatic
And the diplo
expert schooled in
of the internation
glamorous eleganc

Yet he found l
acclaim, feted by f
with a ticker-tape
fers for his service
Texan pianist, Van
Piano Competition

In the round o
questions arose fo
Would he offend H
ternational relation

These question
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and he didn't inte
Van's stand is tha
is deeply religious,
because he lives it
explaining him and

For instance, be
phoned from Mosc

"One hour from
Will you pray for m

Van's father in
three churches in
tions. Everyone kn
know that while V
servatory in Mosc
were praying for hi

Praying is an o
he has made a sim

Interv



people, and drinking would be like throw-
burning fire. Besides, I don't care for liquor.
Acceptance does not depend on drinking, nor
em either professionally or socially. In fact,
pect one for refusing to drink."

Washington, not in Paris, was the greatest
of our day scored, but in Moscow.

scored the triumph was not a tie-and-tails
ious arts of world diplomacy, nor a habitué
ail circuit who, amid clinking glasses and
s his sly game.

atapulted overnight from obscurity to world
overnments and famous dignitaries, honored
up Broadway, inundated with fabulous of-
as the amazing experience of a six-foot-four
, after he won the International Tchaikovsky
oviet capital.

ons and cocktail parties that followed, these
nking Van: Should he drink with the others?
by not doing so? Would certain delicate in-
versely affected?

up, but they didn't influence Van's decision.
to this social custom before he was famous,
so now. Probably the strongest reason for
g violates his religious convictions. And he
his religion is something he rarely mentions,
l. A part of him, it goes a long way toward
enomenal success.

the finals of the Moscow piano contest, he tele-
is parents in Kilgore, Texas.

' he said, "I'll be in there playing. This is it.
u have never prayed before?"

ely relayed this message to the ministers of
who informed members of their congrega-
result of this international contest, but few
spellbinding the packed hall of the old con-
re than one hundred people in this country

m with Van. Before every contest or concert,
uest of his parents. Furthermore, he has won

every piano contest he has entered from the time he was twelve years
old. But neither he nor his parents have ever prayed that he would win.
They have prayed that God would be with him, win or lose; that he
might glorify Him, not self, in his playing.

The sudden appearance of what has been called a "new Sputnik
in the musical firmament" has caused much speculation. Music critics
abroad and at home rate this boyish Texan, who looks more like a
basketball player than a pianist, as one of those rare phenomena that
appear in the heavens once in a century.

Born Harvey Lavan Cliburn, Jr., in Shreveport, Louisiana, he was an
only child. His father, an oil-company executive, and his mother, a
talented piano teacher who studied in New York with Arthur Friedheim,
have been devoted parents to Van all through his career.

Studying with his mother at three, Van learned to read music long
before he could read words. At that age she began teaching him
piano when she heard him picking out a piece on the piano. He caught
on so quickly that he was appearing in recitals at four.

At this same time he was playing the triangle in the band at the
mission his parents helped found along the waterfront of Shreveport.
A little later, in the primary class at Sunday school, he played the piano
for the children's marching and singing. No one ever coaxed Van to
play. The mere sight of a piano brought a whoop of joy from him. He
immediately pounced on it and struck up a tune. And invariably when
he began to play, even as a boy, things quieted down. Oldsters and
youngsters alike gave ear.

At Kilgore, Texas, where the family moved when Van was six, he
soon acquired a local reputation by playing at recitals and school as-
semblies. Concerned lest such success go to his head, Mrs. Cliburn
sought ways to teach him humility. She kept telling him of his debt to
his Creator for the gifts given him, that he should use them to glorify
God. She explained to him the meaning of "Pride goeth before
destruction," the danger of thinking that he was self-sufficient.

The opportunity to apply this lesson came when Van was seven.
He was scheduled to play the first movement of Beethoven's "Sonata
Pathétique" at a school performance, and was keen about performing
this difficult, adult work, but was disappointed when the schoolteacher
asked him to substitute a shorter selection.

"Play Beethoven's 'Farewell to the Piano,'" said his mother.

"But, mother," he fumed, "anyone can play that simple thing."

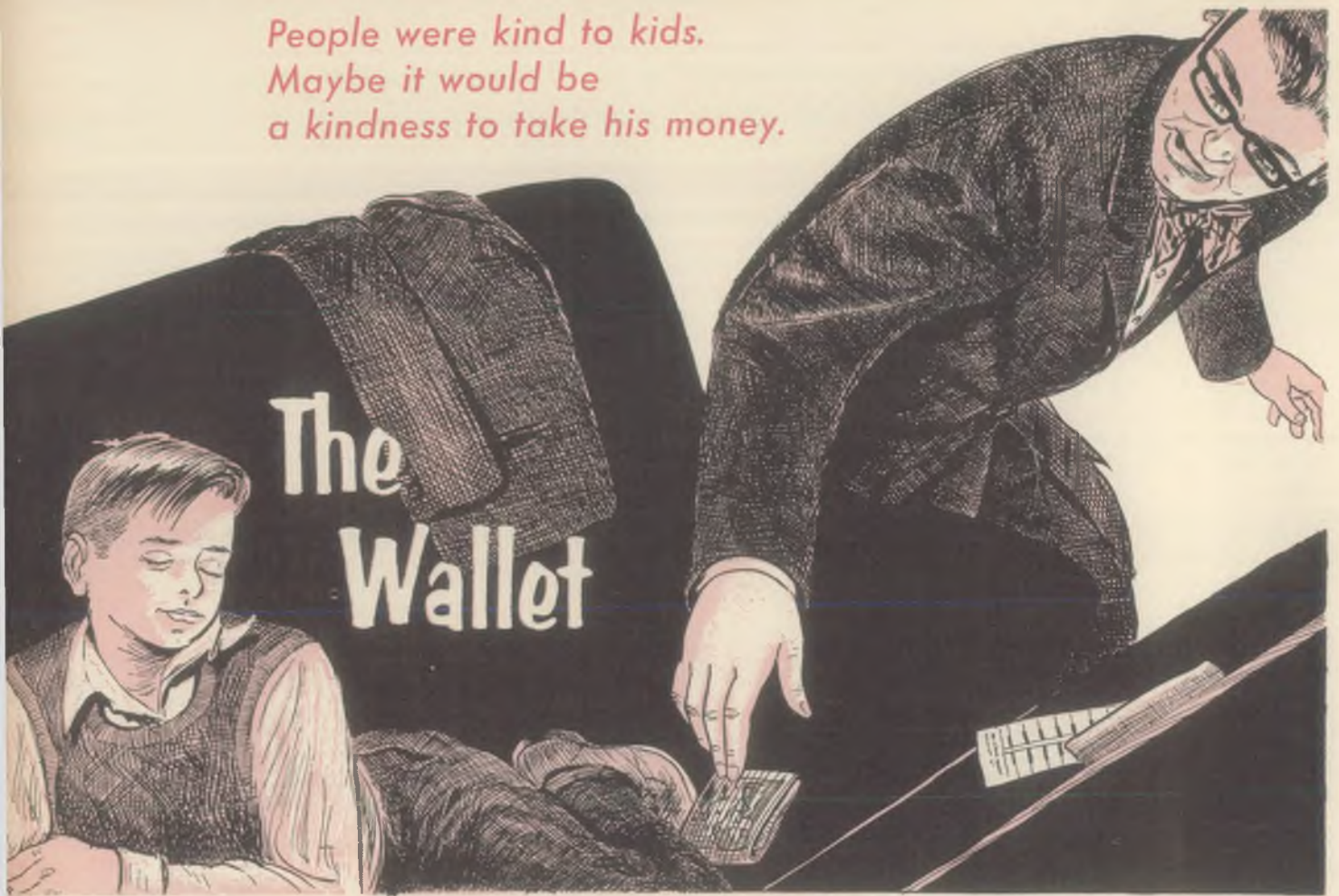
"Can you?" she said. "Can you get out of it all that Beethoven put
into it? Just think what it would mean to you to say 'good-by' to your
piano, never to play on it again."
(Turn to page 34.)

y Doron K. Antrim



when Van plays... he plays with his whole being

*People were kind to kids.
Maybe it would be
a kindness to take his money.*



ELSIE COMBS

THERE it was on the seat beside him, where it had fallen from the sleeping boy's pocket—a stained and battered wallet with a picture of Roy Rogers and Trigger tooled into the leather. The man reached out a trembling hand, then withdrew it. His whole body began to shake uncontrollably. How he needed a drink!

Just fifty cents—four bits—would buy one in the club car. He imagined himself walking through the cars of the swaying train, sitting down at one of the small tables, signaling the waiter. He could almost feel the fire of the amber liquid sliding down his throat.

He swallowed and pulled his sagging body up in the seat. For the hundredth time he went through every pocket in his disheveled gray flannel suit. Not a dime. Not even a penny.

Where had it all gone? Foggily, he searched his memory. The party at Martin's back in San Francisco. Over \$400 on him then. His first sip of a Manhattan. Then, blackout. He had wakened in a flophouse, with nothing in his pockets but a soiled handkerchief

and his return ticket to Chicago. His instinct of self-preservation made him always buy a round-trip ticket.

The shakes were getting worse. Now his teeth were chattering. He couldn't keep his eyes off that wallet. How much money would an eleven-year-old boy's family be likely to give him for a long trip alone? Five dollars? Ten? Maybe enough for a pint. Maybe even for a fifth. But to take money from a child! To steal at all for that matter; but from a child? He forced his eyes away from the wallet.

The grind of the wheels under him was like a buzz saw tearing into his brain. He couldn't stand this all the way to Chicago. The kid would be all right. People were kind to kids. The passengers would probably take up a collection for him. He might even end up with more money than he had before. Maybe it would be a kindness to take his money.

The sleeping boy stirred, and the man held his breath. If the kid awoke and put the wallet back in his pocket—but he wasn't actually going to take the wallet. Or was he? Tom Grant, account executive of Adkins, Adkins, and Stevens, a thief? He thrust his hands

into his coat pockets and clenched his fists. He could feel the cold sweat breaking out on his forehead.

Maybe the boy wouldn't miss fifty cents. For himself, it was a matter of life and death, for people did die of d.t.'s. If only the boy could understand that he would be saving a life, he'd probably be willing to give him fifty cents.

How much money was in the wallet, anyway? It wouldn't hurt to look. He didn't have to take the money. But if there was some change, he might take only enough for one drink. The kid would probably never miss that much. He drew a deep breath, and his fingers clutched spasmodically. In a second the wallet was hidden under his open coat.

He sat for a few minutes, scarcely breathing, not moving at all. The boy still slept soundly. Should he look into the wallet now? It wouldn't do to have the boy catch him. Moving carefully, his eyes on the boy, he slipped the wallet into his pocket and shuffled down the aisle.

Luck was with him. No one was in the men's room. Feverishly, he opened the wallet and with trembling fingers

counted the contents. Five, ten, eleven dollars and fifteen, twenty pennies. No fifty-cent piece. The dollar bill would buy two drinks in the club car, but if he took it all, it would buy at least two fifths of good whisky. The train should arrive at Denver soon and there might be time enough for him to get to a nearby bar and back. After all, two drinks wouldn't hold him all the way to Chicago.

But to rob a small boy! Only a skunk would do that. And he wasn't a skunk. Or a thief. Most of the time he was a moderately prosperous, hard-working advertising man, with a nice home in the suburbs, a beautiful wife, and his fair share of friends. No! He couldn't! He jammed the money back into the wallet and started pacing around the small room. Suddenly he stopped, staggered with the shock of seeing his own face in the mirror. He put his hands on the edge of the basin, supporting himself as he studied the image more closely.

"Tom Grant," he said aloud, "you look like a bum. You *are* a bum. You'd be better off dead."

He covered his face with his hands. The shakes were coming back again. What was he going to do? Maybe when he got home he wouldn't even have a job. Maybe J. B. wouldn't believe his story of a sick or dying relative this time. Maybe suicide was the best way out. Ellen would be better off without him, too. Everybody would. Could he throw himself from the train? The area between the cars was pretty well boxed in.

The loud-speaker sputtered. Then came the hostess's voice, loud and clear: "In approximately five minutes we will be in Denver. We will stop there fifteen minutes. Passengers for Denver will please collect their baggage at the rear of the car. That is all." A click, and the speaker was turned off.

The man raised his head and reached in his pocket for the wallet. It wasn't there! Wildly, he searched through all his pockets, then dropped to his knees and searched frenziedly through the wastebasket. There it was! He must have dropped it without noticing. He sat quite still on the floor, breathing hard, and staring at the object in his hand. Dark sweat stains began to spread over the worn leather.

Suddenly, as if his decision had been made for him, he stood up and stumbled out. After he got off this bender, he told himself, he'd never touch the stuff again. He'd get off at Denver and buy a fifth, just one. With the moncy that was left, he'd start a collection for the boy in the morning. He'd see that

the kid got as much, or even more, than he had lost.

He edged past the passengers filling the aisle, unaware of the way they drew away from him. Not much time, but he'd better make sure that the youngster was still asleep. Yes, he hadn't moved. Amazing the way kids sleep! If he could only get one night's sleep like that! He fell in behind the line of passengers.

When he returned, and the train started again, he pushed into the wash-room, clutching the paper bag close. One quick tug removed the foil from the top of one of the two bottles. It had seemed foolish to buy only one when there was money enough for two. He unscrewed the cap and, bracing his elbow with his left hand, lifted the bottle to his lips. A long draft. The straight whisky burned his throat, but the warmth of it spread through his body, relaxing his tense muscles and quieting his fevered brain. Ah-h-h! This was more like it. Life was worth living again. Now he was all right. J. B. could fire him if he wanted to. He wouldn't have any trouble getting another job. Any advertising agency in Chicago would be glad to have him with his ability and the accounts he could bring them.

He pulled the wallet from his pocket. Better get rid of that. Too bad the boy's ticket was in it. He'd have liked to leave that for him. But he couldn't

without directing suspicion toward himself. He took the one remaining dollar and the pennies from the wallet and put them in his pocket. That would be enough to start the collection for the boy in the morning. He closed the wallet, dropped it into the toilet, and flushed it away.

One more drink, then maybe he could get some sleep. With luck he could sleep all the way into Chicago now.

The boy was still sleeping, but, as the man sat down, he rolled his head restlessly and murmured something inaudible. The man watched him anxiously. He became quiet again. The youngster didn't look very comfortable, with his knees drawn up on the seat and his tousled head resting against the hard window sill. His pillow had slipped to the floor. Carefully, the man set his bundle on the floor and picked up the pillow. He lifted the boy's head gently, and slipped the pillow under it. The child opened his eyes briefly, and smiled, then lapsed into sleep again. Poor little tyke! Poor kid! Would he be frightened when he wakened and found his money gone? People shouldn't let a youngster like him travel alone.

"I'll be here to take care of you," he told him silently. "I won't let anything happen to you."

He picked up his bundle, buttoned it inside his coat, sat down, and, hugging it tightly to him, slept.

That "Liquid Sunshine"

EDNA MAE ANDERSON

"STRONG drink," says the "Mountain Messenger" of November 29, 1862, "is one of the greatest servants of wrongdoing and wrong-making to be found in our midst. It makes men wrong in themselves and also incites them to commit wrong against others."

It makes men wrong in themselves. Witness the sick man who is my patient tonight. "I have two drinks before dinner every night," he just told me, defensively. "What's wrong with that?"

What is wrong with it? It is what brought you here, I think, but dare not say. Those two drinks before dinner grew into a crutch. When trouble came to your home, you tried to lean on your crutch, but it broke. Tonight your body cries out against you. Your sufferings are real, but self-imposed. Liquor lied to you. While it promised to be the liquid sunshine in your life, it became the poison which brought you to this hospital.

The liquor you drank cost you only a few dollars, but now you are paying dearly, not only in pain, but in dollars and cents.

The law requires that so long as you are in this hospital you must have round-the-clock nursing care. We special nurses get more because drink brought you here. Add our fees to your hospital bill, and then be honest.

Were those two drinks before dinner worth what they cost you? Were they?

That was what I thought, but dared not say because I was a nurse.

WORLD VIEW



FINLAND

LAWS FOR PREVENTION

The laws in Finland concerning drinking and driving make the laws of our own country seem antiquated by comparison. In Finland the law is framed to *prevent* accidents through drunkenness. Ours are designed primarily for the purpose of punishing crimes of this nature.

An incident told in *Everybody's* (London) involved a man of prominence, who accepted a brandy at an official reception. He then drove his car to his home. By so doing he committed an offense, because no driver, immediately prior to driving a vehicle, is allowed even one drink containing alcohol. No one was surprised when the official voluntarily resigned from his post before being heavily fined in court.

The offense in Finland is committed when the drink is consumed. The question of drunkenness does not arise, because it is established that the drinker is partly drunk with even one drink, which makes him irresponsible and dangerous on the road. Nor does there have to be an accident before prosecution is made. In addition, punishments are standardized, and apply equally to all classes. The emphasis is on prevention, not punishment.—*Sunshine Magazine*, June, 1958 (used by permission).



CANADA

WARPED SENSE OF VALUES

Canadians spent \$1,042,000,000 in 1957 on alcoholic beverages, more than twice as much as they contributed to all forms of social security and pension funds. In the same year they gave only \$90,000,000 to churches and \$140,000,000 to charity. Salaries for those engaged in education amounted to only \$290,000,000. They spent two thirds as much on liquor as they did on building new homes, and 70 per cent as much as they saved.

HUNGARY

ALCOHOLISM ON THE SKIDS

Besides Poland and Bulgaria, Hungary is the third of the Iron Curtain countries to take special measures against alcoholism, designed to reduce the number of liquor stores and bars, restaurants, and canteens selling alcoholic drinks, and to enforce earlier closing hours for those permitted to operate.

A recent survey indicates that 30 per cent of admissions to four mental homes are alcoholics. Also, the average age of confirmed alcoholics in Hungary is 26 per cent lower than the average in other countries.



AUSTRALIA

WORST TRAFFIC TOLL

"After years of painstaking efforts by traffic and safety organizations to reduce accidents by education, and in spite of greater police enforcement, the sad fact remains that last year [1957] was the worst on record in Australia."—*Windsor Daily Star*.

GREAT BRITAIN

NONSMOKING PAYS

Under a new plan in the United Kingdom nonsmokers get a 5 per cent reduction in auto insurance premiums. To qualify, they must sign a pledge not to use cigarettes or pipes during the life of their policies. On personal accident and sickness policies, nonsmokers receive a reduction of £10, or about \$28, in premiums.

ONE THIRD ABSTAINERS

It has been estimated by competent observers and inquirers that 33 to 40 per cent of the British adult population are abstainers.



FRANCE

"JUST A DRUNK"

In the wine-drinking country of France distilled spirits make up only 14 per cent of the total alcoholic consumption. About one tenth of the national income is spent on alcoholic drinks. The average Frenchman spends 9 per cent of his earnings on drink, 5 per cent on health, 4 per cent on education, and 3 per cent on rent.

A recent opinion poll shows that 75 per cent of the men and 82 per cent of the women questioned believe that a drinker may become an alcoholic without ever getting drunk.

Drinking is restricted almost entirely to meals. Great social contempt is held for those who discredit the use of wine. A drinker is classified as an alcoholic only when he develops a mental disorder; otherwise he is "just a drunk."

POLAND

VODKA PREFERRED TO BREAD

Poles have been drinking "like dragons, like sponges," according to one newspaper editorial, "because of weariness, tension, and nerves." In the first eight months of 1957 alcohol consumption was 130 per cent greater than expected, the Poles spending between 15,000,000 and 20,000,000 zlotys a day on vodka. They say, "Vodka is bread, but tastes better." Poland, along with Sweden, is at the top of European alcohol consumption. The Crystal Bar in Warsaw advertises as having "the longest vodka bar in the world."

It is reported that 60 per cent of Polish youth of school age drink alcohol, learning the habit at the family table. They often spend scholarship money on drinks. Small children buy beer and wine, collecting money from selling bottles and wastepaper. Of 12,194 persons arrested in 1956, 64 per cent of them were under twenty-five years of age.

Modern

HY YOUNG

Trojan Horse



Using television as a medium, the brewing industry is now able to advertise its wares in homes where the word "beer" had never before been heard. This product is attractively presented on the screen in songs, in rhymes, in jingles, in commercials that, when judged technically, are unsurpassed.

Such commercials are designed to have universal appeal, to awaken in the very young a desire to try this alluring beverage. Adolescents see pictures of young folks, not much older than themselves—in fact, the very ones whom they try to emulate—preparing to have a glass or bottle.

If this kind of advertising does not make EVERY viewer a patron—and, of course, it will not—the secondary effect is to breed tolerance.

What will be the long-term effect of this type of advertising? Exactly the result for which the brewers are striving, unless effective countermeasures are used. We have been living now with television advertising for more than a decade, during which time we have witnessed a boom in beer consumption. To date the opposition to the brewers has been sporadic. The really effective means of securing change remain unused. The mass protest, written and verbal, and the judicious use of the ballot should ALL be used to register resentment against beer advertising.

A mass protest may be regional or general, depending upon the number of those protesting. During the early stages of World War II, in the Pacific Theater, Admiral Nimitz had but a few aircraft carriers, but he used these effectively by massing his total air strength from these carriers against one Japanese island base at a time. A regional protest could be organized along the same lines by selecting a given metropolitan area and unitedly protesting to the stations there against certain beer-sponsored programs.

The advertising of beer on television has persisted largely because of the apathy of those who resent it. If such indifference continues, a steadily increasing amount of such advertising may be expected. Finally custom, which has almost the force of law, will render effective protest largely impossible.

A CLEAN HOUSE?

HARRY J. MILLER

Aware that persons who seek employment in bars are often from the ranks of criminals, the Florida State Beverage Department has opened a campaign to detect anyone of questionable character who applies for such a job.

Agents of the department have been advised to enforce a new ruling that no vendor licensed under the beverage law may employ or place in charge of his business any person who has not filed fingerprints on regular Department of Justice forms with the beverage department and been approved by the director for such employment.

Under this new ruling (No. 103), filed with Florida's secretary of state, an agent who inspects a bar and finds

the law is being broken can make an administrative case against the owner of the bar. Final actions warrant either a letter of warning or a suspension of license.

This new rule is designed to prevent the employment of any person who has been convicted of a felony within the past fifteen years and who has been found guilty of violating the alcoholic beverage laws within the past five years.

Since such persons cannot be hired either to sell or to serve liquor, the ruling is designed to force the barroom barons to clean house, at least in the alcohol emporiums of the Sunshine State.

My instructions from the head nurse when I reported for special duty were:

"Don't leave the patient at any time. Mrs. O was brought in, comatose from an overdose of narcotics. This is the second time. She had recovered and was ready to go home when someone brought her in some more narcotics. When the general duty nurse went in to bathe her she was unconscious. We found an empty vial in the bed. Now she's to have specials around the clock. Watch her, and any guest, carefully."

When I walked into the room, the day special was writing on the chart. A

spread. I tried to calm her, but she ranted on. "You're not human. Why did you do it?" She began to weep bitterly, but I managed to quiet her.

The rest of the afternoon passed uneventfully. My patient awoke complaining of thirst, and when I gave her some water she sipped it eagerly. When the supper tray was brought in, I tried to get her to eat some custard, but she knocked it out of my hand. When she realized what she had done, she mumbled an apology. All she would take was some orange juice. Then she pleaded to be left alone.

After supper a man came into the room.

"I'm her husband," he said, walking over to the bed. "Honey, you awake?"

The patient didn't move or open her eyes. The husband slumped into a chair.

"She just ain't human no more, always full of dope. I bring home my pay

band got heavily to his feet. "She used to be a livin' doll, but look at her now." He shook his head and walked out.

At nine o'clock my patient began to scream: "Mabel! Give me another, just one more. The doctor promised." Beads of perspiration broke out on her forehead. As I blotted them with tissue she continued to plead: "He promised, Mabel. Said for you to give me a real party. Mabel! Mabel! Help me! Please!" She clutched my hands until her nails dug into my flesh. She became sick to her stomach, and finally fell into an exhausted sleep.

It was ten-thirty when Mrs. O woke up again. This time her body doubled up with cramps. When I bent over to do what I could for her, she caught my uniform with both hands. "Why do I have to suffer like this?" she groaned.

"You'll be O.K.," I said, trying to calm her.

Gladys Louise Cortez

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pretty doll-like girl lay in the bed. The side rails were up.

The nurse motioned me to the far side of the room. "She gave me a bad time this morning, kicking and screaming, but she's quiet now. I just gave her the medication, and it should hold her for a while," she told me, and said good-by.

I read the chart, then went over to check my patient. Her hair was honey-colored and lay in tight curls on the pillow. As I drew near, her eyes suddenly opened.

"I'm your afternoon nurse. I'm going to take your temperature," I told her. When I touched her chin, she let me put the thermometer into her mouth. The expressionless eyes closed, and she was back in her world of unreality.

I sat beside her for about an hour, when she suddenly sat up. As I bent over her, her baby-blue eyes opened. "You shouldn't have done it!" she said, taking me for someone else. "You and your pills! I only wanted to reduce. Now I can't get along without them." Her small hands plucked at the bed-

check, and what does she do with it? Spend it for dope." He shook his head and continued. "She's got two swell kids. Used to be a good mother, but no more."

"Your wife may hear you," I warned in an aside.

"What difference does it make? She can't hear nuthin. She's fulla dope. I've been a father to her kid by her first husband. He was killed in the war. We got a swell kid of our own, a month and a half old, and you know what? He's a hop head, too. Born a dope addict from her taking the stuff the whole time she was carrying him." The hus-

Those blue eyes glared into mine. "How do you know? You aren't suffering the pain. I'm in agony." Her fingers strained at my uniform as she pulled it tighter and tighter.

"Come, now. Relax," I said, trying to free myself.

"Relax? Can't you shut up? You don't understand. You don't know how I feel."

She was right. I finally managed to free myself. She lay back, but continued to toss and turn. She doubled up in pain, then kicked out until the bed shook. I mopped the perspiration from her forehead, and reached for another tissue to

mop my own brow. My heart ached for her.

The next day when I came on duty my patient seemed better. She was sleeping when I got there. However, I had been on duty only a short while when she threw back the covers. Before I could stop her she managed to climb over the side rails and rushed for the window, screaming, "I'm going to kill myself. I want to die."

If the window hadn't been protected by a heavy wire netting, she would have crashed through. Fortunately I managed to get one arm around her and pulled her back. She fought like a wildcat. I tried to reach the buzzer to summon help, but in our struggles it had been pulled from the wall. My patient's fingernails raked my face. A glancing blow on my chin almost knocked me out. I thought I would have to give up, but I managed to get her back to bed. I

"What you doing out here?" he asked.

I explained what had happened.

"Too bad she couldn't make it out the window," he said callously. "She would be better off dead."

Was the man without any understanding or sympathy?

The following afternoon when I came on duty Mrs. O was shaking with a chill. When I refilled her hot-water bottle, she thanked me. Her eyes were clear, and she was no longer in the world of misery and shadows. Her honey-colored hair clung in moist ringlets close to her head. I dried it with a towel, then combed it into soft waves. She smiled gratefully. I doubted whether she even remembered what had happened the day before.

"Your hair is very pretty," I told her.

"Most everyone says so. That's why I'm called Honey. My real name is Adelaide, but I like Honey better. Will you call me Honey, like everyone else does?"

"All right, Honey." I went to get another blanket.

The chill subsided, and the afternoon passed uneventfully. Honey was apparently on her way to recovery.

My patient improved every day. There were no relapses. When the husband saw that she was getting better, he immediately wanted to know how soon she would be leaving the hospital. "You know this costs a lot of dough," he complained.

Once after he left I saw tears in her eyes. I tried to cheer her, but she only shook her head. "It's no use. I'm no good. When I leave here the pushers will be after me. Once you're hooked, they never leave you alone; and I'm hooked."

"But you aren't any more," I told her.

"Oh, I'm clean now." She looked at her reflection in the mirror and patted her honey-colored curls. "I should always look like this, but I won't. And all because I wanted to look nice. Pete likes to fool around with the boys, so when he wasn't home I would watch TV and eat. He began to kid me about getting overweight, so I decided to do something about it. Seeing an ad in the paper advertising a reducing salon, I went to see about it. I signed up for a course of treatments. It was a real plush place. A swanky doctor examined me, then turned me over to a nurse. I had a treatment, then he gave me a diet and some pills to help with the diet."

"But how did you come to get on narcotics?" I asked.

"Wait. I'll tell you. The treatment was pleasant. I left with the pills, my head in the clouds. I was to come back when I needed more pills, and I must be sure to stick to my diet.

"Diet! Pills! Oh, the diet was O.K. The pills! They were junk."

"When did you suspect?"

"When I ran out of pills and went back for more. The salon was closed, and when I asked the elevator operator about it, he said he didn't know where they had gone, but if I was interested in reducing, he knew of a better place. I still couldn't believe the pills were dope, and I did want to get thin, so I got the address from him.

"I found the place. It wasn't as nice as the other one, and the office was filled with patients. When my turn came I was admitted to a cubicle. I was amazed when the 'doctor' from the other place appeared. He said he would give me some more pills, stronger ones. When I needed more, I was to come back. The nurse would take care of me. I was never to ask for him. I knew I was hooked. I never saw the 'doctor' again—not there—but once here—maybe I dreamed it. He bent over me and pressed something in my hand.

"Someone brought you some narcotics when you were almost ready to go home?"

"Yes, I remember. Maybe he thought if he could keep me supplied I wouldn't talk, but I took too much."

"He should be reported."

"It wouldn't do a bit of good. The FBI itself couldn't get into his place. If they did, they would probably find nothing but a bunch of fatties doing stupid exercises."

Honey's story amazed me. I felt sorry for her and wanted to help her. She finally got so much better that I was put on another case. It was a fracture case on the same floor, so whenever I went on my relief I stopped to see Honey.

One afternoon I found her in the depths of despair. When I asked her what was wrong she told me she was due to go home the next day. "Don't let them send me home," she pleaded.

"Don't be silly, Honey. I'm off your case. I have nothing to do with it. If the doctor says you are well, you should be glad to go home."

Honey shuddered. "But I'm not. I'll be back on the stuff again."

"Not if you don't want to be."

Honey's big blue eyes filled with tears. "I have always been afraid I would run out of the stuff someday when I needed it, so I always got a little extra and stashed it away. I've got junk hidden all over the apartment."

"Tell your husband and have him get rid of it before you go home."

"I can't even remember all the places I've hidden it. Even if I stay clean, I may find some and in a weak moment —" She began to cry bitterly. I com-

(Turn to page 34.)



pushed the side rail down and heaved her over it. I was just pulling the side rail back into place when the door opened and the head nurse came in.

"I thought I heard noise in here," she said.

"I'll say you did," I managed to gasp.

"I'll stay with the patient. You get yourself fixed up and rest awhile."

I thanked her and left. My cap was askew. My hair was disheveled. The scratches on my face were bleeding. For a moment I thought of going off the case, but I felt sorry for my patient.

I was walking down the corridor when Mrs. O's husband came along.



Administration building at Chino Institution is the center of an unusual and bold experiment in penology.

THE small California town of Chino boasts one of the most unusual prisons in the world, the California Institution for Men. It has no locks, no bars, no armed guards. Its gun towers are inactive.

Prisoners are allowed to have saws, files, knives, but none attempt escape or mayhem. Yet the assortment of inmates includes every offender in the book: counterfeiters, murderers, footpads. The men wear T shirts and gabardine trousers of their color choice. The reason for this unusual program and its success is the fact that these men are being rehabilitated through trust rather than fear.

Escape from Chino is ridiculously easy. Any man can merely walk out. Yet in 1952, for example, out of an average of 2,800 men, only 25 attempted escape. Most of the prisoners are transferees from severe "maximum security" institutions, and escape could only mean eventual return to terrible conditions and lengthened sentences.

Why would any of them want to spoil their chances of returning to free life? At Chino they live more like men in an exclusive club or on a school campus. They are taught trades, assigned to work they like best. They can even get college credits, and become members of unions with fees paid in advance and work guaranteed on "graduation." They engage in sports, playing their supervisors—no wardens there—or outlying schools. The inmates even have their own governing body, the advisory council, which serves as a link between them and the prison board.

TAMARA

ANDREEVA

Jai



The men frequent the library for study and relaxation oftener than any other facility offered at the California Institution for Men.

When families of the men came to see them, the visiting grounds at Chino look like a picnic park or a college campus.

Without Locks



Eric Scudder, the superintendent, writes a book about penology—"Prisoners Are People."



One of the beloved religious leaders of Chino Institution for Men, Father Cooney, is Irish.



Baseball is a favorite game. Inmates play the guards, or teams from industrial plants nearby.



Making articles of wood or of shell is one of the many crafts taught at Chino.



The barn is a place for hard work, but boys fight for the opportunity to work there.



By day this boy's job at Chino is scouring garbage cans; by night he is a featured pianist.



This boy plans to be a horse breeder and ride in rodeos. Horse magazines interest him.



Chino encourages crafts. This man is finishing up a billfold and a woman's handbag.



Treatment for hang-over

During the passing years, Vermont folk medicine has learned by the trial-and-error method how to deal successfully with sobering up the individual who has been on a drinking spree. A man in his forties had been drinking from December 27 to January 10. He was paralyzed drunk when seen. He was given six teaspoonfuls of honey. Twenty minutes later he was given another six teaspoonfuls, and twenty minutes later a third dose in the same amount. This made eighteen teaspoonfuls of honey in forty minutes. Beside his bed was a fifth of liquor, with one drink left in the bottle. Three hours later the drink was still there. Treatment was continued: three doses of

six teaspoonfuls of honey each, at twenty-minute intervals.

The following morning he was seen at 8:30. He had slept straight through the night until 7:30 a.m. This was something he had not experienced for twenty years. He had, however, taken the one remaining drink of liquor. First he was given three more doses of six teaspoonfuls of honey at intervals of twenty minutes. He was then given a soft-boiled egg. Then minutes later he received six teaspoonfuls of honey. His lunch consisted of four teaspoonfuls of honey at the beginning of the meal, a glass of tomato juice, and a serving of ground beef. For dessert he received four more teaspoonfuls of honey.

A friend brought him a pint of liquor, which was placed on the table with his evening meal. He pushed it away, and said he did not want it any more. He never took another drink again.

As a result of the treatment given this man, a paralyzed drunk at 7:00 p.m., was made sober within twenty-four hours with the help of two pounds of honey. Vermont folk medicine considers overindulgence in alcohol to be evidence of potassium deficiency in the body. Being a good source of potassium, honey counteracts the craving for alcohol and successfully accomplishes the sobering-up process.—D. C. Jarvis, M.D., *Folk Medicine* (New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1958, \$2.95), pages 176, 177.

IT IS THE LAW

(Continued from page 17)

that voids the contract, because intoxication must be shown to have existed to such an extent that it seriously impaired reasoning facilities at the time the contract was made.

So, under the circumstances outlined, we give a man or a woman an annulment even though he or she may be the guilty party, and even though the conduct of both parties or of one party is morally wrong. In this way, the law saves him from his own folly and stupidity in a field in which human passions are increased and human reason decreased by the consumption of alcohol.

In your mind most of you are probably taking the strictly layman's view, and are mulling over the obvious inequity of the situation which permits one at fault to obtain legal relief. Yet such a law is soundly based, not only on the common law of contracts, but upon the interests of the state in the marriage contract, and its efforts to preserve the home and marriage relation, on the theory that these marriages are not sound, are not entered into in good faith, have none of the proper disposition toward matrimony, and could scarcely create a legitimate basis for a secure, unified home in which to rear children.

As to divorce, intemperance is a

ground in some states, including California. On the other hand, there are many states in the Union that do not provide for intemperance as a cause for divorce. In some other liberal states the catchall ground for divorce known as mental cruelty is elastic enough to include excessive drinking. In a divorce action, however, unlike an annulment, this ground is available only to the spouse who is injured, or to the innocent party.

The far-reaching legal, ethical, and moral problems arising out of drinking by one spouse or both, are much too extensive and too complicated to discuss here. Suffice it to say that no other single problem is as responsible for as extensive and complex litigation, without regard to the side effects of violence, infidelity, neglect, nagging, and quarreling which take a lasting and destructive emotional toll on the husband, the wife, and the children, as drinking.

A great part of the domestic strife in our country today can be attributed directly or indirectly to the excessive use of beverage alcohol in the home. The seriousness of the problem of individual consumption may range from that of the alcoholic to the one who deceives himself into believing that he only drinks "socially" outside of the home, or in his own home, for what he calls "relaxation."

But no matter the extent of the use—excessive, occasional, or rare—the con-

sumption of intoxicants becomes a serious problem for any man or woman when it adversely affects the family unit or creates a condition of neglect or causes a delinquency—moral, ethical, or legal. To my way of thinking, any consumption of intoxicants, no matter how slight or limited, is excessive if in any manner whatsoever it adversely affects self, home, family, or community.

Juvenile court authorities will tell you that the majority of abandoned or neglected children who are legally committed wards of the court in this community are the result of home conditions due largely to the use of alcohol by one or both parents.

In considering the field of torts and personal injuries, I speak not of those arising out of "drunken driving," but of accidents resulting from someone's negligence, where it is shown that someone had something of an intoxicating nature to drink. In tort actions, our law is generally that an intoxicated person is held to the same standard of care as a sober one. Although intoxication itself under all circumstances amounts to lack of due care, it is a circumstance that may be considered in determining whether one was negligent.

Now to that huge and endless field of law involving crime, in which the recognition of intoxication in our laws becomes most important. In passing I only briefly note the plain arrests for drunkenness and the misdemeanor

drunken-driving arrests, which under our vehicle code are commonly called 502's, and the felony drunken-driving situations wherein personal injury has resulted, which in the vehicle code are known as 501's. Of course, these so-called "drunk" offenses have in themselves little or no relation to the thousands of crimes involving, as a main or incidental element, intoxication in one degree or another, this intoxication constituting either an incident or delinquency, the incentive or the reason for the criminal behavior, or mitigation of the criminal behavior.

Where alcohol is involved, criminal behavior arises generally in one of two ways. One is by its excessive use by someone other than the delinquent himself in the family or in the home, creating a condition or milieu compatible with criminal behavior. The second is through the use of alcohol by the delinquent himself, which causes him to engage in criminal activity he would not engage in if he were not under the influence. The kind of criminal acts committed by those in the latter category, in which liquor is directly involved, often

consists of acts of force and violence.

Some time ago I read with interest an article entitled "The Alcoholic of Today," by Dr. Robert B. Seliger, chief psychiatrist of the Neuropsychiatric Institute of Baltimore, wherein he discussed the pathology, the psychopathology, and the psychodynamics of alcoholism. He dwelt at great length on the physiological changes in the body's functioning when alcohol is ingested. Important among them is the depression of the higher brain centers and the temporary impairment or removal of the brake power of judgment, discretion, and control, thus setting free primitive impulses and emotions.

With the spurious courage that liquor gives, this creates a condition which induces crime, not because those involved are basically criminal types, but because drinking has lulled them into the childish demands: "I want what I want, when I want it, because I want it"—and the willingness and false courage to use force to get it. Laws, ethics, and morals mean very little to the intoxicated person when, for instance, he engages in a fist fight in a bar, or when, with a flour-

ish of courage, he writes a check on a bank in which he has no money, or when he robs a service station. Seemingly simple in the beginning, any of these acts turns out to be complex.

Law-wise, subject to certain qualifications, voluntary intoxication does not render one legally incapable of committing a crime. Our penal code expressly provides that no act committed by a person while in a state of voluntary intoxication is less criminal by reason of his having been in such condition. Certainly it is reasonable that if a person by a voluntary act temporarily casts off the restraints of reason and conscience, no wrong is done him if he is considered answerable for any injury which in that state he may do to others or to society. This is based upon a policy of the law that to preserve as far as he is able the inestimable gift of reason is a duty.

When a person, by long-continued indulgence, has reached that state of chronic alcoholism in which the brain is permanently diseased so that the victim is incapable of distinguishing right from wrong, and general insanity has resulted, he is no more legally re-

Those awful lights

Gladys Wilson White

He was an ordinary, fun-loving country lad of thirteen the first time I saw him in North Dakota. Teasing his mother and sister-in-law seemed to be his chief delight, for I often heard them say, "Please don't, Willard." During that year he grew rapidly.

The next time I saw him he was a young married man. He and his wife Grace came to visit us in Washington State. He told of his logging operations in southern Oregon. She chatted as though she had always known us, telling of their children, who were staying with friends while he and she were on this trip.

In the next few years we heard of them occasionally. Business was good. He was now hauling lumber from Oregon to Dakota.

One gray, windy January day I heard a car toot. Thinking that it was the mail carrier with a package, I quickly donned some wraps and hurried outdoors. My husband's brother was there.

"Thought no one was at home, so didn't get out—just tooted to make sure before I left," he greeted me. "I came to tell you that Willard is dead and Grace is in critical condition in the

hospital. Mother is taking it hard. You know, he was the son of her dear friend. Stop and see her when you come to town this p.m." With that he was gone.

What had happened? Little by little, through telephone calls and talks with those who knew, we found out.

After the Christmas holidays, Grace and Willard were taking their eldest son to Portland for a much-needed operation. He was riding in the back seat. About ten in the evening they noticed an oncoming car pull out in their lane to pass a car. Willard slowed up and applied the brakes, skidding many feet. In spite of that, they crashed head on, throwing both Grace and Willard out of the car. He was killed instantly, and she lay there suffering until she was taken to the hospital.

Immediately they removed her damaged spleen and sewed up gashes. Head injuries kept her from regaining consciousness for several days. Her son was found to have a fractured pelvic bone.

The driver of the other car, the only occupant, suffered fractures of both legs. Earlier in the evening this man was

This indeed is the story of "just another accident." Don't miss the ending.

sitting in a tavern a few miles down the road. He drank until he was so drunk he was ordered out of the tavern. In that condition he started home.

Willard's funeral was postponed until Grace regained sufficient consciousness to tell them where she wanted him buried. Even then her own life still hung in the balance.

One day several weeks after the accident her sister-in-law stepped into the hospital room to visit. Grace was asleep, but all at once she moaned, "Oh, those lights, those awful lights, we can't get away from them. They follow us everywhere." Then she woke with a start.

Seeing her sister-in-law there, she explained, "I often have dreams in which I see those headlights coming toward us and feel that awful crash all over again."

The driver of the other car was in such a condition that he didn't remember starting home that night. He even had to be told how his legs were broken. When told of the death and suffering he had caused others, too, he casually remarked, "It was just another accident. Statistics show that a certain amount happen each year."

sponsible for his acts than would be a man congenitally insane, or insane from a violent injury to the brain.

Now, it is in this next proposition of the law that we find the basis for the most complex and extensive ground for litigation among criminal lawyers. This proposition provides for one of the most common defenses known in our criminal law. Although it is true that one's voluntary intoxication is no ground for considering a person incapable of committing a crime, it may eliminate criminal guilt where a specific intent or other specific mental state is required, and where his voluntary intoxication prevented him from forming any such specific intent or state of mind.

Most crimes outlined in our penal code require a specific intent—for instance: writing fictitious checks or checks without sufficient funds requiring an intent to defraud; assault with intent to commit great bodily injury or assault with intent to commit murder; burglary requiring entry with an intent to commit larceny; and first-degree murder, with malice aforethought.

Whenever the actual existence of any particular purpose, motive, or intent is a necessary element under the law to constitute a particular species or degree of crime, such as in the offenses I have described, the court or the jury may take into consideration the fact that the accused was intoxicated at the time of the commission of the crime.

For instance, the defendant may have been so deeply under the influence of intoxicating liquor at the time of the perpetration of the act, that he was incapable of forming in his mind that malice aforethought which is one of the essential legal elements of the crime of first-degree murder.

This defense of intoxication to the extent that the defendant could not form the necessary specific intent, is used in our criminal courts constantly. During my service in the superior court, in the felony criminal trial department, I have heard every kind of "drunk" defense that anyone, normal or abnormal, could manufacture. Many repeat offenders who know the ropes, when brought before the court frequently on robbery or burglary charges, interpose this defense for two reasons—if one can convince the judge he was really drunk at the time of the crime, this constitutes a complete defense; if he takes the stand and testifies that he can remember nothing because he was intoxicated, he has nothing to explain, and the district attorney has nothing on which to cross-examine him.

I would say that in cases of force and violence this defense is used eight out of ten times. Occasionally, however, a

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 Ave., N.W., Washington 12, D.C.

What beverages can be served at a teen-age party with no harmful effects?

If you like to mix your drinks for a new taste thrill, use various amounts of the many kinds of fruit juices, fresh, frozen, or canned.

An interesting guessing game can be devised by serving three or four kinds of mixed fruit juices and offering a prize to the individual coming the nearest to reproducing the recipe for each. This makes a good social mixer.

Vegetable juices, raw and/or cooked, may be used. Sweet birch bark, sassafras, and other barks may give interesting and healthful flavors for various "teas."

But let us use them unspoiled!

If alcohol is so poisonous, why is its sale permitted?

During the 1920's, the prohibition era, it was illegal to sell alcoholic beverages. But because the education of the people as to the harmfulness of alcohol for beverage purposes was neglected, the "grand experiment" failed to be enforced. So the blame for all the evil-doing of the lawless during that period has been heaped on the doorstep of the

Eighteenth Amendment.

Even when wine was the strongest of drinks (10 to 14 per cent when unspiked, and there was no way of spiking it then), in the days of the richest and wisest of the Hebrew kings, Solomon said that wine was a deceiver and those deceived by it were not wise. Proverbs 20:1; 23:29-32.

Does a teen-ager of twelve to sixteen years stop his mental and physical growth by the use of tobacco and alcohol?

This would depend upon the amount used. We know that nicotine, one of the chief poisons in tobacco, has been used to stunt the growth of dogs and thus develop "toy" or small dogs. We also know that those who start smoking young develop a greater proportion of lung cancer than those who start the use of cigarettes after twenty years of age. And we know that athletes who smoke do not have the stamina of the nonsmoker.

Alcohol affects first the mental acuity. Certainly a person's ability to learn, and apply his attention to learning, would be affected adversely. Thus his mental growth would be stunted.

true defense of this type arises. I remember one in particular. A Mexican, attending a wedding reception on the east side of town, filled up with tequila and beer, and about four o'clock in the morning he started to walk home. Cold and tired, he opened the door of a garage of a private residence. Looking around, he found a serape in the car, wrapped himself in it, sat down in the corner of the garage, and fell asleep. In exploring the garage he had made enough noise to raise the dead, tripping over paint cans and banging doors. Eventually the neighbors called the police. He came before me on a charge of burglary.

Surely he was guilty of being intoxicated; there was no question about that. But the necessary element of intent to steal was lacking, because obviously he made so much racket he did not think he was stealing or he would have done it with some stealth. Furthermore, he didn't leave the garage, but remained there with the serape wrapped around him to keep warm, and either fell asleep or passed out.

These constitute some of the legal aspects of intoxication, showing that nowhere in our society is there manifest such a display of drinking and intoxication mishaps as in our courts.



Titus A.
Frazee

No. 2:

GENEROUS JUDGMENTS

When he was president of Harvard, Dr. Charles W. Eliot delivered a lecture in which he made this statement: "An honorable man must be generous, and I do not mean generous with money only. I mean generous in his judgments of men and women."

You and I have heard much about intolerance. Pompous politicians reach for that word whenever they are at a loss for something to say, and streamlined psychologists kick it around in language none of us can understand.

But when I get to feeling too big for my breeches, I think of a lesson that was taught to me by my mother before I was able even to pronounce the word *intolerance*.

I was like all the rest of the kids, heartless in judging people and quick to pop off once I had formed an opinion. I came rushing into the kitchen one windy day and began spouting off about one of my schoolmates being a dirty little foreigner. Of course the reason I thought so was that he had fanned me three times in a ball game.

My mother didn't scold me. She set a glass of milk on the kitchen table and put two homemade doughnuts beside it. Then she talked as I ate.

She said a well-dressed man got on a streetcar and stood, not taking a seat that was vacant beside a laboring man who apparently had eaten plenty of garlic with his lunch.

Finally another seat became vacant, and the well-dressed fellow sat down beside a gray-haired man who had been watching the episode with an amused smile.

"Why didn't you take that seat over there?" the gray-haired man asked the other. "Of course, it is none of my business, but I guess I'm just curious."

"He's a dirty Greek; that's why," said the indignant, well-dressed man.

"Don't you realize that he is of the same race that produced such men as Aristotle and Plato?" asked the gray-

haired man gently. "He springs from one of the oldest, most civilized races in the world."

"Oh, I know all that," the other said impatiently, "but he's not like them."

"Possibly that is true," was the response; "but are you like Washington?"

That was the end of the story, and all my mother said. But to this day I never pass a statue of Washington that I don't shrink down to my own size.

My mother gave me the idea without even mentioning the word *intolerance*, and I haven't forgotten it in more than forty years.

John Oxenham penned these words:

To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way.
And the High Soul climbs the
High Way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low.
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way, and a Low.
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go.

I am keenly interested in generous judgments, because of the profound impression made upon me when I learned of an experience David Dunn recalls.

A man living in a Boston suburb was for years harshly criticized by his neighbors for his antisocial attitudes. He was tolerated socially only because of his charming wife, who had the sympathy of the entire community because she had to live with such a husband—a boorish, unsociable man who drank too much.

Quite suddenly one day the couple moved away, without even leaving an address with their friends. At a neighborhood bridge party the evening following their departure the unpopular husband received a particularly vicious tearing-apart. Everybody agreed that it was good riddance to the community, except that his attractive wife would be greatly missed.

Only one person in the neighborhood, a quiet young lawyer, had always declined to be drawn into these discussions, and this evening he kept noticeably aloof from the conversation. Suddenly one of the most outspoken of the women turned on him. "Bradley," she snapped, "you'd think from the way you've never said a word when we've discussed Jim So-and-So that you approve of him."

"I'm afraid I do," he replied, "more, at least, than I approve the way we have torn him apart all these years. Have we ever asked ourselves why he has acted as he has? What have we really known about his life?"

The prompt and rather ill-natured consensus was that they had known "plenty."

He waited for the fire of their spite to die down. Then he said quietly, "I learned in law school not to form judgments until I had the facts. It took me a long time to get the facts in this case, and I've had to keep them to myself until tonight. But now that these people have moved away I'd better let you have them.

"The gracious wife of our unpopular departed neighbor is a confirmed kleptomaniac. She has been caught shoplifting in every large store in the city. Her husband has managed to keep her out of jail, usually at a heavy price. He nearly went to jail on one occasion by drawing suspicion to himself. He dreaded to have parties at his house because his wife has been known to steal things from her guests. [Two women in the group exchanged startled glances with their husbands.] And he has tried to keep her from coming to our parties because she has been known to take things from other guests' handbags."

The whole group gasped.

It was this experience that really taught me tolerance—to reserve judgment on people until I had the facts—and, meanwhile, to try to like the people.

I once read a Sioux Indian's prayer which impressed me deeply: "Great Spirit, help me never to judge another until I have walked two weeks in his moccasins."

To be generous in praise and appreciation of others, to impute right motives even to those who appear to be acting like enemies, to keep the mind pure and the judgment charitable, to wait until all the facts are in before beginning to judge, to give your opponent the benefit of the doubt, to love your neighbor as well as loving your brother—this is Christianity in its practical form. This is giving of yourself in the highest sense; this points up friendly faith or generous judgments as a golden guidepost to life.

POWER OF A WOMAN

(Continued from page 6)

so much every time she breathes.”

About this time an interested attorney suggested holding a public meeting. Lynne responded by personally calling civic workers, city, county, and state officials, officers of fraternal orders, religious leaders, P.T.A. groups—everyone who might support a proposal to form an organization to fight for a new, more adequate drunken-driving law.

Growing out of the resultant meeting was the Florida Save-a-Life Council, with Mrs. Levin as president. A program of public education gradually developed, a speaker's bureau was set up, and State Representative John B. Orr was named legislative chairman.

A new statute, which Representative Orr and his associates prepared after weeks of study, was introduced into the state legislature, making a jail sentence mandatory for drunken drivers, the length of the sentence depending on the record of previous convictions. Graduated fines were also provided, and licenses were to be suspended for varying periods up to lifetime revocation.

Furthermore, the bill provided for a fund to be expended by the Department of Public Safety for an educational program on the dangers of drinking and driving.

“All other states, as well as Florida, should be in this fight,” this crusader emphasized. “In one year recently there were 40,000 automobile deaths and 1,400,000 injuries—both new records—and, according to the National Safety Council, one in every four motorists or pedestrians involved in fatal accidents had been drinking.”

Mrs. Levin paused in her comments, her bright eyes gleaming. “Yes, Roger can walk, and I guess he is going to be all right; but unless steps are taken there is a horrifying chance that someone will ring *your* doorbell and say, ‘Sorry, there has been an accident.’”

Because of her vigorous work since this accident occurred, Lynne has received the National Safety Council Award of Merit, one of only three given in the nation. She has also been elected to a four-year term in the City Council of West Miami, and was invited by President Eisenhower to serve on his Committee for Traffic Safety.

In spite of all these activities, Mrs. Levin does not neglect her children. Roger is now fifteen, Veda nine, and Mark, four and a half. Neither does she neglect her husband, Lou. She met him when she played a professional engagement as a magician at the Park View Hotel in Bethlehem, New Hampshire,

a hotel owned by Lou and his father. Lou also owns an apartment hotel in Miami Beach.

Most of Mrs. Levin's hobbies are family centered, and her ability to sketch comes in handy. She has exchanged pastel portraits for all kinds of objects and services.

“When we were low on funds, I decided to barter my ability to sketch,” she recalls. “In return I have had bugs exterminated, ironing and baby-sitting done, shrubbery planted, and play-gym equipment installed.”

SUBSTITUTES

“Good companionship serves many of the ends furthered by a quaff of ale, and without dulling judgment. Similarly a walk should wash away much of the dust of everyday life. A bask in the sun gives you that hard-to-beat feeling of relaxation. The outdoors also puts you to sleep without leaving you groggy in the morning. A good book not merely drowns your troubles; it lifts you right out of them into something satisfying. When you lay it aside, your recollection of your worries has a lot of competition in the forefront of your thoughts. A hobby may cure a worry, but whisky never does so. The one universal sedative that always has desirable side effects is a congenial occupation.”—Wendell White, Ph.D., in “Psychology of Living.”

What does the family think about her being so active in civic affairs, and especially her entry into politics? They're all for it, as evidenced by the hunger strike staged to encourage her to enter the West Miami council race.

“One Saturday night I received a family letter from the children and Lou, which warned me of the strike, which would end only if I promised to qualify,” she relates. “Next morning I placed Sunday breakfast, consisting of waffles and eggs, on the table. All four sat with folded arms, not taking a bite. Even little Mark, who loves waffles, wouldn't eat. He had been coached.

“At lunch the same thing happened. So I just had to promise to run.”

As a new city councilor for West Miami, Mrs. Levin plans to promote improved recreational facilities, capable budgeting, town beautification, and of course public safety—particularly in the field of traffic.

“An all-out drive on traffic accidents is what we need,” she repeats. “We have drives against polio and cancer. We have to attack traffic accidents the same way, as we would a plague, with an all-out program.”

NO ESCAPE

(Continued from page 7)

asked. “It seems as if a few years in here would make a person want to avoid this exaggerated confinement again.”

“Well,” the official explained, “most of the men who come back don't *want* to come back. They would rather be on the outside having their fun and a home and a family, too. But most of the ones we get back a second time get into a pattern that's hard for them to break. Either they get a job and find that wage-earning routine takes hard work, or they don't get a job and get discouraged. In either case many of them try to kill off the reality by drinking. When they do that they lose their sharply honed sense of right and wrong. Soon they take the easy way of robbery or murder to get money, and find themselves back here again. You will find that about 80 per cent of the men here for the second time are here because of this pattern.”

I looked across the yard at the gray stone walls that went climbing toward the clear West Virginia sky. At regular intervals along the wall, guards sat in their pillboxes, their guns at the ready. In the yard other guards surveyed every inch of the court. At the gates still other guards kept constant vigil.

“Ironic,” I thought. “From the trap of the bottle into the trap of the prison. No escape from either.”

MAP OF MISERY

(Continued from page 10)

“It is not our prerogative to deal with the moral aspects of the use of alcoholic beverages, but to educate the public to the scientific facts.” This infers that only education by a biased industry is “scientific.” Take a good look at the map, projecting its similarity to your own community, and then judge whether we should or should not be concerned with the moral aspects of this problem.

Many would build in our city,—build buildings and towers, airports and homes and schools,—and they build well. But let us build human beings! Is there any better project anywhere?

I propose that every city should have a map along the line of this Map of Misery, as it probably already has for polio, tuberculosis, and other diseases.

When I study this grim map of my city, I might say, as Mark Antony long ago said: “If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.” My theology, however, stays close to my art of medicine, for my purpose is very well defined: *Serve thy fellow man where there is the greatest need.*

Poems With A Purpose

by
"Listen"
Authors

CONQUEST

E. J. Ritter, Jr.

November sounds her trumpet;
The startled colors run
To man the farthest outpost
And hail the autumn sun.
For summer has retreated,
Sadly, without a sound;
But all the while her forces
Are marshaled underground.

A SMILE

Bertha R. Hudelson

A smile is more than upturned lips,
More than a mere expression.
It means the owner has a heart,
Love-filled, in his possession.

TREASURES

Hilda Wright Martinson

She said that she had jewels rare
And fine antiques beyond compare.
She mentioned mink and a limousine,
Fancy cocktails and the best cuisine.
Her treasures were her perfect
pearls;
My gems were my two little girls;
Each secretly pitied the other—
She the celebrity, and I the mother.

ALCOHOL

Ruth Bassett

I woo with every charm the tempter
knows;
I promise comfort—with a secret
leer,
I soothe with liquid fire
That smolders with desire,
And leaves the ash of caution as it
glows.
I lead you down a path so smooth
and gay;
The specter at the end you do not
see
Until you find you must depend on
me
To fight the growing panic on the
way.
And at the end, I leave you to your
fate
To learn what I have done to you
too late.

THE SEAL

Grace Cash

A desk may look all shining, new,
And the executive at ease,
But a thousand choices he must make
Before the day's release.
He must train his mind to know
The end before the deal,
And minute care he takes indeed
Before he sets his seal.
The one who follows after God
Must train his mind to know
The good or evil in a choice,
And often he must go
Apart, away from all the world,
And seek the Father's will,
And never should he choose a way
Until God sets His seal.

JUSTIFYING MY SOUL

Bessie Gladding

No one knows better than I
How vulnerable I am
To propaganda's hypocrisy,
To modern living's sham.
To make this life of mine worth
while,
I need a shining goal
Toward which I press with love
enough
To justify my soul.

TO MY TONGUE

Terrell Parker

Be still, my tongue, make not that
accusation;
The thing you heard may be a
subtle lie.
O spare the man, he needs his
reputation;
Speak not, but let that ugly rumor
die.
Be still, my tongue, you never shall
regret it;
God will forgive, but man will
not forget it.
Speak out, my tongue, give praises
to the Master;
Let others know your God is ever
true.
O warn the world against the great
disaster,
And plead with men to start their
lives anew.
Speak out, my tongue, you never
shall regret it;
Men may not heed, but God will
not forget it.

VAN CLIBURN

(Continued from page 19)

As he played in the recital, tears came to the eyes of his teacher. "I've never heard that piece played with so much feeling," she later told Mrs. Cliburn, who felt that Van was learning humility.

At twelve he won the state-wide competition to play with the Houston Orchestra. He had twenty-one days in which to memorize Tchaikovsky's difficult "Concerto in B Flat Minor." "It will take much prayer and practice," said his mother. Dividing the concerto into twenty-one parts, a part to be memorized daily until completed, Mrs. Cliburn supervised his playing. She pasted a star on the calendar date when the part had been memorized for the day. Finally there were twenty-one stars. When Van played this concerto, his audience stood and cheered. Eleven years later in Moscow they did the same. This twenty-one-star concerto was Van's bid for fame.

After the Houston triumph, Van won a scholarship to study at the famed Juilliard Music School in New York. He appeared with other symphony orchestras and in concert.

In 1954 he won the coveted Leventritt award in this country, which no competing pianist had won in five years because no entrant was judged up to it. This was far harder to win than the Gold Medal in Moscow.

Finally a benefactor offered to pay his expenses to enter the Moscow international contest. In congratulating him on winning, Mikoyan said, "You've been a good diplomat between politicians to bring about peaceful relations. I wish America would send more like you to our country."

In all respects Van is a modern, hearty, healthy American boy, full of high spirits and of the joy of living. He likes people, and people like him.

While studying at Juilliard, he was "informally engaged" to a tall brunette from Texas, Donna Sanders, who was studying voice there. When Van decided that marriage at this time could not be reconciled with his career, they broke it off. Donna, who is now married to an actor, says that they did the right thing: "That's the way it should be for someone of his interests and capabilities."

Because of possible injury to his hands, he has denied himself any participation in athletic games, but he says that hard piano practice is strenuous exercise. According to a study on this subject, he says, one expends as much energy in four hours of concentrated piano practice as in eight hours of ditch digging. "Maybe that's the reason I'm al-

ways ravenous after piano practice," he said.

As he sits at the keyboard he stares before him, his chin up, his body leaning back from the keys. In some passages he moves his head from side to side because of the grip of the music upon him. In the faster-tempoed passages he crouches over the keys, scowling, his elbows jutting behind him. When the orchestra plays alone, he watches the conductor with concentration, and finally begins to play excitedly and exultantly, carrying his listeners with him.

His long, slender fingers cover a twelve-note span. Playing scales in octaves and tenths with his hands crossed, a trick that he believes does wonders to develop his left hand, shows his unusual technique. He does much rewriting, as in the choral section of Chopin's "Scherzo in C Sharp Minor," where he fills out the harmonies with his own notes. He is not afraid to let himself go and express himself to the fullest. He feels the music, and makes the audience feel it with him.

At one time in his life his father wanted Van to become a medical missionary like Dr. Albert Schweitzer, but he finally agreed to Van's musical career. And to Van great music is like a religion without a church, a creed, or a belief. Cutting across national boundaries, it speaks a language all people can understand.

Great music, Van feels, has the power to change lives; to lift people out of doubt, discouragement, despair; to fill them with hope and joy; to bring about peaceful relations in the world. Couldn't this help explain the phenomenon of Van Cliburn, who is electrifying the world with his playing?

HONEY

(Continued from page 25)

forted her as best I could, but I had to get back to my patient.

Honey went home the next day. She looked pretty and sweet when she said good-by.

"I'll keep in touch with you," she promised. I was sure she had gotten over the misgivings of the day before.

The following week I received a phone call from Honey. She sounded happy: "Next week is my birthday, and I'm giving a big party. I want you to come."

I told her I would be delighted.

"I'll call again and tell you what time and how to get here," she said.

The week passed, but I didn't hear anything further from Honey. Perhaps she had decided not to give the party.

Ten days later I was walking in the corridor when I saw the boys from emergency wheel in a stretcher. As they pushed it past me, I stopped in my tracks. It was Honey. They pushed her into one of the empty rooms.

"May I go in and see her for just a moment?" I asked.

"Yes. Of course."

The doctor was with Honey. Her straggly hair lay loosely over the pillow. Her eyes were closed, and her pretty mouth sagged open. Her skin was a sickly gray. The doctor straightened up and pulled the sheet over her face. Tears dimmed my vision, but I was glad. I wanted to remember Honey as I had last seen her. Pretty, sweet, and full of hope. Poor Honey! I breathed a silent prayer for her.

I'll never forget Honey.

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OPINIONS



Dealing With Men

"A growing attitude that alcoholism is a disease and not a sin is making it harder than ever for rescue missions to deal with men."—Dr. Herbert E. Eberhardt, superintendent of Central Union Mission, Washington, D.C.

"No Such Animal"

"There is 'no such animal' as an 'alcoholic personality.' That may develop during a person's drinking career, but in his pre-alcoholic era, there are as many different personalities as there are spots in measles. . . .

"I don't know if it would be possible in a society which uses alcohol to have no alcoholics."—Dr. E. M. Jellinek, former adviser to the World Health Organization on alcoholism problems.

Young Singer Says—

"I've got two reasons for not playing where liquor is served. One is religious. I never go into that much, because I try not to feature my religion in publicity. But I am a member of the Church of Christ, and I don't believe in drinking.

"The other reason is that I don't want to appear anywhere that young people couldn't enter; I wouldn't want to be the reason teen-agers were brought into a place where there was drinking.

"After all, the young folks are the ones who have brought me success. They buy the records today. Oh, I'm grateful for the older ones, too, but they don't buy the records until the teen-agers start it all."—Sonny James, teen-age singing idol.

Drinks in Kansas' Executive Mansion

"Neither liquor nor wine is served by the Dockings in the executive mansion. Realizing that many of their guests do arrive with the acquired habit of a convivial glass before dinner, the Dockings offer an appetizing drink of white grape juice called 'Catawba.' This arrives via butler in the drawing room, served in champagne glasses. Virginia, noticing perhaps a gleam in the thirsty guest's eye, quickly warns before the first sip not to expect champagne. The

Catawba, it appears, is mixed with a little ginger ale or soda and makes a very acceptable nonalcoholic cocktail."—Mary Liz Montgomery, in Junction City (Kansas) *Union*.

Sub-Christian?

"A Christian who drinks moderately with due regard for the feelings and needs of his brothers and with a conscientious care for the claims of God can drink with thanksgiving to Him for these blessings."—Report by the Episcopal Commission on Alcoholism to the church's national convention.

The report added that it is sub-Christian to drink shamefacedly as it is a minor compromise with evil, because this in itself is belittling part of God's creation—the fruit of the vine.

Death After Slavery

"In the course of history many more people have died from their drink and their dope than have died for their religion or their country. The craving for ethyl alcohol and the opiates has been stronger in these millions than the love of God, of home, of children, even of life. Their cry was not for liberty or death; it was for death preceded by enslavement."—Aldous Huxley, in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Oct. 18, 1958.

Was It Planned?

"It is not accidental that imperialist intelligence agents seek out weak-willed people with a liking for alcoholic drinks."—Associated Press report from Moscow, in the newspaper *Soviet Russia*.

Beer Blitz

"All the brands of beer in this country are campaigning for shares of a market which is smaller than it need be," Emerson Foote, advertising executive, advised the beer industry in New York.

"I am deeply convinced that the industry needs a much more powerful campaign—more powerful in the amount of money put behind it," he added.

He suggested that the industry spend annually \$15,000,000 to \$25,000,000 to increase consumption.

Slaves to Pills

Reporting that Americans swallow 1,250,000,000 tranquilizer pills a year, Harry Middleton, former drug company public-relations man, declares:

"I just don't think everybody should get that relaxed. You need to get mad or worried or tense once in a while, or you'll never do anything. Most of the great things accomplished in the world have been done by people who were blazing mad about something."

Warren Kiefer, associate of Middleton's, comments: "This thing is really getting out of bounds. Now I hear they have an all-purpose capsule which releases various pills on schedule, over a twenty-four-hour period. There are tranquilizers for part of the day, pep pills for other periods, sleeping pills, and built-in-alarm pills to wake you up. This, I feel, is going too far. A man shouldn't surrender every reaction of life to a pill."

Loosened Tongues

"Drinking has become so important in this country that Americans are losing the art of conversation. . . . Americans, Dr. Marvin A. Block of Buffalo, New York, chairman of the American Medical Association's Committee on Alcoholism, said, are getting to the point where they cannot start or carry on a conversation unless they have a drink in their hands.


"He went a step further and asserted that American social contacts today are almost wholly dependent on drinking."—*Denver Post*, Sept. 23, 1958.

Two-Beer Limit

"No one with a blood alcohol content over .03 per cent by weight should drive or attempt to drive a motor vehicle," according to Dr. Horace E. Campbell, vice-chairman, American Medical Association Committee on Auto Accidents and Injuries. He suggests, for practical reasons, a legal limit of .05 per cent—about two beers or two shots of whisky—rather than the present limit of .15 per cent.

"Traffic deaths would be cut from 30,000 a year to 15,000 with a two-beer limit," he points out.

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