

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Pat and Shirley Boone



Laboratory Subject

The University of California's agricultural college offers a course in beer brewing in its miniature, experimental brewery. This is said to be the first such course offered by any major educational institution in the United States. However, it is not specified what happens to the finished product of the plant.

"If You Don't Drink and Carouse—"

Judy Merrill, the Alaska Songbird, best-known singer in the forty-ninth state, is a nondrinking, nonsmoking, churchgoing Mormon girl. She has been in Alaska singing for fifteen years.

"I stayed up here because I like the country and because the pay is big," says Miss Merrill. "If you don't drink and carouse, anyone can make good money in this country."

Liquor in National Parks

The spotlight of public opinion is being focused on the selling and serving of liquor in hotels and lodges operating in the American national parks, with the view of stricter controls. Under present regulations the Department of the Interior has no jurisdiction over the operation of hotels, motels, or lodges in the parks, which operate independently of the Government.

Beauty and the Beast

A weekly newspaper, the *Dial*, in Boscobel, Wisconsin, suggests that flower seeds be sold right in the beer cans when beer is sold; then beauty would spring up wherever an empty can is tossed. Maybe then each brewery could have its own choice of flowers to combine promotion with beauty.

How Profits Should Be Spent

When the Liquor Control Board reported a \$66,000,000 profit in Ontario, Canada, the medical section of the Committee on Alcoholism of the Medico-Legal Society of Toronto suggested how some of the money should be spent, in a \$250,000 center for compulsory treatment of alcoholics and other addicts. About 15,000 arrests are made in Toronto annually for drunkenness.

One in Thirteen

In the United States one in every thirteen men twenty or more years of age is an alcoholic, says J. E. Laughlin, plant protection manager of Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

Twenty-Five-Year Record

The real record since prohibition was repealed is quite different from that which is generally publicized. Some outstanding facts are these, noted by the American Business Men's Research Foundation:

1. Crimes induced by or directly related to the drinking of alcoholic beverages have increased 28.6 per cent in twenty-five years. Arrests for drunkenness have increased from 1,490 to 1,939 per 100,000 population; arrests for drunken driving have soared 207 per cent.

2. Insanity attributable to alcohol has increased three times more than other mental diseases.

3. Poverty, measured in numbers of dependent children, has increased, as shown by the fact that the number of dependent-children cases has doubled, rising from 15 per 100,000 of population to 30.

4. Alcoholism has increased. The number of those who cannot drink unless they drink to drunkenness has increased 68 per cent since repeal. In 1934 there were 2,808 alcoholics per 100,000 adult Americans; in 1956 there were 4,718.

5. Taxes have increased as a result of crime, traffic problems, and dependency caused by increased consumption of alcoholic drinks. An official Massachusetts study concludes that gross alcoholic beverage taxes pay only one eighth of the expenses the governments and people of Massachusetts incur through the use of intoxicants.

6. Fatal motor-vehicle accidents involving drinking drivers have greatly increased. Alcohol-involved cases are estimated by safety authorities to have risen to 50 per cent of the total. Drinking reduces the usefulness of auto- and road-safety precautions and driver-education programs.

7. Economic waste has soared. During the twenty-five years since repeal, \$181,900,000,000 has been spent by the American public on alcoholic beverages. This is more than twice what we have spent on schools.

8. Social waste is reflected in the loss from useful life of nearly 5,000 alcoholics out of every 100,000 adults, plus others who have to take care of alcoholics or who suffer because of the alcoholics' afflictions.

LISTEN

A Journal of Better Living

MAY-JUNE, 1959
Volume 12 Number 3

OUR COVER

Singer, actor, author, father, student—one of the most amazing, versatile careers in modern times is that of Pat Boone. In a day when many entertainment figures are judged by their fluid capacity and their close scrapes with the law, Pat has based his success on a deliberate emphasis in the opposite direction.

A family man, he is proud of his attractive wife Shirley and their four little daughters. Neither his career, nor even his studies at Columbia University when he was nursing his ambition to be a teacher, have been allowed to interfere with his home joys.

"Listen's" cover picture—an informal interlude in a full day—is by Lloyd Shearer for Topix, New York.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 18, 19, Topix, Shearer-Topix, Feingersh-Pix, Ernest Reshovsky-Pix; pages 5, 6, 7, Philadelphia Convention and Visitor's Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce; page 11, The Christian Science Publishing Society, Gordon N. Converse; pages 12, 13, Photos Dominique Darbois-Dalma; page 15, Reni Photos; page 28, Harry J. Miller; page 33, Gene Ahrens.

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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ARTICLES

Comments on Cocktails	Editorial	4
City on the Mend	Herbert Ford	5
A Better Way	Madeline George	14
Teen Talk	Youth Panel	15
National Committee Formed in Australia		20
Taking the "Wine" Out of "Winery"	Stanley M. Jefferson	21
Bullets for the Pusher	Mike Thorne	23
Golden Guideposts	Titus A. Frazee	28

SPECIAL FEATURES

Judge Harrison's Honor Class	John P. O'Keefe	8
<i>The Christian Science Monitor</i>	Duane Valentry	11
Open Opium Market	Picture Feature	12
An Empty Chair		25

PERSONALITIES

Erwin Canham—Editor	Duane Valentry	11
Pat Boone—Singer	Tamara Andreeva	17
Amos R. Reed—Superintendent	Marion Rubinstein	29
Mike Peppe—Swimming Coach	Warren N. Wittenberg	36

REGULAR FEATURES

Have You Heard?		2
World View		20
The Voice of Science		22
Note From History		25
Questions and Answers	R. W. Spalding, M.D.	27
"Listen" to Our Readers		32

STORIES

Father's Day—on Skid Row	Mickee Pierce Cayer	10
Engine Trouble	Cropley Andrew Phillips	24

POETRY

Poems With a Purpose	<i>Listen</i> Authors	33
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MISCELLANEOUS

Know Them by Their Eyes!		9
Keep Your Motor Going	Sylvia E. Clark	34
James Dean's Last Car		28

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comments on cocktails

MORE truth than poetry is found in the title of the popular entertainment program today, "People Are Funny." And one definition of "funny" is "absurd." Especially does this seem to be true when it comes to this matter of cocktails.

If everyone who attends cocktail parties, or gives them, were downright truthful, it probably would be virtually impossible to find anyone who really likes such functions. Yet they go on.

"Ghastly businesses," Elsa Maxwell says of them in what has become a classic description of cocktail parties. "I cannot bear them. I don't give them and I rarely go to them," she continues. And then she concludes, "Cocktail parties are boring, dull, and inefficient—the most miserable form of entertaining there is, and also the cheapest. I avoid them like the plague." Even allowing for exaggeration by ebullient Elsa, these are graphic comments on a prevalent American custom.

But many agree with Miss Maxwell—party-givers and professional people alike. For example, Chicago socialite Mrs. F. Sewall Gardner observes, "I don't like cocktail parties, and I don't think men do. . . . All you do at a cocktail party is to stand up for hours, first on one foot and then the other."

"It's a lazy way of entertaining," says Mrs. W. Crosby Graham. "Those huge parties given where you pay back all your social obligations are awful; I *used* to give them myself."

Another party-giver, Mrs. J. Rockefeller Prentice, declares, "I enjoy people too much, and at a cocktail party you just never get to sit down and have a conversation with any one person."

If the custom of cocktail parties tells one thing more than another about modern society, it is the fact that people today are conformists. To put the truth bluntly—babies conform; they imitate. When maturity comes along, people are expected to become individuals, to be independent in their own right.

Most cocktail parties are given simply because someone else did it first. That, in fact, is a major reason why many people, especially young, immature people, even drink at all.

As Dr. Harrison Evans, Ohio State psychiatrist, observes, "Many people today are emotionally unstable and mentally immature, and a cocktail in the hand is often a substitute for a thought in the head." Compliance with a social habit such as the use of alcoholic beverages, which the average person knows to be injurious to him, is indeed a sign of immaturity, on the part of the host as well as of the guest.

One encouraging omen in our social world is the rising revolt against the cocktail party. True, such a revolt is slow, and at times seems almost imperceptible, but it is there. The fact that it is there is an indication of developing maturity on the part of those who recognize the cocktail party for what it is.

What our society needs today is a more mature attitude on the part of its social leaders, more individuality. Too many have fallen into the groove—a more descriptive word is "rut." In fact, it would be good for all of us, party-giver or not, to be more ourselves, to grow up, to become mentally and emotionally mature.

Cocktails and cocktail parties do *not* help in that direction.

Francis A. Soper

City on the Mend

Herbert Ford



Vigorously meeting its problems head on, Philadelphia strives to claim once again with full pride the title "City of Brotherly Love."

Philadelphia's City Hall tower glows at night, silhouetting William Penn standing atop its pinnacle.

TO A passenger on one of the Pennsylvania Railroad's crack "Keystone" or "Congressional" trains as it whips north along the Delaware River toward New York City or speeds south toward Washington, D.C., the city of Philadelphia seems a dirty, red-brick sort of blur.

That blur isn't too far from reality!

Crammed onto about one hundred thirty square miles of the once-fertile Piedmont Plateau, alongside the broad, snaking Delaware, live some 2,200,000 Philadelphia citizens, many of them in crowded, ancient buildings whose once-bright red-brick fronts have long since turned a grimy gray. Their cars get forever tangled in tight traffic jams on narrow streets which are continually blocked by huge parked trucks. Their sometimes rusty water supply is under almost constant public criticism. Their city administration seldom seems to get its job done right or on time, and they never seem to lick their decades-old problem of air pollution.

In short, Philadelphia is a city with problems.

But the problems that bother the city most are not those that revolve around traffic jams and bad water. The problem that most Philadelphians are bothered about is crime. It isn't only bothersome, it is downright frightening.

"Yes, sir, we do have lots of crime," a cab driver asserted to me during a ride into South Philadelphia. It's real scary, the kinds of crimes we have here, too. Didja read in the paper yesterday about that little girl that was slashed?—all the way from her ear to her mouth. Took a

hundred stitches in her face, the docs did. That's inhuman for a person to do a thing like that."

As he collected his fare the cabby cautioned, "Better watch yourself in this neighborhood. There's been some 'headings' down this way lately. Whatever you do, don't carry that shiny camera outside your coat on these streets after dark."

Statistically speaking, crime in Philadelphia isn't any worse than in some other large cities of the United States. It is lower than in some, but still there is plenty of crime. In the first three quarters of 1958, police arrested 2,499 persons for "serious" crimes. In 1957 more than 2,000 boys and girls under eighteen were arrested for crimes. At least twenty-five juvenile gangs roam Philadelphia streets. The city arrests about 1,500 teen-agers classified as "habitual drunks" each year. Recently slashings, slicings, and stabbings seem to have become popular methods of crime. Shootings and "headings"—using any heavy object with which to strike a victim over the head—also command an appalling total.

Part of the problem involves the handling of the law at Federal, state, and local government levels, which seem to favor the criminal. Philadelphia's hard-working Police Commissioner Thomas J. Gibbons discloses that 216 hardened criminals with a total of 3,317 arrests are at liberty in the city to prey upon the public while law-enforcement authorities are virtually powerless.

Gibbons blamed this startling fact on the Pennsylvania

parole system, the laxity of probation enforcement, and the practice of magistrates and judges who "frequently" discharge, fine, and suspend sentences of defendants charged with all types of crimes. One of the persons listed by Gibbons had been arrested 106 times; three others, from 61 to 75 times each. "These are hardened criminals," Gibbons said, "and unless they are put away in prisons for good, or for long sentences, they will continue to plague the city."

One of Gibbons's lieutenants on the bluecoat-filled seventh floor of Philadelphia's outdated city hall cited still another problem area of law enforcement. "We have a good campaign going against drunken drivers here," he said. "But it is next to impossible to convict these drunken people. Before we can even make a charge we must have a doctor's certification that the person was drunk. And we have to get that under almost false pretenses. What we do is to get the doctor to examine the motorist to see if he is injured in any way. During the physical check we hope the doctor will detect the presence of sufficient alcohol in the blood to serve as evidence for a conviction. This drunken-driving thing is really a hard campaign to make stick."

The city's crime reports at the end of the third quarter of 1958 show a rise in over-all offenses committed over the 1957 figure, although actual arrests run slightly below the 1957 figure. This tends to back up Gibbons's contention that laws are increasingly in favor of the criminal.

Where, wonder many Philadelphians, does all the crime come from? The city has more than 5,500 policemen, and scores of bright-red police patrol cars are continually on the move. The Police Department's Juvenile Division even maintains a current and highly helpful file of nicknames used to track down youthful criminals. Apprehension of criminals is usually swift and sure in Philadelphia. Commissioner Gibbons's department is considered nationally as a good one. Yet there is still a large amount of crime in the city.

The answer to this great problem lies somewhere out in the miles of the city where the millions who make the statistics are living. It may be found in the dirt and filth that choke street after street in North Philadelphia's "jungle" where hundreds of thousands, predominantly Negroes, live packed together in substandard dwellings. It may be found in the tavern-choked blocks of South Philadelphia, or in the new "jungle" conditions springing up in West Philadelphia.

Fortunately for Philadelphia, the answers to the crime problem and others are being sought. Current city administrators, keen to an aroused public, have launched a massive attack, from many angles, on major city problems.

Most of the projects in this attack are in the planning stage or have been recently implemented. But some, like the city's gleaming new Youth Study Center, are living, functioning realities.

"We don't have all the answers yet," says Clifford Brenner, spokesman for Philadelphia's progressive Mayor Richardson Dilworth, "but we have made considerable progress. And you can be sure that this administration is not going to spare any effort to bring to Philadelphia the kind of good living that people have a right to expect."

Brenner points to several projects, already completed or nearly completed, as examples of good things to come. A slick new electronic system is now co-ordinating all traffic signals in the city's center, and a major traffic study already completed has effected new routing patterns which speed travel across the town. "Unfortunately," Brenner concedes, "we haven't yet been able to find out how to widen our streets. Our city forefathers just didn't realize that we might someday want to send cars two abreast each way along the streets."

The new Youth Study Center is, according to Brenner, a major step in helping Philadelphia's young people who get into trouble. At the Center, staffs with special training to meet teen-age problems are making tangible progress in reducing the number of return offenders. For many years a wing of the city's House of Correction for adults had to be used for juvenile lawbreakers. Today, in addition to the Youth Study Center, a new \$500,000 facility connected with the Philadelphia General Hospital is nearing completion and will add to the care of youth.

Already in progress in many areas of the city are new District Health Centers which will relieve the General Hospital's load and make medical facilities more convenient to a greater number of citizens. Twelve such centers are planned. "We have two of these already completed and are at work on the others," Brenner states.

In an effort to take a vigorous blow at juvenile delinquency during 1959, the city has tripled the budget of its newly formed Youth Conservation Commission, a front-line delinquency-fighting unit composed of experts in youth problems. "The commission will attack delinquency, juvenile gangs, and related problems at all stages—in the home, on the street, at school," declares Mayor Dilworth. "It will work closely with existing public and private agencies and will recruit a corps of civilian volunteers to assist at the neighborhood level." Calling for private and public support of the unit's seven-point program, Dilworth said, "The commission may not have all the answers at first, but we believe a vigorous prosecution of its program over a period of time will do much to alleviate a problem that is causing the community increasing concern."



From the Art Museum, City Hall dominates the jumbled and serrated skyline.



The kids go past the bar to their layground; it's just down the alley."



Philadelphia taverns are under fire for fostering crime and lawlessness.

"HUMANITARIAN PROJECTS," INDEED!

In an editorial entitled, "Profits and Parsimony," marking the twenty-fifth anniversary of the repeal of prohibition, the Philadelphia "Evening Bulletin" quotes from a Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board bulletin showing that the Board, since prohibition, has turned over to the state \$1,080,000,000 in taxes from liquor sales. The Department of Revenue took in another \$375,000,000. Editorialized the "Bulletin":

"Says the Board: 'These sums [brought in through the sale of liquor] totaling \$1,455,000,000 have been made available to the Commonwealth for the support of its humanitarian projects!'

"Alcoholics become what they are through the availability of liquor.

"The state, which makes these huge profits by the sale of liquor, has a recognized duty to try to restore its alcoholics to normal life. (It can be done.) It made a token gesture toward performance of this duty in 1953, since which time it has appropriated \$1,748,000 toward that object. The current outlay toward reform of these customers who buy and consume too much is \$250,000 a year.

" 'Humanitarian projects' indeed! As it is officially computed that there are 333,450 chronic alcoholics in Pennsylvania, this comes to an expenditure of 75 cents per year on each to bring about a cure. It is less than 5/8 of one per cent of the annual profit to the state from the sale of hard drinks.

"The state is not paying enough attention to the end product of its stupendously profitable business."

However, all the problems aren't as easily solved as the simple building of a new facility or the installing of a new system. One proved source of Philadelphia crime is the large number of taverns that operate in the city. The telephone directory lists more than 1,000 establishments under the heading of "Tavern" alone. Probably several times that number of restaurants and other eating places also serve alcoholic beverages. Recently Mayor Dilworth declared an open campaign against "the extraordinarily heavy concentration of taprooms in the low-income areas of our city, which greatly accentuate the crime problem."

What Dilworth was referring to are countless blocks throughout the city with from three to ten bars on one block. The mayor's contention: So many bars concentrated together cannot remain economically solvent on the sale of beer and whisky alone, and they become harbors of gambling, narcotics sales, and prostitution in order to stay in business.

Philadelphia District Attorney Victor H. Blanc added another dimension to taverns as a source of crime and immorality. They contribute to a racket in illegitimacy, he said. Blanc contends that a "hard core" of Philadelphia mothers receiving public welfare funds from the city, finding that they receive more funds per child, have one child after another out of wedlock. "These immoral



Gleaming, modernistic buildings rise skyward in Philadelphia's Penn Center.

mothers," he declares, "true to their conduct, do not have any regard for the children they bear. We find the youngsters out on the streets and the mother down at the taproom constantly, spending the money for herself instead of for the youngsters.

"We have been checking," Blanc continues, "and find many of these mothers down at the corner taproom buying liquor, playing the numbers, and buying drinks for the boy friend who is going to produce another illegitimate child so they can get more money out of the public-assistance funds." Philadelphia Magistrate Elias Myers backs Blanc up, saying emphatically that he believes laws must be abruptly changed to prevent this violation of conduct.

A recent survey of Philadelphia's General Hospital indicated that one fourth of all patients at the facility were maternity cases. Of this group one third of the mothers were unwed. More than half the unmarried mothers were under twenty-one years of age. Forty-five of those who were having their second or succeeding child had previously mothered a total of 105 children. Most of the patients came from South Philadelphia, West Philadelphia, and North Philadelphia, conceded by most to be the problem areas of the city. Although these have only 54 per cent of the city's population, they supplied 90 per cent of the unwed patients. (Turn to page 30.)

Intended only for those in jail, or those who should be, one of the world's most unusual groups of students meets each week at Des Moines, Iowa, in—

Judge Harrison's HONOR CLASS

JOHN P.
O'KEEFE



In Des Moines, Iowa, each time a drunk is brought to jail he is given a piece of paper reading:

"If you are one who realizes he is powerless over alcohol and above all else desires to enjoy life, and want help with your drinking problem, then you are invited to attend a meeting of an honor group of such persons who want to quit drinking."

The notice goes on to tell the drunks that the meeting will be held at 7 p.m. every Wednesday in Judge Ray Harrison's courtroom.

In April, 1956, with two men attending, Judge Harrison began special classes in his courtroom for those with a drinking problem who wanted to quit. One of those men hasn't missed a meeting since.

The average number of arrests per year in Des Moines over a five-year period was 8,679, with 5,456 of them for drunkenness. In 1956, the first year of the judge's classes, arrests for drunkenness were 18 per cent fewer than the five-year average; and in 1957, 25 per cent fewer than that average. It costs the taxpayer in Des Moines \$10 for every such arrest.

Judge Harrison, a man in his middle fifties wearing dark-rimmed glasses, has begun a trend that is becoming popular in several cities in the United States, such as Cedar Rapids, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, and Miami. Denver and Cedar Rapids have shown much progress with their new venture.

"All we can expect is that the drunk try. We can't expect complete victories. Trying is an element of success." The big problem now, according to Judge Harrison, is that the courtroom is too small for the classes, now numbering from 100 to 150 members at one time.

He even believes in letting his men come to the honor class if they are drunk, and usually one or two such do stagger in. He feels that if a man is interested enough to come, then he should be able to attend instead of getting into trouble elsewhere. If a policeman arrests a drunk on class night, the drunk need only to say that he is on his way to Judge Harrison's class and he is taken there.

All alcoholics are warned by the judge that his classes are hard, but that eventually everyone gets used to them.

There are no hat collections. Each time a person comes to a meeting, he signs his name in a register book.

Judge Harrison may begin a meeting with, "If anyone here has never been in jail or has done nothing for which he might have gone to jail, would you please leave now?" This breaks the ice at meetings, says the judge, especially for new members.

Then he tells the group how good it is to see all of them and inserts, "Hi, Rick, glad to see you back. Haven't seen you in quite a while. Bill, where have you been?"

The judge tells the group how good it is to be sober and standing alone, and then explains all the benefits derived from not drinking. Pointing to someone, he asks him to tell the group how he feels since he stopped drinking.

Nothing is spared during these revelations. All eyes are focused on the man speaking, and memories are recalled.

After he has told how thankful he is to God and the classes that he has stopped drinking, he will sit down, and someone else will tell how grateful he is to be at the meeting—and sober.

Thus go the meetings, with the judge giving his suggestions and advice to the group. They look up to the judge and appreciate what he says, be it favorable or critical. Milk and doughnuts are served after each meeting.

Each week the judge writes a newsy letter to his charges, including humorous stories, personal items, and announcements. Many persons outside the state look forward eagerly to getting this letter.

Judge Harrison believes that only those who have gone through the stages of alcoholism are qualified really to understand the situation and, therefore, are the ones to remedy it. Everyone is treated as an equal at his meetings. He feels that other organizations try to pick out the ones they feel will make it. Also they are too formal during their meetings.

An experienced man with alcoholism, the judge began his drinking while attending Drake College in Des Moines. When he graduated from there, voted the "man most likely to succeed," he went to Yale Law School on a scholarship but still continued to drink.

Eventually he came back to Des Moines and became county prosecutor. He says his drinking grew worse as he got older and that he was jailed eighteen times in Des Moines.

It was a man he once prosecuted for drinking who came all the way from Omaha to help the judge when he heard about the judge's problem. In this way Judge Harrison became interested in A.A., and the first meeting in Des Moines was held in the judge's office with five men attending. Now eight A.A. groups operate in the city.

Since that day sixteen years ago, Judge Harrison hasn't touched a drink, but still considers himself an alcoholic because he knows that if he does take a drink, what he has accomplished through the years will be destroyed in one moment of weakness. For all his work for these derelicts in 1949 he received the Des Moines *Tribune* Community Service Award.

He became so wrapped up in his honor-class work that he canceled his summer vacation. Those he has helped know what he means when he says: "I've been able to stay sober only because of the help I've had from fellows like you."

As I talked to Judge Harrison, a man appeared before him who was neatly dressed but showed signs of a night in jail following a drinking bout.

"Robert," the judge said, "when did you have your last drink?"

"Eight days ago, Judge. I hadn't had a drink for eight days and even got myself a job, but I met some of my friends. I was picked up for 'boosting' a cigarette from someone."

"If you were working, why did you have to bum cigarettes?"

"I lost my money while drinking. I don't know why I did it, Judge."

"Are you coming to the meeting Wednesday?"

"Yes, Judge, I surely will."

"All right, then, thirty days suspended, and let's straighten up."

Much relieved, the man told me later that he had seven children, ranging from two years to fifteen, and that he was separated from his wife. He told me he was going to try to stop drinking because he had heard that his wife would come back to him if he would quit. Sincerity showed in his voice.

Later an Indian woman was brought in, who exclaimed that this was the first time in four months she had had a drink. A pleased look spread across her face when the judge told her that an Indian couple were to attend the meeting that week. She said she would meet them there. Her sentence was suspended.

Another man, asked why he had missed the last meeting, replied that he didn't have the carfare. Judge Harrison was quick to reply, "Seems you had enough fare to get into town to drink." The man promised to attend the next meeting.

Judge Harrison doesn't believe in (Turn to page 34.)

Know Them by Their Eyes!

"The quickest way to spot a real drunk is by his eyes," declares Judge Harrison. "There, too, is the best place to spot real recovery."

These photographs, taken of four members of his honor class, demonstrate the truth of the judge's statement. Each of the top pictures is an official photograph taken when the person was arrested for intoxication. Below in each of the four cases is an unofficial photo taken after the same person had been sober more than three months.



before

after



before

after



before

after



before

after



Father's Day... on Skid Row



THE old man fought the light that filtered through the torn window blind. The longer he could sleep, the longer he could put off facing another day.

From a bar on the street below him he heard a jukebox grinding out a jumble of sound. The heavy beat of drums penetrated the thin walls of his room. The scaling ceiling vibrated, and bits of plaster fell on his face.

His eyes strayed slowly to the one picture on the wall, a cheap picture with a cheap calendar attached underneath. The day was June 21. The date had been carefully circled—Father's Day! Tears fell on old cheeks, and he twisted his head so that the sunlight coming through the hole in the blind could not shine in his eyes.

Thoughts of a wife and children and a home came blurred and hazy into his mind. Slowly the thoughts became clearer. Now he remembered. His wife had died after a long illness, but he still had his children. Then his eldest son, too, had died, and somehow, as hard as he had tried to hold the other children, they had grown away from him.

But why was he here? How did he come to be on skid row? Perhaps because of loneliness. Here everyone had seemed to like him, to talk to him, to drink with him. Now he knew it was just the money. He had had money when he first hit the street—and friends. The old man smiled tiredly, and tasted the salt as the tears ran into the corners of his mouth. His friends and his money had both run out at the same time.

Writhing with shame, he remembered that once he had written his children. He had asked if they could help him, that he wanted to get off the street. He was sure, with their love and faith behind him, he would have the courage to start over. There were vague answers and a few dollars in reply. No love mentioned, nor a letter saying, "We miss you; come home to us." He couldn't remember much after that, for now he had even lost his pride.

He drank up those few dollars. When they were gone he lived like the other old men of the streets, selling empty wine bottles for a penny each, washing dishes, or sweeping up bars. Like the others, he worked only long enough to be able to buy a bottle and rent a bed for the night. If he remembered, and there was money left, he would eat a bowl of soup.

He knew he had been sick for a while and had wanted to die. But he was taken to a county hospital, where he had been made to live. He had returned to these streets. Where else was he to go? If he could only plan or think—but for too long he had punished his mind and body. So he slipped back into the routine of the skid-row world. Within a week he had forgotten he had ever been gone.

Now, suddenly, he was fully awake. He was back in this room, and it was Father's Day. He heard the jukebox and smelled dirty grease as someone fried eggs on a forbidden, hidden hot plate. He fought panic for a minute until his groping hand, fumbling beneath the bed, found his wine bottle. There had to be a drink for morning. His one remaining fear was that he might sometime forget to save a drink. He would rather walk the street naked than walk with the shakes. But the shakes hadn't hit yet, and he lay back against the stained, uncased pillow. He treasured this moment of peace, this peace of body and mind he found so seldom. Could it be like dying?

Then his eyes again strayed to *(Turn to page 31.)*

"The Christian Science Monitor" has regarded alcoholism as a profound social evil, and has fought it strenuously down through the half century.

The phrase "Commitment to Freedom," which is the title of the book I have recently written about the "Monitor," epitomizes our attitude. We believe man must preserve and live his birthright of freedom by refraining from addictions which enslave and corrode. This is the personal view of Christian Scientists as well as the deep editorial conviction of the "Monitor." Total freedom is our goal.

Erwin D. Canham, Editor



THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

AN INTERNATIONAL DAILY NEWSPAPER

Crusading Newspaper

Duane
Valentry

WHAT has happened in the United States and the rest of the world in the past five decades? What progress has been made in the age-old struggle of man toward the good in life? What part has alcohol played in the human story over this eventful period?

Answering these questions and telling the story behind the news has been, and is, the chore of *The Christian Science Monitor*, the international daily newspaper founded by a woman, Mary Baker Eddy, in 1908.

Leading the field of those newspapers refusing to accept liquor advertising, the *Monitor* has long been recognized and frequently honored as an educational medium of great influence. It is a voluble sentinel in keeping the public informed on vital issues, not the least of which has been the liquor scene.

Few indeed are the aspects of this subject the paper hasn't covered with the thoroughness for which it is famous. For example, its "Men of Distinction" editorials appearing at intervals over a decade, commented on tragic results of drinking, as brought out in the news—results which liquor ads using the same phrase failed to mention. When liquor companies dropped their "Men of Distinction" advertising, the *Monitor* also dropped its much-quoted and provocative take-offs.

"Report on Liquor—What Are We Doing?"—a series of thirty articles—ran in the paper's pages in 1955 and carried much favorable comment, as did "Abstinence and

Alcoholism," an earlier series on this pertinent subject.

One of the most widely read newspapers in the world, the *Monitor* has hammered home the importance of alcohol education to counteract increased liquor advertising and social pressures to drink.

Monitor reporters have gone behind the scenes in picturing juveniles in trouble to point out how frequently such troubles began with parental use of liquor in the home. "Teen Crimes Linked to Parent Drinking" pointed out that although court records amply showed the coincidence of youth crime and home drinking, the problem needs additional study to lay the basis for stricter law enforcement.

Need for action on the part of churches to combat drinking pressures was brought out in another feature, quoting leaders of various denominations on the subject.

"Some of us have labored long and hard across the years to rehabilitate alcoholics, the victims of acute alcoholism," said Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord. "It seems rather stupid to spend hours mopping up the water and to be unconcerned about the open and running faucet."

Dr. Myron W. Powell, of the Congregational Church, warned, "One of the worst elements in the present situation in respect to social drinking is the practical loss of a person's inherent right not to drink if he does not care to do so."
(Turn to page 29.)



1. The Christian Science Publishing Society offices, in Boston, Massachusetts.

2. Since these international students, representing some 200 universities and colleges, neither drink nor smoke, they take a fresh-air breather between meetings of their convention of Christian Science organizations around the world.

3. Youth convention delegates touring the church's executive offices talk to friends as they are waiting.





1



5



6



2



3



4



open opium

1. In this primitive Meo village, in the rugged mountains of Laos, the inhabitants depend on opium for their existence—and exist for opium.

2. At Lathuang is the only open opium market in the world.

3. The seller weighs out five grams (one-sixth ounce) of the opium on a crude set of scales, as accurate as fine postal scales.

4. A buyer watches carefully as the merchant weighs out his few cents' worth of dreams. Each gram of raw opium will make five pipefuls for the buyer.

5. Paper money isn't good in this land of opium. Purchases above five grams must be paid for in silver; but for transactions involving fifty grams or more, payment in bar silver is demanded.

6. A harvester in traditional costume prepares to leave, carrying provisions for several days in the basket on her back.

7. With a three-pronged instrument, a sim-

ple tool, the poppy bud is scratched four times to cause the opium to flow. The white liquid seeps out and, oxidizing in the air, turns a dark brown.

8. The following day the opium is gathered from the leaves and stem of the plant. Every drop will be collected. When the poppies are rich, one worker can gather up to fifty grams a day.

9. In the village, part of the harvest is prepared for use by the harvesters. The opium is boiled, then filtered several times. About 30 per cent of the raw material is lost in the process.

10. Touby Li Fouangs, King of Opium, has nothing but scorn for anyone who asks questions about opium.

11. Two youths prepare an opium pipe, to smoke in quiet.

12. On holidays this native girl adds a band to her turban, from which are suspended ancient silver coins, fashioned by village artisans and paid for by the sale of opium.



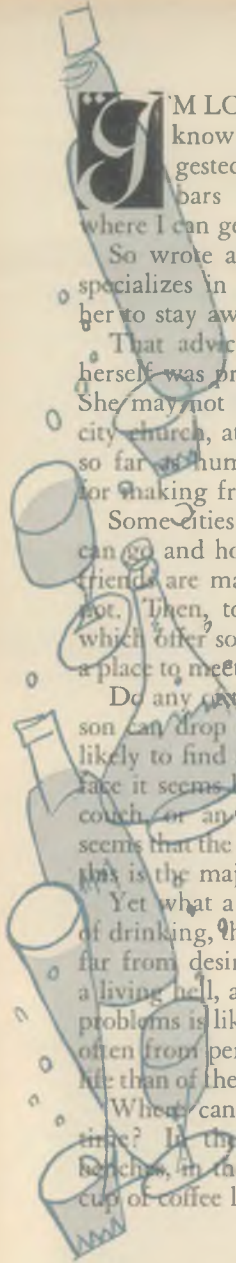
market

High in the mountains of Laos, in central Indo-China, live a savage people, the Meos, known for their beauty of physical feature. The more than 200,000 members of this tribe are farmers, or rather cultivators, their principal crop being opium. They are ruled by Touby Li Fouangs, also known as the King of Opium.

As in most primitive countries, the Meos women do almost all the labor, from tending the fields of poppies to extracting and processing the drug from which dreams are made.

Some of the opium is reserved for home consumption, but most of it is sent to the village of Lathuang. Here, in the only open opium market in the world, Laotian, Tai, and Meo buyers come to make their purchases—from a few pipefuls to bulk quantities that will find their inexorable way into the world market, a considerable part of which will sift through underground channels into the United States.

Few of the Meos, other than Touby, who has Western affectations, expect to get rich from the evil product of their labor. Most of them are satisfied with what they have—opium, the drug of death whose specter hangs over its victims in virtually every part of earth.



I'M LONELY and want to make friends, but don't know where to meet people. A neighbor suggested a bar, but I've been brought up to avoid bars and drinking. Yet where else can I go where I can get acquainted with people here in the city?"

So wrote a woman, aged thirty, to a columnist who specializes in human problems. The columnist advised her to stay away from bars and join a church instead.

That advice was good, of course, yet the columnist herself was probably never a lonely person in a big city. She may not have realized that a person can join a big city church, attend regularly for years, and yet be lonely so far as human comradeship goes. The opportunities for making friends are comparatively scarce there.

Some cities have friendship clubs where for a fee one can go and hope to find social satisfaction. Occasionally friends are made there, sometimes desirable, other times not. Then, too, there are Y.M.C.A.'s and Y.W.C.A.'s, which offer some worth-while programs and occasionally a place to meet.

Do any of these take the place of the bar, where a person can drop in at any time of the day or night and be likely to find someone with a listening ear? On the surface it seems like a safety valve, a poor man's psychiatry couch, or an unbeliever's confessional. In this way it seems that the bar satisfies a distinct human need. Probably this is the major reason for its continued existence.

Yet what a price to pay! Besides the potential danger of drinking, the companions in such places are frequently far from desirable, romances started there often end in a living hell, and the advice freely offered to people with problems is likely to be the worst possible advice, coming often from persons who know more of the seamy side of life than of the good.

When can lonely people of the big cities pass their time? In the summer one sees them lining the park benches, in the winter in cheap restaurants making their cup of coffee last as long as possible so as at least to be in

an errand. Returning, I found an ambulance at the door and a policeman holding the crutches. The long climb had proved too much for him, and he was out of his misery at last.

That dramatic incident made our family think more about the second cripple, who lived down the street; so we decided to show friendship. We learned he was a music composers' agent who helped new composers prepare their compositions for sale. He apparently managed to get to his office each day and home again, but lived a lonely life.

How eagerly he grasped our friendship, even gladly climbing four flights of stairs whenever we gave him opportunity to visit us. Merely to have someone to whom to talk gave him a new joy, a new incentive to live. We in turn enjoyed hearing the interesting experiences of his life, and felt bad when we moved away. All we could leave him were memories, a radio, and a promise from a neighbor to look in on him from time to time.

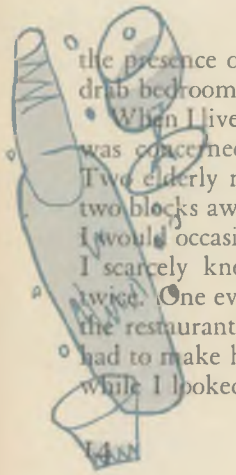
Another time our family felt we should share our Thanksgiving dinner with a lonely soul, so I went to invite someone from a Central Park bench. Looking around at many lonesome-looking people, I finally sat down by a middle-aged woman and managed to engage her in conversation. She soon told me her children weren't interested in her and didn't want her around, so on Thanksgiving Day she sat alone on a park bench. When I invited her to join us for dinner, she was delighted. She was glad to have a share of someone else's home life, even though, of course, that couldn't heal the hurt of being unwanted by her own family. We never saw her again. Maybe she is still spending her holidays alone on a park bench.

Of course, we all know that there are thousands of lonely people in big cities, and in smaller ones, too. Then there are others who may not be lonely, yet may have problems they feel they cannot share with their families, who sometimes do not understand. One Y.M.C.A. secre-

**Neighborhood taverns and bars fulfill a distinct social need,
BUT, there must be—**

Madeline George

A BETTER WAY



the presence of other people instead of sitting alone in a drab bedroom. Or they turn to the bar.

When I lived in an apartment in Manhattan, our family was concerned about the lonely people all around us. Two elderly men on crutches visited a restaurant about two blocks away. One of them lived in our building, and I would occasionally meet him on my way in from work. I scarcely knew him, but had spoken to him once or twice. One evening I met him as he was returning from the restaurant, tired and walking very slowly. Then he had to make his way up two flights of stairs to his room while I looked helplessly on. Later I went out again on

tary, eager to help such persons, placed an ad in the New York *Times* inviting men with problems to come in to talk them over. He was surprised when twenty-five men answered that ad, including one man from California, who was a former New Yorker and still subscribed to the *Times*. He was troubled about many things, including his business. When he read that invitation to come in and discuss his problems, he took off for New York. The man assigned to counsel with him perceived a deep heart hunger and led the man to a religious conversion. The inquirer went back to California and reorganized his business along Christian principles. (Turn to page 34.)



TEEN TALK

Four typical American teen-agers air their frank opinions on
"Social Drinking and Parental Attitudes" over WRC-TV, Washington, D.C.

Moderator: Tom, we'll begin the discussion with you. Since high-school students these days are beginning to come in contact with social drinking, do you think it would be helpful to learn to drink at home?

Tom: Yes, I do. I think that if parents introduce you to drinking—in other words, if you get a feeling of what it is like to take a drink—then when you go out you will be acclimated to getting along with people and knowing how much you can take before it affects you greatly.

Donna: I disagree that parents should introduce you to drinking. They should wait for your curiosity to be aroused, and then answer your questions about it; but I don't think they should offer drinks to you in the first place.

Jan: I'm going to have to agree with Donna. I feel it is the parents' responsibility to educate their young people about the facts of alcoholic beverages, the effects on their morals, their bodies, their success, and their future happiness. In that way they will be better able in the future to cope with situations that pertain to drinking.

Ronyl: Well, Jan, I have to disagree with you, because I don't think an academic education concerning liquor is quite enough. I think you must have an actual sampling to give you an idea of your capacity.

Tom: I believe that if you are introduced to liquor, you may be a little more prone to drink when you go out, but this will help you to know how much to take. The first time you go out you may take only two drinks and really get sick, but you will be able to know how much you can hold without its affecting you much.

Moderator: Let's find out now just how much drinking goes on among youth. Do many of your friends drink, Tom?

Tom: Yes, they do. Much more than 50 per cent of my friends drink to some extent. That doesn't mean that they go out and get stone drunk, but they'll have a beer once a month, once a week, or something like that. They don't go to any excess.

Donna: Tom, in your school, or among your friends, where does most of the drinking take place? Is it in parties, such as open houses, or off in town?

Tom: To a great extent it is in parties. Going into town is too expensive, and it will cost more to go to some place that serves drinks than to buy a few bottles for yourself.

Moderator: Are you permitted to buy drinks? Aren't you all under age?

Ronyl: Some places in the city will serve teen-agers, but other than that, no, we are not permitted to buy drinks.

This custom of drinking varies among the different high schools. In the group I go around with there is virtually no social drinking, but there is an awful lot of drinking in sorority parties and fraternities. However, there is no boy-girl drinking on dates or at parties.

Jan: In relation to sororities and fraternities, you will find that the reason people usually start drinking early, say in the tenth grade, is that they want to be in society, and they find that the society they get into, drinks; therefore, they desire to copy, or imitate. I think that is one thing that shouldn't be done. A person who copies is not a man; he is more a child.

Tom: Sororities and fraternities do encourage drinking. There is no question about it, because that is one of the ways their members show they are above everyone else. The boys can freely take a drink, and the girls can "hold their liquor." They generally have only a few drinks, but their drinking sometimes goes to excess.

Moderator: Does drinking in sororities and fraternities occur, would you say, quite widely on the high-school age level?

What Is "Teen Talk"?

"Teen Talk" is a youth television program on station WRC-TV, the N.B.C. outlet for Washington, D.C., with a question of special interest to youth being discussed by a new panel of teen-agers each week. These youth are chosen from high schools of the area to provide a cross section of teen thinking today.

Producing the program is Sophie Altman, wife of a Washington attorney and mother of four children, two of them teen-agers. Her fifteen-year-old daughter Janet is assistant producer. Moderator is Bette Jerome, New York TV personality.

Recently when the question of the week had to do with teenage drinking and home influence, Francis A. Soper, editor of "Listen," was invited to appear as guest expert, with panel members Tom Bensinger, Ronyl Stewart, Donna Huber, and Jan Rhoads. The feature appearing on these pages is the transcribed, unhearsd panel discussion, along with the summary remarks.

The format of "Teen Talk" consists of the panel discussion for the first half of the program, then a three-minute summary and comment by the week's guest, the remainder of the half hour being devoted to questions from a teen-age audience directed to the expert.

Now three years old, "Teen Talk" has already received seven awards for excellence and public service, and stands a good chance of becoming a network program before long. Started in order to give youth an opportunity to express themselves, it is promoting understanding between youth and their parents, and between the community and teen-agers. It is putting the spotlight on good youth, who tend to be overlooked in the glaring publicity given to about 2 per cent of modern youth—the "juvenile delinquents."

In this way "Teen Talk" provides a valuable social contribution to its area, and points the way to a project well worth the attention of any community.

Tom: In my contacts, I would say that from 60 to 80 per cent of the young people that I know occasionally have a beer, or even something a little stronger. I think that the high-school fraternities and sororities have a great tendency to encourage drinking.

Donna: I don't agree with you. I wouldn't disrespect anyone who is at a party and refuses to drink. As a matter of fact, I would rather respect such a person because he has will power and courage. I don't think fraternities and sororities necessarily encourage drinking, because to me it doesn't make any difference whether a sorority sister of mine drinks or doesn't drink, and no one in the sorority would care.

Jan: I am in a group myself that is widely recognized for its ability to drink, at least they do quite a bit of drinking. Not all of the group drink, of course, but when I go to parties with them, I don't feel at all out of place by not drinking. My parents have brought me up in a way that said early, "Son, you can't drink at this age." As I became older and they thought I was mature enough to make my own choices, they said, "You have the choice to drink or not; we have explained the facts to you." Therefore, I have chosen against drinking, for I don't feel it is profitable by any means.

Summary remarks on "Teen Talk" by Francis A. Soper, editor of "Listen," appearing on WRC-TV.

In considering this question discussed by the panel, one might keep in mind several general observations.

One is the fact that we live in a society characterized by personal liberty, individual freedom. We would not have it otherwise, but this does add to our need of making decisions as to personal conduct on an informed basis, carefully weighing the facts and arguments on both sides.

Furthermore, the very word "society" implies that we don't live alone. That well-known expression, "No man is an island," sums up aptly the responsibility we have to others as well as to ourselves.

The nature of alcohol itself should not be forgotten. It is, medically and scientifically, a narcotic drug, potentially dangerous in its effect on any user, moderate or heavy. It is habit-forming, containing lead-on factors. A person who begins to use it will tend to take more and more, imperceptibly becoming dependent on it, but often not recognizing that dependence until it is too late.

Also, never forget that simply because a thing is socially acceptable, or is done by the majority of people in a society, isn't in itself proof that it is for the best good, either of the individual or of society.

Three principles outlined at a recent national convention of youth are apropos here. These are basic principles to be followed in making personal decisions:

1. Is my contemplated conduct such as to harm me personally, either now or in the future?

2. Is it such as to harm someone else, either now or in the future?

3. Is there a better way to accomplish the same purpose?

In putting these principles into practice, in connection with what we are discussing here, we can make right personal decisions—decisions of real value to ourselves, to our families, and to our society.

Moderator: Speaking of parents, do any of your friends' parents know that they drink, or do they do this on the sly?

Ronyl: I think that for the most part, in the tenth and eleventh grades and sometimes in the twelfth grade, the drinking is done on the sly, except at large parties, or cotillions. Then champagne, or something of that type, is served. But at the college age it is understood that parents actually condone drinking; at least, they accept it.

Donna: Ronyl, have you found that teen-agers drink a lot in homes, I mean where parents offer drinks to the kids?

Ronyl: No, not in other people's homes, but in their own homes possibly, but I really don't think—and I don't find it happens very much—that other teen-agers' parents should or will offer drinks to teen-agers.

Donna: What about a holiday, say Christmas, or when teen-agers are invited to dinner at another house?

Ronyl: That's a different matter. Many people have wine at dinner or eggnog at Christmas, but that is not the same as offering someone a highball, especially a seventeen- or eighteen-year-old who is invited into the house.

Jan: That's one of the faults of parties, Ronyl. You see, in eating, a person has a choice of what to eat. He decides, for example, "I don't like that meat, so I'll take potatoes." Well, in the case of drinking, if he is offered a beer, there is no variety. The hostess says, "Would you like a beer?" and he feels out of place not accepting it. The hostess' responsibility is to make her guest feel at home, and therefore she should offer a variety of drinks.

Ronyl: I think beer or alcoholic beverages should be one of those choices.

Tom: Jan, why do you think teen-agers drink?

Jan: Well, personally I cannot see any value in drinking, but I know teen-agers do it for several reasons. Some want to have a good time, want to be with their friends, feel at ease. Also, as we have said, sororities and fraternities encourage drinking.

Donna: By "drinking" do you mean merely tasting it, or really drinking to the point of inebriation?

Jan: When I say "drinking," that means all the way.

Donna: Oh, I don't think that the average teen-ager goes out and really gets drunk. Most of them have had a drink, and will accept one perhaps, but they don't get drunk.

Ronyl: I don't think in the early stage they do, because they haven't been exposed. They don't know their capacity.

Jan: They want to show that they are able to drink. It's like competitive sport, to show who can drink the most and that he is able to do it. You know, be the he-man type.

Ronyl: Does drinking come out in dating, too?

Jan: In dating it is a different problem. You feel guilty about drinking in front of a girl.

Tom: I believe that when a boy goes out with a girl, it shouldn't be the girl's initiative to ask for the beer; but if the boy does, I think it is perfectly all right for the girl to say, "Well, I'll have one also."

Donna: Do you disrespect a girl for doing that? I mean, do you think less of her for not ordering a ginger ale or a soft drink?

Tom: No, I don't think less of her, but if a girl does order a soft drink, the more power to her.

Donna: What do you think of girls (Turn to page 30.)

Principle Above *Publicity*

Interview by
Tamara Andreeva

Pat Boone



DANIEL BOONE, so it is said, could talk so sweetly that he could “charm a coon off the tallest tree.”

Today his direct descendant, Pat Boone, charms millions, especially teen-agers, with his songs. Popularity polls have repeatedly listed him as one of the most popular with the younger set; yet Boone, as contemporary entertainers go, is an aberration. He doesn't drink or smoke, drive jazzy cars, or try to impress the populace with expensive living or crazy publicity stunts. He made it known early in his career that if he could not live the life to which he had been accustomed—surrounded by his wife and four adoring little girls—he would as soon forget the whole entertainment idea. Hollywood know-it-alls predicted a speedy downfall; instead Boone's popularity kept climbing, until now his records sell in the millions. His latest triumph is his best-selling book, *Twixt Twelve and Twenty*.

Pat refuses to live according to the glitter city's stereotyped pattern. He puts his married life and happiness far above his career. When, during his personal appearance tour on his “April Love” picture, he learned that the many engagements set up for him gave him time for about everything but his wife Shirley, he apologetically, but firmly, canceled half the engagements. Shirley came first! “If show business does not work out for me,” he always says, “I think I would still like to be a teacher. Teachers do not make much, but it is satisfying, and they have plenty of time to raise their families properly.”

The “croakers” said that his strict adherence to family life would lessen his appeal to teen-agers. But they were wrong. Everything he did seemed to make a hit, especially with the young folks. After completing a cross-country poll on Boone, Randy Wood, of Dot Records, quipped: “The first teen-age idol that grandma can ‘dig’ too.”

When the rock-and-roll madness was at its height, Pat Boone, clean-cut, handsome, and cool, stepped into the teen-age spotlight—and stayed there. He acted unconventionally. He refused to kiss in pictures, and turned down movie offers in order to continue with his studies at Columbia University. In spite of ridicule from some, he nightly called up his wife Shirley whenever away from her on a singing engagement. Nearly everyone predicted failure, yet in four years he sold more than 4,000,000 records, and became a national TV favorite.

Pat's example in home life may pave the way for many hopefuls worrying about marriage versus career. That has never been a problem in the Boone household. The reason? Family life always comes first.

Although endowed with a magnificent voice, he never took his motion-picture work too seriously. Ted Mack discovered him accidentally in Nashville, where Pat filled some sporadic engagements at the local radio station. Pat actually felt that his acting work would help him further his teaching career, so he insisted on finishing his courses at Columbia, although this meant frequent furloughs from his other commitments and straining the security of his



1. Not a one-man audience asleep at a dull recital, but Pat studying at odd times during rehearsal.
2. Shirley at the other end of the line loves to hear his voice by phone no matter how far away.
3. Even the long, grueling sessions before lights and lens fail to erase his broad, infectious smile.
4. Mother Shirley Boone has her hands full keeping four wiggling girls posed for a picture.
5. At the airport, teen-agers really "dig" Pat and Shirley with the

- youngest of the four girls on their return from an engagement tour.
6. Ben Nye, head of make-up for 20th Century Fox, prepares Pat for his next camera appearance.
7. Facing an impersonal microphone, Pat records musical favorites for millions of listeners.
8. When on location for a motion picture, Pat is a familiar figure in his sporty little car.
9. No smiles were ever more genuine or indicative of happy family life than those of the Pat Boones.

contracts. He got both a splendid education and a splendid career, plus a well-deserved admiration from his public and his sponsors.

Born in Jacksonville, Florida, June 1, 1934, Pat lived from the age of two in Nashville, not far from Kentucky, scene of Daniel Boone's adventures.

Pat was christened Charles Eugene, but his parents, wanting a Patricia, always called him Pat. His father was a builder, and his mother a registered nurse.

Of his wife Shirley, daughter of Red Foley, country folk singer, Pat says, "She's a very unusual wife for an entertainer—she understands all about singers." Pat and Shirley went steady at David Lipscombe High School in Nashville, where he was an athlete and student president and she was a home-coming queen. They eloped when they were nineteen and moved to Denton, Texas, where he attended North Texas State College. On weekends he appeared on a Fort Worth TV station.

He began his singing career at ten, appearing in a talent contest in Nashville. At seventeen he was singing on his own program over station WSIX. A year later he won another contest and went to New York to appear on Ted Mack's Amateur Hour.

His ambition to be a teacher led Pat to continue in col-

lege in spite of a lack of money at first, and later in spite of his engagements. In June, 1958, he was graduated from Columbia University *magna cum laude*. However, his plans do not include a higher degree at the present time. Why? He has not had enough time with his *five* girls.

Pat belongs to the Church of Christ and is often active in youth work for his church. He enjoys leading the hymn singing on Sunday whenever possible. His appointment to the board of directors for the National Institute of Christian Education he regards as a duty.

The Boones lived for a time in a \$30,000 house in Leonia, New Jersey, which was mortgaged and had only a one-car garage.

Their four girls, Cheryl, Linda, Deborah, and Laura, provide Pat plenty of diversion; he loves babysitting.

In 1956 Pat turned down two cigarette-company sponsors for his TV show, saying that he didn't smoke and didn't want to influence any teen-agers to start a habit which "everyone is always saying he wants to give up." He changed the lyric of one of his songs from "When I feel blue, I start smoking," to "When I feel blue, I start walking."

Drinking a gallon of milk a day, he also devours ice cream like a teen-ager, brushes his teeth "about 18 times



a day”—they look like it, too—and can sleep anywhere.

He says regarding drinking: “Some people attribute the fact that I don’t take a drink to my religious background. That’s just a part of the reason. Far from being a saint, I know from experience that I would enjoy drinking in moderation. But I also know that what I do carries my stamp of approval with millions of youngsters who often pay me the supreme tribute of imitation. Among those who would drink because I do would be some who, without knowing it, are emotionally and/or physiologically vulnerable to alcoholism. If, through an example set by me, a single boy or girl became a drunkard, how do you suppose I would feel?”

Many writers who have interviewed Boone for stories have found he is exactly what he says he is, a fun-loving young fellow, with devotion and duty at the top of his “do” list. His friends say he is a good listener and has a quick and responsive sense of humor. He will unabashedly tell you that he loves to eat; the killing schedules he meets require energy boosters, of which food is the best.

Pat stanchly refused to follow in the path of the established pattern to stardom, which includes ostentation of every kind; but since he started singing in earnest about five years ago he has sold more than 18,000,000 records.

And his bond with his family is stronger than it ever was.

An incident that happened in Nashville in 1956 shows his popularity. Pat was to make a personal appearance, but on arrival found that the town was drowning in a torrential rain. His manager suggested that he cancel his appearance, but Pat insisted that once he was expected he must appear. He did, and some 80,000 fans stood in the pouring rain to hear him!

Besides showing what can be done with his talent, he has proved to all ambitious young people what can be done when one sticks by his deep convictions—in his case, his love of family and his religious beliefs.

Taking some of his philosophy of life from his parents, who are steady, devout, believing people, Pat has expressed himself thus: “I always ask myself about anything I do: Will it violate my conscience? Will it have a bad effect on others? Will it have a good effect on others?”

And he adds: “I don’t know how long this singing will last. No matter how long it lasts, it’s given me a greater responsibility than most men my age; not just to my family but to the many who look to young singers as their example. I owe them a lot, if not everything. The only way I can repay them is to make a day-to-day reality of the question that lights my life: ‘Is it right?’”

WORLD VIEW



NATIONAL COMMITTEE FORMED IN AUSTRALIA

Another link in the world-wide battle against the bottle was forged in Sydney, Australia, at the setting up of the Australian National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism, and the initiation of plans for an Institute of Scientific Studies for that area.

Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, of Chicago, president of the International Commission, and W. A. Scharffenberg, of Washington, D.C., Commission executive director, were present at the organization meeting, October 13, 1958.

Elected to serve as honorary president was the Honorable G. F. R. Nicklin, premier of Queensland. Senator Ian Wood of Mackay, Queensland, was selected as president. T. J. Paterson, chairman of the National Safety Council of Melbourne, Victoria, is executive secretary. Ernest H. J. Steed of Sydney is his associate.

Richard Cleaver, M.P., of Perth, Western Australia, is treasurer, assisted by W. J. Hobbin of Sydney. Additional members of the board of trustees include: F. H. Purdue of Newcastle,

member of the New South Wales Legislative Assembly; C. H. Carter of Brisbane, executive secretary of the Canberra Hotels Corporation; Dr. A. H. Wood, president of the Methodist Ladies College in Melbourne, Victoria; Senator Agnes R. Robertson, Member of Parliament from Western Australia; and Dr. A. K. Tullock, chief surgeon, Sydney Sanitarium and Hospital.

Dr. Hugh Fraser, vice-president of the National Committee, was elected as chairman of the board of directors of the Institute of Scientific Studies. Initial plans have already been laid for the first session of the Institute, to be conducted on the campus of the medical college of the Sydney University. The dates for this session have been set for January 18-29, 1960.

The organizing meeting for the National Committee was held in the Starlight Room of the Australia Hotel in Sydney. Invitations had been sent out to those who had indicated a willingness to serve on such a committee.

The list included members of the parliament, outstanding businessmen, members of the judiciary, leading clergymen, educators, physicians, social welfare workers, temperance leaders, prominent women, and a number of sports stars, including Bruce Crampton, the golfer, and Betty Cuthbert, the Olympic runner.

One member of the parliament, who was in the midst of his election campaign, flew all the way from Perth, a distance equal to that from Los Angeles to New York, to attend the meeting, then immediately flew back to Perth to continue his campaign.

Dr. Hugh Fraser of Sydney was elected to serve as temporary chairman of the meeting, and under his guidance the group proceeded to draft and adopt the constitution and bylaws for the new Committee.

Wide publicity was given in the press, over the radio, and by television to the formation of the National Committee.

When completed, the Committee will consist of the board of trustees and sixty additional men and women. Eleven members, including the officers, are to serve on the board of trustees. The committee will include five physicians, five educators, five businessmen, five editors, five clergymen from five different denominations, five prominent women, five from the judiciary, five statesmen, five nationally known temperance leaders, five leading sports personalities, and five social and welfare workers.

The Australian National Committee follows the same organizational lines as the national committees in other countries, including the United States, India, Burma, and the Philippines.



1. The Honorable Ian Wood, M.P., president of the Australian National Committee, confers with W. A. Scharffenberg, International Commission executive director, about future plans.

2. Dr. Ivy speaks at the organizational meeting of the Australian Committee. At the front table appear Archer Tongue, Dr. Ivy, Dr. Hugh Fraser, W. A. Scharffenberg, and Ernest Steed.

3. Golf Champion Bruce Crampton and Olympic Runner Betty Cuthbert listen as Dr. Ivy explains the "desocialization" program and the objectives of the National Committee.

4. The Honorable Richard Cleaver, M.P., of Perth, Western Australia, studies the Committee's organizational and international program.

This California industry
has taken the

Wine

STANLEY M. JEFFERSON

out of "Winery"



One of the world's largest wine centers is Lodi, situated in the broad, flat valley of central California. So it is no surprise that wineries abound in this area. But when a winery changes over to making only nonfermented products—well, that's another story.

For years the Lodi Grape Products served as a winery. For years its plant functioned as a medium to transform the sweet juice of the grape into an alcoholic beverage.

In 1952 the picture changed, however, when this establishment was converted into a grape products plant to reduce the juice to a pure concentrate instead of to fermented wine.

For many years there had been a group of noble-spirited citizens in the community who had desired to put the grapes they raised to a better purpose than to sell them to the wine industry.

To carry this out, a co-operative association was formed, with thirty-three of the growers as stockholders. D. J. Weigum was elected president, with Jake E. Bietz as general manager. The stockholders are Christian men of different Protestant faiths; nevertheless, they feel they have a common cause to champion, and are going all out to make a success of the enterprise.

A person visiting the plant senses that every effort is being put forth to make its grape concentrate a perfect product, wholesomely delicious, one that can be diluted and used as a sweet, nonalcoholic beverage, or used undiluted as topping on a refreshing dish of ice cream or as a sirup on waffles and pancakes. There is, in fact, an endless variety of ways in which it can be served.

The big market, however, is in the field of food processing. Manager Bietz says that all the concentrate produced by the plant can be sold to such manufacturers. For example, during 1957 some 50,000 gallons of concentrate were sold

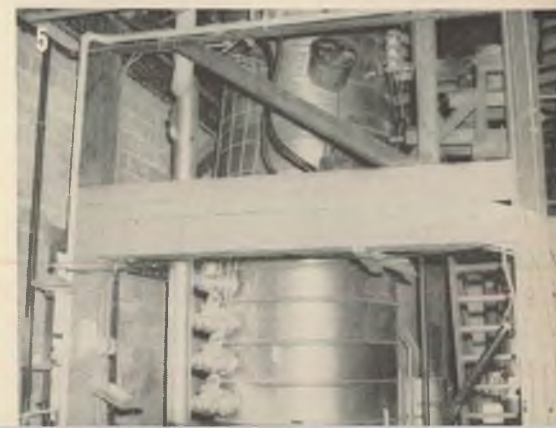
to Real Gold, a Los Angeles Company producing fruit drinks; 5,500 gallons went to Nesbitt Food Products for their grape drinks, and still more went to the Golden Gate Food Company of Berkeley to be used in jams and jellies.

Special care is used in guarding cleanliness and sanitation in the entire process, from the time the grapes are automatically dumped from the vineyard gondolas, until they are conducted through the extractor and separator into the vacuum tank, where the juice is pasteurized and reduced as it boils furiously at only 130°



After seven hours of processing, 4,000 gallons of grape juice from twenty tons of fresh grapes become 1,000 gallons of concentrated sirup, about 70 per cent sugar. This is stored in four huge 25,000-gallon concrete tanks, especially lined to preserve the delicate flavor. From these it is pumped into glass-lined tank trucks for shipment.

Indicative of the exceptionally fine equipment throughout the plant is the \$17,000 Westfalia Separator imported
(Turn to page 34.)



1. D. J. Weigum (right), president of Lodi Grape Products, discusses a recent progress report in the industry's office with Jake E. Bietz, general manager.

2. Ten thousand pounds of fresh grapes from a vineyard gondola start through the stripper to remove stems, leaves, and other foreign and extraneous matter.

3. The complicated extractor compresses the last bit of juice from the pulp.

4. This Westfalia Separator handles about 1,800 gallons of grape juice an hour.

5. Four thousand gallons of juice are reduced to one thousand gallons of pure concentrate in this huge vacuum tank in less than six hours' operating time.



THE VOICE OF SCIENCE

TRANQUILIZERS AND CONDUCT

Henry F. Unger

By the use of homemade electronics apparatus, some rats, and a great deal of patience, Dr. Harold W. Coppock, associate professor of psychology at Arizona State College, Tempe, Arizona, is trying to show whether tranquilizers can convert normal, rapid-thinking human beings into dull, stupid persons.

Behind the unique experiments, backed by a grant from the United States Public Health Service's Institute of Mental Health, is an attempt to learn the role of fear reduction and the effects of tranquilizers and other drugs on learning processes.

In the experiments, which include shock treatment and shock-and-sound analysis, a rat is taped to a platform, and electrodes are connected to its tail. Photoelectric cells are placed before the cage in which the rat is snugly placed. Dr. Coppock turns on the electricity, ad-



1. Dr. Coppock checks the electronics apparatus he designed to use in experiments with tranquilizers. Stainless steel pens record reactions on the paper tape along the tabletop.

2. Don Huard, research assistant, adjusts electrodes on the rat's tail. The soundproof box, containing an amplifier to catch all sounds, will cover the rat and the electricity be turned on.

justing the strength of the current. The rat has been injected with tranquilizer drugs, with morphine, or with a neutral substance. Housed in an air-conditioned, soundproof box, not affected by outside influences, the rat is controlled by the electronics equipment outside the cage. Once the rat receiving the stimulus of the electricity moves its head, a photoelectric cell breaks the current, and the action is noted by pens on recording paper.

Dr. Coppock has found that rats injected with neutral solutions are quick to notice the shock and that a greater degree of fear is aroused, similar to the average human being's fear of the doctor's needle. Rats given pain-killing drugs also respond with some alacrity, but slower than the "neutral" rats. Rats injected with tranquilizers are slow to learn.

This research expert hopes to transfer some of his findings to reactions among human beings and their adjustment to learning setups after their use of various drugs, tranquilizer pills in particular. He feels that if fear is eliminated through the use of tranquilizers, also eliminated will be other important drives that have a bearing on learning processes and social activity. Gone would be such assets as promptness, politeness, tact, and other daily living aids. Tranquilizers in strong dosages would reduce fear to such a degree that the human being would be a phantom, hardly aware of responsibilities.

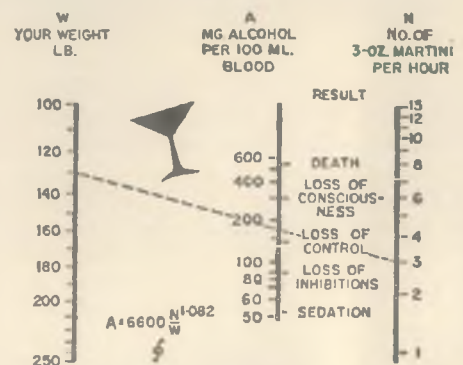
Dr. Coppock and his research assistants point out that their experimentation is a slow process, but it is a very important analysis for society, whose members are coming to lean more heavily on tranquilizer pills.

MARTINI NOMOGRAPH

Engineers use lots of nomographs. Here's one—a Martini nomograph—that can be used to tell how many three-ounce Martinis it will take in one hour to achieve a desired result. If a person weighs 130 pounds and downs three Martinis in an hour, just draw a straight line from 130 on the weight scale to 3 on the Martini scale and note that the

blood will contain 193 milligrams of alcohol per 100 milliliters. With this percentage, he will lose his control and inhibitions. For example, he'll be telling smoking-car stories in the presence of ladies.

If you weigh 190 pounds and take on four Martinis in an hour, note that your blood contains 155 milligrams of alcohol per 100 milliliters and that you are running out of control. If you're a little fellow, weighing 140 pounds, and would like to be excused from paying income tax from now on, just imbibe nine Martinis in an hour, build up the alcohol content of your blood to 510 milligrams per 100 milliliters, and prepare to join your forefathers.—Adapted from D. S. Davis, in *Chemical Literature*.



NO "THRESHOLD" OF IMPAIRMENT

Three researchers of the University of Bristol examined the effect of small doses of alcohol on driving skill (reported in *British Medical Journal*, 2:993, 1958).

Apparatus used: "Miles motor driving trainer," in which the subject sits in a dummy car facing a translucent screen in a darkened room. A road scene is projected onto the screen. As the driver operates the accelerator and steering wheel, the car appears to progress along the road.

The aspects of performance scored were accuracy of tracking, speed of driving, and the control movements of steering wheel, accelerator, brake, clutch, and gear lever. Records were made of the number of collisions with the side of the road that would be likely to happen under normal driving conditions.

Subjects tested: Forty volunteers from the staff of the Road Research Laboratory, ranging in age from twenty-three to forty years. These were given a 20 per cent solution of alcohol flavored to disguise the alcohol content. The dose ranged from .2 to .65 grams of alcohol
(Turn to page 26.)



Bullets for The Pusher

MIKE THORNE

THE moment Joe Pierce reached home he knew something was wrong. He stood in the open doorway and gazed across the littered living room of his small four-room cottage. Clothing was scattered on the floor and furniture. A vase was overturned. The radio had been knocked from its corner table and was blaring loudly on the floor.

For a horrible instant Joe faced the reality he had so fearfully avoided before. Not once in the eleven months that he and Marguerite had been married had he come home to an empty house. He desperately fought off the suspicions that were mounting in his mind. Could Marguerite have slipped? Could she have gone back to her old habit? If she had, Joe knew from bitter experience what terrible agony it would mean for both him and his wife. Marguerite was a reformed dope addict.

One look told Joe that Marguerite had left in a hurry. She had gone through the closet and chest, taking only the bare essentials. Whatever had made Marguerite leave must have frightened her horribly. Joe could guess what that was. Frantically he wrestled his way into his coat. He knew every moment counted. He had to find Marguerite—and he had to find her fast!

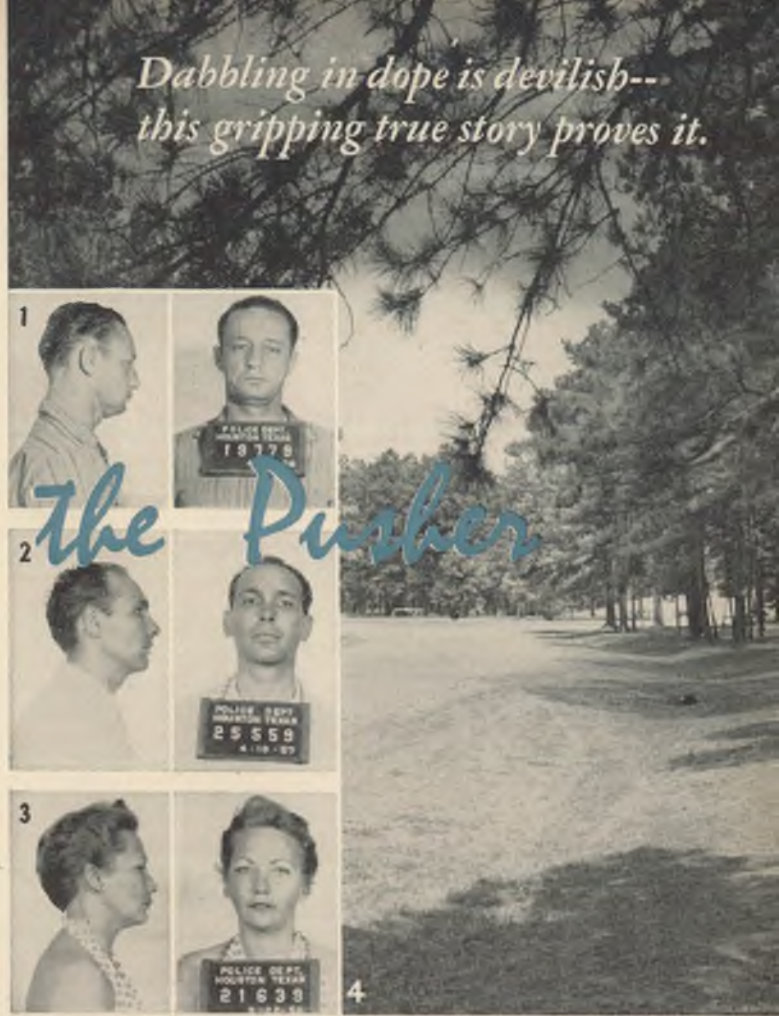
It was raining, and a brisk wind was snapping the big drops into Joe's face as he walked. But in his anxiety he hardly noticed their sting. He was thinking about his wife.

Joe walked into a small café where he knew some of Marguerite's friends sometimes stopped. The waitress recognized him and nodded. "I'm looking for Marguerite," he said. "She left in a hurry today, and I'm worried."

"You rest here a bit," she said, sliding a cup across the counter to him. "I'll ask around."

Joe slouched on the stool, dropping his face into his sweaty palms. He remembered vividly how wonderful he had felt the day he met Marguerite and discovered he loved her. And he breathed an urgent prayer that what he suspected wasn't true.

A new dope pusher named Leroy Wright had been threatening Marguerite for three months, trying to get her back on the habit. Joe knew about Leroy's record. It was a long one for crimes of extreme cruelty. He hadn't



*Dabbling in dope is devilish--
this gripping true story proves it.*

1. Leroy Wright: Like a pall of impending doom.
2. Joe Pierce: "This is where you get off."
3. Marguerite Pierce: Catacombs of the underworld.
4. In the shadows of a back road in Houston's Hermann Park.

worried before, because Leroy had never seen his wife except in public places. It was different now. At this moment he could be torturing Marguerite into submission, forcing her to take a shot of heroin.

Joe knew when he married Marguerite that she took dope. She had a "heavy habit," and Joe knew it would be almost impossible to break. But he was a man of strong determination. He believed that love and faith could overcome even the powerful physical and emotional hold that dope could have on a person. It was with this belief that he married Marguerite.

It was not a one-sided romance. Marguerite loved Joe deeply. If she hadn't, she never could have mustered the moral courage and physical strength to accomplish what she did. "I'm going to quit the stuff," she told Joe. And she did. She locked herself in a room and "kicked her habit cold turkey," that is, gave up dope abruptly, without the tapering-off process that is so often tried unsuccessfully by addicts.

Joe had been nearby during the agonizing withdrawal—from the first beads of sweat to the last writhing convulsion. He sensed the pain his wife suffered, and he shared her emotional shock. It was worse than death to break the habit the way Marguerite did, Joe thought. And if anyone made her take dope again, death would be too good for him. (Turn to page 26.)

THE courtroom was very quiet. The boy standing before the judge's bench was certain to be handled in typical Maloney fashion.

Mike Faverty, bailiff in Western City's Juvenile Court, watched Judge Maloney as he studied the legal papers before him. Public opinion in the city had been demanding action to deal with the city's juvenile delinquency. "I wonder how tough he'll get with this kid," said Mike to an assistant.

The judge looked down at the white-faced, poorly clad boy of fourteen before him. The youth shifted his position uneasily. "I will postpone giving a decision on this case until Friday," said the judge quietly. "I wish to talk to the defendant in my chambers."

In his chambers Judge Maloney faced Jimmy Buergin and Mr. Olson. His well-known stern face wore a warm smile. "We've got to do something about this, Jimmy. Organizing a gang to throw rocks at trains filled with passengers just won't go."

Jimmy looked up at the judge, and then out of the window into the cold gray of Western City's atmosphere. "I'll do something about it, Judge." The boy's tone was defiant.

shots. You broke only two windows. Most of the rocks bounced off the sides of the trains, I understand."

"Yeh, too bad!" The defiance was still there, but mixed with perplexity. "What are ya gonna do?"

"You'll see."

They rode on in silence, but soon the car turned up the driveway leading to the judge's home. A few moments later they entered the judge's living room, and there, to Jimmy's great surprise, were Mr. Faverty, Mr. Olson, and four solemn-faced, ragged youths.

"We got them, sir," said Mr. Faverty to the judge. "It took some fast work, but the precinct captain in that district knew just where to go."

"Fine," said Judge Maloney. "You see, Jimmy, I didn't have the other boys come into the court today because I wanted to study your case first, since you're the oldest. After I had talked to you, I asked Mr. Olson and Mr. Faverty to get the other boys. Now I think all of us are about ready to go down to the basement quarters."

The boys looked frightened, wondering what was ahead.

The judge led the way down the long, winding stairs. "Rather a big house for an old bachelor," said the



Cropley Andrew Phillips

Engine Trouble

"What, Jimmy?" said the judge, looking serious.

"I'll throw some more rocks at some more trains, Judge!" threatened Jimmy with a snarl in his voice.

A momentary flash in the judge's gray eyes disappeared, as a warm smile came to his lips. He put his hands on the boy's shoulders. "I know something better than that, Jimmy."

The snarl deepened. So did the judge's smile. He went to his desk and wrote a note. Handing it to Mr. Olson, he said, "You may go. I'll handle this. Will you please hand that slip of paper to Mr. Faverty?"

The judge turned to the boy again. "We're going to take a ride, Jimmy. I want to show you something that might interest you."

"Jimmy," said the judge, as they were driving along, "it's a good thing that you and your outfit weren't good

judge. "I'm all alone in the world, but there are a lot of things which I like to have around."

They entered a door at the end of a corridor. The room was a large one. The floor was covered with a gigantic model railway system. The judge pressed some buttons on a control table, and two gray streamliners began moving along the miniature tracks.

"Want to throw rocks at them, boys?"

The judge studied the boys. All five faces were intent on the moving trains. There was no evidence of a snarl.

"Wow!" said Jimmy. "What a layout!" He dropped to his knees as the streamliners roared by. The other boys did likewise. After a few moments, Jimmy jumped to his feet. "Could we—could we—run them, Judge?"

"I'm going to give everything in this room to you and your friends, Jimmy," said the judge quietly.

"Your Honor!" said Mr. Faverty. (Turn to page 32.)

From "Sunshine Magazine." Used by permission.

Note From History



AN EMPTY CHAIR



Abraham Lincoln, Civil War President and target of an assassin's bullet, was killed by alcohol as truly as if an intoxicating beverage had itself been the fatal bullet.

Four men—George Atzerodt, Lewis Paine, David Herold, and John Wilkes Booth, all of them drinkers—were the conspirators who planned to kill Andrew Johnson, Vice-President; Ulysses S. Grant, the victorious general; William S. Seward, Secretary of State; and President Abraham Lincoln. All of these were to be killed on the same day and at the same time.

Atzerodt, instead of killing the Vice-President, entered a bar and drank himself drunk. As a result he made no attack on Johnson.

General Grant, at his wife's insistence, went on to visit his children in Philadelphia the night before these awful events occurred.

At ten minutes after ten in the evening, while the President was attending Ford's Theater to relax from the strain of wartime responsibility, Lewis Paine and David Herold, the conspirators who were to kill Seward, stopped at Lafayette Square, and Paine entered the house. Breaking his gun in an attempt to enter the Secretary's bedroom, Paine cut up Seward with his knife. Although Seward lost considerable blood, he recovered and lived until 1872, when he died of natural causes.

John Wilkes Booth, a famous actor from Bel Air, Maryland, the real assassin and the main conspirator, was the son of an alcoholic who had spells of insanity. From his youth Booth had been a hard drinker who took his brandy in long, careless drafts.

At first the plot against the President was to have been a kidnapping, but as time went on Wilkes, drinking off and on, decided to kill Lincoln himself. At three in the afternoon and then again at four he visited the tavern for brandy. Around six o'clock Booth invited the stagehands from Ford's Theater to the nearby tavern for a drink.

"At the tavern he joked with them and asked if they had to be on stage soon. They said no, that the scenery

had already been set up. He then said that he had an errand to do, but before he left he bought a bottle of whisky for the men and advised them to 'drink up.' He went back through the alley and the underground passage and up onto the stage."

Having planned his attack by visiting the theater and the President's box, Booth returned to the tavern for the last time that night. He ordered a bottle of whisky and some water. The bartender remembered this because the actor usually asked for brandy.

In the tavern a highly intoxicated man lifted his glass and said to Booth, "You'll never be the actor your father was."

Smilingly the traitor answered, "When I leave the stage, I will be the most famous man in America."

That fateful night a fifth man, John F. Parker, one of the bodyguards to the President, but not a conspirator, was three hours late arriving at the White House to relieve William H. Crook, the day guard. Parker was to escort the Presidential party to Ford's Theater, but was to ride in a different carriage since the President and the First Lady had guests going with them that night.

Parker was thirty-four, married, and had three small children. Having served for three months with the Union forces, he had been accepted as a policeman on the Washington Metropolitan Police force. From then on he was getting into trouble with his superior officers and was charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Such is the man who was to guard the President from 4 p.m. to midnight on April 14, 1865.

At the theater Parker examined the presidential box and saw the empty chair he was to occupy outside the door. But from this chair he could not see the play. Restlessly he waited for the President to arrive. Escorting him and his party to the box, he peered around the edge of the wall at the action on the stage, since the play had already begun when the President arrived.

Just before nine o'clock Parker, not being able to follow

the play, became bored. Leaving the theater and his chair empty against the wall, he saw Burns, the President's carriage driver, dozing in the driver's seat outside the theater.

"How would you like a little ale?" Parker asked.

Awakening, Burns said, "That's a good idea," and went with Parker. Before they entered the tavern they were joined by a third man, Forbes, the President's personal valet. The empty chair and the unguarded box—all because of one man's craving for a drink.

When John Wilkes Booth prepared to enter the President's box a little after ten o'clock, he looked at the empty chair before the door, wondering where the guard was who was to protect the President. When he realized that he was going to get into the box with no opposition, he entered, and with a deringer shot the President in the head between the left ear and the spine. Jumping from the box onto the stage, and breaking his ankle but still able to walk, Booth made his escape into the night. The circumstances of his later capture have been the subject of one of history's great debates for years.

At six o'clock the next morning John F. Parker walked into one of the police stations with a woman on his arm. "Parker did not tell the sergeant where he had been all night, and the sergeant did not ask. Parker did not inquire about the President, nor did he offer to file a report on the assassination. The sergeant advised him to go home and get some sleep. Parker left. He remained a policeman in good standing for three more years. He was not tried, and no charges were ever filed against him."

George Atzerodt was caught, tried, and hanged. So were Lewis Paine and David Herold. It is said that Booth was cornered in a Virginia barn and shot by a trigger-happy soldier.

So died a beloved President at the hand of an intoxicated man, and deserted by a guard who thought it more important to have a drink than to guard the President of the United States.—Facts taken from *The Day Lincoln Was Shot*, by Jim Bishop (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1955).

NO "THRESHOLD" OF IMPAIRMENT

(Continued from page 22)

to each kilogram of body weight. The alcohol level in the blood was determined in the blood, urine, and breath at intervals over a period of two and a half hours.

Results: Performance began to deteriorate with very low blood alcohol con-

centrations from 20 to 30 milligrams of alcohol per 100 milliliters, corresponding to an intake of .2 to .3 grams per kilogram of body weight. This represents a level about one fifth of the 100 milligrams per 100 milliliters, the level used by the American National Safety Council as the line between "safe" and "possibly under the influence." *The deterioration was progressive and linearly related to blood alcohol level. There was no evidence of a threshold effect.*

The impairment in performance was shown most clearly in the operation of the controls, particularly in the time of steering-wheel movements. Mean error showed an increase with an increase in blood alcohol, amounting to about 16 per cent deterioration with a blood alcohol concentration of 80 milligrams per 100 milliliters.

Part of the increase in errors was due to a significant tendency for subjects to claim more than their share of the road after taking alcohol. Mean speed showed no significant change after alcohol, although there were marked individual differences in speed. Age, sex, and previous driving experience and drinking habits showed no relation to individual differences in response to alcohol, but personality ratings, especially those relating to extroversion and introversion, were definitely associated with driving performance.

BULLETS FOR THE PUSHER

(Continued from page 23)

He was roused out of his thoughts by the waitress. "She hasn't been in here for a week," the waitress said. "And nobody in here has seen her."

Joe nodded. "Thanks," he said, and walked back outside into the rain.

As Joe walked from door to door, peering into smoke-filled taverns and hash houses and asking about Marguerite, he wondered what the future held for him and his wife.

Both knew when they married that the odds were heavy against their chances for happiness. They were both thirty-four. Joe had lived at best a haphazard, aimless life since childhood. Marguerite's had been far worse. From a runaway girl, she had rapidly sunk into the depths of moral decay. It wasn't that she was basically bad. She had lived too fast and become jaded and blasé, searching for new thrills as each new venture lost its interest.

The expected course open to an impatient, thrill-seeking girl like Marguerite was just the one she took. She was out for kicks, and a friend persuaded her that dope was the answer. She didn't realize the consequences on

the night she took her first shot. If she had, no persuasiveness on earth could have induced her to do it. This was to be her most costly thrill—more so than she could ever imagine.

Marguerite learned with chagrin that this thrill—like all the others—was only temporary. It had one difference: Unlike the others, this one could not be tossed whimsically aside. Within a week, she no longer took heroin for fun. Now it was an urgent necessity—a deadly food for a great physical and emotional hunger, one that could never be satisfied.

Joe was soaked and near the point of giving up now. He paused in a sheltered doorway, and was startled to hear someone call his name. He looked up and recognized a newsboy whom he knew his wife had once befriended.

"If you're looking for Marguerite, she's at the bus stop over on Leeland Street," the boy said.

Leeland Street was four blocks away. Joe ran all the way. He hoped desperately she would still be there when he arrived.

As he rounded the corner, he almost ran into Marguerite. She faced him for an instant, and Joe could see terror in her eyes. "Joe," she said in a muffled half-whisper, "get away from me."

Joe grabbed her arm and looked squarely into her eyes. "Whatever it is, Mag, I want you to tell me about it," he said. "No matter what it is, we can lick it together."

In heavy sobs, she wept out her story to Joe. "It was Leroy again," she said. "He's been bothering me for weeks, but I haven't told you. Yesterday he caught me on a deserted street and told me he would cut up my face if I didn't buy dope from him."

"This time I knew he really meant it. He had a knife. I was afraid to tell you, because I knew he would hurt you, too. I figured it was better to stay away from all my friends."

Joe took her home. They rested for an hour before Joe got into the car. It was almost dark when Joe got out of the car in front of Leroy's cheap, fringe-area hotel.

He climbed the stairs and rapped on the door he knew was Leroy's.

"Who is it?" a muffled voice from inside asked.

"Joe Pierce," Joe answered. "I want to talk to you."

Leroy was smiling when he opened the door. "Well," he said, "is this a social call?"

"Not exactly," Joe said. "I want to buy some stuff."

Leroy's face darkened. "What's a square like you want with H?" he asked.

"Marguerite needs it," he said.

Leroy smiled again. "Now you're being smart," he said. "You know Marguerite can't be happy without H. And you know you want her to be happy."

When Joe knocked, Leroy had been rolling up papers of heroin on a mirror he had taken off the wall and placed across his bed. He dusted the glass, tucked his cellophane packages into a matchbox, and hung up the mirror. "Let's go," he said, beckoning toward the door. Joe knew a pusher never made a sale in his own house.

Joe and Leroy drove for half an hour, taking the usual devious route that junkies take to keep from being followed. The ride ended abruptly in the shadows of a back road in Hermann Park. The nearby golf course was deserted, and Joe saw the drainage ditches filled with water from the recent rain, glimmering eerily in the pale light of a distant street lamp. He pointed to the road. "This is where you get off," Joe said.

Leroy's jaw dropped in disbelief. He looked at the small blue pistol Joe was holding. "Is this a stickup?" he asked.

"Worse than that," Joe said. "Marguerite asked you to leave her alone, and you wouldn't. I'm going to see that you do."

As Leroy stepped from the car, Joe's pistol cracked, once, twice, three times—

Leroy gave a muffled yelp and flipped backward into the ditch. Joe leaped into the car, and it roared away.

Less than an hour later, two college students, out for a joy ride in the park, sighted Leroy near the road on his knees. "Help me," he said as they stopped. Then he collapsed.

They took him to a hospital and made statements to the police.

For six days Leroy talked in riddles to police. He had a broken jaw and bullets in his hip and back. At last, after unrelenting questioning by Homicide Detective Ira Holmes, Leroy said: "All right, Copper, I'll tell you who did it. It was Joe Pierce. But be careful with him when you arrest him. I've got something special planned for him."

Holmes made the arrest, and Joe admitted the shooting. The police were sympathetic with Joe's case, and their testimony before the grand jury got Joe off a free man.

But the fear of the law was never uppermost in Joe's mind. He felt justified in what he did. It is Leroy's threat that worries Joe. It hangs like a pall of impending doom over the heads of both Joe and Marguerite.

It's their latest installment in the lifetime payments they have to make for a "luxury" no one can afford—a dope habit.



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.

Why is it that teen-agers are sometimes drawn to the use of alcohol and tobacco?

Every teen-ager is looking forward to the day when he can be independent and can make his own decisions. He wants to become an adult. He doesn't like to be "pushed around" by his parents, his teachers, or even his friends. He wants to be recognized as a man, so he imitates the men (and she imitates the women) all about them.

On radio, on TV, in the papers, and on the billboards, over and over they are told that to smoke and drink is the smart, the clever, thing to do. "All the important people do it." And he wants to be a real man; she wants to be a real woman and be loved by a "he-man."

Then someone comes along and tells them of the dangers to health and happiness. They think, "If it's so harmful, then why does everybody do it? We're going to find out for ourselves." So, in spite of occasional nausea and dizzy heads, they do find out.

Shouldn't minors be allowed to drink if they want to?

By a "minor" I suppose you mean a teen-ager. First, let us observe that a human being must develop physically before his mental faculties can develop. At birth only the automatic part of the brain functions. The mental development trails by several years the development of the body. This is the reason we do not recall even the major events of our first few years of life.

Man has one attribute which distinguishes him from the lower animals, and that is his ability to choose between the good and the bad, or the good and the best, his power of reason and judgment; and this ability develops last. This ability to choose wisely is not well developed in many individuals until they are out of their teens, and that is why lawmakers have designated twenty-one as the age at which a person comes into his majority.

How well any person has matured his judgment depends upon his training as a teen-ager both before and during his adolescence. His wisdom is demonstrated by his choice of action and its relative value for the present, as opposed to its effect on the future of the person and the community as a whole.

Let me point out that the effect of alcohol is, first of all, to put to sleep the powers of reason and judgment, then the ability to think clearly and rapidly, and lastly the body itself.

How early in life should one begin to use alcohol?

As pointed out in the foregoing question and answer, only those who have developed the ability to choose wisely should be given that freewill choice.

It is debatable whether any individual has a right to use in any amount a protoplasmic poison, an anesthetic, narcotic drug, whose first effect is to remove the ability to make mature decisions.

Furthermore, should we who have learned of the dangers of using that drug allow the uninformed to follow the road to suicide and murder on the highways and in the byways?

Does the use of beverage alcohol shorten life?

Statistical studies of the effect of tobacco on heart disease show a definite effect on life expectancy. And among those who both smoked and drank the death rate from heart disease is markedly increased.

It is logical that any kind of poison which is taken into the body in any quantity will destroy the ability of the body to meet the stress of infections which may occur. It has long been recognized by physicians that any individual who is addicted to alcohol and develops pneumonia is more liable to die of that illness than is one who has never taken this poison into his body.

Golden Guideposts

Titus A. Frazee

No. 3: ENTHUSIASTIC ENCOURAGEMENT

One day Eugene Field, the columnist, feeling completely frustrated, sent a note to his editor which read, "There'll be no column tomorrow. I am giving up."

By return messenger the editor sent Field this note: "I have a fellow working on the linotype down in the basement. He has three children desperately ill with scarlet fever. He's not giving up." Thoroughly ashamed of his discouragement, Field went to work and pounded out the best column of his life.

I don't remember the editor's name, but the name of Eugene Field will stick. And the editor, with his enthusiastic encouragement, saved both a man and his newspaper.

We may think we are "nobodies," or "has-beens," or that we are far from the sphere of influence where decisions are being made; but each of us, regardless of his station in life, can through *enthusiastic encouragement* raise the spirits of our fellow men when they need a boost. "They helped everyone his neighbor; and everyone said to his brother, Be of good courage." Isaiah 41:6.

Roy Angell, minister of the Central Baptist Church in Miami, Florida, in his *Baskets of Silver* tells a thrilling story:

Julian LeGrande, one of the richest merchants that Paris ever knew, hit on hard times during one of the great depressions in France. His big stores were in need of a hundred thousand dollars in cash. Julian went out to borrow it, but neither the banks nor his friends had any money. All day long he looked in vain, and he came back thinking, "Have I been in business for forty years, have I built up a chain of great stores, and now cannot even borrow a hundred thousand dollars, and the business may go under for the lack of this small sum, when we've taken in millions of dollars in a single year?"

But there is more to this story.

Julian LeGrande said, "I was sitting in my office at sundown when a knock came on my door. Without lifting my head, I called, 'Come in.'

"The door opened, and a very striking, handsome man stood there. He was faultlessly attired, and he said, 'Julian LeGrande?'"

"I answered, 'Yes, sir, but you have the advantage of me.'

"He said, 'You probably would not know my name, but I'll tell you in a moment or two what it is. I understand that you need some money.'

"Yes, sir, I do.'

"How much do you need?'"

"I need a hundred thousand dollars.'

"Well,' he said, 'if you will write your note for a hundred thousand dollars for a year with no interest, I'll give you my check for it. You can get the money from the bank tomorrow morning.' I got up slowly, my mouth hanging open, and I said, 'My friend, who in the world are you, and why do you do this?'"

"He answered, 'Mr. LeGrande, my name is ——. I live in America now, but there was a time when I lived here, and I went to school here. You were Commissioner of Education, and you came to hear the final examination of our graduating class. You helped give us our marks on our last speeches before the assembly. I was ragged, for I was of a very poor family. There were some rich boys, and I thought surely you would talk to some of them and commend them, but when I had finished, and the exercises were over, you came and laid your hand on my head and tilted it back so you could look into my face.

"You said, 'Young man, you have something that the world needs. You can do better than you did today. It's in you. You can do better. You can do most anything you want to do if you set your heart on it. Now, make a man of yourself.'

"You wouldn't remember those words, but every time I topped some achievement, and I'm very wealthy now, I've said, 'Thank you, Mr. Julian LeGrande.'" And this day I have the pleasure of giving you a check for a hundred thousand dollars, just a tiny

interest payment on what you have meant to me.'"

Your word of enthusiastic encouragement or commendation may strengthen some great person at a critical hour.

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews wrote *The Perfect Tribute* many years after Abraham Lincoln delivered his Gettysburg Address. What it would have done to his sagging spirits if he could have read *The Perfect Tribute* on the way back to Washington on the lonely train!

We are likely to think today that Lincoln must have realized that his words would live in men's hearts, but how could he possibly have known this? After the long, eloquent speech of Edward Everett, the orator of the day, which drew thunderous applause from the crowd, Lincoln's "simple speech" was received in silence. He could not know that his hearers were so awed, so inspired, so moved by his message that applause would have seemed irreverent. He could not know that his words would one day be cast in imperishable bronze, and be engraved in men's hearts. He could not know—because no one told him.

Says George Matthew Adams: "He who praises another enriches himself far more than he does the one praised. To praise is an investment in happiness."

He might have said, "Try the Golden Guidepost of Enthusiastic Encouragement."



JAMES DEAN'S LAST CAR

What promised to be an outstanding career was brought to a tragic end on a California highway near Paso Robles on September 3, 1955, when twenty-four-year-old James Dean rammed his \$7,000 sports car into a car driven by another reckless youth.

Militantly independent in behavior and scornful of convention, he seemed to pride himself in, as he claimed, attempting to find out where he belonged. He portrayed in motion pictures the brooding, inarticulate adolescent he himself was in real life.

This last battered car of his, symbolic of the wreck he made of his life, is indeed a powerful object lesson for every young person today.

(Continued from page 11)

Many such articles have gained even wider circulation by being reprinted by groups unconnected with the Christian Science Church, as well as in other newspapers.

On its part, the *Monitor* quotes from many sources in its "Mirror of World Opinion," bringing to world-wide attention local thinking on important issues, including drinking. The Voice column reprinted the Chapel Hill (North Carolina) *Weekly's* comment on the seeming inability of many newspapers because of liquor advertising to have "the independent attitude necessary in matters of controversy about Government policy in respect to liquor that they certainly ought to have. Since the press has shown itself determined to persist in this shameful alliance with the liquor business, then Congress ought to end it by a statute outlawing the passage of liquor advertising through the mails."

The liquor seller has often been the target for editorial blasts from the *Monitor*: "Many courts are more than lenient with drunken drivers even when they kill innocent people. They act as if the drink were the culprit. Of course, it pays no penalty—or damages. Justice requires that this gap be closed. It can be if more responsibility is placed from one side on the drinker and from the other on those who promote his drinking."

The use of women as liquor sales promoters brought this *Monitor* comment:

"This announcement should arouse a public too long apathetic toward the devastating inroads alcohol is making on American society. Women's clubs invite representatives of the National Council on Alcoholism to speak to them and describe its projects for attempting to rescue alcoholics. Will they lend themselves to this campaign to make more alcoholics to be rescued? Will they also open their doors to women representing the distillers who are pouring millions of dollars into advertising to make drinking attractive to men, young people, and now to the mother of the family?"

Wide coverage has been given by the *Monitor* to the question of drinking on airplanes and its relation to public safety. In a special interview Rowland Quinn, Jr., president of the Air Line Stewards and Stewardesses Association, was asked whether he felt that the serving of liquor is a motive for passengers choosing particular airlines, thus justifying airline claims of its need in order to meet competition.

"People don't fly because they can



INTERVIEW BY
MARION RUBINSTEIN

Amos R. Reed, superintendent, Illinois State Training School for Boys, Saint Charles.

"In a training school for boys one has ample opportunity to observe the child neglect and abuse that result many times from the alcoholism of fathers and mothers. The waste of lives, both adults and children, should be shocking to any thinker.

"Alcoholism is recognized as a factor in bringing about afflictions of the mind which send more than 3,000 persons into Illinois mental hospitals each year.

"Alcoholism joins ranks with drug addiction, racial discrimination, and other physical and social ills that cause serious disintegration of family life.

"Children frequently are removed from the homes of alcoholic parents and placed in either public or private institutions. These children tell such stories of neglect and abuse that it becomes obvious that their young lives have been blighted by their experience."



Boys turn into wholesome men when they come under the right influences. Here is the Drum and Bugle Corps at the Illinois State Training School.

drink," he replied. "They fly because of the convenience of getting from one place to another. If liquor were banned from the airways, I don't think there would be a single passenger who would choose another mode of transportation—just so he could drink."

In his book *Commitment to Freedom*, Erwin Canham, long-time *Monitor* editor, tells its unique story. "Christian Scientists do not smoke, nor do they drink alcoholic stimulants," he explains. "These concepts are part of their religious conviction—which is to maintain man's freedom from enslavement to any false appetite. Addiction, especially to habits which also become social evils, is contrary to the basic teachings of Christian Science."

Mary Baker Eddy, founder of Christian Science, wrote in her book *Miscellaneous Writings*:

"Strong drink is unquestionably an evil, and evil cannot be used temperately;

its slightest use is abuse; hence the only temperance is total abstinence." Members of the Christian Science churches therefore are abstainers.

Christian Science Monitor Youth Forums, with a world-wide membership, play an important part in the movement's alcohol education work and offer opportunity for social and cultural activities as well as congenial companionship without recourse to smoking or drinking. These well-attended groups, organized to study the purpose and international scope of the newspaper for which they are named, are a vital counteracting influence to thousands of young people, helping them better to meet almost overwhelming pressures of modern society.

To *The Christian Science Monitor*, this phase of alcohol education is but another weapon in its unceasing battle against liquor, a warfare it plans to continue as long as the need exists.

CITY ON THE MEND

(Continued from page 7)

Though accepted by most Philadelphians as a stepping-stone to better living in their city, Dilworth's tavern-limiting proposal drew immediate fire from the liquor industry. The Pennsylvania Tavern Association's official paper, *Tap and Tavern*, accused the mayor of insulting the industry by depicting taverns as centers of vice, gambling, and narcotics sales. The publication headlined an editorial on the subject, "A Vicious Attack on Taverns."

Since making his original recommendations, Dilworth has added new provisions to the proposals and is backing a bipartisan bill at the Pennsylvania capitol in Harrisburg for early consideration by the state legislature. "The liquor interests speak piously but maintain a powerful lobby to block any reforms we try to have made," says Dilworth. "The police are constantly patrolling these taprooms, guarding against lawbreaking, and this takes them away from guarding homes of Philadelphia citizens."

On many of the city's streets little provision is made to keep young minds and the lawless atmosphere of taverns separated. On one Philadelphia corner a young Negro policewoman pointed out the source of yells coming from a school playground. "Those kids' voices? Why, they're comin' from that alley down there. You see that bar there on the alley corner? The kids go past the bar to their playground; it's just down the alley a little ways."

Did she think the bar might have an influence on the children? "I don't see how it could help but have some influence," she answered. "They see everything that goes on in there. When a fellow or a gal gets thrown out for getting rough, or gets too much under his belt, the kids see it. They hear the cussin' and swearin' and see the conduct of the people in there. They can't help but pick up some of that. Yeh, I reckon they are influenced quite a bit."

Mayor Dilworth's goal of limiting taverns to one for every 1,000 persons will not be easily achieved. "The truth of the matter is that Philadelphia now has all the taverns that can exist in the city," explains Clifford Brenner. "As things are now, the only time a new bar can come into existence is when an old one closes. The trouble is that no direction is given by the Liquor Control Board, a state agency, as to where the new bar is to be placed. So we can, and do, have areas in the city where there are several bars in one block and other areas where there are no bars in an area of several blocks. It tends to swamp some areas with the commodity—liquor—and too often this swamping builds up in low-income areas."

Philadelphia administrators are also fighting the depressing city housing problem. Several ambitious projects are already under way, with more on the planning boards. A huge redevelopment program will provide a spacious park in the downtown area, including historic churches and famed Independence Square with its sacred shrines of history. Closer code inspections will assure better building in the future, say city planners, and some fourteen major housing projects of a private nature are beginning.

It takes time to mend the problems of a great city like Philadelphia, which has had a centuries-long build-up of trouble spots since its founding in 1682. But the present

city administration believes that success will come, for public opinion is strongly behind the current campaign. Three Philadelphia newspapers—the *Bulletin*, the *Inquirer*, and the *Daily News*—have done much to create a public awareness and demand for the changes, and they appear dedicated to a continuation of their hard-hitting, fact-finding journalistic endeavor.

"There are a lot of problems ahead," admits Mayor Dilworth's office, "but we believe that the people of Philadelphia want these problems solved. They realize that it will cost money and that it will require extraordinary effort to lick some of these difficult things."

"People aren't ignoring crime any more as they once were," states Mr. Brenner. "They are now demanding that crime, and the multitude of problems which contribute to it, be stopped, no matter what the cost so long as they see their money is well spent."

Many Philadelphians are not convinced that they are getting their full dollar's worth yet, but practically all of them will concede that progress is being made, that their city is on the mend. Who knows? they say—someday the city might really become a beacon of hope to other large cities by licking its problems. Then Philadelphians can once again claim with full pride the title, "City of Brotherly Love."

TEEN TALK

(Continued from page 16)

who drink at slumber parties and occasions like that? In other words, when girls are alone, and they go in for a beer by themselves?

Tom: That is like what Jan said about the boys getting together and seeing who can guzzle the most the fastest—"I can 'chug-a-lug' and you can't." It is when they get together in a group they try to "go off." That is one of the reasons they drink.

Moderator: What about the girls, Donna? Why do they drink at slumber parties?

Donna: I don't know. I don't think girls should drink. I myself don't approve of girls' drinking at slumber parties, because I don't think it is very ladylike. Actually, I don't think girls should drink unaccompanied, or anywhere, for that matter.

Jan: When boys and girls get together at parties, or in recreational groups, they feel out of place. They have nothing in their hands. They have to do something with their hands. Put a cigarette there, or a glass of beer, and they feel much better, for most of the crowd is doing it.

Tom: At many parties I have been to, maybe the parents don't serve it, and it's not served by the children, but if you go outside and look in the trunks of the cars, there always seems to be a bottle somewhere around at almost every party. Now, that's not the way to do it, but if you had a party at your house and fifteen of your friends came with their dates, and they were all getting stone drunk in the basement, and the cops rolled up—

Donna: Are these good students, or athletes, or just run-of-the-mill kids?

Ronyl: I think it doesn't particularly come down as to whether they are good students or athletic students. For the most part, I would guess, at least during athletic

seasons, that the students who participate in athletics stay off drink.

Jan: I played on last year's championship team at my high school, and this year I play on the same team. It seems to me that 60 per cent of the fellows on the team were heavier drinkers than the rest of the school, at least on special occasions. They try to abstain at other times.

Tom: I think one of the reasons such students are heavier drinkers is that they are supposed to be athletic, supposed to be strong, and they are trying to prove that in more than one way. If they can show that they can hold their liquor, it is a way of proving themselves to other people.

Jan: I'd say that about 75 per cent on our football team this year belong to fraternities. But let me make plain that fraternities are not affiliated with the school. Their members merely attend school.

Moderator: Donna, from your observations, what is the percentage among the high-school set at your school who drink?

Donna: It is hard to specify a definite percentage, because there is always a small group of kids who go out every Saturday night and "chug-a-lug" and really get drunk. They don't do it for enjoyment, they just do it. I would say maybe 50 per cent of the upperclassmen have at least tasted drink or tried it, but it is hard to be definite because the teen-agers might drink for a few weeks and then quit, or they'll do it only, say, at Christmastime or for a celebration.

Tom: In the schools I've run into I've found that from 60 to 80 per cent of the student body have at one time or another had contact with drinking, and not just an introduction from their parents, as mentioned earlier.

Moderator: That raises a point, Jan. Do you think parents should forbid their children to drink while they are teen-agers?

Jan: No, I am very much against that. I would stress, of course, the need for educating, but if parents forbid drinking, that is absolutely wrong. First of all, it arouses curiosity, and a person will want to try something that is forbidden to see what it is like. Second, many children are against their parents' controlling them so much.

Donna: I think that by the time you are a teen-ager you are to be a young adult, and should have the chance to make this decision for yourself. But you should be informed; you should know the effects of alcoholic beverages. You yourself should make the decision if you are going to drink; and if you decide to drink, then, where, when, how much, and with whom.

Ronyl: If you make a decision not to drink, what influences you to make that decision?

Donna: I think there are many teen-agers who don't drink, because their religion says they shouldn't. Many of them respect their parents, at least enough to wait until perhaps they are in college, or are adults. Others don't like the taste of an alcoholic beverage.

Jan: What you said about learning the facts is important, because it seems to me that in these days the advertisers are commercializing beverages too much. They'll show only one side, the glamour side, of a man slightly older than a teen-ager, but teen-agers apply it to themselves. They see others drinking, and it looks like the proper

and right thing to do. That is all wrong. If the advertisers showed, for example, a commercial of a man lying in the gutter, or one alcoholic beating up another alcoholic, then they would be showing more of the truth. When, however, they put up these interesting beer ads, everybody pays attention, for they're glamorous.

Ronyl: Such ads are directed to the teen-agers; the people appearing in them epitomize the best things for the best teen-girls, the boys are the most debonair and charming.

Donna: That's natural for any commercial. You have to make a commercial appeal to people. Surely, by the time you are a junior or senior in high school you are old enough to see what's right and what's wrong. If you know what's right and what's wrong, I don't think a commercial can influence you much.

Moderator: Do you think an educational program at school would help, Tom?

Tom: Definitely. We have such a program at school, but it's not all it's supposed to be. Our hygiene class is supposed to include facts about separate things in it, such as drinking, but it doesn't get down to the real facts as much as it should. I think young people get more on this subject in their driver education classes than they do in hygiene classes.

FATHER'S DAY ON SKID ROW

(Continued from page 10)

the calendar—June 21. He rose quickly. His children would be here any moment. He must be ready. His hands were shaking badly. Taking the bottle from under the bed, he poured the last bit of wine into a broken cup. Then he put the bottle to his lips to drain the few drops that might have eluded the cup.

He was trembling violently as he dressed. He needed a drink badly now, but he could not leave the room. There might be a call for him any minute from his son, or from his daughter. The old man said the words aloud many times, "My daughter, my son, my daughter, my son."

He finished dressing. He was neat, and in the lapel of his torn coat he put a carnation someone had thrown away. He counted his money—35 cents! He could buy a bottle of cheap wine. But, no, he would not drink today. He could and he would change. As it was Father's Day, his children would want to take him home. He would visit with his grandchildren. And maybe they would want him to stay. He wouldn't, of course—but to be wanted, just to be wanted.

He waited all day for the call that never came.

There were only a few who saw him die. Early on the morning of June 22 he purposelessly walked in front of a thundering truck. The truck driver could not stop.

The tired and now completely broken body was duly carted away. Personal possessions were recorded. They would be held for the next of kin: his son, his daughter.

Now, what on earth would they do with a cheap calendar, a calendar that had June 21 carefully circled and as carefully crossed out, a calendar flyspecked—and was it tear-stained? Then, of course, there was the thirty-five cents!



"Listen" to Our Readers

"Learning by Living"

DEAR SIR:

If more people could read such an article ("Learning by Living," January-February, 1958), especially those with children, and take it to heart, the world could become a better world very soon.

To start with prevention from the beginning of life—through right education—seems to me the only sound way to preserve our nation.

MRS. NANCY O. SHAEFER.

Covina, California

Thought Instead of Emotion

DEAR SIR:

When I was looking for a market for a baseball story I had written and came upon your name and magazine, I was reminded of the correspondence we had in 1954 about alcoholism.

I was for rehabilitation of the alcoholic. You were all for prevention of alcoholism rather than treatment and rehabilitation. Needless to say, I have come around to your way of thinking. The pathetic cases of alcoholics that I was powerless to help convinced me that something drastic has to be done.

I know now that if you can prevent a person from beginning to drink, there is no need for rehabilitation. Perhaps I matured enough to use reason in my thinking instead of emotion.

HOWARD A. LAVELLE.

Rockaway Beach, New York

To the Lawyers

DEAR SIR:

Listen is splendid. I sent copies to ten Sunnyvale lawyers with the hope that the article "This Barrister Shuns the Bar" might sow some good seed. The question-and-answer panel with Nancy Norris is also fine.

I only wish that *Listen* could be a visitor in every home.

MRS. WALTER JENSEN.

Sunnyvale, California

On the Bulletin Board

DEAR SIR:

For some time there has come to my study the copy of *Listen* magazine, which I have appreciated receiving.

I have on occasion cut material and placed it on the bulletin board so that young people in our Sunday school might see it, such as the fine article about Nancy Norris (Sept.-Oct., 1958). But this still does not begin to reach the number of young people who might be reached by the wider distribution of some of your good material.

G. RICHARD TUTTLE, Minister

*First Methodist Church
Sunnyside, Washington*

Billy Olson Cover

DEAR SIR:

We are thrilled with the issue showing Billy Olson on the cover. The photographer did a lovely job on that cover.

PHYLLIS SOMERVILLE

Eau Claire, Wisconsin

A Good Suggestion

DEAR SIR:

You will be glad to know that we were successful in our referendum. Some 2,800 voted on the issue, and we won by 350 votes. Now it is illegal to sell any intoxicating beverages or to serve them in clubs within the city limits of Gainesville.

At the last meeting of the Ministerial Association, I instigated a motion to have a permanent committee composed of ministers and laymen to promote temperance on a year-round basis.

R. M. RUF

Gainesville, Georgia

"Outstanding"

DEAR SIR:

Mrs. White and I over the last weekend spent considerable time with the January-February issue of *Listen*, and we just want to tell you how much we appreciate the fine work on the magazine. Really, it is outstanding.

ARTHUR L. WHITE

Washington, D.C.

ENGINE TROUBLE

(Continued from page 24)

The other boys jumped to their feet, excitedly.

"Oh, you've got to earn it," said the judge. He met the bewilderment in the boys' faces with a smile.

"You see, I had to earn it before I got it," the judge declared. "I've had to earn a lot of things. I don't have any family, but I'm able to have these things by doing for others. I want to share them with you now."

"Do you mean you're going to give us these tracks and trains?" asked one boy. "Where could we put them?"

"I said you had to earn them. You boys did enough to be sent to reform school." The judge hesitated.

"I don't want to handle your case that way," continued the judge. "I guess I really don't need these trains any more—not as much as you do. You're going to have charge of them in the new boys' club being built."

"You mean, Judge—" That was all Jimmy could say.

"We'll put you boys on probation. When the club gets going, you will organize a model railroad room on one floor. You will have to set up the room, and most of the responsibility for taking care of it will be yours. Carry it out, and there will be no reform school."

"Oh, thanks, Judge." The chorus of voices was excited with enthusiasm.

"You see," said the judge, "there are other ways to get excitement than by throwing rocks. Running these trains can be exciting, and it's all within the law, too. Let's see what good railroad men you can be. If you run into engine trouble, I'll try to help you, as one railroad man to another. Now clear out, boys. I'll see you next Tuesday afternoon down at the new club. See how many boys you can get interested."

The boys made a noisy departure, thanking the judge, promising their support in the new venture.

The judge turned to the two amazed men, who watched the departing boys.

"Well, I'll be, Judge!" Mike Faverty spoke first. "How did you happen to think of something like that?"

The judge fingered the switches on the control table, with a reminiscent smile on his face. "It has been many months since I have been down in this room. I used to spend a lot of time working on these trains. I got interested in them when I was a boy on the East Side, just like Jimmy. Then one day I met old Judge Ronen, and he told me about trains. You see, men," the judge spoke slowly, "I once had engine trouble, too."

Wind Ways

Bertha R. Hudelson

There is a secret place beyond
The rim of heaven's blue
Where little winds are daily born,
Each knowing what to do.

The cold winds rush to hold the North
In white captivity,
While gentle winds imbue the South
With sweet complacency.

The strong winds whirl to mountains, seas;
And sultry winds that blow
Wrap drowsy lands in silence as
They idly come and go.

The cold winds show the power of God,
The gentle ones, His love;
The strong, His strength, while sultry ones
Bring peace that dwells above.

All Good

Emily May Young

It's good
To have money,
And good to have things to buy,
And not to lose the things that money
Can't buy.

Richer Tonight

Della Adams Leitner

Today my earnings have been spent
For needed things to live,
And as I met them all I found
That I a tithe could give.

But other things I gave as well:
A word of helpful cheer,
A call on one forlorn and lone,
A smile for loved ones near,

A mercy errand that required
I suddenly should go
With word of hope to one
bereaved
Whose heart was crushed with
woe.

The time it took, the effort made,
I do not think as spent;
God gave the opportunity,
I used what He had lent.

Because I gave I am not shorn;
I'm richer than I was at morn.

The Adventurer

Clarence Edwin Flynn

Man pierced the jungle, and tamed it
With a strong, adventurous hand.
He met the desert, and claimed it,
And built a home on the sand.
He found the ocean, and sailed it,
And made a road for his fleet.
He saw a summit, and hailed it
As another lure for his feet.

He scorned the tempests that ravage.
He banished the famine's grim dearth;
Subdued the wild beast, and savage,
And pestilence stalking the earth.
He plans to take space by stages,
And reap much celestial pelf.
Who knows? In the sweep of the ages
He may even conquer himself!

The Lasting Gift

Dawn Flanery Parker

An artist may give of his talent,
The rich may give of their pelf,
But the one who gives the most
Is the one who gives of himself.

Just doing small deeds of kindness
Will make one's memory live;
Both riches and fame may fade,
But not the love that you give.

Poems With a Purpose

by "Listen" Authors

Puritanical Pavement

E. J. Ritter, Jr.

We went from mountains, south, and very soon
We left the sandy mesa lands, and came
To where we met a northward-traveling June
Beside a dark bayou that had no name.

The Spanish moss made curtains for the flight
Of silver birds who screamed a curse upon
The ones who dared to flash an auto light
And fool them into thinking it was dawn.

The water hyacinths made isles of blue
In jet-black water. How I wished to take
A crooked path that turned and led into
The mystery and magic of a lake

That had no shore to end my way—but, no,
The straight-edged pavement led where I must go.

HARRISON'S HONOR CLASS

(Continued from page 9)

babying his alcoholics. Both at his meetings and in court, he makes them feel they do something wrong when they drink.

One of the judge's best cases is a man who had been arrested three hundred times for drinking. This man's first meeting was during the judge's second class. He hasn't missed a meeting since, and is now working for the state as an engineer, has had several salary increases, and owns his own car.

One of the members of his class, Jack, missed his morning bus on the way to a job the judge had helped him get. On the next bus a boy sat down beside him, a boy the same age as Jack's own boy.

On the ride to town Jack asked the boy his name. When he was told, Jack exclaimed, "I'm your father."

Pressing a \$5 bill in the boy's hand, money that a few months before would have been spent for liquor, he said, "If it's O.K. with your mother, I would like to take you to dinner."

Now he is reacquainted with his son, and may work out a reconciliation with his wife.

Not only does Judge Harrison try to find jobs for those attending his classes, but he also has launched a clothing campaign for them. Overcoats are appreciated more than anything else.

A man determined to help those who are unfortunate, Judge Harrison has launched something which is giving a big boost to the curtailment of alcoholism in Des Moines. Its influence is already spreading far beyond that area.

A BETTER WAY

(Continued from page 14)

Many people need a listening ear, a sympathetic heart, and guidance.

Many people are tired—tired, perhaps, with too much work, too much responsibility, or maybe too much shopping. They need a place to rest for a while. They could go into a restaurant if they were hungry, or into an ice-cream parlor, or into a bar if they were thirsty. But often people need only a comfortable lounge chair in a good environment.

Sometimes people have jangled nerves from too much confusion, overcrowded living quarters, quarreling children, wrangling families. Where, if it is cold or rainy, can such people go for a bit of peace? Sometimes perhaps to a church, if the door is unlocked as is often the case with Catholic churches, seldom with Protestant churches; maybe

Keep Your Motor Going

Sylvia E. Clark

When you are motorboating, the most important rule is to keep your motor going. If you do, no matter how strong the wind or tide against you, you can steer. On the other hand, if you get scared and shut off your motor, or let it stop, your boat will roll in the troughs of the waves and swamp. Or, unguided, it will pile up on any reef in its way. You're lost!

So it is in life. If you keep the motor of your will power going, you can steer your life away from even the worst moral hazards. When the current of misfortune is strong, or tempestuous seas of temptation are breaking all around you, if you're still under the power of your will, you can pilot the little ship of your life into a safe port.

to a Christian Science reading room, or a library, or a theater.

A serviceman can solve such problems by going to the USO. There he will find companions, cozy chairs, writing tables, nonalcoholic beverages. But the rest of us mortals, excepting wealthy men who belong to clubs, just don't have anything like a USO. The nearest thing—and yet how far away in spirit—is the bar.

There is a need for a place where lonely, tired, or discouraged people of any age can find a haven, where they can find warmth, shelter, and friendship.

Would the Biblical injunction to go out into the highways and byways not mean getting down closer to the level of the common people in their specific

needs? Would it be possible for community groups to be organized to take over stores in shopping areas that are also close to apartment houses or rooming-house districts? These stores might be furnished with armchairs, small tables, lamps, books, pictures, flowers. Signs in the window could invite people to come in and rest awhile. Small refreshments could be sold to help pay the rent of the store. Arrangements might be made with bakeries for their day-old cakes. The sale would keep people from feeling like beggars.

Men and women from churches could be on hand to encourage the guests to talk if they wished. Perhaps a little private room or two could be provided for counseling. A complete list of all social agencies should be on hand for reference when advisable. Often families could be brought together, sick or impoverished people brought to the attention of proper agencies. At other times weary shoppers could get a little rest before continuing their rounds.

WINE OUT OF "WINERY"

(Continued from page 21)

from Europe. Turning at 6,000 revolutions a minute, this machine handles 1,800 gallons of grape juice an hour.

During the rush season at the time of harvest this plant operates day and night.

Considerable progress and growth is evident at the Lodi Grape Products Co-operative Association, but its managers and workers feel that this is only the beginning of the possibilities that lie ahead as men of conviction and courage unite to put the products of nature to their best use.

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OPINIONS



Good Reason

"A drunken driver is like a crazy man with a loaded gun! . . .

"Every week between thirty-five and forty people are brought before me on a charge of driving under the influence of alcohol. To my way of thinking, that is thirty-five to forty potential murderers.

"Let's face it. A car is one of the most destructive machines ever invented. When a drunk gets behind the wheel, chances are good that someone, maybe you or me, is going to be killed."—Judge George B. Cavanagh, traffic court judge in Baltimore, Maryland.

Health for Cary Grant

Asked about his youthfulness and enthusiasm, fifty-four-year-old Cary Grant, who looks thirty-four, replied: "I'm a little tired of that subject. I don't feel that I'm particularly healthy. I just don't drink or smoke. Yes, I used to. But why should I put poison into my body? It isn't that I take such good care of myself. It's more that a lot of people don't take any care of themselves."

Must Be Taught

"There is a job of moral instruction to be done if the nation's drinking habits are to be changed. Sobriety, aversion to drunkenness, the social evils and moral deterioration which accompany alcohol, and the responsibility each of us bears not to further the weakness of a fellow man—these must be taught primarily in the churches and in character-centered organizations."—Wayne D. Williams, in *The Christian Century*, Nov. 5, 1958.

Precaution Abandoned

"The real highway delinquent appears to be the so-called social drinker. The driver who has had just enough alcohol in his system to release his inhibitions, who has reached the state of apparent stimulation or has a false sense of well-being, is the one who forms a significant link in the causal chain of many traffic accidents.

"Since his moral code is temporarily relaxed, the driver with 'only a few' tends to abandon normal precautions. He often submits to an urge to use a heavy foot on the accelerator, to pass when other cars are approaching, to take over the right of way or create

tight squeezes as if he owned the road.

"Unfortunately, this 'superman complex' is acquired by the drinking driver at a time when his physical and mental qualifications for driving have been seriously impaired."—Report by the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies.

Spur to Alcoholism

"The type of noon meal eaten by most Americans consists of quickly absorbable

carbohydrates. This leads to a high blood sugar level soon after lunch, followed by extremely low blood sugar at the time of the cocktail hour.

"Thus, the individual begins this hour in a state of general starvation plus a specific starvation for sugar—an internal environment that provides the central nervous system with little protection against the toxic effects of excessive amounts of alcohol."—Dr. Giorgio Lilli.

Canadian Reporter Ribs Cocktail Parties

"High on the list of occupational hazards among newsmen covering the capital are Ottawa cocktail parties. These are more numerous per head of population than elsewhere in Canada because of the presence of impressive diplomatic missions. . . .

"But they are also more frustrating. You must expect to be bored at any cocktail party anywhere, unless you are a self-panicker and generate your own excitement. But here in Ottawa, you find yourself being bored by some of the finest brains and highest-priced help in the Dominion. You meet the great man at last, but in that noise all you can hear him say is 'Ug-gug-gug,' an unsatisfactory opinion for a quotation. . . .

"Then why do I still go to them? A nice question. I suppose it is because I am a reporter. Not that any reporter gets any real pabulum, pay dirt, at Ottawa cocktail parties. No, it is rather that, since I am a reporter, I have to listen to the great and the good making speeches. I have to endure the lobby wits repeating themselves, and try to pretend I understand financial wizards when they whizz off into open market operations.

"To me it is no frustration but actually something of a relief to hear them saying, for a change, just 'Ug-gug-gug.' Incomprehensible, but comforting—and down to my own level."—John Bird, Toronto *Star* correspondent.

Our Drinking Diplomats

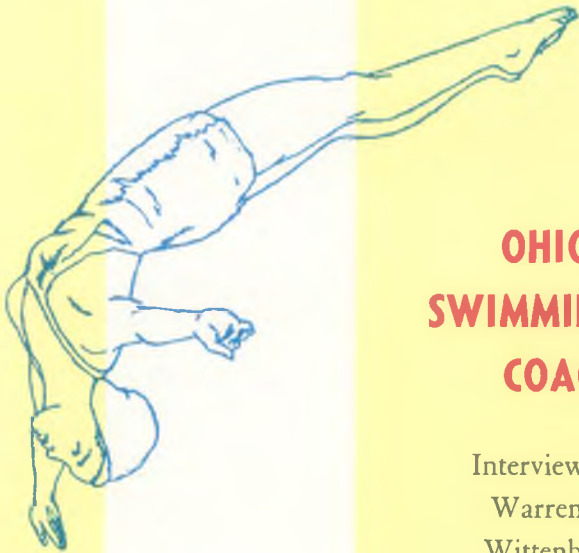
"I don't want to administer any shocks that my constituents may not be conditioned to absorb; but there is a certain amount of drinking on the part of United States Government officials stationed in Spain.

"In fact, if some of these transplanted public servants do not exercise eternal vigilance, they are apt to get their professional life hopelessly entangled with their social, and never be quite sure whether they are drinking during working hours or working during drinking hours."—George Dixon, from Madrid, in San Francisco *Examiner*.

Columbus, Ohio, has been called the "swimming capital of the nation," largely because of the amazing record compiled by diminutive Mike Peppe, Ohio State University's swimming and diving coach.

From nothing, a few years ago, OSU swimmers rose to national prominence, securing a virtual stranglehold on all national diving titles. Three times Mike's Buckeyes registered "grand slams" of all major swimming titles, the first time a college team achieved this feat more than once. In his nearly three decades as coach he has produced at least twoscore outstanding athletes who have won 300 major individual titles.

His world fame was made as diving coach in three separate Olympics, when his boys placed first in both the springboard and platform events. One third of the 1952 Olympic team representing the United States were current or former members of Mike's Ohio State teams.



OHIO'S SWIMMING COACH

Interview by
Warren N.
Wittenberg



"We do not permit any member of our swimming or diving teams to use alcoholic beverages or tobacco in any form or quantity. These products are incompatible with success in sports. They are harmful physically, as well as definitely militating against good morals."

