

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



John G. Diefenbaker
PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA



More Than Fifty an Hour

More than 1,200 new alcoholics a day are being produced in the United States, or an average of fifty an hour, around the clock, says Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, of the University of Illinois. He also says that more than 8,000,000 Americans are affected with alcoholism, of whom 5,000,000 are outright alcoholics and 3,000,000 are prealcoholic problem drinkers.

Whisky Smugglers

Millions of dollars' worth of liquor is being smuggled into the United States aboard United States Air Force planes, according to Treasury Department sources in Washington, D.C. "Scores of military and civilian personnel, including high-ranking Air Force officers, are now under surveillance," the reports say. It is indicated that the smuggling is widespread and extends to military bases across the nation where overseas flights originate.

Drinking in Finland

Alcoholic consumption in Finland took an upsurge during 1959, rising about 7 per cent over the 1958 level.

Too Much Scotch

Canada and the United States bought the lion's share of whisky exports from Scotland, which in 1958 amounted to 19,300,000 proof gallons; the home market in the British Isles during the same time consumed only 6,260,000 gallons. Exports during 1959 soared above 20,000,000 gallons.

Britain's Traffic Mess

Some 300,000 persons were killed or injured on the roads of Great Britain during 1958. In the past five years prosecutions for driving under the influence of drink have risen from 3,257 to 5,166. How many more escaped detection and conviction?

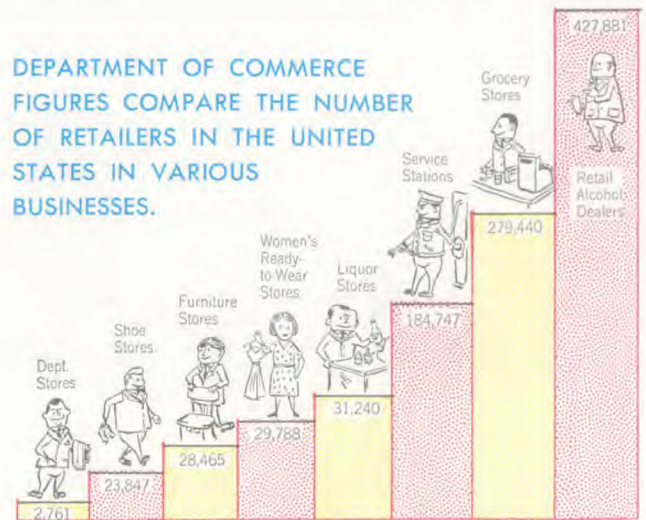
Coffee Consumers

Coffee today is the most popular drink among Government employees. At the Pentagon, the world's largest office building, an average of 48,780 drinks, 30,000 of them coffee, are sold daily at the cafeterias and snack bars. The 230,000 Government employees in Washington drank about 20,000,000 cups of coffee last year in the Federal buildings.

Stay on the Farm

A survey of the drinking practices of 1,185 adults in Iowa reveals that the prevalence of drinking increases among persons raised on farms when they move to the city. In Iowa approximately half of the farm residents drink, as compared to about two thirds of the city dwellers. Sixty-six per cent of city residents, 55 per cent of town residents, and 49 per cent of the farm population classified themselves as users of alcohol. The highest prevalence rate, 63 per cent, occurred among the college-educated, compared with 51 per cent of those who had only grade-school education.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE FIGURES COMPARE THE NUMBER OF RETAILERS IN THE UNITED STATES IN VARIOUS BUSINESSES.



It Costs to Advertise

Alcoholic beverage companies spent an estimated \$412,802,558 in 1958 for advertising their products. This figure is for time and space alone, and does not include huge production costs for television commercials and full-color printed advertisements.

Washington's Expensive Pastime

The cost of alcoholism in the Washington, D.C., area is about \$25,000,000 a year, says Frank S. Ketcham, chairman of the capital's area Council on Alcoholism. This estimate includes business expenses resulting from such causes as absenteeism, accidents, loss of efficiency, and police and court actions. "And," Mr. Ketcham warned, "alcoholism is increasing here as well as in the nation." He added that there are at least 50,000 alcoholics in the District of Columbia.

LISTEN

A Journal of Better Living

JULY-AUGUST, 1960
Volume 13 No. 4

OUR COVER

Few national leaders in our world are better camera subjects than Prime Minister Diefenbaker, or have been more frequently the topic of personality sketches in newspapers and magazines.

Many factors help make this true, not the least of which is his sincerity of manner and expression. His mobile face reflects clearly his mood; his words are crisp and direct. When he is deeply interested in a conversation, or is amused, little smile curls play around his mouth and his lips purse slightly.

"Listen's" cover photo is by Chris Lund, through the National Film Board.

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OLYMPICS AND LIFE

*E*VERY four years there comes to our world a refreshing interlude in the constant international strife and series of continuing crises—1960 is an Olympic year again. In February were held the Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley in California. Soon now will come the regular Olympics in Italy's ancient capital city of Rome.

The first Olympics were held on the plain of Olympia in Greece in 776 B.C. Since that time, after nearly three thousand years, the Olympics have come to represent not only the peak performance of the best athletes, and the culmination of rigorous training and sustained preparation, but also the best of good sportsmanship, in a day of misunderstanding and inhumanity.

However, the Olympic ideal is strangely foreign to the prevalent attitude of relaxation and compromise seen on every hand today. Rarely now do we see such fervor for training and achievement as that of early Olympic competitors.

Some time ago the Army reported that 85 per cent of the young men of America are unfit for combat. This lack of physical fitness is seen also in many athletes who do not come up to their potential.

As one leading competitor observed, "Even the most devoted athlete is plagued by the modern trend and temptation to live it up. A fellow who is really interested in competitive athletics owes it to himself to investigate this increasing tendency toward compromise and thus understand his greatest foe."

Commenting on this trend, Keith Wegeman, 1952 Olympic team member who at another time set the distance record for Americans of 416 feet at Obertsdorf, Germany, describes some of the specifics:

"First of all, we are living in an age of compromise, a climate of consent, a time when the only mark most men make in life is on someone else's fender. There was a time when the world situation was always black and white. Each nation made its stand quite clear. The world then was either at war or at peace. But ours is a gray existence. Today's world is neither at war nor at peace. Politically, nothing is being decided; everything is being deferred. We dwell in political fog and moral twilight, a situation affecting everyone who draws breath."

And he goes on: "This spirit of compromise is not only international; we must cope with it on an individual basis, too. At a Federal penitentiary recently the warden told me that he couldn't expand the premises fast enough to keep pace with the influx of new prisoners. In New York City, one out of every 200 high-school students is a dope addict. One out of every four marriages ends in divorce. We boast the annual consumption of 5½ quarts of hard liquor per capita, and 500 billion cigarettes. Families are breaking down, ad infinitum, ad nauseum. Consequently, we are more vulnerable to anything, nationally and individually. Does it matter?"

These conditions are something we in our world have to meet; we must face the facts.

"We're so accustomed to it," Wegeman declares, "that we've grown flippant toward it. We've become good mixers; but you can be sure that the man who wins the Olympics is a good separator. Be that man! Set an uncompromising schedule of training and cut out everything else that will keep you from the peak of physical, mental, and spiritual perfection. Sure it will be difficult—but accept the challenge. Any old dead fish can float down the stream; but it takes one with real backbone to go against the current."

These are good words for an Olympic year. They can well be applied to the five thousand men and women who strive to achieve in athletic competition; even more so they should come close home to the average person, such as you and I.

May it be that the admonition of the apostle Paul, as he thought on the Olympic games of his day, can come alive once more in this Olympic year of 1960: "Let us lay aside every weight, . . . and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

Francis A. Soper

Hidden HAZARD

Captain Don W. Rowell, fireman for more than twelve years, says carelessness causes most fires, but that behind carelessness there may be an unsuspected cause



OUR radio barked a message from one of the police units. It was 7:20 in the morning. An apartment building was burning, and neighbors claimed there was a man inside.

Roaring out into the chill mists, we responded with our conventional apparatus, plus an inhalator, or rescue wagon. We always deploy a rescue unit where there is even a remote possibility of suffocation.

On arrival we extinguished the fire, but at the same time another fireman and I went in search of the suspected victim. We soon found him, badly burned, and brought him out.

The odor of burnt flesh, a sweet, sickening smell, was overpowering. We applied oxygen until a doctor arrived and pronounced the man dead. An autopsy *proved* he was inebriated. Arson investigation *proved* he was smoking in bed.

Firemen accept the logic that careless smoking causes a high percentage of all fires, but they also realize that careless smoking is often a direct result of drinking. Case histories of fires attributed to drinking run the gamut, from slight property damage to third-degree burns and too often painful death.

One night our department responded to a hotel fire. On our arrival we found a large portion of the building enveloped in flames. A fireman's first duty in fires of this type is to evacuate all personnel immediately. We were fortunate in this case that we were able to do this without much difficulty or delay. Nevertheless, it was impossible to reach one unfortunate woman, who burned to death.

"Quick work and co-operation by mutual-aid fire departments saved many lives and a half-million-dollar loss Saturday morning in the Jane Cowl Hotel," read the re-

port written by Fire Chief C. M. Coon. "Firemen prevented the blaze from spreading beyond the third floor, and the loss was held down to \$35,000. But the conflagration resulted in the death of Jane York, who died in an emergency hospital Tuesday from critical burns which covered the entire upper portion of her body. Arson investigators later revealed that the blaze began in a room occupied by Louis Henry Hill, age forty-nine. Hill was jailed pending a coroner's inquest for drunkenness and criminal negligence. He later confessed to drinking and smoking in bed, and was thereby charged under Section 1301, California Health and Safety Code."

Case histories of this type prove that the laws of "cause and effect" are irrefutable. The cause—*alcohol*; the effect—*destruction*, and too often death.

As a fireman I have witnessed much death and destruction: people trapped in burning rooms, dead or horribly burned before help could reach them; children veritably incinerated by scorching heat. And I know that most of these tragedies could have been prevented. But "could have been prevented" is an insipid excuse in view of the *burning* facts.

These facts are that an enormous percentage of all fires can be proved to be the result of indulgence in alcohol. The National Board of Fire Underwriters states that the greatest percentage of fires are the result of carelessness and smoking. This is accepted by firemen and fire insurance underwriters as true. It is true! But this alone fails to show the complete picture.

For some obscure reason, which most firemen question, the fundamental cause of much of this carelessness is not advertised. Fire sometimes occurs for no apparent reason, and even experts are unable to ascertain the cause. These fires, however, are in the extreme minority.

Careless smoking still causes most fires; but the *cause* of this carelessness should receive consideration. The *effect* of *careless* smoking is destruction, pain, loss of life. But the *cause* of this carelessness is often found to be *alcohol*.

Fire losses in the United States in 1959 totaled some \$1,056,266,000, the second consecutive year that they have topped a billion dollars. They showed a 21 per cent increase over the \$870,984,000 recorded five years ago.

As firemen, we wonder about these statistics. We don't doubt their authenticity, since they are formulated as an unbiased service. However, we are convinced that it is more than possible that the correlation between the rising fire rate and the rise in the standard of living, with its subsequent increase in our ability to afford expensive alcoholic beverages, has increased the total fire loss.

Admittedly it is ironic that a higher standard of living has resulted in a higher rate of dying. But the facts are mute testimony. Every two minutes fire damages or destroys someone's home in the United States.

During 1958 nearly 300,000 residential fires were reported in communities of 2,500 population and over. And the rising fire loss cannot be explained by the construction boom of the past decade. This angle has been investigated. All new homes, including those in housing units, must meet rigid requirements pertaining to fire prevention, and these new homes often replace old structures that were high in fire hazard.

To inject a note of justifiable sarcasm: The conclusion of many firemen is this: "Fire hazards are many, but some of them can be purchased in any liquor store."

The largest loss of life in a single fire in this country occurred at Peshtigo, Wisconsin, and surrounding area in 1871, when a forest fire fanned by high winds claimed 1,152 lives. An interesting side light is that this devastating fire occurred on the *same day* as the great Chicago Fire, October 8, 1871, in which 250 lives were lost. It is also enlightening, though morbid, that the fire in Pesh-

tigo was believed to be caused by a drunken pipe smoker—"cause and effect."

Fire department records show many of these statistics weaving an intermingled gruesome tale of fire—death—alcohol.

Ugly stories, true, but if they can be utilized to educate, they won't represent a total loss. People have been and are being taught that carelessness can build tragedy. At times, though, it seems to firemen that the aggregate attitude is one of apathy. We wonder why, for instance, *fire* and *alcohol* are so seldom advertisted as constant companions.

There is, of course, an exception to every rule, but we don't believe that many smokers are careless without cause. We do know that drunken smokers are often careless. They are too often the uninhibited villains that unwittingly cause so much destruction.

We are continually learning of the havoc alcohol perpetrates on innocent people in the form of the drunken driver. This proof is conclusive. Alcohol is known to be a potent factor in a large variety of human miseries, human indignities. Why, then, is the truth concerning alcohol as an intrinsic or basic cause of many fires either concealed or depreciated?

Appalling evidence of man's indiscriminate foolishness is flashed to us daily via television and other communication media. These warnings stress careless smoking as the greatest cause of fire. Such warnings are beneficial; they make for a better life for all of us. But why is the complete story not emphasized?

It's impossible to convey to others the frustration a fireman feels at the sight of a pitifully burned child, but not impossible to imagine his impotent rage when he finds that the fire was caused by the *careless* smoking of a *drunk*.

Firemen know, and now you know, too, that *alcohol* makes careless smokers, and careless smokers make fires—cause and effect.



Left: On January 10, 1960, Leo Shumaker smoked in bed while intoxicated. Still alive though unconscious after the fire, he was later booked for endangering the lives of others in a multiple dwelling. Captain Don W. Rowell of Maywood, California, is shown gathering evidence.



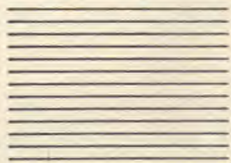
Upper right: This bed became the alcoholic coffin of a man who persisted in smoking in bed while drinking.

Lower right: Clutching his empty liquor bottle, this elderly man suffocated from the smoke and fumes of a fire resulting from his careless smoking and persistent drinking.





MARKKS



of TRUE MATURITY

Some persons, tragic "oral" personalities, though adult in body, may still tend to be babies in mind.

Psychiatric Aspects of the Alcohol Problem—Part III Harrison Evans, M.D., D.N.B.

IT IS hard for adults to realize how helpless an infant is. He can do nothing for himself. For every need and desire he has to depend on his mother or someone else, and therefore he is exposed to a tremendous amount of frustration, insecurity, anxiety, and rage when his needs are not met.

For this reason every infant needs a generous amount of love and genuine security, not a maudlin type of over-protectiveness, or excessive and unrealistic generosity. Good, healthy, genuine love means that there will be a certain amount of discipline, a certain amount of frustration, that the child can endure. These are equated in the infant's mind, and are largely achieved by the nursing process.

For the average baby the mother plays a major role in the feelings of being loved, accepted, and secure. Any person goes through various stages of emotional development. In infancy, during the first year or year and a half of life, the period of emotional development is known as the "oral" period, because it is through the mouth and the intestinal tract that the individual through nursing obtains security, feels loved, and relieves tension. At first

the baby is solely dependent upon the mouth, upon nursing, in addition perhaps to the general loving and coddling effect that the mother is able to exercise.

As the baby then develops and grows, he begins to recognize other parts of his body. He begins to exercise his limbs, to recognize objects in the room, to use his body, and to crawl, then walk, and then run. So he develops other faculties and other techniques by which he is able to find satisfaction other than merely through nursing and through cooing to his mother. He finds other satisfactions than by merely being an oral dependent creature.

In this oral period some people have frustrations, which may be of various types. One of these may arise because there is incomplete satisfaction; that is, since many mothers cannot nurse the child, he does not have adequate satisfactions of nursing at the mother's breast and being held by the mother, being rocked by her. Some doctors say we should bring back the old rocking chair that grandma used, because there was a warmth and a security that the child obtained while the mother nursed him, rocked him, and sang to

(Turn to page 31.)



THAT FOOLISH DRIVER in front of me stopped so suddenly that I couldn't avoid hitting him in the rear." Here is a statement used time after time by drivers when involved in a rear-end collision. The simple fact is that there was not enough distance between the two cars to allow for the car behind to stop in time—it was following too closely. The distance between moving automobiles is the direct responsibility of the driver of the vehicle in the rear. There are very few exceptions to this rule.

An automobile with good brakes may be able to "stop on a dime"—within a short distance. However, since the human element is involved, the following formula must be considered in stopping distances:

Perception + Reaction + Application = Total Stopping Distance

Perception: Awareness of traffic situation and decision how to handle it.

Reaction: Time between making up mind to brake and getting foot on brake.

Application: Execution of decision to apply brakes.

On the accompanying chart of average stopping distances for passenger cars, the stopping distance at 20 mph is 47 feet, or 3 car lengths; the stopping distance

IT REALLY TAKES MORE THAN A DIME . . .

On the opposite page, in cold figures is a chart showing how far it takes a driver to stop when going at any given speed.

These pictures, taken on the Mall near the National Capitol in Washington, D.C., change the cold figures into vivid reality.

In the first of the series you see how much space you need to stop at 10 mph. The last picture shows how much you need at 70 mph.

Remember, all this is on dry roads and with a "dry driver." Imagine the result if the road or the driver is wet—or both!

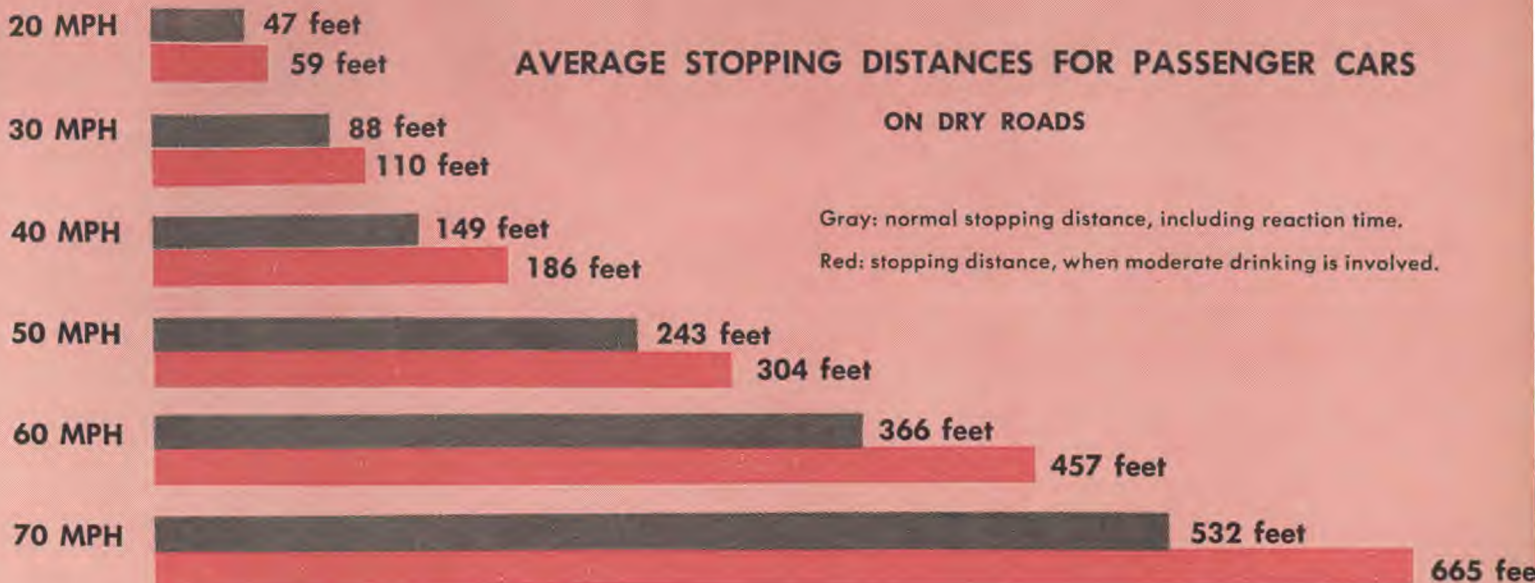


AVERAGE STOPPING DISTANCES FOR PASSENGER CARS

ON DRY ROADS

Gray: normal stopping distance, including reaction time.

Red: stopping distance, when moderate drinking is involved.



at 70 mph is 532 feet, or 33 car lengths. While the speed is increased only 3½ times, yet the stopping distance is 11 times greater.

All this assumes, of course, that the driver is normal and in full possession of his faculties. When he drinks, however, he really is asking for trouble, since another factor is added which only increases the danger still further. To determine the extent of this extra danger, experiments were conducted at the Karolinska Institute in Sweden. These, the most scientific experiments yet made anywhere in the world regarding this question, show that a driver who drinks three or four bottles of 4 per cent beer or 100 to 130 c.c. of spirits containing 40 per cent alcohol, deteriorates between 25 and 30 per cent in his driving performance, at an alcohol concentration in his blood of .04 to .06 per cent (about one third of the present legally permissible blood alcohol level in the United States).

On the basis of this average of 25 per cent impairment, the red on the chart shows the approximate stopping distance required by a person drinking moderate amounts of alcohol. This distance is in every case greater than that needed by a driver under normal conditions and with average reaction time.

NOTE: "Listen" is indebted to "Aim" magazine, published by Allstate Insurance Company, for permission to use the series of photos in this feature, also the basic material in "Can You Stop on a Dime?" The original graph of average stopping distances is by the National Safety Council. "Listen" has added the comments on drinking drivers and the graph portrayal of the longer distances required by drinking drivers to stop.



JOE... ♦ ♦ ♦

THEN and NOW



FIG. 1. SIDE VIEW OF BRAIN

Alcohol causes a shrinkage of the front part of the brain, or atrophy of the frontal lobe, marked A.



FIG. 2. CROSS SECTION OF BRAIN

Cells of the cerebral cortex become thinner and fewer in number than in the normal brain. This diagram shows the diseased structure of the brain, indicated by arrows.



FIG. 3. SECTION OF CEREBELLAR CORTEX

In the cerebellum the large cells, the Purkinje cells, important in controlling equilibrium, are damaged.



FIG. 4. SECTION OF SPINAL CORD

Sections A and B show areas of the spinal cord which may be degenerated or atrophied



Laurence A. Senseman, M.D., D.N.B.

Medical Director
Fuller Memorial Sanitarium

First in "Listen's" series of case studies to show how drinking affects the central nervous system.

A WELL-EDUCATED, well-to-do, influential married man with three children, Joe began drinking socially during the thirties. After his term of service in the Navy, Joe started out in business with his brother in operating the family industry. Shortly after the war, he married a socially prominent woman.

Liquor was ever present in their home and at every social event. However, in his early fifties Joe was not quite so accurate and sharp as he had been, and was showing peculiar personality traits which had not been present before. Also, he was somewhat unsteady in his gait. Previous to his drinking he was always a pleasant, genial, outgoing person. Now, often while alone with his wife, he became quarrelsome and unreasonable, creating difficult scenes.

During the past few years his judgment was definitely impaired, and the unsteadiness of his gait increased whether he was drinking or not. His speech, always somewhat difficult, became hard to make out unless one listened intently. During these years Joe has insisted that he is not an alcoholic, that he can take it or leave it alone, that he is a social drinker, and that a few drinks will never hurt him.

At the present he is out of the family business, which has been sold. He quarreled with his brother, and they are alienated. His long-suffering wife is suing him for divorce and is seeking custody of the children. Recently he has had several blackout episodes, including one convulsive seizure. He has been involved in several minor accidents with his car, but has been able to buy his way out without any police action. Through all this, he still insists he is not an alcoholic and can take a social drink.

What is happening to this man's central nervous system? If we were to examine Joe's brain, we would find a definite shrinking of the front part of the brain, called atrophy of the frontal lobes (figure 1).

This is the area in which the qualities making up the personality are thought to be centered. The covering (*dura mater*) of the brain would be thickened. The hind brain, or cerebellum, controlling the equilibrium, would also be somewhat smaller in size. Authorities say that the largest percentage of cerebral atrophy, between the ages of fifty and sixty, is due to the toxic effect of alcohol.

A look at the internal structure of Joe's brain would show that the outer layer of cells, called the cortex of the brain, is thinner than normal, and there are fewer cells

(Turn to page 30.)

ICE-COLD lemonade—just five cents a glass! Can you see a little home-made stand with an enterprising lad and lass all set up for business? Not only do the junior members of the neighborhood enjoy this delightful thirst quencher, but it appeals to the oldsters as well.

Grape, berry, tangerine, orange—choose any one of these, and you have a refreshing taste delight in store. Natural fruit flavor is unsurpassed. Can you blend flavors more tasty and delicious than nature's achievement in the pineapple or orange? By a few twists of the wrist, these delightful juices provide pleasant drinks—and *better health*.

The fruit-juice habit is a good one to cultivate. When children want a cold drink, they often think only of soda pop or cola drinks, and mother and dad turn to iced coffee, tea, or alcoholic beverages. Some of these drinks may help quench the thirst temporarily or give that so-called "lift," but they are a liability rather than an asset healthwise.

The artificially flavored sweetened pop or cola drinks provide sugar, flavoring, and water, but not a trace of a vitamin or mineral. A cup of plain coffee or tea has very little nutritional value, and the caffeine which they contain is a drug which stimulates the heart, kidneys, and brain. It is an unnatural physiological whip that gives temporary relief from the tired "all gone" feeling. A cup of strong coffee forces the nerves to wakefulness, while the body needs rest and sleep. This period of stimulation is followed by depression as the body attempts to recuperate its exhausted energies.

To depend upon artificial stimulants is a poor health pattern to establish. You would not expect to remain solvent while continually drawing on your bank account. The same is true of your physical resources. Why cheat yourself of the good health that could be yours if you were careful about your food and drink?

Besides the taste delight of the many fruit juices available the year around in fresh, canned, or frozen form, the health benefits are important. Briefly, here are some of these:

First of all, fruit juices are a source of quick energy since they are readily digested and absorbed into the blood stream. Sometimes a headache develops while you are shopping or working because the level of sugar in the blood has dropped rather low. (This is most likely to happen if you are a breakfast skipper.) If you will take a glass of orange juice—or any other fruit juice—you will quickly restore the blood sugar level and often your headache will disappear. Fruit juices can be classed as one of the best of pick up foods because of their readily available energy.

Besides the energy content of fruit juices, they are a real gold mine of several important vitamins and minerals. The American public is quite generally aware of the importance of vitamins, and (Turn to page 28.)



GALLOWAY

REFRESHING SUMMER DRINKS

Lydia Sonnenberg, M.S.

To make this summer something special, here are suggestions which will help keep you healthful, happy, and cooler!

LEMONADE

This is a basic formula for a drink that is as American as the Fourth of July! For each glass of lemonade, stir in two tablespoons of lemon juice, and two tablespoons of sugar. Add enough water and chipped ice to fill the glass. Garnish with half a thin slice of lemon. A bit of pink coloring makes it festive and especially pleasing to the children.

For variations, replace some of the water with ginger ale. Or bruise mint leaves in the bottom of the glass. Color lightly with a little green coloring and garnish with a sprig of mint. Other fruit juices may be added to this basic recipe.

GRAPE CIDER PUNCH

This one is different but delicious!

- 1 quart sweet cider
- 3 cups grape juice
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- 1½ cups ice water

Serves 8.

TROPICAL FRUIT COOLER

Your guests will want the recipe for this one.

- 1 quart orange juice
- 2 cups pineapple juice
- 1 cup lemon juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 pkgs. raspberry or strawberry vegetable gelatine
- 3 fully ripened bananas
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 quart ice water
- 1 quart ginger ale

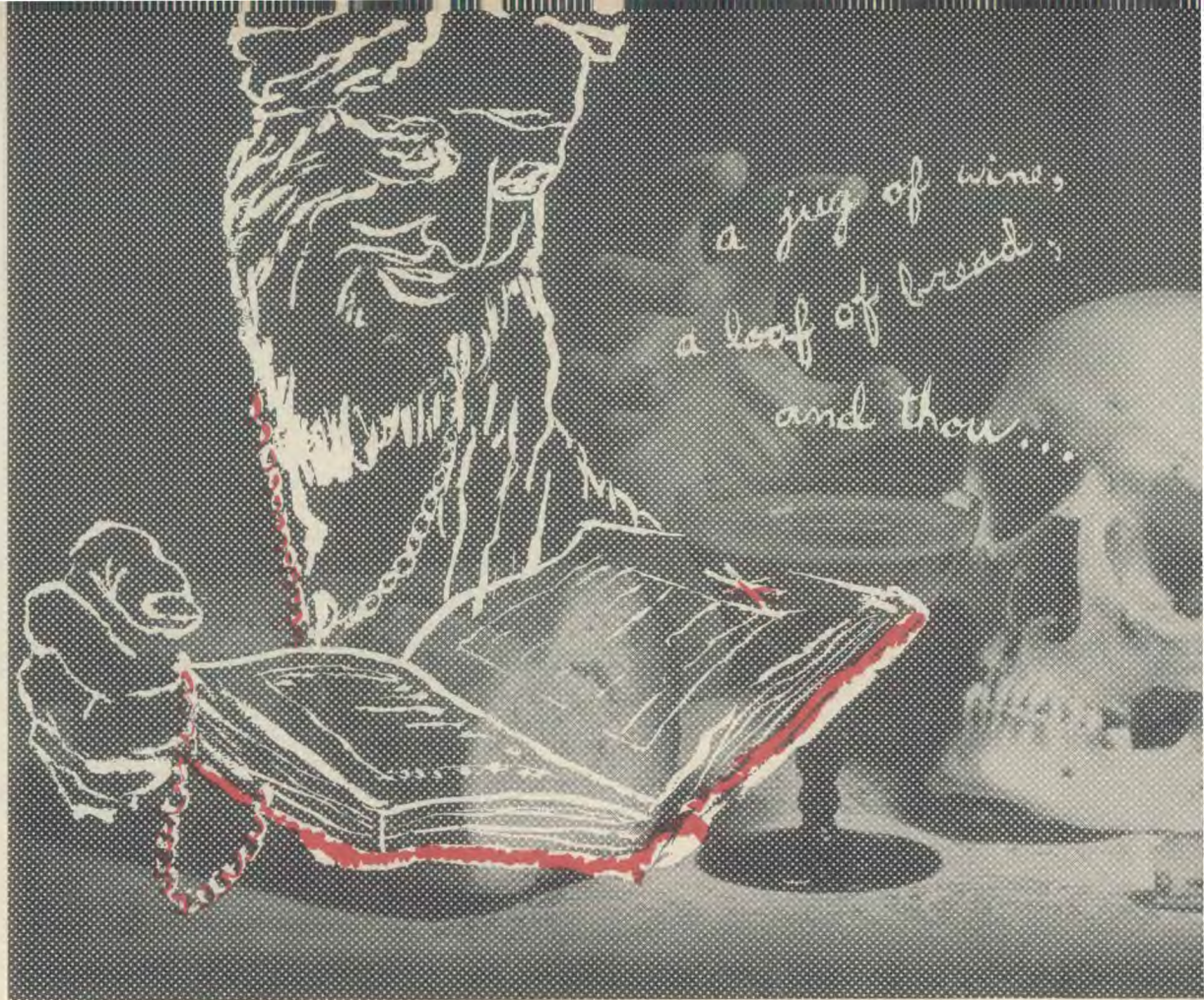
Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Stir in sugar and cool. Add fruit juices and ice water. Just before serving whip bananas until smooth and creamy. Beat into mixture. Add ginger ale. Garnish with slices of banana or strawberries. Serves 14-16.

PAPAYA PINEAPPLE PUNCH

- 1½ quarts pineapple juice
- 1 cup papaya nectar
- 1 to 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- Chipped ice to chill

Garnish with lemon slices. Serves 6.

BASIC FACTS on ALCOHOL



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OMAR KHAYYAM had an attitude toward the problem of alcohol in his society which is popular today in some segments of our society. This philosophy is that life is evil, having no purpose, so why be concerned with what happens anyway? The philosophy in the world today called "existentialism" is probably an extension of Khayyám's attitude toward life. It is negative and pessimistic, and says that one can't do anything about it anyway, so why worry?

A second philosophy, especially prevalent in England and America, is that alcohol is an intrinsic ingredient of civilization, a part of the culture of man, that it has been from time immemorial and must be until the end of time. This theory says that we are never going to be able to change materially the custom of drinking, since it is part of the folkways of life, and is built into the economic structure of our country. Though it has always created problems, and will always create problems, it is futile even to attempt to do much about it. The vast majority of our population in the United States, either tacitly or explicitly, accepts this assumption. There is a basic fallacy involved here, however, but with a certain element of truth. This basic fallacy assumes that the problems of alcohol in society are the same today as they have always been; but in reality they are not, for certain differences make the problem far more acute and considerably different. For example:

1. The development of distillation actually is not

more than seven hundred years old. Before its invention an alcoholic beverage with a content of alcohol higher than 14 per cent could not be produced. That was chemically and scientifically impossible. But with distillation one can produce beverages of alcoholic content as high as he can stand to drink them, and some people can stand to drink them quite strong. For instance, "White Lightning" and "White Mule" are drinks made up of alcohol of such concentration that a drop on a desk or table top will leave a mark, perhaps a permanent one. Remember, people drink these things. Distillation makes it easier for anyone to become intoxicated, and as a result greater problems are created in society.

2. A change in the structure of our civilization has altered the alcohol problem. In generations gone by, the tribal, family, clan, or ethnic regulations within groups inhibited the intake of alcoholic beverages. For example, scientific studies show that in America among Orthodox Jews there is little alcoholism. The question arises: Why? Its answer seems to be found largely in the fact that in an Orthodox Jewish community any person who imbibes too heavily of alcohol is looked upon as a pariah, a disgrace to his race. This being the case, any member of such a community who becomes "drunk" is immediately an outsider. So these ethnic restraints reduce the consumption of alcoholic beverages. Among members who leave the Jewish religion there is an increase of alcoholism.



People have been facing this matter of alcohol a long time, and there are many philosophies concerning it, but out of the present maze of fact and fancy on this subject, what is basic and important?

they wouldn't spent that money if they didn't expect to do so.

A child who sits in his living room night after night, or day after day, watching the pouring of alcoholic beverages on the television screen is being conditioned at a very early age to becoming an imbibor. Anyone who cannot see this is blind indeed! This new pressure tactic definitely increases the problems of alcohol in society. Unless we recognize it, we are utterly unrealistic.

So, the theory that alcohol in society is the same old problem needs considerable qualifications. This "same old problem" has been greatly increased, and continues to increase because of the sociological developments of our age.

A third philosophy regarding alcohol in society is held by members of many churches. They maintain that alcohol is a moral and a religious problem. And there is a firm basis of logic and fact to support this philosophy. However, let us remember that many people who hold this conviction are as narrow in their conception of the problem as those who may see it only from materialistic viewpoints.

The fourth philosophy—an approach which, with some exceptions, is that of the medical profession in general—is that alcoholism is primarily a medical problem, that the medical profession is best equipped to help alcoholics, that only a small proportion of those who drink become problems, and that the rest should be allowed to enjoy their alcoholic beverages while those who are weak should be forbidden to drink.

The fifth philosophy is one which is found on the Continent of Europe and in some other countries. It is the idea that this is basically a governmental problem, that it is not for individuals, and that the government itself must assume the major burden of solution.

All these philosophies have a certain amount of validity. On the other hand, they are all somewhat invalid in that no one of them normally considers or is interested in all phases of the problem. For example, the philosophy that the results of drinking constitute a governmental problem ought to be a self-evident truth, because government is nothing but an extension of the people. If the people themselves are not interested, then their government is not interested.

In some areas of Eastern Europe, which are under communist rule, public opinion has forced the government to take drastic action in facing the alcohol situation. For instance, a report from Czechoslovakia tells of an editor of a woman's magazine who began to print articles about alcoholism in society. She lined up a long list of experts to write these articles, but she had printed only a third of those planned when she began to get a tremendous deluge of mail from her readers. The editors discovered that these readers were writing better than the experts, so they cut out the articles and began to print the letters. After a time they printed the best letters in a brochure and sent it to all the members of the government. This single action resulted in a complete change in the laws governing the care and treatment of alcoholics. This indicates that citizens, in whatever society they live, can affect the policies of their government. It must not be assumed that government somehow lives in a vacuum apart from the individual citizens or their activities.

It should be emphasized that the basic approach to the problems of alcohol in society

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Now, however, there is a breaking down of many of these planned family, tribal, and ethnic restrictions which have inhibited and, to a degree, helped to keep alcoholism from becoming a major problem. These restrictions are so disturbed or destroyed that they no longer serve to protect the community against indulgence and its consequences.

3. The industrial revolution which began a century and a half ago still continues. Its future is problematical, but certainly it has augmented the problems in society without too many people being aware of the change. The United States is slowly awakening to this aspect of the problems caused by alcohol in society; and other nations seem to be awakening more slowly. The idea that consuming beverage alcohol even in small quantities makes a man a danger to society in a technological age is a hard one to "sell."

4. Something new has arisen in the last few years having to do with advertising. It is one thing to make alcoholic beverages available to everyone, but it is another thing literally to shove them down people's throats. It must be recognized that in our society today tremendous efforts are being made to increase the consumption of alcoholic beverages by every medium of advertising known. The newest and latest method is television.

It would be naïve to imagine that the producers of such beverages are spending millions in money for advertising for benevolent purposes, and that they don't expect to get returns from their investment. Representatives of the licensed beverage industry, before a Senate investigating committee, insisted that they advertise only to keep their name before the public. How gullible do they think the public is? They are advertising in order to sell more alcohol;

ONE day in 1932 a well-to-do businessman interrupted a dice game carried on by a group of intense East Side New York boys not yet in their teens, and talked them into laying aside the bones and taking up the role of founding fathers of a local government. That local government was to be of the boys, by the boys, and for the boys.

Those boys—only a handful at the time—then drew up their first constitution, and prefaced and concluded it with the thought: "So long as there are boys in trouble, we too are in trouble."

That government, known as the Boys' Brotherhood Republic, set up its headquarters in a five-story converted tenement house on the Lower East Side. Its population numbers in the hundreds, and grows daily. This non-sectarian group has the unique characteristic of being comprised of all nationalities and religious groups that have congregated in that melting-pot area of New York City. Members are from eight to eighteen years of age, and are supervised by a staff of honor students from the universities in New York.

Working with a budget supplied by voluntary contributions, the community differs from the usual boys' club in that each member learns firsthand the responsibilities of adult citizenship, and each boy learns by doing.



In fact, every boy has a duty to perform—that of running for office, voting, handling the money, setting fines, preparing posters, or making "arrests."

The B.B.R., whose motto is "Where Boys Rule," offers a wholesome outlet for letting off juvenile steam. To lend the organization real zest, all the trappings of high office and governmental regimen are stressed. It has everything—but a foreign policy.





1. Fiery candidates for the soap boxes of tomorrow are being forged at the Boys' Brotherhood Republic. Like his counterparts, Candidate Aubry does not refrain from self-appraisal before his voters.

2. These boys, registering to vote, belong to the younger group ranging from eight to thirteen years of age. One of the boys, arrested at the polls, was charged with trying to intimidate another voter.

3. While two watchful "police" at the right stand guard, voters deposit their ballots. The Boys' Republic works on the principle that boys need community effort to replace crime-breeding gangs.

4. While the votes are being counted, the Republic's newspaper offices are busy as the latest voting results are put out on bulletins typed by the editor.

5. The victorious candidate is sworn in by the retiring mayor. This ritual of government, carried on by future citizens, is valuable training for the future.

6. Discussing from carefully prepared notes the business of their departments, the councilmen decide

on the purchase of new supplies, the selection of program material, or the invitation list of a social event.

7. Into each government, no matter how Utopian, a little woe must fall. On rare occasions the Republic must levy taxes, to be used for pursuits of peace such as ping-pong balls, new film, other supplies.

8. Patriotism calls for the singing of the national anthem. The motto of the Republic is: "So long as there are boys in trouble, we too are in trouble."

9. Rapping his gavel with great gravity, the judge calls the court to order, including jurors and audience.

10. Accused of "trying to bribe a government official," this woebegone defendant (with hands to mouth at table) regards the accusing DA as he sits at the bar of justice. A judge and jury hear the case.

11. With the honors of high office comes the need for personal contact, so the newly elected mayor greets his constituency in his office. Delinquency, one of the greatest problems encountered in dealing with boys, meets a challenge in relations like this.

12. The commissioner of sanitation lines up his men for a clean-up project. The boys keep their headquarters shipshape without any objections.



Ray Wilson...

by Sanford Gottlieb

FRIENDLY PERSUADER



WHEN Senator Hubert Humphrey rose to address a disarmament meeting in Washington, D.C., last winter, he turned to the tall, husky, white-haired man beside him, and began his talk with these words:

"Ray Wilson, I want to pay my respects to you. You have, almost like the parish pastor, come by day after day to see Hubert Humphrey in the hope that you can do something with him. You never give up. You have the patience that is so necessary these days, and the faith that is essential."

E. Raymond Wilson certainly never does give up. He has been visiting hundreds of members of Congress since 1943, promoting causes which were, at the time, often unpopular, misunderstood, or worse.

Officially he is executive secretary of the Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL). Behind that imposing title, he is the political action director for an independent group of concerned Quakers from all parts of the United States.

The Quakers set up their FCNL in Washington to bring their message of brotherly love to the seat of government. From his modest headquarters Ray Wilson has gone forth to the offices of Congressmen, talking peace in times of hot war, disarmament in times of cold war, and food for the hungry abroad in times of fat farm surpluses at home.

When Congress is not in session, he has ranged throughout the United States, explaining the issues to Quaker groups and others, urging them to make their voices heard, and generally teaching the best course in good government to be found off—or on—any college campus.

A former farm boy from Morning Sun, Iowa, this

friendly persuader can hardly escape being called "a Ray from Morning Sun." While he was studying animal husbandry at Iowa State, Ray Wilson wondered whether to devote his life to farming.

Influenced by the active interest of his parents in church work, he thought of going into Christian foreign service, and decided to study vocational education to prepare for work with untrained youths. He won a scholarship to Columbia University, where, in 1925, he became dedicated to the cause of peaceful settlement of differences among men.

In 1926 Ray was awarded another scholarship, this time for an exciting new project—a year in Japan getting to know the people. The young man from Morning Sun lived in the Land of the Rising Sun with a Japanese family, then with Japanese students, and finally spent three months of travel learning all he could of the people who had been excluded by American law, just three years before, from immigration to the United States. He returned home bursting with fresh impressions.

Ray Wilson has kept his personal ties with Japan through difficult years. He and his wife have taken six Japanese youngsters (two of them U.S.-born) to live with them in their Washington home. One of their Japanese "daughters" lived with them for six years.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and their younger son, Lee, spent almost a year in Japan in 1956-57. Ray served there as international affairs representative for the American Friends Service Committee and also visited Formosa, Okinawa, Hong Kong, the Philippines, and Korea. This time he returned home with 1,100 color slides of the daily life of Asian farmers, workers, students, and storekeepers.

At present the Wilson (Turn to page 26.)



At their Philadelphia home, the Wilsons are joined by sons Lee (left) and Kent.



Plying his trade—persuasion—Ray Wilson calls on Senator Hubert Humphrey.

A LOCAL telephone call in Canada's capital city one night in June, 1957, found a Conservative Member of Parliament and his wife dining alone in Ottawa's Chateau Laurier hotel and warned him that on the following day he would be invited to form a new government for Canada.

That telephone call helped to open a new era for Canada, an era which has since seen Canada join the modern trend in which nations today are thought of almost as personages in terms of the personalities of their top leaders.

Since the day he was sworn in as Canada's thirteenth Prime Minister on June 21, 1957, John George Diefenbaker has virtually become Mr. Canada, not only to his own people scattered across 4,000 miles and twelve provinces and territories, but in the eyes of the world as well.

In fact, it didn't take him long to get started in that direction. Less than forty-eight hours after taking his oath of office he was winging his way to London and a meeting of the Commonwealth prime ministers, where, as Sir Shuldham Redfern, veteran British observer, commented, he brought "a fresh atmosphere of reality into the stale and misty climate of our political scene."

Ever since that auspicious start he has been changing the atmosphere in more than one way, blowing new breath into some staid old forms of tradition and custom.

On the one hand, Canada's clean-cut Prime Minister shows a robust disregard for things he considers of little importance. On the other, however, no one who knows him will doubt his sincerity and all-absorbing dedication to what he feels is right.

John Diefenbaker is a curious mixture of serious dignity and friendly informality. The former is his strong point on state occasions; the latter, his appealing virtue in dealing person to person.

This tall, brisk man with piercing blue eyes and the ripple of curly gray hair obviously intends to make his mark, to transcend the confines of merely local or even national affairs, and become a world statesman, leading his country to its deserved place among the nations of earth.

Shortly after he became Prime Minister he received a high compliment from William H. Stringer, who said of him: "In this era of friction and cold war, when the middle-sized nations can accomplish so much by their councils of conciliation and their proffers of assistance with no strings attached, it is entirely fortunate that Canada is feeling these stirrings of maturity and that Canada's new Prime Minister has such potentialities for leadership."

By dint of necessity any person elevated to high position loses part of the personal touch he enjoyed formerly with his close friends. This may be partially true with Mr. Diefenbaker, but he is described as the "most approachable prime minister in four decades." His closeness to his own people is illustrated by the fact that, apart from routine government messages, he receives more than one hundred letters a day on the average, some 25 per cent of them having "personal and confidential" on the envelopes. Every one of these letters he sees himself. Many of them are addressed, "Dear John," though the



CANADA'S PRIME MINISTER

by Francis A. Soper



Young John Wier discusses politics at breakfast with his grandfather, Canada's Prime Minister.



Prime Minister Nehru of India greets the Diefenbakers at the Delhi airport during the Canadian leader's world tour in 1958.



Mr. Diefenbaker holds a model of his grandparents' home in north Scotland.

writer may never have met John personally. Moreover, each one receives a reply.

The P.M. keeps himself well informed on current matters, for he reads at least eight newspapers daily, maybe a half dozen more picked up at random. He has the happy ability of being able to take in a page of print at a glance. He listens to or watches radio and television newscasts almost hourly.

His eating habits are severely simple. "He eats lightly, mostly milk, cheese, fruit, and vegetables," observes Lee Belland of the *Toronto Star*. "Little meat, little tea or coffee. No liquor, wines, or beer. No cigarettes or tobacco." He always eats a home-cooked lunch, but only sometimes goes home for it. Often he has it sent to his East Block office in a box specially prepared for the purpose.

"Dief," as he is widely and fondly known, has an awesome capacity for work. Used to rising early, but after seven or eight hours of sleep, he frequently puts in two hours of paper work at home before breakfast, and yet arrives at his office by 8 a.m., a full hour before the office officially opens at nine o'clock. His working day lasts up to twelve hours, being crowded with interviews, cabinet meetings, and telephone conversations. Likely as not, if a conversation falls on a subject in which he is especially interested, his appointment schedule will fall behind, as important officials wait their turn outside his door.

Sometimes at the end of the day he feels so good that he will, after driving a few blocks, dismiss his chauffeur and walk more than a mile home. If he takes work with him, he waits until morning to dig into it.

"Home," at 24 Sussex Street, overlooking the Ottawa River, is now perhaps known to more people—Canadian and otherwise—than ever before. The Diefenbakers do much entertaining at home, often extremely informal. Anyone who may be there at mealtime—a secretary, a news-

paperman, a politician, a friend of the family, or perhaps some out-of-the-country visitor—may be invited to stay for dinner.

This informality can on occasion lead to amusing incidents, such as the one told concerning Harold Macmillan's visit to Ottawa last autumn on his way back from his talks with President Eisenhower. The plane arrived late at night, and the party was taken to the Prime Minister's mansion, where the staff had prepared sumptuous refreshments. But Mr. Diefenbaker was so preoccupied with NATO problems as to forget such formal arrangements. He called up to Mrs. Diefenbaker from the hall, "Olive, is there anything in the house for these gentlemen to eat?"

Olive Diefenbaker, Canada's First Lady, is up to any occasion which might arise. She feels that their residence, though home, also belongs to the people. When she and her husband returned from the prime ministers' conference in London, he went directly to a cabinet meeting, she to their new home. When she had explored it carefully and thoroughly, she asked him to invite the cabinet for tea the next day. Not long afterward she gave a party for ambassadors and their wives to meet cabinet ministers and their wives. Mrs. D., as she is often called, followed that up with a reception for press and radio, then a tea for all the wives of Conservative M.P.'s. In three months she showed 800 visitors through the residence.

Though, of course, the entertaining has not continued at such a feverish pace in the subsequent months, officialdom in Ottawa, as well as many visitors to Canada, find the Diefenbakers very gracious and interesting hosts in their home.

Last year the Diefenbakers gave what press reports called "the cocktail party of the year." In their official residence they received more than 200 Conservative M.P.'s, senators, and members of the press gallery. The guests were



The Rt. Hon. John G. Diefenbaker, and Mrs. Diefenbaker, at extreme left, pose with Speaker of the Senate Hon. Mark Drouin and Mrs. Drouin at a reception following the opening of parliament in Canada's capital.



Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II reads her speech from the throne during the opening of parliament in October, 1957. Prime Minister Diefenbaker is seated nearest at her right.

served "coffee and cakes." These words were significant indeed, especially in a city where dry receptions have been almost unheard-of in official and diplomatic circles. Certainly this was not the first such "dry" function since John Diefenbaker became Prime Minister, for both the Diefenbakers are personal abstainers.

The P.M. is reported to have surprised Sir Winston Churchill in London by politely declining his invitation to share a bottle of brandy with him. What makes the event even more meaningful is the fact that the brandy was of a rare old Napoleon variety.

Perhaps Mr. Churchill did not know the Prime Minister well, for those who do know him well are aware that he has long been accustomed to sip his fruit juice while others drink their cocktails.

Mr. Diefenbaker is not ashamed of his abstinence, nor yet hesitant about making it known. It is evident, however, that he wishes to commend abstinence by personal example rather than by formal statements to that effect. It seems clear that he hopes to set a style for official entertaining that would, as one observer has expressed it, "omit those all too ubiquitous alcoholic beverages with which guests seem almost perpetually beleaguered."

When Queen Elizabeth visited Montreal on the occasion of the opening of the Saint Lawrence Seaway, the Prime Minister entertained at a buffet supper, serving some 2,000 persons, the elite of the whole country. The function took over an entire floor of the swank Queen Elizabeth Hotel, a hotel which prides itself in promoting its "fine wines" served in its Beaver Club, also a cocktail lounge on the lobby level, another cocktail lounge in "a colorful garden setting," and yet another as an "airy twenty-first lounge."

However, this time no cocktails were served—only orange juice as a beverage. The event was a smashing success, and

received wonderful public response. The Prime Minister later told reporters that he thought it was a good idea, and would continue with it.

Last November the 500 delegates and guests at the national meeting of the Young Progressive Conservative Association, the top youth political organization in Canada, announced that, at their reception, "coffee will be served." No intoxicants were used. Mr. Diefenbaker would, of course, aver that he personally had nothing to do with such a decision—officially, that is. But one can readily envision the P.M. smiling, well knowing that the "no cocktails" edict of his own official functions had set in motion what some discerned as a trend. In fact, those who eagerly pursue Ottawa's heavy round of cocktail circuits claim to be "fearful of a trend," and say that such doings are "distressing."

The Canadian Women's Press Club took up the cue, and for the first time served no cocktails. Gradually other organizations are also beginning to follow suit.

The Prime Minister omits cocktails merely as a matter of his own personal conviction, without any appearance of dictation to others. He does it with no thought of boasting or pride. He simply determines his own procedures when entertaining.

It is evident that across his nation the effect is not detrimental. It is said that by far the greater percentage of the mail he receives on the subject is not critical but appreciative, and the volume of such mail is considerable.

Canadians in the capital and across the country are beginning now to see that the "no cocktails" idea is not just a passing fad as far as the Prime Minister is concerned. When he assumed office, it made headlines, but it is hardly news any more when he gives a party without serving alcohol.

However, the fact that a leader with the national stature and international standing of Mr. Diefenbaker omits the official cocktails shows without a

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CENTURIES ago much of the Arabic world acquired, by way of the Near and Far East trade routes, an addiction to the insidious drug hashish, which goes under several names including *ganja*, *bhang*, *majoon*, and *cannabin*. It is only in comparatively recent times that the use of this drug spread to the Western countries, including Europe and the Americas, where it gained the name of *marijuana* and a number of slang pseudonyms. India is the original home of these drugs, all of which are derived from Indian hemp, an otherwise innocent plant used in the manufacture of rope.

Today marijuana is widely distributed throughout Europe and America in the form of cigarettes. The almost countless number of crimes in one form or another that can be attributed to this thief of reason bear witness to its devastating effect upon morals and mental balance.

All civilized countries prohibit the use of hashish, or marijuana, and most nations either prohibit or strictly control the propagation of the producing plant. But in some parts of the world this control and prohibition are extremely lax, so much so in fact that it can be grown almost openly, or at best with desultory and indifferent control. This is particularly true in much of North Africa, which is predominantly Moslem in character, and where a high percentage of the people use the drug.

Of the North African countries that produce this weed in greatest abundance, and for illegal export, Morocco, Algeria, parts of French West Africa, and Libya are the principal offenders. This is done not with government consent, of course, but because of the nature of the terrain. For instance, the foothills of the Atlas Mountains are not easy of access, and anything but a major military movement would be fraught with extreme danger to those who might wish to curb the marijuana crops. Small patrols would be wiped out in short order, once the purpose of their investigations became known, for the Berbers and other inhabitants of the Atlas area are virtually without law and order. Their suspicions and subsequent action against anyone whom they might regard as infringing upon

their domain might lead to anything, even outright murder.

The amount of hashish, or marijuana "tobacco," grown in this region is far and beyond any home consumption possibilities and must, perforce, be exported. This is accomplished through a number of North African ports and small coastal villages, all the way from Tangier on the Straits of Gibraltar to Alexandria, the main port of Egypt—almost the full length of the Mediterranean. The crucial area of export is from Tangier to Tripoli. How is this accomplished, and where does the drug go?

Perhaps the world's largest smuggling fleet is based near Tangier, which was formerly a part of an international zone and a free port, but is now a part and parcel of the Kingdom of Morocco. Mohammed V, king of Morocco and former sultan when Morocco was under French rule, announced that after

venience of the moment, but actually make for a prearranged coastal rendezvous where their illicit cargo is unloaded. Some of the boats are operated by co-owners, one acting as captain of the vessel and the other as contact man traveling by regular commercial airlines, working in close co-operation with the buying rings or syndicates. Other ships belong to criminal syndicates outright, and simply get their orders from a go-between.

These ships ply between North Africa, Portugal, or France on the Atlantic coast, or Spain, France, and Italy on the Mediterranean side. The syndicates to which delivery is made have connections throughout the world, and certain of these syndicates reship to the Americas, including the United States. A few of the small freighters operating out of North Africa have been known to cross the Atlantic and discharge their cargoes in America direct. These ships

ILLICIT DRUG FROM

Beware of a "delicious" new candy that may soon be introduced into the United States!

April 1, 1960, Tangier was no longer to be a free port. This means that merchandise of every description is not tax-free in and out of Tangier after that date. Such a restriction hardly applies to contraband drugs, however, which have long been taboo but easily shipped out of the Tangier area.

Smuggling vessels ranging in size from small yachts to freighters of 500 or so tons, deal in tax-free merchandise such as cameras, Swiss watches, binoculars, British and American cigarettes—a host of items. Most of these boats carry narcotics as well, of which hashish derivatives, including marijuana, form the bulk. These boats clear for any port that suits their fancy or con-

are generally registered out of one of the Central American countries, notably Panama and Costa Rica. The syndicates are, of course, wholesale dealers who have subagencies or "pushers" under them for actual sales to the public.

Since the freighters for this nefarious trade are slow of speed, they rarely put in to foreign ports to unload, but are met by smaller and faster boats on the high seas, near the delivery port. Smuggling vessels rarely make the same run consecutively, since for obvious reasons it behooves them to alternate and change their schedule from one voyage to another. A number of the freighters, of late years, have alternated between running contraband

WORLD VIEW





TRADE & NORTH AFRICA

merchandise and narcotics to European or American shores, and carrying arms and ammunition to the revolutionary Algerian troops that were fighting the French in that country.

Spain has a few patrol boats, but depends, for the most part, on its *Guardia Civil*, a police body distributed throughout the nation, to guard both the coast and highways as well as the back trails. Considerable contraband delivered by ship to Spain finds its way over these little-used trails by way of the Pyrenees Mountains into France; and a discouraging amount of the marijuana tobacco that goes into France winds up in the hands of American servicemen at the NATO bases. Some of this drug, at higher retail prices, finds its way up into Germany, and a too-high percentage of this is sold to the American troops at West German NATO bases. The author has served as a correspondent, covering American military and air bases in Europe, and all too often witnessed courts-martial and charges against young American servicemen who were introduced to marijuana. Through its devastating

use "on a lark," as the soldier believed, he was brought into a military or civil court charged with an offense that he would not otherwise have committed, thus ruining his military career, if not his future civilian life as well.

Since narcotics occupy small space, they are readily introduced into Europe and America by ship passengers in their luggage. But the search at United States ports is far more thorough and strict than in European ports, where vacation travel is encouraged to such an extent that tourist baggage is seldom searched at all these days.

An insidious variation of introducing marijuana of late years has been in the form of standard brands of American and British cigarettes, bearing familiar stamps and labels but containing the obnoxious weed. Inter-European tourists are usually allowed two cartons of cigarettes, duty free. Therefore, customs officers, noting a popular brand of cigarettes, pass these without question, although a closer inspection would often reveal that many of the

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1. Small cargo ships such as the one seen here, registered in a Central American port, carry contraband, which includes narcotics, in alarming quantity. Some of these ships cross the Atlantic; others ply their ugly trade in the Mediterranean. The photograph was taken in the Straits of Gibraltar at one of the outer piers of Algeiras, Spain. The man in the foreground, who served two prison terms for smuggling, was the author's chief informant for data in this article.

2. Smuggler's mule train in Morocco at an assembly station, where the marijuana weed is processed before being sent on to the coast for loading aboard various craft that will transport the narcotic to dealers in Europe and America. It is almost axiomatic that the growers and smugglers avoid use of their own product, for no one knows better or has seen more than they of the serious mental and physical effects of narcotics.

3. Civil Guards in the Pyrenees Mountains of Spain on the French frontier where much transport of drugs, especially marijuana, takes place.

4. A Spanish "Guardia Civil" patrolling a forest trail with his trained Alsatian dog. Mule trains of contraband, which includes narcotics, use trails to transport the illicit cargo to distributing points.

5. This young sheikh is smoking, not a marijuana cigarette, but a popular American brand. His business, though, is the growing of marijuana on his father's plantation near Ouahilla in the foothills of the Algerian Atlas range. The youthful sheikh is too intelligent to use the weed that he foists upon the Europeans and Americans.

6. The water pipe, also known as the "sheesha" or "hubble bubble," is often used for smoking hashish, a refined product of the Indian hemp from which marijuana is also derived. The serving men in this photograph are Nubian eunuchs; the women, members of a wealthy sheikh's harem. The picture was taken by the author's wife, since admission to these quarters is denied to all natural males outside the sheikh's immediate family. Women as well as men use hashish in the Arab countries, although this insidious drug soon destroys their beauty and numbs their intelligence.

Short Reach of the Wild West Law

LES WALTERS



TOLERANCE, virtue, and justice were garnished words to most men in California's San Joaquin Valley in the mid-1800's. Occasionally a fiendish crime or the wanton murder of a well-known personality would prod the hardened residents into faltering action. Such was the case when on September 25, 1856, the lacerated body of Dr. John Marsh, one of California's most prominent citizens, was discovered in a ditch near Martinez.

Violence had reigned in this troubled state prior to this incident. County records were already fat with miscarriages of justice, dismissals, and feather-light sentences. Pursuit of criminals too often was brought about only at the insistence of relatives or friends.

The last line in the newspaper account of tragedy would sometimes offer a weak excuse for laying the poor fellow away with no pretense at pursuing the culprits. If you're an old-timer, you may have seen this one yourself: "The deceased was new in the area and had no known relatives."

Such beastly instincts of man were not new to John Marsh. He had waded through them, detached himself from them, and then seen them burst forth like an army of starving ants descending across the tule swamps and up through the valleys until they finally devoured him.

114-year-old house of Dr. John Marsh, Brentwood, California, now being turned into a county park.



Born in 1799, the adventurous Marsh came to California in 1836, while the prospectors to swarm out later were still back East "bustin' sod." A Massachusetts man with a B.A. degree from Harvard University, he gave up the mercantile business in Missouri to buck the west wind.

Lonely and saddle-sore, he loped his worn mount into New Mexico, where he made friends and joined a party of other restless men who planned exploration of Mexico.

The tranquil beauty of Sonora and Chihuahua made Marsh long for a rancho of his own. One could be had in California, so he persuaded the others to make for the coast. En route he became lost from the party.

Alone and afoot, he plodded on until near the California border he was captured by a band of unfriendly Indians, but saved from certain death by an Indian lass who took a fancy to him. It was more than a year before he made a daring escape and arrived at Los Angeles. He practiced here as a physician for a short time, then went north to the foothills of Mount Diablo. He obtained a tract of land through a Mexican land grant, and chose for his home a remote spot beside a spring-fed stream.

The east side of the mountain, where Marsh settled, was practically unexplored previous to his arrival. Bands of primitive Indians roamed the perimeter of the mountain. They were remnants of the Bolgones tribe, an ominous threat to settlers and mission travelers. They camped opposite the stream where Marsh planned to build his home.

His sincere kindness soon won them over, and they helped him build the adobe house where he lived alone for many years. He taught them to hunt the elk and deer that wandered in great herds through the valley.

The good name of Dr. John Marsh became known and respected throughout the territory. He was the first practicing physician in California and the first legal citizen. Taking out immigration papers with the Mexican authorities who at that time were in possession of California, he was well spoken of by both the Mexican commander, General Vallejo, and the rebel American forces quartered at Sutter's fort. He was instrumental in raising the Stars and Stripes over the troubled state.

His writings, which were published in Missouri newspapers, caused many a family to join a caravan headed west. Soon other newspapers along the west coast were printing his informative letters. He was considered an undisputed authority on matters in the Far West. His dream was that the West would become a peaceful paradise for all. Friends in Monterey, for a while, refused to send him his paper unless he contributed a report each month on the affairs in the San Francisco Bay area.

In 1851 Dr. Marsh married the beautiful Abbie Tuck of Massachusetts, and planned to build a great stone house for his bride. But a few years later, before the house was finished,

Abbie grew sick and died. This was a telling blow to Marsh. He would often stand in the tower of the stone house and sadly look down at the flowers she had planted along the banks of the creek.

Through the years, Marsh's profession had turned him into a cattleman. His rate of pay depended on how far he had to travel, and he was usually paid in cows. This in turn made him master of the many *vaqueros* who worked his ranch. He was the law, judge, and jury. Control of the Indians and Mexicans was fairly easy, but when the lure of gold brought hordes of white men West, his problems mounted.

Gluttony, lust, and greed came with them, spreading like an epidemic across the land. Berserk Indians, whisky burning out their insides, were commonly creating mayhem. One of Marsh's close neighbors was murdered in his home by night raiders.

John Marsh was a gray, tired man before the contagion of lawlessness finally caught up with him. One chill fall morning, ten years after the Bear Flag revolution, Marsh harnessed the mare to his buggy and left for town.

The clatter of the roan's hoofs beat out a death staccato for John Marsh that gray day in September, 1856. His thin-wheeled buggy had covered twenty-five of the thirty miles over the lonely road from his ranch to Martinez, where he was to transact a cattle sale. Three arrogant teen-age Mexicans slouched in their saddles and waited for the doctor to round the bend. Dr. Marsh must have known that they were bent on violence. No one on the western frontier at that time loved and understood the backward Indians and the Mexicans better than he.

The roan whinnied when she caught the smell of other horses, rousing Marsh from the peaceful doze that he had drifted into. At fifty-seven the trim doctor found that he could sleep quite soundly in a buggy, especially when he made the long trip to Martinez. He raised his bushy, gray brows and tried to think where he had seen the one young lad who rode up to him while the other two waited along the road. The chipmunk-faced Mexican reined in his shaggy mount beside the wheels.

"Dr. Marsh," he said, "I'm Olivas, who used to work for you. You owe me some back wages, and I want them now."

The doctor drew a wrinkled hand across his tan face. The lad smelled of whisky. The tone of his voice was demanding. "Yes, I remember you now. You're the *vaquero* who left for town

one stormy night and never came back."

"About the pay, doctor?" Olivas queried again. He turned to see if his pals were watching him. With a smirking grin on their faces, they were carrying on a whispered conversation.

"You'll get your pay, son," he told him. "I don't have it with me now, but I'm going to San Francisco this week. See me when I get back." Dr. Marsh loosed the reins, and the mare started at a walk down the road.

The stanch doctor never flinched as he passed the dirty looks bestowed on him by Olivas's pals, Moreno and Garcia. When the buggy blended in with the dusty road, the three boys, drunk, plotted to rob and kill the aging doctor.

The mangy-looking horses were frothing at the mouth by the time they had overtaken Dr. Marsh. The men dragged him from the buggy, stabbed him repeatedly, slit his throat, and left him dead in the ditch. They found \$3 in his pockets. Olivas was soon captured, but escaped after making a feeble confession that he was innocent and that Moreno had done the killing. He and Moreno were at large for ten years before they were brought to trial and made to pay for their crimes. Olivas, "the mouse," however, got off with a light sentence for turning in his pal. Garcia was never found.

BASIC FACTS

(Continued from page 13)

is educational. In this sense "education" does not mean simply school, but every element of education that society possesses.

There is much that we don't know about alcohol, but the real problem educationally is that we may refuse to accept what we do know simply because we don't know everything. In some conferences and institutes fine papers are presented dealing with various aspects of the problem, but the discussion afterward too often focuses on one little point of negligible importance, while great truths fall by the wayside. This is a too-common tendency.

Some facts are not accepted because of personal or national prejudices. For example, it is common knowledge from the study of many researchers over the years, going back at least to 1880, that the so-called "food value" in alcohol is very limited in quantity and extremely expensive to secure. Yet only last year a book by twenty leading scientists of France was published entitled *The Unequaled Food Values of Wine*. Is this title accurate? No, because there is no food value in wine which cannot be found easier and cheaper in other foods,

and wine has no special ingredient which makes it superior in any way. Yet because of the development of the wine industry in France, and the sociological beliefs and customs of the country, almost no leading French scientist would dare publish a book on wine which told the scientific truth.

Even today it is not known exactly how alcohol acts pharmacologically in the human body. Its total effect upon the nerves is not known. There are theories, but how alcohol acts on the synapse of the nerve is still only a theory. Because this is true, it ought not in any way limit us in teaching what we do know. We do know that alcohol is a depressant, a drug, which reduces the ability of individuals to make judgments and exercise control over their behavior. It begins to operate on the highest elements of behavior first, destroying caution, modesty, reserve, restraint, self-criticism.

These facts are true beyond a doubt, and need to be taught everywhere. However, the latest British handbook on health education, published recently, reduced the information on alcohol from fifteen pages to one. This is an indication that though we may know a great deal, we may be inclined not to teach what we actually know.

There has been much argument on whether alcohol is a habit-forming drug or an addiction-producing drug. There has been so much debate on this that has become so involved at times that we have neglected the attack on the real problem we wish to solve.

The World Health Organization in its 1954 report published a definition of alcohol and alcoholism, which can be accepted by any fair-minded individual, although the definition is somewhat academic so far as its practical application is concerned. This is the WHO definition: "Alcohol must be considered a drug whose pharmacological action is intermediate in time and degree between addiction-producing and habit-forming drugs, so that compulsive craving and dependence can develop in those individuals whose make-up leads them to seek and find an escape from alcohol."

There are two types of human beings: those whose make-up requires them continuously to seek escape, and those who must periodically seek escape. Almost all of us fall in one of these categories. The definition continues: "Damage to the individual may develop, but it does so only in a minority of users." That is a fair statement. "The social damage that arises, however, extends far beyond these individuals themselves."

Alcohol in society is a *medical* prob-

lem, especially insofar as it deals with the care and treatment of alcoholics. The United States has one of the highest rates of alcoholism in the world. Literally we have so many alcoholics that we don't know what to do with them. However, England and some other countries may have even more alcoholics, for the drinking pattern of many countries makes it possible to have in their society what are called hidden alcoholics. These are users who are continuously under the influence, but not drunk by the common use of the term. They are actually alcoholics to all intents and purposes.

Second, alcohol is a *traffic* problem. It is shown from scientific investigation that alcohol plays a far larger part in this than we care to admit. The National Safety Council says that at least 25 per cent of the accident toll comes as the result of drinking. This is an unrealistic figure, for in instances in which police departments and others have set out to find honestly what the relationship is, the percentage skyrockets. In the Christmas season of 1956 in New York City, when the police department investigated every fatal accident, it found that 55 per cent of the traffic fatalities were related to drinking.

Third, alcohol in society is a *public-health* problem. Many believe that alcoholism is a disease, and this is argued back and forth. Certainly the alcoholic is a sick man, but the primary objection arises in what is done about it. If alcoholism is a disease, and the treatment of a disease always leads to prevention, then the public-health departments have a responsibility in education for prevention.

Fourth, alcohol in society is a *youth* problem. To ignore this fact is to ignore one of the important facets of the alcohol problem. Certainly in this a great number of workers are needed to remedy the conditions brought about by the imbibing of alcohol by youth.

Fifth, alcohol in society is a *law-enforcement* problem. This, too, we try to ignore, and often do. It is astounding how much time police departments put in simply taking care of drunks. The chief of police in one of the largest cities of the United States said quite frankly that if he could be relieved of the portion of his duties spent in supervising the picking up of drunks, he could assure the public far better protection.

In 1955 in the city of Los Angeles, which may not be typical because it is one of the wettest cities in the world, the police department made 160,000 arrests, 88,000 of which were for simple drunkenness. In other words, more

than 50 per cent of those booked and charged with an offense were drunks. In any major city in the world one will find that this percentage will be 20, 30, 40, or higher. This means simply that a large portion of the police department, whose duty it is to protect the citizenry, is spending its time riding around in patrol wagons picking up drunks.

Sixth, alcohol is a *family* problem. Judges everywhere tell the same story—the effect of alcohol on the home, as seen through the eyes of the divorce, the domestic relations, the juvenile, and the criminal courts, a common tale of violence, immorality, poverty, neglect, and delinquency. In the city of Prague authorities are finding that 75 per cent of juvenile delinquents came from alcoholic homes. In Los Angeles, Judge Mildred Lillie says that 75 per cent of the divorces tried by her in the divorce court are alcohol-caused.

Finally, alcohol in society is an *economic* problem. Built into the economic structures of every Western land are the tax returns from the sale of alcoholic beverages. These taxes are especially high in England and the United States. In some countries of Western Europe they are much lower. Every politician whose duty it is to scan the budget, throws up his hands in horror when anyone makes a proposal that will reduce the income from the tax on alcoholic beverages, saying, "How in the world are we going to balance our budget and carry on our government if you remove that major tax source?" This cannot be ignored, nor can the fact that in many countries of the world a major portion of agriculture is viticulture. You cannot deliberately remove a man's livelihood overnight.

Thus, to ignore the economic aspects of the alcohol problem as many sincere, earnest people do, is unrealistic. Likewise, to throw up one's hands in futility is unrealistic, too, for most of the studies made of the influence of alcohol in society indicate that the cost to the agencies of government in caring for those who imbibe too freely far exceeds the income from the tax.

The approach to alcohol and alcoholism is indeed a broad one, and many people are working in various aspects of this problem, unknown perhaps to others who may be making other and different approaches. In the end, however, the solution, whether partial or complete, depends on the united understanding of every person interested, and on the work of many laborers unitedly co-operating in trying to seek and effectuate the best and most permanent answer to questions relating to alcohol and alcoholism in human society.

ILLICIT DRUG TRADE

(Continued from page 21)

cigarettes are actually packed with a mixture of marijuana.

It is a well-known fact that the Italian narcotics syndicate is dominated by men who formerly lived in the United States and are well acquainted with our own "pushing" or distribution rings. Many of these men have served terms in United States prisons. This group specializes in narcotics rather than illegal trade merchandise upon which no duty has been paid, and works largely through seamen employed on ships that frequently touch at Italian and American ports. The marijuana comes from North Africa, being run into Italy by the smugglers.

One of the major problems of every organized drug ring is that of introducing its wares to those who are innocently unaware of the false delights promised. To that end this reporter has quite recently been informed that *majoon* is currently being tried out in Italy and France on young people, and that if this method proves successful it will be introduced into the United States. Since *majoon* is a candy of sorts, its introduction is more easily effected. It is concocted of marijuana leaves, datura seeds, poppy seeds, henbane, ghee, and honey. Ghee serves as a carrying agent, since it is a clarified butter, a dairy product. The honey, of course, adds flavor and also serves to give body to the confection.

Henbane, except in minute quantity as used in this concoction, is an outright poison. Its effect is similar to that of belladonna. Datura seeds, like marijuana leaves, are of narcotic effect. The poppy seeds are simply to add flavor to the confection, since opium is not derived from the seeds of the flower. The combination of butter, honey, and poppy seeds lends an agreeable taste, while the henbane, belladonna, and hemp or marijuana combine to render this "candy" a terrible narcotic. This may be introduced easily, and will give effects to distort the mind out of all proportion and make the user a confirmed addict in the shortest possible period of time.

No more heinous "sweet" has ever been invented, and through it, if the narcotic rings carry on with their nefarious plan, multiple thousands of young, new drug addicts can be added to the rings' long list of victims. A small processing plant is manufacturing this "candy" in North Africa today, and it is being exported via the smuggling route for tryout in Europe.

The outlook is by no means pleasant.



The Weekend Drinker ...a Profile

LEO ROSENHOUSE

A problem . . . yes, but public or private?

AT LAST, Phil Johnson had everything packed. All there was left for Phil to do was to lock the door behind him, leaving his key with the landlady, and go on to the hospital. He hesitated, and once more his eyes roamed over the apartment that had been both a haven and a hell to him during the past few years.

A thin volume in his bookcase caught his glance, magnetically attracting him, as it had done on so many other lonely occasions. Opening his high-school yearbook, on the well-worn page bearing his photo, he read what an enthusiastic teen-age editor had written: "Here's to Phil, the most sociable boy in Compton High. May he never know a dull moment."

Thoughtfully Phil replaced the book, and once more turned to his suitcases by the door. He felt the statement in the yearbook, printed fifteen years ago, sized up his situation fairly well.

As he locked his apartment door and started down the hall toward the landlady's quarters, Phil hurriedly retraced the years.

After graduation from high school, Phil wanted to become a career man in government personnel management. It was an exacting job, rich in opportunities, and it was work Phil felt suited to his personality. He would be in contact with people, many of whom he would get to know socially, and these might later help his career.

He pictured himself as the kind of person other people liked. To that extent he was right! Phil believed he knew how to handle his problems and prided himself in his belief that he had no weaknesses. In this respect Phil was wrong!

College had bored him; except for the numerous social affairs on campus, he would have found it impossible. Phil was glad to graduate and take a junior position as assistant personnel administrator in state service.

Pushing his career proved harder than he had imagined. Phil was chagrined to find that other white-collar workers in his category had as much or even more drive than himself. Their ambitions were as intense as his own, and among those who had married early and now had families to support, Phil found a competition that challenged his abilities.

The thought that maybe someone could push ahead of him made Phil Johnson nervous, and he began to eat poorly, drink more, and tried to bury his uncomfortable feelings by intense socializing. He was always being invited to parties, especially by the girls in his office.

This partying began to take its toll on him. He found he was using all his accumulated sick leave by staying in bed two work days a month nursing heavy hang-overs.

It took fortitude to abstain from

drinking long enough to cram for a Civil Service examination for the position of senior personnel administrator; but Phil was glad he did, for he topped everyone in his office on the written examination.

His ego was rudely jolted, however, when his bureau chief discussed his chances of getting the new position.

"Phil," the chief said bluntly, "I'm passing you by on this job, and approving the next man on the list. You drink too much. You're a bad influence in the office with your persistent absenteeism, and I've heard how drunk you get at parties. This interview should be a warning. Any more absences as a result of drinking, and you'll get your walking papers."

For weeks Phil stayed sober out of sheer fright. Liquor had caused him to slip to the bottom rung of the ladder he was trying so hard to climb. He vowed he would never be caught off guard during the tough weekdays. After some thorough treatment by a physician for tension, he began to handle his job with renewed determination.

But opportunities came much harder now, and he failed on the next promotional examination. The disappointment was hard to bear, and he took refuge again in drinking; except this time he did his drinking on weekends!

Renting a secluded apartment, he gave up most of his friends, and looked forward to a weekend by himself with the bottle, drinking hard and taking stimulants on Sunday to avoid a Monday hang-over. Soon weekend drinking had become a firmly fixed pattern. Liquor offered Phil Johnson solace from, but no solutions to, his problems. He was working harder than ever to compete against brighter, younger, and more dedicated men who had moved into his office. He was also finding it more difficult to make ends meet, for with each passing weekend he seemed to spend more and more on liquor and less on his vital needs.

One day a friend in the office tried a new tactic to shock Phil into sobriety. "Look, Phil," he said, "you're drinking nearly a case of liquor a month, and your yearly costs for drink amount to \$700. Multiply that by ten years you've been doing this heavy weekend drinking, and you are out \$7,000. That's a lot of money to spend, and helps explain why you always say you can't afford to get married. Also, this likely accounts for your added medical expenses—they're heavy enough. All in all, I estimate you lose a thousand dollars per year because of alcohol. Had you saved that money, you would have your health now in addition to a fine nest egg."

In the next year Phil thought about his trouble. He had become a problem drinker, and now worried that he would continue to drink beyond the weekend and perhaps lose his job.

He made a personal effort to stop, but found he couldn't. His entire life revolved around the weekend, when he could isolate himself in his apartment and drink until he was insensible.

Eventually the friend who had brought up the cost of his alcohol persuaded him to visit a physician, who informed him his prognosis was unfavorable and urged that he submit to hospital therapy as a means toward sobriety.

The decision to undergo such treatment was difficult for Phil to make. He felt in so doing he was advertising that he was a hopeless drunkard, but his associates and friends were understanding. He went to the hospital, and took the full treatment.

Today Phil Johnson is back at his job, hopeful that he has won his battle, for he has accepted the idea that his only solution is complete and permanent abstinence.

As for the other estimated 2,000,000 problem weekend drinkers, the situation remains in doubt. These alcoholics, the majority of whom are between thirty and fifty, like Phil, began their drinking in their late teens. Most of them were drinking heavily in their thirties.

According to the National Council on Alcoholism, at least 1,650,000 problem drinkers are found in industry, the majority being classified as weekend drinkers. These lose a total of more than 36,000,000 working days each year, with an annual loss of wages amounting to \$432,000,000. The cost of alcoholism to society amounts to the staggering sum of \$1,168,354,750 annually. Each year the figure goes higher.

An estimated 5,000,000 Americans now suffer from alcoholism. The NCA says that one out of every thirteen men, aged twenty or over, is an alcoholic; that three out of four alcoholics are between thirty-five and fifty-five.

These are uncomfortable facts. Consider, too, that there are 50 per cent more sufferers from alcoholism than from tuberculosis, and it is understandable why alcoholism is now ranked by authorities in third place as a national health problem! If immediate families and those who are affected by the chronic alcoholics or problem drinkers are included, then an estimated 20,000,000 persons are involved in the United States!

Alcoholism is a staggering problem

and a national disaster. It can best be solved during the formative years of life when younger persons can learn that they can have fun without drinking; that they can stick to their decision to avoid liquor, and still be a member of the group in good standing.

The real solution to this dilemma may come when young men and women discover that alcohol isn't just a private problem, but affects everyone as a public-health concern and as a financial or economic liability. Seeing the problem in this light is the first step, but a firm one, toward maturity.

After all, who wants to be another Phil Johnson?

CANADA'S PRIME MINISTER

(Continued from page 19)

question the depth of conviction he holds that alcoholic beverages do not add anything desirable to either personal living or official functions. It is a brave undertaking, challenging what a top Canadian editor described as "economically and politically powerful influences that have historically sought to identify alcoholic drinks, not only with everyday social and family life, but with official 'high life,' and indeed with the national prestige."

Perhaps with his quiet, behind-the-scenes influence away from the cocktail tradition, the P.M. will set the stage for a more lasting trend in this direction than if he were to make an official stand as Her Majesty's First Minister and try to commit Canada to the dry road. He probably has no illusions that because of his actions a completely new international style will be set in this regard, but he is indeed being applauded by many.

Editorially, Canada's leading papers are saying that he already is to be thanked for "providing oases of relief in what often has seemed an ever-creeping desert of so-called fashionable 'thirst.'"

The Prime Minister is not alone in his abstemious habits among the high officials of the present Canadian Government. Among others on the federal level are Howard C. Green, secretary of state for external affairs, who says that he "has no cause for regret" because he is an abstainer. In his international goings hither and yon, he feels that the pendulum is beginning to swing away from so much emphasis on the cocktail party as an adjunct to diplomacy. He sees the insertion of cocktails as a "hazard" in international relations, an "extra handicap."

Finance minister Donald Fleming, who holds one of the most distinguished

and difficult posts in the Canadian cabinet, is also an abstainer.

Too, George Hees, minister of transport, is said to be an abstainer. Some time ago when a new Canadian airport was to be opened without a bar, Prime Minister Diefenbaker was credited with being responsible because of his preference for coffee as the beverage at receptions and official social occasions. However, he commented, "Ask Mr. Hees about that one. I'm told he is a great tea drinker. Maybe that has something to do with it." The same "close-the-bar" edict was the case with the new Uplands Air Terminal at Ottawa. Long before the buildings were finished, the "no bar" sign was hung out.

In his message to his people upon assuming the office of Prime Minister, John Diefenbaker declared: "I pledge to your service whatever talents I may have, but particularly those convictions, principles, and beliefs which have grown within me over the years that the preservation of human dignity and the extension of human betterment are the foundation and keystone of good government."

It is evident that the present leader of the Canadian nation is striving to fulfill this ideal and, when his service as Prime Minister is concluded, to merit the epitaph which he himself penned: "He wasn't always right. Sometimes he was on the wrong side, but never on the side of wrong."

FRIENDLY PERSUADER

(Continued from page 16)

household is composed of Lee, plus a Japanese graduate student, and a girl who is finishing high school while her parents serve on a Government mission in Korea. The older Wilson boy, Kent, is working on his Ph.D. in chemistry at the University of California.

Ray Wilson would like to see young people train themselves to help solve the problems of hunger, disease, and illiteracy among much of the world's population. These problems can only be solved, he emphasizes, when the wealthier nations put some of the money now being spent on weapons of destruction into aid for poorer countries.

This Iowa farm boy hates to see wasted resources, whether human or material. He is troubled by "the way the American people spend money on liquor, tobacco, and extravagances."

"Liquor and tobacco tend to make slaves of too many people," he declares. "When I was in the Navy in World War I, I was struck by how many fel-

lows said to me: 'Don't take up smoking. I wish I never had.' They wanted to be free of a habit that had such a grip on them. And liquor has become a major problem in the breakup of homes, the neglect of families, and the degradation of decent people."

Ray smoked a bit in the Navy, then took a friend's advice and gave it up before he developed the habit. He never drank.

Since Quaker groups around the country are linked only loosely at the national level, they have no uniform policy on smoking and drinking for all Quakers. However, there is a strong tradition of abstinence.

Each local Quaker unit may adopt its own attitude toward these habits, as well as toward other questions of social or moral behavior. Within the unit each person is free to follow his own conscience. In practice few Quakers smoke or drink.

The Five Years Meeting, an organization of Quaker groups in various parts of the United States, Canada, and even East Africa, works actively in the field of temperance. With headquarters in Richmond, Indiana, its Board on Peace and Social Concerns sponsors speakers and publishes literature as part of an over-all educational campaign against alcohol and tobacco. At the local level many Quaker meetings have their own temperance committees.

When Ray visits some of the 120,000 Quakers in the United States during Congressional vacations, he works as hard as a candidate in a Presidential election. Although he's not running for any office, his life is a constant round of speeches and meetings.

When Congress is in session, Ray often works around the clock. In March, 1956, for example, a farm bill was being debated on the Senate floor. The Quakers and a few other interested groups noted that an amendment would be needed to increase the flow of surplus farm products into overseas relief programs like CARE.

Within four days Ray Wilson and four of his friends had spoken to thirty-three Senators, conferred with the House leadership and the Agriculture Department's general counsel, visited a member of the White House staff, helped draft a suitable amendment, made it available to all Senators, and provided material for speeches.

The bill passed, after being vetoed once by the President.

Ray finds his most pleasant relaxation in gardening. He raises some spring flowers in the garden of his house in Washington, but his special pride are the perennials, shrubs, and

Card System for DRUNKS

James Scales



"Lesh shee, now. I weigh a hunert an' eighty pounds. Hic. And the card sheys—where is it? I had it in my coat pocket. Here 'tis. The card sheys for my weight I hadn't oughta have more than four drinks. . . . Now how many did I have? A guy can't remember eberthin'. Hic."

Such monologue as the above might be overheard in the drinking places of New Jersey. Beginning the first of 1960, the state's 12,500 tavern owners issued one million cards, distributed by the state, to their customers.

The cards carry a chart showing how much alcohol gets into the blood stream when a person of a given weight takes a specified number of drinks. Motorists are guilty of drunk driving if the alcohol count is .15 per cent in the blood as measured by a drunkometer.

What brought all this up was a court decision that tavern owners can be held accountable if they give that last "one for the road" to a customer who already has had too much.

The idea is well-intentioned, but will it work? Who among the regular drinkers keeps track of the number of drinks he has had? How is the barkeeper going to check if the imbiber has wandered from tavern to tavern, as so many of them do? Moreover, will the inebriate be in any position to judge for himself, let alone read the card?

This attempt to cut down on the dangers of drinking is obviously a self-defeating approach. The drinker may read the card when he is sober and agree with everything it says, and even resolve to watch his step, but once that first drink is taken, reasoning begins to depart. Many a drinker will try to "beat the card," and show he can stay sober longer than the card says he can.

The real answer is found in treating the problem from the prevention standpoint, and where alcoholism is involved, dealing with each case individually.

flowering trees on the two acres of land around the Wilson summer home near Philadelphia.

Raymond Wilson is probably the only man who has ever gone politicking in Congress with a bouquet in his hand. He has found that staff members in Congressional offices are glad to brighten their desks with his flowers.

When buying shrubs or seeds, Ray will often comment: "That's my cigarette money." His remark reflects his conviction that the money other people spend to persist in a bad habit can easily be channeled into buying growing things of beauty.

According to Mrs. Wilson, Ray likes nothing better than to settle down with a flower catalogue or magazine. When they moved into their first apartment, "even before we had a flower box," she relates, "Ray ordered no fewer than sixteen flower catalogues."

But most of Wilson's waking moments are spent in work—organizing,

speaking, explaining, writing, traveling. He becomes so absorbed in what he is doing that he sometimes forgets or ignores the little reminders he is given. At a time when his organization was badly in need of funds, Ray was addressing a Quaker gathering attended by a wealthy and usually dependable woman contributor. Someone slipped Ray a note, suggesting that he "hit her for \$5,000" after the meeting. When he finished speaking, Ray walked over to the woman and absent-mindedly handed her the note. Fortunately, she had a sense of humor. "Obviously you didn't read this note, Raymond," she laughed.

E. Raymond Wilson, the man who is "almost like the parish pastor," will be stopping by to see Congressmen for years to come, pushing good causes to help his fellow men, and preaching the much-needed lesson about "beating swords into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks."

For Your



Reading and Reference

Lois Eby, MARKED FOR ADVENTURE, Philadelphia: Chilton Company—Book Division, 1960, \$3.50.

This book tells the hidden stories of many famous people who overcome their physical handicaps to become world leaders. The chapter titles do not reveal their subjects, but leave the reader with a sense of urgency to find out who the noted person is, what his handicap was, and how he conquered.

Such illustrious people as Marie Curie, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Christopher Columbus, Thomas Edison, Charles Dickens, and Lord Byron are featured.

This book can change your life, particularly if you have a handicap—mental, physical, environmental, or social. The great of the past can inspire anyone to greater heights in today's workaday world.

Arthur King, THE CIGARETTE HABIT: SCIENTIFIC CURE, Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1959, \$2.00.

The method the author uses to overcome the cigarette habit is unique in that he did not have valid reason for quitting, but merely wanted to prove to himself, and others, that he could quit. He could hardly have any compelling basis to quit when he makes such statements as: "For most of the people most of the time, I'm convinced, smoking is a boon, not a threat, to human health and happiness." Completely ignored by him is the extensive evidence pointing the other way.

A twenty-one-day preparation program, a conditioning process, actually begins his cure. With all kinds of medication and aids, he tries his slow process of conquering a habit, instead of quitting at once and for all time.

This author minimizes the research and conclusions reached by scientists regarding lung cancer and smoking. He is one who holds the same philosophy as drinkers who claim that it is what's

in the person, not what is in the alcohol, that makes the alcoholic. He applies this to smoking by saying: "It is the excessive smoker himself who varies from the norm—not the cigarettes."

He concludes on this indecisive note, sounding as if it could have been written in the smoke of his own next cigarette: "In some morally and spiritually perfect world, perhaps, one might be better off with not smoking at all. Who knows? But for now I can only believe that the pleasure and relaxation afforded by the use of tobacco—are definitely valuable in themselves."

Jan Marks, DOCTOR PURGATORY, New York: Citadel Press, 1959, \$3.95.

Few stories are more impressive than those written of men who are trying to find themselves, especially men in the top professions.

Dr. Marks, out of the instability of youth and his lack of emotional maturity, tried to find release in drugs, performing that which is an ethical taboo for all physicians, injecting himself.

The details of his skid to the depths, of his frustrating search for personal happiness in oblivion, of his long, unrelenting efforts back up the steep climb toward rehabilitation—all these details are quite typical and familiar.

The end, however, as the author realizes, is not yet assured. One slip, and he would return to his former degradation. In this continuing battle, though, he looks to the future with "daily increasing confidence and anticipation."

C. A. D'Alonzo, THE DRINKING PROBLEM—AND ITS CONTROL, Houston, Texas: Gulf Publishing Company, 1959, \$2.95.

For its purpose this book is excellent. Its purpose is to analyze the "drinking problem" and outline treatment, both medical and nonmedical, particularly to help industrial workers who find their drinking creating trouble both on the job and off.

Useful indeed is the concept made plain by the author, that "no one can become an alcoholic without the first drink." Also, as he points out, it is important to realize that "anyone of either sex can become an alcoholic at any time."

There is much literature today on rehabilitation, on how to rebuild a house after the fire has done its destructive work. The crying need is for more specifics to encourage people, especially young people, to a better way of life in the first place, to obviate the need of the costly process of coming back.

TO YOUR HEALTH

(Continued from page 11)

millions of dollars are spent yearly at the drugstore for these miracle-working nutrients. However, many of these come packaged in refreshing and delicious fruit juices.

One of the essential vitamins found in a number of the fresh fruit juices is vitamin C, which has important jobs to do in maintaining good health. Yet in many American families the intake of vitamin C is lower than is recommended for optimum nutrition. One glass of orange juice each day amply meets our needs for this vitamin. The citrus juices particularly are good sources of vitamin C.

We receive added benefits from an intake of vitamin C. Many common infections, injuries, strains, and stresses apparently increase the rate at which the body uses vitamin C, raising the nutritional value for this vitamin.

Not only should fruit juices be used freely to maintain health and prevent disease, but they are often indicated in illnesses. Vitamin C is beneficial in wound healing, and liberal amounts of citrus juices before and after surgery are desirable to promote healing. If your doctor prescribes a low salt diet, fruits and fruit juices may be used freely since they contain very little salt naturally, and none needs to be added to make them tasty. Many individuals who do not drink sufficient water benefit from the increased fluid intake when fruit juices are liberally used.

Frozen fruit juices provide a variety of flavors, and processing techniques have been perfected so that the nutrition and flavor are well preserved. However, do not confuse "ade" drinks with pure fruit juice. "Ade" drinks are refreshing, but do not provide the same health bonus the real fruit juices do. Check the list of ingredients on the label. If water is listed first, there is more water than fruit juice in the bottle. Powdered fruit-flavored drinks are usually synthetic, as the label will tell you, and they do not provide vitamins or minerals.

Fruit juices make delightful beverages at mealtime as well as between meals. At the start of a meal, the aroma, flavor, and eye appeal whet the appetite. At the end of the meal they can replace desserts, and yet give a finishing touch that satisfies even the most critical sweet tooth.

When you are looking for a thirst-quenching drink or for a pick up, try delightful, refreshing fruit drinks. You will be building health reserves, too. It is a wonderful habit to develop.

SARA WAY



*How one family found out the fallacy
in "light drinking."*

SITTING here looking out upon a garden so lovingly cared for, I have reason to feel that it is the most beautiful, eye-catching yard on our street.

It is tended faithfully every day by my husband, who years ago started a "light drinking" habit that almost crippled him, and nearly ruined his life as well.

Lelord Kordel, nutritionist and author, in a newspaper article says that he sees no harm in light drinking.

When a young man, my husband had an occasional "light" drink, not because he liked it, he said, but just to be sociable.

His work brought him in contact with other social drinkers; each time he met a train or plane with buyers for the firm, the first stop was for refreshment. By the time the last customer was met, my husband had consumed so much liquor it was an effort for him to sober up for the next day's appointments.

Finally this "light drinking" turned into a perpetual nightmare, and a wonderfully kind, considerate man became a maniac capable of any act of violence.

I have seen him break furniture and throw plates of food on the floor. At times I would frantically turn the car motor off and grab the key to keep him from driving into another car he thought got in his way.

My fingers are out of shape from their being twisted in one of his rages, and I have a permanent scar on my face.

All his money went for liquor; he was the biggest spender at the neighborhood bar. He bought whisky by the case; the refrigerator was always full of ice cubes and mix, but not much food.

If we went out at night, we stopped in every bar we passed. When I got him in the notion of going home, he would go into the nightcap act.

"I'll just have my nightcap," he would say dignifiedly.

When the bar closed at two o'clock, he was still saying the same thing. Then out came the bottle at home, and he "nightcapped" himself into a deep sleep, unless he thought I was counting the drinks.

Sometimes he would get up at daybreak and wait outside for the bar across the street to open. Other times he would tell me he was going for a walk to get the cobwebs cleared out of his head, but he would run across the street to the bar

when he thought I wasn't noticing him or couldn't see him.

I stopped trying to reason with him. In fact, I stopped talking at all, for anything I said he took as a remark about his drinking.

Finally, a stupor settled over my husband, his color became a reddish purple, and the skin under his eyes was so puffy he could hardly see. He grew careless about his personal habits, wouldn't change his clothes or bathe, and was so unsteady he could hardly shave.

He had a drink with him constantly, and he smelled so strong I thought we were living in a brewery. I had so many black eyes and bruises I was ashamed to go to the store. Still I had hope, and I couldn't leave him.

Then without warning he lost his job. That "unfair" treatment surprised and angered him into the drunk spree of the year. I found the car in a shallow ditch, and my husband huddled up asleep. I got him home, and it took me two days to clean the car.

When he woke he cried like a child. For the first time in his life he was fired, and he couldn't understand or reconcile himself to it. How could the company be so thankless when he had worked so hard for them?

For a few days he sobered up long enough to get another job, which was the first of a succession of jobs. All the people he worked for warned him about drinking, but he told them they were lucky to get a hard-working man like him, and no one was going to tell him how to live his life.

Then came the day when there were no more jobs. Everyone had heard about his record of drinking, and no one would give him a chance; so we moved to another town. I rented a house far from a liquor store or bar, thinking he might drink less if the temptation were removed. The only thing my maneuvering got me was the opportunity to pay a fine of \$275.

My husband was picked up for drunk driving. He could stay in jail or pay the fine. Luckily, the judge understood the situation, and granted me four months to make the payments.

This experience sobered my husband for three days, and he cried and begged me to forgive him and promised on his honor to stop.

At the end of the fourth day the telephone rang. My husband had run off the road and smashed up the car, but was not injured. He was drunk all over again.

I tried every way I knew to help my husband. I begged, I tried to reason, I threatened divorce, I considered suicide, for I had nothing to lose. I had already lost hope and respect, and I was afraid his blind drinking would bring harm to some innocent person.

One morning I was in the kitchen getting breakfast; suddenly a scream, sharp and pitiful, came from the bedroom. I dropped the cereal and ran, to find my husband sitting on the floor beside the bed, white as death and breathing as though he had been running.

"My legs," he gasped, as he tried to pull himself up. "Something's wrong with my legs! Help me! Please help me!"

I tried to lift him, but he was too heavy, and apparently had no life in his legs to help himself.

Later the doctor told me my husband had a form of temporary paralysis caused by too much alcohol and too little food. Time would restore the use of his legs if he would take the vitamins prescribed, eat more food, and drink no liquor.

With an understanding doctor, and God's help, my husband co-operated, and after a few weeks, with the alcohol eliminated from his system, he began to feel better.

Life began to look brighter, his vision cleared, and he

began to take an interest in things. Sometimes he would question me about things as if I were a stranger.

He discovered a new tastiness in food and began to ask for things like soup and ice cream. He listened to the radio and asked for the newspaper.

One morning my husband lay in bed looking at our neighbor's garden. "I'll bet I could grow a better bunch of flowers than that," he said suddenly. "If I ever walk again, I would like to have a house with a yard."

"If that's what you want," I answered, "that's what we will get."

"I've made up my mind about drinking," he said thoughtfully as I bent down to kiss him. "Lying here helpless has made me realize I've lost half of my life, and just about everything else worth while; now I know there is no such thing as a 'safe' light drinker. From now on I'm going to solve my problems as they come and learn to walk again."

Several years have passed, and this morning I'm sitting here looking at the results of my husband's decision.

Yes, he's walking again. He has a steady job. We bought a little home, and he spends his spare time in the yard. The unusual cactus garden, the exquisite flowers, and the emerald-green grass seem to put forth every effort to reward his loving care.

People stop to admire our yard, and their admiration reflects in my husband's eyes.

We have begun to live again.

JOE . . . THEN AND NOW

(Continued from page 10)

than in the normal brain (figure 2). These cells have definite evidence of structural damage, many of them beyond repair, and are replaced by the surrounding supporting tissue in scar formation. This fact, then, would account for some of Joe's impairment of judgment, lack of insight, and personality changes.

In the cerebellum the large cells, or Purkinje cells (figure 3), so important in controlling equilibrium, are damaged. Their many fibrils, or connecting projections, are damaged as well. The cell body has shrunk, and there is infiltration of pigmented material, evidence of damage to these large cells. The nerve pathways are also interrupted, causing a disturbance in the equilibrium, producing ataxia. The spinal cord may show evidence of degeneration of the nerve cells and pathways not unlike those seen in pernicious anemia or diabetic neuropathy (see figure 4).

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.

Isn't there a law making it a crime to give beer to children? What is the law?

There is a law in almost every state forbidding the sale, gift, or furnishing to a minor any beverage that has any alcoholic content. This would include the giving of beer, a martini, a highball, or an eggnog to which had been added any type of an alcoholic beverage. Any person who furnishes such a drink to a child is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Such a person is liable to arrest and prosecution. Enforcement of such a law is the chief problem in the face of continual advertising on radio and TV extolling the pleasures and even benefits of beverage alcohol. Is it not the duty of those who observe and know the final effect of this poison to warn those who are being duped by its use?

Is wine as bad as beer?

Wine contains from 6 to 17 per cent alcohol, except for port wine, which contains from 16 to 23 per cent. The alcoholic content of beer ranges from 1 to 3 per cent in white beer, 3 to 5 per cent in lager, and 4 to 9 per cent in ale. Thus we see that wine is more intoxicating than beer, comparing glass by glass. Two bottles of beer or a glass of wine—this is notoriously the cause of many an accident or many a crime.

Is a nervous breakdown hereditary?

A nervous breakdown is not hereditary. However, we are creatures of

habit, and habits are passed from one generation to the next chiefly during the first three or four years of life. The health habits of the mother do affect the unborn child as well as the newborn infant, but they cannot be said to be hereditary. If good health habits are taught and practiced by the parents, these habits will become "natural" for the child. Likewise, poor habits are taught and become a part of the way of life for the child in the home.

The human nervous system may well be compared to the electric system of an automobile. If our battery runs down, our body cannot function properly. We must keep it charged by continually generating a reserve of nervous energy. This is done by securing adequate rest and sleep, a balanced, unrefined diet, fresh air, and exercise in a happy, contented atmosphere, and plenty of pure water.

Alcohol; caffeine in coffee, tea, and cola drinks; nicotine and other numerous poisons contained in tobacco smoke; the impure air of tightly closed rooms and smoky cities—all tend to poison and destroy the body, and the nervous system is affected first by these poisons.

Make fruit juices, milk, and water your beverages; deep breathing of fresh air your early-morning tonic; and fruit, nuts, grains, vegetables, milk, and eggs in variety your diet, and you will enjoy life and save money. Try it for six months, and you will never regret the change that it makes in the way you feel.

What, then, are the chances for Joe's recovery? First of all, the nerve tissue damaged by alcohol or by lack of oxygen or vitamins cannot be completely restored, because Joe seems to have reached the point of no return. Of course, he cannot drink and ever hope to recover. He must follow total abstinence, and eat a liberal amount of food providing vitamins, especially vitamin B.

This case is typical of the insidious influence that alcohol has on the delicate and wonderful nervous system of the body. The widespread damage to this central nervous system can affect the personality, co-ordination, judgment, and competency. In Joe's case, brain damage has already reached the point where he cannot make a complete recovery.

MARKS OF MATURITY

(Continued from page 7)

him that he received in no other way. But for various reasons inadequate nursing satisfaction, inadequate love and security, may be one type of frustration.

Another type of frustration in the oral period may arise from prolonged nursing. Some mothers for one reason or another nurse the child too long, and therefore he becomes reluctant to give up the pleasure and the satisfaction of oral dependency.

Other types of frustration include intimidation, which itself can be of various types. If the mother doesn't answer or come to the child when he is in some kind of distress, if the mother

doesn't respond when he cries, if the mother leaves him in the care of babysitters, and so forth—these may constitute a form of intimidation. He feels that his environment is insecure and is threatened by it. For this reason these have a harmful effect on the emotional development of the child.

Also, some inherent, innate constitutional factors may have a bearing on this. Such factors may focus on the person to bring about what we call a "fixation" at the oral level. The person does not develop new techniques, new ways of finding satisfactions. He doesn't evolve in his development to the level of independence, in learning to gain satisfaction. He remains a learner, a dependent person, and basically still wants to suck. We know that this is true in the unconscious of many

people, and particularly of many alcoholics.

Such people remain fixated, always wanting to go back to find the pleasure they feel they didn't find, to find the security they thought they never had, or to recapture the excessive pleasures and satisfactions that they had which life now doesn't furnish them. The mature, healthy person learns to be happily aggressive. He gets what he wants, and finds satisfaction from it. He does not always have to look to someone else to do it for him. He is not dependent. To be sure, there has to be a mutual interdependence among all of us, but we should be able to make decisions for ourselves, speak for ourselves, stand up for our own rights, live up to our own principles, and get satisfactions from doing these things.



RUEL McDANIEL

"Small pitchers have big ears."

—John Heywood.

THE other morning a neighbor, his nine-year-old son, and I were packed for an all-day fishing trip. As we piled into the car, with the loaded boat trailer hitched on and the boat carrying our day's supplies, the neighbor's son remarked in all seriousness, "We don't have any beer."

Startled, his father snapped: "Where'd you get such an idea?"

"From Dizzy Dean on TV. 'Any good time is Falstaff time,' Dizzy says. I hear it every time I watch the big-league ball games."

According to brewery advertising, it is old-fashioned and inconsistent to enjoy any sort of outing without the aid of a cooler packed with beer. Whether it's a fishing trip, a football game, a few hours on the water in a boat, a golf game, a hunting trip, or even a family cook-out, beer must be included if the event is to be a success.

The most insidious phase of the brewery appeal, however, is that which is beamed across the nation during baseball season, when men, sports heroes to many youngsters who play sand-lot and little league baseball, beat the ears of children scores of times with

beer slogans during the course of a big-league game. In this way TV advertising makes insidious appeals to children in its constant tie-in with sports and recreation.

So insidious is the type of advertising used that many children who hear beer commercials look upon beer in the same light as soft drinks. Many of them don't know that beer may be intoxicating and habit-forming. The complete and studied absence of any such suggestion is frightening.

After repeal in 1933 brewers fought tenaciously for the right to advertise. They won the privilege after heartily agreeing to certain rules and ethics.

As television developed, however, rules and ethics seemed to go out the window. Now that TV is perhaps the greatest single influence on the lives of children, the breweries have to a great extent forgotten their code of ethics and rules of good taste in advertising. There seems to be no limit to which such advertisers will go to increase sales.

One brewer utilizes young people, in their late teens, as models for television advertising. He consistently shows these young people pic-

nicking, boating, or swimming, and beer is always the center of their "good time." Beer makers are not willing even to wait for the youngsters to reach maturity before starting them on beer.

Naturally the brewer will not cease such advertising but will inch still farther unless the public clamor and legislation call a halt. Only a militant public can get action. Legislation can force such advertising off TV channels, if the public demands it.

The time to start is now. Every citizen can contribute toward ridding TV of this propaganda.

1. Write to your Senators and Congressmen, calling attention to the indirect but highly effective appeal of beer advertising to children and asking that steps be taken to outlaw beer advertising on TV.

2. Write to the local TV station manager about beer advertising's appeal to children, and ask that such advertising either be dropped or censored. Complaints will put the station management on guard, and enough such complaints could get action.

3. Write to the TV networks. Point up calmly but with direct facts how current advertising is misleading children and giving them false impressions. Suggest the possibility of legal regulation unless the networks and stations voluntarily censor their advertising.

4. Ask friends and relatives to check on offensive advertising, and write to their lawmakers, the local TV stations, and the national networks.

Breweries maintain powerful legislative lobbies in Washington, D.C., and in most state capitals, but in the final analysis a lawmaker listens to the voice of his constituents. If enough of his voters demand legislation or regulation, he will take steps to do their bidding.

Children and youth must not be beguiled into accepting beer as a necessary adjunct to enjoyment of outdoor fun—or indoor life either, for that matter. They must understand that beer is not merely another thirst-quenching beverage, but that its use involves potential danger. This the breweries are not going to tell them. But an anxious public can combat the insidious appeal and call a halt to this offensive approach to young people if it sets up sufficient clamor in the right places.

Why I Retired From Medicine

S. J. Goldberg, M.D.

NOTE: In the previous issue of "Listen" was featured the article, "Don't Be Duped by Narcotics Trickery." This brief story from actual life illustrates the extent to which addicts will go to get their dope, and the care necessary on the part of professional people to guard against attack.

On January 29, 1951, I retired from the active practice of medicine, not because I felt I had served long enough—over fifty years—but because of a brutal attack by a patient.

Complaining of stomach and intestinal cramps, this patient called on me one day. I gave him something to relieve his immediate discomfort, and then I obtained his history for our files, information about his family, his past illnesses, and other data, his name and address. I learned that he was an addict who had been sent to the Government hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, for addiction. He said he was dissatisfied with the hospital, and had come to me for private treatment. I told him I could not possibly take his case, that I was an eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist, and I advised him to return to Lexington.

Imagine my surprise to find him my first patient the next morning, when he demanded an injection of morphine. He followed me into my treatment room, where I again refused him. I threatened to call the police if he did not leave at once. Seeing this did not faze him, I went toward my telephone in the inner office, turning my back on him. It was then I received a terrific whack over the head that brought me to my knees, and I continued to receive these blows until I fell prone. After the first blow I turned to face him, and the blow struck me on the forehead. But it was then I saw his weapon—a board he had concealed under his coat upon entering the office. He kept pounding away at me until I lay prostrate on the floor. Then he hid the board again, I suppose, for the weapon of attack was never found. Searching hastily for such narcotics as he could find, he fled from the building.

Luckily, the only narcotics my attacker found were those used only for emergencies. My real supply was hidden under lock and key. This I disclosed to the police later on, also the name of the man. He was found, arrested, and received a sentence of from one to twenty-five years in the penitentiary.

As I write this, several years after that attack, I am more than eighty years old. I have a feeling of pity, of sympathy, for my assailant. He made a splendid figure of a man, about six feet two inches in height and weighing around 190 pounds. He was a college graduate, my records show. His fine appearance might have gained him access into the highest social circles; his speech and manner would have aided him to climb high. Too, his clothes were well pressed and well fitting. What a waste of manhood! Why had he permitted himself to degenerate into a species of man that would attempt to kill and to rob to obtain narcotics, which were driving him down to the very bottom?

I am not vindictive. I hope on his release that, if he has not attained to it already, he will become the man I am certain he can be, and take his place among those who are the bulwark of our great country. I hope, too, that others may receive the warning soon enough to avoid having to go through this experience.

The person who does so is a mature, well-adjusted person.

What are some of the characteristics of the oral personality? What would he really feel in his unconscious as the result of some of these things that happened to him early in life? He basically feels unloved, insecure, and bereft. As a consequence, he has recurring attacks of empty, lonely, hopeless feelings.

And let me emphasize again that for a person to be really mature and healthy, he has to be aggressive, not in a destructive way, but in a healthy way. Such a feeling gives the person independence and confidence that he can do the reasonable things. But the oral character can't feel that way.

The oral character has little ability to suffer frustration or disappointment. That is understandable. If within his

innermost being, within his unconscious, he fears that he is going to be deserted, rejected, and has not developed techniques of handling life situations on his own, then naturally he has little tolerance for frustrations or disappointments, and easily becomes depressed, upset, and frustrated. He is often quite impatient, has to have what he wants right now. One of my patients who was not an alcoholic, but an oral character, told me the story about a man who had six cats and bored six holes in the wall. When asked, "Why did you bore six holes?" this man replied, "When I say scat, I mean scat!" He was very impatient. It is true that these oral characters can become very demanding.

The oral character follows a stereotyped pattern. For instance, an alcoholic comes into the sanitarium. Of course, if he comes in drunk, he may be difficult and mean and bullish. After he gets over this condition, he often is the nicest patient there. Everybody likes him. He is ingratiating, kind, and helpful. But then after about a week, that begins to taper off, and he tends to become impatient and demanding, manifesting in various indirect ways a tremendous amount of hostility.

In order to enhance his feelings of security, the oral character uses various devices, such as being charming, jolly, a good sport. But he also uses many undisguised oral methods, such as excessive smoking. He is often an intemperate eater. He often wants to eat between meals if any frustration comes up, reaching for something to eat, taking it into his mouth just as an infant would who wanted to nurse, if he feels tense or frustrated. Many such persons are excessive users of coffee or soft drinks. In other words, an oral character is rarely temperate, whether he is an alcoholic or not.

Also, he is usually rather a poor loser, and unfortunately, a poor winner. He can't win because he feels as if his winning jeopardizes his relationship with people. He thinks, "If I win, the other person is going to be mad at me, and I am going to be rejected; and if I lose, I have lost everything." So he can't win or lose, which fact only adds to his misery.

Another unfortunate aspect of the oral personality is that, although wanting and needing love and security and a warm relationship with someone, often he is afraid of being dependent. He denies and rejects his dependency. The very thing he wants he rejects, thus enhancing his frustration.

Now that we have described the oral
(Turn to page 34.)

Elegy to a Wrecking Yard

Ethyl B. Day

What tales you wretched wrecks might tell!
Of left-hand turns and changing lanes,
How haste made waste and ill befell,
Of chances run through speeding gains
That lost the race
For time and space;

Of dreaming drivers, failing brakes!
Your fractured bodies, distorted frames,
Are monuments to man's mistakes.
Your graveyard publicly proclaims
Of mystery in twisted steel,
Of murder at the wheel.

LONG ROADWAY

Lillian E. Miles

The long roadway winds up and down
Through valleys green and hills of brown;
Through pasture lands where cattle graze,
Along the silver waterways;
Climbs lustily up mountains tall
Where cold, thin air makes raindrops fall.

The road winds on across the land,
Whose vistas change on every hand—
May land so vast and wide and high
Be a mark for my soul to measure by.



PROBLEMS

Enola Chamberlin

No problems of life and living,
Whatever one may say,
Were ever solved by turning
And cowardly running away.

There is nothing to do but face them;
Stand up to them strong and true,
Show them the steel you are made of,
The God-tempered steel in you.

And though they may lead you to battle,
You, knowing that God is your friend,
Will find the strength to defeat them,
Be victorious in the end.

Incongruity

Grace Noll Crowell

Our daily paper at holiday time
Crams its columns with warning cries
Of the evil of drink and of driving while
drunk;
They give advice that is sane and wise.

We agree wholeheartedly, turn the page,
And, lo, a liquor ad slaps us down:
"Kentucky Premium, Milshire Gin,"
And where to buy it about the town.

"Well-known whiskies," the keynote cry,
"Thousands of bottles sold each day,"
"Come in and pick out a prewrapped brand,
And then go merrily on your way."

The words exact—the "merry way"
Is taken by many—hark, a flash!
The radio blares out the horrible news
Of a dozen dead in a two-way crash.

And tomorrow the paper again will mourn
Over the tragedies near and far.
They will picture the wrecks, they will name
the dead,
Isn't it strange how blind men are!

Poems with a Purpose

By "Listen" Authors

character, let us consider more specifically his drinking and why he drinks. The alcoholic drinks primarily and basically to overcome his feeling of loneliness, emptiness, and rejection. This may be a little hard to understand, and it may sound far-fetched, but actually many alcoholics drink unconsciously to reproduce the nursing experience—that is, to drink from the bottle has the same meaning to them unconsciously as being nursed. Alcohol has the same meaning symbolically as the mother's milk. So it is as if unconsciously they really are trying to reproduce their infantile experience.

A patient of mine had severe oral problems manifested in extreme anxiety with fear of driving. As he was better able to drive, but was still anxious, he took a thermos bottle of hot coffee with him. Then while he was driving along and would find himself getting anxious and tense, he would drink a cup of hot coffee. He explained, "As this warm coffee went down my throat into my stomach, I could feel myself relaxing and becoming secure, and all my anxiety would leave." This is a repetition of the infantile experience—I don't think we could have one much more clearly elucidated for us.

When the alcoholic drinks, he laughs and talks and has a great time with his friends. It is a buddy relationship. Probably all of us have had the experience of going somewhere and finding everyone else drinking. They are laughing, joking, and saying silly things. If we haven't been drinking, we are uncomfortable, ill at ease. We are not a part of the group, and for that reason we don't usually go to such parties. But those who go, gain a certain type of relationship that they can't get otherwise because of their personality difficulties and their obvious anxiety.

The alcoholic drinks also because of alcohol's drug effect, which makes everything painful disappear temporarily, banishing the feelings of helplessness and hopelessness. Those who work with the alcoholic must always keep in mind that he suffers from unspeakable terror.

How about treatment? Those who drink as a reaction are more easily treated than others. Sometimes treatment can be relatively simple, and generally the prognosis is good.

The oral character has drinking as the core of the difficulty, but his primary struggle or motivation is to find security in an all-dependent way. Then the prognosis is often guided, and the treatment is an extremely difficult one. I think that we shouldn't kid ourselves that we can do a great deal for these

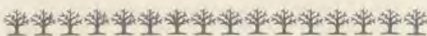


The Gardener

Salveig Paulson Russell

My garden may not pay me
In cold cash, it is true;
But there's no market value
For the pleasure that I knew
When I saw the green things sprouting
From the loam I'd worked so fine,
And saw the plants a growing
That were really, truly mine.

No, no money buys contentment,
That any gardener knows
As he tills the earth and gathers in
The harvest that he grows!
So let those people purchase
Who care nothing for the soil,
I'll take my greens in gratitude
Through happy, honest toil.



people, and we shouldn't think that the treatment is easy.

First, the oral alcoholic has to be locked up, to be treated in a controlled environment because his character is impulsive, impatient. With the first frustration that he has in treatment or otherwise, he is going to get drunk. Therefore, he has to be in a controlled environment.

Second, the oral alcoholic needs to be treated by someone who understands his problem and his needs, and is able to give him what he did not receive in his early development—genuine love with consistent firmness. That is one of the important things that must be

dealt with in a realistic way—limits to be set to his behavior, firmness to be used, but with kindness for his interest.

As the treatment is carried on, the alcoholic has periods when he is hostile, difficult, mean, and potentially destructive. Actually, this is a healthy attitude, but it is difficult to experience. Basically it is healthy to let him learn to express hostility. First he is going to express this in an infantile way; but being in a restricted environment, he can be controlled. Then gradually he will develop better techniques until finally he is aggressive and assertive in a more mature way. From then on we try to help him develop better techniques of living, broader outlets, help him find more satisfactions, which he, being fixated at the oral level, never did learn.

I want to express the concept that we all have gone up the emotional ladder from oral dependency to happy, mature, independent living by painful steps, and many of us have left these immature steps reluctantly. We do this only because each day we resolve to do the best we can. Like the apostle Paul, we "die daily," or we have some new inspiration, or at least we live our life in such a way that it will give us the maximum protection and reinforce the emotional developments that we have achieved.

What Sense?

"Statistics show that 10,000 people are killed by intoxicating liquor where only one is killed by a mad dog. Yet we shoot the dog and license the liquor. What sense is there to this?"—James Kurtz, in *Sunshine Magazine*, September, 1956.

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OPINIONS



Clear Case

"Medically and socially, the case against alcohol is just as clear as the case against opium."—Richard Cabot, M.D.

Youth Want Education

A Catholic Youth Organization diocesan youth council convention in East Providence, Rhode Island, asked the question, "Why not advise us on liquor?"

John Melia, Pawtucket, high-school senior, summarized the conviction of the delegates:

"There is no reason why the effects of drinking shouldn't be discussed in biology classes. They do it for smoking. We have social courses in high school, we have hygiene courses, why shouldn't we discuss drinking in them, too? It does belong there."

In Losing You Win

Myrna Fahey, runner-up in the Miss Rheingold beer contest, held each year, said about her loss: "Actually, when I failed to win the Miss Rheingold contest, things began looking up for me." Reporting on this in the Pittsburgh "Press," Hedda Hopper writes: "Photographer Paul Hesse suggested Myrna Fahey for the Miss Rheingold contest, and she became one of the six runners-up for final honors. Her green eyes light up with amusement as she sums up the fate of all the beer beauties through the years. It's the losers who've made good, strange to say. Hope Lange was a loser. So was Diane Baker. And many others who failed landed in entertainment. Grace Kelly didn't even get into the contest: she was turned down by the Rheingold people. So whenever Myrna meets Mr. Lieberman [brewer of Rheingold] she twits him with: 'Now aren't you sorry?'"

Chill Remedy?

"Whisky, brandy, or any other alcoholic beverage is one of the worst things a chilled person can take.

"You see, the chilled skin of the drinker is filled with blood pulled from the body's internal regions. Alcohol only appears to give heat since the skin is being warmed at the expense of the internal organs."—Herman N. Bundeson, M.D., and newspaper columnist.

Want a Reservation?

"Night Club—a place where tables are reserved but guests are not."

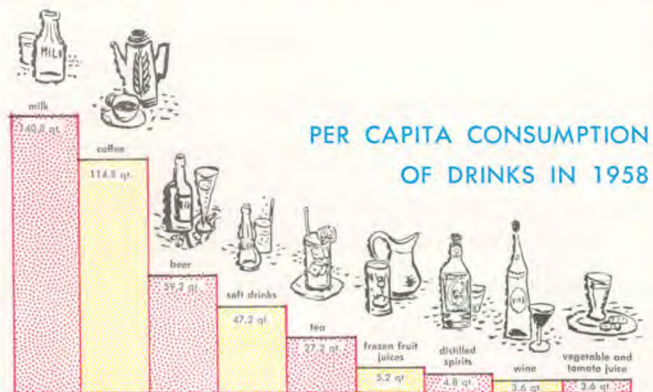
Hand That Rocks the Cradle

"Within the last decade, alcoholism among women has become as great a problem as among men. The number of women alcoholics in the United States may be even larger than men alcoholics. . . .

"It is easier for a woman to hide her addiction to alcohol. Her husband must be at his job every day; she can get herself plastered at home.

"Strangely enough, the vast majority of women alcoholics are not skid-row tramps. They are the so-called solid citizens—housewives, mothers, people like your next-door neighbor.

"What alarms the experts is the rapid rise in female alcoholism. During the prohibition era, the ratio of men to women alcoholics was something like twenty-five to one. By the end of World War II, when drinking by both sexes had become a part of the American culture, the ratio had shrunk to seven to one. Today it may be one to one."—Jean Ragan in Denver "Post."



In 1958 the population of the United States drank 2,944,000,000 gallons of alcoholic beverages; 5,953,000,000 gallons of milk; and 4,919,000,000 gallons of coffee. Figures from the "West Virginia Issue."

Rude Awakening

"Cold weather and Christmas drinking are blamed for keeping some people in the sack," is the conclusion of Mrs. Mary Woody, one of a dozen employees of Western Union's Wake-Up Service in New York. "You have lots of drinking and Christmas parties, and people hate to get up on these dark and cold mornings.

"Sometimes they get mad at me. They curse and say I have some nerve calling them at this hour. They usually are people who had been drinking the night before and forgot they requested our service."



HUMAN VALUES

Dr. T. J. Honeyman, a native of Glasgow and a graduate of Glasgow University, studied medicine and was in practice for a number of years. However, being a restless, emphatic man, with far-ranging interests, particularly in the arts, he became director of the Lefèvre Gallery in London, then returned to Glasgow to become director of the Kelvingrove Galleries.

Dr. Honeyman represents Great Britain on the International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism, one of the five men representing that nation. He serves with distinction on the Commission.

This astute educational leader places human values above mere science, and emphasizes the need in all education to see first the personal element. "The decision between two ways of life rests with the individual," he says. "We can try to make it easy for him to make the right choice."

Dr. Honeyman says:

"We have the cocktail party. It has been described as a feature of modern living. The man who defined it as 'a factor in modern dying' was nearer the truth. The cocktail party is a social absurdity designed to transform normal men and women into a bunch of irresponsible blethers. In case you don't know: A blether is a man who starts his mouth talking and then goes away and leaves it."