

# LISTEN

A  
JOURNAL  
OF  
BETTER  
LIVING



**RODGER  
WARD**

RACING DRIVER



### Double-Barreled Cancer

Heavy smoking plus heavy drinking is a probable cause of voice-box cancer, says Mefford R. Runyon, former executive vice-president of the American Cancer Society. A combination of the two habits is more dangerous than either one alone, he observes. The tentative conclusion is that "the cancer was initiated by the tobacco, but it was accelerated by alcohol."

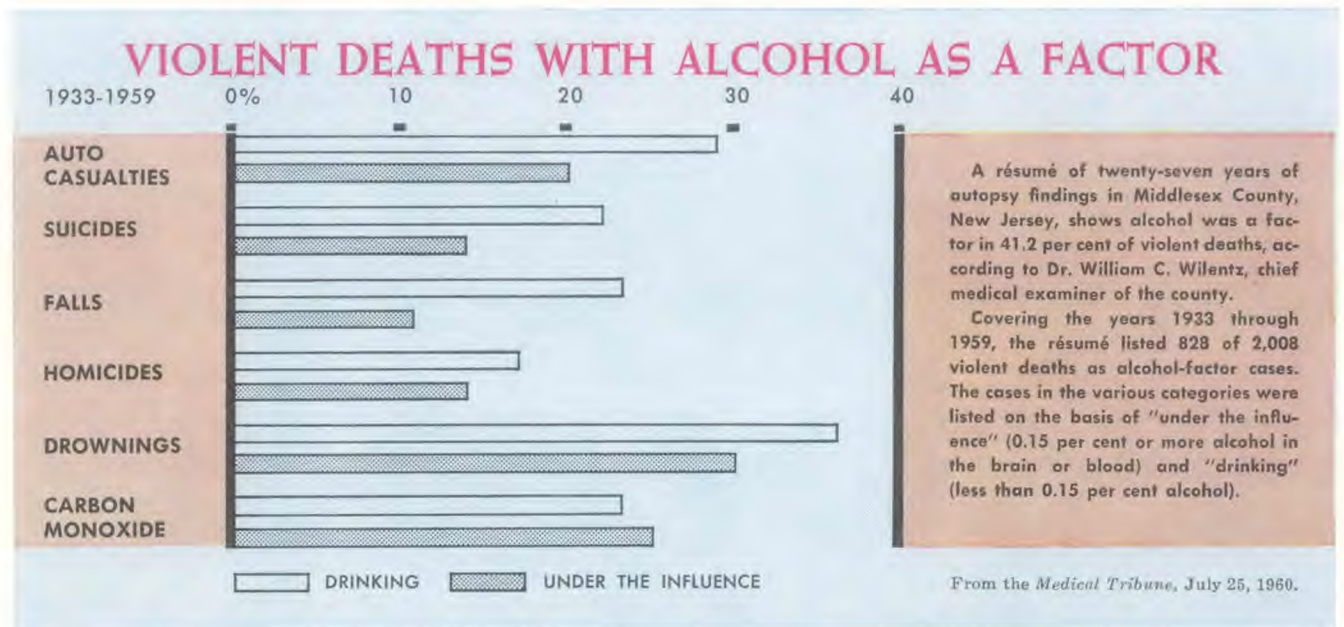
### Protection for Baseball Fans

Fans attending baseball games at the Pittsburgh Pirates' Forbes Field the latter part of the 1960 season

could not bring their beer with them. Many complaints had been made about annoyances and rowdiness on the part of spectators who took beer and other alcoholic beverages into Forbes Field. No alcoholic beverages are sold at the park, either.

### Halitosis—a Side Effect

As little as two ounces of whisky may cause a mild hang-over, according to Dr. Frederic Damrau of New York and researcher Emma Liddy, in "A Psychological Study of Moderate Social Drinkers." Along with hang-over they found morning-after side effects including halitosis, gastric irritation, headache, dizziness, and fatigue.



couldn't bring their beer with them. Many complaints had been made about annoyances and rowdiness on the part of spectators who took beer and other alcoholic beverages into Forbes Field. No alcoholic beverages are sold at the park, either.

### No Safety Award for Drinkers

Connecticut has the lowest highway death toll in the United States. Its record of 2.5 fatalities per 100,000,000 miles traveled in 1959 won the National

### Mental Deterioration

Chronic alcoholics with liver damage run the risk of mental deterioration when the alcohol no longer is fixed in the liver and gets into the brain in greater concentrations, conclude Frank L. Siegel and Roger J. Williams, Texas biochemists.

The scientists fed minute doses of radioactive alcohol to baby chickens, and were able to trace it in the body. The birds least susceptible to intoxication retained a greater part of the alcohol in the liver.

# LISTEN

## A Journal of Better Living

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1961  
Volume 14, No. 1

### OUR COVER

Whether on the small race course of a country town or the massive world-renowned Indianapolis Speedway, an increasingly popular sport these days is car racing.

And no fan or follower of this adventurous and dangerous avocation is unacquainted with the champion of them all—Rodger Ward, winner of the 500-mile Memorial Day race in 1959 and national champion on accumulated points last year.

Whether hurtling his varicolored roadster around the tricky course, or expressing his convictions on personal living habits, this rugged sportsman is a man of action, a man of achievement in his chosen activity.

"Listen's" cover is by Herb Elliott.

### PHOTO CREDITS

Page 5, Official U. S. Army, International News, Leon Cantrell, Monkmeyer; pages 5, 7, 9, Devaney; pages 10, 11, 12, Three Lions; pages 16, 17, National Air Museum, Smithsonian Institution, C. G. B. Stuart Collection, and a copy of Dept. of Justice photo; page 20, Bob Natkin; page 21, Maurice Gaulmin; pages 22, 23, N.B.C.; page 26, National Film Board; page 27, Eric Kreye; page 29, Savannah "News-Press"; page 33, Authenticated News; pages 5, 36, H. Armstrong Roberts; page 36, Aæ Photo.

### ARTICLES

|                                     |                      |    |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------|----|
| Trigger for Trouble . . . . .       | Editorial            | 4  |
| Sabotaging Society . . . . .        | H. Cecil Heath       | 5  |
| Parental Attitudes . . . . .        | C. Aubrey Hearn      | 9  |
| Only the Fool Tempts Fate . . . . . | Judge Hyman Feldman  | 12 |
| Brothers Under the Skin . . . . .   | Richard Lake         | 14 |
| Finding the Real Answer . . . . .   | Judge Robert Gardner | 20 |

### SPECIAL FEATURES

|   |                  |    |
|---|------------------|----|
| California "Gets Tough" . . . . .                 | William L. Roper | 6  |
| "You Can't Argue With Success" . . . . .          | Fred D. Cavinder | 10 |
| "Down East" Storekeeper . . . . .                 | J. Plumb         | 15 |
| Flying High and Dry . . . . .                     | Madeline George  | 16 |
| He Paid His Debts . . . . .                       | Duane Valentry   | 22 |
| Personal Convictions of Abraham Lincoln . . . . . |                  | 23 |

### PERSONALITIES

|   |               |    |
|---|---------------|----|
| Rodger Ward—Racing Driver . . . . .     |               | 10 |
| Chester Eaton—Merchant . . . . .        |               | 15 |
| Paul Garber—Curator . . . . .           |               | 16 |
| Sven Johanson—Sportsman . . . . .       | K. M. McClain | 18 |
| La Jeune Hundley—Beauty Queen . . . . . | Eloise Engle  | 21 |
| Buddy Pritchard—Infielder . . . . .     |               | 29 |
| E. H. Cluver—Doctor . . . . .           |               | 36 |

### REGULAR FEATURES

|   |                      |    |
|---|----------------------|----|
| Have You Heard? . . . . .                     |                      | 2  |
| World View . . . . .                          |                      | 20 |
| Notes From History . . . . .                  |                      | 22 |
| Youth Asks . . . The Doctor Answers . . . . . | R. W. Spalding, M.D. | 30 |
| For Your Reading and Reference . . . . .      |                      | 32 |
| Opinions . . . . .                            |                      | 35 |

### STORIES

|   |                   |    |
|---|-------------------|----|
| "I'm Just a Kid—I Proved It!" . . . . . | Elizabeth Eicher  | 24 |
| The Biggest Reason . . . . .            | William I. Rankin | 27 |

### POETRY

|                                |                  |    |
|--------------------------------|------------------|----|
| Hymn for the Highway . . . . . |                  | 26 |
| Poems With a Purpose . . . . . | "Listen" Authors | 33 |

### MISCELLANEOUS

|   |               |    |
|---|---------------|----|
| Cold Water for Lincoln Guests . . . . . | Frances Mason | 23 |
|---|---------------|----|

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

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

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

When change of address is desired, notify the Pacific Press Publishing Association, 1350 Villa Street, Mountain View, California. Please send the old address as well as the new, and allow four weeks for change to become effective.

Copyright, 1960, by the American Temperance Society, W. A. Scharffenberg, Executive Secretary.

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

Editor: Francis A. Soper Assistant Editor: Sue E. Baker

Editorial Assistant: Mike A. Jones Editorial Secretary: Denä Hammill

Circulation Manager: H. K. Christman

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

Editorial Consultants:

Winton H. Beaven, Ph.D., Director, Institute of Scientific Studies

Matthew Hill, Washington State Supreme Court

Andrew C. Ivy, Ph.D., M.D., D.Sc., LL.D., University of Illinois, Chairman of the National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism

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

George T. Harding, M.D., D.N.B., F.A.C.P., President and Medical Director, Harding Sanitarium and Hospital

Laurence A. Senseman, M.D., D.N.B., F.A.C.P., Director, Fuller Memorial Hospital

Publication Office, Pacific Press Publishing Association, 1350 Villa Street, Mountain View, California. Office Editor: Richard H. Utt

**a**ROUND eleven o'clock on Sunday evening, September 4, an Ocean City, Maryland, police officer received a call to a boardwalk tourist shop to halt a disturbance created by a Marine who had been drinking.

The Marine resisted the officer, and a struggle ensued. Soon 2,500 young people were rioting in the streets.

Forty were arrested. During the course of the rioting the young mob marched on the town hall. "They were going to burn the city hall down. We had to turn on the fire hoses," said Mayor Hugh T. Cropper.

Why the riot? Probably the mayor was right when he suggested that it resulted from a policy at Ocean City keeping teen-agers from drinking. Eyewitnesses reported the mob marched down the street chanting, "We want beer! We want beer!"

Ocean City is a quiet town with 1,500 people during the winter months, but in the summer months its population swells to as many as 175,000, as tourists swarm over the city's three and a half miles of sandy beach area.

In enforcing the law which went into effect July 1, 1959, forbidding alcoholic beverages to anyone under twenty-one, Mayor Cropper fought and won the biggest fight of his career in public service. And because the mayor fights for a better city, the townspeople re-elected him in the thick of that battle.

What is Mayor Cropper fighting for? Two things: First, to uphold the law; second, to uphold his personal convictions that teen-agers should not drink.

So often the partner of trouble, drinking was pointed out to be the trigger of Ocean City's troubles last summer. "There is no question about it," said Mayor Cropper. "It is a fact that alcohol was a definite factor in this rowdyism." Yet while the mayor maintains alcohol played a part in the riot, he says also that teen-agers were not the only ones involved. "Fifty per cent of those we arrested in the riots were over twenty-one."

Police Chief Ollie Hudson observed, "Oftentimes people who are old enough will get the kids their beer. Serving time would help both groups learn a lesson."

Author of the law enforced by the mayor was State Senator John L. Sanford, Jr., of Worcester County, who proposed the bill and guided it through the Maryland State Senate.

Senator Sanford is a man with deep convictions that alcohol and teen-agers do not mix. "When I was state's attorney in 1955, kids were picked up after having drunk alcohol," he says. "I don't think this is good conduct. I think this legislation has resulted in much better behaved groups."

How is the law enforced? Force is not the only answer, says the mayor. Two years ago he organized the Ocean City Teen-age Club with the help of local ministers and the Lions Club. As many as a thousand youth come and have a good time. "And no beer or whisky is allowed on the premises," says Mayor Cropper. "No drinking whatsoever."

How else is Ocean City working to solve this teen-age problem? "There will be more than the regular disorderly conduct charge for this kind of thing next year," emphasizes the mayor. "If I have to go to the Maryland State Legislature to get a law passed giving a jail sentence for disorderly conduct, I'll do it."



Mayor Cropper:  
Biggest fight of his career.



Senator Sanford:  
"Much better behaved groups."

Breaking into a smile, he hastens to add, "We welcome young people to Ocean City. It is only the few who do not co-operate that we don't want."

Says Dr. Washington (Doc) Purnell, optometrist and hotel owner, "I've been fighting this sort of thing for thirty-eight years. We want young people in Ocean City—not drinking hoodlums. One short jail sentence is worth many fines," he goes on. "Once they serve some time, I think they will be impressed much more than if they merely pay a fine."

Judge James D. Robins, who conducted the trials for many of the rioters, adds, "Serving time is the only thing that will stop this. Parents pay the fines, and the kids don't suffer a bit for their misbehavior."

So Ocean City, with a courageous mayor willing to "crack down" to enforce the law, is becoming a town where teen-agers and other tourists can have a good time without the troubles so often triggered by drinking.

NO PUBLIC DRINKING  
MINORS POSSESSING  
ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES  
PROSECUTED

# TRIGGER FOR TROUBLE

With this issue of "Listen" we welcome Mike A. Jones as editorial assistant and press relations officer. A native of Michigan, Mike specialized in publicity work in his college course. This report on the Ocean City riots and their significance is his initial major contribution to "Listen," but only the first of many which we anticipate in issues to come.

Francis A. Soper, Editor

*Mike A. Jones*



*A hard look at the basic cause of many problems plaguing modern man*

H. Cecil Heath

**D**URING the past twenty-five years a significant change in the fight against alcoholism has come about, partly because of the rising standard of living in many countries of the world. In some of these countries the consumption of alcohol has increased. The illusion has been gaining headway that widespread social drinking can be reconciled with the establishment of a better social order and that economic laws can be insulated from the folly of misusing human labor and natural resources.

Affluence has brought many problems to society, some of which are hardly recognized as problems by a community still bewildered by an unaccustomed way of life. Delusions of the danger of drink, particularly when they are bolstered by a habit of addiction among substantial sections of the world's population, can persist even when there is clear evidence that some serious social disorder is sabotaging the legitimate economic ambitions of the community.

Moreover, the warning symptoms can sometimes have the unfortunate effect of diverting much attention, which could better be employed in dealing with the fundamental causes of the disease, to the treatment of the most pathetic of the individual cases of the victims who are products of the alcoholic beverage industry. Essential though

this treatment may be in civilized society, it ought always to take second place to the more important task of dealing effectively with the fundamental causes of alcoholism. During the past quarter of a century the alcoholic has been claiming more of our attention than the facts of the situation warrant.

In our highly developed modern society it is virtually impossible to separate the social and economic aspects of alcoholism, and we must constantly remind ourselves that

the effects are present long before the recognizable condition of alcoholism is reached. At best, alcohol is a dangerous luxury, unnecessary as a

beverage, useless as a food, dangerous as a drug, an economic liability to the nation, and a despoiler of social standards.

It is quite impossible to separate those effects which arise because of the general consumption of alcohol from those which can be attributed to alcoholism as such. The primary effects of alcohol consumption can only be appreciated if we imagine a world in which beverage alcohol were no longer commercially available. What commodities would men produce in lieu of alcohol, and would other men produce as much in exchange for these alternative commodities?

The secondary effects would arise from changes in pro-

## *Sabotaging Society*

ductive capacity of the world because of physiological and psychological factors. These include greater efficiency in output, more power to sustain output, lower accident rates, less absenteeism, and others. From the point of view of the consumer it must always be remembered that *the consumption of alcohol is noncumulative in its satisfactions and accumulative in its drawbacks.*

The tertiary effects can be more logically ascribed to alcoholism in its broadest sense as they include the social costs involved in the treatment of alcoholism, the prevention of drink-caused crime, the punishment of offenders with all expenses provided out of taxation.

The social effects such as influences upon character, morals, happiness, family life, social standards, and moral attitudes are not primarily economic, but they have immeasurable economic reactions. Note that the primary effects relate to a given total consumption of alcohol, whereas the other effects are related to the way in which that total is spread over the consumers. This accounts for the varying economic effects in different countries of the world in spite of occasional similarity in per capita consumption.

Let us examine in greater detail the effects which have been mentioned. What would men produce if beverage alcohol were no longer available as a commercial commodity? The answer need not be hypothetical, for we have available the experience of highly industrialized and agricultural communities where the experiment has been tried. The transfer of demand has been: (1) other beverages for the adults, (2) more and better food for the family, (3) clothing and household amenities, (4) houses purchased, (5) additional travel, and (6) increased savings.

There is no reason to suppose that in any community with a healthy climate of public opinion the transferred expenditure would differ greatly from this pattern. Any social reformer would regard the change as a distinct and outstanding economic gain. There is always the minority who might seek perverted satisfaction in alternative vices, but their exceptional behavior does not invalidate the general good that would accrue. No evidence has ever been produced to show that these alternative commodities give less satisfaction to the producer in his capacity as a consumer, and, with a rising standard of living, he appears willing to increase his output in order to add to his purchasing power.

A well-known British social reformer once said, "Alcoholic liquor makes men content with or indifferent to bad social conditions." His words could be echoed by leaders in all nations who strive to improve the living standards of their fellows. When put to the test, men have found that alcohol is not as supreme a boon as it has been traditionally represented to be and that substituted boons have many advantages. They are, for example, accretional. They actuate a demand for a rising standard. On the other hand, the so-called satisfaction produced by alcohol contributes nothing to the future but a desire for repetition.

At a time when mechanization is playing an increasing part in industry, the personal efficiency of each worker receives less attention than it did half a century ago; but it is still an important factor (Turn to page 30.)

**I**T WAS the night of February 14, 1959. A man and his wife were crossing a street in a brightly lighted safety crosswalk in Bell Gardens, a Los Angeles suburb, when a speeding car bore down on them. They tried to leap from its path, but it pursued them. The body of Mrs. Phyllis Monson was hurled 149 feet. She died en route to the hospital.

Flung eighty-eight feet by the impact, her husband suffered compound leg and arm fractures, a cracked skull, and serious internal injuries.

The twenty-four-year-old driver who struck them had been drinking. His license had been suspended for drunk driving, but a lenient judge had given him a fine instead of a jail sentence.

When captured by alert highway patrol officers, after he had fled the scene of the fatal accident, fighting the officers, he shouted: "What right do you have to jail me? All I did was eliminate a couple of Okies."

It is cases such as this that finally have led California to become realistic about drunken drivers who have been found to be responsible for one out of every three fatal highway accidents in that state. The fight to curb these potential highway killers has not been won, but state officials, supported by church and civic leaders, have progressed toward saving lives by putting into practice a "get tough" policy toward such drivers.

Nationwide, approximately 40,000 persons will be killed and 1,400,000 or more injured this year in traffic accidents, according to estimates based upon past statistics of the National Safety Council. Drinking drivers will be involved in about half the fatal accidents; drunk drivers will be directly responsible for nearly a third.

The importance of this problem was emphasized by Dr. Horace E. Campbell, chairman of the Colorado State Medical Society's automobile-safety committee, when he concluded, "It can be stated unequivocally that alcohol is the single largest factor in our motorcar-accident situation. It is equal to all other causes combined."

Many states have recognized the specter and are moving for tighter, tougher laws to deal with it, but California is in the forefront because the drinking-driving situation has become acute in that state. California now has more than 8,500,000 automobiles, and Californians hold first place as consumers of alcoholic beverages. Its alcoholics are estimated at 600,000.

Goodwin J. Knight, then governor of the state, conservatively estimated that 2,000 accidents could be prevented and 110 lives saved annually in his state by new and tougher laws against drunk driving. But it was not until 1959, when Robert I. McCarthy was appointed director of the State Department of Motor Vehicles by Governor Edmund G. Brown, Knight's successor, that howls of anguish began to come from the state's drunk drivers, social drinkers, lenient judges, and the criminal attorneys who specialize in representing delinquent motorists.

McCarthy, a serious-minded young man who had served in the California State Assembly and who was in the state senate, was not only too tough on drunk drivers, but was exceeding his authority, his critics contended.

The drive against drunken and careless drivers resulted in 6,391 licenses being suspended and revoked in

*Its patience finally worn  
thin by dangerous drinking  
drivers on its highways—*

# CALIFORNIA

## "Gets Tough"

June of 1959. Of those, 1,433 were suspended for drunk driving.

Immediately a howl of protest was heard throughout the state. "Truck drivers and operators of commercial vehicles are being illegally deprived of their livelihood by this new 'get tough' policy," wailed those favoring a return to the easygoing laxity of the past.

Appeals were made to Governor Brown to soften the policy. But the governor stood firm, making it clear that he was determined to protect the public from potential killers on the highway. He reiterated that there would be no exceptions to the state's policy providing for a six-month suspension of drivers' licenses for first offenders convicted of drunk driving. The only hardship cases, he said, are those of persons hurt by drunk and reckless drivers.

"Driving is not a right, but a privilege," said the governor. "It is a moral responsibility. The automobile, recklessly used, is a lethal weapon. Drunk drivers have no place on California's highways."

Director McCarthy said he would carry out the governor's order. "We are not trying to put everyone in jail," he added. "We are merely trying to keep people out of the morgues and hospitals."

By September 4, 1959, only a few months after the "get tough" policy was initiated, beneficial results began to appear. McCarthy showed in his report that the new method of removing drunken and other unsafe drivers from the highways had cut the state's traffic death toll by 12 per cent.

Despite the evidence that the program was saving lives, the fight to make things easier for the drinking driver continued. Taking note of this, Governor Brown said: "A lot of people have protested our 'tougher' enforcement methods, but we're getting results, and you cannot argue with lives saved."

Still the fight against McCarthy and the new "tough policy" continued. The critics of the policy now tried a new tactic. They argued that the courts were clogged with cases because of the new policy, and that the Department of Motor Vehicles did not have the authority to suspend or revoke licenses. That right belonged solely to the courts, they argued.

In Martinez, Superior Judge Wakefield Taylor issued a writ of mandamus in December, 1959, ordering McCarthy, as director of the Department of Motor Vehicles, to return the license of an Army sergeant who had pleaded guilty to the charge of drunk driving.

In Long Beach, Municipal Judge Charles T. Smith attempted to cite the D.M.V. director for contempt of court because he had suspended a drunk driver's license. Also in Long Beach, another judge likewise sided with a convicted drunken driver in holding that the department had no legal right to suspend his license after a municipal judge had recommended otherwise. Other similar judicial rulings followed throughout the state.

Even the Appellate Department of the Superior Court of Los Angeles took this view in holding that the D.M.V. did not have the legal right to suspend the license of a drunken driver, since the trial court had recommended against it. Action of the state in suspending the drunken driver's license amounted to "excessive punishment," the three Appellate Department judges decided.

After this decision again questioning its authority, the Department of Motor Vehicles appealed to the State Supreme Court.

"It is of secondary importance whether the Department of Motor Vehicles or the traffic courts have the power to suspend licenses," Director McCarthy said immediately following this appeal. "The vital point here is that this power be exercised by someone against the menace of drunk driving."

Pending the ruling on the appeal, the department temporarily ceased suspending licenses.

William L. Roper



While the decision of the high court was being awaited, the newspapers of the state debated the issue pro and con. Strangely enough, some of the most powerful editorial voices in the state were in favor of leaving the authority for license suspension to the discretion of the judges, even though this meant softer treatment for potential killers.

The Los Angeles *Times* commented editorially: "We do, however, caution against the pre-empting of this judicial responsibility by an administrative agency, however commendable its motives. It is the courts that hear all evidence and testimony, and are thus in the best position to decide what punishment should be given, particularly in the case of an otherwise satisfactory record."

On June 2, 1960, the State Supreme Court upheld the right of Director McCarthy to suspend the licenses of persons convicted of drunk driving.

Society must not be prevented from seeking to combat the hazard of drunk driving, the court said. The ruling pointed out: "The safety of persons on the highway requires immediate suspension of the licenses of those convicted of drunk driving."

Church leaders and responsible citizens throughout the state hailed the decision as a victory for highway safety and honest, impartial law enforcement.

Significantly, it was an attempt to "fix" a drunk driving case in Sacramento, during the Knight administration, that sparked the "get tough" campaign. The governor recalled that shortly after his inauguration in 1953, a "traditional Christmas party" was held at the capitol in Sacramento. A state employee driving home from the party ran down and killed a little girl.

3, 1960, the House Commerce Committee voted to establish a national listing of drunken and reckless drivers, co-ordinating state efforts to take these potential killers off the nation's highways.

Certainly, the problem of combating the drunk driving hazard requires the co-operation of every state. And California's example helps to provide the key. Among the many factors in the solution are these:

1. More rigid enforcement and highway safety supervision.
2. Education of the public to the menace.
3. More widespread use of chemical tests to show intoxication.

Also needed is an organized campaign to support and encourage public officials, when they are under attack for their courageous and vigorous law enforcement. This is one field of civic responsibility that is frequently neglected. We expect our officials to do their duty, but we fail to back them up when they come under pressure from those who do not want honest or rigid enforcement.

A case in California illustrates the tendency of some judges to view drunk driving unrealistically. An intoxicated driver ran down a boy and his sister, seriously injuring them. In time the boy recovered, but the little girl suffered a permanent brain injury that impaired her mind. Yet the judge hearing the case absolved the drunken driver, because, as the judge expressed it, "the driver didn't intend any damage as a result of his drinking."

Actually this ruling was unsound legally, as well as morally, for it ignored the basic fact of the law that drinking is a willful act. This foolish ruling, however, did

*How to Save 20,000 Lives a Year!*

*-- Take drunk and tippling drivers*

*off the nation's highways*

Herman A. Heise, Chairman, American Medical Association Subcommittee on Chemical Tests

Knight said his influence was sought to help the driver "get off easy." The governor retorted: "Is it this simple—to commit murder and expect not to pay for it?"

Suspension of driving licenses is only one phase of California's crackdown on the boozers behind the wheel. More drinking drivers are now going to jail instead of buying cheap justice with a light fine. State Senator Donald L. Grunsky and other California legislators are urging even stiffer sentences and more rigid testing methods for those arrested while under the influence of liquor.

Another hopeful sign is that the United States Congress is taking interest in the national problem. On June

serve to point up an important reason why the drunk-driving hazard must not be left to the courts alone. It is a public problem that we all share as citizens.

By taking the drunk and tippling drivers off the highways, we could save probably 10,000 or more lives every year. In fact, Dr. Herman A. Heise, of Milwaukee, chairman of the American Medical Association's subcommittee on chemical tests for intoxication, has estimated we might save as many as 20,000 lives annually this way.

The time has come for all thinking Americans to unite on a "get tough" law-enforcement program to end senseless murder on our highways. California's new policy points the way.



# parental attitudes



C. Aubrey Hearn



CASE studies reveal that some parents are teaching their children to drink alcoholic beverages, and others are teaching them to avoid liquor like the plague. Here are four actual cases.

1. One father is teaching his three children, aged five, twelve, and fourteen, to drink. He gives them sips of beer and lets them wet their tongues on highballs. He wants them to handle their liquor intelligently, so he is teaching them to drink at home. The father reasons that someone at some time is going to teach his children how to drink, so he does it himself.

2. Another father says: "My wife and I have elected teetotalism as an example for our daughter, eleven, and our son, fifteen. I think our example will be followed."

3. The father of two boys, aged seven and nine, is giving them three doses of whisky each day. He reasons that if whisky gives him a lift, it ought to be good for the boys, too.

4. One father writes: "What will I teach my two boys about drink? I shall teach them the deceptive nature of the drug. I shall point out to them, as they grow up, the wreckage on the highway of life caused by alcohol. I shall teach them to weave a pattern of abstinence that no rum-soaked environment can possibly confuse."

These cases represent two popular parental attitudes toward drinking. One is that safety lies in conditioning the child, even when he is young, to the taste and moderate use of alcohol. The other is that every effort should be made to build up a complete abhorrence toward alcohol. Still a third school of thought does nothing, and does not prepare the child in any way for a world in which drinking is often taken for granted.

Parents who are teaching their children to drink in moderation are taking an unrealistic attitude. They are not facing the facts. All medical authorities advise against giving alcoholic drinks to children, because definite risks are involved.



There is the risk that the child will form the habit, for alcohol is a habit-forming drug. This is true in adults, and it is even more true in children.

The risk that the child will in time become an alcoholic must definitely be considered. It is impossible for scientists to determine in advance which of a given number of drinkers will become alcoholics. In a period of fifteen years, thirty-seven reports were published of organized research which aimed at finding the typical personality traits of alco-

holics. A summary of these reports affirms: "No satisfactory evidence has been discovered that justifies a conclusion that persons of one type are more likely to become alcoholics than persons of another type. This conclusion agrees with the clinical findings of Wesberg that 'there is no alcoholic personality prior to alcoholism.'"

This means that anyone who drinks may become an alcoholic. There is no possible way to eliminate the risk of addiction if a person drinks. Dr. Robert Fleming declares: "The majority of alcoholics are originally average people, fundamentally no more neurotic than the rest of us. Most alcoholics are not psychiatric cases. They are normal people whose drinking has caught up with them."

What can parents do to safeguard their children against the dangers of the use of alcohol? Here are four suggestions:

1. *Parents should set a worthy example.* In his book *To Drink or Not to Drink*, Charles H. Durfee has said: "In the home no education can bear more direct fruit than the conduct and standards of the parents themselves. The danger of imitative drinking is not to be lightly dismissed. Children are quick to follow patterns set by their elders, patterns that often reflect thoughtlessness and lack of self-control. In homes where adults consider it smart to get 'a little tight,' or feel justified in resorting to alcohol to drown discontent or worry, it is natural that the children should follow the same technique. (Turn to page 34.)"



Left to Right With Ward: Bob Wilkie, Owner of Ward's Car; A. J. Watson, Chief Mechanic; Dick Rathmann, Race Driver, Jim's brother; and Pat Flaherty, the Former "500" Winner.



America's top racing driver gives the reasons for his achievement.

# "YOU CAN'T ARGUE

**O**N NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1955, Rodger Ward poured a mixed drink into the sand at Malibu Beach, vowing never to smoke or drink until he became an auto-racing champion.

In less than five months he finished the 500-mile Memorial Day race at Indianapolis for the first time in his career, placing eighth. In 1957 he won three important championship races, and the next year he was rated fifth among the nation's race drivers by the National Point Standards.

In 1959, four years after taking the vow, he emerged as the "winningest" driver in United States Auto Club racing history, capturing the big three in racing and racking up winnings of more than \$161,000 alone in winning the Indianapolis "500."

He won the Indianapolis kingmaking race in record speed of 135.857 miles an hour, and never was passed after taking the lead in the eighty-fifth lap of the 200-lap race. He won the 200-mile Milwaukee championship race and the Hoosier Hundred to capture the national driver's crown almost without opposition.

In a single week in 1959 he won three races driving big cars, stock cars, and midgets. He climbed into a midget car at Lime Rock, Connecticut, to beat out dozens of bigger cars in the formula libre race.

In 1960 he came within an eyelash of capturing the 500-mile race at Indianapolis for the second time in a row. With only five laps to go he saw that his right front tire was worn out and slowed to a safe speed. Nonetheless, he had been in the lead about half of the race, and was

only thirteen seconds behind the winner, Jim Rathmann. In placing second he broke his own 1959 speed record.

Undaunted by the second-place finish, six days after the 500-mile race, Ward won a 100-mile championship race at Milwaukee. The victory put him 200 points ahead of Rathmann in the National Point Standards ratings, and some 800 points ahead of his next nearest rival.

But win or lose, Ward has made a mark in the racing fraternity as a consistently tough competitor, a driver of extraordinary skill who always is in top physical and mental condition.

The thirty-nine-year-old, 174-pound, five-foot-eight-inch driver is convinced that his temperance and the help of his wife Jo, who stopped drinking at the same time he did, have been responsible for his good shape and his good fortune.

"Whenever I get an opportunity I don't mind telling people how much it helped me," he says, adding: "there is no reason for me to start drinking or smoking again. Never! I just can't think of a reason why I should."

"A race driver depends on physical and mental alertness to stay alive. When I know I don't have to worry about being in shape physically, that helps my mental fitness. I've always known smoking or drinking doesn't help a person's health."

Although his parents were opposed to drinking, Ward once fell victim of the habit, mostly as a reaction to his nerve-racking occupation. As the years passed he had become a reasonably regular winner in the racing circuit, but few big-car offers came his way.

Ward leads Jim Rathmann on main straightaway late in 1960 race.



Ward on outside of front row (nearest camera) at start of 1960 race.

## WITH SUCCESS™

Instead, his reputation had become tinged. Few car owners, he began to realize, were willing to risk thousands of dollars on an unsure driver.

In 1950 he won more midget races than any other driver in the circuit and got a ride in the "500" at Indianapolis. Four years later, however, Ward crashed in the pits in a Labor Day race in Illinois, killing racing mechanic Clay Smith. The next year, 1955, in the Indianapolis classic, the axle broke on Ward's car, starting a chain-reaction crash which took the life of the racing great Bill Vukovich.

One happy event in 1955 was Ward's marriage to Jo, a California girl he had met in 1950. But a note of misfortune appeared even here when Ward's reputation, unjust though it was, menaced their marriage. The couple began tithing, hoping that in giving of themselves they could find peace.

It was in this frame of mind that Ward looked silently out across the Pacific Ocean and took an oath of temperance in hopes of salvaging what he called a "more or less dormant" career. "I decided if I was going to be successful, I had to take hold of myself and start working toward a goal," said the well-tanned, graying driver.

"You must decide how important it is, and then decide what you have to do, and follow through," stated Ward. "In this league, you've got to think properly all the time. Mental condition is probably the most important thing to a race-car driver. Running as fast as you do, you can't allow yourself the luxury of not thinking."

Although Ward does not make a point of talking

about the dangers of drinking and driving during his off-season lectures in high schools for the Champion Spark Plug Company, he finds that the subject does come up.

The safety lectures, which Ward presents in more than three hundred schools every year, are based on what the Champion firm considers the top three rules of the road—courtesy, mental alertness, and the condition of the car.

"Quite often if I'm asked about the race, I mention abstinence from drinking and smoking, and apply these reasons to the highway," Ward states.

Although he feels it is not his place to preach temperance, Ward realizes, perhaps even more accurately than others, because of his profession, the dangers of drinking and driving.

"That's a decision people have to make for themselves," the racing champion points out. "But one point I do try to get across when I'm with small groups is that people who think they have to drink to be smart are crazy."

Although good-natured ribbing was partly responsible for Ward's picking up drinks at parties in the past, the racing fraternity respects his abstinence now.

"A good portion would admire me for it," he believes. "Some of them, I think, follow my example, though perhaps not to the same degree. Certainly none of them ridicule me." And most of all, not on the race track where Ward's physical condition and mental alertness have made him the man to beat.

"If you believe you can do it, you can do it," he asserts. "We've been pretty successful, and you can't argue with success."



# ONLY THE FOOL TEMPTS FATE

*Some of the best educational lessons are learned by visiting a courtroom.*

## Hyman Feldman, Judge

*Chicago's Rehabilitation Court*

EVERY month or so Clement and I meet again. Our encounters are brief, and always under the same circumstances—he's standing at the bar of justice in Chicago's rehabilitation court, charged with being a public drunk. I'm the presiding judge. Our meetings always end the same way. I let him go.

That's the policy in rehabilitation court, the first new specialty court established by the city in the last generation. If I thought it would help Clement to spend some time in jail, I would send him there. If he needed hospital care, I could send him to a hospital. If he needed or wanted a job, I would help him get one.

But Clement doesn't want any of these things. He's a confirmed alcoholic. Most days of the week he can be found on Chicago's streets in various stages of intoxication. He doesn't annoy people. Police lock him up overnight if they find that he might come to harm.

Every Saturday Clement's long-suffering, devoted sister shows up at his rooming house, puts him in a cab, and takes him to her home in a quiet residential neighborhood. He gets a shower, a shave, clean clothes, and substantial meals until Monday comes. Then his sister puts him in a cab and takes him back to his rooming house. She pays his room rent for the week, and at a nearby restaurant re-establishes his credit so that he is assured of two meals a day. Sadly, she gets in a cab and goes home to their father until the next Saturday, when she will see her brother again.

The real tragedy of Clement is that he doesn't care. He doesn't want to change, either for his own sake or for the sake of his sister and father. He has passed the point of no return in drinking. His physical needs are assured. If I sent him to jail, he would be only a burden on the taxpayers.

If drunkenness is coupled with a felony such as assault, or "jackrolling" some helpless man for the money in his pockets, the man so accused is assured of a jail term. He's an enemy of society, and must be punished. Usually, the alcoholic is an enemy only of himself. He's to be pitied and, if possible, helped.

We accomplish this in various ways. Court opens at 8 a.m., often earlier. Even before that, referees have screened the 200 to 300 men picked up by police overnight and held for court appearance.

The referees determine to some degree which men want or may benefit from the help we can offer them. They refer some men to the representatives of Alcoholics Anonymous who are in court every day, some to the civic and welfare agencies which specialize in helping men who are down and nearly out, and some to the court's own social workers.

Representatives of the Illinois State Employment Service are also in court every day, trying to match up men against available jobs. Men who are not yet ready to receive help in shaking off the shackles of drink will be dismissed at an hour early enough to enable them to take whatever jobs are available for the day. If they don't have bus fare to get to the job, someone in the court will provide it.

The referees, employment counselors, caseworkers, and representatives of the various agencies spare no effort to help unfortunate men willing and ready to undertake the struggle back to permanent sobriety.

Human frailty being what it is, the work is sometimes full of disappointment. Even so, collective frailty often becomes collective strength that produces miraculous results, the kind that make the effort worth while and belief in the essential worth of the individual an enduring flame.

Helping alcoholics is a costly procedure. This cost is negligible, however, when compared to the millions that would be spent if every drunk were to be sent to the city jail for 30 to 60 days. The daily population at the jail's honor farm, where alcoholics formerly were sent as a matter of course, has been cut from 1,000 to an average of 70 or 80.

In the courtroom, naturally, we encounter only the end result of the alcoholism problem—the man or woman who has developed an addiction to wine and other alcoholic drinks, the man or woman who has given way to the tensions and conflicts of our complex, modern social life, and has sought refuge in drink.

By the time many of these people reach the courtroom, however, it is too late for us to help them with the limited facilities at our disposal. Long and steady drinking has affected the minds of some and nibbled away at the moral fiber of most of them. The help they needed should have come to them in their formative years, when they could have done something about it.

That help should have begun in the home, in the example set by parents. The free and easy "social drinking" that exists in many families today may give birth to the idea in the minds of many children that drinking is not only all right but is the thing to do. People who would not think of using profanity in front of their children have no hesitancy in indulging in a predinner cocktail in front of those same children.

High school is really the place where the fight against alcoholism must be intensified. In our concern with developing scientists, teachers, secretaries, and mechanics we must not forget that high-school students are entitled to learn of the dangers of social drinking and alcohol.

High school is really the last place where most can learn this. Many students quit high school before graduating. Many go to work upon graduation. Some go on to college. In any case, they are thrown into contact with people of a wider age range and very likely a greater diversity of backgrounds. The social pressure to be "one of the crowd" becomes greater. The easy invitation to have a drink is as easily accepted. A social custom thus is born that may have tragic effects in later years.

Education has been extended beyond the classroom in many ways. Classes take field trips to museums, to business houses, to the national capital, and to many other

places where their visits further their education. They even visit the courts occasionally.

Every large city, and most medium-sized cities, have at least one court where a large percentage of the cases involves intoxication from drinking. A class visit to the nearest such court may be one of the most effective deterrents to drinking a teacher can find.

The chief justice of Chicago's municipal court and I both have urged school officials to set up an organized program of class visitations to rehabilitation court. From the comments and reactions of students in classes brought to the court by alert teachers acting on their own initiative, we feel that this is visual education of the highest order.

Young people tend to rebel at being preached at, lectured to, and warned against falling into bad habits. They may question not only the wisdom of the advice but also, in view of the example set by so many older people, the sincerity of it.

No one needs a lecture after *(Turn to page 34.)*

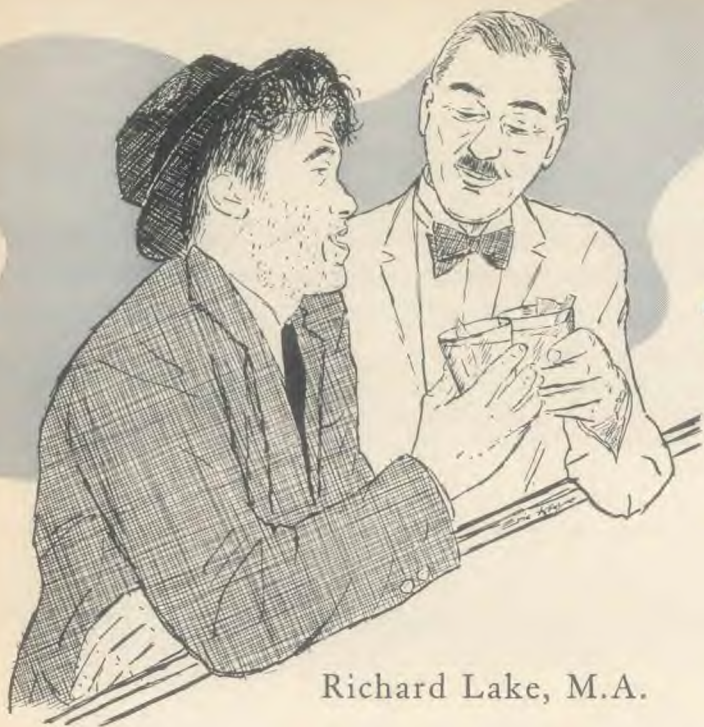


Judge Hyman Feldman has been called "the understanding judge," the "judge with the big heart," a world authority on the administration of constructive justice along skid row. Judge Feldman grew up within half a mile of the once ghastly and notorious Chicago skid row of West Madison Street, and has studied all his lifetime the social and economic problems of alcoholism, and the physical and psychiatric effects of alcohol upon human beings.

Each day Judge Feldman holds court for the men and women hauled in off skid row. In this "Listen" exclusive he discusses the problem of giving justice to these unfortunates.

He was graduated from DePaul University in Chicago, took graduate law courses at Northwestern University, then for eight years practiced law. In 1935 he was named assistant corporation counsel of Chicago, in 1945 became chief assistant state's attorney in charge of the tax division in Cook County, served in this office until his election to the municipal court of Chicago in December, 1954.

Judge Feldman was instrumental in establishing the referee system, whereby specially knowledgeable referees screen the skid row persons and select those who might be benefited by special treatment, making their recommendations to the judge as each case is called.



Richard Lake, M.A.

# BROTHERS

## *Under the Skin*

*A moderate drinker should not look askance on an alcoholic, for he skates on thin ice himself.*

**I**N THE mass of material and the welter of debate these days concerning drinkers and drinking, there are certain aspects of the subject that always create argument and controversy. These might be summarized under three general headings, the first of which is the proposition most widely discussed and the one most likely to cause disagreement.

1. *Alcoholism is a disease, but drinking is a way of life.*

Obviously, no one worries about this distinction except the alcoholics, or problem drinkers. Certainly, many persons are leaning more and more upon liquor, are drinking larger and larger quantities, but do not want to come right out and admit their dependence. They do not want to admit they are alcoholics.

But once such a person does admit that he is an alcoholic, he is eager to have it known that he is suffering from a disease.

---

**THE AUTHOR:** During fifteen years of clinical psychology, and as a member of the Idaho State Hospital at Blackfoot, Richard Lake has worked with disturbed persons, many of whom call themselves alcoholics. From this background he has evolved some specific convictions regarding the condition popularly termed "alcoholism." These are briefly outlined in this "Listen" exclusive, and presented for testing on the basis of their logic and pertinence.

---

As I have observed him, the alcoholic is a person who tends to shun responsibility. This is what I mean by saying he is a *dependent* person. Actually, he is tending this way before he ever begins drinking. His turning to liquor is one way of not facing emotional experiences in his life, of avoiding learning what we all must learn about our own feelings.

When he can point to his drinking as a disease called alcoholism, this problem drinker can claim that he is able to avoid the way of life that led him into drinking and that keeps him there. He doesn't have to defend himself. The label of alcoholism says, in effect, "I can't help the way I act because I have a disease."

No alcoholic specifically says this, but his behavior often confirms that he believes it.

Make no mistake about it—there is a disease properly called alcoholism, even though, be it remembered, it is a self-inflicted one. Medical research doesn't believe that all the reasons why alcoholism occurs as it does have been discovered, nor just how the process works. But medical research has firmly established that drinking alcohol damages and disrupts the metabolic functioning of the body.

When this damage to metabolism is serious enough, the body demands alcohol in order to continue its damaged and crippled functioning.

This need, or craving, on a physical basis is what the alcoholic refers to when he speaks of his compulsion to drink. It is what he points to when he says that one drink sets him off, that he cannot help going on to ultimate excess.

2. *The moderate drinker and the alcoholic are brothers under the skin.*

The major difference, for this discussion, is that the moderate drinker has not yet consumed enough alcohol to damage his metabolism. This moderate drinker is the person responsible for what might be called "the myth of alcohol." This myth is perpetuated through advertising and popular belief throughout the world. It says, in brief, that alcohol is man's friend, that a few drinks bring about a friendly atmosphere and help people get acquainted. Thus, it says, liquor (in moderation, of course) promotes fellowship and companionship, adds fun and zest to social gatherings.

A few cocktails before dinner are widely held to be a symbol of civilized living. This sort of drinking is supposed to bring about relaxation. Good wines make food taste better, it is claimed, and good liquor, in moderation, adds charm and flavor to any human experience. Alcohol creates the illusion that all these claims are so—the illusion, and nothing more.

One cannot help being

*(Turn to page 26.)*

J. Plumb

*Chester Eaton threw away a gold mine, but is richer as the result.*

WHEN Chester Eaton told the state agent that he was turning in his malt liquor license, the agent was stunned. "Why, mister," he said, "that just isn't done!"

"Well, it's being done this time," Chester told him. The bewildered agent must have felt as though he had had a gold mine thrown back in his face. Such a thing had never happened to him before.

If you ask Chester why he doesn't sell beer any more, you'll get a crusty answer that reveals, rather than hides, the feeling of humanity in the heart of this salty "down East" storekeeper.

"Nowadays," Chester says, bringing his fist down for emphasis, "if I see a woman coming along the street with a pair of black eyes, or a child barefoot and unkempt, I know I'm not a contributing factor!"

How was Chester hoodwinked into selling beer in the first place? He wasn't.

"I knew what I was doing," he told me. "I went into it with my eyes wide open. I didn't like it, but I thought I had to do it. I was \$10,000 in debt." Thinking back to the easy money in beer, he added, "Do you know I handled \$14,000 worth of beer in eleven months?"

Mentally I figured the profit on \$14,000, and whistled. At that rate Chester could have paid off his entire debt in a few years.

"How long did you sell beer?" I asked.

"Eleven months," he replied.

The story behind Chester's beer license goes back to his boyhood. He worked hard digging clams when he should have been in school. "I suppose," he says, "I got the equivalent of a third-grade education." His big dream was to have a business of his own. At twenty-three he married and built his own house. He went to sea and earned an unlimited third mate's license. Later he became a journeyman stonecutter.

Chester was past fifty before he realized his big ambition—to be his own boss. For his home he had chosen Stonington, Maine, a beautiful hillside town with lovely homes and gardens nestled among pink granite ledges, green spruces, and fine old shade trees. He bought business property on Main Street, so close to the harbor that he had to build a retaining wall to keep his land from washing out to sea.

He opened a fish market that never paid off. Often he had to drive one hundred miles to get his fish. If he guessed wrong and bought too many, the surplus spoiled overnight. Added to business problems was a deep personal grief, for his wife's health was failing. He left his market four or five times a day to go home and give her what comfort he could. Finally, deep in debt, he realized he could no longer cope with the

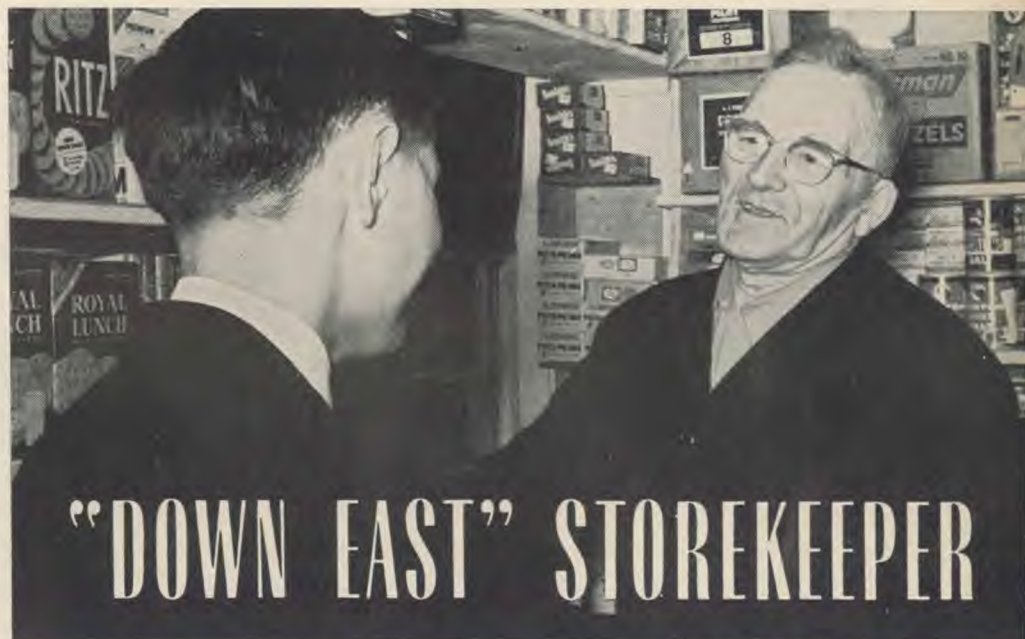
*(Turn to page 32.)*



Reginald Greenlaw, president of the Chamber of Commerce and one of the busiest men in Stonington, gets some new paintbrushes.



Chester screens out all "horror" comics from his store where many youth gather.



## "DOWN EAST" STOREKEEPER



Pamela Nevells makes a purchase at the small candy case, while Fred Plumb, a frequent visitor, has his eye on a fake snake.

A far cry from the days of the Wright brothers and Charles Lindbergh, this Lockheed XF-104 "Starfighter" streaks over its Western testing grounds at supersonic speeds.



Paul Edward Garber

# FLYING HIGH

Madeline George

*A story especially  
for juniors, youth.*



**L**ONG before do-it-yourself kits were available for making model airplanes, the boy in this story made his own models. In fact, he enjoyed the hobby so much that it developed

into his life profession. Paul Edward Garber is head curator of the National Air Museum at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., where many famous airplanes and numerous types of air-borne equipment, all kinds of historic and present-day models of planes and balloons, are on constant exhibition.

From his boyhood Paul Garber has been interested in airplanes and flying. Like many other boys, and girls, too, he was an avid kite flyer. Yet his interest went beyond kites.

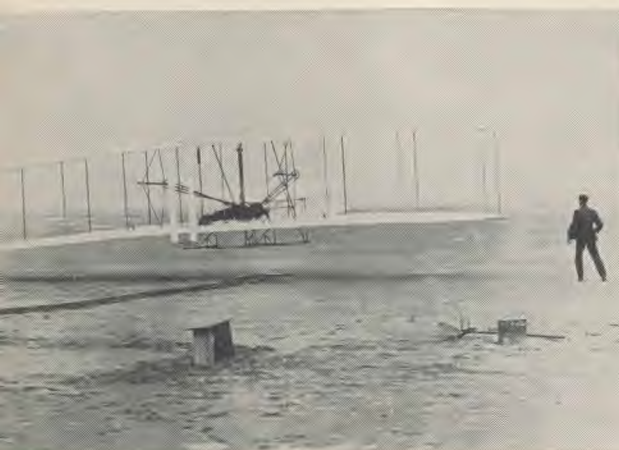
His greatest inspiration in aviation was seeing Orville Wright fly at Fort Myer, Virginia, back in July, 1909. At that time Garber saved newspapers and magazine articles on aeronautics for his scrapbook. Now, fifty years later, as secretary of an organization of pioneer pilots known as the "Early Birds," he is working on plaques to commemorate the accomplishments of these early flyers.

Young Garber's interest was much deeper than merely keeping a scrapbook. He, too, wanted to invent planes and to fly. He tried to make a model plane like the one the Wright brothers flew. Nowadays a boy would probably buy a kit with the pieces all cut out for him and with a diagram telling how to put them together. But a boy's life wasn't so simple in those days. Creative genius had to go to work on its own inventions.

Over and over he tried to make a model plane like that of the Wright brothers. First he used rubber bands for powering the propellers, and launched the model from the second-story window of his home. He made more and more models until he produced one that could fly, powered by compressed-air engines with fishing-rod ferrules for cylinders and pistons.

Born in Atlantic City, New Jersey, he and his family moved to Washington in 1903 and settled there permanently around 1910. This move enabled him to visit





◀ On the historic morning of December 17, 1903, the Wright brothers made their first successful flight, setting the stage for the amazing air age to follow. This plane is in the Smithsonian Institution.

Charles Lindbergh's famous plane, the first to fly nonstop from New York to Paris, is a treasured exhibit in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. ▶



# AND DRY

the Smithsonian Institution frequently, where he would wander around until some plane attracted his attention. Then he would try to make a model of that plane.

In 1914 he made a glider copied from a model of Chanute's glider in the museum, but he multiplied the dimensions about five times beyond that of the model. He and his friends carried the glider to an area called the Red Lot, now occupied by an embassy.

About eight or ten teen-agers ran with the rope until the glider began to rise. Astonished, the boys stopped running, causing the glider to crash to the ground. Young Garber had it repaired soon and took off again. This time the boys ran hard and kept pulling until Paul went about forty or fifty feet into the air, then coasted ahead of the boys over trees, the road, and a fence, and landed in a rose bed, scratched but elated.

World War I broke while Garber was still in high school and too young for active service, but he joined the Army soon afterward, requesting aviation training. The Armistice was signed, however, before he became a full-fledged Army pilot.

Three days later he went into the airmail service, on the fifteenth anniversary of the Wright brothers' first flight. While with the airmail he became a pilot, but he emphasizes that he was not one of the regular route pilots. At that time the only airmail route was between Washington, D.C., Philadelphia, and New York City. When it was learned that the airmail service over that route wasn't much faster than train service, the New York-to-Washington route was discontinued and a Cleveland-to-Chicago route started instead. Since Paul's parents did not wish him to leave Washington, he gave up his job and with it his flying. Instead he took a position as draftsman with an electrical company.

Every chance he got he visited the Smithsonian Insti-

tution. Offering to prove his ability by repairing a model airplane at home, he finally got a temporary job. The supervisor who gave him the job arranged for him to be paid for those weeks, and then left on vacation.

After collecting his final pay, Garber decided he would stay on without salary and make a model of Leonardo da Vinci's idea of a flying machine. The other employees didn't know his time was up, and didn't interfere with his coming or going.

When he put the model on exhibition, an elderly gentleman asked what he was doing. Thinking the man a visitor, young Garber explained all about Da Vinci and how, without permission, he had stayed over three weeks to make the plane. Then, as the visitor departed, and with the exhibition of the model completed, Garber went back to his shop.

While Garber was putting his tools away and preparing to leave, the chief clerk came up to talk with him. Garber feared he had been found out and was about to be scolded for staying on after his time was up.

"You like working here?" the chief clerk asked him.

"Very much," Garber replied.

"I understand you've been working here three weeks without pay. Well, go to the paymaster's office and get paid. Then we'll see what can be done about getting you a permanent job here."

Then it was that Garber learned that the elderly gentleman to whom he had been talking about Da Vinci was head of the Smithsonian Institution, Secretary Charles D. Walcott.

Garber took a Civil Service test, passed it, and got the job he wanted. He has been at the Smithsonian ever since, working his way up from preparator to head curator of the National Air Museum.

Among the many exhibits (Turn to page 28.)



# ALASKA'S

## SVEN JOHANSON

*Interview by K. M. McClain*

WHETHER a hamlet slope in Sweden, a famous ski course, or a craggy mountain peak, it makes no difference; for Sven Johanson his reputation as an all-round champion.

In Sweden he holds the top speed skating and the championship for bicycling. He is acclaimed as North America's best runners, and Alaskans remember his record-breaking Mount Marathon foot race each Independence Day at Seward, Alaska, with trophies to prove his agility. Anchorage has produced Alaska's first Olympic contender.

Sven's sports interest began at three years of age when he received his first pair of skis. As he matured, his activities mushroomed—walking races, speed skating, bicycling, and track.

In his soft Swedish accent the tall blond racer explains his philosophy: "The importance of speed is not in winning a gold medal, but in keeping yourself in fit."

Sven experienced his biggest thrill, he says, when as a boy of eight he competed and won his first cross-country ski race. Of all his trophies—two of which are from the silver spoon awarded then is his most prized.

Born in the small town of Neder-Kalix, Sweden, in 1924, he recalls his early childhood as one of discipline and hard work on the family farm. He believes the lack of such discipline is the major reason some people do not excel in athletic achievements.

In 1945 Sweden heralded her new champion in a cross-country ski race. A year later Sven had the Scandinavian title; still later he was undefeated in his first American event—the New York State Championship.

A whirlwind for action, Sven swept trophies throughout the New England States, and by his membership in the United States and the World Championship in Finland.

His scrapbooks bulge with international news, telling of his athletic prowess, particularly in cross-country racing, which differs from the slalom and downhill. To maintain the high level of endurance





*Lesa: patches are gifts from skiers all around the world.*



*Sven: in trophy room, with collection of awards for championship achievement.*

thirty-two-mile course, year-round disciplinary training is essential.

"It takes in the entire body, and you have to discipline your mind to go that long at such a high rate of speed," explains the 160-pound athlete.

A plumber by trade, Sven now operates his own contracting business, which allows him more freedom to maintain his rigid four-hour exercise schedule daily. He has never deviated from this habit, except, of course, during his two-year hitch in the Swedish army when his exercise period was for two hours—then an eighteen-mile hike. In addition, he instructed many of Sweden's top skiers for border patrol. He was a lieutenant and held the military cross-country championship.

In 1951 he realized his boyhood dream of coming to America when he finally arrived in Astoria, Oregon.

People stared at the Nordic stranger, who preferred his bike to a car and could walk up Mount Hood faster than the ski lift could take him. Within a year all Pacific Northwest skiing circles were aware of the newcomer, particularly after his winning the John Craig Memorial Race in Oregon and the Donner Trail Memorial.

Sven could not resist his impulse to explore Alaska, and a sharp change took place in his life. He married a pretty, dark-haired widow, Judy Druse. That same year he trained for the 1956 Olympics in Canada, and during the interim competed in the Canadian Nationals. This, he admits, was his worst defeat. He was beaten by five minutes.

Between 1954 and 1958, Sven's other accomplishments were the North American Championship Race at Minneapolis, four Anchorage Fur Rendezvous cross-country events, and a Fairbanks Ice Carnival race.

"I've never been sorry I came to Alaska," he says. "This is my home."

He has every reason to be firmly rooted in Anchorage. Sven, his wife, and his three-year-old daughter, Lesa, live in a two-story home they built themselves. They enjoy an unobstructed view of the lofty peaks of the Alaska Range and Mount McKinley.

His trophy room has now taken on the physical ap-

pearance of an office. But none of his hundred-odd trophies radiates the happiness in his eyes as much as a tiny bronzed brace—the fulfillment of ceaseless hours of exercise and physical therapy with his daughter, a victim of cerebral palsy. Unbelievably, only a small portion of her right shoulder is still affected. And Lesa, like her dad, has taken to skiing.

For this reason, perhaps more than any other, Sven is unshaken in his regimen of daily exercise, in addition to his convictions regarding regular sleeping habits, a well-balanced diet, and abstinence from drinking and smoking.

"Weight, too, is important. One cannot taper off, for it's impossible to catch up the next day," he stresses. "Eat regularly, keep a high-protein content in the diet, and avoid too much starch."

Sven recommends a minimum of eight hours of sleep, saying one should get to bed by ten o'clock.

Of alcohol he is gravely concerned. "Everyone knows the tragedies of alcohol—it's no different in sports. Alcohol speeds up the heart; one cannot be alert under heart strain."

"But," he warns, "one cigarette is even more harmful than an occasional drink."

Of his entire twenty-eight-year racing career, he completed all but one race—the 1960 Squaw Valley Winter Olympics. Because of oxygen dearth and a resultant tightening of his muscles at high altitude, he was unable to finish.

Asked when a cross-country runner reaches his peak, he hesitates, perhaps thinking of himself and the next Winter Olympics.

"In his late thirties," he answers. "If the Olympics are ever held here," he comments with a grin, referring to Alaska's new ski resort, Mount Alyeska, thirty-eight miles south of Anchorage, "all the experts will find it rough going. Here will be a real test in endurance."

One thing is certain, Sven will meet the challenge, for he possesses inexhaustible energy and makes no plans for retirement, saying, "I'll never give up sports—they keep me physically fit."



The judge looks at the narcotics problem.

## *Finding the Real Answer*

Robert Gardner    Judge of the Superior Court, Orange County, California

**T**HE subject of narcotics is so timely, so dramatic, and of such great public interest that to the reader of the flood of articles on this topic it must appear that, in the language of show business, "everybody is trying to get into the act." However, I have yet to see anything written for the general public about this problem from the standpoint of the one person who has the actual decision to make in each narcotics case. This is the judge.

The judge acts as the conscience of society. He is the one designated by our social order to pass judgment on the person who has violated the standards which we have established as necessary for an orderly society. Under our system he is the person assigned to take positive action in each case. His action must be such that it will give to society the protection it deserves, and at the same time be the most beneficial to the person involved. No matter how many experts are in this field, it is still the judge who must eventually pass judgment on the narcotics offender.

Admittedly, a great many people know much more about the narcotics problem than any individual judge, for this is a field for experts. The narcotics user himself and his family are probably the best-qualified experts on the subject. Here the obvious difficulty is in evaluating them as sources of information. Certainly the narcotics officer is in a prime position to discuss the subject intelligently. The doctor, the social worker, the sociologist, the psychiatrist—all are close to the problem, and are well equipped to discuss it intelligently. Each of these comes physically closer to the situation than does the judge, and each in his field is eminently better qualified to discuss the subject than the judge.

However, the problem always comes back to that per-

son who must exercise an independent judgment on each case. All of these other excellent sources of information must be gathered for him and presented to him by the probation officer or court investigator. Once that is done, the final decision is left to the judge and the judge alone.

The narcotics offender comes before the court in a variety of ways. He may be a convicted user, or a user-peddler. More than likely, he has committed other crimes, such as theft, robbery, burglary, by which he feeds his habit. In every case he has been convicted of, or pleaded guilty to, a specific criminal offense for which there must be a pronouncement of judgment against him.

The basic problems of the judge are twofold. First, with what type of person is he dealing? Second, what tools are afforded him in handling this person?

What type of individual is the narcotics offender? Is he a mental case, a medical case, a social case, or a criminal case? The answer is that he is a little of each. Obviously, he has become a sick man—morally, socially, and medically. He is not legally insane.

### **JUDGE GARDNER SAYS—**

"The answer to this problem is education, education in the home, in the school, in the church, in the neighborhood, in the community.

"For the person who is now a user, society does not offer much in the way of reformation or cure. The person we should all be interested in is the person who, unless something is done, may become a user in the future."

# MISS AMERICAN BEAUTY

*Interview by Eloise Engle*

The big question is, Was he sick before he became a user, or has he become ill by reason of his use of narcotics? My answer to that question is that he had elements of moral and social illness before his use of narcotics. Except in rare cases of involuntary addiction, which usually result from illness and improper medical administration of narcotics, the narcotics user was a morally and socially ill person before he smoked his first marijuana cigarette, and certainly before he took his first shot of heroin.

To reach this decision, one has only to listen to the testimony in these cases and to observe the type of person involved. It is almost terrifying to listen to a young person describe the dreadful illness attending those first shots of heroin before he becomes addicted. There is nothing involuntary in this situation. I have yet to see a clean-cut young person of high moral caliber, of adequate home training, of healthy character habits, who has become enmeshed in the voluntary use of narcotics. It simply doesn't happen that way.

The narcotics offender comes from a certain segment of our civilization which is, and always has been, anti-social. Because of a combination of heredity and environment, these people will not, or cannot, adapt themselves to accepted standards of behavior. They do not, or will not, learn from experience. They do what they want to do without regard to consequences, without regard to the rights of others, and without regard to any recognized and accepted standard of moral behavior.

It is from this group, referred to by the experts as psychopathic personalities or sociopathic behavior problems, that the narcotics user comes. He has been morally and socially ill from childhood. Had he never been exposed to narcotics, he would have been unstable, of uncertain disposition, and a definite behavior and law-enforcement problem. With the use of narcotics he has become a more dramatic example of antisocial behavior. But basic weakness was there before his narcotics use began. He may be referred to by the narcotics officer as being "addiction prone."

Thus the judge, in my opinion, seldom has much with which to work from the standpoint of the person involved. His basic material is shoddy and inferior. Depressing? Yes, but true. Defeatist? No, merely honest. So, with this material with which to work, what are the alternatives available to the judge by which he can give society the maximum protection from the addict and, at the same time, benefit the person involved?

Of course, the desired result from all criminal punishment is reformation and rehabilitation. This is traditionally handled by a *probation* program. In this field the narcotics offender presents a depressing picture. He is, to be guilty of understatement, a poor probation risk. Although often young in years, he is old in antisocial experience, and he has a well-established pattern of antisocial behavior. Guidance, understanding, advice, sympathy, example—the old cliché about water on the duck's back fits this situation. If this unstable, erratic behavior problem is granted probation, he goes right back to the same deplorable environment which is one of the causes for his being what he is. After all, we can't send all these addicts to Sunnybrook Farm. (Turn to page 31.)

La Jeune Hundley, a tall girl with a soft, tiny voice, and an American with a French name, is a beauty with good solid sense in her head. She is a former Miss Washington contestant who later won the title "Miss American Beauty," and has gone on to win other beauty titles, some of them international.

Three years ago La Jeune came close to being a nurse. "When I got out of high school, I had two years to wait before going into training, so I decided to attend charm school to learn how to improve my speaking voice and to walk properly. After winning this contest I decided I really wanted to be an actress."

One of the most startlingly beautiful features about the young queen (if you can single out any one feature) is her golden complexion. The reason may be the mixture of racial strains that flows through her veins. In addition to the Negro, she has American Indian and French Canadian ancestry.

At the 1960 Cannes Film Festival in France, she was the only American entry, the only Negress, and one of the few girls not wearing a bikini. Modesty and all, she won out over twenty other contestants from France, Italy, and Norway.

La Jeune does not smoke or drink. "I guess I should have some important reason for not doing so, but the truth is, I just don't like either habit. I've never felt they were necessary for having a good time or getting along with people. I've never been self-conscious about refusing them."

Beauty-wise, La Jeune knows that to preserve her



good looks she must take care of her health. "I've heard that Elizabeth Arden's *Maine Chance*, where such people as Mrs. Eisenhower go for beauty treatment and rest, forbids the use of alcoholic drinks. I guess the beauty experts and doctors know that drinking and restoring good looks don't mix."

After the excitement of her reign is over, La Jeune plans to go to night school to study dramatics while working at her secretarial job during the day. A hard schedule, she admits, but as things have gone so far, she'll have the health, ambition, beauty, and talent to get what she wants.

*Rumor has smeared him a dark hue, but what is the real story of General U. S. Grant?*

**T**HINGS looked bleak that year for the young Army officer known generally as a "two-fisted, hard-drinking man." This reputation wasn't entirely unearned, for he had run up a huge liquor bill he couldn't pay. This fact had gotten to his superiors, and he was decommissioned.

Few would have given much for the chance that Ulysses Grant would make a name for himself, or even, for that matter, much of a living.

"There is a woman who might help you," suggested his friend and brother-in-law, Captain Fred Dent, whose sister Julia was Mrs. Grant. "She's raised cows and made a lot of money selling milk; maybe she would lend the money."

On behalf of Grant, Captain Dent went to see Mrs. Lewis, and she agreed to lend the money to pay the liquor bill. The amount was \$250, a sum far more imposing then than now.

Able to pay up the bad debt, Grant was reinstated in the Army. Later he moved to Washington, where he was made a general during the Civil War. Long before this, however, he had returned the borrowed money to the trusting Mrs. Lewis, who hadn't demanded a note or interest.

To this businesswoman who had learned to milk cows in Ireland and who started her business by caring for cows left behind by settlers scared away by marauding Indians, General Grant was always an honest and upstanding man. To many others he had a less perfect reputation.

"Grant's political enemies portrayed him as a sodden drunk, yet he never took a drop of liquor after Appomattox," claims historian Bruce Catton, who has made an extensive study of the much-maligned soldier and President.

"Many were Grant's failings. But he was not one iota of what his enemies said about him. He lived by a code that is inscribed on his tomb in New York City: 'Let Us Have Peace.'"

But the rumors, based on the fact that Grant early in life did drink heavily, dogged his footsteps until it became "part of every schoolboy's gossip and every comedian's joke file," according to Catton. The historian is convinced, however, after his studies, that Grant drank only because of utter loneliness for his wife and child "during an unproductive Army assignment, and his repeated failure to increase his small income for them."

Few men ever rose to such heights or fell to such depths as Grant did, but he patiently fought his way back. "He was a shy, stumpy little man who hated war and hated politics. He was called ruthless and 'the butcher' because of the way he drove his troops to slaughter, but he was horrified of killing," points out Catton.

"Although he was schooled in war and the rough life of the military, he never swore, . . . and off-color stories revolted him. He was a failure in nearly everything he did, lacking drive or decision in civilian life, but was a lion in war, determined, relentless, and an efficient organizer."

Born in a frame cabin in Point Pleasant, Ohio, Grant, whose first name actually was Hiram, enjoyed the country life of his childhood. Horses were his favorite companions and diversion, but he also liked to swim, skate, hunt, and chop trees. By the time he was eight he had saved \$20 and bought a colt which became most important in his young life.

His father was a prosperous tanner, but young Hiram hated this work. His own career was decided when he was given a district appointment to West Point, where, by mistake, he was entered as "Ulysses" Grant, a mistake that proved so difficult to correct he finally decided to accept the name thrust on him by fate.

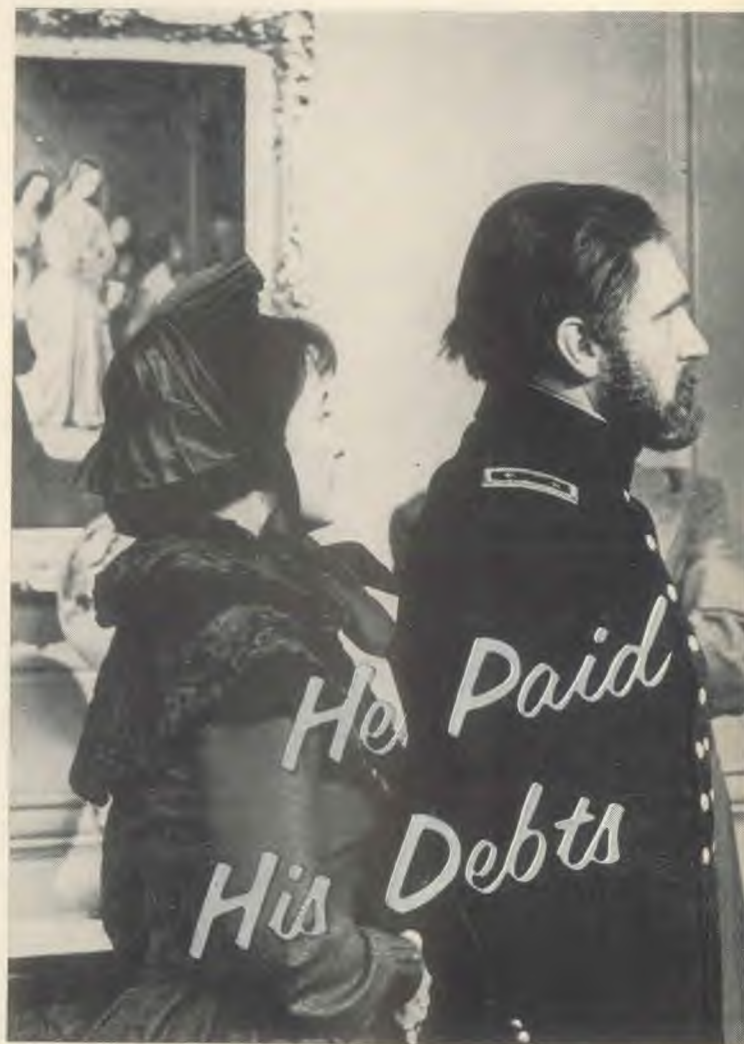
At one time Grant stated that he found his West Point years "about five times as long as Ohio years" on his father's farm. But he graduated in 1843, and was sent to Jefferson Barracks near Saint Louis, where he became engaged to Julia Dent, before spending twenty-six months in the Mexican War as regimental quartermaster. Returning to make Julia his wife, Grant was immediately given assignments that took him away from her. The next year these took him to California, while his wife and baby remained behind.

This period of loneliness and separation, when he found his greatest relaxation on horseback, was probably when Grant did most of the drinking later attributed to him, and when his large debt accumulated. It was in July, 1854, that he lost his Army commission.

Before reinstatement in the career that would make his name history, Grant tried farming sixty acres given him by his father. But even backbreaking toil would not make the farm pay, and, much discouraged he turned for a while to real estate.

Sensitive, and feeling himself an (Turn to page 28.)

## *Notes From History*



*Duane Valentry*

# Abraham Lincoln

**N**OT more than a year before he was elected President, Lincoln remarked to one of his friends that he had never tasted liquor in his life. "What," the friend said, "do you mean to say you never tasted it?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have never tasted it."

In 1865, when on the "River Queen" to visit General Grant, President Lincoln was offered some champagne as a remedy for the seasickness he was suffering. "No, no, my young friend," was his prompt and emphatic answer, "I have seen many a man in my time seasick ashore from drinking that very article."

Mr. Lincoln did not needlessly parade his total-abstinence convictions and habits before the public, but in his personal conduct, though reserved and quiet, he was adamant.

As long as he lived, Abraham Lincoln considered the pledge he had made at the bedside of his "angel mother" as "doubly binding," and he "never drank nor tasted a drop of alcoholic liquor of any kind."

He was firmly of the conviction that "the sale and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is a wrong—a moral, social, and political wrong." His attitude toward this social evil may be summed up in his striking and laconic

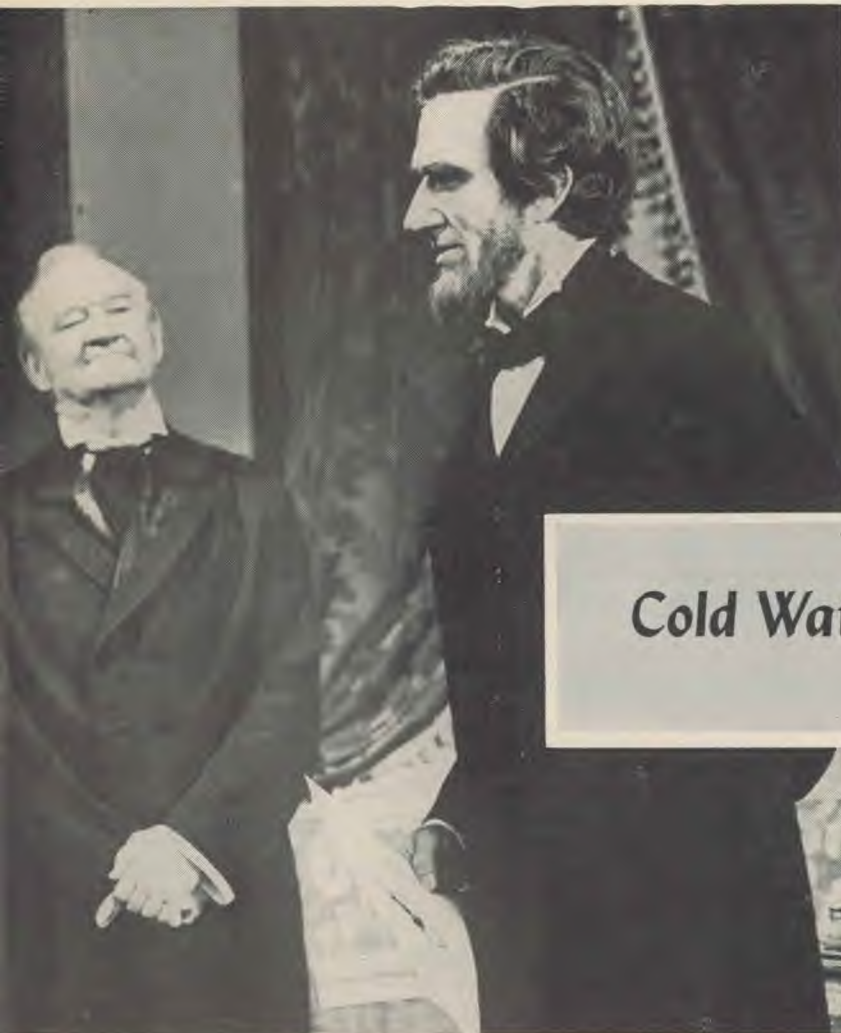
expression, "The liquor traffic has defenders but no defense."

In speeches during the years 1854-1858, Lincoln expressed these sentiments:

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

"We must not be satisfied until the public sentiment of this state, and the individual conscience shall be instructed to look upon the saloonkeeper and the liquor seller, with all the license each can give him, as simply and only a privileged malefactor—a criminal.

"The real issue in this controversy, the one pressing upon every mind that gives the subject careful consideration, is that legalizing the manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is a wrong—as all history and every development of the traffic proves it to be—a moral, social, and political wrong." (Turn to page 29.)



**T**HE Lincoln home in Springfield, Illinois, was in an understandable state of excitement in May, 1860, as the family prepared for the arrival of the committee which was formally to notify Abraham Lincoln of his nomination for President.

Intending to be helpful, several citizens suggested that some entertainment would be expected.

"Yes, that is so," he agreed. "What do you think should be done? Just let me know, and Mrs. Lincoln and I will attend to it."

"Oh, we will supply the liquors," volunteered his friends.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Lincoln, "I thank you for your kind intentions, but must respectfully decline your offer. I have no liquors in my house, and have never been in the habit of entertaining my friends in that way.

"I cannot permit my friends to do for me what

## Cold Water for Lincoln Guests

Frances Mason

I will not myself do. I shall provide cold water—nothing else."

C. C. Coffin, a famous newspaper writer, relays this story with the report, "After the exchange of formalities Mr. Lincoln said, 'You must be thirsty after your long ride, gentlemen. You will find a pitcher of water in the library.' And it was there—a pitcher of cold water and glasses, but no liquors."—Adapted from *The True Abraham Lincoln*, by William Eleroy Curtis.

Abe's General: Summoned to the White House, General U. S. Grant (in uniform) reports to President Abraham Lincoln. Behind Grant is his wife Julia. A Congressman looks on. ("Our American Heritage" TV program.)

**T**OM slammed the front door and strode angrily down the street. They treated him like a ten-year-old, a kid. He had told the gang he would have the car, and now dad had said No. "Why not?" he had yelled. "I've got a license. I'm a good driver."

"Because it's a new car," his father had said, "and the insurance is too high for a boy driver."

"But—"

"We've been over this before."

"I'll have a car of my own soon. I've got nearly enough money now."

"Then it'll be your responsibility."

He had stormed out of the house then. He had promised to take the gang to Culver City the next night, and now he would have to tell them that he couldn't. It made him appear like a kid. Six feet tall, grown—and treated like a baby!

He covered six blocks in less than ten minutes, but it did not help. He still wanted to kick, to lash out at everything. He turned down a narrow side street. None of the crowd would be down there. They would be hanging around the eating places, the brightly lighted gay places.

As he neared the next corner he became aware of noises: voices, a radio blaring, sudden bursts of laughter. His eyes

roved over the face of the building, and he noted the rubbish overflowing the trash can on the sidewalk. Over the door was the sign: "Joe's Café."

Instinctively he stepped nearer the street. The building shrieked the word "joint." At that moment a girl laughed, and a group around his age turned the corner.

There were three boys, one of them in a rumpled and worn-out uniform, and two girls. They halted, and regarded each other—Tom against the five. Suddenly one of the boys spoke: "Come on. He's just a manikin—fell off a truck probably."

They laughed and trooped toward the entrance. Tom felt his fists harden. In his imagination he could feel the thump of his hand against the other boy's soft cheek. The little brunette hung back, her gaze on Tom, a teasing look in her eyes.

"Come on, Sal," the first boy urged.

"Coming in, stranger?" Sal asked.

Tom's jaw line hardened. He had no desire to enter the crummy-looking joint, to join the group.

"Not him," the boy in the uniform said. "They don't permit *children* in Joe's."

Tom felt hot anger swirl through his blood—anger at the



**"I'M JUST A KID—  
I PROVED IT!"**



boy and his insults, at his parents who regarded him as a child. Everybody thought him a kid. It was too much. He pushed against the door so hard that it slammed back against the stop.

"Well," the boy in uniform said, "for a minute I thought he was going to wreck the place." They laughed.

"He's cute, Bud," Sal said, and Tom felt his ears turn crimson.

"Come on," Bud said, "quit yapping." He led the way to one of the larger booths.

Tom pulled up a chair at the end of the table and sat down. The place didn't look so bad now. The counterman brought them glasses without their ordering. Tom sipped at his. It was something cheap. He pushed it aside.

They talked little, and Tom said nothing at all. It seemed utterly senseless—their sitting there, toying with the ill-tasting drink, looks of discontent on their faces.

Sal spoke up suddenly, "He's all right."

Bud's eyes flicked at Tom, and back to Sal. "Sure?"

"Of course. Aren't you stranger?"

Tom looked at her coldly. She wasn't a girl like any others he had known. There was such a greedy look around her eyes. He didn't know what to say.

"Haul it out, Hank," said the other girl. "This place is like a tomb."

The boy called Hank produced a bottle from his pocket. There wasn't any doubt what it was. Hank poured a little into Ginger's glass.

The counterman came over. "Listen, fellas," he complained, "behave yourselves tonight."

"Sure, sure. Beat it, grandpop." Bud waved him away.

The counterman padded back to his place behind the counter. The boys each took a drink from the bottle, then set it in the middle of the table. Tom stared at it. He had never tasted liquor.

Sal inched the flask closer to him. They were all watching him. At any other time he would have told them off in plain terms. He reached out and took a long drink.

It was like fire. He choked and sputtered, as everyone laughed. He glared at them and took another drink. It tasted even worse than the first one.

"Don't be a hog," Bud grabbed the flask from Tom's hand.

After a while the counterman came over, sighing. "You kids got to clear out. 'Bout time for the boss. He finds you high—"

"Who's high, grandpop?" Bud asked. Tom laughed so hard he nearly fell off his chair.

"Go on. Go on," the counterman urged.

They began surging out from the booth. As Tom stood up, the walls tilted sharply, but after a moment the floor settled down. He walked out very carefully to show them he was perfectly all right.

He stood for a moment on the sidewalk, but Ginger took his hand and pulled him along. They walked around to the parking lot in the rear, and crawled into a car—the boy in uniform had the keys. The flask was passed around once more.

It was completely dark now. A patrol car, its red light winking, went by. "Time to move," Bud said suddenly. "Bye-bye, stranger." He opened the door on Tom's side.

"Get going!" Bud said brusquely.

Tom started to protest, and he was still protesting after Bud shoved him out and drove off. Surprised, Tom got to his feet. It had happened so suddenly that he never had a chance to try his right on Bud's jaw. He made a fist, swung it experimentally, and fell down. There was something wrong with the parking lot. It was uneven, and it lurched

suddenly. He began walking very carefully and slowly.

The patrol car came around the corner again. It slowed, halted. An officer got out and came over to the sidewalk.

"Boy," the officer said, "come here. What's the matter?"

---

## Elizabeth Eicher

---

Tom was very polite. Nothing was wrong, except the parking lot. It was uneven. He pointed to a portion that was tilting up. "See?"

"You've been drinking," the officer said flatly.

They had drunk some soft drink, Tom said, but he wasn't drunk. He laughed loudly, and then suddenly he was crying, and he didn't know why.

"Call in for the wagon," the officer said wearily to the driver. It was all a confused muddle of being practically lifted into a police conveyance, of a jolting ride to the police station, of someone holding his head under a cold shower, and of his gulping cups of strong black coffee.

"You sobered up now?"

Tom nodded. He was sober, all right. He had never felt more sober in his life.

"How old are you?" the voice asked. The voice had a note of regret in it.

Tom swallowed. He hated to admit his age. He was so big he could have passed for twenty-one. He hated to admit he was only sixteen, a high-school junior.

"Sixteen," the officer mused, "and drunk, reeling drunk. First time?" Tom nodded.

"Thought so," the man sighed. "What made you do it?"

"Well—" he said, and stopped.

Because he liked the stuff? It was awful. Because he had liked the aftermath? He shuddered at the thought. Because the crowd drank? He hadn't even been with his own crowd. He didn't even know their names.

"Think it through," the officer urged. It was as though he were reading Tom's thoughts.

"Well," he said hesitantly, "they thought I was a kid, a baby—"

"Did it matter what *they* thought?"

Of course it didn't. He knew that now. He didn't care in the least what Bud and the others thought of him. He hoped he would never see any of them again.

But somebody else thought he was a kid—dad and mom. He remembered how angry he had been, how he had slammed out of the house, determined to show them that he was grown up. He had shown them, all right. They would find him in the police station, maybe in jail, when they got the word.

He remembered a foolish childhood stunt. His mother had forbidden him to climb the tall tree in the back yard. He had strutted out and promptly climbed high up. And then he had panicked, and the fire department had to bring a ladder and rescue him. Tonight, too, he had strutted off like a rebel, and promptly proved what dad had said about him, not that dad had said anything about *drinking*, of course.

The officer spoke again. "Thought it out?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your father's here." He stood up. "Let's have a talk, the three of us."

Tom followed. He was glad to have the officer along, because it was going to be pretty hard to face dad, to admit he had made a fool of himself to show dad that he wasn't a kid any more.

---

---

## BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN

---

---

(Continued from page 14)

impressed by the continual emphasis on moderation. This is because the moderate drinker cannot remind himself often enough that there is a vast difference between him and the alcoholic. He feels he can control the hellish stuff; the alcoholic cannot. Therefore, what is poison and disaster to the alcoholic is thought of as the bouquet of civilized living to the moderate drinker.

That so many of us can believe this sort of "guff" is indeed some kind of muddled thinking. The myth of the felicities of alcohol is not only a monstrous lie, but also a dangerous and murderous one as well.

Of course, alcohol does not do the things the myth says it does. It does not promote real relaxation, or add sharpness, flavor, or delight to human experience. On the contrary, alcohol dulls, blurs, and distorts. Alcohol does not help us be more friendly, get acquainted more readily, promote fellowship or companionship, understand one another's feelings. Instead, alcohol dulls our

(1) avoidance of emotional experiences, especially distressing ones; (2) a tendency to shun responsibility for his relationships with others; and (3) a lazy habit of oversimplifying, so that he believes the myth about the joys of alcohol.

3. *Alcoholics and moderate drinkers could do better by one another.*

The first thing they could do is quit drawing that line, and acknowledge one another as fellow human beings. The safe, smug, moderate drinker who is in no danger of compulsive drinking to the point of personal ruin might well have a long, hard look into his own motives and feelings. Obviously, this will be painful. Bitter and harsh responses come from many intelligent persons to whom this concept has been presented. It is shocking to learn how many persons feel guilty over their own mild drinking, and who therefore draw up in righteous indignation when they are compared in any way with alcoholics.

They may well feel guilty. It is they who perpetuate the myth of alcohol which makes the road of the alcoholic unnecessarily rough. This person, whose body is sick, must avoid alcohol

propaganda put out by the moderate drinker, the myth he himself helped perpetuate before he broke down, the alcoholic keeps himself cut off from the broad stream of human interaction. It is one of his proudest boasts that his first step to recovery is to admit he is an alcoholic. If this meant he was taking the first step toward facing up to the emotional poverty in his life, we could believe in the importance of this admission. But for the most part, and for most alcoholics, this admission means only that he is putting a tag on himself that says he is different. "I am an alcoholic, I have a disease, and I must be cured."

An act of greater humility, a longer step toward therapy, would be for the alcoholic to admit that he is a human being.

Then he could say, "I have a disease, but as important as this disease, is my need for human fellowship and emotional understanding."

In so doing he could be an example of courage to the moderate drinker, and help that moderate drinker look into his own evasions, which are now concealed and prettied over with the help of most of the civilized community.

There is no point in trying to insist that one or the other should take the heroic step first.

For his part, the moderate drinker should get over being ashamed of being thought of in the same category as the alcoholic. If we really believe the alcoholic is a sick person, if we want to help him conquer his disease, there is no point in being ashamed of the disease or of the person involved. What pinches is the admission of emotional weakness, evasiveness, shunning of social responsibility. Let's help the alcoholic rejoin the human race by affirming our own place in it.

And for his part, the alcoholic may find strength and comfort in coming into true human fellowship. He should try to climb down from the lonely position of a "different" person who was "born with an allergy" and who must spend all his energy on the negative task of staying away from alcohol. If we quit tempting him with the false delights of moderate drinking, he may be able to stay away from alcohol.

For people everywhere, whether alcoholics, moderate drinkers, or non-drinkers, we must understand and explore our own feelings, the meanings and values we have for one another. Then we can see these controversies in a clearer light, and have a better chance of contributing to our mutual understandings of the many baffling problems of human living.



capacity for fellowship and understanding, insulates us from emotional realization, and hampers our ability to explore personal meanings.

Now as to the difference between the moderate drinker and the alcoholic, I say they are brothers under the skin. The moderate drinker says he can control his use of alcohol. This means he can quit after a few drinks, can go home without drinking himself into insensibility. But his basic reasons for the use of alcohol are the same as those which guide the alcoholic. These are:

entirely in order to have some freedom in which to rebuild his life. Too many alcoholics are living in a brace. They know they must avoid alcohol, but they do not yet know how to build emotional strength and social courage so that they will not need alcohol. They live only one drink away from a drunk, which is to say that they live on a tight wire, and any slip can be disastrous. Yet the moderate drinkers will not let the reformed alcoholics forget the supposed joys and felicities of alcohol.

Because he does so readily believe the



William I. Rankin

## THE "BIGGEST" REASON

"YOU'D better roll those sleeves down before an M.P. spies you," Chick said with a casual glance in my direction. "They're thick as flies along this boardwalk." I had forgotten the rule of no rolled shirt sleeves on military posts in New Guinea, especially after sundown. Malaria, you know. I quickly rolled them down.

We strolled on up the street. "You know," I said, "that's a funny thing."

"What's that?" Chick murmured. Our conversation came easy. We were buddies now after four months of living and working together aboard ship through four months of war action in the New Britain area. Now we awaited reassignment at Milne Bay.

"About these regulations," I continued, "concerning *our* welfare. I cannot get over Uncle Sam's being so concerned about me. We must keep our shirts buttoned and sleeves unrolled in spite of the heat. Aboard ship, we've gotta keep shaved, can't wear short trousers, and I don't know what all, for Uncle's choice reasons, of course."

"You're not your own," Chick smiled, and clapped me on the back. "Remember when Red Johnson was court-martialed?"

"Yeah," I mused, "and for stepping out of shelter while the big guns were booming. He got a bursted eardrum."

"Destroying Government property."

Chick tried to look as stern as one could with a broad smile.

Chick's comment about not being one's own left me in a more sober mood. I repeated it under my breath, and without realizing it added, "Ye are bought with a price." But Chick didn't hear.

It was then I remembered Chick's cigarettes. They were missing from their familiar spot in his shirt pocket. "Odd," I thought; then I recalled his declaration of the previous day: "I am going to quit."

"Chick, no weeds, huh?" He nodded. I kicked at a loose board in the long, continuous boardwalk that paralleled the street. We were passing the PX.

"It's not easy," Chick said as he gazed through the door of the company store. I knew I must steer him away from here before he weakened and went in.

"Look, Chick," I said, "I smoked some, but I quit because I didn't care for the habit. I started in the first place just because the other fellows were doing it. After I got to the place where it didn't matter to me what the rest thought, I gave 'em up. I didn't have a problem. But you, Chick, you've got the habit; you're gonna have a battle."

"I know," he replied. "I've gone through it before."

"You mean you've quit before this?"

"Sure," he said, "lots of times."

"And it didn't take?"

"When I get to wanting a drag," he said soberly, "wanting it bad, I weaken. My reasons for quitting aren't big enough. They don't seem important, and before I know it I'm inhaling again."

A new drama drew our attention across the road. Two short but muscular natives jumped from a service truck and approached a long, thick tree trunk lying on the ground. With a few deft strokes these "fuzzy heads" trimmed the branches from the trunk with their sharp machetes. As we stood gaping, the two shouldered that huge trunk without so much as a grunt and walked off with it.

Chick turned and looked straight at me. "How d'ya like that?"

"Lots of muscle there," I commented weakly.

"No nicotine in their lungs," Chick said reflectively. He watched the natives disappear around the barracks.

"C'mon," I said, "let's get over to the movie." They were showing a film, a travelogue on America, one we would not think of missing here, two thousand miles from home. You could have shown all the movies in Hollywood just across the road that evening, and not had one viewer as long as we could get a glimpse—in color—of a few familiar

American scenes. Groups of sailors and Marines were already drifting in, sitting here and there.

"Just a minute," Chick said. He moved toward the PX door. When he rejoined me in crossing the street, I could see a telltale bulge in his shirt pocket. He was beginning to weaken.

We sauntered in and took a seat on one of the rough benches. Chick chewed at a blade of grass. He was growing nervous.

I tried to encourage him. "Chick, I think it's a great thing, your quitting smoking. Think of the money you'll save." As I said it, I knew this would not impress him.

I tried again. "Why don't you fight it hard, show you're a man by conquering?"

My words sounded weak and ineffectual in my own ears. His reasons had to be *big*.

We sat behind a group of sailors who were laughing and joking—and smoking. The acrid smoke drifted in clouds back to our nostrils. This, I realized, would be hard for Chick. His fingers nervously rubbed his face and pulled at his ear.

"Bill," he began slowly, "I keep trying, but the more I want a smoke, the fewer reasons I can think of for not taking one."

"Yeah," I said, "it's pretty easy to yield when there's a pack right in your shirt pocket." He blushed. I suppose he thought I hadn't guessed what he went into the PX for.

He squirmed. Before long he had one between his fingers. In a minute, I thought, he'll have it in his mouth, and the battle will be over again.

Suddenly I remembered what Chick had said earlier about not being our own. "Chick," I said with renewed courage, "you said a little while ago, 'We're not our own.' You said it in jest, but, Chick, you don't know how right you are. We're *not* our own; the Scriptures say that. We're bought with a price. Our bodies are in our care, but they're not ours. You see, Chick, we've got a trust to keep. We can't afford to do anything that destroys or weakens."

He was thinking about what I was saying; I could tell by the look on his face.

"You needed a really big reason, Chick," I concluded. "That's the biggest I know of."

Slowly his arm lowered, the one with the cigarette. For a long minute he hesitated. Then I smiled as a thin white cigarette dropped into the dirt by my feet. And the rest of the pack went the same way.

The reason had been big enough.

---

---

## FLYING HIGH AND DRY

---

---

(Continued from page 17)

in the museum are the planes of such men as Otto Lilienthal, Samuel P. Langley, the Wright brothers, Glenn Curtiss, Glenn Martin, Edward Korn, Calbraith Rodgers, Charles Lindbergh, Wiley Post, Lincoln Ellsworth, and General William Mitchell, noted ace of World War I, and many others.

A project which has been on Garber's mind for years is a model of the flying machine of Emmanuel Swedenborg, famous eighteenth-century Swedish scientist, philosopher, and theologian. Judging from its shape, it might be a forerunner of present-day "flying saucers."

As far as drinking is concerned, he has definite convictions. "I don't drink alcoholic beverages," he says, "because I've never known anything good to come from drinking. I have too much respect for my body to insult it with something that has the reputation of causing so many things that are harmful and damaging. For example, every paper one reads has accounts of terrible accidents caused by drunken drivers or drunken pedestrians. Yet, even before autos were so prevalent, alcohol was a menace.

"I have other unhappy memories connected with drinking. I have seen homes ruined by drink, and have known persons who, when sober, are nice to meet, but who are very unpleasant when drunk.

"Further, I resent paying higher prices at occasions where drinks are served, as at some banquets, for instance, where the price to all guests is higher to pay for the drinks which I don't want.

"Furthermore, I don't think airlines should serve drinks. If the drinks go along with the meals at no extra cost, then it means my fare is just that much higher. I have known drinking people to become unpleasant and even dangerous on a plane."

So once more the conversation comes back to flying, a subject that apparently never tires Curator Paul Edward Garber.

---

---

## HE PAID HIS DEBTS

---

---

(Continued from page 22)

utter failure, Grant told his father when the latter announced his intentions of dividing his \$100,000 fortune among his children: "I will accept only enough money to ensure each of my children a college education."

Politics as such never interested him

nor claimed his ambitions, although he once said: "I should like to be mayor of Galena, to build a new sidewalk from my home to the depot."

When he was asked to be a candidate for the Presidency, he answered, "I know that I have been a good soldier, but to be the next President is the last thing in the world that I desire."

But whether he wanted it or not, history had written in this exhausting chore for the soldier widely known as a "barracks-room drunk."

His manner of fighting a grim and terrible war did much to raise Grant in public esteem. And mercy and magnanimity toward his defeated enemy at the famous meeting with General Lee at Appomattox did much to lift Grant's name to greatness.

"Let us have no further humiliation," he said. "We are enemies no longer. We are countrymen." Even Lee was astounded and moved when his conqueror permitted the Southern soldiers to retain their horses and their arms.

In the first Grant biography, printed by the *Tribune*, he was described as modest and unassuming, "a man of business and very popular with the troops. He smokes continually. He is a strict disciplinarian."

In the light of 1960 medical research, this lifelong smoking may have been responsible for the tragedy of Grant's last days. Poor, after years of public service, he was advised by doctors that he had an incurable throat cancer and had not long to live. Grant resolved to write his memoirs with his last remaining strength in order that the royalties might provide for his family after his death.

Daily he scribbled wearily page after page of the historic papers, often in great pain, writing from early morning to late at night. Unable even to speak, he wrote notes to those around him, and after a grueling eleven months, when the agonizing labor was finished, he wrote to his doctor:

"There never was one more willing to go than I am. I wanted so many days to finish my book. They were graciously given to me. I am not more likely to be more ready to go than at this moment."

Sitting on the porch of his home in the Adirondacks, the speechless, dying man saw men, women, and children file past to pay him honor while he lived. He died a week after finishing the task he had set himself, leaving \$450,000 in royalty money to his wife and children.

Ulysses Grant, a man who paid his debts, individually and to society as a whole, was a valiant fighter to the end.

---

---

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

---

---

(Continued from page 23)

Lincoln on one occasion strenuously objected to a section of an internal revenue bill that levied a tax on alcoholic beverages for the support of the Federal Government.

When pressed to sign the bill into law, and being persuaded against his will to do so, the President declared, "I would rather lose my right hand than to sign a document that will tend to perpetuate the liquor traffic, and as soon as the exigencies pass away, I will turn my whole attention to the repeal of that document."

"Lincoln's last utterances on the liquor question came leaping from his glad heart on the day of his assassination, and were expressive of exalted purposes and confident expectations. On the afternoon of that day, Major Merwin was a dinner guest at the White House, coming by invitation of the President to receive from him instructions respecting an important mission upon which he was to proceed that night to New York City. After he had received his orders, and as he was about to depart, he was addressed by President Lincoln, who with exuberance of spirits said, 'Merwin, we have cleaned up, with the help of the people, a colossal job. Slavery is abolished. After reconstruction the next great question will be the overthrow and abolition of the liquor traffic, and you know, Merwin, that my head and heart and hand and purse will go into that work. In 1842—less than a quarter of a century ago—I predicted, under the influence of God's Spirit, that the time would come when there would be neither a slave nor a drunkard in the land. Thank God, I have lived to see one of those prophecies fulfilled. I hope to see the other realized.'

"Major Merwin was so impressed by this remarkable statement that he said, 'Mr. Lincoln, shall I publish this for you?'

"'Yes,' was his prompt and emphatic reply, 'publish it as wide as the daylight shines.' With those words ringing in his ears, and echoing through all his being, 'like music from the spheres,' Major Merwin started on his important mission for the President, and the next morning, upon his arrival at New York City, learned that the voice which uttered those words was forever hushed in death."

---

Quotations in this feature are from the brochure, *The Truth About Lincoln*, by John M. Howell, Ph.D.

# SOARING with the EAGLES

*Buddy Pritchard*

*Buddy Pritchard, infielder, starred in baseball at the University of Southern California and was pursued by no less than eleven major-league clubs before he signed with the Pittsburgh Pirates. He spent two years with the Salt Lake City Bees of the Pacific Coast League before moving to Savannah, Georgia.*



**A**N OLD proverb in baseball describes the downfall of many a promising athlete: "You can't stay up with the owls and fly with the eagles." The validity of this statement is vividly illustrated by the great number of professional athletes who have failed to fulfill their potential or have shortened their careers because of dissipation.

The body of an athlete is his vehicle to success. He should realize this fact, and do everything possible to eliminate anything that might be harmful. I refer especially to alcohol, which should never be used by anyone who is serious about his career.

The man who reaches the status of a professional athlete has personal and moral obligations to abstain from both liquor and tobacco. No matter what league he might be playing in, he is in a position to shape the ideals of hundreds of youngsters who look to him as a hero. He should be aware of his influence, and try to set goals that he would want his own youngsters to attain. He is in the public eye and vulnerable to public criticism. An athlete should be conscious of this, and conduct himself accordingly.

I don't claim to have reached great prominence as a professional athlete, but I attribute many of the benefits I've derived from baseball to the fact that I don't hobble myself with the harmful effects of tobacco and alcohol. Playing professional baseball is a demanding task, and the player who dissipates is making unjust demands on himself and is shortening his career.

*Bud Pritchard*

# 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.

### *How do you break the drinking habit?*

- a. First, you decide that you want to break it.
- b. Second, you decide how much you want to break it.
- c. Then you promise yourself you'll not drink for the next ten minutes. After carrying out that decision, double the time. At the end of each period double the time, and thank God that He gave you the strength of will to execute your decision.
- d. If you aren't sure you can do it, tell your best nondrinking friend of your decision and let him help you carry out that decision.
- e. Remember that every time you lose, you go right back to where you left off. You are forming the habit of failure. Only God can give you the power to overcome alcohol.
- f. Good health habits will help.
  1. Plenty of fresh air—run away from temptation, literally.
  2. Drink lots of water and fruit juices.
  3. Use only small amounts of salt and no condiments.
  4. Get extra rest, also plenty of exercise, almost to the point of physical fatigue.
  5. Find social activities which are stimulating, especially in the fresh air with nondrinking companions who know and understand your problems.
  6. Read the word of God, and memorize passages to use whenever the urge comes to drink.

### *How can you help your mother and father stop drinking and smoking?*

Love is the strongest force in the universe. Love between your father and mother should have been the reason for your existence. Love should have been (and probably was) the reason why your parents fed and clothed you, guided and educated you until the present day. Because they loved you, they may have sought to spare you and

protect you. They have learned by hard experience and tragic observation that these habits have not been good for them, but they have been unable to conquer them. How can you know? How can you help them now as they struggle with these lifelong habits?

Sit down in the evening, or at some time of leisure, and have a quiet talk with them. Ask them why they don't want you to develop the habits which they have. You may be surprised how human your parents really are!

Or if they are not convinced that their habits are harmful, develop the habit of reading items of interest to them. Cut out newspaper and magazine articles and leave the clippings around. But include a wide variety of subjects, not just items on drinking and smoking. They have given you a good education, or at least made it possible for you to secure it. Now return the favor. Educate your parents to follow the best health habits. Be sure they understand that you are doing it because you love them and want them to stay around for a good many more years. Yes, love *can* solve the problem!

### *What do you do when your father is a drinker, and he doesn't want to be?*

Your father needs your sympathetic understanding. First, gain his confidence. Then aid him to meet the objectives which he had when he was your age. If he can't do that because he made the wrong decisions somewhere along the line, help him to see that you are eager to learn the lessons which he failed to learn, and consequently his experiences, shared with you, will help you to avoid some of the pitfalls in which he feels he was entrapped.

Thus he will feel that he can help you, and you in turn can help him. Mutual understanding within your home will do much to help him with the battle against the bottle that is now enslaving him.

## SABOTAGING SOCIETY

(Continued from page 6)

in productivity. Particularly it is important for those who operate highly complicated and expensive machinery. Efficient control of these machines demands the utmost precision of brain, eye, and hand. In the transportation industry, especially, publicity concerning the relationship of alcohol to driving efficiency has revolutionized the drivers' and pilots' attitudes toward drinking.

The influence of the consumption of alcohol upon men in their capacity as producers is primarily physiological and derivatively psychological. It manifests itself in absenteeism, liability to sickness and accident, defective work, lower output, and a shorter active working life.

During the present century a spate of research has descended upon individuals and groups. Only a brief summary can be given of the general conclusions. Dr. H. M. Vernon, an expert in this field of inquiry, says: "It seems probable that, taking industry all through, the total reduction in efficiency produced by the consumption of alcohol is something like 10 per cent." Lord Stamp is somewhat more elastic in his conclusions. He says that data from the many investigations would not justify a higher estimate than 15 per cent nor a lower estimate than 5 per cent. Dr. Vernon's 10 per cent seems to be reasonably accurate, and its acceptance offers a challenge to those who are seeking ways to increase industrial output.

The economic cost of drink-caused crime falls into three categories: the cost of the crime itself, the cost of dealing with criminals (police, judges, prisons), and the cost of maintaining those dependent criminals who cannot earn their own livelihood. It might be more accurate to classify the third category as the economic cost of poverty as a result of alcohol consumption. The drink habit stands out as the most important cause of poverty in many countries where research has been carried out.

Apart from the actual medical and hospital treatment of alcoholics, experts seem to agree that at least 10 per cent of sickness would be avoided but for the deleterious effects of alcohol on health. This represents a serious drain upon the hospital and medical services of any community. It is quite certain that, no matter how heavy the taxes on beverage alcohol may be, the income from this source will never be adequate to cover the economic damage caused by the drink habit, so often fostered and encouraged by a powerful vested interest.

There is hardly any problem which the world has to face today to which the drink problem has not some relevance. Citizens who express concern about food shortage, mental health, broken marriages, growth of crime, and the increase of juvenile delinquency have only to study these problems objectively in order to realize that they are aggravated and perpetuated by the drink problem.

There is another important consideration. In trying to assess the economic loss attributable to alcohol, we must not overlook what Professor Albert Marshall called "personal capital," meaning the skill, ability, character, disposition, and outlook of every citizen. Reformers everywhere are asking themselves whether the growth of "material capital" has outpaced the development of that "personal capital" which is the real, though intangible, basis of true wealth.

Within our experience we have all witnessed the manner in which drinking has steadily and often rapidly undermined moral fiber and industrial and other skills, and converted what might have been a great contribution to human welfare to either relative or complete failure. Moreover, this destruction is no respecter of persons or locality. It overtakes men and women in all sections of society. It is our duty to make it clear that in the world of today there is no room for this persistent degradation of human character and genius.

---

## FINDING THE REAL ANSWER

---

(Continued from page 21)

The results are almost inevitable. The percentage of those who make good on probation in the narcotics field is extremely limited. Our typical narcotics offender needs far more than the guidance offered by a probation officer. This is no reflection on the probation officer or the theory of probation. It is invaluable in many cases. It simply does not meet the requirements for this type of case.

Our next alternative is *incarceration*. This is obviously temporarily helpful. While he is incarcerated, the user simply can't get at the stuff. Society, too, is protected while he is caged. But eventually he will be released, and, when released, unless something radical has happened to him in the meantime, he is foredoomed to go back into the same unhappy behavior pattern. In this respect, it doesn't make too much difference whether he is confined for a period of thirty days or five years. The same unfortunate, unstable person is being

thrust back into society with almost inevitably disastrous results.

How about *hospitalization*? Medically, it takes only a short time to remove the physical craving, but the character weakness is still there. The problem is to change the inner man, a psychiatric problem. I can conceive of a person who is an addict, who has a deep-seated, sincere desire to change and the basic character qualifications which make it possible for him to change, and who will voluntarily commit himself to prolonged hospitalization. I can conceive that this type of person might permanently benefit from therapy.

The only trouble is that I have not met him yet. The ones I meet as a judge have been convicted of criminal offenses and are facing some unpleasant result. They are looking for an escape hatch. The first and easiest way out that suggests itself is self-commitment to a hospital, with the hope that this will enable them to avoid prolonged compulsory incarceration. My experience has not been a happy one in regard to hospitalization. In those cases with which I am familiar, the addict has almost invariably gone back to the use of narcotics when released from the hospital.

In this state we have a new type of institution known as the California Medical Facility at Vacaville. Here we commit the user as a prisoner through the criminal courts. This institution combines compulsory and extensive incarceration plus intensive therapy while so incarcerated.

I know from experience that the average narcotics offender will resist commitment to Vacaville as vigorously as he will resist commitment to any of the other penal institutions. The idea of compulsory incarceration is abhorrent to him, whether he is to experience therapy there or not. The Vacaville program of compulsory incarceration plus therapy is too new as yet for any valid observations to be made as to results. Certainly we all hold great hope for this type of treatment.

But the trouble with treatment is that the narcotics user is a great deal like an alcoholic, only more so. Granted that he is "cured" today, perhaps he will remain cured for a week, a month, a year, five years. Then some seemingly minor emotional disturbance will occur. The ordinary pressures of life which the rest of us accept and control are beyond his capacity. His instability, even after hospitalization, is still there.

When this pressure occurs, he will reach out for his crutch, the narcotic. We have all seen it happen. A quarrel

with a girl, the loss of a job, economic, social, matrimonial problems—any of these are all that is needed to push the one-time user, now "cured," back into use. People who have been incarcerated for years, and who could not possibly have a physical demand for narcotics, are back using narcotics within days, or even hours, after their release. So the problem of therapy is one of character change, and the wonders of psychiatry have not as yet found an answer to this problem.

These are the tools which we judges have, the raw material with which we must work. It is a depressing picture. There is no quick and ready answer to the problem. I, for one, feel that a firm position must be maintained; that the punishment aspect of the criminal court must be accented to show to the world at large, and particularly to the other "addiction-prone" unfortunates, that society considers this narcotics problem a serious matter, and that the results of becoming involved are severe and drastic.

We must accent the deterrent aspect of punishment in this field. Every person should know that if he becomes involved in the use of narcotics, something unpleasant is going to happen to him. Under our system of law this means incarceration. Certainly while this individual is incarcerated, all known methods of therapy should be used, with the idea in mind that when he is eventually released, he will be a person of such improved behavior standards that he will not again become involved in this type of activity.

The answer to the problem of narcotics is not in the courts, but in *education*. We are advised that in the 1880's it was estimated there were almost half a million narcotics users in the United States. But by the late 1930's and early 1940's the illegal use of narcotics had practically disappeared. This was because of the educational process by which we were all taught the true picture of narcotics. Then suddenly, after World War II, a dreadful change occurred, and the growth of addiction has been terrifying. Certainly there is organized crime involved on an international scale, and the profit motive exists. This is a law-enforcement problem.

But, I repeat, the only answer to this problem is education. By every way known to human ingenuity, these addiction-prone people must be educated at an early age as to the horrible and permanent results of narcotics use and addiction. This educational process must take place long before the offender gets to court, because, frankly, at that time it is probably too late.

# For Your



## Reading and Reference

*Albion Roy King, BASIC INFORMATION ON ALCOHOL, Narcotics Education, Inc., Box 4390, Washington 12, D.C., revised edition, 1960. \$3, cloth.*

"Dedicated to all who maintain an open mind on a tight subject," *Basic Information on Alcohol* is a simply written information guide to facts about alcohol. This unexcelled book covers the whole field of alcohol education, including one chapter on narcotics.

Excellent for this phase of education in high school, this volume begins with case histories to arouse the reader's interest, discusses the chemical nature of alcohol, explains in detail the effects of alcohol on the body, including the nervous system, encourages the alcoholic to seek help, treats alcohol as a moral problem, and concludes that "abstinence is the wiser way."

"A Discussion and Study Guide," a list of questions with page references, at the end of the book saves much time—worth while for the teacher in the classroom.

*Arthur Mann, LA GUARDIA—A FIGHTER AGAINST HIS TIMES, 1882-1933, Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1959. \$6.50.*

This biography, revealing the public life of a professional politician, mayor of New York City, can be interesting reading if one is intrigued by minute details, political philosophies, and the "roaring twenties."

The "Little Flower," as his name Fiorello meant, was a wet when the Noble Experiment was the accepted policy of the nation. Once he invited reporters to watch him manufacture 3.75 per cent beer in the House Office Building in Washington, D.C.—all for the publicity.

Opposed to prohibition in 1919, La Guardia claimed it would be unenforceable and would lead to disrespect for law. He tried to convince others "that the dries could best accomplish their

purpose through an educational campaign directed toward teaching Anglo-Saxons how to drink and remain sober."

After his wife and young daughter died of tuberculosis, it is reported that he drank so heavily that he "was in danger of becoming a complete bum."

The section of this book dealing with his stand on prohibition is called "The Ignoble Experiment," and his activities in opposition to the Volstead Act are summed up in the following:

"His primary achievement was to win the battle for headlines, which was his intention. He dramatized the hypocrisy, the stupidity, the waste of money, the erosion of due process, and the futility of trying to dry up the sources of liquor in the hope that the public, understanding the law could not be enforced, would demand its repeal. The wet newspapers kept his name and his trionics constantly on the first page, so that more than any other Congressman he was responsible for the discrediting and eventual scuttling of the Noble Experiment."

*Donald W. Hewitt, M.D., Series of three articles in LIFE AND HEALTH, the national health journal, published monthly by Review and Herald Publishing Assn., Washington 12, D.C. Single copy, \$ .50, yearly subscription, \$5.*

Few physicians today have had more direct experience with the results of drinking than Dr. Hewitt, who treated thousands during his period of medical practice near world-famous Waikiki Beach in Hawaii. In recent years he has specialized in rehabilitation work on skid row in Los Angeles. He has authored numerous articles and several books on the subject of alcoholism.

The first in his current series in *Life and Health*, beginning in the November issue, is on "Alcohol and Crime," a brief and elemental glimpse into the well-known relationship between drinking and criminal activity.

The second is more informative—"Alcohol and the Brain"—listing a series of disease conditions arising out of the long-continued use of alcohol.

The third, under the title, "A New Life for the Alcoholic," pleads for greater understanding of the plight of the alcoholic, recognizing that hereditary and environmental factors need to be taken into consideration in any long-range program to care for alcoholics. In stressing the need for a spiritual approach, the author calls attention to his own series of correspondence lessons entitled "Bible Lessons for Alcoholics," obtainable by writing to Box 55, Los Angeles 53, California.

*Life and Health* is a lay journal, containing a wide variety of vital material prepared in popular style by authoritative writers. It is especially valuable for use in the home, or as a practical supplement for health and hygiene classes in high school.

---

### "DOWN EAST" STOREKEEPER

---

(Continued from page 15)

demands of the perishable fish business.

"I saw beer as a way out," he says, "and I chose it rather than bankruptcy."

He enlarged his store to thirty-one feet square, stocked enough groceries to meet the law, and filled his remaining shelves with beer. Less than a year later he quit in disgust.

"If a man can't afford to buy shoes for his children," Chester said, "I've got no right to sell him beer."

That was more than a decade ago. "Was it hard going after you stopped selling beer?" I asked him recently.

"So hard going I still had to borrow money," he said. "I have been poor, old-time poor. No one had any faith I could hold out."

But Chester did hold out. In place of the banished beer he added varieties to his small grocery stock. Gradually word got around, and his new business began to prosper. In 1953 he grossed more than \$30,000. Since then the town's industries have dwindled; families have reluctantly moved away. Yet last year Chester grossed over \$51,000 in his popular little store.

Chester measures his trade by the linear system. "Now yesterday," he told me, "I did two and a half yards of business." He took a narrow roll of paper from a box, peeled off the elastic band, and shook out two and a half yards of used register tape. It's the number of friends he greets, not how much they spend, that makes Chester's day a success.

In his store school children pass the time of day with some of the country's most famous people. Chief Justice Stone used to come up regularly from his summer home on Isle Au Haut. But when two little children came into the store one step ahead of Mr. Stone, the good chief justice had to wait in line for his turn!

There's a remarkable magnetism between the sixty-nine-year-old storekeeper and his young customers. Part of it might be that Chester understands youth's problems. "What can I buy mummy for fifty cents?" Chester has the answer. The shelves that used to hold beer now display dozens of pretty and practical gifts for mom and dad,

(Turn to page 34.)



May I Walk Earth's  
Lovely Ways

Beatrice Munro Wilson

May I walk earth's lovely ways  
With every thought a song of praise;  
Hillsides green, grainfields of gold—  
Every joy my eyes behold  
Surely gives the lie to man  
When he tries to change His plan.  
No man can change sweet spring to fall,  
Make sunshine or raindrops fall.  
We couldn't make one small seed grow  
Unless our Father willed it so.  
Though other tyrants would destroy,  
Let Christians plant in faith and joy.

Prayer at New Year

Helen Sue Isely

Let me plunge into the depths of Thy joy;  
May my hope be rooted like a tree  
And my supplications be as constant as spring  
and summer,  
Ripe with the wisdom of harvest,  
And shining with the patience of winter.  
Feed the music in my heart, O God,  
Give it warmth,  
Speed its growth,  
Make it a throbbing song of faith!



POEMS WITH A PURPOSE  
*By "Listen" Authors*

Martha S. Coon

Not Lost

Far out in space, some ancient God may be  
The Ruler of the universe—too grand  
To know that I, a bit of star dust, stand  
And do obeisance to His majesty.  
For I am such a tiny entity;  
The scales of life that weigh the sky and land  
Cannot record so small a bit of sand,  
Nor can God's notice be achieved by me.

Thus Reason argues. But my throbbing heart,  
Athirst for love, on fire with life's hot flame,  
Is thrilled with words from Infinity,  
And feels with sudden awe that I am part  
Of God's dear thought, and known to Him  
by name.  
I am not lost in His immensity.

# LISTEN, A Journal of Better Living,

has the facts—order today.

**ATTRACTIVE  
AUTHENTIC  
INFORMATIVE  
SCIENTIFIC  
POSITIVE**

Special two-year rate:  
12 big issues, only \$3.75;  
One year (6 issues), only \$2.00.  
Enclosed find \$\_\_\_\_\_ for a  
\_\_\_\_\_ -year subscription to LISTEN

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_

Additional subscriptions may be ordered on separate sheets.

**LISTEN, A Journal of Better Living**  
Publication Office, 1350 Villa Street  
Mountain View, California

## "DOWN EAST" STOREKEEPER

(Continued from page 32)

purchased especially to match small pocketbooks. Toys are placed low where those who can't buy may handle and admire them. Chester has a candy case that opens from the front so little customers may reach in and pick out their own. Once shy himself, Chester knows the agony of a child who wants one particular lollipop, but is too bashful to say anything when the clerk hands out the wrong one.

Stonington has taken him to its heart. He had so many Christmas cards that he ran out of space to tack them up. On his birthday he had cards—and three cakes besides, one a beautiful nutcake from Annie Richards, eighty-three years old.

"Why a nutcake?" I asked.

"Oh, she knows I like nutcake," Chester grinned. "Whenever she makes one for a food sale, she calls me up so I can send someone over quick to buy it."

His small kindnesses, too numerous to count, are often on the sentimental side, like sending flowers to two young ladies for the opening of their new dress shop.

Townpeople are quick to praise Chester. Mr. Freedman, in the dry goods store up the road, summed it up in just two words: "Chester's O.K."

Hundreds of children may never realize all that Chester has done to make their lives a little brighter, but they sense the love he has for them. My own nephew, Bobby, only five years old, stepped out of Chester's store, looked up at me proudly, and announced, "Chester's my friend." No man could receive a finer tribute.

## ONLY THE FOOL

(Continued from page 13)

his glimpse of the hundreds of Clements—most not so lucky, since they don't have a sister or father keeping a watchful although hopeless eye over them—parading through our courts. The lesson is implicit in the scene that meets the eye.

No one can pass through our courts as a visitor and say, "It could never happen to me." The men who are arrested for drunkenness are not all derelicts by any means. There are the football hero, the promising young lawyer, the accomplished musician, the established businessman, the *cum laude* graduate. They, too, get drunk, arrested, and thrown in jail.

Few of them realize that by getting drunk occasionally they are setting a pattern that may lead them to skid row, the habitat of the derelicts, the drifters, the down-and-outers. They, too, may look over the hopeless alcoholics in the courtroom and say, "It could never happen to me."

That's where they are wrong. In the court we can help them change the pattern before it does happen to them. We try to help them say to themselves, "I won't let it happen to me!" and to make it stick.

No one can say with assurance exactly how many potential alcoholics there are in our country. The estimate is many millions.

Nationwide, the size of the alcoholism problem is enormous. Its economic implications are staggering, and its social effects calamitous to millions of husbands, wives, children, parents, brothers, and sisters of its victims.

It would pay all of us, both young and old, to realize that we never know who may succumb to alcoholism until put to the test. Only the fool tempts fate.

## PARENTAL ATTITUDES

(Continued from page 9)

"A solemn assurance on the part of the father that a drink is bad for young people carries little weight if in the next breath he insists that he must have a highball to nerve himself for a dull dinner party."—Pages 189, 190.

On the other hand, a positive example of abstinence from all alcoholic beverages on the part of parents, coupled with wise counsel concerning alcohol, is bound to make an impression for lasting good upon the children.

2. *Children should be taught the destructiveness of drinking.* Practically every day furnishes examples of tragedies caused by drinking. These may be pointed out to the children. Newspaper stories and pictures provide examples. Magazine articles and TV programs may be used, although these may be and often are slanted for drinking. Acquaintances of the family may provide illustrations. Books on alcohol education, such as *Alcohol Talks to Youth*, by Howard E. Hamlin (School and College Service, Columbus, Ohio), may help give the child information.

3. *Children should be trained in the wise use of leisure.* At a sanitarium for the treatment of alcoholics, this advice is given to the patients: "Develop other outlets. Most alcoholics have few hobbies except drinking. Drinking is often an attempt to escape the boredom and restlessness that beset all of us at times. Most people escape monotony by reading, social activity, sports, hunting, fishing, golf, boating, living in the country, music, handicrafts, collecting, photography, writing, or trips."

Children can develop their personalities, increase their knowledge, and strengthen their ideals by cultivating hobbies that interest them. Every child should have an indoor hobby, an outdoor hobby, and a collecting hobby.

4. *Religion should pervade the home.* If the spirit of religion pervades the home, there will be no place for alcoholic beverages either in the home or in the lives of the family members. A church with a busy program of spiritual development and Christian service will fortify its members against many of the pitfalls of life, including that of drinking. It is emptiness of spiritual life that leads people to drink. The best assurance of sobriety is Christianity practiced in the home.



# OPINIONS



## Breaking the Law

"Drinking has no place in the lives of teen-agers. Any parents who permit liquor to be served to teen-agers are breaking the law in most states. Only in New York and Louisiana are teen-agers permitted to buy beer, wine, and liquor once they have passed their eighteenth birthday. In all other jurisdictions the minimum age is twenty-one."—Amy Vanderbilt, famed etiquette authority.

## Visiting the Zoo

"When you drink at a cocktail party, you are like an animal in a zoo. He doesn't get the whole picture because he's part of the system. But when you go to a cocktail party stone sober—and stay that way—you are a spectator at the zoo, amusedly looking through the bars as your fellow creatures perform.

"And being human, you get a secret satisfaction in seeing other human beings making asses of themselves by acting like monkeys. . . . It is like seeing a play whose plot you know, but played by actors who aren't aware of the ending.

"The guests look like nice normal people when they arrive. Two hours later they look as if they had weathered a hurricane, which is about what they have done.

"All the chins that came in held so high now are slack-jawed and sunken. The faces so human are like pagan gargoyles, with jaws endlessly wagging."—Hal Boyle, news writer.

## Why Do They Drink?

"Teen-agers drink because it is something that makes them feel older. They also get a satisfaction from knowing they are breaking the law," explains a South Bend, Indiana, girl.

A Burlington, Vermont, girl claims that "to remain completely abstemious encourages narrow-mindedness."—Eugene Gilbert, president, Gilbert Youth Research Co.

## Small Amounts of Alcohol

"The drinking driver is too often misleadingly referred to as a 'drunken driver.' A driver does not have to be obviously drunk to be under the influence of alcohol.

"The social drinker, not the drunk, is the biggest

problem on our streets and highways. The social drinkers vastly outnumber the actual drunks.

"Although the social drinker shows little or no sign of being under the influence, his driving ability is definitely impaired because everyone loses some clearness of mind and self-control when small amounts of alcohol are taken."—"Traffic Safety," published by National Safety Council.

## Aggravated Intoxication

A small amount of alcohol, plus peace-of-mind pills, can make a person too drunk to drive safely, according to researchers at Madison State Hospital, in Indiana. Furthermore, the intoxication resulting from this dosage will not show on standardized breath or blood tests.

## *More Liver Trouble*

"Liver trouble is six times more common among heavy drinkers than in nonalcoholics. . . . Alcohol depresses appetite. As a result, most habitual drinkers eat less and less, particularly of proteins. Alcohol supplies enough calories to keep going but lacks proteins. This sets the stage for liver damage by creating a deficiency in a group of compounds such as choline that are essential to the health of the liver."—Theodore R. Van Dellen, medical writer.

## Aging Fast

"Alcohol is the greatest brain destroyer that we have." So states Dr. Cyril Courville, director of the brain research laboratory at Los Angeles County Hospital. He maintains that aging is the essential effect of alcohol on the brain, making a man old before his time. In one observed case, a man who had died of alcoholism at twenty-seven years, had a brain that looked worse than that of a typical man of seventy.



# Pioneer of Progress

**P**ROGRESS in any field of human endeavor is to a great extent dependent on behind-the-scenes study and research. Unsung and often unnoticed, the specialists who spend their days—and years—in laboratories and libraries, with test tube and pen, to investigate and then confirm, are the real heroes of modern life.

One such is Dr. E. H. Cluver, of South Africa, director of the South African Institute for Medical Research. With him is a staff of some one thousand Europeans and Africans working under his supervision in this technical and essential field.

Public-health official, medical director for South Africa, military doctor, author, scholar, educator, research specialist—whatever this versatile man does, his abilities are always being used in the fight for human betterment.

Dr. Cluver is president of the National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism in South Africa. In view of the imminent revision of the nation's laws dealing with drinking and drinkers, this specialist's experience and wisdom are certain to be called into play and to exert a wide influence for the right.

