

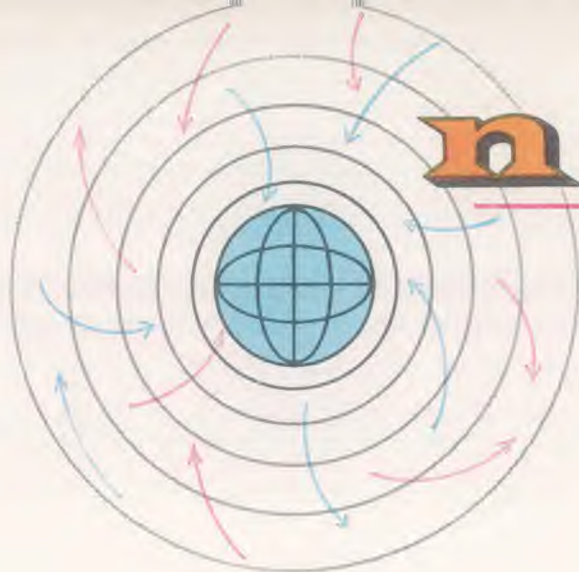
# LISTEN

A  
JOURNAL  
OF  
BETTER  
LIVING



**Tom Shipp**  
*Youth Counselor*





# news

❖ **BEHIND THE SCENES.** Only mental illness, heart disease, and cancer claim more victims than alcoholism, which has some 5,000,000 sufferers in the United States. What is not known is the indirect contribution alcohol makes to the increase of these three biggest killers.

❖ **FIVE YEARS YOUNGER.** The heaviest drinking in the United States is done by young people between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four. Alcoholism is developing between the ages of thirty-three and forty, about five years younger than it did a decade ago. Among teen-age drinkers, 2 per cent do 25 per cent of the drinking.

❖ **PEYOTE, A RELIGIOUS RITE.** From 150,000 to 200,000 American and Canadian Indians eat peyote as a solemn sacrament. They claim that their Native American Church is the "Indian version of Christianity," and that peyote gives them power to talk directly to God or Jesus, as did their ancestors to the Great Spirit.

❖ **ALCOHOL IN PRISONS.** Two thirds of all men in American prisons have an alcohol problem. So states Kenyon J. Scudder, director of field services of Osborne Association, Inc. He says that much can be done to help alcoholics if one can reach them at the time they have their first brush with the law.

❖ **SOVIETS BALK BOOTLEGGERS.** Legislation providing stiff penalties for moonshiners and buyers of bathtub vodka in Russia has been passed by the Supreme Soviet of the Russian Republic—the Soviet Union's largest state. The new measure calls for prison terms at hard labor for persistent moonshiners.

❖ **ORANGE JUICE POPULAR AT UN.** In spite of easy availability of various types of imported beers and exotic drinks unencountered in ordinary bars of New York City, diplomats and delegates at United Nations prefer orange juice. This always has been and still is the most popular drink at the United Nations bar.

❖ **ALCOHOL AND MINORS.** Liquor outlets which sell alcoholic beverages to minors constitute the most frequent violators the California Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control has to cope with, according to Malcolm E. Harris, department director. Harris says his department encountered nearly 7,000 cases involving possession or consumption by minors during 1960.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DUANE TANK



*"In the United States during 1960, an estimated 68,000,000 persons over twenty-one (62 per cent of the population) drank alcoholic beverages to some extent. Abstaining adults numbered 42,000,000 (38 per cent of the population). Nonproblem drinkers were categorized as 45,000,000 occasional drinkers, 6,000,000 moderate drinkers, and 7,500,000 habitual drinkers.*

*"The so-called problem drinkers include 4,100,000 heavy drinkers (prealcoholics) and 5,400,000 alcoholics. Occasional drinkers sipped less than 3,000,000,000 ounces of pure alcohol, whereas the alcoholics gulped almost 14,000,000,000 ounces."*  
—Andrew C. Ivy, M.D., Ph.D., professor of physiology, University of Illinois.



**OUR COVER** Try to call Tom Shipp. Nine times out of ten he will be away helping some unfortunate, visiting the sick, counseling youth, planning church expansion. But wait—he will get to your question, however busy he might be. He simply can't leave anyone out who needs his counsel or help. Little wonder then that his church is overflowing.

*Listen's* cover is a courtesy portrait by Mrs. Edward Deis, 8300 Varsity Plaza, Dallas, Texas.



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# Lifesaving Death

## "I Watched From the Hospital Window" . . .

by Pat Ford  
*Independent Correspondent*

BROOKSVILLE—"I watched from the hospital window as the ambulance pulled up. I saw the small, limp figure under the white sheet.

"I somehow felt sorry there was no one back there with it."

It was December 22, 1960, and Mrs. Earnest Crawford—there helping care for the mother of a long-time friend—watched silently as attendants carried the stretcher into the hospital ambulance door.

Then perhaps this quiet-eyed, forty-four-year-old brunette fell to wondering what her husband would give her when he returned home from

Leesburg later in the same day. As usual, whatever it was would have to serve as a wedding anniversary and Christmas present combined.

After all, Thursday, December 23, would be the twenty-fifth anniversary of her marriage to six-foot, now balding, pleasant-faced Earnest Crawford, a State Road Department lime rock test inspector.

Gradually . . . then slowly sickened with a feeling of desperate dread . . . she heard what the swiftly moving hospital "grapevine" knew. The friend for whose mother she was helping care, Mrs. J. H. Abbott, a kindly woman with gentle eyes, came into the room wearing a stricken, sickened expression of dread.

Later, sitting in the room with her thirteen-year-old daughter Becky's body lying in a nearby casket, Mrs. Crawford unknowingly twisted and shredded a pink paper napkin as, dry-eyed, she said:

"She didn't need to tell me. I knew. Then she went back to the operating room.

"When she came out she didn't need to tell me. I knew that, too."

Her husband was celebrating the evening of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary

crouched on a chair near the foot of the casket.

A few minutes earlier at her nearby home he'd gotten out some color shots of Becky in her first blue formal when the auburn-haired tiny miss had been dressed for a church Teen-Club.

Now she lay silent inside the white, silk-lined casket. Hands folded. Her gown a similar color blue.

At thirteen Becky Crawford had become Hernando County's seventh traffic fatality. Riding her bike with a basket of oranges and a wiggly puppy in front.

Sitting there in the pale-blue-walled front room with the now meaningless small Christmas tree bright with glistening white . . . he'd said from the depth of forgiveness which came quietly from deep within:

"We are all a religious family. I hold no malice toward the man who ran down and killed my daughter with his car."

This might or might not have meant something to sixty-three-year-old Henry G. Swinford in his cell at the county jail where for the present he is charged with driving without a license and with reckless driving.



**This tragic incident** took place a year ago in Brooksville, Florida.

Since that time Becky's death has saved probably many lives. This graphic story, as condensed slightly from Pat Ford's account in the *Saint Petersburg Independent*, has been used by the judge in Brooksville's county court as a lifesaving method. Each convicted drinking driver has to read the story aloud before sentence is pronounced.

William Henson, first participant in the ritual, convicted of drunken driving, faltered halfway through the story as he read.

"My God, Judge," he cried out, "do I have to go on? I've got a twelve-year-old daughter."

"Continue," said the judge.

When he finished reading, Henson's voice was hardly audible.

If it saves even one life by causing drinking drivers to think before they get on the highways, it will have been a complete success, comments the judge.

*Francis A. Soper*



One of the best-known attributes of parrots is their remarkable ability to reproduce sounds they hear about them. Yet they lack the capacity for intelligent appreciation of what these sounds really mean.

This trait is not solely attributable to parrots. It would appear that man often mimics the practice of parrots, judging by the sounds he makes without apparent understanding of what he is saying.

A case in point can be found in the field of alcohol problems. It is not uncommon to hear or to read statements to this effect: "Alcoholism is a disease; however, the cause of alcoholism is not known. Alcohol itself may not be considered as the cause, since alcoholism occurs in a relatively small percentage of users. Therefore, in the absence of any known or identifiable cause, it may be assumed that the causation actually lies within the individual who becomes alcoholic. It is to be presumed that further investigation will reveal certain psychophysical factors which will explain the origin of alcoholism." In the past two decades we have seen an unprecedented expansion of research and treatment programs aimed at alcoholism. Both public and private funds are being employed to mount an offensive against alcoholism in the hope of finding effective means of treatment and



## TOO MANY PARROTS!

prevention. Central in much of this undertaking has been a public-relations program designed to gain acceptance for the idea that alcoholism is a disease. The eminent success of this effort can be seen in the widespread and common usage of the term "disease," as applied to alcoholism, both on the part of professional persons in many disciplines and on the part of the lay public. However, it is disturbing to note how widely this disease concept is accepted without apparent appreciation for what is implicit in its acceptance.

At this point let us confront the question, Is alcoholism a disease? Much controversy, born of prejudice, centers on this basic issue. Therefore, it would seem that the mechanics of arriving at a conclusion are important. For example, in seeking the answer to a basic principle relating to thermonuclear physics, one would not consult a manicurist. Nor indeed to understand the intricacies of radar would one consult a plumber.

Therefore, to resolve the question as to whether or not alcoholism is a disease would suggest an examination of the principles of interpretation employed in the practice of medicine. Blakiston's *New Gould Medical Dictionary*, for example, defines disease as "the failure of the adaptive mechanisms of an organism to counteract adequately the stimuli or stresses to which it is subject, resulting in a disturbance in function or structure of any part, organ, or system of the body."

Within the modern concepts of psychosomatic medicine, one should, therefore, have no difficulty whatever in recognizing in this definition adequate validity and justification for labeling alcoholism as a disease.

The next logical question, then, goes to the point of *causation*, which Blakiston's defines as follows: "The cause of a disease entity is represented by the cause of the basic pathological process in combination with important secondary causative factors."



H. H. Hill



In words of Shakespearean eloquence, "There's the rub!"

This is the point at which many, including researchers, physicians, and psychiatrists, take their departure from the consistent application of established analytical procedures. In fact, here it is that parrotlike mimicry really comes into its own, with the widely repeated concept that "the cause of alcoholism is not known."

The inescapable truth is, to paraphrase this standard definition of the causation of disease, that "the cause of alcoholism is represented by alcohol, which is the cause of the basic pathological condition of chronic intoxication, in combination with important secondary psychophysical causative factors."

If we are to accept the principle that alcoholism is a disease, it should not be too much to expect the application to alcoholism of the basic principles of definition which apply to disease in general.

For example, a perusal of any standard medical dictionary will reveal that in cases where the cause of the "basic pathological process" is known, an expression such as "is caused by" or "due to" is used. Why? Simply because in each instance it has been possible to identify a substance, perhaps a virus or bacillus, the presence of which is essential for that particular disease to occur, and the absence of which positively and unequivocally precludes its occurrence. In other words, only with this substance present can the disease occur, and in its absence it cannot occur. Many examples could be cited.

Is there a parallel in alcoholism? Without alcohol, alcoholism has never been known to occur! Beverage alcohol is the cause of the basic "pathological process" of chronic intoxication, which is alcoholism.

The trouble is, many well-intentioned persons are seeking to make the "important secondary causative factors" the principal cause. But this is done only in the case of alcoholism. For example, the argument is advanced that since not everyone who drinks becomes alcoholic, alcohol cannot be the cause of alcoholism; therefore, the cause must be in the individual. It is often expressed: "Alcoholism does not come in bottles," or, "Alcohol does not cause alcoholism."

Yet no one advances this theory for other recognized diseases. Simply because many persons exposed to the Klebs-Löffler bacillus fail to contract diphtheria the argument is not advanced that, therefore, the "cause" of the disease is not the bacillus, but the individual himself.

Instead, it is recognized that there are varying degrees of immunity, tolerance, and susceptibility which are among the "important secondary causative factors" that sometimes make the difference between the individual who actually contracts a given disease and the one who does not. It is further recognized that levels of immunity, tolerance, and susceptibility change from time to time within a given individual as environmental factors and circumstances of health change.

The truth is that alcoholism, by medical definition, is a disease, but for some reason there is an unwillingness to face forthrightly the implications of recognizing it as the disease which it is. Especially does this appear to be so on the part of those most active in the rehabilitation fields.

Yet, until this is done, and the public is candidly made

aware of the causative role of alcohol, there is little prospect for any substantial relief from the ever-increasing tide of alcoholism which is engulfing millions of our citizens—including some of the best executive, professional, and technical talent our nation is producing.

Before we can hope for relief we must stop our blind mimicry and recognize certain facts. These I should like to present in the form of a series of conclusions, as follows:

1. Alcoholism is a disease. This conclusion, predicated upon the assumption that medical science is competent to determine what constitutes a disease, is arrived at through an appraisal of standard medical definitions.

2. Although alcoholism is widely spoken of as a disease, there exists a widespread reluctance to accept fully and apply the obvious implications of this designation. This is true of many of the most vigorous and enthusiastic proponents of the view that alcoholism is a disease.

3. The unwillingness fully to apply, in the interest of public health and welfare, the implications growing out of the designation of alcoholism as a disease cannot be justified on medical grounds.

4. The failure to approach the treatment and prevention of alcoholism in the same manner as other diseases would appear to involve the following considerations:

a. The personal drinking habits of medical and public-health personnel.

b. The widespread use of alcohol for beverage purposes.

c. The social status accorded drinking practices.

d. Widespread prejudice regarding drinking problems.

e. An inadequate comprehension of the nature and extent of the impact of alcoholism and its collateral problems upon the health, welfare, and economy of the nation.

5. Inasmuch as alcohol is the single identifiable factor, the presence of which is required in order to bring about the development of alcoholism and the absence of which positively and unequivocally precludes its development, it is, therefore, reasonable to conclude, in harmony with customary medical philosophy and procedure, that alcohol is the "cause" of alcoholism.

6. The readily observable public apathy and indifference to alcoholism as a disease (in spite of the fact that its incidence grossly outnumbers other diseases which consistently occasion widespread public concern) undoubtedly is caused, at least in part, by the obvious lack of forthrightness in identifying alcohol as the principal causative factor.

7. The existence of many factors which "contribute" to the onset of alcoholism is generally acknowledged, yet the failure to label so clearly identifiable a cause of disease as alcohol, because of the existence of such contributing factors, is without precedent in modern medicine.

8. In reality it might be said that an "emotional barrier" stands in the way of alcoholism's being dealt with in the same manner as other diseases and its cause identified in accordance with accepted medical practices.

9. It is unlikely that a practical approach to the treatment and prevention of alcoholism and its collateral problems can be effected so long as this "emotional barrier" persists and the real cause of alcoholism is not professionally acknowledged. (Turn to page 30.)



# suicide



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES CONVERSE

michael dorman

**"I'M GOING to kill myself!"** The man's voice crept through the telephone receiver in a hoarse, drunken rasp.

On the other end of the line Harry Warren, Jr., was instantly alert, thoroughly roused from a deep sleep by the 2 a.m. call. But he said nothing. After years of receiving calls from persons who had heard about his fight to prevent suicides, Warren knew that letting his callers talk was a useful technique.

"I have six cigars in my pocket," the man on the phone said. "As soon as I've smoked all of them, I'm going to turn on the gas. There's no reason for me to live."

Finally Warren spoke up. "Look," he said, "you sound as though you've had too much to drink. Don't do anything rash. What's your name, and where are you?" He was cut off by the click of the receiver being hung up at the other end.

But less than an hour later the phone rang again. The same man was calling, this time sounding even more drunk. "I've smoked one, Mr. Warren," he said. "Five to go." The receiver clicked once again.

Harry Warren answered the phone four more times that morning. Each time he spoke a little longer to the man bent on suicide. And with each call he learned more about why this drinking father of two children was determined to take his own life.

The man had been an alcoholic for more than three years. He and his wife had quarreled constantly. But during most of the three years he had been able to support his family. Then he lost his job for reporting to work drunk three days in a row. Now he could find no excuse to remain alive.

After the fifth call, Warren had given up all hope. He used every argument that came to mind, but none seemed to have any effect. Before hanging up the fifth time, the man told Warren, "I don't think I'll ever be speaking to you again, so thanks for trying, anyway."

About six-fifteen Warren's phone rang again. "I just finished the last cigar—so long," the man said.

Before he could hang up, Warren shouted at him: "You have a lot of nerve, trying to commit suicide. What will happen to your children? Even if you don't care about yourself or your wife, give them a break. If you kill yourself, your son and daughter will most likely be put into an institution. The boy probably won't finish school, and the girl may never be married."

(Turn to page 28.)



Harry Warren, Jr., dedicated president of the National Save-a-Life League . . .



. . . with headquarters in New York . . .



. . . goes into action to rescue an attempted suicide.

*What makes a man want to take his own life?*



WHY OAK CLIFF STAYS DRY. THIS SUBURB OF DALLAS IS ONE OF



**No thank you...**  
I'm building for **REAL** success

**No thank you**  
I'm Casting for **Real Pleasure**



America's most prosperous and attractive communities. Vigorous, constructive citizens intend to keep it that way.

Typical billboard designs and float motifs utilized in the Oak Cliff campaign.

**O**AK CLIFF, a part of the city of Dallas, Texas, rolling south below the Trinity River, is in Precinct 7 and has the largest concentration of population in Dallas County—400,000 people, who live in a “dry” area. And every election proves that they are happy!

Why?

Because these people have seen the difference.

Their community is a community of colorful parks, fine schools, and busy churches. Riding through their streets, one cannot help being impressed with the manifestations of life, beauty, work, and play. Their homes range from modest wooden structures to fabulous modern show places.

Porter Crow



**When Oak Cliff voted dry, there were taverns in the buildings pictured here, but they gave way to these constructive businesses now well established:**

In the Kessler, Stevens Park, and Wynnewood areas, estates with hilly terrain, tall trees, running brooks, and stony ledges create a feeling of apartness from a busy world of commerce. Yet here, in this same Oak Cliff, are some of the most prosperous shopping centers in all of Texas. One, for example, created by a leading department store in Dallas, has a picturesque mall, around which attractive shops offer a quiet atmosphere for shopping.

Near this section, Dallas civic leaders, heads of large commercial firms, presidents of banks and businesses, have come to live. In juxtaposition, splendid housing developments of pleasantly designed dwellings are growing in every direction. It is refreshing, therefore, and amazing in many ways, that this great and growing area has voted itself *constructively dry* in *three different elections* over the last *four years*.

How is it possible? you ask. What are the reasons?

A few years ago a description of Oak Cliff would have been vastly different. The crime statistics were staggering, with 15,000 arrests in 1955. Five hundred liquor outlets were spread over the city. And night clubs, hidden dives, and beer parlors were so numerous that an accurate count was impossible.

The insidious and negative influence of these "wet" conditions became more and more obvious with every additional baroque and gaudy outlet and every rowdy and noisy bar.

Then, in 1956, a few laymen, who were shocked at what they saw in their own community, realized these conditions were not conducive to positive family life or a fruitful business. These men, understanding the importance of church leadership in such matters, approached three clergymen of different faiths and expressed their concern, asking in grave earnestness for a meeting of all their people to discuss this serious situation.

In September of that year a meeting was held in one of the larger churches in Oak Cliff. The three ministers, Dr. Wallace Bassett, Dr. Louis Stuckey, and the Rev. Buell Crouch, led out in the genesis of this community project.

At that very first meeting people were standing in the aisles and at the back of the sanctuary, people who had homes in Oak Cliff and who were rearing their children in the shadow of the night clubs, the beer joints, and the pool halls.

At this meeting discussion was extemporaneous and spontaneous from everyone. A second meeting was then arranged to handle specific details.

In the second session, with the advice and co-operation of Dr. Albert Tucker, executive director of TANE (Texas Alcohol Narcotics Education, Inc.), a petition was drawn up and an organization was begun called the Oak Cliff Civic and Moral League.

With the petition certified, an election was called to free Oak Cliff from the immoral force of the liquor traffic.

During the campaign, the "wets" poured huge sums of money into daily papers and special advertising to capture votes for the sale of beer.

The constructive forces appointed the Reverend Crouch as their chairman. Leading pastors and lay citizens were by then actively involved in the movement.

Election night, December 15, 1956, arrived, (Turn to page 32.)

Now country kitchen.



Now office building.



Now Michael's Blouse Shop and Beauty Salon.



Now Brook Mays Music Co.



Now sewing machine shop.



Now Pat's Auto Service.





*Dedicated to curing the modern malady of pooped-out-itis, Jack La Lanne proves that only peppy people are bappy.*

**m**ILLIONS of television sets across the country click on as America's prophet of health and vigor bounces into the center of the screen. Four to five million fans, including plenty of flabby females and at least a million mushy-muscled males, are soon flexing, stretching, bobbing, and trotting as a 170-pound human dynamo known as Jack La Lanne, "the man who helps you feel better, look better and live longer," barks orders:

"Come on now, Mary, Hazel, get those arms going. 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, down we go, up we go. Up on your feet! Limber those face muscles with a smile! 1-2-3-4, stomach in, shoulders back; where's that smile, huh? Come on, Clementine, you're not getting up on those toes.

"Now something for that old seat-itis—that's a very common disease. 1-2-3-4, inha-a-ale, exha-a-ale. Now do this little exercise, and you'll see wonderful results right here in the old front porch."

Jack sits on the edge of a chair, lifting legs alternately, as if riding a bicycle. "Come on, I'll race you, fast, fast, faster!"

After a few peppy minutes of these exercises, many viewers, at least the new ones, may be winded, but not Jack. He's ready for an informal chat with his friends. "Now we're goin' to talk about good health and nutrition," he says.

"The foods you eat today are walkin' around and talkin' tomorrow. Many people think nutrition is for crazy people, with wheat germ in one hand and black-strap molasses in the other, and go to bed at five o'clock, maybe six."

The lecture, of course, varies from day to day. But Jack's message is simple:

"Fat is a killer," he states, and fat comes from eating too much and eating the wrong things, like white sugar, white flour, greasy fried foods. "You don't need a big gooey dessert with 1,000 calories." He says: "Am I bein' a crackpot? Am I bein' a fanatic? I don't think so. It is

these things that cause the shameful waddle of that girl with the pretty face who is now so overweight."

Instead of all the pastries, soft drinks, fattening desserts, and greasy concoctions ("the devil invented the frying pan") Jack recommends fresh fruits and vegetables, whole-grain bread and cereals. "You can't improve on nature," he says.

Often appearing with Jack on his program is his handsome white German shepherd dog, Happy. First, Happy is put through his paces—rolling over, begging, and jumping through a hoop formed by Jack's arms.

"Suppose I should give Happy some coffee for breakfast," says Jack. "Then I'd give him some doughnuts and some cigarettes; at ten o'clock, more coffee, more cigarettes. For dinner he could have French fries, gooey desserts, sugary drinks. Do you know what would happen? Within six weeks Happy would look like a human being!"

"Our world is filled with healthy dogs, well-kept parakeets, and miserable people," La Lanne philosophizes.

Jack's father knew poverty in his youth. When he emigrated from France to the United States, and later married, he resolved there would always be plenty of food on the table for himself and his family. He did the shopping himself, and, knowing nothing of nutrition, loaded his table—and his body—with "foodless foods."

He grew heavier and heavier, and died in his early forties of coronary thrombosis and cirrhosis of the liver. In his early teens Jack himself, full of candy, cakes, and soda pop, was a weak, spindly, pimply "sugarholic."

Then one day when Jack was fourteen, his mother took him to a health lecture by Paul Bragg. Bragg, in his fifties, at the time underscored his teachings with handstands across the stage. This was the turning point that changed the weakling full of aspirins and laxatives into America's leading exponent of health and strength. Putting away the cakes, desserts, and colas, he began to



**HUMAN**





make a science of developing his body. Health became a passion with him. At first he wanted to be a doctor and heal people's aches and pains, but soon he had a better idea: Why not help folks *stay* healthy in the first place?

By the time he was nineteen, Jack had his own gymnasium in Oakland, and has since opened gyms in other cities. During World War II he spent three years in the Navy, helping develop physically fit sailors. After the war he spent a year and a half in Sun Valley, Idaho, helping to rehabilitate wounded Navy veterans.

Some ten years ago he began his first TV program on station KGO-TV in San Francisco. The popular program soon spread to other stations, and now most of the programs originate in Hollywood, and are televised coast to coast in thirty of America's biggest cities.

At first he was skeptical about the value of TV. He thought people might just lounge in overstuffed chairs

and watch him exercise, but he soon discovered that TV was better than gyms. Many people would never exercise in gyms for lack of time, money, or stick-to-itiveness, but almost everyone has TV, and a few minutes a day of the right exercises can work wonders, says Jack.

The program is now one of the most popular daytime shows in America, and one of the most popular at any time of the day where the program is seen. When Jack was first televised in Jacksonville, Florida, the use of TV sets during the day doubled, then trebled.

Is he making converts? Some of his most glamorous fans are Dinah Shore, Bette Davis, Merle Oberon. Jackie Jensen, of the Red Sox, and his wife Zoe Ann, eagerly exercise before their TV at Jack La Lanne time.

Executives in mahogany-paneled offices often have been known to be "in conference" during the half hour when Jack's program comes on. Often the studio crew at KTTV gets into the exercise act, kicking and bending along with Jack.

One of Jack's most important converts was an attractive blonde named Elaine Doyle, who began working for him on the San Francisco TV program. Taking Jack's advice on exercise and diet, she took off a few inches where she didn't want them and put them on where she did want them. Now she is Elaine La Lanne, and a little son, Jon, born last April, has been added to the family.

In Jack's office is an attractive secretary who was taking twelve aspirins a day for the tortures of a back injury. Jack put her on some of his special exercises, and she was soon out bowling again.

Another La Lanne fan is Jack's own mother, who took her pimply kid to that health lecture thirty-odd years ago. Now eighty years "young," she lives on a farm near Santa Rosa, California. Peppy, optimistic, and springy of step at fourscore, she is another walking health ad.

Hundreds of plumbers, telephone repairmen, and gas and electric company representa- (Turn to page 29.)

Interview by Richard H. Utt



# DYNAMO



**FUN THAT IS NOT FUNNY** On a safety island at the city's busiest street intersection a crowd of men opened a case of beer. As they drank, they offered opened cans to pedestrians and to the police officer on duty. Within a few minutes the crowd of shouting drinkers and the curious had tied up a long line of interstate traffic. I saw one truck driver sitting tensely at

a wake of shattered glass, frightened children, and unnerved drivers.

Three days is about the minimum duration of a convention. Some last four to five days. Near the end of a four-day convention in a small Eastern city where noise-making vehicles had been clanging through the streets until four o'clock every morning, you could hear the



his wheel while the celebrators exploded firecrackers around his load of butane gas tanks. The officer only smiled tolerantly.

Why did he not clear the intersection and make arrests? I could not help noticing how many laws were being violated. Why? Because those men were conventioners, and he had apparently been given orders not to arrest them.

Since the growth of large national organizations, conventions have been held frequently in cities of all sizes throughout the country.

Most large cities are having a convention of some kind practically all the time. Anyone who has traveled has seen these unruly crowds turned loose in cities big and small.

It seems evident that the police, although understandably reluctant to admit it, are given orders not to arrest convention guests, who are easily identified by uniforms or chamber of commerce badges.

I have seen intoxicated men driving fire trucks around the streets of a city squirting crowds with the chemical hoses. Others discharged guns and exploded huge firecrackers in crowds of men, women, and children. To their dampened minds it seemed amusing to toss these firecrackers at elderly persons and under baby buggies.

In one large city, crowded with tourist traffic, I saw conventioners driving a comic auto that reared up like a horse. Zigzagging crazily through the streets, they left

almost continuous crying of small children who had been kept awake most of the time for seventy-two hours. On the streets tempers were short.

It was the four days preceding the Fourth of July, and local residents who survived the blitz were in no condition to drive when they left on their vacation trips. Since conventions are often held on or near important holidays, one can assume this revelry must add considerably to the national toll of traffic deaths.

Whatever fine, philanthropic, or patriotic purpose an organization has, its convention, if soaked with liquor, degenerates into a liquor carnival. This seems to be a

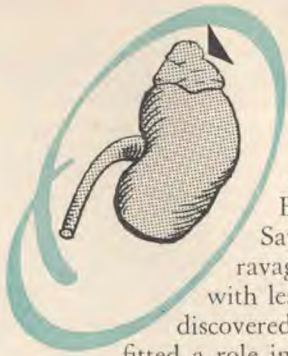
major theme of some parades and public exhibitions. Lurching along in the parades among Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls are intoxicated men drinking from beer cans and liquor flasks and shouting profanity. They bring the bawdy atmosphere of the barroom with them.

In one parade the largest float was a truck piled high with cases of beer. Men sat on the pile drinking copiously from cans of beer and shouting its fame. On each side of the float stood a man with a punched beer can pouring a stream of beer dramatically into the street. To complete the motif, a clown ambled among the marchers squirting the crowd with a water pistol filled with beer. It was supposed to be amusing to see children pucker up or lick their lips after being squirted in the mouth. This was not a commercial parade, and none of the other floats advertised anything.

Chambers of commerce claim (Turn to page 34.)

## convention cutups





IN MARCH 18, 1957, the newspapers across the country carried this headline: "\$40,000 Can't Wean Him From Bowery Bottle." It told the story of Ray Saylor, a forty-two-year-old male of ravaged elegance, but still handsome, with less than \$5 to his name, who was discovered in New York's Bowery. He fitted a role in a movie to be filmed, and was offered a contract, which he politely turned down.

There is a rather burnished phrase used among the people familiar with alcoholics that "an alcoholic either hits the bottom, recognizes his problem, and rehabilitates himself, or he dies." Ray Saylor recognized his problem, and wanted to stay in it. There is little hope for him, and others like him, unless they reverse their way of thinking.

Today, according to statistics, there are more than 5,000,000 alcoholics in this country. Actually, however, there may be about 20,000,000. Why? For the simple reason that many people do not realize that they are alcoholics. There are people who have cancer, but do not know it. There are many people who have heart trouble, but are not aware of it. The same is true of many alcoholics; they are not aware of their problem, or they simply ignore it.

In my own search for sobriety I talked to priests, friends, ministers, doctors, and anyone else who would lend an ear. I was told that Alcoholics Anonymous was the answer. But this in itself was not enough; I continually craved something sweet or starchy. I was proud of my new-found sobriety, but the fight was difficult. Then I met a doctor who gave me the answer to this craving.

"Son," he said, "your adrenal glands have been abused."

"Adrenal glands?"

"Yes," he answered. "I will explain their function, and you will understand your unrest and craving for sweets or the starchy foods."

In effect the doctor said that alcohol is the No. 1 enemy of adrenals. We cannot exist without our adrenals, yet all of us have to live surrounded by excuses and occasions for drinking alcoholic beverages.

Some adrenals can take a beating for a long time. Others can take very little. Thus the risk of becoming an alcoholic varies greatly with the person, but the risk is there for all who drink.

If this is so, you may ask, Can the whole alcoholic problem be approached through the glands? Yes, it can be thus approached quite effectively. But unfortunately it cannot be solved that way. To blame the addiction to alcohol on the adrenal glands will not solve the alcoholic's problem. If it would, the problem of the cure of addiction to alcohol would have been solved twenty years ago, and there would be no problem today. Acute and chronic alcoholism are caused by the nature of the drug alcohol when taken into the human body.

I have been freed, as any alcoholic may be, of my physical craving for drink and sweets by restoration of

strength and chemical balance to my adrenals. But this I do know: If I begin to drink again, I am back on the same rat race. Once again I become an alcoholic with abused adrenals.

Through this I have discovered that realizing the problem of being enslaved by alcohol is the first step toward bringing about a normal balance in my adrenals, brain, liver, and other organs in my body. But the medical care itself is not enough; the emotional support and education obtained through A.A. or other sources are great factors. Emotional support is the warm interest taken in me as a *human being* by my fellow rehabilitated alcoholics. Education is the learning of how alcohol exhausts the adrenals and injures the liver and brain, and produces the dismal effects on thinking, feelings, and the way of doing things. In fact, a complete change in outlook toward myself and my neighbor was the result of education for me.

The theory concerning alcohol and the adrenals may be explained as follows: Our body chemistry has no use for alcohol; it upsets the system, and the body tries to get rid of it. To do so, it must turn that alcohol into water and carbon dioxide. This reaction takes place in the liver, and as long as there is any alcohol present, it continues.

Such a reaction sets off the alert, or the "alarm" reaction, and the adrenal cells give off their stress hormones. The whole system is aroused and thrown out of balance, with glucose leaving the liver and entering the blood stream.

As the blood sugar level increases, the pancreatic gland secretes more insulin to bring it down. But the adrenal glands are still pouring out hormones to keep the level up. One drink of an alcoholic beverage can keep this battle going for hours, depending on the amount of alcohol imbibed. When a person drinks steadily, this battle rages until he collapses from adrenal exhaustion.

If his adrenals are strong, one drink will give him an apparent lift; then the alcohol is oxidized and the adrenal secretion decreases. Afterward he feels more or less normal. Adrenals which have not been abused too much recover fairly quickly.

If a person stops drinking after a party, with no drinks the next morning, his adrenals will recover in a day or two, depending on their strength and the amount of alcohol consumed at the party. But if he keeps them working overtime, his whole system will be out of kilter.

To appreciate the importance of the adrenal glands, one must first know that the human body will die if these glands are removed, destroyed, or completely exhausted. The adrenals secrete chemical substances, or hormones, which regulate the making and distribution of energy in all the cells, and give power to all activities.

This power is required in our emotions and thoughts as well as in all muscular activity. The power comes in part from the energy derived from glucose or blood sugar, which "burns" in the presence of oxygen during every second in every cell in our body.

Glucose is manufactured from every food we eat, especially from starches and sugar. Our body chemistry extracts it also from proteins and (Turn to page 21.)



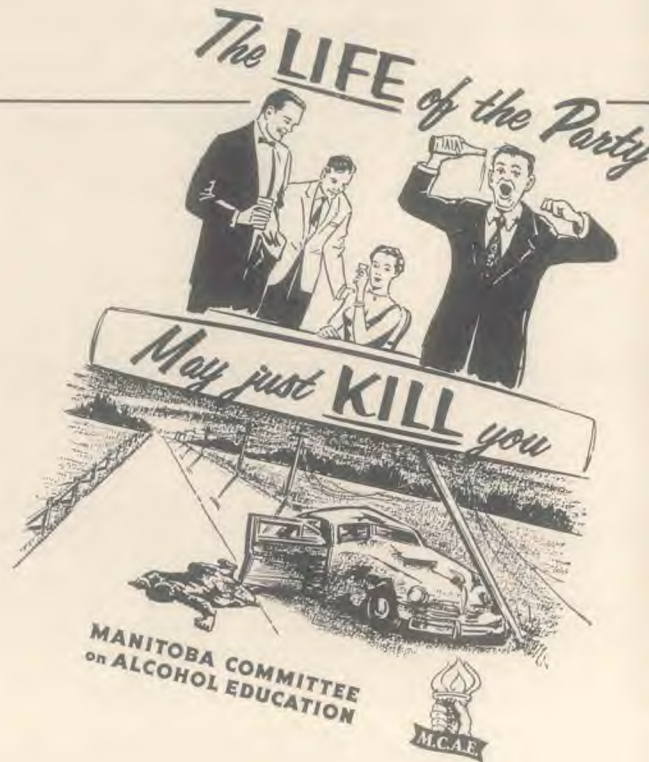
*A new departure in  
specialty advertising*



**JONES HATES CABBAGE!**

Jones doesn't like cabbage. Nobody insists that he eat it. Nobody says, 'Ah, come on, Jones, just a little helping.'  
 Nobody says, 'Ah, come on, Jones, just a little helping.'  
 Smith doesn't like alcohol. But people often insist that he should drink. They say, 'Ah, come on, just a little one,' or, 'If you don't like rye, I think there's some Scotch in the house.'  
 Don't you think that the Smiths deserve the same consideration and respect as the Joneses? If a man chooses not to drink from taste, or principle, isn't it only good manners to respect his choice?  
 One is a matter connected to the public interest by the

**MANITOBA COMMITTEE  
on ALCOHOL EDUCATION**  
 Department of Education, Room 14  
 Legislative Building, Winnipeg 1,  
 Phone W (Hitchell) 6-1122



**MANITOBA COMMITTEE  
on ALCOHOL EDUCATION**



“**J**ONES doesn't like cabbage. Nobody insists that he eat it. Nobody says, 'Ah, come on, Jones, just a little helping.'

“Smith doesn't like alcohol, but people often insist that he should drink. They say, 'Ah, come on, just a little one,' or, 'If you don't like rye, I think there's some Scotch in the house.'

“Don't you think that the Smiths deserve the same consideration and respect as the Joneses? If a man chooses not to drink from taste, or principle, isn't it only good manners to respect his choice?”

The above paragraphs are from one of the most unusual advertisements ever placed in a newspaper. But then, this unique message is the work of an unusual group, the Manitoba Committee on Alcohol Education.

Actually, the surprising point is that this advertisement is no different in principle from any of thirty other ads published by the committee, for each and every one carries the general theme.

As a result of the committee's stressing this much-neglected idea, many more people read their ads than would normally bother. The factual common-sense angle is so clear that one cannot ignore the message.

Other ads placed by the committee deal with such topics as office parties at Christmastime, minors and alcohol, and the economic side of drinking. These ads carry such captions as, "Will You Fail Your Family in the Holidays?" "Parents' Responsibility Toward Drink-

ing by Youth," "Can You Really Afford to Buy Liquor?"

The Manitoba Committee on Alcohol Education was established by the provincial government under the department of education as a means of providing an adult education program through the use of advertising media. It began its work in 1956.

The Enquiry Commission was therefore set up to investigate the drinking habits of the public, their future desires, and the consequences of a possible new liquor policy for the province.

Each year the committee places approximately forty advertisements in the two daily newspapers of Winnipeg, the capital of the province. Winnipeg, incidentally, contains nearly half of the population of the province. In addition, the committee places nearly thirty advertisements in "secondary" newspapers and about twenty ads in rural weekly papers.

As well, the committee sponsors numerous radio and television commercials, and maintains billboards and city bus line cards.

Thus the advertising coverage is such that the committee's message reaches virtually everyone in the province, including those in the far northern areas.

The cost of this advertising program, which amounts to some \$60,000 per year, is borne wholly by the provincial government in the form of a yearly appropriation. With advertising costs rising, the committee would naturally like to increase its budget, but such a move depends com-



## WHY SHOULDN'T MINORS DRINK?



It has been proven that the fast skills and capacities a person has learned are the first ones to disappear from the effects of alcohol. Youth is a time when the capacities of moral restraint, sound judgment and the ability to size up others are developing. Therefore, WHEN A YOUTH DRINKS, moral restraint, sound judgment and the ability to size up others disappear first because THEY ARE MOST RECENTLY LEARNED. These qualities are essential to decent living and youth cannot afford to lose them.

Youth still finds decisions difficult to make . . . and may feel insecure in the presence of strangers and of the other sex. If a young person drinks when faced by these problems, alcohol becomes an escape and there is danger of establishing a pattern that almost certainly leads to alcoholism.

All young people want to appear grown up. All young people want to fit in with "the gang." But to drink for either of these purposes shows immaturity. The best proof of maturity is to make wise decisions—unswayed by "gang pressures" and other false influences.

For all these reasons the law forbids minors to drink.

One in a series presented in the public interest by the

**MANITOBA COMMITTEE on ALCOHOL EDUCATION**

Department of Education, Room 42, Legislative Building, Winnipeg 1.  
Reprints of this advertisement are available on request.



# MANITOBA'S UNIQUE COMMITTEE



IF THIS IS THE BACKGROUND FOR YOUR BUSINESS DEAL

will heads be clear?

will decisions be sound?

One in a series presented in the public interest by the  
**MANITOBA COMMITTEE on ALCOHOL EDUCATION**  
Department of Education, Room 42,  
Legislative Building, Winnipeg 1.



pletely on the government. So far the committee has served a population of some nine hundred thousand people in an area nearly four times the size of New England, at a cost of less than seven cents per person per year. This is an indication that the grant has been judiciously used to provide the greatest possible coverage.

The advertisements placed by the committee vary widely in design and specific purpose. Some are intended for a particular group such as the parents of teen-agers, while others are designed for the public at large.

Several of the committee's advertisements have been aimed at the business world. One of these in particular, presenting a most striking and thoughtful message, is composed of a picture of two men sipping cocktails in a lounge. Surrounding this is the legend: "If this is the background for your business deal," and underneath, two questions: "Will heads be clear?" and, "Will decisions be sound?"

A number of the advertisements deal with symptoms and treatment of alcoholism, and thus are thought of as adult education in the fullest sense of the word. Many others are directly concerned with drinking by minors.

By far the largest group of ads can only be classified as "common sense," for they present situations likely to confront almost anyone at any time. Included among these are the ads which deal with drinking and driving, and holiday drinking. Another "common-sense" ad en-

courages readers, if they do serve alcoholic beverages, to serve soft drinks at the same time and thereby give guests a choice and the opportunity to take nonalcoholic beverages.

What have been the results of the committee's campaign? In the first place there has been a marked decrease in Manitoba in certain social pressures requiring a person to drink. Some attitudes have been changed regarding drinking. Coupled with this has been a general decrease in the number of office parties, in bootlegging, and other related activities.

Much of this change in the public's attitudes has been due to the "Jones doesn't like cabbage" type of advertisement.

Also, as a result of the committee's work, there has been an increase of the public awareness of the dangers inherent in the use of any amount of alcohol. It has proved valuable for youth in this respect, and for parents who do not know how to explain the effects of alcohol to teen-agers. Thus, guidance has been an important service provided by the committee.

What does the future hold for the committee? It hopes to increase the amount of advertising. After all, the whole province is now covered at a low cost, so it should be possible to double that exposure, with new and varied messages, for a total cost of less than \$150,000. It is felt that the committee has served its purpose well. It will continue to do so.

*Samuel W. Corrigan*





Marie Finger Bale

*Not only do women today have responsibility of home and motherhood, but also in many cases career jobs or positions in public life.*

**T**HE life of women has undergone tremendous changes in the past few generations. Changes in educational opportunity have resulted in increasing opportunities for participation in civic and political life, and have affected homemaking and family life as well.

After 1920, women used their new status as voters with a serious deliberateness. They turned their early attention to the problems they thought men had done the least about solving, such as social and economic problems relating to maternity and child care, social welfare, and health. Their interests today have broadened, but women have continued to be conscious of the public interest. Evidence of this lies in the existence of powerful women's organizations devoting themselves to action which rises from a membership broadly representative of women. For example, no male counterpart of the League of Women Voters has come into existence, and there are few counterparts of the various civic sections of other women's organizations.

Furthermore, women have gone out of the home, joining the labor force. What difference does such employment make to women who for centuries found their place in the home? One of the first results is the new place now given to her in the social order, especially if she chooses not to marry. There is no longer the fear of being unwanted, for by her own skill she can provide

# Women in Today's World

In two parts, this "Listen" feature probes the role of women in transforming a culture pattern. Part 2, in the next "Listen," will be "Women in Tomorrow's World."



herself with an income, and can enjoy a reasonably full life without depending on others to provide for her.

The rise in employment among women in the United States shows some startling figures. "Between 1940 and 1950 there were marked increases in the labor force participation rates of married women. . . . White married women living with their husbands had labor force participation rates in 1950 that were 66 per cent higher than they had been in 1940. . . . Whereas earlier events emancipated women so that they could choose between a husband and a career, events during the 1940-50 decade enabled them to aspire to both a home and a job."—Donald J. Bogue, *The Population of the United States*, page 434.

"The fact that one mother in six who had a preschool child, and one mother in three who had an adolescent child, is in the labor force has implications which touch upon family life, child rearing, juvenile delinquency, and other subjects. The exact reasons why more women are working are not known, nor are (Turn to page 30.)

*The large number of mothers in the labor force today has implications which touch on juvenile delinquency and youth problems. This picture of a disgruntled youth leaving home was part of the photographic exhibit at the 1960 White House Conference on Children and Youth.*



## Interview by Francis A. Soper



**In the living room of his rented cottage** sixteen years ago, Tom Shipp began

his first pastorate, preaching his maiden sermon to ten people. Three of them were his own family, and among the others were three alcoholics and their wives.

Today, though his flock numbers more than five thousand at the same church,—the Lovers Lane Methodist Church in Dallas, Texas,—packing themselves into a \$2,000,000 church center, Tom is still renowned for his skill in counseling and reclaiming alcoholics.

This love and labor for the outcasts pays off well for his church. Some 10 per cent of his huge congregation are former alcoholics and their families, constituting one of the most dedicated missionary bands found anywhere.

Tom is ready to answer a call for help any time of day or night, and many calls do come at night, maybe from the city jail, maybe from a troubled home where there is physical violence, or perhaps from a reformed alcoholic who has found that the temptation to drink has again overcome him and in remorse he calls for help.

Though he is not a drinker himself, Tom understands alcoholics better than they understand themselves. He



# TOM SHIPP- COUNSELOR & PASTOR

**1.** Tom catches a rare moment with his family in their modernistic home. A contractor himself during college days, he has directed the construction of his Lovers Lane Methodist Church and has built his own home.

**2.** Preaching from his heart to the hearts of his people, this vigorous pastor leads out in three services every Sunday morning and as many as five on special days such as Easter. People converge on his church from fifty or more miles away to hear his practical and warm sermons.

**3.** Young people benefit greatly from Tom's forthright and perceptive counsel on such questions as religious experience, marriage, career, social activities, and home relationships.

**4.** From coast to coast Tom is in demand as a speaker, before youth groups, business organizations, church gatherings. He averages three meetings a day. Frequently he talks on problems of alcoholism, especially on how to help alcoholics, as he is doing here at the Loma Linda Institute of Scientific Studies dinner session at Riverside, California.

**5.** Twenty-four hours a day Tom can never escape from the telephone, making or receiving upward of a hundred calls a day. When visiting the sick in the hospital, addressing a breakfast club, or counseling an alcoholic, he phones in to his office to receive the latest calls, or returns to find notices of a number of them on his desk. At home his phone frequently brings calls for help at un-earthly hours.







# Tom Shipp --coun

*he says, is either to help a fellow human being sol*



Decisions should be made before a person faces situations. In a baseball game, for instance, when a ball is coming toward you, you can't stop and think what to do. The right course must be automatic. So it is in life; when right decisions are thought out, this makes a trend toward right decisions when the need arises. Every person must make up his own mind as to what is right and what is wrong. The crowd should not make up his mind for him.



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*Here is a little sample  
of some of the suggestions  
Tom might give to point young  
people in the right direction...*



That which destroys, weakens, or tends to tear down cannot be good for any person. Whenever I drink I am less than what I really am. I am less than my best. That which is in me is weakened. To be really happy in life, I simply can't afford this.



A young person should feel at home in a church environment. If a youth gets into trouble, he goes on the defensive and seems comfortable only with others who are in like circumstances. A young person going into a bar begins to feel at ease at a bar. One of the greatest attractions of drinking is the companionship. It would be much better if such a person could feel as much at home in the pastor's study, or in the church.



Our society has glamorized a saying, "Everybody drinks. But this is not true. When a gins drinking, he becomes cov ers who are drinking, too, be guilt and justifies what he loses sight of those who do number of those who do dri world and his complete inter



Sometimes we apologize for the bad things we do not do, the young person who lives right need not be ashamed of it. He need not make any apology to others for living the kind of life he is living. Frequently the person who lives the sorry life is the one who brags most about it. It seems to me that young people need to put their light on a candlestick, not under a bushel, and let other young people know that they are not ashamed of the good life. Of course, living right demands sacrifice, but doing wrong costs much more.

*... or to reclaim tho  
who have slipped.*

keeps a list of some 500 or more he has helped during the years of his pastorate, and he never loses contact with any of them. Not only does he "dry" them up, but he assists them in getting started again in a business or profession. If they have no other place to go, he has on occasion brought them into his own home.

Tom occasionally preaches on the subject of alcohol. Often he preaches on subjects related to building mental and spiritual strength and good health habits to offset the lure of drink. He minces no words when he talks to his congregation on these topics; he simply tells them what drink has done to friends of his, and in the strongest terms and most unmistakable language, yet kindly, he warns them to stay clear of those habits which tend to degrade and destroy. "The only way to beat the liquor problem is not to use the stuff," he emphasizes.

This versatile leader has come up the hard way. At the

age of six he set out on his own. Sleeping in barns and doing the most difficult of jobs on Missouri farms, he met the worst life could throw at him. His early schooling came as he and his brother batched in a hut and hunted and trapped for a living. A civic club became interested in him and bought him a baseball suit. This started his interest in baseball, an interest that took him up the ladder to professional ball and training with the Saint Louis Cardinals team under the famous Branch Rickey. An injury, however, cut short that career and provisionally turned him in the direction of the ministry.

Thousands of people, both young and old, in the intervening years have been thankful for that turn of events, and that Tom's experience of meeting life on its severest terms has prepared him, in Christian love and patience, to help them cope with a wide range of their own problems.



*and pastor--loves people. Whatever he does, whatever  
s problems or to steer him away from trouble.*

time in life doing the easy things.  
becomes a problem. Actually we  
difficult first. Don't be afraid of  
h. Do not curse these stones, for  
each the summit. Very few peo-  
ers, but they may be spilled by  
s mess up your life, not the big  
only one of these things to bring



A man came to buy a tree from a friend of mine. The old timberman said, "I'll not sell this tree that has stood out here by itself all these years." Then he took him to the middle of the forest and pointed to another tree. "I'll sell you this one. It had to grow straight because it has had other trees around it." Young people need to put themselves in a fellowship where they can protect one another and grow strong and develop in the good things of life through mutual encouragement and aid. Every young person must take pains to choose the right group, that will help him, not hurt him.

er problem the average young person faces today is his  
that he is not a part of his home, a part of his world.  
ve given youth the idea that the ideal life is one of  
nothing to do, and as a result they don't know how to  
nd how to participate. It seems that the average adult  
as made the youth a passenger rather than a partner.  
ot until they feel that they are a part of the home and  
community that they will receive the real satisfaction  
- lives.



When you drive a Chevrolet you see only Chevrol-  
ets. When you drink, you are conscious of people  
who drink. When you don't drink, you notice peo-  
ple who don't drink. You are comfortable only  
when doing right. A boy who has his lesson is  
glad to go to class and to see his teacher. If he  
does not have his lesson, he avoids the teacher and  
is critical of her. Doing the most difficult things  
first is the best for strong character development.

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So-called modern night spots do not tend toward anything  
creative or productive. A drinker simply takes no initiative.  
He begins to copy and imitate others. In business a drinker  
is usually not a progressive person. He has no new ideas,  
and a young person who takes up drinking tends in this  
same direction. He slows up and assumes an "I don't care"  
attitude. Youth need to assume moral leadership. A thou-  
sand people can do a thing, still it is not necessarily right.  
Principle alone determines what is right.



you have the right approach, you can win the alcoholic. You must first recognize that  
ou have a rebuilding—not a new building—job to do. Remodeling a building is quite dif-  
ferent from constructing a new building. Before you remodel you find out what walls are  
arrying loads; the same thing is true with life. Before you knock out certain things in a  
fe, before you remove the alcohol, you better see what support it may be giving to the  
erson. Merely to remove alcohol from a person's life may not be the thing that will help  
im the most. The best way to get alcohol out of the life of a person is to replace it with  
omething better. When you give a person a new life, you should stay with him long  
nough for him to find out how to use it and live it, or else he may escape back into his old  
abits. In such a case he may find himself worse off than he was in the first place.





# AS THE WORLD TURNS

## FROM HAWAII *Leona Elliott*

**ALCOHOLISM** is Hawaii's fourth largest health problem. Its victims number five times as many as those of cancer and tuberculosis together, according to Dr. Frank Glaser, medical director of the alcoholism clinic conducted by the state department of health.

Hawaii has between 10,000 and 12,000 alcoholics. Counting their families and employers, at least 50,000 persons are affected—a dire problem of community significance!

The clinic, established in 1955, provides services to about sixty patients per month. "I'd say," comments Dr. Glaser, "that about 20 per cent who come to the clinic in sincerity



are greatly helped. We are making inroads into a difficult field."

When an alcoholic visits the clinic for the first time, he is given a physical examination to see if he has any serious physical diseases. If he needs hospitalization but is unable to pay for it, he is given free care in the wards of general hospitals without commitment procedures, unless longer treatment at the state hospital is indicated.

Often the clinic inherits the patient's entire family with all its problems, financial and otherwise. The clinic also assists the patient in obtaining welfare and other assistance whenever necessary. But at present there is no "halfway house" where the patients can stay until they obtain work and get back on their feet.

Dr. Glaser's first concern, after the patient's physical con-

dition is checked, is to get his nutrition up to par. The patient is given vitamins, tranquilizers, and nonbarbiturate sleeping pills, if necessary. The antialcoholic drugs, or "chemical fences," that make the patient violently ill if he takes a drink are proving handy for more difficult cases.

"If we can gradually enlighten the public through our educational programs," Glaser says, "it will probably take two generations to assess their effectiveness. Secondary school curricula should include courses dealing with the problems of narcotics, alcohol, and nicotine addiction."



*Dr. Frank Glaser makes hospital arrangements for waiting alcoholic patient. This is one facet of the Alcoholism Clinic work in Hawaii, unique among facilities in all other states.*

### ALCOHOLISM—DIFFERENT FROM USUAL CONCEPT OF DISEASE

*"In my opinion, a person is an alcoholic when living interferes with his drinking, and vice versa. Alcoholism is a public-health problem. It is a chronic condition that should have effective prevention and treatment, but it cannot be solved by the usual doctor-patient relationship. Such is economically unfeasible. The alcoholic could not afford the cost, and the doctors could not afford the time it takes to treat alcoholics."*

—John Martelon,  
executive director of  
the Hawaii Committee  
on Alcoholism.





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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

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*This report from Hawaii shows the futility of present efforts to deal with the alcohol problem merely by rehabilitation methods.*

*Note that Hawaii has nearly 12,000 alcoholics. The state clinic has a potential of about sixty patients a month, with 20 per cent, or twelve patients, being really benefited, according to Dr. Glaser. A small beginning indeed on the back log of 12,000 potential patients!*

*This observation is not to detract from the sincere efforts being put forth to cure alcoholics. Also, we recognize that there are undoubtedly other centers in Hawaii to help alcoholics, such as A.A. chapters, Salvation Army missions, et cetera.*

*Still the need is glaringly present for greater emphasis to be put on preventive measures that will be effective in permanently solving the problem. Rehabilitation simply can't keep up with the rate of production of alcoholics, let alone taking care of the present backlog.*

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## FROM HONG KONG *Geoffrey Murray*

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*Hong Kong's children often suffer from malnutrition and neglect when their parents attempt to escape the misery of refugee life by heroin smoking.*

**H**ELPED by substantial grants from churches around the world, the Christian Welfare and Relief Council of this island colony has opened its anti-drug-addiction settlement, the only venture of its kind in the world, so far as is known.

Devised by the churches, the experiment has the support of Hong Kong's government and the prison department.

The use of heroin is so common among the colony's swarming refugees that it is estimated that 100,000 people have acquired the habit. Tai Lam Chung prison is now filled with 700 men undergoing sentences of from two months to a year and a half for illegal possession of drugs.

The heroin habit leads to a craving for which everything is sacrificed—family welfare, physical health, and honesty. Although the treatment is comparatively simple, it is another story when the man is released and goes back to the hardships and emptiness of a refugee's life in Hong Kong. All too often it means a return to unemployment, a miserable existence in an overcrowded shack of wood and cardboard, and no hope of ever being better off.

So he steals to get the heroin that will deaden him to his sufferings, and once more finds himself in jail.

It is to break this vicious circle that the Christian Welfare and Relief Council, a general body of twenty-four Protestant churches which receives funds from the World Council of Churches and Church World Service, opened its anti-drug-addiction settlement in March of 1961.

The government provided the site on rough hill land in the New Territories, and sixty drug addicts from Tai Lam Chung prison in the neighborhood supplied the necessary labor force to build the first four houses.

This is the pilot project. As it succeeds, the Council plans to open a second settlement for several hundred families, and gradually expand facilities to help cope with some of the pitiful conditions which provide fertile ground for the growth of addiction.

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## ALCOHOL AND ADRENALS

*(Continued from page 13)*

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even to a small extent from fats. This manufacturing is constant; the regulating hormones of the adrenal cortex help maintain this balance.

When the glucose blood level tends to get too high, the hormone insulin is secreted in the blood by the pancreas, and brings the glucose level down. When it gets too low, other hormones call glucose out of storage from the liver and raise it again.

What does alcohol have to do with all this? To repeat, there is a chemical factory in the cortex of the adrenal glands. It produces hormones in response to any alarm or stress situation, such as is brought on by ingesting the drug alcohol into the system. These hormones alert the whole body to deal with the stress. This situation stimulates the pituitary gland at the base of the brain, which secretes a hormone (ACTH), and it in turn starts the adrenal cortex to producing its cellular energy-regulating hormones on an emergency basis.

Once one has become addicted to alcohol, the adrenals, then, may be one reason for the continuance of chronic alcoholism and the craving for drink. But the condition is more than physical; it involves the whole person, the body, the emotions, the mind, and a person's environment, the life at home, business, and parties.

The alcoholic can find help, but he must have a firm desire to do something about his problem first. If he, like so many drinkers, feels that he has no particular drinking problem, then he is beyond the reach of help.

I and many others like me have lost our craving for sweets. We eat a high protein and vitamin diet with much fruit and vegetables, and maintain an optimistic outlook on life. Thus, our battle for sobriety has been eased.

We know that one drink will upset our adrenal gland balance and recall our old feelings of misery. If we take only one drink, we lose all we gained and are back on the alcoholic cycle again. Total abstinence is the only cure for alcoholism, and the only certain way to prevent it.



# great DEATH author's

Hoyt McAfee



Ernest Hemingway attends a party shortly before he takes his own life. This is the last known picture taken of the famed author before his death.

During the last ten years of Ernest Hemingway's life the celebrated author drank in response to a compulsive urge. He came to regard liquor as a crutch, a palliative for his frustrations, and a form of escape from reality.

On six separate occasions respected medical men warned the bearded novelist to give up his habit.

"Better give up drinking altogether, Ernest. Your nervous system, blood pressure, and liver won't take much more punishment. The danger signals are unmistakable. We entreat you to be sensible and exercise restraint."

One Miami specialist, who admired Hemingway for his extraordinary talent, used these exact words in appealing to the author. He examined Hemingway shortly after the latter's close brush with death in an African plane crash, a mishap which inflicted serious physical injury upon the danger-loving author.

Hemingway was known to heed and carry out the advice of his doctors for ten days or so at a stretch. But usually he would lapse back into his harmful patterns of steady drinking until late afternoon and, on oft-repeated occasions, until his bedtime. He would make lighthearted remarks to friends and visitors that the medics were trying to "scare" him and take "all the fun" out of his life. Regrettably enough, Hemingway harbored the misconception that drinking is a sign of masculinity.

Yet, as medical men often pointed out to him, most of his frustrations and troubles stemmed directly from his addiction to drinking. When he went off on a hunting or fishing trip, or was covering a

"**d**O YOU know that Eugene O'Neill, author of this play, is a terrible drunkard?" a theatergoer asked her escort one evening as they were entering the theater. When the young man exclaimed, "No!" she went on to say, "Yes, and not only does he drink to excess, but he takes drugs, too."

Having eavesdropped on this two-way conversation, Playwright O'Neill interrupted, "Excuse me, miss, you are wrong there. I do not take drugs."

In this way, and showing his horror of such a thing, O'Neill summed up his whole pattern of living. He admitted by his silence on the subject that he did drink to excess. It is true that he gave up drinking, at least for some periods of time; but even after middle age he had bouts with the bottle.

Tragedy seems to be the only word that sums up the life of dramatist Eugene O'Neill. And his plays echo the "Black Irish curse" that he felt was his lot in life. In spite of his tragic personal life, however, he received a Nobel prize and four Pulitzer prizes for his somber dramas.

He was haunted by many specters, many illusions. For one, he blamed himself for his mother's addiction to morphine, which she began to use at his birth to ease the pain.

But it is really a question as to how serious her addiction was. In 1912, when the main drugs used were morphine and cocaine, she may have depended on patent medicines. Her husband, James, is reported to have spent thousands of dollars sending his wife to sanatoriums for cures.

Father O'Neill, a touring actor, who continued to play the leading role in *Monte Cristo*, drank every night after the performance, and had to be carried to his room. From him the boys learned to drink, for it is said that he gave them sips of whisky to quiet them when they were mere babies. Such is the influence under which the boys grew, traveling from one town to another, and from one hotel to another. Home influence is indeed powerful for molding youth!

Also, the older brother Jamie became an alcoholic, another calamity that followed the O'Neills. Jealous of his younger brother Eugene

and his talent for writing, Jamie tried to drown his troubles in alcohol. He longed to be a newspaperman, but his father wanted him to be an actor, although the young man hated the stage. When his father died, both the young O'Neills went on a bender, a tradition with some of the Irish when there is a death in the family.

When the mother died, Jamie accompanied her body from Los Angeles to New York, but on the way went off the wagon, and got roaring drunk. Jamie tried to explain his actions thus:

"When mamma died, I'd been on the wagon for nearly two years. Not even a glass of beer. Honestly. And I know I would have stayed on. For her sake. She had no one but me. The old man was dead. My brother had married—had a kid—had his own life to live. She'd lost him. She had only me to attend to things for her and take care of her."

An alcoholic and suffering from arteriosclerosis, Jamie died at the early age of forty-five in a sanitarium near Paterson, New Jersey. Thus tragedy struck again.

After he became a young man, Eugene spent hours in a Greenwich Village barroom commonly called the Hell Hole. It is said that this place became his headquarters for one long year of continuous drinking. And this pattern of drinking he followed throughout his life.

With the well-publicized reputation of being a drinker, the playwright never tried to work when he was drinking. He would cease drinking suddenly, and return to his work, writing day and night furiously to finish some act or scene. A critic of the New York stage, George Jean Nathan, made the statement that Eugene "was as proficient at drinking cocktails as he was at concocting dramas."

Describing his own reactions, O'Neill writes: "The artist drinks, when he drinks at all, for relaxation, forgetfulness, excitement, for any purpose except his art. You've got to have all your critical and creative faculties about you when you're working. I never try to write a line when I'm not strictly on the wagon. I don't think anything worth reading was ever written by anyone who was drunk



war, he usually followed this routine: an hour or two of work in the early morning. Sometimes, when he felt his "juices were up," as he phrased it, he would write till noontime. Then, no matter how insistent or near his deadline was, he would knock off for the rest of the day, and pursue his pastime of drinking in his own home, in a hotel room, at a favorite bar, or at some club with his friends.

One medical specialist, who deeply admired Hemingway's mastery of the written word, said about a year ago: "Ernie has rare gifts as a novelist. I know of no one who has so profoundly influenced our generation of writers. His top-flight awards, the Pulitzer and Nobel prizes, speak for themselves.

"Despite his unique talents and achievements, I deplore his grievous weakness—his insatiable craving for liquor, gin, and daiquiris. Think of his wasted hours, hours spent in a befuddled state! Think of how much more Ernie could achieve, or the influence he could wield or the inspiration he could instill, if he would abstain from his ruinous drinking."

These remarks, uttered by a man who held Hemingway in esteem, flashed through my mind the July morning I heard of his death, his tragic end coming through a self-inflicted wound in his home at Ketchum, Idaho. His death was precipitated, according to medical evidence, by nervous ailments, high blood pressure, and other disorders caused by his long addiction to drink.

At the moment I received word of Hemingway's death, I recalled vividly the instances I had talked with the rugged author. At the time of our first meetings he was doing a special assignment during World War II for a United States intelligence service.

Shortly before he left Havana, I paid Ernest a two-hour visit at his favorite "hide-out," the Floridita Bar. My purpose was to sound him out on who was his choice as the world's best bullfighter.

He named Matador Antonio Ordonez as his candidate for the No. 1 honor—Ordonez, the fiery twenty-seven-year-old Spaniard. Quietly I assured Hemingway that Carlos Arruzza was my choice for the top spot. That led to a spirited, yet friendly, debate.

When I met Hemingway a second time at Havana's Floridita Bar, he hastened to get "well lubricated"—as he phrased it. When I ordered a ginger ale, Hemingway was taken aback. Holding up his daiquiri, he urged: "Come on, lad, have one of these. You don't know what you're missing."

I replied, "Yes, I do know what I'm missing. I'm missing ulcers and a hang-over come tomorrow morning." Hemingway, somewhat mollified, commented that I was a "rarity in the profession—a reporter who doesn't drink."

Although Hemingway and I disagreed on drinking, and on who is the world's best bullfighter, I found him stimulating and considerate. He stated his views vigorously, but he didn't try to force them on me. I am sure that my speaking up frankly prompted him to stretch out our talk.

By that time his steady consumption of liquor had taken effect and he no longer spoke with the clarity and conviction characteristic of his sober moments. I came away thinking that I liked the ruggedness and directness of this man. Even more, I sincerely admired his masterful command of the English language.

What a pity, then, I concluded, that he feels impelled to make drinking a daily ritual in his life. That was my last impression of Ernest Hemingway when he returned from a tour of Central America not long before his death.

Ernest was indeed a great writer. But who knows how much more inspiration he could have left behind if he had not been impeded by a self-destructive habit.

## NOTES FROM HISTORY

or even half drunk when he wrote it. This is not morality. It's physiology. Dope I know nothing about, but I suspect even De Quincey was boasting what a devil he was!"—Barrett H. Clark, *Eugene O'Neill—The Man and His Plays*, pages 60, 61.

His father sent him to Princeton to obtain an education, but there he engaged in heavy drinking with his classmates. When he threw a beer bottle through Woodrow Wilson's dormer window, he was expelled from college after attending only a year. He was never to return to school again.

When he was twenty-one, having married a New York girl, Kathleen, he became the father of Eugene Gladstone O'Neill, Jr. But Gene's father, not approving of this marriage, sent him off to Honduras on a gold-mining expedition before he could see his son.

Upon his return he visited his wife's apartment when she was out, held his baby in his arms, and cried. Then he went to a room, took an overdose of Veronal, and prepared to die. But he was rescued from this suicide attempt by friends.

Soon he was divorced from Kathleen, who received the custody of the son. He did not see the child again until Eugene, Jr., was eleven years old.

This first-born son became a teacher, critic, lecturer, and finally TV personality, and seemed to be the only one of the O'Neills who would make a success of life. But as a panelist on "Author Meets the Critics," a TV program, he showed up (Turn to page 25.)

## eugene o'neill

Sue Ellen Baker



-victim  
and writer  
of  
tragedy





# The Halls —HOLLYWOOD NONCONFORMISTS

a Will Rogers truism, "You don't have to be in *Who's Who* to know what's what" suits to a T two of the best professional photographers in Hollywood—Theda and Emerson Hall.

The young couple have worked closely together as a team in carving out a highly successful career in the California film capital, where happy marriages are as scarce as four-leaf clovers, to say nothing of the countless failures in such speculative ventures as photography.

Theda, a delightfully prepossessing blonde, flashes a smile as she tells how she and her broad-shouldered husband married while he was a second lieutenant turning out training films for the Army in World War II. After his release from the service, Theda and Emerson decided to pool their talents and re-establish a photo business that had been closed soon after Pearl Harbor.

As a former fashion model herself, Theda had the knack of knowing the rudiments of good photographic composition, but she coupled with this her costume-designing ability to create original costumes for their models, everything from hats to bathing suits. When time permitted, she even wove her own fabrics on a hand loom. Such a fresh approach to photography

FREDRIK W. EDWARDY

**AS PARTNERS** *in business as well as in marriage, we see eye to eye on matters that make for success in both. Whether it's working in the studio, at home, or roving some far outpost of the world in search of a new film adventure, we enjoy every moment spent together.*

*In our social life, too—whether it's entertaining or being entertained—we feel the same about liquor: we do not drink. Both of us came from broken homes, which were dissolved by liquor and divorce. This fact alone has made an indelible impression upon us. Seeing what havoc liquor has made and is still making of other lives provides incentive enough for us without trying to make a further moral issue of it.*

*Neither of us drinks or smokes, because we prefer it that way. We make no apology for the fact. It's our philosophy for getting the most out of life. We had rather spend the money we save seeing the world.*

*On rare occasions we find ourselves at a cocktail party or other event where liquor is served. When asked, "What'll you have?" we simply say, "Nothing, thank you." We can see no point in wandering around the room holding even a glass of ginger ale if it's just an attempt to conform to the crowd. Our friends take us as we are. And, incidentally, we feel our drinking friends really must love us if they accept an invitation to our home, knowing we have no bar!*

Signed,

*Emerson Hall  
Theda Hall*





**Theda and Emerson Hall, on their world tours, take a flying jaunt north of the Arctic Circle,**



**pick up on the African veld two 75-pound ivory tusks for their trophy room,**



**and go on an exciting tiger hunt in India.**

brought the best-paying customers pounding on their studio door.

For nearly ten years they spent about sixteen hours a day at their new studio home or at those of the Hollywood stars, where they took cover shots for motion picture magazines and other leading slick publications. Known as "The Gold-dust Twins" because they dressed alike in smartly tailored sport suits made by Theda herself, their work brought handsome photo fees. Theda and Emerson were riding high on the crest of the wave.

But that was when a close friend of the Halls—also a photographer—died unexpectedly from overwork. The shock brought them up short for a close look at their own careers.

Realizing that they could be heading in the same direction as their friend at the pace they were going, they made an abrupt decision: they would cut their work load in half. From that day they have turned down all orders for black-and-white photography and have devoted themselves exclusively to color.

Since then they have discovered the secret of combining business with pleasure as well as the neat trick of combining business with profit. Taking a fling at world travel, Theda

and Emerson began a search for adventure in far-off corners, and took along a movie camera to capture colorful travelogues.

Each year since 1953, their itineraries have included trips to Europe, Scandinavia, Africa, India, Japan, Australia, Fiji, or even the Arctic wastes in northern Alaska. In 1960 they traveled twice around the world on trips which included two tiger hunts in India and an elephant hunt in East Africa. Another flying jaunt around the globe came in the fall of 1961.

Not only have they brought back with them films that rival those of the major Hollywood studios, but a visit to their home reveals a fascinating cross section of souvenirs from many countries that would make even the late William Randolph Hearst envious.

All about them in their tastefully modern home are mementos of their travels: gleaming Venetian glass fish from Italy, jeweled ivory elephants, an extraordinarily minutely carved ivory chess set from India, stylized Danish sculptures of birds and animals, and other treasures *ad infinitum*.

Emerson is as much a perfectionist as is Theda in his personal habits of living and working—whether it's hunting or filming a big-game safari in Africa or training their pet parakeet to "say his prayers."

"We believe our secret of happiness," Theda adds, "is in not only doing what we like but in liking what we do. Emerson and I work well together, and although as his companion I wouldn't trade places with the average housewife for anything, I still enjoy what extra time I have for home-making responsibilities.

"I think the reason so many marriages fail is that the wife is so busy trying to make a good husband that she doesn't have time to make a good wife."

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## EUGENE O'NEILL

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*(Continued from page 23)*

drunk one day for a scheduled appearance, and ruined his career. For a few years afterward he tried to lecture in small colleges, but did not attain the success he craved.

Then the specter of evil appeared again. In September, 1950, he killed himself by cutting his wrists and ankles and submerging himself in a tub of warm water, one Roman way to die of which he was familiar. A state policeman found a note under an empty whisky bottle in the bathroom reading: "Never let it be said of an O'Neill that he failed to empty a bottle. *Ave atque vale.*" Thus ended the life of a talented young man only forty years of age.

The second marriage of Eugene O'Neill, Sr., to Agnes Boulton Burton, a widow with a small daughter, brought some happiness to them both. To this union was born Shane Rudraige, named after a famous warrior and earl, Shane O'Neill, who lived in Ireland during the 1500's; and then later came Oona, a daughter. But these children never had a real father, for soon Eugene left them to divorce their mother.

His third wife, Carlotta Monterey, he met while he and his family were vacationing in Maine. She had starred in his play *The Hairy Ape*, and was the same age as he, thirty-eight. Leaving his family without assuming any responsibility for their support or education, he went off with Carlotta to Europe and obtained his divorce in Paris. The two remained in Europe for two years.

Shane, his youngest son, feeling insecure and lost, as did his father in his youth, gradually became a heavy drinker. But soon, gravitating to Greenwich Village, he began to use marijuana and benzedrine. He married an Irish girl similar to himself. Then another catastrophe (Turn to page 28.)



**WHAT DOES A FELLOW DO WHEN THE GIRL HE IS GOING TO MARRY SPENDS NEW YEAR'S EVE WITH A RETURNED SOLDIER?**

What's in a name? Can a fellow be grateful for having a name like Bill Smith? Well, that's my name, and I am. I'm grateful, too, to a fellow I knew only as Dizzy. As I said, my name is Bill Smith. I live in the village of Granberry, only a little place, but nicely situated. Cottages cling to both sides of our steep, fir- and pine-clad canyon. Most are owned by people who, like dad, a lawyer, commute to work in Denton.

I grew up in Granberry. After high school I went to work at the general grocery on a permanent basis where I had previously worked weekends and summers. Mr. Wilson and his wife implied that I would take over when he retired. I was happy, content.

I might have gone along on my untroubled path if it hadn't been for the war. I was six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds, and was as healthy as a horse. I tried to go, but the services didn't want a fellow who is practically helpless without a pair of thick, horn-rimmed glasses.

I accepted the fact, but somehow after that the little grocery didn't seem quite the finest thing in the world. Then, too, when you become interested in a girl, as I had in Janet Valne, the teacher in our elementary school, you like to seem heroic. And it is pretty hard to convince even yourself that dishing out groceries is a job for a hero. Then, with help hard to get and Mr. Wilson easing off, gradually preparing me to take over, I was putting in some long hours at the store. Finally I got to stopping at the nearby club for a quick pick-me-up. For a short time the tiredness and discontent were gone. Everything was fine again—for a while.

Near the end of October, on a particularly hard day at the store, I had been thinking all day of Janet's writing to a soldier overseas. She didn't know him, just a name from a friend. I thought of it, too, when I stopped at the club. I took one drink, and felt much better. I took another, talked awhile. But the drinks had worn off by the time I got home, and I was feeling lower than ever, as I always did after the liquor wore off.

"Well, Bill," mother said, "dad and I have been waiting dinner on you."

Looking at her, at the table, and at dad at his place, I snarled, "Who wants to come home to the grub you dish out?"

Stunned, she went out of the room and I sat down at the table and began shoveling food onto my plate. Finally I got up the nerve to look at dad.

"I don't know why I did it," I mumbled.

He looked squarely at me. A small, rather roly-poly man, dad looked awfully big to me then, awfully accusing.

"Don't you?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"You've been drinking."

"Just a couple of pick-me-ups at the club," I protested.

"Dizzy no doubt started with less," he said.

Like many little villages, ours had a town drunk, who was called Dizzy. As long as I could remember, he had been weaving up our sidewalks or lying drunk in our alleys. It wasn't fair to compare me with him, because I had taken only two small drinks.

Finally I went to the bedroom where my mother was, told her how sorry I was, and got her to come out and eat. I even helped her with the dishes later. Then I remembered I had a date with Janet, but by this time it was too late. I called

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES CONVERSE

# death at midnight





and apologized to Janet. She was a little cool, but she told me I could come over. We walked down by the river, admiring the bare trees and the silver of the water in the moonlight. I was happy. She was so aristocratic-looking, with her firm chin, gray eyes, and ash-blond hair.

As we returned along the river trail, here came Dizzy, drunk as usual, swaying like a four-master in a gale, every moment seeming about to fall. Amused, I turned to Janet.

"Isn't that disgusting!" she breathed, turning away as though she were actually ill. I bade her good night just as Harve Workman, our earnest little constable, came hurrying along to catch Dizzy's arm. Harve guided him toward his cabin down by the bridge. Remembering Janet's look on seeing Dizzy, I was thankful I hadn't told her the real reason I forgot our date.

After that Janet and I met every night. And although I had to fight myself from going into the club, I stopped drinking. That is, I stopped until the night Janet took four of her older pupils to Denton to attend a travel lecture. And I would have been all right then if it hadn't been for Hal and Rita.

Hal is a fast-talking, flashy fellow I went to school with, and when he came through town, he always looked me up. His new wife Rita was the same type. Of course, we had to go to the club for a chat—and a drink.

At least I can say I tried, but Rita kept urging me, teasing me, until she finally got me to drink part of one of her drinks.

After that, I don't know how much I drank. Neither do I recall how I got home, but I remember Harve Workman, our little constable, helping me across the street after I almost staggered in front of a car.

The next day I was half sick and thoroughly ashamed. I rang Janet and told her I wouldn't be able to see her that night. But it took several days of calling up and being told she was too busy to see me to make me realize she didn't want to see me. Finally I told her I was coming over, and hung up before she could reply.

Janet was sitting on the couch when I walked in, a partially wrapped Christmas package on the table in front of her.

"Well!" she snapped, her mouth and eyes angry.

"Janet," I said, "I told you I'd be over."

She didn't answer. I finally sat down beside her, picked up the package she had been wrapping. It was a shaving kit.

"Sending this to the soldier you write to?" I asked. "Kind of late, isn't it?"

"He's coming back to the States."

I cleared my throat. "Well, let's get it wrapped. Here's some nice-looking paper."

I laid the paper out, started wrapping the package, talking about how to do it. Finally I turned. Dropping the package I begged her to tell me what was wrong. Finally she did. It had been her car I had nearly staggered into when I started home drunk that night. One of her pupils had thought I was Dizzy.

I told her everything, and promised never to drink again. Then I told her I loved her and asked her to marry me. Surprisingly, she said Yes.

I had never been so happy. We decided to go to dinner in Denton on New Year's Eve to announce our engagement.

But fate struck on New Year's Eve when she rang about seven. The soldier she had been writing to was in Denton. She had promised him a date whenever he came back.

I argued, but she had promised. However, she was asking my permission. He had been overseas. But, if I wouldn't let her—what could I do?

I do not need to describe spending New Year's Eve alone,

while the girl I was going to marry was out with some other fellow. I tried to read. I turned on the radio. There were people at the club. What harm if I went there awhile if I didn't drink? What's wrong with jumping in the ocean if you don't get wet? In two hours I was as drunk and noisy as the rest. By midnight, when all the horns were blowing, I could hardly stand. It was then that I felt someone tugging at my shoulder. It was our earnest little constable Harve Workman looking more worried than ever. He wanted me to help him. He thought Dizzy was dead.

With the bitter cold clearing some of the fog from my brain, we walked to the bridge and looked down. Dizzy was lying on the ice.

Harve and I slid down the snowy riverbank. We found Dizzy dead and partly frozen. A pitiful sight, he was lying there with his thin face turned up to the star-filled sky. I was shocked when we started carrying him, for he was just a shell. It was as though he had been all eaten out inside.

"Too bad," Harve said, when we laid him on the floor of the jail. "Too bad." He put Dizzy's cheap ring and bottle opener in an envelope on his desk. "He was a big, fine-looking man. He once owned the Balance Ranch, and had as good a herd of cattle as there was in the state. He drank a little when he came to town, but never much until he lost a lot of cattle to disease. Then he began coming to town oftener."

Harve sealed the envelope. "Pretty soon he was drunk in town more than he was at the ranch. Then he lost it. Finally he couldn't even hold a job on somebody else's ranch. He was going to marry the schoolteacher, who lived in the old schoolhouse down by the bridge, but she married somebody else."

I shook my head. "Some people just can't take liquor," I said.

Harve took out his pen and wrote on the envelope—William Smith.

"Hey," I said, "why are you putting my name on the envelope?"

Harve peered at me. "That's Dizzy's name—Bill Smith."

"But it's my name," I cried.

"And the name of ten thousand other fellows, too," Harve reminded me.

Well, I've never had anything hit me quite so hard. Dizzy! Bill Smith! My name! Drink! Going to marry the schoolteacher! Now this!

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## Jack W. Hankins

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"Say," Harve said, peering at me, "you sick? Need a drink?"

"No," I cried. "No, I don't need a drink." Then, with the poor fellow staring at me as though I were crazy, I crashed past him and, with tears streaming down my cheeks, I ran home.

Now do you see why I'm grateful to Dizzy, to Bill Smith? Since that morning I've never taken a drink, nor have I wanted to. Just the thought of the stuff makes me think of Dizzy.

Now it won't be long before Smith General Grocery is paid for. Sometimes, with Janet and our young Bill, I take a walk to look at our place on the hillside. And do I feel pride and happiness! But, despite our happiness, Janet and I never forget that other Bill Smith's grave on Decoration Day. It is as though a part of me died young and is buried there, instead of growing old as it did in Dizzy. Can a fellow be grateful for having a name like Bill Smith? I am.



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**EUGENE O'NEILL**

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(Continued from page 25)

struck the O'Neill family, for Shane's first child suffocated while he was sleeping in a crib in a small apartment in Greenwich Village.

In 1948 Shane was arrested by the Federal authorities in New York City for possession of heroin. Since no one could raise the \$500 bail, he was sent to the Federal Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, for four months to "shake the habit." Even today, after having been hospitalized for his addiction, he makes headlines because of some escapade, and his addiction as a specter haunted his father until his death.

Oona, the youngest child, a beautiful Irish girl, fell in love with Charlie Chaplin, the comedian, who was fifty-four, three times as old as she. Her father, disapproving of her marriage, never corresponded with her afterward. Her husband was accused of subversive activities against the United States, and fled with his family to Europe, where they now live. She soon became a British subject, renouncing her United States citizenship.

The year after Oona's marriage the elder Eugene had a stroke, and never really recovered from it.

Upton Sinclair, the well-known writer, in his book *Cup of Fury*, sums up the life of Eugene O'Neill, Sr., thus:

"O'Neill lived a life of incredible tragedy. He once attempted suicide; he was twice divorced; his daughter Oona was estranged from him; a son committed suicide; his younger son had to be treated for narcotics addiction. He became a victim of Parkinson's, a dreadful disease which combines palsy and rigidity; and although science was finding new drugs while O'Neill lived—drugs which for most victims offered at least some relief and help—he did not respond to any."—Page 173.

When he married Carlotta, Eugene was attempting to find the love and security he lacked in his childhood and youth. She mothered him and took over all his affairs. He wrote much from then on, and became wealthy from the royalty on his plays. When he died he left everything to her, not providing anything for his son and daughter who were still living.

A mother who was a narcotics addict, a father and a brother who were alcoholics, one son who committed suicide, another son who was a slave to heroin, a daughter who was never close to her father or hardly knew him, two wives who were married again but were the mothers of his children, the last wife, who inherited all his fortune—these are

the ones who were the closest to Eugene O'Neill. But he seemed unable really to love these people, his own family. He never fully forgot himself and his shyness. He probably could see his own mother reflected in his younger son, and that may be the reason he did not provide anything for him or his family.

But the most tragic result of the life of Eugene O'Neill is the fact that he mirrored his family in his plays, portraying their worst faults and evil habits graphically for the world to see. Too many of his dramas were autobiographical or biographical, and reflected his somber and pessimistic thinking.

Even the titles of his plays show the curse that had blighted his life: "The Iceman Cometh," "Long Day's Journey Into Night," "Mourning Becomes Electra," "Thirst," "Fog," "The Sniper," "The Rope," "Where the Cross Is Made," "The Great God Brown," "Strange Interlude," "Days Without End," "A Moon for the Misbegotten."

Of him it was said by his brother James: "Gene learned sin more easily than other people. I made it easy for him."

Lacking in religious training, parental discipline, and love, haunted and tormented by his shyness, Eugene O'Neill gave to the world what he had learned of life—tragedy, disaster, calamity, evil—the only things he knew. How then could he write comedy? Tragedy was his life, and tragedy brought him death.

The truth of the scripture that "the iniquity of the fathers" is visited "upon the children unto the third and fourth generations" is indeed seen vividly in the life of Eugene O'Neill, playwright.

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**SUICIDE**

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(Continued from page 7)

Miraculously, Warren's tirade worked. The alcoholic agreed to postpone his suicide attempt at least until he had talked to Warren in person. After a short chat the next day in Warren's New York office, the father was convinced that he had much reason to live.

Eventually, with the help of the National Save-a-Life League, of which Warren is president, he was cured of his alcoholism and built a fruitful life for himself and his family.

The league estimates that every year it stops 1,000 persons, many of them alcoholics, from destroying themselves. Out of more than 50,000 cases handled by the league since it was founded in 1906, follow-ups show that all but a score of the prospective suicides were averted.

How many of these cases involved

alcoholics is not known. "But alcoholism certainly entered into many of them," Warren says. "And some of these were among our most difficult cases to handle."

"Drinking is usually a stopgap for a depressed person. When it progresses, and the alcoholic has trouble in stopping drinking or fears that he can't stop, he may often try to kill himself. Sometimes an alcoholic will make a comeback, and stop drinking for a while. But then he may slip back into drinking, frequently because of some unexpected setback like the death of a loved one or loss of his job. It is then that he may consider suicide. Often he will drink extremely heavily in order to get up enough nerve to try to kill himself."

The relationship of alcoholism to suicide is one that has long fascinated students of the subject. The National Council on Alcoholism says: "Compulsive drinking rarely causes suicide, but it often stirs up latent suicidal tendencies. Also, alcoholics tend to stage dramatic suicide attempts, and there is always the danger that these will succeed."

Dr. Eli Robins, psychiatrist of the Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis, observes: "Get the manic-depressive and alcoholic suicides in time and you will cut down the United States suicide rate by 7,500 a year."

The most recent figures available on suicides show that in 1958, 18,490 persons killed themselves in the United States. This makes suicide the tenth-ranking cause of death.

Dr. Carleton Simon, noted criminologist, says that alcoholism is a precipitating or accelerating factor in many cases.

Although alcoholics have been among the most difficult for the Save-a-Life League, Warren feels his organization can dissuade such people from killing themselves if only it can reach them in time. "We try to take care of the immediate problem that has driven the person to drinking and contemplating suicide. Often it is only a temporary money problem or lack of a job that has put the person on the verge of self-destruction. We have had cases where our contribution of a \$5 bill has prevented a suicide."

The Save-a-Life League is a nonprofit, nonsectarian agency which operates on a surprisingly small budget of about \$50,000 a year. It is financed entirely by contributions from the public. It has five full-time employees at its office at 505 Fifth Avenue, Manhattan, and also gets help from part-time representatives in thirty-five cities across the country.



The league was created in 1906 as a result of a shocking experience that befell Warren's father, the Rev. Harry Warren, Sr., then a young Methodist minister who conducted church services in Manhattan hotel lobbies on Sunday mornings. One Sunday in the old Fifth Avenue Hotel the Rev. Warren learned that a young woman guest had swallowed poison after trying in vain to reach a minister. He rushed to Bellevue Hospital, where the unconscious young woman had been taken.

When she regained consciousness, she sobbed out to the young minister a story of being jilted by her sweetheart and coming to New York from her small home town to kill herself. "I wish I could have talked to you," she gasped. "I don't think I'd have done it then." With those words, she died.

Harry Warren, Jr., who is not a minister, started working with the league in 1925 and was elected president in 1940. Now fifty-nine, Warren is a heavy-set, mustachioed man who talks calmly and reassuringly.

The league still uses the same principles developed half a century ago by its founder. Red tape is dispensed with. The practical aspects of each case—money, a job, professional care—are arranged as swiftly as possible.

In an effort to reach people it can help, the league uses literature, radio, and word-of-mouth advertising. Many potential suicides are referred by clergymen, doctors, and relief agencies.

A curious thing about those who are contemplating suicide is that, while they hesitate to discuss their problems with those close to them, they will often tell all to a stranger. About fifty or sixty applicants for help simply walk into the league's Manhattan office each month without even calling in advance.

Warren holds with the theory that almost everyone, at some time or another, contemplates suicide. "But I feel that, in his innermost soul, no one really wants to die," he says. As a case in point, he recalls an incident in which a man called the league to say that one of his friends—an alcoholic—was about to shoot himself. A woman employee of the league hurried to the alcoholic's apartment. She burst into the room and found him holding a gun to his temple. She shouted an order. Instantly, the would-be suicide dropped the pistol. Strangely enough, the woman had screamed: "Stop—or I'll shoot!"

The league's files are crammed with cases in which the organization has provided a new will to live.

To persons with alcohol problems who are contemplating suicide, Warren gives this advice: "Don't draw off by

## WHY? LEE SOMERS

"Smart" today has two meanings: the first, "intelligent, brainy;" the second, "clever, sophisticated, knowing and doing the right thing." The meanings are not so different.

The American Cancer Society, according to "Science News Letter," studied a questionnaire on smoking habits obtained from 43,068 persons. The questionnaire showed: Doctors, lawyers, clergymen, teachers, farmers, dentists, and veterinarians smoked less than the average of the general population.

The lowest percentage of current regular male cigarette smokers was found in the college graduate group, whereas men who had not graduated from high school constituted the highest percentage of regular cigarette smokers.

It looks as though educated "smart" people do not find smoking very smart. Why buy an expensive, unwholesome, and rather obnoxious habit, anyway?

yourself. Keep your family and church contacts. Work up a faith in yourself. It's a thing that can't be done overnight, so keep at it. And remember this: You are important to God. No matter how insignificant your life may seem, it is unique in this world. Each one has a function to perform in life. It is only for us to find this function through prayer and faith. Having found it, we can no longer seek death."

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### HUMAN DYNAMO

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*(Continued from page 11)*

tives have been made to wait at the door while the woman of the house finishes "working on the back porch." Undoubtedly Jack gets his biggest "kick" out of helping thousands of ordinary people in all parts of the country to a more healthy, happy life. He receives a thousand letters a day from fans.

Jack's measurements are phenomenal: chest, 48; waist, 28; hips, 35; biceps, 18; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 170 pounds. In his forties somewhere, Jack is cagey about his exact age. Why should he announce this when he expects to be still exercising when he's one hundred?

To dramatize how healthful living can keep one young and peppy, Jack has celebrated some of his birthdays performing superman stunts. Once he did 1,033 push-ups in a half hour on the program, "You Asked for It." Another time he swam handcuffed from Alcatraz Island to Fisherman's Wharf. Another year he skimmed a paddleboard thirty miles through the Pacific Ocean from the Farallon Islands to San Francisco, and still another time swam across the Golden Gate towing a 2,500-pound

cabin cruiser. The one-mile distance turned out to be six and a half miles because of the tidal currents and choppy water. He has contemplated swimming underwater from the mainland to Catalina Island. "If Jack La Lanne felt any better he'd explode," a popular magazine said of him recently.

What does Jack think of alcohol and tobacco? "I have never smoked," he says. Some of the reasons he gives are that smoking irritates sinuses, desensitizes taste buds, and may adversely affect skin texture, eyes, gums, and heart. Having never used tobacco, he cannot speak from personal experience, but he believes that tobacco cuts energy, vitality, and endurance.

"Your body is not made of these things," he says. "You don't put sand in a gas tank, do you? If you treated your dog that way, somebody'd call the humane society to come and put you in jail."

He knows plenty about the social pressure put on young people to smoke. "Because I did systematic exercises, didn't smoke, and refused sirupy soft drinks, I was considered a crackpot," he recalls of his high school days. In the high school yearbook they cartooned Jack running for a touchdown with a bunch of carrots under his arm.

One of his objections to drinking alcoholic beverages is that they help create fat, and fat is La Lanne's archenemy. La Lanne is a golfer, and he knows about the "19th hole" and the "70-odd calories per drink which undo all of the good done out in the open."

"We're being brainwashed all the time," he says. "The TV and the radio tell us, 'Drink this whisky, smoke that cigarette.' You never see an ad telling



kids to eat a fresh apple. Who's going to tell them to do things right?"

Fortunately, Jack is free to say what he wants on TV because he is his own sponsor. Currently he pays more than a million dollars a year for station time, and he pays for it by selling Jack La Lanne's bread, protein concentrate, and vitamin capsules, as well as a 900-calorie controlled diet that "tastes just like a milk shake," "Glamour Stretchers," and "Trim Suits."

The Glamour Stretcher is a large, strong rubber band with loops at both ends, which can be used in more than 100 types of exercises devised by Jack. The first year the stretchers were offered for sale 200,000 were sold.

Jack is also author of several books, including *The Jack La Lanne Way to Better Health*, and *Foods for Glamour*, both published by Prentiss Hall. Someday he hopes to write a book on how healthful living can improve one's game of golf.

The La Lanne crusade for better health forges ahead, adding new TV stations regularly. Jack hopes to get started soon with a new evening program so that more men can start exercising with him.

"Most men," he says, "are active in sports until they leave school. Then they get into a job, and they let their bodies go to seed. It's criminal. I'm going to do everything I can to stop it." Another plan in the offing is to go international. Jacks wants to spread his gospel of good living to England, Australia, and other lands.

He also intends to do everything in his power to toughen up America's youth. Recently community leaders in Lynwood, California, invited him to take a thousand youngsters in the public schools, put them through the La Lanne conditioning exercises for sixty days, then test the difference.

Jack is convinced that the human body is the most wonderful thing God created. He is convinced that flabby people suffering from "pooped-out-itis" are miserable, and that trim, peppy people are happy.

Such is Jack's zeal in spreading the news about good health that people compare him with Billy Graham. Jack explains, "Billy Graham is dedicated to helping people to the hereafter; I'm dedicated to helping them in the here-now."

Those who know Jack best, say that he believes 1,000 per cent in what he is doing.

And a growing number of bobbing, flexing fans will tell you there's nothing like the La Lanne way of life to put the vigor and fun back into living.

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## TOO MANY PARROTS

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(Continued from page 6)

10. If alcoholism is a disease, and therefore a legitimate public-health problem, it is the duty of medical personnel and public-health officials to undertake its treatment and prevention in the same manner as other acknowledged health problems. Also, they should clearly identify the principal factor occasioning its occurrence and continuance. There is little reason to hope that alcoholism can be prevented or its incidence reduced so long as the general public remains uninformed as to the causative role of alcohol.

It is hoped that this decade will not only witness a continued emphasis on the fine research and rehabilitation efforts which characterized the past two decades, but that a more realistic and appropriate professional viewpoint will emerge regarding the role of alcohol in the etiology of alcoholism.

Such would not only arouse new hope that the incidence of alcoholism might actually be reduced, but would bring an end to an unfortunate and bewildering perversion of accustomed medical philosophy and procedure. After all, blind mimicry is better restricted to parrots; it does not become men of medicine and science.

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## WOMEN IN TODAY'S WORLD

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(Continued from page 16)

the desirable and undesirable effects that their work has upon the home known. These are sociological topics upon which more research is needed."—*Ibid.*, p. 438.

It gives one concern for reflection when the superintendent of education at the Ohio State Penitentiary, Dr. C. M. Senn, writes: "The chief source of juvenile delinquency is in the home. We need to control delinquency in the high chair rather than in the electric chair." He is not alone in his conclusion.

A great deal has been written about the effects of the entrance of women into the business and professional world. In his study *Women and Work in America*, Robert W. Smuts reports:

"It is commonly asserted, for instance, that the employment of mothers is largely responsible for the reported increases in juvenile delinquency. While not going this far, many psychiatrists, social workers, and church leaders maintain that the emotional development of children is endangered when mothers spend time at work rather than at home. Abram Kardiner, for instance,

has written that 'children reared on a spare-time basis will show the effects of such care in the distortions of character that inevitably result. Motherhood is a full-time job.' . . .

"By taking a new place in the economy, women have helped to transform the face of America during the first half of the twentieth century. It would be foolhardy to predict the pattern of developments in the years ahead. One may be certain, however, that the rapidly increasing employment of wives and mothers since the outbreak of World War II will leave a deep imprint on every side of American life during the second half of the century."—Pages 152-155.

Women have been accepted in the labor force, not only in areas of work for which they are particularly adapted, but in other areas over which men alone previously had access. Caroline Haslett writes: "The personal experience of women who have worked on terms of equality with men in positions which have hitherto been the exclusive domain of the male sex has, for the most part, been happy. Surprised interest rather than personal antagonism seems to be the reaction evoked. . . . Women have been offered a lower level of remuneration than men for performing the same work."—*Problems Have No Sex*, pages 7-9.

Is this new experience in the labor force actually changing women? There was a British boy who was reproached by his father for being beaten in his class by a mere girl, to which the young boy replied, "You know, father, I don't think girls are so very 'mere' nowadays."

What is the role women are playing in the present drinking pattern of our culture? The enormous social changes in today's world have brought new freedoms undreamed of a century ago. In the past most women achieved a status because they were the wife of a man with a status. One author puts it this way, and raises an important question: "A woman has always had to be guaranteed, for without some family background she was suspect, but now she needs a guarantee much less, for it is frequently her work that explains her. . . . The social gain is clear, and at times it is very impressive, but if there is a loss, where is it—is the price high—and who pays it?"—Florida Scott-Maxwell, *Women and Sometimes Men*, page 12.

With her changed role in the social order, a new freedom came to woman, even the freedom to drink with men as well as with women. Traditionally, men were privileged characters who





## YOUTH ASKS.. THE DOCTOR ANSWERS

R. W. SPALDING, M.D.

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

### *What is the best method for stopping smoking?*

Let me ask, "Do you really want to quit?" If you do, here are my suggestions:

1. Take a cigarette out of its usual pocket and talk to it thus (you must really mean it!): "You are my enemy. You think you have me under your control. I'll show you."
2. Part company then and there.
3. Prove your control by announcing to your friends that you have challenged the cigarette to a fight to the finish.
4. Invite your friends to a ringside seat.
5. Your friends will cheer you on; your enemies will try to help the cigarette to win.
6. Prepare yourself by going into training: *a.* Increase your lung capacity by taking ten deep respirations in fresh air on rising each morning. *b.* Drink one to two glasses of water following deep breathing. One glass of lemonade or fruit juice is a must. Repeat; use lemonade or water to lessen the desire for smoking. *c.* Increase your physical exercises progressively day by day. Keep as active physically as possible. *d.* Exercise your will power freely, and also your "won't-smoke" power. Exercise makes them stronger! *e.* Eat two or three kinds of fruit, preferably fresh and unsweetened, for breakfast. Fruit

should have a big place in your diet. *f.* Add cooked whole-grain cereal, cream, toast, one egg. A good breakfast is a courage builder. *g.* Brush teeth well and rinse mouth with: (1) Upjohn Company Oral Pentacresol solution, one part to three parts water, or (2) a .75 per cent silver nitrate solution, after each meal. *h.* Eliminate pepper, mustard, hot sauces, and all alcoholic beverages, including beer and wine. *i.* Report your success to your friends, so that they will continue to encourage you. *j.* Make friends with nonsmokers. *k.* Team up with another former smoker who is as determined to win his fight against smoking. *l.* Remember—One cigarette puts you back in the ring on the floor with a K.O. against you! *m.* Keep all the training rules that a good trainer would insist on your following: a balance of physical and mental activity, and physical and mental rest. I would add another—regular spiritual activity and rest to give life a purpose.

7. You must know why you want to quit. Keep this purpose ever in mind.

If you recognize God as the source of life and that you have been given life so that you might give happiness to others, then you will find power for living through prayer and a desire to make life worth living for others. Thus, you can win the fight and be a man for having done so.

were allowed to drink within the tribe. Women, children, and servants were forbidden to drink, or were allowed small amounts of a beverage containing a little alcohol. "Through the centuries, our society has clung to the ideal of a woman as a symbol of dignity and strength in the home, and a stabilizing force in the world; and she is expected to live up to the ideal. This has given rise to the double standard by which society is more tolerant of a

lapse in conduct on the part of a man than of a woman."—Raymond G. McCarthy, *Teen-Agers and Alcohol*, page 160.

It is, therefore, astounding to realize that among more than 5,000,000 alcoholics today, two out of every eleven are women. The incidence of drinking among women is increasing, as is the incidence of alcoholism. In the United States one advertising company found that most of the beer purchasers were

women. The client of this advertising agency redesigned its beer bottle to appeal to the aesthetic sensibilities of women.

In the February, 1960, *Spirits*, we read: "In 1959, women literally entered the picture in liquor advertising. Today, they have a growing voice in the choice of the type and brand of the drink, especially in the role of hostess."

Most people find alcoholism in women a more disturbing phenomenon than alcoholism among men. Drunken women are never pictured as a subject at whom people laugh.

What has caused the mid-twentieth-century American women so to change the pattern of feminine behavior in regard to the alcohol problem?

Lisansky says: "Pressures have piled up, produced by changes in the role and status of women. The swiftness of such change, the vagueness of new standards, the strains of competing in what used to be men's work, and the conflicts of opposite and mutually exclusive goals, have produced most of the changes."—Edith S. Lisansky, "The Woman Alcoholic," in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, May, 1947, page 73.

Women are accepting a transfer from the saloon to the home for drinking parties. A report from one research organization comments thus: "In less than a decade, the business of the nation's taverns has slumped from 65 per cent to 35 per cent of the total alcoholic beverage sales, an almost complete reversal."—American Business Men's Research Foundation, *What's New About Alcohol and Us?* page 15.

"Where the saloon was once the center of American drinking, the home is now dominant. Americans buy 70 per cent of their liquor in package stores . . . and only 30 per cent in taverns, restaurants, clubs and hotels. . . .

"Beer is often sold 'in the package' for consumption in taverns, but since 77 per cent of all beer is now packaged as opposed to the old beer barrel method of sale—it is probable that over half is consumed in the home."—*Ibid.*, p. 34.

"Only 2.4 per cent of women drinkers do most of their drinking in taverns, whereas 14.1 per cent of men drinkers drink mostly in taverns."—*Ibid.*, p. 15.

In an endeavor to make taverns more homelike, often the husband-and-wife name is being used for its name, such as "Joe and Mary's Place," and "Sam and Susie's." I have observed that in all instances the man's name appears, so I doubt that there will be much transformation in the cultural pattern of those saloons!





A. D. Hartmark, **PSYCHODYNAMICS OF ALCOHOLISM**, Minneapolis: Citizens' Commission on Alcoholism, Inc., 1960. \$3.00

Divided into a series of ten lessons, this 128-page volume is intended primarily for the alcoholic and those dealing directly with him. In reviewing the symptoms of alcoholism and the effects of drinking on the physical, mental, and emotional phases of life, it covers the same ground already covered many times.

Unique in this little book (which obviously needed closer editing and better proofreading) is its emphasis on the relationship of diet to alcoholism, with the need for a balanced intake of natural, unrefined foods in order to reduce the appetite for alcoholic drinks. This is a good emphasis, and one sorely needed.

The author points out, too, that spiritual rebirth is necessary to lasting sobriety, that it takes "the whole man" to achieve a cure for the alcoholic.

Albert D. Ullman, **TO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE**, New York: St. Martin's Press, 1960. \$4.75.

To one versed in current literature on the alcohol problem, this book offers nothing at all that is essentially new.

As the reader turns the pages, he discerns the tiresome repetition of the platitudes which have done nothing to remove the specter of alcoholism from the American scene, but have only served to lull drinkers into a sense of false security. Many such drinkers awaken when it is too late, and find themselves included among the 250,000 forlorn and disillusioned new alcoholics being made each year.

The author takes pains to poke fun at anyone holding the "error" that alcohol may cause alcoholism. He holds that the true issue of alcoholism is in this way lost, but evidently cannot face the fact that if the issue of "alcohol" were dealt with squarely, there would be no problem of alcoholism to be bothered with.

William McCord and Joan McCord, **ORIGINS OF ALCOHOLISM**, Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1960. \$4.75.

This monograph is an attempt through statistical comparisons to suggest that the "predisposition" to alcoholism is established early in life, through the person's "intimate experiences within his family."

The reader feels that the author is indeed correct in concluding, even after all the investigations involved, that such a theory merely is "speculative," and that the author is away out in left field in virtually resigning himself to the morose and depressing conclusion that alcoholism may be "an inevitable part of our society," "one of the unfortunate prices our society has to pay for the virtues of the 'American way of life.'"

J. A. Buckwalter, **MERCHANTS OF MISERY**, Washington, D.C., Narcotics Education, Inc., 1961.

This book (reviewed in *Listen*, January-March, 1957) has been revised and reprinted, with a more attractive and colorful binding.

In a day when there is a great scarcity of literature on the narcotics question, this factual, nonemotional volume is especially valuable. The data have been brought up to date, and show the latest trends toward narcotics addiction in recent months.

The author, a former editor of *Listen*, bases much of his material on extensive interviews with addicts and their personal stories.

Emphasis throughout the book is placed on prevention rather than on cure or rehabilitation. All the addicting narcotics as well as their effects are discussed. Included, also, are sections on smuggling, the synthetic drugs, the UN Narcotics Commission, and the prevalence of the problem, particularly among American youth.

The last chapter, "Youth's Right to Know," restresses the need for inform-

ing school-age youth about dangerous drugs and the harm they can cause.

In the Foreword Dr. Andrew C. Ivy states the reason for prevention clearly and well:

"Adequate education will help prevent our children from falling prey to the seductive methods of these 'merchants of misery.' You, as a parent or teacher, must know the truth so that you can inform your children. You, as a voter, must know the truth so that you can demand law enforcement. With the facts Mr. Buckwalter has provided in this volume, you can create in the minds of boys and girls a defense against the temptation to play with drugs. You can build a deep moral conviction against the practice of all vice."

## OAK CLIFF STAYS DRY

(Continued from page 9)

with tenseness on both sides. As the radio reports of the returns came in, there was an early report by an announcer to the effect that "we are seeing a slight trend in this election toward making Oak Cliff dry."

This statement was amusing to the constructive forces, for the implication was that this trend was only temporary and would soon spend itself. Instead, however, the "trend" gathered momentum, and the election was won going away, with 15,403 votes for the "wets" and 17,123 "dry" votes against the legal sale of beer.

This was a great victory for the citizens of Oak Cliff. But there was no time for those who were interested in bettering their community to sit down and be complacent. The laws of Texas define six differences in the sale of liquors, all of which are heavily weighted in favor of the alcohol operators, and the issue can be changed with one stroke. This fact was well grasped by the "wets," who knew in Oak Cliff what they would do for an immediate second election.

At this point the question might be asked, "How can an election be called?"

The first step must be taken by ten qualified voters in an area. These citizens must hand a signed application for a certain type of election to the city clerk. The clerk is required by law to secure and issue to them petitions in whatever number they request.

Then, this group must secure signatures of qualified voters equal to 25 per cent of the total number of votes cast in the last governor's race. Once the signatures are received, if there are no counteractions to delay, then an election must be dated and the campaign period begins.



The "wet" forces called a second election for the legal sale of beer "for off-premise consumption only." The date was set for August 14, 1957.

This time, the pressures from liquor interests were even more extensive, through businessmen on employees and through newspapers on organizations. "You'll lose your job; you'll lose money," were oft-repeated remarks.

Facts gathered over the intervening months since the first election, however, were on the side of the "dry," creative forces. Crime in Oak Cliff was down 40 per cent. Building construction was up. Attractive markets and restaurants replaced the "dives" and "joints."

Nevertheless, the "wet" campaign was of monstrous proportions. It is reported that the "wets" spent more than \$200,000 to take this second election. They had airplanes in the sky with streamers waving phrases like, "Bring Back the Suds." They used loud-speakers from trucks and large display ads in the big newspapers.

By election night, however, the people of Oak Cliff had let themselves be heard. In six months the constructive forces had picked up an additional 7,000 votes; for the final count showed that the "wets" had been defeated 16,968 to 24,306.

So strong was this showing that the liquor people waited for three and a half years before they thought they could overcome it. When business began to slacken a little across the country, and the recession was beginning to show some effect locally, then the "wets" made their move. They decided it was time to bring back "all forms of liquor."

They had the election called for December 16, 1960, employed an attorney to manage a strong campaign, and sought financial support for their efforts. They were convinced that a return of all forms of intoxicating beverages to the huge Oak Cliff market could bring them big returns.

The constructive citizens asked Dr. Stuckey to return from retirement to manage another campaign. Again time was on the side of the "drys." It had shown to most of the people of Oak Cliff the difference in their community. Their businesses had grown tremendously.

One of the most prosperous and long-established stores in Dallas had transferred to their part of town. Thousands of people had moved into the peaceful and suburban streets of their thriving area. The people who had voted "wet" before now went to the polls and voted "dry"!

In the third and last election the

"wets" lost by nearly 10,000 votes. Oak Cliff people were delighted. They knew their community was unique in America, and they intended to keep it that way.

Now, then, if you have wished your community were like Oak Cliff, you probably want to know what you can do to create a positive change where you live.

Well, the reports and records of constructive work in this area show three factors that are necessary for success. Those factors are *leadership, organization, and action.*

Using these words as guides, the procedure—as patterned after the Oak Cliff campaigns—can be described in this manner:

First of all, a nucleus, a group of citizens, must be aware of the *need* for a constructive climate in the community. This nucleus must recognize all the advantages of an atmosphere without night clubs and liquor stores.

Once this need is crystallized, these citizens must then seek out the guidance, counsel, and leadership of key people of the community. The key people, it appears from this study, are the clergymen and the most active laymen and women of the churches. Without their help a movement will lack form and substance. These leaders must be courageous and daring.

In Oak Cliff the constructive forces had such leadership. Ask the citizens who were active in the campaign work, and certain names will be heard again and again: Dr. Bassett, Dr. Stuckey, and the Reverend Crouch—Pastors H. B. Warnick, Jeff Pritchard, Noel Bryant, Robert Neilson, and many others.

Once the leadership has had an election called, step No. 2 follows: organization.

Committees must be assigned for such specific duties as secretarial work, election lists, mailing, contributions, and programing of speakers and events. Captains of these committees are necessary. A church basement or large room should be prepared for a headquarters.

The first work is to obtain lists of all the registered voters and cut these lists into small segments with the captains in charge of each segment of ten to a dozen names. Each captain must visit or call every name on his list and poll the attitude of the voter. "How do you stand in the coming election?" is a good survey question. Energetic church women make excellent captains for this activity.

These polls are then tabulated for people who are on the side of a "dry" community.

In Oak Cliff the captains found that *seven out of ten* of those surveyed would vote "dry" if gotten to the polls.

Financial help is needed immediately to support the high costs of a campaign. Church groups understand this need. The Oak Cliff people received contributions from other churches as well as their own, and sympathetic assistance from such Dallas leaders as Drs. Marshal Steele and W. A. Criswell.

Once the organization is moving with enough manpower and financial help, step No. 3 is already being taken: action.

From the men who know and the organizations which are familiar with constructive facts, information must be gathered and made ready to disseminate.

TANE helped Oak Cliff with this factor especially. TANE prepared pamphlets, brochures, charts, and pictures to be used effectively in the campaign to educate people toward the importance of a community without the influence of liquor, beer, and wine.

Then this information is taken to the voters, to move them to act positively. Once a constructive group knows it has the voting power, the only problem is simply to get the people to the polls! But the message must be constantly kept before the citizenry.

In Oak Cliff the constructive forces used their own newspaper to stimulate action. It was called the *Bugle*. This small but effective paper was published during each campaign and was distributed by Boy Scouts and Sunday school classes.

Articles dealing with the differences in a clean community and a "wet" community were printed. The advantages of a creative home over a drunken one, and the differences between the degradation of liquor and the uplifting influence of abstinence, were forcefully presented through story, cartoon, and picture.

In this same paper advertisements were run requesting help for transportation to the polls, establishing volunteer drivers and car pools.

Radio and television are important, too.

In Oak Cliff the leaders arranged for a thirty-minute discussion program on TV the night before the election. This program has set a high standard for effectiveness. A housewife, a high school boy, a high school girl, a businessman, and four preachers formed a forum to clarify ideas, to ask questions, and persuasively to express the constructive information.

To be a success, such a program must always be rehearsed. The Oak Cliff



group practiced their program on a tape recorder, and then had the program itself videotaped for presentation. This program accomplished its purpose in getting the people to the polls.

Attention-getting car bumper stickers proclaiming, "For the sake of my family, I'll vote DRY," were also effective.

One valuable device resulted from a campaign conflict in Oak Cliff. When the brewery and distillery people refused to meet the constructive forces for a *real* debate, Dr. Bassett accepted a *mock* debate before a huge audience of citizens representing both sides of the issue. Dr. Bassett debated "Mr. Wetty."

Statements were read from the "wet" material, and Dr. Bassett gave the constructive rebuttal and asked for statements from the crowd if anyone wished to make additional remarks. This "debate" developed into a most outstanding method for moving the people to action.

Another method of interest in Oak Cliff's campaign was a "Youth Parade." Young people made floats and decorated cars for a show-stopping demonstration down the main street of town. One of the most ingenious parts of the parade was a wrecked car with two or three young people playing the roles of dead and injured. The tragic picture of the results of drunken driving was highlighted by catchup "blood" on the "bodies." The tableau is still recalled by many people in Oak Cliff.

These techniques represent the kind of action which will get across the message of a constructively "dry" community.

It is obvious that the success which Oak Cliff has enjoyed is an excellent example for other groups to follow. You can do as they did! You can find the leadership. You can form an organization. And you can act!

Once the job is done, keep the people awake. Be ready for any possible election which might be filed by the "wet" operators.

Then, when the creative climate of constructive living is established in your

community, you may well hear a conversation like this, which was reported in Oak Cliff:

A "wet" leader, when asked if he would try to get another election called, answered, "No. I think Oak Cliff is dismally and hopelessly dry."

A woman who knew the difference answered, "You're right, but you made a mistake in wording. Oak Cliff is *wonderfully* and *gloriously* dry!"

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### CONVENTION CUTUPS

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(Continued from page 12)

these conventions are good for business. The amount of liberty given the guests, so they believe, determines the number of conventions a city can attract.

We don't doubt their figures, but such figures are "stacked." Let's take a look at the price a city pays for this "business boom." The visible aftermath of a wet convention is wreckage to be hauled away by tow trucks, bloody cases for the ambulances, and tons of litter. Large cities have to pay thousands of dollars to clean up after each convention.

But one result that has never been assessed in dollars and cents is the effect of all this on the young people of a city. They see scores of inebriated men—and women—staggering about, insolently defying laws and morals. What of the future of young people who have been given their first taste of liquor and an impressive example of law scoffing, violence, and drunkenness? Is that going to be an asset to the city?

How does it happen that many laws are suspended during these conventions? Some police chiefs deny emphatically that they issue orders to their men to be lenient with visiting conventioners. Others refuse to discuss the matter at all.

Naturally, this is a subject of acute embarrassment to any law-enforcement official. His business is keeping a city quiet and orderly. Then all at once

some prominent citizens, perhaps the very ones to whom the mayor has to look for campaign funds, may not want him to preserve law and order.

The Denver *Post* once carried a humorous news story about a convention that had to be conducted in a sober and orderly manner because negotiations with the police for a rousing good time had broken down.

Ordinary policemen are as reluctant as their chiefs to talk about any law enforcement during conventions. An officer I talked with on the street about this subject was very uncomfortable. He glanced apprehensively over his shoulder. Satisfied that no one was listening, he admitted in guarded tones that the police never arrested visiting conventioners; but he denied that the chief gave them any special order regarding this.

"Lady," he said placatingly, "I assure you we do try our best to keep this city quiet during those conventions. Why, we sometimes go to a noisy bunch and ask them if they'll please pipe down."

This, I believe, was an admission that the chief actually tells his men not to make arrests. A policeman usually *orders* citizens to obey the laws; he doesn't have to plead with them to *please* obey the laws.

Misdeeds by conventioners can't be much help to the business of a city. More people leave that city, or go around it, to get away from such nauseating spectacles than those who come to see the disgusting parades. It can be pointed out, too, that an increasingly large number of cities are refusing the conventions of organizations with reputations for rowdyism.

Concerned citizens need to bring to the attention of business groups, youth groups, and city officials the harm that is being done by these supposedly innocent good times. We need to present the long-range view, weighing against the paltry, immediate gains of a few hotels and liquor stores the ultimate price a city has to pay.

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# views

❖ **FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.** "One reason the courts don't handle more drunken driving cases—the undertaker gets them first."—Paul Holdcraft.

❖ **ANYONE IS SUSCEPTIBLE.** "Anyone can become an alcoholic provided he drinks enough over a long enough period of time, and has sufficient emotional crises in his life."—Andrew G. Hanners, director of education, California Council on Alcohol Problems.

❖ **FEVERISH THINKING.** "Fifty per cent of all Americans believe that whisky will 'kill' a fever." So claims Dr. H. Frederick Kilander, professor of education at New York University, who has made a study of medical superstitions in this country and reported on it to the American Public Health Association.

❖ **POOR HOST.** "People who do not want to drink have a right to make their own decisions, and to have these decisions respected. The host who forces cocktails upon guests who do not want them is a boor who ought to have no guests."—W. W. Bauer, M.D., director of health education, American Medical Association.

❖ **LARGEST SINGLE FACTOR.** *Drinking drivers are the largest single factor in our traffic death and injury problem. They are responsible for more serious crashes than are all other causes combined, declares Dr. Horace E. Campbell of Denver, Colorado, a member of the National Safety Council's Committee on Alcohol and Drugs.*

*"The people in rehabilitation centers, who are trained so laboriously and*

*Dr. Horace E. Campbell*

*ingeniously to raise a spoon to their lips, are so frequently car crash victims," he states. "Fifty to 80 per cent of these, too, are victims of the drinking driver."*



❖ **ATHLETES AND DRUGS.** Dr. Herbert Berger of Staten Island, an authority on drug addiction, has suggested that the four-minute mile, accomplished by fifteen men twenty-four times in the last few years, might in some instances have been run by athletes temporarily made super athletes by the use of drugs. He said that the worst abuse is probably by boxers, then by football players.

*Dr. Lois L. Higgins*

❖ **SHORTENED LIFE EXPECTANCY.** *"Drug addiction shortens life expectancy by about twenty to twenty-five years. This is because the addict's resistance is lowered. About four addicts . . . die of tuberculosis or acute bronchitis as compared to one nonaddict. Three die of brain hemorrhage or cancer. Two die of other diseases."*—Dr. Lois L. Higgins, director, Illinois Crime Prevention Bureau.



❖ **SIZABLE SUM.** "Annual losses to industry because of drinking employees total at least \$1,400,000,000 and wage losses to workers run more than \$600,000,000 a year."—Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, chairman, Department of Clinical Science, University of Illinois.

❖ **HIGH SCHOOL DRINKING.** In answer to a mother who said her daughter considered her old-fashioned because she does not believe high school boys and girls should drink alcoholic beverages, Dr. Paul Popinoe says one does not have to drink to be popular, according to a Purdue University survey. "Only 11 per cent of the young people questioned approved of drinking on dates. In another survey made among college girls, it was found that the ones who did not drink were most frequently the ones who became engaged."





**"THERE IS NOTHING  
TO BE DESIRED  
IN SUCH HABITS  
AS DRINKING &**

**SMOKING** to help youth toward their goals in life. As far as I am concerned, I prefer being an individualist and not just a follower of the crowd. I enjoy the company of clean, clear-headed youth. "Smoking cheapens a girl. Some girls may smoke in order to appear older, but I believe that one's intelligence is the real mark of maturity."

*Iris Thurlwell*

*Miss Canada, 1961*



*Interview by  
Hubert G. O. Bayliss*

# Real Mark of Maturity



Talent, poise, and beauty combined to make teen-ager Iris Thurlwell the Miss Canada of 1961. Hailing from New Westminster, British Columbia, she early began her winning ways, receiving four scholarships in four high school years, ending up as valedictorian of her class.

For interests, you name it—she does it! Cooking ("it's more sense to pay for good food than for medical bills"), sewing (makes her own clothes), reading (a favorite hobby), first aid (took St. John's Ambulance), art (ambition to study in Europe), drama (TV talent), singing (\$1,000 scholarship), modeling (proficient), sports and outdoors (swimming, horsemanship, fishing, marksmanship, travel).

