

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING

KOME



**Radio Station
K O M E**

Tulsa, Oklahoma

It's a Fact



Facts in Brief

Forty-six times the Supreme Court has declared that prohibition is constitutional. . . . A third of the average United States family income goes for food, liquor, and tobacco. . . . It is estimated that there are more than 10,000 narcotics addicts in Formosa. . . . Judge William V. Daly, of the narcotics division of the Chicago Municipal Court, says that narcotics addiction among juveniles in the Chicago area is on the upswing. . . . The Internal Revenue Service reports that during the eleven months ending with May, 1955, 11,418 stills were seized, an increase of 1,003 over the same period a year earlier. During that time 9,582 arrests were made, up almost 1,000 over the same period in 1954. . . . As an educational project, which they report "remarkably successful," Japanese police invited 200 men booked on charges of drunkenness in the last year to a tea party to hear essays written by school children on the theme "I Hate Drunks." . . . More than 100,000 food stores throughout the nation are licensed to sell liquor. . . . Last year \$10,000 was spent by Yosemite National Park in collecting litter, a large part of which was beer cans. . . . Alcoholism is a ground for divorce in all the states with the exception of Maine, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Texas, Vermont, and Virginia, also the District of Columbia.

► Lucy Webb Hayes, wife of the fifteenth President of the United States, did not believe in drinking any alcoholic beverages. At her first White House reception she served lemonade in the punch bowl, and afterward was affectionately nicknamed "Lemonade Lucy"!

► Herbert Hoover, who has for twenty years been board chairman of Boys Clubs of America, Inc., has noted with satisfaction that investments in the clubs have soared from \$20,000,000 to more than \$120,000,000 in that period. Prescribing more clubs for the nation's "\$3,000,000 pavement boys," Mr. Hoover called the clubs "one of the greatest character-building institutions of our country."

► Juvenile delinquency increased 9 per cent in the United States during 1954. 475,000 children were involved in offenses against the law, one child in every forty-one in the ten- to seventeen-age bracket getting into trouble with the police. Juveniles under eighteen accounted for three out of every five arrests for car thefts and nearly half of all burglary arrests.

► The Chicago Cubs and White Sox baseball club owners netted \$450,000 from beer sold during the 1954 season. However, the increase of rowdiness at the ball parks is making the owners seriously consider banning all alcoholic beverages at their games.

► Approximately 800 out of 882 arrested persons tested by Police Chemist Lloyd M. Shupe, of Columbus, Ohio, he found to be under the influence of alcohol. This is an average of 11 out of 12 who were arrested for stab-bings, 10 out of 11 for assault, and 8 out of 9 for carrying concealed weapons.

► How does dry Mississippi rank with its nearby states on offenses caused mostly from indulgence in alcohol? A comparison of the number of offenses for each 100,000 population is shown in the following:

		Murder	Robbery	Auto Theft
Alabama	(wet)	15.27	32.7	175.7
Kentucky	(wet)	10.51	85.9	269.4
Tennessee	(wet)	12.95	45.9	191.9
Mississippi	(dry)	8.12	22.9	91.8

► According to the seventh annual edition of the *Brewers Almanac*, the total sales volume of 83,305,402 barrels of beer was about 1,250,000 barrels short of the 84,559,162-barrel total of 1953. But it is claimed that there were 3,691,400 more families drinking beer at home than in 1949. Women are assuming increased importance as malt beverage consumers, for in 1954 they accounted for 22 per cent of the total U.S. beer consumption.

CANADA CORNER

In 1952 Canada had nearly thirty times as many cases of alcoholism as poliomyelitis, for there were 140,000 cases of alcoholism in the Dominion and only 4,755 of polio. The prevalence of alcoholism definitely puts it in the "epidemic" class.

Besides the \$500,000 spent annually for research, treatment, and education, alcoholism costs Canadian industry

\$1,000,000,000 a year in lowered production. Six per cent of all male workers and 2 per cent of female ones are problem drinkers. Because of his drinking the average alcoholic misses twenty-two days in a year.

Liquor is involved in 80 per cent of the traffic accidents in Canada, says Dr. G. F. Strong, president of the Canadian Medical Association.

JANUARY to
MARCH, 1956
Volume 9
Number 1

LISTEN

A Journal of Better Living

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OUR COVER

Dr. John Brown is a man unique in modern life. His vigorous educational leadership is almost legendary as he stands at the head of a chain of schools offering instruction to youth from kindergarten age to university. His military academies at Long Beach and San Diego, his girls' school at Glendora, his university at Siloam Springs, Arkansas, all specialize in vocational and character training.

Equally contributory to high ideals in the personal lives of thousands in every age group are his "stations of the American home"—KGER, Long Beach; KUOA, Siloam Springs, and KOME, Tulsa.

Listen's cover, by Perry Griffith, photographer of Long Beach, caught Dr. Brown in one of his favorite pastimes, that of chatting with students of his schools. Here the fortunate ones are Michael Mayer, John Leifhelm, and William Fields.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 4, 18, 19 Devaney; page 6 Hunt, Hopkins; page 8 "The News;" pages 10, 11 Three Lions; page 12 Barrett, Wide World; page 14 Western; pages 15, 27 Soibelman, Official O.W.I.; page 18 Chase Ltd., Harris and Ewing; page 20 Sanders; page 22 House of Photography; page 25 Heisler-D'Arrigo.

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"snowed under"

Everyone has had, at one time or another, the feeling of being "snowed under" with work.

This seems to be the feeling now taking hold of some of those dealing with the alcohol problem from the treatment and rehabilitation angle. "Alcoholics are being developed faster than they can be treated," is the cry going up.

Illustrative of this plight is the situation in Ontario, Canada, as described by Director H. David Archibald of the Alcoholism Research Foundation of Toronto. The Foundation, he says, is at present trying to cope with Ontario's backlog of 50,000 alcoholics, plus the additional crop of 4,000 new alcoholics per year, with facilities, staff, and budget capable of serving a maximum of 1,000 patients a year. This includes one fifteen-bed hospital, a large outpatient service in Toronto, and smaller outpatient clinics in London and Ottawa, as well as short-term service to acutely ill alcoholics in ten specially assigned beds in five public general hospitals. All for 50,000 alcoholics, plus 4,000 new ones every year!

Commenting on this amazing situation, Mr. Archibald declares: "The great numbers of alcoholics encountered among the general population, both in Canada and the United States, make it clear that the answer to this rapidly growing public-health problem is NOT to be found in a complete network of specialized treatment services, plus very active AA groups in every community." He goes on to call for more research, more education, more co-operation by general medical practitioners and such personnel as social workers, clergymen, industrial physicians, and public-health nurses.

In the United States there are being added at least 250,000 new alcoholics to the roll of victims each year. The twenty-eight state alcoholism programs now in operation, plus all the clinics and specialized treatment centers, plus the hundreds of AA chapters, together cannot begin to cope with this increase. Nowhere does there seem to be any gaining on the problem.

Where lies the solution? Does it lie in more hospitals and clinics? Does it lie in more police? Does it lie in more courts and jails? Does it lie in research and medical knowledge?

All of which reminds us of a little story which Judge Matthew Hill of the Washington State Supreme Court loves to tell—about the rule of thumb which in the old days was used to determine the sanity of a person whose mental balance was in question. In front of him was placed a tub into which water was running from a faucet. Instruction was given him to empty the tub. If he began to bail out the tub without turning the faucet off first he was judged mentally off. If, however, he shut off the faucet and then began to bail, his sanity was proved.

Can it be that in our attempts to solve this problem of alcoholism, we have been starting too late? It appears that we need a little more realism, so as to stress not entirely treatment and cure, necessary and humane as those may be, but to start at the beginning and work for real prevention in the first place.

Francis A. Soper

"This is **KOME**, Tulsa, your Mutual Network station for the Magic Empire."

With these words KOME in Tulsa, Oklahoma, once again joined the world's largest network after an absence of nearly four years.

It was in November, 1951, that the John Brown University purchased KOME. This station had long been an affiliate of Mutual in what is now the forty-ninth largest city in the nation. Since another of the Brown Schools stations, KUOA in Siloam Springs, Arkansas, the home of the university, had been a Mutual affiliate for some years, it was felt this would be the beginning of another long and happy association with the network.

However, time proved everyone wrong, for with the purchase of KOME by the university the station policy underwent a definite change. Before, it was of no concern to the owners what was broadcast. But it had long been the idea of Dr. John E. Brown that such things as beer and cigarettes did not belong on a medium that reaches into the home as radio does. KUOA and the other Brown station, KGER in Long Beach, California, purchased by the schools in 1949, had long maintained the ideals that are contained in the stations' slogan, "The Stations of the American Home."

Dr. Brown has been a crusader against beer and cigarettes since his conversion in a Salvation Army meeting more than fifty years ago.

When radio as we know it today really came into being, Dr. Brown was one of its first advocates. He laughingly tells of his first experience when he "braced himself to speak to the world" over a fifty-watt station that had the marvelous coverage of fifteen miles. The station's call letters were KFPW, to which he added the slogan "Kind Friends, Please Write."

Realizing the tremendous potentialities of reaching the masses, Dr. Brown bought time on some of the leading stations for his program called "God's Half Hour." Soon radio became an important part of the university's work, for in the early 1930's KUOA was purchased from the University of Arkansas. It was later increased to 5,000 watts, and today is the "Voice of the Ozarks." Then in 1949 KGER, with studios in Los Angeles and Long Beach, was purchased, and today

Tulsa's station KOME is the
first major network affiliate
to prove that a "conscience"
in radio advertising does,
after all, pay dividends.



The KOME building in the downtown section of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

KOME's transmitter and four-tower array are ten miles south of the city of Tulsa on a twenty-acre site.



station of the
american home—

KOME

E. William George
General Manager, KOME



stands as one of the outstanding stations on the West Coast. This is another 5,000-watt outlet.

This brings us to 1951 and the purchase of KOME. John Brown University, only ninety miles east of Tulsa, has long considered "the oil capital" as its big city. University classes take tours, attend concerts, art shows, and other events in Tulsa. And because of Tulsa's importance in the industrial and oil fields, as well as being one of America's fastest-growing cities, it was felt that an investment in a radio station would be a sound and logical step. When informed that KOME was for sale, school officials entered into negotiations for the purchase.

First impressions from the network indicated that the station would remain an affiliate. This was also the desire of the school, but when the question arose as to whether the station would accept a beer sponsor on the major-league baseball broadcasts the following summer, the answer was an unequivocal No. Dr. Brown said that if it was a matter of being forced to accept this advertising, the only step would be to cancel the station's agreement with the network at the end of the present agreement. The network accepted this.

By telephone, telegram, and mail, the response to Dr. Brown's stand was tremendous. From almost every state in the nation, commendations for his stand were received. *KOME was the first major network affiliate to drop its affiliation rather than accept advertising that it felt would be harmful and injurious.*

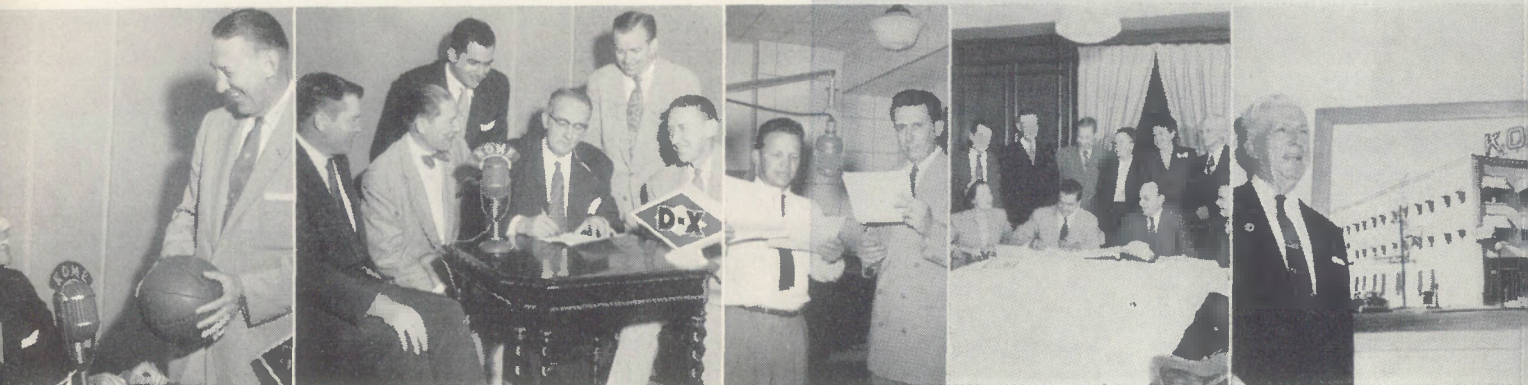
Such a stand also had its critics. Some people felt that the station, even though owned by an educational insti-

high-school sports events have been broadcast. For four years, during the time the university has owned KOME, that station has broadcast the entire baseball schedule of the Tulsa Oilers.

More than 95 per cent of the baseball broadcasts across the nation are sponsored by breweries or cigarette manufacturers. Each year KOME was approached by beer companies to sponsor these games. Tobacco people have also been interested in the games. Because of the tremendous costs involved in broadcasting such games,—broadcast rights, sportscasters, Western Union and telephone facilities,—there are few businesses other than beer and tobacco that could afford to sponsor such events. But each year, even though it has been a struggle, and in every instance a losing proposition financially, the station has refused the beer and tobacco people.

In 1953 another definite change was made. Station officials, studying the programming of the other stations, felt that Tulsa needed a "good music" station. The station's policy found it difficult to accept the "suggestive and insulting" lyrics of much of the popular music. With the change to classical and semiclassical music pro-

1. Sports Director Tony George (seated) talks over broadcasting of basketball programs with Tulsa University's basketball coach, Clarence Iba. 2. In an unprecedented contract, the D-X Sunray Oil Company agrees to sponsor the entire 1958-59 sports schedule (football and basketball) of the University of Tulsa on KOME. Seated from left to right are Bobby Dobbs, head football coach at Tulsa University; Luther Williams, public relations director of Sunray; C. F. Niessen, advertising manager for D-X; and Clarence Iba, head basketball coach at Tulsa University. Standing are Tony George, KOME sports director; and E. William George, KOME general manager. Sports form a major attraction in KOME's programming.



3. Royce McKisack, KOME's chief announcer, and Hardy Hayes bring the noon edition of the news each day. Both are graduates of the radio department at John Brown University, located at Siloam Springs, Arkansas. 4. A historic day in the history of KOME shows Dr. John Brown, Jr., (center, seated) signing the final document transferring station ownership to John Brown University. Harry Schwartz (seated to Dr. Brown's left) and several of his associate owners view the transfer ceremony. 5. Dr. Brown stands beside the picture of his third radio station, happy in the demonstration of his firm belief that "right will always prevail."

tution, should continue to accept any and all forms of advertising, since it was a public medium. Some business people even went so far as to drop their advertising because they did not feel that advertising beer and tobacco was harmful. As a result, the station went into the red. Losing a network, with its excellent facilities for news, sports, and other special features, meant a long road ahead in re-establishing station programming.

John Brown has always been a sports enthusiast. Although the university does not enter into intercollegiate athletics, sports, through a splendid intramural program, are still an important part of its activities. KOME thus put sporting events into its broadcast programming.

Tulsa Oilers Baseball (Texas League), University of Tulsa football and basketball, and many outstanding

programming, KOME found an entirely new and appreciative audience. Commendations once again were not long in coming. One of Tulsa's major newspapers ran a front-page, second-section story on the station's "Good Music" with a letter from the editor to the station management expressing his personal appreciation. Bank executives, industry heads, and people from every walk of life complimented the station for its music format.

More was still to come. The (Turn to page 23.)

Report From Saint Louis



Marie
Aubuchon

A graphic, compelling portrait of the octopus of horror and destruction reaching its vicious tentacles into one of America's great metropolitan centers.

"NOW it's like buying candy on the street." Lieutenant Thomas Brooks, head of the Narcotics Division of the Saint Louis Police Department, looked at me across the desk and shook his head. "The narcotics problem is getting bigger every day. And it's pitiful, because once they're hooked—well, there's not much hope for them. Heroin is a jealous thing. The most jealous woman on earth can't compete with this white powder in its possessiveness. It has to own you—body, soul, and mind. It takes away human love, hunger, ambition—every decent human emotion. It grabs you and holds on."

According to Lieutenant Brooks, 90 per cent of Saint Louis addicts use heroin. They pay from \$2.50 to \$3.00 for a capsule not much larger than a pea. The peddlers can make from 50 to 200 capsules from half an ounce of this drug by mixing it with milk sugar. (A little more than half of each capsule is milk sugar.) The peddler buys this amount for something like \$50, and makes \$600 in return. The vicious circle goes back further. Original shipments cost about \$1,000 per pound. The first dealer sells this at a \$9,000 or \$10,000 profit. Before too long, after it has been passed down to the "small-fry" peddler, \$500,000 profit has been realized.

THE AUTHOR

No novice at reporting, Marie Aubuchon has specialized in studies of problems facing juveniles today. The mother of a teen-ager herself, she had more than a passing interest when the Optimist Club sent her out to survey the extent of narcotics addiction among teen-agers. From this survey she prepared an astonishingly complete and effective pilot kit to be used as the guide for all Optimist Clubs joining in a co-ordinated national campaign against dope.



Two dope peddlers and their "loot" captured in a Saint Louis narcotics raid. Note "The Merck Manual" and the complete equipment used by pushers to "cut" the heroin. To get the money necessary to support their habit, addicts resort to crime. These three admitted drug users were arrested for taking part in the theft of United States mails.



So deadly is this heroin that druggists and physicians have been forbidden to handle it. Communist China in one year shipped 800 tons valued at \$60,000,000, according to Harry J. Anslinger, head of the United Nations Committee on Narcotics. Says Mr. Anslinger, "Spreading narcotics addiction and obtaining funds for political purposes through the sale of heroin and opium is the policy of the entire communist regime in mainland China." Some of that 800 tons of heroin is finding its way throughout the United States, through a multimillion-dollar dope ring that supplies the narcotics to key centers like Kansas City and Los Angeles.

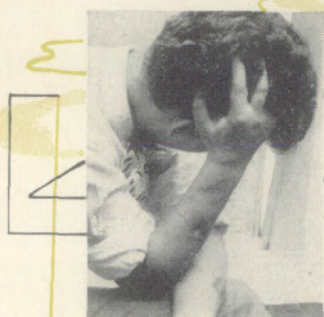
Heroin, or diacetylmorphine, is about five times as potent as morphine, and because of this potency, together with the concomitant strong euphoric effects, this drug is always in great demand by addicts and has become the foundation of illicit traffic. The United States prohibits the importation, manufacture, or sale of heroin, and is joined by some fifty other nations who also prohibit its manufacture.

Gangsters who once dealt in illegal liquor were stopped by prohibition's end. Now they have gone in for narcotics, a field far more lucrative and a million times deadlier in its effect on the youth of America.

Her reporting experience for the Saint Louis "Star Times," her writing of radio and television shows, several of which have been produced on major networks, her public relations work with Saint Louis County, the Jack Van Pelt Agency, and the Polio Drive (a victim herself as a child, paralyzed five years) admirably prepares her to paint for "Listen" this picture of the narcotics danger in Saint Louis, mighty Midwest metropolis.

The addict is usually given his first taste of heroin free. After all, three or even nine dollars is well invested when the peddler knows eventually that he will have a customer using fourteen to sixteen capsules a day.

The addict must use his own body as a testing apparatus. The look, feel, and taste of a drug is his method of detecting the purity of it. He can only guess at its reaction. Individuals react differently to narcotics. Allergic or anaphylactic reactions are ever possible. The smallest dose may be lethal to the sensitive individual. Some drugs have a cumulative effect and may be stored in the body for an undetermined length of time; then the repeated dose becomes the overdose. The drug peddler neither knows nor cares what effect his illicit product will have. The addict, once hooked, is too



Even infected sores from dirty needles and unsterilized eye droppers don't stop addicts from taking their jolts. They find an uninfected spot and ride the "horse" again.

eager to have his drug to care what the effect will be.

Case histories show that most youngsters try marijuana first, get tired of it, and turn to heroin. Marijuana builds only a psychological dependence and is easier to overcome. It acts as a stimulant, giving delusions of grandeur and increased strength. Many accidents involving teen-age hot-rod drivers may be due to their marijuana intoxication. Heroin is definitely habit-forming, but acts as a depressive. The average heroin addict never commits the more violent crimes, for he lacks the nerve and the inner power. He is the sneak thief, the car thief, the purse snatcher. Seldom does he use a gun. If he is caught at a theft, he can't run fast enough to escape, because all bodily mechanisms have been slowed down.

In Saint Louis I interviewed two typical addicts. Case No. 1 was a tall, well-built colored boy. He had a two-year high-school education, had been in trouble before, and had been dishonorably discharged from the Army. He had started taking heroin seven months before I saw him. He was quite co-operative.

Q. Why did you start taking narcotics? Was there something troubling you?

A. I was alone in Saint Louis; I didn't know anyone. I met these people, and they were good to me. When they asked me if I wanted to try a "joy pop," I agreed.

Q. Did they charge you for the heroin you used at that time?

A. No; they gave me the first few shots.

Q. How many do you use now?

A. About fourteen to sixteen capsules a day.

Q. How much do these cost you per capsule?

A. Three dollars.

Q. That amounts to about \$48 a day. How can you afford to spend that kind of money?

A. I had a job.

Q. Where else did you get the money?

A. I played poker at nights.

(Police Lieutenant Brooks had already told me that the boy had stolen and sold stolen goods to acquire this phenomenal sum each day.)

Q. What are your reactions now that you are off the drug completely by reason of your arrest?

A. I have stomach cramps; I vomit a lot, can't hold anything on my stomach. I have a feeling of panic, like something pressing down on me. I'm real nervous.

Q. How do you feel when you are taking the drug regularly?

A. I just don't care about anything, if I take enough. If I take too much—well, it's a little like being drunk.

Q. Did you know you had become addicted to the drug?

A. I didn't know I was hooked until they took me in here Friday night.

Case No. 2 was about twenty-two years of age, emaciated, terribly nervous. He had been an addict since 1949. He, too, was most co-operative.

Q. Why did you start taking this drug?

A. I was curious; I wanted to see how it acted.

Q. Did you buy the first capsule?

A. No, the peddler gave it to me.

Q. Was the peddler a member of your family or a close friend?

A. No, I met him and started talking to him. He offered to give me one.

Q. How many do you use each day now?

A. From fourteen to sixteen.

Q. What do you pay for these capsules?

A. Three dollars.

Q. Have you ever tried anything besides heroin?

A. I tried cocaine one time.

Q. What's the difference between the two drugs?

A. Cocaine makes you high, builds up your temperature, gives you an excited feeling. Heroin makes you slow down. You just don't care about nothing with heroin.

Q. How do you take the drug now, just a "joy pop" or "straight line"?

A. I take it "straight line."

Q. Where do you get this money?

A. Lots of ways.

Q. Do you get your supply here in Saint Louis?

A. No; Saint Louis runs out too fast. I get most of it in Chicago.

Q. I've been told your girl friend helped you sell stolen rings to get this money. Is she an addict, too?

A. No, I won't let her start taking the stuff. I've tried to stop other kids from taking it. I know what it's like to get hooked.

Q. Would you submit to the cure, if you were allowed to take it? (The cure has to be voluntary.)

A. I want to take it. If I get off it this time, I'll never go back.

(Turn to page 32.)

OPEN LETTER TO YOUTH

You are young, strong, and healthy. Your minds are clear and alert, and your outlook bright. Sooner or later you will have an especially important decision to make. Of course, as you grow older, you will have many decisions to make, but there is one in particular that you will probably have to make some time in your middle teens.

This decision is whether or not to accept your first drink—that first cocktail, highball, or beer. Perhaps you have already decided what you are going to do or say. Then, again, it may place you in an embarrassing position because you have not made up your mind.

Whether or not you have made the decision, I wish you would read all this letter. It is not from a doctor, a scientist, or a preacher, but from a person who once as a youth had to make that decision and as a result of taking the wrong road has had to make another and more critical decision under tremendous pressure and against great odds.

When you drink, you are taking a form of dope. This may sound strange to you, but alcohol is a depressant and not a stimulant. It will deaden your reasoning powers and bring out into the open your suppressed desires. Your true personality, moral conduct, and ideals are at once gone with the wind. The more you drink, the farther away they fly. You are a different person.

At first this is a novelty; later on it becomes a custom or even a habit because you really begin to believe that you can't have any fun without a drink. Or you may continue to drink to be sociable and to avoid embarrassment. Out of the bottle come untold numbers of excuses for going back to it. *And it always starts innocently.* So if you decide to take that first drink, be sure you know what you have undertaken and be willing to accept what may go with it.

I made the wrong decision, so a few years ago I was forced to make another. This time I had little choice—either I die or I fight a hard battle to get well. Thanks to the grace of God, my alcoholism is now arrested, but as long as I live I shall be walking a very thin line because I shall always be one drink away from insanity or death.

May you never have to make that second decision. You will never have to make it if you have the brains and fortitude to say No every time you are offered a drink, including the first. If you never take it, you will never need to worry about the result, nor will anyone else. Decay begins with the first drink—mentally, physically, spiritually.

Protect your youth. Keep it as long as you can. You are the future guardians of a troubled old world that desperately needs intelligent leadership. You can't find such in a bottle. There is no disgrace in saying No. You are looked upon, by those who really count, with admiration. You are a wholesome influence to all who know you.

Very truly,

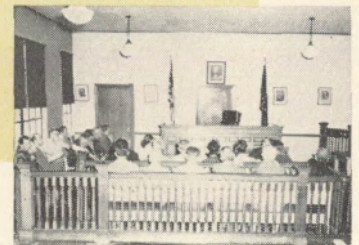
Dick Whittemore

"I have really been through the mill," writes Dick Whittemore, dispatcher for the Bangor, Maine, police department, in addressing this "Open Letter to Youth."

When fourteen, Dick started drinking at dances and parties. At eighteen in college he joined a fraternity noted for its drinking, but left school to "bum around" the country. He married at twenty-one and went to work, but continued drinking at nights and on weekends. At twenty-eight he was a wreck, winding up on skid row in Los Angeles, having lost six good jobs, and his family as well.

It was a hard road back, but Dick had taken his last drink on July 11, 1947. In 1950 he came down with polio, spending three months in an iron lung and eighteen months in hospitals. "I am in a wheel chair now," he says, "but am grateful for that. I can still think. I can still pray." In 1951 he was reunited with his family after six years' separation.

FIRST QUARTER



A typical Monday morning in the Bangor, Maine, Municipal Court. All these men were arrested for intoxication. Many of them are "repeaters, year in and year out, and most of them don't want to remain sober for fear someone will put them to work. Ninety-five per cent of our arrests are for intoxication," reports Dick Whittemore, city police dispatcher.



Page 9

Inviting a teen-ager to a bar can lead to delinquency, but it doesn't have to, especially when the young people have a bar of their own, where they can relieve some of the tensions that their seniors and the times build up in them. At the Church of All Nations in New York, teen-agers are given the facilities for the proper type of outlet in song, athletic activity, and creative endeavor. In addition there's a real teen-age bar, but the drinks are soft and plentiful.

Founded in 1923, the Church of All Nations is under Methodist sponsorship, but the membership is as diverse as the entire family of nations. The neighborhood in which the church is situated is a melting pot, and under the roof of this teen-age center national strains are mingled freely, as is proper in a democracy.

Toward the close of the week, when the teens can put away for a few hours the daily cares of high school and homework, the bar goes into full-swing operation. Usually the program consists of a basketball game, the contesting teams being two of the many that make up the basketball league of teen-agers with headquarters at the Church of All Nations gymnasium. For those

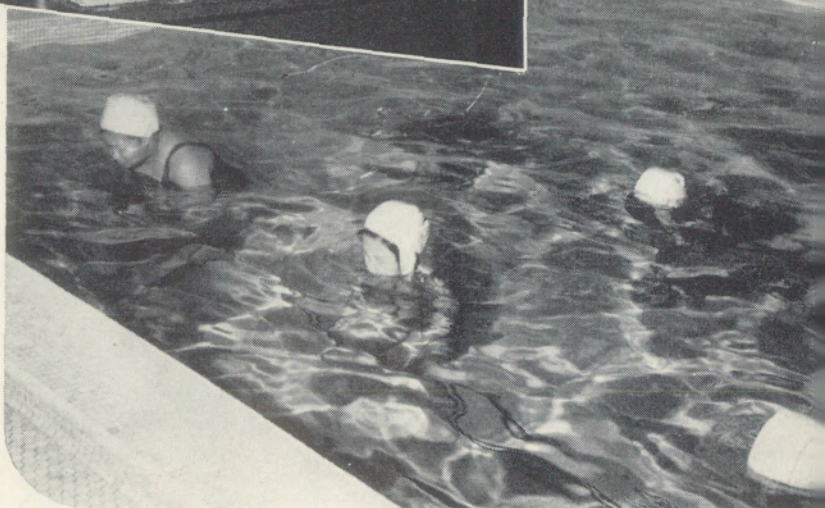


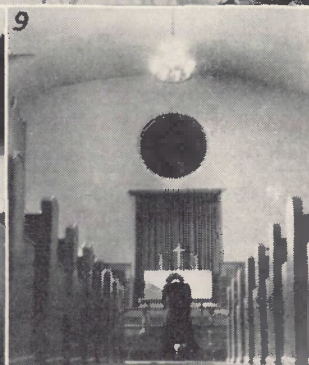
TEEN-AGE BAR HELPS Squelch Delinquency



to whom the court game is no marvel, the recreation rooms of the church are open for ping-pong, songs around the piano, perhaps a game of checkers, or just lounging.

As in every community where adult concern has resulted in the establishment of a "place of their own" for the young people, delinquency is squelched before it gets a chance to begin. In addition to the negative virtue of halting a bad influence, the teen-age bar also serves positively—providing a healthy atmosphere for boys and girls to meet, to practice the social graces, and to prepare for adulthood.





1. These teen-agers are drinking their fill of nonintoxicating punch, free of charge. Soft drinks are also available.
2. Ping-pong tables are always occupied, and the group of onlookers is not unusual.
3. This gymnasium is the scene of many weekend basketball games between the teams that are members of the church league.
4. A group watches the operation of the enlarger, thus learning more about photography, another of the hobbies enjoyed at the center.
5. Mrs. Burdick, director of activities at the church, discusses a future program with teen-agers.
6. The Church of All Nations—this sign is meaningful to all young people in the Second Avenue neighborhood, for they know that they have a place here.
7. Handicrafts find more and more interested adherents as the youth enjoy crea-

- tive self-expression in making something.
8. One of the organized boys' clubs at the church discusses a resolution on a dues assessment.
9. Besides the secular and social activities, the chapel provides a place of restful and reverent worship.
10. Swimming and lifesaving lessons make the pool one of the most popular places, both in the summer and in the winter.
11. To inform the teen-agers of the Church of All Nations activities, the young people publish a mimeographed newspaper at regular intervals. Here the editorial staff works on an issue.
12. In the craft shop the creative workers and those not so skilled busily work at their individual projects when the shops are open during the evening.
13. A quiet game of checkers is often enjoyed by the teeners as a relief from the usually hectic pace of their age.



new york city schools on guard

NEW YORK CITY, along with its skyscrapers, subways, Broadway lights, and enormous housing projects, has more than 900,000 pupils in its gigantic public-school system, with 40,000 teachers. New York, a city of superlatives in every way, thus has more school pupils than the population of San Francisco or of Washington, D.C., or more than any one of fourteen entire states.

These children come from every kind of home imaginable—homes of refinement and culture, of drunkenness and debauchery, religious homes, broken homes, homes of all nationalities and races. These children of varying types and conditions spend, usually, about five hours a day, five days a week, ten months a year in the schools. Indeed, the responsibility of the board of education is no small one.

In modern life one of the ever-prevalent aspects of city living seems to be alcohol. It is not that the children drink, though that is sometimes the case, but that they more often feel the results of the use of alcohol in their homes. Then, too, children are people and will someday be adults. To prepare these children for living is a delicate responsibility. All of them sooner or later are bound to come into contact with alcohol as a beverage. How they regard it, what they do with it, and what it does

to them may well depend on the experiences of their formative years, including their health education.

The director of health education of the board of education of New York City is Dr. I. H. Goldberger, an exceedingly busy person, yet one who graciously takes time out to outline the plans, purposes, and methods of alcohol education in the city's schools.

Dr. Goldberger envisions the basis for a sound program of alcohol education as founded on three factors:

1. The daily program of education that helps to build well-rounded persons, with mental, moral, and emotional stability needed to face life with all its complexities.

2. The health education program, which includes instruction in the nature and use of alcohol.

3. Watchfulness for danger signals that may mean future warped personalities with inability to cope with life's problems. Such persons, immature in certain aspects, weak in certain attributes, are likely to turn to alcohol when crises arise. Correction of any physical, mental, emotional, or moral weaknesses during childhood helps prevent breakdowns, delinquency, insanity, or alcoholism later in life.

The alcohol education program in New York City schools is conducted in line (Turn to page 31.)



Dr. I. H. Goldberger,
Director of Health
Education

How the nation's largest city fortifies its school children for well-rounded living.

MADELINE GEORGE



In dealing with the many problems relating to the welfare of their children, parents are constantly encouraged to consult with various school authorities.



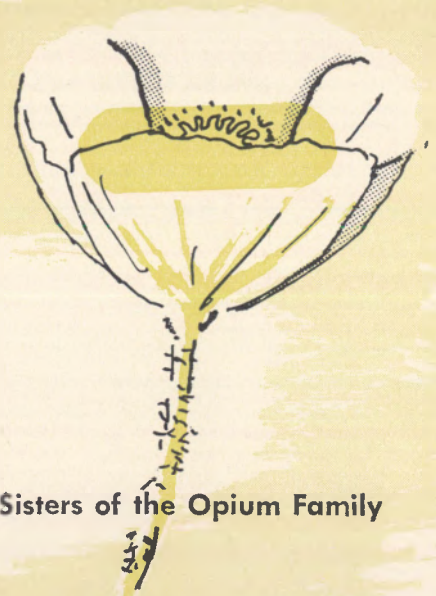
From a model of the human heart, New York high-school students learn that beverage alcohol depresses action of the heart and decreases its efficiency.



The principal works out with his teachers the details of the alcohol education program to be presented in his school and the procedures to be followed.

Daniel Carlsen
With
Barbara Doyle

Morphine and Codeine-



Sisters of the Opium Family

I WAS first introduced to narcotics when I was sixteen, suffering from an abscessed eardrum. I lived with my foster mother in a hospital where she was staff physician. She—and I—believed that I would become a doctor; and I had often accompanied her on professional visits, listening eagerly to “doctor talk” on the part of the staff.

My mother gave me morphine to relieve the excruciating pain in my ear. I liked the feeling it gave me. In spite of my interest in medicine, I did not know what addiction was or how it was caused, and “narcotics” was only a word to me.

After my ear was operated on, the medication was discontinued. I asked my mother for more of the little white pills. She refused to give them to me, without explanation other than that I did not need them any more. I knew where they were kept, and just as I would wander into the kitchen and steal cookies, I helped myself to the morphine pills. I liked to take them before going to sleep because of the drowsy contentment they produced.

This story is related to show how innocently a person can fall into the addiction trap and to illustrate the glaring ignorance of people regarding narcotics and their power. I associated daily with dozens of doctors and nurses, yet none of them suspected that I was taking drugs.

In the stranger-than-fiction way in which one addict invariably encounters others, a barber in the hospital recognized certain symptoms in me caused by drugs. He asked me what I was taking, and I showed him my morphine tablets. Then he told me about heroin, which he said would make me feel even better than morphine. Flattered by the older man's interest, and curious about heroin, I bought some from him, and soon was taking it regularly. The barber never explained that I was addicted to the drug.

One day he disappeared, and with him my source of supply. The next day I became violently ill, running a high temperature, vomiting continuously, with attacks of

diarrhea and stomach cramps. This, of course, was the withdrawal illness which occurs when an addicted person stops taking drugs. But I knew nothing of this and went to my mother. Alarmed at my condition, she examined me, then called in other doctors. Finally, at a loss, one doctor suggested it might be my appendix, and I was prepared for an emergency operation.

The operation did nothing for me but aggravate my illness. As I lay writhing in agony, believing that I was dying, I remembered how the morphine relieved the pain in my ear. When I asked a nurse to bring me some morphine, she left the room, but did not return. Instead, my foster mother and another doctor came in.

Dawning awareness in her eyes, my mother stood by while the other doctor administered morphine. A person suffering from withdrawal illness becomes completely well as soon as narcotics are taken.

It was then that I saw the horror in my foster mother's eyes. Thus I learned that I was a drug addict, and that this was probably the most dreadful thing that could happen to anyone.

I was sent to another hospital for treatment. Many, many times in the intervening years was I to enter a hospital for a “cure,” to be discharged with the hope that I could resume a normal life, only to slip back into the hell of drug addiction. How many thousands of others are following the same route can only be a matter of speculation.

The number of drug addicts in our country is legion. My heart goes out to every haunted one of them, for I know only too well that theirs is the existence of the damned.

Our present inability to cope with the narcotics problem precludes the possibility of our reclaiming more than a fraction of addicts. In some future, better-informed time many more might be salvaged. Until then it is important that everyone be taught the truth before being exposed to narcotics.

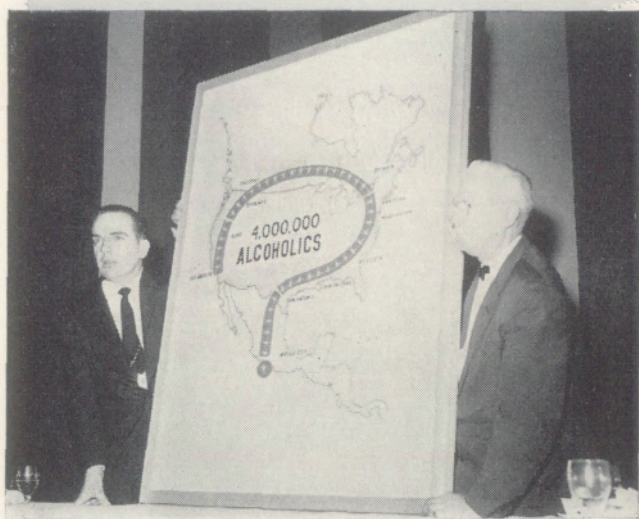
In this way, then, I became acquainted with one of the medical sisters of the opium family; another is codeine.

The Question of Alcoholism

This huge question mark as a graphic portrayal of America's alcoholism problem was prepared by Governor Frank G. Clement of Tennessee for the 1955 banquet session of the Institute of Scientific Studies for the Prevention of Alcoholism held in the Statler Hotel in Los Angeles. W. A. Scharffenberg, chairman of the Institute board of directors, assists the governor.

With their arms outstretched and hands touching, a human chain representing the 4,000,000 alcoholics in the United States would reach from Los Angeles northward in a wide arc across Canada almost to New York. The rest of the question mark, extending to Washington, D.C., thence south and west to New Orleans, San Antonio, and on to Mexico City, represents the additional 3,000,000 problem drinkers on their way to becoming alcoholics.

"It's frightening," the governor emphasized, "to think that your home, your business, your church, are all surrounded by that human chain of people, of living, breathing human beings, each of whom has a soul, but whose lives are being wasted because you and I have permitted them, to the extent we could have prevented it, to become alcoholics or problem drinkers."



In a discussion of morphine and codeine it might be well to designate their relationship to other drugs. As the term "opiate" indicates, these drugs come from opium.

The opium poppy flourishes throughout the world, particularly in the Far East. It also grows profusely in the Near East, in Middle Europe, and even in Mexico. From the poppy is excreted a milky juice, which turns to a dark, gummy substance upon exposure to air. This is opium, whose deadly effects have been little noted, while

an aura of glamour and mystery has surrounded it for centuries.

Opium is extremely bitter to the taste, as are all its by-products. It is eaten, brewed in tea, and smoked. It also is found in some liquid medicines.

From opium is derived morphine, heroin, codeine, dilaudid, laudanum, metopon, pantopon, and paregoric. All these drugs are similar in action, and all are addiction forming.

Heroin has already been discussed in a previous issue of *Listen*. Dilaudid is next to heroin in strength and addictive power, is stolen from the legitimate market, and is used widely among youthful addicts today, with devastating results.

Laudanum, or tincture of opium, is a medicine composed of liquid opium and alcohol. It is as addiction forming as morphine.

Paregoric is a liquid, brownish in color, made up of opium, camphor, and alcohol. It is prescribed for severe abdominal cramps, and some people put it on the gums of their teething babies. In some states it is still sold by drugstores without a prescription's being required.

Metopon is taken hypodermically or orally. It is beneficial for chronic pain, because it takes a longer time for one to become addicted to it than morphine takes. It is expensive and limited in quantity, so it is not so widely used; but a large percentage of patients taking it become addicted.

Pantopon is opium in tablet form, usually taken in one-third grain doses hypodermically. Its color is light brown to dark brown, depending on the opium content.

Morphine and codeine are both white powders, odorless, with a bitter taste, packaged in tablets or pills. Morphine is given hypodermically or orally. Codeine is usually taken in tablet form or in liquid preparations.

For relieving major pain, morphine is the medicine of choice by the average physician. Some people cannot tolerate morphine. One of the advantages offered by heroin, when it was in legal use, was that it could relieve pain as effectively as morphine, when the patient reacted adversely to morphine.

Codeine is used for less intense pain and is most commonly prescribed for headaches and coughs.

Many addicts refer to morphine as "M" or "M S" (morphine sulphate). It is also called "stuff" and "junk," as heroin is. Ironically, some old-time addicts call it "God's medicine," because, they say, "it takes all your troubles away." This is particularly pathetic when one realizes how many troubles it brings to the user.

Morphine is never sniffed, as heroin sometimes is. It is most often taken by subcutaneous injection (into muscle), which is called "skin popping." Some users inject it intravenously (into a vein); and this is termed "main lining."

All opiates are analgesic and may be valuable if used properly and sparingly. However, no one knows when a person will take more than he can tolerate. The first experience sometimes provides the *hook* that holds its victim fast, for some people find a pleasure so gratifying in their first experience that they want more and more, until all pleasure is gone and they are nothing more than creatures driven to exist on poison. (Turn to page 26.)

DRINKING—



Andrew C. Ivy
Ph.D., M.D., D.Sc., LL.D.

Distinguished Professor of Physiology and Head of the Department of Clinical Science, University of Chicago, Illinois

THE basic relationship of alcohol to the promotion of disease is that it impairs the general health of a person, disturbs his nutrition, and causes him to expose himself to the weather or to disease to which he would not otherwise expose himself. Thus, diseases are contracted more readily, and, once contracted, are more difficult to recover from. Of course, it is the direct cause of acute and chronic alcoholism and of the alcoholic psychoses, such as delirium tremens, Korsakoff's psychosis, and alcoholic hallucinosis and paranoia.

There is no question about the fact that alcohol causes gastritis. It causes pancreatitis also, although pancreatitis has not been produced experimentally in animals by giving them ethyl alcohol.

Alcohol predisposes to cirrhosis of the liver. In the United States about 1 per cent of the general population die with cirrhosis of the liver, and 8 per cent of the alcoholic population.

Pellagra is one of the nutritional diseases which occur in alcoholics. Prior to World War I this disease occurred mainly in the South, but it was eradicated from that area through the promotion of gardening. This dietary disturbance occurred in prisoners to a great extent because of improper diet, but today occurs almost solely in alcoholics and in exceedingly poverty-stricken people living in cities, in the mountains, and in the backwoods, since they have a limited diet. About 1 per cent of chronic alcoholics contract pellagra.

* Excerpt from an address before the Institute of Scientific Studies.

Alcohol is a contributory cause of polyneuritis. This condition is due to a deficiency of vitamin B, which is found particularly in yeast and wheat germ. About 20 per cent of chronic alcoholics in some cities have polyneuritis when they enter a hospital. Some patients have both pellagra and polyneuritis.

The so-called "winos," or the persons who drink a great deal of wine, develop what are called "wine sores" in the skin. The exact cause of these is not known, but it may be that when these people drink a great deal of alcohol they do not take care of bruises or ulcers of the skin. However, these "wine sores" are not seen so frequently in persons who use whisky or beer; they are characteristic only of "winos."

When a person drinks a great deal of beer every day, from three to five gallons, the heart becomes enlarged,

its basic relation to disease *

because that huge quantity of beer has to be absorbed and pumped through the body to the kidneys, where the water is excreted. The extra load on the heart causes it to hypertrophy and to become excessively large. This is referred to as *cor bovinum* (Latin for "heart" plus the word for a young beef). This condition is caused by the large volume of fluid consumed.

Here are some figures to show how alcoholism predisposes to poor recovery from a disease. In Cook County Hospital, Chicago, 3,422 cases of pneumonia were tabulated. Among the abstainers 18 per cent died, among the moderate drinkers 29 per cent died, and among the heavy drinkers 42 per cent died. Those are the best data on that particular subject, and are not surprising when the fact is considered that the severity of pneumonia is exaggerated to a large extent by exposure. When the disease is contracted, an extra load is thrown upon the heart. People who have taken a great deal of liquor with a poor diet are poor risks when they contract pneumonia. The liquor and poor diet reduce resistance to disease. This tabulation was made before the days of sulfa drugs and antibiotics, but the ratio would be approximately the same at the present time, though the percentage of deaths would be less.

Tuberculosis is exaggerated by alcoholism. First, the alcohol helps create poverty, which breeds tuberculosis. Then the person who has contracted tuberculosis exposes himself unnecessarily to the weather and a poor diet, making the disease more severe and retarding healing of the lesions.

With venereal disease, the primary contributory effect of alcohol is on the nervous system. Releasing the moral restraints, alcohol predisposes to promiscuity, and promiscuity predisposes to venereal disease. Some data indicate that it is contributory in 75 per cent of cases. According to one survey, which I accept and present in this regard,—and I do this because it fits in with (Turn to page 23.)



Philip B. Gilliam
of Denver, Colorado,
one of America's
foremost juvenile
judges, puts
his finger on
the major causes
of the continued
increase of
juvenile delinquency.

THIS IS THE PROBLEM—

Through my court passes an average of 400 cases a month. Of this number more than 75 per cent are of delinquent boys and girls, and domestic relations or nonsupport cases. In reviewing some of the most common causes of these problems, I must say that I find drinking one of the most prominent. The consumption of intoxicating beverages is either directly or indirectly connected with the greatest majority of our cases.

With the delinquent children I often find a father who drinks excessively, and in doing so, robs his children of the attention, affection, and, most serious of all, the discipline they need. All too often the administration of punishment is done under the influence of alcohol. This usually results in unreasonable, inconsistent, unjust, and brutal beating.

I am often forced to hear stories of how a mother has gone to a bar to drink all day, leaving her children to fend for themselves, unsupervised, unfed, and improperly clothed. Too often, also, I hear cases where both parents drink, get drunk, and become involved in quarrels and fights, and use abusive and obscene language within sight and hearing of children.

Probably the most heart-rending part of my day on the bench is that in which I have to hear the stories of teen-age girls asking the court to take from them babies, conceived and born out of wedlock. To see the tragedy, the utter defeat, and shame in their faces is sheer agony. The common story is the unchaperoned date, the drink of liquor, the loss of discrimination and control, and the resultant countless hours of loneliness, shame, and remorse.

Volumes could be written concerning the husbands and fathers who have lost their jobs and social status because of drink, and in a state of poverty and failure have left their wives and children penniless and dependent upon public welfare. The number of abandoned children is ever increasing. Obtaining support money for children from deserting fathers is a huge task of the juvenile court. In 1954, 4,493 cases were heard in the Denver Juvenile Court. Many of these cases were the result of alcohol, or involved alcohol as part of the problem, and in most cases the desertion of family and children had resulted. In the same year \$200,000 in support payments passed through the court registry.

*this is
one
solution—*

by Nellie M.
Stewart

Perry Maroney, of San Bernardino, California, has developed a practical, program of neighborhood activity for boys, beginning before they reach their teens.

THE Little Mountain community was buzzing with the news. A group of boys had broken into Cardiff's Grocery the night before and stolen several cases of pop, boxes of candy, and cartons of cigarettes. To gain entrance, they had broken a rear window of the store. "I bet I know who did it," people in the neighborhood were saying, although none of them, if pressed, would name names. In the backs of their mind was merely the knowledge of boys who roamed the neighborhood in gangs,

drove jalopies that screeched as they careened around corners, and in general led an aimless sort of life.

Perry Maroney laid down his newspaper containing the news of the Cardiff robbery as his wife entered the living room, followed by their young son Gary.

"What in the world are we going to do with Gary? School is out," she sighed. "It's bad enough when he has schoolwork to do, but in the summer—I!"

"When I was his age I played baseball," came the reply. "Why doesn't he play ball?"

"Play where?" Gary put in. "Where are we going to play any ball, huh?"

Now that he thought of it, Maroney knew that the youngsters didn't play ball anywhere the way he used to. They just ran around all over the neighborhood or sat at home looking at TV.

Maroney soon discussed the problem with his friend Johnson, who owned a large strip of land along a highway, away from any residences.

"Why don't you use my property?" Johnson invited. "I don't expect to do anything with it for some time. Fix it up, and I'll charge you a dollar a year just to make it legal."

From then on Perry Maroney became enthusiastic. While talking to the principal of the school nearby, he suggested, "We ought to hold a meeting of parents. Maybe you could send notes home with the kids."

To the first meeting only twelve parents came. "But even so, I knew only one of them!" Maroney confessed. "It was strange, because they all were members of my own community. It was the first time I became aware of how little I knew my own neighborhood."

The twelve parents, however, were interested in the idea of organizing a ball team for their youngsters. The only way to have a ball team, they decided, was to do it right, with uniforms and everything.

Further meetings were held in a room at a small privately owned airport. Hugh Cover, owner of the airport, was present at one of the meetings. "I'll sponsor one team," he smilingly said.

Maroney was in high spirits. Everything seemed to be going his way. Mr. Cover donated sixty dollars, which paid for the uniforms for a whole team and bought a catcher's outfit.

Then the real work began. Maroney discovered that he had started something he couldn't stop, and wouldn't have if he could, and that he was up to his neck in the project. His wife stepped in to help with the accounting. The group required balls, bats, head protectors, insurance. She, too, was determined to help make the idea a success.

As more parents were enlisted, and businessmen of the community became interested, the project was no longer merely a ball team. It had now grown into a Little League.

"The thing that astonished me most," said Perry Maroney, talking of his first experience with the boys, "was that most of the kids didn't know how to play ball. The majority had never before had a real baseball in their hands."

"At the beginning," he went on, "we had only uniforms, a catcher's outfit, a dozen balls, and three bats. It was rugged for a ball team, but we started. Sixteen boys signed up at the first."

However, the teams grew in number, until shortly there were five teams. In another section of the city there was a ball team for older boys, but Maroney's teams were for the fellows who were too young for the other teams, but old enough to do something constructive.

"They were so eager to play and so eager to learn," adds Maroney. "Since most of them had never had a hard ball in their hands, they were sometimes afraid of it. Too, nearly every boy had ideas of exactly the position he wanted to play, so I had to explain that each boy had to take whatever position was offered to him—after we figured out the place for him."

"Under these circumstances the boys developed good sportsmanship—by learning that positions not in the lime-light can be as valuable for the team as the others."

On the grounds the mothers of the boys sold pop, peanuts, and candy bars to help finance the teams, so slowly but surely they began to accumulate necessary equipment. Fathers helped build benches and stands, bringing saws, hammers, and nails to construct what they needed.

Perry Maroney, a man in his late thirties with sun-tanned, weathered face, loves boys. Too, he believes the contacts with his neighbors have brought him personal satisfaction. "I didn't know I have such swell people for neighbors," he says. "In fact, I didn't even know them! Our work with the ball teams brought all us fathers together, and we got to know and like one another."

Two teams in the Little League. "What we've done, any neighborhood can do," says Perry Maroney; and he adds, "It gives our youngsters a sense of pride and achievement to work in something along with their fathers."



"Since I launched this project, I have become convinced that neighborhoods ought to have more community spirit, and parents should get together more. It's the only way to know what's going on about you, what the youngsters in the neighborhood are doing. It gives our youngsters a sense of pride and achievement to work in something along with their father."

"I figured this restlessness of our younger boys was the problem of us as parents," said Maroney, "and I set out to try to do something about it. What we've done, any neighborhood can do. I'd rather work with my boy to help keep him out of mischief, and make life fun for him, than to work for him later trying to get him out of trouble or worrying about where he is and what he's up to."



"Clean Both Inside and Outside"

First of all, we must realize that we are living in a strange and critical age, and that many children have become victims of inadequate and undisciplined homes. Consequently the blame must rest entirely upon the parents. Child delinquency has been steadily on the march over a period of thirty years or more. As a result we have a second generation of delinquents who are now parents and who do not know, or possibly care, how properly to train and supervise their offspring. I was on the juvenile bench long enough to have had delinquent boys and girls under my jurisdiction whose parents had preceded them under similar circumstances.

If youth are to develop strong bodies, so essential to a successful society, they must be clean both inside and outside, and must have daily exercise and relaxation, plenty of fresh air as well as rest and sleep, and good, nourishing food, with complete abstinence from those cruel, destructive habits which make for so many human wrecks in our midst.

To the youth I would say, God created man in His own image. Your body is God's temple! Guard it and care for it!

Ruth Thompson

"A Real Contribution"

One of the great tragedies of our time is that all too many young men and women think they must smoke and drink in order to be accepted socially today. An invitation or polite social urging is often misinterpreted as acceptance or else!

A realistic appraisal of the nonsmokers and nondrinkers in any young group will often lead to the realization that they are respected and admired for their strength of character, their firmness in their beliefs. The boy or girl who is "different" in these respects possesses cleanness and purpose that will be of invaluable assistance later in life. The road to success is paved with self-denials of those things which are harmful and unnecessary.

There is nothing more useless or injurious to the young man and woman than alcohol and nicotine. My best advice to any young person who wants to make a real contribution to his community and his country is to keep mind and body pure.

Elizabeth Kee



The first woman elected to Congress from her state, MRS. BETH KEE, from the district of West Virginia, is the widow of Congressman Joe Kee, who was chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs at the time of his death in 1919. She served out his unexpired term and was elected to the Eighty-Third Congress.

Long interested in the work of the Red Cross and a participant in its programs, she also has been concerned about physically handicapped children for whom she established a library at the Rehabilitation Center at Fishersville, Va. She is the mother and daughter and a



"Everybody's Problem"

One often hears the statement: "What I drink is my own business." I do not agree. I think it is society's business, too.

Alcoholic excesses have written into our national life an appalling record of fatal accidents, of accidents that maim and blight, of increased delinquency and crime among our young boys and girls, of broken homes and family tragedies. It is impossible to compute our total material and moral loss.

This makes the liquor problem everybody's problem. It makes magazines like "Listen" important reading for all of us. For, after all, no legislative or community pressure can replace self-regulation.

Grace O'Farrell

"An Entangling Octopus"

Our atomic age is one of energy—the motivating force that propels machines and that drives each human life. Hard work accompanies industry and specialized jobs. High speed and technical work need other activity daily to fulfill demands of mental and physical aggression of each person.

If an intoxicant fulfills human drives, it is not within my experience. Some people say it is relaxing; others say it takes one's mind off burdens. These ideas are believed in every community—even in my home town of Oklee with 494 people. However, the fact remains that each individual controls the greater part of his personal destiny.

I have always hoped that my students would stop to really consider the consequence: a possibility to be predisposed to alcoholism, the hazard one becomes to life and property, the toll of anxiety, and unhappiness and despair to the family and society. Greater still is the loss of talent and originality to posterity and the world by this entangling octopus, alcohol.

Everyone has problems. We must face them squarely and with reality. Then only do we have greater fulfillment and satisfaction. Reality includes a hobby, group activity, religious activity, sports, and many creative projects. These are but a few that ease the strains and tensions in a world of energy.

Gaye Knutson, M.C.



MISS RUTH THOMPSON from the ninth district of Michigan is serving her second term in Congress. Born in Whitehall, Michigan, where she went to grade school and high school, Judge Thompson studied law through the Blackstone Correspondence Course and later studied office law at the University of Michigan. During World War II she served in the legal section of the Social Security Board, in the War Department at the Pentagon, and as a civilian with the adjutant general's office in Frankfurt, Germany.

Women are, more and more, making their influence felt in modern life and are speaking out on issues vital to the nation's welfare.

"Listen" invited certain women members of the national House of Representatives to provide brief statements of personal conviction on the present problems arising from beverage alcohol and their suggestions, especially directed to youth, as to a positive program of prevention.

Varied reactions from the lady lawmakers to this invitation showed some to be very shy on this "controversial" subject and extremely cognizant that their position in Congress depended on votes, not their own convictions.

Ladies of the House

Exclaimed one Representative from a Midwest state: "Oh, I couldn't do anything like that. I've already acquired the name of Carry Nation, and that would surely mark me." She felt that the tag was put on her some time ago when she tried to lower coffee prices for the consumer. What the connection is between the two problems is quite obscure, also what relationship, if any, Carry Nation has with today's treatment of the alcohol problem.

Three Representatives pleaded, "No time," to speak out on this pressing social problem.

Another implied that she might be on the "wrong side" if any bill against liquor or its advertising came up on the floor of Congress. Still another, though amenable to expressing herself, begged off because of certain political situations in her home state.

Four responded favorably to the invitation, however, and are hereby included in this exclusive "Listen" feature.

Editors.

Interviews by
Sue Ellen Taylor

"Hell's Belle," MRS. GRACIE POST, from the first district in Idaho, gained her nickname because of her fight for the construction by the Federal Government of the Hells Canyon Dam on the Snake River in Idaho. Born in Boone County, Arkansas, Mrs. Post grew up on a farm in Idaho's Boise Valley. For several years after her graduation from Idaho Business University in Boise she worked as a chemist for a milk products company. As a member of the House Interior Committee, she has championed conservation measures. Before coming to Congress Mrs. Post served ten years as county treasurer while owning and operating her own real-estate business.

Blond, blue-eyed, farm-born MRS. COYA KNUTSON was elected to Congress from the ninth Congressional district of Minnesota. A student of music, and a member of the Concordia College Choir, Mrs. Knutson played the piano and repeatedly sang a parody to the tune of "Casey Jones" as she tried to visit every farm in her district. Vivacious, smiling, forty-two-year-old Mrs. Knutson is no newcomer to politics, having served four years in the Minnesota legislature. She is the first woman in Minnesota to be elected to Congress.

While teaching school she met a farmer, Andy Knutson, in Plummer, Minnesota, whom she married in 1940. In a short time after they moved to Oklee, they bought a small hotel. They have a fourteen-year-old son, Terry.

A NEW name is being added to the growing list of organizations in the United States which concern themselves with the problems of beverage alcohol. Until quite recently the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was, since the advent of repeal, all but dormant, but the current national awareness of the inroads of alcoholism has gradually stirred it into renewed life.

The Union itself is no youngster. It started on Washington's Birthday in 1872 when delegates representing 172 local societies in ten states, New Mexico (not yet a state), and the District of Columbia gathered in Baltimore to establish a national association to help make attractive to Catholics the principle of total abstinence and to combat alcoholism.

Founded on a program of "moral suasion," it was to avoid "any questions relating or appertaining to politics," which included "all prohibitory laws, restrictive license systems, and special legislation against drunkenness." Indeed, it was to be a union of Catholics, by Catholics, and for Catholics to "labor for the amelioration of victims of intemperance through religious principles only."

The roots of such an organization went back much further, to about 1835. In that year the Irish Temperance Society was formed in Boston. Though an activity of Catholics, it did nevertheless make provision to admit Protestants, not counting people as "Protestants or Catholics, nor as Whigs or as Democrats, but as temperance men, and temperance men only." All subsequent societies of this type owed their origin to the priests and were under complete control of ecclesiastical authority.

Bishop Francis Patrick Kenwick of Philadelphia began his first total abstinence society in 1840. During the following decade the movement became popular, especially among Irish Catholics because of the flood of immigration from Ireland where Father Theobald Mathew was in the midst of his fabulously successful campaign against drink.

In 1838 Father Mathew had joined the Quaker-founded Cork Total Abstinence Society, speaking the well-known words: "Here goes, in the name of God." Fifty-nine signers followed suit. October 10 of that same year saw him start his own society, an event which launched him on one of the greatest crusades of history. By February 12, 1841, it is said, the number of teetotalers on the roll of his total abstinence society was 4,647,000, more than half the population of Ireland.



Crusaders attending the eighty-second annual convention of the Union to help lay the foundation for a vigorous total abstinence movement of Catholic youth, especially among those enrolled in parochial schools.

Obviously the influence of such a movement on America was tremendous, perhaps even greater than when he toured the United States from 1849 to 1851, visiting twenty-five states, addressing meetings in more than 300 cities and towns, and administering the pledge to more than 600,000 people. The endurance and fortitude of this apostle of abstinence were astonishing, carrying him to the day of his death in 1856.

The tide began to ebb as soon as Father Mathew returned to Ireland, but once more began to rise after 1865, which year marked an upsurge of interest, not only in Catholic groups, but also in Protestant. Priests became active in organizing total abstinence groups on the parish level; soon these combined and eventually grew into state unions, starting in Connecticut and spreading to Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and New York. These, then, were the basis of the national Union founded in 1872 in Baltimore.

Since then the Union has experienced some of the extremes of ebb and flow—decline through the 1870's, gradually picking up after 1881 and reaching a peak in the middle '90's with the special support and full backing of the Paulists. It reached, however, a comparatively modest flood tide, with the membership rolls totaling 55,375 in 1896.

In December, 1918, Congress almost signed the death warrant for the Catholic Total Abstinence Union when it passed the Eighteenth Amendment, since, as was the case with most educational groups founded for this purpose, the majority of the Union's members

seemed convinced that the organization had outlived its usefulness and was no longer needed. It was, in spite of this blow, carried on by a faithful few through the era of prohibition.

After repeal it rose very slowly, since the ideal of total abstinence was during those years very unpopular.

In March, 1940, Dennis Cardinal Dougherty directed the Union to begin a crusade of total abstinence in parishes and in Catholic schools, colleges, academies, high schools, and grade schools, in all institutions where children were taught.

This campaign was given great impetus in the national convention of 1954 in Baltimore, where was launched an enlarged effort on behalf of Catholic youth. Under the direction and with the co-operation of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and the approval of the American Bishops, the church teen-agers were called upon to "uphold and proclaim the moral virtue of temperance in the perfect form of total abstinence," and to form Crusader groups in their schools or clubs.

At the time of its founding, the Union admitted only men, but later admitted women into membership, and in time the youth, originally called Cadets, now Crusaders. Eligible for membership are all youth above nine years of age who are willing to pledge not to take any intoxicating drink for the time of their membership or for life.

The Crusaders form only one part of the Total Abstinence Union. The senior division consists of youths over sixteen, or those who have left high school, plus priests and adult lay people.

the catholic
total
abstinence
union of
america

FRANCIS A. SOPER

Note

From time to time "Listen" has featured various organizations, church or otherwise, whose sole purpose is some phase of alcohol education. This factual article traces the history of, and notes briefly the major church aspects of, the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. This was at one time the largest Catholic fraternal organization of the church in America, and its influence is steadily increasing in Catholic churches and schools today.

The Priests Total Abstinence League is part of the Union, though not a major factor so far as numbers are concerned. Because of the Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation (changing of the wine into the actual blood of Christ), the priests are free to join the organization since it is not considered that they drink fermented wine in celebrating the mass but the blood of Christ.

The pledge required of Union members is not thought of as a vow nor a juramentum (something sworn to), but a simple spiritual promise made to God, a resolution to perform a moral act in favor of abstinence. Its violation is not considered a sin. Actually, the pledge is one of personal honor, binding the individual to "oppose drinking customs of society" and leaving it to him as to the manner in which he will fulfill the obligation, in his own life and in association with others.

The pledge reads as follows: "I promise with the Divine Assistance, and in honor of the Sacred Thirst and Agony of Our Saviour, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, to prevent as much as possible, by advice and example, the sins of intemperance in others, and to discountenance the drinking customs of society."

Included in the category of "intoxicating drinks" are beer, ale, porter, wine, champagne, gin, brandy, whisky, hard cider, cordials that are intoxicating. The provision is added: "Except liquor when provided as a medicine by a physician."

Since its founding, the financial achievements of the Union have not been great, the annual expenditures seldom going over a few thousand dollars.

Its two major fund-raising projects resulted in the erection of the commemorative Temperance Fountain to Father Mathew in Fairmount Park in Philadelphia during the Centennial of 1876 at a cost of \$60,000, and the establishing of the Father Mathew Chair of Psychology at Catholic University of America.

The Union's literature consists mainly of its thrice-annual periodical *The Catholic Advocate* and a modest selection of tracts, pamphlets, and Lenten cards.

Popes beginning with Pius IX have endowed the Union with plenary and partial indulgences. These have been used liberally as a chief inducement for joining the Union. As is Catholic custom, John the Baptist was designated by Pope Leo XIII as the Union's patron saint. The Baptist had taken a vow not to take any strong drink.

Considerable significance is attached to the fact that an amethyst is used as the jewel in a bishop's ring. Since the name "amethyst" comes from the Greek meaning "not to be drunken," this gem is thought of as the temperance jewel, indicative that its wearer is to be a man of sobriety. It was believed in ancient times that one needed only to have a cup made from an amethyst to be forever protected from intoxication.

Basic in understanding the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, especially for Protestants, is a knowledge of the church's attitude toward alcoholic beverages in general. As is also the attitude of millions of non-church people today, the church sees no

wrong in beverage alcohol, but only in its so-called abuse. It considers temperance (moderation, in its eyes) a virtue, and total abstinence the perfect practice of that virtue. In other words, as Father John W. Keogh, present president of the Union, informally phrased it: Drink is itself not evil, but it must be used with wisdom and caution. It is habit-forming; therefore the church counsels everyone to abstain.

Drinking is no sin, says the church. However, it teaches that the alcoholic seriously sins by taking even one drink, since he has lost his self-control. On the other hand, the church acknowledges that it has no means of determining exactly when a person becomes an alcoholic.

Sister Joan Bland, in her *Hibernian Crusade*, comments thus on the philosophy back of the early Catholic efforts on behalf of total abstinence:

"No Catholic could, while accepting the teaching of his church, regard total abstinence *per se* as an obligation for anyone. . . . Why, then, did thousands of Catholics crusade with an enthusiasm which was sometimes regarded as fanatical, not merely for temperance but for total abstinence as well?"

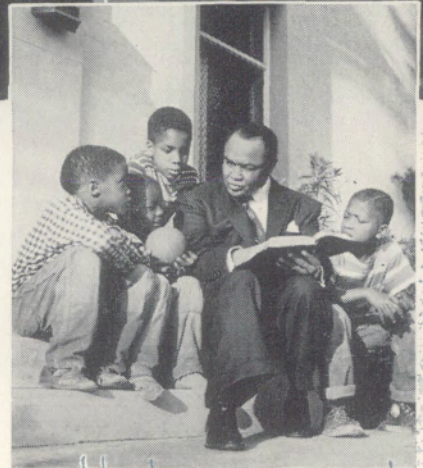
"There were, broadly, two reasons. The more clearly Catholic one, most emphasized by the clerical leaders of the movement, was the ideal of self-denial. By making a total sacrifice of one of God's gifts certain men might win for themselves and for others the grace to avoid ever abusing it. . . . But there was another viewpoint, equally widespread. This was the idea that total abstinence, while it could not be a matter of obligation, nevertheless constituted the most effectual means of promoting temperance."—Page 8.

Needless to say, this Catholic viewpoint is one with which there is not general agreement in non-Catholic circles, but there must be general recognition that at least 50,000 persons young and old, have, for one or both of these reasons, pledged to abstain from intoxicants. This is approximately the present membership of the Union, though records are not too specific. Furthermore, the Union officers are looking forward to a wide, rapid expansion of their membership, both clergy and laity, and are laying plans for a broadened educational effort in their schools that will make the coming generation more aware of the possible dangers of alcoholism for all who drink any intoxicating beverage.



Father John W. Keogh, of Philadelphia, president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

There is no disease in the world for which alcohol is a cure.—Dr. Howard A. Kelly, Johns Hopkins University.



HENRY ARMSTRONG--

Fighter for Youth

IN THE history of sports Henry Armstrong is an immortal, having held three world ring titles simultaneously. In less than eight months, in 1937 and 1938, he won three world titles—featherweight, lightweight, and welterweight.

Mississippi born and Saint Louis reared, Henry Armstrong came up the hard way. He saw the seamy side of life—juvenile delinquency at its worst—and never forgot it. It wasn't, however, until he had become a near-alcoholic that he had a religious experience which, he says, "pointed out his true mission in life."

Determined to make up for his aimless past life, Armstrong studied the Bible night and day until, after many public appearances as a lay preacher, he was finally ordained a Baptist minister.

After some three hundred ring battles—most of them against men both bigger and heavier than he—Armstrong says he now feels equal to anything life can throw at him. He declares that his greatest victory of all was the creation of the Henry Armstrong Youth Foundation.

"Throughout my entire life it has been my

ambition to do something constructive for the community and country which have done so much for me, and I am thankful I have the opportunity to help make this world a better place in which to live."

His dream came true when, in June, 1952, the Henry Armstrong Youth Foundation was established in Los Angeles. The proposed layout consists of four principal buildings. The main building has twenty-one rooms and a chapel with a seating capacity of 200. In the other buildings are a gymnasium, a craft and hobby shop, and other facilities.

These facilities are available to all young people without charge, either as individuals or as groups. One stipulation is that they are for homeless and helpless boys, regardless of race, creed, or color. It is to be a good home for these boys, to give them a good chance for a new start in life. Here they will have an opportunity to develop into useful citizens in a healthful environment.

"Hammering Hank" says he has found more true happiness in this type of work than he did in the boxing ring. The man who thrilled millions of sports fans is now fighting for youth.

DRINKING AND DISEASE

(Continued from page 15)

my own personal observations,—76 per cent of men and 66 per cent of women who are infected become so when under the influence of alcohol. In the field of venereal disease doctors' impressions will vary widely, because of a difference in their clientele.

It is frequently stated that one in ten alcoholics develops a mental disease. This is only an estimate, but when the admissions to various state hospitals for the insane or mentally ill are considered, alcoholism accounts for from 15 to 40 per cent, with the average being around 25 per cent of the admissions. Statistics from the state hospitals in Illinois show that the average for that state is approximately 20 per cent.

You have heard a great deal of argument about longevity and life expectancy in relationship to alcohol. No one denies that heavy drinking shortens life in a significant manner, but some data indicate that moderate drinkers and abstainers have about the same longevity. At the age of 30 the life expectancy of abstainers in one study was found to be 36 years; of moderate drinkers, 36 years; of heavy drinkers, 28 years. Among 2,000,000 policyholders in forty-three life-insurance companies, the basic death rate was 100, and for those who took two glasses of beer a day—that is the definition of "moderate"—the death rate was 118; for those who took more, the death rate was 186.

Here are some figures from the State of Ohio: 85 per cent of all residents lived to be 50 years or older; 52 per cent of all alcoholics lived to be 50 years or older. That is a good comparison, the result of a survey by the Ohio State Alcohol Commission. Another comparison is that 69 per cent of all residents in Ohio lived to 60 years or older; 21.5 per cent of alcoholics lived to 60 years or older.

The fact that alcoholics die sooner than abstainers is proved in a very practical way by the experience of those life-insurance companies which discount or reduce the premium of abstainers. One insurance company in Dallas, Texas, every five years returns 6 per cent of the premium to abstainers. An insurance company in Sweden and at least two in the British Isles give a special discount to abstainers. This should be done. In the United States the total abstainers have been paying the cost of the short-life expectancies of the 7,000,000 people who drink heavily, and the 10,000,000 so-called moderate drinkers. The cost to the abstainer

is approximately 10 per cent of his or her premium. There are at least two automobile-insurance companies in this country which reduce by 25 to 35 per cent the cost of automobile accident insurance sold to total abstainers. That means that abstainers have been paying from 25 to 35 per cent more automobile accident insurance than they should pay.

When one considers the foregoing information, and then adds the large number of cases of alcoholism and the large number of personal-injury accidents and deaths due to drinking alcoholic beverages, it becomes clear why the consumption of alcoholic beverages constitutes the No. 4 public-health problem in the United States.

only that KOME would carry no tobacco or alcoholic beverage advertising, but that the network would not even present such advertising for the station's consideration. Some stations show intent not to carry these products, but unless it is definitely and contractually understood that the station will not, the network maintains the prerogative to ask the station to carry such advertising.

This addendum was accepted by the network officials, and on August 1, 1955, KOME once again was the Mutual station in Tulsa. In a special radio talk Dr. Brown stated: "KOME is happy and proud once again to be an affiliate of this great network. We are proud, and yet humble, that the net-

Today's Riches

Frederick D. Brewer

Before night shadows close the day,
God paints the western skies,
Disclosing to my wondering gaze
The gates of paradise.

And, marveling, I wonder why
We waste our lives away
In search of things beyond our
reach,
When wealth is ours today.

We have the sunset's richest gold,
The silver stars at night,
A diamond in each dewdrop, that
Reflects the moon's clear light.

God showers His gifts upon us all,
If we would only see;
They're ours to cherish and enjoy.
There is no cost; they're free!

Why search for dim tomorrows as
We travel on life's way,
When all about lie riches rare
That can be ours today?

RADIO STATION KOME

(Continued from page 6)

fight had been long and hard. With its sports and good music the station began to show definite indications of progress. Most encouraging was the change from red to black on the ledger sheets. Advertising agencies and business people began to show respect for the station, its programming, and its advertising value. Then came what seems to be the final and convincing act that proved that a radio station does not have to sacrifice ideals to maintain its place in the industry.

With the sale of the radio station that had been the Mutual affiliate since KOME discontinued its network services in 1951, there was a feeling that KOME would stand a good chance of regaining the network. This was confirmed when the network representative contacted the station executives asking for a written "desire" by KOME for the network services.

Before an agreement was signed, however, an addendum was prepared. This amendment to the contract papers definitely and specifically stated, not

work has come to accept KOME as an outstanding station, but a station with ideals and principles, not to be sacrificed for any gain whatsoever."

Shortly after KOME broke with the network in 1951, a station in Kentucky, after a season of baseball sponsored by a church organization, decided to drop all advertising of alcoholic beverages. It was felt that KOME's step, the first step by any major network station, had a great deal of influence on this station, and indirectly on other stations whose ownership felt that advertising of these products was not in the best interest of their listeners.

All three of the Brown Schools stations have been successful. They do not want to share in the millions of dollars that are spent to advertise tobacco and alcoholic beverages. They want, instead, to send into the American home only that which will help morally, physically, and spiritually. Dr. Brown, in a series of messages entitled "Thoughts Are Things," ably proves that the intangible quality of radio, the unseen voice that controls your attention, definitely makes "thoughts into things." The Brown stations want only to be constructive in their broadcasting.

Crater of Diamonds

WHEN I stepped out of the car and planted my feet on that \$800,000,000 farm, my being tingled from head to foot. But there was nothing unusual about the soil. The cedar, sycamore, oak, and gum trees looked like others beautifying the hills and pastures along the road over which we had passed. A second look assured me that the place was only another attractive country home, so I relaxed and composedly began to make the most of my visit.

Back in 1906 a stranger visited this same farm, so it is reported. From all the information he gave about himself, he had neither birthplace, name, home, or occupation. He showed up suddenly

and disappeared one night in the same manner. During his brief stay he had but one subject of conversation. In an accent foreign to the natives of that territory he ranted and raved about diamonds. "Bushels of them!" he would cry out.

Upon the guest's departure the owner of the farm went about his fall work, which included putting in a turnip patch. He determined to break up some new ground for the "greens," and began plowing the plot. He had made only a few furrows, when the plow turned up a stone. The incident was not uncommon, but the stone was. A brilliant gleam flashed from it! Instantly

the man thought of the strange visitor and his bushels of diamonds.

Glorying in his shrewdness, and suspicious of others, he placed the stone in hiding until he could give it further observation. The next day he went to town to show the stone to the banker. As he was going down the lane from the house, another bright flash caught his eye, and there before him lay another stone, just like the one he had picked up the previous morning. He grew excited, strange emotions filling his soul. Stooping, he picked the flashing stone up, held it at arm's length, turning and twisting it in his hand. The noonday sun sent down glorious rays, and the fragment of stone reflected the brilliancy. There was no mistaking the identity!

Upon arriving in town, cautiously he took the two stones from his pocket and passed them through the window to the banker. Fingering them for a moment, the man smilingly laid them down. "I'll give you fifty cents for them," he said.

"Nuthin' doin'!" The offer was refused with an emphatic jerk of the head. "Them's dee-monts!"

The farmer kept on insisting, so the banker finally suggested that he take the stones to an expert for examination. A jeweler in a nearby city was consulted, and he at once recognized their value. Upon his advice they were sent to Dr. George F. Kunz, the gem expert of Tiffany and Company, New York. There the stones were identified and evaluated as diamonds—1.35 and 2.75 carats. Thus was opened the diamond mine of Murfreesboro, Pike County, Arkansas, the only diamond mine in North America.

After Dr. Kunz announced his discovery, Murfreesboro became a center of activity. Scientists and geologists, miners and engineers, came from around the globe. Speculators talked stock, and capitalists made shrewd calculations. Not to be outdone by any unscrupulous financier, the owner himself determined to have his part in the

He picked up the flashing stone, twisting it in his hand.



get-rich program that was under way, so he sold the farm for the "fabulous" price of \$36,000.

The new owners developed the mine and prospered under the operation. However, at times the going was rough as trouble arose because of international intrigue, and because of labor and legal difficulties. Finally the mine came into the possession of Mrs. Ethel P. Wilkinson, Longansport, Indiana, who still owns it jointly with the Howard A. Millers.

During the active operation of the mine more than 50,000 diamonds were found. In quality some of the gems were of surpassing beauty. The industrial diamonds were in great demand, being 28 per cent harder than those from South Africa.

The largest and most beautiful collection of Arkansas diamonds is owned by a firm of New York City diamond cutters, Schenck and Van Halen.

The stones vary in color, some being pink, some yellow. The "white" ones are deeply clear. A mocha-colored gem, mounted in a lucite paperweight, is owned by former President Truman. It was presented to him in 1949 by the people of Arkansas. The emerald-cut, rose-tinted, 14.34-carat Uncle Sam diamond is the most valuable of the entire display. It is valued at \$75,000.

At the time the mine was running at its best, the seventy-acre farm was listed at \$800,000,000, some realtors even appraising it at more than \$1,000,000,000.

At the present time the mine is shut down, so to speak. However, under the Miller-Wilkinson management, people

(Turn to page 26.)

Tracy Farms-

NEW HOPE



Sigmund Neuman

VINCENT TRACY was for years a lawyer and an executive in a New York City department store. He was also a heavy drinker, and this vice at last landed him in the Bowery, where for fifteen months he lived by his sodden wits.

"Then one fall evening," he tells the story, "I stepped into a Bowery joint with my usual thirst and sixty hard panhandled cents in my pocket. I ordered a beer, but for some reason I didn't drink it. Instead I thought to myself, 'What am I doing in this place? What am I doing on the face of this earth?' I went outside and walked. I walked all night. As I walked, I said the Lord's Prayer over and over."

That night he embarked on the long, hard return to sobriety. Eventually he found his way to Bridge House, a rehabilitation center for alcoholics and a part of the city's welfare department, under the direction of Edward McGoldrick. At last, after long efforts, the day came when he was once more an executive. From then on he felt that he should help others free themselves from the same scourge.

First he devoted his spare time to aiding derelicts in various ways. Later he resigned his position, rented an apartment on Fifth Avenue, and took alcoholics in for treatment.

Finally came the day when Tracy realized that a large city was not the best place for his purpose, and he purchased a 156-acre farm in the Helderberg Mountains near Albany. The restoration of farm and house was the beginning of Tracy Farms, the first time that the treatment for alcoholics has been undertaken in the open country, where nature can exert her great influence.

Although Tracy is confident of nature's aid, he realizes that the will of the alcoholic himself must play the principal role. He summarizes his belief in these striking words: "The alcoholic does not drink because he is sick; he is sick because he drinks. Alcoholism is not a sickness, but a bad habit." He urges his guests to pray to God for help, but the rest they must do themselves. This calls for all the strength and energy left in their weakened minds and souls.

Let no one think that it is easy for an alcoholic, who perhaps has checked in one hospital after another, to be told at the Farms that he has no "sickness" but only a bad habit. Though a doctor makes regular visits, and supporting remedies, such as vitamins, are given, the alcoholic cannot expect to be cured by some wonder drug.

To make a human derelict receptive to new ideas and positive thinking is Tracy's basic task, and its difficulties should not be underestimated. The man who comes to the Farm must regard himself not as a patient but as a guest. Work is voluntary, and everyone is at liberty to go wherever he pleases and do whatever he wishes.

All guests are treated as equals, regardless of their situation in life. Among these guests have been policemen, university professors, housewives, mothers, businessmen, union leaders, writers, salesmen, and craftsmen. One of the guests was a boy of eighteen who boasted that when he was twelve he could drink every adult under the table.

During its few years of operation Tracy Farms has handled hundreds of alcoholics. There are usually fourteen

(Turn to page 34.)



1. Welcome sign inviting visitors to stop and see the Crater of Diamonds.
2. Washing pan from the first diamond plant, a mute, impressive reminder of glorious days now past.
3. The present farm home, now completely renovated from the home of the first mine owner, as described in the story. Crater entrance is at right.

are invited to visit the mine ("crater," they call it) and search for diamonds until their hearts are content. The owners operate under the plan of "finders keepers," and enjoy their unique business. No reservations are made on gems under five carats, but on larger stones they require a royalty.

The large white house, with screened veranda, invites the visitor. In the museum is to be found a fine collection of rare stones and other items of interest. A nominal charge is made for admittance to the crater, and one can spend an entire day searching for diamonds, either alone, or with the help of a guide. For nineteen consecutive years a man from Saint Louis has visited the crater, and every year until 1954 he has found a diamond.

The place is two and a half miles southeast of Murfreesboro. The large "Crater of Diamonds" sign at the end of the road, after one has driven through the cooling shade of the driveway leading to the house, heralds an enjoyable day and an interesting place.

When I found myself back in Murfreesboro, I had a question regarding the original owner of the mine. Spying an elderly man sitting out in front of one of the hotels, I approached him, thinking that he might be able to furnish the information I was seeking. As I made his acquaintance I at once brought up the subject. "What about him?" I asked.

"Oh, him?" He rubbed his chin. "Well, missus, he's dead. Died here."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Where did he live? I should like to see the place."

The man squinted sharply at me. He arose, and with the help of his two gnarled hands straightened his back. He went down the walk a pace, then stepped into the road, while I followed. In view of the track he stopped. Then he strained his eyes some distance, and, pointing, said, "It's down thar."

I looked, scowling. What I saw was a dilapidated shack. I could hardly believe it. "How disappointing!" I exclaimed.

"Yer right. He traded his diamonds for some mighty poor investments—and booze. He drank hisself to death!"

MORPHINE AND CODEINE

(Continued from page 14)

The relief of pain for a few days or weeks must be measured against being afflicted with the most terrible kind of pain for years and sometimes for life.

Comparatively little research has been done on addiction thus far. It is an ill-

ness so complex and deep-seated that no one fully understands what happens to a person taking drugs. It is known that the chronic user undergoes a personality change, that his vital organs are seriously affected, and that his chemistry is altered. Since every part of the human being is affected by opiates, no one can withstand their addictive properties.

One of the myths circulated by hearsay is the story of "my aunt, who had to take morphine for several years and, do you know, she never became ad-

The Drunkard

Ruth Bassett

He sees the world through his bleary eyes,
A dreary world, where he has no place;

And the look on every passing face
Is turned to pity or vague disgust
That a creature of God has thus
betrayed
The gift of life that he holds in trust.

Lost in shadows of make-believe,
He gropes for a truth to which to cling;
He gropes unseeing and in despair
Through a world that offers him
everything.

dicted to it?" Or, "I had a friend who took narcotics every day for eight months. When he decided to stop, he didn't get sick or crave the drug."

Such stories cannot be substantiated, but they are cited with a great show of authority. Do not believe a story, however glibly told, concerning the person who has taken opiates regularly without becoming an addict. Such a person does not, and cannot, exist.

The person who becomes addicted to morphine for medical reasons and whose primary ailment is cured, still has the problem of addiction to combat. If he cannot overcome it, or does so temporarily, only to slip back, he may fall prey to the criminal element and continue to take morphine provided thus, or be converted to heroin.

Outside of heroin and opium, which are handled almost exclusively by criminals, the other opiates are used by doctors for relief of pain.

Morphine and codeine are prescribed by doctors, but a goodly quantity of morphine is siphoned off the legal market and sold by the underworld. Codeine is never sold illegally.

The "big operators" in the drug racket do not bother with morphine, because it is not sufficiently profitable. Unlike heroin, which can be "cut" (adulterated) twenty or more times, morphine cannot be cut.

In the underworld, morphine is sold in capsules, cubes, and tablets. "Caps" (capsules) sell from \$3 to \$5 each, tablets by the grain—one fourth of a grain costing \$1. (By way of comparison, twenty quarter-grain tablets on prescription cost around a dollar—one twentieth of the amount realized on the illegal market!) Morphine reaches the hands of peddlers by theft from legitimate supplies or by forgery of doctors' prescriptions.

Much milder than morphine, codeine does not produce the euphoria, or "high" feeling. However, it does create addiction which is difficult to overcome.

Years ago I knew a young nurse who became addicted to codeine in a hospital where she worked. She took a half grain of codeine several times for severe headaches, and soon found herself taking it regularly. Without a job or a home, today she is a confirmed addict, has undergone many so-called "cures," but is unable to conquer the evil influence of the drug that lures her time and again back into the trap.

There are three questions most frequently asked me about morphine and codeine:

1. What are some of the things that happen as a result of taking these drugs?

A person usually has a loss of appetite and weight, low resistance to disease, respiratory ailments, unnoticed development of many diseases, frequent heart involvement, kidney disorders, acute constipation, tooth decay, physical deterioration, mental confusion sometimes becoming mania, extreme nervousness and irritability, and destruction of moral judgment and will power.

One great calamity visited upon addicts is that they are lost in a wilderness of the devil's making, cut off from spiritual comfort and faith. Many addicts confess that even though they were reared in religious homes, drugs kill their belief. They are often heard to say, "If there were a God, He wouldn't let me suffer this way."

2. What happens when a person withdraws from these drugs?

He undergoes a series of "shocks" because he has become dependent on narcotics. At first he has an overwhelming drowsiness, yawning constantly. His eyes and nose run, his voice becomes hoarse. He has spasms of violent sneezing. He alternates be-

tween feeling extremely cold and feverishly hot, and perspires profusely, ripples of goose flesh covering his entire body.

The muscles of his legs and arms twitch spasmodically. His head, back, legs, and arms ache unbearably. He has violent cramping in the abdomen, with incessant attacks of vomiting and diarrhea. Because he cannot eat he loses an alarming amount of weight during the first week or two of withdrawal.

Insomnia sets in, and he becomes irritable. His pulse and heartbeat fluctuate between very rapid and very slow. If he has a weak heart he often suffers an attack at this time, sometimes fatal. He becomes irrational, sometimes delirious. Most devastating of all is the mental torture he must endure. At times he is literally "out of his mind."

The addict who is arrested and sent to jail must endure the inhuman "cold turkey," which is abrupt withdrawal without medication. Addicts under these circumstances sometimes die, sometimes commit suicide.

Only a few years ago two girls, both addicts to morphine, committed suicide while withdrawing in jail, by eating broken glass from a smashed light bulb.

3. In view of their suffering, why do addicts revert to using drugs after having been withdrawn from them?

There are many reasons. Although it takes only a few weeks to "wean" the patient off the drug, the aftermath lasts for months, sometimes years. Insomnia torments him, and he cannot safely take medicine to produce sleep. He suffers from depressions, guilt, a sense of unworthiness. Physically he does not even approach a return to normal for a long time. During this trying period either psychological or physiological aggravations can provide reason for taking drugs "just once" for temporary relief. "Just once" is meaningless to the recovered addict, for he has become sensitized to the drugs, and a compulsive craving for more follows the "once."

Thousands of Americans, struggling vainly in the depths of drug addiction, might never have found themselves in this snare if they had only known when they were, and when they were not, on "solid ground" in taking drugs.

Unfortunately there is no solid ground for anyone who takes narcotics. In a matter of weeks, and sometimes days, the person taking opiates finds himself hopelessly enmeshed, unable to rid himself of their mastery, to control his compulsive craving, or even to cope with everyday living problems.

"Morphine and Codeine—Medical Booby Traps," second half of Daniel Carlsen's vital article on these drugs, will appear in next quarter's "Listen."

I SAW THEM

"in between"

Theodore
Simonson



TAKE it from me, alcoholism is terrible. I have seen the alcoholics "in between"!

In 1949 I graduated from college with an unusual interest in abnormal psychology. A recommendation from my psychology professor at Washington College helped me to get a position as attendant in one of Maryland's largest state mental hospitals.

I was interested in mental illness, but I hadn't dreamed that the doors of our hospital would open to thousands of men and women whose condition of mind could be traced directly to a flourishing, respected, national industry. I came face to face with the "end product" of the liquor business. In this industry's skeletoned closet, the mental hospital, I have met the alcoholics "in between" drinks.

While neighbors and friends wondered idly where "Frank," the town drunk was, I was strapping "Frank" to a bed, so he wouldn't run riot in the ward and injure other patients when escaping from the monsters of his delusions. While bar companions were missing the usually slobbering mumble of "Joe's" voice, other attendants were helping me administer a sedative so "Joe" would stop screaming. "Bill" was missing from his accustomed spot in the skid-row doorway, but I was mopping up the ward floor while he vomited his way back to sanity.

Back they came, time after time. With nine lives like a cat, some of these drinkers drove kids down on the street and mangled motorists on the turnpike; but each time, uncannily, they came back gibbering, nerveless, and rubber-legged to our hospital entrance—*without a scratch*. Their brain cells were disintegrating, but many came back fifteen or twenty times for the "three-week treatment" before they ceased to be human beings and had to be sheet-roped to a chair for the rest of their lives.

After nursing a hundred alcoholics through the d.t.'s, I was promoted to social service. That unfolded the other half of the dreary picture. I interviewed each patient as he came in, but it was hardly worth the psychiatrist's time to read my case histories. It was the same every time: "Admitted . . . released; admitted . . . released; admitted . . . released," like the ditto marks on the record of an old and not-so-clever criminal. And in between, the crisp, hard-bitten social-service prose that told of broken homes and hearts, children without fathers, wives without husbands.

Yes, I saw the alcoholic "in between;" I saw him when he sagged limply between two policemen and when he sat down suddenly clawing at his soggy shirt and screaming, "There are ants in my stomach!" I saw him live out the three days and nights of hell it takes to get over the d.t.'s. Then I saw drugs, good food, and regular hours bring him back from the dead. I saw him turn once more into a nice fellow, a smiling, joking, easygoing fellow who would help swab down the ward floor in the morning or dish the patients' food out on plates when it came up from the kitchen.

I wished a thousand times that all the distillers, bottlers, distributors, and bartenders in the world could look in on him then and watch him there in the only pathetic fragment of normalcy left in his shattered life. I wished they could catch the pathos of that "normal" moment, supported as it was by barred windows, locked doors, and white-coated attendants.

But the moment was brief; for available beds in mental hospitals are rare, and the waiting lists are long. So I saw the alcoholic "signed out." However, there was never joy in it for me even though there were probably cheerful shouts of welcome and an extra round of beer at Tony's that night.

I knew I would see him "in between" drinks again.

HERE are no such things as miracles. Science ruled out all such superstition long ago."

The sophomore, just home from college, prowled restlessly about the garden, which was bright as new paint with all the perennials bursting into bloom. He threw away a half-burned cigarette and immediately lighted a fresh one. Since he had been to a party the night before, he had slept very late and still looked the worse for wear. He considered himself a thorough man of the world, forgetful that "sophomore" means "wise fool."

"Yes, science ruled out all such flub-dub long ago," he repeated with dogmatic conviction.

The owner of the garden made no immediate comment. The old philosopher, who was the wisest man he knew, lay relaxed and untroubled in his deck chair. He gazed off across the small valley to the hills which rose tier on tier of emerald and indigo beyond, but he saw them mostly with his eyes of memory and faith.

"That depends on what you mean by a miracle," he finally said, smiling. "Do

you happen to know the dictionary definition?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, I do. Quote: 'Any event or effect in the physical world deviating from the known laws of nature—'"

"There you are," the boy broke in crisply. "'Deviating from the known laws of nature.'"

"'Or transcending our knowledge of those laws.' Unquote." The other finished quietly.

"Anyway, science is my god, and I'm satisfied with the miracles it turns out. None of this starry-eyed, wishy-washy stuff."

There was another and longer silence. Then the old man asked, "Would you pick me one of those Oriental poppies down there?"

The youth sauntered down the stone steps which led to the lower terrace of the garden and carelessly broke off one of the huge and brilliant red-orange blossoms. He offered it to the philosopher, who shook his head. "No, I want you to look at it."

The boy dropped down on the steps and stared at the flower. Then there

cles that stagger the imagination. Your ear is a contrivance that is marvelous and intricate, to say nothing of that pair of lungs you're breathing that smoke into."

"What you're trying to say is that I am a miracle?"

"Of course you're a miracle." The philosopher nodded. "From the crown of your head to the soles of your feet there's not an atom of you that's not a miracle beyond the wildest reaches of the imagination."

The speaker was silent for some moments. Then he muttered, more to himself than to his visitor in the garden, "Beats me why the good Lord went to so many pains and so much scientific effort to make these hair-triggered mechanisms we call bodies when we appreciate them so little."

"You mean, we actually try to destroy them?"

"Almost before we're out of the cradle. And lots of young people, before they're well into their teens, gleefully start hurting themselves with alcohol and tobacco, two of the body's worst enemies. Sometimes they go about it

*you are a
miracle*

RUTH CROSS

was a whistle. He was impressed. "That's really something, isn't it? Must be a thousand or more of those fine, hairlike stamens—and the pattern on that midnight-blue corolla! Say, I'd like to see that under a microscope."

"The stars and planets, with the Milky Way thrown in for good measure, are not more remarkable than that flower," came the reply. "And it grew from a seed so small you can hardly see it with the naked eye. When science can make an Oriental poppy, or a star, then I might consider calling it a god."

"Well, I guess everything in the world is a miracle in a sense," the sophomore conceded reluctantly.

"Yes, everything. The sunshine, the water in the pool there, the vegetables in the plot down below—all are mira-

with even deadlier narcotics." The wise man shook his head. "Strange, isn't it? Very strange we're so hell-bent to commit suicide."

"Suicide? You can't mean that. Millions of people who drink, smoke, overeat, and commit all the other venial sins, live to a ripe old age. Look at Churchill, the greatest man of our age."

"Yes, look at him. With such a constitution, who knows how many years more of useful service he might have had if only—?"

"Oh, well, who wants to live forever? We'll all get blown up with a hydrogen bomb or something, anyhow. As for me, I mean to get what I can while the getting's still good. I guess that's the way most young folks figure it."



"Not quite true. Millions of young people feel it's up to them to make this world a more decent place, anyway for their children to live in."

"Well, I don't want all the fellows, and especially the girls, to think I'm a sissy and a 'square.' If you don't drink and smoke and do what the rest do, you'll mighty soon find yourself left out of all the fun."

"In other words, you're letting them run your life for you, because you have not the fortitude to run it yourself. 'Follow the leader' is the oldest and the easiest game in the world."

The young man stood up, unfolding himself, six feet of good solid bone and brawn. In spite of all his indulgences, he was still healthy of skin and goodly to look at standing there in the sun.

"I am a miracle!" The lad seemed rather stunned, at last, with that realization. He drew in his stomach, punched at his chest, flexed his biceps. Then he lifted a finger and wiggled it. "I send a message to the brain. Quick as a flash it relays the message back to my finger. All pretty complicated, isn't it?"

"Too complex to take unnecessary chances with, such as constantly searing the delicate lining of the stomach with alcohol, or coating the only lungs you'll ever have with a tarry substance from that fag you're lighting."

The addict threw the thing away and mumbled something about how hard it would be to stop.

"It'll be a lot harder twenty years from now, and maybe too late."

The boy dropped down again on the garden step. For many minutes he sat hunched like the statue of Rodin's "Thinker." Perhaps for the first time in his life he really *was* thinking.

"Tough when I get into business," he seemed to be arguing with himself, "if I don't smoke and drink with my customers. They'll think I'm setting myself up as critic of their behavior, the old holier-than-thou stuff. I'll lose a lot of contracts."

"Contracts, eh?" The old man glanced up absently from his book, as if he had already forgotten what they were talking about. "Some of the most successful men in this country don't think they have to do those things to get contracts. The real question is, Are you a man or a louse?"

"I'm a miracle, and from here on, I'm going to take care of my body!"

"Now that's settled," the philosopher replied. "Let's go in and have some lunch. We'll walk on a miracle called 'the earth,' breathe a miracle called 'air,' and partake of a few miracles known as 'nourishing food and drink.'"

SALLY
CLARK

citizens force liquor off grocers' shelves

THAT business can ill afford to underestimate the power of the disaffair side was conclusively proved when the Louisiana city of Lake Charles began viewing with alarm the spread of newspaper advertising encouraging youngsters to use alcoholic beverages to enliven their parties.

This business trend had so mushroomed that it was well-nigh impossible to find a single grocery store where liquor wasn't found on shelves alongside peas and spinach. And the spark that set off the campaign of protest was the action of a leading chain store which opened a large packaged-liquor department, prominently displayed and advertised.

Into a huddle went the women of the First Baptist Church Women's Missionary Society of Lake Charles. At first they considered and presented a petition to all church families, urging them to pressure the grocers to stop selling beer and other alcoholic beverages, under the veiled threat of boycott.

But learning this was in defiance of Louisiana's ancient code prohibiting the use of the boycott, the women abandoned this cudgel and adopted the slogan: "I Buy Dry."

Under this masthead, fifteen women's societies joined up, their avowed purpose to trade only with grocers who shared their convictions.

Each society donated a small amount of money for needed operational expenses, and little cards were used to express appreciation to those grocers who abandoned the sale of intoxicants. The cards read:

THANK YOU

"The words of thanks we have for you
This card conveys much quicker.
We're grateful that you serve or sell
No beer, no wine, no liquor!"

As each member paid her grocery bill, one of these cards was handed to the cashier. Mutely expressive were the stacks of cards that piled up daily on cash registers. More than 20,000 were distributed. In addition, lists of grocers not selling beer or other alcoholic beverages were sent to the various churches in the city, regardless of their creed.

In addition, hundreds of postal cards were sent to store owners. They bore the cryptic mimeographed message: "Dear Sir: I am concerned that our community shall furnish suitable environment for the rearing of our youth. For that reason, I earnestly implore you to please remove beer and other alcoholic beverages from the shelves of your store."

Each card was signed by members of the church family who desired to do so.

It wasn't long before the impact of the deadly seriousness of Lake Charles parents bore fruit. Two locally owned food stores and one large chain store stopped selling beer. Later, three more locally owned stores banned the product from their shelves.

The local movement blossomed into national protest, and the town's women sent off letters, resolutions, and telegrams to their legislative representatives. Two billboards were placed at strategic locations to carry thought-provoking and conscience-stirring posters testifying to the dangers of strong drink.

Youth Temperance meetings were altered, and the snowballing movement was finally organized into the Calcasieu Unit of the Louisiana Moral and Civic Foundation.

Thus has teamwork and fellowship among the various church groups in Lake Charles helped rid it of a dread evil. More than that, Lake Charles is now a better community in which to rear the town's children.

liquor advertising bills before congress

is this type of bill
constitutional?

Congressman
Eugene Siler



why such a bill?

Senator
William
Langer

MUCH interest has been aroused throughout the entire country over H. R. 4627, which is a bill now in our Congress seeking to prohibit advertising, through channels of interstate commerce, of alcoholic beverages on TV, radio, or in publications that reach across state lines.

Article I, section 8 of the United States Constitution says that our Congress has power "to regulate commerce . . . among the several states." And our courts have heretofore interpreted "commerce among the several states" to include interstate advertising, whether by TV or radio or on published pages reaching across state lines.

On the other hand, Amendment I of that same Constitution says our Congress "shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press."

It is true that some people think that the Amendment just mentioned takes away from Congress all its power to pass legally H. R. 4627 on the basis that this bill would, if enacted, constitute a law to "abridge" freedom of speech or of the press. Yet if this line of thinking were carried to its logical conclusion, then no law could ever be passed to restrain anyone from using foul, indecent, vulgar, offensive language, or from any name calling that a person might think of uttering to pollute the clean air of the public. However, everyone knows that indecent pictures or vulgar language cannot be used in such a way as to shock or offend the listening or reading public, regardless of how much freedom of speech or of the press may be guaranteed under the Constitution.

The rightful position about the constitutionality of H. R. 4627, which would ban alcoholic advertising across state boundaries, is that such legislation would positively not abridge or curtail or reduce any freedom of speech or of the press that is moving along in a decent and legal manner, but would only abridge that speech or that publication which is moving along in an indecent or illegal manner, like entering the minds of juveniles and persuading children that it is cultured and desirable and harmless to drink alcoholic beverages.

If it is illegal to *sell* alcoholic beverages to children, it is illegal to *persuade them to buy*. (Turn to page 34.)

As a matter of information to its readers, "Listen" here presents the personal comments of the authors of the two bills now in Congress to ban advertising of alcoholic beverages in interstate commerce. Senator William Langer of North Dakota introduced his bill S. 923 on February 4, 1955, and Congressman Eugene Siler of Kentucky introduced his bill H. R. 4627 on March 3.

Unusual interest has been aroused in these bills, especially since liquor-industry spokesmen have admitted that consumption of intoxicants would drop by one half if their advertising were discontinued. Obviously, then, the incidence of alcoholism, of accidents and crime abetted by liquor, and of juvenile drinking would also drop.

Committee hearings on this type of bill are usually conducted before the House and Senate committees on interstate commerce near the beginning of the second session of the Congress involved.

IN 1950 I reintroduced in the Senate a bill that the late Senator Arthur Capper had had pending for some years before he left Congress. That bill had never gotten out of committee, but a substitute had failed a favorable report by only one vote. My bill (S. 1847) received a hearing which was well attended. The committee again toyed with the idea of a substitute, but no satisfactory substitute being agreed on, the committee was finally polled, and my bill failed a favorable report by only one vote.

In 1954 a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, of which I was then chairman, began investigating juvenile delinquency and uncovered a picture of youth crime so appalling that the whole country was shocked. A great deal of the testimony brought out the fact that the laws against sale of alcoholic beverages to minors were being violated. Young people were drinking and getting into trouble. Also the fact was brought out that drinking in the home, or by parents or others associated with youth, was making it hard for young people to have the kind of homes and the advantages and associates that rightfully belong to youth.

Police officers testified that alcoholic-beverage advertising was having its effect on youth and was to blame for much of youths' drinking. I reintroduced my bill, now S. 3294. I got an overwhelming response of approval from all over the country. A subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce held hearings on it, and Senator Purtell of Connecticut, the chairman, was impressed by the testimony at these hearings. However, the hearings were held late in the session, and the printing was delayed for that reason. The subcommittee never got to making a report, and Congress adjourned without acting on the bill.

February 4, 1955, I reintroduced my bill, this time with the number S. 923. The bill would prohibit the transportation in interstate commerce of any newspaper, periodical, newsreel, photographic film, or record for mechanical reproduction advertising alcoholic beverages or containing the solicitation of an order for alcoholic beverages. It also prohibits the broadcasting of such advertising, and this applies to both radio and television.

The doctors tell us today that one out of every ten drink-

ers becomes an alcoholic. The type of advertising being used by the distillers and brewers is dishonest because it disguises this danger.

Advertising on radio and television has an ever-stronger effect, especially on children and young people. Not all children and young people read the ads in print. Most children and young people listen to radio and television. Actually seeing attractive-looking people drinking makes drinking look harmless and attractive; and, seeing beer or wine poured or people drinking is torture for alcoholics who are trying to break away from it.

I hope this will give you a background of the bill and my reasons for its introduction.

ON GUARD

(Continued from page 12)

with the state education laws, which require that all children above the third year of the elementary grades be instructed as to the nature of alcoholic drinks and other narcotics, and their effect on the human body.

For instance, according to the *Health Teaching Syllabus*, the seventh-year requirement is to teach the effects of alcoholic drinks and other narcotics on the special senses and on the muscular system; the eighth-year requirement includes teaching the effects on the nervous system and the impact of alcoholism on the community.

Besides these regular courses of study, the Alcoholic Education Committee of Greater New York is permitted by the associate superintendents in charge to give additional instruction in alcohol education. This committee is a group of about fifty interested men and women, public-spirited citizens, who wish to supplement the work of the schools. Among these citizens are several trained teachers who discuss various aspects of alcohol, tobacco, and narcotics, sometimes using films.

One teacher, in telling of her experiences along this line, said that the children are keenly interested in the industrial uses of alcohol, as in soap, toothbrushes, electric-light bulbs, and so forth; but when she discusses alcohol as a beverage she notes a change of expression, one of boredom or unbelief. Yet at times dramatic situations arise which drive home what she has been discussing. For instance, she told of the boy who, after a few beers at a party, threw an ash can from the sidewalk through a ground-floor apartment window. A policeman, new on the force, ordered the boy to stop as he ran away, but the boy continued to run. The

policeman's bullet stopped him, and the boy died. As the tragic incident had shocked the students, the teacher was able to point out that at least 25 per cent of the alcohol in beverages goes to the human brain, distorting one's imagination and judgment.

On another occasion, when a teacher was discussing drinking and driving, she noted a tension in the class, and soon learned that one of the students had been killed a few nights previously in an auto accident in which five young people met death and another was blinded and had internal injuries. The injured boy said that before the accident one of the lads passed around a bottle, and all the young people, including the driver, had taken a drink. Needless to say, that day's discussion will be long remembered.

Narcotics, too, come in for discus-

NARROW MARGIN

Olive Marie Cook

Often what begins as
swaggering,
With some drinks turns
into staggering.

sion. One junior-high-school boy, whom the teacher knew, had been spending \$70 a day to get his dope. "I was trapped into this," he said. "One day when I had a headache some boy gave me some white powder to inhale up my nose. I didn't realize what I was starting.

"When they were taking me off the drug, I haven't words to describe the agony I went through. I was so nervous I couldn't walk across the room. I couldn't sleep because of the pain, or eat because of the nausea. I lost fifty pounds in two weeks."

In order to warn other young people in time to avoid such results, the board of education is told to provide instruction, as the state law phrases it, regarding "the nature of alcoholic drinks and other narcotics and their effects on the human system."—Section 804.

Dr. Goldberger feels, however, that the third approach—that of recognizing weaknesses in the physical, mental, emotional, or moral structure of the pupils—is also an important aspect of health education. He emphasizes that alcoholism is at times an outward sign of inner psychological disturbance, that alcoholics are often immature people who cannot meet the problems of life

and who seek an escape by the use of alcohol.

"If we accept the premise," says Dr. Goldberger, "that a large percentage of alcoholics are immature adults, then our frontal attack should be to look for the 'immature' child in school and help him. By so doing we will naturally decrease the number of addicts.

"Such a program should begin in the lower grades in school. Teachers should be made aware of and learn to recognize immaturity in its early stages so steps can be taken early—physically, socially, religiously—so that such children can learn to take their place in the home, school, and society."

Dr. Goldberger points out that too often in the past and probably in many places at present, the emphasis, outside of actual class studies, has been on the physical health of the child. At present in New York the school authorities seek to find out much more about the children.

"By the time a child is ready to enter school for the first time," he says, "we have a complete medical record, but we have no record of his psychological or emotional life. Yet alcoholism and drug addiction are often the results of what a person has become emotionally.

"Our interest as educators should include a study of behavior patterns and psychological attitudes. Actually our school children's health problems are not only physical but emotional—resulting in delinquency, incorrigibility, and difficulty in the normal learning process."

Dr. Goldberger thinks that besides having annual physical checkups of each pupil, it would be well to check up the parents and the homes to give doctors an insight into why children act as they do. He says he has never seen chronic alcoholism in a happy home where parents are well adjusted, have suitable jobs, and where a general feeling of security, both emotional and financial, prevails.

"Alcohol is just an artificial prop," he emphasizes. "If we can get well-adjusted people who don't need such props, then the problem of alcoholism is solved. The school and the entire community should work together toward that end. Not only alcoholism but many other problems such as psychosomatic illness, delinquency, and poverty would largely be solved at the same time."

So the public schools of New York fight alcoholism through a thorough general education, through special health education on the nature and danger of all narcotics, and through definite efforts to discover and overcome weaknesses in pupils that might lead to alcoholism later.

REPORT FROM SAINT LOUIS

(Continued from page 8)

The two boys interviewed were suffering. I could tell that in the nervous twitch of their bodies, the drawn, panicky look in their faces. Their arms bore the telltale scars that are heroin's special brand.

I was shown actual photographs of other boys, women, men who had been addicts. They weren't pretty pictures. If the hypodermic is too expensive, they use safety pins or old-fashioned hairpins to gouge out the vein, and an eye dropper to insert the injection. One boy slashed his arm with a knife and rubbed the "stuff" into his bleeding flesh. Some draw out a small amount of blood, mix the heroin with it, and reinject it. Dirty needles, infected eye droppers, cause a scabrous skin disease on some of the addicts, but the festering, suppurating sores don't stop them from taking their jolts. They find an uninfected spot on their bodies and ride the "horse" again.

Emaciation is another result of the use of heroin. Appetites for food go swiftly. There is a definite craving for sweets; and when they go "cold turkey" (suddenly forced to go off heroin), vomiting, diarrhea, cramps in all portions of the body, cold sweats,

hysteria, and panic set in to torment them. Sexual desire is stilled through the use of heroin. Instead of the popular fallacy that heroin stimulates desire, it actually suppresses it, eventually killing it. The loss of sexual power is only a portion of heroin's damage.

The lieutenant told me that boys and girls who were formerly neat and particular about their dress and persons became slovenly and dirty after going on drugs. "They just don't care about anything," he said bitterly. "One addict told me when he was off the stuff he worried about his mother who was sick and his kids who didn't have proper clothing and shoes. When he was on it he didn't care if his mother died and his kids had to walk in the snow barefoot."

The use of barbiturates, although officially not under the narcotics law, is causing a great deal of trouble among teen-agers. A Saint Louis high-school principal called Lieutenant Brooks in when a whole class of children acted suspiciously. The children were found to be taking nembutal in cokes (the depressive effect resembles the effect of heroin).

A fifth-grade student told his classmates that the pills he was carrying (he had stolen phenobarbital from a neighborhood drugstore) would make them just like Superman. They took

the capsules with their morning milk. One child refused, and the boy surreptitiously slid three capsules into her milk. The principal called in a doctor when all the children suddenly "passed out." The doctor was at a loss to know what was wrong with them. Lieutenant Brooks was called in. He questioned the boy, who was the only child in the room who was alert, and discovered he still had nearly 200 of the capsules in his possession.

The famous Hall and Heady murderers were discovered to be taking benzedrine. The problem of barbiturate use is more formidable in the United States than is generally realized. We do not know, and have no way of knowing, the total number of users. The confirmed user takes as many as forty capsules or pills daily. They are being sold today to youngsters by the same people who push heroin and marijuana. Goof balls are a profitable sideline for the pusher who can sell them at high prices to teen-agers who have no other means of securing them. The death toll is mounting steadily from overdoses of these barbiturates.

The drug addict, unlike the physician, classifies all narcotic drugs as "jolts" or "shots," all soporifics and hypnotics as "goof balls." He is not aware of the rapidity of action or the length of time of reaction. He doesn't

SAVING LIFE

Kenneth Richardson has been in law practice for only a short time, but previously he served for ten years and a half as a highway patrolman. Studying law in a lawyer's office evenings after patrol duty, he passed the bar examination by the old Abraham Lincoln method, as it is called.

"Let me say that it isn't the dead-drunk driver who is a menace to the highway, for he cannot co-ordinate his muscles enough even to assume the driver's position, and is probably slumped over someplace. It is the man who has had 'just a little drink' who feels cocky and thinks he is the best of drivers.

"In order to combat this evil and change public opinion, there must be education showing the harmful effects of alcohol which makes people so antisocial.

"However, this education can hardly be fully effective when the state is in the liquor business. It is like parents' telling children not to drink when they themselves own a tavern. The state should get out of the liquor business, because any state in such a business upholds that which makes people brutish, wrecks homes, and causes crime and other lawlessness."

Richardson is matching his words with action in acting as chairman of the governor's twenty-two-man highway safety committee, broadcasting on a radio program, acting as cochairman and moderator for the Wapello County Safety Council, sponsoring the Fourth-of-July safety float parade, and speaking before organizations and churches on safety, many times stressing total abstinence.

"I'm strictly a total abstainer," he says, "for I've seen too many of the tragic results of drinking, to drink myself!"



Interview
by
Phyllis
Somerville



know the measures to take when untimely or unwanted reactions occur.

Saint Louis presents only a tiny fragment in the portrait of horror drawn in narcotics. In Los Angeles 1,000 juveniles were searched, 75 arrested, and a score detained as a force of 135 officers searched youths at an athletic meet after a series of riots during such events. The 75 arrested youngsters carried BB pistols, knives, clubs, and narcotics.

In Glencoe, Illinois, a twenty-year-old girl died of an overdose of sleeping pills. In Chicago a twenty-eight-year-old groom died the day before his wedding when he sought out his dope peddler because he "wanted just one more shot." His weeping bride told the police that they had met at the Mardi Gras in New Orleans, decided to go to Chicago where they "could lose the habit and make something of their lives." They didn't know heroin was jealous and wouldn't permit a new love.

In Newark, New Jersey, a twenty-one-year-old girl peddler was arrested on a tip from a twelve-year-old girl. The child claimed she had been "broken in on the stuff" by the twenty-one-year-old.

In Detroit, high-school students from fifteen to nineteen years of age were broken in at "cut rate" prices on marijuana and then switched to heroin by a gang of forty-eight peddlers.

Of 7,000 children referred to juvenile court in Los Angeles County, approximately 1 per cent were known drug users or peddlers. Possibly 3 to 5 per cent have experimented to some extent with narcotics.

The typical addict is the person who wants to feel that he is as good as other people. He recognizes his own inferiority. He lives in a blighted area. Christianity is just a word to him because his parents know as little about it as he does. Divorce, poverty, dirt, disease—all these things press down on him subconsciously. He resents people who have the things he wants. He can feel that he has them when he rides the "horse."

Prostitution and the narcotics trade are closely linked in spite of the fact that heroin deprives the user of sexual drive. Salvatore (Lucky Luciano) Lucania, admitted by men familiar with the crime world as the contact man between Italian sellers and American buyers, made his influence strong in both these fields of crime. A large number of prostitutes are pushers and addicts. The female addict drifts into prostitution as the easiest means of securing funds ample enough for her requirements. The professional prostitute finds in the use of heroin a passing relief from her life.

In New York alone drug addicts are stealing at an estimated rate of \$200,000,000 worth of goods per year. For Saint Louis, figure the amount the addicts I interviewed must have stolen—approximately \$48 a day for each boy. Multiply that by the twenty-six arrests made in Saint Louis during the typical month of May, 1954. Normally these introverted, withdrawn people would cringe away from any aggressive act. It is out of their despair, when they can't afford to ride the "horse," that crime is born.

"Glasses may have an amazing effect on a person's vision—especially when they have been filled and emptied a number of times."

Murder and other crimes are the business of any narcotics gang. Murders in more than fifteen large cities have been traceable to traffic in drugs. It becomes a business technique that takes care of the "stoolie" or the competitor.

Kidnaping (to discover how much the informer told the law); the disciplinary technique of felonious assault; robbery from physicians, druggists, and others to obtain supplies; burglary; and larceny are all part of the narcotics picture.

All drug mobs are recidivists. The typical thirteen-man drug mob may have three hundred customers. They like the youthful customer because he can become the stooge for the outfit. The youthful addict can best spread the narcotics picture from the slum area into the better community through contacts he makes at school or in social activities.

What is being done about it? FBI agents work undercover to find the "big boys." Police pick up suspects and make arrests. Some of the addicts are sent to either Lexington or Fort Worth. New York City has the only hospital for teen-age addicts. Every year about 3,000 men and women are treated at Lexington. Fort Worth has approximately 2,200 beds for treatment. Other than these aforementioned hospitals there are no available hospitals for treatment of the narcotics addict.

Dr. Rex Moore, in the receiving room of the Saint Louis City Hospital, says that two or three persons come in each week complaining of some pain or sickness, in the hope of obtaining narcotics. "When they find out we don't give the drug, they leave." The Missouri State Hospital treats only those who have a mental illness coincident with addiction to narcotics. Psychiatrists treat a few addicts in private sanitariums. This is the extent of treatment

for the addict. He must volunteer for "cure" at one of the Federal hospitals.

What can be done? First, *Educate the teen-agers and their parents.* Let them know the truth about narcotics.

A national law should be passed requiring that suspected addicts be given blood tests and urinalyses and be charged with possession of narcotics if traces are found. All narcotics laws should be more stringent.

Sponsor state and community institutions to care for the unfortunates.

Set up a control system. Some esti-

mates indicate that only 5 per cent of those hospitalized remain cured, but there is no follow-up system in effect. Temporary financial aid, resettlement in a new neighborhood, recreation projects, medical care, psychiatric care, spiritual guidance, vocational guidance and education, jobs, and active supervision should be given those who take the cure.

Punish with the death penalty those convicted of selling narcotics to youth.

It is the citizen's responsibility to curb this narcotics traffic. Only when the doctor, psychiatrist, policeman, judge, teacher, minister, social worker, and welfare groups can combine their efforts and secure the co-operation and financial support of an informed public can addiction and its attendant evils be eliminated.

Optimist International, a service club for business and professional men, at their International Convention in Houston, adopted a resolution urging lawmakers to recognize the crime of selling narcotics to teen-agers as "equal in magnitude to the crimes of rape, murder, and kidnaping."

Maurice Perkins, Optimist president, declared: "We feel that death is the only punishment that can fit this crime. We've done a lot of research into this condition, and our findings assure us that only capital punishment could atone for the misery and the death that cry out for avenging all over these United States. Murder is the dope peddler's business, so the punishment for murder should be his."

When the full picture is seen by the people of the United States, more and more men and women will enter the fight against this octopus of horror and destruction that threatens the citizens of tomorrow. One addict can make ten addicts. Only concerted and intelligent planning and fighting will wipe out this threat.

TRACY FARMS

(Continued from page 25)

or fifteen guests present at a time, and each stays from three to five weeks, or sometimes longer.

From the experience Tracy has had, he believes it safe to say that on the average his guests, after a short stay, leave the farm as total abstainers. They are given no prescriptions or rules to take with them on their way home, only the advice to exercise four virtues: patience, tolerance, charity, and humility.

The host knows that his guest, as is true of almost every alcoholic, is in love with his habit, and does not dislike being called an incurable. He simply does not want to face the facts, or grim reality, or the necessity of pulling himself out of his "slough of despond" with the help of his own patience and humility.

Nothing is said at the Farms about the visitors' being different from other people, but rather they are made to understand that they are under a "system of honor" as long as they remain there. Tracy finds that it is far better to treat a man with honor than remind him constantly of his errors. Negative treatment drives him only deeper into anxiety and frustration. His positive concept is producing better results as man's knowledge and understanding of psychology grows.

LIQUOR ADVERTISING BILLS

(Continued from page 30)

Radio and TV and published pages are followed every day by young and impressionable minds seeking to find out about "men of distinction" and to learn what makes them distinguished. These lying advertisements mislead many of these youthful minds into thinking that alcoholic beverages perhaps furnish the key to fame and fortune, whereas, as a matter of fact, such beverages furnish only the key to bankruptcy, the jail, the hospital, and the funeral embalmer.

If all this advertising by liquor interests could be confined to printed sheets or exclusive broadcasts reaching only the adult population and the various elements of cocktail society, then Congress would truly have no power to abridge their freedom guaranteed under the Constitution; but when these interests come into homes with growing children and befoul the very atmosphere with far-reaching and injurious and misleading propaganda, it is time for Congress to "regulate" this type of interstate commerce for the welfare of America.

I believe in evolution, but I didn't evolve from hell to happiness by myself.

Claude
Ritter

My Story

ONE year ago I was returned to a state prison for the third time. No one had to tell me why I was there. The blinding headaches, the black nausea, the dreadful sense of depression, remorse, and despair—all the old symptoms were back with me. I had done it again, on another terrible bender!

For a quarter of a century these periodic drinking bouts had dominated my life and the lives of those closest to me. They were grim, senseless interludes that invariably left me emotionally and physically a wreck. I had no apparent motive for such drinking, but after one drink I could never stop. I would keep on until I reached a sodden state in which reality itself became unreal. At home, in the bars, in public places I would wallow, sometimes for days, weeks, and months. No one—myself, my friends, my family, or even the best doctors—could find a reason for these desperate flights. I tried in many ways to stop, with hope and co-operation; but they, or rather I, failed.

Rationally I did want in the worst way to stop drinking. Not being blind, I knew that if I did not give it up, ruin lay ahead. In time I would lose my faith, health, family, and friends, the grim and inescapable destiny of dedicated drinkers like myself. Emotionally it was different, however, for I could not marry logic with feelings. I knew of many alcoholics who had reformed, and perhaps someday the same thing would happen to me. Eventually some doctor would find some cure. I really preferred to wait for that great event, which I knew would have to be a great one.

During the periods of recovery from these terrible binges, the thought of taking another drink was utterly repulsive to me. "Never again," I would tell myself and everyone else in all sincerity. Emphatically I would say, "No, sir, not me!" But as time passed and

the memory of horror and humiliation faded, I always convinced myself that I could have one more. This time I would lick it. The solution seemed so simple—I would take a few drinks and stop, just one or two. Sometimes I would resist this impulse for weeks at a time and sometimes even months, but invariably the hour would come when I resisted no longer.

Instantly the fatal pattern would reassert itself, strange as it may seem. The nonalcoholic may find it hard to believe, but I never really enjoyed drinking. After the first heady moments of stimulation I could never get off the merry-go-round until I reached the height of dizziness. I sincerely believe that alcoholism is a disease of the mind which eventually affects the body after years of continuous drinking. It is not to be confused with organic disease, which may result, however, from excessive drinking. Fundamentally alcoholism is a mental and social problem which must be attacked by some form of therapy. Self-discipline based upon understanding of the cause of alcoholism is the most effective treatment.

I have had a hundred and one different jobs, numerous seizures of the d.t.'s, and have been in hospitals, jails, work farms, prisons, and psychopathic wards. It adds up to one thing: I lost control over my life.

I finally turned to God. When I came in contact with the Alcoholics Anonymous program, its way of life made sense to me, opened my eyes, and showed me how life could again be lived. I knew that a power greater than myself was helping me in the battle against alcohol. God in His simple, effective way has done what the doctors, hospitals, prisons, jails, and others failed to do.

A busy, enterprising mind never leaves time for idle thoughts. The old incidents from my drinking days have an insidious way of distorting themselves until they seem right and good. If I must remember, pray let me remember the tragic things that have accompanied the so-called fun-and-frolic trail. The alcoholic trail will contain few things considered good. I have exchanged a life that was shallow for one deeper.

For myself I can only say, Thank God I found a new way of life. It must be my lodestar, a beacon guiding me toward the threshold of future happiness.

We

REPEAT

REPEAT REPEAT

DRY TURNPIKES

"You can't buy a drink on any toll road now in operation anywhere in the country," the *Voice* found after a nationwide survey of sixteen turnpike authorities in fifteen states.

Latest to join this unanimous group was Kentucky, when Governor Lawrence W. Wetherby approved as a safety measure the prohibition of liquor or beer sales in any restaurant to be built along that state's new toll road.

"I am not trying to rule what my fellow citizens shall do," declared G. Albert Hill, Connecticut's state highway commissioner. "I would, however, under no circumstances permit alcoholic beverages to be served in restaurants and snack bars on any toll highways over which I had any responsibility."

The no-liquor policy, without official explanation, was adopted by turnpike authorities in Pennsylvania, New York, Main, Oklahoma, and Indiana. Massachusetts based its action on the fact that "the two fluids, gas and alcohol, do not mix, particularly at high speeds."

Two states, New Hampshire and Colorado, have no such problem yet, since they have no concessions along their present turnpikes, and plan none. Kansas and Illinois have taken no official action, but probably will follow the lead of the other states.

Though a monopoly state, West Virginia has forbidden the sale of even 3.2 beer along its mountain turnpike. New Jersey, with two turnpike authorities, has from the beginning refused the sale of intoxicants along the Garden State Parkway and the New Jersey Turnpike.

▶ Drinking Aloft

"We feel that drinking aboard airplanes is a growing problem that alarms pilots who are charged with the safe conduct of a flight. Incidents from excess drinking aloft by the wrong people have caused occurrences and commotions which, if they did not directly jeopardize the safety of a flight, very easily could have if the crew had been unable to control them. Our interest is to close the door against such potentially dangerous incidents arising."—Clarence N. Sayen, president, AFL Air Line Pilots Association, in calling on the Civil Aeronautics Board to ban liquor on all commercial air liners. The Air Line Stewards and Stewardesses Union adopted a similar resolution.

▶ Governor Gary Speaks

"It has never seemed either necessary or desirable for me to take even the first intoxicating drink. There are too many worth-while activities which utilize my full curiosity and energy. One of them is trying to advance the cause of temperance."—Raymond Gary, Governor of Oklahoma.

▶ Menace to Life

"Liquor advertising on television and radio, on billboards and just about everywhere, has become a direct menace to physical life and public morals."—Dr. Daniel A. Poling, acting president of the International Society of Christian Endeavor, at the forty-third biennial convention of the International Society of Christian Endeavor, in Philadelphia.

▶ Medical View of Alcohol

"Medically speaking, there is nothing good about beverage alcohol—in other words, from a scientific, medical point of view, there is no medical authority at the present time who will maintain

there is any possible benefit to be derived from the use of beverage alcohol internally."—Dr. Leonard C. Williams, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, a member of the American Society of Surgeons.

▶ Roots of Delinquency

"Judge J. M. Braude, of Chicago, has said there are six major causes for juvenile delinquency:

"1. Destructive toys: The child who is continually pulling a toy gun on people will find it easier to point a real one.

"2. Improper literature, including comic books: A well-balanced boy can survive a lot of rotten reading, but a boy of poorer background can't.

"3. Alcohol: Twenty to 35 per cent of all cases are caused or aggravated by it.

"4. Marijuana cigarettes and other narcotics.

"5. Movies, radio, and television: There is still plenty of cleaning up to be done.

"6. The automobile: With few exceptions a boy of seventeen to nineteen has no right to own a car."

No Social Drinking for Us

Businessman

"I can enjoy visiting with people socially or in a business way without having a cocktail in my hands. Personally, I just don't see that drinking is worth it. The \$250 to \$500 a year for liquor and mixes will buy a lot of color film and other equipment for my photographic hobby! I'm sure I get more fun out of my photography work than the man who spends \$250 or more a year in liquor does from his drinking. . . .

"I have personally known some very promising businessmen who started drinking 'just to be one of the crowd.' They wound up not being 'one of the crowd' nor a business success either. That road just doesn't look inviting to me.

"My business associates know that I don't drink, and none has ever tried to urge me to."—Iver C. Erickson, businessman, director of the Capital City State Bank, a member of the East Des Moines Club, the Greater Des Moines Chamber of Commerce, and vice-president of the Iowa Milk Dealers Association.

Author

"I'm tired of thinking about drinking, talking about drinking, and listening to other people talk about drinking. I'm tired of waiting for someone to put a drink in my hand before I start to talk, like a mace at a secret club.

"In short, I'm sick of social drinking. That's why I am going to quit. . . . I'm not talking about alcoholism, drunk driving, problem drinking, or seeing bats come out of bureau drawers. I'm talking about the kind of drinking that's respectable. . . .

"I'm going to start getting back to some of the things we used to enjoy. I want to start going to parties where people pay some attention to what you're saying instead of sitting and wondering whether the host is going to produce a jug."—Robert T. Allen, in the *"Catholic Digest."*



Interview by
E. H. J. Steed

"Over all these years I have stood for the principle of never taking liquor or tobacco, and it has paid dividends in health and sporting success. My abstemious living has allowed me to stay in this sport longer than anyone else. The majority of sports fans consider that liquor is no asset. My stand has been respected by others, and most people, I think, admire the one who has the courage of his convictions.

"Any youth who wants to stay at the top will stay much longer if he does not use alcohol. With the modern glamour given successful young people, staying at the top is ever so much harder. My advice is, Refrain from doing anything that will lessen your physical and mental resistance. This means one thing: Leave liquor and tobacco entirely alone if you desire success on the sporting field."

Norman Von Vida—

**WORLD
CHAMPION
GOLFER**



Norman Von Vida is Australia's tournament golf field veteran, one of her top champion golfers. He has been a tournament player for twenty-three years, thirteen years longer than the average player.

He marked up three yearly wins in the Australian open championship, 1950, 1952, 1953, making him Australia's champion golfer. Over the years he has won every other tournament regularly held in Australia and other states. Among his numerous tournaments played overseas and trophies won is the Vardon trophy of Britain for 1948. He was the leading money winner in golf for 1947 and 1948.

With the Australian team he secured the Lakes Cup in a title match with the United States at the Lakes Golf Tournament in 1955. This put Australia on top in golf, with Norman Von Vida among the world's best golfers.