

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Oscar L. Chapman

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

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BETTER LIVING

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OUR COVER

This color photo of Oscar Littleton Chapman, Secretary of the Interior, was taken especially for *Listen* by Clifford Adams of *Three Lions*. When Mr. Chapman was first appointed as Assistant Secretary of the Interior, nineteen years ago, he was known as the youngest member of the so-called "little cabinet." *Listen* honors this distinguished citizen whose dynamic personality combines friendly efficiency with high ideals, devoted to the cause of freedom and democracy. The Secretary on various occasions has received citations in recognition of his long and meritorious service in community and civic affairs.

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COLORED LIGHTS

Darby of Los Angeles County for "Listen."



Supervisor Raymond V. Darby
of Los Angeles County.

liting and robbery of gas stations, stores, and the like.

"In the cases of women who become drug addicts, they usually have a boy friend whom they supply with money to buy dope. These women become prostitutes, shoplifters and pickpockets. Those are the ones you read about in the newspapers as having been arrested for 'rolling a drunk.' I know of one case, a girl from a fine family, who was a student at a local college. She fell in with a group of young people who were habitual users of drugs, and there she met a young chap who turned out to be a peddler of narcotics. They fell in love and eventually married. And this man sent his young wife out into the streets as a prostitute to make enough to keep them both supplied."

"Mr. Darby," I interposed, "it seems to me that these drug addicts you speak of are already too far gone. How do you propose to fight this menace, when such people are beyond help?"

"By stopping the traffic from growing and spreading further. The only way to do it, it seems to me, is by education. Every communication facility available—newspapers, periodicals, films, radio, and television—should be used to inform the public, and especially the young people, what that first step in the use of any narcotics for fun, will lead to. Usually youthful addiction starts as a lark.

"Youth need to realize there is nothing glamorous about playing with dope. Schools are initiating training courses in narcotics wherein teachers impress upon their pupils the need for such knowledge. It is my understanding that next year, during the teachers' institute, at least one session will be devoted solely to this problem.

"Government officials, law-enforcement officers, and civic leaders are becoming more and more seriously concerned with this illegal traffic in narcotics. We are concerned about the ruin, the degradation, and the misery which result, for eventually society pays for such ruin and misery in the form of crime, insanity, and wasted human lives, to say nothing of the financial cost in keeping them in institutions and jails.

"Judge Charles Fricke of our superior court, who is a past president of the Narcotics Research Bureau, has said that he considers this problem as important as that of the A-bomb.

"When we have responsible and cautious individuals such as Judge Fricke coming out bluntly with such statements, it is time to become alarmed about the increasing number of victims among our teen-age group. And that is where our greatest efforts should be concentrated."

As I rose to go, with the deep impressions left by the supervisor's picture of the sordidness of wasted lives

behind the rose-colored lights, where the drugs of desperation constitute a social "D-bomb," Mr. Darby showed me a letter, and said: "Mr. Comber, you will be interested in this copy of a letter from a party who listened to one of our radio broadcasts. The original was badly composed, and the impression of incoherency left by the jumbled words convinced me that it was genuine—that it was written by a person under the influence of dope. This copy has been edited, but still it reveals the terrible suffering of those who are addicted to dope."

LETTER FROM A NARCOTIC ADDICT

DEAR MR. DARBY:

My wife was an addict, and because all of her friends were, too, I decided to try everything, including morphine, heroin, marijuana, opium, nembutal, and seconal. From the first to the last time, my hangover from each one of these drugs was a warning of my perpetual hell on earth.

I tried to defy this undimensional world of nothingness with its intoxication, because I could see the true significance of this hell on earth to the lost souls that I associated with. They had not heeded the warning that was given to them the first time they tried the drugs.

Morphine and heroin react very similarly in their hangovers and intoxication. I was aware at first of the lightness, while intoxicated; of my every motion, physically and mentally, and the tingling sensation that caressed my every nerve. The smooth locomotion between each joint of my bones soothed and cooled my every step and action. I knew when my hangover came. It was that drastic letdown from intoxication to reality. *It made me feel that I was walking through hell on earth, with a constant pain beating upon my brain; and a constant hunger sucked at my stomach and made me nauseous, so much so that it felt like I had reached down my throat and with slimy, scaly hands pulled it inside out. The prickling pain that touched every* (Turn to page 33)

in forming the alcohol habit or the morphine habit are unknown. Some think that certain personality factors are involved, such as emotional immaturity and dependence on others. Some say that only the neurotic becomes addicted. However, *the fact is that there are many neurotic persons, many emotionally immature and dependent persons who never develop a drug habit.* We cannot by any test, pick out those who are and those who are not susceptible. Even if we could tell a person that he was susceptible and should not drink, what assurance would there be that such warning would be heeded? I feel certain that environmental conditions at home, at play, at school, at work, and

the attitude of the society in which a person lives,—all are very potent factors in rendering a person susceptible to the alcohol habit or other drug habits.

From my discussion up to the present, there are two facts which we must hold on to and keep constantly in mind. *One is that alcohol is a habit-forming narcotic drug, and the other is that in relatively small amounts it impairs the function of the brain. These two facts remove the props from all arguments for moderation.*

No one can argue that drinking does not increase accidents and absenteeism. Drinking while at work or before or while driving an automobile cannot be condoned or tolerated logically.

The answer to the question "Why not drink socially?" is obvious. If society is going to stop the production of excessive drinkers and chronic alcoholics, society cannot play with the habit-forming potentialities of the alcohol in beer, wine, whiskey, gin, or any other drink. There is only one way for society to stop the production of excessive drinkers, and that is to teach and maintain total abstinence.

ALCOHOLICS UNANIMOUS?

(Continued from page 8)

We need to change our psychology from the psychology of faith in action alone to faith also in restraint and self-control. *As a vital factor in the prevention of juvenile tragedy, we can certainly take more precaution in maintaining the safety of children before they reach the teen-age by teaching them the harmful effects of alcohol and other narcotics in their earlier years.*

Not long ago I was present at a dinner at which there was a father, mother, and two daughters. One of the daughters was entering college, the other was of junior-high-school age. The matter of the use of alcohol came up, and I asked the junior-high-school girl what she thought about this question of youth drinking. To this she replied: *"When we were in the fifth and sixth grades we were taught by our teachers the harmful effects of alcohol. I resolved never to use it. After I became older and entered the junior high school and became more observant, I noticed that the parents of the children in the school, almost without exception, used alcohol. I came to the conclusion that if alcohol was as harmful as we had been taught, these adults—these parents—would not have used it."* In that high-school girl's statement we see what can be our best approach to the solution of the alcohol problem.

THIRD QUARTER

We can teach youth, and they will respond to this instruction on the harmful effects of alcohol. We can imbue them with the aim of filling a useful purpose in life, but *we must have the support of the family and of other institutions.*

It has been set down as a social principle that no conduct among children and young people is abnormal if it is patterned after the actions and the behavior of the people with whom they associate, regardless of what the instruction given by those people may be. Actions speak louder than words, and in no other field is this axiom more obvious than in this matter of the example of parents. Indeed, children might be regarded as exceptional and unusual if they did not follow the example that their parents constantly set before them. Consequently when you have drinking in a home you can expect that the normal response of the children of that family will be identical to that of the adults. Some do the opposite of the example that is set before them; but the number who respond negatively is small. So by our increase in drinking in the family, and in so-called social drinking, we have created the situation which means that future generations will drink.

(In the next issue of *Listen*, Dr. Almack suggests a program of alcohol education in the high school, indicating specific phases of the problem and methods that will bring results.)

FROM A NARCOTIC ADDICT

(Continued from page 13)

fiber of my nerves, combined with the constant pain that ripped my joints, my muscles, and bones, made me see the awful significance of dope's addiction, if I continued in this unbelievable hell. Lost in this muck of nothingness, there was little left for me in what we call life, unless my veins could be flooded constantly with the fluid that would take me to my make-believe heaven where Satan sits upon his throne.

The intoxication of the opium that I tried took my mind into a complete new universe. It would start as if a pebble were dropped in a stream and from its center each widening circle evolved a new dimension of a vivid dreamworld with colors that cannot be described. Each pattern was caressed by these sleepless moments of seemingly lifeless intoxication.

The hangover of opium is a complete, unbelievable, indescribable, incomprehensible, realistic agony, entirely different from any other drug. Until I came back to reality, the moments lost in this hell on earth, my mind was blurred, my eyes were blurred, my sound was blurred, and I had no taste. . . .

Marijuana has no hangover. The thoughts that run through the mind during the smoke that comes through the juice of the idiot weed are slowed in motion to where you can actually see the picture of each thought as its imprint reflects on the mind—but lost in the thought before it and after it, so much so that the intoxication of marijuana completely distorts the constant flow of the sense of reality. Its impact from constant use would completely distort and change my way of thinking only to make sense again by other distorted thoughts.

The intoxication and the hangover of the barbiturates leave the mind high with its intoxication in a world of blankness. It leaves the mind low in its agony from the hangover. I finally saw that if I didn't understand the impact and the warning of the first pill I took I would have to add constantly for the rest of my life to one blankness after the other, for such a narcotic intoxication is a world of blankness and nothingness. *I knew that by taking those capsules of white powder, the web of time would even take my eternity and spin it into nothingness from the world of nothingness that I would soon leave.*

Here is the truth you have been looking for. Read this to those who live in the hell on earth—there shall be your answer.

Sincerely,
DANNY