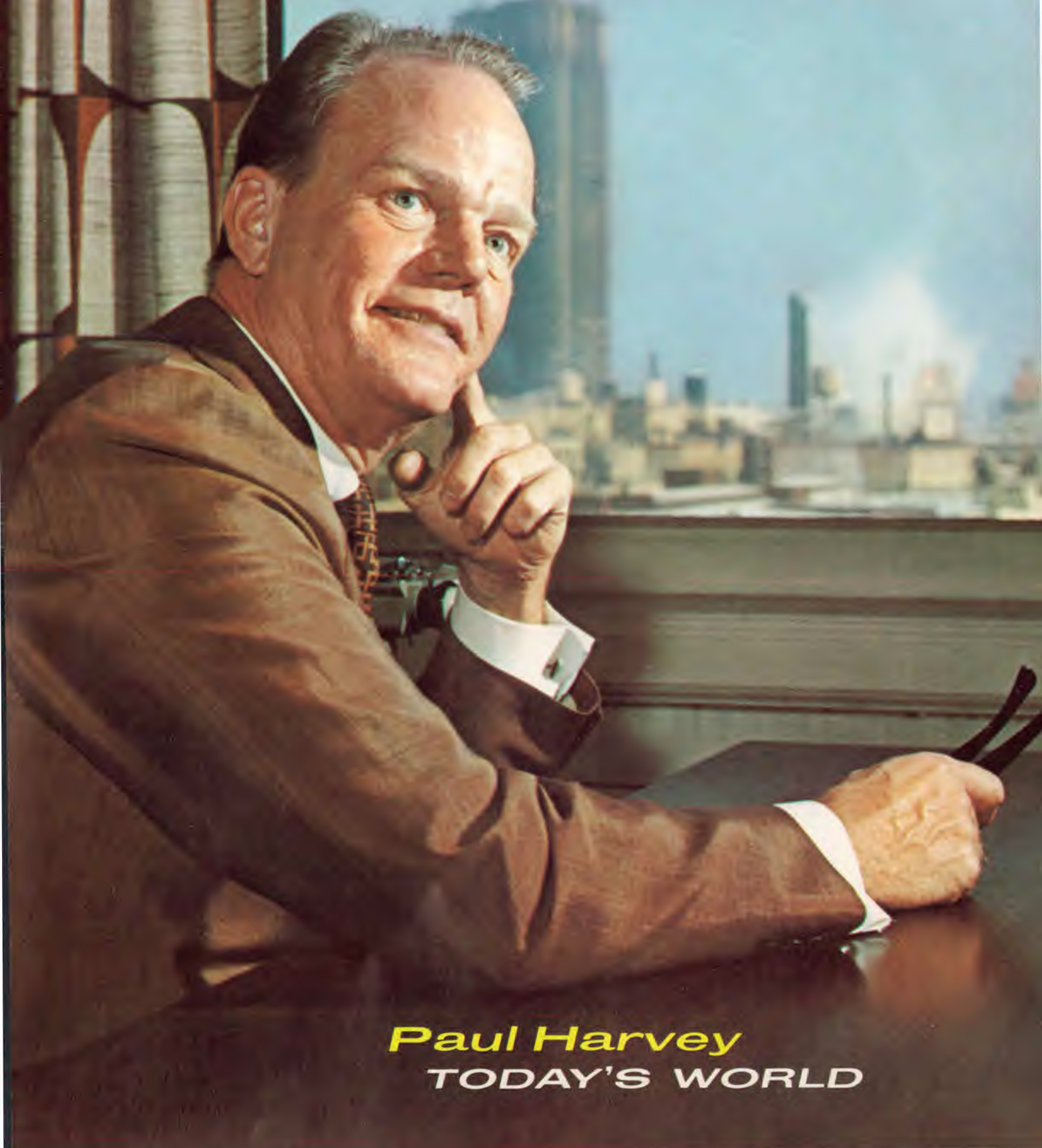


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Paul Harvey
TODAY'S WORLD

On Lizards and Liquor

It was 11:40 a.m. in the biology lab at Southwest High School in Saint Louis, Missouri. Students were listening to Robert Vico talk on reptile care, and watching him feed his beaded Mexican lizard, a prize among his many reptile specimens in his personal collection.

Robert, now seventeen, has for ten years been interested in herpetology, and has already become a recognized authority on reptiles.

During his demonstration he broke an egg into a bowl and the lizard ate it. With a paper towel the boy moved near to wipe its mouth, but in a split second it lunged, grabbing his left thumb.

Venom as deadly as that of a diamondback rattlesnake oozed into him. "Take it easy," he told himself as he sat down, fastened a tourniquet, and in the meantime called a teacher to arrange for a trip to the Deaconess Hospital for treatment at the snakebite center there. Also he asked for a call to be made to his friend Moody Lentz, curator at the Saint Louis Zoo, who himself had been victim of snakebite.

Red streaks began shooting up Robert's arm, and the pupils of his eyes were dilating. Events moved rapidly—they had to in order to save his life. The reptile which bit him is described as a cousin to the gila monster. It fastens itself to its victim and hangs on with a chewing motion, in the meantime releasing its nerve-attacking venom.

Robert was fortunate on two counts—the lizard was released from his thumb before all its venom flowed into the wound, and immediate help was available to provide an effective antivenin to neutralize the poison.

However, there are millions of people today who are not as fortunate as Robert. They also are having contact with a poison, but on a continuing basis. It may be slower-acting and not as potent, but in many cases it is as dangerous in its cumulative effect. In this very fact lies its deceptiveness.

This summarizes the menace of drinking. Alcohol acts as a poison to the human system; the body tries to get rid of it as rapidly as possible. It serves no good purpose in the body.

In the long run its impact can be deadly. Though not sudden and spectacular, its sting can be no less final when it does take hold. Perhaps this is why the Scriptures warn so specifically against meddling with it, for "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Proverbs 23:32.



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LISTEN

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"Quick, Nurse, I Want My Boots On!"

I'M WRITING this on a Sunday between Saint Louis and Chicago. Since writing is one of my vocations, I suppose that, strictly speaking, I'm at work. Yet, walking through the train from the diner, I wonder whether I'm not the only person here who's really enjoying himself.

Most of my fellow passengers are fighting boredom. Two or three are asleep, looking very uncomfortable, and a dozen others are compelling themselves to talk about nothing in particular. A man across the aisle is reading "the funnies," without smiling, and two women are struggling with a crossword puzzle. I have a fondness for words too, but it seems to me far more interesting, and less laborious, to fit them into sentences and stories and articles than into little squares.

So far as I can see, the only difference between work and play is the financial consideration. Whatever you're

paid for doing, and must do, is therefore work. Boys play baseball or football for sport, but I doubt whether many professional ballplayers find much pleasure in it. Everyone wants to travel, except traveling salesmen.

When I was a youngster, I used to hang around my father's newspaper office, begging for permission to write; but when I first drew a salary for doing it, writing became a job. Until I discovered that nothing else is as exciting

**Reward Yourself With
Your Work**

Irwin Ross, Ph.D.



ILLUSTRATION
BY JAMES CONVERSE

and absorbing and productive of happiness as a job, I was as glad of my day off as the next man.

The unhappiest people I know are the idle people. I've seen them all over the world, chasing sunshine and currying favor with headwaiters. I've seen them at home, at Palm Beach, and along the Riviera, planning silly little social diversions, worried sick over some fancied slight, petting their palates and stocking their wardrobes, trading scandals, nursing imaginary ills, going in for the pleasures of childhood or adultery—and bored stiff, every one of them!

Even people with cultivated interests, cultural interests, soon weary of idleness. I love taking a month or two off and going to Paris or Port au Prince, but the satisfaction lies in the fact that this is a holiday and will end. Once, I spent seven months wandering around the world, and the most pleasant thing I saw was my desk when I got back.

How many men do you know who were young and alert and well at sixty when they retired, and dull, crotchety old fellows a year afterward? Not necessarily men without interests, either. My best example is a professor of archaeology who yearned for quitting time so that he could spend his days in museums. He's in North Africa at this moment, and trying to get a job at a small college in Iowa!

I never can understand why so many of us are actually afraid of work or regard it as something of which we should do as little as possible for as much as possible. Along highways, I see men leaning on picks or spades, loafing as busily as they can. Surely their days must seem longer than those of their fellows who use spades as tools rather than props.

Hundreds of thousands are banded together, crying in chorus for a thirty-hour week. What do they expect to do with the other 138 hours? They can't sleep much more than sixty, and that leaves seventy-eight. They may have other plans, but to me seventy-eight hours of doing nothing worthwhile seems the hardest work imaginable.

Seventy-eight hours of chasing a ball across meadows, or watching television, or reading newspapers and magazines, or doing all these things, would drive me to the depths of boredom. I've spent most of my life trying to manage a thirty-hour day!

Nobody ever did anything well, or got anywhere, without joy in his job, and that is as true of little jobs as of big ones. The porter on my train this morning was at everyone's elbow, trying to discover new ways of being helpful.

"I thank you, and hope to have you again," he said when I laid a five-dollar bill in his hand. It was a generous fee because he deserved it, but he told me, "Most folks are generous. I'm doing fine, and even if I wasn't I'd like the job because I like doing things for folks."

The other porter who serviced my car area was surly; maybe he had a sick stomach or a sick wife. Anyway, he did the least he could, and when I left him, he was making rueful efforts to jingle coins that weren't there.

It's amazing how quickly you can tell the man who gets more than wages out of his work from one who doesn't.

It seems to me sometimes that America's greatest contribution to life was our concept of labor as something dignified and desirable for everyone. Abroad, there had been a laboring class and a class that didn't labor; here, we still speak of the laboring class, but the truth is that we have none other. The better a man's class, position, and

(Continued on page 14)



Don't Lose Your Marbles

Robert J. Aspell has parlayed a sack of dime-store marbles, a little homespun psychology, and a lot of faith into a most unusual alcoholic recovery program.

Aspell, who has been executive director of the Jackson (Tennessee) Area Council on Alcoholism since it opened three years ago, attributes his success to his marbles. Admittedly a hopeless alcoholic until thirteen years ago, he confesses, "I carry one marble myself."

When an alcoholic comes into his office to counsel with him, Mr. Aspell tells him:

"I am about to give you a small gift, which will remind you of what you have just told me about yourself—that you know you can't drink anymore."

"It is this small marble which fits in a pocket where you can often touch it as a reminder that you can no longer drink. It will help give you moral support when you need it."

"But this marble isn't magic. You may be one of those unfortunates for whom the temptation to drink is just too overwhelming."

"If it looks like you're going to be a loser, go to a bar. But before you enter, take this marble out of your pocket and throw it as far as you can."

"Then, go into that bar and order your favorite drink, with the added knowledge that now you have lost all your marbles."

Aspell's success with his marbles can be measured by the response from former patients. "Seldom a day goes by that someone doesn't come up to me, slap me on the back, and proudly display his marble, saying 'I've still got it.'"

Mr. Aspell estimates he has given away more than 5,000 marbles in the last three years. "We don't bat a thousand—but we go down swinging."

His latest marble story is of a patient who kept his marble for eight months, then finally decided to "get liquored up." Before entering the tavern, he threw his marble into the darkness, but it bounded off a telephone pole and rolled back to his feet.

"I was so unnerved," says the patient, "that I picked the marble up, got in my car, and drove to the nearest A.A. meeting. You didn't tell me there was a boomerang attached to it."



Youth Looking to the Future

LISTEN interviews Theodore Lucas

World Youth Leader, Seventh-day Adventist Church

HOW MANY teen-age young people are there in the the Seventh-day Adventist church?

About half a million.

Do they come from a typical cross section of home backgrounds, religious training, and career interests?

My travels around the world have proved to me that they come from every possible situation. Some of them have been Adventists all their lives. Some of them come

from the rich, some from the poor, some from the unfortunates, some from the fortunate—every possible kind of background.

What basic differences do you see between the youth of this church and the youth not of this church?

The great difference I have observed is in the home situation. The basic problem in the world today is lack of discipline, lack of a Christian direction, lack of unity



"I have a personal pride," Theodore Lucas says, "in being able to say that I have never done anything else in my life but work for the youth of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. At nineteen I was an elementary school teacher. I followed the teaching profession from 1923 until 1938, when I became state youth leader in Wisconsin. In 1942 I went to Michigan, then to the church's Lake Union as youth director. In 1946 I was invited to join the General Conference young people's department as an associate secretary. In 1955 I became the leader of the young people's work of this denomination. My contact has not only been with Adventist young people, however. At Indiana State University I was awarded a master's degree in education. This gave me opportunity to make a careful study of the youth of my church as compared with other youth. Also I served on President Eisenhower's first committee on physical fitness."

Though they live in the "now" world, Seventh-day Adventist youth do not always accept its idea of what is "normal."

in goals regarding the personal development of integrity, unselfishness, and things of that nature. The breakdown of the family, in that parents go their own way and children go theirs, gives rise to great differences in the characters of young people.

It is my understanding that the Adventist youth have somewhat of a two-world view—this present world and the world to come. Do you feel that their aim for the world to come detracts from their enjoyment of life in the "now" generation?

My observation is that the happiest young people are those who hold the two-world idea. The past has proved over and over again that it is the things which Christian people have sponsored which have brought the greatest enjoyment and improvement to society. America was founded by people who left their homelands that they might have freedom to worship and to develop their lives in accordance with Bible-oriented ideals. The educational institutions of this nation were established on Christian beliefs. Wherever we find these ideals being trampled upon or ignored, we find a lessening of those pursuits helpful to humanity. We may improve in the cultural things of life, but if spiritual ideals are not attached to them they are used for destruction rather than for the elevation of society.

Speaking of Adventist youth in the world in which they live, would you call them "normal" people?

Yes, very much so. They look forward to getting married, rearing children, and educating them. But these young people demand that "normality" be defined. It seems that the word today has become applicable to situations which they shun. Normality now is something different from what it was several years ago. Adventist young people do not think of normality as participating in some of the customs commonly practiced today. They

do not smoke, drink, indulge in questionable recreation, or conform to lax social standards.

Do Adventist youth share the conviction that their physical habits have much to do with other aspects of living?

Being Christian young people and holding the two-world idea which we just mentioned, they believe they should prepare themselves for heaven now, which involves care and improvement of the mind and body. You cannot abuse the body, any part of it, without detriment to self-improvement, physically, mentally, and spiritually.

Do you feel that smoking and drinking and other habits of this nature are real temptations to Adventist youth?

Without doubt they are. These things have been made attractive and very popular. Anyone who watches television observes the graceful handling of the cigarette, watches the supposed happiness on the faces of young people as they smoke. Great amounts of money are invested in advertising today in newspapers and magazines, all for the express purpose of making these activities so appealing and so magnetic that to refuse them would be difficult.

Everyone wants to be like the crowd. If the crowd presents an attractive mode of living, no one wants to be different.

Adventist young people are no exception. The greater the impact of communication, the greater the temptation. This is something they with others have to face.

Would you say then that because of these pressures in society, Adventist youth are liberalizing their stand and their habits?

Not as a group. And certainly the church has not liberalized its stand on these deceptive, destructive social appeals which have become so common. It is altogether possible, however, that individuals among them are falling for these temptations because of the influence of advertising and other means of communication. But of one thing I am sure: There will be always a preponderant segment who will stand uncompromisingly in opposition to these destructive habits.

What is the reaction of Adventist youth to the philosophy of the hippie movement?

The hippie movement has been watched by all of us with great concern and with great interest. When it began, it was not altogether understood; and it appealed particularly to a certain type of individual because of its being different and unusual. It is losing ground and will one day disappear altogether, but something else will rise to take its place. The young people of this church, to my knowledge, have not succumbed to becoming a part of the hippie movement. There are evidences, however, that some of the freedoms exhibited and called for in this movement have influenced a small segment of Adventist youth.



The psychedelics are rather popular today, especially LSD. What is the attitude of Adventists toward an artificial control of the mind?

Adventist young people are adamantly opposed to these artificial means, mindful of the consequences that come to those who put themselves at the mercy of others. When an individual uses such drugs as those to which you have referred, he allows himself to be placed in an uncontrollable situation so far as the present and the future are concerned and renders himself unable to make decisions properly for his own good or the good of others. Adventist youth definitely are in opposition to anything which would take them out of the realm of sensibility and put them in an environment of destruction.

Do Adventist youth have a program to prepare their own bodies physically for the best service?

The Youth Department of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists has experimented for a number of years with the Silver Award plan for youth on the high school level, providing for them an opportunity to participate in activities which appeal to youth who really want to excel in physical conditioning. This program now has a basic place in our educational plan for youth, and has encouraged us to inaugurate on the college level a comparable program which we call the Gold Award plan. We think these two plans will inspire all Adventist youth of high school and college age to participate in a fixed program to improve their physiques.

Is this same concern being felt on behalf of the youngsters on the elementary level?

In this regard we perhaps are stronger in this church than any other church body. We have inaugurated a plan comparable to the Scout program which we call the Pathfinder organization. This is operative in Adventist churches and schools throughout the world and has proved valuable beyond expression in the interest of the physical well-being of our boys and girls.

Would you say that the ideal of Adventist youth is summarized in the term "self-control"?

The weakening today of our civilization has to do with the lack of discipline, the lack of self-control. Human nature must be disciplined. Human nature is naturally self-destructive. Self-control is important to the community, to anything that has to do with human life. Self-control must govern the individual, regulating every facet of his life; and this belief does summarize ideal behavior as understood by Adventist youth.

What then would you list as the true ideal and purpose of Adventist youth?

We must follow our Saviour in finding the answer to your question. The greatest commandment of all is to possess a love for our fellowmen. We must not be influenced by politics or any other factor. There is only one basic answer, that is the possession of a love which will prompt us to serve others as ourselves.

Unless we are willing to make sacrifices which will help others, even though those sacrifices are detrimental to us economically or otherwise, we do not have the full concept of our duty.

Top: Typical of the mission outreach of Adventist youth are Jerry Mitchell of Texas and Karla Krampert of Wisconsin, both students at Union College, Lincoln, Nebraska, who serve as student missionaries. He works on a river mission launch in Brazil, and she among the San Blas Indians in Panama.

Bottom: Students from Columbia Union College have organized an Urban Service Corps to help underprivileged children in Washington, D.C. The program includes the three R's, also the fundamentals of character building and religious training.

Many times when we start to do something wrong, if we have something in our pockets to remind us that it is wrong we more than likely wouldn't do this thing.

Charles—Glenmora, Louisiana

I want to join it and to get others to sign.

Carolyn Ann—Senatobia, Mississippi

Carl—Georgetown, Ohio

Although I'm almost out of the ranks of teenagers (19), I still appreciate joining the group.

THE UNDERSIGNED
HAS PURPOSED, WITH GOD'S
HELP, TO NEITHER SMOKE NOR
DRINK.

Katherine—Capistrano
Beach, California

Carol—Hickman, Kentucky

would especially like a card so I could show my friends.

Mike—Nashville, Tennessee

I wish very much to obtain membership in the club you have established for thinking teenagers.

I think it's wonderful somebody does something like this for ~~the~~ we teenagers who aren't hoods.

Carla—
Louisville,
Kentucky

Jacqui—Carnforth,
Lancashire, England

I would like to become a member of your club,

as president of our high school student council, I hope to recruit more members with the support of the faculty and council

Murray—Bexley,
Ohio

Teen-age Feature

We Want to Join!



**Bob
Neil**

THIS "club" is not an organization. It says, in all seriousness, that it has "no need of money." It doesn't have a glowing title, a glamorous program, or a long list of famous backers. It doesn't advertise or promote itself.

Yet a thousand teen-agers a month all over the country clamor to join, writing in to the Nashville, Tennessee, headquarters for their membership cards.

Its name tells the unadorned story: Worldwide No Smoke—No Drink Club. This invisible fellowship consists of teen-agers who purpose, with the help of God, to live a clean life, keeping themselves free of alcohol and nicotine. Each is reminded of his commitment by the card in his billfold containing his name, his pledge, his membership number, and the signature of the club "president."

Mr. President is Robert G. Neil, originator of the idea, and longtime teacher, coach, and principal of East Nashville High School, now with the metropolitan school organization.

In his school cafeteria one day he watched students who went hungry at noon lunchtime in order to buy cigarettes. When he was coach, he was forced to "defrock" his basketball team captain since the player couldn't kick smoking. He saw many of his students fighting a losing battle against both smoking and drinking. The two habits usually go together, he found.

Also he was very much aware that teens like to belong—as do adults. They conform, are a part of the crowd.

So he decided to form a crowd that is positive, with right ideals, and make no bones of it!

Student leaders at his own high school grabbed the idea enthusiastically. His students began enrolling. The *Nashville Tennessean* on January 16, 1960, carried a little note on the youth page. The idea "jumped the back fence," as he says, and took off running.

Hillwood High signed up 600 members, John Overton High enrolled four fifths of its students—all on their individual initiative and choice. In six weeks, some 2,000 had joined.

Letters began arriving from other states, other countries. A newspaper story or two and a few articles in limited-circulation magazines have appeared about the club. This is all the publicity or promotion it has had.

But Bob Neil has been busy keeping up with the mail. He has enlisted the help of interested teen-agers. Members furnish postage, and a local printer provides cards and letterheads. One grateful parent wrote, "I'm remembering you in my will."

Today, the membership includes youth in all fifty states and in forty or more other countries, totaling above 75,000. The club started literally at home. Neil's own son carries card No. 1.

Enrollment requisites are simple. Each teen sends his name, address, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to No Smoke—No Drink Club, 5120 Franklin Road, Nashville, Tennessee.

Even some adults carry cards, but they must have a youth purpose in order to do so, such as scout leadership, teaching, or law-enforcement work.

Mr. Neil in his own promoting of the idea feels the economic argument is more potent than the health argument. He will take a dollar bill, or a five, or a ten, with a cigarette lighter before the students.

"You will wonder about me if I burn this dollar bill. When I burn this five, you will think I'm crazy. When the ten goes up, you will know I'm nuts. But this is nothing; this is chicken feed."

And he points out that if a smoker starts at age fifteen and continues until age sixty-five, a lot of money goes up in smoke. Suppose that instead of smoking a person invests 30 cents a day at 6 percent compounded quarterly. In fifty years the amount saved would total more than \$33,000.

Also, he constantly emphasizes the fact that habit once established is tough to break. "Chains are usually too light to be felt until they are too heavy to be broken," he quotes.

Teen-agers respond to facts, he goes on. He feels that here is a fertile field. The truth of his conviction is plainly evident in his worldwide No Smoke—No Drink Club.



Paul Harvey TODAY

Based on an Interview

"I F YOU don't like the shape the world is in, stick around. I've met with some of the men and women who are going to reshape it, and I'm not afraid!"

Newsman Paul Harvey had just come from a prayer breakfast at Colorado State University, a "demonstration of consequence," as he phrased it. This was one of 125 similar "demonstrations" on campuses across the nation, where students marched to preselected sites "to pray."

"I get my own battery recharged in the presence of these dynamic young people," he says.

Paul Harvey sees today's world—all sides of it. On the one hand, he sees the "nutsy notions," as he says.

Here are a few examples of Paul Harvey's comments:

"Our crime rate is increasing five times faster than our population, and our juvenile crime rate seven times faster."

"Our nation has seven million alcoholics and three and one-half million problem drinkers. Combine all our churches, synagogues, and temples and they are outnumbered by our taverns by 175,000."

"In ten years illegitimacy has increased 300 percent, pornography has become a 500-million-dollar-a-year business, venereal disease has increased 72 percent in one year, our crime bill is twenty billion dollars a year."

"For all the womb-to-tomb security our politicians promise, our undisciplined young remain so unstable, so insecure that they seek escape in drugged oblivion."

Paul Harvey does not close his eyes to the basic reason behind all this trouble. "For this our whole society is to blame. Our young people have been given no reason for living or being. We try to give them too much—make things too easy for them."

"I quite understand the frustration, exasperation, and sometimes rebellion of our school-agers who are expected to have mature opinions on profound subjects before their judgment has matured. Thus do we hurl

into space these splendid, bigger, faster, stronger—unguided missiles."

This is indeed today's world! But only one side.

Paul Harvey prefers to "accentuate the positive" and constantly searches for "the beautiful faces of young people who know where they're going . . . and along the way, day by day, renewing, reinforcing, revitalizing, their mother faith and their fatherland."

He sees young eyes, it is true, that are "prematurely old from countless compromises with conscience"; yet he is much happier to find young faces which mirror "sublime assurance."

Paul Harvey sees people. He learns from people. He has not only the traditional "nose" for news, he has the eyes, ears, and taste for it as well. For some thirty-five years now he has been searching it out, writing it, broadcasting it, interpreting it. "I go to the people who make the news," he says. And go he does! Ever on the fly, he joined the "million-mile club" more than twenty years ago.

When fourteen, young Paul pestered people around station KVOO in his native Tulsa until the program manager said, to get rid of him, "We are very busy, son. But you can hang around the station some. Maybe you can pick up a few tips." He did hang around, and he did pick up a few tips. A year later he broadcast his first newscast. Since then he has broadcast a few more—maybe as many as 20,000. Now his voice goes twice a day over the ABC network of more than 400 stations and is heard by an estimated fourteen million listeners.

In preparing these newscasts, he does much of the work himself, not only in sifting and sorting the raw material, but in the actual writing. This is unusual in this age of ghost writing. He works to get the "feel" of words, at times working five or more hours on one broadcast. To those working with him he is a "tolerant perfectionist," and he expects others to be likewise. He likes a clean, organized desk, and a sharp pencil.

"He spices his reports with comments that may be critical, cautious or compassionate," says an associate, "but never casual." Here is the man who makes page three exciting and page one understandable. "Colossal" is the word most often applied to him, also the title, "the burr under the saddle of the American conscience." A radio executive observed, "Whether you agree or disagree with that man, you listen to him."

After Tulsa, Paul managed a station in Salina, Kansas—announcing, selling, arranging programs. The short stop in Oklahoma City, and then hop to St. Louis where he became news and special events director at Station KXOK. Here he specialized in on-the-scene broadcasts, describing news events as they happened.

The biggest such event, however far as he was concerned, was news of Paul's own making. It was literally

The Harvey family—
hostess "Angie"



Harvey - WORLD

by Francis A. Soper

at first sight when he met Lynne
ber, an honor graduate from
hington University, who did ra-
programs in educational and
en's fields. That night, under a
tiful moon, came his proposal to
Angel"—and the Yes. The name
stuck with her.

Marriage came months later. Both
ed on broadcasts during the war
s in Michigan and Indiana. Even
n Paul joined the Air Force, An-
continued a full schedule from
a.

When peace came, the Harveys
e Chicago for "big time" radio,
re their focus narrowed to news
dcasts.

Until the night of February 15,
s, when Paul Harvey, Jr., was
t, Angel worked alongside her
band in office and studio. Since
she has turned to a more home-
ered life, but still serves as vice-

ul, vice-president and
nist Paul II.



president of Paul Harvey Products, Inc., accountant for Paul Harvey News, and hostess for a stream of national and international guests in their spacious home in River Forest, a western suburb of Chicago.

Perhaps "spacious" isn't the word, since several rooms are devoted to office use for secretaries and helpers, files, and reference materials. Angel has her "retreat" on third floor, to which few guests are invited but which is the nerve center of a bustling business operation. She also serves in many community organizations in a volunteer capacity, and often represents her husband at meetings impossible for him to attend because of his schedule.

In a small reception room on first floor one can see a virtual museum of keys to cities, awards, medallions, and mementos of Paul Harvey's years of public service—such as five gold medals from the Freedoms Foundation, Veterans and American Legion citations, Salesman of the Year award, Commentator of the Year (1962, 1963), the first Colonial American award (1966), to begin the list.

If you were in the Harvey home, you would soon hear the grand piano in the living room being played by young Paul. In his aspirations toward a concert career he uses the original family name Paul Aurandt in his understandable desire to develop his own professional life.

For some fifteen years Paul Harvey News has also appeared as a thrice-weekly newspaper column. Here too, as in the broadcasts, there runs the gamut from bull's-eye news reporting to sympathetic human interest. Three books have come from the Harveys' pens (Angel as editor), with another in process of building up in mental planning. Some fifty of his news broadcasts have been entered in the *Congressional Record*, perhaps a record for any one person. Two of his recorded albums are "The Uncommon Man," which decries "the cult of mediocrity," and "The Testing Time," a sober look into the future.

In spite of his constant public life,



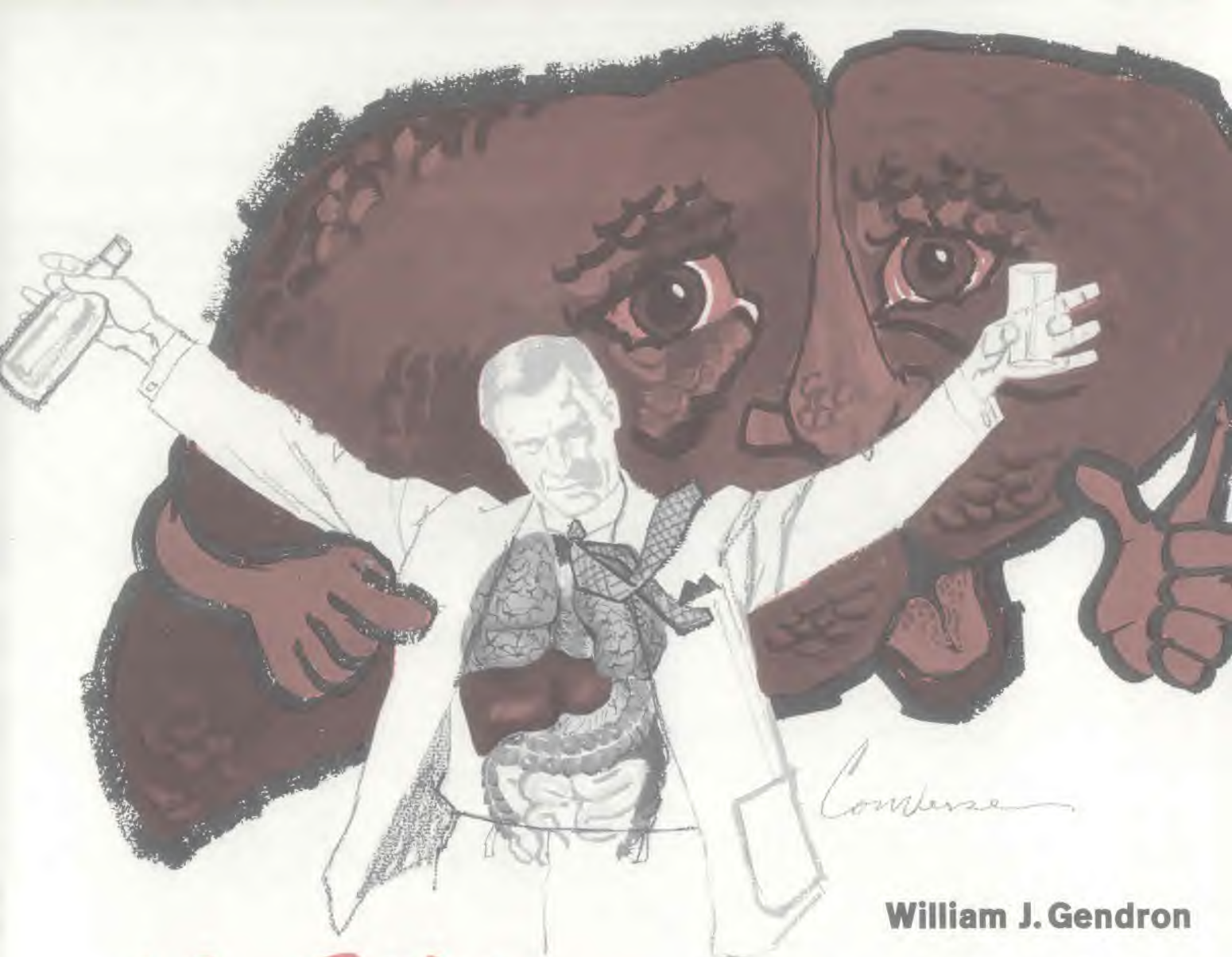
On many questions of current interest or of life philosophy he preserves a mental flexibility and an open mind.

Paul Harvey is personally somewhat retiring. He often turns down requests from magazines or other media for personal stories.

On many questions of current interest or of life philosophy he preserves flexibility and an open mind.

One thing, however, on which he is not flexible is integrity on the matter of sponsors. He refused one because he did not desire to be identified as a "huckster." Another was refused because, "I've got one of your products at home. It is not what you claim." He refuses cigarette and alcohol beverage sponsorship, "because I can't endorse them." Neither does he endorse them in his personal habits.

Paul Harvey's vast influence, whether in his versatile voice across the air waves, or in his persuasive pen on the printed page, or in his continual human contact, is ever one of a positive nature, recognizing the prevalent problems of today's world but seeing also the potential in the future if high standards and ideals serve as its guiding star.



William J. Gendron

I Am Bill's Liver

I'M A SOFT, spongy, three-pound heavyweight. I'm not much for looks—reddish-brown in color, about twelve inches long, and with an unimpressive wedge shape. But I am the loyal, lifelong servant of—well, let's call him Bill. Bill is fifty, well-built but slightly overweight. He has a pretty wife, four children, and an excellent job. Those who don't know my master would say, "Bill has it made."

Me? I'm Bill's liver.

And Bill? Bill is an alcoholic.

I'm the largest organ in Bill's body. I am attached by ligaments to the uppermost part of the right side of his abdomen. You can feel my lower edge in front, just under his ribs. Aptly named by the ancients, I perform so many vital functions for Bill that my destruction would result in his rapid death. The liver was once thought to be the seat of passion and desire, but I'm not. I'm just a rough, hardworking task force—a combination of chemical laboratory, storehouse, food-processing plant, manufacturer, and lifeguard.

I do so many things for Bill that I can hardly remember them all. Thus far, some five hundred of my functions have been catalogued by scientists and doctors, and they are

still discovering new ones. And what is Bill doing for me? Mostly, he gives me a hard time. His heavy drinking over a long period has impaired my normal function.

In his alcoholic haze, Bill takes comfort in the notion that as long as he eats properly, he can drink without physical harm. Bill has heard that many doctors blame cirrhosis of the liver (a common cause of death among alcoholics) on inadequate diet rather than on liquor itself. But science has now stripped Bill of even this meager comfort.

Researchers are beginning to confirm what I've known for years—liquor produces an accumulation of fat in liver cells which precedes cirrhosis. When Bill drinks a pint or so of liquor daily for a few weeks, I develop a fatty condition, even though he is eating better than average meals. What produces the fat? It comes not only from the food Bill eats, but from the fat I manufacture. Alcohol interferes with my proper use of fat by increasing the amount of hydrogen atoms in my tissue. The only way I can handle this excess hydrogen is by producing fat to incorporate the extra atoms. Science has no answer for this problem—so the best thing for Bill to do is to stop drinking. But alas, he never thinks of me. If he did, he might realize how important I am to his health.

At least one half of all the blood pumped by Bill's heart

goes to me and his kidneys to regulate his blood composition. I receive a unique mixture of arterial and venous blood. Both are important. Arterial blood comes directly from Bill's heart through his hepatic artery, bringing me oxygen for fuel. Venous blood comes from his portal vein, bringing me foodstuffs from his intestines. I am highly vascular, millions of tiny branches of the hepatic artery and portal vein run among my countless many-sided cells. I circulate and process about 1,500 c.c. of blood per minute, which amounts to 580 gallons a day. That's enough blood to fill seventeen bathtubs.

I am an incomparable chemical laboratory, capable of modifying almost any chemical structure. Yet my amazing feats of chemical magic go unheralded—even unnoticed. My work is done with such silent efficiency that Bill is not aware of me. I convert the sugars and carbohydrates in Bill's diet to glycogen—a form of starch. When he takes a flight of stairs in a hurry, or forgets to eat (which is too often), I respond by converting glycogen into blood sugar to supply the fuel for his muscles. This is important to Bill. I maintain a blood sugar concentration of 80-120 mgs. per 100 c.c.; this is one of Bill's physiological constants.

I manufacture much of Bill's essential blood protein. In my storage bins are iron and copper ready for making red blood cells when Bill needs extra blood. My warehouse is loaded with vitamins too.

One of the most important chemical functions I perform is the transformation of fats and related substances extracted from the venous blood from Bill's intestines. Mainly, I desaturate fats, making them suitable for use (oxidation) by the other cells of his body. I play a big part in the machinery of protein metabolism, helping to form amino acids which are used by all of Bill's cells for growth or replacing worn-out cells. Livers have been manufacturing vitamin A for thousands of years, from carotene in yellow vegetables—carrots, squash, et cetera. This trick in chemical gymnastics has only recently been accomplished by scientists.

Every day I produce about two pints of bitter, yellow-green bile and bile salts, which are important to Bill's digestion of fats and vitamins dissolved in fat. My secretion of bile into Bill's intestine is necessary for his normal health—even his continuation of life beyond a few months. Doctors used to blame bilious attacks on me, accusing me of producing excess bile. Bill's small intestine can handle any quantity of bile with ease. But the liver is no longer the villain of digestive upsets, for they have now been traced to other causes.

If he cuts himself shaving, Bill would bleed to death but for me—I produce fibrinogen and prothrombin that help clot blood. I manufacture antibodies too, for protection against invading bacteria and viruses. Without these antibodies, even the tiniest infection would mean sudden death. Bill smokes heavily and often takes sleeping pills—sources of nicotine and barbituric acid. Both are poisons which I detoxify. Other poisonous substances which Bill may inhale or swallow I break down and pass on to his kidneys where they are excreted. Some poisons are held within my substance and released in small, nonlethal quantities. These duties are but a shadow of my versatility.

Bill is very knowledgeable about liquors, from bock beer to brandy; but paradoxically he knows almost nothing about

alcohol. For instance, Bill is unaware that pure ethyl alcohol (the kind most frequently used for human consumption) is a colorless liquid with little odor. That alcohol has little odor may perplex Bill's wife in light of her intimate contact with his "breath." But nobody drinks pure alcohol. The strongest liquor Bill drinks contains only 50 percent alcohol.

In spite of his many years of heavy drinking, Bill has no idea that alcohol is absorbed through the walls of his alimentary tract and is distributed by his circulating blood to all the tissues of his body. He doesn't understand that, unlike most foods, alcohol requires no digestion before it can be absorbed. Bill doesn't realize that, as a drug, alcohol is unique in that, like ordinary food, it provides a source of energy in his body.

Bill expends about 3,000 calories daily. A fifth of whiskey liberates about 2,200 calories, which curtails his appetite. He often skips meals because he isn't hungry—Bill is drinking his meals. But this is a murderous diet from all standpoints. Whiskey supplies no nutrition, only calories. Even the calories released by large amounts of alcohol are not as useful to the body as calories derived from food.

Despite his irrational use of alcohol, Bill is intelligent. He knows he's an alcoholic in the sense of "intellectual acceptance," but he's not ready to admit it wholeheartedly, without reservation. He knows about Alcoholics Anonymous and has even attended several A.A. meetings, but no argument can penetrate his perfected rationalizations. A vivid capsule description of Bill's submission to alcohol addiction has been coined in two shocking words, "chronic suicide." Long ago Bill tried to limit his drinks to five

MODERN ROSARY

R. M. Walsh

Modern man says his rosary,
Prays to the god of Pharmacy.
Counts his pills and begs they bless
And grant surcease from guilt and stress.
It's two before meals and one at night:
Two red, two blue, two pink, one white.

Pills before breakfast, pills before lunch.
If one won't do it, take a bunch!
Pills to sleep and pills to make
You sharp and quick and wide-awake.
Pills for every kind of ill,
Not to mention, of course, "The Pill"!

Though Science promises pills that ban
Every ill and failing of man,
It won't find one to cure mankind
Of sin, and give him peace of mind.
Poor, frightened man, you should know well
You're seeking heaven, but apt to find hell.

highballs a day to prove he wasn't an alcoholic, but he could not do it.

In thirty years of drinking, the last twenty compulsively, Bill has stuffed me with fat until I am now twice my normal size. I have served him faithfully, even though he has poisoned me. I am now cirrhotic. That means I have cirrhosis. This condition has hardened my cells, which are now replaced with useless scar tissue; I have begun to shrink or atrophy. My surface is normally smooth, but cirrhosis caused by alcohol has produced nodules on my exterior, up to bean-size. Half of my surface looks like the sole of a hobnailed boot. I wish he could see what's happening.

What caused the hardening? Let's explain it this way. Alcohol is used in the pathologist's laboratory to "fix" or harden tissues being prepared for microscopic examination. Because I must "break down" alcohol, my cells are exposed to this "fixing" action, which hardens my tissue and impairs normal functions. Years ago I started falling down on the job of producing important blood-clotting factors. Vascular "spiders" (dilated blood vessels just under the skin) began to appear on Bill's face and upper chest, indelibly etched there for the rest of his life. They will never diminish or disappear, even if Bill never takes another drink.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm not the sole recipient of alcoholic abuse. Other parts of Bill's body suffer from liquor as much as I—mainly his nervous system and especially his brain. Bill gradually developed a certain amount of tolerance to alcohol, which means that each year he had to drink more to produce the same effect. Thus he set up a vicious circle which probably caused a change in the basal metabolism of his brain cells, so that they became dependent on alcohol in order to function. This may be responsible for some of Bill's frightening withdrawal symptoms.

Why does Bill drink so much? What does liquor do for Bill? No one knows exactly, but here are some reliable clues. Bill's feelings spring from the false premise that he is inferior. All his feelings, about everybody and everything, are based on this false premise. He figures that the cure is to make himself as good as anybody else, and the

way for him to feel really good is to make himself superior. His striving for superiority has gotten him a good job, but it also gets him into more trouble, causes him more frustration; and the harder he tries, the more inadequate and uncomfortable he becomes. Bill uses alcohol to banish feelings of insecurity and inadequacy and to gain a sense of well-being.

The point is this: Bill is neither inferior nor superior, he is just Bill. When the false self-image which Bill has so unsuccessfully tried to escape from is changed, then he will no longer want to escape from it. This will be his moment of insight; it will mean the end of his need or desire to drink. Bill, like most alcoholics, is a lonely fellow. He feels that his problem with liquor is somehow different and unique. He needn't feel this way though, because doctors now say that alcoholism in the United States is epidemic. Ten percent of the United States population are alcohol dependent and 5 percent are alcoholic.

But I'm not the type to complain. I have to be badly injured before I show evidence of my troubles. My substance can be 80 percent destroyed or diseased before I make any loud protest. Just the same there are some things that Bill could do to give me a break. He could see his family doctor and lay his cards on the table. There are many blood and urine tests possible to determine my functional impairment, if Bill only cared. His family doctor might recommend a psychiatrist who specializes in treating alcoholism. Bill could submit to a short period of hospitalization.

He needs help—medication to render his withdrawal symptoms bearable, a high-protein, high-calorie diet, massive doses of vitamins and minerals—but absolutely no alcohol. If he would only follow such a program, he could depend on me to do my part. Even after I have been severely damaged, if given a chance, I possess the remarkable power to regenerate myself within a few months; and I could keep on working for Bill for a long time.

The real tragedy is that he has lost so much of my service because he got mixed up in drink in the first place.

"Quick, Nurse, I Want My Boots On"

(Continued from page 4)

standing in the community, the harder he is likely to work. Out of that came our progress, our prosperity, equal opportunity, and democracy itself.

We can have neither progress nor prosperity, neither opportunity nor democracy, while any considerable number of us regard work as an enemy. Rather we shall find our dignity to the same measure lessened, and our self-respect and our pleasure in living also.

There are dirty jobs, dull jobs, devastating jobs; but I think there can be few, even of these, that do not give some return outside of the pay envelope. It really must help to know that you're pulling your weight, doing your bit, and holding your place in the world—at least, it must help the man whose vision hasn't been distorted.

Almost every successful person in this country started in a dull job, and so far as I can learn from reading biographies, none of them found it dull, and none were wretched or resentful or ashamed. They were banking on themselves, playing a thrilling game.

One of the friends I understand best was a day laborer on Long Island. In the twenty-five years I knew him, he became a kind of field boss. At last he told his boss: "I'm sixty-five years old, and I think I'll quit."

"Why, John," the owner said, "I thought you were the kind of man who dies with his boots on."

John looked ashamed of himself, and kept the job. A year later he had a stroke and was taken to a hospital, where his life terminated three weeks afterward. Nearly a month after that, John's son told the owner of the business, "Of course, Father went entirely cuckoo at the end."

"Nonsense!" the boss exclaimed. "I saw him every day, and he was as sane as you are."

"You don't know," the boy answered. "Ten minutes before he died, the old man put his finger on the bell and kept it there till the nurse came. Then he yelled, 'Quick, nurse, I want my boots on!' She put 'em on, and he died that way."

When my time comes to die, I hope, like John, to die with my boots on. . . . Meanwhile, here we are in Chicago. I wonder whether the journey seemed as short to the ladies with the crossword puzzle.

Taverns Must Assume Risk of Drink Results

Coffee Causes "Cold"

And then there was the thirty-nine-year-old waitress who complained for six months about her "cold."

She had a low-grade fever almost every day. She suffered from chills, lack of sleep, and irritability. After losing twenty pounds, she weighed 107 when admitted to a Philadelphia hospital.

Her trouble? Too much coffee drinking.

She drank fifteen to eighteen cups a day, the woman told her physician. Her cold symptoms disappeared after five days in a hospital, during which she was limited to one cup of coffee a day.

A report on this case of caffeinism is described by Dr. Hobart A. Reimann, of Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital, Philadelphia.

A cup of coffee contains about one-tenth gram of caffeine. A single one-gram dose of caffeine causes mental confusion, shivering, tremor, vomiting, and diarrhea. Ten grams of caffeine is said to be fatal.

The waitress's caffeine intake was probably more than 1½ grams a day. The intake was spread over several hours, however—probably the reason she was not more seriously ill.

The woman also smoked more than a pack of cigarettes a day and regularly took sleeping pills. The nicotine and drugs also may have affected her reactions to caffeine, Dr. Reimann says.

"Caffeinism is said to be current among intellectual workers, actresses, waitresses, nocturnal employees, and long-distance automobile drivers," Dr. Reimann reports.



Taverns are legally responsible for accidents which occur as a direct result of their serving intoxicants to the persons involved, according to a ruling by the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

Alcohol Is the Culprit

Researchers have blamed alcohol—not the malnutrition accompanying alcoholism—for the subnormal heart function often experienced by drunks.

Dr. Timothy J. Regan and his colleagues at New Jersey College of Medicine, Jersey City, measured the performance of the left ventricle, the heart's main pumping chamber, in eleven alcoholics.

The eleven were chosen because they showed no signs of malnutrition or heart disease, Dr. Regan said.

The investigators compared the alcoholics' heart function with that of six nonalcoholics by applying artificial stress to both groups with injection of the drug angiotensin.

Angiotensin raises blood pressure, which puts a greater pumping burden on the heart.

The hearts of the nonalcoholics adjusted to the extra load better than those of the alcoholics, reported Dr. Regan.

The researchers then studied the alcoholics while the subjects drank continually for four hours. A gradual decrease in the amount of heart work done with each contraction was noted as alcohol consumption progressed.

The researchers also found indications of loss of heart-cell components that could signify deteriorating heart function.

Barroom owners can be held legally responsible for highway deaths and injuries caused by drunken drivers, according to a ruling handed down by the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

In a decision written by Chief Justice Raymond S. Wilkins, the court ruled that a Belmont lawyer, Gregory H. Adamian, is entitled to trial in a suit he brought against the owner of a Waltham barroom.

The suit was in connection with an automobile accident in which Adamian's wife was killed by a drunken driver shortly after the driver left the Three Sons, Inc., bar and restaurant.

The decision said it is illegal under state law to serve an intoxicated person and that the law is designed not only to protect the intoxicated person, but "members of the general public as well."

Judge Wilkins says there has been a recent trend in the law to hold a bar liable for injuries caused to a third party by a drunk who continued to be served at the bar after becoming intoxicated.

Most Needed:

Problem Solvers

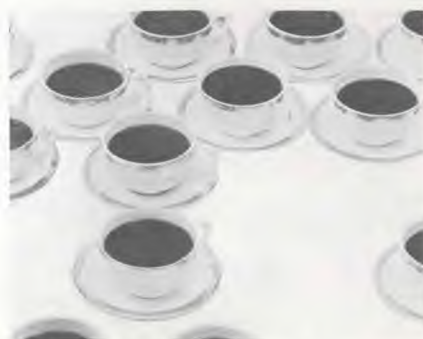
The United States faces a \$2-billion-a-year problem without enough trained manpower to begin to handle it.

The problem is alcoholism, which afflicts between four million and five million Americans and their families and eats up industry profits through absenteeism and inefficiency.

The first report of the National Advisory Committee on Alcoholism calls for Federal money to back state and local attacks on the problem.

But it notes, "there is insufficient manpower for existing programs of treatment, prevention, education, and research relating to alcoholism."

"None of the efforts which may be proposed for dealing with alcoholism can be effective unless manpower shortages are corrected."



Constant drinking of coffee is dangerous to health, since the drug caffeine can cause physical symptoms similar to those of certain diseases.

In This NEWS

★ New York City finds it hard to cure drug addicts. See page 16.

★ "Memory" drug is just another nerve stimulant. See page 18.

★ Emphysema doubles in one year in Veterans Hospitals. See page 18.

New York Finds It Hard to Treat Drug Addicts

At least 100 sections of New York City have serious addiction problems, says Dr. Efren Ramirez, although most persons believe it is limited to certain areas, such as Greenwich Village or a square known as Needle Park. Dr. Ramirez is the coordinator of the city's narcotics addiction programs.

Practically all citizens are affected by drug addiction in this city, he adds, because they know addicts, or because they have relatives who become addicts, or they have seen the effects of the use of narcotics.

He describes the problem as "a medical-social epidemic" and says that there are 40,000 known users of heroin in the city. "There may be 100,000 others, for all we know," he adds.

Dr. Ramirez says that very few users of narcotics are psychotics but that all of them have personality disturbances. They come from different settings, the ghetto, the middle class, and the lower-income groups. They all have one thing in common—the tendency to alienate themselves from their surrounding social structure.

Dr. Ramirez says he has found that hospital programs are not successful. "Those trying to kick the habit," he says, "use hospitals as revolving doors." Instead, he feels



the best approach to the problem is to make contact with addicts in storefront operations, day clinics, or special care centers. "Even this doesn't work," he explains, "unless the person making the contact is a former drug addict, someone whom the user can talk to and believe in."

Some Places Need Doctors!

Mexico is in forty-third place among the world's 102 nations in the ratio of doctors to people, with 1,700 inhabitants served by one doctor, according to a survey released by the Mexican Social Security Institute.

Israel, with one doctor for each 430 inhabitants, is in first place; Rwanda is last, with one medical man for each 144,000.

While Mexico appears to have a

fairly good doctor-to-population ratio, the Institute points out that this is not the case, due to poor distribution of practitioners. Some 39.6 percent of the doctors are concentrated in Mexico City, which has 14 percent of the nation's population (now over 6 million).



Measuring exercise effects on heart patients, doctors check a victim's oxygen consumption through a plastic hood over his head. The treadmill he walks on can be speeded from two to eleven miles an hour. Such experiments have proved that mild exercise such as walking can be greatly beneficial to heart patients and increase the ability of the heart to function.

A Form of Birth Control?

Women who smoke are less likely to become pregnant than nonsmokers, according to Dr. George K. Tokuhata, director of research of the Pennsylvania State Health Department.

He also has found that smokers are more likely to lose their babies through spontaneous abortions or stillbirths.

Other studies have turned up evidence that maternal smoking might be related to miscarriages or stillbirths, Dr. Tokuhata says.

Cold Storage for Blood

Supercold storage that would preserve a person's own blood and bone marrow until he needs it is predicted by Dr. Israel Davidsohn of the Chicago Medical School and Mount Sinai Hospital Medical Center.

He says the time may come when the first deposit of blood for a person's account in a long-term blood bank will be taken from the placenta before his birth.

He could begin making deposits in the bone marrow bank later in life to have it available in case he needed it for a bone transplant or to replace marrow damaged during heavy radiation therapy.

"Good methods for marrow preservation are already available," says Dr. Davidsohn. "Present accomplishments justify the hope that, with further improvement and simplification of equipment and methodology, red cells and marrow may be preserved indefinitely."



Cancer Drug

Preliminary tests of a new kind of potential anticancer drug are encouraging, say medical researchers.

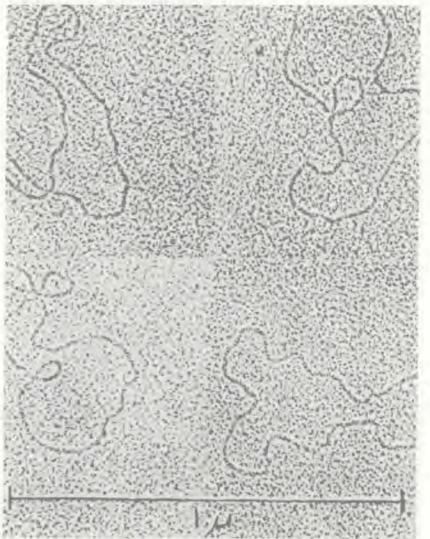
The chemical is an enzyme called L-asparaginase and is produced by a common type of bacteria. It has attracted considerable scientific and medical interest because it is thought to work against cancer cells in a manner entirely different from previous anticancer drugs.

It is thought to take advantage of the first distinct "qualitative" difference to be found between cancer cells and normal cells. Until relatively recently, scientists could find only "quantitative" differences, such as differences in size, rate of growth or rates of use, and production of body chemicals.

Warning on Drugs

Smoking marijuana can cause a worse form of lung cancer than nicotine, and using LSD can cause a change in a man's or a woman's chromosomes sufficient to produce deformed children for generations.

These warnings are sounded by Otto G. Heinecke, director of the Federal Bureau of Drug Abuse Control.



This is an electron microphotograph of DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid), the virus core material that has been synthesized by scientists at Stanford University. DNA, the substance that is the master chemical of life and which determines the heredity of living things, has never before been produced artificially. The horizontal line at the bottom of the photograph represents a length of one micron (approximately .00004 of an inch).



★ If your name is Mackay, Molloy, or Murray, beware of drink. The Council for Alcoholism in Glasgow, Scotland, has discovered that people whose surname begins with the letter "M" may be eight times more prone to alcoholism than others. This "M hypothesis," as they call it, resulted from a survey checking the initials of all people in the council's files. (UPI)

★ In Richland, Washington, police call the parents of minors arrested on charges of drinking immediately after the arrests instead of waiting until the youngsters sober up. Justice of the Peace Albert Yenecopal wants parents to see their sons and daughters in the city "drunk tank" to give them more incentive to influence the youngsters against drinking. (UPI)

★ Cigarette consumption in 1968 is expected to exceed the record of 552 billion smoked by Americans last year. According to the Department of Agriculture, this usage is 11 billion more than in 1966 and 41 billion more than in 1964, a year in which smoking declined after the Government report on the health hazards of smoking. (New York Times)

★ Medical reports say that the Strickman cigarette filter is not as effective as its inventor claims. After tests by Columbia University, the filter "is not much better—if any—than commercial filters now in use," says the National Broadcasting Company report. (New York Times)

★ Air pollution can cause considerable fading of color and color changes in many fabrics and fibers. The ozone responsible for this discoloration is derived from sunlight working on gasoline fumes and oxides of nitrogen present in the air from engine exhaust. (AP)

★ Homemade "thrill capsules" have made at least eighteen teenagers seriously ill in Salt Lake City. The pills were made by grinding up in a blender medicated cigarettes for asthmatics and putting the powder in empty gelatin capsules. An overdose of these thrill pills could be fatal, says the University of Utah Poison Control Center. (AP)

★ The Government plans to halt the marketing of several drugs that have been used to minimize bleeding. National Academy of Sciences experts have found that none of the four drugs to be removed are effective in preventing or decreasing bleeding or breaking of capillaries. These four drugs are rutin, quercetin, hesperidin, and bioflavonoids. (Wall Street Journal)

LSD and Peaceful Death

Dr. Sidney Cohen, a leading authority on LSD, says he plans to conduct an experiment to determine whether the potent hallucinogenic drug could lessen the dread and pain of dying persons.

Dr. Cohen, chief of psychosomatic medicine of the Veterans Administration hospital in Los Angeles, has been studying the effects of LSD for fifteen years. The researcher says that although LSD has been used with individual patients in the past, no systematic test of its effectiveness has ever been conducted.

During the planned experiments, he says, a small number of dying patients will be divided into three groups. One group will be given LSD, one an LSD-like drug, and one a placebo.

All three groups, Dr. Cohen says, will be told they are receiving a substance that will make them feel better.

A psychologist will follow the progress of the patient to determine whether those taking LSD have an improved attitude toward death, less need for pain-killing substances, and better relations with their families and hospital staff.

as patients. Some doctors, like many members of the public, feel that alcoholism is primarily a moral issue rather than a disease, says Dr. Rouse. Other doctors are reluctant because they feel they lack the specific knowledge necessary to do the job.

He says the AMA also will press "more vigorously than ever for the admission of alcoholics, as alcoholics, to general hospitals."

At present, doctors find it very difficult to admit alcoholic patients to most hospitals unless it is under the pretense of some problem other than alcoholism.

Another part of the AMA effort will be to create greater awareness of what physicians who work in industry can do to rehabilitate alcoholic workers.

"I drink because I am unhappy, but my drinking always makes me unhappier."—John Barrymore.

New Plan vs. Alcoholism

The American Medical Association has outlined a new ten-point program to combat alcoholism.

Dr. Milford Rouse, president, says the AMA will push for a deeper involvement in the treatment of alcoholism by all informed physicians, not just psychiatrists.

Other parts of the AMA's "practical plan of action" include paving the way for greater acceptance of alcoholics by general hospitals (in addition to special treatment centers), and removal of "unrealistic" limitations on the extent of coverage allowed by health insurance plans for alcoholism treatment.

Large numbers of doctors are reluctant to accept chronic alcoholics



In testing the new "memory" drug, rats were trained to respond to a buzzer to avoid electric shock. See item next page.

ARE YOU PUZZLED?



Differences:
These two pictures
differ from each
other with respect
to seven details.
Which?



Emphysema Doubles in VA

The Veterans Administration says it has had to double its facilities for treatment of emphysema, a disabling and deadly lung disease.

At the same time the VA has stepped up its efforts to discourage patients in its hospitals from smoking.

The VA says that "smoking, which provides a specific pollution of the air in the lungs, has been clearly established as one cause" of emphysema, a progressive loss of lung function which frequently results in death.

Special units for the diagnosis and treatment of emphysema now have been set up at fifty-two VA hospitals.

The VA has a long-standing policy of discouraging smoking by its hospital patients and refuses donations of cigarettes; but patients still may purchase cigarettes on their own from shops in or near the hospital.

Smokers Seem Hard to Convince of Health Peril

Despite numerous Government as well as nongovernmental attacks on smoking in recent years, cigarette sales have continued to rise.

Cigarette sales in 1967 rose to 551 billion units, or about 2 percent more than in 1966, according to the Department of Agriculture.

The increase in cigarette sales last year reflects mainly the rise in the number of youngsters who reached smoking age and the return of some who had stopped smoking or had turned to cigars or pipes after the Surgeon General's report in 1964.

A United States Public Health Service report issued last summer that went beyond the conclusions of the 1964 report has not reduced cigarette sales. The new report describes cigarette smoking as a probable "cause of death from coronary heart disease."

Even the warning, "Caution, cigarette smoking may be hazardous to your health," which has been printed on every pack of cigarettes sold in this country since 1966, has had little effect in discouraging smoking.

The Federal Trade Commission recently proposed that the warning should be strengthened and changed to read "Warning: Cigarette smoking is dangerous to health and may cause death from cancer and other diseases."

Cancer Keeps Going Up

Approximately 52,000 Americans died of lung cancer last year. In 1968 the figure will rise to 58,000, says the American Cancer Society.

If present rates continue, more than 50 million Americans now living will eventually develop cancer.

There are now 1,400,000 Americans, alive today, who have been cured of cancer, with "cured" defined as "without evidence of the disease at least five years after diagnosis and treatment."

About 200,000 Americans will be

Solution:
The fence boarding, one of the cornerstones, the black shrub in the background, the ring of stones at the foot of the tree, the hammer handle, the wall brickling, and the window blind.

saved from cancer in 1968, but another 100,000 cancer patients will unnecessarily die. Earlier and better treatment would have saved them.

Next year about 915,000 Americans will be treated for cancer, and 600,000 new cases will be diagnosed for the first time.

Test for Alcoholism

It may be possible to detect alcoholics by means of a test similar in principle to one now used to identify diabetics, says a University of Southern California authority on alcoholism.

The test would measure the individual's rate of activity of an enzyme now known to be solely responsible for the metabolism of alcohol, according to Dr. Nicholas J. Khoury, assistant clinical professor of medicine.

Just as the glucose (sugar) tolerance test can be used to diagnose diabetes, the enzyme test may have the capacity to pinpoint alcoholics by revealing an abnormality in the activity of their alcohol metabolizing enzyme, the physician says.

Such a test, if it proves practical, could provide doctors with a much-needed scientific method of distinguishing alcoholics from nonalcoholic drinkers, he explained.

The enzyme that metabolizes alcohol is called alcohol dehydrogenase (ADH). Although its existence has been known for about a hundred years, human ADH was isolated and purified only four years ago by a group of Harvard University researchers.

One of them, Dr. Warren E. C. Wacker, says alcohol is metabolized almost exclusively in the liver. Unlike many other substances metabolized by the liver, alcohol is not oxidized at a faster rate as the amount ingested increases.

But, Dr. Wacker says, there is some reason to believe that certain individuals have slower and some have more rapid rates of alcohol metabolism.

He also mentions there may be a genetic factor influencing a person's ability to get rid of alcohol and therefore, perhaps, a genetic factor helping to determine who becomes an alcoholic.

Memory Pill Not So Good

The so-called memory pill is no more than a stimulant, says Dr. Roger P. Maickel, a psychopharmacologist of Indiana University, after doing experimental studies on rats.

Rather than enhancing memory, magnesium pemoline acts like an amphetamine and stimulates the nervous system.

Widely hailed as a memory-improving drug, pemoline—trade name Cylert by Abbott Laboratories—has been the focus of several independent studies since it was first publicized two years ago. But the evidence has never convinced skeptics that pemoline actually makes people smarter instead of simply excited.

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Irene Wray

Debbie Meyer - World Champion

When told that she had broken her first world record, the 800-meter freestyle, Debbie asked, "Are you sure?"



WHAT does it take to make a world champion? What does it feel like to break four world records? How would a fifteen-year-old girl react when told she had been named "best female swimmer in the world"?

Debbie Meyer can answer all these questions. She broke four world records in freestyle swimming, she is the best female swimmer in the world. She's been featured in "Life," "Sports Illustrated," "Pace," Paris "Match." Even "Tass," the official Soviet news agency, selected Debbie as "Sports-

woman of 1967," after an international poll.

"It's not the fact she's broken world records that's so great," says her swimming coach, Sherman Chavoor. "It's the way she did it. Two and a half years ago, Debbie couldn't even break 30 seconds in the 50-yard freestyle and didn't qualify to be on our club's twelve-year-old relay team."

Sheer determination, dedication, and many hours of hard work have developed the pretty, ever-smiling teen-ager into a world champion. "I'm on top now, but it's going to be hard to stay there," says Debbie. "Records are made to be broken, and there's always someone striving to break them. You never get to sit back and rest!"

Debbie joined a swim club when she was eight years old in Haddonfield, New Jersey. She performed not in the first rank, but never last. When the family moved to Sacramento, California, she wanted to join the top-rated Arden Hills Swim Club.

"Debbie was absolutely awestruck when she saw the Arden Hills kids swim!" says her mother, Mrs. Betty Meyer. "Their power, speed, and stamina were unbelievable. But she soon found out why."

Coach Chavoor's strenuous workouts were the reason. Debbie wasn't used to marathon-type practice sessions. "This was the turning point," explains her mother, "and she learned how to work, and work harder than she had ever worked before. She realized that wishing won't make you a swimmer."

Debbie swims at least three hours every day. Distance training is also an importance factor in her success, she believes. "I swim 3,000 yards twice a week. I never get tired. I'm used to it."

Debbie's records show why she was named "best female swimmer in the world" by all the swimming federations of the world, and why she has been nominated for the Sullivan Award of the Amateur Athletic Union:

World Records

400-meter freestyle	4 minutes 29.0 seconds
800-meter freestyle	9 minutes 22.9 seconds
880-yard freestyle	9 minutes 44.1 seconds
1500-meter freestyle	17 minutes 50.2 seconds

American Record

1650-yard freestyle	17 minutes 38.1 seconds
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"She's just a normal teen-ager," says her father, Leonard Meyer. "She likes peanut-butter sandwiches and yelling at football games."

"Normal, but not average," submits Coach Chavoor. "Her attitude is what makes the difference. Give her a challenge; she'll meet it."

"Debbie's just a normal teen-ager," says her mother. "It's 'Pick up your clothes, Clean up your room,' around our house too!" She is a sophomore at Rio American High School in Sacramento.

But Mrs. Meyer admits it's amazing how much activity Debbie can pack into a twenty-four-hour day. She finds time to do her schoolwork and keep a B average and to make her own clothes. When she has to miss school to compete in a swimming meet, she does makeup work.

"She does her best in everything," says her mother. "She accomplishes more, I think, because she knows she has only a certain amount of time for each thing and has learned to make the best use of her time."

"Debbie's future looks great," predicts Coach Chavoor. "She's increasing her pace gradually but relentlessly."

The 1964 Olympic Games in Tokyo produced phenomenal aquatic records. But Debbie has broken some of those records already, and records will tumble again in Mexico City this summer.

Debbie is fast enough to break four world records. That was yesterday. Tomorrow, for Debbie, is the Olympics, 1968.