

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Stephanie Crane

Miss Teenage America

LISTEN

JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

"Nettles" in Our Society

"The American community has never been willing to grasp the nettle of the abnormal personality in a modern and free society."

So writes Dr. Horace E. Campbell, nationally known automotive safety expert, in the *Medical Tribune*.

The "nettles" he talks about are, in the main, problem drinkers who, as he points out, constitute "about two thirds of our drinking-driver problem."

Such drivers have been in and out of traffic courts a dozen times, he says. These disgraceful traffic events were not accidents at all, they were inevitable. Some judges have called this program the "revolving door."

"There is nothing in our current legislative, juridical, or penal procedures that in any way relates to the facts of the problem drinker," Dr. Campbell continues. And he pleads for a completely new approach to the situation which would allow the chronic drinking-driver offender to get "the kind of treatment he has so long deserved—scientific, sympathetic, and geared completely to the individual personality."

Adding to this urgent suggestion by Dr. Campbell is the proposal by an advisory committee to the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare that a study be made of "uncontrollable violent behavior" as the cause of a significant number of automobile crashes.

The characteristics of persons who from time to time end up in situations where they "cannot control themselves" are just now beginning to be studied, this committee observes; but there appears to be a repeated association between pathologic intoxication, unrestrained physical attacks on other persons, sexual attack, and automobile accidents.

In this connection, this Government group called for a "massive" Federal program concentrating on alcoholism and using a "wholly new approach." The committee emphasized that alcoholic drivers are an important factor in the total problem of drivers with chronic conditions that impair their ability to drive.

The extent of the traffic tragedy was highlighted by the fact that every year sees some 13,600,000 accidents. Known violations of traffic laws total 30,000,000 a year. It now takes an average of 32.4 months to obtain a civil jury trial for a personal-injury case in the metropolitan areas of the nation. In Suffolk County, New York, this time stretches to 50 months. In Chicago it goes higher—to 64 months.

The committee report went so far as to say that "the American judicial system is not working well. Some would argue that it is in fact breaking down. Automobiles are mostly to blame."

The picture is far from good. And the involvement of alcohol in this picture is undeniably a major one. It is evident, however, that any "massive" program to solve the alcohol problem, whether a Federal program or a local one, must go back to the real cause of alcoholism and deal with this before any permanent solution can be assured. Only in this way can the "nettles" in our society be removed.



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... in this issue

- 2 "Nettles" in Our Society *Editorial*
- 3 Graciousness—A Way of Life *Shirley M. Dever*
- Life (poem) *B. Beth Bristol*
- 4 Only One Little Drop *Sydney Allen*
- 5 Pills—A Peril to the Family *Pearl Gibbs*
- 6 It's in Your Mind *Ross L. Holman*
- 7 Cocktail Comment *Mildred N. Hoyer*
- To Youth (poem)
- 8 Canada Faces Its Smoking Problem
- 10 Stephanie Crane *Interview by Francis A. Soper*
- 13 I Killed Winky Adams *Rec Reaney*
- 14 Ghosts in Front of My Eyes *Marjorie Grant Burns*
- 15 **COLOR STREAK SPECIAL** *Listen's Newspaper in Miniature*
- 19 Pointers From the President *Harold Whittington*

... in the next issue

- ★ This modern David is having tremendous success in battling giant companies and organizations in using the law to help bring about social reforms. Read "John Banzhaf and the Giants."
- ★ Why is there often a communication gap between parents and their teen-agers? "I'm Still Suzy" helps answer the question.
- ★ We live in a drug age that at times comes close to home. "Your Child and Addiction" has positive suggestions on how to avoid this trouble.

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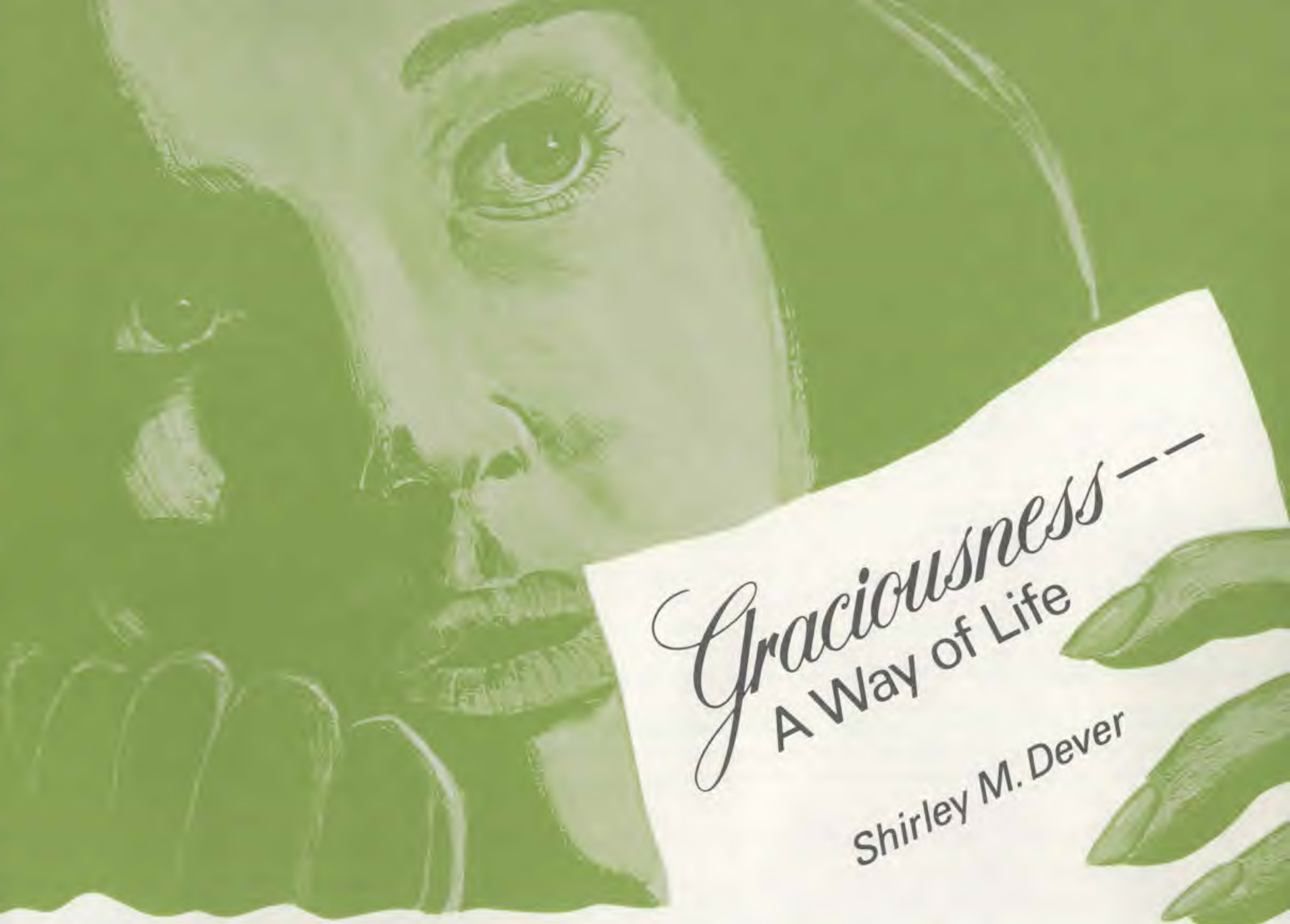
Editorial Office:
6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20012
Publication Office:
Pacific Press Publishing Association, 1350 Villa Street,
Mountain View, California 94040

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LISTEN, monthly journal of better living (twelve issues a year), provides a vigorous, positive educational approach to health problems arising out of the use of tobacco, alcohol, and narcotics. It is utilized nationally by Narcotics Education, Inc., also by many organizations in the field of rehabilitation. Second-class mail privileges authorized at Mountain View, California. Form 3579 requested. Printed in the United States of America.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, United States, its possessions, and Canada, \$3.50; single copy, 35 cents. To countries taking extra postage, \$3.75; single copy, 35 cents.

Send change of address to LISTEN, 1350 Villa Street, Mountain View, California 94040. Zip code must be included. Allow thirty days for change to become effective. Give both the old and the new address.



Graciousness

A Way of Life

Shirley M. Dever

LOVELY—or lonely?

A woman wrote her new daughter-in-law a consoling letter during the bride's first separation from the groom, a separation which was hard for the girl to endure. The bride read, then reread the letter a few times, because the writing was difficult to decipher. It seemed as if her husband's mother was telling her that she was a lovely girl; such wonderful praise coming from the one woman she wanted so much to impress! As she held the words of unexpected praise close to her heart, some of her unhappiness at being alone diminished.

In a lonely moment one night, the bride realized that the word which had warmed her heart might have been *lonely*, not *lovely*. She read the letter again and her hunch proved right. What a letdown that girl experienced; I know—I was that bride!

Later I learned that a lovely girl must also be gracious. My letters home had been full of minor complaints, scarcely the kind of writing that could be considered gracious.

How does a person become gracious? Isn't graciousness something woven into one's personality, something which

is part of one's inner self? Graciousness is essentially a way of life.

Graciousness as a way of life must have a theme—living graciously. Then there is tempo, which in this case would be moderation. The third magical ingredient is timing, an intricate work of art. Graciousness needs the same elements which contribute to a masterpiece of music or a good book.

The theme of living graciously needs to be played daily if it is to survive. Control is the beat to strive for—control of temper, fear, anxiety, and worry. If a person has surrendered his life to God, this all-important control isn't as unattainable as he might imagine—controlled thoughts, controlled acts, and controlled living.

To be truly gracious is to know God. And we can know Him by studying the Bible, praying faithfully on a day-to-day basis, and attending church. We can also discover

God in nature. Spring flowers bloom in brilliant profusion after a long, barren winter. Fuffy white clouds float in a pale blue sky as golden sunshine warms the world. Velvety green grass and statuesque trees and mirrorlike lakes—all

LIFE

B. Beth Bristol

A life full of love
Is life at its best,
And work full of zest
With a moderate rest
Is a life that is blessed.

God's magnificent creations—remind us to "be still, and know that I am God." Psalm 46:10.

The tempo of graciousness is mild and moderate, like a gentle breeze cooling the earth's parched face on a hot summer day. The gracious person paces himself to God's rhythm, never wavering from the calm, even tempo he learns. Unhurried, unruffled, and unwilling to match the breathless pace of modern living, his tempo can be infectious to others. Great fortitude is required to maintain a steady, even beat when the "musicians" one mingles with insist on a fast tempo. But, like a drummer, it's up to you to find and keep the right beat.

"Do you hear the beat?" Sometimes the best way to learn God's tempo is to search for it. You're at the ocean shore, quiet except for the breakers pounding against the sand. You're sunbathing; your head is close to the ground. You close your eyes to listen intently to the waves; you discover a beat—a slow, even beat which never wavers. This is God's tempo. Memorize this rhythmic melody. When you're back in familiar surroundings, close your eyes so you can recall the beat. Now pace yourself to this beat, for this is the tempo which will lead you to gracious living. (It will also enable you to throw those sedatives and tranquilizers away.)

Timing is like the scoop of ice cream which converts a piece of pie into pie a la mode. A good hostess has mastered the art of timing; so have most successful businessmen. For them timing is essential. It embodies saying the right thing in the right place at the right time. Timing is springing into action when the time is right, gauging yourself to the needs of another human being. This requires self-control and empathy.

Theme and tempo are down-to-earth things; timing is a heavenly art. Timing is being so in tune with another person that in a sensitive, subtle way you can help him without his being aware of it. Timing is giving; it asks no personal reward. It is the essence of unselfishness.

Once I worked for a gracious boss who had mastered the art of timing. On days when I wasn't at my best, he had the good sense to ignore me in his quiet way. Yet, when I needed advice, he was always available. When I could handle the job by myself, I had complete freedom to go ahead on my own. At the completion of a certain construction project he took me to the jobsite to inspect the company's latest "creation." Somehow this rugged construction superintendent managed to time his crew in the same way, and the men loved him. "If they send him to boss a job in Turkey or Central America, I'm going with him," I heard men declare. He was a gem among men because he knew how to handle other men. His secret was timing.

Theme, tempo, and timing—three keys which open the door to graciousness. No one is born gracious; instead, it is a quality which must be cultivated like a precious plant. It has to be polished like the rarest of gems, which it is, and it must be practiced every day.

Graciousness has as its closest allies charm, poise, and serenity. The gracious person is surrounded by friends because he has mastered one of the great commandments of our Lord—"Love thy neighbor as thyself." One must put self last and others first if he is to be truly gracious.

Graciousness, once mastered, leads to a wonderful way of life!

A BUDDHIST layman, so the story goes, unintentionally violated a taboo, which made an evil spirit angry. Everywhere the man went he had trouble. Since he was afraid that the spirit might begin to take vengeance on his family and village, the Buddhist tried to come to terms with the demon so that the harassment would stop.

Finally the spirit offered to make a deal.

"I will leave you alone," it said, "if you will consent to do one trifling thing."

The Five Precepts ("Panca-sila") which all Buddhist laymen are supposed to follow are:

1. To refrain from hurting or killing.
2. To refrain from taking what is not given.
3. To refrain from improper sexual relations.
4. To refrain from false speech.
5. To refrain from fermented and distilled liquors and from drugs that confuse the mind.

"I would not ask you to break all five of the precepts," the devil continued. "I wouldn't even ask you to break two of them. I want you to break only one, and I will leave the choice to you. When you have accomplished it, I promise to leave you in peace."

The Buddhist layman was glad to have a clear-cut offer before him, but its terms troubled him. He was a sincere believer and had never intentionally violated a single one of the precepts.

He tried to figure out a way to keep his part of the bargain without the likelihood of staining his record beyond redress.

"I can't kill or be cruel," he said to himself. "That would be too terrible. I'd better not break the first."

"I have never stolen anything," his thoughts continued.

ONLY ONE LITTLE DROP

Sydney Allen

"How could I bring myself to commit such a crime as that? I'd better not break the second precept."

So, he began to ponder the third one. "I have always been faithful to my wife; we are happy together. How could I stoop so low as to break the third precept?"

"If I break the fourth one," he thought, "it would not only make me unhappy, it would hurt others. If I told a lie I would get a bad name in the community and would never be able to live it down. I'd better not break that one."

So he came to the fifth. "Refrain from liquors," he repeated to himself. "Hmmm—only one little drop of something wouldn't hurt me, and it wouldn't hurt anyone else either. I can take it on the tip of my tongue and that will satisfy the evil spirit, and the whole horrid episode will end in my favor."

It is understandably difficult to find liquor in a Buddhist community, but the man was finally able to locate some. He hadn't tasted liquor before, and the taste of the first drop that he sipped interested him.

"This is good," he said. "A little more surely wouldn't harm me." He drank a little more, and then a little more, and soon he was a rollicking drunk.

When he finally decided to go home, he passed a tinker's shop where attractive trinkets were displayed outside the shop. The inebriated man reached over and scooped some of them into the folds of his garment.

When he reached home, he found that his wife had gone out. He looked out the window and noticed, for the first time, how attractive his neighbor's wife was. He went over and gave her the trinkets he had stolen, then he went into her house.

After a time, she suggested that they eat some food. "Fine," he said; "I'll get some for you." He took down an ax, went out, and hacked off the head of a goat.

When the meal was finished, the tinker came to the door with a couple of policemen. They charged our man with being a thief. But he protested his innocence, shouted that the tinker must be mad, and insisted that he, a devout Buddhist layman, had never stolen in his life.

And the evil spirit chuckled. Now his victim had broken all five of the precepts.

Do you live in a drug-dependent family?

Pearl Gibbs

Pills-A Peril to the Family



CONSIDER the case of Betty Marks. She carries to school a small arsenal of pills, including among others aspirins, magnesia tablets, and a prescription tablet to ease monthly cramps. Chums know they can borrow relief from Betty's pill box. But where did Betty get the pill habit?

From her mother. Mrs. Marks takes pills to sleep, pills to wake up, pills to calm down, pills to kill pain, pills to settle her stomach, pills to stay beautiful (hormones), and pills to counteract the side effects of her other pills.

What happens when Mrs. Marks runs out of her own brand of capsules? She borrows any her neighbors and friends may have on hand. Pills are a way of life in the Marks household.

But the Marks family is not alone. Estimates show that at least thirty million Americans abuse themselves with some kind of drugs.

Drug abuse? The World Health Organization defines the term as "repeated administration of a drug on a periodic or continuous basis." In other words, it becomes a habit—a pill crutch. And while adults over twenty-five years of age are the worst offenders for social pill tipping, countless teen-agers get the habit too.

According to a report by five organizations (the National Education Association, the American Medical Association, the United States Public Health Service, the United States Office of Education, and the National Congress of Parents and Teachers), teen-agers are grossly ignorant about the danger of pills—any pills.

These organizations discovered by survey that as many as seven high school seniors in ten think it all right to take pep pills or sleeping pills without medical supervision.

Many students believe that the corner druggist is the best source for help in combating a persistent cough. Most simply swallow anything Mom happens to have in the home medicine chest, even neglecting to read the label.

"What do I use for my hack?" said George Hemp, a high school sophomore with a serious chest cough. "Why, the old family favorite."

But George Hemp's "favorite" had been prescribed a couple of years before for George's father during a bout with pneumonia. The narcotic eased the pain in George, but it also masked a more serious problem behind the cough.

Not long ago the United States Food and Drug Administration passed a Drug Abuse Law sharply curtailing sales of stimulants (amphetamines), depressants (barbiturates), and hallucinogens (LSD). Unless a doctor wrote a fresh prescription, it became impossible to get pep pills, sleeping pills, and other drug medicines through ordinary ways. But this hasn't kept home medicine cabinets drug-free.

In California, for example, a research team went into the homes of eighty-six families in a middle-class suburban San Francisco neighborhood. They found plenty of narcotic cough remedies in medicine chests, which, in accordance with California law, had been prescribed by doctors.

But the researchers also found a dramatically large amount of self-prescribed drugs on the shelves of home medicine chests, including many unlabeled bottles. Besides that, drug preparations were found stashed away on pantry shelves, in dresser drawers, in sewing baskets, and some in plain sight on top of living-room cabinets. Others were getting stale and moldy in jars, bottles, and pill boxes, having been there for weeks, months, and perhaps years.

Drug-abuse, of course, includes the sport of drugs for kicks. Far too many teen-agers feel urged to experiment with the drug fling. "I just feel like I want to try it—just once," a sixteen-year-old boy told his teacher in all honesty. "What's wrong with a one-time fling?"

What's wrong? Well, many teen-agers fling their lives away in the process. True, some seem to get away with experimenting with drugs, and walk away never to feel compelled to rely on drugs again; but many more become drug-dependent to one degree or another. This represents a major medical problem in society today.

Dr. Joseph Wielawski, prominent New York psychiatrist, feels that pills are often used as a crutch, a cover-up for the unresolved problems in people's lives. He urges his patients, including teen-agers, to take a good look at themselves, examining their reasons for becoming dependent upon pills to get through a day.

All drug-dependent families have one thing in common—a well-stocked medicine chest. Any remedy for drug abuse in the home must begin there. Clean it out. Then make a rule: Be careful of pill tipping without a specific prescription.



Emotions can be dangerous when not under control.

IT'S IN YOUR MIND

Ross L. Holman

TWO lawyers who were associated together in law practice had a serious disagreement. As the result they dissolved their partnership. Soon one of the partners was hospitalized for high blood pressure. As the feeling between the two former associates deepened, blood pressure rose.

The doctor in charge of the case unsuccessfully tried all his known methods of relief. Knowing about the altercation between the two partners, the medic finally suggested that the only effective relief to his patient would be for him to reconcile all differences with his former associate and forgive everything. He arranged a meeting between the two and they talked the thing out. Finally they agreed to resume partnership and forget all past differences. Within a week the patient's blood pressure returned to normal.

Hate or a deep-seated hostility is the most inefficient use a person can make of his mind. It can result in many troubles, even of the eyes. It is one of the chief causes of glaucoma, an eye disease that totally blinds 20,000 people a year and causes five to ten times that many to lose the sight of one eye.

Specialists have found that ocular pressure rises whenever a person begins to resent another. At the Chicago Institute of Psychoanalysis, two thirds of the glaucoma was found to be closely connected with some emotional event, such as a chronic internal conflict.

Studies at the New York Hospital and the Cornell Medical College made by Drs. Stewart Wolf and Harold G. Wolf show that repressed hate or resentment brings on not only such ailments as high blood pressure but also indigestion and other ailments. Dr. N. C. Gilbert of Northwestern University says the same emotion frequently brings on attacks of angina pectoris and that it "causes more pain and attacks than any other emotional disturbance."

The quickest cure for ailments caused by repressed anger or hostility is forgiveness. When you forgive a difference, that settles it; the cause is gone. You no longer have to endure the wear and tear on your mind.

Another disagreeable emotion that causes endless trouble is worry with the related one of fear. The most frequent ailment resulting from worry is stomach ulcers. Often worry

even causes the symptoms of ulcers without the physical fact. At the Mayo Clinic a study of 15,000 stomach patients showed that only 20 percent had an actual physical basis for their complaints.

One of the chief causes of high blood pressure is a repressed worry or resentment you hate to admit. Perhaps you harbor an intense hatred toward your mother, brother, or sister, but you have to withhold this feeling because you are expected to keep up the appearance of amiable family relations. You would like to cry on somebody's shoulder about it if only you didn't have to let that somebody in on your secret fear.

It would be difficult to comment on all the ailments that can result from worry or fear, but even cancer has been linked with it. Dr. Lawrence Le Shan of the Union Theological Seminary in New York says that the life histories of cancer patients he has studied usually reveal a characteristic pattern. As an average example, a person who develops cancer later in life may have suffered a psychic trauma or emotional shock as a child. He reports from these studies that emotional relationships bring pain and desertion; attributing the event to some fault of his own, the victim responds with feelings of guilt and self-condemnation, and his worry creates despair.

He says too that widows and women with divorce or separation experience are more susceptible to cancer than are married women who have never known divorce or separation.

Dr. Schindler, another authority, comments that a third of all skin diseases treated by dermatologists are produced by the reaction of blood vessels in the skin to anxiety, worry, disgust, et cetera. Many other ills can be traced to emotional tensions, including peptic ulcer, bronchial asthma, migraine headache, ulcerative colitis, rheumatoid arthritis, hypertension, hyperthyroidism.

A study of 1,660 residents of New York City revealed that more than 80 percent showed symptoms of emotional disturbance ranging from mild to severe. Thus, only one person in five was judged free enough of emotional problems to be considered well.

"Most of our disagreeable emotions produce muscle tightness," says Dr. Schindler. "One of the first places to show tension is the group of muscles back of the neck. If the muscles in the lower esophagus contract, then it is serious."

Since emotional tensions play such an important part in physical ailments, medical authorities are in favor of doctors taking a course in psychiatric diagnosis along with their regular medical courses. Dr. G. C. Robinson of Johns Hopkins Hospital stressed this need twenty years ago.

Actually the average family physician is in a more favorable position to diagnose emotional troubles than is the specialist, especially in closely knit communities where the doctor is intimately acquainted with all members of the family. He knows their financial and social problems, their aims, ambitions, frustrations, and most of the influences that shape their attitude toward life.

Unlike the general run of organic ailments, one encouraging thing about psychosomatic illness is that you and you alone can do most about it. A psychiatrist can only help you to analyze such illness.

However, no psychiatrist on earth can make you stop

Cocktail Comment

A survey has found that the higher intelligence a person has and the more educated he is, the more likely he is to show a food preference for celery, olives, and grapefruit. But the people who wade through a martini just for the pleasure of getting to an olive have never impressed anyone as being superior mentally.

hating, worrying, dreading, or envying. He can help you spot your ailment, tell you what is causing it, warn you of the consequences, and give you encouragement toward overcoming the state of mind that aggravates it; but the most important factor in effecting the cure is you.

To overcome the destructive effect of one's emotions, doctors recommend that the patient take up a creative outlet, something that will take his mind off himself. Substituting physical activity for mental fretting aids the readjustment.

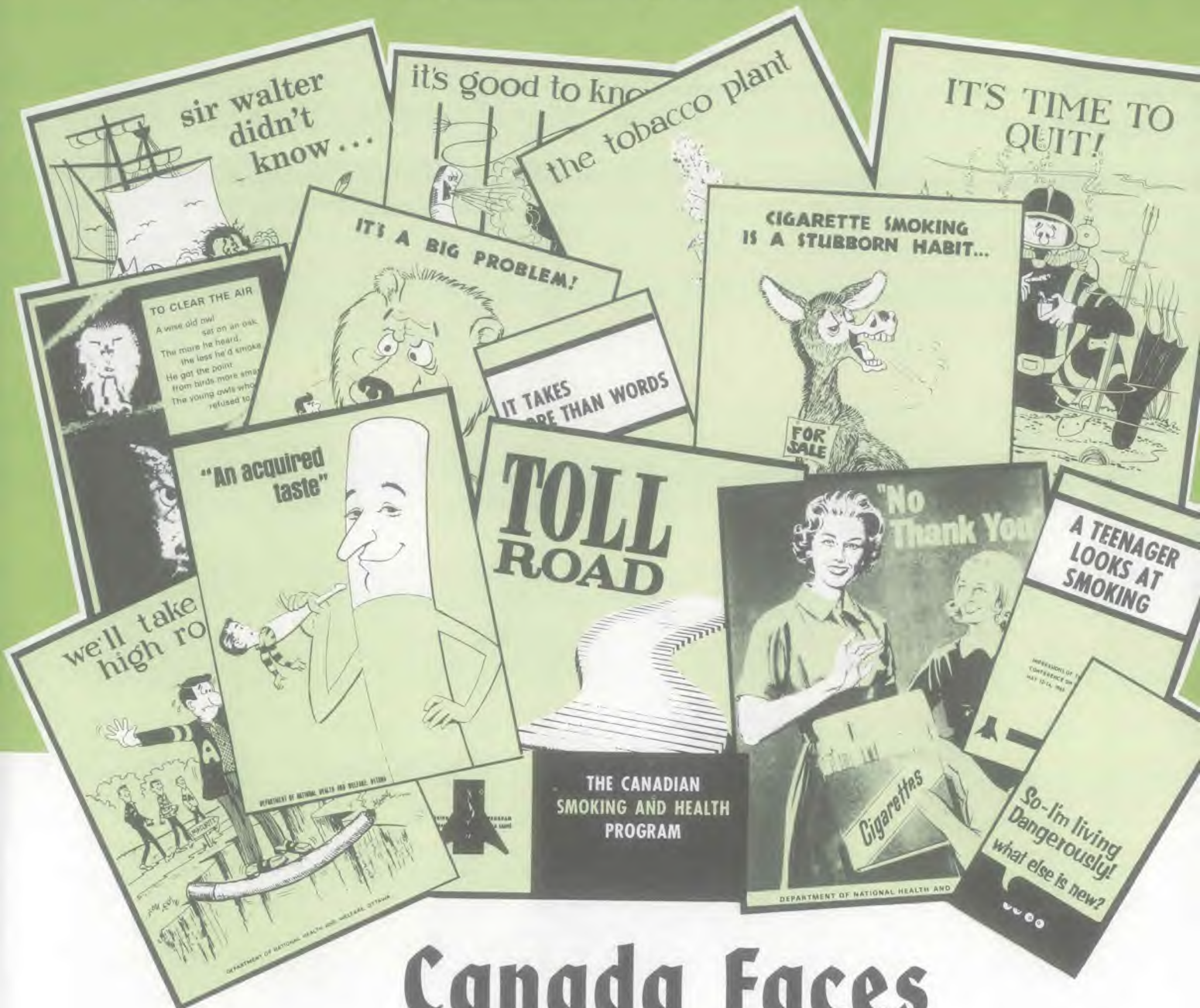
Doctors suggest learning to like people, cultivating friends, and creating a cheerful disposition. Create an interest in doing things for others, they say, and thus project your mind away from yourself and your discordant feelings.

When you begin taking a genuine interest in other people, you forget your own secret worries and realize that they are not the bugaboos you imagined them to be.

To Youth

Mildred N. Hoyer

We have faith in you; we do not fear
That you will fail this generation
Or the next, whatever smattering
There may be of superficiality.
We have faith in you, in the eternal
Spark of His Divinity deep within you,
The spark that with your breath shall rise
Into a glowing flame to light today,
To light tomorrow and the days ahead.
This we believe; this you will do
Because the die is cast; the future
Flings its challenge, youth, to you.



Canada Faces Its Smoking Problem

ONE purpose of government is to protect its citizens, but it isn't often a matter of protecting these citizens against themselves. Yet this is what Canada has been doing for some five years now in its national smoking-and-health program.

It all started on June 17, 1963, when Miss Judy LaMarsh, then Minister of Health, reported in the House of Commons in Ottawa that the health hazard of smoking could no longer be doubted. She urged a long-range educational undertaking "to reduce and ultimately to eliminate the hazard to human health that exists in the use of cigarettes."

Also about that time Miss LaMarsh with considerable

fanfare quit her own habit of smoking, thus setting the personal example which lent glamour and focus to the program.

But the word "program" hardly does it full justice, for it was carefully set up on a broad scale and detailed at a national conference attended by leaders from government health and education departments, professional and voluntary health organizations, and even the tobacco industry. The resulting plan was ambitious, designed to cover the nation with authentic facts about smoking and to persuade the public to take appropriate action, and aimed at "changing the ingrained social custom."

The program was so impressive that the Canadian Public

Relations Society used it as a shining example for students in its accreditation course.

The plan got under way, however, with no delusions about its limitations and the opposition it would stir up. True, it was based on prevention, with the aim of reducing the known toll of disease from smoking, but the means of success centered in the individual himself. A smoker addicted to his habit would not be easily weaned away from it. There would be other mountains of "natural resistance" to surmount, such as the entrenched industry with its luring advertising and sales promotion, also certain governmental agencies with a dependence on tobacco, specifically the agriculture department, which helped to raise the crop, and the finance department, which benefited from some \$400 million in annual tax revenue.

Moreover, the whole concept of smoking was deeply rooted in the philosophy of human freedom, which would sharpen when challenged.

Obviously, any change in this "ingrained social custom" would take time, perhaps generations, and would require both patience and persistence.

Two major prongs of the program were *research*—to evaluate smoking habits and to find the most useful ways of discouraging such habits—and *health education* to disseminate known facts.

First target was the professional health workers, including doctors, since it would be to them that others would turn for confirmation of facts and for help in relating to them. For this group a smoking-and-health reference book was prepared, also display materials for exhibits, leaflets for general use, desk cards for doctors, and bedside cards for patients who could use their stay in the hospital as an ideal time to break the habit.

Second target was the "educationalists," who were furnished with an information kit containing fifteen pamphlets, posters, reprints, reference lists, and a comic book on smoking.

Third target was the young people, considered to be the most strategic and challenging of all. Experiment marked each move in this phase, beginning with a series of monthly ads in youth magazines, featuring a "soft sell" message with humor and teen-age terminology. A national meeting brought together both smokers and nonsmokers in an interchange of youth opinion, which formed the basis of a series of booklets in both English and French. A film, "The Drag," was made to show a normal youngster being influenced toward smoking, which was to him unenjoyable

at the first and dangerous later on. The point put across was the silliness of submitting to the cigarette.

Fourth target consisted of influential groups such as parent-teacher. These have been approached through regional meetings and through their official publications.

Fifth target was the general public to be reached through mass media, including newspapers, magazines, radio, TV, and the bulletin boards of post offices and other government agencies.

The greatest interest has been evinced in the pamphlet "So I'm Living Dangerously—What Else Is New?" Though intended for patients waiting in doctors' offices, its message couched in colloquial words has been widely accepted.

Radio and television, though involved in advertising tobacco, have featured spot announcements and visual material particularly beamed toward youth, since the cigarette makers have claimed they aren't interested in converting youngsters into customers.

As to results so far in this national program, those who direct it say it is too early to be sure exactly how much is being accomplished. Yet some tangible results are showing up. At least nine out of every ten Canadians are now aware of what smoking does to health. The vast majority are convinced of the danger. In addition, more than a million smokers had by 1966 overcome the habit. Half of the remaining 5,500,000 daily smokers were making serious efforts to quit. Being used in many places across Canada, with informal government backing, is the world-famous Five-Day Plan to Stop Smoking. A study in 1967 showed a 6 percent decrease in the proportion of smokers among Canadian men since 1961.

The aim to dissuade nonsmokers from starting the habit is a difficult one to evaluate, but continuing efforts are being made in the face of the fact that every day some 300 young Canadians are beginning to smoke, and with the recognition that youth, though resenting prohibitions, will respond to a tough idealism. Youth can be laughed into truth, but will often refuse it if it is mixed with solemnity. One project, promoted by private sources but with government blessing, is the annual no-smoke day.

Summarizing the smoking-and-health program so far, Allan J. MacEachen, present Minister of National Health and Welfare, says that "much of the profit is still in terms of intangibles, but as long as nonsmoking remains the one wholly preventive measure against smoke-induced diseases, the best means of achieving a nonsmoking public will continue to be sought."

Frances Galvon of Calgary exhibits her prizewinning science fair display on smoking to the Canadian Youth Conference on Smoking and Health.

Youth tell their message on smoking as they appear on Canada's CBC television hookup.

Mabel Dawson of Quebec speaks in French at the youth conference on smoking, as listeners reach for their translators to hear the English translation.



Stephanie Crane, Miss Teenage America for 1968, is not in any sense of the word what might be termed an average teen-ager. She is unusual, yet not on a pedestal above everyone else. She enjoys talking with people, but talks with a purpose, not just to be saying something. She is "in" with what life really is and what it should contain.

When asked a question, Stef will consider before answering. Her answers are not stereotyped, but express her own opinions. She likes to tell what she thinks, but she doesn't expect everyone to agree with her.

Stef is of small build, a brunette with sparkling green eyes. She is deliberative, not explosive. She is on the serious side rather than effusive or hubbly, but her personality radiates and her smile is quick and catching. One gets the impression that here is a steady teen-ager, not emotional as such, and that with her things are well under control.

She lives with her parents in a Midwest home, west of Saint Louis just off highway route 30, in an unassuming but comfortable country home. Covering the kitchen walls are menus from everywhere—her father is assistant manager of a Saint Louis restaurant. In the backyard are five St. Bernards, two bloodhounds, two cats, and a pony. Her mother raises dogs, specializing in obedience training. Stef has a brother six and a sister four.

Stephanie Crane -- M

*Miss Teenage America
1968
Stephanie Crane*

Interview by Francis A. Soper



Do you feel fortunate as Miss Teenage America?

Indeed I do. Sometimes it is frustrating for a person who has to share ideas, and the big city makes this worse. No one wants to listen to you. I now have a wonderful privilege and responsibility—to express myself, and in so doing help encourage others. Yet I forget I'm Miss Teenage America and try to be just myself.

Did you think you would win the title?

I had no idea I'd win. I just went to Dallas to be myself, behave myself, to represent my city, and to have a good time while there. I had no thought of winning.

Do you feel different as the result of winning?

I feel no different as a person. I see no change in myself. My friends tell me they do notice a change, however, in that they seem to act a little older.

How do you regard this honor?

The award is another step in my growing-up process, something more to build on. The scholarship is giving me a chance to go to college.

What is most important to win the award?

The winner must project herself and communicate with her audience. Conversational ability is important. Personality is essential. This is not particularly a beauty contest, as there is no bathing-suit competition.

Are you a "typical" teen-ager?

I do not feel it is fair to call any teen-ager "typical." I think the average teen-ager does not think enough.

Would you say you do your own thinking?

I can't imagine sitting around all day and not thinking. I like to use my own mind.

What is one way you develop your own ideas?

When I go to bed at night, I try to recall an idea I've picked up during the day, look at it from all angles, and apply it to

myself and figure how I can better live tomorrow as the result of what I have learned today. I do not, though, try to fit all other teens into my mold. I do not want to condemn others.

How do you pick your friends?

There is no one I really dislike. Everyone has his faults, sure; but because an apple has a spot is no sign it is all bad. Any person should have a variety of people he associates with, then pick out the best in each one.

What is your favorite subject in school?

I guess I don't have a favorite. I learn something from every subject I take—religion, French, et cetera. I am not blessed with manual dexterity, but I'm taking typing and shorthand.

What are your hobbies?

Music, art, acting, piano, guitar, reading.

What are your chief reading interests?

I like true stories—no fiction. I prefer facts, such as science subjects. Novels may have appeal, but I would much rather read something that's true. Most anyone can make up a story, but I want to find out what others have learned about life.

Do you plan on college?

Yes, I'm planning on a drama major and a psychology minor. I want to take voice lessons, study musical plays, also art, especially oil painting.

What is most important for a teen-ager today?

To know yourself, to be yourself, and to be honest with yourself. Ask yourself, What do I really believe? Know what is right and what is wrong, know the basis of your belief, then stick by it.

Are moral standards essential?

Teen-agers ought to set up moral standards for themselves as based on their religious training, their home background, and their school.

MISS TEENAGE AMERICA, 1968



Stephanie Ann Crane, with her parents the Daniel Cranes, holds her first news conference after winning her title as number-one teen-ager.



Six-year-old Michael learns the fine art of felt painting from big sister.

Already developing discriminating tastes in art, Stef looks forward to studying oil painting.



What is your concept of youth today?

When I think of youth, I think of vigor, of health, of happiness.

What are the major problems of today's teen-ager?

We live in a "group" society. Teen-agers are often affected by these groups, whether or not they are members. Group pressures are more now than in the past. Teen-agers should identify themselves with the good in each group rather than the bad.

Can a teen-ager always do what is accepted by the group?

No, we can't do what all our friends do. It is not always good to follow the crowd. For example, drinking may be accepted by the group, but as for me this is the duller thing

To "get away from it all," Stephanie picks up her guitar and strums a piece.



in the world. I'd much rather bowl—I don't bowl 150, only 100—or play tennis or skate. I may need help to stand up on skates, but I would rather be active than just sit around.

Doesn't drinking help to relax tensions?

There are much better ways for teen-agers to relax than by drinking. Even running around the block will relieve tensions. It seems silly to spend so much time just drinking.

Do teen-agers really spend much time doing this?

Some play sort of a weekend game of getting "smashed." Everything centers around liquor. Many kids can't seem to get along without it.

Why do teens like these drinking parties?

It sounds "big" to say you have been to a drinking party. Even a bottle of beer makes them *so* mature, makes them seem grown-up. But actually it's what you take away from a party that's important. I don't moralize, but I prefer to stay away from the stuff.

Do you like to go to expensive restaurants?

I'd much rather go to a small place like a "White Castle" than to an expensive place. Boys just don't have that much money. Trying to make an impression means so much less when you start growing up.

What is your idea of a good date?

I like one that is not *all* serious, or not all jokes either. I like a boy with many facets to his personality, one who doesn't feel he always has to be cracking jokes to entertain me. I like to be able to talk about emotions, how we feel

about things, and to communicate and share ideas. I'm interested in psychology.

Why do teens want to grow up so fast these days?

Teens always want to advance. They feel that adults have it all, so they want independence, to live their own lives.

Are pressures on teen-agers greater now?

The pressures of society on kids are greater than before, as for example, when my mother was a girl. A teen-ager today has to be clever in order to make an impression. She doesn't just sing—she has to sing, dance, and write her own music too. She has to do it all; she has to be *really* good.

Is this why many young people tend to feel insecure?

Many kids do feel insecure, especially in the big schools where the competition is so harsh. This is one reason why they become hippies or experiment with drugs or liquor for escape. It's a "me first" philosophy: If you shove me, I must shove right back; if you step on me, I'll step on you.

What do you think about smoking?

I would rather see a kid smoke than to drink or get mixed up with drugs; but smoking, too, is a senseless habit, a silly kind of habit. It is not advisable to get started on; it's not good for health.

Is a girl's appearance enhanced by smoking?

It does not look good for a girl to smoke. If a girl must smoke, let her do it in private—she would do much less of it. It simply does not do that much for her! Usually girls smoke in order to look older—and it ages them in looks faster than they want.

What are your thoughts about modern motion pictures?

I believe the movies started the trend toward loosening of morals. It's a sort of delayed-reaction idea. Movies have an all-around effect on young people.

How can the movies be improved?

They should encourage thinking. Too many merely make you passive and don't stimulate thought. They are surface-type pictures, with plots that are oversimplified and over-used. There are some with much thought and good ideas in them, but it's a matter of discerning between the worthwhile ones and those that aren't.

What is the effect of the exploitation of sex today?

This depends on the individual, on his maturity, his background. However, when we have *free* things, they are bound to affect us.

What is the trend among teens as far as the church is concerned?

Teens feel that if they aren't *good* church members, they just don't go to church. But they should be honest with themselves, and with their church, giving each a chance.

Do you feel that religion for a young person is basic?

A person's religion should be far more than mere hypocrisy. He should make it something for himself, then abide by it. If a person does all that his church says not to, and then has to be sorry for it, this is silly. It's much better to practice your religion in the first place.

I couldn't live with Winky anymore.

**I
KILLED
WINKY
ADAMS**

Ree Reaney

YOU have to play fair with your readers, they tell me, so I'll tell you right at the start. I killed Winky Adams.

Yes, I killed her. She was wrecking my whole life. She was born with a twinkle in her eyes that could get her what she wanted, and she found it out early. Her birth certificate listed her name as sober, honest Winifred, but she was called "Winky" as soon as her sparkly eyes could focus.

She had too many "slaves" which reveled in the privilege of granting her every wish, and she ruled with a soft, smooth hand. Teachers pampered her, friends adored her. By the time she reached high school, teachers were on to her tricks, but her charm and natural ability to learn brought passing grades and tolerant smiles.

Westby parents began a small campaign against Winky, its self-appointed leader, but the campaign was useless. "Teen parties" became louder, lasted longer, grew wilder. And the noisiest, most frantic leader was Winky.

Winky found herself moving so quickly there wasn't time for everything that last year of high school.

"My shadow can't even keep up with me," she joked.

"Bill's your shadow," her pals chorused. "He'll keep up with you!"

As he became her escort, Bill moved into the center of Winky's spotlighted life, and together they formed the nucleus of their gang.

From "What'll we do, gang?" the opening line changed to "Where's Winky?" or "Wait'll Wink and Bill get here."

Football, basketball, school outings, parties, none were complete without Winky and Bill. Winky was the first of the girls to try a puff of marijuana. She wore the first mini-skirt, sported the first wiglet, the longest fall, the blackest eye makeup, the palest lipstick.

And of course, Winky was the first of the girls to wheedle a new car out of indulgent parents.

"Pop made a bigger fuss over buying my new wardrobe than he did over buying this car," she boasted to the others. Her parents couldn't deny Winky what she wanted; though to be fair to them I must admit that they had first considered the ultimate dangers, the worries, the anxieties that went with it. And Pop murmured dark fears to Mom about the expense and the recklessness of young folks today.

"That's not what worries me so much," Mom had answered him in the late lonely hours as they waited for Winky to come home.

"It's the boys nowadays. They're nice, clean-cut fellows at a party, but what are they like parked in a car?"

"And the horsepower they put in cars? Everything is going too fast," Pop answered.

But Winky was radiant. She revved up the motor of her new car and turned to grin at the crowded back seat.

Pop said, "Now remember, Winky, only forty-five miles an hour." She drawled in a deep imitation, "Who's Pop kidding?"

"This baby creeps past fifty before you know it," Bill shouted into the wind, his long hair swirling into his eyes.

Mom's "one o'clock, NO later" rule met with violent objections. Mom and Pop began vigils of waiting up.

"You make me feel like fifteen," stormed Winky, her eyes blazing, the third time they waited up. After that, they went silently to bed, leaving a light on in the hall.

But they worried softly to each other with every strike of the big hall clock. The turn of the key in the lock brought one or the other scurrying into the hall.

"Honey, you're so late! What happened?"

"Mom, you'd think you expected trouble! Don't you trust me?"

Yes, they trusted Winky, but they tried to explain to each other the needlessness of the worry, the fears of those long, lonely nights, when the clock struck one, then two, and ticked silently on.

It was Winky's victory, after all. Mom and Pop stayed in their room, breathing evenly and quietly, each hoping the other hadn't heard the furtive closing of the door, the almost-silent footsteps hurrying down the hall.

It wasn't the first time I'd seen the speedometer creep past fifty, then sixty, wobble at seventy a moment, then climb steadily to seventy-five. Nor was it the first time the fellows had passed around a small bottle of red pills, and followed it up with the innocent-looking brown bag that held a small flat bottle.

"Just a nip to make the pill work faster," someone said. Just enough to give your breath a tattletale tinge. Liquor

seemed to be accepted in their parents' world; pills were not. Glue sniffing was juvenile, LSD was frightening. Yes, pills were better.

Winky always drove. She knew how to handle a car. Everybody said she was the best driver in town. She knew her car and she knew how to handle it—fast. A fast driver can be a good driver; everyone knows that. It's all a matter of timing. The guy who can't make up his mind is the real hazard on the highway, but Winky could make up her mind.

A giggle in the back seat grew into helpless laughter. Someone was shuffling on the floorboards, everyone groping around the floor in the back seat.

"What's going on back there?" Winky kept her eyes on the road.

"Jinx lost the cap to the bottle," someone said.

"Which one?"

"Well, find it, whichever it is!" Winky snapped. "Pop'll really blow his stack if you spill 'juice' on this white tuck and roll."

Everyone searched, but the bottle cap was elusive; so Winky stopped to continue the search.

"There're only two pills and a couple sips left. Why don't we finish the juice and quit worrying?" Jinx was always practical.

"OK," Winky agreed. "Not you though, Bill. You've already had enough!"

"So's Jinx!"

"Bob's not having another drop!"

"Well, throw it away then," Winky snapped. "Nobody's going to have any more pills tonight."

"Hey, hooch costs dough!" This was Jinx.

"All right, all right. Give it to me!" Winky reached for the bottle and tipped it up without even looking to see how much there was.

There wasn't much, but after one of those red pills, just a sip made wavery designs before her eyes.

She drove on. Winky watched the speedometer carefully now—forty-five, no more. The air felt good. It was cool and soothing to the fire that ran along her veins.

Winky didn't feel any different than before, just good—and confident. She knew she was a good driver.

Just a little faster. They were nearly home. Just one more intersection.

Just one more intersection!

Winky couldn't see the other car, just the dark shine of a crumpled fender. Her ears rang with the thundering impact of sound, the crash—and then the peculiar metallic scream that metal makes when it crumples.

Those first moments were time suspended. Then in the dim, wavery light of flares, she could make out white, frightened faces.

And that's when I killed Winky Adams. I saw her plainly, in the ghostly light of the flares. I could see Winky taking what she wanted, pills or Pilsner, doing what she wanted.

Those mangled masses of steel, those white, frightened faces were only part of the picture. There was Mom's worry, Pop's anxiety. The gray hair they covered bravely with those "only the hairdresser knows for sure" bottles belonged in the picture too; the frown lines above Mom's eyes, the deep-crease worry-furrows across Pop's forehead.

"Who is the driver of this convertible?" an officer asked. I stepped forward.

"I am," I said. "I'm Winifred Adams."

Winky died right then. In the deep silence of that shock and horror, Winky died. I couldn't live with Winky anymore. I wanted to spend the rest of my life erasing Winky; I wanted to live up to my own real, sober, decent name and the two wonderful people who had given it to me.

Ghosts in Front of My Eyes

Marjorie Grant Burns

I HAD been driving for miles with hardly anything but pecan trees on both sides of the road. Some of the trees were the tallest and finest I had ever seen, and stacks of reddish-brown sacks filled with plump new nuts proclaimed themselves at "3 lbs. for a \$1.00." I decided to pull in at a filling station ahead, get gas, and buy some nuts from the nearby stand.

The attendant hurried out, his cap pushed back and a pencil over his ear. "How much, lady?"

"Fill it with Economy, please." I released the hood of my VW. The attendant started the gas and then came around to wash the windshield. "Gettin' about ear-muff time," he said pleasantly. "Fall's late, but it's a-comin', I think."

I smiled, then my eyes wandered past him, idling along the landscape, and came to a sudden halt. Some fifty feet beyond the station was a crumpled pile of bright blue metal. Could that have been a car?

The attendant held the hose to fill the last of the tank, then hung the hose back on the pump. He shut the hood and came around to take my credit card.

"Anybody get out of that alive?" I asked, nodding toward the blue metal.

He just walked away, and I decided he didn't like to communicate on such things. Or maybe he could be hard of hearing. He came back, handed me the clipboard. "One did," he said laconically.

Then he leaned on my door, turned, and looked at the wreck. He spoke slowly and very clearly. "Two kids, both eighteen. They wanted to celebrate a basketball victory. But there's nothin' much around these parts. They didn't drink, but since they had read that beer is the thing to celebrate with, they got a few cans and tried it.

"When the car left the road, it was doing 120. The driver was killed instantly, thrown through a barbed-wire fence that left him in ribbons. The other kid should'a died. He lost a leg right at the hip."

Then he turned, looked in at me, his face drawn with grief. "The other kid should'a died," he repeated. "Sometimes I almost wish he had." He took the clipboard, handed me my card, turned and walked slowly away.

My throat was too tight to let me swallow. No one had to tell me to whom I had been talking. I started the car, turned out of the station, and proceeded on my way.

And a picture kept dancing in front of my eyes, making ghosts—no, not of a boy cut to ribbons, nor of one left maimed for life, nor even the face of an anguished father. The ghosts were of a wad of blue metal, a bottle of beer, lots of bright, gaily glinting beer ads, and one basketball victory—the very last for two eighteen-year-old boys.

Parental Attitudes May Cause Drug Problem

Waistline Is Success

Over the past several years the secret of the Green Bay Packers has stared everybody right in the face, yet nobody ever really noticed the real reason for it.

Actually, it's not even a secret.

Vince Lombardi has talked about it publicly from time to time, but hardly anybody ever paid much attention. Hardly anybody outside the Packers.

Got the answer yet? No? Well, here's the final hint:

A few of the Packers happen to be bald, but not a single one is fat.

Now you got it. The secret of the Packers' phenomenal success is conditioning.

With all this high-sounding hocus-pocus about blitzing, keying, and following the game plan, it turns out that what the Packers really do best is follow orders.

When all is said and done, it develops the world champion Green Bay Packers are nothing but a bunch of weight watchers. They have been since 1959. By one of those curious coincidences that's when they first started winning.

Walk up to any member of the Packers and glance at his waistline. Look, Ma, no fat!

"I'd say we're in as good physical condition as any football team there is, if not better," says Bart Starr, Green Bay quarterback.

It proves only one thing:

Deep knee bends will do it every time.



Loose attitudes by young people toward drugs may develop from irresponsible adults who do not take the danger of drugs seriously.

Nonalcoholic Wedding

A Church of England priest has banned alcoholic weddings at his church.

The Rev. Gavin Barker says he has had enough of red-eyed bridegrooms tottering to the altar.

"I'm going to tell couples I won't marry them if I smell drink on their breath," he says. "It's illegal anyway. The law says that people have to be in their right minds before they get married."

Impasse on Life-span

We seem to have gone about as far as we can go in increasing life expectancy, for the time being anyway.

Between 1900 and 1956, expected life-span at birth for all persons increased by over twenty years, says the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Since then, it has improved by less than a year.

Average length of life in 1965, last year for which final figures are available, was 70.2 years, the same as it was in 1964 and 1961.

The change in the first half of the century was due in large part to the conquest of the once-dreaded childhood diseases.

We now seem to have reached an impasse with respect to the diseases of middle and old age, particularly heart disease and cancer.

And smoking is related to both these killers!

Parents and some adult professional people are to blame for much of the drug abuse problem among young people, says Willie Ellison, California delinquency prevention officer.

"Some kids are using drugs, but wouldn't if their parents took a strong stand against it," he explains. "Many kids have the attitude they intend to experiment with drugs—and they are doing so."

Ellison says this attitude stems from irresponsible remarks and comments by adult professional people who should know better. These professionals and so-called experts "have left it up to the good judgment of young people whether or not they should use drugs. But I just don't believe you can do it that way."

He says many parents are contributing to youthful attitudes about drug experimentation by constantly raising questions as to whether or not one drug is worse than another.

"Parents have also raised questions about the relative merits of the penalties for use of one drug versus those for use of another. By doing this, the parent is indicating to his youngster: 'I don't care about the law but only about the penalty attached to it.'"

"This parental attitude is breeding disrespect for the law right in the home. This fact is basic to the drug problem that confronts us."

Ellison states that one of the biggest unresolved problems in this area is this: When school people and law officials are virtually certain that certain kids are involved in the use and sale of drugs, what should be done? Should the parents be told by school officials that their sons and daughters are strongly suspected of drug abuse?

That question raises "a real touchy issue," he says. "Both parents and school people, I believe, have a responsibility to do something about it when they know or strongly suspect that certain young people are involved with dangerous drugs."

In This NEWS

★ Youth form their own thrust against drug addiction. See page 16.

★ Drugs may now seek out their special targets in the body. See page 17.

★ Does disease show up in your palm? See page 18.



Probably no other game shows up poor physical conditioning more quickly than does football.

Youth Form Own Anti-drug Club

Students at Granada Hills High School, largest in Los Angeles, have begun an "of the kids, by the kids, for the kids" effort against the rapidly increasing use of narcotics.

They have formed Smarteens, an on-campus club with "Stamp Out Stupidity" as a motto and a series of posters to illustrate the idea that it's stupid to use narcotics.

So far, 75 of the 4,200-member student body have joined an original half dozen organizers, led by Jan Murray, an eighteen-year-old senior majoring in art.

She and other Student Council members met last September to discuss their concern over the prevalent attitudes about narcotics, morals, and campus appearance at Granada Hills High.

At that meeting the group approved eight poster ideas, a name—Smarteens—and the design for a lapel pin shaped like a foot with the letters SOS (Stamp Out Stupidity) on it.

All of the posters, the pin, and the name appealed not to the familiar themes of religion, duty, and self-preservation—but to intelligence.

"We are trying to form a new mod," says Robert K. Squire, a man with a theory who met with the students. "The new mod is: I am too smart to use that kind of crud."

Squire believes that adults, the police department, or schools cannot effectively keep students from using narcotics. "We know that as adults we do not communicate. You kids know there is a problem in schools among teen-agers; it's up to you to do something about it," he challenges.

"The angle we're using is that if you don't use drugs you're a pretty smart guy, and if you do you are an idiot."

"What's good about Smarteens," says Michael Godfrey, head of the school's Health Educational Department and faculty adviser to the group, "is that it is initiated on the level of the kids themselves, not from an authority symbol. The kids do the legwork."

Members of the organization got in touch with service clubs such as the Lions and Rotary, talked to the Junior Chamber of Commerce, and planned a poster campaign. They decided to introduce Smarteens to Granada Hills High without previous announcement. On the first school day after Christmas vacation, returning students found hundreds of posters around the school.

Some of the captions read: "Join Smarteens, and Help Stamp Out Stupidity," "When Flower Children Go to Pot They Become Blooming Idiots," and "Bennies, Breakfast of Chumpions."

On the afternoon of the same day, Jan recalls, all the posters had been torn down. "We knew the kids were reacting. If they had walked by the posters, we would have figured they don't care anyway."

"We're opening a big door," she says. "We don't know what will pop out. We're very experimental. So many people are watching us. If it works at Granada, it can work at other schools." She is encouraged that attitudes at Granada Hills have changed and are changing rapidly.

Downtown, Captain Alfred W. Trembly of the Los Angeles Police Department's narcotics division describes Smarteens as "one of the most promising things I've seen."

Hope Offered Reducers

A mysterious substance that dissolves stored fat in the human body may someday slim down obese people, or make compulsive eaters thin.

The hormonelike substance, called a lipid mobilizer, breaks down fat and moves it to the liver, where it is made available to the body for energy. The mobilizer itself is then excreted.

Dr. Eli Seifter of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine at Yeshiva University, New York, is experimenting with the mobilizer to determine if injections of it might damage the liver.

If current experiments on rabbits—using mobilizer reclaimed from cow and pig pituitary glands—show no damage, human experimentation may be possible.

Persons with a shortage of the mobilizer, Dr. Seifter says, are unable to utilize their fat, and use protein instead, wasting their muscles.

In addition to treatment of such persons, and possible trimming of compulsive eaters, the substance might have application in hospitals where patients are recovering from operations. These need protein for healing, but are not able to eat much. The lipid mobilizer might free fats for their bodily use, thus conserving the protein for healing.



This soldier in Vietnam shares not only his soft drink with a village youngster, but also his cigarette.



Mashed Potatoes

Though it is much wiser not to drink at all, some national auto clubs advise motorists to down a plateful of mashed potatoes before drinking.

According to the experts, mashed potatoes may inhibit drunkenness by soaking up liquid in the stomach and releasing it more slowly into the bloodstream.

Just Turn On

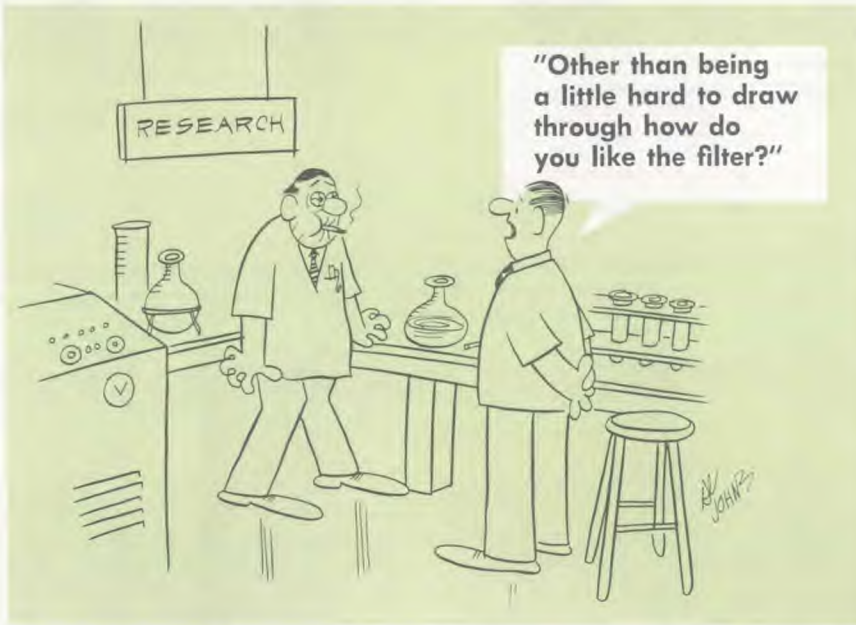
Tomorrow's generation may laugh at today's drug users as hopelessly old-fashioned, a university psychiatrist predicts.

"Maybe even in twenty years, thrill seekers will go around with a little electrical box plugged into the pleasure centers of the brain," Dr. J. Thomas Ungerleider says. "They can stimulate themselves all they want."

Dr. Ungerleider, staff psychiatrist at the University of California Los Angeles campus, says there would probably be a new motto: "Instead of turn on, tune in, and drop out, it will be plug in, turn on, and buzz."

Alcohol and Muscles

Alcohol can cause muscle collapse in chronic drinkers similar to that suffered by victims of muscular dystrophy, says Dr. Gerald Perkoff, of Washington University in Saint Louis. The muscle weakness, usually attributed to brain damage or poor diet, can also be due to "muscle wasting." The remedy, says Dr. Perkoff, is simple: stop drinking.



Straight to the Target

Scientists have developed a method that should permit them to design a drug so precisely that it can seek out body targets only a millionth of an inch across.

With this kind of accuracy, the drugs of the future should attack only the chemical subunits that cause disease and thus spare the patient harmful side effects which are now a problem with almost every drug.

Drugs are effective because the proteins of living cells contain minuscule areas called "receptor sites" with which medicines interact. The ideal drug "finds" the receptors that need correction in the treatment of an illness, but ignores the others, the danger being that toxicity will ensue.

To seek out the receptors in a given body protein, the scientists place it in solution in a test tube and then bombard the liquid with radio-frequency signals. Some of the signals' energy is absorbed by the atoms that comprise the protein molecule. But some of it bounces back in the form of an electrical "echo." This "echo" is then measured by a special but relatively simple device sensitive to nuclear magnetic resonance, as this sort of "echo" is called.

Since each kind of atom sends back a characteristic "echo," scientists can tell by analyzing the data what kinds of atoms are present at a receptor site and how many there are of each kind.

The analysis is made by a computer which has been programmed to recognize each atom's behavior and to sort out its "echo" from other "noise" which may have gotten into the radio signal between the time it was sent into the solution and the time it returned. So rapid is the method that results often are possible in minutes, the scientists say.

With this new technique, scientists

can also measure what happens at a receptor site when a drug is introduced. This should enable them to predict which parts of protein molecules will be attracted to what drug. Among the medicines whose behavior already has been analyzed by "echo" are penicillin and some sulfa drugs.

No Smoking for Movie Star

When he was asked to smoke a pipe in a scene for a nautical comedy, "The Extraordinary Seaman," celebrated Academy Award winning actor David Niven turned thumbs down on the idea.

Director John Frankenheimer got a firm but polite No from Niven about the pipe smoking, even though it is a rare occasion when an actor opposes the wishes of his director.

According to Niven, "I've never smoked anything in my life. I'm afraid my using a pipe would be like giving a toothbrush to a chicken."

Does Drink Aid Confession?

Middleton Bishop Edward Wickham doesn't want every parish priest armed with a bottle of whiskey, but he favors a drink or two to relax a troubled mind.

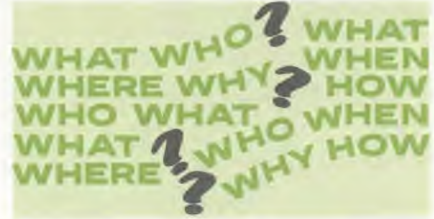
The Church of England bishop claims there is nothing like a drink to overcome inhibitions and get troubled persons talking frankly.

"If it helps to ease communications by giving a person a drink—or having one yourself—that's fine," the bishop says.

"I sometimes take a drink myself."

He says many persons leave a conference with their clergyman or doctor with things unsaid because they couldn't relax enough to talk freely.

A drink to settle them down might be the answer, he suggests.



★ Some people avoid getting sleepy on long trips by drinking coffee. Here's a new idea: a sniff of smelling salts, prepared with a blend of lavender and aromatic ammonia. (Columnist Dorothy Ritz)

★ Last winter's blizzard brought out some precautions for shoveling snow: Avoid smoking while working, because tobacco constricts the blood vessels, just as the cold does—the two might be too much. Also avoid drinking—it dulls the sense of fatigue. (New York Health Commission, Dr. H. J. Brown)

★ Children today would enjoy happier childhoods if it weren't for adults messing things up for them. "We are robbing children of their childhood. We try to cram them into our own plans for them, so that they have no childhood." (Dr. R. J. McAllister, Nevada State Mental Hygiene Division)

★ In a study of Illinois University freshmen it was found that only 16.7 percent of those with an A-grade average smoked, while 59.1 percent of those with an E average (the lowest) smoked. (Dr. Dorothy F. Dunn, University Health Science Department)

★ At least 1,000 Americans die every week of lung cancer induced by smoking. This is about ten times the military death rate in Vietnam. (American Cancer Society)

★ Youngsters under five gulp down more harmful overdoses of aspirin than of any other substance in swallowing accidents, constituting some 25 percent of the 63,000 such accidents. (Public Health Service)

★ Cigarettes are "the most serious known lethal agent today." (Dr. Hollis Ingraham, New York State Health Commissioner)

Thirstier Drinkers in '67

Last year, America's population drank more alcoholic beverages than ever, says the Licensed Beverage Industries.

Estimates indicate that consumption of distilled spirits in 1967 totaled more than 325 million gallons, an increase of slightly more than 5 percent over the previous year's volume of 309 million gallons. This means a per capita consumption of 1.63 gallons in 1967 compared with 1.59 in 1966.

Since repeal, consumption of all alcoholic beverages per drinker has risen from 3.4 gallons a year in 1934 to 3.7 gallons in 1967.

ARE YOU PUZZLED?

FRIEDA M.
LEASE

Double DOUBLES

Complete these double-double letter words according to definitions.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. — dd — — ss | to direct a letter |
| 2. — gg — — ss — — — | self-confident, pushy |
| 3. — — tfee | sofa |
| 4. — cc — ss | approach |
| 5. — — — ss — — — ss | crossing lines |
| 6. — — ssoo — | wind instrument |
| 7. — pp — ll | dismay |
| 8. — cc — mm — — — — — | oblige, adopt |
| 9. — — ll — — — mm — — — | insect used for fish bait |
| 10. — — ss — — ll | put incorrect letters in word |
| 11. — — ll — ee — | a bird, plover |
| 12. — — ll — oo — | dance hall |
| 13. — ss — ss | to appraise |
| 14. — — cc — ss | favorable attainment |
| 15. — — mm — tt — — | persons appointed to act |

Young Imitate Parents

Youngsters arrested for smoking marijuana or having it in their possession are now being asked the following question by many authorities: "What kind of drugs do your parents take?"

In case after case the youngsters point out that their parents regularly take alcohol, tranquilizers, pep pills, pills for indigestion, pills to relax, et cetera.

The United States has become a drug-abused society, says Dr. Norman Zinberg, a Harvard lecturer. "The difference is that the kids often say they take drugs for fun or for kicks while the parents defend themselves by saying that taking drugs is necessary to keep their jobs or to take care of their families."

Disease Shows in Palm

Palm-reading physicians are able to diagnose a myriad of diseases, says Dr. Harold F. Falls of the University of Michigan. The eyes also offer valuable opportunities for diagnosis.

An alert physician, he reports, can detect eighty diseases and congenital disorders by examining a patient's hands and eyes.

Gout, sickle-cell anemia, cretinism, and a wide variety of skin problems are only a few of the many diseases that show themselves in part in changes in the hands.

Unusual skin or hair coloring on the hands; tremor; muscle wasting; deformities of the nails, joints, or fingertips; and many growths, lesions, and skin textures—all of these

may be signs of disorders somewhere in the body.

Enlarged tubular fingers, for example, can be an indication of sickle-cell anemia.

A person suffering from congenital cretinism would have short, broad hands with misshapen little fingers and thumbs; dry, cold, hard skin; spatulate fingertips; and joints that are stiff or even rigid.

Both the hand and the eye are remarkable for the complexity of their structure and function, Dr. Falls says. Hands and eyes may offer positive signs of a specific disease in some cases, while lending supportive evidence of a diagnosis based on other factors in others.

Marijuana--Way of Life

Glenn Boggs, a rookie policeman in Corpus Christi, Texas, infiltrated a group of marijuana-smoking high school students.

"Marijuana is their life," he says. "People can say it's not addictive or bad for you, but every one of them that I've known and dealt with—well, that's all they think and talk about."

New Drug Fights TB

A new oral antituberculosis drug is now available for prescription throughout the country.

The drug's trade name is myambutol; it is chemically known as ethambutol.

In clinical trials involving more than 2,900 tuberculosis patients myambutol has proved significantly effective in TB cases which had become resistant to standard drugs

such as isoniazid, streptomycin, and para-aminosalicylic acid or PAS. Myambutol is designed, though, for use in combination with some of the older drugs, especially isoniazid.

The World Health Organization estimates there are between fifteen million and twenty million cases of infectious tuberculosis in the world, with two or three million victims dying annually. A public health-service study in 1964 said there were 50,800 newly active cases reported that year in the United States, along with 8,303 deaths.

For Fathers Who Smoke

The American Heart Association thinks maybe father doesn't know best when it comes to realizing the link between smoking and disease.

Taking a new tack, the Association has produced leaflets spelling out the dangers of smoking, to be distributed to children. The leaflets point out that the best way for parents to keep their children from smoking is to give up the habit themselves.

Psychologically devastating, might describe father's reaction as Johnny cites passages explaining, "Smoking is not the grown-up thing to do."

Government Battles Smoke

The Post Office Department has joined the Government's war on cigarette smoking.

The department is placing about 55,000 posters on its trucks. The black posters with white printing say, "100,000 doctors have quit smoking cigarettes. Maybe they know something you don't."

Unsafe at Any Speed

Carl Johanson of Eskilstuna, Sweden, was ticketed by police for watching television on a set in his car as he drove. He told officers: "I was just looking at a road-safety program."

Hands of Hunger



Millions of people in the world starve while huge quantities of grain and fruits are used in making alcoholic beverages.

ANSWERS: 1. address 2. aggressive 3. settee 4. access 5. crisscross 6. bassoon 7. appall 8. accommodate 9. helligrammite 10. Misspell 11. killdeer 12. ballroom 13. assess 14. success 15. committee

POINTERS FROM THE *President*



IT IS SAID that the following success rules were given to Lyndon B. Johnson when he was Senate majority leader. He liked them so well that he kept a copy on his desk at all times. The President says that he does not know who wrote them, but that he strives to put them into practice.

Here they are:

1. *Learn to remember names.* President Johnson may have a number of techniques he uses to help him remember names, but the importance of this tip is obvious to anyone who wants to get ahead in the world.

2. *Be a comfortable person so there is no strain in being with you.* Have you ever worked near a person who was always angry or frustrated? Do you enjoy being near a person who is always griping and complaining? When we are around someone who really enjoys his own life, we enjoy ours all the more. Be one of those persons; make others around you feel at ease.

3. *Acquire a relaxed, easygoing quality so that things do not ruffle you.* The President must always "keep his cool" even when he meets hostility and crisis. People who "fly off the handle" easily are not usually promoted to positions of greater responsibility.

4. *Don't be egotistical.* It is easy to dominate any conversation by constantly telling your own opinions. Almost anything can remind you of something in your own past to talk about, but do others really want to hear it? Boosting yourself by talking about yourself doesn't make friends. Put the other person's interests first, and he'll find "you" a lot more interesting.

5. *Cultivate the quality of being so interesting that people will get something of value from their association with you.* You don't have to put on airs to be interesting; just be helpful. Don't pry into others' affairs, but if your advice or help is sought, make every effort to be of real assistance. Remember, too, that there is very little gratitude in the world. Expect none from others, but give it freely.

6. *Study to get the scratchy elements out of your personality.* This is a big order, for it is difficult to see ourselves as others see us. The President has a public relations staff which helps him improve his public image. Those of us who lack such professional advice can use successful people as examples.

7. *Sincerely attempt to heal, on an honest Christian basis, every misunderstanding you have.* As a devout member of his faith, President Johnson likes to approach all misunderstandings on the Biblical injunction, "Come now, and let us reason together." He has learned in international diplomacy that to help nations and persons understand each other better you must always try to leave the other person with a means of keeping his dignity. Don't try to make the other person admit he is wrong, but seek to help him "save face" when he must change his mind.

8. *Practice liking people until you learn to do so genuinely.* Try to see how another person pictures himself. Look for his good points and compliment him on them. Learn where his best talents lie, and sincerely ask his advice on matters he knows best. You compliment him all the more by following his advice.

9. *Never miss an opportunity to say a word of congratulation on anybody's achievement, or express sympathy in sorrow or disappointment.* No one wants to live isolated from others, and sharing both the good and the sorrowful events of life binds people closer into helpfulness.

10. *Give spiritual strength to people, and they will return genuine affection.*

These are good principles, not only for public officials but also for people like you and me. Let's give them a chance to work.

Harold
Whittington

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