

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



C. C. GULLETT, M.D.

Director, Medical Services
Trans World Airlines

LISTEN

JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

Mental Fitness

Our family home is at the edge of a small park. Through this park, and along our streets, we often see young fellows—and older ones too—jogging along to get their exercise. Early in the morning, or later in the evening, they go out on their runs. It's a thrill to watch them, and to join them.

Physical fitness—how often we hear about it these days! Exercises, jogging, walking, diet control—all are being emphasized as part of our fitness program. And all are important.

But there is another aspect of health just as important, perhaps in some respects even more so. That is mental fitness. In this age of speed, of technical skills, of specialization, the mind assumes increasing importance in the total picture.

Thus, mental fitness is nothing to be ignored. Every effort must be made to keep these brains of ours at their best in order to meet the demands of every day, let alone the tremendous pressures of extras that come along from time to time.

It is becoming increasingly evident that alcohol, even in small quantities, is a major enemy of the brain. This fact is once more shown by the research of Dr. Melvin H. Knisely, head of the anatomy department of the Medical College of South Carolina.

Even social drinking, he says, may result in "a great deal of damage" to the brain. "When his level of social drinking is such that he feels very happy, a man is beginning to kill a few brain cells." And he emphasizes, "The damage is permanent."

According to the findings of this specialist in alcohol research, the intake of alcohol causes such changes in the blood and blood vessels that brain cells could be destroyed by oxygen starvation. The alcohol causes agglutination, or thickening of the blood, he says. This sometimes leads to blockage of the blood flow through some of the brain cells. Starved of oxygen for as little as three minutes, the affected cells die.

Dr. Knisely also points out that the effect of brain damage is cumulative. The brain consists of between 1 billion and 18 billion cells, but if only as few as 10,000 cells were destroyed at a time, this could be significant over a period of continued drinking.

Everyone knows that alcohol in large quantities affects physical condition and muscular coordination. But long before a person fumbles in putting a key in the ignition or begins to stagger in his walk, or even before his senses are affected in a noticeable way, his brain has felt the impact.

The first part of the body affected by alcohol is the brain. It may be difficult to demonstrate that alcohol in small quantities injures one's physical being, but it is becoming increasingly clear that the mind is its first target.

In these days when mental fitness must be at its best, a person can ill afford to indulge any habit which may encroach on the brain and its performance.



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★ January is the month of Presidential inauguration. These dramatic events are often affected by alcohol in one way or another. Read the full story next month.

★ World renowned as a health center through the years, Battle Creek Sanitarium now has a rehabilitation program for alcoholics that is helping hundreds back to a normal way of life.

★ Arthur Ashe is the greatest name in tennis today. His convictions, and his story in brief, are in the next *Listen* under the title, "Shadow on the Courts."

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The Big **Turn-off**

S. Michael Stone

"JOINT?"

Slowly I turned to look at the grinning face beside me. It was a rough, dark face, the skin peppered with unshaven stubble and blackheads.

"You *want* this?"

His hand shook slightly as he held a crudely made cigarette before me. Quivering nervously, yet almost rhythmically, his hand disturbed gentle, floating wisps of smoke.

Mechanically I leaned forward and took the cigarette from his fingers. My heart pounded because I knew I was doing something forbidden, exciting, dangerous—I was experiencing my first encounter with marijuana, the drug that became a nationwide craze in only a few years.

As I held the "joint" in my hand, I thought back to how I arrived at this distinctive moment, and I wondered whether I really belonged in this "scene."

It was my first summer in New York City, and like many youth from "good" families and homes, I wanted to discover something new. I wanted to break away from the regularity of small-town existence and enter the thrilling dreamworld of the New York underground.

Obtaining an inexpensive apartment in Greenwich Village with, hopefully, an unusual roommate was my first task in the big city. In two days I had them both. Ralph—an experience in himself—was a part-time hippie. During the day he wore a suit and tie at his respectable desk in a respectable firm in a respectable office building in a respectable neighborhood. But at night, the suit and tie disappeared, replaced by an outfit resembling a cross between a mandarin's robe and a Texas cowboy's suit. In my naïveté I was considerably impressed, and at every opportunity I attempted to emulate his nonconformity.

I was a college sophomore, and my university had helped me obtain an enviable job as an editorial assistant for a large national magazine. Naturally, my hair had to remain at a reasonable length, and my attire also had to fit in with the young executive stereotype that was expected of me. I disappointed no one. I was impeccable, conservative, clean-cut, a shining example of a future leader in the world of business—at least, during the day.

But in the darkness I did full justice to the image that a Greenwich Village inhabitant should project. A pair of

wheat-colored jeans (never washed), a torn vest, calico jacket, German sailor's cap, and love beads were components of my evening wardrobe. My short hair was my only drawback, but a day's growth of beard always added that small touch of grubbiness that seemed so necessary in the dark avenues of that ominous city.

Ralph was impressed. Because he was older, I knew that his judgment was the best around. A true pseudo-nonconformist, he gave me his full approval, and I knew that I was properly outfitted for the summer ahead.

At first my newly adopted image

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM PADGETT

The Big **Turn-off**

was just that—an image. I enjoyed strolling through the streets of upper Manhattan and getting the odd stares that out-of-towners reserved for the city's more unusual inhabitants. Native New Yorkers never seemed to notice me.

My existence, though, was a solitary one. My aversion to the people I was imitating and the reluctance of others to associate with someone who dressed as I did, left me without acquaintances or friends for my first month in New York.

It was Ralph, generous and kind-hearted soul that he was, who brought me out of my shell and into the real underground life.

"C'mon, kid," he slurred in perfect Brooklynese, "you gotta get groovin'. Like, there's a whole world of really groovy things out there that you haven't even seen yet. Dressin' the part ain't your bag, man, you gotta live it. I mean really *live it!*"

As he said this, I thought about the business conferences that he held with his co-workers at the office. "But AT&T just ain't your bag, man—" I couldn't quite see it, but I blindly accepted his wisdom, glad that I had a mentor who was truly concerned about my antisocial welfare.

My debut was to be at an underground affair in a dingy St. Mark's Place brownstone. Anybody who was nobody was going to be there; the evening promised to be the best party the town had seen in at least three days. Ralph could barely contain himself.

"Man, you'll love it," he exclaimed. "Frenchy, Omar, the Tusk, and Bulldog are comin'. You remember Bulldog—he's the one who thinks he's a mutt and growls all the time? And Coffee, Pocahontas, and Sarah'll be there. And there's a chick I want you to meet that you'll really groove over; her name's Penelope, but they call her Poppy for short."

I thought I'd play the role, so I added, "Lots of booze, too?"

"BOOZE? Are you out of your tree? We've got the *real* stuff, man. The good stuff. When Nifty has a blast, baby, he only supplies the best—man, we're gonna leave that place *so* high."

I half listened as he continued with his description of the "blast" we were going to have. My thoughts, however, were halted around the idea of the "real stuff," the thing that I had, up till now, never really thought about, much less wanted—marijuana.

I looked forward to the evening. Dressing with extra care, I was prepared to make an impression on the subterranean set I was about to be introduced to.

Nifty's pad was sandwiched between a factory outlet store and a laundromat. Outside the smell in the air was far from pleasant—powerful, is the kindest word I could use—and the streets and sidewalks outside his basement home were littered with the most unappetizing forms of refuse.

But inside the darkened hallway it smelled worse. I took in a quick breath of air, but let it out quickly, sorry for the reflex action. Somehow, closing my eyes seemed to decrease the impact of the stench, so I blindly followed the sound of Ralph's footsteps down the hall.

Ralph's well-manicured hand rapped eagerly on a door. As it opened, a bearded face appeared in a fog of blue smoke. It was Bulldog. After grinning broadly and showing his teeth (there couldn't have been more than

three), he growled, "Grrrrrrr, man, enter."

I first noticed the unusual aroma—an unmistakable scent, stronger than incense, yet dangerously pungent and recognizable. So this was what "pot" smelled like!

I peered into the thick darkness. Colors, muted by the haze, were everywhere—flashing lights went on and off, on and off.

The floor of the living room (I think that's what one would have called it) was strewn with trash, as well as people (I think that's what one would have called *them*). They were wearing jeans, suits, parkas, blankets, sheets, flowers, cowboy hats, togas, Bermuda shorts, beads, bells, bangles—you name it, they were wearing it. I stared at one stringy-haired girl who sat in the corner stark-naked. But her condition didn't seem to bother her or anyone else in the room, so I resumed my observation of the general surroundings. I felt out of place because of my short hair, but I brightened when one or two glances from the long-haired "lovelies" on the floor indicated approval for my outfit.

Hurriedly, Ralph introduced me to a few of his close friends, then I was spirited off into the far corner of the room where a monstrosity named Jojo was to "turn me on" with pot.

I sat quietly, watching the dancing smoke and listening to the Beatles vibrantly chant an intricate melody that seemed to be "sending" everyone. It was probably "sending" me too, because I barely heard Jojo's voice when he spoke.

"Joint?"

Now the cigarette was in my hand, and I thought only about my ignorance of how to "turn on" with it. I imagined that it was like smoking an ordinary cigarette; but even that was a mystery to me, since I had never

**"I knew that I would
never enter his prison."**

adopted the habit. I was determined, though, not to let Jojo know how new I was to this "scene."

I almost trembled as he lit the "joint." I pulled on the small cylinder gently at first, trying to inhale nothing, only wanting enough breath to ignite the tip. When it was lit, I took a short breath, tried to swallow it, and quickly exhaled a thin puff of smoke. Jojo smiled, but I was determined to do this on my own. I inhaled again—more this time, gulping loudly, trying to get the smoke into my stomach, assuming that that was where it belonged.

"Whatja doin', man? You got it all wrong." Taking the "joint" from me, Jojo nodded once and put it to his lips.

I watched intently as he spoke and demonstrated at the same time.

"You gotta take in air, kid. Part your lips slightly, inhale the smoke and air at the same time—get as much smoke as you can, don't waste it—and then hold it in your lungs for a long time. Don't let it go until you have to."

With this, he took in a noisy breath of air and tightly clamped his lips together, handed me the remainder of the joint and closed his eyes, probably to savor the joy he was experiencing.

Hesitating only momentarily, I put the cigarette to my lips and followed his example to the last detail, inhaling a large gob of air and smoke. It was like a sudden attack within my body. A large hand within my chest was gripping my organs firmly, burning my insides with almost unbearable pain. Tears raced to my eyes, and I shut them tightly, fighting to keep from sobbing. But I was determined to follow instructions, and I held the vicious fumes within my lungs as long as I possibly could. After a moment, the pain was too much, and I let out a large cloud of gray smoke with a loud involuntary gasp.

Jojo obviously found my introduction to this "joy" very entertaining; he took the joint from me silently and eagerly, and I could not imagine what possible pleasure he could derive from such a painful experience. I

wondered whether the euphoric state of mind resulting from the smoke was worth the trouble. My turn came again, and I took the cigarette. This time my intake of air was smaller, and I found the effects less painful, yet not at all pleasant.

When the very last strand was gone, Jojo immediately returned with another crudely constructed joint. We finished this one just as quickly, and I laughed to myself quietly when it was through. The rest of the evening was spent in contemplation over the ridiculousness of my situation—or theirs.

Confusion and even worry about the previous night plagued me the following day. Had I done something wrong? Was I really "square"? Would I never be "with it"?

Within a week I was at another "blast"—I don't even know whose—and again I had the opportunity to experience the forbidden weed. But this time I *knew*; I felt what I was supposed to feel.

My thoughts were very serious at times, but a brief memory of some past occurrence almost inevitably perked them up with laughter. After two joints, however, the lighter thoughts overpowered the serious ones, and I laughed harder than I had laughed in years. Everyone was laughing, but I don't remember why. The sleep that followed was restful, but I had silly dreams; I even remember laughing in my sleep.

The next day I tried to find some significance in what I had experienced. Oh, I'd had a good time and felt happy; but I had accomplished nothing. I had had no brilliant thoughts, no great moments of euphoria—nothing. I began to realize what a waste "turning on with pot" really was. It was a foolish game—it could lead nowhere but down.

I told Ralph, but he could not understand. There was something magical about marijuana that he saw and loved, something that trapped him in a psychological cage of dependency. For Ralph, life was a bore—he lived for one thing, and that was "turning on." But life meant something to me

Ancient Space Program

Mildred N. Hoyer

The truth
of who
and what
we are
was revealed
long ago
by Bethlehem's star.

before I "turned on," and it would always mean something to me—without the assistance of a drug. I knew that I would never enter his prison.

Within New York City float many wasted people—people with the potential for greatness who have sacrificed their talents and abilities to a plant, a vegetable, an object that gives them a moment's pleasure but offers them a lifetime of waste in return.

My hippie outfit entered the closer permanently by midsummer. I was content with a sports shirt and slacks. I was glad to know that I didn't have to depend on a drug to look into myself or to have a good time. ■



Merry Phil!

As Nancy Lawson remembers it.

PHIL Chambers' Christmas party was the most wonderful I've ever been to. Phil is the football hero of our school, and he's also my boyfriend. I felt so grown-up all evening. I was wearing my new formal that I had bought especially for the party. To top the evening off, Phil had asked me to his senior prom later in the year. He's seventeen—almost a year older than I am.

As Phil and I were walking to Phil's car with my twelve-year-old sister Laurie, Andy Richards, another football player, called to him.

"Here, Phil, I saved this present until last." Andy had a twinkle in his eye, and I knew that it was some kind of joke. Phil unwrapped the package and opened the box. Inside was a small bottle of whiskey.

"I just thought," Andy laughed, "that since Nancy got her driver's license, you might need this, ol' buddy."

We were still laughing about his not trusting my driving as we pulled away from the curb.

The evening was so beautiful that we decided to take the long way home on a winding mountain road. The three of us were singing songs and playing guessing games along the way. Suddenly I had what I thought was a good idea. "Phil, why don't you let me drive your car tonight, or do you believe what Andy said?"

He found a spot to pull off the road so I could change places with him. As I gazed out the window, the scene that caught my eye was the most breathtaking view of the valley that I had ever seen. "Oh, Phil, isn't it just beautiful?" I reached back and touched Laurie. "Can you see it from back there?" She had been half asleep in the back seat, but she snapped out of her drowsiness. Phil reached into the glove compartment for his binoculars, but instead he came out with the bottle that Andy had given

him. He started to put it back, then he looked at me.

"Nan, what do you say we really celebrate?"

I was shocked. "I didn't even know you drank, Phil!"

"I don't. I don't even know what it tastes like."

"What harm can it do?" I thought. "Thousands of people drink every day." But as I looked at him, a feeling of anxiety crept over me. "All right, Phil, but just a little. We don't want to get into any trouble."

He unscrewed the cap, tipped the bottle to his lips, and took a swallow. A look of shocked surprise came on his face as he started coughing and gasping for breath. He looked so funny that I had to laugh. It must have embarrassed him because he tipped the bottle again; this time he took a long swallow without coughing and handed the bottle to me. I took a small sip, but it tasted horribly bitter. When I swallowed, it felt like liquid fire trickling down my throat. I turned to hand the bottle to Laurie, and she looked at me with a pleading expression that made me feel ashamed. I couldn't think of anything to say so I started the car and pulled back out onto the road.

Phil and I passed the bottle back and forth a couple more times, but finally neither of us could drink any more of that foul-tasting liquid and he threw the half-full bottle out the window.

I began to get light-headed and dizzy, and a false feeling of security came over me. I pressed down on the accelerator, and the car shot forward, tires squealing as we rounded the curves. Phil began to laugh, apparently enjoying the wild ride.

Laurie, huddled in a corner of the back seat, was begging me to slow down. I turned to tell her not to be such a killjoy but the look of panic on her face made the words die in my throat.

(Continued on page 14)

Christmas,

Nancy, a teen-ager, and her father tell their own experience, one that shows that holidays often pose dangers, especially on "wet" slippery roads.



As her father, William Lawson, remembers it.

I faintly heard the sound of the telephone, rolled over in bed, and slipped my hand out from under the electric blanket into the cold morning air. I wanted to jerk my arm back to the snugly warmth of the blanket, but the persistent jangle of the telephone forced me to fumble for the receiver. My wife reached it first.

"Hello," she said as she sat on the edge of the bed and placed her hand on my arm.

I opened my eyes then and looked at the luminous dial of the alarm clock; it was past midnight and sleepily I noticed Shirley was dressed. Our two girls, I surmised, had not returned from the party they attended earlier in the evening.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Lawson."

I looked up and saw the sudden panic come to her face. Instinctively, her hand rose to stifle a scream as she numbly repeated, "The County Hospital?"

My heart almost stopped. "The girls," I thought. "What's happened to the girls?"

"Bill! Bill! Please hurry and get dressed," Shirley urged. "The girls are in the hospital." Then she turned and raced through the door, grabbing her purse and coat.

When I reached the porch, Shirley was already backing the car from the garage, but one look at her face told me that I had better do the driving. She was sitting behind the wheel in a state of near hysteria. Gently I moved her over and slid behind the wheel.

On the way to the hospital I tried to get her to tell me what they had said over the phone, but she just sat there in silence, staring straight ahead. I resolved myself to a twenty-minute drive to the hospital in ignorance as to what had happened. Shirley wasn't capable of talking.

I drove into the parking lot and was pulling into a space

when she threw open the door, jumped to the pavement, and ran toward the hospital entrance.

As I entered, I saw her leave the information desk and start up the stairs. The nurse looked up, smiling professionally as I approached.

"Good evening. My name is William Lawson," I said as calmly as possible. "I believe you called about our two daughters being brought here this evening."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Lawson. I just spoke to your wife." She nodded toward the stairs up which Shirley had disappeared. "As I told her, you'll have to talk to Dr. Carmack; he's on the third floor right now with one of your daughters in Room 327—straight up the stairs to the third floor and then to your right."

On third floor I saw a man in rolled-up shirt sleeves standing in front of Room 327. I approached, and he took a couple of steps forward to intercept me; then he motioned me back the other direction.

"Mr. Lawson?"

"Yes."

"I'm Dr. Carmack. I wanted to speak to you alone because, quite frankly, your wife is near an emotional breakdown."

His ominous tone made me involuntarily steel myself as we walked down the hall to an open door. He motioned me inside the room and closed the door behind us.

His voice was kind, but his overall manner told me that the news wasn't. "Your daughters were in an automobile accident this evening," he said. "I gather from talking to your oldest daughter, Nancy, that they had been to a party. On their way home Nancy was driving her boyfriend's car; enroute she and her date apparently started drinking, and—"

(Continued on page 14)



Horse Sense & the Jet Age

EVER since man broke his first horse to saddle, he has had a yen for greater speed. As Old Dobbin became too slow, the horseless carriage took over, and speeds went up to thirty miles per hour, then fifty, seventy, ninety.

But this wasn't fast enough either, so man took to the air, and soon distance was numbered in hundreds of miles per hour. In our day, however, we are champing at the bit to go faster yet. The supersonics are coming. Soon the day will come when 400-passenger giants will cleave the skies at a 65,000-foot altitude with speeds measured up in the thousands. Then man can hurtle across the Pacific from San Francisco to Australia in six hours—not months, or weeks, or days, nor even sixteen hours, as by conventional jet.

What about health in this jet age? and the living habits of those whose responsibility it is to fly those birds of the blue? Actually there is nothing basically new about health in the jet age. It's a matter of living out more carefully the principles we already know.

This is the impression one gets in talking with Dr. Charles C. Gullett, who is in charge of the entire health

program of one of the world's biggest airlines—TWA. It is his responsibility to preserve the best of health for TWA workers, especially the crews who fly the speedy jets streaking through the skies.

Pilots are a highly selected group, he says. Their health is much better than that of the population in general, and this is to be expected, since it is watched so carefully.

"When we hire a pilot, he must be physically fit, not only on the day he was hired, but also on a long-range basis. We do everything possible to prevent disease."

Take, for example, the pilot's weight. Even his ancestry is checked to see if there is a family history of overweight. If so, all the more emphasis is put on diet control—not fad diets, but constant care to see that calories don't creep up and blood cholesterol isn't elevated.

One way this is controlled is the deliberate reduction of animal fat in the diet, according to Dr. Gullett.

Physical exercise is a major point in the training of pilots. "The type of exercise is not as important as its regularity," says this airline health guardian. "It should be pleasant, not strenuous—not done to set a record, but to stimulate the circulation. I don't say it has to be this or that. If a person walks, he should do sufficient to perspire and make the heart beat faster. Also it ought to be every day or at the least three times a week. Maybe the exercise is swimming, if circumstances permit—perhaps tennis, handball, what have you. Each selects his own."

"But this sounds like a health program for the average person, not something specialized for a pilot's training."

Dr. Gullett points out that health basics are the same

GIANT SUPERJETS and supersonic transports will enter diagonally into 100-foot-high bays of the new Technical Services Center to be built by Trans World Air-

lines at Mid-Continent International Airport, Kansas City. This eye-level view dramatically illustrates the spectacular design of these vast hangars of tomorrow.

for anyone, regardless of his status or profession. The airline, however, holds a big stake in its pilot—some eight to twelve years of training to achieve a captain's rank, at about \$100,000 cost, with frequent refresher training, review of emergency procedures, and sharpening of proficiency to fly under varied conditions.

Therefore a TWA pilot starts his training with a discussion on how he can perpetuate his career healthwise. It is on low key. He isn't told, for instance, No ice cream. Just cut down, perhaps down to once a week. Or, if it's lima beans, Eat only a spoonful or two, not four or five. In other words, Be sensible along with your knowledge.

And this principle of using common sense holds true in all health matters for the pilot, including that of drinking. True, TWA has strict rules against drinking any alcohol for at least twenty-four hours prior to flying (the usual rule is twelve hours).

But, says Dr. Gullett, we want the pilot to decide for himself, logically and deliberately. He knows his job is one of the best in the world. Its monetary return is one of the highest. He also knows that alcohol doesn't add anything desirable to the picture—for two reasons: the hazard of drinking for himself, and the poor public relations that may result for his company.

As for smoking, crew members are made aware of the physical effects of smoking. They know that the habit affects heart, lungs, and other systems of the body, and that smokers have a higher incidence of disease.

As a result, pilots smoke less than other groups, and during the last five years even their rate has gone down. They work on each other to quit the habit, if it is there.

Rules on drugs are stringent—no drugs while flying. If a pilot has a problem which requires a drug treatment, he doesn't go up. If he uses a drug off duty, it must be cleared with the medical department. Drugs may have side effects, including an impact on equilibrium, a trend toward drowsiness, or an effect on the eyes.

All these rules, of course, are enforced not just to be arbitrary. They are all part of the practical program of a major airline to keep its flight crews at their best, and to develop "natural" habits in their lives.

And Dr. Gullett, thinking of the crews' responsibility, comments that the real solution to the health question is



LISTEN interviews
Dr. Charles C. Gullett,
Medical Director of
Trans World Airlines.

to use horse sense even in a jet age. Any person can develop good health and still enjoy life. "It isn't our purpose to remove everything. Anyone can live the good life—it simply means moderation in good things."

But what about the supersonics? Won't the incredible responsibility on crews of such planes require supermen?

This question to Dr. Gullett brought the answer that the crews for the supersonics are already being trained. Healthwise, however, there is no change in standards. With the planes being designed so as to allow the crew—and passengers—to fly in a normal environment, the health requirements are the same basics as are now being used:

1. Fundamental good health. 2. No functional disability. 3. Mental balance. 4. Ability to use good judgment. ■



Fern Gibson Babcock

In a typical still, grain, mixed with yeast, malt, sugar, and water, is fermented and heated, and the vapors are condensed into liquid. Usually the process is done under such unsanitary conditions that filth and poisons enter the deadly mixture.

Drink



THROUGH midnight blackness three men creep stealthily toward their objective, eyes constantly shifting, hands on their guns. Murderers? Yes. Their target? You—and thousands of others.

Their chief weapon is not that black-barreled rifle that melts into the dark night nor the deadly revolver fully loaded, although these have a part in the diabolical plot. Their weapon is more subtle, harder to detect, and comes in familiar plastic containers, pickle jars, or water jugs. Their weapon is "moonshine," the drink of death.

"Moonshine" is illegal liquor, so called because it is most often made in clandestine hideouts under cover of night. In past years the moonshiner was most commonly a "hill-billy" from the backwoods South, an ignorant mountain farmer who brewed a little "corn squeezin's" for himself and his friends. Today's still operators bear little resemblance to this Snuffy Smith-type character. They are intelligent, clever, and unscrupulous racketeers from the underworld who scheme to cash in on the high profits from untaxed liquor.

The making of legal liquor in-

volves vast plants of machinery, thousands of employees paid at union wages, sanitary processing that will meet the approval of Government inspectors, and the payment of \$14.25 in Federal and state taxes on every gallon of whiskey. By the time this gallon has passed from brewer to wholesaler to retailer to consumer, the cost has risen to an average of \$23 a gallon in the United States.

In sharp contrast, illegal liquor is made in thousands of concealed stills across the nation, but mainly in twelve Southeastern states known as the "moonshine belt." It is generally brewed in fifty-gallon oil drums and distilled through discarded car or truck radiators.

In a typical still, the barrel is partially filled with grain, a couple of handfuls of yeast and malt are added, a fifty-pound bag of sugar is dumped in, and the rest of the space is filled with water. The mixture is allowed to ferment for several days before being heated. When the mash is boiling, the vapors are caught, run through the radiator, and thus condensed into liquid.

The whiskey is then bottled in a variety of containers, since new ones

are difficult to obtain because of Government checks on such sales. Glass canning jars, pickle and mayonnaise bottles, bleach jugs, water jugs, pottery crocks, and plastic containers of all kinds are used, many still containing the residue of former products. This "white lightning" then retails at \$6 to \$7 a gallon—less than a third of the price of legally taxed liquor. And yet profits, even at this low price, run as high as \$5 and \$6 on a gallon!

In an all-out effort to stop the illegal liquor racket, the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division of the Internal Revenue Service began Operation Dry-Up in South Carolina during 1963. The movement to stamp out moonshining was undertaken for three important reasons: the loss of tax revenue on the whiskey, its hazardous effects on the consumer, and the belief that moonshining breeds general contempt for law enforcement. Every time an illegal still is fired up, the moonshiner breaks no fewer than eleven Federal laws, and this continual disregard for liquor laws leads to the breaking of other laws.

South Carolina's outstanding suc-

Death



cess with Operation Dry-Up sparked a similar endeavor in Georgia. Of the seven states which comprise the southeastern region of the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division, Georgia is foremost in the production and use of moonshine, and the Atlanta area leads the world in consumption of the deadly brew.

At the start of Operation Dry-Up an estimated 35,000 gallons of illegal liquor poured into Atlanta weekly. On the opening night of the crack-down, 165 arrests were made in this capital city. Samples of the liquor confiscated were analyzed, and every sample contained to some degree the deadly poison of lead salts.

This finding served to spur the special investigators who headed the operation, and thus far the figures from October, 1965, until July 1, 1968, stack up as follows:

- 4,807 stills seized
- 2,829,851 gallons of mash destroyed
- 111,906 gallons of whiskey dumped
- 3,865 arrests made
- 1,014 vehicles impounded and sold

Had these stills remained in operation, they would be producing 124,664 gallons of whiskey daily, repre-

senting a tax loss to the Government in excess of \$73,000 each day.

The special investigators who risk their lives to put a stop to moonshining work an average of sixty hours weekly, many of these during long nights of waiting in deep woods for their quarry. They are proud of the fact that the words "inclement weather" are not even included in their vocabulary. They are also proud to note that moonshine in the Atlanta area has decreased from 35,000 to 15,000 gallons weekly, a drop of more than 57 percent in two and a half years. Because of the danger in their work, fatalities in this agency are the highest of any Federal enforcement branch, including the FBI, Secret Service, and Narcotics Bureau.

In addition to its work of tracking down illegal stills, the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division has undertaken to inform the public of the dangers of moonshine. Free matches pour out of vending machines bearing the warning that "Moonshine Kills" and urging the public to report liquor violations. Rulers, pencils, pens, yardsticks, fans, milk cartons, bumper stickers, posters, and billboards also carry the message. Television and

radio stations cooperate by running spot announcements.

The latest tool in Operation Dry-Up is the Moonshine Wagon, a van which was confiscated during a raid and remodeled as a public relations truck. The vehicle bears in bold type the words "POISON—Moonshine Kills, Cripples, Blinds," and has a startling likeness of a corpse on the top. It roves through the seven States of the southeastern region, spreading the truth about this dangerous drink. Sound equipment is installed, and the truck's side panels open to reveal a screen on which are flashed actual scenes taken at the sites of filthy stills which have recently been destroyed. Two men accompany the Moonshine Wagon, taking it to shopping centers, political rallies, public gatherings, and fairs, where they hand out warning literature, show their film, and answer questions.

The pamphlets explain clearly the danger of moonshine liquor. Chief of these dangers is the deadly poison of lead salts which the drink picks up during distillation. This occurs when the liquor reacts with the soldered core of the discarded radiator which is used as a condenser. These



poison salts, like arsenic, accumulate and remain permanently in the body. The effects of this odorless, tasteless poison are described by Dr. Joseph I. Waring, editor of the *Journal of the South Carolina Medical Association*: "These lead compounds are capable of doing great damage to the consumer, causing symptoms varying from acute stomach disturbance to paralysis, blindness, serious harm to the brain—or even death itself."

A doctor at Milledgeville State Hospital (Georgia) recently estimated that "90 percent of the 1,400 mental patients admitted for brain damage treatment were victims of moonshine poisoning."

In Savannah, Georgia, Dr. Dan Cox, director of medical education at Memorial Hospital, sums it up this way: "At Memorial Hospital, admissions (of moonshine poisoning victims) cost the taxpayers around \$30,000 per year. How many people die from moonshine whiskey is not really known, as so many die before reaching the hospital."

While all the moonshine thus far seized in Operation Dry-Up has contained varying degrees of the lead salts, occasionally the investigators run across what they term a "hot bottle" because of its unusually high percentage of the poison. A single glass of whiskey from this particular bottle given to one unaccustomed to drinking moonshine would probably hospitalize him and might result in his death.

In addition to the lead salts from the condenser, some unscrupulous operators add battery acid to their product to hasten fermentation. This

brings with it more poison from the lead battery plates. Wood alcohol, rubbing alcohol, and other dangerous substances are also sometimes added to moonshine to make a low-quality product seem like high-proof whiskey. Furthermore, moonshine is subject to the general hazards of unsanitary processing, of creek and swamp water, filthy barrels, and the curious roaches, rats, coons, and birds who lie decomposing in the liquor vats.

Reporter Robert Martin of the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* accompanied officers on a raid and reported: "I had heard and read about the dirty business of moonshine, and had joked about 'mountain dew' and 'white lightning.' But the two inches of filth covering the floor . . . and the hundreds of roaches, cigarettes, and other trash floating in the vats of 'mash' were not very funny."

Moonshine operators who deal directly with the consumer are rare. In most cases, illegal liquor brewed in the mountain belt is hauled to the large cities, such as Atlanta, New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, and sold to brokers who peddle it to wholesalers. These, in turn, sell to retail outlets and thence to the public. Moonshine is commonly sold through "drink houses" or "shot houses," private homes where it may be had for 25 to 50 cents a glass, depending on what the traffic will bear. Twenty such places were recently uncovered in a nine-block area of Atlanta. The drink-house operators serve anyone known to them, regardless of age, adding yet another reason for closing up the illegal liquor racket. Any kid with

Moonshine Wagon is one of the latest tools in the war against bootlegging. Equipped with sound, it presents the truth about drinks that kill, appearing at fairs, shopping centers, public rallies—anywhere that people gather.

a quarter to spare has easy access to the poison.

During drink-house raids, route books are often found, similar in style to milk route records—"Uncle John, 2 cases; Mrs. Green, ½ case; Brother Ed, 3 cases." One of these Atlanta operators sold only six gallons a day, yet grossed an annual profit of \$43,000—tax free! It is hardly surprising that big-time racketeers are financing the highly organized business, and that the accumulated profits aid the rising American crime rate.

Thus we find that stills are getting larger, but harder to locate. To date the largest still seized in the southeastern region had a total of 900 barrels spread beneath the trees in Pascagoula, Mississippi. It delivered about 2,300 gallons each day, some going into Atlanta and some as far north as New York City.

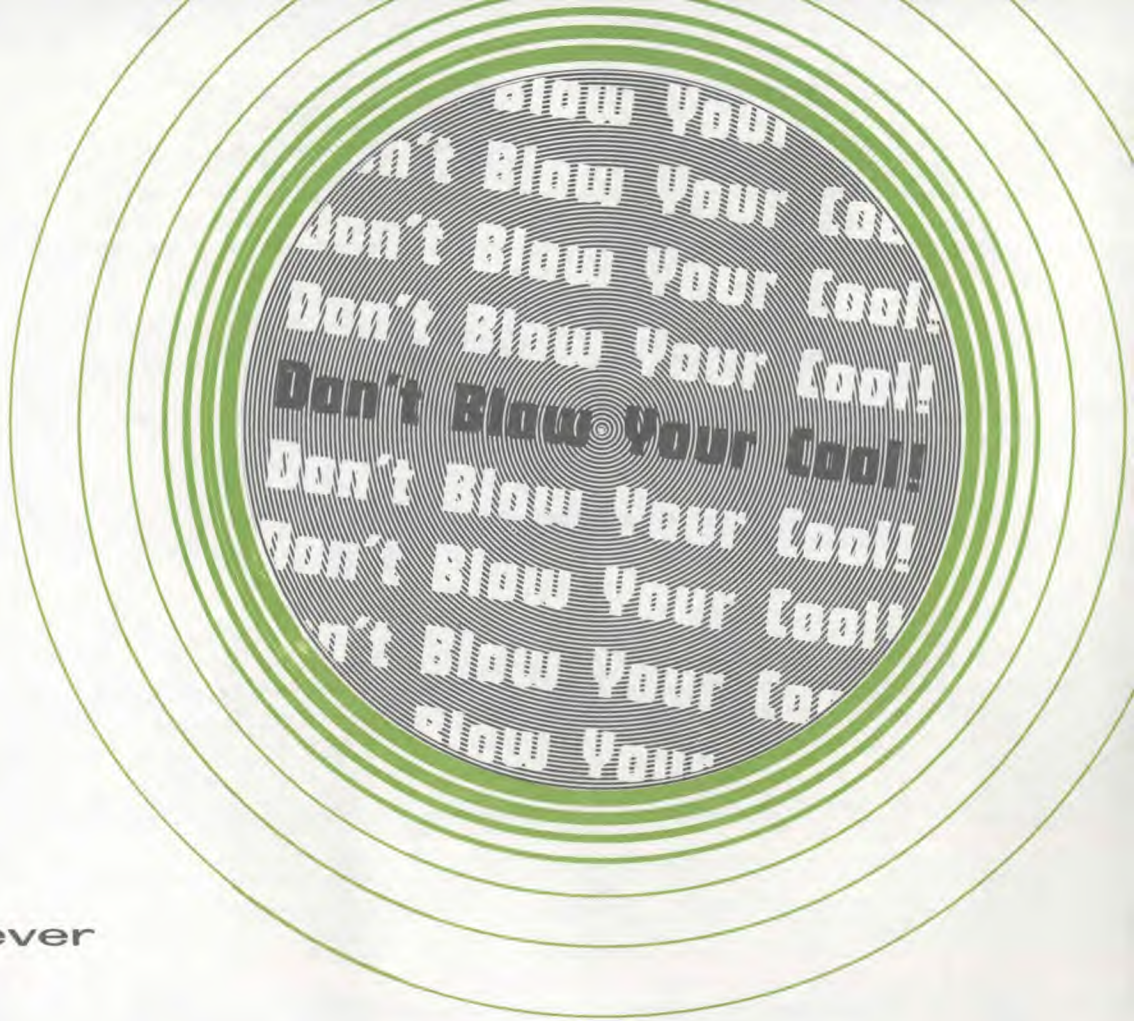
Stills are found in false cellars, chicken coops, former warehouses, harbor barges, mobile trucks, and even beneath the newly built Georgia Raceway. Many operators have been found in elaborate dugouts beneath corn and cotton fields.

Storing and transporting the brew also pose problems. It has been discovered in such varied places as chimneys, manholes, inside concrete blocks with false centers, within a pile of lumber, and even in toilet tanks!

The old argument that prohibition breeds moonshining is ill-founded in the light of present facts. Atlanta, for instance, abounds with legal liquor outlets and yet leads the world in consumption of moonshine. Illegal liquor is brewed solely for profit, and not, as some claim, because of shortage of legal alcoholic drinks.

In their effort to track down the criminals, Federal agents trace vital raw materials such as sugar and yeast, plastic containers, and malt. As a result, more and more truckloads of sugar are being stolen or hijacked by moonshiners. In Alabama a missing sugar truck was found flattened by earth-moving equipment and buried beneath ten feet of dirt. Needless to say, its load of 40,000 pounds of sugar was gone.

How long will Operation Dry-Up continue in Georgia? Robert P. Lane, supervisor of the project, says that it will go on "until moonshining is no longer a health hazard or a law-enforcement problem." Meanwhile, the campaign to inform the public will expand and grow until people realize that "white lightning" can strike you down, and that moonshine really kills. ■



Shirley M. Dever

ONCE I asked Tina, a young friend of mine who is happily married, what her secret is for living a full life in the '60's. Surely a well-traveled, well-educated, very *mod* young woman would come up with an intriguing answer.

"Shirley, I believe that you get out of life what you put into it, but even more I believe that to live a full life today you've got to remember not to *blow your cool!*"

I laughed. "Do you mean to tell me that a generation which is so closely identified with a frantic pace actually takes time out to think about remaining cool?"

"You'd better believe it. If I get all shook up over things, and if I allow my life to become so busy and action-packed that it's no longer enjoyable, I don't consider that living a full life."

"I couldn't agree with you more, but I'm surprised to hear you admit this. You do believe, then, that it's vitally important to be cool, calm, and collected in the Space Age?"

"With all my heart," she said before her husband interrupted us by

telling her of plans for a full evening.

According to Webster's Dictionary, *cool* implies "general self-control uninfluenced by excitement or emotion." *Calm* is defined as "marked by quiet, unruffled freedom from agitation, passion, excitement, hurry, or disturbance. *Collected* "implies a concentration of faculties to avoid or overcome distraction."

These three placid words beginning with "c" are in effect potent weapons when it comes to battling our daily dilemmas. When we're besieged by anxiety, we can be sure our efficiency cannot reach its best nor can our capacity for happiness be as great as it should be. Yet a simple reminder to *cool* it can change all that.

What does the Bible tell us about living a full life? Our Lord said it so beautifully, "I have come that men may have life, and may have it in all its fullness." John 10:10, NEB. God wants each and every one of us to live a full life, but we must learn the secret.

The best description of the way to a fuller life I've ever read is this one,

which is called the Megiddo Message:

"Keep your heart free from hate, your mind from worry. Live simply. Expect little. Give much. Fill your life with love. Scatter sunshine. Forget self. Think of others. Do as you would be done by. Trust God. Thank God for all your blessings. Do all you can for others without thought of personal gain. Spread happiness. Try this for a week, and you will be surprised."

One must be a doer to adhere to this advice, but there is no suggestion of hurry or frenzied activity. Whenever I have a hectic day, I love to take time out to read this simple little message because it is the ideal tranquilizer. It beats reaching for a bottle of pills!

A certain catchy line in a commercial on television—"It's the only way to go"—always reminds me that the only way to live is to live a full life. Being cool, calm, and collected can give us the emotional equilibrium we need. These quiet qualities are surprisingly relevant if we wish to perform at peak efficiency and live the abundant life. ■

Merry Christmas, Phil!

As Nancy Lawson remembers it.

(Continued from page 6)

I jerked my head back, and in the glare of the headlights I saw a truck crossing the road directly in our path. I spun the wheel, and the car sped across the road and down a steep embankment. It rolled over four or five times and came to rest on its side, flames shooting up all around. Phil and I, panic-stricken, crawled from the side window and started up the embankment.

Suddenly I heard Laurie screaming.

"Phil!" I cried, "Laurie's still in the car!"

He turned and ran back to the burning inferno and threw a large rock against the rear window, splintering the glass. He broke the rest out with his hands and pulled Laurie from the flaming wreck. Her clothes were on fire; I wrapped my coat around her to smother the flames. Her hair and eyebrows were burned almost off.

Soon I heard the wail of a siren on the road above us, and a policeman and two men from the ambulance were picking their way down the embankment. I must have fainted, because the next thing I remember was the driver talking to the man bending over Laurie.

"How are they, Johnnie?"

"Well, the two older kids aren't in real bad shape." He shook his head. "But this young one—I just don't know."

"Oh, God," I thought, "please help Laurie. Don't let her die. This was all my fault. What a costly gift that bottle turned out to be!"

As her father, William Lawson, remembers it.

(Continued from page 7)

"Drinking!" My voice, disbelieving and loud, surprised me. "But, doctor, Nancy doesn't drink."

"Oh? On the contrary, Mr. Lawson, she and the young man were both very much intoxicated when they arrived here in the ambulance."

"Doctor, how badly were the kids hurt?" I could feel the nauseating grip of fear in the pit of my stomach.

"Fortunately, Nancy and the young man—Phil Chambers, I believe his name is—have minor injuries. A few lacerations and bruises are about all." He stopped speaking, reached over and picked up a pencil from the desk and

started tapping his lower lip with it. He gave me a searching look as though he were trying to read my mind to see how I would react to what was coming next.

"And Laurie, doctor?"

His expression changed slightly. "Laurie," he said softly, "is in much more serious condition, Mr. Lawson. When the car crashed, it burst into flames, and she was trapped in the back seat. She has third-degree burns over most of her upper body and face. She'll live, but—"

"No—no!" I thought. "How could this have happened to my baby?" His words struck me like a blow. When I found my voice, the words came out in a rush.

"In other words, doctor, you're telling me that she'll be horribly scarred for the rest of her life?"

"No, what I am saying is that she was severely burned and will undoubtedly be scarred. There's no telling right now how badly, but with new modern clinics devoted exclusively to plastic surgery, there is no reason for her to go through life ashamed to show her face in public."

He must have noticed the relieved expression on my face, because he looked at me with an empathetic expression. "Don't get the wrong idea, Mr. Lawson. It may take months—or even years—before she looks anything like she did."

He stood up and turned toward the door.

"I'm trying to prepare you for the shock of seeing her for the first time as well as for the trying months ahead—for all of you. Now I know you'd like to see your daughters."

We retraced our steps down the hallway and stopped outside Room 327.

"Your wife is already with Nancy," he said. "I'm afraid that I can't allow either of you to see Laurie until later in the morning or perhaps this afternoon. She's had a rough time of it, and we've given her medication to induce sleep."

I nodded in understanding, and he smiled in an effort to reassure me.

"If it weren't for Phil Chambers, Laurie would have burned to death. He broke the rear window out with his hands and pulled her to safety; consequently, he received severe burns and cuts on his hands and forearms."

I looked at Dr. Carmack, my hand still on the doorknob.

"Thanks, doctor. Thanks for everything."

Noiselessly I turned the knob and stepped into the dimly lit, antiseptic-smelling hospital room. Shirley was sitting in a chair next to the bed; Nancy looked up as I entered the room. Tears filled her eyes and ran down her cheeks; a look of guilt crossed her face. Her lower lip began to tremble as she started to speak.

"Daddy! Oh, Daddy, can you ever forgive me for what I've done?"

I walked over to the bed and took her face between my hands and kissed her on the forehead.

"It'll be all right, sweetheart," I said with tear-filled eyes. "I'm just glad to see that you and Laurie are—" my voice quivered, "—alive."

"Phil and I didn't mean to do any harm," Nancy was saying. "One of his boyfriends gave him the bottle for Christmas as a joke, and we decided to try it to see what it tasted like. It was terrible. I only hope that you, Mom—and Laurie—can find it in your hearts to forgive me."

For an instant her face looked more sober than I could remember ever having seen it. Her words, sober too, made me realize that this was a night none of us would forget. ■

Marijuana Can Become Crutch to Student User

Little Drink Hurts Liver

You don't have to get drunk or be a chronic alcoholic to damage your liver with drinking.

Two physicians at Mount Sinai School of Medicine of the City University of New York and the Liver Disease and Nutrition Unit, Cornell Medical Division, Bellevue Hospital, point out that fat accumulated after only two days of alcohol administration to twelve volunteers, so that it is "clear that alcohol can rapidly produce liver injury."

The doctors had previously reported that alcohol itself, independent of nutritional factors, rapidly produces fatty liver and hepatic "ultrastructural changes in alcoholic volunteers."

In the present study they used normal volunteers to determine whether alcohol damages the liver independently of dietary factors and whether inebriation is a requirement for liver injury.



Youth of Nashville, Tennessee, have organized a club to encourage positive living habits among teen-agers in order to avoid psychological crutches such as marijuana.

Drowning in the "Drink"

Many people who drown in Lake Michigan apparently are intoxicated when they enter the water, says Coroner Andrew J. Toman.

In nearly all of the adult drowning cases in the lake, Toman says, there has been a high percentage of alcohol in the blood of the victims.

"Perhaps there should be a law against drunken swimming as well as drunken driving," Toman proposes.

More Cancer— Little Survival

More than 60,000 Americans will get lung cancer this year. Nearly 75 percent of them will be dead within twelve months of diagnosis, and within five years 93 percent will be dead.

Dr. Bernard Roswit, chief of the radiation center at the Veterans Administration Hospital, the Bronx, says this five-year survival rate is a national disaster.

"The problem amounts to a national calamity, and research shows no sign of any breakthrough that will halt the upward trend of lung cancer mortality statistics, let alone reverse it," he says.

Cigarette smoking is the obvious cause of most lung cancers, Dr. Roswit asserts, but the insidiousness of lung cancer itself is the reason for the high death rate.

The smoking of marijuana can become a psychological crutch that reduces a student's capacity for coping with normal anxieties and frustrations, says Dr. Donald J. Wolk, a University of Bridgeport psychologist.

"Marijuana serves as a relief from tensions and anxieties stemming from various academic, social, and personal pressures," Dr. Wolk states. As such, it provides "a temporary escape from reality—and students admit this. What then occurs is not an increased tolerance for the drug, but an increased intolerance for anxiety and frustration."

Students who smoke marijuana tend to show an ever greater inability to cope with normal anxieties without its aid.

He says that students who use marijuana often believe they are thereby increasing their sensitivity. But actually, the drug tends to distort their perception, carrying them farther and farther from the truth they seek through its use.

Dr. Wolk attributes the widespread use of marijuana by students to America's "highly permissive society, accompanied by an affluent and hedonistic attitude."

"The war cry of youth is freedom, independence, autonomy," he says. "Freedom and permissiveness can lead to a more creative existence if supported and disciplined by limits and guidelines."

But he feels that adults are often uncertain about setting limits for their children. "They are torn by contradictory information and theories concerning child rearing. In their anxiety and confusion, parents tend to avoid establishing and enforcing rules and discipline."

Where, Oh Where?

You seldom see a cigar-store Indian nowadays. Did smoking get them?

—Arnold Glasow.

In This NEWS

★ These youth fight their own war against narcotics. See page 16.

★ Cigarettes can be deadly, even if cancer agents could be removed. See page 17.

★ Doctors told to "get with it" in campaign against smoking. See page 18.

Monkeys Now Boss



Subordinate monkeys can be changed into bosses by electrical stimulation of the monkeys' brains, says Dr. Bryan W. Robinson of the Yerkes Regional Primate Research Center.

By brain telestimulation a dominant behavior pattern was evoked in male monkeys, an experiment that could prove significant someday for psychiatrists dealing with human behavior problems, Dr. Robinson reports.

"We could control aggressiveness directly, within a few seconds," he explains.

Youth Fight Their Own War

Students at University High School in an exclusive residential area of West Los Angeles are straightening their lives out after a fling with narcotics.

Those who once heeded the siren song of psychedelia have abandoned the tune-in-turn-on-drop-out routine. Several have enrolled in college. The others are back in school, their grades are improving, and they are doing their best to solve their personal problems without artificial stimulants.

They are doing it themselves. Shortly before the end of the '66-'67 school year, students approached a guidance counselor and a health teacher and asked for help in kicking drugs, running the gamut from marijuana and LSD to heroin and methedrine.

Interested students wanting help during the summer were met with two stipulations—each participant had to agree to attend the meetings and to stay off drugs completely. The group was named DAWN—Developing Adolescents Without Narcotics.

"There are a great many young people in this country seriously searching for something that will bring meaning into their lives," explains health teacher Jordan Paul.

"A couple of years ago, some of these young people thought drugs were the answer—until they tried it. Today, many of them have reached the point where they have decided that this isn't the answer—that it is a false answer. And so they are looking for another way.

"We are trying to provide youngsters in the West Los Angeles area with another way—with an opportunity to interact with members of their own age group on an honest level, to get involved, and to know that people care.

"These kids have licked their problem," says Mr. Paul. "Their concern now is with the deeper problem of finding out who they are and where they are going."

Although purely an extracurricular group, DAWN has gained the support and respect of the school community.

Principal Warren Juhnke says, "I feel that DAWN is working positively and accomplishing fine things for more than just the youngsters who are actively involved. It has had a carryover in terms of attitude to others in the student body."

Cheese Is Hard on Brain

The mechanism by which susceptible persons get migraine headache from eating certain foods such as cheddar cheese has been explained by British scientists Dr. Edda Hanington and physiologist A. Murray Harper.

According to the researchers, cheddar is especially rich in tyramine, a substance closely related structurally to the hormone norepinephrine. When a migraine-suscep-

tible person eats cheddar cheese, the tyramine releases norepinephrine from tissue stores within the brain, which causes the blood vessels of the brain and scalp to constrict. At this point the visual disturbances marking the onset of migraine appear.

When the supply of norepinephrine is exhausted, the scalp vessels rebound from the constriction by dilating, which causes the intense head pain. The headache finally ceases when the tissue stores of norepinephrine have been replenished.

Other amines found in foods ranging from chocolate to beans may also release norepinephrine, setting off a migraine attack. The British investigators say that fear, anger, stress, and hunger—which have all been implicated in migraine—may also start the hormone flowing. They also suggest that patients with diet-induced migraine may be deficient in the enzyme monamine oxidase, and they propose giving it along with food as a way to prevent attacks.

Alcoholics No Longer Criminals

The Senate has given final Congressional approval to legislation making public drunkenness in Washington a health problem rather than a criminal offense.

The bill provides for the treatment rather than the imprisonment of alcoholics and makes drunkenness an arrestable offense only when the intoxicated person is endangering himself or others or destroying property.

The intoxicated person will be taken to his home or to a detoxification center for treatment instead of being held in a police station.



Blood Substitute

Dr. Robert P. Geyer, a Harvard biochemist, reports that he has developed a milky synthetic substitute for blood.

His experiments with more than 200 white rats and one dog show that fluorocarbons—the type of material used in teflon-coated cooking utensils—was highly effective in carrying dissolved oxygen from the lungs to body tissues and in eliminating carbon dioxide as waste.

This function is normally carried out in the body by the hemoglobin in red blood cells.

Fluorocarbons, normally obtained as industrial by-products, are semi-organic compounds similar in structure to hydrocarbons except that fluorine replaces hydrogen. They are highly inert, nontoxic, and resistant to heat, acids, alkalies, and weathering.

Brain Operation

A British pop singer has been treated for heroin addiction by having tiny seeds of radioactive material planted in his brain, reports the London *Observer*.

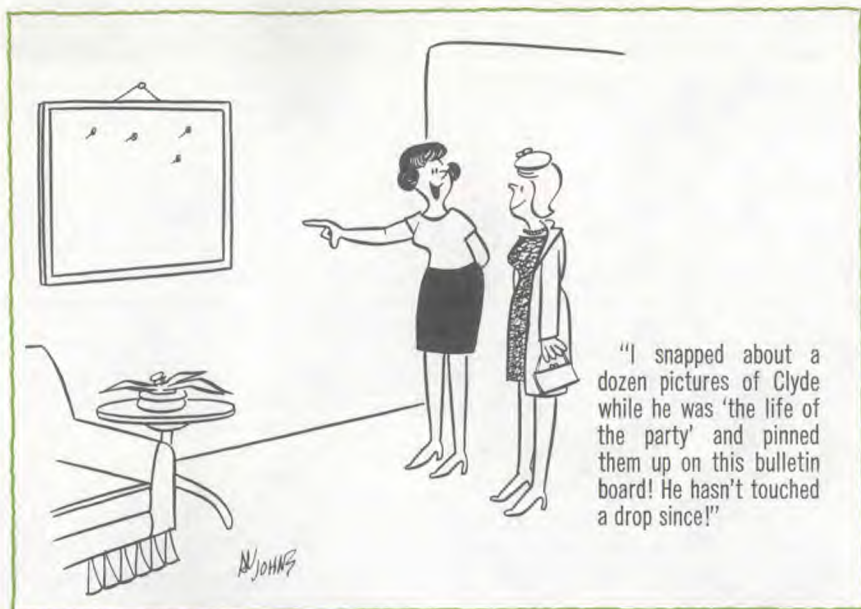
Seeds containing yttrium 90, a radioactive chemical, were buried in part of the brain where fibers connected with emotional reactions are focused, the report says.

The name of the singer has been kept secret.

THEIR GAME IS QUITE FLUID!



Snapping into a running play atop 210,000 gallons of water, the Agua Fria High School football team of Avondale, Arizona, is perched on one of the world's largest flexible storage tanks. The collapsible tank was made for the Army for use in storing fuel in combat areas.



Wet Roads Are Not Safe

Drivers with a history of drinking problems cause most of the 25,000 alcohol-related traffic deaths which occur annually in the U.S., according to a five-year study at Rutgers University.

Researchers report the findings of studies of drinking and driving in an anonymous city. They found that 76 percent of the men studied were both drinkers and drivers, and 51 percent said they frequently drove after drinking.

The report stated:

"The overwhelming weight of evidence is that alcoholism plays a very substantial role, and probably the major role, in the occurrence of traffic accidents involving the use of alcohol.

"The majority of people arrested for drunken driving or involved in alcohol-related accidents have histories of problem drinking prior to the accidents or violations."

How Accidents Happen

Hungry and tired children are accident-prone, according to the Alberta Safety Council.

The danger increases when a mother is ill or pregnant, when a stranger cares for a child, when the relationship between parents is continually tense, or when a move or vacation alters a child's surroundings.

Youth Are Not Immune

Emphysema, the chronic lung disease of "breathlessness," is generally associated with older men, but its genesis may be in youth, says the National Tuberculosis and Respiratory Disease Association.

Jerome Kleinerman, M.D., head of the Department of Pathology Research, St. Luke's Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio, reports evidence of finding emphysema even in people as

young as fifteen years of age.

The study was based on lungs removed at autopsy from men and women who had died accidentally. The lungs were fixed in an inflated state by formalin fume and were studied grossly and microscopically to detect lesions suggestive of emphysema.

The emphysema lesion may be defined pathologically, according to Dr. Kleinerman, as an enlargement of the air spaces of the lung and destruction of the walls of the air sacs, or alveoli.

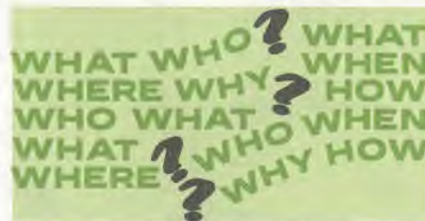
Lesions typical of centrilobular emphysema, in which the condition begins in the center of the lobule, the smallest anatomical division of the lung, were found in 23 percent of the lungs from the 15-19 age group and in more than 50 percent of these from the age groups 20-24 and older. Lesions of the panlobular type, in which the entire lobule is affected, were found in only 6 percent of the youngest age group, but in more than 60 percent of the lungs from the 30-34 age group, after which there appeared a detectable decrease.

Pigmentation was observed in most of the lungs, even those from the young age groups, and appeared to be a reflection of environmental conditions, including previous disease and smoking history. The pigmentation increased in extent with increasing age.

They Can't Be Made Safe

If the known agent in cigarettes which causes lung cancer were to be removed, cigarette-caused deaths would be reduced only 12 to 15 percent, according to Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond of the American Cancer Society.

Cigarette smoking would still be deadly, he observes, because of the fatal damage inflicted on the heart and circulatory systems. Emphysema would also claim a large toll among smokers.



★ Adult indifference is the prime reason and cause for juvenile delinquency, according to the Boys' Clubs of America. The opinion is based on the results of a nationwide poll involving some 40,000 respondents.

★ Public apathy is one of the main problems in fighting juvenile drug addiction today, claims the Ocean County, New Jersey, police force. (Asbury Park Press)

★ With 10 to 15 percent of all thirteen-year-olds smoking and 50 percent of eighteen-year-olds, resulting in an average potential loss of eight years of life, it is time for schools to warn youth against hazards of smoking. (American Association for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation)

★ More than \$6 billion in Federal alcohol and tobacco taxes were collected last year, up \$267,000,000 from 1966. (National Observer)

★ The American Medical Association is considering a public stand to make marijuana possession no more criminal than a traffic ticket. It recommends that the first two convictions for personal use of "pot" be handled as civil, not criminal, offenses. (The Times-Union Washington Bureau)

★ Young persons who smoke heavily may have partial color blindness which may disqualify them for jobs requiring recognition of signal lights. This defect in color perception, unlike congenital color blindness, clears up within a month or two after they stop smoking. (Asbury Park Press)

★ Senator Warren C. Magnuson (D-Washington) has drafted legislation to require the gradual reduction of tar and nicotine in cigarettes. The proposed law would authorize the Surgeon General of the Public Health Service to set maximum permissible tar and nicotine yields for all cigarettes sold in the United States. (New York Times)

Drinkers See Pink Dog

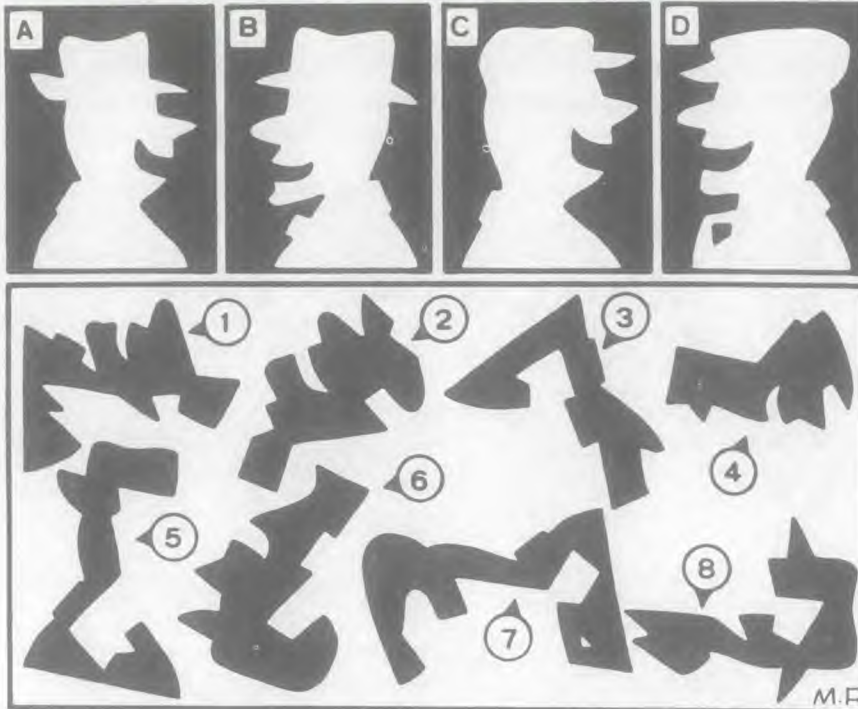
Give a six-year-old boy a brush and a pot of pink paint and you have a happy boy. Give him a two-year-old Alsatian as his best pal and you wind up with a pink dog.

Geoffrey Cain, son of a north London pubkeeper, did the painting. Brenda, the Alsatian, submitted placidly. Less placid, however, was the reaction of customers in the Queen Victoria when a large pink dog walked into the bar.

Geoffrey's father, forty-one-year-old Albert Cain, said: "I'd only had half a pint of beer, and I felt like signing the pledge."

ARE YOU PUZZLED?

Singer Features



Jigsaw Puzzle: Can you determine just by looking which of the numbered shapes make up the lettered silhouettes in the top row? (If not, cut them out.)

Drug Penalties Are Voted

The Federal House has voted to stiffen penalties for illegal traffic in drugs like LSD.

For the first time, the bill makes it a misdemeanor to possess LSD and other hallucinogenic depressant and stimulant drugs for personal use without a prescription.

Penalties range from a \$1,000 fine and one-year prison term or both for the first offense, to three years and \$10,000 for subsequent violations.

Courts have permission to suspend the sentences of persons convicted under this section for the first offense.

These individuals could be put on probation for at most one year, during which time the courts could also unconditionally discharge them from probation and set aside the conviction.

The conviction automatically would be set aside at the year's end if the terms were not violated. A subsequent arrest would be treated as the first offense.

Chemical May Cut Tar Potency

The American Safety Equipment Corporation has announced that it is ready to license use of a technique involving a chemical treatment of cigarette paper, which it contends reduces the cancer-causing potency of "tar" from cigarette smoke.

The company's claims are based

on tests it made with mice. Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, an official of the American Cancer Society, comments, "Frankly, from what I've heard, I don't think it is very exciting news."

Dr. Hammond adds, however, that he does not have any reason to doubt the results announced by the company but that the real question is whether tests on mice with tobacco tars are "meaningful in terms of human cancer."

Doctors Told, "Get With It"

The official journal of the American College of Physicians has urged its 14,300 members to put more muscle into their antismoking campaign.

Among the suggestions: Doctors should remove ashtrays from their offices and post "no smoking" signs, urge removal of cigarette vending machines from hospitals, and insist that colleagues not smoke in patients' rooms.

The journal also tells members they should sell out their cigarette-company stock and "discourage and discomfort the smoker" by publicly voicing conviction against smoking.

Members of the college are told that they should forcefully advise patients to stop cigarette smoking, even if smoking is unrelated to the patients' medical problems.

Solution:

A: 4-5; B: 1-8; C: 3-6; D: 2-7.

Hippies May Invite Disease

The ingredients of a homemade methamphetamine, nicknamed speed, are suspected of being the cause of chronic active hepatitis increasingly found among hippies.

Drs. P. V. D. Barrett and J. D. Boyle of Los Angeles are currently searching for a toxin in the drug that may be involved in the hippie hepatitis syndrome.

Contaminated communal needles and syringes have been partially ruled out, inasmuch as the investigators found twice as many intravenous speed users had chronic active hepatitis as had the viral type, which is attributed to contaminated equipment.

"Faulty" Merchandise

One of the oldest headaches in the liquor industry is the customer's return privilege of supposedly faulty merchandise.

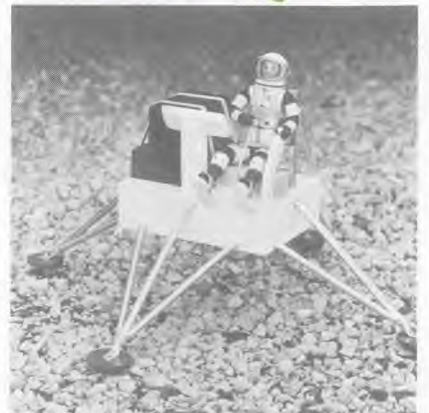
Tom Cline, distillery sales service department, technical division of Hiram Walker, recently stated flatly he believes usually that "someone is trying to take us for a bottle." He didn't state positively it was impossible for foreign matter ever to get into a bottle, but in 95 percent of cases, he feels it is put there.

On many occasions, he points out, "there is not enough left in the bottle to analyze complaints." Sometimes saliva is found because the bottle has been passed from mouth to mouth. Occasionally a wife has put something in to try to discourage her husband from drinking.

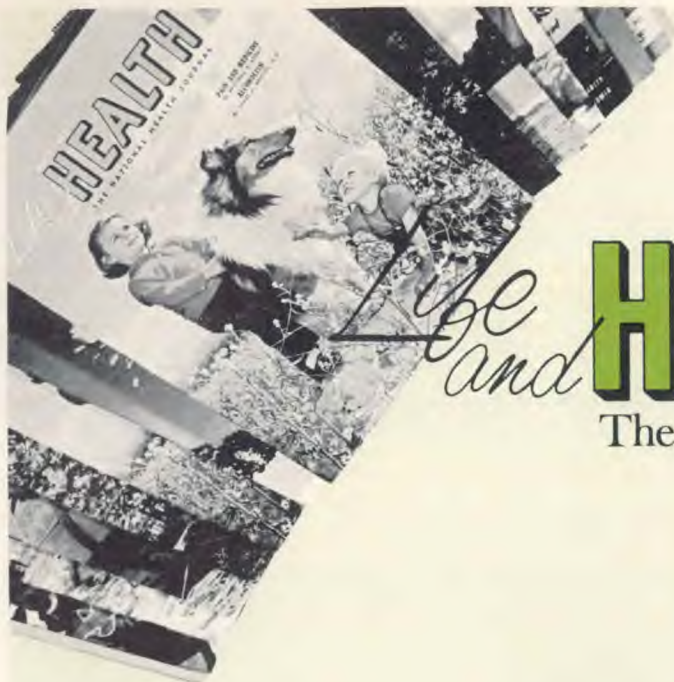
On some occasions the additive is inadvertent. Once, whiskey stored in a clothes closet absorbed a particle of naphthalene from mothballs.

Chronic complainers, however, are apt to find that their greed (or thirst?) defeats its own purpose. Information on noticed repeaters is exchanged by distillers so the bottle bargainners end up empty-handed if they try it too often.

Lunar Flyer



In future moon landings this lunar flyer would carry two astronauts, one for exploration and one for possible rescue.



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Irene Wray

Mike Burton

Greatest Long-distance Swimmer

He's Huckleberry Finn with a haircut. He's the scrawny one, the one all the girls beat at swimming races—at first. He's the "unnatural" swimmer. But now he's also the greatest long-distance swimmer in the world—a world record holder—captain of the United States swim team at the Pan American Games last year.

His name is Mike Burton. He's twenty years old, a scholarship student at UCLA, and a member of the United States Olympic swimming team, 1968.

Mike's a winner because he has learned self-control, involving care and improvement of his mind and body. Of course, this means a lot—no smoking, no drinking, and above all, no fooling around with drugs. Mike doesn't "blow his mind"; he disciplines it.

Mike is small for a world champion athlete. Howard Thayer, UCLA swim coach, says, "This boy is different. He's not a natural swimmer; he's not even particularly gifted. But he has an amazing ability to keep going; he has all the good qualities. And he's tough, unbelievably tough!"

"You've got to train real hard," says Mike. "That's the way Coach Sherman Chavoor got me started. It's rough, but

you get in shape and stay there. You have to have the heart for the work involved. You've got to want to swim almost more than anything else. The other people out there try as hard as they can—and if you do not, they're going to go right on by you."

But Mike is the one who "goes right on by." The national 1,650-yard freestyle record falls every time he assaults it—from 16:44, to 16:27.3, to 16:09, to 16:08, and finally to the unbelievable 15:59.4. This "Mighty Mite," a five-foot-nine, 155-pounder, is the first swimmer to break this sixteen-minute barrier.

Mike has won international acclaim. Fans love him in Japan, Belgium, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Cyprus, Egypt. He still receives gifts from Japanese teen-agers, who shadowed his every step when he was there. He is the subject of a TV documentary being shown in Japan this year. He was chosen by the AAU for the All-American Swim Team; he was named athlete of the year by various swimming federations.

After a bicycle accident when he was thirteen, doctors predicted that Mike could never again compete in sports. Later the doctors agreed swimming might be good therapy, and it did help

to loosen the stiffness.

He competed in a summer swimming program when he was fourteen, then joined the Arden Hills Swim Team coached by Sherman Chavoor the next year. "At first all the girls could beat me. But I worked—man, I worked! And soon I could see results. I'm small—and I used to be weak. But lifting weights helped me in that respect. And I have certainly learned discipline; sometimes I tend to overdo it."

Mike likes to swim in workouts as well as meets. "I look at the workouts as meets in themselves. I just like to be first in every event I swim, practice or no practice. That's the only way you can improve yourself."

"I don't feel any pressure before or during a race. When I hit the water, I try to feel easy the entire way, not to strain too much. They say I'm an 'unnatural athlete,' whatever that is. Maybe they mean my size, or maybe they mean the way I swim. I hardly kick at all. My arms and shoulders do all the pulling, and I guess that could be considered 'unnatural.' All I know is that practice makes perfect—the big thing is work, work, and more work."



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