

# - except Bob

Fourteen-year-olds can hardly take things all that seriously.

Bob Labadie stood on the Penn Central railroad tracks just off Telegraph Road in Dearborn, near Detroit. He smoked a cigarette and waited for the right instant to jump clear of an oncoming freight train.

In the cab of the big diesel, Engineer Donald Ackerman peered ahead. He had seen this sort of chicken game before, so routinely he gave a blast on his horn. The boys, yelling and pushing at each other, dived off the tracks-all, that is, except Bob.

With extra courage he stayed on, and while his friends gasped, was caught by the tons of force he had misjudged and instantly killed.

Before that fateful moment Bob was known in his neighborhood as a quick-to-laugh kid. Now on Wednesday he was inside a coffin.

Teen-agers far outnumbered adults at Bob's funeral held in St. Albert the Great church in Dearborn Heights. Silently they looked at the closed coffin with no sign of emotion, or even of comprehension. Some of them sat across from Mr. and Mrs. Rene Labadie and watched as they wept. Others studied the ceiling. A blond girl constantly brushed back a stubborn curl.

Outside, after the service was over, words were exchanged around the group: "Bob was really nice." "Almost everybody liked him." "He liked sports a lot." "We all liked him."

Then they watched the coffin being put into a hearse. They shrugged their shoulders because they had nothing more to say. The funeral cortege moved out onto the street to wend its long way to the newly opened Our Lady of Hope cemetery.

A fierce cold wind was blowing as the coffin was lifted out and carried to its open grave. Most of the words spoken were lost in the wind; but as the mourners began returning to their cars, one boy began to cry. He broke into sobs, his arms making little circles. Over and over again he whispered, "I don't know, I don't know, I don't know."

Bob was lowered into the earth, and the wind howled over the fresh mound heaped up over the place.

There are many graves across the land—thousands of them, of people who weren't chicken! They had the courage, as they called it, to stay a little longer with that drink, with that drug, with that cigarette.

They didn't take all that seriously the powerful force of habit bearing down on them. The chill wind blows across their graves too.

Francis a. S

June, 1969 Vol. 22, No. 6

JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

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\* The Spurrlows use a new music medium to communicate with the Now Generation. Read "With a Song in My Heart."

★ In the center of a huge, absolutely bare room stood Neal's cage—"The Animal Cage."

"Boypower." The Establishment listened to these Boy Scouts visiting the Nation's Capi-tol. They believe "America's manpower be-gins with Boypower."

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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

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.

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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.

I know now, and the very heart of me knew then, that there is-

NE GRAY autumn evening I waited in our doctor's office for an opinion I knew might be crucial. There was something symbolic in the setting; for dusk had settled over the city, and patterns of light twinkled in the distance. Through the leafless skeletons of trees I could see the massive square tower of the hospital on the hill, like the citadel of some medieval castle. The mood was cheerless, desolate, foreboding.

A small lump had appeared in my wife's right breast. The doctor said it was probably benign, but I could tell from the expression in his eyes that he wasn't at all sure. I had one of those terrifying premonitions that come to people who have loved long and deeply. Call it extrasensory perception, or subjective intuition, or by any other name, all I know is that when you really care, the heart makes its own diagnosis.

The operation was scheduled for a few days later. When she left home to go to the hospital, there was tragedy in her eyes. She knew it was the beginning of a long hard road, but she carried herself like a little soldier. That made it even harder. We didn't discuss our fears. When you have to steel yourself to meet a crisis, words are superfluous. People in love try to spare each other.

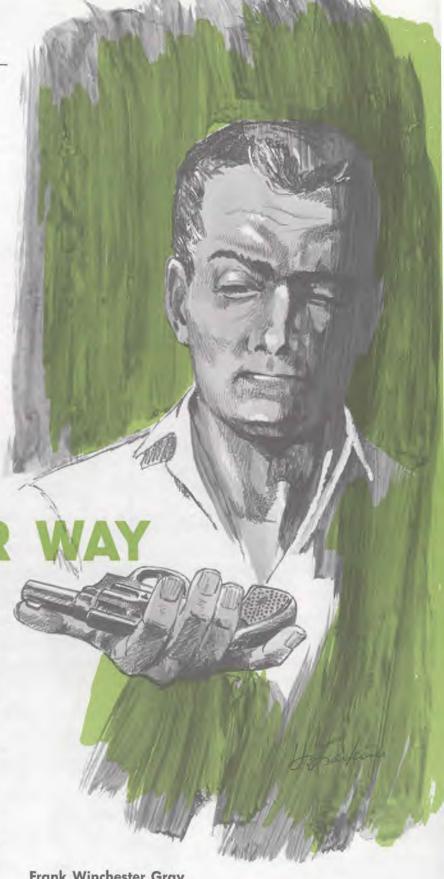
A BETTE

She was in surgery for over two hours. I knew the time element in itself was ominous. Removal of a benign tumor is usually a quick procedure. Later on I met the surgeon in the hall. He was a busy man. All good surgeons seem pressed for time. He used words in the same way he plied his scalpel, quickly and precisely. Perhaps he sensed that the greatest mercy lay in frankness and brevity. His keen eyes bored into mine, as he said, "We found deep involvement of malignancy, extending into the lymph glands under the arm. We did all we could, dissected all the cancerous tissue we could find. She has one chance in five to live for five years."

That ended the conversation.

The next two weeks involved long watches at the hospital, a dreary interlude of pain, heavy sedation, slow recovery. There was a shortage of nurses. Our night nurse had been away on Army duty for three years, and had not been home for Christmas in all that time. I told her to go and be with her family, and that I would take the afternoon and evening shifts.

I did what I could to make my patient comfortable,



Frank Winchester Gray

ILLUSTRATION BY H. LARKIN

#### A BETTER WAY and the overworked floor

nurses did what they could. When the time came for me to leave at midnight on Christmas Eve, I was beaten, physically, mentally, nervously. Gray veils of rain were sifting down over the city. Many of the patients had gone home for the holidays. A spangled tree at the end of the deserted hall, and the sad-sweet refrains of carols from somewhere on the floors below, all seemed a mockery. There were gaily wrapped packages at home, gifts from relatives and friends; but they weren't opened for some time.

She improved and was sent home. The sun began to shine again as I tried to make the mental adjustment to a



long ordeal of watching and waiting for symptoms. There were no children, just the two of us. That made the bond even closer. It isn't easy to conceal worry that haunts every waking hour. Such things can't be discussed with others, because they might get back to the one you are trying to spare. So you put on a mask of optimism and try to delude yourself into thinking you can hide your feelings from one who has known you intimately for twenty-two years.

The next eighteen months, in spite of her partial incapacity, offered a great opportunity—the opportunity to express affection in countless little ways. Sudden death may be merciful in some respects, but it denies to those who care most the chance to make up for thoughtless words and actions that creep into any marital situation. We had many congenial times together, quiet, somewhat prosaic, but nonetheless precious. There is no bond closer than that felt by people who are emotionally involved and are facing adversity together.

Then an ironical thing happened. A woman who lived next door, and whom we had known only casually, was stricken with a malignancy. She lived with her sister, who had recently been widowed, and with her own husband, who was crippled by a paralytic stroke. It was a house of tragedy.

The situation was the more depressing because their finances were limited. They did not have the means to pay medical expenses that go with a long illness, yet they had enough to be ineligible for public welfare assistance. I knew how to give hypodermic injections. My brother, who is a doctor, had taught me the technique. So, for better or worse, I volunteered to help out. And for several months, morning and evening, I tramped across the yard to give the "shots" that modified the pain, knowing all the time that our turn was coming.

The tragedy next door had hardly culminated in a merciful passing when symptoms began to appear at our house. The first indication appeared minor—a lump on the jaw to which our doctor seemed to attach little significance. There were dreary rounds, from dentist to orthodontist, and then to specialists. We went out and bought gay dresses and smart shoes that spring, things I knew instinctively she would never wear. Before clinical evidence is conclusive in

# From My Seed of Faith

Helen Sue Isely

My seed of faith is so small, oh, God, And my mistakes, so big; But now, with hope, I view Your spring With blossoms on each twig.

I could not do it myself, oh, God, But You, with miracles to spare, Can bring from my faith the blossoms and fruits Of life which I long to bear. a terminal case, perverse instinct tells you the cards are stacked, that the Dark Angel is playing a waiting game, but you keep going through the motions.

Following about a month of testing, consulting, comparing, wondering, pain began to appear. This time it was in the hip and abdomen. We took her back to the hospital, where narcotics lowered the curtain of partial consciousness. Then, one hot morning in July, I heard the verdict. We sat on a wooden bench out on a little balcony, the doctor and I, while he did his professional duty. The X-ray machine had at last confirmed what was suspected. The period of waiting and wondering was over. From then on it was going to be rough.

Different circumstances call for different kinds of courage. I had been a soldier and had been exposed to the realities of suffering and death. I had been active in physical sports, where nerves sometimes fight against panic. It is one thing to show a brave front when buoyed up by mass psychology. It is another thing to brace oneself to meet a sudden crisis, or to be capable of heroic action when a surge of anger or terror sends adrenalin coursing through the veins. But when you haven't a chance, and when weeks and months ahead mean a lone fight against hopeless odds, you need faith and fortitude of another character. I recall a friend saying, "Why, you have nowhere to turn." In days to come I was to find that out.

We took her home in an ambulance. There was no further use in her staying at the hospital. Hospitals are for people who may get well. We organized the household for the struggle ahead—the housekeeper, a full-time practical nurse, and I. A hospital-type bed, stand, and a few other items of equipment were rented. During the next four months, the routine of hypos every two hours, day and night, went on and on. We never left her alone, because she was often irrational. There are circumstances when to create dope addiction seems the only humane alternative.

I kept trying to work at my business, because the doctor told me it was the best thing to do. I know now that he was right, and I would advise others in similar situations to do likewise. You can do only so much, worry only so much. Without the relief of outside activity the nerves break down. You can't bring moral support to a sickroom without strength and vitality—it is a case of bearing up or being torn down.

There were times when I felt like running away to the ends of the earth. There would be an almost frantic desire to escape from the spectacle of slow dissolution, of constant suffering and discouragement. But when you are needed by one who loves you, there is no turning away. You give hypos with a sure hand when you are torn by unshed tears. You laugh and make light of things when your heart is breaking. You answer impossible questions with the brazen front of a confirmed liar. You play your part in a terrible masquerade, wondering whether she knows, surmising that she does, yet never daring to let the subject come into the open lest everything might fall apart.

When the blessing of drugged sleep came at the close of another endless day—for a little while, at least—I would walk or drive through empty streets in the lonely hours of the night. The stars were remote, dispassionate. There is no greater solitude than grief.

At first I turned to my family and close friends; but I

found that, kind as people are, there are limits. The situation was ugly, and people avoid ugly things. You can't expect them to do otherwise. Sympathy nourishes weaklings. Faith is the only armor at times like that. So I came to depend on those employed in professional capacities, and on those blessed little white pills that walled off pain for a little while.

During those troubled times I learned some lessons in living. I learned something about true values. And I learned the meaning of love. There are as many kinds of love as there are types of people. There is passionate love, and possessive love, and paternal love, and flaming infatuation; and there is love that is motivated by need for security. The depth of our feelings can be no more or less than the kind of people we are. In the sickroom, when hope is gone, and when there is only the ceaseless strain of waiting and watching and serving, opportunity comes for the purest love of all—the love that is selfless and limitless, that gives all and expects nothing, the spiritual communion that transcends all the compromises so many of us make to keep ourselves comfortable and materially satisfied.

There were other compensations. A friend whom I had always regarded as egocentric, hungry for prominence and power, sent beautiful flowers every week and dropped by to visit with me when time allowed. Our housekeeper, who had never had more than elementary education, showed a sweetness and kindness that raised her to the aristocracy of people with splendid hearts. The nurse who was with us during the long ordeal lost weight and nearly broke under the strain of twenty-four-hour duty. Yet her devotion to her patient never faltered, although the money I paid her hardly compensated for what she gave. Our doctor, a young and brilliant Jew, was so understanding, so generous in giving of himself, that I realized, once and forever, that racial prejudice is a disease of little minds.

Lessons like that are learned only under stress—only when all the camouflage of life is stripped away, and we face a major crisis, inevitable and irrevocable. Then, and then only, loyalty meets the supreme test. I sometimes think of that when reading and talking about the temperamental inconsistencies of so many separations and divorces. And I find solace in knowing that our marriage fulfilled its meaning to the last despairing breath.

We are consecrated or degraded at times like that, depending on how we react. For tragedy can inspire or blight the souls of people, and much depends on the fortitude of religious philosophy. There is no question in my mind that God comes closest to those who need Him most. There is a church on a hill near our house, and in the garden at the side is a chapel which is never locked, always open to lost and lonely people. I used to go there in the late hours of the night, when everything else seemed to have failed me. Invariably I found spiritual comfort there. It was as if an invisible hand had been placed on my shoulder. Before that, I had always respected religion in traditional and intellectual ways, but during those weeks and months I really felt and lived it.

Yes, I am only human, and there were desperate moments when I was tempted to seek an easy way out—a gun to the temple, an overdose of narcotics, anything to bring blessed oblivion. But I know now, and the very heart of me knew then, that there is a better way.

# Career Insurance

IT MUST have been one of the most revealing encounters between statesmen that has ever been made public.

It happened during negotiations between the four powers occupying Germany, and the subject was the rehabilitation of German steel. Sessions had lasted from ten in the morning to four the next morning, and they included two of the kind of meals that only Paris can offer.

Dean Acheson, who represented the United States, was hoping that his ally, Ernest Bevin, would not suffer a breakdown under all the pressure. Then there came a luncheon at the Quai d' Orsay, "liberally sprinkled with wines." Acheson feared for the worst.

After the meal he and Bevin were standing together with Robert Schuman of France when waiters began to come around with still more liquor. Bevin took some brandy and then handed it to Acheson while he reached for the sugar.

Acheson put the brandy back on the waiter's tray.

"Mr. Bevin has changed his mind," he said to the waiter. "He isn't going to have any brandy, and I don't think that he is going to have any coffee either." He took the coffee cup from Bevin and put it too back on the tray.

"Of all the insufferable-" Bevin snorted.

Acheson turned to Schuman and suggested that he reserve a typical French hearse, drawn by horses with black plumes and decorated with black angels at the corners. "Be sure to have it drawn by silk-hatted coachmen with caped overcoats," he added.

Schuman wanted to know what it would be needed for. Acheson replied that Bevin was evidently planning to use one. Then he asked for a room with a couch where Bevin could take a nap. Bevin sputtered, but when Schuman and Acheson both promised to attend his imminent funeral, he agreed to the suggestion.

This experience, which must have been most embarrassing to His Majesty's Foreign Secretary, came too late to change his habits for the better. Within two years Bevin was dead, at least partly the victim of his uncontrolled appetite.

It is easy to see that a statesman engaged in delicate negotiations needs to have his wits about him at all times. Our very lives depend upon that fact. But getting the liquor question mastered is important in *every* walk of life.

Take medicine, for instance. A realtor in Washington State told me how puzzled he was when a landlord listed a medical office to be rented. The small town's only doctor had just been drafted. The owner specified that the rental would be 25 percent lower if the doctor who occupied it belonged to the same religion as the one who had departed.

"But why do you want one of them?" the realtor asked. He knew that the landlord was not a religious man himself.

"Well," the man replied, "we've had enough grief in our town with professional people who didn't live up to their calling, but the past few years have been different. We all want another doctor who'll never be drunk."

Alcohol will not mix with success in a career. Every ambitious young person wants to achieve the highest possible level of success in his career, not only so that he will receive the attendant rewards, but also so that he can con-





tribute the greatest amount of service to his fellowmen.

Ask any personnel officer and he will tell you stories of bright futures that have gone dim because the talented, well-educated young people who looked forward to them were unable to handle the liquor they were offered. An important crisis in his work arrives, and a bright young man shows up drunk. He is dismissed. He gets another job, and the whole scene is rerun. The real tragedy comes when this happens so often that the man's only future lies on skid row, and that's not much of a future, as its residents will be quick to tell you.

Young people take career planning seriously today. They choose their employer, their city of residence, their home, their social circle, their life insurance, and their stock broker with the greatest of care. Wouldn't it also make sense to choose habits with respect to alcohol that will enhance rather than endanger one's usefulness?

More and more young people are realizing that taking an unspiked drink will never lose them a worthwhile friend. Instead it will give them an advantage. Ability, contacts, influential friends, good looks, and even past performance are not enough to overcome the fact that if you are a drinker you simply can't be counted on to be functional when a crisis arrives.

Dwight Eisenhower had a doctor remove his appendix during peacetime, even though it wasn't inflamed, because he wanted to make sure that it would never act up and knock him out of action on the battlefield. Foresight like that was undoubtedly one of the ingredients in his superb leadership ability.

Wouldn't it be equally praiseworthy for a young person to cut himself off from the alcoholic beverage habit before he sets out on a career where others will be depending upon his performance?

In The Cup of Fury Upton Sinclair, himself a writer of importance, tells the sorry tale of how alcohol addiction ruined the careers and cut short the lives of several of the most talented writers in recent times. It is tempting to wonder what marvelous works Thomas Wolfe or Dylan Thomas or Malcolm Lowry might have turned out if they hadn't drunk themselves to death.

President Roosevelt provided crop insurance for the farmers; you can buy accident and health insurance by mail order; your mortgage holder will require you to take out fire insurance; and a salesman will surely try to persuade you to take out life insurance.

But no company will insure you against failure in your career. Worse still, some companies will do their best through advertisements to entice you to wreck it.

Don't be taken in. The evidence is clear: To adopt a firm policy of abstinence toward liquor in any form is the nearest thing to insuring that you will be treated as your abilities deserve and not as your foibles require people to

Best of all, the policy is not only free—it will save you thousands.



# No Whiskey on the Santa Fe Trail

WHISKEY hauling, drinking, and carousing in the dimly lighted rooms of saloons along the old Santa Fe Trail in the mid-1800's was an accepted way of life. That is, until thirtyfour-year-old Alexander Majors plunged into a career in transportation, and astonished business competitors with a non-whiskey freight trade handled by drivers who preferred Majors' nonalcoholic manner of doing business.

Almost a legend on his own, young Majors became known as the man in charge of operations who resisted all whiskey freight and whose crews guiding the Santa Fe wagons from Kansas City to Santa Fe, New Mexico, were the most sober in that rough-and-tumble, for-hire carrier business.

The business policies of Majors not only countered those of competitors who offered whiskey along the trail and the allurement of saloons at the stops, but his tactic of no-alcohol developed a freight business that had enough wagons to total 250 trains, including 6,250 wagons and 75,000 oxen pulling the caravan. The Majors brand of business was so effective that during his first year of partnership with two other men, the organization netted a \$300,000 profit—on which there was no Federal income tax!

Long experience in the freight-hauling field over the grueling Indian-infested lands convinced Majors that whiskey and this business would not mix.

Soon he discovered that Indians rarely attacked his Santa Fe wagons. His men were armed but there was no escort. The Indians realized that the Majors freight trains carried no whiskey, a main attraction during the red man's attacks.

Majors made it clear to any crewmen on his caravan that drinking was not permitted on the Trail. He asked all eager to join his freight line to sign a "labor contract" that stipulated, "While I am in the employ of A. Majors, I agree not to use profane language, not to get drunk, not to gamble, not to treat animals cruelly, and not to do anything that is not compatible with the conduct of a gentleman. I agree, if I violate any of the above conditions, to accept my discharge without any pay for services."

Majors liked to think that his labor contract setup appealed. He noted, "I do not recall a single instance of a man discharged without pay.

Almost all freight line operators during those mid-1800's along the Santa Fe Trail lured the men into breakneck speeds into the nearest town and whiskey counters.

Temperate-minded Majors countered this evil method which was destroying not only the drivers, who became drunkards and hardly able to keep order in the caravans, but also the animals, which were quickly destroyed because of the

He arranged the 800-mile trips so that all overnight stops were spent on the prairie. When a half-day journey away from saloons, drivers lost any whiskey appetite they possessed, and Majors was also able to maintain a healthy lineup of oxen which could be used for a return trip following a rest

period.

Later on and looking back on the success of his freight line, Majors was sure that his removal of whiskey from the caravans and his insistence on decent living for the crewmen was the right move. He insisted that "had I the experience of a thousand years, I could not have formulated a better code of ethics for the government of my business. . . . The result proved worth more to me than money, since enforcement of my rules and business principles gave me control of the business of the plains and a widespread reputation for honesty and for conducting my business on a humane plan."



NN AND JUDY came rushing down the high school steps, ignoring in their evident haste the other young people milling around them. A lower-grade student tried to get out of their way—too late! The girls jostled her and sent her books flying to the pavement.

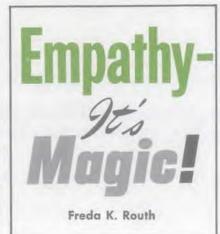
Ann barely slowed her pace. Judy, however, stopped and began helping the younger student pick up her books.

Ann looked around impatiently. "Come on, Judy. We'll be late."

When Judy rejoined her, Ann snapped, "She could have picked them up herself. She's no cripple."

"So what?" Judy came back. "That doesn't mean she hasn't any feelings."

How different the lives of these two girls are likely to be! Judy will probably keep making friends and being loved by everyone; Ann may have a



rough time of it all the way. Why? Because Judy has something that Ann hasn't—empathy.

Empathy, like sympathy, is a feeling for other people. But there the similarity ends. Sympathy is akin to pity, an emotion generally inspired only by those whom we consider less fortunate in some way than ourselves. Empathy, on the other hand, is a benevolent consideration for all people, whatever their condition in life. It's an ability to feel what another feels without becoming so emotionally involved that our judgment is affected.

Perhaps no other human trait is so magical in stilling the troubled waters of human strife as empathy. The empathetic housewife not only runs a harmonious household, she is the first to be elected president of her club or to an important position in her church or PTA. The empathetic teacher is the one who is remembered and blessed by her students long after their school days are over. And the student with the most empathy is the one most popular with his schoolmates, and also the one most likely to make a success of life later on.

Larry, a high school student, volunteered last summer to help take a group of emotionally disturbed children from a hospital to a nearby recreation center playground. His work was to try to inspire the children to play on the swings, slides, and other playground equipment.

Right away, Larry noticed that the rather elderly groundkeeper of the area took great pride in keeping it in spotless condition. One day when the children had thrown the wrapping from ice-cream bars around, the groundkeeper showed his displeasure in no

uncertain terms. Laboriously picking up the litter, he yelled at the children, "Put that stuff in the trash cans."

"Just when I had gotten those poor kids to the point where they seemed to be enjoying themselves a little," says Larry, "this old guy comes along and scares them silly. Boy, was I mad. I'd been trained, though, to control my temper. You can't work with sick kids if you can't keep your feelings to yourself. I just stood there for a minute watching the old man picking up that stuff. Suddenly, I knew just how he felt. To him, it was like someone had thrown trash in his face. I went over and started to help him, and told him how much that playground meant in helping those kids to get well.

"I was really surprised at the way the man's face softened. He actually apologized. After that we had no trouble with him at all. In fact, he often went out of his way to help us with the kids."

If we take a thoughful look at the men and women in our history books, we find that every one of them had great compassion for their fellow human beings. Florence Nightingale gave up a life of luxury to live and work in sordid conditions because of her deep concern for the welfare of others. And of course the greatest of them all was Christ, whose empathy for mankind was such that even as He hung on the cross He asked His Father to forgive those who were tormenting Him.

Empathy can be acquired even if one doesn't seem to have it naturally. And the best place to start is on the person who seems to be giving you the most trouble at the moment. Stop criticizing and condemning. Instead, try to imagine how you would feel and probably act if you were in his shoes. At the same time remember that nobody wants to act in a way that will make people dislike him.

You'll probably come to the conclusion that the other person isn't such a bad fellow after all. He's being human, reacting normally to a situation he can't at the moment handle as he would like to. You can bet that he'll sense your earnest desire to understand him and react accordingly, with gratitude and friendliness. For, although he may not have even heard of the word, he'll know instinctively that you are a person with a lot of empathy—and he'll love you for it.

# Dead Drunk Story by Tom Kaib Can Mean Dead

"THIS is a drinking population," said Dr. Samuel R. Gerber, leaning back almost horizontal in his chair and making a steeple with his hands. "It is estimated that 90 million Americans drink."

Dr. Gerber is a small, white-haired man who has been



Dr. Samuel R. Gerber

coroner of Cuyahoga County (Cleveland), Ohio, for thirty-three years. All of his patients—4,500 last year—are dead. Half of them died with ethyl alcohol in their bodies.

Dr. Gerber has eight technicians on his staff who chemically analyze for alcohol content the blood, urine, spinal fluid, and brain substances of every body brought into the morgue. His statistics are startling and revealing.

"Fifty percent of all accident victims, drivers and pedestrians, have been drinking," he says. "And most accidents involving drinkers happen after dark and close to the weekends."

From the bodies extricated from grotesque hulks of smashed automobiles, he has also discovered another insight into the drinking habits of our population. There is a big midweek day of drinking. "I guess they rest up after the weekend for a couple of days and then go at it again about Wednesday or Thursday," Dr. Gerber explains.

With the usual equipment found in any laboratory, plus special distillation apparatus for testing the breath in live subjects, Dr. Gerber's staff carries out its work on the Case Western Reserve University medical campus.



















- 1. Testing for blood alcohol is one of the many procedures done by the coroner's office. The flask with blood samples of the auto accident victim is put in place by a laboratory technician.
- 2. Each test takes from one half hour upwards, and involves distillation apparatus. Dr. Gerber's staff uses facilities on the Case Western Reserve Campus.
- 3. An injection needle contains a blood sample from the dead person suspected of intoxication. Mixture with other chemicals will tell if the suspicion is valid.
- 4. Dr. Gerber, the coroner, closely examines the contents of the injection syringe to detect how much ethyl alcohol, if any, is present.
- 5. Dr. Gerber's lab uses culture plates to determine the extent of vinous fermentation.
- Adding a special chemical to the formula is necessary before the test can form conclusive evidence.
- 7. The chromatograph is useful in helping determine the alcohol in body fluids.
- 8. A technician adjusts the chromatograph to make certain that the findings are accurate.

Each test takes from one half hour upwards, depending on whether Dr. Gerber merely wants to see if alcohol is present or wants a definitive test to determine the exact amount by weight and volume.

The breath test takes twenty to thirty minutes, including time to ready the subject. Dr. Gerber's office and other public agencies such as police departments do not consider the individual costs of such tests. But private laboratories, Dr. Gerber says, charge anywhere from \$5 to \$25 for tests. And if someone from the lab is required to testify in court, there are extra fees.

To learn more about this testing program, *Listen* put these questions to Dr. Gerber:

What is ethyl alcohol? The beverage alcohol. It is a colorless volatile flammable liquid (C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>5</sub>OH) formed by vinous fermentation—by fermentation of carbohydrate materials (as blackstrap molasses, various grains, especially corn and potatoes)—and by hydration of ethylene. It is the intoxicating principle contained in wine, beer, whiskey, and other fermented and distilled liquors.

In addition to its use in beverages and in medicines it is used chiefly as a solvent (as for fats, oils, and resins), as an antifreeze, as a fuel, and as a raw material for many organic chemicals. About 700 million gallons are produced annually in the United States through fermentation.

How many alcohol-related accidents and suicides occurred last year? Depending on your area, 40 to 50 percent of all accidents involve alcohol. Suicides are difficult, but locally (Cuyahoga County) 30 to 40 percent are alcohol-related.

How are eye and ear functions medically impaired by alcohol? It depends on the amount of alcohol ingested. Both are distorted; the eye is generally more sensitive, with blurred and double vision and inability to focus. With the ear, a person under the influence of alcohol either can't hear noises at all or can't tell where they are coming from if he does hear them. If someone blows a horn at you, you might not be able to tell if it is behind you, in front, or beside you.



90 million Americans drink. These are adults and practically all of them drive. The greatest percentage of these, say some 60 percent, will be careful drivers even though they do drink. The other third will be alcohol-prone. They will drink more.

What does alcohol in the blood look like under a microscope? It can't be seen.

Is there any discernible trend of alcohol deaths among youth? This is speculating, but I'd say there is an increase of alcohol deaths among youth. Drink develops the ego to do dangerous things. When a youth drinks, he is not discerning. A boy drinking in a hotel room here saw a girl across from him in a parallel wing. Buoyed by alcohol, he tried to jump across. Luckily, he fell only a short distance. "I thought I could make it," he said.

Do coroners receive specialized training in class or on the job? Some do and some don't, but all have technicians to perform the chemical tests. We have about eight people here who do the testing.

What symptoms are shown in liver ailments that stem from alcohol? Fatty degeneration or cirrhosis. The liver becomes hobnailed and dark in color. Some doctors say this is caused not by the alcohol but by lack of food, but this is a subject of debate.

What treatment, if any, can medicine provide for these ailments? a regimen to help the patient. Psychiatrists and psychologists may be needed also.

When and by whom were the current laboratory tests developed? Biologic chemists have developed these tests since World War I. But the tests are now being employed more, and more people are involved in refinement of the tests.

How do coroner statistics reflect on alcoholism by race and sex? The male is more prone to alcoholism than the female. But if the current trend continues, the female will catch up in fifteen or twenty years. We have no statistics on race.

What is the medical definition of "hangover"? The easy way to put this is that a hangover is an ill condition that results from the effect of toxic conditions resulting from absorption of alcohol. It includes headache, dehydration, and pain in the stomach. The person will be nervous, fidgety, and inattentive until his system is adjusted to normalcy. The alcohol affects every part of the body, and the whole body must readjust to normal. The amount of alcohol to cause this depends on the person-whether he is a novice drinker, occasional drinker, or chronic drinker. It could be any amount.

What relationship may be drawn between metabolism and intoxication? If you didn't metabolize the alcohol (if it just passed through the sys-

tem without being absorbed), you wouldn't get the effects. It would be just like drinking water.

Do alcoholics generally receive special food diets for their condition? This is accepted treatment. An improper diet in the beginning may be the cause of alcoholism. But treatment is always preceded by a thorough physical examination.

Do persons who take tranquilizers also have large alcoholic intake? Not necessarily. I know some people who take tranquilizers and do not drink at all. And I know others who take both tranquilizers and pep pills and drink on top of that. It's a bad mixture.

What respiratory disease is most common among habitual drinkers? Drinkers are more prone to all respiratory disease because they are careless in exposure. Common diseases are pneumonia, influenza, and associated lung and heart conditions.

Is there any correlation between cardiac victims and alcohol habits? Yes, but I can't say to what extent. Alcohol has a definite effect on the central nervous system. This controls all organs. Alcohol spreads into everything throughout the body in proportion to the water content. The blood and brain have a lot of water content and, with the lungs, absorb most of the alcohol.

HE TOWN in which Bill Cunningham was born and lived till he went to college could be duplicated endless times in the Western States. It had its neat, paved streets lined with fine shade trees; its three parallel business streets, with good stores, markets, and office buildings; and almost no crime.

The Cunningham house was typical too, smaller than some, larger than others. All seemed well-kept, the lawns neatly trimmed, the flower beds colorful. Few interiors showed much originality; the furniture suggested illustrations in household magazines. People left their doors unlocked when they went out for a short time, and robberies occurred, as the saying goes, only "once in a blue moon."

Such was Hampton, the town in which the Cunninghams were respected family people. William Cunningham (known as "Will" to distinguish him from his son "Bill") had started his career as an apprentice mechanic. His education stopped with grammar school, and he learned his trade without benefit of text books, oral instruction, or correspondence school. He simply "looked sharp" and was never lazy or late. In time he had been given greater responsibility. And now he owned the best garage and automobile repair shop in town. He was a short, energetic man, not resembling his tall, lanky son. He was an officer in the Elks Club and a deacon in the Baptist Church, a man of many sincere friendships. His wife Sarah was an ideal helpmate—not pretty, but neat and attractive.

Bill, though not the Rhodes scholar type, brought home above-average grades. He followed in his father's steps, as might be taken for granted, and became a fair assistant in the garage.

Hampton parents celebrated the birth of a male child by starting a college savings account. Will had likewise planned for Bill with no other thought than that he would take engineering and be able to branch out far beyond the limits of the garage shop! He had talked this over with close friends, but it didn't seem necessary to go into details with his son. He would have been completely baffled if he had known of Bill's longing to become a writer. Yet the boy spent many nights working on poems, articles, even stories, so fascinated that he was immune to weariness. But Bill perceived he had no choice except to follow the pattern set.

So he enrolled as a freshman in the university engineering department. For the first time in his life he was surrounded by young people he had never seen before. It was almost as if a wave had carried him there, with no decision on his part. Why hadn't he been able to talk frankly to his father and let him know he didn't have it in him to become an engineer, that this wasn't what he wanted from life?

"I kept putting it off till it was too late," Bill thought. "Now I'm stuck with it. And if I barely pass, that is the best I can hope for. Poor Dad expects me to take off after graduation, if I get that far, and build something better than the Brooklyn Bridge. He'll get a much harder blow than if I had faced the thing honestly, and told him how it was."

But Bill had the ability to face the results of his own mistakes, and he tried to do his best. It was a joyless, grinding sort of life. He roomed in a dormitory, not regarded as fraternity material. After all, he had not been an outstanding athlete in high school, nor was he from a wealthy, important family, nor did he have a record of top scholarship.

Furthermore, the grind of his engineering courses left no time for social life, but some of his acquaintances developed into friends. He especially enjoyed the foreign students, and he found their different ways of thinking about life very interesting. For the first time Bill heard radicals proclaim their convictions, and he realized that life was not always so neatly packaged and labeled as a Hampton.

He was less and less reconciled to the courses he had to take, but he had now lost the chance to talk this out with his father, he thought. He had to force himself to succeed. He became more and more frustrated, and his marks were disappointing to both himself and his instructors.

He spent Christmas vacation at home, but he found himself out of tune with simple joys like caroling from house to house on frosty nights and being invited in for apples and homemade Christmas cookies. Bill could not be carefree and feel the true spirit of the great festival.

The knowledge that he was failing steadily in several of his courses, and that only a miracle would give him passing grades in semester exams, weighed like lead on his spirits. Not even his efforts to please his father by majoring in engineering were rewarding, for in the end he was bound to disappoint his father's hopes.

After Christmas dinner the two went for a walk, and Bill's father showed him the improvements in the garage and shop, where a young helper was managing quite well.

"I only hope I won't disappoint you when I'm home again, Dad," the young man couldn't resist saying. "I'm working as hard as I can, but I'm beginning to think I haven't any real bent for engineering."

At last it was said. Perhaps it wasn't too late to make his father understand. But the rugged man kindly put a hand on his son's shoulder and told him not to worry. "All beginnings are hard," he said. Bill knew his dad could never doubt that he had the makings of a great civil engineer.

It was a relief to get back to the university and to his little group of friends. They were excited about a proposed New Year's Eve party that would include a visit to the Haight-Ashbury crowd everyone was talking about.

"You'll have to count me out," Bill said. "My grade in math is terrible, and I'll have to study night and day to barely pass."

"Don't be an idiot," a red-haired Irish student cut in. "A time like we'll have will blow the dust off your brains and get you way ahead of the day-and-night grind bit."

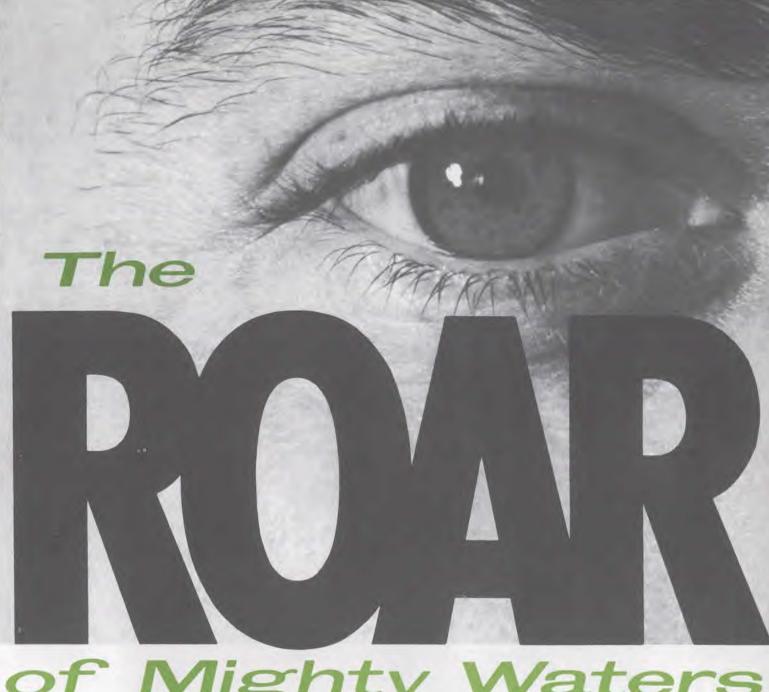
In the end Bill agreed. Maybe forgetting the whole thing for a few hours would be the best treatment. The little group put on their most casual outfits. Some had berets, other invested in the beads that were popular and wore sandals instead of shoes.

When the students reached the San Francisco side of the bay and headed for a popular, inexpensive French restaurant on one of the side streets, the excitement of New Year's Eve already filled the air.

While the boys are heartily of the delicious meal, Bill heard the exciting features of Haight-Ashbury—of the "flower children," the rock music, the Bohemian life.

Of course Bill had read about the "hippies," but he hadn't taken the matter seriously. There were none of such types in his hometown.

"Don't think there aren't plenty of college dropouts in H and A," a lad named Fletcher declared. "Many times I've



Mighty *laters* 

thought of joining the group myself. And don't think there aren't some professors in the crowd too!"

"You must be kidding!" Bill broke in.

"So I'm kidding?" Fletcher countered with a scornful grin. "Just wait, man. You'll see it all for yourself. And I'll level with you and admit I'm just about in with pot."

"Pot?"

"You sure must be a greenhorn. Haven't you ever heard of marijuana?"

"Oh, that. I'm not interested. Some kind of dope, isn't it?"

"Dope? Nothing like that. It's the most wonderful experience that can come to anyone. It releases your real self so you can see and feel the real wonder of life. When I compare it to the stupid grind of this university cramming -well, I'm about to fall out, if you get what that means. I know you want to write. How can you face stuffing yourself with math, mechanical drawing, and the rest, for four solid years, and at the end of them, settle for being end man of a surveying crew?"

Against the dull, hopeless background of the grind, Bill could not resist this lure. And when the wild shouts heralded the New Year, Bill was on the floor of a hippie "pad," taking his turn at smoking pot. There seemed nothing bizarre about it. It was an open gate to him. He heard a single word: "Freedom-Freedom-Freedom" and he felt he stood forth unfettered-a free man.

When he returned to full consciousness, he felt somewhat different. He knew that he could never go back to what he was before. He went back to the university, and even took exams, but he failed so lamentably that there could be no thought of going on. He wrote his parents that he felt bad about their disappointment. The only possible way seemed to be to get a job and work for the rest of the year and then start again at the university the next term. He



would locate a simple boardinghouse and support himself.

This letter must have been a severe blow to Bill's parents, but his father did not reproach him when he answered. He wrote that he realized the change from tool work to engineering must be a drastic one and his son was not to

worry, it would all straighten out next semester.

The Bill of the past would have felt bitter shame, even while he was touched and grateful for his father's understanding. But a little-dwelt-on aspect of the use of pot is the deterioration of character which follows its regular use. The sense of right and wrong gradually fogs over.

Bill rented a cheap apartment in a rundown building near his new friends. He had his typewriter with him and planned vaguely to write at last, but he spent most of his time in the hippie center, talking, smoking pot, and idling

in this pad or that.

Suddenly it was almost summer. Bill stared at a large wall calendar at the Free Store—and then into the mirror hanging beside it. Was this actually his face? This dulleyed creature, with locks of greasy hair hanging to his neck? He knew his parents were coming to see him next month. "What to do to escape them?" That was his thought—not to clean up his quarters and his life, and to welcome them.

Haight-Ashbury was going into decline; tourists were tired of it. So, many decided to drift to popular summer camps for a change of scene, and to get the handouts certain to be had from good-natured visitors. Yosemite, that's a national park. Anyone can go there, unless he starts trouble of some sort. There would surely be small canyons where they could sleep. Beads of clay and wood were plentiful,

Ruth M. Walsh

# Perspective

A tadpole becomes a whale Close in front of our eye. The Grand Canyon becomes a crevice, Viewed from a plane in the sky.

As with upheld thumb, the immensity of the sun
Is shut from our view, inverse—
So we magnify our egos
And deny God's universe.

and they'd sell. Rock music to entertain. But no pot! Sure, it'd sell fast, but in no time the cops would be around.

So the strange-looking vagrants began to drift into Yosemite Valley. At first they were welcomed; it was something to write the folks at home about. Feature writers reported that hippies asked for leftover food and even slipped into vacant chairs at the camp tables when the "paying guests" left food on their plates. But the novelty was rapidly becoming a nuisance. And a vague discomfort crept over Bill. He remembered a happy trip to Yosemite with his parents years before; and now he had come back, a common bum. The whole valley seemed filled by the roar of the mighty falls, and it was an angry roar. Why?

One morning very early the young man stood a distance from the tourist camp, in a small meadow near the cliff over which the main falls plunged. He felt disturbed—yes, and ashamed. He did not hear the approach of an elderly man; he just realized that this person stood beside him. He felt a hand on his dirty sleeve, and did not resist when the man drew him aside from the few other spectators.

"What do the falls say to you, young man?" The voice coming from the frail, aged form was like a trumpet. Bill just shook his head.

"Thousands of feet the falls hurl themselves over the cliff, with that wild roar of victory. I know God put them here so human beings might know the enormous power given to each one of us, most especially to youth—the power to create mightily, to live victoriously, to overcome whatever is in our path. Never forget, young man, in your heart and soul there is the roar of the mighty, creative falls!"

The old man was gone, as unnoticed as he had come. Bill did not feel there was anything mysterious or magical about him. But the youth stood trembling, overwhelmed, both by the words which had been spoken and by his own shame. But there was no despair in his shame. Suddenly he knew what he must do. He went to a barber who had his small shop on the campground and had a shave and a haircut. Then in his rickety old roadster he drove to the nearest place and bought plain blue jeans, T-shirts, socks, and tennis shoes. He scrubbed in a stream and, decently dressed, went back to camp and took a job as dishwasher.

That night he telephoned his father. "I've got all mixed up, Dad—nothing criminal, but plenty foolish. Now I'm in the clear at last. I have a good, rough job in camp; and when it's over, I'd like to come home and be the best mechanic ever, next to you. That's my real field. What do you say we have the best garage in the United States? That's what sounds real to me! Yosemite Falls taught me. Don't worry. I'm on the track at last. Writing tomorrow—Love you both."

After he had washed and put away the mountain of heavy dishes, he walked, whistling, to the hippie encampment. His erstwhile friends lay on the long grass, languid and discouraged, no doubt hungry too. Bill pulled out all the money he had in his wallet and handed it to them. "I'm falling out, pals. Thanks—and the best of luck." Seeing their bewildered faces, he grinned at them, made the hippie sign, and hurried away.

Standing a last moment near the cliff where the great falls thundered, he spoke his first real prayer in years. "Thank You, Father, for the roar of these mighty waters. Help me to follow what it tells me."

# LISTEN Color Special

# Use Balanced Approach, Says HE



At a Youth Conference on Smoking and Health, Canada's National Health and Welfare Department sponsored exhibits presenting the facts on smoking.

# Drug Laws Need Consistency

be made in the narcotic control program by writing laws more consistent with the pharmacology of the drugs in question, declares pharmacologist C. Jelleff Carr, Ph.D., director of the Life Sciences Research Office, Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology.

"It is obvious that terminology plays an important role in understanding the problems of drug abuse and drug dependence," says Dr. Carr; but he notes that the Dr. Carr; but he hotes the terminology of narcotics legislation is often imprecise.

Unfortunately, the Federal narcotic laws indiscriminately group as narcotics the opiates and the synthetic analgesic drugs; cocaine. which is a stimulant; heroin, which is not used medically; and marijuana," he says.

Some states have further "complicated the problem," he believes, by including in their narcotic laws the barbiturates, the amphetamines, and potent hallucinogenic substances like LSD.

"Drug substances that produce sleep or stupor and relieve pain may be considered as narcotics,'

Dr. Carr points out.

"Pharmacologically speaking," he "the term refers to drugs adds. derived directly from the opium poppy or chemically related synthetic compounds that have the addiction potential."

Dr. Carr thinks nonnarcotic marijuana could be classed as either a euphoriant or a hallucinogenic ma-

A "significant contribution" could | terial. Its primary hazard, in his opinion, is the danger of "irreversible mental damage" to those individuals with unstable personal-ities, and the "eventual injury to society" by the use of the substance by young people.

Dr. Carr emphasizes that marijuana does not produce physical dependence. But he believes there "little doubt that the likelihood exists of transition from the use of a substance such as marijuana to the more dangerous drugs, such as the barbiturates and the addictive narcotic drugs.'

A balanced approach is the best way to teach adolescents about smoking, drinking, and drug abuse, according to Godfrey M. Hochbaum, Ph.D., of HEW's Health Services and Mental Health Administration.

An aggressive one-sided attack claiming that these activities are strictly health hazards is seldom convincing for teen-agers. An approach which presents all sides of the argument fairly

# Pot Smokers Dependent on Marijuana, Says WHO

Pot smokers can become dependent upon marijuana, says a re-port prepared by the World Health Organization's committee of experts on drug dependency.

These experts stress that there is no longer any medical need for cannabis: "In some countries, there are considerable differences of opinion about questions of dependence liability, the acute and chronic effects on the individual user and the community, and the type and nature of the controls to

be applied.
"This committee strongly reaffirms the opinions expressed in previous reports that cannabis is a drug of dependence, producing public health and social problems, and that its control must be continued.

Prof. Tadeusz Chrusciel, the medical officer of the drug dependence unit of the WHO division of pharmarcology and toxicology, says:

"There is no doubt in our minds of the psychic dependence of the user upon cannabis. Daily I encounter cases of people using marijuana or hashish (refined resin from the cannabis plant), which makes me wonder if there are no limits to human stupidity.'

#### (and acknowledges the psychological satisfactions which some people claim from cigarettes, alcohol, and drugs) will fit reality as the student sees it. Unless the educator presents the topic in all of its aspects and dimensions, desirable and undesirable, he will "lose" many of his students. Adolescents are in a period in which they reject a source of instruction (person or material) if they doubt its reliabil-

Dr. Hochbaum suggests the following approach in dealing with the use of cigarettes, alcohol, and drugs by adolescents:

ity or sincerity.

1. Acknowledge that these habits may fill certain needs, but stimulate the students to find other less hazardous ways to gain the same satisfactions they anticipate from these

2. Begin early in childhood, both at home and at school, to instill the proper attitudes and values about these habits. A teen-ager with a well-developed set of values will not be so susceptible to undesirable pressure from his peer group.

3. Before the stage at which formal instruction is given (which students often regard as an attack on their values), schools should use other courses to insert references to these habits.

4. Facts alone seldom change a person's attitude unless they are presented in a meaningful context. Statistics on the number of highway deaths will do less to promote safe and sober driving than will passing the scene of a bad accident or meeting a teen-age boy who was crippled in an accident while he was driving after drink-

5. For children who view the classroom situation as different from the real world, try to change the atmosphere by using a group discussion approach, outside the regular classroom if possible.

# Students Use Narcotics for Escape

Students at universities and colleges are using narcotics to relieve the tension of studies, according to Dr. Jean Paul Smith, an official of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics.

Dr. Smith says the need for such an escape is due to the "pressureatmosphere of college. cooker

Dr. Smith also says that, while education and counseling might not be the entire answer for curing the problem of parcotics on campus, he feels it often helps.

"They (students) may be using drugs just as a way of shaking up other people," he says. "If you show them insight into their problems, you may be able to help them."

Dr. Smith states that research into drug abuse is becoming as important as research into problems such as cancer.

"The drug problem is pulling us apart as a society," he says. "Drug abuse research tells you more about the person involved, rather than the drug.



The "pressure-cooker" atmosphere of college triggers the need for students to escape, says Dr. Smith.

#### In This NEWS

Now leukemia can be cured in mice. See page 16.

Can methadone addiction combat addiction to heroin? See page 17.

A "hangover" from overcooking? See page 18.

# Denver: A Positive Approach to Drug Education for Teens

participating in a police spearhead program aimed at educating students, teachers, and parents to the dangers of drug abuse.

Drug use among Denver youngsters, from marijuana to sophisticated amphetamine-heroin concoctions, "has grown to such a magnitude . . . that we are greatly concerned," says Delinquency Control Chief William E. Hallman.

At the direction of Police Chief George L. Seaton, youth officers "developed and instituted a positive program that hopefully will reduce the magnitude of the problem."

Police Department activities in the program revolve around these basic areas:

1. Intensified drug education to all junior and senior high school students in the city to "stress the potential dangers of drug abuse," utilizing movies, lectures, slides, and display materials.

2. Familiarization of teachers with drugs and effects "so that they man noted.

Seven Denver city agencies are | might recognize" various types of narcotics and symptoms of youths under their effect.

3. Briefing sessions aimed at "all parents" of students in the juniorsenior high age groups "to create an awareness and interest" in the problem. "It will be stressed that the key to success of the entire program will be the interest, cooperation, and willingness of the parent to assume responsibility.

4. A non-accusatory notification program for parents to seek help for involved youngsters, with police- and school-sponsored coun-

seling groups.

5. A police-operated "school" where suspected drug users and their parents may be referred by schools, courts, police officers, or other agencies. "Rather than moralizing, our subject matter will be very direct and will be approached from the viewpoints of social acceptance, medical reasons why drugs are harmful, and the con-sequences of drug abuse," Hall-

# **Tobacco Firms Ready** for Important Battle

The tobacco industry is preparing for a continuing battle over the smoking and health issue. Antismoking interests are preparing for a vigorous effort to require stiffer health warnings and regulation of cigarette advertising.

It is understood that the Tobacco Institute, Inc., operates on a budget of several hundred thousand dollars a year. It is supported by all but one of the major cigarette firms. President of the institute is Earl Clements, a former Kentucky Senator and a personal friend of Lyndon B. Johnson. Since the early 1960's he has directed the institute's opposition to antismoking forces

The institute recently dropped its connection with Hill and Knowlton, the advertising agency which had provided much of its man-power and services. This came about after the exposure by Attorney John Banzhaf II of a deliberate effort by the agency to distribute widely a magazine article claiming that scientific evidence against smoking is false.



#### Artery Hardening

Cigarette smoking has been linked to hardening of the arteries, especially the type called atherosclerosis, in which plaques clog blood vessels with fatty deposits.

A study of atherosclerosis in man by a team of researchers in Buffalo showed cigarette smoking is significantly related to the disease.

#### Mental Hazard of Pot

In young persons with unstable personalities, marijuana may bring on or contribute to psychoses, warns Dr. Doris H. Milman, asso-ciate professor of pediatrics at the Downstate Medical Center, Brooklyn. A study of 10 such adolescents and one young adult showed all as having chronic or acute schizophrenia after using pot.

# Leukemia Cells Destroyed

infest a child's body, death is at hand. But if physicians can kill 999,999,000,000 of those cells, leaving only one million behind, the child is cured-temporarily.

Four years ago, child leukemia victims seldom lived more than 12 to 18 months. Today, half of them are well for three years; many even longer. Success depends on speed. Eventually those million remaining cells will multiply and outpace scientists' ability to kill them, and the patient will die.

But hope is seen in the fact that all human research is predicated on animal experiments. The next step, already charted in animal work, is a key one: Once, mouse leukemia, like human, was fatal.

Now, it can be cured. "We tried half-blindedly for 15 years to cure mouse leukemia, with only flickers of success," says Dr. Howard E. Skipper of the Southern Research Institute, Birming-ham, Ala. "We could treat the leukemic animals and increase their survival time, but during these 15 lean years we must have buried several million mice that died in spite of our best efforts to save them."

Today, with carefully programmed drug attacks, the population of leukemia cells in a mouse can be reduced to zero and the animal cured.

Specific drugs, it has been determined, kill cancer cells at specific stages in their reproductive cycle. Some are effective against cells that are dividing. Others act against cells during the S phase, during which DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid) is synthesized. The goal, there-fore, is to perfect a combination regimen that will wipe out malig-

phases. The ability to do this depends on the speed with which a class, which includes leukemia, given tumor grows.

Cancers fit into two broad cate- noma, and Burkitt's lymphoma

When a trillion leukemia cells nant cells in all their vulnerable gories: fast-growing and slow. Cur-Hodgkin's disease, choriocarci-

Fast-growing cancer cells multiply to lethal numbers in a matter of days or weeks. Slow-growing tumors take months or years to proliferate to a lethal level.

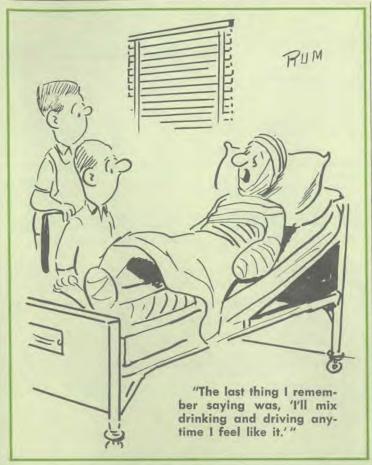


The club-shaped particles that cause leukemia in mice, seen in a microscopic view, have been identified and effectively destroyed in their animal hosts, suggesting that the method may be extended to humans.



A slow-growing tumor afflicts a mouse. Harder to treat than fast-growing cancers, such tumors may someday be "speeded up" by doctors to make them more vulnerable

LISTEN NEWS June, 1969



# Cobalt in Beer Damages Heart

An unusual and often-fatal type olis Veterans Administration Hosof heart damage appears to result pital. from the combination of a proteindeficient diet and heavy drinking of beer that contains minute quantities of cobalt, according to Dr. Carl S. Alexander, chief of the cardiovascular section of the Minneap-

#### **Oral Drugs Treat Early Diabetes**

Treatment with oral drugs during the earliest stages of diabetes has shown promise against disturbances of eyes, kidneys, and blood vessels

Dr. Rafael Camerini-Davalos of the Diabetes Center in the New York Medical College reports that these disturbances could be attacked, "long before they wreak their disabling effects."

Dr. Camerini calls attention to studies at Bedford, England, which reveal that even when the treatment does not improve the blood sugar level, it results in improved

blood vessels.

The least dangerous and shortestacting oral drug is tolbutamide, marketed as Orinase. Some patients not well controlled by tolbutamide may respond to acetohexamine. Another drug commonly used is phenformin, which can be obtained in ordinary or slow-release form. It is not associated with the release of insulin as Orinase is.

Because of an advance in diagnosis, pre-diabetes may now be spotted before the blood sugar problem shows up.

The cobalt-beer syndrome seen in a cardiomyopathy of relatively abrupt onset has been reported from Quebec and Omaha and has also been detected in Dr. Alexander's own institution. A stillincomplete retrospective investigation has disclosed that in 13 cases of this kind, the patients drank considerable quantities of one particular brand of beer exclusively for years before becoming ill, he

In most cases symptoms included shortness of breath extending for days or weeks. Shock and cyanosis were seen in four patients.

Anemia is often encountered in chronic alcoholism, Dr. Alexander notes, but in this series an increase in hemoglobin was seen, a finding he described as "unique.

There was no cirrhosis of the liver in deaths occurring after shock, he said. On the other hand, necrosis around central veins was often "striking."

The toxicity resulting from alco-hol and cobalt-beer, says Dr. Alexander, may explain the biochemical alterations in these heavy drinkers. He concedes that cobalt has been used with iron in the treatment of refractory anemia without resulting cardiac difficulty except in a few reported cases, but he suggests that such patients presumably were on an adequate diet and were not drinking alcohol while on this regimen. The iron in the preparation, he also suggested, may have interfered with absorption of cobalt.

# NY Tests Methadone to Combat Addiction

The controversial idea of using addiction to one narcotic to combat the addictive grip of other narcotics is headed for large-scale testing by New York state and city government agencies.

The drug to be tested is methadone, a synthetic pain-killer de-vised by German chemists during World War II. It is cheap, painless, tasteless when mixed in orange juice, and therefore easy for most patients to take. But methadone is

habit-forming.

Methadone's main advantage, however, seems to be that patients on methadone, and addicted to it. seem to have less difficulty coping with life than do people addicted to other narcotics. Methadone addicts usually can hold jobs, get along with their families, and function in something akin to normal fashion.

The main disadvantage of replacing heroin with methadone is that methadone addiction is so much like any other narcotic addiction. Some people seem to experience intoxication and euphoria from taking it-at least at first.

So, many Federal officials, some doctors, and groups which advocate drug abstinence without medical help, question the wisdom and propriety of replacing one addiction with another. "Even the most responsive patients on methadone don't function as well as people who don't take any drugs at all," says a Federal psychiatrist at the Government's Addiction Research Center in Lexington, Kentucky.

#### Teens Increase Use of Pep Pills, Speed

The use of speed, the slang name for amphetamine, is probably the most serious drug problem among youths, according to authorities.

Amphetamine is the active ingredient in pep pills. In the past year its use among high school students in particular has increased at an alarming rate. The common practice is to inject it by needle to increase the jolt.

Experts at a recent conference at the University of California San Francisco Medical Center said it represents the most destructive form of drug abuse, more so even than heroin.

# Reject Action May **Curb Cancer**

A problem in heart surgery could help in the fight to combat cancer. Sir Peter Medawar, a Nobel Prize winning scientist, explains it this

The human body rejects a borrowed heart or other organs, and this is a major problem in heart transplants. Scientists are trying to find a way around this reaction.

In fighting cancer, the reverse reaction would be helpful. The body could be strengthened so its natural defenses would reject cancer cells.



- The National Distillers nounced lower profits in 1968 on record sales and planned for a two-for-one split of the common stock. Last year it earned \$2,51 a share on sales totaling \$957,645,000, compared with \$3.21 a share earned in 1967. (UPI)
- The danger of drug abuse was the main theme of a second semester Purdue University course offered for teachers and other school personnel and students studying to be teachers. The three-credit-hour course was designed to help high school teachers develop a background to teach youngsters truths about drugs, including smoking and alcohol, and to help teachers find the right kind of teaching materials and appropriate teaching methods which increase understanding and knowledge. (Lafayette Journal and Courier)
- · "There isn't much left to do in ironing out the safety kinks in the automobile itself," asserts Robert R. Reilly, president of the New Jersey Automobile Dealers Association. "It is time that we took even more cognizance of the fact that almost 60 percent of auto deaths are caused by people with too much alcohol in their systems, he emphasizes.
- Broadcast Advertisers Reports' annual estimate of network advertising investment for 1968 shows a drop of 13.9 percent from 1967 on the part of cigarette advertisers. However, the tobacco people squelched the rumor of curtailment of broadcast advertising and for the most part say they haven't changed anything. Or in the exact words of one of them, "If there is any cutback in media spending, I don't see it." (New York Times)
- William Reichardt, Democratic state Senator from Des Moines, who has filed a bill to permit 18-yearolds to possess and consume beer, describes it as an "anti-litter" He claims that the measure will go a long way toward eliminating the empty-beer-can problem on city streets and along rural roads. (Waterloo Courier)
- People in insane asylums vote virtually the same way as everybody else, says the American Psychological Association. The only differences seem to be that a higher percentage trouble to vote and a smaller percentage invalidate their ballots by some mistake.
- The danger of accidents caused by drunk drivers is greater be-tween 9 p.m. and midnight than in the morning rush hours, according to a Federally sponsored study conducted by the University of Southern California. The study also found that cars driven by drunk persons run into other cars four times more often than other cars hit them. (AP)

# ARE YOU PUZZLED?

### Cut-off Musical Terms -

Annie Laurie Von Tungeln

Take away the first letter of each of the following musical terms and leave something very different,

- 1. Remove the g of a short note and leave to run fast.
- 2. Remove the g of a word that means serious and leave to talk wildly.
- 3. Remove the t of a musical ornament and leave a small brook.
- 4. Remove the m from a musical form timed for walking and leave a curve.
- 5. Remove the s from the distinguishing feature of jazz and leave part of a bird.
- 6. Remove the s from a musical sign and leave a stringed instrument.
- 7. Remove the t from a musical sound and leave a number less than five.
- 8. Remove the f from a wind instrument and leave a stringed instrument.
- 9. Remove the s from an arrangement of the parts of a musical composition and leave the center of an
- 10. Remove the b from a conductor's motion and leave to take food.

# Unique Cure for Fatigue

British nutritionist, says the world is suffering from what he terms a "king-size hangover" because "everyone is boiling away the essential vitamins from vegetables." And Dr. Taylor has persuaded the British government to investigate his claims.

On the basis of tests on German steelworkers in Dusseldorf and dis-cussions with nutrition experts in the United States, Austria, Yugo-slavia, Czechoslovakia, and Israel, Dr. Taylor is convinced the prob-lem is worldwide.

He says, "There are signs of men-tal and physical fatigue and slack-ness among all age groups. Prime offenders in this overcooked age are the canteens of offices, factories, hospitals, schools, and universities. It is quite possible that some examination failures are caused through students being short of vitamins and suffering mental fa-

Dr. Taylor says his investigations indicate that more than two million elderly people in Britain are suffering from vitamin deficiency.

He claims evidence indicates possible links between vitamin deficiency and such illness as peptic ulcer and heart disease. He says

s-harp; t-one; f-lute; s-core; b-eat, 8-race! 8-rane! 1-till: m-arch! 2-wing!

Dr. Geoffrey Taylor, a leading | early symptoms of vitamin deficiency, in addition to fatigue, include discomfort in the mouth, soreness of the tongue, and scaley

patches on the skin.

His cure: "Fresh vegetables should never be boiled more than ten minutes and then should be eaten immediately."

# Drugs Cause Half of All Poisoning Deaths

Although the total number of deaths from accidental poisoning in the United States increased over the ten years 1957-66, deaths among children under five years old decreased, reaching the lowest level since 1941.

1966, accidental poisoning killed 345 children under five, according to the National Clearinghouse for Poison Control Centers, U.S. Public Health Service.

Of these deaths, 155 were caused by drug ingestion. Aspirin and salicylates were the leading drug substances implicated.

Mortality figures for all ages for 1966 showed 2,283 deaths, with 1,568 caused by drugs.

Barbituric acid and derivatives were found the leading contributors, followed by analgesic and soporific drugs, then by aspirin and salicylates.

# **Actors Shun Smoking Roles**

times. Some are rerusing to participate in radio and television commercials. Others are speaking out about the hazards of tobacco. Henry Morgan, who admits to smoking three packs of cigarettes a day, has told his agent that he is

not available for any tobacco com-pany commercials. He appears on panel shows (many of which have cigarette sponsors) and apologizes for his habit, all the while smoking on camera.

"I say things like 'I'll probably die right in front of your eyes'; and I implore other people not to start smoking, or, if they smoke, to give it up, even though I can't," he says. Vic Roby, a National Broadcast-

ing Company staff announcer who does many ads on a free-lance ba-sis, advertised in Variety that he was "not available for commercials for cigarettes, because evidence indicates that smoking can lead to cancer, heart attacks, strokes, emphysema-and fires."

Mr. Roby, who quit smoking twenty years ago, explained his

action this way:

"I have a sixteen-year-old daugh-ter, and smoking is one of the things I don't want her to do. How can I take money to tell someone else's sixteen-year-old girl to smoke a particular brand and then ask my daughter not to smoke at all?"

The number of actors who are refusing to do cigarette commercials is growing every day," says Marje Fields, a partner in Voigts & Fields, one of the largest talent agencies devoted solely to com-

Perhaps the most dramatic in-

Increasing numbers of actors are joining the fight against cigarette antismoking cause is that of Wilsmoking, reports the New York liam Tallman, who appeared opposite Raymond Burr on the "Perry limitation for additional and the state of th

Mason" series for many years.

Mr. Tallman, who died of lung cancer, made a one-minute film for the American Cancer Society six weeks before his death last August, warning against the hazards of smoking.

And Tony Curtis, who recently quit smoking, has assumed the na-tional chairmanship of a new American Cancer Society drive "to get more Americans to give up smok-

It is expected that Mr. Curtis will enlist other major Hollywood names in his effort, some of whom would be able to insist that tobacco companies not be allowed to sponsor their television shows. Doris Day and Lawrence Welk were reported to have done just that in their new contracts for next sea-

# Alcoholic Children

Only 28 percent of children from alcoholic families grow up free from mental or physical damage, reveals a survey by the Salzburg Alcoholic Welfare Organization. Some 15.5 percent of these chil-

dren studied grew up under slum conditions as a result of the financial situation of the alcoholic par-

Twelve percent of the children showed severe mental and physical damage due to neglect. Five percent were removed from parental care due to alcoholism of one or both parents. A fourth of the children showed poor performance in



A couple of Vietnamese youngsters stand smoking cigarettes during a visit to an artillery position manned by U.S. Marines at Con Thien, near the DMZ.



TWO YOUNG ladies, recent graduates of business college, applied for a stenographic position with the company I work for.

The first girl was an attractive brunette, neatly dressed in a pearl-gray business suit. She answered the questions I put to her regarding training, skills, and previous work experience, and I was favorably impressed by her answers.

Then I inquired about her attitude toward work, leading off by casually asking about her hopes and plans for the future with our organization.

"Oh, I don't know," the young lady replied without concern or display of any interest in particular. "Maybe I could be a private secretary or something someday."

I thanked her for coming in for the interview and promised to notify her regarding the stenographic job within the next few days.

Later that afternoon another young woman arrived for an interview. She was a tall, intelligent-looking girl. Her clothes weren't quite as expensive or fashionable as the other young lady's, although the green dress she wore was neat and attractive. The factor concerning her appearance that really impressed me during the interview was the bright interest in her dark brown eyes.

She was about equal in business skills with the other applicant; perhaps a shade slower at taking dictation. The first young lady I'd talked with had the benefit of more actual work experience.

I smiled, looking up at the quiet-mannered young woman, and then inquired about her attitude toward work, again asking about ambitions and plans for the future with our company.

The young lady leaned forward in her chair and began to speak enthusiastically. "I intend to keep studying," she told me. "I want to improve my shorthand and increase my typing abilities. Then next year there is a course in business-letter writing that I want to take." She paused, looking at me. "You see," she explained earnestly, "I want to manage an office like this, really to make a career of my work. I have set a goal for myself. In ten years I should be qualified for the position."

I nodded. I believed her. With that kind of attitude, with a definite goal and plan for arriving at the goal, the young lady was certain to succeed.

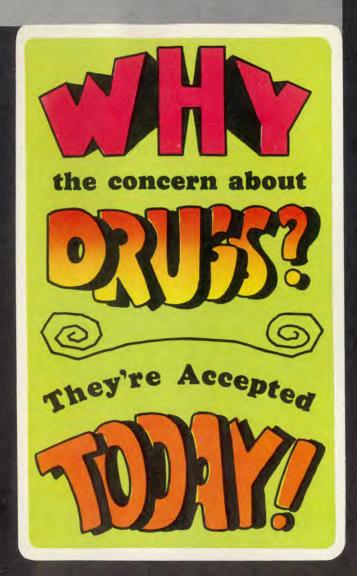
As things happened, I hired both applicants; one of the other girls on our office staff resigned to move to another city, so there were two stenographic jobs available.

That was almost three years ago. Today the first young lady I had interviewed, the girl who lacked a clearcut desire or objective to attain in the business world, is still a stenographer. Unfortunately, she has failed even to maintain the skills and abilities for the job that she began with. Recently her work has become slipshod and of mediocre quality. I have discussed this situation with her and have warned that improvement must be forthcoming immediately. I didn't give her the alternative. I didn't have to.

The other young woman I interviewed nearly three years ago is now secretary to our sales manager. She has earned and received four promotions since joining the organization, and she is unquestionably well on her way to the attainment of her self-established goal. I have a hunch that she won't stop after she becomes office manager either. She'll probably raise her sights and create even more important responsibilities for herself!

Never be misled. Attitude can make all the difference between climbing to your self-appointed destination or not getting started at all. Choose your attitudes as carefully as you select your friends. No, choose attitudes even more carefully, because the way you think determines how many friends you will have, how happy and successful you will be.

It is as easy to select positive, forward-moving thoughts as it is to allow negative, destructive ideas to dominate your mind. The choice is yours. Judge for yourself which attitude provides the better path through life.





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