

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



THE SPURRRLOWS

"What Is Your S-D-A?"

In Search of Answers

The mother of a five-year-old girl complained: "Lisa's questions are very bright and searching. The trouble is that she can't understand any of the answers."

This seems to be quite a prevalent failing these days, and not only with little children either. Obviously, there are many trials and difficulties in our world—problems that need solving. On the other hand, we have advantages and comforts unknown to former generations. All too often this latter fact is forgotten in the protests and dissent becoming so prevalent today.

Dissatisfaction with our society and our environment is not a bad thing in itself if it prompts us to seek betterment. However, the best kind of dissatisfaction in the long run is self-dissatisfaction which leads to self-improvement.

Much is being said by youth about growing up—the ability to take over. True maturity implies one's ability to walk by himself without the need of being ashamed of what he says or does.

Our world demands youth who are making progress toward maturity. Such progress can be gauged by self-responsibility and common sense in making personal decisions. Such development requires effort and adaptation.

Maturity comes through experience, the learning process. A person should react to his environment differently today from the way he did yesterday.

A false impression in the minds of youth is that restraints and discipline are to be avoided, that they imply weakness or insufficiency. The opposite is true. Maturity is not something one can slide into or enter with ease. It must be entered legitimately, sustained with constant and deliberate purpose.

True maturity is a mark of character. Though we speak of character development, we must remember that it is a steady, steep climb. As one author has described it, "Every impulse acted upon, every resolution carried out, every fine emotion that gets us somewhere, is weaving itself into the pattern of our character. This is not the product of lectures or sermons, but of well-directed individual effort."

This involves self-discipline, and often such discipline includes doing things we would rather not do and staying away from things we at times might want to do.

There is something about life, especially for youth, that centers on the immediate. But if life is lived only for the present, it is futile. Present demands need to be met, but one hallmark of man's position above the beast is his ability to plan for the future and to govern the present in the light of its effect on the future.

So, we ask many questions—youth ask many questions. We desire answers, immediate answers. Impatience comes naturally; we resent a time lapse between pressing a button and getting a response. But we must accept the fact that the answers may to a great extent lie within ourselves. They may involve not only blessings to bring us joy and satisfaction but also burdens to bear. Both burdens and blessings are part of normal life and adjustment, part of the answers to our questions.



LISTEN

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★ "Golf is no longer the most important thing in my life," says Billy Casper, golf champion and *Listen's* cover personality for August.

★ Rick had built his father into some sort of superhero in his imagination, but "A Visit With Dad" changed everything.

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Our apologies: The cover picture of Penny McCoy on the April issue of "Listen" was credited to Elwyn Platner. It should have been credited to Melvin Jacobson, author of the story on Skier McCoy.

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*The last door on my left was ajar; so I
carefully pushed it open, and gasped.
There was—*

Blendena L. Sonnichsen

The Animal Cage

"THEY'RE tearing out Neal Crothers's cage today," Aunt Ada wrote me from her Hollywood, Florida, home. "The doctor says it will still take time and patience, but there won't be any more terror at night. Thank God for that."

I held the letter tightly, thinking back to spring a year ago when all my family congregated for their yearly reunion, this time at the Florida home of Aunt Ada and Uncle Max. Knowing how fond I was of Uncle Max and how little time we'd had to visit, with all the reunion excitement, Aunt Ada quietly suggested I walk downtown that evening to his jewelry store on Hollywood Boulevard and talk with him while he repaired some watches. Then we could walk home together.

"It's the only way you two can be together before you leave, unless you decide to stay longer."

"I'd love to stay, Aunt Ada," I said gratefully, "but I've been gone too long already. I'll walk down and meet Uncle Max tonight." His store was about ten blocks away.

It was a beautiful, moonlit night, with pale stars twinkling remotely in the bright, moon-drenched sky. I walked slowly, past many houses boarded up for the summer, their owners having gone north to cooler and drier climates.

It gave me an uneasy feeling to see these silent houses, as palms rattled in the evening breeze with a ghostly sound. The moon was so brilliant that I could read the numbers on the houses even though they were set well back from the street.

I turned south toward Hollywood Boulevard, passing a wide, well-kept lawn protected by a high chain link fence with ornate iron gates. A sweeping driveway curved back to a large two-story house shadowed by Australian pines. Tall oleanders with nodding white flowers defined a rock garden with a small pool and several Japanese figurines.

What a lovely, peaceful place it must be in daytime, I thought, noting a life-size statue of a man standing with head down, hands clasped before him.

Suddenly the most horrible screams of anguish tore the air, then moaning cries of "Oh-h-h, Oh-h-h," followed by heartbreaking sobs. Stunned by the awful cries, I stood paralyzed, too frightened to move. As I listened to the agonizing sounds, the "statue" lifted its hands high and then ran swiftly toward the house.

It was all over in an instant. I swallowed, got my shaking legs into action, and took off down the street as fast as my forty years would let me. I ran until I reached Hollywood Boulevard, the agonizing cries still in my ears.

On the way home with Uncle Max I spoke about the figure of the man I'd seen and the awful cries as he ran away.

"Bet you came down Jefferson Street and turned on Eighth, didn't you? Aunt Ada should have warned you about that house. Scared all of us the first time we heard Neal, but we're used to it now. It doesn't happen so much anymore.



ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD LARKIN

Doc tells us he's getting better slowly, but it'll take a long time. Poor guy's condemned for the rest of his life to merely exist if he can't recover to be normal again."

"Who is this 'poor guy'? What's wrong with him?" I asked.

"He's Neal Crothers. His folks own a big packing plant in central Florida. A year ago they went to their summer home in North Carolina, but Neal stayed here because he has a boat and likes the water. Somewhere he got hold of LSD, and it nearly killed him. He went into spasms, running and screaming and trying to tear down the walls of the house with his bare fingers. When the spell passed, he seemed normal and realized what he had tried to do. He begged his father to build an iron cage inside his bedroom that he couldn't tear apart. That's where he heads when he feels a spell coming on—usually when the moon is brightest, like tonight. Then he's sane for a week or maybe a month or two. His spells are getting less violent, and Doc says someday he may be free of them and begin to live again. Neal's only nineteen."

When I returned to California, I often thought of poor Neal Crothers and his LSD and the horrible spells of madness it gave him.

As the weeks passed so did the memory of that terrible night in Hollywood. Then a short time later my husband suggested we take another short vacation in Florida.

We visited Aunt Ada and Uncle Max again, and I asked about Neal Crothers. How was he getting along?

"I'm going over there today to see if Mrs. Blake, the housekeeper, will come help me for a few hours," Aunt Ada said. "She has extra time now because the Crotherses are up north and the house is closed up. Why don't you come with me? If Neal is out, she'll show us around. It's a lovely home, elegantly furnished."

So Aunt Ada and I walked to the Crothers place, through the ornate iron gates, past the rock garden, and up the sweeping drive to a home twice as big as I had visioned it.

Mrs. Blake, a plump, pleasant woman in her forties, greeted us and invited us upstairs while she finished waxing one of the bathroom floors. "I'll only be a few minutes," she apologized. "If I stop now, I can't see where I left off, the tile is so light-colored."

When Mrs. Blake disappeared, Aunt Ada pointed down the hall. Cautiously I edged away, passing exquisitely furnished bedrooms and a luxurious gold-and-white marble bath. The last door on my left was ajar, so I carefully pushed it open, and gasped!

In the center of a huge, absolutely bare room—no carpets, furniture, curtains, or lights—stood a cage, with iron bars like those on jail windows. It was about ten feet square, eight feet high. It was like a confinement for dangerous animals—it was like death. I felt cold and my hands were clammy. This was Neal's cage.

Now it was being torn out, Aunt Ada had written. Apparently Neal was slowly returning to normal. He was more fortunate than he would ever realize. With time and patience he might begin to live again, not be condemned merely to exist the rest of his natural life.

If only the people who experiment with LSD and other vicious drugs could have seen this lovely home, with its cage for a human being, turned worse than an animal, they might then realize the dangers of such experimentation. ■

A NEW WORLD Before You



Elaine Berwitt
and N. Ross

RECENTLY while walking through a department store

I noticed a group of children gathered around a raised platform. To my surprise an old acquaintance of mine, a teacher, mounted the platform and delighted the wide-eyed youngsters with magic tricks and friendly patter.

Afterward I lingered to talk with him as he packed up his paraphernalia. Knowing that he had been bedridden for several months, I asked what miracle had brought such a happy glow to his eyes and a new spring to his step.

"When illness forced me to take an indefinite leave of absence from work," he said, "I thought the end of my world had come. How could I bear the inactivity and isolation of my illness? Well, I began to read—magazines, newspapers, books—anything I could get my hands on. A friend of mine brought me a book about magic tricks, and as I began to feel better I practiced some of the tricks."

"Later I began to perform for my nieces and nephews. Finally the children in the neighborhood started to knock at my door, asking to see the Magic Man."

My friend smiled broadly. "Now magic has become a regular part-time job for me. And how I love it! My whole world has expanded. What seemed at the time to be the end of my world was really the beginning of another one—a better one, in many ways."

A. J. Cronin, the famous author of *The Citadel*, was forced to give up his successful medical practice in London for at least a year. He resented the fate which had unfairly slammed a door in his face. In his despair he met an old Irish nun. "You know, Doctor," she said, "we have a saying in Ireland that if God shuts one door, He opens another."

Cronin began to protest; but suddenly he thought, "What if it were true?" In a burst of insight he exchanged his stethoscope for a pen. "Now instead of concentrating wholly upon the physical well-being of my patients, I'll devote my efforts to their mental well-being," he decided.

Through his books A. J. Cronin was not only able to help his own patients but he was able to reach human beings in all parts of the world. And he reached a point in his life where he could say wholeheartedly, "Life is no straight and easy corridor along which we travel free and unhampered. It's a maze of passages through which we must seek our way, now lost and confused. But always, if we have faith, God will open a door for us, not perhaps one that we ourselves would ever have thought of, but one that will ultimately prove good for us."

Anna Mary Robertson Moses, a farm woman who was seventy-eight years old, might have thought, "Now I've had it. I'm 'over the hill.'"

A source of pain were her arthritic hands. Instead of bemoaning her illness, however, she began to paint, since the exercise of moving her fingers kept them from becoming stiff. In addition to her age and arthritic hands, she had no money to purchase materials. Her first picture was painted with house paint; her first background was a left-over piece of torn canvas. It is not surprising that her first works sold for only three dollars each; it is surprising that they sold at all.

This persevering woman became fabulously successful. As Grandma Moses, she painted more than fifteen hundred pictures during the last two decades of her life. Some of her paintings now bring \$20,000 each, and many are on display in art galleries throughout the United States and Europe.

No matter what your problem, no matter how many doors have been closed in your face, there is still an open one waiting for you. ■

For millions of youth today the constant talk about "acid" and "pot" and "dropping out" is getting tiresome. They have much more important things to be concerned about.

FOR A CHANGE, newspapers in the nation's capital didn't so much scream of "pot parties" and "protests" and "demonstrations."

Youth hunting for headlines through the trouble they might stir up had to move over for a time to make way for boys coming into the capital city and showing they are indeed preparing to become the leaders of their country. And they proved that they are the ones actually being listened to by "The Establishment."

From all over the country they came—Alaska, California, New Jersey, Puerto Rico, Texas, Iowa, Idaho, the Virgin Islands, North Dakota. And they came to celebrate Boy Scout Week and the fifty-ninth anniversary of the founding of the Scout movement in the United States. They came also to visit President Richard Nixon, Congressional leaders, and other Government officials about "Boypower '76," Scouting's dynamic new expansion plan with the slogan, "America's manpower begins with Boypower."

The "they" who were invading the nation's capital were Scouts—Eagles and Explorers. Ranging in age from fifteen through seventeen, these boys had worked long and hard for this trip, and they filled it to the full. Before popping flashbulbs and whirling TV cameras they gave the President a fishing rod and told him that Boypower is meant to help solve some of the problems of inner-city ghettos. The boys showed up in Congress; they were briefed by the Postmaster General and the Secretaries of Defense and Interior. They saw their Government in operation.

This event of outstanding Boy Scouts visiting the nation's capital was not unusual in itself. Similar excursions are made each year. What made the occasion a refreshing one was the recognition of young people who are doing something positive about improving the world in which they live. For them the constant talk about "acid" and "pot" and "dropping out" is getting tiresome. They have much more important things to do.

"Naturally, we're all concerned about the problems of our society, including those of drugs, smoking, and drinking," said Paul Collins, seventeen, Eagle Scout from Fargo, North Dakota, where he is active in his Key Club, student council, National Honor Society, football, skating, singing, and community work. "But I feel that there is too much emphasis on these problems. There are so many good things young people do today. If when we visit Congress, one of us got up and threw a bomb or some rotten tomatoes, it would be in all the newspapers in a matter of hours. Maybe this is what people want to hear about. But the positive side of life should be publicized more."

"I think the people who use drugs are very insecure," Paul continued. "They are looking for something, and they're not sure what. They don't know how they want to find it, so they become confused. I think this is the difference between them and the Scouts. We're both looking for something to do to make a better



Paul Collins

President Nixon is happy with the fishing rod presented to him by Randy Rountree. Scout president Irving J. Feist approves.

BOYPOWER



Scouts pause in memory of President John Kennedy at his grave in Arlington Cemetery.



world, but the Scouts have a definite program and an idea of how to go about it."

Paul calls the use of drugs "an escape from reality," actually "the cowardly way to get away from everything." He feels that when the drugs wear off, "you're back in the same world and 'nothing has changed except your own mental condition, and that for the worst.'"

Randy Rountree, sixteen, from San Angelo, Texas, was one of five boys making presentations to President Nixon. "America's manpower begins with Boypower," was inscribed on the gift desk set.

Randy will never forget the thrill of seeing his photo with the President in newspapers across the country. He, in fact, bought every *Washington Post* he could find the following morning.

Randy, whose hobbies are music, baseball, and basketball, hopes to be a physician like his father, or perhaps he'll go into professional scouting. He's also involved in band and orchestra and is president of his 4-H club.

Randy also thinks about life and his own personal goals. "Most kids want to lower the voting age to seventeen or eighteen. Many of them want to take over the country. I

don't feel like we're ready to take over the country at that age. I'm willing to help our country, but I'm just getting out of high school and need to be out in adult society and have a semi-independent setup in order to realize what the world is really about."

Randy views smoking and drinking as a form of rebellion, "especially with boys who want to show their masculinity. But they don't realize they're doing the opposite."

The youngest boy in the Scout group was Dean George, fifteen, a slightly built Eskimo boy from Mount Edgecumbe, Alaska, sponsored by the Citizen's Group. Dean sings in his church choir and is an altar boy at the Russian Orthodox church in his snowy hometown. He is active in the pep club, band, track, and wrestling. In costume, he is a mem-

ber of the Tlingit Dancers and earns some spending money with his soapstone carvings.

Dean says that in his hometown "everybody is busy all the time, families are close together, and we wouldn't spend money for these things that aren't good for you. The Boy Scouts are really nice to me. I'm just one of the guys; Eskimo or Indian—everybody's just the same here."



Dean George

In our troubled world, the Boy Scouts are indeed a bright spot on the horizon, a spot that is getting brighter all the time. By 1976 it is expected that some 6,500,000 boys will be members, a 50 percent increase over 1969. This will mean that at least one out of every three boys will be a Cub, a Scout, or an Explorer. The goal is worth striving for; it is a step in the right direction—a long step. ■

Boys observe the Scouting Memorial in Washington's wax museum after the display is dedicated.



Speaker John McCormack receives the BOYPOWER plaque from a Scout delegation.

Randy Rountree gives former Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark a rundown on the Scouts' BOYPOWER program.



This Bus Is a Weapon...



Photos by Schiff, Three Lions



This teen-ager seems fascinated as he begins to realize that such a harmless-looking plant becomes the source of a drug like marijuana.

Observers demonstrate a deep interest in the prospect of the growing problem of addiction invading their communities. A policeman tells them the dangerous effects of drugs.



Nassau County, New York, recognizes it has a growing problem in drug abuse. In an effort to fight the spread of this curse, a weapon has been developed in the form of a narcotics mobile information center. The exhibit, housed in a special bus, is a comprehensive display of plants, solutions, charts, and pictures portraying the vicious vice of drug addiction. The mobile unit has attracted many young persons and community leaders, who see the "other side" of the exotic lure of marijuana, LSD, stimulant or sedative pills, glue, or other drugs.



This panorama of the perilous hallucinogens actually shows LSD in liquid and cube form, as well as STP and DMT. Glue used in sniffing is also featured here.



Narcotics addiction has emerged as a dangerous problem for girls as well as guys. Here, an attractive coed studies the types of fluids and needles on which addicts get hooked.

Use of psychedelic art is featured at the drug abuse display to imply the sort of explosive effect some of the hallucinogens are likely to have in the aftermath.



"With a Song in My



Dreamer, developer, director—Thurlow Spurr is a dynamo for communicating his faith in our atomic age.

A BLAST from the brass. Lights. The action starts. The director and his twenty singers bound on stage for a 90-minute musical revue called "Splendor of Sacred Song."

Vocal solos, instrumental and choral renditions, and lively musical production numbers are skillfully blended into entity to capture something of the spontaneity, the wonder, the excitement, and the enthusiasm of the young. And the audience loves it!

Thurlow Spurr is responsible for all this. A dreamer, developer, and director, he is a man who has unlocked opportunity for scores of young musicians—the Spurrflows.

The Spurrflows (named from their director) are a group of about thirty-five young people with an interest in leading other young people to Christ and, according to Spurr, "to tell people that Christ loved them enough to die for them."

Their personal commitment to Christ and to the Christian style of life equips them in an unusual way to handle the dual assignment which is theirs.

The whole idea began about ten years ago when Spurr got the idea of touring with a group he had organized at that time "to present Christianity as a modern relevant means of communicating the need of Jesus Christ to the world." A singer, writer, arranger of music, and graduate of the Fred Waring Workshop, Spurr was international music director for Youth for Christ and felt that "the greatest drawing power in the world is music."

Heart "Music for Modern Americans!"



Twyla
Schlotthauer

In three years some 2½ million teen-agers in more than 2,000 high schools have thrilled to the Spurrllows' "Music for Modern Americans."

So the Spurrllows were formed in 1959. More invitations than they could handle made it necessary to establish a Spurrllow II group, which is under the direction of Gary Mullin, a one-time member and tour manager of the Spurrllows. They plan to double again this summer and next; and by 1975, says Spurr, there should be Spurrllow groups on every free continent of the world.

It was the vivid, wholesome quality of the Spurrllow music that attracted the Chrysler Corporation several years ago. In 1964 the firm asked the Spurrllows to present its important driver safety message to thousands of students by means of high school assemblies across the nation. "Music for Modern Americans," a high-gear program of carefully chosen favorites, consists of folk and show tunes, spirituals, and current hits.

Particularly groovy to the teens is a "date-rating" chart. Girls are asked to rate their boyfriends on eight points:

- He enjoys drag racing.
- He exceeds the speed limit.
- He uses safety belts.
- He keeps both hands on the wheel. (This one always gets a snicker from the audience.)
- He burns rubber.
- He drinks while driving.
- He tailgates.
- He obeys signs.

"Yes or no to those eight things," says Spurr to the teens,

"will tell you whether or not this is a driver with S-D-A." And he asks a blond star of the show, "What in the world is S-D-A?"

She breathily replies in a sexy whisper, "Safe-Driver-Appeal."

Spurr follows the audience laugh with: "Now here's a song that tells you how we feel about this," and the group launches into a lively rendition of a big production called "Keep Your Cool."

Chrysler Corporation sponsors the Spurrllows' daytime programs in high schools and provides the transportation and most of the equipment.

Independent of the Chrysler Corporation, in the evening the Spurrllows perform sacred concerts, such as "Sing a New Song," and "Splendor of Sacred Song."

The two Spurrllow groups are identical in dress, music, and performance. However, only group I is sponsored by Chrysler for its safety program. During the day group II appears at colleges, shopping centers, service clubs, and on radio and TV.

The Spurrllows all believe in "living, relevant Christianity." "Often we put God on a shelf, or think of Him as the great-granddaddy in the sky that stamps his foot and says No," explains Gary Mullin, director of Spurrllows II. "But this isn't so. To most people, God is not personal. We are trying to say that Christ can be real." And to the youth in the Spurrllows, He is real. Each evening, to conclude their sacred concert, they'll tell you!



In quiet meditation the Spurrllows prepare their hearts for the explosive emotion of their spiritual presentation.

Take Trish Rattan, an eighteen-year-old blond and winner of a National Choral Award and a music scholarship from the University of New Mexico. "I think my most exciting moment was when a dream came true and my friends selected me as Homecoming Queen," she relates to the audience. "But when it was all over, it wasn't the greatest—Christ is. Being Homecoming Queen was just the taste of another Homecoming, with not my friends but Christ voting for me, and I'll be crowned all over again. This will be the most exciting."

Or Dave Williamson, a student at California State College and a member of the Oakland Symphony Orchestra. "For me the greatest thing in the world was when I won every award possible for saxophone, clarinet, and flute. But now the greatest thing is the love of another human being and together knowing the love of Christ."

There is a 90 percent turnover in the groups each year, and new Spurrllows are recruited at the end of each show. Annually, about a thousand try out—only sixty-five to seventy make it into the final audition camp where they are placed in group I or II and packed off to separate training camps. Contracts are for nine months only, but occasionally a Spurrllow is invited back for another season.

The youth, all high school graduates at least, must be excellent musicians because of the five-hour repertoire of music. Additionally, according to Gary Mullin, they must look good, be socially acceptable, mentally capable, and spiritually motivated to share music with others.

This spiritual motivation is the most important. There are no denominational differences in the groups even though the kids are from every denomination—Lutherans, Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, Assemblies of God, and many more.

Three of the Spurrllows II—Eileen McKinney, Greg Flesing, and Jan Burke—tell of their reasons for joining the Spurrllows and their experiences with the group.

From Los Angeles, Eileen had won a Youth for Christ talent contest and was about to go overseas on a YFC Teen Team. Then, according to Eileen, God shut the door. Instead of going overseas she joined the Spurrllows. Eileen is planning on nurse's training in college.

Jan first heard about the Spurrllows when they put on a traffic safety program in her Amarillo, Texas, high school. She

auditioned and was invited to summer training camp, then to the final audition camp. Jan says she's in the group for the experience and for the opportunity to witness of God's love. She would like to major in evangelism in college.

Greg, from Sacramento, had known about the Spurrllows for three years after seeing the film "Face the Music." He auditioned out of curiosity. He interrupted his premed studies when he received a call to join the Spurrllows.

These three agree that they get a "real experience" on the road. They learn a lot about themselves and benefit in other ways. "It breaks the barriers down," says Eileen. "There is no front to put on. The other kids see you as you really are."

"If your smile is fake, others can tell," adds Greg.

To watch the Spurrllows in concert may give you the feeling of luxury and glamour. They enjoy their work, but the job is glamorous only on the surface. Anywhere from four to eight concerts a day (a total of about 600 concerts a season) means a sacrifice of personal desires and continual attention to business.

Their informal fellowshiping with other youth after a church concert keeps them in full concert dress till late at night. High school assemblies often start at 8 a.m. and usually many miles must be covered between day and night schedules.

Their caravan consisting of two automobiles, four station wagons, and a huge forty-foot van pulls to a stop in front of a high school. Out of the cars, station wagons, and van jump the Spurrllows. Just twelve minutes later, in the high school's auditorium, the stage is completely set, the lights and sound equipment are installed, and the Spurrllows are all in their places. The arrival of the group is not always that dramatic—they prefer to save the excitement for the show itself—but if necessary, the whole thing could be done in even less time. Their record is eight minutes.

The young performers—the average age last season was nineteen and three-quarters years—have had plenty of practice, however, for they travel more than 250,000 miles a season. Besides musical responsibilities, each Spurrllow is assigned an extra work load. Some sell publicity booklets and copies of their six records; others unload the van, set up equipment, take care of housing arrangements, et cetera. All vehicles in the caravan are driven by the youth themselves, who are given special driver training for this.

They never use the high school's public address system, as they bring their own lighting and sound equipment, worth over \$20,000. Altogether, including four complete costume changes, a variety of musical instruments, stage decorations, props, music, bandstands, technical equipment, and the thirty personable performers themselves, approximately 1,252 items are used in every presentation of "Music for Modern Americans," their high school safety program.

This all sounds like a lot of work—and it is. But there is an occasional day off when they *sleep*, write letters, or call home, according to the three. "I was ready to get away from home, but it's really different now," says Jan. "There definitely is a generation gap, but it's a lack of understanding on both sides."

All expenses are taken care of and the youth are paid allowance expenses—"toothpaste money," Greg calls it. Housing arrangements are usually taken care of by the church hosting their evening concert. The youth divide up and go by "pairs" to the homes to stay. ("Sometimes we go in cars!" Greg adds.)

Of course, in their safety program the performers are not



Through "Splendor of Sacred Song" the Spurrllows bring an answer to millions of people who are looking for a sensible way of life.

Your S-D-A rating can be checked by this chart presented to teen-age groups by the Spurrllows.

allowed to drink or smoke while with the Spurrllows. But it is not a case of "you can't!" "We don't even know if there are any written rules for the Spurrllows on drinking or smoking. I guess we just don't need them," says Eileen.

The groups have seen firsthand the effect of drugs. In New Orleans some hippies came to one of group II's church concerts. "We asked them if their hippie life was as happy as the Spurrllows'. 'Yes,' they answered, 'when we're high, but we always have to come down.' We try to get them to take their problems to God first, instead of using drugs. And when they take this first step with Christ, then they have taken the first step to get off drugs."

As an interesting informality (along with wit and humor throughout a program) during an evening concert, both Spurr and Mullin send the Spurrllows into the audience to "tell 'em you love 'em." "We've met many fantastic Christians and made lots of friends," the Spurrllows say. "We've enjoyed communicating and relating our experience to others. We must give ourselves, and show love to others. I guess you could say that we live by the golden rule and John 3:16."

They believe very much in the power of prayer. Each has his individual devotions, and they meet as groups in cars as they travel. Always the last twenty minutes before a concert are set aside for devotions. The youth take turns reading the Bible before a concert, ask for special requests, and usually all pray in conversational prayer. They take all their problems to God—even if it includes the complete lack of housing for the night.

The Spurrllows recognize the imperative of a new music medium to communicate with the Now Generation. And their music arrangers—Stan Morse, Otis Skillings, David Ayers, and sometimes Ralph Carmichael—do an excellent job of helping them make the "medium the message"—not to blot out problems, or even to soothe—but "to communicate abundant living in the midst of a world out of tune."

They entertain. They create new sound. They reach the hearts of both young and old. But beyond that the Spurrllows leave a hope that is permanent and a faith in Christ that is life-changing.

One arrangement for the "Splendor of Sacred Song" con-

trasts the Spurrllows' music with Top 40 tunes. Prerecorded songs and disc jockey continuity from a rock station fade into Spurrllows' music that shows how positive life is—especially a life with Christ. "Pop rock sings about sex, loneliness, despair, and the blues; but on the other side of the coin," says Mullin, "the Spurrllows are not turned on to pot, LSD, alcohol, or anything. The most important thing for these kids is life."

"We sing the words, 'Now walk with God, and He will be your dearest friend, Where'er you go and in everything you do,'" says Eileen. "During these months with the Spurrllows, we have each grown spiritually. We have learned to walk with God."

"There's a text in Mark (chapter 10, verses 29 and 30) that says if anyone has left his home and everything for Christ and His gospel, he shall receive a hundredfold in this world and the world to come. We feel that we've already received the hundredfold. We really want to mean the songs we sing:

"To my Lord and King, I shall always be,
With a song in my heart for Him."

Director Thurlow Spurr (left) appears with a leader of Teen Challenge in a joint program at Anaheim, California.



END OF A RAINBOW



D. TANK

Ree Reaney

JERRY unfolded his long legs and stretched in the hot California sunshine. The weight of his canvas newspaper bags tilted his bicycle at a crazy angle, so he took out his dad's copy of the *Times* and held it under his arm while he propped his two-wheeler against the big International gates behind the inspection station. His dad, an inspection officer at the Mexico-United States border, was busy with the evening traffic rush.

Jerry settled himself in the shade to wait, his back to the cool stucco of one of the buildings. He glanced at the clock, figured he had at least an hour to wait before his dad finished, and opened the newspaper to the sports page.

An ant made its way across the page, stepping gingerly on a sporty racer pictured there. Jerry looked at the picture intently. He was seeing the curve of those shiny, customized headers on his own car, the same wonderful dream he always had. Softly at first, then louder and louder, he imitated the power throb sound he imagined it would make. The ant, hurried by the sound, moved faster across the picture.

"Beep! Beep!" Jerry rooted at it. "This custom job will pull you right down the carburetor!"

He tilted the paper as the ant reached the edge. The ant changed its course and struggled back to the opposite side.

"Pretty smart. You keep right on trying, don't you?" Jerry said. "Guess I should learn a lesson from that." He sighed.

It would be a long time before he could own a car like that.

The ant moved on. The heat of the afternoon flooded over Jerry, filling his body with a lazy relaxed feeling. He knew he ought to load his bike into the trunk of his dad's car, but first he'd wait for another look at that sporty car that always came through the gates about this time. He'd already seen it in the distance.

He walked over to stand beside his dad. Far down the road was Mr. Wilbur's car.

Mr. Wilbur, a big, blustery-looking man, owned a small ranch in Mexico. He was one of the "regulars" who stopped at the border each day. Jerry saw him often, but Mr. Wilbur always kidded in a way he didn't like. Maybe a real rancher could be boisterous when he felt like it, but his loudness somehow bothered Jerry. The car was closer, and Jerry could see that Mr. Wilbur looked mighty grumpy at this moment.

Mr. Wilbur turned his good nature on or off to suit himself, Jerry thought. Right now he looked mad, or busy, or maybe worried.

"How are you, Wilbur?" Jerry's dad called to the rancher.

The little show car with its fancy mill fascinated Jerry, yet it bothered him at the same time. Any fellow who fixed up his car like Mr. Wilbur's on the outside, while the motor sounded like a cross between a popcorn popper and a tin pan alley band, didn't have his brain working on all cylinders, Jerry thought. A motor that noisy didn't deserve those beautiful long pipes and headers—custom-installed too. How Jerry dreamed of making a car look like that!

"Why don't you watch what's going on here, Jerry, and find out what our border patrol is all about instead of drooling over fancy cars?" His dad's voice interrupted his dreaming. "I have been watching," Jerry protested, "but there's not much to see."

"That's what lots of folks think," his dad said, "but don't let that fool you, Jerry. Anything can happen here."

Jerry had heard plenty of tales about the border, but he'd never seen anything exciting really happen.

The grinding of gears grated on his ears, and Jerry knew, without looking, that it came from Wilbur's car. He cringed at the sound. *His* car, if ever he had one, would purr like a tiger or he'd know why. Dad put more emphasis on smooth-running equipment than he did on looks, and Jerry had learned to look for trouble when he heard it. Motors are more important than good looks, he thought.

He sighed with envy. What a dream car! Again he heard that screech, scrunch, grind.

"Doesn't like the gears he's got," he muttered to his dad. "Sounds like he's cutting new ones."

He flinched at the sound of the knocking motor and saw his dad grimace. Jerry walked around the car, envy darkening his eyes as he admired the little show car, its gleaming chrome, and those extra-long, curved, shining headers. He could hear Mr. Wilbur talking to his dad in that jolly-jolly voice, the anxious worried look masked in smiles. Jerry touched the chrome where a spot of dirt clung to it. His fingerprint stayed, so he rubbed his sleeve against it until it disappeared.

"Hey, Dad." Jerry wanted to say something, but his dad held up his hand to stop him.

"I know, I know, Jerry. It's a beauty, but a family car it isn't." He shrugged at Mr. Wilbur.

Jerry ran his hand lovingly over the shiny headers again. Boy did that chrome glisten! He bent over and looked closer. Nice job of installation. He leaned over to wipe a smudge of carbon from the curve of chrome on the other side.

"Ouch!" he yelped, sputtering and blowing on his hand. The men turned. "That one's hot!"

"What'd you expect, son? You ought to know about exhausts."

"But the other—"

Mr. Wilbur practically exploded. "Hey! What are you doing around there?" His rowdy grin disappeared as he stuffed his wallet into his hip pocket, along with the credentials he always displayed at the inspection stop. His cold, blue eyes were shooting fiery glints at Jerry.

"Mr. Wilbur," Jerry said politely, "one of these headers must be dead and that's why it's not hot." He was still rubbing the burned hand across his mouth from touching the one that was hot. His words were muffled, but Mr. Wilbur didn't answer or even look his way. He opened his car door, jumped in, and started grinding the starter.

Down the line cars were jamming up. Mr. Wilbur's starter ground again and again. "Caramba!" he shouted. "Keeds. Always their noses where they don't belong." The motor turned over, knocked, and died again.

"Wow! Something's sure biting him," Jerry said. And then a thought struck him. Mr. Wilbur knew it was dead, and there must be a reason why he didn't want Jerry around those headers and exhausts.

"You're right, Wilbur," his dad was saying. "Kids nowadays can't think about anything but chrome and hopped-up motors."

Wilbur didn't answer. He ground the starter again, and when it turned over he called out over the noise, "See you next trip."

"Hey! Wait!" Jerry shouted. He pulled at the sleeve of his dad's uniform, pointing to the chrome. "Please, Dad. Please check those pipes."

Jerry was sure something was phony.

He held his breath. Yes, his dad detained Mr. Wilbur with a motion of his hand. "Just a minute, sir." Then impatiently, "Well, Jerry?"

Mr. Wilbur shot an impatient spurt of gas to the motor and it knocked and roared.

"Dad, I think you ought to check. Something's funny about—" His dad snorted. But Jerry saw a flicker of interest, and his words tumbled over themselves as he hurried to explain. "Dad, one side's hot and the other's cold. They ought to both be hot. They're installed right. Please take a look, will you? Maybe they're plugged up or something."

Mr. Wilbur was shouting and fuming. "My time is valuable. You let a keed hold me up? I'm in a hurry."

Jerry knew his dad saw the quicksilver change in Mr. Wilbur's manner.

"Pull over to the parking area," he said evenly. "Better step inside while we run a check, Mr. Wilbur." Jerry knew that tone of voice. It meant business, and Mr. Wilbur knew it too. His face turned a chalky gray, and he grunted as he swung his fat bulk out from under the wheel of the show car.

Jerry elbowed his way closer to the desk in the station. Long, gleaming chrome parts from the car lay nearby and one of the men was eagerly forcing something from inside a glistening tube.

"Look at that!" he said in a low, amazed voice. Something wrapped in heavy aluminum foil tumbled out—then another—and another. Unwrapping one, the men spread the contents on the desk.

"Marijuana!" said Jerry's dad.

"Looks like chopped up green weeds to me," Jerry said.

"It looks a lot more harmless than it is," one of the men explained. "Seeds, stems, and leaves all ground up. The kids call it pot, and there's enough misery here to add up to a stiff sentence for Mr. Wilbur."

"Jerry found some pot at the end of Mr. Wilbur's chromium rainbow," said Jerry's dad; and Jerry could tell his dad was proud of him now.

It was easy to see the reason for that worried look on Mr. Wilbur's face, now that he thought about it. That loud laugh, that on-again, off-again humor made sense too.

Lots of things really do happen at a border station, Jerry thought. He looked out and saw the long line of cars stopping, being inspected, going on, as they always did. Only Jerry, Mr. Wilbur, and the three inspection officers were aware of the drama inside. Suddenly Jerry saw the importance of his dad's work. He thought of all the people who might have been led down a long road of misery because of that one load of illegal cargo. Maybe when he was older, he too could have a part in this important work.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw another ant make its solitary way across the desk. He started to brush it away but thought better of it.

"Go ahead, ant," he said. "Dream and look around awhile and then get down to the serious part of living. That's what I'm going to do." The ant turned, waved its antennae at Jerry, and went on.

TODAY'S YOUTH SPEAK OUT

"Our parents are the hooked generation."

Fern Gibson Babcock



In the play *Ashes to Ashes* Gaylean Edwards takes another look at smoking—with the aid of Skeleto Ronnie Waters.

Posing as a queen in the play, Carol Henry smoked herself to death.



HOW DO you "save a million"? Students skeptically eyed the signs in Towers High School, Dekalb County, Georgia. How to save a million *what*, they wondered, and who was supposed to do the saving?

"How to Save a Million" week had been in the planning for months, ever since the Junior Civitan Club at Towers High had decided to aid the American Cancer Society as their community project. Several students had attended the Council on Smoking and Health, a program in Atlanta which drew delegates from high schools across Georgia.

The group from Towers High was alarmed! After much thought they had decided on "How to Save a Million" week because of a talk given at the convention by Dr. Dale E. Dominy, chief of thoracic surgery at Atlanta's VA Hospital. In his lecture the doctor had said one million will die of lung cancer, if present smoking rates continue.

First speaker on the Towers "Save a Million" program was a cured cancer victim, J. Arch Avary, Jr., an Atlanta banking executive. Since his close brush with death five years ago, he has been urging others to get adequate physical examinations for the early detection of cancer. He emphasized the direct relationship between smoking and cancer. "Do I smoke?" he asked the enthusiastic assembly. "No, I don't smoke. I just don't have time. I spend all my time attending the funerals of my friends who *do* smoke!"

Surgeon Dale Dominy, on hand also for this crusade, told his audience that about one third of the United States population is suffering from illness connected with or aggravated by smoking. "We need only to impress you with our message: Do not start smoking! Remember, when everything else fails, cancer cures smoking!"

Teen-agers sponsoring the week's activities were busy visiting the six elementary schools which feed into Towers High and talking with fifth, sixth, and seventh graders.

Typical was the scene at Glen Haven Elementary School where Fred Books, Randy LaCroy, Allen Watts, and Jimmy Donovan appeared on the stage. It was obvious that the program was strictly a youth-to-youth effort, as the high school students came alone, without faculty sponsors.

Allen said, "We four fellows all go out for sports. Fred's on the football team, Randy's a wrestler, and Jimmy and I play basketball. We can't afford to smoke if we want to stay healthy and do well in these sports. We can't afford the cost, either—a pack a day would cost us \$150 a year!"

Jimmy spoke next. "Some of you want to smoke because it makes you look 'tough.' Forget it. The only way smoking is 'tough' is on your insides."

Looking over the youthful group, Randy remarked that perhaps they were wondering why lecture to grade-school kids rather than their parents. "We're talking to you," he said, "because you're not hooked yet. Our parents are the hooked generation. Let's not get caught like they did."

Climax of the antismoke week was *Ashes to Ashes*, an original play given at the high school by the young Civitans. The skit lampooned cigarette advertising and ended with solemn mourners surrounding a flower-covered coffin.

Reaction to "How to Save a Million" week? One could hear it everywhere. One boy tossed his cigarette onto the librarian's desk with the terse comment, "I quit!" Many reported that their parents had promised to stop smoking.

Seniors at Towers High won't be able to save the whole million, but they've done an outstanding job of educating the 2,000 in their own school.

Teen Swingers Ride for Hard Landing

Emphysema Deaths Double in Five Years

Emphysema is now second only to heart disease as an adult crippler, and its prevalence is increasing rapidly. Reported deaths have doubled every five years since 1945.

Though the actual cause of the disease is not understood, there is a clear association with cigarette smoking. (Only one patient in thousands studied in the United States and abroad had never smoked.)

As with bronchitis sufferers, emphysemics have difficulty breathing—a result of something obstructing the proper flow of air through the bronchial tubes. In Great Britain, chronic bronchitis seemed to be more prevalent, while in America emphysema dominated until doctors in the two countries discovered they had been calling the same symptoms by two different names. Most now call it the emphysema-bronchitis syndrome.

Recent investigators suggest that the diagnosis "emphysema" be limited solely to patients showing specific changes in lung tissue. The walls of the tiny air sacs break down, preventing normal expansion and contraction. Too much air becomes trapped, and the lungs become increasingly distended.

Bronchitis, on the other hand, is an inflammation of the lung tissue usually causing mucus to form and to congest the air passages.

While smoking is regarded as the greatest culprit, air pollution also plays an important role. Both bronchitis victims and emphysemics show greater distress in smoky, foggy atmospheres.



With vigorous, healthy activity in other lines, youth today are finding that getting "smashed" can bring fading glamour and vicious results.

Teen-age swingers may be riding high now but heading for a hard landing, experts in the field of alcoholism feel.

With psychedelic hangouts the place to meet new people, today's social-minded young set is being exposed to a variety of liqueurs.

Young patrons may form the habit of social drinking—and sow the seeds of alcoholism. With 6.5 million or more Americans suffering from this dread disease, today's teen-agers tuning in with alcohol may become tomorrow's alcoholics.

Most experts agree that the primary responsibility for education about alcohol rests in the home.

However, since many parents leave their children's education entirely up to the schools, programs are now under way to teach the teachers how to educate young people about alcoholism control.

And that's not all. Elementary schools in a New York district have launched a pilot study under a new curriculum designed to instruct fourth graders about the dangers of alcohol. In fact, the New York State Education Department has made it mandatory that all schools employ similar programs by 1970.

Encouraging high school students to recognize the problems which may arise in connection with drinking is essential. A Council on Alcoholism in New York stresses development of attitudes in high school students based on a sense of personal responsibility.

"Without condemnation, adults must educate teen-agers so that they can make an intelligent decision," it says.

Christ Can Save Man

There is a great need "to get back to the fundamentals of religion because Christ can still save man," says Robert Bartlett, director of Teen Challenge in Philadelphia.

Most drug addicts, he declares, "indicate that they are tired of dead, dry, emotionless religious experiences. I have met nine-year-old kids on the needle, and twelve-year-old kids who are hip on sex. It's our job to help these youngsters through a relevant religious life."

In This NEWS

★ Can glue sniffing injure chromosomes? See page 16.

★ How the military hits the drug problem. See page 17.

★ Now we are imitating the cats. See page 18.

Smokers Are Being Duped

An antismoking Senator has raised the "sinister" implication that cigarette companies are trying to get smokers hooked harder on the weed by raising the nicotine content.

"Absurd," replies the Tobacco Institute, the cigarette industry's propaganda arm.

The latest turn in the smoking-and-health argument stems from a new Federal Trade Commission report on tar and nicotine content of 126 varieties of cigarettes. It was the third batch of data from an FTC smoking machine, but it was the first time the agency compared each brand's score with earlier test results.

The FTC reports that 78 of the varieties tested in February showed an increase in nicotine content from their scores in a test last October.

Antismoking forces on Capitol Hill immediately seized on the findings. "Implications of these test results are at best discouraging and, at worst, sinister," says Sen. Moss (D., Utah), currently the cigarette industry's most outspoken foe in Congress.

Sen. Moss says, "I hope" the reason can be found in variations in the tobacco crop or FTC test methods, and then adds: "If not, it would be hard to escape the conclusion that the companies that

produce these brands are deliberately stepping up the nicotine yield.

"To what purpose? We know that nicotine is closely related to the addictive or habituating quality of cigarette smoking. If the change proves to be deliberate, we can only assume that it reflects a conscious tactic to stem the trend toward giving up smoking which now is making significant inroads on cigarette sales."

An FTC official says the increases in nicotine content didn't result from changes in testing methods. "We are using a uniform procedure," he says.

"A Long Way, Baby"

The list of maladies for which cigarettes are supposedly responsible seems to be endless.

Dr. Harry W. Daniell, a Redding, California, physician, claims that habitual smoking causes crow's-feet and other wrinkling of the facial skin. He also says that threats of crow's-feet are more effective in making his female patients give up smoking than warnings about something "minor" like lung cancer.

As the commercial for a new ladies' cigarette puts it, "You've come a long way, baby"—and you look it!



This Vietnamese kid takes a drag as if he has been smoking for years. The cigarette is from a Marine.

Youth Say They Take Drugs To Eliminate Competition

To cope intelligently with drug problems, one needs to know more about what appeals drugs offer.

Here are some of the ways that college students have described their reactions to "mind" drugs:

"I could lose all my worries and imagine many things."

"The mind is magnificently delighted by very simple situations."

Use of drugs "is our only means of feeling love in the general, perhaps Christian, sense in this debacle of self-destruction. It is a return to Eden."

"I have stopped taking drugs. It became too easy to 'groove' on something without ever coming to terms with real problems, without ever really thinking. The borders of illusion and reality became hazy."

"I consider it now a part of the growing-up process. It was an answer. It no longer is. I am still overwhelmed by the madness that is my country, but I must find another way of coming to terms with it."

These answers came from students asked, in an anonymous questionnaire, why they had used or might still be using drugs such as marijuana and LSD.

For some unknown percentage of drug users, "it is a way of hitting back at parents, to shock them, loosen them up a bit," says a West Coast college student. "Taking drugs marks an external rejection of middle-class values and society in general."

Marijuana, LSD, and other drugs, users assert, also can offer escape from boredom, the complaint that "there is nothing to do," even in the midst of affluence, or perhaps because of boredom with that affluence. "The world seems dull lots of times; we're over-titillated," a student remarks.

Dr. Keniston, the Yale psychologist, puts it another way—a person can become "psychologically numb," overwhelmed by all the stimuli and pressures around him, the demands on his attention. He puts up a screen to ignore it all.

But this self-erected screen "may become so dense that it isolates him as well from direct experience with the simple, the beautiful, the unexpected, in the world around him," says Dr. Helen Nowlis, University of Rochester psychologist.

Many young people feel that modern life is not offering them enough options, or that they have to choose life careers too soon, says Dr. Leonard S. Zegans, Yale psychiatrist.

"With drugs, they can try thinking and feeling in different ways. Drugs represent a breakdown in or withdrawal from society's competitive emphasis. You just can't compete in the drug state."

Glue Sniffing Might Injure Chromosomes

Doctors, health authorities, and parents have a new worry about the teen-age craze of glue sniffing.

Canadian medical researchers report they have found strong indications that the sniffing of airplane glue and other solvents, including nail polish remover, severely injures the chromosomes, the basic genetic matter of humans. Thus, the sniffing of glue could ultimately cause birth defects as does the hallucinatory drug LSD.

The evidence, reported in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, comes from a series of tests on thirty Toronto boys averaging fourteen years old by a team of researchers from the Addiction Research Foundation of Ontario.

Dr. Thomas Ryley of the obstetrics and gynecology department of Toronto's Wellesley Hospital studied 780 white blood cells from fourteen glue sniffers. He found thirty-five gaps, thirteen breaks, and two extremely rare chromosomes with an abnormality rate of 6 percent compared with an average abnormality rate of 2 percent and no chromosome breaks in a control group of boys.

Dr. Ryley said the presence of thirteen chromosome breaks in the glue sniffing group and none in a control group would "appear to be definite evidence of chromosomal damage."

The researchers also said they

found injury to the livers of seventeen of the thirty boys.

The solvents used for sniffing included airplane and household cements, nail polish remover, lacquer thinners, lighter and cleaning fluids, gasoline, and anesthetics such as ether and chloroform, which are still used for some non-medical purposes. Nitrous oxide, sometimes used to keep whipping cream under pressure in cans, also was inhaled to get "high."

Only 100 Years Ago

From the Lafayette Daily Courier, 100 years ago:

"Will the Coming Women smoke? In all probability, yes."

"There is, undoubtedly, a growing inclination among women to use tobacco, vulgar and disgusting as the practice is. Nor can we wonder that such is the case, since at least nine tenths of the men, old and young, use it in some form, and claim to derive a great benefit from it."

"If men do not want women to use tobacco, why not cease to use it themselves and admit frankly that it is a vulgar, disgusting, and injurious habit? The efforts made by men to justify their use of it can have no other effect than to convince women that they should use it too."

You have some chance of finding your ideal outside of yourself when you have, as much as possible, accomplished it within yourself.
—Maeterlinck

Too Much City These Days

Antisocial behavior by young people is a common feature of increasing urbanization in nearly all countries, according to a United Nations study.

This behavior, "normally understood to be antisocial," ranges from alcoholism to juvenile delinquency and organized criminality. Nevertheless, underlying many attitudes and reactions of youth "is a feeling of world solidarity and a sense of common responsibility for the achievement of peace and economic and social justice."

Many younger people would argue, the report notes, that "true antisocial behavior is persisting in the support of conventional controls and older standards and not recognizing the transformation of life which is taking place as a result of the technological revolution."

By this argument, older standards can be disruptive "in their blind enforcement against the modern permissiveness and public actions of young people" who constituted 54 percent of the world's population in 1965. Three fourths of the persons under 25 live in developing countries.

The report states that in developed countries the causes of delinquency are profound, whereas in developing countries it is often a child-care problem.

The report gives a strong boost to national youth corps projects in developing countries as "the only effective measure for bringing large numbers of thwarted, unemployed, and aimless young people to grips with problems of national development."



School and Smoking

Schoolboy smokers in their early teens exhibit different characteristics in academic and sexual matters than their nonsmoking contemporaries, according to a paper in the *British Journal of Educational Psychology*.

The paper is based on a survey of more than 5,000 boys between eleven and fifteen years of age that shows that educational success is a high ideal for both smokers and nonsmokers. But both groups agree that while nonsmokers achieve this success the others do not do so.

Smokers are thought to be far more interested in attracting girls, and regard this as a desirable characteristic that the other group lacks. Nonsmokers do not rate the ability to attract the opposite sex so highly.

All the boys questioned thought toughness is an ideal and felt they were not as tough as they would like to be. Whether or not they used tobacco, they believe that only smokers are tough.

Fight Fatigue With Fags?

"Nicotine at first has a small energizing effect, but tends to add to tiredness later. Tobacco smoke contains carbon monoxide, which keeps oxygen out of the red blood cells. Smokers absorb enough carbon monoxide to offset a 'relaxing' cigarette."—*Today's Health*, February, 1969.



Apollo Heat Shield—When NASA's Apollo spacecraft returns from a moon mission and reenters the earth's atmosphere, approximately two inches of a plastic-type material separates the three-astronaut crew from surface heat that can rise to over 5,000° F. The success of the last fifteen minutes of a lunar—or earth orbital—voyage before the parachute opens depends upon the ability of this thin layer of material to counteract the friction created by the rapid and fiery reentry. The final jump from temperatures as low as 150° below zero to over 5,000° above takes place at speeds of approximately 25,000 mph.



Drug Battle in the Military

Though the trend now is away from discharging minor drug offenders in the military, particularly in the Air Force, addicts are still treated as criminals, not medical problems. None of the military services has anything corresponding to the civilian drug clinics or rehabilitation centers.

However, the Air Force is experimenting with a retraining program, the only program in the Armed Forces that is trying to salvage the military careers of drug-law violators.

The retraining group at Lowry Air Force Base in Denver has an informal atmosphere about the compound. There are no fences, discipline is not rigid, and retrainees are indistinguishable from other uniformed airmen on the big air base. The 111-member staff, including 23 civilians, consists of correction specialists, teachers, vocational-training specialists, clinical and research psychologists, chaplains, and an Air Force psychiatrist.

In addition to individual counseling and group discussions, retrainees take 90 hours of classroom instruction covering such subjects as speed reading, citizenship, marital relations, economics, money management, hygiene, sex, and "peer rating." In later phases of the program they are given on-the-job training, and some are permitted to learn new occupations. Each man advances at his own pace. Some are returned to duty in three months; some stay a year. All retrainees, whether they have been convicted of theft, being absent without leave, drug use, or anything else, take the same program.

The retraining group provides no specialized treatment for habitual drug users. And airmen convicted of violating the drug laws remain a small percentage of the 125 or so retrainees in the group at any time.

Yet the 3320th is playing a far more important role in the campaign against drug abuse than the figures indicate. An informal, anonymous survey of incoming retrain-

ees last year indicated that 75 percent of them had smoked marijuana or used drugs without prescription. This may have prompted the most recent addition to the curriculum: a three-hour course on drugs.

Recently the Air Force issued a new regulation on drug abuse, encouraging evaluation of each case on an individual basis and permitting wide discretion in the determination of disciplinary action. One option specifically suggested is assignment to the retraining group.

What kind of men risk imprisonment to get high on pot or pills? Generally, those at Lowry are between 20 and 27; the majority are white youths from middle-class background. Almost all of them have graduated from high school; none is a college graduate, though a few have started college before joining the Air Force. Only one intended to make the Air Force a career; he was the only one who had not been introduced to pot before entering the service. Though a few start blowing grass in their early teens, most are casual pot smokers who seldom, if ever, try any harder stuff. No one thinks that marijuana is physically harmful. On the other hand, all agree that they have learned at least one lesson in the group: Turning on is not worth the penalty of getting caught.

Retraining is not the ultimate answer to the drug problem in the Armed Forces. Neither are imprisonment, adult education, and big-brother supervision. For the problem essentially is not only the military's but society's. As Maj. Robert Schmitz, of the Drug Abuse Control Committee, puts it:

"The military population is just a piece of the American pie. If we have a drug problem in the Army, it is because of the nature of the civilization in which we are living." Compressing his scope, the major adds: "I think, in the final analysis, you've got to put some faith in the intelligence of the modern American man."

"Do" Versus "Say"

The sudden increase of "hard-drug" users among middle class suburban youth is in many ways the result of their parents' hypocrisy," claims American University psychologist James Mulrooney.

Although parents persuade their children to "accept truth" as a major value, he says, the mature sophisticated young people of today "see the things that we do and say and see a big difference."

"The distrust that exists in our young people regarding us and our society . . . has produced new dimensions of the hypocrisy they believe we represent," he adds.

How Many Drinkers In the U.S. Now?

Two persons in every three (64 percent) say they use alcoholic beverages, only a percentage point under the result for 1966 when a 20-year high was reached, according to the latest Gallup poll.

The latest figure is six points higher than in 1939, when the Gallup drinking audit was started. The proportion of male drinkers has changed very little over this 30-year period, but the proportion of female drinkers has climbed dramatically. Among men the percentage has increased from 70 percent to 72 percent, among women from 45 percent to 57 percent.

According to the poll, a greater proportion of young persons, those in their twenties, are likely to be drinkers than are older persons.

Income is also a big factor. More than eight in ten (83 percent) of persons whose family income is \$15,000 or more say they have occasion to use alcoholic beverages. The proportion who drink falls off steadily in relation to income level, with a majority (54 percent) being abstainers in the under \$5,000 income group.

Major differences are also found in terms of religion, education, occupation, and region, as seen in the following table:

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◆ A new trial was ordered for James Miller, a Connecticut hairdresser who had been convicted of participating in an international narcotics smuggling ring. The U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit reversed his conviction and ordered a new trial because the defense and jury had not been told by the Government that it had questioned its principal witness under hypnosis before the trial. (New York Times)

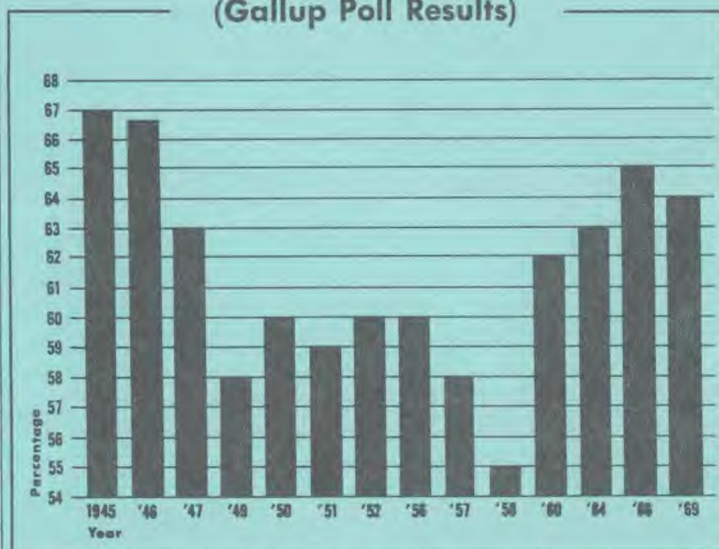
◆ Boredom—especially with the educational system—is a major factor in pushing many American teen-agers to use of drugs, says Paulist priest Rev. John J. Kirvan. "There is so much more awareness and experience outside the classroom that school is dull, dull, dull," he says. "Let's face it, our educational system is one big bore." (AP)

◆ Sen. Strom Thurmond, Republican from South Carolina, has introduced legislation to require that a health warning be printed on labels of liquor bottles. The warning, patterned after the cigarette label requirement, would read: "Caution: Consumption of alcoholic beverages may be hazardous to your health and may be habit-forming." (UPI)

◆ Teen-age use of dangerous drugs has become a serious nationwide problem, says the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. "Two years ago the biggest problem was in the Northeast and on the West Coast, it says. "But today we're finding it all over the country." (AP)

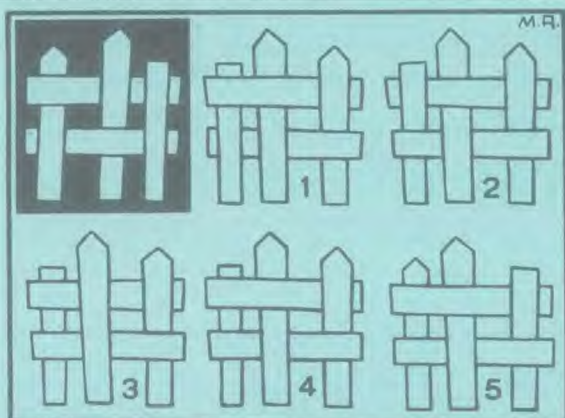
◆ The rate of marijuana used per thousand troops nearly tripled in U.S. Armed Forces in Vietnam last year, reaching 7.99 per thousand, reports the Pentagon. (UPI)

Percentage of Drinkers in U.S. (Gallup Poll Results)



ARE YOU PUZZLED?

A "Stile-ish" Riddle. The stile in the top left-hand corner is one of the other numbered five seen from the other side. Which is it?



Drug Use Gives Rise to New Jargon

Daughter says she's going to baby-sit. Son says he's going to kill some time comparison-shopping for footballs.

Should you worry?

If daughter doesn't regularly baby-sit and son isn't the athletic type, chances are you should worry.

Baby-sit and footballs are part of the drug world's new jargon.

The former means to guide a person through his drug experience. The latter: drug slang for pep pills.

You can tune in this vocabulary that's gone to pot by checking the potpourri chapter of Dr. E. R. Bloomquist's *Marijuana* (Glencoe Press).

Dr. Bloomquist is chairman of the California Inter-Agency Council on Drug Abuse.

Marijuana, he maintains, facilitates violence, is an accessory to crime, and should by no means be legalized.

"Users of high concentrations of cannabis marijuana may become violent because of their inability to control hostile, paranoid, and sometimes homicidal trends," he warns, adding:

"If the user is predisposed to antisocial behavior and violence, anything may happen when he is taking marijuana.

"This is the issue in determining whether to legalize cannabis or not. Considering that violence lies bubbling beneath the surface in many people, . . . we must ask ourselves whether society wants to legalize a substance that releases personal restraints and inhibitions as one of its most reliable effects."

Dr. Bloomquist disputes the contention that marijuana opens the mind and enhances creativity. One proof: An objective evaluation showed that it lowered standards of musicians' performance.

Now, more words for you from the book's grass glossary:

"Ripped," highly intoxicated on drugs; "space out," in a daze resulting from a trip; "crash," to fall asleep suddenly or have an unpleasant comedown from a drug episode; "giggle smoke," cannabis smoke.

"Roach," the butt end of a mari-

juana cigarette which is particularly potent due to the accumulation of resin as the cigarette is burned; "grass brownies," cookies containing cannabis; "let it all hang out," to give the facts, to hide nothing.

There are more than 100 words in the grass glossary.

And in case you didn't know, cannabis also is called griffo, or mohasky, or mu, or muggles, or boo.

Let the Cats Have It

Catnip, the mint-like plant that kittens adore, is the latest substance to be tried by some youthful drug addicts as a substitute for marijuana or LSD, report two psychiatrists at the Milwaukee Veterans Hospital.

Four addicts who have switched from smoking marijuana to turning on with catnip told the psychiatrists that smoking rolled catnip leaves or impregnating cigarettes with liquid catnip extract triggers psychedelic "trips" with LSD- or marijuana-like effects.

For two addicts the catnip "rides" were more like LSD's dangerous "trips" and could be "potentially serious," the doctors report. A number of researchers have found that LSD can break human chromosomes and cause birth defects.

The catnip is used in several ways. Leaves from catnip plants (*Nepeta cataria*—a member of the mint family), are ground up and rolled into cigarettes or smoked in pipes. Used this way, a large amount of catnip must be smoked to cause a psychedelic experience.

One of the four addicts, a seventeen-year-old girl, told the doctors that catnip caused LSD-like hallucinations she could turn on and off at will for three days when she became bored in school.

Another twenty-year-old college student said catnip produced "a greater sense of unreality than marijuana" and his trips lasted one day. At the end of two catnip experiences he suffered LSD-like depressions and gnawing headaches.

Drug Education Needed

Alarmed Nixon administration officials are helping draft legislation aimed at educating the nation's youth of the terrifying aftereffects of drug use.

"We're trying to come up with an educational program that will do something about the lack of knowledge of the problem," says Rep. Lloyd Meeds, Washington State Democrat.

The proposed first-of-its-kind law will be aimed at educating children, their parents, and teachers about drug use and abuse.

Chief aims of the bill will be to:

—Make grants to universities, colleges, and private institutions to develop curricula for the education of young Americans about the use and abuse of drugs.

—Test and evaluate the curricula in drug education in elementary and secondary schools.

—Train teachers in drug abuse education.

—Conduct seminars and institutes to inform parents of the problems in drug use and abuse.

1969 Audit of Drinkers by Groups

	Use Alcoholic Beverages
	%
National	64
Men	72
Women	57
21-29 years	80
30-49 years	69
50 years and older	53
\$15,000 and over income	83
\$10,000-\$14,999	78
\$7,000-\$9,999	72
\$5,000-\$6,999	61
Under \$5,000	46
East	77
Midwest	64
South	43
West	75
Professional and business	74
Clerical and sales	68
Manual laborers	66
Farmers	48
College trained	74
High school	66
Grade school	51
Protestants	56
Catholics	82

FTC Checks on Ads

The Federal Trade Commission staff has recommended cease-and-desist orders against alleged health claims or implications in cigarette advertising.

The FTC's investigation began last December. At that time, major tobacco companies were asked to supply copies of their advertising for the preceding six months and to answer a two-page questionnaire asking for substantiation of health claims that may have been made in the ads. In this respect the questionnaire differed from the FTC's routine monitoring of cigarette ads, it is understood.

A key feature of the investigation centered on advertisements made by American Tobacco Co. and Liggett & Myers Inc. quoting a story in January's *Fortune* magazine that there is "hope for cigarettes."

The investigation of general health claims comes under the FTC's latest cigarette advertising regulations, which provide that no cigarette shall be advertised as being safe, or being safer than others. The rules also state that use of tar and nicotine ratings must be "factual, fair, and not misleading." Bases for comparison of ratings among different brands must be "fully and fairly stated," the regulations say.

New School Course on Hazards of Smoking

The Bethlehem Central School District in New York may become the first in the East to offer a course on the hazards of smoking.

Joseph Guerrero, director of the district's new health education program, is being flown by the Federal Government to Danville, California, to inspect a Federally sponsored antismoking program there.

The program may be adopted by the local district and Bethlehem Central set up as a training center for other interested Eastern school districts.

San Ramon High School at Danville has reportedly been operating a successful course in the hazards of smoking and has been training other districts to teach the course.

The Federal Government is interested in setting up a training center in both the Midwest and the East.

The antismoking program is sponsored by the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

Emphysema Is Even Worse Than Pictured

The emphysema death rate may be 40 to 50 percent greater than that reflected by death certificates, reports a team of doctors from the Denver, Colorado, Webb-Waring Institute for Medical Research.

Their conclusions are based on careful review of clinical data and autopsy reports, which indicate that many deaths listed as due to heart are actually caused by emphysema.

Too often, says the research team, neither doctor nor patient is aware that emphysema is the true cause. In these instances the true cause of

death can be determined by special techniques during autopsy in which the lungs are inflated so that the morphologic lung destruction which occurs in emphysema can be seen.

The authors of the report agree that "present death certificate practices underestimate the extent and significance of emphysema, and these practices should be improved."

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YOURS FOR LIFE

Sara Baker

TO ALL of you, I will introduce myself as perhaps your most necessary means of achieving pleasure or conducting business. As such, I should be your best friend. I'm sorry though that I cannot claim this exclusive place. To those unprepared for the quirks in my usually mild temperament, I have at times proved to be their worst enemy.

I have existed in many forms in many civilizations. In ancient times the feet of magnificent Persian

caravans touched my rugged back. I heard the screams and laughter of Roman captives and their triumphant captors. Later, bare feet of red men soothed my weary skin. Panting horses of the Pony Express slashed me while desperately straining to reach the next station.

I have known peace, and war. In modern times ominous objects have come rumbling and sputtering over my sensitive spine, then more puffing monsters. These grew larger every day, it seemed, until my battered body rebelled. Happy laughter at times faded into screams of agony and death. Realizing that even I had feelings, they covered me with a snug black blanket. Deciding that I looked a little plain, they decorated me with long stripes and dotted lines of yellow and white. This is the form I customarily assume today. I am proud of my appearance. I appreciate my position in society. I am invigorated by the purr of a Grand Prix, and passionate whenever I hear the idling motor of a GTO.

I shudder, however, when I contemplate the other side of my life, for mine is not always one of pleasant sights and sounds. I hear holiday laughter, but also screeching brakes and piercing cries, and sudden, infinite silence.

The mutilation, the mangled bodies that I have seen, the extermination of whole families, is about more than even my hardened soul can continue to bear—and most of it so unnecessary.

I would appreciate nothing more than a tranquil life in which I can be of real service to you, in which I can do the work I love to do for you. Remember, I'm yours for life—not death.

The Road ■

