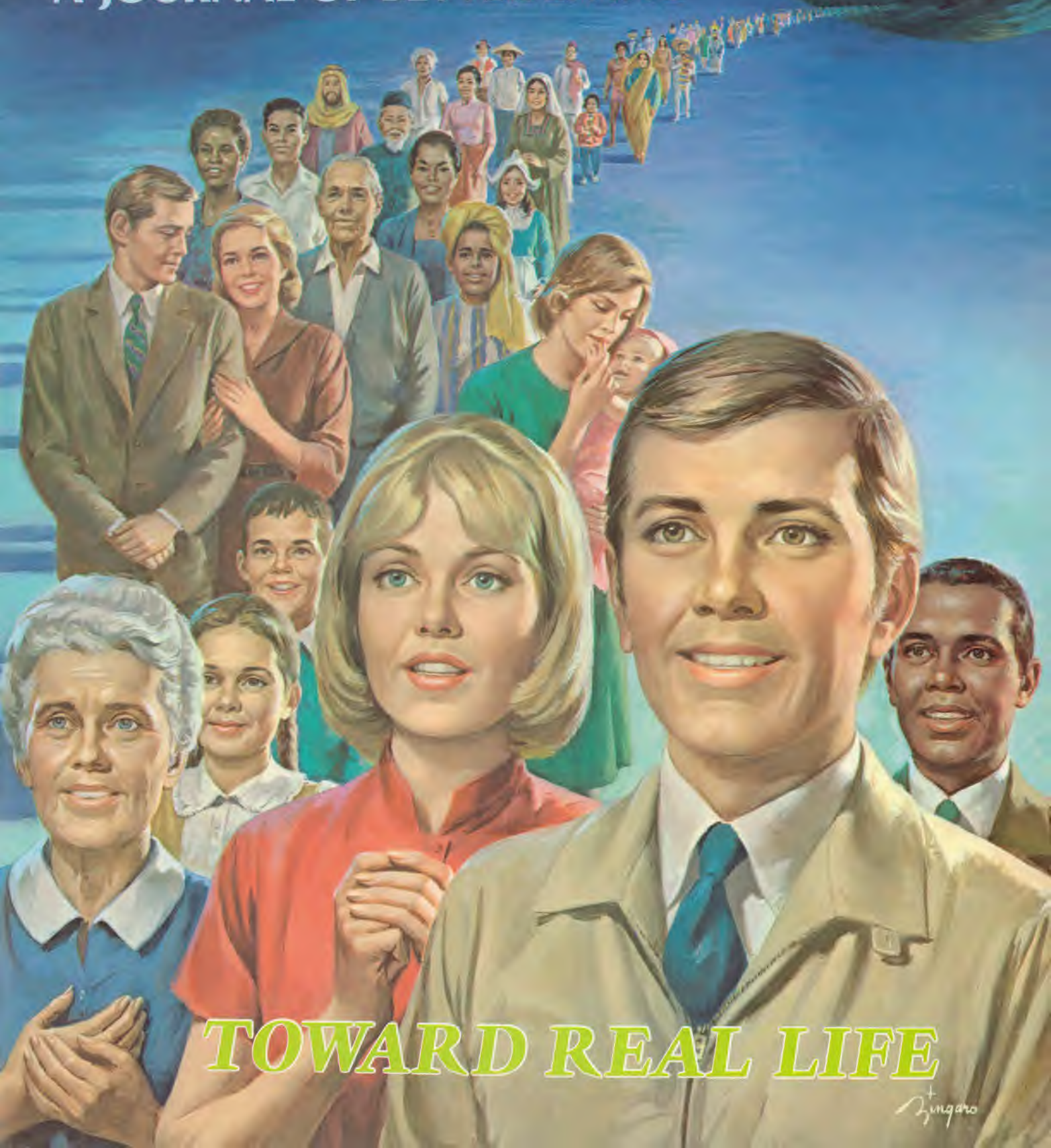


# LISTEN

A JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING



*TOWARD REAL LIFE*

*+  
Zingaro*



## Toward Real Life

Here they come—thousands of them, from all lands—toward real life!

Leaving behind the blandishments of a lesser way of life and the negative allurements of the moment, they move on with broad smiles and healthy step toward positive living.

In our day there is so much life, but so little real living. We want to live! Youth want to live—now. We are the now generation.

At times it is difficult to remember that life has two dimensions—not only the now of the present, but also the then of the future. And it depends on how the now is lived whether the then will be good, or possibly whether the then will ever come.

We often like to "live it up," making pleasure for the moment uppermost. But living it up today mortgages the future—physically, and often in every other way.

As someone has phrased it, "Live it up, and you will have to live it down."

This is what so often happens in this matter of drugs, including alcohol and tobacco. Most users of any of these drugs begin their habits with no thought of having to pay any cost in the future. They wink at obvious facts, saying, "It just won't happen to me."

But all too often it does "happen." In all aspects of life, the fact is inescapable that no one can live his life over again. Therefore, the first time through is it! There is no doing it over.

An ancient adage says, "The reputation of a thousand years may be determined by the conduct of one hour." Many of the world's heroes—or villains—have made their mark in all history by their action of the moment.

Real living demands careful planning, for every act counts. Nothing burns hotter, or longer, than regrets. There is nothing more bitter than regrets.

You have one life, only one life. It simply doesn't pay to mess it up, or merely use it up. Life is worthwhile only as it points to goals of genuine fulfillment, to the achieving of maturity, in the full sense of that word.

Neither is life fully rewarding if it is lived only in relationship to oneself. Complete satisfaction can come only if a person can forget himself in service to others and lose himself in making life more full for those around him. Others first, yourself last—unfortunately, the trend today is the reverse.

The real life is the positive way of life, in every dimension, the truly rewarding way of life—physically, mentally, socially, spiritually. Any action or habit that detracts from the full development of these dimensions is not a part of real living.

You have a life to live. Live it for the highest, the most. Only the best is good enough. The person who glories in the real life is the one who gives the best he has to the highest that he knows!

*Francis A. Soper*

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● What people? Miss Canada, Julie Maloney; Football hero Russ Jackson; world skiing champion Betsy Clifford; and Nancy Greene, national sports heroine.

● "Should Marijuana Be Made Legal?" by A. W. E. Eriksson of the University of Alberta.

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Viewers of this film are shocked, but they become motivated to seek the help they need to stop smoking.

# "ONE IN 20,000"

FRANCIS A. SOPER

A THOUSAND people gather in the prayer room of their Moslem mosque in East Africa—but not to pray.

In Mayaguez, Puerto Rico, a unique television program is sandwiched between commercials for Camels and Philip Morris cigarettes.

More than 2,000 prisoners crowd into the auditorium of one of India's central jails.

Students of physical education at Bakersfield College in California watch a film as part of an annual requirement for all students in that curriculum.

Out of some 15,000 who attend the Vogue Theatre in Brisbane, Australia, in one week, 300 of them faint dead away!

"You have one of the best crowd attractors here," says an official of the Maui County Fair in Hawaii after he visited one of the educational booths.

In central Wyoming a sales manager for one of the largest national tobacco companies remarks after seeing a similar exhibit, "This is the first intelligent approach I've seen to combat tobacco advertising."

More than 200 police in Iran crowd into a small room in their Tabriz headquarters. One officer has to be fanned for half an hour to bring him to.

The president of Liberia and his cabinet, along with the elite of society from the city of Monrovia, gather in the executive pavilion to view the latest import into their country.

Three full pages of the influential newspaper *Expressen* in Stockholm are used to introduce into Sweden a novel educational project.

All these events, picked at random from thousands that might be noted, have one thing in common. Every one in-

In "One in 20,000" Bill Johnson, ace newspaper reporter, finds he has lung cancer after years of smoking. He is sent to Dr. Alton Ochsner, famed specialist, who indicts the cigarette as the cause of Bill's cancer and prescribes surgery to save his life.





volved the showing of a motion picture film—the same film in each case.

That film was "One in 20,000," the most graphic and widely used movie on tobacco smoking ever made. It is informally estimated that 80 million or more people have seen the film in virtually every country on earth. Of all the factors in recent years encouraging smokers to quit their habit, probably no other has been so consistently effective or impressive as this full-color documentary on the health hazards of cigarettes.

First released in 1954, this film is timeless in the story it tells, a story showing that a smoker runs the risk of lung cancer, in addition to other diseases and disabilities. In the sixteen years "One in 20,000" has been in use, vast amounts of new research corroborate what the film shows. None of the new findings are contrary to it.

Go back to the early 50's. The proof that smoking causes lung cancer had not yet been fully established, but Dr. Alton Ochsner of New Orleans and Dr. Everts Graham were well on the way to help provide such proof. The evidence they were discovering in laboratory and clinic needed to get out to the public and begin saving lives.

Two Washington, D.C., educators—W. A. Scharffenberg and W. H. Beaven—discerned this need, and at considerable personal expense teamed with Leston Post, a Glendale, California, producer, to bring out "One in 20,000." Unique in the film was the actual lung cancer operation shown in graphic color, and the smoking machine made by Dr. Graham to collect tar to paint on the skin of experimental animals to prove that cigarette smoke contains a cancer-producing agent.

From the beginning the film was a success. Its factual presentation, plus the shock of a cancer operation in full color, began to blow the lid off the tobacco industry. "One in 20,000" became the vanguard of an expanding educational effort against smoking that reached into schools, community organizations, county and state fairs, churches, and business clubs, even into governmental circles.

Soon the film appeared overseas, often against the opposition of censors, since medical operations were not considered fit film fare for lay people to see. Public demand overrode such objection in short order though, and the film went onto news theater screens, into large conventions, and to major exhibitions.

England was one country that accepted "One in 20,000" with considerable reluctance; but gradually medical specialists in and around London saw the value of its message; then it was scheduled to be shown to larger and more influential medical groups.

In due time members of the House of Commons saw the film at a special showing in the Committee Room of the old Westminster Palace, which led to some rather searching questions being asked about smoking and health.

Events continued to move in Britain. The minister of health was constrained to initiate action to get a full report on the subject by specialists, specifically by the venerable and respected Royal College of Physicians. Members of Parliament also urged upon the minister of education that the time had come to inform all the children in the schools of Great Britain of the evils of smoking. This was the beginning of a major educational program.

In 1962 the Royal College released its official report on smoking and health. This medical body had developed an



Concerned viewers leave the Village Theater exhibit in Danbury, Connecticut, after seeing "One in 20,000."



St. Johns Ambulance workers in Sydney, Australia, assist a young smoker who faints at seeing the lung cancer operation.



In one area of the Philippine Islands, city bus drivers were required to see "One in 20,000" before they could get their driver's licenses.





typical of dedicated lay people everywhere desiring to spread the message of good health through "One in 20,000," William Hutchins, businessman of South Lancaster, purchased a film for his own use, bought projection equipment, and set out to show the picture to schools and service organizations in a four-state area.



ents were erected for fairs and exhibitions in many parts of the world to show "One in 20,000," such as this one at the Perth Royal Show in West Australia.

outstanding reputation through centuries of health research, and the thorough study it now made of the smoking question put the stamp of great authority on its report. In the area of health knowledge the report literally shook the world. It was headlined in newspapers on all continents.

Some of the biggest headlines appeared in the United States, at the very time when a ground swell of interest and concern in smoking was developing across the country. Much of this was fed by the film "One in 20,000," just as the parallel ground swell had developed in Great Britain.

President John F. Kennedy, then the United States chief executive, responded to this rising public clamor by arranging for the appointment of a Surgeon General's panel of experts to gather and evaluate all the evidence on smoking. Some fourteen months later, on January 11, 1964, and in summary of 20,000 studies, laboratory reports, and research projects, this group of ten experts released its report, the famed Surgeon General's Report on Smoking and Health. It has been called the greatest health event of the century.

"One in 20,000" was really just beginning its service to the world by setting into motion these chains of events which resulted in the earth-shaking medical reports on both sides of the Atlantic.

It not only helped bring about the publicizing of basic information on smoking, but it was the means of sparking a practical plan by which smokers could quit the habit if they so desired.

This also started in London. "One in 20,000" provided a major attraction at the New Gallery Centre on Regent Street, being shown as many as six times a day. With wide publicity as a "horror" film, thousands of viewers said, "You've convinced us, but how do we quit?"

The Centre is operated by the Seventh-day Adventist Church, which takes a strong stand against smoking by its own members, making abstinence from smoking a test of fellowship. However, because of its interest in good health as part of vibrant living, the church provides an outreach to the community to bring the principles of better living to others.

And here was a challenge. New Gallery Centre visitors were frank, and desperate, asking church leaders, "If you can help your own members, why can't you help us?"

This became the inspiration and initiation of the Five-Day Plan to Stop Smoking, which since then has spread worldwide and has been the means of rescuing millions from an undesired habit. In fact, the film has served as the pivotal presentation in virtually every Plan given, in places ranging from the jungles of the South Pacific to elegant club rooms of the best hotels.

Seldom, if ever, have so many people been influenced by a motion-picture film in so many countries of earth and under such a myriad of circumstances.

Now another film named "Countdown" has been produced as a sequel to "One in 20,000." Its space-age theme updates the story, but its basic message remains the same: That smoking is not a safe habit.

However, "One in 20,000" itself is not passé. It still packs a real punch to those who can see, to those who recognize the necessity, that they take positive action to eliminate the smoking fog from their lives. In some dozen and a half major languages of earth it still provides the shock which starts smokers in the direction of securing help. ■



*"Our trips are more enjoyable than their trips."*



Interviews by Twyla Schlotthauer

"WE ENJOY living, and we want to help others enjoy living too. You don't have to take drugs to have fun."

These are opinions of the Rose City Singers, a group of thirteen young people ("lucky thirteen," they say) who are out to prove their philosophy: "What the world needs more than anything else is a good example—not preaching or pushing theory down throats, but a good example."

Their youthful exuberance and unique harmony combine in a singing style similar to that of the New Christy Minstrels to provide a new interpretation of today's popular songs as well as of Western ballads, Southern melodies, calypso tunes, and novelty songs.

"We try to give a program that's entertaining, yet meaningful," says Ron Wiggins, a member of the group and director of professional relations at United Medical Laboratories, sponsor of the group. "When the audience leaves, we don't want them to forget it," he adds. "We want them to say, 'That group really has something that we want!'"

United Medical Laboratories in Portland, Oregon (the "Rose City"), is the world's largest automated clinical laboratory. It performs nearly 50 million tests annually for about 20,000 physicians throughout the United States and in over forty foreign countries.

Occasionally the Rose City Singers perform for physicians and medical conventions as a public relations function for the Lab.

"But our main emphasis is for young people," says Max Mace, founder and leader of the group. "We're trying to prove to young people that Christianity isn't a bore, it isn't a drag. You can be the happiest person in the world when you're a Christian," he says in words—and in music.

Max Mace's fame as a choral director and organizer began to spread as he appeared before the governor of Idaho and the state legislative body. Soon he had appeared on radio and television in Boise, Idaho, and other cities.

Presently Max works in UML's recreation department. "We believe in physical fitness," he says. The company sponsors five softball teams, two basketball teams, two soccer teams, a summer work program, a boating program, a physical fitness center, and music groups. "We feel that recreation is important for company morale purposes," he

says, "and it keeps our employees happier and healthier."

The Rose City Singers take advantage of these recreational opportunities, as most of them work at the Lab. To keep up with their fifty or so concerts a year, they get together for rehearsals two nights a week. However, when preparing for a concert tour, they meet every night.

This is only the second year that the Rose City Singers have toured extensively. Home concerts are given in the Northwest—Washington, Idaho, Oregon—for youth camps and clubs, civic programs, and youth rallies such as Youth for Christ. On their California tour they sang in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Glendale, at Disneyland, and at Knott's Berry Farm. Last fall the singers visited Texas, Nebraska, Michigan, Washington, D.C., New York, Massachusetts, and San Francisco.

The Rose City Singers perform music that will encourage people. "We analyze each song—the words, music, and tempo," says Max. "We want our music to uplift, not to tear a person down."

UML's singing group takes an interest in people—shaking their hands, autographing records, and in general being friendly. "We particularly like to communicate with young people," they say.

"Sometimes it's hard to talk to young people," says Nancy Cooper, "but it's easier to communicate with them through music." Nancy works in the endocrinology department at UML, and she feels that communication problems begin at home. "Many times parents are not able to cope with the problems in their own lives; therefore their children are troubled. Youth today are looking for happiness, and they don't really know how to find it. I think they should start by being themselves."

"Parents are too apathetic," asserts Ron Wiggins. "They don't show enough interest in what their children are doing. They tell the kids to be at home at a certain time, but they have no idea where their kids are going."

"Youth are looking for some way out," says Bruce Twing (not "Twang," as he is often teased). At UML, Bruce works in the thyroid chemistry department.

"Teen-agers seem to think they have nothing to look forward to—no future," he says. "The only thing they have



in front of them now is complete oblivion. They feel that the way we're going, eventually we'll exterminate ourselves. There's nothing for them to grasp."

"I think kids are insecure," says another of the Rose City Singers. "They're insecure about the draft situation. They're afraid to go to Vietnam. I don't think they're that interested in trying to defend other people against their problems. I think they're afraid to fight—and I am too. I've never been drafted. I don't want to go. Young people really don't know what they're looking for. I feel God is the answer, but how do you tell them?"

"I think we can tell them through music," answers Bruce. "We can show young people that it's possible to sing and be happy and have a good time, and still be good Christian young people."

*"You are my sunshine, my only sunshine. You make me happy—"*



*"Three wheels on my wagon, and I keep movin' along. Them Cherokees are after me—"*

Bruce expressed his strong opinion that it isn't necessary to smoke or drink in order to be happy. Bruce got some firsthand knowledge about alcohol when he worked in a hospital emergency room. "Many times I sat up all night trying to help a drunk man live. It made me sick to give a drunk 'mouth to mouth' when he was dying because he was too saturated with alcohol!"

"I guess I've had many chances to take drugs," he went on. But his father is a doctor, and he's told Bruce what drugs can do. "I've seen the effects of drugs and what they have done to other people, and I can see no reason to endanger my own life by trying them. Our 'trips' are more enjoyable than their trips," Bruce adds.

The Rose City Singers want others to enjoy living. For this reason they're sharing their philosophy and spirit:

"When I think of others  
Groping aimlessly,  
I in turn must share with them,  
Telling what He's done for me."

A favorite song of the Rose City Singers is also the title of one of their three albums: "There Is More to Life."

Is there something missing?  
Is there more to life?  
Who can tell us where to turn?  
Help us through the strife?

Can we find the answers?  
Can we really know?  
Does the Bible show the way  
For us here below?

Beneath the noise and laughter  
With all the parties and fun,  
I wondered what would come  
After the empty masquerade was done.

Then today they show me  
That His love is real;  
And my life would only begin  
When before Him I would kneel.

Now my life has meaning  
Just the way He planned;  
Through the years I'll do His will,  
Guided by His hand.

❖ ❖ ❖

Now by His standard I measure,  
And life is worth so much more;  
Even the goals that I treasure  
Are diff'rent than they were before.

When I think of others  
Groping aimlessly,  
I in turn must share with them,  
Telling what He's done for me.

Ralph Carmichael.

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# LIVING LUNGS

PHOTOS BY DAVID CUPP



Teachers and students assemble the "living lungs" exhibit.

Covered with blisters and bubbles, this lung with emphysema puffs and wheezes, but never changes more than an inch.



The good lung "exhales."





THEY breathe! They're alive! And indeed they look as if they were alive.

These "living lungs" made the rounds of science exhibits in Denver, Colorado, during this past school year. Also they have been on display during many Five-Day Plans to Stop Smoking, in the Colorado area, persuading viewers to stop the habit when they see what smoking does to the lungs.

Taken from cadavers, one of the two lungs on display is normal, the other is from a person who smoked several packs of cigarettes a day for forty years and died of emphysema.

The "living lungs" are attached to a special machine simulating human breathing. The good lung works up and down like an elastic balloon, exactly the way it is supposed to work. The "smoker's lung" wheezes and puffs, but cannot expand more than an inch or so.



The good lung "exhaled" (left); the smoker's lung (right) just shakes like a bowl of jelly.

l "inhales" normally.



Guess what these young viewers think of the "living lungs" exhibit.





## Your Questions Answered

R. W. Spalding, M.D.

### Why are smoking and drinking often so closely related?

Why does anyone start smoking?

Why does anyone start drinking?

Let's see how closely the answers parallel each other.

#### Smoking

1. To be "IN" with the crowd.
2. To be like other adults.
3. To improve one's self-image.
4. For the "fun of it."
5. "Because there's nothing better to do."

#### Drinking

1. To be "IN" with the crowd.
2. To be at ease with other adults.
3. To improve one's self-confidence.
4. For the "sport of it."
5. "It helps to forget."

Do you have any other reasons why you or your friends started to smoke or to drink? If so, list them under each habit and see how similar they are. They go together just like two friends. But those two habits are no friends of yours. Soon they may make of you a cigarette "fiend" or an alcohol "fiend."

### If there is all this danger in alcohol and tobacco, why does the Government allow their sale?

There are at least two reasons why the Government allows their sale—money and habit! Many of those who make the laws recognize the large amounts in taxes that both tobacco and alcohol bring in to the Government treasury.

Many areas of the country are supported largely by growing and selling tobacco. And other areas have their farm products used in the manufacture of alcoholic beverages.

Again, many of those who make the laws smoke or drink. They choose to continue to smoke and drink. And those who make a living by growing or selling these products make themselves heard in the halls of Congress or in the statehouse. It isn't easy to change the habits of a nation. It takes education in the schools, in the home, and in legislative halls to accomplish such a feat!

### Is the butt of the cigarette worse than the rest of it? Why?

As the cigarette is smoked, the tars and other poisonous products produced by the burning of the tobacco and the cigarette paper are drawn toward the butt of the cigarette. Thus these poisons accumulate in the butt, with a greater amount being concentrated the shorter the butt becomes. And further, the longer the cigarette the greater the concentration of tars in a given length of cigarette butt.

## Boys' Names

The names of at least 117 boys are hidden in this puzzle. To find these names read the letters forward, backward, up, down, or diagonally. Draw a line around each name as you find it.

ECNERWALLACEVERETT  
DATGEORGEDRNINOMIS  
WROGERNUIDEECYSYIME  
ALLENNAOSNIPGTNALON  
ROEROLLAASSUOELYTR  
DWIGHTDQDOAERLUDHE  
REFARERWINJUEGELYL  
ALVINCENTRUBRETTEL  
NLEWISWAINCYRUSSNI  
RICHARDRTOEROYNIDO  
AUHISOJELUTCORACSOT  
BNORAAOSWINYBEURT  
AATMRCNEUELIVELIVR  
REELWKEVINUVYSOMAE  
RSZTIRFXDNALORENLB  
YSRALIRYCLPERCYLCL  
RAOLLERZULMEXROAA  
AMEXIADNDYOLLERRAD  
COEMARKERMITELAASA  
JEREMIAHANSLEAHCIM

Aaron, Abe, Adam, Addison, Albert, Alex, Ali, Allen, Alvin, Amos, Ari, Arlo, Arnold, Art, Asa, Barnard, Barry, Bell, Brett, Burt, Byron, Carl, Carol, Cary, Cecil, Cyril, Cyrus, Dale, Daniel, Darrell, Dean, Drew, Dwight, Earl, Edward, Eli, Elliott, Emil, Ernest, Erwin, Eucl, Eugene, Everett, Fred, Fritz, George, Glen, Gregg, Gus, Guy, Hans, Harry, Henry, Ian, Ira, Isaac, Jack, James, Jasper, Jeremiah, Joel, Joshua, Kermit, Kevin, Lars, Lawrence, Lee, Leo, Leroy, Les, Levi, Lewis, Lloyd, Loren, Lot, Lowell, Lyle, Mark, Melvin, Michael, Ned, Newton, Nolan, Odin, Ole, Oral, Orval, Oscar, Paul, Percy, Rafe, Reed, Richard, Rodney, Roe, Roger, Roland, Rolla, Ron, Rory, Roy, Royal, Russ, Sam, Sean, Simon, Ted, Timothy, Titus, True, Tule, Ty, Victor, Vincent, Wallace, William, Yul

## INSTANT REPLAYS

Pauline  
Floyd

"WHERE'S Tina?" The darkness of the bar seemed enveloped in bright spring sun. Tom felt the smooth speed of the car over country road and heard the laughter of his friends again. Graduation time was a fun time.

"Where's Tina?" Another glass would surely cut this scene—it didn't. He heard their coaxing. "What if I haven't driven before, there's no traffic."

He stiffened his feet against the floor and pushed hard on the bar. They were speeding down toward the ditch. An untrained foot was floorboarding the gas instead of the brake. Helpless hands hung to the wheel.

The bar smoke turned into heavy dust settling over the crash. He felt himself crawling out of the wreckage. Everybody seemed to be all right.

"Where's Tina?" When he found her he knew deep inside why she lay so still.

Noise swirled around Tom's aching head. The waiter was filling his empty glass. He'd lost touch with how many.

The song changed to "Pomp and Circumstance." Strange tune for a bar! Maybe he wasn't hearing it. He hadn't been to graduation. He'd been pacing a cell. Tina's death had turned graduation into a sober time. If he was sober now, maybe he could control his thoughts.

The record changed again. The judge's voice was on. "Guilty, guilty, guilty." Where was his glass? "Sentenced to no less than one year in jail." Would the nightmare of these instant replays never cease?

One year, then a job of hard work in the open air. It had helped at first.

"Where's Tina?" The bottle won. His head fell forward on the bar as the bartender removed the empty glass from his limp fingers.



# CHILDHOOD'S END



"GO," he said. "Go and find the children, the beautiful children, the sensitive children. Find all who are innocent and with love and peace and truth in their hearts. Find them and destroy them. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said, and I took the stuff and left.

They give me the heebie-jeebies, really. And they all talk weird like that. If you ask me, they are a bunch of nuts.

Still, I can't complain. I make a pretty good living.

I remember I asked one of them once, "Why just the kids? Why not the old men? We can put them hip to this stuff just as easy as we do the kids."

I do not want to ask something like that again. I don't think I can describe the response I got to that question. You just would have had to be there.

I got word that for a long time after that they were talking about doing away with me. I was plenty scared.

Like I say, they are a bunch of nuts. With me, it's just a job. If somebody wants my stuff, I give it to them. If they don't that's OK with me. I don't *push* it, to make a pun.

When I get back home, Janie is fixing dinner. She keeps looking at me funny. I can't stand that, having somebody watching me all the time.

Finally she comes out with it. "You were talking to Number One this morning, weren't you?" she asks.

"Yeah," I say.

"I knew," she says; "your face is all white. Only Number One can scare you that way."

I frown at her last remark.

"What did he say?" she continues. "You're not in trouble again, are you?"

"No," I say, "I ain't in no trouble!"

I'm hoping she'll drop the subject, but she keeps coming on strong with the questions.

"Then what's wrong?"

I stammer around a few seconds; then I tell her. I would have had to tell her anyway.

"Number One is getting weirder and weirder," I say. "When he gave me the junk, he told me to go out and destroy everything that was young and beautiful, and so on."

"You didn't talk back to him?" Janie asks, her voice shaking. She worries about me, ever since my last run-in.

"No," I say, "I didn't give them any static. It just scares me, all this talk about destroying people. The stuff I sell—it's for losers. You know that and I know it. I don't know what they think they're going to prove. They have about as much chance of bringing down the world with it as they do of floating a lead balloon."

She doesn't ask anything else, she just turns away. I smile.

"Take it easy," I say softly. "I can take care of myself. That baby is going to be due pretty soon, and you're in no shape to be worrying about stuff."

She's a good kid.

I think she was one of the reasons I started pushing in the first place. Her family was poor, and she had a pretty tough life till she met me. I swore I'd never let her want for anything, and I've kept that promise.

The weeks pass, and soon I'm hustling Janie off to the hospital to have her baby—our baby. I'm nervous in the waiting room, but I feel all good and proud inside. It isn't very often that I feel that way anymore.

Finally a nurse comes to the door. Her face is somber, and now I'm scared.

"Come in, Mr. Douglas," she says.

I walk to Janie's bed, and it's a minute before I realize what that is that she's holding.

It's my baby.

It's deformed like nothing I ever saw before, not even in the horror movies.

"Chet," Janie sobs, "I'm sorry."

"Sorry?" I ask, my throat dry, not understanding.

Then it hits me.

"What did you do?" I say slowly and gratingly.

"I didn't know this would happen," she says. "Honest, I didn't! But I was so worried, I—I—"

She beckons me to come closer, and she whispers in my ear: "I took some of your stuff when you and Number One had that big fight. I was so down, Chet, I *needed* something."

Maybe I should stay and comfort her. I don't know. If I were half a man I would. But I can't. I run out, and I keep running till I'm at Number One's headquarters.

He's seated behind his desk when I come in. I run at him screaming, but two guys hold me back. One of them shoves a needle in my arm. It must have been powerful stuff, because in a few minutes I'm too weak to swat a fly.

"Did you really think we'd spare *your* baby?" he asks.

If I could only get at him. I bet he's smiling. You can't tell since he always wears a mask.

He starts to rave triumphantly.

"I tell you, Chet," he says. "You don't know our power! You never did! We can do everything we say we can! We told you we would destroy the children, and now we are doing precisely that! When we are done, nothing will be left here—only the ugly and the horrible. The beautiful things must die, one way or another." He laughs.

"Don't worry, Chet. We won't kill you. You're too good a pusher. We will have to keep you here a while though, as long as it takes to get you hooked on the hard stuff. Then you'll see things our way. Really, I think we should have handled you that way in the beginning."

I start to cry.

"You're not like me," I say. "You're not just in it for the money. You're trying to turn this whole world into a living, breathing hell."

"Now you get the general idea!" he says.

Then he takes off his mask.

It shocks the daylights out of me, even with that drug they gave me circulating through my brain.

I start to wonder why I never saw before what was behind that mask.





"QUIT smoking," "Kick the habit," "Join the unhooked generation," and a dozen other such slogans come with increasing rapidity to modern, confused, twentieth-century man.

Through newspapers, radio, and TV, at schools, churches, civic and professional meetings, and even in legislature halls, the spotlight focuses on smoking and its menace to health.

Yet a bewildered 60 percent of smokers now impressed and nervously anxious to stop, wonderingly ask, "All right, but how do I quit?"

Early in the sixties, two men, one a doctor of medicine, the other a Christian minister, began research and experimentation in New England to give practical help to answer that question.

Dr. J. Wayne McFarland and Pastor Elman Folkenberg showed that the habit of smoking could be stopped in five days. This was the start of a community service that has since reached into the remotest areas of earth.

*Newsweek*, in presenting a two-page spread on the rapid influence of nonsmoking campaigns, stated, "Antismoking clinics are springing up across the country to fill the need. Among the oldest is the Five-Day Plan sponsored in scores of communities by the Seventh-day Adventist Church. . . . Programs feature films on lung cancer surgery, along with advice on how to quit. Smokers are enjoined to eat well-balanced meals, to go on brisk walks, and pray each day for strength. According to one Adventist spokesman, 35 percent of those who initially have given up cigarettes when the Five-Day Plan ends, are still nonsmokers a year later."

*National Observer* reporter Jim Hampton, himself a former smoker, participated in a Five-Day Plan at Miami to find out for himself. "Many like me had tried on their own and had failed many times."

He pointed out that "after seventeen years of smoking about thirty unfiltered king-size cigarettes a day—that's 186,150 cigarettes, or one butt 9.4 miles long—I came here to get help in quitting. I got it, and I quit. Cold turkey. And, God willing, forever."

Foundation principles for this Five-Day Plan are simple:

Recognizing that smoking affects the total man, the Five-Day Plan shows how to meet the problem on all fronts at once—physical, mental, social, and spiritual.

This balanced attack actually makes quitting easier, because every dimension of man is interrelated to the other dimensions.

The smoker desiring to quit attends five consecutive evening sessions. Each evening he has outlined for him enough of the detail to get him through the next twenty-four hours. Both doctor and minister—the team of specialists conducting the Plan—unite in making these simple guidelines relevant. They can be summarized as follows:

1. *Physical*—aid to eliminate nicotine from the body by an intake of at least six to eight glasses of water or fruit juice a day. Increase Vitamin B foods to aid the nerves to withstand withdrawal.

Deep breathing to increase oxygen to weakened cells.

Eliminate stimulating foods and drinks that trigger craving for coffee, tea, alcohol, condiments.

2. *Mental*—strengthen the weakened willpower through exercise, emphasizing the positive power of choice: "I choose not to smoke."

3. *Social*—group fellowship in faithful attendance at these sessions; a buddy system to help each in encouraging the other.

4. *Spiritual*—a reemphasis of motives for quitting, with the focus on life at its best, and an assurance of divine power to aid in achieving the aim to quit.

These principles, combined with films, question periods, illustrated lectures, and a personal control booklet outlining the simple procedures for each day, make quitting an actual pleasure, despite withdrawal symptoms that some may experience.

"I am positive I have quit forever," said Jim Hampton. "I feel better already, and I can smell and taste things as never before. Each day the craving for a cigarette gets a little less."

This is the type of personal success story through the Five-Day Plan that could be told by hundreds of thousands. In fact,





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benefit to those 60 percent of smokers who know that they are hooked on a habit which is leading them to ruin. It offers the other 40 percent of smokers a positive challenge to real life in contrast to increasingly impaired health, costly expenditure for tobacco and cigarette-tainted clothes and atmosphere.

Best of all, it offers to these smokers new habits and a new life in contrast to the danger of lung cancer, heart disease, emphysema, bronchitis, and other diseases. It takes but five days—and it works!

# Smoking and Drinking

## Is There a Connection?

In recent years there has been a tremendous increase of public interest in the smoking question, and a concern about the health aspects of the habit. It has been shown by medical and scientific evidence that smoking is directly and causally connected with certain diseases and that it contributes in a major way to the development of others.

At the same time during these years there has been aroused an increasing interest on the part of public agencies and Government organizations in the problem of alcoholism. It is being recognized that treatment methods alone are not sufficient to solve this problem and that major preventive measures are necessary to bring about a permanent solution.

In this connection, the questions arise from time to time, Is there a relationship between smoking and drinking? Does one tend to lead to the other?

A number of surveys and statistical studies reported in the medical literature point out that there is a relationship between these two habits.

On one occasion the managing director of a Swedish insurance company denied the truth of the old proverb that "the sum of the vices is constant," for a public-opinion survey conducted under the auspices of the company showed that teetotalers are usually nonsmokers, whereas a much larger proportion of smokers than nonsmokers are addicted to alcohol. (JAMA 175:156, 1961.)

In a group of female student nurses and in another of male university undergraduates, smokers consumed significantly more alcohol

(liquor) than nonsmokers; but among female university undergraduates and in a group of psychiatric patients, there was no statistically significant difference in "liquor score" between smokers and nonsmokers. (Matarazzo and Saslow, 1960.)

Simple inspection of data provided by Dawber, Kannel, and Friedman (1963) on cigarette smoking in males in two age groups in the Framingham, Massachusetts, prospective survey revealed a striking correlation in higher alcohol consumption by smokers than by nonsmokers.

Brown and Campbell (1961), who examined the tobacco and alcohol consumption of 100 tuberculous patients and also of controls, concluded that alcohol was the more directly associated with tuberculosis; nevertheless, heavy smoking and heavy drinking were found to be linked together independently of the disease.

Studies in three French cities indicated a strong association between tobacco and alcohol use by men in all economic groups, ranging from 10 percent to 20 percent higher alcohol consumption for smokers. (Girond, 1963.) Retired men were considerably higher, at 64 percent more alcohol used by smokers.

A questionnaire study by Straits and Sechrest (1963) of male college students and other subjects confirmed that smoking was significantly related to beer drinking.

In their prospective survey of mortality among British physicians in relation to smoking habits, Doll and Hill (1964) found, in the ten-year follow-up, that mortality from

It's the direction, not the distance you travel,  
that counts.

1

Folkenberg, a developer of the, describes some of the pitfalls in cigarette smoking.

2

C. Graves of the U.S. Coast Guard says man's power is like the power of a ship.

3

J. Wayne McFarland served as medical authority in the development of the Five-Day Plan.

4

Australia, Donald R. McNeill signs up for the Five-Day Plan on how to stop smoking.

5

Millions have seen the Five-Day Plan on television.

6

Leonard Shockey of the Porter Memorial Hospital explains smoking's impact on the human body.



ERNEST H. J. STEED

Director,  
International  
Five-Day Plan





## ATTITUDE and ALTITUDE

Shirley M. Dever

RECENTLY we spent a full day in a town with a population of about 40,000. While my husband had a doctor's appointment, I walked about some of the older residential neighborhoods. I was appalled! Shocked! Every lawn and flower bed and street gutter was littered with cans, bottles, broken glass, and paper. I watched pieces of newspaper sail about the streets in a twenty-knot wind. There were cigarette wrappers and candy wrappers, abandoned school binders, and even shoes. Perhaps the man on TV who had predicted that we may be eventually buried in our own litter was right! If the situation is this crucial in our smaller towns, how critical it must be in big cities!

What is behind our prodigious problems of the Seventies? Where do people like you and me figure into these problems?

I looked at the faces I passed on the street. Most of them were blah . . . blank . . . blasé. Although we didn't speak a word, the message "I couldn't care less" got through to me. Why didn't these people, of all sizes and shapes and ages, care? What was behind their attitudes?

Suddenly I knew. This kind of attitude lacks altitude!

My jaunt had taken me up into the hills. I gazed down toward the hub of the city below and beyond that to the waterfront. Somewhere above and beyond these hills was a majestic mountain. In my mind I became aware of four distinct levels or altitudes—sea-level, Main Street, high-on-a-hill, and mountaintop. Funny possibly, but our human attitudes are akin to these altitudes.

*The Sea-level Attitude.* The fellow with this attitude is a mental recluse, a self-absorbed beachcomber, a careless city slicker. Like the sea, he's all-concerned about his turbulent moods. Like the corrugated chop out on the bay, his feelings are easily ruffled, his emotions roughed up. He alternates from calm to choppy to capricious inside. Like the sea, he's constantly changing.

How can the sea-level thinker progress to a higher elevation? Five little words provide the answer. *Put self on the shelf.*

The alcoholic, addict, lawbreaker, and litterbug are fogged in at sea level. Persons afflicted with apathy are stranded at rock bottom too. They need to reach out for the sun—a purpose bigger than themselves—which will evaporate the fog indigenous to sea-level living.

*The Main-Street Attitude*—or, if you prefer, Broadway, Market, Canal, State, et cetera. At this level one at least mingles with humanity and bristles with some outrage when mankind suffers. This guy or girl rubs elbows with others and may even give out with an occasional noncommittal smile. In

general he is committed only to his own small world, his own close circle of friends. Everyone else is an outsider. He cares, but only slightly. He's selective about the who, when, where, and why!

Main-Street Mark thinks on a higher plane than does sea-level Sam, but he still has a long way to go in the field of participation. His wheels are starting to turn, but he's still afraid of committing himself to a cause.

*The High-on-a-hill Attitude.* Happily, a person who possesses this attitude is beginning to realize the importance of that tremendous five-letter word—think! He's starting to see the common sense behind the old adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." And this kind of thinking will lead to that most desirable of traits, self-discipline.

Those who think at hilltop level are able to admit they've been wrong—perhaps prejudiced, narrow-minded, or even stagnant. But now they want to do something about it. They have hope in their hearts and faith in their convictions. Above all, they've developed enough love for their fellowman to share the multitudinous problems which assail all mankind. Perhaps some of them can even identify with Horace Mann, who proclaimed: "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

*The Mountain-top Attitude.* This attitude belongs only to the shepherds of the Seventies, and before. Who can attain such heights? People like our Presidents, many of our state governors, members of Congress, city mayors, members of the clergy, doctors, et cetera.

Who else can be shepherds? Good fathers, mothers, teachers, preachers, and anyone else who is dedicated enough to do all he possibly can for mankind.

Think of a majestic snow-capped mountain peak. Does it not seem all-encompassing in the same way a certain quality can be all things to all people? Henry Drummond called this quality—love—the greatest thing in the world.


"Love and do what you will," said St. Augustine, but he did not mean, as we seem to interpret it, pretend to love and be as bad as you want to be. He meant, if you really love, you cannot do ill; all the things that you wish to do, informed by your love, will be beneficent.

The highest altitude of attitude all of us can try to reach, then, is one of love—brotherly love. This kind of love simply cannot reside in a litterbug, a lawbreaker, an idle or indifferent individual. Love is inherent in individuals who, in their own unique way, are willing to make as many worthwhile contributions to mankind as they can before they leave this world. ■



# RUNNER OF THE LORD

THEA TRENT



WE LIVE in a small New England town, the kind that is open country after the paved streets and houses end. Except in winter, there are grassy strips along the edges of the fields, natural for easy running.

Maybe the way some of the fellows I know got the idea of a short run every day was this: My oldest brother lives in Anchorage, Alaska. Last October a number of men and boys started running, just short distances, every day and keeping score on their mileage. It didn't matter where they ran, but each one was on his honor to keep accurate score.

Most of us played football and did some track in high school, so we thought it would be great to do a bit of running in the summer vacation. We figured a mile outside of town, and anyone could go it as many times as he wanted to. Maybe a guy would run alone, or with a couple or more others. It certainly beat lounging around the drugstore! And all of us found our wind getting better, young as we were.

The church most of us "runners" belonged to was close to the road on the edge of town, where the grassy strip ended. The pastor was a young man; he didn't look older than most of us, but he had a wife and a baby. He wanted us kids to call him Mark, which was his first name—not Reverend Simpson or Brother Simpson. He said the apostles called each other by their first names, and how could he think he was entitled to pull rank on the rest of the church? He was a great fellow.

In spite of everything, the church attendance was slowly shrinking. The old folks were there Sunday morning, but sometimes the parents didn't make it. At the Young People's Fellowship only a handful of us were active.

Our "race course" ended just past the parsonage, and this day I'm talking about we could see Mark standing inside the low picket fence with his head bent down. Four of us were running, and when he saw us he straightened up and waved.

"Come over to my study right after supper tonight," Mark called. "Seven o'clock!"

Two of the runners went to other churches, so the only ones who showed up were a fellow named Elmer and I. He was a real brain, but he had a sarcastic way of talking. Besides, he had to wear glasses, which aced him out of some sports. But he was a good track man.

Mark had on a soft shirt and faded jeans, like anyone else. There was a plate of tasty fudge on his desk, and I knew his wife had made it for us. With the baby and all, she took time to make us fudge! Mark handed us a clipping from one of the magazines. It was of a church service where the kids were dancing rock-and-roll in the aisles. I guess it was printed all over the country. "I'd like to know what you boys think of it," Mark said.

"I can't say why, but it makes me feel kind of sick," I said.

"All it does for me is to wonder how stupid we can get," was Elmer's comment. "Stupid and frantic. The poor minister, whoever he was, wanted to show the toughs what a fun-thing it was to come to church. It's as if a crowd of kids came making the watusi into Dad's office when he was having a business conference some evening. He'd cuff 'em out in no time flat, believe me."

"No contest!" Mark said. "I agree with you both. But I feel for the desperation of that minister, who went to such



means to draw people to the Lord, and specifically to his young people's fellowship. It's the same story everywhere. You boys who have accepted Christ come faithfully to the meetings and do all in your power to make a strong organization and work up worthwhile programs. But we don't get the ones who need it most.

"They, too, are God's children," Mark said, rather sternly. "Remember how Jesus said: 'I will make you fishers of men.' There must be some way to go about getting them, but I feel I've failed."

As he said all this, his face turned so gaunt and pale I could hardly recognize him. I felt real bad, believe me. I guess Mark saw the way he made us feel, for he suddenly pulled himself together, smiled, and pushed the plate of fudge into easy reaching distance.

"But I've still got you boys! Your brains aren't old and rusty, like mine seems to be! So I'm giving you two the charge of finding a way to run these strays into the corral! How about it, the Lord helping you?"

I threw a look at Elmer, and he just flicked his cool-looking eyes, but I knew he was with it.

"We'll find something, Mark," I said.

"And we'll pray over it, 'in season and out of season,'" Mark said, as the glow came back to his face. "By the way, this running: How did you get started at it?"

I told him about the Alaskan running, and how fellows of all ages were getting a tremendous kick out of it.

"Runners were the fastest communication the world had in old days," Mark said. "Can't you picture a walled city, and the anxious watchers on the walls who knew a great battle was going on in the distance—a battle that might mean a glorious victory, or an avalanche of conquering enemies? The runner! When will he reach them with the news of what they must face? There he comes! holding a magnificent pace through the desert heat and dust, and the danger of ambush. The great gate of the city swings open.

"Without a word or glance at the eager ones crowding around the gate, the runner goes through without breaking his pace—and, with all the palace guards giving him place, he runs the length of the king's audience room, and flings himself facedown before the throne. The old king, robed in purple and in his golden crown, clutches the carved arms of the throne.

"How went the battle, runner? Is the day ours—or theirs?"

"Rising to his knees the runner cries out loudly, 'May all your enemies be as those we fought this day, even as the dust.'

"The king takes a great ring from his hand and puts it on the hand of the runner, and he takes a gold cloak from his shoulders and lays it upon the runner. And the two walk forth, side by side, and all the people shout for joy.

"What do you think of it, boys?" Mark asked in his usual voice.

"Makes me feel I was born three thousand years too late," Elmer said. "Also, I've got something crawling around in my head that just might be a useful idea."

"Funny if I had the same hunch!" I grinned. "We'll check with you in a couple of days, Mark, so no more worrying. And thank Peggy for the grand fudge."

"What a guy that Mark is, Dave," Elmer said as we walked home. "The way he fed us what he wanted us to do by telling that bit about the runner. I think the man would

have made a terrific lawyer. Too bad—but then, a preacher nowadays has to have some of the same brainpower."

Across the street was a drugstore with a soda fountain—a favorite place for some of the tougher kids. They'd buy a coke and lounge around till the place closed, making plans. Elmer and I went into the drugstore and sat at the counter.

"Chocolate malts, a couple," I said. The soda jerk was a boy named Gus; he had a dirty apron and a real bad complexion. He kept glancing at three hard-looking types lounging at one end of the store, as if he didn't know whether they wanted him to wait on us or not.

"What's wrong with you, Gus?" Elmer said sharply. "Get those malts working."

Now one of the three fellows came lounging up to the counter. He had a hard, swarthy face, with a scar across one cheek, a shock of rough black hair, and cold, hard gray eyes. Greasy levis and a black leather jacket gave him a real "West Side Story" look. His name was Louie.

"Maybe Gus don't like to wait on squares," Louie said, walking slowly toward us, with one hand on his knife pocket.

I got set on the karate we'd have to use if they all joined in. But Elmer just leaned one elbow on the counter and smiled. "I'd like to ask you something, Louie," he drawled. "Are you chicken?"

Two girls sitting at a table shrieked. Tense as things were, I couldn't help seeing how greasy their long hair was, and how dirty their faces, and how disgusting they looked with their spotted black skirts nearly up to their hips, and colored plastic boots.

Right then a cop walked into the place. "Now what's all this?" he asked. "Will I have to be giving you all a ride in the paddy wagon?"

"We were just clowning a bit, officer," Elmer said pleasantly. "No harm intended." The officer recognized Elmer as the son of one of the judges. "I just wanted to make sure," he said as he left.

Elmer walked right up to Louie. "Is that the way you show you aren't chicken, by pulling a switchblade on an unarmed guy?"

Louie didn't say a word; he just glared.

"It's nothing worth talking about, Louie," I said, taking my turn. "We hear your crowd making plenty of sneering cracks at us when we are running along the grass strip. If it's such a laugh, you wouldn't have any trouble jogging along with us; and when you make it, you can sneer at us as much as you please."

WHICH?





"We usually make it a couple of miles, just easy jogging—not racing, of course," Elmer said smoothly. "But we'll cut the distance to a mile, OK, Dave?"

"What's the joker if I don't make the mile?" Louie asked sullenly. "Not that there's any chance at all."

"I see your point," Elmer said in his smooth, cool voice. "Well, if you have to drop out, you and two of your gang will have to come to church next Sunday—clean and neat, you understand. And don't think you will hear a sermon by someone with long, white whiskers. Mark was a sergeant with the Rangers. He has a shoebox full of medals that he never mentions, and he coached the troops in both karate and judo."

"Four o'clock," Louie said; "I'm on. And I'll bring two guys to witness. I bet they get some good laughs!" We shook hands with Louie, and that was the end of the day.

Elmer and I were at the start before Louie. "Let's press the speed a little, Dave," Elmer said. "He's got to learn what awful shape he is in, and this will do it."

All I could do was nod, as a broken-down jalopy came rattling up. Louie got out, turned and said something to the others—who were strictly on the greasy side—and all three laughed in a sneering sort of way.

Elmer gave one of his cool smiles. "This is not a race, you understand," he said. "It's just free running. If you should stop, sit down, or fall down, Louie, you have lost out. We are supposed to stay together, and as long as you keep running, you're in. You two guys wait at the end of the grass strip, which is a mile."

Louie stamped his feet on the ground as if he were going into a fight. He had on dirty gray flannel shorts, ripped down one side, and worn-out tennis sneakers. We started out at a slow pace, letting Louie take the lead. "What's wrong, boys?" he yelled. "You winded before you start?"

After about a city block, Elmer and I began pressing the speed, but not much. Soon Louie began to gasp and sweat. We didn't speed up anymore, but he got worse, gasping like a fish out of water, and started to stagger. His face was white (except for dirt) and his eyes were bulging. We slowed a little, but he was done for. He plunged headlong and lay in the road, choking. Elmer and I took off full speed for the goal.

"Get a bottle of water at the drugstore," I said, "and hurry back. Louie's in bad shape." Elmer and I jumped into the old car and rode back with the others.

Louie had pulled himself up onto one elbow, but he was still gasping. Elmer dropped on one knee, shot out his wrist-

watch, and took Louie's pulse. "He'll be all right in another five or ten minutes. Give him a few swallows of the water, but no more."

"I know you did the best you could," Elmer said, looking at Louie who sat with his eyes shut, still breathing hard. "But I hope this teaches you what you have done to your body with all this sniffing and sucking and swallowing and who knows what else? Many an old man who has kept in shape can run better than you. And no one knows when he may have to run for his life. Think it over, Louie—and we'll see you in church."

Would we, though? If the three didn't show up, the whole thing was a failure. The toughs would just hate us that much more, and they might hit back with violence.

The news of the run must have leaked out, for the church was quite full Sunday. Elmer and I walked to our usual place in the second row with our families. No sign of the others. Mark wore the plain black robe, and his face looked pale.

When the congregation sang the first hymn, there was a little commotion at the back of the church. The three came in and sat in the last row. They had on plain white shirts and slacks—no coats. But, as far as I could judge, they were neat and clean.

Usually Mark preached very quietly, sort of talked things over with us; but today you could see the suffering in his face.

"There were three crosses on a hill, and blood was running down all of them from the agonizing nail wounds in the hands and feet of the victims. The young men on both sides were criminals—thieves, murderers, perhaps. One cursed with every labored breath, but the other turned to the Man in the center, and with a flash of revelation he knew Jesus was divine."

I can't give the words Mark spoke. He brought out how, right here and now, no matter what our struggles, shame, or agony, we can find Paradise if we truly accept Christ. He ended by showing us the Saviour standing with His wounded hands reached out in pleading.

Suddenly a figure came stumbling down the aisle. It was Louie—head bowed low, his face contorted with the struggle he had been through.

Louie became a tireless worker in the church. He knew how to reach characters who shied away from the usual appeals. Night and day he studied the Bible that Mark gave him. The expression of his face was changed, and he was clean and decently dressed.

What a day it was when he told Mark that he wanted, above everything else, to enter the mission field. He was working in a garage as a mechanic, and saving all he could to attend the mission school.

Mark told us he had taken as his life motto the words of the apostle Paul: "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Louie was sent to a hostile area in Central America. Mark read us his letters, telling of his experiences: "Tell Elmer and Dave that the running they taught me has come in mighty handy!"

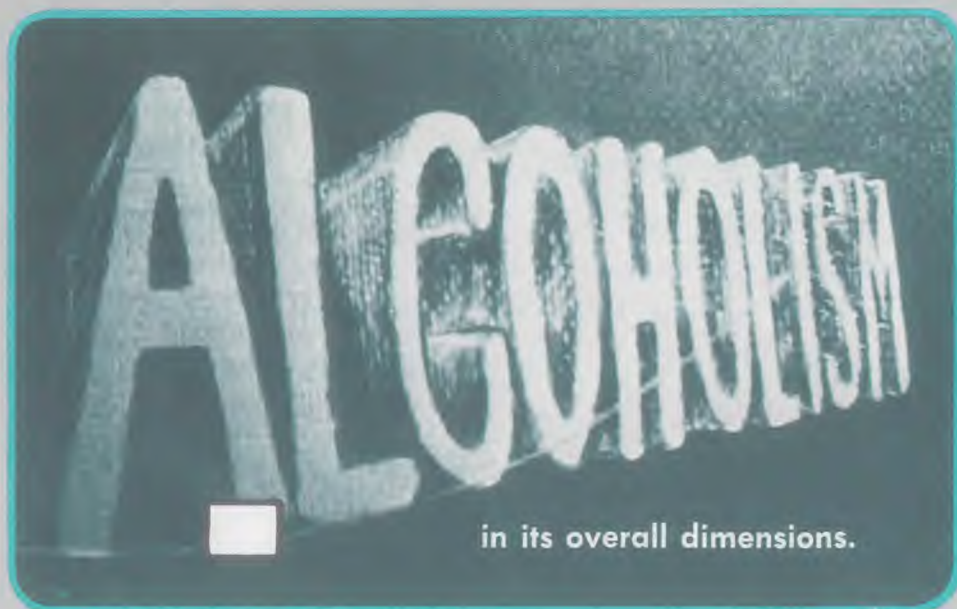
But on one occasion the running was not so fast as a deadly poisoned arrow that struck him. As a memorial, a fine bronze plaque was made, with the figure of a young runner moving through jungle grass, a smile on his face. Beneath his name were the words: "A runner of the Lord. 'For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'"

### Helen Sue Isely

Silence  
Is loneliness.  
Or, it is solitude,  
Depending on spirit's talent  
With wings.



New series of films  
portrays—



in its overall dimensions.

ACROSS the country, and already beginning to filter overseas, a new thrust is starting against an old and traditional problem.

The thrust is tagged 4 DK, meaning the Four-Dimensional Key to the Cause of Alcoholism, and consists basi-

cally of four group sessions designed to probe the reasons for the drinker's trouble and, in contrast, present the alternative of a better way of life.

At the core of this plan, and providing the visual attraction for it, is a series of new short films developed specifically for this purpose, and entitled "Alcoholism in a New Dimension." They portray in logical sequence what alcohol does to the body and the mind and how it deceives the user into ultimate dependence; then they suggest a practical way to achieve positive living.

The films are also intended as teaching aids in the educational curriculum or in school alcohol educational projects.

#### **Alcohol and Your Body**

"Alcohol and Your Body" starts the series in animation, taking the viewer on a tour of the body and showing how the body works to eliminate alcohol from the system as soon as this foreign substance is introduced.

#### **Alcohol and Your Mind**

Two of the films are documentary in nature. "Alcohol and Your Mind" features Laurence A. Senseman, M.D., president of the International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism, in describing with visual aids the impact of drinking on mental acuity. The interview is carried on with E. H. J. Steed, who has paired with Dr. Senseman in developing the 4 DK Plan.

#### **Five Steps to Alcoholism**

In "Five Steps to Alcoholism," Herbert H. Hill, Institute lecturer for the International Commission, points out the major signs of real trouble which develop as the drinker continues his habit.

#### **A Plan for Better Living**

Finally, again in animation, "A Plan for Better Living" is outlined. This cartoon sequence emphasizes the fact that alcoholism is caused by the conscious or unconscious neglect or impairment of the physical, mental, social, or spiritual dimensions of men, bringing about an acceptance of alcohol and ultimately a dependence; and that prevention is based on the same principle—develop these four dimensions so that the person is able to find life rewarding without alcohol.

These films are each twelve minutes in length and are produced in full color.

The four films described on this page, "Alcoholism in a New Dimension," are available for a special introductory price of \$345, until September 1, 1970. Following this date the price will be \$390 for the set of four films. They can be ordered from Narcotics Education, Inc., Box 4390, Washington, D.C. 20012.





## Ups and Downs

### You Can't Win With Drugs

The most recent drugs to invade suburbia are also the most dangerous. They are the amphetamines, often called "speed."

Amphetamines, or pep pills, are stimulants that excite the central nervous system, increase heart rate, raise blood pressure, and banish fatigue.

A shot of speed brings an instant sense of well-being. But as the shot wears off, depression sets in, sometimes so severe that suicide is a danger. To avoid this "crash," ever larger doses of the addictive speed are required, causing tension, irritability, and the jitters instead of well-being. Weight loss is noticeable, and a toxic psychosis may develop, with mental derangement and frightening auditory and visual hallucinations. Heart attacks are a threat.

So destructive are the amphetamines that even the youngsters are warning each other that "speed kills." But the stimulants are so easily obtainable, often from home medicine cabinets, that many youngsters start their drug experimentation by popping pills of benzedrine, dexedrine, or preludin.

Some try to avoid this vicious circle by alternating barbiturates (downs) with speed (ups). But barbiturates are also addictive, and also in the medicine chest, so this choice leaves them no better off.

Barbiturates, also called goofballs, depress the central nervous system. A person on downs acts like an alcoholic drunk. He's relaxed, sociable, good-humored. But his speech is thick and his movements slow and awkward. The drug has slowed down his heart

rate and breathing and lowered his blood pressure. Eventually he'll fall asleep. With an overdose, he may die, especially if he's taken it in combination with liquor.

Most youngsters who get caught in the amphetamine-heroin-barbiturate cycle are emotionally troubled. Psychologically they hurt, and they are looking for something to dull the pain and make them feel good.

They turn to destructive drugs because they are neurotically-psychotically unhappy in their homes or schools, or they are worried about the draft, their love lives, or their careers. These are the problems they must be helped to face before they will give up drug dependence.

### "Now" Generation in Britain Is Wetter

Young people in Britain are now drinking far more than their parents did when they were the same age, but very few of them have been warned of alcoholism.

This is revealed in the report of a survey on youth and drinking published by the London Borough of Hammersmith. The survey was designed in a way to reflect the nationwide drinking scene.

Not only do young people drink more but they start drinking younger. Asked the age at which they had their first drink, the students gave ages averaging about 12.5. Most people over 40 questioned said they did not have their first drink until after they were 16.

## Peril in the Home, Sweet Home

More than one fifth of the persons admitted to Massachusetts General Hospital with accidental injuries acquired in the home had breathalyzer readings positive for alcohol,

reports the "Medical Tribune."

This proportion, 22 percent, was significantly higher than the rate in persons admitted for reasons other than accidents, 9 percent, and in persons with occupational injuries, 16 percent.

Besides determining that alcohol (0.01 percent and over) was present in 22 percent of the home-injury admissions, the investigators found that a high level of alcohol—greater than 0.05 percent—was present in 10 percent of the home-accident cases, compared with only 3 percent of the nonaccident cases.

Other findings:

- A higher proportion of patients with positive breathalyzer readings was found among those admitted with head injuries and among those with lacerations and abrasions, compared to other types of injuries.

- Patients with injuries resulting from fights or assaults showed the highest proportion of positive tests—56 percent.

- Of accidental injuries, transportation accidents showed the highest percentage of positive readings and occupation accidents the lowest.

## New Help for Workers

A growing number of companies are setting up programs to help employees with drinking problems, according to the National Industrial Conference Board.

The study finds a significant shift in management attitudes toward employee alcoholism: The trend is away from punishment and toward rehabilitation. While many authorities emphasize that alcoholism is never cured but only arrested, the study finds that about 60 percent of those who accept treatment are helped and able to hold their jobs.

Despite the progress, there are still relatively few companies with alcoholic control programs. The reason cited most often for not establishing a program: "We don't have the alcohol problem in our company." But many firms have discovered: "If you employ people, you have the alcohol problem."

Companies enter an employee's personal life reluctantly. Most regard an individual's drinking habits as highly personal. Only when drinking begins to interfere with job performance do firms generally take action. Faced with the alternative of firing a valuable, trained employee or attempting to help him, a growing number of firms are taking the latter course.

While company programs are directed at drinking that openly interferes with work, firms are aware

## India: Money Above Men

Prohibitionists are fighting a losing battle in India.

Strong drink, denounced by Mohandas Gandhi as "more damnable than thieving and perhaps even prostitution," is making a comeback.

Prohibitionists failed in a long campaign to achieve a completely dry India by October, 1969, the 100th anniversary of Gandhi's birth.

The southern state of Andhra Pradesh scrapped its dry laws and permitted the sale of liquor in November, a year after Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's ruling Congress party called for enforcement of prohibition by 1976.

Andhra was the latest of India's 17 states to repeal the prohibition of alcoholic liquor, originally enshrined in the Indian constitution as a directing principle.

The reason was simple—the state government hopes to get 150,000,000 to 200,000,000 rupees a year from liquor taxes.



that many social and personal benefits will result from dealing with problem drinking before it goes too far. Their primary aims: to lower costs, reduce absenteeism, improve production, increase safety, assure sounder decision making, retain the services of employees, lift morale by extending help to those who need it, and replace ineffective disciplinary action with more effective approaches.

It is estimated that 3 percent to 5 percent of an average company's employees are alcoholics or have drinking problems. Experts say they cost business at least \$2 to \$3 billion a year, not counting the heavy toll in human misery.

## In This NEWS

◆ Dr. Paul Dudley White on how to avoid suicide. See page 20.

◆ Ann Landers on how to lose opportunities. See page 21.

◆ Max Lerner on how to strike at the drug problem. See page 22.



## Rich Society "Rusts" Out

The affluent society and its members are committing suicide, says Dr. Paul Dudley White, Boston heart specialist.

They're doing it, he says, by eating too much, and too much that's too rich. They do it also by smoking. And they do it by taking their ease instead of exercising.

All together, the combination creates the conditions to encrust the walls of the body's arteries with a kind of "rust" that produces what medicine calls atherosclerosis.

Smoking contributes to atherosclerosis in part by constricting the arteries. And ease instead of exercise aggravates the condition because the blood meanders through the arteries instead of coursing through them forcefully.

Arteriosclerosis, the final stage of atherosclerosis, is the biggest killer of all heart ailments—and, as Dr. White says, "The scalpel can never solve that problem. Someone has to find a way to prevent it."

That's what he is preaching now—prevention.

It would keep people productive, and it would reduce overall medical costs, which he concedes are high. But the economics of medicine is not his deepest concern. Prevention of atherosclerosis is, and he thinks it can be done by teaching people—even young children as soon as they are old enough to understand—that tobacco is taboo, that what they eat will not only shape them but also shape their lives, and that they should constantly exercise their muscles as well as their minds.

"I don't believe," he says, "that



Boston heart specialist, Dr. Paul Dudley White, advocate of bicycling as one method of staving off heart trouble, wheels into a demonstration.

anybody who is reasonably healthy should be susceptible to a heart attack under the age of 70 or even 80."

## Women Cigar Smokers

### Be Ashamed of Your Habit!

The cigar people think they're on to something in teaching women to smoke. Already there are an estimated 100,000 women cigar smokers in America.

Don't for a minute underestimate the seriousness of their intentions. With cigarettes under attack as hazards to health, the cigar people feel that their chances of luring women to the bigger weed are greatly improved.

They have redesigned their product to make it slimmer, more graceful in appearance, and less obtrusive. They have mentholated it, flavored it with Burgundy, rum, cherry, and other fruits, and have put plastic tips on the end.

And just so the ladies won't ruin the act before it really catches on, the institute officials have issued rules of etiquette for female smokers.

Among the bits of advice:

—Remove the cigar from the mouth between puffs.

—Never permit the cigar to dangle from your lips.

—Wait until everyone has finished eating before lighting up.

—Remove the discarded stub from the ashtray promptly.

—Never smoke a cigar on the streets.

These rules might be interpreted to mean that if a woman smokes cigars, she should cover up as much as possible the fact that she smokes cigars!

## Mexicans Grow Pot But Don't Use It

Although smokers extol Mexican marijuana as the strongest and the best in the world, users of the weed are few and far between in Mexico.

A professor at the University of Guadalajara says: "About the only marijuana users I know of in Mexico's colleges are American expatriates."

A Mexican pharmacist, Hector Harquez, agrees. Mixing a metaphor, he said, "Marijuana isn't the Mexican's cup of tea. His temperament is more suited to drinking."

Mexico has known marijuana for many years. It is said that soldiers smoked it during the 1910-14 revolution, but the habit never spread to civilians.

## Drugs Are the "Thing"

"One thing I'll certainly talk about is the smugness of parents," Rev. Daniel Egan sighed, turning and pointing to the handful of adults who had shown up at a Montreal school to hear his lecture on drugs.

"Everyone thinks drugs are a ghetto problem," Father Egan said, "and thinks they cannot possibly get into the hands of his kids."

"A few years ago we could predict which kids would turn to drugs. However, today, drugs are the 'thing' and so available that kids from any family can start experimenting."

Father Egan earned the title "junkie priest" through 20 years of work with heroin addicts.

"I treasure the title as much as Reverend Monsignor," the Catholic priest says. "In my culture, it is used with great reverence and respect."

## Bigger Problem Coming

If you think your problem with heroin is serious now, you wait, because at the rate we're going now, within a couple of years every high school and every college in the country will be inundated by heroin.—Dr. Donald B. Louria, president, New York State Council on Drug Addiction.

## Spain Bans Alcohol Ads Featuring Women

Spain's state-controlled television network has ruled that "no advertisement for alcoholic drinks will be accepted in which women appear in the act of drinking or carrying glasses and bottles."

No explanation was given, but authorities presumably fear that the commercials were too successful.

One advertisement has girl models plugging a brandy as "the stuff for men," and others appear to associate the drinking of certain brandies with sexual success.



## Drugs and Diplomacy

Dr. Hugh L'Etang's new book "The Pathology of Leadership" is a carefully documented account of illness in high places. The book doesn't make any startling revelations, but it does suggest that the problem is sufficiently widespread to merit more consideration than it normally gets.

For example, Dr. L'Etang comments that President Kennedy's decisions and actions might have been influenced by the drugs he was taking for an adrenal disorder.

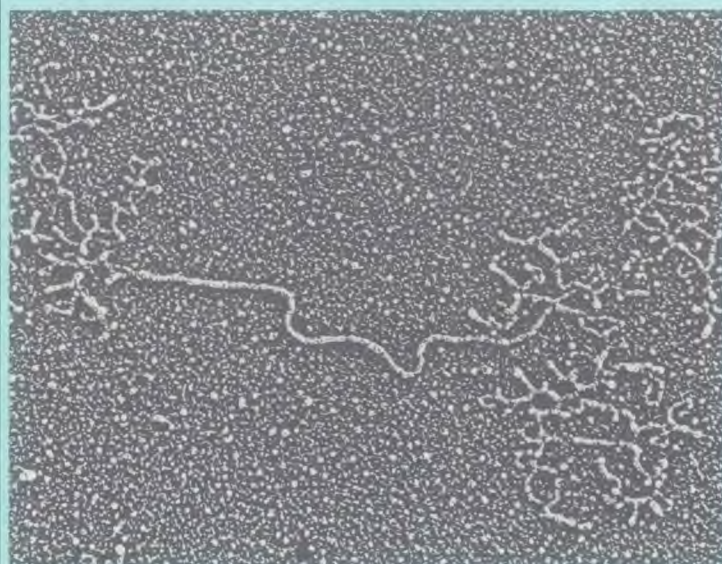
He observes that some patients on steroid therapy "can display gross disorders of mood or behavior and even graver manifestations of mental disintegration."

And he suggests that Kennedy's fatal decision to ignore the warnings against visiting Dallas could have been influenced by drug-induced "imprudent overconfidence and unfounded optimism."

If records have been kept, someone "may be able to compare Kennedy's moods and performance with the drugs that were administered, and to establish in particular whether steroids did more than merely replace the adrenal deficiency," he suggests.

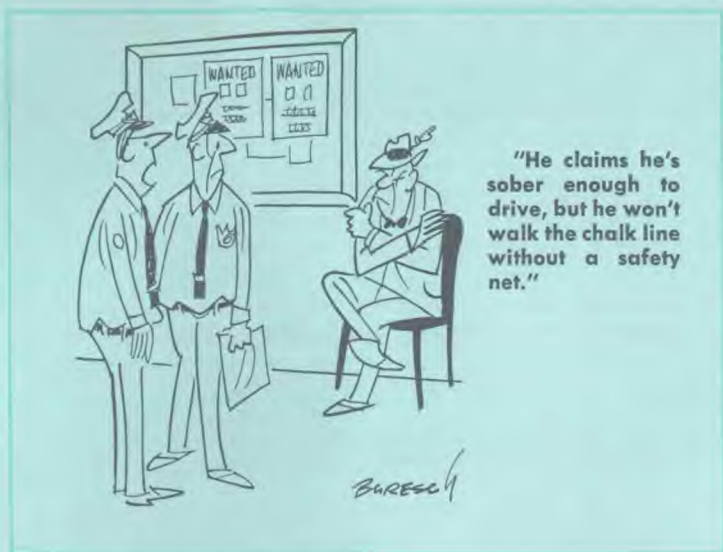
## DDT in Cigarettes

High levels of DDT and other long-lasting hazardous pesticides have been found in cigarettes and appear to increase the health hazards already facing smokers. According to North Carolina State University researchers, pesticide residues in tobacco and cigarette smoke "add to the massively accumulating evidence of the pervasiveness of persistent pesticides in the world environment."



This single gene was photographed with an electron microscope by a group of Harvard University researchers. Weblake pieces at either end are other sections of genetic material. This gene is magnified 79,300 times.





## Women of a Lost World

There are middle-aged suburban housewives, bored because their days are spent mainly watching soap operas and gossiping on the telephone.

And there are others: Young mothers. Old mothers. Mothers who hold 9-to-5 jobs. Mothers who are alone because their husbands have walked out on them.

They are all mothers with one common problem: They are alcoholics.

To them, the bottle is the most important thing in life—more important than the love of a husband, the respect of their children, the friendship of neighbors.

Most alcoholic mothers attribute their drinking to boredom, loneliness, depression, marital troubles, and unwillingness to accept getting older.

Ten years ago, statisticians figured there were five male alcoholics for every woman alcoholic. Now they suspect the ratio could be 3 to 1 or even 2 to 1.

Dr. Ruth Fox, a Manhattan psychiatrist who has spent 30 years working with alcoholics, said that this year—for the first time—her women patients outnumbered her male patients.

According to the National Council on Alcoholism, 5 million alcoholics live in the United States. New York experts estimate that about 300,000 of them reside in the New York area.

### Rosemary's Family

One of them is Rosemary, a plumpish, blond, 48-year-old mother of three children, two of them married and one in college. Rosemary lives with her husband, a radio announcer, in a luxury building.

"I began drinking when I was a 15-year-old, and I liked it dangerously much," Rosemary said as she perched a vodka martini in her unsteady hand. "After that, I drank every chance that I could."

Like 62 percent of America's alcoholics, Rosemary comes from a family of drinkers. The man she married was an alcoholic too—but he quit drinking and joined Alcoholics Anonymous. Rosemary has tried AA several times, as well as

alcoholism clinics, psychoanalysis, Antabuse—and even hypnosis. But so far none have helped her stay sober for longer than two months at a time.

Nowadays she consumes about a quart of liquor a day. Her husband—although probably more tolerant than one who never had a drinking problem—tries to find the bottles she hides around the house so he can pour the liquor down the drain.

"But there's one place he's never looked," she says, grinning crookedly. "My steam iron. That's my No. 1 secret hiding place!"

Did she neglect her children when they were young?

"Oh, I feel guilty about them," she says, mixing herself another drink, "but I can't help myself."

She recalls that she often slapped her children for no reason, and would send them to bed without supper.

"When I look back," she says softly, haltingly, "I see that I never spent any time with them at all. On weekends I sent them off to the movies so they wouldn't interfere with my drinking. I guess it's no wonder that the two oldest had to go to psychiatrists. Thank God, they're fairly normal now."

### From Love to Hate

Most experts agree that the children of alcoholic mothers often suffer irreparable psychological damage. One minute the mother may smother her youngsters with love, while a few hours later she may shriek at them for no reason while she staggers around the house in a vain attempt to do her housework.

This sudden withdrawal of love produced by liquor often leads to deep and lasting feelings of rejection, abandonment, and isolation.

Alcoholism has been called "the family disease" because every member of the family is affected by it. And nowadays, there are fellowship groups available for all of the members of an afflicted family: AA for the alcoholic parent, Alateen for the teen-age children of the alcoholic, and Al-Anon for the nondrinking parent.

## From a Piece of Paper

A Cincinnati teen-ager wrote the following letter to popular columnist Ann Landers to share some thoughts about the many opportunities frequently lost for want of courage:

"I am a high school senior who doesn't know a lot about life, but from what I see and hear and read, I get the idea that just living today takes more courage than it did when there were less people in the world. And so now, more than ever, we all need little bits of philosophy to hang on to."

"Here is something that helped me do things I would not have done if I hadn't had this little piece of paper in my wallet."

"Don't look. You might see.  
"Don't listen. You might hear.  
"Don't think. You might learn.  
"Don't make a decision. You might be wrong.  
"Don't walk. You might stumble.  
"Don't run. You might fall.  
"Don't live. You might die."

## this and that

Isaac Newton was a man of small build. One day he was out for a stroll, when two ladies passed. One said: "What a little man." Sir Isaac looked around and exclaimed, "Were I so tall to reach the pole, or grasp the ocean in my span, I must be measured by my soul. The mind's the standard of the man."

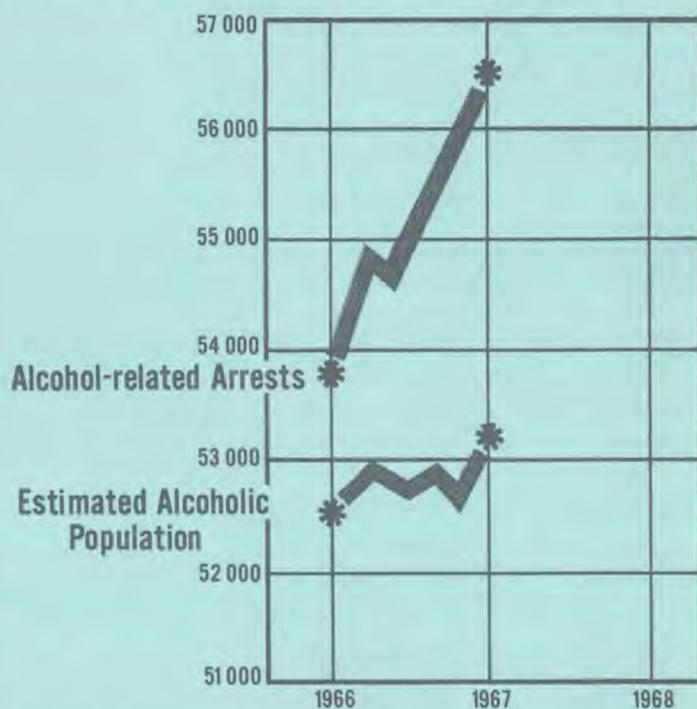
## WHAT WHERE WHY WHO WHO HOW WHEN WHAT

◆ A survey of University of Michigan students indicates that approximately eight out of ten have never tried a nonmedically prescribed narcotic, amphetamine, tranquilizer, or hallucinogen, according to the U.S. Public Health Service. The same survey shows that 44.1 percent have used marijuana at least once. (UPI)

◆ Two well-known spokesmen for the antismoking movement—Senator Frank E. Moss and actor Tony Curtis—agree that the campaign is having a noticeable effect. Senator Moss notes that 12 billion fewer cigarettes were smoked in 1969 than in the previous year. Curtis names several movie stars who have stopped smoking and says that he and his wife have noticed that there seems to be less smoke in the restaurant where they go than there used to be. (Washington, D.C., "Evening Star")

◆ In Gallup, New Mexico, drunken Indians are being expelled from the city jail because of overcrowded conditions. As a result, drunken citizens are lying in gutters and alleys, and the police say the "catastrophic" conditions may get worse. (UPI)

## Drinkers Get Into Trouble



This graph illustrates the results of arrest studies in South Carolina. In 1966, South Carolina population was 2,633,000; total number of all arrests was 153,297 (of which 56,506 were alcohol-related) and the estimated number of alcoholics was 53,380. Alcohol-related in this study refers only to public drunkenness and driving under the influence.



## ARE YOU PUZZLED?

## TAKE YOUR "QUE"

Alan A. Brown

Here's a "que" for a quiz. All the words in the righthand column have "que" somewhere in them, as you can see. With the help of the definitions, can you supply the missing letters?

- |                                     |                 |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. a line of persons                | que _ _ _       |
| 2. rough and short in manner        | _ _ _ _ _ que   |
| 3. old, ancient                     | _ _ _ _ _ que   |
| 4. without like or equal            | _ _ _ _ _ que   |
| 5. a conduit for water              | _ _ _ que _ _ _ |
| 6. a Mohammedan place of worship    | _ _ _ _ _ que   |
| 7. to overpower, subdue             | que _ _ _       |
| 8. a feeling of hurt or resentment  | _ _ _ que       |
| 9. a device used to dry windows     | _ _ _ que _ _ _ |
| 10. to give or leave by will        | _ _ _ que _ _ _ |
| 11. a body of paid applauders       | _ _ _ _ _ que   |
| 12. to vanquish, overcome           | _ _ _ _ _ que   |
| 13. a varnish                       | _ _ _ _ _ que   |
| 14. absurdly incongruous or awkward | _ _ _ _ _ que   |
| 15. impervious to light             | _ _ _ _ _ que   |

## Solving Drug Problems

"How long will we, younger and older, continue to fool ourselves about our young drug users?" writes Max Lerner in his editorial column in the Washington, D.C., "Evening Star." "How long will we continue to say that they are a product of poverty and ignorance and that as soon as we are all educated and affluent all will be well?"

"Very summarily I suggest a three-pronged program—to treat the disease; to stop it at its physical sources; to stop it at its psychological sources. All three are important, but the third is the heart of it."

"The first involves therapy and the research needed for therapy."

"The second is prevention, by drying up the supply routes and plaguing the plagues of youth with what they fear most—not only jail but the contempt and loathing of the community."

"The more effective prevention, however, is the third or psychological prong of the program—drying up not the supply routes but the demand routes."

"These youngsters are not addicts hooked to particular drugs. They are, as so many young people are, hooked to a drug-freedom syndrome. They feel freer, more in the swing of things, if they are taking pot or hash or acid. They feel more linked with other young people, more rebellious and daring perhaps,

and even being 'busted' carries its badge of danger and pride."

"I find a pathos in this so-called freedom which is really conformism and aping. But it will go on unless those who set the new cultural life-style see its emptiness and blight and turn elsewhere than to drugs for their sense of liberation."

## 12-year-old Is Hooked

A 12-year-old narcotics addict shocked a New York hearing on drug addiction when he told legislators how he had become addicted:

"I started mainlining about six months ago," he told the legislators. "I learned how to do it in the street—in my neighborhood. I even sold drugs in my school for \$2 a bag. I had a lot of customers."

"I used to see my friends doing it and I didn't want to be left out. I started sniffing heroin, then skin-popping, and then mainlining."

The frail 60-pound youth, about four feet tall, told the legislators that he had sold heroin to classmates and had stolen to support his habit.

When asked if he had learned anything about what could happen to him if he continued with drugs, he answered: "Yes, I learned you could die from it."

## Don't Lean on This Crutch

In commenting on the present problem of amphetamine misuse, Dr. Peter Steincrohn, medical writer, makes the following statement:

Not too many years ago amphetamine was thought to be a harmless (and very helpful) addition to our therapeutic armamentarium. It helped truck drivers keep awake on long night journeys. It helped obese persons by curtailing their appetite. It was a convenient crutch to lean on after having a bad night and needing to stay awake the next day.

However, in recent years it has become a national health problem. According to some physicians, except for using it in hyperkinetic

children with poor social adjustment, and in patients who suffer from narcolepsy (unnatural sleepiness), it should be banned. They say it is a much larger drug problem than heroin.

Dr. Ben Sheppard of Miami, a former juvenile judge and now supervisor of drug addiction clinics, has said, "I would be in favor of banning amphetamines completely. It's just as difficult to treat the speed freak as it is the heroin addict. We're focusing too much attention on heroin addicts and forgetting that younger people are using other stuff."

## "Living Dead"—How Do They Get That Way?

"The living dead" is what Vincent F. Sullivan, author, and others call the five million or more alcoholics in the United States, and one of every five of that five million is a woman.

It is a grim business, this compulsive drinking which finally is being recognized as a disease rather than a habit, as a disease which unless "cured" ultimately kills.

Sullivan, for 45 years a newspaper executive, tackles the problem the alcoholic creates for employer and family in *How to Stop Problem Drinking*.

## ANSWERS

1. queue 2. brusque 3. antique 4. unique 5. queduct 6. mosque 7. quell 8. pique 9. squeegee 10. bequeath 11. clique 12. conquer 13. lacquer 14. grotesque 15. opaque





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