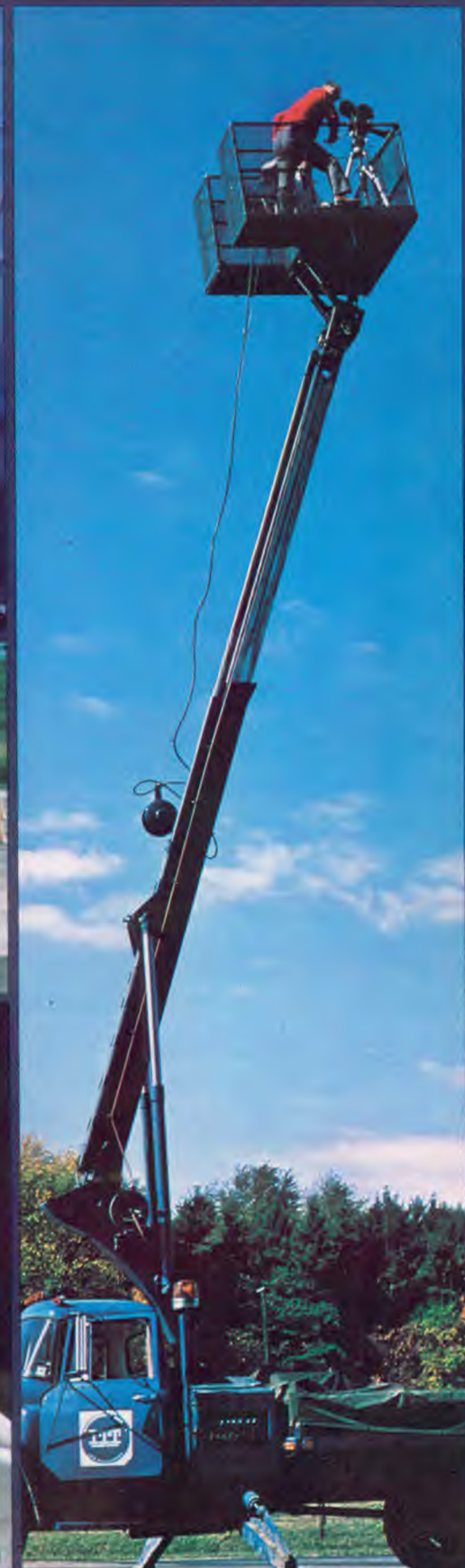


SEPTEMBER 1976

# Listen

A JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

**What Is Our  
Most Dangerous Drug?  
Andrea Herman—"I'm Still  
Trying to Stop Smoking"**

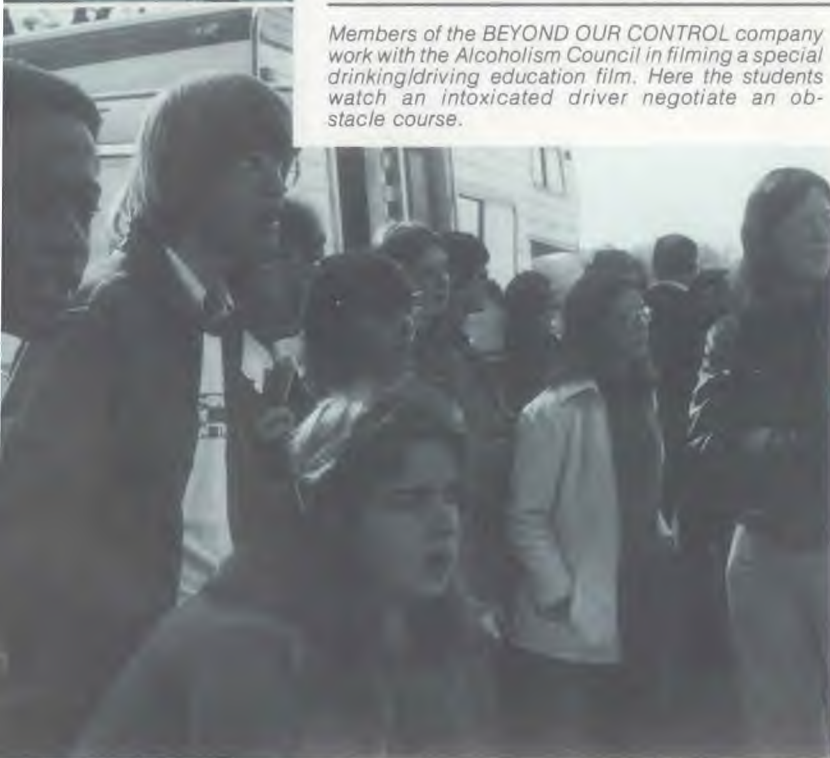


**High School TV Producers**





*BEYOND OUR CONTROL* members are interviewed by local sportscaster Sam Smith, prior to the actual test runs. That's chief cinematographer Charlie Peich on the left with director Brad Bate.



Members of the *BEYOND OUR CONTROL* company work with the Alcoholism Council in filming a special drinking/driving education film. Here the students watch an intoxicated driver negotiate an obstacle course.



From atop a 40-foot cherry picker crane, a portion of the driving obstacle course is clearly visible.



Cameraman Dave Simkins gets a low-angle point-of-view shot of Ellen Akins as one of the company's advisors looks on. The shot is from the program's World War I flying aces movie.



It's a four-chapter mythological serial, "Herculon's Mightiest Chore." *BEYOND OUR CONTROL* company gets some shots of Herculon's ship from a nearby camera boat.





but marijuana and LSD. He managed to kick all three.

And there is a 23-year-old inmate of a Michigan prison who is slowly, methodically turning his life around by work, by study, by thinking, by writing. He has managed to give up cigarettes along the way. He's given up a great many other things that were known and familiar and comfortable to him too. But how much he has gained in return!

I also heard from a 25-year-old who is currently both a convict and a patient of a mental hospital. He, too, has experienced a great deal of pain and tragedy in his life—more than I ever will, I suppose—yet he's working his way up and out. The way he gave up smoking was very beautiful in its honesty and simplicity. He knew he didn't have the strength to do it on his own, so he made a promise to his 93-year-old grandfather that he would never smoke again as long as the old gentleman lived. It's been difficult, but he's kept his promise. A promise is a sacred thing and he says, "My promise is an anchor." I hope he is as proud of himself as he deserves to be.

Nearly everyone who wrote to me ended his letter by saying, "Please let me know how you're getting along!" So I guess an honest report is called for.

No, I haven't quit yet. When the first batch of letters came, I was so overwhelmed and so inspired that I quit on the spot. I quit for 20 hours, which probably doesn't sound like a very long time to someone who has never smoked, but can be a virtual eternity to someone like me. Then I broke over. But I still kept my intake down for about ten days. Eventually, though, habit took over and for the moment I'm right back where I started.

Yet I'm not really back where I started. I don't think anyone could receive the piles of interested, caring, hopeful letters I received and ever be exactly the same. To know that there are so many people who care and who are rooting for you is, in many ways, a sort of responsibility. I feel a real responsibility to the people who wrote and who are praying for me, but even better, I think, is that I'm now feeling a

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"When the day comes that you say, 'I'll die before I ever smoke again,' the battle is on with you as the victor."

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definite responsibility toward myself. I know that only I can do it. That there is no easy way out. That I am, indeed, responsible for my own actions and my own outcome. (I don't WANT to know it, but I do.)

There were so many suggestions. I'm still sifting them, sorting them, thinking about them, deciding which ones I can adopt and adapt as my own. And I truly believe that one day soon I will not only find the inner core of strength I need but also the right combination of aids that will fit my own personality—whether they be jogging, or drinking copious amounts of water, or carrying a pack of cigarettes around with me so I

can stare it down and delight in my own willpower over them, or joining a stop-smoking group, or making a promise—or even finding more housework to do. It may take a combination of these things, but I am searching hard and I will find them.

But I will not for a moment forget the strength and the scope of my own willpower. As still another writer told me, "When the day comes that you say, 'I'll die before I ever smoke again,' the battle is on with you as the victor." I DO sense a battle within me. And I have already experienced defeat. "Victory" sounds very good. And right now it even sounds attainable. ◇

## I AM A FAILURE

This teen-ager feels he is a failure in whatever he does. What do you suggest to help him gain confidence? How do you do it for yourself?

Gentlemen:

I know you hear of teen-agers' problems every day, and I guess I am really lucky because it could be worse. Well, here is my burden: I am a failure—at college, athletics, friends. It's a rough life. I have tried being a Christian, but it seems like a roller coaster—up and down. It hurts being bottled up inside. I would certainly appreciate your help on how to solve my problem. THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

Sincerely,

Eddie

Address Eddie, % LISTEN, 6830 Laurel St. NW, Washington, DC 20012.





***“Laugh,  
Clown,  
Laugh”***



Take some cameras, film, a TV studio, some imaginative high school kids—and what do you get?

# Teddy Bear Terrorists and Animated Pancakes



*Notre Dame coach Digger Phelps discusses the course with driving instructor Ed Szucs.*

A MORNING fog is beginning to burn off in the warm Indian summer sunshine of northern Indiana. An unusual group of high school kids is already at work, helping to set up an automobile obstacle course on the asphalt skidpad of the Bendix Automotive Development Center.

These kids are members of a Junior Achievement television production company called BEYOND OUR CONTROL. They've been chosen to observe and assist in the production of an educational film on drinking and driving.

Later in the day the obstacle course will be driven by five adult drivers, including Notre Dame basketball coach Digger Phelps. They'll be carefully scored, based on their performance in the complex course of tight curves,

lane changes, brakings, and reverses. Then after a brief cocktail party for the test drivers, they will again negotiate the course for another scored run.

The whole test will be filmed with five motion picture cameras by a professional film-making group, and throughout the experiment the reactions and comments of the BEYOND OUR CONTROL members will be recorded on film. The finished film, the brainchild of Father John Wilson of the University of Notre Dame, is eventually to be used in high schools and on television.

BEYOND OUR CONTROL members were selected because the local alcoholism council "wanted a film of real impact on area young people and felt that they could say things and have

more influence than any professionals in the field," according to W. Grant Chandler, president of the board of directors. The unique respect and admiration implied in Mr. Chandler's remarks is the result of an eight-year history of achievement in the South Bend, Indiana, area by the BEYOND OUR CONTROL group.

The company had its origins in 1960, when William Thomas Hamilton, executive vice-president and general manager of the WNDU Stations in South Bend, founded one of the nation's first Junior Achievement television companies.

Junior Achievement (JA) is a nationwide program of economics education for high school students, enabling members to learn about the American system of business in the best way possible: by permitting them to operate their own model corporations. JA companies sell stock to raise operating capital, elect officers, manufacture a product or render a service, engage in sales activities, and then liquidate their corporation at the end of the school year.

In the case of the WNDU-TV-sponsored company, the "service" rendered is a weekly television show, produced by the students. For the first few years, the fledgling company produced modest game shows and talent showcases. But in 1967, advisers to the project felt that this generation had grown up with television, and that the students could well put their time and talents into a more creative and ambitious project. What emerged from the planning sessions was a weekly revue called BEYOND OUR CONTROL.

For any local TV station to produce a weekly comedy show is a formidable undertaking, and to put the project largely in the hands of high school students called for a real act of faith from WNDU-TV's management. Advisers smilingly recall the early years of

**DAVE WILLIAMS—Station WNDU-TV—South Bend, Indiana**





Herculon rescues the god Antimetheus from the tortures of the Amateur Hour of the Gods. Dave Simkins stars as Herculon, Sean Taylor is the chained Antimetheus, and Ron Ward plays Herculon's associate.

The crew sets up a complex action sequence, calling for human hands to come springing from the ground and entrap Herculon. This requires brave crew members to be buried.



BEYOND OUR CONTROL as "challenging, . . . to put it mildly." Recruiting talent for the unknown project was difficult. Advertisers, whose support was needed to finance the project, were reluctant to invest in a new program. Inexperience in the studio resulted in many disastrous production sessions.

But as the years went by, the initial act of faith was rewarded by programs of steadily improving quality. Students gradually took over more of the technical tasks, so that by 1974 the project was totally in student hands. Local advertisers were also impressed by the enthusiasm of the group and the results of their work, and the program soon became a commercial sellout every year.

BEYOND OUR CONTROL quickly gained a reputation as the nation's top student-produced television show, attracting the attention of major national magazines like *TV/Radio Mirror*, *TV Guide*, and *Seventeen*. By 1973 the program was proving its mettle in competition with professionally produced shows, winning an award as the nation's Best Locally Produced Variety Show from the National Association of Television Program Executives.

Today BEYOND OUR CONTROL is enjoying its ninth successful season on WNDU-TV, still apparently delighting its fans, who deluge the show with more "fan mail" than for any other

program featured on the NBC station.

The show itself is as unique as its success story. It's dubbed "the TV show about TV," a satirical look at America as reflected by the television medium. Its distinctive format has the feel of one of those idle-hours sessions spent switching from channel to channel, just to see what's on the tube. In BEYOND OUR CONTROL's case, the program does the switching, supposedly jumping from channel to channel, picking up a show in progress, abandoning it, returning to it later, and so on for the entire half hour.

Program segments, produced with on-location film and in-studio videotape, may run as short as ten seconds or as long as fifteen minutes, and are basically parodies of standard television fare. On recent shows, viewers have been treated to a disaster movie, in which the cast was trapped in a clothes closet; a 1930-style space adventure serial; a local—and highly amateurish—country music show; a World War I "flying aces" movie; a preview for a horror movie titled "Night of the Poohs," featuring teddy bear terrorists; an experimental animated film, featuring mysterious animated pancakes; commercial parodies for products like exercise machines, laxatives, deodorants, and breakfast cereals—and much more in the same vein.

It all adds up to distinctive viewing

and prompts considerable praise—and a bit of occasional confusion—from viewers. In one instance, following a ridiculous junk furniture store commercial parody, a viewer telephoned the station for more exact directions on how to find the nonexistent store. Most letter writers use words like "fresh" and "imaginative" to describe the show. Many are astonished that the whole production is created and executed by high school students.

On this particular day, however, BEYOND OUR CONTROL kids are more serious than usual, watching with interest a breathalyzer demonstration (to check for alcohol in the bloodstream), the practice runs, and finally the post-party attempts.

According to the official alcoholism council newsletter, "every driver showed decreased scores, with some spewing pylons and boxes in every direction. Some drove more slowly to try to increase their accuracy. Others hit the gas. Neither strategy worked."

Following the demonstrations, the drivers—sobered in more ways than one—expressed surprise that their driving skills had been so seriously compromised. Most felt quite capable of driving, although a few admitted to being lightheaded prior to the test.

The resulting film, now in post-production stages, dramatically proves the classic axiom that drinking and driving don't mix. But beyond this simple statement of fact, the film looks for answers on what to do when teenagers ignore everyone's advice and do drink at parties.

Advice from the BEYOND OUR CONTROL group was relatively simple: Drive your friend home yourself; call a cab; or even insist that he stay overnight. Do anything—but don't let him drive.

And that fits well with Father Wilson's basic goal for the film: to demonstrate the virtue of thinking about others. If the youthful drinker doesn't care about his own life, he might at least think about the lives of his friends, his passengers, and the strangers in the cars coming his way.

It's hard to argue with Father Wilson's philosophy. That's one reason why the BEYOND OUR CONTROL group was so proud to take part in this unique film venture. ◇



In 1967, psychiatrist Dr. D. Harvey Powelson called marijuana "harmless" and urged it be legalized. Now he calls it—

# "Our Most Dangerous Drug"

**DR. POWELSON, you were once quoted in the "Daily Californian" (April 12, 1967) as saying, "Marijuana is harmless. There is no evidence that it does anything except make people feel good. It has never made anyone into a criminal or a narcotics addict. It should be legalized." But now you are widely quoted as the psychiatrist who has reversed his opinion on legalization of marijuana. Why did you change your mind?**

Well, I was at the University of California when I made that statement. As director of the student health service I was seeing a lot of patients and supervising people who were seeing many more. In the course of the next two years, either directly or indirectly, I saw literally thousands of students.

One patient whom I knew quite well and worked with for a long time, took up marijuana and hashish, which is a more concentrated form of marijuana, during the time I was seeing him. It became clear to me and to my wife, who also saw him, that there was something changing about his ability to think, to remember, to judge, to understand.

The things happening to his brain were things we would expect from somebody who was having brain damage from alcohol or a tumor or organic brain damage. But he was a young healthy man. Then we discovered that the sessions that were particularly bad occurred when he said he'd used hashish within the previous two or three days. We both began to notice this connection.

Then I began to see the same connection in other patients. Since then, a lot of recent scientific evidence has supported and explained these observations.

**How do the effects of using marijuana compare with the effects of other drugs?**

I think marijuana is the most dangerous drug we have to contend with, for a number of reasons.

First, unlike any other drug except DDT, marijuana stays in the body for a very long period of time. It stays in the brain, and it keeps operating long after people are high. This time element is anywhere from six weeks to six months. Biochemically, using tracers has proved that only half of the marijuana leaves your body in a week.

Marijuana is soluble in oil and fat, and totally insoluble in water. The ratio is 600 to 1, so that once it gets inside the cell, it can't get back into the bloodstream the way other drugs do. If you drink alcohol, it's soluble in water and also in the bloodstream. As fast as you drink it, it goes into the

Dr. D. Harvey Powelson was formerly chief of the psychiatry department of Cowell Memorial Hospital at the University of California at Berkeley. Currently he is in private psychiatric practice in Berkeley and also serves as Mental Health Program Chief of Calaveras County, California.





bloodstream and continues to circulate, and then it is burned and leaves the body.

Marijuana just stays there. When marijuana users get high—it usually takes them two or three times, because they have to build up a certain amount in their brain. Once they get high, they take another joint and get a little higher, then the high drops off and they think they are sober again. But the marijuana is still active. Then three days later they take another joint and they get high again. But they are suffering the effects of marijuana all that time.

#### **Is this what is called the cumulative effect?**

It could be called a cumulative effect, but what I'm really talking about is the fact that marijuana stays active in the brain long after the user feels high. It's very deceptive. Since it doesn't lead to staggering or leave a smell on your breath, nobody else can tell that you're high and you don't know that you're high or whether you're stoned. You're not high in the sense of feeling good, but you're stoned. Your brain isn't functioning right. And this can be proved. You can give a person mental tests before he takes a joint, and then you can show that he can't do the same test as well for as long as 72 hours after the equivalent of one to three joints. It depends on the concentration.

#### **What is marijuana's effect on the function of the brain?**

If you ask somebody to take 100 minus 7 back to 0, he has to do two things at once. He has to remember what he is doing, and he has to keep track of the last number. It's not very complicated, but it's the kind of memory function that marijuana interferes with. Marijuana users tell that it focuses their attention. What that means is that they can't do two things at once. This particular memory test makes them do two things at once. If you time them on that test, it takes about 1½ minutes. Then they smoke three joints. A day later it will still take them longer than 1½ minutes to do the same test.

In real life it's much more complicated. One of my patients was an airplane mechanic who worked on airplanes going from Alaska to Japan. He was staying stoned all the

time. His supervisor didn't know it; nobody on the job knew it. He didn't care whether the instruments checked out or not. All he was interested in was staying stoned on the job. He wasn't thinking about anything but how good he felt. Yet pilots and passengers were depending on that man.

Right now some pilots in the Midwest are trying to get the Federal Aviation Agency interested in the fact that there are pilots and navigators and instrument testers who are stoned. Many people in this country—literally millions—are using marijuana and are stoned. And they may be people you and I are depending on to fly an airplane or drive a bus or perform our surgery, or drive on the highway.

#### **What do you think about the comparison that marijuana is no worse than alcohol?**

I think there is no comparison. It's hard to compare the two because there are some things about alcohol that are worse than marijuana. Alcohol is bad for the liver. And as far as I know, marijuana probably doesn't affect the liver. But overall, marijuana affects the mind much more than alcohol, much sooner, and in a much more profound way.

#### **How can a person, particularly kids in schools, sort out fact from propaganda about marijuana?**

There are liars and prostitutes in every field—in science, in medicine, in law, and in the newspapers.

The marijuana thing is particularly difficult because the stakes are so high. That's one way of putting it, I guess. Different people are putting out propaganda all the time.

*Consumers' Union* report (March 1975) is a beautiful example. The man who wrote it knows nothing scientifically. He selected the data and the research. It's pure propaganda, but all the kids quote it. It has no scientific standing at all.

On the other hand, it's next to impossible to train kids to make scientific judgments of the kind that are necessary to sort out the scientific literature. I think an intelligent person can read scientific literature. There are no reputable scientific journals now that say marijuana is harmless.

**The Jamaica study was noted in the "New York Times" early this year. It says, "Several recent studies of chronic marijuana users, conducted independently in half a dozen countries, one of them being Jamaica and another Greece, indicate that the drug has no apparent significant adverse effect on the human body or brain or on their functions."**

To begin with, the Jamaica study was never published in reputable scientific journals. It was leaked to the newspapers in various pieces. I and my colleague Dr. Jones, who is also very involved in this, tried for months to get a copy of it. I think it was finally published in book form in Holland.

Marijuana effects have been demonstrated in reputable centers in this country, such as the University of Utah





Medical Center. The head of genetics research there demonstrated the effects of marijuana on chromosomes in very difficult laboratory procedures. The people who reported that there was no chromosome damage in Jamaica have no credentials for doing that kind of study. In fact, they did it so poorly that something like half of their study had to be discarded because it was inadequate technically, which really cancels out the whole study in any reputable scientific laboratory.

The Jamaica study also says marijuana doesn't affect function. But the study was of very marginal laborers hoeing in cane fields, and we know that the main effect of marijuana is on the brain. It would be very hard to measure its effect on hoeing. However, literally hundreds of studies of all kinds of intellectual functions have been done not only in this country but all over the world, and these all show that marijuana has an adverse effect on people's ability to function.

I think that the best counter to the confusion in kids' minds is not more scientific evidence, because they're really not capable of making those judgments. There's always going to be another scientist who sells his stuff to the highest bidder. By now there are enough marijuana users in every community that people are beginning to know that he's a head, he's stoned all the time, and you can't trust him. You can't trust what he's thinking, you can't trust his judgment.

Often I ask marijuana users, Would you like your surgery done by somebody who is high? They all say, Are you crazy? They know that they're not trustworthy. And other people are beginning to know this.

***It seems that the majority of our population are for the use of pot. Why is supporting marijuana use more popular than speaking out against the harm that people are doing to themselves?***

I think it's so dangerous because it's so tempting. It makes you feel good. It's an easy, cheap way to feel good. You can easily be deceived into thinking it's not doing you any harm because you don't feel it. By the time it is doing visible harm, your own judgment about it is itself impaired.

Other people then become a mirror. You see healthy people who say you shouldn't do that, and your urge is to destroy them. This is just human nature. When people are doing something they want to do, they want to get rid of the person who says you shouldn't do that.

We have the same problem with alcohol, really with anything else. In the process of growing up, you have to say, Just because it makes me feel good isn't necessarily the only reason or the only thing to judge by. Ask, Is it good for my mind? Is it good for my society, for my family, the people I live with?

***We hear quite a bit about the fact that smoking pot interferes with motivation, what is called amotivational syndrome. Do you believe this is a valid strike against the use of marijuana?***



Yes, I think there's no question that people who use marijuana regularly over a significant period of time are clearly in a state of not being interested in anything but feeling good. There are physiological explanations for that.

Marijuana contains a chemical which affects the pleasure center. You get the illusion of feeling good. Then this illusion becomes more important than really feeling good. At the same time the effect of the drug is wearing off as you become tolerant to it. So you use more of it. And as that goes on, you either have to use stronger drugs or get another high. But this time the high is going to be a chemical or other false illusion, because you have lost the capacity to feel good in natural ways.

At that stage, in the amotivational syndrome, people lose interest in everything else but the drug. And there are literally thousands of people who are only interested in getting high. They may have shifted from marijuana to heroin. A lot of them are shifting to alcohol, and this whole false question about marijuana or alcohol is going down the drain because we're seeing younger and younger alcoholics. First they begin combining the two, then they find out they can get drunker with alcohol than they can with marijuana.

Egypt had such a terrible problem with marijuana that Nasser—even though they are a very poor country—spent a lot of money for one of the best research studies that has ever been done on marijuana. It was done by an American-trained scientist, published in 10 volumes in Arabic. It shows in a very scientific way without question that marijuana affects people's ability to function. It also showed over a long period of time a very high percentage of people shifting from marijuana to heroin.

Egypt is one of the countries that is concerned about what's happening in this country. We're a part of the Geneva Convention which says that we're going to try to control marijuana. We're decontrolling it when other countries who have had the problem for centuries, like Egypt, are trying to control it. If we decontrol it, they are going to lose what little control they have. The last convention having to do with marijuana came out very strongly







with a resolution urging the United States not to decontrol marijuana.

***In 1972 the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse decided unanimously to recommend that all criminal penalties be eliminated for private use and possession of marijuana. Other voices spoke out in favor of decriminalization of marijuana, but against legalization. What is your opinion about this dichotomy?***

In this state [California] they said we just want to decriminalize it; we're not talking about legalizing it. I testified against it, and I said that this is just a step toward legalization. They publicly said, No, all we are asking for is decriminalization. A month later the same man was saying, Now what we have to do is legalize it, it doesn't make any sense to decriminalize something and at the same time have it illegal to grow it. Well, that's obviously a crazy law. And now they're saying, Look at how inconsistent this law is. But they're not saying, Let's go back to the old law. They're saying, Let's make it legal to grow it. That was simply a ploy, and I think everybody knew it at the time.

***What kind of laws would you advocate?***

I think marijuana should be illegal, but it would be very hard to do that now. I think we're going to be faced with some very difficult decisions about the whole drug problem very soon. We will wake up to the fact that we're in the middle of an epidemic, that drugs spread from one drug user to the next, and that the consequences are devastating to society, to the people, to our country.

The legal procedure, which we're going to have to think about, is something like public health procedures— isolate a person for his good and for the good of society. You say to somebody, You can't use marijuana or heroin or cocaine anymore. And then it's his choice. He stops. Or if he doesn't stop, you help him stop by certain sanctions, or education, or medical or therapeutic help.

***In 1971 you stated that pot use was leveling off. How does it look to you now?***

Did I say that in 1971? In Berkeley the number of people using it is leveling off because we've reached the saturation point. In the university, around 80 to 90 percent use marijuana. There's another 10 percent who will never use it, such as Mormons, Orthodox Jews, etc., who won't use pot, but they won't use any other drug either.

What's happening is that the people who are using it are using more and more of it. The number of people using it may be leveling off because you have reached the available population in a particular area, but the next step is that those same people use more. Statistics show that the country as a whole is using more marijuana all the time.

***What effect does marijuana have on driving?***

It affects judgment, the ability to keep more than one thing in your mind at the same time, to take into account all the factors at once which have to do with driving instead of just where you are going. Particularly bad is the fact that it is often combined with alcohol. When you combine the lack of judgment, on the one hand, with poor reflexes, it's more than twice as bad.

***Dr. Jones, your colleague here, is quoted as saying that by far the most significant and shocking result of the current studies on marijuana use has been the discovery of its effect on genes and chromosomes. Could you explain this?***

It has been demonstrated in humans and in animals that marijuana, in socially used doses, affects chromosomes. Chromosomes are what determine our inheritance. They are also the determiners of the function of every cell. The two most striking effects of marijuana on chromosomes affect the DNA and RNA metabolism. It affects the immune cells in such a way that immunity drops way down through the social use of marijuana. And that's true, presumably, of its effect on chromosomes.

The other effects are on the germ cells, that is, the parent cells of the next generation. We know they are damaged, but it is a very hard thing to demonstrate in humans, since we don't know yet what it's going to do to the next generation. It's a fifty-year study.

I may tell high school students that marijuana damages chromosomes. As a physician I think that is a very dangerous thing to be messing with. Then someone else comes along and says, "Well, Powelson says that it damages chromosomes. That may be true, but he hasn't proved that it damages the next generation." That statement is also true. But those two statements are not equal.

***Does the user develop hostility against anyone who speaks to him against using it?***

Yes, that is universal. When I first began talking about it at the university, people physically threatened me and shouted at me. The situation was sometimes riotous. If you take heroin away from heroin users, or cocaine away from cocaine users, or alcohol away from people who drink alcohol, they will use any means they can to get it back.

***What would you say to high school kids if you had the opportunity?***

I would say that there is no evidence whatsoever that marijuana in any way is good for you. There's very strong evidence, which you can see for yourselves if you look around, that it damages the brain, that it damages your ability to think, it damages your chromosomes, it damages your immunity system—all of this at a rate of something in the neighborhood of 20 times as rapidly as alcohol.

You owe it to yourselves, to your parents, to your society, to be healthy and intelligent, and to use all your strength in the best way you possibly can. ◇

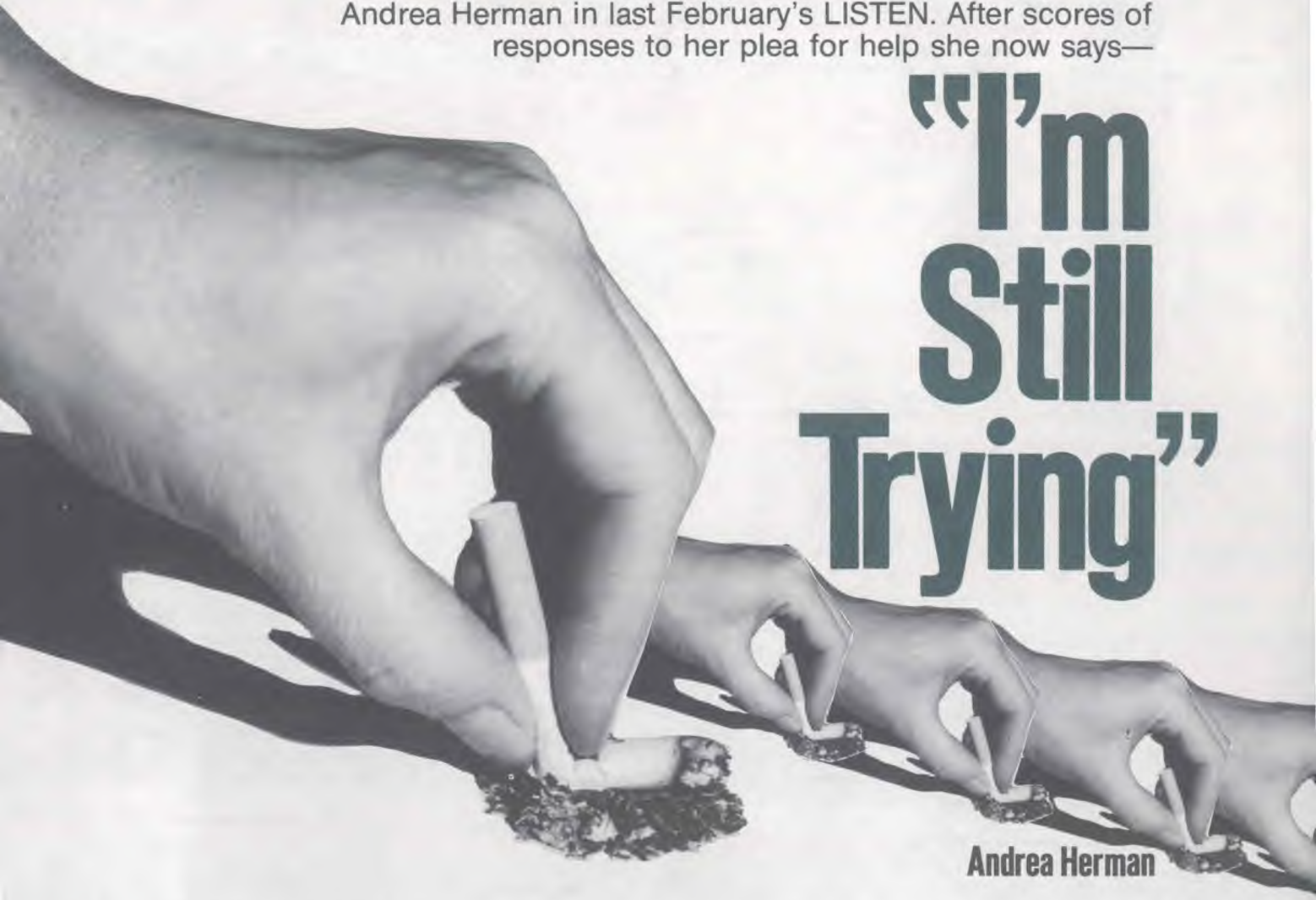


## Response to "A Smoker Speaks Out"

"I've tried to quit. At least 758 times," wrote Andrea Herman in last February's LISTEN. After scores of responses to her plea for help she now says—

# "I'm Still Trying"

Andrea Herman



**"WRONG! WRONG! WRONG! WRONG! WRONG!** *There should be pity for the stupid smoker who does not realize or believe what you seem to know about smoking, but there can be no pity for someone who knows what you know and continues to kill herself voluntarily."*

Signed,  
**NO PITY IN OREGON**

This is perhaps the most startling and therefore memorable of the many letters I received in response to my article in the February issue of *Listen* in which I asked for help in breaking my smoking habit. At the end of the original piece, I'd said that people who are so degradingly hooked on cigarettes deserve pity, not scorn—but someone in Oregon obviously doesn't agree with me. And he has a valid point.

I'm gratified at the response to my plea. I've received letters from men, women, and children all over the country. And I suspect there will be more. I'm not only gratified, but deeply moved that so many people would take the time and trouble to respond,

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There should be pity for the stupid smoker who does not realize or believe what you seem to know about smoking.

---

many of them writing at great length.

I'd like to share some of the suggestions that landed in my mailbox, for perhaps they will help someone else too.

By far the largest number of letters I received offered the same solution. Many of these people had at one time been heavily addicted smokers, people like me who had tried to quit and couldn't, until they found the strength they needed in Christ. I thank these many people for sharing their experiences and their beliefs with me. And I appreciate and welcome their prayers.

Some of the most practical and down-to-earth suggestions came from young people. Some of them very young. One, whose age I can't determine, sent a list of five suggestions: (1) Take warm, relaxing baths or showers. (2) Drink six to eight glasses of water between meals (drink fruit juices too). (3) Get plenty of rest. (4) Take walks. Get out into the fresh air after supper. Have fun. Enjoy yourself. (5) Eat simple foods.

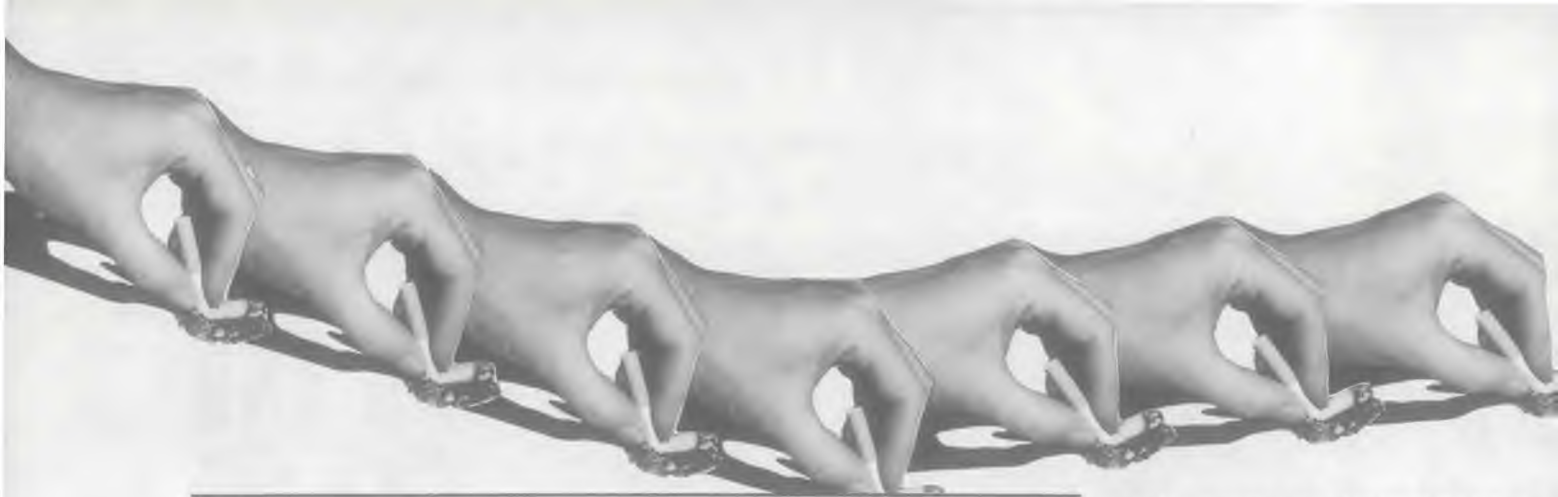
From a 13-year-old in Massachusetts came another list of suggestions, including getting a hobby, joining a club,

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The wisdom of the young is awesome. And I have learned a great deal from them.

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There is nothing that takes the place of smoking. You have to face it and fight it.

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keeping my hands busy, and finding more housework to do.

And a 14-year-old from Michigan who agreed that it is very hard to quit smoking (he knows, because he did it!), suggested I try his plan: "Have someone stay with you for three weeks or more so they can make sure you don't smoke. Then go jogging and do exercises. Take big breaths and let them out. If this does not work write me back."

Thank you, Marty. I will.

The wisdom of the young is awesome. And I have learned a great deal from them.

I also heard from the not-so-young.

"They say you can't teach an old dog new tricks. Well, I will soon be 79 without a cigarette in sixteen years." It's never too soon to quit smoking, of course—but it's comforting to know that it's not necessarily too late, either.

An 83-year-old man who smoked for 30 years and quit 25 years ago wrote and referred to himself as the "voice of experience." I agree. And I'd like to quote part of his letter, as I feel there is great truth in what he says:

"Live only for one day. Make up your mind in the morning, 'Today I am not going to smoke.' The next day do the same thing. Do not think of tomorrow but hold out for today and soon you can develop your willpower. It will get stronger and your craving will lessen. Do not try any substitutes. There is nothing that takes the place of smoking. You have to face it and fight it."

No substitutes. Facing it. Willpower. These are the things a person who

wants to quit smoking knows, basically, but simply doesn't want to acknowledge. Facing it squarely is very hard. Willpower, and willpower *alone*, is frightening. We cast about frantically for an easier way. According to the letters I've received, there are little tricks that can make it just a little simpler, but willpower is what it all boils down to in the end.

One woman found it helped to quit drinking coffee at the same time she gave up smoking because the association between coffee and cigarettes is so strong.

Another woman substituted drinking big glasses of water. Not only did this give her something to do temporarily, but it helped wash out the impurities

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One woman found it helped to quit drinking coffee at the same time she gave up smoking.

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that smoking had left in her system.

And another writer, who found it nearly impossible to face the idea of a whole day without a cigarette, broke the day into manageable blocks of time. Four hours. Then four more hours. She used toothpicks and hard candy and Bantron tablets. And she did it. She has my hearty applause. *I know* it wasn't easy for her!

One wife wrote to share how her husband finally kicked the habit. "He carried a package of cigarettes in his pocket for six months and when he

wanted one he would look at it and say to himself, 'I'm bigger than you are,' and put it back. He never smoked again." That's willpower. And strength. And success.

Someone contacted the District of Columbia Lung Association in my behalf and they sent me a great deal of information, including mention of its 5-day "Smokex" plan for quitting.

And several people sent along information on "Smokenders," a how-to-quit-smoking organization which has chapters springing up throughout the country. When I first heard of this group, the financial aspect of it made me back off, but one woman who wrote spoke highly of it and claimed it was a turning point for her.

Transcendental Meditation was another suggestion. The writer did not claim it cured her of her smoking habit, but she definitely felt that the relaxation she obtained from it helped decrease the acuteness of her desire for cigarettes.

Still another woman said she even-

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tually was able to quit smoking by not allowing herself to inhale. She permitted herself the existence of cigarettes and the tactile sense of them, which is important to smokers, but by not inhaling she eventually lost the sense of urgency for cigarettes and was finally able to abandon them.

While in the end there is probably nothing except sheer willpower that can turn a smoker into an ex-smoker, any or all of these little tips and tricks undoubtedly can ease the pain a bit along the way.

While I was encouraged by many of the letters I received, I was also shamed by some. No matter how large one thinks one's problem is, there is always someone whose problem is worse.

I heard from one young man who picked up more than one bad habit while in the Navy. Not only cigarettes,

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No matter how large one thinks one's problem is, there is always someone whose problem is worse.

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but marijuana and LSD. He managed to kick all three.

And there is a 23-year-old inmate of a Michigan prison who is slowly, methodically turning his life around by work, by study, by thinking, by writing. He has managed to give up cigarettes along the way. He's given up a great many other things that were known and familiar and comfortable to him too. But how much he has gained in return!

I also heard from a 25-year-old who is currently both a convict and a patient of a mental hospital. He, too, has experienced a great deal of pain and tragedy in his life—more than I ever will, I suppose—yet he's working his way up and out. The way he gave up smoking was very beautiful in its honesty and simplicity. He knew he didn't have the strength to do it on his own, so he made a promise to his 93-year-old grandfather that he would never smoke again as long as the old gentleman lived. It's been difficult, but he's kept his promise. A promise is a sacred thing and he says, "My promise is an anchor." I hope he is as proud of himself as he deserves to be.

Nearly everyone who wrote to me ended his letter by saying, "Please let me know how you're getting along!" So I guess an honest report is called for.

No, I haven't quit yet. When the first batch of letters came, I was so overwhelmed and so inspired that I quit on the spot. I quit for 20 hours, which probably doesn't sound like a very long time to someone who has never smoked, but can be a virtual eternity to someone like me. Then I broke over. But I still kept my intake down for about ten days. Eventually, though, habit took over and for the moment I'm right back where I started.

Yet I'm not really back where I started. I don't think anyone could receive the piles of interested, caring, hopeful letters I received and ever be exactly the same. To know that there are so many people who care and who are rooting for you is, in many ways, a sort of responsibility. I feel a real responsibility to the people who wrote and who are praying for me, but even better, I think, is that I'm now feeling a

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"When the day comes that you say, 'I'll die before I ever smoke again,' the battle is on with you as the victor."

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definite responsibility toward myself. I know that only I can do it. That there is no easy way out. That I am, indeed, responsible for my own actions and my own outcome. (I don't WANT to know it, but I do.)

There were so many suggestions. I'm still sifting them, sorting them, thinking about them, deciding which ones I can adopt and adapt as my own. And I truly believe that one day soon I will not only find the inner core of strength I need but also the right combination of aids that will fit my own personality—whether they be jogging, or drinking copious amounts of water, or carrying a pack of cigarettes around with me so I

can stare it down and delight in my own willpower over them, or joining a stop-smoking group, or making a promise—or even finding more housework to do. It may take a combination of these things, but I am searching hard and I will find them.

But I will not for a moment forget the strength and the scope of my own willpower. As still another writer told me, "When the day comes that you say, 'I'll die before I ever smoke again,' the battle is on with you as the victor." I DO sense a battle within me. And I have already experienced defeat. "Victory" sounds very good. And right now it even sounds attainable. ◇

## I AM A FAILURE

This teen-ager feels he is a failure in whatever he does. What do you suggest to help him gain confidence? How do you do it for yourself?

Gentlemen:

I know you hear of teen-agers' problems every day, and I guess I am really lucky because it could be worse. Well, here is my burden: I am a failure—at college, athletics, friends. It's a rough life. I have tried being a Christian, but it seems like a roller coaster—up and down. It hurts being bottled up inside. I would certainly appreciate your help on how to solve my problem. THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

Sincerely,

Eddie

Address Eddie, % LISTEN, 6830 Laurel St. NW, Washington, DC 20012.





***“Laugh,  
Clown,  
Laugh”***





## **"Laugh, Clown, Laugh"**

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### **Story of two brothers as told to — Felice Buckvar**

I SAW Flip today while I was walking home from school with my brother Seth. Flip was sitting in his car, the front door open, his scuffed sandals on the sidewalk.

"How you doing?" he asked me.

"OK," I answered. "You remember my brother Seth?"

"Sure. Sure I do." He smiled. "I was gonna call you Emmett," he said. "I forget your real name."

"Ed."

"Yeah." He nodded. "That's right."

He was already looking away impatiently. Funny, I hadn't seen him for months, but that's all we had to say to each other.

"So long, Flip."

"Take it easy," he said, without looking at us.

That brief meeting, the name he called me—Emmett—brought back a thousand scenes—memories of last spring, only months ago, and especially of that day when I almost got killed, but grew up instead.

My brother Seth used to bug me. He came back from the service thinner, paler, taller, and more serious than I ever remembered him. Right away he got a job where he worked a few days and a couple of evenings a week. The rest of the time he moped around the house.

His friends were all either in the army or away at school. His girl, who had written to him faithfully while he was away, was at an upstate junior college. She had been home for spring break, but the sight of Seth out of uniform—an ordinary, gawky high school dropout of twenty—must have cooled the romance. She wasn't writing anymore.

All Seth had to do most evenings and weekends was to check up on me. When I'd come home late at night, he'd

be waiting. "You high again?"

"Lea-me alone," I'd answer.

He'd shake his head, and I'd stumble off to bed wondering why he had to come home and bother me. Especially this year, I thought, when I'd been accepted into the "in" group for the first time in my life—accepted as the clown, it's true, but accepted.

Flip, the leader, had taken a liking to me. He called me Emmett the Clown and the others took it up. I had a role to play, and I played it to the best of my ability. I acted nuttier, said and did more outrageous things than anyone else, and for that I was rewarded with Flip's friendship and the companionship of his friends.

Even after Flip and a couple of his friends left school in the winter, we still hung around together. I could always find him at this candy store where he hung out making a few bucks hustling cigarettes or liquor to underage kids. It was fun hanging around with him, visiting some of his kinky friends. It was more fun than school. So I found myself tagging along more and more.

One fine Friday, the first day I had been to school that week, someone down at the office must have added up my absences. I was called out of English class to go down to the dean of discipline. The dean was sitting at his desk, looking through some papers.

"You're Sanders?" he mumbled without looking up.

"Yes."

"Well, Sanders, you have two more cuts coming to you and you're out. Get that?"

No "Were you sick? Are you having trouble in school?" Just a warning, a plain, cold warning without even looking to see who he was talking to. I could feel my blood pumping through my body.

"I get it. Is that all?"

"That's all."

I turned and left. If I'd had the nerve, I would have walked out for good right there and then, but something held me back. I waited until school was finished for the day and went home depressed. I tried to do some homework, but I couldn't concentrate. When my mother came home from work, I asked her for the keys to the car.

"All right," she said reluctantly. "But come home early. Seth wants the car later. He's picking Linda up at the station."



"Linda's coming in?"

"Yes. They have a date for tonight. Seth's hoping to make up with her."

"Isn't she nice? Maybe she'll even let him carry her luggage."

"Don't be sarcastic, Eddie." She looked at me with weary, watery eyes. "He's anxious about tonight. He's having a hard time."

Aren't we all? I felt like asking her, but I didn't want to get her upset. She worried enough about raising her two sons since Dad died suddenly three years ago. She still hadn't got over the shock.

"What time do I have to be home?" I asked instead.

"Be home by 8:30. And drive carefully," she called after me.

She always told me that, ever since I got my license two months ago. It always annoyed me too. She never said it to Seth. I was still the baby of the family.

I drove straight to Flip. If anyone could make me forget my troubles, he could. He was standing outside the candy store. When he saw me, he motioned to the guys with him to come to my car.

"Vere to, General?" I asked saluting, easily falling into my role as Emmett the Clown.

He slid into the front seat, and the other three guys got into the back.

"We want to come too!" Donna, Flip's girl, and her girl friend squeezed in.

"What do you say, Emmett? Where we going?" Flip asked.

"I say up to da park and four times around. I'll make it snappy."

The girls giggled. I started up the car and turned it around. The park was in the direction of my house. Flip took out a cigarette and lighted it. He passed it to me. I took a deep drag and handed it back. The white line in the center of the street started jumping as I tried to follow it. Still, when the butt came around to me again, I dragged on it.

I stopped near the entrance to the





park. One of the guys in the back had a bottle of wine. I gulped some down and noticed the Spanish name on the label. "Ole!" I shouted.

That's when I got this hilarious idea. It would really break everyone up, I thought. I took the red sweatband from my head and waved it. "Ole!"

Unsteadily, I opened the door on the driver's side. Waving the bandanna, I stepped into the street.

"Hey, Flip. Start up the car. You be the bull. I'll be the bullfighter," I told him.

They were all laughing.

"No," Flip said between gulps of laughter. "It's too crazy."

"Come on. Come on." I waved the bandanna. "See the flag."

"No. I'm telling you, it's too crazy." He always held whatever he took better than us. "Come back in. It's too crazy."

"Oh, yeah?" I would show them. I didn't need them to play the game. A car was coming down the street. Holding the bandanna in both hands, I ran in front of it shouting, "Ole! Ole!"

The car stopped short, its brakes squealing. The driver cursed. I bowed low and stepped to the side letting him pass. My friends were laughing and cheering.

Another car—a convertible—and again I ran in front. It stopped and one of the men jumped out, but I only saw him from the corner of my eye because another car was coming from the opposite direction and I turned around to stop that one too.

Waving my kerchief, the kids' laughter echoing in my ears, I decided to surprise the other car by lurching in front of it at the last minute. I leaped over the center line. There was a jumble of noises—laughter, shouts, brakes—and I felt a sudden pain. Mixed with the pain was a feeling of surprise, for the headlights of the car were over me instead of under. Then I lost consciousness.

When I awoke, Flip's voice came to me as though through a long tunnel. "That was some stunt, you crazy fool. You OK?"

With a great deal of effort, it seemed, I nodded.

"Well, I'm going then. That was some crazy fool thing to do. Everybody's talking about it." He chuckled. "You're lucky your brother saved your life."

I was home in bed and Seth was sitting next to me. He stayed by me that night as I kept falling in and out of consciousness and each time I awoke, I learned more of the story.

Seth was in the convertible being driven home from work. When he saw me, he jumped out of the car to stop me. The driver of the car I was running to was slow in hitting his brakes. Behind me, Seth pushed me clear of the car. He himself was knocked down and badly bruised. "You had me worried," he told me toward morning, bringing me another glass of water. "I didn't want to tell Ma, so I just said you had too much to drink, which you did. She doesn't know you were hurt."

My hands were still shaking, so he held the glass to my lips. I wanted to thank him, but I had so much to thank him for, I didn't know where to begin.

When I awoke again, Seth was still sitting next to the bed watching me. I remembered something else.

"Did you get the car?"

"Flip brought it over."

"I mean, did you get it in time to pick up Linda?"

He shook his head. "No. Someone had to stay with you."

"Was she mad?"

"Mad as a hornet. Well—" he shrugged. "She should understand that I had to stay with you." He made a face. "I guess we broke up for good."

I knew how he'd looked forward to seeing her again. I wanted to say "I'm sorry," but the words stuck in my throat.

Seth was still talking. "I didn't want Ma to know that you were hurt. And I couldn't leave you with your friends."

My friends! I could still hear their laughter ringing in my ears. That was

their reaction to my insane performance—amusement. They were no saner or more responsible than I was.

Seth leaned forward, closer to me. His voice lowered to a gruff whisper. "Flip said you're sick of school, Eddie. Stick with it. Don't make my mistake."

I got up on my elbow. For the first time since he came home, I took a good, slow look at my brother, trying to think of him first just as he had thought of me.

How could I say it all? There was so much to say. I'm sorry. Thank you. I want to help you just like you try to help me. Like a brother. Like a big brother.

"Seth." My voice, too, was hoarse. "You don't have to feel bad about not finishing school. You really want me to stick with it?"

He nodded.

"Then come back with me," I said. "You only have a year to go. Right?"

"Yeah."

"Register for next year. We can take our senior term together."

"You forget, Eddie," he answered, "I flunked out."

"I'll help you. Let me help you in your work, and you can look out for me." I could tell he was weighing it in his mind. "When you save someone, you're responsible for him, aren't you?" I argued. "You can watch over me. And we can both get part-time jobs to help out Ma."

His smile was long in coming. But when it broke, it lighted the room.

"Maybe it's a good idea," he said. "I'll watch out for you and you can help me. Great idea. Thanks," he said walking out.

"And thanks to you."

He turned at the door as though he didn't know what I meant.

"For saving my life."

He grinned. "Anytime." Even with his bruises, he seemed to be standing straighter already.

I leaned back on my pillow. At last, my head was clear. Even the side where I fell didn't hurt as much. It was a great idea, I thought—for both of us. ◇



# Do You Think Marijuana Is Harmful?

There have been different reports about the effects of smoking marijuana. Some claim various harmful effects from smoking marijuana, others call it harmless. For this viewpoint, we decided to ask some high school kids how they felt about the subject.

SHANE BOGEN, age 17



I don't think that marijuana is harmful. To me, alcohol is much worse. I've heard that many brain cells are destroyed by alcohol, and they really haven't proven that with marijuana yet. They say they have to wait for long-range studies on marijuana, but I think they've been studying it long enough now—since the sixties. That's been plenty of time and they haven't come up with any real evidence against it, so I don't believe there's anything wrong with it.

DENISE WILLIAMS, age 16



Yes, I think it's harmful, because it hurts your body. I don't know what else to say, but I think it's harmful.

LAURIE POWELL, age 16



Well, I don't know, I've never tried it before. I stay away from stuff like that, because I don't want to endanger my health.

PAUL AUERBACH, age 19



I think that any foreign matter introduced into the body is harmful to a degree. I understand cigarettes are more harmful, due to the chemicals added to the materials used in processing a cigarette. But I myself am allergic to cigarette smoke and find any type of smoke or air pollution disagreeable. Personally I think it's harmful, but I don't care if somebody else wants to hurt themselves as long as it doesn't bother me.

MICHAEL ROSS, age 15



Well they've proven that it can be psychologically addictive, but they haven't proven any physical addiction. In the most recent studies the only thing they've shown is that it may lower the hormone levels in the body. So until they really get any concrete evidence that marijuana is harmful, I have to say that it's all right.

ALICIA OCANDO, age 17



I don't think taking any kind of drug is right. Why should you try and harm your body? You're here on earth to live out your daily life, why should you harm yourself? I don't see what's fun about harming your body.

MARGARET BLOOM, age 17



I think it can be harmful sometimes, but in small doses I don't think it would be. In large doses, I think it can. It destroys your brain, and it affects your memory when you smoke it. Marijuana makes you forget things, and it makes your eyes a little distorted, and things like that.

NEIL FREDERICK, age 19



Yes, it does harm your body. Marijuana affects your state of mind and ability to think. It's not healthy. I've tried it before, and it certainly had an effect on me. The fact that it's against the law also makes it wrong.



THE SMELL of early morning is like a cold sheet that has hung on a clothesline all night, its brisk, clean flavor a pleasant change from the warmth of indoors. I miss those things, those special senses I once had before I got hooked on speed. Sometimes now sadness overtakes me as I see what I'm missing—a tiny glimpse of it as it passes me by.

I am rushing through life on a speed train. I no longer take time to examine the veins in a leaf, or notice how sun filters through trees. I have bypassed beauty and all I see is the cluster of papers in the gutter each morning. All I smell is the fumes of the bus as it hisses to a stop outside my apartment.

No, morning is no longer beautiful to me. Over a cup of instant coffee and buttered toast I glance at the morning paper, remembering Mother at home standing over the stove. Even toast had a smell of its own there—not the same as this lone, dry piece that sits in front of me.

There is a sallowness to my face that I find hard to describe, a yellow tone that seems to sag and pull the pores open, and beneath my eyes are deep furrows like shadows of clouds across the land. My eyes are dark and moody, my mouth an uneven, trembling line, as if my emotions were unstable and I would burst into tears at any moment.

Do I feel this way? Does my face portray me? Or is this a facade? I look deep into my reflection in the mirror. Each muscle twitches uncomfortably as I scrutinize it, and I know that I have changed. In front of me is my open jewelry box. I take out the tiny white pills which wake me up each day. I rub them between my fingers one by one. I take them gingerly at first, then gulp them down. I hope my mouth will stop trembling soon. I will go to work and smile, and no one will ever know—

As I step out onto the street, my feet seem weightless. The Methedrine surges through me, and I feel its energy. I could go on like this forever, I think excitedly. People become a blur on either side of me. I don't see an elderly lady in my path—I brush against her, knocking her to the pavement.

My body is suddenly numb. I'm sure I couldn't have shoved her that hard. I panic. My mind thickens with fright as I see her eye bleeding, her glasses shattered into glistening fragments across the sidewalk. One part of me leans toward her, wanting to pick her up; the other cringes and holds back. The old woman glances up at me, her face pleading, her one good eye focused on

# Falling Shadow

Susan Mendonca

me. I stare back for a moment, on the verge of tears, and then run, fast, away from the whole horrible scene.

Fear has gripped me so hard I find it hard to breathe. I am suffocating—I wanted to help her. But someone else will. I run a long way. The rush I had felt when I first left the apartment is gone. I'm left with an ugly ache in my stomach, tormented by my own thoughts. I say, "Oh, please, God, forgive me," but I don't feel forgiven.

As it grows dark, I walk back past the place where the woman fell. I scan the area for some remainder of her—a dropped handkerchief, something, anything. The street is a bustle of bodies again, and I can't help wondering where she is now. My forehead is sweaty, my eyesight dims momentarily, and I only remember reeling in a sickening way—

When I awaken I'm in my apartment. The woman from down the hall is bent over me, her face an easy arrangement of kind wrinkles. A wisp of her gray hair dangles onto my cheek, but I don't mind—it feels almost nice.

"It's all right. You just had a nasty fall," she says quietly.

I fell, oh, yes. How deeply I fell, she'll never know! And yet, thank God, she is here to help me. The old woman—did anyone help her? Or did she have the misfortune to run into someone who is not in complete control of her senses, a shadow of her real self? Or was it all just a bad dream—a warning of what could happen?

I glance over at my open jewelry box. There's another packet of speed in there somewhere. I've got to make a decision. My conscience will never leave me alone—I can't retreat from reality forever either.

After my neighbor leaves, I think I'll get rid of those pills. I must make a new start.

She leans over me again, her hair tickling my cheek. She hands me a cup of hot tea. "Will you be all right now?" she asks.

I prop myself up, a little shakily. "Yes, I'll be fine," I tell her, my voice holding a steady note—and for once I really feel like I mean it. ◇







betty davis

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## epitaph for a free spirit

LATE AT night—an evening of fun—alone in his blue Chevelle. Then Sleep crept in to share the ride.

The truck driver said he sounded his horn, tried to swerve, but the headlights came straight at him.

"He was a free spirit," his friends said, "untamed, untamable." He shook off convention as a puppy shakes off water, and they had envied the daring. Hands folded, heads bowed, they listened to the minister and ached for what he had been.

"He was a free spirit," the minister said; "and if those who met him walked away with a wider smile, a happier outlook, perhaps he had accomplished his work here." He tried to ease the pain of father, brothers, sisters, friends, wife—all who had come because their lives were torn.

"He is a free spirit," his wife had defended when her father had criticized his drinking habits, pressing for more stability in her marriage, more concern from one who held his life's dearest possession.

"I love him as he is," she had said. "I wouldn't change him if I could."

So mother and father sat beside her, knew her wound, shared it, and took of its torment as best they could.

"He was a free spirit," she consoled herself. "Now he will never have to change."

Yet—if he could have imagined this day, he would have altered things. There was too much good in him ever to want to hurt. ◇



# ...AND SO FORTH

## AMERICANS ATE BETTER 200 YEARS AGO

"The best Bicentennial celebration of all would be for Americans to go back to eating the way the colonists did 200 years ago," claims a noted nutritionist.

"The colonial diet was lower in calories and carbohydrates—and it was much higher in nutrients," says Dr. E. Cheraskin of the University of Alabama.

"What's more, their food was naturally fresh—it had none of the preservatives, additives, and coloring agents which we now know are harmful."

Harvard University nutrition expert Dr. Jean Mayer points out that 200 years ago Americans "would never have dreamed of having coffee and doughnuts for breakfast—or a ham sandwich and soft drink for lunch. What they ate then was nutritionally satisfying."

## WOMEN DOCTORS FIND CIGARETTES HARD TO QUIT

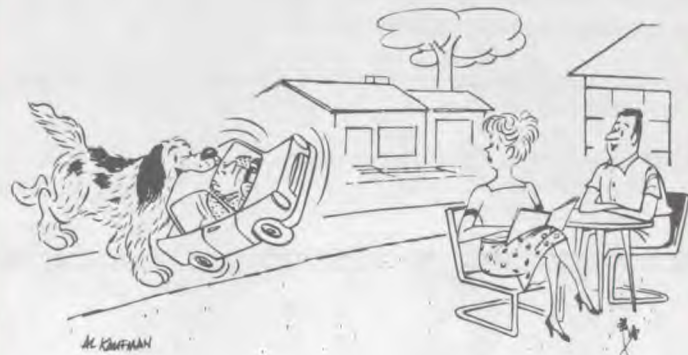
While male doctors are steadily giving up cigarettes, female doctors and nurses are not doing so well.

Results of an American Cancer Society study showed that 38.6 percent of 2426 male physicians questioned were smoking in 1959, compared with 19.5 percent of the same group still smoking in 1972.

Fewer women physicians than males smoked in 1959, but they were not as successful in giving it up, the survey says. Of the 197 female physicians sampled, 34.4 percent smoked in 1959 and 23.7 percent still were smoking in 1972.

Lawrence Garfinkel of the Cancer Society's statistics department says, "The pattern for nurses is about the same as for female physicians."

Of 9500 nurses surveyed, 36 percent smoked in 1959 compared with 26 percent of the same group in 1972.



"Well, he finally caught one!"



The crew compartment of the Space Shuttle Orbiter, which is to house the crew of what is hoped will be the nation's first reusable spacecraft, is installed into the shuttle's lower forward fuselage. Roll-out of the first orbiter is scheduled for this fall.

## LOUD NOISE AFFECTS DRIVER'S REFLEX

A high level of noise in an automobile may slow down a driver's braking reflex, say Canadian researchers.

Donna Mergler-Racine and Pierre Buereur of the University of Quebec in Montreal put drivers in a simulated car and exposed them to recordings of actual intravehicular noise. The drivers were told to brake as quickly as possible when a red light flashed on.

As the noise levels rose, the braking reflex slowed. The more intense the noise, the more rapidly the reflex deteriorated.

## THE EXCITEMENT OF SMOKING

"Yes, folks, smoking a cigarette is wonderful," says the British Health Education Council. "Remember, the average cigarette is chuck-full of the following exciting ingredients: hydrogen cyanide (in a concentration 160 times the amount considered safe in industry); ammonia; carbon monoxide; nicotine (one of the most powerful poisons known to man); butane (the gas used in camping stoves and lighters); tar (at least 10 hydrocarbons that have produced cancer when administered to animals), and phenol (used to make glue, paint, and explosives—destroys the cilia, small hairlike projections that line the respiratory tract)."



# ...AND SO FORTH

## ANIMAL, BIRD, AND INSECT SOUNDS

Adele Ashley

Hidden among the letters below are at least 65 words describing sounds made by animals, birds, and insects. Words may be read forward, backward, up, down, or diagonally. Draw a line around each word when you find it.

L E V I N S L B A P B K A E U Q S S  
M U H C N D R A P U O E L L A U Q S  
E F A O G H A Y I L R O A R I U U C  
O M R W H I N N Y E L K H M A J E R  
W T N A R O S R E P M I H W O P A E  
T N U R G E R L Q O O C K H H O L E  
E S T B R R T B L A T R U I V I T C  
P N Z L O T O A Y X A W P S H R N H  
M W O E A A B W C B L E A T I I C E  
U O J R N I B L L C E H G L F E S D  
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T L B O B W O R C A O A C R A E O N  
E E C G T D O E M F C T B U Z Z R G  
R E T T A H C H O N K H Q I C J C C

bark, bawl, bay, bellow, blat, bleat, bray, buzz, cackle, caterwaul, caw, chatter, cheep, chirp, cluck, coo, creak, croak, crow, cuckoo, drone, gobble, groan, growl, grunt, hiss, honk, hoot, howl, hum, jabber, low, meow, moo, neigh, peep, pule, purr, quack, rattle, roar, scream, screech, shriek, sing, snarl, snivel, snort, squall, squeak, squeal, trill, trumpet, tweet, twitter, warble, whimper, whine, whinny, whistle, whoop, yap, yelp, yip, yowl



A small dog is a big attraction during a performance at a Hamburg, West Germany, cabaret. In on the act is Canadian owner-trainer Eric Badicton. Badicton has a troupe of five little canine acrobats.

## ALCOHOLICS MOST LIKELY TO COMMIT SUICIDE

A quarter of the nation's suicides are committed by chronic alcoholics—and female alcoholics and homosexual male alcoholics have particularly high suicide rates.

Alcohol abuse is a slow form of suicide, says Dr. Robert E. Litman, chairman of the Los Angeles Suicide Prevention Center.

"Most people contemplating suicide don't really want to kill themselves," Litman says. "They want to get rid of the pain of loneliness or depression."

## DRUNK DRIVER PROFILE

What sort of driver is most likely to cause a fatal highway accident because he's been drinking too much?

The U.S. Department of Transportation has compiled a "fatal driver profile" drawn from special in-depth investigations of alcohol-related accidents in Boston, Baltimore, Albuquerque, and Oklahoma City.

The "fatal driver" is usually a male, 25 to 35 years old, a heavy or problem drinker who often prefers beer to liquor. He probably has a high school education, drives an older car, is single, separated, or divorced.

He displays overly aggressive drinking habits and is the greatest threat to highway safety during the early morning hours of the weekend.

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# Listen News

## Lead Discovered in Fetuses of Cigarette Smokers

A biochemist says he found significant amounts of lead, a recognized poison, in the fetuses of women who smoke cigarettes.

"We don't know how detrimental this lead is in pregnant women and their fetuses," biochemist Paul M. Kuhnert says. "But lead is still considered toxic—there are no known beneficial health effects, and the metal must be viewed as undesirable."

Lead is a poison known to cause subtle behavioral problems in humans, including short attention span, mild sleep disturbance, and continual limb movement.

Previous research has linked smoking among pregnant women with smaller than normal babies and increased risk of birth defects.

## Young Violent Deaths Blamed on TV

Violent deaths in the 15-to-24 age group jumped an alarming 19 percent between 1960 and 1973—and a leading expert places much of the blame on TV.

In 1973, 18,032 youths died in motor vehicle accidents, 5182 were murdered, and 4098 committed suicide, according to Dr. Anne R. Somers, a community health specialist at Rutgers University.

Dr. Somers says TV violence has become a major form of "pollution of the mind, which has contributed to an epidemic of youthful violence that seriously threatens the health of American youth."

## Drug Seizures Up Sharply

Narcotics seizures by U.S. customs agents rose dramatically over the past year, with heroin and hashish confiscations leading the way.

Heroin seizures increased 212 percent during a 10-month period that ended in April 1976. Some 317 pounds of the drug were seized, compared to 102 pounds seized during the previous 10-month period.

Hashish seizures soared 368 percent, from 2595 pounds to over 12,000 pounds, according to the U.S. Commissioner of Customs, Vernon D. Acree.

Marijuana confiscations rose 68 percent, from 394,900 pounds to 662,000 pounds; and cocaine seizures jumped 33 percent, from 554 pounds to 735 pounds.

## Adult Smoker Proportion Decreases

The proportion of adult Americans smoking cigarettes has decreased during the past five years, and most of those who still smoke are inhaling safer cigarettes.

A government survey also showed that both smokers and nonsmokers increasingly believe that further restrictions should be placed on where cigarette smoking should be allowed.

The survey found that 33.8 percent of adult Americans smoked cigarettes in 1975, compared with 36.3 percent in 1970 and 42.5 percent in 1964.

Americans are also changing the kind of cigarette they smoke. The average cigarette now produces 18.3 milligrams of tar and 1.18 milligrams of nicotine, which are believed to be the most hazardous substances in cigarettes. Twenty-five years ago, says Dr. Daniel Horn, director of the Clearinghouse for Smoking and Health, the average cigarette produced more than twice as much of those substances—40 milligrams of tar and 2.3 milligrams of nicotine.

## Egypt Is Going Dry

The Egyptian parliament has passed a bill forbidding Egyptians to drink any alcoholic beverage in public. Supporters say the bill will curb violence and make society conform to Islam, the state religion.

The bill also bars liquor sales except in shops with special licenses and bans alcoholic drink advertisements in public places, but it does not prevent Egyptians from drinking at home.

The bill allows foreigners to drink alcohol in hotels, tourist cafes, or casinos in an effort to protect Egypt's earnings from tourism estimated at \$325 million in 1975.

The bill would punish Egyptians drinking alcohol or selling it without license with a maximum of six months in prison or a \$250 fine. Advertisers would face the same fine or up to three months in prison.

## New Heroin Addicts More Resistant to Treatment

A new type of heroin addict, more resistant to treatment than earlier drug abusers, is entering "the competitive market for addiction," a major study reports.

The changing drug picture shows that the new addict is more depressed, starts with heroin as his first drug of addiction, has been in previous treatment, has a longer arrest record, and more often comes from a family in which one or both parents are dead.

These findings are part of a survey by the Drug Abuse Rehabilitation Program of the West Philadelphia Mental Health Consortium.

## Smokers Undaunted by Health Hazard

Most Americans think smoking is harmful, but a majority of smokers say they'll never quit. And more than three fourths of adults believe doctors and teachers should set an example by not smoking cigarettes.

Ninety percent of adults agree smoking is harmful, 84 percent think it is enough of a health hazard for something to be done about it, and 82 percent believe it frequently causes disease and death.

These were among the findings of a national survey on adult use of tobacco published by the National Cancer Institute and the Center for Disease Control.

## Marijuana Called Dangerous Substance

Marijuana will kill your brain cells, impair the functions of your liver and kidneys, dull your personality, and lessen your sex life, says a Berkeley professor.

According to Dr. Hardin Jones, a professor of medical physics at the University of California, Berkeley, "Unlike other drugs such as coffee, tobacco, and alcohol, the aftereffects of marijuana stay around longer."

The 62-year-old professor says he has no personal experience with marijuana smoking, but has conducted several thousand interviews with marijuana smokers over the last 10 years to reach his conclusions.



## Glorious Morning

When a person wants to quit smoking, it's much better to say Do than Don't. It's a real achievement, something to be proud of, and that could well involve a basic change in one's whole way of living. But it can be done! Millions have done it.

With major emphasis on positive alternatives to smoking, the American Thoracic Society has outlined principles for physicians to use in helping their patients to orient to a nonsmoking life. "Influencing the life-style, opening up vistas for further enjoyment, and suggesting alternative or substitute pleasures are some of the means by which patients can be weaned away from smoking cigarettes."

The very joy of "feeling good" is a pleasurable goal toward which to work. "Becoming a nonsmoker can 'unclog' the body senses and spur awareness of good body condition."

To offset physical "deconditioning" brought on by smoking, the alternative—physical fitness—can be a "carrot-before-the-nose" attraction of not smoking. Exercise can result in "strong, positive feelings that are derived from muscular activity: better sleep and loss of tension, for instance." Pride in body and muscle tone can be "a more-than-satisfactory substitute for the dangling cigarette."

There are also positive approaches to the prevalent fear that anyone quitting smoking will automatically gain weight. "This is not automatic. It can be controlled. One out of four persons actually loses weight, and for the three who gain weight, the situation is usually transient. Just because foods smell and taste more delicious is no reason to jump onto the platter."

Practical ideas for the new nonsmoker as suggested by the Thoracic Society include:

- Don't skip breakfast, but weigh each morning before breakfast. Post a chart for a daily record.
- Plan daily caloric intake and divide it into three meals at appropriate intervals. Avoid between-meal snacks of high-calorie substitutes for smoking.
- Cut raw vegetables such as carrots, celery, and green peppers into cigarette shapes and nibble on the ends. Make a strip last as long as a cigarette would.
- Drink ample low-calorie fluids. Use your hot beverages without sugar or cream.
- Use low-calorie foods, including nonfat milk, low-fat yogurt, or cottage cheese.
- Specialize in fruit for dessert, and during the meal avoid deep-fat fried foods. Baking, broiling, roasting, or stewing are preferred methods of cooking.
- Eat smaller-than-usual servings, on smaller plates.

With cigarettes in eclipse, a person can increase his sensory awareness, "opening up one's life-style and developing more options." In doing so, his horizons can expand and become clear as if on a glorious new morning with the sun rising in all its promise for a beautiful day.

# Listen

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## **"Laugh, Clown, Laugh"**

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### **Story of two brothers as told to — Felice Buckvar**

I SAW Flip today while I was walking home from school with my brother Seth. Flip was sitting in his car, the front door open, his scuffed sandals on the sidewalk.

"How you doing?" he asked me.

"OK," I answered. "You remember my brother Seth?"

"Sure. Sure I do." He smiled. "I was gonna call you Emmett," he said. "I forget your real name."

"Ed."

"Yeah." He nodded. "That's right."

He was already looking away impatiently. Funny, I hadn't seen him for months, but that's all we had to say to each other.

"So long, Flip."

"Take it easy," he said, without looking at us.

That brief meeting, the name he called me—Emmett—brought back a thousand scenes—memories of last spring, only months ago, and especially of that day when I almost got killed, but grew up instead.

My brother Seth used to bug me. He came back from the service thinner, paler, taller, and more serious than I ever remembered him. Right away he got a job where he worked a few days and a couple of evenings a week. The rest of the time he moped around the house.

His friends were all either in the army or away at school. His girl, who had written to him faithfully while he was away, was at an upstate junior college. She had been home for spring break, but the sight of Seth out of uniform—an ordinary, gawky high school dropout of twenty—must have cooled the romance. She wasn't writing anymore.

All Seth had to do most evenings and weekends was to check up on me. When I'd come home late at night, he'd

be waiting. "You high again?"

"Lea-me alone," I'd answer.

He'd shake his head, and I'd stumble off to bed wondering why he had to come home and bother me. Especially this year, I thought, when I'd been accepted into the "in" group for the first time in my life—accepted as the clown, it's true, but accepted.

Flip, the leader, had taken a liking to me. He called me Emmett the Clown and the others took it up. I had a role to play, and I played it to the best of my ability. I acted nuttier, said and did more outrageous things than anyone else, and for that I was rewarded with Flip's friendship and the companionship of his friends.

Even after Flip and a couple of his friends left school in the winter, we still hung around together. I could always find him at this candy store where he hung out making a few bucks hustling cigarettes or liquor to underage kids. It was fun hanging around with him, visiting some of his kinky friends. It was more fun than school. So I found myself tagging along more and more.

One fine Friday, the first day I had been to school that week, someone down at the office must have added up my absences. I was called out of English class to go down to the dean of discipline. The dean was sitting at his desk, looking through some papers.

"You're Sanders?" he mumbled without looking up.

"Yes."

"Well, Sanders, you have two more cuts coming to you and you're out. Get that?"

No "Were you sick? Are you having trouble in school?" Just a warning, a plain, cold warning without even looking to see who he was talking to. I could feel my blood pumping through my body.

"I get it. Is that all?"

"That's all."

I turned and left. If I'd had the nerve, I would have walked out for good right there and then, but something held me back. I waited until school was finished for the day and went home depressed. I tried to do some homework, but I couldn't concentrate. When my mother came home from work, I asked her for the keys to the car.

"All right," she said reluctantly. "But come home early. Seth wants the car later. He's picking Linda up at the station."



"Linda's coming in?"  
"Yes. They have a date for tonight. Seth's hoping to make up with her."  
"Isn't she nice? Maybe she'll even let him carry her luggage."  
"Don't be sarcastic, Eddie." She looked at me with weary, watery eyes. "He's anxious about tonight. He's having a hard time."

Aren't we all? I felt like asking her, but I didn't want to get her upset. She worried enough about raising her two sons since Dad died suddenly three years ago. She still hadn't got over the shock.

"What time do I have to be home?" I asked instead.

"Be home by 8:30. And drive carefully," she called after me.

She always told me that, ever since I got my license two months ago. It always annoyed me too. She never said it to Seth. I was still the baby of the family.

I drove straight to Flip. If anyone could make me forget my troubles, he could. He was standing outside the candy store. When he saw me, he motioned to the guys with him to come to my car.

"Vere to, General?" I asked saluting, easily falling into my role as Emmett the Clown.

He slid into the front seat, and the other three guys got into the back.

"We want to come too!" Donna, Flip's girl, and her girl friend squeezed in.

"What do you say, Emmett? Where we going?" Flip asked.

"I say up to da park and four times around. I'll make it snappy."

The girls giggled. I started up the car and turned it around. The park was in the direction of my house. Flip took out a cigarette and lighted it. He passed it to me. I took a deep drag and handed it back. The white line in the center of the street started jumping as I tried to follow it. Still, when the butt came around to me again, I dragged on it.

I stopped near the entrance to the





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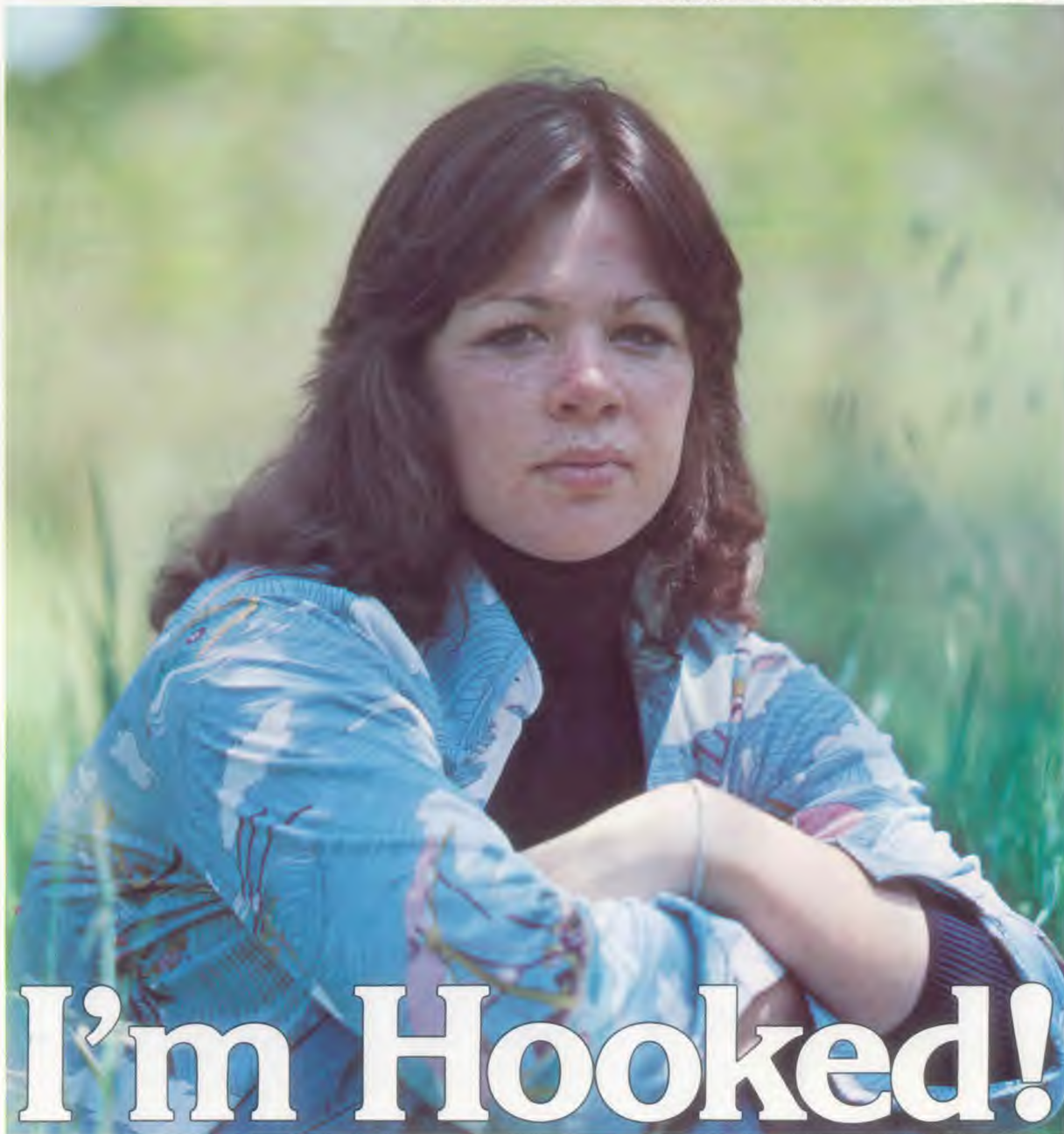


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