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**The "Good Life" May Be the Death of You**

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Dr. Richard Neil—Developing the Desire to Change

Story of the Thornbush Tangle







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# The "Good Life" May Be the Death of You

Series by Richard H. Utt

"Most Americans choose the way they will die," writes Ronald Kotulak in the *Miami Herald*. "How you live, hour by hour, day by day, more than anything will determine what will kill you and when. Bad living habits have replaced germs as the big killers in industrial society. . . .

"Ironically, rather than improving, life-styles are getting worse. For many women they are becoming disastrous. Women are smoking more than they used to, and dying of lung and other cancers more than they used to.

"The good life may be the death of you."

## Rosy Future?

Never before in history have we had so many things going for us if we want to stay healthy and enjoy life as we are meant to. Scientists have tamed, almost abolished, a host of crippling and killing diseases: tuberculosis, typhoid, smallpox, diphtheria, polio, yellow fever, and others.

Besides, surgeons these days can work more wonders than ever to put us back together if we start to come apart: open-heart operations, kidney transplants, microsurgery, hip and knee replacements, skin grafting. Even cancer victims—many of them—are recovering and can look forward to more years of life and good times.

Now scientists are poised for another great leap forward. In fact, some of them have already leaped. They're working on ways to head off illness long before it starts. Some people call this concept

"preventive medicine," but the term can mean so many other things that Dr. E. Cheraskin, of the University of Alabama, calls it "predictive medicine," and Dr. Jack Hall, assistant dean of Indiana University, names it "prospective medicine."

By checking a person's heart action, blood chemistry, exercise patterns, eating, drinking, and smoking habits (and a few other things), certain specialists can now predict serious diseases years before they occur. What's more important, they can tell you specific ways to avoid these diseases—if you're willing to change some of your habits. Of course no one will guarantee that you could never get diabetes or cancer or a stroke, but you can drastically alter the odds in your favor.

## A Bag of Contradictions

Most of us in this fortunate country have the "good life" within our grasp. Yet too many seem in a hurry to throw it away, exchanging it for misery.

We're a bag of contradictions. We want to breathe pure air, not pollution—so 50 million of us buy concentrated smog makers in little packages of 20 for about 65 cents. None of us wants cancer or a heart attack, yet many of us habitually are doing the things that bring them on. We're not really enthusiastic about joining the ranks of the diabetics, yet three or four out of every ten adults are losing the battle against overweight, which invites diabetes as well as hypertension.

Truly, as Pogo said, "We have met the enemy, and he is us!"

Here's one example of how we veto our own best interests: In the perceptive *Miami Herald* feature already referred to, Ron Kotulak asked, "Is cancer in your future?" Then he outlined steps one can take in healthful living to lessen one's chances of ever having cancer. Sharing the same page of the newspaper was an article about food, which closed with this comment: "The other southerners were ecstatic about Clare's roast loin of pork, whipped sweet potatoes with marshmallows and pecans, and chocolate ice cream cake. *Good living may kill you, but what a way to go!*" (Emphasis supplied).

Experts say we wouldn't need nearly so much hospitalization and surgery if we'd adopt a healthful way of life. We don't need to suffer nearly as much heart trouble or cancer, as many ruined livers, clogged blood vessels, or failed kidneys as we do.

Dr. John H. Knowles, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, says many Americans "look upon sloth, gluttony, alcoholic intemperance, reckless driving, sexual frenzy, and smoking as constitutional rights, and they've come to expect Government-financed cures for all the unhappy consequences." Then he quotes Barry Kramer of *The Wall Street Journal* as saying "People have been led to believe that National Health Insurance, more doctors, and greater use of high-cost hospital-based technologies would improve health. Unfortunately, none of them will."

## Your Health and Your Money

Health care—most of which should be called sickness care—now costs some \$137 billion annually in the United States. And, says Joseph A. Califano, H.E.W. Secretary, that figure threatens to explode to \$229 billion by 1980!

One reason, of course, is that doctors are doing a lot of wonderful things to patch us together and keep us alive longer. For example, they do more than 50,000 coronary bypass operations a year. The operation costs about \$10,000, a lot of loot to pay for a disease many of us could prevent.

The surgeon isn't getting as rich from our surgery as we think, either. That \$10,000 covers not only his fee, but use of a fantastic array of scientific equipment in the operating room and the intensive care unit. It also pays the anesthetist, nurses, orderlies, lab technicians, computer operators, receptionists, dietitians, window washers, and janitors. You can either pay all those people for your coronary bypass a few years down the road, *or*, as some medical authorities are pointing out, you can cut down *now* on greasy meats, junk foods, coffee, sweets, alcohol, and cigarettes—and spend the money some way that's less painful and more fun.

The choice is ours, we say, but it really isn't that simple. None of us lives on this planet by himself—

we're all traveling on this thing together. What I do, what you do, affects not only ourselves, but our families, our communities, and our country. Of course it affects the taxpayers—and that's all of us. In these days of high-cost medical insurance, medicare, and the rest, when somebody needs an expensive operation, a lot of other people have to help pay the bills.

Medical care is getting so costly that responsible people are asking new questions: "Who has the right to make himself sick when the illness could be prevented?" "Who has the right to advertise poison on TV or anywhere else?"

Government officials are considering far-out steps to try to keep costs of illness from soaring into orbit and bankrupting the country. They're talking of curbing the sale of high-tar and high-nicotine cigarettes, reducing the amount of alcohol in some beverages, and stopping the advertising that helps create a demand for such things. They're thinking of raising taxes on alcoholic drinks. They want more control over food advertising, especially ads aimed at children.

How much better it would be if you and I didn't wait until the government imposes new controls and restrictions. Why not get wise about healthful living before Uncle Sam tries to force us to do it?

## The Evidence

Do we really *know* we can avoid a lot of diseases by changing our life-style?

Definitely! Statisticians have carefully compared death and disease rates for the general public with the rates of two groups who follow very different life-styles—Mormons and Seventh-day Adventists. Practicing members in both groups abstain from alcohol, tobacco, tea, and coffee. About one half of the Adventists are vegetarians as well, and the average Adventist is health-conscious in additional ways.

The results? Members of both groups have far less disease, on the average, than others. A study of California Adventists made in 1958-65 showed only one-fifth as much lung cancer as the general population of that state; 32 percent as much bronchitis and emphysema; 55 percent as much coronary heart disease and diabetes; only 7 percent as much cirrhosis of the liver; and 76 percent as many deaths from traffic accidents.

California men had a life expectancy of 71 years, but the average Adventist male could expect to live 77 years. California women live an average 77 years, and Adventist women in the same state, 80 years. When these people have heart attacks, they have them at a later age. They are able, according to the statistics, to postpone their heart attacks by almost a decade.

Can we do anything to choose health and avoid disease? Does prevention pay? Proven facts and figures say Yes! ◇



# Is Your Life-style Harmful to Your Health?

This chart lists 10 factors involved in preserving your health. Each column is assigned a numerical value, starting at three for good, two for fair, and one for dangerous. Check only one column for each

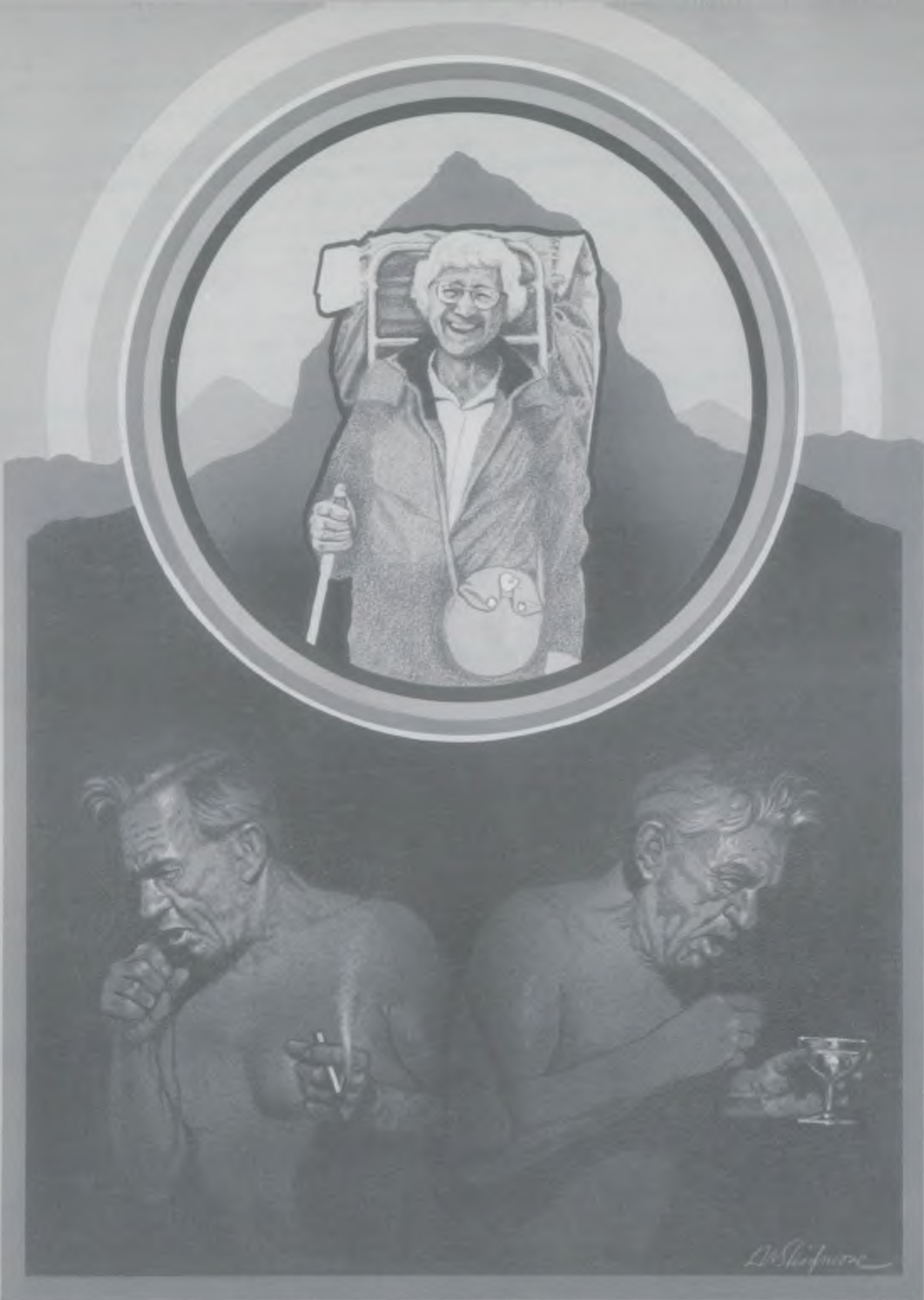
factor on the basis of your life-style, assigning the value you feel best shows your present status. Add the total for all 10 factors. Perfection would be 30 points.

FACTOR	GOOD	FAIR	DANGEROUS
1. Smoking	Never smoke or have stopped smoking.	Up to 20 cigarettes per day.	More than one pack per day.
2. Alcohol	Alcohol not used as a beverage.	Up to three drinks per day; judgment occasionally impaired.	More than three drinks per day; judgment frequently impaired.
3. Trimness (check medical chart for your ideal weight)	Lean; not more than 5 percent above your ideal weight.	Not more than 15 percent above your ideal weight.	Grossly overweight; (25 percent or more above ideal weight).
4. Physical Activity	Moderately active or better; (equivalent of 1.5 or 2 miles brisk walking).	Some exercise regularly; (equivalent to between .5 and 1.5 miles brisk walking).	Sedentary; (less than equivalent of .5 walking)
5. Prescription Drugs	Only on physician's advice and never mixed with alcohol; drive only when specifically permitted by doctor.	Tend to continue using prescription drugs after special need.	Use without physician's prescription or mix with alcohol or driving without medical advice.
6. Nonprescription Drugs	Use occasionally for short periods for specific minor medical problems.	Experimental use at times.	Continuing use; alcohol used in combination.
7. Mixing driving with alcohol or other drugs	Driving with no alcohol in blood; with extreme care after any prescribed drug use.	Driving after one or two drinks or moderate use of other drugs.	Driving after more than two drinks or while on other drugs; mixing alcohol and other drugs.
8. Tranquility	Generally relaxed, able to relieve stress by exercise or good forms of recreation.	Moderate degree of stress, with some difficulty of finding relief.	Continually under stress, without ability to relieve it in nonchemical ways.
9. Serum Cholesterol	Checked on a regular basis, or as prescribed by doctor; control by diet and other factors.	Irregular check; spasmodic attempt to control by diet.	No check; no control by diet.
10. Blood Pressure	Checked at least annually, follow doctor's orders carefully if high.	Tend to ignore regular check; underestimate importance of healthful habits to control blood pressure.	No recognition of impact of smoking, tension, diet on elevated blood pressure.

25-30 points  
20-25 points  
Under 20 points

Healthful life-style  
Fair life-style  
Unhealthful life-style  
(you need help!)

Note: This chart does not claim to be too specific medically or scientifically, but it does indicate general guidelines or trends for your personal health.





# Of Lungs and Mountaintops

At age 51 June Lehman of Arlington, Virginia, no longer washed windows. Too strenuous, she said, for a person her age. Then she shed her sedentary ways and began to exercise. Within the next few years she scaled the Teton Mountains in Wyoming, climbed New Hampshire's Mount Washington in midwinter, and even took a 31-day hike among the peaks of the Himalayas in Nepal. "The joy I share with others in mountain climbing," she says, "I can't get by going to cocktail parties."

To celebrate the 1976 Bicentennial, Dick Goodwin, 57, of Yakima, Washington, jogged across Cascade Range passes from Yakima to Seattle, covering 164 miles in 37 hours, 35 minutes.

But you haven't heard anything yet. On August 15, 1975, a lady from Yucaipa, California, climbed Mount Whitney, highest point in the United States outside Alaska, for the fifteenth time. Five years before, she had climbed the 14,495-foot peak twice, and that same summer hiked down the Kaibab Trail and up the Bright Angel Trail in Grand Canyon. Two years later she celebrated her birthday by taking a 96-mile backpack trip along the John Muir Trail through towering Sierra peaks.

So what's exceptional? Aren't there a lot of female backpackers around the country?

Yes, but Hulda Crooks—that's the lady's name—is 80 years old. She made her fifteenth Mount Whitney climb on her eightieth birthday!

One thing these people have in common, besides courage and willpower, is a pair of good lungs and the sense to care for them and keep them working. Come to think of it, each of us has exactly two lungs as standard equipment.

The best thing you can do for yours is to keep them working strenuously. Your heart, too, and blood vessels, and liver, and brain, and all the other parts in the catalog will work better and longer with that stream of freshly oxygenated blood flowing through them.

Amazingly, 50 million Americans are systematically destroying their lungs with frequent doses of hot, poisonous smoke from cigarettes. They're inviting at least three serious lung diseases: bronchitis, emphysema, and lung cancer. As a smoker your chances of dying of emphysema are tenfold greater than

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a nonsmoker's, and your odds of contracting lung cancer are seven to one, compared with the abstainer. Besides, smokers have more cancer of the lip, tongue, throat, esophagus, intestine, bladder, and probably every other part of the body. In the past few years 100,000 medical doctors have quit smoking. Are they trying to tell us something?

Tobacco, of course, isn't the only drug or chemical people use that destroys life and health. There's an astonishing assortment in circulation. Some, like hashish, have been used for centuries. (We get our word "assassin" from it for good reason.) Other drugs, like LSD and Methedrine, are products of the modern test tube.

Obviously, if we want to enjoy good health, we can't use our

hearts, livers, lungs, stomachs, and brains as proving grounds for a whole pharmacopoeia of drugs and exotic chemicals. We have some big pharmaceutical companies in our country. They're quite capable of doing all the chemical experimentation necessary.

Our bodies don't need a single molecule of nicotine, tar, carbon monoxide, or prussic acid from tobacco smoke. They don't need a drop of  $C_2H_5OH$ —ethanol—the active ingredient in wine, beer, and whiskey. They'll function a lot better and longer without lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD), mescaline, Dexedrine, Methedrine, and *cannabis sativa* (marijuana).

Our nerves don't need to be kicked and bludgeoned, either, into overtime duty with caffeine from tea, coffee, and cola drinks. (Caffeine is an active heart stimulant. It tends to make the user nervous and jumpy and has been implicated in bladder cancer and even the birth of defective infants to caffeine-saturated mothers and fathers.)

In fact, if we could live healthfully and sensibly, we could go a step farther. Most of us could give our medicine chests a gold watch for long and faithful service and retire them from active duty with all their cold remedies, pain killers, laxatives, sleeping tablets, concoctions, pills, and potions—everything but the Band-Aids. Then we could stand on the sidelines with a slightly amused smile and watch the frantic Bayer-Tylenol-Anacin-Excedrin derby, not placing our money on any of them.

I once met a man with "D.P." after his name. He said he was not a Displaced Person, but a Drugless Practitioner. When it comes to our own minds and bodies, let's all earn that kind of D.P. ◇





# Food Makes a Difference

In the early 1900s a young fellow migrated to America from France. As a child in a poor family he'd actually been hungry at times, without food on the table. Arriving in the United States, he got a job, married, and began to make up for lost time with the eating. He resolved there would always be plenty of rich food on his table, and he did the family shopping himself. Quickly compensating for the early lean years, he grew heavier and heavier and died in his early forties of coronary thrombosis.

He had a son, Jack, who had learned to imitate his father's way of eating. Weak and sickly, he loaded himself down with candy, cake, and soda pop. But one day when Jack was 14, his mother took him to a health lecture by a man in his fifties who underscored his teachings with hand somersaults across the stage. Jack was fascinated with the idea of growing healthy, strong, and full of pep. At first he wanted to be a doctor and heal people's aches and pains, but soon he had a better idea: Why not help folks stay healthy in the first place?

By the time he was 19, Jack had opened his own gymnasium in Oakland, California. Eventually he went on TV in San Francisco with an exercise program, later transferring to Hollywood and going nationwide. Not only has Jack LaLanne grown famous as a man who has taught millions to exercise; he also tells it straight when it comes to other aspects of healthful living, including food and drink.

"Fat is a killer," he says. "You don't need a big gooey dessert with 1000 calories. Am I bein' a crackpot? Am I bein' a fanatic? I don't think so. These things are what cause the shameful waddle of that girl with the pretty face who is now so overweight."

For years Jack's white German shepherd, Happy, appeared with him on his TV program. "Suppose I should give Happy some coffee for breakfast. Then I'd give him some doughnuts and some cigarettes; at ten o'clock more coffee, more cigarettes. For dinner he could have french fries, gooey desserts, sugary drinks. Do you know what would happen? Within six weeks Happy would look like a human being!"

LaLanne has coined some new

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terms, like "pooped-out-itis," which he can show you how to overcome, pronto. And he does pretty well with maxims and proverbs: "The devil invented the frying pan"; "Our world is filled with healthy dogs, well-kept parakeets, and miserable people!"

To dramatize that he knows what good health is all about, Jack once did 1033 pushups on the half-hour program "You Asked for It." He swam San Francisco's Golden Gate, with its treacherous tides, towing a 2500-pound cruiser. Now, in his sixties, he celebrated his last birthday by swimming across Long Beach Harbor out to the *Queen Mary*, towing a boatload of 70 kids.

When most nutritionists talk, they're a little less breezy than LaLanne with their vocabulary, and they don't swim in the ocean

to prove their points. But they pretty well agree with the points he makes:

For optimum health eat plenty of fresh fruit, vegetables, and whole-grain foods. Cut your consumption of high-cholesterol items such as meat, hard cheese, eggs, and butter. Cholesterol is the waxy substance that clogs the arteries and brings on blood-vessel and heart disease when eaten in excess.

Educate your taste to enjoy natural sweets such as fresh and dried fruit, and cut way down on the cake, candy, doughnuts, pies, ice cream, and soft drinks—the empty calorie foods. These are terribly fattening and deficient in the elements the body needs—high-grade proteins, vitamins, minerals, and bulk. Also, use less salt on your food, one-half or less the amount you're using now. Excessive salt is a known villain in high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries.

With meals—instead of beer, wine, cocktails, tea, coffee, or colas—drink milk, cereal coffee, or fruit juices.

Another important factor in good health and longevity is peace of mind. A little stress is normal, even beneficial; but too much can cause breakdown of almost every part of the body. Stress has even been implicated as a possible cause of cancer.

We need to learn to live more tranquilly with our families, our neighbors, our associates on the job. There are ways of combating undue stress, such as physical exercise, a nap or rest period during the day, and a warm bath before retiring. Most important of all is a balanced, hopeful philosophy of life, a religious faith that can help us to be at peace with our fellowmen and with the Supreme Being, our Creator. ◇





# The Great Alternative

When we watch a great athlete like Rafer Johnson, Dorothy Hamill, or Bruce Jenner star in the Olympic Games, we know we're seeing the results of years of rigorous training, self-discipline, and dedication. The halfhearted, the soft and flabby, the self-indulgent, we know, have long since eliminated themselves from the race. In fact, we never hear of them.

At last it's dawning on some of us that the same idealism that makes a champion pole vaulter or javelin thrower could help create better teen-agers, better parents, better workers and managers, better political leaders, better citizens of the nation and the world. The Olympic motto *Citius, Altius, Fortius*—Swifter, Higher, Stronger—need not remain a monopoly of tobogganers, shot putters, and 200-meter butterfly swimmers. It should be—and can be—for everyone.

And people are catching on. Now there's a rush for the outdoors. They "jog in . . . Central Park, ski cross-country in Wisconsin, and backpack in the High Sierras. . . . Their reward is a renewed sense of vitality and the heady sense of a goal conquered, character affirmed, and confidence regained in coping with life's ups and downs."—*U.S. News and World Report*, May 23, 1977.

Why the widespread enlightenment?

It would be hard to pinpoint. Many factors are involved, and many people. A salute is in order to Major Kenneth H. Cooper, author of *Aerobics*, the best-selling guide to intelligent, systematic exercise tailored to the individual. Then there's Jack LaLanne, already mentioned, who has cajoled millions into daily exercise in front of their TV

sets: "Come on, now, Mary, Hazel, get those arms going. 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, down we go, up we go. Up on your feet. Limber those faces with a smile, stomach in, shoulders back. Come on, Clementine, you're not getting up on those toes. Now something for that old seat-itis—that's a very common disease."

In another area of the health front, credit is due Dr. Alton Ochsner of New Orleans, the lung surgeon who has spoken out

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clearly and often, warning that lung cancer from smoking is growing to epidemic-size and must be dealt with. And *Reader's Digest*, with its tens of millions of readers, has effectively fired salvos at the enemy for years with plain-spoken articles exposing cigarette smoking for what it is—a cause of disease, suffering, and death.

There was the surgeon general's report on smoking, followed by a ban on cigarette ads on TV and radio. The Five-Day Plan to Stop Smoking came along, showing some 14 million persons around the world how to kick the cigarette habit for good.

So there are strong signs of progress. Not everyone has held his peace while a once-strong people grew limp and flaccid. Millions are now opting for a superior way of living. The message seems to be getting out—the hitherto little-known fact that kill-

ing ourselves is no way to live.

Now let's focus on you. Here are some things you can do right now to get on, or stay on, the road to good health, vigor, and achievement. At the same time you can greatly increase your chances of avoiding the surgeon's knife, the cancer ward, and an earlier-than-necessary date with the undertaker.

Dr. John Farquhar, director of the Heart Disease Prevention Program at Stanford University, lists several things:

1. Throw away the salt shaker, and cut your salt intake in half.
2. Get down to your ideal weight and do not add pounds after age 20.
3. Eliminate saturated fats from your diet. [This usually means fats of animal origin].
4. Eat more fruits, vegetables, and other foods containing fiber.

Dr. Lester Breslow, dean of the School of Public Health at the University of California, Los Angeles, gives seven habits that can add up to 14 years more to your life:

1. Eat three meals daily at regular times, instead of snacking.
2. Have a good breakfast every day.
3. Get moderate exercise (long walks, bike riding, swimming, gardening).
4. Sleep seven or eight hours a night.
5. Do not smoke.
6. Maintain moderate weight.
7. Do not consume alcohol to an immoderate degree.

Of course the best way to make sure you never drink "immoderately" is never to start. Probably none of the nine or ten million alcoholics in this country, when they started to drink, ever thought they would become alcoholics.

No one can tell in advance who will succumb. It may be man or woman, rich or poor, black or white, laborer or corporation president, schoolteacher, homemaker, or movie star. It's not a chance worth taking.

Even if you never descend to skid row, alcohol means a lot of empty calories—usually with surplus girth following. And even one-thousandth part alcohol in the bloodstream can—and daily does—cause horrifying deaths and maimings on the highways.

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About one half of all Americans are now taking some form of regular exercise. They're jogging and swimming, walking and bicycling, rowing and hiking. Mil-

lions, too, have quit smoking in the last 10 or 15 years, and there are signs that many people are drinking less, or not at all. There's more intelligent talk about good nutrition in medical schools, in government offices, in the news, and in homes across the land.

Maybe we're starting to place the responsibility for good health where it belongs—not in the hospital emergency ward, but squarely on our own shoulders. It seems the word is spreading, after all, that life is for living. ◇





# Are You What You Eat?

Food experts say people are what they eat. If that's true, what kind of person are you? Below are some answers to that question; while you're reading them, try to figure out just what kind of person you are.



## Viewpoint

**Noni Woolf, Age 19**



I'm a rabbit, because I'm strictly a salad person.

**Jill Griffin, Age 20**



An apple. Apples and other fruit are mostly what I eat because they are good for you and I enjoy them.

**Mike Hayes, Age 20**



Pretzels—I'm a pretzel addict. My analyst says there is no way to help my problem . . . it's just something I have to learn to live with.

**Charles Steinberg, Age 19**



I'm a big hamburger. I eat the regular junk food—hamburgers, french fries, cokes.

**Bob Coultas, Age 21**



Drippy, wet, ugly, and gross macaroni and cheese. I eat it mainly because it's the only thing I know how to cook.

**Byron Glick, Age 18**



I'm a trash yard. I tend to enjoy my eating, and so I eat what I enjoy, and some of what I enjoy isn't good for me. I figure I'll die sooner or later anyway, so why not have fun while I'm doing it.

**Mary McCall, Age 20**



I'm a junk food addict. I'm always eating a huge bar of chocolate.

**Ben Sandler, Age 21**



All I eat is cereal. For a snack, most of the time it's easier to just pour the cereal in a bowl, pour the milk in, and eat it.

**Ann Cuddy, Age 20**




I think it's great and I really admire people who eat the things that are good for you all the time. But I get cravings every now and then for something sweet.









*Was Tom beautiful but vicious, like the kingfisher who left the injured bird to die alone, or was he, too—*

# Trapped in the Thornbush Tangle

**E.W. Minshull**

My grandmother—who often sits rocking near her bird feeder window knitting afghan squares with arthritic fingers and watching the feeder activity—likes to compare people she knows to birds.

Jamie Brown, she's always insisted, is a hummingbird. Small, quick, darting in spite of his wheelchair. Expressive. Warm. Beautiful to watch.

And Tom Henderson is a kingfisher. Beautiful, too, with his half-regal, half-swaggering bearing; his striking features—high cheekbones, olive complexion, and intelligent, dark-lashed eyes. Beautiful, but vicious.

"Not vicious," I've argued. Tom's just six years younger than I and four years older than Jamie. I've watched them both grow up, and like them both in different ways. Jamie because he bubbled over with irresistible enthusiasm and love of life. Tom—well, I guess because I'm sorry for him. "There's a lot of reason for Tom to be the way he is."

"Reason, too, for the kingfisher," Grandma shot back, still rocking, needles still clacking. There's nothing arthritic about her mind, nor her tongue. "The kingfisher's instinctively cruel. God must've shaped him that way for some reason we can't see. But that don't make his cruelty any easier for me t'stomach."

And I remembered the time I'd seen a small bird impaled on a thornbush, its eyes plucked out, and Grandma—who'd taken Sunday nature walks with me then—had told me that that was the work of the kingfisher.

The needles stilled. "Though God didn't have much t'do with Tom's evolution," she admitted. "That was family. And the kind of society that condones such things."

If Hamerville has a jet set, I guess Tom's parents head it up. Very social. Always having parties, which get pretty loud as the night progresses. When Tom was elementary age, sometimes they'd ask me to sit him on party nights. When they were partying somewhere else, it was fine.

We had a great time together. Made popcorn and watched TV, if old Perry Mason reruns were on, or there was something



really good on channel 13. We played Scrabble when he could talk me into it. Once he'd reached third grade, I never won a game. He kept coming up with words like *xanthine*, and fitting them over a triple word square. He was writing poetry then, too, really beautiful deep stuff, with a kind of morbid ring to it. The kid was lonely, that was the trouble. He needed to know that his parents cared that he was bright and talented, and sometimes they didn't even seem to care that he was alive.

He needed to know that *somebody* cared, since *they* didn't, and at first some of the teachers seemed to, but after he started leading a gang of vandals, nobody had a good word to say for him. And the more he felt that kind of rejection, the worse he got. Any time anything went wrong at school after that—like when the cherry bomb was exploded in a toilet bowl in the boys' lav; or when the drama club's flats were spray-painted after dress rehearsal; or when the shorthand tapes were all stolen from the business lab and returned with obscenities spliced in—everybody assumed that Tom's creative mind was behind the project.

And it usually was. He'd admit it, sometimes, verbally, but he was sharp enough that no one could prove anything. And this kid, who'd once confided to me that he wanted to be a lawyer like Perry Mason, got a lot of his kicks from outwitting anyone who was trying to keep some sort of law and order, whether it was in cafeteria, study hall, or downtown in the square after most people were asleep.

I was enough older than Tom that I was in my freshman year in college when he first started getting mixed up with the drink-and-drug crowd. He was only a seventh-grader, just as bright as ever, but deliberately flunking some of his subjects and just scraping through in the others.

That was the year his dad was president of the chamber of commerce and his mother was chairing the United Fund and selling real estate. The party pace was more hectic than ever, and I knew—the first time I was home for a weekend and saw Tom downtown—that things weren't any better at home. Maybe worse. Just when he was going through that junior high trauma, anyway, trying to turn into a man.

"But I'm gonna be OK, Sandy," he said, squaring his shoulders and hardening those eyes of his. "I'm gonna be fine. I've found some friends who know what the score is, and they're teaching me the rules too."

"Yeah, but *what* score?" I asked. "What *game*?" And he just laughed.

I thought it was probably best to keep things on a teasing level. "These friends of yours," I asked, "they know how to spell *xanthine*?"

For a moment a wistful little smile played around his lips. Then it was gone, and he asked, "Who cares? Who cares about—any of that stuff?"

I wanted to tell him that I did. That I cared about *him*. But maybe he knew, for he reached up and punched me on the arm. "See ya around," he said.

"And don't you worry about me. I'm gonna do OK."

While I was away at school, I'd hear bits of news about Tom's exploits. I wrote to him sometimes—not as often as I'd meant to—but he never answered, except once to tell me that his old dog had died. I heard from my parents and Grandma that he was into drugs. Not using—selling. And that he'd been picked up once, but his dad had bought him off. Quietly. It was almost election time, and his dad was running for councilman.

I thought then, and I still think, that if his dad hadn't been able to swing it, if somebody'd come down hard on Tom, that that might have ended the tragic cycle. That he wouldn't have gone on to hurt himself or anyone else anymore. That he wouldn't have even touched Jamie's life.

There was something spooky about that friendship from the first. Not many kids bother with somebody four years younger. (Sure, I had with Tom, but I'd been his sitter, and I felt almost like a parent to him sometimes.)

And a lot of kids Tom's age would have been turned off, anyway, by the kind of hero worship Jamie was producing. He followed Tom everywhere in that wheelchair—even on sloppy days, or when it was evident from his pinched-face look that the pain was bad. He used his allowance, saved over months, to buy a hand-carved jade chess set for Tom's birthday. (Tom's parents were in the state capital agitating for a new community swimming pool that weekend.) And Jamie was always on the phone, calling to see what Tom was doing. Most guys Tom's age would have told the kid to flake off.

But maybe that kind of smothering love answered the need that had been crying inside Tom all those neglected years. Who knows? And I'm not convinced that he really meant to hurt Jamie. Maybe, in some crazy way, he was just trying to share with him. Or maybe he wanted to help the pain. Still, he'd been smart enough not to use drugs himself. Why couldn't he have been smart enough not to introduce Jamie to them?

For that's what happened. And that's what makes Grandma insist on the kingfisher image for Tom. It's why most people turn from Tom when they pass him on the street. And why his parents have disowned him. Even that gang he looked so big to are having second thoughts, with all the pressure on.

And Tom. Tom, when I saw him just yesterday, after the funeral, looks like a candidate for suicide. I tried to talk to him, but it was no use. Maybe later, if he's still alive—if he can forgive himself for Jamie's death—he'll be able to listen to someone else who can forgive and try to understand.

No, I don't see Tom as a kingfisher at all. He's a victim too. Maybe even more of a victim than Jamie; for with Jamie, it was a lot faster. Hummingbird style. He just rushed into the wrong flower, drank the wrong nectar, and—still young, still beautiful, with everybody loving him and showing it—he died.

Tom never had it that good. ◇



# Is It All Right to Date Around?



## Ask a Friend

**I really love this one boy, but he wants to date other girls. I've kinda gotten used to that, and I know I can't change that. Now there is another guy who likes me; but I don't feel good about going out with him, because I just like him as a friend and I don't want to lead him on. I don't want to hurt him. I guess I'm just hung up on the first boy. Any suggestions?**

It sounds as if you have some closed doors. By that I mean you may be closing out some alternatives that might bring you considerable happiness.

As you said, you can't block your number-one friend from experiencing other relationships if he wants to. If you tried to block him, he would probably drop you altogether.

Are you willing to spend a lot of nights home alone, saying No to other potential dates? You might wait for friend number one for a long time. He will spend his time growing as a person, because every relationship he develops with another person gives him something special. He'll learn more about himself as he learns about others. And you will spend your time waiting alone.

On the other hand, you can accept dates with others and learn from the experience. Just because a guy asks you for a date doesn't mean he's in love with you and wants to marry you. Maybe friend number two just looks at you as a friend and only wants someone to share his time with. Why not date several guys? It can help you to grow.

Here are a few cautions. First,

treat each relationship with each boy as a unique thing in its own right. Make no attempt to use one relationship to build up or tear down the other. In other words, don't tell boy number one about boy number two in an effort to get boy number one jealous. At best, that's a cheap game. If you want to tell each boy that you date someone else, do so. But don't ever use relationships against one another.

Secondly, keep an "open door" policy. Don't block the relationships with either person by making unusual demands or by placing limitations on the relationships. Let the relationships grow as they will. You will find that each one will provide a learning and growing experience.

### **Is it OK for a guy to date more than one girl at a time?**

I'd like to answer that question with an emphatic yes! And just to show that we're all equal, I also think it's a good idea for girls to date more than one guy at a time.

Sometimes it's hard to see someone you like dating another—or to hear about it if you don't actually see them. And it can be equally hard for you to date others, especially if you feel great about one particular person. Basically we humans are all a bit jealous and would like to see our relationship with that special person as an exclusive thing. However, an exclusive dating arrangement is not always the most healthy relationship.

Most teen-agers find themselves in an exclusive (going steady) relationship at some time—and he or she may not be ready for it. One or both of the people involved end up getting hurt.

If teens could learn to date more lightly and openly earlier and save serious relationships for later, they would probably get badly hurt less often. Dating a number of different people at the same time (no, I don't mean taking two girls to the same place on the same night—that could cause problems too!) helps to keep the situation light.

It also gives you time to compare and contrast the different people you are dating and find out what types of personalities you are most comfortable with. Having a variety of friends helps you grow into a more mature person, because each friend offers you something special.

If you are together enough to realize your own need to date a variety of people, hopefully the friends you have chosen will also understand that need and respect it. But if you find yourself going steady sometime—and most teenagers do—let's hope that the experience is a positive one and that neither of you gets hurt. ♦



Have any questions about friendships and parents, drugs and health, or just your own feelings about yourself?

Ask a friend—junior high school teacher and guidance counselor Jeff Mitchell.

Address your questions to: Ask a Friend, LISTEN Magazine, Box 4390, Washington, DC 20012.

**What are some of the things that Americans need as far as their life-style is concerned?**

Americans, as everyone knows, are far too sedentary in their life-style. So we need to tune people in to the fact that if they are chasing the children around the house every day, running up and down stairs at work, or going to classes, this does not constitute proper exercise. There is a physiological basis for exercise, and it has to do not only with the exercising of muscles but the rate at which they are exercised, the amount of time involved, and also the person's mental state during that time.

Also I think that much of what America needs now is good nutritional information, information based on how to use food crops once they're grown, how to pre-

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*Health Educator Dr. Richard Neil says that developing the right life-style is not so much knowing what to do as acting on that knowledge.*

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# HOW TO CHANGE YOUR LIFE- STYLE

pare food so that it can be best utilized nutritionally.

**What kinds of things in our society have contributed to this lack of knowledge of proper nutrition and exercise?**

I don't know if there is so much a lack of knowledge as there is a lack of will to enforce the knowledge. I think that we have had for several years, for example, the information about whole grains. We have had for years the knowledge about exercise and its beneficial effects.

Certainly that knowledge has been clarified now, as more scientific tests and experimentation have taken place. The problem doesn't lie so much in the knowledge as it does in how we handle that knowledge and how important we think it is.





**How do you think Americans have been handling the knowledge?**

Part of the problem is the humanistic view that says it will happen to the other guy and not to me. This is the basic thing that we face. Certainly we know that when our tires are bald there are going to be blowouts. But it never happens to us.

The same thing is true in America in terms of health, and this is compounded by the American concept that whatever makes you the most comfortable and extracts the least amount of work makes you feel better. And if it makes you feel better, it can't be all that bad.

**How do we motivate people first of all to realize this lack and then to do something about it?**

It's very easy for people to see information and facts and to relate to them mentally but not be able to do anything as far as the will is concerned. It's important to clarify to the person his need to act on the information. We need to show the person that this is not difficult.

We are talking about nutrition. Also, in contrast, we are talking about the kinds of things I put into my body that cause me to undergo certain physiological and psychological reactions that make me feel good. We need to show the person that it's easy to choose the good things and to leave the harmful things out.

**How do people finally arrive at how they're going to live? What are the kinds of things that determine that pattern?**

If I had to pick out one thing that would most determine the pattern, it would be advertising. There is a misconception among many younger and older people, a misconception which is really confusion about the difference between a *goal* and a *reward*.

For example, if I take comfort as a goal, then I will feel that to have a good, full feeling beneath my belt, to have my feet on the hassock, sipping an iced drink, watching TV—all this makes me

comfortable; therefore I have achieved my goal. Well, comfort is not a *goal*. It is a *reward* for having achieved a certain life-style, for having done certain things with yourself.

And I think, for example, that a person who goes out and works hard all day long physically and comes home with a sense of having accomplished something, his body is tingling with sort of a psychological and physiological "high" that comes naturally. There is a pounding in his ears coming from his heart racing because he has exercised all of his muscles, his intestinal tract is keeping him regular because he is exercising his muscles and increasing the amount of bran in his diet due to good nutritional habits. This kind of person is comfortable. That comfort is a *reward*. The other fellow with his feet propped up, sipping an iced drink, watching TV thinks he is comfortable.

But I would have to say he's not really comfortable. He is semi-anesthetized. As he gets older, his heart then begins to rebel. He finds he is having chest pains, he might be having constipation, he is having to do a lot of straining, he is having gas. He finds out he is really not comfortable in that life-style.

For example, the typical young person who takes mind-bending drugs is doing so because if he has, let's say, a goal of peace, he thinks this goal comes because you pursue it. But peace does not come by pursuing peace. It doesn't come by taking a pill to get peace. Peace is the end result of your relationship to the people around you. You have to make a clear distinction between rewards and goals. If something is a reward, you are wasting your time going after it. Go for the goal. The reward, then, comes as a result of reaching the goal.

**How do people go about the job of altering their life-style?**

The first thing that a person has to do is to *want* to change. In the Five-Day Plan to Stop Smoking, for example, you will frequently find people who come out be-

cause their spouses want them to change. This manifestly is doomed to end in failure.

I think if a person spends time looking in the mirror, looking at the scales, looking at his face, talking with the children, spending some time in the dark in the rocking chair, he will see the state that he's in. Once it's been defined that he needs to change, then I think it is incumbent upon a person to begin looking for those agents that will help him to change.

This is his next step—to find someone who can help guide him in making the changes. It might be a Better Living Center, a Better Living program, his family physician, a health education expert.

**Do you have any words of advice for our young readers in their particular situation in dealing with the uniqueness of being high school kids in today's world?**

I have some words of advice. I hope they will heed them. Life is peculiar. Usually by the time you figure out what you're doing, it's too late to change it. The best time to look at yourself in terms of what you want to be is when you're young. As a physician dealing with people, it's one thing to walk in to see the 60-year-old man with emphysema who smoked for 30 years and is now having remorse because all he can do is sit in the chair with pajamas on and look out the window at the kids playing. It's something else to walk into a room full of young, vibrant people who are in the process of smoking and who want to stop smoking because they have the common sense and deep insight to project themselves ahead.

So my words of advice would be, Whatever you do, look to the future. If there's anything going on now that you wouldn't be proud of then, don't do it now. You won't have to regret later.◇

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*Dr. Neil is a graduate of both the School of Medicine and the School of Public Health at Loma Linda University.*





**T**he boy lies imprisoned in a full-body restraint, fastened with weights to the hospital bed, oxygen tubes in his nose. One arm rests on the sheet while an IV drips methodically into his vein. My eyes fill with tears as I reach between the raised bedrails to touch his hand. This is Joey; this is my son!

Why did he choose to live like this with a whole life ahead of him? Why did he brush aside the law and flaunt his affiliation with the drug world? Lord, if I could only understand!

Tears for Joey can't help now. What of *his* future if he lives? What will I do if he dies! I inwardly curse whoever—or whatever—causes him to lie before me motionless.

Perhaps it started with his drinking beer in seventh grade. He didn't deny it when I asked him. "Oh, Mom, don't be so old-fashioned; everyone does it. Even Dad."

By the time Joey was in ninth grade he had been expelled twice for drunkenness. We managed to keep him in school, however, until he graduated. The day after, he left home to be free to "do his own thing."

The next day his father was killed in a car accident. "Driving while intoxicated," the coroner's report read.

Joey's personal appearance soon appalled me. Previously he never left the house without brushing or combing his hair. Later it was obvious it wasn't even washed. His clothes were soiled and ragged, and my most pointed remarks seemed to make no difference.

The ever-present menace of my son's taking drugs hung over my head. Then the dreaded phone calls began.

"Mom, I'm in jail; hurry and get me out of here. I'm going crazy!" I probably wouldn't have known he was there if he hadn't been underage. The heartaches were worse than ever.

Seeing Joey in the tiny room with the door locked behind him, only a small screened window to speak through, was a horrifying experience. He was unkempt, his eyes bloodshot as he walked to the bench like an eighty-year-old man. As far as he was concerned, there wasn't anything wrong with smoking marijuana and he shouldn't be jailed for it. In a few hours he was free, and I clung to the hope that this experience would make a big difference in his attitude.

It didn't. I changed the locks on the doors as things began to disappear—only to be found later in a pawnshop. Joey lost one job after another because he couldn't get up in the morning. The few times I saw him, his negative manner was obvious. On the radio his name was frequently mentioned in connection with reports of traffic violations. Once more, I vowed, would be the last time I would help him.

"Contributing to the delinquency of a minor and manufacture of a controlling substance." Sixty days. He was no longer a juvenile. Again the small cubicle, the shuffling gait of a boy old before his time. Now there was a marked change. No longer the cockiness, the arrogance, merely the downcast reddened eyes and a defeated look on his otherwise expressionless face.

I visited him regularly during those 60 days. We seemed closer. "Mom, I swear I'll never do anything like this again." I hadn't been wrong after all; perhaps this was the turning point.

Joey moved back home with me and got a job. Each day he went to work; each night he hung out with old friends, friends who spoke out against the traditional values of society. Joey said he could handle them.

Then the call from the hospital. Overdose! The word plunged headlong into the night and bounced back and forth like the paddleball I played with as a child.

I waited outside the intensive care unit and listened as a police officer filled in the facts. After a night of drinking, Joey and three others decided to play medicine chest roulette at the home of one of the boys. They emptied the medicine cabinet and dumped everything in a pile on the floor. Each took turns swallowing a different medication with a swig of beer.

Emergency crews worked over the unconscious forms, pumped their stomachs, inserted IVs, and moved them to intensive care.

As I wait in the hall, three other sets of parents sit quietly on the benches. I can see Joey only five minutes each hour. I still hold his hand and wait for a sign of consciousness that may never come.

I dare not hope anymore. The sun has risen and its rays creep into every nook and cranny, starting the day for some and ending it for others. I struggle to fight my way up from this horrible pit of despair.

Why did you choose this route, my son? ◇

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*A mother's agony as her son lies unconscious  
on a hospital bed.*

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# Lament for Joey

**Alice R. Kibler**

... And



So Forth

## BACK TO WOOD FOR CHEAP FUEL

Running out of fuel oil or natural gas at the end of a long cold winter? Tired of excessive electric bills? If you're ready for something new in the area of energy, take a look at the Hedstrom Lumber Company of Grand Marais, Minnesota.

Their unique system heats four buildings with steam produced by burning wood waste—mainly sawdust and bark—in a low-pressure boiler. It's working so successfully that the community is considering heating some of the city's buildings by a wood fuel steam plant.

"We could save 50 percent on the cost of fuel," said school Superintendent Vern Lueth.

A University of Minnesota professor agrees with the concept that wood would be an economically feasible and immediately available energy alternative for some industry and smaller communities. Planning, he says, would include intensively managed forests to produce trees that would be chipped and burned in a central steam plant.



"I'm limiting myself to just two drinks a day . . . At the present I'm 26 weeks ahead."

## BARGAIN CALLS AT THE DINER

Chinese living in England have found a way to make cheapie telephone calls back to Hong Kong—but it means traveling to a highway diner in northern England.

Officials declare it's impossible to call Hong Kong by dialing direct, but dozens of members of the Chinese community have been proving them wrong for the past 18 months.

Although the official rate for calls to Hong Kong is equivalent to nearly \$2.00, the five phones at the 24-hour-a-day diner will make the three-minute connection for just 4 cents!

When Hong Kong answers, the caller simply drops two pence into the machine, the same price as for a local call.



## OFFENDERS SENTENCED TO DISHWASHING

Ignoring bicycle safety might cost you a week's worth of dishwashing if you're a speeding teen in Racine, Wisconsin. The city operates a special bicycle court for riding offenders.

Trips to the bike court require accompaniment by a parent, who can influence the sentence. "Sometimes parents recommend punishment like washing dishes or helping with chores around the house," John Linders, police community relations officer says. "I usually listen to them," he adds.



## JEEPERS! HERE COME THE BEEPERS!

Guests at several posh New York City hotels may now rent gadgets that keep them only a beep away from switchboard messages.

Hotel guests can be beeped circling Manhattan on a Hudson River Dayliner, driving through Connecticut, or climbing the Statue of Liberty. When beeped, the visitor merely telephones the hotel switchboard to pick up his message.

Beginning beepers are bound to make some bloopers, however. One guest apparently forgot that the 5-by-1-inch beeper he rented for \$5 a day was not for "keepers" and took it back home. Another befuddled novice kept beeping all day by turning the wrong switch. Never mind, though, his constant beeping merely joined the chorus of excavation drilling on a new subway stop and the honking of taxis.

Although these beepers have a range of 60 miles, they won't work in the subway. But if you can afford to stay in the Statler Hilton and rent a beeper, you can probably afford a limo.

## EXCUSE ME, BUT YOUR SEAM IS CROOKED

Teen-agers of today barely remember when women's stockings routinely came equipped with seams. Here Nancy McEwen, curatorial assistant at the George Walter Vincent Smith Museum in Springfield, Massachusetts, checks the seams on a 16-foot satin sculpture of woman's legs. Complete with shoes and hose, the soft sculpture by Ann Slavitt is called "Mrs. Lewis." It's part of an exhibition entitled "Women on Women."



### Answers to "Word Squares" (page 24).

BUSY	FIRE	ROOT
UNTO	IRON	OGRE
STAG	ROAD	ORES
YOGA	ENDS	TEST

### Answers to "Follow the Letter Trail" (page 24.)

tea, tan, ten, tale, late, lane, lean, let, eat, beat, bleat, belt, be, bean, bet, bin, net, neat, in, inane

### Answers to "Ho-Hum" (page 24.)

1. holiday	4. humdrum	7. hollow	10. humid
2. thumb	5. ghostly	8. chummy	11. thorough
3. choose	6. humane	9. shower	12. chump

## DOING SITUPS—FOR 76 HOURS STRAIGHT!

What motivates a man to swim continuously for 150 hours, skip rope for 24 hours, or do situps for 76 hours?

"America needs inspiration," proclaims Marine Captain Alan Jones, who is also known as Captain America. "Good health is within the reach of everyone," he adds. "Most people, however, haven't dedicated themselves to a good physical fitness program."

One of his greatest endurance feats is 51,001 situps in 76 hours. That's right—51,000. How did Jones achieve the feat?

"It is important to have intermediate goals, to reassure yourself you are indeed making progress. When I set out to perform a record number of situps, I used this technique to good advantage.

"I allowed myself six months training to reach the ultimate goal. By the end of the first month I wanted to do 2000 situps; then 500 a day for the next four months.

"Finally, a stint of 10,000 during the fifth month and then I would be ready. Everything went according to the plan, and I was successful."

At 5 feet 9 inches, 140 pounds, Jones doesn't look the role of the physical fitness buff. He has been termed the boy-next-door who has managed to blend Frank Merriweather's idealism with Houdini's daring.

Although he makes it look easy, Captain America has had to overcome obstacles to achieve success. He nearly died of a throat operation at the age of 18 months, had polio when he was five, and a serious back injury later. He built himself back through basketball, swimming, running, skipping rope, and weight lifting.

The king of physical fitness didn't perform his first marathon feat until April 1973. Attending the 1972 Olympics in Munich, Germany, was one of the turning points of his life.

"I was about 25 yards away from Frank Shorter when he crossed the finish line in the marathon run (26 miles, 385 yards). That really inspired me. It actually changed my life," says Jones.



## HO-HUM

Alan A. Brown

Despite its theme, this quiz will keep you awake. As you can see, there are 12 words with "ho" and "hum" in them. Can you supply the missing letters with the aid of the definitions? (Answers on page 23.)

- |                  |         |             |         |
|------------------|---------|-------------|---------|
| 1. a festival    | ho_____ | 7. empty    | ho_____ |
| day              | _____   | 8. sociable | _____   |
| 2. a finger      | _____   | 9. rain     | _____   |
| 3. select        | _____   | 10. moist   | _____   |
| 4. monotonous    | _____   | 11. very    | _____   |
| 5. spectral      | _____   | complete    | _____   |
| 6. tenderhearted | _____   | 12. a dolt  | _____   |

## ZOO'S WHO

Lucille J. Goodyear

How many animals can you find in the following maze of letters? If you find them all, you will have a zoo of 77!

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

alpaca, antelope, ape, armadillo, bear, bison, buffalo, caracal, cat, cheetah, chimpanzee, chipmunk, cougar, cow, coyote, deer, dog, elephant, elk, fox, gazelle, gibbon, giraffe, gnu, goat, gopher, gorilla, guinea pig, hamster, hare, hedgehog, hippopotamus, ibex, impala, jaguar, kangaroo, koala, lemur, leopard, lion, llama, lynx, marmot, mink, mole, mongoose, moose, mouse, mule, muskrat, ocelot, opossum, orangutan, otter, oxen, panther, pig, platypus, polecat, porcupine, puma, raccoon, rat, reindeer, rhinoceros, sheep, skunk, sloth, squirrel, stag, tiger, wallaby, weasel, wolf, woodchuck, yak, zebra

## WORD SQUARES

Ruth Hickie

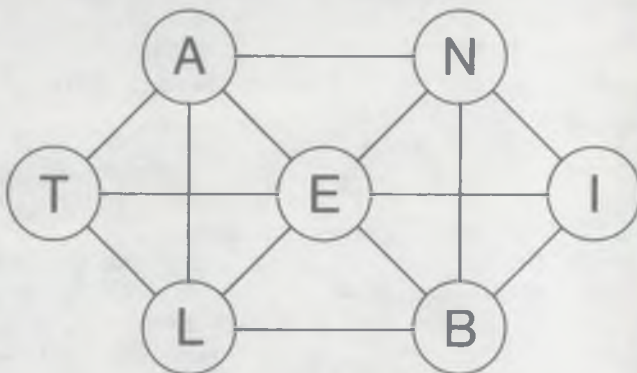
Arrange the letters below into four four-letter words. Put them on the blanks so they will read the same from top to bottom and left to right. (Answers on page 23.)

- |                 |                 |                 |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Y Y G G B T O O | D D S F N I I O | O O O O T T T G |
| U S U N S T A A | O R R R E E A N | R E E E R R S S |
| 1. _____        | 1. _____        | 1. _____        |
| 2. _____        | 2. _____        | 2. _____        |
| 3. _____        | 3. _____        | 3. _____        |
| 4. _____        | 4. _____        | 4. _____        |

## FOLLOW THE LETTER TRAIL

Richard Latta

Start at any letter and follow the lines to other letters until a word is formed. See how many words you can form. (Answers on page 23.)



Never mind, it's loaded with saturated fats, cyclamates, and enriched flour anyway.



# Listen News

## Families Without Alcohol Rules May Encourage Teen-age Drinking

One key reason for the epidemic proportion of alcohol abuse among American teen-agers may be the fact that as many as one fourth of parents don't have any rules or guidelines regarding the use of alcohol by their teen-agers.

Least inclined to place restrictions on the use of alcohol by teen-agers are parents who themselves drink, those with a college background, and those living in the East and Far West, according to a recent Gallup poll.

At the other end of the scale from those parents who do not impose any rules are those—accounting for about two fifths of the sample and many of them total abstainers themselves—who either do not permit their teen-age children to drink at all or do not allow liquor in the house. Between those two extremes are those, accounting for about one third, who set certain rules.

There appears to be a growing awareness and response to the problem of teen-age drinking. Another Gallup poll found that 55 percent of parents believe drinking to be a serious problem among youth in their communities.

Teens themselves reflect these concerns. Across the nation, teen-agers consider alcohol abuse to be one of the three most important problems facing their generation.

## Tobacco Has High Addiction Rate

A federal drug official says two thirds of the people who smoke cigarettes become hooked on to-

bacco, a much higher percentage of addiction than that experienced by heroin or barbiturate users.

"I think there are substantial benefits to be gained from thinking about tobacco use as an addictive disorder," says Dr. Robert DuPont, director of the National Institute on Drug Abuse.

"Many young people who are considering smoking are unaware of the addictive potential of cigarettes," he adds. His Institute has been doing studies on tobacco dependence.

## Heroin Traffic Down

Dwindling heroin supplies coming into the U.S. have reduced the number of American addicts from 800,000 to 500,000 in the past year.

Representative Lester L. Wolff, chairman of the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control, says the decrease in imported heroin is the result of more effective control measures, especially by Mexico.

## Dogs Sniff Out Drugs

New dogs are getting new types of jobs in the U.S. military. Long trained to sniff out drugs, the 1300 police dogs of the Air Force, 800 in the Army, and 120 in the Navy are now also being trained to locate explosives.

Already experts in locating marijuana, hashish, and heroin, the dogs now have been taught to sniff for smokeless powder, dynamite, TNT, and C-4 plastic explosives—the compounds of explosives commonly carried by terrorists.

Although Alsations have filled the ranks of patrol dogs for years, the Air Force, which trains dogs

for all three services at Lackland Air Force Base in Texas, has been trying smaller breeds recently: miniature Schnauzers, cairn terriers, fox terriers, and beagles. They have proved to be as good at sniffing out drugs and explosives, but not as adept at patrolling or sentry duty.

The military dogs get 11 weeks of training for patrolling, and, if they are deemed good sniffers, another nine weeks of training for detecting drugs and explosives. Handlers are also trained at the same time, and the man and dog usually stay together from then on.

## Fire Department: Only Nonsmokers on the Squad

Only nonsmokers are being hired under a new ruling by the Alexandria, Virginia, fire department, a policy which may have national implications.

The decision was made with city backing by Fire Chief Charles H. Rule, who gave up pipe smoking last summer after 23 years.

"I've been called a born-again fire chief, an overzealous convert. But I'm not," says the chief. "We instituted a physical fitness program here last summer and when I saw the evidence presented [against smoking] it was overwhelming."

Although he stopped smoking himself for personal reasons, the chief says he decided to ban smoking among new fire fighters for the public good. He estimates that added disability pay for those fire fighters currently working who retire for health reasons connected to smoking will cost the city some \$3 million.



## Editorial

### Diets and Life-style

In our home are two teen-age daughters. As is the case with most girls of that age, they are quite conscious of their weight and do everything they can to keep it under control.

Special diets are at times very attractive for this purpose. The other day they came home with a fair-sized box each, with a collection of bottles and cans containing tablets, powders, and special oils which when taken together was said to constitute the last word in effective weight control.

With enthusiasm they mixed up the proper proportion with low-fat milk and juices, doled out the proper number of tablets, and downed the day's allotment. To make it more palatable, a chocolate flavoring was added. This was varied later with strawberry, raspberry, or others.

The days began to take their toll, however, on that enthusiasm. It wasn't long until the taste seemed to lose its appeal; the pounds didn't shed off as rapidly as they did at first, and regular food looked oh! so good!

We note this, not to find fault with any particular diet—or any particular people—for the girls went about their diet very conscientiously.

This is merely to emphasize that for the best results in weight control, or in any other aspect of life and health, the total picture must be taken into consideration. In other words, it isn't the fad of the moment, or the extra effort put forth momentarily, that demonstrates self-control or brings about optimum benefit. It's the total life-style on a continuing basis.

In fact, so-called "pleasures" to some people are downright dangerous. The "good" life can mean disaster or even death.

This is now emphasized again by an outstanding medical authority. Sir Richard Doll of Oxford is known especially for his research linking smoking and ill health. His was among the earliest evidence on the subject.

Sir Richard, writing in the journal of the Royal College of Physicians, broadens his warning to include both drinking and eating habits. All these increase the risk of health problems, especially various cancers.

Fifty years ago, he points out, cancer was responsible for one death in nine. Now it claims one in five.

He says the Western diet, with its processed foods and high consumption of meat and animal fats, is a high cancer risk. And he notes again that carcinogens in both tobacco smoke and alcohol also cause cancer.

His solution: "Cut down on the pleasures." He knows that this medicine may be hard for some to take, but in the long run it's essential for the very preservation of life itself. "People may have to modify their diets by eating fewer processed foods and less meat and animal fat," he says.

Indeed, it's important to have a less destructive life-style!

*Francis A. Soper*

# Listen

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## The Source

Barefoot,  
I walk along  
The shore, and feel the tug  
Of Power in the waves that find  
My feet.

Mildred N. Hovey

The innocent-looking can of beer is a potential bomb and should be labeled such.

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