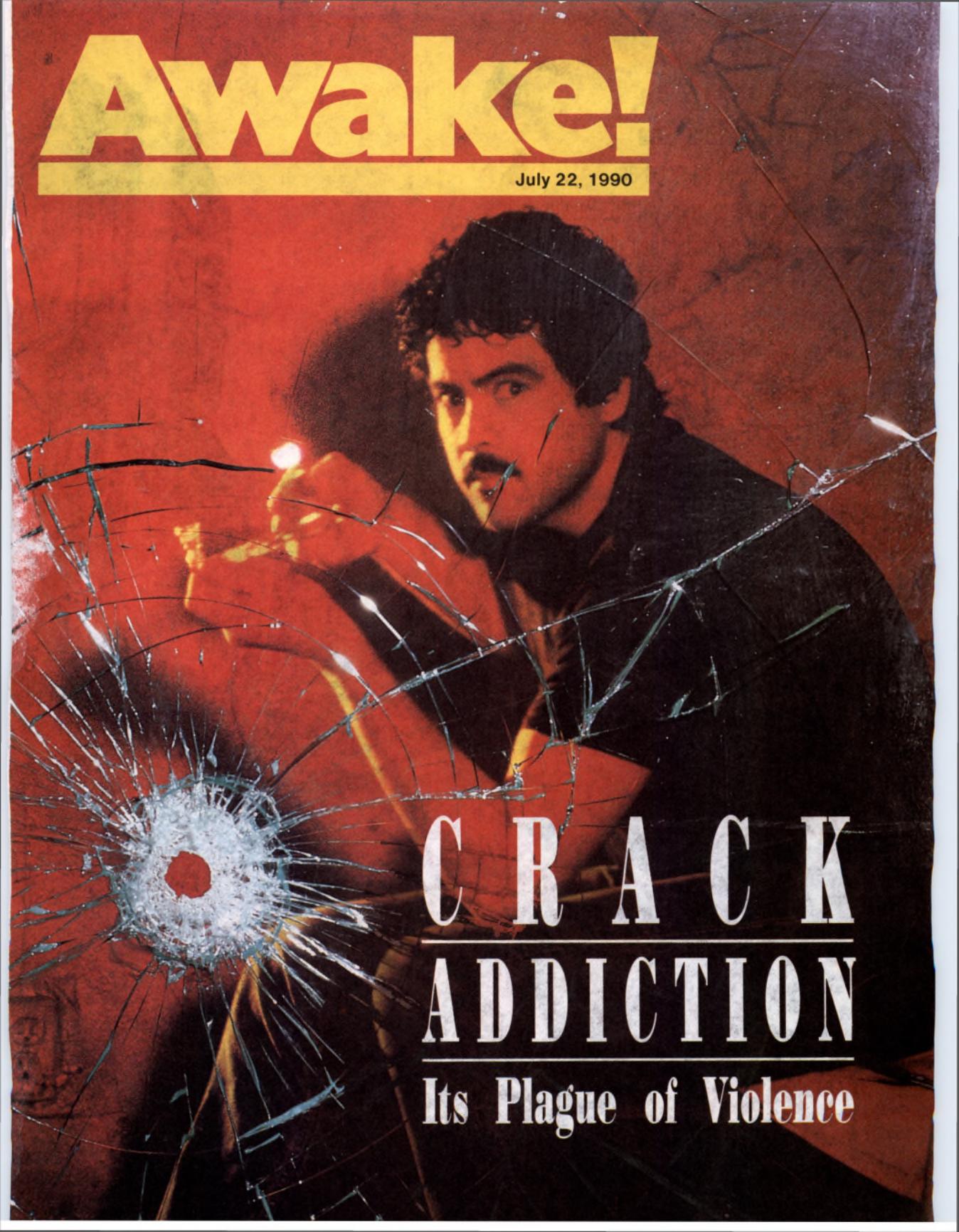


# **Awake!**

July 22, 1990

A dramatic photograph of a man with dark hair and a mustache, wearing a dark jacket over a red shirt. He is holding a lit candle in his right hand, which is positioned behind a large, jagged hole in a dark surface, likely glass. The hole is surrounded by many thin, sharp shards of glass radiating outwards. The background is a deep red.

## **C R A C K**

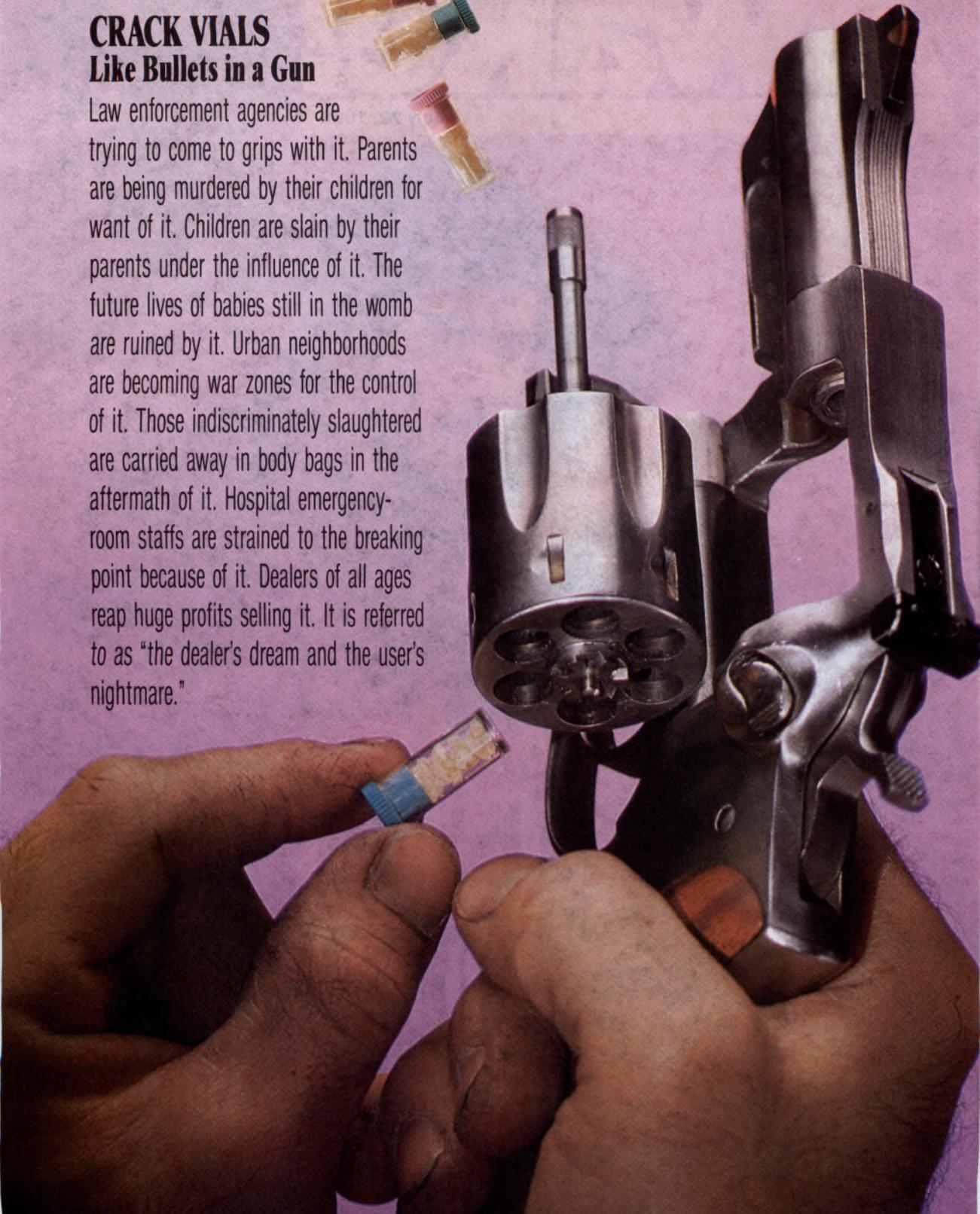
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## **A D D I C T I O N**

**Its Plague of Violence**

## **CRACK VIALS Like Bullets in a Gun**

Law enforcement agencies are trying to come to grips with it. Parents are being murdered by their children for want of it. Children are slain by their parents under the influence of it. The future lives of babies still in the womb are ruined by it. Urban neighborhoods are becoming war zones for the control of it. Those indiscriminately slaughtered are carried away in body bags in the aftermath of it. Hospital emergency-room staffs are strained to the breaking point because of it. Dealers of all ages reap huge profits selling it. It is referred to as "the dealer's dream and the user's nightmare."



# C R A C K A D D I C T I O N

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## Its Plague of Violence

CRACK, so named because of the sound it makes when heated during processing or smoking, is a highly addictive, extremely potent form of cocaine. One hospital psychopharmacologist called it "the most addictive drug known to man right now. It is almost instantaneous addiction." One police official called it "the worst drug ever. There is no such thing as a recreational crack cocaine user."

Since crack cocaine is smoked rather than injected intravenously or snorted, users who once feared the threat of AIDS from contaminated needles have

found the "advantages" of crack to be threefold—it is "safer," the effects more intense, the smoke faster acting. "It goes straight to the head. It's immediate speed," said a former addict. "It feels like the top of your head is going to blow off." The high lasts only from 5 to 12 minutes but is almost always followed by a devastating crash that may leave the users irritable, depressed, nervous, or extremely paranoid and with a compulsive craving for more crack. "The major danger of crack," explains Dr. Arnold Washton, director of the Addiction Treatment Center at Regent Hospital in New York, "is that within a few days to a few weeks it can take control of your brain—and your life."

Crack addiction is spreading like a plague in many parts of the world. Particularly in the United States, far more than in Canada, England, and comparable European countries, crack has penetrated virtually every strata of society—the rich, the poor, the successful, the gainfully employed. Because of its availability and easy access and the euphoric effects, the demand for it is great and becoming greater with each passing day. New recruits, potential addicts, are sought out on street corners, in schools, and in the workplace. Women are likely candidates and in some levels of society far outnumber men as users. Young children—preteens—looking for quick thrills, who cannot say no to drugs, become easy prey to crack pushers—often their own brothers or other family members or best friends.

### **Addiction Brings Violence**

"Crack can unleash a vicious streak of violence in the abuser unlike almost any other substance," reported *The Wall Street Journal* of August 1, 1989. "In suburban Boston [U.S.A.] recently, a young mother who was strung out on crack flung her young baby against a wall so hard the child died of a broken neck," the paper said. The mother was described as coming from "a respectable middle class family."

Because of the violent behavioral effects that crack can have on users, sociologists and pediatrician researchers are convinced that the drug is contributing to a sharp rise in child abuse. An explosive confrontation can develop when a mother under crack's control is left to deal with an ill-humored, crying child. "It's not too good to have a child in front of you," said one researcher, "when you're irritable or depressed and you have a drive for cocaine. What are you going to do with that baby? Certainly not what you're supposed to do."

Unfortunately, the results have often been fatal. It is not uncommon to read or hear of young crack addicts killing their parents or guardian grandparents because they refused to give them money to purchase crack or because these addicts were caught smoking it. New York City police have attributed a rash of brutal crimes to young addicts virtually deranged by crack.

The greatest and most brutal scene of violence, however, unfolds on the city streets. Since the money to be made selling crack is staggering because of the ever-growing demand, dealers feel that killing for it is worthwhile. Armed to the teeth with the latest state-of-the-art weapons—machine guns, military assault rifles, silencers, and bulletproof vests—they patrol their territories in quest of other young entrepreneurs to make an

example of those who would steal their clientele or who do not turn in all the money from a day's take. Dealers are prepared and ready to settle business differences with violent bloodshed. "If someone is shot in the leg or stabbed in the hand," said an emergency-room nursing director, "it was a warning to a kid who kept some money or drugs from a dealer he worked for. If a kid is shot in the head or chest, they meant to get this one."

"The murders now are much more vicious," said a New York City sociologist. "It's not enough to kill. You degrade the body. He's dead already with two bullets, so you shoot him with six. You decapitate him, or something else." "There are a million kids out there who have no skills other than fighting," said one veteran law officer. "They are not afraid of the police or jail or of dying," nor are they concerned with the safety and lives of innocent bystanders caught in the cross fire of shoot-outs. *Time* magazine reports that of the 387 gang-related homicides in Los Angeles County in one year, half were innocent bystanders.

### **Gold Chains, Expensive Cars**

Because of the violence associated with crack addiction, the young crack dealers cannot see their lives continuing. Indeed, they are dying young. "I'm going to live the good life before I go" has become their philosophy. Many are doing just that. "Every day you can

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go to a high school and see new Mercedes and Jeeps and Cadillacs and Volvos," said one Detroit narcotics officer. "These cars belong to the kids, not the parents." Children too young to drive hire others to drive for them. Others take their chances and drive without a driver's license. They are able to pay cash for their cars. If they have an accident, they simply abandon the cars and run away.

"Students wear outfits on any given day that may be worth \$2,000," said one teacher. "You see a lot of young people in fur coats and the thick gold chains," she said. "Gold, in fact, is a widespread obsession with inner-city youngsters," reported *Time* magazine of May 9, 1988. "Heavy gold cables that cost up to \$20,000 are all the rage." Distributors pay their fledgling entrepreneurs well. Nine- and ten-year-olds, for example, can make \$100 a day warning dealers of police presence. The next step up the ladder is the runner, one who delivers the drug from the lab to the dealer, a job that can pay him more than \$300 a day. Both lookouts and runners aspire to reach the pinnacle well within their grasp—dealer. Can you imagine a teenager, with possibly very little education, commanding earnings up to a whopping \$3,000 a day? Indeed, the stakes are high but the future is short-lived.

All too often the evils of selling crack by the young are double-edged. On the one cutting side, they are peddling death-dealing drugs that

## Crack Is a Whole New Ball Game

Since crack was developed to appeal to the young and the poor, its initial cost may seem relatively cheap. Pushers sell pellet-size chunks in tiny plastic vials for as little as five to ten dollars. The brief but intense highs, however, demand almost constant repetition. "Crack is a whole new ball game," said an executive director of a Florida drug-information center. "It's an extremely compulsive drug, much more so than regular cocaine. The rush is so intense and the crash so powerful that it keeps users—even first-time users—focused on nothing but their next hit."

can ruin the lives of the users as well as contribute to violence, often becoming the victims themselves. On the other side of the blade, in many cases, parents encourage their children to deal in crack. Frequently, the young dealer is the sole breadwinner of the family, using a large portion of the profits to support a struggling family. When parents refuse to correct the situation and instead look the other way, they become sharers in abetting a criminal course.

What is devastatingly worse is when the love for crack transcends a mother's love for her children, even the unborn child she is carrying. Consider the plight of the unborn in the next article.

### WHY "AWAKE!" IS PUBLISHED

"AWAKE!" is for the enlightenment of the entire family. It shows how to cope with today's problems. It reports the news, tells about people in many lands, examines religion and science. But it does more. It probes beneath the surface and points to the real meaning behind current events, yet it always stays politically neutral and does not exalt one race above another.

Most importantly, this magazine builds confidence in the Creator's promise of a peaceful and secure new world before the generation that saw the events of 1914 passes away.

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**W**HEN crack cocaine made its debut on the world scene in the early 1980's, few users dared to believe the devastating effects it would have. After all, was it not smoked in cute little glass pipes or mixed with the tobacco in cigarettes or marijuana? Word on the street had it that crack was a safe drug. Certainly it was much cheaper than heroin or another form of cocaine. People in the lower income bracket could afford it. The euphoria crack brought on seemed to be worth it, no matter what the cost.

Dramatic evidence of the dangers of crack, however, leapt onto the pages of medical journals when pregnant users began giving birth to drug-affected infants. Doctors began to warn of the horrendous effects crack cocaine can have on the unborn. The number of damaged infants, some permanently so, began escalating with each passing year. "When crack cocaine hit," said one doctor, "the number of small, sick babies just went through the roof."

Where there is widespread use of crack, statistics bear him out. According to a 36-hospital survey in the United States in 1988 by the National Association for Perinatal Addiction Research and Education, 11 percent of U.S. newborn babies, or about 375,000 babies a year, are now exposed to drugs during pregnancy. *The New York Times* reports that between 1986 and 1988, "the number of newborn children in New York City testing positive for drugs—mostly cocaine—almost quadrupled, going from 1,325 to 5,088."

# CRACK ADDICTION

## The Plight of the Unborn

### ***The Horrid Effects***

"The crack cocaine mothers are the sickest you're going to see," said Dr. Richard Fulroth, a Stanford University specialist. "They come in right when they're ready to deliver, and you just hold your breath waiting to see what you're gonna get." All too often what has been developing in the womb of the crack user is not pretty. Crack can cause spasms in the baby's blood vessels, restricting the vital flow of oxygen and nutrients for long periods. Fetal growth, including head and brain size, may be impaired. Strokes and seizures often occur, and malformations of the kidneys, genitals, intestines, and spinal cord may develop. There is also the danger of the placenta's tearing loose from the uterus, which kills the fetus and may prove fatal to the mother.

When a crack baby is born, doctors and nurses can see visible evidence of the devastation brought on by the drug. One report described such a child as "a mere patch of flesh with a tangerine-sized head and limbs like splinters." In several instances, reported *Discover* magazine, cocaine babies have been born without the two middle fingers of a hand.



Dr. Dan R. Griffith, developmental psychologist at Northwestern University, said that cocaine-exposed babies are often born with "a very fragile, easily overloaded nervous system." They tend to be hypersensitive and irritable, screaming inconsolably at the slightest provocation. "A sudden noise or change in position, even talking to and looking at the baby, can trigger prolonged crying," the doctor said. "Other obvious effects of drug damage to the newborn child," Dr. Griffith describes, "can be that the babies escape into a deep sleep for 90 percent of the time to shut themselves off from outside stimulation. They will not wake up even if undressed, talked to, rocked, or physically manipulated."

These neurological problems can continue for months, the doctor said, thus causing both mental and physical frustration to the mother at a time when a bond of love and attachment needs to be formed. "The baby tends to shut the mother out and become very irritable when she tries to attend to his needs. The mother becomes withdrawn from the infant and resents him for not returning her attentions," the doctor added. This behavior on the part of the infant and the resentment of the mother often leads to child abuse.

### *Abandoned Newborns*

Because the condition of such newborn infants is so precarious, their stay in the hospital can run into weeks and sometimes months. Very often, however, a lengthy stay is not due so much to the child's condition as it is to the mother's attitude toward her baby. Many times the mother simply abandons the infant in the hospital, making him a ward of the city. "I cannot understand the mother not asking any questions about the baby, never coming again," complained one concerned doctor. Some never even stay long enough to name the baby. Nurses must do that for them. "The most remarkable and hideous aspect of crack cocaine use," said a hospital-staff nurse, "seems to be the undermining of the maternal instinct." One hospital has even had to send telegrams to uninterested parents to get them to sign for the postmortems when the babies die. Do you find this shocking?

Because of the work load of hospital nurses, these babies cannot be given the love and attention they so vitally need. In some cases when foster homes cannot readily be found, caring people with a love for children have volunteered their time, a few hours each week, to baby-sit these abandoned infants. "They feed, sing, play, rock and change them," said one worker. "They treat them as they would their own baby. It is so good for the children. Some of them are here a long time."

What does the future hold for these cocaine-damaged infants? Their lower than normal IQ levels will present a future problem for teachers to cope with. "Because of physical and developmental impairments," said one child expert, "these kids are going to be a problem for themselves and society for 40 or 50 years." Indeed, crack has made an indelible mark on society.



**T**HREE is no question that crack addiction has reached staggering proportions, and the problem is escalating. Radio and television air the problem. Newspapers and magazines headline it. Hospital emergency rooms and trauma centers come face-to-face with its violence. Maternity wards are filled to capacity with infants damaged by the addiction. Hospital storage rooms are being used to "store" abandoned babies rather than store materials.

Detoxification and rehabilitation establishments are treating children not yet in their teens. Social service agencies are begging for resources to fight the epidemic. There are those who say they cannot overcome their addiction and others who do not wish to. For the latter, there await misery, frustration, violence, and possibly death. For the former, there is hope.

"Only a year ago," reported *The New York Times* of August 24, 1989, "crack was widely regarded as a relatively new drug, still poorly understood but with special characteristics that produced an addiction almost impossible to cure." Now, however, researchers are finding that crack addiction, under the right conditions, can be successfully treated, the paper said. "Crack addiction can be treated," said Dr. Herbert Kleber, the deputy to William J. Bennett, director of U.S. drug policy. The key, he said, is that the addicts be given a place in family and social structures where they may never have been before. "Habilitation more than rehabilitation," he stressed.

Researchers have found that the most effective program for curing the crack cocaine

# C R A C K A D D I C T I O N

## Is There a Cure?

addict is three-staged—detoxification, extended personal counseling and training, and, most important, support in the right environment. Detoxification, or getting the addict off the drug, is not the major hurdle. Often, because of circumstances, a person can do this on his own. Being without funds to purchase the drug can be, and often is, a contributing factor. Incarceration in a penal institution where drugs are not available can be another, or a stay in a hospital would also necessitate abstention. The real problem, however, is to keep the addict from going back to the drug when it becomes available to him.

Although some addicts have successfully broken free from crack's viselike grip while in specially arranged treatment programs, treatment specialists stressed that most addicts never make it through the first few weeks. For example, Dr. Charles P. O'Brien, a psychiatrist at the University of Pennsylvania, said that two thirds of the addicts enrolled in his treatment program drop out in the first month. Other programs had even less success.

## **The Wrong Environment**

"We may have to remove them from their communities," said one noted treatment-center director. "You have got to get the addicts out of that drug environment. That environment is a morgue." This, researchers have found, is the primary reason why the greater number of addicts who have detoxified return to the drug that enslaved them. The reason seems obvious. Are these not the surroundings that sent them to treatment centers in the first place? Was not crack available on every street corner, where peer pressure, often from their own family and best friends, motivated their first puff from the crack pipe? Who is there now to encourage their staying on a treatment program and becoming free from the drug's tug-of-war for their very lives?

The more successful programs stressed wrong environment as a major factor in the addict's continuing drug abuse. "The patient was taught strategies for staying away from the drug, including how to avoid cues that trigger the craving for it," *The New York Times* reported. "The sight of a street where a person once bought crack, a discarded vial on the sidewalk, the dentist's office or a pharmaceutical odor that has a resemblance to the chemical smell of crack," are all things that can trigger desire for the drug, the paper said. Effective programs also stressed the importance of addicts' "severing all ties to friends and relatives who still used drugs." Instead, they were counseled to make new friends with people who do not use drugs. Wise counsel, indeed.

## **You Can Say No!**

The book *Self-Destructive Behavior in Children and Adolescents* makes this observation: "The youthful are most often introduced or 'turned on' to the various drugs by a close

friend . . . [His] intentions may be to share an exciting or pleasurable experience." Peer pressure is not limited, however, to the young, as older addicts can testify; neither was this wise Scriptural counsel limited to the young, but it applies to persons of all ages, as the Bible writer says: "He that is walking with wise persons will become wise, but he that is having dealings with the stupid ones will fare badly."—Proverbs 13:20.

If you are overwhelmed with problems that seem insurmountable, do not seek escape by drugs. This will only add to your problems. Talk things over with a parent or other responsible adult who would have your best interests at heart. Remember, too, the Bible's counsel: "Do not be anxious over anything, but in everything by prayer and supplication along with thanksgiving let your petitions be made known to God; and the peace of God that excels all thought will guard your hearts and your mental powers."

—Philippians 4:6, 7.

## **Ice, Beyond Crack**

"The Japanese call it *shabu*, to Koreans it's *hiroppon*. To American addicts just discovering its intense highs and hellish lows, the drug is simply 'ice,'" *Newsweek* magazine says of this drug out of Asia. It is a type of methamphetamine, or speed, made in a laboratory from chemicals easy to obtain. The high from crack lasts minutes; the one from ice lasts for hours, up to 24. It often makes users violent. Its prolonged use causes psychological damage and fatal lung and kidney disorders. *Newsweek* says that "ice's effects on newborns is alarming." One researcher says: "If you thought cocaine dependency was bad, that's in the minor leagues compared to this drug." It is more difficult to kick than cocaine addiction, and hallucinations can be as powerful as ever after two years of treatment.

## YOUNG PEOPLE ASK...



# Does It Matter Which Movies I See?

'MOVIES don't really influence me,' claims one teenager named Karen, 'because I go to movies to get shocked and scared, just to be entertained.' Many youths make a similar claim of being immune to the influence of films. Young Georgia, however, disagrees. Having seen a number of R-rated movies, she says: "You never forget those scenes . . . The more you think about them, the more you find yourself wanting to do what you've seen."<sup>\*</sup>

\* In the United States, no one under 17 is supposed to be admitted (unless accompanied by a parent or a guardian) to any film rated R, or restricted, by the Motion Picture Association of America. Such films generally contain graphic violence, foul language, or graphic sex and nudity. All too often, though, the restrictions are not enforced, and youths are allowed admittance.

Movies are immensely popular among youths. In one recent year, 36 percent of the more than 113 million who lined up at movie houses across the United States were in their teens. Millions more are enjoying films in the privacy of their homes by means of videocassettes or cable-TV movies. Of course, all of us need relaxation and entertainment from time to time. Such diversion can refresh and stimulate the mind. For many youths, seeing a movie is one way to accomplish this and fill an otherwise dull afternoon or evening. But just which movies will you view? Does it really matter?

**Caught in the spell of a movie, audiences often cheer on murder, theft, and sexual immorality**



## **Movies—The Current Trends**

"Hedonism, sexuality, violence, greed, selfishness." According to child psychiatrist Robert Coles, these are the values predominating in most movies being produced today. Research spearheaded by Dr. Vince Hammond similarly concluded that "most of the films shown in the industrialized countries contained at least some violence, with many being rated violent or highly violent." Hammond's researchers surveyed 1,000 films from a variety of countries. Their conclusion? "The production of violent films is a global problem."

Particularly popular among youths are horror films, portraying satanic possession, rape, and bloodletting by the most diabolical of means. As Dr. Neil Senior, quoted in *Seventeen* magazine, put it, these films "portray everything that every family would not want to have happen to them." Yet, many youths line up to see them.

There has also been a marked increase in sexually explicit films. And according to one university professor, "the biggest consumers of sexually explicit videos in Canada are young people between 12 and 17 and it may be warping their attitudes about sexual behavior."

The movie industry does not seem to be too concerned, however. *Variety* magazine reports that films featuring graphic violence and sex are on the increase, while wholesome, family films are hardly being made at all. Is it possible, then, that viewing unsavory films might affect you negatively?

## ***The Assault on Your Eyes and Ears***

Movies amount to a powerful assault on the senses. Jesus said that "the lamp of the body is the eye." (Matthew 6:22) And what you see can have a profound effect upon you. As one

**"You never forget those scenes . . . The more you think about them, the more you find yourself wanting to do what you've seen"**

encyclopedia put it, "the mind follows the eyes." Normally, your mind controls what your eyes choose to focus on and see. But when you focus on the larger-than-life images that move across the big screen, you can virtually surrender your mind to the will of the moviemaker. Some become so engrossed in a film that they may need a firm nudge in the side to break the spell cast by a movie.

"The hearing ear" also strongly influences your thoughts and deeds. (Proverbs 20:12) The mesmerizing visual images and spoken words are reinforced by music that can stir the emotions, generating fear, excitement, anger, passion. As a result, films can convey such a sense of realism that some viewers have difficulty separating the real from the make-believe.

## ***The Assault on Your Mind and Morals***

The perspective or viewpoint of a movie can also greatly influence your reaction to it. Moviemakers thus try to make viewers identify with the characters portrayed—even when the hero is a criminal or a sadistic, power-hungry person.\* If you are not careful, you may find yourself rooting for a criminal!

Consider how one audience reacted to a recent horror spoof involving a razor-fingered maniac who slashed his way through a series of scenes. They cheered the bloodletting killer on! Led along by the mind-manipulating

\* An experiment reported in *Science News* showed that viewers tend to be profoundly affected by what they see "regardless of how fanciful the show seems" as long as they 'closely identify with a TV or movie character.'

## **There is “growing evidence linking violent films and videos with violent behaviour by some of those who watch them”**

camera, the audience seemingly lost its sense of values—and all compassion for the victims.

How contrary this is to the Bible’s admonition not to rejoice over another’s disaster! (Proverbs 17:5) It is a direct contradiction of Jesus’ Golden Rule—to ‘do to others as you want them to do to you.’ (Matthew 7:12) Furthermore, can cheering on murder be compatible with the Bible’s urgings to be “tenderly compassionate”? (Ephesians 4:32) Does it not amount to aligning oneself with “the congregation of evildoers”?—Psalm 26:4, 5.

### **Subtle Effects**

You might feel, however, that the effect of a movie is temporary, short-lived. And admittedly, you are not likely to begin slashing everyone in sight because this was portrayed in some movie. However, a New Zealand newspaper reports that there is “growing evidence linking violent films and videos with violent behaviour by some of those who watch them.” The book *Adolescence* likewise referred to many studies of the relationship between “TV violence and aggressive behavior” and acknowledged that there is “mounting evidence” of a link between the two.

There have also been news reports of gruesome and reckless acts committed in response to scenes in movies. One youth, for example, died from injuries suffered in attempting a handstand on the hood of a speeding pickup truck. He had recently seen this stunt performed in a popular movie. So it is not entirely unreasonable to suggest that a film might affect your actions.

More often, though, films exert a far more subtle influence. For example, do not many of

your peers endeavor to talk, dress, and groom themselves like certain screen idols? Is this not evidence of strong movie influence? In other cases, watching the wrong movies appears to have an eroding effect upon a youth’s moral values. Researcher Dr. Thomas Radecki thus claims that prolonged exposure to violent movies “leads to an increased desensitization toward violence.”

The Bible says: “Jehovah himself examines the righteous one as well as the wicked one, and anyone loving violence His soul certainly hates.” (Psalm 11:5) Could a steady diet of violent films affect your attitude toward violence? Could you begin to find violence entertaining, even amusing? And is it even possible that you could find yourself more prone than before to settle problems and differences with force? Well did Proverbs 10:23 say: “Crime is the entertainment of the fool.”—*New American Bible*.

And what of your Christian morals? Could exposure to graphic sex and nudity push into the back of your mind the wrongness and sad consequences of premarital sex? Could it erode your ‘hatred of what is bad’?—Psalm 97:10.

Writer Jane Burgess-Kohn tells of the experience of a girl named Jeanie. After “watching a very sexy movie” with her date, Jeanie admitted to becoming “turned on” to the point of engaging in heavy petting. However, she was not able to stop there. “I’m sorry to say,” confessed Jeanie, “that night I was *easy* to persuade to have sexual intercourse. I still don’t know what happened that I lost all sense of reason. I didn’t even particularly like the guy!”

Unquestionably, then, movies have the power to influence your heart, your thoughts, and your behavior. Should you not therefore be *selective* about what you watch? A future article will discuss this.

# 'This Vile Custom of Tobacco Taking'



Ashmolean Museum, Oxford

King James I

**'LOATHSOME to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs.'**

Penned nearly four hundred years ago, this description concludes the antismoking manifesto entitled *A Counterblaste to Tobacco*, published by no less a person than England's King James I, the sponsor of

the 1611 Bible translation known as the *King James Version*.

What prompted this, and what lessons can we draw?

#### *Medicinal and Other Uses*

When Christopher Columbus returned to Europe after his visit to America in 1492, he brought back some seeds of a plant prized by American Indians for its medicinal properties. Later, Nicholas Monardes identified the herb as *tabaco* (or *picielt*, according to the Indians). The conquering Span-

iards had learned of its value in caring for the wounds they suffered, 'healing themselves to great benefit.'—*Joyful News Out of the New Found World*, English translation by John Frampton, 1577.

It was another use of this plant, though, that particularly caught the explorers' attention. Monardes explains:

'One of the marvels of this herb, and that which brings most admiration, is the manner how the Priests of the Indians did use it. When there was amongst the Indians any manner of business, of great importance, in which the chiefs had necessity to consult with their priests, their chief Priest took certain leaves of the *Tabaco* and cast them into the fire, and did receive the smoke of them at his mouth and at his nose with a cane, and in taking of it, he fell down upon the ground, as a dead man, and remaining so, according to the quantity of smoke that he had taken. When the herb had done its work, he did revive and

#### Sir Walter Raleigh



Courtesy of the Trustees of The British Museum

awake, and gave them their answers, according to visions and illusions which he saw. In like sort the rest of the Indians, for their pastime, do take the smoke of the *Tabaco*.'

Sir Walter Raleigh took possession of Virginia in 1584. As the colony grew, the Indian custom of smoking tobacco became popular with the settlers there too. Back in England, 'it was Raleigh who was chiefly responsible for introducing the habit and patronising the cult,' asserts historian A. L. Rowse.

### *The "Counterblaste"*

Opposing the newfound habit, however, was none other than his king, James. He put pen to paper to alert his subjects to the dangers of smoking tobacco.

'That the manifold abuses of this vile custom of *Tobacco* taking may the better be espied, it is fit that first you enter into consideration both of the first original thereof, and likewise for the reasons of the first entry thereof into this country.' So begins the famous *Counterblaste*. After reviewing what the king called the 'stinking and unsavory' custom of using tobacco smoke to cure ills, James lists four arguments people used to justify their habit:

1. That human brains are cold and wet, and thus, all dry and hot things (such as tobacco smoke) should be good for them.

2. That this smoke, through its heat, strength, and natural quality, should purge both head and stomach of colds and upsets.

3. That people would not have taken the custom to heart so much if they had not found by experience that it was good for them.

4. That many find relief from sickness and that no man ever received harm from tobacco smoking.

In the light of modern scientific knowledge, you will no doubt well agree with James' counterarguments. Tobacco smoke not only is hot and dry but, rather, has a 'certain venomous faculty joined with the heat thereof.' 'It does no more good to inhale such smoke to cure a cold than to eat meat and drink beverages that give you wind in order to prevent colic pains!' Some people may claim to have smoked for years without any ill effects, but does that make smoking beneficial?

James forcefully reasoned that 'though old harlots may attribute their longevity to their immoral practices, they ignore the fact that many prostitutes die prematurely' from the sexually transmitted diseases they contract. And what about old drunkards who believe they prolong their days 'by their swinelike diet' but never consider how many others die 'drowned in drink before they be half old'?

### *Sins and Vanities*

Having decimated the arguments in favor of smoking, James next draws attention to 'sins and vanities' committed by those who smoke. Prominent among these, he maintains, is the sin of lust. Not content with inhaling a little tobacco smoke, most crave more. Indeed, nicotine addiction has become a common phenomenon.

And what of 'vanities'?

James blasts the tobacco smoker with the argument: 'Is it not both great vanity and uncleanness that at the table, a place of respect, you puff filthy smoke and stink, breathing out the smoke, infecting the air, when others present abhor such a practice?'

As if aware of the numerous health hazards smokers face, James reasons: 'Surely smoke becomes a kitchen far better than the dining chamber, and yet it makes a kitchen also oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soiling and infecting them, with an unctuous and oily kind of soot, as has been found in some great *Tobacco* takers that after their death were opened.'

To crown his argument, James continues: 'Herein is not only a great vanity but a great contempt of God's good gifts, that the sweetness of man's breath, being a good gift of God, should be willfully corrupted by this stinking smoke!'

# JOIN US ON OUR CRUISE UP THE CHOBE



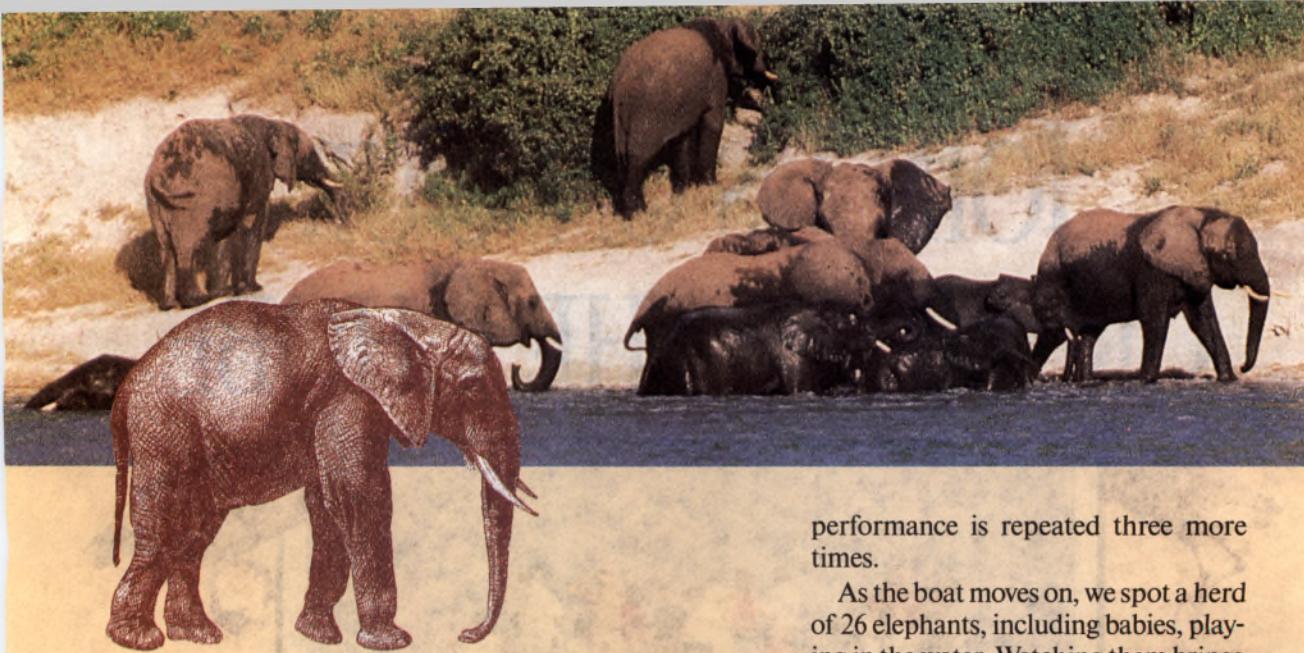
BY AWAKE! CORRESPONDENT IN SOUTH AFRICA

**W**E ARE sitting in a boat on the Chobe River in the heart of southern Africa. The highlight of our vacation has arrived. We listen to the water lapping gently against the boat as other passengers embark. On the bank, reeds sway in a welcome breeze. We are grateful for the clouds that shield us from the hot African sun.

"I hope the elephants come for their usual afternoon drink," says Jill, the public relations manageress of the hotel that arranges this cruise. We hope so too. The Chobe River is renowned for its elephants. The north of Botswana, which borders on the Chobe River,

has an estimated 45,000 elephants—the largest concentration in southern Africa. "But," cautions Jill, "because of the recent rains, we haven't seen elephants for three days."

However, the Chobe River has plenty of other attractions. On a tray in the boat, we see four dead fish. "We always find fish eagles waiting for fish to be thrown into the water," says Rainford, our Botswana boat captain. Will we succeed in photographing one of these birds as it swoops down to pick up a meal? Our excitement builds up as another tourist boat, named *The Fish Eagle*, passes by. Our boat is named *Mosi-Oa-Tunya*, an African



name for the Victoria Falls. The Chobe River joins up with the mighty Zambezi to plunge over the famous falls, which are about an hour's drive from here.

Believe it or not, soon after the *Mosi* pulls away, we sight elephants through binoculars. But, alas, while we are still far off, they return to the bush. "Until three weeks ago," recalls Sandy, our tour guide, "we were sighting herds of hundreds." Next, our attention is attracted to six kudu staring at us from the bank. When approached by a motor vehicle, these antelope usually scamper off. "They seem less afraid of a boat on the river," says Sandy.

The soft cooing of doves is soon broken by a piercing cry. What bird is that? "The distinctive ringing call of the African fish eagle is a constant feature of the Chobe River," explains Dr. Anthony Hall-Martin in the book *Elephants of Africa*. Four of these magnificent birds are watching us from trees lining the river. We quickly adjust our cameras as Sandy throws a fish. On cue, the first bird leaves its perch and glides toward us. Next, we hear a splash as the fish is clasped firmly in the bird's talons. Then, with a flap of its majestic wings, it rises from the water, letting out a victorious cry—*WHOW-kayow-kwow*. We are struck with awe at the coordination of eyes, talons, voice, and wings directed from the eagle's small brain. On board there is a hushed silence, except for the clicking of cameras, as this impressive

performance is repeated three more times.

As the boat moves on, we spot a herd of 26 elephants, including babies, playing in the water. Watching them brings to mind the words of Bruce Aiken in his book *The Lions and Elephants of the Chobe*: "Once immediate thirsts are slaked, adults use their trunks to leisurely spray the cool water all over themselves. Some, especially sub-adults and bulls, are likely to venture out into the river and playfully swim and romp around, often with only the tips of their trunks visible above the surface to act as snorkels. None, however, enjoy themselves as much as the calves. This is the beginning of playtime, and they ceaselessly cavort and chase each other about . . . Thirsts quenched, it is time for the next and undoubtedly favourite activity, the mudbath. . . . Too soon, the old spoilsport cows whose word is law, decide it is time to move off."

Sadly, the approach of our large double-decker boat makes the "spoilsport cows" feel uneasy, and they lead the herd away but not before we have taken some photos.

The day has not ended, and the Chobe River has other surprises.



Because of the dust from the surrounding Kalahari Desert, sunsets across the river are spectacular. Evening is also the time when lazy hippos begin to stir as they prepare to leave the water on their nocturnal eating spree. Here the security of our large boat is a decided advantage. "You can get close to the hippo without being scared," says Rainford.

A sonorous, deep honking signals our arrival at a hippo pool situated alongside an island in the river. One after another, large heads of submerged hippos appear on either side of us. Suddenly, two hippos lunge at each other with wide-open mouths—mouths large enough for a human to squat inside. Then, from the shallow waters near the island, another hippo walks straight toward us—so close that his massive body fills the lens of our camera. As the water gets

deeper, his head submerges, leaving his large backside sticking up in the air. Then, by deflating his lungs, down the gigantic body goes.

We are surprised to learn that in spite of weighing up to four tons, a hippo has great agility in the water. "It can swim faster than many fish despite its ungainly body and can often be seen in clear water swimming swiftly just under the surface," says Bradley Smith in his book *The Life of the Hippopotamus*. Or if they prefer, hippos use their powerful legs to dance across the bed of a deep river. It is just as man's Creator says:

"Here, now, is hippopotamus that I have made as well as you. Green grass it eats just as a bull does. Here, now, its power is in its hips, and its dynamic energy in the tendons of its belly. If the river acts violently, it does not run in panic. It is confident, although the Jordan [River] should burst forth against its mouth." (Job 40:15, 16, 23, *Reference Bible*, footnote) Surrounded, as we are, with these fearsome examples of "dynamic energy," we realize the greater need to show respect for the One who made them. "Before its eyes can anyone take it? With snares can anyone bore its nose?" asks Jehovah God, reminding us of our human limitations.

—Job 40:24.





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Birds, Fish, Insects, etc., by  
Jim Harter*

Torn between watching a glorious sunset and the hippo, we are reluctant to leave as the time comes for our boat to return. Later, from our thatched hut beside the river, we watch in amazement as the sky turns pink and orange, with the colors beautifully reflected in the water. We muse on the exciting things we have seen and heard. "If you really want to get close to the wildlife," Sandy advises us, "you should use a small motorboat." We decide to take her advice and hire one for the next afternoon.

This time we indeed get a closer look at the wildlife, except for the dangerous hippo, and can even touch the reeds and water lilies. We watch pied kingfishers as they hover motionlessly above the water in search of small fish. Other colorful birds fly around us, brown-hooded kingfishers, whitefronted bee eaters, and lesser striped swallows. Then, there are the larger birds that enjoy the safety of the river islands—Egyptian geese, jacanas, cormorants, and herons, to name a few. We pass a half-submerged tree adorned with some of these birds.

Eventually, we arrive at the spot where we had seen the herd of elephants the previous day. This time we find a lone bull who ignores us and continues drinking and eating. Then, as we start to move off, a mother with little ones suddenly appears from the bush. She hesitates on seeing us. We hold our breath in hope. Will

she still come or not? Thankfully, she decides to risk letting her little ones into our presence. What a sight to watch mother, youngster, and baby run toward us!

Aiken makes this further comment in his book on lions and elephants: "It is easy to imagine the thirst these huge animals must feel each day . . . as they complete the long hot journey to the river. Walking eagerly and as fast as possible, a herd will emerge from the bush and make straight for a drinking place, often covering the last fifty or a hundred metres in an abandoned run as they smell the lifegiving water." Indeed, we watch in wonderment as the three stand in a line and drink, with baby protected in the middle. But it is getting late, and we must return before dark.

Besides elephants, we see buffalo, crocodiles, pukus, kudu, waterbuck, impalas, baboons, and warthogs. We cannot help feeling a deep admiration for the One who created this stunning variety of wildlife and who made them exist in such lovely surroundings. In the dry season, birds and animals converge on the river in great concentrations, and even lions, leopards, and rhino can be seen.

You may live far from this remote part of Africa, but we hope that by joining us on our cruise, you now have a better idea of the magnificent sights that await those who travel up the Chobe.

# Three Hours That Turned My Life Around

I WAS ten years old when I received the BB gun for Christmas. I shot at bottles and tin cans but quickly graduated to more exciting game—birds, snakes, anything that moved. I notched the stock of my gun for each bird killed. Soon, 18 proud notches proclaimed my prowess as a hunter.

Then something happened that changed all of this. I was out in my backyard one day hunting birds. I saw a sparrow in the top of our cottonwood tree, took careful aim, slowly squeezed the trigger. A direct hit! Number 19!

The bird fell to the ground. I walked to where it lay, looked down at it, saw the blood on its feathers. It stirred, seemed to look up at me as if to say: 'Who gave you the right to take my life?' As it died, its head slowly settled to the ground. I was cut to the heart. I began to cry. I ran to my mother and told her what had happened and what I was sure the dying bird had said to me. I never shot another bird, never cut another notch on my gun. To this day I can still see that little fluff of feathers covered with blood. The lasting impact of this childhood experience made me aware of the preciousness of life, whether a sparrow's or a person's.

Other values were instilled in me early in life—honesty, respect for my elders, a moral sense, devotion to truth. I was born in Memphis, Tennessee, but was raised in a Chicago, Illinois, suburb called Robbins. I grew up going to church, but the set of values given me as a churchgoing child faded over the

years. I did not see these values reflected in the congregation or the deacons or the ministers; instead, I saw hypocrisy. Also, in society in general, such values were dismissed as impractical and were ignored. But the lesson of the preciousness of life as taught by the little sparrow's death, that never faded.

By the time I went to high school, I had quit going to church—much to my parents' distress. My conscience became dulled, but I do remember that when I started using profanity—everyone else did—my conscience pricked me. As my associations worsened, I drifted into drugs and immoral conduct. The Bible said that would be the case, and I fulfilled its prediction: "Do not be misled. Bad associations spoil useful habits."—1 Corinthians 15:33.

Even so, a sense of right and wrong exercised some restraints. For example, in my third year of high school, I had two buddies that I ran with, was on the basketball team with, did everything with—up until this one night when we came across a young woman. My two friends decided to rape her. She pleaded with them not to do this, but when they proceeded to do it, she became hysterical and screamed for them to kill her instead.

**'Why are these people being slaughtered like animals?'**

# I felt the chill of cold steel on the back of my neck

In spite of her struggle, they raped her. Then they wanted me to join them in this outrage against her person. Sickened and repelled, I refused to share in their cowardly violation of her. They became very angry with me and ended up calling me vile names. Our friendship ended that night.

Years later I realized that what I had experienced was another example of what the Bible said would happen: "Because you do not continue running with them in this course to the same low sink of debauchery, they are puzzled and go on speaking abusively of you."—1 Peter 4:4.

My final year of high school, 1965, saw an escalation of the Vietnam War, and I was faced with the dilemma of what to do after graduation. I didn't want to be drafted and forced to kill. I still had strong feelings about taking life—either of sparrows or of people. I had an easy way out: an athletic scholarship to play basketball for a university. Instead, I joined the air force, a branch of the armed forces where I wouldn't have to fight in the jungles and kill.

I was assigned to a MAC (Military Airlift Command) unit as an aircraft mechanic for my four years of service. After basic training, I was sent to CCK Airbase, Taiwan. That was in January 1968. Most of my buddies in the squadron were on assignments that took them to Vietnam, Thailand, Japan, and the Philippines. They were able to get whatever they wanted—including hard drugs such as heroin and cocaine. I had begun using drugs in high school; now I began selling them. Eight months later our entire squadron was

reassigned to Okinawa, Japan, which was then under U.S. administration. Our drug business flourished.

My squadron commander personally invited me to go to Vietnam for a firsthand look. Because of the money and the excitement, I jumped at the chance. I found Vietnam a beautiful country with lush greenery and white sand beaches. The Vietnamese people were so genuinely kind and hospitable. If you knocked on their door, they would take you in and feed you. I often wondered: 'Why is this war being fought? Why are these people being slaughtered like animals?' But in Saigon I saw so much crime, so many sordid activities, so much corruption and wanton violence! Life was so cheap. I began to have serious doubts about mankind's ability and willingness ever to live together in peace and happiness.

After my honorable discharge from the air force in late July 1970, I went back to my hometown of Robbins, Illinois. I got a job and tried to settle down, but things were different. People and places had changed. Yes, and I had changed too. Home wasn't home anymore. My thoughts focused on the Far East, dwelt on memories etched in my mind. My desire to return to the Orient was overwhelming. Eight months after my military discharge, I bought a one-way plane ticket back to Okinawa, Japan.

My first night back, I went to one of my old hangouts, a fast-paced club called Tina's Bar and Lounge. To my great surprise, there sitting at the bar was one of my old drug-business buddies. We were happy to see each other and immediately devised a plan to smuggle drugs out of Thailand. We impersonated military personnel to get to Thailand, as we had phony ID cards, leave papers, uniforms, and so forth. Thus we made our way from the airport to Bangkok.

From there we made contact with our prearranged guide, who took us by dugout canoe through the dark waterways and swamps of the jungle to an isolated island. We were greeted by one of the kingpins of the drug trade in Thailand. He was such a gracious and hospitable host that we never suspected that he would inform the authorities of our activity. But he did. It was a trade-off to get them to ignore some of his illegal activities.

The authorities were waiting for us at the bus station in Bangkok—and I was carrying a suitcase with 65 pounds of drugs in it! As I entered the door of the bus station, I felt the chill of cold steel on the back of my neck. A colonel in the Thai police force was holding a .38 revolver to my head and said very calmly, "Please, do not try to resist me." We were arrested and herded off to police headquarters.

We were to meet an accomplice in Okinawa, who would have three shoe boxes of heroin. By pooling our supplies, we figured to control the drug trade in Okinawa. The accomplice arrived there with the heroin, and when the boxes came out on the baggage belt, the police were there with their dog that sniffed out the heroin. He lost the heroin, I lost the suitcase full of marijuana and speed, and our business was shut down before it began. We ended up in Klong Prem prison. Conditions were primitive. Food was scarce. Our daily diet consisted of small salted fish and rice twice each day. During the two months there, I lost a hundred pounds.

While we were in prison, a tall distinguished-looking gentleman came to visit us, stating that he was from the U.S. consulate. He said that he wanted to help us but needed more information. We didn't trust him. After going back and forth

## The police were there with their dog that sniffed out the heroin

for a while, he finally revealed that he was the chief narcotics investigator for the entire Southeast Asia area, and he was trying to establish that we were smuggling drugs out of the country. The next day, he returned to speak to me privately.

"Level with me," the investigator said. "If you don't, I promise that you will rot right here in this prison." So I leveled. I told the truth. He next asked: "How would you like to work for me as a special agent?" I was caught totally off guard, but I finally agreed to work these sting operations with him.

Eventually, I was released from prison and returned to Okinawa to start my new life as a special drug-enforcement agent. My assignment was to set up drug deals with the intent of arresting suppliers involved in the drug trade. I worked in that position for about a year and a half and then quit.

In time, my partner and I were running a tavern called Papa Joe's. We had bar girls

## IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

*Do We Really  
Need Government?*

*How Can I  
Pick a Decent Movie?*

*Has Science Made the  
Bible Obsolete?*

working for us as hostesses, whose job was to get the GIs to buy as much liquor as possible. One night a man sitting at the bar asked me: "You're Jimmy-san, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am."

"You're doing pretty good here, aren't you?"

"I'm doing OK. Why do you ask?"

"My advice to you is, Don't come back out on the street. You do, and we're gonna catch you and put you away."

I realized then that he was a narcotics agent and that I was being watched. I knew too much, and they were warning me to keep off the streets. It didn't matter. I wasn't out selling on the streets now anyway. I had cut back on the degrading life-style I had been living.

Also, at this time I was trying to find out the meaning of life by investigating the Eastern religions. I soon realized that they were just as mysterious and confusing as Christendom's Trinity teaching. They didn't make sense either.

Then, one day while I was at home alone, there was a knock on the door. An elderly Japanese woman was there, a warm smile on her face. But what really commanded my attention was her eyes. They seemed to be gleaming. It was as if I could tell by her eyes that she was upright and pure, that she wasn't there to hustle me for anything. I had a strong feeling that I should listen to her. I couldn't explain it, but I couldn't ignore it either. So I invited her in.

I had a strong  
feeling that I should  
listen to her

It was only after we sat down at the kitchen table that I really began to hear what she was saying. I had been to church many times in my youth, but never had I heard anything right out of the Bible like this. She showed why there was so much wickedness, that Satan was the god of this world, and that all of this was a sign of the last days. Soon God would rise up to end all wickedness and usher in a clean new world of righteousness. I had often wondered why we were here, whether there was any meaning to life, any purpose for this beautiful earth. The answers were in the Bible—had always been there.—Psalm 92:7; Ecclesiastes 1:4; Isaiah 45:18; Daniel 2:44; 2 Corinthians 4:4; 2 Timothy 3:1-5, 13; 2 Peter 3:13.

As she talked, the pieces of this jigsaw puzzle began to fall into place. Like seeds that lie dormant for years but sprout when moisture comes, so thoughts about God that had lain dormant in my mind suddenly came to life as the waters of truth from the Bible washed over them.—Ephesians 5:26; Revelation 7:17.

Living forever, not in some far-off heaven, but right here on a paradise earth. The whole earth a garden of Eden. A resurrection that would bring untold millions of the dead back for an opportunity to live forever in this Edenic earthly Paradise. No pain, no tears, no suffering, no crime, no disease, no death—many scriptures proclaiming these blessings to come under Jehovah's Kingdom under Christ painted glowing pictures in my mind of what God has in store for obedient mankind.—Psalm 37:10, 11, 29; Proverbs 2:21, 22; John 5:28, 29; 17:3; Revelation 21:1, 4, 5.

Too good to be true? Well, she proved from the Bible every statement she made. As she talked, for the first time the Bible became crystal clear, made sense, came alive to me.



**With my wife, Bonnie**

I realized two things: First, this was the pure truth from God's Word, uncontaminated by the false creeds and doctrines of Christendom's religions; and, second, that I had changes to make in my life to conform to God's laws and standards.—Psalm 119:105; Romans 12:1, 2; 1 Corinthians 6:9-11; Colossians 3:9, 10.

We talked for three hours, three hours that turned my life around. Before Haruko Isegawa—that was her name—left, she told me where I could attend meetings of Jehovah's Witnesses. She also started coming weekly to study the Bible with me. The following week, I attended my first meeting with Jehovah's Witnesses. What I was learning had a profound effect on my thinking and conduct. Rapid changes were made almost overnight. For many of my old friends, this was too much too soon, causing a parting of company. I lost some old friends, but I gained many more new ones, just as Jesus had promised. (Matthew 19:29) Ten months after the initial visit by Sister Isegawa, I was baptized on August 30, 1974, as one of Jehovah's Witnesses.

The following month I returned to the United States and began to associate with the Robbins Congregation in my hometown. The following year I visited the world headquarters of Jehovah's Witnesses in Brooklyn, New York, called Bethel, meaning "House of God." Today, three thousand volunteer workers are there, another thousand work at Watchtower Farms in upstate New York, printing the Bible literature that's distributed earth wide. The visit increased my intense desire to serve there, and Jehovah did grant me that fine privilege in September 1979.

A few months after I arrived, another brother was assigned to the department where I worked. There was something about him that was familiar, but I couldn't put my finger on it. After getting better acquainted, we discovered that we were both in Okinawa at the same time, lived in the same housing complex, and were both drug dealers. We had a joyful reunion. Both he and his wife now serve as special full-time ministers of Jehovah's Witnesses in the Micronesian Islands.

In 1981 Jehovah blessed me with a loving wife, Bonnie, and we've enjoyed many rich blessings while serving together here at Bethel. I feel like the psalmist King David, as he expressed himself in the 23rd Psalm, verse 6: "Surely goodness and loving-kindness themselves will pursue me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of Jehovah to the length of days."

One day I read Matthew 10:29, 31. It took me back to my childhood: "Do not two sparrows sell for a coin of small value? Yet not one of them will fall to the ground without your Father's knowledge." Did Jehovah know about the sparrow I had killed? I was relieved as I read on: "Have no fear: you are worth more than many sparrows."—*As told by James Dyson.*

# CORK

## Tiny Cells That Serve You Well

SCIENCE took a great step forward in the 1660's, when Robert Hooke in England took a piece of cork and looked at it through the microscope he had specially constructed. He found that the material was not homogeneous, but consisted of a large number of tiny air-filled units. He called them cells, from the Latin word *cella*, meaning "small room."

The cork cells are indeed small. No material made of cells, whether natural or synthetic, has as many cells per volume unit as does cork. There are, on the average, an estimated 20,000 of them per cubic millimeter! So tiny are they that it is not even possible to see the detailed structure of the cell with an ordinary microscope. Using electron microscopes, researchers at the universities of Cambridge, England, and Luleå, Sweden, have revealed the intricate construction of the cork cell. And it is this structure—a six-sided prism with corrugated walls, such as in the bellows of an accordion—that gives cork its unusual and most useful qualities.

Cork is light in weight, buoyant, strong, durable, and stable. It has resilience and

compressibility. It resists air, oil, and water penetration. It absorbs vibration, has good frictional qualities, and has low thermal conductivity. Synthetic materials have not replaced it as the material of choice for bottle stoppers that are easy to insert and remove, and that seal well. Because of their chemical stability and elasticity, they can preserve wine for years without contamination. Cork has also had widespread use in insulation, soundproofing, floor coverings, bulletin boards, gaskets, shoe soles, and fishing floats and buoys—to name just a few.

### *The Cork Oak*

While a thin layer of cork is found in the bark of all trees, it is from the cork oak of the Mediterranean area—principally Portugal, Spain, and Algeria—that most of the world's commercial cork is obtained. The cork oak is an evergreen. The bark of the cork oak can safely be removed, and new cork will even form again!

The bark of the cork tree has two general layers. The thick outer layer, composed of dead cells, acts as a protective covering, insulating the tree from heat, mechanical injury, or loss

of water. It is this layer that is harvested by a process called stripping. However, care must be exercised that the living inner layer is not damaged, or no new cork will form.

Stripping can be done when the tree has matured and its outer bark has thickened—usually taking from 20 to 25 years. After the cork has been pried off the tree, it is first allowed to dry for a few days. Then it is boiled to remove the tannic acid and sap. This also increases its elasticity and softens the cork so that it can be straightened out and packed in bundles for shipping. The rough, outer layer is also loosened by this process and is scraped off. The tree is left to regenerate its outer bark, from eight to ten years, when it can be harvested again. The best cork comes after the second stripping, and a tree can be productive for over a hundred years.

Cork production now exceeds a half million tons a year—equal in volume to 28 million tons of steel. Every year some 20 thousand million stoppers are made for wine bottles alone. Many of the applications of cork have been known for over 2,000 years. "Few materials have such a long history or have survived so well the competition from man-made substitutes," says a study made at Cambridge University. Its secret? The uniquely constructed tiny cork cell—a marvel of creation.

# A Computer That Sees Through You

By **Awake!** correspondent in New Zealand

**L**OOKING through an oblong window, I saw a strange scene. White-gowned attendants stood around a man lying on a table. He was being fed headfirst into what looked like a giant pencil sharpener! Was this a nightmare? A scene from a science-fiction movie? What was happening?

The scene was taking place in our local hospital here in Dunedin, on the South Island of New Zealand. The huge pencil sharpener was really a type of very sophisticated X-ray machine called a CAT scanner. No, it doesn't scan cats—at least not so far. The three letters stand for Computerized Axial Tomography. "Tomography" comes from Greek words meaning 'to write a slice,' and that is what a CAT scanner does. It takes X rays of a "slice" of you, salami fashion, and "writes down," or records, what it sees.

Perhaps you think that fancy X-ray machines are of interest only to doctors and scientists, but people here are so keen about having a CAT scanner that one was bought by public subscription. The two neighboring provinces of Otago and Southland raised \$2 million, N.Z., (\$1,200,000, U.S.) for it, representing a contribution of more than \$6 (N.Z.) from every man, woman, and child in the area. Our local university and its medical school had done much to generate such

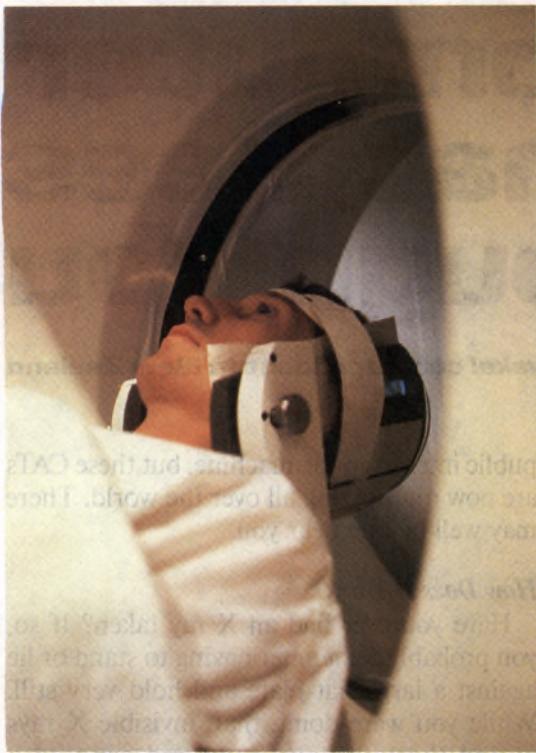
public interest in the machine, but these CATs are now multiplying all over the world. There may well be one near you.

## **How Does It Work?**

Have you ever had an X ray taken? If so, you probably remember having to stand or lie against a large flat plate and hold very still. While you were doing that, invisible X rays passed through your body and exposed a photographic plate behind you. Where your bones got in the way, most of the X rays were stopped. Other tissues and organs, depending on their density, reduced the X rays by varying amounts. The result was a shadow picture of what was inside you, showing the bones in white and various tissues and organs in about eight shades of gray.

Conventional X rays would be fine if all your bones and organs were spread out like a window display in a shop, but, of course, they are not. Some are shyly tucked away behind others. How can their pictures be taken? They can't be moved around like schoolboys posing for a class picture. So the photographer must move—the X rays must be taken from different angles.

In a CAT scanner, the pencil-sharpener design allows X rays to be taken from all around the body. As many as 700 different shots in



Camerique/H. Armstrong Roberts

### Entering the CAT scanner

Over 250 shades of gray are taken of a single "slice" of you. All these pictures provide a much more detailed look at what is inside of you than was ever possible before.

### Why the Computer?

Wonderful as it is to get so many X-ray pictures taken, it is quite another matter to make head or tail of all these shots. Can you picture a busy surgeon going home after a tiring day with 700 X rays of your tummy, expecting to study them overnight and be ready to perform an operation on you the next morning? 'Not a chance,' you might say. 'How is he going to deal with them?'

This complicated procedure may be compared to shining a flashlight through a glass containing a cold drink with several ice cubes

in it. The light would go through the glass and ice and make a pattern on a screen behind the glass. Now, suppose you rotate the flashlight and the screen around the glass while watching the changing pattern of light and shadow. Do you think you could figure out the exact shape of each ice cube?

That may seem an impossible task for you, but it is not for a computer. The information provided by the X rays is picked up by electronic sensors rather than photographic plates. By carefully comparing the X rays that come out of you with the X rays that went in, the computer can figure out what must have been inside you when the X rays passed through. Far more than simply identifying shapes, the computer is so powerful that it can even show differences between normal and clotted blood or between brain tissue and fluid. In fact, it can pick up very slight differences in tissue density that ordinary X rays would simply overlook.

### How Does It Benefit You?

It is the extra detail that a CAT scan provides that makes it so popular with doctors. A CAT scan might find a small soft tissue tumor that would not have shown up in an ordinary X ray—and save a life in the process. CAT scans are also popular with patients who would much rather be "sliced" electronically than surgically. They can eliminate a great deal of risky exploratory surgery, with all its unpleasantness and complications. Those seeking to avoid such surgery, therefore, might ask their doctors if a CAT scan could do the job instead.

Even when surgery cannot be avoided, the CAT scan can help. The chairman and professor of the Department of Radiology at a university medical school pointed out that the CAT scanner can make operations more straightforward by giving the surgeons detailed information on what they will find

inside you. "The scanner hands it to them on a plate," he said, which is a big advantage to both doctor and patient.

CAT scanners have their limitations, nonetheless. Though CAT scans can find many problems, often at an early curable stage, they cannot cure anything. While they can replace a number of very uncomfortable, and sometimes dangerous, exploratory procedures,

they are not always a substitute for surgery. You should not go to your doctor and demand a CAT scan every time you get a headache. Remember that all X rays carry a very slight but measurable health risk and should not be taken without good medical reasons. On the other hand, if your doctor recommends a CAT scan, be glad that this amazing technology is available to serve you.

## Safeguards and Hazards

**The Human Immune System** Microbes by the millions have us under constant siege, intent on invading our comfortably warm and moist bodies. If they gain entry, they are in for a shock. They are confronted by an incredibly complex immune system—millions of millions of highly specialized cells regulated by scores of proteins. *Time* magazine says: "The immune system is compared favorably with the most complex organ of them all, the brain." It then quotes immunologist William Paul: "The immune system has a phenomenal ability for dealing with information, for learning and memory, for creating and storing and using information."

Dr. Stephen Sherwin adds his praise: "It's an incredible system. It recognizes molecules that have never been in the body before. It can differentiate between what belongs there and what doesn't." And if it doesn't, it is war, total war.

**Snacking on Carbohydrates** Carbohydrate meals may cause drowsiness and fatigue afterward, in spite of a high level of glucose in a person's blood. Studies have indicated that concentration and test scores are lower after a carbohydrate meal. Many who overeat prefer carbohydrates to other snack foods not only because they crave sweets but also because they like bread and pasta. Smokers who quit smoking crave carbohydrates, and a reason they gain weight when they quit is that they eat more sweet, carbohydrate-rich foods.

**Risk in Being Overweight** For middle-aged and younger women to be overweight to any degree increases the danger of heart disease. This according to an eight-year-study of 116,000 nurses from 30 to 55 years of age. Seventy percent of the heart disease

in obese women and 40 percent in women overall is due to excess weight. The news report of this in *The New York Times* continued: "Previous studies of men have indicated that being moderately overweight increased the risk of heart disease. But this is the first time that the risks of being even mildly overweight have been documented in middle-aged women, said Dr. Charles H. Hennekens, an epidemiologist at Brigham and Women's Hospital in Boston and an author of the study. The results show that 'obesity is right up there with cigarette smoking and heavy alcohol consumption as a major cause of excess morbidity and mortality in the United States,' he said."

**Infant Deaths Linked to Smoking** After a three-year study, two doctors in Sweden found a strong link between smoking and sudden infant death syndrome, known as SIDS—a term for deaths of unknown causes in babies from one to six months of age. Drs. Bengt Haglund and Sven Cnattingius compiled data on 280,000 live births in Sweden. Of this group, 190 died of SIDS, and the doctors blamed smoking by the mothers for 50 of the deaths. Mothers who smoked moderately during pregnancy—one to nine cigarettes a day—were twice as likely as a nonsmoker to lose their baby to SIDS. Heavy smokers—ten or more cigarettes a day—tripled the risk. Dr. Haglund said: "From a preventive point of view, smoking is the single biggest cause of SIDS." He did say, however, that other socioeconomic factors could be involved: age of the mother, social class, and whether the father lived with the mother and child. The report in *The New York Times* concluded: "The study showed that the incidence of SIDS is lower in Scandinavian countries than it is in other industrialized countries like the United States."

# WATCHING THE WORLD

## "8,000 DEATHS A DAY"

The use of tobacco continues to alarm health professionals, who envision a grim future for smokers. In the next 25 years, an estimated 500 million people will die from smoking, warns a recent study by WHO (World Health Organization). Research by WHO predicts that smoking will become the number one cause of death in the world by the turn of the century. "Today there will be 8,000 deaths a day from smoking, but when the kids reach middle age there will be something like 28,000 deaths a day," said a WHO representative at the World Conference on Tobacco and Health in Perth, Australia.

## COURT RULING FAVORS WITNESS COUPLE

On April 13, 1990, a San Francisco, California, Superior Court jury returned a \$500,000 verdict against the University of California (San Francisco Hospitals and Clinics) and a leading kidney-transplant surgeon. The plaintiffs were Jehovah's Witnesses whose minor son was given a blood transfusion—against their wishes—after a successful kidney transplant from his father. (For Scriptural reasons Jehovah's Witnesses refuse blood transfusions, choosing in lieu thereof non-blood management of their health care.) "The parents were assured from the outset of their contact with the hospital, even right up to the night of the surgery, that there would be no blood transfusions or court orders," one of the attorneys representing the couple told *Awake!* "However, almost from the begin-

ning, the hospital engaged in a deceitful and secret scheme that showed utter disregard for the family's fundamental rights." In violation of their agreement, without notifying the parents, the surgeon took steps to obtain a court order several days before the operations. Thus, the jury found the hospital liable for violations of the parents' federal civil rights and for fraud, and it found both the doctor and the hospital liable for intentional breach of confidence. "This verdict to grant damages against doctors in a blood transfusion case involving Witnesses is the first ever in the United States," said the attorney.

## CLOTHES TO KILL FOR

Some inner-city teenagers in the United States, lured into buying costly and faddish clothing in order to be accepted as cool by their peers, are paying for the clothes with their lives. Sneakers that cost as much as \$175 and athletic jackets that cost up to



\$200 can turn youths into targets for assault and robbery. Some victims, desperate to hang on to clothes that cost them so much money, resist the thieves and have ended up stabbed or shot in the process. The death toll is mount-

ing. *The New York Times* comments: "Such incidents not only underscore the degree to which street crime and violence are now endemic to life in the inner city, but also serve as a perverse measure of the hottest local fashion trend."

## DANGEROUS WORK

Being a journalist has always entailed hard work combined with long hours. Now it is becoming deadly too. Last year 53 journalists were killed worldwide—twice as many as in 1988. Those most in danger are the adventurous free-lance reporters and photographers. Drug barons and military commanders are the most likely to commit this type of "censorship by death," stated an editorial in *The New York Times*. When journalists are "silenced, jailed or censored, understanding is dimmed and information lost."

## MAJORITY FAVOR SCRAPPING CELIBACY

A survey published in the Australian *Catholic Weekly* revealed that up to 70 percent of Australian Catholics favor an end to the vow of celibacy required of their priests. They believe that priests should be allowed to marry. Among the reasons they gave was that marriage would give priests a more "credible lifestyle" and perhaps keep them in closer touch with their parishioners. Also, some of those polled said that scrapping celibacy rules may help attract more young men to the priesthood. (The average age of Catholic priests in Australia at present is 63.) One priest lament-

ed that when he was training for the priesthood, his class consisted of from 25 to 30 students. Just ten years later, the class size had dropped to 12 students.

#### TAKING STOCK OF DIVORCE

Divorces in the Federal Republic of Germany climbed from 49,300 in 1961 to 128,700 in 1988, reports the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*. Half the divorces broke up families with children, involving a total of 93,000 minors. The wife petitioned for divorce twice as often as the husband, mostly after between four and six years of marriage. Sociologist Peter Hartmann noted variations in divorce rates. The city-states of Hamburg, Bremen, and Berlin have noticeably high rates; regions of long-term unemployment list higher rates than prosperous areas. The report yielded one surprise. There is little difference in divorce rates between Catholic and Protestant areas.

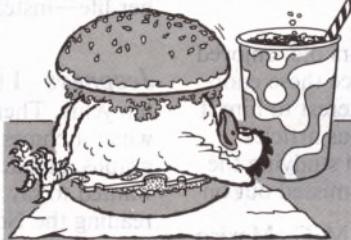
#### WORLD'S LONGEST FIBER-OPTIC CABLE

Australia claims the record for the world's longest fiber-optic cable link. The telecommunications cable joins Australian state capitals Adelaide and Perth, a distance of more than 1,600 miles, and it spans the Nullarbor Plain, a renowned arid, desertlike area. A spokesman for Telecom (Australia's telecommunications system) told *The West Australian* newspaper that satellite telecommunication has now been outdated by the use of fiber-optic cable. The newspaper explained that "the cable can carry up to 8000 telephone conversations, as many faxes in a mere two seconds and video communications. All this is

transmitted on a 12 fibre cable, with each fibre being only the width of a human hair." Telecom anticipates that the present remarkable capacity could even be quadrupled by about the middle of the 1990's.

#### FATTY FAST FOOD

In some industrialized nations, where the fast-food meal has become a way of life, chicken or fish sandwiches and chicken "nuggets" are popular because many think of them as low-fat alternatives to the traditional hamburger. But such foods are sometimes cooked in oils high in saturated fat. Besides, a fast-food chicken sandwich often contains a large percentage of chicken skin, so it



"may contain as much fat as a pint and a half of ice cream, and a half-dozen chicken 'nuggets' have more fat than a hamburger," says the *International Herald Tribune*, reporting on a recent study by the Massachusetts Medical Society. Too much fat in the diet is linked to a high incidence of diabetes, coronary heart disease, high blood pressure, strokes, and obesity.

#### THE INDIFFERENT

Religious indifference has become widespread throughout the world, especially in countries that were former strongholds of Christendom. Writing in the Catholic newspaper *La Croix*, Je-

suit Xavier Nicolas laments the growing problem. He says that down through the centuries, there have been many confrontations between believers and nonbelievers over the ultimate questions about God, the Hereafter, and religion. Today, however, a third group exists—the indifferent, those who are neither for nor against religion, being rather unconcerned about the ultimate questions of life. He believes that the church has not totally grasped the extent of the real secularism of our times. He asks: 'How can we claim to have the answers if the questions are not even being asked?'

#### EMPTY CONFESSIONALS

"The rite of confessing one's sins to a priest and receiving absolution" has been widely abandoned, reports *The New York Times*. "The abandonment occurs silently, spontaneously, without anyone's urging it and almost without discussion." One study of churchgoing Catholics disclosed that only 6 percent went to confession once a month and only 1 percent went more often than that, although many did go yearly during the Lenten season of repentance. The development has puzzled church leaders. Some attribute it to disagreement with the Catholic Church's ban on contraception, a growing disbelief in hell, a loss of a sense of sin, and confusion over what is right and wrong. However, the study showed the laity as "attributing the drop in confessions to their ability to experience forgiveness and reconciliation better in other ways," says the *Times*. It adds: "Catholics themselves have increasingly questioned whether it was conducive to genuine spiritual transformation."

## FROM OUR READERS

**Dinosaurs** I found the February 8, 1990, issue on dinosaurs to be fascinating. Clearly explained, well-argued, understandable to both the knowledgeable and the uninitiated, these articles were captivating. I had thought myself to be quite well-informed on dinosaurs but now realize my knowledge was quite general.

U. A., Federal Republic of Germany

I've always wondered in the back of my mind what happened to the dinosaurs. Even though I'm a senior in high school, I've never heard such a realistic and believable answer.

S. S., United States

My son, who is only four years old, enjoyed the illustrations very much, since these enormous dinosaurs are of great interest to him. I have been enjoying your fabulous articles since November, when I started studying the Bible. It is a shame that I have missed out on so much in the past!

M. G., Mexico

**Baptism** I was grateful for the article "Young People Ask . . . Should I Get Baptized?" (March 22, 1990) Susana's experience at the beginning of the article made my heart well up with emotion. I made a dedication to God when I was in my sixth year of elementary school, and it really helped me to remain strong in faith. Wouldn't it be marvelous if all Christian youths showed the same devotion as the Ethiopian eunuch and asked, "What prevents me from getting baptized?"—Acts 8:36.

M. A., Japan

**Greenhouse Effect** I am a 15-year-old high school student and would like to express my appreciation for the January 22, 1989, article on the ozone layer and the September 8, 1989, articles on the greenhouse effect. By using the

information in these articles, I was able to write an essay on the topic of conservation, for which I was given a high mark.

J. B., Australia

**Modeling Careers** Thank you so much for your article on modeling careers. (January 8, 1990) My daughter was a child model before we started studying the Bible. We discussed the article together. It was so true; the effect modeling had on my daughter at that age was to make her feel that she was number one, better than anyone else. Both of us thank you for the article. My daughter is no longer a model, and Jehovah God is number one in her life—instead of herself.

N. J., Canada

**Jeepneys** I have been an *Awake!* reader for ten years. There is no comparable literature when it comes to choice of material, photographs, and accuracy of presentation. I have wanted to say this for a long time, but after reading the November 22, 1989, article "Jeepney—The Philippines' People Mover," I could restrain myself no longer. It is very interesting to learn how people in other parts of the earth live. The realistic way in which *Awake!* presents the material not only informs us but transports us to these places!

E. P. S., Brazil

**Brain Surgery** I could not hold back the tears when reading the experience of Bethel in the April 22, 1990, issue. I thank Jehovah that she survived her brain surgery. A young girl with such high spiritual goals and firm faith in the face of death merits our admiration. I am the same age as Bethel and have the same goals. And though I hope I never find myself in a similar situation, I hope my faith would meet the test with just as happy results.

T. V., Italy

**W**INDED athletes come off the playing field and start breathing pure oxygen. Often, oxygen tanks are available alongside the water bottles. Does it speed up recovery or improve performance? Not according to research published in the September/October 1989 issue of the medical magazine *Hippocrates*. Athletes ran on a treadmill until exhausted, then breathed pure oxygen. Then another exhausting run on the treadmill, but this time they breathed from a tank that contained room air. They went through this routine twice. They did no better after breathing pure oxygen than they did after breathing room air. Some insisted that they could tell which tank was which, but as often as not, they were wrong.

Blood samples taken before and after each test "demolished the notion that pure oxygen speeds recovery by sending more of the gas to tired muscles. . . . The blood levels of lactate—a chemical that temporarily builds up in the blood when hard-working muscles run out of oxygen—were essentially the same, no matter which tank was used. If more oxygen were getting to the muscles, lactate would have been lower."

Blood holds only so much oxygen and can easily get that amount from atmospheric air. Pure oxygen does not supercharge the blood with an overload of oxygen or help the athlete recover faster from vigorous exercise. Recovery from being winded comes when the heart pumps faster, bringing more blood to the muscles' cells and thereby delivering more oxygen. The blood holds no more oxygen. It just delivers its load of oxygen faster, and that makes recovery quicker.

# OXYGEN SUPERCHARGING No HELP



# OKLAHOMA SCHOOL OF THE MIND



WINDYDRAPEL.com  
On the bluest blue and  
stun panting blues of  
blue, O'neil's colors have  
the shapeless outlines.

The Masterpiece Dress is designed  
to look like a traditional quilt.  
The fabric is 100% cotton.  
The fabric is 100% cotton.

measures approximately 40 inches in  
width and 40 inches in height.  
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