

Medical survey

Approximately one-half of the deaths each year in the United States are the result of coronary heart disease.

In very broad terms, coronary heart disease gradually obstructs the flow of blood in the arteries of the heart, or to the brain or feet. It is somewhat like a water pipe filling with limestone.

It is because coronary heart disease is such a lethal problem in the United States that the College of Medicine at the University of Iowa is conducting the study of "coronary risk factors" among Muscatine school children.

Dr. William E. Connor, who is associated with the project at the university, described some of the preliminary findings to the Muscatine Community school district members Monday evening.

Certain factors contribute to coronary heart disease, and the study here is to determine how many of these risk factors are present among children and what can be done to correct these factors.

One factor is the blood fat cholesterol. Another factor is high blood pressure. Either can lead to coronary heart disease. If a person has both high cholesterol levels and high blood pressure, he is even more likely to encounter heart disease.

A total of 3,662 Muscatine school children voluntarily participated in the medical sampling, with approval of their parents, and approval from the Muscatine County Medical Association.

Very few studies of this type have involved the school populations of entire cities. Dr. Connor said one was done in Michigan several years ago, but was "incomplete."

The Muscatine survey will continue, possibly for five years. Hopefully it will be a two-way street: It is expected to provide significant information for medical researchers, and Muscatine youngsters may benefit by having coronary risk factors identified and possibly corrected before serious health damage is caused.

SUMMER STICKER A government bureau is where the taxpayer's shirt is kept

Campaign spending law needs teeth

by Roscoe Drummond

WASHINGTON—The Senate is shaping what began as a tough and useful measure to reduce the skyrocketing costs of political campaigns.

But if something isn't done to strengthen its enforcement, the whole thing will be a deception.

It is urgent to cut campaign spending and contributions and to require full and continuous disclosure.

But these desirable provisions will be mere words if the means to enforce them are lacking.

They are lacking in the bill as it is presently being written.

The proposed means for enforcement are anemic, toothless—and perhaps so intended.

The bill which is now before the Senate Rules and Administration Committee looks more like a loophole than a law.

The present provision of the bill would put the responsibility for enforcing it in the hands of the secretary of the Senate and the clerk of the House of Representatives.

There could hardly be a weaker or worse method.

There are four solid reasons why this is the wrong way to do it:

1—The secretary of the Senate and the clerk of the House are partisan public officials chosen by the majority party in Congress. They are the servants of incumbent senators and congressmen and it is unfair and impractical to ask them to judge those for whom they work.

2—They are inexperienced and unskilled in law enforcement.

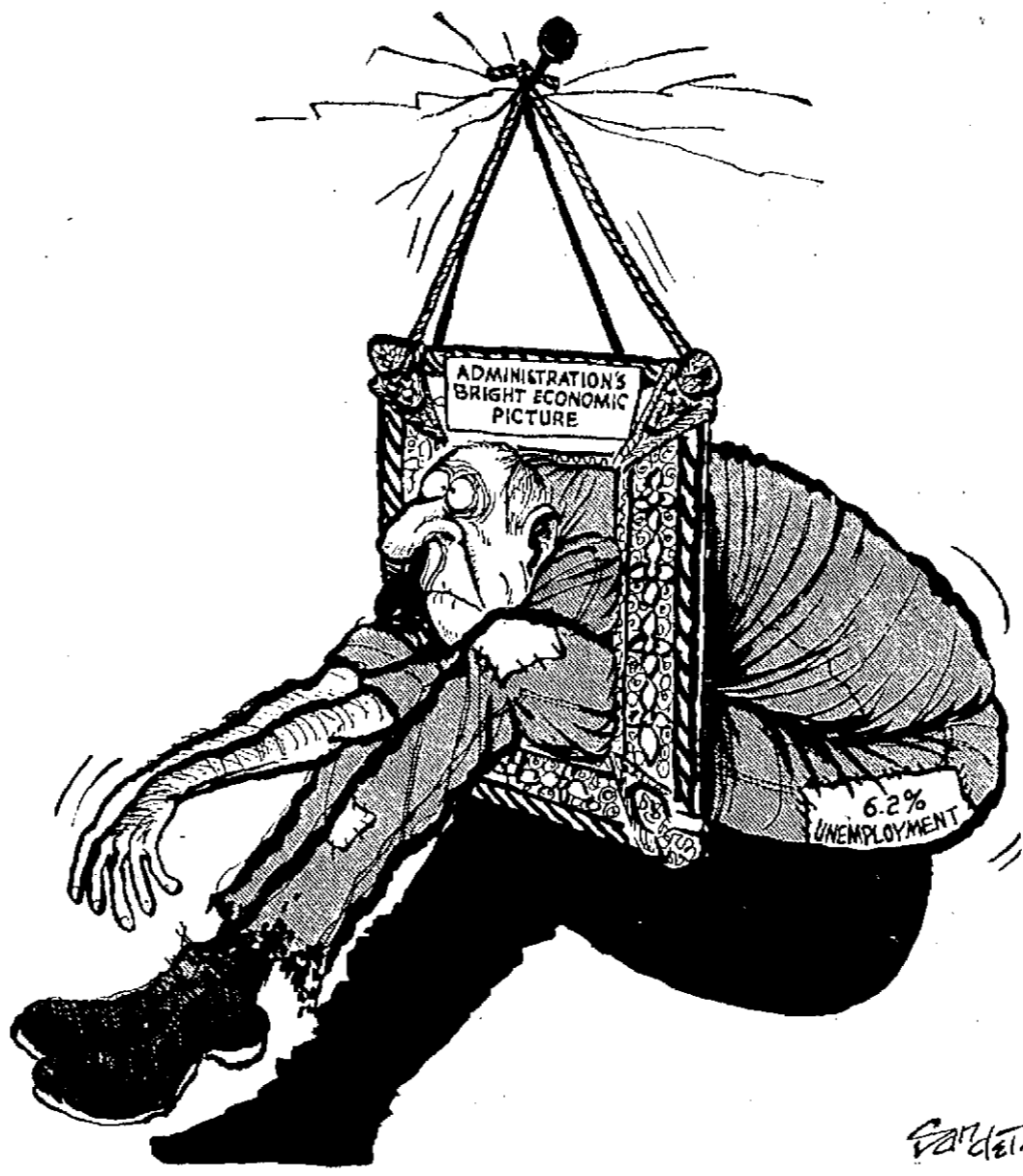
3—These congressional officers are not in a position to provide strong enforcement. They haven't adequate staff and wouldn't know how to use it if it was given to them.

4—The new campaign spending act will affect the presidential elections as well as the congressional elections. Officials of the Congress should not be called on to oversee the campaign spending of the presidential and vice-presidential candidates. This would create additional problems of jurisdiction, partisanship and enforceability.

To do it this way seems to be a way to ensure that the act would not be toughly enforced.

If it is not going to be toughly enforced it the small society

Cartoon by Brickman showing a man holding a sign that says 'SOMETIMES I GET THE FEELING THAT LIFE HAS PUT ME ON HOLD -' with a speech bubble saying 'HOO-BOY!'



The true meanings of romance



By JIM BISHOP

Sometimes, when I think of romance, I think that we have lost the art somewhere in the face of the sordid question: "Okay Yes or no?" There was a time when women were aroused slowly and gently, like a fresh flame on an altar candle.

I firmly believe that there is no more sex going on now than when I was a kid—or even when my grandfather was scraping his first shave. No, my feeling is that the amounts remain the same, but the quality has degenerated.

If romance becomes superficial, then, as in ancient Rome, so will our industry and our civilization. The Colosseum and Parthenon to be unearthed 2,000 years after we have passed away will be a computer. It is our contribution to genius without thinking.

We are, in my estimation, a cheap, violent and selfish society. Our gods are money and sex. They should be our slaves. Today, if you are not a swinger, you're nobody. Ironically, a nobody is writing this. Ask yourself truly: how much real romance do you have? Ever sit on a beach at twilight, holding hands, watching the white tops of waves turn to violet and green as they tumble? Ever feel that extra thump of the heart when you answer the phone and that special voice says: "Hello?"

Ever see an old beaten-up man sit beside the bed of a wife dying of cancer waiting for her to wake up and ask for a sip of water? Ever see a

burnt orange sunset look at itself in a mirror lake? Ever feel your throat constrict when, on a crowded street, you suddenly see that one person in the whole world? If none of these things has occurred to you, romance is something you see only in the movies. Long before I was born, a man I never knew proved himself to be the true romantic. It was a cold night. He was walking his girl home from a dance in Bayonne, N.J. Her heel was caught in a tight switch on the Jersey Central Railroad at West Eighth Street.

Around the bend they could see the big yellow light of an oncoming locomotive.

The girl wore high button shoes. There was no way to free the foot quickly. "Go!" she begged. "Save yourself, please!" He stood on the track with her, folded both arms around her neck so that she could not see the onrushing train and held her tight as they died. Romance? Stupidity? Judge for yourself what she said and what he did.

In Paris, the Crillon Hotel has a restaurant facing the U.S. Embassy. It's an L-shaped room with a long glass counter exposing fluffy deserts. Behind it sat a middle-aged woman. She was the cashier. Every day the waiters brought the restaurant checks to her, watched her add them, ring the register, and leave the change on a small rubber mat.

The cashier wore the same shiny black dress every day, sat with one foot off the high stool, and stared into emptiness when she wasn't making change. She had a face which could be forgotten with ease. If she had a figure, it was in a bank account. Looking at her cut my appetite.

Day after day and year after year, the black-jacketed waiters brought their checks and cash to her, and most of the time she did not even look up at them. So far as anyone knew, she had never been married, and never had a fiancée. So far as I knew, she never smiled either.

One morning I came downstairs for late breakfast. Everything was the same—the swirl of waiters around white tables, the creamy deserts under the glass counter, and the middle-aged cashier behind the cash register.

I took a second look. The cashier had a black eye. It was a good four-color job. The waiter took my order for two fried eggs, sunnyside up, an order of toast with no butter, and a pot of coffee. I thought he would tell me about the black eye. He said nothing.

I waited, watching her at work. That was one beautiful eye. The food was served. I ate, still watching. When I could stand it no longer, I called the waiter and asked him how the cashier got the black eye. He gave me a Gallic shrug. "No one knows, monsieur. No one asked."

To your good health

Starting 'the pill'?

By George C. Thosteson, M.D.

Dear Dr. Thosteson: I'm a teen-age girl, I have regular periods and I would like to know at what age should a girl begin taking "the pill" if she wants to. I'm 15 years old. — Miss R.P.

This is about the bluntest inquiry I've seen on this subject—the blunt part being that phrase about when she "should" start taking birth control pills.

I don't mean this critically so far as Miss R.P.'s letter-writing ability goes, but I do think it is illustrative of the kind of thinking if you want to call it "thinking" that exists now.

I'm not willing to concede that any 15-year-old "should" use the pill. Admittedly some of them are doing so, and some of them will, but that doesn't mean it is good for them, or that they have thought things through. For one thing, there's no doubt in my mind that the pill has contributed to the fright-

ening amount of venereal disease which we now have. Girls think there's no danger of pregnancy, so what is there to worry about? Well, V.D. is one thing to worry about.

For some girls, there can be psychological repercussions—some qualms about free-and-easy sex experience. (Yes, I know: some don't care.) I have substantial reservations as to the consequences of unrestricted sexual activity at 15 relative to the effect on marriage perhaps half a dozen years later. Isn't sex one of the elements that is important in working out the adjustment period of marriage?

Further, I wonder, if sexual involvements begin at 15, isn't there a genuine danger of getting into the habit of taking sex where you find it? And what does that do to marriage later on?

Medically, the pill is pretty good. But it is not perfect. In some percentage of cases, it can cause unwanted side effects. Furthermore, we don't

yet know what effects might be possible if the pill is taken for 30 years—say from age 15 to 45. That's a reason why nobody can possibly say when a girl "should" start the pill.

No doubt some young people are going to say I'm a sour old spoilsport for saying this. Maybe so. They'll ask, "Weren't you young yourself once?"

Sure, I was young myself once, and I know that the young are fascinated with sex. I also know that the parents of these youngsters managed to grow up without "the pill," though.

Strictures of the "older morality" have stretched immensely since my day. I know that I don't know how much stretching may have been good and how much is bad.

But I do feel that there is some serious thinking to do about readily agreeing that the pill is the best thing for girls who haven't finished high school yet.

Those were the days

NEW YORK (AP) — Memory is like a church spire.

It generally overlooks the neighborhood. It chronicles the comings and goings and scurrings of people and time. Things abide with it—important things, curious things, trivial things.

It is a register of life.

Your own memory book has a lot of pages in it if you can look back and remember when—

As a child, talking to your mother in the kitchen, you used to tease her by eating the raw parings she peeled from the potatoes.

There was always something worth doing except on rainy days. Then the world stood dull and stiff and still.

Your big ambition was to have teeth like those of former President Teddy Roosevelt—teeth so big and strong and virile you bet no dentist would dare tamper with them. His mustache was fierce and virile, too—the bristles so bristly you wondered whether he brushed his clothes with them.

There was always a girl in your class who hardly had the courage to speak to—but you still wanted to save her from a runaway horse, or any other common form of peril.

In many a lonely, event-starved life a home call by the doctor was in itself better than the medicine he prescribed simply because his visit assured the patient that he was alive in a world that cared.

by Hal Boyle



No matter how homely a girl was, she could usually become a social success if she studied the art of fortune telling. This gave her an excuse for holding and studying in public the palms of fellows who had no desire to hold her hands in private.

A failure was a kid who graduated from grammar school without ever learning how to spit between his teeth.

Any family that had a college graduate as a member usually framed his diploma and hung it on the parlor wall so that the world would be made properly aware of the prestige it conferred.

Times were so hard that things were used to the limit. Nothing was thrown away until it was worn out clear through.

A man could be thrown off a beach if he showed up wearing a one-piece bathing suit that didn't cover his chest.

Most small boys had their noggins denuded in June, and their dads didn't have to fork out two bits for another haircut for them until late September.

One way to determine the elegance of a family was to count the number of reading lamps it had in the living room. In those days the only way to light an electric light was to pull a string or a beaded brass chain.

Those were the days—remember?

WORD-A-DAY By BACH. IT'S ILLEGAL FOR A BANK TO DO THAT! FIRST NATIONAL BANK NOW ENLIGHTENING ITS QUARTERS. equivoque (eh' wiv-oh) NOUN. A PUN; PUNNING; DOUBLE MEANING; WORDPLAY; AS ONE ADEPT AT EQUIVOQUE.

Wife Preservers. To re-glue loosened floor tile, put Incolcum paste in a detergent bottle and squeeze it under the tile.

Our yesterdays

100 Years Ago. Mr. Fry is around with certain ominous looking books under his arm, waking up delinquents on personal and poll taxes.

75 Years Ago. Mrs. Paul Seevers left this morning for a short visit to friends at Adams and vicinity. The committee on amusement for the Fourth of July has made arrangements with Prof. Harry H. Haged, balloon and parachute artist of Peoria, Ill., to make the ascension and parachute leap here on the Fourth.

50 Years Ago. Train for Profit: Business training will enable you to advance rapidly in your choice position. Begin your training next Monday morning at Brown's Business college. M.C. Colbert, Manager — Phone 959.

25 Years Ago. Vernon Johanssen and He-

len Nemluvil, both of Davenport, were married Friday morning by L.A. Crull, justice of the peace, at his office. Attendants were Donald and Grace Pillscher.

Dr. and Mrs. H.M. Patterson of Mediapolis are the parents of a son born Thursday morning at the Grau hospital. The child weighed three pounds and is being cared for in an incubator.

Mrs. J.R. Gibson, executive secretary of the Red Cross chapter, and Harvey Allbee, former chapter chairman, and Mrs. Allbee, left Saturday for Philadelphia, Pa., where they will attend the national Red Cross convention next week.

10 Years Ago. Joe Hoopes, of Prairie City, Iowa, formerly of Muscatine, has been appointed to the sales staff of Kent Feeds. He will be assigned to Manchester, Iowa where he will be assistant territory manager.

Today in history

By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. Today is Wednesday, June 16, the 167th day of 1971. There are 198 days left in the year.

Today's highlight in history: On this date in 1897, the Alaska gold rush began with news of a rich find of gold on Bonanza Creek.

On this date: In 1774, the first settlement in Kentucky - Harrodsburg—was founded.

In 1858, Abraham Lincoln said in a speech in Springfield, Ill.: "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

In 1920, the council of the League of Nations held its first public meeting at St. James Palace in London.

In 1940, in World War II, the French Maginot Line was abandoned to the Germans.

In 1955, riots broke out in Buenos Aires as Argentine naval forces tried, without success, to oust President Juan Peron.

In 1963, the world's first woman space traveler, Valentina Tereshkova, was launched into orbit from a base in the Soviet Union.

Ten years ago—The United States charged that a Czechoslovak diplomat at the United Nations was on a spy mission.

Five years ago — Twenty persons were killed in a fiery collision of two tankers in New York harbor.

One year ago — Kidnappers freed West German Ambassador Ehrenfried von Holleben in Rio de Janeiro after the Brazilian government released 40 political prisoners.

The daily prayer

"Whoever believes in me, streams of living water will pour out from his heart." (John 7:38, TEV) PRAYER: Our Father, we pray that Thou wilt use us as a channel. Help us to be committed to Thy cause and mission so that we may be kept open to receive Thy living waters. May we be joyful to share it with others. In our Lord's name we pray. Amen.