

# THE TOBACCO LEAF

## STOP APOLOGIZING!

**Tobacco Is a Noble Product; Neither the Smoker  
Nor the Dealer Has Any Reason to Be Ashamed  
Of His Connection With It**

IN LAST WEEK'S issue of this paper we printed a review of Donald G. Cooley's book, "Smoke Without Fear." We have Mr. Cooley's permission to reprint extensively from the text of that book, and the excerpt shown on the opposite page is a fair sample of the sanest thinking that has been done on the subject since certain "medical scientists" began running around in circles, uttering loud cries of distress and anguish because they found out that some men die sooner than others:

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MR. COOLEY, with his tongue in his cheek, asks: "Can anything good be said about tobacco?" We think a great deal good can be said about tobacco, and that it's time it was said. This continual air of apology for being a smoker or for being in the tobacco business that has obsessed some American people, including people in the business who ought to know better, is beginning to pall. Tobacco has been under attack from the time of its introduction into civilization, but never until the "medical scientists" began to fulminate a few months ago have tobacco lovers and people who make their living in the trade acted as if there were something shameful in the business. If tobacco is a king, as we sometimes love to say, then let it put on a little swank and act like a king.

When Columbus and his sailors brought back tobacco from his first voyage to this country, the world acted as if it had been waiting for tobacco from the beginning of time. Within a comparatively short period, as such things go, its cultivation and use had swept around the world. A new zest had been given to life. It filled a need; it brought solace and comfort to nerve-wracked humanity; it made life more worth living. Life was hard in those days, as it is now, and tobacco seemed to give endurance and stamina to those whose tasks were beyond their strength. While it is the solace of the philosopher and scholar, it is peculiarly the comfort of those whose tasks expose them to inclement weather and onerous conditions. The sailor, the soldier, the lumbermen of the forest and those who dig in the mines almost without a single exception are users of tobacco in some form. The soldier on the long, hard march might throw away his gun or his knapsack, but

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he never threw away his cigarettes. Tobacco is neither a drug nor an anodyne, but it soothes tired nerves and aching muscles; it provides a sense of serenity, relaxation and well-being that comes from no other known substance. It pays its own way in the comfort it gives. It is a blessing and a benefaction.

Certain "medical scientists" assert that cigarette production and deaths from lung cancer have risen at about the same rate and argue that one caused the other. They neglect to state that production of automobiles and nylon stockings has paralleled the rise in lung cancer mortality, and they are perfectly oblivious of the fact that the rise in cigarette production has been accompanied by an increase in the life-span or that deaths by tuberculosis dropped almost to the vanishing point during the rise and growth of the cigarette industry. In 1935 life expectancy was 59½ years; today it is 70 years. In 1900 the tuberculosis death rate was 184 per 100,000 persons per year; today it is ten persons per 100,000 per year. Insurance companies, whose records tell more definitely than anything else what shortens life, sell policies to smokers at the same premium as to non-smokers of the same age range.

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INTERNAL REVENUE production figures show there has been a decline in cigarette consumption since the lung cancer yak-yak started. Stock Exchange quotations show that prices of tobacco stocks have declined sharply during the same time. There is not a scintilla of trustworthy evidence that there is any connection between tobacco and any disease whatsoever. In our opinion, anybody who quit smoking or even cut down on smoking, or any owner of tobacco stocks who disposed of them, by reason of anything that has been brought forth in this connection, is a fit subject for a writ of de lunatico inquirendo. Their intelligence is on a par with the intelligence of those people who several years ago panicked when listening to radio broadcast purporting to describe an invasion of South Amboy, N. J., by an army from Mars. The Romans had a name for it: *Intelligentia in absentia*, the English translation of which is: "Nobody home, no matter how often you knock."

Mr. Cooley says: "Smoke Without Fear." We would go further than that. To smokers we would say "Smoke with pride." To those who are in the tobacco business, from the farmer to the retailer, we would say: "Don't apologize for your profession; you are in an honorable business and in doing your part in making cigars, cigarettes, smoking or chewing tobacco or snuff available to the people, you are doing a useful and meritorious work." And to both the smoker and the tobacco man we would say, "Let the heathen rage and the 'medical scientists' imagine a vain thing; just use the common sense your God gave you."