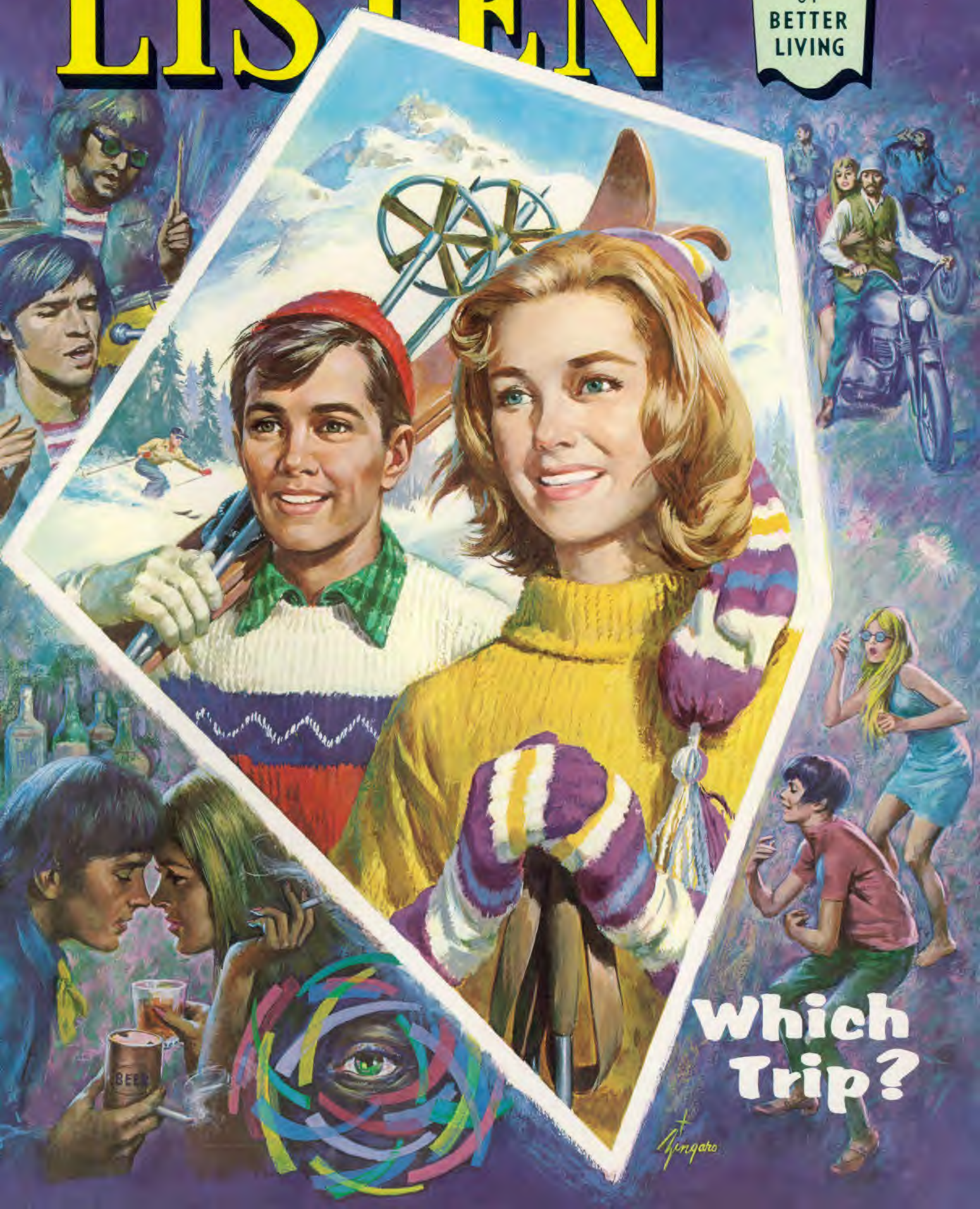


LISTEN

A
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OF
BETTER
LIVING



Which
Trip?

Argento

LISTEN

JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

Which Trip?



"The dark room is filled with small stars, flashing in patterns. My head is twanging. Everything is pulsing.

"I put my hand on my arms and legs, but I can't feel anything. My mind appears to have left my body. Maybe I'm dead.

"A long, vast, endless night of horror. I feel entirely of horror. I begin to feel that the world and I are one. The whole world is in my mind. I created the world and everything in it. I know everything. I can destroy the world. I can make anyone, do anything."

Barbara was on a "trip." During the past two years she had frequently smoked marijuana and had taken LSD about twenty times. On the night of June 27 she swallowed a dose of what she thought to be LSD, but which probably was instead the "super" drug known as STP. It launched her on a nightmarish trip that lasted twelve days.

During her prolonged interval of chemical madness, she was convinced that she was dead, that her mind had abandoned her body, that she was omnipotent and omniscient, and that she was forced to obey the bidding of a knocking sound that intermittently assailed her ears.

Barbara has now vowed that trip was her last. "I'm through with drugs forever. It was a rough, terrifying experience. I'm still searching for the answers to many questions. But I'll find them the only real way—without the use of drugs. How many horrifying trips can a human being survive?"

Barbara was fortunate to escape as well as she did. Many experimenters have not come away from such trips even with their lives.

A few weeks ago some 1,300 delegates to the National Student Association conference heard a debate on the pros and cons of drug use. Long-haired, flower-bedecked hippies told their audience to "drop out." With perpetual euphoric smiles on their faces, these advocates of psychedelics claimed that they were going to "lay it to them how insane our society is," so they could through drugs experience "molecular and cellular communication."

In contrast, saner-thinking speakers reasoned, implored, and challenged the youth to think out the psychedelic problem objectively.

"Some people have added another freedom to our list," they said, "freedom from fact. We are told that through drugs man should regress back to nature, but we tell you that man has a potential far beyond that of the flower-picking primate."

As Henry Anderson of the California Department of Public Health has so aptly phrased it, "What is needed is not more people blasted out of their minds. There are more than enough people out of their minds already. What is needed is more people in their minds—in their right minds." In other words, people who know which kind of trip they are taking.

Francis A. Soper

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★ Who can line up on a platform 100 completely cured drug addicts? David Wilkerson says he can, through his Teen Challenge program. In fact, he has thousands of "proofs" that this approach to the addiction problem works.

★ Teen-agers set up their own business companies, making the product, advertising it, marketing it, and assuming all financial responsibility. Read "Teen-agers Who Should Be in the Headlines."

★ Here's a story with a good ending! "Christmas for the Kids" will give you a warm heart feeling for the holiday season.

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Reaching New Heights

I HAD thrown a bright-blue rubber ball for our pet Labrador retriever to chase until my arm was giving out. Still he came back for more. I started to throw it into some underbrush where he would have to scramble about hunting for it. This didn't faze him; he merely rushed back to me for more. I threw it out into the water, but he loves to swim out to retrieve a ball. Clearly, I had started a new ball game.

Finally, the ball happened to ricochet against some logs, landing underneath a mass of tangled driftwood. Now my dog accepted the challenge he had been waiting for, tugging and pulling with his paws and his strong teeth at each piece of drift in his way until he could dig out his favorite toy.

Only then did he come back to lie at my feet exhausted, but with a worshipful look in his soulful brown eyes. "Even a canine needs a challenge," I muttered, more to myself than to him. This started me thinking about people.

In his book, *The Power of Positive Thinking*, Norman Vincent Peale says, "Get interested in something. Get absolutely enthralled in something. Throw yourself into it with abandon. Get out of yourself. Be somebody. Do something. . . . The more you lose yourself in something bigger than yourself, the more energy you'll have." Try this if you need a good recipe for energy and life.

How do you find something in which you can become fully absorbed? You need a challenge which is personalized, one which is right for you. For instance, it may be a sport which interests you greatly and for which you have a natural aptitude. Or it may be a hobby, such as painting or photography. You must have some skill in this line and a lot of curiosity about it.

When you are sure you have selected a challenge which is right for you, pray for divine help in getting on with it. An excellent Scripture to repeat is: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Philippians 4:13. Hold a mental image of yourself conquering your new heights. Be optimistic and confident about your venture.

If you have selected a sport, practice constantly and develop a will to win. And if at first you don't succeed, keep on trying until you do. Harry S. Truman once said, "A quitter never wins, and a winner never quits."

If your choice is less active, more sedentary, the challenge is still there. The more time you put into it, the more you will get out of your chosen project, be it a craft, painting, photography, writing, playing a musical instrument, or whatever. The more proficient you become in the project, the more enjoyable and satisfying it will be.

See for yourself if having a challenge doesn't give you new energy, boundless enthusiasm, and at the same time a refreshing peace of mind. Priceless rewards, aren't they? And there are more. You won't have time to fuss and fret about petty annoyances, imagined hurts, and everyday aggravations. You will simply be too busy thinking about something worthwhile.

A teen-ager I know is so enthusiastic about skin diving that she bubbles over with life when she talks about it. Her eyes sparkle, her cheeks become flushed, and her mood is so infectious that everyone in the room seems to come to life. So spirited is she that at least six other girls have joined her club simply because they wanted to "catch" her zest. When these girls get together, they all radiate this enthusiasm.

A boy was such an ardent track star that he ran at an even pace wherever he went. When three other boys joined him on a camping trip, they laughed at him at first, but before the week was over they were running along with him. They didn't become track stars like their friend, but they did find that they felt better and had more vitality.

It doesn't matter whether you become a skin diver, a track star, a boating enthusiast, or a skier, so long as you find something that can serve as a consuming challenge for you. It can be active or passive, physical or mental, but it must be something you find fascinating. It must also be something within the realm of your ability. Each of us is gifted in some way, and you must find your natural God-given talent, or talents. With this knowledge, the choice will be comparatively easy for you to make.

All set? Have you selected *your* challenge? All right. Give it all you've got. Will yourself to do it well—to win—whatever it may be. Pray for divine guidance along the way. Ask for the needed strength. Practice diligently. Let your enthusiasm radiate from you. Try this method for living life to the hilt and see what wonders it works for you. You'll wonder why you didn't think of it before. It will help you to believe in yourself as you never have before.

Do you need a challenge? Then get one, and reach new heights. It's as simple as that.



Our

PILL

Age

A special LISTEN feature

AMONG other names being applied to the time in which we live is The Pill Age. Probably no title could be more applicable.

Because of our national love affair with pills, we spent some \$412 million on tranquilizers last year, and more than half that amazing total on barbiturates—which possibly accounted for the greatest number of drug deaths—and \$84 million on prescribed narcotics. Sales of prescription pills soared over \$3 billion, an increase of more than 10 percent over the previous year.

And all this despite the potential dangers inherent in massive pill swallowing and the steady rise in price year by year (3 to 5 percent) of the most popular tranquilizers and sedatives.

During the past ten years, more and more dangerous drugs have been outlawed from over-the-counter sales, but during the same time the per capita consumption of prescription drugs has shot up 120 percent.

Moreover, the biggest users of pills are not, as we are led to believe, the wild teen-agers, but the people who live alone—the single men and women of middle age, and the senior citizens.

"Why have we become such a society of pill takers?" asks Beth Day, writing in *Cosmopolitan*. "It seems to me that I can still recall—although admittedly this was a number of years ago

—when it was chic to be healthy. If you felt lousy, you kept your mouth shut and put on a gallant smile.

"Now, however, if anyone asks how you are, and you innocently reply, 'Fine,' you may be labeled an insensitive peasant or, at least, a thoroughgoing square. Many of our current folk heroes—those stringy, emaciated, long-haired young men who sing in agonized wails—belong to the 'You're-only-good-if-you-suffer' cult. They imply that you must be sick to be sensitive, to be aware, to be 'with it.' Girls paint their eyes hollow-black and their lips white. If a guy told such a swinging doll that she looked 'pretty and healthy' he might be rewarded with a shattering slap."

It seems essential these days to put forth special effort in working up a pill kit for a weekend jaunt, for a vacation trip, even for a day's work at the office.

Included might be pills to sleep with, pills to awaken with, pills to forget with, pills to help memory, pills to cure cramps, pills to alleviate hangovers. Contraceptive pills accounted for the largest number of refilled prescriptions last year.

In using drugs, perhaps the most grave danger is the trend toward self-medication. Medical personnel during their training

What Drugs Are & What They Do



ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. LARKIN

ANALGESICS (Aspirin, Empirin, Bufferin, Alka-Seltzer, Bromo-Seltzer, et cetera).

Mild medication for headaches, to reduce fevers, to alleviate light pains. In excess, these drugs can prove poisonous. Last year some 16,000 cases of aspirin poisoning were reported. Every three days a child dies from an overdose. At least one of these drugs now contains the warning, "May be habit-forming."

These drugs partially disconnect the nerves to the brain's pain-receiving center, so that the signals of light pain do not get through. Aspirin has been found to contain "mild tranquilizing" effects that may alter the brain's electrical waves. This is the basis of its quality that serves as an aid to sleep.

AMPHETAMINES (Dexedrine, Benzedrine, Nobese, et cetera).

Known as "pep pills" these drugs stimulate the nervous system, usually producing a pleasant but deceptive state of euphoria. They are useful in curbing the appetite, in increasing the urge to work, and in encouraging wakefulness. They increase the pulse rate and may make the user agitated and nervous. They can be habit-forming, and are often used with sleeping pills to complete the cycle of stimulation and rest, a cycle which might become a vicious one.

The whole system is wound up. More calories are burned. Reserve energy is burned up. Control of reactions is less acute and strong.

re repeatedly warned against prescribing medicines for themselves. Yet in taking pills, lay people are inclined to dose themselves, without professional knowledge of the drugs involved or their effect on the taker. People coming under the influence of drugs become less able to count their pill intake or to evaluate what the pills are doing to them.

What actually is the effect of pills on the user? "Pills are a crutch," says Dr. Joseph Wielawski, New York psychiatrist. "They cover up the unresolved problems of your life. Many women come to me with a purseful of pills. It's my job to wean them away, one by one. When we find out what the pill is covering up and solve that, then the patient can live without it."

He goes on to explain that the biggest danger in habitual pill taking is not in the physical side effects, as serious as they may be, but in the overall amounts taken. Most pills have a deceptive quality of demanding more pills, or other pills to counteract the effect on the body and the mind.

For example, Dr. Wielawski points out that dieters who are prescribed pep pills to suppress their appetites often become so nervous that they must take sedatives to permit them to sleep.

The same thing can happen to users of tranquilizers. "If you take tranquilizers regularly to calm your nerves, you will very likely find yourself apathetic. Soon you will have to start taking pep pills to be sufficiently alert to handle your job."

Furthermore, this specialist emphasizes that pill taking is usually cumulative. Even if one pill doesn't call for another kind of pill, it may demand increased dosages and prolonged use. The more a person takes, the less effect the pills have, and the greater quantity is needed to give the same result.

He cites the case of a young woman who began innocently enough on a pill for migraine headaches. She soon found that the medication, taken regularly, required another drug to counteract the adverse effect of blacking out. Add to that her tranquilizers, and she is on three or four pills a day.

Another problem in taking pills is that no two persons react the same way to them. This is the reason for personal prescription by qualified specialists. Often it takes a period of time and testing to determine what a proper dosage may be.

With sedatives and some other drugs, what is harmless for one patient may be fatal for another. One young wife, worried by marital problems, took four sleeping pills "to scare my husband." She nearly died. Another woman, suffering from a terminal illness, wanted to end her life. She swallowed forty-two of the same pills, but survived.

Some drugs give marvelous aid in dealing with illness, either physical or mental. Under proper supervision and with qualified administration, they are both necessary and helpful. Used without strict controls such drugs as LSD can activate latent insanity, create depression and delusion, and bring about effects in cellular construction that are evident weeks and months later.

Drugs are like fire—when used for proper purposes and in rigid limits, they can serve a useful end; but when allowed to ignite uncontrolled fires, they may sweep the user into tragedy and possible death.

As the writer Beth Day has phrased it, "The body somehow manages to exact a duty for every luxury you allow it. For each unnecessary pill you swallow you pay in some small way—in the wear and tear on some organ of the body or on your face. No one has ever found any shortcuts to physical or mental health. The tranquilizer you take when you feel wrought up eases your anxiety but does not remove the source of the anxiety. . . . Use the pill, if you feel you must, for the moment's surcease from tension; but take it knowing that that moment is all you are going to get from it."

Or as Dr. Wielawski summarizes it, "If you make a wrong choice, you will need pills to cover it up or blot it out or help you get through the day. But if you find yourself depending on pills to get through each day, you'd better re-examine your life."



TRANQUILIZERS (Miltown, Equanil, Librium, et cetera).

These modern-day "necessities" calm the central nervous system, having a sedative effect on the brain. There seems to be less tension, fewer jangled nerves. Muscles and alertness can become so relaxed, however, as to make a driver unsafe on the road. Emotions are subdued, with less definite reactions to environment and people and a lessening of worry and anxiety. The flow of impressions is smoother and more free flowing.

These drugs cause a fluctuation in blood pressure and an increase in sleepiness. They are often habit-forming, and in certain personalities they may intensify "suicidal tendencies." Care and control are essential in their use.



SEDATIVES, BARBITURATES (Phenobarbital, Butisol sodium, and the hypnotics, Seconal and Nembutal, et cetera).

These sleeping pills calm the nervous system and produce sleep. They act on the brain, muffling all impressions. Although the parts of the brain which control the heart, lungs, and other automatic functions remain in full operation, the heartbeat, blood pressure, and breathing decrease. Reflexes and thought formation are slowed. Only a major stimulus can get through to the brain to cause reaction by the user.

These drugs are habit-forming. Some of them produce a harsh effect on the kidneys after constant use, therefore they should never be used by any person with disease of the kidney or liver.



NARCOTICS (Codeine, Morphine, Demarol, et cetera).

These are real pain killers, to care for deep pain. They produce a stupor, or a state of sleep, taking away any sensation of pain. A broken arm may be recognized, but not felt as pain. In heavier doses they bring about unconsciousness. The body becomes completely insensible. Overdosage can cause death. Respiration becomes depressed, digestion slowed.

Alcohol as a narcotic is widely used, but it is not usually recognized in its true nature. Heroin, another narcotic, is perhaps the most addicting of this group, but alcohol also has this same quality, so that upwards of 6,000,000 persons in the United States alone have become addicts to alcohol—alcoholics.



Your Teen-ager

Pearl Gibbs

the vacuum cleaner, and other household gadgets. Get him acquainted with the family car by allowing him to wash and polish it. All this is excellent training. It will also build up your confidence in your son or daughter's mechanical ability.

Work Out a Plan

Teach your child early in life that some things have top priority on time. School studies, good grades, completed homework, and home chores are a few of these. Wagons, bicycles, and later cars, all come second.

Hold fast to this rule. When grades are down for your teen-ager, let it be known that the car keys must stay in your pocket. Be fair, of course, but be consistent. Stress the importance of it early, and you won't have too much trouble along this line.

Other rules should include restricting the teen-ager's use of the car to weekends during the school year. This should apply to driving with other teen-agers too.

Hold Off on Car Ownership

No teen-ager should have his own car while still in high school unless it is an absolute necessity. Cost is not the big issue. Having a car of his own may tempt your teen-ager to override your authority. Teen-age friends can be very persuasive. Don't give your child the excuse of "It's mine; I can do what I want with it."

It rarely works to allow a young person to take a job to buy a car. Something is sacrificed—usually it is school grades. If you can hold off on car ownership, you will never be rebuffed with "I paid for it myself."

Keep to Driving Rules

How you handle your teen-ager's first traffic violation may save his life and that of others in the days ahead. Of course, you hope he will never have any, but if he does, don't fall for "It was all the other guy's fault."

Long before he gets that driver's license make it clear that you will not tolerate breaking road rules. This need not be a threat. Merely state your position clearly. Suspending the use of the car usually straightens up a teen-age driver in a hurry. Paying the fine should also be his responsibility. Let the money come from his savings or allowance.

Enforce these driving rules regardless of that all-important date coming up. If he breaks the driving rules, he can't drive again until the suspension period is over. That's that!

DRIVING a car is a status badge with teen-agers. Any parent with son or daughter of driving age can tell you that! Few young people pass their sixteenth birthday without taking their driver's test. A license to drive represents one of the first recognized forms of independence a teen-ager can earn. A "set of wheels" widens boundaries; it offers freedom. While there are many things to consider, driving a car is a challenge toward responsible citizenship.

According to one of the nation's leading insurance companies, teen-age driving records are not too good. Statistics show that 40 percent of all teen-age drivers are involved in auto accidents every year. Property damage from car accidents is five times greater in the group aged sixteen to nineteen than in adult-driver categories. On top of it all, the law holds parents accountable for all violations incurred by any minor-aged child permitted to operate a vehicle.

How do you, as a parent, feel about this?

One father's reaction was to say his son would not be allowed behind the wheel of a car until the boy could pay his own bills. Well, that could be one way to solve the problem, but it seems rather foolish when you consider that it is also a parent's job to train a child to become adult. Putting off the responsibility until it presents no financial hazard isn't the best answer. A better way would be to get that son or daughter ready for the responsibilities of driving a car, wouldn't it?

Would you like some tips on preparing for a teen-age driver in your family? Then consider these:

Know Your Teen-ager

Help your son or daughter become a trustworthy person long before he is old enough to sit in the driver's seat of your sedan. Obedience training begins even before the high chair. Safety must be taught to the toddler. A respect for property rights should be instilled in your child long before he enters school.

Let your child know you are preparing him for that all-important sixteenth birthday (and his driver's license) by giving him responsibilities in and around the home. Let him learn to operate the family lawn mower, the snow plow,

Preparing for that all-important

n the Driver's Seat

Insist on Driver-training Instruction

"Driver education, begun in the high school and taught by qualified instructors, is the most practical and effective way to combat the growing menace of traffic accidents," says Judson B. Branch, president of the Allstate Insurance Company. Allstate is one of the many insurance companies offering discount rates to young drivers who qualify through an authorized driver-education program.

Examine your son or daughter's school schedule. If the driver-training class cannot be fitted into the normal curriculum, make plans for this instruction in some other way. Most schools offer a summer driver-training program. For an alternate solution, consider enrolling your child in a commercial school approved by the American Automobile Association. It could very well be the best money you ever spent.

Be a Good Driver Yourself

This is the controlling factor in your son's or daughter's driving behavior. Parents who want their children to become good drivers must practice all that they preach about driving.

One father who criticized his son for sneaking through red lights had no reply when the boy said, "But, Dad, *you* always do it."



For close to sixteen years this son had watched his father operate a car. Year after year he took down mental notes on how to drive. Besides running red lights he had learned how to weave in and out of traffic, to drive over the speed limit, to park double, and to watch for cops, among other things.

This father's *talk* on good driving didn't mean much to his boy. The unwritten rule seemed to be: If you don't get caught, it's OK! Even though that boy drove carefully with his father next to him in the car, he relaxed into those familiar bad-driving habits when he took the car out alone.

As a parent, be vigilant. Drive carefully at all times. *Show* your teen-ager that you take driving seriously and that you want him to do the same.

Never Drink and Drive

Drinking and driving is a poor combination for anyone, but it is especially bad for teen-agers. The Michigan State Board of Alcoholism says the alcohol influence on a teen-ager is far more shattering than on an adult driver.

"Since the teen-ager is a novice behind the wheel," points out George Steward, education director for the alcohol board, "driving actions that have become automatic for most adults are a complicated job for the teen-ager."

Take, for example, the seventeen-year-old driver who was one of five young people killed in a smash-up. This young man's blood alcohol tested out at a .10 percent content level. Now even though in most places the legally accepted concentration is .15 percent, this young man drove like a drunk.

"I don't suppose Jerry thought anything of downing a few beers," reflected the grief-stricken father of this young driver. "It was his high school prom night, something special. Why, Jerry's seen me put five or six beers under my belt many times before driving."

Here again, the parental example was a controlling factor in driving behavior. To avoid a similar tragedy in your home, set a hard-and-fast rule: NEVER DRINK AND DRIVE.

The National Safety Council states that all safety in teen-age driving habits eventually reverts to training received in the home. So you see, you cannot put the responsibility for your child's driving behavior on the shoulders of others and expect all to be well.

"This is not a problem for educators, safety engineers, or even auto makers," says a spokesman from the Council. "It is the parents who have the responsibility and the choice of making their sons and daughters successful drivers at sixteen—or a complete failure in later years."

Has your child received the preparation needed to drive a car? As a parent, have you trained him for this responsibility? If you have, that sixteenth birthday need not frighten you. But if you haven't, you are not being fair to yourself or others in allowing him to sit in the driver's seat.

birthday

Should Liquor Laws Be Liberalized?

William N. Plymat, President
Preferred Risk Mutual Insurance Company



WOULD Sunday sale of liquor increase materially the death toll in traffic accidents? This is a question that should be carefully studied in connection with the consideration of any petition to end the ban on Sunday sales.

The 1966 edition of *Accident Facts* published by the National Safety Council refers to the alcohol factor in traffic accidents under the caption: "Alcohol—A Leading Factor in Fatal Accidents." And this is what the Council said:

"Drinking may be a factor in as many as half of the fatal motor vehicle accidents, according to special studies which have been designed and conducted to determine the blood-alcohol level of drivers and pedestrians who are involved in accidents."—Page 52.

The following statement is also on the same page: "An analysis of 1,134 fatally injured drivers in California showed that 65 percent of those responsible for accidents had been drinking. In one-car accidents, 69 percent of the drivers responsible had been drinking. Of 353 fatally injured pedestrians, 45 percent had been drinking, but among those under sixty-five years of age, 59 percent had been drinking."

Studies in many states confirm these statements. In Delaware outside of Wilmington, nearly 400 fatal accidents occurred during the six years 1958-1963, of which 44 percent involved a drinking driver.

In 1961, the State of New Jersey undertook an extensive study of this relationship. That year there were 703 fatal traffic accidents. All the fatal accident victims were tested for alcohol except those ineligible because of being under the age limit of sixteen years, or because death occurred more than six hours after the accident. Of those tested, 62 percent were found alcohol positive. Considerable further evidence is available to show that about 50 percent of fatal traffic accidents in the various states involve drinking.

Some people view Sunday as just another day, so far as drinking is concerned. As a matter of fact, where bars and liquor stores are open, it is a peak drinking day of the week exceeded, if at all, only by Saturday. It is known that comparatively, drinking is light during the work week, that it begins a rapid increase on Friday evenings and continues during the leisure hours of the weekend. And in these leisure hours of the weekend people use motor vehicles extensively. To any who may doubt what I have just said, the best evidence I can provide comes from a liquor trade journal.

The magazine BEV is described as being "devoted to the

liquor, wine, and beer industries." Its issue of May 15, 1964, reported on a market survey conducted by Four Roses Distiller Company in the states of New York, Florida, and Texas. Jack Wishney, executive vice-president of the firm, reported that in package stores 55 percent of the sales of the week were on Friday and Saturday. He reported that findings in each state were essentially the same as the others. In this issue on page 5, BEV reported as follows:

"Wishney pointed to the almost universal five-day work week throughout the nation as the reason for uniformity in the three markets.

"With the 40-hour work week, Friday and Saturday night provide the most popular time for relaxation, he believed.

"As still another indication of the effect of the work pattern on the spirits business, Wishney pointed to a survey of the daily sales volume in bars in metropolitan New York. Here, where the tavern can remain open on Sunday, approximately 60 percent of the business of the week is done on that day.

"In Florida, where the same ruling on Sunday opening prevails, the total is 52 percent for Sunday business, he said.

"Since the weekly pattern points to the leisure-orientation of the liquor business as does the Distilled Spirits Institute monthly chart, perhaps there should be more attention given to the long holidays in August and July and to the weekends."

Alcohol is known to be a special hazard on holidays. Memorial Day, the Fourth of July, Labor Day, Christmas, and New Year's have involved a heavy death toll in traffic. A recent intensive study in California has indicated what is the probable situation over the country. During the three days of the 1964 July Fourth weekend, eighty-four persons were killed in motor vehicle accidents in California. The unusually large number prompted a review of the coroner and police records concerning each accident in which a driver or a pedestrian was killed. Alcohol was by far the greatest single factor in the slaughter.

Records were available for ten pedestrians and forty-one drivers. Of the forty-one drivers killed, thirty-two were designated at fault on the reports. Their alcohol levels and the number of other persons they killed were tabulated in an article in the February 1965, issue of *Traffic Safety Magazine*, published by the National Safety Council. Twenty-one, or two thirds of the drivers at fault had blood-alcohol levels of about .10 percent, a level at which medical opinion holds that anyone is impaired for driving. These twenty-one dead drivers killed five others and injured ten in their accidents.

Just as alcohol is a special hazard on holidays, it is also on

This is condensed from testimony prepared for the public hearings of the Washington State Liquor Control Commission on a petition asking an end to the ban on Sunday sales of liquor in Washington State.

turday and Sunday. Alcohol looms large in weekend accidents because of the fact that much drinking is done on the weekend. This is true, we ought to be able to see some difference between similar states that have Sunday liquor sales in contrast to states that do not.

In this connection, the records of Washington and Oregon are significant. In many respects these are quite similar states so far as climate, topography, population elements, and other factors are concerned. Oregon has Sunday liquor and Washington does not.

But there is a marked contrast between Sunday and Saturday accidents in Oregon and Washington on the point of accident statistics. Here are the figures for the last three years:

FATAL TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS

		Saturday	Sunday	Sunday Difference
1964	Oregon	99	97	-2
1964	Washington*	154	107	-47
1965	Oregon	123	119	-4
1965	Washington*	129	94	-35
1966	Oregon	92	95	+3
1966	Washington*	154	126	-28
Oregon three-year total		314	311	-3
Washington three-year total		437	327	-110

*Closed on Sunday

We could well look at the situation a bit differently too. We know that the fatal accidents that occur in the hours immediately following midnight on Saturday night which are in the Sunday category often involve Saturday night drinking. It would be more proper to look at the situation in the period from 4 a.m. on Saturday to 4 a.m. on Sunday in contrast to the period beginning 4 a.m. on Sunday to 4 a.m. on Monday. Here are the figures:

FATAL TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS

REGION	Saturday 4 a.m. to Sunday 4 a.m.	Sunday 4 a.m. to Monday 4 a.m.	Sunday Difference	Percentage Difference
1964	92	87	-5	-5.43%
1965	192	88	-104	-53.65%
1966	94	81	-13	-13.83%
TOTAL	315	256	-59	-18.73%
WASHINGTON				
1964	157	80	-77	-49.04%
1965	130	71	-59	-45.38%
1966	163	96	-67	-41.10%
TOTALS	450	247	-203	-45.11%

California is a state that has Sunday liquor, and its fatal traffic accident figures are thus of interest. Here are the California figures:

FATAL TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS

	Saturday	Sunday	Sunday Difference
1964	954	869	-85
1965	900	940	+40
1966—Not Available	---	---	---
TOTALS	1854	1809	-45 -2.48%

On the other hand, Iowa is a state that has no Sunday liquor, and its fatal traffic accident figures are thus of interest. Here are the Iowa figures:

	Saturday	Sunday	Sunday Difference
1964	133	98	-35
1965	147	102	-45
1966	153	110	-43
TOTALS	433	310	-123 -28.17%

My initial survey shows that twenty-six states substantially ban the Sunday sale of liquor. There are in some cases minor variations with, for example, early Sunday morning sales being permitted in some places.

One may ask the question: "If the traffic death toll in Washington as a result of Sunday liquor sales should increase to the level of Oregon, how much of an increase in death toll in Washington would occur?" By conservative estimate, we could say that there would be *thirty more fatal traffic accidents annually*, on the basis of the 1964 to 1966, three-year average. In the three years of 1964, 1965, and 1966, Washington had 1,963 fatal accidents that produced 2,280 deaths. From this, it appears that each 100 accidents produces 116 in lives lost. Thus it would appear that by conservative estimate we might expect *34 additional lives lost annually*. There are a number of assumptions in this estimate, but I personally feel that such an estimate is conservative.

It is also pertinent to point out that Washington has not, according to my information, passed the so-called Implied Consent Law now in effect in some eighteen states that requires motorists to submit to blood-alcohol tests where suspected of alcohol-impaired driving on pain of loss of license. Oregon and California both have this law, which it is felt has some constructive effect in holding down drinking driving because of the increased efficiency of law enforcement.

In spite of this law in Oregon, Vern L. Hill, director of the Department of Motor Vehicles, reported that blood-alcohol tests indicated that in Oregon, more than half of the 1966 traffic victims in that state had been drinking. A study of tests taken from 253 of last year's 678 persons killed in traffic accidents showed that 57 percent of the victims had some alcohol.

Oftentimes people think of liquor-by-the-drink in terms of a fine restaurant serving a single cocktail before dinner. However, liquor-by-the-drink also means bar sales and usual drinking that is far more than one or two drinks. Liquor not only impairs ability to drive but also reduces the judgment of a person on whether he is competent to drive.

If bars are open on Sunday, many a person will spend time in such bars and then drive. Thus, where the matter of Sunday sales is being considered, special attention should be given to the danger of increased traffic fatalities before any move is made to relax the ban on Sunday sales.

It appears that a campaign all over the country to end the widespread ban on Sunday sales is in motion. It is clear that the great economic potential in Sunday liquor sales is what is motivating this extensive campaign.

Furthermore, it should also be recognized that if the Sunday liquor door is once opened, it is highly likely that it will never be closed again.

The CREEPING

Are
you
tempt-
ed
to toy
with
LSD?

Before
you
do, read
this
true story
of horror;
then decide
whether
the risk
is
worth it!

Thea Trent

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM PADGETT



MADNESS

"PROUD of you, Son!" Bert's father said as the young graduate met his parents after commencement. "Both an athletic and a scholarship award—every college in the country will be after you!"

"Nonsense, Dad," his son said cheerfully. "I just ran fast enough to keep out of trouble and studied enough so I wouldn't be classed as a moron!"

"Not bad!" his father replied with a grin. "And you'd better keep on running."

"That's why we decided you needed a vacation first," his mother added, her soft brown eyes starry with pride in the record of their only son. Bert felt an envelope pressed into his hand, and in it he found a handsome check.

"Why, that's ridiculous," the boy stammered. "What do you think I want to do? Buy the Brooklyn Bridge? That keen watch you gave me is more than enough!"

But riding home in the family car, the parents explained that this was his first "bachelor vacation," to go where he wanted and do what he would enjoy most. Acapulca—Hawaii—wherever he wanted to go!

But his answer was a tiny cabin, built of redwood logs and perched on the point of a rocky crescent overlooking the sea. It was new, clean, and fragrant of evergreens. All along the seaside were strong, fixed windows, for the agent said that with very high tides the waves would dash against them. That closed the deal for Bert.

He had cashed his graduation dividend and now counted out a hundred fifty dollars for a month's ownership of the cabin. Bert didn't have a beatnik or hipster complex, and he enjoyed the simple luxuries of the place: the back-porch alcove, tiny refrigerator, two-burner electric plate, midget sink, and neat cupboard shelves, with a few dishes and room for supplies. Even a telephone ("but only so I can let you know if I meet up with a man-eating shark—that's a joke, Mother!").

He quickly deposited his provisions in the cupboard and refrigerator, put his collection of swim trunks and T-shirts and faded jeans in the long drawer under one of the burlap-covered couches. An Indian rug covered part of the floor, and a number of large floor cushions were strewn about—several in front of the small fireplace. The little car was drawn close to one side of the cabin, and his surfboard stood up-ended on the other.

"So much for civilization," Bert declared, casting off his clothes and pulling on a pair of trunks. "Now for the real thing!" Flat stones made a rude stairway to the beach, a very small beach sheltered by the curve of the rocks. The sand was sparkling white and very fine. It was low tide, and a broad strip of damp sand invited running. He set off at a professional's pace, but not pressing so hard that he could not enjoy the feel of the sand and the bracing onshore breeze and the white gulls flying low.

Beyond his own cove the beach stretched a long distance, with no cottages as far as the eye could see. He was that dream of every track coach, a "miler" who kept in training the year round.

Coming back from his run, Bert showered, made a giant sandwich with sliced avocado on the side, and sat on a couch, watching the stars come out and the tide beginning to run up the rock. "It's the best ever!" he thought, "the very best!" And this prompted him to telephone his parents and thank them again for "the very best summer of my life!"

It was when his second week was rounding to a close that *they* came to the little cove—two

The Creeping Madness

motorcycles and a battered old car. Leaving the car and cycles, the passengers scrambled slowly down to the beach over the rocks. Watching from a window, Bert counted seven—three girls and four men, though it seemed hard to tell them apart. All but one of the men wore black leatherette jackets and levis which were low on the hip and had seen their best days. The girls had long, untidy straight hair, tousled by the ride.

These were not strange types to Bert, for hipsters had invaded high school as well as other places. But he felt a hot anger, unreasonable as he knew it to be, that his own beach was invaded by strangers. Light-footed he ran down the rock steps from the cabin. "Hi, folks," he said, trying to sound friendly. For the moment there was no answer.

Three of the group were already lying on the sand, their heads against their arms. One sat apart, softly touching the strings of a guitar he held across his knees, and his long hair almost hid his face. Another had a bongo drum. He lifted a hand as if to beat a rhythm; but then he stared fixedly at some invisible object in the air above him till his head sank slowly to rest on his drum.

The last two leaned back against a rock, smoking. The man had a darkly handsome face and hair shorter than the others, of a rich chestnut color. His eyes had a restless instability.

"Demos is the name," he said. "Won't you join us?"

The girl, her face shadowed by the deepening twilight, held out a handmade cigarette to Bert.

"Thanks," he said, "but I don't smoke reefers—nor anything else, for that matter. I'm a runner: Bert Judson."

"What a theme for a square artist!" said Demos: "All-American Youth Confronts a Group of Degenerates."

"Very funny!" rasped the girl in a harsh voice. "The name here is Lorli." Her eyes were pale green, like old jade, and her hair was a dusty blond, very coarse and untidy. Never had he seen a girl so terribly thin. When they shook hands, he seemed to have a bony claw in his grasp. "You're just a little boy, aren't you," she said mockingly, "but little boys grow up to be men—sometimes!" He dropped her hand, and a flush of anger burned his face.

Demos jumped to his feet. He seemed the only one of the group who had any energy. "We have to fall out, Bert—we're due at a meeting on the Strip. I'd like to make your cabin a week from tonight. No one will be 'traveling,' and you'll hear some good music. I think you've got us wrong and I'd like to explain a few things."

"What for?" came in Lorli's cold voice. "Since when do you waste time on squares?"

"I don't intend to waste my time on anyone—especially not on you!" Demos's eyes glittered with icy hatred. He spoke some words in a rash, strange language, and Lorli answered, with words which had a hissing sound.

"A week from tonight will be fine," Bert said shortly. Anything to get rid of them now! he thought as he ran up the rock steps to the cabin and shut the door. How the "sleepers"

ever made it to the road, he neither knew nor cared; but he was glad to hear the roar of the cycles diminishing into the distance. He made one of his few phone calls home, and sharing his revulsion with his parents helped to calm his spirit. However, when he came out, ready for a run and a swim, he felt that the beach had been disturbed by the unwelcome, and he ran farther than usual. The low tide whispered softly as he ran on the damp sand, and the crescent moon hung low on the horizon. The familiar rhythm of exercise brought him peace.

The days sped by all too rapidly, and once again it was the weekend. A good surf was rolling, and the high-riding moon was brilliant—a perfect night for surfing, and here he was stuck with a group of freaks! Yet he had provided a platter of sandwiches, a bowl of salted nuts, and iced soft drinks.

A surprise was in store for him: The same people came, but everyone was fully awake and had made some effort at neatness, at least dragging combs through their hair, and using soap on hands and face. The drummer had several bongos with him, and he touched first one, then another, picking up the rhythm of the sea. The guitarist wove a theme again to the beat, and the others—except Demos and Lorli—chanted softly. No one seemed to have taken the drug.

"These people are true artists, man," Demos said, and a ray of light fell on the small ring of gold he wore in one ear. "Musicians, painters, composers, writers. Through taking LSD they are liberating themselves from the dreary drag we call Life; they experience the marvels of the higher planes for the enrichment of their art."

Bert jumped to his feet. "That's enough of your junkie talk, Demos," he said savagely. "It's thanks to people like you that this whole generation will be blighted, and perhaps the next one made crazy! But I have news for you: You can throw a monkey wrench into the human nervous system without paying in bitter coin."

"I told you so!" Lorli rasped. "But you wouldn't listen. Now there's only one way left to teach him."

The two men glared at each other. "I've been rude, I know," Bert muttered, "but I mean every word I said!"

He sat down again, his right arm thrown along the square pillow on the burlap couch. The drums hit a new rhythm, hard and rapid. Suddenly a sharp, stinging pain hit the inside of his extended arm. Jerking his head sideways, he saw the needle of the hypodermic in Demos's hand.

"What have you done to me?" Bert yelled. "Tell me what you have done."

He heard a sneering laugh—and that was the last he did hear of his visitors. He was now alone in the cabin, and great masses of horror were closing in on him from all sides.

He staggered out of the cabin and down the stone steps, and across the sand. The ocean! It was the only thing that could help him, that could take the poison from his system and the burning fire from his veins. He fell to his knees and plunged his arms into the water. But, oh, God! What had happened to the ocean? No water! Just a vast pool of blood, throbbing like a heartbeat! He scooped up some of it with his hands, and it ran, dark and awful, over his bare arms.

Recoiling from the hideous sea, he looked up and saw the high moon, made of dirty glass with tiny specks swarming over it. Millions of winged insects! They swarmed down upon him like an avalanche—an avalanche of winged moths. They forced themselves into his ears, into his nostrils, and down into his lungs! All the inside of his body

was filled with them, and yet more and more came down.

He tore the clothing from his body, and he became a monster made of living, whirring moths. His head was a solid mass of them, and he tore great handfuls off his scalp, only to make room for more insects. He was roaring and bellowing like a wild animal now. His last refuge, since the sea had failed, was his cabin, but the moths were so thick inside that it took all his strength to force the door open.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson sat on the terrace enjoying the mellow light of the moon. But somehow it didn't seem complete without their boy. A nagging uneasiness haunted Mrs. Judson's mind as she remembered the phone call of the previous week.

"I can't help wondering about Bert," she said with a deep sigh. "Those people last week—"

"Shall we phone him, Lady?" Mr. Judson asked. "It is cheating, I know, for we agreed to leave him alone. But maybe you're right. Maybe we should phone."

As Bert fought his way through the door of the cabin, the clamor of an insistent bell pierced his consciousness. The jangling sound added more misery to the suffocating madness. He lurched toward the wall phone just inside the door, and with one wild swing he knocked the receiver off the hook. Now he could concentrate on the moths again. He knew what he must do: get his razor and cut off his skin and flesh! That way the moths would go. He found the razor and began to cut, and blood began to cover his body. "Hello. Hello," Bert's father called, puzzled at the sounds. "You there, Bert? What's wrong?" Then he apprehensively listened to the roars and wild howling which somehow seemed to be in his son's voice. Finally he hung up, his face set and grave.

Mr. Judson was a man of influence in the community. It was a matter of a few minutes to have the family doctor on the spot, and also a convoy of motorcycle police and an ambulance. Sirens howling, they rushed at top speed, and reached the cabin in incredibly short time. It was dark—but not silent. Unearthly screams and moans came from it. With revolvers in hand, and a powerful flashlight, the police made ready to break an entry if necessary, but the front door was open. The police entered, closely followed by the doctor and Mr. Judson. Mrs. Judson in a state of shock was being watched by one of the ambulance attendants.

The men in the cabin started to locate the source of the terrible sounds, when suddenly Bert stood before them—his body covered with great slashes and abrasions—whole sections of his scalp torn off, and a bloody razor in one hand. A single look at his glazed eyes showed that he was completely insane. He showed no recognition of his father, the family doctor, or the others in the room. His eyes were fixed on some hideous thing in midair. He staggered toward it, screaming. Then suddenly he collapsed and fell to the floor.

Dr. Bixby stepped quickly to him. "I have no choice but to give him a powerful narcotic," he said. "He is in such a state of violent mania that he could never be handled in the ambulance otherwise. We must rush him to the hospital, or he may bleed to death." The ambulance attendants carried him to the road on a litter. Dr. Bixby looked quickly around the room; he stopped by the couch on which Bert had been sitting, whipped out a clean handkerchief and picked up an empty hypodermic and a small plastic medicine container with a cap cover. Showing them to the police, he said, "The clinic will analyze this for fingerprints on the hypo, and by the few drops in the container we'll try to determine the drug used."

All night long the father sat at the door of his son's room in the hospital. His wife was sleeping under sedation in a room nearby. The finest specialists in this type of seizure were working over Bert, but so far there was no report.

Just before dawn the door opened and a slender, serious man in a white coat came out.

"Mr. Judson?" The father nodded, and the doctor took him by the arm and walked him into a small alcove off the corridor. "Here we can be undisturbed," the doctor said. As the two sat in the leather easy chairs, the doctor said: "The laboratory returns show that the drug used is what is commonly called LSD. Only recently has it been used in solution, and in the vein directly. Is your son left-handed?"

"No. Why?"

"The needle puncture is in the right arm, just below the elbow. Only a left-handed man could hit the vein of his own right arm with precision, as was done. Fingerprints will be checked from the hypo and the small plastic container Dr. Bixby found. Until your son is able to tell what happened, we have no other clues to work on, but be assured the narcotics squad will leave no stone unturned. But I must tell you it will be necessary for his own protection to commit your boy."

"Committed? To a public asylum? Never!"

"Mr. Judson, I realize your feelings in this, but no other place can offer your boy safety. LSD insanity is violent mania. He may try to kill himself. We are getting more and more LSD-induced insanity cases, and we do not yet know if they

Looking Upward

Marie Daerr

If I remember to look upward, I
Can view the ribbons of the morning sky.
The gentle benediction of God's rain
Can touch my cheek in summer's leaf-crowned lane,
And sun that follows it will bless my brow.
I can watch sparrows swinging on a bough.
At dusk, I can see twilight's purple bars,
And then, at night, come face to face with stars.

represent brain damage, whether they will recur, or whether complete cure is possible."

The father groaned and clenched his hands.

"Your son has a marvelous constitution; he has led a clean life. I sincerely hope for him, but I cannot promise. This infernal stuff has had some wonderful press agents. It was launched as 'harmless,' as a real blessing to replace alcohol and narcotics. Misguided people have raved over the exquisite experiences they have on 'trips,' and all the while they were giving the red carpet to madness and even death. I shall dedicate all my professional life to fighting for the truth about this horror. Will you be counted in the fight, sir?"

Mr. Judson's parched throat refused at first to utter a sound. Then he stood erect, every inch a fighter. "I own the local newspaper, doctor, and a television station. They are yours to the ultimate! If money will help—count on me. *Will* I fight? Just try me, and you'll see!" With tears running down his rugged face, he clasped the doctor's hand.

What Schools Should Teach Today

Interview by Fern Gibson Babcock



SAM LEVENSON, author of the rollicking, yet forthright book, *"Everything but Money,"* has strong convictions.

Born in New York City, Sam Levenson was the youngest of eight children. "I was raised," he says, "in a section of New York that was called a slum by sightseeing guides and a depressed area by sociologists. Yet, paradoxically, I never felt depressed or deprived. Ours was a home rich enough in family harmony and love to immunize eight kids against the potentially toxic effects of the environment beyond our door."

The rich legacy of love and the sensible discipline which Mamma and Papa Levenson bestowed upon their brood resulted in eight successful American citizens, including a doctor, a dentist, a dental technician, a businessman, an art critic, a personal secretary, and this book's author.

Personal experience as a member of this remarkable family, then as a high school teacher in New York City, and finally as the father of two children, qualifies Mr. Levenson to speak out concerning ways in which children can be made into first-class citizens.

AFTER years of dealing with high school students, Sam Levenson feels that too little is being said about the dangers of alcohol, tobacco, and narcotics.

"Now if smoking kills your lungs and gives you cancer,

the school should say to the kids, 'Kids, smoking will kill you.' Whether the cigarette companies like it or don't like it is secondary.

"They should also say, 'Look out for narcotics; look out for the dope peddler.'"

Today is a great era for experimentation, Mr. Levenson observes, and these experiments are carried over from the science labs into personal life. A young person looks at narcotics and wonders what they are like. He tries them, fully intending to quit if he doesn't like them. But before he realizes it, he has become an addict.

It is not too much, he thinks, for the school to spend forty-five minutes a day in the discussion of "real" student problems such as narcotics, and, with older students, prostitution, poolrooms, and numbers peddlers.

Concerning the debate on whether or not to teach "proper" drinking habits in elementary and high school, Mr. Levenson is firmly opinionated. "I think it opens the area wide. If you make the sin legal, what comes after that? I believe kids should be told that drinking is a very dangerous thing. If you legalize drinking, what about sex? They go together, you know. A sixteen-year-old is at the height of his sexual enthusiasm. Give him a little encouragement, and BOOM! He goes right off! All kids need is somebody to rationalize, not to say that this is *good* for them, but just to say it's not *bad* for them.

"They say that about marijuana. The doctors say it's not even habit-forming. But you rarely meet a guy who is on morphine or heroin who didn't start with marijuana. I think the schools should have the courage to fight everything which undermines the kids."

Sam feels that along with the regular school health check there should be checks for narcotics addiction. From hundreds of talks with teen-agers and their parents who attend his lectures across the nation, Mr. Levenson has concluded that the problem of narcotics among American students is much greater than anyone realizes. Although it is common belief that narcotics addicts are found primarily where there are slums and poverty, he believes that kids in the best communities are being the hardest hit. The main hope for a solution to the problem of dope addiction lies, he is sure, in the annual narcotics check at school and a wide educational program designed to alert youth to the danger of drugs.

Both teen-age drinking and smoking, says Mr. Levenson, are symptoms of a hidden immaturity. "It indicates a displeasure with one's self, and the attempt to create a new self. Young people who know and respect themselves do not need to drown themselves. The kid who must hide behind a screen of cigarette smoke has problems greater than his smoking habit. He is usually an immature, nervous youngster whose 'manly' pose is a cover-up for failure."

As to how to refuse a cigarette or a drink, a simple, gracious, "No, thank you. I don't smoke. I don't drink," is more than sufficient reason for not taking it.

To parents who want their children to be the best possible adults, he suggests, "If a parent doesn't want his kid to smoke, he should give up smoking. Where the parents have a heavy booze party going, no lecture is going to affect the kid. It's finally and ultimately the old Biblical concept that I'm responsible for the behavior of my children, and I will set the example for them."

Can "Pot" Be Solved Till Alcohol Is Banned?

Government Says Tobacco Warning Is Too Weak!

It's too weak!

This now is the attitude of the Federal Trade Commission regarding the caution against smoking printed on cigarette packages.

The commission is pushing for a more strongly worded warning and is recommending to Congress new legislation to provide such warning, not only on cigarette packages but also to be required in all cigarette advertising.

In addition, the commission says, the manufacturers should be required to list tar and nicotine levels on packages and in advertising as well.

The FTC points out that the warning statement on packages has been overwhelmed by a "barrage" of advertising—especially on television—portraying smoking as harmless.

The new suggested warning would read as follows: "Warning: Cigarette smoking is dangerous to health and may cause death from cancer and other diseases."

In commenting on the recommendations, Commissioner Philip Elman says that young people live under "an illusion of immortality," and see the smoking habit as "a passport to adulthood."

The FTC also urges increased appropriations for public education, especially of the youth, about the health risks of smoking, and for research to develop "less hazardous" cigarettes.

Citing recent increases in cigarette sales, culminating in the new record set in 1966—8.7 billion over the previous year—the FTC also calls "disturbing and serious" the



Teachers should be on the alert to see unusual symptoms of listlessness in their students in order to find drug users.

extension of several existing brands to the so-called extra-long length of 100 millimeters. These cigarettes "expose the smoker to greater amounts of tar and nicotine, making them potentially more hazardous than the shorter length."

More Facts Are Needed About Everyday Drugs

A research scientist and a former president of the New Jersey Pharmaceutical Association have warned in separate statements that adverse reactions to drugs intended to heal are becoming a serious health problem.

The researcher, Dr. Leighton E. Cluff, in testimony prepared for a Senate subcommittee, said the public must have more information about the possible dangers of prescription and over-the-counter drugs.

"Much information provided by manufacturers is quite useful," he observed, "but profit motive and bias are not proper bases for guiding the public and the medical profession about the use of drugs."

Meanwhile, Rosario J. Mannino, a Hackensack pharmacist, said that druggists should keep a close watch on customers' medicine-use habits to help in the detection of drug reactions.

Cluff, who launched one of the first major studies of adverse drug reactions six years ago, said adverse effects of nonprescription drugs, as well as prescription drugs, are the seventh most common cause of hospitalization and a major cause of death.

Youthful use of "pot," or marijuana, will not be solved until adults take themselves in hand and solve the alcohol problem!

This is a conclusion of an extensive report published by the University of California, and based on an eighteen-month study dealing with fruitless efforts by university investigators to persuade youthful drug users to abstain from further use of marijuana, LSD, barbiturates, and amphetamines.

Dr. Herbert Blumer, professor of sociology at Berkeley, who headed the investigation, said the drug users simply would not "buy" the antidrug arguments advanced by the adults.

The Federal Narcotic Control Act, and all others which declare marijuana a narcotic and equate it with opiates, are in the eyes of the younger generation, dishonest acts which should be modified.

Marijuana may be a dangerous drug, students conceded, to be avoided like alcohol, but as long as alcohol is legalized, something should be done to loosen controls on marijuana.

It is up to society, these youth insist, to develop a consistent attitude.

By all available scientific evidence marijuana is far less harmful, hazardous, and habituating than alcohol, which is the single most damaging intoxicant in our society. But alcohol is legal, and "pot" is not.

Poverty Is Poor Second

Americans spend four times as much each year on alcoholic beverages (\$12.9 billion in 1965) as the entire two-and-a-half-year war on poverty has cost the Office of Economic Opportunity.

Twice as much is spent on tobacco each year (\$4.3 billion in 1965) as the total antipoverty budget by the Federal Government.

Likewise, more was spent on TV commercials in 1966 (\$2.765 billion) than for the entire antipoverty program.

In This NEWS

★ Cancer cells engulf normal blood cells. See picture on page 16.

★ LSD is now being found in candy. See page 17.

★ New rules are asked to govern aspirin advertising. See page 18.



Instruction concerning the dangers of drug use should be given to youth early in their school life.

Powerful New Drug Is Highly Dangerous

The powerful new mind-bending drug circulating among hippies by the name of STP appears to be a highly dangerous and poisonous substance bearing no relationship to such hallucinogens as LSD and marijuana.

The chemical structure of STP has yet to be revealed, but from its mental and physical effects, authorities believe the drug is one of a large class of substances called the anticholinergics whose margin of safety is slim. A small overdose produces complete mental derangement, convulsions, and possibly death. A milligram or two means the difference between euphoria and a state of total confusion in which the user has no idea who he is, where he is, or what he is doing or saying. Usually the experience is followed by amnesia.

The only place for someone with a case of anticholinergic poisoning is in a padded cell, says Dr. Milton Joffe, who is working on determining the chemical structure of STP.

An anticholinergic is not necessarily more potent than LSD, but its mental impact is quite different and more dramatic. "A guy really goes off his rocker," Dr. Joffe explains. Under LSD, the individual usually prefers to remain quiet; under an anticholinergic, he might stay awake for three days. He could also be violent.

The anticholinergics are produced synthetically from acids, and thousands of variations from the basic chemical structure are possible.

The nerve gas named BZ, under investigation by the Army, is probably an anticholinergic, judging from its profound mental and physical effects. An anticholinergic is capable of producing sharp motor and sensory losses, so that the individual falls on the floor or his vision is blurred.

If STP is such a substance, it would explain the large numbers of patients who have landed in the hospital after its use.

Dr. Frederick H. Meyers, a pharmacologist at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco, reports twenty cases of poisoning apparently from STP in one night.

HANGOVER—

There's No Miraculous Cure

"Wreckage after the storm," is the way Dr. Leon Greenberg, research director of the alcoholism studies center at Rutgers University, describes a hangover. It is, he says, "a state of biochemical and physiological disorganization producing painful, unpleasant symptoms."

Being drunk is "a state of partial

anesthesia," this specialist says. "It's after the alcohol is gone that you feel lousy."

As to cures, he pooh-poohs such standby cures as cucumbers or bloody Marys. "Every year there's a miraculous cure. All they do is to take your mind off your misery."

The only remedy he recommends is time and rest. "The best advice I can give is to fall asleep."

Black coffee? All it produces is "a wide-awake drunk instead of a sleepy one."

Dr. Greenberg does point out that eating before drinking will slow up the action of the alcohol and perhaps produce a mild hangover instead of a violent one.

Age of Youth

There are 30,000,000 people in this country aged ten to seventeen, says a report by *Life* magazine.

They buy two and one half billion gallons of gasoline a year. Fourteen percent of them own corporate stocks and bonds.

The girls alone buy more than 20 percent of all women's clothes; the boys alone buy 40 percent of the slacks and 33 percent of the sweaters. Together they buy more than 35 percent of all sportswear.

They are estimated to buy 20 percent of all cars sold. They account for 44 percent of all camera sales, 55 percent of all soft drink sales, 35 percent of the movie audience.

The girls buy 33 percent of all hair-dryers, 23 percent of all cosmetics, spend over \$20 million on lipstick alone.



Miner's Lung Disease

A preventable lung disease handicaps an estimated 70,000 coal miners in this country. If coal dust were suppressed at its source, "miner's asthma could be prevented," says Dr. Lorin Kerr of Washington, D.C.

No Smarter Today

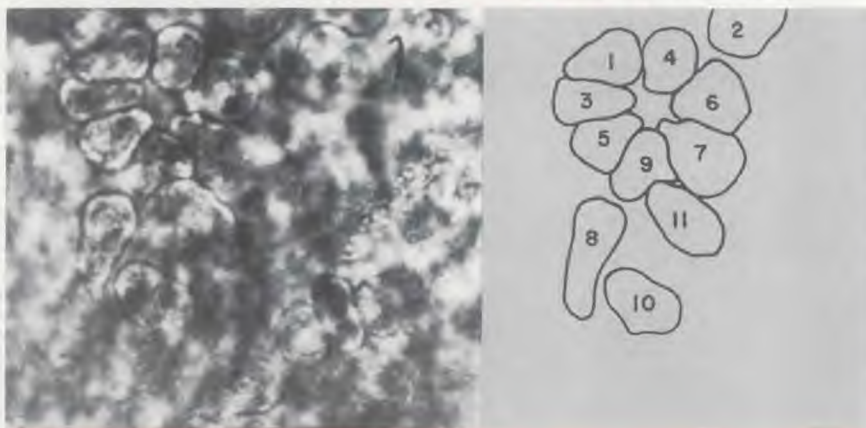
Thirty years ago Dr. Frederick Kilander of New York first used health tests and has been continuing since. In 1936 one in five persons believed, incorrectly, that the "taste" for alcohol is inherited—the ratio is the same today. One in three today think a fever can be killed by drinking whiskey (a poorer showing than in 1936).

Drinking Drivers

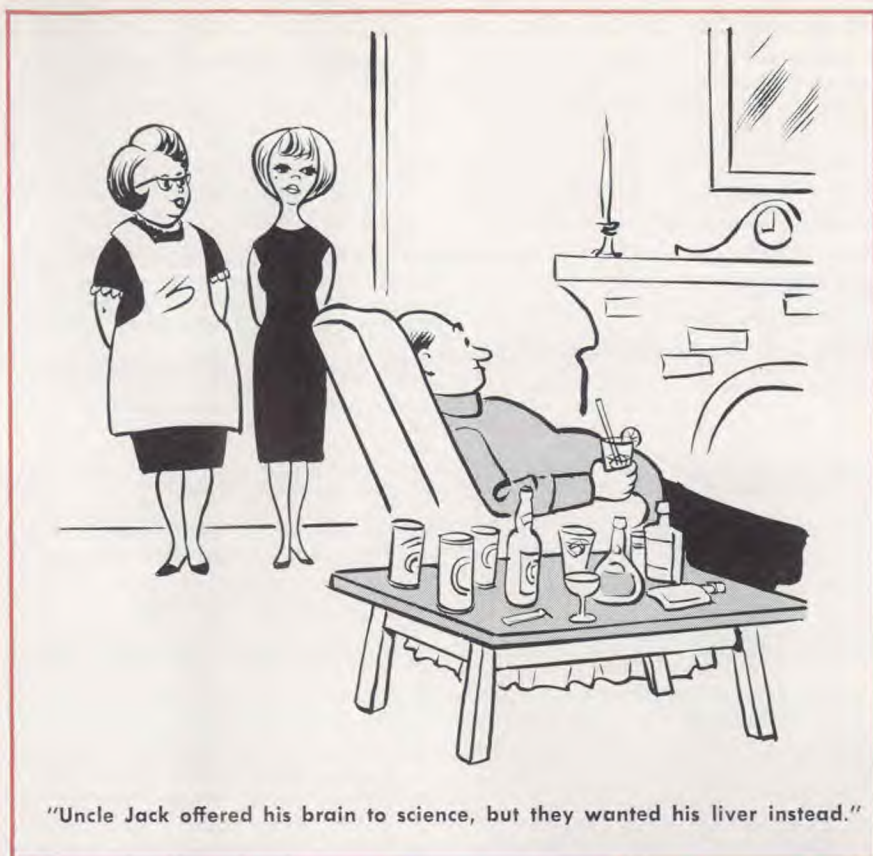
Chronic alcoholics are responsible for one third of the nation's traffic death toll, according to evidence produced by years of research, a highway accident symposium at the University of Michigan was told.

Researchers said that including accidents caused by social-drinking motorists, more than half the nation's traffic deaths can be blamed on alcohol.

First Picture of Cancer Cells in Action



Skin cancer in the process of engulfing normal blood cells is shown in this unique photomicrograph. One of the skin cancer cells (see inset) has absorbed two lymphocytes (infection-fighting white blood cells) and is about to entrap a third. Film shows, for the first time in living tissue, that malignant cells absorb nonmalignant cells. At top, a red blood cell is seen being engulfed by a cancer cell. The photomicrograph is taken from a motion picture study by Dr. Sumner Wood, Jr., Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine. The film was produced by The Upjohn Company.



WHAT WHO? WHAT
WHERE WHY? HOW
WHO WHAT WHEN
WHAT WHO WHEN
WHERE? WHY HOW

★ Alcoholism ranks near the top of problems listed by Americans. At least 34 percent know a friend or a relative who has a drinking problem, and about one in five of American adults suffers from a condition approaching alcoholism. (Parade)

★ Richard H. Blum, consultant to the President's Crime Commission, says that to prevent drug addiction, educational programs about drugs should begin in elementary schools. (AP)

★ It is easier to reform an alcoholic than an inveterate gambler. The alcoholic can substitute coffee or candy for liquor, but the reformed gambler finds it harder to discover another outlet for his betting vice. (AP)

★ In the past twenty-five years, life expectancy has been lengthened by almost ten years, from 59.7 years in 1930 to 62.9 years in 1940 to 70.2 years today. (Pharmaceutical Mfr. Assn.)

★ More than 4,500,000 Americans living today would be dead if the United States death rate had remained at the 1935 level. (AMA)

Adults Set Example

Research studies indicate that the great majority of teen-agers experiment with liquor prior to their graduation from high school.

Most have their first drink at home with parents or relatives, somewhere between ages thirteen and fourteen.

Since drinking in our culture is viewed as an adult function, the attitude of the parent, whether it is one of abstinence, conviviality, or anxiety, is the determining factor in the teen-ager's attitude toward liquor.

A group of sociologists, writing in the *Journal of Health and Social Behavior*, compared the drinking habits of junior and senior high school students with juvenile delinquents in state institutions. They found that the delinquents showed many more signs of potential alcoholism.

When asked why they drank, teen-agers and delinquents replied as follows:

	Students	Delinquents
Because they liked the taste	38.4%	50%
For relief of tension	16.2%	46.1%
They were feeling angry	8.8%	44.6%
To help forget	7.7%	41.8%

Some of the delinquents gave more than one reason for imbibing.

While the average student had his first drink at home and continued to drink occasionally with adult sanction, the delinquent more often

had his first drink with his peers, in opposition to parental order. In addition 60 percent of the delinquents continued to drink frequently and alone.

Human Zombies

Don Kirkman

Discovery of a new kind of human zombie who virtually has floated out of the human race on a cloud of LSD has been reported to the American College Health Association.

Dr. Woodrow W. Burgess, University of California psychiatrist, says he has come across a number of LSD users so hooked they have ceased to exist as rational humans.

These walking dead men are taking from 250 to 750 micrograms of LSD daily, or up to seven-and-a-half times the dose usually needed to create the drug's throbbing, multi-colored hallucinations, he says.

Dr. Burgess says these persons have become convinced the world around them doesn't exist. Most of them will not and cannot work. Their main source of income comes from selling LSD to other users.

Most of their time is taken up in attempts to paint the gaudy colors, compose the soaring music, or write down the strange thoughts the drug generates in their minds, Dr. Burgess says.

They care little for clothes and live in squalor.

"I suspect they go on like this un-

LSD Is Now in Candy

Federal Narcotics agents are searching for undercover distributors of candy containing LSD.

"We have found candies believed coming from this source as far away as Australia," reports Agent Harry Sumega, in charge of the investigation.

Recently five persons were arrested in Southern California in the intensive effort to track down the source of these candies, which have been finding their way into youthful hands through secret channels.

til they are arrested by the police," he says.

Medically speaking, these LSD slaves are totally untreatable because they're convinced they've found a superior way of life.

Another California psychiatrist, Dr. Duke D. Fisher of UCLA, says that LSD users can't think clearly about the drug's dangers; they feel a sort of religious compulsion to urge others to use it.

"We have found instances of teachers, ministers, and probation officers who have recommended LSD to young people," he reports.

"It also creates a tendency for them to drop out of life."

ARE YOU PUZZLED?

Frieda M. Lease

SPORTS RIDDLES

1. When is a tennis player like a waiter?
2. Why is golf the most unbiased of all sports?
3. Which baseball player is most easily stirred up?
4. Which sport is most sociable?
5. When is it easiest for ball teams to travel?
6. What part of a baseball field is most valuable?
7. Why is it safer to play baseball in daylight than after dark?

LSD--a Bad Companion

There is no guarantee against a bad trip for the person who takes an LSD ride through the contorted scenery of his own eyes and mind, psychiatrists report.

In fact, they say, the incidence of bad LSD reactions has been rising throughout the United States since the fall of 1965.

Bad reactions are characterized by continuing hallucinations, anxiety and panic, depression with suicidal tendencies, and confusion.

The wayward LSD user usually shows up at a hospital in trouble. There are some increasingly believed myths about ways to ensure a "good" trip on LSD, say Drs. J. Thomas Ungerleider and Duke D. Fisher of UCLA's Neuropsychiatric Institute.

Among the myths:

—Stay in a calm frame of mind.
—Have one or two good friends or an experienced sitter or guide handy.

—Take the trip in a room with soft lighting and a thick carpet or mattress to sit on.

—Listen to Indian music and phrases from the "Tibetan Book of the Dead" or have a powerful tranquilizer on hand.

Unfortunately, people who take these precautions still end up in hospitals with bad LSD reactions.

Flying Saucer



A flying saucer comes in for a landing during a flight demonstration given by Paul Moller, who invented the craft. It actually flew, but because Moller is not a licensed pilot, he did not take the saucer over three feet above the ground.

Guide Arthur J. Fetting

Not for me,
LSD.
I don't wanna
Marijuana.
I'll pass
The liquor glass.
Life is too great—
Straight.

Aspirin-Tell the Truth!

The Federal Trade Commission wants to halt deceptive advertising claims over which aspirin is better or faster. It says they are all about the same.

Under proposed new rules covering advertising for nonprescription pain killers, the FTC could prosecute manufacturers who continue to make unfounded claims.

The rules would require proof of significant differences to back advertised superiority and force manufacturers of "combination-of-ingredients" drugs to identify what is in them by its common name.

These products are known as analgesics, of which aspirin is the most common.

Americans took \$450 million worth of them during 1966. During that time manufacturers spent more than \$90 million advertising that which is "faster," "lasts longer," or "upsets the stomach less."

ANSWERS:

1. When he's serving.
2. Because it is the only sport which has a fairway for players.
3. The batter.
4. Golf, because it has its clubs and tees (tees).
5. When they have their own coach.
6. The diamond.
7. Because the bats don't fly in daylight.

Expensive Problem

Alcoholism, says the Public Health Service, is the third greatest problem in the United States. It costs the economy more than \$500 million a year in hospitalization, private relief, and preventive measures.

Also it costs industry more than 60 million man-hours of work each year. The accident rate of the alcoholic is twice that of the abstainer, and his average life span shorter.

Off the Top of Her Head

Joan Cook of Albuquerque, New Mexico, filed suit against a beauty salon for \$7,500 damages because a treatment she received caused her to lose most of her hair.

She said in the suit she has suffered loss of self-confidence and as a result has started smoking again.

Mom Sells It Too

Mrs. Ray Rife, a fifty-three-year-old grandmother, was sentenced to one to five years in the California women's penitentiary for helping her son sell marijuana. She admitted aiding Kelly Lee, nineteen, who was referred to youth authorities.

"I only did it," she explained, "because he's such a nice boy."

Drinking Divers!

"If you drink, don't dive!" is a warning being given to Australians.

At least twenty-two Australians who drowned between 1962 and 1964 were drunk at the time, according to the *Medical Journal of Australia*.

"Under the influence of alcohol, judgment is impaired and physical stamina wanes," says the report. "Many classed as excellent swimmers were swept out to sea in a tide of only moderate strength or carried downstream in a fairly placid river."

Our Modern Drug Life

A consultant to the President's crime commission has suggested that even moderate drinkers might turn to potent drugs if sources of alcoholic beverages were shut off.

Richard A. Blum of Stanford University explains that most Americans are not about to stop drinking since it "gives more pleasure than pain and ordinarily does not lead to trouble."

And problem drinkers, he says, "without anything else but alcohol as a focus of life or source of pleasure or tranquilization, may well ask us what we have that is better than their spirituous familiar."

He added that because nearly all human cultures use drugs—and he considers alcohol a drug—"there's a reasonable guess that if we went back to prohibition, people would, of course, try to find other drugs that were acceptable and use them."

? Can a Girl Say No?



!
"Nobody has ever called me strange because I don't drink," says Debbie Reynolds. "They just respect my wishes and don't force anything on me."

Duane Valentry

NOTHING in the world is quite so depressing as a hangover! Suffering a vast discomfort from head to toe, who cares about clothes, looks, the job? Only one thing seems obvious: Last night's "fun" was just too expensive.

The round of cocktail partying can get to be a dizzying whirl to many a career girl if she doesn't learn early which way the alcoholic winds blow. Yet she is often afraid to say No for fear of looking like a prude. Or she may dread appearing "unsociable."

Many career girls have met the issue head on, recognizing the dangers of imbibing that can seemingly start harmlessly enough but soon become a daily routine.

"Most women who say they must take a drink to be sociable are only kidding themselves," says Ann Landers, whose career as a syndicated columnist many girls envy. "You will have to go far to find one who is more sociable than I am. Yet I have never needed liquor as a crutch. When I attend cocktail parties, as I often do, I merely say, 'Ginger ale, please.' And I am not the least bit uncomfortable. A woman who is able to say No so that it sounds like No and not Maybe should have no problems."

Statistics show that women are drinking more today than ever before, largely because liquor has become more socially acceptable and women more independent. But they're also scraping up against a thorny side to the conviviality that sometimes shows up in wasted careers, broken homes and friendships, and other tragedies. According to the FBI, drunkenness gets more women in trouble than anything else, with close to 150,000 arrested for this each year.

"Nobody has ever called me strange because I don't drink," says Debbie Reynolds. "They just respect my wishes and don't force anything on me."

Saying No can be made much more difficult if others try to force a drink on the one who doesn't care to imbibe, and often the best of intentions fall under this sort of pressure. It was Dinah Shore who once sagely remarked: "Why is it that people try to make you drink when you don't want to? Why is it if you don't like onions, nobody tries to force you to eat onions?"

"Cocktail fatigue" takes its toll of looks, and a good honest appraisal in the mirror has been enough to put many

a gal on the wagon. Added weight, puffiness, lines, slackened facial muscles, are only a few of the items added to the "cost."

"I am one of those fortunate people who can get intoxicated without drinking," says Shirley MacLaine. "I have all the fun and none of the hangovers."

Stars like Doris Day, Ginger Rogers, Terry Moore, are known as fabulous hostesses—and they are so without serving liquor. There are books full of recipes for entrancing food and drinks of the nonalcoholic sort.

"If you decide to abstain, don't apologize," says Herbert Brean in *How to Stop Drinking*. "Wives when entertaining need make no apology for refusing to serve alcohol. The present deplorable trend in America toward more and more consumption of liquor will be halted only by those who refuse to be intimidated. Don't let anyone tell you you have to drink to be sociable. You don't. You gain the right kind of friends and prestige and professional advancement lots faster drinking that ginger ale plain."

How does it work out in practice?

"I refuse on the grounds that if other people's drinking doesn't bother me, my *not* drinking shouldn't bother them," says Ann Landers.

An insurance saleswoman in Washington has found that when you turn down a drink, that's regarded as your own business.

"Maybe a polite inquiry," she says, "but no raised eyebrows, no arguments, no psychoanalysis. The host knows of too many others advised by doctors to get on the water wagon and stay there for their own well-being to be anything but understanding."

As for men and dating, there's the fellow who wrote *Dear Abby* (like her sister, Ann Landers, Abby also say No!), telling why some men like to date girls who drink.

"Take them to a cheap dive and give them some drinks and cigarettes and they are contented. Also girls who drink and smoke usually lack self-respect, so they don't expect a fellow to respect them, and he can usually get away with anything he wants on the first date. We don't want to marry them, just date them!"

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