

# LISTEN



**Wayne L. Morse**

**U.S. SENATOR, STATE OF OREGON**



# LISTEN

JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

## The "Normal" Pill

Jack Dreyfus, Jr., is a man with money; in fact he is a multimillionaire.

But he was plagued with vague fears, dark thoughts, neck pains, stomach upset, depression, and what have you.

Jack went to doctors, the best that money could provide, but they couldn't find anything wrong with him. Tranquilizers didn't help. Other mood medicines were tried. Psychotherapy failed.

Someone suggested that maybe the electrical signals in his body were off. On second thought his physicians took another look, for they knew that epileptics, for example, show brain-wave disturbances.

What is it that is prescribed to prevent the electrical "explosions" that precede epileptic seizures? This drug is known by the trade name Dilantin. The generic name is abbreviated DPH.

Jack's doctors tried it. In a few days he was "normal" again. His mind seemed to clear up, and his thoughts straightened out. The "short circuits" seemed to be remedied.

Though this drug has been known for some thirty years, it had been used only as a specific for epilepsy and an anticonvulsant, and occasionally in certain other conditions.

Now it was discovered to be a "normal" pill. DPH is reported to be nonaddictive as are some other mood medicines. Seemingly the body does not build up tolerance to increasing doses.

In other words, it makes you "normal"!

This is turning out to be a major fad in this nation of magic-medicine takers.

It is indeed easy to follow fads in pills. Millions of people do, in their continual search for health and happiness. To meet tensions of life, they pour tranquilizers down their throats to the tune of some five billion a year. And for stimulation to meet everyday demands they shell out \$200 million and more for "pep pills."

These mood monitors when first discovered seemed the complete answer to mental needs, showing no dangerous side effects or real menace otherwise. Later, however, trouble developed in these pill habits. For example, Miltown, which seemed to provide a happy road to Utopia, proved to be addictive and dangerous when misused. Dependence developed in certain cases. Suicides by Miltown were listed.

Similar stories can be told for many other promises of the good life in a pill. Now comes the pill to make you "normal." But is the real story told yet?

Potential dangers in the use of many drugs may outweigh the benefits. Too, no two persons react exactly the same way to the same drug.

Chronic pill takers who constantly rely on chemical crutches must come to the realization that the human body and mind are delicately balanced mechanisms. The introduction of foreign substances into their operation may well serve as sand in the works rather than as a lubricant to make them run more smoothly.


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#### Photo and Illustration Credits

Page 5, Carl Purcell from Three Lions, Inc.; page 6, Elias Papazian; page 7, Eric Kreye; pages 8, 10, 16, 17, United Press International; page 12, Ichiro Nakashima; page 18, Authenticated News International.

#### Editorial Office:

6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20012

#### Publication Office:

Pacific Press Publishing Association, 1350 Villa Street, Mountain View, California 94040

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, United States, its possessions, and Canada, \$3.50; single copy, 35 cents. To countries taking extra postage, \$3.75; single copy, 35 cents.

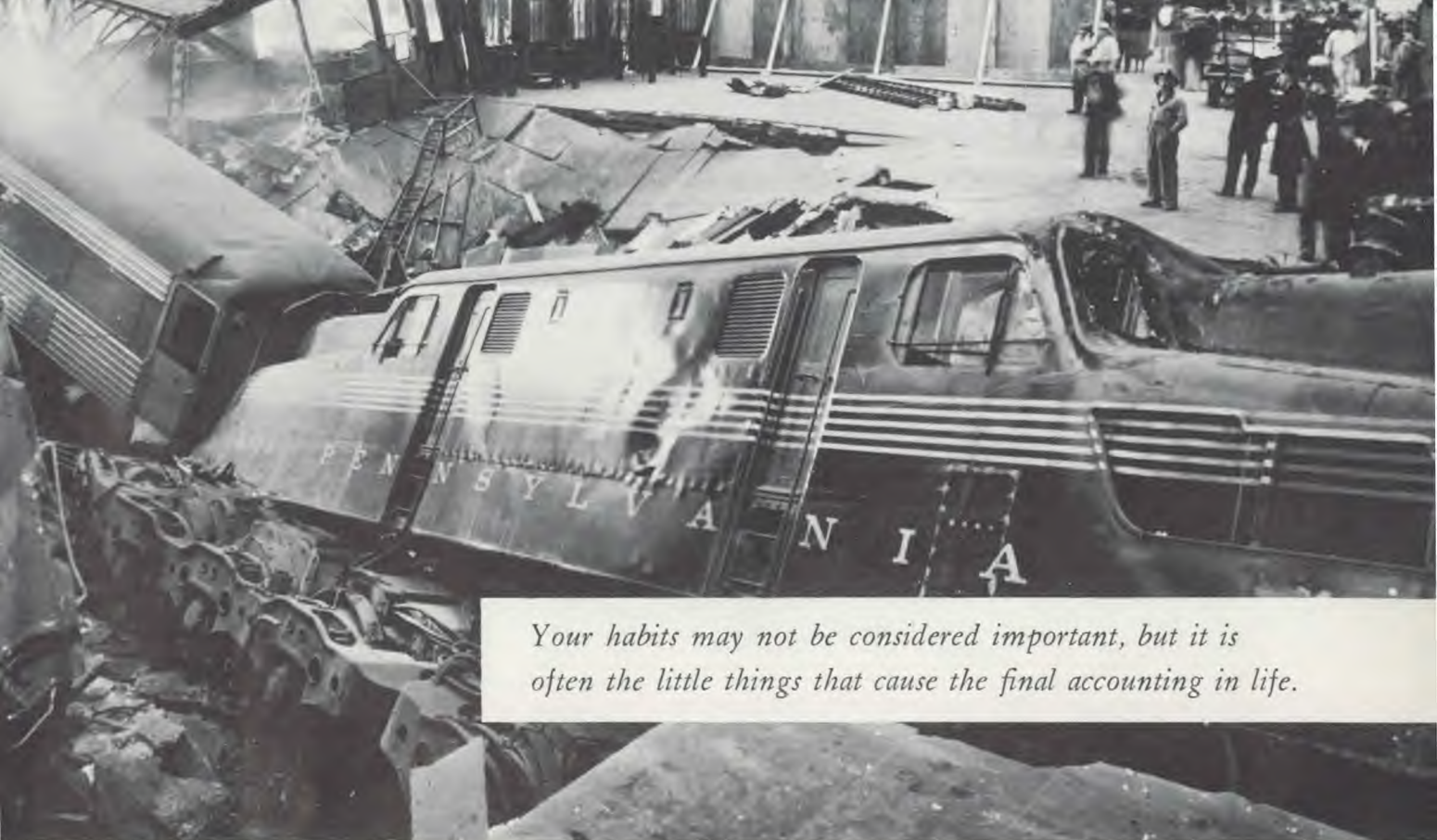
Send change of address to LISTEN, 1350 Villa Street, Mountain View, California 94040. Zip code must be included. Allow thirty days for change to become effective. Give both the old and the new address.

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LISTEN, monthly journal of better living (twelve issues a year), provides a vigorous, positive educational approach to health problems arising out of the use of tobacco, alcohol, and narcotics. It is utilized nationally by Narcotics Education, Inc., also by many organizations in the field of rehabilitation. Second-class mail privileges authorized at Mountain View, California. Form 3579 requested. Printed in the United States of America.



# Such a Little Thing!



*Your habits may not be considered important, but it is often the little things that cause the final accounting in life.*

IT WAS such a little nail, but somehow it came loose from the horse's shoe. The horse lost the shoe, went lame, and threw his rider. The message the rider carried was never delivered. The commander lost his battle; the king lost the war and was captured. He lost his country, and his people were enslaved. All for the want of a horseshoe nail.

This oft-repeated childhood story on the value of little things came home to me with terrific force one winter morning. The day started out like hundreds of other January days in Washington, D.C. True, Dwight D. Eisenhower would be inaugurated President in a few days, but there have always been inaugurations in Washington.

It was about 8:45 in the morning. I had parked my car and was ambling along in no particular hurry to get to work in the ticket office at Union Station. It was only three blocks away, and I was not due to work until nine.

After twenty-eight years I thought I had seen all the emergencies that can happen in a large railway station. When fire engines passed me, all going my way, and I saw some of them stop ahead, I dismissed it with, "Just another trash fire in the basement." But when I reached the east end of the building I saw fire engines, ambulances, police cruisers, and motorcycle police converging on the station from all directions.

Then I saw an elderly, not-too-well-dressed gentleman wagging his head from side to side. He had come from the

large train concourse which was at right angles to my intended direction down the front of the building. As he approached, I heard him muttering, "That's terrible. That's terrible."

"What's terrible?" I questioned.

In almost a state of shock he said, "One of them big engines exploded!"

In a moment I reached the entrance from which he had come, and looked down the tremendous 760-foot room. The air was filled with dust, and I couldn't see the other end of the room. In front of me was the kind of nightmare you never really expect to happen. The station master's office was demolished. The large newsstand which should have been directly in front of it was gone, except for a small narrow section on the side nearest to me.

In place of them was a train. Its 220-ton electric locomotive had almost reached the doors to the main waiting room, when the floor collapsed and the locomotive fell into the basement on truckloads of baggage. The rear rested on the floor and the smashed baggage below, while the front end hung suspended in broken concrete partly above the top floor level. The pantograph, released from the wires of the catenary system, was standing straight up in the air.

Still attached to the engine, the first coach nosed down into the hole. The second coach had broken loose and run up on the far side of the locomotive on the concourse floor.

*R. H. Riecks*



The third coach remained attached to the second and was strung out on top of the crumpled wrought iron fence that had separated the train platforms from the passenger concourse.

It was obvious that "the big engine" had not exploded, but here was that once-in-a-lifetime thing—a runaway train. The train, which had almost reached the main waiting room, had stopped only six feet short of one person who, when warned to "run for his life," had run straight ahead while all others had scattered to either side. He was knocked flat on his face by the concussion, but the giant didn't quite reach him, and he was unharmed.

I ran down a back stairway, for I was sure that Mr. Jones, the man who tended the newsstand, was under the engine. We had exchanged pleasantries off and on for years, and the thought of him, or anyone, being under that engine was sickening. Firemen and other emergency workers assured me that no one was under the engine, but several men working in the basement had been injured by falling concrete, one seriously. Soon I found out that Mr. Jones had been eating his breakfast at 8:38 a.m., when the train plowed through.

But what had caused such a catastrophe? This just couldn't happen—but it did. This train, the Federal Express, left Boston for Washington on time at 11:00 o'clock the night of January 14, 1953. The usual brake test had been made and all was OK. At New Haven, Connecticut, locomotives were changed and three more cars added, now making a total of sixteen. Again, brake tests showed everything in good condition. At New York, a Pennsylvania engine took over, and again brake tests were OK. The train left New York thirty-six minutes late.

Stops were made at Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore with the brakes functioning smoothly. Authorized speed between Baltimore and Washington was eighty miles

an hour, and there was no reason for applying brakes again until, now running between sixty and seventy miles an hour, the engineer came in sight of signal 1339 which is just 2.9 miles from the end of the track in the station. The signal showed "approach"; this meant to slow to thirty miles an hour.

The engineer cut his control five or six notches and applied his brakes, but he did not get the proper application. As he moved the control to "off" and made emergency brake application, he called to his fireman, who had already realized there was trouble. The engineer sounded his air horn as a warning that his train was out of control and attempted to reverse his motors, but the overload was too great and this accomplished nothing.

A quick-thinking tower man grabbed his phone, and the quick-answering station master's clerk heard a voice exclaim, "Run for your life. There's a runaway train on track sixteen."

With only about twenty seconds left, the clerk warned those in his office, ran outside and shouted "Run for your life!" to the passengers waiting at the gate. He dashed by the newsstand and warned the man there, who simply leaped over the counter and, looking back over his shoulder at the onrushing train with its horn blaring, ran for his own life. A major catastrophe had been averted in the station.

The sixteen-car, all-steel train struck the heavily anchored steel bumper at the track's end at between thirty-five and forty miles an hour. The locomotive is said to have lunged ten feet into the air as it plowed through the bumper; then it ground on through the wrought iron fence, the station master's office, the Union Station newsstand, and finally the concrete floor. The engineer climbed out unhurt; the fireman was slightly injured.

An estimated 400 persons were on the train. Total injuries reported for all station employees and passengers on the train were eighty-seven. No one was killed. What a miracle!

An hour and a half after the accident, the wheels of the first three cars were still extremely hot and drops of cooled, molten metal were hanging to them. But the wheels of all cars beginning with the fourth were normal. The engineer had been trying to brake a sixteen-car train with only the brakes on the locomotive and the first three cars.

A metal handle, only inches long, on the angle cock connecting the air brake system between cars was to blame. Close clearance between this handle and the cross member directly above it caused the handle on the rear of the third coach to come into contact with the cross member. Sporadic contact gradually closed the handle. All cars back of this had no brakes, but the engineer had no way of knowing this.

A blueprint error? Perhaps. Yet cars so equipped had run thousands of miles without trouble.

Five days later the station was crowded as throngs came to the President's inauguration. They walked over the 220-ton giant which had been "swept under the rug." The engine had been lowered into the basement where it was later removed in sections, and a temporary floor had been built. A wooden fence painted to resemble the wrought iron one was installed, and the three coaches were pulled back to the shops. A temporary newsstand was erected, and Mr. Jones was "on deck."

Such a little thing to cause so much trouble, yet it is often the little things that cause the final accounting in life.

Nosing into a door to the main waiting room, the huge electric locomotive came to rest after it fell through the concourse floor. In the foreground is wreckage from the demolished newsstand.







# Women & Alcohol

Laurence A. Senseman,  
M.D., F.A.C.P.  
Medical Director  
Fuller Memorial Sanitarium

THERE IS an ever-increasing number of women in America who are drinking and rapidly becoming dependent on alcohol.

How can one explain why the drinking habit has become so popularly accepted among women?

We have made a study of this problem in the Fuller Memorial Sanitarium. It is our opinion that social acceptance plus social pressures, combined with lack of a positive attitude against drinking and indifference to its potential danger, are the major factors responsible for women drinking today.

Why do women drink? They drink to improve their own self-image in meeting problems of life. Shyness and insecurity are contributing factors. Women use drinking as a means of avoiding maladjustment; to escape from pressures, frustrations, and disappointments of life; or because of sexual maladjustment, incompatibility, lonely widowhood, menopausal depression, or an unfortunate love affair.

Here one might observe that it has always been alcohol that causes alcoholism, whether the condition be in men, in women, or in children. Circumstances may vary, but this lethal and addicting product doesn't vary.

The woman alcoholic fears detection by her family and friends. Her own guilt and shame keep her from seeking help for her secret illness. Alcoholism affects from 750,000 to one million females in the United States. Mrs. Marty Mann of the National Council on Alcoholism has said, "The stigma of being a woman alcoholic is so great that women with a drinking problem hide it." There are nine hidden alcoholics for every one under treatment.

The typical alcoholic woman is married, middle-class, has an average of two children, is in her middle forties but looks older, and has had a definite problem with alcohol for at least eight years before her hospitalization. She started as a social drinker in high school or college years. She is in the middle-income group with

better than average intelligence. She is seldom, if ever, seen intoxicated but is frequently incapacitated by "sickness." She can be a convincing fabricator, but fortunately she is only deceiving herself, using the mechanism of denial.

When she is frank and honest, she will most frequently excuse her drinking as the result of marital troubles, loneliness, boredom, or depression. Some 66.7 percent of 232 women who were admitted for alcoholism between 1959 and 1964 at the Fuller Memorial Sanitarium gave a family history of alcoholism.

The female alcoholic is seldom, if ever, seen intoxicated; she is notoriously secretive in her drinking habits. If you were to meet this average alcoholic housewife, you probably could not detect any evidence of this problem by her appearance or manner.

To the physician, she may present herself with a wide variety of complaints such as multiple functional disturbances or an obscure mono-



neuritis. Her manner may be suspiciously demure. There may be a couple of physical clues to her condition. She may have scars on her arms, the results of tremor burns from the edge of the oven. She may have palmar erythema or spider angiomas on her chest.

It is essential to remember that the patient herself often does not know that she is an alcoholic, so that she can scarcely be expected to reveal this fact.

Of the 232 women admitted for alcoholism, 166 were first admissions and sixty-six readmissions. For the same six-year period, 561 men were admitted for alcoholism. Three hundred ninety-eight were first admissions and 163 were readmissions.

The total admissions for all diagnoses during the same six-year period was 3,310. Thus, the 793 alcoholics were 24 percent of the total. The readmission rate of 28.9 percent is high, as would be expected with this difficult and complex problem.

Of the total of 793 alcoholic patients, 29.2 percent were female, 70.8 percent were male, giving a ratio of 2.4 men to each female alcoholic.

The average age of the female alcoholic was forty-six. Fifty-four percent were Catholic; 44 percent, Protestant; 1 percent, Jewish. Seventy percent were married; 13 percent, widowed; 9 percent, divorced; 5 percent, separated; and 3 percent, single.

On the average, the female patient remained in the hospital for twelve days and during this time received medication, individual and group therapy, remotivation, and family counseling.

The woman alcoholic usually will cooperate, but she is frequently a difficult person to handle during the drying-out stage. Forty-three percent of this group of women showed evidence of liver damage, and 22.5 percent had an elevated white-blood-cell count on admission. When discharged, 90 percent were substantially improved, but 4.7 percent died shortly.

Women tend to begin to drink later in life than men, but they progress faster into the states of alcoholism. They are usually emotionally sicker than their male counterparts.

The female alcoholic finds it hard to fit into a group, except on a superficial level. She relates well to very few people.

Women drink more frequently in response to a crisis. The alcoholic female causes more disruption in family life than does the alcoholic man. There is a higher incidence of attempted suicide in alcoholic women than men.

Female alcoholics suffer more self-contempt and self-depreciation than male alcoholics. This ego devaluation is one factor that makes it more difficult for women alcoholics to recover.

It is important to point out certain danger signals in the potential female alcoholic:

1. Using alcohol as a crutch to avoid or postpone problems.
2. Deceiving herself about her drinking habits.
3. Regular drinking periods during the day and night.
4. Using alcohol as a medication for real or imaginary symptoms or moodiness.
5. Making unrealistic promises about ceasing her drinking habits.
6. Using alcohol as a prelude to a major social obligation.



I LAY ON a large flat rock, my fingers trailing in the ebb and flow of the surf, the warm sun taking me apart slowly joint by joint in the most delightful way. The beach was white and clean and fragrant today, and I loved each changing face of it. Last night the sea was running before a stiff wind, and mist blew obliquely across the path of the moon, and I felt lonely watching it. Other nights the sea is so quiet that the breakers sneak in on tiptoe.

I raised my head and looked along the huge boulders piled for miles against the retaining wall. They seemed stark in the sharp contrast of bright sun and deep shadows.

What was that? I shook my head a little, peered again. I laid my head down a moment, thinking, and my heart began to pound rapidly. I was sure no one was near on the beach, but I had seen something, or someone, there among the rocks. I looked again.

A hand came into view above a huge boulder about fifteen feet away. The hand was bent sharply at the wrist, the fingers strained and clutching. Then it disappeared.

I sat up, looking around. A boy and his father walked in the sun some distance away, but they couldn't hear me call. Was something creeping up on me? I looked again.

The top of a head came above the rock, then a blue eye came into view at a crack in the rocks, and stared at me steadily. I swallowed with difficulty, and stood up. The eye, hand, and head disappeared. I stood on tiptoe, but could not see a thing.

Frightened by now, I slipped on my sandals, picked up my beach towel, got off the rock, went to the cement stairs and mounted them to the sea wall. I walked along toward the spot. I could see all around the boulders from this vantage point, and nothing was in sight. What was the matter with my senses?

Then I heard a soft grating sound beneath me. I stooped down and peered over the inward curve of the wall. The odor hit me first, almost before I saw the figure huddled there on the rocks with blood dripping from cuts, the wrinkled cotton dress stained and torn, two near-full bottles leaning against a rock, and a black purse agape revealing only one handkerchief and a pair of colored glasses.

Twenty minutes later seven others were peering over the wall with me while a policeman stood among the boulders, looking down at this alcohol bum.

"Jane," he shouted. "What are you doing here? Get up!" He reached down and grasped Jane's hand. It slipped from him like wet spaghetti. Two dogs came to sniff, their hair suddenly bristling, then both slunk away. A twelve-year-old boy, holding his nose, leaned for a closer look.

"Does she ever stink," he said, his face contorted with contempt. "Sure she stinks," said the cop. "She stays too drunk to know where the bathroom is." He tried to get the woman to her feet, but she slumped still deeper between the boulders.

An onlooker went down off the wall, and between them they got Jane up and propelled her toward the concrete stairs. The woman turned just then and looked straight at me, blue eyes soft, sad, un-knowing. "My glasses," she whispered.

I got down off the wall, picked up the purse, the scarf, the two bottles, and carried them to the police car. "What will you do with her?"

The officer's lip was curled against the stench, but he was gentle with Jane. "Put her in jail till she dries out," he said. "We've had her there about 200 times already."

Jane was settled in the back seat. I reached in and put her pitiful possessions beside her. She clutched the handle of her purse, and looked off past me at the metallic gleam of the sea. The skin of her face was clear and still pretty, like rose petals, above the fill of her body. I stepped back, and the policeman closed the door.

He paused then, looking at us a moment. "The sad part," he said, as he kicked a sharp stone out of the way, "is that six years ago Jane was one of the most prominent citizens of this town. That was when she didn't drink." He turned back, got into the police car, and drove away.



What could happen if tranquilizers became the solution to all our problems?

## White When All Else Fails

"HERE, take one of my tranquilizers, and you'll feel much better." These are

the words of a well-meaning friend. But what happens when we wake up the next morning and the problem is still there? Do we take another tranquilizer? In the magic world of the twentieth century, can we now find our happiness in a color-coded pill?

The tranquilizer is medically accepted, and our society would feel its loss in many areas if it were removed from the market. It has been used effectively in institutions with the assaultive, destructive, noisy psychotic patient. When used to induce sleep or to control anxiety the tranquilizer appears to have no equal.

But what about the man in the street who uses the tranquilizer to solve his everyday problems? Does the continual use of tranquilizers alter a man's personality? Does the continual repression of normal drives change a man's life? What price will man have to pay for his freedom from tension and anxiety?

Tranquilizers often mask the symptoms of our problem and enable us to postpone making a decision indefinitely.

Harold wants desperately to marry his girl friend, but he cannot bring himself to accept her past. He cannot force himself to make a decision. He finally is able to secure a prescription for tranquilizers to control his anxiety and sleepless nights. The tranquilizers become a day-to-day solution for him.

Millie is dissatisfied with her job. She has been passed up time after time for a promotion. She knows she should make a change, but that means filling out applications, giving references, and arranging endless interviews—all the things she cannot bear to face. She has been able to postpone making a decision for a year now by taking a tranquilizer every day before she goes to work.

Is it good to be able to postpone making decisions indefinitely? Using tranquilizers as a crutch can lead to a provisional existence with no purpose or goal.

John's aging mother was kept under tranquilizers for the last two years of her life. This wonderful woman who had given so much of her life to others was reduced to a walking vegetable. True, she was uncomplaining and quiet, but she no longer took an interest in her friends or her grandchildren. She had accepted pain and suffering many times in her life, but she could not accept or understand this unrealistic state. In the end John realized that they had deprived her of the fulfillment of those last wonderful years—the years when one is able to look back and discover in its fullness the true meaning of life.

Each of us has an inner drive—a voice within us that seeks, prods, questions, explores, and even rebels. This is the voice that we at times desperately try to put to sleep. Our personalities are enriched with each new challenge. Each failure or each victory helps us emerge as stronger individuals. What happens when a bottle of pills makes this struggle unnecessary?

What about the new generation? Is it possible that having been tranquilized since birth, they will no longer know the deep meaning of emotional conflict? We may succeed in eliminating emotional conflict, but in the process we will have eliminated the individual.

We needn't worry about a dictator slipping tranquilizers into our water supply. We reach for the bottle of "happiness" of our own free will. We are looking for a color-coded new world. A green pill for anxiety, a yellow pill for frustration, an orange pill for unhappiness, a black pill for a bad day at the office, and white when all else fails.



# Liquor Advertising and Black Beans

Billy E. McCormack

Executive Director  
American Council on Alcohol Problems

"WAYNE, you have drawn the black bean," remarked the President when he appointed Senator Morse to head arbitration arrangements between railway management and labor in the summer of 1967. President Lyndon Johnson told the Senator from Oregon that during the war with Mexico many Texans were captured, and since there was too little prison space some had to be annihilated. The men were blindfolded and given a jar of beans. Those drawing black beans were executed.

The Senator from Oregon is no stranger to "black beans," as far as the popularity of the causes he espouses is concerned. The popularity of the cause makes little difference to him. The question in his mind boils down simply to, Is it right?

One of the "black bean" causes which Senator Morse is vigorously pushing, and on which he has strong convictions, is the matter of liquor advertising.

We met with Senator Morse at the close of a terribly busy day. Senator Dodd of Connecticut had just been censured. The burden of this lengthy session could be seen in the eyes of the senior Senator from Oregon. Mr. Morse peered from behind his executive desk almost hidden by a pile of papers. Because he had been absent from the office

most of the day, he shuffled through his correspondence as we talked. Our subject was alcoholic beverage advertising on radio and television.

Wilbur Korfhage, legislative representative for the American Council on Alcohol Problems, William N. Plymat, President of Preferred Risk Mutual Insurance Company, and I had the pleasure of working closely with the Senator and his staff in preparation of material for the introduction of a bill to ban all such advertising every day on radio and television from 3:00 p.m. until 10:00 p.m. Miss Phyllis Rock, the Senator's legislative aide, called in to give a progress report and stated that the bill was almost ready. The Senator invited us to meet him again when the bill was introduced in Congress.

On the morning of August 2, 1967, we were called again to Senator Morse's office. Accompanied by the Senator, we set out for the Senate side of the Capitol. From our seats in the gallery we saw Senators exchanging early morning greetings, quite oblivious to Mr. Mansfield, the majority leader, and the presiding officer, Mr. Gore, from Tennessee, who were talking above the noise. Collected in small huddles around the chamber, the lawmakers were lining up business for the day. After routine preliminaries, Senator Morse was recognized and delivered an eloquent and hard-hitting speech, pointing out the social and economic cost of drinking, and calling for a curb on radio and television advertising of alcoholic beverages.

The bill was introduced to Congress under the number S.2202 and referred to the Committee on Commerce.

Senator Mark Hatfield endorsed the Morse Bill by adding his name as cosponsor. In the House a companion bill has been introduced by Congressman Glen Cunningham from Nebraska. Another bill is expected to be introduced in the House which will ban alcoholic beverage advertising from radio and television altogether.

Senator Morse,  
displaying a  
personally  
inscribed color  
photograph  
given him by  
President  
Johnson last  
summer, is  
amused at the  
inscription.  
It says: "For  
Wayne—now  
he will be  
chairman—who  
draws the  
black bean  
—LBJ."





# Wayne L. Morse

U.S. Senator,  
State of Oregon



## The **Menace** of *Liquor* *Advertising*

**MY BILL S.2202** amends part 1 of title III of the Communications Act to ban broadcast advertising of all alcoholic beverages between the hours of 3 p.m. and 10 p.m., local time.

Voluntary advertising codes generally prohibit the televising of commercials for what we call hard liquor, but television advertising of beer and wine has risen dramatically in recent years.

Where beer ads are aimed at youthful audiences, I think they are just as harmful to the health and well-being of the community as ads for hard liquor.

### *Influence of Television*

Brewers of alcoholic beverages spend a quarter of a billion dollars each year in an effort to market their products.

**NOTE:** Our society today is fast becoming a drug-ridden society, and this trend must be arrested before complete tragedy ensues. Alcohol is a potent factor in this trend. These are the convictions of Senator Wayne Morse, and the basic reason for his introducing into the Senate his bill S.2202 to ban all broadcasting of liquor advertising between 3 p.m. and 10 p.m., prime hours for juveniles and youth. If you agree, write to your own Senator and Representative in Congress, asking him to support and vote for this type of legislation. Encourage your friends to do the same.

Millions in the television and radio audience who hear and see these ads are teen-agers, most of whom cannot legally drink beer.

A recent survey printed by Radio Advertising Bureau, Inc., shows that teen-age boys listen to radio 4.3 hours daily on the average, while teen-age girls listen an average of 5.3 hours daily. On the average, 87.9 percent of the teen-age boys and 89.5 percent of teen-age girls hear radio each day. For the good of this growing proportion of the population, the advertising of any alcoholic beverage which appeals—if not in word, then by strong implication—for their participation should be eliminated when the audience is composed of a significant percentage of teen-agers.

As I have noted, the legal age for drinking beer is twenty-one in a majority of states. Thirty-five states have established twenty-one as the legal age for sale of all alcoholic beverages.

### *Increase of Television Advertising*

The usefulness of the television medium in promoting the sale of beer is evident from its increasing use by the brewing industry. In 1961, brewers spent 58.1 cents per barrel for advertising on television. In 1965, however, brewers spent 87 cents per barrel for advertising on television. This is an increase of over \$30 million each year. Newspaper advertising fell off accordingly, falling from 14.5 cents per barrel to 9.8 cents per barrel over the same period, as stated in *Advertising Age* for May 22, 1967.

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Senator Morse has been called by many names in his public life such as maverick, tiger in the Senate, eagle scout of American politics. "High principle is his only master," says one writer.

I am sure there will be no quarrel from the brewing industry nor from the broadcasters whose facilities it uses that the purpose of television and radio commercials is to increase the use of beer and wine by the American people, and to direct specific attention to the product of the advertiser.

Advertising is designed to show that consumption of beer or wine is enjoyable and is, in fact, a desirable part of social activity. Most young people do not like their first taste of alcohol; but advertising seeks to overcome that distaste.

Although the advertising of hard liquor does not appear on television by voluntary restraint of the industry, there is no restraint nationally on beer and wine advertising, other than what the Code of the National Association of Broadcasters calls "good taste and discretion." Good taste and discretion are defined to preclude the actual showing of drinking on camera, or its sound. References to the alcoholic content or the strength of the alcohol in the beverage are precluded.

This does not mean that extensive local restrictions against beer advertising are not in existence, because they are. I am advised, for instance, that by local agreement, beer ads are not shown in the Seattle, Washington, area before 8 p.m., so as to avoid at least part of the broadcast time when children might be viewing.

In Oregon, all alcoholic beverage ads, including beer, are banned from showing all of Sunday.

This is no idle concern. In recent months, the high death rate resulting from heavy smoking has led to some new legislation requiring health warnings to be put on packages of cigarettes, and it has led to an FCC ruling that broadcasters must extend some form of equal time that will point out the dangers of smoking.

No such warnings and no such expressions of the harmful effects of drinking appear on beer cans, nor is there as yet an effort within the FCC to require broadcasters to present equal presentation of the harmful effects of drinking.

That such effects occur cannot be denied by anyone. I am a little dismayed to read that legislators, the medical profession, and others are beginning to think of hallucinogenic drugs as a danger to individuals and to the community, when the dangers of alcohol are infinitely more widespread and yet provoke far less alarm.

We have a few clinics in the country now that seek to deal with the effects of LSD; but the cost of alcoholism, in terms both of money and of human values, is so infinitely greater that it can scarcely be estimated.

### *Alcohol and Crime*

The President's Crime Commission stirred up quite a controversy with some of its reports, especially the ones on the courts, on the police, and on narcotics and drugs. But the special task force report on drunkenness caused little interest or comment despite findings far more sensational than those contained in its other reports.

For example: One in every three arrests in the United States is for drunkenness, and if arrests for related offenses such as drunken driving and disorderly conduct stemming from drinking were included, the figure would be about half of all arrests. There were two million arrests for drunkenness alone.



*Wayne Morse*

May I digress to say that alcoholism is one of the greatest threats to the stability of the American population. The spread of alcoholism in this country is so alarming that we are going to have to take a look at it as a form of serious sickness among the American people. As the figures I am about to disclose show, the country must take a long, hard look at the problem with especial reference to hard liquor, when the statistics show that more hard liquor is consumed per capita in the District of Columbia than in any other city of the nation.

We in Congress have a moral responsibility—and I come back again to the moral law—to see to it that we impose restrictions at least on the advertising practices of the manufacturers of this form of drug—for that is what it really is—the excessive taking of which develops into alcoholism.

The principle of applying the moral concept that we owe our brother's keeper is not limited only to supplying food and shelter; it extends to applying reasonable restrictions on the practices of the advertisers in this country, who must assume a fair share of the responsibility for producing alcoholism among our people. They create the want; and once the want is created, the addiction develops on the part of thousands and thousands of our fellow citizens.

The Crime Commission recommends that drunkenness be treated as a sickness, thereby relieving the police, the jails, and the courts of dealing with it. But that will not relieve our welfare departments, hospitals, and correctional institutions from dealing with it. In fact, giving medical treatment to alcoholics will be a lot more expensive than the present inadequate practice of treating them as criminals and releasing them without treatment when their sentence is served.

This country has over five million identified alcoholics, and millions more not identified. Stated generously, one citizen out of forty is an alcoholic. Considering that about 40 percent of the population are twenty-one or under, one person out of twenty-four adults is an alcoholic.

Alcoholism is the nation's fourth largest health problem, as well as being the first largest criminal problem. Politicians

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ects of liquor upon the human organism, and upon human behavior, to limit the age at which people may purchase liquor. In most cases, the minimum age is a minimum of eighteen; in some, it is twenty-one. That to permit the broadcast media to promote these beverages is to defeat the purpose of these age restrictions—what most ads for beer and wine do. As with cigarette advertising, the advertising for liquor which warns of its ills, and very little that advocates moderation in its consumption.

In a society where young people make up an increasing percentage of the population, and where young people normally exert to innovate, to strike out from the crowd, is greater than at any time in our history. The use not just of alcohol but of all kinds—marijuana, LSD, tranquilizers, sleeping pills, pep pills—is increasing at a time when our complex and high-speed society needs sound leadership from all its people.

Alcohol is a common and widely used drug and around it has grown a billion-dollar industry of manufacture, promotion, and distribution. Its growth continues even today, from fourth to third among national health problems and while its use is increasing, highway deaths also grows to scandalous proportions.

It is time to come to a national decision about whether we are to continue to support a drug-ridden society, or recognize that modern American life does not require artificial stimulants and depressants as it may once have permitted. A modest one in this respect. It is intended as a warning signal, a national self-analysis of what we want our nation to be in the future.

And citizens in all walks of life can view with alarm all they see of the use of narcotic and exotic drugs, but they are straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel, so far as relative magnitude of the problems is concerned.

Take the relationship between drinking and crimes of violence. A study of homicides in the city of Philadelphia in 1948-52 showed that either or both the victim and the slayer had been drinking immediately prior to the killing in nearly two thirds of the cases.

In Columbus, Ohio, during the period of March, 1951, to March, 1955, a probe was conducted into the use of alcohol by all persons picked up during or immediately after the commission of a felony. To quote the report:

"The figures show that crimes of physical violence are associated with intoxicated persons. Cuttings (11 to 1 under the influence of alcohol), the carrying of concealed weapons (8 to 1 under the influence of alcohol), and other assaults (10 to 1 under the influence of alcohol), are definitely crimes of alcohol influence."

The Crime Commission Task Force comments as follows:

"Thus, the closest relationship between intoxication and criminal behavior (except for public intoxication) has been established for criminal categories involving assaultive behavior. This relationship is especially high for lower-class Negroes and whites. More than likely, aggression in these groups is weakly controlled, and the drinking of alcoholic beverages serves as a triggering mechanism for the external release of aggression. . . . Shupe's conclusion that 64 percent of his sample of 882 individuals were under the influence of alcohol to such an extent that their inhibitions were reduced is of major significance to American criminologists. Excessive drinking of alcoholic beverages is a significant fact in the commission of crimes."

### *Alcohol and Highway Deaths*

The terrible toll of human life that alcohol takes on the highways was also summarized by the task force:

"The Congress currently is very concerned, as is the country, with reducing the horrible toll of deaths on the nation's highways. Unfortunately, very little attention has been directed by the Federal Government to a significant factor in vehicular accidents—drunkenness and alcoholism. Mr. Pyle, director of the National Safety Council, estimates that perhaps one half of those involved in fatal automobile accidents are under the influence of alcohol.

"This can be confirmed by spot studies made by scientists throughout the country. For example, of the first forty-three individuals killed in motor vehicle accidents in St. Louis County, Missouri, in 1966, thirty had alcohol-blood levels of 0.15 percent or higher, which is indicative of heavy intoxication. The *New York Times*, March 13, 1966, reports that in San Antonio in the last nine years, 61 percent of the drivers and pedestrians killed have been intoxicated. The blood alcohol levels were 0.15 percent or higher."

That is the level of heavy intoxication.

These people who are "under the influence" do not have to be alcoholics to kill many innocent people. I think we have a moral responsibility to the people of not shunting off what I think is a clear obligation of Congress to move in the field of some control of drinking.

In 1965 there were 49,000 deaths and 1,800,000 injuries on the nation's highways. The high correlation between alcohol and traffic accidents calls for a lot more attention to this problem than we have been willing to give it in the past. We have blamed bad tires and passed laws against them; we blame poor highway design, and try to do something about it; we blame faulty engineering of cars and try to pass laws against that; but the one big quantity about traffic accidents that we know about and have failed to mention is the presence of a drinking driver or pedestrian. About that, we have done nothing. We seem unwilling even to mention it.

One of the appendixes of the Crime Commission report begins with these words:

"The basic question is, Is alcohol related to crime? The basic answer is, Yes."

I am not going to say that my bill will curb alcoholism or even curb drinking. I am not claiming that it will make the streets safe, prevent riots, in which drinking plays a very large role, or end automobile accidents. But it will limit the appeal by advertisers of intoxicating beverages that is thrust upon the young people of this country. For when you get the young person into excessive drinking, you assure for him condemnation to alcoholism.

My bill seeks to focus attention on the tremendous social and economic cost of drinking among the American people. It seeks to ask whether young people—many of whom are under the legal age even for buying beer—should be exposed to constant pressure from advertisers, using the most popular advertising medium, to buy and consume alcoholic beverages. Beer and wine are alcoholic beverages; let there be no mistake about that. And let there be no mistake—contrary to a great deal of propaganda that is given the American people—when you start young people on excessive drinking of beer and wine, it will lead in a large majority of cases to excessive drinking of hard liquor.

We are not going to come to grips with crime or with highway deaths, and perhaps not even with riots, in the immediate future, without coming to grips with the role that alcohol and young people play in all of them.





# "Pot" Luck In Fairfield County

*Pat Jordan*

**H**E IS eighteen years old and has been taking drugs in one form or another since he was fifteen. Call him "Gary Smith," since that isn't his real name.

Gary lives in Fairfield County, that affluent, southern part of the State of Connecticut which juts into New York State and is the bedroom for thousands of New York City workers.

Fairfield County is most famous for its small, quaintly sophisticated towns that resemble the New England villages you find in children's Revolutionary War games. The main streets are dotted with flat-fronted, white, saltbox buildings that invariably spell shop "shoppe" and have a large grisly brass eagle looming over the entrance. The residences are rustic, rough-hewn \$100,000 replicas of those in early colonial settlements—right down to their four-car garages and 100-foot swimming pools.

The inhabitants look like anything but quaint New Englanders. They have reached that comfortable state of wealth when it is not only enjoyable but more fashionable to dress as if you hadn't received your last welfare check in seven months.

From March to October many of the teen-agers prowl through town barefoot. They look like fat, wealthy Tom Sawyers in tattered blue jeans that have been hacked off at the knee in such a haphazard fashion that the threads hang down and flap in the breeze. Their bodies are always golden tan, even in the winter, and they have an abundance of streaked blond hair. Blond hair has been fashionable in Fair-

field County the past few years, and if you weren't born with it, you can always bleach your hair.

As a matter of fact, everything in Fairfield County is an imitation of life. It isn't real. From its imitation antique homes to its brass eagles, it is a facsimile of life as people wish it would be, but know it isn't—and are glad of it.

Gary sat hunched over a desk in my office in Fairfield last June 9, intently studying an article by Lloyd Shearer in *Parade* magazine. The article was entitled: "Why Students Smoke Pot; the Mystique of Marijuana."

"You know, they oughta legalize pot," he drawled, his eyes blinking dimly. "It don't do no harm." He turned back to the article and again followed each word with his finger. He was pleased as he traced Shearer's thesis that seemed to claim marijuana was a pleasure, no more harmful than a whiff of British Sterling.

Shearer concluded that pot, even if it isn't legalized, still shouldn't be classified with such dangerous narcotics as heroin. As proof of this, he cited comments from pot-smoking students whose fathers were a prominent judge, a member of Congress, a wealthy businessman, and a clergyman.

Why this should prove marijuana should be legalized, I was too dense to understand, but Gary wasn't. He kept nodding his head after every paragraph as if Shearer and he were on the same wavelength.

Gary was sitting here because he wasn't bright enough to realize the importance of what he was doing. Or maybe it was



## After all, what's wrong with marijuana?

cause he really didn't care anymore. Or maybe he didn't have anything better to do for the moment. That was the most likely reason. Anyway, two weeks ago I bumped into Gary in the Q Room.

The Q Room is one of those shabby one-room shacks just off the main street of town where all teen-age boys eventually congregate to learn about subjects never taught in the classroom.

You can find a pool game there at any hour of the day or night, any day of the week, including holidays. The Q Room is quite catholic in membership. All it requires is that you be a resident of the town of Fairfield.

Three years ago I frequented the Q Room regularly, and when I grew up and drifted off. When I left, Gary was one of those blank, innocent faces hanging around the edges of a pool game, ready to run for sandwiches and pop, eager to be accepted by the regulars. I would hardly have noticed him if he hadn't been taller and more handsome than the others—and, I thought, a little more intelligent.

I dropped into the Q Room a few weeks ago, quite by accident, and I was surprised how little the building had changed in three years. The white plaster walls had turned a shade grayer, the cracks sported a few more branches, and the stale, dusty odor of blue chalk and Johnson's baby powder had grown stronger. But basically it was the same. The green felt cloth on the tables was still worn and taped in spots, and that corner pocket to the right still refused to disgorge the numbered balls when they plopped in. The tables still had their "house roll," and only the regulars knew their subtle ups and downs thoroughly.

The building was dilapidated and hadn't changed much. Only the faces had changed.

Three years ago the Q Room was a laughing, boisterous teen-age hangout where you could hear the shouts and moans of the winners and losers on into the night. There was always a Chicago game in progress with four boys shooting for starters. The game itself was nothing, but the comments, laughs, and curses would draw a thick, joking crowd that couldn't budge until the game was over.

Laughter. That's what I remembered best about the Q Room—laughter and the lively, puckish faces of the innocent young.

That was all gone now. In its place were the sad, bored faces of the tired young. They were shiftless, empty boys who had long ago forgotten how to laugh. They just drifted in in groups of two or three, wandered aimlessly to the beat-up benches that lined the walls and collapsed in a heap, as if exhausted from carrying the world on their shoulders.

The thing that horrified me most was the silence. Deathly, unnatural, it pervaded the entire room like some thick, suffocating blanket that was stifling the life out of everyone there.

I sat down against the wall like the others, and they didn't bother to look up. After a few minutes Gary walked in. He rambled casually through the door, leaning first to his left then to his right in an aimless pattern, almost as if he didn't have the slightest interest in where he was going. He didn't.

Gary is a tall, angular youth with squared shoulders and long bony arms and legs. He has the slim muscular build and deep tan you'd expect on a youth who has nothing more demanding to worry about than his looks. His disheveled sandy hair flops intentionally across his forehead, shadowing his high cheekbones, deep-set eyes, and a broken fighter's nose

that is pressed flat against his face. His mouth is a thin, expressionless line that is frightening. He looks much older than eighteen. Only the fluffy peach fuzz that he's trying to cultivate into a beard gives away his age.

He was wearing a dark-brown, fish-net T-shirt and madras Bermudas. He wasn't wearing shoes or socks.

Gary looked twenty years older than when I had last seen him. We talked for a while, and he casually mentioned how he'd been arrested for selling marijuana. I was shocked but didn't show it. I asked why, and he shrugged his shoulders. Two minutes later he volunteered to tell me all for a magazine article, and I snapped at the chance.

Now he was hunched over my desk waiting to be tapped dry—he didn't seem the least bit worried.

"I dropped out of high school when I was a sophomore. I was fifteen. I don't know why I did it. I guess I was bored. That's when I started going downhill."

He shifted to a more comfortable position in his seat and continued. "The first time I ever saw pot, I was fifteen. Some older guys had some, and they tried to get me to smoke some. I wouldn't at first. Man, I thought that was the worst thing in the world at the time.

"These guys finally persuaded me to have a drag. Besides, I was curious. That first time I didn't feel a thing. It was just like smoking a regular weed. It wasn't until the third time that I got a kick out of pot. I guess you might say I had to grow a taste for it."

Gary's eyes widened, and his face took on an ecstatic grin as he described that third time. "I got this feeling like I was falling through space and didn't care about anything. I had no concept of time, space, or motion. All my problems just floated right out of my head. That's what pot does to you."

Gary admitted he took pot for one of two reasons. Either he was bored with his sweet life and needed excitement, or else he had problems he was afraid to face and needed relief. I asked if his problems disappeared when the marijuana wore off.

"No. I guess not. They're still there—sometimes even larger than before. The biggest kick about pot is that there isn't any aftereffect like with liquor. Alcohol gives me a hangover and makes me nauseous—it messes me up something fierce. But pot

### Marijuana Not Harmless

There is no responsible medical body in the world which condones the use of marijuana, according to Dr. Henry Brill, vice-chairman of the New York State Narcotics Addiction Control Commission.

He answers the question of whether or not marijuana is harmful by declaring, "There is no such thing as use without abuse."

It has been proved that marijuana is nonaddictive, and the same has been said for LSD and cocaine, but it is known what these drugs do, he says.

It is argued that alcohol may be as dangerous as marijuana; and he notes, "If it were in our power, I would have alcohol gotten rid of today."

There are no social controls pertaining to the use of marijuana, he points out, such as those which have developed over the centuries concerning alcohol and its use.



doesn't do anything. No hangover, no headaches, nothin'!

"It took me two months after my first smoke before I began to think there was nothin' wrong with pot. It wasn't such a bad crime after all. By then I was smoking pot four to five times a week.

"I don't know why I started. I guess it's just something you do to make time pass a little faster, or maybe it's because your friends do it—I don't know.

"If there wasn't someone to suggest it to me, I'd never have tried it. It's always that way. At a party everyone will be having a good time without pot, then some broad pulls out a stick from her purse, and man, we're all long gone. Whether you want to or not, you start puffin'. The only reason I kept it up was because everyone else did. It's cool, man. Know what I mean?

"By the time I was sixteen, guys were coming to me asking if I'd turn them on. I didn't want nothin' to do with giving them their first whiff. Some of those kids were in grammar school, barely thirteen years old.

"Today, thirteen- and fourteen-year-olds don't need no connections. They're pushin' the stuff."

Most of the teen-agers Gary hangs out with measure their days in greasy lunch counters, the Q Room, or drive-in hot-dog stands where they can flash their convertibles around the turnstile parking lot, or at the white, sandy beaches.

They are all healthy boys, yet they don't participate in any sports. Gary looks like an all-state end for his school football team, and sometimes he even wears a faded black sweatshirt with an orange number 69. But Gary never played football or anything else for his school. The only sports he plays are the rough-and-tumble sandy games of football on the beach—the games meant to attract girls.

Gary and his pals seldom do anything without a selfish motive. Organized sports are selfless, and this is a view-

point or concept beyond the comprehension of these boys.

"You know," Gary continued, "some guys even tried to grow pot." His weak blue eyes were still focused on the *Parade* article. "But it's no good. It isn't dry enough in Fairfield. One fellow used a sun lamp to grow some.

"But he got greedy and smoked it all in one night. It wasn't worth all that effort. It's much easier to buy it. It only costs five dollars a pop."

Gary couldn't conceive of anyone having trouble scrounging up the money. After all, his mother gave him a \$20 a week allowance. That was the way most of the guys got their pot money. Besides, Gary had two girl friends who were only too happy to keep him in marijuana.

Gary's father died when he was young, and his mother inherited a thriving business and a whopping insurance. Gary has suffered for this.

His mother, a slim, blond woman desperately trying to look younger than her approaching fifty, pampers Gary's every whim. One weekday morning I phoned him at his home. It was 11:54.

"I'm sorry," his mother harped through the receiver. "I can't wake Gary now. I don't care who it is. He was out late last night, and he needs his rest."

Gary had held only one job—a token effort—since he quit high school. "I worked on construction for a week after high school, but man, that was too much like work. That's for suckers." None of his friends work either. It's considered "square."

When I asked Gary about the danger that marijuana smokers might graduate to something stronger, he laughed and said that rarely happens. A few minutes later he let slip that he had tried LSD a number of times.

"I don't dig that acid, though. I guess some guys are made for acid, but not me. Marijuana is my speed. That's the best high there is. I've tried pills and cough medicine and everything except heroin. They all make me nervous, but marijuana is it."

Gary wouldn't admit that there was anything morally or legally wrong with marijuana. As a matter of fact, he kept asking if this article would convince people that pot should be legalized.

"You know, if pot was legal, it would disappear in a few years. Half the excitement and pleasure from pot comes from the idea you're doin' something illegal. That's the challenge. It's like when you sneaked out behind the barn for your first cigarette or can of beer.

Gary had never thought of what the next step for pot users might be once the "kick" died down, because there always has to be another step. Marijuana is not an end like alcohol, it is a means. Alcohol is an evil in itself, but marijuana may lead to other evils more deadly than alcohol.

This is why pot must remain illegal. What will happen to the Garys who get bored with pot? Where do they go from there—LSD, heroin, or some new high?

"I don't get too much of a boot from pot anymore," Gary confided wistfully. "It's old stuff."

Gary wouldn't admit that marijuana had changed his life, at least not at first. But when I asked if he was sorry that marijuana had ever crept into Fairfield County, his eyes flashed alert for the first time in two hours, and he snapped, "Yes, yes—I wish I had never laid eyes on the stuff."

## Does Your Child Use Drugs?

"Is my son or daughter experimenting with drugs?"

That question haunts parents from suburbs as well as slums. Drug abuse can crop up anywhere regardless of socioeconomic level, ethnic origin, education, or religion. Telltale signs linked to specific drugs include these:

- The barbiturate user appears drunk—with slurred speech, staggering gait, and erratic emotions—yet there is no alcoholic odor on his breath. He may fall asleep suddenly and frequently.

- The pep-pill user is often extremely nervous, irritable, and argumentative. His pupils are often dilated, even in bright light. Because amphetamine dries the mucous membranes of the nose and mouth, the user may constantly scratch his nose and lick his lips. He eats infrequently, cannot sleep, perspires profusely, talks incessantly, or chain-smokes. His hands may tremble.

- "Beginners" with narcotics may have the medicinal odors of paregoric or cough syrup on their breath.

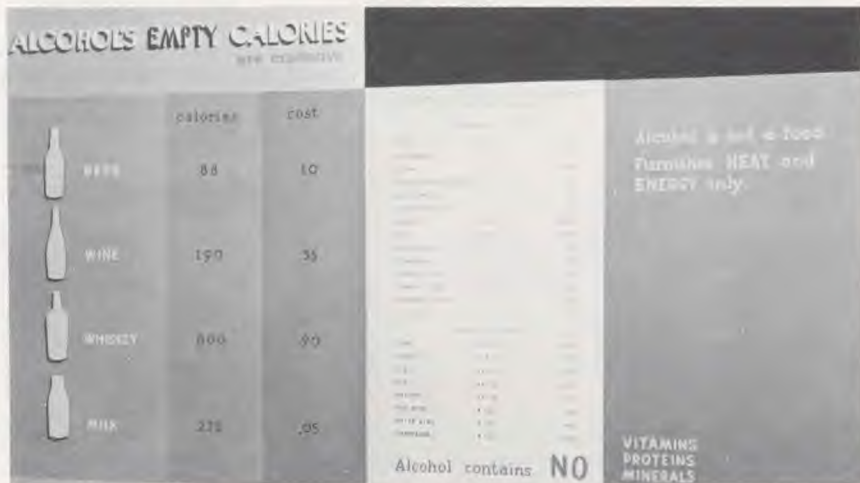
- LSD users' symptoms are enigmatic, ranging from trancelike states to terror.

- Marijuana produces animation at first, drowsiness later. The user usually has dilated pupils and breath and clothing that smells like burnt rope.

- Blood and urine tests are the best proof of drug abuse.



## Social Drinkers Are Skating on Thin Ice



In this exhibit at the Cleveland Health Museum, alcohol's "empty calories" are demonstrated in contrast to healthful foods.

There's not much difference between alcoholics and so-called social drinkers; both groups expose themselves to high rates of disease and death.

This is the expressed opinion of Dr. Max Hayman, psychiatrist at the Alcoholism Research Clinic at the University of California at Los Angeles.

Research has shown, he says, that both problem and nonproblem drinkers consume alcohol for relief of anxiety and depression, the difference being that problem drinkers "appreciate" it more.

As for health, it is common knowledge that chronic alcoholism is associated with a high mortality rate. "What is less well known," says Dr. Hayman, "is the recent evidence that social drinking also shortens life considerably."

A recent study of insurance claims indicates that social drinkers who were intoxicated only six times a year, for only a few hours at a time, had a death rate two and one-half times greater than would be expected for their age. In cases where such episodes occurred weekly, the rate was three times normal. For "spree" drinkers—many of them probably alcoholics—the figure was nearly five times normal.

Conditions in which mortality was higher than expected included heart and digestive diseases and malignant tumors, plus suicide, homicide, and motor-vehicle accidents.

Assuming that the harmful effects can be identified with greater alcohol intake, as seems indicated, "it follows that the social drinker is heir to all the problems of the chronic alcoholic, though to a lesser degree," Dr. Hayman says.

He also attacks the claim often made that consumption of alcohol benefits the user. He denies as "myths" the statements that alcohol stimulates the appetite, improves heart function, or relieves anxiety and depression.

The evidence shows that alcohol actually blunts the appetite and affects the heart adversely.

## Here's Why, Say Smokers

One smoker out of every ten uses cigarettes as a stimulant, like coffee in the morning, according to a "smoker's test" being developed by the National Clearing House for Smoking and Health.

Some 8 percent say it is simply the handling and lighting of the cigarette that satisfies them.

Thirty to forty out of every 100 smokers say they use the cigarette as a mechanism toward a pleasurable period of relaxation.

Some 40 to 45 percent of smokers say they puff away to get rid of negative feelings, to rise above depressions or letdown feelings.

Up to 10 percent of smokers tested say they light up strictly by habit, and only if they have a cigarette handy.

Some 25 percent show up on the test with a psychological addiction—a complex reaction showing that they gain several positive elements from smoking. This is the kind of smoker who seems to have a built-in timer. As soon as he puts one cigarette out, he begins to develop a desire for the next one.

There are several bad combinations of patterns, some people having more than one. One of the worst is the combination of psychological addiction and the use of cigarettes to overcome depression. This person has great trouble quitting.

Some individuals have all six patterns, and they are in really bad shape.

## Husband-wife Fighting Causes Arthritis, Ulcer

Husband-wife fighting does more than create unpleasantness. It offers risk of promoting arthritis in the woman and ulcer in the man.

Investigators at the University of Michigan have found these two diseases significantly correlated with marital hostility after a study of ninety-seven couples.

Though the illnesses also turn up in couples who don't often fight, they are considerably more common to hostile marriages. Quite possibly, hostility contributes to the woman's arthritis through her resentment and depression and to the man's ulcer through his unmet need for emotional support, the researchers note.

The link between marital dissension and these two diseases points up the need for therapy aimed at reducing hostility, say the investigators.

## Interpol Nixes "Pot"

The International Criminal Police Organization, better known as Interpol, has voted unanimously to oppose the legalization of marijuana.

The 175 delegates representing sixty-nine nations also voted to increase their activities against new forms of counterfeiting and to make yearly studies of trends in juvenile delinquency.

## In This NEWS

★ A horror show shocks teen-agers on smoking. See page 16.

★ Dr. West was once pro-"pot," now anti-"pot." Why? See page 17.

★ A person threatening another's life gets into trouble, except— See page 18.



## "Horror Show" for Teens

A "horror show" used to shock teen-agers out of the smoking habit is described by Dr. William B. Hunt, Jr., assistant professor of medicine at the University of Virginia Medical School.

Hunt says he first tells the young people, "I don't care if they get lung cancer. If they get cancer, they will die. They won't bother anyone. They'll be dead."

Then comes a slide showing various lung machines—"our Ford, Chevrolet, and Cadillac models"—and the people who use them. "This was a two-pack-a-day smoker who really enjoyed it—then."

"I do all this for several reasons," Dr. Hunt says. "One to 9 percent of school children nine to ten years old smoke regularly. And 15 to 53 percent are experimenting."

The established, hard-core smokers are "your sixteen-, seventeen-, and eighteen-year-olds—more than half of them pack-a-day smokers."

Dr. Hunt declares young girl smokers create more of a problem than the boys. "If you tell a boy to quit, he will either quit or continue by sneaking. But a girl will smoke more if you apply prohibitions."

"If a cigarette manufacturer can hook a young person on smoking, that's \$3,000 to \$8,000 in guaranteed income."

Hunt says his program is apparently having some success in the schools. "Several days after I have talked at a school, I have had parents come and tell me to 'get my kids off my back about quitting smoking.'"

## Narcotics Use Shoots Up

The increase in teen-age drug use is "appalling," says Attorney General Thomas C. Lynch of California.

Arrests of juveniles in California for use of marijuana jumped 181 percent in the first half of 1967 compared to the same period of 1966. Arrests for use of dangerous drugs by the same age group increased nearly 90 percent.

"I am particularly concerned," Lynch says, "by the increasing arrests of young people for using dangerous drugs—the barbiturates, the amphetamines."

Adult arrests rose to 20,134 from 12,787. Largest arrest increase was for marijuana offenses—up 94.3 percent—and dangerous drug violations—up 30.6 percent.

Lynch says the 14.9 percent increase in adult arrests for heroin and other narcotics was significant.

## People Hold the Key

A call for a complete prohibition of liquor was issued during the three-day 137th semiannual general conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Spencer W. Kimball, a member of the Council of Twelve Apostles, says instead of concerned citizens yielding inch by inch "to the opposition,"

they should shift to an offensive stance "to eliminate the curse from our communities and land."

"Why don't we close bars and taverns? Why do we sit supinely by and be pushed around when we could put an end to loss, waste, annoyance, death, and suffering?"

The first answer is abstinence of the people, he says, for if no one bought and consumed liquor, people would not manufacture it.

## "Pot" Is Military Problem

More United States servicemen in Vietnam are arrested for smoking marijuana than for any other single major offense, says the Army's provost marshal.

Brig. Gen. Harley Moore, Jr., of Honolulu reports there might be "several thousand" of the 464,000 United States servicemen in Vietnam who smoke marijuana.

The marijuana problem in Vietnam, General Moore continues, does not appear to be more serious than in the United States among men of the same age, but the implications of the brain-dulling effects of smoking marijuana in a combat zone are quite serious.

The plant from which marijuana is taken grows readily in almost all of Vietnam, and much is shipped in from areas controlled by the Viet Cong. Marijuana is one of the biggest cash crops in Vietnam.

It is assumed that the Viet Cong are selling it indirectly to the Americans. It is also suspected that some of the receipts go to finance terrorist and intelligence-gathering activities.



## Tranquilizers and Cholesterol

If you take tranquilizers for any length of time, you are likely to have higher cholesterol, with attendant possibilities of heart trouble, than one who does not take them.

This is one of several findings in a report on a study of 1,859 male employees of the city of Los Angeles.

## Warning on Marijuana

There is no evidence that marijuana is addicting, says the American Medical Association, but "continuous use may be associated with the development of psychiatric illness."

In addition, according to the AMA, "chronic marijuana users often are lethargic, neglect their personal appearance, and occasionally may experience a deep sense of failure after believing they are capable of accomplishing great things."

So far as student experimenters are concerned, the AMA indicates that the major problem is a "medico-legal" one—marijuana possession violates state and Federal narcotics laws. Also its use is "probably higher" among young people with developing psychiatric problems than among those without them.

## Curious to experiment? Leave it to rats



This little gerbil, or desert rat, is one of the most inquisitive of laboratory animals. When Madelyn Esposito, of Linden, New Jersey, put it down on the lab table, the little animal headed straight for the camera. Gerbils are being used at the Merck, Sharp, and Dohme Research Laboratories in a program of research into the actions of hormones.



## Doctor Turns Anti-"pot"

Dr. Louis Jolyn West, once pro-"pot," is tuning out and fleeing to the other side. He is down on grass.

The head of the department of psychiatry, neurology, and behavioral sciences at the University of Oklahoma School of Medicine explains that he now believes biochemical changes may be occurring in the brains of persons using marijuana over a long period, such as:

1. The users have become generally less productive.
2. They are less organized in their approach to education.
3. Their imagination and creative productiveness are down.
4. They read less and complain of having trouble finishing a book.
5. Their concentration span has become shortened.
6. Their capacity for enduring frustrations has been diminished.

Dr. West feels that the gravest menace today is neither "pot" nor LSD, but Methadrine. The flower children call it "speed."

Methadrine disrupts sleep patterns, causes malnutrition and a general nervous state, and produces a pattern in which the individual is paranoid and totally out of contact with his environment.

## Drink Toll Understated

Official statistics show that 11,000 Americans died of alcoholism in 1964, but it is now widely held that mortality figures attributed to alcoholic disorders are generally understated.

"Because of the social stigma involved, there is a reluctance to certify alcoholism as the cause of death where it is possible to assign another cause or complication," states the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. "It is fairly certain that a considerably greater proportion of deaths ascribed to cirrhosis of the liver are associated with alcoholism than the third so reported."

Death rates from alcoholism for white men twenty years of age and over increased about 30 percent from 1950 to 1964. For white women there was a 75 percent increase.

For nonwhite men in that period there was a 90 percent increase, and for nonwhite women a shocking increase of 150 percent.

## LSD Not Good Medicine

The hallucinatory drug LSD has proved ineffective in the clinical treatment of alcoholism, report a group of Canadian researchers who carried on a controlled clinical trial of LSD with alcoholics at the Ontario Addiction Research Foundation.

Thirty patients, twenty-eight men and two women, were randomly assigned to one of three groups. One group of ten persons received a single 800-microgram dose of LSD in a specially arranged session during their therapy.

The second group of ten received a 60-milligram dose of ephedrine



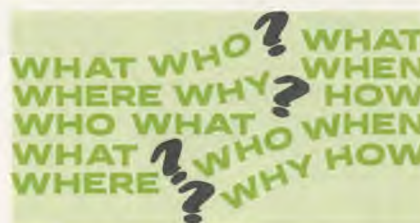
sulphate, chosen because it is relatively innocuous and has no therapeutic use in alcoholism and no hallucinogenic effects. The third group did not receive any drugs.

All thirty patients went through the same regimen of psychotherapy.

The LSD group did not differ from the other groups in gain of total abstinence or in their longest period of abstinence. After treatment ended, the LSD group did not drink or get drunk less often than the others. LSD did not seem to reduce or eliminate symptoms such as morning drinking, getting drunk on working days, blackouts, preoccupation with alcohol, neglect of meals, or drinking only for the effects of alcohol.



**Shocking Display**—An electric eel lights up his own tank and takes his own picture with a 600-volt strike. The eel is attacking the rod waved in front of him. The electricity shoots through the water to electrodes at the ends of the tank. It turns on all the lights of the voltmeter at the top of the picture and sets off other electrical equipment around the tank.



★ In Poland, alcohol is responsible for many of the 7,000 cases a year in which parents are sentenced for mistreatment of their children, according to the Communist party newspaper *Trybuna Ludu*. (AP)

★ There are more suicides than deaths through traffic accidents in Sweden. Suicide is more common among the unmarried and the divorced than among married people, says the statistics office, probably because alcoholism, jealousy, use of narcotics, and mental illness are more prevalent among the former. (AP)

★ Because more than a million young people start smoking each year, the Government has launched a campaign to turn the nation against smoking. Surgeon General William H. Stewart says an eleven-member study group has been appointed with the aim to encourage young people not to start smoking, reduce the hazard among persons who already smoke, and "develop a climate of opinion" so that if a less hazardous cigarette is developed smokers will turn to it. (UPI)

★ Official concern about employee alcoholism in the Federal Government initiated a two-day conference to plan how to combat these drinking problems. By one estimate, 3 percent of all the nation's workers have drinking problems that cost employers \$2 billion annually in absenteeism, inefficiency, and insurance costs. (Wall Street Journal)

★ The alcoholic beverage industry claims to be the Government's second largest single source of income. Thomas B. Lawrence, legal counsel for the National Licensed Beverage Association, says the industry pays an annual tax bill of more than \$5.7 billion, second only to taxes on income paid by individuals and corporations. (Denver Post)

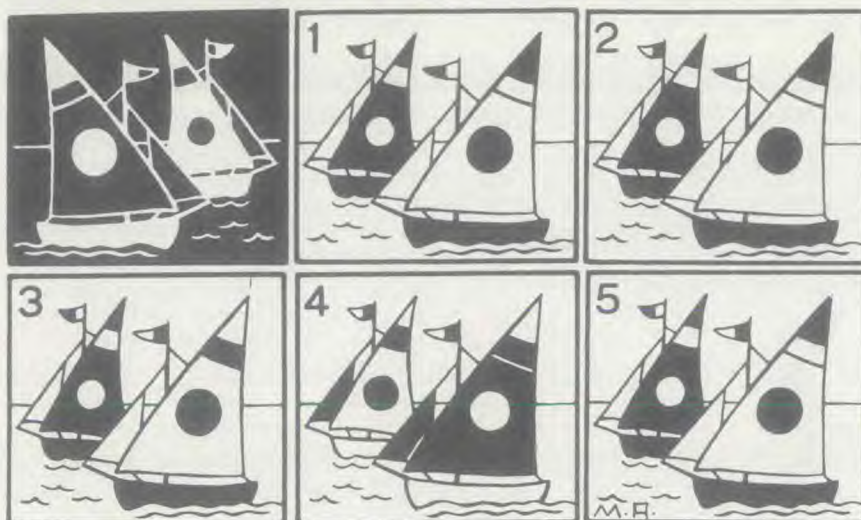
★ The narcotics division of the Los Angeles Police Department says it arrested 125 percent more teen-agers on drug charges in the first nine months of 1967 than it did in the same period of the preceding year. Sgt. Mike Markulis reports that 2,730 juveniles were arrested on drug charges and 28 percent of those were for possessing or selling marijuana. (AP)

★ The increase in San Francisco crime is so staggering that judges say they no longer have sufficient time to try cases adequately. Police say felonies increased from 21,955 in 1963 to 29,083 in 1966. There also was a corresponding increase in misdemeanors. Narcotics violations have risen from 590 in 1963 to 1,138 in 1966. And authorities point out that all this occurred without any increase in the population. (AP)



# ARE YOU PUZZLED?

Singer Features



Accentuate the Positive: To which of the five numbered drawings does the negative in the top left-hand corner belong?

## Sacred Cow on Our Roads

In our modern day of legal inconsistencies, most anything a person does to threaten the lives of others gets that person into trouble; but drunken driving seems to be the exception. Why?

The answer to that seemingly simple question cuts across all strata of society, affecting law-enforcement agencies and the courts. In 1966, drinking drivers across the nation killed an estimated 26,250 people, accounting for one half of the total traffic fatalities.

In Onondaga County (New York) alone, alcohol figured in the deaths of 80 percent of the drivers and pas-

sengers killed in 1966. Of the twenty-two dead drinking drivers, seven were under twenty years old, and eighteen had alcohol levels over .05 percent.

At that level, says Dr. Martin F. Hilfinger, Jr., county medical examiner, "driving ability is definitely impaired under certain circumstances, although it is not legally impaired." At .05 percent, persons under twenty-one are considered driving under the influence of alcohol.



**MOON TOOL**—This scoop can serve as a shovel, spade, or hoe, or it can collect core samples from soft surfaces. The astronaut's tool box (left) includes coring tubes, a walking stick, a measuring scale, two tungsten-carbide bits, and a geological hammer.

## "Soused MOUSE"

A man phoned his wife and idly inquired of her activities. "Oh, I've been busy," she exclaimed. "There was a mouse in the house, but I got him drunk and threw him out."

The husband was a bit taken aback, but his wife's ensuing explanation proved to be entirely logical. She had caught the mouse by clapping a glass jar over it. Then she didn't know what to do with it. An anesthetic seemed to be the answer, but there was none on hand, so she filled a bottle cap with sherry and slipped it in with the mouse. The mouse took one sip, then another and another, and finally fell flat on his face. The ingenious housewife slipped a piece of paper under the jar and took the jar and mouse outdoors.

The air soon revived the mouse. He shook himself drunkenly, and staggered off across the lawn, probably looking for a chapter of Mouseaholics Anonymous.

## No. 1 Problem in New York

Crime growing out of the sale and use of narcotics remains the number one police problem in New York City, says Police Commissioner Howard R. Leary.

The police are concerned about stopping teen-agers and young adults from smoking marijuana and also with catching narcotic pushers, he says.

In the first eight months of 1967, police statistics show, 11,821 narcotics arrests were made, including 4,707 for felonies, the sale of narcotics, or possession of large quantities. This is 44 percent more than the 3,270 narcotic felony arrests during the first eight months of 1966.

Under Commissioner Leary the narcotics bureau has doubled in size. It now numbers about 250 men, and has become the largest narcotics enforcement agency in the world. The department has a "total involvement" policy, which means that all police officers, not just the narcotics bureau members, have been trained to hunt narcotics violators.

## Too Much Wine Already!

Spaniards have been told by their government to drink more wine but to produce less of it.

Adolfo Diaz Ambrona, the minister of agriculture, has complained of a massively growing wine surplus—undrunk and unexported.

The production of wine in Spain has nearly doubled in the last decade from 488 million to 870 million gallons, partly because of government price subsidies.

This may sound like a lot of wine for a population of 32 million, even considering that wine in Spain accompanies every major daily meal and is drunk between meals as well. But Diaz Ambrona sadly notes that each Spaniard consumes annually only slightly more than one half the amount of wine drunk by a Frenchman.

His statistics indicate that while the yearly consumption in Spain is 17.1 gallons per inhabitant, it stands at 25.8 gallons in Portugal, 28.5 gallons in Italy, and 32.7 in France.

To cope with the problem of too much wine in Spain, Diaz Ambrona is starting a campaign to discourage new grape plantings and to turn some of the existing vineyards to other badly needed production. At present, 516,000 acres of land in Spain are dedicated to vineyards.

The second part of the official campaign is to encourage Spaniards to drink more wine, presumably at the expense of beer, soft drinks, or milk. This may be difficult, because statistics show excess production is more than seven billion gallons.

SOLUTION: 'S 'ON





# Blondes, Bombs, and Creditors!

(A few of the reasons why Americans need *Listen*)

*With a pretty little blonde in the middle of his brain,  
The threat of the bomb nearly driving him insane,  
With the cost of living soaring  
While his creditors keep roaring,  
No wonder he'll try anything to drown out his pain.*

And no wonder ominous medical warnings  
fail to faze him.

He knows about the harmful side of liquor,  
narcotics, and cigarettes. He's read the statistics  
and heard the warnings, but he thinks they  
don't apply to him.

Maybe one reason he ignores the facts is that  
he's been shown only one side of the coin. In a  
world full of distraction, everybody forgets  
to mention that "clean"

living really means "happy" living, that

a clear head means more fun, that a healthy body  
means new strength.

Everybody but the editors of *Listen*. *Listen* is the  
one magazine today that shows  
the young American that healthful living equals  
happiness. It's a magazine as modern  
as the day he lives in. Its bright, attractive pages  
are packed full of the kind  
of articles that produce action. Hundreds  
have told the editors about the positive change  
*Listen* brought to their lives.

Yes, *Listen* can lead to happier, healthier, more vibrant living. Why not introduce a friend  
of yours to *Listen*? Just \$3.50 for a twelve-month subscription.

Pacific Press



Publishing Association



# IS THERE A **SOLUTION?**



**ALCOHOLISM** is one of the most pressing social and economic problems today, affecting millions of people, directly or indirectly. Voices are being heard everywhere suggesting solutions, and many myths are being circulated as to what alcohol is and what

it does in the body. But is there a solution?

To consider this question factually, and to develop more effective approaches to the problem of alcoholism, the National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism announces the—

## **Institute of Scientific Studies for the Prevention of Alcoholism**

at Loma Linda University  
July 8-19, 1968

**17th  
Session**

Medical College Campus  
Loma Linda, California

**Lectures Forums Workshops Field Trips**

### WHO SHOULD ATTEND THIS VITAL SESSION?

Teachers, principals, youth counselors, physicians, nurses, public and mental health people, clergymen, social workers, parole officers, everyone who is interested in the problems of alcohol and alcoholism.

For further information and application forms, write to—

National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism  
6840 Eastern Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20012