

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Penny McCoy
Skier

Space Living on Earth

For an astronaut, walking in space means more than merely floating free and effortlessly triggering a rocket gun to propel him where he wants to go.

A successful space walk differs radically from taking a brisk walk on earth, as far as rigorous preparation is concerned. In fact, it takes many walks on earth to get ready for walking in space. Weeks and months, even years, are needed to build up to it—like a mountaineer preparing for a major ascent.

All aspects of an astronaut's work require the most careful training. As a class, astronauts are the most healthy people on earth—they have to be, in order for them to get out of this world!

But the principles they follow are good also for those of us who have to remain on earth and probably have no immediate plans for trips to the moon, or Venus, or Mars.

Dr. Charles Berry, personal physician to the astronauts, said in a personal interview with *Listen* that his men are not supermen, even though they are often looked up to with awe. They are provided with a set of "general guidelines," then each is left to himself to develop the specifics. They all, however, follow an exercise program which if put into practice would help anyone who wishes to keep fit.

Around their homes they regularly go jogging, and in their spare time—which they make sure to find—they can be seen swimming or water-skiing, riding bicycles or horses, or playing handball (their favorite), squash, basketball, or tennis.

Though they don't have specific orders to keep fit, they know that it is implicit in their assignment. Advising the astronauts in their do-it-yourself exercise project is Air Force Sergeant Joe Garino. This is the basic program he advises for his spacemen—or for anyone who just wishes to keep fit:

1. A complete physical examination every year.
2. One—preferably two—exercise periods each day. Exercise should be made a habit. Regularity is important.
3. Build up gradually. Stamina is the ultimate aim, but it does not come all at once.
4. Walking or running. Start with walking and running short distances alternately. Then slowly increase the running. Before long a mile will not seem so long!
5. A sport you like, preferably one played with another person in competition. Regularity is important here too.
6. Relaxation. Take a brief walk when your daily work gets you down. Exercise briefly before going to bed. Muscles will relax and bring you good sleep.
7. Balance exercise and diet. For a normal person a hearty appetite and a good exercise program are the ideal combination.

These suggestions contain nothing of a startling nature. The astronauts have no "secret" ways of keeping fit. They simply put into practice the simple rules we all know so well—and so often do not follow—and by putting them into practice show us the good results anyone can achieve by the same effort.



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LISTEN

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- ★ Nutrition can be an important factor in the treatment of alcoholism, the same as it can for other conditions. "Eat Well—and You May Not Want to Drink."
- ★ "You must know yourself what's right and wrong, and you've got to be true to what you believe." Fran Garten, Miss American Teen-ager for 1969, expresses her opinions and beliefs in a *Listen* interview.

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I Was a

**Pill-
Popper**

ILLUSTRATION BY H. LARKIN

As told to R. M. Walsh

PILL-POPPIN' isn't restricted to the hippie element. It's the "in thing" in homes, offices, and factories. Several women among my own co-workers at my office are on their way to becoming pill addicts, if they're not there already. And I'm not referring to aspirin or drugstore remedies.

The college girls on our summer-help program, for instance, take pep pills as nonchalantly as they would eat popcorn—alluding to a need for a pickup to see them through the working day after their previous night's activities. And the older gals speak of "needing" pills as appetite deterrents in connection with their overweight problems. Or there are the gals in the menopausal syndrome group who rely on stimulants to fight their "depression," on tranquilizers to calm their nerves, and on barbiturates to sleep.

I shudder to see this widespread acceptance of the casual use of these powerful and addictive medications. And I know of which I speak. For I, a respectable housewife and mother, was "hooked." I experienced two years of barbiturate addiction and went through the agonies of withdrawal, and the post-withdrawal fight to stay "clean." Though some medical authorities make light of barbiturate addiction, it is a proved fact, established at the United States Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, that withdrawal from such addiction is more difficult than from the opiates.

I began taking barbiturates innocently. My young husband was injured in an accident, and it fell to me to assume the role of breadwinner as well as wife and mother for over a year. I was under extreme pressure during this period. By the time my husband was well enough to return to work and I could stay home, my health was in precarious condition. I needed rest, but was unable to "shift gears" and relax. My physician prescribed sleeping pills.

At first I took the prescribed pill or two at bedtime with no untoward reaction except that of gratitude for the sleep afforded. Then came an evening when I took two pills a little before bedtime, but unexpected company precluded my going to bed immediately. Instead of feeling drowsy, I felt elated and alert. Instant euphoria! Gone were fatigue and tensions. And I couldn't help but note that despite the fact that our visitors were in-laws with whom I had little rapport, I experienced none of my usual self-consciousness nor anxiety.

That was the beginning. I soon discovered that a pill before dinner or an evening out with my husband ensured freedom from both fatigue and inhibitions. I was in a rosy glow, sans care, worry, and responsibility.

I didn't worry at this point about such things as addiction or misuse of my medication. The pills were a boon and a blessing, and I was grateful for the occasional surcease from harsh reality they afforded. But within a few months I was beginning to take a pill or two upon arising, and soon pills and coffee became my breakfast. With greater and greater frequency situations seemed to arise during the day with which I could cope better with the aid of a pill. My husband began to notice and comment upon my moods of extreme elation and occasional grogginess.

"What kind of happy pills is Doc Withers giving you?" he demanded one evening.

"Just something for my nerves," I evaded, hoping he wouldn't contact Dr. Withers directly. I was beginning to be apprehensive about my next appointment with Dr. Withers, as I had renewed my prescription more frequently than merely a sleeping pill or two at night would warrant, even using the excuse that I had lost one whole quota by inadvertently spilling the pills down the lavatory drain. My apprehension was well-founded. The next week Dr. Withers advised he was taking me off the sleeping medication.

I awoke the following morning in a state of panic. I had used my last pill the night before! Then started the rat race, the mad scramble! I didn't think of addiction or dependency. Indeed, if I thought at all, it was only of my desperate need!

The next step, logical to my disordered mental processes, was to get a new prescription, which meant seeking another doctor. And it wasn't difficult to convince the new doctor of my extreme nervous tension and need for sleep—nor the next, nor the next. The doctors, of course, prescribed sleeping medication in all innocence, as I made no mention of my dependency. But inevitably, one doctor, diagnosing my extreme depression and anxiety, also prescribed amphetamines for a "lift."

I thought I had it made then. I had pep pills when occasions demanded alertness, and my precious sedatives the rest of the time to maintain my dreamy, carefree state of being insulated in a pink balloon of non-caring.

How I kept house and cared for my youngsters during

this period, I don't know. God, in His infinite mercy, must have watched over all of us. My husband, of course, was alarmed and concerned. I later learned that he thought I was undergoing some sort of nervous breakdown, and felt that a supportive attitude was in order—not pressure or criticism. He even hired part-time household help.

The climax was inevitable. It was getting more difficult all the time to keep myself supplied with barbiturates. Even though I became crafty and ingenious in the matter of my prescriptions, having them filled at different drugstores, constantly changing doctors, the expenses were beginning to mount. I lived in terror of my husband's finding out how many doctors I had consulted, how many drugstores I had patronized. Barbiturates not only bring about both psychological dependency and physical addiction, they demand increasing dosages as the body builds up tolerance to the toxic elements. As with a heroin user, my habit was proving too expensive to support, and my need was increasing daily.

The day came when there were no more pills and neither money nor medical resources to provide them. This was the moment of truth, when I finally realized my predicament. I wish I could say that I faced up to the situation and sought help in an honest, straightforward manner. I did seek help, though the plea was made via a suicide attempt. Lying in the hospital, with slashed wrists sewn and heavily bandaged, I told the entire story to Dr. Withers.

To tell the story of my withdrawal is still horrifying to me. I went sleepless for five days and nights. On the third night hallucinations and finally convulsions began. The hallucinations were beyond description—everything from horrendous animal monsters, to strange lights and the voice of my mother who was 2,500 miles away.

And if my physical withdrawal was difficult, it was nothing compared to the weeks and months that followed; for there was still the psychological craving for the drug, coupled with intense remorse and guilt that made me long still more for the oblivion to responsibility that drugs afforded. There was a constant battle within myself—the temptation to seek a new doctor, a new prescription. There were times I actually phoned to make appointments, laying elaborate plans for obtaining prescriptions for sleeping pills under false pretenses. The fact that I canceled such appointments wasn't indicative of any strength of character, only my fear of being found out again. There were my children too, whom I loved dearly, and my responsibility to those helpless babes served to bolster my defenses. Undoubtedly, it was primarily because of the fact that I prayed and sought God sincerely for perhaps the first time in my life. And the all-merciful Father, despite the fact that it was only my extremity which drove me to Him, heard my plea.

My dreadful circumstance is in the past now, and I'm no longer troubled by any temptation to take drugs. If anything, I'm inclined to be a pill reetotaler, and my medicine cabinet shelves are bare, except when one of the family has to take medication under the strict supervision of our doctor—and *no* pills of the ilk of stimulants or tranquilizers.

I proselytize against indiscriminate drug-taking whenever the occasion seems to afford the opportunity, at the office or elsewhere. And I pray, for my friends and co-workers, that they won't have to go the route I did to realize that pill-poppin' is perilous! ■

NARCOTICS EDUCATION—

Frank Bunce
and John Sanz

Evelle J. Younger (right), Los Angeles District Attorney, and Al Collier, program coordinator for the District Attorney's Young Citizens Council, whose guidance and deep faith in today's youth are mainly responsible for the success of the DAYCC.



A TARGET for verbal potshots from excited teen-agers, the police officer stands in a crowded room. The questions and comments hurled at him are barbed and relentless: "What do you say to a guy that's all hung up?" "Alleged! That's for kooks. Drugs either are or they aren't, one or the other."

The vocabulary is picturesque and pointed—"goofball" and "lift pills," "bennies" and "snow bird," "acid heads" and "wayouts," "downers" and "yellow jackets," and perhaps, "Mainline Madonna."

The officer is not trying to quell a riot, nor are the youths demonstrators or hecklers. The assembly is one of a series of discussions for delegates from sixty-odd high schools in the Los Angeles area, aimed at combating narcotics addiction. The scene is a conference

room of the Los Angeles police academy, the sponsor is the district attorney's office. The project is typical of the new, positive approach to the problem now being undertaken by law enforcement officers all across the country.

The key to the new approach is its emphasis on youth participation, and a measure of its methodology is that it encourages needle-pointed questions. It tries to speak youth's own language, exotic though such specialized slang is at times. A drug peddler becomes a "travel agent" or "pusher." A "mind bender" is any hallucinogenic drug. You're "turned on" or "goofed up" with "griffo" or "giggle smoke," and you're "on the road" or "snacking" in a "shooting gallery" when you're "mainlining" with heroin or cocaine, otherwise known as "speed balls." And, oh, yes, a "Mainline Madonna" is a pregnant dope addict.

The students have pointed questions about that too. Does drug usage cause birth defects? And does "pot" stimulate sexual desire?

The instructor's answers are reasoned and temperate. Generally speaking, the answer to all such questions has to be: It depends. Drug usage, in some cases, can cause birth defects, serious ones; some drug users respond with excitement or hysteria to some drugs, others remain passive or lethargic.

The issue is not a simple one. This fact is stressed. Sincere and prestigious persons have offered widely divergent views on the subject. Predictably, the debate has kindled widespread interest. Fact books on the use of LSD and marijuana have become so popular that distributors cannot keep them in stock. Trained lec-

turers have a heavy backlog of speaking engagements, and student lecturers are in brisk demand.

It is not a pretty picture that they present, nor one rosy with optimism. For those who insist on documentary proof of a drug's evils they offer some grimly authenticated case histories. In Florida, a young boy under the influence of marijuana became convinced that people were trying to kill him, and in retaliation, he secured an ax and decapitated his father, mother, two brothers, and a sister. Typical of a frequent hazard of the hallucinogenic drugs, the driver of a truck-trailer, swerving to avoid a "ghost" vehicle, struck a passenger car, killing five persons and himself.

These are extreme manifestations of the dangers of drug usage. But all addicts, to a greater or lesser degree, authorities emphasize, display derangements of the central nervous system, running through the whole spectrum of excitation and depression. Youth with withdrawal tendencies are likely to become excessively withdrawn, unfitted for work, sport, or study. A more extroverted type tends to become overly aggressive and violent.

The extent of drug addiction among children first came to the attention of authorities a few years ago, when the fad of glue sniffing began to send addicted children to the hospitals and courts. At first regarded by many as a mild joke, glue sniffing took on the proportions of a widespread menace. From glue sniffing, many went on to use hallucinogenic and addictive drugs.

The need to probe the problem at its
(continued on next page)

roots brought many surprises to investigators. Contrary to initial assumptions, researchers found that addicts came not from deprived environments, but in large preponderance from middle- and upper-class homes. Chiefly responsible for drug usage, it was found, were curiosity, insecurity, desire for acceptance by an "in" group, and, perhaps, the broad motive behind all experiments with drugs and alcohol, the desire, old as the race of man, for "instant paradise."

Aimed at combating such motivations, the Los Angeles program is attempting to deglamorize addiction by exposing it for what it is. Under the auspices of the district attorney's Young Citizens Council, a speaking bureau has been established to select and train cadres of student speakers. Composed of boys and girls from the upper three high school grades, these speakers address health science classes, playground groups, and adult service clubs.

Though begun only last year, this program has expanded to many other areas. The district attorney's College Council, similar in organization and intent to the Young Citizens Council, is now represented by ninety-three members in forty-three colleges, including a number in other states. Among them are colleges comprising the University of California. On the adult level, Governor Ronald Reagan has called for the formation of committees in all the state's PTA organizations to examine and act upon the problem of addiction.

Most significant of the advances achieved by the California project, authorities assert, is the change in the climate of public opinion. It is now generally understood that the problem of addiction is not merely legislative, but sociological and medical. Hence, the project is being correlated to other constructive activities centered on youth adjustment to present-day social realities. These include the publication and distribution of a simplified laws booklet geared to the teen-ager, and the drafting of a model teen-age code to reflect the best thinking of young people. This code would serve as a guide for lawmaking bodies in such matters of vital teen-age concern as curfews, voting and driving age, auto insurance, drinking, contracts, work rights, and marriage.

Of particular interest to youth activities is a "Youth Grips" referral project, establishing centers for referring to appropriate authorities young adults' complaints about uncongenial or oppressive statutes or constraints. If such complaints were mistakenly based, the misunderstanding could be corrected; if partly or wholly justified, the regulation could be set right.

Authorities emphasize that there is no easy procedure guaranteed to solve the problem. The cure must begin in the home, with the creation of a warmer, more secure environment for the child. It can be assisted, the Los Angeles experiment has proved, by a program of public education in which youth itself will assume some leadership. It will progress, not by distorting truth or by sugar-coating unpleasant facts, but by meeting them with honesty.

Youth demand of their instructor, "What about the other side of the picture, the other point of view?" "How can we deliver a good talk and answer questions unless we know?" These youth represent a generation who, above all, value honesty and forthrightness. In the recognition of that, and the coping with it intelligently, a long stride is being taken not merely toward a solution of the drug problem, but toward closing the communications gap between generations. ■

Rescue Team



Photos by
Sylvia Plachy of Three Lions

Rescue Team

Daily a two-man team cruises the shabby streets of New York's Bowery district looking for the worst they can find.

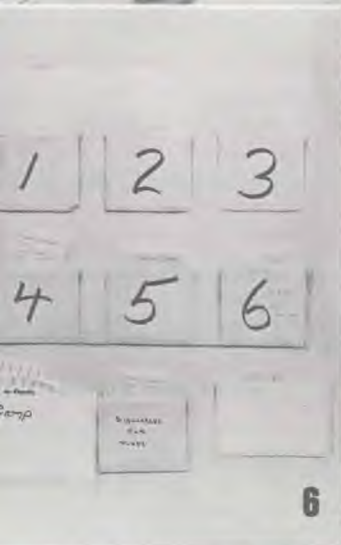
This dramatic search, now less than two years old, is a kind of first aid for men whom society has lost.

New York City judges no longer give out sentences to derelicts unless their behavior is particularly outrageous. As a result, some 6,000 to 10,000 are no longer welcome in jail and have to hunt sleeping space in stairwells and door wells and on the streets. The Manhattan Bowery Project tries to fill part of this gap.

About one third of the men choose to return to the Bowery streets, and they are free to do so. The idea of this unique program is not rehabilitation of all men treated, which would be impossible. It aims instead at breaking the pattern of drinking for several weeks at a time for men who otherwise have given up on themselves. The men get the chance for a new start, and many of them take it.

1. From the street of doomed men . . .
2. a derelict eases into a rescue car . . .
3. and in a small, austere office tries to tell his need.
4. His head wounds and other medical troubles are cared for . . .
5. and soon kind hands assist him to comfortable rest.
6. Day by day a card moves along, showing his progress.
7. Painting helps soothe his nerves and relax him.
8. TV provides recreation during leisure time . . .
9. until discharge day arrives and he returns to normal life again.

LISTEN, April, 1969 / 7



A thought-starter article

Moderationism

MODERATIONISM—CULT OF THE SOCIAL DRINKER
Six basic ideas permeate this philosophy, and together they provide the most often used excuses for social drinking, ideas that drive the Moderationist to drink and keep him drinking.

Belief No. 1: DRINKING IS FOR FUN.

Belief No. 2:

DRINKING IN MODERATION IS BEST.

Belief No. 3: EVERYONE HAS THE

"RIGHT TO DRINK."

Belief No. 4: KNOWLEDGE OF

DRINKS IS SOCIALLY DESIRABLE.

Belief

No. 5:

CHILDREN SHOULD BE

INDOCTRINATED. Belief No. 6:

DRINKING IS ONLY FOR MATURE ADULTS.

SOCIAL drinkers carry with them beliefs and opinions, deep and firmly set, about the purposes and effects of drinking. The alcoholic beverage industry aims its advertising at getting more people to accept these ideas. All social drinkers are expected to learn, believe in, and obey these principles, thus constituting a cult, complete with its own rituals, specialized vocabulary, and attitudes—all summed up in the term Moderationism.

Six basic ideas permeate this philosophy, and together they provide the most often used excuses for social drinking, ideas that drive the Moderationist to drink and keep him drinking.

Belief No. 1: DRINKING IS FOR FUN. The typical social drinker believes that drinking should be done only when others are around; the basic purpose for drinking is to be sociable and have fun. Thus the person who drinks alone is not a good Moderationist and is not a "proper" user of alcoholic beverages. Moderationism asserts that there should be drinking whenever a group of people get together; a party is not a party without alcohol. This idea is actively being sold to the public by advertising slogans such as "Have fun, have a —," and "It's more of a party with —."

The real truth, however, is that drinking is *not* necessary in order to have fun. Nor is sociability the real reason for drinking; the drug effect of alcohol is actually the primary goal sought.

Belief No. 2: DRINKING IN MODERATION IS BEST. People are, according to this belief, perfectly capable of stopping when their drinking starts to become non-moderate. This idea, simply that drinking in moderation is both possible and desirable, constitutes the main belief in the cult of Moderationism. People who do not drink at all are therefore silly, because it is best to drink, and to do it in "moderation," whatever that means. People who drink too much and who become intoxicated, according to this philosophy, are *improperly* using alcohol. Anyone who does not stop when his drinking becomes excessive is negligent, because it is perfectly possible to stop.

The average social drinker refuses to accept the fact that most alcoholics start their drinking as practicing Moderationists, and the fact that the very act of consuming alcohol, in any amount, necessarily reduces the ability to control the amount of drinking. To the social drinker the alcoholic is either careless and negligent for wrongly using alcohol, or he is mentally sick so that he would helplessly misuse alcohol.

Moderationism claims that there is absolutely nothing wrong with moderate drinking, and that only nonmoderate use of alcohol is wrong or can cause problems. Most social drinkers, therefore, consider only two types of social problems possible in relation to drinking: drunkenness and alcoholism, both the result of drinking excessively and thus of violating the code of drinking "properly."

Belief No. 3: EVERYONE HAS THE "RIGHT TO DRINK." A person has a "right to drink" if he wants to, say the Moderationists, and (since there is nothing basically wrong with drinking) nobody can forbid him. Social drinkers do not like to hear anyone urge abstinence. In their opinion such moralizers violate one of a person's basic rights, his "right to drink."

This idea applies under almost all circumstances, even during the waging of war and the committing of crimes! Those who object to the current huge shipments of alcoholic beverages to military personnel around the world are considered by Moderationists to be rude and silly, because they would be depriving our soldiers (some of whom are in the process of fighting a war) of their "right to drink." When a person commits a crime after drinking, alcohol cannot be blamed for helping trigger the crime if the drinking was moderate. Bad things happen after drinking *only* if the drinking was improper or violated a principle of Moderationism.

Often our courts have heard the statement, "But I had only a couple of drinks," as a *defense*; a person has a "right to drink" moderately because there can never be

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-- Cult of the Social Drinker

bad consequences from moderate drinking. The typical social drinker who gets himself into trouble after drinking just cannot bring himself to believe that moderate drinking could have had anything to do with it. When his drinking is mentioned, he is usually offended because someone is trying to violate his "right to drink" moderately.

Actually, drinking is not such a pure or harmless activity that people can legitimately claim a basic right to engage in it. Unlike other "rights," like voting or getting an education, the trumped-up "right to drink" does not promote the general well-being of society. It merely provides one more poor excuse for moderate drinking.

Belief No. 4: KNOWLEDGE OF DRINKS IS SOCIALLY DESIRABLE. To be a good social drinker, Moderationists feel, a person must know how to mix various drinks and must know a great deal about alcoholic beverages in general. Conversation at cocktail parties often centers on the art of mixing unusual drinks and on the taste qualities of the various alcoholic beverages. The social drinker must be familiar with the special names and titles given to various drinks, and he must cultivate a "taste" for appreciating certain beverages.

Current advertisements are encouraging this part of Moderationism by never mentioning alcohol as such and by emphasizing the importance of appreciating the taste of alcoholic beverages. Words like "freshness" and slogans like "heartly, robust, old-time flavor" are common. Ideas about the dignity and social maturity involved in drinking are encouraged by slogans like the "gentlemen's choice" of liquor.

Moderationism and the accompanying advertising effort are trying to put dignity into drinking and to emphasize the taste qualities of drinks rather than the real reason for their popularity—the drug effect of the alcohol.

Belief No. 5: CHILDREN SHOULD BE INDOCTRINATED. Children of social drinking parents are likely to become social drinkers themselves. Moderationism asserts that parents must teach their children all aspects of "proper" drinking technique. This part of Moderationism is an important one. Moderationist parents, doing what they think is right, are perpetuating the cult by passing it on to their children.

Recent national research shows that the average teenager receives his first drink *from his parents in his home*. The children of active social drinkers usually learn the attitudes, the rituals, the methods of preparing drinks, and all the other aspects of the cult before they leave home.

Belief No. 6: DRINKING IS ONLY FOR MATURE ADULTS. Social drinkers believe that people who are either "not mature" or "not adult" should not be drinking, because the immature person will likely misuse alcohol and become an alcoholic. Persons not yet adults should not drink either. Moderationism says that many

teen-agers are not able to obey all the rules of the cult, or, as a social drinker would say, to "know how to drink properly."

The average social drinker believes that most teen-agers should not drink on their own until they are old enough to know and obey every aspect of the cult. In support of this "old enough" idea, the voices on beer advertisements are often very deep and masculine, and often there is a direct appeal to the adult-like aspects of drinking, such as in the slogan "Grow up—graduate to ale."

Even anti-teen-age-drinking appeals sometimes contain this aspect of Moderationism; pamphlets written for high school students by boards of health or similar organizations usually say little more than "drinking is dangerous if you don't know how to handle it; wait until you are older and more mature before you start drinking."

In its ideas about the dangers involved in letting children drink, Moderationism makes two very important admissions:

1. Admission of the drug effect. Moderationism asserts that teen-agers who drink are only after the alcohol. Adults, on the other hand, are after taste and sociability, not the alcohol. Here is an admission that "drinking is for the drug effect of alcohol."

2. Admission of danger in all amounts of drinking. A teen-ager caught drinking illegally is not excused simply because he was drinking in moderation. Moderationism states that children should not have any alcoholic beverages except when being indoctrinated into the cult by the parents. Here is an admission that "bad things happen, even with moderate drinking."

A sensible solution to alcohol-caused problems would be to have these two admissions apply to everyone of all ages, and to have all the rest of the cult of Moderationism exposed for what it really is: a misleading, poorly founded, and dangerous guide to behavior. Society's problems related to alcoholism, including drinking drivers and the many other disruptive aftereffects of drinking would be greatly decreased if all people believed the following statement: "Any amount of drinking, by anyone, is both dangerous and selfishly aimed toward a drug effect rather than toward anything desirable, like 'taste' or 'being sociable.'" This is exactly what Moderationism says about having children drink; why not, therefore, apply it to anyone who drinks?

Organizations attempting to remedy the many social problems caused in some degree by drinking are not fighting just drunkenness and alcoholism. They are fighting Moderationism. Only when the obvious half-truths, false statements, and inconsistencies of the cult of Moderationism are presented openly and scientifically to the general public can society's many alcohol-related problems be solved with any degree of success. ■

Making a Winner

Melvin Jacobson
interviews teen-ager



Penny McCoy, sk

YOU WOULD hardly recognize this little nineteen-year-old girl as a world champion. But Penny McCoy, spritely ski speedster from Mammoth Lakes, California, has been skiing since she was five. She entered her first race at six, winning third prize, and has been a repeating winner ever since, with more than 100 trophies and awards to her credit.

Penny is no ordinary skier. She does well in every type of contest, but skiing through the gates of the slalom course is her specialty and greatest love. Here her speed and good form have brought her and her country considerable honor and many awards year after year. Again this season Penny and her brother Dennis have been on the United States team in all the best-known competitions both here and in Europe, beginning in mid-December. There have been some eighteen races in all in Austria, Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, and Scandinavia.

Penny's brother, Dennis, age twenty-three and probably the best-known downhill skier in the United States, is a big help to Penny and nice to have around on her long overseas jaunts. The brother-and-sister team left for European competitions at Christmastime and are returning in mid-April after the last race.

These two young winners represent America's finest youth and are in marked contrast to other young people who waste away their time growing beards for exercise on the streets of San Francisco or some other large cities, begging money for pot, alcohol, or drugs. Penny and Dennis learned long ago from their parents that good physical condition and balance are important for excellence in skiing.

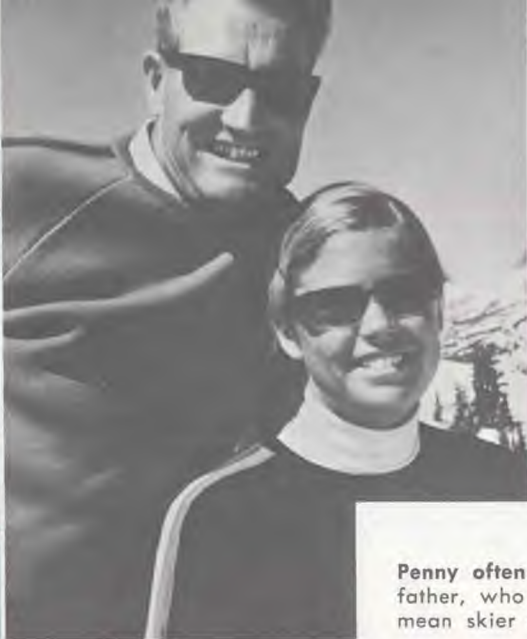
If you get into serious talk with Penny, she will tell you, as she did me, "I plan now never to use tobacco, alcohol, narcotics, or harmful drugs." Penny is indeed a health enthusiast and says that her favorite reading is in the area of good health and physical fitness. She also teaches physical education at a private high school in Mammoth.

An educator once said, "Show me good, clean-cut active model teen-agers, and I'll show you the model parents who brought them up that way. For wonderful children are most often the product of wonderful parents." If ever that saying were true, it is true of the McCoy family.

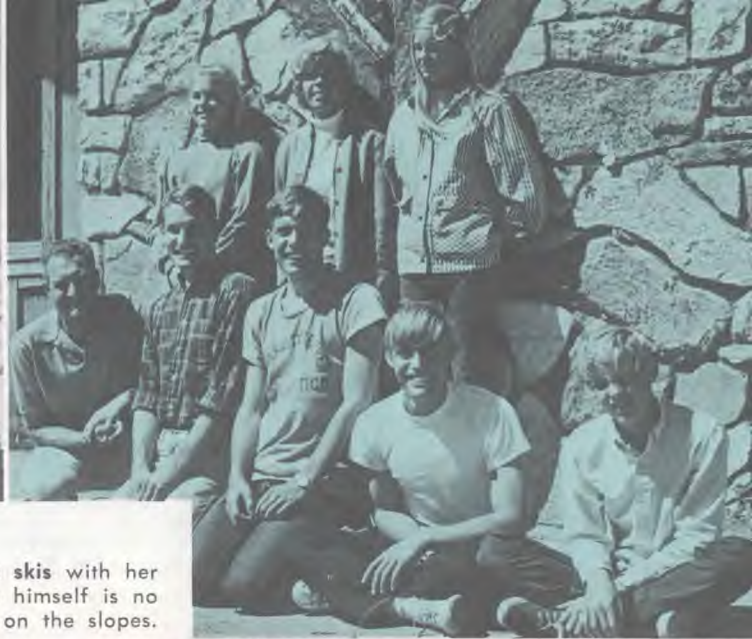
Penny and Dennis are two of six children born to Mr. and Mrs. Dave McCoy, owners and operators of the ski lifts on Mammoth Mountain. Dave and Roma, as they are affectionately called by their employees and townspeople,



champion



Penny often skis with her father, who himself is no mean skier on the slopes.



The McCoy's at home—back, Mother and Daughters, Penny and Candy; front, Father and Sons, Gary, Dennis, Carl, and Randy.



"Penny McCoy—Good Luck!" says the message on her ski as she starts on another grueling competition.

A rare moment of relaxation finds Penny and her youngest brother, Randy, introducing "Listen" magazine to a family friend.



are interesting people to know. They started the skiing on this mountain with only a simple rope tow, but the project has been enlarged year by year until it now includes six chair lifts, two T-bars, and a modern two-stage gondola that carries skiers and sightseers to the top of Mammoth Mountain, elevation 11,053 feet, a vertical climb of 2,000 feet, over two miles away. With so many lifts, it is easy to see why skiers like to come here. When the weather is right and the skiing good, the crowd numbers nearly 6,000 on a single day.

As parents, Dave and Roma take a great interest in their children, and there is nothing they like better than to play or ski with them, both being good skiers. Roma also enjoys a good tennis game too. The family enjoy hiking or packing on the mountain trails of the high country as often as they can. All this togetherness has resulted in deep loyalty between the children and their parents. As Penny says, "I have wonderful parents; they are the greatest. Of course, the parents are proud of their children too—not only Penny or Dennis, but all six of them."

All the children can ski well and are considered good athletes. The two younger children, Candy, age sixteen, and Randy, age fourteen, are still in school at Bishop High

School, where Candy is a junior and Randy a freshman. They too are good skiers and enjoy skiing whenever time permits. They may well be the future champions of the family and the United States Ski Team.

To become a really good skier, as Penny and Dennis have done, takes more time than one would think. It requires hours and hours of exercise and practice up on the slopes—often with coaches. It means watching your weight to keep slender and flexible. Penny weighs only 115 pounds and is careful not to eat more than she needs.

The family day begins early enough for a good breakfast before the one-hour drive from Bishop to Mammoth Mountain to open the ski lifts. Then follows exercising to strengthen ankles, knees, and leg muscles. This can often take three to four hours, or most of the morning, especially if the snow or weather is anything but good. With powder and packed snow and the gates up, Penny goes through the 100 or more gates as fast as possible to keep in shape, all under the watchful eyes of her trainer or coach while in training. Supper offers a welcome opportunity to sit down and visit around the large family dinner table; then, it's off to bed early enough for nine to ten hours of unbroken sleep.



While Penny enjoys her skiing very much, she also realizes that college is important too. She would like to attend college and major in international relations and perhaps minor in English literature. A part of her interest in this area of scholarship stems from her considerable international travel and a deep

interest in people. Penny loves people—any people. You can tell it when talking to her. She enjoys listening to you, and may even appear reluctant to talk about herself—the very reason you have come. It's all a part of her greatness.

Snow skiing is a family sport that attracts more and more people, young and old, every year. It takes the enthusiast out of doors away from smog-filled cities into the quietness of majestic mountain beauty. If you are one of the thousands who love to ski or might travel to Mammoth Mountain on a busy weekend, take a few moments to meet the McCoy's. They will enjoy it as much as you do.

Chances are, though, you will not find Penny or Dennis at home. They will be in Europe, South America, or some other place where the skiing is great—accumulating more trophies and honors as a part of the United States Team, their sponsors. They may even be preparing hopefully for the next Olympic ski meets some three years away. But wherever they are in training, you can be sure of one thing—they will remember the advice of their parents: "If you will keep physically fit, exercise with regularity, eat wisely but sparingly, avoid the use of alcoholic drinks, tobacco, narcotics, and harmful drugs, and get plenty of rest—if you do this, you will always be the winner."

To this, Penny adds, "Winners are a dedicated people—definitely dedicated to healthful living and physical fitness."

Crowded into her room are only a few of the hundred or more trophies Penny has won with her skis.



The McCoy story shows the happiness and good times that result from family love and togetherness, but there is—

The Other Side

Bill showed up in the mountains in a new camper and pickup truck costing over \$6,000. He roamed the whole area at will night and day, sleeping only when dead tired beside the road or somewhere in a state park. But there is a state law that reads, "No person under the age of twenty-one shall be roaming about except that he be under direct parental control." This is written up in the California Welfare and Institution Code, Section 600 I, but only enforced to kids under the age of eighteen.

Not seeing any adults around this camper, police became suspicious of what was going on and stopped to investigate. The filthy mess they found will not be forgotten for months to come. There was evidence of lawbreaking—plenty of it—including drugs, but the story behind it is a sad one.

At the close of school, Bill had talked to his father about traveling a bit during the summer. Being only sixteen, he probably thought that his father would suggest a family trip together, and it could be lots of fun. But his parents had other ideas. They wanted to be alone. They were embarrassed over Bill's long hair and low-grade friends coming over to their house in this fashionable area. Bill's father was an executive making plenty of money for a good living. So they chose to buy Bill a new camper, suggesting that he go on a trip wherever he liked with a checkbook and enough credit cards in his pocket to cover the expense. They stayed home for a summer of "high-class" entertaining with no worries about their son.

The boy was arrested and jailed to await the arrival of his parents. He displayed a recalcitrant attitude, defying the officer to charge him with possession of marijuana—a charge that had been made against him once before. "Charge me with possession of drugs—I don't care. We have a good lawyer. He got me off scot-free last time. We can pay for it." That's quite a line from a boy only sixteen.

Learning by phone that their son was arrested and in jail to await their arrival to take custody, the parents asked, "What's the bail? We're too busy and can't come just now."

Summer, 1968, will be remembered by mountain resort people as the year of the hippie. They came from all directions—north, east, south, and west. What brought them is anybody's guess. Perhaps it was just a desire to get away from the city, or a desire to be flower children among the wild flowers for a season.

But is it any wonder, with the lack of parental love and companionship, that many Bills are obliged to find their own way in life before they are ready to go out entirely on their own?



**Kathleen
Robertson**

Though the names in this
"Listen" feature have been
changed, the story is true. It
actually took place. The author,
Kathleen Robertson, lives the tragic
experience through the eyes
and pen of teen-ager
Joan Carlson.

Silvervale has lost its smugness.
They no longer say—

"It Can't Happen Here"

I DON'T know whether I, Joan Carlson, age eighteen, can make you see our little town of Silvervale or not. I'll try. It is an old town with treelined streets. In places the trees meet overhead. When I was a little girl walking home from school I'd say to myself, "Now I'm walking in a shady bower where lovers meet." It was something I'd read in a book, and when I told my parents about it, Mother said, "Where do you get hold of those silly books?" My father said, "The child is much too imaginative or rather fanciful." He looked at me sternly. They are very practical.

A cool and sandy-bottomed river runs through the center of town. Here we swim and go boating in summer. In winter we skate, and when the heavy snows come there is tobogganing.

The business section of Silvervale is on the west side of the river. Our four churches and three schools are there too, but not many houses. My father's hardware store is also on the west side. The residential part is on the east side. Here there are big old well-kept houses and a couple of new housing developments. We call this part of town "across the bridge." It may sound snobbish, but when people ask you where you live and you say, "Across the bridge," you are "in."

Hardly anyone leaves Silvervale for summer vacations. Indeed, many people come from the neighboring city in warm weather. My cousin Trent Baxter had stayed with

us every summer since he was a little boy, so we were not surprised when one day in July his mother phoned that he was on his way.

I had rather hoped he wouldn't come. I am two years older than Trent, and my brother Bryan was three years younger; and in the teens a few years make such a big difference. I was sure he was too old to be a friend for Bryan, and to me Trent seemed quite a child. Besides, I had a summer job working in Walton's Pharmacy. I wanted to make a little extra money, as I was going to the university in the fall. I would have no time to chum around with Trent, and I was afraid he would be terribly bored. However, he seemed to fall in with Bryan and his gang of early teeners and be quite happy.

Strictly speaking, my work in Walton's was to be in cosmetics and answering the phone, but I was often asked to help in other ways. The work was a little harder than I had expected, but on the whole I enjoyed it. And so time passed until it was August. The days were almost unbearably hot. To make matters worse, we had no rain all summer. Farmers coming into the store would shake their heads and make gloomy predictions.

I thought surely Trent would become disgusted and return home where he had a swimming pool of his own, but he seemed contented to stay. He and Bryan annoyed me beyond words. Sometimes they'd come home from a

"It Can't Happen Here" / Robertson

hike and just sit and giggle foolishly. Other times they'd go to sleep eating supper. Sometimes a fleeting thought crossed my mind that this was not normal behavior for teen-age boys, but I didn't puzzle over it at the time.

One hot afternoon Bryan and Trent came into the drug-store. They said Mr. Walton had asked them to unpack some merchandise, and they started carrying cartons up from the basement. I didn't pay much attention to them and soon they finished and went out.

Mr. Walton had been on a quick trip to the city and didn't come in until late. He started checking merchandise as was his custom when business was slow. He asked me if the boys had done a good job, and I said Yes, as I had no reason to think otherwise. When he came to my section he said, "Where's the nail polish remover?"

"Here it is," I said. "We're getting a bit low, aren't we?"

He looked puzzled for a minute. "But a new supply came this morning. It was among the stuff I told your brother—" suddenly he broke off. Then he said urgently, "Joan, there's something terribly wrong here. I think we'd better close the store at once, and I'll go home with you and see those boys."

I hurried to do what he said, but I felt more puzzled than upset. Why was Mr. Walton so disturbed? As we walked the few blocks to our house he told me the reason.

Honestly, I had never even heard of sniffing glue or nail polish remover. I refused to be worried. I started to laugh. "It sounds so silly," I said.

"It's not silly at all," he said. "It's serious. I feel responsible, but I didn't think it might be a problem here. I thought it was confined to the big city schools."

I thought of Trent and the goofy way he and Bryan sometimes behaved, but still I said nothing. Those boys are due for trouble, I thought. I'd better not make it any worse.

Mother's eyes were question marks when she met us. She told us to sit down and brought glasses of cold fruit juice. We sat talking commonplaces, watching an approaching storm. It had become so dark that I got up and switched on the lights. I felt nervous and on edge.

I wondered why Mr. Walton didn't come to the point, but I suppose he hated to alarm Mother. At last I couldn't stand it any longer. "Mother, where are the boys? We have to know," I said.

She gave me a slightly startled look. "The last I saw of them they were talking about going up the river with the boat," she said. "I think there were three or four other boys going. Said they'd be back by six, but it's after that now. Is something wrong?"

Mr. Walton and I exchanged glances, and I waited for him to speak. "Nothing definite, Mrs. Carlson," he said. "I just want to have a talk with the boys."

Mother is inclined to be complacent, but now she looked worried. "If there is anything wrong, or the boys are in trouble, I wish you would let me know," she said.

Mr. Walton was saved from answering by a deafening clap of thunder. All the lights went out, there were a few seconds of heavy silence, and then the deluge, not rain, but hail. Stones the size of golf balls crashed against the west windows, shattering them. "Where are those boys?" I asked myself desperately.

I ran to the front windows and saw my father struggling up the walk. He held the evening paper to his face in an attempt to ward off the hailstones. I held the door open

till he got safely inside, then threw myself into his arms.

"Daddy," I sobbed, "Trent and Bryan and some other boys went up the river and they haven't come back and Mr. Walton's here and we don't know how to tell Mother and all the west windows are broken."

Father gently loosened my arms and led me to a chair. "Now tell me what this is all about," he said.

When I'd finished telling him, he walked over to the window. By now the hail had turned to a solid wall of rain that made almost as much noise as the hail.

"Well, here are our boys," he said. "And a sorry-looking bunch they are."

I ran to his side, and sure enough, there was the drenched half-drowned huddle of five or six boys. They all looked much the same, soaked and shivering, but I soon found that Bryan was missing. I ran out to the street, followed closely by Dad, Mother, and Mr. Walton.

I seized Trent by the shoulder, "Where's Bryan?" I yelled at him. He gazed at me stupidly. He seemed to be in a half daze.

"Isn't he here?" he mumbled at last.

Father took charge and questioned the boys. None of them seemed to know what had become of Bryan. They had been a mile up the river when the storm struck. Wind and hail made the boat impossible, so they had run all the way home through the blinding rain.

Dad told the boys to go home and get into some dry clothes; then he turned to the rest of us. "There are some things to settle around here," he said, looking at Trent, "but the main thing now is to find Bryan. He probably took a different way home, but we'd better get together and look for him."

I went upstairs and got into wool slacks and a pullover sweater. Trent, pale and shaking, had been hurried to bed by Mother. I went in and tried to question him, but it seemed useless. He did admit that Bryan had become separated from the rest of them when the storm started.

Dad and I and our neighbor, Phil Davies, whose son had been with the gang, began our search. We drove the car along the river road, getting out every few yards, searching among the river trees and calling his name. As time passed and we failed to find him, a dreadful picture formed in my mind. I was sure he was in the river, probably having slipped and hit his head on a rock and drowned. Thinking of it now, I wish that was what had happened.

It was Mr. Davies who found him and called us. He was lying in a clump of bushes, a plastic bag tied around his head. In the cool night air a strange and yet familiar smell came from the bag. Bryan was dead, quite dead!

Later that night Dad and Mr. Davies questioned Trent and young Gary Davies. Mr. Walton was there too.

Trent confessed to having started Bryan and his friends on glue sniffing. When their supply of airplane glue ran out, nail polish remover was the next best thing. Trent said that in the city they had sniffing parties, saturating the inner side of plastic bags and tying them over their heads. Evidently the storm had sent them running home, and they had forgotten Bryan, who had been too overcome by the fumes to extricate himself.

Well, that is my story. The day we buried Bryan was a sad day for me. And imagine my parents' anguish! But Trent now is a changed boy, and Silvervale has lost its smugness. They no longer say, "It can't happen here." ■

No Adventure in Modern Society

Executives Drink, but Not to Their Health

You don't have to be an alcoholic to damage your health by drinking. You can do it by tipping a few martinis at lunch, downing a couple on the commuter special home after a trying day at the office, then having an aperitif before dinner, and ending the day with a nightcap.

A Health Insurance Institute report of a medical study shows that alcohol is poisonous to the liver and can, over a period of time, cause "lethal liver damage."

In the study a group of volunteers drank what was considered a typical executive's intake: The equivalent of seven ounces of 86-proof whiskey for four days, then eleven ounces for two days, and finally fourteen ounces for two to three days. This group, it was found, showed a five-to-thirteen-fold increase in its liver fat level. Although fat level increases and cell damage were reversible after a few days or weeks of abstinence, one physician-researcher emphasized that "steady damage over a long period may be irreversible."

Cholesterol May Aid Cancer

Having high blood cholesterol seems to increase the cigarette smoker's risk of getting lung cancer, say Dr. Jeremiah Stamler and associates of the Chicago Health Research Foundation.

Cholesterol is a fatty material given major blame for clogging arteries and bringing on heart attacks. But its linkage with lung cancer is new.

The evidence comes from cancer death rates among 876 male smokers aged 40 to 59 years when a long-term health study was begun nine years ago among employees of a gas company in Chicago.

Dr. Stamler says 354 of the smokers had blood cholesterol levels of less than 225 milligrams; another 342 men were in the 225-274 milligram range, and 180 were in the high range of 275 milligrams or more.

Those in the highest brackets had a death rate from lung cancer more than seven times greater than the low group, or 37 per thousand compared with five per thousand, Dr. Stamler says. Men in the middle group in blood cholesterol had a death rate more than three times higher (18 per thousand) than the men with low cholesterol.



In spite of futuristic cities and new gadgets for living, youth may fail in great measure to get the zest and adventure out of life which they crave. Glittering lights and speedy cars do not satisfy inner needs and urges.

Kicking Smoking Is Work, but It Can Be Done

The addictive smoker who always is aware when he does not have a cigarette can kick the habit only by a sudden, decisive break. For others, a gradual tapering off can do the trick.

Rutgers University Professor Silvan Tomkins lists four different types of smoking behavior in a pamphlet published by the American Cancer Society. His approach gets at the psychology of smoking.

He advises a step-by-step route toward quitting, urging smokers first to set a date for quitting, and as it approaches, gradually reduce the number of cigarettes. "Make it a real effort to get a cigarette . . . shift from cigarettes you like to an unpalatable brand."

Here are some other tips he offers to ward off the impulse to light up:

—Drink frequent glasses of water.

—Nibble fruit, candy, carrots, cookies.

—Chew bits of fresh ginger root—but take it easy, it is aromatic and pervasive and can produce a burning sensation.

Thought for the Month

"One of the heaviest burdens a man can carry is a chip on the shoulder."—Olin Miller.

—Take lobeline sulphate tablets which are available without prescription and are reported to make it easier to quit smoking.

—Get plenty of exercise.

—Go to programs, ride in "no-smoking" cars, and stay away temporarily from friends who are heavy smokers.

—Use a mouthwash after a meal instead of a cigarette.

Most of all, the pamphlet advises quitters to pamper themselves: "Give yourself all the things you like best—except cigarettes."

Lung Cancer Goes Up

Lung cancer continues to rise among males in the United States at what is described as an alarming rate.

While deaths caused by cancer in seven other major categories have either dropped or held about even among men, the rate of death by lung cancer continues to rise.

Lung cancer is the leading cause of deaths by cancer among males, and the rate is more than 14 times what it was 35 years ago.

The American Cancer Society says that "lung cancer is a largely preventable disease, since most lung cancer is caused by cigarette smoking," while only about 5 percent of those who contract it are cured. It notes that there are now about 21 million Americans who have quit smoking.

America's young people are rebelling because they're bored to death with a society that has tried its best to eliminate risk, danger, and adventure from their lives, proposes Donald Atwell Zoll, associate professor of philosophy and political science at the University of Saskatchewan.

"Our society has sought to tranquilize youth by dangling in front of them a collection of prizes to be won for good, cooperative social behavior," Dr. Zoll contends. "The prizes include education, jobs, security, a glittering collection of amusements, and a climbing standard of living."

According to the professor, the price to be paid for these benefits is conformity with middle-aged values and "renunciation of adventure at a time of life when impetuosity and danger are as essential as food and drink."

Parents are baffled when their children seem restless and discontented with the nice, safe, orderly lives that have been carefully planned for them. They cannot comprehend why any young person could possibly want to "give up all this."

But every healthy youth is driven, Zoll says, by a primeval need to validate his self-esteem by demonstrating, to himself and others, "his ability to endure, take stress, surmount risks and obstacles."

The result of all the adult protectiveness is nearly total frustration of youth's natural and instinctive need for violent excitement, Zoll says. "We have shut the doors to Castle Dangerous, and will not let them enter."

But youth, impulsive and eager for adventure, are determined to enter anyway, and that is why they are now engaged in a rebellion that Zoll views as "a pathetic attempt to rescue risk from the suffocation of social predetermination."

Zoll believes most young people do not understand why they are rebelling. To win them back and to channel their energy into worthy causes, he says, "we must reopen our society to individual risk and excitement, allow youth to try itself."

In This NEWS

◆ Want to know about narcotics? A handy table gives you the facts. See page 16.

◆ Does your cigarette smell like popcorn nowadays? See page 17.

◆ Drugs to wake you up, drugs to put you to sleep, drugs to relax by. See page 18.



Alienation comes about because of "major defects in the structure of our society," which too often places youth in crowded, dirty cities instead of in outdoors areas where there can be true recreative activity.

Are Teens a Liability?

Teen-agers in the suburbs are as rigidly segregated from society as are ghetto Negroes—and they suffer exactly the same psychological problems, says California pediatrician Dr. Victor Eisner.

"One might imagine that our society hates children, since we have carefully arranged that the only adults who talk to children are their parents and the people we pay to talk to them—teachers, recreation leaders, probation officers."

Eisner says the barriers set up between adults and adolescents include segregation by age, the institutionalized social life for teen-agers, and a lack of pathways to success other than those set up by their parents.

"Adolescents find teen-age centers, teen-age clinics, teen-age dances, and teen-age conferences to discuss the problems of teen-agers. They rarely find a chance to talk to adults."

As a result, he says, the suburban teen-ager lacks "role models" for adult life, the same way a ghetto teen-ager does.

Meanwhile, our industrialized society has no room for teen-agers, except in odd jobs. "We have no use for them," says Eisner. "They've become an economic liability."

"Our adolescents are rejecting society because society has already rejected the adolescents."

The rebellious adolescent may become a "hippie" or young radical. He may condemn the adult "rat race" for high income and status, crusade for civil rights, take up Zen Buddhism, attempt to find "meaningful relationships" in sex, experiment with drugs, or take part in a campus revolt.

Eisner blames the alienation upon "major defects in the structure of our society," which the world's white middle-class parents have, with all good intentions, created for their children.

"Like Negroes, adolescents belong to a minority group which is prevented from sharing in all benefits of our society," he says.

He accuses American society of "cultural intolerance" and of isolating all individuals who don't conform to its ideal.

Drugs Can Cause Problems

"Do they want me to be a policeman or an educator who is trusted by the students? Am I supposed to send kids to jail or ruin their lives for violating a drug law even I think is irrational? I've been asked to be a cop and I have refused. And I will continue to refuse."

This statement by a New York State College administrator reflects an agonizing position over the mounting problem of student drug use on college campuses.

With the increased use of drugs, especially marijuana, by students, university officials have found themselves facing pressures from two directions. On one side, they say, community residents, parents, the police, legislators, and alumni are demanding a "crackdown" to root out student drug users and get them off the campuses.

On the other side are medical and health officials, students, and some educators who say a sound educational program for students and community is the only solution.

Most administrators and students agree that present laws are inadequate to deal with the increase, and that ignorance about drugs and their effects by the community are

more of a hazard to the college campus than student drug use itself.

"I am convinced that one of the reasons we're in the mess we're in is that the majority of the people have bought hook, line, and sinker a stereotype about certain drugs," says Dr. Helen Nowlis, a psychology professor at the University of Rochester.

"Our job is to get across the point that any drug, whether it be aspirin or marijuana, can cause problems in certain dosages for certain people at certain times," she says.

Now, an All-purpose Drug for Soviets

Soviet chemist Dr. Vsevolod Perekalin says that he has developed a drug that overcomes sadness, fear, alarm, fatigue, timidity, irritation, and "bad mood."

The Leningrad professor recommends the drug to help offset the effects of "mechanization" in modern Soviet life.

He says that his discovery, phenigama, is superior to common narcotics, which he says young people in the West are increasingly using.



Cholesterol

By reducing the amount of animal fats in the diet one can lower his risk of having a heart attack, according to the American Heart Association.

The association's Committee on Nutrition recommends that polyunsaturated fats, the types found in vegetable oils, take the place in diets of saturated fats, which most commonly occur in meat and dairy products.

Saturated fats cause twice as much cholesterol as polyunsaturated fats do. Cholesterol, a butyry substance that collects in the blood vessels, can lead to hardening of the arteries and perhaps heart attacks and strokes.

Other factors contributing to heart disease, the association says, are cigarette smoking, physical inactivity, obesity, high blood pressure, diabetes, and gout.

Narcotics at a Glance

DRUG USED	PHYSICAL SYMPTOMS	LOOK FOR	DANGERS
GLUE SNIFFING	Violence, drunk appearance, dreamy or blank expression	Tubes of glue, glue smears, paper bags, or handkerchiefs	Lung/brain/liver damage, death through suffocation, anemia
HEROIN, MORPHINE, CODEINE	Stupor/drowsiness, needle marks, watery eyes, blood stain on shirt sleeve, running nose	Needle or hypodermic syringe, cotton tourniquet-string, rope, belt, burnt bottle caps or spoons, glassine	Death from overdose, mental deterioration, destruction of brain and liver
COUGH MEDICINE CONTAINING CODEINE AND OPIUM	Drunk appearance, lack of coordination, confusion, excessive itching	Empty bottles of cough medicine	Causes addiction
MARIJUANA, POT, GRASS	Sleepiness, wandering mind, enlarged eye pupils, lack of coordination, craving for sweets, increased appetite	Strong odor of burnt leaves, small seeds in pocket lining, cigarette paper, discolored fingers	Inducement to take stronger narcotics. Recent medical finding: Marijuana does injure organs
LSD, DMT, STP	Severe hallucinations, feeling of detachment, incoherent speech, cold hands and feet, vomiting, laughing and crying	Discolored sugar cubes, strong body odor, small tube of liquid, capsules and pills	Suicidal tendencies, unpredictable behavior, chronic exposure causes brain damage
PEP PILLS, UPS, AMPHETAMINES	Aggressive behavior, giggling, silliness, rapid speech, confused thinking, no appetite, extreme fatigue, dry mouth, shakiness	Jar of pills of varying colors, chain smoking	Death from overdose, hallucinations
GOOF BALLS, DOWNS, BARBITURATES	Drowsiness, stupor, dullness, slurred speech, drunk appearance, vomiting	Pills of varying colors	Death from overdose, unconsciousness and possible addiction

St. Louis County police are using this information on a five-by-seven card in the battle against drug usage by teen-agers. Directed particularly to parents for their guid-

ance, the card is available from stores and the Police Department. It lists various symptoms of drug usage, physical evidences of usage, and the dangers involved.



"You're not supposed to read safety booklets while you operate the machine!"

Cartoons of the Month

TV Commercials Warn Against Use of Drugs

The National Institute of Mental Health is launching a series of low-keyed but to-the-point television commercials about the dangers of taking drugs for kicks.

The 30-second spots, apparently patterned after the American Cancer Society's antismoking commercials, warn potential users about

marijuana and other such drugs.

In one spot directed to housewives, a yo-yo motif is used to dramatize the serious consequences of "up-and-down pills"—amphetamines and barbiturates—and viewers are advised to consult their family doctors before using such medicines regularly.

Another shows a film of a teenager on "a bummer"—a bad LSD trip. The spots are all prepared without fee by the Gray Advertising Agency in New York.

Much of the strategy of the ad campaign is directed to students who are still making up their minds whether to use drugs. "We are talking to . . . the potential tasters, on the verge of being tempted by their peers," explains the ad agency. "The approach is quite cerebral, quite persuasive, quite frightening, but not in a 'thou shalt not' way."

The National Institute of Mental Health has created a new division of Narcotic Addiction and Drug Abuse. Dr. Stanley M. Yolles, director of the institute, says that the change will unify present programs in this area which are directed toward research, the treatment and rehabilitation of users, and the training of professionals in the field. Dr. Sidney Cohen, an expert on drug abuse from California, is in charge of the new division.



How About a Mushroom-flavored Cigarette?

Cigarette flavorings go exotic as emphasis on mildness turns tastes blander.

R. J. Reynolds has patented an additive to give smoke a flavor like popcorn; another new Reynolds additive gives cigarettes an "earthy, mushroomlike aroma." Other companies have developed lemon-lime and cherry flavorings, and a Pennsylvania inventor comes up with a maple-flavored additive. American Tobacco has patented an additive to bring out tobacco's natural taste.

Nearly all popular cigarettes al-

ready contain sweet syrups, chocolate, licorice, and other flavoring additives like honey and cinnamon to enhance the real taste of tobacco and reduce harshness. But lowering the tar and nicotine content of cigarettes reduces their natural flavor, and tobacco companies now are toying with additives that provide a dominant taste of their own. Menthol currently is the only dominant flavoring used in nationally distributed brands.

American Tobacco tried a spearmint-flavored cigarette in 1966, but the brand flopped.

WHAT WHERE WHY WHO WHEN HOW WHAT

◆ Americans are drinking 25 times as much hot chocolate as they were ten years ago. Availability in vending machines and improved dispensers have caused the increase. (UPI)

◆ The British government is trying to rid the sports world of drug taking by athletes. A \$17,231 grant is available for research on detection of drug takers. (AP)

◆ Federal narcotics agents are watching seventh and eighth graders for users of LSD and similar drugs because of growing fears that they may move through marijuana to become heroin addicts. (AP)

◆ About 80 percent of the people responding to a poll conducted by

the Assemblies of God oppose relaxation of present laws concerning marijuana and similar drugs. (UPI)

◆ A Denver, Colorado, district judge upheld a state law banning after-hours bottle clubs. Colorado law prohibits sale of liquor in an establishment on weekdays from 2 a.m. to 7 a.m. (Rocky Mountain News)

◆ Half of the more than 1,000 deaths a week on American highways are the result of alcohol, says the chief executive officer of Allstate Insurance Companies. (Denver Post)

◆ Ebasco Industries in Shrewsbury, New Jersey, paid out \$3,900 in Christmas bonuses to 33 employees who voluntarily quit smoking at the suggestion of their nonsmoking boss. The payment of \$10 a month to those who gave up the cigarette habit was well worth it, claims a company spokesman, by cutting sick leave and saving time for the company because an estimated 30 minutes in working time is lost each day by each smoker. (UPI)



Two new concepts in electronic control of automobiles soon to be tried by Ford Motor Company research engineers are illustrated here.

Above is Automatic Headway Control. The trailing car is equipped with a transmitter (at left) which projects an invisible beam at the car ahead. Tail-lights of the car in front, which does not have to be especially equipped, reflect the beam back to a receiver (right). A computer "reads" the signal and adjusts brakes and accelerator automatically so that a preset safe following distance will be maintained.

Below is Minigap, in which cars are linked together by invisible electronic beams into highway caravans that will follow specially built leader vehicles. Computers inside the cars would take over control of brakes, accelerator and steering from motorists, who would thus be freed from the driving task as long as they were "hooked up."

Chimps Get Drunk Too

Scientists who study human behavior, such as alcoholism, can't always test their theories in man because of the risk of creating an alcoholic. Three scientists have bypassed this problem by using chimpanzees and orangutans for their research.

None of the orangutans ever showed signs of intoxication, but the chimpanzees did, and some were drunk repeatedly. Yet none of the drunken chimps was ever unconscious, which suggests some fundamental differences between man and chimpanzees in the way their bodies handle alcohol.

Drs. Frances L. Fitz-Gerald of Georgia, M. Ashton Barfield of Massachusetts, and R. J. Warrington of England set out to learn if nonhuman animals can become alcoholics by providing conditions favoring addiction. They chose chimpanzees and orangutans because their physiology and behavior strongly resemble those of man. They made the alcohol palatable. And they made the initial experience with alcohol comparable with that of humans by offering fruit juice or alcohol-fruit-juice mixtures as beverages.

Chimpanzees generally drank quickly and apparently with enthusiasm whatever was offered. When they had the choice, they much preferred vodka to other forms of alcohol. Prior exposure influenced this. Chimps drank more vodka if they had been tested first with alcohol than if they had no previous drinking experience, the researchers say.

Seeds of Wrath

The similarity between the symptoms of morning-glory seed ingestion and those observed following the ingestion of LSD-25, peyote, marijuana, and psilocybin have been documented in reports.

There has been at least one case of suicide following morning-glory seed intoxication, and there have been several cases of brief psychoses associated with it.

According to the doctors, the physiologic features commonly associated with acute ingestion of morning-glory seeds are extremely dilated pupils, low blood pressure and an increased pulse rate, a flushing of the face, extreme nausea, and vomiting. Psychologically, one may see a state of confusion, excitement, disorientation, and depersonalization which may appear as a toxic psychosis.

In addition, spontaneous recurrences of the "psychedelic state" after ingestion of morning-glory seeds have been reported, and are further documented in a case presented by Francis J. Whelan, M.D., F. William Bennett, M.D., and William S. Moeller, M.D., all of Iowa City.

A nineteen-year-old male patient came to an emergency room complaining that he was tripping and couldn't stop. He had experienced five other trips related to the ingestion of 150 to 200 morning-glory seeds. This time, he had ingested 300 morning-glory seeds.

ARE YOU PUZZLED? Carpenters' Tools

Frieda M. Lease

Change only one letter in each word to get carpenters' tools.

- | | |
|-----------|------------|
| 1. squire | 7. trace |
| 2. frill | 8. staller |
| 3. law | 9. vine |
| 4. plant | 10. bevel |
| 5. taps | 11. rules |
| 6. hamper | 12. anger |

Pot Seems to Be Big Vietnam Problem

The Vietnam war is the first in which the Army has been more concerned with marijuana than with venereal disease, says a psychiatrist who has served with the Army Medical Corps.

From 30 to 50 percent of the troops have smoked pot at least once while in Vietnam, says Dr. John A. Talbott, who spent a year with a neuropsychiatric team in Vietnam.

Psychotic reactions seem to be

more common with Vietnamese marijuana than with the United States variety, possibly because of its higher resin concentration. Also it often contains other drugs such as opiates. Reactions to pot constituted from 1 to 5 percent of the psychiatric admissions.

Soldiers with pot reactions seemed quite similar in personality to those World War II soldiers who developed psychoses attributed to combat fatigue, says Dr. Talbott.

Meanwhile, alcohol is still a potent force in the adjustment or maladjustment of men at war, he says. "DT's are commonplace, and belligerent drunks crowd the wounded in emergency rooms."

Ours Is a Drug Life

Ours is a drug-oriented culture, says Dr. John Grant, and it should come as no surprise that youth are experimenting with drugs.

We drink coffee to wake up, he says, we take sleeping pills to get to sleep, we take alcohol to relax, and we take aspirin to get rid of the headaches we get when we drink too much alcohol.

Dr. Grant, chief of the school health section of the Maryland Health Department, points out what appears to be a common problem wherever an educational effort is being made:

"We don't know what to teach at this point," he stated flatly.

Drug taking in its various forms has become strongly ritualized in our society, and "it has very definite sociological purposes. Sometimes this socialized, ritualized drug taking is beneficial," he says. Other times, it is harmful.

ANSWERS:

9-wise; 10-level; 11-ruler; 12-ugger; 5-slope; 6-hammer; 7-brace; 8-stopper; 1-square; 2-drill; 3-saw; 4-plane;

The Luck of the Irish

The legendary "luck of the Irish" doesn't hold when it comes to skin cancer, says the American Cancer Society.

Recent studies show that the U.S.-born descendant of the early Celts has a higher than normal susceptibility to the development of skin cancer as a result of exposure to the sun, probably due to a genetic predisposition. A parallel study demonstrates that the native (third generation) American is far less susceptible.

U.S. Tops in Smokes

Americans are still the world's heaviest smokers of cigarettes, claims the British Tobacco Industry Research Council, even though fear of lung cancer is said to be keeping consumption below the level of 1963. That was the last year before the U.S. Public Health Service report early in 1964 on the relation of smoking and lung cancer or heart ailments.

The Council's report says U.S. consumption averaged 3,860 cigarettes per adult in 1967. Canada rated second with 3,450; Britain third with 2,830. This despite the fact that the British smoker pays the equivalent of 73 cents for a standard pack of 20 cigarettes.

Dentists Go Anti-smoke

Dentists can and should play an important role in urging young people to give up smoking, according to Dr. Donald T. Waggener of the University of Nebraska College of Dentistry.

Dr. Waggener says dentists should concern themselves with the total well-being of their patients, and smoking is one of the areas of concern.

"The influence the dentist may have on young patients in the teenage group who recently started to smoke is of particular importance. At this stage it is not difficult for them to quit."

He says that many changes in the soft tissue of the mouth may result from use of tobacco.

For Campers



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Things I Wish I'd Known at 18

- That we do not grow up uniformly, but in spots and streaks, so that we may be mentally mature but still emotionally underdeveloped, or have a good practical grasp but still lack spiritual depth; and we must not make the mistake of confusing our categories of grown-upness.
- That candor in order to cure is very different from candor in order to hurt; and putting someone right is quite a different thing from putting someone down.
- That the way to persuade someone is not to beckon him to come and look at things from where you stand, but to move over to where he stands and then try to walk hand in hand to where you would like both of you to stand.
- That the best (and, ultimately, the only) way to make a "good impression" is by becoming who you are, not by trying to conform to anyone else's standard of what you ought to be.
- That if you do not find pleasure in solitude, you will not develop enough resources within yourself to find genuine pleasure in company; and, conversely, if you do not find pleasure in company, your solitude will be barren and involuted rather than creative and expansive.
- That wanting to be liked and admired by persons whose opinions or characters you do not really respect is the most common and pernicious form of emotional prostitution in the world.
- That, in the deepest Platonic sense of the word, you do not truly "know" something until you act upon it; and that "know thyself" is a meaningless injunction unless and until such knowledge compels you to put it into action, in immediate and practical terms.

—Adapted, Sidney J. Harris.