

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



JUAN MARICHAL

Pitcher, San Francisco Giants

"Cope, Don't Cop Out"

All types of people, all levels of people, live in Wakefield, Massachusetts, a community of 28,000 on the northern fringe of Boston along its factory-lined belt Route 28. The town is what might be termed "average," if indeed there is such a thing.

Two years ago a few isolated incidents here and there in the town began to show some youths were becoming involved in drugs. On the streets, in the schools, these happenings started to fall into place in an overall picture of a community drug problem.

Wakefield found what other towns are also discovering, that drug abuse is not limited these days to big-city slums, college campuses, or hippie enclaves, but is becoming common in small towns and middle-class suburbs.

But instead of sitting back to bemoan their plight, a volunteer coalition of Wakefield citizens, consisting of housewives, city officials, mothers, businessmen, teachers, and youth, moved in on the problem to face it realistically. This brought about over a period of months an array of effective antidrug measures, including instruction to parents on drug detection, factual and unemotional teaching in schools, a "hot line" for addicts needing help, and programs for making young lives exciting without drugs.

It was a coordinated and concentrated effort "to tell the drug scene as it is," a total mobilization of the entire town. This was not in a spirit of spite and punishment, but in a sincere desire to help those in trouble and prevent others from becoming involved.

The degree of success already achieved is, of course, difficult to evaluate; for this is a long-range program. But straws in the wind show that progress is being made, both in rehabilitating those caught up in drug use and in warning the vast majority concerning the lurking menace in experimentation. Educational efforts are paying off.

Also Wakefield is enjoying valuable side effects to this project, one being the efforts of youth themselves to follow the philosophy, "Cope, don't cop out." For example, forty high school students last fall organized a "peace corps," through which they exert their energies to aid persons in need. Members of the corps entertain at veterans' hospitals, help care for the elderly and invalids, and work as volunteers on a variety of projects. "For the first time," says one girl member, "I feel I'm doing more than just taking up space."

The experience of Wakefield could well inspire many other communities over the nation. The approach it is using might be adopted elsewhere to meet the same problems or similar ones.

Well could we all take another look at that "cope, don't cop out" approach.



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JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

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- ★ October's *Listen* is a single-theme issue on smoking. From its colorful cover "Tomorrow Where?" to its back page of "posters with an impact," it is crammed with facts, inspiration, and appeal.
- ★ "How to Stop Smoking" by J. Wayne McFarland, M.D., of Five-Day Plan fame, outlines in clear, easy form the best way to kick the habit. And you won't want to miss our pictorial coverage of the Five-Day Plan!
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Hosts and hostesses today can entertain in truly modern style, yet reduce the lure toward alcohol drinking, and make their guests feel really—

IN THE PARTY

WHEN you give your friends a "good time," do you offer them a choice and variety of food and drink?

Often this will mean more thought in planning refreshments, but less work in preparing them. Foods in their natural state and less highly prepared are often more nutritious. As hostesses learn these hints, they will find themselves entertaining in truly modern style. At the Kennedys' first White House party, hors d'oeuvres included raw celery and cauliflower with a mustard dip, cocktail canapés, and hot cheese patties. The canapés involved spreading something on a cracker or a piece of bread; the hot cheese creations had to be put in the oven. But anyone will agree that these items were not frightfully difficult to prepare. Likewise the soft drinks and tomato juice added to the beverage assortment required a minimum of effort.

The real situation is this: People differ in their eating likes and dislikes; they differ in their needs for certain foods; they differ in their reactions to certain foods. Every person is a complete, though small, chemical laboratory. Foods are put through "the lab," and what happens in different chemical "experiments" varies according to many factors—some known and some unknown. But we do know that people do not all react alike to the same food. Each one's "chem lab" has put different chemicals into the test tube before the food is added. His chemical "chain reaction" may be quite different from that of the fellow who stands beside him. This has proved true also in regard to the effect of alcohol.

Experiments show that rats fed good diets, high in B vitamins, do not choose alcohol when given a choice of drinks; the same rats, when fed poor diets low in B vitamins, lap up alcohol. Doubtless man has a more complex physiology than rats; but the effects of good diet on humans appear to be similar. Even some chronic alcoholics who were fed adequate diets lost their craving for liquor.

A well-rounded diet with ample minerals and vitamins—though not necessarily high in calories—reduces the desire for alcohol, and also for sweets. The inference is that,

Adelaide K. Bullen



for some reason, the "labs" of people who don't crave alcohol are better supplied with the important chemical essentials for their digestive "experiments." Also people may vary in their needs from time to time.

While no one can predict exactly what his guest may require, it is certainly playing it safe for your friends if you offer a choice of beverages so that, like the well-fed rat, your guest can choose a nonalcoholic beverage if he wishes. The food should include a number of items rich in vitamins and minerals to fortify further the "borderline" guests. And for those who partake of alcoholic drinks—even beer and wine—good food will help replace vitamins that are eaten up by alcohol, for alcohol depletes the body of what B vitamins it already has.

So we begin to understand the vicious-circle reaction of the situation in which alcohol is usually served. Though this is almost common knowledge, too often little has been done about it. When the individual needs vitamins most, particularly of the B group, to offset the ravages of alcohol, what does he do? Because of the lack of vitamins, he craves the alcohol more! Any hostess can see how, for some people, this works to change a pleasant social occasion into an uncontrollable cycle that goes on into the night.

But now we can forestall this unhappy merry-go-round. First, as far as beverages are concerned, the hostess can and should include drinks without alcohol. Some of these may look like alcoholic beverages, with the same glasses, the same twist of lemon peel, the same chilling in ice buckets, the same use of soda, branch water, and ice cubes.

For example, try Meier's Catawba grape juice, an unsweetened white juice that looks like white wine. It's been a favorite since 1895. The sparkling variety looks—and tastes—like champagne. It comes in champagne color, with wrappings and wired stopper like "the real thing," and it pops like a wedding reception.

In a wine glass, the "still" variety tastes like a bright white wine of special vintage. In a highball glass, with ice cubes and soda water, your guest might think he is having a light Scotch and soda—a little on the sweet side, but it looks like any Scotch or possibly a weak bourbon. Of course, if he prefers an old-fashioned, he can pour several jiggers of Catawba over two ice cubes, then add the requisite trimmings of fruit slices and a cherry.

Cider and apple juice—while not quite as piquant in flavor—are similar in taste and color to the Catawba and can be handled the same way. Sparkling water can be added to make the "champagne." Apple juice is particularly easy to buy at any store at any season and can be kept in your "cellar" with almost no effort. Seven-up is also a good substitute drink. Served straight it looks like a vodka, gin, or light rum drink with soda. As a substitute for a highball, it is a favorite with diplomats who want to keep their wits about them. Of course, ginger ale—most convincing with ice cubes—is also a ready aid.

The chief thing is to serve these beverages with the same flourish, and prepared by the same "bartender" with the same paraphernalia, so that no guest feels branded or set apart as different. If he wants no liquor, or if he wants his second or third rounds without liquor, his friends won't treat him like a wet blanket.

One very generous bartender in a deluxe hotel gave me the recipe for his basic mix which he uses as a base for

gin and rum Collins, for daiquiris, and for whiskey sours. But it tastes marvelous—without the liquor. You can dress it up like a Collins in a highball glass with cherry and straws or serve it in a cocktail or whiskey-sour glass. I have had this delectable concoction served me in several other places when I asked for lemonade, and I finally had to know how they made anything that tasted so delicious.

The bartender said he takes a pint of Sunkist frozen lemon juice, sugar to be added depending on how sweet you want it, also an egg white. He beats these well in a blender, then pours the mixture into an empty quart ginger-ale bottle. This keeps indefinitely in the refrigerator. To make the Collins-like drink I had the bartender put some ice cubes and a little water in a highball glass and fill it up with the basic mix. He topped it off with a maraschino cherry, jauntily stuck in the straws, and I was in the party.

Food is even easier. The hostess can provide a nutritious selection with plenty of B vitamins. Of course, each guest follows his own needs of the moment.

One suggestion for the hostess is to include in some way grated hard-boiled egg yolk. This has, among other assets, B₁, and B₂, and B₆ of the B vitamins, plus niacin, pantothenic acid, choline, and biotin of the B-complex group. For our purpose it is the yolk, not the white, that is most desirable. Grate it on top of other canapés and open sandwiches. Include hard-boiled yolks in trimmings for plates, platters, and trays of other foods. Sorry, cholesterol-watchers must say No.

After egg yolk comes another favorite—nuts, especially peanuts. They are the best source of several B-complex items. Almonds, walnuts, and cashews are also good. In fact, all nuts are good for party purposes. People who are reducing or are on some other diet know how many they dare to eat and probably prefer dry-roasted, nonfat types of preparation. Fresh unsalted nuts are also popular.

The last major problem on the party list is cheese. Cheese in general is high in B₁, and cheddar is high on the list for B₂. American, Swiss, cheddar, and cottage are good sources of calcium as well as B vitamins. While creamed cottage cheese is smooth and delicious, your reducing and anticholesterol friends will appreciate the uncreamed.

Now let's look at a dozen high B-vitamin fruits. Of course, lemons and oranges are often used in drinks. Dates and prunes can be stuffed with cheese and nuts for hors d'oeuvres. Peaches, pineapple, strawberries, apples, bananas, grapefruit, and cantaloupe can be used in many ways. Fresh fruit for a buffet dessert will not only add B vitamins, but delight weight-watchers and help to decorate your table!

Now for the "B" vegetables. Alphabetically they go, asparagus, broccoli (B-complex component), cabbage (Chinese and green), carrots, cauliflower, lettuce, onions, tomatoes, and watercress. Serve your "cocktail" vegetables raw when possible and as slightly peeled as makes them palatable (not peeled and soaked in water—peeling and soaking is how you lose the vitamins and minerals). Cherry tomatoes and broccoli-flower sticks are popular. It's also good to have an assortment of dips.

Our party planning has almost made me forget that you, the super host and hostess, are helping to reduce the attraction to alcohol. Perhaps we have not realized how important hosts and hostesses really are in this respect. ■

His diabolical look ensnared my eyes. With an outstretched hand, he leered, "Come a little closer, Chris, and you'll be mine."

I Began With Grass

Chris Colby
as told to Vinnie Ruffo

I HAD BEEN to a party that night. Because I wanted to be super-stoned, I had swallowed two LSD capsules. Within thirty minutes I was turned on, soaring the heights.

After the party my friends, all acid users, elected me to drive. The anticipation filled me with expanded delight, because I knew what ecstasy the night lights would create.

Cathy, my girl friend, was beside me, and two other friends sat in back. Suddenly the mountain highway that followed the Pacific coastline became a kaleidoscope of color, a ribbon of glory. Blazing colors, iridescent with beauty, fanned into a rainbow. The flashing colors came and went, each time exploding into new brilliancy, new thrills. The road spiraled, jetting my senses into dizzying heights. Higher and higher I climbed. Time became endless, space had no limits, and sound was a celestial reverberation.

Straight into the aurora borealis of delight I drove. As the luminous phenomenon covered my senses, a power stronger than my own mind seemed to urge, "Chris, want a real thrill? Get over on the left side of the road. Face the oncoming lights. Come on, move over."

Every fiber of my acid-soaked cells wanted to follow the urge. I was not getting the full impact of the lights, and

I wanted more; yet an indefinable something restrained this desire. "No," I reasoned, "if I do that we'll crash head-on into an oncoming car. I'd be killed; Cathy would be killed. My friends would die instantly."

The overwhelming thing persisted. "That's just it, Chris. That's what this trip is all about—dying. Then you, Cathy, your friends, will have truly reached the heights. Go on, move over toward the lights."

The slim thread of something would not let me yield—not this time.

My first encounter with drugs came when my friend Rick urged me to try pot. I was seventeen years old, a senior in high school. Rick had been smoking marijuana, and I had tried to discourage him by telling him the results of drug consumption. Rick had laughed. "That's a pack of lies—a bunch of garbage about pot."

Society said one thing; my friend said another. I had to find out for myself, so I decided to try it.

With guilty anticipation I smoked my first joint. At first nothing happened. Rick doubled the amount. Between the two of us we consumed one half lid.

Moments later, with dismembered enchantment, I be-



ILLUSTRATION
BY JAMES CONVERSE

Medical Statement on Marijuana

The following statement relative to marijuana was prepared by the Committee on Mental Health of the Massachusetts Medical Society and approved by the Council on October 9, 1968:

1. Marijuana is a dangerous drug and as such is a public health concern. The fact that no physical dependence develops does not render it innocuous. Dose response curves indicate it ranks higher in potency than the barbiturates and markedly higher than alcohol as a psychoactive agent. Among the dangers are acute intoxication, psychological dependence, personality deterioration, and, especially in predisposed individuals, psychosis.

2. Legal sanctions should differentiate between those who manufacture or distribute the drug and those who use it. The former should be dealt with strictly, invoking full penalties for a criminal act. The latter should be judged as to whether they are occasional users or frequent users. Youthful experimenters should be treated leniently and their careers not jeopardized by a criminal record. Chronic users should be treated medically and psychiatrically as in the case of persons dependent on other drugs, such as narcotics or alcohol, and social rehabilitative services should be made available to them.

3. Educational programs with respect to marijuana should be directed to all segments of the population and should be part of a total approach to the problem of drug abuse of all types. Primary and secondary schools should be included as well as colleges and universities, and the communications media should disseminate authoritative information to the general public. Physicians should play a leading role in this activity.

4. Further research on marijuana is desirable.

came disconnected in thought, a gushing idiot with words, and a bear with a chasm of hunger. Rick and I went to a drive-in and ordered sixteen hamburgers and sixteen milkshakes, each time forgetting previous orders placed.

I liked pot.

For two months I sneaked around smoking marijuana, carefully hiding my actions from my parents. And Rick and I took an oath. Never would we take anything more potent. Never?

One day, without any grass at hand, Rick and I walked into a bowling alley looking for a friend who might have some. When Dave walked in, Rick asked him if he had any grass to give us. "No," he said, "but I have LSD. Want to try it?" He showed us two little gelatin capsules, light bluish-green, \$5 apiece.

LSD. Wow! I took the capsule and fingered it. I played with it, afraid to swallow it.

Seeing my hesitation, Dave proceeded to tell us what heights we could reach if we took the capsule. He made it sound wonderful, and we agreed to try it.

I split the capsule, poured it into a Coke, and divided it three ways.

Again nothing happened—not right away. We waited half an hour. I had about decided that LSD was a dud when I noticed the window shades. At first they moved gently, a

quiet flick. Then they jumped into each other. I looked down. The floor had turned into a flowing paisley pattern. The walls were resplendent, beaded with intricate designs, breathing with beauty. Rick's voice, greatly amplified, came to me through a delightful echo chamber. I smelled the vibrations and saw the dancing music.

I went soaring on my first trip with LSD.

We left the room and went outside. The green grass waltzed with supernatural beauty. I wanted to hug all this splendor, to absorb it into my bloodstream. Throwing myself on the tinted ground, I tried to embrace it all.

This trip into fantasyland lasted fully eight hours.

If I had been enchanted with pot, I was impossibly captivated with LSD. I liked the feeling of being stoned. I desired more and higher trips.

To keep LSD on hand, I withdrew every penny from my savings account and purchased a large supply—sixteen capsules—and many lids of marijuana.

LSD became a part of my life. As a disciple of the drug, I worked with dedication to influence my friends in high school to share my delight. And I succeeded in getting some of them turned on.

A year and a half passed. Now I could call myself a real acid head, having taken LSD well over 100 times.

Also I had managed to earn a police record. Without more money to buy LSD, and not wanting to forfeit the delights I had known, I became a thief. The law intervened, and I went to jail. Authorities placed me in a hospital when they learned I was on an LSD trip, and administered thiorazine, an antidote for the drug.

I felt no remorse when my parents found out I was using LSD. Instead, I tried to convince them that they were missing some wonderful experiences by not taking LSD. I talked, argued, coaxed, teased, and bragged, in an unsuccessful effort to persuade them to try it.

I do not know what my life would have been if I had not eventually experienced a series of four terror-filled, eye-opening, shackle-breaking trips.

The first of these four fateful trips happened in my room—my psychedelic room. Friends, all acid users, had told me that an LSD trip could be greatly improved by color, music, and lights. So I prepared my room for greater delight. The walls, covered with psychedelic posters, exploded into a myriad of designs. I purchased half a dozen good "hard rock" records; and, since I was quite a mechanic with lights, I created my own light show. With three push buttons I could create an exquisite blend of green, blue, and red.

Alone in my room I took a capsule. Soon I began to receive a strange impression. The lights became more vivid, more celestial, than ever before. I could hardly bear it.

I felt a strong presence. I did not see, but I heard the words, "Chris, what are you doing? You are lost."

The impression was so great, so instantaneous, so quickly gone that I broke into a cold sweat.

Lost! The word shook every fiber of my being. Right through the acid an indescribable feeling of remorse filled me, and an agony that defies words. I did not want to be lost—not in any way.

All at once the teachings of my church, the things I had learned about God, about being saved for eternity or lost for eternity, came rushing back to me.

In that instant I came face to face with myself as I was

now, while taking LSD and marijuana. The impression had asked, "What are you doing with drugs?" I was lost. That to me meant for eternity. By taking acid I was allowing a drug to command my senses, to distort my views, to disassociate myself from life.

Hours later I came down. LSD is a hallucinatory drug. Many times I would experience aftereffects from a trip, but this I was convinced was not a hallucination.

Remembering the words, "You are lost," I refrained from taking LSD for one week. Then I forgot the impression and took another trip, the second of the series.

Again I floated in a glory of lights. Again the impression came. Again a strong presence, a powerful voice asked, "Chris, what are you doing? Have you forgotten? You are lost."

The feeling of remorseful agony returned. It was unlike anything that had happened to me before on a trip. There was no pleasure now. I wanted badly to come down.

For a few weeks I refrained from taking acid. Then forgetting again what I had heard, I took another trip.

This time I experienced no delight from the lights or the sound or the colors. A whole month elapsed before I yielded to the desire to take still another trip—this one was to be my last, but I began with grass.

At one o'clock one morning Rick and I decided to roll grass with cigarette paper and delight our brains with the marijuana. Since we were out of paper, we went down to the local pool hall, where we obtained some to roll our grass. We smoked the marijuana and went high, really high.

It was raining, so Rick and I ducked under a bridge to dodge the downpour. Suddenly Rick pointed to the sign on a wall nearby. The sign flashed on and off in large letters, "The End."

I turned and looked for Rick. He was gone. I looked for the bridge. It had vanished. The ground beneath my feet had disappeared. All was gone. I was gone. And I was falling. This was the end!

I felt myself falling into an endless chasm. On the way down I saw a tall being, his face terrifying. Evil, hate, and malice vibrated from his body. With horror I gazed at this demon in human form.

His diabolical look ensnared my eyes. It was awful. With an outstretched hand he leered, "Come a little closer, Chris, and you'll be mine. Just a little closer."

Filled with terror, I saw myself in the power of an evil adversary. Drugs held me in horrifying captivity, and I realized in a psychedelic flash that if I continued taking marijuana and LSD, they would consume my mind. I was truly lost—lost from a good life on this earth. And I felt strongly that I would be lost from any future eternal life.

In that moment of indescribable realization I did something I had not done in years. I prayed. I was afraid I would never return from this trip. I didn't want to be high anymore; I wanted to come down. I promised God that if He helped me to stop taking drugs I would give Him my life.

Instantly the evil thing vanished, and my own terror went away.

I looked around. The bridge was normal. Rick was there. I was down from the trip. I told Rick what I had seen and he believed me. He wanted to quit drugs too.

What had happened had been quick. A flash that had gone on and off. I knew that hallucinations from trips could

remain for hours and days, even weeks and months, but this was different. It was not a hallucination. My mind was clear. I had seen what seemed to be the devil after me.

Right there under the bridge with Rick I made my decision: With God's help I would never again take marijuana or LSD or any other drugs that affect the mind.

When I stopped using drugs, I became a free man, master of my own mind. But quitting marijuana and LSD did not expand into a grand finale—a happy ending. There are permanent scars.

Because of my bad conduct and drug using, I had been expelled from high school. Now I went back and graduated. At nineteen I possess a police record that cannot be wiped out. While I was taking drugs, I made no contribution to anyone—not to myself, nor my parents. I held no job, I carried no part of the load, I was a complete burden. It was my influence that had turned Rick and Cathy on drugs. My influence had turned on many students at the high school.

My memory is short. Math had been my easiest subject. Now it is a challenge to figure the smallest problem. My nerves are edgy. It's easy to blow over the little things.

And what kind of a legacy can I promise a future generation? Increasing evidence indicates that LSD damages the chromosomes of the user so that his child may be mentally retarded and deformed.

For these reasons I have dedicated my life to help others

Experience—A Definition

Something
to grow through
Not merely
to "go" through.

Mildred N. Hoyer

see the truth about drugs. It all started when I began taking marijuana. That's the danger. One drug leads to another. I plead with nonusers to stay that way: Don't take that first puff of grass.

When I'm sure someone is on drugs, I try to point them to God and what He can do for them. Cathy, Rick, and about twenty others have seen through the terrible sham of drug consumption and have stopped taking all drugs.

I'm fortunate. A Christian college has accepted me for higher learning. My aim will always be to help others.

After countless drags on marijuana and 120 trips on LSD, God brought me down permanently.

He can do it for others too. ■



Laurice Durrant

FOR A TIME the Haight-Ashbury district in San Francisco flourished with the flower generation. They came from all over the United States and from other countries to bloom there. Then the glamour and beauty faded. The attraction disappeared. I saw all this with my own eyes, for during that time I worked in the area medical center as a volunteer registered nurse.

I associated with youth who frequented the clinic, and I saw that many of them were pensive and perplexed. Their lives did not seem to hold much meaning.

Put very succinctly, in the majority of cases the sad story of a hippie could be told in this manner: The youth is down and out; but, more important, he has no sympathetic ear to listen to him. Someone comes along and entices him to find meaning and a lift through the magic of drugs. He is convinced, tries marijuana, then LSD and/or speed, and in some cases finds escape. But this is not the end.

There is no question that the uncontrolled use of drugs produces severe damage in many a young person's life. I have seen too many youth undergo bewildering experiences as they become psychologically enslaved to drugs.

Allan Cohen in his article "God and LSD" indicates that "the LSD experience is compared (at its best) to a mirage, a superdream, an illusion which when pursued and taken for real makes self-development impossible." Indeed, LSD users often begin to lose their ability to make sound judgments; they stop caring about their health, their goals, their future. But worse yet, they do not know that this is happening. On the contrary, drug abusers are often convinced that taking drugs has improved them.

Some of these youth think that because they can use marijuana or LSD and not suffer obvious ill effects (at least not obvious to themselves) these drugs are safe for most people. I observed that this is not the case. No one

can predict what effect, immediate or long-range, any of these drugs will have on the user. It seems strange that, with all our knowledge of science and technology today, we can be so naïve as to think that we can take a powerful drug and have it do only what we want it to do, nothing else.

Research done on LSD users, for instance, shows that people who have been off LSD for a year can have recurrences of their frightening drug experiences. These recurrences have been known to come during times of stress or in panic situations. Similar experiences can occur with marijuana. Those who get hung up on marijuana also tend to become irresponsible. Of course there may be exceptions to the rule, but how can I tell if I will be an exception?

Some proponents of marijuana say that if alcohol (in spite of six million or more alcoholics in the United States) is permitted freely in our society, there is no reason why marijuana should be restricted. Dr. Lawrence Kolb, Assistant Surgeon General (retired), speaking of this problem, asserts: "Alcohol, during the past 2,500 years, has apparently become an irreplaceable part of our social structure. We know that it does much harm, but the fact that we tolerate this harm is no reason for permitting the indiscriminate use of another intoxicant."

Generally, users of marijuana tend to become parasites. In other words, you and I eventually end up supporting them. In this game we are all losers. They stand to lose their health, their families, perhaps their lives prematurely. As for us, we stand to lose them when we really need them.

A research center at Lexington, Kentucky, has shown that enough THC (Tetrahydrocannabinol), a substance found in marijuana, can cause psychotic reaction in every subject. Different dosages were tried. For instance, with 200 micrograms all subjects in the sample underwent psychotic reactions such as illusions, delusions, and hallucinations. It is reported that one man in the last group, the hallucinatory group, thought he was detached from his

body, saw himself shrivel down to the size of a doll and witnessed his own funeral.

Following episodes like this, whether from marijuana or from stronger drugs, youth who may still have the power of reasoning wish to return to normal society. Unfortunately, sometimes this is not possible. One youth, twenty-one, who had come to the clinic with symptoms of hepatitis, was hooked on methedrine, or speed. In the course of our conversation he said he had just returned from New York, his home state, where he had spent a couple of weeks trying to persuade his younger brother to stop using drugs and seek help from an appropriate agency. I asked him, "How about you; have you joined any organization?" "Oh, it is too late for me," he said; "no chance." He looked despondent. I asked him, "What advice would you give a group of young people if you had the chance to address them?"

He sat up straight and, with his eyes gazing into space, said emphatically, "I would tell them, Don't start! Don't ever start."

Another story with a more pleasant ending is that of a nineteen-year-old who had been down that same road, but who presently is going about showing young people they can be happier without drugs. When asked how she does it, she says, "I just tell them that almost every friend I had when I was on drugs is either dead or in jail."

Some youth argue that LSD provides an answer to their need for mysticism, that it gives them "a glimpse of God." It is ironic to say that; the greatest living masters of esoteric thought and practice—what we sometimes refer to as meditation—have voiced a strong condemnation for the use of drugs for spiritual uplift. These spiritual teachers, the gurus, point out that drugs can only hinder the attainment of increased closeness to God. The LSD experience, for instance, may generate a false temporary religious feeling, but the gap between this feeling of spirituality and its application to everyday life, is an enormous abyss.

The feeling of a need for someone to help comes frequently from a sense of aloneness, no one to care or show affection or concern. This feeling is sometimes called "alienation." Today it appears that, because of unprecedented social and technological changes about us, and cultural and familial breakups, we witness a more severe feeling of alienation affecting more and more people. And it will not get any better. The new generation has to face an increasingly impersonal world dominated by science and technology. One thinks of the story of the two cows grazing along a roadside. An immense milk truck passed with the painted words, "Pasteurized, homogenized, Vitamin D added." One cow turned to the other and said, "Makes you feel inadequate, doesn't it?"

The new generation may feel inadequate for many reasons. And as if our own world view were not difficult enough to face, this generation has to develop an interplanetary point of view. This last prospect is especially alarming because it appears that answers to problems of outer space are being sought before answers to the complex problems of inner space.

In all this chaos, where can youth turn to find the answers? Is the God of Moses, David, and Daniel able to help youth today? As I tell my young friends, I have tried Him; and I know that nothing, nothing beats God. I have seen that with my own eyes too! ■

Challenge of Change

Constance Quinby Mills

"THERE is nothing permanent but change," goes the old saying. How true. But it isn't so much what happens to you, as how you take it. Form good habits of thinking; make your outlook on life positive, not negative.

Change is ever present. As you grow up, you have problems adjusting to an adult world. Then you marry and have to adjust to living with another person. You learn unselfishness. As children come along, there comes eventually the time when they grow up and become independent.

Where the children looked to you for everything, and you were the adviser, banker, and the hub of their lives, they break away more and more. When they marry, you recede to the background of their lives, and when grandchildren arrive, you must know your place.

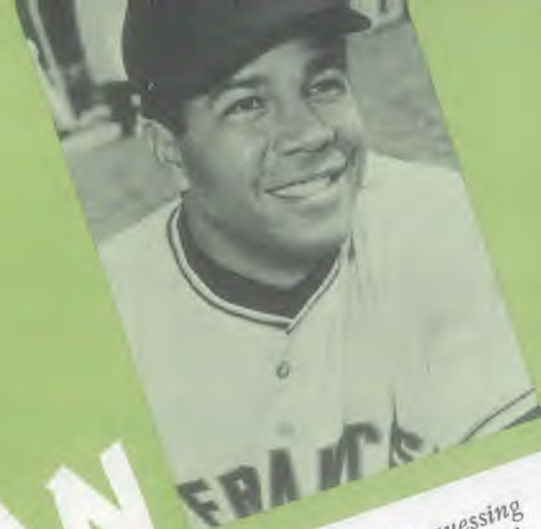
Then perhaps you lose your mate. Keep your grief to yourself, and learn to adjust. Maybe your health isn't what it used to be when you were younger, but don't talk about it. Be glad for your blessings. Others have their troubles too, and they don't want to hear about yours.

Cultivate outside interests. Develop hobbies, like writing or painting, even if you never did such things before. Join a club, or do church or charity work. Above all, make yourself an unselfish person, keep a cheerful outlook, and be interested in other people. No one wants to be near a whiner. A complainer will find himself alone and wonder why, while a cheerful person will always have friends.

Perhaps you have to give up your home for one reason or another. Make the best of it, and enjoy your new surroundings. You may have to move to another city and give up your old friends and familiar associations. Accept it as a challenge to adjust to new surroundings and to make new friends.

Your reaction to change is all up to you—learn to accept whatever comes to you that you cannot control, and adjust to it. Remember, the world is changing for everyone. ■

JUAN



MARICHAL SUPER PITCHER

Baseball is "a guessing game," says Juan Marichal. "The hitter is always trying to guess." For Juan, the smile comes when he can "guess what the hitter is guessing."

ASK ANY National League baseball hitter what pitcher he would prefer *not* to face, and the name of Juan Marichal will come right back at you.

And no wonder. Called the National League's winningest active pitcher, with a glittering overall record of 170 wins and only 77 losses, Marichal with his baker's dozen assortment of tricky slants has been bewildering batters in the league for the past nine years. And to paralyze further the hitting efforts of opposing players, the brilliant baseball product of the Dominican Republic mixes up a tantalizing array of pitching deliveries with a disciplined control. During 1968 he permitted only 46 batters to walk in 326 innings.

Faced with this dazzling array of pitching inventory, hitters all the more cry uncle when they know that Marichal is a well-conditioned physical specimen who sums up his baseball career success in a tiny capsule: "I don't smoke or drink, but I keep in top condition with needed exercise. I eat moderately and keep a good, healthy attitude toward baseball," Marichal says.

Called "the greatest I ever saw" by Carl Hubbell, a Hall-of-Fame pitcher himself, and praised by Horace Stoneham, owner of the San Francisco Giants, in his statement, "I'd agree that no other pitcher means as much to his club as Marichal," the Dominican Dandy has been for most of a decade the mainstay of the Giants team.

One of the top paid pitchers in the majors at an estimated \$115,000 per year, Marichal last year, with his glittering record of 26 wins, 9 losses, outstripped all other National League hurlers.

Probably one of the finest examples of a professional athlete for youth and for others, the thirty-year-old Marichal, who has been all-baseball all his life, attributes his successful baseball career to good living habits.

"I can remember when I was sixteen years old I was tempted to try smoking and drinking, and was even called various names if I didn't comply. I tried these things just once, and that was enough. I quickly found that they didn't

agree with me, and I can only say to youth that if they don't ever start on these habits they won't miss them, and they won't injure their health. For me to remain out of condition would be totally unfair to myself."

Marichal's new Giants manager, Clyde King, taking over from old-timer Herman Franks, preaches the doctrine of dedication when he says, "What it takes aside from talent is dedication, a willingness to pay the price demanded by victory."

King admits that Marichal is a player eager to pay the price through physical conditioning and an attitude that seeks only the top rung for the team.

"Marichal is one of our finest conditioned players, and I don't have to worry about him. He is an outstanding example, not only to our own players but to players around the league."

The top pitcher agrees that only his superb physical condition has enabled him to overcome a series of accidents on the field during his years with the Giants that might have felled permanently any other player—like his total of six appearances on a hospital stretcher and five confinements to a hospital, all because of such unexpected happenings as a line drive to the groin, a half-severed Achilles tendon, and other blows.

"But baseball is my game and my life, and I knew that with my good physical condition I could come back," the pitcher recalls. Each time he returned to the mound with more dazzlement for opposing batters.

As in all his years with the Giants organization, Marichal has participated in field warm-up exercises and with long jogging around the field. "This gives a pitcher plenty of good lung power and the ability to overcome the drain of energy on the mound," Marichal says. "If you fail to exercise properly, you won't last long on the pitcher's mound, believe me." That's one reason he runs instead of walking between the dugout and the mound before and after each inning.

Often accused of making the art of pitching an easy



Henry F. Unger

venture, Marichal replies that this is not so. He insists that he works hard at the art, and when he goes to the mound for the start of a game, he has but to pick up the rosin bag, touch it, and be ready to face the first batter.

A pitching terror for most batters, the Dominican star with the chubby face, snub nose, and curly crop of black hair upsets his batting opponents with his high leg kick. This is his trademark. Considered the most exaggerated motion of its kind since famed pitcher Dazzy Vance in the 1930's, the unusual kick makes Marichal rear back and for an instant balance precariously. The pitcher's right hand dangles at his side, almost touching the ground, and from the batter's view Marichal appears ready to hurl something out of a catapult at him.

Henry Aaron, hitting great of the Atlanta Braves, who has faced all the top hurlers, insists that Marichal's foot "is in your face and he comes at you like a fullback."

In addition to his physical prowess and razzle-dazzle pitching action, Marichal has a pitching philosophy: "This is a guessing game. The hitter is always trying to guess, and I'm always trying to guess what the hitter is guessing. I haven't gotten any better—only smarter."

Opposing players are not convinced just how fast Marichal can hurl a baseball, and the brilliant pitching star is the least concerned about this. He is less concerned with pure speed than with delivery, direction, and control. He manages to throw a fast ball with any one of three separate motions—straight overhand, three-quarter overhand, and sidearm. He insists that the main purpose is to clip the corners of the plate, because any batter can hit a ball over the middle of the plate. "Even me," he says.

Marichal, as well as batters, thinks that the pitcher's curve doesn't so much curve but rather sinks, and his slider is a cross between a fast ball and a curve.

So good is his control, says Larry Jansen, pitching coach, that "if you put up a six-inch target sixty feet away, Juan would hit it nine out of ten times."

The super pitching star has some notions about pitching control. He tells you that "people don't understand about control. It's not just the arm. The fingers are even more important."

To keep his fingers in fine condition, Marichal uses a typewriter often and also squeezes a rubber ball very fast. Twice a week he trims his nails very carefully. He is convinced that if his nails on his index, ring, and middle fingers are a fraction too long he will lose his exact feel on the pressure spots and the ball will lose some of its dip, dart, and hop at the plate.

NOTE FROM HISTORY

The first Indian to play in the major leagues was Louis Sockalexis. Though he played only three seasons in the majors, he was so great a player as to become virtually a mythical figure.

Graceful and fast as a racehorse, he ran a hundred yards under ten seconds—before the turn of the century! When he played one season in the Knox County League in Maine, his feats were so heroic that one of the league managers was inspired to write stories for boys, using Louis as the model for a fictitious character he created, named "Frank Merriwell." For decades millions of boys were thrilled by these stories.

In 1897, Sockalexis went into the majors, becoming an outfielder for the Cleveland club, then called "The Spiders." But so overwhelming was his playing that the team became known as the Cleveland Indians, the name they are known by today.

Once, at a party, Sockalexis was persuaded by his friends to taste his first strong drink. That one drink sealed his fate. He couldn't stay away from drink, and before long he became a hopeless drunkard.

Three seasons and out! He drank himself out of baseball and into degradation, winding up as a forsaken and shabby beggar. Drifting back to his Penobscot Indian reservation from whence he had come, he existed in despair until December 24, 1913, when he died at the early age of forty-two.

The sterling pitcher has a "screwjée" (screwball) for windy days. He throws this with a reversed, wrenching, right-to-left snap of the wrist. The wind gives the strange delivery exotic breaks, causing batters to add gray hair.

Now commanding a top salary, Marichal was born to a poor family. Born Juan Antonio Marichal Sanches in the village of Laguna Verde near the Dominican-Haitian border, Marichal lost his father when he was only three years old. He himself almost died when he was twelve. After a swim he became unconscious and was in a coma for six days.

When the future baseball star was sixteen years old, his widowed mother inherited 400 mostly uncultivated acres and Juan and his brother Rafael determined to improve the land. Marichal also was offered a chance to pitch for the United Fruit Company ball team at \$18 a week.

It was while pitching for this team that he matched slants with the mound star of the star-packed Ramfis Trujillo's air-force team and defeated these darlings of the dictator 2-0. Within a few days Marichal was asked to enlist in the air force, where he became a pitcher for the all-stars. On one occasion, Marichal's air-force team lost a double-header and the entire team was sentenced to five days in jail and fined.

Disgusted with the air-force setup, young Marichal jumped at the opportunity when local San Francisco Giants baseball scouts spotted him and offered \$500 for his services. He was flown to Sanford, Florida, for a tryout and then was sent to Michigan City White Caps in the Class D Midwest League, where he led the league in innings pitched (245) and victories (21) and an earned run average

(1.87). In 1959 he moved to Springfield in Class A Eastern League where he invented his high kick and taught himself the screwball. Again he excelled in all pitching departments.

There was no confining this future brilliant pitching ace. He was sent to Tacoma, Washington, in the Class AAA Pacific Coast League. Another scout observing Marichal sent the understatement of the week to the Giants owners, "Potential major league material. Should make the parent club in two years."

In 655 innings in the minor leagues, Marichal had fanned 575 batters.

Within two months, in July, 1960, Marichal was called up to the major leagues in what he considers "one of the greatest thrills of my career."

Facing the Phillies at Candlestick Park in San Francisco for his major league debut, Marichal breezed along in one of the most glorious rookie debuts in major league baseball history. He allowed only one hit, winning 2-0.

In 1961, the young right-hander pitched his second one-hitter, against the Dodgers, but ended up with only a 13-10 season because of a severe spiking. Despite a twisted ankle in 1962, he managed to erect an 18-11 record and even picked up a win in the All-Star game.

It was during 1963 that Marichal fashioned a no-hitter against the Houston Astros, permitting only two Astros to reach first base. Two weeks later he toiled for sixteen innings to win a 1-0 decision against Warren Spahn. He ended the season with a sparkling record of 25-8.

During the 1963-1966 period, the awesome hurler totaled up a record of 93 victories and only 35 losses, and it was during this time that his pay jumped from \$40,000 to the \$100,000 bracket.

Marichal's skill in pitching is not only a matter of physical endowments. Well-disciplined, he scrutinizes carefully all the moves of opposing batters. His catcher hardly has to remind him of the weaknesses of a batter. His impish grin when on the mound can be deceptive for the opponent who doesn't see the concentration beneath the surface and the baseball knowledge packed away in the pitcher's mind.

Big hobby for the pitcher is scuba diving and exercises which he feels keep him in top condition for the opening of the season. Without difficulty, he reports for duty to the Giants, weighing about 185 pounds on a 6-foot frame.

Realizing that his own good living habits have provided him with success in baseball, Marichal becomes upset at the dope habits, as well as the smoking and drinking, of many youth today.

"This is terrible. These kids are only ruining their lives," he emphasizes. "I know that this would have happened to me if I had not controlled myself and realized that discipline is most important."

A lover of children, he enjoys giving his autograph to them. "I remember how I felt about ballplayers when I was a kid," he says.

A valuable asset of the San Francisco Giants baseball club and a shining example to sports fans everywhere, Juan Marichal doesn't have to be concerned about the statement made by his manager, Clyde King, recently, "The key in baseball today is getting the most out of your players." Juan Marichal is so much in love with baseball and so determined to provide every last ounce of his skills for the fans' enjoyment that there isn't much more he can give. ■

Interviews From the Dugout

by George F. Kinney

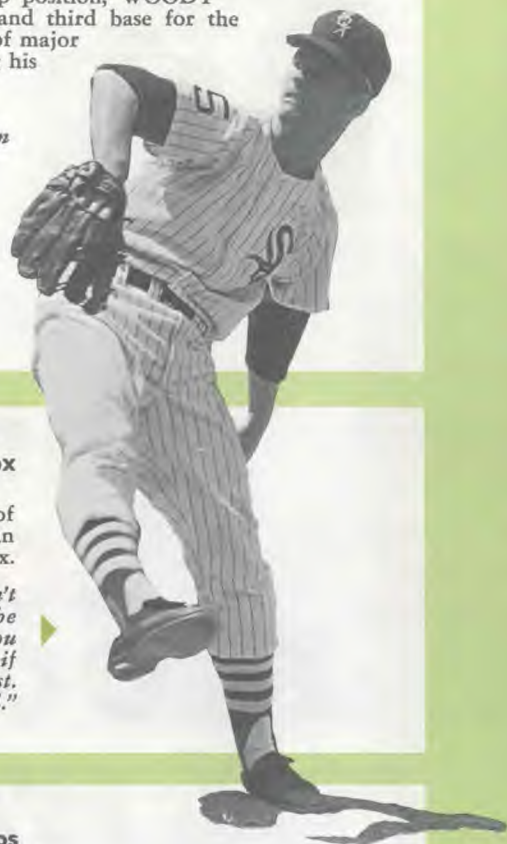
... more baseball opinions



WILLIAM WOODWARD, Shortstop Cincinnati Reds

Star originator of double plays from his shortstop position, WOODY WOODWARD has also excelled at second base and third base for the Atlanta Braves, now for Cincinnati. With six years of major league experience, he seems to be just now reaching his playing peak.

"Everyone is given different abilities, but we all can make the most of what we have. Athletes especially should form a good image for the young folk. In personal habits, we know for a fact that cigarettes can harm the body, and that alcohol never helped anyone, especially the young man or woman."



TOMMY JOHN, Pitcher Chicago White Sox

Now in his sixth year in the majors, TOMMY JOHN has been one of baseball's most consistent winners. In 1966 he tied for the American League lead in shutouts, with five, and again in 1967, with six.

"Playing baseball is like the foundation of a house—you can't have a roof until you have a good base. It goes back to the upbringing you had in your childhood, and how you build on that. Your body can take only so much; and if you punish it, then you can't put out your best. Your body belongs to God."



PAT HOUSE, Pitcher Houston Astros

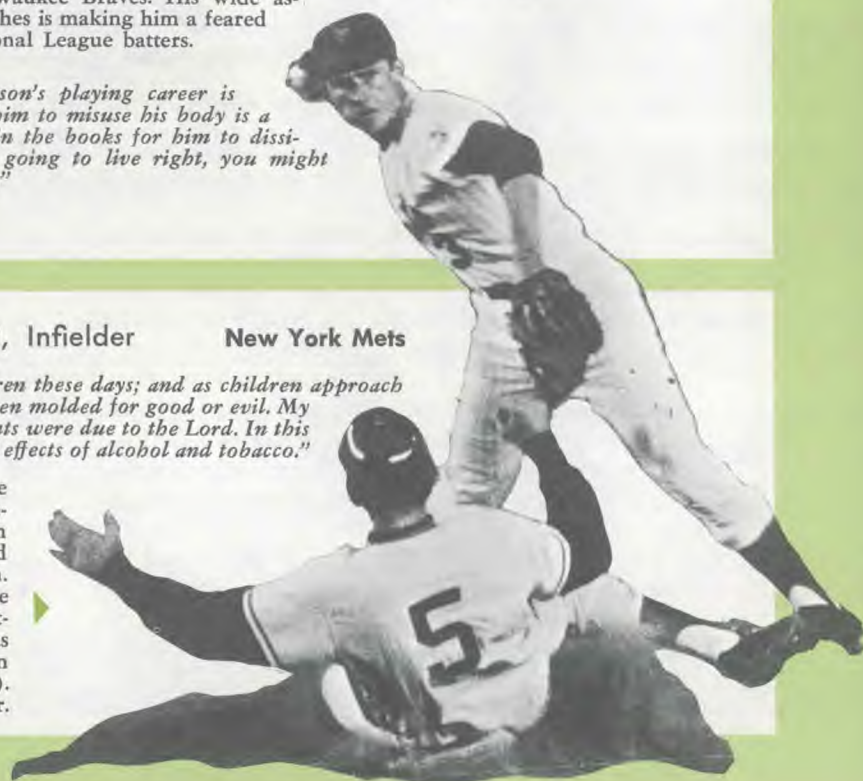
PAT HOUSE began his professional career in 1961 as a free agent signed on by the Milwaukee Braves. His wide assortment of pitches is making him a feared hurler by National League batters.

"At best a person's playing career is short, and for him to misuse his body is a crime. It's not in the books for him to dissipate. If you're going to live right, you might as well do right."

BUD HARRELSON, Infielder New York Mets

"Parents have a lot to do with bringing up children these days; and as children approach maturity, their patterns of living have already been molded for good or evil. My mother always told me that all my accomplishments were due to the Lord. In this way of life I would be kept free from the harmful effects of alcohol and tobacco."

Coming up rapidly from the minor leagues since 1963, pony-sized BUD HARRELSON has stirred baseball by his lightning plays around second base. When it comes to double plays, errorless fielding, and switch-hitting, Bud has very little competition. Some sports writers say that Bud is going to be hard to replace. He played more games at shortstop (149) than any other NL infielder, and was runner-up to Gene Alley among NL shortstops in putouts (254 to 257) and total chances (753 to 783). He has done well at bat too as a switch-hitter.





Truman Capote, author of
In Cold Blood

IN COLD BLOOD-- *Why?*

Sydney Allen

THE TALK of the literary world for some months on both sides of the Atlantic was about *In Cold Blood*, Truman Capote's superb illumination of the circumstances surrounding the killing of all five members of the Clutter family in Kansas. Featured on the cover of *Newsweek*, plus spreads in other mass circulation media, the book was called the most thorough documentation of a crime ever published.

Kenneth Tynan, critic for the London *Observer*, accused Capote of immorality for failing to hire sufficient psychiatric talent to establish the insanity of the two confessed murderers whose story he so greatly profited from telling. Mr. Capote replied that neither he nor any of the psychiatrists who examined the pair thought them insane. He further pointed out that even if he could have found fifty psychiatrists who thought them insane, their testimony would have done no good since Kansas adheres to the M'Naghten rule.

This rule states, "To establish a defense on the ground of insanity, it must be clearly proved that, at the time of the committing of the act, the party accused was laboring under such a defect of reason from disease of the mind as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing or, if he did know, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong."

The arguments will probably continue for some time over what led two young men to kill five people they never saw before without any hard evidence that the act would net them considerable loot.

Nothing which happened on the night of the crime can explain its planning, which obviously took place in the minds of the murderers beforehand. The motive was robbery. Hickok, one of the guilty pair, learned about a rich farmer near Holcomb, Kansas, from a fellow prisoner at the Kansas State Penitentiary. He didn't know that his intended victim (murder was part of the plan from the beginning) wrote checks for all his outlays of money and kept almost no cash on his person or in his home.

It is worthy of note that as Hickok and his partner drove across Kansas, and as they sat in the still darkness outside the house where their intended victims lay asleep, they passed a liquor bottle back and forth and each took a considerable amount from it. This is plainly stated in Capote's book. So, even if no one can say that these men were insane at the moment of their crime, it is perfectly safe to say that they were intoxicated.

The men who make and sell liquor claim that they should no more be held responsible for the "misuses" to which their product is put than the sellers of knives should be held responsible when men like Hickok's partner, Smith, use one to cut a poor victim's throat. This defense may sound impressive at first, but let's take a second look.

A knife may be put to many good uses. It is one of man's most helpful tools, useful for everything from the surgical removal of a cancerous tumor to the carving of a beautiful statue. The misuse of a knife by someone like Smith is certainly no argument against its benign use by someone like Dr. Michael E. DeBakey.

But what can we say for the benign uses of beverage alcohol? The only claim I have ever heard of this type is that these drinks serve as a desirable tranquilizer. But what strange side effects this tranquilizer has! It does not bear sole blame for such senseless crimes as the murders by an intoxicated pair like Hickok and Smith, but since it gave them enough freedom from inhibition to carry out their wicked plan, it is an accessory to the crime.

Are there good consequences from using alcohol as a tranquilizer which redeem it from such side effects as smoothing the way for a multiple murder?

There are safe ways for a person to relax: physical exercise, hobbies, games, sports, reading, music, and a good hot bath. All these can help the harried and hurried unwind from the pressures of a competitive world, without any bad side effects.

We have recently seen how one efficient chemical tranquilizer named thalidomide has been outlawed because it often caused deformed babies as a side effect. When will men learn to avoid the use of that other chemical tranquilizer named alcohol which has such side effects as emboldening men to kill five unsuspecting people? ■

Don't Wait! Put Out the Fire Early

Tobacco Smoke Makes Children Sick Oftener

Children exposed to tobacco smoke have almost twice as much respiratory disease as do children in nonsmoking families, according to a survey conducted by Dr. Paul Cameron of Wayne (Michigan) State University.

"We also were able to correlate the amount of sickness with the amount of smoke in the household," he says. "The more smoke, the more respiratory illness."

"Children are known to be particularly susceptible to air pollution," Dr. Cameron states. "And these findings, though not definitive, suggest that they are also particularly susceptible to that air pollution caused by cigarette, cigar, and pipe smoke."

Children Are Smokers

A survey of almost 1,000 Michigan schoolchildren shows that 13 percent of them smoke cigarettes and that more than half the smokers started before the age of ten.

Twelve of the children surveyed say they started smoking when six years old.

Other major findings include: About 13 percent of those questioned are still smoking; fewer than half say their schools are teaching the relationship between health and smoking; the latter was given as the main reason for not smoking; more than 70 percent say their parents or friends smoke; and a few say they smoke up to a pack of cigarettes a day.

British Addicts Increase

A British official estimates that there may be as many as 10,000 registered heroin addicts in his country by 1972.

C. G. Jeffrey, Home Office drug inspector, says that the 1968 census of registered heroin addicts showed about 2,000. He also says that the number of registered addicts has been increasing by 50 percent each year since 1960.

About one third of the 2,000 registered addicts are teen-agers. "Heroin is no longer exclusive to the jazz world," Jeffrey observes. "Many of today's addicts come from the university, both postgraduate and undergraduate."

In Britain, a heroin addict need only register with government authorities in order to receive the drug from his physician.



In forest fires it doesn't pay to wait until the flames become uncontrollable, nor is it sensible in the matter of habit. Put the fire out early!

Students Start "Smoke-Out" to End Smoking

"Smoke-Out," a student anti-smoking advertising campaign in Bakersfield, California, is under way with TV and radio commercials, newspaper ads, and outdoor boards.

The campaign was conceived more than a year ago when the U.S. Public Health Service awarded a \$52,000 grant to the Kern County Inter-Agency Council on Smoking and Health for a two-year study on "Peer group influence among junior and senior high school students on changing attitudes and behavior on smoking."

Gloria Zigner, project coordinator, shortened the name to "Smoke-Out," and formed the students into their own ad agency.

The initial theme on outdoor boards, bumper stickers, book covers, and small stickers is "Smoke . . . Choke . . . Croak!"

Some of the radio commercials carry lines such as:

★ "Worried about the population explosion? Have a cigarette."

★ "A pack a day takes your breath away."

★ "I don't smoke, the cigarette smokes. I'm just the sucker at the other end."

★ "Don't smoke in bed. You could burn a hole in your lung."

One TV commercial shows four boys carrying a corpse in a sheet. An off-camera voice says, "Harry Glutz stopped smoking today."

Another commercial shows a beautifully gowned woman. The audio portion says, "She smokes." This is followed by a scene show-

ing burning trash. The audio says, "So does the city dump."

Newspaper ads carry lines such as: "Don't smoke . . . it makes your breath smell like your feet."

"Some of my best friends smoke. I'm going to miss them." "Smoking is a means to an end—your own."

At the outset of the campaign questionnaires were distributed to all students in the area. Another questionnaire was circulated in June to measure smoking habits before and after the advertising.

Parents Should Know Too

Doctors were criticized at a national meeting of physicians for failing to encourage smokers who have no medical problems to give up cigarettes.

Dr. Daniel Horn, director of the National Clearinghouse for Smoking and Health of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, noted that physicians have given up smoking in large numbers to prevent disease in themselves.

But he said the majority of physicians do not advise patients to give up cigarettes unless there is a medical reason.

Dr. Campbell Moses, medical director of the American Heart Association in New York, said there is an increased risk of death from all illnesses among persons who smoke ten or more cigarettes a day.

He said also that heavy smokers are at greater risk of sudden death.

In answering a question from a reader of his syndicated column, Dr. Peter J. Steincrohn gave this advice:

Have you ever been in a similar predicament? You go to the doctor for a checkup. You have been complaining of indigestion. Nothing intense or severe. Just a gnawing sensation that's relieved by a drink of milk or a piece of toast.

First he tries tranquilizers, because you have admitted to being tense on the job. You come back unrelieved. He tries a special diet and some antacid pills.

A few weeks go by and still no help. So he says, "How about a GI series? Let's see what's what with your stomach."

He sends you to an X-ray specialist. The report comes back: "Spasm in the region of the duodenum. Questionable but not definite duodenal ulcer."

What to do? The doctor says, "As long as there's a suspicion of an ulcer let's treat you as if you definitely have one."

He puts you on frequent, two-hour bland meals; gives you some antispasmodic medicine to take; suggests that you give up your alcohol and—without question—quit smoking your cigarettes.

"Then after a few months we'll take some more X-rays to check on that dubious ulcer of yours," he says.

You leave his office. You're in doubt. Why give up your nightly highball before dinner? Why throw away your cigarettes? After all, the doctors aren't sure.

Many patients with a similar problem have asked me what to do. Usually, I say it's better and easier to put out the small fire than the large blaze. There's nothing so satisfactory as nipping a burgeoning ulcer in the bud. I've had patients make the small sacrifice (or will you say big?) of giving up their highballs and smoking. They were tickled and happy when a later X-ray checkup showed that the "probable ulcer" had disappeared.

The moral is: Why wait until the blaze becomes uncontrollable? Put out the fire early.

In This NEWS

★ When you drive, don't take any drugs behind the wheel. See page 16.

★ One way to quit smoking—separate pleasure from the habit. See page 17.

★ Films are being used as therapy for drinking drivers. See page 18.

Going Driving? Don't Take Any Drugs Behind the Wheel

Drugs and driving don't mix, says the National Association of Retail Druggists.

So important is respect for drugs in ensuring highway safety that NARD is providing fact sheets for driver education teachers in and out of high schools, according to executive secretary Willard B. Simmons, who represents 40,000 independent drugstore owners.

Druggists are teaching the public the power of drugs. Drugs save lives, Simmons points out.

"When doctors prescribe some valuable medications, they insist that no driving be done for a specified number of hours," he says. "Heed their advice and the advice of the druggist who reminds you of that fact."

In addition to urging respect for the lifesaving drugs of daily life, members of NARD are lending their professional efforts to schools to forward the work of drug education. The dangers of drug abuse are being brought to students' attention at the request of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs of the Department of Justice.

Barbiturates, for example—known as "goofballs" and by other terms—produce slurred speech, impaired motor responses, sensory distortion, and more. A person withdrawing from barbiturate abuse may have spasms and convulsions, particu-

larly dangerous behind a car wheel. Barbiturate overuse plus alcohol can cause sudden death.

Amphetamines—stimulants which have respected medical uses but are known as "pep pills" or "co-pilots" to drug abusers—can cause severe hallucinations on the road. Truck drivers, vacationers, long-distance drivers may take too many amphetamines in order to stay awake. Too frequently the driver will then hear "voices," see "ghost vehicles," and have other aberrations that can cause a crash.

Marijuana, thought by some teens to be harmless, is a major villain when it comes to highway safety. Unlike an ordinary cigarette, "grass" causes sensory distortions. A car 10 feet away may seem 100 feet away. Sideswipe accidents are common, and more serious collisions can occur.

LSD presents double danger. Not only does taking it cause an immediate disoriented "high" and bizarre hallucinations, but the same effects can recur with no warning six months or a year later. The "afterflash" effect can jeopardize not only the driver but also his passengers, as well as other drivers and pedestrians nearby.

If a driver exhibits drunken behavior but there is no aroma of alcohol, drug abuse may be suspected.

They're Sober—But Are They Safe?

When a controversy arose recently over whether Oregon's "drunk driving" breath test is adequate, three Portland newsmen took it upon themselves to test it.

The three—Charles Steers of the *Oregon Journal*, Dick Klinger of KPOJ radio, and Howard Perkin of KATU-TV—were fed a roast beef dinner at the Portland Hilton at 5:30 p.m.

Then, with representatives of the Oregon Medical Association, the Portland Police Bureau, and Portland State University watching, the men proceeded to down a dozen shots of whisky each over a four-hour period.

After the four hours they were given the official breath-o-lyzer test to determine blood-alcohol levels. None of them reached the legal drunkenness level of .15 percent blood alcohol.

Each drinker was then tested electronically and psychologically for reaction time, coordination, and manual dexterity.

Officials administering the tests said the results showed the three were intoxicated. None was in any condition to drive a car, yet all were legally sober.

Chocolate Not So Bad!

Chocolate has been high on the list of offending foods banned to allergic children, but tests conducted by Dr. Lawrence Maslansky of Albert Einstein College of Medicine indicate that it has been wrongly accused.

Out of a group of 500 allergic patients, only ten showed that they were sensitive to chocolate after a double-blind study in which placebos and chocolate were given in capsule form.

The same 500 persons had shown an incidence of 67 percent positive skin tests to chocolate.

"The disparity between skin test, double-blind feeding, and clinical symptoms indicates the need for a reappraisal of our present methods of diagnosing food allergy," Dr. Maslansky says. "Many physicians, and most laymen, accept chocolate allergy as an undisputed fact, when in reality there is very little scientific material to confirm this belief."



Kidney Dialysis

A half-day treatment on a kidney machine at the Baltimore City Hospital helps alcoholics to dry out, reports the *Medical World News*.

Instead of being sent for days to the drunk ward to sober up, the acutely intoxicated chronic alcoholics are hooked up to a kidney dialysis machine and in six hours are completely sober. Apparently removing the alcohol, along with other poisons, from the blood does the job.

Dr. Arnold I. Walder, assistant chief of surgery, finds that alcoholics thus treated remain sober for a longer time than is usual.

Alcohol Problems

Twenty-five percent of all patients admitted to Massachusetts state hospitals have alcohol problems, according to Dr. A. Lewis McGarry, deputy commissioner of mental health. Alcoholism may not be the primary diagnosis, however.

Mental Health Commissioner Milton Greenblatt says that alcohol is a drug, and that those with a liquor problem are "drug dependent."

Crying Jag

Some people can't take alcohol even in small amounts without experiencing a crying jag.

Dr. Marshall Mandell, assistant professor of allergy at the New York Medical College, reports one 42-year-old woman patient who became extremely tired and wept pathetically after a single drink.

Another patient's reaction to alcohol was complete loss of memory, with mood swings from silliness and restlessness to a state of withdrawal.

Dr. Mandell says hypersensitivity to inhalants, foods, and environmental chemicals are frequently misdiagnosed as psychiatric disorders. He says, "Ecologic mental illnesses often go unrecognized because emotional factors are generally believed to be the causes of mental and behavioral symptoms."

Government Drunks May Cost Up to \$1 Billion

If the alcoholics in the nation's post offices were rehabilitated, it could save the Government \$100 million a year, says Stanley K. Day, an official who has developed an experimental treatment program.

And if all the drunks in the Federal bureaucracy and the armed forces were dried out, he says, the annual saving could amount to \$1 billion.

Day established the Postal Alcohol Recovery program several months ago in the San Francisco Post Office, the first such project by the Federal Government.

Day notes that there is nothing in delivering the mail, or in public service generally, that drives a man to drink.

The figures represent the estimated losses, because of days off and lowered efficiency, that are attributed to the incidence of alcoholism in America, he states.

The San Francisco program has cost about \$16,000 so far, and there are now thirty-four persons "successfully participating" in it.

Statistics show an average alcoholic costs his employer about \$3,000 a year; so the net saving to the San Francisco Post Office is figured at more than \$80,000.

The San Francisco program employs four counselors who direct postal workers with drinking problems into treatment plans which best suit the individuals. Day says he prefers the Alcoholics Anony-

mous approach of "identification and fellowship" because it is the "biggest winner in terms of cures."

What's in the Cells?

British scientists have stripped down human blood cells, atom by atom, to reveal details that cannot be seen with the most powerful microscope.

Their technique, borrowed from the physicists, can also be used on other cells, including cancerous ones.

What they found in the red blood cells was an orderly network of filaments, dotted with irregular beading, that apparently provides a rigid frame for the cell in much the same way that steel beams frame a building.

The method is ion etching, in which materials are gradually eroded, atom by atom, by bombardment with high energy ions or fragments of atoms. It has been used primarily to reveal the structure of metals, polymers, and glass.

The British scientists now have used it to erode the membranous coat of blood cells and outline the mysterious interior.

Ion etching, they report, reveals ordered structures at different levels within the membrane, as well as in the interior cell, and shows that the two are clearly distinct.



Little five-year-old Leigh G. Barron of Denver, Colorado, receives a lecture on traffic safety from County Traffic Judge Zita Weinshienk in court. Leigh suffered a broken collarbone and a dislocated hip when he ran into the side of a moving auto while chasing a friend across the street. Patrolmen issued the boy a ticket for jaywalking before he was taken to the hospital.



You Really Want to Stop?

If you really want to quit smoking, a Notre Dame researcher may have just the method. But you'd better really want to quit.

The technique is called "aversive conditioning" and consists of a range of devices which make the habit unpleasant if not downright dangerous.

"Among the reasons people smoke is that they find pleasure in it," says Dr. Thomas L. Whitman, an assistant psychology professor. "We try to disassociate pleasure from smoking."

And so one might observe a student reaching for a smoke, hesitating, then popping a small beige pill into his mouth instead; a man in a bar stopping as he grabs a weed, putting his fingers over the electrodes of a small black box and getting three electric shocks; or six people smoking furiously in a stuffy room, blowing smoke at each other.

In each case the idea is to associate discomfort with the smoking

WHAT WHERE WHY WHO WHEN HOW

◆ In cleaning your windshield, don't forget the inside. Tobacco smoke can put a film of residue on the glass and distort vision. So, if you smoke, periodically clean the windshield with a window-washing solvent. (*Lafayette Journal and Courier*)

◆ A spokesman for the American Medical Association estimated that five out of every 100 college students have tried LSD and probably 20 percent of high school and college-age youths have experimented with marijuana and other hallucinogenic drugs. (UPI)

◆ In front of the telly, British juvenile delinquents tend to enjoy exciting and aggressive programs more and educational and informative programs less than do their nondelinquent fellows. (*Science Service*)

◆ Nine out of ten alcoholics go undiagnosed, according to British psychiatrist Dr. Griffith Edwards. But he believes that family doctors can do a better job of diagnosis by training themselves to look for subtle clues that betray the problem drinker. "The great majority of alcoholic patients will be well dressed, well shaved, and looking much like any other citizen," he explains. (*New York Times*)

◆ The American Cancer Society says the nation's tobacco industry now spends \$300 million a year on cigarette advertising "to lure people into a dangerous habit and keep them smoking." (UPI)

◆ Canadian Broadcasting Corporation says it will completely drop cigarette and other tobacco advertising from its radio and television facilities when current ad contracts expire. The network expects to lose about \$700,000 a year in revenue because of the move, but counts on getting other sponsors for the programs involved because most of them are in the prime viewing hours of 9 p.m. to 11 p.m. (*Wall Street Journal*)

◆ According to British findings, most people reach peak efficiency between 8 p.m. and 9 p.m. Conversely, the studies found that the lowest point of efficiency came at 4 a.m. Where work is physically exhausting the time of peak efficiency comes earlier. (*Science Service*)

◆ TV cigarette advertising runs to the tune of \$225 million annually, and accounts for 8.5 percent of all TV revenues. (*Tobacco*)

◆ Forty-two youngsters looking for kicks in the common spray can have died after inhaling the mists from such products as mouth-washes and cleaning fluids, according to the Food and Drug Administration. The lethal element in most of the sprays is Freon 12—an inert gas used to propel the products from cans. (AP)

Opium Appears in New Disguise

Middle East racketeers have come up with some new wrinkles in smuggling narcotics, such as "base," a harmless-appearing brown powder which looks and tastes like chocolate.

It is, however, a processed and highly concentrated opium derivative which cannot be detected by customs officials using ordinary methods.

To manufacture one kilogram (2.2 pounds) of base, 15 to 20 kilos of raw opium is mixed with liquid chocolate, dried under high pressure, crushed into fine powder, dried again, and so on until it is reduced to cocoa-like dust. In the process, the opium loses its weight and distinctive smell but not its potency, police say.

Packed into brand-name cocoa or chocolate boxes, cans, and packets, base is smuggled from the underworld laboratories to Western Europe and the United States via Cyprus and Greece. It can be smoked in pipes, rolled into cigarettes, or mixed with drinks.

Since one kilogram of base is equivalent to two pounds of pure heroin, a spoonful can kill, and the pushers take care to avoid murder charges (and increase their profits a hundredfold) by diluting base with regular chocolate and cocoa powder.

A kilo of base sells for \$800 in Beirut, Lebanon, \$1,100 in Cyprus, and \$2,700 in Italy. By the time it reaches New York City and is cut with cocoa, one kilogram can fetch up to \$25,000, police say.

Addicts who dislike the taste of chocolate can opt for "Jade," another clever invention of the Middle East narcotics producers.

Jade is the liquid juice of opium poppies mixed with peanut butter in harmless-looking glass jars and plastic containers. All the pushers must do on the receiving end is

spread the mixture on some flat metal or glass surface and dry it with hot air.

Addicts who swallow opium besides smoking it now can make "peanut butter sandwiches" out of Jade and be reasonably secure against a sudden police raid.

A new product, which has robbed some police officials of their sleep, is chewing gum containing "Kiff," a derivative of hashish which is a potent aphrodisiac, or "Quatt," a mild narcotic produced from the tender leaves of a tea-like bush growing in profusion throughout the Middle East.

Alerted by customs authorities in the Mediterranean countries, the Narcotics Bureau experts of the International Police Commission (Interpol) in Paris are experimenting with sensitive chemicals which will show the inspectors the difference between narcotics and harmless substances such as peanut butter.

But until the new devices are developed and tested, the underworld will have a measure of success, police officials predict.

The principal market of the Middle East narcotics pushers remains the United States; Britain is second; France, third; Italy, fourth.

Dress Appropriately

Excerpt from 1908 in *The Automobile*:

"It is necessary to wear a hat of as dainty a character as possible, commensurate with the sport [of automobiling]. Many women, after long and costly experiments with motoring headgear, have fallen back on the dust-and-rain resisting panama. A vizzed cap is very smart headgear, but be sure it precisely matches the coat."



Smokers must divorce the sense of pleasure from their habit before they can be successful in kicking the habit.

act. The pill tastes terrible, the electric shocks are no treat, the six-person smoke-in is a remarkable producer of nausea.

Whitman has found the technique successful in early trials. But he thinks it will probably be most successful in combination with two other techniques—the "informational" and the "incompatible response" methods.

The former is a lecture-literature approach to smoking-induced health problems, the latter requires a person to take steps which make it less likely that he will smoke, such as cutting back on drinking or not carrying matches.

ARE YOU PUZZLED?

Find the U.S. Presidents

The last names of all the United States Presidents are hidden in this puzzle. To find these names read the letters forward, backward, up, down, or diagonally. Draw a line around the name of each President as you find it. Happy hunting!

N A N A H C U B J O H N S O N R
 O R N K A D S A N A M U R T O E
 S J O L Y N M R L H V L N O F W
 I A T O E A A T O A T A S N I O
 R C G P S L D H C E R E D J L H
 R K N A G E A U N G V G M A L N
 A S I Y N V V R I E N I X Y M E
 H O H V I E Y E L N E K C E O S
 O N S A D L I T L X G E G L R I
 O L A N R C W T O T D N A N E E
 V M W B A R F I Y C I N R I C R
 E O N U H A I L L X L E F K R O
 R N L R T U E S O S O D I C E L
 A R I E B R R N O D O Y E M I Y
 N O S N H O J B E N C N L J P A
 J E F F E R S O N O S I D A M T

- | | | | |
|------------|----------|-----------|------------|
| Washington | Tyler | Hayes | Harding |
| Adams | Polk | Garfield | Coolidge |
| Jefferson | Taylor | Arthur | Hoover |
| Madison | Fillmore | Cleveland | Roosevelt |
| Monroe | Pierce | Harrison | Truman |
| Adams | Buchanan | McKinley | Eisenhower |
| Jackson | Lincoln | Roosevelt | Kennedy |
| Van Buren | Johnson | Taft | Johnson |
| Harrison | Grant | Wilson | Nixon |

Brains Develop More in Varied Environment

Animals raised in a varied environment show greater brain development, both in size of the brain and in its activity.

Drs. Edward L. Bennett and Mark Rosenzweig of the University of California in Berkeley have been subjecting animals to different environments designed to require varying degrees of activity from the animals.

Gerbils were kept either in isolation (the impoverished condition) or in groups of twelve in a large cage provided with numerous objects to offer varied stimulation (the enriched condition). Following periods of exposure to their environment, the animals were killed and their brains subjected to quantitative measurements and chemical analysis.

Gerbils from the enriched condition exceeded those from the impoverished condition in weight of cerebral cortexes. Chemical analyses showed the animals of the enriched condition to have a greater amount

of enzyme related to synaptic functioning, a good indication of higher rate of brain activity.

Who Is Suicide-prone?

A survey of suicides committed by physicians reveals that psychiatrists are the most prone to self-destruction and pediatricians the least.

The study focused on 249 doctor-suicides between May, 1965, and November, 1967, and is reported by the National Institute of Mental Health.

Psychiatrists were six times as likely to kill themselves as were pediatricians. Heavy use of alcohol or drugs was a key factor in 40 percent of the suicides.

Overdosage of drugs, usually some kind of barbiturate, leads the list of suicide methods. Use of firearms ran a close second.

The average age of suicides is only 49, with the age range between 25 and 87. "Impressive are the numbers who commit suicide early in their careers," the report observes.

"Baldies" Are Unsafe

Too many Americans ride on unsafe tires, and many have been involved in accidents because of "baldies" on their vehicles, says a research team in Buffalo, New York.

Researchers at Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory say that many cars involved in crashes were equipped with bald or nearly bald tires, worn snow tires, or improperly inflated tires.

They also say that many motorists fail to have wheels balanced or the front ends of their cars aligned.

In their study 10 percent of the tires on cars involved were worn to an unsafe condition, with less than 2/32 inch of tread depth.

Most state and Federal laws specify 2/32 inch as the minimum safe tread depth. Most new cars have tires with 11/32 inch.

Tire blowout, the researchers say, probably is a factor in only 1 percent of all accidents.

Instant-comfort People

"Seditativism"—a physical dependence on chemical concoctions—may be as common as alcoholism in ten years, says Dr. Vernelle Fox, an Atlanta doctor.

"About 40 percent of the people admitted today for alcohol detoxification have other chemicals floating around in their bodies," says Dr. Fox. "We are rapidly becoming an instant-comfort people; we even swap each others' pills."

Some of the serious nonnarcotic drug cases now admitted require two to four weeks to overcome symptoms of withdrawal, the doctor says, adding, "The country is not facing the problem of chemical dependence squarely."

Dr. Fox also criticizes present attitudes toward alcoholism: "If we were to treat other illnesses as we do alcoholism, that is, ignore them until the individual is critically ill, we'd be in a big mess."

Now See Yourself as Others See You

Drunks who are filmed in Scottsdale, Arizona, are not pleading Not Guilty. Instead, they are learning a lesson and are exclaiming "Is that really me? I've got to change."

Though the project is expensive, Scottsdale police are trying to produce quick convictions and to help straighten out people who have been drinking. Films are taken of persons suspected of being drunk or of driving while intoxicated. As a result, persons arrested on these charges don't care to plead non-guilty or to contest the charges in court—quite a change from a year ago when 80 percent of persons arrested for drinking offenses contested the charge in court.

A person arrested for drunkenness is brought to the film room. He is asked to move through several tests such as walking a straight line, picking up pennies, and touching the tip of his nose. He is told that the tests will be filmed. If he

refuses to be filmed, the camera prepares to film his refusal and his actions. Most people readily agree to the tests then.

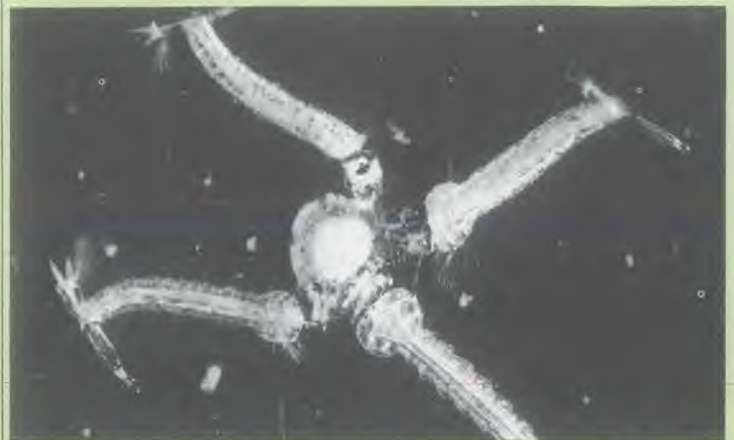
The filming has been so effective that when lawyers see their client on film in his sorry condition they advise him to enter a plea of guilty.

Licenses Lost—Why?

The single most significant factor in driver's license loss during 1968 was alcohol, reports the Insurance Information Office of New Hampshire.

A total of 36 percent of driving privileges lost through revocation or suspension during the year were for alcohol violations.

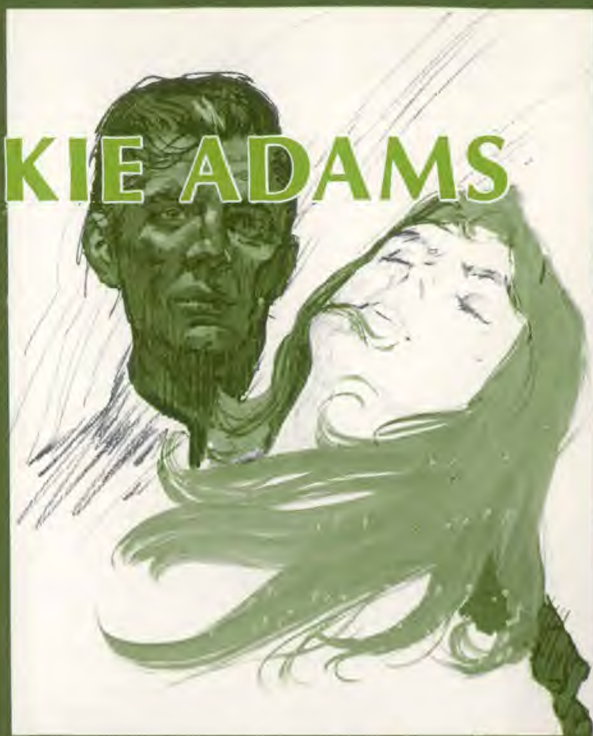
Driving while intoxicated, operating after drinking, and minors driving while in possession of alcohol were listed as the causes for license loss.



Death Trap—Four mosquito larvae await death after becoming attached to a seed placed in water. Scientists claim to have found weed seeds that emit a kind of glue. When mosquito larvae contact the seeds, they are fatally trapped. A pound of seed may serve as "killer" of 25 million larvae.

I KILLED WINKIE ADAMS

and I did it just in time!
Sure, drinking with the "in" crowd had its kicks; but it was the doorway to shattered dreams, and even death's shadow lurked near. The new Winkie Adams had purpose, meaning, and hope in her life.



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Rita M. Rothschild

I'VE EXPERIENCED all kinds of happiness. I recall my first boyfriend. I was very happy when we went out riding through the country in his rundown 1941 Ford. Then I remember walking up and down the streets with my girl friend, while we sang happy songs at the top of our lungs. Birthdays, Christmas, Easter, the last day of school in June, all were happy occasions. The day my brother arrived home on my birthday, after two years in prison, was a tremendous experience.

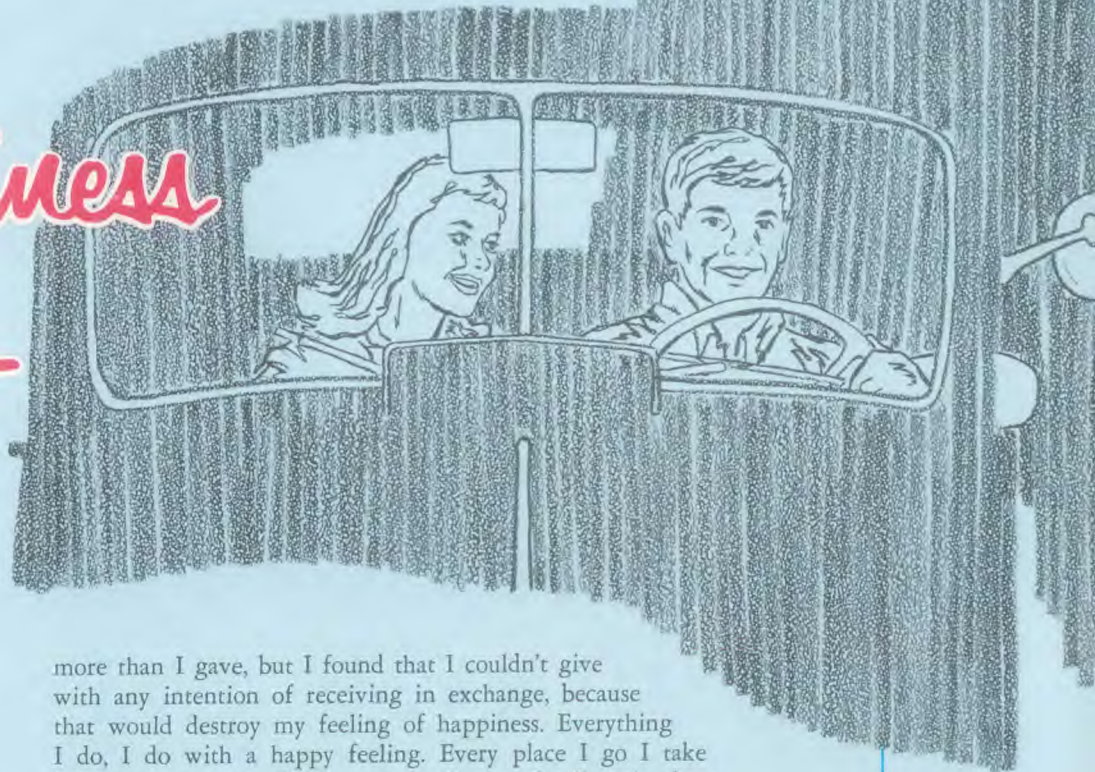
However, this happiness lasted only for a short time. There came unhappy times, bad experiences, hurt feelings, anger, fear, tears, pain, and most of all, worrying and wondering what to do.

But I now realize what I believe to be real happiness—true, everlasting happiness.

I've often wondered in the past, Why am I crying? Why can't I eat? Why can't I sleep? Why can't I be happy all the time? Then I started thinking quietly, searching for the answer to my questions, for no one knew me better than I knew myself. Each day I took time to be alone and to meditate without interruption. As time went on, I started finding the answers to my questions.

I learned that giving made me the happiest of all. I had experienced receiving a thousand times

Happiness
Is --



more than I gave, but I found that I couldn't give with any intention of receiving in exchange, because that would destroy my feeling of happiness. Everything I do, I do with a happy feeling. Every place I go I take happiness with me. With everyone I meet, I talk only about happy things. No matter what the situation, I have found it possible to obtain full control of myself, stay aware, and do for others.

If I want happiness always, I must give happiness always.