

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Bill Bradley

Unusual Hero

Suds and Sports

Beer-sponsored sports are a tragedy of our times. This advertising phenomenon is a deliberate effort on the part of big business concerns to deceive and mislead the public, especially youth, into believing that a close relationship exists between drinking and athletic performance.

An example of this effort is the sponsoring of the Danny Thomas Diplomat Golf Classic in Florida by Ballantine Beer. The company boasted that backing the event "means more to P. Ballantine than simply a golf match. Ballantine is sponsoring the Golf Classic because it is their way of telling sports fans that Ballantine goes where the best is, in any sport."

Furthermore, in order to enhance their public relations pitch even more, they associated their claimed generosity with a children's charity. "Ballantine is doubly pleased in being associated with this sporting event," their promotion said. "Not only will the Classic beam pleasure and excitement to spectators, but its proceeds will go toward making youngsters smile again by aiding the St. Jude Children's Research Hospital in Memphis."

Stephen D. Haymes, president of Ballantine, writing to Danny Thomas who lent his name to the Golf Classic, said, "Ballantine has long been proud to be associated with sports. It was for this reason that the Ballantine Sports Committee has been formed. With the active participation of such personalities as Paul Hahn, Pat Summerall, Whitey Ford, Dick Lynch, Mel Allen, Jim Katchvage among others, Ballantine intends to intensify its long-standing association with sports." He called this sports association a "hallowed tradition" with Ballantine.

To put it bluntly, it is nothing less than vicious for the glamour and appeal of big sports events to be used by beer companies to mislead children and youth into believing that drinking is closely associated with sports. It is obvious that any sports star who drinks will not remain a top star for long, and that his drinking does not contribute to his sports achievement.

Time and time again, it has been indicated by coaches and sports stars that in order for an athlete to meet the competition and last-ounce exertion necessary to win championships, drinking is definitely out. Advertising drinks in close connection with sports achievement is outright misleading. Money talks, and in this case it unfortunately is blaring forth a message that tends to direct youth down a dangerous path.

It is not surprising that an outgrowth of beer investment in sports is the luring of many top sports stars into advertising drinks and becoming promotion men for such products after their competitive years, comparatively short, are completed.

France, in an effort to reduce its alcoholism problem, has severed wine advertising from sports events and prohibited its sports stars from promoting anything alcoholic. This is a good move, and one which every country should take. The further drink is removed from sports, the better. The two simply have nothing in common.



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LISTEN

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... in this issue

- 2 Suds and Sports *Editorial*
- 3 Man, It's a Long, Hard Road!
Winton H. Beaven, Ph.D.
- 4 The Thaw (poem) *Clare Miscles*
- 6 Aspirin—Friend AND Foe *Ardyce Czuchna*
- 7 "The Forgotten Children"
- 8 TEENS—Life Can Be Beautiful!
Don't Just Stand There—Dig!
Annetta Bridges
- To a Teen-age Daughter (poem)
John D. Engle, Jr.
- Tips on Driving *Stirling Moss*
- Drugs and Driving
- Famous Last Words
- What Drugs Might Do to Your Driving
- 12 Bill Bradley—Basketball's Unusual Hero
Interview by Harry Cummins
- 15 The Closed Den Door *Evelyn Minshull*
- 16 Two Went Through Life (poem)
Viona Christensen Ramsey
- 17 Courage (poem) *Mildred N. Hoyer*
- 18 Beneath Your Dignity *John C. Low*
- 19 **COLOR SPECIAL**

Listen's Newspaper in Miniature

... in the next issue

- ★ Marijuana is much in the news now. *Listen's* next issue will look at the boiling pot issue, with its to-the-point feature "If you smoke pot, do you go to pot?"
- ★ Miss Teen-age America represents the best in modern girlhood. She tells of her convictions in "No Qualms About Tomorrow."
- ★ Does the Government actually encourage drinking on the part of its citizens? Read what an Army wife says.

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MAN lives precariously. He is continually under attack. His very existence is threatened at all times, as well as his welfare. There's no point being morbid about it, but at the same time there's no point in ignoring it. Man has always lived this way. The only thing that changes is the nature of the threats.

At times, man had to fear the elements. He was in danger periodically of freezing to death, of burning up, of being blinded by too much light, or of being incapable of seeing because of too much darkness. But today not many people die from heatstroke, and not many people freeze to death.

For centuries mankind was afraid of wild animals. People still get killed by wild animals, but mostly because they're stupid and dwell in places where they ought not to be.

Furthermore, for hundreds of years, man was continually defending himself from two-legged animals around him. Read the history of the American frontier, a rather miserable story from a bloody point of view, and see how man had to be continually on the lookout for keeping his hair on top of his head. A lot of Indian raids on the frontier were made when the Indians were drunk. If they'd been sober there wouldn't have been so many raids, because they always resulted in terrible retribution upon the Indians. Visit an Indian reservation today and see how badly they lost the war. They've never recovered. But we don't worry about this problem anymore, except for riots and organized warfare. We're not concerned most of the time about our physical well-being from the attacks of wild animals or the attacks of wild people. Five years from now it may not be possible to make that statement.

For hundreds of years mankind was in trouble because of things he didn't see and didn't even expect. We've known about germs for only about a hundred years. We've known about viruses for only fifty, and I'm not sure we yet know very much about viruses—we know a little bit about their behavior and that's all. It was Louis Pasteur who really discovered bacteria, what they were, how they functioned, and that was only in 1850. But man has always been subject to disease, all kinds of terrible disease. The last hundred years in the history of medicine and science is one of the greatest eras of all mankind, for probably the greatest progress in the world is not to make planes that fly over our heads at supersonic speeds, but to develop ways of prolonging man's life by protecting him and preserving him from the inroads of those things that attack him from within.

Hardly any of you under thirty years of age can possibly imagine the terror of polio; but when I was young, it was different. When the summertime came, we were not supposed to go to swimming pools in the city. Once the polio epidemic started, we were kept home, our mothers breathed in horror all summer long for fear that we were going to get polio. And if we got it, man, we had it! That's all there was to it. If we didn't die, our chances were about one in three of being crippled for life.

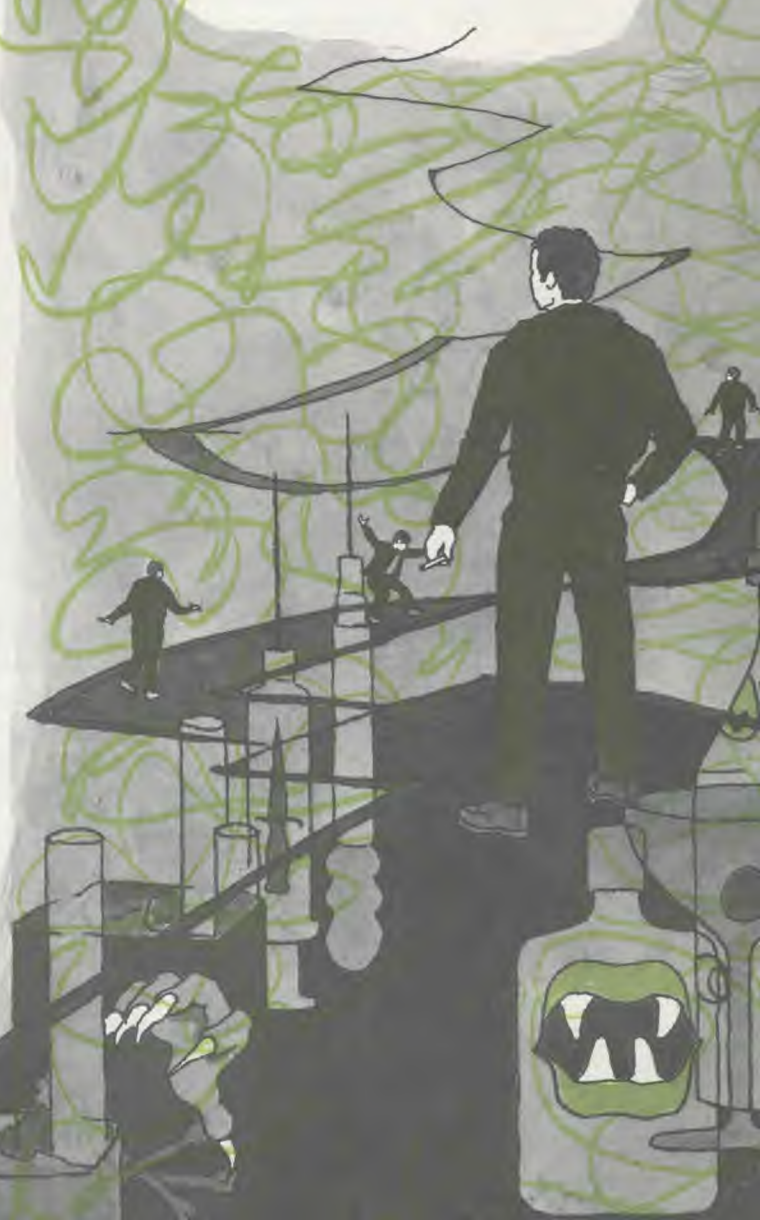
You're spared all kinds of things today, because of the progress of science and medicine. So what have you got to be afraid of now?

Well, the real problem is that which most of us don't know. Our problems are inside us. If there's anybody today who doesn't worry, please tell me and I'll have him examined. The only person who doesn't worry is the one who hasn't got sense enough to worry. He just hasn't been tuned in yet. Mankind

When you play with drugs—

Man, It's a Long, Hard Road!

Winton H. Beaven, Ph.D.



worries more today than he ever worried before, because he's got more to worry about, and it isn't the war in Vietnam. It's the problems of the civilization in which he finds himself.

What are yours? Well, let's look at your parents. Most young people have some problems with their parents. And of course they're always the parents' fault! This is inevitable from the teen point of view. I don't think you realize what's happened in the last twenty years. We talk about the generation gap, but it isn't just the generation gap. There has grown up a youth society like never existed before. It now collectively outnumbers adults and consequently can make its statements stick, whether they're right or wrong. And youth have a peer group strength now from which they can attack us "old fogies" whenever they feel like it. That doesn't reduce the tensions; it only increases them.

Then there are marital problems. We're all aware that marital problems are the curse of modern society. For example, more people were divorced in Oregon in 1967 than got married. Two out of every three marriages contracted in California now end in divorce. These are statistics. Roughly one quarter to one third of all marriages contracted now end in divorce, and the proportion continues to rise.

Haven't there been troubles in families before? Of course there have been, but they were easy to take care of. In a rural society trouble in families was relatively simple. The mother knew exactly who she was and what her job was, and so did the father. Never was there any confusion of roles.

What's a woman now? I submit nobody knows. O. C. Smith's popular song that he brought out a few months ago talks about his wife and what she is. In that song there are six roles that she's supposed to be. She's supposed to go from one to the other with fluid drive. It's ridiculous.

It wouldn't be too bad if everybody stayed home. In the old society Pop got up in the morning and went out and jerked the Jerseys and then came in for breakfast. And when he came in, the breakfast was on the table. And if it wasn't, the old lady got told. This is no joke. This is the truth. I watched my grandparents when I was a little kid. That's the way it was, and they expected it to be that way. My grandfather Henry used to tell his Delphine off in no uncertain terms if things weren't just right. Then he'd go out in the fields for the day and probably take it out on the horses—they couldn't talk back. By the time he came in for dinner it had worn off. Who did grandmother tell? Nobody but the cat. There was no phone, there was no place to go. The next neighbor was three miles down the road, and she knew better than to go down there. So grandfather came back at noon and said, "Del, I'm sorry. I lost my temper this morning"; and Del said, "That's all right, Henry," and that was it.

What happens now? John and Mary both work. They're twenty-six years old. They get up in the morning and fight about who's going to make the toast, and they go off to work mad. About nine-thirty Mary goes over to the water cooler and along comes the Don Juan of the office: "What's the matter, Mary, have a little trouble at home, huh?" That's how it begins.

That's the world we live in. And we've got to recognize this fact. The same thing happens with a man. There are always a bunch of eagles and vultures on hand waiting to pick up every male and female with a frayed nerve or a loose end. They're available all the time, twenty-four hours a day. Is it any wonder there are marriage strains and marriage problems when our roles are indefinite, when freedom is everywhere?

THE THAW

Clare Misesles

A splash of light, so dazzling bright,
A bent-bow arch of hue,
Spreads clear across the sleepy sky
To melt the morning dew.

But no one seems to mind the thaw—
It seems to rather clear
The night of all its dark and chill
And bless the world with cheer.

There's also the problem of jobs. It's doubtful that more than 50 percent of working people are happy in their work. All too many people go to work and are bored to death with what they're doing. They don't think they're making any real contribution to anything. The only reason they go to work is because they get paid for it. You think this doesn't produce ulcers?

And then there's the problem of keeping up with the Joneses. As soon as somebody on the street has a second car, everybody has a second car. As soon as somebody gets a boat, everybody has to have a boat. And if the parents don't do it, the kids do. Do you have any idea what this does to people? It has affected all of us. We're no different from the people around us.

All of this produces tensions and problems, and I suggest to you that the greatest threats in the world where we live are psychological threats. This wouldn't be so bad if science hadn't performed some miracles for us. So now you feel bad? Well, we can take care of that in seconds. We have just the ticket for you—any one of six thousand, because we have learned through science that chemicals control us. The greatest threat to mankind today comes in chemical form.

Everybody goes through cycles. You can actually chart these. Some days we're high and some days we're low, and this is normal. Yet strangely enough, every human being doesn't like this. We all want to feel good all the time. The minute we get down to the place where we're not happy, we want to do something about it quickly. In the old days you had certain choices. You could go out and engage in athletics; you could go swimming; you could visit a good friend. You could do any one of a dozen things, but all these were a kind of palliative. They really didn't solve the problem. But now we have problem solvers. All you have to do to bring yourself up to this level and feel good forever is to take the right chemical—and the chemicals are everywhere. This is the claimed solution to the problem. And the problems with the "now" generation complicate all the other problems.

We used to talk about tobacco. But science has ruined tobacco. Anybody today who smokes is stupid! There's no other way to put it. Tobacco is a false need. It does not improve a person's performance in any way, shape, or form. Tobacco only fills the need for tobacco that you've gotten because you're

addicted to it. That's all. The evidence is so conclusive that people who start smoking today are simply fools, though you can't stop people from being fools.

So we don't talk too much to intelligent people anymore about tobacco except those who are already hooked. Some 70 percent of those who smoke are drug dependent. They're dependent on the chief drug of tobacco, nicotine. This chemical makes them physically and physiologically dependent, and they have withdrawal symptoms when they stop. So in seven cases out of ten a regular smoker is a drug addict. However, we don't talk about addiction anymore because addiction is difficult to define. We now talk about drug dependence. And so the fellow who smokes and can't quit is drug dependent.

For centuries we have talked about the evils of alcohol. It was the first known depressant. It is still the cheapest, most easily available depressant, and I suspect that alcohol will be with us as long as there is mankind. As long as you can put fruit juice on the window ledge, and put a little sugar in it, there will be alcohol. The idea that alcohol will be outlawed or abolished is, I think, mostly dream thinking.

Another drug that we have had around for a long time is marijuana. Marijuana, joints, reefers, weed, grass, tea, mary jane, pot, muggers, mooders, Indian hay, loco weed, moo, burpo, hashish—to name only a few of its popular names.

What is marijuana? Nobody knows. The stories that you've heard about marijuana may be true, and they may not. We're dealing now with the question of what chemicals do to an individual. And I'd like to get three or four things across. Any chemical can be damaging to anybody, and a sufficient quantity of any chemical will make that person dependent on that chemical. There are no exceptions. But there is such a thing as individual differences. It sometimes takes more of a certain chemical to make one individual dependent than it does another. But pharmacologically all these chemicals can be put on a dependency scale, and it's very easy to find those who are high on the scale and those who are low.

Heroin is 100 percent dependency producing. Nobody has ever been known to take three doses of heroin without becoming dependent. As a matter of fact, it probably takes only two. Furthermore, only 10 percent of heroin users ever stop using heroin, and only 10 to 20 percent of that 10 percent live ten years after they have started taking heroin. What I'm saying is that if you take heroin three times you have only a 1 to 2 percent chance of living ten more years. Now this is a great way to solve your problems! Why do people take heroin? Very simply, heroin users will tell you that nobody ever feels so good as a fellow who takes heroin. It produces a feeling that exceeds any other. The results, however, are invariably, with a 1 to 2 percent exception, early death and before that a horrible life.

Now let's go back to marijuana, the drug of rebellion. There are several million users in America. Exactly how many nobody knows; it's a guess—three million, five million, ten million? What does the drug do to you? Most of the time it makes you sit in the corner and feel good, and have vivid visions, and feel a little exhilarated. And that's all—most of the time. But the problem with marijuana, as is the problem with LSD, is that no one can predict what will happen anytime you take it. Consequently it's conceivable that you may smoke twenty joints and sit in the corner and feel good, but on the twenty-first one you may walk out a third-story window. This is not a scare tactic. For marijuana affects everyone's sense of time and space—it's only a matter of degree. The scare about

taking marijuana and becoming all sorts of things is probably grossly exaggerated, but at the same time nobody knows what the long-term effect of marijuana is. It has never been tested, so whatever anybody says has an element of guesswork. The dangers are high.

Then there are the hallucinogens, the newest drugs. When LSD came out, this was the real turn-on. It's also been a turn-off, because LSD is now looked upon next to heroin as probably the most dangerous drug man has ever found. And it's not because it damages his cells, but because it produces death or a permanent psychosis entirely too many times. In Southern California mental hospitals the largest single admission cause in 1968 was LSD. The users become hallucinogenic in a permanent psychosis in which they cannot function. They scream, yell, and carry on in a way that you cannot imagine. All you have to do is see it once to get scared witless, and I've seen it forty times. Because LSD is so dangerous its use probably has declined 50 percent in the last few months.

There are other hallucinogens, such as mescaline, which is a derivative of the peyote cactus. Psilocybin, a synthetic, originally came from Mexican mushrooms.

But what do all these things do for you? What's the real problem? The real problem is not what you're going to do when you're intoxicated, whether it's with alcohol or with one of these other drugs. The real problem is very simply, and it's easy to observe, that the long-term users have personality changes and they tend to become dropouts. In other words, when you solve your problems with a chemical you dissolve your personality. That's a strong statement, but it's verifiable. If you want to be a dropout, if you want to give up, then this is the easy way to do it. If you want to be yourself, fight your own battles, and develop a character by meeting your prob-

“Some people tan; others sunburn. Some can eat strawberries; others get hives. Some individuals get poison ivy by brushing against the plant; others can touch it without being affected. This is to say that each person is unique and may have different physical and/or emotional reactions to the same thing. Individuals have different phobias, allergies, tolerances, and susceptibilities. These are unpredictable and largely uncontrollable. In the case of drugs, of course, all users are affected—even if temporarily. What is more, drug experimentation with powerful substances tests individual reactions in a completely unnecessary and highly dangerous way.”

DRUGS, Norman W. Houser, Scott, Foresman and Company. Copyright, 1969.

lems and facing them, then you're in shape to face whatever problems come up next.

I don't recommend *Valley of the Dolls*. It's a nasty book really, but in it one of the characters who doesn't take pills, and "dolls" is a slang term for pills, says about one of the other characters, "She's old-fashioned. She still solves her problems with alcohol"—or, if you prefer, any of these other drugs. Nine billion barbiturates a year are taken illegally. More people believe in the efficacy of a pill than believe in God. This is the society we're in. And these are the temptations we face. Playing with drugs is not a game.

Try to solve your problems; but if you want to turn to chemicals, man, it's a long, hard road! ■



ASPIRIN = FRIEND AND FOE

It's the best-known pain reducer, but that doesn't mean it's right for everybody on every occasion and in any quantity.

Ardyce Czuchra

IT'S THE best-known pain and fever reducer available, yet it can kill! It is the most familiar and widely used drug in the world, yet hundreds of persons have misconceptions about it.

It has been called the world's safest drug. On the other hand, it causes adverse reactions, and can even spell death for individuals who might be sensitive to it. It is available without prescription, yet it would be safer used with a physician's advice.

Such is the paradox of acetylsalicylic acid, more commonly known as aspirin. Americans consume 28 billion five-grain tablets every year, according to reports in *Consumer Bulletin*.

Familiarity is probably aspirin's greatest danger. It is often taken for headaches, colds, cramps, and pains in any part of the body, whether or not fever is present. You can purchase it practically anywhere—drugstores, grocery stores, variety stores, restaurants, and in tourist gift shops.

Because most users don't realize its potential toxicity, they carelessly leave aspirin in unlocked medicine chests, on top of dressers, on coffee tables, or in purses. As a result, accidental poisonings occur. In fact, one fifth of all accidental poisonings each year in the United States are from aspirin.

Probably one of the least known facts is that approximately one in 500 people are sensitive to the drug. The most likely reaction is stomach upset, but a normal dose may also cause skin rash, headache, dizziness, nausea, ringing in the ears, confusion, drowsiness, sweating, or an asthmatic crisis.

Such individuals must train themselves to consult the labels of any medication they take. At least 1,000 mixtures contain salicylates, or compounds structurally similar to salicylates, the family of drugs to which aspirin belongs. Among the mixtures containing these are analgesics, antacids, antipyretics, common cold remedies, adult cough preparations, mouthwashes, nasal decongestants, sedatives, and toothpastes. All allergy victims should be leery of the drug.

Persons consistently taking more than ten pills a day risk anemia, kidney damage, and ulcers. Dr. Thomas J. Kornfeld, associate professor of anesthesiology at the University of Michigan Medical Center, warns ulcer patients that even six tablets a day for three days may cause detect-

able blood loss from the gastrointestinal tract; and severe and persistent diarrhea may result from massive and prolonged aspirin usage. Even the average individual using aspirin for a couple of days to relieve pain may develop indigestion, heartburn, nausea, diarrhea, or gastrointestinal hemorrhaging.

But the most frightening aspect of this drug is its potential toxicity for children. Parents have at times unwittingly poisoned their children. "The child most likely to be given aspirin is the child most likely to be poisoned by relatively small doses," states J. O. Craig in the *British Medical Journal*. The child is unwell. He's given aspirin. His fluid intake and output are low, and he's constipated; thus the accumulation of salicylate is encouraged.

More often, however, children are accidentally poisoned by taking large doses themselves. One hundred or more children die in the United States each year from overdosage. Thousands more are made very ill.

A child of eighteen months or under has little taste discrimination and will eat whatever he can get if it's left within his realm of crawling, toddling, and climbing. Three-year-olds are less inclined to eat unpleasant-tasting chemicals; but they will actively seek out good-tasting drugs such as candy-flavored baby aspirin.

Although many doctors favor the candy medications because of the ease with which a child will take them, other doctors and pharmacists condemn them as being responsible for a rise in drug poisonings. Roughly nine out of ten children who are poisoned by aspirin are poisoned by the candy-flavored drug.

Parents are often guilty because they tell children that the medicine is candy. Hence when he finds the tablets, the child indulges himself as if they were candy.

Adults are also guilty of leaving the drug where it is easily obtained—mainly because they just don't realize its toxic potentiality.

But even if parents are careful, children still outsmart them at times and get medicines. They climb, unlock doors and drawers, untie knotted ropes, bite off safety covers, and consume poison while a grown-up's back is turned. Older children often "help" by giving younger brother or sister a dose.

The only solution is to hide aspirin where your very

young children can't find it; or better yet, lock it up and hide the key. If in spite of these precautions, you suspect anyone of taking an overdose, get medical help immediately. Call a physician or the nearest poison control center for instructions.

The dangers are real, but don't discount aspirin completely without considering its values. Anything can be poisonous depending on how much is taken and the size and age of the individual.

Aspirin does reduce fever rapidly and reliably, particularly for children. However, remember that it has no effect on the disease and provides only temporary relief from symptoms which if masked may merely delay much-needed treatment. In fact, the American Medical Association recommends that aspirin not be taken at all without the direction of a physician.

Aspirin controls pain effectively; and it has the advantage over most pain-killers, like morphine and the opiates, because it doesn't cause mental or emotional disturbance. A normal dose causes a 30 percent rise in the threshold for pain. It's not potent enough, however, to relieve pain often associated with cancer, migraine headaches, labor, and post-operative conditions.

It does provide relief from common headaches and joint pains resulting from colds; but you must be aware that here again it merely relieves the pain and has no effect on the real condition.

The drug is especially effective for treatment of rheumatism and rheumatoid arthritis. It provides relief from joint swelling in rheumatic fever; but once more, it has no curative action.

It also acts as a tranquilizer. Research indicates that three tablets may have the same sedative result as a moderate dose of phenobarbital.

Because of its values most people will want to use aspirin occasionally in spite of potential dangers; therefore, perhaps a few suggestions will be helpful.

Don't buy more than a few months' supply of aspirin at one time. If the tablet disintegrates in your hand or has a vinegar-like odor, throw it out. It has lost its effectiveness and there is more chance of an adverse reaction.

Don't store unlabeled medicine in the house.

Don't give aspirin to asthma, allergy, or ulcer patients.

Do keep all medicines including aspirin out of the reach of children.

Do get help immediately if you suspect anyone has taken an overdose.

Do use the proper amounts of aspirin as directed by your physician.

Do take aspirin with water or milk to reduce possible stomach irritation. The American Medical Association suggests disregarding any claim that some brands are easier on the stomach than others.

Do take periodic inventories of home drugs and get rid of "pack rat" accumulations.

Used properly, aspirin is the world's cheapest and most effective pain-killer and fever reducer. Used indiscriminately, it can cause dizziness, nausea, ringing of the ears, acidosis, gastrointestinal bleeding, and at times fatal poisoning.

It's the best-known pain reducer available, but that doesn't mean that it's right for everybody on every occasion and in any quantity. ■

"The Forgotten Children"

by R. Margaret Cork

"I don't go places with my friends and their parents because I can't ever take my friends places."

"Everybody at our house is angry all the time."

"I worry all afternoon at school about how things will be when I get home."

"Mom doesn't look after us. I have to be the mother myself."

"The kids at school all talk about the fun they have with their families. It makes me feel sort of left out."

These are children talking, the children of alcoholics telling of the problems in their own homes.

In all the rash of study and publicity about alcoholism these days there is a woefully neglected area that is hardly touched. This has to do with the impact drinking has on the alcoholic's family, especially his children.

Margaret Cork, an experienced Toronto social worker with fifteen years as clinician in the field of alcoholism, has performed a major public service by her study of this question as reported in her little paperback, "The Forgotten Children" (Toronto: Alcoholism and Drug Addiction Research Foundation, 1969. 95 cents).

Here is a study of 115 children, none or both of whose parents are alcoholic. Much of the book is the words of the children themselves as they are interviewed. Notable in the study is the wholehearted response of the children in spite of their normal shyness and tension.

They ranged in age from ten to sixteen, fifty-nine of them boys and fifty-six girls. All of them except one dropout were attending school. They came from a wide variety of economic and social groups, a majority of them from middle or upper-class families.

That all children are affected by parental drinking is clear. Of the 115 it was found that fifty were affected "very seriously," having resentment and open hatred toward their parents. Some fifty-six were affected "fairly seriously," or were constantly at odds with their parents. Nine were "slightly" affected. Not one was found to be unaffected entirely. The children of two alcoholics found it doubly difficult, for they experienced only rare intervals of parental sobriety.

Children of drinking mothers were especially bitter. They felt Mother's drinking was "disgusting—not like a mother." Another said, "Mom's so wrapped up in her self." Still another, "We're just a burden to her." Notable in many comments was emphasis on the selfishness of alcoholic parents, self-interest was so great that it obscured everything and everyone else. They were looked upon as persons whose need to drink was stronger than their will to do anything else.

Because of their home situation, these children had so many practical problems to contend with that they had little energy left to cope with their own emotional difficulty, and they had no one in their environment to help them.

"When we are seeking explanations for alienation among adolescents generally," says the author, "it may be useful to remember that some of these young people have emerged from homes of the kind described in this study."

An element of heredity appears in this study, because alcoholism was common in the grandparents of these children. There was a strong suggestion that alcoholism "may well be passed on from generation to generation unless there is some kind of intervention."

It would be expected that conclusions arising out of this study would include the need for earlier and better treatment of alcoholic parents, and their children. However, the need for prevention is also emphasized, a preventive program that starts at the grass-roots level and includes coordinated efforts by the home, the church, and the school.

Through such a program, parents could come to see that healthy personality is "homemade" and that "an ounce of mother is worth a pound of psychiatrist." Also in this way the child could be brought closer to the happy ideal which would assure for him a home and that love and security which a home provides. ■



Don't Just Stand There--DIG!

Annetta Bridges

GO AHEAD. Do it. *Dig!* Even if you botch it, at least you won't spend the rest of your life wondering whether or not you should have tried. And you just might find those diamonds or those dreams, right there under you—or in you.

How do we begin this business?

By examination, at first—of ourselves.

A few months ago thirty-eight witnesses watched, without lifting a hand, a deliberate and cold-blooded murder. Think of the guilt those people must feel today—or, if they don't, God help them. But they're really not much different from anyone else who ignores the abilities and intentions, the talents and emotions, that many of us choose to forget. So God help us if we don't grasp and use the opportunities around and within us every day.

Five rules, gleaned from successful and happy people, can help us achieve satisfaction with ourselves and with others.

Grasp your opportunities.

No opportunities, you say?

Nonsense.

Everybody has opportunities. The trouble is that we are often blinded by envy and greed and self-pity so that the open door of opportunity could knock us in the shins and we would never recognize it. Practically anything and everything that happens to us provides an opportunity, if we only accept it as such.

Be yourself.

If you would be happy and successful, the key might be this: Don't be ashamed to be yourself. Being yourself is a very practical way of life. Being yourself usually keeps you from getting too worried about being successful. Half the world's misery is caused by people who think they aren't successful enough.

Chances are that acres of diamonds are waiting for you and me to dig right where we are now. And we ought not forget this fact: There never has been and never will be another person just like you or me. If you didn't have a job to do, you wouldn't be here. So accept yourself, and be yourself. It's the first step to maturity and happiness.

Check on your motives.

Do you sometimes surprise yourself by your actions, and then say, "I don't know why I did such a thing"? If so, it simply means that your subconscious is coming to the surface, and that action is how you

really feel. You just haven't admitted it to your conscious self. And don't be too troubled by this; it's good for you. Haven't you gone to bed sometimes, perplexed with a problem, only to find the solution the next morning? Your subconscious has helped solve the problem.

So it is daily. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." There is always a reason, you see, for all that we say or do, whether we know it or not. It may be that each of us is on the threshold of something thrilling when things seem the blackest. So rather than defend ourselves the moment we are criticized, we would do well to stop trying to defend our egos and say occasionally, "God, and man, be merciful to me, a sinner." The more nearly honest we are with ourselves, the less we need to justify our actions.

Don't belittle your dreams.

You wonder what the neighbors will say if you start to dig for those diamonds? Who cares?

Let the neighbors belittle all they like, but see that you don't. A dream is merely

a creative power struggling to survive; and we should nurture, not smother it.

Live each day to its fullest.

Do you know how many days you'll have on this earth?

No, you don't.

So why not make the most of today? Of course, this doesn't mean living in a drunken stupor, or filled with sick vengeance, or half alive under the effects of a psychedelic plunge. Life's too short to waste on pretense and imitations. We should rise in time to greet each new day with joy, crowd its hours with activities that leave us physically weary but emotionally satisfied, and pause long enough to relish any moment of love or happiness. Then we can retire each night safe in the knowledge that we have left the world better than it was before.

These five rules aren't any panacea, but they work.

Wake up, then. The chances are that your own backyard holds a treasure trove of happiness and fulfillment.

Don't just stand there—dig!

★ ★ To a Teen-age Daughter



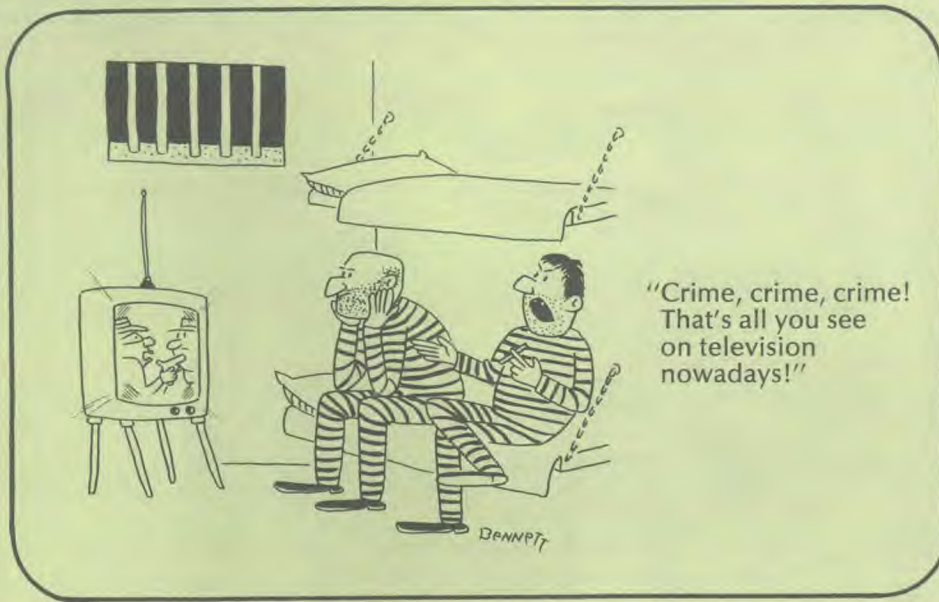
John D. Engle, Jr.

Be like a tree. Let mood winds shake thought branches in you. Let them take their willful whim tours through your mind. Mood winds are winds of youth, designed to bring you samples of each mood so you may choose those which are good.

But do not let your mood selection run in an adult direction. Do not be too quick to choose a permanency that can confuse. Choose slowly for your future's sake. Be glad you have a choice to make.



Life can be beautiful!



Stirling Moss:

Tips on Driving

STIRLING MOSS, considered by many as the fastest and greatest racing driver of all time, has these safety suggestions for the young driver:

"The important thing is to know what is ahead of the car ahead of you.

"Keep your tires inflated four pounds above the manufacturer's recommendation. Never mind the slightly bumpy drive. There is much less chance of a blowout.

"Concentrate on what you're doing. If people concentrated as much on highways as racing drivers do in races, there would never be any accidents.

"Speed isn't a factor as long as it is safe. . . . The death penalty . . . doesn't stop murders any more than speed limits stop accidents.

"I believe in professional maintenance. I think a garage can do a better job than I can.

"Position your car well in your lane. Above all, don't fall asleep.

"I believe in breath tests for drinking. Nix on liquor and driving."

Moss knows what he is talking about. He started racing in 1948 at the age of eighteen, and by the time he retired in 1963 he had competed in 466 races, of which he won 194, and finished second, third, or fourth in 113 others.

Moss sums up the two kinds of driving—highway and racetrack—this way:

"Driving is a technique. Racing is an art."

STRAIGHT TEENS

MOST middle-class American teenagers grow up with the desire to become a part of the suburban middle-class culture into which they were born.

Dr. Daniel Offer of Michael Reese Hospital's Psychosomatic and Psychiatric Institute in Chicago bases this contention on a study of seventy-three teen-age boys in two middle-class Chicago suburban high schools. For six years he followed them with psychological tests and interviews from freshmen through senior years of high school, and now he follows up the results with yearly interviews and questionnaires.

The most significant finding, he believes, is that not all adolescents go through a continuous period of being at odds with the world.

The boys in the survey differed from disturbed teens in that there was absence of stress, no economic or emotional deprivation in their lives, their parents were relatively stable and secure people, and there was a high degree of communication between the boys and their parents.

The boys admired their parents and shared and reflected their values; success in school was of importance to them, and more than 90 percent wanted to marry and have families like the ones in which they lived.

None of the forty-eight now in college are involved in any social action group. They don't like the war in Vietnam, but will go if drafted; none have taken LSD.

Drugs and Driving

TOO OFTEN the two D's of drugs and driving may become 3D, with death resulting from the combination.

Modern high-speed motor vehicles require rapid reactions by drivers, but many drugs slow reaction time, in this way reducing driving skills.

Engineering advances today are making highways, vehicles, and the mechanical features of driving safer. An increasing number of automobile accidents are being traced to impairment of the driver.

A number of studies show drinking drivers involved in more than 50 percent of crashes where fatalities resulted and in a large percentage of injury accidents.

However, other drugs are often behind the wheel too, resulting in driver deterioration. Drugs affect persons differently. With some, a prescription has little or no adverse side effects. With others, the same drug may have reactions which would detract from his driving ability. Every driver should be aware of this possibility whenever he takes drugs.

Furthermore, some drugs have what is called a synergistic action, in which the combined effect of two or more drugs is greater than the sum of the drugs taken independently. Often this is true when medications are combined with alcoholic beverages.

Every drug has some effect on the user. For safety's sake on the road, he ought to know how any medication, whether prescribed or bought over the counter, might affect his driving. He should learn from his physician how the drug may affect sight, hearing, coordination, or reaction time, or what it might do when combined with other medicines or alcohol.

As a guide to driving problems that drugs may produce, the chart on page 11 was prepared by the editors of *Woman's Day* from information abstracted from the American Medical Association's booklet, *Physician's Guide for Determining Driver Limitation*, and from other materials prepared by the Food and Drug Administration.

OBSERVATION

Helen Sue Isely

Sunshine dancing? No.

Shadows are the moveables;

Sun shines steadily.

Life can be beautiful!

Life can be beautiful!

I took my cold pill with my martini.

Tom told me two drinks would be OK.

Tranquilizer pills made me dizzy.

I took several aspirins before driving.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

My beer didn't go well with my pep pill.

Diet pills made me jumpy—I couldn't concentrate.

With penicillin, how did I know that ringing was for a railroad crossing?

That car coming seemed to me a beautiful cloud—I had only STP.

After pot, that tree just jumped out at me.

I was floating with LSD.

What Drugs Might Do to Your Driving

DRUGS	HOW OBTAINED	PRESCRIBED FOR	DIRECT EFFECT	POSSIBLE SIDE EFFECTS	CONTRIBUTORY CAUSE OF SIDE EFFECTS	EFFECT WHEN COMBINED WITH ALCOHOL	DRIVING RECOMMENDATION
CENTRAL-NERVOUS-SYSTEM STIMULANTS (Such as diet pills, pep pills) example: amphetamines (Benzedrine, Dexedrine)	prescription only	chronic fatigue, mild depression, overweight, narcolepsy (sleep compulsion)	central-nervous-system stimulant	fatigue, depression headache, dizziness, decreased ability to concentrate, irritability hallucinations, hyperactivity, permanent psychosis	occur after drug effect wears off with large dosage after prolonged use or overdosage	does not reverse effect of alcohol, may increase lack of judgment	not recommended for use by drivers except in rare cases
ANALGESICS (pain-killers) example: Darvon, Demerol, aspirin, Excedrin, Anacin	prescription and over the counter	pain	central-nervous-system depressant	drawnness, inability to concentrate	exceeding recommended dosage	alcohol and overdosage of aspirin hazardous	no driving if drawnness occurs patients taking strong analgesics such as Demerol should not drive
ANTI-INFECTIVE AGENTS example: sulfa drugs, antibiotics (Aureomycin, penicillin, Streptomycin)	prescription only	infections	attacks harmful microorganisms	nausea, dizziness, faintness, temporary deafness, ringing in the ears	when taken for prolonged periods (also allergic reaction in about 10% of users)	alcoholic consumption hazardous	no driving if any of the possible side effects are noted
ANTIHISTAMINES (in many cold pills, hay-fever pills, nonprescription sleep remedies) example: Benadryl, Dramamine, Pyribenzamine, pyrilamine (also included in some over-the-counter anti-insomniacs)	prescription and over the counter	colds, motion sickness, control of allergies, nasal congestion, insomnia	chiefly sedation	drawnness, inattention, confusion, dizziness		alcohol may intensify sedative effect	no driving unless established by prior trial that dizziness and drawnness do not occur
SEDATIVES—HYPNOTICS (sleeping pills) example: barbiturates (Seconal, Nembutal, Luminal, Amytal, phenobarbital, Pentothal)	prescription only	insomnia, high blood pressure, epilepsy, emotional conditions	central-nervous-system depressant	mental confusion, poor muscle coordination, irritability	may occur with normal dosage or overdosage (effects may last up to fourteen hours with long-acting barbiturates such as phenobarbital; short-acting barbiturates are more potent)	intensifies effect of alcohol, particularly a short-acting barbiturate (alcohol plus overdosage may produce dizziness, blackouts or sudden death)	if taken for mild sedation, driving permitted if no drawnness evident unsafe to drive if barbiturates are combined with alcohol
LOCAL ANESTHETICS		minor surgery, oral surgery	blocking of regional nerves	lessened reflexes, impaired judgment, drawnness		alcoholic consumption hazardous	doctor's or dentist's advice should be observed
TRANQUILIZERS example: Equanil, Librium, Miltown, Parsidal, reserpine, phenothiazine, meprobamate, Thorazine	prescription only	severe anxiety, high blood pressure, emotional problems, alcoholism	muscle relaxant, mild sedation	drawnness, faintness vomiting, tremors, dizziness	may occur with normal dosage with overdosage	escalating effect (one drink plus one tranquilizer may equal up to four drinks), also may cause severe depression and blurred vision	no driving until dosage is stabilized and then only if no drawnness or faintness is experienced
NARCOTICS example: morphine, codeine	prescription only	deadening pain, inducing sleep	diminishing sensibility to pain, fatigue	inability to concentrate, apathy, euphoria, stupor, dimness of vision addiction and withdrawal sickness, including vomiting and cramps	after prolonged use	alcoholic consumption hazardous	no driving
HALLUCINOGENS marijuana	illegal all over world	no known use in modern medicine	affects mood and thinking	lessens coordination, distorts sense of distance, slows reflexes, increases heartbeat, lowers body temperature hallucinations, depression, panic, fear	with large dosage	extremely hazardous	users should not drive
LSD, peyote, mescaline, DMT, STP	illegal except for research	emotional illness, alcoholism (experimentally)	strong, bizarre mental reactions	hallucinations, striking distortions in physical senses, hands and feet shake, nausea, loss of sense of time, floating sensation, eye pupils dilate, increase in pulse and heart rates, panic, depression	1/280,000th of an ounce can start reaction, may occur without retaking the drug	extremely hazardous	users should not drive

Life can be beautiful!

bill bradley

basketball's unusual hero

Harry Cummins



BY WAY of understatement, William Warren Bradley, twenty-six-year-old basketball player for the New York Knicks, is not exactly what you would call the typical sports celebrity.

In an era of unrest that permeates nearly every activity, including sports, the exemplary existence of Bill Bradley serves to restore that seemingly misplaced value—the goal-oriented life. At present, Bradley is an integral part of one of the most high-flying teams in all sports, yet he remains as a man with both feet planted firmly on the ground. Prosperity has failed to alter the positive approach to living that has characterized this unusual athlete.

Even as a youth in Crystal City, Missouri, Bill Bradley had already begun to exhibit that gifted wholeness, an excellence in both athletic and academic circles, that was to

mark his future years with a mystical uniqueness. By the time he graduated, with honors of course, from Princeton in 1965, Bradley's idealistic aspirations and modest mannerism had produced an image that thoroughly confounded the American sports public.

Instead of laying claim to the lucrative riches of professional sports, Bradley promptly, and dramatically, announced he was departing for England to continue his studies at Oxford University under a Rhodes scholarship.

The declaration came as a surprise to unsuspecting fans, who assumed that a player of Bradley's magnitude would surely play professionally. After all, wasn't this the same fellow who was named to the All-America team three straight years and who captained the 1964 Olympic squad to victory in Tokyo? Wasn't this the same 6'5", 200-pound

gazelle who tallied 3,066 points in high school, once sank fifty-seven consecutive free throws during his freshman season at Princeton, then proceeded to shatter every school and conference scoring mark in his next three years of varsity competition?

Bradley's collegiate exploits had made him a legend in his own time. Today, if you visit the New Jersey campus, you will find a bronze replica of Bill on display in the University's trophy room. As a freshman, his reputation caused sports-minded Princeton students to eat early dinners and rush to the gym in time to see Bradley perform before the varsity game.

Fame preceded Bill Bradley across the Atlantic and everywhere he was to go thereafter. While studying in England, Bradley commuted to Italy on occasion to play with a local amateur team, and again his presence resulted in turn-away crowds.

He had been in England only a short time when he received one of the highest honors in all sports. He was named winner of the James E. Sullivan Award as "the amateur athlete who by performance, example, and good influence, did the most to advance the cause of good sportsmanship during the past year." His selection marked the first time a basketball player had been so honored, placing him in the exclusive company of such previous Sullivan winners and sports immortals as Bob Richards, Rafer Johnson, and Bob Mathias.

Life to Bill Bradley was, as it still is, a daily challenge, a constant renewal of opportunity. For this reason, in 1968, after spending two and one half years studying abroad, he returned to the United States amidst considerable fanfare and expectation, to affix his signature to a \$500,000 contract with the New York Knickerbockers of the National Basketball Association.

"Sure I was apprehensive about playing again," relates Bill. "After all, I would be going against the greatest players in the world. But the years at Oxford had given me a greater understanding of myself, and I knew this was what I wanted to do."

Bradley was also beginning to play in the middle of the season, without any concentrated conditioning. Preseason games are important for correcting a player's mistakes, and without them Bradley now faced the prospect of his every wrong move being magnified by a New York press which is termed the most critical anywhere. It was a demanding situation that confronted him.

Neither was Bradley the ordinary "rookie" in the eyes of basketball fans. He was expected to become an overnight sensation, and promptly acquired the nickname "Dollar Bill" in reference to his six-figure salary.

Even after an extended absence, however, it was soon apparent that the Bradley name still retained much of its magic. Bill brought in 3,000 to 5,000 extra customers per game, according to club officials, as fans rushed to see the Knicks' heralded "superman."

What everyone had failed to realize was the fact that Bill Bradley was simply too unselfish and too dedicated to winning to accumulate large point totals for himself. Today, after two years in the

league, this attitude has molded the New York Knicks into one of the game's most powerful forces, and Bradley into the stabilizer of that force.

It's a good life for Bill and his pals—relaxing in nice hotels, eating well, training hard, and most of all, winning. During a recent lull in the NBA's continuing "war in sneakers" I talked with Bradley over breakfast and asked him what occupied his time not spent on the court or traveling between cities. I wasn't prepared for his answer.

"I'm currently engaged in research work for several organizations," replied the handsome athlete, as he downed a large glass of orange juice. "Right now I'm busy with a paper dealing with the prison system in our country."

Having been partially prepared by that answer, it was no surprise to learn that the Knick star spent last summer working with youth in Harlem and also with the Office of Economic Opportunity in Washington, D.C.

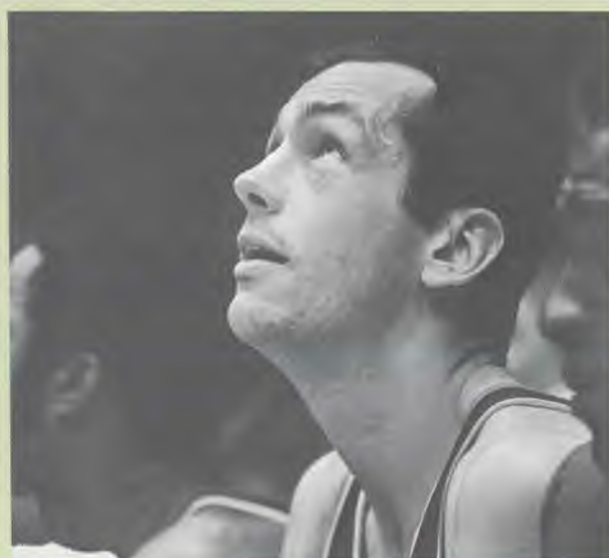
"I'm completely absorbed in what I'm doing now," he states. "I suppose I could be doing other things, and when the time comes for me to do them, I'll move on," Bill affirms with an air of self-assurance.

"There are many kinds of motivation—mine has always come from Christian ideals. In life, my goal is helping others as much as I can. And on the basketball floor I want to win the game and maintain the respect of those I play with."

Realizing well the importance of a sound body and mind, Bradley explains, "Achievement involves discipline rather than indulgence. For me it's important to be physically sound. I make my living with my body, and to impair my health with any form of intemperance would be foolish. People should be able to see, through medical evidence alone, the overwhelming case for healthful living."

Not the type to offer opinions freely, Bradley nevertheless responds when asked about things that deeply concern him. "One of the hardest things in life," reflects Bill, "is to be totally honest with each other in our everyday relationships. Young people today become so involved in the pursuit of love, without giving much consideration to the price to be paid. This may sound like sour grapes to a lot of kids," voices Bradley, his expression becoming serious, "but there just aren't any shortcuts. Love, happiness, good health, anything worth attaining involves a certain amount of dis-

Bill takes a momentary rest and casts a thoughtful eye toward the score, which shows the Knicks on their way to still another victory.





LEFT

Outrunning his pursuers, Bill Bradley sets out on his way to another basket.

BELOW

Bill shows the form which at Princeton made him the university's outstanding athlete.

cipline. We must temper our lives with honesty and discipline."

"There seems to be a basic strand that relates honesty to sadness and suffering," contends Bill, "but we also need to be concerned with humans in an orderly structure of everyday life. We must be able to see the needs of others at all times."

Bradley, a bachelor, maintains an apartment in downtown Manhattan, but he is not attracted to the incessant night life available to sports celebrities. He enjoys reading, admires Woodrow Wilson and Martin Luther King ("I must be myself, though; I can't be another person's reincarnation."), and would rather write serious letters than spend an evening at a discothèque. "I guess I'm not a very funny guy," grins Bradley, in telling of his activities outside of basketball.

For that matter, his opponents don't think he's all that amusing on the basketball floor either. This remarkable athlete has gained widespread recognition for putting together so well all aspects of the game he first began playing at age nine. Left alone with a clear shot, Bradley is one of the best shooters in the league, and his ability to pass the ball deftly to the open man has been one of the key factors in the Knicks' surge to the top.

Bill Van Brede Kolff, former coach at Princeton and now with the Detroit Pistons of the NBA, says this about the player he saw matriculate during his coaching tenure: "In whatever Bill Bradley does, he has that unusual ability to shut out everything else from his mind in accomplishing his goal. He has always worked harder than most players, and he knows the value of dedication."

Bradley's current coach, Red Holtzman, remarks that "Bill is more than a terrific basketball player. He is a well-rounded individual, very easy to coach, and comfortable to be around. He's a real asset to our team."

His fellow players hold Bradley in equally high esteem. Jerry West, everybody's All-Pro with the Los Angeles Lakers, told me recently, "There are so many things Bill



does well that it's hard to fault him. He is a tremendously smart player above all else. He makes few mistakes and is moving constantly, even when he doesn't have the ball. There is no way a player like that isn't going to make things happen out there." Bradley's teammate Willis Reed simply claims, "Bill is not selfish enough to get the full worth of his ability."

However, Bradley's abilities find their expression in countless other ways. By the selfless summers spent in Harlem and by the Christian ideals so positively expounded, Bill Bradley, in reality, may indeed be coming nearer to his full worth. ■



Evelyn Minshull

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES CONVERSE

The **CLOSED** DEN DOOR

ALL THE hot way home through rush-hour traffic, Jim Calloway kept projecting himself half an hour into the future, when he'd be sitting in the coolness of his den, the door closed, the stereo playing softly, and glass after glass of beer sliding slowly, frostily down his throat.

This, to him, was the best time of all—the week's work completed and no new demands on his time, his attention, or his emotions pending until after the weekend. It was there, alone in his den, that he said he restored himself, there that he found true peace, there that he could revert to the glories of youthful dreams, the adventure and fame which had never formed in his reality.

Not that life had been cruel to him. It hadn't, and no one knew it better than he. He had Karen—a warm, sweet,

almost pretty wife he still loved deeply—and three fine children. Jill was a high school junior with a 3.8 average, a musical talent which had brought her to the notice of a number of fine colleges, and a face and figure which had brought her to the notice of countless boys. Jim smiled, thinking of Jill; then he allowed a frown to settle briefly over his features. He worried, sometimes, that Jill hadn't the maturity and firmness she'd need to face life. Oh, well, he shrugged. If problems came up, she'd turn to him. They'd always been close—far closer than any other father and daughter he knew. He'd been close, too, to Larry, his eleven-year-old, a real outdoor bug. And then there was the youngest, Amy, still in the crayon-book and doll stage—a real sweet kid.

Smiling with satisfaction, Jim signaled his turn, pressing the accelerator a bit more firmly as home and family—and the peace and quiet of his den—drew nearer.

He'd always given major credit to his long weekend hours in the den, alone with his beer and his thoughts, for the fact that his life hadn't palled on him, his family seldom getting on his nerves in any serious way, his job seeming fresh to him as he tackled it each week. A man needed an island of peace, time to himself for renewal, and while Jim's family seldom challenged this time he had set aside as his own, he knew that he would fight bitterly to protect it and himself from interruption.

Karen straightened from the bathroom sink where she'd been splashing cold water over her swollen eyes as she heard

the car door slam. She examined her face in the mirror, wondering if Jim would notice that she'd been crying, half hoping that he would so that she would be forced to tell him her news, almost certain that he wouldn't. Not today. Any other day of the week, he would notice, he would express love and concern, and sympathetically draw from her the details of her unscheduled visit to the doctor—a visit which had become mandatory that morning when she had discovered the lump. But since it was today, his day for withdrawal or, as he termed it, renewal, he wouldn't notice. She was sure of it. And she didn't feel steady enough in her own emotions to demand his time.

Sighing, dabbing at her still-damp face with her apron, she went downstairs to be there when he came in.

But he was already in, passing quickly on his way to his den.

"Daddy! Hey, Daddy!" Amy was calling from the living room, where she'd been watching TV and painting.

"Hi, Darling!" he called, but he didn't stop.

"Is that you, Dad?" Larry called from the cellar, where he'd been tying trout flies all afternoon. "Hey, Dad, I was wondering—"

"No time now, Son," Jim called. "How are things?"

Amy was in the hall, holding a still-dripping picture. "Daddy, I want you to see what I painted—"

"Oh, that's nice. They'll want to hang it in the Met, I'll bet."

He had scarcely looked at it. He didn't notice that her lower lip was wobbling.

"But there are more, Daddy, lots of them. This isn't near the best. This one isn't even finished—"

"Later, Honey, OK?" He blew her a kiss. She did look a little low, poor kid, but he could hear Larry pounding up from the cellar and Karen descending from the upstairs, and the thirst he'd been building up all the way home was so strong within him that he found his tongue touching his lips.

"Hi, Angel!" he called, just as Karen rounded the corner. With the light from the front door on her, softening the lines of her pale yellow shirtwaist and fuzzing the edges of her softly curled hair, she looked great. He'd have liked to talk to her for a minute or two, but if he didn't force himself away and shut himself into the den with his dreams and his beer, the family would all converge on him, smothering, demanding. That was all right for the other nights. He enjoyed his role, in fact. But this was *his* evening, the one a week he wouldn't share. Quickly, before Karen's softness, or Amy's sadness, or Larry's excitement could touch him further, he moved into the den and shut the door.

Karen stood very still, then sagged against the stairwell, her face drawing, her fingers rising slowly toward her breast, seeking the lump again, as though she might, by touching it for the hundredth time since discovery, find that it was all a mistake.

Larry watched her keenly, his own disappointment melting in concern. "You OK, Mom?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "just a little tired."

Larry sighed. "Me, too. I've been tying flies all day." His voice picked up excitement. "I heard about a new fishing hole today, really great. There's a granddaddy trout there that everybody's after, and tomorrow morning they're having a get-together to see who can grab him, with a prize

Two Went Through Life

Viona Christensen Ramsey

One streaked through life on skates,
Skimming over the surface,
Feeling only the runners,
One single line under each foot.

Another walked through life
With his feet full on the ground,
The mud oozing up between his toes,
And he felt life wholly under him.

and a picture in the paper and everything. I thought—" His face crumpled, and Karen touched his shoulder in sympathy. "I guess I forgot all about what day it is. Dad won't even have started to sleep it off by noon tomorrow, will he? And then it'll be too late."

"You could go with one of your friends," she suggested tentatively, making room under her other arm for Amy, who was trying to snuggle there.

"Nah. Ken's in Pittsburgh all week and Bill broke his leg, remember?"

"Daddy wouldn't even look." Amy was sobbing.

"But he will, dear. Larry, isn't there anyone else?"

"There's that new kid, Normie. He's been after me to join his bunch in town. They have something on for this evening."

"Daddy doesn't even love me. He just says that."

Karen knelt, hugging the child. "Of course he loves you, Amy. He loves all of us."

Larry drew a quiet breath, almost a snort.

Karen looked up. "This new boy, Larry—"

"Oh, he's all right."

"I don't like the sound of some of the things I've heard since he came."

"They don't do anything *bad*."

"Well, it might be better if you'd fish alone."

"It has to be teams."

"Oh. Well, maybe Normie'd go. Fishing might be good for him."

Larry laughed. "He says fishing's kid stuff." He patted her arm. "You worry too much, Mom. He's a hip kid really. And maybe he's right. Maybe fishing is for kids." He drew

a handful of bright new flies from his pocket, looking at them as though they had a bad smell.

"Oh, these are lovely, dear."

"Pretty!" cooed Amy, forgetting her tears.

"Yeah," he said, "for kids. Tell you what, Amy. I'll file off the sharp edges on the hooks or wrap them or something, and you can have them."

Karen gasped. "Oh, Larry, think about that for a minute!"

Larry turned toward the closed den door. "I have thought about it, for a long, long time." His voice trailed off, then came back decisively. "I'll fix these up for you, Amy. Mom, if Normie calls, tell him I'll meet him at seven, like he said."

Karen watched after him, vague misgivings stirring. Amy was hopping around as though someone had wound her up with a key, and Karen found herself smiling, despite the fact that her breast felt heavy with the knowledge of what was growing there.

She felt the tears coming again, and started up the stairs, not hearing the closing of car doors in the driveway, the hurried footsteps through the kitchen, Jill's breathless voice asking for her father.

"He's shut in with his beer," Amy said, and went back to her painting.

"Oh." Jill stood in a disappointed slump, then turned as the heavier, more certain steps of a young man reached her. She raised her glance, but not quite far enough to meet his eyes. His smile, she noticed, was wide, showing his very white, very even teeth. If she avoided his eyes, she could forget that he was laughing at her again, at her prudishness. "A girl who looks like you," he'd told her more than once, "should have grown up by now."

Now he reached out to lift her chin so that she had to meet his eyes. "A girl who looks like you," he was saying, "belongs at a frat party. It's your duty to go, give the bash a little class."

"But I can't help it, Greg." She ran her finger over his coat. It gave her something to do. "All that drinking and everything." Her eyes sought the closed den door. "If I could just talk to Dad—"

"Oh, come off it, Honey. The kid said he was drinking. What makes you think he'd give you an out here? Come on, say Yes. You don't have to drink, you know. Who knows?" He laughed lightly. "Could be your missionary spirit will inspire the rest of us. We might all wind up drinking ice water and singing hymns."

"I wish you'd quit laughing at me, Greg."

"I'm not—not really. I think you're cute, that's all—refreshing is maybe the word. Most girls who look like you—well, they've been around a lot. They're not so sweet."

Her voice took on a low intensity. "I don't really think I want to go." If only she could have talked to Dad. He'd help her, he always had.

Greg's hands closed over hers. "You just think that, because you've never been before. You'll like it once you try. Listen, I promise you if you don't have fun, I'll bring you straight home. Would I lie to you?"

She shook her head helplessly, watching the den door again, as though it might open by miracle. "I'll see if I can find Mom."

He kept her hands for a moment.

"I just want to tell her when to expect me home."

"Good girl," he smiled. "Tell her not to wait up."

She nodded, moving quickly through the downstairs, calling lightly, then climbing to the bedroom. The door there was closed too. She clenched her fists, feeling very young, very alone, very frightened.

She tapped on the door. "Mom?"

Within, Karen forced her voice to near-naturalness. "Oh, Jill?"

"Mom, are you OK? You sound funny."

"I—must have dropped off. I'll be out in a minute."

"Oh, you don't have to. I just want you to know I'm going out—with Greg. Don't wait up for me, OK?"

"OK, darling. Have a good time."

Jill leaned against the wall, her fists still clenched.

"Jill, are you still there?"

Jill straightened, forcing herself to smile. "Sure. Yeah, I'll have a good time, Mom. You too. Bye."

"Bye, dear." Karen sank weakly back to the bed. How, she wondered, did one go about having a good time while contemplating alone a Monday morning operation for a lump which the doctor had said might be malignant?

In the living room, Amy drooped over her paintings, looking at them with new eyes, finding them hateful now when this afternoon they had seemed the loveliest creations possible. Deliberately she dumped her paint water in a flower pot, broke her brushes across her knee, and methodically ripped the paintings into confetti.

In the basement Larry paused over his work of making the trout flies safe for a three-year-old to play with to wonder what Normie had meant when he mentioned "hitting" a warehouse. He hadn't asked. He'd been afraid he wouldn't want to know.

In his den Jim was beginning to feel the flush, the sense of well-being, which always began with the third or fourth beer.

This is the life, he thought. This is the *way* to drink, not like some guys drinking up the family groceries in some bar every night, not like some guys neglecting their families, not giving them love, not doing things with them—not like some guys, losing their jobs, their self-respect, the works.

He raised his glass high, looking at the light through the amber liquid. The warm glow spread. This was the life, he thought again. He drained the glass, reached for his opener—and the "best" was yet to come. ■

Courage

Mildred N. Hoyer

from the Latin,
"cor"—heart;
literally,
full of heart.



John C. Low

*A good way
to stop smoking*

BENEATH YOUR DIGNITY

THREE years ago I stopped smoking. I did not lose my temper at the cat when it left fur on my armchair; and after a week my wife did not beg me to begin again. Since I ate no more than before, I did not gain weight. I spent nothing on antismoking drugs or smoking substitutes. I did not even buy raisins or chewing gum.

I had smoked about eight packages a week for ten years. I was without a doubt a smoker and thus liable to premature death. I did not want to find my children smoking, but how could I tell them not to if I smoked myself?

And then, I enjoy living. Obviously, I was foolish to give part of the life I enjoy to earning enough to buy the weed that would make my life both incomplete and shorter. My sense of taste was coarse, my smelling almost nonexistent, and I had frequent headaches. It was clear that smoking was a bad habit. It was equally clear, or so I thought, that giving up was no easy task. I had tried before. I had tried chewing gum till my jaws ached. I had tried the gradual withdrawal, and had valued each cigarette the more.

Then one night I found myself at eleven-thirty searching the streets for the tobacco I had to smoke to end the day.

A lowly weed chasing me about the streets? Was there not something topsy-turvy about that? Here was the key. The solution lay in putting the cigarette in its proper place. It was beneath the dignity of an adult human being to allow the cigarette to remain in such an exalted place. From that premise I drew up rules for putting the cigarette out of my system and mind. Within a week of that night the ease with which these rules were working pleasantly surprised me—and could surprise you too.

1. Tell no one your thoughts or plans. Let no one else claim part of the credit for your success.

2. Review the place tobacco has taken in your life. Does it, for example, have you lighting up when you know you do not really have time to finish the smoke? Is not tobacco a sneak, stealing your time, pocket money, and self-respect? Whenever you light up, look at the thing and remind yourself you hold a thief—or, better, that a thief holds *you*.

3. When you believe tobacco is an evil, and that any pleasure from it you buy at a very high price, set a date about four days ahead. Then set the hour of the beginning at half an hour before your bedtime. Now comes the essential part. This part's success depends on how well you have drilled into your mind the premise, "Tobacco is beneath my dignity." The hour you set is irrevocable; it is set finally and absolutely. After that time you are not someone quitting smoking, you are not someone trying to kick the habit; you are a nonsmoker. You no longer smoke.

4. When you smoke the last one, do not set about enjoying it. It is not to enjoy—or dislike—any more than the thousands you have already smoked. It deserves no honor.

5. At the appointed hour gather together all the things you needed for smoking and get rid of them—in the garbage can. Take no special note of what you are doing; for, you see, you are doing something very natural. You are getting rid of that which is of no use to you. Old newspapers you treat in the same way. That night you will enjoy one of the most pleasant sleeps you have ever had.

6. The first day of your new life behave as though you had never smoked. Do not allow your mind to dwell on tobacco. If you are offered a smoke, say only, "No thank you." Some smokers, if they discover what you are doing, will jeer, "Ha, ha, how long this time?" Do not reply. Do not argue. You *know* you have finished. Unless they, too, make your resolution they cannot understand you.

A peak of strong temptation will attack a week or two after you begin your new life when the recollection of the smoke's taste will be especially inviting. The thief will hardly go down to the garbage can without a struggle.

The thief's final effort will come about six months later disguised with the argument: "You can see you can't completely beat the desire, though you've shown yourself and the world for six months what you can do. You know now you can quit if you want to. You can have both your self-respect and the tobacco!" This is a sneaking argument, holding enough half-truth to be attractive; but if you snort derisively the tobacco devil will soon give up, and your desire will wither away.

The secret for the ease with which the plan works is in the startlingly obvious premise that being tobacco's slave is beneath a human being's dignity. Stick that premise in your mind and you will be a much happier man, no longer having to squirm with abject apologies for a habit you know is bad.

4 in 100 Have Tried Marijuana

Twelve persons in every 100 among young adults in their 20's say they have tried marijuana. The proportion for the nation as a whole is 4 in 100, or an estimated 5 million adults.

These findings were recorded in a nationwide survey of persons 21 or older. A previous Gallup survey of college students showed 22 percent saying they have tried marijuana.

If all age groups including teenagers are taken into account, then an estimated total of 10 million Americans have tried marijuana. And an additional 5 million adults say they would try a marijuana cigarette if it were offered to them.

In answer to the question, Have

... but Many More Have Tried Alcohol

The director of the South Carolina Commission on Alcoholism says that parents should worry more about drinking than about marijuana smoking.

William J. McCord said the survey of about 13,000 pupils showed 75 percent had experimented with alcohol, but only 4.33 percent had ever smoked marijuana.

you, yourself, ever happened to try marijuana? the results show not only sharp differences on the basis of age, but by education and region as well:

	Yes
	%
National	4
21-29 years	12
30-49 years	3

50 and over	1
Men	6
Women	2
College background	9
High school	3
Grade school	1
East	5
Midwest	2
South	2
West	9

All persons in the survey who said they have not tried marijuana were asked if they would try a marijuana cigarette if it were offered them. Four adults in 100 nationally, and 10 in 100 among adults in their 20's, say they would do so.

Age is clearly a key factor in attitudes toward marijuana use. Studies have shown a high level of marijuana use among high school students in certain areas. When persons were asked about the use of this drug by school students in their own communities, 9 percent guessed marijuana is used by "most" students, 37 percent said "some," 34 percent said "hardly any" or "none." Another 20 percent did not express an opinion.

LISTEN *Color Special* NEWS

What Youth Uses Pot?

When confronted with evidence that his teen-age offspring is a marijuana smoker, the typical middle-class parent is shocked, sometimes into the realization that he doesn't know his son or daughter as well as he thought he did.

A study reported by a Johns Hopkins University team suggests, among other things, that it may be possible to predict before a young person gets started with marijuana whether or not he might be attracted to its use.

The study was headed by Dr. Robert T. Hogan, an assistant professor of psychology at Johns Hopkins.

Using what Dr. Hogan calls "the best personality inventory device available"—the California Psychological Inventory—plus a questionnaire Dr. Hogan himself designed, the Johns Hopkins team found clear-cut differences in personality characteristics among users of marijuana and nonusers.

So clear-cut were the differences, in fact, that, using only the California Inventory answers, the investigators were able to predict with 82 percent accuracy which of the subjects did smoke marijuana and which ones did not.

"This high degree of accuracy far exceeds chance and is considerably better than the accuracy normally possible in studies of this type," the investigators report.

The personality patterns uncovered, Dr. Hogan cautions, are far more complex than the public might suspect, and their interpretation requires considerable judgment.

Frequent users, for example, are most typically self-confident, socially poised, and skilled in interpersonal relations, and they usually possess a wide range of interests.

"But they also tend toward narcissism, self-aggrandizement, and overconcern with personal pleasure and diversion," Dr. Hogan says.

Smoke, Drink Related

The drinking of liquor retards production of a hormone that the body needs for chemical and emotional balance, while smoking stimulates production, says Dr. B. D. Bhagat, a St. Louis University doctor.

As a result, heavy drinkers are likely to be heavy smokers.

Dr. Bhagat states that nicotine in smoke stimulates production of norepinephrine, which governs an individual's emotional characteristics. He says the body begins to depend on nicotine for production of the hormone; the smoker becomes physically addicted to nicotine and has a psychological need for tobacco.

"It is possible that the changes in the rate of production may explain the common association of heavy drinking and heavy smoking," Dr. Bhagat explains.

The physician says he uses the word "possible" because personality and environmental factors may affect the relationship between drinking and smoking.



Framed behind a huge pile of confiscated drugs, Treasury Secretary Eugene Rossides (L) and Deputy Atty. General Eugene Kleindienst explain the objectives of "Operation Intercept," the stepped-up plan to stem the flow of illicit drugs from Mexico.

If Aspirin Were New

If aspirin were a brand-new drug, the Government wouldn't permit it to be put on the market and sold, contends Dr. S. Q. Cohan, a New York pediatrician.

New drugs are tested on animals, and 50 percent of the offspring of female laboratory rats that are fed aspirin are born with some kind of birth defect, he explains. Nothing happens to human fetuses whose mothers take aspirin, but under testing methods used in this country and Western Europe, this "innocuousness" wouldn't be detected, he says.

Pharmaceutical manufacturers and Government agencies would assume from tests on lab animals that aspirin was a dangerous compound with a 50-50 chance of causing birth defects in the unborn.

Drug Treats Addiction

Dr. Vincent P. Dole, a developer of the methadone technique for rehabilitating narcotics addicts, estimates that "10,000 criminal addicts" in New York City would apply for the treatment if given an opportunity, and that if they were treated they would have "an 80 percent chance of becoming acceptable citizens."

Charging that addiction costs the city \$350 million in crime bills each year, Dr. Dole asserts that "bureaucrats and critics" are still trying to limit the methadone effort.

His own state-financed project, operating for 2,000 outpatients from centers organized through the Beth Israel Medical Center, he says, could expand to 10,000 "without any change in organization" if funds were available at \$1,000 an addict a year.

Methadone is a synthetic drug given to block hunger for heroin. While its supporters say it eliminates the disabling high and low effects of heroin and the criminal aspects of heroin addiction, critics of the technique contend that with methadone the individual continues on drugs and still needs to cope with basic psychological and other problems.

In This NEWS

◆ Implied consent protects the innocent. See page 20.

◆ Doctors reject idea of legalizing marijuana. See page 21.

◆ How can parents narrow the generation gap? See page 22.

I Plead With You: Please Believe

At Amherst College in western Massachusetts a student died last October by falling 70 feet off the roof of a dormitory; he had earlier taken a trip on LSD.

The student was a Harvard University sophomore from Baltimore who was visiting an Amherst friend. State police arrested another Amherst student on charges of selling the LSD to the visitor.

But to Amherst's dean of students, Robert A. Ward, there was a particular agony about the tragedy that was personal. In a letter to his students, Dean Ward tried to express it. This is his letter: Gentlemen of the College:

He was not an Amherst man; he was a visitor. But his death occurred in our community, and we shared in the loss. We were shocked by the tragedy and stunned by the senselessness of it. He was young and bright—too bright to surrender his life in the foolish madness blighting a generation. In a week in which we paused to reflect on the waste of life half a world away, it may have been a strange irony that we were starkly faced with meaningless death on our own campus. But that week is nearly gone—and memory fades.

I will not rehearse the statements made in the past about drugs. Many of us for some time have been apprehensive that a tragedy would come—and last Saturday night it did. Repeated warnings had gone unheeded; it couldn't happen here. I only wish those who ignored those warnings could have spent part of that horrible night waiting in Cooley Dickinson Hospital while the student's life ebbed, or part of Sunday afternoon in my office while his parents struggled to comprehend the reality of that day.

I did not become a dean to watch a generation of students pollute their sanity or distort their lives, and I confess to a numbing and depressing sense of helplessness. Words are inadequate and deeds seem fruitless.

More than ever, students have taken on themselves the individual responsibility which shapes their lives in all areas. It should be so, but the judicious exercise of such responsibility demands wisdom. I see no wisdom at all in the growing and indiscriminate use of drugs. I also see a danger that one major tragedy may obscure other tragedies, smaller perhaps but no less frightening.

On a beautiful Saturday afternoon which was in itself a natural stimulant, why the need for some artificial or uncertain drug? And where were we all on that night or on any night, and when will we awake to the need to replace a disinterested privatism with a sustained concern for troubled people in our community? And why do we tolerate in our midst the profiteers of poison? And by what moral right do we pass into the hands of others substances which can threaten their well-being and even their lives? What in God's name is happening to us?

Last Sunday in a Scriptural lesson the timeless chastisement of Thomas was repeated: "Because you did not see, you would not believe." Last Sunday we did see. Now I plead as never before—please believe.

Does Your Mind Really Belong to You?

Advances in electronics and knowledge of how the brain works make it possible for man to make significant changes in his behavior, says Dr. Jose M. R. Delgado, a Yale brain researcher.

"In the past the mind belonged to the philosopher. Today it belongs to the neurophysiologist," he states.

What is needed now is to establish which kinds of behavior to modify.

Some of the behavior-control procedures now possible include: ♦ Implanting electrodes deep in the brain of mental patients and preventing or provoking certain kinds of behavior by stimulating brain centers with tiny electrical charges.

♦ Implanting tiny tubes in the brain and releasing into them drugs which change the activity of brain centers and hence behavior.

♦ Having a direct line of communication from a brain to a computer and back to the brain without having information pass through the sense organs.

This is done by implanting electrodes in several brain centers. Electrical discharges from one center go to the computer, which reads them and sends a message to another center, which reacts to stop

the discharges from the first center.

This procedure makes it possible, Delgado says, to control behavior in mental patients by programming the computer to send a counteracting signal every time a brain center responsible for antisocial behavior begins firing.

So far the computer-brain tieup has been tested only on chimpanzees. Aside from the potential application in mental patients, it demonstrates the possibility of learning by feeding information directly into the brain. Day-and-night supervision is possible without even touching the individual.

New Space Food

Astronauts on future space missions lasting two or more years may be able to eat food regenerated from their own breath.

Work at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Ames Research Center shows promise in making carbohydrates from compounds exhaled in normal breathing—carbon dioxide and water.

A device has been constructed that converts carbon dioxide to methane, methane to formaldehyde, and formaldehyde into sugars.

Protect the Innocent

"Implied consent legislation—under which a driver consents to chemical tests to determine the alcohol content of his blood—is just as much a means of establishing innocence as guilt," says the National Safety Council.

Donald C. Lhotka, director of special programs for the Council, points out that drivers sometimes appear to be under the influence of alcohol when in fact they suffer from some other physical impairment. "A chemical test can therefore be of benefit to the driver," Lhotka says.

Experts in the alcohol field suggest that the ability of drivers with more than .10 percent alcohol in their blood has definitely been impaired. During the law's first year in Michigan, there were 12,058 drivers whose tests gave results in the "under the influence" group, an increase of 74 percent in drunk driving arrests over the previous year.

The Safety Council suggests that chemical-test laws, implied consent for tests, and provisions for dealing with problem drinkers who drive will help to bring the use of alcohol under control. "And there isn't any reasonable doubt left that action is needed," says Lhotka. "We know that at least half the fatal traffic accidents involve alcohol in one way or another."

Advertising Insights

Have you watched on TV lately The ads depicting very stately Quiet people drinking booze, While carbonated soft drinks cause hilarity?

Seems I see a small disparity In Madison Avenue's lack of charity

Toward my ability to choose.

The generations have a gap, But is the gap so really wide That the carbonateds blow your mind And malt and hops make you refined?

—Richard Machiz and Roberta Berrien (Wall Street Journal)



Caffeine and Sunlight

If you drink a lot of coffee and then sit in the sun, your skin can get old before its time, says Dr. George Reader, a New York specialist on aging.

Sunlight reacts with the caffeine inside your skin cells, he says, breaking the chromosome blueprint so the cells cannot reproduce properly.

Dr. Reader states that you have the best chance of growing old in good health if you lead a tranquil life, don't sleep more than eight hours a night, walk to keep your weight down, and go easy on meat at dinner.

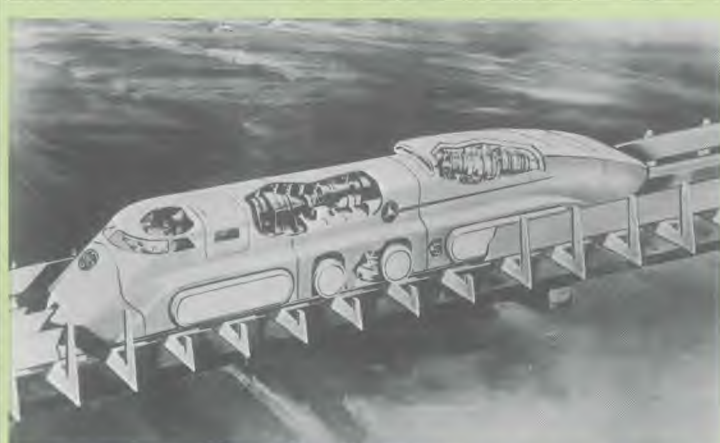
Too Much Sugar

Overconsumption of fat is the current popular villain in cases of coronary heart disease. One English scientist, however, claims that the true culprit may be excess sugar.

Englishmen today consume more sugar in two weeks than they did in a whole year 200 years ago. Yet they eat only one eighth more fat, according to Dr. John Yudkin of the Queen Elizabeth College of the University of London.

In studies conducted over five years, Dr. Yudkin could find no difference among heart patients who did or did not consume a great deal of fat. Yet, another group of patients hospitalized after a first heart attack ate "very much more sugar" than patients with no heart trouble.

Dr. Yudkin suggests that the key to coronary heart disease may lie with insulin, whose secretion is stimulated by sugar. Circulating insulin was found greatly increased in the diseased group of volunteers. Cigarettes, a factor in heart disease, also raised insulin levels.



This Tracked Air Cushion Research Vehicle, designed by General Electric, is intended to travel 300 mph, and could be in passenger service as early as 1975 to meet the greatly increased intercity transportation needs. The highly streamlined vehicle weighs 40,000 pounds fully loaded, and is 53 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 9½ feet high.



Doctors Oppose Legalizing Pot

An overwhelming majority of American doctors questioned in a poll reject the idea of legalizing the sale of marijuana, reports the publication *Modern Medicine*.

Of the 27,741 doctors who took part in the poll 85.2 percent were against legalizing it and 14.8 percent were in favor.

Few proposals have been so overwhelmingly unpopular as the proposal to legalize the use of marijuana. A recent nationwide survey shows 84 adults in every 100 opposed to such a step.

However, sharp differences in views are found on the basis of age, educational background, and region of the country. One person

in four among the 21-29 age group favors making the use of marijuana legal, compared to 12 percent in the 30-49 age group and 6 percent among those 50 and over.

Much of the opposition to legalizing marijuana undoubtedly stems from the belief that the drug has a harmful and potent effect on the user. All persons interviewed in the survey were asked if they happened to know what the effects of using marijuana were. The most common answers given were: "It harms the mind and nervous system" and "It leads to the use of stronger drugs."

Here are the results to the question: Do you happen to know what the effects of using marijuana are?

Harms mind and nervous system	17%
Leads to use of stronger drugs	12
Dulls the senses	9
Harmful to the health	9
Makes user "high"	8
Addictive, habit-forming	7
Makes user lose control of his actions	7
Leads to irresponsibility, affects judgment	3
Neither habit-forming nor harmful	3
Leads to crime	1
Harmful to unborn children	1
Generally unfavorable comments	6
Miscellaneous	1
Unable to give answer	35
	119%

Note: Total adds to more than 100 percent since some persons gave more than one response.

Persons interviewed who say they have smoked marijuana are far less inclined to say the drug "leads to stronger drugs" and to say it "harms the mind and nervous system," and are far more inclined to say it is "neither habit-forming nor harmful." However, they are just as likely as nonusers to say the use of the drug "leads to irresponsibility and poor judgment."

Drug Facts Needed

In a windowless room not far from the psychedelic haunts of Haight-Ashbury, 20 of the country's top experts gathered to try to bring some order to the confusion about the genetic and physical effects of drug abuse.

If they reached any consensus, it was that virtually nothing reliable is known about the hazards—either to the individual user or to unborn generations.

"We know nothing," said Dr. Samuel S. Epstein of Harvard Medical School, chairman of the conference. "There's been too much rhetoric and not enough fact."

But there is enough suspicion about dangers of substances like LSD, the participants agreed, to warrant prompt and rigorous scientific study of the role of drugs in genetic mutations, congenital deformities, and cancer.

With these possible risks in mind, the Division on Drug Abuse of the National Institute of Mental Health brought the scientists together to seek guidance on how to spend the millions it is pouring into drug-abuse research—in light of the urgent public need for knowledge and the difficulties inherent in getting meaningful data about crude street drugs.

The object, according to Prof. Joshua Lederberg, Stanford University geneticist and winner of a Nobel Prize, who initiated the meeting, was not to get answers to the controversial question of whether LSD breaks chromosomes, "but to try to delineate what would be accepted methodology to answer questions of this kind—what sort of approach would make it possible to give some conclusive basis for policy judgments."

The outcome was no firm set of guidelines on this complex question but agreement that the use of hallucinogens, amphetamines, barbiturates, and other such drugs had to be considered as part of the general problem of environmental pollution along with pesticides and food additives.



Dr. Barnett Rosenberg holds a container of a platinum metal compound which he says inhibits leukemia in mice and may be tested on humans soon. Rosenberg, a Michigan State University scientist, uses pictures of cancer cells made through a microscope to illustrate the effect of the platinum drug. The picture at the left shows the untreated dividing cells, while the picture at the right shows cells treated with the drug in which bacteria development is arrested.

WHAT WHERE WHY WHO WHO HOW WHEN WHAT

◆ A previously approved name change for R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. has been postponed to April to coincide with a planned realignment of corporate structure, says the company. The change to R. J. Reynolds Industries Inc. is to reflect the company's diversification beyond its tobacco products, which include Winston, Salem, and Camel cigarettes, three of the four largest selling brands. The company also sells such food products as Chun King Chinese food, Patio Mexican dinners, My-T-Fine puddings, and Hawaiian Punch. (*Wall Street Journal*)

◆ Over 20 million people in the United States are victims of chronic headache problems. Americans spend \$450,000,000 on tons of aspirin and other headache remedies, and continue to suffer with recurring headaches. Though chronic headache is not a potential killer, it is a serious national health problem. (*Health Briefs*)

◆ It has been reported that food for astronauts costs between \$150 and \$300 per man per day. A major portion of the cost is attributed to the high costs of documentation, research, and bacteriological requirements. (*Food and Nutrition News*)

◆ Seventh-day Adventists live considerably longer than the rest of the population, according to recent studies. Some attribute this to their lack of cigarette smoking, although the majority believe that this is only one of many factors that influence their favorable life expectancy. Their diet is different, and their moderation in all activities is considerably different from that of the average American citizen. In a study of California Seventh-day Adventists, their longevity exceeded California life expectancy by an amount greater than that gained by the general U.S. population during the past forty years. (*Stay Young Newsletter*)

◆ About 2,500 driver's licenses are being revoked daily, and of this total three fourths are "alcohol-involved," reports the Driver Register Service of the National Highway Safety Bureau. This means that around 1,800 licenses are revoked every day for such causes as "drunk driving" or "driving under the influence." (*D.C. Traffic Safety Reporter*)

◆ A Gallup poll reports that while the proportion of male consumers of alcoholic beverages has changed very little in the past 30 years, the proportion of consumers among women has increased from 45 percent to 57 percent. The most recent report reveals that one out of every four "regular" bourbon consumers is a woman. (*The Bourbon Newsletter*)

Lung Cancer Is Up; Other Cancers Down

Approximately 208,000 Americans will be saved from cancer this year, reports the American Cancer Society. However, an estimated 104,000 cancer patients will probably die who might have been saved by earlier and better treatment.

The Society reports a skyrocketing lung cancer death rate for American men, growing faster than can be attributed to the population increase. An estimated 51,000 American men will die of lung cancer in 1970, 4,000 more than in 1968. The traditionally lower lung cancer death rate for women is showing a steady increase, with the rate rising even faster than among men. Lung cancer is largely preventable, hence the anticigarette campaign of the ACS.

Helping offset this campaign, however, is the fact that the Department of Agriculture "spends \$1.8 million a year to support the price of tobacco, \$28 million a year to subsidize its export," and "\$30 million a year worth of tobacco is sent overseas to developing countries through the Food for Peace Program."

ARE YOU PUZZLED?

Girls' Names

The names of at least sixty girls are hidden in this puzzle. To find these names read the letters forward, backward, up, down, or diagonally. Draw a line around each name as you find it.

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

Alice	Edna	Isabella	Lori	Patti
Amy	Elaine	Jane	Lucy	Pauline
Anna	Elizabeth	Jane	Mabel	Rae
Anne	Ella	Joanne	Mae	Ruth
Barbara	Ellen	Joy	Mamie	Sharon
Beatrice	Esther	Joyce	Margaret	Sue
Carol	Etta	Judy	Mary	Thelma
Darlene	Eunice	Katherine	Muriel	Twyla
Debbie	Eva	Kathleen	Nora	Velma
Diane	Florence	Kay	Olive	Vivian
Donna	Henrietta	Lois	Opal	Xenia
Doris	Ida	Lora	Pamela	Yvonne
	Irma		Patricia	

Solving Youth's Drug Problems

"What we need to control the use of narcotics among school kids in Williamsburg is more youth centers so they'll have something to do, like play basketball," said a middle-aged teacher.

"Nonsense, what we need is somebody to listen to us about our problems, somebody who knows what we're talking about," said a high school student.

These differing viewpoints were voiced at the outset of a three-day institute on narcotics aimed at involving two entire communities in Brooklyn (New York) in ways to solve the drug problem.

"We wanted to get the teachers and kids to sit down and relate to each other," said Larry A. Bear, the Commissioner of the Addiction Services Agency of the Human Resources Administration. "More importantly, we hoped they would examine their own attitudes toward each other."

The students, who were chosen for their demonstrated or potential leadership ability, were to go back to their schools to spread information about narcotics-control programs among their fellows.

Mayor Lindsay was one of the keynote speakers, and he took issue with proposals to sweep narcotics addicts off the street as being "ineffectual."

"Unless we are talking about putting 100,000 addicts into concentration camps for the rest of their lives, such a program would eventually put the same addicts right back on the street, fully victimized by the same addiction that drove them to crime in the first place," he said.

"The answer, to at least the critical question of misinformation and myth," Mr. Lindsay continued, "is to aim a drug education program at our youth in the schools, in a credible, authentic, realistic manner."

Martin Kotler, deputy commissioner of the Addiction Services Agency, said the workshop sessions also went into the hypocrisy of adults "who take pep pills, get stoned on martinis, and gulp diet pills, and then have the effrontery

to criticize the kids for smoking marijuana."

"But first we have to understand one another," he concluded.

No Smoke, More Sleep

If a person quits smoking, he will probably sleep better. That is the conclusion of three California investigators who found that when heavy smokers kick the habit their sleeping patterns change markedly for the better.

In a study of eight chronic smokers, Drs. Anthony Kales, Joyce Kales, and T. L. Tan found that cigarette addicts dream very little and seldom, if ever, achieve deep sleep. However, immediately after they gave up cigarettes, they slept better, falling asleep quicker and staying asleep longer. The only problem, according to the University of California, Los Angeles, researchers, was that some of the former smokers dreamed excessively and experienced nightmares for a short time before their sleep returned to normal.

In addition, reported the scientists, there was evidence in the younger subjects that short periods of deep sleep occurred following withdrawal from smoking. Older subjects, however, did not achieve deep sleep following withdrawal—an indication that continued abstinence from smoking may result in eventual restoration of normal levels of deep sleep.

The doctors also noted that the pattern of markedly decreased dreaming and absence of deep sleep in chronic smokers is similar to that found in persons addicted to sleeping potions. When these drugs are withdrawn, the subjects tend to have excessive dreaming and nightmares.

All this suggests that chronic smokers develop a physiological dependence on cigarettes, according to Drs. Kales and Tan. They now theorize that while withdrawal from cigarettes may cause excessive dreaming and nightmares initially, continued abstinence may lead to normal restful sleep.

Narrow the Generation Gap

Parents worry about rearing their children and frequently ask, "How can I, as a parent, help my child achieve maturity?"

Obviously there are no pat answers to this question, but in an article in *Woman's Day* entitled, "What Really Matters When You're Growing Up," Fredelle Maynard tells of her findings when she interviewed hundreds of young "post-teen-agers" about their parents and their own upbringing. Miss Maynard asked these young people, "What suggestions can you give parents which will help them rear their children?"

Although Miss Maynard naturally came up with a wide variety of answers, she found agreement in many areas. Here are some of them:

1. Parents need to teach children to be independent and to function for themselves.

2. Parents need to listen to children, to let a child develop his own

interests and talents, to respect his own individualism.

3. Families need to do things together—encourage "family feelings." Children need to be enjoyed by their parents.

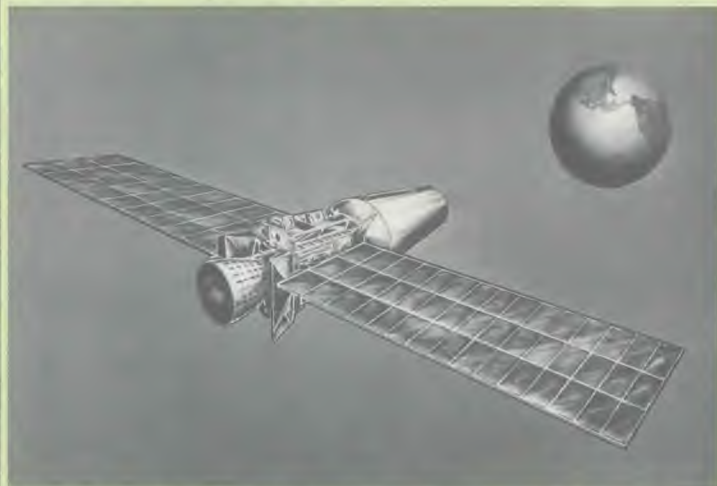
4. Mealtimes together seemed important and were remembered with feelings of warmth.

5. Little things are important—remembered and cherished. Like honey and lemon for a cough, a doll's tea party with real tea.

6. Exposure to a wide variety of experiences—even things they sometimes objected to (like violin lessons or classical music concerts).

Most Selfish Person

The cigarette smoker is the most selfish person in the world if he has anyone who loves him, according to Dr. Alton Ochsner of New Orleans. Dr. Ochsner advises fellow physicians to "suspect cancer in every individual who smokes" and to crusade against smoking.



Artist's concept shows how SERT-II spacecraft will resemble a great bird, with panels of solar cells for wings. Cells will convert sun's rays into power for spacecraft.

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