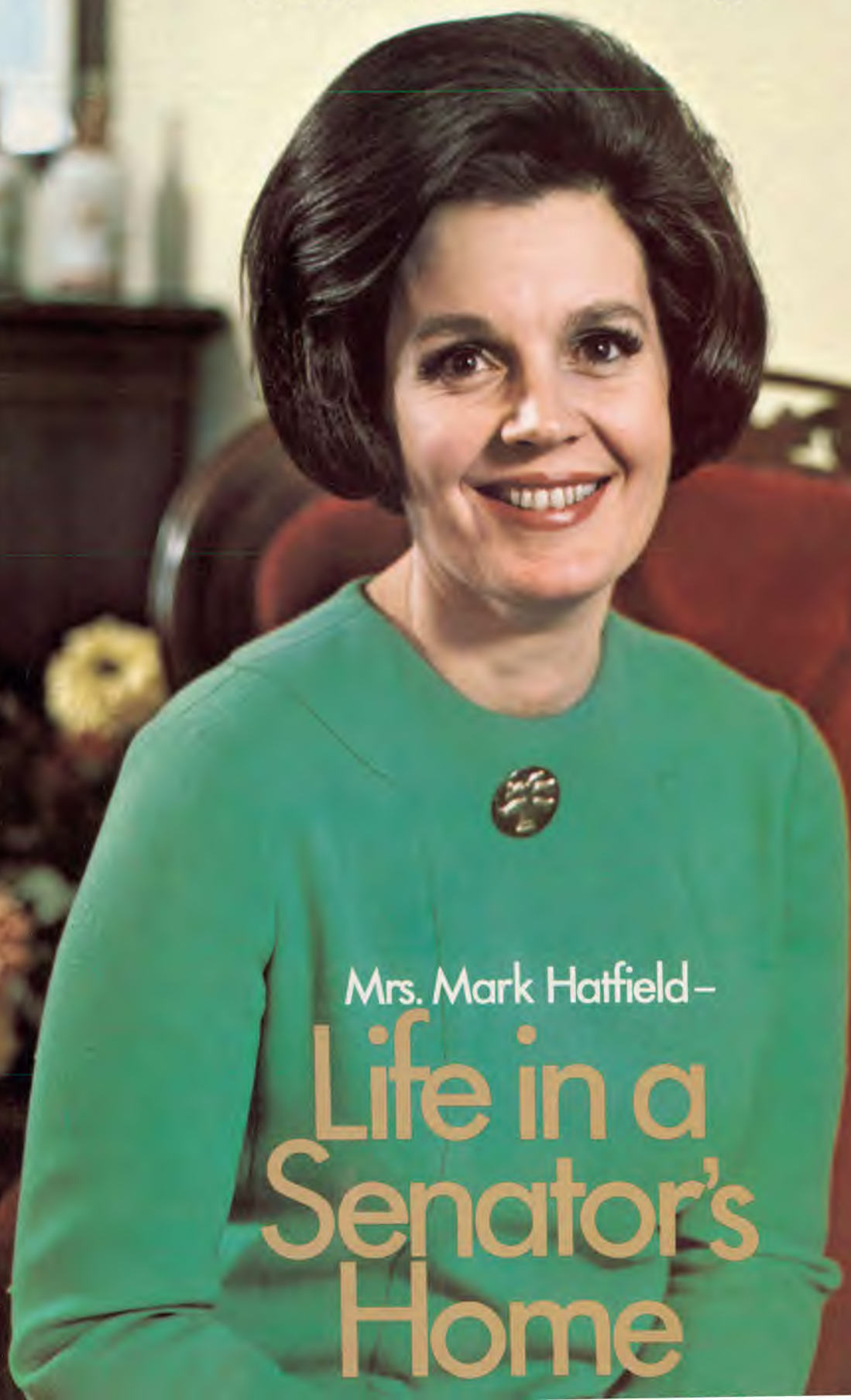


# LISTEN

A Journal of Better Living



Mrs. Mark Hatfield—

Life in a  
Senator's  
Home

# LISTEN

Journal of Better Living

Executive Director **Ernest H. J. Steed**  
 Editor **Francis A. Soper**

Assistant Editor **Twyla Schlotthauer**  
 Editorial Secretary **Elizabeth Varga**  
 Office Editor **T. R. Torkelson**  
 Art Director **Howard Larkin**  
 Layout Artist **Henry Rasmussen**  
 Circulation Manager **A. R. Mazat**  
 Sales and Promotion **L. R. Hixson, Mile Sawvel**

## Never Twenty-two!

Nickie was twenty-one; he'll never be twenty-two. On a recent Wednesday, at 12 minutes after 9 a.m., he climbed to the fifteenth floor of a downtown office building in San Francisco, broke into a vacant office, and jumped to his death. He was hung up on drugs.

At twenty-one, Nicholas Paolini had his future assured. He was good-looking, intelligent, a gifted musician. He was a university junior in business administration, having begun on a baseball scholarship. In high school he was an all-city catcher and captain of his team. In studies he was straight B.

His older brother Fred, looking back on the tragedy, traces Nickie's decline into a drug world. It started, he said, with pot in his senior year in high school, and went on to other drugs as he found "new friends" at the university.

"He was very free about it," Fred goes on. "He defended it. It was like a crusade with Nickie. He'd say pot was the greatest thing in the world. It was like a carbon copy. All these kids have a canned pitch, and it's like a recording."

According to Fred, professors and others are "brainwashing" youngsters, and "a lot of them aren't ready to take it."

Nickie's family tried in quiet, often desperate ways to help him. He loved his family and didn't want to hurt anybody. When his father tried to help, Nickie turned away, to avoid the pain he would cause his father.

He gave up his song-writing contract with music agents because his associates in the music world were leading him to drugs.

And he had gotten a passport to visit his parents' homeland. "Maybe that is what I need to do," he had said. This was a move his family vainly thought would help. "As long as it takes to get him well," his father had said of the proposed length of stay.

However, all the future for Nickie and all the hopes of his family were shattered that Wednesday morning when he refused his father's offer of a ride to the university. Instead he went with some of his new drug-world friends. An hour or so later he was dead.

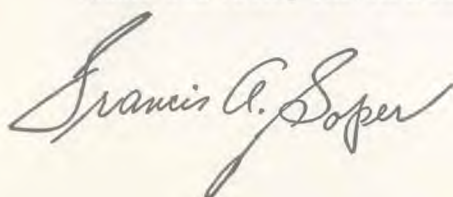
But those friends were not at the funeral. Nickie's casket was carried by his old baseball teammates.

Nickie's father, a retired fisherman, is convinced that more attention and money should be put on meeting the drug problem and less on going to the moon and fighting wars.

Parents must not fall into the trap of believing their children are not taking or would not take drugs, he says. "The parents are the last to know. We found out our boy was no good anymore—too late. People should watch their children—help them."

Nickie's mother, bewildered and tearful, adds, "We've got to save the children. Ours is a story that must be told to save some youngster from following the same drug-tortured path Nickie did, and keep from some other family the anguish we are suffering now."

Nickie was twenty-one; he'll never be twenty-two.



### In This Issue

2	Never Twenty-two!	Editorial
3	I Took the High Road	Barbara Hand Herrera
8	Life in a Senator's Home	Twyla Schlotthauer
12	Drug Abuse—Problems of Identification	
13	TEENS—Life Can Be Beautiful	
	Youth Take Over	
	Discipline Makes the Difference	Gene Church Schulz
	Questions & Answers	R. W. Spalding, M.D.
17	Interest That Pays High Dividends	Shirley M. Dever
19	Color Special	"Listen's" Newspaper in Miniature

### In the Next Issue

- "Will they turn you on, or will they turn on you?" What happens when youth carry on a drug-education program for other youth? "Listen" takes you there to find out.
- Art Linkletter, out of his recent family tragedy, has some definite suggestions on dealing with the drug specter.
- "A Girl Like Me" is the story of a wife who found a very surprising thing about herself, especially in relationship to her husband.

### Photo and Illustration Credits

Cover, pp. 8-11, Jon Francis; page 12, D. Tank; page 19, Carl Purcell from Three Lions; page 20, Harold E. Holland; page 21, United Press International; page 22, Authenticated News International.

### Editorial Office

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

### Publication Office

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

### Subscription

Yearly subscription, United States, its possessions, and Canada, \$4.00; single copy, 35 cents. To countries taking extra postage, \$4.25; single copy, 35 cents.

### Change of Address

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

# LISTEN

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

Monterey, California, that quaint seaside town where tourists soak in the sun, sail in the bay, stroll among the shops of nearby Carmel, and explore the rugged coast. Monterey, a town that's different things to different people—a story book mecca for honeymooners, a hideaway colony for artists, an inspiration for writers. Wealthy Monterey, where sons and daughters of the affluent escape to narrow white beaches, sunbathing, surfing, always ready for something new to blow their minds —anything to make life more "fun."

Turned-on Monterey, the town I hate to return to because my friends are dying there, and in my friends I see the end that was nearly mine.

### The Story of Ann as told to Barbara Hand Herrera



"Monterey! You mean we're going to live there? Permanently?" I squealed with excitement when my mother broke the news. Monterey represented all the beautiful things I always wanted to be, but never had been able to be, living as we did from one Army base to the next. Monterey meant sunny, carefree days and mysterious, foggy nights; but little did I realize how radically different my life would become there. Yet my pleasure was colored with sadness, because Monterey also meant leaving my father behind. I never knew exactly why or when they made the decision, but my parents had decided to separate. Dad, an officer in the Army, would stay at Fort Ord, a gigantic military base that sprawls for miles over the orange-tinted sand dunes around Monterey.

I kept busy the next few days helping Mom move to our new apartment, and I enrolled in Monterey High School. It all seemed so groovy to me, and in my excitement I almost forgot to feel sorry that Dad wasn't coming with us. But my bubble burst one night a few weeks later when I stopped by Fort Ord to visit Dad. He started telling me how he loved Mom and me. Then he started crying. All of a sudden I felt awful. The move to Monterey didn't seem so groovy. Because here was my dad, whom I loved a lot, crying. I stayed with him until about two o'clock in the

morning, and before I left he told me he had put in to go to Korea. He left the following week.

My next letdown came about a month later when Mom told me not to expect her home for dinner the following night. "I have a dinner date tomorrow night, Ann," she said. "You can get yourself a hamburger somewhere, can't you?" Mom started going out often, and I was soon resenting her nights out. I had become used to receiving most of her attention since my older brother had got a job in Los Angeles. My older sister had been married several years to an Army officer, and we seldom saw her.

I began spending my evenings with friends from school—mostly kids whose parents were off somewhere too. I am shorter than most girls and have the kind of figure that salesladies in dress stores call "petite." My blond hair

had grown long, and I worked hard to get a deep tan. All of this seemed to fit the image of the "California girl," and some of the best-looking guys from Monterey High began asking me out. I started smoking, and my friends were sharing their liquor with me. We were drinking at parties or sometimes just in a parked car. It didn't take long before I started thinking that I had to be the coolest fourteen-year-old in Monterey, so cool in fact that I began to tire of my

# I Took The High Road

friends. They bragged about smoking—like little kids, I thought; and they got drunk when they drank. I began looking around.

I was sitting at a table one evening, sipping a coke and watching some of the guys from school shoot pool in this hangout near our apartment. This night two older fellows came over to my table. One introduced himself as Benny; the other was his roommate Tony, whom I had known for several months. They were both good-looking, and what really impressed me was that they were older (Benny, I learned, was twenty-two and Tony, twenty-four).

Benny began taking me out. He was a carpet layer, and he made what seemed to me like a lot of money. He took me to at least one party somewhere every week. I don't know why his older friends accepted me; but they did, and this made me feel like a really big girl. I was spending more time at Benny's apartment now, and our relationship progressed quickly. At first I was very much afraid of him, because he made advances that I wasn't used to. But then he would pour me a drink, and then another, and I'd relax. More and more I was permitting situations I would not have permitted without the alcohol.



ew Year's Eve, 1965, I was just turning fifteen. Benny invited me to a party, but he told me to come to his apartment first because he had asked a few friends in for a drink before the party. When I arrived, about a dozen people were already there. Somebody began passing around what looked like a cigarette, though it had obviously been

hand-rolled, and it didn't smell like tobacco. One of the men began telling us how to use it.

"Inhale and hold it in your lungs as long as you can; then release it," he said.

I took my turn and followed his directions, but it didn't do too much to me. I felt more impressed with the drink I had in my hand.

In the next few months this cigarette thing began showing up at all the parties. I learned that it was called marijuana, and one thing I learned about marijuana is that the more you smoke it the easier it is to get high. Eventually I liked it better than alcohol because I could get higher faster and it produced no hangover.

Things at home were getting about as bad as they could. My mother was hardly ever home, though she instructed me to be in at 11 o'clock. I remember one night when I came home from a party at 3 a.m. Mother was sitting up waiting.

"Tell me, Ann, who do you think you are, staying out till this hour?" She was practically screaming, but I tried to ignore her. "Well, I'll tell you one thing, young lady, you are restricted to this apartment for a month!"

I turned from my room then and yelled back at her: "How do you think you're going to enforce it? You're never around here!"

And I walked out. I went over to Benny's, as usual, and stayed there. I spent many evenings at Benny's apartment because my mother and I had been fighting.

By this time I was beginning to lead a double life. I had two groups of friends. One group was my own age. With them I ran around in sloppy levis and a T-shirt and didn't care how I looked. But with my older friends, like Benny and Tony, I tried to act grown-up and put on my very

fine short, short skirts and boots and "poor-boy" tops.

I wasn't the only one who changed. My entire high school changed. My first year there, Monterey High was a very traditional school. Everyone was athletic and ivy league, with a lot of school spirit. Hippies were merely a few weirdies up in San Francisco. You'd *never* see anyone at Monterey High dressed like that. But during the next year, the whole school attitude changed. At first the change centered on pot. By my junior year half the student body had gone hippie. Everybody was saying that pot was OK because it had no side effects and couldn't lead to other drugs. But, strangely enough, within a matter of months most of the kids started switching from pot to the harder drugs—methedrine or "speed," amphetamines, LSD, and the synthetic drugs. By my senior year it was hard to find anybody at Monterey High who looked ivy league.

It was the end of my junior year when most of my older friends began moving away. A lot of them went to Las Vegas to work as dealers or bartenders or cocktail waitresses. Benny got a job as a bartender at Lake Tahoe, the gambling ski resort just across the California state line in Nevada.

So I was left to my high school friends, though by now they seemed more childish to me than ever. I felt really grown-up and superior. But I found I had a lot to learn; and, to my misfortune, I went right ahead and learned it anyway. In my senior year I dated many different guys in my class, and I was acquiring a bad name for myself. Pretty soon I could no longer stand to be around these people who were calling me names. I grew tired of the school, tired of the establishment. I was sick of teachers telling me I had to dress a certain way. Just three months before graduation, I decided to get out of it. I was always a good one for running away from problems, anyway.

I quit day school, but I went to night school. And this made it even more convenient for my drugs. There was nothing I had to do except attend classes four nights a week, and the night classes required no effort to pass.

One day I was with a friend, Tommy. We both wanted to get stoned, but neither of us had any grass.

"I know where we can get some," Tommy said. "I have this friend in Sand City. His name's Jim. He's always good for some grass."

Sand City near Monterey was an unincorporated community. The only legal authority was the county sheriff's department, and the sheriff had to go through the courts to make a bust (arrest). So Sand City made a convenient home



for drug users, and a lot of my friends lived around there.

Tommy parked in front of a little house about two blocks from the beach. At the door a tall, grubby-looking fellow met us, and Tommy introduced him as Jim. Jim invited us in and handed me a joint. We were in a darkened living room, fairly well furnished with a couch and a couple of chairs. But six or seven people were sitting around on the floor. They were all stoned. I was introduced around, and then Tommy and I joined the group. We stayed about ten



hours that first time, and after that I went there almost every day. I thought everyone was very nice there. They shared their drugs.

I should have realized even before I met Jim and his friends that I was getting into dangerous territory, for I had started switching to heavier drugs a few months earlier. There was that New Year's Eve of my senior year, when I drove up to Lake Tahoe to be with Benny. We were still partying early New Year's morning and I was getting sleepy. I asked Benny to give me something to keep awake. He handed me two white tablets that looked something like

aspirin. "No-Doz," I thought. Later his roommate, Lefty, gave me two more. Two hours later I felt like I was going 200 miles an hour! I couldn't stop moving, and I couldn't stop talking. I could feel my heart going wild. We were in a ski lodge and everybody was drinking.

I said, "Benny, what is this? What have you guys given me? I know this isn't No-Doz."

And he said, "I gave you some bennies, some uppers."

I just went, "Oh, really? How strong are they?"

He said, "Well, I gave you two. That should keep you going for the next twelve hours."

"But Lefty gave me two more," I said.

"Then you're going to be out of it for twenty-four hours."

And I said, "Oh, that's fine."

And I was fine, I thought. I drank a tremendous amount of alcohol in those twenty-four hours, and I didn't get drunk. We went to a discotheque, and I danced for four hours straight. I just kept going and going and going.

But I had to come down; and when I did—I crashed. It was the most terrifying experience I can remember. I got very sick, very nauseated. My heart was pumping extremely fast. I felt five thousand feet in the air without a

parachute and falling fast. I had so much nervous tension that I felt like just one tap

could send me out of my mind. Then I

began to feel paranoid. I thought every-

one I came in contact with wanted

to hurt me. I thought they wanted

me to be sick and were trying to

make me sicker. When Benny

finally found me, he gave me

some marijuana which helped

me come down easier. I began

to relax and eventually fell

asleep.

This experience should

have been enough to warn

me not to use heavier drugs,

but my head wouldn't work

that way. I seemed to have

lost my capacity to reason.

Back in Monterey I started

using bennies in the form of

diet pills frequently. And I was

still smoking pot. I spent a lot

of time telling anybody who would

listen that marijuana does not lead to

other drugs. "Absolutely not," I insisted.

"It's not harmful." But the crazy pattern of

my life after that trip to Tahoe, when I quit

day school and started going to Jim's place in Sand

City, contradicted everything I was saying.

In June I graduated from high school. I got a job as a

carhop at a drive-in root beer stand. I worked some nights

and some days, but I was living mostly at night. When I

wasn't working, I was at Jim's. I was saving money so

I could rent my own apartment, because I wanted to get

away from what little influence my parents still had with

me. By this time my father had returned from Korea, and

he and my Mom had gone back together. But there was

still a void in my life—a lack of love. I was trying to fill

that void with drugs. Nothing mattered to me now but

drugs and my hippie friends. And my friends mattered,

really, only because they kept me well supplied with the

drugs I wanted.

I was using this stuff called THC, a synthetic drug. I took

it in capsule form. The first time I used it I hallucinated;

but after that it was just a concentrated high—like smoking

a whole lid of grass by myself. I used THC almost every day,

and I started getting involved with speed too. Everybody told me I should shoot it, so I could get the effects of a "rush"—when you suddenly become stoned all at once. But I always felt scared of the needle. A few "speed freaks" had begun to hang around our group. They were dirty, nervous people—torn up by speed—and seeing them jab those needles into their arms really turned me off. Though it tastes quite bitter, I always took my speed in powder form dissolved in a glass of water or milk. Now I was using speed and THC almost as often as marijuana.

By the middle of the summer of '68 I had finally saved enough money to rent an apartment, which I shared with a girl friend, Misty. Before long I was letting my boyfriend Gary stay there now and then too. He was a day student at Monterey Peninsula Junior College, and we filled our nights with drugs.



One day about a month after I got my apartment, my mother phoned me. "Ann, your father's put in for his retirement and has a job offer over in San Jose. So we'll be moving to San Jose in about a week. We want you to know you're welcome to come and live with us anytime you ever want to."

"Thanks, Mom, but I'll stay here," I answered. "I've got my job and apartment and all my friends."

"Well, anyway, Ann, I thought you'd at least want to know that your sister and her husband have finally been able to adopt a baby girl. Judging from her letters, they're really happy."

"Hey! That's really nice. Give them my love when you write."

My sister and her husband were living at a military base in the Midwest. In the days that followed I thought frequently of their baby. I knew that they had wanted one for a long time. My sister was a good kid, and I figured that if anybody deserved happiness, it was she. Sometimes in the next few weeks when I was feeling down I would think of her baby and feel a kind of happiness. But, mostly, happiness seemed to be running out for me. The whole scene was changing from love, flowers, and peace to frantic concentration on drugs and sex.

I saw some of my own friends turning into speed freaks. Others were blowing their minds with LSD—one drug which I always resisted the impulse to try. The girls were talking about their sexual relations as freely as they would discuss the weather. I was having problems with my own relationship with Gary, because I was beginning to realize that he meant more to me than I had originally intended. Then there was Sharkey. In two weeks I watched Sharkey go from a \$50-a-day heroin habit to a \$100-a-day habit. I was with Tommy and two girls one afternoon at Sharkey's apartment in Monterey when he was waiting to get his heroin, or "smack," as he called it. Something had detained the person who was supposed to deliver it, and Sharkey started to experience withdrawal. First he just acted jittery and irritable. Then he began scratching and rubbing his arms and pacing the floor. He would run into the bathroom and vomit and then come out and shiver with chills. When his fix finally arrived, he acted as though one of us wanted to steal it from him. When one of the girls offered to give it to him because he was shaking so badly, he shoved her away and began jabbing the needle violently into his arm. With the needle in his right hand he ground it around and around in his left arm until he finally hit a vein. By then his arm was a bloody mess and the blood had dripped to

the floor in a pool. By then my stomach felt so shaky that I walked outside, and I threw up. But perhaps it was well for me to witness that, for afterward needles repulsed me more than ever, and I wanted nothing whatever to do with heroin.

Another blow to my morale hit me a few weeks later when Benny came down from Lake Tahoe. He looked so bad that it hurt me to look at him. My big, beautiful, handsome, sophisticated man had turned into a pale, skinny washout. He still dressed very sharp, but inside he was empty. He seemed unable to think straight or even carry on a conversation and stick to one subject.

"Drugs have done this to him," I thought. And I knew they were doing similar things to others of my friends. "Dear God, what are they doing to me?" I breathed.

I was really feeling depressed when I left Benny. I headed for Jim's house in Sand City, because I knew Gary would be there. I wanted some comfort. I wanted him to tell me that everything would be OK. I wanted him to tell me he loved me. But when I got there, Gary was sprawled on the floor laughing it up with a couple of girls. They were all stoned, and he ignored me. I walked outside, and closed the door very quietly behind me. My mind was whirling. I had known all along that Gary's interest in me went no farther than drugs and sex. That was the way I had wanted it too, at first. But now, seeing him with these other girls, I felt sick. "This isn't a normal reaction for somebody who doesn't care," I told myself. And I finally realized that what I wanted—and actually had been looking for all these drug-filled years—was some love and security. Suddenly I felt the need to get away from Gary and the whole drug scene before it destroyed me as it had destroyed Benny.

I remembered my parents' invitation to go with them to San Jose, so I drove to the nearest telephone. "I'll move up to San Jose and make new friends," I thought. "I won't have to give up drugs completely, I just won't get involved with the heavy stuff. I can start at the bottom level again, start with marijuana."

I fumbled in my purse for my parents' phone number, then dialed it; and I never felt so relieved to hear my mother's voice as when she answered that night.

"Look, Mom, I've decided to move home with you and Dad. I'll be there tomorrow."

"That's wonderful, Ann. We've got a bedroom here that's all yours."

"OK, Mom. Well, I'll see you tomorrow."

So I moved back with my parents, and I took a lid of marijuana with me. The first party I went to was with some kids from San Jose State College. I got stoned, but I wasn't that impressed with the people.

For four months I just sat at home and watched TV, and every so often at night I would slip into my room and smoke some pot. All I did was eat, sleep, and watch TV. I felt miserable. I didn't have a job. I didn't have any friends. And I grew very fat.

After four months of this, a friend of my mother persuaded me to go with her to visit her son in Sacramento for a few days. But only the morning after we got there, a phone call from my mother sent us rushing back to San Jose.

When I picked up that phone, my mother was sobbing. "Your sister's baby is dead," she said. "She found the baby dead this morning."

The news stunned me so much that I could hardly concentrate on the rest of the details, but I caught enough to understand that my sister's baby had died of a heart disease of which the adoption agency had been unaware and that they were going to fly the little body to San Jose to be buried.

It was February 26, 1969. While the car sped along the

freeways back to San Jose that bleak day, a festering boil of bitterness grew in my heart. I remembered the unwed mothers I had known—many of them selfish and undeserving; yet they had given birth to beautiful, healthy babies. I remembered one girl who would blow marijuana smoke in her baby's face and get him stoned. But my sister and her husband, I knew, were good, deserving people. They loved children. They had the makings of good parents. And this had to happen to them! I could feel the bitterness, like a cold hand, twisting my heart. I could think of nothing in my frustration but to blame God for this tragedy. And I thought, "If there's a God, then He's not a loving God. He's a hateful God, and I hate Him and want nothing to do with Him!"

The tiny casket carrying the baby arrived on a plane the next day. And the following day, my sister and her husband arrived. My mother asked my sister if she cared what minister conducted the funeral service, and my sister said No. Since my mother had been raised in a Seventh-day Adventist home, she phoned the minister of a local Adventist church. Though he did not know us, he agreed to conduct the service.

Eight people besides me attended the service—my sister and her husband, my brother who had flown in from Los Angeles, my mother and father, my mother's friend, the minister, and a strange woman. We all wondered who this woman was. She looked quite attractive—tall and slender with short blond hair. After the graveside service she introduced herself—Ellen Holmes, I'll call her, although that's not her real name. We still didn't understand what she was doing there.

A few days later we were sitting around in the living room when the doorbell rang. It was Ellen Holmes. She explained that she was a sort of pastor's helper, and that she had come to speak with my sister. She stayed for about an hour and a half, and what she said interested me. She talked about the evil, suffering, and death that Satan caused and the love and eternal life possible through Christ. But it was something other than her words that impressed me. It was her kindness and consideration. I wanted to see her again, so my mother phoned and asked her to return and visit with us.

The second time I talked to Ellen Holmes, I spilled my whole past to her. I half expected her to react as if I were the scum of the earth, but she loved me in spite of myself. I thought, "If this woman can love me, even though I'm such a rotten person, then there's got to be something good about this Christianity." And the strange part to me was

that she insisted that this God-man, Jesus Christ, loved me even stronger than she ever could. I broke down then and cried. All the years of loneliness and stored-up bitterness poured out of me with that cry. After I stopped crying I told Ellen I would like to study Christianity with her. I had not decided to become a Christian; I just wanted to see what Christianity was all about.

We began to study together almost daily. When I had a question, she always had an answer. When I felt lonesome, or hopeless, or afraid, she showed me how through Christ I could receive love and hope and courage. She never taught me a lot of dos and don'ts. She just taught me to know Christ. During those days I literally fell in love with Christ. How this Person could suffer such a horrible death for me and then still love me, even though I had been so selfish and unloving in return, mystified me. But despite my self-doubt I could not help but respond to this Christian love—the love of my new friend Ellen and the love of my great Friend Jesus Christ.

Ellen never suggested that I give up drugs or alcohol or cigarettes. But one day she did show me a text in the New Testament which said—and I still remember it—"Don't you know that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit, who lives in you, the Spirit given you by God? You do not

*(Continued on page 18)*



Mrs. Mark Hamfeld—

# Life in a Senator's Home

Interview by  
Twyla Schlotthauer  
Photography by  
Jon Francis





# or's e



Setting a good example, says Mrs. Hatfield, is a responsibility of leadership.

Left: A religious home influence, Mrs. Hatfield believes, goes far in developing sterling qualities in youth.

**MRS. MARK Hatfield is quite a reMARKable woman. She is busy as a Senator's wife and the mother of four lively youngsters: Elizabeth, ten; Mark O., Jr. (MarkO), nine; Theresa, five; and Charles Vincent (Visko), four. In addition, she manages to plan parties, even on a moment's notice.**

Her interest in cooking has produced a delightful cookbook called "ReMARKable Recipes" (Portland, Oregon: Touchstone Press) which is now in its fifth printing. It is filled with amusing anecdotes and useful information, in addition to some candid photos of the family.

"All the recipes I used for the book are my own or were given to me by friends," Antoinette Hatfield says. She selected them from her large colorful file box, and then tested each, usually improving upon it as she went along.

"More ReMARKable Recipes" will soon be off the press.

Royalties go to a political science prize she established in her husband's name at his alma mater, Willamette University.

**Mrs. Hatfield, would you tell us about your home and family life?**

Both my husband and I were teachers before he entered politics. He was dean of students at Willamette University in Salem. I started in junior high school in Salem, worked on my master's degree at Stanford while doing in-service training with college students in student personnel work. Then I went back to the state college campus in Portland, Oregon. I was dean

of women there when my husband and I were married.

**What are some of the obligations and responsibilities of a Senator's wife?**

They're the same for a Senator's wife as they are for any other wife. You have to provide a home that's a refuge for your husband to come home to. You have to have a happy place for your children. You have to discipline your children. You run car pools. You cook, you wash dishes, you do laundry and clean—and do all of these things, sometimes with help and sometimes without.

Then besides, there are a number of things you're invited to which you wouldn't be invited to if you weren't a Senator's wife. It's really no measure of your popularity—it's a measure of people's respect for or interest in a position.

**Have you ever regretted being continually in the spotlight?**

I don't dwell on it. It's something I've lived with all our married life. My husband has been governor of Oregon and now is Senator from Oregon. We were married between a primary and a general campaign, so I was off to a good start.

**Could you give young people some practical ideas on how to entertain?**

Just enjoying having your friends around is the main thing. You have to invite people whom you enjoy.

**Teen-agers often have the idea that alcohol makes everything so grand and great. Do you think it necessary to use alcohol to be "in"?**

They think dope and all the other



"When entertaining, invite friends you enjoy being with."



For the new cookbook, recipes are pulled from a file box and then each is tested.

things are grand and great too, but that doesn't make them right. I don't think it a detriment not to use alcohol. I don't think you are any less popular, any less personable, any less desirable a person if you don't drink. I used to tell my friends in college, if you don't like artichokes and rutabagas you don't eat them. Well, we just prefer not to drink, that's all.

**As a Senator's wife, you must attend and also host a lot of social functions. Has the attitude of your guests been different because you do not serve alcohol?**

Hospitality is one of the Christian virtues. The fact that we do not serve alcohol in our home has not affected our "shrinkage." By "shrinkage" I mean those people who "regret" an invitation. They can get along without alcohol just as well, and if they complain they haven't complained to me.

**What is your decision not to use alcohol based on?**

As St. Paul wrote, we must be careful not to be a stumbling block to our brother. When you are a leader, there are enough things you do unintentionally to hurt people, and if it hurts people to have us use alcohol, to do it deliberately would be a great error, I think.

**Do either of you smoke?**

No, we do not.

**Would this also be based on your religious convictions?**

Well, I don't know. I can't speak for my husband on that. But I think that you have to try to do things the best way you know how and to be the best example.

**What activities as a family do you enjoy together?**

We do gardening as a family, and we enjoy visiting historical spots here around Washington. We take little trips. We observe Sunday as our rest day and try to keep it as a family day as well. And then we usually hold one night a week when we have no commitments. This may seem strange, because I'm sure some people would be glad to have a commitment at least one night a week!

**Do you enjoy sports?**

I'm more of a spectator in sports, although I enjoy swimming. Last fall I thought I would take up tennis, but somehow there's never enough time, it seems, to do everything.

**What hobbies do you find enjoyable?**

I do needlepoint, and I paint and do some gardening. Cooking is, of course, my main hobby. When we were in Oregon, I wrote a book on cooking, and I'm working on a second one now.

**What have you tried to teach your oldest girl that would be the most important to getting along with other young people and with society?**

This all begins at home. We have family time together every morning at breakfast. At eight o'clock everyone is up, maybe not too bright-eyed but shiny, and in their places, dressed. We read the Bible then, and this is our family time together. Many times we have to be out in the evening, so we have to follow this plan of starting our day

in the morning with Christian fellowship and family sharing.

**Do you consider it important to have the family together?**

I think it's extremely important. I think the more things you do as a family, the more things you can share together, hold you together. And I think that old saying about praying together and staying together is very true. When you discipline children, do it with love and a firm hand. I've always said that a well-placed paddle at an early age helps some of the problems later. I don't know, since we still have the "later" to go through.

**Are you looking forward to the "later" very much?**

Well, I don't dread it, certainly. You never need to dread the future as long as you have the Lord to help you and you can depend on Him. When you try to raise your children up in the way of the Lord, then you can all kneel down and ask forgiveness and ask for help, and you can all kneel down and give thanksgiving.

**What would you consider being a good Christian?**

Kind, meek, humble—isn't that what the Bible says? A Christian is a follower of Christ, one who has dedicated his life to Him and who accepts him as the Saviour. It's that plain and simple. I don't think we can judge really what's in the hearts of men. I think that's the trouble with the world today. There's more gray than there is black and white.

**Do you feel that being a Christian helps in politics, or hinders?**

I think if anything it would help

Mrs. Hatfield once invented "Emergency Cookies" for a reporter and a photographer whom she hadn't expected. Within three minutes, she had combined seven ingredients, two of them substitutes for the originals, and half an hour later she served the cookies to the astounded but impressed newsmen.

The cookies, originally called "Seven-layer Cookies," are becoming routine for Mrs. Hatfield to make for photographers—including "Listen's" photographer Jon Francis. The recipe:

¼ lb. margarine  
2 packages (24 doubles) graham crackers, crumbled  
6 oz. package of butterscotch chips  
12 oz. package of chocolate chips  
1 cup coconut  
1 cup nuts ("Oregon filberts, naturally")  
2 cans Eagle Brand condensed milk

Melt butter in baking pan in the oven or on stove. Layer other ingredients in order given. Bake about 25 minutes at 350°.



greatly. Without God, what would you have? In politics, unlike any other profession, the tides of people's opinions and their feelings toward you shift more. If you're going to be a leader, you're usually ahead in your thinking, and not everyone always agrees with you. So you have to be prayerful in your thinking, in your decisions, in your commitments. And if you honestly believe that God is taking care of you, then what happens around you is of little significance.

**Are there any specific instances where this has happened?**

There are always crises in politics. I can't give you a specific one. Usually during a campaign there are lows when everyone around thinks the campaign ship is about to sink. But I have always felt that if we commit our lives to the Lord, He will take care of us. Winning may not be in His plan. And if it isn't, then He'll have something so much better for us that it really won't matter. So we always just do the best we can, every day of our lives.

**Do you meet with any youth groups?**

Occasionally when I'm in Oregon I will meet with a youth group there, but with a young family to look after it's too difficult to accept speaking engagements. I see young people occasionally when I'm traveling with my husband to a college campus.

**Do you often go with him?**

As often as I can when I know that the children are well cared for here. I think they understand the

reason why their daddy has to be gone this much, that he's providing for us, and that he's trying to provide a better world for them to live in.

**What do the children think of all this?**

Well, we try not to focus on it too much, and it's a little easier here because there are ninety-nine other Senators. It would have been a little more difficult had they been older when he was governor of Oregon. But now they have grown up with it all. (You know, "Don't be impressed—I wash his socks.") And when you're a part of it you don't focus on it, because it's just a way of life with you.

**Is there a difference between young people now and young people when you were connected with a college?**

I think young people today are living under vastly different circumstances: the uncertainty of the times, the instability of the people with whom they are living. We need a spiritual rearmament in this country.

**How do you view this generation of youth as a whole?**

There's great hope for them—they think, they act. There are a lot of leaders in this country among the youth. I think we have focused on the negative side, and it's certainly a minority. You see pictures in the newspapers and hear television and radio reports about a small minority of students. But many of the others are God-fearing, clean-shaven, short-haired youth. But the media don't focus on these people;

they focus on those who are eccentric.

**Would this be the fault of the communications media?**

I think the communications media have some responsibility for this. People wouldn't do what they do if they didn't gain attention, and these children do their "thing" because they want attention. They're starved for attention and affection.

**Why do you think so many of our young people are dropping out of society?**

Their claim is that people are not practicing what they preach. I don't think anyone is ever a purist in all his actions. If we were we'd be divine and we wouldn't have to strive for heaven. I think that this generation probably has had more given to it in terms of material things, but not necessarily in terms of emotional and spiritual security. And this is what they're seeking more than anything else.

**Do you think they're seeking it in the right way?**

Well, they're seeking, and you have to give them credit for that.

**How would you suggest young people should make their decisions about college and such?**

I think they have to discuss this with their parents and their teachers and counselors. There are so many things to take into consideration—their abilities, scholastic scores, their grades based on their class performance, their economic ability, and the various schools that offer subjects or fields of interest to them. ■



# Drug Abuse--Problems of Identification

It is important to recognize the symptoms and signs of drug abuse. The following outline was prepared by David J. Lehman, M.D., chairman of Teen-age Alert, an education program sponsored by the Broward County Medical Association, Fort Lauderdale, Florida. The information was abstracted by Dr. Lehman from "Drug Abuse: Escape to Nowhere," published by Smith, Kline & French Laboratories, Philadelphia, in cooperation with the American Association for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation, a department of the National Education Association. Copyright 1967 by Smith, Kline & French Laboratories. All rights reserved.

## I. Common Symptoms of Drug Abuse

- Changes in school attendance, discipline, and grades.
- Changes in the character of homework turned in.
- Unusual flare-ups of temper.
- Poor physical appearance.
- Furtive behavior regarding drugs and possessions.
- Uncustomary wearing of sunglasses to hide dilated or constricted pupils.
- Long-sleeved shirts worn constantly to hide needle marks.
- Association with known drug abusers.
- Borrowing money from students to purchase drugs.
- Stealing small items from school.
- Finding the student in odd places during the day, such as closets, storage rooms, et cetera, to take drugs.

## II. Manifestations of Specific Drugs

### A. The Glue Sniffer

- Odor of substance inhaled on breath and clothes.
- Excess nasal secretion, watering of eyes.
- Poor muscular control, drowsiness, or unconsciousness.
- Presence of plastic or paper bags or rags containing dry plastic cement.

### B. The Depressant Abuser (barbiturates, or "goofballs")

- Symptoms of alcohol intoxication with one important exception—no odor of alcohol on the breath.
- Staggering or stumbling in halls.
- May fall asleep in class.
- Lacks interest in school activities.
- Is drowsy and may appear disoriented.

### C. The Stimulant Abuser (amphetamines, or "bennies")

- Cause excess activity—student is irritable, argumentative, nervous, and has difficulty sitting still in classrooms.
- Pupils are dilated.
- Mouth and nose are dry with bad breath, causing user to lick lips frequently and rub and scratch nose.
- Chain smoking.
- Goes long periods without eating or sleeping.

### D. The Narcotic Abuser (heroin, demerol, morphine)

- (These individuals are not frequently seen in school; they usually begin by drinking paregoric or cough medicines containing codeine. The presence of empty bottles in wastebaskets or on school grounds is a clue.)
- Inhaling heroin in powder form leaves traces of white powder around nostrils, causing redness and rawness.
- Injecting heroin leaves scars on the inner surface of the arms and elbows (mainlining). This causes the student to wear long-sleeved shirts most of the time.
- Users often leave syringes, bent spoons, cotton, and needles in lockers—this is a telltale sign of an addict.

- In the classroom the pupil is lethargic, drowsy. His pupils are constricted and fail to respond to light.

### E. The Marijuana Abuser

- (These individuals are difficult to recognize unless they are under the influ-

ence of the drug at the time they are being observed.)

- In the early stages student may appear animated and hysterical with rapid, loud talking and bursts of laughter.
- In the latter stages the student is sleepy or stuporous.
- Depth perception is distorted, making driving dangerous.

Note: Marijuana cigarettes are rolled in a double thickness of brown or off-white cigarette paper. These cigarettes are smaller than a regular cigarette, with the paper twisted or tucked in at both ends and with filling that is greener in color than regular tobacco. The odor of burning marijuana resembles that of burning weeds or rope. The cigarettes are referred to as reefers, sticks, Texas tea, pot, rope, Mary Jane, locoweed, jive, grass, hemp, or hay.

### F. The Hallucinogen Abuser

(It is unlikely that students who use LSD will do so in a school setting, since these drugs are usually used in a group situation under special conditions.)

Users sit or recline quietly in a dream or trancelike state.

Users may become fearful and experience a degree of terror, making them attempt to escape from the group.

The drug primarily affects the central nervous system, producing changes in mood and behavior.

Perceptual changes involve senses of sight, hearing, touch, body-image, and time.

Note: The drug is odorless, tasteless, and colorless, and may be found in the form of impregnated sugar cubes, cookies, or crackers. LSD is usually taken orally, but may be injected. It is imported in ampuls of clear blue liquid. ■

TEENS—LIFE CAN BE

BEAUTIFUL



# Youth Take Over

SOS—Stamp Out Stupidity. This is the motto of an exciting "of the kids, by the kids, for the kids" effort against the rapidly increasing use of narcotics.

Smart Set International, or Smarteens as it is also known, aims to make the nonuse of drugs and narcotics attractive to young adults. The idea is that not all advertising is good advertising, but good advertising is the most effective way yet invented by man of promoting a good cause.

Smart Set started as an on-campus club at Granada Hills High School, largest in Los Angeles, to help young people stamp out the use of drugs in their schools. Its founder, Robert K. Squire, talked to many members of the establishment and decided that the drug problem must be solved by young people who care about the next person. His answer: peer pressure, making it the heavy scene NOT to use drugs and making the people who use drugs feel out of it.

"We are trying to form a new mod: I am too smart to use that kind of crud."

Squire believes that adults, the police department, or schools cannot effectively keep students from using narcotics. "We know that as adults we do not communicate. You kids know there is a problem in schools among teenagers; it's up to you to do something about it," he challenges.

"The angle we're using is that if you don't use drugs you're a pretty smart

guy, and if you do you are an idiot."

"A funny thing happened when the originators of Smart Set started to get involved," says Sharon Lanham, national teen director. "They liked the idea of wanting to help by doing their own thing about the bummer called drugs—they liked Smart Set."

The initial group approved poster ideas, the name, and the design for a lapel pin shaped like a foot with the letters SOS on it ("Stamp Out Stupidity" or sometimes "Speak Out Sensibly").

Then Smart Set started to grow, and other kids got involved. Chapters and clubs started springing up all over the country. Smarteens started using the SOS feet (Happy Toes, Smarteens call them) on cars, books, windows. And the psychedelic posters started popping up in schoolrooms, usually by the clocks, because that's where students look most often.

Some of the poster captions read: "Speed Kills—Don't Meth Around," "Drugs—the Latest Fashion for Swingers" (with a picture of a big noose), "When Flower Children Go to Pot They Become Blooming Idiots," "Bennies, Breakfast of Chumpions," and "Flower Power Stamps Out 'Weeds.'"

School administrators and police all over the country have noticed a decrease in juvenile drug arrests. In El Paso, Texas, Smart Set had been working in El Paso schools for only about four months, and only four of ninety-two drug arrests were of people under sixteen years of age.

Jack Webb, the star of television's "Dragnet," thought Smart Set was "so groovy" that he devoted an episode of "Dragnet" to the Smart Set program, its origin, and its current work. Through this episode adults got interested to see if the young people in their communities could get what was happening.

Smart Set also publishes a monthly magazine called "Scene" to exchange SOS club news from all over the country. "Scene" also runs articles about entertainment and sports personalities.

An El Paso physician involved with Smart Set reports on a survey of young adults to find out what they want, and

to find a method of granting that need. This survey has shown that:

1. Most young adults do not want to use drugs or narcotics, but they feel impelled to join the crowd because it is the "in" thing to do.

2. Many teen-agers welcome any kind of program that puts the onus of stupidity and "outness" on the pseudo "in" crowd.

3. Young adults dislike being talked down to, scolded, or being preached to.

4. Young adults dislike being told of the horrors of narcotics and drugs, particularly by someone who is a habitual user of alcohol—who excuses his own hang-ups and puts down theirs.

5. Young adults hate hypocrisy, even though many of the users of narcotics practice it in the name of freedom, tolerance, or love.

6. Young adults like to be considered intelligent, smart, and "on the ball."

7. Most young adults accept and welcome a program that points out how smart they are—that they are too smart to buy narcotics—and also points out without preaching, but through either common sense or ridicule, the fallacy of the drug takers' philosophy.

Young people in SOS clubs have done even more than curb drug usage in their schools, although they've done a good job of that too. One chapter put drug information into Braille for the blind students that attend their school. Others are involved with civic pride and community service, mainly to show the establishment that they're getting together and doing something about one of the major problems in our country today.

Smart Set invites inquiries about trying its new program—address Smart Set International, Inc., P.O. Box 31, Hollywood, California 90028.





LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL



When Flower Children go to Pot



They Become **BLOOMING IDIOTS**

Source of drugs - be smart

A **DOPER** is:




a cat-  
too  
chicken-

To get in the **RAT** race.

Source of drugs - be smart

WHICH ARE YOU ?



BLONDE—  
BRUNETTE—

OR

**POTHEAD?**

Source of drugs - be smart

**POT LUCK!**



Source of drugs - be smart


Any moron can smoke pot and pop pills



What's so **GROOVY** about that?

Source of drugs - be smart

**JUNK** will put you **DOWN!**



in the **DUMPS!**

Source of drugs - be smart

**FLOWER POWER**



**STAMPS OUT "WEEDS"**

Source of drugs - be smart

**DRUGS** The latest fashion



Source of drugs - be smart

# Discipline Makes the Difference

Gene  
Church  
Schulz

On being asked the secret of her success, fashion model Rody Kent replied that self-discipline is the key to her fascinating career. Because she is able to say No to rich food, late, late evenings, and easy, undisciplined living, Miss Kent has achieved sensational success as a New York fashion model. Self-discipline does make a difference, and it can be the key that will unlock success and happiness for you.

The opposite of self-discipline is the easy way. Avoid difficulties; let others cope with problems; beware of overwork; sidestep people you don't like. The easy way, the undisciplined way, can lead to defeat, however; and defeat in life's earliest battles can be demoralizing. Losing in little ways, you will likely find that you have lost some of life's larger rewards as well.

But there are other, more important reasons for developing self-discipline in your life. "Part of the process of healthy growing up," say writers Harry and Bonaro Overstreet, "is that of substituting inner discipline for outer." Until you submit yourself to personal discipline, you will not really grow up. Your body will mature, but your mind will remain rather childish, focused on yourself and incapable of accepting adult responsibility.

Of course, a person cannot learn to take care of himself and handle his own discipline problems unless he has a chance to take care of himself. Through practice you gain skill at making right decisions. If your parents are slow to turn over the reins to you, sit down and talk with them about how you can gain their confidence. Let them see that you want to learn to do the right thing for the right reason, not because you fear punishment.

A look at three familiar personality traits may help you think more clearly about self-discipline: character, convictions, and courage.

**CHARACTER** is you. Your basic nature is formed as a result of traits inherited from your mother and your father and by attitudes developed from the environment in which you live and go to school. Naturally, your basic nature determines how you act in different circumstances. Character describes your moral attitude—your acceptance of obligations and responsibilities. The person of character has inner resources of strength and courage. In short, character determines how you act.

A seventh grader described character something like this: Character happens when you do hard things—and do them well. The child who doesn't cry when

the doctor gives him a shot is developing character. Having a sick or disabled person in the family teaches everyone to share and sometimes to do without. Doing without is a hard thing. Perhaps that is why character sometimes grows faster when the family is poor.

**CONVICTIONS** refer to your ideas and opinions about how things should be done. Convictions include your beliefs about right and wrong; they also determine how you feel about others and yourself. Your convictions correlate with how you think.

At the age of sixteen Wernher von Braun was convinced that a rocket car could be built. His experiment wrecked an old coaster wagon and cost him a severe scolding, but Wernher was not through with rockets. Determined to build a rocket-powered car, he spent so much time on the project that he failed math and physics, yet his strong convictions about the future of rocketry would not be stilled. Under the Hitler regime, von Braun became a foremost German rocket specialist. His fascination led him into space research, but his V-2 reached England instead of Mars. "The rocket worked perfectly," von Braun told a friend, "except for landing on the wrong planet." Today he is a leader of the United States man-in-space program.

**COURAGE** is also vital to self-discipline. In fact, it represents the third side of the triangle. The raw daring of a race driver is one example of courage, but everyday courage is what enabled Commander Bucher and the crew of the Pueblo to survive months of imprisonment and torture in North Korea. Throughout the ordeal their courage sustained them. In the end it was partly responsible for their survival.

Everyday courage also enabled Jana to buck the will of the crowd. When her friends started smoking, they encouraged her to join them. "It's fun," they teased. "Why not?" They schemed to get a cigarette into Jana's hand. "Just one puff won't hurt you," they taunted. Finally they were scornful. "Jana, you're a coward."

But they were wrong. Jana was braver than they. She had what it took to stand by her convictions. The crowd made smoking attractive, but Jana's courage saw her through.

Courage determines what you do. Lacking courage, you may not be able to live up to your character or act on your convictions. Courage is the special power that enables you to live your life in your individual way.

Character, conviction, and courage can help you achieve self-discipline. Popular singer Leslie Uggams has found this important quality essential in her career. "It's all a matter of self-discipline," she asserts. "That's what we all have to be armed with. I was lucky to learn it early. But it's never too late to make it the keystone of your personality. Without it you can lose everything; with it everything works for your good."

## Questions



## & Answers

R. W. Spalding, M.D.

**Which is worse—to be overweight or to risk the bad results of smoking?**

Are you asking which of the two evils will be the greater—overweight or smoking? Or are you suggesting that you are trying to find an excuse for smoking?

Sir George Godber, Britain's chief medical officer, reports the facts that cigarette smoking is responsible for nine out of ten lung cancer deaths, three out of four deaths from chronic bronchitis, and one in four deaths from coronary heart disease. The end result of overweight may be heart failure, high blood pressure, dyspnea (difficult breathing), diabetes.

But is it necessarily a choice between one or the other? Smoking is taking into the body a harmful drug for which the body has no known use. Overweight is produced by the overuse or overindulgence of food which is necessary for the continuation of life. It is the overuse of that which is good and necessary for life that produces overweight or obesity. If we learn to control our appetite, we need develop neither of these ailments.

Remember three things to help control your weight: 1. Eat two or three regular meals (one of which is always a good breakfast). 2. Eat freely of fruits and vegetables, moderately of cereals and breads (these should be of the whole-grain variety), and sparingly of fats and sweets. 3. It is the food eaten after 3:00 p.m. that puts on the weight.

**I have heard that smoking causes premature aging. How does it do this?**

Tobacco smoke, or for that matter, any kind of smoke inhaled, dilutes and decreases the amount of oxygen in the air inhaled. This in turn decreases the amount of oxygen picked up by the blood cells to be transported to all the cells of the body. Oxygen is necessary for the life of every cell in the body. Thus the ability of the body to function properly is decreased. The tone of the muscles and the tone of the skin is impaired, thus causing the muscles and the skin to sag and "age."

**LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL**







## Interest That Pays High Dividends

Two summers ago the Morgans drove down our mile-long private road—into our place and into my life. It is a miracle that we ever met, because I almost let them drive back out our road and out of my life.

That particular day had been a hectic one. It was the height of the tourist season, and a parade of cars bearing strangers had driven into our place all day. I'm not one who likes interruptions when I'm working, so my patience had worn thin by nightfall.

It was about ten o'clock at night and still twilight in Washington State, when the inauspicious strangers, a gray-haired couple in a gray car, drove in. I had made up my mind to ignore them and let them turn around and drive back out without so much as a nod or smile from me.

Then something told me to go out and be friendly. Hadn't I taken time for the occupants of the other cars? How could I discriminate against these people simply because they were the last to drive in?

In the next ten minutes I discovered that rather than being fly-by-night tourists, the Morgans had built a new home in our community. They were new permanent residents. I invited them in, and we had a wonderful conversation which lasted two hours. Before they left we heard all about their daughter Mary, who is in her twenties. A week later we met Mary in person and entered into one of the most endearing relationships of our entire lives. All parties concerned now refer to her as our adopted daughter.

Last winter while Chuck worked on the island, Mary faithfully brought me my mail once a week and visited with me. During summers she has shared the beach with me. We swam in the cove in wetsuit tops, threw sticks and balls for our dog Rock to retrieve, sunbathed, and picnicked. Now we've met

most of her friends, and she's met more than a few of ours. Her folks seemed to fill in when she couldn't make it, and I enjoyed them as I do their daughter.

I can't count on ten fingers the friends we've made through the Morgan family. It's impossible to recount all the memorable times we've shared with them. And all these wonders came to be because I took time for them at a very inopportune time in my life.

This is the kind of interest that pays high dividends!

Norman Vincent Peale, in his best seller, *The Power of Positive Thinking*, writes: "One basic trait will go far toward getting people to like you. That trait is a sincere and forthright interest in and love for people. . . . Granted, some people are by nature more likable than others, nevertheless a serious attempt to know any individual will reveal qualities within him that are admirable, even lovable.

How do you go about letting another person know you are interested in him? Even if you don't have a "green thumb" for friendships, here are ten ways you can cultivate them:

*Remember* that a person's name is all-important to him. Make a special effort to remember people's names, and use a person's name when next you meet. If your memory isn't the keenest, you may have to work at this.

*Congratulate* persons who have just married, had a new baby, graduated from high school or college, et cetera. Remember birthdays and anniversaries when you can.

*Extend* sympathy in bereavement. Listen to people's disappointments. Lend a helping hand when it is needed.

*Deflate* your human ego as much as possible. If you are inclined to be an introvert, ego-killing will do wonders in making you outgoing. Remember to

put other people's problems and wants and needs ahead of your own.

*Like* people—habitually. To do this, accentuate their virtues, minimize their faults. Each human being has desirable traits. It's up to you to find them.

*Be friendly* and outgoing by practicing selflessness. If you don't have a winning smile, at least come up with a ready smile. Everybody loves somebody who is warm!

*Think* of yourself as a comfortable old shoe. Then work at being so natural and relaxed that people will want to warm up to you.

*Develop* an interesting personality by reading, observing, and living an active life. In this way you'll not only find others interesting; they'll find you fascinating too.

*Practice* the golden rule. Treat others the way you want them to treat you. Although this dates back to Biblical times, it works just as effectively now.

*Live* with God in your mind. Learn what it is to have a deep spiritual life. Then try to share your inner power and strength with others.

After you learn for yourself all about the kind of interest that pays high dividends, you'll discover you are much happier than you were before. You'll know that rather than shying away from people who are in trouble, this is the precise time you must make the scene. When your inner radar tells you someone needs you, you'll rush in where a fool would fear to tread. Sometimes you can do no more than lend a listening ear, but often this is all that is necessary to take the pressure off a person in dire circumstances.

Norman Vincent Peale put it so well: "Give strength to people, and they will give affection to you." Talk about a high dividend for your efforts! Casual acquaintances need your interest. Friends need more—they need support and strength as well. ■

# I Took The High Road

(Continued from page 7)

belong to yourselves but to God; He bought you for a price, so use your bodies for God's glory."\*

"How could God live in my body, the way I treated it?" I thought. It had never occurred to me that I should prepare it as a place for God's Spirit to live.

So first I quit smoking. I had been smoking two packs a day, but I prayed for the Lord to help me quit, and He did. I just smoked my last cigarette and threw all the rest of them away and said, "I'm not going to touch them again." And I didn't.

Then I decided to give up alcohol. But when it came to drugs, they were another story. I hadn't had any THC since leaving Monterey, and I decided I could do without bennies and speed. But I liked marijuana and didn't want to give it up.

I was still smoking marijuana even after I decided to become a Christian. By this time my mother had also begun studying with Ellen. My sister back in the Midwest was studying with a minister. The three of us decided we wanted to accept the love of Jesus and let Him change our lives. Mom and I made plans to join Ellen's church and to be baptized by immersion as a symbol of the death of our former lives and the birth of our Christian lives. But still I had this problem—marijuana.

About a week before I was to be baptized I went down to Monterey to see some of my old friends. I smoked some pot with them and got stoned. But this time it made me really sick. I threw up, had hot flashes and cold chills, and I just said, "OK, Lord, I get the message. I won't ever try it again." I went home, and the night before I was baptized I flushed the last of my marijuana down the toilet, happily. I've never smoked it since. So Mom and I were baptized together, July 5, 1969, and my sister was baptized about then too.

I am twenty now. I have already experienced more in my brief life than I would wish upon anybody in a long lifetime. But the important thing is that I finally have the real happiness I so desperately wanted for years. This year I am a freshman at a Christian college, majoring in social work so that someday perhaps I can use some of my experience to help others. And another wonderful thing—for the first time in my life I know what it is really to love a man and be loved and respected in return. My boyfriend, also a student at this school, is preparing to become a doctor. Love, I think, is the most wonderful thing about my new life—the kind of unselfish love that Christ feels for me and has helped me to feel for others. I believe that that's the kind of love the people of my generation are looking for.

With that thought in mind I drove down to Monterey a few times in the last months to see my old friends. But they are so far gone, I could only cry for them. One of my best girl friends, Sandy, who started using marijuana when I did and was always as scared of LSD as I was, is now a

regular "acid head." The last time I saw her she was near a nervous breakdown, and I've heard since that she's been arrested and will have to stand trial for possession of drugs.

Then there's my old friend Tommy who first took me to Jim's place in Sand City. He's become an acid head too. The last time I saw him, he welcomed me with open arms—at first. Then suddenly he didn't know me anymore and started screaming. He thought I wanted to kill him.

When I think back over my experience, I always remember the picture of myself arguing with schoolmates and teachers that marijuana is not harmful and won't lead to other drugs. I know different now. I was on marijuana a long time, but eventually I sought the bigger kicks I could get from heavier drugs. And so did my friends. Had I not finally found something more worthy of my dedication than drugs, I have no doubt but that I would have gone a route similar to Sandy and Tommy; and I shudder to think what I might be today.

People who are on drugs, or who think they might like to try drugs, would be doing themselves a big favor—perhaps even saving their own lives—if they would forget drugs and find something more worthy of their life. For no drug—not pot, nor speed, nor acid—could ever have given me the beautiful high I've been on since I've known Jesus Christ. ■



\*1 Corinthians 6:19, 20, *Today's English Version*.

# Listen News



Women drink to improve their own self-image in meeting problems of life. They suffer more self-contempt and self-depreciation than male alcoholics.

## Woman Alcoholic Is Coming Out in Open

After years of drinking behind closed doors, having excuses made for her "nerves," being protected until she quietly drank herself to death, the woman alcoholic is coming out into the open.

In some cases she's just doing her drinking publicly. But more and more she's seeking help and discovering she's not alone.

The National Council on Alcoholism estimates that there are more than 1,000,000 women alcoholics in the United States.

Alcoholics Anonymous says that about one in four of its U.S. members are women.

"Today there are probably as many women alcoholics as men," Mr. Harvey Fiske of the National Council on Alcoholism points out. "And they may be doing more

damage and be even farther away from help than men. We are doing a great deal for men in industry, but we are not even touching women."

Ironically, at a time when women are drinking publicly more than ever before, the old double standard for women still makes people hesitant to label women as alcoholic, Fiske says.

"We don't like to think of women as drunks," he says. "We don't want anyone but the mother taking care of the children. We don't think of women on skid row. That is because they aren't there. I'll tell you where they are. They are behind the picket fence, behind the picture window. The woman alcoholic is basically the hidden alcoholic."

Getting women to admit they are alcoholics is sometimes not as difficult as getting their husbands to admit their wives are, Fiske says.

Experts say treating women is no different from treating men; but there are less than a dozen major treatment centers in the U.S. which take women, although most state hospitals have beds allocated for them in their alcoholic wards.

Significantly, one reason private treatment centers have begun to take women is that they can pay the bills, which run as high as \$3,000 a month.

It may take a man ten years to become dependent on alcohol. During that time he can lose his job, his family, his financial resources. A woman at home all day has more time to devote to drinking and can hit bottom faster, often with her resources still intact.

The damage a woman can do to her family during that time, however, is immeasurable. Two statistics stand out—51 percent of alcoholics are children of alcoholics; 50 percent of juvenile delinquents are from alcoholic homes.

## Methadone -- Danger

Attorney Robert F. Horan of Fairfax County, Virginia, has told physicians that they should not prescribe methadone, a heroin substitute, for patients addicted to or experimenting with heroin.

"The junkie is the most unreliable human being there is," Horan said. The direction "Take one every 24 hours" could be "put on the (prescription) bottle in neon lights," he said; "but when that junkie wants a fix, he'll take as many as he wants."

Horan's comments on methadone followed the death of two Fairfax youths from methadone overdoses.

Pointing out that methadone is legal when prescribed by doctors, Horan said it is "ridiculous" to give it to a junkie who is often a "pathological liar" or to a patient who only says he is addicted so he can try it, because with methadone he "might become an addict."

Law enforcement agencies are powerless to stop the spread of methadone, Horan said, and drug pushers are now selling it in the county along with other drugs. They get it from doctors, he said.

Horan also lashed out at parents and the community for "turning their back on the drug problem." He said parents are often afraid to call the police when their children are involved in drugs, and when the child gets arrested "it's too late."

Horan said the Fairfax County police handled 92 drug cases in 1966, over 700 in 1969. He said more than half the drug cases now involve persons seventeen years old or younger.

## Cancer Virus Often Not Triggered

A new and revolutionary cancer theory might open the way to eventual control of mankind's most feared malady.

The theory is that a potential viral trigger or spark for cancer is inborn in all humans, but is never touched off in most people.

The concept, which involves viruses but differs sharply from previous theories linking viruses with human cancer, is described by one of its codvelopers, Dr. Robert Huebner, internationally known virologist of the National Cancer Institute.

In effect, the theory holds that—

- The actual seeds for cancer, in the form of genetic ingredients for a certain type of virus, are present in all of us from the time we are conceived, but in most people are kept from malignantly flowering, thanks to other genetic forces.
- When cancer does occur, it is the result of the previously suppressed mechanism being switched on by defective genes present in some people, or by such environmental factors as radiation or certain chemicals. In some people, the concept holds, the very process of aging may provide the switch-on action.
- The cancer seed mechanism, whether or not it ultimately generates malignancy, may have a beneficial function in the early devel-

opment of the embryo. That is, it may be essential to life itself.

The theory is supported by tests that discovered the potential cancer seed mechanism in mice, chickens, and cats, Dr. Huebner says. In addition, full-blown viruses deemed resulting from the genetic ingredients have been seen by electron microscopy in tumor cells of cattle, swine, guinea pigs, snakes, monkeys, and humans.

If it can be shown conclusively that the suspected viruses are definitely linked with human tumors—and not merely present as fellow travelers—the way might be opened to applying specific antiviral treatment, or even developing a protective vaccine, Dr. Huebner indicates.

## High Accident Risk

In some 8.5 million home accidents occurring annually in the United States, 22 percent of the victims had been drinking, reports a Boston Medical Foundation study.

Most accidents occurred between the cocktail hour and midnight. Men, because they drink more, suffered more serious injuries.

Alcohol may not be the primary cause, the study notes, but "if you are drinking, you are a high risk for all types of accidents."

## In This NEWS

♦ Cigarette companies are trying to kick the TV habit, and it hurts a lot. See page 20.

♦ Teens don't like smoking, but they're still attracted to it. See page 21.

♦ If you drink, it's expensive—in more ways than one. See page 22.

## Cigarettes Try to Kick TV Habit

Cigarette makers are trying to kick the TV habit—and they're as tense and tight-lipped as a chain smoker on the 10-day cure.

For years the major tobacco companies have been spending immense sums—an estimated \$240,000,000 in 1969 alone—to promote cigarette sales on television and radio. But that spending will shortly slow and then stop.

Question: What do you do with that \$240,000,000 "windfall"?

Answer: You hurt a little. But you suffer in stoic silence.

That, at least, is the response cigarette makers are putting out these days to any diligent inquiry about the industry's future marketing programs.

"We really don't know what's going to happen next," insists a spokesman for Philip Morris, Inc. Says an executive of Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.: "We don't talk about our advertising plans." The response from four other major tobacco companies is nearly identical.

Reticence among the tobacco men, usually a loquacious lot, is not surprising. Not only are advertising agencies, the media, and consumers curious about cigarette-marketing plans, so is the Federal Government, which seems poised to pounce on the industry wherever it decides to hawk cigarettes.

The \$240,000,000 lavished on TV-radio promotion sold a lot of smokes. The media provided vast audiences, and a message mixed with motion, sounds, and spectrums of color. Such promotion is tough to top.

The advertising alternatives—newspapers, magazines, billboards, sales gimmicks—are all available to the cigarette marketers. But nobody in advertising yet has figured out how to make a magazine swing, a billboard sing, or a newspaper smile fetchingly through a cloud of cigarette smoke.

It now appears the cigarette sellers will be tuned off and out by next September. So what happens to the \$240,000,000 or more that they normally would spend on the airwaves?

"Some of the money is sure to go into magazine and newspaper ads, and possibly more billboards," predicts one television executive. But, he figures, "the bulk of the money will probably be distributed in other ways—to expand nontobacco enterprises, to increase point-of-sale gimmicks and the use of coupons, and, perhaps, to beef up stockholder dividends."

Suggests a broadcasting official: "This is going to become the era of subliminal insertion. I won't be surprised if you see cigarette companies offering money to film producers in return for a few close-ups of their brand name."

Tobacco companies have been cushioning against the possible impact of slumping cigarette sales by diversifying. American Tobacco Co., for example, changed its name to American Brands, and now gets about one third of its revenues from such products as Sunshine Biscuits, Duffy-Mott canned fruits and juices, and Jim Beam Kentucky Bourbon. Liggett & Myers earns about 35 percent of its revenue from grains, pet foods, and spirits. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. relies on Chun King Chinese foods, container-shipping operations, and food products for more than one fourth of its revenues.

Broadcasters are being forced to hustle to try to offset the cigarette revenue loss. Cigarette advertising now represents about 6 percent of American Broadcasting Company's gross ad revenues and 10 percent of the revenues of National Broadcasting Company and Columbia Broadcasting System.

Says the vice-president of another broadcasting group: "You're going to see a real shift in the ground rules of this business when it's certain that the cigarette ads are gone. This will lead," he predicts, "to a hard look at the economic restraints this industry has placed on itself."

What the man is suggesting is that TV salesmen, in their efforts to plug the revenue gap, may decide to accept advertisements that up to now have been barred. Chief among the industry's self-regulations is the Television Code, which prohibits advertising of such products as liquor and prescription drugs by TV and radio and restricts advertising of other products.

## French Youth Protest

Groups of young French students and workers, concerned about a growing drug problem they feel could menace their entire generation, are setting up voluntary centers around the country to fight addiction.

The first center opened in Paris in October at the instigation of Bertrand Boulin, a 22-year-old medical student and son of Health Minister Robert Boulin.

It is manned 24 hours a day by volunteers who give up their spare time to answer telephone appeals from addicts seeking help, or from worried parents and teachers.

A spokesman said the center was receiving between 300 and 400 calls a day. Out of this number about 30 come from drug addicts who have become desperate.

Many of the calls come from parents and teachers who suspect youngsters of taking drugs. Others come from doctors and specialists offering their advice and assistance to the center.

A poll showed that 61 percent of secondary school children questioned said they might be willing to try drugs, while only 8 percent said they would definitely refuse to take them.

## Youth Want More Info

Purdue University's nationwide poll of high school pupils shows that students are cautious in their outlook on drugs, alcohol, and tobacco.

The poll indicates that many high school pupils don't smoke and don't intend to start. Twenty percent of the pupils say they smoke regularly, but 68 percent doubt that they ever will.

However, the students indicated the need for more information on drugs. Part of the poll contained 15 questions on marijuana and drugs. Most pupils flunked it. They turn thumbs down on drugs because of society's attitudes, not because of what they know.

Some parents who smoke or drink forbid their children to indulge. This is an attempt to maintain double standards on smoking and drinking, according to research. Schools should put forth an effort to help the oncoming generation achieve better health standards by keeping them informed regarding the health hazards of drugs, alcohol, and tobacco.

## Wrong Info Misleads

"Imprecise reporting" of facts about drugs is helping to create a dangerous and widespread "drug culture" among American youths, according to Dr. Jerome Jaffe, director of drug abuse programs of the Illinois Department of Mental Health.

"It has made normal what is deviant and creates the impression that there is something wrong with young people who don't try drugs," he says.

Too many newspapers and magazines aimed at general consumption lump together "things that are tremendously dangerous with things not dangerous. This convinces the kids who do experiment with different types of drugs and who do know the fine differences between them" that none of the warnings are valid, he adds.



## "Safe" Mind Drugs

Many people who buy supposedly "mild" or "safer" psychedelic drugs apparently are being bombed with dangerous substitutes, reports a research team at the New Jersey Neuro-Psychiatric Institute.

Instead of getting mescaline, psilocybin, or THC—the active chemical in marijuana—all of which are relatively mild hallucinogens or mind-expanding drugs, they are getting far more potent drugs like LSD. One reason is that LSD is cheaper to make in the illegal market.

The deception raises the risk that drug users may suffer severe mental reactions and illness. Drugs such as LSD are blamed for many bad "trips" and prolonged spells of mental illness.

## Alcoholic Therapy

Alcoholics are notoriously difficult to treat, partly because they tend to become emotionally dependent on the therapist. This dependency can be avoided by allowing alcoholics to choose their own form of therapy, says Dr. Ernest W. Klatte, superintendent of the alcoholism treatment center at Mendocino State Hospital in Talmage, California.

At Mendocino, an alcoholic patient may choose among a wide variety of therapy groups, including work groups and confrontation groups, but he must take the initiative of involving himself in at least one group. "We insist on our patients taking this responsibility for themselves," says Wayne Wilson, a social worker in charge of the program.



Narcotics-dog "Bomber" paws at an automobile hubcap where marijuana was planted by trainer Charles Art. "Bomber" can sniff out both marijuana and hashish, a relative of marijuana. According to Art, "Bomber" can sniff out marijuana growing wild, buried underground, or even when other smells are introduced in an attempt to confuse the dog.



## Drugs Among Affluent

They are the addicts most people never think of when discussing heroin—the sons and daughters of the rich and the middle class who take their fixes in expensive apartments and suburban homes instead of slum doorways.

And their number is growing, particularly among teen-agers, according to administrators of public agencies and rehabilitation centers in New York City and the suburbs.

Dr. Richard Bracco, executive director of the Nassau County Drug Abuse and Addiction Commission, who reports the number of patients as more than 1,000, says that 80 percent of the addicts seeking treatment were from the middle class.

In Queens, the rate of increase in deaths from heroin overdoses has been described as "dramatic" by Dr. Michael Baden, associate city medical examiner. "The majority of deaths [caused by narcotics]," he said, "are among whites and from middle-class families. We never used to get doctors coming here to identify their sons' bodies."

Protected by money and sheltered by relatives, the middle-class heroin user is not only the least known addict, but also the least understood by bewildered parents for whom heroin seems as alien as life in the slums. The parents find it incomprehensible that a son or daughter who has been "given everything" is hooked on heroin.

"My son has everything going for him," said the father of a 19-year-old college student who is a heroin addict. He said he watched his son progress from barbiturates and amphetamines and finally to heroin, but could do nothing about it.

"We knew that he would have to hit the bottom before he started up," the father said.

No one reason accounts for the growing numbers of middle-class youths who are taking heroin. The explanations include the personality of the young, the overprotectiveness of their parents, and experimentation with all kinds of available drugs.

A Lower East Side marijuana pusher, who concedes that marijuana may have led some young people to heroin, says he no longer sells to them because of their indiscriminate experimentation.

"The kids are crazy," says the marijuana pusher. "They will swallow six of everything in the medicine cabinet and shoot up anything if it's given to them."

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

◆ A recent inventor's show in New York offered a preview of gadgets for 1970. For the chain smoker who wants to reform there is an attractive desk clock-timer combination which pops up a cigarette every hour, or at longer intervals if the smoker can hold out. The device is primarily intended to break the habit of unconsciously lighting cigarette after cigarette. (The Denver "Post")

◆ In Los Angeles, drugs are the chief method of suicide, reports the Suicide Prevention Center. Drugs account for 40 percent of all recorded suicides.

◆ A Department of Transportation study shows that the use of alcohol by drivers and pedestrians contributes to some 25,000 deaths and at least 800,000 crashes in the United States each year. The report concedes that while at least half the nation's drivers do some drinking before driving, the evidence is irrefutable that the problem is primarily one of persons, predominately men, who have been drinking heavily.

◆ A form published in the Burlington "Free Press" (Vermont) offering free funeral services for those who drink and drive on New Year's Eve carried this notice:

"If you plan to drink and drive over the New Year's, mail this to the Burlington "Free Press" immediately and the paper will keep it in a safe place until your death."

◆ Burlington railroad commuters are smoking less and want to be isolated from fellow passengers who have not kicked the habit, reports the railroad. A survey indicated that 80 percent of its commuter passengers preferred to ride in nonsmoking cars; so smoking would be permitted in fewer cars during rush hour. (AP)

◆ Drug overdoses accounted for 24.4 percent of patients received at the Los Angeles County-USC Medical Center in one recent month. The 30-day survey of admissions revealed that an average of 18 patients a day were admitted for drug overdose.

◆ American Brands, Inc., the manufacturer of Pall Mall Gold and Silva Thin cigarettes, lost the last of three preliminary skirmishes in a court battle in defense of television commercials that the Federal Trade Commission had branded as misleading. The company was challenging new cigarette advertising guidelines which are in effect on the three major broadcasting networks. (New York "Times")

◆ Nook H. Indian, local superintendent of schools in Pagadian City, Philippines, has threatened to fire teachers and other school officials found drinking liquor inside school premises. He said teachers in particular should "set the example of good behavior and temperance."

## Teens Oppose Smoking, but Lure to Habit Is Strong

A majority of American teen-agers oppose smoking, but environmental magnets like advertisements and the imitation of parents and peers still draw about 40 percent to the habit, according to a study sponsored by the American Cancer Society.

Nevertheless, the nationwide study of more than 1,500 teen-agers in the 13-to-18 age group indicates that there are prospects for a decline in the incidence of smoking among them.

The study considered as a smoker any teen-ager who had smoked at least one cigarette within the 30 days before being interviewed.

About 20 percent of the current teen-age smokers do not expect to be smoking in five years, the study found. "If this is an accurate estimate, there should be a substantial drop in smoking by these young people," the report states.

Other findings in the study include—

- Cigarette smoking among teen-agers is inversely related to academic achievement and aspiration, but not in the sense of cause and effect. Of those with a D or lower grade average, 60 percent are current smokers, while only 8 percent of those who maintain an A average smoke.

- Parental influence is a strong factor on teen-age smoking. "Teen-agers are 50 percent more likely to smoke if adults they come in contact with smoke, and teen-agers are 100 percent more likely to smoke if their age peers have the habit," the report states.

- Despite exposure to both sides of the cigarette smoking debate, teen-agers are exposed to more than three times as many messages supporting the habit as assailing it.

- Both smokers and nonsmokers accept the fact that smoking has an adverse effect on health. Eighty-six percent of the nonsmokers and 65 percent of the smokers believe smoking causes cancer, according to the report.

- At age 14, about 14 percent of the 1,562 teen-agers interviewed had smoked at least one cigarette within the preceding 30 days. By age 18, however, 42 percent were smokers. That is about the same percentage as for adult smokers in this country.

- Teen-agers greatly overestimate the number of adult cigarette smokers. Teen-agers believed about 70 percent of adults smoke.

- A teen-ager who is secure and well-adjusted to his age group is more likely to refrain from adopting the habit. A teen-ager who is nervous and anxious to behave like an adult—whether he is or is not actually ready to do so—has a good likelihood of taking up the habit, the report states.

Youths might resist beginning the cigarette habit or might more easily stop it if figures of authority, such as physicians, teachers, and older family members set better examples and urged teen-agers not to smoke, the study suggests.

## 2.5 Million Have Quit

About 2.5 million cigarette smokers kicked the habit between 1966 and 1968, according to a survey by the National Center for Health Statistics.

Cigarette smokers of every age and both sexes are quitting, it said. And the number of young people aged 17 to 24 who have never smoked is increasing.

Nearly 38 percent of the population smoked cigarettes in 1968, a decline of 5 percent from 1966, reported the survey.

A larger proportion of men than of women are former smokers. One reason given by some experts is that smoking once represented a symbol of rebellion for women, and those who took the rebellious step find it more difficult to quit.

# ARE YOU PUZZLED?

## Communication Puzzle

Frieda M. Lease

In one letter change these "ways and means" of communication into the words as defined.

1. utter animal \_\_\_\_\_
2. speak sharp weapon \_\_\_\_\_
3. express ruler \_\_\_\_\_
4. report vacation spot \_\_\_\_\_
5. pledge snow vehicle \_\_\_\_\_
6. state fixed look \_\_\_\_\_
7. vouch sense of feeling \_\_\_\_\_
8. inform weak \_\_\_\_\_
9. relate refund \_\_\_\_\_
10. recite directions \_\_\_\_\_
11. quote assigned share \_\_\_\_\_
12. debate degrade \_\_\_\_\_
13. write color \_\_\_\_\_
14. tell water bird \_\_\_\_\_
15. cable untruth \_\_\_\_\_
16. phone inclined \_\_\_\_\_
17. teach shore \_\_\_\_\_
18. vow scatter \_\_\_\_\_

## Play Spoofs Drug World; Shows World of Reality Is Better

The young girl was obviously stoned or "tripping" as she slithered across the stage.

Actually "The One," as she was called, was soaring on a new euphoria. It was called "the Ultimate Drug," more commonly known as "Nose."

"Nose can be taken in a variety of ways," says The One in the abandoned subway tunnel where she lived and turned on. "Inject it directly into the veins, suck the sugar cube, inhale it, ingest it, sniff it, smoke it, lick it, rub it on your skin."

The One is in "The Underground Bird," a play performed by a repertoire cast for the Family Services of Northern Virginia and Montgomery County.

The satire attempts to portray the complexities of drug experimentation and invites those in the audience to view themselves as the characters.

Take the editor and photographer of "Snarl," the magazine of protest in "The Underground Bird." They venture into the shadowy world of drugs looking for a news scoop and discover they have their own hang-ups.

"At first I only liked the smell in the can," admits the editor, who is hooked on coffee.

"And then I tried it once and I found it made me feel great, alert, awake. Pretty soon I was drinking four or five cups a day. And then I just kind of started to smoke along with drinking. First a cigarette with each cup of coffee—and then a few in between, and then more, and more, and now, three packs a day."

The photographer is in even worse shape. He is addicted to maps and closely parallels a junkie or speed freak:

"Hasn't somebody got a map? I haven't had a map for hours. The moment when I come home from work, I close the door, turn on all the lights, take out my magnifying glass and my map case, and go."

"At first I could just go into Rand McNally or Hammonds and buy maps. But then the clerks began to look at me funny, and I got scared. Then I thought: Road Maps. So I bought a car. Pretty soon I was mapping all the time. I couldn't hold a job. I lost the car, and that was the end of road maps."

"I got so desperate I just grabbed people on the street corners crying and saying, 'You got any maps?'"

Harold is the young owner of Psychodelic Restaurant who has sniffed rubber cement and smoked cigarette filters. He is disenchanted with the outside world and has decided to join The One and let Nose "really take me away from it all."

But after listening to the photographer and the editor, Harold decided their world of reality is better than The One's solitary non-existing existence. "There are more things around than I realized," he concludes.

After each performance, a trained stage leader begins a discussion to involve the audience. The main theme of the play is analyzed, as are the characters, but the play does not attempt to moralize on drugs. It draws no conclusions, leaving this up to the audience.

### Answers:

1. utter; 2. speak; 3. express; 4. report; 5. sledge; 6. store; 7. touch; 8. sort; 9. rebate; 10. recipe; 11. quote; 12. debate; 13. white; 14. teach; 15. fable; 16. prone; 17. beach; 18. sow.

## There Is Another Side to Drugs

Teens are speaking out against those of their own generation who are using drugs. Thirty-three teens signed this letter to Mrs. Mayfield, national columnist.

Dear Mrs. Mayfield:

You had a letter from a teen-age girl who asked, "What's wrong with taking drugs?" You printed her letter; so it's only fair that you print this—in defense of our generation.

You will find 33 names signed to this letter. We're all teen-agers, and we consider that girl an ill-

advised JACKASS! There are laws against using drugs to protect us and others. Life is no bed of roses, but why look for an easy way out? We have news for you, Fool, there isn't one—it catches up with you sooner or later.

The teen-age generation of today will make the world of tomorrow. What hope is there if it is run by fools like you? Thank God, you are only a minority!

Why not fight for something that would be a credit to our country? Such as: Lowering the voting age to 18, the war in Vietnam, poverty, etc. These issues are much more important than getting drugs legalized.

We are very much in with the "thing" of today. Life is short enough—why blow it?

Dear Now Generation:

HALLELUJAH! I knew you kids were out there somewhere. Just keep talking—loud and clear. You're the kind we need.

M. M.

## Drink Is Expensive

Drinkers pile up costly problems for employers. It is said that the waste imposed by the alcoholic adds up to about \$1,000 each in accidents, sickness, other absences, poor workmanship, and other costs.

The National Council of Alcoholism estimates that the problem drinker's cost to his employer runs about three times as much as the normal workman.

But the biggest trouble with most alcoholics is that they refuse to admit they are problem drinkers.

A query to one industrial personnel executive drew these comments on "some of the problems the alcoholic in industry creates for his employer":

1. Excessive absenteeism and tardiness affect production scheduling.
2. Credit problems requiring contacts with creditors with employers.
3. Faulty workmanship, which cuts quality, due to physical and mental condition of the employee.
4. Unnecessary costs of fringe benefit programs. These include sickness and accident benefits, sometimes prolonged, or hospital medical and surgical insurance benefits directly traceable to alcoholism.
5. In many cases, family problems, especially where there are children. Often, the case involves the employer with welfare agencies or, in the case of crime, with the law.

Many companies, aware of the problem, go to considerable time and expense to try to rescue the victim. Part is due to compassion.

But the biggest hurdle must be cleared by the man or woman who is the problem drinker. The problem drinker has to want help before he can be helped.

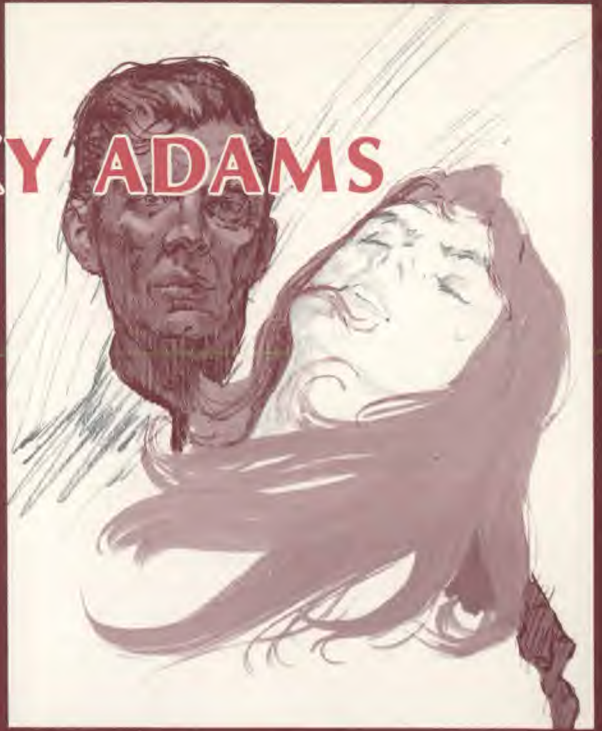


Here's what a giant Channel Hovercraft looks like when you approach to board with your car. It's part ship, part airplane, and part bus—it slides instead of running on wheels. Giant Hoverlloyd craft runs from Pegwell Bay, Kent, England, to Calais, France.

# I

## KILLED WINKY ADAMS

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



What are the teen-age drinking problems? Are they real, or are they a myth? This series of stories from previous issues of "Listen" unveils the teen-agers' problems with alcohol. Some reveal narrow escapes from its viselike grip, while others tell of victims not so fortunate. Any teen-ager will appreciate this book. It is not a lecture. These are true case histories. The decision is yours.

### Price

**40 cents\***

\*Please add 15 cents mailing for the first book ordered and 5 cents for each additional to one address. Also sales tax where applicable.

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

# Any way you look at it, it makes sense.

Why spend your money to send a journal to other people? Because it could save their lives! Brilliant, timely, effective, SMOKE SIGNALS' facts help people beat the smoking habit. That makes sense, doesn't it?

One year . . . . . (12 issues) only \$1.00

Order in quantities for youth groups, lodges, clubs, churches, and schools.

- 5-9 subscriptions, one year each, . . . 85c
- 10-29 subscriptions, one year, each, . . . 80c
- 30-99 subscriptions, one year, each, . . . 60c
- 100 subscriptions or more, one year, each, 42c

SMOKE SIGNALS 1350 Villa Street,  
Mountain View, California 94040



# Reproductions of Four "Listen" Original Art Covers Can Now Be Yours!



Carefully selected from "Listen's"  
distinctive series of exclusive cover paintings. In full vivid color.

Only \$1.00 for 2 complete sets.

A unique and special gift 10x14 inches—suitable for framing.

Order immediately from:

"Listen" Magazine, 6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20012