

# LISTEN

A JOURNAL  
OF  
BETTER LIVING



**ART LINKLETTER**  
"LIFE CAN TURN YOU ON"



# INNOCENT AND FREE

"Partial" is described as "of or relating to a part rather than the whole."

In today's drug age a situation prevails which can be described as "partial." Drugs like heroin, LSD, and marijuana are in the news constantly. We are being hit by a barrage of publicity about them in all media of communication. However, in dealing with these we are only partially dealing with the drug problem.

Public officials, entertainment stars, even the President of the nation, are all calling for a greater campaign against drug abuse. And this is good. The problem should be met realistically, and an effective educational program should be developed to eliminate such abuse. We are not in any sense against this effort.

However, it is not broad enough. It does not include the most prevalent drug of abuse, one which causes the most widespread addiction and human tragedy of any of the drugs.

The "Christian Science Monitor," one of the world's great journalistic voices, puts it this way, "The nation's sudden stand against heroin and other drugs contrasts with its apathy toward alcoholism—also a form of drug dependence with grave personal and social effects."

It points out that, according to Dr. Roger A. Egeberg, assistant secretary for Health, Education, and Welfare, there are 6.5 million problem drinkers in the United States, and that on the basis of this figure, alcoholism is "the number one national health challenge."

It also reports that researchers at George Washington University estimate problem drinkers at a third more than previously thought. They put the number at nine million, with other millions on the borderline of serious alcohol addiction.

In addition, we are reminded that America's business each year loses at least \$2 billion because of alcoholism, and that half the nation's auto deaths are alcohol-involved.

"Yet it is only fair to say that alcohol and its abuses do not get anywhere near the open and public reaction they deserve," the "Monitor" goes on. "It is a paradox that the public should take so clear-cut a stand on drug use, and miss entirely the logic of applying the same stiff action against the dangers of drink. Researchers on alcoholism have been stressing how analogous it is to modern drugs. Continued drinking, they say, can lead to physical addiction which the victim cannot control."

Some argue that drugs other than alcohol pose a comparatively new threat—that they affect a younger generation which has not yet reached an age of full responsibility for its acts.

However, as the "Monitor" editorial emphasizes, this argument does not hold up as an excuse for inaction against alcohol. "Adults seem either hypocritical or inconsistent to inveigh against one form of artificial mental stimulant while indulging in another. Consistency in disapproval would only help the case against both alcohol and the other lethal drugs."

In any campaign against dangerous drugs it makes sense to strike at the one especially that causes the most trouble to the most people. That drug is alcohol. Heroin, LSD, marijuana, along with their ilk, must be dealt with; but this should not allow alcohol to stand by innocent and free.



# LISTEN

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## In This Issue

2	<b>Innocent and Free</b>	Editorial
3	<b>Will They Turn You On?</b>	Phyllis C. Barrins, R.N.
6	<b>Failure Can Be Success in Disguise</b>	Paul Brock
<b>TEENS—LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL</b>		
7	<b>I Was a Teen-age Wipe-out</b>	
8	<b>Faith in Action (poem)</b>	Helen Sue Isely
9	<b>"Drunk" on the Air</b>	
10	<b>The Shell (poem)</b>	Sara Van Alstyne Allen
	<b>I Have Been There</b>	
	<b>Your Questions Answered</b>	R. W. Spalding, M.D.
11	<b>"Life Can Turn You On"—</b>	
	<b>Art Linkletter</b>	Interview by Harry Cummins
15	<b>A Girl Like Me</b>	Hally Prentis Nelson
17	<b>San Bernardino Mountain Muse (poem)</b>	Elaine V. Worrel
18	<b>Emancipation (poem)</b>	R. M. Walsh
19	<b>Color Special</b>	Listen's "Newspaper in Miniature"
23	<b>The Ultimate Trip</b>	T. Casey Brennan

## In the Next Issue

- Eighty million people have seen this film. Read its full story in the July "Listen."
- "They breathe! They're alive! And indeed they look as if they were alive." This exhibit of living human lungs has been seen by thousands of teen-agers.

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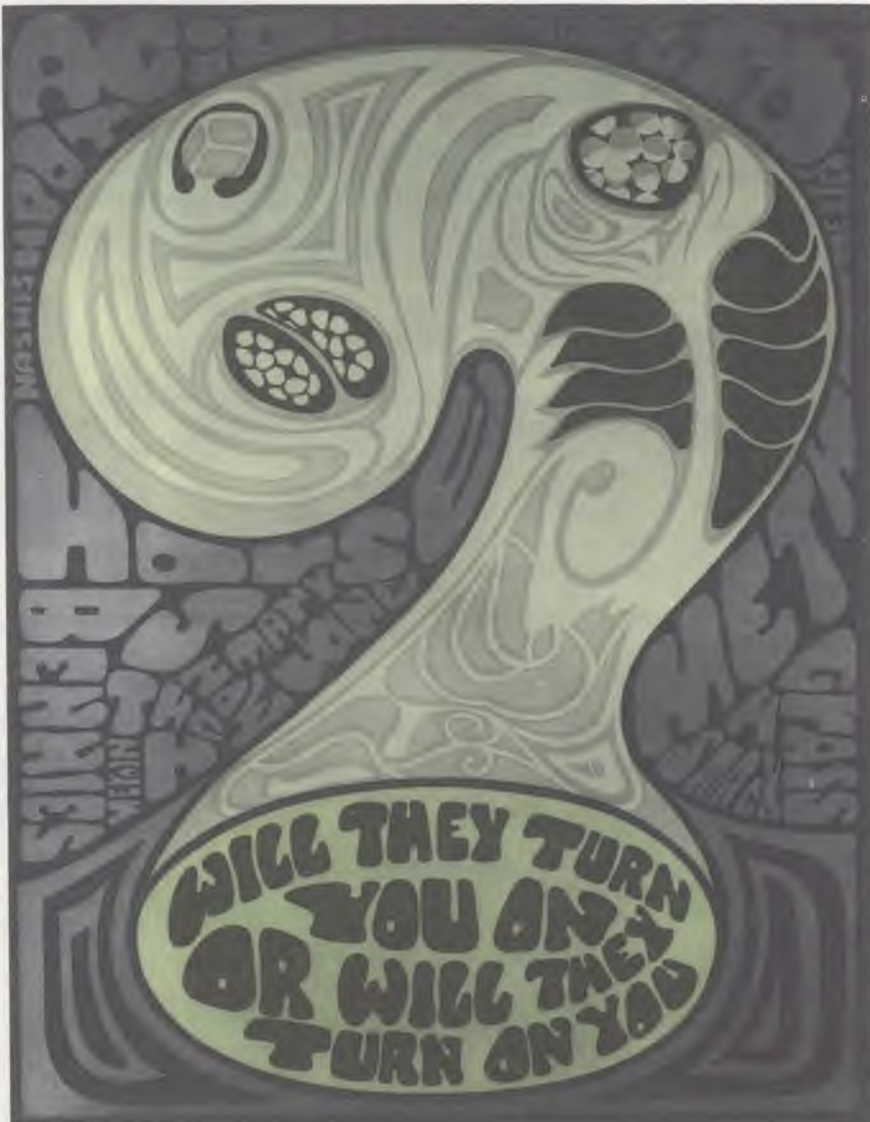
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## STUDENT TO STUDENT

What happens when youth carry on a drug-education program for other youth? "Listen" takes you there to find out.

by  
phyllis c. barrins, r.n.

Poster courtesy Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

**STUDENTS** will listen to other students talking. On this belief a new kind of drug education program has begun at the University of Arizona in Tucson.

A student-run operation in its entirety, this program is aimed primarily toward those young people not yet old enough to go to college.

According to one senior pharmacy student at the university, this program is one of honesty. "We tell it like it is, and we don't hold anything back. We try to INform, not REform. We emphasize, 'It's your decision. After you've thought it over, if this is what you really want, to become an addict and a dropout, it's your decision!'"

To hear first hand what goes on during these programs, this author attended one at the eastside Santa Rita High School in Tucson. Santa Rita High has been open only one semester. The enrollment is 600. About a hundred of these—freshmen, sophomores, and juniors—went to hear this program. According to the school nurse, this crowd was made up of "two health classes and about twenty other kids who ditched regular classes to attend."

University junior Allen Leiboh, chairman of the student committee on drug abuse education at the university, introduced himself, and then he introduced senior John Miller.

**This is how it went from there:**



**AL:** I'm Al, and this is John. We're both in the college of pharmacy at the University of Arizona. The college and the university put on what we call a drug education program. It's a two-phase program. We have a two-day seminar once a year to which we invite speakers, all of them noted drug authorities. We hold the seminar mostly for the university community, but everybody is invited. The second phase of our program is what you are seeing here today. Student volunteers from the college of pharmacy go out and speak to high school and junior high students throughout the State of Arizona.

The kind of program we give differs quite a bit from most other drug presentations. We are not here to moralize with you, or to preach. We're not going to say, "This is a no-no," or "This is good," or "This is bad." We're here to present the facts about drugs.

Because there has been misinformation in the past about marijuana, some people feel that the authorities—or the establishment—lied to them about drugs in general. They think that because the establishment lied about marijuana, they're lying about other drugs also. Unfortunately, this isn't the case.

You've heard the word "addiction." We won't be talking about addiction per se. When we talk about a drug and what it can do, we talk about whether the drug can cause physical and/or psychological dependence. We'll also talk about building up a tolerance to a drug. Building up a tolerance means that after you've taken the drug for a time, you need more and more of it to elicit the same response you got when you first began taking it. You have built up a tolerance to this drug.

As we talk, we break drugs down into four groups: stimulants or "uppers," depressants or "downers," narcotics, and miscellaneous. The actions of the drugs differ within the various groups.

John will talk first about amphetamines and barbiturates, the "uppers" and the "downers," and then I'll talk about narcotics and miscellaneous drugs, or hallucinogens. John—

**JOHN:** When we give this presentation, it's just straight facts. When we're through, we hope we will have given you enough information so that you can make a rational decision on your own about taking drugs.

To begin, we'll talk about the "downers." This is a slang term for the barbiturates. These drugs are derivatives of barbituric acid. You've probably seen "reds," "yellows," and "rainbows." "Reds" are seconal, "yellows" are nembutal, and "rainbows" are tuinal.

## THE "DOWNERS"

The reason these are called "downers" is that they are central nervous system depressants. They are used legitimately in medicine mainly as sleeping pills. Sometimes they are used as tranquilizers, to calm people down.

The way "downers" produce sleep is by depressing the central nervous system. If these are taken in *quite* excessive amounts, they will kill. They kill by paralyzing the muscles of the diaphragm and by paralyzing the respiratory center in the brain. When these are paralyzed, the individual can no longer breathe, so he dies.

The barbiturates, especially seconal, are some of the most commonly abused drugs on the black market today. If you take a dose over the sleeping amount, yet under the



A "junkie kit" includes a spoon, often black and crusty, in which heroin is prepared for injecting.

lethal dose, a variety of things happen. You become intoxicated, much like alcohol intoxication. Your speech is slurred. You stammer. Maybe you fall around. It's very hard to drive a car. A lot of traffic accidents are caused this way. If you take seconal and drive, you may go to sleep, or you may misjudge and have an accident.

One thing a lot of people don't realize is that barbiturates have a synergistic effect when taken with alcohol. This means that the combined effect of the two drugs, alcohol and a barbiturate, is more than the additive effect. In other words, it's like two plus two equals six instead of four. If you take the two drugs together, the effect is going to be greater than the individual effects would have been.

Many people have died because of doing this. I'm sure you all remember Brian Epstein. He was a manager of the Beatles. This is what happened to him. He drank alcohol and then took too many sleeping pills, and died of the resulting overdose. Marilyn Monroe died the same way and so did Dorothy Kilgallen. This is very dangerous. If you see your parents drinking and taking sleeping pills before they go to bed, you might warn them. It often leads to death.

## THE "UPPERS"

The second group of drugs we go into are the "uppers," or the amphetamines. The most typical example of this class is Benzedrine. I'm sure you've all heard of "bennies." These drugs are used medically to control weight. They're also used for their CNS stimulation properties. When I say CNS stimulation, I mean that they do the opposite of what the "downers" do. They stimulate the mind instead of depressing it, they stimulate the central nervous system.

You don't see much of this in high school, but when you get to college you see a lot of kids who are trying to stay up all night to study for exams. They take amphetamines, because amphetamines stimulate their minds, and they can go for long periods of time without sleep. Truck drivers making long trips sometimes use amphetamines. They've got a load in the truck, and they have a certain deadline to make. They will be on the highway for two or three days straight, so they take amphetamines in order to stay awake and make the trip.

Amphetamines together with the lack of sleep that accompanies staying up for two or three days will produce



certain visual hallucinations. If you're driving on the road and have had little sleep but quite a few amphetamines, you might misjudge a distance between your own and another car. You might also see something on the road that doesn't exist, or not see something that does.

In his introduction, Al mentioned drug dependence. There are two types of dependence: physical dependence and psychological dependence. In physical dependence, your body actually needs the drug. This means that if you're taken off the drug, you're going to get sick. For example, withdrawal follows when a heroin addict is taken off heroin. Physical dependence is also seen among barbiturate users. People don't realize that "downers" are physically addicting. Withdrawal from barbiturates is worse than withdrawal from heroin.

Speed is methamphetamine, or Methedrine, a drug very similar to Dexedrine and Benzedrine. Students take these, and stay up all night studying for exams. When you're on these drugs, you think you're able to learn faster. It hasn't been proved. When you're down off the drug you'll find that you've retained almost nothing. The idea that you learn better is false.

One of the side effects of Benzedrine and speed is that you become very talkative. Everybody's your buddy. Nothing in the world bothers you. This euphoric feeling, this feeling of great happiness, goes along with the idea that you're really learning a lot more. When you're on these drugs, you think it's apparent to everybody that you're doing a lot better. But when it comes right down to taking exams after you've used these, you'll find it doesn't help at all.

The "uppers," or amphetamines, *don't* produce physical dependence. They *do* produce psychological dependence. You may say to yourself, "Well, this drug doesn't produce a physical dependence. Maybe it does produce psychological dependence, but I'm not going to get too worried about that. It's no big thing." Actually, it is a big thing, because psychological dependence is a lot worse than physical dependence.

To illustrate my point, let's look at the narcotics control center in Lexington, Kentucky. People on heroin are taken there for the cure. We find that 80 percent of those who leave Lexington go back on drugs. The reason is not that they physically need the drug. They were physically cured. When they left Lexington, they were no longer subject to withdrawals.

Why do 80 percent of those people go back? It's a psychological reason. They've taken heroin for so long that they say to themselves, "Well, it's groovy, man. I really dig it, and I wanta' take some more." They don't really need it, but they turn on again anyway. They are psychologically dependent. Let me emphasize this: Psychological dependence is very important, and it is this dependence you get with the abuse of amphetamines.

## HEROIN AND OTHER NARCOTICS

**AL:** As John mentioned, heroin falls within the grouping of narcotics. It *does* cause physical and psychological dependence, and the physical dependence can be quite great. We used to spend little time talking about narcotics, thinking it unnecessary. You saw films in junior high and in high school about withdrawal symptoms and about junkies shooting needles into their arms. But because the heroin problem

has increased quite a bit within the past year, we have been talking more about narcotics lately.

Many narcotics have medical uses. The narcotics, as defined by law, come from the opium poppy. Morphine is extracted from the poppy, a drug used medically to relieve extreme pain. But doctors try not to use morphine often because of possible physical dependence that can result.

Unlike morphine, heroin has no medical uses today, because of its greater ability to cause physical dependence. There used to be a myth that the first time somebody would shoot up heroin, inject it intravenously, he would become addicted. This is not usually the case. The reason we bring this up is that myths such as this do more harm than good. Somebody hears that if you shoot heroin the first time you're addicted, but he has a friend who has taken heroin maybe twice, and he knows his friend isn't hooked. So he says, "Aha, they're lying to me again. You probably NEVER get physically dependent on heroin." Well, this isn't the case, either. Dependence doesn't normally occur the first or second time you use the drug. However, if you use it for a little longer, you *do* become physically dependent on it.

Possible infection is one of the great problems of the narcotics user. Drugs such as heroin, and sometimes the barbiturates, are injected into the vein. Shooting speed is a big thing with some. But when a drug is shot into the vein, it bypasses all the filtering mechanisms of the body. The digestive system cannot filter out the impurities, as it would if the drug had been swallowed. The probability of your getting hepatitis or some other infectious disease is very great, because the impurities in the drug and from the needle are put right into your bloodstream.

A mainlining kit, or a "junkie kit," contains a spoon and a syringe. The spoon often looks all black and crusty. Addicts buy their heroin in a powder paper. They pour the powder into the spoon, add some water, and stir it up. Then they light a match under the spoon or hold it in some other small flame, supposedly sterilizing the mixture. They draw the liquid up into the syringe, and they inject it. The chance that the heroin is sterile is really quite slim. The possibility that infectious diseases will result is very great. Outbreaks of hepatitis are due in large part to the shooting of heroin and other drugs with unclean needles.

Synthetic narcotics are available on prescription, and do have medical uses. Demerol and methadone are probably the two best-known drugs in this category, and these also are sometimes abused.

**Various parts of the marijuana plant contain differing amounts of THC, the active ingredient of marijuana.**





## MARIJUANA

Hallucinogenic drugs are the last group we will talk about. Marijuana, LSD, and a number of others fall into this group. Marijuana comes from the *Cannabis sativa* plant. It grows both wild and cultivated, and grows best in tropical or subtropical climates, Arizona and Mexico being ideal for it.

The active ingredient in marijuana is tetrahydrocannabinol, or THC, the ingredient which causes the so-called "high" from the use of grass. About two years ago someone was able to synthesize THC, and it is being used today for clinical research. The THC now available on the black market actually is not THC at all.

Marijuana, though used to some extent for centuries, has only during the past five or ten years stirred up controversy. In 1937 marijuana was placed under the Harrison Narcotic Act along with narcotics and cocaine. This was unfortunate. The drug had been used as a tranquilizer, but being unpredictable, it was replaced by better drugs as these came along. However, placing the drug under the Harrison Narcotic Act stopped virtually all research on marijuana. As a result, we have very few facts about this drug.

Although it is classified as a narcotic by the Federal Government, medically marijuana is *not* a narcotic.

The December 13, 1968, issue of *Science* magazine carried the results of a relatively valid study on marijuana. This study shows that marijuana does *not* affect the body in ways we previously thought. Marijuana does do this to the body:

1. It causes conjunctivitis, or bloodshot eyes.
2. It causes dryness of the mouth, and sometimes bronchitis.
3. It causes a slight increase in heart rate. The study showed that quite a bit of the marijuana experience was a learned experience. The first or second time somebody uses it, he normally does not experience a "high." You have to learn to react to this drug before you get the "high."

This study proved some of our old ideas about marijuana false. The idea that marijuana dilated the pupils was found to be false. The notion that everybody who starts with marijuana will end up with heroin was also proved false. The study did, however, prove that the drug does take one out of reality. It is a mind-altering drug.

One of the many reasons for not legalizing marijuana is its great unpredictability. When you use most drugs, *e.g.*, the amphetamines, you know that 5 mg. will do so much, and 10 mg. will do so much. When you use marijuana, you really can't know. Marijuana grown in North Dakota, for example, may have little or no THC content. Marijuana grown in Arizona has more. The various parts of the plant, the leaves, the flowering tops, and the stems all contain differing amounts of THC. How long the marijuana has been kept since it was harvested, and what time of the year it was harvested, also help to determine the THC content.

## LSD

### AND OTHER HALLUCINOGENS

Lysergic acid diethylamide, LSD, was discovered almost thirty years ago. Very little was done with it at the time. During the '50's and '60's, medical uses were found for LSD. It was thought to be a wonder drug and was used to treat patients with previously incurable psychoses. The drug stayed in use until 1965, when a law was passed forbidding its use.

*(Continued on page 18)*

# FAILURE CAN BE SUCCESS IN DISGUISE

paul brock

"SUCCESS may be failure; failure may be success!"

Paradoxical? Maybe. Nevertheless, a striking and worldwide truth.

The noblest work and the best of causes have to be fought through a long succession of failures. The illustrious who have suffered in the cause of social betterment, religion, science, truth, and patriotism have seemed to fail; yet eventually their efforts were crowned with success.

The memory of such men and women is held in great esteem and reverence by mankind. They may have perished, but their work has survived.

First failures of great men have been numerous. Young Frank Woolworth, at the mature age of twenty-one, was earning only two dollars a week in a general store at Watertown, New York. When he died in 1919 he left more than \$30,000,000. "Some of my stores failed miserably," he said while expounding his success code. "They failed because I placed them in the wrong part of town. There's always a right location. Find it!"

Oliver Goldsmith studied medicine but failed to pass his examinations. He tried several ways of making a living before writing his famous "Vicar of Wakefield" and the "Deserted Village."

Failure is one of those objectionable practical lessons which has to be faced boldly in the battle of life, although it is hard to do. The courage of some people is roused by failure, and they are stimulated to renewed efforts.

Such precedents teach us not to fear apparent adversity and failure. It may be on that dark foundation alone that the golden palace of our dreams may be reared. While we are vainly looking for success in its most obvious garb, it may be already close to us wearing quite different clothing.

Absolute failure, of course, cannot be success; but apparent failure may be. Appearances sometimes deceive, and what is a necessary part of the workings of the laws of success may look like failure.

Even the kindly Isaac Newton was accused of "infamy" because of his great and sublime discovery of the law of gravitation.

This phase of apparent failure is often part of the success of certain of the highest projects, which are undoubtedly successful, judged by the ultimate results.

Afflictions, like failures, often prove to be blessings in disguise. Much of the most useful work has been done by men and women in the midst of affliction. Milton used to say, "Who best can suffer, best can do." Beethoven produced his greatest works amidst gloomy sorrow when oppressed by almost total deafness.

Humble beginnings, too, can prove to be great assets on the rocky road to success, because they generate incentive. John D. Rockefeller earned his first two dollars for thirty hours of labor digging potatoes, yet he rose to be the industrial giant who founded Standard Oil.

His own ten points for success are as applicable today as in his day. Here they are:

- Make up your mind to succeed.
- Be reliable and honest.
- Have grit and determination.
- Make yourself valuable to your employers.
- Begin at the bottom and work up.
- Don't be afraid of work.
- Do more than is expected of you.
- Know all about your business.
- There is no happiness in life unless one works hard.
- Don't give up your mind solely to sports.

Rockefeller also said that success in life is not looked upon by the wise man as an end in itself, but as a means to happiness. It is true that the greatest and most continued favors of fortune cannot in themselves make us happy. Nor can the deprivation of them render altogether miserable the possessor of a clear conscience and an open mind.

The great Goethe put the question: "What is it that keeps men in continual discontent and agitation?" And he gave the right answer: "It is that they cannot make realities correspond with their conceptions that enjoyment steals away from their hands, that the wished for comes too late, and nothing reached or acquired produces on the heart the effect which their longing for at a distance led them to anticipate."

If success crowned our efforts immediately, wouldn't the future prove to be a lot emptier and less exciting than is good for us? It is the brave resolution to be better next time that lays the substratum of all real greatness and paves the way to real success.



# I WAS A TEEN-AGE "WIPE-OUT" LOOK AT WHAT IT COST ME.

Sometimes I wish I could be a child again. My childhood was a happy one. I was very close to my brother, just a year older than I; and we both got along well with our sister, three years younger than I. As small children we got into mischief often and were spanked and talked to by our parents.

They believed in "Spare the rod, spoil the child." We didn't mind the spankings, though; we knew they loved us.

There

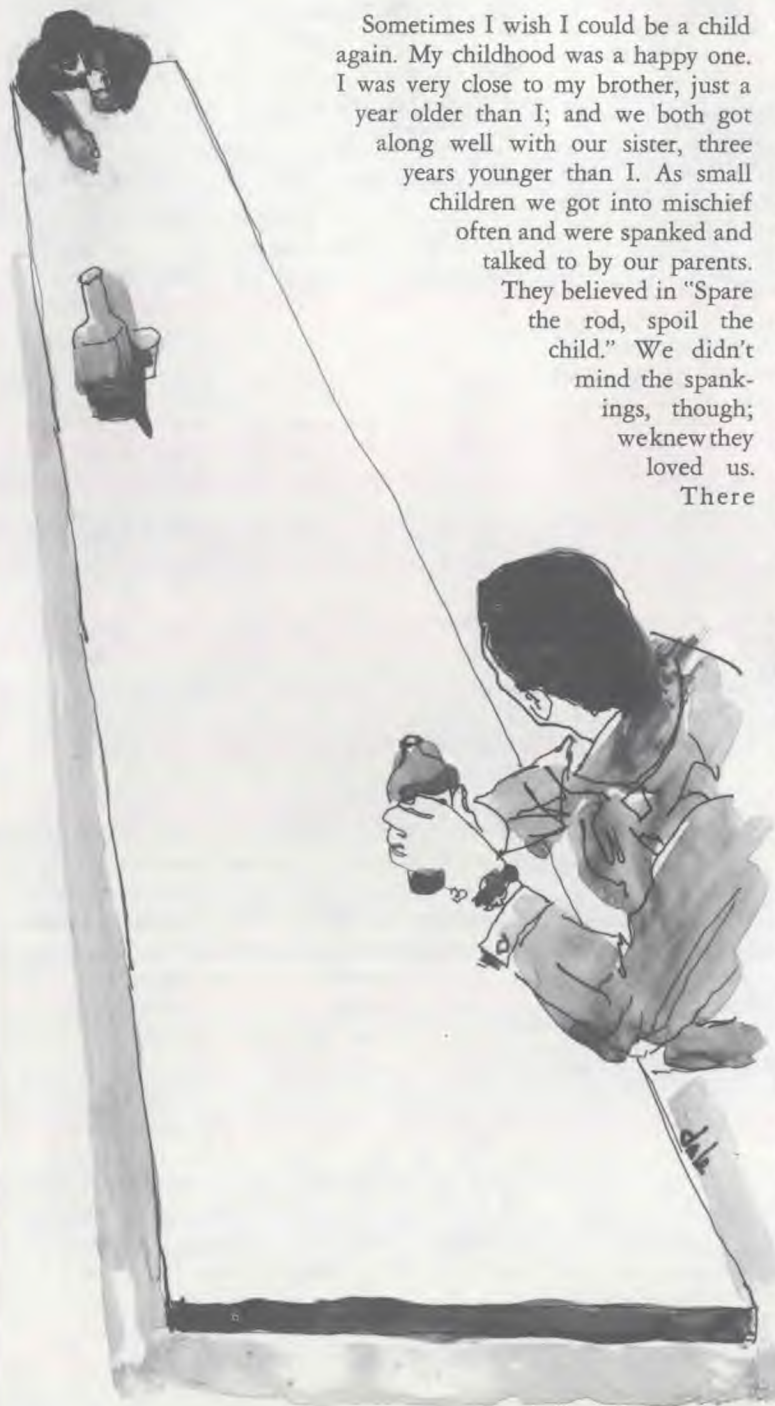
were good times camping and swimming.

It was when I was a teen-ager that the problems started. Suddenly I wasn't sure of myself. I'd always been a good student, popular with both the boys and girls. Now the boys and girls started pairing off, all but me. The girls I liked brushed me off, those who liked me I couldn't see. I wasn't ready to get serious, but I hated being turned down or stood up for the school proms. I pretended I didn't care, but it hurt. Sports helped for a while, but soon it became the same story again. After the games everyone had a girl waiting—everyone but me. I was lucky even to go out for a coke after the game. My parents felt school kids should get to bed early.

When my brother was sixteen, he was allowed to go out on Saturday night. I begged to go too. I thought my father and mother were both old-fashioned squares. I was bored by their tales about how different things were in their day and how much more freedom we had.

However, my father decided that I could go out if my brother was along to keep an eye on me. My brother resented having to baby-sit me and my being allowed out younger than he'd been; so he left me alone after we arrived at where we were going. I always felt like a stranger on the edge of the crowd. Then someone introduced me to liquor. It made me feel good. After a few drinks I could go up to girls and talk with them or ask them to dance. If one said No, there were plenty more.

By drinking I felt I became one of the boys. We enjoyed scheming and conniving to get liquor, as most of us were too young to buy it legally. There were always older boys obliging enough to get it for us. Barkeepers weren't too choosy as long as they made a buck.



**LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL!**



Our main topic of conversation was always how many glasses of beer or shots of whiskey we could hold. The more you could drink without being "wiped out," the more you were looked up to. It became a matter of pride with me to outdrink, outperform, outdo everyone in our crowd. Many times I passed out, and friends tossed me into a car or truck, out of the way, until it was time to go home. If I hadn't sobered up, they sent me through the Jiffy-Car Wash until I could navigate.

My folks didn't suspect a thing. They knew our friends and where we were going, but they were unaware how easy it was to get liquor. A few times I almost blew the whole thing by having dizzy spells at church. But I'd had spells like this as a youngster; so my folks didn't worry much about it. I was a junior in high school before they knew I was drinking.

One night I came home feeling on top of the world. Mother didn't catch on, except to remark, "I've never seen you looking so gay." I felt real clever. I slipped into bed and conked out. But I made a slip—I forgot to turn out the light. She tried to rouse me and asked why I'd left the light on. I mumbled, "'Cause I wanted to." She suspected something was wrong, but turned out the light and left. Later she heard me being sick. I was too woozy to be worried, but then everything broke loose. I'd never seen my mother so angry. She got me up and to the bathroom and kept me there until I was miserably aware of my surroundings. The jig was up.



Father got into the act by telling me it would be a month before I could go out again. I seethed inside, but pretended to be sorry and promised I'd quit drinking. What burned me up was that my brother drank and didn't get caught. Now I know it was because he didn't "overdo." My friends sympathized with me and thought my parents too strict. Their folks laughed at such episodes.

For a while I slowed down on drinking, as I wanted to please my parents. I must have made a good impression, for when I became a year older I got to go out two nights a week. Money became a problem then. My small allowance, plus other gifts of money, just didn't cover drinking expenses. Friends helped me get a part-time job. It was hard labor, the pay was low, the hours long, but I was able to afford my "fun."



## FAITH IN ACTION

helen sue isely

Your friend,  
Deep in trouble,  
May not like pretty words;  
He may need extra elbow grease.  
Try it.

I didn't know it yet, but liquor was beginning to tear me down. My thinking was slower, my resistance lower, and things that used to shock me no longer fazed me. Sports became a chore of endurance. My grades had always been above average, but now I began to lose interest in school. I got mad at the teachers, broke the rules, and got in trouble at school and at home. I ignored advice and chances to do better. I decided to quit school and join the Navy; but I was underage, and my parents refused to sign. My father laid it on the line. He said he hoped I'd finish high school, but if I was too foolhardy, I could get a job and get out on my own. That shook me. I wasn't ready to strike out on my own. Again I said I was sorry and promised to do better and leave drinking alone. I continued school.

Then I fell in love. I got brave enough to ask a girl to go steady. She refused. She gave me a song and dance about loving me, but that we were too young to get serious. I felt awful, and rejected. If she cared for me she wouldn't talk that way, would she? I hit the bottle again. This time it led me all the way to the city jail. While drunk, I was involved in vandalism and got caught. But I was lucky. My past record at school and my parents' good reputation got me a break. I had to pay for my share of the damages, but no charges were pressed. My brother and sister were disgusted, my parents shamed and heartbroken, but they stood by me, hoping I had learned a lesson.

I was shocked when I realized how close I'd come to a jail sentence, and I decided to do better. My girl continued to date me, and the world looked good. The night of the junior-and-senior prom I felt like the luckiest boy in the world, and my intentions were good; but "friends" had bottles, and naturally I didn't pass them up. I didn't get drunk, just high. I was the life of the party. Girls who'd never paid attention to me battled for my attentions.

The only one who didn't admire me was the girl I'd brought—the girl. She refused my invitation to go to a senior barbecue the next day. I felt sorry for myself. I'd show her. I got a bottle of vodka, and before reaching the camp where the party was, I drank most of the contents. My girl ignored me. Everyone had a good time—everyone but me. Depressed and a little drunk, I sat alone by a tree and cried.



But the worst was yet to come. Some of my so-called friends threw me into the river, and in my battle to keep afloat I lost my glasses. I'm very nearsighted—the world is a blur without glasses—so there was no way I could keep my parents from knowing. Again they helped me out. My father paid for new glasses so I could see to take my finals. I paid him back a few dollars at a time.

Graduation finally came. I finished ninth in a class in which I should have been first. But I didn't really care. I didn't even regret not getting the scholarship that would have paid all my college expenses for four years. I was through with school. Who needed it? The way I figured it, I'd join the Navy. By now my parents agreed to sign. Circumstances kept fouling me up. The Navy quota was cut down, and I couldn't leave as soon as I wanted to.

Meanwhile I had to work if I wanted money to spend. I'd gone through my graduation money in a jiffy and had nothing to fall back on. The only jobs I could get were menial. After a few weeks of backbreaking work it dawned on me that this was all that lay ahead of me if I didn't get more schooling. Still, I couldn't see going to college.

An ad in the paper caught my attention. It was about a data-processing school in our city. The high pay it promised after completion of the course lured me. I took the test and passed. My father loaned me the money, and now I'm paying it back. I hope this school will enable me to earn a decent wage, perhaps even further schooling, but I don't know yet.

My mother warns that some people can't stop after that first drink. Maybe I'm one of them. I hope not; but the best thing, I have found, is not to get started. Look at what it cost me. Believe me, "wipe-out" just isn't worth the price.



"Boy, you're a lousy teacher, Harold!"

## "DRUNK" ON THE AIR

In Washington, D.C., WWDC personality Fred Knight celebrated New Year's Eve early this year. On December 31, Knight began drinking screwdrivers at 8 a.m.—all in the interest of traffic safety.

At fifteen-minute intervals two Maryland State troopers administered reflex, depth perception, and breathalyzer tests. The results were recorded and explained to WWDC listeners so they could understand how Knight's faculties deteriorated with each ounce of alcohol.

To qualify the results and explain alcohol's effects, WWDC enlisted the help of Dr. Thomas Dundon, a noted expert in the physiology of body during alcohol consumption.

WWDC listeners called Knight and directed questions to the state troopers and Dr. Dundon. The discussion between the listeners and Dr. Dundon unmasked many fallacies about alcohol.

The response to the demonstration, directed by WWDC program director Pat Whitley, was overwhelming. Fred Knight commented—the morning after—"I hope my public drunkenness revealed the true dangers of driving an automobile while under the influence. . . . Maybe we saved a life."



LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL!



# I HAVE BEEN THERE —

In a teen-age column of the Washington "Star," a high school student writes of his personal experience, which shows graphically the unpredictable nature of pot and the fact that it can turn viciously and unexpectedly on its user.

I feel strongly compelled to relate the facts of my experience with marijuana. To start off, I'm a student at a suburban high school and live in an affluent neighborhood. By all standards I'm almost totally "straight."

Being a beer drinker, I've always been curious about "grass." Having heard so much about it and the plea to legalize it on the grounds of its being "a mild intoxicant," I got some and tried it out.

First time, nothing happened. Within an hour of smoking it the second time, I got vigorously stoned! Being stoned is being insane! I found out the hard way that there is no similarity between the effects of "grass" and beer.

On beer I've always been calm and even jovial, although with quite poor reflex actions. While stoned, I was in a panic, with suicidal thoughts. I was afraid I'd knife myself, jump out the window, or beat my head against the wall. My heart was beating a mile a minute, and I had incredible time and space distortions. I would have hour-long nightmares in the blink of my eyes, and I thought the room was hundreds of feet long.

While being in this terrified state, I couldn't call a doctor, because I was doing something illegal with heavy penalties. Fortunately, I had some straight-headed friends on hand, who put me in a blanket-covered bed and held me down for the next several hours. To me, it was like several hundred years. I never imagined that marijuana had such a violent effect. No wonder it's illegal.

My message is this: Never believe any favorable propaganda about pot, and don't "find out" like I did. I'm glad I'm still alive to write this letter to warn others.

BEEN THERE.

# YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

r. w. spaulding, 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.

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."

If you doubt the truth of premature aging as a result of smoking, I would suggest that you guess the age of ten smokers who have smoked daily one pack or more of cigarettes for ten years or more. Do the same for ten nonsmokers of about the same age. ■



# THE SHELL

sara van alstyne allen

I took a white shell in my hand,  
And there upon the summer sand  
I stood and listened to the sea;  
And this is what it said to me:

Remember swimming in the sea  
And cool spray flying in your face.  
Remember water valleys green  
When the summer days are done.  
Keep this shell and there will be,  
When you listen, wind and sea.  
Hold it close against your ear.  
Summer's hidden in this shell,  
Summer for you all the year.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL!



## AN INTERVIEW WITH ART LINKLETTER

harry cummins

# “LIFE CAN TURN YOU ON”



“LIFE itself can turn you on, why blow your mind with chemicals?”

This is the question posed by Art Linkletter, famed television personality and veteran of thirty-five years in show business, who is presently engaged in the “fight of his life” against the growing menace of drugs.

Since the death of twenty-year-old Diane Linkletter last year, her father has courageously assumed the responsibility of traveling across the nation speaking, writing, debating, and organizing in an attempt to curb an epidemic of “monstrous” proportions that is, in Linkletter’s words, “sweeping the country.”

“Right now, the most important thing in the world to me is saving the lives and health of our young people,” says the popular entertainer. He could have easily withheld proclamation of the fact that an overdose of LSD claimed his youngest daughter’s life, but he chose to make the truth known.

“Today’s youth face changes and tensions never experienced by any previous generation,” says Linkletter. “The rate of change in every facet of life causes confusion, doubts, despair, and even panic among the adolescents. Growing up always creates conflict in the minds and bodies of growing kids, and when we add to this the stresses and strains of the world today, it’s no wonder that many of them are seeking escape with chemicals. We must be understanding and sympathetic to these very real causes of conflict within our kids.”

Linkletter has always enjoyed warm friendships with the kids of America, and he says there is a reason—honesty!

“The key to understanding and communicating with young people is frankness,” explains Art. “When I don’t know something, I don’t pretend to know. When I am arguing with young people, I don’t try to assume expertise that I don’t have; and when I make a statement, I try to keep it from sounding like a final pronouncement.”

Linkletter continues to explain his mutual admiration society with kids by simply saying, “I listen to them.” And he goes on, “I think the success we enjoyed on ‘House Party’ was due in part to the fact that no matter how astonishing or absurd I may think kids’ opinions are, I listen and really try to empathize.”

Linkletter acknowledges that today’s drug problem has no easy solutions, but he indicates that better education would constitute a step in the right direction. “Beginning with the early grades and going on through high school, we must teach our young people in a believable, honest way that life, not drugs, can turn you on. Drugs of all kinds are symbols of dissatisfaction, rebellion, and boredom.”

“Children must learn that there are challenges in life that produce real happiness, that disappointments in life produce maturity and spiritual growth by the way in which we overcome them. Our young people must learn that drugs of all kinds are only temporary solutions which must finally leave the user less happy, less capable, and less alert than before.”

Linkletter, author of *Kids Say the Darndest Things* and *Confessions of a Happy Man*, expresses the belief that by the time a child is ten he should know that any chemical he puts into his body is potentially dangerous and should be



treated as such. "Russian roulette is perfectly safe until the chamber with the bullet is fired," remarks Art. "You may take LSD or barbiturates with apparent safety many times, until the moment when the drug takes over and destroys you. These are the lessons our schools should be teaching, unemotionally and unmorally in their content."

Art Linkletter's real name at birth was Gordon Arthur Kelly, but at the age of six months he was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Fulton John Linkletter. That event, according to Art, was the best thing that ever happened to him.

"My new mother and father were in complete agreement about their lives, and this unity of purpose gave me the security I needed as a child."

The Linkletters settled in San Diego, California, where Art spent much of his youth. His father was a cobbler and part-time itinerant preacher who secretly hoped young "Artie" would follow in his own steps. "Growing up as the son of a minister helped me learn early in life the importance of faith," contends Linkletter. "Our family has been a good Christian family which has tried to observe the basic rules for living as set down in the Bible."

In discussing today's role of the church among the younger generation, Linkletter remarks, "The church itself has become less tuned in on modern living; it has tended to turn off many young people with its ritualistic approach and inflexible interpretations of life. That is why so many 'underground' churches have sprung up, and why we see big changes in the church organization itself."

Linkletter learned early the lessons of honest work and humility from his father. "In repairing others' shoes," says Art, "my father felt he was performing humble work. He would also tell me, 'Artie, always do a good job—the best you can. When you grow up, be certain to choose a job you like—otherwise you won't do it well. I *like* to mend shoes.'"

It soon became apparent that Art Linkletter liked people and that his lifework must be closely involved with them if he were to achieve fulfillment. He first began to develop his

interest in the entertainment field while at San Diego State College. He got his first job with a local radio station as an announcer, and the initial reaction of his dad, who still nursed hopes of his son's becoming a minister, took Art by surprise.

"Now you'll be able to preach to thousands of people all at once, so just remember to give the Lord a plug once in a while," John Linkletter said enthusiastically.

In recalling his own problems and hang-ups as a youth, Linkletter notes the difference from what he observes in today's young America. "In my own youth, it was the time of the Big Depression; and the principal motivation of the youth was to get a job, make a living, and somehow ensure security. Today these factors have all changed. We are living in an affluent period where everyone (within reason) can get work; the Government promises social security and unemployment funds. There is even a revulsion among our youth against the hypocrisy of materialism."

Asked why so many young people are turning to drugs as a solution to the problems of our affluent society, Art retorts, "It is simply a way of turning off, dropping out, and tranquilizing life's problems. It is a result of peer pressure where it is the 'in' thing to do. Just as adults at cocktail parties insist on everyone having a drink, so kids pressure other kids into trying drugs.

"When it is stupid, and 'out' to try drugs, the kids will turn off. As Ringo Starr of the Beatles has recently said, 'Drugs are a bad scene.' That one statement will do more good than a dozen sermons from pious ministers."

Linkletter and his wife Lois were married Thanksgiving Day, 1935. They have four children: Jack, thirty-one, Dawn, thirty, Robert, twenty-five, and Sharon, twenty-three. Their marriage of thirty-five years, a rarity in Hollywood circles, probably is best summed up by Mrs. Linkletter when she says of her husband, "Art has never gone Hollywood!"

All the Linkletters share the concern of their father over  
*(Continued on page 14)*

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Uninhibited and frank, children are favorites for Art Linkletter in his "House Party," which has long been one of the most successful programs on the air.



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Popular TV master of ceremonies Art Linkletter meets Archie Moore, founder of ABC (Any Boy Can) boy-building program.







## *Dear Mom and Dad,*

Using the actual voices of Diane Linkletter and her father, recorded before Diane's death, Capitol Record Co. and Word, Inc. have produced a 45-single, featuring a simulated conversation based on letters written by Art Linkletter and his daughter. Music is by Martin Wark and Ralph Carmichael. Also, a long-playing record with this material is being produced by Word, Inc., of Waco, Texas.

**ART:** This morning a letter was returned stamped, "Moved, No Address." It was one I wrote you a couple weeks ago, and it is now in my desk with other letters, unopened and returned. I write again because I must.

**DIANE:** Dear Mom and Dad: I guess you're kind of worried about me. Well, don't be. I'm not going to tell you where I am, but since I ran away I've been to a lot of places. I've tried many times before to write this letter, but I couldn't put the words down.

**ART:** A father, they say, worries about a son, but for his daughter he has dreams. Well, my first dream for you was sixteen years ago on that day we brought you home from the hospital. We knew you were something special. Then years later, in a moment of anger, you cried, "But you don't understand," and I didn't.

**DIANE:** It's funny, but I can't remember what our big fight was about the night I left. All I know was that somebody was always putting me down. I was never free to be myself.

**ART:** Your generation asks to be left alone. They want it so, that each may find his own thing. But where is this thing for which you search?

**DIANE:** Since I've split, I know I've got to find things out for myself. Mom, every afternoon when I came home and locked the door to my room, you thought

I was doing homework. Well, I wasn't. But all you did was preach at me over and over. No one wanted to know how I felt. I'm living with some kids in a big old house, and we help each other.

**ART:** Come back, come back before you are trapped in a life that daily grows more aimless and unreal. If you return, we three can reach each other by talking and listening, and I mean the kind of listening that is also tuned to silence.

**DIANE:** Since being away I've met a lot of wierdos—pot smokers and speed freaks—but I've found out how to tell the beautiful people from the phonies. I might come home someday, but right now I've got to do what's right for me. Mom, don't cry; and Daddy, take care of yourself. No matter what, I'll always love you both.

**ART:** Mother has remained behind me as I write. A second ago she gently touched my shoulder as she moved away. She's now sitting in her chair with an open book in her lap, but I know she's not seeing the words. Her thoughts— Her thoughts are far away, somewhere with you. It's very quiet here. Too quiet. I walked into your room last night, and the walls seemed to be asking for the sound of your voice, as much as I'm aching for the feel of your embrace. So please come back to us. We love you. Call collect.



**"LIFE CAN TURN YOU ON"** (Continued from page 12) the alarming increase in drug traffic, but Art explains why statistics alone don't really frighten young people away. "Most young people have the eternal youthful feeling of immortality. Youth have always been noted for their 'indestructible' feeling. Kids simply don't believe it can happen to them. And, furthermore, they have heard so many untrue scare stories about drugs that they no longer believe anything the older generation says about them."

Linkletter feels that the best preventive is not statistics, but rather a factual and nonemotional approach to the subject. "Experimenting with marijuana will not guarantee a life of crime, perversion, and insanity. Trying LSD will not

immediately sentence a girl to a life of prostitution, but trying chemicals of any kind will tend to diminish the life force of anyone," says Art.

That generation of kids who grew up on Art Linkletter's "House Party" is now the focal point of turmoil, change, and the growing, life-destroying threat of drugs; but one thing remains the same: Art Linkletter is still listening and talking to these kids. At the same time he throws out this challenge to members of the older generation:

"How many of you, confronted by a child who is tempted to try drugs, would say: I will never take an alcoholic drink or smoke a cigarette again, if you will not try any drugs?"

## ... FOR PARENTS



Drawing from what he has gone through in his own tragic experience, Art Linkletter lists some practical suggestions for parents who are faced with drug experimentation by their children. These are adapted from the article he wrote for "Reader's Digest," February, 1970.

**1** Face up to the ugly truth. Sooner or later, in the current state of our society, your child is going to be offered marijuana, barbiturates, amphetamines, LSD, or other illegal drugs, under enticing circumstances, most likely by a member of his own peer group.

**2** From the very beginning, try to build a relationship with the child that will form a protective barrier between him and this kind of menace.

**3** Do more things together. Talk to them more—around the dinner table, when you're driving somewhere, whenever they seem receptive. Express interest in an aspect of the child's life, and then "listen."

**4** Look for the best in your children, praise them, trust them—but don't be complacent.

**5** If your child comes to you, and admits that he has been experimenting with drugs, don't overreact with horror or dismay. The panic reaction, the heavy-handed moralistic counterattack, will only breed antagonism.

**6** Even if the child won't go along, educate yourself. In any discussion about drugs, if the child knows more than the parent, he will score points and ask questions that seem unanswerable.

**7** Watch your children, not like a policeman or a jailer, but with a steady, loving, perceptive concern. If a child who has been an achiever in studies, in athletics, in any area, suddenly starts being a nonachiever, be concerned.

**8** Ask yourself if you are being too permissive. If so, tighten up on discipline.

**9** Is someone in your town doing something about drug abuse? Find out who he is, and what he's doing, and offer your help. If no one is doing anything, do something yourself.

**10** Do everything in your power to counteract indifference or apathy.



# A GIRL LIKE ME



DALE RUSCH

by hally prentis nelson

"WHERE are we going, Mommy? Will we see Daddy in the morning?"

Jimmy bounced and wriggled with excitement as I tucked him into the berth beside me. The novelty of an overnight trip on a train was almost too much for him.

"We'll see your daddy," I assured him.

How could I explain to a four-year-old that our journey had started three months ago? And that I still didn't know where it would end except that we were on the right track? I'll always remember the beginning of that journey.

Now that Jimmy is asleep, I can recall everything exactly as it happened—that eventful evening which changed a self-centered girl like me into a woman. This is how our fateful journey began:

Slowly I undressed, with a satisfaction in each leisurely movement. I fluffed up the pillow on my twin bed and arranged the blankets to my liking. It was weeks since I had slept in it.

I felt I had done right. Common sense dictated an end to the life which Jim and I had led this past year. Where was it getting us? Day after day I'd been slaving at an office to provide our bread and butter, and then doing the work of the apartment while he slept off the afternoon's drinks. Each evening as I closed my desk, I dreaded what I was going home to. The child was gone. Of course my sister was good to him. The piano was gone, the wedding-present mahogany was gone, sold when we had sneaked away from our pretty suburban ranch house to this dingy three-room apartment so that I might go back to the job I'd left before our marriage nearly six years ago.

Oh, sure, I'd bluffed it out. Jim was making a change, and I was merely helping out for a while. Everyone knew what sort of change was taking place. A promising business had dwindled to a pretense; clients were tired of broken appointments; the office was demoralized by a boss drunk half the time. I had tried even as I walked around the corner to avoid speaking to the tradespeople who cashed his overdrawn checks that I had made good. When I couldn't bear the contemptuous grins of the elevator operator, I had trudged up the exhausting stairs to our apartment. Everyone

meant to be kind, but they pitied me for being an easy fool.

Well, I wasn't easy anymore. Tonight I had come in to find Jim miraculously sober, but asking for a loan of twenty-five dollars. Twenty-five dollars—when he knew all about the bills I couldn't pay, the bills I sat fumbling over in our cramped living room on Sundays. On Sundays also I'd strung the lines of washed clothes through bath and kitchen, and wiped floors, and dusted with tired, trembling hands. How many Sundays had it been since we'd thought of church?

"Twenty-five dollars!"

Something had broken within me—all the pent-up fury of months, all the tears I hadn't shed, all the agony I hadn't voiced. All the old landmarks, all the hesitations were gone. I was free.

With my own hands I had jammed his suitcase full of ties, shirts, socks—those ties I'd pressed, those faded shirts I'd patched and laundered, those thin socks I'd darned during long evenings while he lay snoring in the bedroom. I had thrust the bag at him with a five-dollar bill and cried, "Get out of here for good."



When my rage had spent itself, Jim had looked at me, something of the old Jim in clear blue eyes, in the firm mouth that hadn't grimaced. He asked me gravely, "May I set the suitcase just within the entrance? I'll find myself a room and come for it shortly." I could lock the inside door, he said; and, if he found the suitcase still there and the inner door locked, he'd know I really wanted him to go away.

Well, the inside door was locked and the suitcase was outside. No more was I the easy fool people thought me. How calm I was. How peaceful to be slipping into my own bed instead of camping on the hard couch in the living room as I had been doing. The long nightmare was over. I could have my precious Jimmy back. He could now go to a lovely preschool nursery just a block away on workdays. At nights he'd be in the other twin bed. Without Jim's debts we'd have enough. Free at last. No more shame—no more worries. How quiet it was. Quiet at last. Never again—

I started up. What was that? Keys? Dropped on a tiled floor?

I unlocked the inner door, my guarantee of peace. There was the suitcase. Grimly I eyed it. Again that sound and a heavy thump against the door.

There was Jim on his knees, eyes twitching, mouth twisted into the savage grimace I knew too well. He was hatless. Blood trickled in a thin line down his temple, mud smeared his coat. I heard a snigger and the wheeze of the descending elevator.

Painfully I got him to his feet and pulled him down the hall. Desperately I tugged at muddy shoes and wet coat as he sprawled across the bed I'd been thinking of as Jimmy's. Gently I wiped the cut forehead and laid a wet compress over his bruised cheek.

Now I was shivering. I picked up the alarm clock and turned out the light. Softly I shut the door and began to prepare the couch in the front room. How my head throbbed. Then I remembered that suitcase sitting in the hall. Out came the laboriously ironed shirts I'd crammed in with such reckless hands. How could I have been so heedless? Well, here was the least rumpled of the lot, and a fresh pair of socks. I put a dollar with them. Probably there wasn't much of the five left, and he'd need change. What was that about forgoing seventy times seven?

There was a button off the shirt. My eyes smarted so. There was nothing new to cry about, but I'd have to sit right under the light if I were ever to thread the needle.



I was startled by the ringing of the doorbell. Probably that horrid elevator boy with something Jim had dropped; I fished for a dime in my purse. Nobody would be coming this time of night. I glanced at the clock. Just after nine. I could have believed it was dawn. At the door stood a man I detested—Johnny, the person who had almost spoiled our perfect wedding, Jim's best friend, his buddy (how I loathed that word) overseas. In a flash I remembered I had wanted Jim to choose my brother Richard, Richard who had brought him to the house and who had been responsible more than anyone else for our marriage. Not altogether though. "Not much in your line, Sis," he had said. "A word of caution, my dear. A fine young building contractor, but a rough diamond. Now don't get busy cutting and polishing."

Well, I had polished all right, maybe cut some too. From the moment I had gazed into those earnest deep-blue eyes I had known this was it. In six months we were married, and Dad had set him up in business. I soon saw to it that crude, rough construction men were *not* put at ease in our modish, attractive home.

But after all, the bridegroom does choose his best man, and now I had to let the creature in. I shuddered as I recalled how he'd shout "*Lay* down" at our dogs. He'd almost upset our fashionable wedding with his idiotic jokes about the "monkey" coats and striped trousers the groomsmen wore. I'd not seen him in more than a year and had hoped we'd never meet again.

"I've come, Mrs. Ferris" (I noticed with a start the *Mrs. Ferris*), "to ask why you hang on to Jim. Why don't you let him go? He isn't much use in your scheme of things, is he?"

I gasped. "Let him go? Don't you realize I've given up everything to do a wife's duty?"

We had reached the living room with the open couch and piled-up pillows. "Duty?" he queried with a glance which took in everything. The dime slipped out of my fingers and rolled on the carpet. He picked it up and laid it by my pocketbook. "Pretty small change, I'd think. Jim was our top sergeant overseas, and when a man his age without previous military experience makes top sergeant he has something."

"I've heard all that before," I sneered.

"Oh, you half-baked, managing woman! I'm fed up with females like you. You took a man who needed to be doing things and bought him an office chair. You made him a contact man when he wanted to be doing the job himself, the midwife of the construction business who brought forth babies he couldn't call his own. The silly pretensions you call duty have made him what he is."

"Johnny," I screamed, "get out this minute. He's in his own bed where he belongs. I've fixed him."

"You said it! You've fixed him—you self-satisfied simpleton with your martyr complex."

In a fury I jumped to my feet. I pointed to the door.

He leaned back in his chair. "I'm not leaving till I've had my say. Let's take this calmly, both of us. I met Jim today. I'd found him a job he can handle. Oh, yes, between drinks he has been looking for work. How do you think he likes this set-up? Any better than you? You've taken away the things that might have helped him. You've removed his son. You begrudged him every evening he spent at choir practice and disposed of the piano he paid installments on for two years. I haven't forgotten you couldn't have in your



# SAN BERNARDINO MOUNTAIN MUSE

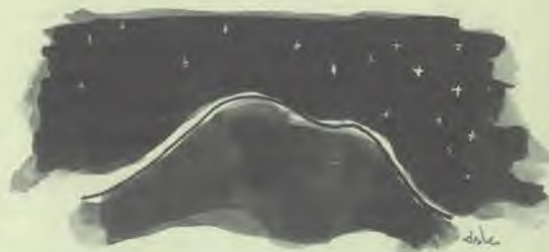
elaine v. worrel



She sits  
humped over as an old dowager queen  
... her crown of clouds worn high  
holding court from Mt. Baldy's wind-carved throne  
exhaling pine scent with her breathing  
... dignified and old.



She prays  
at dusk, dressing herself in twilight hues  
fuschia, gold, and rose, her crown bright gold  
molding cosmic tints to her monarch's form,  
as she gives homage.



She sleeps  
huddled beneath night's mantle of stars,  
her trees swishing softly,  
a blanket of lights clinging to her lap  
as valley cities outline themselves,  
... dreaming ancient dreams.

house the battered piano with a splendid tone that was his discovery. Instead you graciously let him go in debt for one in your precious 'bleached' mahogany that would 'blend' with your furnishings.

"When you finally got him out of the choir, how many times did you cut church for brunch at your country club? for afternoons spent with ice cubes clinking in highball glasses while you helped him make the right contacts? Some day of rest!"

I tried to stop Johnny, but he forced me to listen.

"Tonight that's all beside the point. He has agreed to go five hundred miles away to make a fresh start at a small job he can handle. I begged him to leave at once and let me do the explaining. I knew better than to trust you. He insisted he had to see you, to put it up to you, to tell you it was just until he could send for you and the kid. He knew you'd follow him."

By this time I had collapsed. I was sobbing. Johnny was pitiless. "You wouldn't listen, bursting with your own grievances.

"An hour ago I found him, you know how? I've come to beg you *not* to follow him, not to try to squeeze him into your pinched heart. Let him find his Saviour again. Let him live the way he needs to, free of you, free of your stuffed-shirt family, free to make the decisions a man has to make if he is to have any life of his own. You've a puffed up, oversized ego, but you aren't a big enough woman for a fellow like Jim. You're too stupid. Look what you've done to him in less than six years. At least give him a chance. Let him go."

I flung myself against the couch, burying my head against its side to shield my shriveled soul from the unendurable glare of such sudden enlightenment. I saw my puny self, wrapped in its own importance, unaware of the deepest needs of the man I had vowed to cherish. I had deprived him of his work, his friends, his church, his fatherhood. "I destroyed his self-respect," I admitted.

I drew myself up, faced my accuser, "You are his pal. I drove him to drink!"

"Come, come," he rejoined, "there is no time for dramatics." Then, more gently, he said, "I humbled myself to visit you tonight, unwelcome as I realized I'd be, to discuss practical matters. To me you've always seemed a silly, spoiled child. Maybe the real reason for the failure of your marriage is that you were just that. Tonight you show unmistakable signs of growing up."

My cheeks burned at the half-compliment. I responded, "Perhaps we can plan for a new tomorrow together. Will you talk with Jim in the morning?"

"I'll tell you just what I had meant to do. Get him spruced up at a barbershop; advance him money for a new suit; then hustle him on an evening train out of your clutches."

I managed a tremulous laugh. "Will you modify the procedure a bit to include me in your plans? Come around before I leave for the office, after I've had an opportunity to tell Jim that he goes with my consent and approval. I'll assure him that Jimmy and I will follow when he's ready for us."

There was actually a twinkle in Johnny's eye as he answered, "I will, on one condition: that you promise to accept your husband as your top sergeant, and that you make every effort with due speed to qualify as a private first class."

These past months my swollen ego has shrunken to what I pray is a practical size—the size to make possible a new life with Jim. With the help of God I'm reaching for a new set of values. Tonight Johnny put Jimmy and me on this train for the trip to join Jim.

"Good luck," he said, "big girl." I squeezed his hand.

"Yes, Jimmy, we are going to find Daddy in the morning."

Postscript: This happened twenty years ago. Jim has been dead almost two years, but we have had that priceless interlude together. There is a talented teen-age daughter, who intends to make music her major. How he loved her! How radiant he was when her teacher announced she was endowed with perfect pitch. Jimmy has finished college, with a splendid record and cherished memories of his father.



# STUDENT TO STUDENT

(Continued from page 6)

You've probably seen films on LSD, and heard of hallucination resulting from its use. This is true. One problem with LSD, as with any other mind-altering drug, is that its effect depends so much on the personality of the user. It's hard to say how a person will react to LSD, or what the drug will actually do to him. If two different people take two identical LSD capsules, one might experience little or no "high," and the other could conceivably end up in a mental hospital. It depends on the individual personality, on where the person is, on whom he's with, and on the dose of LSD he takes. It's hard to predict what LSD might do. We are concerned about the drug because a significant number of users do end up in mental hospitals.

One phenomenon that's been found unique to LSD is the flashback, a problem that occurs in a small but, again, significant number of cases. There seems to be no correlation between flashback and the number of times the drug is used. You may take it even once or twice, and at a later date, a week, a month, even up to six months or more later, you can have a recurrence of this LSD trip. You have the recurrence without taking more of the drug. We don't know how it happens or why it happens, but it does happen. That could be a problem to you if you wanted all your mental faculties together. It could be a *real* problem if you were driving a car or taking a test.

For bad LSD trips, doctors have been using a capsule called thiorazine, in very strong doses. The incidence of flashback is much greater among those who are brought down with thiorazine. For this reason doctors would rather not use it. But somebody who gets strung out on acid and ends up in a mental hospital *will* be put on thiorazine. He's put on it just to keep him out of a straitjacket. Now, if some of your parents are taking thiorazine, don't panic. In small doses the drug is used as a tranquilizer for those who are well. In large doses, from 500 even to 3,000 mg., it's used for mental patients.

Mescaline, another mind-altering drug, comes from the peyote plant. Its strength is somewhere between that of marijuana and LSD. Mescaline, like marijuana, LSD, psilocybin, DMT, and others, can produce psychological dependence. Mescaline does not produce physical dependence, and you don't build up a tolerance to mescaline.

## BLACK MARKET

**JOHN:** I would like to talk about the black market drugs. If you buy seconal capsules, or speed crystals, heroin, LSD, mescaline, whatever it is, you have to buy it from the black market. Occasionally you can get seconal or speed that was stolen. But most of what you buy was made by basement chemists. The fact is that these basement chemists just don't have the money, the equipment, the knowledge, or the quality control to ensure that what you're buying is an

accurate and a sterile dose. You really don't know what's in any of these things that you buy.

Black market drugs were analyzed in several studies recently. One whole batch of mescaline was analyzed. It was *supposed* to be pure mescaline. LSD, speed, strychnine, and a whole variety of other things were found in it.

This same thing happens when you buy THC, which is supposed to be synthetic marijuana in capsules or in tablets. The fact is that THC can't be kept in a stable form except under very great pressure, under nitrogen pressure, and at around seventeen degrees below zero centigrade. The conditions needed to keep THC stable are so severe that there is no way the seller could manage it. Synthetic THC does not exist on the black market. What you get when you buy it is usually mescaline or a mild form of LSD. You might even get speed.

We must consider the way the black market chemists make these things. They cannot ensure sterility at all, so when you buy from them and inject what you buy, you're injecting a very impure mixture into your veins. Your liver is the first to siphon out any type of poison material. This is why you get hepatitis from shooting these things. Hepatitis is a serious disease.

**AL:** It's seldom mentioned, but very few people who buy from the black market are likely to know what they're really getting. Most of the LSD today has strychnine in it. Strychnine is a strong stimulant. In very small amounts it has medical uses. In larger amounts it will kill. Strychnine is a poison; it is used as rat poison. Somebody dropping five acid caps to get high is getting five of these doses of strychnine. Even if they were correct doses, these five together could be fatal. ■

## EMANCIPATION

r. m. walsh

"You've come a long way, Baby!"

Say the advertising slogans today,  
Congratulating gals on their progress  
In the good old American way.

But why the bouquets and tributes?  
Why all the commendation?  
Are our sons being raised in a manner  
They're a credit to our nation?

Are our marriages more solid?  
Our devotion to family more true?  
Do we always do unto others  
As we would have others do?

Or could it be that these plaudits  
Upon our emancipation  
Are for attaining our "slim" cigarette?  
"Slim" grounds for congratulation!



## Drug Addiction Is Theological Problem

"Drug abuse is basically a theological problem," according to Dr. Ralph Mohney, a pastor in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

"It is my conviction that in dealing with this problem you cannot start with the physiological or the psychological or even the sociological approach," he says.

"Basically it is a theological problem. When you're dealing with the matter of drug abuse, you're reflecting your beliefs regarding the nature of God, His purpose in creation, the nature of man, and distinctions between right and wrong."

"God has given us life," he continues, "and placed His Spirit within us. We are to glorify God in our bodies, and the things which hurt and harm the body are immoral."

Many youthful drug users are looking for a trip, but they find it turns out to be a trap.

## Fewer Packs Smoked

Americans smoked fewer than 202 packs of cigarettes each in 1969, the lowest per capita puffing rate in more than a decade, reports the Agriculture Department.

Total U.S. consumption was estimated at 535 billion cigarettes in 1969. This would mean a per capita rate of about 4,034 cigarettes for persons 18 and older, compared with 4,186 (more than 209 packs) in 1968.

It would also be the lowest per capita rate since 1958, when Americans averaged 3,953 cigarettes each. The peak year was 1963, when the per capita rate was 4,345 cigarettes smoked prior to the impact of the Surgeon General's report on smoking and health.

"The cigarette price climb was no greater in 1969 than 1968," says the report, "but antismoking publicity intensified."

Officials add that further price increases and more "smoking-health publicity" along with slower economic growth could mean further reduction in 1970.

## Charlie Brown "Unsell" Drugs

Good old Charlie Brown and Joe Namath are in league—for a drug "unsell" program.

The Advertising Council, with the blessing of the White House, unveiled its new attack on drugs.

Charlie Brown, Lucy, Snoopy, and the Peanuts gang will be "putting down" drugs to the seven- to 12-year-old audience.

Football star Joe Namath will



"Troublesome side effects" have been found from marijuana, says Dr. Stanley F. Yolles, director, National Institute of Mental Health.

## New "Drugstore"

University of Florida students have come up with a program they hope will help students who want to kick the drug habit: a "corner drugstore" that dispenses friendship instead of pills.

The project is a center where young people with drug problems talk with other people who have kicked the habit, and where friendship and understanding are the ingredients of the drugstore's prescriptions.

## Women--Mouth Trouble

A 100 percent increase in mouth cancer among California women in the past ten years appears to be directly related to a rise in tobacco use by women, says Dr. Sol Silverman, Jr., a California Dental Association researcher.

"The rapid rise in mouth cancer among women, particularly in the floor of the mouth, can be attributed to nothing other than smoking," he says.

Cigarettes are most commonly associated with mouth cancer, Silverman states, but it also shows up in pipe and cigar smokers and persons who chew tobacco.

pitch to an older group to lay off drugs.

The aim of the campaign is prevention. It will give young people a line to use to put down those who are trying to get them on drugs. At the same time it's designed to give a pat on the back to those who resist.

The drug "unsell" campaign may use the theme: "Why do you think they call it dope?"

## Clean Bill of Health Is Not Given to Pot

New studies have turned up "troublesome side effects from marijuana—including impaired thinking and memory," according to Dr. Stanley F. Yolles, director of the National Institute of Mental Health.

As a result, says Dr. Yolles, it is "impossible to give marijuana a clean bill of health in any discus-

sion of the continued restriction of its use."

But he says he still agrees that marijuana is only a mild hallucinogen and cannot be compared, legally or medically, to hard drugs like heroin or morphine.

However, Dr. Yolles warns that recent studies show marijuana has some side effects. He says it interferes with the thinking process and with recent memory, it weakens concentration and "subtly" retards speech. It also can stimulate anxieties and guilt feelings and, contrary to reputation, tends to turn the user inward rather than make him more convivial.

"Its sometimes pleasurable effects can be counteracted by considerable discomfort, dizziness, or sluggishness," Yolles says. Heavy doses, he adds, can cause its active chemical constituents to produce "psychotic reactions."

## TV Helps Make Addicts

New York Mayor John V. Lindsay says that television is partly to blame for the youthful drug addict.

"He has been taught to relax minor tensions with a pill, to take off weight with a pill, to win status and sophistication with a cigarette, to wake up, slow down, to be happy with pills—that is, with drugs," Lindsay says.

"How can an institution compare with the force of television on the mind of a child?" he asks, questioning whether schools can handle the drug problems.

"In a sense, the schools of this city must be as effective, as powerful mind changers as the subtle, very real appeals heard daily and nightly through the medium of television," Lindsay says.

He said the city would attempt to put "effective drug education efforts" in every affected public school.

## Drinkers Grounded

The Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association has proposed a Federal regulation prohibiting any person from flying an airplane within eight hours after consuming alcoholic beverages or drugs which would impair his faculties.

Such a specific time limit, says the association president, would provide the FAA with "a regulation easier to enforce than the present requirement of not flying while under the influence of alcohol."

There is no Federal regulation currently as to the time lapse between the last drink and take-off for airplane crew members, but the FAA prohibits crews from operating under the influence of alcohol or drugs.

The association says that the great majority of pilots are sober and responsible, but the regulation is needed to deter "the small number of airmen who may not respond to the educational approach."

## 747's Limit Smoking

Pan American World Airways is providing separate seating for non-smokers in the economy section of its 362-passenger Boeing 747.

One of the three separate economy cabins will be designated as a nonsmoking area, Pan Am says. The new procedure, which begins immediately, calls for questioning passengers on their attitudes toward smoking when they arrive at the airport. Those who don't smoke and don't want to be exposed to tobacco fumes will be seated in the nonsmoking cabin.

The Federal Aviation Administration, in conjunction with the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, is conducting tests to measure the effect of smoking on airplane passengers.

## Inhale and Hearty

A man who hates physical exertion was advised by his doctor not to stop smoking. After all, hacking and coughing are the only exercise he gets!—Bill Copeland.

## In This NEWS

- ◆ Is the public concerned about drug use today? See page 20.
- ◆ New directions are set for antismoking programs. See page 21.
- ◆ Noise is a form of pollution. See page 22.



## Survey on American Drinking

# Who Drinks and Why Is Outlined by New Study

A new, definitive statistical study of alcohol drinking in the United States shows that almost half of American adults imbibe infrequently or not at all. The habitual drinkers still have the edge, however, and this includes women nowadays as well as men.

So states the book *American Drinking Practices*, just published by the Rutgers Center of Alcohol Studies. The authors are Dr. Don Cahalan and Dr. Ira H. Cisin, both sociology professors at George Washington University, Washington, D.C., and Helen M. Crossley, consultant to the social-research group at that university.

"Drinking is an extremely influential component of American culture," says Dr. Cisin. "Alcohol facilitates social relations, and that's apparently how it's used."

To find out who uses it, 2,746 persons were interviewed. All of them were 21 and over, the legal drinking age in most states. In the study "alcoholic beverages" meant all kinds—wine, beer, and whiskey.

Almost one third of the men and women surveyed are listed as "abstainers," that is, they drink less than once a year or not at all. "Infrequent drinkers," who drink at least once a year but less than once a month, account for an additional 15 percent.

That leaves the 53 percent majority who drink larger quantities and more often, with heavy drinkers the smallest percentage.

More men drink, and they also drink more than women do; but drinking among women is on the rise. A total of 77 percent of the men drink at least once a year, a fairly stable statistic over recent years. About 60 percent of the women drink at least once a year,

up from 45 percent a dozen years ago.

The survey categorizes drinkers according to ethnic, religious, age, occupational, socioeconomic, and other classes.

Those most likely to be drinkers are persons under the age of 50, suburbanites, college graduates, single men, those of higher social status, and professional, semiprofessional, sales, technical, and managerial personnel and officials. Farmers and laborers abstain more than others. And, while those of the lower socioeconomic status drink less than the middle and higher classes, they have a bigger proportion of the heavy drinkers.

There are also details on why adults say they drink. Some say they drink to relax, relieve tensions, or forget their worries, with 29 percent of all drinkers classified as such "escape" drinkers. But the most frequent reasons given for drinking are to celebrate special occasions and to be sociable. More than half the drinkers say they like the taste of alcohol.

Nevertheless, three fourths of the drinkers say they believe drinking does more harm than good, although they don't consider their own drinking to be a problem. On the other hand, possible bad effects on health are at the bottom of the list of reasons teetotalers give for not imbibing. Many of them, 31 percent, say they abstain on religious or moral grounds.

### The Other Voice

Mildred N. Hoyer

Beneath the blustering demands, the ceaseless noise, listen—how urgent is the plea for help!

## Public Is Fearful of Drugs

Large numbers of Americans report that persons close to them—"yourself, a close friend, or relative"—are using drugs they feel are dangerous.

A special Harris Survey on the usage of legal and illegal drugs shows substantial public concern over the personal effects of tranquilizers and sleeping pills as well as such drugs as marijuana, LSD, and heroin.

The survey also reveals that substantial numbers of Americans feel that drugs legally prescribed by doctors may be dangerous to the individual who takes them.

The most widely used drugs recorded in the survey were aspirin, used by at least 132 million, and cold tablets, used by at least 104 million people. However, no more than one in seven Americans feels these common drugs fall into the "dangerous" category.

Here are the questions asked in the Harris Survey:

"Do you know anyone who uses these drugs or not?" and "(For each 'Know Someone') Is that someone close to you (yourself, a close friend, or relative) or not?"

"Do you see any danger or not in the use of that drug?"

### Incidence and Danger of Specific Drugs

	Know Close Drug		
	Some- one	to Me	Danger- ous
Total Public (16 and over)	%	%	%
Aspirin	93	89	15
Cold tablets	75	70	14
Tranquilizers	50	37	41
Pain-killing drugs	41	32	43
Sleeping pills	38	28	50
Marijuana (pot)	22	10	69
Pep pills	20	11	73
LSD	10	3	89
Heroin	5	1	97

## NYC Drug Report—UP

New York City police report that narcotics arrests for 1969 showed a 56.8 percent increase over 1968 because of the "total involvement in narcotics law enforcement by all members of the force."

Arrests of children under 16 were up during the year by 50.3 percent. During 1969, narcotics arrests of youths between 16 and 20 were up 65.3 percent.

Despite the greater number of arrests, including the confiscation of large quantities of heroin and other drugs, the police say there has been no visible shortage—"no panic in the streets"—of drugs and no visible signs that the traffic in drugs has slowed.

A police narcotics officer says that police action is "at best, only part of the solution" to the drug problem. He has called for a massive educational program to make all citizens aware of the dangers of drugs.

## Pill Tax Suggested

Dr. James L. Goddard, former head of the Food and Drug Administration, has proposed that the Government tax drugs subject to abuse and use the proceeds to pay for treatment of addicts and for a huge education program.

A "penny a pill" tax on amphetamines (stimulants) and barbiturates (sedatives) alone would raise \$160 million a year to combat the drug abuse problem, Dr. Goddard says.

With a similar tax on tranquilizers and other drugs like codeine and cocaine, he states, the Government would have the funds to provide \$20 million needed for the care of drug-dependent persons, additional millions for drug control and research, and \$100 million for education on drug abuse.

He says that with a daily "barage" of commercials on television promising instant "chemical transformation" through drugs, it is time the Government demanded "equal time" to educate the young about drug abuse.



## Atomic Camera

This is a warning to all narcotics smugglers and drug pushers: The Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) has developed a portable atomic camera that, it says, "can detect hidden quantities of drugs or narcotics."

The camera uses the radioisotope californium 252 to generate the neutrons needed to take the "picture."

Scientists have tested it for months and insist it does what it's specified to do—for industry, the medical profession, and Narcotics Bureau and Customs agents.

This camera can be turned on a suitcase, and no matter where a smuggler may have hidden his illicit goods the camera will spot it—without damaging or opening the suitcase.

## Tongue Cancer

Tongue cancer associated with cigarette smoking has a higher mortality rate than oral cancer caused by smoking, says John M. Weir of the American Dental Association.

Weir notes that annual incidence rates for cancers of the oral cavity show cancer of the tongue to be more than twice as common as mouth floor cancer. In addition, deaths from tongue cancer are more than double the figure for mouth floor cancer.

He also states that "cancer patients who stop smoking still run a high risk of developing a second malignancy. And, patients who return to smoking after treatment run an even greater risk of developing a second oral cancer," he adds.



Synaptic knobs such as those which link together the nervous system have now been photographed with a scanning electron microscope. These knobs, scientists believe, pass nerve impulses from one cell to another in the neural communications networks necessary to life for most living creatures including man. Photo was taken at a magnification of 5,000 times.





"Well, I've finally got to face it. My vacation starts tomorrow!"

## Ban the Butt

### Join the Misocapnists!

With per capita cigarette consumption at the lowest point in a decade, the battle against cigarette smoking seems to be gaining momentum and taking off in a new direction.

Although the nationwide assault against smoking is based mainly upon its attendant health hazards, there also appears to be a growing effort among nonsmokers to saddle the habit with the stigma of social unacceptability.

Emil Corwin, of the National Clearinghouse for Smoking and Health, says this about the trend: "I think we're experiencing the same kind of revulsion against a popular habit which in another period caused spitting to be outlawed and spittoons to disappear from fashionable parlors and the halls of Congress."

Mr. Corwin's assessment may be premature, but there are unmistakable signs that a growing band of misocapnists—tobacco haters—is making itself felt, including the following:

Pan American World Airways has established the first no-smoking sections in the air in its huge 747 jets, and a petition has been filed with the Federal Aviation Administration to require such steps on all carriers.

Recent railroad surveys have shown that about 80 percent of commuters prefer to ride in no-smoking cars, against less than 60 percent a few years ago, and the railroads have reduced the number of smoking cars on each train accordingly.

A rising number of show business celebrities, including Debbie Reynolds, Doris Day, and Lawrence Welk, are refusing to do cigarette commercials or to be sponsored by tobacco companies. Others, including Richard Boone and MacDonald Carey, have contributed their services and influence to antismoking efforts.

Three professional hockey teams, the Montreal Canadiens, the Toronto Maple Leafs, and the Detroit Red Wings, have banned smoking by spectators during contests at their home rinks.

Women's page columns are advising a growing number of readers who complain about the smell of smoke on curtains and clothes to hide ash trays, invite guests to step outside to smoke, and the like.

Antismoking commercials are increasingly emphasizing the distastefulness of the cigarette habit, such as yellow teeth, smelly clothes, burned holes, and lack of consideration for others.

## Graffiti for Addicts

"There's no problem so big or complicated that it can't be run away from."

"What might happen to the world if for one generation we did not teach our children to hate?"

Those are some of the thoughts scrawled on walls over the years by drug-addicted women confined to the California Rehabilitation Center at Norco.

Humor seldom is recorded, and then it is grim:

"We have only one life to live, and this is no dress rehearsal."

About 300 women have lived at the center since it opened in 1963. All are gone now, transferred to a newer facility, and the graffiti are being covered with fresh paint. The women's quarters are being taken over in an expansion of all-male units nearby.

The women wrote on the walls in chalks, pencil, and watercolors. Some lettering was neat. Some was even artistic.

Other examples:

"The happiest day is that day in the past that you always run back to when the present proves unbearable."

"When you share a joy, it becomes two joys; when you share a grief, it becomes half a grief."

## Pep Pills Need Control

A bill imposing maximum quotas on the manufacturer of pep pills has been introduced into Congress by the House Select Committee on Crime.

One of the main purposes of the legislation is to curb the flow of pep pills to high school students and others who use them illegally.

Government experts say that eight to ten billion amphetamines—pep pills—are legitimately produced in the United States each year, but that only "several thousand" are needed for the two undisputed medical uses of the drug.

They say that half or more of the pills likely go to illegal users.

The most bizarre case cited at committee hearings involved shipment of more than a million pep pills by a legitimate Chicago company to an address that turned out to be the eleventh hole of the Tijuana, Mexico, country club.

Federal agents said the shipment was to be intercepted at the border and diverted into the black market in California for sale at 25 cents per pill.

Although amphetamines are sold as stay-awake pills, weight-control aids, and antidepressants, the American Medical Association lists only two undisputed medical uses for them: treatment for narcolepsy, a rare sleeping sickness, and for hyperkinetic behavior in children.

The Tobacco Institute has hired Fred Panzer, a former LBJ aide, who tried to use his White House position to soften the Government's press releases against smoking. Panzer insists, however, that there is no connection between his attempt to soft-pedal the press releases and his job offer from the cigarette lobby. (Washington Post)

## WHAT WHERE WHY WHO WHO HOW WHEN WHAT

◆ One out of 15 persons drinking at a party will become an alcoholic, according to the National Council on Alcoholism. The Council says that the United States now has the highest incidence of alcoholism in the world, having taken that dubious distinction away from France. (AP)

◆ Workers at the Agricultural Research Service near Washington, D.C., have found that the best way to kill slugs is to ply them with stale beer. Slugs are snails without shells, sometimes called land mollusks, and for centuries kids have been dumping salt on them to make them melt. But Agriculture says liquor is quicker and probably more humane. Informal autopsies showed that the beer-soaked slugs die of drowning. (Washington Post)

◆ Three of the nation's largest airlines—American, Trans World, and United—asked the Civil Aeronautics Board to approve a two-drink limit for passengers on domestic flights. But an additional drink could be served to a passenger if his plane was expected to be delayed on the ground for at least 45 minutes. Federal Aviation Administration regulations say only that an airline may not let an obviously intoxicated person aboard. (UPI)

◆ Consumer advocate Ralph Nader has asked the Interstate Commerce Commission to forbid smoking aboard all buses operating across state lines. Nader, who describes himself in the petition as "an adult male who frequently travels by interstate bus and who does not smoke," urged the Commission not only to change its rules, but to amend the operating certificates of all bus companies to include the prohibition on smoking. (Evening Star)

◆ A baby boy, born to two heroin users, hovered near death while doctors sought to satisfy the craving for narcotics with which he entered life. Physicians administered decreasing doses of opium and opium substitute until the baby had finally lost its need for drugs. (AP)

◆ The Wisconsin State Senate has approved a bill which would lower the penalty for possession of marijuana and declare it a dangerous drug and not a narcotic. Present law makes possession of marijuana a felony subject to a year in jail.

◆ A United Nations commission has approved a draft treaty to place hallucinogenic drugs under strict international controls. The drugs, called the psychotropic group because they affect the central nervous system, include the hallucinogens such as LSD; the amphetamines, or pep pills; barbiturates; and tranquilizers. (New York Times)



Doris Day



Lawrence Welk



# ARE YOU PUZZLED?

## Apollo Missions

Mary E. Burdick

Hidden in the letters below are 56 words and names used in newspaper reports of Apollo missions. To find them, read the letters forward, backward, up, down, or maybe diagonally. When you find a word, draw a line around it and check it off the list. A happy "moon mission" to you!

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

Below are the 56 words and names you should find:

- |                 |                 |                |                |
|-----------------|-----------------|----------------|----------------|
| Alan Bean       | force           | oxygen         | Space Center   |
| ALSEP           | Hawaii          | picture        | spectrometer   |
| aluminum        | Houston         | pilot          | splashdown     |
| Apollo          | laboratory      | problem        | station        |
| astronaut       | lander          | promoted       | Surveyor       |
| Charles Conrad  | lunar           | radio          | target         |
| charts          | mission         | recorder       | television     |
| crater          | module          | recovery       | Theophilus     |
| decontamination | moon            | rest           | transmission   |
| deployment      | Nixon           | Richard Gordon | universe       |
| down            | objective       | rocks          | USS Hornet     |
| dust            | Ocean of Storms | samples        | void           |
| earthling       | operation       | sand           | Yankee Clipper |
| environment     | orbit           | solar          | zeroed         |

## New Idea for Tobacco Premiums

For a long time smokers of certain brands have been saving premium coupons, which they turn in every few years for such wonderful things as transistor radios, barbecue grills, and cigarette lighters.

A student at the Harvard School of Public Health has come up with a new idea for tobacco coupons. Here is his idea, as published in the Letters Department of the "New England Journal of Medicine":

"As the Congress girds itself for the upcoming battle over what label should go on a cigarette package and the threats of a filibuster fill the air, I'd like to propose a compromise solution that should make everyone happy.

"All cigarette packages would be printed with a detachable coupon. Congress would impose an additional tax that would give the coupon a value of, say, 10 cents. (Actuarial details can be worked out later.)

"The coupon would simply state that the holder could turn this in at any hospital in lieu of payment to care for any of the following: carcinoma of the lung, resection or terminal care; most recent myocardial infarction; pulmonary emphysema, chronic bronchitis, and respiratory failure; carcinoma of the mouth, tongue, larynx, esophagus, or bladder; amputation of either lower extremity; or other ailments as they are identified.

"The advantages of adopting such a proposal are many. First of all, it avoids the terror campaign that really confirms the smoker in his practice by letting him openly thwart all those repressive father figures in his psyche (doctors and the Government). And it gives him something for nothing (well, al-

most nothing), and that is always popular with politicians, even those from tobacco-raising states.

"Second, the Congressmen will think that they've acted not only decisively but morally.

"Third, the tobacco industry is nowhere indicted or insulted, and those threats of skull and crossbones have been replaced by an innocuous coupon.

"Fourth, the poor epidemiologist trying to compute dose-effect responses can now just count coupons.

"Fifth, the socially minded among us will applaud the Government for moving in the direction of greater organization for delivery of medical care to all citizens.

"And lastly, the AMA will be ecstatic because medical care is being provided on a 'pay-as-you-go' basis, with the traditional 'fee for service.'"—Joseph L. Lyon, M.D.

## Baltimore Addicts Cost \$47 Per Day

Robberies, muggings, burglaries, shoplifting, and other crimes committed by Baltimore addicts cost the city \$100 million to \$500 million per year, reports Dr. Leon Wurmser, director of the Johns Hopkins Drug Abuse Center in Baltimore, Maryland.

Baltimore has a population of about one million, and about 12,000 are drug addicts, Dr. Wurmser says.

The study showed that an average drug addict's habit cost him \$47 a day, with the amount varying from one addict who had to spend \$250 a day for drugs to a part-time addict who needed only \$10 twice a week.

Because the addicts had to sell stolen goods at prices varying from one third to one half their true value, an addict with an average \$47 per day habit had to steal goods valued at about \$42,000 annually to support his habit, Dr. Wurmser says.

## Smoking Harms Larynx

Cancer researchers say they have laboratory evidence that proves for the first time that cigarette smoking causes cell damage in the larynx, or voice box.

The larynx study was carried out by researchers from the Veterans Administration hospital in East Orange, N.J., and the American Cancer Society.

Dr. Oscar Auerbach, senior medical investigator at the hospital and pathologist at New York Medical College, listed these findings:

- ◆ All of the 519 men in the study who smoked at least one pack of cigarettes a day had cell damage in some part of the larynx.
- ◆ Among those who smoked two or more packs a day, 85 percent had more advanced cell damage.
- ◆ Only 4 percent of the men who never smoked had any cell damage.
- ◆ The cell changes increased in proportion to the number of cigarettes smoked per day.
- ◆ Men who had quit smoking for at least five years had fewer cell changes than those who smoked up until death.
- ◆ Damaged cells in former cigarette smokers appeared to be "disintegrating" or dying, and being replaced by new cells.



Technicians at Cape Kennedy watch as the giant Saturn 5 moved to its launch pad. The huge missile launched Apollo 13 astronauts James Lovell, John L. Swigert, Jr., and Fred W. Haise, Jr., moonward.

## Noise Is Pollution Problem

"Noise is a stress, an environmental pollutant, an insult," says Dr. Chauncey Leake of the University of California Medical Center at San Francisco. "It affects the nervous, endocrine, and reproductive systems. It may damage unborn children."

According to Dr. Bruce Welch of the Friends of Psychiatric Research in Baltimore, "The physiological effects of sound are measurable at as low as 70 decibels. They are all-pervasive, most threatening to the young, and yet difficult to spell out in man because problems arise from long-term, chronic exposure."

Says Dr. Samuel Rosen, "Any loud noise, whether we like it or not, constricts blood vessels. Eventually, this could cause permanent damage." In addition to constricted vessels, says Dr. Rosen, a consulting physician at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary and the Mount

Sinai School of Medicine, there are other reactions to noise: The skin pales, pupils dilate, eyes close, and the voluntary and involuntary muscles tense. Gastric secretions diminish, and adrenalin is suddenly injected into the bloodstream.

Constriction occurs irrespective of whether an individual likes or dislikes a given noise. And it occurs regardless of whether a person has been exposed to that sound in the past. However, the severity of response appears to be clearly related in some degree to prior exposure and to an individual's general state of health and life style.

"If there is already present disease like atherosclerosis or coronary heart disease, continued noise exposure could endanger health and aggravate the pathology by adding insult to injury," Dr. Rosen suggests.



There was fog and a little rain that morning. Nonetheless, many mourners were present. The funeral was done; the body had been laid to rest. Here and there little groups had gathered, chattering.

David Baxter gathered his long black coat around him and looked upward. The cloudy gray sky formed an igloo around the horizon. He closed his eyes so tightly that he could see little sparks dancing in front of him.

It was over now. Over and done. The chain of events had begun some twenty years ago when two young lovers had pledged their love under a haloed moon. Under another moon a child had been born to the woman. Now under still another moon that child had died and now lay buried.

He would not forget that scene of death. The body of his son Michael lying on the bed, limp and gray—a near-empty bottle of bootleg pills on the dresser. Nor would he forget the grave now closed.

It was raining harder now. Pulling his coat tightly together, David moved through the rain and through the crowd toward his car. Hands reached out for his; people spoke and touched his shoulder; but he ignored them all.

He found his car and made his way back onto the highway. The rain was coming down so heavily that the road was barely visible. He could hear the droplets beating on the top in an almost hypnotic no-pattern. His thoughts formed a similar no-pattern as little scenes from the past darted erratically through his consciousness.

More than nineteen years ago he had fled from this same cemetery. That time too he had left part of his soul buried deep in the ground. A woman then; his wife of little less than a year. Sharon.

But in dying, she had left him something else—a child, Michael. Today, that child, that man-child, that child-man, slept in a different womb.

It would be polite and decent to return home now to thank the friends and relatives who would be there to comfort him. But he would not return—not now, not yet. He knew he would not be able to bear so many voices telling him they understood. How could they understand?

He drove a long while, only vaguely aware of the storm going on around him. Strange, he thought, how his mind was wandering. Reality, with its frightening finality, would at first become crystal clear. Then it would fade back, seeming only a harmless nightmare which would surely be obliterated when he woke. Again and again, he awakened from that nightmare; then, as reality came looming back, he awakened to it.

First Michael would be there beside him; Michael at five, at ten, at nineteen. He, the wise father, would be talking with him—praising, scolding, advising, correcting, admiring, loving him. And Michael would be gone. Sharon would be there next. Sharon at nineteen; Sharon pregnant. He would talk with her about many things, about the family they would have.

Sharon, who died during childbirth.

Then there would be both Sharon and Michael beside him. Michael, the son, at nineteen, and Sharon, the loving mother, at nineteen.

And reality, returning.

Why? Why had he done it, why the bootleg dope? Why obvious suicide for a boy who enjoyed life so? Michael, so intelligent, so popular, with so many friends, always living life to the fullest.

When he returned home, it was well past midnight. The comforters had all gone back to their own homes, to their own wives and sons. He turned the key in the lock and entered the large empty house. It had been a home once. Now, a large empty house; nothing more.

He moved across the floor on tiptoe, reached the big upholstered chair, and half collapsed in it. He sat there a long while, not moving though sometimes twitching, his heart pounding, his breathing deep and jerky.

Then, in one motion he leaped to his feet and screamed:

"Sharon! Michael!"

No one heard him.



## THE ULTIMATE TRIP

t. casey brennan

He pulled himself together and went up the stairway leading to Michael's room. He opened the drawer to Michael's private desk and began to examine the treasures inside.

Graduation pictures, class yearbooks, letters from friends, several copies of a radical, teen-oriented underground newspaper, four framed pictures of old girl friends, a button proclaiming "Teen Power," a few scattered high school essays in which he had taken pride—and something else. Another essay, though obviously not written for school because of the sloppy appearance. It was handwritten and somewhat crumpled.

It was entitled, "The Ultimate Trip."

As he read, the papers trembled in his fingers:

"From the first time I experimented with drugs, I knew it could logically lead to only one thing—Death. That is the ultimate trip, though many of us try to hide this truth, even from ourselves. But as for me, I welcome that ultimate trip, and I feel somehow I will be taking it soon!"

The man held the papers in his hands perhaps for a few moments, perhaps for several hours. Then, holding them carefully over a large ashtray, he burned them and crumbled the ashes.

He went to the kitchen sink, washed his hands, fumbled in his pockets for his keys, then went out the door.

He locked the door carefully, tried it to be sure, and walked out into the street. A long time ago he thought (or was it this morning?) he had longed to tell them all what this drug taking would lead to. But now it seemed they already knew.

There was a lump in his throat which wouldn't go away. And somehow he knew it never would.



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