

LISTEN

A Journal of Better Living



Vonda Kay Van Dyke

Prepare for the Landing



For some time we had been flying blind. The clouds were thick and heavy, almost obscuring our own wingtips. Our flight from Denver was heading west.

Suddenly we broke out into the open. The snow-covered landscape below looked cold and still; ahead loomed the jagged peaks and sharp escarpment of the Sierra Nevada.

The public address system on our Convair 880 crackled as a cheery voice came over clear and strong, "We are having to reduce our ground speed in order to get into

line for our landing at San Francisco."

We were still ten miles from the California border, but that distance would need only about one minute's flying time.

Immediately the high whine of the jets began to lower perceptibly, and we knew our nearly 600 miles per hour was being cut back. And it wasn't long until we started sliding from our 35,000 feet elevation down over the western slope of the Sierra.

The towns and fields of the Central Valley glided by underneath, and with Mount Hamilton ahead of us we banked north, then west again over the San Leandro Hills and Oakland, across the Bay into a smooth landing under the threatening fog clouds which are so characteristic of the San Francisco area in late afternoons.

That landing, though apparently routine, was not done on the spur of the moment. It was planned even before our flight was begun, and the plan was put into effect while our plane was still hundreds of miles from the airport.

We got into our assigned sky traffic lane, followed carefully the designated approach pattern, and carried out instructions emanating from the control center. We were preparing for our landing.

Many people "fly high" today. It may not be at 35,000 feet; it may be at sea level or any other altitude. They say they are seeking a "high."

There are different kinds of "highs." This person can feel one after smoking pot, that person claims to find one with alcohol. Still another says he gets it with heroin. There are many ways of securing drug "highs." Such persons, however, are flying high without preparing for the landing. They even talk about, and anticipate, the "crash." But this is hardly a safe way to land.

On the other hand, there are "highs" which can be secured through healthy and normal ways. These mean getting a real thrill out of life, living it to the fullest, but through it all preparing for the landing.

Vonda Kay Van Dyke, "Listen's" cover personality this month, is a pilot herself. She says she gets a real "high" going up in her plane. She well knows what it means to prepare for the landing, not only in her plane, but also in the experiences of everyday life. This is her "new kind of high," as she puts it, "a kind which brings me in for a landing without regrets."

Francis A. Soper

LISTEN

Journal of Better Living

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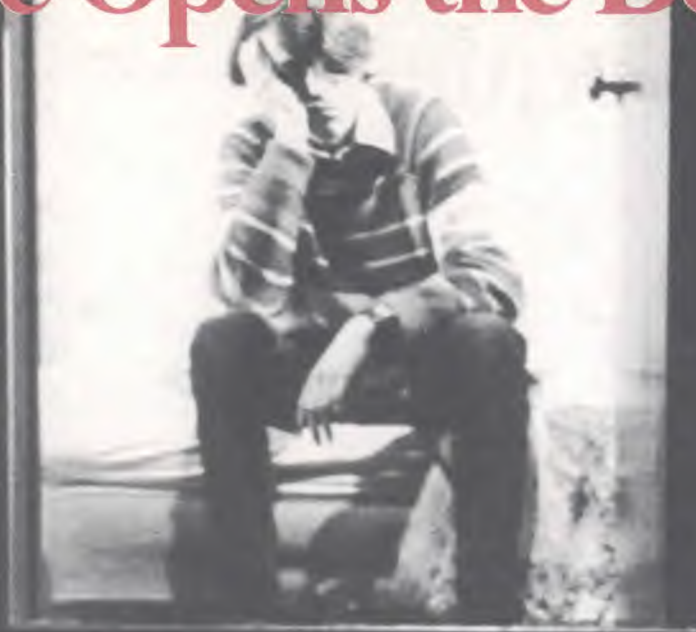
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Love Opens the Door



Don't ask yourself, "What have I done wrong?" rather, "What can I do now?"

Lavonne Zublin

Horns blared behind me as I slowed traffic to peer into the faces of three long-haired hitchhikers. The boys, looking gaunt and cold, stared back. The weirdly dressed three made no move toward my slow-moving car. They seemed to know I would not stop.

Did they often suffer the searching scrutiny of mothers? Having determined that my son was not one of them, I accelerated and drove on. I was relieved that Mark was not among them, yet at the same time I was sad. I would continue to wonder where he was. On what lonely corner was he waiting?

It was not as if I never saw my hippie son. Without warning he would appear, only to disappear again, leaving in the wake of his visit an anxious mother to ponder, What makes one boy turn away from everything his family stands for, especially when his brothers and sister eagerly contribute to a society which needs their stability? Of all the children, why did Mark choose the route of the hippies?

I asked myself over and over, What did I do wrong? It has taken a long time to resolve that question. Through necessity Mark had more attention and careful guidance than his brothers and sister. He was born with multiple birth defects. I was told it was unlikely he would sit or walk before the age of five, if at all.

When he was one month old, he was allowed to come home from the hospital. I remember how I held him close during the ride home. His piercing little eyes

stared at me from his cocoon of blue blankets. Our eyes locked in communication, and we silently agreed that no negative diagnosis would keep him down, and it didn't!

Mark sat at ten months and walked at fourteen months. He did not walk as other children, nor hold objects as other children, but he compensated. He was always learning, always cheerfully achieving new skills. There were no more spills, bumps, or tears than with any child; for although his way was not normal for me, it was for him. Was this applicable to his life now?

After seven major operations, when he was six years old, Mark began to attend school regularly. He achieved academic awards throughout his grammar-school career. His character and attitude shone like a bright star. I wondered now, When did that star begin its descent?

In high school, Mark's English teacher said of him, "Once in five hundred students do I hope to find a student like Mark." He did well in school. He was on the debate team. He played his guitar, sang in the choir, and won talent contests. All went well until he became a senior. That year, dating reached a frenzied peak as graduation neared, and he was left out. Did the seed of rejection begin to sprout as Mark became a young man?

Mark entered college, but he quit a semester short of finishing his sophomore year. Because of his need to be accepted, he let his hair grow. As Mark began to "look" hippie, a social life began to de-

velop for him. Golden curls which were his pride were my shame. Mark began to roam. "Belonging" meant more than anything else. Long hair was an admission ticket to crash anywhere, and he did.

I tracked him down once and found him existing in a little shack in an alley. Blankets hung at the windows. As I approached the converted garage with its front door propped open, I strained to see into the dark room. Identifying myself to a form that became distinguishable as a long-haired boy, I was directed to the kitchen. My steps were careful as I circled polite but wild-haired girls and boys cheerfully playing cards on the floor. I avoided stepping on guitars, pillows, clothes, and full ashtrays as I made my way to Mark.

In the kitchen my son stood at the sink eating a burned, shriveled TV dinner. I was heartsick, remembering the well-balanced meal I had prepared earlier at home for his brothers and sister. The only unoccupied place to sit was on a naked, soiled mattress on the floor in a small room adjacent to the kitchen. It was there that we visited.

The small room contained no dresser, and clothes were piled high in cartons. Two of Mark's suits hung alien and dusty in the strangely posterized room. I looked at Mark's frail form and felt ill. I listened, empty of understanding, as he said he was going to "make it" with his music and no one could "put him down" because he was writing about life and he was experiencing it! He spoke of a song

"Several Swigs" -A Sequel

"Forward march," the young sergeant commanded, and seventy-eight Marine recruits waded into the swamp on the outskirts of the large boot camp. It was an unusually dark night, and after an hour's hiking the sergeant led his troops into a tide-swollen creek.

Of the seventy-eight, all got out alive except six, all under twenty-one years of age.

After this tragedy, fourteen years ago, the nation focused its attention on the junior drill master, and later on the training methods of the Marine Corps. A convincing lawyer tried to place blame for the deaths on the tough machinery of Marine discipline.

But was that really the truth? The sergeant, who had an untarnished record of eleven years' service until that time, admitted he had taken "several swigs" of vodka during the afternoon before the march. Tests taken afterward judged him not "clinically intoxicated." But he was

found guilty of negligent homicide and of drinking while on duty, and was sentenced to three months of hard labor and reduced in rank to that of private.

The story does not end here. The demoted man remained in the Marines until he was honorably discharged for medical reasons in 1959. Though he is alive today, he is still in jail—a jail of his own making. He says he deserved what he got, but the price is small compared with what his conscience still demands of him.

According to a recent news magazine, he says, "The only thing I felt and still feel is losing those six boys. . . . I just keep thinking that those guys would be grown men now, with families of their own. You can never forget that."

The six young men who lost their lives that night did not drown merely in a swollen creek. They drowned because of a few swigs of vodka.

Alma L. Campbell



Searchers continue on the lookout the next day for a sixth Marine missing after a forced night march.

Sgt. Matthew C. McKeon would not respond in court to the charges against him of drinking on duty and in the presence of recruits.



LOVE OPENS THE DOOR

he had written by using drugs to release *self-expression*, as he termed it. Poor Bach, I thought, had to rely on talent alone. When I left, I implored Mark, as I always did, to figure out why he was living the way he was. By now I knew I didn't need the answer, but he did.

Driving home, I reflected upon the scene I had just come from. Overlooking the obvious lack of money, I knew that the kids who sat cross-legged in that shack, with curtains of hair hiding their faces, did not express the freedom they professed to have. One hippie girl told me that most of her friends had come from broken homes or from parents who had disowned them. Whether this is fact or not, whether the parent is rejecting the child or the child is rejecting himself, I asked myself if this rejection was at the root of our child's reason for turning from society.

Was rejection the total of Mark's problem? Had the time simply come when the acceptance and approval of nurses, doctors, brothers, sister, and parents wasn't enough? According to Mark the hippie girls looked beyond the material manifestation and recognized his "inner" qualities. For Mark it seemed it was social rejection. For others, it was hypocrisy, the hypocrisy of our times that says, Let our neighbor's daughter or son bring home a partner of another race, creed, or color.

Now, some five years since Mark graduated from high school, he is beginning to seek an answer for himself. It is a process called maturing. He and his friends have learned that you cannot reject life, but must live it and change it, if need be. His hair is getting shorter. The pads he crashes are cleaner. He and his friends are now anti-drugs. "I don't need it," Mark says. He is considering going back to school. He would like to teach English. The nightmare is nearly over. At twenty-one Mark is finally growing up. He is entering the mainstream of life and will contribute where he can.

Our door was never closed to him because he had become an embarrassment. There is nothing wrong at being embarrassed unless you allow it to shut the door! No one communicates through closed doors!

Once I wrote a friend, "I am going through hell!" She wrote back, "Don't stop!" I didn't.

When your hippie child knocks, however seldom, open the door. Your child will grow out of the hippie stage too if he has the stability of a family behind him. It doesn't have to be a physical presence. Wherever your son or daughter is, he must know, at a moment when he is "really down," that somewhere someone cares.

Don't ask yourself, "What have I done wrong?" rather, "What can I do now?" Then have the patience and love to do it!

Today's Unchecked Killer

Results of our outmoded drinking-driver laws are tragic, but not accidental.

The next time your children make a game of counting oncoming cars during a long trip, take their total and divide by fifty. According to the United States Department of Transportation the number you come up with will tell you how many drivers approaching you were drunk—not just drinking, but *drunk*. And each one of those drivers is twenty-five times more likely to have a collision—a collision that could involve you—than if he were sober.

Drinking by drivers has taken many more American lives since 1965 than the Vietnam war. In fact, drinking contributes to about half of all traffic fatalities, or more than 25,000 deaths last year alone. Recent studies in California and Sweden reveal that most drinking drivers involved in fatal collisions are problem drinkers whose records show previous traffic violations.

America's drinking-driver laws are among the most permissive in the world, and there is evidence that more sensible legislation could reduce traffic fatalities significantly.

In 1967 a British law went into effect which allowed police to give on-the-spot breath tests to drivers they suspected of driving under the influence of alcohol. During the following year, traffic deaths dropped 15 percent.

Oddly enough, this improvement was not brought about by a greater number of arrests and convictions for drunken driving. Instead, wide publicity about the new law apparently had a deterrent effect. As an official of the British Automobile Association put it, "The [Road Safety] Act seems to have a psychological effect on many people. People aren't drinking as much as they did before."

New tire standards and improvements in highway markers were also given some credit for contributing to the improved safety record. But casualty rates dropped most sharply during "drinking hours"—weekdays between 10 p.m. and 4 a.m. (down 33 percent), late Saturday night (down 42 percent), and early Sunday morning (down 40 percent).

A law bringing similar results in this country last year would have saved at least 8,000 lives, a figure equal to the entire population of Abilene, Kansas.

A few years ago, drivers were often asked to walk a chalk line to prove their sobriety. Today reliable chemical tests can be used to determine whether a driver is really "under the influence" or not. These tests indicate not how many drinks the driver has had, but rather how much



alcohol is in his bloodstream and being carried to his brain.

Many factors affect the rate at which an individual gets drunk—his weight, the amount of food he has consumed, and the length of time between drinks, among other things. But scientific studies have shown that no one is fit to drive when the alcohol in his blood reaches one tenth of 1 percent (0.10 percent) concentration. Many people are incapable of driving safely at even lower concentrations. The British Medical Association puts this figure at .05 percent.

On the average, a 180-pound man would have to consume about four drinks of liquor on an empty stomach in one hour's time in order to reach the 0.10 percent level. On a full stomach, an average 130-pound man could drink the same amount before reaching the same state. If either of these two men then drove, his chance of having a wreck would be 1 in 20, according to a report to Congress by the Department of Transportation.

Yet as of October, 1969, either one of them could legally drive in eighteen states (Arizona, Connecticut, Hawaii, Idaho, Indiana, Kansas, Massachusetts, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Tennessee, Wisconsin, and Wyoming) and in the District of Columbia.

None of those states presume a driver to be intoxicated until his blood-alcohol level reaches a very high 0.15 percent. Under this standard, the same two men would have to put away over five drinks in an hour to be legally "drunk." Their chance of being involved in a collision would go up to 1 in 5.

Nine other states (Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Mississippi, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, Texas, and Virginia) either have no set presumptive level of intoxication at all or have lesser penalties for test levels between 0.10 and 0.15 percent. Florida, Iowa, North Carolina, and Illinois have other loopholes in their drinking-driver laws. Altogether, thirty-one states fail to meet the minimum standards urged by safety experts.

The Highway Safety Bureau recommends that the blood-alcohol level defining intoxication be set no higher than 0.10 percent throughout the country. This standard is comparatively lenient. Switzerland, Britain, and Austria set their limit at 0.08 percent. Norway and Sweden have an even lower 0.05 percent threshold. And some of the countries in eastern Europe put the legal limit at 0.03 percent, a level which would allow an average driver only one drink.

We have much to gain and nothing to lose by strongly supporting effective drinking-driver laws. In addition to saving lives, a reduction in automobile collisions would bring down the high cost of car insurance; and it would free policemen to handle other problems.

Promoting better legislation is one way of reducing the needless highway slaughter. Another is more subtle, but psychologically important. It is simply to stop using the word "accident" inaccurately. The overwhelming majority of traffic deaths are not caused by accidents at all, but by what could better be described as "avoidable collisions." As long as we continue to say that 50,000 people die every year in highway "accidents," it is very difficult to realize that most of these deaths are preventable.

When a man or a woman who has had "one too many" can legally drive down your street, the result may be tragic; but it will not be accidental.

There's a man in California who's over thirty, but the kids trust him. He's turning them on—not to drugs, but to heavy listening about drug abuse. And they're turning him on—on over fifty radio stations across the United States, and in classrooms.

His name is Jory Sherman, age thirty-seven, and he's created a series of drug-abuse tapes that are "outta sight," as the kids say. Kids ranging from eight to nineteen unanimously agree that he's reached them not through the eye, but the ear.

"We've made the listener use his imagination again," says Sherman, a poet who was once a rebel himself and maybe still is. "Unlike film, which shows everything and often incorrectly, we've brought the imagination back into play."

Sherman has written, directed, produced, and narrated a series of six audio dramas that bore into some of the problems of drug abuse among young people. His young company, MicroDramas, of Rialto, California, has already achieved national attention and favorable comments from such people as Ann Landers, Congressman Joseph M. McDade of Pennsylvania, Congressman Jerry Pettis of California, Senator Alan Cranston of California, John Finlator and Dr. John H. Langer of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs in Washington, D.C.

The story of MicroDramas and Jory Sherman is a remarkable one in this day of technological miracles and computerized progress. Sherman went back thirty years or so to come up with an idea of

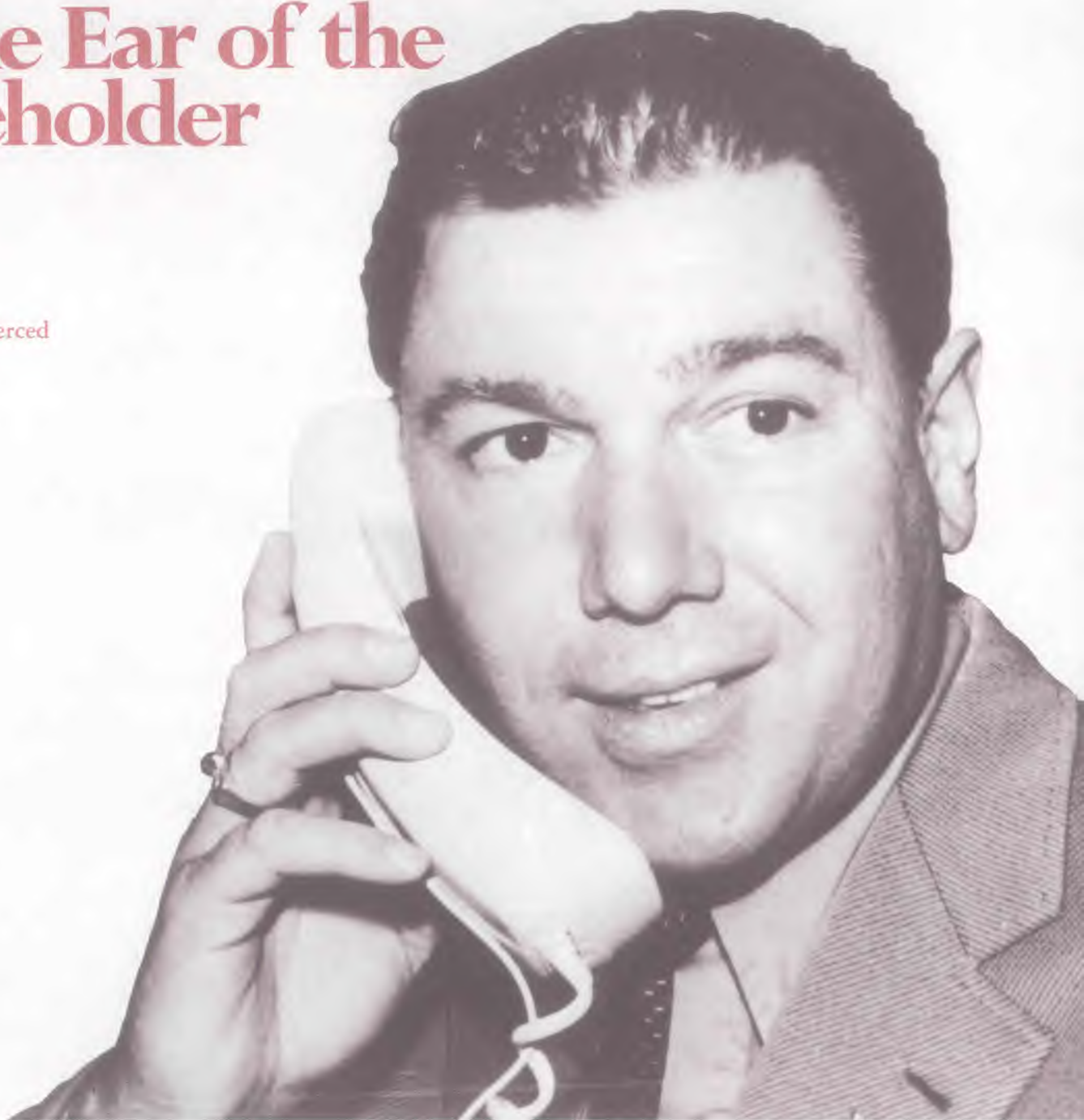
drug-abuse education that utilizes radio techniques of the thirties and forties.

Kids don't remember "Lights Out" and "Inner Sanctum," but Sherman does. "These old radio programs were fantasies," he says. "People still remember them more vividly than they do last night's television special." His idea was that kids would remember his dramatization of a girl going through withdrawal symptoms much longer if he reached them through the ear, not the eye. He may be right.

Late in 1969, Sherman wrote a radio-type script about some kids messing around with methadrine—"speed." Educators liked the script, and one man in the field of educational tapes amazed Sherman with the statement that "no-

The Ear of the Beholder

Keith Merced



body's ever done anything like this for the educational field." A quick thumbing through all the catalogs bore this out.

Norman Rogers, president of Classic Text Tapes, wrote Sherman a letter that said, in part: "Dialogue from 'The Smoke and the Venom' is so gripping, it's almost unbearable. You most certainly are close to something very big." Armed with that encouraging statement, Sherman and his wife, Charlotte, formed MicroDramas Company and began writing more scripts.

"I became very excited about producing this series," says Sherman. "I rented a studio and gathered around me a group of actors who were interested in my project. We began production, and we finished six tapes despite a lot of delays because of money." Sherman is a free-lance writer, and he had to stop every so often and write a short story or an article to pay for his actors, engineer, and the studio time.

"It took me about five or six months to do the series," he says. "My engineer and I worked long hours getting the technical parts the way I wanted them. We worked on four-track Ampex equipment and produced many of our own authentic sound effects."

These sound effects are sometimes chilling. In one script, "The Burning," which concerns two boys who experiment with gasoline sniffing, the listener can hear the flames licking at the boy's body as he runs screaming for help. No one can listen to this tape without having the hackles on his neck rise and chill bumps creep along his arm.

Like all of the tapes, "The Burning" is based on an actual case. "Sometimes I took a composite of several real cases," Sherman explained, "but in this script I knew the boy who was severely burned. In researching it, I talked to the doctor on the case, a burn specialist; and he told me that he had five other cases just like it in the hospital at that time."

Sherman's scripts are vivid, although he shies away from the sensational. "I don't believe that fear is a deterrent," Sherman says. "But in my tapes I have tried to show both sides of drug experimentation—and the withdrawal part is frightening. Maybe some of it will stick with the kids who hear it and they won't fall for the pusher's line when they come up against it later on."

Not everyone agrees with Sherman's technique. A San Bernardino public-health official was not enthusiastic about his approach. "We believe that these tapes would frighten the youngsters. And," she adds, "we do not think fear is a deterrent."

Sherman agrees with the doctor but points out that his tapes do not frighten children. "I tested them on three-, four-, five-, and 6-year-olds; and they were able to follow the story with no trouble. None of them had any traumas about them." The San Bernardino and Los Angeles



Unified School Districts thoroughly tested Sherman's tapes, and they agreed with the author. His tapes were unanimously approved for use in grades five through twelve and for adult classes.

But the tapes, Sherman found, were not limited to classroom use. They were as natural for radio as was Fibber McGee and Molly a few decades ago. "We tested them over a San Bernardino radio station, KRNO, for an hour each week, Monday nights at seven in prime time. We played the tapes, and the audience phoned in afterward. The response was overwhelming. The switchboard was jammed. We got calls from kids in the fourth grade, teachers, police, junkies, ex-dopers, literally every type of person in the community. It was devastating!"

Sherman won an award for the nine-weeks' series in last year's Twin Counties Press Club's Annual Awards Contest—first place for the category, Best Radio Public Service Program. "I'm proud of that," Sherman grins.

Sherman's interest in drug abuse goes back ten years when he became interested in the toxic effects of alcohol on the brain. In San Francisco he interviewed a large number of alcoholics, gathering useful data on delirium tremens from patients at Napa State Hospital, Agnew State Hospital, and Fort Miley Veterans Hospital. Later he expanded his research into drug effects on the mind and participated in many experimental programs with psychiatrists and neurologists.

Sherman, a good-looking, personable six-footer, found that he was in demand as a speaker. He began appearing before drug-abuse groups, service clubs, and seminars. He has talked to Kiwanis, Rotary, and Exchange Clubs, among others. Several drug-abuse centers in California have purchased his tapes and are using them as part of an overall program. A large company, Acoustifone Corp., distributes his tapes to schools. His tapes are being distributed intramurally by Smart Set International, a nonprofit organization that is run by teens on high school campuses.

Sherman doesn't claim to have a cure-all. But he thinks his approach is valid. "One word," he says, "is sometimes worth a thousand pictures. If that word is encased in vivid sound effects it can conjure up the most striking image ever conceived."

So far his tapes have dramatized the effects of drug abuse concerning methadone, glue and gasoline sniffing, heroin, LSD, and the barbiturates.

As for the kids who listen to his tapes: "Man, that sounds like a bad trip I had on STP once," said an ex-doper listening to "The Smoke and the Venom."

Another teen-ager said, "I'd hate to hear these in the dark."

"So would I," says Jory Sherman as he looks up into space as though listening for something. Who knows, he may yet prove that the ear is mightier than the eye!

There is a battered door leading from the alleyway to the stairs that will take you to the solitude of your apartment. Somehow, you feel safer once you are behind it. The suitcase you carry, packed full with pills of many colors and shapes, suddenly seems lighter.

You do not think of tomorrow, only tonight; and you know that tonight you will not be caught and caged again.

You were caged once before, and you can never forget that, can you, Bruce Carson? But then, that was twelve years ago, and for a vastly different reason.

That was to *help* you. You smile wryly and sardonically as you make your way up the creaking stairway.

Memories of another place flash through your mind, like the pictures in an old-time penny arcade. There had been some who called it Ward F, and others who called it for what it was—an insane asylum.

No, you can't forget that place, any more than you can forget the other links

such a long night, you would have found someone willing to be sacrificed on your altar!"

You take a deep breath and then confront the drunken woman who is blocking your door. You know her well, but it is only with the deepest regret that you admit it.

"My business is going quite well," you say. You pause a moment for effect, then you ask, "How is yours?"

It does not faze her. She laughs and continues her torments.

"It was a great day for weaklings when dope became fashionable, wasn't it, Bruce?" she says.

You stare at her, stone-faced.

"I'll bet," she continues, "that you never even made it to first base with a girl before you became a pusher. In reality, you are only a pathetic little mouse. And because I do not take your garbage, I see you as a pathetic little mouse. But the girls you bring up to your apartment, even the teen-age boys, when you have

room intrudes upon your tranquillity.

Last night there had been a gathering here, and you find yourself wishing they had stayed. You try to remember their faces, and it is not difficult.

Yes, you did see those faces before. Only the bodies were different; the wide-eyed, droop-jawed faces were the same. A cold sweat covers you, and you know you are remembering a place called Ward F again.

You know the things you have read. That drugs bring on artificially induced neuroses and psychoses. But that isn't true—you know that. So why has your mind made such a comparison?

People take drugs voluntarily; no one goes mad voluntarily. You think back to Ward F. You remember the screams and the agony, your *own* screams and agony, as you were made a pawn of forces you did not understand.

The pills have been too much for you, your memories have been too much for you, the woman in the hall was too much

Death of a Pusher



that made up the chains which bind you now.

There was hope in your heart once. You recall that too, but only with bitterness. After Ward F, you drifted from menial job to menial job, from city to city, and then—

Then came the drug culture, and you were caught up in it, caught up in its swirling tide; and somehow you rode the tide, while others drowned.

For the first time in your life you were bringing in a steady income. That was important to you, but there was something even more important—you *believed*.

You believed and so you took the stuff you sold. You're one of the good ones, Bruce, how can you ever doubt that? The bad ones, they just sell it, but you—

Suddenly you realize you have reached the top of the stairs, and a voice breaks through your silence.

"What, Mr. Dope Pusher? No pretty young girls to bring up to your apartment tonight? Isn't your garbage selling well these days? I should think that in

your little dope parties, they see you as a man of steel! And do you know why?"

"Get out of the way," you say. You are tired of her sadistic little games.

Her eyes gleam.

"Because when you give them that stuff, you can use them! I know. I can hear what goes on in there. You can make them cry, you can make them fear, you can make them scream. You can make them tell you anything of their lives that you wish to know. You like that power, don't you? You think that because you make them weak, you are making yourself strong—"

She begins to laugh again, almost hysterically; and you push her out of the way and enter your room.

The woman is a fool, and you do not allow her chidings to bother you.

Still, for reasons you do not fully understand, you open your suitcase and remove a vial of pills. You take one. Then, on impulse, you wait a few moments and take another.

You sit down on the bed and wait for them to take effect. The solitude of the

for you, everything has been too much for you tonight. You open your mouth to scream, and you hear a voice ring out.

"I suffered! Why *me*, while the rest of the cursed world went its merry way. I suffered, and now *they* will suffer too. I'll control them, I'll make them feel the things I felt, I'll make them tear out their hair in frustration as I did."

The voice seems far away, but with horror you recognize it as your own. And with even greater horror, for the first time in your career as a pusher, you recognize the truth.

You stifle the urge to burst into tears. How long have you told yourself that you are only spreading understanding? And how long have you known in your heart that your real mission was the spreading of misery?

It is only with the greatest difficulty that you rise from the bed and proceed from your apartment and back onto the street.

Perhaps you didn't see the truck that hit you.

T. Casey Brennan

The Indian servants soaped the clumsy carreta wheels, stowed away the lunch baskets, and yoked gentle oxen to the pole. Excited youngsters piled into the crude vehicle and called to the teamster: "Pronto, Estanislao! We mustn't be late for the picnic!"

The carreta squeaked to a shady spot along the stream. Song and laughter drifted through the trees. Agile mothers and grandmothers, who had arrived earlier on horseback, lifted out the baskets containing tamales, enchiladas, and other food. Vivacious girls filled jugs with clear creek water. Athletic men sprang from their fiery Arabian horses.

All ate the simple food with hearty appetite, and all drank refreshing water with their meal. After the baskets emptied, a still dark-haired grandfather flashed his white teeth at the youngsters and reached for the guitar. The adults took turns in making up funny verses. Even the alcalde, the all-powerful law man, invented a rhyme that sent the girls into titters of laughter. The young fellows meanwhile showed off their skills on horseback.

This scene is typical of the happy life in California under Spanish and Mexican rule. Early Californians spurned alcohol; as a result, they enjoyed rugged health, warm family relationships, and friendship with the law.

William Heath Davis, an American who lived a lifetime with the Spanish, says, "It was a rare occurrence to see an intoxicated person among the early Californians."

Richard Henry Dana, a visiting Yankee sailor, says, "I don't remember having seen one of them intoxicated."

This nondrinking people engaged in year-round outdoor exercise. The men were constantly on horseback. The women cooked, washed, and baked outdoors. Since sitting beside the stove was considered unhealthful, the thick-walled adobe houses lacked fireplaces, and the doors always stood open.

Full of natural pep, the Californians needed no coffee to perk them up. Pork, too, was unpopular. They raised a few pigs merely for soap making. No self-respecting Californian ever forced his Indian workers to eat this detested meat.

Dr. Maxwell, who sailed to California in 1843, observed that the Spanish there did not indulge in sweets. He says, "At that time, the female population of Monterey had never tasted a cake, mince pie, or anything of that sort, and the stewards of our mess were set to work making all kinds of delicacies for supper." Dr. Maxwell recorded that Captain Armstrong, the host, perspired so profusely that "the perspiration rolled down over his cheeks" while the supper guests appeared relaxed. Too bad he doesn't mention which of the parties sported better sets of natural teeth.

The Simple Life

Note From History by Ernie Holyer

The early Californians kept their diet simple and did not resort to the crutch of artificial stimulants in order to be happy.

Walter Colton, one-time United States Navy chaplain and first American mayor in Monterey, said, "There are no people that I have ever been among who enjoy life so thoroughly as the Californians. Their happiness springs from a fount that has very little connection with their outward circumstances. There is hardly a shanty among them which does not contain more genuine gladness of the heart, more true contentment."

J. B. Dye, an American pioneer of 1832, recalled, "The Californians were the happiest people on earth."

Holding alcohol in low esteem, the early Californians enjoyed a high degree of health and a long lifespan. They kept their teeth intact, rarely grew gray hair, and retained their mental and physical fitness into an amazingly old age.

During the fifty years of Spanish rule one doctor sufficed for all of California

from San Francisco to San Diego. On horseback, he traveled "many miles to minister to officers and soldiers, to settlers, rich and poor, to the missionaries, and to the Indians, to all with equal kindness." The good doctor hardly wasted his nights on drunkards, for the soldiers, warned against liquor, observed an eight o'clock curfew.

The sober civilian population boasted iron constitutions. One man "frequently spent thirty-six hours in the saddle, yet when he alighted he appeared as fresh as though he had just arisen from bed," said Governor Alvarado.

The early Californians expected to live eighty or ninety years as a matter of course. Hundred-year-olds were no rarity. One Guadalupe Romero saw 115 summers; Eulalia Perez counted 118 birthdays.

The historian Bancroft credits a life of pastoral simplicity and the lack of destructive habits for the notable physical perfection of the early Californians.

(Continued on page 18)



Sometimes I close my eyes and the whole scene comes back.

There is this kid, stoned out of his mind, in a seventh-grade metal-shop class. The teacher has been giving him a bad time about his sloppy work, and last night his folks threatened him with juvenile hall because he came in after midnight and wouldn't tell where he had been.

He hates the other guys in class; he hates the school. And deep down he hates himself.

Suddenly, like a flipped-on electric light, a great idea fills his head. He stares at the acetylene torch in his hand and at the oxygen and acetylene tanks nearby. Turning the flaming torch on the nearest tank, he begins to laugh crazily. Let the whole place blow up! It will serve them right, the guys who avoid him, the stupid teachers. They'll all blow up together.

Wham! The torch flies from his hand and he sprawls on the floor. A classmate is on top of him, pinning him down.

"Mr. Hardwick! Come here. Tommy's going ape. He's trying to burn a hole in the acetylene tank."

Mr. Hardwick comes running, and the class crowds around.

By this time I'm shaking and sweating, just remembering. Because I'm Tommy, and that was the beginning of the end.

I was ten when I smoked pot the first time. My sister Gloria gave it to me. She was thirteen, and she and some of her girl friends were experimenting with pot while the folks were away. I walked in on them and threatened to tell, so they let me try a joint.

Was it because they were older and included me in, or did that sweetish smoke give me a little high? I don't know. I remember it as fun, and for a while Gloria and I got along pretty good. No arguing and fighting like usual. We just felt kind of good because we had this secret.

When I went to Wilson Junior High, the kids I'd known in grammar school weren't close anymore. Getting used to six teachers bugged me, and sometimes I stuttered in class and everybody laughed. Mom and Dad were always on my back about my grades, and outgrowing my clothes, and developing lazy habits. They insisted that I get a paper route; so there was no time to groove around with other kids after school. I felt left out of things.

I used to look at Richy Martin and envy him. He was always goofing around with a gang, not the "brains" but some real cool guys, I thought. Richy belonged to my old Boy Scout troop but didn't last long. His old man was always getting boozed up and finally was sent away to the Veterans Hospital, and his older brother landed in San Quentin. But Richy seemed to be doing all right. Some of the kids said he was a pill pusher, and he always seemed to have plenty of money.

One morning after I'd had a row with

Could It Be Me?

Tommy's Story as Told to
A. E. Terrill

my dad and come to school without my breakfast I joined Richy and his gang out front.

"Hi, Tommy," Richy grinned. "You look like you need a couple of these." He dropped two red capsules in my hand. A couple other guys opened their hands to show they had the same thing. I felt good about being included in the gang and didn't worry about those two capsules.

On TV I've always seen the men in white coats and the sick-looking ladies talk about pills for being tired, pills for being nervous and jumpy, and the kind

you "slip somebody you love" so they can go to sleep.

In English class I felt kind of drowsy, but I didn't dare go to sleep. Soon I was relaxed and not worrying about anything. The teacher called on me, and I didn't know the answer; but I said something that made the class start laughing, and I laughed with them. That hour went by so fast I could hardly believe it.

I came early again the next morning to join Richy and the other guys, but this time Richy didn't offer me the pills. So I handed him my lunch money and he slipped three reds into my palm.



In a couple weeks three wasn't enough, and I was giving Richy a buck a day for six pills. I would take one at night and one when I got up, another when I got to school and three at noon. That way I was at school when I got a real high. I didn't want my folks to know; so I tried to play it straight at home, but I got into an awful lot of trouble in class.

At Wilson Junior High there were probably 1,800 kids, and at least a hundred were steady users. Only a couple dozen turned on at school, mostly the ones having trouble with grades. Most of the users just popped pills on weekends and sometimes at night.

Richy was the biggest supplier. When he got busted and sent away, we didn't have any trouble because some older guy started coming every morning. And it wasn't long before Richy was back.

After I had been using reds about three months I wanted Richy to sell me more than six every day, but he wouldn't. He said I'd really go ape and spoil everything, so I made out with pot, sometimes two or three lids a week. In our town it costs ten dollars a lid, and I had to get money.

One time another guy and I met after dark and smashed a drugstore window. We had cased the place and knew where the bulk pills were. We shoved reds, dexies, bennies, yellow jackets, and lots of other stuff we didn't recognize into paper bags and beat it. That was the only time I peddled pills, and I was pretty scared; so Richy finally took most of the stuff off our hands. We had heard about fruit salad parties where all kinds of pills are dumped into a bowl and then everybody pops whatever they grab. Two high school kids in town died that way, so I didn't want to try that. I stuck to reds.

But that wasn't any kind of insurance. One day I got to feeling real wild and started beating up a smaller kid in the gym locker room. I didn't even know why. Coach tried to pull me off, and I took a swing at him. Finally he and three eighth-graders hauled me off and threw me in the shower.

That was my introduction to juvenile hall—and kicking. I was there three days, sweating, vomiting, shaking. When I couldn't sleep, I began seeing things crawling on the wall, but I didn't go into convulsions. When the social worker asked me if I was taking drugs, I said "No." They booked me as uncontrollable, assigned me to a parole officer, and let me go home with my folks.

I made lots of promises about my behavior, but all I thought about was seeing my connection and getting something to stop the stomach cramps and gagging I was trying to hide. Now I knew by experience how awful kicking reds could be, so I began taking speed.

Luckily that period didn't last long. I couldn't sit still in class or get along with anybody. All my promises to the folks were broken, and I began shoplifting.

Stealing \$65 leather jackets that I peddled for \$15 paid for my meth tabs. They made me too jumpy and I liked reds better, but I didn't want to kick barbiturates again.

Things came to a head about a month after I got out. A substitute art teacher sent me to the principal for running around the room and cussing at her. When I got to the door, I saw the principal and my probation officer and the look on their faces told me they were talking about me. I turned and ran, but it didn't do any good. That night I was back in juvey and kicking speed. The first time had been bad, but this was worse. They might have done something for me if I had admitted I was using, but I tried to hold out. The cramps, vomiting, and sweats went on and on. It was three days before my folks, the parole officer, and my case worker met. When they brought me in, I didn't have the strength to deny it anymore. They talked about sending me away, but I swore I could stay clean if they sent me home with my folks.

It was another lie. One part of me wanted to quit, but when Richy offered me a half dozen reds I took them.

I tried to cut down, keep it at four or five a day. But I knew it wasn't going to work. I was still a failure, a pillhead. Taking the pills seemed the only way to stop the painful feelings inside. Sometimes I was sane enough to see where I was headed, and I prayed for help. But God didn't seem like anybody I knew.

The second week back in school an assembly was announced for all grades, and word got around it was going to be about drugs. We expected a juvenile officer or a doctor, but I was surprised to see a man and a pretty woman and two young guys sitting on the stage. The principal said they were from Chrysalis, a drug rehabilitation center.

The woman stood up. "I'm Beth and a drug addict. In twenty-three years I went from alcohol to pot to pills to heroin, beginning when I was thirteen. I've been married five times, lost my children, been arrested nineteen times."

Al, Joe, and Morris followed with their stories of life with dope. Jails and hospitals had been their only homes, death waiting with a dirty needle or an overdose when they were on the street. Each had found a way with God's help to endure the pain and horror of withdrawal and get clean. Now they were helping others lick drugs at Chrysalis.

While they talked, I began to sweat. I could see what my life was going to be like. The wall that stood between me and

my folks, and all the others who had tried to tell me where I was headed, seemed to crumble when these addicts spoke. They had been there. They knew what it was like to be hooked. Suddenly I felt like my prayer had got through. These people could help me.

At the end Beth announced that they would stay after the assembly and rap about drugs with anybody who was interested. Only a few others stayed, and I waited until they asked their questions. Then, my knees and voice shaking, I blurted "Can I go to Chrysalis? Will you take me? I want to kick, and I don't know how. Help me."

They had never taken anyone under eighteen at Chrysalis, they told me. Somehow I persuaded them and finally I began a nine-month residency at the recovery house.

It wasn't easy, but I learned there is a better way of rubbing out feelings of failure than popping pills. All of the fifty people at Chrysalis admitted to feelings of rejection, loneliness, of being unwanted and unworthy. It wasn't just my problem. When the "squealing feelings" were worst, there was always somebody to rap with, talk it out. Everybody shared a drug problem, and we seemed like brothers and sisters. Concern and kindness were like a healing ointment that got at the pain of not being understood by those outside. They told me, "God doesn't need to change, just our idea of God needs changing."

My folks have been great through this whole thing. At first they didn't understand—they couldn't understand; but they came to Chrysalis to attend the open meetings so they could learn. Once a week they go to Nar-Anon, a group of relatives and friends of drug addicts who want to learn more about the problem and what they can do to help the addict. Sometimes I go with them, and the other parents ask me questions about my experience. Their own kids may still be using. They can't talk to them and get straight answers, but I try to explain. It helps because they know I've been the route—not the whole route, but as far as I want to go. It makes them hopeful that their kids, or husbands, or brothers and sisters, will want to get clean too.

I didn't go back to my old school. The folks decided they would make any sacrifice to send me to a private, religious school where classes are small and I get special coaching and counseling to bring my grades up. One night a week I go back to Chrysalis to meet with the hypes and junkies and pillheads still trying to get clean. Sometimes I can help somebody; and they always help me, because they remind me of what I was—and what I never want to be again.



A New Kind of High

Listen Interviews

Vonda Kay Van Dyke

Miss America is an award that keeps a young girl hopping busy during the year of her reign. It also can be the beginning of a career that keeps accelerating even after the crown has passed to others.

Vonda Kay Van Dyke is a case in point. From the pinnacle of her prominence as Miss America she has kept going on up. Now in demand as a speaker at youth conventions and in high schools, a singer (two records) and composer of her own songs, an author of two best sellers for teenagers (half a million each) and a third book just being published, a licensed pilot, a radio and television artist, a model for colorful fashions, the wife of a physician in residency, Vonda Kay seemingly has it made—and all this in just five years!

Above all this, and probably the reason for "all this," is the fact that Vonda Kay is herself. She simply loves people, loves to talk with them, loves to be of service to them. And that, incidentally, is the reason for this *Listen* conversation with her.

Vonda Kay, what did you learn during your year as Miss America?

Well, I had some exciting times. The Miss America year was my highlight year. Just to be able to sound out the ideas of people I came in contact with, to listen to what they had to say, taught me a great deal. I think one thing it taught me is that I had an awful lot to learn myself. **You've talked with many young people. Why are you interested in teenagers?**



Kurley Q helps his mistress win the Miss America title. A prime attraction of the pageant that year was Vonda Kay's ability as a ventriloquist.

I've always been interested in teenagers because I think going through those years myself was not the easiest in all the world, and I can understand why there are a few problems.

What do you think of teenagers?

A few weeks ago I was at the National 4-H Convention in Chicago. I've been there three or four years, and every year the kids are so great to work with. They've

achieved so much, and set so many goals. This kind of gets me all proud. There are still really good kids around.

I work with a lot of organizations like 4-H that really point out the greatness of the generation today. As I talked to them and sang some of my songs, of course, I told them how proud I was of them. Today people talk about the new generation, say they're making too much noise, or they're causing too many problems. I'm glad they're making noise, because I think they've got something to say. When I was their age I couldn't do this. We did have the educational background, but I don't think we had the openness that the kids do now. They're open not only to what they're saying themselves. They're open also to listen to what other people have to say. And really this is great.

Do you think there is really a generation gap between parents and their teenagers?

Well, first of all the phrase, "generation gap," has always bugged me. Naturally, there's a generation gap, since years are going to separate people. Today it's more of a communication gap than anything else.

What should be done about it?

I think the only way to solve this problem is through mutual love and respect. This has to go both ways. There's no way around it. Parents a lot of times expect their kids to love and respect them in everything they say and do. Well, the kids have to be loved and respected for what they say and do also.

I think that today's kids are very bright, and they're very intelligent. They know a lot more than we knew years ago. They

Teens-Life Can Be Beautiful



lack one important element in the whole scheme of things, and that's experience; and they're going to get that. I think it's important that if you don't agree with the ideas of teen-agers you at least listen to them and respect their ideas. Then tell them what you've learned through your experience.

In other words, it can't be all love and respect for parents only. I think sometimes the older folks are a little bit to blame for some of these problems.

You have some rather unusual interests for a young person, don't you think?

Well, I like to fly. A couple of years ago my husband encouraged me to go out and see what I could do about flying, because he's crazy about airplanes. I took my first lesson. I was scared, but I enjoyed it. Because I wouldn't let it defeat me, I kept taking lessons, and now I have about ninety hours, which aren't very many actually. But I've had some fun.

In the book that I'm finishing I tell the kids that there are so many experiences in life that you can really have a ball, but you've got to look for them. When somebody first mentioned flying to me, I thought it couldn't be too exciting. I knew it was going to be a little scary, but not too exciting. In the chapter on "A New Kind of High" I point out that the first time I ever got up in the plane by myself I was really afraid, but then after that I started doing my cross-country work.

What do you mean by a "new kind of high"?

People talk about getting "high," whether it's with alcohol or drugs or anything else like that; I don't think this is necessary. I find an experience like flying a great wild experience actually, and it's something that doesn't hurt you.

And the same thing would go for being involved in an important performance. If I'm singing one of my favorite songs and I get lost in the song, I forget that the people are there. I'm really thinking about what I'm singing. That's a wild feeling too. It really is. I get goose bumps sometimes. That's my clue that it's happened. So there are a lot of things, if you look for them, that can give you a natural "high" which is tremendous.

Is everything "great" in life?

I don't think that the world is necessarily full of happy experiences that are really meaningful or that everything's really

great. It's not great unless you make it that way!

How do you get your kicks?

I think that getting involved in things that are happening, and putting my whole self into them, is where I get the most kicks out of life. I'm sure my parents were upset with me when I was a teen-ager. I must have made thirty or forty posters a week for our school football games. I had to do them after my homework was done, but that is what made the games more exciting for me. It's a matter of putting yourself into something and making it happen, not just looking at life and saying, "Well, whatever comes my way, we'll see what it does for me."



You've got to make it do something for you.

Do you think that using drugs is the way to get the best out of life?

Definitely not. I've always been the kind of person who, if I see something wrong, I want to make it right, or at least make it so I can live with it. This is one of the challenges of life, and you're merely running away from it by taking drugs. You're not meeting a challenge. You've got to meet challenges head on, because this is what prepares you for the future.

Why don't you use drugs?

One of my favorite Bible scriptures is in the book of James. In the Living Letters

version it says, "Is your life full of difficulties and temptations? Then be happy, for when the way is rough, your patience has a chance to grow. So let it grow, and don't try to squirm out of your problems. For when your patience is finally in full bloom, then you will be ready for anything, strong in character, full and complete."

That's the way I really feel. The more patience and knowledge you gain while you're young through handling what are sometimes insignificant problems, the easier it will be for you to cope with bigger problems later in life.

If a teen-ager asks you about drugs, what do you tell him?

Not too long ago I was talking with a teen-age girl, and she asked, "What do you think about drugs?" I could tell by the fact that she was getting on the subject that she was either thinking about using them or had used them.

I told her that what she does is her business, but my feeling is that I have so much fun every single day, and life is so exciting that I don't want to mess it up in any way. I feel that drugs would dull the excitement of life.

I have the security and confidence that I need for life because of my faith in God. Sure, I'm unhappy sometimes, and I have problems, but it's a great feeling of satisfaction to get over these problems, to conquer them rather than to bend under them.

Also one of the greatest objections I have to many drugs is that they're illegal. Kids don't realize the lasting scar that can be made by running into legal problems when they're young. This will be something that will follow them around all their lives. So it's not just a moral problem, it's a legal one too. I explained to this young girl, "You know, you're too young to get messed up. Wait until you get a little older; wait till you're a little wiser; then take another look at it. And I think you'll look back and say, 'I'm glad I didn't take drugs.'"

How do you take care of your hangups and problems?

When I look back on some of the disastrous things that happened to me in school, whether it was losing a very important boyfriend or a football game, or missing a step when I was a cheerleader, they aren't so bad now. I thought they were horrible at the time.

Teens-Life Can Be Beautiful



Now I laugh and realize that getting over my embarrassment or my hurt feelings made me a stronger person. It's made me able to face a lot more serious problems now that I'm in the adult world.

What's your reaction when you see a woman smoking?

I don't like to see women smoking. I think that it's very unfeminine. I've never seen a woman smoke gracefully. She can try, but it never works. It ruins the beauty of a woman, and I'm not necessarily talking about her facial beauty, or something on the outside. Women *can* be beautiful no matter what they look like, but certainly smoking doesn't help them. And knowing some of the medical reports that have come out in the past few years, I feel it's best not to get involved in smoking.

How do you feel about forming habits like smoking?

Habits are hard to break. They can be a very dangerous thing; for whatever you form when you're young, whether it's opinions or actions, it's going to follow you for the rest of your life. So it's important that you choose the right things.

What is a square?

A square to me is someone who says, "I think this way," but never will listen to anything anybody else says. He puts himself in his little corner and pulls the curtain, and that's it. He is sitting in the dark, not affecting anyone else's life. He is not getting in the way of anyone else and is not letting anyone get in the way of what he thinks.

Are you a square?

No, I hope not! Maybe it's because I'm still part of the younger generation that I feel I'm open to what people have to say. I like to listen to kids express some of their reasons for doing things. And I have some very strong opinions. I have some very strong ideals, some very strong beliefs.

Can a person who is a real Christian be a square?

Christianity to me is an addition to my life. Being a Christian is definitely not being square if you're following the kind of example that Christ gave. Christ was talking about loving your fellowman, about getting involved in the lives of other people, about reaching out and caring. And that's what the world is about today. This is contemporary. Christ's message is contemporary.

What is maturity?

I think you're grown up when you stop telling people you're grown up. I used to say, "Now look, I'm old enough to make my own decisions. After all, I'm a big girl. I know what I'm doing."

But when I stopped being on the defensive, when I stopped making excuses, that was when I discovered I had finally reached maturity. I could relax. I didn't have to be constantly trying to convince someone I was grown up.

Does success come naturally?

When you become a success in anything, it takes a lot of work. When I was getting ready for the Miss America pageant, I was the first runner-up in a local pageant for two years in a row. Then finally I won



my first pageant because I was the only contestant who showed up. That didn't help build my confidence too much, but it gave me a chance to go on to the county pageant. I reigned almost a year as Miss Arizona before the Miss America pageant.

I worked out in a health studio three days a week. I didn't eat desserts. I was very careful about my diet and exercise, and of course I was constantly preparing my talent routine.

I wanted to do my very best. I had to work very, very hard. I think that's the way it is in life. If someone wants to be a success, or if someone wants to become

better, the only way he can do it is to dedicate himself to the job, and it's an endless one.

What about setting goals for yourself?

When I was in college one of my favorite quotes was, "A low man sees a little thing and does it, but a high man with a great thing to pursue dies ere he knows it." In other words, you can set all sorts of little goals for yourself, little accomplishments, and you can make them, but it doesn't really mean that much.

It's different when you set a goal so high that you don't think you can reach it. Maybe you never reach it in a lifetime, but that's what makes life exciting. Whether you make your goal or not, it's the reaching out for something that's important.

Where do you start, and how do you get there?

It's kind of a funny philosophy right now, because the kids are talking about caring, really caring about life, but they're sitting back and saying, "I don't want to do anything; I don't want to go anywhere; I don't want to be anything." To me this doesn't make sense. I think the idea of peace and love and brotherhood is a great one, but you can't sit back and let it all happen, man. You've got to get involved, and you've got to work for it.

I'm thankful that some of the teen-agers I run into who are getting involved are starting with themselves, because that's where you've got to start. You've got to make yourself at peace with your conscience, with the world. You've got to start making your inside happy, and you've got to start showing love to other people, and then it's like a magnet. You start showing love to other people, and they start showing love to you.

How do you look for peace?

In order for you to be at peace with the world, you've got to decide what's going to give you a sense of peace. You can try drugs, or something like that, but that's temporary. If you're going to be really peaceful, it must be for a long time. As far as I'm concerned, the greatest way that I have found peace is making God a part of my life. It's not a religion as such, it's not a church, it's a faith. I think the kids today really need something to hang on to, something that they can count on. The kids have some good philosophies and some good ideas, but they've got to make them work.

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Is there anyone in particular you admire or try to pattern your life after?

Rather than idolizing one particular person, I've always liked to admire the best characteristics and qualities of many people.

As far as patterning my life after someone, as a Christian I think the only person I could point to as a perfect pattern would be Jesus Christ. Of course this is a goal I can never achieve. The Bible is full of things that you can do to try to be as much like Him as possible, and all we can do is try to live up to His teachings.

Are you an extrovert?

Yes, I could consider myself one. I like to search out ways to communicate with people better and bring their personalities out. One very good example was when I went to Atlantic City to be in the Miss America Pageant. A very dear friend of mine with a local radio station did spot interviews with me. This gave me experience in learning how to handle radio and TV people, which is very important in Miss America competition. He trained me to handle this in a certain way, by interviewing them. Always focus on the other person. It was during this time that I really started feeling this way. It was a gimmick at first, but it became a natural thing.

How do you overcome your personal problems?

If I have a problem, or am really up tight about something, the best thing I can do is to get involved in something else. If I'm hurt about something, then I try to make someone else feel better, because there's always someone who has a much bigger problem than I have. You can find it if you look for it, and this helps you.

What are your hobbies? What do you like to do for fun?

Maybe you can't call cooking a hobby, but that's the thing I love to do. I like to make up my own recipes and invent things in the kitchen. This makes cooking exciting.

I love to water-ski too. I like anything that is in the sunshine. I even like golf, and I'm not good. I have a great swing, but I can't always depend on where the ball's going. I love football, to be in the stands and to watch it on television.

What type of music do you like to compose and sing?

Song writing has become a big hobby for me. I have six songs published now, four

of them on records. This is a great experience. This is another thing about getting yourself something really exciting and making it happen for yourself. The first time I ever wrote both the words and the music to songs was for this present album. The first time I was in a recording studio and heard the orchestra playing the tune that I had written and heard my voice singing the words that I wrote—it was really thrilling! I had been working on some of the lyrics for three years, and it finally happened!

I've now released my second album with Word Records and had a chance to write three of the songs myself, including the title song called "A New Kind of Happi-



ness." I get to say what I want to say. I talk about love. I talk about peace. I talk about God. I call it inspirational rock. They are kind of groovy message songs.

What do you do about your diet?

I take vitamin pills, because I feel I might miss something during the day. I try to eat a balanced diet, and I think that's most important. It's not only important for your physical appearance, but I think it's really good for you, and it makes you feel better.

I have one big weakness. I love chocolate; anything chocolate! And it likes me very much—it adds—even grows on me! I don't allow myself to eat all the enjoy-

able things that I'd like to. This is something that I have to face. I have to show a little bit of discipline, and it pays off.

When you talk with girls at high schools, what do you tell them about keeping their appearance at their best?

Getting yourself fixed up on the inside is much more important than on the outside. There are a lot of make-up tricks that you can use, a lot of commonsense things like wearing the clothes that look best on you no matter what the style is. There are all sorts of little pointers, but most important is your attitude about life and about other people and how much you care about the people around you. That's what's going to attract people.

A good-looking girl can attract a young man for a date, but when they're thinking about marrying, that's a different story.

What do you do about your personal appearance?

There's too much emphasis today on what you look like. Sometimes when I look in the mirror, I'm not happy with myself. I think I'm really ugly. I really feel ugly. But when something exciting happens, I'm feeling good and I'm happy. I can look in the mirror and say, "Hey, I don't look so bad after all. I look pretty good!" It's a matter of attitude. What you think about yourself has a lot to do with how you appear to others.

Does mental health have anything to do with it?

If you're happy, your whole face will show it. Everything is going to take on a different attitude. People are going to be attracted to you.

Do you have a "code" of life?

Everyone's code of life has to be something very personal. No one can pattern his life after a code that somebody else has already set up. The one great universal code of life, and one that I think can be successful in everyone's life, is to work on finding faith in God. It's "working" on it too. I mean you just don't up and say, "I'm going to believe." You have to listen to people and their experiences. You have to be receptive to God and what He can give you.

So I would say that from my own experience this is the best code of life. The most important thing is to find a way of life that you are satisfied with. If you buy mine, that's great!

When I asked Anne Deuschel, the only female limited hydroplane racer in the United States, why she raced, her reply was, "I'm enjoying life to its fullest. It's too short at best, and I don't want to miss a minute of it."

There are people like Anne all around us. They don't all race hydroplanes; but they do lead lives full of adventure and accomplishment, lives crammed to the brim with rich experiences.

Do you? Or does it seem that others have already cornered the market on excitement?

A friend of mine grew up in a small town in Indiana. A vivid childhood memory was seeing the steamer trunks being carted out of a neighbor's house for their annual European trek. She dreamed that someday she, too, would cross the ocean. Though her family had no money for travel, she held that dream close to her.

Today she earns her living as a public-school teacher. She has never won a lottery, but in her system of priorities, travel has been at the top. She has had a monkey steal her passport in the Treetop Hotel in Africa, and has recently returned from the Arctic Circle. She has seen the world, only because she first imagined she could.

Why not *dust off your imagination*? Like a muscle, the more you use imagi-

nation, the better it will work. And it has to work if you really want to inject excitement into your life.

The first step toward doing anything is to imagine yourself doing it. Picture yourself writing that book or paddling through the Everglades. Is it really so impossible?

The word "excitement" comes from the Latin *excitare* meaning "to set in motion." That's the clue—setting your life in motion. Once you've picked up a little momentum, you'll find that a life which has been set in motion ripples along from one stimulating day to the next. All that's required of you is an occasional nudge to keep it going.

Leading an exciting life, like using a playground slide, takes a conscious effort. The hardest part is getting started. *You* have to walk over and climb the ladder. It won't just come to you. When you reach the top rung, you'll see things with a totally new perspective. That in itself may seem reward enough for your initial efforts. But the fun part is in the activity. Soon you're going back for more without really thinking it out. Before you know it, even the climbing is fun. You feel, look, and act younger. That person with the sparkle is you.

You'll never go stale as long as you

dare to dream, dare to imagine yourself in action. But imagination is like a pump. It has to be primed, and one of the best ways to prime it is to read.

Anyone who is fortunate enough to be hooked on reading will never be bored, for good books are plentiful and free to all public library card carriers. The kind of reading which will enliven your days is of two distinct types.

The first type is wide, random, browsing-type reading which provides you with the raw material that you can turn into experience. Idea browsing is fun and relaxing, but you have to be alert to possibilities that present themselves in the oddest places.

It was in the personals column of our local newspaper that I read, "Hot dogs in maple syrup. Bring your own wieners and rolls and come to the sugar house. We will simmer your hot dogs in our own syrup."

What a memorable day. Besides the gastronomical adventure promised, we were introduced to the old-fashioned art of sugaring by a family whom we met as strangers, left as friends. All this from a glance at the personals.

An article in a magazine gave us the inside track on the windjammer cruises off the Maine coast which resulted in an

Start the World! I Want to Get On!

Diana C. Gleasner



inexpensive yet immensely satisfying salt-air week beneath the sails. The help-wanted column in a national newspaper was our first tip-off to the Cayman Islands, close yet offbeat Caribbean gems that provided us with some priceless experiences and memories.

Just think of all the exciting opportunities you may be missing but for the turn of a page.

The second kind of reading fills in the chinks that are left after we devote great blocks of time to obligations: raising children, punching the time clock, keeping a house in order—all limitations on our mobility. Even if we weren't anchored to some extent by the exigencies of normal living, it's simply not possible to go everywhere, do everything, know all. We have to be selective.

But reading as a substitute for experience is limitless. Be a rookie in the pro football business with George Plimpton in *Paper Lion*, relive pioneers' struggles in *Giants in the Earth*, experience a ghetto childhood in *Manchild in the Promised Land*. Don't sell vicarious experience short. If you're not an expert sailor, you'll be better off going around the Horn with Sir Francis Chichester in *Gypsy Moth Circles the Globe*. And that way you won't have to lay in a supply of dramamine.

Learn flexibility. It's worth millions. Being flexible means you can cope with about any situation. It means that you have an alternate plan always ready in your hip pocket and that you can have fun even when your plans go awry.

How well I remember taking our carefully accumulated savings and investing in the stock market. If our stock went up, we decided we'd take a vacation; if it went down we'd still take a vacation. Whatever happened, we'd try not to sell at a loss, and we vowed we wouldn't—repeat, *wouldn't*—miss out on a trip.

I'd like to tell you the stock went up and that we went around the world. It didn't. It went down, so we put our canoe on top of the car and laid claim to one very special isolated island in Ontario, Canada. (The cost: a one-dollar-per-day Algonquin Provincial Park permit and six muscle-taxing portages.)

P.S. Two years later the stock went up. We sold and invested in an unforgettable seven days in Bermuda. We'd hate to have to decide which trip was more fun. All we're sure of is that flexibility paid off.

Develop your own resources. Do something you've had in the back of your brain to "try someday." Well, today is someday. How 'bout it? Why not learn Spanish (adult education), take art lessons (perhaps through an accredited correspondence course), or learn celestial navigation (from your local power squadron).

Developing your talents is exciting in

itself, and who knows what interesting opportunities it may lead to?

I used to teach a senior citizens' class in swimming. One seventy-two-year-old woman in my beginner's class after weeks of intense effort finally made it across the deep end under her own power. I needed no other reward than the satisfaction of witnessing her accomplishment. But I received a very damp hug and the breathless disclosure that this was the most exciting thing that had happened to her since she had had a baby.

One of my friends recently became active in a little-theater group; another went back to college; another took up photography and has gradually built up a reputation for her interesting slide lectures. The applause, the diploma, the compliments, and the checks from the banquet circuit are all appreciated; but the long hours of involvement leading up to them are satisfying in themselves and add dimension to lives which otherwise might have lapsed into dullness.

Take the less-traveled road. It can make all the difference. When you leave the well-worn track, you'll find excitement lurking just around the bend. Less-traveled roads have a way of opening up instead of closing in on you.

Life suffers at times from predictability. Weed out some of the activities that clutter your life and no longer are meaningful to you. You pass this way only once. Why not get the most out of it?

We, too, have put in our hours working on fund drives, PTA's, and at ten-hour-a-day jobs that were sometimes less than stimulating. But we have also made time for excitement.

When the swollen spring creeks call, we launch our canoe and shoot the rapids. The lawn can be cut tomorrow.

When my brother arrived from college with a seven-foot boa constrictor, we threw, on four hours' notice, a boa constrictor party.

Who knows when in a lifetime these opportunities may come again?

Excitement is a state of mind. It's dreaming the impossible dream, but chipping away at the possible dreams at the same time. It's a good book, a new semester; it's reviving an old love, making a new friend; it's resourcefulness of the spirit kept pliable by constant use; it's the pursuit of your very own goal. It's not being afraid to direct your course down some partly hidden pathway.

Excitement is a life set in motion. Start the world; I want to get on—and stay on.



I Went to a Party

As Told by Teen-ager Danny Groves

Once I was invited to a little get-together, which turned out to be a booze party. Naturally the parents of the host were out of town.

When my date and I arrived, we could smell the heavy cigarette smoke. I then knew that this wasn't going to be the Saturday evening I'd expected. Once inside, we were immediately hit with loud rock music and asked if we cared for anything to drink. I said OK and jokingly asked, "What are we drinking?" The host motioned for me to follow him into the kitchen. On the shelf was an assortment of liquor—whiskey, some rum, a couple of bottles of vodka.

I told him I hadn't known this was going to be a drinking party. He assured me that I didn't have to drink if I didn't want to, but if I were smart, I would get stoned like the rest of them were planning to do. I didn't want everyone to think I was a square, so I decided to stay.

When the drinks were passed out, I at least had the sense to insist on having ginger ale.

The party progressed into the night; some of the intoxicated couples left the living room and went into the bedrooms. We should have excused ourselves then, but against my better judgment we stayed and talked. Some of our friends were now becoming rather ridiculous and not making a lot of sense. It was all very amusing, so we forgot about leaving. In the middle of all the fun everyone was supposedly having, the host yelled out that his grandparents had driven up out front. He told

us all to run out the back door and be quiet until he could get rid of them. There was a mad rush as everyone dashed for the back door. Some of the guests, who had gotten high, stumbled over end tables, breaking a few things here and there. A few minutes later our host came and invited us back in, explaining how coolly he had handled his grandparents.

The party got into full swing again. Some of the girls who had been drinking quite heavily soon became sick and passed out. In the near darkness of the room you could scarcely make out figures sprawled out on the floor. Suddenly the telephone rang; the loud music was turned off, and one of the girls was called to the phone.

She was instructed to sober up and try to talk to her mother in her normal voice so as not to cause any suspicion and get everyone into trouble. She managed to talk to her mother in a somewhat normal voice and told her she would be home at midnight. It was now about 10:30 or so, and most everyone was pretty well stoned.

Another hour passed, and it was time to get the ones who had to go home sobered up. The host's parents were not due home for a few days yet, so some of the kids were spending the rest of the night there. Soon they were pouring black coffee into some of the drunkest kids. Others were being helped to stagger up and down the street in the cool air trying to sober up enough to get home, past their parents, and into bed without causing any suspicion.

I felt it was about time to take my date home, so we left, feeling rather guilty for staying so long.

I had nearly forgotten about the party until about a month later when we all found out that one of the girls was pregnant. Nothing but trouble has come from that one evening of supposedly real fun, I thought. If this is what booze parties cause—people getting sick, feeling guilty, lying to your parents about what you had done, a girl becoming pregnant. If all this can come from drinking, I have decided I don't want any part of it. For me it seems cheapening and degrading. I feel sorry for those who think they have to join in in order to be cool and to be accepted into the crowd.

There are many more rewarding things to be found in life, and I want to find them.

The Simple Life



(Continued from page 9)

Records show complaints to the governor about the "bad liquor" foreigners occasionally brought into the province and about the "bad-effects on the drinkers' morals."

People of character, the early Californians believed in helping rather than hurting their fellowmen. Consequently, "there were no courts, no juries, nor any need for them," says one early writer. "People were honest and hospitable."

In the towns, the alcalde acted as unpaid administrator. A sober person with good judgment, he assisted ranchers and townsfolk with his commonsense advice. Through his own good example he earned the citizens' respect and the honor bestowed on him.

J. M. Guinn, leading citizen of Los Angeles, recalled, "Comparatively few capital crimes were committed in California under Spanish or Mexican rule. The era of crime in California began with the discovery of gold. There were no Joaquín Murietas or Tiburcio Vásquez before the days of '49." (Incidentally, the people of Los Angeles were the exception to the general rule, for they drank wine with their meals; and the mission padres drank alcoholic beverages too.)

Still in the 1840's, one José Arnaz wrote, "I can assert that . . . perfect security for the person prevailed in California towns and highways."

Conditions changed radically when hordes of gold seekers littered the province with imported bottles. Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo remarks on this regrettable change:

"How splendid would it have been if the superior culture which the North Americans brought to California had not perverted our patriarchal customs and relaxed the morality of youth! For, as much as it pains us, we cannot deny that our offspring have forgotten the wholesome maxims that were taught to us. This relaxation of principles of moral sanity must be attributed to their association with unscrupulous people who emigrated in such numbers to California."

Today, California leads in alcoholism, drug abuse, divorces, crime. Yet none of today's artificial stimulants can bring back the happiness and rugged health of the early Californians.



Ads Sell "Ridiculous" Drug Use to Public

Madison Avenue image makers have been blamed for enticing Americans to take pills for every imaginable purpose, including "sometimes utterly ridiculous reasons."

"In uncounted advertisements we are being told, persuaded, and conditioned not to accept any minor discomfort," says Dr. J. S. Gravenstein of Case Western University in Cleveland.

"We are continuously bombarded to take drugs for sometimes utterly ridiculous reasons. We are cajoled to pop a couple of pills into our mouth to get fast relief, freedom, pleasure, sleep, comfort, relaxation, and regularity."

"The consumer is continuously urged to take drugs. Consequently, he demands drugs also from his physician."

With such "pernicious, irresponsible advertising," Dr. Gravenstein says, "we should not really be surprised when our young people adopt this belief and seek their own drugs to cure their own discomforts, imagined or real."

Big Money in Heroin

A kilo of relatively pure heroin, costing a local wholesaler between \$30,000 and \$40,000, can be worth slightly more than \$200,000 by the time it reaches the city's addicts.

Based on testimony at a narcotics conspiracy trial in Washington, D.C.'s, U.S. District Court, one kilo of heroin, from supplier to user, typically would work out like this:

The local middleman would sell it by the ounce, or "piece," at \$1,500 per ounce, or by the "spoon," 1/16 ounce, at \$100 per spoon.

A kilo—35.2 ounces (16 spoons to the ounce)—contains roughly 563 spoons. Narcotics agents say a spoon is further broken down—after dilution—to between 200 and 300 capsules for street sale. Taking an average figure, that means about 140,750 "caps" per kilo.

The going street price for a cap is about \$1.50 in Washington. If the kilo were sold in straight ounce lots, then, it would bring the seller about \$52,000 on his \$40,000 investment.

The ultimate worth of that kilo, as it reached the city's addicts, comes to roughly \$211,125.

Subsidizing Drunks

"Perhaps more American motorists would take an interest in the accident rate on our roads if they knew that 50 percent of their insurance premiums are used to subsidize drunk drivers."

—John F. Martina, New York Department of Motor Vehicles.



Smoking is being seen today as the most severe medical problem our world faces. The earlier a person starts the habit, the greater the damage can be.

Drink Cure Is Shocking

Many patients at Stockton (Calif.) State Hospital are literally being shocked out of alcoholism.

Dr. Edward Bobblett, of the hospital staff, says people addicted to alcohol are in two classifications: those with anxiety problems and those with behavior control problems. The behavior control problem type is three times more common than the anxiety prone type.

Counseling is provided to help patients in the first group overcome the sources of anxiety. For the other type, shock therapy is administered.

Dr. Bobblett says the latter technique, estimated to be 60 percent effective, is administered through a mechanism strapped to the patient's arm. As he sits at a table across from the therapist, his favorite alcoholic beverage and a container of orange juice are placed in front of him.

According to Dr. Bobblett, the patient is told to reach for his favorite alcoholic drink. As he does so, he receives a mild but unpleasant shock. Shocks are administered as he touches the glass to his lips, sips the drink, and swallows it. He then is instructed to take a drink of orange juice and receives no shock.

Dr. Bobblett says the technique has been in use at Stockton State Hospital about a year and elsewhere for about six years. The psychiatrist said although the 60 percent effectiveness record may not sound impressive, other alcoholic treatment methods have been rated only 30 percent effective. The psychotherapy technique also is rated 60 percent successful.

Although drug abuse has increased sharply in recent years and has become a "shock issue," alcoholism has affected more lives more dramatically than drug abuse, he states.

Dr. Bobblett says the typical alcoholic is "somewhat older" than the typical drug user. An alcohol habit also requires longer to develop than a drug habit.

He attributes alcohol and drug abuse to a person's inability to cope with stress, and he notes that there is a trend in society today to blot out stress with chemical agents.

Dr. Bobblett says that in the shock technique, a person not used to dealing with stress is placed under stress in association with the chemical agent or escape mechanism he craves. "It is a diversion," the doctor says.

Smoking--Medicine's Worst Problem

"Smoking is the most severe problem the medical world faces. It causes three of the major killers—emphysema, lung cancer, and heart disease."

That's the opinion of Dr. Charles Tate, chief of the chest disease section at Jackson Memorial Hospital.

"Back in the 30's," Dr. Tate says, "lung cancer was so rare that we [doctors] wrote reports about it. But since World War II when tobacco companies shipped millions of cigarettes to GI's, the incidence of lung cancer has increased alarmingly."

There is no adequate treatment for lung cancer, he says. "Yes, we operate every day, but we save very few. Only five percent of patients with lung cancer will live five years regardless of any known form of treatment."

Of all the people who shouldn't smoke, mothers head the list. Babies subjected to smoking adults and smoke-filled rooms may develop smoke irritation and spasm and die.

In Dr. Tate's opinion, pipes and cigars are not so dangerous because the average person doesn't inhale when he smokes them. "There can be trouble in the throat and mouth area if the person smokes long enough, but the chances of cure are markedly better."

Alcohol Is No. 1 Drug

The No. 1 drug problem is alcohol, not marijuana, amphetamines, or LSD, according to Daniel X. Freedman, M.D., director of the American Psychiatric Association task force on drug abuse.

Dr. Freedman says there are between seven and nine million alcoholics in the U.S. and last year drinking drivers and pedestrians accounted for 30,000 auto deaths.

Where's the Problem?

"There are more alcoholics in San Francisco alone than there are narcotics addicts in the entire country."

—Nicholas Johnson, member of Federal Communications Commission.

In This NEWS

◆ Coffee loses ground among youth drinkers. See page 20.

◆ Drug addicts usually are started by friends, not pushers. See page 21.

◆ Half of GI's have used marijuana. See page 22.

Youth Spurn Coffee

Coffee may not always be "America's national beverage."

A growing number of young Americans never touch coffee. The grounds for their disaffection aren't entirely clear. Some surveys find that young people would rather drink something cold and canned. Others suggest that many of the young shun coffee for the same reason they shy away from a martini: Both are too "establishment."

But the answer may well be that many simply can't stand the way coffee tastes. Millions of bleary-eyed Americans wouldn't think of leaving home in the morning without at least one cup of coffee. And millions of others get little work done at the office until the coffee wagon comes by or they get their coffee break. In fact, Americans still slake their daily dysphoria with coffee to the tune of \$2.6 billion annually—a figure that perks up the spirits of the coffee industry.

But trouble looms in the crucial market for the young. Only 32 percent of youths from 15 to 19 years of age now drink coffee, down from 54 percent in 1950, according to the Pan-American Coffee Bureau. A study of students—mainly at the high school and college level—showed a 61 percent drop since 1950 in the number of cups of coffee consumed by the average student, the bureau says.

Like a sleeping American groping for his morning cup of coffee, the industry is waking up slowly to the problem. So far, the industry has

OFFICE-OURS



"Confound it, Wilson, you simply must break your habit of stepping out for a coffee break!"

launched few new product ideas and promotions appealing to the young. The National Coffee Association tried a big promotion campaign for coffee houses, but after three years "we couldn't point to any change in young people's attitudes toward coffee," says George Boeklin, an official of the association, which represents U.S. coffee makers. "So," he adds, "we just phased out of it."

Now, some coffee companies are trying to put their product into packages that are more attuned to the youth market. General Foods, the nation's largest coffee concern, is hawking Sanka as a "diet" drink and Yuban as a "dessert." To compete with the soft-drink market, many companies are experimenting with instant presweetened iced-coffee mixes and with carbonated coffee drinks.

Most coffee companies reject the theory that youths are drinking less coffee because they no longer find its "adult" associations alluring. Bob Adams, however, questions the executives' judgment.

Bob is a 10th grader in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Slurping down the last of a chocolate milk shake at a lunch counter, he insists, "I don't drink coffee because I don't want to get hooked like my mom and dad."

American youths who no longer see coffee as a symbol of maturity may be in a better position to judge the beverage on its merits than their elders, who may be drinking coffee because of social convention or mass addiction. The youths' verdict frequently is that it stinks.

Addiction Treatment on Ship

A Navy hospital ship may be used as an alcoholism and drug addiction treatment center.

Dr. Essex C. Noel III, Washington's new mental health administrator, says he has asked to use one of the hospital ships now in mothballs in Norfolk.

Noel says present alcohol and drug treatment facilities are inadequate and that the city has a "pressing need" for such a facility. He plans to anchor the ship near the Washington Navy Yard in southeast Washington.

"Communities are resistant to having such a facility in their neighborhood. They picture skid row types and addict-criminal types. The use of a hospital ship would mean that no one's community will be invaded," Noel explains.

"We've got some problems in the District of Columbia," Noel says. "You know, they've got the hospital ship 'Hope,' which goes all over the world. Maybe the United States Navy can help some of the Americans here who are in need."

This Education Is Bad

Henry F. Unger

For years teachers have been telling their students to drink moderately. This permissive approach is now the cause of apparent failure of alcohol and drug abuse education programs.

That's the opinion of Dr. Weldon P. Shofstall, Arizona State superintendent of public instruction.

Dr. Shofstall believes that at least one in nine persons cannot drink moderately and that one usually runs into trouble farther down the line. He also notes that there is no absolute way to tell which one of the nine will become an alcoholic.

He states that this permissive approach to teaching the dangers of alcohol and narcotics will be eliminated in Arizona's new drug abuse education program.

◆ Pennsylvania State Governor Shafer has signed legislation permitting the sale of beer and liquor in a restaurant at the new Philadelphia Veterans Stadium. (Philadelphia "Evening Bulletin")

Why Kids Go for Drugs

Sixth graders say parents can drive children to drugs.

Dr. Eugene Morong, a New York psychiatrist, asked some students for their explanations of addiction:

- ◆ Parents are too interested in their social life.
- ◆ Parents don't spend enough time at home.
- ◆ Children are afraid their parents don't understand them.
- ◆ Parents set a bad example. They tell children not to smoke, then do it themselves.

Dr. Morong admits: "I'm a physician, and I'm still hung up on this habit of smoking. It's inexcusable."

The doctor warns youngsters not to chance drugs such as marijuana and LSD, the effects of which he says are not fully known. He says it is like playing Russian roulette.

Dr. Morong tells parents to lift the barriers separating them from their children.

"Don't be ashamed of telling them you don't know," he says. "And stay away from the right-and-wrong bug."



Hip Disease

There is a relationship between high dependence on alcohol and serious hip disorders, says a University of Iowa medical research team.

Dr. Michael Bonfiglio, a professor of orthopedics and the team leader, says that a study of 50 patients during an 18-month period revealed the tie-in between heavy drinking and hip ailments, which are caused by death of a bone tissue.

Dr. Carroll Larson, head of the Department of Orthopedic Medicine, says the hip complication is usually found among people who also have liver damage from chronic alcoholism.

Drunk Drivers

"In Oregon more than one half of all traffic fatalities are caused by drunk drivers," according to Dr. Gil Bellamy, coordinator of Oregon Traffic Safety Commission.

"Although the drunk-driver problem was identified early in this century," he continues, "it was not discovered until the past several months that while the social drinker can be much more dangerous behind the wheel than the nondrinker, he is not the core of the problem."

A pioneering Oregon study shows that persons convicted of drunk driving had the following characteristics:

- ◆ One in four had a criminal record.
- ◆ They had a previous charge of drunkenness not associated with driving.
- ◆ They averaged three times as many prior traffic citations.
- ◆ One out of every four drivers convicted of drunk driving does not even have a valid driver's license at the time.



Groups of four space engineers spend from eight hours to seven days as test crewmen inside the gondola on this giant spinner at this space center in California. The tests will provide information for the construction of an earth-orbiting space station planned for the 1970's. The spinning creates an artificial gravity similar to that of a rotating space station.



My husband is Scotch and Irish, but unfortunately the Scotch is by absorption."

"Friends" Start Addicts

Friends and associates far outweigh pushers as the means of introducing young people to hard drugs, a new study of more than 6,500 narcotics addicts suggests.

Of every 100 addicts in the study, 84 got started on hard drugs through friends and only two because of pushers. Moreover, the Federally financed study found that 25 percent of the addicts studied followed an invariable four-step sequence toward addiction. They began with marijuana and advanced to amphetamines, or "speed." Then they began using barbiturates, and finally they became heroin addicts. The other 75 percent skipped one or two of the steps, the study found, but none went directly to heroin without first using one of the other drugs.

Results of the study were released by Friends of Psychiatric Research, Inc., a Baltimore non-profit research group.

Described as one of the most comprehensive drug-addiction studies ever done in the United States, the report is based on interviews with addicts in New York City, Chicago, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C., New Jersey, San Antonio, and Tacoma. All the addicts had been treated at Federally financed centers.

The addicts ranged in age from 13 to 74. The study found that among them:

- ◆ Fifty-four percent started using narcotics because a friend of the same age used them. Another 30 percent were started by older friends. Pushers accounted for just 2 percent, and the remaining 14 percent began for reasons other than these.

- ◆ The addicts were poorly educated, averaging 10.1 years of schooling. Thirty-seven percent had never worked, and another 21 percent had been unable to hold a job for six months.

- ◆ Arrests were early and frequent. Only 5 percent hadn't been arrested, and the 95 percent who had been were arrested first at an average age of 17.6 years. The San An-

tonio addicts averaged 12.9 arrests, and those in New York averaged 3.6.

- ◆ There were four male addicts to every female.

- ◆ Those who kicked their habit temporarily stayed off drugs only 12.6 months at the longest.

The addicts shared certain environmental factors as well. For 39 percent, home life through age 18 was fatherless; 11 percent lived in homes without mothers in this period. Nearly one fifth of the addicts—19 percent—didn't know what work their fathers did. More than half of the addicts—55 percent—lived with relatives, but not with their parents, husbands, or wives. Two thirds of the group studied had not been married.

The study's findings do not apply to U.S. addicts as a whole because the 6,500 addicts studied were not chosen at random, spokesmen for Friends of Psychiatric Research said. However, these addicts were like most U.S. addicts in several respects: poor family background, lack of education, urban residence, bad work history, police records, and use of several drugs.

The researchers found that their interview results improved markedly when they hired former addicts as interviewers. They said this lessened the addicts' suspicion and hostility.

Polluted Fatalism

Near Chicago a grandmother took her four-year-old grandson and seven-year-old granddaughter for a ride in her small car. The youngsters began squabbling over which would get to sit up in the front seat.

"If you don't let me sit there," the four-year-old said to his sister, "I'll chop your head off."

The seven-year-old shrugged. "Who cares?" she said. "With all this pollution we'll be dead soon anyway."

My Shepherd

In a telephone booth in southern California a card was found by a police officer which read as follows:

"Heroin is my shepherd, I shall always want. He maketh me to lie down in the gutters. He leadeth me beside troubled waters. He destroys my soul. He leadeth me in the path of wickedness for his sake. Yea, I will walk through the valley of poverty and will fear all evil, for thou heroin art with me always. Thy needle and thy capsule comfort me. Thou strippest the table of groceries in the presence of my family. Thou robtest my head of reason. My cup of sorrow runneth over. Surely heroin will stalk me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the damned forever."

On the back of the card, in tortured handwriting, was this postscript:

"Truly this is my psalm. I am a young woman 20 years old, and for the past year and a half I have been wandering down the nightmare alley of the junkies. I want to quit, and I try, but I can't. Jail didn't cure me. Hospitals didn't help me for long. The doctor told my family it would have been better and kinder if the person who had first gotten me hooked on dope had taken a gun and blown my brains out. I wish to God she had! My God, how I wish she had!"

Pot, Drugs Are Serious

Approximately two out of three adults in a national Gallup survey say that marijuana and drugs constitute a "serious problem" in the public schools in their community.

High school juniors and seniors, however, differ somewhat from their parents on this question. While 64 percent of adults say the problem is serious, only 39 percent of high school juniors and seniors hold this view.

A total of 1,592 adults and 299 high school students were surveyed.

This question was asked first: Marijuana and other drugs are increasingly being used by students. Do you think it is a serious problem in your public schools?

The following table compares the views of adults with those of the high school juniors and seniors.

	Yes	No	Don't Know
Adults	64	22	14
Students	39	59	2

The second question and results follow:

Do you feel that the local public schools are doing a good job of teaching the bad effects of drug use?

	Yes	No	Don't Know
Adults	39	25	36
Students	49	45	6

WHAT WHERE WHY WHO WHEN HOW

- ◆ The smoke residue from small cigars has been shown to be a more active cancer-producing agent than similar residue from cigarettes, according to London's Tobacco Research Council. (San Jose "Mercury-News")

- ◆ Adm. Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr., chief of naval operations, has announced he is authorizing booze in barracks, long hair, hard rock music clubs, and an end to "Mickey Mouse" clothing regulations for sailors. Zumwalt has authorized possession of alcoholic beverages in naval barracks and installation of beer-vending machines in certain bachelor officers' quarters. He also has set up hard rock clubs "where they can really rock it" on an experimental basis at five naval stations.

- ◆ Lt. Gen. George I. Forsythe says the Army is also seriously considering relaxing its regulations so that beer will be permitted in the barracks. (UPI)

- ◆ Broadcasters will have available drug-abuse education programming aids as a result of a cooperative project by the National Association of Broadcasters and the National Coordinating Council on Drug Abuse Education and Information. The project is designed to give broadcasters an evaluation of programs on drug abuse and also provide a medium for information exchange among U.S. broadcasters on drug abuse problems. (Denver "Post")

- ◆ More than 500 of 1,057 medical students surveyed said they had used marijuana at least once, according to the Association of American Medical Colleges. And 114 said they had used it more than 100 times. Some 300 students said they still smoked marijuana. (AP)

- ◆ Anyone smoking 24 or more cigarettes a day has a one-in-nine chance of contracting lung cancer, according to the Royal College of Physicians, London. Their report emphasizes that there is little difference in the effect of cigarettes, cigars, and pipe tobaccos. It establishes a direct connection between smoking and coronary thrombosis, high blood pressure, cancer of the bladder, and gastric ulcers. (UPI)

- ◆ The House Commerce Committee has approved a \$300-million authorization to attack the alcoholism problem among civilians and in the armed services. The funds will set up a National Institute on Alcohol Abuse within the Public Health Service. Health officials say an estimated 18 million Americans have an alcohol problem and that alcoholism costs United States industry about \$4 billion annually. (The New York "Times")

ARE YOU PUZZLED?

How Do You Measure Up?

Alan A. Brown

Here's a chance to measure your knowledge of weights and measures. In the first column are standards that range from 1/7,000 of a pound to almost 93 million miles. The right column has the common explanation for each standard. How many can you match correctly?

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. barleycorn | a. 27 to 48 inches |
| 2. hairbreadth | b. 100 lbs. avoirdupois |
| 3. kip | c. one drop |
| 4. minim | d. 92.9 million miles |
| 5. fathom | e. 63 gallons |
| 6. line | f. 1/48 of an inch |
| 7. kilogram | g. 3 inches or 4 inches |
| 8. hand | h. 6 feet |
| 9. astronomical unit | i. 8 quarts |
| 10. hogshead | j. 1/3 of an inch |
| 11. skein | k. 5 1/2 yards |
| 12. ell | l. 1/4 of a pint |
| 13. peck | m. 2.2 pounds |
| 14. cubit | n. 1/7,000 of a pound |
| 15. gill | o. 1/12 of an inch |
| 16. cental | p. 4 inches |
| 17. rod | q. 360 feet |
| 18. palm | r. 1,000 pounds |
| 19. grain | s. 1/8 of a mile |
| 20. furlong | t. 18 inches |

Half of GI's in Vietnam Have Smoked Marijuana

Half of the enlisted men leaving Vietnam have smoked marijuana there at least once, according to a survey by an Army psychologist. But the survey also found that a third of the troops had tried marijuana before they left the United States.

Capt. Morris D. Stanton presented the survey's results to a hearing by a special Senate subcommittee on alcoholism and narcotics.

Others testifying at the same hearing argued that narcotics isn't the only problem; alcoholism is just as serious, they said, and practically nothing is being done about it. Maj. Avrom C. Segal, chief of the psychiatry department at Fort Meade, Maryland, said the incidence of alcoholism in the armed services, especially among older noncommissioned officers and commissioned officers, is the same as the 6 percent incidence among civilians, or higher.

The narcotics survey showed that 50.1 percent of the departing enlisted men said they had smoked marijuana in Vietnam, including 29.6 percent who had used it more than 20 times per year. One man out of six had smoked marijuana at least 200 times in a year.

In addition, 34.8 percent of the arriving enlisted men said they had tried marijuana before coming to Vietnam, about half of them more than 20 times a year. Slightly more than 10 percent of the newly arrived lieutenants, captains, and warrant officers said they, too, had tried marijuana before reaching Vietnam.

Their senior officers were unaware of the way that marijuana flourished among their troops, Captain Stanton discovered. Of the departing officers surveyed, from major to colonel, only one conceded that more than 10 percent of his men had used marijuana as much as once a month.

The survey discovered that 27 percent of the departing enlisted men, and 22.6 of the new arrivals, intended to keep smoking marijuana in the United States. More than 40 percent of the men in both categories thought it should be legalized.

Among other drugs, Captain Stanton found that only 6.3 percent of the departing enlisted men had tried opium before they got to Vietnam, but 17.4 percent had tried it before they left. He found amphetamines, or "speed," had been tried by 16.2 percent of the departing enlisted men, but only 12.4 percent of the new arrivals. He said the use of heroin, morphine, and barbiturates showed little or no increases while soldiers were in Vietnam, and the use of LSD and STP actually declined.

Addicts "STOP" Driving

Four out of five narcotic addicts listed with the Federal Bureau of Narcotics have either lost their driver's permit or had their names placed on a "STOP" list to prevent their being licensed to drive in the future, reveal Department of Motor Vehicle records.

Drugs Interact With Food

WILSON MacDOUGALL
Enterprise Science Service

When a person takes different medications at the same time he runs some risk that adverse effects will result from interactions among the drugs.

Interactions of certain drugs with some foods and drinks can also cause serious reactions and even be lethal.

To reduce the chance of such interactions, "The Medical Letter," an authoritative publication for physicians and health workers, advises that physicians limit the number of drugs prescribed for concurrent use by a patient.

Further, the publication stresses, a patient should inform his physician or dentist, who is prescribing or administering a medication, of other ethical or over-the-counter drugs he is already taking.

The principal foods which may interact with drugs contain the organic compound tyramine, and include pickled herring, chocolate, yeast extracts, aged cheeses, beer, sherry, and Chianti wine.

Among some 55 combinations of drugs and food to be avoided, according to "The Medical Letter," are:

Aspirin with anticoagulants, which can increase bleeding tendency.

Excessive use of alcoholic beverages with many kinds of tranquilizers, which can increase depression of the central nervous system.

Barbiturates with anticoagulants, which can diminish the effect of the anticlotting agents.

Digitalis drugs with prolonged use of laxatives or cathartics which can increase the toxicity of the digitalis.

Moonshine May Contain Lead

Another hazard has been added to drinking illegal whiskey, or "moonshine" as it is commonly called.

Not only is the consumer of moonshine subject to hangovers, possible death from overconsumption, and severe fines from revenue men, but he may also suffer from lead poisoning as well.

In over 100 samples of recently confiscated moonshine tested by the Chattanooga-Hamilton County (Tennessee) Health Department, all samples have been found to contain large amounts of lead or mercury pollution.

Dr. M. M. Young, director of the health department, says lead poisoning or lead intoxication affects the brain of the drinker causing confusion, disorientation, impairment of memory, and possible hallucinations.

All these signs can also accompany or appear as mental illness, the doctor said.

In the production of moonshine,

automobile radiators are used to distill the whiskey and, in many cases, chemical additives used in automobile cooling systems such as rust inhibitors or leak stoppers are combined into the finished product.

Also, water used in making the moonshine might come from a polluted or stagnant stream, causing impurities to be combined into the whiskey.

Other impurities range from insects, drawn into the cooking pot by the odorous mash, to dirt and grime from the unsanitary equipment used in distilling.

A Federal revenue agent says a common ingredient used in making moonshine is rubbing alcohol. He says many cases of empty alcohol bottles are often found at whiskey still sites.

Answers

1-b; 2-f; 3-r; 4-c; 5-h; 6-o; 7-m; 8-p; 9-d; 10-e; 11-a; 12-a; 13-f; 14-f; 15-i; 16-b; 17-k; 18-g; 19-n; 20-s.

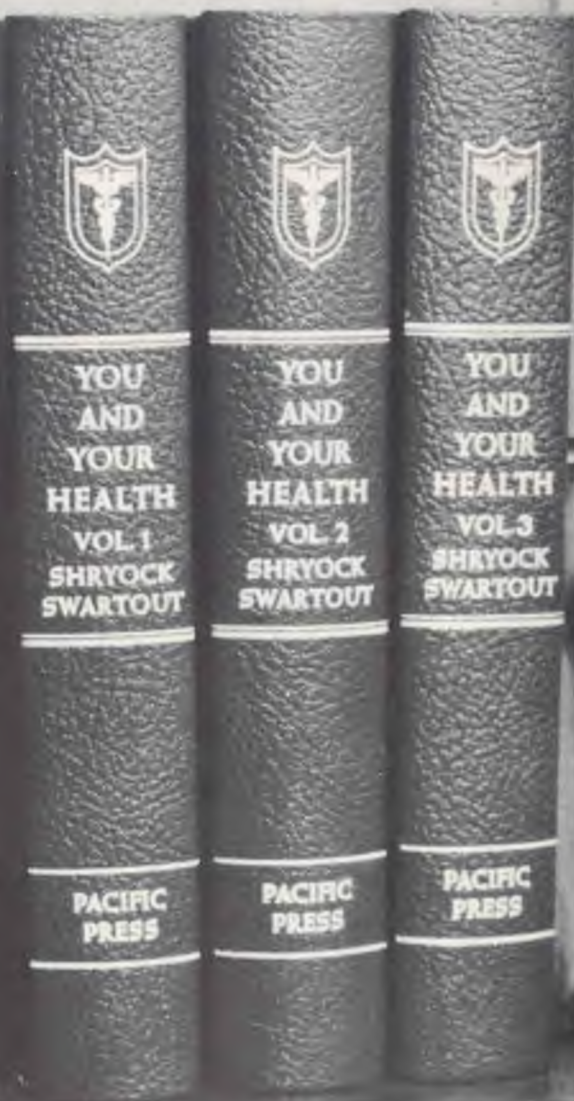


Druggists have made profits of as much as 400 percent by selling such items as gelatin capsules to people involved in the drug traffic. Henry De Boest, a vice president of the Eli Lilly Company, shows that the production of the "No. 5" gelatin capsule by his company has decreased since 1965.

Legend has it that cats live nine lives

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Nobody Cares, Huh?

in Gratitude by beth



... the ring on your phone is a special ring
someone is asking for aid
for someone to rap with
to sound off
to cry to
in hopes that their anguish will fade

my acid was bad
like never before
my thoughts grew worse and worse
my eyes were its cameras
its tools for deception
instruments of its curse

the walls pressed toward me
and the ceiling crashed lower
i thought i was doomed to die
but your voice put the world
in its proper perspective
a truth i can never deny

you carried me through
to a world of beauty
from a world of ugly blindness
so ben what i say is directed to you
and all others who share your kindness

people who care are people to trust
they'll advise you as much as they dare
their love for the world will outlast any evil
so thank you "somebody cares"

"Somebody Cares" is a "crisis intervention counseling program" for the teen-agers, according to its director, Pastor David. Sponsored by the St. Luke Lutheran Church in Silver Spring, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, D.C., the telephone service averages about ninety calls a week from young people asking for help. "Somebody Cares" is staffed by volunteer workers, mature high school and college students, teachers, professionals — "anyone who cares and can understand."

Beth, author of "in Gratitude," is one teen-ager of thousands who have received help during the fourteen months the service has been in operation.

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