

concerning either of them yet. Evelyn, for all her fears that she may lose David, has always loved and respected him for his loyalty towards Shirley and his father. She has taught him to respect and adore them both. She would really have him no other way—except a little closer to her physically perhaps.

As for Shirley, she understands both Evelyn and David's attitude towards her. She can only wish that her own three boys grow up to be such loyal sons.

David know, instinctively of course, that these two great women are worthy of his love—else he would not be suffering so to please them both. But it won't be until he realizes how much they understand—and appreciate about him—that his conflict will be over. Until then, he must be the son—the step-son—torn between the two women he loves so well.

CAROL BURNETT

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so—out or rebellion, if pot smoking were expressly forbidden.

Carol also was taking into account the fact that, according to current findings, at least 50% of teenagers in America today try marijuana at some time. The fact that it is so accepted and available makes it difficult for a parent to exercise control. How can you effectively say "NO" when every other kid on the block is turning on?

By allowing her children "limited" use, Carol reasons that at least she'll know what her kids are doing. If her children feel free to tell her they are smoking pot, they'll also feel free (hopefully) to tell her how much and how often and what the experience was like. If it's done without her knowledge, Carol as a parent, would lose control of the situation entirely. Carol perhaps feels that honesty is the most important quality in a parent-child relationship—that nothing could be worse than forcing them to lie and sneak behind her back.

And finally it must be pointed out that many parents permit their children to smoke at home rather than in a public place in order to avoid arrest.

However commendable it may be of Carol (and other parents with the same attitude) to attempt to bridge the generation gap, it is questionable whether sanction of even "limited" use of marijuana is wise.

First of all, how do you keep it "limited?" Yes, there are those who can smoke pot once or twice or even occasionally and simply let it go at that. However, there are others who, after a brief initiation, begin to turn on constantly in order to feel good, avoid anxiety or depression, or just to be one of the crowd. It may be one thing for a mature adult to try pot simply to judge for himself what the hoopla is all about, but it's quite another to let a teenager open that Pandora's box. A teenager is still in the process of forming his values, still very impressionable in many ways, and

whether any adolescent can handle a "marijuana experience" remains a doubtful question.

We all know that most people can drink on a social basis without suffering any consequences, while others become emotionally dependent on alcohol. However, the effects of alcohol are well-known, and it is easy to spot the problem drinker. But too little is known about marijuana to think of it in the same way, for example, as a Martini.

Carol herself has never turned on. If it's all that safe and sensible, why doesn't she? If everyone's doing it, why doesn't Carol? Obviously, she must have doubts—very serious ones.

The National Institute of Mental Health states that there can be severe short-term effects of marijuana use. Psychotic reactions, panic and paranoia have been reported. Though such reactions are comparatively infrequent, they usually occur in the type of individual who has had some sort of past history of psychological problems.

Little is known about marijuana's long-term use because it's only recently that there's been any scientific studies of the drug in America. However, previous studies conducted in countries where the drug has been in use for thousands of years, suggest that users become demotivated and in some cases resemble skid row alcoholics. Whether these studies are completely accurate may be debated, but isn't it an awfully big chance to take?

Other laboratory studies indicate that marijuana causes birth defects in rats. Some scientists claim that the tars in marijuana are similar to the cancer-producing tars of tobacco. (Ironically enough, Carol who used to be a pretty heavy tobacco smoker, decided to quit entirely a while back.)

There maybe other hidden dangers attached to indulging in pot. The typical marijuana reaction distorts time and space, so that driving while under the influence of marijuana is extremely dangerous. Drunken driving is also dangerous, but it's easy to spot (and smell) the driver who's had one too many for the road.

Therefore, for all of these reasons, most authorities still agree that parents should prohibit their children from using marijuana but should also explain the reasons why. When all the kids seem to be doing it, it is extremely difficult for a teenager not to want to be one of the crowd, and the parents' job is one that must be handled firmly, but with much tact.

Without good communication between parents and children, drug use can't be stopped.

Perhaps that's what Carol's most concerned about. It's not that she openly wants to encourage her children to "turn on," far from it. She's simply facing the fact that the day will undoubtedly come when her daughters may want to

experiment with pot and she wants to be ready with a realistic way of handling it, when that day dawns.

It isn't easy to be a parent today. When even the son of a devoted mother like Ethel Kennedy smokes pot, the ordinary parent may be tempted to give up.

But that's just what Carol won't do. Despite all the hazards, all the possible dangers of letting her kids try it even once, she'd rather settle for that and hope they'll be wise enough to reject the drug culture, then risk reading about them on the front page of tomorrow's news—when it's too late to do anything at all.

ELVIS PRESLEY

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emphasized are not proof of any actual visitations. But they do indicate, at the very least, a preoccupation with the daed. And now come reports, from the aforementioned news service among others, that more than this is involved!

For years after the first apparition haunted Elvis, the service said, there were no more ghostly visitations. All was calm and peaceful for Elvis, on that score, anyway.

Then . . .
"About a year ago," the report continued, "there was serious talk of trouble in the Presley household."

The beginning, you will all remember, were those many stories that Elvis was being seen—more and more—in public with lots of Las Vegas femmes, none of whom was his wife. Priscilla, it was rumored, was fed up, and had made up her mind to pursue a career, in show business, as she'd always wanted to do, in spite of Elvis' strongly voiced wishes that she wouldn't. But apparently, he wasn't home enough at that point to stop her anyway. Stories of his night vigils in Vegas continued to make the rounds, while divorce rumors abounded as never before. By year's end, the topper to end all toppers had come. Elvis suddenly found himself with a paternity suit slapped on him—and one which has not been legally resolved yet.

That, according to reports, is when the ghostly visits began again—and this time in earnest.

"They would be asleep when, suddenly, doors would open and be slammed shut, waking them up completely," went one newspaper story. It sounded almost as though something—or someone—was deliberately trying to get their attention.

A Memphis journalist purportedly commented, "No one could initially figure out what caused these occurrences. Elvis and I were friendly, and he mentioned them to me. My reply—meant to be facetious—was that a ghost probably prowled Graceland. But Elvis didn't think this was very funny, of course." He would soon not only think it unfunny—but absolutely terrifying.

The time: November 11, 1970.

The place: Graceland Mansion.

It was there, on that day, that Priscilla Presley was reported to have seen Gladys Presley.

She was quoted as saying, "She stood there before me, at the end of the hallway.