

Wanted: real-life LSD stories

Creators Syndicate

DEAR ANN LANDERS:

Recently, I read an article about how LSD is making a big comeback among the youth of America. I was a teen-ager in the '60s, and although I never was involved in the drug scene, I remember hearing a lot of horror stories about young people jumping in front of trains, off roofs and out of windows while under the influence of LSD.

I realize most teen-agers do not listen to their elders, but I do feel that a great many read your column and pay attention to what you say. Maybe if you would encourage readers who had some experiences with LSD in the '60s to write, you could publish some letters describing how this drug ruined their youth and possibly their adult years as well. Some families lost loved ones because of LSD, and perhaps they could tell today's teens how it affected their lives.

— K.A.S.

DEAR K.A.S.: I, too, have heard and read that LSD is becoming popular among young people again because it is cheap



Ann Landers

and easy to come by.

This mind-altering drug has been responsible for many deaths. Thank you for suggesting that individuals who have had experience with LSD write to me. I will be happy to share some of the letters with my readers.

DEAR ANN LANDERS: My wife is a very good cook, and she also bakes the best pies in the world. What I am writing about is the pies which caused a lot of trouble last Friday.

"Erma" baked two cherry pies and put them on the counter for cooling. About an hour later, I went back into the kitchen and noticed that two slices had been taken out of one of the pies. I went to get a plate and a knife to help myself to a slice when Erma walked in, "What do you think you're doing?" she asked. "I'm going to have a piece of pie," I

replied. "No, you're not," she yelled. "That's for company."

"Who had the two pieces that are missing?" I asked. She said, "I put them aside for 'Ruth' (our daughter) and her husband."

That really burned me up, but I didn't say anything — just walked out of the house to cool off. I need to know from you if I am right to feel like a second-class citizen in our house.

— P.O.'d in Ga.

DEAR GA.: Second-class citizen? Undesirable alien is more like it. I hope the pie incident is a rarity and Erma doesn't treat you that way all the time. Make sure she sees this letter. The woman's lack of consideration is disgraceful.

DEAR ANN LANDERS: A friend told me that I should not use aluminum cookware or aluminum foil or drink beverages that come in aluminum cans because it could cause Alzheimer's. Is there any truth to this?

— Concerned in Kentucky

DEAR CONCERNED: Not a shred of truth in any of the above. Forget it.

DON'T JUST PREACH TO THE CONVERTED! SEND YOUR BEST LSD STORIES TO ANN LANDERS, AND PLEASE SEND A COPY TO MAPS.

I will print one or two of the stories in the next MAPS newsletter. Though Ann may not publish any of the positive stories, at least she will know that not everyone sees LSD as a demon drug poisoning the youth of America. She might even come to understand that some people have grown in socially responsible ways as a result of their LSD experiences. Perhaps she will even decide to try it (sorry, I got carried away). In any case, have fun writing down

your favorite LSD experience and come out of the closet. It's time to speak out while we still have the luxury of the freedom of expression.

Ann's Address:

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For a personal response, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. ●●●