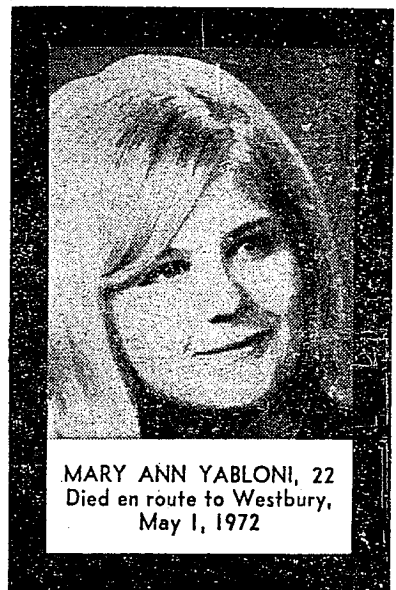
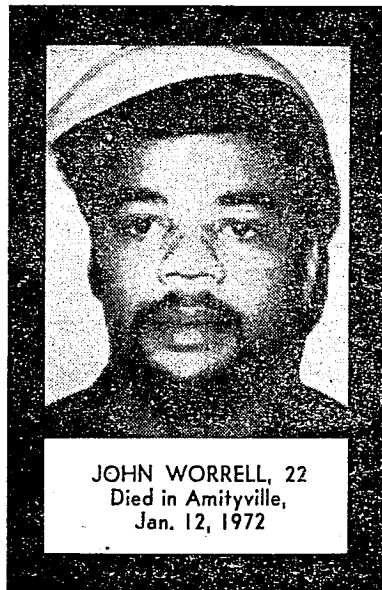
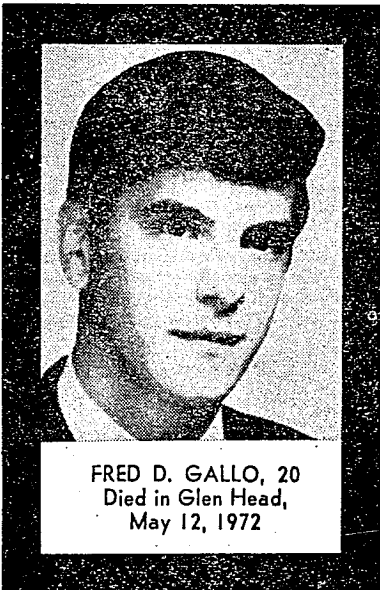


THE HEROIN TRAIL

IT BEGINS
IN TURKEY



AND ENDS
ON LONG ISLAND

Start Following It Today on Page 4



Photo by Gunduz Goktaya

Newsday's Robert Greene, left, Knut Royce, back row, and Les Payne, with farmers in the Turkish village of Degirmendere last June

The Story Behind This Series

The pictures on today's front page are of three young Long Islanders who died while using heroin.

The three are among 25 of your neighbors who died of heroin-related causes on Long Island last year. Another 22 are also dead from causes related to methadone, a new drug which, it was originally hoped, would serve as a less destructive substitute for heroin.

Newsday is printing the names of all these victims today. Over the next few weeks we will tell what is known of their individual stories: how they lived, how they died, and what effect their deaths have had upon those who knew them.

These stories are not being written because Newsday wants to bring more sadness to families whose lives have been blighted, but in the hope that the telling of these tragedies might prevent similar ones from befalling other young people.

One mother who told a Newsday reporter about her 21-year-old son who had died said: "He was such a beautiful boy. If I can do anything so that some other boy doesn't endanger his life, I'll do it."

The dead on Long Island are only a part of the tragedy that heroin has brought to our community. The victims also include those who have survived, but whose lives have been wrecked by addiction. They include those who, triggered by heroin usage, have experimented disastrously with other dangerous drugs. They include those who have been assaulted or robbed by addicts who stole to pay for their habits. And, finally, the victims also include the parents, relatives and friends of the addicts. To all this must be added other costs, necessary ones, for treatment, prevention and enforcement—money that might be applied to other social problems if this one did not exist.

It was with these facts in mind that Newsday decided more than a year ago to make a major commitment to telling the full story of heroin, the drug that seemed to be the most merciless of all in the punishment it inflicted upon its users.

The full story, we believed, should focus not only on the victims of heroin but on those who profited by it. We knew in general that millions of dollars were made each year by heroin profiteers, but little information had been made public about specific individuals, systems or methods that were operating for financial gain.

As one of the reporters who worked on the story, Knut Royce, said: "Heroin might be the biggest problem afflicting the country. We had 2,000 reporters in Vietnam during the war; we haven't devoted nearly that kind of journalistic energy to covering heroin."

"Covering" heroin meant going to its principal source, the poppy fields of Turkey. It meant following its route to the U.S., mainly through Eu-



rope and especially in France, where the morphine base derived from the opium poppy is converted into heroin in illegal laboratories.

To direct that coverage, Newsday selected Senior Editor Robert W. Greene, whose investigative team had won a Pulitzer Prize in 1970 for uncovering political corruption in land purchases in Suffolk County. More recently, "the Greene team," as it is known at Newsday, investigated the affairs of two friends of President Nixon, Charles G. (Bebe) Rebozo and ex-Senator George Smathers. And early last year, a Greene investigation uncovered plans by the Metropolitan Transportation Authority for an unauthorized fourth jetport near Newburgh, and detailed favoritism and waste at the MTA's Republic Airport in Farmingdale.

Greene, who is 43 and a resident of Kings Park, made his first trip to Europe in 15 years as a Newsday reporter after getting the assignment at a dinner meeting last April with President and Publisher William Attwood, myself and Managing Editor Donald Forst at the Westbury Manor in Westbury.

He picked two other reporters, Les Payne and Knut Royce, to join in the overseas assignment.

Payne, 31, came to Newsday in 1969. He had last been overseas in 1968 as an Army captain in Vietnam, attached to Gen. William Westmoreland's staff. He served in the Army for six years after graduating from the University of Connecticut in 1963. Payne relished the assignment, he says, because "it seemed like the sort of challenge a journalist should be answering. I was told about the possible dangers. But after spending a year in Vietnam facing dangers I had no interest in, I thought it was far more important to participate in something that was meaningful." The one draw-

back in the assignment was his long absence from his wife, Vi, who was expecting a second child. Mrs. Payne closed up their Huntington home and lived with relatives in Hartford during her husband's absence. Their second child, Jamal Kenyatta, was born Oct. 5. Payne flew home briefly to be at his wife's bedside when the baby was born.

Royce, 32, who joined Newsday in 1968, said he first looked on the overseas trip as "more than just a journalistic assignment. It looked like one hell of an adventure." As a native of Marseilles, his knowledge of the land and the language was crucial to the investigators during their time in France. Royce had also lived in Portugal as a child, and served two years with the Peace Corps in Ethiopia.

Greene, Payne and Royce began full-time work on the assignment in early May by taking a three-week, six-hour-a-day, five-day-a-week course in Turkish at the Berlitz School. After other preparations, they departed June 4 for Istanbul. They would return in mid-December.

The first three months were spent in Turkey. They lived in a rented house on the outskirts of Istanbul. From this base, they ranged from the poppy fields of Anatolia to the cafes of Sofia, Bulgaria.

The trio was followed on several occasions; they were threatened; their phones were tapped; they found themselves on guard and paranoid about apparently normal actions by people they didn't know.

In September, a second team, headed by Washington correspondent Anthony Marro, began forming in Garden City to report out the heroin story in the U.S., concentrating on New York, Long Island and Washington, but also traveling as far as Mexico and Miami in search of the American connection. Working with Marro were reporters James W. Sullivan, Joe Demma, David Behrens and photographer Mitch Turner. Reporters William Van Haintze, Tony Schaeffer, Pete Bowles and James O'Neill also assisted.

In the meantime, after driving through Europe along the route taken by narcotics smugglers, the overseas team set up a second base for a second three months, in the seaside town of Le Lavandou, on the south coast of France near Marseilles. Two other Newsday reporters, Pucci Meyer and Christopher Cook, joined them for seven and three weeks respectively, to help as researchers and translators.

The story of "The Heroin Trail" will be told over the next several weeks as a continuous narrative, organized along the route that the drug takes from the poppy field of Afyon Province in Turkey to the arms of the addict on Long Island.

DAVID LAVENTHOL, Editor

To Angry Turk Growers, Heroin Is U.S. Problem

Turkey's opium farmers are openly resisting a U.S.-Turkish ban on growing of the poppy, *Newsday* reporters learned during two visits to the poppy fields last summer.

The villagers warned that unless their demands for greater technical assistance were met, they will again grow poppies from which opium, and ultimately heroin, is derived. Some

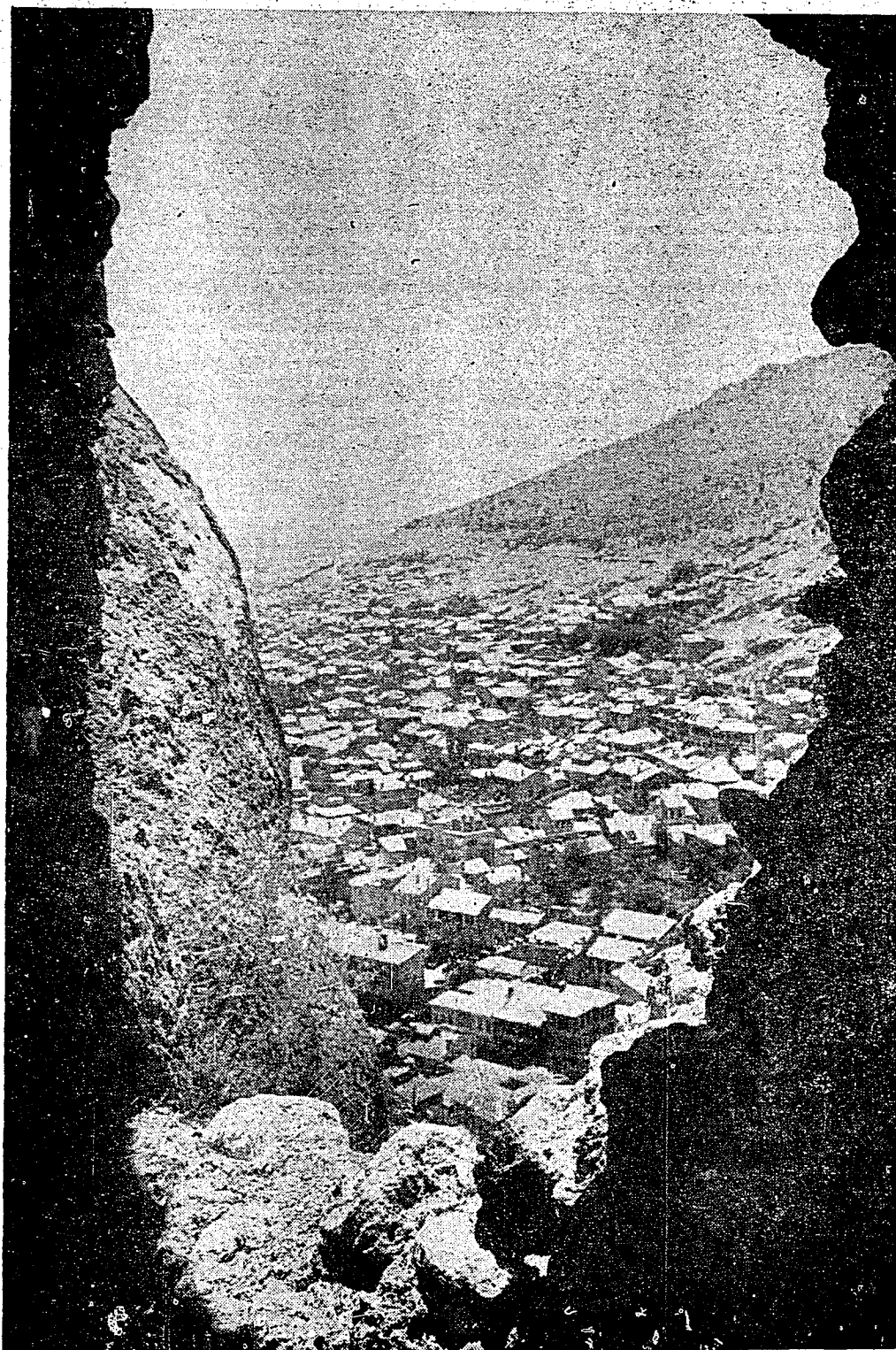
officials estimated that the cost of such assistance would be \$365,000,000 more than current American aid grants.

In a small village in Afyon Province, farmers showed *Newsday* reporters the seeds they had stored with which to grow fresh crops.

The farmers are bitter over the loss of their staple crop and believe

the problem is America's, not theirs. "We have been cultivating opium for centuries and we villagers work with it every day," one village leader said. "Yet not one person in the village has ever tasted it..."

The first article on "The Heroin Trail" is by Senior Editor Robert W. Greene and reporters Les Payne and Knut Royce.



From halfway up The Black Castle of Opium Mountain, a view of Afyon, where "man joins nature in consecrating opium."

Newsday Photos by Greene, Payne and Royce

Afyon.

Copyright 1973, Newsday Inc.

This is where it all begins.

Afyon. The province and its principal city are both named for the opium poppy plant. Man joins nature in consecrating opium here. A thousand-foot rock-mountain juts up in the center of Afyon town like a minaret of some sprawling mosque.

Atop the rock is an ancient castle in ruins. The poppy farmers call it "Afyon Kara Hisar"—The Black Castle of Opium Mountain.

Afyon has been a citadel for opium for almost a thousand years. It is stark country, high, baked dry in the summer, ravished in winter by snow and ice-winds blowing off the Turkish steppe. The growing season here is short. The soil is dust-blown, poor. This land will nourish only the hardest of crops for the most patient and long-suffering of farmers.

Opium is that rare hardy crop. The Afyon peasant is that patient and long-suffering farmer. There are 90,000 farmers in Afyon and other provinces in Anatolia, the Asian part of Turkey, who rely on the poppy for survival.

* * *

The poppy is the staple of village life. Over the centuries, many uses have been developed for the plant. Its oil is a base for cooking; its leaves go into a traditional salad; its seeds enrich the bread; its pods are fed to livestock; and its stalks are woven into cottage ceilings.

Only the gum is not used by the villagers. They sell it two ways: legally to the Turkish government, which last year paid \$7.47 for each pound of gum for medicinal uses, or illegally to drug smugglers, who paid 20 per cent more. About two-thirds of the crop usually is sold illegally. The farmers' illegal profits are small, but they are vital in a land where opium is the only dependable cash crop and where the average family has a cash income of less than \$300 a year.

Others make larger illegal profits: international businessmen, smugglers, chemists and drug dealers operating on four continents. The gum is converted into morphine base and then into heroin, and as it moves westward the price snowballs, until heroin sells for about \$113,000 a pound on the streets of New York. The ultimate price is paid by the heroin addicts

—Continued on Page 7

The Trail's Ultimate Victims

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Deceased had attempted to kick heroin habit.

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Suspected narcotic user, according to medical examiner.

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Old and new needle tracks found on arms. Heroin in syringe found near body.

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Eyedropper syringe found near body.

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3079 Perry Ave., Oceanside
Died at friend's home in Long Beach April 1.
Apparently began using drugs in Army.

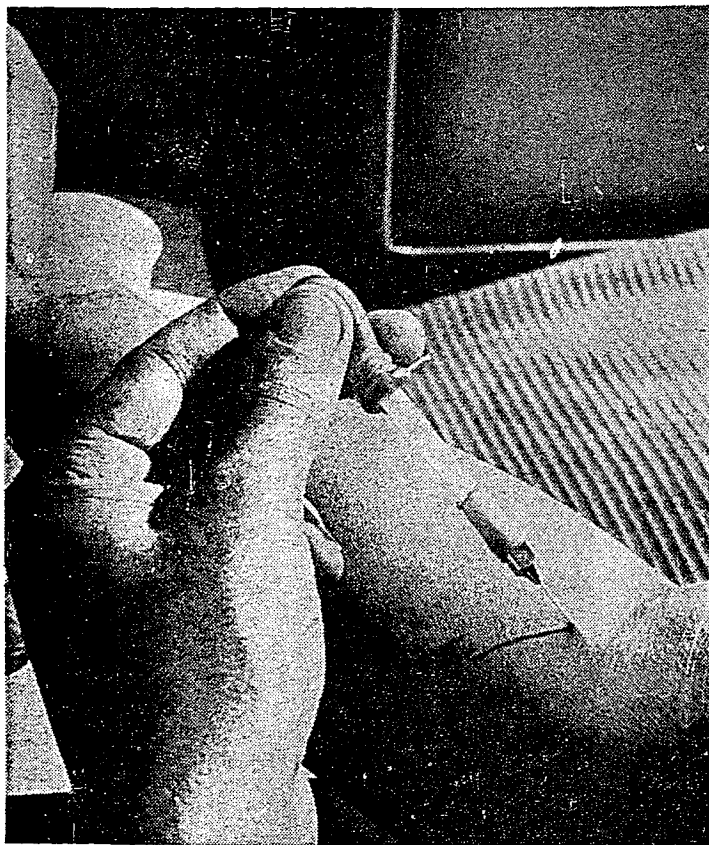
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Body found on Lake Success roadside April 23—old needle tracks found on arms.

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Apparently her first use of drugs in some time.

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Traces of heroin found in syringe deceased was holding.

Fred D. Gallo, 20
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Family aware of deceased's drug involvement. Fresh puncture wound found in arm.



Newsday Photo by Mitch Turner

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Known narcotics user, according to medical examiner. Traces of heroin found near body in glassine bags.

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Addiction not established. Heroin found in syringe near body.

Lawrence J. Kramer, 21
2906 Bayview Ave., Baldwin
Died in rented room in Hempstead June 18.
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Friends had urged deceased to give up drug abuse.

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Became addicted in Navy while in Vietnam. Parents believed he had kicked the habit.

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Old and new needle tracks found on arms. Deceased had served in Vietnam a year before death.

Eugene J. McHugh, 20
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Methadone and amphetamine also found in body.

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16 Moore Ave., Hempstead
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Leon Sahagian, 30
2525 Cedar St., East Meadow
Died at home Sept. 5.

Stephen S. Seroka, 29
430 W. Broadway, Long Beach
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40 Sandy Ct., Port Washington
Died at home Oct. 7.
Under counseling by community anti-drug program at time of death.

Donald S. Murphy, 25
6 Mercury Lane, Levittown
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Address unknown
Body found in Lindenhurst Jan. 24.

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2782 Barclay Ave., Bronx
Died in West Babylon Feb. 12.

Peter Martone, 21
28 Harbor Way, Sea Cliff
Died at home Feb. 19.
Drug use probably infrequent, according to medical examiner.

Andrea H. Lees, 19
1353 Dutch Broadway, North Valley Stream
Died at Franklin General Hospital Feb. 25.
Not a known drug user.

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10 Manor Place, Huntington Station
Dead on arrival at Huntington Hospital April 2.

James G. Yeazitis, 21
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Deceased was on county-sponsored methadone maintenance.

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Family attributes drug involvement to Vietnam.

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No evidence of prior use of hard drugs.

Thomas J. Niemi, 30
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No evidence of prior use of hard drugs.

David Neitlich, 18
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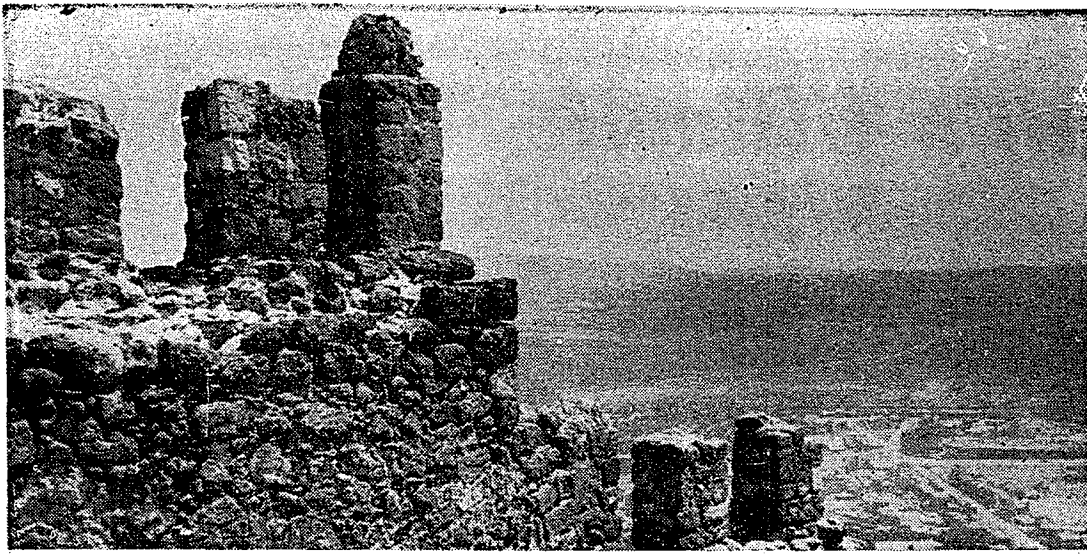
Sally Ann Grasso, 28
56 Westview Rd., Eaton's Neck
Died in Northport Oct. 23
Traces of tranquilizers also found in body.

Patricia Mager, 20
13 Robinwood Lane, Southampton
Died in Southampton Oct. 31
Death resulted from combination of methadone and barbiturates

Jerome Janetto, 26
113A Doughty Blvd., Inwood
Died at home Dec. 10
Known to have used drugs, according to medical examiner

George Geide, 26
Kirk Ave., Montauk
Died at home Dec. 11
Traces of tranquilizers also found in body.

Edward Hetu, 26
2 East Garfield St., Bay Shore
Died at home Dec. 15



The poppy farmers call the ancient castle in ruins, and the mountain on which it stands, "Afyon Kara Hisar"—the Black Castle of Opium. In the fields about 20 miles away, the women cut the round pods of the poppies with a small sharp knife. Opium gum oozes from the cut.

—Continued from Page 5
and the victims of their crimes in homes and neighborhoods of America.

* * *

The opium poppy was first cultivated on the Anatolian plateau in 1070 A.D., farmers in the area say. Since then the cycle of growth has been repeated each year. In the fall, the tiny yellow seeds are sown. In the spring, the brilliant poppy flower blooms with white or purple petals. Weeding and hoeing take place in March and again in May. As the weather warms, the farmers hope for the delicate balance of sun and rain that will properly ripen the poppy.

At the point of ripeness, usually in June or early July, the poppy pods are cut. The gum that oozes out, just a pinch, lies on the outside of the pod overnight, congealing to the consistency of clay. The next day it is collected by scraping from the outside of the pods with a trough-shaped tool.

An acre of poppies yields 20 pounds or more of dark gum, which is shaped into circular mounds resembling loaves of pumpernickel bread. The loaves are stored and eventually sold. The estimated annual consumption of heroin in the United States, 10 tons, is the yield of 10,000 acres of fertile poppy fields, most of them in Turkey.

* * *

On June 30, 1971, the U.S. and the Ankara government approved a joint agreement to ban all opium-growing in Turkey. The last legal crop was to be harvested in 1972. The agreement, providing for the payment of \$35,000,000 to the Turkish government, established a three-year period, starting in 1973, during which the farmers would be subsidized directly while the government sought a replacement crop for the opium poppy.

The legal use for the Turkish opium crop had been to supply morphine and heroin for medical purposes. The continuing medical demand will be met from the legal crops of many other opium-growing countries, including Yugoslavia, Iran, Afghanistan and India.

The Nixon Administration hailed the agreement as a major step toward stemming the heroin crisis, but many Turks, who don't see heroin as their problem, have strongly opposed it. Some officials have argued that the United States should pay \$400,000,000.

Ibrahim Sarical, agricultural director for Afyon, said that his government had realistically taken into account the amount of money needed to meet the peasants' requirements if they obey the poppy ban: \$400,000,000. "If the peasants of Afyon don't get the money they need, they will plant illegally and there is no way in which I can stop them."

The U.S. rejected that figure as exorbitant, but the White House has acknowledged some awareness of the dispute.

"Drug abuse is one area where we cannot have budget cuts, because we must wage what I have called total war against public enemy No. 1 in the U.S., the problem of dangerous drugs.

"If the ultimate weapon is a bigger subsidy, we will use it. It's worth it—it's worth \$50,000,000 this year if that's what it costs to buy a \$3,000,000 crop, if it'll do the job. Now it may be that there are social problems and the political problems and the rest, and their (the Turks') embarrassment, and that it won't do the job. My guess is that \$50,000,000 would do it, it's worth it to this country. If that \$50,000,000 will do the job—pay \$50,000,000."

—President Nixon "Portrait of a President."
Film shown during Republican
National Convention, Aug. 22, 1972.

Turkey was susceptible to American pressure to



sign the pact because it depends on massive U.S. military and economic aid. A nation governed by martial law, Turkey maintains the largest standing military force in Europe (500,000). The force has been supported by the U.S. since 1948 as a bulwark against possible Soviet ambitions for a territorial corridor to the Middle East and for control of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, the eastern entrance to the Mediterranean.

The U.S. has given Turkey more than \$3 billion in economic and military aid, but the poppy farmers do not see that money. Last year these farmers received approximately \$2,200,000 from the Turkish government for legal sales of opium. They sold gum illegally to drug smugglers for an estimated \$5,000,000. During the three-year period beginning this year, the government will be paying almost twice as much to farmers in compensation for not growing their crop as was

paid for the legal crop that was harvested last year. But for the illegal revenue the farmers were earning, there will be no government compensation.

* * *

Poppy-growing villages radiate from the "Opium Castle" in all directions.

Degirmendere is such a village. Set in grazing foothills 22 miles from Afyon town, it is the home for 700 peasants living in typically primitive conditions: no electricity, no running water, no paved streets. The villagers have sold more than a ton of opium annually to the Turkish government, and more than that annually to illegal drug dealers.

Motivated by tradition and the desire to survive, Degirmendere villagers view the harvesting of opium as the year's zenith. We were there one day in early

—Continued on Page 9

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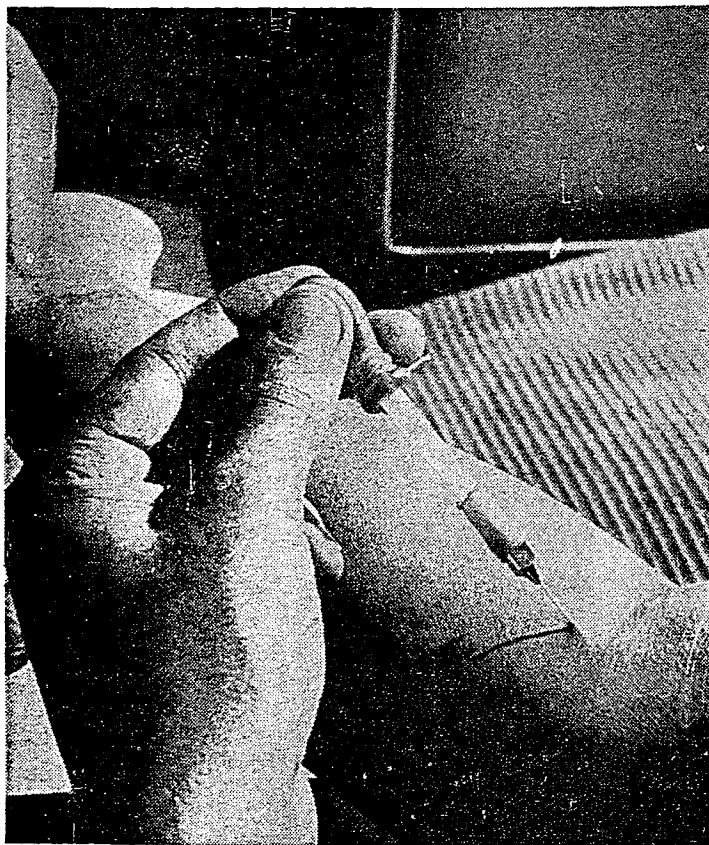
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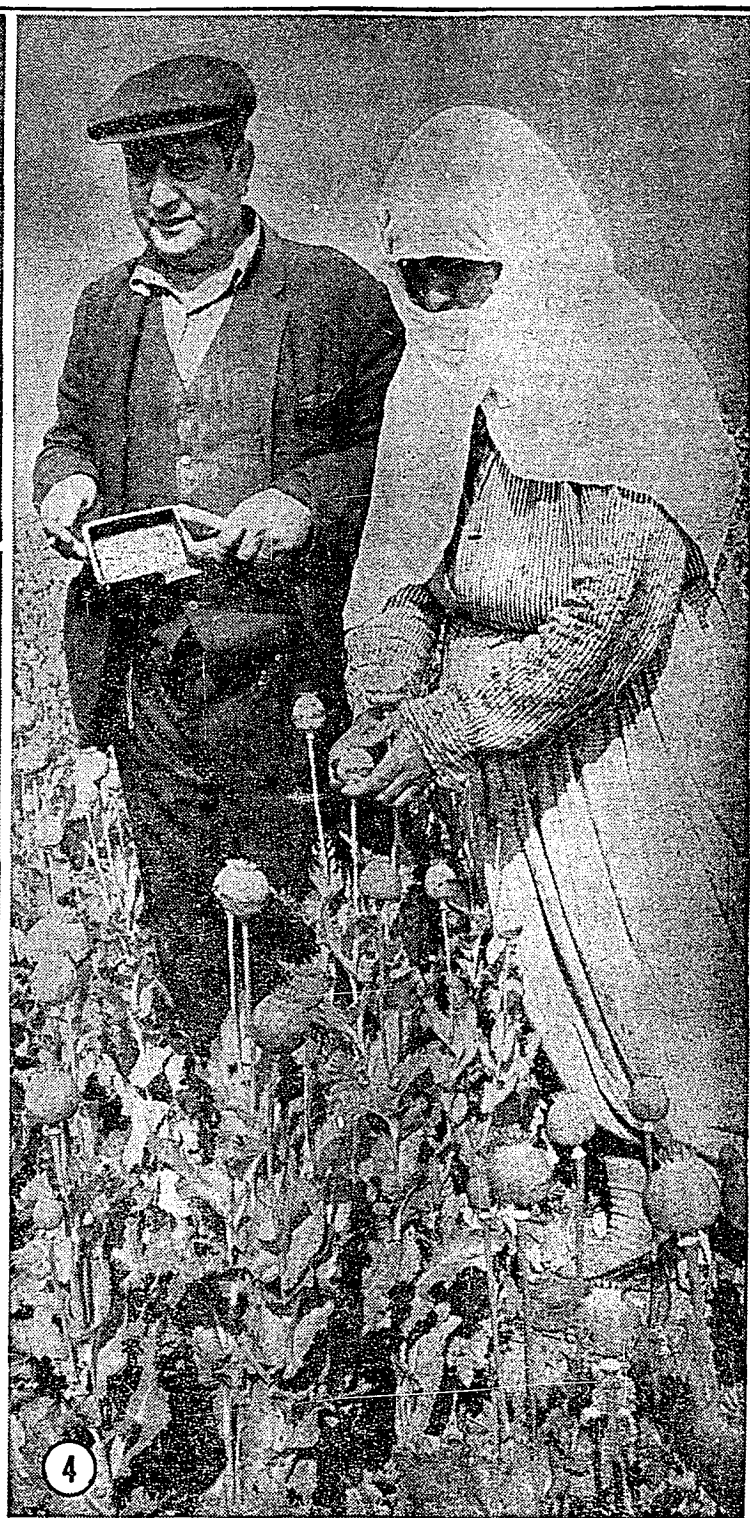
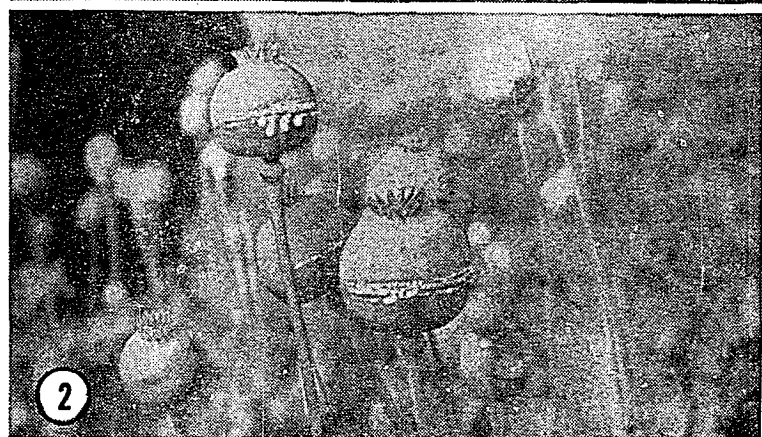
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Died at home Dec. 10
Known to have used drugs, according to medical examiner

George Geide, 26
Kirk Ave., Montauk
Died at home Dec. 11
Traces of tranquilizers also found in body.

Edward Hetu, 26
2 East Garfield St., Bay Shore
Died at home Dec. 15



How the Opium is Gathered

When the white poppy flower (1) falls off, the exposed pod is ready for cutting, usually in June or July. Women make semicircular cuts in the round pods with a small knife; and the opium oozes out of the cuts (2). The opium gum is allowed to congeal overnight. The next day, the women scrape the gum off the pods (3) and put it in an opium pan, such as the one village headman Faruk Erhan, posing for photo, is holding (4) as his wife scrapes pods.

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June last year when the last legal harvest took place.

It was 4:30 AM, daybreak on the Turkish steppe, as we and the rest of the village arose to breakfast on hard bread, cheese, and tea. Another breakfast was served later: hot milk boiled with sugar, slices of thick unleavened bread, and Tarhana soup, a mixture of boiled wheat, yogurt, butter, tomatoes, chicken entrails, salt and green peppers.

At 6:30 AM, it was time to work. The cows were driven through the unpaved main street, past the village hall, the teahouse and a small mosque with its sliver of a minaret. The night-grazing sheep were brought home. Horse-drawn carts took women, their veils drawn tightly across their faces, to the poppy fields, which surround the houses clustered together near the center of the village.

The women did most of the work that day in Degirmendere, while the men spent their time near the teahouse, talking and playing cards.

We accompanied the women and watched the harvest. The women cut the round pods of the poppies with a small sharp knife. They stooped over the short

plants, flicking their wrists as they made semicircular grooves about the pods. The opium oozed out of the cut. The wind stimulated the flow. If the wind had been too strong, the gum would have smeared on the plants and been lost.

When the women finished work at noon, we returned from the field. It was suggested that we join in the daily nap that the villagers take. "You better not sleep outside," our government escort told us. "There are little snakes in the grass and if you sleep with your mouths open, these snakes will crawl down your throat and into your stomach. We've had trouble with them out here before."

We slept indoors.

After the nap we walked about the village. The huddled sheep all stood their ground, but women we saw darted into doorways, hid behind curtains or simply looked away.

We were greeted near the poppy fields by Faruk Erhan, 45, the headman of the village. Dressed in a dark suit, vest and flannel shirt, he welcomed us as we walked over the dirt road. It was the first time that the village had been visited by any journalists. He

took us into the teahouse, a dark room of knotted wood and straw and tea kettles, glasses, chairs.

We were surrounded by three dozen villagers, men with powerful hands. They were dressed in dark suits, with vests but without ties. All wore black peak caps, as do most male Turkish farmers. There was a sprinkling of brush mustaches among the leathery faces.

Erhan whispered to two of the men and they left hurriedly. Minutes later, they returned with seven large loaves of hot unleavened bread. "This is our bread we make with the poppy seed," Erhan said. The heavy round loaves were placed at the table before us on old newspapers.

We ate the bread with white cheese; we drank little glasses of Turkish tea; we ate the loose dry poppy seeds, popping them in our mouths like peanuts. "Don't worry about the seed. They are good; they don't have any drug in them," Erhan said.

All of us in the teahouse were men. The women, governed by restrictive Moslem codes, bore the strain of both drudgery in the fields and primitive conditions at home. They washed clothes in long clay

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troughs at the head of the main street. They baked in a communal bakery, swarming with flies, at the top of the village hill. One midwife lived in the community; the nearest doctor was 22 miles away in Afyon town.

As the men spoke about women, their sense of tradition and their independence from—and disobedience of—government laws that they disagreed with became clear.

For example, the wearing of the veil by women in Turkey has been forbidden by government regulation for over 35 years. Yet every female in Degirmendere over 15 years of age wears a veil. The veil, as well as the long sack-like pantaloons and the long-sleeve blouses the women wore, the men explained to us, muffled men's passion. "Ninety per cent of the crimes are because of women—crimes of passion," Erhan said.

They didn't view the women as being oppressed. "Some say that women are working and men are playing cards. But in this part of the country everyone works. We like work more than ourselves. Here the women go to the fields with pleasure."

The men of the village do little during the arduous harvesting of the opium crop except drive the women to the fields in the horse-drawn carts. During late-summer wheat harvesting, however, they work in the fields beside the women.

In defending their customs, the farmers spoke of the corruption of the world beyond the Anatolian plateau. "We are poor," said Erhan, "but much happier than the rich of the modern world . . . Strikes, narcotics, all come to Turkey from Europe as problems. All we know about bank robberies is what some of us see in American movies. We never steal, except maybe a chicken from each other."

"Why all of the fuss to stop growing opium in Turkey," one said. "We have heard and read that the new generation, in particular the hippies, are using it the wrong way. We have heard of a movie picture which shows how our opium is smuggled into Syria in the stomach of a camel. We have been asked to stop growing. Okay. But poppy is still grown in China, Burma, Thailand, Yugoslavia and Persia. Why not stop them, too?"

"Opium use is like a cigaret habit, if a person is smoking the best-quality cigaret and he can't find his brand, he will get a lesser-quality brand. That's what's going to happen here."

The opium poppy grows in temperate zones across the world, but the bulk—estimated last year at 80 per cent—of what ends up as heroin in the arms of American addicts comes from Turkey. The amount arriving in the U.S. from Southeast Asia, grown in the Golden Triangle in Laos, Burma and Thailand and processed into heroin in Hong Kong, has been increasing recently, but not dramatically.

The Turkey-France-United States route remains dominant for these reasons:

Turkish opium gum has the highest morphine content in the world—from 10 to 16 per cent compared with about six per cent for the opium of Southeast Asia.

The smuggling network running from Turkey to Europe has resisted a thousand years of police countermeasures. Moving drugs and other illegal goods without getting caught is a successful and profitable way of life for many people.

The best heroin chemists in the world are the men employed by the French underworld to convert morphine base into heroin. Their heroin has proven to be as much as 95 per cent pure.

"Why punish us?" demanded Mehmet Hulusi Ozenc, the chief agricultural technician for Afyon Province. "If the United States wants to save her children she should enact the necessary measure to make sure that the people who take heroin into the United States and sell it are punished."

"We have no opium problem in Turkey," said Hasan Demirdere, the village chief elder. "We have been growing opium for centuries and we villagers work with it every day. Yet not one person in the village has even tasted it, not even out of curiosity."

The farmers explained what they needed beyond the subsidy payment to make it profitable for them to abandon opium poppy cultivation. "First they should help us find more water irrigation and help us plant more fruit trees," said Emin Turhan, a village elder. "But if we can't get the fruit to the market and sell it, that's no help. So we need a canning and bottling factory to turn our fruit to juice. We would also like a plant for slaughtering and freezing our animals and another for handling our daily products. We also need cheap fertilizer and cheap agricultural equipment. The United States keeps saying that we are sending opium to the Americas; now let us send fruit juice."



Seeds for the Future

"The Degirmendere farmers said that they will grow the poppy again unless their needs are met. They have hidden selected poppy seeds that could be planted again if the ban ends . . . We asked to see the hidden poppy seeds. After a brief conference . . . the headman agreed to allow us to take a picture of them."

The Degirmendere farmers said that they will grow the poppy again unless their needs are met. They have hidden selected poppy seeds that could be planted again if the ban ends or if the villagers believe the time has come to violate it. "The seeds will last three to four years if you take them out, wash them, then let them dry and store them again," one of the village elders said.

We asked to see the hidden poppy seeds. After a brief conference among the village elders, Erhan, the headman, agreed to allow us to take a picture of them. One man dashed from the teahouse down the dirt street and disappeared around a corner. A few

minutes after, he returned with a large bag of the small, grain-like seed. We photographed it.

Asked how the seed-hiding squared with the government ban, Hasan Demirdere cited tradition. "There is an old Turkish proverb" he said, "that a hungry dog will dig a hole under a bakery. Of course, we are holding on to our seed. Every human being wants to be able to continue his life for himself and his children; it is the nature of man and all things in life. Opium is the only thing that we have."

Erhan nodded agreement. "We must grow again if you [U.S.] cannot supply our needs. How else can we live?"

Tomorrow: They Are Not Afraid to Kill

Why Turkey's ban on poppy growing is not likely to work:

The collectors, a former opium transporter said, "are powerful men in our communities. They can exert tremendous economic and political influence. It isn't wise to cross them. They are not afraid to kill. Nothing happens to them."

The police, according to an Istanbul smuggler, "never find anything. If they did, a little bribe would be paid, and the police would say that they

found nothing. That's how it works down here."

Efforts to develop a substitute crop for the poppy growers are impractical, a poppy expert at Ankara University explained. "You can sow wheat everywhere in Turkey, but the wheat can't replace the money that the peasants got from poppy."

A Turkish farming official believes the ban will fall soon: "If parliament will not act, our peasants will. The government can't put all of Turkey in jail."