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Ed James—Flying the Friendly Skies

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Ed James

He's Making the Skies a Little Friendlier

Francis A. Soper

As a small boy he enjoyed watching birds and trying to figure out their different flight patterns. He tried to fathom how one bird could soar effortlessly along a cliff on the rising air currents, while another would flap vigorously a few times, glide for a while, and then come back with a power stroke.

As a man, he now has developed his boyhood interest into a life profession as pilot with United, largest domestic airline in the United States. What started as a hobby has turned into a career for Ed James, who lives in Lincoln, California, and flies out of San Francisco.

In some respects it wasn't all that hard to do. Of course it took time and consistent effort, but really not too much expense. He estimates that the process involved only about \$1000 actual investment on his part.

From birds it was one easy step to building paper airplanes and a little later to models and experimentation. "I wanted to learn all I could about flying," he says.

"I used to look at a DC-6," he remembers. "I recall as a small boy going to the airport to pick up my dad coming in from Salt Lake on a DC-6. And I thought, wouldn't it be something to be able to fly an airplane like that, but of course it was a wildly impossible dream."

During college days Ed joined a flying club. "I spent every spare minute that I had pursuing it. I'd go to the airport and fly—save my lunch money, and fly."

When the plane he practiced with was sold, he and his brother went together and bought their own plane, a Cessna 140. "So I offered my services to anyone. I couldn't charge passengers, but I could recover expenses, so I'd take anyone anywhere for five cents a mile. I almost put myself out of school flying all over the Western states. I took a lot of teachers. They'd make a little bit of money on me, since they got driving mileage, but at least it was a way of building up time and flying experience for me, which was what I wanted."

Ed was fairly young when he got his commercial pilot's license and his flight instructor's rating. He started teaching while still in school.

Actually he had little or no thought of flying commercially. He was simply intent on pursuing his hobby in every spare moment he had. When drafted to military service, he was sent to construction drafting school at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, in order to be trained as an engineer, but soon his ability to fly got him transferred to the training of Army pilots.

As his two-year stint of service neared an end, Ed hoped to go back to school to finish pre-med training, but lack of finance, and a child in the family by then, made such a long-range educational process look rather dismal.

"Why don't you come up to Chicago to see if you'd want to work for United," an instructor friend asked one day. "It can't hurt."

Although he was dubious about tying into such an arrangement, Ed found that flying was still his primary interest. His friend happened to have an application form in his pocket. A charter flight to Chicago, a friendly receptionist, good results on initial tests, including a physical—all combined to push him toward commercial flying.

Then came the final, specialized examination. "I had

never taken anything like that in my life," he recalls. The pressure of the moment seemed too much, as he labored over exam sections on visual interpretation, machine operation, and closely timed tests on following instructions. Ed felt he had done badly. "In fact, I felt horrible." When he walked out from that test, he says, "I forgot about United Airlines. I forgot I had even met the people."

He went home, prepared to get out of the Army, and head back to school. But just at the time of the discharge, what was his surprise to receive a telegram from United Airlines. He was hired! He was to come to Denver in November to take specialized training. "I was completely shocked."

Staying pretty well at the top of his class in spite of the fact that most of his classmates were experienced Air Force or Navy pilots, Ed came through literally with flying colors, becoming qualified as a flight engineer, called at that time, a basic first officer.

His first qualification—after six months—was on the DC-6. Vividly the memory came back to him of himself as a boy gazing at that big DC-6 and wishing he could fly it. An "impossible dream" had come true.

But it took some adjustment in his thinking as well as in mechanical training. "I had made the decision when in school, either I wasn't going to be able to handle the DC-6 or I was going to have to change my attitude about it. The biggest problem was to forget about the great big hunk of metal following me around back there."

In other words, the little plane was easy to fly since it was about like putting on a coat, whereas the sheer size of the big planes was disconcerting, to say the least.

One day Ed came to his decision. "Well, I'm going to fly this thing just like the Taylorcraft I originally started out in. Then I got along fine. I never had any more trouble."

Not only in the DC-6, however, was this new pilot to fly, but also the DC-7, the Viscount, the Caravelle, and the 727, the latter being his present specialty.

It is obvious that operating modern aircraft is an exacting profession, and that pilots must be well-conditioned in every sense of the word. "Accuracy is very, very important, plus speed," says Ed. "For example, a pilot must be able to pick up cues. Visual cues are important, so the condition of your eyes is essential. You hear a lot about visual flying as compared with instrument flying. You have to learn when you can trust your senses and when you can't. So anything you can do to improve them and keep them in shape puts you in good stead."

Here's where good health comes in. And no one is more aware of this need than the medical department of the airline itself. "They have a lot of financial investment in a pilot," Ed comments, "so rather than looking around for a way to trip a fellow up, they come through with good suggestions to preserve health—simple suggestions, like adequate rest, things I was raised to believe in."

Furthermore, "they like to see people stay away from drugs, even down to coffee, but specifically alcohol and tobacco. They encourage the fellows to kick tobacco, or at least cut down as much as possible. They certainly encourage them to slow down on their drinking. There's a rule as far as pilots are concerned banning drinking within

24 hours before flight time, but they are encouraged to go further than that."

It's automatic dismissal for a pilot who violates this regulation. "In my own acquaintance," says Ed, "I have seen most pilots pretty conscientious about this rule. They are careful to make sure they don't violate it."

Ed goes on to observe that there is a greater health awareness these days among those with whom he flies. "They realize their health is important, not only to them as individuals, but to their jobs."

For himself, Ed doesn't even use coffee. This has been a matter of considerable mention among his associates, with such comments coming back as, "I've got to cut down on my coffee because it's getting to my nerves."

Pilot Ed says that he is flying with quite a few people now who will drink fruit juice or a glass of water rather than get a cup of coffee. They're finding out that they're at a better level of performance for the entire flight rather than having to jazz themselves up for the little period of time needed for a landing approach.

When it comes to smoking, Ed sees a "definite" trend away from smoking among crew members. "Ten years ago I almost never got into a cockpit or came home without my clothes being saturated with the smell of smoke, but now it's unusual when someone smokes in the cockpit."

He says that at least half the time he flies he is with a completely nonsmoking crew. He tells of one pilot who is also a professional bike racer. This pilot works out on arrival at his destination. He is a nonsmoker himself, but he can easily tell the difference in his workout if one cigarette has been smoked in the cockpit during his flight. It takes up to a couple of hours before he gets back up to his maximum performance if someone has smoked in the cockpit.

And speaking of nonsmokers, Ed says he learns from cabin attendants that there are more and more people who appreciate the fact that the airlines have specific sections reserved for nonsmokers.

Moreover, he says that cigarette smoke affects operating efficiency for some of the plane's mechanism. For example, the smoke residue accumulates on outflow valves which help maintain an even cabin pressure for the passengers. When these valves become sticky with the residue from the smoke, they operate unevenly, thus bringing discomfort at times of rapid ascent or descent.

Some claim that cabin pressurization in modern aircraft makes smoking safe at any altitude. Pilot Ed James disagrees. "I can't go along with the idea that just because our cabins are pressurized, smoking has no effect. No matter how good our environment may be—let's say, our pressurized cabins—when we are at maximum altitude, our cabin goes up to 8000 feet. That's not far below where

the effect of smoking is noticeable on vision. We ought to stay away from anything that may decrease the oxygen-carrying capacity of our blood and decrease our abilities below the maximum."

Another habit that Ed takes a dim view of is drinking. "I don't believe it is any help to us in any way, shape, or form, and it seems, from everything that I have read about it, to tear the body down. It seems to destroy brain tissue with every drink that is taken, even though it might be a small amount, so I just don't see any sense in using it."

Are there others who agree with Ed, or is he quite alone in his view? "I think of the fellows I work with. They might be a small cross-section, but I feel they are quite well aware of the fact that alcohol is detrimental. They may have a glass of wine with dinner, and that's about it. They've pretty well cut off from drinking any so-called hard liquors, of which they may have used quite a bit before. They don't even feel like going out and drinking socially. It's not worth the cost, so they cut it out."

Ed has seen some unpleasant incidents which result from drinking by passengers. "We've had occasions where we have had to have people escorted off the plane under protest. No matter how you look at it, it's unpleasant. It's unpleasant for the person involved; it's unpleasant for the crew member who has to take responsibility; it's unpleasant for the other passengers who may be involved. This is a case where everyone loses."

Always the airlines are striving to take special care in training their personnel, in maintaining their equipment. Back of this care in dealing with people or planes is one major aim. "Our entire goal in flying is safety, and as individuals we want to put ourselves in the best possible condition to maintain safety for passengers and for ourselves. So I think that anything that interferes with our physical performance, be it with altitude or with standard sea level conditions, if it interferes with our basic physical or mental abilities, we're all for eliminating those things."

This principle even refers to drugs which may be taken by crew members for medicinal purposes. Drugs such as antihistamines are not to be used while the crew member is on duty. They come under regulations just like alcohol does in prior-to-flight-time limitations. Anything that a person might be taking must be cleared on the basis of its possible effect on flying ability.

Ed James, much as he likes to be up in the air, doesn't want to devote his whole life to commercial flying. "I enjoyed teaching flying as a young man, and I would like to get back into that," he says. "I'd like to start teaching again as soon as I can, to give other young people the opportunity to learn to fly. If I ever had the opportunity to go into mission flying for my church, or to help in teaching in that area, that's another thing I would like to do."

In the meantime, however, Ed enjoys his flying—but he enjoys being on the ground too. "I enjoy my home. I enjoy my garden. I enjoy cutting wood. I like to engage in some type of physical activity. This is one reason I enjoy the 727, since I am on relatively short flights. I don't want to sit for over an hour and a half at a given time, and when I get off, I like to get on my bicycle or into other physical activity."

Furthermore, Ed enjoys what he sees at times when he flies. "We were coming into San Francisco one morning quite early. The sun was still quite low and there was an overcast extending out to the east of the airport. It was raining, and as we came underneath the overcast into the rain, there was the most brilliant rainbow beneath us on the bay that I have ever seen. It was a real thrill to me, to see that perfect circle of a rainbow, just a little evidence of the beauty God has placed around us and of God's care for us. It cheered me up at the end of a long flight, as I was about to arrive at home."

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Pilot Ed James Goes Back for a Checkup

Pat Horning

United Airlines will probably spend well over \$100,000 for Pilot Ed James's training during his career with them. With the possible exception of medical doctors, no profession demands such rigid, thorough, and continued training as that of the commercial airline pilot.

Every six months Pilot James flies—as a passenger—to Denver, Colorado, where the United Training Center is located. For two days he undergoes training or checking. (Once a year he gets proficiency training; the alternate time he has a government-required proficiency check to maintain his professional qualifications.)

The training center is within sight of Denver's Stapleton Field, and Ed catches a special United shuttle bus

from the airport to the center. Because the sleek modern structure houses more than 30 million dollars worth of equipment, the center is in full operation 18 hours a day. So when Ed arrives for his semiannual training or check, he may be scheduled for any of three shifts.

The training center might be called a "post graduate" system, because United accepts only qualified commercial pilots. (And they are hiring pilots again for the first time in eight years.) Once a pilot is accepted, his training begins. That training will not end for a United pilot until the day he retires from commercial flying.

Ed's already been through his "basic training" and has more than 11 years of time flying with United. He's back for a



Ed James arrives at the United Training Center, a modern complex built around a plaza, near Stapleton Field, Denver.



In the classroom a teacher lectures on aircraft systems. Each student has an answering panel at his right where he can respond to the instructor's multiple choice questions.

routine refresher. But because we found some of the equipment to be so fascinating, we asked Ed—and the people of the friendly skies—to let him demonstrate for Photographer Duane Tank.

The industry's largest concentration of electronic flight simulators—13—is at the Denver facility. This equipment duplicates the flying characteristics of various aircraft in the United States. Each simulator—which costs up to \$4.5 million apiece—has its own computer to duplicate every known situation that may arise during an actual flight.



Ed James and Ray Hutchinson, staff member at the training center, demonstrate safety equipment all crews practice on.

A crew, working together, is put through the paces of a trial "emergency." If they respond correctly, the "flight" goes on smoothly. But if they compound the original "emergency," the "flight" will continue to deteriorate until correct procedures end the "emergency." This allows flight crews to obtain a high degree of proficiency before ever stepping into an aircraft.

I was especially interested in observing the visual system that provides a realistic look out the simulator's window. Ed agreed to "take us up" in a 727 simulator. We "taxied" down a night-lighted runway, were pushed back in our seats during "take-off," "flew around" for awhile looking at the landscape, "descended" slowly, and "landed." It felt—and looked—like an ordinary flight on any 727.



Here's a room full of electronic flight simulators, which exactly duplicate the controls of several different aircraft. A simulator can reproduce every known situation that may arise during actual flight, thus giving crews practice in working together—and meeting emergency situations—before getting in the air.

Then Ed and our host for the day, Ray Hutchinson, supervisor of office services at the center, took us to see what makes the visuals so realistic. A huge panorama several stories high duplicates a typical landscape with an airport, city, rivers and lakes, fields and houses. A special TV camera, controlled from the simulator cockpit, roves over the panorama as the pilot controls the flight, magnifying the scene 2000 times.

"You should have seen what happened the day a prankster pinned an ordinary housefly in the middle of the panorama's airport," chuckles Ed. "It appeared in front of the surprised pilot like a gigantic monster!"

Other training tools, though less sophisticated and less exciting, are

also helping to turn out a better trained pilot. Cockpit procedures trainers bridge a gap between aircraft systems training and actual flight experience.

The United Training Center is a nice place to visit. We tromped around it all day, hauling 60 pounds of camera equipment. But what better way to top off the day than to take a *real* United 727 back home?



Ed James in the copilot position of a 727 simulator. Ray Hutchinson sits in the captain's seat for this "flight," which lasted approximately 20 minutes and went exactly nowhere.



Ed is dwarfed as he stands beside the panorama that provides the visual system for the simulators. A special TV camera is mounted so that it can move across the panorama as the pilot "flies" the simulator around the landscape.

A STRAIGHT SHOT FOR LAW ENFORCEMENT



Jane Knapik

High school pistol tournaments are out of the question, right? Not so, according to high school vice-principal Mike Mirelez. He and policemen in Uvalde, Texas, have sponsored such events for the last four years with rewarding results.

When other adults heard about the first tournament, they were sure Mirelez had gone too far. "You'd be crazy to risk revolvers in students' hands," they told him. But he saw it as a supervised situation in which to teach skills and laws to students who have easy access to firearms anyway.

Annual pistol and rifle tournaments are only two of the Law Enforcement Club's activities in Uvalde High School. Club members also hold monthly instructive programs on other phases of law enforcement and make field trips related to the subject.

Mirelez and club officers add new activities from year to year to keep members' interest running high. Last year a

high school safety patrol was formed. City police taught hand signals to the patrol so that they now direct school traffic each morning and afternoon.

Boys were reluctant at first to allow girls in the patrol. But after the girls' first day on the job, Patrol Captain Robert Sanchez reported their superior knack for getting people to obey traffic rules.

When word of their traffic control abilities spread through town, the Kiwanis Club asked the patrol to help with a Halloween parade. Other requests have come for their assistance during religious processions and community gatherings.

Recently a special invitation arrived from Lackland Air Force Base officials in San Antonio. The safety patrol and other Law Enforcement Club members were asked to be guests on the base during "Uvalde Day." They toured facilities for training Air Force police and security officers and saw dogs in

training for drug detection.

Members are excited when they talk of experiences in the club and their new responsibilities in the patrol. Victor Velos is now thinking of a career in traffic control because of his new knowledge of the field. The part Oscar Lopez likes about patrol duties is performing a needed service. "I like helping people," he said.

Sanchez told of his experiences before others accepted the idea of having students as patrolmen. He thinks he understands better what law officers go through because he was called names and even had a young child spit on him. Fortunately, club meetings had prepared him for such incidents.

Others speak of meetings in which they studied laws, learned more about the dangers of drugs, and developed skills that they may use the rest of their lives. One of them especially liked the first aid training that he and 40 others completed. "Now I'll know what to do if

I come upon an accident," he said. "I won't just stand there feeling helpless."

A professional educator, Mirelez's second career interest is law enforcement. That interest developed several years ago when he worked as a city policeman during school holidays.

Recalling the days before the club began, he said, "I always felt concern over the number of potential troublemakers enrolled. They really disliked school, didn't participate in any school activities, and were not doing well academically. I was especially aware of their negative feelings toward policemen."

He noticed that kids who like something about school usually stay to graduate; those who are interested in healthful activities seem to have less need to try drugs. Such observations caused Mirelez to wish for an organization that would provide some constructive interests to attract those troublemakers as well as other students.

The mention of a pistol tournament was made by Mirelez at the first organizational meeting four years ago. That idea, the last of a long list of suggestions for monthly topics, brought a real surge of interest to the 60 or so students who answered his call for members.

After officers were elected, they helped make specific plans for evening meetings to be held in the school cafeteria. A typical agenda calls for an opening business session followed by a film or a speaker. Then the club breaks into two groups.

Frank Cimmental, local law enforcement officer and professional advisor for the club, instructs one section. He gives classroom information in such areas as laws, legal terms, and documents. His explanation for the attentiveness of his audience is that they are learning "something they want to learn."

Mirelez instructs the other group. His topics include workshop study of gun safety, self-defense, radio code, and drug information. After 30 minutes, instructors switch groups and repeat their presentations. Students use manila folders to file numerous handouts available from police offices.

That first year, after a few months of learning about law enforcement, the club began to plan for the promised pistol tournament. Gun safety and personal responsibility were the subjects covered in two monthly meetings, with concentrated efforts from Mirelez and Cimmental.

"For the big event we had the cooperation of about 30 law officers, including federal men and a Texas Ranger," Mirelez remembered. "They let us bor-

row their service revolvers and helped supervise the event. Our club paid for the 1000 rounds of ammunition. After that successful meet, local merchants furnished trophies for the best marksmanship. All such contests held since then have been just as great."

In addition to paying annual dues, individuals buy their own optional blue club jacket. Mirelez encourages them to make personal donations to such drives as the United Fund. Recently many of them also chose to help with medical expenses of a teacher's wife.

This year's 200 members have taken inexpensive trips to see local jails and courts. But most of the members' dues are used for the longer trips. In past years they have gone to the State Department of Public Safety in Austin and to a S.W.A.T. (Special Weapons Attack Team) training site in San Antonio. If any money remains at the end of a year, the group throws a club party before disbanding for the summer.

Development of this organization of responsible young people did not just happen. It has required hard work and creative thinking by sponsors and members. To set the desired tone, Mirelez begins each year by telling the membership that they have no room for "clowns" at their meetings, that they are concerned with serious matters. When he hands out club jackets, the owners know he doesn't want to see any blue-jacketed students in detention halls or jails.

High school principal Robert Baldwin was amazed at how behavior problems decreased after organization of the club. Support from him and other community people has meant a lot to students. Club officers see that the membership shares all such praise and honor by having different members represented in each newspaper and yearbook snapshot.

Mirelez thinks one reason for club success is that students are treated like

young adults. No one talks down to them during club activities, and local police often join them in meetings.

Sponsors make sure that members are under no more pressure than any other citizens when it comes to reporting law breakers. Mirelez believes that a law enforcement club would probably fail if its main goal was training students to be informers.

Positive results of the club have included reports of students' more respectful relationships with policemen. Also, members often tell of times when they have been able to help parents or neighbors to understand laws or fill out legal forms.

The club has affected career choices in a number of cases. For instance, a girl, always in trouble before she joined the club, raised her grades in time to graduate from high school. Now she is taking law enforcement courses at the local junior college. Last year's vice-president is presently serving as a police dispatcher.

Policemen in other parts of the State often request information about the organization. One document Mirelez usually sends along to them is a copy of the club's constitution. The eighth objective set forth there summarizes his hopes for the group: "To learn self-discipline, self-confidence, and, most of all, learn to respect people and their property. In doing so, we cannot help but become good citizens in the wonderful country that God has provided."

"Lots of people wonder why we want to take so much time with problem kids," Mirelez said. "Most adults have lost faith in them. But I know that such kids usually aren't close to anybody or part of any group; they have nothing to look forward to when they get up in the morning. Now, with membership in this organization, any day they have a chance of being pictured in the local paper as somebody doing something important." ◇



Left: Club members join the local clean-up campaign and other activities that will enrich their community—as well as themselves. **Top right:** Policeman Frank Cimmental is the professional advisor for the high school club. **Bottom right:** Mike Mirelez, Uvalde High School vice-principal, helped start the Law Enforcement Club four years ago.

Would you believe a pint, 16 big ounces, of shampoo for ten cents? Bath powder for eight cents a box? Bath salts, three pounds for 69 cents? You can believe it if you want to make them yourself at home.

Shampoo is a snap. Buy a small bar of any good quality hand soap and put it in a pint jar. Fill the jar with boiling water, and let it stand two or three days. To speed things up, jiggle it occasionally. When the soap is dissolved, you'll have a pint of mild shampoo ready to use.

Follow your shampoo with a rinse to make your hair shine. If you're dark haired, mix two tablespoons of vinegar with a cup of warm water and pour through your hair. Blonds, use two tablespoons of lemon juice in place of the vinegar.

Bath powder is made by combining a cup of cornstarch with a tablespoon of baking soda. Spread the mixture on a newspaper and spray with cologne for a delicate touch. It will dry in a minute, and then you can package it in a pretty powder box, if you have one handy.

To whiten grubby elbows, you don't need expensive bleach creams. Use free throwaways instead—lemon rinds from which you've extracted the juice. Cup each elbow in a lemon rind while you soak in the tub or read a good book for 20 minutes. Follow this by rubbing each

elbow with salad oil (about one cent's worth, or less than one teaspoonful.)

Tired feet love a vinegar soak. Just fill a basin with warm water, add one-third cup of vinegar, and soak your weariness away.

Homemade bath salts are pretty enough for a gift if packaged in an attractive salad dressing bottle with a ribbon around its neck. To make them, simply dump three pounds of Epsom salts in a mixing bowl and add a few drops of food coloring. I like pink myself. Stir until the color is evenly distributed, give the mixture a squirt or two of floral cologne, and continue stirring about one minute. Then package.

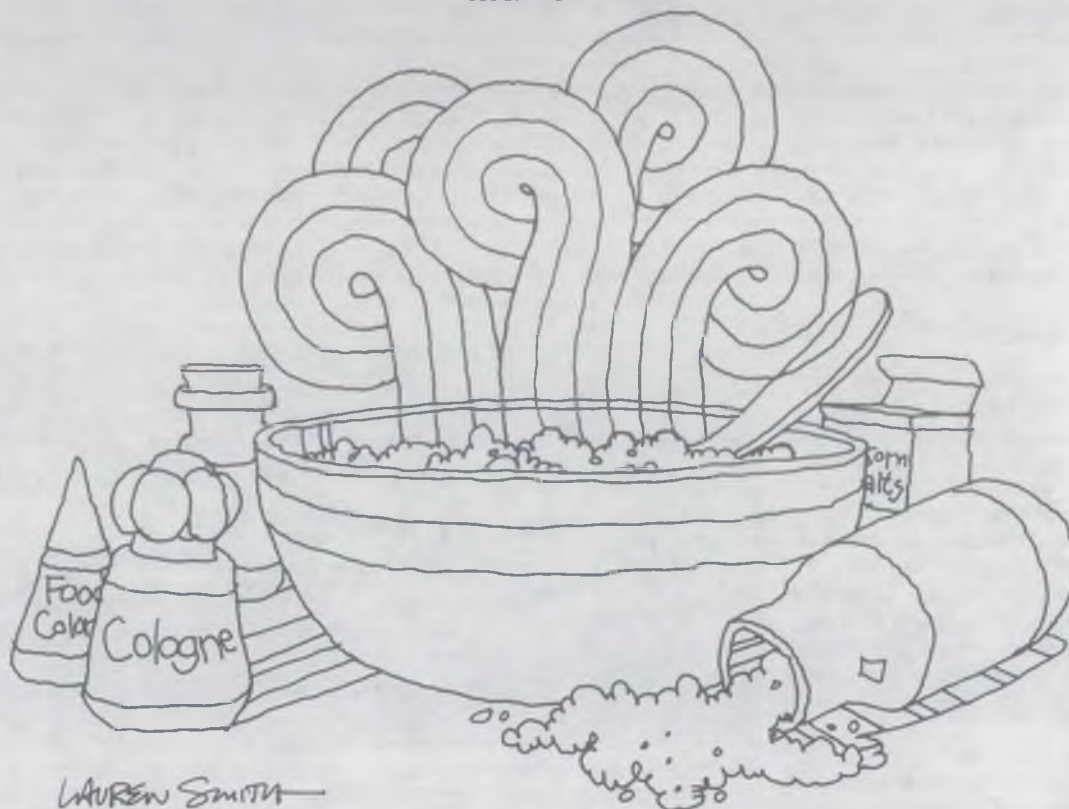
A refreshing mouthwash is easy to make at a cost of about 11 cents for eight ounces. Squeeze the juice from one lemon into one cup of cold water. Store it in the refrigerator and use daily. Makes about one week's worth.

If chapped hands are a problem, try this old-time preventive treatment. Before you go outdoors, pour a teaspoon of vinegar into your palm and rub both hands well. If your hands are already chapped, then petroleum jelly is still one of the best softening and healing agents around. Salad oil works fine for this job too.

Cutting costs on cosmetics can be fun—and it's even more fun when you have a little extra to spend on luxuries. ◇

Cut Costs With Homemade Cosmetics

Marie Latta



I have a friend who is always kidding me. It sometimes gets on my nerves. Does all this kidding mean that my friend doesn't really like me?

On the contrary, it usually implies that a person actually likes you when he is kidding you. Most of the time it takes a certain amount of trust before someone kids around with you. He has to trust that you won't get hurt by his kidding, and he also has to trust that you won't reject him.

People who come from large families often tend to kid others more. Living with a large group of people usually has more demands and people develop a strong sense of give and take in a relationship with other family members. The humor helps in the basic survival of each person in the family. Good, honest humor that is fair is a healthy sign of good communication in a family.

Note that I said "fair." If your humor or someone else's is unfair and causes pain, then the humor is out of line. There is a big difference between kidding with someone and using him as an object of ridicule. The object of humor should not be to hurt another person, but to help him feel some joy in life or to express to him the fact that you enjoy spending some of your time with him.

There may be times when friends are kidding you and you're too tired or upset really to enjoy or appreciate his humor. In those cases, you'd be much better off if you could calmly ask him not to kid at that particular time because you're upset or too tired. That's much better than snapping at a friend who is "just kidding."

I like this guy a lot and I tell him all the time that I love him. Shouldn't he tell me that he loves me at least now and then?

Saying things to each other can be very important but not as important as how you treat each other. It's more important to note the way people treat you than how often they tell you that they love you.

Some people have a lot of difficulty putting their feelings into words. We have to try just to accept that. As long as they have other means of expressing their care, then that's what's important.

Getting up the courage to say "I love you" may take a long time. Those are

important words and shouldn't be said too freely. We should all try to be careful when we use them. It's important to make sure that we really mean them or else someone is going to get hurt.

Perhaps your friend wants to be sure that he does feel something strong like love before he says anything about it to you. Give him some time and watch how he treats you. That should be a better indicator of how he feels than all the words he can say. If you are still not sure of where he stands after watching his actions, then ask him directly how he feels.

My family is moving to another state and I'm going to lose all my friends. What's the best way to find new friends?

You have the first necessary ingredient—you want friends. The probability is that with that attitude you will find new friends. That doesn't make moving any easier, however.

Here are some suggestions that might be helpful. Some of them won't be easy, but you should at least try a few or some others you might come up with after you're in the area.

First, try knocking on a few doors in your new neighborhood. Tell whoever answers that you're moving into the area and you just wanted to introduce yourself. Chances are that you might run into some kids your age. Also, you will have already broken the ice if the new friends you meet are a bit on the shy side.

One of the easiest places to find friends is at school. You're surrounded by people of your age group. Many of them may even approach you. You have to be careful not to reject potential friends who are interested in meeting you.

Getting involved in some extracurricular activities usually helps. Look into clubs or organizations that interest you. Most high schools, community centers, and churches have a variety of programs you can get involved in. And more importantly, everyone in the drama club, for instance, will have at least one interest in common with you.

Sports are a good way to meet people. Try out for whichever sport's best for you—football, wrestling, swimming, basketball, etc. Even if you don't make a team, be sure to attend the events. You're bound to meet someone, even if it means introducing yourself to the person on the bleacher next to you.

The best way to find friends is to be a friend. Reach out to others and you'll have no trouble finding new friends.



Have any questions about friendships and parents, drugs and health, or just your own feelings about yourself?

Ask a friend—junior high school teacher and guidance counselor Jeff Mitchell.

Address your questions to: Ask a Friend, LISTEN Magazine, Box 4390, Washington, DC 20012.

It was dark when the boy reached his apartment house. He stood under the street light staring up at the lighted kitchen window. After a while he saw his mother come into view, an instant later his father, his bare arms waving in the air.

The boy sighed and pressed his lips taut. Arguing again, he knew. It was always the same, particularly on Friday and Saturday nights. He pressed his back against the pole and covered his mouth when he coughed. He felt the knot buckle his chest. He wanted to cry like a baby, even though he was almost a man—lean as a beanpole at 15, yet almost a man.

He heard the easy slap and suck of the ocean behind him as it rolled up on the sand. There was a nice summer salt-smell in the air, and soon Revere Beach would be jammed with night strollers. The lights of the food stands and amusement stalls pierced the blackness, and towering above all were the brightly colored bulbs rising heavenward on the ferris wheel, spinning and turning endlessly like Time.

The boy coughed again, a wracking cough that seemed to emanate from the pit of his being. Tubercle bacillus. The bacterium that causes tuberculosis. Lesions and abrasions, the doctor had said. He was well aware that if he was not gentle to his frail body, the germs would erupt and pour through his whole system.

He would always be frail, and he must never play football, and he must always get plenty of sleep and fresh air, and he must never carouse like those people there in Uncle George's Cafe, drinking and shouting above the sound pouring from the music box in the dimly lit tavern. He knew it was as black as midnight in there with the venetian blinds closed.

But life goes on. Soon his father would dash downstairs and join the drinkers. Later his voice would rise above all the others, outshouting them all. And his mother would sit at her bedroom window, weeping and wringing her hands in grief. She would be brusque with him too. When his father went on one of his weekend drinking bouts, they fought for hours on end, and the boy was always the loser: scorned and forgotten and shunted away by both of them to his dark room—alone.

After a while the boy moved slowly across the sidewalk and up the dark stairway. He stood on the top landing by the door for a moment, listening.

"What I do on Friday and Saturday nights is none of your business!"

"It *is* my business! You're throwing money down the drain week after week on whiskey! And I've got to have a chance to live too, you know!"

"And so do I!"

The boy jumped back when the door opened, and the harsh glare from the kitchen light bulb blinded him for a moment. His father stopped and stared down at him like

the stranger he always was, and the boy saw the wild stare in his eyes.

"Oh, it's you," the man said, and he grabbed him by the arm and guided him into the kitchen. His mother stood leaning wearily against the stove, the old, defeated look on her thin, once-pretty face.

"Here he is, Maude," his father said. "Now you go, Johnnie—keep your mother company while I'm downstairs for a while."

"Enjoy yourself!" his mother called, and she jerked a strand of hair back from her forehead. The gesture seemed both weary and futile. "I wanted to go to a movie tonight! I've got to live too, you know!"

"Well, live! Take the kid and go!" The door slammed, and his father was gone.

The boy crossed to his room and stood by the door for a moment, watching his mother intently and waiting. It was always the same, he knew. He saw her cross and sit in the chair at her bedroom window, and then she bent forward and pressed her face into the palms of her hands. Her shoulders shook with her sobs, crying because the man traveled alone now, without her; crying because he would not take her to the movies. She liked Paul Newman.

"Go to bed, Johnnie," she mumbled after a while. "It's getting late and I know you're tired."

She never took him to the movies anymore. He coughed too much, and this always upset her.

"Why don't you go to the movies by yourself, Mom?" he said.

"No, no. I'll just sit here and wait for your father. I worry when he's like this, you know. Maybe he'll be OK tomorrow, and he'll take me to a matinee."

"Sure, Mom."

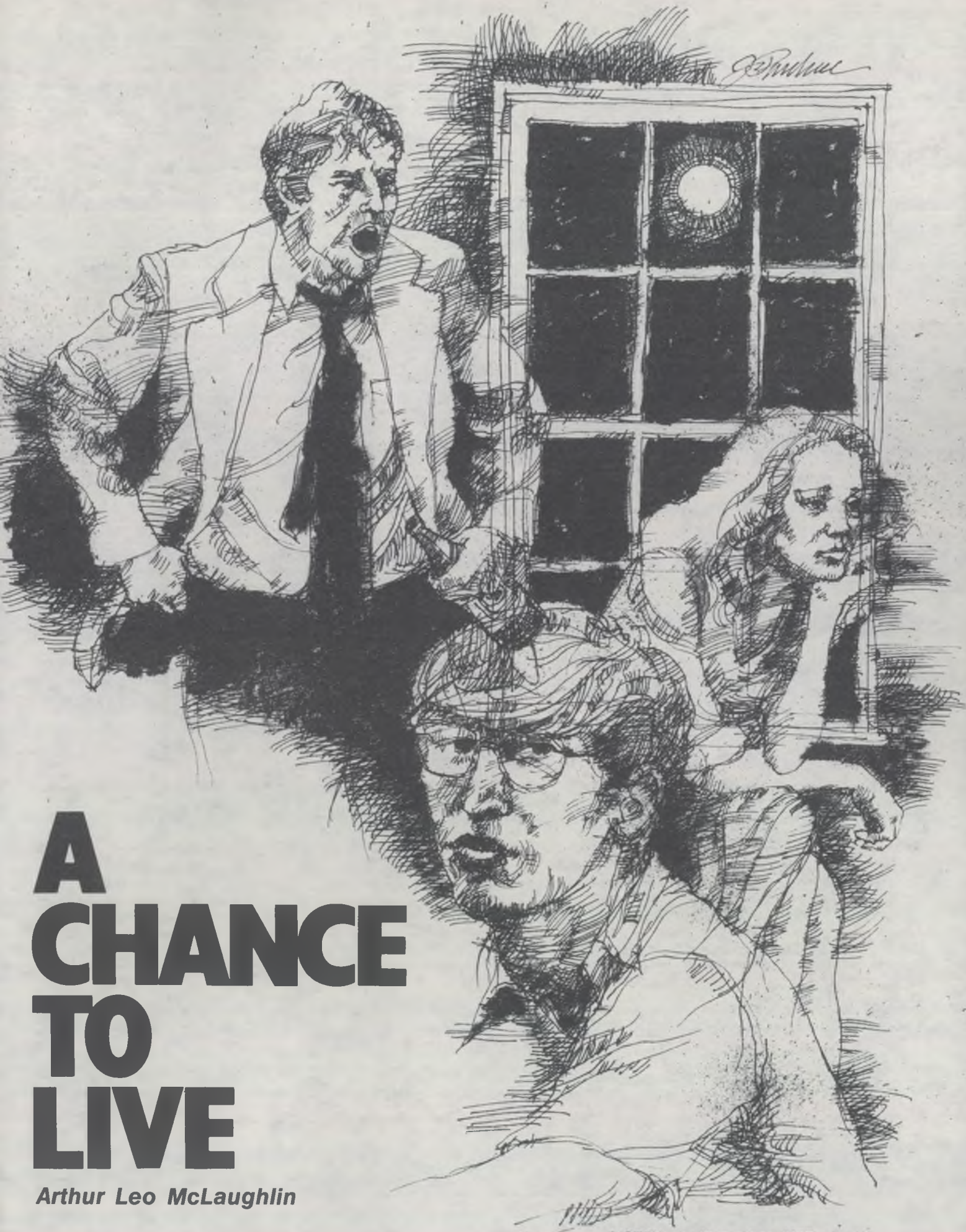
And she sat hunched there, sobbing, because he had left her alone.

The boy closed the bedroom door and undressed in the dark. He jerked the shade up and then opened the window, and a sliver of light from the moon cut a path across the floor. He crawled into bed and lay on his back, his hands clasped behind his head. After a few moments he turned on his side, staring at the shadowed light and listening to the voices from Uncle George's Cafe below. A sudden wild shout followed by a shrill, brainless laugh pierced his heart like a splinter.

He thought about a great many things, particularly about time and premonition. Is it true that robins cry before they die? he wondered. He had once read this somewhere.

The boy fell asleep listening. When he awoke, he heard footsteps in the kitchen and their voices raised in heated argument, on and on. It was always the same.

Their problems were so momentous that they did not hear him, or pay any attention to him, or even care that he was dying. ◇



A CHANCE TO LIVE

Arthur Leo McLaughlin



RX FOR RUNAWAYS

COMITIS

Arthur J. Quinn

The counselor nodded his head in understanding as he listened to the boy's story. The 16-year-old had hitchhiked across the country from New York. He left home because his parents' discussions usually ended in violence.

He had just come from spending several nights in the local jail. He was alone, exhausted, without money or a place to go.

Although he may not have realized it, he had come upon a rare oasis of friendship—the Comitis Crisis Center in Aurora, Colorado. His future was still uncertain, but he now had the efforts of a dedicated staff of paid and volunteer workers to help him find his way “home.”

Comitis is a Latin word meaning “friendship,” and friendship is what young people find here. The goal of the Comitis Center is to help socially alienated teen-agers and young adults get through crisis situations. On a daily basis, the facility offers food and shelter to anyone in need. Helping runaways is just one of the services they provide, but it's an important part.

Skip Collina, a major from nearby Lowry Air Force Base, is one of the volunteer counselors who puts in about 12 hours a week working with young people at Comitis. He has a master's degree in counseling and became involved with the agency when looking for a place to put knowledge to practical use. He explains what happens when a runaway comes to Comitis.

“We offer him food and a place to stay while he comes to grips with his problem. We don't make demands of him. We do ask that he call his parents or guardian to let them know he's got food and shelter, but we don't make him say where he is, just that he's OK.”

Comitis acts as conciliator and go-between for the young people and their parents. It becomes a buffer between children and the law, and a tutor to children who have acted boldly and sometimes irresponsibly by running away.

The agency has had good success in

returning kids to their homes. They ensure that the youth will stay at home by making follow-up calls to the home and offering further counseling if needed. In many cases the counselors find that both the teen and the parents want to be reunited. The kinds of family conflicts that drive kids to running away are familiar to most families, but the presence of an outside mediator enables both sides to come to a new understanding with less emotional trauma.

But not every runaway wants to return home. Susan wanted to be free to live with her boyfriend. She was 16, small and fragile looking, with neatly cut black hair framing her freckled face. She bubbled over with nervous energy. Her young appearance disguised a toughness brought on by having been through a lot more than the average girl her age. Constantly moving and talking, she chain-smoked cigarettes like a prisoner awaiting a jury verdict. In a way she was awaiting a verdict—from a judge who would decide whether she was fit to be a mother.

Susan had spent the last two years drifting in and out of her father's home in Ohio, her mother's place in Denver, and various temporary homes, hospitals, and jails between Boulder, Colorado, and Salt Lake City, Utah. She left her father because his quick temper often resulted in beatings for her.

“He was always mad at me,” she remembers. “He expected me to do everything, all the cooking and housework, and taking care of my sister too. I couldn't do it all by myself. He'd come home drunk and start yelling at me. Once he beat me with a bullwhip.”

Susan escaped her father, as her mother had done before her, and hoped things would be better with her mother. But it turned out that the life Susan was seeking was always elusive. She started skipping school, taking pills, and “hanging out.” Her mother did not approve.

“When I started missing a lot of classes,” Susan explains, “Mom started hassling me about it. She said she

would send me back to my dad if I didn't do what I was told.”

Susan tried to keep her mother appeased, but relationships remained strained. One day Susan surprised her mother by asking if she could get married. She had been seeing a lot of a boy she met in school, and the two had decided they wanted to get married. Their parents were furious and forbade them to see each other again. That was all the impetus the youths needed to run off together.

For a while they lived in Salt Lake City, staying at friends' houses or with people they met on the street. As “street people” they enjoyed a free and easy life, doing what they wanted to do without the constraints of their parents.

But it was not all roses. One problem common to all street people was the possibility of being picked up by the police. Two young kids panhandling passersby at a street corner invite police questioning. Susan was a fast talker and could sometimes get away with just a warning. Still, she was no stranger to the inside of a jail cell. But this danger just made life a little more adventurous. They were young and in love—and free.

Things changed when Susan discovered she was pregnant.

The couple decided the best thing to do was to return home and try to get their parents to change their minds about marriage. “That's when the trouble really started,” says Susan. “We found out they were trying to get us put away. They wanted to take my baby away from me because they said I was unfit to be a mother.”

Susan had her baby, and the court awarded custody to her boyfriend's parents. Now, the two live at the Comitis Center, and with the help of the staff there they are trying to show that they are “mature and responsible adults” in the hope that the court will “emancipate” them.

Susan has found a job and is working; her boyfriend spends a lot of time job hunting. She has no illusions about

what's ahead of her, but she knows where she is and where she has to get. Yet even with seemingly insurmountable obstacles to overcome, she is optimistic. That optimism may be sheer naïveté, but as one counselor notes: "They've got one thing going for them—their feeling for each other. With that they'll make it all right."

The runaway program at Comitis seeks to help people explore and understand themselves in their relationships to others and their environment. The young people who come into the program attend individual and group counseling sessions; in addition, some go to school, others work. All must accept responsibility for following the rules of the house—if they don't, they may be asked to leave.

Another important service Comitis offers is a 24-hour help line. During 1976, about 30,000 calls were taken at the center covering a wide range of problems from possible suicides to loneliness.

"We have saved lives," says Air Force Captain Frank Miller, a volunteer who has been working with Comitis about a year. "We try to talk the person through the crisis, find out his name, location,

and if necessary, call the rescue unit and police."

The counselors listen, and often that is enough to make the person feel better. Based on the caller's particular circumstance, the counselor may refer him to an agency for further help or try to work something out through the Comitis program.

Comitis also operates a coffee house in downtown Aurora, where area young people can relax and take part in nightly programs of music, arts and crafts, free movies, and rap sessions. The program goal is to provide young people with alternatives to drug use.

Comitis is a nonprofit corporation which needs about \$5000 a month to maintain its services. Although it receives money from the City of Aurora, the Y.M.C.A., and the State of Colorado, a significant portion of its budget must come from interested individuals. In addition, there is a constant need for food, clothing, linens, toiletries, furniture, etc.

Perhaps the agency's greatest asset is volunteers, people who put in 12 hours or more a week just because they like to work with people.

Skip Collins explains it this way, "I've

met a lot of talented people who feel they would like to be out there. They're a little hesitant though because they're not sure what to expect. But once you get involved, you just sort of get hooked on it."

Volunteer counselors from Lowry Air Force Base have inspired one organization on the base to take on Comitis as a group project. Members of the 3400th Technical Training Group have donated money, clothes, food, and other items to the center. Those who are handy with a screwdriver or a paintbrush have given their time and talents to make the Comitis live-in facility a little more livable for the teens who stay there.

"The response has been just great," says Major Virgil Kennedy, commander of the 3442nd School Squadron, who coordinated the group's involvement with Comitis. "When people hear about it they are very enthusiastic about helping in some way."

When people find out about what Comitis is doing, it's easy to see why they get enthusiastic. Staffed by men and women who fight for justice for youth, Comitis works as their protector and defender. ♦



Top left: Running away makes a young person entirely independent, but when that independence gets uncomfortable, he or she can find a friend at Comitis. **Right:** Counseling on a one-to-one basis is a regular part of the Comitis program. Usually a teen-ager will talk with only one counselor so that a sense of trust and continuing support can be built between them. **Bottom left:** "We get calls from everyone," says Air Force Captain Dave Peterson, who has been working with the Comitis hotline for more than a year. Problems cover everything from sex to drugs to loneliness.

How Would You Help a Friend Who's Depressed?

Everybody feels down now and then. But how would you help a friend who came to you with the blues?



BARBARA ALLEN, Age 13



Take them happy things to cheer them up. Try to get their mind off what they're sad about.

ELENA PAOLI, Age 12



Maybe come to this shopping center—it's fun—or go to a movie.

KRISTEN MILLER, Age 16



I'd talk to them. Give them a lot of self-confidence. Make them feel like they are someone, and that they shouldn't feel so down.

FREELAND TUE, Age 18



It would depend on what his problem is, and I'd see if I could help him out. I probably could help him talk the problem out if it wasn't that difficult. If I couldn't help him I would recommend him to someone else who is better than I am with the problem.

DAVID LANDAUER, Age 15



I'd tell them to do something or buy something—go out to dinner, buy new clothes. Something that they enjoy doing just to change their attitude.

ROBIN SILVERSTONE, Age 14



Talk to them and tell them that you've gone through it, and that they'll be over it sooner or later. Sometimes it's good to feel negative emotions, because it helps you feel positive emotions more.

JULIE BIALEK, Age 17



I'd give them some attention, listen to what they have to say, and probably give them some advice. I'd tell them that there are other things to give their attention to and it probably isn't as bad as it may seem at the moment. And at the time, they're probably being overly dramatic.

PAUL ADKINS, Age 19



I would talk with him and suggest he put it down in writing—I'm a diary man—it's cathartic. It's good, too, to show him your own experiences, pictures. Talk to him about good times you've had. Usually you're down because you don't have friends.

SCOTT NAHME, Age 18



I'd have him get all his problems out—put them in writing, talk them out, get them out in the open—in something like a diary or journal. Writing helps; it gets problems off your chest. It's good to get everything off your mind and relax.

A newspaper reporter travels the border between the United States and Mexico and finds that we're losing the

BORDER WAR ON DRUGS

Rick Lanning

Dope traffickers are winning the war.

After making a 750-mile tour by air along the international border separating the United States from Mexico, I can state without reservation that this country is being drowned under a flood of heroin, cocaine, marijuana—you name it!

Illegal narcotics are flowing almost unrestrained through a border that is *potted* with loopholes large enough to drive a convoy through.

"If they can't drive the stuff across, they'll fly a plane or run it by boat," says a frustrated member of the Narcotics Strike Force in Bisbee, Arizona.

The drug agents are concerned, angry, and down—but not beaten. They know that if enough funds were provided and a real effort made to stop the sickening drug traffic, it could be done. But not in the present political climate. Politicians enjoy patting themselves on the back for making a minimum effort to turn the tide against illicit dope trafficking. It's popular, vote-getting, and doesn't require any real effort.

But Joe Fisher, a narcotics agent in Yuma, Arizona, says, "We're only catching about one tenth of 1 percent. It's sickening.

"I keep hearing agents bragging to the press about how many tons of marijuana or how many pounds of heroin they seized, and I want to laugh. Why don't they tell how much they're missing? All you've got to do is look around you. Any city of any size in the country has enough dope to keep the entire population high."

Agents like Fisher, a transplanted Pennsylvanian, are undermanned, undergunned, and often underpaid. But they keep trying.

"I've got kids," says Fisher. "It scares me when I think of the kind of world I'm going to leave them if I don't help stop this stuff."

He says the international traffickers use juveniles to bring across loads.

"We've worked cases where a 14-year-old Mexican will drive a carload of marijuana or heroin across the border. Then the kid will steal a new camper or pickup truck, go back into Mexico, and collect his \$400.

"The smugglers have a good argument. They tell the kid, 'Don't worry. If you get caught, all they'll do is give you a warm bed, a hot meal, and TV at juvenile hall, then they'll send you back home.'"

Mike Cochran, a prosecutor with the Pima County Attorney's office in Tucson, Arizona, says, "The dope is coming through everywhere. Smugglers carry it through on foot through single-strand barbed wire fences at Agua Prieta, Nogales, or San Luis. They come on horseback, in boats, in planes. They even mix it with produce.

"We just don't have enough men, money, or equipment to stop them. I don't think this country wants to pay the price to halt the dope traffic."

The statewide Narcotics Strike Force in Tucson recently submitted to the state legislature a costly proposal which agents claim could reduce the illegal narcotics flow by up to two thirds. Already the issue has become a political football.

"We figure we'll need at least \$5 million to set up the

program and intelligence network necessary to cut down the trafficking," declares Terry Grimble, member of the Pima County Attorney's office and a major force in the operation.

Grimble is backed by Senator Dennis DeConcini, who had the original idea for the strike force. The problem seems to be centered on who would control—and get the glory—of running such an operation.

Narcotics agents like Frank "Paco" Marcell, stationed in Bisbee, say, "In 10 years, with this plan in operation, we'll cut down the flow of coke, heroin, and marijuana by two thirds."

A bearded, happy-go-lucky man who earns the grudging respect of the smugglers because of his fairness—he won't make a bad bust—Marcell adds, "But we also need the help of the Mexican government, better drug education in our schools, and better communication in families to eliminate the problem.

"In other words, we should declare all-out war on the drug people—even if it means physically closing down the border to stop the narcotics from getting through."

As a guest of the Narcotics Strike Force, I flew over the long, desolate international border, stretching from Douglas, Arizona, on the east to Yuma and beyond on the west.

On the ground, I followed miles of three-stranded barbed wire, the only barrier separating the United States from Mexico. In places the wire was uprooted and torn down, with tracks plainly leading from the Mexican side to the American side.

We drove past the Don Quijote, a night club in Agua Prieta. The club, agents said, is owned by a man named Pelico who is wanted by U.S. authorities for parole violation. Pelico is suspected of being a major heroin supplier.

Down the street a few blocks is the El Cid, once a popular restaurant. The El Cid is owned by the mayor of Agua Prieta. After the mayor announced his intentions of cracking down on the dope pushers, the restaurant was fire-bombed and burned to the ground.

Marcell, a native of San Fernando, California, has fallen in love with the desert. He's a compassionate, sensitive man who loves his work and hates what narcotics are doing to the people he knows.

"Once I had a friend killed in the line of duty," he says. "It hurt me for months. When I think of the few gunfights I've been involved in, I start shaking.

"But the toll illegal narcotics takes! In my hometown it destroyed the best athletes, the finest scholars, the beautiful young people who seemingly had it made.

"I know of good-looking guys and girls who are nothing but vegetables—screaming animals. They're stoned out of their minds on stuff they smoked, injected, or popped. A lot of my friends in San Fernando went to prison. It's so sad, so frustrating."

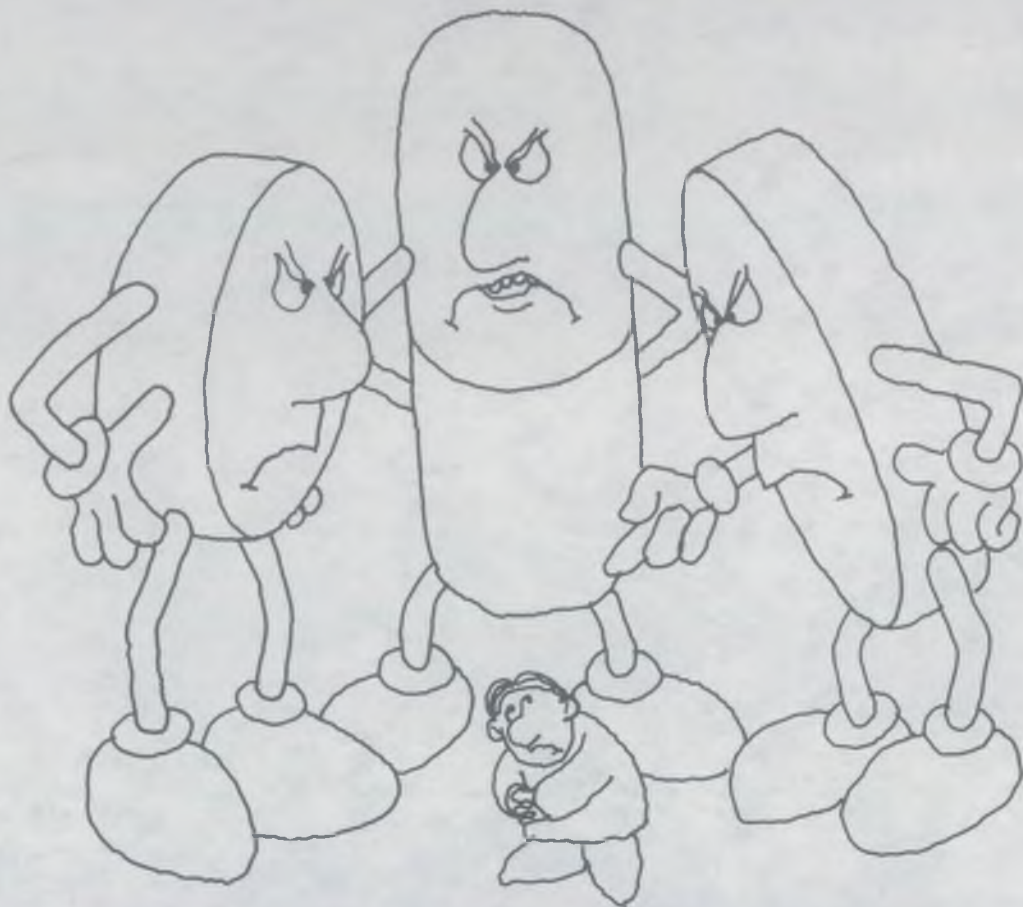
Marcell and Grimble have been pleading with federal and state legislators to take a closer look at the problem.

"Frankly, we want to know if the lawmakers really want to stop the drug trafficking," says Marcell. "Somebody is going to have to pay the price to get the job done.

"The agents are putting their lives on the line every day, but we need help," he says. "How we need help!" ◇



COPING WITH THE BE~MORE, GET~MORE WORLD



VIVIAN BUCHAN

YOU AND I live in a world that threatens our health and sanity. We're assaulted from every direction by the demands of a society geared to the one goal of achievement. And to achieve, we must compete.

Competition demands that we learn more, earn more, get more, have more, be more. And unless we're copouts or dropouts, we step to the drummer who beats a meter that's fast and constant.

So what happens? When things become too much and we come undone by stress and tension, we reach for a remedy we can pop into our mouths.

Are you tired? Take a pep-up pill. Depressed? Take an antidepressant. Nervous? Take a sedative. Can't sleep? Take a sleeping pill. Overweight? Eat reducing candy. Headache? An aspirin.

Make a survey of commercials on TV and ads in periodicals and see how many are related to "wonder" drugs that will cure anything and everything. Nearly one billion drug prescriptions were filled last year, and a half billion dollars were spent on sedatives and tranquilizers. And no one really knows how many across-the-counter nonprescription drugs were sold.

Now, if all these drugs actually cured our myriad ills, there might be some justification for spending our dollars on them and burdening our bodies with them. While tranquilizers do tranquilize, they don't cure. The problems that bring on headaches, stomach upsets, irritability, fatigue are merely pushed under for a short time. Like sleeping demons, they will wake up and roar for attention again.

We register dismay at the use of marijuana, LSD, heroin, etc., but we ignore the pathetic dependence of millions of ordinary folk going to school or to ordinary jobs who depend on downers to get to sleep and uppers to get them up the next morning.

When I was teaching at the University of Iowa, I was always dismayed at the bleary-eyed, sluggish students who staggered into classes during exam week. Some

would say, "I've been up two nights in a row without a wink of sleep studying for chemistry or political science."

Needless to say, that type of cramming doesn't produce knowledge, it's just enough to squeak by on an exam. Trying to stay awake during exams was easy. All it took was a handful of pep pills swallowed during the day. When students were sick, the cause was often the use of drugs to sleep or to keep awake.

Right now there are more than 22,000 drugs on the market. A survey made by the *American Druggist* magazine shows that an average of 29 drugs are on the

WHEN THINGS BECOME TOO MUCH, WE REACH FOR A REMEDY WE CAN POP INTO OUR MOUTHS.

shelves of the average medicine cabinet. How many are on yours?

Marie, a high school girl, says, "I've got so many pills in my purse I can't find room for my lip gloss. But I need them. There're pills for my headaches, lozenges for reducing, pep pills for afternoon classes when I'm so sleepy I can't stay awake, and tranquilizers to calm me down after that horrid German class I just hate."

Marie's too skinny now, her face is a mass of eruptions, her hair is dingy and dull. Altogether, she's a dreary sight. Her dependence on drugs might cause much of her troubles.

In a single year, we toss down some 10 million pounds of aspirin. That's enough to treat about seven billion headaches. Side effects from aspirin are thought to be negligible by those depending on them for everything that feels peculiar in their body. According

to a reference book issued by the Stanford Research Institute, which surveyed pharmaceuticals, "aspirin should not be viewed as a harmless household remedy," for salicylate poisoning is not uncommon, and death has resulted from overdoses of aspirin.

"Well," you ask, "how can I cope with tension and stress if I'm to avoid drugs?"

The first step is to take preventive measures before you reach the place where popping pills into your mouth seems to be a necessity. Get high on nutrition and exercise, and you won't need to get high, or low, on drugs.

It's easy to become a member of a coronary club, for it's not all that exclusive. If you want your name to be put up for a vote, start now getting prepared to become a member later in life. All you have to do is put on too much weight, smoke lots of cigarettes, shun exercise, eat junk food, and keep using habit-forming drugs.

Now, if you're *not* interested in joining, create a life-style that will become a habit for life and keep you living longer and happier as well as healthier.

1. Eat sensible foods at the proper times.
2. Don't smoke.
3. Exercise.
4. Keep your weight normal.

How many times a week do you make a meal out of a hamburger with french fries and a malted? How many cokes and candy bars do you wolf down in a day? How do you start your day—with or without breakfast? Doctors and nutritionists say that plenty of fruits, vegetables, nuts, cheese, milk, eggs, and grain foods, will provide nourishment for all the cells in your body.

You're a sensible person or you wouldn't be reading this, so strike drugs off your shopping list and depend on good food, exercise, and lots of sleep to keep your body tuned up and running like you want your car to run. It's not easy in this geared-up world where we compete for everything, but we can endure pressure far better if we make preventive health care a top priority. ◇

...AND SO FORTH

BLOWING THE WHISTLE ON POLLUTION

The experiment lasted only a week. Officials in Bangkok, Thailand, thought that masks for the traffic policemen would be the way to fight the pollution problem. However, they soon discovered that the masks made blowing their whistles an even bigger problem.



BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

The newest thing under the sun needs wind. Windsurfing is a cross between sailing and traditional surfing and has acquired enthusiasts from 8 to 60.

Although it seems like a sport only the most courageous—or maybe foolhardy—would attempt, it's easier than it looks. In fact, some claim that women tend to be better students than men but then anyone with gumption can get pretty good rides by the end of the first day.

To do that the would-be surfer stands on the 12-foot board, grips the sail firmly with his hands, and leaves the rest to the wind. Although it's tricky and mistakes seem semi-suicidal to observers, the Coast Guard has never recorded so much as an injury due to windsurfing.

According to one champ, there's a strong possibility that windsurfing will be a demonstration sport at the 1980 Olympics.

BEASTLY RELATIVES

You may occasionally feel that your relatives are beasts, but some zoos around the country have programs that can make beasts your "relatives." Faced with soaring costs, zoos from coast to coast have hit upon a popular idea—adopt-a-pet plans. This doesn't mean that you provide house and home for an animal waif, but you can take part in making sure he has that. Animal lovers are picking up the food tab for the creature of their choice in many U.S. zoos. That tab can be quite costly with some totals ranging from \$5 to \$2000 per year. It varies from zoo to zoo, but some offer a sponsorship plan where you are responsible for only a part of the grocery bill. For example, an Australian flying squirrel can claim you as its benefactor for only \$10. However, to be the proud "parent" of an elephant, lion, or walrus may run you up to \$1700. But becoming a zoo "parent" is an irreversible decision: there are no refunds. According to many zoo directors, the program is working out well. People come out and bring their friends to show them the newest addition to the family. Unfortunately, there are problems sometimes. People can become very possessive, and there is a conflict of interest should the zoo decide to trade the animal or transfer it elsewhere. And how do you break the news to a monkey's uncle?

THE FANTASTIC FREE FLYER

Aerodynamically it shouldn't fly, but it holds all aerobatic records. It's a combination of jet, helicopter, fighter pilot, and moon rocket. It can hover motionless, fly backward, forward, up and down, and perform a zig-zag formation faster than your eye can follow. Sounds like a wonder machine from space fiction, but the hummingbird is an aerodynamic wonder of today.

This little flyer got its name from the humming sound it makes when it flies, which it does to the tune of 3600 wing beats per minute. What's even more amazing is that the hummingbird is only three inches long and weighs less than two pennies.

Fortunately, the energy crisis makes no difference to this flyer, who runs on flower nectar which it picks up at its 50-60 daily refueling sessions.

The hummingbird's range is another astounding feature. It flies each fall and spring from Central America to the United States across the Gulf of Mexico, which is a non-stop distance of more than 500 miles.

PUZZLE ANSWERS

Puzzle on page 24

- | | | |
|-------------|----------------|--------------|
| 1. dog | 8. chameleon | 15. elephant |
| 2. wolf | 9. crocodile | 16. chicken |
| 3. cow | 10. rat | 17. fox |
| 4. kangaroo | 11. bat | 18. dog, dog |
| 5. mole | 12. guinea pig | 19. hornet |
| 6. calf | 13. shrew | |
| 7. hyena | 14. bull | |



TRANSPORTATION-THE ONLY LIMIT IS MAN'S INGENUITY

FASTEST TUB ON WHEELS

This may not be the most unusual use for a bathtub, but it certainly is the fastest. Tom Preacher, an architectural student who built the tubmobile, has been clocked at 85 miles an hour in it. Preacher's cast-iron tubmobile comes equipped with a motorcycle engine and a citizens band radio.



PEDALING HIS WARES

Sixty-nine year old Carl Parrott has been pedaling his wares since 1966 when he retired and began to operate a tricycle lot in the front yard of his home in the St. Louis suburb of Maryland Heights.

Although he has bigger bikes, Parrott's specialty is trikes which range in price from \$10 to \$14. However, Parrott's business isn't all wheeling and dealing. He often does free repair service for some of the neighborhood tricycle owners. "I like kids," he says. "I got one of my own. Of course he's 33 years old now."



ON A BICYCLE BUILT FOR 35

Tage Krogehave of Hasdund, Denmark, is a big wheel in his neighborhood. The mechanic is driving the bike he built for 35. Krogehave made the apparatus from 78 second-hand bikes, 70 sprocket wheels, and 165 feet of chain.

ANIMAL ANTICS

A. S. Flaumenhaft

(Answers on page 22)

Many commentaries on people are made more picturesque by bringing animals into the act, as in the following sentence: "Here is a sign of affection that can squeeze you to death: a bear hug."

Complete the following statements by filling in the name of an animal:

1. If he can't use it and because he is ornery and won't let anyone else use it, he's a ___ in the manger.
2. A crafty character who acts as if he is all innocence is a ___ in sheep's clothing.
3. A barnyard animal that was doing tricks in space long before our spacemen was the ___ that jumped over the moon.
4. One place where you can't get a fair trial is a _____ court.
5. People with a sense of values don't make a mountain out of a _____ hill.
6. For a feast welcoming home their prodigal son, they killed the fatted _____.
7. Some politicians who are always smiling for the camera resemble the laughing _____.
8. A creature that can change complexion to suit circumstances is a _____.
9. On sad occasions some people weep sincerely, while others shed _____ tears.
10. This breathless competition to come in ahead of the other fellow makes a businessman's life a ___ race.
11. Naturally, if you can't see what's right in front of your nose, you're as blind as a _____.
12. When people want to try out their experiments on me, I say: "What do you think I am, a _____?"
13. She nagged him black and scolded him blue./ The poor guy's wed to an untamed _____.
14. Are you betting that stocks on Wall Street will go up in value? Then you are a _____.
15. Some people are so thick-skinned they seem to have an _____'s hide.
16. And some people say that if prices continue to go up, their income will buy them only _____ feed.
17. If you're an old-fashioned guy or gal, then you don't do dances like the bump, but you do dance the ___ trot.
18. Not even in kennel rationing do they have ___ eat ____.
19. I wonder if I've stirred up a _____'s nest.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Lucille J. Goodyear

Here's something to get you in the Christmas spirit. How many words—related to the Christmas season—can you find in the letter maze below? The words may run backward, forward, up, down, or diagonally. There are 54 words in all.

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

ANGEL, BABE, BALL, BALSAM, BOW, CANDY, CANE, CARD, CAROLERS, CHIMNEY, CHRISTMAS, CONE, CRECHE, DICKENS, DINNER, EAT, ELF, EVE, EVERGREEN, FESTIVAL, FOOD, FRUITCAKE, GIFT, GIVING, GLOW, GOODWILL, GREEN, HOLIDAY, HOLLY, JESUS, JOSEPH, JOY, LAUGHTER, LOG, LOVE, MANGER, NATIVITY, ORGAN, POINSETTIA, RED, REMEMBRANCE, RIBBON, SECRETS, SHEPHERDS, SKATES, SLED, SLEIGH, SNOW-MAN, SONG, SPLENDOR, SPRUCE, STAR, TAG, TREE

LISTEN HELPS FOR TEACHERS

LISTEN Teaching Guide is prepared to aid the instructor who uses LISTEN in the classroom. It provides teaching suggestions as well as a variety of quiz material—fill in the blank, True or False, and multiple choice. LISTEN Teaching Guide costs \$1 for nine issues; \$1.25 for overseas.

Available monthly September through May.

THE SOUND OF LISTEN cassette series has been created especially for classroom use. It's available for each of the nine months of the school year (September-May).

Side 1 contains a 15-minute feature of LISTEN's cover personality in addition to stories, current news, and features. Side 2 presents a 30-minute discussion on relevant subjects such as alcohol, depression, and smoking.

THE SOUND OF LISTEN costs \$25 for set of nine 60-minute cassettes; \$3 for one 60-minute cassette.

MOVING?

NEW ADDRESS (Please print)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

If you're moving, please let us know at least 6 weeks in advance. Attach your label from the back cover of this issue. Write your new address in the blanks.

ATTACH LABEL HERE
(Old Address)

Mail to: LISTEN, Pacific Press Publishing Association, 1350 Villa Street, Mountain View, CA 94042.

Listen News

U.S. Heroin Addicts May Number Over Half Million

It's impossible to guess accurately how many heroin addicts there are in the United States, but experts guess that there are somewhere between 522,000 and 559,000. According to researchers who studied heroin use in 24 metropolitan areas, New York in 1975 had an estimated 69,000 heroin addicts; Los Angeles was second with 60,000; Chicago third, with 47,700; Detroit fourth, with 33,200; San Francisco fifth, with 28,600; and Philadelphia sixth, with 23,800.

On a per capita basis, however, the 10 cities with the most heroin addicts per 100,000 population were as follows:

1. San Francisco with 915
2. Los Angeles with 864
3. Phoenix with 796
4. Detroit with 792
5. San Diego with 788
6. Chicago with 677
7. San Antonio with 657
8. New York with 608
9. Seattle with 607
10. Miami with 530.

Heroin addicts supposedly are responsible for 50 percent of the crime and 75 percent of the shoplifting in the U.S. Again, these are guesses.

Moonshiners Switch to Marijuana for More Profit

Many moonshiners, rather than fight rising sugar prices, are turning to another cash crop: marijuana.

The price of sugar, a prime moonshine ingredient, soared a few years ago, said Riley Oxley of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms. That, he said, combined with stricter enforcement of white lightning laws and a market that's going dry, discouraged many longtime whiskey runners.

"The thing with young people seems to be marijuana and not booze. That's the market now," Oxley said. "The last moonshine we got was going for about \$20 a gallon and that was the wholesale price. So by the time the retailer sells it, it's about the same price as bonded whiskey."

Said another agent: "Most moonshiners are farmers, so the next available thing for them to grow is marijuana, and we think it'll get more

prevalent as time goes on."

From 1960 to 1968, federal alcohol agents in Tennessee seized more than 1000 stills a year. In 1976 they broke up only eight.

Agents report finding marijuana crops growing instead of illegal still operating in Tennessee.

Teen Girls as Likely to Smoke as Teen Guys

About one fourth of the nation's teen-agers smoke cigarettes, and they started at a median average age of 13, according to the latest Gallup youth survey.

Girls are as likely to smoke as boys. In fact, younger teen-age girls are more likely to smoke than their male counterparts.

Smokers are defined in the survey as those who have smoked any cigarettes in the week preceding the survey. By adult standards, many of these smokers could perhaps be considered extremely light smokers or "experimenters."

Other key findings from the survey include the following:

- About 1 in 8 (12 percent) of younger teens (13 to 15) smoke at least occasionally, while 32 percent of the older teens (16 to 18) do so. By way of comparison, about 4 persons in 10 among the adult (18 and over) population smoke cigarettes.

- Teen-age smokers are "light" smokers for the most part, with about 2 in 3 smoking half a pack per day or less, and about 3 in 10 smoking more than half a pack. Only 3 percent of teen-agers smoke a pack or more each day.

- Although the median average age when teen-agers started smoking is 13 years old, 1 teen-ager in 9 started smoking when 10 years old or younger.

Teen-agers—particularly the younger teens—may not appreciate the difficulty of quitting smoking. In fact, as many as two thirds of youth in their early teens say it would be "not very" or "not at all" difficult to give up smoking.

About 1 in 8 (12 percent) of teen-agers who smoke say their parents do not know they smoke. Girls are more likely to say this than are boys. About one fourth (23 percent) of the early

teens say their parents are unsuspecting, compared to 9 percent among the late teens.

While most teen-agers who smoke say their parents have tried to get them to stop, as many as 3 in 10 report that their parents have not tried to do so.

Smoking Can Damage Hearing

Cigarette smoking damages hearing, Stephen Prescod, an audiologist at Andrews University, Berrien Springs, Michigan, has concluded after numerous personal observations and a literature review of the subject.

Smoking can affect one's hearing in much the same way that aging does, Prescod said. Those smoking twenty or more cigarettes a day, he said, can expect enough loss in sensitivity to both high and low frequencies to impair understanding of normal speech. S's and P's are high frequency sounds, the audiologist said. Prolonged and heavy smoking, then, might hinder one's ability to differentiate between the words Miss, Mrs., or Ms.

Furthermore, Prescod has found that surgical operations on the eardrums of heavy smokers have twice the chance of failing than operations on nonsmokers.

Tobacco smoke enters the middle ear through the eustachian tube, which links the ear to the upper respiratory tract. Both the eustachian tube and the middle ear are damaged in the process, Prescod said.

Christmas Ads Promote Booze by Wire Orders

Since alcoholic beverages cannot be sent through the mail, the Nationwide Gift and Liquor Service of Clinton, New Jersey, is pushing a booze by wire service this Christmas season.

Based on the same concept as Florists Telegraph Delivery (FTD) for dispatching flowers across the country, the new service will be able to offer delivery of a variety of distilled spirits to most cities in the U.S. in 24 hours. The advertising campaign began in September in *Business Week* and *Esquire* and will peak just before Christmas. Liquor sales, normally the highest of the year during the Christmas season, are expected to show substantial gains if the new concept catches the public's fancy.

Doubling the Toll

Perhaps many of the suspected drunken drivers on our highways haven't been drinking at all.

Police may stop motorists for erratic driving, but on testing find no alcohol in their blood. They easily pass sobriety tests.

But now the secret is out. In a first-ever survey of such drivers in California it's being found that they've been using marijuana. In fact, preliminary reports from the study show that possibly one in four of all motorists stopped for drunken driving have marijuana in the blood.

The federally funded project is being done by the state justice department over the period of a year. Results from the first two reporting segments indicate that up to 26 percent of the tested samples contain marijuana.

For a long time now "pot" users have claimed that their habit is confined to themselves, that there is no effect on anyone else.

However, there is increasing evidence that marijuana smokers are recklessly endangering the lives of others by driving cars while stoned. And this evidence has been piling up in recent years.

As early as 1963 the French delegation to the United Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs expressed alarm over the high rate of traffic accidents attributable to marijuana.

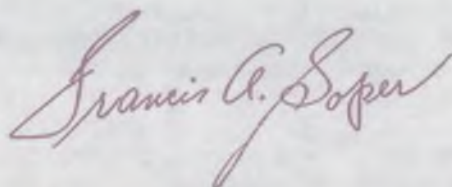
In 1966 drug research specialist Dr. Donald Louria warned, "Any individual under the influence of marijuana is dangerous to his fellowman if he gets behind the wheel of a car. The feeling of power, the distortion of perception, time, and space, make the marijuana user accident prone."

Only three years ago Dr. Henry Klonoff of the University of British Columbia reported in *Science* magazine on tests he had conducted. "Driving under the influence of marijuana should be avoided as much as should driving under the influence of alcohol," he said.

About the same time Dr. Robert L. DuPont of the National Institute on Drug Abuse, who personally favors relaxing laws controlling the private use of pot, warned that the hardest scientific evidence of all indicates that marijuana smoking "adversely affects driving ability."

The question might be raised, How many people, with perceptions of space and time badly distorted, are driving cars on our highways every day and every night? How many victims, including themselves, have already suffered severe injury or death as the result?

It seems more obvious all the time that the already tragic toll on our roads resulting from drinking and driving might well be doubled if the use of marijuana were to become general, or if marijuana could be as easily secured as is alcohol now.



Listen

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Christmas Homecoming

Tree branches laced with snow;
a patch of woods hemmed in by fenceposts
wearing snowball caps;
and, stretching far down a winding road,
deep tracks made by some pilgrim soul
turn my thoughts to home around the bend
and loving arms that wait at journey's end.

Carol Bessent Hayman

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