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SPECIAL SECTION
Voices From Prison



JULIE McCLARTY-TWIRLING TO THE TOP
Marijuana and Motherhood
How to Make Your Family Your Friends



National baton twirling champion Julie McClarty tells how her determination led to success.

Twirling to the Top

JIM CLOSSER

As 14-year-old Julie sat on the bench watching her competitors twirl, her anticipation increased. Baton Twirling Nationals were here, an annual event held every August by the Drum Majorettes of America. Her mind was fixed upon her routine.

Hours and hours of grueling practice and preparation were soon to be tested in a two-minute exhibition which would decide victory or defeat. It made no difference to the judges that Julie had performed this routine literally dozens of times flawlessly; they wanted to know what she could do *right then!*

Not allowed to practice or warm up on the competition floor, Julie says, "One of my main concerns in twirling is whether the floor is slippery or sticky. Practicing on a gym floor that you're used to is tremendously different than performing on a floor you've never walked on before."

Julie felt the tension of hundreds of staring spectators. Each onlooker tried to predict the judges' decisions. Then out of that alphabetical mirage of names came "McClarty," and the inevitable showdown had come.

Julie has worked for years for moments like this, with much coaxing from her parents, both professors at a liberal arts college. Julie's mother taught English, and her father was the band director. They decided it would be an interesting feature if their daughter learned baton twirling, to twirl with her dad's band. So starting when she was only seven years old, Julie has now twirled for more than half her life.

Julie's first teacher, a local high school majorette, was succeeded by a national twirling champ until they moved to Collegedale, Tennessee. Her present teacher, Debbie Hunt from Chattanooga, was crowned in 1972 as Majorette Queen of America.

Over the years Julie's accomplishments have reached the top. With a determination that is never ending, the blue-eyed blond with the grin on her face has proved herself before judges many times. "You don't start at the top; you have to *climb* to the top, and it's a climb that doesn't

come easy," says Julie, suddenly very serious.

Here's the succession any twirling hopeful must follow. Starting competition as a Special Beginner, three first places must be achieved before moving to the next class of Beginner, where five first places must be achieved before one is allowed into the Intermediate class. The Intermediate must have three first-place titles before moving to the next and last class of Advanced. A contestant must qualify before being permitted to enter the yearly Nationals by winning a title at an open, state, or regional contest.

To date Julie has won 830 trophies, 150 medals, 10 banners, and three crowns. She currently holds the Mid-South Princess regional title and the Two-Baton Majorette Princess Championship of the Eastern United States. Consecutively for three years, from 1976-1978, Julie conquered the United States Two-Baton Championship.

For 1979 the Two-Baton Championship was cancelled and replaced with Olympic-style twirling. Consequently, last August Julie clinched a bronze medal in a United States preliminary meet, which was held as part of the process for getting twirling into the 1984 World Olympics.

There were five judges scoring. "I'll never forget when one judge gave me my highest score of 9.1. Oh, I'll never forget that," exclaims Julie, who ended with an overall average of 8.8 on a 10.0 scale. Julie was competing against one 13-year-old and two other 14-year-olds. The remaining girls were older, varying in age up to 26.

Because twirling is so vital a part of Julie's life, it's bound to affect her social life. Listen to her conversation with a classmate about a swimming party:

"Hey, Julie, we really missed you Sunday. Why didn't you come to our swimming party?"

"Well, I had a qualifying meet for the Nationals. I'm sorry; I really did want to come!"

"It would have been different if I just didn't want to go, but they were more interested in the fact that I would miss their swimming party. I was just that determined to go to the Nationals!" Julie comments.

Although she is busy much of the time, Julie's classmates see her not as a national champion, not as a trophy queen, but as a cheerful, fun-loving center-fielder on one of the many Collegedale softball teams. One year she was given a trophy as her grade's courtesy queen. "My mom says that's her favorite trophy," Julie laughs.

By looking at Julie's schedule for a normal summer day, you can readily see how this champion has accomplished so much. Getting up in the morning at 7:00, Julie eats breakfast and is at the gymnasium by 8:00. She practices for two and a half hours. While lying out in the sun, she eats her dinner. (Julie says,

"Everyone has to have a suntan for the Nationals.") From 2:00-5:45, she goes swimming or plays with her schoolmates. From 6:15-7:30 Julie plays softball. Finally she goes back to the gym at 8:00 for a baton lesson and more practice until 10:30 or 11:00 p.m.

Five hours or more of practice every day is nothing unusual, and "sometimes even Saturday nights I will be at the gym until midnight or after. But with all my twirling, I still have to keep up on flute and piano too," she adds.

Julie has forfeited many things she has really wanted to do in order to continue twirling as a champion. At times twirling affects seemingly unrelated areas of her life. "My dad won't even let me wear high heels prior to a meet, because he's scared I'll sprain my ankle!"

But there are rewards for all that practice. In twirling one of the most difficult tricks is when you flip the baton in the air, spin around several times, then catch the baton in the air before it hits the ground. Depending on how many times the twirler spins, this trick is called a "four," "five," or "six." "As an incentive, when I catch 500 'sixes' in practice," Julie explains, "my folks have promised that I get my own personal telephone—any kind I want. And I've already got it picked out!"

Julie is a determined victor. She has a poise and dignity along with an innate ability that judges from all over have recognized. Yes, she's a winner, but not totally by her own achievements. Julie says, "Every time I compete, I ask the Lord to be with me. Before the hard tricks during my routine I'll say, 'Come on, please,' then when I catch it, I say 'Thank You, Lord,' before I go on. At the end of every routine before I salute, and when I walk off the floor, I again say, 'Thank You, Lord.' " Julie will pray as many as six times in a two-minute routine.

Confidence is an attribute of a champion, and Julie is no exception. Yet she places her confidence in the Lord. This has opened some unusual circumstances that allow her to witness for the strongest conviction in her life. Being a devout Seventh-day Adventist, Julie will not compete on Saturday. Numerous competitive events are held on Saturday, none of which Julie attends. The judges have learned to recognize this fact, and at one meet a judge told Julie, "I'll try to have a Sunday contest sometime in your area." Another said, "I admire your convictions, but I don't understand why you don't compete once in a while on Saturday."

To Julie the most important thing is not a trophy or a title. It's living the life that's right for her. If she misses the chance to compete, she might gain instead the chance to witness for the Christ in her life. That's her best title—Julie McClarty, Christian. ♦



BIRTHDAY PRESENT

J. B. WALLIS

Last year I gave my parents a *great* birthday present. (Did you catch the sarcasm? You will as I tell the story.) Their birthdays fall just four days apart, so they decided to celebrate by going off for the weekend, just the two of them, to a

"I panic at the realization that I may well have ruined my uncertain future by the dumb choices I made."

tennis resort about an hour's drive from our house. They left on Mom's forty-fifth birthday.

That night I wanted to have some friends over and do some celebrating myself, but because of my little sister, I was saddled with my grandmother "babysitting." It had been a lousy week for me.

I was working part time at a drugstore, making the same salary I'd started at three years before. I'd finally graduated from high school (I think they were glad to be rid of me) and was enrolled at our local junior college. I had dreams of becoming a pharmacist, so I was taking beginning chemistry along with basic English and math. It was no good. I'd cut so many classes in high school that I was failing everything. I was beginning to believe my parents were right when they said I'd never learned how to read or study. If I'd wanted to face the truth, I wasn't even trying.

Anyway, to get on with the story, I'm feeling really down the night they leave. I know I can't make it at college, and I don't know what I want to do with my life. So . . . I start after dinner by drinking some beer, and then go on to rum and tonic. Not in front of my grandmother; I go to a bar where I meet a couple of buddies. Then I drive them to another friend's house, and we smoke a little pot. None of this is helping my mood, so I buy a few Quaaludes from one of the guys, take a couple, and stick the rest in my pocket. It's stupid, but I want to forget my problems.



I start to head for home because I know in a little while I'll be too phased to drive. I feel very strange—shaky and lightheaded. As I pass the drugstore, I notice the lights are still on and my boss, who is also a very good friend, is still inside. I decide to stop and rap for a while, and maybe get something for my nerves. I'm afraid to drive that extra mile home.

When I get out of the car, everything starts spinning and I just go crazy. I have no recollection of what happened, but it seems that when I knock on the glass door and my boss comes out, I suddenly go into some kind of shaking fit like a madman. In the process of his trying to help me, the alarm button which he'd already set for the night goes off, and within a minute here come the cops with sirens wailing and lights flashing.

They search me and find the 'ludes in my pocket. I start to fight them off because I don't know

what I'm doing, and they tell me that when they handcuff me and lock me in the back of the police car, I try to kick the windows and screen guard out. I don't remember any of it, and wish I could forget the rest. They take me to the emergency room of the nearest hospital.

Now let's switch from me getting my stomach pumped to my folks, just getting back to their villa after a night on the town. The phone rings, and since it's midnight, right away they know it's trouble. My boss tells them I'm in the hospital, and that I've been arrested. Their world caves in. They rush to the hospital in time to see my birthday gift to them: me, dry-retching in the emergency room, still unable to talk, surrounded by cops.

A detective tells them that since I'd just turned 18 the month before (great timing), and since I had no previous record (as an "adult"), there is a procedure called "pre-trial intervention" that we should look into. But first there are other procedures to endure. As soon as I'm able, they get me up and we go to the station, where I'm fingerprinted and photographed. My mother turns white when she sees my mug shot. I look like a wild-eyed, cornered animal.

The scene gets worse. From the police station I'm taken to the county jail to be booked, since I've committed a felony. The charge is "possession of Class II drugs." My folks follow, but they can't go beyond the waiting area. The heavy

*"Finally after months of
working for minimum wages I
made a decision."*

metal door slams behind me, and I look around once to see them through the bars, pathetically holding hands. There is moaning and cursing from the cells above.

I go through more processing—mug shots and fingerprinting again. It is four a.m. and I would've had to spend the night there, but Dad knows a judge who recommends that I be released in his recognition. I wonder how my dad feels calling his friend at that hour because his dear son is in jail.

Finally the nightmare ends and I'm back in the car with my parents, feeling safe and humble. They're as relieved as I that I'm out of that stinking jail. They don't seem mad at me and I don't get any lectures. I think they feel sorry for me.

Dad says, "Come to the resort with us for the rest of the weekend. We'll swim, play tennis, and try to get back to normal. Then, first thing Monday, I'll see about that pre-trial intervention."

"Listen, I appreciate everything —" I start to say, but Mom interrupts.

"Maybe we've been pushing you too hard," she says. "You know, there are a lot of things you can do with your life that don't require a college education. All we want is for you to be happy."

My head hurts too much to think, but I panic at the realization that I may well have ruined my uncertain future by the dumb choices I made several hours ago.

When we get home, I go straight to bed. My poor folks are stuck



with the job of explaining to my grandmother, who's a nervous wreck since my boss had to tell her about my trouble when he called to find out where my parents were staying.

The next day I sleep till noon, and by then my head feels like it's on straight, but everyone else looks exhausted. True to his word, Dad takes us all to the tennis resort. We try to make the weekend relaxing and make plans for the future. I'm scared out of my wits and promise them I won't take anything anymore—including pot. The implication of what might have happened if I had driven that extra mile home hasn't escaped any of us. I could've killed a lot of people, including myself.

When Monday comes, my dad sees a lawyer and my case never goes to trial. Instead, the pre-trial people take it and I see the counselors every week for a couple of months. My probation is set at 18

months, so if I'm a good boy and stay out of trouble, at the end of that time it'll be wiped off my record. If anything goes wrong, though—if I'm arrested for anything at all—I'll have the book thrown at me, and no more chances.

A year's gone by now and so far I've managed to stay fairly straight. I sure messed up my future though. My boss had to let me go because if ever any drugs were missing, I'd be the first suspect. I hated losing that job and the respect of the people I'd worked with. I quit junior college because I was flunking all of my classes anyway.

Then I tried to get a job. For weeks and weeks nothing turned up because of that one question I couldn't escape on the applications: "Have you ever been arrested?" Even the air force and the navy wouldn't have me. I spent a lot of time just staying at home, going from the refrigerator to the TV to the stereo and back again. It's a wonder I didn't get into more trouble.

Finally I got a job as a laborer. They didn't ask any questions. After months of coming home filthy, hot, and tired, working for minimum wages, I made a decision.

It was birthday time again for my mom and dad last week. I gave them a couple of gift-wrapped presents, but the best one was my decision. I told them I was going back to junior college—and this time I'm going to make it! ◇

Dr. Ethel Sassenrath at the University of California is studying monkey behavior to determine the effect of pot on progeny.

MARIJUANA AND MOTHERHOOD

Francis A. Soper

Were it not for an identifying sign, one would never guess that the low-lying cluster of buildings about three miles off Interstate 80 west of Davis, California, houses some 2000 inhabitants.

These inhabitants do virtually everything that residents of any other area do. They eat, they drink, they live in a family-oriented society. They even experiment with drugs.

This is "monkey town." In more sedate terms, it's the Primate Research Center for the University of California at Davis, where for many years research of various kinds with monkeys has been carried on.

And here's where the experimentation with drugs comes in. Right now some of these monkeys are helping to determine marijuana's effect on social behavior and on body systems supporting reproduction.

Directing this research is Dr. Ethel Sassenrath, who holds the formidable-sounding titles of associate research behavioral biologist and associate adjunct professor in the Department of Behavioral Biology.

A person with a quick smile, but with obvious concentration on her scientific work, Dr. Sassenrath has long had an interest in studying drug effects on behavior. This has led her for some seven years now to observe what marijuana does to monkeys, the first three years entirely to the study of social behavior, and currently to the drug's effect on reproduction.

It seems that primates, especially

rhesus monkeys, are good models for human study because they are readily available and because they have hormonal and reproductive systems very similar to humans.

"We found that there are several phases in the effects of the drug as exposure to it was continued for longer periods of time," says Dr. Sassenrath of the social behavior study. "In the initial stage, the animals showed the usual signs of intoxication—they became sleepy and went off by themselves. They were able to respond to stimuli, but in general they showed the specific aspects of intoxication."

However, after several months on a maintained level, these effects began to wear off. If doses were increased, the intoxication effects would show up again, but the researchers chose to keep the same level of dosage.

"Ultimately it turned out that animals that were drugged showed signs of being irritable and over-responsive to their cage-mates. This was something we had not expected, and we were able to show that this irritability was increased by any kind of stress in the environment. What it really boiled down to was that they were not handling social stresses, even minor ones, in the same way as the nondrugged monkeys."

Establishing the dosage level was done by observing the monkey's behavior and attaining a state of intoxication comparable to a high in man. It turned out, by cross-species comparison and study of research by other workers, that the dose



given orally was equivalent to smoking one to three joints a day, depending on the strength of the joints. This took into account the fact that oral administration is slower than smoking, and also the difference in species and their body surface areas.

Dr. Sassenrath, a careful researcher, does not make unwarranted comparisons or applications.

For example, in answer to the question whether marijuana has an impact on family relationships if continued over a period of time, she says, "I can't say that. What I can say is that in monkeys living in group cages, where they're living with a group they know well, their interaction with their cagemates does change in time, and in the direction of being more irritably responsive to social stimuli, any kind of stress or pressure at all. To a monkey this is inappropriate behavior."

In studying the behavioral effects of chronic pot smoking, this researcher went to great lengths to avoid other factors which might influence the results. "We're so careful," she says, "that we have twice as many control animals on the experiment living under identical conditions as we have the treated, drugged mothers."

The study of the effect of marijuana on reproduction developed naturally out of the social behavior research. As young monkeys matured during the course of the study, there were offspring, but it appeared that everything was not entirely normal with these offspring, so application was made for additional funding. This was supplied by the National Institute of Drug Abuse.

"We were producing offspring at about the rate of 12 a year, so it took several years to observe enough pregnancies between drugged breeders and undrugged breeders so that we could draw some conclusions. As of last spring, after observing four seasons of reproduction, we were able to show that there was something over a 40 percent loss of pregnancies for drugged females, with only a 10 to 12 percent loss in undrugged females. All these were confirmed pregnancies. This loss extended all the way from abortions to fetal deaths in utero, stillbirths, and early infant deaths immediately after birth."

Pathological evaluation showed subtle developmental abnormalities in the dead infants of drugged mothers that were not present in the offspring that didn't survive from the control mothers. These abnormalities were variable and nonspecific.

"This result would be compatible with the theory that the drug was interfering with the support system of the mother so that these infants didn't have the opportunity to develop optimally. Whether there is a direct drug effect on that developing fetus we can't yet say, but our plans for future research are certainly aimed at elucidating this."

Jointly with other researchers, study was made of

the offspring of both control and drugged mothers. "We're finding at the moment some very subtle differences in behavior, observable in standard behavioral tests. They're subtle, but if we see any at all, it can be related to the drug. This kind of study has to be continued further, because we have definite behavioral differences of offspring of drugged mothers and offspring of undrugged mothers."

Pertinent to this type of study is the fact that it is not based on the total cannabis plant. The monkeys were given delta 9-THC, the primary psychoactive, or mind-altering, components of marijuana. The drug was supplied by the National Institute of Drug Abuse in sealed bottles.

"What we do is introduce a measured amount of this, a drop or two, to pieces of cookie, fruit, or dried prunes that the monkeys like very much. Let the alcohol evaporate off and they eat this. Actually this is an extremely conservative test system, because we're eliminating all the other cannabinoids in marijuana which could have harmful effects—and some have been found to have harmful effects. We're also eliminating any effects of the smoking. What we're simply looking at is the principal active component of marijuana and its effect on the organism. If this has an effect, then the total drug, it would seem, could only have an equal or greater effect."

A pertinent sidelight is the observation Dr. Sassenrath makes that the monkeys do not appreciate the drug more as time goes on. "They avoid it if they identify this particular cookie with the cookie that made them feel funny before. Evidently, the monkey feels strange or different, and it is not a pleasurable sensation to him. It would not be advantageous to him if he liked feeling this way. In the wild he would not survive."

But all this research is not over. "The immediate plan for the next two or three years is to look at different levels of drug exposure. I think it's very important to know whether a lower level, or a higher level, will produce the same kind of deficit. There is some indication that the level is not all that important, but we really don't know that yet. We'll definitely be looking at the contribution of the drugged father. We'll also be looking more closely at drugged mothers that have been on the drug for three to five years, as have our present drugged mothers, compared to newly drugged mothers who go on the drug immediately before they become pregnant."

In the meantime, Dr. Sassenrath capsulizes what she has found so far in this research: "We feel that the pregnancies of THC-exposed mothers in the primates are definitely at higher risk than are pregnancies of undrugged mothers." ◇

A Story for Bird Lovers

AS TOLD TO JULIANA LEWIS

My name—Peter Hall—is always followed by a serial number. That's because a federal reformatory likes my company so much it holds onto me. Never mind that I'm a jailbird. This is not a story of how I lost my freedom, nor what I believe about myself or the system (although you might note in passing that I don't think I'm too great or I wouldn't be in here), but about an honest-to-goodness bird, the real thing, that chose to light on our prison window.

It's Sunday afternoon, during one of those rap sessions that church groups hold with us in the chaplain's office. We all sit around in a circle introducing ourselves, telling where we came from, laughing a little, and talking about how it was and how it is in the "world outside." Time is set aside for meditation, prayer, witness. (That part has to be played cool though, because neither God nor the other Authority Figures have much of a following in here.)

During this quiet hour the bird appears. From clear across the room, I see it touch down lightly on the crosspiece of the closed casement window.

Outside the day is winter gray, the window dirt gray, the bird itself nondescript gray—shadings of gray, just as at night all cats are gray.

"That figures," is my reaction. "That's a birdbrain for you. It hasn't got any better place to go than here, where there's not a ray of sun, not a hint of springtime, or even a tree. Serves you right, Dumbo."

But Dumbo hasn't read the script right. He doesn't know he's supposed to be a dismal, a heavy. Dumbo begins to dance.

With the window as his stage, he puts on a performance which would dazzle Nureyev himself. The ballet takes place as the silhouette of the bird flits and pirouettes back and forth, contrasting its dark-moving form against the contrasting light of the windowpane. There's not one misstep, not a break in rhythm. A ballet of classical grace, purity, and perfection is being staged.

Still taking in the window scene, I catch the eye of one of the visiting church group, the one who likes the poetry I write to keep from going around the bend while I'm in here. She's followed the dance too, as I knew she would. We smile.

Our virtuoso performer seems

to outdo himself, building up his routine to a silent crescendo. Then crossing the stage in triumphant exit, he doesn't come back.

We smile again now. The lady on the prison visit is a language teacher. We've all noticed that she pulls out sayings the way a magician takes rabbits from a hat, and we kid her about her moldy proverbs. She'll probably make something out of this, but she'll throw up clouds of smoke around it. Maybe she'll come out with that old Chinese dictum—I've collected a few myself—which says that if you keep the green bough of hope alive in your heart, a bird of spring may light there.

No, that's kind of heavy, even for her. But she might say that "There are no birds of today in yesteryear's nests," meaning we'd better keep up the faith, baby, and the dream.

I said this was a bird story, the real thing, and it is. It was a live bird that happened to fly to a real window in the chaplain's office while we were all sitting in meditation. So don't worry about me. At 24, I haven't yet reached the age at which I'm unable to see the real bird flying under my nose for the one I'm dreaming about. No, I'm not there yet.

It's enough for me to say that the chaplain's window seems a little wider now than it did before, because I shared a bird's antics with a fellow human being. I—who have shared precious little of my life with anybody or anything, especially after landing here—have had a shared moment. ◇



For six hours I stood and watched over my sister's son as he underwent the terrors and tortures of a bad trip from using LSD. My nephew. An addict.

This is not your run-of-the-mill story where a good kid goes wild on drugs. It's one step beyond that. Both Nephew and I are now behind the walls of a state prison. He's been here for 18 months, and I've been locked up for 17 years.

Nephew was fresh off the streets for purse-snatching. When he was caught he was out looking for a few dollars with which to buy some more pills. Now he's lying in his cell experiencing for the first time the grim side of prison drugs.

You've probably heard that drugs circulate even in prison, but I'm here to tell you that it's a whole lot worse than you ever imagined. Kids don't stop to realize that when they first stick that needle in their arm or take that first pill, they're on the road to a far more disastrous way of life. Prison life. Prison drugs. Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief—I've seen them all come and go, come again and again.

Kids sometimes think that if they have a habit on the streets, they can clean up their act in prison. Don't fall into that trap. Let me describe for you the drug traffic in some of the prisons I've been in during my "career."

Virtually any kind of drug is available at any time of day or night. It's only a matter of knowing who to see and having the money. Money. That's the crucial thing. There's a lot of money to be made in prison drug trafficking—as much as on any college campus in the United States.

As I stand here watching over my nephew, I think back over the years. Then I remember the events that immediately preceded Nephew's bad trip. Along with 49 other tabs of acid, Nephew's stuff was purchased on the street by someone's wife, sister, or friend. The tabs were placed in a penny balloon that was tied shut.

A visitor came to the prison carrying the balloon on his person. (There are dozens of ways to do this.) Visitors are checked, even by a metal detector. But

how can a metal detector sense a balloon of acid? Once the inmate gets the balloon, he usually swallows it and carries it back to his cell. There he will take a laxative—and within hours he has the balloon in his hands again.

Now the dealer holds a balloon as small as the last joint of your little finger, and its contents is worth a potential \$250 on the prison yard. The dealer realizes he has a gold mine. He's got some really good acid, and he knows that a tab can be split in half. That way he stands to earn \$500 instead of a mere \$250. But he's even smarter, and he gets out of the work of peddling the individual tabs.

He goes to a friend and gives him all the tabs for a set price of \$400, explaining that a whole tab is too much for most people and a half tab will be enough to sell to a customer. The friend stands to earn \$100, and the original dealer is free of responsibility. Payment for the deal takes place through the mail with contacts in the outside world.

Now the second dealer has 100 tabs and hits the yard. Prisoners start heading for their own stashes of money. Deals are made for money sometimes mailed from the outside, sometimes taken off the inmate's prison account. It's only a matter of a letter, a little hustling, and a few hours, and 100 tabs of acid are gone.

Nephew took two half tabs, and it was too much. Now I have to keep him in his cell and not let him get busted since his parole is coming up soon. You probably wonder where Nephew got the money for his tabs. I'll tell you.

Some of the acid is traded for various handicraft items made by inmates. This is exceptionally good acid, and half a tab will bring the trader a good-sized oil painting, a handmade jewelry box, two covered wagons, or silver jewelry. All these things that are traded for half a tab of acid or a paper of good heroin are actually worth several times the street value of the drug. But this is prison and the value of drugs is pushed far beyond its street value.

Nephew has rallied. He's at the point that he can maintain. It's time for me to hit the yard if I'm going to

PATRICK BRADY, A-57736

NEPHEW

A TRUE STORY THAT PORTRAYS THE DRUG SCENE BEHIND PRISON BARS

give you an accurate report on the drug traffic in prison.

I heard of one person who used to receive heroin inside the walls once a week. Not much—just one spoon per week. He ran drugs for only six months, and he didn't use anything himself. His was strictly a money-making operation. When he got released he was able to pay cash for a new car and set himself up in a legitimate business.

Another inmate was brought one spoon of good heroin a week by his wife. After he got to the cell and retrieved the balloon, he would test it on a friend for strength to determine how much to put in each paper. He would then make between 18 and 22 papers for individual fixes.

That particular dealer never wanted cash. He would trade with inmate craftsmen who had habits going. For each paper of heroin he would receive a finished oil painting with the resale value at a hobby store of no less than \$80. Many of them were worth up to \$150. After a week's trading he would save aside three or four for the annual art show, then sell the rest. He could put only five out for sale at a time, but he had other inmates put their names on paintings and sell them for him.

Every year two of the prisons in this state have gigantic art shows for the public. Many times the shows gross \$35,000-40,000. This drug dealer would have 20 oils displayed in his name, plus others by his friends. During one art show he took in more than \$18,000. After he gave his associates their percentages, he still netted no less than \$14,000 for six months of trading—plus the oils he sold outright each week. This guy was not the largest dealer by any means, but he was one of the smartest.

Money comes into prison in different ways. Most inmates have something they can do better than other people, and they create their hustle. In prison industries inmates can make an average of \$30 a month. But there are other ways too.

There are always inmates who demand—and receive—up to half of their wife's welfare check each month. I've already mentioned hobby crafts. Homosexual drug addicts hustle their bodies—if they're young enough. And there are always the inmates who have made a good deal of money in crime, and these inmates are usually free with that money. They

know they're serving time for it, so they want to "enjoy" the spoils of their crime if they can.

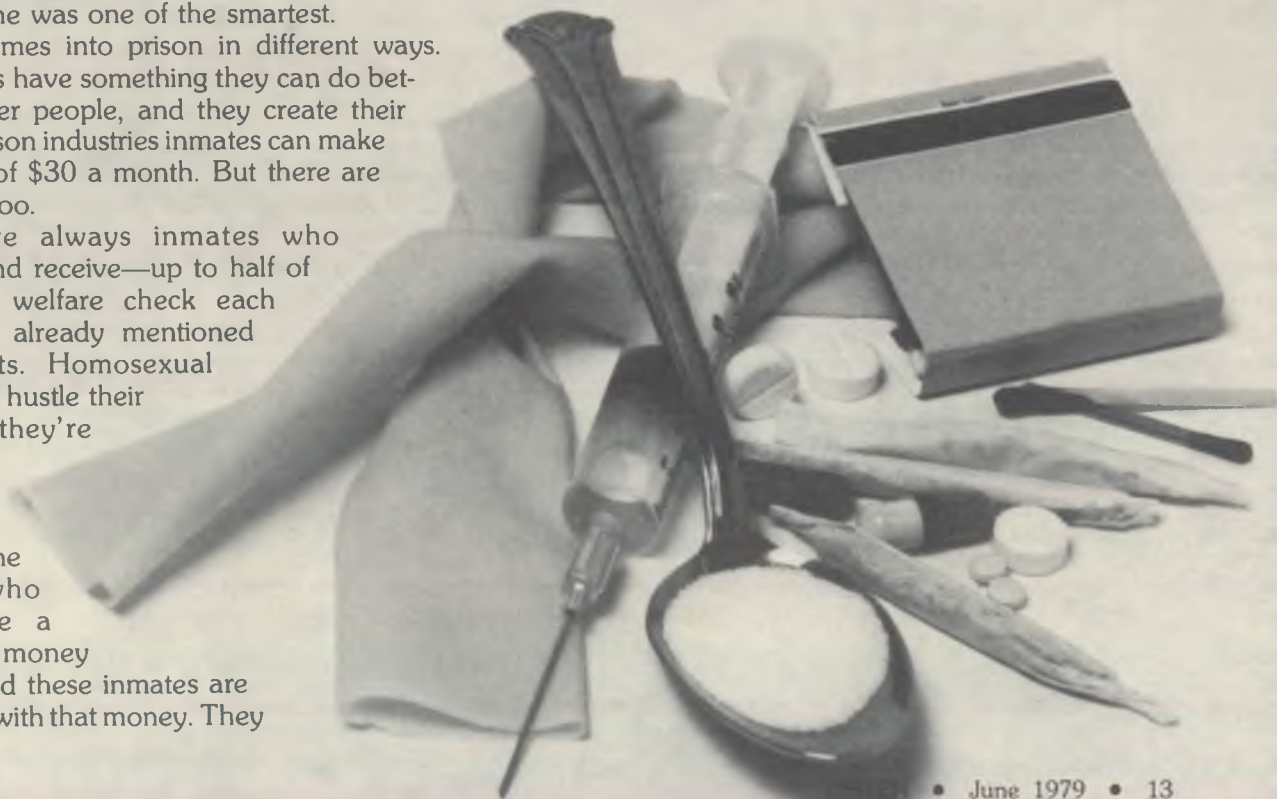
I'm back in the cell block to check on Nephew again. He's up and around and swearing that he'll never again be so stupid. He doesn't mean he won't take acid again, just that he won't take so much next time. In less than a week now he'll be leaving these prison walls, but the question I keep mulling over is, How long? How long until he's back here again?

What did Nephew learn in here? Several things. He learned how to keep his drug habits going. He made the best jewelry boxes on the yard, good enough to command two papers each. He also learned how to do school lessons for others, and that brought drug money. He went to therapy and learned the ways of the car thief and the ways of the store booster to support his habit on the streets.

Nephew is getting ready to hit the yard again, and I'm wondering if prison can ever help a drug addict off his habit. It looks bleak. Here youthful offenders mix with more experienced criminals. When Nephew goes out of here on parole, he'll leave with \$200 and the name and address of a good drug connection and the recommendation that he is "good people."

I've come to the conclusion that there's no help for those who don't want it. There's limited help for those who do. For the drug dealer fresh off the street, there's unlimited potential if he still has the connections. For the newly arrived youth, like Nephew, there's only the hell of constantly being surrounded by the older and more experienced drug addict.

Nephew's hitting the yard now. In my mind, I see him hitting the street. Good luck, Nephew. You'll need it. ◇





Scare tactics don't work. But truth. Reality. That ought to be worth something. I just hope I have words to tell you the way it really is.

It Gets So Lonely in Here

Jeff, as told to George French and Penny Estes Wheeler

I tried. The Lord knows I tried. After I got out of jail, I swore I'd never use it again.

Can you spare five minutes, maybe 10, to listen to what I have to say to you?

You may ask, "Why should I listen to you? What have you ever accomplished?"

Not much of anything, that's what. A real loser, that's me. I'm sitting here in this rehabilitation center for drug addicts with 1300 other men, all losers.

But that's why you need to hear me out. Because I've been over a couple more roads than you have. I

know what's at the end of them too because I've been there. And you haven't. Not yet. And that's why you need to know what it's like at the other end of feeling good.

Pot. That's what it was about in the beginning. Just partying every weekend, sitting in a circle and passing a joint. I didn't like drinking. Booze made me sick. But pot, that was something else. Feeling good. Yeah, spaced out is still a good way to describe it, and I liked that feeling.

In high school I was into sports—swimming, baseball, wrestling—but pot led to speed and then downers.

I graduated, went through the army, and got out. Then worked two years toward a contractor's license in construction. All this time I was using, heavier and heavier. Always needing a little more.

Finally I lost my job, but I still had to support my habit. Because speed and downers had stopped giving me enough kick and I needed something different, I got into LSD and used that fairly heavily until I had a bad trip. Then I went into heroin. Well, LSD had really messed up my mind and I was glad to be off that. I thought I could handle heroin—but it handled me.



I was married. Had two little girls, but some time in there my wife left me. My girls—they don't know much about me, I guess, don't know I'm in jail. Oh, I forget, this isn't actually jail, but it's tough to know the difference sometimes.

We wear these clothes—all just alike—jeans and shirts. And all around these buildings are high walls with barbed wire fences and guards and spotlights that turn night into day. If we more or less behave, we can walk around pretty free during the day. But they'll slam the door on you for the slightest thing. There's no way to tell you how that feels.

It's lonely.

Thirteen hundred men, three hundred women here, and I'm lonely. That's funny, isn't it. But my mind is stretching out toward the streets with my family—my little kids who don't even know me—my folks. My mom's given up on me,

but I think my dad's willing to try again. Love. That's what's missing from this place. And respect. Who can respect an addict? I don't even respect myself.

You know, you get out and you vow that you'll never go back. First time I was in and out, I thought I'd stay away from the old crowd. But no matter where I went, I'd run into someone. A friend asked me if I wanted to use and I told him no, I was going to straighten up my act.

So then I got depressed. Man, when you're depressed there's nothing in the world to make an addict feel better than sinking that needle into your vein. So I went looking for my friend. Looked everywhere but no one'd seen him. A week later I found out he'd O.D.'d. Weird. It could have been me. That's what I just kept thinking—it could have been me.

It made me want to stop using the stuff. You see a good friend that

you've known all your life, then he's suddenly dead. How can you get that together? Last week he's offering to give you some drugs, and this week he's buried in the ground and you didn't even know it. It started me thinking.

But it didn't keep me off drugs.

Just a little now and then, that's what I thought I'd do. I could handle it. I'd be careful. Not like my friend. But before long it was every day, so I thought I'd be smart. I turned myself into the rehab center and did six days, cleaning myself up.

Hey, are you listening good? You should be in there with me and watching me vomiting and clawing the mattress and sweating, trying to get that stuff out of my system. No, I'm not trying to make you sick. Scare tactics don't work. They sure didn't for me when I was your age. But truth. Reality. That ought to be worth something. I just hope I have words to tell you the way it really is.

I went through that mess, and when I left the center I was sure I'd never go back on drugs again. OK, so I stayed out 11 months that time. On parole, you know, but after a few months I was using again. Chipping, we call it. Just using once in a while. But it doesn't last. You want more, and soon I was using every day. So I got scared of being caught and jumped parole. Back of my mind I knew it was only time before they caught up with me. And they did. Put me back in. Like I said, this is a hospital, not a prison. Course they won't let me out until my time is up. Right now I'm doing time on a burglary I did back in '72.

Yeah, I had to resort to that. After I lost my job, how could I get the drugs unless I stole? Funny thing, I was buying and selling and using, and after a while, I began to want to steal. I wanted to hold up a place, empty a cash register. It was just a higher high, I guess, like shooting H wasn't enough for me anymore. Heroin is more an escape from reality than a high, anyway.

"Crazy!" you may be thinking. I wouldn't blame you. I was crazy. The stuff really messes up your mind. Now that I'm well enough to realize it, I know that I've lost about half of my mental capabilities. Like remembering names and places and things that happened to me—I can't. A lot of them are gone for good. These scars on my wrists though, I remember the how and why of them.

I locked myself in the bathroom at my folks' house and man, I wanted to die. I wasn't hunting sympathy, I just plain wanted to die. The eternal sleep, the ultimate trip! My mind was that sick. Now I'm ashamed of it and ashamed of what I let drugs do to me. But back then, I didn't like myself. I didn't want to have to live with myself.

So I sat down on the toilet seat and slit one wrist—deep—and the blood spurted over the bathtub and me and Mom's white rug. I

was shaky by then, so I didn't get the other one quite so deep. Then I slumped against the wall and waited. I could hear a pounding like from a thousand years away. My dad managed to get in, and they saved me.

OK, so now you know a fragment of my dull and sordid life story. Perhaps you're shrugging and saying, "The guy's really spilling his guts about something. Big deal."

Can you understand this one thing? *I care about you!* It's lonely in here. My room is next to the psychiatrist's office, so I have more chance to talk to him than most of the men do, and I appreciate that. But there's more time to think than anything else. I wish you could get the smallest idea of where you're heading when you pass around those joints in the school restroom or use them just to help you relax at night. Oh, I know, I know, pot's nothing anymore. Everybody uses it. What's to it? Nothing more than booze, you say.

You're wrong.

Dead wrong.

It's bad for you. I know from experience. And it leads to harder stuff. There are so many directions you can take with your life. Like I told you, I was into sports in high school. Friends. Used to go to church too. I always had a lot of respect for religion. But after I got into pot—friends, sports, church—they meant nothing to me. All I wanted was a way to relax, a way to feel good. And if you're just starting, for your own sake, stop.

OK, so I'm lecturing. But I *know*. And I sit here and wonder about my family and think of a million ways to get my ex-wife to speak to me again and wish that my little girls could know me and I plan for the day I'll be out. But you want to know what freaks me out?

I want to go back to school when I get out of here. Maybe I could get a degree in education. I'd like to be able to do some counseling work with kids. I mean,

I've been through hell and crawled back to life. Oh sure, it sounds dramatic, but when you're trying to pull your mind back together and you seem to be in a pit so deep and dark that you'll never get out, that's what it is. Hell.

But this thought keeps biting at my mind and just won't go away. What if? What if after all this, after being clean for a whole year . . . what if I go back to drugs?

No, I don't plan to. For the first time since I smoked my first joint, I don't want drugs anymore. But what if—after I get out—what if I go back?

Is there any way you can understand this? I know what I was. I know what I am now. But can I be sure what I'll be when I'm back in the world again?

Perhaps this is the biggest price, this not knowing what I'll become. This desperate wish to keep myself straight and not knowing if I can. For I've been in so deep.

But you haven't. Not yet. You're just smoking a little pot now or thinking about trying it. And speed sounds good to you, or cocaine. And they're saying—again—that LSD isn't really that bad. So you're fooling around with it or fooling around with the idea of fooling around. You think you can handle it. Didn't we all. . . .

I'm not going anywhere today. The gates stay locked. I'm not going anywhere tomorrow or the next day. In here my choices are made for me. I don't have to think for myself. Not today. And I actually beg God that when I get out, I'll be strong enough to stay clean. Drugs have a way of sucking you back in, you know.

That's why I had to share this with you—because I've been where you don't have to go. You're still young enough and clean enough to stop. Or never get started.

I think about you during the nights when sleep won't come. I worry about you. It gets so lonely in here. ◇

Poems From Prison

Hourglass

In a periphery of
fragile glass, I watch
these dreams march past
in a colorless parade;
nameless banners and
empty flags proclaiming
a growing void.
In a reckless file,
my visions stray past
in search of a destiny.
And, looking up from my reverie,
I painfully see
the sun fall again like
one more grain of
sand.

—Barton William Allen, I-335

How Long?

How long must this go on?
Won't it ever have an end
This pain of being alone,
Time after time again? . . .
 Waking up each morning,
 Trying to sleep at night,
 Knowing that tomorrow brings the
 same—
 Always an endless flight.

Living in a fantasy world,
Where nothing ever seems real,
Always trying to be something you're
 not,
Never showing how you really feel. . . .
 Walking the yard all alone,
 Speaking to the friends that you see,
 Putting on that plastic smile,
 Wondering, "How long will this last
 for me?"

Sitting in a cell, all by yourself,
Watching a bug move across the floor;
Reading a letter that's two weeks old,
Waiting for the guard to open your
 door. . . .
 Finally the day is over,
 Knowing that tomorrow brings the
 same.
 But as you lie down and try to sleep,
 You tell yourself, "Someday I'll
 win."

—Earl R. Traxler, 136874

INMATES GET THE SCOOP ON DRUGS

MARGUERITE G. PHILLIPS

Street-wise inmates at San Quentin are being shocked. Drug theories and procedures they have long accepted are being held up to the light and proven incorrect.

Former and potential drug users at this California prison are voluntarily enrolling in a college-credit course entitled, "Pharmacology of Drug Abuse." They are learning facts about drug action in the central nervous system, medicinal and nonmedicinal uses, physical tolerance, the acute and chronic side effects, and dependence reactions to chronic use of drugs.

Fact and fiction are compared in the classroom, and the instructors supply information to set misinformed inmates straight. The current course director, Alvin J. Greenberg, Ph.D., was amazed to hear from the students that one street remedy for heroin overdose is to "inject milk into a person's veins." Another instructor expressed surprise that none of his pupils had ever heard of Naloxone Hydrochloride, a drug used in emergency rooms to counteract heroin overdose. They had been relying on such ineffective

home remedies as hot coffee and bathtubs of cold water.

Many in the prison population, as well as the general public, believe alcohol to be a stimulant rather than a depressant. The lectures on alcohol and alcoholism outline the disastrous consequences that can result from the use of alcohol with other downers, such as barbiturates and Quaaludes.

After discussing drug use and abuse from a biomedical standpoint, students can reexamine their personal philosophies without the fog of myth and misinformation they learned on the street.

The instructors, all doctoral candidates or postdoctoral scholars in the Department of Pharmacology at the University of California's Medical Center in San Francisco, gear the course to be objective, non-prejudicial, informative, and thought-provoking.

In addition to lectures, each student is issued a standard textbook which emphasizes the interactions between drugs and human behavior. There is also a reference library, which students use extensively, created through donations.

Recently in this 17-week course at San Quentin, 28 inmates enrolled, and 14 completed the course. In answering a questionnaire after completion of the course, students indicated that it was by far the most demanding they had ever taken, but also the most interesting. They found it relevant and potentially useful to them.

Inmates who have completed the course have expressed their enthusiasm for its content by volunteering to write articles for the prison newspaper advocating the course, and spreading the word that they have gotten the real scoop on drugs and drug use. ◇



How Can I Help My Family to Start Talking?

JEFF MITCHELL



Ask a Friend

I have a silent family. Nobody talks to anybody else. There is so much tension that it feels like a bomb is ready to go off. How can I help to break the tension and get communication going?

It's very hard to make that kind of a situation turn around and work better. But it's not hopeless, and there are several things you can do to improve it a bit.

Keep in mind one very important thing. You can control only *yourself*, and you can be responsible only for who you are and what you do. You can't control your parents or your brothers and sisters. You can't be responsible for them or their behaviors. You can't *make* them communicate if they don't want to.

Regardless of whether they wish to communicate with you, you can make things happen from your side. If you start communicating with your family, and keep doing it even when it gets really tough, you have a good chance of getting through to your family.

Start off easy, introducing topics that are not too threatening, such as the weather, sports, school, or special events. Don't get discouraged and don't give up, even when you think they aren't listening. Sooner or later they'll get the messages you send, and, if you keep it light enough, they may loosen up a bit.

If they do loosen up (and even if they don't), gradually move into more serious topics of conversation. Keep in mind that you can't control them, but as you share a bit of yourself, they'll find it easier

to share a bit of themselves with you. If you do succeed in getting them to communicate with you, be ready to listen to them. If you turn them off—like they're turning you off—you'll have a hard time getting communication going again.

I have a girl friend I've been friends with since the sixth grade. (We're in high school now.) The other night she started acting funny. She started hugging me and kissing me like a boy would kiss his girl friend. I got really scared and told her to leave. Now she won't talk to me. I don't want to lose a friend, but I don't want her to do that to me either.

It sounds like your friend is either experimenting with or is already into sexual relationships with other girls. In other words, she may be into homosexual relationships. (Lesbian is the term for a female homosexual.)

Homosexuality is a relationship based on sameness. It's not a complementary relationship. It doesn't celebrate the differences between people who love each other. It simply mirrors back sameness.

Insecure people frequently get involved in homosexual relationships because sharing self with sameness is less risky than sharing self with someone not a reflection of one's self.

If you want the friendship with your friend to last, it's going to take work. You have to tell her

very plainly that you want her friendship, but that you are not into lesbian relationships and don't plan to get into them.

If your friend doesn't want to deal with you in a friendship that doesn't include sexual involvement, then you're miles apart emotionally and your friendship is over. However, if she cares about you as a person, she won't try to get you involved in something you might regret later.

Finally, always maintain your own integrity and don't get into anything you can't live with for the sake of "friendship." If you let that happen, you've allowed yourself to be used—and there's no love or friendship in that.



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.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR FAMILY YOUR FRIENDS

CATHERINE MANN



"A good friend is waiting to see you," the principal said as Jim came into the school office.

Jim wondered who that friend could be. When he opened the door, there sat his father. Jim grinned sheepishly. Somehow he had never thought of his *dad* as a friend. His parents were leaving town unexpectedly and wanted him to know.

How often is there genuine friendship among family members? Sometimes we're inclined to take them for granted. But if we had to do without them things would be different around home.

To get into a club or social group, we willingly follow rules and live up to regulations. But "Family," you exclaim, "why, I was *born* into it!" Agreed. But does this mean other members owe you royalty treatment because nature placed you under the same roof? What can be done to form close friendships within the family, friendships that you can really cherish?

Jenny thought she knew all about her family. She had them categorized. She expected them to differ with her and be against her in everything she wanted to do. She carried a chip on both shoulders. One day when she heard a boy compliment her brother Tom, she began to examine him through different eyes.

Suddenly she made a discovery. Tom was younique, interesting, intelligent. She thought she was seeing a new personality for the first time, but in reality Tom was the same boy he'd been all along. It was *she* who'd knocked down the wall of prejudice between them. The boredom she'd felt with Tom had been in herself, and soon he became her loyal friend.

A sense of humor helps in day-to-day living with the family. Lisa learned this from observing her younger brother Larry. Once she thought he was a troublemaker, always seeming to find out and report little things she'd done which she didn't expect to tell at home.

This time she made a turnabout. When Larry told of her leaving a note on her bed which she had intended to give her boyfriend, her laughter surprised him. Soon he quit revealing secrets about her. Her learning to laugh at herself and Larry changed him from a so-called fiend into a friend.

Terry thought he had the worst family anywhere. They were always criticizing him and interfering with everything he wanted to do. One day he read the book *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, by Dale Carnegie. Surprised at some of the suggestions this book makes, he decided to try them out and see if they worked on his family. He chose a member a week as his project. He made an honest effort to give of himself, his skills, his companionship, and his time.

Terry's father had to work until 4:30 weekdays and

then drive 10 miles through heavy traffic on a freeway to reach their suburban home. One day Terry decided to give him a surprise when he got in. He cut the grass, trimmed the walks, and edged the flowerbeds. When his father arrived home, he smiled his appreciation and his tiredness seemed to vanish. Instead of starting on another job, Dad could relax on the patio with the rest of the family.

Another time Terry was startled to notice that his father looked real sharp in a new suit. And Dad was surprised and pleased when Terry told him of his admiration. He laid a hand on Terry's shoulder and said a sincere "Thank you, Son!"

The next week Terry picked his younger sister Linda as his family member to win. She was always giving him some smart comeback every time he said anything to her.

The very first day an argument broke out between Terry and Linda about whose turn it was to use the family car on Wednesday. Remembering his project changed Terry's attitude. Gracefully he gave in and said with a grin, "Hope you have a good time." Linda looked at him strangely, but she said thanks without biting sarcasm.

When his mother's week came around, Terry wondered what he could do for her. He realized she did so much for all of them. He was in the habit of eating his lunch hurriedly and leaving the table after hastily asking to be excused, without a word to anyone.

This day Terry joined in the table talk. He ate heartily and slower because he was planning something different. When he left the table he said, "Sure was a good lunch, Mom. The pie was really delicious." She gave him a big smile and said warmly, "Why, thank you, Terry!"

Most teenagers are slow to blow an emotional fuse in the presence of their peers, yet they do it often around family members. But why be Brother Gloom or Sister Grouch at home? Why not let compliments, praise, and appreciation take over from grunts and complaints? Why not try to be charming, witty, and lovable? Shining words bring out shining faces.

After all else is said, the best wisdom for winning friends at home (or elsewhere) is summed up in a simple version of the Golden Rule: Act around others as you would like others to act around you.

Don't forget that it's a privilege to pray for each family member by name. This helps all ages to have strength, courage, faith, and a sense of humor to absorb the bumps of everyday living together.

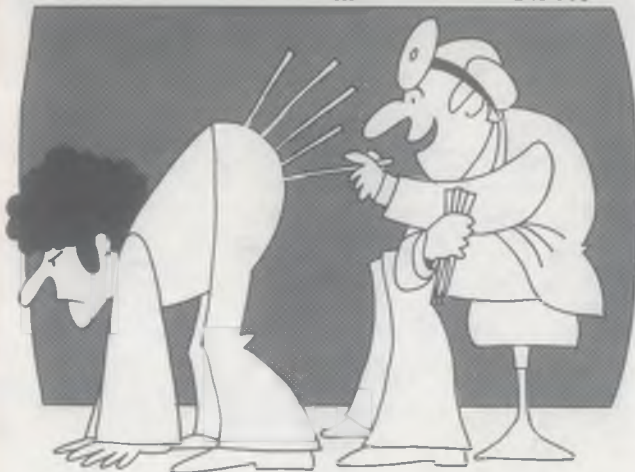
Why not start planning family fun. Good ideas are golden when turned into family projects or activities. You'll soon discover that warm, close relationships can be especially rewarding when families become friends. ◇

... And



So Forth

she loves me...she loves...



POLICE CHASE LEADS TO PRICKLY SITUATION

A 19-year-old was being chased by police when he fell through the screen roof of a flower shop. The fall didn't hurt him—but the landing did. Police found him straddling a big cactus. Paramedics had to extract scores of barbed spines before the police could book him.

GRAND CANYON HELPS LANGUAGE STUDENTS

It sounds farfetched that a canyon can help high school students learn French, German, and Spanish. Perhaps it's an exaggeration to say that the Grand Canyon's helping directly, but a creative career counselor decided to make a tourist stop educational in a different way.

Overseas visitors to the Grand Canyon get an invitation to share their world with high school language students. The Flagstaff Chamber of Commerce lists its phone number on a simple flyer and acts as liaison between visitor and students.

"If the travelers are willing to share some of their time," says Jenny Erwin, developer of the plan, "the program will open unlimited opportunities for cultural exchange, friendship, and international understanding. Visitors will get a more realistic view of American life, while students will enjoy applying the skills of their second language and learning about careers in the visitors' countries."

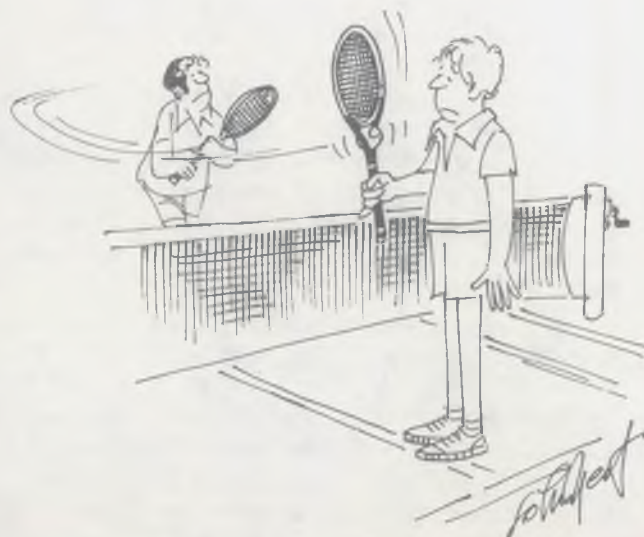
ARE YOU INFLUENCED BY THE FARRAH FACTOR?

Do the TV programs you watch and the ads you read influence how you react to ordinary people around you? Are you overly critical about potential dating partners? Maybe you're suffering from the Farrah Factor.

Psychologists wondered how Americans are reacting to the overexposure of beautiful people through the mass media. They devised some simple tests to measure how much influence these gorgeous people have on everyday decisions.

One of the series of tests was conducted on 81 university men who were unaware that they were involved in an experiment. While watching a segment of "Charlie's Angels" they were asked to help settle the dispute of two colleagues who were disagreeing about whether to take a woman out on a date from seeing only her photograph.

As the psychologists expected, the students rated the average-looking woman—in terms of datability—much lower than a control group who did not have immediate prior exposure to the television beauties.



WORLD OF CHEESE

Lucille J. Goodyear

Hidden in this letter maze are the names of cheese, as well as terms used when speaking of cheese. The words may run up, down, vertically, horizontally, or diagonally. You should be able to find all 90 words.

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

age, alpin, ambert, American, appenzell, appetitost, asiago, Austria, ball, banan, belpaese, bierkase, bitto, bleu, cambree, cantal, carre, chantelle, cheddar, chiberta, club, coon, cottage, crottin, crust, curd, cut, danica, domestic, dry, emmentaler, etuve, feta, firm, fontina, France, Germany, gex, gjetost, glux, gorgonzola, grated, gruyere, hard, Italian, Italy, jack, jarlsberg, leyden, lezay, liederkranz, liptaur, livarot, milano, mold, mou, mozzarella, mysost, natural, neufchatel, nippy, nutty, oaxaca, oka, parmesan, parmigiano, pontleveque, reblochon, red, reggiano, ricotta, romano, roquefort, salt, sbrinz, smooth, soft, stick, stilton, stmarcellin, supreme, tamie, tangy, tart, texture, tilsiter, trappist, vinny, whey, yellow

Answers to "Presidential Puzzler"

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Franklin D. Roosevelt | 8. Grover Cleveland |
| 2. Rutherford B. Hayes | (1885-1889; 1893-1897) |
| 3. James Madison | 9. John Q. Adams |
| 4. Ulysses S. Grant | 10. James Buchanan |
| 5. William Howard Taft (1910) | 11. Woodrow Wilson |
| 6. William Henry Harrison | 12. James Knox Polk |
| (March 4-April 4, 1841) | 13. John Tyler (14) |
| 7. Herbert Hoover | 14. Warren G. Harding |
| | 15. Lyndon B. Johnson |

AN INSECURE SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER

When Diane Wilkins went to her dentist in California recently, she was asked to fill in an insurance form, which asked for her social security number.

"That can't be your number!" exclaimed Dr. Stephen M. Brewster. "That's *my* number!"

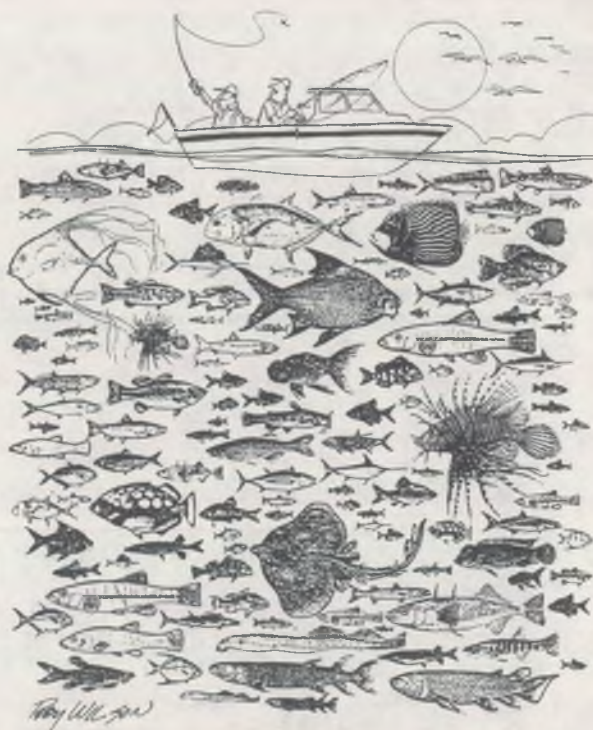
But when they both got out those little red, white, and blue cards, sure enough, the numbers were identical. The county social security office says a slip of that kind is virtually impossible, but they're checking with a control center in Baltimore to see how the computer let that one by.

SIGN UP TO CLIMB POLES

Climbing a telephone pole used to get kids in trouble. Not anymore—at least not in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Students can sign up for a class in high school called "Telephone." It's a vocational subject that trains students interested in jobs as installers and telephone maintenance personnel.

Although the class drew only 11 students one semester, those who took it were enthused. "It's a good course and it's fun," says senior Don Tressler. "In high school they usually teach only laws and theories, but in this course they give you practical experience that should help you get a job."



"This looks like a good spot. . . ."

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND



GETTIN' IN A FEW GOOD LICKS

Ice cream just goes naturally with summer vacation. Looks like both Nancy Stevens and her terrier Tigger think a chocolate cone's just about the best way to beat the heat.



AND NOW, A HEARING EAR DOG

What's unusual about a 23-year-old woman graduating from college on her birthday? Dorothy Hildreth was born almost totally deaf, yet she was graduated from an ordinary university, not a school for the deaf. She worked hard, wore a device behind each ear to amplify the few sounds she is able to detect—and she depended upon Polly, her hearing dog. Polly's alert to the sound of a doorbell, a knock, a fire alarm, the alarm clock, and any unusual sounds that might mean danger.

PRESIDENTIAL PUZZLER

Milt Hammert

Can you guess which President each clue refers to? (Answers on page 23.)

1. He was the last inaugurated on a March 4th, but also the first inaugurated on a January 20th.
2. His wife was called "Lemonade Lucy."
3. He was called the "Father of the Constitution."
4. When still a boy he switched his first and middle names.
5. He initiated the custom of tossing out the first ball to open the baseball season.
6. He served the shortest time.
7. "Older men declare war," he said, "but it is the youth that must fight and die."
8. He is counted as both twenty-second and twenty-fourth President.
9. He said, "All that I am my mother made me."
10. He was the first bachelor throughout his presidency.
11. He was reelected with the slogan, "He kept us out of war."
12. He became known as "The Napoleon of Stump."
13. He had the largest number of children. (How many?)
14. His primary qualification for office of Chief Executive was that "He looked like a President."
15. He launched the Great Society program of domestic reform.

POSIES IN PRISON

Growing a garden seems to bring out the best in human nature—even behind prison walls. It's being proved at the Utah State Prison, where the Utah Association of Nurserymen is sponsoring a highly successful garden beautification project.

The program has not only transformed the bleak surroundings behind walls into a place of beauty, but has also transformed lives and provided a touch of loveliness for the inmates and their families.

The project was adopted by a small group of inmates known as the Long Term Lifers, 25 men who banded together and dedicated themselves to improve both their surroundings and themselves.

A dusty, overgrown plot was their first garden. Plants were donated—and loved into blooming. Next came a lawn and petunias and marigolds. Roses and annuals provided splashes of color.

Picnic tables constructed from scraps of material available inside the prison complete the pleasant surroundings where families of inmates can enjoy monthly visitation privileges.

Personal accomplishments of the men involved are even more astounding. A number of them are attending college, and several have graduated and earned membership in Phi Kappa Phi, the honorary scholarship fraternity at the University of Utah.

Maybe there's something about having a green thumb that makes your whole life brighter.



Listen News

Tobacco, Pot May Alter Effect of Other Drugs

Smoking—either tobacco or pot—may speed many common prescription drugs through the body and modify their ability to produce a healing effect. The study was conducted by Dr. William J. Jusko, professor of pharmacetics at the State University of New York.

Marijuana smoke may be an even more potent enzyme inducer than cigarette smoke, says Dr. Jusko. Chronic use of pot is a potentially disturbing factor in drug prescribing, he says. More drugs should also be studied to see how marijuana affects them, he adds.

Alcohol Responsible for Half of Traffic Deaths

Drunk drivers account for about half the traffic deaths each year—25,000. The economic cost is \$5 billion, according to the General Accounting Office (G.A.O.).

The G.A.O. concludes that "society's general acceptance of drinking and driving" is the main cause of the problem. A massive effort is needed to change general attitudes about driving while under the influence of alcohol, the office says.

Other related problems include a crowded court system, inability to identify and penalize bartenders or others who knowingly serve drinks to persons already drunk, and the move to lowering of states' drinking age.

"Drinking is often associated with leisure settings—aboard the boat, off the tennis court, or during or after a ball game," the report says. "State and local officials commented on the fact that drink-

ing is often associated with positive concepts in our society, such as maturity, glamour, and good times."

Teen Use of Drugs, Booze Rated Top State Concerns

In a random sampling, Illinois residents rank drug abuse and alcohol abuse the number 1 and number 2 problems facing their state. Nearly 10,000 persons responded to the survey conducted by researchers at the University of Illinois at Urbana.

The survey results indicate what the researchers call "dramatic differences" within racial groupings in attitudes toward drug and alcohol problems. "Sixty-three percent of the blacks and latinos ranked the problem of drug abuse as serious, as compared with 42 percent of the whites." The same general findings were true in the area of the alcohol problem.

Another difference influencing the response was the economic background of the respondent. Fifty-three percent of those with less than \$5000 annual family income rate drug abuse as a serious problem compared with 27 percent of those from families earning more than \$40,000 annually. Again, similar findings were true with the alcohol problem.

Increase in TV Portrayal of Drinking as "Normal"

Drinking is increasingly being shown on television as a "normal" response to stress or crisis, according to Dr. Warren Breed of the Scientific Analysis Corporation.

In the study it was discovered that alcohol was consumed more often on TV than water, soft drinks, coffee, and tea combined.

This constitutes a "biased view," since in everyday life alcohol is actually consumed much less often.

Glamour also plays a part. Researchers found that on TV it's generally the good guys who are drinking rather than the bad guys. A watcher is more likely to identify with the good guy—the drinker.

Cigarette Consumption Hits 20-Year Low in U.S.

Who says Americans aren't cutting down or quitting smoking habits? In 1978 cigarette smoking hit the lowest per capita level in 20 years, according to the Agriculture Department.

The estimated figures for 1978 were 3965 cigarettes per adult, less than 200 packs. The previous year topped that figure by 87 cigarettes per person.

It should be noted that the figures are for statistical comparison rather than an actual count of the number of cigarettes being puffed.

To Aid Quitters Computer Makes Smoking Tougher

If it's too hard to smoke, maybe people will quit, reasoned Harvard researchers. They set up elaborate machinery to make it as tough as possible to smoke.

Subjects in the experiment must use an automobile-type cigarette lighter and a cigarette holder connected to a computer. To take a puff, the smoker must first press a switch on the holder. Initially the computer allows him a drag, but as time passes, the puffs are more difficult to get.

"We expect that imposing a delay will weaken smoking behavior," reports Professor Richard J. Herrnstein.



Editorial

Congress—Liquor Dealer

Few cities have higher drinking statistics than the nation's capital, Washington, D.C. It's often been said that three parties characterize the capital—the Democratic, the Republican, and the cocktail. Many claim the third party is what mixes up the other two, and perhaps they have a point.

Now it seems that the government itself is going into the retail liquor business and has gone "underground" about it. In the tunnels under the central government complex a new liquor store is set up for business. On its shelves are ample supplies of bourbon, Scotch, gin, and vodka.

Who operates the store? The House of Representatives of the U.S. Congress.

To whom does it sell? To Congressmen and their guests, to lobbyists and their guests. The stock of liquor is for catering receptions, luncheons, and other events in the capitol and office buildings.

Actually, the only thing new about this is the source of supply. Before, the government purchased its supply at retail from liquor stores on Capitol Hill. Now it's going into business for itself, buying wholesale from out-of-the-city sources. Profits are intended to help offset operating deficits in House restaurants and cafeterias.

Some \$70,000 was paid to local liquor men last year by the House restaurant service. Of course, much more was expended than that, since House members and their guests bought directly from commercial outlets as well.

"Virtually every night, if you were to come up here, you could find as much liquor and food as you could possibly eat and drink," one staff member says.

Is there anyone who objects to all this flow of fluid, much of it intended to influence legislation?

Yes, the commercial dealers who stand to lose profits when Congress goes into competition with them. "It's an outrage," they say. One dealer alone claims he will lose \$1000 a month. Rep. E. Jones of Tennessee, chairman of the House administrative subcommittee, says he must keep the restaurant service profitable and that he can do it by selling liquor.

One can only estimate the cost of such profits later on as the liquor makes its influence felt on lawmakers and lobbyists.

Francis A. Soper

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