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LISTEN



ANDRE THORNTON— “I Try to Hit the Mistakes”

**The Hot-Tub Party
Thirteen Ways to Handle Heartache
What to Do After High School**



IF YOU'VE GOT A GOAL, GO AFTER IT ALL THE WAY, SAYS ANDY MICHELS.

Don't Tell This Guy No

LUDMILLA ALEXANDER

Teenagers hear the word No a great deal. "No, you can't do that. No, it's not allowed."

Many times a No is based on sound reasoning. There are health factors, moral implications, or physical dangers that must be considered. But sometimes the answer No is based on the wrong assumptions. The mature person knows the difference.

Andy Michels of Saratoga, California, heard his most disappointing No at the age of 14. Ever since he was a small boy, he'd wanted to become a doctor. When he entered high school in Massachusetts, he finally felt that he could begin preparing himself for his chosen career. He decided to enroll in a local college for a series of emergency medical courses given to the general public.

"How old are you?" asked the registrar. "Fourteen? Why, it's impossible. You're too young to enroll."

Andy tried another college. Again the answer was No.

He became more and more frustrated. "The schools argued that once certified, I would be exposed to physically and emotionally traumatic situations," explains Andy. "According to them, a 14-year-old does not have that maturity."

"I argued back that age 18 was no magic figure for something as sensitive as prehospital care. I told them to evaluate each situation more carefully. Some 20- and 30-year-old adults who didn't belong in the program at all were being admitted."

Still permission was denied. Finally Andy decided to write to the governor of Massachusetts, Michael Dukakis, to see if the state official could be influential with some of the schools. After a series of phone calls and letters over a period of several months, an answer arrived.

"The letter came on a Saturday," Andy remembers. "I thought it was some state garbage mail. I almost dumped it out. Instead, it was a letter from Governor Dukakis, saying that he would

Andy Michels, concerned about sports injuries, developed a specialized medical emergency kit which is now on hand at all major athletic events at Saratoga High School, where he is student body president. He considers football (see inset) the most hazardous high school sport.

make a recommendation to the school that I be admitted."

Andy had won! He was ecstatic. But then began hundreds of hours of instruction on weekends, evenings, and during the summer. Besides his own schoolwork, the boy read tons of medical texts. He worked for six months with an ambulance crew on a field internship. He observed nurses and doctors, who in turn evaluated his progress. His parents paid thousands of dollars in fees and drove him constantly to one lecture or another.

Despite the books and lectures, Andy's first contact with a critically ill person did unnerve him.

"I was in the emergency room, and the crew wheeled in a lady suffering from carbon monoxide poisoning," he explains. "The family was running behind her screaming. It was an apparent suicide attempt."

"The woman's face was extremely red and swollen. I was asked to assist the doctor with cardiopulmonary resuscitation and ventilation."

"Resuscitation took place for 25 to 30 minutes, but there was nothing anyone could do. It was a shock to me. I learned that there will always be cases where no matter what you do it won't be enough. But these cases can't discourage you. Most of the time, if you're on the ball, you can prevent death."

After receiving his certification, Andy was asked to teach a cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR) class at a Massachusetts country club. Two of its members had died of heart attacks while club personnel stood by helplessly.

Andy wrote a comprehensive emergency plan. He trained staff members in the correct CPR procedures. He set up a first-aid committee. And he recommended that the club install telephones throughout the golf course.

"CPR is an extremely important skill to know," says Andy. "At least one member of the family should know the correct procedures. You can sustain the respiratory and cardiovascular systems until more advanced help arrives."

Andy has come a long way since that first dis-

heartening No. Today he lives in the San Francisco Bay area with his parents, Allen and Eleanor Michels, brother Tony, and sisters Dana and Debbie. He is student body president of Saratoga High School. He owns a company called Emergency Medical Training Associates that specializes in CPR training. (So far, through various organizations, he has taught the course to 2000 people.) He assists doctors from the Haight Ashbury Free Medical Clinic in San Francisco at rock concerts. He has worked with the emergency medical crew at a local theme park.

And he worries about sports injuries—not his own, but in others.

"Football is the most potentially hazardous sport in high school because of body contact, body motions, and stress," says Andy. "Somebody is hurt at every game. I feel that it's the coaches' responsibility to know a little bit more about handling injuries than they do."

Andy convinced a Saratoga real estate man to donate \$300 to buy a medical kit for men's and women's sports. The kit has blood-pressure cuffs, specialized splints, bandages, ice packs, and even a ring cutter that can cut off the helmet. Now it's brought to all major athletic events.

This high school senior does not play football himself. "I just don't have the commitment to the sport that a lot of football players do," he admits. "I work with the physician on the field. I'm better utilized in that regard."

This spring Andy is organizing a seminar for coaches throughout the county. Physicians and emergency first-aid personnel will give talks on proper procedures for athletic injuries.

Andy is very conscious of his own mental and physical health. He doesn't smoke or drink.

"I think cigarette smoking is nauseating," he says. "As for alcohol, there's a lot of ignorance. People my age don't believe that there's such a thing as alcohol coma."

"I remember one attractive girl who was starve-dieting for a week to get ready for school. She consumed a pint of rum and a six-pack of beer. We found her at the theme park face down on a toilet seat. In a couple of more minutes she might have drowned in shallow water. The girl spent several days in the intensive care unit at a hospital. She's lucky to be alive."

Stress is another concern. "You'd be surprised how rampant hypertension is in high school," he says. "I live a very pressurized life, but I make sure that there's time to sit back even if it means leaving a pile of work until another day. I don't want to look 70 when I am 35."



As owner of Emergency Medical Training Associates, a company specializing in CPR (cardiopulmonary resuscitation) training, Andy has taught correct CPR procedures to at least 2000 people.

Andy likes to play racquetball to release energy. He admits that he is hyperactive and can go 15 to 16 hours nonstop. But then his mood swings in the opposite direction, and he won't feel like doing anything. Then he just sits and listens to music.

"My grades are only fair. If that means going to a junior college first, that's all right. I feel that if you have your act together, you're going to reach your goal eventually."

Everyone should have a goal, according to Andy. "I'm really down on people who don't give themselves an opportunity," he says. "My aunt who's a teacher in Chicago tells me that there are hundreds and hundreds of federally sponsored tutoring programs available to teenagers. Yet these kids would rather sit and threaten the teachers, or not come to class at all."

"These kids need a good push to get going. I feel very sorry for somebody who, at the age of 20 or 25, has no direction, can't hold a job, and has no future."

Andy believes the word No should not be a deterrent.

"I've heard No so often between age 14 and now that if I gave up easily, I'd be terribly frustrated," he confesses. "If there's something I believe in and somebody tells me No, well, I'm not going to accept it. It's going to be Yes. It may not be Yes immediately, but it will be eventually!" ♦

HOW TO PUT THE PIECES OF YOUR LIFE BACK TOGETHER AFTER YOU AND YOUR STEADY SPLIT.

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Ways to Handle Heartache

BILL VOSSLER

"If two people love each other, there can be no happy end to it," Ernest Hemingway once observed. When the heavy punches of heartache and heartbreak knock you down, how can you stagger back to your feet? How can you protect your sore spots from recurring blows?

1 Advance preparation helps. Determine what little things make you happy. The Peanuts cartoon strip? Save your favorite ones to lighten the load during heavy moments. Playing with your kitten and a piece of yarn? Try turning to that to help you when you're down.

2 Be honest, and expect honesty in return in any relationship. Misunderstandings breed heartache. I vividly remember the time I tried to uproot a telephone pole—barehanded—because I hurt so much when a steady girl friend dated another guy. I assumed she wouldn't date others, but I never out-and-out asked, "Do you want to see other guys?" Not expecting honesty cost me a good friendship. And I still hate telephone poles.

3 Keep your other friends during a steady relationship. Not only do they deserve your continued love—after all, they guided you through some prerelationship miserable moments—but they also deserve to share your joys. Cutting yourself off from them invites acute misery later with no one to divide your troubles or help you resolve them. I depend on my friends to help me vent my hurts and frustrations during trying times, as well as to double my joys during happy ones. It wasn't always thus.

When I dated Arla, I spent my every free minute with her. My other friendships suffered. Jim and Craig were hurt and confused: why were they good enough only when Arla wasn't around? Arla contracted leukemia, our relationship sickened and died after two and a half years, and suddenly there was no one around to water the withered vine of me. Life was very hard.

4 Cultivate activities to look forward to. A special program or party next week, a baseball game tomorrow night, a Jacques Cousteau TV special on Saturday night, a concert Sunday. Don't *live* for tomorrow, but know what's planned ahead in your life. That information lends you a needed measure of security, especially when the un-*sureness* accompanying heartache seeps into you.

5 Know what makes you feel successful. Easy crossword puzzles; a two-mile run. These not only boost your slumping self-esteem, they divert your attention from your melancholy feelings—a

necessary break from your pain. These successes also grant you a feeling of control over your own fate any time you choose.

6 Common sense also helps. Hard enough to come by during prosperous emotional times, this commodity can flee entirely when heartache struts onto the scene. Realize that you're not the first, nor will you be the last, to suffer. Suffering reflects your humanity. It shows that you feel. Oh, did I pine and sigh and cry when the bloom of my first romance died and we snapped the brittle stalk of our relationship! I felt quite sure no one had ever suffered the way *I* had. That meant that the Fates had conspired against me to punish me, hurt me. Me. Me alone. Oh, how important I thought I was that *They* would mark me for the target of their wrath!

"Don't you think other people suffer just as much as you do?" Lillian, my sister-in-law, asked. She broke my bubble. "Well, they do."

I'd been moaning about not being able to listen to my favorite songs, sleep properly, think clearly. Kathy's face and her words plagued me wherever I went and at all times of day or night, like a bad case of the flu. Lillian's words soothed me, drawing away some of the pain. If the rest of humanity suffered as I did, that made us brothers-in-pain. I was not alone.

7 Pour out your frustrations. Write an angry letter to the focus of your heartache; then tear it up. Or talk with your friends or a trusted adult. But don't make yourself a nuisance. No one likes to be smeared with gobs of gloom continually. Take long walks. Play a hard game of tennis. Anything that does the job. You'll be surprised at how much better you feel, at least for the time being. You may need to reapply this remedy as often as required.

8 Choose the positive. Choose to be happy. Choose not to suffer. That might seem impossible, but it's not. I don't hurt over Kathy anymore, or Arla, or Mary Jane, unless I dwell on those old heartaches. My attention has turned elsewhere—positively. So much of our life we can choose.

9 Avoid crutches of any kind, especially chemical. Liquor and other drugs—or anything that reduces the clearness of your thinking—create extra problems. What are you reacting to? Drugs? Your feelings? I'd advise you not to meddle with these substances that supposedly help "make you forget."

10 Date others soon. "The best remedy for a lost love is a new love." You'll probably feel awkward and tied up, like a person in a straightjacket, but only practice will enable you to escape completely from these feelings.

"What am I doing here?" I asked myself one night as I sat beside my new date. Mary Jane and I had just split, and though it was mutual and amicable, I still hurt. Sheila and I seemed to have nothing in common. But that's a trap. I was used to a measure of intimacy with Mary Jane, and I missed it with Sheila because it hadn't yet been established. How could it on a first date, compared to six months with Mary Jane? I finally realized the difference and had a satisfactory evening.

11 Try new things. Go to an opera; sing in the choir; watch the sun rise. You'll probably still feel a sense of loss; but you'll discover new diversions, new interests, and you'll discover new pleasures that will enable you to forget.

12 Take life one day at a time. Live this minute to its fullest, and the next, and the next. Tomorrow will take care of itself. This seems almost a contradiction of number four, but it's not. When the activities you've planned come along, live them to their fullest.

13 So, in summing up, to help handle heartache and heartbreak, get to know yourself. These suggestions will help you do just that. You'll present a truer and sharper picture of yourself to others so you'll attract those people who are more specifically your type. That should make it easier to find the guy or gal definitely suited to you. After all, having no heartache can be the thirteenth way to handle it. ◇

WHEN THE BALL IS WHERE THE PITCHER DIDN'T WANT IT TO BE, ANDRE THORNTON SAYS—

"I TRY TO HIT THE MISTAKES"

Francis A. Soper

Peanuts and sweet potatoes put Tuskegee, Alabama, on the map. The famed institute there was founded by Booker T. Washington just 100 years ago. Soon a research scientist joined the staff, George Washington Carver. His initiative helped develop hundreds of uses for the crops that have since diversified the South and assured it of economic stability.



(Above) Andre Thornton takes batting practice at spring training in Tucson.
(Below) Andre, Sr., discusses a Bible lesson with his seven-year-old son, Andre, Jr.

Now Tuskegee has another claim to fame from an entirely different kind of commodity—baseball. Andre Thornton, star infielder of the Cleveland Indians, was born there. However, early in life he moved north; so his genius has brought pleasure and benefit to both North and South.

As applied to first base, "keystone sack" is no idle term. On any baseball diamond this is a key position. And Andre Thornton plays it with distinction for his major-league team.

Does he worry beforehand about coming games, particularly if they're crucial? "I don't like to say I worry," he says. "There are times when I know we have to do certain things to win, and if we don't do them—well, we don't win. We must get these things in our minds so firmly that there's no indecision when it's time to perform."

Many athletes psych up for their games by mentally playing the action and "winning" before the game starts. Not Andre. He calls it "concentration" on what he has to do so that "outside things cannot come in."

Then when the game begins, "I try not to lose the intensity of what we're doing out on the field. I certainly can't be day-dreaming, looking at something else. I'm trying to keep a focus on my job." Such concentration for Andre pays off, for his fielding performance is virtually flawless. One recent season saw him achieve .9946 fielding average.

Andre is also proficient as a power hitter, with frequent extra-base hits. He's no slouch at banging out home runs, either, batting as many as 28 in a season.

Is there a kind of pitched ball he's more likely to hit when he's up to bat? "That's a difficult question," he replies. "You hit all of them at one time or another. But you're more likely to hit mistakes than anything else, whatever it might be—a curve ball, fast ball, slider, anything that's where the pitcher didn't want it to be. That's what I try to hit—the mistakes."

But that takes practice, lots of it, especially, as he says, when he's "struggling a little bit at the plate." Of course, he goes on, "you try to work as much as you can on the basics of hitting and make sure there are no real errors in your swing, on the way you're approaching the ball. The majors are the best baseball there is!"

With Andre, hitting the ball is not a matter of figuring distance or the height of the ball in feet or inches. "I don't know the specifics of degree. But in a split second I must decide whether to swing or let the ball go by. As a hitter, I know it's something I should swing at if it looks to be in the strike zone. I see the ball and hit it. It's amazing what your eyes and hands can do together."

However, Andre Thornton doesn't feel he does all this alone. He holds a strong, consistent conviction that a divine power directs his life and has guided him since his early years. In high school he played baseball, basketball, and football. Why did he choose baseball? "Well, I didn't choose. The Lord guided me in that direction. That's the door He opened for me."

Andre looks at baseball as his vocation, his job. "It's some-



(Top) In addition to his almost flawless fielding, Andre is also a proficient power hitter.
(Center) Andre with his wife, Gail, and son Andre, Jr., after being named Cleveland Indians Man of the Year.
(Bottom) From his vantage point in the dugout Andre keeps a close eye on a game in progress.

thing the Lord has given me the ability to do. But in this life, whether playing baseball, or singing, or whatever else I might be doing, my purpose is the same—to glorify the Lord, and be used of Him to help encourage, help lift someone else's life."

In fact, this conviction is the guiding light of his entire life. It has made it possible for him even to face tragic death in his family with continued faith and trust in divine providence.

Andre lives with his wife and seven-year-old son in a Cleveland suburb. he strives to teach his son "the Word of God." Is Andre, Jr., going to follow Dad's steps into baseball? "I might want him to be a baseball player, but it might not be the Lord's plan for his life. I just want to be the best father I can."

The Thornton family, Andre says, is close knit, so much so that even the long absences away from each other during the playing season aren't all that bad. "We still communicate, though physically we're apart more than we'd like."

Speaking of the "physical," Andre develops his life habits with the conviction that his body is "the Lord's temple, and we're not to do anything to defile that temple."

In fact, that's the reason he quit smoking after about 10 years on the habit. He smoked long enough, he says, "so I know that smoking doesn't build up what you're able to do. It doesn't enhance your performance. It chemically affects the body and causes it to react in ways it's not intended to."

Andre feels the same way about drinking. "Since I don't drink, I wouldn't know totally; but I feel it's something unnatural. It changes the body chemistry to a degree that causes harm if you continue to use it."

As to diet, Andre goes for what he describes as "just eating right. I try to get a balanced diet with the right groups of food. This helps me to get all the food elements I need."

Though he isn't what you'd call a "pusher" of his religious convictions on others, Andre shares these at every opportunity. Frequently he talks with teenagers and with study groups, always on the basis of what life is really all about, especially the spiritual dimension.

When asked what he does when a young person comes to him with any type of drug problem, Andre says, "Not being one who's been involved in these problems, I try to share what I feel God can do for the young person's life. Usually he knows as well as I do that he shouldn't use things like that. The problem is what's causing him to go into drugs, and I believe God can solve this problem for him."

Even in his leisure this baseball star uses his time carefully. "I make sure I get the right amount of sleep, but much of my time I use for study and preparation. I spend quiet time with the Lord. If I can keep away from many of these interviews, or from going here or there, I find I do have quite a bit of time."

But all of this doesn't mean retreating into a corner. Andre has hobbies and outside interests. "I find enjoyment in many things, especially something to soothe my mind and calm me down." Working out is one of these calming activities.

One thing is certain. Andre knows what he believes, and day by day he tries to live it out in his own experience and to share the inner happiness he has found in living life for a purpose. ◇



(Top) Andre frequently shares his faith with others, such as the prisoners shown here.

(Center) Playing his first-base position with distinction, Andre achieved a .9946 fielding average in one recent season.

(Bottom) At a youth rally in a high school auditorium on Cleveland's east side, Andre tells his audience that Christ can solve their problems.

Phil parked his Yamaha 125 in front of the Sea Lion Motorcycle Shop and peeled off his helmet. His hair was damp from excitement and, yes, just plain fear, despite the cool April day. He hoped ol' George was in a good mood!

Phil was dressed right—clean jeans and a white T-shirt, with a clean jean jacket over the shirt. His hair was a long shag, but he knew that was OK with George because his own kid wore hair the same length and worked in the shop.

With shame he remembered this time last year when he'd applied for a job here. He'd done everything wrong. He'd gone in with his father, a friend of George's; so his dad had done all the talking while Phil stood there like an idiot. He hadn't realized he'd need his social-security number; so when George found out he couldn't fill in *that* blank on an application form, he hadn't offered him one. George got rid of them courteously, saying that, with the possibility of a gas shortage, and lots of other excuses, he just wasn't hiring for the summer.

So Phil pushed a lawn mower the next three

THAT ONE AND ONLY SUMMER JOB

Martha J. Beckman

months, the only job he could find. A month ago his favorite magazine had run a dandy article, "Tips for Teens on Getting a Summer Job"; and he had taken note.

Now he was prepared! He had a typed résumé he had done on a school typewriter, with all the information the article said he might need, including his family doctor's name and address in case of emergency. He had letters of recommendation from his mechanics and merchandising teachers, saying he'd gotten A's from them. Naturally. They were his

favorite subjects because that was what he wanted to do for life—sell and service motorcycles and snowmobiles in his own shop.

He also had a character reference from his minister and a letter from his 4-H leader stating that he'd been president of the 46-member club last year, had taken the small-engines project for three years, and won the county petroleum award for two years running. To top it all off, he had a written statement from the district American Motorcycle Association that he had won trophies racing his Yamaha the previous summer. Take that, George, and that, and that!



Yet he wasn't all that confident. Quite frankly, he was scared! Facing George alone had been his favorite nightmare for the last month. And now the time had come. He had an appointment. He breathed a flash prayer, something that came naturally to him from doing it so often when he was in danger while racing.

As he was about to open the door, something shiny on the sidewalk caught his eye. He picked it up. It was a pin, a Yamaha emblem done in red plastic and gold wire. He looked around but didn't see anyone who might have lost it. A beautiful last touch, he thought, and pinned it to his jean jacket. He felt confidence oozing into him. George couldn't help but notice the pin. It shone like blood against Phil's jacket, proclaiming his dedication to Yamahas.

Marching in, Phil asked at the counter and was pointed to a cubbyhole office where George was waiting for him.

George was about 50, dark and good looking, a great charmer as a salesman, but also a meticulous mechanic. The combination made him a successful businessman. Phil knew he'd like working for George. He stood up now and shook Phil's hand.

Seated in front of the desk, Phil found himself chatting easily. Must be that the pin was giving him confidence. He wasn't scared anymore. George took an application form from his drawer and handed it to Phil. "Fill this out, and let me see what you think you can do," he said, smiling.

"I brought some references that may answer that," Phil proffered his manila envelope; and George accepted it, surprised. He was soon engrossed in reading Phil's file as Phil neatly printed answers on the form.

They finished together.

"Well! Quite a record for a 16-year-old," George

said, handing back the envelope. "Seems as if you've aimed yourself at a job here for some time."

Phil nodded. Now was the crucial moment. Had he prepared right?

George tapped his teeth with a pencil, thinking. "Well, Phil, to tell you the truth, I wasn't going to hire anybody new. With gas so expensive—"

Phil's heart sank. The same excuses as last year. "I can work for less than minimum wage, part time. I need to learn, I know that."

George grinned. "I can't say No to a kid who has gone to the work you have for this interview. When can you start?"

Hey, hey, hey! He had the job! He had the job he wanted most! "Any time after 2:30 tomorrow. I can work after school now and any time during the summer."

"We close at 5:30, weekdays. OK. Show up at 2:30 tomorrow." George stood up, holding out his hand. Phil reminded himself not to squeeze too hard in his ecstasy.

Walking out of the office, he felt as if he were two feet off the floor. He blessed the things that had combined to persuade George to give him the job, especially the lucky little pin. He touched his chest where the emblem was fastened. Nothing!

No emblem? He pushed the door open. There on the sidewalk, exactly where he had found it, lay the bit of red and gold. He picked it up and looked at it closely. The clasp was broken. That's why someone else had lost it and why he had found it and lost it immediately. That emblem's confidence was false. But no, it wasn't the pin that got him the job anyway. Now he knew.

Carefully he laid the pin back on the sidewalk. Let it bring luck to someone else. ◇

Rip This Out and Keep a Job

Howard P. Alvir

You want a good job. Bosses want good workers. Bosses expect a lot before they give good pay. Here is what you can do to keep a job. You may even be promoted if you follow these steps.

1. Get to work on time.
2. Don't leave early.

3. Waste no time.
4. Do it right the first time.
5. Use your brains.
6. Learn from mistakes.
7. Say, "Yes, sir" and "Yes, ma'am."
8. Phone in if you'll be late or absent.

9. Don't just disappear.
10. Lend a hand to others.
11. Listen to the boss. Say "Thank you."
12. Wait before getting mad.
13. Be hard on yourself.
14. Get things done fast.

Unemployed young people can learn valuable work skills in a program similar to the old C.C.C.

Earn and Learn in a National Park

Mary McCabe English

What happens when you mix several thousand unemployed youth with interesting, paying jobs?

For starters, you turn a lot of so-called "tax burdens" into taxpayers. You boost self-esteem immeasurably because there's nothing like feeling needed and having a few bucks in the pocket to make a guy feel that he has a real place in this world. You also deter a whole bag of potential social problems—the kinds of negative behavior and activity frequently bred by boredom and frustration—before those problems come to a head.

This is happening as the result of a unique federal job program called YACC, Young Adult Conservation Corps, a program reminiscent of the Civilian Conservation Corps begun during President Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration in the 1930s. By its second year, YACC had already placed some 12,000 unemployed men and women between 16 and 23 years of age in conservation-related jobs. They work at national and state parks and other natural sites throughout the United States, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Guam, American Samoa, and the Mariana Islands.

Robert L. Greer, director of YACC in Pennsylvania, points out one of the program's main benefits. It slows down the vicious circle—no work without experience, and no experience without work.

"The program teaches these people responsibility and good work habits. They learn what it's like to work eight hours a day, five days a week, which is something they may not have had the opportunity to pick up anywhere else," says Greer, who oversees YACC programs at Valley Forge National Historical Park and Gettysburg National Military Park.

"About 80 percent of the enrollees in the Gettysburg camp, for example, have gone on to secure regular employment," he says. "The program gives a person the qualifications to go out and get a better job. Industry demands work experience. We take a kid and train him so he has something to offer industry."

Says Harold Parsons, YACC work coordinator at Valley Forge: "There are so many good features about it. When the kids come in, some of them don't even know which end of an ax to cut with. When they leave us, they have a working knowledge of several different things because we give them varied experiences."

The YACC members working in front of the stately old Kennedy Mansion at Valley Forge when Greer and Parsons escorted a visitor to the site didn't seem to be having the slightest bit of trouble telling the ends of an ax apart. John Pratt and Patty Sweigart were maneuvering a chain saw through



one of several thick tree stumps that dotted the mansion's front lawn. Nearby, Michael Lattanze and Christine Davies were poking through thick underbrush, yanking out fistfuls of weeds and other litter with almost mechanical precision.

The four hailed from diverse economic and geographic corners of the Philadelphia suburbs, but each expressed a common satisfaction with the YACC job. Crew leader Louisa Ballester said their attitude typified that of most of the youths she had supervised in the program.

"Most of them want to work," she said. "And most of them are really interested in learning."

In the Wayne's Woods section, YACC members Barbara Pennock, Mike Handwerk, and Earl Hackshaw were erecting a snow fence under the direction of crew leader Drew Gottshall. Parsons said other Valley Forge YACC crews had reconstructed Revolutionary War era fencing at General Knox Farm, begun building a recreational area and paths for joggers, bikers, and hikers at Perkiomen Junction, rehabilitated a number of old houses for residency by seasonal and permanent park employees, and planted about 300 trees near the park's border with the Pennsylvania Turnpike.

In the basement of the park's Visitors' Center, YACC member Ginette Himes was helping Roxanne Gordon, Valley Forge archaeological coordinator, process artifacts uncovered at sites throughout the 2033-acre park. This work included numbering the artifacts according to location, cleaning them, and piecing them back together before they are stored at the Visitors' Center with the rest of the park's 250,000-piece collection.

Greer says YACC's work at Gettysburg centers on restoring the site to resemble what it was like during the Civil War years. "Our biggest job at Gettysburg is one that will go on for some time—restoring approx-

imately 325 acres to the condition it was in about 100 years ago," he explains.

But whether YACC enrollees are laying trails and planting trees in Yellowstone National Park, Rocky Mountain National Park, or Volcano National Park, or doing conservation work at the Indiana Dunes, Mammoth Cave, the Blue Ridge Mountains, or any of some 100 other sites, they're enhancing the country's natural reserves. They're completing tasks that would otherwise go by the wayside for lack of time and/or money. In other words, says Robert Dolehide, a staff assistant at YACC headquarters in the Department of the Interior in Washington, D.C., YACC members are not just doing "busy work."

"One of the main advantages of this program is that if you're willing to work but can't get a job, we'll offer you one that will allow you to gain the basic experience of working," Dolehide continues. "And this applies to anyone who is unemployed and falls within the age guidelines. The program is not limited to the financially disabled, not targeted in terms of race, sex, or income. This is not a program for people with discipline problems. On the other hand, YACC can certainly be viewed as preventive—as a deterrent—to many of the problems that do arise when a person is unable to find a job."

YACC was created as part of the United States Labor Department's employment program and is administered jointly by the Interior and Agriculture Departments as well as by various state grant programs. The program pays minimum wages for a maximum one-year enrollment period. Local administration is by regional offices in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Chicago, Kansas City, Dallas, Denver, Seattle, and San Francisco. Additional information is available from state employment offices throughout the country. Call your local office if you're interested in the program. ◇



LISTEN HERE!

The Sound of Listen, a 15-minute weekly radio program, originated in 1972. Producer Sherrie Thomas selects the best features, articles, and stories from each issue of *Listen* and puts them in audio form.

For example, this month the Sound of Listen has the story "The Hot-Tub Party" produced with actors, sound effects, and music. Andre Thornton tells his story in his own words. Also included are excerpts from the actual interview with Dr. Winton Beaven.

The Sound of Listen is heard on these stations. Contact the one nearest you for broadcast time.



"Big" Don O'Brien, a top-rated Washington, D.C., deejay, hosts the Sound of Listen.

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An Alternative to College

JANE S. CAHALY

Are you in a hurry to get out into the world and start making money?

Are your high-school grades too low for you to be accepted at a four-year college or university?

Does the cost of going to college make that out of the question?

Could it be you're tied to home for some reason and can't even consider going away to college?

Are you just not ready for the life on a big college campus?

Do you have some physical handicap that may limit your chances for educational opportunities after high school?

If your answer is Yes to any of these questions, then your local community technical college may be the answer for you. You may say, "We don't have a local tech college," but have you looked lately? In the United States, community colleges are springing up like wild flowers. One might offer you a future in a field you don't even know exists.

Ever heard of a paraprofessional animal health technician? Well, if you love animals, with this course of study offered at some tech colleges, you could have a rewarding future in an animal-research facility, a zoo, or any of many other related animal fields.

Maybe working with children is your thing, but a teaching certificate is out of the question. In about one fourth the time, the child-development-assistant program offered in many community colleges will qualify you to work in a day-care center or maybe even to plan, start, and manage your own child-care business.

How about working with cars—is that how you spend all your spare time? Ever thought about it as a career? Automotive mechanics is a standard course at tech colleges. You'd learn to do quality maintenance, diagnostic testing,

and repair work. You know the demand for people in this field!

Criminal justice—sound like a career opportunity out of your reach? Not really. Many tech colleges have programs of criminal justice designed for people interested in law enforcement. Knowledge and understanding of law-enforcement techniques is basic to a number of career opportunities.

OK, so none of these careers really turns you on. How about secretarial science, medical assisting, radio and TV broadcasting, fashion merchandising, or nuclear engineering technology? These are only a few of the many areas of study in community colleges. Your school may not have all these areas, but it may have others from which to choose.

Interested? Consider these additional selling points. Tuition at a tech college is generally much lower than at other colleges. They usually have an open-door policy—anybody is given a chance! Many of the classes are taught at night so you can work and continue your education at the same time. People of all age groups and backgrounds study side by side, each sharing the common desire to improve his or her situation in life.

In addition to these advantages, many schools have free career counseling and a variety of financial-aid programs. Furthermore, if going to school turns out to be your thing, many tech colleges have programs that can be transferred to a four-year college after two years.

A technical college might be what you're looking for. Your school or public library has copies of guides to community colleges and tech schools, with up-to-date listings of schools nationwide, what they offer, their tuition, and entrance policies. Check into one of these guides today. Perhaps it will open that door of opportunity for you! ◇

THE HOT- TUB PARTY

NAN FRIEDLANDER



"But you've got to come," my friend Marcia was saying. "Everyone's going to be there."

"You know what my dad will say," I answered glumly. "He'll say, 'Penny, you are *not* going to spend the evening in anyone's hot tub. I don't care if the entire school will be there.' "

"But it's right next door to you," Marcia protested.

"I know. I can see it from my bedroom window, worst luck."

"So," Marcia continued, "why can't they let you go? They can keep an eye on you, if that's necessary." It was obvious Marcia thought 16-year-old



It was going to be a great party, anyone could see that. The music was on nice and loud.

girls were more than ready to get rid of parental supervision.

"They're going away for the weekend." I hesitated. "My Aunt Sarah is coming to stay at the house."

"As a baby-sitter?" Marcia's eyes widened. "A baby-sitter for you?"

"Not exactly." I wished a hole would open up and swallow me. "It's just that there've been a lot of break-ins in our neighborhood, and well, you know, they think there should be an older person around."

"I see. Well, kiddo, so long." Marcia shifted her schoolbooks on her hip. "I'll see you next week."

"Wait, Marcy, how about Sunday?"

"I'm afraid I'm going to be too tired from the party to go hiking Sunday," Marcia said.

What could I say? If my best friend wanted to be with someone else, there was nothing I could do about it.

I turned and walked slowly up the street to our house, reflecting on the unfairness of life. I was hardly aware of the fact that this was really a pretty good neighborhood. Every house had a nice garden; and some were really fancy, like Hunter Bronson's next door to us. They had a tennis court and now this new hot tub.

By the time Saturday night rolled around, I thought I would scream if one more person asked me if I was going to the party. I felt really dumb and overprotected, like some old-fashioned girl with a governess.

"Good-bye, Penny," my dad said, rolling down the car window. "Remember what I said about staying home. I know it's hard, but that's the way it has to be this time."

"We want only the best for you, honey," my mother said, leaning across him. "Believe me."

"I believe, I believe," I said. "So have a good time. You can unlock the chains when you get back." That's the kind of remark I throw at people when I'm mad. I know it's childish, but sometimes I can't help myself.

I watched them drive down the street. Mother waved from the back window, but I pretended I didn't see her. I was still standing there feeling miserable, probably because I was acting like such a dope—I admit it—when Mr. and Mrs. Bronson rolled down their drive in their Mercedes. There was a clothes bag hanging in the

back, and they were all dressed up as though they were going on a trip.

They didn't see me. They tore down the street and turned in the direction of the airport. It came to me then that they weren't going to be at their son's party either.

While I ate supper and shouted at Aunt Sarah, who's hard of hearing but is too vain to get a hearing aid, I heard the kids arriving next door. Car doors slammed, voices called, bottles clinked, and the girls' clogs sounded like thoroughbred horses on the flagstone walk. It all made me feel more lonesome than ever.

"What shall we do now, dear?" Aunt Sarah rolled up her napkin in the carved ring. "Watch some TV?"

The prospect of watching TV with Aunt Sarah and repeating every line she couldn't hear had no appeal for me.

"No, thanks, Aunt Sarah. I have some studying to do. I'd better get to my desk." I've learned through the years that if there's one thing grown-ups will never object to it's saying you have to study in your room. It's the one guarantee of privacy.

"My, that's so noble of you, Penny. I do admire you young people. You all seem to know what you want."

I thought about that remark while I piled the dishes in the dishwasher and climbed the stairs. What did I want, anyway? About all I could think of was Hunter's party.

I didn't turn on my light. I didn't want anyone next door to know I was home alone in my room. Instead I knelt by the window and peeked out.

It was going to be a great party, anyone could see that. The music was on nice and loud. Some kids were already in their suits sitting on the bench in the hot tub. Others were dancing in the sunroom. Lots of the girls wore those leotard bathing suits with matching skirts. Whenever they got tired of dancing, they just slipped off the skirt and jumped in the tub.

One group of boys was over in the corner with Peaches Hartmann, our beauty queen. They were bent over a cabinet. I realized soon enough it was the Bronsons' liquor supply. The boys pulled out whiskey and poured it into the punch bowl. One boy stirred it around, while the others carried the empty bottles out back.

I took in the whole scene in a fraction of a second. It didn't take me much longer to figure out what happened.

Pretty soon the party was really swinging. Kids were drinking more and more punch and then sort of falling into the hot tub, clothes and all. I looked for Marcia, thinking maybe I should warn her about the punch, but she was dancing; so I figured she wasn't drinking all that much.

By the time the party broke up, my knees were so stiff I thought I'd never walk again. Only Hunter and Peaches were left in the hot tub. The others staggered down the walk and revved up their cars. I shuddered to think of them driving home. One boy actually fell into the flowerbed and lay there, untouched by human hands, you might say. His car was the only one left on the block when I finally decided to go to bed. The sooner I fell asleep, the sooner this weekend would be over.

I took a last look at Hunter and Peaches before I pulled down the shade. They were lounging in the hot tub, their heads resting against the rim, not talking, just sitting. What was the big deal about a hot tub, anyway? It didn't look all that exciting to me. Sour grapes, that's me.

At least Hunter and Peaches were nice and warm. Steam rose in the cold night air. I sighed. It must be fun to be outdoors in the moonlight all toasty warm in a hot tub with a handsome guy like Hunter. That Peaches sure had all the luck.

The sound of the siren woke me up, not the usual birds singing or the paper boy missing our porch and hitting the tree outside my room. I was still stiff from last night; so it took me a while to drag myself to the window and raise the shade.

The Bronson garden was full of people. An ambulance was pulled up at the kitchen door, and two medics were wheeling a second body into the open vehicle. The first was already inside. Both bodies were covered with sheets. Anyone who has watched television knows what that means.

They were dead, I realized numbly. I shivered and rubbed my bare arms. A police sedan was parked out front, and one officer was bent over the kid in the flowerbed. He was all right, because he raised his head for a moment before passing out again. A second patrolman was talking to the Bronsons' gardener, Mr. Takahashi, who was shaking his head and pointing to the hot tub.

I took in this whole scene in a fraction of a second. It didn't take me much longer to figure out what happened. Hunter and Peaches must have passed out in the hot tub and drowned, I reasoned; and the gardener must have found them when he came to turn on the sprinklers. Understanding something is not accepting it, however. I began to shake like bamboo in a windstorm. When I finally pulled myself together, I had bitten my knuckles so hard there was blood on my hand.

The whole story was on the evening news. Apparently one of the last kids to leave had turned up the thermostat of the hot tub. As a joke, he said. The thermostat was set at 130° Fahrenheit, but when the gardener came, it was still only 110° That was enough, however, to cause hyperthermia, the announcer said.

Furthermore, they had been drinking heavily. The alcohol content in Hunter's blood was .42 and in Peaches's, .41. A count of .40, the announcer continued, was enough to cause someone to pass out; a count of .50 would ordinarily cause death. These two young people, he said, died of a combination of hyperthermia and ethylism, or alcohol poisoning.

I flicked off the set and sat there for a long time thinking about that party. I'd been so mad because my parents hadn't let me go. I'd thought they were babying me. I saw now that they cared about me too much to let me go.

Hunter's parents, on the other hand, didn't care enough to stay. They must have known there was going to be a party. Food had been delivered all afternoon. And those guys Hunter hung out with didn't care either, not enough to tell the other kids they were spiking the punch. It was a rotten mess, anyone could see that.

When Marcia came by after supper, I saw she'd been crying.

"Your parents were right after all," she said. "You were lucky to be out of it."

"So I've learned," I said. "How about next Sunday? You want to go hiking?"

She nodded. "Somehow there's a lot of living I want to do."

I understood what she meant. In fact, I understood a lot of things now. I knew my parents would be glad I'd grown up a little that weekend. I know I was. ◇

The Facts About Alcohol—Part 2

Does Alcohol Solve Problems?

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. WINTON H. BEAVEN BY FRANCIS A. SOPER

Does alcohol solve problems of depression and anxiety?

With alcohol a person temporarily blots out the action of his brain, which causes him to be concerned with the problem he may be facing. He does get temporary relief—let's not minimize that. There's a term being used to describe drunkenness. We say the drinker is "blotto," which literally means he's blotted out; but as soon as the alcohol wears off, the same problem is there.

So the process is a vicious cycle. The individual who thinks he can solve his problems by taking alcohol gets temporary relief. But when he comes out of it, he now has what he had before plus the results of his drinking. This process snowballs; many become alcoholic by this process.

Does a person have to have problems or be abnormal to be affected by alcohol?

The myth has long been cherished that only certain people can become alcoholic and that those people have particular kinds of problems that make them alcoholic. It can be factually demonstrated that this simply isn't true. In wine-growing countries, for example, you will find many alcoholics who are perfectly normal. Millions of dollars have been spent in research attempting to find tests to demonstrate the difference between alcoholics and nonalcoholics. No such tests have ever been found.

Normal people become alcoholics; people with problems become alcoholics. The only thing you can say for sure is that if you have problems when you start drinking you're more likely to become alcoholic.

I think it was an old-time authority on the subject of alcoholism, Dr. E. M. Jellinek, who said, "You can never understand alcohol until you understand it as a solution." He simply meant that intoxication is a way to forget your troubles.

Does the problem come first or the alcohol come first?

The chicken or the egg! Which will you have? In

some cases the problem comes first, but I'm going to say that in the majority of cases the alcohol comes first. Again, the old-timers in this field started out believing, in the 1940s (Dr. Jellinek was one of them), that only people with problems become alcoholic. In the course of their study of alcohol they reversed their conclusions. Dr. Jellinek in his old age was saying that somewhere between two thirds and three fourths of all alcoholics are perfectly normal before they create problems for themselves by alcohol.

Some people say they drink for the sociability of it. Is there danger in this?

We've talked about risk, and this is a high-risk area. In this interview we haven't used a word which I think I'll use now. This word is "reward." It's perfectly obvious that some people get a greater reward out of using alcohol than others.

In other words, they feel much better when they use alcohol. Such people, who begin drinking at cocktail parties simply to be part of the social scene, are much more likely to become dependent than other people. Nobody should say lightly, "It's just one drink." It may become the trigger to produce problems.

How do you view the so-called "abuse" of alcohol?

Many organizations try to differentiate between "use" and "abuse." They seem to be saying that the use of alcohol is harmless, and its abuse is dangerous, but nobody knows where to draw the line. What may be my use might be your abuse.

Secondly, if we're going to talk about dangers of drinking, these need to be related to the time and place it is done. The physician who has a cocktail before he operates has abused alcohol—even if he has had only one drink. It's strictly out of place. I don't use the term "use and abuse."

Would you say that the average drinker is really "driven" to drink?

We used to say that a spouse drives a person to



drink, and I suppose you can use the term, but it's a bad one. The moment we remove the sense of personal responsibility of each individual for his behavior, we're in trouble. Problems may make us irritable, and we may discover that alcohol helps to relieve that irritability, but I'm not ready to say that anybody is "driven" to drink.

On the other side of the story, recently a popular newsmagazine featured a story about drinking in colleges. The main reasons cited for increased drinking on college campuses are the tensions of life, the uncertainties of life, and the feelings of college students that they don't have goals and that when they graduate they won't get jobs. It's a very uncertain world. There's some truth in all this.

On the health side of the picture, we have more people jogging and fewer people smoking. We have a real life-style kick in America, and people who

have the same problems are relating to them in a positive way. So I don't want to remove the sense of personal responsibility for making decisions about one's own life-style and hear people say, Well, the world is going downhill, so it's alright for me to get drunk. I think this is a cop-out.

Do these students really feel that alcohol is a helpful solution?

They don't think that far. I'm associated with college students all the time, and my impression is that most of them simply go along with the tide.

On the other hand, I've observed that in the right atmosphere when you can get them to think, they can think rationally. Many college campuses are so concerned about alcohol now, that they're setting up instructional and counseling centers. But on the whole, most college students are simply following the herd.

As a social lubricant isn't alcohol helpful in bringing people together to interrelate with each other?

The great myth, again, but with an element of truth. If you're a nervous individual who is uncomfortable with people, then when you take two drinks of alcohol, you release your inhibitions and become more socially active. The question is, What quality of social activity? The effects of these drinks are evident when the tongue is loosened. The quality of the conversation is not improved.

The other part of the story is that if a shy person discovers that alcohol helps release inhibitions, he may have started on the development of alcoholism. The minute anyone takes alcohol to solve a problem, he's in danger of becoming dependent on it. It only *appears* to solve the problem.

The individual is as shy tomorrow as he was last night. Alcohol doesn't remove shyness, it doesn't make anyone outgoing, it doesn't change personality, it doesn't improve character. All it does is mask the problem for the time being.

Alcohol is a crutch, and all crutches should be thrown away as soon as possible.

If a person is a social drinker and an emergency arises in his life, is there a greater possibility of his going overboard?

If you're used to using the chemical and you know what it does for you, in a time of crisis you're more likely to use it to get the effect you know you're going to get. This is in contrast to the individual who hasn't used the chemical and isn't aware of the effect. So, my answer is Yes, there is no question that a regular user is more likely to be an abuser.

Is the effect of alcohol on a young person greater, the younger he starts using it?

There is much evidence to show that the rate of alcoholism increases the younger the person is when he begins to drink. Long before we had the data we have today, I told young people, If you don't take a drink before you're 21, you'll greatly reduce the likelihood of problems with alcohol. And I think that's demonstratively true.

Alcoholics Anonymous says that the average age of the alcoholic entering its program is around 30. Twenty years ago the average age was in the mid-40s. If you talk to these young AAers, you find they started drinking when they were nine to eleven years of age. So I have no question that the lowered incidence of drinking in the age span today guarantees a greater increase in alcoholics in the future. It scares me, worries me.

Does alcohol have a greater effect on a woman than on a man?

At the risk of being called a chauvinist pig, I have to answer the question honestly. Yes. The rule of

thumb which most AAers use is that it takes 15 years to make a male alcoholic and seven to make a female alcoholic. There is much evidence that a woman becomes dependent faster than a man.

Does alcohol hasten the maturing process for an adolescent?

Adolescence is defined as that period between childhood and adulthood when the developing individual is becoming more independent. In most people this takes place over a period of years, and it's not so much a steady growth and development as it is a spasmodic process in which the individual exerts great independence in particular areas.

For example, in the choice of clothes, one day a girl is quite able to decide for herself, and the next day she may fall back into dependence and say, Mother, pick out my dress for me. There is nothing orderly in this process. In fact, the developing adult faces these same decisions with a great deal of hesitation and considerable fear. The adolescent we make fun of probably needs as much adult support as the baby. He doesn't need the physical support, but the psychic support in the process of making these choices. We shouldn't make fun of adolescents. It's destructive. We should be considerate of this behavior and be helpful and supportive.

In this period of life when the individual is attempting to become a person totally independent of the adults who have had more or less control of his life, to inject a chemical like alcohol is simply to create additional hazard. An adolescent needs all the brainpower and psychic, emotional control possible to get through adolescence without breaking down or breaking up or having some other disaster. Injecting alcohol into this period is one of the worst things that can happen. But unfortunately that's what's happening in our society. Alcohol affects the adolescent as it does the adult, except it's more damaging for the young person.

For example, let's talk about shyness. I was a gawky youngster, six feet tall when I was 14, and weighed 155 pounds. I didn't look like much, and my trousers rarely met my shoes and my sleeves rarely met my wrists. I grew up in a public high school, and the challenge at that time was to learn how to dance. I was too scared even to put my arm around a girl, much less learn how to dance.

Then some in my group discovered that if they went out back and took a couple of drinks, they'd have more courage. My best friend from high school died an alcoholic at the age of 51—and he started his drinking in the adolescent period exactly this way. I consider adolescent drinking to be the most potentially dangerous process in our society as far as our young people are concerned. ◇

ASK A FRIEND

How Can I Turn Down a Guy Firmly?

JEFF MITCHELL

How do you tell a guy you don't like him and don't want to have anything to do with him?

Although there are many ways to handle the situation, I'm going to suggest the most difficult. Be honest! It's the only solution that is clear and treats the other person with the dignity he deserves. In addition, it helps you maintain your own integrity.

By being honest I do not mean being cruel and uncaring. You can respect the feelings of another even though you don't want to have a dating relationship with him. Remember, you may not care for him, but he may care for you. Your object should be to communicate honest feelings, not to hurt the other person.

Begin by setting aside some time when you can talk in private and without interruption. This gives both of you enough time to express your feelings and come to some understanding of each other. You might start off by letting him know that you are concerned that he might be hurt by what you feel it is necessary to say, but that you wish to be honest so that he does not have to get more seriously hurt later on.

Then explain that you don't visualize the relationship with him in the same manner as he does. Expressing concern (which, of course, you should honestly feel) often helps people to relax and allows the conversation to flow freely. Continue the conversation by being direct and clear in your statements. Avoid any comment that might lead him on, and don't toy with his emotions. That's a very destructive game to play.

Even though he'll feel some hurt, a guy will usually appreciate the fact

that he's been dealt with honestly. Recovery from a hurt given honestly but gently is much easier than one where he felt the girl was dishonest and used him.

Lately I've had all kinds of problems with my friends. My counselor says it's because I don't really like myself. Can that really cause problems with my friends?

Your counselor has valid insights into your problem. It's difficult to gather the energy it takes to build up friendships if you spend most of your time and energy worrying about whether or not your friends are going to accept you. Let me generalize about people for a minute.

When we don't really feel good about ourselves, we often tend to be nervous and defensive around our



Have a question about drugs and health, friendships and parents, or just your own feelings about yourself?

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

Address your question to: Ask a Friend, Listen Magazine, 6830 Laurel Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20012. Because of space limitations, we cannot print all questions and answers in the magazine.

friends. Many times we get touchy and sensitive, and we react to our friends in ways that make them uncomfortable. We're so wrapped up with worrying about how we're coming across that we forget others and their needs and feelings. If that happens too often, our friends get tired of being hurt and tired of our insecurity, and they move away from us.

To zero in on the problem, I suggest that you sit down right now and make a list of as many things as you can think of that you like about yourself or that you know you can do well. The list may be short at first, but that's OK. Try to expand it during the next few weeks.

Start a log. Every time one of the good qualities you noted on your list shows up in a real-life situation, or every time you do one of the things you know you can do well, make a check mark next to it. Reward yourself after you reach ten checks on any particular item by arranging to do something you enjoy.

If you wish, you can tell one of your most trusted friends that you are working on a project to help you appreciate yourself more. Ask him to let you know when you have done one or two of the items on your list. Immediate positive feedback from your monitor is important.

Sooner or later you'll develop the humility it takes to accept yourself as you are. You'll know that a part of you is weak and causes you to do things which are not cool. You'll also recognize the part of you that is beautiful, strong, mature, and good. Humility is truth. And truth should tell you that you are a glorious mixture of very acceptable human things—some of which are great and some of which are not so great.

COOKING WITH THE COREYS

Something to Whet the Appetite

VICKIE COREY

We really don't serve *that* many meals that are fancy enough to begin with an appetizer—but we do like the recipes I'm sharing this month well enough to make them just for ourselves once in awhile. Of course, they can be served as the first course to a classy dinner or on a platter at a festive party. The main thing to remember if you *do* serve them before a meal is: Don't put out too many. People always tend to eat so many they're not hungry for anything else.

I've always made these Nachos like miniature tostados, carefully spreading each layer on the palm-sized Doritos or Tostitos, but recently a friend of mine served them "a la casserole" at a party. They were still wonderful but much quicker to make. I'll give you the directions for both methods.

Nachos

- 1 bag corn chips, Doritos, Tostitos, etc.
- 1 can baby tomatoes, drained
- 2 cans refried beans
- Mild taco sauce (optional)
- Sour cream (optional)
- 2 stalks celery, chopped
- 1 large onion
- 2 tablespoons oil
- 2 cups grated cheese

Choose one:

- chopped, canned green chilis (they're not very hot)
- sliced black olives
- sliced fresh mushrooms
- chopped green pepper

Both methods begin the same way. Braise the celery and onion in the oil in a large pot. When the onion becomes transparent, add the drained tomatoes, the beans, and the taco

sauce (to taste). Be careful to stir the mixture as it heats through, because it's thick and can burn easily.

METHOD I: Spread a layer of the bean mixture on each corn chip, followed by a little mound of cheese. If you choose one of the toppings, place it carefully on top of the cheese. When you've made a tray full of these tiny tostados, pop them in a 350° oven for 10-15 minutes. Serve the sour cream on the side.

METHOD II: Spread the corn chips two-deep on the bottom of a casserole dish. Don't worry about broken pieces or getting them all lined up. Cover them with a half-inch layer of the bean mixture, then cover that completely with the grated cheese. Add the toppings of your choice before baking for 20 minutes at 350°. Serve by cutting into squares with a spatula, and add a dollop of sour cream on top.

By the way, either method will serve an army.

These little pastries can turn you into a gourmet wonder overnight. They're very easy, but no one but you needs to know it. I usually make up the filling ahead and keep it in the fridge.

Greek *filo* leaves can be hard to find. I sat down with a phone book and called all the possible delis and foreign-food shops in my area until I found one that was willing to order them for me. The feta cheese can usually be purchased at the same place.

Greek Cheese Pastries

- 1/2 pound feta cheese
- 1/4 pound grated parmesan or romano cheese
- 2 eggs

- 1 teaspoon powdered oregano
- 1 tablespoon oil
- 1/2 pound *filo* leaves
- 1/4 pound real butter

Use a fork to crumble up the feta cheese; then mix it with the parmesan, eggs, oregano, and oil. Set aside. Carefully spread the *filo* leaves on the counter top, one at a time, and cover with melted butter. I use a pastry brush, but a clean paint brush would work too.

After eight layers, cover with an unbuttered leaf. With a clean pair of scissors, cut the sheets into nine equal squares. Place a spoonful of the cheese mixture in the middle of each square. Fold over to form a triangle and seal edges with a little water. Brush more butter on top then bake in a 350° oven for 25 minutes. Serve hot in winter, cold in summer.

Crepes are wonderful things to know about. Leftovers can easily be hidden inside them, but they make wonderful desserts and entrées too. These are stacked, but they can also be folded into little pockets or rolled up like jelly rolls. Don't be frightened of making the crepes—just think of them as thin pancakes.

Pineapple Crepe Stack

- 3 eggs
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 cups flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1/4 cup oil

Combine eggs and salt in a mixing bowl. Alternately add flour and milk, mixing well with an electric mixer or a whisk. Add the oil last and beat well. If you have a blender, you can just throw everything in together

and blend for about 30 seconds.

It's best if you let the batter sit in the fridge for an hour or so before you begin to make the crepes. Brush a small frying pan with butter. Heat over medium heat. Put three tablespoons of batter in the hot pan and immediately swirl batter around to

cover pan. Cook until browned, then flip over for a few seconds.

2 cups grated cheese
1 tablespoon chopped chives
1 teaspoon chopped pimiento
1 8-oz. package cream cheese
1 can crushed pineapple,

drained

2 tablespoons mayonnaise
1/4 cup walnuts

Mix the ingredients. Spread two tablespoons on each crepe and stack six high. Top with walnuts. Chill two hours; then cut into wedges.



AND SO FORTH...

"LET'S HONEYMOON ON THE MOON, HONEY"

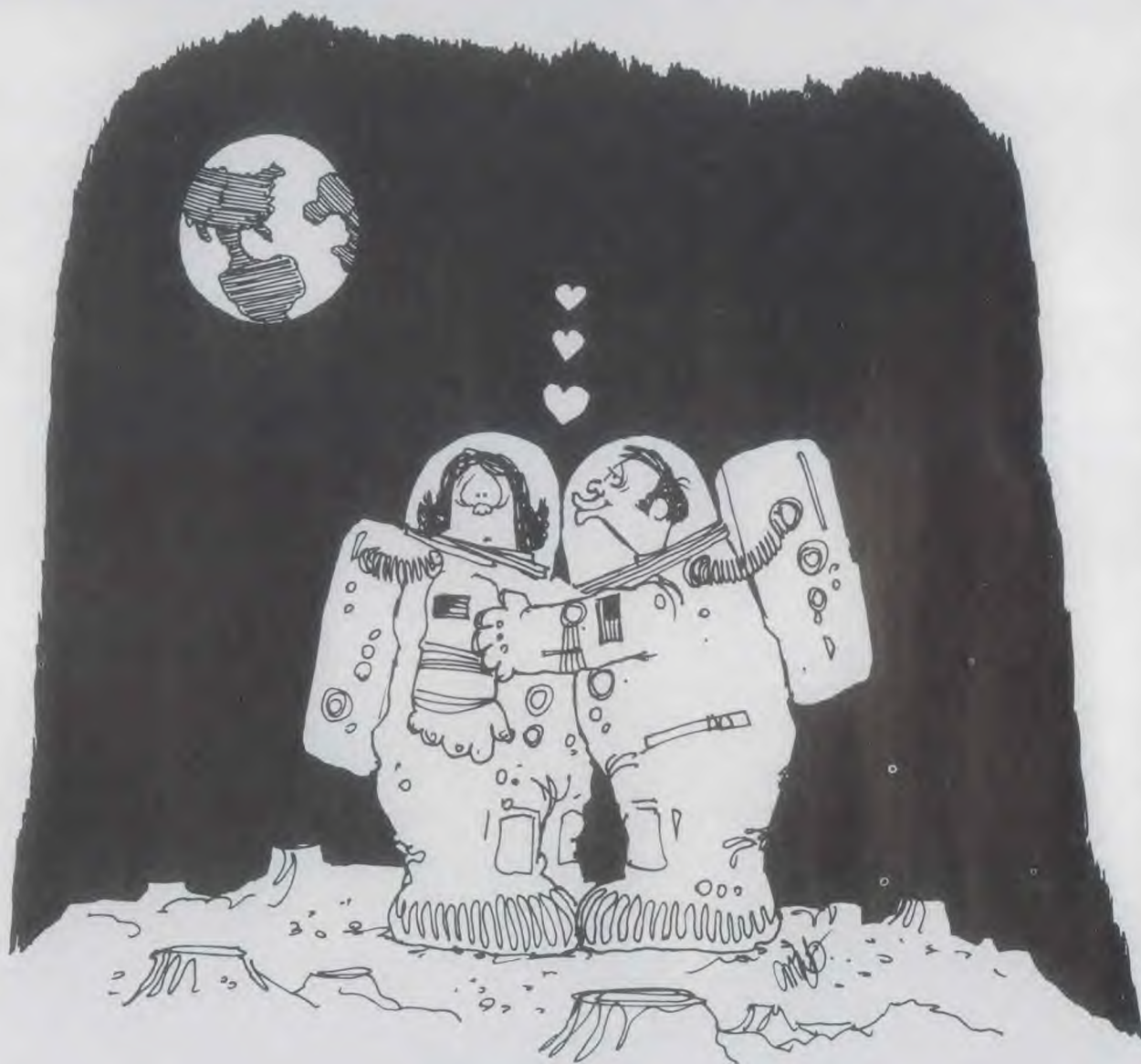
Futurologist Herman Kahn says that Niagara Falls won't be the favorite honeymooners' spot for long. Kahn says that 50 years from now conventional resorts will be so crowded newlyweds will look for more outland-

ish spots, such as atop Mount Everest or even on the moon.

Dr. Kahn is a consultant for the Hudson Institute, which specializes in long-range trend analysis and its impact on business. He says travel, currently the third largest industry in the country, will "probably become the

major industry" of the world near the turn of the century.

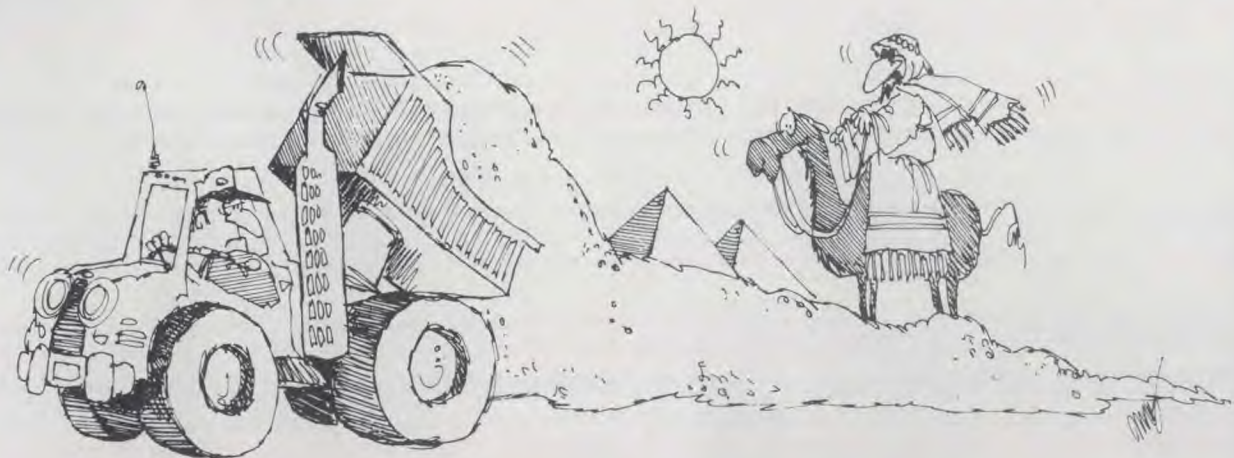
If his predictions come true, you may see your granddaughter take off for a lunar honeymoon, vacation briefly at an undersea spa, and perfect her tan at a resort in the middle of the Sahara.



SELLING SAND TO SAUDI ARABIA?

A Dutch company announced recently that it had sold five metric tons of sand to Saudi Arabia.

There's plenty of sand in Saudi Arabia, but it's the wrong kind for filtering water for swimming pools.



MUSEUM NO LONGER STUFFY

Coffee isn't the only thing being freeze-dried these days. A new machine at San Diego's Museum of Natural History can take the moisture out of snakes—and the drudgery out of taxidermy.

With the new specimen preservator, museum curators simply pop small specimens into a cylinder about the size of a washing machine. The plants and animals are freeze-dried in the same manner as instant coffee.

Frank Tose, chairman of the museum's Specimen Department, says the machine saves the most time on snakes and cactus. "In regular taxidermy, you have to remove all the entrails, make a latex mold, and finally paint all the scales," he says.

Preserving cactus is an even more time-consuming process. The needles are plucked, and a plastic mold of the trunk is made. Then every needle must be replaced by hand.

The donation of a \$13,000 Virtus mobile whole-specimen preservator has changed all that, although the largest animal that can be placed in the machine is a coyote or fox.

Tose says that occasionally a bereaved pet owner will ask him to preserve his dear departed one. "We're not into that," says Tose. "We don't do poodles."

GAS-EATING BACTERIA

Engineers in India are finding that bacteria can do more than cause sickness and bad breath. Coal miners have discovered that an army of the bacteria *Methanomonas methanica* can help prevent explosions underground.

The bacteria feed on methane gas; so the engineers are planning to inject the little beggars into mines through bore holes in an attempt to remove gas from coal seams.

Initial experiments have shown that the bacteria can eat up to 15 percent of methane gas from air containing 99 percent gas.

VICTORY FOR LEFTIES' RIGHTS

If you're left-handed and still looking for a college to attend next fall, better check out Juniata College in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania. That school now has America's first scholarship for left-handed students. The fund originated with a \$20,000 donation from a left-handed alumnus (who else?).

Left-Handers International, which fights for lefties' rights, says that the only institution in the country that favors left-handers is the highway toll booth.



"Excellent. Now do you have any other references besides your mother?"

ON THE TABLE

Complete each of these "table" words with the help of clue on the right. Answers in next column.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------------|
| 1. _____ table | proper, in accord |
| 2. _____ table | garden product |
| 3. _____ table | not firmly fixed |
| 4. table _____ | slab or plaque |
| 5. _____ table | avoidable |
| 6. _____ table | well thought of |
| 7. _____ table | questionable |
| 8. _____ table | pleasing to the taste |
| 9. _____ table | generous in giving help |
| 10. _____ table | peace officer |
| 11. _____ table | agreeable, welcome |
| 12. _____ table | easily changed to fit |
| 13. _____ table | in condition to be seen |
| 14. _____ table | easily carried |
| 15. _____ table | as a decent person |
| 16. _____ table | small barn |
| 17. _____ table | something lamentable |

CONSTRUCTION SITE

A house word is hidden in each sentence. When you locate one, draw a line under it. If you find all the words listed on the right, you will have a well-constructed home. Answers below.

- | | |
|---|----------|
| 1. Let us know if you do, or don't, plan to come home. | hall |
| 2. Pat, I owe you money for gas and oil. | roof |
| 3. We waited until the dense fog lifted before starting out. | door |
| 4. A canceled check was proof enough he had paid the bill. | porch |
| 5. Two plush elves were on the sofa. | closet |
| 6. They sent rye and corn bread for our noon lunch. | den |
| 7. The base mentioned in the letter didn't state the size. | pantry |
| 8. If you win, do wait for us at the exit. | wall |
| 9. The water was shallow and muddy. | shelves |
| 10. This is considered the top orchard in the valley. | stairs |
| 11. Look how all those shrubs have grown this summer. | kitchen |
| 12. The first air ships landed in this airport after the war. | eaves |
| 13. Leaves are more colorful after a frost. | window |
| 14. Show Ernest and Bob your stamp collection. | basement |
| 15. That ticket is good for the entire season. | attic |
| 16. The wood tick itch ended our vacation in a hurry. | entry |
| 17. Please close the trunk lid carefully. | patio |
| 18. When washing the pan, try to get the burned food off. | shower |

FIND THE PHOBIAS

Circle the prefix of each phobia in the puzzle. It may appear diagonally, horizontally, or vertically.

T O C H L O R H T Y R E
B R G Y M N E N O C O T
A T I S N X E N O M S O
L Y S S O O S L O E A L
L A C Y K O O R U L I A
I O G L T A D T G I E L
S D N O A O I O I S P B
T E H P R U P D O S Y M
O P O E Y A S H E O R O
O R D N A H O T E K O N
A I C H M O N X R M A E
S O B A C T E R I O O G

acro-phobia (heights); algo-phobia (pain); cyno-phobia (dogs); geno-phobia (sex); hemo-phobia (blood); lalo-phobia (speaking); myso-phobia (dirt, contamination); osmo-phobia (odors); pedo-phobia (children); pyro-phobia (fire); sito-phobia (eating); toco-phobia (childbirth); xeno-phobia (strangers); bacterio-phobia (germs); ballisto-phobia (missiles); claustro-phobia (confined space); agora-phobia (open places); andro-phobia (men); dipso-phobia (drink); hypno-phobia (falling asleep); lysso-phobia (rabies); ochlo-phobia (crowds); photo-phobia (light); aichmo-phobia (sharp objects); ailuro-phobia (cats); belone-phobia (needles, pins); erythro-phobia (blushing); melisso-phobia (bees); siderodromo-phobia (railroads); triskaideka-phobia (number 13)

1. (do, or), 2. (Pat, I o)we, 3. (den)se, 4. P(roof), 5. (plush) elves, 6. s(ent)rye, 7. (base) mentioned, 8. (win) do wait, 9. s(hall)ow, 10. to(p) orchard, 11. ho(w) all, 12. fir(st) air s(hips), 13. l(eaves), 14. (Show Er)nest, 15. Th(at) tic(k)et, 16. tic(k) itch en)ded, 17. (close t)he, 18. (pan, try)

Answers to "Construction Site"

1. suitable, 2. vegetable, 3. unstable, 4. tablet, 5. pre-ventable, 6. reputable, 7. disputable, 8. palatable, 9. charitable, 10. constable, 11. acceptable, 12. adaptable, 13. presentable, 14. portable, 15. respectable, 16. sta-ble, 17. regrettable

Answers to "On the Table"

Teen Drinking Linked to Trashy Beaches

Lifeguards get a unique view of summer life. And one thing they've been observing on the beaches around Los Angeles is that teenagers are returning to alcohol as their chief drug of abuse.

Lifeguard Mark Thompson remembers that "a few years ago, the kids who came to this beach mainly smoked marijuana. Then for the two or three summers before this one [1979] it was Quaaludes and other downers. But this year, it's alcohol and alcoholism, in a big way."

With the upswing in teen drinking comes a flood of clutter—infusion of cans, bottles, and allied garbage. Almost all the cans and bottles end up in the sand, where they remain for days or weeks between sweeps by mechanized, tractor-pulled beach rakes. But crushed glass is still an insidious problem, even after the once-over by the raking machine. First-aid emergencies are intensified because of the broken glass.

Increased drinking also means more drunken teenagers. "It's not unusual around here to see a 13-year-old polish off one or two six-packs of beer in a day," says Thompson, a lifeguard for eight summers.

Study Shows Alcohol Retards Fetal Growth

Scientists say they have the first solid evidence indicating that birth defects in children of alcoholic mothers are caused by direct action of alcohol on developing fetal cells.

Experiments with rat embryos grown in alcohol solutions show that alcohol itself can be responsible for some of the symptoms of the fetal alcohol syndrome, according to a study by scientists at the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences and George Washington University.

The levels of alcohol in the rat cultures were similar to the blood concentrations found in humans after heavy drinking, according to the study. The research suggests that deformities in humans may result, at least in part, from reduced cell growth early in the development of a fetus. At this stage, which occurs in the first month of human gestation, tissues separate to form the beginnings of organs and the nerve and circulatory systems.

Public Health Service Begins "Project Sleep"

A three-year campaign to educate physicians and patients about sleep disorders and their treatment has been launched by the U.S. Public Health Service. It's in response to a growing concern about "the serious misuse of sleeping pills" and the diagnosis and treatment of insomnia and sleep disorders.

"One third of the population, or 50 million people, experience sleep problems. About 10 million Americans see physicians for sleep disorders within a given year; and more than half of these—some five million—receive prescriptions for sleeping pills," according to Dr. Charles Krauthammer, director of the program.

"More than one third of drug-related deaths in this country involve hypnotic drugs," says Dr. Krauthammer, adding that sleeping pills, "if taken in overdose—either intentionally or accidentally—can be fatal. This is particularly true if they are mixed with other drugs or alcohol."

On top of this, he noted that "recent scientific studies point to other adverse effects. For example, some of these drugs accumulate in the body after several nights' use; and there is a delayed action in the daytime which can significantly impair the individual's alertness and coordination, possibly interfering with safety in driving or in operating machinery. Especially is this

true when the drugs are mixed with alcohol."

Single Hair Carries Record of PCP Use

A single strand of hair from a drug user carries a tell-tale record of even minor use of the street drug PCP—angel dust.

Chemists Annette Baumgartner and Peter Jones of the Aerospace Corporation say they have developed together an analytical technique designed to detect in hair the presence of PCP that has been smoked, snorted, or swallowed as long as several months earlier.

"The hair sample indeed retains a record of drug use much longer than do urine or serum samples," the scientists say. "This offers the possibility of obtaining information concerning an individual's use of drugs over a period of several months prior to sample collection."

Jones says the process is "very sensitive, simple, convenient, and specific."

Alcoholic Teens On the Rise in America

Some teenagers become alcoholics within six months after taking their first drink, according to Dr. Stephanie Brown, associate director of the Alcohol Clinic at Stanford University Medical Center.

She attributes the increasing incidence of teenage alcoholism to the fact that alcohol is easier to obtain than hard drugs and is more acceptable both socially and legally.

Some teenagers drink to cope with the pressures of modern living, she says. "Their self-esteem is regulated through the use of alcohol." Family problems also stimulate young people to drink. And the child of an alcoholic is much more likely to repeat the parental drinking pattern.

EDITORIAL

Marginal Living

Over the airport hung a dense fog. I had come out early that morning by taxi in the hope that planes would be flying in spite of the weather. Often modern technology and sophisticated equipment can overcome such obstacles.

However, this time it was not to be. This was a smaller airport, and the little plane I was to fly on could not cope with the very low ceiling. To a great extent the landings and takeoffs were dependent on wide visibility. We simply had to wait for favorable conditions.

The airline check-in counter assured me that the delay would be very short, for the sun always burned off the fog quickly in that area. My plane, they said, was expected momentarily to take off from its overnight turnaround airport not far away and would be here soon.

I was anxious that everything go on schedule, because this flight connected at a major airport with another flight that would return me home from a long and arduous itinerary.

The moments stretched into hours, and more hours. The sun seemed loath to do its expected fast job with the fog. In fact, much later, when finally I did find another connecting flight that night, we had to bypass a larger airport because, as the pilot announced, "The weather down there is too marginal."

Now, the airlines are to be commended for their care to avoid flying in marginal weather. If they know that the conditions pose a real danger as compared with their technical capability, they do not fly. Even though delays mean inconvenience, missed appointments, and financial loss at times, still they consider safety to be more important. Usually passengers accept this with real appreciation.

Even under the best of conditions there's a risk in flying. But marginal weather is limiting, especially to smaller planes. It adds to the risks involved. Possibly the plane could fly and get through safely, but it simply isn't worth the added risk when such risks are entirely unnecessary.

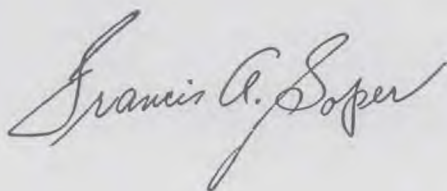
Life itself is a risk, even under the best of circumstances, but when "marginal" elements are added, that risk goes up. And tragic indeed it is when such things are added deliberately and unnecessarily.

Drug users talk about the "high" they get from their experiences. They take their drugs specifically to seek that feeling. Moreover, they all know that the landing is ahead; in fact, it's often characterized as the "crash." To varying extents, this possibility exists whatever drug is involved, whether alcohol, marijuana, PCP, or other drugs.

There's one big difference, however, in this analogy between marginal flying and marginal living. With airplanes, the more sophisticated the equipment, the less impact the weather has on performance and the safer the flight will be. With experience, careful calculation can be made as to what the plane can take and still preserve the necessary margin of safety.

People are not this way. The more developed the higher powers of body and mind, the greater will be the impact of marginal living. The first real effect of drug use is on the higher centers of the brain. This is true of alcohol, it's true of marijuana, and it's true of many other drugs.

It's urgent that people in their everyday decisions take as much care in avoiding marginal living as our airlines do in staying away from marginal flying.



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Though men have made it
to the moon
and plan to reach
the planets soon,
I wouldn't go there
on a bet.
I'm not quite through
with earth as yet.

—John D. Engle, Jr.

