A JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

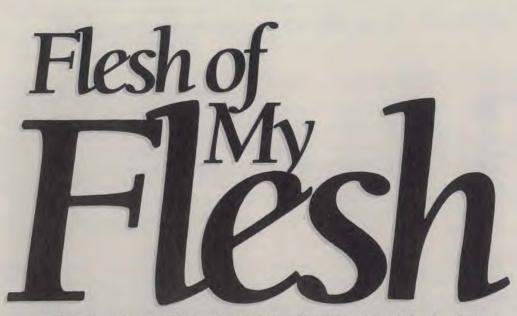
FEBRUARY 1985



PUTTING THE SQUEEZE ON YOUR LUNGS IN STEP WITH YOUR STEPPARENT BASEBALL'S BOB WELCH ON THE JOYS OF BEING SOBER



S. K. Miller



The stormy, late-evening clouds tumbled about in the nervous sky. It would rain any minute, but Brent didn't care as he raced through the darkening woods, not going anywhere in particular.

There was sweet triumph in his indignant anger. It felt almost like freedom to be so completely, overwhelmingly mad—mad at the whole world—and he felt kin to the wind and the storm and the untamed underbrush that pulled at the legs of his faded jeans.

He didn't know where he was going, only that he had strength and energy straight from the adrenal gland. A blackberry vine tore at his arm, ripping a shallow furrow in his skin, but he never even winced. It almost felt good to be violent with the body which he exercised regularly and always kept in top shape. There was a deep trench between his dark eyebrows and a determined, defiant clench to his well-defined jaw.

Thoughts dashed around in his head, and they were all of his dad. He could not at the moment sum up the situation. He could only silently think over and over again how unfair it all was. The father who always understood everything and stood by him even if he was wrong had suddenly, inexplicably, in one twisted moment become one of the great mass of out-of-touch fathers he'd always heard his friends complain about.

It wasn't as though Brent had made a methodical decision to plan a bank robbery or even



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to quit school or to marry Karen, his steady girlfriend. He had only casually mentioned to Dad that he had been giving some thought to smoking grass. The other kids all did it. That was common knowledge. Dad wasn't stiffnecked about anything. He had been a buddy, a friend Brent could count on for understanding without even a hint of criticism.

The storm burst in all its passion, and the great drops soaked Brent clear through. But it was cool, and it suited his feelings at the moment. He finally huddled under a big oak and, pulling his knees up under his chin, made himself as comfortable as possible. He felt as though he would never get over the revolt against his dad, but he was determined to get everything justified and reasoned out in his mind.

What was it Dad had said? "I've always stood beside you. I'm beside you now; but, Brent, I care more for you than I do for myself. I can't stand by and let you make a mistake that could affect the rest of your life. This is wrong, and I refuse to listen to you rationalize about drugs." Then Dad had said something else, but Brent could not remember what, for the word drugs was ringing in his mind.

Drugs, he thought, were cocaine, pills, heroin—all the hard stuff, but surely not marijuana. Brent was sure it wouldn't hurt his body. He was an athlete. Dad should know he had the intelligence not to tamper with something that could hurt him physically. They'd practiced sports together for years. Both of them considered their athletic prowess to be one of their most valuable possessions. Then Brent found himself wondering what grass really would do to his body, to his life.

But what really burned Brent the most was that Dad could be so stubborn as to get wild and refuse even to hear him out. They were friends. Friends at least hear you out before they smash your ideas into a million pieces. Now he knew how the other guys could feel such a separation from their fathers.

He struggled with the memory of his father's words, trying to recall the last thing he had said as Brent stormed out of the house. He thought of all the times he had felt proud to have a father who understood everything. Some understanding!

It was hours later before Brent felt calm enough to go home. The journey back was much slower than his wild flight out into the storm. Hours had done nothing to take away his resentment, but the anger wasn't as strong, and Brent was tired. He knew he had to go home, but he dreaded the encounter with the new stranger he felt his father to be. He could see the lights in the windows as he approached the house and was surprised at how glad the sight made him feel despite the tension inside his chest.

The door opened as Brent reached it. He stood for a long moment, looking into the eyes of the father he adored, trying to read what was there. If there was any disappointment, any anger, any displeasure, he couldn't see it. And he suddenly remembered his father's words that he had been unable to recall. He could see the message of those words in his father's eyes. "You are flesh of my flesh," Dad had said. "I would rather hurt you now than see you open the door to something that could hurt you more than either of us knows."

Brent was aware in an instant of the thing that had escaped him all evening. A friend, a real friend, will risk losing your devotion if he sees you headed for danger. Or maybe that defined and distinguished the father in the friend. Brent knew he had them both.

Brent and his dad draped their arms over each other's shoulders and walked silently into the house. Brent realized without knowing why that his dad's viewpoint must be considered if for no other reason than that he was his dad. He also knew that Dad would never intentionally steer him wrong. And that was more than he could say for anyone else.

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JACK ANDERS

I'm thirteen and "bloomed" earlier than all my friends, if you know what I mean. There's this boy who has liked me for a while, but I don't know if he likes me for me or for my body. How can I tell? I like him a lot.

By blooming early I assume you mean you've lost your straight, flat, skinny, little-girl look. Early bloomers are in a double bind. It feels really good to spurt ahead of the other girls and begin to look so grown-up. But because you look older than you really are, you are too often asked to make decisions at thirteen that you're just not grownup enough to make. Since you can fix yourself up and dress up to look like you're eighteen or even twenty, guys may expect you to "act your age," which means being expected to make the kind of decisions about relationships that an eighteen-yearold would make, when really you don't have the life experience to make them.

You'll have to take my word for it that you'll look back on thirteen when you're eighteen and realize just how much you can learn about life during the five most important decision-making years of your life. Anyway, it's tough thinking like a thirteen-year-old and looking like eighteen. It puts you out of touch with most boys your age who have to wait another year or two or even three before their growth spurt starts. It may even isolate you from your girlfriends who are still flat and skinny and who may envy all the attention you're getting from older boys.

In answer to your question, "How can I tell what he wants," it will never be easy to know what another person is feeling or thinking. I have a feeling that you're asking this question because of some behavior on the part of this boyfriend. It's just a guess, but I have an idea he may be several years older than you. Lots of guys who are seventeen or eigh-

YOURSELF OR YOUR BODY— WHAT'S GOT HIS ATTENTION?

teen or even older are unsure of themselves socially and sexually and find younger or "more innocent" girls attractive, especially when they look older.

Now, I don't think that all teenage boys don't mean well, but they are under pressure: first of all, pressure by their peers to "act like a man" around women. But they're not sure just what that means. Guys experience a lot of sexual feelings, and they get confused about what they really want in a relationship.

So how can you really tell what this friend wants? Ask yourself a few questions: What does he consistently want to do when he's with me? What does he talk about most of the time? What kind of pressure do you feel to behave sexually when you are with him? The chances are that your friend's feelings for you are more sexual than romantic.

It's hard to do in our modern society, but I'm convinced that we need to put a lid on the sexual stuff if we want to develop real relationships. "Making love" should be a by-product of genuine love that is sanctioned by society, as in marriage. Lasting love is not something that happens because people "make love." It's not too soon for you to learn to say No when you're pressured or intimidated or feel that you're being taken advantage of because of your inexperience.

Several years ago I clipped the following out of a "Dear Abby" column (reprinted by permission, © Universal Press Syndicate). While it may not fit your question exactly, it may give you something additional to think about.

Girls need to "prove their love" through illicit sex relations like a moose needs a hat rack. Why not prove your love by sticking your head in the oven and turning on the gas? Or playing leapfrog out in the traffic? It's about as safe. Clear the cobwebs out of your head: Any fellow who asks you to "prove your love" is trying to take you for the biggest, most gullible fool who ever walked. That proving bit is one of the oldest and rottenest lines ever invented!

Does he love you? It doesn't sound like it. Someone who loves you wants whatever is best for you. But now figure it out. He wants you to:

Commit an immoral act. Surrender your virtue. Throw away your self-respect. Risk the loss of your precious reputation. And risk getting into trouble. Does that sound as though he wants what's best for you? This is the laugh of the century. He wants what's best for him-a thrill he can brag about at vour expense. Love? Who's kidding whom? A boy who loves a girl would sooner cut off his right arm than hurt her. If you want my opinion, this self-serving so-and-so has already proved that he doesn't love you. The predictable aftermath of "proofs" of this kind always find Don Juan tiring of his sport. That's when he drops you, picks up his line, and goes casting elsewhere for bigger, and equally silly, fish. \diamond



Have a question about friendships, family relations, drugs and health, or other teenage concerns?

Ask a friend—Jack Anders, parent, grandparent, counselor, and social worker from Silver Spring, Maryland.

Address your question to "Ask a Friend," LISTEN Magazine, 6830 Laurel Street NW, Washington, DC 20012. Because of space limitations we cannot print all questions and answers in the magazine.

Verna June Taylor



What if there were a magic formula for better grades in school, closer relationships at home, and more good friends everywhere? Sound impossible? Amazingly enough, such a formula does exist. The secret ingredient is to be found in the simple words, "Become a better listener."

We live in a world of communication, amid a constant barrage of words. The greatest portion of that communication time, about 45 percent of it, is spent in listening activities. Unfortunately, most of us are extremely poor listeners. We take in 25 percent or less of the sounds to which we are exposed. Marriages have been dissolved, young people have left home, businesses have failed, and hours in the classroom have been wasted, all from the lack of the ability to listen.

If this unproductive pattern is to change, we must begin to acknowledge the importance of good listening and practice simple procedures to improve our listening techniques. We must work at good listening.

Listening is a learned skill. At birth all sounds were unfamiliar to us. None had any meaning. It was only when we recognized that the sound of one particular voice meant comfort and food that we began our first attempts at listening. Since listening is learned, it can be practiced and improved just like the skills of playing the piano, riding a bicycle, or reading a book.

We should be able to study listening as we would any other discipline. A major obstacle to this, however, has been that few of us ever receive instruction in listening. Speaking, reading, and writing are constantly addressed throughout the growing-up years. Mom and Dad are anxious for their baby to speak. They labor for hours to coax from him that very first word. They can hardly wait until Johnny can write his own name or until Susie can read her first book. This same emphasis on all the communication areas except listening continues throughout the years of school. Hours are spent in teaching reading, writing, and speaking.

Listening can be practiced and improved just like the skills of playing the piano, riding a bicycle, or reading a book.

Though listening may be mentioned occasionally, it is almost always with a negative connotation: "You're not listening!" "You never listen!" It is assumed that we're not listening because we don't want to listen. It is rarely considered that we may not know how to listen.

The average person speaks at approximately 125 to 250 words a minute. Most of us think at four to five times that rate. What do we do with all this extra time during which our minds may wander? The answer is to use this time to improve the quality of listening rather than to detract from it.

We do this by learning, first, to pay attention and, second, to think about what is being said. With our mental TV sets we must try to picture the ideas being directed at us. It is when our mental picture closely matches the one held by the speaker that real communication has taken place. As we think about the words presented, we must search out main ideas and the facts that support them. We can then reinforce these main ideas by repeating them to ourselves.

Emotions color most messages sent to us, so we must listen also for the emotional overtones in the speaker's voice. This allows us to expand the message beyond mere words. In order to do this, we have to give the speaker our closest attention. It is not just words we are listening for but tones, pitches, and the very mood in which these words are delivered.

In addition to this, nonverbal clues sent by the speaker add to our more complete understanding of the message. To receive signals sent through body position, facial expression, and gestures, we have to be observant. When we are watching the speaker closely, we are also more apt to be listening closely. This is why keeping our eyes on the speaker is so important.

Moreover, we must realize that as receivers of the message, we are an important part of the communication process. We must respond to that speaker. This can be in the form of appropriate facial expressions, helpful comments or questions, even written notes.

In the beginning we may have to instruct ourselves ahead of time to respond in a specific way to the speaker. This forces us to adopt a more careful listening attitude. Eventually it becomes automatic. Soon we will have conditioned ourselves to respond. In so doing we will have become more attentive listeners.

Another step toward improved listening is to identify our own listening weaknesses. Perhaps we daydream. As soon as someone begins speaking, our thoughts wander and drift at random. Or our problem could be the lack of ability to concentrate upon one thing for any period of time. We give every distraction our attention.

Or we could be emotional listeners who allow a speaker's ideas to be distorted by our personal opinion of him, his personality, his clothing, or even his hairdo. And far too many of us are careless listeners. We pretend to be listening, but in reality we are planning our own words to say. Or we are wondering about the impression we are making. This is why most of us cannot remember the name of someone introduced to us thirty seconds before. We were guilty of thinking mostly about ourselves.

Once we have decided that one or more of these habits is hindering our listening progress, it's time for change. This becomes a matter of practice and discipline. The daydreamer has control over his own mind. He can recall his thoughts to the subject at hand anytime; he must only make the effort.

Neither do we have to give in to distractions. We can refuse to turn and check out the sounds behind us or the whispers across the room. It takes discipline, but it can be done.

We even have the power to create within ourselves a more open mind. Emotions need not overrule the content of what we are hearing. We can concentrate upon words instead of on personality. We can learn to listen critically but not emotionally. Finally, we must focus upon the speaker and his words instead of upon ourselves and our own thoughts.

Just think of the results when these poor listening habits are corrected. We might turn out to be the kind of person who always remembers names or who can recite dozens of telephone numbers with no apparent effort. More important, we may begin to see dramatic improvements in our relationships with others.

Listening implies caring. There is no better way to show concern and affection than by giving a person our undivided attention when he speaks. This says louder than any words, "I care about you. I think you're important."

It should be obvious by now that listening is not a passive process. Practiced correctly, it takes work and uses energy. Teachers every day of the school year echo that word *listen*. Marriage and family counselors advise their clients to listen. Business executives even hold seminars on the subject. Young and old alike search for that special someone who will listen to them.

The good news in all of this is that any of us can become that special someone if we are willing to take the time. No matter how poor a listener we might be right now, no matter how many unpleasant situations we have created for ourselves because of poor listening, all that can change. We are able to improve our listening skills and, thus, experience the benefits that accompany our new awareness.

As it turns out, then, that magic formula with all its promises isn't really magic after all. It exists, and the rewards are there for the taking. Or we should say, the rewards are there for the listening.





Los Angeles Dodgers Pitcher Bob Welch battled back from an alcoholism problem that almost ruined his career.

by William Noel

It takes just half a second for one of Bob Welch's fastballs to fly from his fingers and slap smartly into the catcher's mitt behind home plate. That is barely time for the batter to decide whether or not to take a swing. No wonder Bob struck out 156 batters in 1983.

Bob has been striking out batters for the Los Angeles Dodgers since the team called him up from the minor leagues in June 1978. As a rookie he found himself in the World Series staring down from the pitching mound at none other than "Mr. October" himself, Reggie Jackson. It was Bob's intense concentration and those ripping fastballs approaching a speed of one hundred miles an hour that made Reggie strike out.

Bob isn't pitching tonight, so he has agreed to talk with me. I show my field pass to the usher guarding the gate behind home plate and step onto the playing field. Nolan Ryan of the Houston Astros is warming up on the mound. I close my eyes and picture for a moment the baseball immortals who have stood on that same pile of dirt and thrown their way into history. Bob seems headed on the same course. It's quite a change from that of five years ago, when his career almost came to a screeching halt.

Bob played college baseball at Eastern Michigan University. In 1977 he was the first-round draft pick by the Dodgers in the free-agent draft. They sent him to the minor leagues for training and experience until his call-up came. He worked a few innings as a reliever but within a few weeks had achieved his first majorleague pitching start. Bob pitched well until alcohol interfered and nearly stopped him.

In the clubhouse, slugger Pedro Guerrero shares friendly banter with a trainer and other players. Pitcher Alejandro Pena relaxes with his feet on a chair and listens to Latin music. Infielder Bill Russell gives an interview to a reporter from a major newspaper. Bob walks in, jokes with the player dressing at the locker next to his, and answers my greeting. We head for a quieter place to talk. This is hard to find in a stadium rapidly filling with excited fans. We end up in a small room just off the Dodger bull pen. Bob toys with a bat as I begin throwing him questions. He answers with firm assurance and taps the bat on the wall for emphasis.

Bob started drinking back in his old suburban Detroit neighborhood. Drinking was something his autoworker relatives did to relax in the evenings and to forget their jobs on weekends. It was also something teenagers did to be part of the in crowd.

Bob really started drinking when

he was fifteen. At least that was the first time he got drunk enough that somebody noticed. In college he got drunk frequently but tried to be sober when he had to pitch for the college team. His drunken behavior embarrassed his friends, including his girlfriend, Mary Ellen. But she didn't suspect anything was seriously wrong, because where she came from, everybody drank.

> ive years ago Bob's career almost came to a screeching halt.



Bob's first inklings of serious trouble came when people would tell him of drunken actions that he couldn't remember. These blackouts became more frequent as his drinking increased. The more he drank, the more defensive he became about what he suspected others were thinking or saying about him. Any remarks designed to encourage him to quit drinking were rejected with defensive barbs. Then he would drink more to forget that people might want him to quit drinking.

Something that really drove home to Bob that he needed help was a letter from the Dodger scout responsible for his entry into the major leagues. The scout wrote from the heart, telling Bob just how much it hurt him to see such a promising player messing up his life and career. Bob thought seriously about the letter—for about ten minutes. Then anger overtook him, and he resented what everybody was thinking about him.

In spring training at Dodgertown in Vero Beach, Florida, a training talk was given by team community relations director and former player Don Newcombe. Newcombe told stories of how his drinking had gotten him into trouble, how he had realized he was an alcoholic, and how he had recovered. He ended with an invitation for anyone who wanted help with a drinking problem to come see him privately. Bob's response was to get loaded again.

During the 1979 season Bob's drunken behavior increased the embarrassment to himself and his friends. One day in San Francisco the Dodgers were entering the field at Candlestick Park for a game against the Giants. Bob decided one of their star players was making fun of him, and he responded with verbal abuse. A fight might have ensued but for the intervention of teammates.

During the off-season prior to 1980 spring training, Bob was called back to Los Angeles by the Dodgers for a meeting with a friend, John Newton of Union Oil. Over lunch John shared his own experience with alcohol. Like the experienced salesman that he was, John illustrated his points with one prop after another taken from his attache case. The illustrations helped Bob to realize he had a problem. A score of eight on a twenty-question test about drinking showed just how much of a problem he had. Bob could be reasonably certain he was an alcoholic.

Next John announced that the team had made plans for assisting any player with a drug or alcohol problem. Medical coverage would pay for treatment at a rehabilitation center in Arizona called The Meadows. Would he like to go? After pondering the matter and making phone calls to his family and Mary Ellen, he went.

The next thirty-six days were a turning point in Bob's life. It wasn't easy. "Nobody likes sitting around talking about his faults," he says. Even so, it was the key he needed for getting in touch with his feelings so long buried by alcohol. At first he was comforted by the fact that many of the patients at The Meadows were older and had suffered far worse effects from their drinking. Then he met a fourteen-year-old boy who admitted he was an alcoholic and really wanted to overcome. Maybe he too was really an alcoholic, Bob thought.

Bob sees getting in touch with one's feelings as crucial to overcoming addiction to alcohol or any other drug. "You just have to face your feelings and recognize what they are and not run from them," he says. "Alcohol clouds your brain. You can't think straight if you're drunk."

Another key factor in Bob's recovery was his religious faith. "Somebody up there said, 'We have to help the guy some way, but he has to want to help himself.' Whenever I need help, I know He wants to give it to me, but I have to ask and want to help myself."

When Bob reported to spring training in 1980, he wanted to share his victory with everyone but needed just the right moment for the announcement. He also wanted to apologize for any pain or embarrassment the other players had suffered as a result of his drinking. Since the pitchers reported to camp several days ahead of the others, Bob sought out someone for a test reaction. Running alongside pitching coach Sandy Koufax, Bob shared the news with him. Sandy was happy to hear it and congratulated him on his success.

A few days later the assembled team listened to John Newton talk about drinking. Then Al Campanis, one of the Dodger vice presidents, told them about The Meadows. He added that one of their fellow players had just returned from there. Eyes darted around the room to see who would step forward. A bit of a clown, Bob delayed for a moment and then stepped forward.

Bob had already leaked his announcement to a reporter who would not break the news until after the team meeting. After the team announcement, Bob went to a press conference and made the same revelation to the assembled press. Soon the sports world knew about Bob Welch, the recovering alcoholic.

For Bob, one of the greatest joys of being sober is waking up in the morning and really feeling great. It is a joy being able to face problems instead of running from them.

For fitness he runs about fifteen miles a week, in addition to the reg-

ular team workouts, and he works out on weighted exercise machines. Team trainers have developed special exercises to strengthen his pitching arm. He also is eating less meat than in the past.

Bob playfully swings the bat around as we walk back across the bull pen toward the clubhouse. Under the stands eager fans call to him for his autograph. A grin comes across his face as he signs their game programs. Signing autographs is another pleasure of being sober. Otherwise he might be watching someone else do it—provided drinking hadn't killed him.

"Oh, sure, I get tempted to drink, all the time," he says. "But I control it. If I need help, I'm a member of an organization [AA] where I can just call someone and get help any time I need it. I don't need alcohol. I'm happy without it."

Plagued by elbow problems, pitcher Bob Welch battled back. But his greatest win was his victory over alcoholism in 1980.



Olevia Gunn-Barker

A some point in our lives we are all hurt by someone or by some situation. But few situations are more painful than seeing one of our parents being replaced by someone else.

We feel grief not only from not having our real parent around anymore but also from no longer feeling that we really belong. We're afraid that somehow the stepparent will cause us to lose our parent's love, and we're miserable. Many times this misery brings about a desire to punish our parent for our unhappiness. And what better way to punish someone who loves us than to bring harm to ourselves?

It's sad to say, but the drugs and alcohol are there, ready and waiting for some emotionally upset teenager to come along and take them. Unless we can somehow conquer our emotional upsets, they will defeat our ability to resist temptation, as was the case with Jana Jones. Says Jana:

"My mother died when I was fifteen. Her dying brought me more pain than I ever thought I could have handled, but somehow I managed slowly to get over it. Then, just as I was beginning to feel good again, Dad brought home this other woman to meet me.

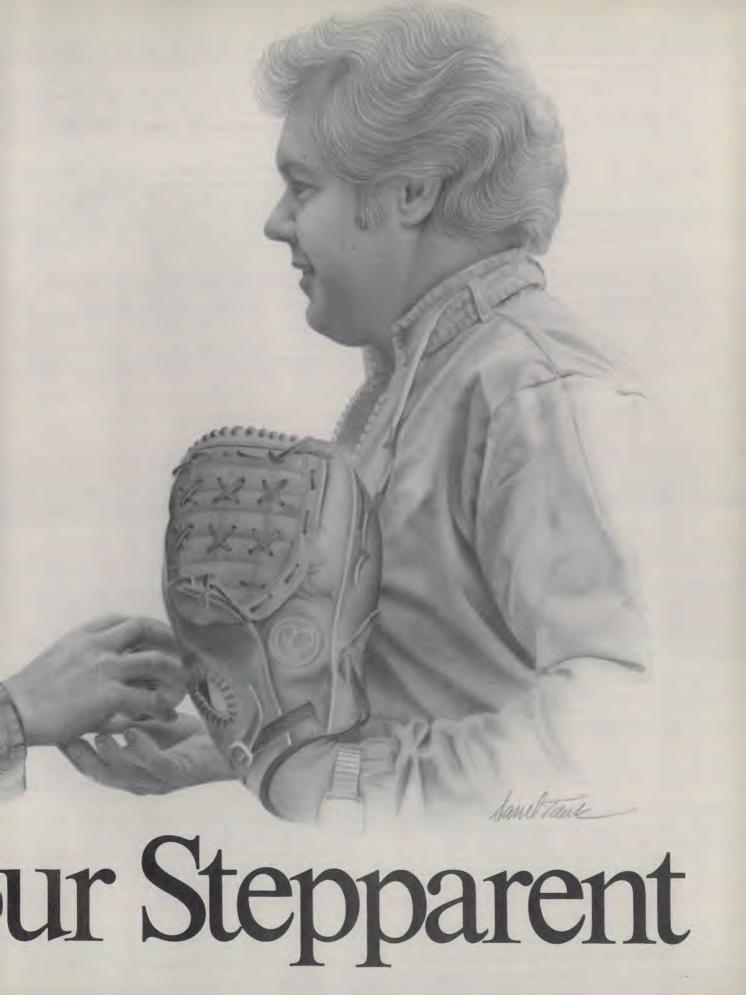
"I thought she seemed pretty nice—until Dad told me she was going to be my new mother. I couldn't believe he could even suggest that someone could take my mother's place. I was determined not to let her close to me.

"When Dad wasn't around, I was rude to her. I criticized everything she did. In trying to make her miserable, I made myself even more miserable. I blamed Dad for my unhappiness.

"Drugs and beer had never been much of a temptation for me. I had always been what grown-ups call a nice girl. But the angrier I became at Dad, the more I wanted to hurt him. I began running with a wild crowd. Dad's curfew was ignored. Lying about where I was going and what I was going to do became a nightly routine. Beer and pills hampered my ability to think and remember. My grades dropped and my appearance deteriorated.

"Dad stopped treating me like his little girl and began yelling. The more he yelled and threatened, the more defiant I became. Oddly, the only person that seemed to understand at all was my stepmother. Other than my friends, she was the only person that ever had a kind word for me. But I ignored her friendly efforts and ran away from home with another girl.

In Step With Y



"We didn't have enough money between us to eat, let alone pay for bus fare, so we hitchhiked. Having no place to spend the night, we just slept wherever we could find shelter. Our only entertainment was staying high on the little pills my friend had taken along.

"Not enough food and too many little pills quickly did both of us in. A farmer found us lying unconscious in his cotton patch. After my lengthy stay in a hospital, Dad took me home, and he and my stepmother nursed me back to health. My friend wasn't so lucky—she died.

"Her death made me realize just how lucky I was still to be alive, and I began making more of an effort to understand my stepmother and to develop a better relationship with her."

Had Jana learned to understand her stepmother earlier, she would have realized that her stepmother's life was no bed of roses either. Stepparents have basically the same problems with the relationship that we have, plus some we don't have.

Of course, Jana needed to understand her own feelings as well as those of her stepmother. She needed to understand why, even before she had a chance

Stepparents have basically the same problems with a relationship that we have, plus some we don't have.

really to get to know her stepmother, she was so determined not to let her stepmother close to her.

Why do most people tend to view stepparents in a negative light? If someone asked you to give the first words that come to your mind when you hear the word *stepmother*, what would you say? Most people answer with words like *mean*, *wicked*, or *ugly*. Why is that?

Think back to the time before you could read, when your mother or grandmother would read bedtime stories to you. Two of the all-time favorites, "Cinderella" and "Snow White," have wicked stepmothers. Unbeknownst to the person telling the story, you were being conditioned to believe that stepmothers are evil. We were all conditioned that way. And as we grew older and were exposed to more and more literature, such as Dickens' *David Copperfield*, and more and more movies about stepfamilies, stepfathers began to be included in the conditioning process.

We expect stepparents to be mean, and we read something negative into just about everything they do. Unfortunately for them, we're not the only ones who regard them with suspicion.

Our grandparents, aunts, and uncles heard about Cinderella when they were kids too. They all worry about how our stepparent will treat us. But who cares about how we are going to treat our stepparent? No one. That's why some stepparents are always on the defensive: They feel as though they are on trial, about to be condemned. Just like us, they sometimes feel that their place in our parent's life is being threatened. While we are afraid that our parent will love our stepparent more than us, our stepparent is afraid that our dislike of him will turn our parent against him.

The truth is, most of us have a much more secure position in our parent's life than our stepparent ever could have. No matter what happens, we will always be our parent's child. Our shared-blood tie will always exist. The nearest thing to a blood tie our stepparent can possibly have with our parent is for the two of them to have a child together. Even if they do have a child, we will always have a prior claim to our parent; we have more seniority with our parent than our stepparent has.

How many of us like the idea of getting married and having our husband or wife place us behind his children in importance? We all want to feel we're number one with the person we choose to spend our life with.

In much the same way that we are conditioned to believe that stepparents are wicked, we are conditioned to believe that the first of anything is always best. We grow up hearing things like "There is no love like the first love" and "You'd better make your first marriage work, because the second time around just isn't the same." For this reason, many stepparents never really feel as if they are number one in their spouse's life. They feel as though they got the short end of the stick.

Sometimes stepparents have to put up with their in-laws' referring to them as someone's second husband or second wife. This is certainly unfair to the stepparents, because they are expected to do all the things for us that a real parent does.

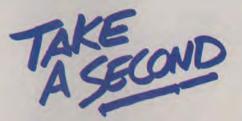
They may be a second husband or wife, but they are expected to spend their money on us as if we were their own children. Our parents expect to buy things for us and help us financially. They don't mind doing it, because we are extensions of themselves. To them, buying something for us is like buying something for themselves when they were young.

Stepparents, on the other hand, don't necessarily derive such pleasure from spending their money on us. In fact they probably feel the same resentment we would feel if we had to give our money to them. How much fun would it be to give a full week's pay to the teenager down the block for a down payment on a car or for payment of his car insurance? How would it feel to have to pay a speeding ticket for someone who has never even liked you? While our parents may easily forgive us for our speeding tickets and other transgressions, our stepparents might not. It's not easy for them to be nice to us when we treat them as though we don't like them.

While we can't expect to be one big happy family from the outset of the marriage, we can make an effort to form friendship relationships with our stepparents. Who knows? They just might return the friendship.

Graffiti

LISTEN magazine is looking for short, wellwritten, thought-provoking manuscripts from teenage writers. If you enjoy writing, send us a copy of something you have written. We'll try to make room for it. The subject may be anything that interests teenage readers and writers. We'll pay ten dollars for poems (no longer than twenty lines, please) and fifteen to twenty dollars for stories and essays (300 to 500 words). Address your submissions to "Graffiti," LISTEN magazine, 6830 Laurel St., NW, Washington, DC 20012. Be sure to tell us your age, and always include a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your submission so we can return your manuscript to you if we aren't able to use it.

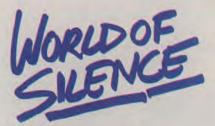


With every tick of the clock a piece of my life goes by. When those ticks become days, I look back and realize what a destinationless path I have flown, living one day just to meet another, repetition that will seemingly never end. But all too often it ends, too soon. Is it only then that we realize how much we have wasted?

Some may realize it soon in their lives; others, never. Even when realized, what can be done? In a culture that is always on the go, how do you slow down to make every moment worthwhile?

"Fly your own life" is the only answer I can find. But is it really an answer, and if so, to what question?

Who is to say in a world that when you look at it today, it is already yesterday? —Katrina Weisenberger Lindsay, California



Imagine the silence nothing all around you. Not hearing any sounds, like the breeze moving a leaf, or water running in a stream, or even a child laughing.

You think it won't happen to you. But one day it does you can't hear. You feel frustrated and upset, really angry and all alone.

You can see things but you can't hear them. Like watching someone singing and not hearing the music. Feeling the rain but not hearing the thunder. —Pam Hughes East Berlin, Pennsylvania



Jacksonville, Florida

LISTEN INTERVIEWS DR. ALFRED MUNZER

Alfred Munzer, M.D., is a lung specialist as well as director of critical care and associate director of pulmonary medicine at Washington Adventist Hospital in Takoma Park, Maryland. Dr. Munzer is an active member and past president of the Washington, D.C., Lung Association and a member of the Board of Directors of the American Lung Association. He believes a physician's role includes preventing disease as well as treating it.

How would you describe the drug marijuana?

You've hit it right on the head. It's a drug. Actually it's a compound of many different drugs, and in many ways it resembles tobacco. The major difference between the two is their active ingredients. In the case of tobacco, the active ingredient is nicotine. That's what people who smoke tobacco are after. In the case of marijuana, its active ingredient, delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), alters the mental and emotional state of the user. The psychoactive effect is what people are after.

Is marijuana always smoked?

The usual way to use marijuana is by smoking, but there seem to be some changes taking place, and people are experimenting with different ways of taking the drug.

Then the main effect is on the lungs?

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That's right. The lungs are the orwhich we are in constant contact ronment. Through them we take in oxygen and release carbon dioxide. And because we inhale huge quantities of air in a given day, we are also inhaling a vast number of bacteria, viruses, and poisonous fumes and gases from the environment.

Normally we would expect that these would cause tremendous damage to the lungs, but in actual fact the lungs are endowed with a beautiful set of defense mechanisms which protect them from the hazardous effects of these infectious agents and harmful fumes, dusts, and gases.

The treacherous effect of marijuana is that it not only irritates the respiratory tract but also interferes with the lungs' defenses so that they become much more easily affected by other harmful substances.

Is this mainly a chemical action?

For the most part it is. We can't pinpoint exactly which ingredient of marijuana does what. But we do know that marijuana ingredients interfere, for example, with the function of the scavenger cells that are found in the air sacs, which destroy bacteria and any foreign particles we inhale. That's one way in which the lungs are rendered more susceptible to infection.

Could you describe what happens to the respiratory tract as the smoke from a marijuana joint is inhaled?

PUTTING THE SQUEEZE ON YOUR LUNGS

The first effect of marijuana—and this is how marijuana smoke differs from tobacco smoke—is to cause the airways to dilate, or enlarge. For a while, in fact, people thought that marijuana might be used to treat patients with asthma who have spasm of their air passages. But then we learned that marijuana causes tremendous irritation of the respiratory tract deeper down, and this in turn leads to spasm of the air passages. Although at first there may be a widening of the air passages, in the end they go into spasm and become narrower. So the idea of using marijuana to treat asthma is no longer accepted.

In addition, at the level of the smallest air passages, marijuana's ingredients interfere directly with the energy-producing activity of the various cells found in the air sacs, including the scavenger cells I mentioned earlier.

There are also some long-term effects that we should be concerned about. Marijuana smoke contains more cancer-causing drugs or agents than does tobacco smoke—about 50 to 60 percent more. And although people smoke fewer marijuana cigarettes in general, the way people smoke joints is quite different from the way they smoke tobacco. People tend to inhale much more deeply and to smoke the marijuana joint to the very last little bit. This means that the dose that's taken in is much greater than that from a cigarette.

When a person stands over a camp fire and inhales

smoke, obviously it's irritating. We all know that. What's the difference between inhaling smoke from a camp fire and inhaling smoke from a joint?

Instead of being a few feet away from the camp fire, you literally have a camp fire inside your mouth, and you are very directly inhaling the products of combustion.

There are two kinds of products of combustion. First there are gases. Because of the high temperature, solids and liquids are constantly being converted into gases. These, of course, get very deep down inside the lungs.

Then there are particulates. These are very small particles that are released in the combustion process, particularly if combustion is incomplete.

Cigarettes burn at a very high temperature, while marijuana burns at a lower temperature, so combustion of marijuana is less complete. When combustion is less complete, you get the formation of these particles, which make up what we commonly refer to as tar. That's a long way of saying that the tar content of marijuana joints is far greater than that of tobacco cigarettes.

If, like tobacco, marijuana produces tar when burned, does it also produce carbon monoxide?

It does produce carbon monoxide, but I'm not entirely sure of what the levels are or whether these have been measured.



What do you say to people who say, "We haven't seen any cancer due to marijuana smoking yet"?

I say that's only because marijuana as it is being used presently hasn't been around that long. We may not see any population studies on this for as long as twenty years. It has been used in other countries and cultures, but they use it quite differently from the way today's teenagers do.

How do the teenagers use it differently?

Today's teenagers inhale marijuana smoke much more deeply and smoke the joint much more completely.

How does the potency of marijuana in years past compare with the present product?

The present product is far more potent than was the product available even ten years ago. Also other mind-altering drugs are added to give the marijuana an extra kick. And we have no idea what pesticides

"Precancerous changes in lung cells can appear after three to six months of smoking pot daily."

are used when the plants are being grown. All of these things concern us.

You commented that the long-term effects are not fully known because research hasn't been conducted for that many years. What don't we know?

Research has been conducted which has given us a very good knowledge of what marijuana does to individual cells. We know how it interferes with the metabolism of those cells. We know what marijuana's ingredients do when they are applied to the skin of experimental animals and that they produce tumors in the same way that tar from tobacco smoke does. So we do know a lot about marijuana smoke.

What we don't know is what the effects in the general population are going to be over twenty to thirty years. But we have enough experimental data to predict that there will be a further increase in the incidence of lung cancer and such lung diseases as chronic bronchitis and emphysema.

What kind of research is conducted to determine marijuana's impact on the lungs?

First of all, we have studies of the various ingredients in marijuana smoke. Such analyses have been done very carefully and have mostly centered on comparing marijuana with tobacco. Other studies show whether any of these components are capable of causing cancer. Most of these studies take the ingredients of marijuana smoke, tar in particular, and paint them on animals' skin. Also there have been studies of what happens to the lung function of human volunteers who inhale marijuana smoke. Those studies show that there is an immediate decrease in a person's ability to expel air.

The studies on the long-term effects of marijuana smoking are more difficult to do, because they compare marijuana smokers with nonmarijuana smokers. Those studies have also found a decrease in lung function in marijuana smokers.

There have been studies on the combined effects of marijuana and tobacco. Some individuals who smoke marijuana also smoke tobacco, and it appears that there is more than an additive effect of the two on the lung.

So people indulge in both habits at one time?

It's difficult, but people do. They become accustomed to inhaling deeply from the marijuana joints and to smoking them to the very tips. So there's a strong likelihood that when they smoke tobacco cigarettes, they will also inhale much more deeply and smoke the cigarettes to the very ends.

Is tobacco a gateway drug to marijuana?

That's certainly a possibility. People who smoke one are very likely to smoke the other, and it can work in both directions.

How many joints does it take for marijuana to have the same effect as tobacco on the lungs?

Smoking one marijuana joint is probably equal to smoking a pack of cigarettes a day.

In other words, an individual who is smoking marijuana will need to smoke only about one-twentieth as many joints as a cigarette smoker for a similar effect?

Because of the increased dose and the tendency to inhale marijuana smoke more deeply, you are correct. We can expect the long-term effects of one marijuana joint per day to be about the same as that of one pack of cigarettes per day.

Is it your finding that the use of marijuana develops precancerous lesions?

Yes. One of the effects of marijuana on the lungs is to make precancerous changes in the cells of the lungs.

Would an individual smoking one joint a day develop lesions?

Yes. One joint a day causes the appearance of these cells. This is further evidence that one joint is the equivalent of a pack of cigarettes per day.

Do these changes in the cells come about because of irritation?

That's the most likely cause. There are literally hundreds of compounds that are released when a marijuana joint is lit. We don't know exactly what each of these compounds does, but a great many of them are irritants to the respiratory tract, and if the respiratory tract is irritated long enough, precancerous conditions appear that can lead to true cancer.

Have actual tests been made on marijuana users, not merely on experimental animals, to indicate these changes in the cell?

Yes. The phlegm, or sputum, of marijuana smokers has been examined, and we've looked for these precancerous cells. They definitely are present in marijuana smokers in the same way that they are present in tobacco smokers.

How long would an individual need to smoke marijuana before a thing like this would begin to appear?

It is estimated that these changes begin to appear in about three to six months of smoking. This is also found in experimental animals if they're exposed to marijuana smoke.

If marijuana constricts the air passages, doesn't this add to the load on the lungs and tend to overwork them?

That's correct. Breathing through constricted passages is like trying to breathe through a straw. It's much more difficult. It requires a tremendous amount of work and oxygen, and that's what we term shortness of breath.

One of the diseases that may develop because of marijuana smoking is bronchitis. How does bronchitis develop?

Bronchitis is a constant infection that results from the lungs being unable to defend themselves against infection. The symptoms of bronchitis are a persistent cough, production of phlegm, and ultimately the loss of lung function.

And with bronchitis the lungs have to work much harder to take in air?

Yes, because they are clogged with mucus and some areas receive almost no air. The blood going through those parts of the lungs contains little oxygen. That means that less oxygen is available for all body functions, whether for contracting the muscles during exercise or for making our hearts beat or our brains function.

One of the main results of smoking cigarettes is the development of emphysema. Is this true also with marijuana?

This has not been found in humans as yet, simply because it takes a long time to develop emphysema. But in experimental animals marijuana exposure does cause the same kind of changes that we call emphysema, which is a destruction of lung tissue.

More and more kids, even on the grade-school level, are experimenting with marijuana. Is the impact greater in kids like that than in teenagers or adults?

Absolutely. The younger the age at which the lung is exposed to any kind of irritant, the greater the effect. There are several reasons for this. A child's lungs are smaller and therefore more susceptible to the effects of the inhaled substance. Also they are still developing and growing, and when growth and development are interfered with, the long-term effects are much greater.

Are these effects permanent?

Many of the effects that have been observed seem to last a very long time and may be irreversible. There is really no period of time that is safe in terms of smoking marijuana. The effects of the substance are longterm, and of course they're going to be greater the longer the person smokes.

"Smoking one marijuana joint is probably equal to smoking a pack of cigarettes a day."



You would suggest, then, that prevention is much better than treatment?

Absolutely. For many years people have had the feeling that marijuana is harmless. In actual fact it is very dangerous and has immediate bad effects on the lungs.

I'm just mentioning the lung because that's the organ I'm personally most involved with, but marijuana also affects other organs in the body.

Do you feel that if an individual is living in an atmosphere where pollutants are unavoidable, he's adding insult to injury if he uses marijuana?

That individual has all the more reason to stay away from marijuana simply because, as you indicated, the exposure to many of the pollutants in the atmosphere is unavoidable, whereas the exposure to marijuana is avoidable. \diamondsuit



Have you ever stopped to think about some of the old sayings that people so often use to justify something they're doing—or failing to do? People quote these trite phrases as though they were gospel.

But such sayings aren't necessarily good advice.

The phrase "Don't cross your bridges till you come to them" advocates playing everything by ear. It urges you not to make any contingency plans. This is indeed poor advice. Remember that the next time you want to "but-whatif" a situation and someone testily snaps, "Let's cross that bridge when we come to it."

The admonition "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts" derived from the Trojan horse trick, suggests that something that's offered as free could wind up being very expensive. That sounds like good advice, and it often is, such as when a child is offered a ride by a stranger. But the old phrase "Don't look a gift horse in the mouth" counsels the very opposite: If it's free, go ahead and take it! This too is sometimes the best policy to follow. So which old saying should a person follow?

What does the adage "A rolling stone gathers no moss" advise? Does it mean you should keep on the go or you'll stagnate? Or does it mean you can't accomplish anything unless you stay in one place long enough to take root? It has been used in both ways.

Another chestnut that bears thoughtful examination is "Experience is the best teacher." On the surface it sounds pretty selfexplanatory. Who can argue with it? Young people hear this one all the time, usually from adults who cite it to prove that they're correct and to imply that young Tom Parent



POLICE

people have less right to hold an opinion than do adults because they've seen less of life. The perceptive young person, however, soon learns the folly of this when he or she notices that adults' varying experiences lead them to offer varying advice.

A teacher, for example, will usually urge students to stay in school and graduate. One can't hope to get better than the most menial kind of job without a high-school diploma, he'll say. That sounds reasonable. But then another adult will brag about quitting school after the eighth grade and making a lot more money than that school teacher. His experience can be a pretty convincing argument too.

Both adults speak with authority because of experience. Yet they offer conflicting advice. To which of them should the teenager pay heed?

The thing that should be examined is the dogma itself. "Experience is the best teacher." The key point is: Whose experience are we talking about?

If little Stevie survives being hit by a car while playing in the street, he will learn not to play in the street. With plenty of time in the hospital to meditate on it, he has learned from experience, the best teacher.

His neighbor Jennifer saw the accident. She also learns not to play in the street. She has learned from experience—from Stevie's experience. How fortunate Jennifer was to have learned the same lesson as her neighbor without the pain and confinement. If she's smart, Jennifer henceforth will be just as careful about streets as Stevie.

Another neighbor, Freddie, didn't see the accident, but his mother told him about it. Mother was right: Don't play in the ⁵ street. Freddie is a very smart little boy. He doesn't have to be hit by a car or even to see another child hit by a car to realize that a street can be a dangerous place. Freddie too has learned from experience—from Stevie's experience.

Perhaps Jennifer isn't quite as smart as Freddie. Jennifer had probably heard of children who were maimed by cars, but the danger didn't really sink in until she saw such a tragedy with her own eyes.

And perhaps Stevie had heard of other kids being injured while playing in the street. He may have even witnessed an accident yet still played in the street. When Stevie learns by experience, it has to be his own experience.

Stevie is not too bright.

When Freddie, the smart one, was a little older, a classmate urged him to try smoking cigarettes—just to have the experience. But Freddie had heard of the surgeon general's report. And Freddie's Uncle George, a chain smoker with yellow fingers, dingy teeth, and an incessant cough, admitted that it was not a good habit. Like the surgeon general, Uncle George said, "Don't start!"

Some smokers' favorite brand of cigarettes is *OP*s— other people's. They're cheaper. Freddie's favorite kind of experiences is *OP*s. It's much cheaper to learn from others' experiences than from one's own.

Jennifer, too, had read the surgeon general's report, but she wasn't all that impressed. What did it for her was that her parents smoked all the time. The smell of the smoke and the mess of butts everywhere drove her up the wall. When she was offered a cigarette, Jennifer said, "No way!" She was close enough to it as it was.

Stevie, however, had to learn the hard way. He had to have the experience himself. He tried a cigarette, then tried smoking regularly. He might have quit after he set fire to his bed. He might have quit when he couldn't buy a motorcycle because he'd spent all his money on cigarettes. He might have quit when the pretty girl he met at a party wouldn't kiss him because of his breath. He might have quit when his doctor urged him to.

Stevie did eventually quit smoking—when he died of lung cancer.

The same idea applies to alcohol and other drugs.

Confucius, who was at least as smart as Freddie, said, "The best way to keep from drinking is, while sober, to observe a drunken man." That's really all that a truly wise man needs to make him a teetotaler.

But some people have to be closer to the problem to learn



that lesson. The battered wife of an alcoholic can be a pretty zealous teetotaler. Too bad she didn't feel that way before she married him.

But there are people who have to learn everything the hard way. The experience they learn from has to be their own. They have to know firsthand what it's like to be hooked on tobacco, alcohol, or other drugs. Thirdhand or even secondhand experience just doesn't do it for them.

Freddie watches TV and he learns. He sees a dramatization or perhaps actual footage of a drug addict going through the awful agonies of withdrawal. That's enough for Freddie! Thirdhand experience is quite sufficient, thank you.

Jennifer is a bit harder to convince. It may take a school field trip to a drug rehabilitation center or even a member of her own family being on drugs to drive home the same lesson that genius Freddie learned so easily. But learn she does.

Then there's Stevie.

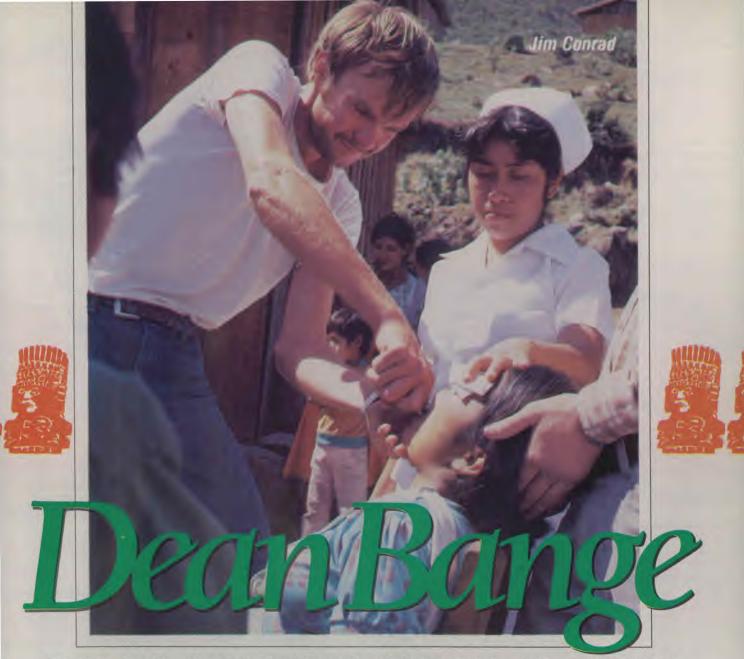
OPs are not for Stevie. To live, one must experience life. Firsthand. So Stevie tried soft drugs, then hard drugs. Eventually, Stevie experienced drugs to the fullest, to the indescribable torture felt by the addict when deprived for even a short time.

Stevie learned the same lesson that Freddie had learned. It just took him a little longer.

There is no doubt that "Experience is the best teacher." But let's qualify that. Just what do we mean by "best"? *OP*s is the least expensive kind of teacher if you, like Freddie, are smart enough to learn from other people's experiences. Your own experience, on the other hand, is the most forceful teacher if you, like Stevie, have to learn everything the hard way.

Do you personally have to jump off a cliff in order to learn that jumping off cliffs is not a good idea? Or can you learn that rather important lesson from previous cliff-jumpers?

Whose experience is your best teacher?



FINDING SOMETHING SPECIAL IN MEXICO

"Open wide. I'm a janitor, and I'm going to pull your teeth."

Fortunately, the patient did not understand English, and Dean Bange (pronounced "bang") was only kidding. Actually he was not only a janitor but also an electrician, a plumber, and a carpenter.

For Dean the road to Mexico began in Pennsylvania. He was taking vocational classes, but a little voice in his head kept saying, "There's no way I want to spend my life just working in a factory, eating, and sleeping. I've got to do something *special*—to *be* something special." However, there were problems.

First of all, when Dean looked around, all he saw were factories and the look-alike homes of workingclass folks. Moreover, he was having problems in school. He had never learned to read beyond the thirdgrade level. So how could someone stuck in a workaday world and unable to read well hope to be something special? As often happens with people who have limited abilities in one certain area, Dean had talents in other areas. He could build things with his hands, and he had plenty of old-fashioned horse sense that enabled him to figure out mechanical problems. Moreover, in

school he worked hard to get around his reading problem.

"In class I'd listen closely to what the teacher was saying and try to remember it for tests," he explains. "On test day, if I couldn't read the question, often the teacher would read it for me or just give me the whole test orally. In this way I managed to keep about a B average."

When graduation arrived, most of Dean's friends headed to the factories. However, Dean still had his dream. He felt that probably he needed more education, but he didn't have enough money to attend a regular college. Finally he heard about a

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small school in Georgia where he could study nursing and where he could work his way through school by using his hands. For three years Dean paid for his education by doing carpentry, plumbing, and other odd jobs for the school.

This school did not give degrees. Most of its students were learning nursing for their own benefit or for use in missionary service abroad. During Dean's years there, his path to something special was never clear. However, his intuition told him that if he worked hard and kept his ideals high, things probably would take care of themselves.

Then one day the school was visited by the administrator of a small hospital/clinic in southern Mexico. Called Yerba Buena, this hospital specialized in offering free or very inexpensive basic medical service to the area's Indian community. Often the hospital experienced problems.

"I was told that regularly during surgery the electricity would go off," recalls Dean. "Instead of having an autoclave, the medical staff had to sterilize all their surgical equipment in a pot on a gas stove. Often even the cold-water tap didn't work. They had important equipment lying around unused simply because nobody knew how to hook it up."

The hospital's administrator recognized Dean's talent with his hands and immediately invited him to come to Mexico.

"You mean to tell me that I should go down there and learn Spanish when I can't even master English?" Dean laughed. Of course he went.

Mexico is a large, important country. Other Latin American countries look to it for leadership in economic and political affairs. Nonetheless, it has certain problems, as do all countries. Certainly the people around Yerba Buena were very poor, and their medical needs were very great.

"We're deep in the mountains here," Dean explains. "We're high in altitude, so the temperature seldom rises above seventy degrees or drops below forty. The mountains are beautiful; I love to hike in them. In fact, you can hike for days and days and never cross a road. However, no matter where you go, you're going to find Indian villages. The only way you get to them is by walking or riding a horse or a mule.

"It's very hard for people to find work down here," he continues. "Even if they find a job, they average only a little over a dollar a day. In their homes they speak the languages called Tzotzil and Zoque. Usually the men also speak Spanish. People eat mostly beans and tortillas. Sometimes people grow things in their gardens, like pumpkins and bananas, and most families have a few chickens running around, so often they have eggs too."

As soon as Dean arrived at Yerba Buena, he went to work building a boiler; finally, the hospital acquired hot water. He improved the electrical system so that never again would an operation have to be finished without adequate lighting. Plumbing was redone, and new rooms were added to the hospital. Dean's accomplishments made it possible for Yerba Buena's doctors and nurses to do their jobs better.

Probably the Indians who came to Yerba Buena never knew that a blond North American was contrib-

Left: View of operating area, showing the doctor operating while Dean (far right) watches. This village is called Las Limas, and it's located in the central highlands of the state of Chiapas in southern Mexico.

Center: Welding is one of the many skills Dean uses frequently.

Right: Dean threads a pipe for a plumbing job.

uting so much to their welfare. But Dean knew. Moreover, seeing the endless file of patients come and go, often wearing their brightly colored traditional native costumes, he felt that at last he was doing something special.

"I had to repair a lot of things I didn't know anything about," Dean recalls. "For instance, when I had to fix up that boiler, I had no idea where to begin. Sometimes in a job I'd run across a problem and I'd be completely stumped. But I'd fool with it and think about it until the answer came. Or else I'd leave the job for a couple of days, and when I'd return maybe the solution would jump out at me. And then sometimes I'd work and work and not accomplish anything, and then finally I'd just get down on my knees and say, 'God, I don't know how to fix this. Please help me.' And, you know, I've never been let down. Not once."

Dean's problems with Spanish did not prove to be significant. "I listened to what people were saying, and I paid attention to what they called things. I still don't speak Spanish perfectly, but nearly everyone here understands what I say. Sometimes my talking must sound pretty funny to them. The other day someone said that I had mixed up English, Spanish, and a few Indian languages and made my own language, and I guess that's true."

And this brings us to "Open wide, I'm a janitor...."

Two or three times a month part of the medical staff at Yerba Buena visit the most isolated Indian villages to offer free medical service. Bad teeth are pulled, ears are washed (sometimes cockroaches are removed), medicine is dispensed, and lectures are given on healthful living. Usually there's so much work to be done that the one doctor who goes simply cannot accomplish everything. Thus when Dean accompanies the team, as he often does, he pulls teeth and washes ears.

Of course, many of us automatically think that no one but a dentist should be allowed to pull teeth. However, when there is only a limited amount of time, yet hundreds of patients have walked for twenty or thirty miles for your services, and nearly all of them have critical, painful problems with their teeth, a janitor who pulls teeth is better than no tooth-puller at all. Besides, Dean has his nursing training, and he does a good job. Usually the attending doctor sets up several tooth-pulling chairs, with Dean and various nurses pulling teeth. The doctor circulates among the different operations, offering advice as it is needed and himself tackling the problem extractions.

Nowadays the hospital at Yerba Buena is running smoothly, and Dean is wondering whether he should go elsewhere where his problem-solving talents might be needed more critically.

"I'm not too worried about what's in my future," Dean philosophizes. "My greatest joy in life is being able to give to others. Down here I've made very little money, but I've had a lot of payment in the form of living an interesting life and being able to help people. In the future I just want to keep on helping people and to continue feeling that I'm doing something special. The world is absolutely full of opportunities for people with these goals."

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New Orleans may have the Mardi Gras and Chicago its Chicagofest, but only Wayne, Nebraska, has the Annual Chicken Show.

A crowd of twenty-five hundred came to the five-thousand-member community for the festival, which

BY FAIR MEANS OR FOWL

featured a variety of events. John Angler out-crowed the other contestants to win the Cluck-Off Cup in the rooster-imitating event, and a chicken owned by Joan Gansebaum flew thirty-six feet to clinch the chickenflying contest. But it was Denny Carlson who emerged as the hero of the day. Denny safely caught an egg dropped forty feet from a crane to win the egg-drop contest. The local fire department was then called in to tidy things up.

SMOKEY THE BUNNY?

Move over, bear; Radar the rabbit is here. Radar is a gray-and-white dwarf rabbit who belongs to Bruce Works of Toledo, Ohio.

One night Bruce was awakened by the sound of Radar scratching the patio door. He went to check on his furry friend and discovered that the kitchen of his apartment was on fire. Bruce, a quick thinker, tucked Radar into a portable cooler and made his escape. Luckily, the damage to the apartment was minor.



Radar certainly lived up to his name: The smoke detector in the apartment didn't go off until ten minutes after the rabbit had roused his owner!

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER

Deb Ruark and Liza Friedman, two Illinois State University students, recently had a very unusual final exam. They had to cook a dinner for one thousand fellow students.

As a part of a food-management class that they were taking, Ruark and Friedman had to prepare a Chinese meal for the residents of four dormitories and for several hundred visiting athletes. The menu included egg rolls, scallion-honey chicken, egg-drop soup, Oriental vegetables, fried rice, mandarin gelatin salad, sherbet, jasmine tea, and fortune cookies. After surveying the one thousand empty plates after dinner, Food Service Administrator Curley Nelson declared the meal a success. But then, Ruark and Friedman hadn't been worried anyway. Before the dinner Friedman remarked, "A lot of them are going to be basketball players, and we figure they'll eat anything."

SWEET INSPIRATION

Rosanna Bernstein has come up with a way to make a sweet impression on business acquaintances. Her store, Yummy-Gram, makes business cards—out of solid chocolate.

Based in Riverside, a suburb of Chicago, Yummy-Gram can make chocolate duplicates of almost any business card, according to owner Bernstein. Each card measures 2 1/2 by 4 1/4 inches and weighs about 2 1/2 ounces. Bernstein charges seventy-five dollars for making the

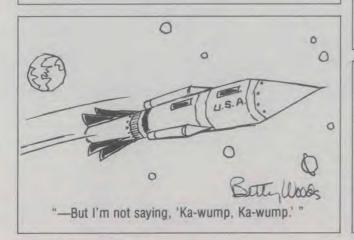
mold, and cards cost a dollar each. Sounds like a delicious idea, but don't carry one in your briefcase on a hot day.

ARTS AND CRAFTS Carl and Ruth Wendorff

Each of the seventy-seven items or terms listed below has to do with an art or craft you can do indoors on long winter evenings. Make word chains by circling each letter of each word in the list. The words may run horizontally, vertically, or diagonally, backward or forward. They often cross each other, using each other's letters as links in their chains. See if you can find them all.

Μ	0	С	C	A	S	1	N	S	C	U	L	Ρ	T	U	R	Ε	W	
E	A	L	A	M	Ε	L	Т	T	U	H	S	Η	U	P	E	Ν	Α	
Т	M	C	1	S	E	1	М	A	G	1	R	0	Ρ	R	A	W	Т	
A	0	С	R	0	100	Н	E	T	1	Ν	G	0	L	D	L	Η	E	
L	Μ	L	Е	A	T	Η	E	R	W	0	R	Κ	Α	Т	1	С	R	
W	0	P	S	Ρ	M	0	H	A	1	R	N	S	Ε	M	E	A	С	
0	0	1	А	T	S	E	Н	S	U	R	В	Ν	В	E	Ν	S	0	
R	L	А	С	Ε	С	R	Е	W	E	L	S	L	1	Ρ	А	T	L	
К	Ν	1	Т	T	T.	Ν	G	T	R	E	E			A	Μ	0	0	
С	Α	S	T	0	F	F	Т	A	L	R	L	R	T	Y	E	N	R	
K	1	C	L	A	Y	A	Ε	D	E	0	Ε			D	L	0	S	
R	Α	0	C	0	P	Ρ	Ε	R	F	D	L	Х	J	R	S	R	Ε	
0	0	D	0	0	W	Ε	L	D	1	Ν	G	Ε	A	A	E	A	W	
W	Ε	A	٧	1	N	G	S	0	N	E	W	R	W	W	S	R	1	
D	T	K	1	T	S	Т	R	1	K	Е	L	0	0	P	S	0	N	
A	1	R	K	N	0	В	Κ	I.	L	N	0	L	E	U	L	G	G	
E	D	Y	E	Ν	Μ	A	Τ	R	A	F	F	1	A	P	I.	N	S	
В	A	S	K	E	T	R	Y	L	E	G	Ν	E	T	N	1	A	P	

Air, angora, basketry, beadwork, brushes, case, cast off, cast on, clay, copper, crewel, crocheting, draw, dye, embroidery, enamels, end, flowers, fold, gel, glue, gold, hem, hooks, jet, jewelry, kiln, kits, knife, knitting, knob, knots, lace, lamé, leather work, loom, loop, lore, macrame, mat, metalwork, moccasins, mohair, needles, net, oil, origami, painting, pattern, pay, pearl, pen, purl, raffia, real, rope, sculpture, sewing, shuttle, sink, slip, slot, snip, soap, solder, spool, strike, thimble, warp, watercolors, wax, weaving, welding, wire, wood, woof, wool.



A LEGAL "CON" GAME Alan A. Brown

There's nothing illegal about this "con" game. As you see, each of the words below begins with *con* and ends with *ion*. Use the definitions on the left to help you fill in the missing letters.

1. bewilderment	1.	con		_ ion
2. group of stars	2.	con		_ ion
3. overcrowded condition	3.	con	ion	
4. act of building	4.	con		ion
5. appeasement	5.	con		ion
6. something prepared by		con	ion	
combining various ingredient	S			
7. disorder	7.	con	_ ion	
8. a stipulation	8.	CON	_ ion	
9. a league or alliance	9.	con		_ ion
10. shock caused by impact	10.	con	ion	
	-			



SOUND ALIKES

After each group of words, write a pair of synonyms that rhyme. For example, "a small ocean" would be a *wee sea*. Now you try it.

- 1. urban cat
- 2. weak man
- 3. quick explosion
- 4. unhappy friend
- 5. bashful fellow
- 6. tardy spouse
- 7. cattle rustler
- 8. talkative taxi driver
- 9. good pigs
- 10. elf's house

PUZZLE ANSWERS

- 9. fine swine 10. gnome home
- 5. shy guy 6. late mate 7. beet thief 8. gabby cabby
- T. city kitty 2. frail male 3. fast blast 4. glum chum

"seavily bruos" of steward

- 8. condition 9. contederation 10. concussion
- 4. construction 5. conciliation 6. concoction /, contusion
 - 1. consternation 2. constellation 3. congestion

"emeê 'no'' legel A'' of erewenA



Congress Votes to Update Cigarette Warning Labels

The United States House of Representatives recently voted to update the thirteen-year-old warning found on cigarette packages and advertisements. The bill was passed by unanimous voice vote with few members of Congress present. Next it will go to the Senate for consideration, where its fate was uncertain at the time this went to press.

If passed, the new legislation would require tobacco companies to place one of four new warning labels on all cigarette packs. The labels would be 50 percent larger and would be rotated on a three-month schedule. Each label begins with a "surgeon general's warning" and includes one of the following:

- * "Smoking causes lung cancer, heart disease, emphysema, and may complicate pregnancy."
- * "Quitting smoking now greatly reduces serious risks to your health."
- * "Smoking by pregnant women may result in fetal injury, premature birth, and low birth weight."
- *"Cigarette smoke contains carbon monoxide."

The bill has met with some opposition from senators representing tobacco-producing states, most notably Senator Jesse Helms (R-N.C.) and Senator Paul S. Trible (R-Va.). The Tobacco Institute declined to comment on the new cigarette labeling legislation, which had been vigorously opposed by tobacco interest groups.

Caffeine Increases, Not Decreases, Alcohol's Effects

For many years people have been drinking coffee to help sober up after drinking. The caffeine in coffee, because it is a stimulant, was thought to counteract the effects of the alcohol. Even after researchers found that caffeine really didn't help, people continued to use coffee because they thought that it "couldn't hurt."

Studies recently conducted in England show that it *can* hurt. D. J. Oborne, Ph.D., and graduate student Yvonne Rogers of the University College of Swansea have found that coffee may actually increase some of the more dangerous effects of alcohol.

By itself, alcohol can slow a person's reaction time by up to 30 percent. Introducing caffeine into the system can slow reaction time by another 24 percent, which means that a person with both alcohol and caffeine in his system would take 54 percent more time to react to a situation.

According to Oborne and Rogers, caffeine does help your brain to be a bit more alert. But in a person's arms and legs, where nerve messages are received and carried out, caffeine acts just like alcohol: both make a person tense and trembly. As a result, actions may be slow and inaccurate, and the effects get worse as more caffeine is added. What makes the situation especially dangerous, however, is that the caffeine tells the brain that it really is in control and capable of driving safely.

Tobacco Companies May Be Held Liable by Cancer Victims

Tobacco manufacturers may soon be hit with a rash of lawsuits filed by victims of smoking-induced cancers. A federal judge recently ruled that the federally mandated health warnings on cigarette packs do not give the cigarette producers immunity against lawsuits brought by smokers who develop cancer.

The tobacco industry had tried to argue that the required warnings printed on each pack of cigarettes provided ample warning of the hazards of cigarette smoking and that therefore they should not be held liable for injuries to those who take up the habit of smoking. U. S. District Court Judge H. Lee Sarokin, however, ruled that the congressionally-imposed warning requirement constituted a minimum, not a maximum.

The plaintiffs in the case are contending that whatever warnings were included on cigarette packages and ads were rendered ineffective by advertising and the addictive qualities of cigarettes. Professor Donald Garner of the Southern Illinois University School of Law, who authored a leading law review article on the subject, called the decision "a step on the road to liability for the cigarette companies."

Breakthrough Reached in Identifying Potential Alcoholics

The theory that vulnerability to alco-

holism is inherited has generally been accepted by the scientific community for some time, but how this tendency is inherited and how to spot it has caused a good deal of debate. Now researchers at the State University of New York's Downstate Medical Center think that they may have identified a trait that could help predict an inherited tendency toward alcoholism.

Various studies over the past few years have established that chronic alcoholics have impairments in several different brain functions, including an increase in the time it takes for certain signals to travel through the brain. The SUNY studies indicate a brain-wave deficiency that is found in both chronic alcoholics and their natural sons, the group thought to be at greatest risk of developing alcoholism later in life.

The brain waves of heavy drinkers who abstain for several months all return to normal, with the exception of one, a wave called P3. Twenty-five boys, the sons of alcoholics, were tested along with twenty-five sons of nonalcoholics. More than one-third of the alcoholics' sons had P3 wave deficiencies almost identical to those of chronic alcoholics. The other group showed no such deficiency.

While the researchers warn that it is too early to label this brain-wave deficiency as a reliable genetic marker of alcoholic tendencies, they are hopeful that it may eventually be helpful in the early prevention of alcoholism.

Smoking and Colds

Research has shown that smoking contributes to a variety of diseases. According to the February 10, 1984, issue of *The Health Letter*, one of these maladies is the common cold.

The report notes that cigarette smoking "definitely makes cold symptoms worse." In fact, smokers are twice as likely to develop an annoying cough with a cold as nonsmokers. "Anyone who has a cold and wants relief from symptoms should not smoke," the report concludes.

In addition, smoking also increases one's chances of contracting a cold in the first place. Researchers say that this is probably because smokers frequently put their hands to their mouths while smoking, thus transmitting cold viruses to the sensitive mouth-nose area.

Editoriai

A Personal Note

It hasn't been often through the years that LISTEN readers have seen in this column a personal note from the editor. You've read reports of current trends and events in LISTEN's specialized subject area. You've read comments on relevant research and factual findings, as well as inspirational ideas to encourage the drugfree way of life.

This editorial is different, however, in that it is a farewell note from the person who has served as LISTEN's editor for thirty years and as a LISTEN staff member for some eight years before that. Beginning with the March issue, you'll see a new name, that of Gary B. Swanson, in the masthead as editor. He's moving up from the associate-editor position, where he has served for about a year. Barbara Wetherell is moving up to associate editor from assistant, where she has served for about four years.

From its very beginning LISTEN has been my life. I served as the managing editor of the first issues of LISTEN while employed at the Pacific Press Publishing Association, then located in Mountain View, California. At that time the magazine was a quarterly, but it became a bimonthly in 1958 and a monthly in 1966, which it has been ever since. By the end of last year, 314 issues of LISTEN had been published.

Obviously, all this is not the result of a one-person effort. Through the years a marvelous team, both at the editorial offices in Washington, D.C., and at the production and circulation offices on the West Coast, has worked closely together to produce and distribute some ten thousand or more carefully prepared pages of stories, features, facts, and inspiration to help make a positive life-style both attractive and practical.

My coworkers have constantly reminded me in unique ways that LISTEN is indeed the word! They gave me a watch with LIS-TEN on its face, so whenever I look for the time, it is LISTEN time. They gave me my first LISTEN license plate.

Frequently people passing in cars will cup their hand to their ear and look over with a knowing smile. The message has gotten through. A service station attendant asked the other day, "Are you a music teacher?" Numerous people who've seen the license plate have asked for a copy of LISTEN to give to their children.

Through the years LISTEN's motto has been "Only the best is good enough." We have tried to fulfill this high aim in purpose, in content, in the personalities and role models we've featured, and in the message conveyed by art, word, and picture to our readers. Many times we've been encouraged by responses from young readers-and older ones, too-indicating that life directions have been changed by LISTEN and life decisions made for the best

Literally millions of readers have benefited from LISTEN-in schools, in libraries, in offices, in health-care centers, and most of all in homes. But I know that LISTEN's work has just begun; its best days are still ahead. I bespeak for Gary, Barbara, and their coworkers in the future a continued and increasing use of LIS-TEN. I know they will carry on in an ever more effective way the tradition of the magazine, but that they will key that tradition to the current needs and interests of today's youth.

When a new admiral takes over in the navy, his flagship shows clearly the flag of the new leader. The basic traditions of the navy are carried on, of course, but with new vigor, and often in different and more effective ways.

So as this editor's flag that has flown now for three decades is hauled down, we salute the flag of the new editor.

The best to you, Gary!

Gramis a. Soper

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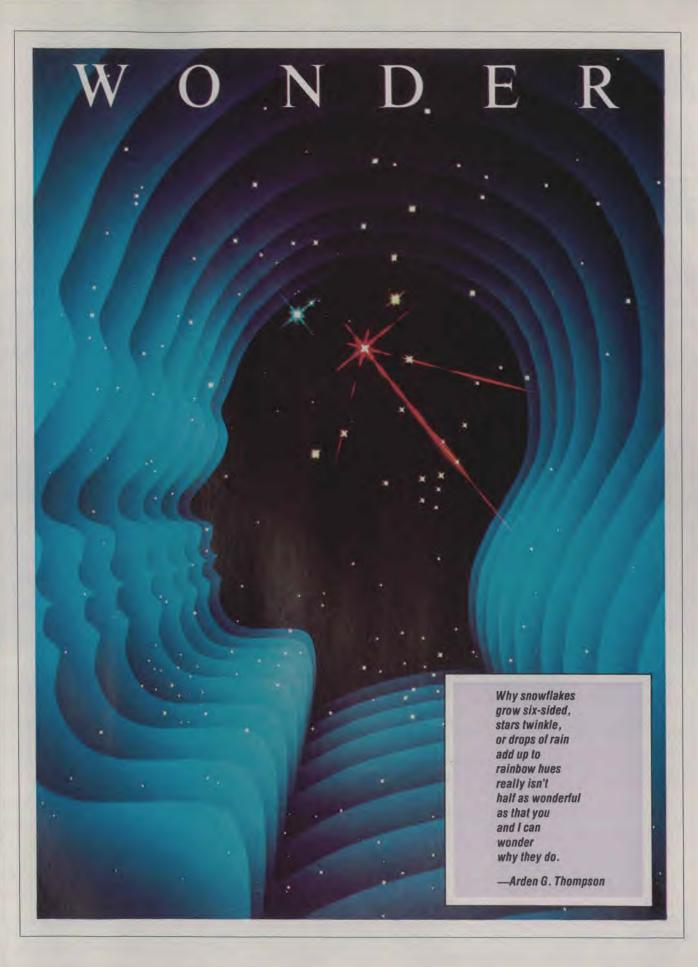
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MY KIDS ON DRUGS? NOT IF I CAN HELP IT.

My kids would never take drugs.

Like many parents, we thought that kids from a good home like ours were somehow immune to drug problems.

And we thought that magazines like Listen were for other people's children.

But one by one our children rebelled against the values we tried so hard to teach them.

I couldn't just watch them walk away. Through *Listen* I discovered that many parents face the same problems.

With Listen's encouragement we started a parent-support group in our community. I contacted all the school systems and churches and enlisted the help of a local radio station. From that effort a task-force made up of local leaders and parents was formed to combat the drug problem.

My daughter Lisa is now on the mend. She even began a peer group of her own in the local high school to help other kids stay straight.

For over thirty years Listen

You can order a full year of LISTEN for only \$11.95 U.S. Send check or money order to: LISTEN Order Desk, P.O. Box 7000, Boise, ID 83707.



has been one of the finest resources available in the field of drug prevention. It's a magazine I'm proud to hand to professionals on my taskforce and it's a magazine every parent should give to his children.

For too long I thought that drugs and alcohol would never invade my home. *Listen* showed me that prevention begins by realizing that every child is susceptible. That with resources like *Listen*, parents have a fighting chance in the war against drugs.

Gloria Palmisano President and Founder of Concerned Citizens on Drug and Alcohol Abuse Berrien Springs, Michigan

