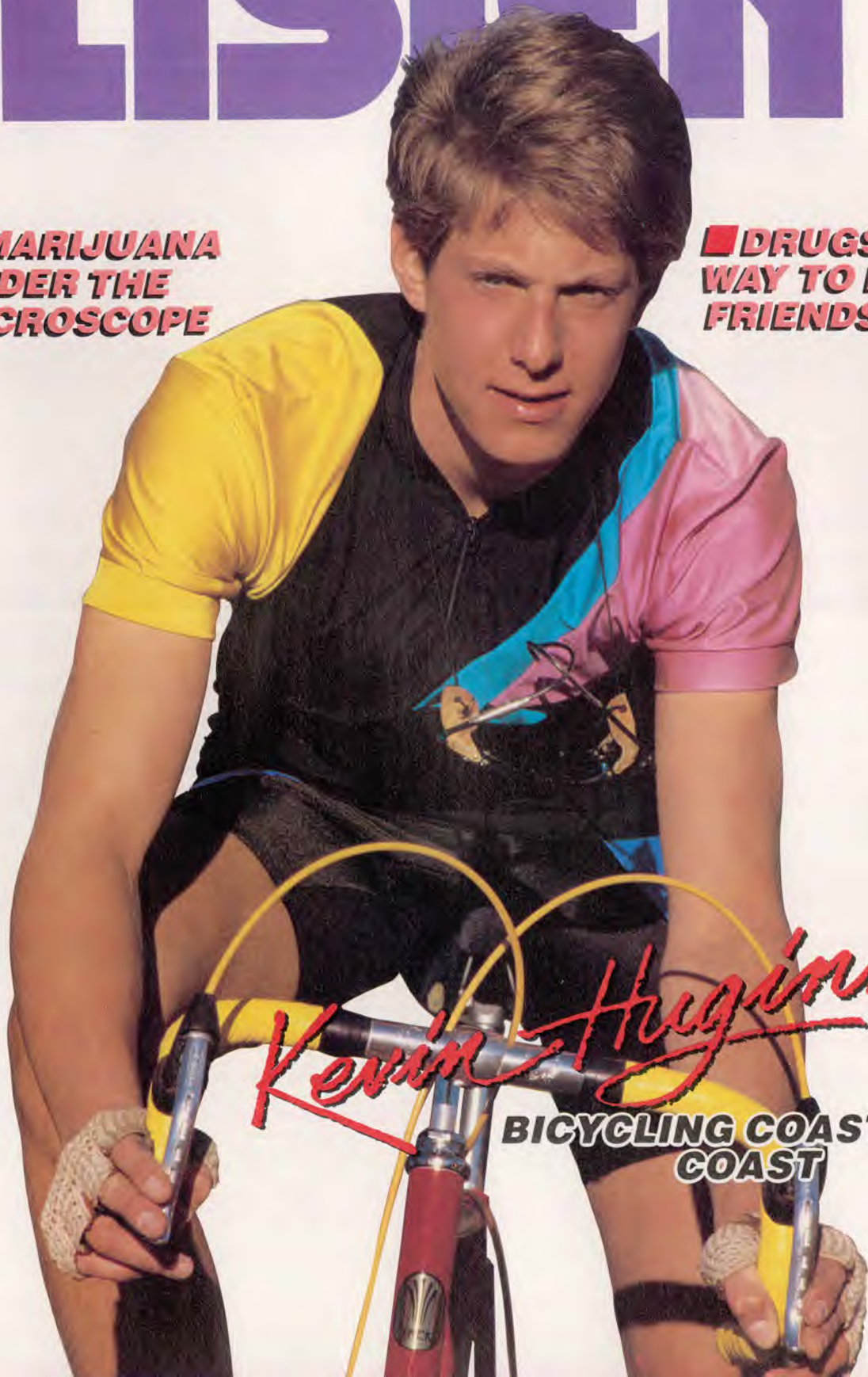


A JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

LISTEN

■ **MARIJUANA
UNDER THE
MICROSCOPE**

■ **DRUGS—NO
WAY TO MAKE
FRIENDS**



Kevin Huglin

**BICYCLING COAST TO
COAST**



With HONOR

*What if I weren't alive, Penny
thought. What if I die or get killed?*

Penny Jackson's cobalt-blue eyes glistened as her honors-program teacher finished making the assignment. What a snap! She could hardly wait to get started.

"Let me cover the points again," Mrs. Donning said. "A eulogy is a formal statement of praise and a recognition of achievements that is made at funerals and memorial services. You are to write a eulogy about yourself as if you suddenly had been killed or had died. You are to include those things you feel are most important—your honors, accomplishments, perhaps even some of your deepest hopes and dreams."

She flashed the wide grin that her students liked so well. "We won't be holding services, I'm glad to say, but we *will* have the opportunity to be videotaped."

"Hey, we're going to make it into the movies," Tom called.

Even Mrs. Donning laughed

at his response before adding, "Your assignment is due Monday morning. That gives you all weekend to devote to it—along with other homework, the soccer game, and so on."

Tom's wildly waving hand caught her attention. "Yes, Tom?"

"Do you really think that's enough time for us to write about how great we are?" His wicked smirk cracked up the class.

"Give it your best try. Class dismissed." Mrs. Donning smiled again, and the class poured out into the hall.

"A eulogy! Can you imagine standing up in front of the class and bragging about yourself?" Penny's best friend Sharon shuddered and groaned. "And it's going to be videotaped! I'll be so scared nothing will come out when I open my mouth."

She looked at Penny enviously. "Of course, if I had all the assets some people have,

such as being super popular, being good in sports and in music, making straight A's. . . ."

"Stop it, Sharon," Penny pleaded. She could feel her face turning red. "So I'm good at things. I shouldn't get as much credit as someone who isn't all that good but who works for it."

Sharon laughed. "Are you saying you don't work at it? How about all those hours you've spent practicing and doing homework?"

Penny impatiently pushed back her thick, brown hair. "That's not what I mean. Of course I work hard. But think of the kids who struggle to get even a B or a C. Can you imagine spending all the time I spend and still being an average student or barely making the team or—even worse—missing it every time? I'd probably get discouraged and quit." She slammed her locker shut and pulled on her sweat shirt. "You have to hand it to those kids. They have a kind of honor all their own." Penny paused. Why had she said that? Sharon would think she was dumb.

Sharon surprised her. "I know what you mean. Sort of the difference between 'with honors' and 'with honor,' huh?" Their eyes met in a long, understanding look; then Sharon grinned impishly. "Come on, Philosopher. Let's get home and start writing about how terrific we are."

"I'm baby-sitting tonight. After Dawn and Darrell are in bed I can start my assignment." Penny shifted her heavy books to her other arm. "See you at the game."

"Sure." Sharon disappeared around the corner, and Penny headed home. It was a beautiful spring day. The smell of blossoming trees hung low in the clear air. Penny sniffed. Spring had to be the most beautiful season, she thought. But then, every time the season changed she thought that. What could beat winter's purity? Or autumn's azure skies? Or summer's lush warmth? It was great just to be alive in such a neat world.

What if I weren't alive? Penny reached her curving driveway. Her feet automatically slowed. What if I really did die or get killed, with all the rest of my life un-lived? she thought.

Her mind spun. She stopped and let her books slide to the graveled drive. Never see the turquoise sky again? Or feel the breeze kiss her hot face after an exciting tennis game? Never go canoeing with Dad and Mom and Darrell and Dawn? Never look forward to school or parties or church?

A slight chill went through her. One of the fleecy, white clouds above slid in front of the sun and cast a shadow where Penny stood. The brightness of the day and Penny's mood fled.

Don't be stupid, Penny told herself as she snatched up her books. You aren't going to die

*The
class was
deathly silent.
Penny's face
burned.*



for a long, long time. She determinedly marched into the house. In the usual rush of getting ready to baby-sit she pushed back the unaccustomed serious thoughts she'd experienced in the driveway. What was she, morbid or something?

Three hours later the thoughts came back. Penny had played with the three-year-old twins, bathed them, and put them to bed. When their gentle breathing told her they were asleep, she tiptoed into the living room and started her eulogy outline. She wrote all the things someone else might write about her. *Penny was popular. Penny was an honor student. Penny was excellent at sports. Penny was . . .* Her pen slowed and stopped. She leaned back and studied the list. All she had to do was put everything into eulogy form, then get up and read it in class. So why was she so dissatisfied?

Penny wandered to the picture window and opened the drapes. The starry sky seemed to smile, and a sickle-shaped moon hung low. Vague longings held Penny at the scene for a long time. Some of her earlier mood returned to haunt her. Suppose she did die—now? The idea wasn't so frightening as it was sad.

"It's just that I would be leaving so much undone," she whispered. "I want to matter. I want to make the world a better place just because I lived. I want to be a pediatrician or work with kids in some way, and someday I want a home and kids of my own." Small, unknown faces slid across her mind—a replica of herself—a sturdy, skinned-kneed boy with laughing eyes; a solemn little girl with anxious eyes.

A giant wave of feeling threatened to over-



whelm her. Never had she so appreciated the preciousness of life. "How can some of the kids do drugs and stuff?" she told the curving moon. "I'm glad I never have. There's no way I could see the world this way if I were spaced out or hung over. I'm not going to cheapen my life and forget to be thankful for what I have a chance to be."

With a final glance at the spectacular sky Penny wandered back to her eulogy outline, reread it, and tore it to bits. What did it have to do with the real person inside her whom only she knew was there—the one who trembled over life itself? Was that what Mrs. Donning had meant when she said to include the *most important* things?

What was it Sharon had said about the difference between "with honors" and "with honor"? Color sparkled in Penny's cheeks. *There* was something she could use, but did she dare? The kids at school ridiculed those who shared their deepest feelings. They'd probably laugh her right out of the classroom.

Penny's chin set in a stubborn line. "Good old 'Bill' Shakespeare said, 'to thine own self be true.' OK, Bill, here goes!" She grabbed her pen and began to write.

All during school Monday Penny thought of her eulogy. When it was finally classtime, the others' eulogies barely registered. Her hands felt hot and cold by turns, and by the time she was called they were wet and clammy. It took all her self-control to step in front of the class. She stared at the white pages a moment, terribly aware of the video camera running. After a brief statement of birth and death dates she launched into her eulogy.

"Penny was active in athletics," she read. "She participated in the honors program and student government. But the proudest moment of her life came not long ago. Only Penny's parents knew that she had been asked to take on a special project. Even Penny's best friend Sharon didn't know that Penny was going to a local nursing home one evening a week. Penny's visits there were a very private thing because she didn't want to be called a do-gooder or teased about them.

"At first she visited as many residents as she could, especially those who didn't have anyone coming to see them. Then the director asked her to concentrate on one special woman. This lady hadn't spoken from the time she had entered the home months before.

"Every week Penny would come in and visit this woman. Penny would chatter away about school or tell her how the spring was becoming summer or just sit with her. Drawing the woman out of herself grew to be one of the most important things in Penny's life. One day Penny brought in a brilliant bouquet of spring flowers. She could feel the old woman's eyes on her as she arranged them in a vase. She turned and saw a look of longing in the faded blue eyes, almost a plea for help.

"Without stopping to think, Penny hugged the woman hard and said, 'I love you.' The next instant she stepped back, embarrassed by what she had done. To her amazement huge tears rained down the soft, wrinkled cheeks. A frail hand clutched Penny's arm, and a low voice whispered, 'Thank you.'

"That night the old woman died. Penny cried, yet she couldn't help feeling glad she had done what her heart had told her to do. If Penny had lived to achieve her dream of being a pediatrician, there would have been many other proud moments for her. I believe if Penny were here she'd say the only reason this story should be included in her eulogy is so others can experience the tremendous joy she felt by helping someone else."

For a moment the class was deathly silent. Penny's face burned as she stumbled to her seat. Everyone else's eulogy had been applauded. *It doesn't matter*, she told herself, fighting back tears. *You stood up and did what you felt was right.*

Then it broke—a storm of applause.

Penny blinked hard. Her classmates were standing, looking at her and clapping. But she felt the greatest satisfaction when she unfolded a tiny note Sharon slipped onto her desk. The scrawled message read:

This is your life—with honor. ◇

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Ask a Friend



I'm a girl in my early teens and go to a small church school where I am the only student in the eighth grade. My teacher is a man in his late twenties. Everyone thinks he's a good teacher, but he makes me feel very uncomfortable. Whenever he comes to help me he puts his arm around my shoulder and our faces get too close. If I go to his desk he pulls me close, he's just being affectionate. But it almost makes me sick when he touches me. What shall I do?

Generally speaking, we can trust our feelings in things like this. When someone's behavior is making us so uncomfortable that we feel physically sick, that's a good sign that the behavior is inappropriate. I use the word "generally" because it's possible to misinterpret behavior.

There are some warm, caring, affectionate teachers who have a difficult time being natural with students because of all the negative publicity about sexual molestation. Your teacher may be one of these teachers, and your parents probably have this viewpoint of him. The trouble is, they're not paying enough attention to your discomfort. I too feel very uncomfortable as I read your letter. Lots of questions go through my mind which lead me to believe you are right to feel uncomfortable and that your teacher is being very seductive.

The next time something like this happens just tell him, "Your touching me makes me very nervous and very uncomfortable, and I don't want you to do it ever again." If it's too hard for you to say this, write him a letter describing the actions that make you so upset. Make a copy of this letter and keep it, just in case he doesn't stop this immediately. If this small school and he's the only teacher, go to your pastor. Your teacher may deny that there's any problem, or he might get angry and try to intimidate you, or he might even start giving you bad grades. But stick to your insistence that it stop. Not only are you straightening things out for yourself, but you're also changing things so that other girls in your school won't have to go through what you have.

Sexual harassment seems to be becoming more and more a part of a woman's life. By dealing with it now you'll learn how to prevent other and more serious problems later on.

I'm almost 15 and have been going with this boy who is 17 for over two years. My family moved this year, and now my boyfriend lives 1,500 miles away. He wants me to elope and get married. I love him, and I'm pretty sure he loves me. He says he loves me and that there will never be another one like me. My mother doesn't like him, but I feel so bad being away from him. Do you think I ought to elope?

It's rarely, if ever, right to elope. The word *elope* means to run away secretly and usually refers to getting married without the approval or permission of significant persons.

If your mother is mean or violent and your life or mental health is in danger, then you should get away from home. But ordinarily I wouldn't ever recommend "running away."

"Growing" away from home means we have finished most of our growing-up processes and are ready to leave home. "Running" away from home means leaving before we are ready, and it also means a lot of unfinished business such as becoming an independent individual able to manage our lives on our own. This usually comes a lot later than age 15.

Marriage is a good place to learn about marriage and that aspect of life and living. It's not a good place to learn about most of the other aspects of life which still lie ahead for you and about which you have a lot to learn.

I'm not going to question the quality of your love for this boy nor his love for you.

I know how serious and compelling love can be at any age. My concern is that decisions based on

feelings, such as love or anger, are too often really bad decisions which leave us with serious consequences we have to live with.

Decisions based on both feelings and logic are the ones which are the best for us in the long run. I'd suggest you just hang in there a while longer. If the love you feel for each other has future potential, it can stand to wait. Talk to your mom; listen to her objections about the boy. She may have some good reasons for her objections, or she may be really concerned that you may make a decision you will later regret.

One of the hard lessons to learn in life is to postpone present pleasure for a future benefit. That's where I think you are right now. It might be pleasant to make this decision, but you will have greater benefits if you postpone it for a while. I wish you luck. ◇

**Jack
Anders**

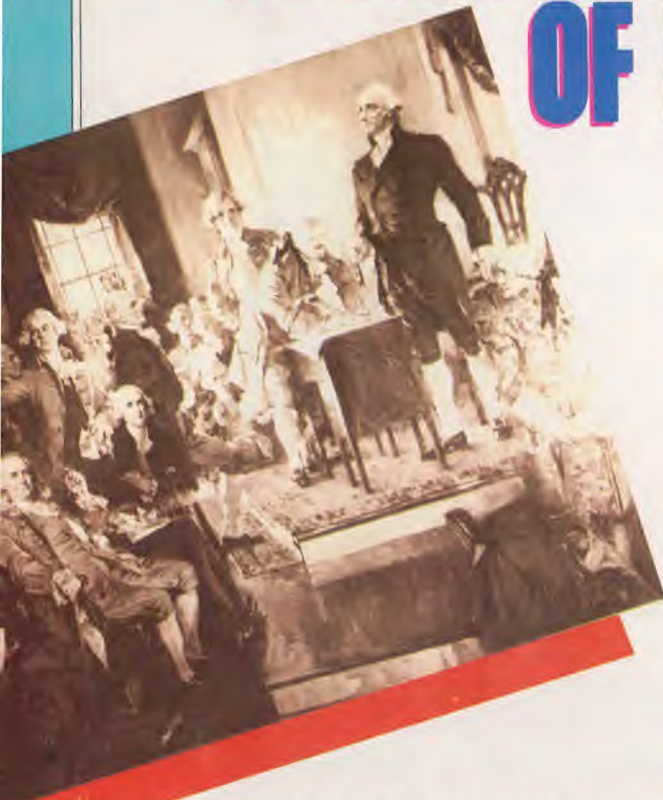
Have a question about friendships, family relations, drugs and health, or other teenage concerns? Ask a friend—Jack Anders, parent, grandparent, counselor, and social worker.

Address your questions to "Ask a Friend," LISTEN Magazine, 6830 Laurel Street NW, Washington, DC 20012. Jack is sorry that he cannot answer letters individually.

Fern Babcock



YOUR OWN DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



When the bell rang, students poured into the corridors of Longwood High and jostled toward the exits. Beth stopped in front of locker number 54, yanked it open, and threw in a math book.

"I'll be so glad when I'm free!" she exploded. Marti's head emerged from the adjoining locker.

"Free of what?" she asked. "Jack bothering you again?"

"No, it's not Jack. It's my folks. I wanted to go to a concert tonight, and they won't let me go. 'Rock concerts get too wild,' Beth mimicked. 'Everyone's drinking and smoking pot, and the fans get so rowdy even the cops can't hold them down. We don't want you in that mess.'"

Beth sighed. "That's the way it always is. 'You can't go here, Dear. You can't go there, Dear. We'd rather you didn't, Bethie.' I get so sick of it. You'd think I was 6 instead of 16.

"I'll be so glad when I'm finished with high

school and can move out on my own," she continued. "Then I'll be free to do whatever I want!"

Marti closed her locker and turned to walk down the hall with her friend.

"Yeah, it's the pits," she sympathized. "My folks do it too, though they aren't as strict as yours, I'll admit. But I know what you mean about wanting to be free."

Does any of this sound familiar? If you've never wished that you could run your own life completely, you're in the minority. Part of growing up is the longing for independence.

Independence

What is independence? When should you have it? What freedoms do you already have? Will you ever be totally free? These are questions to ponder during the teen years—and beyond.

Webster says freedom is "the absence of constraint in choice or action." In other words, freedom means no restrictions. He also says that being free is "enjoying personal freedom, not subject to the control of another." Can you think of anyone who, according to these definitions, is totally free? No restraints at all? It's hard to imagine.

People around the world find their actions restricted. They must comply with laws on world travel, highway speeds, behavior in public places, and the rights of others. Yet I'm sure you'd agree that some of these rules are necessary. With no rules at all our lives would be constantly endangered by people who would be free to torture, steal, and kill.

Yet we say certain countries are "free." What do we mean? We mean that within reasonable limits people there may choose their own destiny, do what they want to do. Their freedoms are limited only by the rights of others. They are free to shoot—but not at people. They are free to drink—but not to endanger others by driving drunk. When their freedom endangers others' rights, freedom ends.

Rules, Rules, Rules

Rules exist for many reasons—to protect the



rights of others, to guarantee our safety, to promote uniformity, and to save money, to name just a few. "No running in the halls" is an order designed to protect the runner and bystanders from injury. "Be in by eleven o'clock" is a request that protects a parent's right to a good night's rest. "Turn off the lights" is a command designed to avoid wasting money. "Choir members will wear black robes when they sing" is a rule that is enforced so an individual's appearance doesn't distract listeners from the group's performance.

Laws against drunk driving and drugs aren't made to limit our freedom but to keep us alive and well. Many teenagers who claim to be "free" because they use alcohol and drugs lack the maturity to see what slaves they really are. Their habits demand to be fed, insist on more money for purchases, and cause a great deal of physical pain when these teenagers don't cooperate. You can see that this isn't freedom. It's slavery. The laws that forbid us the freedom to use drugs actually ensure our ultimate freedom from drugs.

Because each rule has a reason behind it, understanding the reason will make the request easier to comply with and will give you a greater sense of freedom. If you're feeling pinched by regulations, try listing them on paper and determining what you disagree with and why. Then see if you can get in on the rule-making process in your home or school and voice your opinions logically and politely. Often you'll find that by voicing your viewpoint persuasively you can help to change rules you feel are unreasonable. And when you help to make the rules, you're really controlling yourself—you're free.

But suppose you can't do that? What then? Have you lost all your freedom because of the rules? Not at all. You're still free to choose whether to obey the rules or not. You may decide they are valuable, once you understand them, and obey them by choice. Or you may decide they are unreasonable and choose to break them. The freedom to choose is still yours. But so are the consequences!

Freedoms You Have—Freedoms You Want

What freedoms do you now have? The most important is the freedom of choice. Most of you may, within reason, select your own clothes, foods, friends, lifework, religion, and attitudes. You can set your own goals, earn and spend money, determine your own reactions, use or waste your time, develop your body, gain knowledge and education, and determine your own values. These freedoms can become totally yours at maturity, but they begin accumulating much sooner.

What more do most teenagers want? Freedom to come and go without question is the major thing. This may include having and driving a car



and living where they please. Choosing whether or not to marry is another thing. These freedoms belong to adults, and young people desire them because they serve as proof of independence.

How to Get More Freedom

So how can you go about gaining the freedoms you want? Grow up, literally! Some things, such as leasing an apartment or obtaining a car loan, only adults can do, because a minor can't legally enter into a contract. However, for many other things, age is not a factor, but your behavior is. There are behaviors you can cultivate to convince parents and teachers that you are growing up and can handle freedom.

Reliability

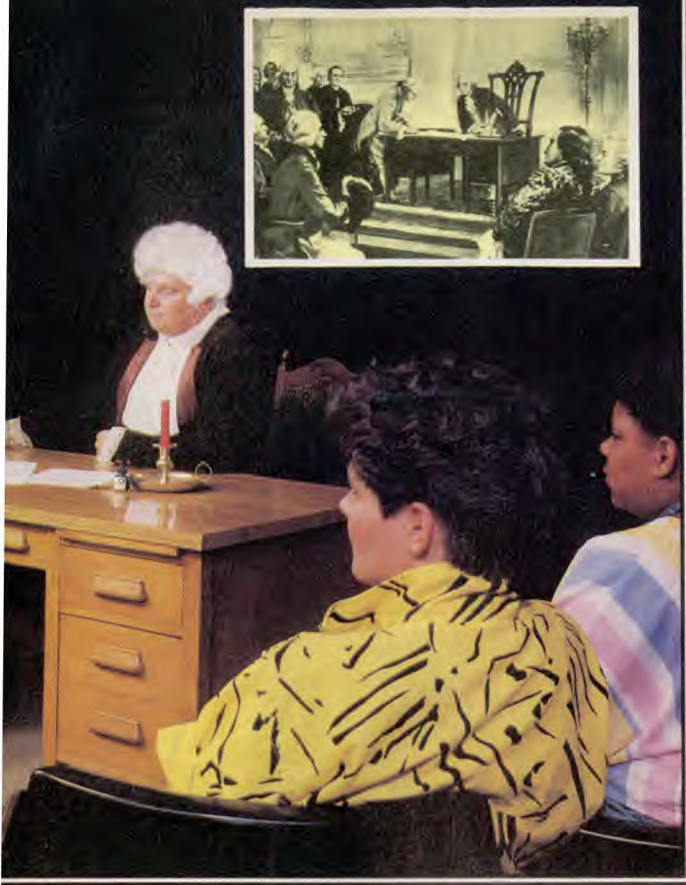
Adults are expected to be trustworthy. If one says, "I'll be there Tuesday" or "I'll pay you tomorrow," you should be able to count on it.

It's the little things that show reliability, and adults are really impressed when they see this trait in a young person. It inspires confidence and opens up opportunities. You can gain freedom by choosing to be reliable every day.

Patience

An impatient person is an immature person. A baby doesn't care if his mother is sick, tired, or broke. When he wants food, he wants it now.

Learn to be patient. If you can't get your driver's license this year, try to understand why and work on getting it next year. But don't show your immaturity by throwing a tantrum. A mature person is willing to wait a reasonable time for



action. Teenagers who develop this attitude usually gain freedom sooner.

Responsibility

Adults are expected to carry their share of a load. Someone has said that service is the rent you owe for the space you occupy on the earth. Think about that. You owe something to the world and the people you live with. You add to the expense, disorder, and workload at home. You help to eat the food and run up the light bill. So pitch in on the household chores. Scrub the floor, put away the dishes, clean the tub, and turn off the lights. If you borrow the car, put some gas in it. Accept the responsibility for doing your fair share. When you do these things cheerfully and voluntarily, you'll be surprised at how positively your parents will react.

Respect for Authority

Adults don't always agree with the actions of those in authority, but most will still respect the positions those people occupy. Adults may dislike the president, but most still respect the office of the presidency. An adult may disagree with his professor, but he is expected to do so in a respectful way. Those who are immature think they are the only authority, and they respect no other. Don't get caught in that ego trap!

Appreciation

Nothing so warms a parent's heart as genuine appreciation. "That was a super lunch today, Mom." "You really try to understand, Dad. Thanks!" You know how remarks like that make

you feel. Don't be stingy with them around your family.

If your dad agrees that you can go out provided you return by 11:00 p.m., show your appreciation for this freedom by showing up a few minutes before eleven. You'll be surprised how pleased he'll be. Your action says, "I respect your wishes, and I appreciate the freedom to go out. I didn't have to come back early, but I chose to because I want you to see that I can control my actions and that I appreciate having privileges." Chances are your parents will let you know how much they appreciate your coming in early. And even if they don't, you can bet they'll be secretly pleased at the way you handled your freedom.

Communication

A major factor in gaining freedom is communication. When you tell your parents where you're going and with whom, it reassures them. When you return, talk about what you did. They'll be listening to see how you handled your freedom.

Talk to your parents. If you can't talk, write. Explain in an unemotional way how you feel about things. Listen to what they say, and try to understand their point of view. If you're upset, get control of yourself before trying to talk to them.

Remember that communication is often blocked by "you" statements. "You never let me go!" "You always keep me home!" Begin instead with "I" messages; they're much less threatening. "I feel locked up." "I want to be with my friends." "I do care what you think." A little attention to communication—and there are some very good books you can read on the subject—goes a long way toward acquiring teenage freedoms.

You Still Have a Choice

But what about the times when your parents, like Beth's, say No to something you want? You still have freedom. You are free to accept the No, make alternate plans, and be happy anyway. You are free to shout, argue, and make life miserable for yourself and everyone else. Or you can disobey and face the consequences later. The freedom of choice is still yours.

No one can force you to be unhappy. You choose to feel that way. It's up to you to choose your reaction and your attitude toward any situation. And that, perhaps, is the most important of all freedoms, because in it lies the key to a happy life. By cultivating positive attitudes and choosing mature reactions, you will find that freedoms denied to others are often extended to you.

When you cultivate mature attitudes and actions, you will find that you have personal freedom, subject to no one else's control. You select right because it is right; no one makes you do it. You will discover that you are not only happy but are also truly free. ◇

Helen C. Jones



MARIJUANA UNDER

In the mid-sixties the use of drugs, especially marijuana, spread across the United States like wildfire. Students were eager to learn more about these drugs, so my late husband, Professor Hardin Jones, started teaching a class in drug abuse at the University of California at

Berkeley. As far as I know, this was the first class on drug abuse at the university level in the United States. Professor Jones and I read the material available at that time and traveled around the world studying the problem. Our home was open to students for discussions on the subject.

After Professor Jones passed

away, I was asked to write a book on marijuana, because some groups were trying to get the decriminalization of marijuana on the ballot in California. Paul W. Lovinger and I spent three hard years researching material, talking to scientists, interviewing marijuana users and ex-users, and attending drug symposiums. After

this preparation, we wrote our book entitled *The Marijuana Question*.

Since 1965 more than 7,000 studies have been done on marijuana. It's interesting that in 1974, when Professor Jones and I were starting our study, only 50 chemical compounds had been identified in marijuana; now there are 426. Researchers are finding cannabis, or marijuana, to be a very complex drug, and new study is going on continuously. According to Carlton Turner, a scientist who helped produce an annotated bibliography of studies on marijuana, more than 90 percent of these studies have shown that marijuana is *not* a harmless drug.

Although you can't always relate animal data to human data in the study of cancer, results of experiments with animals are very good indications of what you might find in humans. Some researchers have found with rodents that injecting animals with marijuana extract causes lung cancer. This indicates that marijuana has an effect in the

marijuana on the street today contains about 5 percent. The drug's effects also depend on how the person smokes it, how long he holds the smoke in his lungs, and how often he smokes it.

An average one-gram marijuana cigarette containing 5 percent THC would contain about 50 milligrams of THC. It takes only 5 to 10 milligrams in the bloodstream to get intoxicated. About a fourth of these 50 milligrams will get into the bloodstream. Thus a one-gram cigarette containing 5 percent THC will put about 12.5 milligrams into the bloodstream and will surely cause intoxication.

One well-documented finding is that marijuana is harmful to the respiratory system. The lungs are hit directly by marijuana's chemicals when the smoke is first inhaled. They're hit again as the blood recirculates through the lungs.

Marijuana smoke has considerably higher cancer-causing potential than does tobacco smoke. We know what tobacco smoke does in the lungs, and it appears that marijuana smoke is even more harmful. Dr. Forrest Tennant was one of the first to discover lung damage from marijuana use. He took samples of lung tissue

ment of chronic bronchitis, emphysema, and lung cancer. The changes both these researchers found were like those which would be found after 10 to 15 years of heavy tobacco cigarette smoking.

In his study, Tashkin showed that the larger airways in the lungs are the most affected. He observed that a bottleneck formed at the ends of the larger airways where marijuana smoke accumulates. Tashkin concluded that "habitual marijuana use causes abnormalities in the large airways . . . that are not produced . . . by the chronic smoking of more than 16 tobacco cigarettes a day." He says that "marijuana is definitely more irritating than tobacco and . . . could be more carcinogenic."

Marijuana also has serious effects on the reproductive system. Researchers have found in males that marijuana use lowers the level of testosterone, the male sex hormone. Heavy use lowers the number of sperm produced and their ability to move. Although sperm is continuously being produced, animal experiments have shown that marijuana use can cause fertility problems for the children and grandchildren of the user.

In *The Marijuana Question*, my coauthor and I present the results of a dozen studies which focused on marijuana damage to human chromosomes. These are the microscopic structures in sperm or egg cells which control heredity. A few of the studies found defects in the chromosomes; others did not.

Rodent experiments in Canada show that development is slowed in the children and grandchildren of the animals exposed to marijuana smoke. From other Canadian rodent studies, Dr. Arthur M. Zimmerman has shown that marijuana causes changes in

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MICROSCOPE

body that is separate from or in addition to the effect it has when it's smoked.

THC is the main psychoactive, or mind-altering, ingredient in marijuana. The strength of the THC can vary greatly from one kind of marijuana to another. For example, the sinsemilla type could contain 13 to 14 percent THC. The

from marijuana-smoking American soldiers in Germany and found early signs of cancer.

Dr. Donald Tashkin of the University of California at Los Angeles recently conducted medical tests on regular marijuana users. He found the sort of changes in the lungs that are found just prior to the develop-

Pot's effects vary depending on how it's smoked, how long it's held in the lungs, and how often it's smoked.

genes or chromosomes. Dr. Susan Dalterio of San Antonio, Texas, also found chromosome abnormalities in the sons of male mice exposed to THC. We cannot yet say conclusively how the use of marijuana will affect pot smokers' descendants, but such studies make us wonder.

Boys who use marijuana heavily before puberty may have less-than-normal development of their secondary sexual characteristics (muscle mass, body hair, a deep voice) until they stop their marijuana use. There are also cases of swelling of the male breasts being re-

ported among marijuana users. in humans, the babies born to marijuana-smoking mothers weighed less than babies of mothers who didn't smoke pot. They also found a small but significant number of cases where the babies had physical abnormalities like those found in babies of drinking mothers. Dr. Peter Freid found that a significant number of newborns in his study had a high-pitched cry like that of infants experiencing withdrawal from heroin. They trembled more than normal babies and didn't respond to light as a newborn should. It took three months for these babies to become like normal babies. Another reason her marijuana use should concern the pot-smoking mother who is nursing her child is that THC is concentrated in the milk and is absorbed by the nursing baby.

One mother that I interviewed said she stopped smoking pot because of the way it made her heart beat so fast. Researchers at Boston University reported that in many cases doses of 10 to 20 grams of THC made the heart rise to 130 to 150 beats per minute (the normal rate is 60 to 70 beats per minute). The chest pain commonly experienced by regular marijuana users may be due to the overexertion of the heart muscle. One researcher predicts that, as marijuana smokers age, they will have heart problems unless they stop smoking.


San Francisco scientist and physician Reese Jones says, "THC seems to have far more

profound effects on the cardiovascular system than does nicotine." Experiments show that marijuana raises the pulse rate more than tobacco does and seems to affect blood pressure more too.

The fact that marijuana reduces the body's ability to protect itself from illness is yet another reason for worry. Parents and doctors have noted that their children and patients who smoke marijuana get sick more often. Drs. Munson and Fehr of Virginia and Canada, respectively, say it's now an accepted fact that marijuana reduces resistance to disease. This could be a very significant public-health issue, especially in people whose bodily defenses already are lower, such as cancer and transplant patients.

Furthermore, Carlton Turner feels that the rapidly expanding rates of AIDS and herpes can be blamed on marijuana use. A Virginia study on herpes in guinea pigs, whose immune system reacts to herpes very similarly to that of humans, showed that the disease was more severe and lasted longer in animals exposed to THC than in other animals. The effect of marijuana use on the immune system is something to be concerned about, especially for those in the high-risk groups for certain diseases.

Possibly the greatest impact of marijuana use on the human body is its effect on the nervous system. The brain is the control center of the body. There our thoughts are made,



ported among marijuana users.

Effects on the female reproductive system have been found in the rhesus monkey, which has a reproductive system very similar to that of humans. Marijuana can upset the female sex hormones, causing menstrual cycles to be thrown off. Researchers have found that animals exposed to marijuana conceive less often and bear more stillborn children than the unexposed animals, and male newborn animals weighed less at birth.

A Boston study found that,

Boys who use marijuana heavily may have less-than-normal sexual development.

our memory is stored, our hormones are regulated, and our physical actions are controlled. The brain has about 10 billion nerve cells organized in a highly compact, elaborate system of chemically controlled intercommunication. THC is extremely strong, and only a tiny amount upsets the brain's chemistry.

Dr. Robert Heath of Tulane University has theorized that marijuana doesn't supply the brain with the basic chemicals that produce pleasure, but it stimulates the release of chemicals in the brain that do so. Eventually these chemicals are used up or lose their strength, producing drug tolerance, which means a given amount of a drug will no longer produce its usual effect. To recapture the pleasurable feeling, the regular drug user must take the drug more frequently, take more of it, or turn to a stronger drug.

Marijuana, unlike alcohol, dissolves in fat. Alcohol, which dissolves in water, leaves the body in a matter of hours. But 30 to 50 percent of the THC can still be in the body a week after smoking a single marijuana joint.

A year after THC-treated monkeys had been off the drug in the Davis, California, monkey colony, Dr. John McGahan took CAT scans of their brains and found cell death in the brain. A study in England, examining 10 heavy users of marijuana, found evidence of brain deterioration in the same areas of the brain as that of the monkey studies.

Dr. Ethel Sassenrath says, "Given the extremely long persistence of this drug in body tissues, especially fatty tissues like the brain, it is reasonable to expect that low levels of exposure over long enough periods of time will have detrimental effects similar to those of higher levels of drug intake—it will just take longer."

The immediate effects of marijuana use on the brain are temporary loss of short-term memory and the ability to learn, changes in mood and emotions, exaggeration of space and time, inability to reason, sometimes hallucinations and delusions, and impairment of judgment, perception, reaction, and coordination.


The younger the nervous system, the more impact marijuana has on both animals and humans. Physicians who treat children who are marijuana users report that these children may never catch up in their mental development. Regular marijuana users just can't think through a situation, they can't remember, they can't evaluate, and they are simply handicapping themselves.

It's very encouraging to know that marijuana use has declined among teenagers from the peak use in 1978, though this decline leveled off last year. In 1978, 37 percent of high-school seniors used marijuana sometime in the past month. By last year the figure had dropped to 25 percent, where it remains today. Daily use went from 11 percent in 1978 down to 5 percent both

last and this year.

Teenagers are beginning to perceive the harmful effects of smoking marijuana. I think this is because they have observed harmful effects in their siblings and in their peers, and also because of all the information that is reaching them through parent and other educational groups.

We have had 20 years to observe the effects of marijuana



use on a large scale. From such observations and from the results of thousands of studies done by researchers around the world, we no longer need to ask, "Where is the evidence that marijuana can hurt me?" ◇

For 13 years Helen C. Jones assisted in the drug-related research and educational work of her husband, Dr. Hardin B. Jones, professor of medical physics and physiology at the University of California, Berkeley. She is an author and lecturer, her most recent effort being coauthoring the book *The Marijuana Question*, published by Dodd, Mead & Company.

Witch's Brew



Maude screamed, "Saint Anthony, save me!" as she strained at the ropes which held her to the stake. The smoke, rising in suffocating billows, choked off her cries. She hardly felt the pain of the fire; a fire within her own body had raged for days.

"The devil's got her!" Madame Reynaud had cried when Maude had run through the village tearing off her clothes.

After a midday meal of rye bread and stew a week before, wild colors had suddenly flared and dimmed before Maude's eyes. Two days later she had torn apart her few sticks of furniture in an hour of foam-mouthed fury. Worst of all, her body had burned so that she was afraid that she might set others on fire if she touched them. How could Maude herself doubt that she was truly a witch?

"Burn the witch!" the villagers had demanded, and so they did.

But Maude wasn't a witch.

She was a victim of ergot poisoning. Ergot, the natural substance from which the hallucinogenic drug LSD is made, is a mold that grows on rye and wheat plants when the weather is damp.

In medieval times, when this episode occurred, people had no knowledge of ergot or the drugs made from it. They didn't understand the effects that such substances could have on their bodies. So when one person and then another became crazy within moments, no one suspected that bread made from grain contaminated by the mold was the cause. Instead, the villagers blamed the devil for the victims' strange actions and claimed that those whom he marked for his

own were being punished for their sins. Because of this ignorance, hundreds of innocent people who had hallucinations as a result of ergot poisoning were burned as witches.

Ergot and the drugs made from it are used for many different things. One of the drugs made from ergot, LSD-25, is colorless, tasteless, and incredibly powerful. A quarter of a millionth of an ounce can cause hallucinations which can last for hours. In France in 1951, bread baked with rye flour contaminated by this form of ergot all but destroyed the people of one village.

The village baker received some rye flour from the north of France which was gray and had an oily feel to it. He protested to the government agricultural agent, but the agent told him to use the flour, because he would get no other. The next day the villagers picked up their daily loaves from the bakery.

The first villager to notice that something was wrong was a farmer. He had fed bits of the bread to his ducks, and he watched in horror as they marched like penguins, their bills clacking unceasingly, until they dropped dead. A few days later he himself was dead.

Those severely poisoned by the bread complained that their bodies burned and

froze. Some were in a trance for days. Some tried to kill themselves. Others "saw" time, space, and color as if these things had form and were elastic. Some died.

Those not so seriously poisoned felt great rushes of energy. They talked hysterically. They couldn't sleep. Worst of all for them was the feeling of being trapped. They feared their neighbors and even the members of their own families. A person who was normal one minute could become a raving maniac the next.

Scientists investigating the sickness were unable to prove in their laboratories that the tissues of the dead contained the LSD-25 form of ergot, because the chemical changes form too rapidly. But the scientists traced all of the cases of sickness to the village bakery, and they located more ergot-contaminated flour in the bins of the farmer who had produced the flour used by the baker. Many of the scientists were convinced that the victims suffered from ergot poisoning.

Today, someone who willingly takes LSD won't be burned at the stake, but he could still suffer the same symptoms as Maude or the French villagers. Now that you know what kind of substance LSD is made from, I think you'll agree that LSD is truly a witch's brew. ◇







Kevin Hugins
**BICYCLING COAST
TO COAST**

When Kevin Hugins sets a goal for himself, he reaches it. Last summer he bicycled across America from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean, fulfilling a goal he had set the previous Christmas. Now he wants to be the youngest competitor to ride the 3,000-mile, coast-to-coast Race Across America (RAAM). The youngest RAAM competitor so far was 18. Kevin is 16.

Kevin started biking with his dad at age 11. Their first big trip was a hilly, 20-mile climb from

his home town of Durango, Colorado, to Bayfield, the next town east.

"My dad and I thought we were real hot for doing that. Then the next year we decided that it would be fun to ride to Alamosa to see my grandparents," says the blond, six-foot-one-inch, 142-pound high-school junior.

It sounded like more fun than it turned out to be. Alamosa, the site of the 1968 Olympic marathon team trials, sits in a high Colorado valley 140 miles from

A m y M a l i c k

BICYCLING COAST TO COAST



Durango. Wolf Creek Pass (elevation 10,000 feet) separates the two towns—and the men from the boys.

Kevin, his father, and a friend (who Kevin said has not ridden his bike since) conquered Wolf Creek Pass but were nearly defeated by a fierce head wind on the flats in the San Luis Valley. His father ignored Kevin's pleas to "call Grandma to come and get us!" and the three pushed on to Alamosa.

That was the last time his father had to push Kevin to complete a bike trip. The next year, when Kevin was 13, he and his dad took their first "loaded" trip, a 900-mile, 10-day ride from Durango to Riverside, California. (On a loaded

was going to ride across America the next summer.

Kevin's mother was not surprised. "Kevin is one for a challenge," she says. "When he decides he's going to do something, he goes after it. Kevin doesn't believe in doing anything in an ordinary fashion. If he does something, he does it all the way."

In January of 1985 Kevin took a road atlas off the shelf and began planning his trip. Unlike the RAAM, which obtains special permission to use some main freeways, he had to use many small side roads.

The route, starting on the California coast at Doheny State Park between Laguna Beach and Oceanside, was to

finally, east through Virginia, over the Appalachian Mountains, to the coast at Virginia Beach, Virginia. The time goal: 15 days. Kevin's personal goal: to check out the girls in Virginia Beach. (He is, in most ways, a typical teenage boy.)

In January Kevin invited his buddy, Duane Schmitt, to ride with him. Although Kevin's father had wanted to ride too, he made plans instead to drive the support van and act as coach for the boys.

Kevin began taking a few short training rides for the trip in March.

"Then I broke my jaw during spring break," says Kevin (he ran into another tree, this time on skis), "and my mouth was wired shut for two months. As soon as I got unwired I started riding again. I started riding 20 miles a day, then worked up. The last week before the trip I was getting in 70 to 100 miles on weekdays and 150 to 200 miles on weekends."

"Kevin was really good about training," boasts his mother. "He rode to Santa Fe, New Mexico, and also to Ouray [Colorado] and back."

Those were not easy rides. Santa Fe lies 200 miles south of Durango in the foothills of the northern New Mexico mountains. Ouray, a brutal 90 miles north of Durango (elevation 6,512), is on the other side of three 10,000-foot passes—Coal Bank, Molas, and Red Mountain. That 90 miles makes up the first leg of what local bicyclists call the Death Ride.

Finally, at daybreak on July 21, the same starting date for the 1985 RAAM, Kevin and Duane climbed on their bikes in Doheny State Park and started wheeling east. They had cycled halfway through California in sweltering heat when Kevin's father made them climb into the van and ride.



Kevin began training by riding 20 miles a day, then worked up to as much as 100 miles a day.

trip, you carry your food, sleeping bags, and other supplies on your bike.) Kevin's goal of reaching Disneyland was squelched by his dad 35 miles short of achieving it because of the heavily trafficked roads.

Perhaps spending the summer of his 14th year in a knee brace—the result of running into a tree with a motorcycle—frustrated Kevin into making the leap from ordinary to extraordinary biking goals. At Christmas of that year, Kevin announced to his dad that he

take him across the searing California desert to Blythe; north briefly along the Colorado River; east through Arizona to Flagstaff; across the Navajo and Jicarilla Apache Indian reservations of New Mexico to Taos; beside the Cimarron Cutoff of the Santa Fe Trail at Cimarron, New Mexico; across the Oklahoma panhandle to Liberal, Kansas; along the southern Kansas border; over the Missouri Ozark Mountains; across the Mississippi River and into the rolling, green hills of Kentucky; and,

BICYCLING COAST TO COAST



"Dad wouldn't let us ride on the desert, because it was 112 degrees. Within five minutes our water would be so hot we couldn't drink it," said Kevin. Their lift from Indio to Blythe, California, was the first of three times the boys had to ride in the van. Both of the other times, in northern New Mexico and eastern Virginia, were respites from blinding rain.

Kevin remembers the first three days as the most difficult. "My legs got sore. About the second day I could hardly sit—I thought I was going to die. When we would sit at a picnic table to eat, we'd have the bench piled high with foam pads. My dad bought us gel-filled seat covers for our bikes in Flagstaff on the third day."

There was a good reason for the soreness. The second day Kevin rode from 4:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m., covering a total of 210 miles. Duane, riding amazingly well considering his training, rode half that distance.

Kevin's father worked like a leapfrog, shuttling food and water back and forth between the boys. "During the main part of the day I had two large water bottles that each held about a quart, and I'd go through both of those every hour," says Kevin.

Besides water, the boys daily gobbled down 6,500 calories each of bread, cheese, luncheon meat, fruit, and granola bars. (A normal teenager requires only 2,800 calories a day.)

After Flagstaff, Arizona, the trip continued on a clockwork rhythm. Kevin describes a typical day: "We'd get up when it was still dark, and we'd eat. We'd begin riding as soon as we could see, eat every now and then, and then ride and ride and ride."

Kevin continues, "The last

week I'd only make three stops a day where I really stopped. I'd try to ride 100 miles before I stopped around noon or 1:00 p.m. I'd stop for about 20 minutes, ride some more, and then after about 150 or 160 miles I'd take a break for 15 minutes.

"We were averaging about 15 miles per hour, so it's not like we were working so hard that we were killing ourselves. Sometimes at the end of the day, though, we'd push real hard to get the mileage in."

The boys' pace sometimes did take its toll though. Kevin explains: "In Kansas especially it seemed like we weren't making any progress, because everything looked the same. I can remember times when I'd fall asleep on the bike, start swerving, then wake up and find myself in the middle of the road, hoping no car would come."

As the boys traveled farther east, road conditions and traffic became worse. "Semis would be cruising at 70 miles per hour about a foot away from us. I was always afraid I was going

Kevin runs (when he isn't riding) to help keep himself in shape.



to get sucked under them," Kevin says.

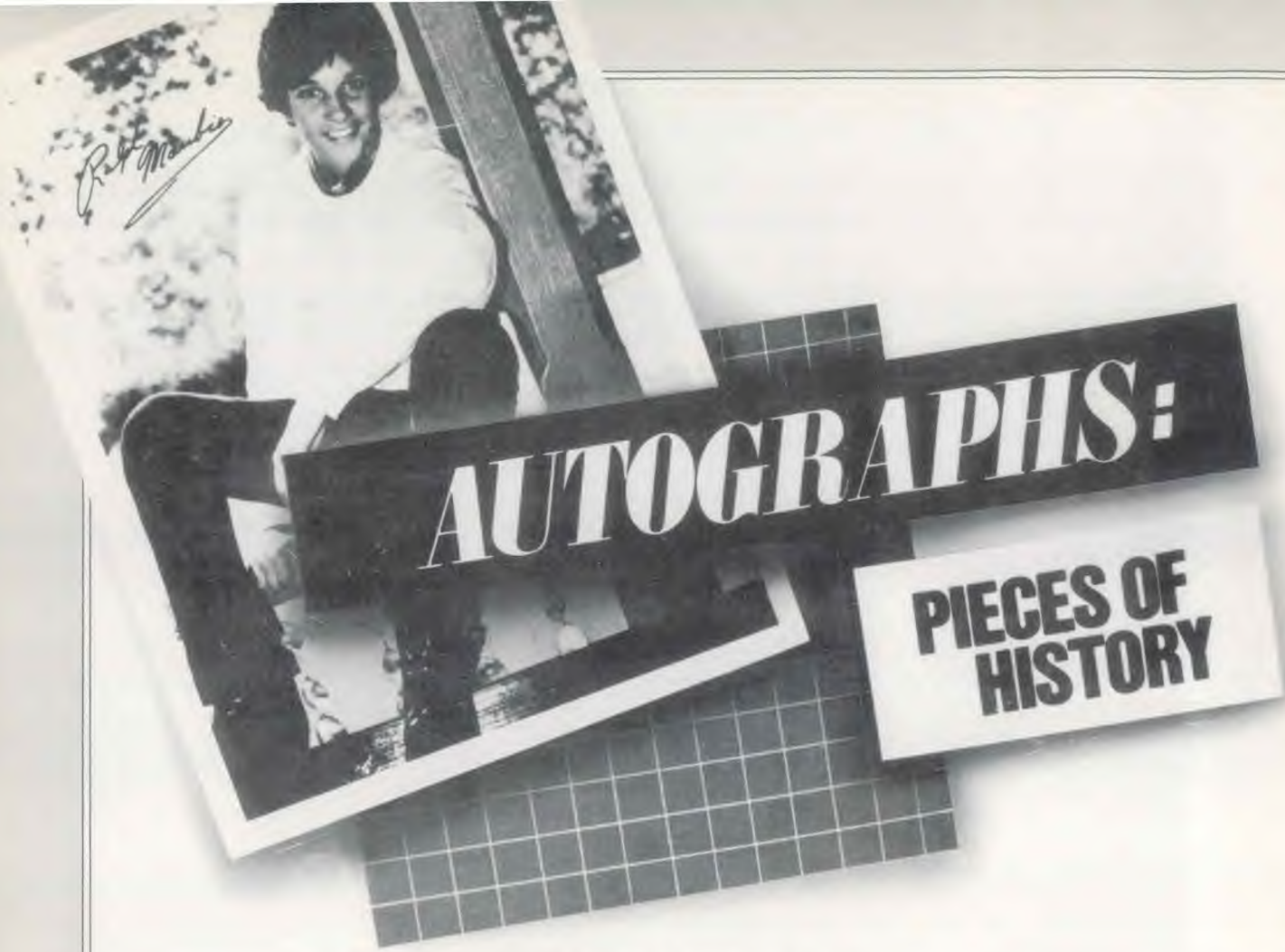
On the last stretch in Virginia, with spirits sagging from exhaustion and boredom with the routine, Kevin and Duane grew restless. A severe rainstorm forced them into the van, sparing them two tough, unexpected climbs in the Appalachians. A night in a motel in Galax, Virginia, revived their spirits, and, a day and a half sooner than they had planned, they rolled into Virginia Beach.

And what do you suppose Kevin remembers most about that day? "The girls in Virginia Beach smoke cigarettes!" he says with disgust.

Back home in Durango Kevin got his racing sanctions and started competing in local bike races like the annual Memorial Day Iron Horse Classic. He hopes to ride in the 700-mile RAAM qualifying race, the John Marino Open, in southern Arizona in September 1986. To qualify for the 1987 RAAM, he has to be one of the top 12 finishers within 15 percent of the winner's time. He'll be 17 then, still young enough to fulfill his goal of being the youngest rider to compete in the RAAM.

To prepare for the John Marino Open, Kevin is planning to ride across the country again this summer with no preplanned stops. He wants to ride as far as he is able before stopping to sleep. This time he'll be doing it without his dad along. In addition to training, Kevin will be taking more responsibility for his cycling by assembling his own support team and soliciting finances.

Based on his accomplishments thus far—barring any further run-ins with trees—we can expect to hear much more about Kevin Hugins' extraordinary accomplishments. ♦



Jerry Shoemaker

Welcome to the world of autograph collecting! It's an exciting world, as you'll discover. As with anything else, you'll get out of this hobby what you put into it, but your effort doesn't need to be as great as with some hobbies, like sewing, macramé, or sports. And autograph collecting doesn't require much financial outlay as do many other hobbies, such as collecting stamps or coins.

Collecting signatures is nothing new. The practice dates back almost 2,000 years to the time of the Roman Empire. One known signature of Emperor Julius Caesar is in existence. Needless to say, that autograph is worth a lot of money.

Autograph collectors usually fall into one of the following categories:

The Big Timer. This is a col-

lector who deals in, purchases, or trades for autographs, either as a hobby or as a profession. The majority of such a person's collection is of people who are legendary and/or deceased. Needless to say, the Big Timer must have some financial means to purchase autographs. The average person usually can't afford to have a big collection.

The Impulsive Collector. The most common type of autograph hound, he's the one you'll see at a concert or sporting event waiting to get a celebrity's autograph. It's fascinating to meet someone famous, and the celebrity's signature proves to others that the collector has met him. It also provides a memento of the occasion.

The Impulsive Collector has

good intentions, but he doesn't think of himself as a collector. Six months later he'll probably have lost or misplaced the autograph he got.

The Writer. This is my category! Although I may purchase a few autographs and get an autograph in person when I have the opportunity, the majority of my collection comes from writing celebrities or newsworthy people. The Writer generally doesn't have the money to be a big dealer, but he takes collecting more seriously than does the Impulsive Collector, and he sees the value in it.

Obtaining autographs through the mail has its advantages and disadvantages. The obvious disadvantage is verifying the autograph's authenticity. However, if it's a valuable autograph, there are places to

have it verified, such as the Charles Hamilton Autograph Society in New York City. The advantage of receiving an autograph in the mail is that it is often on a letter, and an autographed letter is much more memorable and valuable than just a signature alone.

I began collecting autographs in 1976, primarily because a friend I worked with wrote for three autographs and received all three. I decided to write the same three people—John Wayne, Neil Armstrong (the first human to walk on the moon), and Norman Rockwell. Those were the only three my friend wanted, but I decided to write for a few more, and then a few more, until within a year I had almost 40 autographs.

There are several good reasons for becoming an autograph collector:

- Autograph collecting doesn't cost a lot. If you wrote 10 letters a month in the United States, your cost would be \$2.20 for postage and around \$.40 for stationery and envelopes. That's a small investment for something so rewarding.

- Autograph collecting takes little time. I can easily write 10 letters, find the celebrities' addresses at the library, and address the envelopes in an hour and a half. I average about 15 letters per month. So my investment in time and money averages approximately four dollars and less than three hours a month. Yet in 10 years' time I've collected over 1,200 autographs.

I've received all types of objects, some asked for, others just sent: autographed baseballs, footballs, original cartoons, books, and record albums. The Ayatollah Khomeini of Iran sent me a copy of the Muslim scriptures, the Koran. Dr. Michael DeBakey, the South African heart surgeon who first performed open-heart surgery, sent me an

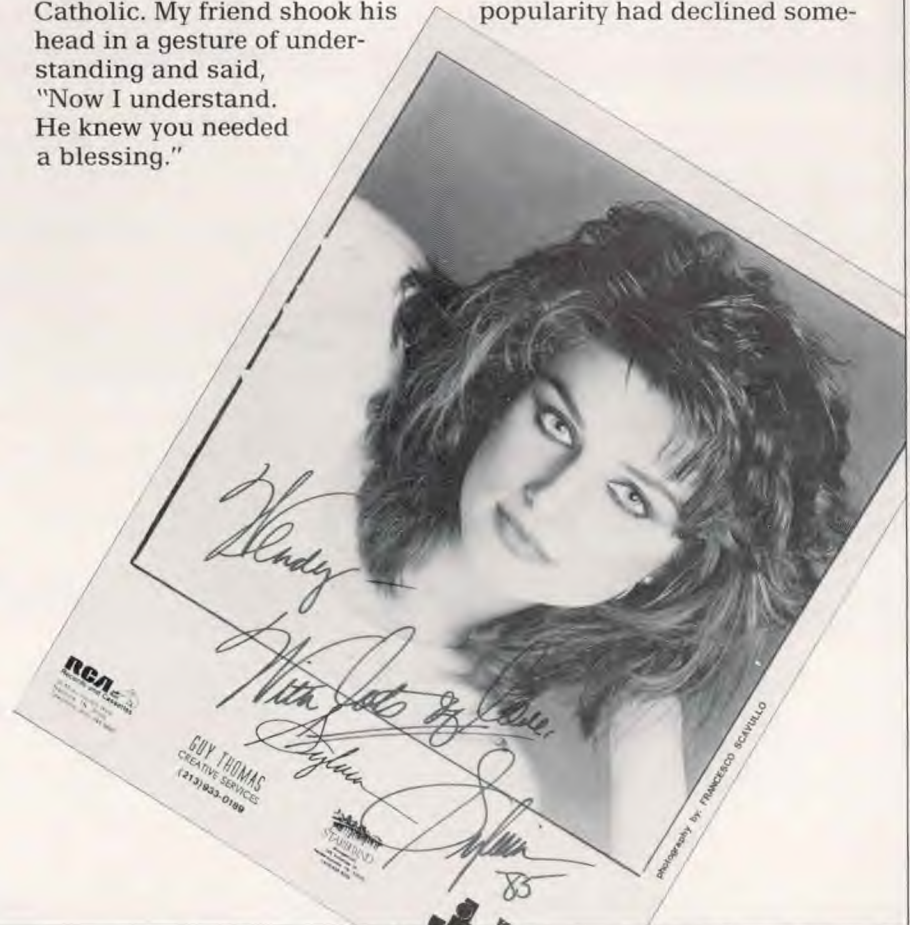
autographed aortal valve called the DeBakey Graft, which he invented for open-heart surgeries and heart transplants. Two famous vegetarians, William Shatner of "Star Trek" and Dirk Benedict of "The A Team," sent their favorite recipes and told me why they're vegetarian. One woman I wrote to sent me a beautiful silk scarf she'd designed for a floral show, and she initialed it. Four months later the woman, Princess Grace of Monaco, died in an auto accident.

I wrote a five-page letter to Pope John XXIII in hopes of getting his autograph. I didn't get it, but I received a silver medalion and the blessing of the pope. I showed it to a friend who's a priest, and he was amazed. "How did you get the medal and the pope's blessing?" he asked. I told him I didn't know, just that I had written the pope, and in my letter I had told him I wasn't Catholic. My friend shook his head in a gesture of understanding and said, "Now I understand. He knew you needed a blessing."

- Autograph collecting gives you the opportunity to collect other things. When you write someone in another country, you'll frequently get foreign stamps on their return envelopes, giving you the opportunity to build a small stamp collection as well. One of my favorite stamps is from Pitcairn Island, the South Pacific island in the story *Mutiny on the Bounty*. I received it by writing for the autograph of Tom Christian, a descendent of the famous mutineer Fletcher Christian.

- Autograph collecting is a very valuable hobby. Counting my few autograph purchases, I've spent approximately \$800 in 10 years, yet my collection has been valued at between \$20,000 and \$25,000. Very few things you can collect appreciate in value like this.

After I had been collecting for about a year, I wrote to a well-known musician whose popularity had declined some-



what. He replied on his personal letterhead with a signature. The envelope was postmarked August 2, 1977. On August 16 he died. That musician was Elvis Presley. Until that time I hadn't realized that my hobby could be profitable as well as fun. (Though the excitement of collecting is more important than the autographs' value—I wouldn't sell my collection for any amount of money!)

Of course, some luck is involved in acquiring valuable signatures. Luck was involved in getting Jimmy Carter's autograph while he was president. I had tried several times with no success. Finally I wrote a note to President Carter's chief of correspondence, Landon Kite, asking if he could get me the president's autograph, but I still got no reply! Six months later I went to Washington, D.C., to sing for a wedding. I mentioned my hobby of autograph collecting to the minister, and he said, "One of my parishioners could get you an autograph of the president. His name is Landon Kite." He told Mr. Kite about my hobby, and within three weeks I had President Carter's autograph.

• Autograph collecting is educational. The creativity that successful letter writing calls for will improve your writing skills, and you have much more incentive to write when

you are likely to get something in return. And you'll learn more about the people around you in this world.

Try obtaining autographs from various types of people. Movie and TV stars are the least likely to answer and also take the most time to reply, due to the volume of requests they receive. (Bo Derek took over five months to reply, and three months is not unusual.) Besides actors and actresses, try writing to athletes, politicians, world leaders, religious leaders, musicians, artists and cartoonists, authors, inventors, journalists, people who are leaders in their fields, and other people in the news.

Usually, the most valuable autographs are those of statesmen, world leaders, and newsmakers. The least valuable are those of athletes, actors, and actresses, unless the autograph is that of a deceased, legendary person like Presley, Wayne, or Babe Ruth.

It usually helps you to be successful if you can show the person you're writing that you are knowledgeable about him. If you don't know a lot about the person you are writing to, look him up in reference books and read up on him before writing.

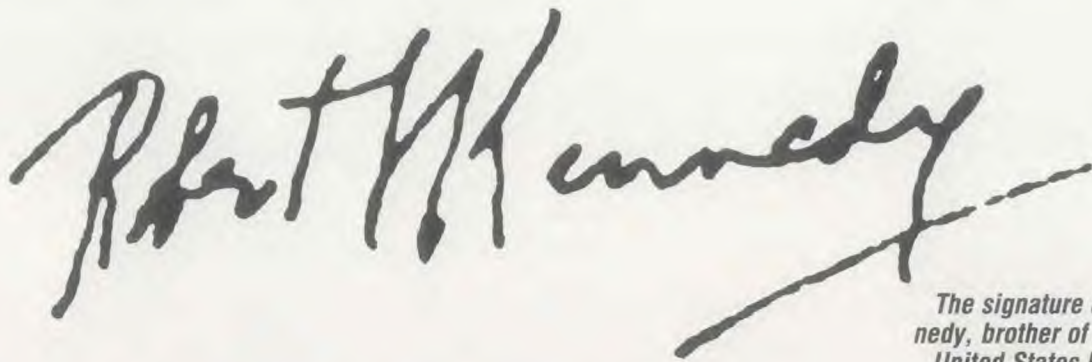
It's also important to make your letter easy to read. Write legibly or type if your hand-

writing is illegible. Many famous celebrities pick out letters to reply to, so an attractive, concise, easy-to-read letter will be to your advantage.

One of the best ways to get a response is to be creative. If you sketch, sketch the person's picture on the envelope. If you have a different talent, think how you can use that talent to your advantage in your letter.

I write backwards. I draw pictures and caricatures. I mention to singers that I'm a singer. I've even put my collection on display and then told celebrities that the autograph was for a display. One woman I know collected autographs of child stars. She sent pictures of her granddaughter to them and got a great response. Pictures of kids usually do get a great response, as well as letters from kids.

Try outlining your envelope in color to make it stand out. That will catch your subject's attention. Including a self-addressed, stamped envelope will also improve your chances of getting a response, but don't do this if you want a large picture or are writing someone in another country whose postal system might be different from yours. Something you may want to try on occasion is to ask your subject a question. This may cut down your chances of a response, but if it works, you've got a personal letter for



The signature of Robert F. Kennedy, brother of the assassinated United States President John F. Kennedy, increased in value after he too was assassinated while campaigning for president in 1968.

your collection. If not, you can always try a regular letter afterwards.

When I write to someone famous whose actions or philosophy I don't agree with or respect, such as the Ayatollah Khomeini of Iran, I'll talk about what he can do to bring peace to the world or to foster better relations between countries or people, but I won't praise him. In response the Ayatollah Khomeini sent me the Koran I mentioned earlier.

You should get about a 60-percent response on the first try, but keep trying if you don't get an early response. Sometimes it may take several attempts to get an answer, but it's worth the effort if you really want the autograph. Just remember that no one owes you an autograph, though many famous people are happy to hear from



you and are even happier to comply with your request.

Once in a while you'll read about a famous person who doesn't normally give autographs. I'll still try, because it gives me a chance to use my ingenuity, and more than once I've succeeded. I once tried eight times without success to get the autograph of the great actress Katherine Hepburn. Out of desperation, because I really admire her and wanted it so badly, I wrote again and wrote "Ninth Attempt!" at the top of the page. She signed her name at the bottom of my letter and returned it to me. When you get a rare autograph, it's a real coup.

Well, that's enough information to get you started. I know you'll enjoy this hobby as much as I have. Good luck obtaining your pieces of history! ◇

HOW TO FIND ADDRESSES

There are several sources which you can find in your library's reference section which contain the addresses of famous people.

Who's Who in America and *The International Who's Who* are great sources because they also have information on the individuals. (It always improves your chances of getting replies when you show your knowledge of the individual.)

Another book that some libraries carry is *The Academy Players Directory*, published by the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences. It is a valuable book and up-to-date (which *Who's Who* isn't always). If your library doesn't have it, encourage the librarian to get it.

A book you should consider purchasing for addresses is the *World Almanac*, which is published annually. It's great for world leaders, who are pub-

lished under their countries' entries. Write these leaders in care of their countries' capital cities. The book also has the addresses for all the major sports teams where you can write to your favorite athletes.

Network television stars can be reached at the networks that broadcast their programs, which are: ABC-TV, 1451 Prospect Place, Los Angeles, CA 90027; CBS-TV, 7800 Beverly Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90036; NBC-TV, 3000 West Alameda Boulevard, Burbank, CA 91500.

There are two other sources for hard-to-get people. If you write to ACS, P. O. Box 75151, Los Angeles, CA 90075, you will receive a book listing several thousand celebrities for only a few dollars. Then, if you want to use some of the addresses listed, the cost is only 50 cents each. Many of these addresses are "hard-to-find" home ad-

resses. The Screen Actors Guild will also give you the addresses for two or three agents who have the addresses of many stars. Call them at 213-876-3030.

For cartoonists and columnists, check your newspaper for the name of the syndicate that circulates their work. The National Research Bureau in Burlington, Iowa, annually publishes a series of reference books called *Working Press of the Nation*. One volume of the series is a *Feature Writer and Syndicate Directory*. All the major syndicates' addresses can be found in that volume.

The address of the Charles Hamilton Autograph Society is 25 East 77th Street, New York City, New York, in case you would like to purchase some autographs or determine the value of an autograph. ◇

Ellen Harley

HOW I LEARNED THAT DRUGS ARE

NO WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS

In one town they called it "cool"; in another they called it "tuff" (as opposed to "tough," which was something else entirely). In yet another they called it "mellow" or "laid back." But it was always the same thing—a kind of studied carelessness about life that passed for courage. And, as I moved from town to town with my oft-transferred parents, I became convinced that it was the key to fitting in.

Our final move was to a large city where my heavy southern drawl and factory-outlet clothes came across as strictly hick. Since my accent wasn't going away, and I couldn't afford to refinance my wardrobe, I decided to prove myself by being more cool than "cool," more tuff than "tuff," more mellow than "mellow." And what easier way to do that than through the conspicuous use of large quantities of illegal drugs?

A friend of mine who about that same time had moved from the city back to a small town was faced with the same decision. A classmate at her new school described the local situation to Nancy this way: "In our school, the punks smoke dope and brag about it, and the jocks smoke dope and lie about it." In either case, drugs seemed to be the shortcut to popularity. But Nancy wasn't interested in playing along. "If my classmates don't like me for who I am, then who needs them?" she asked.

That was a good question. But I was afraid to show my friends the real me. I went out of my way to check out books on astronomy and other sciences from the public library instead of the one at our school, and I purposely slept or fidgeted through the classes that interested me most. I

didn't want anyone to guess that I dreamed of going to college. Surely everyone would laugh! I pretended my only interest in life was getting high.

And it's true that I hardly had time to be lonely. The process of earning or stealing money and setting up deals kept me pretty busy. The mood swings caused by the amphetamines I took to "improve" my personality got me a lot of attention too. When I was up, I pulled outrageous stunts that were the talk of the school. (It wasn't enough for me to cut class, for instance. I would show up and then walk out when the teacher started talking.) When I was down, a trio of serious girls from the honors classes would spend hours trying to cheer me up. I might be the new kid in town, but everyone knew my name.

Meanwhile, from her new school Nancy reported that she'd found a part-time job and was starting to date. Dale, her new boyfriend, seemed fascinated by her. Knowing she came from a large city and seeing her stylish, new-wave clothes, he first spoke to her to ask if she had any cocaine! She had to laugh. She was sure her emphatic No would drive him away for good, but instead it seemed to draw him closer.

During a concert Dale offered her a joint and acted surprised when she refused. "I like to really get into the music," she explained. "I can't do that if my head isn't clear."

"You really like this music?" he asked. "I thought most girls just used music as an excuse to do drugs!" They were both excited to find that they shared a genuine interest.

Although I was sure I was more popular, I



envied Nancy. Whom could I talk to the way she talked to Dale? I was sure no one would like me if I took off my druggie mask. The trouble was, I was starting to realize that no one liked me much with the mask on either.

I'd really been giving one teacher a hard time. At the beginning of the year the kids had warned me about Ms. Jorgen, the Wicked Witch of South Hall. Because reds (amphetamines) made me so hyper, it was easy to work myself up into a state in which I was constantly making trouble for her. One day I even drove her to tears! I was sure I was a heroine in the ongoing war between teachers and kids. I felt betrayed when a couple of students took me aside after class. "Why don't you shut up once in a while?" they asked. "Some of us are here to learn something!"

I felt like crying myself. "I'm doing this for you," I said. "No one else around here seems to have the guts to complain about the way the teachers treat us in this jail!" (I always called my high school a jail.)

"They seem to treat you all right," one of the girls retorted. "If it were up to me, I'd have kicked you out long ago!"

Now I was crying. I took off and hid in the bathroom. I needed to talk to someone who understood, but who? I ran down the list of my so-called friends. Karen, Julie, and Lark dropped by only to watch me pull some silly stunt they were too smart to try themselves. Bobby spoke to me only when I had a new bottle of pills. Tim, Kathy, and Jamie came around only when they had something to sell.

Popular? I didn't have a single true friend.

Drugs had given me the illusion of having friends, but they couldn't give me the real thing. In fact, they prevented me from making friends with the kind of people who shared my interest in science. After all, future doctors and engineers had better things to do with their time than watch me fry my brain!

After my moment of truth, I didn't quit drugs all at once. I wasn't that brave, I'm sorry to say. But I did taper off and start to work toward my real goals in life.

Yes, people did laugh—even some teachers. When I was called to the office to pick up a chemistry award, the counselor recognized me and told me there had been a mistake. "They must have meant to call your sister," she said. "This isn't about a behavior problem; this is about a prize." It felt strange to hear the principal explain that there was no mistake! But, as Nancy pointed out, people who thought it was weird or funny that I was trying to better myself had never been my friends to begin with.

Unfortunately, my flirtation with drugs did leave behind some permanent damage. And before I'd made that new set of friends I wanted, it was graduation time. Although I still live in the same city, I haven't talked to anyone from my high school in almost a decade.

And Nancy? She's traveled all over the world, including in Europe, Russia, and Africa. Dale still writes to her on a regular basis, and the two of them often get together for visits. Because it was based on honesty, their friendship has lasted long after my "friendships" faded away. ◇

And So Forth



GOT A QUARTER?

Trust the Japanese to take the lowly vending machine to new heights. Whatever you want or need, there is probably a vending machine in Tokyo that sells it.

These aren't your ordinary vending machines either. They have fancy lights, lots of buttons, and some even have electronic voices. One of these new high-tech machines can even serve 126

different types of coffee, depending on what the customer orders. Other machines offer records, razors, socks, religious books, liquor, and many other products.

The machines can be found on almost every street corner in Japanese cities. Few of them are broken into, but because of the lack of sidewalks in Japan many of the machines have been damaged or

destroyed by cars. Most of them now have collision insurance.

Not everyone is thrilled by the machines though. Kotoko Takahashi was rather upset when the magazine vendor in her work building was replaced by a machine. "I don't like it," she said. "Person-to-person contact is much nicer."

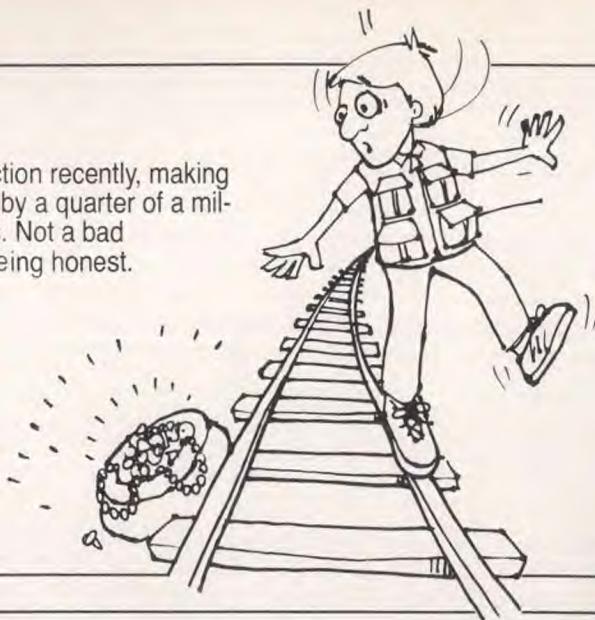
HONESTY PAYS—IN A BIG WAY

Here's proof that nice guys don't always finish last.

Eric DeWilde, a teenager from Hollywood, Florida, found a bag of jewels while walking along a railroad track one day. Being an honest kind of guy, he turned the jewels over to the police so the rightful owner could claim them. The original owner didn't show up though, so after six months the gems became Eric's legal property.

About half of the jewels were

sold at auction recently, making Eric richer by a quarter of a million dollars. Not a bad profit for being honest.



MONASTIC MONKEYSHINES

The basketball team of St. Joseph's College has always dominated the Mad Monk Tournament. St. Joseph's has also come in second, third, and last in every tournament.

No, that isn't double talk (or quadruple talk). Several years ago the basketball coach of the St. Joseph's College Monks noticed that there were a couple of other colleges in the area with the same name. He decided to organize a tournament, and the result is that you can't tell who is who even with a score card.

Luckily, the four participating teams have different names: the

Monks, the Golden Eagles, the Bears, and the Saints. The Monks swept through the most recent tournament pretty easily. But then, they were on their own turf. That turf consists of a gloomy gym known to the locals as the Chamber of Horrors. And it didn't hurt to have a weird collection of fans called the Bleacher Creatures on their side either.

All in all it made for an enjoyable but confusing tournament. "I wasn't too worried about St. Joe's," remarked Phil Callahan of the Golden Eagles before the final game. "It's St. Joe's I'm worried about."

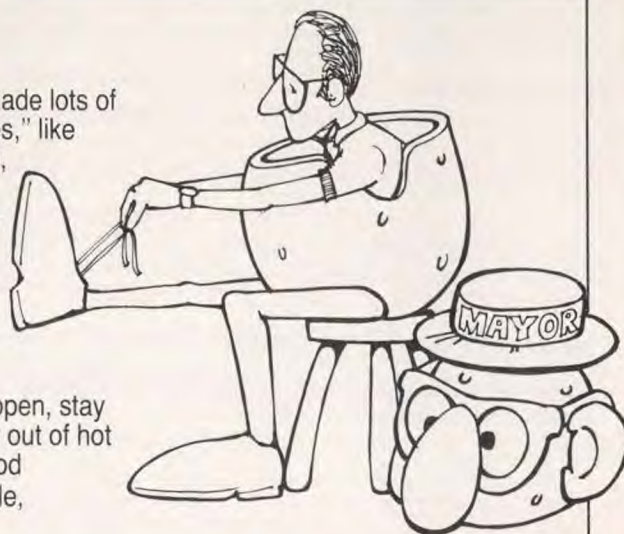
HOT POTATO

During the recent mayoral campaign in Boise, Idaho, a new type of political candidate was introduced. He's 35 years old, known by almost everyone, and is a real "man of the soil." Yes, friends, Mr. Potato Head ran for mayor.

It was a combination prank (played by some college students) and publicity stunt (by Hasbro toys) that gained a whole lot of attention. The ambitious vegetable, played by actor Marc Grayson in a seven-foot-tall fiberglass costume, made appearances all around the city. There was even a parade in his honor, complete with

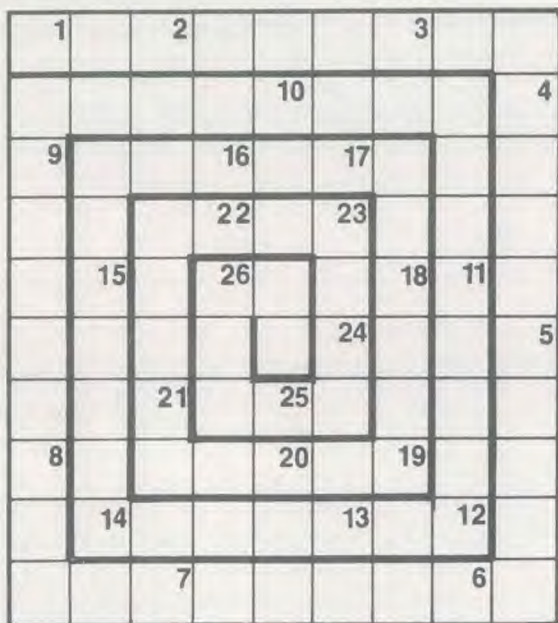
a 21-potato salute.

The towering tuber made lots of "down-to-earth promises," like weeding out pessimism, planting optimism, and putting "a potato in every pot." His rivals have welcomed the newcomer, and one even offered a bit of free advice: "Go in with your eyes open, stay thick-skinned, and stay out of hot water." Sounds like good advice for any vegetable, political or not.



SPIRAL GRAM

Siri & Sriya Tillekeratne



In this puzzle the answers wind around in a spiral, and most of them overlap by at least one letter. To solve, write the first letter of the answer to the first clue in square number 1. Write the first letter of the answer to the second clue in square number 2. Continue thus around the diagram, never crossing the heavy black line.

1. Loose garment
2. Nickname for popular car
3. Saga
4. To make beloved
5. Organize
6. Well-bred
7. Tastefully opulent
8. Ruminant mammal
9. Function
10. End of journey
11. Serviceable
12. Extreme
13. Annoying jam
14. Fact or _____
15. To convert into electrically charged atoms
16. Asian ox
17. Responsibility
18. Refuse
19. Christmas time
20. To teach one a _____
21. Musical composition for a few instruments
22. To exclude from use
23. To reserve
24. Gumbo
25. Telephoned
26. Precious stone



"I think we're getting close to our son's apartment."

DEFINE THE LINE

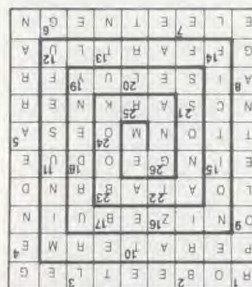
Agnes W. Thomas

The word *line* can be found in the definition of each of the groups of words below. See how quickly you can find the definitions and the *lines*. Ready? Line up!

1. Of the cat family _____ line
2. Newsworthy item _____ line
3. Very manly _____ line
4. Mark of emphasis _____ line
5. Quickly sketched _____ line
6. Must be met _____ line
7. In the palm of your hand _____ line
8. Method of transportation _____ line
9. The middle of your body _____ line
10. Fast and straight _____ line

PUZZLE ANSWERS

Answers to "Spiral Gram"



Answers to "Define the Line"

1. feline 2. headline 3. masculine 4. underline
5. outline 6. deadline 7. lifeline 8. airline 9. waistline
10. beeline

BLACK TAR: A NEW FORM OF HEROIN

A new, potent form of heroin is rapidly gaining popularity in the United States. Smuggled in from Mexico, it is called black tar because of its color. It is frequently sticky but can also be hard, like coal.

Black tar sells for as little as one-tenth the price of conventional Mexican heroin powder, about \$2.50 a dose. It first appeared on streets in the U.S. in 1983 and has since become well established in a number of cities. Black tar is most prevalent in the West and South, though it has turned up in Chicago, Boston, and Detroit.

Authorities say that black tar is up to 45 times as pure as conventional Mexican heroin, a fact which is blamed for a number of overdose deaths. Addicts who are used to conventional heroin frequently take too much of the more powerful black tar.

Authorities fear that this potent, inexpensive form of heroin will cause an increase in heroin use. Already some cities are reporting as much as 400-percent increase in heroin-related injuries.

TOBACCO COMPANIES WIN SUIT

A recent federal-court decision has prohibited lawsuits based on allegations that tobacco users were not adequately warned about the damage that smoking might do to their health. The decision reverses an earlier ruling in which three major tobacco companies were found liable.

The ruling, handed

down by the United States appeals court in Philadelphia, held that "federally mandated health warnings on cigarette packaging and in cigarette advertising protect the industry from claims that consumers are not adequately warned of alleged harmful effects or that cigarette advertising has the effect of negating the health warning," according to William F. Gloede, writing in the April 14, 1986, issue of *Advertising Age*.

The ruling is actually binding only in that appeals court's mid-Atlantic jurisdiction. Attorneys for both sides, however, say they believe that the ruling will be upheld in later cases.

The decision appears to insulate cigarette manufacturers and their advertising agencies from lawsuits based on claims of inadequate health warnings. A tobacco-industry analyst remarked that the decision "was everything the tobacco companies would want."

COCAINE AND HEART ARRHYTHMIAS

Cocaine use can cause irregular heartbeats called arrhythmias in young, healthy persons. These irregular heartbeats can lead to heart attack and sudden death in people with no history of heart problems.

A team of researchers at Tufts University say that they have found seven cases in which young cocaine users were hospitalized or died suddenly after using large amounts of cocaine. Two of the users died, one of a heart attack and the other of ir-

regular heartbeats.

Dr. Jeffrey M. Isner, who reported the team's findings, says that cocaine's effects on the heart have so far gone unnoticed because no one expected them. Also, most patients deny using

illegal drugs, so doctors couldn't be sure that cocaine had caused the problems. "Now that we have started to look for it," said Dr. Isner, "I'm sure it's going to be apparent that this phenomenon is widespread."



COORS ESTABLISHES SCHOLARSHIP

In an attempt to appear as "a responsible corporate citizen," the Adolph Coors Company has founded a scholarship fund to benefit dependents of military veterans, says Terry Nauslar, Coors' director of market expansion.

The scholarship, begun in May, is a part of the \$8 million to \$9 million Coors plans to spend this year to promote Coors and Coors Light beers in the state of Michigan. The company kicked off

the fund by donating five cents to the scholarship for every case of beer that it sold in May.

Coors has run into some difficulties in marketing in Michigan because of a previous dispute with labor unions and allegedly racist remarks made by Chairman William Coors. The company hopes that the scholarship fund will counteract the negative image caused by those incidents.

"One Last Note..."

DECLARING YOUR FREEDOM

"We hold these truths to be self-evident. . . ." With these words Thomas Jefferson began a defense of Americans' right to freedom. Since he wrote the Declaration of Independence a little more than two centuries ago, this document has taken its place as one of the greatest written expressions of all time.

Jefferson's objective, of course, was to assert that Britain's American colonies were no longer dependent on the mother country. They were ready to go forward on their own. In fact, the colonists felt that their survival depended on a break with the mother country. They saw this as a necessity.

It is interesting to note that early in his Declaration of Independence Jefferson listed some things that he termed "self-evident." This meant that he felt these were not mere opinions that needed to be explained, proven, or defended. They were the kinds of assertions that would be supported by any clear-thinking, reasonable individual.

Jefferson's writing of this document led to the war for independence, in which the colonies set sail in a bold, new direction in history—self-rule. This had never happened before.

Today millions of other people are fighting for independence of another kind. They are engaged in a silent battle for survival. The opposing forces are not clashing in fields or woods or cities. Instead, the battle is within.

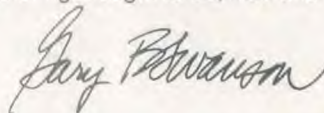
The battle is over independence from drugs of all kinds. Alcohol, marijuana, cigarettes, cocaine, smokeless tobacco—all are powerful enemies. The dangers are certainly self-evident. We have seen too many lives wasted and ruined by drug use. The casualties are all around us. The devastation is frightening.

There may be some who would try to tell you that, handled responsibly, these substances pose no real danger to you. After literally thousands of scientific studies have connected cigarette smoking to death and disease, the advertising for such products persists in showing smokers as robust, active, healthy human beings. Alcohol advertisers depict happy, carefree use of their products, overlooking completely alcohol's relationship to crime, spouse and child abuse, highway carnage, and a host of other social problems.

And the threat of addiction is always there too. This is dependence of a deadly kind. The expressions "I'm dying for a smoke" or "I'm dying for a drink" take on a very tragic and literal double meaning.

The defense against these problems is independence. Not only is it OK to say No, it is necessary. Why not take a few minutes today to write out a personal declaration of independence from drugs? Sign your name to it—as big as John Hancock's signature on the Declaration of Independence if you care to. With apologies to Thomas Jefferson, your declaration may be worded something like this:

"I hold these truths to be self-evident—that all drugs are destructive to my body and that I can live better without them. I hereby solemnly publish and declare that I am, and of right ought to be, free and independent of drug use."



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MY WORLD

“There’s nothing there,” they said,
“Just a pond!”
Just lilies and green things,
Just brushing of wild wings . . .

“There’s mud and weeds,” they said.
“Who needs it?”
Just sunrise and hushed hours,
Just tall grasses, shy flowers . . .

“There’s smell and bugs,” they said.
“Don’t go there!”
Just wild azalea scent . . .
This is just where I went.

Will they never know
The oneness of Nature?
Do I expect too much?

CLAIRE GERBER



Choices.

Young people today face many challenges and tough choices. Peer pressure and the influence of advertising have a daily impact.

But you can counter some of those negative influences with a positive influence that teenagers will pay attention to and respect.

LISTEN magazine gives kids the facts about drug and alcohol use. Using positive role models from the worlds of sports and entertainment, LISTEN can influence young people to make the right choices.

Help your kids make the right choices. Give them LISTEN.

Yes, please send me LISTEN. I enclose US \$11.95 for one year (12 issues), or US \$13.45 if outside the USA.

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