

A JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

LISTEN

■ **PASSIVE
SMOKING:
THE HASSLES
AND THE
HAZARDS**

■ **ESCAPE FROM
A WORLD
OF ONE**

CHICO RESCH:
COURAGE IN THE CREASE



MIRROR IMAGES

**The mirror
caught
his eye and
beckoned
to him,
drawing
him like a
magnet.**

Pat Hyland

You've got to help me out, Mike. Kelly won't go out with me tonight unless I find someone for her friend."

Mike had hesitated. He had other plans.

"It's a great movie. I'll buy the tickets," Adam had promised.

"OK, OK!" Mike had said.

So far everything is even better than OK, Mike thought as he sat in the back seat with Laurie. She was sure easy to talk to. And he liked her long, dark hair.

"No sense in you guys getting wet," Adam said when they arrived at the theater. "Stay here while I get the tickets. Maybe the rain will stop before it's time to go in."

Within minutes Adam was back in the car, slamming the door shut.

"Sold out."

"What do we do now?" Laurie asked.

"Well, we could go back to the house and hang out until the next show," Kelly said.

"That's cool." Adam started the car and told the first of several jokes during the short ride.

"The house is dark, Kelly," Mike remarked, as they headed toward the door.

"Mom and Dad must have decided to go out. It's OK though. I've got a key."

Once they were inside with the lights on and music playing, the girls went into the kitchen to fix some snacks. This is cozy, Mike thought as he listened to the rain falling outside. Later he wasn't sure exactly when he had stopped having fun.

"Why don't you put some

booze in this," Adam teased, holding up his soda.

Kelly laughed and walked over to a corner cabinet. Returning, she poured a generous amount of amber liquid into Adam's glass. He offered the other three glasses in turn.

Mike excused himself. Taking his drink with him, he went

why I'm staying over: to keep Kelly company."

Both girls laughed, and Adam joined in. Mike began to wish he'd done something else after all.

"I'll be right back. Don't go away," Laurie said.

She returned carrying a plastic bag filled with pot in one hand, rolling papers and matches in the other.

"I bought a dime bag before I came—just in case."

Mike was curious. He watched as Adam shook some of the dried weed onto the thin paper, rolled it, and twisted both ends. He wanted to try it. Soon all four of them were smoking.

"Inhale. Hold the smoke in your lungs," Laurie coached.

The air smelled sweet, and Mike enjoyed the drifting sensation that settled over him. The need to talk gave way to a dreamy silence.

Mike got up without comment and headed toward the bathroom. Turning the corner, he encountered a large oval mirror. Its gold frame glittered invitingly. Mike stood staring at his mirror image.

The eyes reminded him of something. He stood there, unwilling to move. His mouth hung partially open, and his hair needed combing. Mike felt uncomfortable. What was wrong? He searched his memory; his mind was slow to respond. Uncle Jack? But he wasn't drinking. . . .

Mike turned away, intending to rejoin the others. There was a telephone on the table beneath the mirror. He saw his hand pick up the receiver and dial. His brother answered.

"No, the movie was sold out. Can you pick me up at Kelly's?" he asked, quickly relaying the address. "I'll meet you outside."

Mike slipped out the side door without saying goodbye. He knew he would be missed eventually, but he couldn't face the mirror again. The cool air

cleared his head. He hoped the light rain would account for his disheveled look. He wished his brother would hurry.

During the following week Adam kept talking about the great time they had had at Kelly's house. Mike wasn't so sure and begged off when Adam suggested another get-together. But by Friday of the next week he had weakened. Besides, Laurie had been fun. And that long, dark hair—

After the game the four of them headed for Kelly's house. Once again it was dark. Aren't her parents ever home? Mike wondered.

This time there were no pretenses. As soon as they were inside, Adam lit a joint and passed it around. Mike puffed on it.

"Inhale," Laurie urged.

He did—and relaxed. Mellow, that's what they call this, Mike thought. His friends seemed funnier than usual. The music sounded better than he remembered.

Eventually Mike headed down the hall toward the bathroom. The mirror caught his eye and beckoned to him, drawing him like a magnet. He saw what he had half expected to see. The face in the mirror was his, but it was also Uncle Jack's. With explosive insight he realized that for him smoking pot was no different from drinking. He decided he didn't want any part of either one.

Mike left early again that night. Embarrassed, he avoided Adam at school for as long as he could, but his friend finally cornered him in the bathroom.

"Well, if you want to know the truth," Mike said, "I just can't face that mirror one more time."

"Are you crazy or what?" Adam responded.

"Let's just say I'll pass."

As Adam walked away Mike glanced at his reflection in the mirror over the sink. His clear-eyed image smiled back. ◇



The mirror's gold frame glittered invitingly.

into the bathroom, where he poured the drink into the sink. He had often seen the effects of alcohol close up. He thought of Uncle Jack and his glazed eyes, slurred speech, and shaking hands. He wanted no part of it.

Mike refilled his glass with soda in the kitchen before rejoining his friends. Several hours passed. Kelly, Adam, and Laurie forgot all about the movie.

"Won't your folks be coming home soon?" Mike asked.

Kelly giggled.

"They're not coming back at all," Laurie volunteered. "That's

Ask a Friend



Lately something has been very wrong with me. In the last few months I have totally changed. Now I am always moody and angry. I sit outside alone watching my neighbors having fun, and I cry for no reason at all. I have become a loner. I pray for friends to do things with, but when they invite me I find myself always turning them down. My self-esteem has fallen to zero, and I can find nothing good about myself. I just can't understand this. I have material possessions, I just graduated from high school, and I'm going to college in the fall. I have everything going for me, so why am I like this? I have contemplated suicide several times but so far haven't carried through. What can I do? I know I need help.

Before I answer your letter, I want to explain a problem which a column such as this generates. Because of the amount of work involved putting together a journal such as LISTEN, I write my responses to letters four months before the magazine is published. So when I receive a letter such as yours, it creates a lot of anxiety for me, because I know you need help when you write your letter, not several months later. Although I must make it a policy not to answer letters personally because of the volume of mail I receive and the amount of time I have to spend on the column, a letter such as yours causes me to wish there were a quicker way to get to you.

So with this rather lengthy introduction, let me get on with my response to your letter. The poignancy and pain you express, along with the expression of suicidal thoughts, makes me wish for an opportunity to have a face-to-face talk with you so that I could get more information about what is bothering you. Since that's not possible, I'm going to have to generalize and hope I'm on target for you and others reading this column who have similar feelings of hopelessness and helplessness.

You describe a rather dramatic, sudden personality change and a persistent sad mood. When this occurs, I usually look for some very specific change in lifestyle or some severe loss you may have experienced or even for some physical change.

Sometimes a physical change can produce chemicals which can alter our perceptions of what is going on about us

and can cause severe depression. I will often suggest that someone who describes feeling the way you do get a really thorough physical examination. There are some great new medicines available to help correct the physical causes of depression.

As for changes in lifestyle, getting through high school is not always the happy event it is thought to be. You are saying goodbye to friends and activities that have been very important to you. You are leaving adolescence and the freedom to be irresponsible behind. You may have big questions about where you go from here.

Even though you are going to college, you may not have any clear-cut goals for it. You may not yet have chosen a career or profession, and you may not know exactly what you want to accomplish in college. Maybe you are just going to college because your parents want you to, or maybe you are getting involved in a career that they have chosen rather than one of your own choosing.

I'd suggest that you try not to worry too much about what your ultimate choice will be in college. You have a year or maybe even two years before you really have to decide on a major subject.

I am wondering if you are grieving over a broken relationship and are feeling abandoned, unattractive, and used. Our self-esteem and self-confidence can really be battered when we feel we've been "dumped" by someone who we thought respected and admired us. The healing process from a broken heart is painfully slow, and while that healing is going on

we may isolate ourselves from people who are enjoying life.

It's small comfort to be told that this will pass, but believe me when I say that if this is what has you depressed, you will get over it.

There are other guesses I might make about what is causing your depression, but that's all they would be, just guesses. I am most interested in making sure you don't commit suicide.

Your letter to me is a clear call for help. I want you to find some professional help right away. Maybe your former school counselor or your pastor or your family physician could help you or refer you to someone who can.

You will need to convince yourself that you are a worthwhile person and not only have a right to health and happiness but *will* have it again. I will be thinking about you. ◇

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.

Debra Gainer Nelson

The airplane, bright red with gold stripes, lifted off the runway and climbed sharply into the bright sky. Its motor buzzed, and the sun sparkled off its broad wings as the plane leveled out high above the treetops. The pilot tilted the wings steeply, first to the left, then to the right, in sharp turns across the windless sky. Then he lifted the plane's nose, and it climbed up and up until it looped over onto its back in a full circle. After about 10 more minutes of equally daring acrobatics, the red plane swooped low and came in to land.

The plane glided onto the small runway, bounced across the grass, and came to a stop—at the feet of its pilot. It comes about halfway up to his knees.

The red-and-gold plane is a radio-controlled (R/C) model aircraft, made of wood and covered with a plastic skin. A small engine and radio receiver fill its nose and are controlled by a radio transmitter held by the pilot.

PHOTO BY DUANE TANK



This had been a very successful flight. Not all flights end so well. If there is too much wind or the pilot makes an error with the controls, the airplane might crash (or "prang," as it's called in R/C language), smashing the fragile balsa wood and tearing the thin covering. But the risk of a crash only adds to the excitement.

Bob and Doug, the two pilots who own the red-and-gold airplane, are in love with flying. They say it's hard to describe the thrill of putting together a few pieces of wood and plastic, then making your creation soar through the sky like a bird.

The two boys got interested in this hobby, like most R/C aircraft enthusiasts, because they were intrigued with the combination of science and magic that is flight. Model airplanes are a comparatively inexpensive way for those who dream of being pilots to get involved in aviation. Bob and Doug's plane, with its four-foot wingspan and complex radio controls, is just one more step in a progression that started with tiny dime-store models made of a few balsa sticks and a rubber band. Slightly more advanced were the five-to-eight-dollar kits, built in a couple of hours, covered with tissue paper, and also powered by rubber bands. Later the boys flew line-control models, which fly round and round the pilot at the end of a

The Fun of Flying

***Radio-controlled
model aircraft are
an inexpensive way
to get involved in
aviation.***

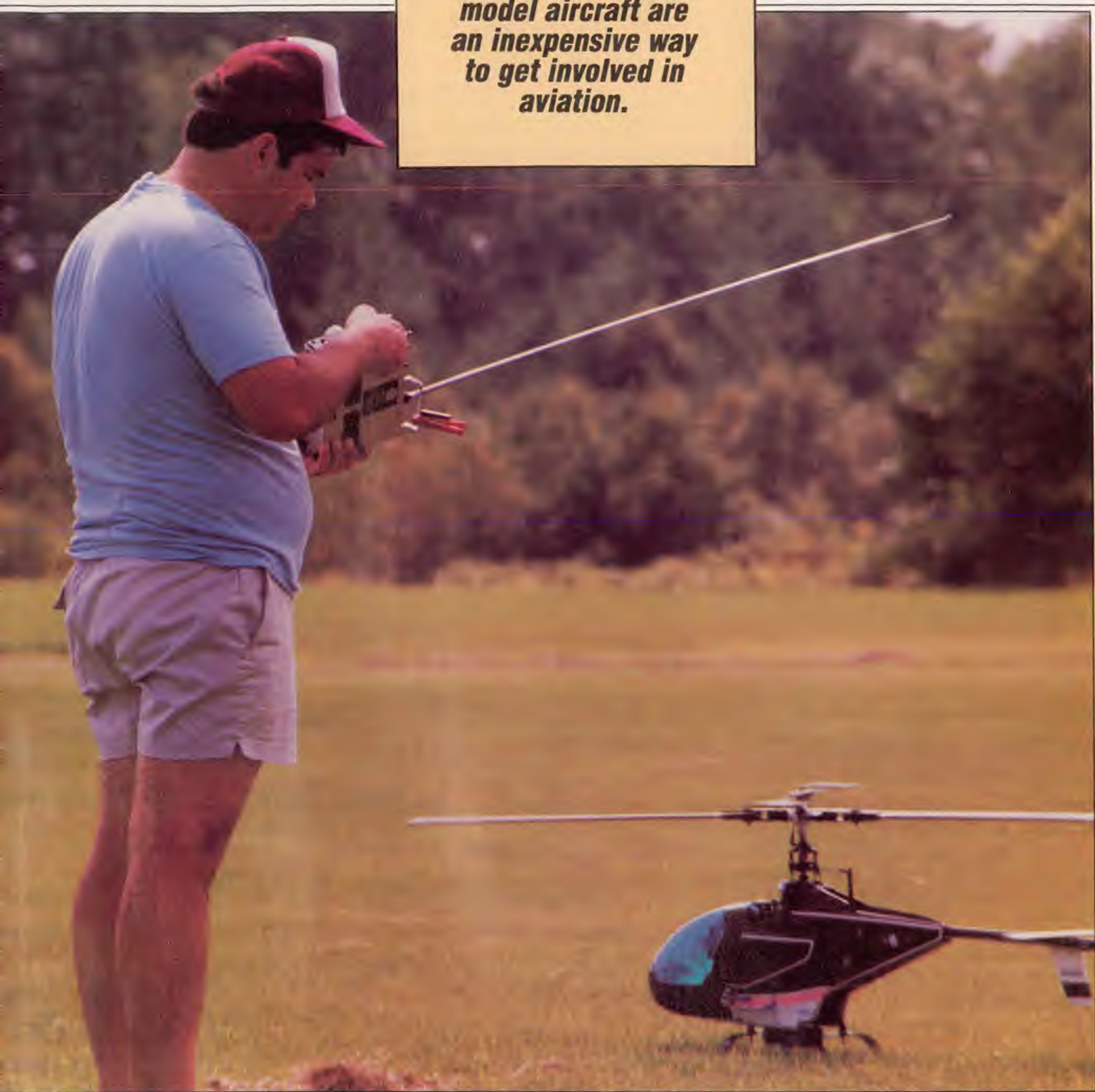


PHOTO BY TABCO/WORLD ENTERPRISES

R/C *Style*



line, controlled by a horse-shoe-shaped handle that makes the plane go up and down.

All these model planes are fun. But they are nothing like the R/C models, which operate in exactly the same way as a real airplane. The miniature aircraft can do everything—takeoffs, landings, steep turns, dives, loops, and rolls. R/C flying is a kick, and Bob and Doug are hooked.

It's a hobby that can be taken up almost anywhere. All it requires is a large, open field and a clear, windless day. An R/C plane can fly almost as far as the eye can see.

There are a few simple, common-sense safety rules to remember. One is to fly the plane away from people and property such as cars and houses. It's also wise to keep fingers well away from the sharp propeller blades and to keep all spectators and assistants out of the line of the aircraft's flight.

Getting involved with R/C models doesn't require a great knowledge of aerodynamics or tremendous technical skill. It does require a fascination with flying and a willingness to learn—preferably from an experienced R/C pilot—about the mechanics of the airplane's structure and engine.

Flying R/C planes can be as simple or as complex as you choose—from a small, store-

bought kit glider controlled by a two- to three-channel radio and costing about \$125, to a custom-designed scale replica aircraft run by a multi-channeled radio and costing up to several thousand dollars.

Many hobbyists start out with a pre-built trainer model that is ready to fly. But most enthusiasts discover that half the fun is in creating from scratch a machine that can fly—and that can be brought home in one piece! Also, building your own plane is cheaper and, since you understand its structure, easier to repair.

Many different styles of airplanes come in kits with pre-cut pieces of wood and assembly instructions. It takes about 40 hours to build a basic glider or trainer aircraft; a more complex model can easily require 100 hours or more. Some serious enthusiasts may spend up to 1,000 hours building a scale model that is a nearly exact replica of a real aircraft.

The framework of an R/C model is made of wood, primarily balsa. Larger planes also include spruce wood and light plywood for extra strength. The frame of the airplane is covered with an outer "skin." The traditional covering is colored tissue paper (similar to what comes in boxes with Christmas presents). The tissue is painted with a special epoxy glue called "dope" that

Half the fun is in creating from scratch a machine that can fly.

hardens it to form a fairly strong shell. This covering is still very easily damaged in crashes however and has been largely replaced by a heat-shrink plastic film called Monocote. The film, which comes in many bright colors, is applied in pieces to the body of the aircraft, then shrunk to a tight fit with a special iron. This covering, though still somewhat fragile, is more resistant to tearing.

You never know when your R/C model might crash. It might happen on the maiden flight, or the plane might fly several hundred hours without a mishap. It depends on the weather conditions, the complexity and stability of the aircraft, and the skill of the pilot.

To fly an R/C model, a pilot must develop good eye/hand coordination and must learn some conditioned reflexes. The two joy sticks on the radio transmitter control four functions at the same time, and the pilot has to keep his eye on the plane while his hands move the controls. It seems hard, but it can be learned, and soon the process becomes almost automatic.

When it comes to selecting your own R/C aircraft there are several types from which to choose, based mainly on complexity. The beginner's first plane may be an *unpowered sailplane*, or glider, which has

no engine and flies on air currents. The glider can be launched by hand from a hill or by a catapult device. It uses a two- or three-channel radio to do simple maneuvers such as turns. Each channel on the radio is used to perform one function, such as moving the rudder or the ailerons—movable slats on the trailing edge of the wing which control the roll of the airplane.

The next step up in complexity is the *powered trainer*. This is a simple machine but has many of the attributes of a real aircraft, such as the ability to take off and land and do steep climbs and turns. With its engine and throttle, the trainer is controlled by a radio with three to four channels.

More complex yet is the *sport (or stunt) model*, a high-performance aircraft that is considerably more complex and more difficult to fly because it can perform more functions. This model usually operates on four to six channels.

The most advanced R/C models are for those who take the sport very seriously. These people are willing to invest a lot of time and money to make and fly the ultimate machine. The *pattern ship* is designed for competition acrobatics. Its radio has up to eight channels, enabling it to perform many sophisticated maneuvers. The top-of-the-line *scale model* is a precise replica of a real aircraft, which uses as many channels as the plane can accommodate. Scale models can often do a number of realistic functions, such as open their bomb bay doors, fire their machine guns, or retract their wheels when aloft.

The scale models are by far the most expensive R/C aircraft. A beginner can get into the sport for a minimum of \$125 to \$150. An average first-time expenditure of \$200 will buy a basic four-channel radio, a small- to mid-size training engine, a trainer aircraft kit, and the accessory materials needed

for building. After the initial investment, the radio and engine can be transferred to other aircraft. That way more models can be built for less money. One note of caution: R/C airplanes are like potato chips—once you get hooked, it's hard to stop with just one!



Many different styles of aircraft come in kits with pre-cut pieces of wood and assembly instructions.

Between them, Bob and Doug, who have been involved in the sport for approximately five years, have built about 10 aircraft and have a couple more in various stages of construction. Bob and Doug have become an R/C team—sharing techniques and ideas, building their planes together, and assisting each other when they go flying. Both say that an important part of R/C flying is finding a friend with whom to share the hobby. R/C flying is much easier, especially in the beginning, if you have a friend or an experienced club member who can help you get started. It also helps to have someone to discuss problems with building or flying the airplane—and it's a lot more fun.

There are over 1,000 R/C

clubs scattered throughout the United States. If you live in the U.S., you can find a club in your area by writing to the Academy of Model Aeronautics at 1810 Samuel Morris Drive, Reston, VA 22090. The AMA is a national club that, for a \$30 annual membership fee, provides members with liability insurance (which some organized R/C flying fields re-

quire). The AMA also regulates R/C radio frequencies and lobbies for modelers' interests with federal agencies.

Other sources of information for beginners are local hobby shops and special-interest magazines such as *R/C Modeler* and *Model Airplane News*. A good R/C catalog is published by Tower Hobbies and is available for \$3 from them at P. O. Box 778, Champaign, IL 61820.

So if you love flying but a real airplane is a little out of your reach right now, or if you love building models and want the added excitement of making a machine that can fly, then R/C airplanes may be the hobby for you. Here's wishing you clear skies, happy flying—and not too many crashes! ◇



ILLUSTRATION BY ED GUTHERO

As a young couple sit happily down to a table in their favorite pizza place, cigarette smoke wafts toward them from the table across the aisle. After a few minutes the girl's eyes start to water, and she sneezes twice. The boy looks concerned, then frowns at the smoker across the aisle. The boy is annoyed because he wants his date to enjoy herself, but her watery eyes and the tickle in her nose are making her uncomfortable.

In many situations in today's society people are having to cope with the smoke from others' cigarettes. This has caused all kinds of problems and all kinds of solutions. Some nonsmokers choose to suffer the discomfort without saying anything. Some choose to move to a smoke-free area. Some ask that the cigarettes be extinguished. Others take more aggressive action, such as making sarcastic demands. Some even resort to physical means, like snatching the cigarette from the smoker's mouth and dousing it in a glass of water.

In any case, the issue is passive smoking. Whether it is called ambient, side-stream, indirect, or secondhand smoking, the problems are the same. To most nonsmokers it isn't simply a matter of annoyance anymore. Research is showing the harmful impact of passive smoking. And nonsmokers are becoming more concerned and

PASSIVE SMOKING: THE HASSLES AND THE HAZARDS

more assertive about protecting themselves from the cigarette smoke of others.

This growing concern among nonsmokers is chiefly the result of reports from physicians and scientists who are studying the effects of passive smoking. "We can say today, with greater certainty than ever before, that cigarettes are the most important individual health risk in this country," reported United States Surgeon General C. Everett Koop. "They are responsible for more premature deaths and disability than any other known agent." At the time, of course, he was speaking of the health risks for smokers themselves. But he went on to state that there is already enough evidence to justify a warning for those—especially children—who are exposed to secondhand smoke.

The most vulnerable nonsmoker of all to a smoker's addiction is the fetus of a pregnant woman who smokes. There is a definite relationship between a mother's smoking and miscarriage and stillbirth. The likelihood of delivering a stillborn child, for example, is twice as high for a heavy smoker as for a nonsmoker. "By far the biggest effect [of smoking] on pregnancy outcome is in causing spontaneous abortions," says Dr. Richard L. Naeye, chairman of the Department of Pathology at the Pennsylvania State University College of Medicine.

Birth weight is also lower among infants whose mothers smoke during pregnancy. The infant is a little shorter, a little smaller, lighter in weight, and has a smaller head at birth than an infant of a nonsmoking mother.

"About one-third of all women of childbearing age in the U.S. are smokers," says Dr. Edward A. Martell, a radiochemist on the staff of the Na-

Children who inhale their parents' secondhand smoke suffer more bronchitis and pneumonia than children of nonsmoking parents.

tional Center for Atmospheric Research in Boulder, Colorado. "And their numbers are increasing. Smoking parents should be made aware of the tragic consequences of their smoking habits on the health and well-being of their children."

The effects of these smoking habits don't stop with the fetus. The newborn of a smoking mother also faces serious health problems. "Sudden infant death syndrome [when an infant dies suddenly with no apparent cause] is definitely more common when mothers have smoked during pregnancy," says Dr. Naeye. "If you're a heavy smoker, [your smoking] about doubles the risk of losing your child to crib death."

Also, children who inhale their parents' secondhand smoke suffer more bronchitis and pneumonia than children of nonsmoking parents. They're also more likely to be hospitalized for respiratory infections.

Passive smoking doesn't affect only children. Some information of its effect on adults is beginning to appear.

First of all, cigarette smoke can increase indoor air pollution and cause eye irritation, according to the 1984 U.S. *Surgeon General's Report*. Estimates as to just how much tobacco smoke the nonsmoker passively inhales have ranged from a fraction of a puff a day to more than a pack a day. The difference is important, because the hazards of smoking are strongly related to the size of the dose.

In September 1984 a study reported in the *New England Journal of Medicine* used measurement of *cotinine*—an important byproduct of nicotine found in the blood and urine—to provide a reliable index of exposure to secondhand smoke. This study showed that in homes where people smoked more than two

packs of cigarettes in a day, the nonsmokers had cotinine levels similar to those who smoke one or two cigarettes a day.

The question, then, is how much impact does the smoke from one or two cigarettes a day have on the human body? A study by the National Cancer Institute (NCI) in the 1970s seems to give an answer. As an article in *Consumer Reports* put it, "For all causes of death combined, the critical [amount] was two cigarettes a day." Dr. Gio Gori, director of NCI at the time of the study, stressed, however, that the report should not be interpreted to mean that two cigarettes constitute a "safe" level of smoking.

As one might expect, some of the most telling research on the effects of passive smoking has investigated its effect on the lungs of the nonsmoker. In March 1980 a report of the first significant study on this subject appeared in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. Conducted in San Diego, California, the study compared 200 nonsmokers who lived and worked in virtually smoke-free environments with 200 nonsmokers who lived in similarly smoke-free home surroundings but who had been exposed to smoke at work for more than 20 years. In most ways this test indicated that there was no significant difference between the groups. With regard to early signs of damage in the small airways of the lungs, however, there was a significant difference. The researchers concluded that tobacco smoke "is [harmful] to the nonsmoker and significantly reduces small-airways function."

Soon after this, in January 1981, Dr. Takeshi Hirayama of the National Cancer Center Research Institute in Tokyo, Japan, reported that the nonsmoking wives of men who smoked more

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than a pack a day had twice the risk of developing lung cancer as nonsmoking women married to nonsmokers. "These results," said Dr. Hirayama, "indicate the possible importance of passive or indirect smoking as one of the [factors causing] lung cancer." It appears that the effects of passive smoking in the home are more serious than the effects of such smoke in the work place. Part of the reason for this is that the average home is not as well ventilated as the average work place.

Although a thoroughly convincing scientific study of passive smoking and lung cancer had not yet been completed, the issue flared up again in November 1984. At that time an unpublished paper by James L. Repace of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency was discussed in the *New York Times*. This paper had analyzed several earlier studies and had concluded that passive smoking might be responsible for as many as 5,000 lung-cancer deaths in the U.S. each year. Tobacco companies disagree with such studies, claiming that the tests are flawed. In the meantime, some effects are much more clear and undisputed. Tobacco smoke definitely affects the eyes and irritates the nasal passages. It has been proven to cause coughing and headache. And its irritating quality for sufferers of hay fever, allergy, asthma, and other chronic respiratory diseases is well established. Other possible effects may include reductions in lung function and in resistance to infection.

"There is no longer any doubt," says Radiochemist Edward A. Martell, "that passive smokers are subjected to significant health risks that will increase with the frequency of exposure to tobacco smoke." ♦



PHOTO BY ERIC KEEYE

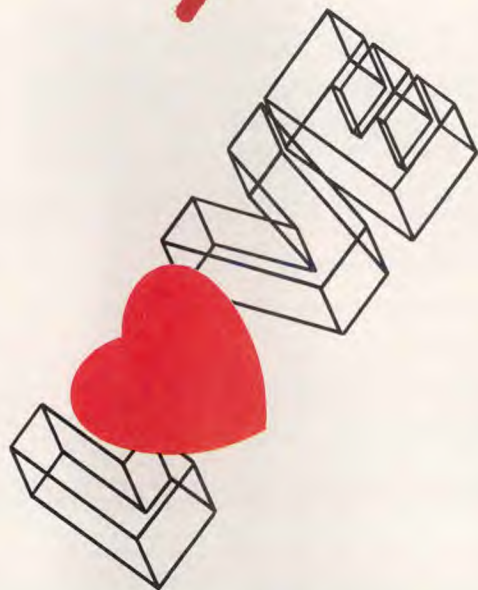
Cultivate patience.
Having planted the seeds
do not dig them up
to see if they
are growing

—Patricia Thuner Jones

THE KITCHEN

FAST FACTS, SHORT SHOTS, AND
MISCELLANEOUS MINUTIAE

Sink



Almost 70 percent of American teens and 60 percent of teens abroad think love will bring them happiness.

—*TeenAge*

The average person receives 598 pieces of mail a year.

—U.S. Postal Service

Passive smoking may be responsible for as many as 5,000 lung cancer deaths in the United States each year.

(See "Passive Smoking: The Hassles and the Hazards," page 10.)

It's illegal in France to name a child after anyone who is not a well-known historical figure or a saint.

—*Time*

PCP users mimic many of the symptoms of people who have schizophrenia, a mental disorder characterized by bizarre behavior and hallucinations.

—*American Health*

The largest ball of twine in the world is 44 feet in circumference, 13 feet tall, and weighs 21,140 pounds. If unraveled, it would stretch from Darwin, Minnesota, to the Gulf of Mexico.

—*People*

Almost 100 percent of all people who have tried cocaine have used marijuana.

—National High School Study/
National Survey on Drug Abuse

The number-one syndicated hour-long show on television, "Star Trek," reaches 90 percent of the viewers in the United States.

—*USA Today*

Americans drink enough coffee daily to equal the amount of water that flows from Niagara Falls in 30 seconds when the river is at its normal level.

—*In One Day: The Things
Americans Do in a Day*


Fifty-two percent of Americans rarely or never order dessert when eating out. Those who do usually order something heavy and sweet.

—Gallup Organization

Forty percent of the U.S. population is under 25 years old.

—*Statistical Abstract of the United States*





LEE SCHAPPELL

CHICO RESCH:

COURAGE IN THE CREASE

He's like a big kid out there on the ice. The Philadelphia Flyers' new goaltender has become the spark that ignites what was once a routine morning workout.

Bubbling with enthusiasm, he glides out of his crease to challenge the approaching shooter. Lumber meets rubber with a crisp "crack!" The goalie plays his angle perfectly, and—"thwop!"—stops the speeding puck with a cushioned leg pad. Quick as a cobra, he pounces on the rebound, smothering it.

The "new" goalie? He's Glenn "Chico" Resch, veteran of 12 National Hockey League seasons, seven of them with the former Stanley-Cup-Champion New York Islanders.

Though Resch has tasted the thrill of victory, he's also experienced the agony of defeat, having toiled a year for the hapless Colorado Rockies and four winters with the struggling New Jersey Devils before the Flyers acquired him last March. But Chico is still considered among the top goalkeepers in today's game.

"What's exciting about coming to Philly is that we have a legitimate chance of winning the Stanley Cup,"

PHOTOS: © BRUCE BENNETT



says the native of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. "It's fun to be part of something that's moving in the direction you want to go."

Chico Resch is a lot like baseball's Pete Rose. Neither man is gifted with tremendous size, strength, or speed, but each possesses an extraordinary quantity of mental toughness and an insatiable desire to excel. Both learned early in life that if you want to dance to the music, you must pay the band.

Chico didn't have much success when he was young. He was small, shy, and unskilled. He had every reason to put himself down, but he realized that if he worked at things, they would change.

"They really do change, but you have to give yourself a chance," he emphasizes. "I kept trying, and things began to fall into place for me.

"Everyone has talent in some area," continues Chico, a four-time All Star. "Find that area and stick with it. It'll blossom! That's the real challenge in life—to hang in there and make it happen."

Resch never made the grade in junior hockey, the NHL's feeder system. "Back then, if you didn't make junior hockey there wasn't much chance you'd make it to the NHL," says the former Bulldog from the University of Minnesota at Duluth. "So I thought I'd better get an education. That's really all I felt I could be assured of. If you get an education, you've got something for life. A professional sports career is just a roll of the dice."

Chico received his first break when the powerhouse Montreal Canadiens, who owned his NHL playing rights but were up to their necks in goaltenders, sold his rights to the fledgling New York Islanders in 1972. The Islanders were "Team Futility" those first two seasons, winning only 31 of 160 games! Meanwhile, Resch labored relentlessly at honing his skills in the Islanders' minor-league system until he finally cracked the big-league lineup in 1974. With equal portions of inspiration and perspiration, Chico helped lead the Islanders from the lean-and-hungry times to hockey's supreme prize, the coveted Stanley Cup, in just five seasons.

Resch's value to any team he is a member of extends far beyond goaltending. It lies in who he is. He exudes confidence. He's an energizer. Meet Mr. Good Attitude!

"There isn't one problem that a person—if he or she sticks with it—can't turn around into something positive," Chico assures, his dark eyes dancing at the thought.

It's fortunate that Chico has such an attitude, for in 1982 the Islanders, on the eve of their sec-

Resch is among the top goalkeepers in hockey today.

ond Cup title, dealt Chico to the cellar-dwelling Colorado Rockies.

"I was shocked! I had been dumped back at square one," Resch confides. "It was deflating when Colorado finished out of the play-offs, and I watched my old teammates on TV, winning the Cup again."

Many pro athletes, thrust into a similar situation, would have packed up and headed for home. Resch, forever the courageous hacker, decided to work through the situation rather than allow it to devour him.

Despite the Rockies' porous defense and an abysmal 1982 finish, Chico won the Bill Masterton Trophy, presented to the NHL player who best exemplifies the qualities of perseverance, sportsmanship, and dedication.

Resch recalls, "If I was going to be a good example, I would have to show the same spirit and drive in losing situations as in winning ones, or people would say, 'He's a front-runner. It's easy when things are going well, but how does he handle it when things are going poorly?' That was a turning point in my life."

Though the franchise was transferred to New Jersey the following season and Resch continued to perform spectacularly, the team failed to make the play-offs the next four years. Many would have sought more personal recognition, but Resch's credo remained: Be content, whatever your situation, and do the best you can do with what you've got.

"The harder you try to put yourself ahead of others, the more you'll find there are people who'll try just as hard to pull you down," he offers.

"But if you try *not* to build yourself up, others will naturally lift you up, because you're lending support to one another."

Chico feels that everyone's a potential winner. "Don't sell yourself short," he warns. "Developing your talent takes time. There will be failures along the way, but the key to becoming a winner is not the score but how you handle those situations.

"Being a star or winning a championship is so overrated as a priority in life," Resch explains. "It's what takes place along the way that builds the character and provides valuable experience. That's what we should try to gain from a situation. It's not just a trophy or a hit record or an A on a test. It's what you learn while attaining those objectives."

Ice hockey is perhaps the most demanding of all team sports on a player's body and mind. Chico knows that physical conditioning, proper nutrition, and adequate rest are absolute necessities for today's successful athlete. He keeps himself in excellent shape and uses no alcohol, tobacco, or other drugs.

"America's waking up to the mistakes we've made with these things," says Resch, now a



Resch won the Bill Masterton Trophy for his perseverance, sportsmanship, and dedication.

United States citizen. "We've joked about alcohol, tobacco, and drugs. Commercials, popular music, TV, and movies have made them look glamorous. Through all these subtleties we've said, 'These things are acceptable.'

"Peer pressure is *so* critical," he continues. "What drives me is the pressure of my peers to do well and to not let them down—to do what's right. If they'd accept my letting in a couple of bad goals, then I'd probably soon say, 'Aw, it doesn't really bother anybody. I should've had 'em, but it's OK."

"Similarly, if I'm smoking pot or doing cocaine, and on TV I see successful people making light of it or glorifying it, I'm going to say, 'Hey, it can't be that wrong!'"

Chico Resch is the ultimate team player. He understands that the finest machine requires a variety of parts working together toward a common objective.

"It's great to be *the* central figure," he says, "but if you feel you *have* to be the central figure in order to function, that's when you run into trouble.

"If I played only one game, and it was an important game—and we won—honestly, that would be enough."

With the Philadelphia Flyers, Chico has another shot at the championship, and he's genuinely excited to have one more opportunity. "I want to win the Stanley Cup again. I think, when we win it, how thrilling it'll be. But what excites me more is all that's going to take place along the way. That's what really keeps me going!"

Escape From a



World of One



ILLUSTRATION BY TIM MYTOMA

Catherine Damato

When Rena was in grade school she was the tallest student in the school. She was exceptionally strong too, stronger than many of the boys.

Self-conscious about her height, Rena took advantage of her strength to be the schoolyard bully. She delighted in chasing the smaller children and hitting them for no apparent reason.

As a result, Rena was thoroughly disliked. When other children gathered in a vacant lot to play, Rena was never asked to join them.

In high school Rena had trouble making friends because she had never learned how. Rena became bitter and took refuge in sarcasm and put-downs. When someone gave a wrong answer in class Rena would say, "Dumb!" Lonely Rena was still the bully.

Lenny wasn't a bully. He wasn't sarcastic, and he didn't belittle others. But Lenny was known around school as Motor Mouth. He talked incessantly, and most of his talk was about himself. You couldn't ask Lenny a simple question and get a direct answer. Lenny had to give

you his life history first.

When one of the girls asked him for help in getting her car started, Lenny responded, "I'll be glad to help you. I know just what's wrong with your car, because the same thing was wrong with my car." He then told her all about his car, and he never got around to helping her.

Bill was a lonely young man, and it bothered him, so he pushed aggressively for friends. He laughed too loudly at others' jokes and was overly friendly in dealing with others. When he met somebody new he said, "Hi!" too boldly and shook hands much too heartily. As a result, people were repelled by him rather than drawn to him.

Lisa was fairly attractive. She dressed very well and participated in many school activities. But Lisa still had few friends and fewer dates.

Once a student standing next to Lisa in the cafeteria line mentioned something they'd both heard in class and asked her what she thought of it. Lisa's answer was, "Oh, look at that. Red beans and rice again. I hate red beans and rice."

When another classmate said that it looked like a great day for an after-school bike ride, Lisa replied, "Oh, I hate to go out in the sun. I peel something awful when I get a sunburn."

Lisa was always ready to tell others what she liked, what she disliked, and how she felt. But she never listened to anyone else. She lived in a tiny little world of one, a world that had just room enough in it for Lisa.

All these young people had

Lisa's world
has just room
enough in it
for Lisa.

two things in common. All were friendless or nearly so, and all were extremely self-centered.

That was the secret of their unpopularity. There is hardly a friendless person anywhere who isn't self-centered in one way or another.

One person might be very opinionated, always ready to tell the world what he or she thinks about things but unconcerned about what others think. Another might be very bossy, always ready to tell everybody else what to do.

Rena's self-centeredness began with self-consciousness. Because of her height she always felt that she was different. She could never forget about herself and merge easily into the crowd. Seeing herself as someone different, she struck out at others, trying to make them feel as lonely as she did.

Perhaps if Rena had said to others the kind of things that she wished they'd say to her, things would have been very different.

Lenny's problem was that he had a younger brother who was better looking and more popular than he. Lenny secretly felt that he had to compete for attention. He had to show the world that he was there too. Lenny's most attractive feature could have been his ears if he had learned to listen instead of talking so much.

Bill wanted friends, so he tried to force people to like and accept him. He tried so hard that he embarrassed people and drove them away.

Self-centeredness has its roots in immaturity. A baby is 100 percent self-centered. Nobody expects a baby to be any-

thing else. But we do expect more from teenagers like Lisa. Self-centered Lisa hadn't outgrown the world of babyhood. She still expected everyone to cater to her wants, to go out of his way for her.

If you see any of Rena, Lenny, Bill, or Lisa in yourself, there are three things you can do that may help.

The first is to become even more self-centered for a few minutes. Study yourself to see in what ways you may be self-centered or immature.

Second, go to some disinterested party (an older relative or family friend, your pastor perhaps, or a teacher whom you trust) and discuss your problem. Have the courage to ask that person to tell you frankly what he or she sees as your problem. Then have the honesty to accept that person's judgment without trying to justify yourself or making excuses for your shortcomings.

Then get to work on yourself. Rid yourself of all those immature ways. In their place, work to develop a genuine, sincere interest in others.

Lenny could have foregone the pleasure of telling his life history to the girl with the car trouble. If he had done what he could to help her he might have found that his good-looking younger brother was not such a threat after all.

Self-centered Lisa could have forgotten about her likes and dislikes and responded with interest when the other student tried to talk to her. She might have been as successful as another girl named Diane.

Diane wanted attention. She

There is hardly a friendless person anywhere who isn't self-centered.

especially wanted it from boys. When her older brother brought his friends to the house Diane would show off and make wisecracks until her brother was so embarrassed that he said he wasn't going to bring his friends to the house anymore.

Diane was hurt, so she went to an aunt with her problem. What had she done wrong, and how could she make her brother's friends notice her, she asked?

"You're thinking about the wrong things," counseled her aunt. "When your brother brings a friend to the house, you shouldn't look at that friend as a possible date. You should think of him as a guest in your home. Your concern should be, 'How can I make this guest comfortable in my home?'"

"You should extend to your brother's friends the same courtesy you would your parents' friends, no more and no less."

Diane took that advice. One afternoon her brother happened to bring a new friend, named Jim, home with him. Diane was just about to make a sandwich. She acknowledged the introduction and asked the young men if they'd like a snack.

Diane's brother started to say that they had to be going, but Jim suddenly decided that he was ravenously hungry.

Jim became a frequent visitor. He even came over when Diane's brother wasn't home. During the following months Jim and Diane became real close.

For Diane, forgetting about herself and developing a sincere interest in others proved to be very rewarding. ◇

Graffiti

LISTEN magazine is looking for short, well-written, 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 \$10 for poems (no longer than 20 lines, please) and \$15 to \$20 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.

A Spider's Lifetime

What a way to wake on my last full day in New York, with some noisy bird singing outside of my window. There are never birds on my window sill. Reminds me of a graveyard with all that tooting and tweeting. Where's that bent hanger? I'll get that bird. "Get outa here!" I got him.

Here comes my mom. Wonder what she wants. "Honey, are you packed and ready for tomorrow?"

"No, Mom."

"Leonard, I told you to pack yesterday afternoon, and you got an attitude—said I was nagging you."

"I didn't get an attitude!" (Even though she was nagging.)

"All right, Leonard, just pack your bags."

"OK." There is only a little bit

to pack anyway. I'll just lie here in bed a little while, then pack. I'll start at ten o'clock. All right, ten o'clock. I'll start at ten. I shouldn't have to pack on my last day here anyway. I should be out with my friends, telling everyone I'm leaving. I don't think Janice knows I'm leaving. Why do I have to go? I'll be 15 in six days. I'm just getting my freedom and now I have to go to Texas, of all places. Somewhere in Texas so small I don't know the name.

I can understand Ma wanting to live with Dad again, but why can't he come back to New York? That would be easier. "Have you packed yet, Leonard?"

"No, Mom!"

"Why not?"

"I was just—"

"Forget it, just pack, please?"

"All right!"

"Well, Lazy, let me see you start!"

"Blue shirt folded into my bag, OK, Ma? I'm not lazy."

"Thank you, Dear."

I wonder where I should pack my trophies. I bet they don't even have basketball teams in Texas. They probably don't. It gets so hot, I would die of heat stroke. They should have swimming teams. I love to swim! I wonder if they have any good swimmers. Last time I visited everybody, they did everything so backwards it wasn't funny. I could show them the way we do things here. Man, those country folks wouldn't want to know.

Ring, ring. I wonder who that is? Nobody for me. Ma didn't call me.

Knock, knock.

El Bato e hermanito

SO GOOD
NICE

"Come in . . ."
"Leonard, are you finished packing?"
"Oh no, I was . . ."
"Then I'll tell your friends that you can't go tonight."
"I was . . ."
"Why can't you do a simple thing like pack, Leonard?"
"I was. I just took a break."
"You haven't done a thing since the last time I was in here. Get it straight, Leonard. I know it's not an easy job, but you still have to do it."

"But I feel like going outside and having fun, then packing."
"The easiest thing for a spider to do is to make a web, but if he dreams until he sees a bug and then starts working, he won't survive."

"What, Ma?"
"Nothing. Just pack your bags."
My mother is crazy. What was she talking about? I don't know. I'm tired and hungry. It's dark, and I haven't eaten all day. I'll get something to eat after I read this comic . . . about . . .

"Leonard! Wake up! We have 10 minutes to catch the flight!"
"What?"
"Come on. Let's go, Len!"
Oh no. Let's see, I need all these clothes. I'll leave my trophies and take—
"Let's go. The cab is here."
Well, here I am in Texas and all my stuff, except my clothes, is in New York. Great!
Knock, knock. "You awake, Honey?"
"Yeah."
"Sorry about your stuff."
"Don't worry about it, Ma."
"At least you have your clothes

for school, which starts in two weeks."

Wonder what school will be like. "Ma?"

"Yes."
"Can I get my notebooks and stuff today?"

"Sure, but why so soon?"
"Might as well start my web early."

"Ha, you're batty."
That was the longest string in my web.

—Anthony L. Bryant, Jr.
St. Petersburg, Florida

Strangers Then Friends

Soon I have to say goodbye
To all that I've ever known
And go to an unknown place
To say hello to strangers
Instead of all my friends.
It's sad to think about it
And scary to wonder about it,
But there's nothing I can do.
It's all been decided.
So the only thing left to do
Is to make those strangers
Friends,
Remembering,
But remembering with a smile
The friends I left
Were once strangers also.

—Rachel Wilson
Kokomo, Indiana

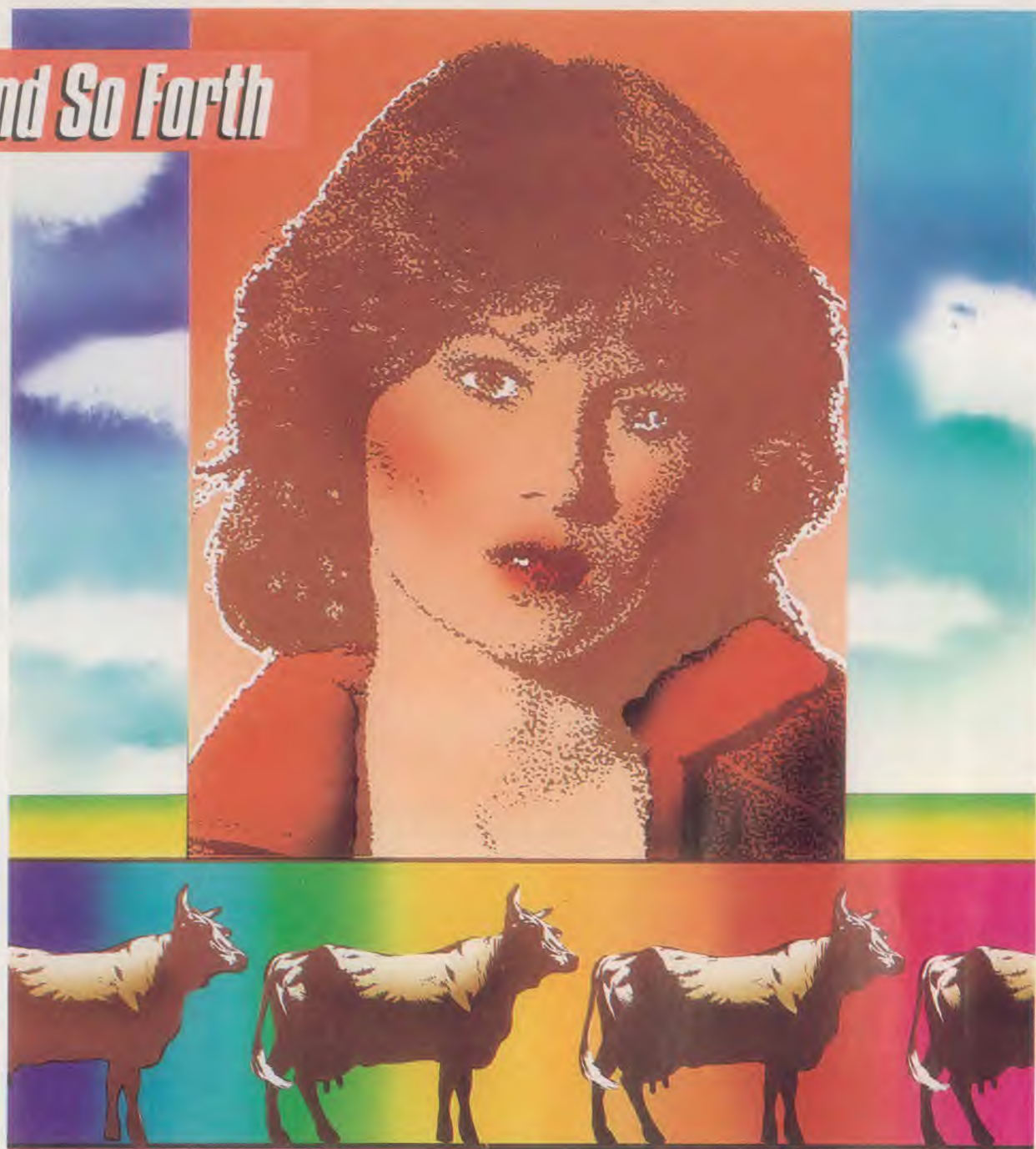
THE NEW
IS COOL (L)!

Ben
E
Mona

MSBN

TIME SWEET

And So Forth



CREME DE LA BARN

One of the latest high-fashion goodies to hit the market is a "miracle cure" that soothes chapped lips, smooths rough skin, and generally performs dermatological wonders. It has been featured in *Gentleman's Quarterly* and *Beverly Hills*, is sold in the best shops, and goes by the exotic name of Bag Balm.

Surprise, surprise—Bag Balm

has been around since 1908 and was not originally intended for human use. It was formulated for cows with sore udders and is still sold for that purpose. Someone along the way discovered that it worked on people too, and now this barnyard standard has become a fad among the fashionable.

Bag Balm has been used for some pretty diverse purposes. A

woman in Maine used it to quiet squeaky bed springs. Runners say it does wonders for overworked feet. A Vietnam veteran reported that he even used the green goo to lubricate his 105-mm howitzer.

All of the hoopla rather puzzles John Norris, the 72-year-old maker of Bag Balm. "It's meant for cows," he says. "I stick to cows and let the people talk."

A REAL PAIN IN THE PANTS

News flash, Folks. There's a new, painful malady affecting teenagers all across the United States, and doctors call it Stoshak-Mortimer Syndrome.

Stoshak-Mortimer Syndrome is named for the two researchers who first identified the condition. They both work in the Pediatrics Department of the Case Western Reserve University's School of Medicine in Cleveland, Ohio. The syndrome is also called jean-seam coccygodynia, but whatever you

call it, it's a real pain in the you-know-what.

The seat of the problem, it seems, is the seams in the seat. Those heavy, reinforced seams in the back of your blue jeans press against your coccyx (tail bone). When you sit slumped on a hard chair, like a school desk, the tail bone gets sore, and soon Stoshak-Mortimer Syndrome rears its ugly head. Low-back pain and tenderness result.

Luckily, the treatment is simple:



quit wearing jeans for a little while and sit up straight like your mother always told you to do. A few days of different duds and proper posture should put your problems behind you.



DRY CENTURY

John Evans, of Fforestfach, Wales, is one durable character. To put it in exact terms, John has been around for 109 years now.

John is believed to be the oldest man in Britain. He retired at 73 after working for 60 years in the coal mines. He now lives with his 75-year-old son, Amwel, and his daughter-in-law, Betty.

Part of John's formula for lon-

gevity seems to be his easygoing attitude. "It just doesn't do to get in a temper," he notes. The real secret, he claims, is his lifestyle. John is a lifelong abstainer from alcohol, tobacco, and swearing.

While John's lifestyle may not be too popular with some people, it's hard to argue against it. After all, the man has 109 years to back him up.

WHEN IN ROME . . .

The advertising industry is a product of our modern society, right? Wrong. Ancient artifacts now reveal that the Romans had a surprisingly sophisticated advertising business going.

John Rokicki, who now works as an advertising copywriter in Troy, Michigan, says that the Romans knew how to write headlines, market imports, do brand extensions, and place media, all 2,000 years ago. John studied the records of 15,000 inscriptions found on walls in the ancient cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, all of which date from before A.D. 79.



What he found was a wine-marketing business that was very similar to today's beer marketing.

There were at least 200 different wines, most of them branded, with price differentiations, point-of-purchase promotions, and endorsements by poets such as Horace.

Other products and services such as fish sauce, dramas, games, and bathhouses ("Good enough for Venus") were also advertised. There's even evidence that athletes of the day endorsed some products.

The most conspicuous advertising, however, was for politicians. They often resorted to mudslinging in their ads, calling each other thieves and drunkards. Some things never change.

HEALTHFUL RESOLUTIONS

Frances Smith

Some of the best New Year's resolutions are the healthful ones. In the puzzle below are 52 hidden words that have to do with health. They include all sorts of nutrients, body parts, health principles, and other good stuff. They might run vertically, horizontally, or diagonally, backward or forward, so look sharp. Healthy New Year!

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

Active, aloe, artery, bile, calcium, calm, choline, chromium, copper, cycle, exercise, fed, fiber, fish, happy, healing, hip, inositol, iron, kelp, job, joy, lecithin, love, lysine, meal, milk, mineral, nap, natural, niacin, nutrient, obey, organ, PABA, peace, pectin, pep, protein, relaxation, rest, restraint, riboflavin, run, rutin, safety, still, sun, trust, values, walk, zinc

ANAGRAMMATICALLY SPEAKING

Arline Rose

Listed below are six *anagrams*. An anagram is a word made by rearranging the letters of another word. For example, you could rearrange ASPIRE into PRAISE. See what you can do with the six anagrams below—you already have the first letters of each one (which cleverly form the name of an outstanding magazine). Go to it!

SILENT	L	—	—	—	—
UMPIRE	I	—	—	—	—
IDEALS	S	—	—	—	—
REACTS	T	—	—	—	—
HEIGHT	E	—	—	—	—
INSECT	N	—	—	—	—



FLIGHTY WORDS

Ida M. Pardue

What is an eagle if it isn't a bird? A golf term, of course. In this puzzle there are 10 bird names on the left and 10 clues on the right. See how quickly you can match them up, but be careful—some of them are tricky.

- | | |
|------------|----------------------|
| 1. orioles | a. foreign country |
| 2. crow | b. faucet |
| 3. mavis | c. false shirt front |
| 4. crane | d. baseball team |
| 5. turkey | e. chess piece |
| 6. eagle | f. lifting device |
| 7. cock | g. prying bar |
| 8. swift | h. gold coin |
| 9. rook | i. girl's name |
| 10. dickey | j. airplane |

PUZZLE ANSWERS

Answers to "Flighty Words"

1. d 2. g 3. i 4. f 5. a 6. h 7. b 8. j 9. e 10. c

Answers to "Anagrammatically Speaking"

Listen, impure, sailed, traces, eighth, nicest

ALCOHOL AGES THE BRAIN

It has been known for some time that long-term alcoholism affects brain function. Researchers are now finding evidence that such long-term alcohol use actually seems to age the brain prematurely.

The researchers studied a group of 40 otherwise healthy alcoholic men who had been matched for age, IQ, years of education, and socioeconomic status with a group of nonalcoholic men. The alcoholic men had been

drinking for an average of 20 years and had abstained from drinking for an average of two months at the time of the study.

Both groups of men were given a series of tests for brain function. The test results indicated that the alcoholics' brain function equaled that of men who were 10 years older. "In a manner of speaking, alcoholism appears to cost the individual about a decade in terms of level of cognitive ability," noted the researchers.

The report noted that even men in their thirties

with less than 10 years average drinking history did poorer on the tests than nondrinkers of the same age.

Although no one knows just how much a given amount of alcohol will produce a certain effect, this study suggests that large amounts of alcohol will put "extra mileage" on the brain.

SMOKING INCREASES RISK OF ACQUIRING ALZHEIMER'S DISEASE

A recent study of military veterans in Massachu-

setts indicates that smoking can increase a person's chances of developing Alzheimer's disease. Alzheimer's, which generally afflicts older persons, is a disease of the nervous system and robs a person of his or her memory.

The study, conducted by Harvard epidemiologist Stuart L. Shalat, shows that smoking even less than a pack of cigarettes a day can increase one's chances of getting Alzheimer's by one-and-a-half times. Those who smoke more than a pack a day are four times as likely to develop the disease.

SNIFFING GASOLINE — A DANGEROUS HIGH

Many adults and children in some areas of the United States and Canada are getting high by sniffing gasoline. It is an easy, cheap way to become intoxicated, but it is also a very dangerous way.

Research is showing that inhaling the fumes from gasoline can cause serious nervous-system damage. Problems such as tremors, loss of muscle control, and even degenerative brain disease can result from regular inhalation of gasoline fumes. Most of the problems are attributed to the lead found in some gasoline, although lead-free gasoline is by no means safe.

Researchers are also concerned about the effects the practice may have on the children of women who sniff gasoline during pregnancy.



VICTIMS OF DRUNK DRIVING

Most people think that the majority of children killed by drunk drivers are pedestrians. A recent report indicates, however, that most of the victims weren't struck down by a passing car—they were riding in it.

In a recent issue of *Pediatrics* magazine, Dr. Lewis Margolis of the

University of Michigan and Dr. Jonathan Kotch of the University of North Carolina gave the results of a study conducted in North Carolina. The study covered the four years (1979 through 1982) immediately before North Carolina raised the drinking age and implemented tougher drunk-driving laws.

The study showed that 56 percent of the drunk-driving-related children's deaths involved children who were passengers in cars driven by intoxicated drivers. Another 23 percent of the fatalities were children in cars involved in multiple-vehicle accidents where the other driver had been drinking.

"One Last Note..."

TWO-MINUTE WARNING

Ten battle-weary players stand in a swamp of mud and grass on the 40-yard line. Steam rises through the holes in their helmets. Huge, banded hands hang limp at their sides. Their eyes tell their story. With moments left in the game, their team is losing by a touchdown, and all reserves are gone except hope itself.

The quarterback returns from the sidelines. He slaps the tailback on the behind, and the men circle around him. "All right," he says, trying to sound upbeat. "Here's the plan. We're going to play these last two minutes with only nine men. The tailback and I are supposed to report to the sidelines. The coach figures the team can do better with fewer men on the field. . . ."

You don't have to know anything about football to realize that something is wrong here. No coach in his right mind would plan a strategy for winning by dropping one or two players from his lineup. He needs every member of the team giving his very best effort.

Yet on a personal level sometimes people do this very thing. They limit themselves. The human body is a kind of team. The stomach digests food; the lungs process air; the brain handles the problem solving and decision making. We can't expect the organs to fill in for each other. Neither can we expect to do without one or two parts of the body

without affecting its efficiency. Every organ is a contributing member of the whole.

In a 1985 Gallup Poll, teenagers listed their biggest problems. They identified such things as unemployment, school problems, suicide, pregnancy, fear of war, getting along with parents, and career uncertainty. These are indeed big issues to face. Yet the two problems that teenagers rated well ahead of all the rest were alcohol and drug abuse.

When you think about it, these two problems actually have an impact on all the rest. To deal with such things as getting along with parents and school problems, a teenager needs a mind and body operating at peak performance. Yet alcohol and drug use hamper problem solving. Trying to face life's problems while using drugs of any kind is like trying to win a football game with only nine players on your team. Life is challenging enough without making things even harder on yourself by using drugs.

When problems come—the two-minute warnings in life—you can be best prepared by putting all 11 players on the field. And each player should be in the best condition possible. It doesn't make much sense to slow down the speedy running back, weaken the brawny lineman, or befuddle the quick-thinking quarterback. ◇

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The victor is he who can go it alone!*

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