

CELEBRATING POSITIVE CHOICES

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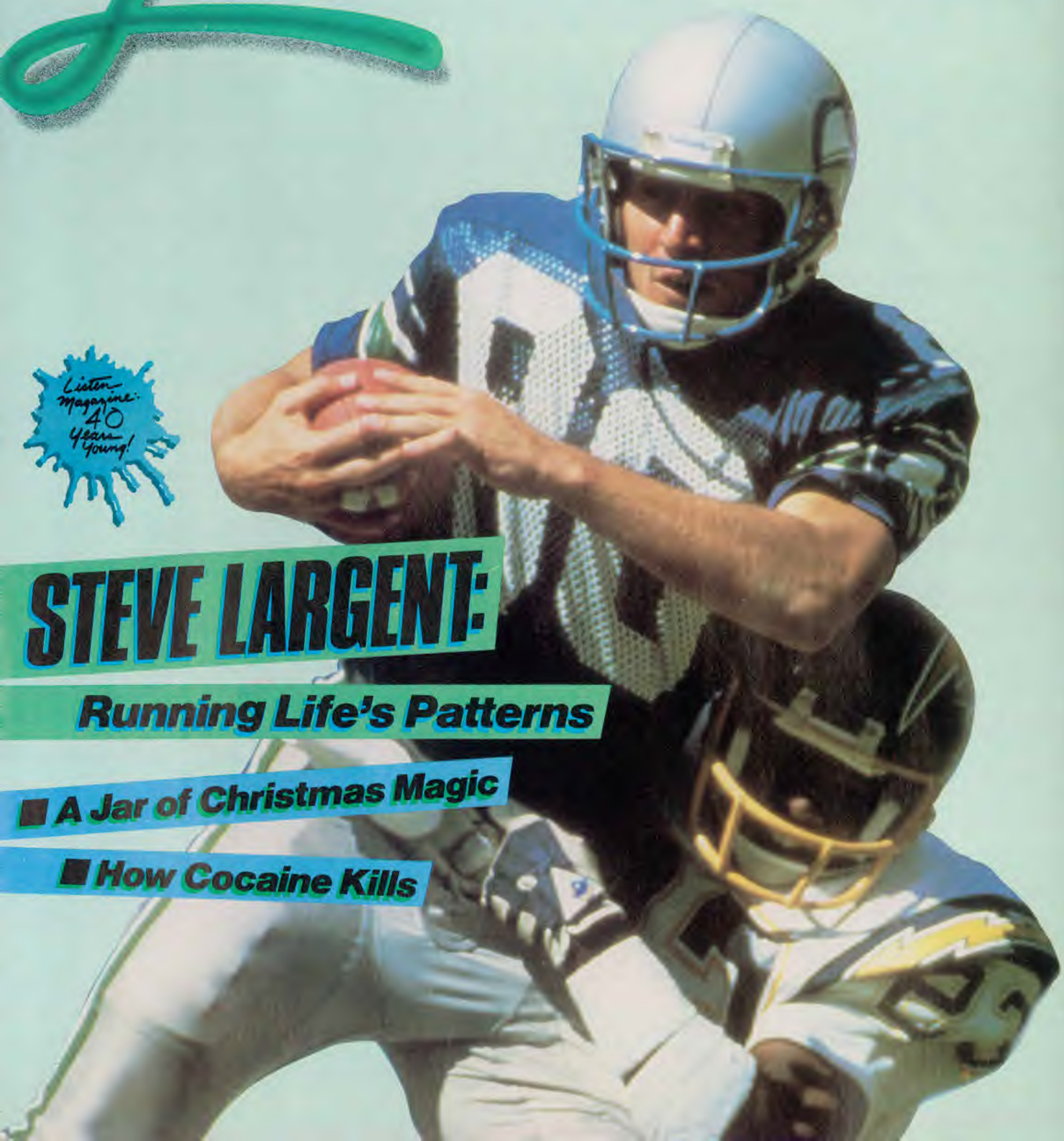


STEVE LARGENT:

Running Life's Patterns

■ **A Jar of Christmas Magic**

■ **How Cocaine Kills**



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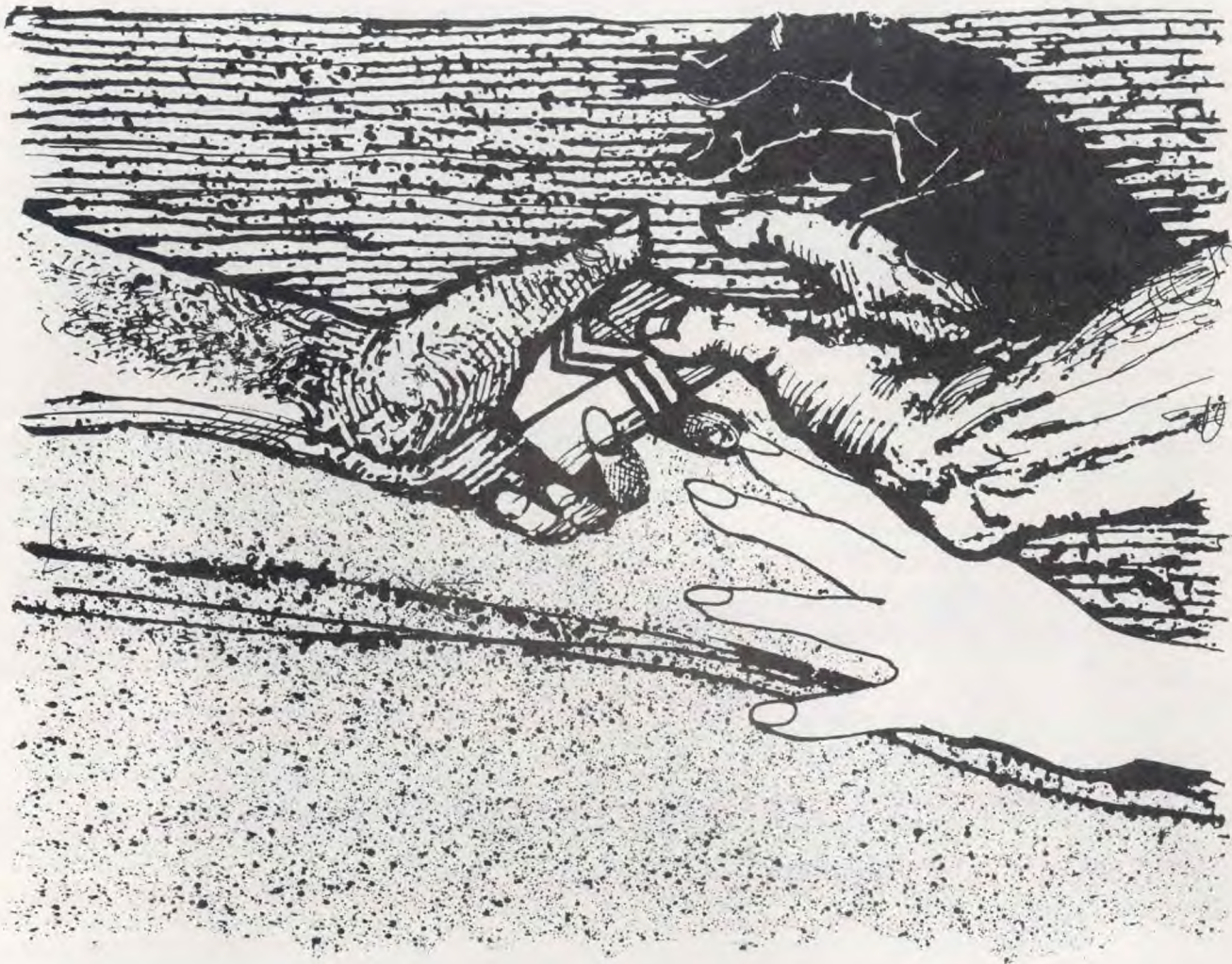
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A Sea of Hands



Mary Branch

During this 40th year of publication,
LISTEN is reprinting stories from past decades. This story originally appeared in the April 1982 issue.

I thought I had the problem of financing my education licked when I received a scholarship to college. But I soon realized that the cost of tuition, housing, food, and supplies was more than I'd expected. I knew I had to get a part-time job.

Otherwise, school was all I'd hoped for. I was lucky to get the classes I wanted and especially the art instructor of my choice. Everyone told me that Mr. David McDowell was the one to try for, and although I was the last on the list, I did

manage to get in under the wire.

Mr. MacDowell certainly looked like an artist is supposed to look—the kind who starves in a garret. He was frail and slender, and I'm sure all the women students wanted to mother him even though we soon learned he was happily married and had two children. His hair was collar-length and sort of reddish brown. His soft brown eyes seemed to see right into the idea you had in mind. I won't say I had an instant crush on Mr.

McDowell, but I certainly liked being in his presence. Everything about the man seemed to instill creative inspiration in his students.

Art is an expensive subject to study; there's always a need for more canvases, oils, and working tools. So, considering the cost of room and food, plus my needs in art, I simply had to find a part-time job. I put in my application at two agencies which served many of the students. I'd about run out of funds for the month when the first call came.

At the agency office a Ms. Scott explained the job to me. "A tobacco company is introducing a new brand of cigarette, and they want a young, attractive person to hand out free samples."

"That sounds easy," I said. "I bet I could give away a lot of cigarettes right on the campus."

She smiled at me. "That's against their regulations. No handouts on any campus. You'll stay out in the open, say in the city plaza. You'll not be allowed to give them away in the shopping mall, and you are never to go near a high-school campus."



"OK. When do I start, and how will I be paid?"

"You can start right now, and you'll be paid by the hour a little better than minimum wage."

She continued to explain the job to me by saying that I would be interviewed at the office of the agency and that I would be checked for time to some extent, but on the whole, I could set my own time and the number of hours I wanted to work. It sounded like an ideal job for my needs.

She gave me a pretty shelflike box that hung from my neck and shoulders and held layers of the new brand of cigarettes. The packages were white and blue and looked very antiseptic.

"Do I give them to regular smokers, or do they want me just to try for beginning smokers?" I asked.

"They want you to give the samples to anyone over 21. Of course, you can't ask their ages, but you can judge for yourself if the person is underage. The idea is to offer people a new brand."

I took my supplies and my pretty carrying container and left the office to begin work that afternoon.



I found it easy to stand in the plaza, smile at people, and give them one of the white-and-blue packages of cigarettes. Often kids would hassle me for the free smokes, but I managed to shoo them off and give the free cigarettes only to adults. Everyone seemed willing to accept them. A sea of hands were outstretched to me, reaching for the small packets.

My hours were so convenient that I could earn enough for my needs and still have plenty of time to study or paint. I suppose one of the strange things about my handing out cigarettes was that I didn't smoke. I actually considered smoking objectionable and thought a smoker foolish to puff on a burning object, inhale the fumes, and clog up his lungs. But if that's what people want, that's their business, I thought.

My classes were going fine. Mr. McDowell gave gentle but positive instruction, and my work was progressing even better than I'd hoped for.

"What do you think would happen if you added just a touch more brown?" he'd say. "Do you suppose if you added a line here it might bring out the character of the subject?" And that most often was just the touch the painting needed.

I had studied with others through high school, but no teacher had inspired me as Mr. McDowell had. His students all felt this way about him, and after a few hours in his class we all came away feeling as though we'd been isolated in a field of peace and creativity.

It is easy to imagine how we felt when one day he didn't come to class. A young woman was substituting for him.

"Mr. McDowell is ill and will be absent for some time," she told us, and a hush filled the room. One girl cried.

"I'm almost finished with this picture, and I know I'll never get it right without Mr. McDowell," she sobbed.

Ms. Cooper smiled. "I'm sure we can make do somehow," she said with a trace of scorn in her voice.

But we didn't "make do" very well. Ms. Cooper was prone to instruct with an unbending way instead of suggesting slight changes as Mr. McDowell had done. I felt depressed without him in the classroom.

My job with the tobacco company was about to end. The new brand had been introduced, and now the company hoped for sales to soar for their new product. As I turned in my carrying case, Ms. Scott offered me another job with the same company.

"You've probably noticed in supermarkets that cigarettes are usually close to the cash register.



The company uses people to see that its product is in a more accessible place than that of their competitors. You have done so well with the samples that I'm sure you'd be just the person they'd want to take this job," she said.

"I can do it if it's part time," I told her.

"The time would be at your convenience."

I went to my apartment feeling wonderful to have more work, a job that could last all through college. I picked up an evening paper on my way to my apartment.

It has long been a sort of hobby with me to read "Letters to the Editor" in all kinds of publications. I like to know how people really feel. I sat by the small table in the apartment kitchen drinking a glass of cool milk when a letter seemed to spring at me from the page. Instead of saying,



"Dear Editor," it began, "My dear people." My eyes were drawn to the signature. A gasp escaped my lips—it was signed by Mr. McDowell!

"My dear people, I'm writing this letter from my deathbed," it began. I felt as though I were slowly sinking into a morass of crushing quicksand as I read the letter.

He explained that he blamed himself for the death that was inevitable and imminent.

"I leave my wife and two children a widow and orphans because I continually took a substance into my system that spelled destruction. I'm writing this in the hope that some young person, even one, will read it and profit by my mistake."

He explained he was dying of lung cancer, that the doctors could not operate since the disease had progressed beyond hope for recovery.

It took me a long time to read his letter. I could read only a few lines, then my eyes became so blurred that I could no longer see the words. I cut out the letter and put the clipping under the cardboard lid of my art-supplies box.

For the rest of the evening and most of the night my mind's eye saw a sea of hands reaching to me for sample packets of the new brand of cigarettes. In the morning I went to the agency and told Ms. Scott that I couldn't handle the job she'd offered me, so I was quitting. ◇

ICEBOATING:

Hard-Water Sailing

Fred S. Miller

Alone in a frozen world, an iceboat skitters across the hardened expanse of lake, polished steel runners crackling and scraping on the surface. At the helm, dressed warmly in helmet, goggles, and full-length motorcycle suit, the pilot scans far ahead, searching for pressure ridges and holes in the ice. He is alert, perhaps less than perfectly comfortable, but happy.

Imagine lying on your back, careening feet first across an open stretch of ice at maybe 50 miles an hour, scant inches off the surface below you. At that speed, every ridge and crack translates to a jolting vibration, making for a bumpy, exhilarating ride—a ballet of speed and incredible acceleration. No wonder it's called "hard-water sailing."

Fifteen-year-old Tod Kerchner was introduced to this sport several years ago by friends who offered him his first ride aboard a DN (*Detroit News*)-class iceboat. He was immediately hooked and now goes out on the ice whenever he has an opportunity.

The DN iceboat is the design that won an iceboat-design competition sponsored by—you guessed it—the *Detroit News* newspaper in 1939. It's 12 feet long, built of wood, and carries just 60 square feet of sail. It fits easily on top of a car and is inexpensive to own. For these reasons, DN's are by far

the single most popular iceboat design in the world. There are close to 10,000 DN iceboats in the United States and Europe.

Most iceboat sailors do some "soft-water sailing" in the summertime, since the principle is almost the same. But when the ice forms at last on the river or lake, almost all come ready to race. After all, sailing is more fun if there is a reason—like getting to the finish line first. It's that way with Tod, whose family lives a short drive from the shore.

An iceboat is like a sailboat in many ways. It has a mast, boom, sail, and rigging. But there are similarities in appearance and function end, for the craft really looks like a little race-car body set on a triangle of ice-skate runners. The dimensions of a DN are limited by strict class rules which assure that all entries in a race are set up about the same.

The sail, stretched between the mast and the boom, is adjusted to the wind. The sharp runners provide a low-friction way of keeping the iceboat from slipping sideways. Moving at three to five times the wind's speed, an iceboat does for extended periods what even the fastest sailboats can accomplish only briefly: it races the wind and wins. These little boats squirt along like an ice cube sliding across a hot griddle.

Reducing friction is important in order to go fast. The iceboat's runners generate enough heat that they actually flow along on a very thin layer of water, reducing friction even further.

The pilot steers the boat's single front blade with a push-pull rod-and-tiller mechanism (like a rudder), while the two rear runners are set on the ends of the runner plank. This springy board is set across the boat near the back. It supports most of the combined weight of the iceboat and pilot and keeps the craft upright—most of the time. Ideally the runner plank should settle only about an inch after the pilot has hopped aboard. For this reason, the runner is preformed with a slight upward curve so it will be nearly flat once there is weight on it.

Because of the frigid temperatures and high speeds involved, common sense and strict precautions are needed to prevent injuries. All racers wear protective gear and steer clear of obstructions and open water. There isn't much hot-dogging out on the ice.

A moment's inattention can lead to trouble, as experienced pilots know. Even at low speeds, a collision or upset can be dangerous. And should a rig go through the ice, quick action is required to prevent hypothermia—a dangerous loss of body heat. To help crawl



out of the icy water, should the need arise, all racers carry two short-shafted ice picks, protected by corks and tied together with a stout cord.

Racing is done on a simple upwind-downwind course with only two rounding marks. From a standing start, the racers (wearing cleats on their boots) run hard, pushing their boats up to speed. They then jump into the tiny craft, adjust the sails, and accelerate quickly. The crowd of spectators, almost always present, is soon left far behind as the fleet picks up speed and heads for the upwind mark.

Ice conditions are very important to racers, both for safety and strategy. A safe, fast sur-

face depends upon many variables, including the amount of salt, if any, in the water, and the temperature and wind patterns which were present during the freezing process. Fallen snow can hide danger beneath, while rain or rising temperatures can bring problems as well. For this reason, knowledgeable racers keep up a telephone network so they can share reports on where to find the best ice. Often, the location of a race can change overnight through this "telephone tree."

One nearly universal aspect of the sport is the closeness and friendship which naturally exist between racers. Perhaps this comes from the brutal wind





and cold all iceboaters must cope with. Even though racing is approached seriously, there is plenty of helpful conversation among competitors between races.

You can build an iceboat yourself or purchase a kit which has all the parts ready to assemble. Tod Kerchner doesn't have his own racer yet, but he hopes to put one together soon, with help from experienced friends. In the meantime, it's easy to guess where he'll be once there's a good hard freeze. ◇

How to Get Started

Fred S. Miller

There are many good sources of information about iceboating available through the mail. The International DN Ice Yacht Racing Association (IDNIYRA) can provide building plans as well as an excellent book called *Think Ice!* by Lloyd Roberts and Warner St. Clair, which will answer most of your initial questions. The IDNIYRA can also put you in touch with local organizations. Contact Evert H. VanderBerg, IDNIYRA Secretary/Treasurer, 3202

Maple Avenue, Kalamazoo, MI 49001.

An excellent commercial source of plans and construction techniques is Gougeon Brothers, Inc., 706 Martin Street, Bay City, MI 48706. The Gougeons have won national and world titles and are recognized authorities in the sport as well as on wood and epoxy boat-building methods.

You also can write to Norton Boat Works, 16103 Depot Road, Greenlake, WI 54941, and the William B. Sarns Company, 38101 Huron Pointe Drive, Mount Clemens, MI 48045.

Used iceboats do come on the market periodically. Check with a local iceboating group for more information. ◇



How Cocaine Kills

One bleak December night a car packed with teenagers careened along the highway. Everyone in the car was high on crack, a powerful, smokable form of cocaine. One of the passengers, 16-year-old Scott, did not do drugs and drank alcohol only occasionally. But that night when his buddy in the back seat passed him a crack pipe, he decided to try it.

"It'll make you feel great," Danny had assured him. "It's not like snorting or injecting. It's just like your dad smoking a pipe. Come on, Scott, you can't be a nerd *all* your life."

So he'd taken a couple of puffs.

"You're right," he told Danny. "It does feel—*wow*. I like this stuff! Pass me that pipe again!"

Suddenly, Scott's heart started pounding wildly. Then he cried out in pain. "It hurts! My chest hurts really bad."

"You'll be OK," Danny reassured him. "Take a few deep breaths."

"I feel like I'm gonna die!" Scott said, in a faint, terrified voice. "Take me home."

Alex, the driver, looked at him, made a U-turn, and sped down the road to the handsome, suburban home where Scott lived with his mom, a schoolteacher, and his dad, an attorney.

As he pulled up before the front door, Alex turned to Danny. "Before you go in, get rid of all our stuff. We don't know what happened to Scott—you got it, everybody? We don't know nothin'! Now,

Danny, help him into the house."

Danny's voice was small, squeezed. "I can't help him. He's not breathing. I think he's—*dead*."

The teenagers in that well-to-do Texas suburban community kept their pact. They "knew nothing." The coroner pronounced Scott dead of natural causes.

Later, Danny decided to tell the local drug counselor the truth about what had happened. A pipeful of crack, used for the first time, had killed his friend.

"Teenagers need to know that using cocaine is like playing Russian roulette," says Dr. Calvin Chatlos, director of the Adolescent Substance Abuse Program at Fair Oaks Hospital, home of the 800-COCAINE National Hotline. "The next use of cocaine may be the beginning of a terrible addiction process, may lead to an overdose, or may lead to death."

"Teenagers believe they're invulnerable, or 'it could happen to the next guy—but not to me.' But some day they may be 'the next guy,'" Dr. Chatlos continues. "And the only sure way to make sure this will never happen is to never use cocaine."

Some two million cocaine users have phoned the 800-COCAINE hotline since it was set up on May 6, 1983. Dr. Mark Gold, founder of the hotline, notes that in 1983 teenagers rarely called, and no calls came from preteens about their own use. (Sometimes they called with worried questions

Peggy Mann

"Teenagers need to know that using cocaine is like playing Russian roulette."



The late Len Bias of the University of Maryland

"Teenage addiction comes on far more rapidly than is the case with adults."

"Death can occur at any time from any dose."

about their parents' use.)

But from 1985 on, calls from teenagers concerning their own use accounted for 20 percent of the hotline calls, and users as young as nine have phoned in. "Not only does teenage addiction come on far more rapidly than is the case with adults," says Dr. Gold, "but serious cocaine-related health consequences appear sooner and more frequently, including brain seizures, loss of consciousness, and violent behavior. Nearly 15 percent of adolescent cocaine users report an actual suicide attempt.

"What must always be kept in mind," Dr. Gold warns, "is the grim fact that there is no predictor of which person taking his or her first snort will become dangerously dependent on the drug. Furthermore, some of the effects of cocaine are not dose related. They can occur in the case of a beginning user as well as an experienced one—for example, death."

The National High School Senior Survey, the only national drug-use survey, shows cocaine to be the only drug to have increased dramatically in use during the past few years. In 1986, one in six 12th-graders used cocaine, the highest rate ever reported. And only one-third of all high-school seniors "see much risk" in experimenting with cocaine.

These teens fail to realize that experimenting even once, as Scott did, can cost them their lives. Dr. Gold puts it this way, "*Death can occur at any time from any dose.* Cocaine-caused death can come from convulsions, lung failure, heart attack, stroke, traffic accidents, even drowning in one's own secretions. Cocaine paralyzes the back of the throat, and if you fall asleep or pass out with your head back, you can't move the saliva out of the throat, and you suffocate. This

is relatively common."

Let's take a closer look at some of the ways cocaine can kill.

According to the coroner's report, basketball star Len Bias died of cocaine-caused cardiac arrest. Simply put, his heart stopped. Yet, the coroner also proclaimed that Bias "had the heart of a healthy racehorse." So not only those with underlying heart problems can be killed by cocaine, though they are the most vulnerable to the drug's drastic effects on the heart.

Another frightening factor is that in 25 percent of cases of those who die suddenly from heart disease of any type, the first obvious "symptom" is death. In other words, you can have underlying heart problems without knowing it. And if you do have such a condition, cocaine's effects on the heart are a special danger to you. Furthermore, cocaine can give you heart problems without your knowing it.

In 1986, directly after the cocaine-caused deaths of Len Bias and football player Don Rogers, Dr. Forest Tennant started routine heart tests, electrocardiograms (or EKGs), on all persons admitted to Community Health Projects, Inc., which has drug-treatment facilities in 14 cities in California. Tennant, who directs the program, is the drug-abuse adviser to the National Football League. "We were amazed to find that about half the cocaine users had abnormal EKGs," he said. "Some of the patterns look identical to heart attacks. And these are apparently healthy people between 18 and 35.

"The EKG patterns," said Tennant, "show that the electrical activity is not passing through the heart in a normal fashion. The oxygen to the heart is being cut off. This may be because the blood vessels

of the heart are tightening and going into spasm. It may be that the cocaine creates a chemical disturbance in the wall of the heart. Or the cocaine-caused electrical malfunction may be coming from the brain, rather than the heart itself."

Dr. Gold notes that a person with a minor heart problem of which he or she is totally unaware can have severe chest pain or heart attack produced by a *very low dose* of cocaine.

Recent studies have linked cocaine use to various types of heart problems. "We think the drug results in the release of large amounts of adrenalin," said Dr. Jeffrey Isner of Tufts University School of Medicine in Boston. Adrenalin is a hormone released in response to stress. It gives the body the extra energy it needs to deal with the stress. "The heart is asked to do more work at a faster rate than it can do, yet it doesn't get enough blood to function properly. This can cause an unstable electrical situation within the heart muscle, which leads to irregular heartbeats and can cause death."

Two doctors at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, tell of a 21-year-old man in seemingly good health with no history of chest pain or heart disease. He had used cocaine intravenously once or twice a month for five years. Unlike many cocaine users, he used no other drugs. One night at a party he injected cocaine, and an hour later his girlfriend found him on the floor gasping and gurgling. He was rushed to the hospital but was DOA—dead on arrival. When sections of his heart were examined and photographed, doctors could not distinguish between his heart tissue and the grossly abnormal heart tissue of rats given five times the lethal dose of cocaine.

Dr. Gabriel Nahas of Columbia University in New York agrees with Dr. Isner's findings. He says experiments have shown that not only does cocaine stimulate the release of adrenalin and other powerful hormones, but it also prevents the body from getting rid of the hormones in a normal way. As a result, there is an abnormal build-up of these substances which reach poison-level concentrations in the heart and the brain. "This," says Nahas, "can explain the reason for cocaine-caused heart attack and brain hemorrhaging."

Another way in which cocaine can kill is through its effects on the brain. The drug can produce extreme variations in blood pressure, causing it to shoot up from 120 to 200 or more. Under such conditions, a blood vessel in the brain may burst. This can result in a brain seizure, a stroke, or death.

Cocaine also affects the brain by fooling it into thinking there's no danger. Dr. Gold puts it this way: "The drug produces physical changes in the brain, and the person becomes convinced that cocaine is the reason for living. While the body is reacting as if it's under attack, the brain is saying, 'You're better than ever.'"

One tragic example of this is Don Rogers. His mother reported that Rogers was so upset by the news of Len Bias's cocaine death that he called her on the phone from Los Angeles, crying. Yet Rogers obviously believed such a thing could never happen to him. One week later, the day before he was to marry his college sweetheart, Rogers went into a cocaine-caused coma and died. In the eight days between the two deaths, 32 other people died of cocaine in Los Angeles County alone. They too evidently believed that it could not happen to them.

Cocaine can give you heart problems without your knowing it.

"The heart is asked to do more work at a faster rate than it can do, yet it doesn't get enough blood to function properly."

The drug can produce extreme variations in blood pressure, causing it to shoot up from 120 to 200 or more.

"Apparently moderate or so-called recreational doses of cocaine produce a sudden reaction characterized by hallucination, delirium, and extreme panic, which often leads to sudden death."

"Usually by the time they get to a hospital, the brain or heart is so damaged that it's irreversible."

"Little known is the fact that about one in every 200 people has a defect of an enzyme called *cholinesterase*," says Dr. Richard H. Schwartz, a recognized authority on adolescent drug use. "This enzyme is necessary for cocaine to be broken down by the body, and people who have this deficiency—which they're born with—are very likely to have severe and possibly fatal reactions, even from a low dose of cocaine."

Trace amounts of other chemicals may have a more horrible but equally fatal effect, according to Dr. Lee Hearn, chief toxicologist of the Dade County, Florida, Medical Examiner's Department.

"In recent years we have begun to see a phenomenon which we call 'cocaine psychosis' or 'cocaine toxic delirium.' Apparently moderate or so-called recreational doses of cocaine produce a sudden reaction characterized by hallucination, delirium, and extreme panic, which often leads to sudden death," Dr. Hearn says. "It appears to involve the heart, but we don't yet know what the mechanism is, because victims die so quickly.

"People react quite differently from the way they do from an 'ordinary' cocaine dose or even an overdose. They start screaming and yelling and running around. They may tear off their clothes and run through the streets naked. When they quiet down, they're dead.

"They usually die before they can get to a doctor or a hospital. But, if they get there in time, their blood pressure has shot to the top of the scale. In one young man it was 300 over 180. (Normal for his age and weight is 110 over 70.) Body temperature can go from 104 degrees to 107 degrees.

"Usually by the time they get to a hospital, the brain or heart

is so damaged that it's irreversible. Typically, their heart stops suddenly—and they die."

"We started seeing such cases in 1983," adds Dr. Hearn's colleague, Dr. Charles V. Wetli, Deputy Chief Medical Examiner for Dade County. "In autopsies we found a trace—as little as 1 percent—of a substance called *tropacocaine*, or another closely related chemical called *benzoyltropine*. We suspect that the combined effect of one of these chemicals with the cocaine causes the bizarre reactions leading to sudden death."

Dr. Wetli pointed out another way cocaine kills is by harming the brain. It interferes with the part of the brain that controls breathing. "In most reported cases where death was witnessed, the victim went into violent convulsions followed rapidly by respiratory collapse and death. The seizures often occurred suddenly, without warning, and sometimes were preceded by body temperatures of 105 degrees or more. This is consistent with cocaine directly interfering with the respiratory centers of the brain."

"Within the last 15 years cocaine has grown into a major public-health threat in the U.S.—perhaps the worst threat ever to face our country from drug use," says Dr. Donald Ian Macdonald, director of the White House Drug Policy Office. "Cocaine deaths and cocaine-related emergency-room admissions have increased 300 percent in recent years. There simply is no such thing as a 'safe dose' of cocaine. And it can kill—even after a small dose—whether sniffed, smoked, or injected."

There is, of course, one escape. As Dr. Chatlos put it: "The *only* way to make sure none of this will ever happen to you is never use cocaine." ♦

THE KITCHEN

FAST FACTS, SHORT SHOTS, AND
MISCELLANEOUS MINUTIAE

Sink



Lars

The average age of children when they find out there is no Santa Claus is seven. —USA Today

For the 1986 holidays, American households spent an average of \$325 on gifts. —The Conference Board

With 1,012.6 persons per square mile, New Jersey is the most densely populated state in the United States. —State Policy Data Book '87

There are over 1,600 kinds of frozen deserts sold in the United States. At least 120 more were introduced to the public this past year. —Time

Space Base, a designer drug combining crack and angel dust, has been showing up in coastal cities. Experts fear the drug may be more dangerous than crack. —Behavior Today Newsletter

Last year 25,435 persons were treated in emergency rooms for TV-set-related injuries. —Television Information Office

In 1985, 11,000 people in the United States died of telephone-related injuries. —U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission

On the average, a woman earns only 64 cents for every dollar earned by a man working the same type of job. —The Washington Post Magazine

There is a restaurant in Cincinnati named "The Italian Restaurant With the Spanish Name Hosted by the Jewish Couple With the Greek Partner Featuring American Steaks, French Onion Soup, Ecuadorian Ceviche, and Swiss Fondue." —American Demographics

Alcohol, coffee and tea, soft drinks, and water are ranked one, two, three, and four among all beverages consumed by characters in TV programs. Those same beverages rank four, three, two, and one in consumption by real people. —Journal of Studies on Alcohol

Eighty-eight percent of the women aged 15 to 19 will be married by the time they are 65. —United States Census Bureau

Since 1985 calls from teenagers to the 800-COCAINE hotline have made up 20 percent of those asking for help. Users as young as nine have phoned. —(See "How Cocaine Kills," p. 10.)



STEVE LARGENT

Running

Life's Patterns

Gary B. Swanson

While the rest of the country seemingly slept, Seattle Seahawks fans could see it coming from a mile away. They were counting the games. It happened last year in the second period of an October game against the San Diego Chargers.

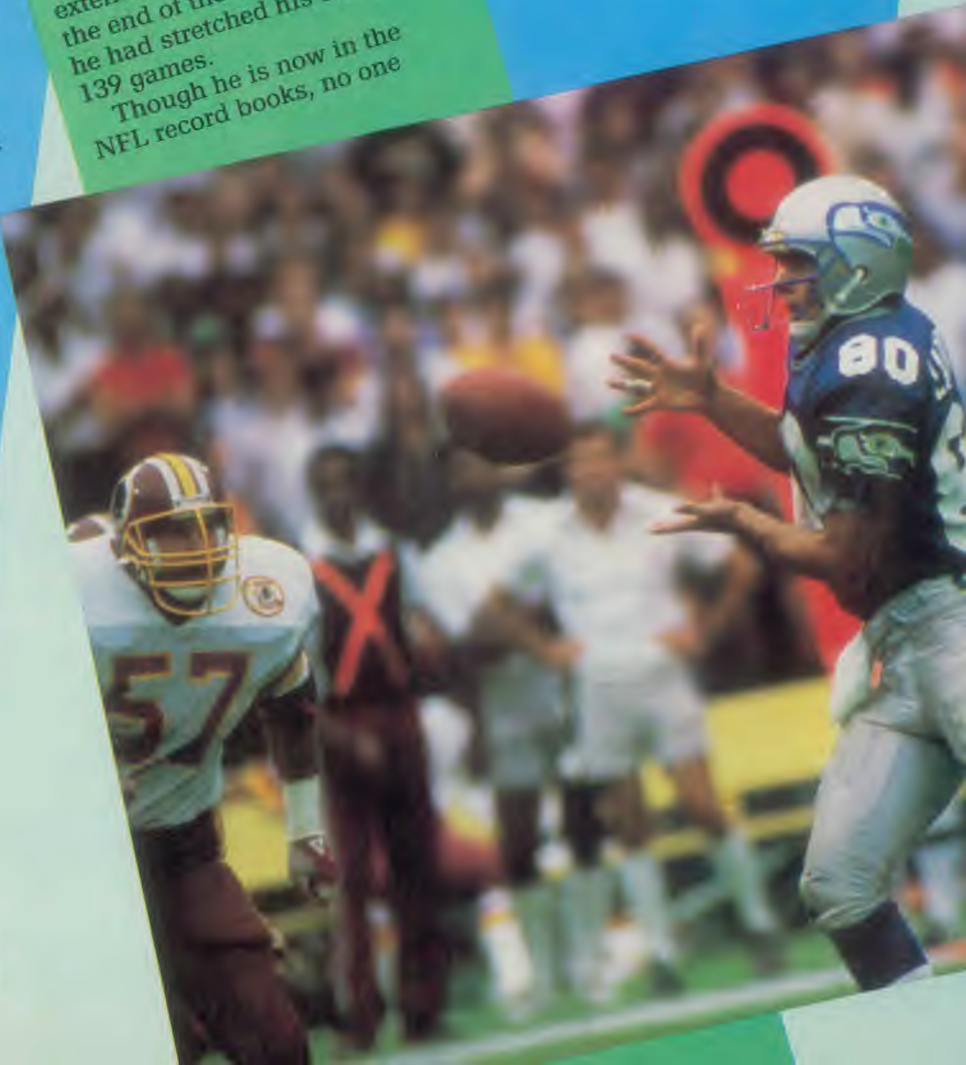
All-Pro pass-receiver Steve Largent ran his route down field and gathered in a 17-yard toss from Seahawks' quarterback Dave Krieg. In any other game this would have been just another routine catch. But this one broke a National Football League record. Steve Largent had caught at least one pass in 128 straight games.

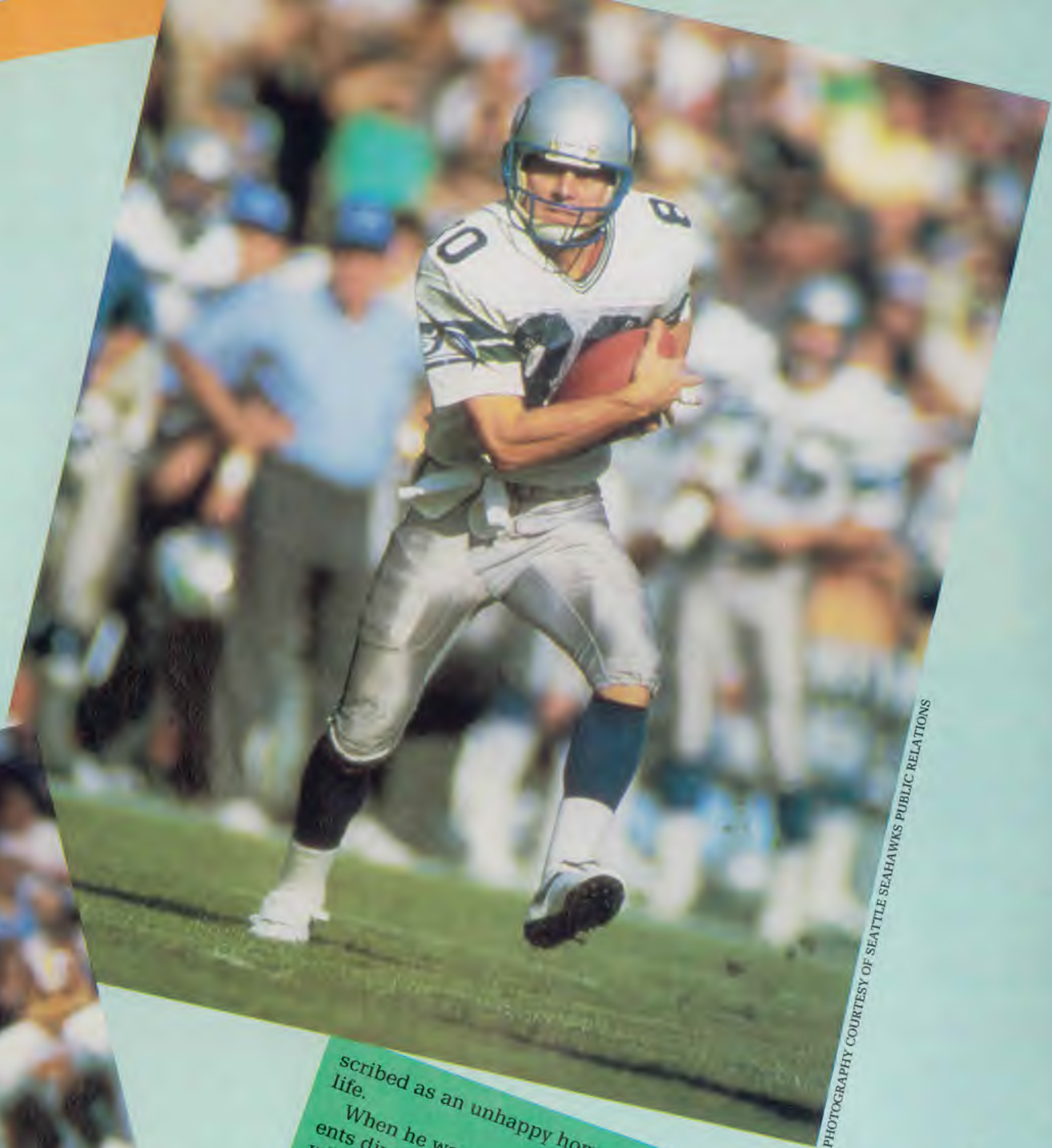
After 10 years in the NFL, Steve was hardly known outside of the Seattle area. He had told one reporter that his pursuit of the pass-receiving record was not as big a deal as when Walter Payton was closing in on Jim Brown's all-time rushing record. As Steve neared his 128th game, however, the press and the rest of the country

turned its attention to him. And after that game against San Diego, every game in which he makes a catch means he is extending his own record. By the end of the season last year, he had stretched his string to 139 games.

Though he is now in the NFL record books, no one

would describe Steve Largent as a superathlete. He is best known for hard work and reliability. Born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, he first turned to sports as an outlet for what he has de-





PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY OF SEATTLE SEAHAWKS PUBLIC RELATIONS

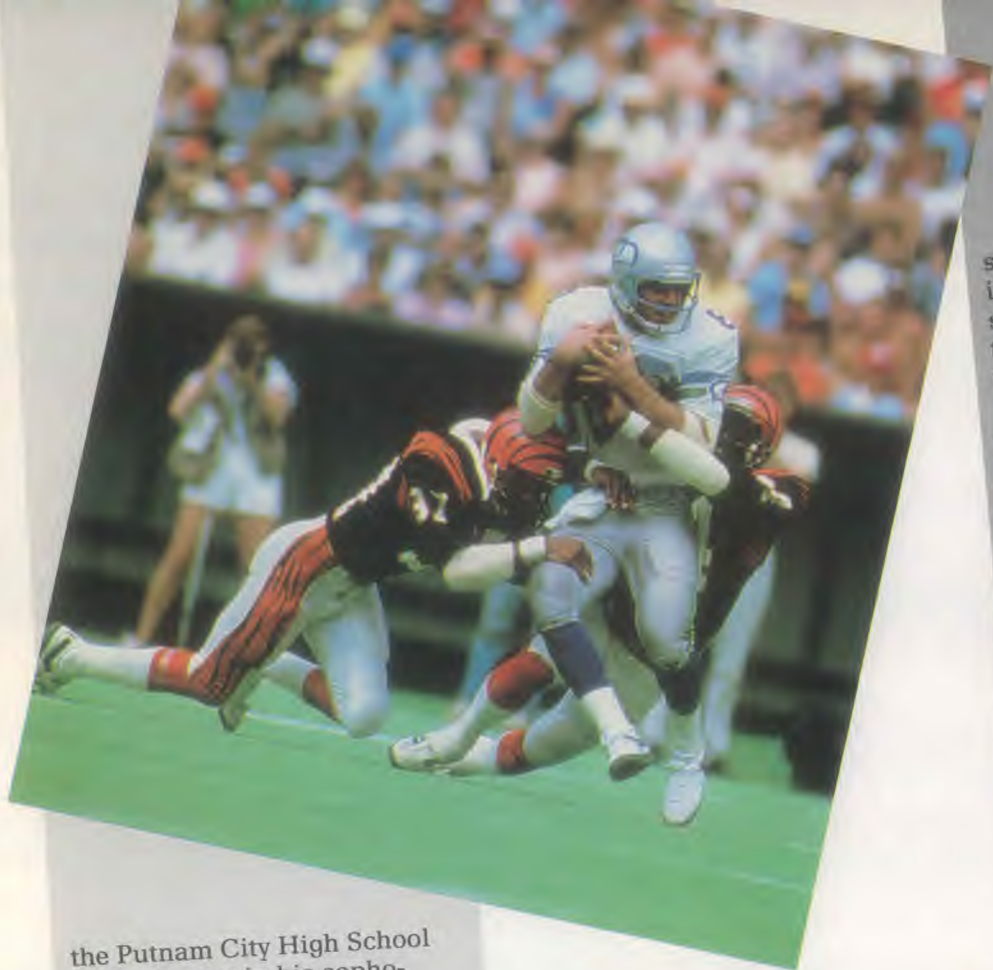
scribed as an unhappy home life.

When he was six, his parents divorced, and he moved with his mother to Oklahoma City. A couple of years later his mother remarried. Steve's stepfather, an alcoholic, led an unsettled life. The newly formed family moved four times in the next two years.

By the ninth grade, Steve felt as if he wasn't a part of the in crowd. "I wasn't handsome," he told a *Sports Illustrated* reporter. "I wasn't popular. I was a nerd. My hair was all frizzy, and that wasn't cool. So I'd get up real early in the morn-

ing, comb it in one direction, let it dry, then comb it in the other direction. There was a tremendous amount of pressure to fit in."

As a result of this pressure, Steve developed friendships with some of the trouble-making crowd. This led to a visit or two to the vice-principal's office. Hoping to keep him out of trouble, Steve's mother urged him to try out for



self into his sports. "I was striving to be accepted," Steve says, "and I felt accepted through my athletic achievement. I was a part of the team."

The next year he mustered enough courage to ask out Terry Bullock. She was in his Latin II class, a straight-A student, and a Putnam City High Pirates cheerleader. Most important of all, Terry came from a happy and loving home. As Steve and Terry became better friends, Steve spent more and more time with her family. Here he enjoyed the stability that he longed for in his own home.

In the meantime, his athletic career blossomed. He became an All-State football player and an All-State catcher for his

the Putnam City High School football team in his sophomore year. The coach said he wasn't quick enough for halfback. "The lines trying out for wide receivers weren't as long," Steve remembers, "so I gave that a try." And that is where he has been ever since.

But that still didn't solve some of the problems he was having at home. He and his mother tried to cope with his stepfather's drinking. "There were some real bitter moments," Steve says. "I can remember a ham being thrown across the kitchen."

His mother asked him to be

patient and understanding. She even asked him what she should do. I'm only in the 10th grade, he'd think. What can I do about it?

In frustration Steve tried to stay away from home as much as possible. He poured him-



high-school baseball team as well. Though he wasn't recruited to the big and powerful college football teams, he received a scholarship at the University of Tulsa. He led the nation in touchdown catches during his junior and senior years. The school alumni elected him one of the top eight graduating seniors. Soon after completing his degree in biology, Steve married his

cheerleader-sweetheart, Terry. Again, because he wasn't considered quick enough, he wasn't selected in the NFL draft until the fourth round. The Houston Oilers invited him to camp but traded him to the Seattle Seahawks. The Seahawks, a brand-new team, put him right to work. Whether he is considered quick enough or not, he's been catching passes for them ever since.

In football, there are at least two kinds of quickness. One is the obvious speed of an all-out sprint. The other is the ability to make quick cuts—changes of direction. It is the latter, and the ability to run a very consistent assigned passing pattern, that makes Steve Largent special.

"A guy who's taking drugs to prepare for a football game thinks he's going to enhance his ability by doing that. Physically, however, he has less endurance, and his reaction time is much slower."

And Steve's life off the grid-iron is run by a rather strict pat-

tern too. "When I was in high school," he says, "it was kind of a wild thing to impress your friends by telling them how much beer you drank over the weekend. When I began dating the girl who became my wife, she helped me to see that I was OK, that I was a good guy, that I didn't have to drink to impress anybody."

Steve has some real concerns about alcohol and drug use in the NFL. "Alcohol and drugs make you *think* you are performing better than you do without them. A guy who's taking drugs to prepare for a football game thinks he's going to enhance his ability by doing that. Physically, however, he has less endurance, and his reaction time is much slower.

"Any player involved with drugs is unreliable," Steve told a *Seattle Times* reporter. "A guy on drugs is not only hurting himself and his career, but he's holding everybody else back too. He's jeopardizing my opportunity to be in the playoffs as well as the other 43 guys on the team.

"I can see that the overwhelming effect of drug use is that it just dulls your senses,"

says Steve. "There's no way it enhances performance."

This word *performance* has always been important to Steve. "I've never felt as if I've been overly endowed with athletic ability," he says. "So I've always felt that I needed to compensate for that by working harder. As our coach, Chuck Knox, tells us, 'Chance is when preparation meets opportunity.' I work hard to be prepared."

Steve and Terry have also worked hard to set up a home life like that he yearned for as a teenager. Though he is the highest-paid wide receiver in football, he has a Pontiac station wagon in his driveway at

home. He takes his turn every Tuesday morning driving kids to a church school in a car-pool Chevy van.

"Even the fulfillment of a career in sports is not as satisfying in the long run as a strong family background."

"I sought fulfillment in athletic achievements as a result of my fractured family," Steve says. "But even the fulfillment of a career in sports is not as satisfying in the long run as a strong family background." A strong family is exactly

what Steve and Terry are working for in their home. With four children—three boys and a girl—under the age of nine, the Largent home is strewn with foam-rubber footballs, squeeze toys, stuffed animals, tricycles, and building blocks.

Amid all the confusion of four children, Steve is remarkably calm. "I guess I'm pretty single-minded," he smiles. "When I'm involved in something, I have the ability to block out whatever else is going on around me."

This comes in handy on the football field as well. "When I'm running or the ball's coming to me, my attention is totally focused on catching that football," he says. "I focus on nothing else—defenders, crowd noise, or the clock."

This is exactly the way Steve Largent has gone about achieving his 139 catches in consecutive games. If they weren't an NFL record, they could almost be described as routine. ◇

A Jar of Christmas Magic

Barbara Finney



A couple of years ago, I gave as a Christmas gift to a friend in low spirits a magical jar, filled with the prescription for inner joy, laughter, and warm good feelings of high self-regard. This remedy would

never wear out, run out, or cause harmful side effects. The "jar" was actually an empty Swiss Miss chocolate can, with the rich smell of the powdered chocolate still intact. I wrote about 100 "self-esteem

strips"—each a bit of paper on which I had typed a compliment, a pat on the back, or a precious memory—and put them in the can, which I painted a bright, cheerful red. When the red paint dried, I used white paint to letter in:

Rx: Emergency Supply of Self-Esteem. When feeling depressed, remove and read one strip.

My friend told me later that when she opened her gift that Christmas, she eagerly read all 100 compliments in a single sitting, and she still rereads them frequently. I made her feel good, and that made me feel good.

You also can use your writing talents to create such priceless gifts. A jar of self-esteem could make all the difference to someone you love. Everyone has negative periods in his or her life. Flunking a test, arguing with your parents, breaking up with a girlfriend or boyfriend, getting a speeding ticket—your gift can make these times more bearable.

Giving a jar of self-esteem is so effective, because merely telling people how wonderful they are can seem insincere. But a whole jar brimming with slip after slip of printed testimony to another person's worth is hard to argue with. It is both a Christmas card and gift. It combines the talents of the giver with the best qualities of the recipient.

To create this magical jar, decorate any jar or container to your taste and then fill it with self-esteem-building comments. Write sentences praising the person the jar is meant for. Think about what this person means to you, and jot down positive comments as they come to mind. Each sentence should be a specific compliment about the person or a positive comment on some facet of his or her life.

Ordinary typing paper is sufficient for typing out the compliments, but if you wish to add a more festive dimen-

sion, use colored paper. Leave enough space between each compliment or quip so you can cut the comments into strips when you have filled the sheet of paper. The comments can be of any length, ranging from a single sentence to a paragraph or even an entire page. You can type as many as you can think of, limited only by how many strips you can stuff into a jar.

Use your inner sensitivity in choosing the exact wording of compliments. Consider the person's likes, interests, hobbies, talents, and personality quirks. Avoid comments that are too bland or too general. They won't have the impact of a more personalized comment. For example, if the person plays tennis, you could write, "Martina Navratilova has nothing on you." For a friend who likes to act, you could say, "Shakespeare had you in mind when he created some of his best characters."

I like to get as personal as I can without getting too serious. Humor allows you to be sentimental without sounding sappy. I want to make the recipient of the jar laugh while I point out something he or she should be proud of. The more outrageous a humorous compliment is, the better. For example:

- "With friends like you, who needs a fairy godmother?"
- "You are so kind, so benevolent, so merciful, that you would hold an umbrella over a duck during a rain shower."
- "You are so beautiful that Snow White is making poisoned apples with your name on them."

I also like to write compliments that refer to the relationship between me and my gift recipient. For example:

- "If you had never come into my life, to be my friend, my life would never be as rich as it is today."
- "As your friend, I am very grateful that you can be counted



on when I need help."

When you have known the person a long time, and the two of you have shared many memories, remind him or her of past pleasures and triumphs via a "Remember when . . . ?" device. Memories are always good for a smile. For example:

- "Remember when we went camping together and thought there was a bear behind our tent?"
- "Remember when you saved me from the school bullies?"
- "Remember when you won the state spelling bee?"

Finally, I like to twist proverbs, quotations, and clichés a little, to make them recognizable but still personal. For example:

- "If it is you who leads a horse to water, he will always drink."

● "When you hold your nose to the grindstone, the grindstone gets polished."

● "You are the person the Joneses try to keep up with."

You can do the same with your favorite song lyrics or lines from movies or TV shows.

Once you've written the various pieces of self-esteem, stuff the container with them. To make the jar even more pleasant, add a few packs of gum or pieces of candy, photos of you and your friend, or some other reminder of an experience you've shared. Then present your special gift to your special person, realizing that you can make the difference with your words. You can heal someone's inner hurts, make his day, or change her life for the better. Knowing that can do a lot for *your* self-esteem too.



Ask a Friend



I'm 16, a girl, and about to lose my part-time job because I can't get into an elevator. (My job requires me to haul trash from our store to a trash bin upstairs.) My boss gets upset when I say I can't do it or when I spend too much time carrying bags of trash up the stairs. I don't know how I got this way. I just know that whenever I get into an elevator, I feel like I'm going to faint. My heart starts to beat fast, I feel sick to my stomach, and get dizzy. I feel like I'm going to go crazy and do something really foolish. I live with my parents in a really nice apartment that is on the sixth floor. I get tired of running up and down all those steps. And it's really embarrassing when one of my friends comes home with me. I've been told that I have a phobia. What can I do about it?

From the symptoms you describe, I'm pretty sure you do have a phobia. A phobia is an unrealistic, uncontrollable, and excessive fear of a particular object, situation, or activity. Even when you know the fear is unreasonable, it can be so intense that it prevents you from doing things you need or want to do. And if you push yourself too hard, it can cause you to have a panic attack.

Phobias take many forms. Some dictionaries list 250 or more phobias by their Latin or Greek names. Claustrophobia, for example, is a fear of enclosed places, which sounds like what may be bothering you.

You are not alone. Millions of us are afflicted with phobias. In fact, phobias are the most common of all mental problems. Five to 12 percent of the United States' population suffers from a phobia in any six-month period. For some reason women are more likely to have a phobia than men, or maybe they're just willing to admit it.

There are three types of phobias. The first, a simple phobia, is an unreasonable fear of some object or situation. This is probably what your problem is. There is no way of knowing for certain how you got this way. Maybe you were accidentally left alone in an elevator when you were very young, experienced anxiety, and felt abandoned by your parents. Maybe someone you knew acted scared in an elevator and frightened you. Or maybe you heard of some terrifying elevator accident or saw a movie or TV program showing people trapped in an

elevator. Knowing why you are afraid might help you get over the fear, but it's not really necessary for you to be cured.

A social phobia is an irrational fear of being judged by others. A person with a social phobia expects to be singled out, watched, and found inferior. As a result, he avoids mixing with people so he won't look foolish. Actually, the anxiety of being embarrassed causes people with this phobia to be tense, clumsy, and forgetful, which makes what they expect to happen, happen. Social phobias usually begin in the teenage years.

Another kind of irrational fear is called a panic disorder. This is different from a phobia because the attacks are unexpected and don't seem to have a cause. When someone is having a panic attack, he gets an awful feeling that something terrible is going to happen to him, such as dying or at least going berserk and losing complete control of himself. Panic attacks in some ways are worse than phobias, since you never know when one will strike you.

Simple phobias, social phobias, and panic attacks can get worse and worse until a person develops the third type of phobia, agoraphobia. This is a severe problem that often keeps people from leaving their homes. They're so fearful of a panic attack that they feel the only safe place is inside a house or even a single room in the house. Some people with agoraphobia are afraid to walk alone in their yards.

There are several very effective treatments to get over a phobia. What seems to work

best is a combination of "systematic desensitization." This involves imagining fear-pro-

voking situations while you're relaxed and comfortable and

exposure to the situation you fear. This last is usually done in the

company of someone you feel safe with, such as a best friend or therapist. In this

way you can gradually get comfortable by confronting your fears and learning that no real danger is present. Avoiding the situation you fear seems to make the fear worse. I recommend that you share your fears with a good friend, perhaps your best friend. Then ask her or him to spend some time with you helping you to gradually get used to elevators. You don't have to get in one at first. Just take it in easy steps, one at a time, and the fears will go away as you practice. At other times, imagine going into an elevator and being comfortable doing it. These two activities help more than anything else. ◇

**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.

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Listen to the Planes <i>Todd Nightingale</i>	Sep-9

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Another Cheap Line: How Tobacco Companies Seduce Women <i>Vikki Montgomery Fields</i>	Mar-11
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Teens Prefer Nonsmoking Dates <i>LN</i>	Feb-29

WINE COOLERS

Why Wine Coolers Aren't <i>Julie Johnsson</i>	Sep-10
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And So Forth



BUT WHAT ABOUT ROOM SERVICE?

Would you like somewhere new to stay on your next trip, someplace a little more fun than a Holiday Inn, Best Western, or even The Peabody? How about 20,000 leagues beneath the sea? Or would you prefer 30 feet below the surface of Bora Bora Lagoon?

Jules' Undersea Lodge off the coast of Key Largo, Florida, is the world's first underwater luxury hotel. The building is made of steel and acrylic and measures only 50 feet by 20 feet. But accommodations include suites equipped with a TV, VCR, personal computer, and

42-inch portholes to keep an eye on the small fry in schools.

Just six guests at a time may stay at the lodge, and each must be a qualified diver. Even though a stay at Jules' will run you \$300 a day, the hotel has been overflowing ever since it opened in November 1986.

DON'T THEY DRIVE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD, ANYWAY?

The contest is over. The title of World's Worst Driver goes to—Sue Whiting of Wokingham, England!

To win her crown as baddest of the bad, Sue took 22 years to pass her driving test. She made 16 attempts before she passed. She also spent \$5,000 on more than 1,000 hours of driving instruction from 10 different teachers.

Along the way to being number one, she accidentally slapped one of her driving in-

structors while trying to make a turn signal, hit her brakes so hard her teacher's false teeth flew out, and almost hit a blind pedestrian at a crosswalk.

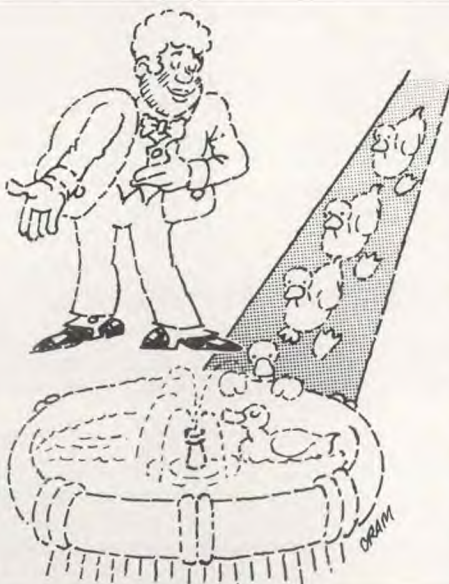
Some fear that Sue will now slip into the ranks of good drivers after striving so hard to be the worst that she can be. Not to worry. She will not give up her crown easily. To prove her commitment to keeping her title, Sue crashed into a telephone pole the same day she got her driver's license.



MASTER OF THE HOUSE

Edward D. Pembroke has been master at the Peabody Hotel in Memphis since 1940. Each day Pembroke calls for some special guests at their rooftop quarters atop the hotel. He rides the elevator with them to the lobby and follows them across the red carpet, laid especially for them, to the lobby fountain where they will play for the rest of the day.

The special guests are five mallard ducks. Tourists gather each morning at eleven o'clock to watch Duckmaster Pembroke parade the ducks to the fountain. For more than 50 years the



Peabody ducks have entertained hotel visitors.

At five o'clock the duckmaster herds his flock back to the Royal Duck Palace, a fancy cage with artificial turf to protect sensitive, webbed feet. There the ducks will await the next day's wake-up call.

The ducks seem to enjoy the cushy lifestyle, but it only lasts three months. After that the mallards go back to the farm where they were raised. Other lucky ducks replace them for their own three-month vacation.

OOPS!

History considers Sir Isaac Newton one of the greatest geniuses science has ever known. Newton is credited with inventing calculus (but don't hold it against him) and deducing the laws of optics and gravity, among other things. But he also made mistakes.

In one of the best turnabout-is-fair-play examples of all time, student Robert Garisto, 23, discovered a mistake by the teacher, Isaac Newton, 345.

Robert, a physics major at the University of Chicago, realized that Newton, when figuring the earth's mass, had decided that the angle between two imaginary lines running

from the sun to the earth was 10.5 seconds or about 3,000th of a degree. But some of Isaac's calculations were based on an earlier estimate of 11 seconds. That little inconsistency went unnoticed for three centuries.

The error won't change Newton's theory of gravity. We're not going to fall off the earth or anything. But Robert's discovery was slightly earth moving. For shaking up the establishment, Robert earned a prize from the University of Chicago's chapter of Sigma Xi, the national scientific honor society.



Q CUES

Fannie L. Houck

No need to quibble with a quicksilver dealer from Quebec about the words that fit these definitions. Just grab your quill and bag your quota of Qs quicktime. Each missing word begins with the letter Q. (Scoring: 15 to 20: A quadrillion congratulations! 10 to 15: A quail feather for your cap! 9 or less: Quick! The dictionary!)

1. a sudden fear or misgiving
Q _____
2. odd; unusual
Q _____
3. to drink deeply or repeatedly
Q _____
4. to shake or vibrate
Q _____
5. amount; number
Q _____
6. an angry dispute
Q _____
7. an open pit where stone is mined
Q _____
8. one of four equal parts
Q _____
9. to put out; extinguish
Q _____
10. mentally alert
Q _____
11. a peculiar action or behavior
Q _____
12. a line
Q _____
13. the five offspring born at one birth
Q _____
14. pursuit; search
Q _____
15. marked by little noise or motion
Q _____
16. the female counterpart of a king
Q _____
17. sewing party for making bed coverings
Q _____
18. trembling or shaking of the voice
Q _____
19. loose sand mixed with water
Q _____
20. to put down; suppress
Q _____

HO! HO! HO!

Bonnie L. Heiser

Thirty-six things relating to Christmas are hidden in the puzzle below. The words may run horizontally, vertically, or diagonally, forward or backward. Happy hunting, and Merry Christmas!

```

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

Angels, bells, boughs, bows, candles, candy, cards, carol, cheer, cookie, cranberry, family, fun, garland, gifts, holly, joy, laughs, lights, love, mistletoe, noel, ornament, pie, presents, sharing, sleigh, snow, snowmen, stockings, spirit, sugarplums, ribbon, tinsel, toys, tree



"My date last night made me feel like Cinderella—he had to have his dad's car home by midnight or it would turn into a bicycle!"

PUZZLE ANSWERS

Answers to "Q Cues"
 1. quail 2. queer 3. quaff 4. quake 5. quantity 6. quarrel 7. quarry 8. quarter 9. quench 10. quick-witted 11. quirk 12. queue 13. quintuplets 14. quest 15. quiet 16. queen 17. quilling bee 18. quaver 19. quicksand 20. quell

DRUG USE CAN BE INHERITED

The tendency to use drugs can be inherited by adopted children who have never lived with their birth parents, according to scientists who conducted a study at the University of Iowa College of Medicine. This study is the first time researchers have identified a genetic link to drug problems that can't be attributed to environment.

The researchers studied the records of 443 men and women adopted at birth, 40 of them drug users. Drug use was linked to an "antisocial personality." Drug users were far more likely than nonusers to get in trouble for lying, stealing, fighting, skipping classes, and other destructive behaviors. The main predictor for antisocial behavior in adopted children was an antisocial birth parent. This proved true, regardless of what the adoptive parents were like.

The researchers also learned that adopted children were more likely to use drugs if a birth parent was an alcoholic, even if the parent didn't fit the antisocial personality profile.

Genetic factors aren't the only link to drug use. Adopted children are also more likely to use drugs if the adoptive parents divorce or have significant psychiatric problems.

DEATH CERTIFICATES TELL NO TALES

Alcohol-related deaths in America are "grossly underestimated" according to the federal Centers

for Disease Control (CDC). Usual estimates put the alcohol-related death toll at about 15,000 a year. The real total is probably more than 200,000 a year, says Dr. Dan Pollock, a CDC epidemiologist.

Pollock says the difference arises from inaccurate death certificates. These are often filled out before blood-alcohol tests come back from the lab. A CDC study of the

deaths of Army veterans found that alcohol-related deaths occurred six times more often than the death certificates reported. High blood-alcohol levels were frequently omitted from the death certificates.

CDC scientists are worried about the inaccuracies, because death certificates represent the single most important source of disease statistics in the United States.



STEROIDS INCREASE MENTAL PROBLEMS

Massive muscles aren't the only result of taking anabolic steroids. Doctors at Boston's McLean Hospital, a psychiatric institution, discovered that steroid users sometimes suffer from serious mental problems in which they lose touch with reality.

One steroid-using bodybuilder got so angry when another driver cut in front of him, he chased and cornered the offender and smashed in his windshield with a crowbar. Another steroid user deliberately drove his car into a tree at 35 miles per hour while a friend videotaped the one-man demolition derby. Still another convinced himself that he couldn't be injured if he jumped out of a third-story window.

Body builder's psychosis, as the condition is called, was first detected in two men hospitalized at McLean for mental disturbances. Drs. Harrison Pope, Jr., and David Katz interviewed 31 other steroid users, whom they recruited by placing ads in Boston and Los Angeles gyms. Three users said they experienced symptoms of the problem. One said he heard voices and noises for several weeks. Another user claimed that people were broadcasting their thoughts into his brain.

The doctors say that patients suffering from body builder's psychosis can be successfully treated once they stop taking steroids.

CIGARETTE ADS TARGET YOUNG PEOPLE

The latest trend in cigarette advertising is to use younger-looking models for cigarette ads in magazines, newspapers, and on billboards, according to Charles Sharp, a former advertising executive who runs a consulting firm for advertising agencies. Sharp does not believe the cigarette companies who claim the ads are only intended to get adult smokers to change brands.

Ninety percent of smokers start before age 20. If a person hasn't started smoking by age 20, he or she probably never will. That's why cigarette companies are using whatever techniques are available to get kids to smoke, says Kenneth E. Warner, chairman of the department of public health policy at the University of Michigan School of Public Health.

Recent cigarette ads show young men and women playing sports, laughing and talking with friends, or just standing against a wall, looking "cool." "The messages cigarette companies use—sexual success, attractiveness, social prestige... are particularly appealing to young people," says Edward Popper, professor of marketing at Northeastern University.

Popper says cigarette companies spend about one billion dollars a year on promotions. The promotions include sponsoring rock concerts and sporting events attended by teenagers.

"One Last Note..."

The Gambler's Advice

I've read in several places that most people really don't pay much attention to the lyrics of their favorite songs. As the tunes waft out of the radio, the listener is sort of swept away from the here and now.

Some lyrics were obviously not written to be closely studied. Even in the biggest dictionary, for example, you won't find the word *doo-wah*. Words in a song may be written because they simply sound good together or because they are funny. But if the words in a song can in some way help us in our here and now, we should think about them.

A few years back Kenny Rogers recorded a song called "The Gambler." In the song, a dying gambler offers his listener some advice: "Every gambler knows that the secret to survivin' is knowing what to throw away and knowing what to keep."

Now Kenny Rogers probably wasn't writing a song for gamblers in training. These words were written to make a comment on life. Knowing what to throw away and knowing what to keep is an important part of life. We're probably not talking here about keeping your locker clean. We could, however, be talking about keeping your life clean.

Why not take a few minutes to think about those things in your life that you should throw away and those that you should keep. Make a list. Is there any-

thing in your life—a habit, an attitude, even a friend—that is having a negative impact on you? Keeping you from reaching your goals? Wasting your time? Making you respect yourself less? Maybe it's time to consider doing something about it. These are the things that you should probably throw away.

There may also be some things that you should be doing that you aren't. Exercising, eating less junk food, being more helpful, doing homework—these are some things that you should probably keep.

In a short while, we'll all be making New Year's resolutions. These are OK, except that they come around only once a year. Why not begin today with a New Day's resolution? That way if you blow it, you won't have to wait a year to begin again.

Look over the list of negative influences in your life, and resolve today to do something about them. Replace them with positive things. Decide what to throw away and what to keep. There's no gamble in that. You would be dealing yourself a winning hand.

Gary B. Swanson

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Listen

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Play every play
as if it were going to be
the game breaker.

—Vince Lombardi



CARE ENOUGH to be involved

You can be a strong voice against drug and alcohol abuse among young people in your community. Look for this emblem and support the people and businesses that display it.

It shows they have contributed to the **LISTEN** Community Crusade Against Drug and Alcohol Abuse. Through their support **LISTEN** magazine is made available to schools and youth groups right in your own community and across the country.

If you believe in the youth of our community, get involved in the Community Crusade Against Drug and Alcohol Abuse. **LISTEN** provides a year-round package plan of school assembly programs, lectures, and films designed and presented especially for your school district or community. Plus, your child will benefit from reading 12 exciting and colorful issues of **LISTEN** magazine. **LISTEN** is the only magazine for today's youth that presents hard-hitting facts about the dangers of drugs, alcohol, and smoking.

Display the emblem and let people know you're concerned about tomorrow's leaders—the young people of your community. To find out more about the **LISTEN** Community Crusade Against Drug and Alcohol Abuse, write **LISTEN**, Box 7000, Boise, Idaho 83707.

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