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Rumor

**Jeanne sensed that something was wrong that day.
It was the way the kids looked at her.**

A group of girls huddled together outside on the school steps speaking in whispers.

"I can't believe it!" exclaimed Stacey. "Are you sure?"

"Well," answered Melissa, "Mrs. Johnson, who goes to Dr. Dennis, heard it from Annie Harper, his nurse, so it must be true."

"But he's such a creep. How could she?"

"Shh, here she comes."

The girls watched enviously as Jeanne Freeman walked across the school grounds. They knew that every boy in the school went out of his way to talk to her.

"I don't know what they see in her," commented one of the girls.

"I do," said another, giggling maliciously.

Jeanne knew the girls didn't like her. She

walked straight ahead with her head held high and pretended not to care. Brushing a strand of her long auburn hair from her face, she forced a smile and waved to the girls. As she expected, they waved back and then snickered.

Students bombarded the steps as the piercing school bell signaled the beginning of class. Jeanne clutched her books against her chest and worked the combination of her locker. She thought about her friends at Claremont High. She wished that she could be with them. But no, she thought angrily, my parents have money, so I have to go to a private school.

Jeanne sensed something was wrong as she walked the halls from one class to another. It was the way the kids looked at her. Being ignored by the girls was nothing new, but now even the guys

Carol Gordon Prins



seemed to avoid her. And Dennis, who always tried to walk home with her, made excuses not to that afternoon. Jeanne couldn't figure it out.

The next morning Stacey was brushing her hair when Jeanne entered the restroom. Spotting Jeanne, she quickly threw the brush into her purse and darted out the door.

What is going on? thought Jeanne.

She waited for Dennis after school. He tried to brush past her, but she stopped him cold, practically pinning him to the wall. Standing with her feet apart and her hands on each side of him, she said, "OK, Dennis, what's happening?"

"Nothing," he mumbled, avoiding her eyes.

"Don't tell me that," said Jeanne, her anger mounting. "Everybody's acting weird. Even you, my so-called friend."

Dennis towered over Jeanne. His six-foot-four-inch body squirmed awkwardly as he tried to think of a response.

"C'mon, Den," Jeanne pleaded. "Just tell me. There's nothing to be nervous about," she added, placing her hand on his arm.

Dennis jerked his arm away as if she had touched him with a hot iron. "I can't tell you." He pushed her aside and walked away.

That night Jeanne confided to her friend Sharon, "I'm not kidding; something strange is going on."

"You always hated that school," Sharon said.

"Yes, but at least the guys were nice. Now they're avoiding me like I have the plague or something."

"Maybe that's it," suggested Sharon, smiling mischievously. "They suspended Michael when they thought he had it."

"Oh, Sharon, don't be ridiculous. Michael has AIDS, not the plague," said Jeanne.

"That's my point," began Sharon. "Michael's got the big A, and you've gone out with him."

"But you don't get AIDS from just dating a

guy," Jeanne protested angrily.

"I know that," Sharon said, "but lots of people just panic and don't want to be around someone who's had any contact with an AIDS victim. And those snobby girls from your school—who knows what story they might have heard and passed on?"

Later that night Jeanne wondered about what Sharon had said. Was it possible? Would Stacey and her friends be that cruel? The more she analyzed the situation, the more she realized that this was probably the reason no one wanted to be around her.

Funny how we call AIDS the big A, Jeanne thought. Her mother had once explained that cancer used to be called the big C.

"People were ashamed to admit that they had the disease," Mom said. "Now people have accepted cancer as a reality, and they deal with it more openly. Fortunately much of it is curable, or at least treatable, nowadays."

And not contagious, thought Jeanne. "Poor Michael," she said aloud. Even when he was allowed back in school, he didn't come. He just disappeared.

Jeanne devised a plan. She would teach those girls at school a lesson. First, of course, she needed to be sure it was true—that one of them really had started a rumor about her.

Dennis was her best bet, and she planned to corner him again. This time she wouldn't let him squirm out of it.

She hid behind a locker outside Dennis's last class and waited. She scanned each face as the students emerged from the room, but Dennis didn't appear. Eventually the halls were deserted, and she was about to give up. Then she saw him. Smiling inwardly, she watched as Dennis stooped a little to clear the door.

"Dennis," she called, running to him. "I want to talk to you."

He hesitated for a moment but realized it was



Jeanne and backed away. "I have to go, Jeanne. I'm sorry."

"Please wait," she begged. "Just answer one question. Are the girls spreading lies about me?"

Dennis turned from her. "Check your locker," he yelled, sprinting through the double doors.

Jeanne rushed to her locker and stared in disbelief. Scribbled in bright orange lipstick were the words J. F. HAS THE BIG A.

She slouched against the wall as tears streamed down her face. For a long time she didn't move. How can I ever get even with them for this? she thought. She realized that except for washing off the horrible message, there was little she could do.

Jeanne arrived early at school the next morning and scrubbed away most of the lipstick. Only slight smears of orange remained.

First I'll tell my parents and then the principal, thought Jeanne. But what good will that do? Mom will only get upset, and Dad will march into school like a general going to war. I'd just be more humiliated than I already am. And the principal—he'd probably be displeased about it but in the end write it off as a prank.

"Jeanne, the best way to handle this," suggested Sharon, "is to pretend that you don't care. If they can't get to you, they'll stop trying."

For the next three days, the lipstick message reappeared. Each time Jeanne washed it off. After that, things slowly returned to normal. The girls still ignored Jeanne, but the guys were a little more friendly—though none of them asked her for a date.

One day Jeanne heard her mother talking on the telephone. When the call was over, she turned to Jeanne, her face white with shock.

"What's wrong, Mom?" Jeanne asked.

"Richard Brandon has AIDS. He's been admitted to the hospital. I never thought the disease would come to our neighborhood."

How ironic, thought Jeanne. Stacey had taunted her about AIDS, and now Stacey's older brother was the one who had it.

As Richard became the hottest item of conver-

sation at school, Jeanne was soon forgotten. A few days after the news broke, Stacey returned to school. She walked alone between classes and to and from school. She spoke to nobody and nobody spoke to her.

Coming out of class one day, Jeanne bumped right into Stacey. "Oops, I'm sorry," Jeanne apologized.

Stacey didn't move. She stared at Jeanne for a moment, unsure of how to begin. "I'm sorry too," she finally blurted out. "It was stupid of me to go along with the other girls. I don't know how that rumor about you got started, but it didn't seem like a big deal then. It was only a joke. We were just having some fun, and, well, you were so popular with the guys. I guess some of us were a little jealous."

"Why the sudden apology?" asked Jeanne.

Tears welled up in Stacey's eyes. "My brother is so sick," she cried. "He was always such a great guy. Then with no warning—I don't know—he changed, he—" Stacey was crying openly now. Jeanne's heart went out to her. With me it was just a rumor, she thought, but Stacey's problem is real. After a while Stacey calmed down. "The worst part is that I was actually mad at Richard," she said, "like he got sick on purpose."

Jeanne put her arm around Stacey to comfort her.

"Nobody talks to me now," said Stacey. "Even Melissa—my best friend—doesn't call me anymore. She acts as though I'm the one who has AIDS."

"That's the problem," said Jeanne. "People think they can get it just by talking to a person."

Jeanne and Stacey never became best friends, but they did develop a certain understanding for each other as a result of what had happened.

Gradually the other students changed too. There weren't any more messages scribbled on lockers. The girls didn't stand on the steps giggling and poking fun at other students.

Rumor wasn't fun anymore. The truth had hit home. ◇

Ask a Friend



I'm almost 13 and have had trouble making friends since first grade. Kids think I'm stuck-up because I stay away from them, but the truth is that I'm shy and afraid of kids my own age. I get along fine with grown-ups, who tell me they like me. But with kids I'm like an ugly duckling who feels awkward and all alone. I'm desperate to have a friend. What can I do?

When a baby is born, he or she owns the world. All he has to do is cry to get whatever he wants. At least that's the way it starts out. And it would be a wonderful world if every time we wanted something all we had to do was cry or yell or ask, and then we'd get it. That's just not the way life works out. Babies don't always get what they cry for, and their self-confidence starts to ebb away.

By the time a child is old enough to ask for what he wants, he's found that No is more often the answer than Yes. By then he has also learned the difference between approval and disapproval. He has discovered what it means to be rejected or ignored, and feels there is something wrong with him.

Sometimes parents want us to be good and to succeed so badly that they end up criticizing or correcting us for our mistakes (rather than telling us when we're doing OK). By the time we're in first grade, it's not unusual to have developed some defenses against being criticized—such as being shy. After all, if we're quiet and don't push ourselves up front, we won't be rejected or scolded or made fun of by other kids or teachers. In some ways, if we are quiet and keep off to the side during activities, we can come invisible. Not really invisible, just unnoticed—which is better than being rejected.

Because we're "almost invisible," other kids avoid us or are just too busy with their own activities to bother being

friends with someone they're not sure wants to be a friend. That's how we get a reputation for being stuck-up when really the opposite is true. Teachers and other grown-ups like to have us around because we're not causing trouble, and also because we've learned how to behave in order to get their approval and avoid their disapproval.

So what do *you* do now that you're 13 and still feel isolated, ignored, and almost invisible to other kids your age? It's really hard to break into a group when you're an outsider. A psychological thing called *group cohesion* will make it hard for you to become part of an existing group. If you try to join a group and fail, you'll feel even more rejected. I'd suggest that you look around at school for someone who seems to be having the same problems as you. Try being friendly with her by saying, "Hello," and, "How are you doing?" or something like that. After you make one friend, you'll find it easier to make more. But having even one good friend that you trust is very important.

If your school has any special activities you're interested in, such as a club or gymnastics or a soccer team, sign up for one or more of these. You may be uncomfortable when you first join, but don't let that stop you.

About your ugly-duckling feeling, I think it's a good idea to take a look

at your appearance. Dress and fix your hair in a way that makes you as attractive as possible. We all like to be with good-looking people; it makes us feel better about ourselves.

One final word. You aren't alone with this problem of feeling left out and unpopular. A large percentage of letters I receive are from teenagers just like you, who feel that way and wish they could make friends. They get along fine with adults, but they aren't making it with their own age group. The cure is really up to you. If you're willing to take the chance of being rejected a couple of times, you'll find a good friend sooner than you think. ◇

**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.

GETTING INVOLVED IN

Campaign

You may not be old enough to vote yet, but there's a lot you can do to help your candidate get elected.

In the year 2008, Tim Harmon plans to be President of the United States. He's serious. And he's 16 years old.

He's also chairman of the Republican Youth Society, a national organization which encourages teenagers and young adults to be active in politics. Tim believes adults underestimate the ability of the younger generation to contribute politically. So another function of the society is to lobby in favor of young people, helping adult politicians respect the ideas and concerns of teenagers.

Tim's efforts have taken him to 15 states and frequently to Washington, D.C. "Washington is like a second home to me," says the high-school student from New Vernon, New Jersey. Weekends and school holidays usually find him in the capital city working in Vice President

George Bush's office. There he shares ideas, keeps up on what's happening, and learns more about politics from the people he works with.

When he's not in school or in Washington, Tim is traveling around the country, attending symposiums and lecturing to groups of young people.

Besides his involvement in the general political scene, Tim participates in the George Bush for President campaign. No job is too small, he says, because "a campaign isn't based on just money, but physical involvement as well, all the way from stuffing envelopes to giving advice." After the presidential campaign is over, he plans to help a friend of his run for governor of New Jersey.

Laurie Lee Wilson

Another political volunteer is David Leavy, 18, a press aide at the Michael Dukakis for President campaign headquarters in Boston, Massachusetts. He's responsible for paying the bills and answering many of the letters and requests that come to the press office. He often works 12 hours a day.

David joined the campaign last spring after finishing high school early. He's considering a career in politics, so he wanted the experience the presidential campaign offered. He found some bonuses.

Meeting interesting people and making connections are two advantages David sees in his volunteer work. "Just think," he says, "in four years when I'm out of college, I'll know people all over the country!" He also appreciates being a part of the adult world,



working and socializing with older adults. "It speeds up the maturity process." Working for the campaign is "a great experience," David says. "If you have a chance, you should make an effort to do it."

Jim Slavin, 18, did make an effort to involve himself in a political campaign. Now he's the California State Youth Coordinator of Teenage Republicans (Youth for George Bush). As a Teenage Republican, he has "adopted" five retired or handicapped people to make sure they vote in the presidential election this November. He

telephones them at least every two weeks, takes them campaign literature, and will make sure they get to the polls on Election Day, November 8.

As state coordinator, Jim asks teenagers in high schools throughout California to adopt five people to see that they vote. He also urges high-school students to help during conventions, make signs, stuff envelopes, and recruit voters.

Jim willingly puts in an average of 40 hours a week—even last year as a high-school senior—because he enjoys working actively on the cam-

paign. "I like having something to defend, to stand up for," he explains. "It's a lot of fun, and I like to make a difference."

Ray Boyd is another teenage volunteer. Regional representative for Teenage Republicans on the West Coast, he keeps in touch with the state coordinators from Arizona, California, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington, making sure they have the buttons, cards, campaign brochures, and information packets necessary to recruit voters and more students.

In addition, he helps coordinate the Teenage Republican

activities in northern Virginia, finding high-school students who will support his candidate George Bush and recruiting other volunteers.

Ray takes part in the campaign because he realizes what great potential young people have, and wants to help others realize that too. "Getting involved is very important for democracy and America," he says. "I'm proud to be involved."

The bottom line for Ray, though, is how much experience he has gained through his political volunteering. He plans to study international relations and political science and is considering a career in politics. He thinks he has a good start already. "I learned so much from the campaign; I don't think any government class could equal it."

But you don't have to plan on a career in politics or work 40 hours a week to volunteer for a political campaign. In fact, you don't need to know much about politics at all. As you answer the telephone, run errands, and make phone calls, you'll learn what you need to know almost without trying. And you can work as much or as little as you like.

"Candidates always need help," says Tommy Treischler, a 17-year-old who volunteered a few hours to a campaign earlier this year. She plans to donate more time during the last few weeks before election day.

When Salina Prasad and some friends volunteered to help the George Bush campaign, "they put us to work immediately and made us feel that they really needed us," she comments.

Sunil Harris and his friends had the same experience. When they showed up at the Jesse Jackson campaign headquarters in Washington, D.C., the campaign staff

immediately gave them an assignment. "They were very glad to see us," he says.

That first day, Sunil and a friend made a trip to a print shop to pick up some campaign leaflets. Another time he and a friend went to a subway station, held a campaign sign, handed out literature, and reminded people to vote. Through that experience his own right to vote became more important to him.

Tommy Treischler's few hours at the George Bush campaign headquarters in Washington, D.C., made her realize how important politics is. "You need to know who's running the country," she says. And even though she's too young to vote, Tommy sees the value in finding out what the different presidential candidates stand for now, because she'll be voting in future elections.

Salina Prasad, also 17, agrees. As a volunteer she learned how the voting system works, and she thinks that will make her a better voter. She feels she did something valuable for the campaign, even when she was stuffing envelopes or alphabetizing campaign contribution checks.

Answering telephones, handing out leaflets, and calling volunteers to help with a mailing showed Chris Romig, 17, the value of being an active citizen. "It was an interesting experience," he says. "I got to see that a lot of work goes into an election, and anyone who gets involved has a part."

You can be a part of the presidential campaign too. Nationwide, about 50,000 teenagers are already working to elect the presidential candidate of their choice. Some provide leadership; others fill in the details. With election day just a few weeks away, there's plenty of room for more volunteers. So why don't you find a candidate you believe in and hit the campaign trail too! ◇

It's Party Time!

Here's how to sign on as a campaign volunteer. Find the telephone number for the local campaign headquarters of your favorite candidate. Your directory assistance operator can help you.

When you call the campaign office, ask to speak to the volunteer coordinator, and tell that person you want to volunteer. If for some reason that doesn't work, you may want to contact your favorite candidate's national campaign headquarters.

To volunteer for the Democrats, write to Patricia Ivas, Director of Volunteers, Michael Dukakis Campaign Headquarters, 105 Chauncy, Boston, MA 02111. The phone number is (617) 451-2480.

If you're interested in joining the Teenage Republicans, contact the national office at the George Bush campaign headquarters in Washington, D.C. The address is 733 15th Street NW, Suite 600, Washington, D.C. 20005. The phone number is (202) 842-1988. If you write, be sure to include your name, address, phone number, and the name of the high school you attend. If you call, ask for the National High School Youth Committee at extension 679. You can also contact the regional representative for your state, who will put you in touch with the Teenage Republican group nearest you.



DRUGS AND DRIVING:

Dangerous INTERSECTION

Those who choose life in the fast lane
could easily end up dead on arrival.

Sam Farell, 17 years old, sat on the beach in Baja, Mexico. He noticed there was no wind. Fumbling through his red knapsack, he pulled out a framed picture of himself and his father together on a fishing trip. Then he took out a small plastic bag containing about a thimbleful of cocaine and spilled the tiny chunks and loose powder onto the glass face of the picture.

Taking a razor blade out of his wallet, Sam noticed that he was broke again. With the blade, he chopped the little chunks and made a fat line of cocaine that crossed the smiling face of his father, who was holding up a big trout. That stupid fish we caught in Massachusetts last summer, Sam thought.

Then he rolled up his last dollar bill, stuck one end in his nostril, sniffed half the line, changed nostrils, and snorted the rest. He felt like a human vacuum cleaner. A pinball machine zapped to life in his head as the drug approached his brain.

Looking at Dad's picture gave him an idea. He'd rush home and give Dad his Christmas present early. He could always get more money from Dad—or steal it from him. Everything would be OK if he

could get to his father. Suddenly Sam felt scared there on the beach, 95 miles from home (sudden fear like this is common among people who do cocaine).

Sam threw the photo and the razor blade back into the knapsack. The cocaine was gone. He tossed the baggie away and ran to the red Pontiac Sunbird parked at the shoulder of the road. Dad will probably give me some more money after he gets these great cuff links, thought Sam. He had traded some cocaine for the cuff links. But does Dad even wear cuff links? he wondered. Oh well, at least they look expensive.

Getting into the car, Sam turned the key—which had been left in the ignition—and roared away. The car actually belonged to his best friend, Peter, who was sleeping in the dunes farther down the beach.

The boys were from Orange County, California. They had gone to Baja for several days of their four-week winter vacation.

When Peter awoke at dawn, all that was left of his friend were the footsteps leading from

the beach to the road. Those were Sam's last footsteps.

Two miles from home and traveling 100 miles an hour, Sam Farell collided with an 18-wheel truck as he switched lanes to get off the highway. He was thrown from the car, suffering a ruptured liver and fractured kneecaps. A week later he died. It was the day after Christmas.

Peter got picked up while walking on the side of the road from Baja. He admitted to border police that he and Sam often drove while on illegal drugs.

"Cocaine made us feel like kings of the road," he said. "It was like we could thumb our noses at death." This dangerous feeling of power is common among cocaine-using drivers, according to experts. Cocaine makes them believe the car can do things it can't.

"Most people think if you've taken a stimulant (such as cocaine) you're going to be awake, alert, and react faster," explains Dr. Forest Tennant, drug advisor for the National Football League and director of Community Health Projects, the largest drug treatment and research center west of the Mississippi River. "This Superman feeling is a very dangerous

BH
Betsy Houlton

thing. On cocaine, your whole sense of time and speed is out of whack. Reactions are not normal. You may accelerate when what you mean to do is hit the brake."

This may be what happened to Sam Farrell.

According to Mark Gold, founder of the cocaine hotline, 1-800-COCAINE, and one of the world's leading authorities on the drug, "Accidents occur commonly as part of the cocaine-abuse profile."

Another danger that people greatly underestimate is driving while high on marijuana.

Wendy Jordan, 18, from San Antonio, Texas, says she enjoys driving stoned. She lights up a joint every time she gets in the car. Though she's been in many accidents during her two years of driving, Wendy refuses to give up pot.

He mother says, "She has scraped against rocks, totaled cars, hit a lamppost trying to exit off the Dallas—Fort Worth Expressway, and suffered a concussion. Another time, one of her friends told me that Wendy had been racing a train in her car.

"It's the most frightening thing to live with," Mrs. Jordan continues. "Never knowing if your child is going to kill herself driving stoned. And it affects all of us. A family dies by degrees."

One main difference between alcohol and drugs is that people don't enjoy driving drunk. They just drive to get home. With marijuana, people not only enjoy driving stoned, but they also think they drive *better* stoned.

Ed Moses, a former undercover agent who now works full time with drug-using teenagers throughout Missouri, says, "Hundreds of kids have given me the message of 'I like what my drug does to me when I'm driving.' Some of them tell me that because their percep-

tions and reactions are distorted, they find it challenging to drive under the influence of marijuana."

Over 75 research studies show that marijuana seriously reduces driving ability, including:

Another frightening thing about marijuana is its ability to affect driving skills up to 24 hours later—long after the high is gone.

- *Recognition.* The driver may become so involved with one thing, like music from the radio, that he or she doesn't recognize a car trying to pass, a child running into the road, or another car approaching an intersection.

- *Vision.* Eyes take longer to recover from the glare of lights at night, blinding the driver.

- *Reaction time.* People have trouble maintaining a steady speed, which can be especially dangerous on a high-speed expressway. Also, a driver high on marijuana may not brake quickly enough when a car cuts in front of him or her.

- *Tracking.* Marijuana makes it difficult to keep the car in one lane. In addition, stoned drivers are inclined to go the wrong way on one-way streets.

- *Attention span.* Stoned drivers report "dreamy distortion" and a tendency to fix their eyes on one central thing in the road and ignore everything else.

Another frightening thing about marijuana is its ability to affect driving skills up to 24 hours later—long after the high is gone. So the user thinks he's

back to normal when he's really still under the influence.

Dr. Herbert Moskowitz, of the Southern California Research Institute, has done more work than any other U.S. researcher on the relationship between marijuana and driving. He says, "All important requirements of safe driving are clearly affected by marijuana."

Despite this, many pot smokers still insist that *they* are not affected.

Undercover narcotics agent Doug Tressler passed himself off as a senior in a Maryland high school to bust a drug ring. He witnessed a striking example of the deception pot can create in the minds of drivers and passengers.

Driving a carload of pill-popping kids one afternoon, Tressler came to a curve clearly marked 15 miles per hour. One boy in the car said to him, "Hey, man, you think you could take that curve at 75 miles?"

"No way," answered Tressler.

The boy laughed. "Last night we were stoned, and we did it at 80." Then the boy pointed to a roadside tree circled with flowers. "A few years ago 13 kids were killed on this curve," he told Tressler. "I knew some of them. They smashed into that tree. Their families planted flowers as a memorial."

"Yeah, I read about that," Tressler said. "The driver had been smoking reefer. So *why* would you be crazy enough to take this same curve at 80?"

"Because," the boy said, "I drive better stoned."

Marijuana and cocaine are the two most common illegal drugs found in the blood of dead drivers. But no one knows just how many people drive under the influence of illegal drugs because very few states test for drugs in dangerous drivers, explains a member of the National Highway Traffic

Safety Administration.

Drugs and driving aren't a problem just in the United States. Canada has also experienced a drug epidemic in recent years.

"The trend has been toward increased drug use," says Dr. Robert Mann, a scientist with the Research Foundation of Ontario. "We think about 10 to 30 percent of fatally injured drivers have drugs in their systems. The most common are marijuana and cocaine." Although Canadian law permits the taking of blood to test for alcohol and other drugs in drivers, these tests aren't done on a regular basis.

Canadians are also no different from Americans in their belief that they drive better stoned. "We hear all the time from drivers, especially teenagers, that drugs help their driving," says Staff Sergeant Larry Hovey of the Central Drug Information Unit in Toronto. "Kids are into experimenting, and as a result they think 'I can do anything better,' including drive."

Alcohol is now illegal in all U.S. states for anyone under 21. But, after alcohol, marijuana is the most commonly used illegal drug. And most pot smokers also drink alcohol. The combined effect of these two drugs on driving ability means double trouble on the highway.

New York is one of the few states that has done any blood testing for drugs in drivers. All recent studies by various New York State agencies confirm the fact that about a fourth of the people killed in automobile crashes have marijuana in their systems, usually in addition to alcohol, according to John Russell, deputy director of the New York State Division of Substance Abuse Services.

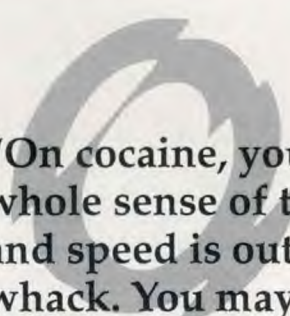
Other drugs can negatively affect a driver. PCP, for example, is one of the most deadly. It has a variety of street

names, ranging from angel dust to DOA (dead on arrival), which is especially fitting in relation to driving. Some of its side effects may include extreme paranoia, muscle rigidity, numbness, blackouts, and a warped sense of reality. For instance, a person high on PCP might stop in the middle of a busy highway to check his map.

Sometimes dealers sprinkle PCP on weak pot and sell it as "good stuff." Other times, PCP is used alone.

"There are these kids in our school who take angel dust at parties, and then they go out in their friends' or parents' cars and drive around high, drinking at the same time," says Jenny Haen, 14, of Kaukauna, Wisconsin.

Prescription pills used without doctor's orders are another driving hazard. They can decrease coordination and alertness. The driver may even fall asleep at the wheel. In some parts of the country, partying teens bring varicolored pills from their parents' medicine chests and put them in a "col-



"On cocaine, your whole sense of time and speed is out of whack. You may accelerate when what you mean to do is hit the brake."

lection tank" by the door. During the party, they wash the pills down with alcohol and drive home later.

U.S. teenagers have the highest rate of drug use in the industrialized world.

Motor-vehicle crashes are the

leading cause of death among Americans aged 16 to 24. Teenage drivers are about two-and-a-half times more likely to be involved in a fatal crash than adults. One study shows that in the first four years of driving, 45 percent of males and 28 percent of females are involved in a car crash as the driver.

The highest rate of substance abuse occurs in the young-adult group, according to the New York State Department of Substance Abuse Services. All New York State surveys show an alarming increase in drug use among people aged 12 to 17.

Perhaps the main reason that drugged driving is so widespread is that so little is said about it. Although it's against the law to drive under the influence of drugs, most police don't test impaired drivers for drugs. Young people are getting a dangerous message—that they can break this law without being caught.

"Kids in my school think driving under the influence of drugs is OK; at least they never say it's not OK," says Heather Denniston, 14, from Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin.

One of the pioneers in fighting drugged driving is Carla Lowe of Sacramento, California. She has actively lobbied for a state law that calls for immediately taking away the driver's license of anyone found using or possessing drugs.

"No use of any illegal drug, and no illegal use of any legal drug." This is Lowe's slogan, and it's been adopted by many concerned organizations.

Solving the problem of drugged driving won't be easy, but 19-year-old Bill Coletti, of St. Petersburg, Florida, does a good job of describing the approach we need to take. "It involves strict law enforcement, driver education, and parent education on what their teenage drivers are doing." ♦

HEAD-ON!

Want to be a good problem-solver? Take the direct approach.

There's a new spelling for the word *easy*; it's H-A-R-D. You're probably thinking to yourself, this guy has a serious problem. What he just said is crazy. But think about it. To make life easier down the road, you have to tackle the hard things head-on. Now. Do them first. Let me explain through some examples.

Say you have a skiing accident. You separate your shoulder and injure your rotator cuff as well. The pain is nearly unbearable. However, you find one or two positions in which the pain isn't overwhelming. Naturally you want to keep your arm in one of those less-painful positions.

But if you do that, your shoulder will eventually stiffen and lose some of its range of motion. Then you'll be limited in the use of your shoulder or arm until you receive physical

You need to do the hard things right away, because they'll only get harder if you put them off.

therapy or, in some cases, surgery. If you take the easy way out now, your life will be harder down the road.

But if you choose the hard

way now, exercise the shoulder properly, and endure the pain each exercise session brings, your shoulder will heal. And you won't suffer any long-term or permanent disabilities.

There's not much difference between making the hard decision about your shoulder injury and making other difficult decisions in life. You need to do the hard things right away, because they'll only get harder if you put them off.

Consider this situation. Your best friend is always misquoting you. "Oh, Sherri just loves to play basketball, and her favorite class is English," she might tell someone. The problem is she's often inaccurate. What you really said was that you didn't mind basketball, and English was better than algebra.

You can take the easy way out and not say anything to your friend. But feelings have a way of surfacing. One day you'll probably blow up about constantly being misquoted, and your friendship will suffer.

Or you can choose the harder—better—solution. As soon as possible take your friend aside and say, "Mary, I really would prefer that you didn't answer for me when other people ask how I feel about things. You aren't me. I have to answer those questions for myself."

Sure, your relationship may be strained for a while. But it

will function better in the long run because you've immediately taken care of a problem that could've become a wall of anger separating you from your friend. She'll appreciate your honesty, too, when she's had

If you have no practice facing up to smaller things, how will you handle the big ones?

time to think things over.

Here's another example. When you're offered a beer, a cigarette, or some crack, you could take the easy way out and say Yes. But making the easy choice now will create incredible problems for you later. Addiction, trouble with the law, loss of control, injury, death. Instead, if you do the hard thing now—if you say No—you can prevent those problems. Another thing, if you say No to cigarettes, alcohol, and other drugs the first time, it'll be easier to say No in the future because you've had practice.

Of course it's not easy to do hard things, especially if you've avoided doing them all your life. In our society you can avoid the hard things in life for years and years if you really try. But sooner or later you'll have to confront some tough



problems, like the death of a loved one or maybe being fired from a job. If you have no practice facing up to smaller things, how will you handle the big ones?

Real life means dealing with pain, tough decisions, and difficult situations. We'll feel the pain of being left out, of being different, of being hated, of being tugged this way and yanked that way. It might be the pain of parents arguing, the pain of not making the basketball team, or the pain of being labeled a nerd. People just don't want that pain, so they try lots of things to avoid it.

You might say, "It doesn't bother me," or, "I don't care," but deep inside you really do care. We all care.

Face up to the hard facts right now: You can never avoid pain. Sounds hopeless, doesn't it? But it isn't. Life becomes better, deeper, and more

meaningful when we face up to its challenges. "No pain, no gain," the body-builders say. And runners get better by running harder. Here are some of the things that happen when we face up to the difficulties in life.

1. We grow. We understand what other people go through, so we can offer them caring and friendship (just as we expect caring and friendship when we're troubled).

2. We "clean ourselves out." If you've ever kept a painful secret hidden, such as an alcoholic father, you know the rush of emotion that floods through you when you share your secret with an understanding friend. You feel clean, and the dam holding back your emotions is broken.

When we're emotionally clean, we feel better, think more clearly, and function better. Life is more fun.

3. We gain self-confidence. Baby sparrows test their wings in flight. Sometimes they fall and get hurt. But they get up again and try and try until finally they can fly. The same goes for humans. We gain confidence by testing ourselves against the limits.

4. We gain others' respect. Though this isn't something to live for, it's nice to have friends and classmates asking our advice, to have our parents treating us like adults because we've proved ourselves. People notice when we meet life head-on and do the hard things that need to be done.

Of course none of us is perfect. We're human and we're going to make mistakes. Sometimes we'll fail to do the hard thing—and we'll pay the price. But from experiences like these, we learn. We discover in the long run that the word *easy* can indeed be spelled H-A-R-D. ◇

Bill Vossler

JOE GIBBS:

COACH OF THE EIGHTIES

He's taken the Washington Redskins to two Super Bowl championships in the last seven years, and yet football is only half of Joe Gibbs's life.

Joe Gibbs—coach of the World Champion Washington Redskins—is a man of many contrasts. “Friendly, but intense; competitive, but deeply religious; a hard taskmaster, but a big-hearted softy.” That’s how author James R. Rothaus describes Gibbs in his book *The Washington Redskins*. This evenly divided description accurately parallels the two halves into which Joe Gibbs’s life is separated: the six months of the National Football League (NFL) season and the off-season.

During his seven years with the Redskins, Coach Gibbs has led his team to Super Bowl victories twice—over the Miami Dolphins in 1982 and over the Denver Broncos in 1987—and to appearances in four playoffs. With a team that has won more than 70 percent of its games, he is the top-ranked coach in the NFL.

“Coaching has given me a platform,” Gibbs says. “I’ve experienced the world’s view of success. The world says you’re a success if you win, if you have attained fame and position. I know that can leave you empty inside, that those are illusionary values. I try to keep my priorities straight: God first, family and friends second, job third.”

A former college football player (offensive lineman and linebacker), Joe began his coaching career in the early 1960s at San Diego State College in California. Head coach Don Coryell hired him as a graduate assistant for the school’s defensive coordinator, John Madden.

Joe was put in charge of an alumni team scheduled for a spring alumni-varsity scrimmage. Familiarity with the varsity team’s plays inspired creativity. He designed blitzes, new defenses, and reverses for his team. He refused to share his plays with John Madden even though he was warned that it had better not be a close game.

When the varsity won by only a small margin, John Madden exploded. “That’s it. You’re never coaching again.”

Fortunately for Gibbs, Coach Coryell viewed the situation differently. “I think I’ll move you to offense,” he said.

From San Diego State, Joe moved to coaching jobs in Florida, southern California, and Arkansas before going on to the NFL. He then worked as an assistant with St. Louis, Tampa Bay, and San Diego before

being hired to coach the Redskins, a high-visibility position.

“I would never have planned this out,” he says. “It’s not like being the president of a company. I think you do dream about that. You look at the steps you’re going to take. My decision to coach was nothing like that. Mine was a decision not to grow up.” For someone who decided not to grow up, Gibbs works very hard.

For six months every year he puts his personal life on hold and becomes totally immersed in the lives of his 45 players and the 13 coaches who work with him. Like a businessman going on a trip, he packs his suitcase Sunday night and says goodbye to his wife, Pat, and their two sons, J. D. and Coy. On Monday morning he leaves for Redskin Park to spend the next three days preparing for the upcoming game. At night he sleeps on a couch in his office. He runs daily, using a treadmill if the weather is bad. A born-again Christian, Joe schedules a daily period of solitude to supply inner strength.

“I believe winning is a serious goal,” he explains. “I believe you are a winner when you have made a total commitment and then have used all your resources to get the job

Pat Hyland



- ▲ Coach Gibbs on the sidelines with Doug Williams, starting quarterback for the Redskins in last year's Super Bowl victory.
- ▶ Joe Gibbs talks with reporters during a preseason training session. After meeting with quarterbacks and receivers in the morning, he joins the team on the playing field for two hours of practice every afternoon.



FOCUS ON SPORTS

COURTESY OF WASHINGTON REDSKINS

done. Then, whatever the outcome, you are a winner."

Mornings at Redskin Park are spent in premeetings with his quarterbacks and receivers, before meeting with the whole team. Strategies are discussed to correct mistakes and to prepare for upcoming games. "They're playing their linebackers too close in," he might advise his quarterback. "Try dropping a few passes behind them." Or, "Their free safety is floating too deep; we can probably hit underneath him." Whatever the problem, Coach Gibbs tries to find the answer.

In the afternoons everyone is out on the playing field for two hours of practice, and Joe gets involved. Some have described his coaching style as cautious, but it might be more accurate to say that he is keenly observant—strategizing, formulating game plans based on his players' strengths, leading them to their full potential. He creates an environment in which his players grow. His communication skills play a large part in that process.

"He knows if something is bugging the team," one Redskin lineman says. "He just sits down with us, and we talk it out."

Gibbs says, "I want a settled feeling, a smooth feeling. I don't want to have things all riled up. I want to be able to count on things happening the way they should be happening."

Following afternoon practice, there are plays to be evaluated and more planning sessions, with meetings usually lasting until after midnight. Joe consciously works to counteract his stressful schedule by keeping his body in the best possible condition.

"He has a balanced viewpoint," says his secretary, Carol Shaddix. "He watches his weight and tries to eat right. He doesn't want anything to decrease his alertness. He doesn't use, and won't tolerate the use



"I don't want to have things all riled up. I want to count on things happening the way they should be happening."

of, abusive substances."

Joe's off-season activities are apt to be unpredictable. Players must be drafted, counseled, and some replaced. There are summer camp and mini-camps, and game files to review. There are flights out of town to scout players. Add to all of this his family commitments and his dedication to community projects.

For the past seven years Gibbs has been active in raising money to start a youth home in the Washington, D.C., area. His deep concern for young people comes from his volunteer work with troubled boys, some of whom were imprisoned.

"When someone is in serious trouble, there are programs to help him," Joe says. "If someone is mentally ill, there are programs to help him too. But when a teenager is in trouble, is being disruptive, is falling behind in school, where can he go? I've been concerned about that for a long time."

Joe's inspired leadership has helped to build a home for

troubled boys in Bristow, Virginia, called the Youth for Tomorrow—New Life Center.

"Everywhere I've been, I've worked with teenagers," he says. "I like being around kids when they get to be 14 or 15. I can really relate. I think they're fun!"

On April 16, 1988, Gibbs made an effort to help even more young people through an outreach program, Joe Gibbs's "Main Event." That night, instead of pacing the sidelines of a football stadium dressed in burgundy and gold, Joe strolled into George Mason University's Patriot Center in Fairfax, Virginia, wearing a polo shirt and slacks. His clear, blue eyes sparkled behind his glasses. When the program began, it was obvious that Joe was doing something he loves to do.

Gibbs delivered his antidrug message to an enthusiastic audience of more than 9,000 young people. "We think you are important," he said. "If you let us know you like this kind of thing, we'll have more." The response was overwhelming—a standing ovation.

The two-hour program consisted of performances by a band and rappers; a master of ceremonies who directed audience participation in activities such as the wave; a Redskins melodrama featuring Joe as the black-hatted villain; and a thought-provoking message from ex-convict Harold Morris. When it was over, Joe stood in the hallway quietly talking with kids who had stayed to ask for help.

Joe Gibbs is undeniably a man of many contrasts: friendly, intense, competitive, deeply religious, exacting, and bighearted. With his strong commitment to God, family, and friends, his excellence on the football field, and his equally strong social conscience, he is definitely the coach of the eighties. ◇

Plugging In

Ideas for Drug-free Clubs

Here's my question: There are about twenty of us who are interested in starting some type of drug-free club in our high school. It's an average-size high school with lots of alcohol and some drugs, mostly pot. We think many of the kids would like an excuse *not* to drink, and we think that our principal would go for the idea. How do we get started?



Way to go! Twenty kids for starters is impressive! You're right—there probably are lots of kids in your school looking for a fun crowd that doesn't drink, underclassmen especially. It seems that our society tends to lump weekends and good times and beer all together, and we forget that we can have a great time *without* alcohol. Unfortunately, many kids think that alcohol is a requirement for having fun and that it's OK to party with booze, even though drinking is illegal for anyone under 21.

The good news is there are kids like you who aren't afraid to stick up for what you believe. Together we can create positive peer pressure in our schools that says, "Hey, we party—but without alcohol and other drugs!" Together we can help each other have an awesome time—and *remember* it the next morning!

Another positive thing you may not have thought about is the effect you can have on younger kids. Elementary and junior-high kids look up to high-school students in a big way. When they see you taking a stand for being straight, it helps them make smart decisions too.

So, what about your principal and other school administrators? Kids taking part in drug prevention is a big thing. Everybody has heard of Just Say No clubs and other such groups in schools all over the country. Chances are your principal will have heard of the idea behind what you want to do, but you still need to lay some groundwork.

You know how grown-ups are. They like to know all the details. Kind of like when you're going out with some friends and your parents want to know when, where, how, who, and what. Anyway, a great idea is to get together with your group and write down your game plan. Put it in outline form, type it up, and call for an appointment with the principal. Here's an example:

I. Goal

To show that it's cool to live a lifestyle free

from alcohol and other drugs

II. How we're going to get there

- A. Poster campaigns encouraging NO alcohol or other drugs
- B. Neat T-shirts for members only
- C. End-of-the-year party (Project Celebration)

III. Support

- A. PTA
- B. Local Lions Club
- C. Faculty—Coach Jones, Mrs. Matthews

IV. Fundraising

- A. Above groups
- B. Car wash, bake sale, etc.
- C. Product/service donations (printing T-shirts, art supplies)

You can see that you have to decide some things before you take off. You need to set a clear goal. Maybe yours will be different: "To help fourth graders understand how to say No to alcohol and other drugs." Then decide how you will accomplish that goal. Next you need some adults to sponsor and support you. Ask several key people to help in order to spread out the responsibilities. Then show that you have thought about money and how you can raise it.

This is just a start. Your outline may be longer and may include a group constitution or contract. You may plan out your membership drive or your club's "public relations" campaign. If your goal includes visiting a specific group, like the fourth graders, you might map out a sample schedule.

Finally, remember that it's important to take things slowly. When great ideas grow too quickly, they don't last as long. Take your time and start with smaller, short-term projects to build your own confidence and the trust of others. You can make a tremendous difference. And remember that even one friend helped or one life saved makes your efforts worthwhile.

A m y C. B a k e r



Best friends argue over one boy's growing use of drugs, which ends up leaving one friend dead.

STAGE 9: MAKING THE SCENE

How many times has a drug-education program at your school received a standing ovation from the entire student body?

It happens at least once a week in high schools and middle schools throughout the Kansas City area.

The program is called "STAGE 9: Against Drugs." In September 1986, television station KMBC-TV/Channel 9 responded to reports that teenage drug abuse was the number one problem in the city.

The TV station sponsored a script-writing contest, involving almost 5,000 students in 30 high schools around the city. Producers were looking for a teenager's perspective on the choices young people face in

dealing with drugs, peer pressure, and family problems.

The ten best scripts were combined into a play about drug abuse in Kansas City. Almost 300 students auditioned to act in the stories that other teens had written. The idea was that by getting teenagers involved in the process, the message would be more realistic and effective than anything the adults at the station could create.

But KMBC-TV has taken the project one step farther than a

Diana Lambdin Meyer

simple hour-long television special. Many of the viewers KMBC was trying to reach could simply flip the channel if they were uncomfortable with the message.

So, one day each week the 43 students who make up the STAGE 9 Players perform their show at a high school or middle school in the city. Because the show is written and performed by teenagers, the audience listens to what's being said.

The 45-minute presentation deals with dating, peer pressure, sports, and family. A scene called "The Family

Problem," written by a 15-year-old, focuses on a father's alcoholism as well as his daughter's addiction to narcotics. Another scene depicts a young girl becoming addicted to diet pills in an attempt to be more attractive to a boy she likes.

Not all the stories have happy endings. Many scenes close in death or sadness, but that's life, says senior Ann McAuliffe. "Too many teenagers think they are indestructible and they won't get hurt. But people die in real life. That can happen when you use

alcohol and other drugs."

Before every performance one or two members of the cast spend a few minutes explaining that the kids on stage are very serious about their message. After each show the cast spends time talking either to the entire audience or to individual stu-



"A Family Problem" portrays a father's inability to cope with alcoholism while taking out his troubles on his daughter.

dents about the program they've just seen. It's all very informal and seems to have a greater impact than many drug education lectures available to schools.

Teachers and drug counselors are impressed with the response the show gets from high-school audiences. One teacher at a tough inner-city high school remarked that during the STAGE 9 presentation, he saw students telling other students to quiet down so they could hear better—the first time that's happened at one of their school assemblies in 20 years!

Others have been so impressed that the show was recommended to be included in a regional conference of the National White House Conference for a Drug-free America. At a meeting in Omaha, Nebraska, last November, the STAGE 9 Players received another standing ovation—this one from more than 500 counselors and drug-education professionals from around the country. Other requests to perform at schools and special conferences continue to pour in faster than the Channel 9 staff can fulfill them.

Although helping their

friends around the city understand drug abuse and its effects is the most important part of being a STAGE 9 Player, cast members are also having a lot of fun. "I like being up on stage and hearing people laugh and applaud, but it's great to know that people are listening and that we might make a difference in their lives," says Otis Johnson, a senior from Kansas City's Southeast High School.

Alison Sneegas says that being a part of the show has strengthened her commitment to live without alcohol and other drugs. "Sometimes other kids will put you down when you say you don't do drugs, but since we've received so much recognition now for what we believe, they look at us with a little more respect, I think." Alison is a junior and president of the SADD (Students Against Drunk Driving) chapter at Shawnee Mission West High School.

Other students in the cast agree with Alison and Otis. They eagerly look forward to each show, if not for the opportunity to get out of school for the day, definitely for the chance to show others how much fun a drug-free life can

be. They've done benefit performances for local drug-rehabilitation services and also special shows at shopping malls and amusement parks. Each of the STAGE 9 Players continues to get plenty of news coverage on the Channel 9 news, as well as on local radio stations and in city and school newspapers.

More than 30,000 teenagers in Kansas City saw "STAGE 9: Against Drugs" during its first year. Although it's difficult to measure exactly how effective the STAGE 9 program has been, those 30,000 students at least listened to a drug-education message presented in a different way.

But even if everyone in the audience doesn't get the message, those 43 active, intelligent teenage performers in Kansas City are still committed to the words in the rap that closes each show:

We don't do drugs and life is fine
'Cause we do this drug rap for Channel 9.
So don't do drugs and you will live.
It's the best advice STAGE 9 can give! ◇



The STAGE 9 Players close the show with a "rap" that leaves the crowd clapping along.

THE KITCHEN

FAST FACTS, SHORT SHOTS, AND MISCELLANEOUS MINUTIAE

Sink

Some of the first wristwatches made were for artillery gunners during World War I. Now, the Timex corporation sells about \$500 million worth of watches a year.

—Timex

According to a recent poll, 40 percent of kids under age 18 say they have seen a ghost.

—The Roper Organization

Americans eat an average of 10.91 pounds of cookies per year.

—U.S. News & World Report

During the Civil War, the town of Winchester, Virginia, changed hands 72 times.

—Southern Magazine

According to the Nielsen Television Index, teenagers watch less television than any other group. The average teenage boy watches about 22.5 hours a week—two hours more than the average teenage girl.

—Group

The most violent prime-time shows on television are "Crime Story," "Miami Vice," "Sonny Spoon," "Spenser: For Hire," and "Hunter," in that order. "Crime Story" dramatizes an average of 34 violent acts per hour.

—National Coalition on Television Violence

Your body contains enough iron to make a spike strong enough to hold your own weight.

—American Health

The United States government owns about 854 million paper clips.

—The Washingtonian

Of the more than one million students who took the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) in 1987, only 11 earned perfect scores.

—USA Today

Smokers have 50 percent more accidents and 46 percent more traffic violations than non-smokers.

—Journal of American Insurance

Only 5 percent of the incoming freshmen at Harvard and 2 percent of those entering Dartmouth smoke.

—Youthletter

Motor-vehicle crashes are the leading cause of death among Americans aged 16 to 24.

—(See "Drugs and Driving: Dangerous Intersection," page 10.)

Graffiti

THROUGH CHILDREN'S EYES

Have you ever stopped to ponder
The world our children see?
They somehow look beyond the things
Perceived by you and me.

With wondering eyes they look to find
The truth in what they see.
They look to heroes great and small
To learn how they should be.

Without suspicion, doubt, or fear
They trust with all they know.
They see the good in all of us
Through kindness that we show.

If only those not quite so young
Could learn to see like they,
Perhaps the world in which we live
Would not seem quite so gray.

—Jamie K. McCracken
Lebanon, Oregon

POET AT WORK

Writing
a good cinquain
that meets all the standards
takes a lot of concentration.
Be quiet!

—Mary Beth Lacy
Cannel City, Kentucky

ON THE FRINGE OF FLUID

Blue green purple black gray
All the colors merge
Until they become one
Yet keep their own colors
On the fringe
Cultures mixed, yet separate
The wild African dances
Danced by dark-skinned natives
Dances of old Mexico
Indigo orange gold scarlet emerald
The vibrant colors shake
Rituals performed for hundreds of
years
In the Australian Outback
And the shrill, reedy music of India
That charms even the snake
All together as one
In a fluid composite
Of global peace and harmony
Blue green purple black gray

—Emily S. Purdy
Redlands, California

LETTER

Our lives are still—devoid of
all sound—as quiet as the
silent tears of a child.

Routine checks of support,
forgotten birthdays in January,
distant phone calls that last minutes.

As a child I remember the times
when I knew you the best—
Movies, parks, and watching the
Yanks play baseball.

Past activities of father and son—
now memories almost lost
forever in the dark pages of a
forgotten book.

I, a shadow in your life,
a silent, unheard shadow.

—Mario Mercado
Mesa, Arizona

THE ROSE

Bejeweled by the twinkling dew
A deep red rose is born
Nodding gently as the wind blew
The sun shines proudly on the crown
that's worn
Dipping its head the little rose quivers
Pushing its proud stem to face the sun
A gentle breeze causes it to shiver
Sighing softly, a new day is begun. . . .

—Michelle Peterson
Hilo, Hawaii

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 Street, NW, Washington, DC 20012. Be sure to tell us your age, and always include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

POEM FOR PEACE

It's
Not
An
Illusion,
All
This
Hate
And
Confusion.
Pretty
Please
With
A
Cherry
On
Top,
Stop.

—Sarah C. Goold
Valdez, Alaska

TIME SUSA

Paging Jim Smith . . .

If your name is Jim Smith, you're not alone. A man named Jim Smith signed the Declaration of Independence. Another Jim Smith was a U.S. Senator. Another one played wide receiver for the Pittsburgh Steelers in two Super Bowls. Jim H. Smith of Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, is so proud of his name that he founded the Jim Smith Society. The Society now boasts 1,400 Jims, including seven women who go by the name.

Every year the Jim Smith Society holds a fun festival for its members. Last year about 50 Jims showed up for a weekend of golf, softball, and Jimgo, a special version of Bingo. If you decide to go to this year's fun festival, don't bother to introduce yourself. Everyone already knows your name.

Underwater Hockey, Anyone?

Now that the weather's getting colder, a few of the die-hard scuba enthusiasts of Winnipeg, Manitoba, will start warming up for some exciting underwater ice hockey. Or is it called under-ice water hockey?

Anyway, these guys cut a hole in the ice, put on their cold-water scuba gear, and plunge in. Once under the ice, they inflate their scuba suits and rise to the surface. Then they flip over and play hockey on the underside of the ice, using sawed-off hockey sticks and a floating puck or an old tennis ball. You score by putting the puck up through a hole in the ice.

The players are tethered to the surface for safety. Only four can play at a time; any more and they get all tangled up. Not many spectators follow the sport. It's too hard to get good seats.



When Is a Pumpkin a Squash?

The Great Pumpkin paid a visit to Barbara Farrar of Hinckley, Illinois, last Halloween—and crashed through the roof of her house. It seems that two sky divers were attempting a pumpkin hand-off at about 2,000 feet last October 31 when one of them slipped. Uh-oh.

Barbara came home from shopping to find a hole in her

ceiling and the remains of a shattered pumpkin splattered all over the kitchen floor. Police charged Brian Voss, 30, and Alfred McInturff, 50, with reckless conduct. They each paid a \$100 bond. McInturff visited Farrar the next day and promised to pay for the damages. We don't know whether she offered him any pumpkin pie or not.

A DAY AT THE GYM

Kathy Paulson

Here's a puzzle that will leave you BEAMing. Fifty-six gymnastic names and terms are hidden among the letters below. We hope at least one RINGS a bell with you. The words may run vertically, horizontally, diagonally, forward, or backward in any direction, but always in a straight line. Don't FLIP out and TUMBLE over any of the words—they're all there somewhere. See if you can VAULT ahead of your friends and be the first to finish.

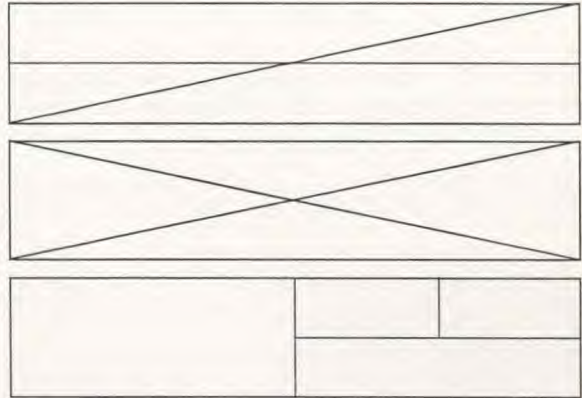
T A C Z T E L M O R T N U O M S I D
 R E N D S N O C P S U D C A S T P C
 A I P M E I G Y O G C F R D R O R O
 M O U N T T N D O N K Q B A O C E M
 P K E L O U U O T I N A V V O K S A
 O C Z F R O W B S R R E A H L L S N
 L E K I P R E T R A L U R Y F I J E
 I N Q U I R Y L N O L T S I W T E C
 N S P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

Word List:

BARANI, BODY, CARTWHEEL, CAST, COMANECI, CONNER, CRASH MAT, DISMOUNT, ELGRIP, ENDS, FAMILY, FLAIR, FLOOR, FOAM PIT, FULL IN, FULL OUT, GRIP, HANG, HECHT, HURDLE, INQUIRY, JETE, KIP, KORBUT, LAYOUT, LIMBER, LUNGE, MOUNT, NECK, PIKE, PRESS, PROTEST, RETTON, RIGBY, RINGS, ROLL, ROUTINE, RUN, SADDLE, SCALE, SOMERSAULT, STEP-OUT, STOCKLI, STOOP, SUPPORT, THOMAS, TINSICA, TRAMPOLINE, TRAVEL, TROMLET, TUCK, TUMBLING, TWIST, VAULT, VERONIN, WHEEL

TRIANGLE-RECTANGLE CHALLENGER

Rich Latta



Are there more triangles or rectangles above?



"Why didn't that guy take off his mask when everybody else did?"

CARTOON BY BETTY WOODS

PUZZLE ANSWERS

"Triangle-Rectangle Challenger"

There are more triangles (12 triangles and 10 rectangles).

MOVING? Please send us your old address label (or a photocopy) and your new address. If your label is unavailable, please print both your old and new addresses clearly, including zip code.

OLD ADDRESS:

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NEW ADDRESS:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Listen UP!

Thumbs Up!



The last time we mentioned **Patrick Reynolds**, he was embarrassing the rest of the family by selling a book about the dangers of smoking (see "Listen Up!" April 1988). Now the 39-year-old heir to the R. J. Reynolds tobacco fortune is promoting the Reynolds Stop Smoking Program. It's a \$19.95 package of audio tapes, literature, and vitamins designed to help smokers quit.

"When my grandfather began manufacturing cigarettes at the turn of the century, he didn't know that smoking causes lung diseases, heart disease, and cancer," Patrick says. "Now that this has been absolutely proven, I want to help people to wake up to how poisonous cigarettes are."

He knows what he's talking about; his grandfather and father died of tobacco-related diseases, his mother has developed heart disease, one aunt has emphysema, and another has cancer.

They were all smokers. All except Grandpa Reynolds—he was a chewer.



Avid readers may be interested in hunting down a copy of *TigerSwallow and The Great Tobacco War*. The writer, Arthur L. Hoffman, describes his 176-page futuristic tale as "the world's first antismoking novel." It's about a man who will stop at nothing, even sabotage and guerrilla warfare, in his quest to shut down the big tobacco companies. Does that sound like fun or what? For ordering information, write to Amador Publishers, P.O. Box 12335, Albuquerque, NM 87195.



And finally, congratulations to **Wyoming**, the last state to raise the legal drinking age. As of July 1 this year, you can't drink alcohol legally anywhere in the United States until you're 21.

Thumbs Down!



Always looking for new customers to replace those who die or quit, the **R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.** announced it is redesigning the advertising and packaging for Winston cigarettes in order to "broaden the brand's appeal to younger smokers."



In other bad news, **Rodale Press** has broken its longtime commitment against alcohol ads. Now three of its magazines, *Bicycling*, *Cross Country Skiing*, and *Runner's World* will carry ads for beer and wine. It seems strange that alcohol ads would be welcome in magazines devoted to exercise and good health when you consider that drinking reduces physical coordination, damages the body's immune system, and increases the risk of stroke and heart disease.

Fly the Smoke-free Skies

Back in April the federal government outlawed smoking on all domestic airline flights of two hours or less. Last month we mentioned that Northwest Airlines went smoke-free on all of its North American flights.

Now the **American Nonsmokers' Rights Foundation** has published a brochure to clear the air about what those new rules mean. The brochure is called *Ticket for Smokefree Flight*, and it explains why smoking has been eliminated on short flights; outlines exactly what the new rules are; and lists the responsibilities of the airlines, pilots, and flight attendants.

To get your copy, write: Americans for Nonsmokers' Rights, P.O. Box 668, Berkeley, CA 94701.

Join the Club

If you like snappy comebacks, then perhaps the **U.S. Boomerang Association** is your club of choice. They publish a newsletter titled *Many Happy Returns*. How can you get a handle on them? Well, it's all in the wrist; write to P.O. Box 2146, Lower Burrell, PA 15068. And don't forget to include your *return* address. Get it? (Don't worry; it'll come to you.)

Alcoholism: Disease or Bad Habit?

The debate rages on; do certain people become alcoholics because of genetic factors, or do they cause their own alcoholism by their bad choices? Health-care groups, rehabilitation clinics, and Alcoholics Anonymous strongly believe that some people are born with a higher risk of alcoholism. But in April a high federal court ruled that in certain cases alcoholism is a result of "willful misconduct"—in other words, bad drinking behavior.

Herbert Fingarette, professor of philosophy at the University of California, Santa Barbara, has studied scientific research on alcoholism for 20 years, and he wrote a book called *Heavy Drinking: The Myth of Alcoholism as a Disease*. According to Fingarette, there is no one cause of alcoholism nor any one pattern of drinking among "alcoholics."

He claims that alcoholism is the outcome of a range of physical, personal, and social characteristics that lead a person to drink too much. He says blaming alcoholism on a disease takes the responsibility for the problem away from the drinker.

"One choice, one act leads to another," Fingarette says. "In the end, it always comes down to this: The drinker must take responsibility for reshaping his or her life." So the battle rages on. Watch for more news on this conflict in the future.



One Last Note

Honk If You're Flying South

Once there was a young goose flying south with his family and friends.

He overheard a couple of others talking in hushed tones about a hot spring. They had made the trip south a time or two before, and they clearly knew their way around. He had never heard of a hot spring before, but it sounded to him as if it would be just about the nicest thing he could imagine. So he asked very casually, "Know where I can find any hot springs around here?"

"What do you know about hot springs?" one of the others said, with a quick look around him.

"Enough," the young goose said. He already could tell that it was cool to know about hot springs.

The other two geese exchanged a glance. "I think we can put you in touch with something," one of them said.

Toward the end of that day, the V began to descend toward a silvery lake for the night. The young goose looked at the icy water below him with a shudder. Just as he was putting his flaps down, one of the other geese swept past him. "Follow us," he whispered. "There's a hot spring near here." For just a moment the young goose hesitated. To go away from the rest of the group was dangerous. But the thought of a hot spring! This was something he would have to experience for himself. After all, the other two had been there before.

The three of them circled once around the hot spring, lowered their landing gear, and slipped into the water.

What a feeling! It was better by far than anything he could have imagined. It completely removed him from the cold, advancing winter.

After a while the other two geese prepared to leave. "Come on," they said. "We have to join the V at the lake."

"You go on without me," the young goose said. "I'm going to stay just a little longer. I've never felt this good before, and I don't want to leave."

As darkness closed around him, the young goose fell comfortably asleep. In fact, he slept there through the entire night. When he woke the next morning, he was tired and lonely. He could hear the far-off honking of the geese as the V rose from the lake and began the day's journey. When the young goose attempted to rise from the water, he felt as if his strength were gone. The hot spring had become a comfortable trap. But desperation sparked something inside him. With more effort than he knew he had, he rose from the water and went in search of the others.

As he took a place at the very end of the V, he actually wished he'd never gone to the hot spring. Never again, he said to himself. This is one goose that isn't going to get cooked!

Gary Swanson

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Listen

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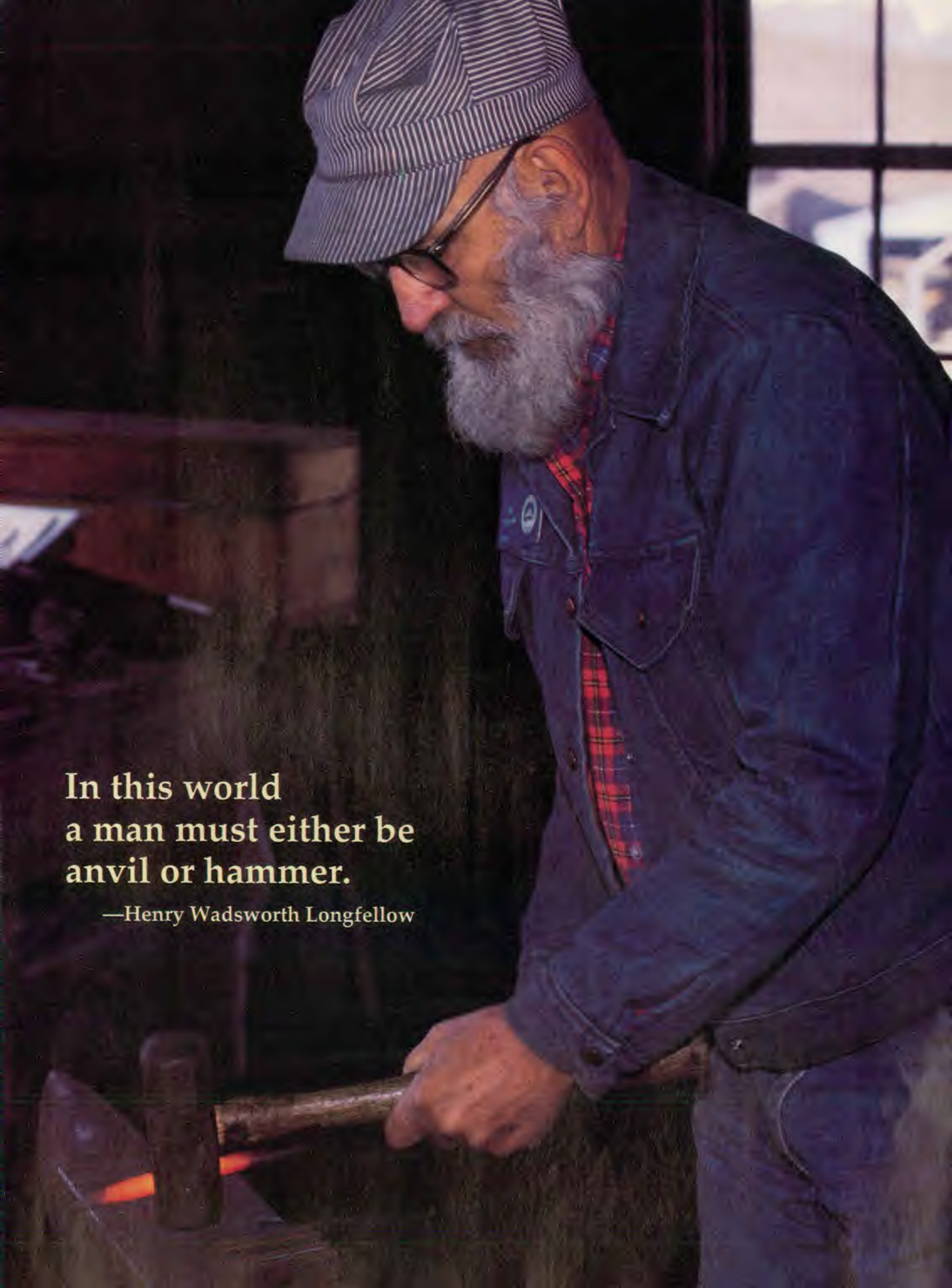
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In this world
a man must either be
anvil or hammer.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



PRIORITIES

What are yours?

Everybody talks about priorities. "Get done first what will give you the most satisfaction." (That usually means "Get your homework done or you're grounded!") Or how about this one, "If that's what you really want to spend your money on, go ahead." ("I wouldn't if I were you, but . . .")

Do you ever get the feeling that what you think is important

really isn't, unless it is what *they* think is important? Do your friends pressure you to do things you aren't comfortable with? As you are really getting older, you will make more decisions for yourself. Will they be the right ones for you? It doesn't matter if it's drugs, sex, or driving too fast—you have to decide for yourself what is most important to you. That's all a priority is: whatever is most important to you. LISTEN magazine can help you set realistic priorities.

LISTEN magazine is written for people like you and me. It's interesting and definitely NOT preachy. It helps you make up your own mind from the facts, not from gossip or scare stories about using drugs. In fact, it has stories about celebrities in TV, movies, and sports who have chosen positive lifestyles. Get LISTEN magazine at home every month. It's only US \$13.95—less than going on a date. Make a positive lifestyle a major priority today. Send for LISTEN magazine.

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