

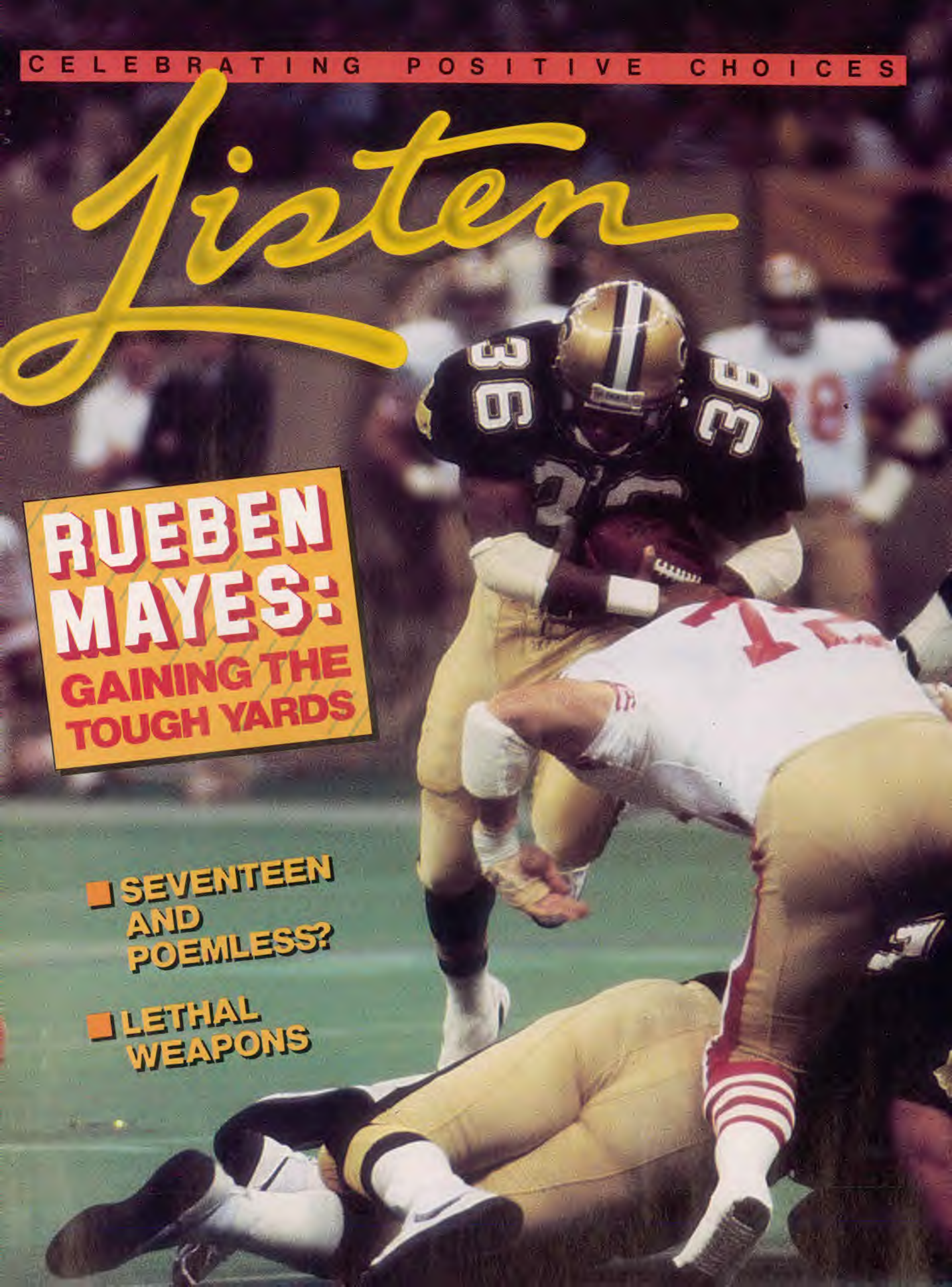
CELEBRATING POSITIVE CHOICES

# Listen

**RUEBEN  
MAYES:**  
GAINING THE  
TOUGH YARDS

■ SEVENTEEN  
AND  
POEMLESS?

■ LETHAL  
WEAPONS





# Listen



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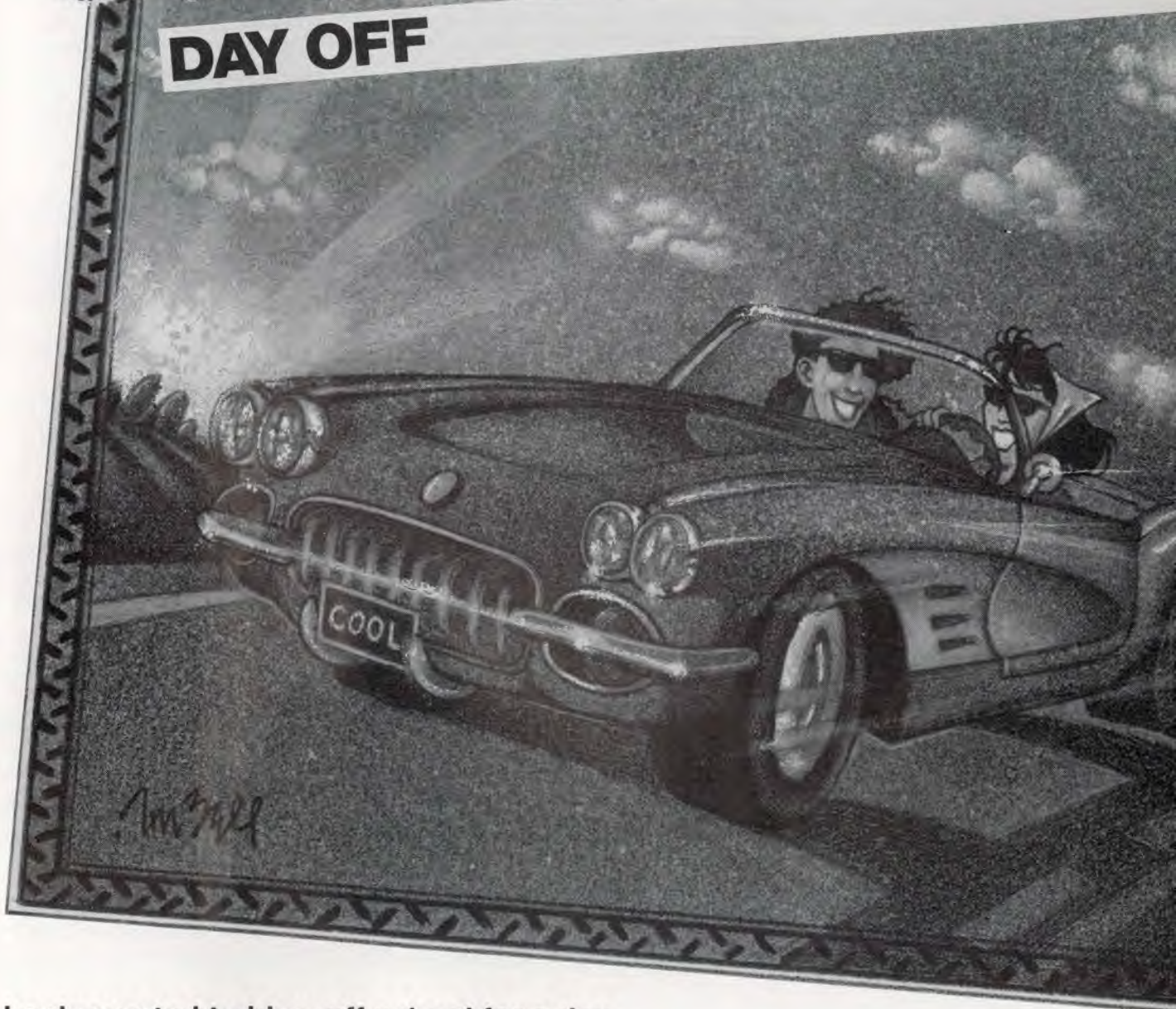
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# Carmelita's

## DAY OFF



**I only wanted to blow off school for a day,  
but I almost checked out permanently.**

I was through. With my mother, that is. She was always complaining about my friends. She dogged anyone I started to hang out with and could feel comfortable around. But no matter what she said, I hung out with anyone I wanted to. My friends were the coolest girls in town.

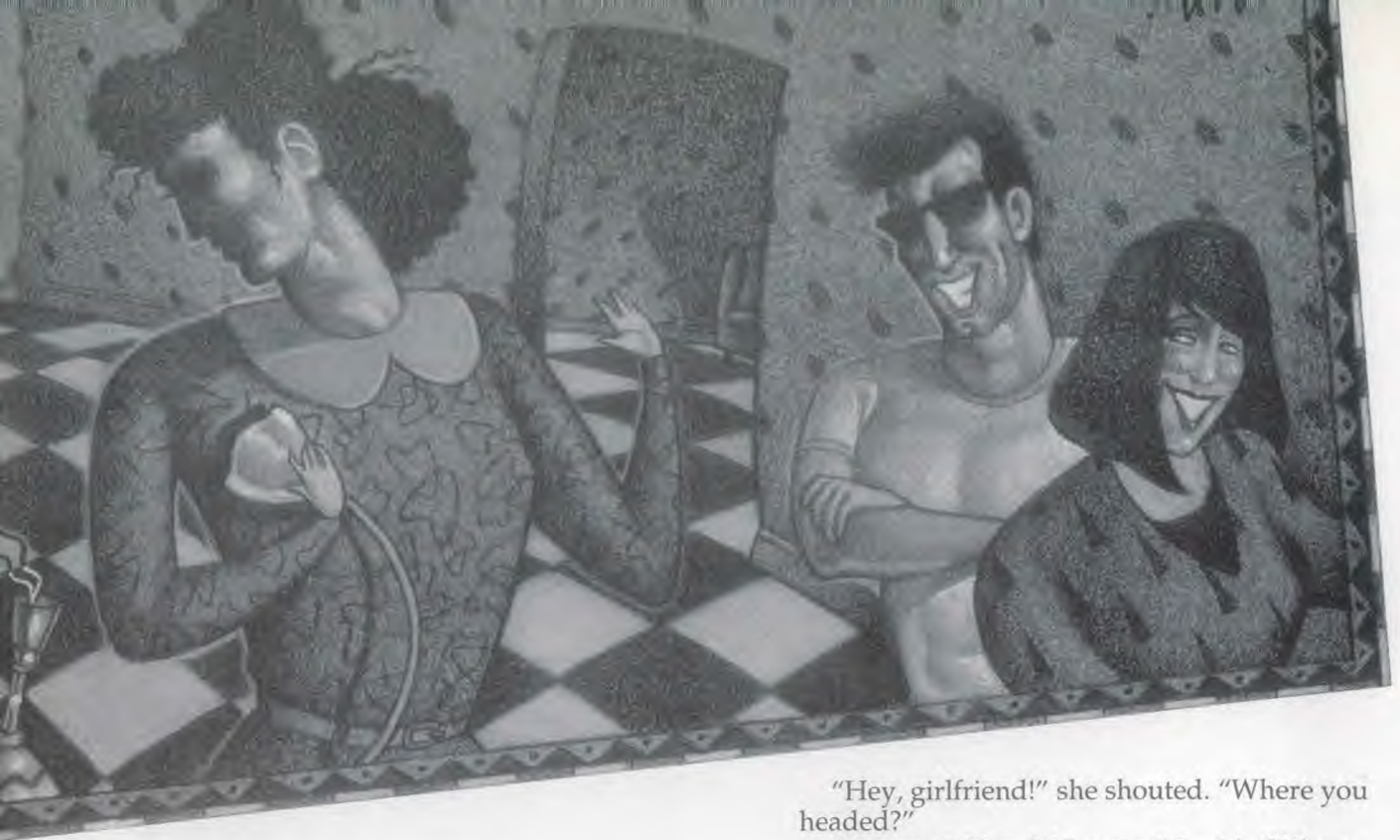
**L. N. Barker**

Especially Cleo.

Cleo was a college freshman. I'm sure Mom thought she was a bad influence on me, a little 16-year-old junior.

"Show me a person's friends, and I can tell you who that person is," Mom would always say. She





had a lot of old proverbs like that.

True, Cleo smoked and she taught me how. But, hey, we weren't hooked or anything. We did it only when necessary. You know, when we wanted to look cool downtown or when we had another stupid day at school and needed to calm down.

And I can't deny Cleo ran with a pretty racy crowd. But that's why I liked her. The other kids

**You know those G-force machines that they train astronauts in? That's what it felt like. The room went vroom and whoosh.**

at school seemed dull compared to her. This girl was happening, and I wanted to be just like her.

One Friday I was waiting at the school-bus stop when Cleo pulled up driving a blazing-red convertible.

"Hey, girlfriend!" she shouted. "Where you headed?"

"For my 8:30 to 2:15 coma," I said. "Whose Vette?"

She laughed. "This is Sly's latest edition."

Cleo could run men the way cowboys herd cattle. And every last one of those guys was fine. But none was finer than Sly. He was the most gorgeous man I had seen in my life. Talk about a hunk? Trust me.

"No coma for you today," Cleo announced. "We're gonna go shopping, grab some chow, and then we're gonna pick up Sly." She swung into her movie-starlet-from-Memphis accent. "And, dahlin', iz he gonna haive a suhprahz fuh you!"

I knew the "surprise" would be getting high. Sly always had marijuana. I put my hand on the door but hesitated. I wasn't real hot to get high.

"Come on, Lita." (Cleo always shortened Carmelita. She thought my name was old-fashioned and weird—this from a girl whose parents named her Cleopatra.) Anyway, I wasn't about to go to school when I could spend the day with her.

We had so much fun. We even got a couple of drinks from a cute waiter. We just smiled real sweet, and he didn't bother to ask for ID. By the time we picked up Sly, we were in a giggly mood. And Sly's crazy sense of humor was fuel to our fire.

He zoomed us to his place. It was really his parents' house, but they'd given him the whole third floor for his own apartment. We went up steps and down a long, dark hall. Sly did his Rod Serling imitation. He had it timed perfectly so



that he said, "You unlock this door with the key of imagination," just as he opened the door to his living room. Inside it was great—huge pillows, thick carpeting, old leather furniture.

Sly put on some wild music real loud. I could feel the bass all through me. He turned on a strobe light. Then he brought out this *bhang* contraption. It had a long plastic tube attached to it with an oxygen mask at the end.

"I'm gonna get you higher than you've ever

**The doctors also said if I  
did come out of it, I could  
have flashbacks anytime,  
anywhere.**

been, girl," he grinned.

By now I was really getting into this.

"OK," he said. "I want you to exhale *all* of your air. Then put on the mask and breathe in deeply."

I pushed out all the air I could, held the mask over my face, and sucked in hard. You know those G-force machines that they train astronauts in? That's what it felt like. The room went *vroom* and *whoosh!* I can't remember anything after that.

They say my eyes rolled up, and I fell flat on my back. Sly and Cleo started laughing. But when I didn't move, they looked at each other and then at me. "Come on, girl, quit playin'," they said. "Lita? Lita. Carmelita!"

I was out. Cleo started patting my hands and face. Sly ran for some cold water to splash on me. When none of that worked, they freaked.

They got me onto Sly's bed and sat holding my hands, wondering what to do. It was getting late, and Cleo had to go home. She just left me there on this strange man's bed!

Of course Cleo had to make up some story for my mom, so she called and said I was spending the night at her house. I often spent weekends with friends or relatives, so Mom wasn't too worried about that. But I had always called to let her know where I was even if I didn't have her permission.

When Mom asked to speak to me, Cleo said I was taking a shower. My mother thought this was strange, but she said OK.

Next day Cleo rushed back to Sly's. I was still knocked out. They were so scared that they did

nothing. They spent the day trying to act normal.

That night Cleo tried the same line with my mom. No way. Mom wasn't going for this. She hadn't seen me since Friday morning, and here it was late Saturday night.

Finally Cleo started crying and told Mom that I was knocked out at Sly's parents' home. My mother immediately called an ambulance and rushed over to Sly's.

All the way to the hospital the paramedics kept telling Mom I was really iffy. They said they didn't know if I'd ever wake up. And even if I did, I might be a vegetable.

At the hospital the doctors told Mom I had been out so long there was a strong chance I would never regain consciousness. After analyzing the dope I'd smoked, they found it was laced with PCP. Sly swore up and down he didn't know anything about that. He just got the dope from some guy who said it was real good. Yeah, real good. The doctors also said if I *did* come out of it, I could have flashbacks anytime, anywhere.

Sometime Sunday I woke up. All these faces were peering down at me. Mom's eyes were swollen and red. My sisters were there too.

The doctors started asking me questions: "What's your name? Where do you live? What year is this? Do you know any of the people in this room? What other drugs have you done?"

**I was destroyed. I wanted  
her to scream at me, grab me  
and shake me, anything.**

When the commotion died down and the room cleared, I was alone with Mom. She looked so drained, but real calm. It was scary.

"I'm sure this has been a very bad experience for you," she said. "I know the memory of it will serve you better than anything I could possibly say."

I was destroyed. I wanted her to scream at me, grab me and shake me, anything. At least say, "I told you so," and add on one of those crazy old proverbs of hers. But, no. Instead, she treated me like an adult.

I looked at her and felt so bad. "I know I've ruined any trust you had in me," I told her. "But I swear to you, I'll never do any kind of drugs ever again."





# SEVENTEEN AND POEMLESS?

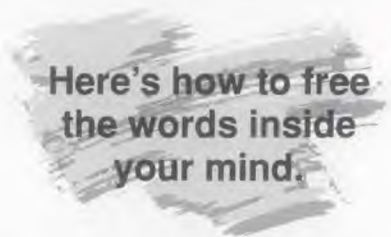
"You are not only contained in the world, but worlds are also contained in you."—Walt Whitman, American poet.

Among the worlds Whitman referred to is the world of poetry. This world includes your own special poems, the ones that only you can write.

Writing poetry provides an emotional release, increases self-knowledge, and promotes spiritual growth. Poetry can also be an artistic, entertaining way of communicating your thoughts and feelings to others.

Good poetry says things in original ways. It says things honestly. It says them concisely and with feeling. The poet creates images or pictures with words. Good poetry uses figures of speech or comparisons, such as *metaphors*, in which one thing is called another, or *similes*, in which one thing is said to be "like" or "as" another.

You don't have to use an established pattern for your poetry. But for the beginning poet, following a pattern may make it easier, just as following a



**Here's how to free  
the words inside  
your mind.**

recipe is easier for the beginning cook. Naturally, the simpler the recipe or pattern, the easier it is to follow. Let's start with two short, simple poetic patterns that have neither rhyme nor meter but a definite number of syllables and lines—the *cinquain* and the *haiku*.

Here's a cinquain called "Train Track," written by Anna Laura Steward, a senior at Morgan County High School in West Liberty, Kentucky:

Train Tracks  
are stitches that  
sew the land together  
in the odd design of a patched  
bed quilt.

**John D. Engle, Jr.**

Note that the poem contains exactly five lines with a line syllable count of 2-4-6-8-2. This is the cinquain pattern. Calling tracks stitches and the land a quilt leads us to a new and interesting way of seeing. It is this kind of newness that good poets try to achieve.

The haiku is a Japanese poetry form with only three lines and a syllable pattern of 5-7-5. It's usually untitled and contains a reference to nature. Although some purist will disagree, it's OK to vary the form slightly with either the cinquain or the haiku. Getting the syllable count exactly right is not as important as using unique imagery.

For example, here is a haiku by Sharon Wilson, a former student at Princeton High School near Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Stalactite and Stalagmite*  
The lover on the ceiling  
weeps its limestone tears until  
they become as one.

She gave her haiku a title to help explain it. Also, the first line, which traditionally has



only five syllables, has seven in this case. But these variations seem unimportant considering the poem's originality.

After writing some cinquains and haikus, you may want to try free verse. It follows no pattern, but is more than prose broken into short lines. It also must be written in original, figurative language. You may start by making up your own metaphorical definitions of things, arranging the lines as you wish. Why not begin with your definition of poetry? Here are some written by Princeton High School students:

Poetry  
is a  
journey to the  
unknown  
to greet the  
unexpected.

—Brian Sowder

A poem  
is the quick  
thrust of wind  
beneath a bird's  
wing.

—Julia Groh

*"A poem  
is the quick  
thrust of wind  
beneath a bird's  
wing."*

—Julia Groh

This same technique of "re-naming" can be used to define anything, even yourself. Lois Ross, another former Princeton High School student poet, uses a notebook as a metaphor for her life:

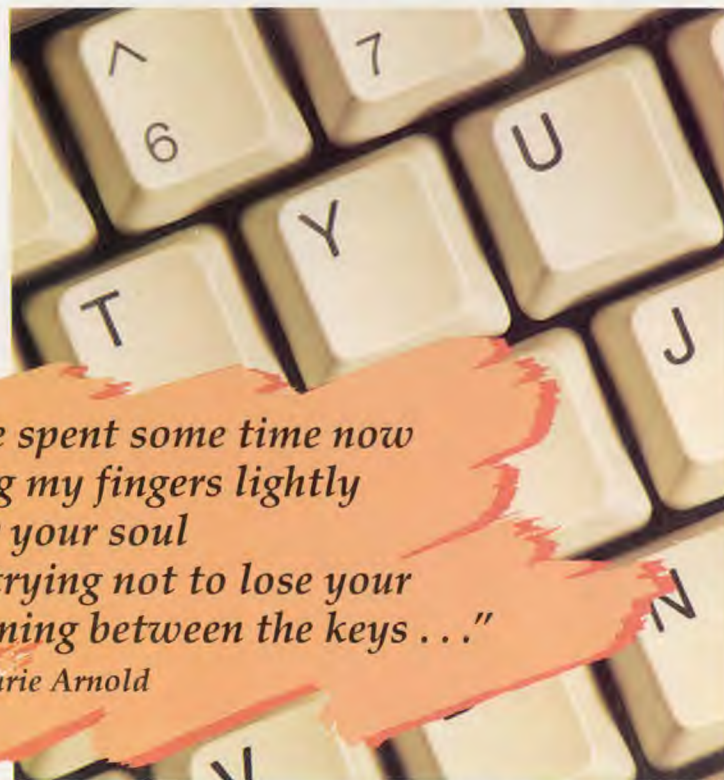
#### *Notebook*

I am a spiral notebook,  
partially filled with words  
scrawled sometimes carelessly  
and barely discernable,  
and at other times  
painfully neat and ordered.  
Some pages are just doodles  
and pictures drawn half-  
consciously  
and soon forgotten, sometimes  
not.  
Many blank pages are yet to be  
filled.  
I'd like to rip out some pages  
sometimes.

A section of your journal (you should always keep a journal of your feelings and thoughts) should be reserved for the fun of renaming things. Thus you can create your own personal dictionary and practice writing poetry at the same time. But this is only one of many ways to write free verse.

Try writing while listening to music or while observing a sea-shell, a flower, a picture, your hand—anything! Trying not to think; just write as fast as you can without stopping for at least five minutes.

PHOTO COURTESY OF FISHERIES AND WILDLIFE



*"I have spent some time now  
running my fingers lightly  
over your soul  
while trying not to lose your  
meaning between the keys ..."*

—Laurie Arnold

STAFF PHOTO



Make up your own techniques, your own patterns; put your moods, feelings, and experiences into words. But remember, unless the resulting poem is something that makes sense in a new and significant way, it will need more work.

What do you do when you want to write but no poem will come? How do you deal with poemlessness? You write a

poem about it, of course. This poem is by student writer Tina Coffman:

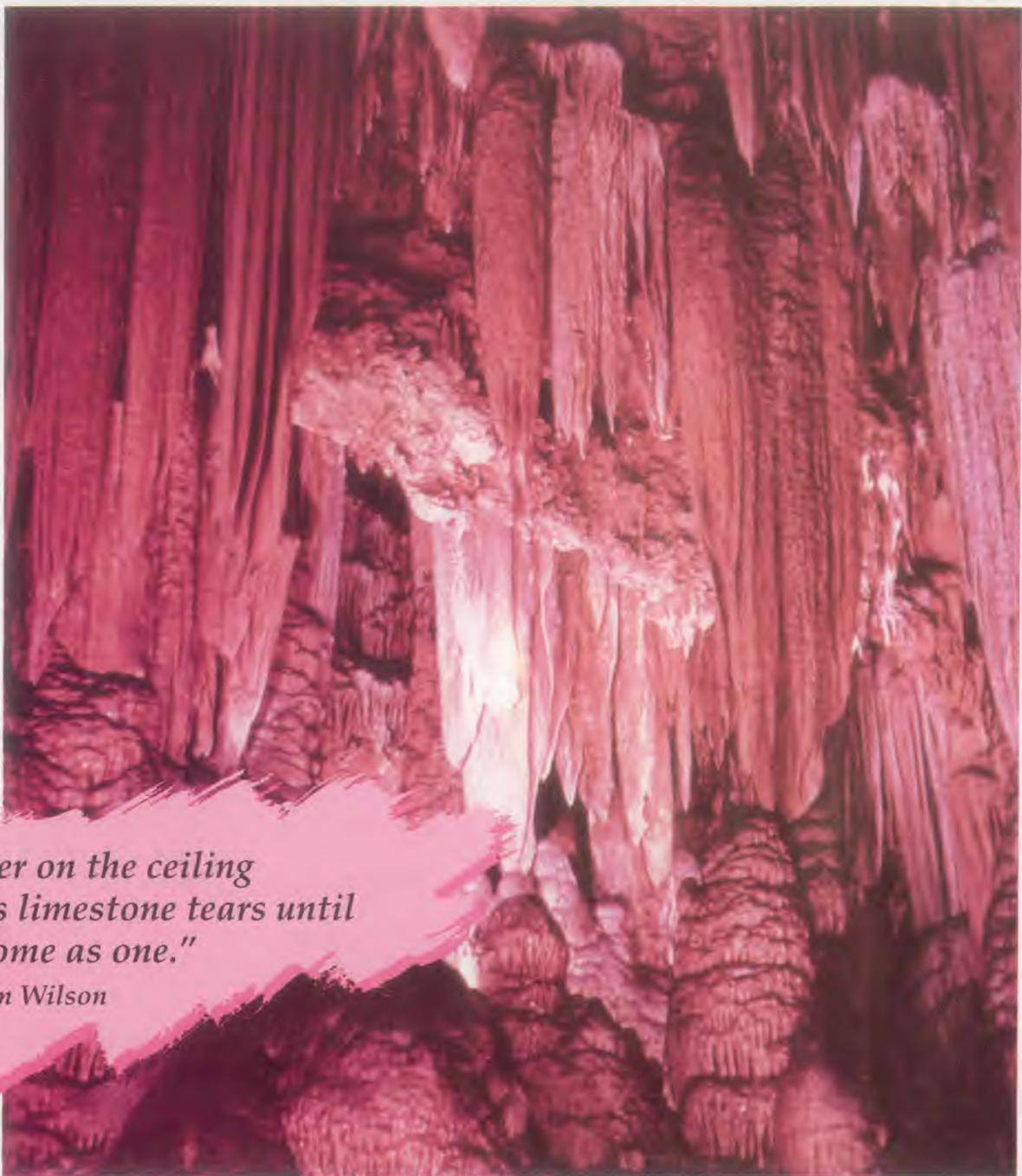
*Poemlessness*

Seventeen and poemless,  
hiding homeless  
in sungreen plant life  
and Mona Lisa prints,  
(plagiarizing her smile)  
my eager-idle hands  
search out a fading  
lost-and-found artistry.

I'd rather be a tree dreaming  
than an artist forced to scheme  
a dreamless life.

As you can see from this and other poems, poetry is an avenue to self-understanding. Writing poetry is an artistic way to express yourself, and being able to express yourself can make you feel good.

One young writer says that "life is a poem, and love, frus-



*"The lover on the ceiling  
weeps its limestone tears until  
they become as one."*

—Sharon Wilson

PHOTO COURTESY OF LURAY CAVERNS, VIRGINIA

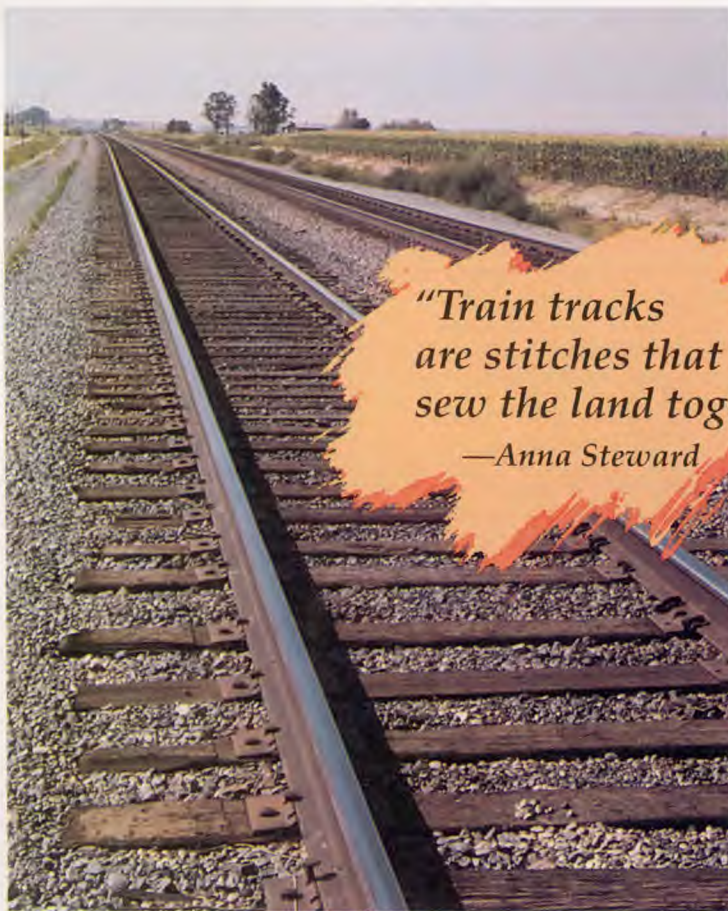


tration, hope, and despair are poems."

Princeton High School student Laurie Arnold shows that even the task of typing can be turned into poetry:

#### *From Typists to Poets*

I have spent some time now  
running my fingers lightly over  
your soul  
while trying not to lose your  
meaning between the keys,  
and I find myself in a new  
experience.  
Before, I might have talked  
with you  
or only heard your name in  
passing  
or not at all,  
but now we have met inti-  
mately  
on our own terms.  
You create the picture, the time,  
the world  
in which I can murmur your  
sounds  
and see your colors in shades of  
my experiences.  
I drum the rhythm of your  
crashing waves  
into symbols on paper for  
others to share.  
And, sharing, we all become  
one;  
we are the poem alive.



*"Train tracks  
are stitches that  
sew the land together ..."*

—Anna Steward

STAFF PHOTO

Even if you have no desire to be a published writer, you'll find that reading and writing poetry can be one of your most rewarding activities. All you

really need is a pen, paper, and a desire to free the singing words inside your mind. You, too, are "the poem alive." You are both poet and poem. ◇

## Getting into Print

Once you've accumulated a number of poems and have rewritten them carefully, you may want to send some of them to magazines for possible publication. Your poems should be typed or computer-printed with clean, clear copy. They should be single-spaced on regular-size, white typing paper, one poem centered on each page. Poems should be mailed in a business-size envelope. A stamped (with adequate postage), self-addressed en-

velope of the same size should be enclosed with every submission.

In addition to *LISTEN*, there are other publications that publish poetry by young writers. You can find hundreds of them listed in *Poet's Market*, published by Writer's Digest Books, 1507 Dana Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45207. It's available in most libraries and bookstores. This book also provides more detailed information on manuscript preparation and

how to select markets, along with valuable material on all aspects of writing and publishing poetry. Study it carefully, along with other instructional books on poetry. You should also read as many of the great poets as you can, past and present.

You can get help, practice your writing, and make friends with other poets by joining a writing club or by taking creative writing classes or workshops in your school or community.





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# LETHAL WEAPONS: DRUGS AND CRIME

**Alcohol and other drugs are helping a lot  
of young people break into prison.**

"On a day like this, I just wish I could cut my grandma's grass," Geno Williams says in a soft, wistful drawl. "Her lawn looks like a park when I get it mowed and clipped."

Sounds like an easy-to-fulfill wish, doesn't it? But Geno won't be cutting lawns for another four years. That's how much time is left on his sentence at the Boonville Correctional Center in Missouri.

As correctional facilities go, the Boonville Center isn't bad. It's designed for first-time offenders under 25 years of age and looks like the boarding school it used to be. But the fence is topped with rolls of barbed wire, Geno's pants and shirt are a drab "resident" gray, and he has a convict number. There's no question that Geno is in prison.

"Here they tell me when to get up, when to go to bed, when to take a shower, when to get out of the shower. I stand in line, I report, I am counted

and then counted again. I don't have anyone to blame but myself. It's my fault I'm here and that hurts."

Geno's path toward prison began in sixth grade with beer and cigarettes. "It was easy," he says. "Give a grown-up a dollar extra, and he'll be glad to bring you a six-pack out of the grocery store."

At 13, Geno was a slightly-scared-but-not-about-to-admit-it seventh grader in a Kansas City junior high school. He wanted more than anything else to fit in, to be recognized. Unfortunately, the people he wanted to impress were more interested in getting high than in getting an education, and Geno made the drug connection.

For Geno, as for thousands of other teens, using drugs led almost immediately to criminal activity. It takes a lot of money to support a drug habit, and selling drugs is a quick and seemingly easy way to make cash.

The strong links between drug use and crime are becoming more established all the time. "While many people are saying No to drugs, the criminals are saying Yes with greater frequency," says James Stewart, director of the National Institute of Justice in Washington, D.C. "In Phoenix, Arizona, five out of 10 arrestees have used drugs within a day or two of arrest. In New York City, it's eight out of 10. In fact, 92 percent of people arrested for robberies in New York City used cocaine."

Popular street drugs used by arrestees vary from city to city, but generally the most common is cocaine, says Stewart, followed by marijuana, amphetamines, PCP, and heroin.

According to Stewart, research shows that drugs act as accelerators to criminal conduct. "People who use drugs commit four to six times the amount of crime when they

**Betty Gibb**



are using drugs as when they are off." A typical drug-using criminal averages about 255 crime days a year. That means on 255 days he commits at least one crime, often as many as eight or 10. When he quits using drugs, his crime days drop to about 40 a year.

A study by Queen's University in Canada estimates that 70 percent of federal inmates have significant alcohol and other drug problems. "Nearly 80 percent of inmates admitted to using drugs, including alcohol, on the day they committed their offenses," says James Kelleher, solicitor-general of Canada.

"I'd say 95 percent of the kids assigned to me are here directly or indirectly because of drugs," says Bob Luetkemeyer, Geno's case worker. "When I talk to them, I discover most started using drugs in their early teens." That's the way it was with Geno.

"When I got into junior high,

some of my friends' older brothers gave me a couple of joints. They were in the in-crowd. That's where I wanted to be. They smoked weed, got high, talked about crazy things; girls thought they were cool. I wanted to be a part of that.

"Pretty soon I was using my lunch money to buy bags of weed. I'd buy \$10 worth and roll joints. It would make about 40. Every time the bell rang, I sold joints for a dollar in the restroom.

"When I got into high school, I started skipping classes. Older guys would give me bags of joints to sell, and we'd split the profit. The school officials caught me when I was 15. They gave me a couple of warnings, but then kicked me out of that school when I wouldn't quit selling. I had to go to another one.

"I didn't care. I wanted to make enough money so I wouldn't have to work at some McDonald's kind of job like ev-

eryone else. I started hot-wiring cars and selling parts. I stole from people who cared about me.

"One night I broke into a Revco Drug Store. I climbed through a window in the roof and cleaned out the pharmacy, taking all the drugs I could find. I figured I could find out what they were later. I took some cases of liquor. But a couple of blocks away the cops saw me. I started to run, but they caught me. They put me in jail. I hadn't been locked up before, and I was scared. I called my grandma and told her I needed help.

" 'Geno, I told you those drugs were changing you,' she said. 'You weren't raised to be like that.'

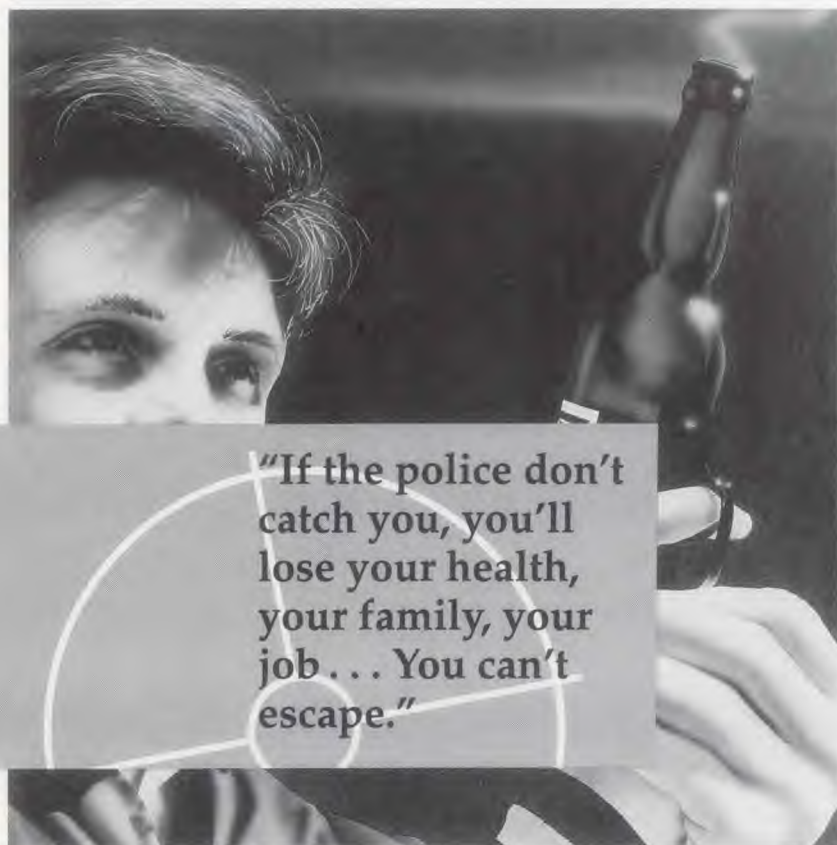
"That was true. But when you're on drugs, you just can't care about anyone but yourself.

"I got out on probation. I didn't want to be locked up again, and I was sure I'd stay away from the stuff, but two or three days later I was back getting high again—more than ever.

"I got caught again while I was on probation. I was intoxicated. I broke into this guy's house at 3:00 A.M. and walked out with a VCR and a small TV. I figured I could get \$400 to \$600 for them. Then I went back in. This time he woke up, saw that the stuff was missing, and called the police. Now I'm here doing five years. The judge says if I get in trouble again he's not going to have any pity on me. Next time they're going to lose me to the system."

Drugs and crime: hand-in-hand they're walking a lot of teens into trouble. Drugs and crime are strongly connected in at least three ways:

1. People commit crimes while under the mind-altering influence of drugs.
2. People commit crimes in order to support their drug habits.



**"If the police don't catch you, you'll lose your health, your family, your job... You can't escape."**



3. People commit the crime of selling illegal drugs.

For years psychologists, sociologists, and criminologists have attempted to discover why some teens slide into a drug-crime lifestyle and others don't. Dozens of theories try to explain these two deviant behaviors. Several factors have been blamed:

1. The "strain" theory says that delinquency and drug use are the results of frustrated needs or wants. Teens, especially those from poor families, see no way of getting the glamorous clothes, cars, and jewelry that they see on TV and read about in magazines—except through crime. They find in drugs a synthetic substitute for life's real excitement and pleasure, and in crime an attractive, no-work way to get easy money.

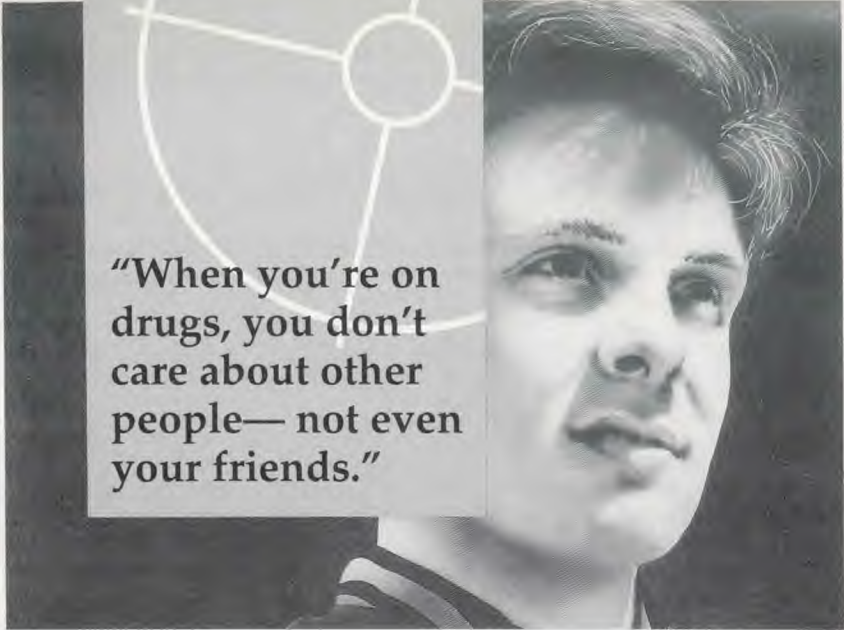
2. The "control" theory says all people have frustrated wants and needs. The problem is with the social controls that are supposed to regulate behavior. The rewards for proper behavior and the punishments for improper behavior aren't strong enough to curb delinquent actions.

3. The "bad friends" theory says drug use and crime are both learned behaviors typically introduced by friends. The drug user generally enters a "deviant subculture"—a group that clashes with the accepted values of society—and quickly learns that particular group's behaviors and attitudes.

4. The "coping" theory says crime may come first and that young people may begin to take drugs to help them deal with the almost intolerable stress that a life of crime is bound to produce.

The reasons kids like Geno get themselves into trouble with drugs and crime are probably a mixture of all these theories.

A study by the Center for



**"When you're on drugs, you don't care about other people—not even your friends."**

Studies of Crime and Delinquency concludes that there are two primary things that put young people at risk of becoming criminals and/or drug users:

1. They are not strongly connected to, and active in, their families, their schools, their churches, and other such conventional groups.

2. They experience strong bonding with delinquent friends or groups.

Unfortunately those friendships with others involved in crime and drugs aren't dependable. A drug-using criminal can't really trust anyone.

Robert Decker, a 20-year-old inmate at Boonville Correction Center, found that out the hard way. "I was making pretty good money selling stuff and thought everything was fine. Then this good friend set me up with the narcotics agent. He did it to several of us to make things go easier on himself. When you're on drugs, you don't care about other people—not even your friends."

Robert was only 17 when he sold cocaine to the agent. The police waited until he was 18 to arrest him. He's now doing five years, just like Geno.

The excitement of drug intoxication and the easy money of drug dealing attract teens—especially those who see the future as a series of dead ends. But there's a terrible underside to the glamour of drugs and its money.

"When you're into that lifestyle, you always have to look over your shoulder," says Stewart. "Your colleagues are ripping you off; your customers are trying to steal from you; people are trying to gun you down and take your dope or pass off a bad substitute on you. You never can trust anybody in a criminal culture. It is a life based on fear and anxiety. It is not fun. You have to worry about everything. The police may be the least of your worries."

Robert and Geno are paying a high price for their good times. "When you're a kid, you think you can beat the odds," says Robert. "You think you can have the highs that drugs give you and the money in your pocket from selling the stuff. But it will get you in the end. If the police don't catch you, you'll lose your health, your family, your job. It's a time bomb. You can't escape." ◇



# Ask a Friend



I'm almost 18, and I dropped out of school on my sixteenth birthday because I felt like a misfit. Besides being Black in a mostly White school, I'm shy and quiet. Whenever something wrong happened, the teachers would always blame me. Now I'm sorry I dropped out. I want to go back and finish my education. I'll be 21 before I graduate, but that's OK with me. I've talked a little with some of the guys and girls who were my classmates in the tenth grade. They mostly seem to like me and think I should come back even though they will be graduated and gone when I start again. I think I missed out on a lot of growing-up fun. Now I want to catch up. What do you think?

It feels good to get a letter from a dropout who wants to go back to school. I admire your decision and want to give you encouragement to move ahead with this plan. Since 16 is the legal age to drop out of school in most states, there are a lot of kids—mostly boys—who make the same decision you did. Sometimes it's for the same reasons you had: feeling like a misfit, getting a lot of criticism from teachers, poor grades, no really close friends, wanting to get a full-time job and earn some "real" money.

At the time you quit, it must have felt good not to be bossed around by teachers, bells, and homework—to be free to do whatever you wanted with your time. The trouble with dropping out of school is that in addition to ending your formal education, you also dropped out of any regular contact with your peers. You just weren't there for sports or social activities. Working and making some money—not a lot I would guess—that's about all there was for you. So in a way, you're even more a misfit than you were in school.

It makes sense for you to want to go back to school for the contact with guys and girls your age and for the fun activities. It also makes good sense to get that high school

education and the diploma that goes with it. A diploma from high school opens lots of doors to better jobs and further education. So getting back in school has a lot of pluses. I feel like saying to you, "Go for it."

But there are a couple of problems with going back to school that you should think about. First, there's really no good way to make up for lost time. You've lost two or even three years by dropping out. You'll be going to class with 15- and 16-year-old kids. Even though you're only two or three years older than they are, that's a big two or three years when it comes to emotional maturity and physical growth. You may well find yourself even more of a misfit now than when you were the same age as your classmates. That growth gap will get even bigger as you approach 21, the age when you graduate.

If I were in your shoes, I'd think seriously about going to classes to prepare for a GED (General Education Development) exam. This is a test given by the public school systems. If you pass, you're given a diploma as if you had graduated from high school. It would mean several intense weeks of attending classes and studying to prepare for the exam, but after passing it, you'd be caught up educationally with your former classmates. While not every college will accept

your GED, most community colleges and state-supported colleges do.

I'm suggesting you enroll in some college courses after passing the GED exam, because you'll be back in school with your peers and have a much better chance to work on your shyness with them. I read somewhere that "if life hands you a lemon, make lemonade." That means you should take a look at where you are and find opportunities to make your life better.

You handed yourself a lemon by dropping out of school, probably a bad choice, but not the end of the world for you. It's not at all too late to get an education. Whether you go back to high school or go the GED route, you'll be making a sweet lemonade that will taste good to you.

**Jack  
Anders**

Have a question about friendships, family relations, drugs and health, or other teenage concerns? Ask a friend—Jack Anders, parent, grandparent, counselor, and social worker. Address your questions to "Ask a Friend," LISTEN Magazine, 6830 Laurel Street NW, Washington, DC 20012. Jack is sorry that he cannot answer letters individually.



# Plugging In

## Ideas for Drug-free Clubs

Our group is pretty organized. We have the support of our principal, and three teachers have agreed to be our sponsors. We want people to see that we have a lot of fun. Our first scheduled speaker is a football player from a nearby university. He's going to talk about the importance of making smart decisions. What other things can we do to attract new people?



This is a great question. Now you get to be really creative! *Teaser promotionals* are what we call crazy tricks to build curiosity—like hanging a series of signs that don't make sense until you see them all together.

The **black box** is a great example of this. First, get a big, sturdy cardboard box about two or three feet square. Paint it black inside and out. Take the box and put the open end upside down on a table. Put the table in the school foyer against the wall. In the top of the box, cut a hole just barely big enough to peek through. Place a sign that says, "DO NOT LOOK IN THIS BOX!" on the outside. (Get the picture?)

Inside the box, on the table, place a very low-wattage light—like a night light—and begin your series of signs. Tape the sign to the table right by the light. The first few days it could read, "THE MEETING. . . ." Then, "ANYONE WHO'S ANYONE WILL BE THERE. . . ." Next, "IT'S GONNA BE BAD. . . ." And the signs go on until you've given all the information. At the same time you change the inside message, change the outside message too: "DON'T EVEN THINK OF LOOKING IN THIS BOX." "DON'T EVEN BREATHE ON THE BOX." And so forth.

It's a great gimmick, but you have to make sure your club members don't give the secret away. You have to act as confused as everyone else. Another trick is to withhold the club's name until the last inside sign. This way, you

promote the meeting and not the club name. It's also a good idea to have a secret bodyguard protect the box from frustrated people who can't stand the suspense any longer. (Boxes have been known to die this way.)

Here's another trick to try. As you promote your meeting, promise that one of your sponsors or another favorite teacher, coach, counselor, or whoever will do something really zany if a certain number of kids come to the meeting. Kids will come just to see Mrs. Jones get squirted with a water gun, Mr. West take a pie in the face, or Coach Allen shave his legs. But they'll be there, and they'll hear your message—save the zany stuff for last!

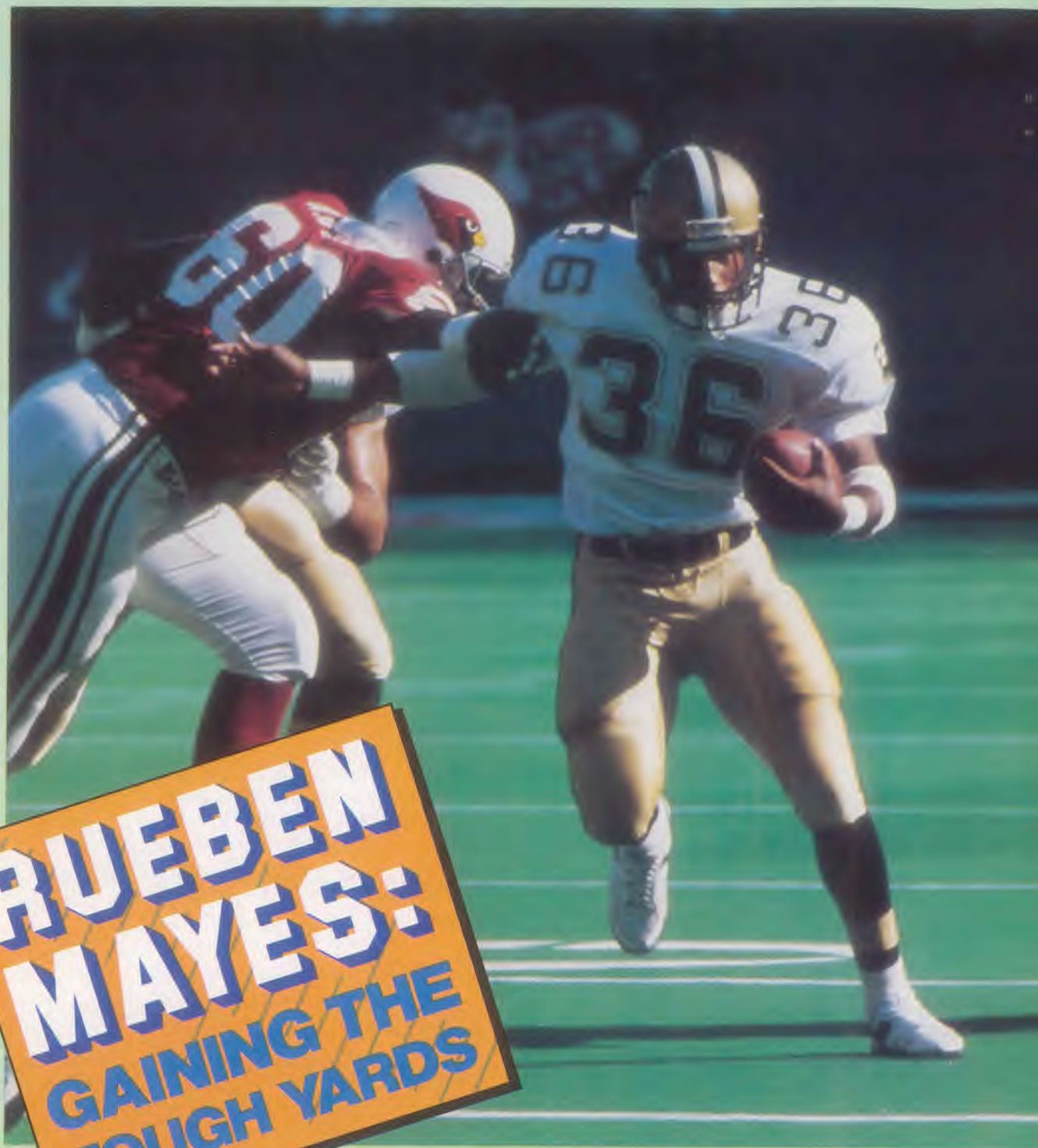
All sorts of ideas like these work. You're trying to convince the student body that you're out to have fun—but without alcohol and other drugs. Don't be afraid to be a little crazy.

It's important to involve all of your members in promoting your club. Try to keep your club from becoming another clique. And don't discourage known partiers from attending; maybe they're looking for a reason not to get wasted on the weekends.

Finally, don't be discouraged if things still start out slowly. It takes time to build a successful program. Although it would be great if 80 percent of the school joined your club, it's much more realistic to hope for a small group of kids committed to being straight and committed to each other. Keep up the good work! ◇

A m y C. B a k e r





# RUEBEN MAYES: GAINING THE TOUGH YARDS

Success didn't come easily, but this Canadian running back has finally made it big.

Moments after the opening kickoff in the New Orleans Superdome, the nearly 100,000 Saints fans watch expectantly. The offensive squad of the hometown black-shirted Saints

trot onto the field, the fierce glare of the blue-white overhead lights gleaming off their golden helmets. They break

from the huddle and line up over the ball.

On the first play the quarterback steps quickly to his left and hands the ball to number 36—running back Rueben

**Gary B. Swanson**



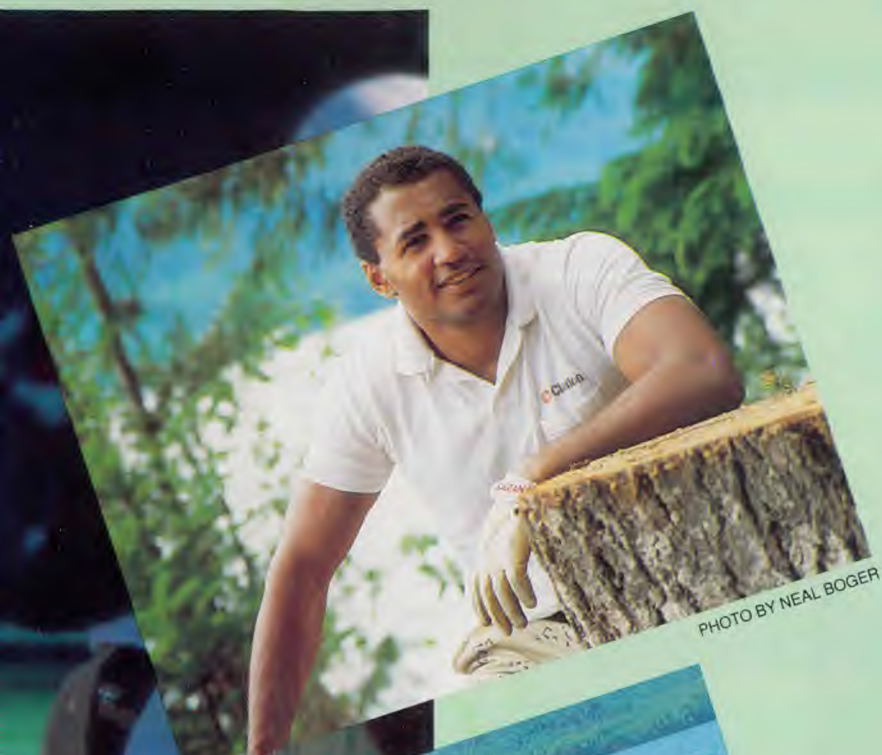


PHOTO BY NEAL BOGER

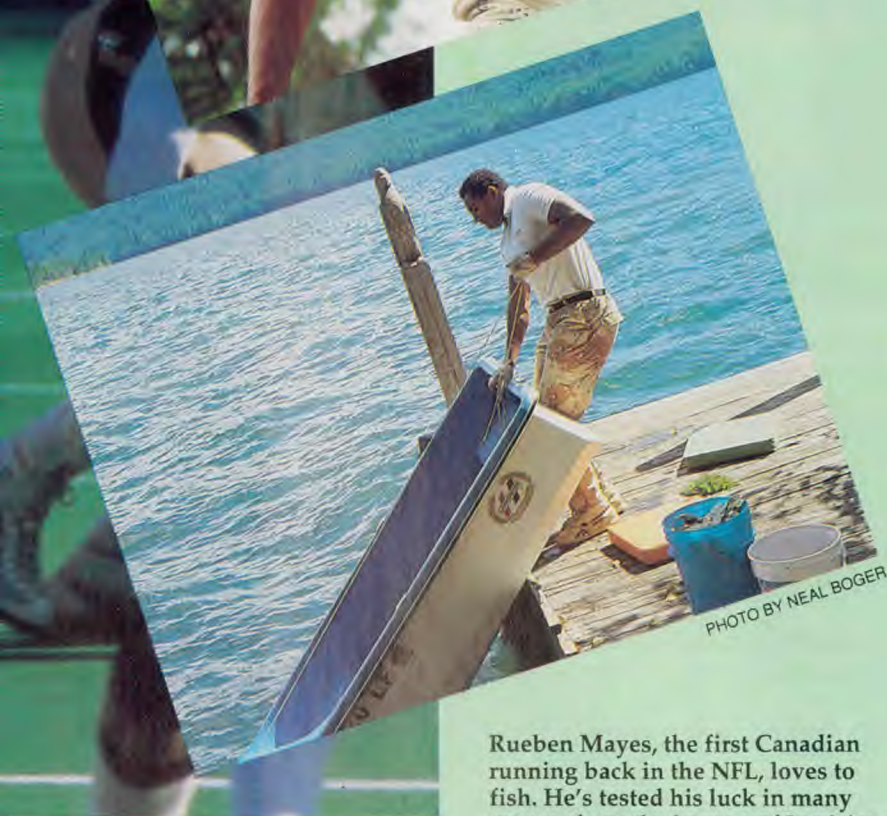


PHOTO BY NEAL BOGER

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE NEW ORLEANS SAINTS

Rueben Mayes, the first Canadian running back in the NFL, loves to fish. He's tested his luck in many waters, from the bayous of Louisiana to the icy lakes of Saskatchewan, his home province.

Mayes. Mayes darts further to his left, slashes quickly through a seam in the line, and is dragged down by an opposing linebacker clinging desperately to his right ankle. Seven-yard

gain. Applause crackles throughout the great Superdome. At first it sounds as if the crowd is booing. The crowd thunders, "Roo, Roo, Roo!" Actually they're cheering their fa-

vorite running back—number 36. "Roo!" is short for *Rueben*.

Rueben Mayes, now in his third year with the New Orleans football club, wasn't always this popular. He was drafted by the Saints the same year as Dalton Hilliard, Louisiana State's all-time leading rusher. Hilliard was playing in his hometown, and it wasn't surprising that he was chosen as starting running back at the end of training camp. But after the team won only one of the first four games of the season, the coaching staff gave Mayes the nod. The Saints won five of their next seven games. Mayes went on to gain 1,353 yards by the end of the season. And he was named Rookie of the Year.

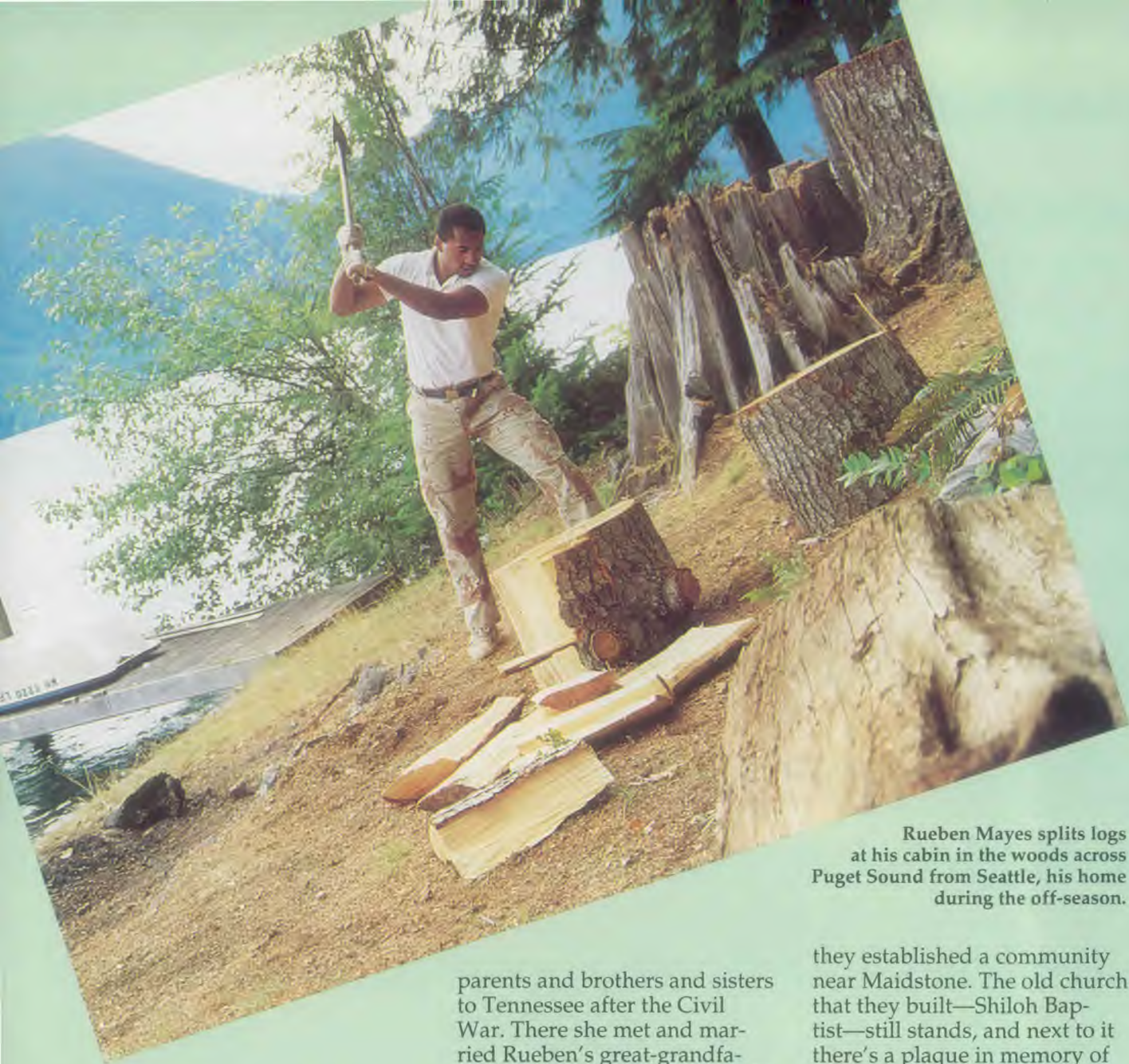
In his second year the Saints made it to the playoffs for the first time in their 20-year history. Rueben Mayes was a decisive part of that success. Since then he has never looked back.

But breaking into the NFL was tough yardage for Rueben. In fact, he has had to come a long way, physically and geographically. Rueben was born and bred in Canada. In fact he's the first Canadian running back in the NFL. During his rookie year *Sports Illustrated* called him "a rabbit from the boonies." Most experts recognized his speed, but with his limited experience in American football they doubted he could compete.

When Rueben was a 10-year-old in North Battleford, Saskatchewan, he decided he wanted to be a running back in the NFL. This is a little like a kid from Florida deciding to play hockey in the NHL.

Rueben wasn't a particularly gifted athlete, but he has always worked hard at whatever he decided to do. "I started running track when I was nine years old," he recalls. "And I was always the guy who played goalie in ice hockey because I was quick." But instead of





Rueben Mayes splits logs at his cabin in the woods across Puget Sound from Seattle, his home during the off-season.

concentrating on ice hockey as many Canadian children do, he watched his heroes O. J. Simpson and Walter Payton on televised football games from the United States.

North Battleford is a farming community on the great prairie of central Canada, 85 miles northwest of Saskatoon. Of the 15,000 residents, Rueben was one of only about 20 who were Black.

Rueben's great-grandmother, Mattie, was born a slave on a plantation near Atlanta. As a young girl she moved with her

parents and brothers and sisters to Tennessee after the Civil War. There she met and married Rueben's great-grandfather, Joe Mayes. They joined the Oklahoma land rush and settled

## At five foot nine and 135 pounds, he was hardly a prime candidate for the NFL.

there for a time, but floods ruined their cotton and sugarcane crops. So in 1909 the Mayes family moved again, this time to Saskatchewan. Other Black families joined them, and

they established a community near Maidstone. The old church that they built—Shiloh Baptist—still stands, and next to it there's a plaque in memory of Mattie Mayes.

"My great-grandparents didn't want to deal with the slavery attitudes anymore," Rueben told a *Sports Illustrated* writer. "But not long after they got to Canada, they faced more hostility. People didn't know what Blacks were all about. They almost starved that first winter."

But they stuck it out, and, although many have left the community, the hard-working Mayes family sank their roots into the prairie soil of Saskatchewan and stayed. By the time Rueben came along, atti-



tudes in the community had improved. "I was the only Black person in our high school of 1,000 students," Rueben says. "But I was treated like everyone else. I was just Rueben Mayes."

Rueben's parents divorced when he was 14. This put a lot

**"I've always believed that hard work and good mental approach and flexibility will make you successful."**

of strain on him, his five sisters, and one brother. Rueben—the oldest—went to live with his father. Several blocks away his sisters and brother stayed with his mother. Despite their parents' divorce, the Mayes children learned the value of hard work. At one time or another all of them worked in their father's auto repair shop. They changed oil, swept floors, kept books—whatever needed to be done.

This kind of hard-working, responsible background helped Rueben to succeed in his athletic goals. He was a skinny sophomore running back for the North Battleford Vikings. At five foot nine and 135 pounds, he was hardly a prime candidate for the NFL. Furthermore, North Battleford was so small and remote that the Vikings didn't have a regular season. There just weren't that many other towns nearby to play football against. Sometimes the Vikings would go weeks at a time without a game and then play two games in different towns on the same weekend.

And, of course, winter comes early in Saskatchewan. Rueben wore a wool cap under his hel-

met and long Johns under his uniform. Even so, he led the Vikings to the Provincial AAA championship in his junior year. He gained 20 pounds before his senior year by lifting weights in the high-school gym. His routine started at 6:00 A.M., even on mornings when the temperature was -45 degrees Fahrenheit.

His high-school football coach, Don Hodgins, spent five months contacting colleges and universities in the United States, trying to find Rueben a football scholarship. No one thought that a Canadian running back could compete south of the border. At last, through some almost miraculous connections, Washington State University in Pullman offered Rueben a spot on its football team.

Success didn't come immediately. Rueben needed more coaching than most because he had been used to football Canadian-style. Canadian football is different from U.S. football. Twelve-man squads, for instance. And the dimensions of the playing field. Rueben's fellow players at Washington State called him Wrong-Way Mayes because he had trouble remembering the running plays. But he worked hard.

"He was such a driver, such a worker, that in the end he surpassed kids who had more talent as freshmen," the Washington State running-back coach said.

And, though he began with a disadvantage, Rueben thoroughly learned the ins and outs of American football. He was named All-American and Pacific-10 Offensive Player of the Year for two years in a row. Then he was drafted in the third round by the New Orleans Saints.

The thing about Rueben that has impressed the Saints most is his quiet, no-nonsense preparation to play the game. But he

also knows how to relax when it's time to relax. Fishing is a passion for him—whether it's angling on the banks of Lake Pontchartrain in New Orleans or ice fishing on Turtle Lake, 60 miles north of his hometown.

In fact he's as serious about fishing as he is about everything else in his life. He doesn't smoke, drink, or use drugs. And even in the off-season he concentrates on staying in the best possible shape.

"I call it my Rambo routine," he says with a smile. "The last couple of months before training camp, I'll start running hills and work out in the gym in the morning and afternoon."

He also enjoys working on his cabin across Puget Sound from Seattle, his off-season home. "I feel that if you maintain your conditioning, you'll last longer in the league. I've always believed that hard work and good mental approach and flexibility will make you successful."

**He's the first Canadian running back in the NFL. During his rookie year *Sports Illustrated* called him "a rabbit from the boonies."**

Rueben has continued to pursue his education in addition to other activities. "I'm two classes away from finishing my business administration degree," he says. He has talked of getting involved in the business side of football after his playing days are over.

But for the time being, the boardrooms will have to wait. At least as long as the fans in the Superdome keep chanting, "Roo, Roo, Roo!" ◇



# Club

## YOUR WAY TO FUN

**Want to have a good time and meet new friends? Join the club!**

Are your friends getting involved with things you want no part of? Are others pressuring you to use drugs? Are you afraid to say No for fear of losing your friends? There's a way to escape the pressure to use drugs and still have friends.

It's something that's been under your nose all along. Joining a club can give you the chance to enlarge your circle of friends and relieve the pressure of your current situation.

"Before I got involved in the Octagon Club, I was bored and just hung around with my friends all the time," says Danielle, a senior at LaGrange High School in Lake Charles, Louisiana. "They pressured me to smoke dope, but I didn't know if I really wanted to or not. Finally, I tried it, but I didn't like it. I decided I had to do something. One of my friends was in the Octagon Club and wanted me to join. I did. Now I'm the secretary of the club. I haven't used drugs since."

If your school is anything like Danielle's, it probably has a lot of interesting clubs that you don't even know about. Discovering what's available is as easy as walking to the principal's office and asking for a list of the

different clubs and club sponsors.

### Types of Clubs

Many clubs center around a common interest, such as the Art Club, Pep Club, Rodeo Club, French Club, or Young Christians in Action. Other clubs are youth chapters of common adult civic clubs in the community. Examples of these are the Octagon Club, Interact Club, and Key Club, which are the youth chapters of the Optimists, Rotarians, and Kiwanians. These service-oriented clubs are interested in improving the school and the community. Most school clubs have either open membership or very few requirements. They always want new members.

### Community Groups

In addition to the clubs at school, there are many community clubs you can join. These include the YMCA, YWCA, Boy Scouts, Girls Scouts, Boy's Club, Girl's Club, Junior Achievement, and various community hobby and music groups. Arts and humanities groups offer opportunities to act and dance.

Also, churches have youth groups.

### Athletics

Try out for school teams or take part in your community's recreation program. Most towns have organized leagues for various sports. To become a member of one of these teams, all you need to do is call the recreation department in your city. The telephone numbers of these organizations will be listed in the phone book under their individual names or under city services.

### Why Join a Club?

Joining a club lets you get away from whatever group is pressuring you to use drugs. As a member of a club, you'll have many opportunities to meet others with similar interests. These new acquaintances will become part of your circle of friends, giving you more options.

### Talk to the Sponsor

Contact the sponsor after you've decided what club or clubs to join. Find out exactly what the club is all about. Ask when the meetings take place, if

**Jeff Holmes**





there are special membership requirements, and any other questions you might have.

### Get Involved

Going to meetings and volunteering to help with activities is the only way to get involved. Even if you're not an outgoing person, if you attend meetings and are truly interested in helping, the other members will actively include you. You'll find yourself with many new friends and many new activities to take part in.

Joey, a 15-year-old sophomore, says, "I joined the French Club, and there were 115

people in the club. I felt like I was part of the crowd. But I volunteered to serve on the homecoming committee, and there were only 10 of us. If I hadn't volunteered, I would still be a zero."

Decide not to judge people on first impressions. Don't just walk in and say, "These people are a bunch of dorks. This club isn't for me." Get to know club members and find out what they're really like.

Clubs aren't the complete solution for avoiding drugs. Belonging to a club doesn't mean that you'll never again be pressured to use drugs. There will

probably be some club members who do drugs. But there will also be lots of people who don't that you can become friends with. And you'll be involved in activities that keep you away from the situations where drug use is most likely to occur.

Saying No to drugs in the face of overwhelming pressure from your friends isn't an easy thing to do. Give yourself the chance to relieve the pressure. Get involved with your school and community. You'll have more reasons than ever to say, "No thanks. I don't need drugs."



# YOU said it!

What's hip? What's happening? What's new? Here's the latest word from our best sources—you!

## What should you do when someone you know is dealing drugs?

If one of my friends were dealing, my concern would be that he or she would be caught, and *that* could get ugly. You have to take the cool approach when you're talking with someone your own age. I'd talk to him and try to make him see the consequences of getting caught. If he won't listen to reason, there's nothing much I can do. If he's dumb enough to deal drugs, he deserves whatever he gets if he's caught.

—Tracie Martin, La Selva, California

First you should be friendly to the person. Then ask him why he thinks he needs to deal drugs. Explain that even though he might be making lots of money, he's still killing the people he sells drugs to.

—Teymi DeShay, 13, Clarkesville, Maryland

If I knew someone who was dealing drugs, I would have to consider if it was one of my best friends or if it was someone else. If it was someone I wasn't well acquainted

with, I would probably talk to a close teacher or pastor about it. I suppose I would do the same for a really good friend.

—Joe Sproed, Moscow, Idaho

If you tell, you'd be considered a nark and alienated from your friends. If you keep quiet, you're safe. People still trust you, and you keep your friends. But you run the risk of having your friends who do drugs either kill themselves or harm others. Either way there are risks. It depends on your personal convictions and beliefs.

—Jill Scoggins, Modesto, California

I'd tell him about drugs, how harmful they are, and that he could hurt someone, including himself. I would tell him to stop dealing drugs because he would get caught sooner or later. If all else fails, then the problem should be taken to the police so they can stop the drug dealing.

—Sandra Gerstbrich, 15, Baltimore, Maryland

If you know someone who is dealing drugs, you should stay as far away as possible. Those people are nothing but trouble! They endanger their lives and could endanger yours too if you hang out with them. Even though you know what they're doing is wrong, narking (telling on them) isn't always the answer. Let the police do their job and stay out of it!

—Julie Webb, Lompoc, California

**Next Question:** Why do you think drinking is considered to be "cool"? Let us know how you feel in fewer than 200 words. If we publish your letter, we'll pay you \$15. Not bad, huh? Send your response to **You Said It**, LISTEN Magazine, 6830 Laurel St. NW, Washington, DC 20012. Please include your name, age, and home address.



# THE KITCHEN

FAST FACTS, SHORT SHOTS, AND  
MISCELLANEOUS MINUTIAE



In 1985 people rented 1,200,000,000 videocassettes.

—Harper's

The world's largest Monopoly game was played outdoors in 1987 on a "board" as big as 15 football fields. Huge foam rubber dice were thrown from a third-story fire escape, and players got game updates from bicyclists with walkie-talkies.

—National Geographic World

A typical drug-using criminal commits at least one crime a day on 255 days out of the year. When he quits using drugs, his crime days drop to 40 a year.

—(See "Lethal Weapons: Drugs and Crime," page 10.)

During 1987 U.S. teenage girls spent almost \$10 billion of their own money for clothes—an average of \$817 per girl.

—Youthworker Update

Teenage guys like to relax in the following ways: 35 percent watch TV, 18 percent play sports, 13 percent use computers, 12 percent go to malls. Music, miscellaneous activities, and after-school clubs account for the other 22 percent.

—Group

Cigarettes are the leading cause of fire deaths in homes, hotels, and health-care facilities.

—DAC Bulletin

Ancient Persian warriors carried cats with them when doing battle with the Egyptians; because Egyptians worshiped cats, they couldn't fight back. How's that for a secret weapon?

—USA Today

The top killer of Americans less than 40 years old is alcohol.

—American Council on Alcohol Problems

A Barbie doll found under the Christmas tree in 1958 or 1959 could be worth as much as \$2,500 today—if it's never been played with and is in its original box.

—National Geographic World

When 2,100 college students from 40 campuses across the country were surveyed, 38 percent said they believe that human life originated in the Garden of Eden.

—University of California Clip Sheet

Last year the Disneyland in Tokyo and California attracted the same number of visitors—12 million each.

—Time

On the average, children begin to have doubts about Santa Claus around age five, and most stop believing between seven and eight, according to one recent study.

—Psychology Today



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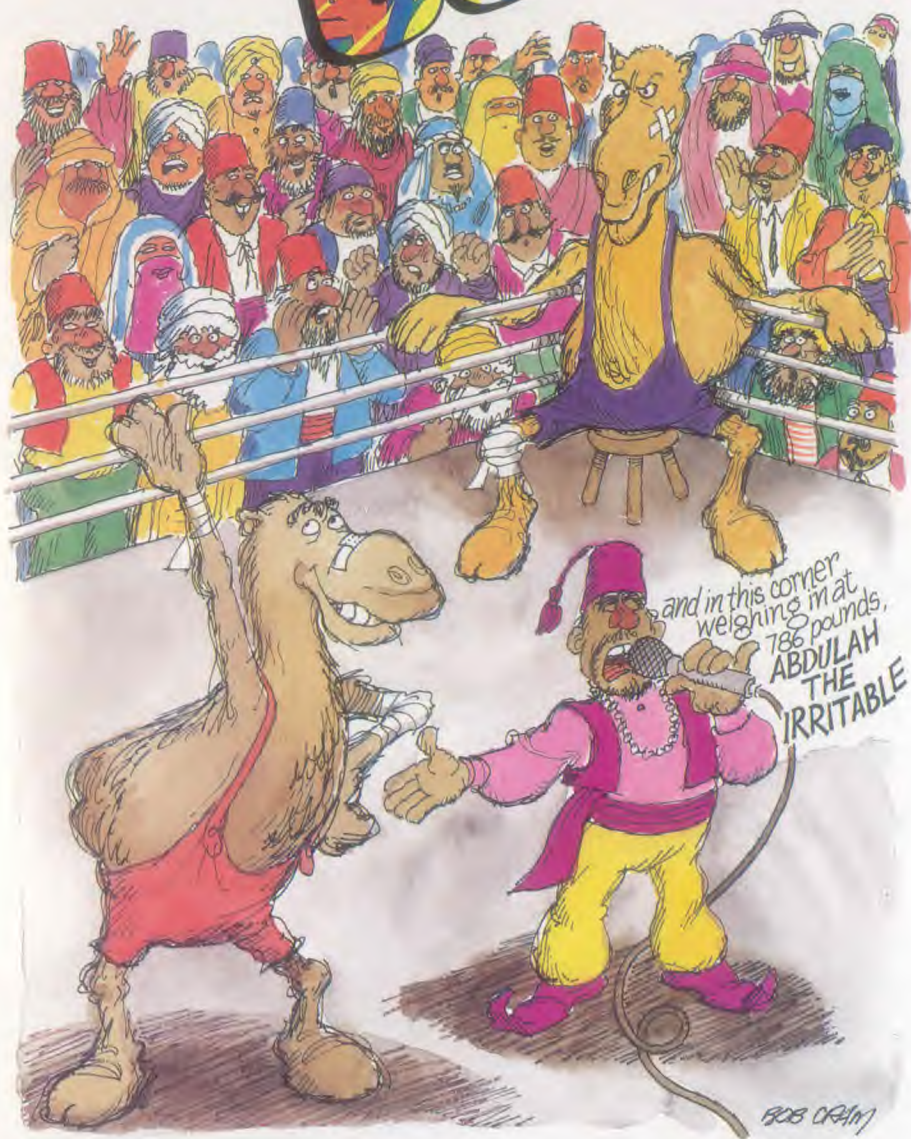
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# And So Forth



## One Hump or Two?

That's an important question—to Turkish camel wrestlers. The official rules say a wrestling camel must be the male offspring of a Bactrian (two-hump) father and a dromedary (one-hump) mother. Sound silly? Hey, last year the annual Camel Wrestling Festival in Selcuk, Turkey, drew 25,000 fans.

Before each match, the camels' jaws are bound shut to keep them from biting. Then camel owners lead them into the ring and goad them into a hump-bumping contest. A camel loses the match if his hump touches the ground or if he retreats from the ring.

Unfortunately, camel wrestling could soon fade into Turkish

sports history, according to camel owner Ali Ozer. "There have been no Bactrians in Turkey for the past 15 years," he says. "If the government does not import a few soon, this sport will be a thing of the past." Now that would leave a lump in your throat.

## Back to School

Adragon De Mello graduated from college with a bachelor's degree in mathematics last June. But he may have to go back to grade school. Adragon is 11 years old.

This kid said "hello" when he was six weeks old. He learned the alphabet when he was two and could read and write by age three. He programmed his computer using two different languages when he was six.

Now the freckle-faced math whiz wants to attend a university to study scientific programming and particle physics. "Of course, particle physics is contained in astrophysics, and astrophysics leads to the discovery of the creation of the universe," Adragon says. "That's what I'm interested in."

Uh-huh. But no California graduate programs will take him because he's so young. Yet California law requires all minors age 6 to 16 to be in school. Let's see if he can figure out *that* math problem.

## Fine Language

Better watch your mouth if you get pulled over by the police in Bavaria, Germany. A Munich newspaper survey found that insulting an officer can cost you big marks (German money). Bavarians who call the officer *damischer Bullen* (stupid bull) are fined an average of \$1,710. Some less costly insults include *Raubritter* (robber baron) at \$1,140, and *Depp* (idiot) at \$513. *Stinkstiefel* (stinky boot) is a bargain at \$51.

But words aren't the only thing that can hurt you. A flip of the middle finger could cost you \$855.



## CHRISTMAS CARS

Kathy Paulson

Most *LISTEN* readers who'd like to discover a car with their name on it under the Christmas tree will have to settle for finding cars inside this block of letters. There are 46 car names hidden here, and they may run horizontally, vertically, or diagonally, and forward or backward. See if you can "unwrap" them all.

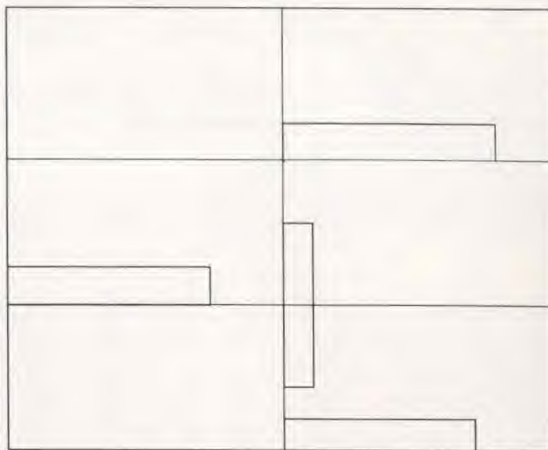
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SUNDANCERMRLDINCA  
KTMGTSRHNIAEAGLEOR  
ONILNAIIESCAMAROLR  
REROAAUATVNESCORO  
FCEWIRTRLKELECTRAN  
AXVSLMOSUAZTSHADOW  
DRIBERIFUSCMTNIRPS  
OMPGRANDAMAZNERIFE

Aerostar, Allante, Aries, Astro, Calais, Camaro, Caprice, Cavalier, Century, Chevette, Cimarron, Colt, Conquest, Corvette, Cougar, Daytona, De Ville, Diplomat, Eagle, El Dorado, Electra, Escort, Fiero, Firebird, Firenza, Grand Am, Lancer, LeBaron, Le Sabre, Lynx, Mustang, Nova, Omni, Raider, Regal, Reliant, Sable, Safari, Shadow, Skyhawk, Spectrum, Sprint, Sunbird, Sundance, Taurus, Voyager

## RECTANGLED

Rich Latta

How many rectangles are in the figure below?



"I think I know why so many cowboys died with their boots on."

CARTOON BY BETTY WOODS

## PUZZLE ANSWERS

"Rectangled"

24 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:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

NEW ADDRESS:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



# Listen UP!

## Thumbs Up



Congratulations to the **Canadian Parliament** for cracking down on cigarette ads. Starting January 1, all cigarette advertising is banned from newspapers and magazines. Tobacco ads will be illegal on billboards by 1991. Also beginning January 1, every pack of cigarettes sold in Canada will contain a leaflet which explains the dangers of cigarette smoking. Now, if only the U.S. will follow Canada's lead.



In other good news, **communities across America** are cracking down on adults who let teens hold booze parties in their homes. In the past, when police busted an underage drinking party, they had to chase the parties. Now, in some towns, the cops just fine the owners of the house \$500. Or maybe lock them away for up to 90 days. Some of the new laws also target adults who rent hotel rooms for minors to party in. No more "roach motels"?

## Thumbs Down



You've seen **Joe Piscopo** in those crazy TV ads for Miller Lite beer.

Sometimes he's the world's shortest basketball hustler. Other times he's a martial arts wizard who chops up pepperoni pizza with his bare hands. In real life Joe avoids red meat, swallows vitamins five times a day, and works out in his own gym. Yet he's willing to sell beer on TV. It makes dollars, Joe, but it doesn't make sense.



In case you haven't noticed, **alcohol and tobacco advertising** geared toward **Blacks** is way up. One study shows liquor marketers spend about 16 times as much on billboards directed to Black consumers as they spend on billboard advertising for the general public. If you want to do something to help stop the billboard madness, write to Patricia Taylor, Center for Science in the Public Interest, 1501 16th St. NW, Washington, DC 20036.

## Smokers Are Losers

Scientists from the University of Michigan interviewed 4,034 employees at a large manufacturing company. Results?

- Smokers are more than twice as likely to drink eight or more alcoholic drinks a week than nonsmokers.
- Smokers are more likely to use drugs.
- Smokers exercise less than nonsmokers.
- Smokers are less likely to use their seatbelts.
- Smokers are twice as likely to be in poor physical health.
- Smokers are 2.6 times more likely to have bronchitis or emphysema.

More bad news: women who smoke over a pack a day are 50 percent more likely to have facial hair than women who don't smoke.





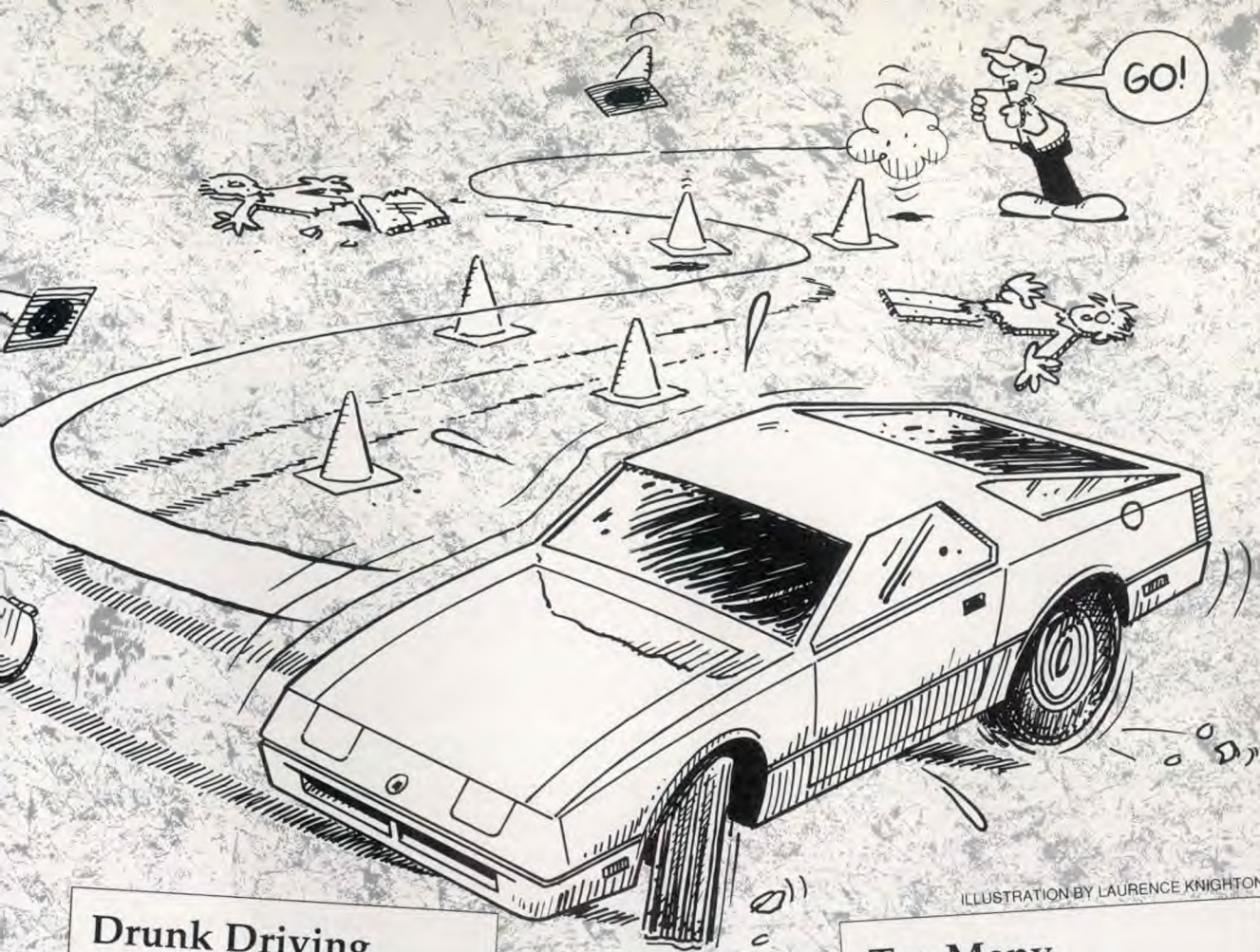


ILLUSTRATION BY LAURENCE KNIGHTON

## Drunk Driving by Computer

Ever wonder what it's like to drive drunk? You can find out by driving a computer-modified Dodge Daytona Shelby Z. It's part of a campaign called **Th!nk . . . Don't Drive and Drink**, sponsored by Dodge and Mothers Against Drunk Driving (MADD).

First you drive around a simple figure-eight course outlined with orange plastic cones. "Pop-up" pedestrians appear throughout the course and you try to avoid hitting them.

After you do the course "sober," an assistant enters your weight and the hypothetical number of drinks you have "consumed" into the car's on-board computer. Then you drive the course again, only this time the computer slows the car's steering and braking time to simulate what it's like to drive drunk. It really makes a difference.

## Join the Club

Quick! Name the burrowing African mammal with a round, piglike snout that feeds on ants and termites with its long, sticky tongue. The aardvark, of course! If you want to do more to promote this noble beast, join the **National Association for the Advancement of Aardvarks in America** by writing to NAAAA, 947 Perkins Avenue, Waukesha, WI 53186.

## Too Many Stupid Tests?

Public schools gave more than 100 million standardized tests nationwide during the 1986-87 school year—IQ tests, readiness tests, behavioral exams, placement exams. If you think that's too many tests, you're not alone. Standardized tests are not a fair way to measure achievement, says Monte Neill, a testing researcher from Cambridge, Massachusetts.

"Far too many standardized tests are inaccurate, inconsistent, and biased against minority, female, and low-income students," Neill says. He thinks schools should come up with better ways to determine achievement, and develop tests that measure real knowledge rather than a student's understanding of difficult vocabulary. Agree? Disagree? None of the above?



# One Last Note

## Standing Your Ground

The golden sun is lowering in the late afternoon sky, but no one has noticed. In a broad, dusty valley two Indian tribes are fiercely locked in combat.

Waves of screaming braves on horseback sweep back and forth across the open ground, waving clubs and lances over their heads, launching arrows in all directions. Cries of pain and rage rise above the thunder of the horses' hooves.

Just at the highest pitch of battle, a single brave leaps to the ground from the back of his horse. With a scream, he thrusts his lance firmly into the soil. By doing so, he declares that he will not leave this spot till the battle is over—whether he lives or dies. Taking a stand next to it, he shouts his defiance to the enemy.

This practice of the Dakota Sioux was a traditional sign of the highest bravery. Every young boy dreamed that he would someday be able to make such a stand, but it was only the very bravest who ever did so. If the man survived, he would return to the songs and praise of the old people and women and children in his home camp. If he were killed in such a stance, he would long be remembered as a hero among his people.

Today a battle of another kind is raging on all around us. It is just as fierce and deadly as a battle with clubs and lances and bows and arrows. You have read

about it in the newspapers, seen accounts of it on TV. You may even be directly involved in the fighting yourself. It is the war against drugs.

In the middle of all the death and destruction that drugs are causing in our society, some are doing their part by firmly declaring their decision to say No. They are thrusting their lances into the ground and taking a stand against drug use.

This is a decision that you can make at any age, but it isn't an easy thing to do. There is a lot of pressure to conform. Yet thousands of young people are losing their lives and their minds yearly. It takes great courage to take such a stand.

By saying No we can assure ourselves that we will be able to face life's problems and enjoy life's pleasures with a clear mind and healthy body. And, almost as important, when we say No, we may also influence someone else to take that stand. Those who do so are as heroic as the warrior on that prairie.

*Gary Swanson*

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**One man with courage  
makes a majority.**

**—Andrew Jackson**





# 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 **LIS-TEN** Community Crusade Against Drug and Alcohol Abuse. Through their support, **LIS-TEN** 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 your community, get involved in the Community Crusade Against Drug and Alcohol Abuse. **LIS-TEN** provides a year-round package plan of school assembly programs, lectures, and films designed and presented especially for your school district or com-

munity. Plus, your child will benefit from reading 12 exciting and colorful issues of **LIS-TEN** magazine. **LIS-TEN** is the only magazine for today's youth that presents hard-hitting facts about the dangers of drugs, alcohol, and tobacco.

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 **LIS-TEN** Com-

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