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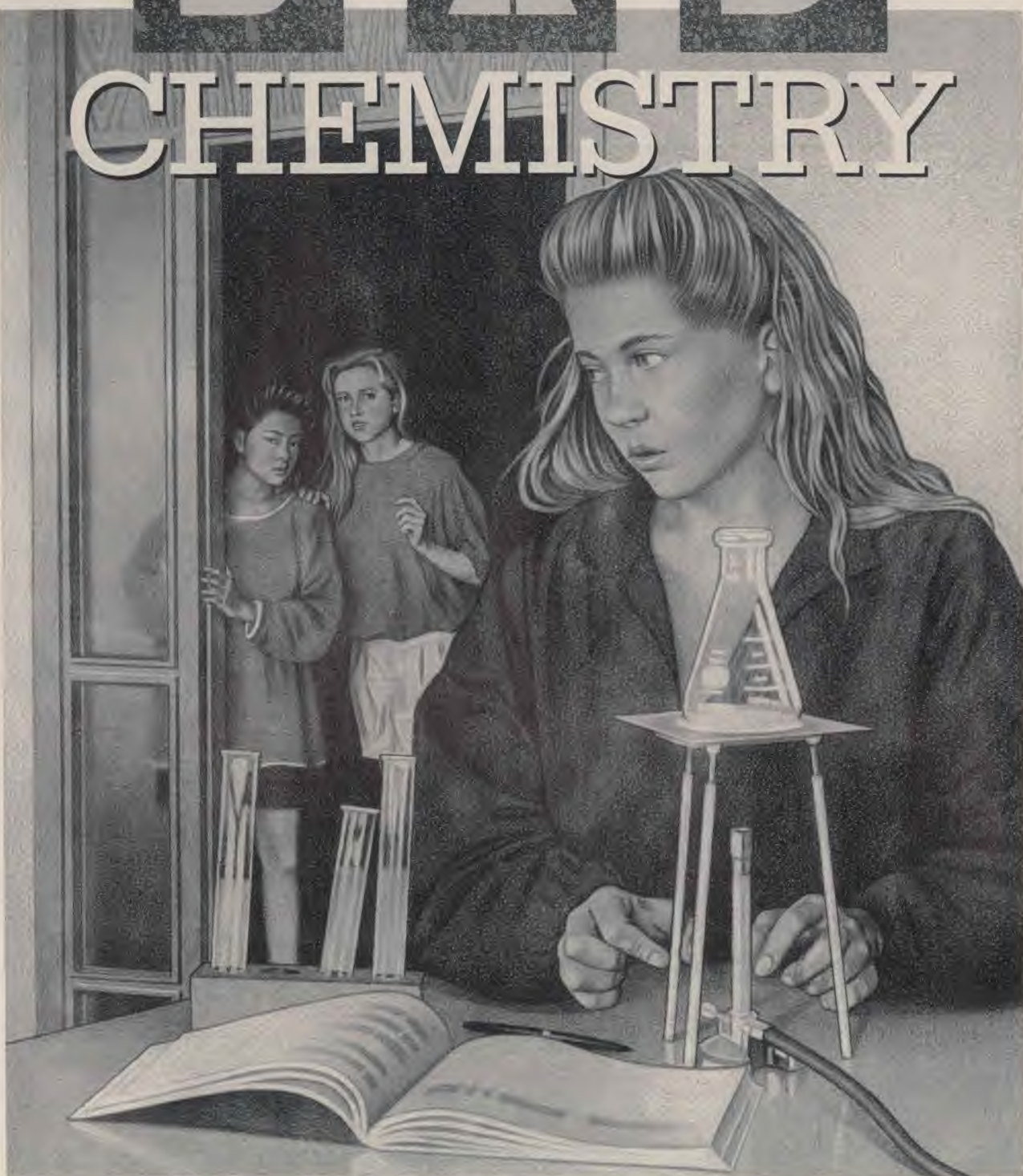
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BLAD CHEMISTRY



The “Heathers” of Central High circled like sharks when they discovered Marcie’s talent for beakers and Bunsen burners.

Central was my third high school in three years. I spent two months there before I made any progress meeting people. Oh, I hadn’t actually made any friends. But I had decided who I *wanted* for my friends. ►

Ann Herrick

At the two schools I'd attended before, I wandered into a couple of friendships by accident. It's not that my looks scare people or anything like that.

It's just that I'm not the best conversationalist in the world, even though I'm a good student. So I usually grabbed on to anyone who seemed the least bit inclined toward being my friend.

At one school a girl who was a member of some literary club turned out to be interested *only* in recruiting me for her club. I think she had to fulfill a quota.

At the next school my biology lab partner peered at me through thick, wavy-looking glasses and tried to pick his nose when he thought no one was looking. I think he admired me because I knew what I was doing. He couldn't even dissect a frog without putting on surgical gloves first.

So at Central, I decided things would be different. The really popular group at school—the crowd I wanted to join—had two leaders: Nicole Glass and Jessica Hill. Both are beautiful and always know exactly what to say. They have more boys flocking around them than they know what to do with.

I went on a campaign to get Nicole and Jessica to like me. I held doors open for them. I let them cut ahead of me in the lunch line. I even let Nicole use my gym towel once, because she'd forgotten to turn hers in for a new one the day before, and it was still damp. "Thanks, Marty," Nicole said.

"*Marcie*," I corrected. "My name's Marcie Greene."

One morning I was working the combination on my locker and watching Nicole out of the corner of my eye when I noticed that she elbowed Jessica, who then started walking toward me.

"Marty, could I ask you something?"

"It's Marcie," I said with a big smile. Who wants to go through high school answering to the wrong name?

"Oh, of course, Marcie." Jessica laughed a high, tinkly laugh. Then she lowered her voice. "Do you suppose you could do me a little favor?" She laughed again. "This sounds so silly. But this morning I spilled scrambled eggs all over my chemistry homework. It would take me forever to work out those redox equation problems again. So I was wondering—could I borrow yours? I'll get them back to you before chemistry class."

"Borrow my chemistry homework? Oh . . . well . . . sure." I fumbled through my notebook, pulled out my chemistry homework, and handed it to Jessica.

"Thank you," Jessica cooed.

Before I could even say, "You're welcome,"



Jessica turned away and was gone.

After lunch I began to get a bit concerned. I was on my way to chemistry class and Jessica still hadn't returned my homework. Just outside the door of the chemistry classroom someone tapped me on my shoulder.

It was Jessica. "Thanks, Marnie." She shoved my homework at me, whipping into the room so fast that I almost suffered from windburn.

"That's *Marcie*," I called after her. Then I noticed some spaghetti sauce smeared across the bottom of my homework.

After that it wasn't long before Nicole and Jessica started getting my name right. And I began to learn the names of some of the other kids that hung around them. One in particular. James Long. It turned out that he was new at Central too, and Nicole had taken him under her wing (so to speak) on the first day of school.

I could understand why. His tall, dark, broad-shouldered good looks certainly impressed me. He was different from the other guys who hung around Nicole and Jessica. He was more serious,



quieter. He glanced at me disapprovingly whenever I loaned my homework to Nicole or Jessica, which got to be almost every day. They said they just wanted to recheck their work if our answers weren't the same.

James happened to be standing by my locker one day when Jessica flew by, tossing my chemistry homework to me with a breathless, "Thanks."

"Marcie," said James, "can I ask you something?"

He stood so close to me that I had to tip my head back pretty far to look up at him. "Sure," I smiled. "What?"

"Why do you always let everybody copy your homework?"

I stopped smiling. "I don't let *anybody* copy my homework!"

"What do you think Nicole and Jessica do with it?"

"They check their answers against mine."

James shrugged. "If you say so. I was just wondering why a nice, intelligent, attractive girl like you would waste her time kissing up to two airheads like Nicole and Jessica."

"They're not airheads."

"They sure act like airheads," James said.

"And why shouldn't I hang around with them?" I said. "You do."

"Well, it's not much of an excuse, but I don't really know anybody else—yet. Besides, *some* of the people they know are nice."

"So you're just using them," I said.

He laughed. "I don't think anyone could use Nicole and Jessica. They're the experts at that."

"That's your opinion," I sniffed. "Excuse me. I have to get to class."

"I'll walk with you." He put his hand on my back and guided me through the crowded hallway. Even in my seat in chemistry class I could still feel the warmth of his hand. What bothered me was that I liked it.

Nicole borrowed my chemistry homework again the next morning. I wasn't sure I really wanted to give it to her, but I couldn't think of an excuse not to. I'd already let her borrow it so many times. But her invitation to eat with her at lunch more than made up for my qualms.

When I arrived at the lunch table, I could hardly believe all the eager, friendly, smiling faces that greeted me.

"Sit here," said Nicole, patting the chair between Jessica and herself.

I was honored. "Thanks," I murmured. The whole crowd was staring at me expectantly, including James. I wasn't sure what I was supposed to say or do. Fortunately, Nicole came to my rescue.

"Marcie," she said, "you've been at Central only a short time, but already we feel that you're a close friend."

I smiled my gratitude.

"You've been wonderful," Jessica gushed, "lending us your homework and all."

"Chemistry is such a difficult class," added Nicole. "And Moger is so tough."

I nodded.

"You've never taken a test in one of his classes," said Nicole. "They're not only hard, they're absolutely unfair."

"Really?" I was surprised. Mr. Moger wasn't an easy teacher, but he seemed fair to me.

"Nobody, but nobody, ever does well on any of his tests," said Jessica. "We could really use your help."

"My help? Why didn't you say so in the first place? I'd be glad to help," I babbled. "I could tutor—"

Nicole put her hand on my arm. "Moger likes you. I can tell. He wouldn't suspect anything if you asked to stay after school to work in the lab one day."

"What are you getting at, Nicole?" said James.

Nicole smiled at him, then turned back to me. "Moger keeps his tests in that file cabinet behind his desk. It would be easy for someone to sneak

in there, find the answer sheet for next week's exam, copy the answers, and put it all back. He'd never know."

"That's a lousy idea." James stood up suddenly, sending his chair crashing to the floor. "It's cheating." He stalked out of the lunchroom.

Unruffled, Nicole said, "It wouldn't be cheating. Moger's tests are *unfair*. Getting the answers would just make up for that, don't you see?" She smiled sweetly but gripped my arm harder.

"I s-see," I stammered. I had invested so much time and effort into my friendship with Nicole and Jessica that I didn't know how I could back out. Besides, if Mr. Moger's tests were really unfair, I convinced myself, maybe somebody *should* do something about it. I agreed to find the answer sheet and copy it. Nicole and Jessica acted as though we were all best friends for the next few days.

James, however, avoided me, at least until the afternoon that I had arranged to stay after school and "work" in the lab. He caught me just as I was about to go through the door to the lab.

"Marcie, wait." He put his hand under my chin and forced me to look up at him. "Do you really want to go through with this?"

"No."

"Then don't do it!"

"I have to," I explained. "Nicole and Jessica are my friends. If I disappoint them, they'll probably never speak to me again."

"Nobody needs friends who like you only if you do them a favor by helping them cheat."

"There you are, Marcie." It was Mr. Moger. "Are you ready to do that experiment?"

"I, uh, I . . . yes," I said meekly. I followed Mr. Moger into the lab.

I had done all my lab experiments, but I told Mr. Moger that I wanted to repeat one of them so I could check my results. He didn't seem at all suspicious, which only made me feel worse.

Just as I finished setting up, Mr. Moger told me that he had to go to the office, but he'd be back in 15 minutes. That was my opportunity to find the answer sheet.

My heart pounded as I tiptoed to the back of Mr. Moger's desk. I opened the bottom file-cabinet drawer. Nicole said she had seen him putting tests and answer sheets in there. I gazed at the row of folders. My hands shook and my knees trembled as I searched for the answer sheet. My deodorant failed completely.

My head felt as if it were going to explode. I slammed the drawer shut and ran back to my experiment. I couldn't copy the answer sheet. I just couldn't bring myself to do it.

Mr. Moger walked back into the room whistling. He hadn't been gone even two minutes. "I forgot this." He held up a folder for me to see as

he headed down the hall again.

I managed a sickly smile for him. After my heart resuscitated itself, I cleaned up my lab equipment and put it away. When Mr. Moger returned, I mumbled a hurried thanks as I left, hoping he wouldn't notice that I hadn't been there long.

Nicole and Jessica were waiting for me by my locker. "Well," said Nicole. "Did you get all the answers?"

James was at his locker. I could tell he was listening to us.

"No," I said. I suppose I could've pretended that I hadn't had a chance to copy the answers, but I was afraid they'd want me to try again. "I changed my mind. I didn't steal the answers, but I'll help you study if you want me to."

Jessica stood there with her mouth open. Nicole glared at me.

"Are you kidding?" Nicole sneered. "If I want to study, I don't need *you*." She tugged at Jessica's sleeve. "Come on. Let's go."

I watched them round the corner; then I slumped against my locker. All my efforts had been wasted. Nicole and Jessica would never be my friends. I was doomed to walk the halls of Central alone.

"Hi." It was James. "I saw Mr. Moger leave you alone in the lab. You *could* have copied the test answers, couldn't you?"

"Yes," I said. "And I could even have gotten caught at it too. He practically did a U-turn back into the lab."

"You were lucky."

"Yes, I changed my mind about copying the answers just in time. I saved my skin, but I blew my friendship with Nicole and Jessica."

"So?"

Actually, I didn't feel any great personal loss. "So . . . now I'll never be in with the most popular crowd at school." All of a sudden that seemed unimportant.

"They may be the most visible," said James, looping his hand through one of mine. "But there are plenty of people who are much nicer."

"I-I suppose." My hand tingled clear up to my elbow. "But how am I *ever* going to get to know any of them?"

"First of all," said James, "you can start by just being yourself. Then you can be friends with me. Two isn't much of a crowd, but it's a start."

"Good idea!" I looked up at James. I had never noticed what a beautiful shade of green his eyes were before. I shook off a prospective fainting spell.

"McDonald's isn't much on atmosphere, but let's go get a milkshake or something. My treat."

"I'd like that." It was the start of a beautiful friendship.

Fred S. Miller



OARSMANSHIP 1·0·1

From boisterous college teams to solitary morning journeys, pulling oars offers more than exercise for the Ivy League. Row, row, row your boat into the fitness wave 150,000 people already enjoy.

Six-thirty on a Monday morning finds traffic snaking slowly past Washington, D.C.'s, Kennedy Center. A few hundred yards away, voices drift up from the Potomac River as a long, low boat filled with sweat-shirted, tousle-haired rowers glides by in the steam rising off the iron-gray water. It's the Georgetown University rowing team, and they're moving faster than pre-rush-hour traffic.

Rowing burns even more calories than swimming, helps the body process oxygen almost

twice as efficiently, and uses all the major muscle groups. It can be a solitary sport or a team endeavor. Competition opportunities range from hometown meets to the Olympics. Many people don't compete at all: they work the oars to have fun or to make friends. Rowing is one of America's fastest growing personal sports. According to Maureen Merhoff, of the U.S. Rowing Association in Indianapolis, the number of rowers has doubled in the past three years to more than 150,000. ➤

A repetitive, wonderfully simple exercise, rowing is also a complicated sequence of demanding physical motions. Novices and experienced rowers alike know that this sport taxes both stamina and coordination.

Whether pursued as hobby, sport, or casual pastime, rowing is simply the act of propelling a small boat using muscle power alone to pull oars fitted on opposing sides of the hull (body) of the boat. In an age of expensive and all-too-specialized exercise machines, thousands of men and women of all ages are discovering the benefits—and simplicity—of rowing for health and pleasure

The Rowing Evolution

Rowing was formerly considered the province of the aristocracy—a tea-and-crum-pets race contrivance popular with the Ivy League colleges in the States and exclusive English schools and universities. But when the masses discovered rowing's recreational aspects, a rapidly growing number of schools and amateur rowing programs popularized racing in fast, light "shells" propelled by as many as eight men or women. Team rowing is a long-recognized Olympic sport whose number of participants is second only to those for track and field events.

Former Houston Oilers linebacker Bob Allen of Annapolis, Maryland, knows the value of conditioning and keeping in shape—and he's seen a variety of tortuous exercises during his career as a professional athlete.

"I'm always amazed at how easy rowing makes it to get in shape and stay that way," says Allen, who is now a yacht broker. "It's a repetitive,

smooth motion, there's no strain, and the entire sequence is just so relaxing."

Relaxing? You'd expect one of his workouts to be pretty strenuous. But Allen rows for the health of it, not in the racing arena that some choose. When he's out on the water, he's by himself.

"It's very quiet, right down at the same level as the water," he says. "And you don't really have to think. That may be what I like best about it."

Row, Row, Row Your Boat

Rowing is a flexible sport, allowing the individual to set his or her own pace and move up to the next level when ready. Also, rowing offers its devotees a variety of ways to enjoy the sport.

Beginners can start by rowing a simple pram or skiff on a protected lakefront or river near home. These types of boats

can be rented or bought cheaply and provide a good way to try out rowing before making an expensive commitment.

Another initial approach is to get the same kind of workout indoors on a rowing machine, which duplicates the motions and resistance of real rowing. George Walker, vice president at Herman's World of Sporting Goods, says that rowing machines have surpassed exercise bikes in sales, even though bikes have been mass marketed for twice as long.

Or try "sculling" a recreational shell. A shell is a special kind of rowing vessel, long and lean and light, which offers the rower (sculler) the advantages of a sliding seat and the ability to get some real speed from the workout.

To appreciate the concept of a sliding seat, think about what propels a rowboat. It's so simple it's deceptive. When you



pull forward on the inboard (inside the boat) end of the oar, the pivot point (oarlock) on the side of the boat causes the blade outside the boat to move aft (toward the stern, or back of the boat). The blade digs into the water, and the boat moves forward. That's why rowers face backwards.

When rowers sit on a fixed seat and row, their arms and back provide the horsepower, while their feet are braced against something stationary in the boat. But a century ago, competitive oarsmen discovered that they could literally grease their pants and *slide* on a flat centerline plank set along the length of the boat. This allowed their legs and thigh muscles to be used to generate more power more efficiently. Today a small movable seat rolls on a double track in the bottom of the boat. Sliding-seat rowing uses nearly all the body's muscle groups.

Rowing, which now competes with running for the major share of avid exercisers, dramatically aids in lowering both body weight and blood pressure. A half-hour workout

several times a week measurably improves the body's oxygen-processing efficiency in only a few weeks.

Contrary to the assumption that rowers must live on the coastline to enjoy their sport, rowing is best done on relatively flat water. Even a farm pond or slow creek or river is better for rowing than rough ocean water.

Rowing for Fun—and Profit

Jason Deane, a high-school sophomore in Worcester, Massachusetts, plays baseball, listens to rock music, and gets Bs. Jason isn't a health nut, but sports are a big part of his life. So when he came home from the Newport, Rhode Island, boat show nearly three years ago and announced to his parents that he wanted to get into rowing, they weren't surprised.

But what did impress them—and a lot of his school buddies—was his follow-through. Thirty-something months of shoveling snow, mowing lawns, and raking leaves (and keeping his target in mind) made him the proud owner of a fairly expensive racing shell. Although Jason's high school doesn't have a rowing team, he intends to train regularly, with a college scholarship as his final goal.

You don't have to be an athlete to get into rowing, although you might end up one. Rowing is the kind of sport that lets you train as little or as much as you want. It's habit-forming in a very positive way: the more you do it, the better you feel and the more you'll want to row, row, row your boat. ■



Rowing: Read All About It

A good paperback for those interested in sliding-seat rowing is Bruce C. Brown's *Stroke!*, International Marine Publishing Co., Camden, Maine 04843. Another good source is the *Rowing Merit Badge Pamphlet*, published by the Boy Scouts of America.

Several excellent national magazines also promote and explain the sport. Check out those listed below:

Small Boat Journal
P.O. Box 804
Farmingdale, NY 11737

American Rowing
US Rowing Association
1-800-627-2834

Row Magazine
4390 Bodega Ave.
Petaluma, CA 94952

If you want to get into competitive rowing, join a group or club. There are over 500 rowing clubs in the U.S., according to Maureen Merhoff of the U.S. Rowing Association. Call toll free 1-800-627-2834 to find the one nearest you.



THE ROCK 'N' ROLL

PHOTO BY EDDIE WOLF / A&M RECORDS

JANET JACKSON

PHOTO COURTESY POLYGRAM RECORDS

BON JOVI

PHOTO BY PAUL MATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE

STING

They're talkin' about global warming, AIDS, and the drug wars. Lyrically, some musicians are revolutionizing youth-think with a focus on better living.

Revolution!

Music advocating social change was born in the sixties, lullabied by Bob Dylan and acoustic guitars. The daisy chains are gone, but the past

decade's rockers—from pop artists to metal heavies—have transposed their concern about everything from acid trips to acid rain into slick, million-dollar melody.

Sting crusades for the rain forests; Greenpeace has a video on MTV; performers unite for concerts like USA for Africa and Farm Aid; Tracy Chapman protests social injustice; KRS-One of Boogie Down Productions raps for education and against drug dealing and police brutality.

In August 1989 "Metallisti" Bon Jovi, Motley Crue, Cinderella, the Scorpions, Ozzy Osbourne, and Skid Row rocked the USSR at the Moscow Music Peace Festival, protesting drug use.

Ain't Rock 'n' Roll to Me

Crusading for jungle foliage and the 1990 corn crop won't affect the *music*. But would

“Drugs won't make me a better singer or song writer. Besides, I want to remember playing Moscow.”

—JON BON JOVI

living drug free turn Motley Crue into the Carpenters? “We’re not toning down our show. If anything, we’ll be overly aggressive,” Motley Crue bass player Nikki Sixx told *USA Today* before the band’s Moscow performance. The Crue wanted to prove a rock band could be wild without alcohol and other drugs.

Jon Bon Jovi, the first celebrity to appear in MTV’s Rock Against Drugs ads, told *USA Today*, “Drugs won’t make me a better singer or songwriter.

Janet L. Conley

Besides, I want to remember playing Moscow.”

What Goes Up

Although antidrug activism in rock music is trendy, drug-related rock themes still invade the lyrics. “Most things are pro-drug, unfortunately,” says Dave Rubin, a compact disc buyer at Tower Records in Washington, D.C. “Most of the antidrug songs I can think of are heavy metal songs like Metallica’s ‘Master of Puppets.’ That’s about heroin. A lot of times, for example with Metallica, there’s been a member of the band who’s died from an overdose and the other members in the band write a song about it.”

Antidrug lyrics don’t guarantee a band’s conversion to the lifestyle, however. According to *Rolling Stone*, Metallica’s nickname is “Alcoholica.”

In spite of the contradictions, pop culture is grinding out antidrug themes faster than Elvis shook his pelvis. Why? Surely Nancy Reagan didn’t change the views of the leather and hair-spray crowd with the “Just Say No” campaign. What makes a “square” trend suddenly hip? ➤

Necessity. Fear. Personal experience.

"One member of the Red Hot Chili Peppers died from an overdose about a year ago, and the band came out with a song cautioning against overindulgence," says Suci Tayler, also a buyer at Tower. "It's called 'Knock Me Down,'" She quotes, "'If you see me getting mighty, if you see me getting high, knock me down.'"

Back in Time

With the revival of classic rock groups like the Rolling Stones and the Grateful Dead, many rockers remember the tragic alcohol- and drug-overdose-related deaths of 1960s and 1970s musicians—Janis Joplin, Ron "Pigpen" McKernan of the Grateful Dead, Jim Morrison of the Doors, Jimi Hendrix, Keith Moon of the Who—the list is longer than Cher's legs.

"In the sixties and seventies drug use was in, but it got so bad, and so many people died, that now it's just not hip," says Greg Drebin at MTV in New York City. "Now it's more like if you do drugs, you're a loser. The hip thing now is to be socially conscious, and being antidrug is another part of that."

Getting high in the spotlight was once a musician's key to cool. The current trend is toward well-publicized detox. Aerosmith tried both options over the past decade. The band's career ranged from top-of-the-charts to near break-up. Lead singer Steven Tyler called himself a "garbage head," hooked on drugs from heroin to Valium. Finally, the band chose between drugs and music. In 1984, all five members entered rehab programs—Tyler for the fourth time. Now the band follows the Alcoholics Anonymous 12-step plan and acts as its own support group. Tyler once asked Slash from Guns N'

Roses not to drink around him—he doesn't want the temptation.

Besides successfully cleaning up their act, Aerosmith managed to hitch being on the wagon to a star—their album *Pump* premiered at number seven on the *Rolling Stone* chart.

We Don't Need No Regulation?

From Buddy Holly to the Beatles to Black Sabbath, rock 'n' roll has taken a bashing for promoting the "liberal" arts—especially drug use. Parents, perhaps with a premonition of "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," lowered the volume when the Fab Four bopped into the States in 1964. In 1971 Vice President Spiro Agnew crusaded to rid pop music of drug references. In 1985 Tipper Gore and the Parent's Music Resource Center (PMRC) battled record-company officials and rock activists like Frank Zappa. The

PMRC demanded a rating system for rock recordings much like the movie rating system.

What they got was a voluntary agreement from some record companies. Regulation is not the soul of sobriety, however. Trend and experience proved stronger lyrical influences.

Antidrug themes in pop music existed long before their 1980s publicity explosion. Randy Austin at Olsson's, a record store in Washington, D.C., cites the sixties group Paul Revere and the Raiders. "They did a song called 'Kicks,'" he says, quoting, "'Kicks just keep getting harder to find, kicks won't bring you peace of mind . . . girl, you better get straight before it's too late.'"

Even in 1966—the age of psychedelic rock—The Mamas and The Papas sang "Strange Young Girls" about girls on the Sunset Strip "offering their



youth/on an altar of acid."³

In 1977 Lynyrd Skynyrd recorded "That Smell." "Stuck a needle in your arm/So, take another toke,/ Have a blow for your nose,/One more drink, fool, will drown you." The chorus said, "The smell of Death's around you."⁴

More recently, Howard Jones sang "Little Bit of Snow," about cocaine. "Please don't throw

you away . . . don't destroy yourself in a little bit of snow."⁵

"The slick, funny opener, 'My Bag,' mocks a self-obsessed cokehead flying through a snowstorm," says writer Sheila Rogers in her *Rolling Stone* review of Lloyd Cole and the Commotions' *Mainstream* album. The song lyrics ridicule surrender to the drug when Cole sings that the addict is the drug's 'yes man.'

Prince, who has several songs that appear to be antidrug, says this in "Play in the Sunshine": "We wanna play in the sunshine/we wanna be free/without the help of a margarita or extacy [sic]."⁶

When writer Neal Karlan interviewed Prince for *Rolling Stone* magazine, he attended the rehearsal of one of Prince's protégé bands, and noted in his article, "On a table in front of the band are piles of fruit and a couple bags of Doritos. No drugs, no booze, no coffee."

Ch-ch-changes

Motley Crue's "Dancing on Glass" describes addiction: "I've been through hell/And I'm never goin' back/To Dancing on Glass . . . Need one more rush/Then I know, I

know I'll stop/One extra push/Last trip to the top."⁷ DeeJay Scott Shannon of the top 30 *Rockin' America* countdown cites "Dr. Feelgood" as another antidrug song. In "Dr. Feelgood" the Crue sings about a "Candycaine" dealer in Hollywood. "He's gonna be your Frankenstein," they warn.⁸

"One member of Motley Crue, Vince Neil, was convicted of killing the drummer of another metal band, Hanoi Rocks, and critically injuring two others in a drunk driving crash in 1985," says Jennifer Norwood of the PMRC. The PMRC also cites an article in the magazine *Kerrang* in which the band appears to advocate drug use.

But that's not the end of the story. Neil became a spokesperson for Rock Against Drugs. In 1986 Crue member Nikki Sixx entered a drug rehab center to kick his heroin habit. Three years later, Motley Crue performed at the Moscow Music Peace Festival, the antidrug event which Doc McGhee, their co-manager at that time, arranged through the Make a Difference Foundation. MADF is an antidrug organization McGhee founded to satisfy his own probation requirements from a drug importation conviction. Maybe leopard-print spandex can change its spots.

Never Judge a Book by Its Cover

Ever heard of the Sugarcubes, XTC, the Mary Jane Girls? Bands whose names mean methamphetamine, LSD, and marijuana, right? Not necessarily. What a song really means, what a band really stands for, or how consistent its message is can always be debated.

Some songs traditionally knocked as drug-related have nothing to do with getting high.

"In the sixties and seventies drug use was in, but... so many people died that now it's just not hip. Now it's more like if you use drugs, you're a loser."

—GREG DREBIN, MTV



Peter, Paul, and Mary's 1963 number-two hit, "Puff the Magic Dragon," isn't about marijuana. Cornell University student Lenny Lipton wrote the song in 1959. His inspiration was a poem by Ogden Nash about the "Really-o Truly-o Dragon." He also wrote about his own "loss of innocence, and having to face an adult world," he says in *Behind the Hits: Inside Stories of Classic Pop and Rock and Roll*, by Bob Shannon and John Javna.

Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit," however, was a national hit in 1967 before the Nixon administration and the FCC looked at the *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* inspired lyrics. Alice's pills and magic mushrooms, her changing perceptions and sizes, and the caterpillar's hookah finally got the song taken off the airwaves. Composer Grace Slick says the song isn't about drugs. Still, some say Alice's creator, the nineteenth-century author Lewis Carroll, had some psychedelic inspiration. The moral of the story: don't be too quick to pin on the halo—or the scarlet letter.

Hitting the High Note

Janet Jackson attacked drug pushers with a \$200,000, half-hour music video for MTV in October 1989—*Janet Jackson's Rhythm Nation 1814*. The video portrays the conflict between drugs and music. Two inner-city boys start a band. One boy shines shoes and loves the music; the other works for drug dealers and never has time to practice. In the end, the innocent boy dies in a drug-related shooting, and his friend is left to deal with the guilt.

Some people use, so some sell, so some die in drug wars. Their talent goes to the grave with them just as if they'd overdosed, the video implies. A sign on a crumbling wall in the video reads, "We are in a race

between education and catastrophe."

Feed Your Head

Pop culture is running that race. But what kind of education can an antidrug video like *Rhythm Nation* provide? How many people will hear a couple of Motley Crue songs?

MTV has 29 million subscribers. And teens listen to music four to six hours a day. According to the PMRC, that's 11,000 hours between the seventh and twelfth grades, equalling all classroom hours between first grade and the senior prom.

"You can still have fun and you can still be rebellious without drugs."

—DOC MCGHEE
Manager of Bon Jovi

The Times, They Are A-Changin'

Doc McGhee, who manages Bon Jovi and used to co-manage Motley Crue, compared the Moscow Music Peace Festival to Woodstock—with a twist: "The message many people came away from the Woodstock experience with was that drugs were OK, even a necessary part of the rock-and-roll experience," he told the *Washington Post*. "A lot of lives have been lost because of that over the last 20 years, and we are trying in these concerts to say that drugs don't have to be a part of rock. You can still have fun and you can still be rebellious without drugs—and the bonus is you will have a better chance of living."

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THE KITCHEN

FAST FACTS, SHORT SHOTS, AND MISCELLANEOUS MINUTIAE

Sink

In 1989 at least seven cities broke their records for number of homicides in one year. Experts almost unanimously blame drugs—especially crack—for the murder surge.

—Time

Food travels an average of 1,300 miles after harvest before it's eaten.

—Hippocrates

Americans annually produce 158 million tons of garbage, enough to fill a convoy of 10-ton trucks stretching half the distance from the earth to the moon.

—National Geographic World

The job a schoolteacher does is as important as that of a member of Congress, according to 72% of Americans.

—Harper's

A survey of more than 1,000 13- to 17-year-olds has found that 42% of the smokers in the group started because their friends smoke. Another 30% say they started because of peer pressure.

—Response Research of Chicago

U.S. teenagers get syphilis or gonorrhea at the rate of 623 per day.

—Children's Defense Fund

Sports pros who moonlight as musicians include quarterback Joe Montana, who does backup vocals for Huey Lewis and the News; second baseman Steve Sax, who's played drums with the Beach Boys; and basketball player Byron Scott, who's recorded an album with one of The Temptations.

—Sports Illustrated For Kids

There are 129 billion pennies in circulation, enough for each person in the nation to have 524.

—U.S. Mint

Jon Bon Jovi, who appears in MTV's Rock Against Drugs ads, says, "Drugs won't make me a better singer or songwriter."

—(See "The Rock 'n' Roll Revolution," page 10)

Sink your teeth into these stats: 8 out of 10 people eat corn on the cob around the ear, circularly; 53% eat spaghetti by winding it on a fork.

—Youthworker Update

Every day 2.7 million Dunkin' Donuts get consumed.

—USA Today

School-skipper data: only 36% of blacks cut classes, followed by 42% of whites and Asians, 43% of Hispanics, and 52% of American Indians.

—Group



DEBBYE TURNER—

From Sequins to Scrubs

The glittering gowns will hang limply on their hangers when Miss America 1990 hands over her crown and slips into something more comfortable—veterinary scrubs.

She entered the Miss Arkansas pageant three times and never snagged the crown. Then, after moving to Missouri to attend school, she won the Miss Missouri pageant and went on to beat out 80,000 other hopefuls (narrowed at state pageants to 50) for the 1990 Miss America title.

Debbie Turner didn't want to become Miss America so she could ride in stretch limousines, receive free clothes, and dine with the President, although those are nice benefits. She doesn't have anything against the \$42,000 in scholarships, the new white Corvette, or the \$200,000 she'll make for personal appearances, either. But one major reason Debbie entered the Miss America Pageant system was so she could talk with teenagers about something very close to her heart—"motivating youth to excellence," as she puts it.

"I think it's very important, but very hard for teenagers just to be themselves, because they don't know who they are yet," says Debbie.

The sixty-third Miss America is a 24-year-old senior at the University of Missouri School of Veterinary Medicine. She can still recall how tough it was to make the right decisions as a teenager.

"When I was a freshman in high school, I remember how badly I wanted to be popular



and to act as if I knew what was going on, but I didn't have a clue," Debbie says. "I made some really bad decisions, and as a result, my grades slid and my parents were unhappy with me, and I was unhappy with myself."

Although she's not that far out of her teens, she can look back and realize how immature some of her actions were. "I remember talking about other kids and making fun of them if they were different, laughing at them in the halls at school," she says.

"That was really hurtful, and I did it just to make myself look better with the popular gang. But soon I realized that how I felt about myself was more important than who saw me with whom at the local pizza parlor."

Debbie shares these personal experiences with the teenagers she meets (as Miss America she makes more than 200 public appearances). She hopes to help teens become more conscious of

behavior that she believes is negative and destructive.

Debbie herself discovered that the decisions she made in high school would have a big impact on her future. "I just didn't realize how close the future really was at that time." Debbie learned to speak her mind and to make her own decisions instead of always doing what everyone else did.

When she graduated from high school in Jonesboro, Arkansas, she had a 4.0 grade point average. Her commitment to excellence also won her a scholarship at the veterinary school where she now has a 3.9 GPA.

As a veterinary student, Debbie has treated a wide variety of animals, ranging from a four-day-old Vietnamese pot-bellied pig to a 2,000-pound Hereford bull. She gives shots to prevent diseases, stitches up cuts and wounds, and helps when an animal is giving birth. After getting her degree, she wants to teach and specialize in treating cats.

"We always had lots of cats around the house. The summer I was 13, I did some volunteer work with our local veterinarian," Debbie remembers. "All I really did then was scoop poop from the pens, but from that summer on, I knew what I wanted to be, and I knew I'd have to work hard to get there."

Debbie loved science and

Diana Lambdin Meyer

Debbie plays the marimba for the Miss America talent competition.



PHOTO BY JOHN FRANK/CP NEWS



Morning news co-host Deborah Norville interviews Debbie on NBC's "Today" show.

PHOTO BY JOHN FRANK/CP NEWS

A popular role model, Debbie signs autographs for happy fans and young Miss America hopefuls.



PHOTO BY BRUCE MEYER/CP NEWS

even kept jars containing puppy fetuses in her room. She brought home stray animals and cried when she saw the movie *Bambi*. Her mother, Gussie Turner, a missionary evangelist, and counselor at the University of Arkansas, says Debbye was always more interested in real animals than in teddy bears.

Miss America 1990 encourages other young people to become aware of their career options at an early age too. She advises them to spend a day with someone who does the job they're interested in—visit a local construction worker, doctor, police officer, newspaper editor, and so on.

"Determine your future now by taking hold of every opportunity," Debbye says. "Don't wait for someone else or your own mistakes to determine your future for you."

As a teenager Debbye also participated in choir, dance, and gymnastics, as well as mastering the marimba, a 200-pound instrument she played at the Miss America talent competition. She believes extracurricular activities are important for teenagers. "You learn self-discipline and an appreciation for the hard work it takes to become the best at something," she says.

Debbye's variety of experiences helped her at the pageant. She received high marks for grace, poise, and talent. "When I was 14, I never thought those lessons would really pay off for me 10 years later," she says.

Debbye, who is five feet seven and a half inches tall and weighs 118 pounds, won first place in the pageant's swimsuit competition, the most criticized segment of the program. Debbye, however, approaches it as an opportunity to reinforce the importance of exercise, proper diet, and taking care of the body in general.

"Once in a while I pig out on

pizza and chocolate chip cookies, but I also make an effort to eat a strong balance of fruits and vegetables," she says. She stays in shape by riding an exercise bike while studying.

Today, Debbye says she prefers being respected to being popular. She happens to be one of the most popular and respected young women in the country. Although she has dozens of close friends, she doesn't have—and has never had—a steady boyfriend. She admits to "a very good friend" whom she dated in high school and college, but says, "When the time is right, I believe God will send along the right man for me."

Debbye tells teenagers not to worry about developing the right relationship. Work on creating a friendship first, and don't compromise beliefs just for a relationship, she advises.

Though Debbye grew up in a single-parent home, she talks fondly of "loving parents" and a stable, happy childhood. Her father, Frederick C. Turner, Jr., is a retired lieutenant colonel living in Texas. Her mother taught Debbye and her older sister Suzette to try their hardest at every task and always to be concerned for the less fortunate.

"My strongest memories of holidays are of eating our family dinner together, then packing a meal and visiting the elderly shut-ins in our community," Debbye says. She and her sister were also required to help clean house and do errands for the elderly.

"It wasn't fun then, but it taught me a valuable lesson about sharing and empathizing with others, and not labeling people," Debbye says. At the same time she learned how important and unique everyone is as an individual, yet how all people need the same things.

"We're all just human beings. We want to be liked, to

be happy, and to succeed."

Success, according to Debbye, has nothing to do with whether a person is born rich or poor, black or white, male or female. "Success has a lot to do with intestinal fortitude and what you're made of on the inside," she says.

Even with many obstacles to overcome, Debbye believes teens can find success if they don't dwell on the things that could cause failure.

"I have my own reputation and standards for myself, and therefore I work hard. People can break out of the rut they were born in if they set high standards for themselves," she says.

Debbye, who cites her mother and Oprah Winfrey as her role models, encourages teens to find someone to respect and look up to.

"It doesn't have to be a celebrity. It could be the deacon of your church or someone who just works hard and takes special interest in others," Debbye says.

She has become a role model for many young people in this country. If someone else is inspired to achieve because she has succeeded, Debbye says she'll have accomplished her mission.

"But don't try to be Debbye Turner. Just try your very hardest to be the best *you* you can be," she says.

This month, Debbye will pass the crown along to another young woman with her own dreams for fulfilling the job of Miss America. Debbye will finish her last year of veterinary school and shed her sequined gowns for blue scrubs, put down her roses and put on surgical gloves. But she'll still be Miss America in the sense that her dream of motivating young people to excellence will be growing in the minds of teens who've chosen her as their role model.





Shirley Dever

DO YO

Don't follow trends; s

Ever since Jamie could remember, she had wanted to appear on the stage. Acting, singing, dancing—these were the talents she wanted to develop. Not a day went by that she didn't dream of sometime being in a Broadway play—or at least in a local play.

After trying out for a musical and winning a part, she lived in a world of ecstasy through all the practices and the six performances. This was it! She'd found her niche.

Then family troubles made it impossible for her to pursue her goal further. Her parents divorced. It wasn't easy being the oldest girl in a family of four girls. The would-be actress-singer-dancer became housebound, the family babysitter.

Over a long period of time, Jamie got so discouraged that she began to wonder if she'd ever be able to perform again. One night she swallowed a bottle of pills. Her mother found her in time to rush her to medical help, or she would've died.

Since this experience, and after visits to a school psychologist, Jamie has found ways to pursue her dream again. She's a new person now!

Jamie talks to other young

ILLUSTRATION BY CONSUELO UDAVE

YOUR OWN THING!

em. Whatever you love—music, mechanics, modeling—*just do it!*

people about her experience. She knows that her unmet needs caused the depression that led to her suicide attempt. And she knows all human beings have needs of one kind or another that include the following:

■ **A need to express oneself in a way that leads to personal distinction.** Jamie found her answer to this need on the stage. Her best friend finds it on the basketball court. Still another friend gets great satisfaction and recognition from being on the debate team.

■ **A commitment to something.** When Jamie earned a part in a play, she became totally absorbed in this commitment. This allowed her to baby-sit at home without resentment. By concentrating on her part in the play, she seemed to rise above the problems at home that had earlier depressed her deeply.

■ **A belief that a person has some control over his or her life.** Jamie no longer feels like a victim in a broken-family situation. She can make some choices on her own. In this way, she now believes life is treating her fairly.

■ **A conviction that hard work, self-discipline, and endurance lead to success.**

■ **A feeling that one is truly accepted by other people.** At the

end of each performance, people expressed their appreciation for Jamie's talent. For her this was food to a starving human being.

"Today," Jamie tells other kids, "I feel like a fulfilled person, not just a name or a number. I know now that each person has needs that must be met. These needs vary according to heredity, background, home life, school life, and personal experiences. But somehow this need to be you must be met. I know how important it is because without it, my life wasn't worth living."

Jamie smiles as she continues. "Now everything is different because I know what being fulfilled is all about, and I'm really happy."

Chris is another girl in the same class at school with Jamie. She's found her niche by baby-sitting infants and tots for people in her neighborhood and church. She's on constant call and she loves it.

Teaching 2-year-olds in the church nursery has become a very important part of Chris's life. She's committed to these youngsters, and she's made friends with their parents.

"Chris is more dependable than most older women who baby-sit," her satisfied customers say.


Chris has a special talent that

she discovered and began to develop at an early age. From that point on, she's simply kept improving in her trade. She hopes someday to have her own day-care center.

"It's great to love your work," she says enthusiastically. "I've always wished for younger brothers and sisters, but that didn't happen. So I enjoy being with other people's babies."

Jamie and Chris are living proof that we differ widely in the things which bring us personal distinction and satisfaction. Both of these girls discovered their special talent early in life. Friends have supported them and encouraged them to do their thing.

It's important to choose an activity you like—one within your range of talents—to put a lot of yourself into. Jamie and Chris have found that they stay healthier when they spend a lot of time in their respective activities. "To be happy is to be healthy," is the way Jamie puts it.

The benefits are wonderful! Happiness. Better health. Personal recognition and distinction. Fulfillment. Acceptance by other people. The feeling that you have some control over your life. So invest yourself in something worthwhile and fun. 

Ask a Friend

I'm a teenage guy with a big problem. I'm afraid I might be gay. I'm afraid of girls and can't even talk to them. I've never had a date or even kissed a girl.

What bothers me are my dreams. I can't remember much about them, but I think they're about something sexual with boys rather than girls. My friends talk about girls and sex. But not me.

How can I know I'm going to be OK when I grow up? I don't want to be different from other guys. Can I do anything to make sure I'll like girls?

There's still a lot of discussion about what causes someone to be homosexual. Some believe it's something that's set at birth by body chemistry; others think it's caused by some experience with a homosexual; others think it's because of parents' attitudes and how you feel about your mother and father. No one really knows for sure. We do know that 3 to 10 percent of adults are attracted to the same sex rather than to the opposite sex. Whether this is a matter of choice or something you just can't help is still a big question. Being different from the majority isn't easy. The fear I read in your letter is that you'll be different from others when you're an adult.

It may help you to know that you're not alone in your feelings of confusion. Most pre-adolescents (about age 12) and adolescents (about ages 13-17) have big questions about the changes taking place in their bodies and about the sexual feelings they're having. You're experiencing things such as dreams or other kinds of sexual feelings, and curiosity, but you're generally too embarrassed and sometimes too ashamed to ask anyone about them. It's often too uncomfortable to go to parents with ques-


tions of this nature. Many are uneasy about sexual topics and don't want to discuss them with their children. You can talk to your friends, but they don't know much more than you do about the subject, even though they may talk as if they do.

When one's sexual development is complicated by worry over homosexuality, it can be a big problem. It's not unusual to have the kind of dreams you're having. A simple explanation is that the sexual pressures at this stage in your growth are being expressed in your sleep. Since you're really afraid of girls, it's easier for your sleeping mind to generate dreams of boys. And sexual ideas get mixed up in the dreams.

Homosexual dreams are so common in adolescence that they're considered a "normal" experience in early adolescence. Most boys don't talk about these dreams because they're as embarrassed and worried as you are. Because society tells boys to be strong and "male," and because most of our society thinks homosexuality is bad, nearly every boy goes through a period of fear about what his sexual orientation will be.

Eventually you need to get over your fear of girls. I'd suggest you try to get involved in some social activities for both boys and girls. I assume you're in high school, so there are probably many extracurricular clubs you could join

for a chance to mix with girls in a nonthreatening way. It's important for you to learn that although females look different from boys, they still think pretty much the same as boys about lots of things. Actually, since girls can express feelings easier than boys, they're a lot easier to talk to once you get over your shyness a little.

If your fears about homosexuality persist and you keep having dreams that bother you, find a counselor at school or church, or even a professional. Sharing fears with an accepting person helps take away their power over you. 

**Jack
Anders**

Have a question about friendships, family relations, drugs and health, or other teenage concerns? Ask a friend—Jack Anders, parent, counselor, and social worker. Address your questions to "Ask a Friend," LISTEN Magazine, 12501 Old Columbia Pike, Silver Spring, MD 20904. Jack is sorry that he cannot answer letters individually.

BREAK AN EGG

September 1-30

Even teens can have cholesterol levels high enough to put them at risk for heart disease. Get info to share during **National Cholesterol Education Month** from: NCEP Information Center, 4733 Bethesda Ave., Ste. 530, Bethesda, MD 20814.

The PRIME TIMES

IDEAS FOR YOUR DRUG-FREE GROUP

TEACH A KID TO READ

September 8



Or even teach an adult the ABCs on **International**

Literacy Day. Contact: UNESCO Liaison Office, Room DC2-900, Two United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017.

SEPTEMBER 1990

WHAT'S NEW

SON OF "PLUGGING IN"

This first issue of "The Prime Times" is the next generation of a column that has appeared in LISTEN for the past two years—"Plugging In: Ideas for Drug-Free Clubs." Authored by Amy C. Baker, who for several years was the youth director of Texas Youth in Action, "Plugging In" has been offering timely and practical advice for thousands of drug-free student groups throughout North America.

Because the response to this column has been so positive, the editors of LISTEN Magazine are now introducing "The Prime Times." In addition to the same kinds of helpful advice for drug-free groups, this newsletter will include party ideas, a calendar of coming events, features on drug-free groups and their activities, information on the latest drug-prevention materials, and other interesting stuff.

If you haven't read the "Plugging In" columns over the past couple of years, they've been combined into a book now available from Narcotics Education, Inc. Titled *Prime Times: A Manual for Drug-Free Groups*, the book includes more than 20 chapters on such topics as naming your drug-free group, increasing membership, and fundraising creatively.

For more information on *Prime Times: A Manual for Drug-Free Groups*, contact NEI, 12501 Old Columbia Pike, Silver Spring, MD 20904.

Michigan students play dead, show drunk-driving effects



LINDA CASH PHOTO

At Andrews Academy, four "casualties" call attention to drunk-driving deaths.

Would people notice if your school lost 23 students in one day?

Malisa Baker thought people would—and that she could use that fact to get attention for her Youth to Youth drug-free group. Malisa, a junior at Andrews Academy—a 300-student private high school in Berrien Springs, Michigan—coordinates activities for her school's Youth to Youth group.

Baker says that although the group is several years old, it suffers from fluctuating interest and membership levels. "We wanted to introduce our group and make people aware that we were having activities," says Malisa. She borrowed an idea from Jody Boecher, who works with the Brandywine, Michigan, public-school system. Here's what the Andrews Academy group did last school year.

With the support of the principal and faculty, Malisa and her group divided the day into 20-minute periods, beginning at 7:15 a.m. Every 20 minutes a student got up and left class with no explanation. About ten minutes later the student returned, dressed all in black, wearing white face makeup, with a black "X" across his or her face. "Obviously that caused a bit of a stir," says Malisa.

As the day went by, it caused even more of a stir. Malisa explains, "Friends would ask what was going on, but the 'X people' would ignore them—no matter who they were or what they said. They didn't talk to anyone or associate with other people in any way."

continued next page ►

Continued from previous page

"It was really dramatic to see students come back," says Christine Davis, a senior who didn't know what was going on. "I knew the students who were painting their faces and dressed in black. I knew they weren't supposed to talk to us, but I wasn't sure what the meaning was. People were laughing in the hallways saying, 'They're dead!'"

The students who were participating sometimes had a hard time maintaining control. Paul Schilke, a junior, says, "People who didn't know what was going on kept making fun of me and trying to get me to laugh or smile or something."

For Rebecca Finley, the experience was frustrating. "You'd want to speak to people, but you couldn't because you had to act as though you were dead. People were frustrated because they would speak to you and you'd have to ignore them."

By the end of the day, 23 students had been pulled out of class. At a special end-of-the-day assembly for all students, Malisa explained that the disappearing students represented student deaths in the United States related to drunk-driving incidents. "I told them that every 20 minutes, a teenager between the ages of 16 and 20 dies from an alcohol-related incident in America," Malisa says. "Then I encouraged them to find out more and get involved with our Youth to Youth drug-free program."

The activity didn't end there. The next morning in the students' daily assembly, the 23 students were not in their assigned seats. In their seats were cardboard crosses made to resemble gravestones. "My friend Kim had died," says Christine Davis. "They put a cross in her seat that said 'Kim.' It was kind of spooky."

Again, Malisa urged students to think about the impact drunk driving was having on young people in America, and to become involved with the Youth to Youth group.

The results? "Some of the people thought it was a big joke and forgot real quick," says Malisa. "But several new people have started coming to the meetings, and others ask me how they can get involved. A lot of the teachers said it was a good idea and that they were glad we did it."

A photographer from the Berrien Springs newspaper, the *Herald Palladium*, took pictures and featured the group in a newspaper story. Ironically, the photographer had just come from the scene of a drunk driving crash.

"I thought it was very dramatic, and I think it had an effect on the students," says Christine Davis. "I would be more likely to participate in programs to educate people about alcohol and other drugs."

—Richard Moyers

How to get media coverage

Your drug-free group may never make the lead story on "World News Tonight" or the cover of *Time* magazine, but getting attention from the media (newspapers, radio, and TV stations) may be easier than you think.

Just ask Henry Lanzano, one of the founding sponsors of The Camarena Club, a drug-free group from Calexico High School in southern California's Imperial Valley. The Camarena Club, which was founded in memory of murdered government antidrug agent Enrique Camarena, made national headlines in 1985 when they presented their signed antidrug charter to First Lady Nancy Reagan at a national PRIDE (Parent Resource Institute for Drug Education) conference in Atlanta, Georgia.

Lanzano helped start the Camarena Club in 1985 and now works with the Network for Drug-Free Youth in Santa Barbara County, California. Over the past five years, groups Lanzano works with have been featured in newspaper articles, public-service announcements on television and radio stations, a cable-television talk show, and, most re-

cently, a special 22-page section of a local newspaper.

Lanzano says the key to getting media attention for your antidrug group is to think of the media as people. "Most people are afraid of the media," he says. "They're concerned about getting on the phone, and they're worried about format and how the information should be delivered. Remember that there's another human being at the other end of that phone. Meet this person individually. Introduce yourself and describe what you're doing."

As Lanzano was trying to build media support for his group, he and members of the group visited every newspaper and radio station in their area. They met reporters face to face. Lanzano says, "The next thing you know, I started getting calls from reporters who wanted to know what events we were doing."

Because drugs are a hot issue right now, the same thing could happen to your group. Taking the time to introduce your group to newspaper, radio, and television personnel can mean a publicity bonanza.

—Richard Moyers

Party Line

Clock Hop! Did you know September is national clock month? Yeah, and school seems to have a corner on the clock market, right? Well, there's nothing like a party to help beat those back-to-school blues.

Invite your friends to the party and tell them to bring an alarm clock (wind-up or electric) as an entrance fee. (You'll return it after the party's over.) As your friends arrive, hide their clocks in different locations—each clock set for some time during the party. Vary the amount of time between settings, allowing at least 15 minutes between alarms.

Plan four games or activities—like table games, group games, pool, ping pong, and so on. Divide your friends into four groups. Each group will start one of the games or activities. When an alarm goes off, everyone switches to a different activity or game.

Time Out for Snacks. Bagel mania is here! You'll need plain bagels, margarine, a cinnamon-and-sugar mixture, and a garlic spread.

Slice the bagels into thin (about 1/4-inch) rounds. Spread some of the rounds with the garlic spread. Spread the rest of the rounds with margarine and sprinkle with the cinnamon-and-sugar mixture. Then lightly toast the rounds. Presto—garlic and cinnamon toast! They're great served with cold cider or hot chocolate.

Be sure to watch this column each month for hot new party and snack ideas.

—Janya Mekelburg

Graffiti

MICKY MOUSE

He has captured their attention
with his wild tales
making believe
that I can't
see through
him.

The same stories
I had heard
years before, listening
wide-eyed
fascinated.

With time his glamour
will fade
as daylight
after the sun sets
from their mind.
They'll see new adventures
and will be as I am now.

Don't spoil
his fun.

—Clara Tschetter
Star City, Saskatchewan

WATERFALL

Water falls down,
hitting the water
it was once part of.
It splashes, coming up again.
Hurting.
It turns white.
Then it lands back.

—Melissa Alexander
Farmington, Minnesota

EYES

Bright, shiny
a true mirror for the soul.
Tiny glimmers and flashes below the
surface
beckon the changes of the ever mov-
ing cosmos.
Sometimes masked, hidden from
view
but inner thoughts, reflected in every
glance and look
are apparent to those who know
the ideas, dreams, fantasy
which are
only to be seen
behind a black-fringed world.

—Kathy Younglove
Portland, Oregon

Each month, LISTEN Magazine looks for short, well-written, thought-provoking manuscripts from teenage writers. The subject may be anything that interests teenagers. Limited space lets us print only a few of the best entries, but if we print your poem (no longer than 20 lines, please), you'll receive a \$10 prize. The author of a printed story or essay (300-500 words) is awarded \$15 to \$20. Address your submissions to "Graffiti," LISTEN Magazine, 12501 Old Columbia Pike, Silver Spring, MD 20904. Be sure to tell us your age, and always include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

TIME SUSA

LISTEN

And So Forth



Undress for Success

Shaun Jordan doesn't surf naked. He swims naked. In the buff. *Au naturel*. The swim team from Jordan's school, the University of Texas, was shivering beside the pool at the University of California at Berkeley a few Decembers ago as the schools competed. The weather was rainy, windy, and cold; and because UC didn't have a visitors' locker room, the Texas team raised goose bumps in the pump room. Jordan was the last of four swimmers in the last race, a 400-yard free-style relay.

To combat the cold, he wore six layers of clothing over his suit, shedding layer after layer as the other Texans shredded the water.

When teammate number three was 20 yards away, Jordan stripped off the last layer, jumped on the starting block, and prepared to leap—without looking to see if the drawstring on his orange Texas suit was tied.

Jordan dived in—and felt his suit dangling around his ankles. He grabbed for it and missed. It whirled away and did a little back-stroke of its own as an observant announcer remarked, "Now swimming in the white suit for Texas . . ." Jordan knew he couldn't stop, so he plowed ahead and caught up with his opponent. The UC swimmer touched the wall first, and amid spectators' laughter, Jordan swam to the center of the pool to

retrieve the athletic bit of spandex. He later told *Sport's Illustrated For Kids* that his most embarrassing moment actually helped his team. "Our losing score that day, 79-34, was one of the worst in the team's history, but we could laugh about it because of what had happened to me."

UT later won the national championship, and Jordan qualified as an alternate on the 400-meter freestyle relay team that won a gold medal at the 1988 Olympics. He kept his suit on at the Olympics.

Money Can't Buy You Love

She charges \$1,250 to \$20,000 to mix and match searching singles, and according to some of her clients, there's a lot of mismatching going on. First lady of lonely-hearts Helena Amram earned herself a lawsuit for her expensive blind dates. Clients complain of escorts who are "overaged, overweight, underemployed, and sometimes already married," says *Time* magazine. Since New York law prohibits charging more than \$250 for a dating referral, disappointed daters who set up Helena's date in court obviously feel it's better to be lonely than lonely and poor.

School Daze

His class colors are black and blue, but boxer Mike Tyson will be seeing a lot of black and white (type, that is), when he goes back to school this fall. Iron Mike, 24, will crack books (not heads) with Ohio's Central State University, which has set up a learning center at his Cleveland home. Tyson won an honorary degree from CSU for his boxing prowess, but still wants to go to the head of the class by putting in a year's time earning his high-school equivalency diploma. Next, he might go for a bachelor's degree in business and physical education—he'll probably CLEP a lot of courses with this last one.

WORD CHAIN

Vatsala Muralidhara

Below are 20 six-letter words with a pair of missing letters at the beginning and the end of each word. Fill in the blanks with the correct pairs, noting that the last two letters of each word are the first two letters of the next word. The last two letters of the last word (#20) are the first two of the first one (#1), thus completing the word chain. The first two letters have been filled in to start you off.

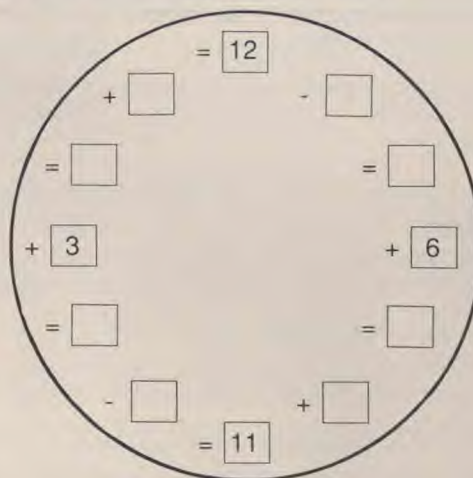
AR CE CH DY EN ES GO GY IC
IN LE ME MO PE OR OX SH ST
TE TH

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. T H AT _ _ | 11. _ _ OD _ _ |
| 2. _ _ OI _ _ | 12. _ _ RA _ _ |
| 3. _ _ LL _ _ | 13. _ _ RR _ _ |
| 4. _ _ CT _ _ | 14. _ _ IG _ _ |
| 5. _ _ EB _ _ | 15. _ _ DI _ _ |
| 6. _ _ YG _ _ | 16. _ _ GG _ _ |
| 7. _ _ ZY _ _ | 17. _ _ AV _ _ |
| 8. _ _ LO _ _ | 18. _ _ CA _ _ |
| 9. _ _ NA _ _ | 19. _ _ RI _ _ |
| 10. _ _ DE _ _ | 20. _ _ EAT H |

AROUND THE CLOCK

Rebecca Smith

Using each number only once, arrange the numerals 1 through 12 in the squares below in such a way that all the math calculations shown will be correct when read *clockwise*. Four of the numerals have been filled in to get you started.



NUMBER STUMPER

Rich Latta

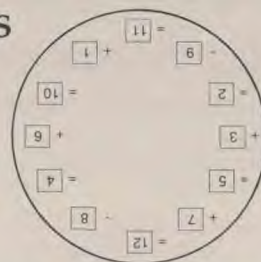
Place the numbers 1 through 7 in the blanks below in such a way that you get the answer shown. (Use each number only once.)

$$______ - ______ + ______ = 165$$

PUZZLE ANSWERS

"Word Chain"

19. perish, 20. sheath,
17. leaves, 18. escape,
15. indigo, 16. goggle,
13. terror, 14. origin,
11. stodge, 12. gyrate,
9. dynamo, 10. modest,
7. enzyme, 8. melody,
5. icebox, 6. oxygen,
3. cellar, 4. arch,
1. thatch, 2. choice,



"Around the Clock"

"Number Stumper"
 $174 - 35 + 26 = 165$



"They're people. They roam around endlessly behind those bars."

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 codes.

OLD ADDRESS:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NEW ADDRESS:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Listen UP!

Thumbs Up



Spuds McKenzie is in the doghouse at Masuk High School in Monroe, Connecticut. The dog in sunglasses and Hawaiian shirts was banned by administrators, who didn't want Budweiser's pet or any other beer-company symbols decorating T-shirts and notebooks.

"How can we tell the kids, 'Don't use this stuff, but it's OK to advertise it'?" asks MHS's superintendent. "We shouldn't be contradicting ourselves."

Thumbs Down



R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. wants **YOU** to buy its new cigarettes. If you're a "virile female," that is. Virile means having manly strength or vigor (and maybe a tattoo?). How nice. According to an RJR marketing plan, it also means having no education beyond high school, reading *Soap Opera Digest*, and going to mud slings on Sunday afternoons. These aren't bad characteristics, but they represent a specific, vulnerable group of young women aged 18 to 20 whom the tobacco company wants to lure into smoking its new cigarettes, **Dakotas**.

Newspaper columnist Tony Kornheiser compared RJR's marketing campaign to molestation. In their own way, Dakotas represent the rape of young women—who already have hundreds of brands of cigarettes to choose from. RJR

wants to lasso the one in four young women who smokes by getting her neck in the noose of brand loyalty early.

Philip Morris, another tobacco company, holds the ashtray's share of the market—two-thirds of young smokers choose a Morris brand such as Marlboros or Virginia Slims. RJR is using Dakotas—and "virile" young women—in an attempt to put a larger percentage of young smokers' money into its own pockets.

When the "virile young women" marketing campaign for Dakotas reached the press, RJR spokespersons quickly defended themselves by insisting they were planning to target young men too. Once again, how nice of them. With 1,000 Americans dying from smoking every day, it's a comfort to know RJR isn't sexist. They're willing to kill guys too.

Christa McAuliffe, born September 2, 1948.



PHOTO COURTESY OF NBC

Bryant Gumbel, born Sept. 29, 1948

Month Events

Did you know that (according to the Julian Calendar) you were born 11 days earlier than the date on your birth certificate? The **British Calendar Act of 1751** made the "Gregorian Correction" in 1752, proclaiming that the day following Wednesday, September 2, should be Thursday, September 14, 1752. People rioted in the streets because they felt cheated and wanted their 11 days back, but the Act held. All this began in 1582 when Pope Gregory XIII, with the help of astronomers and mathematicians, discovered that the calendar in use at that time, the Julian Calendar, was actually 10 days

out of date. Some countries changed to the Gregorian Calendar in 1582, but Britain and the American colonies waited 200 years (and lost another day) before they got around to finding out what day it really was.

Don't forget **National Grandparents Day**, September 9. Grandparents are great—they've probably experienced some of the stuff in your history book first hand. And they've been around the block enough times to give you great advice on school, boyfriends and girlfriends, and even parents. Don't forget to say Thanks with a card, a phone call, flowers, or (best of all) a big hug.

Birthdays

Christa McAuliffe, the New Hampshire high-school teacher who was to have been the first "ordinary citizen" in space but died with six other crew members in the *Challenger* explosion January 28, 1986, was born in Boston, Mass., September 2, 1948; **Michael Keaton**, actor (*Batman*), born in Pittsburgh, Penn., September 9, 1951; **Amy Irving**, actress (*Crossing Delancy*), born in Palo Alto, Calif., September 10, 1953; **Dan Marino**, football player for the Miami Dolphins, born in Pittsburgh, Penn., September 15, 1961; **William Golding**, author (*Lord of the Flies*), born in Cornwall, England, September 19, 1911; **Bryant Gumbel**, TV host/sportscaster, born in New Orleans, La., September 29, 1948.

One Last Note

Improving Your Game

When former Milwaukee Braves infielder Johnny Logan was inducted into the Hall of Fame, he said, "Thank you very much for this honor. I will perish it forever."

Fortunately baseball players aren't paid for their abilities to express themselves in front of an audience. But when you think about it, even on the field the best players don't have much of a success rate. The San Diego Padres' Tony Gwynn won the National League batting title in the 1989 season, hitting for an average of .336. Yet a .336 batting average means that for every 100 times Tony Gwynn came up to bat, the opposing team put him out about 66 times.

A million-dollar baseball player gets about three hits for every ten times at bat; an average player gets only two. That's the essential difference. And that's why a baseball player will try even the smallest suggestion in hopes that it will improve his game. He may lower (or raise) his shoulder a couple of inches, stand further back (or further forward) in the batter's box, take three practice swings instead of two before coming up to bat—the possibilities are endless.

And life is like that. This month, for example, like millions of other teenagers, you'll probably return to school resolved to get better grades than you did last year. But one important problem is that you're not

really sure how you're going to do that. "This year I'm going to study harder," you say. But what exactly does that mean? It's a little like a baseball player saying, "This year I'm going to hit the ball harder." The important thing is knowing *how* to improve your game.

If you want to get better grades this year, here's a suggestion. Try focusing on small ways to improve yourself. If you're falling asleep in class all the time, set the VCR to tape Letterman and get to bed an hour earlier than you usually do—just an hour. If your house is like a three-ring circus in the evening, set aside a certain amount of time to go to the library to study. If you can't give up TV entirely, at least turn it off during the reruns.

None of these suggestions is guaranteed to work. There are too many variables. But if you look at your life honestly and carefully, you should be able to find several ways to fine-tune it so that you can raise your batting average at school at least by a few points. Then you can build on that success in the future. That's the way the pros do it.

Gary B. Swanson

September 1990

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Listen

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A low-angle photograph looking up at a massive, ancient tree trunk. The bark is deeply textured with vertical ridges and grooves, showing signs of age and weathering. Sunlight filters through the dense green canopy above, creating dappled light and shadows on the trunk and surrounding foliage. The sky is a vibrant blue, visible through the branches and leaves. The overall mood is one of awe and the enduring nature of the forest.

One thing at a time,
and all things in succession.
That which grows slowly endures.

—Josiah Gilbert Holland

Feed Your Head.



"Many of the problems of students are addressed very clearly and concisely in *Listen*. *Listen* is down to earth and meets the needs and interests of teens."

—Jack Kidwell

Project 714 Drug-Prevention Program
Chattanooga, Tennessee



"It is wonderful to know that you are getting out important warnings about drug use in a way that is interesting and attractive for young people to read. You are doing such important work."

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—Evan Bayh

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