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- STEROIDS—
BULKING UP
AND BOMBING
OUT
- WILD CARDS



JON LUGBILL:
**WHATEWATER
WIZARD**

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TOTALLY MAXED OUT

The little white pills Petra was taking to keep pace with life were fast-forwarding her toward a crash-and-burn ending.



Jan Filbeck Oldenburg

"You know I can't hear you with my glasses off," Alex said, blowing across one lens. "Haaaahh." He buffed the fog away with his shirt. At the ends of the earpieces, dangling like frantic rock climbers who'd lost their footing, were two hearing aids.

As Petra waited for her best friend to position the glasses on his nose, she drummed her fingers over the arm of the wicker chair. Alex carefully guided a tan hearing aid into each ear; the drumming reached fever pitch.

"There! Now what did you say?" Alex asked in his faintly nasal twang. Out of habit he leaned forward to watch her lips.

Eyes the color of blue shadows creeping across fresh snow, Petra thought. She willed her fingers to curl around the white wicker, and repeated her news. "I got accepted into the Delta Xi Kappa Society."

Flashing his broad grin, Alex said, "Uptown mathematics group, Petroleum. Congratulations!"

Petroleum. He had called her that for 12 years. Now, with hearing aids, Alex relied less on lip reading than he had when she moved in next door announcing, "My name's Petra Elaam," with a gap-toothed smile.

"Thanks. I worked day and night to meet the Society's requirements." Petra found herself mumbling and turning her head—a technique learned long ago when she wanted to avoid his sermons.

"Couldn't quite get that. Burning the candle at both ends? Was that it?" Alex asked, stretching toward her.

Why does he always get on me about that? Petra's answer sifted through her lips, "Yeah, so what else is new."

When she looked at him eye-to-eye, he was teetering on the edge of his wicker chair, just a few feet from her. As they sat on the porch, the setting sun outlined him in bronze. *If we hadn't grown up together—I mean, he's becoming so gorgeous—I might—oh, great, even my thoughts are stammering.* Petra smiled to herself.

Then Alex dropped a brick on her ego. "Are you eating right, Petroleum? You're getting so skinny . . . and pasty colored." Alex leaned closer. His thick glasses made her feel like an alien lifeform under a microscope. "You do too

much. I'm worried about you."

Petroleum. His tone mutated her beloved nickname into an oil spill.

Why do I look pasty while the sunset sculpts him into a god? Make-up, that's what I need. She mentally sprinted to the drugstore.

"I have to keep up this schedule," she explained. "Dad's got me enrolled in Yale's undergraduate—No!—in Yale's doctoral program already. He says I'm destined for greatness. I can't let him down."

Her words hung awkwardly in the evening air like misspoken lines in a play. "So go home, scram. I've got a ton of homework." She rose from the wicker chair and waited for him, drumming her fingers on her leg. He massaged his chin, curiously studying the orange horizon.

You're too laid back. You need to take control of your destiny! Be like me, Alex!

"Oh, OK, I'll scram; I've got some chapters to read," he said, finally erupting from his chair. "Then it's off to bed." Alex reached over and patted her thin arm. "You're still beautiful even though you're totally maxed out."

Petra mouthed a gloomy good-bye and watched Alex cross the lawn to his own house as he had for 12 years. Just old friends. Best buds. Amigos.

Why then, at 17, was Petra beginning to wonder when his bouncy bebop walk had magically smoothed into a graceful masculine stride? She shook her head. *Too much time spent with Alex this evening. Skinny and pasty? Who needs that garbage? I've got to hit the books. I've got a future!*

The living-room clock chimed eight times. She had trigonometry, economics, and a paper on the Russian Revolution due at the end of the week.

I'd better take another one of those white pills Margo gave me. Wonderful invention; they had catapulted her over some major hurdles at school recently. And she'd even lost 10, maybe 15, pounds. She got a drink of water in the bathroom, ignoring her bony knuckles, bleached white, as they gripped the glass. She wouldn't admit what Margo's wonder pills were doing to her.

Hours later, after jamming a night's worth of accomplishments into her backpack, Petra eased her exhausted body between the cool sheets. Then, unable to sleep, she began counting the stars through

her window. Thousands stood out garishly against the black hole beyond. A dreamlit sky—her mother's words, every twinkle holding a dream yet to be imagined.

Petra flicked on the bedside lamp. The brightness made her dry eyes squeeze into spasm. She took a mental hike to the drugstore again, this time for eye drops.

Makeup. Eyedrops. What else? Aspirin! Her head pounded from lack of sleep. Nestled inside a tissue box on the nightstand was the bottle of Margo's pills. Petra popped the lid off with her teeth and three tablets spilled into her palm.

Only three? I have to get more. Margo said this bottle was free—a favor for a friend—but the next one would cost.

"Try these and you'll sail through midterms," Margo had whispered, slipping the bottle into Petra's purse as the two girls broke the tide of students flowing through the hall at class change. "I can get more, but, well, I've got this overhead, see, so the second bottle, well um, there's a small charge."

Why would I need more? These will last forever. Petra peered inside her purse at the brimming bottle. Now, three weeks later, they were almost gone. Panic grabbed her empty stomach.

Why wasn't Margo in school yesterday? Surely she'll be back today. What if she's not? Who is Margo, anyway? I don't even know her last name!

The clock chimed dully through her bedroom door. Five o'clock. Petra stumbled, tight and achy, out of bed. Muffled snores rounded her parents' bedroom door when she tiptoed past to the kitchen.

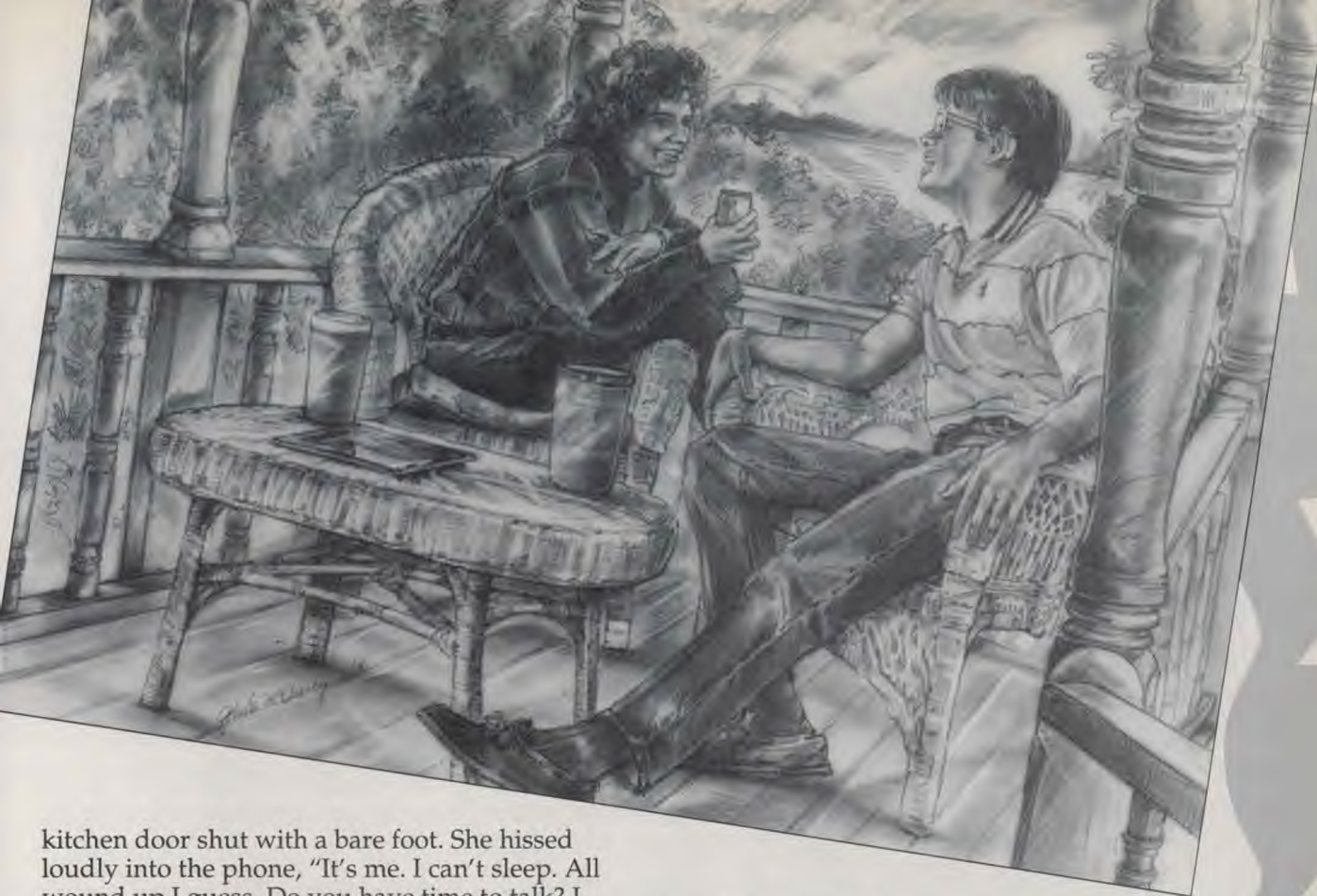
As dawn peeked through the window above the sink, Petra dialed Alex's phone number from memory and waited for the flashing lights on his

How long has it been since I've had my own dream? Petra stared out the window. The sunrise was already burning through her mother's dreamlit sky. Time was running out.

end to awaken him. Her fingers did the "Flight of the Bumblebee" on the counter.

After 10 rings she heard his glasses clatter against the receiver-amplifier. "Ympghf?" Alex wasn't a morning speaker.

Petra vaulted off the counter to nudge the



kitchen door shut with a bare foot. She hissed loudly into the phone, "It's me. I can't sleep. All wound up I guess. Do you have time to talk? I didn't wake you, did I?"

The sound of sheets rustling together filled in Alex's usual thoughtful silence. "Petroleum," he finally said, "it's five o'clock. I've got to get up in an hour—one more blissful hour."

"But I can't sleep," she repeated. "All because of Margo's stupid pills, you dimwit," she muttered to herself.

"I see," said Alex as if he were more attuned to her inaudible mutters than to her hissing bellows. "What do you want to talk about? Hey, I know! Did you see the paper last night?" His glasses grated against the receiver.

"No, why?" she answered, afraid she was about to be held hostage to another sermon.

"Five kids got arrested for selling white crosses after school Monday. The halls have been lousy with plain clothes agents for weeks." The sheets rustled again. "There could be 50 more kids under surveillance as we speak."

Petra's insides took a nosedive for the linoleum. She saw herself being photographed front and profile, holding a card with a long number on it. Destined for . . . what? She didn't know anymore.

"White crosses?" she asked. "Speed?" Margo never called them that. She said they were like over-the-counter diet pills, only better.

Alex filled her ear with another silence, only now her fingers lay comatose on the counter.

"How about a video tonight? Of course if you

need to study, I'll understand," he said.

Of course I should study. I have to live my father's dream, don't I? How long has it been since I've had my own dream? Petra stared out the window. The sunrise was already burning through her mother's dreamlit sky. Time was running out.

"I'd be happy to honor you with my esteemed company, Master Alex," Petra said with a quick chuckle. "But I warn you I might doze off. I haven't been sleeping well at night."

"I've got big shoulders, Petroleum," he said gently. "Say, if this is a date—hold it, just let me wallow in the possibility—then maybe after you sleep through a video, you'd like to sleep through pizza at Vito's? We could talk like we used to. You could talk in your sleep!"

Petra sighed. "It's been a long time since I've let go of the pressure. There's so much I need to tell you, Alex—a problem I want your help with."

"Fine. I'll stop at the drugstore and get a case of hearing-aid batteries. Anything I can pick up for you?"

Make-up. Eye drops. Aspirin. A favor for a friend.

"No thanks, Alex. I'm cool. There's not a thing I'm lacking. Not one thing. Not anymore."

Curt Dewees

WILD CARDS

There's fun and profit to be found when you buy, sell, and trade your favorite players in the wheeling, dealing world of baseball-card collecting!

Like most 14-year-old guys, Brian Jones had a few sports cards stashed in his room. Nothing special—some baseball cards, some football cards, odds and ends. Then last spring he heard about a baseball-card show in town. He dusted off his collection and went.

Brian found dozens of sports-card dealers in a packed hall the size of a school gym. Hundreds of card collectors swarmed around the tables. Brian looked through some price guides and checked the value of his holdings. A card he'd gotten several years ago in a pack that cost less than 50 cents (including a hunk of stale gum) was now worth \$8.00! Needless to say, Brian walked out of the show with several more packs of cards.

Collecting sports cards is a booming hobby—and business. Besides baseball cards, you can now collect football cards, basketball cards, hockey cards, programs, souvenirs, player uniforms—just about any kind of sports-related stuff you can imagine. But the old, reliable baseball card remains the franchise of sports-memorabilia collecting.

The first baseball cards came out in the 1880s inside packs of cigarettes and chewing tobacco. They appeared in Cracker Jack boxes in 1914. Bubble-gum baseball cards made the scene in 1933, and the Topps and Bowman companies got into the business in the 1950s.

During the past several years, the hobby has exploded into one of the fastest growing activities around. In 1989 Americans spent about \$500,000 buying baseball cards. Why the run on baseball cards?

"I think it really took off in the 1980s because people had more money to spend, and there was a growing national interest in sports," says collector Tim Evans. "Also, it's a great hobby for anyone—including older people who want to go back to something they enjoyed when they were kids."

When Tim was 12 years old, he had amassed a collection of 40,000 cards! Most of them came from older kids who outgrew the hobby and passed their collections on to him. Tim's mother decided his hobby had spun out of control. She ordered him to cut back. So

Tim kept 1,000 of his best cards and gave away the other 39,000 to younger kids.

Now, 20 years later, Tim has begun collecting cards again. "Where are those kids now?" Tim asks. "I want my cards back!"

Take Me Out to the Card Show

Some of the cards Tim saved are currently worth up to \$800 each. "Not bad, considering you could buy them for a penny apiece when they first came out," Tim says.

In fact, the investment value of baseball cards is another big reason for the hobby's sudden growth spurt. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, if you'd bought the "right" cards in 1980, your collection's value would've increased 4,200 percent by 1990, making it the top investment of the decade!

The cards of star players rise in value the most. If fans get excited about a certain player, you can bet that collectors will get excited about that player's cards. Last season the hot cards included Nolan Ryan's (he'd just won his 300th game), Ryne Sandberg's, Rickey Hender-



PHOTO BY JAMES SCHNEPP

son's, Jose Canseco's, Eric Davis's, and Bo Jackson's.

The cards of the all-time greats command awesome prices. For instance, a 1933 Babe Ruth goes for around \$3,000, while a 1952 Topps Mickey Mantle brings \$6,000. If you happen to own the Topps all-star rookie card of Pete Rose in excellent condition, you can probably sell it for \$75. A 1960

Hank Aaron will net you \$85. Even recent cards bring in the bucks: a 1987 Bo Jackson is worth \$20.

The Honus Wagner T-206 card is in a class by itself. One of these cards sold for \$115,000 in 1989! Of course they're very rare; they were printed around the turn of the century.

Even if you can't afford Honus Wagner, you can proba-

Sports card trading is contagious, whether you are store owner Todd Hayes (top photo), or a collector looking for your favorite rookie.



PHOTO BY JAMIE TANAKA



PHOTO BY WINGATE DOWNS

Put Your Face on a Baseball Card!

It takes talent, luck, and years of practice to make it to the big leagues, but you can get your picture on a baseball card in about six weeks! A company called Big League Cards will print your own personalized baseball cards, using the picture you provide. It'll also print your stats and biographical information on the back—your height, weight, nickname, where you grew up, stuff like that. The cost is about \$32 for 50 cards. For more information, write to Big League Cards, 265 Cedar Lane, Teaneck, NJ 07666-9901. Or call (201) 692-8228.

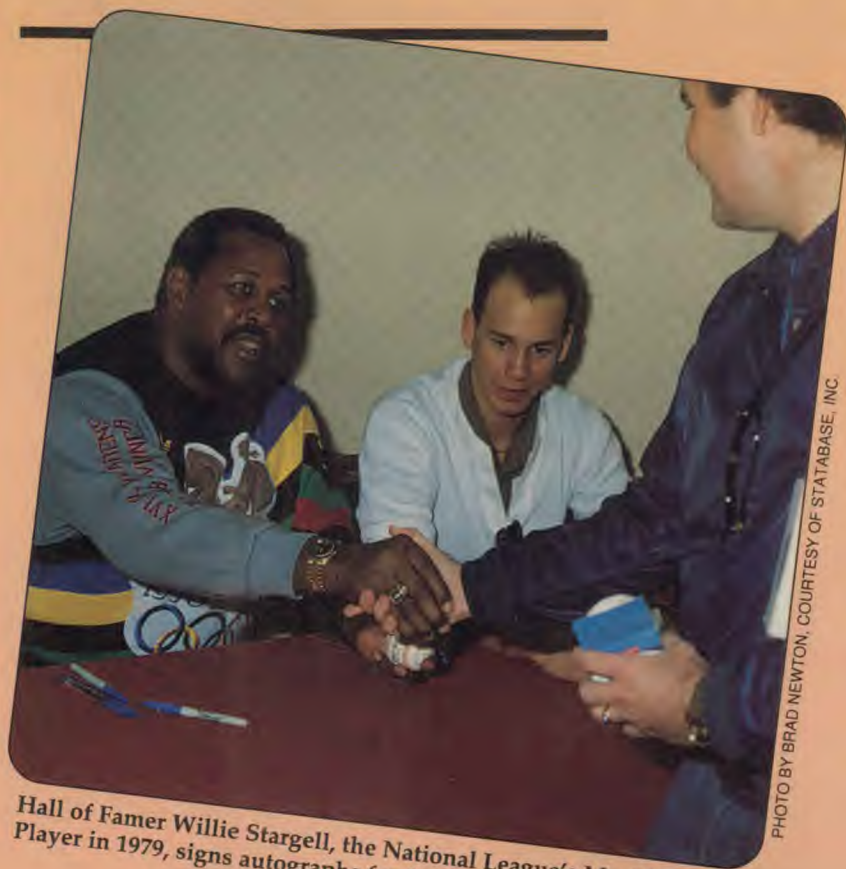
bly afford to invest in your favorite rookie. A lot of collectors try to pick which of the current rookies are going to make it big. For some reason, a star's rookie card is usually his most valuable one.

Some fans use baseball cards as an extension of their addiction to sports trivia. They read the box scores of their favorite teams every day. They chart the stats of their favorite players. They watch the trades, the draft picks, the promising rookies, the broken-down veterans, the pennant races. For these fans, collecting cards is just another way to get involved in the world of baseball.

Some collectors send baseball cards to their favorite players to be autographed. This can take a lot of waiting, and there's the risk of not getting all the cards back, but the thrill of owning a baseball card signed by the player himself is worth it.

Play Your Cards Right

Five main companies make baseball cards; Donruss, Fleer,



Hall of Famer Willie Stargell, the National League's Most Valuable Player in 1979, signs autographs for fans at a baseball-card show.

PHOTO BY BRAD NEWTON, COURTESY OF STATABASE, INC.

Getting Started

Visit the baseball-card shops in your area. Talk to dealers when they're not busy. Go to baseball-card shows; they allow you to meet lots of dealers and other collectors at one time. Read about what's happening in your hobby. Most card dealers sell collector's magazines. One of them is *Beckett Baseball Monthly*, a glossy-cover magazine that includes a monthly price guide. The guide even shows which cards are rising in value that month. The magazine also runs articles on hot players and regular columns about card collecting. A subscription costs \$19.95 for 12 issues. Write to Beckett Publications, Subscriptions, 4887 Alpha Rd., Suite 200, Dallas, TX 75244.

Score/Sportflic, Topps, and the flashy new company that started in 1989, The Upper Deck. With five companies printing 600 to 800 different cards a year, there are thousands of cards to collect. So how can you get in on the action? Here are some baseball-card collecting tips.

Focus your collection. You can't collect *every* card. Pick a topic that interests you and collect just those cards in your topic. Perhaps you want to collect players from your home team or from your home state. Another option is to collect all the cards of your favorite player.

Don't worry about fads. Some people hop from one player to the next. They collect whatever is popular that month. It's like chasing a rainbow. Instead, pick players you like and stick with them. Collect the cards *you* really like.

Spend your money wisely.

It's easy to get excited in a baseball-card shop and blow all your cash. Before you shop, know what you want. Know how much you can afford to spend. Shop around. A card may sell for different prices in different places. For example, a popular Baltimore Oriole player's card will probably cost less if you buy it somewhere other than in or near Baltimore. Also, you usually find lower prices at flea markets than at shops.

Know how to shop. Card dealers don't like people who waste their time. Before you shop, make a list of the cards you want. Write down each player's name, the year of the card, the card company, and the card number. This will help the dealer find what you want quickly. If you think the dealer isn't treating you fairly with prices, trades, and so on, walk away. No one has the right to cheat you.

Don't trade good cards for junk. Some dealers may try to help you "build your collection" by urging you to trade one or two of your best cards for a whole bunch of their common cards. If you make this a habit, you'll wind up with a mound of second-rate cards, and the dealer will have all your good ones.

Take care of your collection. Defects reduce the value of your cards, so treat them with care. Don't write on your cards. In addition, beware of gum or wax stains, tape marks, rubber-band marks, pin holes, staple holes, water stains, sun fading, doggie doo, and so on. Keep your cards neat and organized, preferably in plastic holders in a binder. If you show respect for your cards, your family and friends will tend to respect them too.

Have fun. After all, that's the whole point of a hobby—even something as serious as baseball cards!



BULKING UP AND BOMBING OUT

Cliffie's shortcut to becoming a mix of Rambo, James Bond, Dirty Harry, Conan the Destroyer, Rocky Balboa, the Terminator, and Superman turns out to be a dead end.

What Cliffie wants most to be, he definitely isn't. Deep down he wants desperately to look and feel like one really cool dude.

He'd like to be able to check the mirror and see the Soloflex man. To show up on the beach and send every female pulse racing. To walk even the meanest streets serene in the knowledge that he can make a fast pretzel out of any muscle-head brain-damaged enough to tackle him. To step out of the nearest phone booth with a giant "C" emblazoned on his shirt, ready to save the world. In other words, a guy you don't mess with, who can take care of himself, who draws females like a magnet.

Cliffie spends a lot of his time either watching his favorite movie heroes waste the bad guys or imagining himself in their places.

"The name's Bond . . . Cliff Bond."

"Hi, creep. I'm Dirty Clifford. Go ahead. Make my day."

Hold the phone. Time for a reality check!

Cliffie may long to be cool and self-confident and sophisticated. He may want to be built like a Greek god—the object of universal male envy and female admiration. But let's get real. Cliffie is actually a skinny, shy high-school freshman dweeb who gets pushed around by the upperclassmen and ignored by all the girls.

He's 129 pounds of insecurity, convinced that life's a beach and everyone is constantly kicking sand in his face.

The Magic Isn't Free

If only there were a magic pill or shot or *something* that could transform him swiftly from Cliffie the dweeb to Cliffie, Olympic champ. One day in the guys' locker room at school, a friend introduces him to just that—a magic pill he can take to make his dreams come true.

Cliffie works out. He pumps iron. He pops pills. Before long, he's onto some even better stuff that he can inject. Slabs of muscles start to layer on. More pills. More shots. He's really

Ken McFarland

bulking up now. The hard muscles ripple. His confidence skyrockets. He's up to 165 pounds. He looks in the mirror. Dead ringer for the Soloflex man. The upperclassmen don't harass him anymore. Cliff dons new form-fitting swim trunks and hits the beach. Now the girls lower their sunglasses to get a better look. Cliff is in heaven.

Freeze the action again. Plug in another reality check here.

Cliff doesn't know that those "roids" and that "juice" he's been taking have a really wicked downside. Yes, anabolic steroids will pile on the muscle. They do make you stronger and faster. But the price tag is something else! And we're not talking just the dollar cost of supply, which itself can be pretty steep. We're talking heavy-duty physical and psychological side effects.

For example, does newly-muscled ladykiller Cliff realize that one of the common side effects of steroid use is the shrinking of his male equipment and an inability to make it function? Does Cliff know that steroids are a synthetic version of the male hormone testosterone, and that regular use can make him grow breasts, go into violent "roid rages," or become sterile?

Does he know the latest medical evidence shows that

**Many women
who've used steroids
find that a lot of
the resulting
masculinization
is irreversible.**

steroids are addictive, and that he can be just as hooked on them as on cocaine? Does he

The dudes and damsels all want to look fantastic at the beach. And they want a shortcut. Why work out for years, when a few months of pills and shots can create the "body beautiful"?

realize that a clear link has been established between steroid use and liver and prostate cancer, high blood pressure, and heart disease?

Cheating With Steroids

Does Cliff remember Ben Johnson? "Who'll win the 100-meter gold medal?" was one of the hottest topics at the 1988 summer Olympics in Seoul, Korea. The classic contest pitted Carl Lewis of the United States against Ben Johnson of Canada. A few others rounded out the field of course, but everyone expected either Lewis or Johnson to win the race.

And one of them did. Johnson edged out Lewis by fractions of a second, breaking the tape with his arms held high in triumph. The gold and a new world record were his—until he tested positive for steroids in a post-race urine test. Stripped of his medal and record, he fled to Canada in disgrace.

Johnson's plunge from the peak of Olympic achievement, coupled with the growing publicity focused on steroid use by pro athletes, has resulted in a heightened awareness of this specific drug problem. But steroids didn't just fall off the turnip truck yesterday.

They've been around at least since the 1954 world weightlifting championships, when a doctor for the U.S. team learned from his Russian counterpart that some members of the Soviet team were using testosterone to increase their

muscle bulk and strength. The U.S. doctor then came up with a synthetic testosterone—an anabolic steroid that would supposedly give his athletes the advantages of testosterone without the side effects.

Steroids soon became commonplace in the locker rooms of Olympic hopefuls and competitors. East-bloc countries routinely sent both male and female teams to the Olympics with chemically assisted physiques. At the 1976 Montreal games, the coach of the East German women's swim team was peppered with questions about the deep voices and rippling muscles of his beefy bathing beauties. "We have come here to swim," the irritated coach replied, "not sing."

Somewhere along the line, many pro athletes discovered the extra edge steroids provided, and added the pills and shots to their training regimen. Then female bodybuilders, seeking the bulky look of male iron pumpers, began stoking up on steroids. More recently, members of health clubs began adding steroids to their workout efforts. And some police officers tried steroids, seeking any kind of advantage they could get over the bad guys.

But perhaps the most worrisome steroid-related news of recent years is the fact that steroid use is growing rapidly among high-school students. Surveys reported in mid-1990 indicate steroid use among teenagers ranging from 6 percent to 19 percent. Though

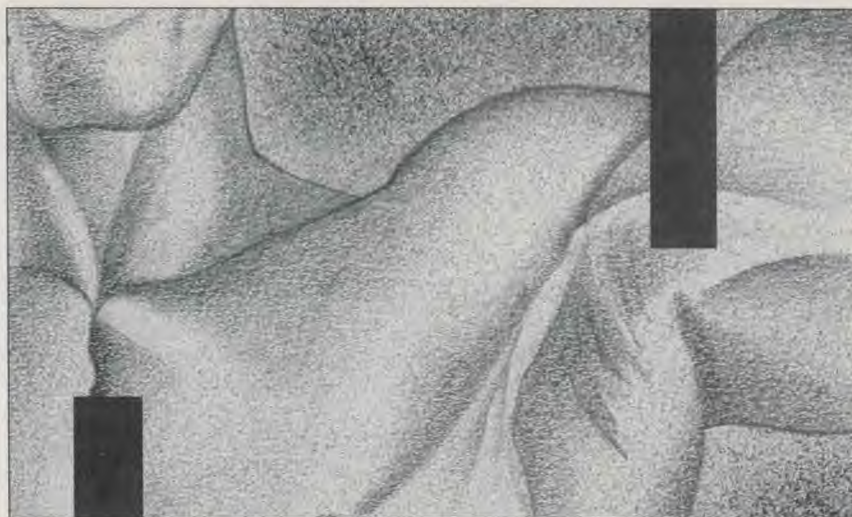
teenage male users outnumber females four to one, the surveys show a significant, disturbing increase in steroid use by high-school females.

Bearded Ladies

Steroid side effects for males aren't pretty. But for women, they can be downright horrifying. Tina Plakinger, now 33, began taking steroids at 22, when she started competing in female bodybuilding.

She was amazed at how fast she grew bigger and stronger. Racking up title after title, she finally reached the summit in 1982, winning the top amateur female bodybuilding contest in the world and receiving the Ms. America title.

Though she was winning, Tina became alarmed by the side effects of her steroid use. Her voice got so deep that telephone operators called her "Sir." Even weekly electrolysis treatments weren't able to control the growth of her facial hair. Her breast tissue shriveled



away; her periods stopped.

And the marked physical changes were matched by changes in her behavior. She describes herself as changing from "a very soft, fawnlike creature" into "a raging bull." One night her husband arrived late for dinner. Infuriated, she threw him against the door and held him there. Not surprisingly, her marriage soon broke up.

At the 1986 Ms. Olympia

contest, Tina found herself standing in the women's restroom shooting up steroids with a two-inch needle. She looked into the mirror, saw herself all bloated and covered with zits, and suddenly realized how unhappy she'd become. She withdrew from the competition and hasn't touched steroids since. Unfortunately, many women who've used steroids find that a lot of the resulting masculinization is irreversible.

Despite the fact that steroids are illegal drugs, and despite all the testing and screening of pro and Olympic athletes, usage continues to spread. Why? First, to enhance athletic performance in "win-at-all-cost" competition. Second, to enhance appearance. Steroid use is increasingly motivated by vanity. The dudes and damsels all want to look fantastic at the beach. And they want a short-cut. Why work out for years, when a few months of pills and shots can create the "body beautiful"?

Because the side effects are too drastic! The same steroids that produce improved performance and appearance also bring impotence for men, loss of femininity for women, psychotic rages, and potentially fatal diseases.

Check the price tag, Cliffie. Check the price tag.

Are Steroids Addictive?

That's what the facts show. Check them out:

- In a recent issue of the *Medical Tribune*, U.S. Olympic Committee sports-medicine and science director Dr. Robert Voy maintains that steroid use "creates a psychological and physiological addiction—almost the same kind of addiction you see with narcotics, cocaine, or any of the other recreational drugs."

- The American Medical Association reports that studies conducted by two psychiatrists at the Yale University School of Medicine indicate definite similarities between the effects and withdrawal symptoms exhibited by steroid users and those seen in cocaine, alcohol, and opiate users.

- A pilot study of eight weight lifters (reported in the April 1990 issue of the *American Journal of Psychiatry*) shows unmistakable withdrawal symptoms from those trying to discontinue steroid use. In addition, researchers say that seven of the eight had experienced adverse psychological effects from taking steroids, but continued using them anyway.

The withdrawal symptoms reported by the eight weight lifters included decreased sex drive, fatigue, depression, anorexia, desire for more steroids, headaches, dissatisfaction with body image, suicidal thoughts, insomnia, and the inability to feel pleasure.

Ask a Friend



I'm 19 and am dating a guy who's 20. He wants me to marry him, but there's a big problem: he smokes and I don't. He's been considerate and has avoided smoking at my home or when we're in the car together, but I know I can't ask him not to smoke around me once we're living in the same home. He doesn't see the problem. He thinks I'm blowing things out of proportion, and he won't quit. What do you think? Am I overreacting? Have you seen other couples with this problem?

I don't think you're overreacting. As a marriage counselor, I meet a lot of people who're having a "values" conflict such as you're having. To explain a little further, a value is any very personal idea about ourselves or life which we have freely chosen, publicly acknowledged, cherished, or held dear, and which we consistently affirm through our repeated behavior. Everyone has his/her own values, and whenever two people decide to get married and live together, they must agree to accept each other's values, or they must insist on change. Naturally, the more values two people hold in common, the better. And the more differing values they have, the more difficult their living together will be.

What a wonderful world it would be if we could all find that perfect partner whose values coincided exactly with ours. But, just as there are no two people in the world with identical fingerprints, neither are there two people with identical values. What we need to do in our search for a lifetime partner is to find someone whose values are similar to ours in most respects and not so different that we find ourselves in frequent conflict about them.

We can learn to live with some differing values because we love our husbands or wives. Many of the things we'll chose to do or not do in a relationship will be to bring pleasure and good feelings to our partners, not because we want to do them. For example, you may want your husband to go shopping with you on a Sunday afternoon, but your husband wants to

watch football on TV. This is a conflict. In order to make your husband happy, you might watch TV even though it's not what you prefer. Or he might turn off the TV and go shopping with you because it will make you happy. This is an easy conflict to settle.

When it comes to a serious values conflict—and I consider smoking versus not smoking a serious conflict—it wouldn't be reasonable for you to expect your husband not to smoke in your presence. Home should be a place where we can relax and be ourselves. If smoking is a part of his life, he'll expect to do so in your home.

It's also to be your home. Perhaps you'll be constantly upset at the thought of what he's doing to his health by smoking, or perhaps you'll be concerned over your own increased risk of cancer from living with a smoker (confirmed by the Surgeon General's report). Maybe you'll be offended by the smell of stale tobacco smoke, or ashes and cigarette burns on the furniture. You can see how these things could create a serious conflict between the two of you.

You must ask yourself whether you'll be able to accept all of these aspects of his smoking. Don't expect he'll stop.

Unfortunately, getting married doesn't make the bad things in a relationship suddenly disappear, because most of the established habits or values we bring into marriage stay with us. Also, the unattractive parts of our personality that we may have kept hidden

during courtship tend to become apparent after marriage.

A complicated values conflict such as smoking versus nonsmoking can cause much trouble in a marriage. Settle major conflicts *before* marriage, because they're much more difficult to solve afterward.

See a professional counselor together so that you can explore this and other areas of conflict, learning ways to solve problems without damaging your relationship. There's always the chance you'll discover you have "irreconcilable differences" that you can't find any compromise for. This will hurt, but it's better to realize it now instead of after marriage.

You're in love, and you don't want anything to take that feeling away from you, but you have a serious decision to make. I doubt that you'll get used to your husband's smoking. Your letter doesn't make it sound like he'll quit either. That leaves you with no easy solution. As you decide how to proceed, remember that starting a marriage with serious values differences is risky business. It threatens a union meant to last a lifetime. I wish you the wisdom to make the decision that will lead to your ultimate happiness.

**Jack
Anders**

THE KITCHEN

FAST FACTS, SHORT SHOTS, AND
MISCELLANEOUS MINUTIAE

Sink

THE JUBILANT #1 BEST SELLER
**Living, Loving
& Learning**
by the author of *Unsubdued and Loving Each Other*
Leo F. Buscaglia, Ph.D.

L.M. MONTGOMERY
**Chronicles
of Avonlea**
Anne of Green Gables
Anne Shirley
The world of Anne Shirley
and her friends
and family
in the heart of Prince Edward Island

Four out of 10 women and 3 out of 10 men
never weigh themselves.
—*The First Really
Important Survey of American Habits*

Paula Abdul, Janet Jackson, and Madonna
snagged the top three spots in the "best female
singer" category of *Seventeen's* 1990 Reader's
Poll. Billy Joel, Jordan Knight, and Bobby Brown
were the male counterparts.
—*Seventeen*

Research shows that steroid use is linked with
prostate cancer and sterility in men, and breast
shrinkage and other signs of masculiniza-
tion—some of it irreversible—in women, as
well as liver cancer, heart disease, and high
blood pressure.
—(See "Bulking Up and
Bombing Out," page 10)

The youngest person ever to earn an Olympic
gold medal in an individual event was Marjorie
Gestrung of the U.S. She was 13 years and 9
months old when she won the springboard
diving competition at the 1936 Olympics in
Berlin, Germany.
—*Sports Illustrated for Kids*

Tennis originated in 11th-century French
monasteries.
—*Campus Life*

About 23 million Americans—20% of them
under age 18—lead lives impaired in some way
by the use of alcohol; 12 million have one or
more symptoms of alcoholism.
—National Council on Alcoholism

PHOTO BY BETTY BLUE AND DUANE TANK

The first U.S. paperback was a collection of
poems printed in 1777. The best-selling pa-
perback of all time (excepting dictionaries
and thesauruses) is *Baby and Child Care*, by
Dr. Benjamin Spock (39.2 million copies).
—*Publisher's Weekly*

The Internal Revenue Service loses an estimated
2 million documents yearly.
—*Harper's*

One out of four employers would hire a
nonsmoker over a smoker if the two candi-
dates were equally qualified. About 85% of
companies have no-smoking areas.
—*USA Today*

The Oakland Athletics' Rickey Henderson will
make about \$3 million in 1991, more than three
times the combined salaries made by the top 15
players on the 1973 A's team—which included
Reggie Jackson and Catfish Hunter, and which
won the World Series.
—*Sports Illustrated*

THE LORD OF THE RINGS
THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING
WITH ANNUAL EDITION

THE OLD MAN
AND
THE SEA

Toshie Takahama

Fred S. Miller



JON LUGBILL: WHAITEWATER WIZARD

**For more than 10 years,
Jon Lugbill has been the king of
whitewater slalom canoeing,
and it looks as if he's just at the
beginning of his reign.**



It's 6:30 in the morning, just barely light, and still freezing cold as world champion Jon Lugbill sets his racing canoe down at the water's edge on the Potomac River. Starting from this point on the river bank, about eight miles north of Washington, D.C., Jon trains twice a day, three hours in all, almost every day of the year.

By 9:00 a.m., he'll arrive at work. Appropriately, he's a water-quality analyst in Washington. Jon gets out at five like most people. But unlike the many who'll go home to kick back in front of the tube, he'll head for the water's edge again, preparing to win another world championship. If you want to be the best at anything, you've got to pay your dues—daily.

Maybe even twice daily.

In 1979, at the age of 18, Jon Lugbill won his first gold medal in whitewater slalom canoeing. Since then, he's been a recognized force in the field, virtually unbeatable and getting better.

Jon, now 29 years old, has won an unbelievable 11 gold medals: 5 individual world championships and 6 team firsts. His coach for the past 10 years, Bill Endicott, says without reservation that "Jon Lugbill is the greatest athlete in the history of the sport." In 40 years, no one else has ever come close to his record, nor has anyone else so dominated the sport from such a young age.

Jon Lugbill grew up outside

of Washington, D.C., near the Potomac. From the time he was a young boy, his whole family did things together outdoors—camping, hiking, enjoying nature. Jon's older brother had already shown an interest in mountain climbing and spelunking (exploring caves), so you could say Jon had plenty of good examples to follow.

He remembers when the waterbug first bit him, when he first saw the fun and agility of a small paddle-driven vessel. At the age of nine, he went to a river festival in West Virginia. He was too young to participate, but he watched rafts and canoes cavorting on the water—and he liked what he saw. With encouragement



PHOTO BY BILL CORNETT

Jon Lugbill powers his way through one of the gates that pepper a tough whitewater slalom course.

from his parents, Jon qualified for the U.S. Canoe Team when he was just 13 years old. On his next birthday, he was in Yugoslavia at the world championships.

The type of competition that Jon Lugbill excels in is called whitewater slalom, as distinct from flatwater racing. He uses a special, single-bladed canoe paddle to maneuver his 12-foot, 20-pound boat over a designated course, which runs downriver for 600 meters (about the length of six football fields).

Canoe racers compete against the clock, one at a time, or in groups of three during

team competition. The path they follow is marked by 25 "gates"—pairs of striped poles, about four feet apart, hung vertically from cables stretched above the whitewater. The challenge is to run the course in the shortest period of time without getting a penalty for hitting a gate or, worse, missing it entirely.

Most gates carry the contestants downstream, but on each course at least 6 gates, and sometimes as many as 10, require the racer to turn and pass through while paddling against the flow of water, which

is much more difficult and physically demanding. This is Jon's specialty.

But it wasn't always so. Jon had to pay his dues before he struck gold. When Bill Endicott first coached Jon in 1977, the young man didn't even make the slalom team. His style included a lot of "crash-and-burns." He would often flip over or miss a gate, Endicott says. Jon was still learning to mix power with finesse.

"In the beginning, Jon was very aggressive," recalls his coach. "He'd make some very



PHOTO BY BILL CORNETT

fast runs, but he often had big penalties" that wiped out otherwise exceptional times. "He was a real risk taker."

Slalom racers have a term for a perfect run—"running clean," which means completing the course without hitting or missing a gate. It took Jon two years before he could do it consistently, says Endicott.

Jon prefers to characterize his early years in the sport a little differently. "I was analyzing the way things *should* be done, trying to push the sport to another level perhaps." Indeed, through that learning process, Jon changed the sport itself! He improved the design of the canoe and developed some of his own, original techniques—all within the rules. They include a maneuver in which he pivots the boat while one end or the other is submerged. Talk about your radical moves!

Many people wonder how it's possible to win so regularly, but according to Bill Endicott, who coaches the whole U.S. Canoe Team, Jon simply works harder and longer than the competition. So it shouldn't surprise anyone that he wins so consistently.

Jon's brand of self-discipline, which is the key to his success, is best illustrated in the training regimen he follows. As with many such challenges, it's the unseen preparation that makes his race-day triumphs possible.

In season he'll do about 10 on-the-water workouts a week. "But that will build as we get closer to the 1992 Olympics," he adds. During the coldest weather, Jon tries to vary his routine with other kinds of exercise for a couple of reasons.

"First, I want to avoid getting stale. This way, once the weather finally warms up, I'm fresh and ready to paddle!" he explains.

"Second, I work on muscles that aren't used in paddling, which helps avoid injuries. You

don't want to get too specific." He's been listening to his coach.

Jon works with weights three times a week and tries to get in one off-water activity each day in addition to his paddling. One morning he'll ride his bike to work—about nine miles. The next day perhaps he'll work out with weights, and swim after dinner. The third day he might park his car just past the halfway point in his trip to the office, run the remaining four miles, and jog back to the car after work.

There's a mental game to all this, and Jon uses it to succeed in the very physical game of paddling. "I like to set goals," he says. "At the end of a major race season, I'll try to regroup and rethink where I am in terms of what my major goal is." Then, within that framework, he sets shorter targets.

His long-term goals right now include the 1992 Olympics in Barcelona, Spain. "I ask myself, 'What's my specific goal, and what do I have to do to get there?' But not as a pipe dream—as reality. What do I need to do?"

"My short-term goals are always attainable and close," Jon explains, "like saying I want to be able to do 30 pull-ups by June."

He also runs time trials over courses he sets up on the river. During five different periods last year, he set time standards, then tried to improve his performance over the preceding period. "This way, I know where I'm at," he explains.

In 1985 more than a million boxes of Wheaties were sold with Jon's picture on them. He's an achiever: "I control my own life," he says. "I'm doing what I want to do, because I want to." It may sound a little arrogant, but if you listen closely, you'll hear Jon Lugbill saying that he's paid his dues

PHOTO BY BILL CORNETT



Jon Lugbill and Bill Endicott, his coach, discuss racing strategies at the river's edge.


on countless frosty mornings. That's why he doesn't find the results all that astonishing.

Jon hears talk about the sacrifices he has to make. "It's the other way around, really," he laughs quietly. "I'm the one who's out there doing what I want, so it must be the rest of them who are sacrificing."

One thing Jon has discovered could be true of life in general, away from the rapids and the rushing water. "The average people out there want others to be like them," he says. "And they're pretty envious of someone who gets up and does something. They'll try to pull you down to their level to make themselves feel better. I guess the biggest thing I've learned is

that you've got to dare to be different."

You might not aspire to be the world champion in whitewater canoeing, or in any sport for that matter. But whatever you want to achieve, there's some good advice in the aggressive, comin'-atcha way that Jon approaches a gate on the raging whitewater: set goals; get ready, so that you'll know you've done your homework; and finally, when it's time to deliver, pour your soul into the effort. Give it absolutely everything you've got.

If there's any one formula for success, this surely must be it. Ask Jon Lugbill—with his shoebox full of gold medals! 

NO

IN A NICE WAY

Peer pressure sounded like something an adult just dreamed up until it affected Mark's best-friend relationship with Stoney. Then it became real.

"Never in my wildest dreams could I have thought I'd lose my best friend the way I did. Stoney and I were buddies. When I wasn't at his house, he was next door at mine," says Mark G.

"We did everything together, from playing video games to going camping. Neither of us would ever do anything that didn't include the other. We laughed at the girls we dated who thought they could ruin our friendship. Nothing and nobody could split us up."

Mark smiles sadly as he continues. "Then something happened that changed everything. About a year ago, Stoney stopped coming around and started hanging out with losers—kids who smoke, drink, and have an 'I don't care' attitude. I didn't see much of him, because when he did come to school, he'd take off with his new friends as soon as the bell rang. He never got home until real late.

"I felt left out and empty, like my guts were being ripped out. I guess I was angry too, because the night Stoney asked me to take my dad's car without permission, we got into the first real fight we'd ever had. It was the first time in weeks that I'd seen him. I wanted to spend some time with him, but not doing something wrong. I had to say

No! After that, he stalked out," Mark says, beginning to pace the floor.

"I pretended that I didn't care. But even while I patted myself on the back for having sense enough to stay out of trouble, I felt like I should've done things differently.

"It turns out Stoney ripped off someone else's car just to go cruising that night. When the police showed up next door, siren blasting and lights flashing, I raced outside. Two officers were walking Stoney toward their black and white. He turned to me and hissed, 'Why didn't you stop me? What kind of a friend are you?' I felt terrible about the whole incident, but I still don't know how I could've kept it from happening."

Peer Pressure Dilemma

Mark got caught in a situation in which he didn't know how to resist peer pressure and still keep his friend. Many people have the same problem. However, there *are* ways to say No to something a friend suggests without ruining the relationship.

First of all, what is peer pressure? Peers are people close to your own age. They may be your friends, classmates, neighbors, or even your

Donna Walls



sisters and brothers. So peer pressure happens when someone your age tries to influence you to do something—either bad or good.

Resisting peer pressure involves telling a peer in a nice way that you won't do something he/she wants you to do. According to Jean Bragg Schumaker, J. Stephen Hazel, and Colleen S. Pederson, senior developers of *Social Skills for Daily Living*, "resisting peer pressure is saying No

to peers when they suggest a wrong or illegal activity. It is being able to suggest an alternative activity and/or gracefully get out of an activity if necessary without losing friends."

Reasons to Resist

It's a good idea to resist peer pressure whenever someone tells you to do something that's morally wrong, against the rules, or illegal. Of

course you can also resist peer pressure just because you don't want to do whatever you're being urged to do. You have a right to express your individuality.

One reason for resisting peer pressure is to stay in control of the situation. If you let someone else talk you into doing something you feel is wrong for you, you turn over control of your life to that person. But when you resist peer pressure, *you* call the shots. For example, a friend wants you to



take a swig of the beer he/she has sneaked into the school party, but you politely refuse to be pressured. You don't want anyone but you making the decisions about your actions and their consequences.

Staying out of trouble is another good reason for resisting peer pressure. When you refuse that beer at the school party, you're not only in control of the situation, you're also staying out of trouble. By not breaking the rules and the law (drinking under the age of 21 is illegal in the U.S.), you avoid conflict with school officials, your parents, the police, and others. You keep yourself from having to face unpleasant consequences such as suspension from school, being grounded, and perhaps being arrested by the police.

How to Say No

Find ways to say No to your friends without driving them away. For one thing, don't argue with the person trying to pressure you. That will only result in hostility. Let's take a look at steps you can follow to help you resist peer pressure in a positive way.

For instance, suppose a friend asks you to meet him/her after dark at the school. You feel uneasy about this and you don't want to go, but you also don't want your friend to get mad at you. What should you do?

1. Check your understanding. Make sure you understand the situation by asking something like, "Why are we going to the school after dark? What will we do there?" Your friend tells you

that he/she wants to meet in the dark so that no one will see him/her try drugs.

2. Say No. Let your friend know where you stand on the issue. You could say, "No, I'm not into the drug scene."

3. Use the legal name. Say to your friend, "That's possession." When you describe the activity in legal terms, it sounds serious. Your friend might think twice about trying it.

4. Give reasons for saying No. "If I do that, I'll get in trouble with my parents. I could get suspended from school or even be arrested. I don't want drugs to mess up my mind and my body." By giving reasons, you help your friend see the possible consequences of what he/she is planning.

5. Provide other choices. You might say, "Why don't we go to my house instead. I have a new Nintendo game. We can even send out for pizza." Suggesting something else to do shows your friend that you're rejecting only the activity, not him/her.

6. Make the alternate activity sound exciting and challenging. "Wait till you see this game. It's cool. I can't get off the first level, but I bet you can even get to the enchanted castle."

7. Allow time and space. Say, "Well, I've got to go. If you change your mind, come over." By giving your friend time and space to think about



your suggestions, you let him/her know that you respect his/her right to make the decision.

8. Leave on friendly terms. "See you later. Don't forget I'll be waiting for you."

If Mark had learned these steps for resisting peer pressure, his situation could have turned out better. He might have helped his friend say No to drugs too, while keeping their friendship intact. It's not too late for you. You can still keep your friends under pressure!

MAKE MINE A SODA

April 5-7

Get together with your friends, parents, and teachers. Make this an **Alcohol-Free Weekend**. For more information, write: National Council on Alcoholism, Inc., Allen Haveson, 12 West 21st St., New York, N.Y. 10010.



The PRIME TIMES

IDEAS FOR YOUR DRUG-FREE GROUP

FIT AS A FIDDLE

April 7

Celebrate health on **World Health Day**, commemorating the establishment of the World Health Organization on April 7, 1948. For a complete planning kit, write: WHO Regional Office, Public Info Office, 525 23rd St. NW, Washington, D. C. 20009.

A LISTEN SPECIAL

APRIL 1991

Now you see it; now you don't

The Just Say No Society of Young Magicians in Edison, New Jersey, has been using magic to promote the drug-free message for nearly four years. Founded by "Mystic Marty" Lebowitz, a practicing magician for 40 years, the society began in the summer of 1988 with eight members.

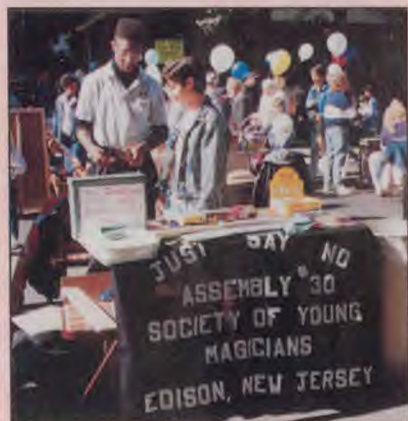


PHOTO BY DONNA LEBOWITZ

After amazing county-fair audiences with magic tricks, Chick Gramby urges them to get high on life, not drugs.

The group meets twice a month—once to discuss drug prevention and future plans, and once to learn magic. Since 1988 the club has grown to 24 members, who range in age from 7 to 22. They perform about once a month at places like hospitals, nursing homes, churches, and fairs. They have special routines geared toward helping hospitalized children and nursing-home residents.

"As the kids involve themselves with these activities, it makes them eager to think of more ways to help others," says Mystic Marty. "The theme is 'Get high on magic, not drugs.' That's the whole idea—you don't need drugs or any artificial stimulation. Nothing compares to the feeling you can get from helping others."

Sean Lasch, who has been part of the group since it was founded, specializes in magic for children. "I like working with kids, and I feel it's one way I can help them say No to drugs. You teach the kids to say No to drugs and Yes to fun things such as magic. It gives them an alternative. We also teach kids that they can say No and still be accepted."

Mystic Marty emphasizes that you can't take drugs and be a magician. "If you start taking drugs, you're going to mess up the magic," he says. "It looks easy and looks smooth, but you have to keep a clear mind."

The group's shows are about 30 minutes long. Members talk about Just Say No and drug prevention, and then do tricks that include card prediction, making silks disappear, juggling, and a linking-rings routine set to music. "These kids are really working hard to put together shows that are enjoyable," says Mystic Marty.

Drug-free groups who would like to learn more about magic as

MAGICIANS, continued next page

Finding a national affiliation for your drug-free group

One of the most encouraging things about starting a drug-free group is that you don't have to reinvent the wheel or struggle alone without help.

Other people have been there before, and many national organizations can provide ideas, support, and training. The various programs have different goals and specialties, so you may need to look closely at several groups to find the one that best fits your needs and goals. Affiliation with a nationwide group can provide some big benefits to your group, including name recognition, training for group leaders and members, and ideas for



PHOTO BY HERB CRAWLEY

Youth to Youth teens put on a show about the fun of drug-free living.

programs, fund-raising, and attracting new members. Here are some national groups that can provide support:

NATIONAL, continued next page

MAGICIANS, continued

an activity should contact their local assembly of the Society of Ameri-



PHOTO BY MARTY LEBOWITZ

Jeffrey Richardson makes a Cub Scout lighter than air during a Just Say No magic performance.

can Magicians, or call Mystic Marty at 201-287-4443. —Richard Moyers

NATIONAL, continued

Just Say No. Since 1986, more than 11,000 Just Say No clubs have formed all over the country. According to Just Say No program assistant Gay Brown, the program focuses on young people between the ages of 7 and 14. Just Say No can provide basic and advanced training for group leaders. It sponsors two national events a year, a Just Say No Week (May 12-18) and a Back to School Month (October). If your group registers as an official Just Say No Club, you'll receive a newsletter that helps you learn about other successful clubs, and you'll become eligible for club grants. You can contact Just Say No by calling toll free 1-800-258-2766.

Youth to Youth. Based in Columbus, Ohio, this is a nationally known program with an eight-year track record. Youth to Youth focuses on teens, and emphasizes positive peer reinforcement of the drug-free choice. If you're interested in starting a Youth to Youth group in your community, Youth to Youth can provide a team of trainers who'll help you coordinate a training seminar; provide you with

copies of handouts and forms; and give you access to the Youth to Youth name, logo, and promotional items. You can write to Youth to Youth at 700 Bryden Road, Columbus, OH 43215, or call 614-224-4506 (not toll free).

TREND (Turning Recreational Excitement in New Directions). Sponsored by the National Council on Alcoholism and Drug Abuse-St. Louis Area, this organization is geared toward providing drug-free recreational opportunities for teens. Now in its third year, TREND has seen more than 90 local chapters established in the greater St. Louis area. Teens have also started TREND groups in Michigan, New

Jersey, and Texas. John King, administrator of the National Association of Teen Institutes, says one of his goals for 1991 is to see TREND chapters take root all over the country. "TREND has provided a way for kids to have fun without being pressured," Kings says. If you'd like to form a TREND chapter, write to the National Council on Alcoholism and Drug Abuse-St. Louis Area, 8790 Manchester Road, St. Louis, MO 63144, or call 314-962-3456 (not toll free). TREND will send you a kit that includes ideas for TREND events, sample press releases, drug-free commitment letters, and ideas for fund-raising.

—Richard Moyers

Party Line

Eggs for every basket case

How about planning an Easter egg hunt for

the little ones in your neighborhood? It doesn't take a lot of work, and it's great fun to watch.

Select a site for the hunt. Make sure it has lots of good hiding places, and get permission from the owner to use it. Send announcements to the kids in the neighborhood about this eggstravaganza. Include what time, where, and any other info they might need, such as a reminder to bring their own baskets.

Then plan a Saturday night party with your friends. The main activity of the evening will be decorating eggs for the hunt! Have a contest. Give awards for the most colorful, the most original, the funniest, and the prettiest eggs. (Those chocolate bunnies always make good prizes!) Use some of the eggs you cook to make party nibbles—egg salad sandwiches and deviled eggs, for eggssample. Plan to have everyone assemble early the next morning before the hunt begins in order to hide all of the eggs.

Planning this Easter egg hunt could be eggssactly what you're looking for to help break the boredom.

Egg salad supreme

5 hard-boiled eggs (cooled)
salt

mayonnaise
curry powder

Mash the eggs with a fork until they're just crumbly, not too fine. Mix in only enough mayonnaise to make the mixture moist and spreadable. Add salt and curry powder to taste. Other add-ins for egg salad can include pickles, green olives, black olives, celery. Makes about five sandwiches.

—Janya Mekelburg



Graffiti

AFTER A STORM

The lightning once cracked over the
Thunder like a whip, making the
Furious thunder roar—
But now, the harsh raindrops have
softened
To quick, graceful patters on the
windowpane,
While softly, sweetly, the whirling
wind quiets,
And the radiant roses once again
raise their scarlet heads,
And the shy violets peek out
at the savior sun.
The adventurous, adorable fawns
once again scamper lightheartedly
on spindly legs to the meadows
As the doe watches the sky excitedly
and then it appears—
An aura of beauty,
shimmering with jewels of brightness,
That drives away the cruel skies forever,
Leaving light and laughter.

—Amy Elizabeth Keller
Worthington, Ohio

MUSIC BOX

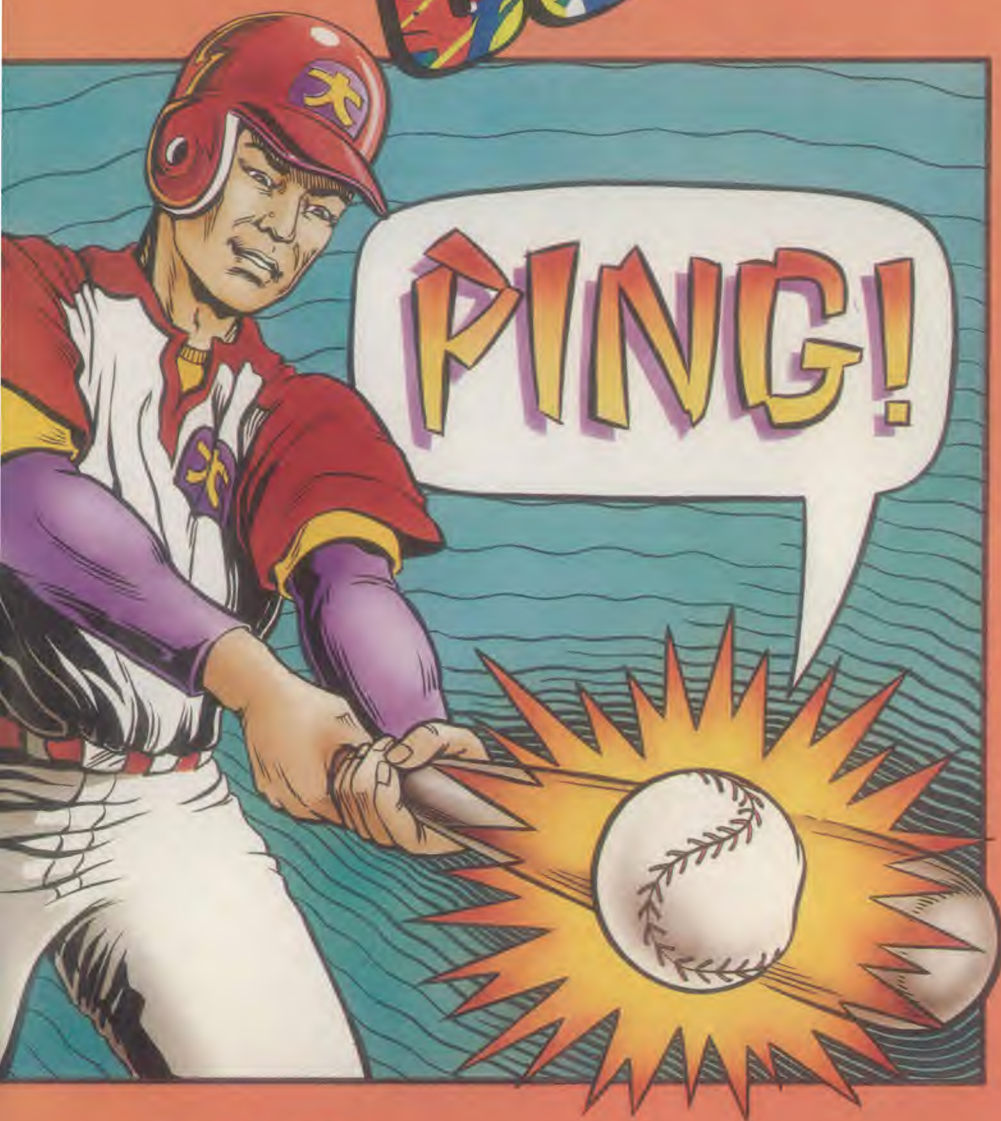
The sharp tinkling of the piano keys
and the sweet sound of the violin
escape from a small child's music box
as the pain of reality is transformed
into a relaxing dreamworld.
Peaceful white doves
carry a violet satin ribbon
through a pale blue sky.
A newborn infant is nestled within her
grandfather's weak, yet proud arms.
Elegant swans glide through
refreshing, cool water,
and angelic spirits whisper
in the soft summer breeze.
Dancing within the heavens above,
a single morning dewdrop
rolls off a lacy, white rose
as a graceful ballerina,
embraced in pink silk,
twirls around and around.

—Tracie Norma White
Placerville, California

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, P.O. Box 7000, Boise, ID 83707. Be sure to tell us your age, and always include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

TIME SUNDAY

And So Worth



Bat Hearing

Japanese ball players are running the risk of going deaf, according to researchers, who say the fault lies with their choice of bats.

Aluminum bats can be designed to give off various sounds when striking a ball. In Japan, players prefer loud, high-pitched pings—they feel it sounds powerful.

Powerful, it is. All 96.3 decibels of it—like a circular saw devouring plywood. Exposure to

sound level over a period of time can lead to hearing loss.

In contrast, American-made bats sound off at around 80 decibels. The difference is a matter of design. American aluminum bats generally have plastic plugs on the ends or are filled with foam—the plugs and foam dampen the noise. Japanese bats have metal-capped ends and no foam.

The 96.3-decibel threat hasn't fallen on deaf ears, though. The Japanese high-school baseball federation has decided to ban power pingers—those topping 92 decibels—from the diamond.

Fido's New Throne

Fido need no longer "hold it" until someone can take him outdoors, thanks to inventor Richard Wooten, a government communications specialist. Wooten has designed (and spent \$30,000 perfecting) a doggy in-house outhouse he calls "Walk-Me-Not" to give dog owners a break.

The contraption is a lightweight device that can be rolled into place over an ordinary toilet. Fido, whenever his needs dictate, runs to the bathroom, climbs up the four conveniently-placed Walk-Me-Not steps, and unloads his troubles. When Fido completes his task, Walk-Me-Not cleans itself and flushes the john.

Wooten says most dogs can be trained in on the system in a matter of weeks. Not that he's had firsthand experience—he's allergic to dogs.

Texas Toad Pies

When your best run is a hop, and you're covered with warts, life can be pretty mean in the fast lane. That's what an endangered toad species is finding out about Highway 21 in Texas.

The toads seem uninclined to move elsewhere, and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service is worried that all the little fellas are going to get smucked out by the traffic. Do something to protect the toads, they're telling the Lone Star State.

One way to solve the problem is by constructing vented toad-tunnel subways under the highway. Conservationists in Britain have done this, but it's expensive. It would cost \$628,000 to provide the Texas toads with a private thoroughfare. The other option is adapting existing drainage pipes. Until the work is done, the toads will just have to look twice before crossing—or get crossed off the list of the living.

NUMBER PERPLEXER

Rich Latta

Place one plus sign (+), one multiplication sign (x), and one minus sign (-) between the numbers in such a way that you get the answer shown.

7 6 5 4 3 2 1 = 798

WISE GUYS

Lee Parker

Using the clues on the left, write down the guys' names that help make up the words on the right. Example: Halloween pumpkin _____ -o'-lantern. Answer: Jack.

1. light ax _____ ahawk
2. racing vehicle for snow _____ sled
3. skilled shooter _____ sman
4. coin _____ el
5. used with a box spring _____ ress
6. two-wheeled vehicle pulled by _____ shaw
person _____
7. large outdoor ad _____ board
8. pirate flag jolly _____
9. long seat in park _____ ch
10. one who loads ship's cargo _____ dore
11. a sweet treat c _____
12. 26 letters _____ phabet
13. dog shelter _____ nel
14. kitchen on the prairie _____ wagon
15. dog with wiry hair _____ ish terrier

COLOR MY WORLD

Oliveros McLloyd

Hidden within these rows of letters are 36 colors ranging from basic black to exotic topaz. The words may run vertically, horizontally or diagonally, and forward or backward. Your friends will be green with envy if you take the gold by finding all 36!

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

Word List: apricot, azure, beige, black, cerise, cinnamon, cocoa, cream, earth, ecru, ermine, gold, green, hazel, henna, ivory, khaki, lemon, lilac, lime, magenta, mauve, mustard, orange, orchid, pink, rose, ruby, scarlet, shamrock, slate, taupe, topaz, umber, wheat, yellow



PUZZLE ANSWERS

"Number Perplexer"

76 + 5 - 43 x 21 = 798

"Wise Guys"

1. Tom, 2. Bob, 3. Mark, 4. Nick, 5. Matt,
6. Rick, 7. Bill, 8. Roger, 9. Ben, 10. Steve,
11. Andy, 12. Al, 13. Ken, 14. Chuck, 15. Scott

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



A few cheers for some schools **kicking butts**—cigarette butts. Harvard University has sold its stock in tobacco companies. President Derek Bok said owning the stock created "a substantial and unjustified risk of harm to other human beings." Trustees from the City University of New York decided to clear the air too. They dumped \$3.5 million worth of tobacco stock. Guys, thanks for caring about more than just the bottom line.

Mistaken Identity

Cracking down on drugs reached new heights last year when **satellite photos** were used to identify Mexican marijuana fields. Experts got worried because the eye-in-the-sky photos suggested crops ten times larger than had been previously estimated. Mexican authorities investigated some of the suspected **pot plots**—only to find hundreds of harmless eucalyptus saplings.

Thumbs Down



They look innocent enough, but they pack a punch that has health and consumer groups angry. The product is **Cisco**, a fruity beverage made by Canandaigua winery in New York. Cisco has an **alcohol content of 20 percent**—that's about twice the content found in wine and four times the content found in wine coolers—yet it's packaged in much the same way as wine coolers and is available in convenience stores. Thumbs down on Cisco, the wolf in sheep's clothes.

April Birthdays

Nancy McKeon, actress, born in Westbury, N.Y., April 4, 1966; James Garner (James Baumgardner), actor, born in Norman, Okla., April 7, 1928; Julian Lennon, musician/singer, born in Liverpool, England, April 8, 1963; Sir George Cadbury, food manufacturer, born in Birmingham, England, April 15, 1929; Tony Danza, actor, born in Brooklyn, N.Y., April 21, 1951; Sheena Easton (Sheena Shirley Orr), singer, born in Bellshill, Scotland, April 27, 1959.



Sheena Easton, born April 27, 1959.



Tony Danza, born April 21, 1951.

PHOTO COURTESY OF CAPITAL CITIES/ABC, INC.

April Jewels

April 1 is Christmas Day—and Pee-Wee Herman was just voted the Sexiest Man in America. Well, you know what today is!

Stress level rocketing off the Richter scale? **National Humor Month** begins, appropriately, on April Fools' Day with a joke-telling contest at the International Humor Conference, University of Ottawa, Canada. For info write: Larry Wilde, c/o Bantam Books, 660 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10103.

April 12, 1934, was a day to remember for weather observers Wendell Stephenson, Alexander McKenzie, and Salvatore Pagliuca. On that morning, at the Mount Washington Observatory in New Hampshire, they witnessed and recorded **The Big Wind**, with gusts of 231 miles per hour—the strongest natural wind ever recorded on the earth's surface.

The **Salk Vaccine** was introduced on April 12, 1955, as a

"safe, potent, and effective" method to eradicate polio, a disease causing paralysis—mostly in children and young people.

Thanksgiving Day meals-to-be can rest easy April 13-14. That's the weekend *people* gobble, gobble, gobble. Country folks gather from miles around to compete in the **Tri-State Turkey Days and Calling Contest**. If you want to try your luck, write: El Kadir Shrine Club, Donnie Waybill, Industrial Road, Kirksville, MO 63501.

April 23 is **Book Day and Lover's Day**—a time when the people in Barcelona, Spain, remember the death of Spanish writer Miguel de Cervantes. Young lovers find gifts of books and roses especially irresistible today. *Trish, I love you. Let the pages in this novel number the ways. And let the red petals on this rose symbolize the heart that beats only for you.*

Living Targets

Ninety percent of cigarette smokers start their habit by age 19, says the American Lung Association. Because of that high percentage, health and political groups accuse cigarette manufacturers of **advertising** cigarettes **directly to teenagers**. Consider these facts:

- Teenagers are big sports fans. Many cigarette manufacturers sponsor sports events such as the Virginia Slims Championships (tennis), the Winston Series Drag Racing, the Marlboro Challenge (ski racing), the Salem Pro-Sail races, Lucky Strike bowling, and Benson & Hedges on Ice. Ken Read, an Olympic skier from Canada, says cigarette companies use sports to influence youth.

- Representative Michael Synar of Oklahoma points out that the cigarette industry spends \$30 million on advertising in *Sports Illustrated*, and 30 percent of its readers are under 18.

- One cigarette company offered a free compact disc with the purchase of three packages of its brand. Those who bought the packs could get a compact disc of the Hooters, Cheap Trick, Tina Turner, or Eddie Money. Joe Cherner, president of Smoke-Free Educational Services in New York, observes that if the cigarette company was targeting an older audience, the free compact disc would be of Frank Sinatra, not Tina Turner.

One Last Note

Making Waves

An old sailing tradition dictates that if fog closes in on a harbor and prevents a small-boat sailor from seeing or hearing the buoy to find his way, the sailor immediately begins to turn his little craft in small circles. Then he stops and listens intently. The waves resulting from this technique begin to rock the buoy and make the bell clang.

By making waves, the sailor can find his way back to the safety of the harbor. But sailing around in tight circles can be dangerous. He has to take a calculated risk to achieve his goal. Life is like that. No pain, no gain!

But how do you know what kind of risks to take? These guidelines should be helpful.

First, set objectives for your life. Decide what you want to accomplish. Where and what do you want to be 5, 10, and 15 years from now? With these answers firmly in your mind, you can always ask yourself this about a specific risk: "Will this help me to fulfill my life goals?"

Second, reduce the element of risk as much as possible. When thousands of onlookers watched tightrope performer Philippe Petit walk seven times back and forth across a tightrope between the tops of the World Trade Towers in New York

City, they must have thought he was crazy.

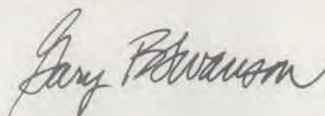
"Risk implies chance," Philippe said later. "I never take chances. Everything is rehearsed, all possibilities considered. I can never fall."

Third, know exactly what the risk is. Deciding what is at stake can often help. In his book *Chancing It*, Ralph Keyes says many teenagers worry more about loss of face than about loss of life. This is one reason saying No to drugs is so difficult. Or refusing a ride home with a drinking driver. Teens fear peer disapproval more than they do physical harm.

Fourth, take your own risks. To do something on a dare—because of peer pressure—shows that you value someone else's opinion of you too much.

If you take only your own risks, you'll be in control of your life. You'll be able to decide for yourself how a risk fits into your objectives.

When you're making your own waves, you'll know better what's best for you.



April 1991

Vol. 44, No. 4



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LISTEN is a monthly drug-prevention magazine for teens that teaches life skills, success tips, drug facts, and the advantages of a lifestyle free from alcohol, tobacco, and other drugs.

This publication is available in microfilm from Xerox University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. (313) 761-4700. Write publisher for complete information.

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Subscription Rates

In U.S.A., \$17.95 for 12 issues. In all other countries, \$20.95.

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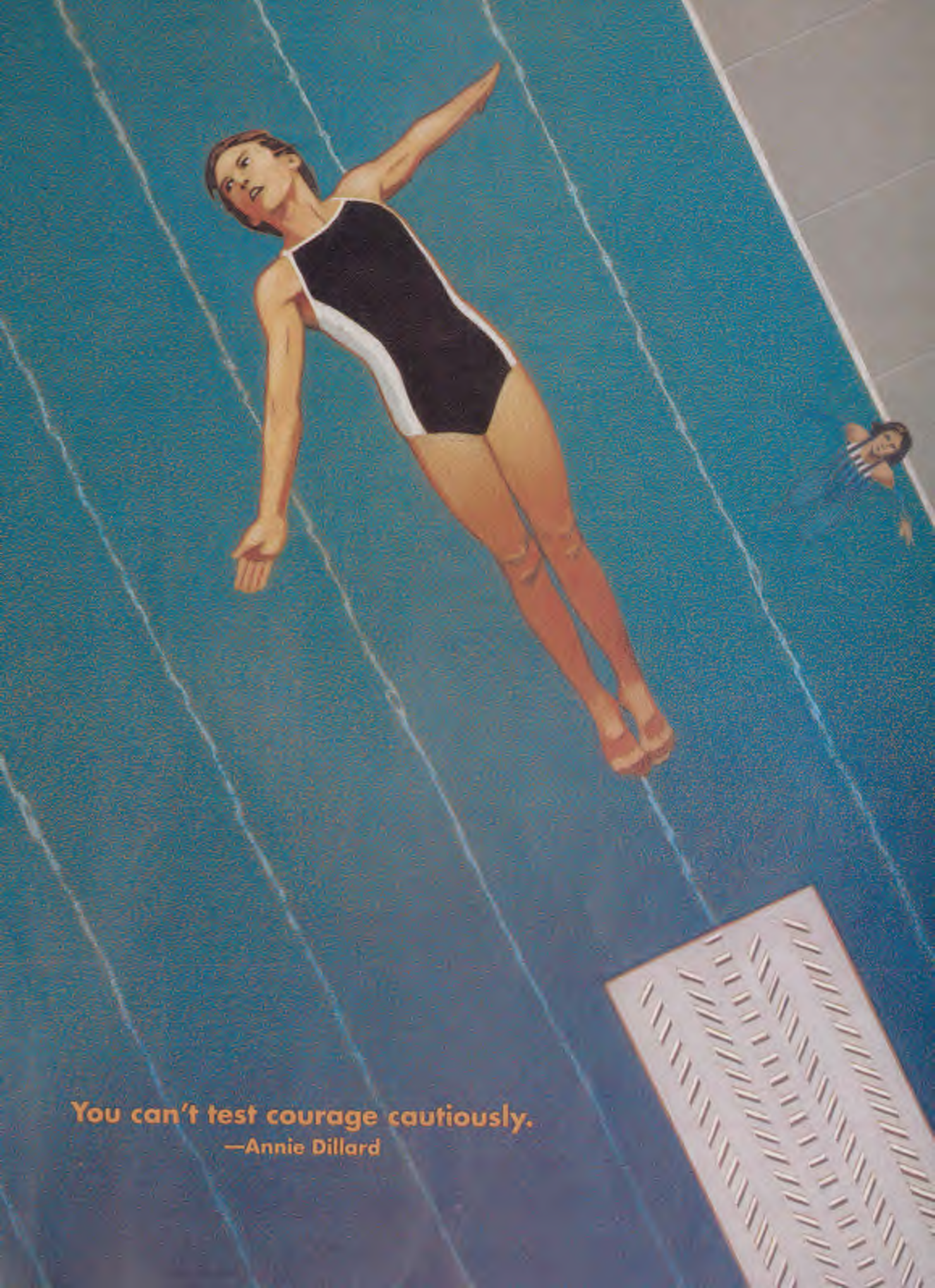
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Second-class mail privileges authorized at Boise, Idaho. Form 3579 requested. Litho in the United States of America.

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Printed in U.S.A.





You can't test courage cautiously.

—Annie Dillard

"Listen helps me to be more confident and positive about myself."
—Pennsylvania

"Listen has influenced me to stop doing drugs and join a rehab."
—Kansas

"Some of my friends smoke and do drugs, but Listen has helped me to be able to say No."
—North Carolina

"Listen has helped me keep from being pressured into doing anything bad lately."
—California

"This magazine is worth passing on to my friends."
—Maine

"Listen influenced me to talk to someone who could help me through my suicidal time."
—Michigan

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