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BRAID WITNESSES

JAN BROWN

Sandi twined a strand of copper-colored hair around her finger as she watched her mother swallow two small yellow pills.

"What're those for, Mom?" she asked.

"Oh . . . nothing. Just diet pills."

Sandi's dark eyes grew troubled. And the little white pill this morning was to wake up, she thought. There'll be a tranquilizer or two, or three; pain pills for her back this afternoon; and a sleeping pill tonight, probably washed down with liquor.

"You take too many pills," Sandi said, realizing with sorrow that her mother had become a stranger to her.

Mom turned away from the sink and looked at Sandi. She frowned slightly. "They're all prescription pills," she replied, a sharp, defensive edge to her voice.



Sandi knew that drugs were bad news, something she wanted no part of. But they kept creeping into her life from everywhere—her boyfriend, her friends, even her own mother.

"Could you stop taking them on your own? I mean, just *quit*, if you wanted to?" Sandi persisted.

"Of course I could. For goodness' sake, Sandi, it's not like I'm addicted to them! But I need to take them."

Sandi found those last two sentences contradictory. Her mother had started taking most of the pills after the divorce two years ago. Sandi knew Mom didn't actually need the diet pills, for instance. She was already very thin—thinner than her 15-year-old daughter, in fact. Sandi doubted very much

if her mother's doctor prescribed *them*.

She pushed the remainder of her breakfast aside and stood up. "I'm going over to Jimmy's," she said. It was May, and pleasantly warm. She felt like taking a walk. She'd had this conversation before with her mother, and she was becoming bored with it. Talks with Mom just seemed to go nowhere these days.

Mom's expression grew worried. "Oh, Sandi, I wish you wouldn't hang around with Jimmy."

They'd had *this* conversation before too! Sandi sighed. "Mom, we've been over this a hundred times. There's nothing wrong with Jimmy."

"He's too wild. His parents just let him do as he pleases. I wouldn't be surprised if he's into drugs!"

Sandi called over her shoulder as she left, "Well, maybe they're *prescribed*, Mom!"

She immediately regretted her parting remark but continued on toward Jimmy's house down the block. Maybe Mom was right, after all. The pills didn't seem to do her any harm. Maybe she did need them—except the diet pills, of course.

Sandi found Jimmy in his backyard by the pool. His parents were at work, so he had the run of the place. Sandi knew a lot of what Mom said about Jimmy was true, but he was fun, and she liked him.

"Hi, Sandi!" he greeted when she walked through the open gate. "Hey, you look a little down."

Jimmy came over to her. His blond hair hung dripping almost to his shoulders. His blue eyes showed concern as he draped an arm around her.

"You're wet!" she exclaimed, pushing him away.

"Whew, you *are* testy today," Jimmy said, drawing his arm back and stepping aside.

"No, I'm not—not really." Sandi sat on one of the chairs by the pool. "It's just Mom, that's all."

Jimmy sat down beside her. "Say no more. My folks have the same effect on me."

Sandi looked impatiently at him. She said, "Jimmy, your parents never give you a hassle. They just let you alone and don't interfere."

"Yeah," Jimmy agreed. "I guess I'm pretty lucky." Sandi thought she detected a slight unhappiness in his tone, but dismissed it. Certainly he was lucky. He had it all.

"Uh, Sandi," Jimmy said hesitantly. "I, well, I have something that'll make you feel better."

Sandi shook her head. "We've been through this before. I've told you I don't do drugs!"

"Who's asking you to?" Jimmy picked up a towel and started rubbing his hair. "A little something now and then to help you along doesn't mean you're 'doing



ILLUSTRATION BY BOB LYNCH

drugs.' What's the harm anyway? I do it. My folks pop pills all day long. We're not living in back alleys with our brains fried, stealing and killing, are we? Everybody needs something these days. Grow up, Sandi!"

It usually annoyed her when Jimmy told her to grow up. Just because he'd already turned 16 and she had a few months to go, he sometimes acted like he was years wiser about things.

Today Jimmy didn't annoy her. Her resolve melted. This little speech of his, repeated often, seemed to make some sense today. Sandi knew several of her friends dabbled in drugs. Nothing really awful ever happened to them. Nothing happened to her mother or Jimmy's parents.

"OK," she told Jimmy. "I'll try it."

Jimmy's eyes grew wide with surprise, but he

**BAD
INFLUENCES**

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BAD INFLUENCES

quickly regained his casual air. "Good girl. I'll be right back," he said, disappearing into the house. He returned with a handful of small white pills and a glass of water. The pills looked like the ones her mother took first thing every morning.

"They're just methamphetamines—speed. My dad has a million of them. I get into them all the time. He never notices any are gone." Jimmy handed her one with the glass.

She held the pill and stared at it, uncertainty crowding into her mind. "Go on, take it," Jimmy urged. "See?" He popped one into his mouth. "It won't kill you. You'll feel a lot better."

Smiling, he watched as Sandi placed the pill on her tongue and swallowed some water with it. He gave her the rest of the pills to take home.

Sandi had to admit the pill pepped her up to almost dizzying momentum. The whole world seemed to have shifted into high gear. Colors were so vivid that they dazzled her. She felt good! She felt there was nothing she couldn't do.

But the next morning, she didn't wake up when her alarm went off. When Mom finally managed to rouse Sandi, it was too late to get to school on time. Sandi couldn't remember ever feeling so tired, and she had a depressing headache. She secretly popped two of the pills before leaving home.

Jimmy continued to supply her with the little white pills. Any doubts she had about them were pushed aside by the exhilarating high she got from taking them.

Sandi knew she was getting thinner; eating seemed such a waste of time now. Several tardy notices had led to after-school detention occasionally. Her schoolwork was slipping too—but just a little. Sandi's usual A's and B's fell to B minuses and C pluses. Nothing to worry about. She promised herself she'd concentrate more on her grades . . . one of these days.

Then she got an F on her final exam in science. The teacher assigned her some extra projects to help her grade. She had less than a week to finish them before school was out.

While Sandi was in her bedroom working on them, Mom walked in. Her expression held a

mixture of anger and sadness. She didn't say anything. She only held out a fist and slowly opened it.

Sandi saw the white pills and looked puzzled. "So what's up, Mom? Why are you showing me your pills?"

"They're not *my* pills, Sandi," Mom replied, her voice tightly controlled. "I found these in your drawer. I know I shouldn't have snooped. But you've acted so differently these past few weeks."

Sandi waited, staring silently at her mother.

"It was Jimmy, wasn't it?" Mom demanded. "I told you to stay away from him! I knew he'd get you into taking drugs. He's no good. He's—"

"Yes, Jimmy gave them to me, Mom," Sandi interrupted. She set aside her books and papers before continuing. "But I'm to blame, not him. I finally asked myself, Why should I be different from everyone else?"

Sandi's mother bit nervously at her lip. "What do you mean?" she said.

"A lot of my friends fool around with drugs. They're OK. *You* take pills like these. You take pills all day! Jimmy's parents do too. It hasn't hurt you or them, has it?"

Mom sat down on the bed and, to Sandi's surprise, started crying. "Sandi, I've been lying to you," she finally said. "I can't stop taking some of my pills! Especially these. I've tried. I wish I'd never started using any of them. They *have* hurt me—in a million ways. And now, you—" She broke off.

Sandi awkwardly patted her shoulder, expecting to feel angry, but she didn't. She realized how dependent she herself had become on that little white pill. Like her mother, she couldn't just give them up.

"What're we going to do, Mom?" she whispered.

Mom sat up and wiped her eyes. "I guess we get help," she answered quietly. "You know, it's amazing how easy it was for me to stay supplied with pills. Some doctors just keep renewing prescriptions without asking any questions. When they do stop, you can always find another doctor who'll do the same thing. A person can go on for years, like I have. And all the time you were watching, being influenced by my bad example." Mom sobbed.

Sitting with her arm around Mom, Sandi forced herself to admit how the pills had changed her for the worse. And of course she already knew how drastically the constant use of pills had altered her mother's personality.

"We'll go get help, Mom," Sandi said, hugging Mom close. "Let's find our real selves again!"

My folks pop
pills all day
long. We're
not living in
back alleys
with our
brains fried,
stealing and
killing, are
we?

HOT-AIR BALLOONS! INFLATION ELATION

Looking for something exciting, something a little different? Teenagers find that hot-air ballooning is an experience in which the sky's the limit.

Luan Miller

"Peaceful. Floating. Gentle. Enjoyable.

Scenic. It's everything an airplane ride is—without the bumps. It's like floating on air!"

Shane Lambert, 18, tries to describe what it's like sailing high over the countryside in a sturdy wicker basket attached to a mammoth hot-air balloon. All around him are the sights and sounds of a hot-air balloon rally coming to life, tucked against the backdrop of the Grand Teton mountains in Wyoming.

It's early morning; the sun is just a glow behind the nearby peaks. The valley floor is carpeted with bursts of bright color—masses of nylon in every shade and hue, carefully spread out. The air is still, but hardly quiet. A hundred burners hiss, inflating the balloon bellies.

Slowly the giants rise—one, the color of a sunrise; another, a replica of the globe; a third, shaped like a large black-and-white cow. Dozens of kaleidoscopic balloons crowd the sky. The race is on!

Almost weekly, hot-air enthusiasts meet somewhere in the nation for rallies or fairground demonstrations, collecting new converts everywhere they go.

My Beautiful Balloon

The hot-air ballooning excitement began in France nearly 200 years ago, when two Frenchmen experimenting with the lighter-than-air theory filled a 20-foot-tall paper envelope with smoke, causing it to rise. Growing from a handful of devotees, today there are more than 3,000 certified hot-air pilots.

A hot-air balloon is really made up of many parts. The envelope, or balloon itself, is sewn from lightweight, tough nylon. Aircraft cable connects the envelope to a woven basket that contains the gas burners, fuel tanks, and control instruments. This combination results in a transportation vehicle like no other. Heads turn whenever one skims by!

"The best part of ballooning is *all* of it!" says Brian Ashton, 21, from Idaho. "The early morning takeoffs, the flight itself, the people you get to meet. And attending the different hot-air balloon rallies throughout the year, where you get to meet other enthusiasts."

Brian was 10 the first time he heard a strange whooshing noise over his house. Running outside to investigate, he witnessed the landing of a large multicolored balloon in a nearby field. The pilot, seeing Brian's curiosity, invited him aboard and took him for a quick ride.

Brian was hooked. He began crewing—helping with laying out the balloon, straightening the rigging, and chasing the balloon's flight—in exchange for rides. At 14, he acquired his student pilot's license, then put in enough hours aloft by 16 to qualify for a try at his private pilot's license.

"My mom and her husband have a hot-air balloon, so I got involved with the ground crew," says Sara Chebul, 10, of Great Falls, Montana. "I usually work with the 'crown,' the long string that goes to the top of the balloon and attaches to a small ring. You hold onto that to help keep the balloon from rolling around while it's being inflated."

"My first balloon ride took place when I was four," says David Bair, 16, one of the youngest pilots in New Mexico. David and his parents and brother travel throughout the country sailing their own balloon, as well as crewing for commer-



cially owned balloons.

"We fly weekends around our home area, but we do go to five or six out-of-state rallies a year. During Fiesta—the giant, international hot-air balloon gathering in New Mexico—I usually crew for Walt Disney company, working with their big Mickey Mouse balloon. That's really fun. At Fiesta you may have 600 balloons all taking off at once. It's quite a sight."

High-Rise Fun

Getting started is as easy as being in the right place at the right time. Whenever you see a hot-air balloon preparing to land, follow it. Chances are the crew will be willing to show you the ropes.

"Meet the people who are setting up," Brian Ashton adds. "Offer to help out. Pilots depend on the ground crew. You can launch a balloon with just two people, but it's a lot easier and more fun with a whole gang."

"I belonged to a four-wheel club, and the hot-air balloon group held a rally in our area and needed some trucks to help chase; that's how I got started," says Shane Lambert. "I'm going for my private license, then my commercial, so I can pilot for other people."

"The best part of hot-air ballooning is the people," David Bair says. "I could go out to a meet without a balloon and probably ride 97 percent of the balloons. All a person needs to do is walk up and say 'Hi, I'm from Albuquerque, or wherever, and I was wondering if I could help you crew.' Chances are they'll say, 'Sure.' And it's just that kind of friendly attitude that makes this such a fun sport."

"I was dating a balloonist who wanted to take me out to see the balloons," says Linda Watkins, of Idaho. "We chased one of the balloons, and the pilot asked if I wanted to go for a ride. It was beautiful! Afterwards, I told my parents all about it; my dad decided he'd better check out the aircraft and make sure everything was safe. He was so impressed

and got so interested that he bought his own balloon! We've all had a great time with it."

Clear Sailing

A flight begins early in the morning, usually lasts an hour—due to fuel limitations—and has the irresistible quality of a surprise ending. One balloonist took off in New Jersey, floated across Manhattan (surprising many New Yorkers in high-rise offices), sailed along Long Island Sound, and eventually landed on a sandbar behind a Bridgeport, Connecticut, factory. He was promptly ticketed for parking in an unauthorized space.

"You can't control a balloon like you would an airplane," says Shane. "Weather has a 99 percent effect on us. We're at the mercy of whatever Mother Nature can throw at us. You can go up with some idea of where you want to head, but you can't really steer a balloon."

"Lots of times pilots will send up small balloons called pyballs," explains Linda. "These are basically little helium-filled direction finders. We send those up and watch their course. They may go up 100 feet, drifting to the right, then rise another 100 feet and suddenly push off to the left. That's exactly what your big balloon will do, so these pyballs give you advance notice of the wind currents above you. The best thing is not to have any specific direction in mind, but to be happy wherever you end up!"

"One of my favorite places is in Gallup, New Mexico," says David Bair. "It's called Red Rock Park. All of the canyons are made of this red rock, and they rise up like fingers, so the canyon

'breathes.' That means the wind will go up one of those rock-finger canyons, where it'll be trapped, so then it'll go down another canyon. If it's calm, you can 'crawl' up and down the walls of the canyon, because the wind follows the rocks. It's the greatest place to pilot."

A Natural High

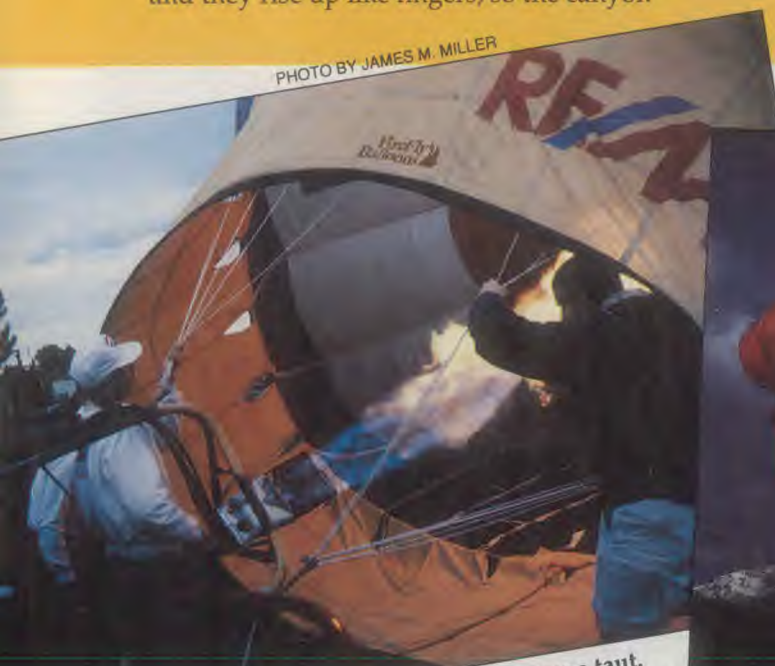
Floating above the earth in a balloon makes you feel exhilarated, disconnected from the ordinary pedestrians below you. You feel above it all.

"Flying in a balloon is so peaceful," says Linda. "There's no sensation of movement, but the landscape just scrolls out below you. You don't feel the wind in your face, because you become *part* of the wind."

"The sensation of being up there in the sky really gets to you," explains Brian. "You don't have to answer to anyone. Once in a while you'll hear dogs barking as if a long way off, but above 2,000 feet you can't hear anything. I once went up to 8,600 feet; it was great! From there you can actually see the curvature of the earth."

Bob Waligunda and Larry Sheehan, authors of *The Great American Balloon Book*, claim that balloonists are a special breed. They tend to be independent and self-reliant. They enjoy the teamwork, but the flight is their reward. They're also romantics. And what could be more romantic than rising high above the rest of the world aboard a colored cloud? That's a *real* high! 🗒

PHOTO BY JAMES M. MILLER



A member of the ground crew holds the crown taut. The crown is a rigging line that runs through a ring at the "crown" of the balloon and helps hold the envelope still during inflation.

PHOTO BY RON BEHRMANN





Rise Above the Crowd

Hot-air ballooning is governed by the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA), which licenses balloon pilots just as it does airplane pilots. You must be at least 14 to get a student license, 16 to get a private license, and 18 to get a commercial license. Each category has different requirements. For example, to earn a private pilot's license, you'll need at least 10 hours of supervised balloon flight and one solo flight under your belt. A written exam quizzes you on topics such as navigation, weather conditions, and Federal Aviation regulations. You must be able to show that you're familiar with balloon operation, including preflight preparation, operation of controls, liftoff and climb, descent and landing, as well as emergency situations.

Sound overwhelming? It's really no more complicated than getting your driver's license. Take it a flight at a time. Start out working on a crew or a chase team, and progress from there with the help of some friendly, experienced pilot you meet.

If you're ready to rise to new heights, check out *The Great American Balloon Book* by Bob Waligunda and Larry Sheehan, as well as the following:

- *Ballooning* is a colorful newsletter covering what's new in the lighter-than-air world, historic events, balloon rallies, and festivals. The address is 2226 Beebee Street, San Luis Obispo, CA 93401.

- *Pilot Newsletter* keeps you current with ballooning events around the country and changes in federal regulations. It also has a classified-ad/exchange column for when you're ready to get equipment. Write to Balloon Federation of America, Suite 430, 821 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, DC 20005.



PHOTO BY RON BEHRMANN



The Booze Blues

L. N.
Barker

Teenagers have begun wising up to the risks of drug use, except for the most widely used drug of all—alcohol. And they're discovering the hard way that this drug is just as dangerous and deadly as the rest.

It's not marijuana. It's not heroin or any kind of pill. Surprise, it's not even crack. The number-one drug of choice among high-school-age people is alcohol. And its use is still increasing.

That "increase" refers to both the number of consumers and the amount consumed. Also, the starting age keeps getting earlier. The National Council on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence (NCADD) says 56 percent of students begin drinking before the ninth grade.

In 1987 the *Weekly Reader* published a poll of elementary students that showed 40 percent

of fourth- through sixth-graders felt peer pressure to try wine coolers. "Eight years ago we didn't even have statistics on elementary kids' drinking habits," says a San Diego principal. "Now several groups are keeping tabs."

As for increased consumption, the NCADD says that 33 percent of high-school seniors binge drink—take five or more drinks at a time. All these facts click with student-leader comments at the 1990 National Association of Student Councils convention. Many of the student leaders identified alcohol as the number-one problem on their campuses. And most of the other problems discussed, such as pregnancy, racism, vandalism, and apathy, somehow relate to alcohol. "It's the major thing that starts everything else," according to one student.

Recent research, including the annual study done by the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA), shows that drug use in general is on the decline for young people. Give credit where it's due; more young people are wising up and saying No. They've seen enough of their mates crash and burn to figure it

out. But somehow teens aren't getting the message that alcohol is part of the dangerous drug scene they should reject.

Why Do Teens Drink?

If they're smart enough to squash other drugs, why don't they stay away from this one too? Various answers surface, with certain ones cited over and over: peer pressure, family drinking, societal conditioning, boredom, easy access, escape, and the desire to look and feel grown up.

The first three reasons listed seem to be the most persuasive in getting someone to drink. Several studies show that teens whose parents drink are more likely to drink themselves. Same with friends—teens who have friends who drink also tend to drink. The overall motivating factor inside families or with friends seems to be acceptance. Teens drink to be accepted.

Even if parents verbally tell their sons and daughters not to drink, their behavior says the opposite. Parents are always saying, "Grow up. Act more adult." Well, parents are adults, and they drink. In order to be accepted as an adult, some teens

get the idea they should behave like an adult in negative ways as well as positive ways.

This leads to another reason for drinking that few teens admit. Having feelings of low self-worth can open the door to a greater need for acceptance. This makes a person more susceptible to peer pressure.

Also, experimentation with alcohol and/or other drugs gives some teens what they think is a push in the direction of a personal identity or a unique self-image. This is often tied in with wanting to rebel against what parents or society tells them they should be.

Some teens' drinking relates to the family environment. Alcoholism, which is alcohol addiction, often runs in families. Alcoholics Anonymous (AA) estimates there are about 3.5 million teenage alcoholics. "My mom started going to AA when I was 12," says Ray, 19. "By the time I was 15, I drank every day and figured I'd better go to AA too."

"My real father died from drinking too much," says Hector, 18. "I knew better, but drank anyway. Maybe I thought I was tougher. Well, I knew I was tough. I hated anyone who told me what to do, because I knew everything, you know? I had it over everybody. Finally I realized I was killing myself too. Just like my dad. I thought sobriety was just getting dry. I didn't know it meant changing my attitude."

Some teens are savvy enough to list advertising as one of the reasons *other* teens drink. The ones sharp enough to see that ads try to manipulate people are also slick enough to avoid the trap.

Ads have four main goals: to repeat sales to existing buyers, to get buyers to switch brands, to increase sales to existing buyers, and to get new sales or convert nonbuyers into buyers.

All industries say they advertise for these four reasons—except the alcohol industry. When accused of advertising alcohol to influence minors to drink, the liquor industry swears it doesn't. Liquor execs say they



only advertise for market segments and brand loyalty. But they use the same advertising agencies and advertising tactics that all other industries use.

Studies show that students see 100,000 ads for beer long before they reach the legal drinking age of 21. *USA Today* quotes Michael Jacobson of the Center for Science in the Public Interest as saying kids 8 to 12 can name more beer brands and spell them correctly than they can U.S. presidents.

Logically, there's got to be a crucial connection between advertising and drinking. Why else would liquor execs spend billions of dollars each year to advertise? And if those ads are on TV, radio, billboards, magazines, and at every sporting event imaginable, how can the execs say children and teens aren't affected? (Point of interest: the cigarette industry also claims *it* doesn't advertise to minors, that it's only looking for brand loyalty from existing consumers. But what about the obviously youth-oriented campaigns such as the one featuring the "Camel Smooth Character"?)

Some teens drink to try and get high. They must not know that alcohol doesn't give a high. It's a depressant. It gives a low like heroin or barbiturates.

You Booze, You Lose

So now we know some of the why's of teen drinking. But the

reasons *not* to drink are far more numerous and convincing. Alcohol works on brain cells by altering them or even killing them. It blocks the formation of memory and slows sensory input and registration. Physical coordination takes a nosedive, because the cerebellum—the brain's muscle-coordinating center—succumbs to the pickling effect of alcohol. The rest of the body feels it too.

The stomach's lining pays a price. Drinking alcohol triggers the release of potent digestive juices just like eating does. But there's nothing for them to work on and break down, because alcohol absorbs directly. So the juices eat away at the stomach lining full force. When this scenario gets repeated a lot, stomach bleeding often results.

Alcohol consumption weakens the immune system. This allows bacterial or viral infections to take root that otherwise would be warded off by the body.

Hormone levels in guys are upset by alcohol, causing a lower sex drive and enlarged breasts. Women can experience menstrual-cycle disruption and ovary malfunction. Pregnant women who drink run a high risk of producing babies with Fetal Alcohol Syndrome (FAS), an incurable, lifelong disease characterized by a combination of mental, physical, and behavioral problems. FAS is totally preven-

table if a woman stops drinking before becoming pregnant and continues to abstain through the pregnancy and nursing period.

The part of a drinker's body hit hardest by alcohol is the liver. This organ has the job of filtering out alcohol from the bloodstream and breaking it down. Because alcohol supplies empty calories, it displaces needed nutrients while it's being broken down. That's how people who drink become malnourished. The excess calories are stored in the liver as fat.

That's one of the first signs of alcoholic liver disease. Eventually the liver's cells will die, leading to cirrhosis, a serious liver disease.

Additional long-term effects of alcohol use include stomach ulcers, stomach cancer, heart-muscle deterioration, and mental deterioration.

Here are some other destructive facts to consider about the number-one drug problem in the U.S. The Government Accounting Office estimates the cost to the U.S. economy from alcohol-related health problems to be \$117 billion every year. That makes alcohol use the number-one health problem too.

Thousands of people die yearly because of alcohol. Deaths caused by illness linked to alcohol exceed 20,000. Drunk driving adds another 24,000—almost half of all driving deaths. And another 32,000 die from other types of alcohol-related accidents.

Car accidents involving liquor kill more teens than anything else—more than drug overdoses, suicide, murder, etc. Think of it:

drunk driving, something totally avoidable.

Let's face it, if alcohol had just been discovered last week, within six months every state in the union would have laws against its use. The federal government would list it as a controlled substance just like heroin.

Like many other drugs, alcohol use encourages crime. It's involved in 70 percent of all murders, 60 percent of child-abuse cases, 41 percent of assaults, 37 percent of suicides, and on and on.

Unlike some drugs that started in the cities and worked their way into the suburbs and countryside, alcohol has always been everywhere. Most studies on teen drinking scope only the cities. That probably causes an underestimation of the teen drinking problem, since the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration says 66 percent of all traffic deaths occur in rural areas.

One study reported in the *Journal of School Health* states that drunk driving "is at least as bad, or even worse, in rural communities than in urban and suburban areas. Driving under the influence (DUI) has reached epidemic proportions among youth in the rural populations studied."

And it's not just dropouts or fringe students doing the drinking. High-school boozing cuts across all barriers—grade averages, family backgrounds, regions of the country.

Get Out Alive

While teens give several reasons for starting to drink, they

give basically one for stopping. They want to live—they don't want to die.


Chase says, "I'm a musician, and I thought I couldn't come up with anything brilliant if I was sober. But when I look back at what I wrote when I was drinking, it wasn't brilliant at all. I think a lot of musicians used to think that, and ended up killing themselves trying to be creative with alcohol and other drugs. I was going the same way. Most musicians today are sober. They're my inspiration. Now I write songs that are more real, more sensitive, more me. It's because I'm more alive now."

"I thought I couldn't have fun without drinking," says Marc. "But then I went to a baseball game without drinking and had a good time. Then I went to the movies without drinking, and that was cool. I started dating with no alcohol. Good times. Besides, the way my life was going, I wasn't going to have any fun at all because I was headed for an early death. I'm 18 now, and I've been dry four years. I know I wouldn't be here if I'd kept drinking."

This same desire to live keeps teens who've stopped drinking from starting again. "When I was drinking, I was dead. I was a dead teen," says Carla. "By stopping, I experienced feelings of success and accomplishment for the first time in my life. I don't want to lose that."

"I can't drink again. If I drink, my only options are insanity or death. Besides, I have too many one-day-at-a-time days. I've built a habit of not drinking today. No way am I going to break that habit," explains Samantha.

Jay adds, "In AA they taught me not to kill myself, because I might be killing the wrong person. From that, I learned how to start liking myself. And now that I like myself, I don't want to hurt myself by drinking."

Shouldn't life be reason enough not to start drinking in the first place? 

Car accidents involving liquor kill more teens than anything else—more than drug overdoses, suicide and murder.

Ask a Friend



Do you feel mixed marriages—meaning black and white—are right? Are there any difficulties that result from mixed marriages?

The color of a person's skin doesn't indicate whether that individual is a good person or a bad person. I've learned that love, when it comes to two people, isn't affected by barriers such as race, religion, age, cultural or ethnic backgrounds. Love is a gradual process of increasing knowledge of each other in which mutual trust, admiration, respect, and attraction lead to a special kind of attachment. If this attachment becomes romantic, the two people involved are sure to think of marriage as the best way to express their love for each other, and naturally they believe love will overcome all problems. Racial prejudice exists in every corner of our country, and it's extreme in certain places. While a lot of couples are making what you refer to as mixed marriages work, others are having a very difficult time.

Even though much has been accomplished in breaking down prejudices, there are still many problems on both sides of the racial issue. For example, black families and friends generally have trouble accepting a white into the family, and white families and friends generally have trouble accepting a black. These prejudices can isolate the couple from their families.

I've found on the whole that relationships between people of similar backgrounds work out best. This is true not only concerning race, but also religion, education, and social class. While it often seems that falling in love happens without advance warning, there are some cautions we should take. Mixed marriages, whether of race, religion, culture, or class, are more difficult to make work because of prejudices and differing beliefs. They require a lot more patience and strength to make them work.

I assume your letter is prompted by an existing relationship that has become serious. Perhaps you're keeping your relationship a secret from both your families. I strongly recommend that you bring it out into the open and discuss it with

both families. Listen carefully to their opinions about mixed marriages. Being in love is wonderful, but remember that when we marry, we marry into families. Family support and approval are very important to a successful marriage.

My oldest brother's best friend has been coming on to me. The other night we were in a room alone for a few minutes, and he began kissing me and other stuff. I didn't like it, but I couldn't tell my brother because this guy is his best friend. I don't want to hurt my brother's feelings or make him mad at me. Should I tell my brother?

Don't let anyone do anything to you that you don't like! If this happens again, a loud, firm "No!" should stop this guy. Avoid being alone when he's around, and keep away from places where he figures it's safe to take advantage of you.

Most brothers are very protective of their younger sisters and would be angry with anyone who hurt them. If you can't control this on your own, ask your brother to help. He might be angry with you at first and defend his friend, but he'll get over that and want to help end the problem.

If your brother won't support you in this, go to your parents. Get help from someone. You're someone of value. You don't

have to accept anything that makes you uncomfortable. Do something about this immediately. It shouldn't go on.

Everything around us seems to revolve around sex these days. Advertising uses sex to sell everything. Soap operas deal with sex a lot. Kids watch R-rated movies on home videos. This leads to a lot of pressure on both girls and boys to get into sex long before they're ready for it or understand what it's all about.

A large percentage of the letters I receive are from girls as young as 11 asking what to do about boyfriends who are pressing them for sex. It's rare that I get a similar letter from a boy. Every girl growing up right now has to decide on and commit to her own values and standards concerning sex *before* some guy tries to persuade her that giving him what he wants is the only way to hold on to a relationship.

In this context, I'd like to remind all readers of an important fact: You have a right and a responsibility to take care of yourself and do what's best for you and your future—no matter what other people might urge you to do!

**Jack
Anders**

THE KITCHEN

FAST FACTS, SHORT SHOTS, AND
MISCELLANEOUS MINUTIAE

Sunk

The largest iceberg ever sighted measured 208 miles long and 60 miles wide—bigger than the country of Belgium.

—Time Warner Inc.

U.S. coastal waters get 2.3 trillion gallons of liquid wastes dumped into them each year.

—National Resources Defense Council

A 1990 study of 1,375 lifetime smokers and 432 lifetime nonsmokers found that the nonsmokers could expect to live 17.9 years longer than the smokers.

—Contingencies

Twelve million Americans currently wear braces on their teeth.

—Campus Life

When more than 4,000 adults from four English-speaking countries were asked to spell 10 common words, people from Australia scored highest, followed by those from Canada, the United Kingdom, and the U.S., respectively.

—American Family Physician

The five most expensive colleges in the U.S. cost right around \$21,500 a year to attend (tuition, room and board). They are: Bennington College, Sarah Lawrence College, New York U., Barnard College, and Brandeis U. Following closely behind are Boston U., Tulane U., Johns Hopkins U., and Brown U.

—USA Today

Every year in the U.S., alcohol-related illnesses kill 20,000 people; drunk driving kills 24,000, and other alcohol-related accidents kill 32,000.

—(See "The Booze Blues," page 10)

When lightning flashes, it heats up the surrounding air to 50,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

—Washington Post

Walking two m.p.h. for an hour burns as many calories as bicycling six m.p.h. for an hour.

—Sassy

Listening to music helps teens relieve stress, according to researchers at Colorado State University. "Whatever type of music you enjoy is what you can relax to," explains music-therapy professor Michael Thaut.

—Group

The U.S. has 2.2 million cocaine addicts, says a 1990 congressional survey. And one out of every five people arrested for any crime is a hard-core coke addict.

—Senate Judiciary Committee Survey

Thirty-seven out of every 100 teen drivers have a car accident, giving them the highest car-crunching ratio of any age group.

—Transportation Research Board/
National Research Council

RALPH WETMORE / TONY STONE WORLDWIDE—CHICAGO, LTD.



Audrey T. Hingley

Amy Grant

PLATINUM BRUNETTE

Here's one singer who's proving that you don't have to be blond to have fun and be successful. In fact, her records are going platinum.

The person perhaps most surprised by the success of singer/songwriter Amy Grant is—Amy Grant. Maybe that's because she never grew up clinging to dreams of gold records and stardom. In fact, she didn't even fantasize about being a professional singer.

"I never sang in front of the bedroom mirror or with a pretend microphone. I didn't have the big picture of what was happening as far as aspirations go, where I wanted to be someday," she recalls. "I just liked to sing! So I probably escaped a lot of self-imposed pressures."

Even though Amy didn't pursue stardom, it certainly has pursued her. Since her discovery by Word Records at age 15, the brown-eyed singer has earned four Grammys and made a dozen albums. Her latest is *Heart in Motion*.

Dubbed "the sweetheart of contemporary Christian music," she signed with mainstream record company A & M Records in 1985, becoming the first artist to simultaneously appear on two record labels with the same album (*Unguarded*). The album spawned Grant's first pop hit, "Find a Way." Two years later, "The Next Time I Fall"—her duet with Peter Cetera, former lead singer for

the group Chicago—made it to the top of the pop charts. Along the way, she collected gold (500,000 in sales) and platinum (one million in sales) records, consistently ranking among the top musical acts in the country in terms of concert attendance.

For a less secure young woman, all the adulation could have caused lots of problems and a big head. But amid the glamour attached to the music industry, Amy remains almost nonchalant about her phenomenal success.

Her singing career happened almost overnight when she was a high-school sophomore at a private girls' school in Nashville, Tennessee.

The youngest of four daughters, she met one of her older sister's

friends, record producer

Brown Bannister, and began helping him out at a Nashville recording studio.

"As far as music goes, I wanted to be a background person," she explains. "I always felt like the kid sister. It was, 'Get the gum off the microphone stands,' and I said, 'OK!' I just wanted to be around it! What really drove me to sing was songwriting."

Amy wrote her first song at 15, a love song she's teased about to this day by her brother-in-law and manager, Dan Harrell. "I was in love,



Photo above: Singers/songwriters Michael W. Smith (left), Amy Grant, and Gary Chapman (Amy's husband) got together for a concert tour last year.

and the song was full of the language of love that I knew nothing about at the time," she says with a laugh.

But that first song about romantic love soon gave way to songwriting with a more serious purpose, songwriting that would allow Amy to express her Christian faith to friends without "being preachy."

"My school had lots of traditions. We wore uniforms, and every Wednesday we had an assembly program where we sat in assigned seats in wooden auditorium chairs. Suddenly my goal

became to sing at one of the assemblies," she remembers.

Amy made her request, and the big day finally came. Armed with an acoustic guitar, she mixed her own compositions with pop tunes by people like Elton John and James Taylor.

"What was amazing was that a lot of people responded. I was vulnerable about something very important to me, and it opened the door for people to talk to me," she says. "People started opening up their lives to me, and I didn't take

it lightly. I started writing songs seriously after that experience."

By spring of her sophomore year in high school, Amy had written enough songs to make a cassette tape for her parents as a gift. Unknown to her, Brown Bannister sent a copy of the tape to Word Records, a Texas-based gospel record company.

"Brown told me Word wanted me to do an album, and I thought it was a joke. The record com-



pany told me if we could sell 20,000 units, we could consider doing a second album. When they told me that, I thought, No way! Even when I was cutting the first album, I thought, This will probably never go anywhere, so I'll just have fun with it," Amy says.

"I spent most of my junior year in high school working on the album. I didn't tell one school friend I was working on an album. If it bombed, I didn't want anyone to have to console me!"

The album, simply titled "Amy Grant," appeared in 1978, when Amy was 17. Within a year it had sold 90,000 copies, and Amy Grant was on her way.

"When kids come up to me today and say they want to do what I'm doing, I say, 'Me too!' I never dreamed I'd have this much fun doing it." She smiles warmly.

"I tell kids interested in singing to start writing songs. The beauty of songwriting is that you can bring the uniqueness of who you are and your perspective on life with you, and that gives you an edge, something different on the table."

Lest you think Amy's led a charmed life, she recalls many moments as a teenager when her life seemed anything but charmed.

"I think having a sense of humor about yourself is very important. I was one of those kids who wet the bed until the sixth grade, and you have to be funny about it or just die!" she explains. "I remember stuffing my bra in junior high one day, and this real cute guy walked by and said, 'What's that?' The stuffing was coming out of the top of my shirt! I wanted the floor to swallow me up right there!"

Blessed with long, naturally curly hair that she hated in high school ("Long, straight hair was the style then."), Amy is nonchalant about her good looks.

"Nobody can measure up to the magazine cover—even if you're *on* the magazine cover!" she laughs. "With the makeup, the fans blowing my hair, I can



look like that for one second in eternity! But a belly-button-gazing approach to life just makes everybody self-conscious."

She adds quietly, "I kind of let go of the conformity thing in high school, and I think it had to do with the church I was going to. I was fortunate to become mesmerized with something so good. Also, my friends pushed me to pursue good things."


To Amy, drugs are a waste of time. "When you're a teenager, it's hard to think of time ever being short; it's hard to realize what a precious commodity time is," she says. "With drugs you lose so much time; you're losing time getting on with reality. I think the most valuable thing we can do for ourselves is not be afraid to know who we are. The truest friendships let us have the ability to show someone else who we are, but with drugs, you're not being you. The camaraderie revolves around drugs."

At 30, no doubt Amy is thinking more about time than she did at 15. She and singer/songwriter Gary Chapman have

been married since 1982, and are the parents of four-year-old Matt and one-year-old Millie. The family lives on a 200-acre farm near Nashville. Although the demands of husband and children have admittedly complicated her professional career, Amy retains a youthful exuberance combined with a day-by-day approach to life.

What? No 20-year marketing plan?

"My managers might have one, but I don't have one, and if they have, they haven't told me!" she says. "I hope my new album gets mainstream radio attention, but honestly, I've always considered a record in terms of the whole album. You know, not just three hits and trash! I think this new album is the best thing I've done, so how it sells is kind of irrelevant to me."

Amy plans a 40-city concert tour this summer, but admits, "I still don't have the big picture. I still take life one day at a time." Sounds like she's in the right groove. 

Depression is more than a *blue* mood. It's a *black* hole. But you can do something to put yourself back in the *pink*.

Black holes, astronomers tell us, are mysterious areas in the universe where matter is so incredibly dense that a teaspoon of it would weigh many tons. This density creates a gravitational pull so strong that anything within its field of influence is swept into the black hole—not even light can escape.

A black hole of a different kind exists here on earth. Its pull is almost imperceptible at first. But those who fall within its field of influence are drawn ever more rapidly into the depths of its black void.

Depression is the black hole of the mind and spirit, the dark emptiness of despair and hopelessness. We all experience times of sadness and discouragement in life, obviously. We flunk an important exam, break off an engagement, have a big fight with someone important to us, or fail to reach a goal we've set for ourselves.

Usually we're able to recover reasonably soon and get on with living. When that doesn't happen—when the dark clouds settle in and refuse to lift for weeks or months—it's likely that we've fallen victim to depression.

Long Day's Journey Into Night

Depression isn't just a passing blue mood. It's a very real illness

ESCAPE FROM THE BLACK HOLE

Ken McFarland

characterized by definite symptoms. If you're in the grip of depression, you're likely experiencing profound feelings of sadness, emptiness, and hopelessness. Life has no joy in it, and you're unable to find pleasure in anything. You may simply sit unmoving for hours on end, staring into space and heaving an occasional deep sigh. You probably feel almost immobilized physically, and the slightest exertion seems exhausting. You see no hope of things ever getting better, and you may even begin to see oblivion as more attractive than life.

Make no mistake about it—the black hole of depression is a deep one indeed, and once swept into it, you may find yourself powerless to get back out.

Fortunately, no matter how deeply mired in depression a person becomes, help is available. A host of treatments now exist for this disabling disorder. And more is being learned every day about its biological and psychological causes.

One fact about depression seems clear: it's progressive. Depression sets in gradually, then steadily tightens its grip. At some point, an individual passes an indefinable "point of no return," beyond which he or she enters the throes of a full-blown "clinical depression." Once that point has been passed, special therapy may be required to pull a depressed person back out.

If your bout with the blues persists for weeks at a time or takes a sudden turn for the worse, you should seek help from a physician or psychiatrist trained in treating mood disorders. But the experts also say that if



you're a victim of depression and it hasn't progressed past that "point of no return," there is much you can do to help yourself—to arrest and reverse your slide into the black hole.

How to Get Better

If you're convinced that you're suffering from depression, here are some of the best approaches being advised by today's mental-health professionals:

1. Do something. That's right. Force yourself to take action—even a small one. Action is the natural enemy of depression; inertia is its natural friend. When you're depressed, you don't feel like doing *anything*—and the less you do, the less you want to do.

To break this cycle, you must ignore what you *feel* like doing (which is nothing) and *make* yourself take action. It doesn't have to be tackling some overwhelmingly large task; even a small one will do.

2. Change your way of thinking. Evidence is mounting that most depressed people suffer from distorted, negative, pessimistic thinking. Some people get depressed when it's gray and raining outside. It's not the rain that causes

4. Get physically active. "I've suffered from depression off and on all my life," says Nancy, a friend of mine. "And the two things I've discovered that help me the most to get out of it are helping other people and getting some physical exercise."

Again, when depressed you'll probably have a strong desire *not* to move at all. But the well-documented "natural high" produced by exercise—as it generates mood-elevating substances called *endorphins* in the body—is a powerful antidote to depression. You don't have to commit to running a daily marathon either. Fifteen or 20 minutes of moderate daily exercise—walking, for example—can radically change how you feel about life.

5. Be good to yourself. When you're depressed, your self-image takes a beating. You're miserable, and nothing seems to hold any interest, excitement, or joy for you. You may pull away from doing the things that once brought you pleasure.

To help climb back out of this pit, deliberately plan to do things each day that you once found rewarding and pleasure producing. Even if at first your heart doesn't seem to be in it, keep at this effort to be good to yourself.

ESCAPE FROM THE BLACK HOLE

their depression—it's the negative way in which they react to the rain. Others may have positive thoughts about the rain, enjoying the feeling of warmth and "coziness" they have being indoors while it rains outside.

Those who study depression are becoming increasingly convinced that negative thinking is a primary cause of depression and that learning to change thought patterns removes the fuel for it.

If you find yourself depressed, deliberately and honestly analyze the way you habitually think—your underlying outlook on life. Are you hopeful, optimistic, and positive—or negative, suspicious, and pessimistic?

3. Help somebody else. Depression is intensely introverted and self-absorbing by nature. It focuses and feeds on its own misery. It wants no interaction with other people.

To fight back against these natural tendencies of depression, consider how you might reach out to lighten someone else's load. Do you know someone who could use some encouragement or some tangible help with a problem or challenge? One of the most effective ways of healing our own troubles is to throw ourselves into helping someone else with theirs. Try it.


Before long, you'll notice a definite upswing in how you're feeling.

Pursue a hobby, complete a task that you know is doable, or treat yourself to a night out. Depression thrives when we feel bad about ourselves. By extending special treatment to yourself, you'll improve your whole outlook.

6. Learn all you can about depression. We're all familiar with the importance of knowing one's enemy. And the more you learn about the causes, symptoms, and treatment of depression, the better equipped you'll be to beat it.

Read one or more of the excellent books on the subject available in your local bookstore or library. If you know that depression is a recurring reality in your life, read every magazine article on it that you can find; listen to every TV program that discusses it.

Learning all you can about depression shouldn't replace getting professional help if you need it, of course, but it can help you a great deal in knowing not only how to get out of the black hole when you've slipped in, but also how to avoid it in the first place.

When you fall into a black hole, it can seem all-consuming. But as any astronomer can tell you, there's a lot more to the universe than black holes! 

HELP ME IF YOU CAN

May 6

If your group is involved with any teen counseling, make note of **Student Counselors Day**. For info, write: Union Memorial Hospital School of Nursing, 201 E. University Parkway, Baltimore, MD 21218.



The

PRIME

TIMES

IDEAS FOR YOUR DRUG-FREE GROUP

REACH OUT

May 1-31

May is **Older Americans Month**. People who've lived a long time can be great sources of wisdom, stories, acceptance, and friendship. You might feel a little nervous at first, but go ahead and get to know someone older. You won't be sorry.

A LISTEN SPECIAL

MAY 1991

TREND parties at the mall



TREND teenagers celebrate birthdays and life in general at the Northwest Plaza, St. Louis.

The stereotypical teenager would rather spend an evening at the local shopping mall than participate in a drug-free activity. TREND (Turning Recreational Excitement in New Directions), a network of drug-free groups in St. Louis, Missouri, came up with a special event that let participants do both.

With the help of Northwest Plaza, a shopping mall, TREND groups in the St. Louis area hosted two parties celebrating TREND's third birthday in the mall's food court.

The two drug-free birthday parties, one in late September and one in early October, were held on Sunday nights after the mall closed. Both parties featured a deejay and included a giant birthday cake, soda, tacos, and discounts at an underground arcade.

"Teenagers love to go to the mall," says Ginny Shaller, national TREND coordinator, "so we thought it was natural for us to plan our party in a mall." Shaller says mall management and

PARTIES, continued next page

How to recruit new members

The best advertisement is a satisfied customer. Many businesses sell products based on that marketing strategy. People who work with successful drug-free groups use the same strategy to attract new members and keep their groups growing.

"I have the students who are already in the group go out and recruit new members," says Judy Lee, who works with SAIL (Students Achieving in Life), a large drug-free group based in Santa Fe, Texas, public schools. "I ask each member to get two other friends to



SAIL participation means drug-free activities, such as searching for fossils in an old shale bed.

join." SAIL has a membership drive twice a year during which new members can sign up.

SAIL also tries to plan activities that nonmembers can join in, including sessions of making up gift packages for sick children at the

MEMBERS, continued next page

NEW MEMBERS, continued

Ronald McDonald House in Galveston, guest-speaker programs, a video contest in which students practice refusal skills, and a sweetheart dance in February. Lee especially recommends publicity-generating activities such as plays and concerts.

Lois Collins, who works with a Youth to Youth group in Clayton County, Georgia, agrees that special events are an important way to attract new members. Each year during Red Ribbon Week, her group sponsors a lock-in at Fort Gillem, an army base near Atlanta, Georgia. "We had 350 kids this year locked in for 14 hours," she says. "We had no incidents, no problems."

Both Lee and Collins say that the key to attracting new group members is getting input from current members and planning activities that they like. "Listen to them and do what they want to do," says Judy Lee.

Lois Collins adds, "The best ideas come from group members. The key to successful groups is the kids having ownership."

Her group focuses on making members feel accepted and appre-



PHOTO COURTESY OF JUDY A. LEE

SAIL looks at every participant as a resource, and every member as a participant.

ciated. "The one thing that everyone is looking for is acceptance," she says. "What we try to teach everyone is that each person out there is a resource we can learn something from. If you want a successful program, you must see the people you work with as resources." —Richard Moyers

PARTIES, continued

businesses contributed to the success of the party. "The mall went all out to make our parties a success," she says. "I think they were thrilled. These are the kind of kids they want in the mall."

Northwest Plaza donated the use of the mall facilities on two Sunday nights, from about 7:00 to 10:00 p.m., and provided mall personnel to help coordinate the event. A public-relations firm donated time and services to help publicize the party. The deejay donated his services, a bakery donated the cake, the mall arcade donated coupons for miniature-golf games, and two of the restaurants in the food court sold soda and tacos at cost.

TREND planned the parties to reward current members and at-

tract new members. The 1,100 students in attendance represented more than 60 high schools and 92 junior-high schools. Shaller says she



PHOTO COURTESY OF TREND

TREND parties are a great opportunity to make friends, as these skeeballers would agree.

enjoyed watching how quickly teenagers who didn't know each other made friends and had a great time together. —Richard Moyers

Party Line

The merry month of May

May is the perfect month to plan a picnic and get outdoors to enjoy the spring weather. Here are several ideas to help plan your day.

Go fly a kite! Have everyone bring a kite and head for a big, open field.

Have a lawn party and play croquet. Or if you like a little more action, play Frisbee football. Select your teams and set up the boundaries. The idea is to pass the Frisbee to team members until a touchdown is scored. Each player is allowed only three steps when he/she has possession of the Frisbee. If the Frisbee touches the ground, it's turned over to the other team. After a touchdown, the team that scored must "kick off" to the opposing team, which in turn tries to score. The team that gets the most points within a given period of time is declared the winner.

Picnics are a great way to deal with the hungries once the games are over. Plan to take food that's easy to serve and easy to clean up after. Be sure to have plenty of water or juice on hand for the thirsty players.

Croissant sandwiches

Plan your usual sandwiches for the picnic—but use croissants instead of boring bread. They make a delicious, flaky covering for your sandwich stuff.

—Janya Mekelburg



Graffiti

PROMISES

We sat in silence for hours,
drawing in the sand.
Written promises of forever,
promises of eternal love.
Proof of the love
we thought would never end.
But eventually the tide came in
and washed away the promises,
washed away the love,
leaving only memories.

—Melissa Joy Libby
Alexandria, Minnesota

NEWBORN INTO DARKNESS

From darkness we are born
into light; in light
we bear joy and
sorrow; in light
we bear memories,
for they are orphans.
Be kind to me,
for I am an infant again,
newborn into darkness.

—Randy L. Mills
Gulfport, Mississippi

EXAMS

The thoughts of finals,
the knowledge of everything
learned before, brought forward.
The foreshadows
of long nights studying
and hours recalling everything.
Days of hard work,
twelve long years of work,
then your future, decided
in two and a half hours.
Nervous?

—Judy J. Dettling
Fairview, Alberta

THATWAYS

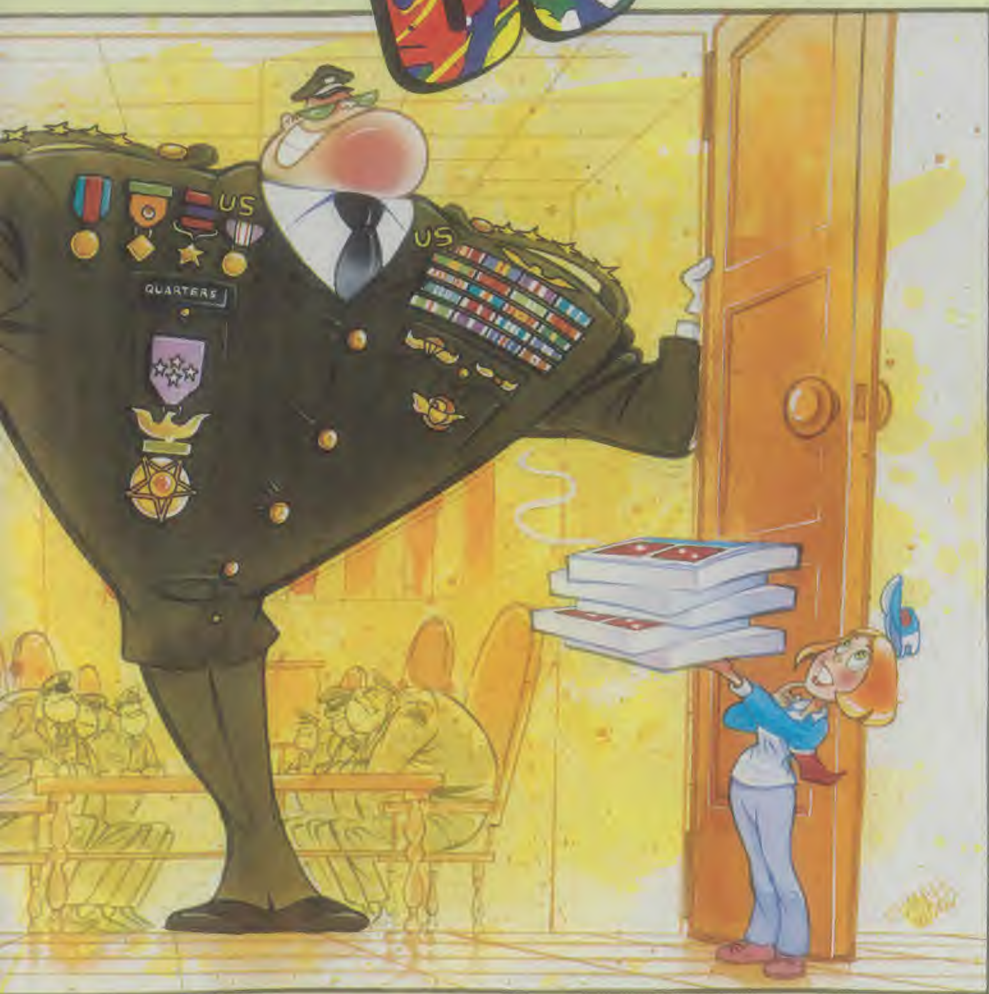
Shuffling along the highway
Expensive cars whizzing by
Not a soul stopping
To give me a moment
A single chance
To plead for help.
All have destinations
While slowly I go nowhere.

—Julie L. Williams
Royal Oak, Michigan

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 SUSA

And So Forth



Take Cover—Pizzas Incoming!

A reporter covering Capitol Hill should quickly make friends with someone at Domino's. Like an early-warning system, the pizza people can smell big news in the making about 72 hours before official announcements are made.

"Pentagon orders doubled up the night before the Panama attack; same thing happened before the Grenada invasion," a pizza delivery person told *Time*. Then one day last summer, "we got a lot of orders, starting around midnight—we figured something was up." It turned out

to be Iraq's takeover of Kuwait.

When Richard Griffin, media-relations director for the Montreal Expos baseball team, found out the team would have a 1:30 a.m. layover in Cleveland during a flight from San Francisco to Montreal, he decided everyone needed a pizza break. So he called a 24-hour Cleveland pizzeria from an airplane phone. "I'm out of your delivery area, but there will be a good tip in it," Griffin said.

"Where are you?" the pizza man asked.

"In a plane over Minneapolis," Griffin replied. When the Expos touched down in Cleveland, their pizzas were waiting for them.

Space Invaders

Seattle's SkyPix Corporation plans to invade your living room with satellite movies on 80 channels. But don't rush out to buy the oversize dish—you won't need it. SkyPix will be using digital compression and C-band transmission, so you just tune in with a small rooftop antenna and a special decoder/receiver (about \$700 including a remote control). You can choose from among the 40 movies showing simultaneously, forking over usage fees on a pay-per-view basis. Recent releases will cost \$3-4, and older flicks will run you \$1-2. SkyPix plans to premiere the system nationally next month.

There's new talk about satellite radio too. This would be one way broadcasters could bring you the same sound quality you've come to expect from compact discs. The only hitch is that you'll need to buy a new radio—AM/FM radios just won't cut it. Don't head for K Mart yet, though. Given the speed of politics and disagreements over format, satellite radio is still a few light-years away.

Fun in the Sun

They're back again this summer—rollerblading and Frisbee golf.

If you haven't tried rollerblades, they're best described as ice skates on wheels, faster and more maneuverable than roller skates. While many people think RBs originated in California, they were actually developed in the Netherlands and are currently manufactured in Minnesota. Don't forget to wear helmets and knee and elbow pads—a crash at 30 m.p.h. can be dangerous.

Frisbee golf, the other hot summer trend, consists of tossing a Frisbee toward metal basket-on-a-pole "holes." There are over 500 public disk-golf courses in the United States, many of them in city parks. Roll on over and tee off soon.

SCRAMBLED SYNONYMS

Patricia L. Dombrink

When you rearrange the letters of the words in the right column, they will form synonyms of the words in the left column. See the example done for you:

dim	deaf	fade
1. mud	miles	_____
2. misplace	sole	_____
3. unkind	name	_____
4. toll	fear	_____
5. dock	ripe	_____
6. glance	keep	_____
7. fracture	baker	_____
8. creek	master	_____
9. stool	teas	_____
10. walk	pets	_____
11. halt	pots	_____
12. cling	ticks	_____
13. little	mall	_____
14. smack	pals	_____
15. rip	rate	_____
16. smile	ring	_____
17. law	lure	_____

MIXED MENU

Fannie L. Houck

Ryan, Sue, Tom, and Violet (an actor, an accountant, an artist, and a singer) ate at a cafe, each one ordering a different food. From the following information, match up the name and occupation with the food ordered (onion rings, pizza, spaghetti, and strawberry shortcake).

1. The actor loves tomato sauce.
2. While the singer's order baked, she joked with Ryan, who is not the accountant.
3. Sue got tomato sauce on her face.
4. The artist, who gave his order first, is not Ryan.
5. Neither the singer nor Violet ordered dessert.

EQUATE IT

Rich Latta

Place the numbers 1 through 9 in the squares in such a way that you get the answers shown after the equal signs. Use each number only once.

	x		-		= 0
x	■	x	■	+	
	+		-		= 6
-	■	-	■	+	
	+		x		= 12

= 11 = 7 = 15

PUZZLE ANSWERS

"Scrambled Synonyms"

1. slime, 2. lose, 3. mean, 4. fare, 5. pier, 6. peek, 7. break, 8. stream, 9. seat, 10. step, 11. stop, 12. stick, 13. small, 14. slap, 15. tear, 16. grin, 17. rule.

"Mixed Menu"

Ryan, actor, spaghetti; Sue, singer, pizza; Tom, artist, strawberry shortcake; Violet, accountant, onion rings

"Equate It"

11=	x	-	=	0
12=	x	+	=	6
9=	-	x	=	12
0=	+	x	=	11



"Could you grow a little faster? I've got a customer waiting."

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Listen UP!

Thumbs Up



American League president **Bobby Brown** has the right idea. As the Oakland A's clinched the American League West title in 1990, Brown issued an edict prohibiting on-camera champagne-spraying celebrations, saying it sets a bad example for people.

USA Today quoted Oakland manager Tony La Russa: "I'm all for the message Bobby Brown is sending. . . . Three-quarters of this club doesn't drink anyway, so it's a good message to send."

Way to go! Alcohol is just too downright dangerous for high-profile personalities to be parading it as something desirable. Bobby Brown and Tony La Russa, you've made a home run on our scorecard!

Thumbs Down



Political and economic changes in the U.S.S.R. have caused a shortage of cigarettes. Leave it to **Philip Morris** and **R. J. Reynolds** to offer a solution—an export of 34 billion cigarettes. With over 1,000 Americans every day sucking their last pitiful breaths through smoke-rotted lungs (or cigarette-caused maladies), these companies must be jumping with glee at the prospect of replacing their diehard customers with a few million Russians. What a thing to do to the Soviets—just when we were getting to be friends.

Color Me Guilty

A New York distributor has started marketing a do-it-yourself drug-detection kit called Drug Alert. The kit contains two spray cans of a special formula that changes color when it comes in contact with drug traces. You simply wipe an area (like a dresser top) with a white cloth and then spray the cloth. If a reddish-brown or turquoise stain appears, you've probably encountered marijuana or cocaine. The two-can kit sells for \$49.95.

Thumbs Down



A three-way thumbs down to offensive linemen **Louis Cheek** of the Dallas Cowboys and rookie **John Bantom** of the Phoenix Cardinals for using steroids—and the NFL for its feeble attempt at discipline.

The players were given two-week suspensions without pay last year for using the drug in violation of NFL policy. Perhaps players would take the NFL policy more seriously if the use of steroids and other drugs resulted in immediate dismissal. A two-week suspension is like giving these guys a brief frown.



Sally K. Ride,
born May 26, 1951.

PHOTO COURTESY OF NASA

May Days

Haul out your grandpa's Brownie (or your Nikon or Canon) and start shooting. It's **National Photo Month**. If you'd like some more info on photography, write: Photo Marketing Association, 3000 Picture Place, Jackson, MI 49201.

May 3 is **International Tuba Day**, giving recognition to the torture that tuba players endure as they manhandle their instruments into producing musical oompahs.

Cut, wax, roll, peel, try again. May 7 is **Paste-Up Day** in honor of paste-up artists. Get your school-paper staff together and have a celebration.

Hot-air balloon enthusiasts will head for Walla Walla, Wash., May 10-12, for the annual **Hot-Air Balloon Stampede**. In addition to ballooning, the city hosts sky-diving demonstrations, an arts and crafts show, and a historical auto parade.

Don't forget your mom on **Mother's Day**, May 12. The day was first observed in 1907 at the request of Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia, who wanted her church to have a special service honoring mothers.

Muscle Mania

Steroid use by teenagers appears to be growing, and users feel good about their choice, according to Department of Health and Human Services (HHS) reports.

HHS estimates that **262,000 teenagers have used steroids** in the past few years—despite warnings of harm to the body. Teen users apparently feel the benefits outweigh the risks. Steroids—synthetic derivatives of the male hormone testosterone—are used to build muscles quickly for athletic events or to improve looks.

Here are some of the findings in the HHS study, which included a survey of 72 steroid users:

- The average age when teens start using steroids is 16, although some start as early as 13.

- Of the steroid users interviewed, 93 percent felt they'd made a good decision by taking steroids; 87 percent would do it again "without hesitation."

- Also, 85 percent said friends influenced their decision to try steroids.

- And 82 percent disagreed with medical experts who say steroids pose long-term health threats.

Yet, despite what the steroid users claim, these drugs are causing problems. There are the immediate **side effects**, such as a bloated face, acne, and shrunken testicles. And long-term effects such as liver and heart disease, sterility, and AIDS from shared needles *are* being reported. When it comes to muscle building and good looks, there's no cheating nature!

May Birthdays

Christopher Cross, singer/songwriter, born in Anston, Tex., May 3, 1951; **Tina Yothers**, actress, born in Whittier, Calif., May 5, 1973; **Melissa Gilbert**, actress, born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 8, 1964; **Stevie Wonder (Stevland Morris Hardaway)**, singer/musician, born in Saginaw, Mich., May 13, 1951; **Olga Korbut**, gymnast, born in Grodno, U.S.S.R., May 16, 1955; **Grace Jones**, model/singer/actress, born in Spanish-town, Jamaica, May 19, 1952; **Robert Moog**, inventor, born in Flushing, N.Y., May 23, 1934; **Sally K. Ride**, first American woman in space, born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 26, 1951.

One Last Note

Mr. Barracuda

My freshman comp teacher in college was as charming as a smashed fingernail. The class called him Mr. Barracuda.

I bring up Mr. Barracuda because, in spite of myself, he taught me something. He gave us an assignment that went something like this: "In a 10-page research paper, describe your attitude toward abortion."

I wandered into the library the next day. You've been through this, I'm sure. A paragraph here; a chapter there; three pages of material so perfect you're tempted to copy it down word for word, but you know you'll get caught.

I really worked hard on that paper. I was even ready two days early, and I turned in my paper with calm assurance.

Then it happened. Mr. Barracuda leafed leisurely through the papers we'd turned in. We sat expectantly as he looked at the first and last page of each one. Then one by one he passed the papers back to their owners.

"What I want you to do by Friday," he said, "is revise your papers and reduce them to not more than eight pages."

"You haven't even read them yet," someone had the courage to say.

Mr. Barracuda only smiled. "Any paper will benefit from trimming out about 20 percent of the fat," he said. "You'll see what I mean."

"I'm not going to change a thing," I announced—

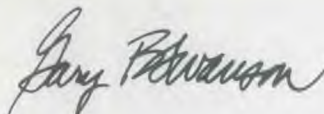
after we were out of Mr. Barracuda's hearing. "Every sentence, every syllable, is essential!"

But Thursday night I got cold feet. I needed a good grade on that paper and couldn't afford *not* to revise it. I started very tentatively, cutting only a word or a phrase here and there. But as I read the paper through again and again, I began to find whole sentences that the paper didn't need. When it was all finished, I'd removed two and a half pages of deadwood. And I had to admit that the paper read better—much better.

Since then I've come to realize that life is like that term paper. We can usually get along better without some of the things that many consider essential. Life doesn't have to be as complicated as we sometimes think.

"Most of the luxuries, and many of the so-called comforts, of life," wrote Henry David Thoreau, "are not only not indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind."

Most of us would benefit if we examined ourselves and culled the useless or destructive wordiness from the pages of our lives.



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A young woman with long, wavy, light-colored hair is looking down at a lit red candle. She is wearing a dark blue top. The candle is in a glass holder and is lit, with a small flame. The background is dark, and the lighting is soft, highlighting her hair and the candle. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

**The greatest truths
are the simplest.**
—August W. Hare

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