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*Listen*



RIDING THE  
NUCLEAR  
*Winds*

ANDREA SCHLAPIA:  
REACHING FOR HER DREAMS



# Listen



8



14



22

## Features

- Looking for Love** by Len McMillan ..... 4  
 If you think a relationship seems too good to be true, you may be right. Take the time to *slow crawl* in a relationship before you run into trouble.
- Andrea Schlapia:**  
**Reaching for Her Dreams** by Ed Guthero ..... 8  
 A moment frozen in time—the beginning of a dream. For rodeo queen Andrea Schlapia, that dream has become a reality—through hard work, dedication, and determination.
- Riding the Nuclear Winds** by Glen Robinson ..... 14  
 It's flying, surfing, and sailing combined—the ultimate high. It's easy to see why boardsailing has become America's fastest-growing summer sport.
- The Cat Man** by Celeste Perrino Walker ..... 18  
 Something beyond the streetlight caught my eye. It was a person. Lurking. I dug my nails into Billy's arm.
- Sneak Attack** by Richard English ..... 27  
 You are in a walled city, and that city is your life. You and you alone have the authority to decide what and who will be permitted through the gate.

## Departments

- Just Between Us All Fired Up** ..... 3
- Ask the Cannons:**  
*Straight-shooting Answers to Heavy-Duty Questions* ..... 7
- Dear Becki** *My best friend is experimenting with drugs* ..... 13
- Listen Up! The Sky Is Falling!** ..... 21
- And So Forth And Now . . . Designer Casts** ..... 22
- Graffiti** *Memories of Michelle* ..... 24
- The Prime Times** *The Statue of Nicotina* ..... 25
- Puzzles Who Is That Singer—Really?** ..... 30
- Poster** *The Duty of Being Happy* ..... 31

# All Fired Up

That's right, I'm all fired up and hot to go with *Listen*. And that's how it should be. It's a constant hype working on such an exciting project as a magazine like this. And do we ever have a lot of great things ahead for you!

Just last month we reintroduced our one-time featured personality Becki Trueblood. She'll be the regular advice gal for the "Dear Becki" column. She's a real-together personality with experience as a recording star, Miss America contestant . . . oh, why am I pumping her up so much; the fact is, she's just a great listener, and she's dying to read what's on your heart and give some big sister/best friend advice.

Of course, now and then, all of us have those really heavy-duty, superpersonal questions that it seems no one can answer. Well, we're with you, guys, and to satisfy that department we've signed on a great new team, Paul and Carol Cannon. In a sense we've brought on "the big guns" with this duo. The Cannons are full-time listeners to big problems.

Paul and Carol are the founders of "The Bridge," a 90-acre campus-style retreat in Bowling Green, Kentucky. Many of the young people who spend time with them have messed up big time on drugs and alcohol. Others go there to deal with some of the same social problems you tackle every day. Paul and Carol are great people. Write a note to them and latch on to some of the superpractical advice they have for you.

Down the line in *Listen*: more goodies. How about a real cartoon/comic feature, big-size posters, and a super Graffiti section? All a real possibility. Keep reading each month, and you'll see. And let us know what you like (or don't).

Energy! Energy! Lots of energy at the Youth to Youth get-together I attended a few days ago in Gainesville, Florida. How about 350 screamin', shoutin', Y 2 Y's liftin' the roof of the auditorium with the "real" party spirit!

We had four days of music, talk, and activities—enough to wear out the toughest. By day three, even some of the toughest "dudes" were dozing between numbers. I mean, how can you keep up with a program that starts everyday at 7:30 a.m. and runs without break to about 10:30 p.m.? Shouting approval and "wo' wo' wo-ing" Arsenio style, complete with arm motions, can really take it out of you.

No space here to say much more. We'll try to run a story later, with pix, of course. Just remember that it was fu-u-un! And all for a good, drug-free, no-booze high.

At one point, when the amplified guitar music of guest Karl Anthony was shakin' the rafters and practically everyone was up and singing the words, I took time to write them down. Try this: "I want to make this world a better place . . ." and "simple kicks are all around me—simple things for simple minds." And the clincher: a sentence chanted by the whole group and punctuated by cheers: "I am alive and I'm drug free." Whoo! Energy plus!

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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.

# LOOKING FOR LOVE

Someone said that youth is that period between childhood and middle age during which the sexes talk to each other at parties. Whether or not this is true, teens do spend a lot of time talking to members of the opposite sex. It's a time for relationships, with the emphasis upon the plural. It's a time when each relationship seems to be the one *true* love novels are written about. It's a time when infatuation occurs on a regular basis. It's those wild and wonderful teen years when children are transformed into adults.

One of my favorite "Peanuts" cartoons was printed many years ago when Sally was still a toddler. One day as she was crawling along the floor, Linus and Lucy were watching her progress with obvious interest. Linus asked, "How long do you think it will be before Sally starts to walk?"

Lucy shot back, "Good grief! What's the hurry? Let her crawl around for a while! Don't rush her! She's got all the time in the world. Once you stand up and start to walk, you're committed for life."

If you take nothing else with you from this article, I hope it's this: **Don't be in a hurry to establish a permanent relationship or make lifelong commitments.** Learn how to crawl in a relationship before you try to run. Finding the *right* relationship takes time, effort, practice, and patience. Maybe we should start by defining the ingredients that don't promote a lasting relationship.

**Infatuation:** If you feel you can't live without that individual, you probably should look elsewhere before it's too late. Often, inexperienced teens assume that such a strong feeling for someone else must be love. Actually, it is infatuation. Given enough time, it'll probably wear off and leave you with the reality (and responsibility) of an immature relationship. If it is immature or premature, the relationship probably won't endure.

**Sexual attraction:** Whenever you feel *so good* in the physical presence of another, be careful. That is usually sexual attraction trying to scramble your brain (and other parts of your anatomy). Whenever you let your hormones and sex organs determine a relationship, it's a sign that you are going too fast. Slow down! Back off! Maybe even break up. Such a strong physical attraction is another symptom of an immature or premature relationship.

**Romantic attraction:** "But she understands me completely!" "No matter what I say, she finds it interesting." "Her whole world is focused on my happiness." "He never tires of listening



**Friendship,  
dating,  
romance,  
sex—  
the guy/girl  
relationship.**

**Len McMillan**



to me." "He thinks I am witty and intelligent and always says the right words to make me feel important." While these are all positive qualities in a relationship, it takes time to determine whether or not they are lasting qualities. Many times these qualities disappear after a few weeks or months. This romantic attraction may actually blind you to the real foundation in a permanent relationship . . . love!

Why do many relationships fail when everything seems so right? Many reasons exist in today's mobile, noncommitted, selfish society. Couples no longer need parental approval for dating, mating, and hating (which is the usual order of events in an immature relationship). Our society has relaxed the rules and in many cases even forgotten them. Broken engagements are no longer the source of scandal or neighborhood gossip. How can they be, when one out of every two marriages in the last decade has ended in divorce? Commitment is apparently a forgotten word in today's relationship vocabulary.

When I think of commitment, I think of my father. His word was as good as a contract, and he never went back on it. I can remember him going to the bank and borrowing money strictly on his promise to repay. The banker knew my father's character and was confident that he'd repay the loan. So confident, in fact, that he didn't require any collateral. That's the type of commit-

ment necessary for a lasting relationship. Commitment brings with it confidence, confidence invites trust, and genuine trust is the product of trial and error in a relationship. There's no substitute for *time*. There's no way to shorten the process without leaving out a valuable ingredient or necessary step. Only time will reveal whether the commitment is real and your trust is justified.

If a relationship seems to be *too good to be true*—watch out! You may be missing another vital ingredient . . . honesty. Relationships built upon lies, half-truths, and concealed feelings will probably fail. Unfortunately, the failure may not happen before you've

gone further than intended in a temporary relationship.

"Love at first sight" is another common ingredient in failed relationships. There may be infatuation at first sight or sexual attraction at first sight, but there can never be *love* at first sight. Love is built upon the basic relational ingredients of commitment, honesty, confidence, and trust. How can all of these ingredients be present at first sight? Such basic ingredients for a permanent relationship are only discovered in time!

In his book *Too Close Too Soon* Jim Talley suggests there are three stages in a relationship: the friendship stage, the dating stage, and the sexual stage. In that order! Most relationships

should never go beyond the friendship stage, a few should advance to the dating stage, but the final stage should be reserved for a permanent relationship.

#### **Friendship:** During this stage you become

acquainted with each other on a social, recreational, spiritual, intellectual, and communicative level. It's a time for sharing. There aren't any sexual connotations, no lifelong commitments, just a mutual respect for each other. Many of your friends and acquaintances are in this stage of a relationship.

**Dating:** If the friendship stage mutually matures, you'll probably enter into the dating stage. This is a time for physical intimacies that would be inappropriate if you were just friends. There is a physical attachment between the two of you. You seem almost inseparable. Your other friends get used to your turning down their invitations so you can spend time with your special friend. During this stage an emotional attachment develops as well. You can't seem to live without him or her. You constantly think, fantasize, and dream about this person who has taken over your life.

It's at this point that difficulties often arise in a relationship. Men and women seem to arrive at this stage with differing agendas. The usual agenda for a man is to become physically intimate before becoming emotionally involved. However, the woman's agenda is usually emotional commitment prior to physical intimacy.

Since most women experience the desire for physical intimacy after emotional intimacy, the woman may assume that the man in her life has already made an emotional commitment when he desires a more intimate physical involvement. She assumes that her partner is ready to make a permanent commitment, which is

often interpreted as a marriage proposal. Often the man will break off the relationship at this point when he becomes alarmed at the depth of the woman's emotional attachment. He wants out. If sexual intimacy has already taken place, it's usually the woman who suffers most from the broken relationship, since she has made an emotional attachment, while the man has not.

True intimacy takes time to develop. Men and women arrive at the various stages of a relationship at different times. For the relationship to reveal the true feelings of each partner, the woman should refrain from physical intimacies until her partner has had time to make an emotional commitment. This will take time, but it is worth the wait. Likewise, the man should refrain from initiating physical intimacies until he has made an emotional commitment. To do otherwise would be dishonest and send a false signal to his partner.

The comic strip "Momma" offers some interesting insight into this aspect of a relationship. As you may know, Momma is always trying to straighten out her three grown children. One of the continuing themes is the proper courtship and eventual marriage of her daughter, Mary Lou. One day Momma asks Mary Lou why she isn't married yet.

Mary Lou responds: "Nobody's proposed, Momma, although I do seem to be very popular with the boys."

Momma retorts: "Well, whatever is making you popular with the boys—STOP IT until one of them proposes."

(This article will continue next month.) □

# **LOOKING** **FOR LOVE**

**My girlfriend and I are freshmen. We like each other a lot, but we're very shy. When we're together, neither of us can find anything to say. I don't want to lose her. Got any ideas?**

—Mick

We have a couple of ideas: First, find some fun, interesting things to do together (not just going to a movie or eating out), and you'll have plenty to talk about. Shared experiences are a great basis for conversation. Go rafting, canoeing, horseback riding, play volleyball with a crowd, go on a 10K run, play tennis with another couple, read a book together, make doughnuts, brownies, cream puffs, go to a flea market, auto or RV show, factory tour, craft fair, auction, used car lot, surprise someone—pick strawberries or apples and give them to your moms, buy a tray of petunias and plant them at the church, visit your grandparents and look at photo albums, clean the garage (yours this week, hers next), volunteer some time at a service agency, play Trivial Pursuit with a lonely neighbor.

To fill any awkward silences that remain, develop a repertoire of imaginative questions to stimulate conversation: ask her about her family (things they've done together, places they've gone); her preferences (hobbies, sports, activities); her plans for the future. Talk about issues like religion, getting along with siblings, items in the news; subjects like child abuse or environmental issues, music, personal values—anything but the weather.

If all else fails, talk about how it feels to be shy. That's a subject you both know a lot about.

**Hi, I'm thirteen years old, and I'm planning to run away from home. I have it all figured out. I'm only going to be gone for about two days unless my mom comes to find me. Should I come back? I need an answer. —Jodi**

Most kids who run *away* do it because they feel they have no place to run *to*. They think nobody cares. And knowing that Great Aunt



Bessie loves them isn't enough. They want the people who matter most—their parents—to care.

We're going to play a hunch here. Since you mentioned your mom but not your dad, we're going to assume he's out of the picture. Either he's there but doesn't know you are, or he's left completely and you and your mom are both feeling abandoned.

That would explain why your mom hasn't picked up on your feelings. If you're a good actress, your mother may not have a clue about how you feel. She may be busy hurting too (and covering it up so you won't know). Wouldn't it be funny if she were hiding her feelings because she's afraid she'll upset you and you're hiding yours because you're afraid you'll upset her?

Rather than running away, we suggest you do something that will work a lot better: Catch her when she's standing still and say something like this: "I'm feeling sad, lonely, hurt, afraid, angry, guilty, worried, or whatever. I need to tell you that when you don't notice my feelings, I think about running away. It seems like you don't care. I really want more hugs, more time to talk with you, more understanding, to be taken more seriously, to have more fun with you, some advice about how to handle my problems, a new prom dress, pizza for breakfast, etc."

The best way to get your needs met is to ask directly. And be sure to let her know that you really want to be taken seriously.

**A couple of weeks ago my stepdaughter told me she is addicted to drugs. I told her I understood because I had a problem with drugs and alcohol when I was young. I want to help her in every way I can. Where do we go from here?**

She goes to N.A. or A.A. and you go to Alanon or Naranon. Then go together to a professional chemical dependency counselor and ask for further recommendations.



## REACHING FOR

## HER DREAMS



# ANDREA

Horses' hooves pound the dirt as the rodeo queen circles the arena. Her costume is a blaze of color. Her horse's nostrils flare as the steed gains momentum. Itself a pulsating mass of color, the huge crowd erupts in applause as she waves while maintaining control of her charging mount. A victory lap, one of the rodeo's most electric moments, is underway.

Suddenly, caught up in the excitement, a young, dark-haired girl runs parallel to the arena fence as the rider approaches. Impulsively, she reaches out her hand, and the queen clutches it in acknowledgment. For a brief magic moment, the two of them are racing together along the fence.

The incident became a picture frozen in time to that young girl. "Right then, I knew that's what I wanted to do," she would say later.

It's been almost eight years since that young teenager decided on a dream. At age 21, Andrea Schlapia now says her dream is right on schedule.

"The bug got me," Andrea laughs, referring to the moment rodeo queen Val Eason reached out to clasp her hand. There is nothing quite like the feeling of executing a successful rodeo "buzz" or presentation ride.

"Your horse is running at full speed, and you can feel the wind pulling against your face. You tingle all over, and it's the same feeling every time. It's a natural high."

Today Andrea is a public relations major at Idaho's Northwest Nazarene College. She spends much of her time on or around horses. She travels the state, speaking to civic groups, classrooms, and youth clubs. Many times she has ridden the colorful victory lap she so admired as a teen. As the

# SCHLAPIA

**A moment frozen in time—the beginning of a dream. For rodeo queen Andrea Schlapia, that dream has become a reality—through hard work, dedication and determination.**

**Ed Gutherro**



reigning Miss Rodeo Idaho, Andrea is an enthusiastic and glamorous spokesperson for professional rodeo. In November, Andrea will carry her dream one step further as she represents her state at the Miss Rodeo America competition in Las Vegas, Nevada. The event coincides with the annual National Finals Rodeo, the "Super Bowl" of the rodeo season.

When Andrea Schlapia talks about her work as a rodeo queen, it's apparent that Andrea knows rodeo. This is her world, and she's very much at home in it.

As a junior in high school, Andrea was the Idaho High-School State Rodeo Queen. The following year, now fully bitten by the rodeo bug, Andrea became the National Junior Women's Cow-cutting Champion.

In her high-school days, she also rode as a "hazer," or guide rider, in cowboy bulldogging competitions. She was forced to stop when rodeo judges ruled her participation too dangerous for a woman.

Regardless, Andrea thrives on challenges and is highly skilled in horsemanship. This cowgirl has a favorite saying: "The only thing you fear is the unknown."

Horses have been an integral part of her life since her years as a youngster participating in local 4-H Club events. She's showed them, groomed them, barrel-raced them, or ridden them in competition since she was eight. Currently she has two—her fine competition quarterhorse, Doc Jay Lynx, and an Arabian named Kizako.

"There's something about girls and horses," Andrea points out. "Horses have a

personality, an attitude . . . I know Dr. Jay knows when we're competing.

"I would love to know what they say to each other," she adds with a smile.

Andrea knows a successful working relationship between horse and rider is built on mutual trust.

"When you have the reins in your hands," Andrea stresses, "every emotion you feel, they feel too. It just travels down the reins into their mouths. If you're nervous, they sense it."

On the surface it's easy to assume the life of a rodeo queen is all glamour and travel. In reality, Andrea's path to the National Finals in Las Vegas has demanded many years of hard work, personal sacrifice, unlimited preparation, and family support. It has required that special ability to focus in on a goal. Still, it is an experience she treasures.

In the western states like Idaho, rodeo and the western tradition are deeply entwined in the culture. Countless unfulfilled dreams have tumbled to the dirt in the hundreds of rodeo events held annually. In many cases, successful cowboys and cowgirls are regarded the way young people from large cities respect baseball and football stars. The rodeo queen is a high-profile symbol of the rich heritage and pageantry of the West.

"If you pursue your goal and strive to do the best, then people are going to remember you for that," Andrea says.

When our conversation shifts to questions about today's youth culture and the temptations of drug and alcohol use, Andrea's face becomes serious.

"My father was killed by a



teenage drunk driver," Andrea states suddenly. She was only six at the time of the accident, an early age to be introduced to the painful consequences of alcohol abuse.

"He was a sergeant major in the military," she continues. "I remember his uniform, but his face has faded in my memory." Her father's sudden death hit the Schlapia family hard, both emotionally and economically. They were forced to sell everything on their farm. Carol Schlapia and her three daughters had to pull together to survive.

Carol was a local 4-H leader, and she encouraged young Andrea to become involved. Along the way, Andrea, the youngest of the daughters, and her mother developed a special bond.

"4-H became our time together," Andrea recalls. Carol's support continued through years of youth rodeo and queen competitions, and today their relationship is rock solid.

"She's the best role model ever," she says of Carol. "She's so willing to give her time and energy, I could never have done it without her, no possible way. She's my mom, she's my best friend."

The rodeo queen cherishes this special friendship and encourages young people and parents to listen to each other. "If you take the chance to communicate with your parents," she says, "that will solve half your problems."

Andrea looks back and admits that during her teen years she sometimes felt, "I knew better than my mom," as she confronted the very real peer pressure of high school.

"It's hard not to be accepted in a group, very hard not to conform to peer pressure, but

people look up to you if you don't conform and stick to it. They respect you," she points out.

"Think about the consequences," Andrea reasons. "What will happen? What are the benefits of alcohol and drugs?

"There aren't any," she says flatly. "You don't need to take

pers, and catalogs.

This summer will be her busiest yet in rodeo. Her current titles of Miss Rodeo Idaho and Hailey Rodeo Queen will have her criss-crossing the state of Idaho. In addition, other regions have asked her to appear in their events as well, including an invitation to the world-



that risk or put yourself in a compromising position."

Andrea emphasizes young people need to consider positive alternatives to the pitfalls of partying and substance abuse.

"Find something exciting and fulfilling to become involved with, and you'll find you won't need that," she suggests.

In addition to her studies and rodeo involvement, the college senior works part time as an elementary substitute teacher. She also finds time to model western clothes and ski wear in magazines, newspa-

famous Calgary Stampede in Alberta, Canada. A possible trip to Japan has also been discussed. And of course, she looks forward to fulfilling her dream this November in Las Vegas at the Miss Rodeo America competition.

Andrea Schlapia clearly is enjoying life. You can read the enthusiasm in her eyes and her gestures. You want her to succeed.

Little did Val Eason know, years ago, when she reached out to grab the hand of an excited dark-haired teenager, how meaningful that gesture would be. □



DEAR

Becki



School is extremely difficult for me. My friends, taking the exact same classes, do not seem to be struggling at all. Is there something wrong with me? I really am trying.

We're all made differently. Unfortunately, school is more difficult for some. This doesn't mean something is "wrong" with you. Talk with your parents about your concerns. If this isn't possible, you need to let your teachers or your school advisor know about your situation. They will help you get the most out of your education. There are many different ways to study. They will help you find the best one for your personal learning. Don't put off asking for help. Your frustrations will only grow, and your difficulty with school will intensify.

**My best friend has been experimenting with drugs. I don't know what kind and I'm not sure how often, but I'm very concerned about her. She doesn't know I'm aware of this. I need to approach her, but I don't know how.**

There's no easy way to tell someone you suspect they are taking drugs. Most likely they will become defensive and deny everything. Even though many people's curiosity is extremely high concerning the feeling you receive from drugs, the publicity on drugs is so bad that no one wants to admit to trying them. I would ask my friend to lunch, and then begin casual conversation and lead into the discussion of her possible drug problem. Never accuse; just ask and let her know you care about her and will understand whatever she tells you. Never judge, but let her know of your concerns and how extremely dangerous long-term drug use can be.

If you see she is needing help but will not ask for it or admit it, take matters into your own hands. Find out about help available in your area. Look up the drug abuse hotline number in your phone book. You may find it in either the yellow pages or in the business section. Suggest she talk with someone qualified. Most important, be her best friend. Don't let her get caught in this trap. Stick with her until she gets proper assistance.

My grandfather is dying of cancer. He has been very sick for a couple months now. My family is being torn apart by this. My mom cries all the time, and I hurt so bad inside. I am filled with guilt because I just wish my grandfather would die, and we wouldn't have to hurt anymore. I feel horrible for even thinking this way. How can I get over these feelings toward my grandfather?

It's very hard to deal with the loss of someone you love. You obviously have a close family, and the sickness your grandfather is experiencing is tearing everyone apart. You aren't wanting your grandfather to die because you don't love him. It's because you want the pain to end. You don't want to see him hurt anymore, and all this emotion inside of you makes you mad because you have no control over it. As hard as it must be, you can't blame yourself. The freedom to let your emotions flow is extremely healthy. Don't try to stifle them. Don't try to figure out the "why's" right now. Continue to talk about your feelings. Open up to your family. You are all experiencing the same situation, and conversation could help the healing process. Talk to your pastor. Unfortunately the hurt won't go away for quite a while—if ever—but how you learn to deal with it will make the difference for your healthy state of mind. In your grandfather's last days, show him the love you feel for him. Don't pull away because you're confused. After he is gone, you will wish you had spent precious, quality time with him.

**I'm 14 years old. Is exercise important at my age?**

Very important! Exercise is the key, in my opinion, to a healthy life. You are never too young to begin an exercise program. Not only does it help you maintain weight and muscle tone, it stimulates your mind. You must find the program that is best suited to you. I run two to three miles per day and have found it to be the best way to exercise for my lifestyle. I love it, but running is not for everyone. Find an exercise you enjoy and stick with it for at least three weeks. Be consistent. After that amount of time you will see and feel a big difference! I promise!

# RIDING THE NUCLEAR

**It's flying, surfing, and sailing combined—the ultimate high. It's easy to see why boardsailing has become America's fastest-growing summer sport.**

**Glen Robinson**

You step precariously onto your board, balancing yourself as you pull back on the uphaul line. The sail rises out of the water—and you're off. With the wind catching the sail, your board slowly picks up speed. You peek over your shoulder at the shoreline and think you're really moving, until you look farther out in the channel.

The blue water of the gorge is dotted with hundreds of rainbow-colored waterbugs, zipping over the waves at incredible speed. You're a beginner, but you are boardsailing, and you're doing it at the granddaddy of all boardsailing sites: the Columbia River Gorge of Oregon.

It's easy to see why boardsailing has become America's fastest-growing summer sport, with 1.5 million Americans enjoying the sport. It combines sailing, surfing, and flying.

While it's recommended that beginners start with a lesson, the basics of boardsailing are pretty straightforward, and advances of board design are making the sport easier and more versatile every season.

The sport started in 1967, when Hoyle Schweitzer and James Drake took the small, flat sailboats used for sailing back then and added a universal joint to the mast. That allowed the sail to pivot in a complete circle or even lie flat. Sailors began standing up, and boardsailing was born.

Later, someone invented the *uphaul*, a line that allowed the boardsailor to bring the sail up without help. European sailors got rid of the centerboard, shortened the boards, and added footstraps to perform acrobatics. These were called *funboards*.

France's Pascal Maka used

a funboard last year to set a new boardsailing speed record of 49.35 miles per hour. And though boardsailing is popular in Europe, with some of the top professionals coming from France and Denmark, the United States has its share of hot spots. Today the hot spots to boardsail are Maui, Hawaii; Cape Hatteras, North Carolina; Corpus Christi, Texas; San Francisco Bay; and the Baja Peninsula of Mexico. New spots are being discovered every season.

Boardsailing became an official Olympic sport in 1984, with the United States winning a silver medal in 1984 and a bronze in 1988. And boardsailors are a breed that refuse to be limited by geography. Boardsailors have cruised among the ice floes of Alaska and have even sailed the width of the Atlantic Ocean. In 1989, Eric Sharp told of sailing with a pack of killer whales off Vancouver Island, British Columbia.

The tiny town of Hood River, Oregon, situated on the Columbia River, was about to fold a few years ago, due to lack of business. Then the first few boardsailors blew into town and discovered the natural winds of the gorge, which are ideal for turbocharged boardsailing. Winds from May to November (boardsailing season), average between 15 and 45 mph, with gusts up to 60 mph. Before long, real estate was being

snapped up, and today 40 businesses in Hood River deal specifically with boardsailing.

Learning is a challenge for a beginner, but when you feel the wind in your hair and see those other "boardheads" ripping off the tops of the waves, you'll know before long you've got the fever only wind and water can cure. □

## Talk the Talk

To be a real "boardhead," you have to know the language. Here's a start:  
shred—go fast  
do air—jump  
loops—flips  
nuclear winds—heavy winds  
(over 30 mph)

# winds









b3

# THE CAT MAN

**Something beyond  
the streetlight caught  
my eye. It was a  
person. Lurking.  
I dug my nails into  
Billy's arm.**

.....

I was 17, and life itself was intoxicating. The air was cleaner, the sky bluer, and dreams were close enough to touch. Everything about life was fresh, new, and exciting. Each day held out its possibilities, promising treasures I could only imagine. Even the day I met Leo.

It was after a hockey game. Everyone was in high spirits because we had won. Billy asked me out for a soda at the local burger joint to celebrate. The whole team and at least half the school were going.

I liked Billy. He was the

captain of the hockey team. He had blond hair, blue eyes, and shoulders as wide as my refrigerator. We had a good time. We knew each other well enough to be past the nervous stage. I was glad about that. There's nothing worse than those first few dates.

The whole team and their girlfriends were crammed into about five of those little booths talking at the top of their lungs about the game. The goalie, Kevin, had taken a puck in the face and was the center of attention. I think I heard him tell the gory details at least 10 times.

Finally the party broke up, and we poured out onto the sidewalk. The cold evening air brushed our faces. I looked up at Billy and smiled—no, I twinkled—at him.

"I had fun tonight, Billy," I said.

"Yeah, me too." He looked

down at me and smiled back.

"Billy," I began. Something beyond the streetlight caught my eye. It was a person. Lurking. I dug my nails into Billy's arm. What was I afraid of? I was standing here with the captain of the hockey team. My voice dropped to a hoarse whisper.

"Billy, who's that by the streetlight?" I don't think it was what he expected me to say.

"Huh?"

"Over there by that lamp-post." I tried to point without pointing.

Billy chuckled. "It's just the cat man," he said.

"Oh." Pause. "Who's the cat man?"

"Aw, come on, don't tell me you've never seen him walking around. He's all over the place." I looked back at the cat man. He had moved into the circle of light. He was looking at me. He had a battered hat

.....  
**Celeste Perrino Walker**

on his head and ragged clothes. His beard was long and scruffy. But it was his eyes that interested me the most. They were as innocent and trusting as a child's—with a blankness behind them that was disturbing.

"Why do they call him the cat man?" I asked, still whispering.

Billy spoke in normal tones. "Because he eats cats," he said.

"Shhh!" I whispered. "He'll hear you." Finally it hit me. "Eats cats? Gross! You're not serious?"

Billy nodded. "My brother's friend said the police went out to the old abandoned barn where he lives, and there were cat bones all over the place." He lowered his voice. "And cats that live around there disappear."

I swallowed. Hard. "I don't believe it." Billy just shrugged, but his expression was smug. "What's his name?"

"Leo something, I don't remember. He wasn't always the way he is. He used to go to

• • • • •  
**"The police went out to the old abandoned barn where he lives, and there were cat bones all over the place."**  
• • • • •

our school. He was in my brother's class, and Eddy says he was really smart and popular. He fried his brain on drugs."

Outwardly, I suppose, no one noticed a change in me. I still woke up each morning

**Something had brushed a little of the bloom off life for me, and those innocent, trusting eyes haunted my every waking moment.**

• • • • •

and went to school. But something had brushed a little of the bloom off life for me, and those eyes—innocent, trusting, and blank—haunted my every waking moment. I might have forgotten in time if I hadn't caught Billy putting a little bag of white powder in his locker.

"What is that?" I asked him, pointing with a trembling finger as he tried to cover it up with a book.

"Shhhh!" he hissed, glancing furtively up and down the locker aisle to see if anyone was within earshot.

"What is it?!" I demanded. "It's coke, isn't it? How can you?"

Billy shrugged. "What?"

"Don't give me that," I snapped. "You know perfectly well what I mean." I mimicked him cruelly. "My brother Eddy says he was really smart and popular until he fried his brain on drugs."

Billy looked uneasy. "So? What has that got to do with me? I'm not going to fry my brain."

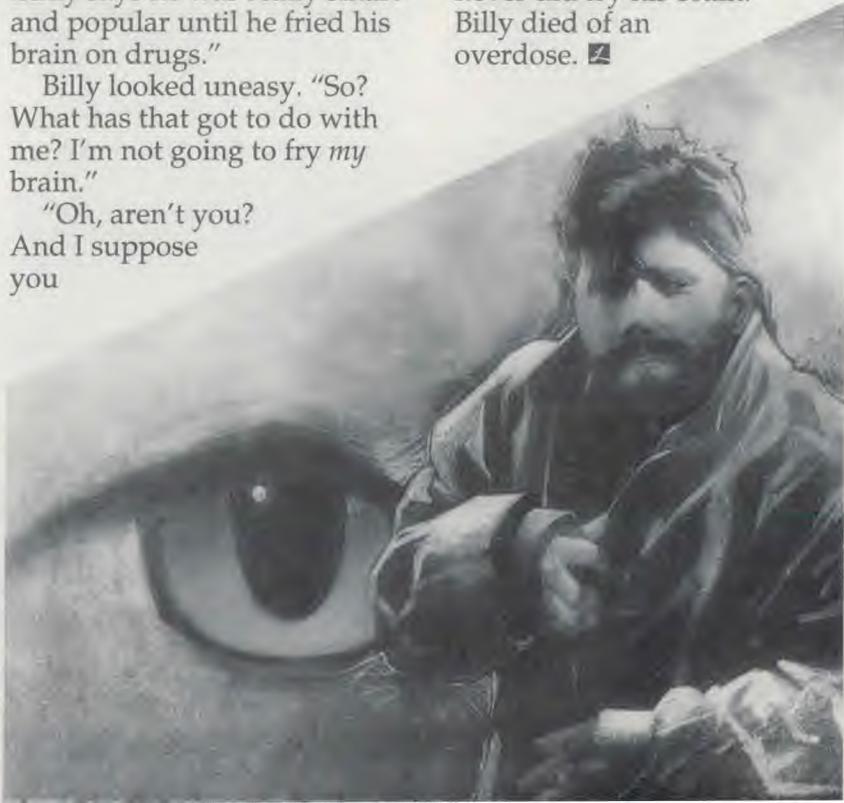
"Oh, aren't you? And I suppose you

think that Leo did it on purpose?" Frustrated, angry tears stung my eyes. "Come on, Billy, do you really want to end up like that? What kind of life does he have? He's a bum, and worse than that, he has no identity. He might as well be dead for all he gets out of life. He's like a walking vegetable."

Billy slammed his locker. "So? I'm not going to end up like that. Trust me. I hardly use the stuff, OK?"

"No, it's not OK," I screamed. "It will never be OK." Billy started off and left me sobbing by his locker.

I wouldn't take his calls, and then he stopped calling. I avoided him at school, and he avoided me. Months later I had to admit, he had been right, even though I hadn't believed him at the time. He never did fry his brain. Billy died of an overdose. □

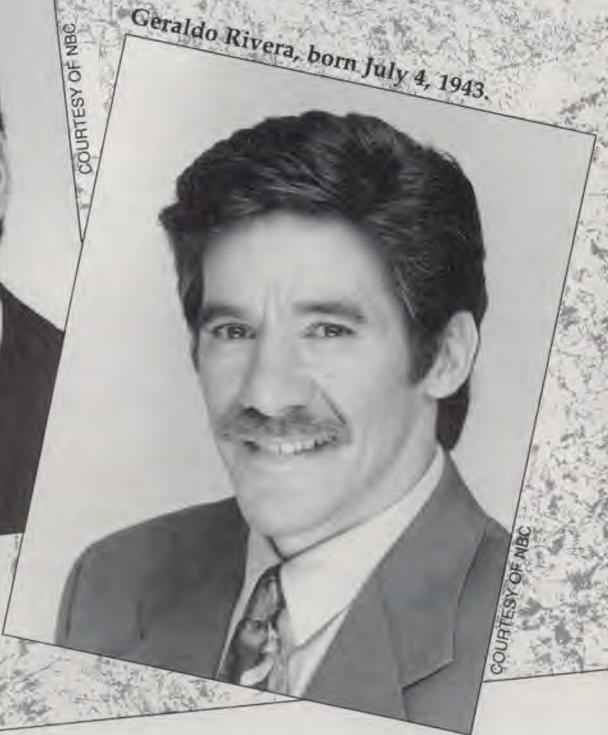


# Listen UP!



O. J. Simpson, born July 9, 1947.

COURTESY OF NBC



Geraldo Rivera, born July 4, 1943.

COURTESY OF NBC

## Birthdays for July

Ann Landers, advice columnist, born at Sioux City, Iowa, July 4, 1918; Geraldo Rivera, journalist, born at New York City, July 4, 1943; Ringo Starr, singer, musician, born at Liverpool, England, July 7, 1940; O. J. Simpson, football player, actor, sports commentator, born at San Francisco, California, July 9, 1947; Leon Spinks, boxer, born at St. Louis, Missouri, July 11, 1953; Robin Williams, actor, born at Chicago, Illinois, July 21, 1952; Arnold Schwarzenegger, bodybuilder, actor, born at Graz, Austria, July 30, 1947.

## Think Sky in July

On July 11, 1979, the whole world was on a **Skylab** watch when the 82-ton orbiting space-craft fell to earth. Fortunately, **Skylab** broke up and showered pieces across the Indian Ocean and outback Australia.

While everyone is looking up for the next **Skylab**, take time to look at their peepers. July 12 is **Different-Colored Eyes Day**.

Had Douglas Corrigan kept his eyes pointed in the right direction, he would have never entered the history books. July 17

is **Wrong Way Corrigan Day**, celebrating his 1938 trip in the wrong direction. Instead of flying from Brooklyn, New York, to Los Angeles, California, as he had intended, Corrigan landed in Dublin, Ireland, 28 hours later. His excuse: he accidentally followed the wrong end of the compass needle.

And don't forget **Moon Day** July 20, the day man first set foot on the moon in 1969. Astronaut Neil Armstrong was the first to step out of the lunar lander.



## Let's Hear It for the Good Guys

Sheriff's deputies are pulling over teenage drivers in Gulfport, Mississippi, but not because they've been doing anything bad. Instead, Harrison County deputies handed out "safe driving" tickets to 47 teenagers, citing them for wearing seat belts, driving under the speed limit, and obeying traffic laws. The tickets are worth free gifts from area businesses.

"This was just a way we wanted to say thanks to our students for driving in a safe, courteous manner—and above all, not getting behind the wheel under the influence of alcohol or other drugs," said Sheriff Joe Price.

Headaches strike males three times more often than females, but the pain tends to linger longer with women. —*Insight*

## Thumbs Up



Hurray for Ben & Jerry's Homemade, Inc., of Waterbury, Vermont. They stopped using Oreo cookies in their ice cream when they found the cookie company, Nabisco Brands, Inc., was owned by RJR Nabisco, Inc. That company sells cigarettes through its division, R. J. Reynolds.

Ben & Jerry's spokesman Rob Michalak stated that they felt buying ingredients from a company owned by a tobacco company was "[in]consistent with our company values."

Thumbs up to you, Ben & Jerry. And I'll have a scoop of pralines and cream on a sugar cone, please.

Drug users have a 13 percent greater chance of death by stroke than nondrug users.

—*San Francisco General Hospital Study*

## Thumbs Up



Not only are they leaders in the art of hitting, fielding, and stealing from first to second, the Oakland A's are taking the lead in the nonsmoking arena.

At the beginning of the 1991 season, the A's banned smoking from the seating area and lower concourse at Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum. Smoking will be allowed in limited areas of the coliseum, including the upper concourse walkway and the ramps leading to the second deck. Their policy is the first of its kind in major outdoor arenas.

Take note, other sports teams. Listen predicts that this will be the trend of the future. Now if we can just get rid of the chewing tobacco . . .

In 1989 only one case of human rabies was reported in the United States.

—*Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report*

## Growing Marijuana Undercover

Narcotics officers are discovering that the war on drugs is moving indoors. Marijuana plants worth

\$77 million were recently discovered growing in four houses in California and Arizona.

The war on drugs' Campaign Against Marijuana Planting has made it more difficult for would-be marijuana farmers, forcing them to grow the illegal drug indoors. In addition, they have found that they can actually grow a superior plant indoors by controlling light.

Most outdoor crops can be detected by helicopters and high-altitude spy planes, but the war on indoor weed growing is tougher. Narcotics agents are combating the problem by following up on excessive electric and water bills and even tracking parcel shipments from known drug suppliers.

Between October 1990 and October 1991, British and U.S. tobacco companies will send an estimated 23 billion cigarettes to consumers in the Soviet Union.

—*International Organization of Consumer Union*

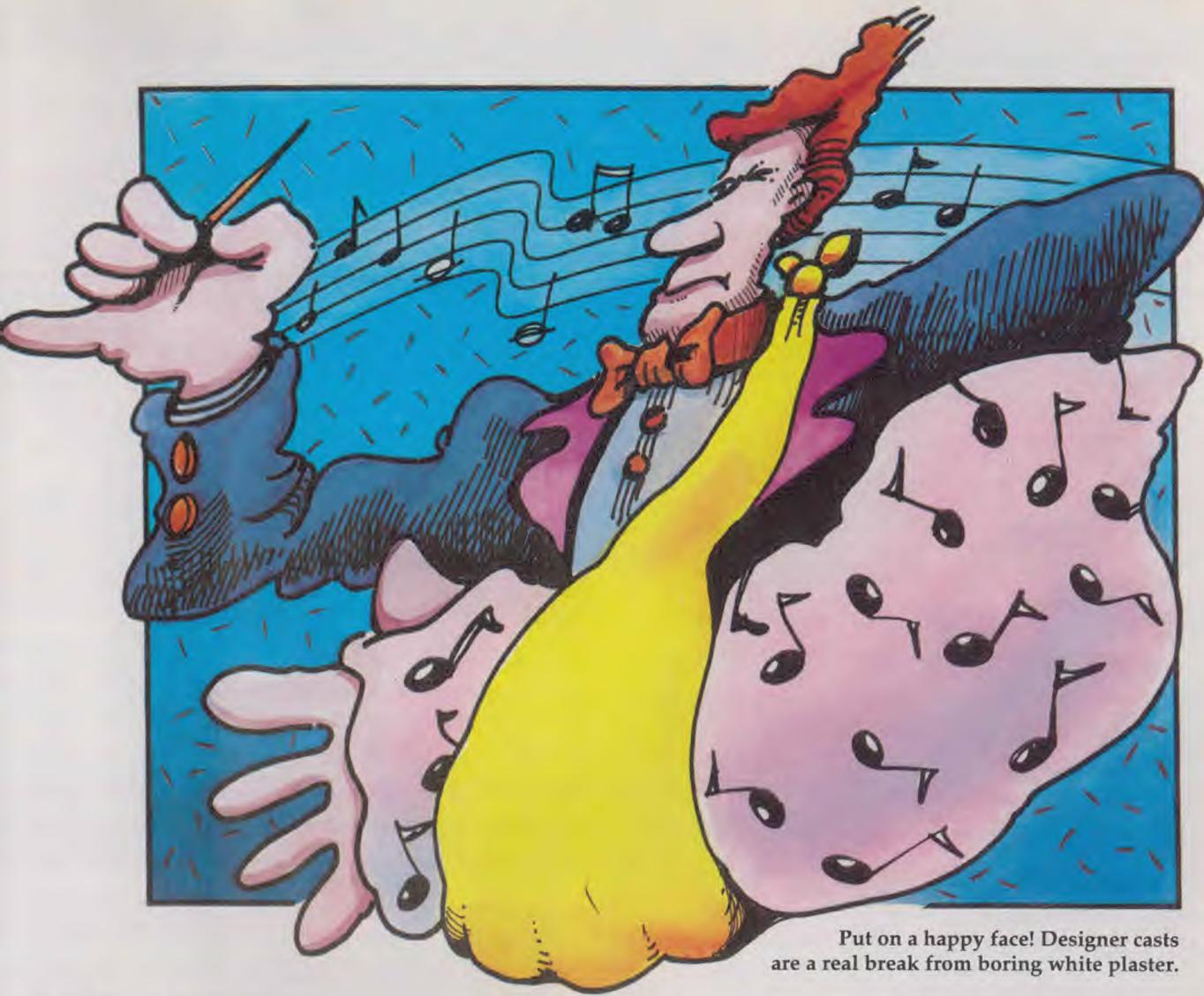
## Students Support Our Troops

Students in San Gabriel, California, are among the thousands throughout the United States who have spent the past few months cheering on and encouraging the U.S. troops involved in Operation Desert Shield and Operation Desert Storm.

As a sign of their support, these kids mailed more than 300 colorful pen-, crayon-, and marker-decorated letters of encouragement addressed to "Any Serviceman" in hopes of brightening someone's day in the gulf region.

Letters began returning from servicemen around last Halloween, with a steady trickle of answers from the Saudi desert being received since.

"On the news, Operation Desert Shield is a bunch of ships, planes, and tanks," said one student. "Students here know there are real people over there. A few of them have become our friends."



Put on a happy face! Designer casts are a real break from boring white plaster.

The United States currently supplies 29 percent of the chemicals responsible for destroying the ozone layer. In contrast, China and India send up only 2 percent. —Garbage

## Thumbs Down



We're talking murder. We're talking disconnected body parts.

We're talking about Daniel Rakowitz, accused of murdering and slicing up his girlfriend. He asked a New York judge that his jury consist of **marijuana smokers** so he "could get a fair trial."

According to Rakowitz: "I just want everybody in New York City and the world to be happy and have a smile on their faces. If everyone smoked marijuana, there would be no violence in the

world." Apparently, it didn't work too well for him.

Junior high school girls spend more than \$6 billion each year. That's equal to 125 stacks of \$20 bills as tall as the Sears Tower.

—Jr. High Ministry

## And Now... Designer Casts

The next time you decide to break an arm or leg, you've got a treat in store for you. The old chalky white cast has been replaced by ones with neon stripes, football insignias or helmets, and Christmas designs.

According to Nancy Naftalin, an orthopedic technologist at Pacific Medical Center in Seattle, the fashionable colors and prints

now account for 90 percent of the center's casts.

Patients have requested pink casts to go with wedding dresses, kids with designs including pets and teddy bears with balloons and NFL helmets. But one of the most popular choices is camouflage.

Though the new casts cost the same as the old white ones (with the exception of the NFL casts, which are slightly higher), "there's always one boring person who wants white," says Naftalin.

Each year an average American eats 118.7 pounds of potatoes, 81.4 pounds of tomatoes, 25.7 pounds of sweet corn, 22.7 pounds of lettuce, and 2.6 pounds of spinach.

—U.S. News & World Report

# Graffiti

## MEMORIES OF MICHelle

Michelle and I were very close. I used to call her Mitch. I don't think she liked that, but since I was her best friend, she put up with it.

I knew Mitch was changing. We had just started high school about six months ago. It seemed Mitch's and my friendship was fading away. I didn't know why. I remembered back to the days when we used to do everything together—play, go to the mall, watch a movie. I realized those days were gone. I wanted them back so much but knew they were gone forever.

Mitch seemed to be hanging around the wrong crowd in school. She never seemed to be at her house, and I was told she was having family problems. I tried to talk to her one day, but she really didn't listen or seem to care.

This party was coming up at a kid's house. He had a party every year; it is pretty wild—drinking, drugs. I didn't really want to go, but I went in case Mitch was there. She was, and she seemed to be drinking a lot. Again I tried to talk with her, and this time she listened, but laughed. I knew it was the vodka laughing.

A couple of kids were going to drive around and asked me if I wanted to go. I said no; I knew they were all pretty drunk and high. Michelle was going. I tried to

warn her not to, but she told me to leave her alone. Somehow I knew she wouldn't come back. I was right.

Later that night I got a call from Randy, Michelle's boyfriend. He told me the news. Michelle was dead. She died in the emergency room. She was in a car with three others when they hit another car head on. Randy didn't know what happened to the people in the other car.

I didn't know what to do, laugh or cry. I had to put my emotions on hold as I went down to the scene. The people were gone already, but I could still feel Michelle's presence, hear her laughter. I knew I would never call her Mitch again.

That night was a sleepless night. I wondered about Michelle, I wondered if she even thought about me when she was dying. I don't know.

—Alex DuBee IV  
Smethport, Pennsylvania

## THE DEMON ALCOHOLIC

Raw beauty . . . Love  
On a pedestal . . . Turning  
Addiction.

Revealing the vulgar . . .  
Purging menace.

—Dan Hawkins  
Belfair, Washington

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.

*The*

# PRIME TIMES

IDEAS FOR YOUR DRUG-FREE GROUP

## Let's party outside!

In consideration of July, Anti-Boredom Month, why not plan club activities outside? July is also National Picnic Month, National Baked Bean Month, National Hot Dog Month, and National Ice Cream Month. Are you getting the picture?



## Drug-free life for all



It's hard to forget that July features independence holidays for the U.S. and Canada. Therefore, why not promote drug-free living in the spirit of true freedom? Does your town have a July 4 parade? Why not have your club sponsor a float?

A LISTEN SPECIAL

JULY 1991

## Statue protests Bill of Rights tour



Cameras! Action! ICPA president Thomas Neslund unveils Lady Nicotina as a protest against tobacco advertising.

As a protest to Philip Morris's sponsorship of the Bill of Rights Tour, the International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism and Drug Dependency (ICPA) unveiled a 15-foot-high statue of Lady Nicotina in front of the Baltimore Convention Center while the exhibit was held there last December.

Said Thomas R. Neslund, executive director of ICPA, "Philip Morris has spent \$60 million to create a diversion—a 'smokescreen,' if you will—by sponsoring a 50-state tour of an original copy of the United States Bill of Rights, appealing to the deep sense of patriotism found in men, women, and most of all—children. But keep in mind, Philip Morris, which is using this tour to spread its name, is a cigarette company whose addictive prod-

ucts kill nearly 6,000 Marylanders each year."

Many schools, while claiming to promote drug-free lifestyles, are bringing children to see the Virginia Bill of Rights and to meet the Marlboro Man. Although Philip Morris claims an altruistic interest in educating children about American history, the underlying interest seems to be to increase the millions of dollars of revenue in illegal tobacco sales to Maryland children each year. According to Neslund, three thousand new smokers must be recruited daily to the ranks of the addicted in order for the tobacco industry to sustain itself. Their target, among others: unsuspecting children. The appeal may vary, but the results are the same: 6 out of 10 smokers are addicted by the age of 14 and 8 out of 10 by the

age of 18. In full knowledge of these statistics, Philip Morris goes after the children.

Women have also been targeted by the tobacco companies with the most recent efforts in less-developed countries. In 1984 Virginia Slims launched a western-



No freedom here. Lady Nicotina holds aloft a symbol of addiction—a cigarette.

izing campaign in Hong Kong targeting women and emphasizing thinness, beauty, and women's rights. According to the government statistics in Hong Kong, only 1 percent of females under 40 smoked.

If smoking trends continue in Latin America, one million inhabitants each year will silently go to STATUE, continued next page

## The DYC alternative

On any given day you can climb the stairs at 1415 Dorchester Avenue, and you are sure to find the door to the Dorchester Youth Collaborative. But what you can never be sure of is exactly what you will find going on behind that door.

The collection of rooms that houses the Dorchester Youth Collaborative (or DYC, as it is known to the "homeboys") is taken over from 2:00 to 6:00 p.m. by about two hundred kids from Dorchester and nearby Roxbury, which have a total population of about 160,000. For most of these kids, this center is an alternative to the streets and to drugs.

Emmett Folgert, who runs the DYC with a paid staff of five, sums up the activities of the kids. "This is a program for people who hate programs," he states. "Anything goes as long as it's positive."

Saying, "Anything goes . . ." however, is an understatement. The major portion of the activity is centered around music, but we're not talking just "singin' and dancin'." We're talking music videos of professional quality. Most of these videos also deal with issues facing the kids at the DYC, including drugs, gangs, and AIDS. It's hardly surprising the role music plays in the center's activities, considering that the North Side Posse is headquartered there. The North Side Posse is a collection of 12 music groups, including the North Side Boys, Young Nation, and the famous New Kids on the Block.

The DYC was founded when \$37,000 was given to the city by a private foundation, with no strings attached.

While centers like the DYC can't be found in every city, most cities have a youth or community center. Most have classes or activities for a minimal charge or none at all. So why not give it a try sometime? You just might find something.

—Melissa Cohen

### STATUE, continued

their graves prematurely, beginning with the year 2000.

An immediate problem facing our world today that is relatively unknown to many is the effect of tobacco on our environment. Wrapped in paper and sold in cartons, the production of cigarettes requires a large amount of forest resources. Today's modern cigarette manufacturing machines use four miles of paper per hour in the packaging and wrapping of tobacco products.

Wood is also a method used in the curing process of tobacco primarily outside of the U.S. An Earthscan report claims that, annually, tobacco crops from a single hectare

require the wood of an additional hectare of timber for curing.

**Among other facts Neslund presented about smoking:**

- Tobacco causes 390,000 deaths annually in the USA—more than all deaths from AIDS, alcohol, illegal drugs, auto accidents, airplane crashes, suicides, and homicides combined.
- Two and a half million people worldwide will die of tobacco-related diseases this year.
- Teenagers spend \$126 billion dollars on tobacco a year.
- Five hundred thousand Americans will have died of tobacco-related diseases by the time the Bill of Rights Tour is completed.

## Party Line

### Hot fun in the summertime

It's July. It's summer! It's hot! And it's time to have a cool party!

Plan your party for the Fourth of July or any other July day. This is a time for celebrating summer vacation, living in a free land, good friends, and fun times.

Organize a frisbee contest for the day. Include events like the longest flight, the farthest distance, the most accurate, and a special freestyle contest. (Can you really stand on your head and still throw a frisbee?) A new frisbee could be the prize for each event.

Create a water slide for cooling off. Many stores have ready-made slides for use on lawns. They are a great, inexpensive way to have a good time.

Good food is a must! Plan a barbecue, corn roast, or watermelon feed. Or plan all three of them together, depending on how many you are feeding!



### Fresh veggie barbecue

For a deliciously different menu item, try barbecuing your favorite summer vegetables. Here are some suggestions.

cherry tomatoes, cut in half  
small quartered pieces of onion  
bite-size bits of green and red pepper  
1/4"-thick zucchini rounds  
fresh mushrooms (whole or sliced in half)

Alternate the vegetables on a skewer. Place over coals and grill until brown, brushing with your favorite barbecue sauce. Serve immediately.

—Janya Mekelburg

**W**hat's it gonna hurt, man? It's only one. It's not going to *kill* us."

Three of the guys gathered in the street that morning were obviously in favor of 'it.' The fourth, a sandy-haired kid a little younger than the others, didn't look convinced.

"I don't know. I just don't feel right about it."

Three pairs of eyes rolled skyward. This kid was obviously bordering on terminal uncoolness. They tried again.

"Look, man, it's perfectly harmless. There's no way we'd even suggest it if it were dangerous. Besides, we'll all be right there. What could possibly happen?"

The sandy-haired kid looked hard at his toes. He seemed to be having a tough time coming up with something to say. He shrugged once, then again.

"It just doesn't seem right."

"Oh, come on!" the oldest one snorted. "It'll be perfect for the party tonight. And we're talking about a party that is going to go down in history and legend! Don't spoil it for everybody."

The kid with the sandy hair

finally caved in, and together the four Trojan soldiers trudged back to the city gate. That big wooden horse was going to be *perfect* for the victory party that night.

You know the story. The Greeks—who were kinda miffed about Queen Helen being kidnapped by Paris, the son of the Trojan king—had gone to war against the Trojans, who lived in the city of Troy. They surrounded the city and tried to get in for several years. At last, they apparently gave up and went home. The only thing they left behind was a great big wooden horse.

The Trojans weren't sure just what the horse was supposed to be. Maybe it was a peace offering or maybe an idol or maybe some kind of parade float. Anyway, one thing was certain: it was going to make an excellent centerpiece for the party.

So they pulled the horse inside, got out the decorations and the munchies, and had a rowdy good time. Later, while the party-heads were busy sleeping it off, some shadowy figures climbed out of the wooden horse. In a matter of

**You are in a walled city, and that city is your life. You and you alone have the authority to decide what and who will be permitted in the gate.**



# SNEAK ATTACK

**Richard English**



minutes they had opened the gates, and the whole Greek army marched into Troy.

Contrary to popular belief, most battles are not won by the strongest. They're won by the smartest. The Trojans had the Greeks beaten, and everyone involved knew it. Troy was just too strong. The city

## Most battles are not won by the strongest. They're won by the smartest.

was impregnable until some Trojan knucklehead said, "What could it hurt?" and towed the wooden horse inside.

That particular example of Trojan knuckleheadedness has gone down in history as a

prime example of how *not* to win a war. For several thousand years now, smart military officers have known what a Trojan horse is, and they know when someone says, "What can it hurt? It won't kill you," it's time to be very, very careful.

It's funny how history repeats itself, sometimes over and over and over again. The old 'Slip-one-of-ours-in-while-they're-not-looking' routine is alive and well, even if we don't see too many giant wooden horses around.

When was the last time someone said, "Go on—one won't kill you"? You've heard that one a zillion times already, I know. Well, I have a hot news flash for you: They're almost always right.

Surprise, surprise.

It is a well-known medical fact that, in the vast majority of cases, "just one" beer/ciga-

rette/joint does not prove fatal. By the same token, amputating "just one" healthy leg is also rarely fatal. The real question in both cases is, "Is this a good idea?"

Of course the budding physicians among us will hasten to point out that hacking off a leg will leave you crippled, while downing a brew or taking a toke does no such thing. And they will be wrong.

Losing a leg will impair your ability to transport yourself under your own power. Saying Yes to "just one" impairs your ability to make your own decisions. Even if that beer doesn't fog your mind (which it will), even if the pot doesn't depress your higher thought processes (which it will), even if the smoke doesn't reduce the oxygen flow to your brain (which it will), there is damage done.

No matter how hard the decision was to make, if you've said Yes to something once, it suddenly becomes difficult to say No a second time. Weird, but true. Any kid who has raided the forbidden cookie jar a few times can tell you that.

The second beer is easier to drink than the first. It tastes better, it's easier to get down. Pretty soon it's NBD (No Big Deal). Then some guy at a party pulls out a bottle of vodka and says, "What could it hurt?"

What happened, whether you realized it or not, is that an enemy slipped past your defenses. Now he's trying to open the gate for his friends.

An enemy is anything that will hurt you, physically or mentally. Letting a little one in doesn't seem like a big deal. But once you've let the little one in, it suddenly becomes

hard (and often embarrassing) to say No to a bigger, nastier one.

Most kids are smart enough to know that cocaine, heroin, PCP, and things like that are dangerous. Likewise, most kids are sure they'd never be stupid enough to use those drugs. But saying Yes to something little often leads to saying Yes to something bigger and worse, and a lot of people wind up doing things they swore they'd never do. Not that everyone who sips a beer is doomed to die of a cocaine overdose, but the odds sure start shifting against him if he does start sipping.

Like I said, these things are enemies, and the situation amounts to a state of war. What is at stake in this war is your physical health, your mental health, and your future success in whatever you choose to do. We're talking about all the marbles here.

There is really only one sure way to win the war. That is, stated simply, to never give the bad guys the advantage. It's a proven and accepted fact

**Others may try to convince you to let certain things into your life, but they really have no say in the matter.**

that if you don't start using the "soft" stuff, you're almost always safe from the hard stuff. All the "soft" stuff does is soften up your defenses.

It's what the guys with funny letters like Ph.D. and M.D. after their names call the Gateway Principle. Briefly, it means that if you don't go through the "gateway" of

using soft stuff like beer, wine coolers, pot, and cigarettes, you'll probably never go on to get wrecked by the hard stuff like cocaine, PCP, and heroin. Moral of the story: If you don't give away your advantage by letting some not-so-bad things slip by your defenses, you've got a more than sporting chance of avoiding the things that can destroy your life in very short order.

Think of it this way: you are in a walled city, and that city is your life. Others may try to convince you to let certain things into your life, but they really have no say in the matter. You and you alone have the authority to decide what and who will be permitted in the gate.

There are lots of good things that you can let in. Music, friends, learning, water-skiing, travel, Humphrey Bogart movies—there's really quite a variety. It's fun to be able to pick and choose.

But every now and then, something is going to look fishy. It won't really look *bad*, it just won't really look good. That's when it's time to be wary. A smart gate watcher

**Every now and then, something is going to look fishy. It won't really look *bad*, it just won't really look good. That's when it's time to be wary.**

will bide his time, wait, and listen for the magic words (hey, this is your life. You can wait if you want to).

It usually doesn't take long. Pretty soon somebody will say, "What's it gonna hurt/ It's only one/It won't kill you," and you'll know for sure that you're looking at a wooden horse. ☐



## WHO IS THAT SINGER—REALLY?

Bill Majeski

Singers of the past often kept their own names. Enrico Caruso was his real name; Harry Lillis (Bing) Crosby didn't change his true moniker; neither did Francis Albert Sinatra. But for various reasons—box-office appeal, superstition, etc.—many of our star vocalists have abandoned their given names and chosen another. We've listed the real names of the singers and given you three choices to find the one who belongs to the authentic name.

Give yourself 10 points for each correct answer and check your score at the conclusion of the test.

### 1. David Robert Jones

- a. Tom Jones, b. David Bowie, c. Robert Coulet

### 2. Annie Mae Bullock

- a. Ella Mae Morse, b. Anna Marie Alberghetti, c. Tina Turner

### 3. Harold Lloyd Jenkins

- a. Eric Clapton, b. Conway Twitty, c. Buddy Holly

### 4. Vincent Furnier

- a. Alice Cooper, b. Arlo Guthrie, c. Vic Damone

### 5. Belle Silverman

- a. Sophie Tucker, b. Maria Callas, c. Beverly Sills

### 6. Walden Waldo Cassotto

- a. Bobby Darin, b. Boxcar Willie, c. Kenny Sargent

### 7. Robert Zimmerman

- a. Willie Nelson, b. Bob Dylan, c. Tony Bennett

### 8. LaDonna Gaines

- a. Madonna, b. Crystal Gayle, c. Donna Summers

### 9. Sidney Leibowitz

- a. Steve Lawrence, b. Frankie Valli, c. Pete Seeger

### 10. Norma Egstrom

- a. Patsy Cline, b. Eydie Gorme, c. Peggy Lee



"It's 10:00 o'clock. . . . Do you know how black your lungs are?"

RICK STROMOSKI

## PUZZLE ANSWERS

### "Who Is That Singer—Really?"

Supper—at any restaurant near you.  
Cathedral," and sing it loud and clear for your  
listened here, put them to the melody of "Wichester  
To correct your weaknesses, take all the real names  
Under 5: Sorry, you're completely out of tune.  
others.

Between 5 and 7: Slightly off-key, but you  
were sharp on some of the names, but flat on  
passed and are awarded a Platinum G-Clef. You  
between 8 and 10 right: Congratulations! You hit  
the high note in this musical range of crooners,  
warblers, canaries, and shout singers. You rank  
highest in hitting the melody line.

Your Rating

10. (c) "Ever" Lady Peggy looked at her short-  
ened monicker and wrote "Is That All There Is?"

9. (a) Shirley and Eddie doesn't have that musical  
game, saving that for Fred.

8. (c) The "Man-eater" didn't want to go for  
boards at his concert.

7. (b) Maybe Zimmerman wouldn't fit on the bill-

to cut off part of the long name.

6. (a) The fine performer used "Mack the Knife".

5. (c) Maybe the original name would fit on the  
marquee at the Metropolitan Opera House.

4. (a) That's about as big a switch as you can get.

3. (b) People might have confused his real name  
for being a member of the British parliament.

2. (c) Bullock is a strong name for such a dainty  
damsel.

1. (b) Bullock gave up the Joneses because he didn't  
want to be just one of the Joneses boys.

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PHOTO BY GARY BRETTNACHER, COURTESY OF DILL SAILBOARDS



**There is no duty  
we so much  
underrate  
as the duty  
of being happy.**

—Robert Louis Stevenson

*Listen*

# LISTEN

TO WHAT THESE TOP PERSONALITIES  
HAVE TO SAY ON THE SUBJECT OF  
DRUGS AND ALCOHOL.



"If your image of reality is skewed from being intoxicated by alcohol or some pharmaceutical, you can't participate fully in life."

Mae Jemison, astronaut  
*Listen*, March 1990



"A few years ago, when I tried to talk about drugs, I'd get a few boos, but it didn't stop me. I'd tell them, 'You don't have to listen to me, you'll see it someday.' I've seen what drugs have done to some people I've known."

Henry Lee Sumner, singer  
*Listen*, August 1990



"When you're a teenager, it's hard to realize what a precious commodity time is. With drugs you lose so much time; you're losing time getting on with reality."

Amy Grant, singer  
*Listen*, May 1991

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