

CELEBRATING POSITIVE CHOICES

\$2.50

Listen

Rollerblading: LIFE ON THE EDGE

**CISCO—
THE ULTIMATE
“WINE FOOLER”**

**FEATURE PERSONALITY
RON TULL: BATTLE-TESTED
DESERT STORM MARINE**

Listen

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.

Features



8

I Just Smoked Pot by John Albright 4
Marijuana doesn't remain in you for long, they say. But it does. I know, because I still feel it in my head.

Blaze of Glory by Jeris E. Bragan 8
They called it "friendly fire," but only one man survived the direct hit on the LAV.

Cisco—The Ultimate "Wine Fooler" by Luan Miller 12
With five times the alcohol content of wine coolers, it's no wonder Cisco is sometimes known as "liquid crack."

Life on the Edge by Sandy Johnson 14
Rollerblading is a today sport with wind-in-your-face thrills. Whether you are on a fitness kick or just out to impress members of the opposite sex, it's bound to put life back into your step.

90 Seconds to a Top-notch Talk by Judi Bailey 20
National polls show public speaking is a number-one fear. Here's how you can gain the confidence and technique to meet and overcome this phobia.

To Russia With Glasnost by Lori Peckham 26
Multinational tobacco companies are making a killing in cigarette sales to the Soviet Union. Four Pennsylvania teens decided to go for a little *glasnost* and combat the smoking tidal wave in the U.S.S.R.



14

Departments

Just Between Us *Who's in Control Here?* 3

Dear Becki *"I Feel Like an Outsider"* 7

Poster *New Double Size!* 16

And So Forth *Bambi's Revenge* 18

Ask the Cannons *Child Abuse* 23

Listening *Embarrassment* 24

Listen Up! *Sweet September* 29

Puzzles and a Color Cartoon *Brains* 31



18

Who's in Control Here?

Scene: a school playground in Orlando, Florida.

Occasion: The AIPA Drugmobile is on the spot to inspire young people for positive life choices.

The moment: Natural High Motocross athlete Rick Johnson twists the throttle hard around the handlebar, and the competition 500 cc motorbike leaps away, front wheel high in the air, dirt spraying back from the rear tire. Three hundred plus students roar approval as Rick guides the wildly screaming machine across the grass strip and hits the wooden ramp with a thump that the crowd can feel. And then he's airborne, floating high above the crowd, wobbling in the crosswind and twisting violently to keep under control. Then another thump, the shocks bottom out, and he's on the ground again, stopping in a sideways slide. Wow!

The message: You can be what you want to be, do what you want to do, without drugs. In fact, drugs may just mess you up big time—like total wipeout. Rick's message is that he has no time for drugs: can't afford the risk. He can't afford to misjudge because of a buzz earlier in the day and smear himself all over the track. He needs to be in total control.

After the demonstration, AIPA director Bob Sparenberg works the crowd for their opinion. "What are you going to say if someone offers you drugs?" he asks.

"No," they roar back with conviction.

That program in Orlando was one of the high points of a recent LISTEN promotion trip. It's great to be on the winning side. And we are going to win the war against drugs—you and I.

Life is too good, there are too many fantastic possibilities, to waste time and risk it all on drugs. But even on this trip I saw the downside.

Passing through Chicago I overheard two young men discussing sports. "I never take steroids," said one quite emphatically. "Unless I really have to. Not unless I need to train quickly." That young man is kidding himself. He takes drugs, and they are controlling his life.

After the show in Orlando, I spoke with a police officer who clearly cares about young people. He told me how he enjoys young people, how he will go to sports events with them and banter with them about more serious things. He draws a clear line at alcohol and other drugs, though. Very clearly he is going to protect them from messing their lives up on such things.

Sadly, he told me of a 14-year-old who thought he could control the drug scene—by selling. One day he made a sale at a stoplight to two other young men in a car. He handed over the crack and reached for the money. Instead of paying, the customer stepped on the gas and roared off—with the young man clutching the door through the open window. His customer beat him off, and he fell beneath the wheels. A quick bump later he was dead—the wheels crushed his head, killing him instantly.

From any angle, drugs are not worth the risk. Take control of your life. You can literally fly high without them. Ask Rick Johnson.

P.S. On the subject of control, make sure you read "It Was Fun" in our new *Listening* column.

Lincoln

Editor **Lincoln E. Steed**
Associate Editor **Glen Robinson**
Designer **Merwin Stewart**
Design Assistant **Robert Mason**
Editorial Secretary **Linda Andregg**

EDITORIAL CONSULTANTS

Winton Beaven, Ph.D.; Galen Bosley, Dr.H.Sc., R.D.; Carolyn Burns; Paul and Carol Cannon; Don Cooper, M.D.; Hans Diehl, M.P.H.; Robert DuPont, M.D.; Mary Eldershaw; Kevin Freeman; Dr. Winston Ferris; Zhennaa Gallagher; Patricia Mutch, Ph.D.; Thomas R. Neslund; G. L. Plubell, Ph.D.; Stoy Proctor, M.P.H.; Gunter Reiss, Dr.H.Sc., M.P.H.; Francis A. Soper, Litt.D.; Elizabeth Sterndale, R.N., M.S.; Becki Trueblood; DeWitt Williams, Ph.D.

ART CONSULTANTS

Ed Guthero, Lars Justinen

DEVELOPMENT ADVISORY

Cathy Cleveland, Russell Holt, Lars Justinen, Diane Lang, Rick Robinson

Editorial Office

P.O. Box 7000, Boise, ID 83707.

Subscription Rates

In U.S.A., \$24.95 for 12 issues. In all other countries, \$27.95.

To Order

In U.S.A. (except Alaska), call toll free 1-800-545-2449.

In Alaska and Canada, call (208) 465-2500 (not toll free).

Or write to P.O. Box 7000, Boise, ID 83707. Payment coming from outside U.S.A. (including Canada) must be in U.S. dollars by bank draft drawn on a U.S. bank or by international postal money order.

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

Copyright © 1991 by Pacific Press Publishing Association, P.O. Box 7000, Boise, ID 83707. Printed in U.S.A.

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



LISTEN (ISSN 0024-435X), September 1991, volume 44, number 9, is published monthly by Pacific Press Publishing Association, 1350 North Kings Road, Nampa, ID 83687, U.S.A. For the U.S.A.: one-year subscription \$24.95 (U.S.). Second-class postage paid at Nampa, Idaho. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to LISTEN, P.O. Box 7000, Boise, ID 83707.

Marijuana doesn't remain in you for long, they say. But it does. I know, because I still feel it in my head.

John Albright

Most kids in my hometown were heavy druggies. Many parents, even teachers at school, used drugs too. But I was different. I just smoked pot.

Dawn, who lived around the corner in a brick mansion on the water, snorted so much coke that she eventually

Before long, he took everything: coke, LSD, barbiturates, pot, Quaaludes. Eventually he was reduced to knocking down old ladies on the street and stealing their purses. Last I heard, because of a bad drug deal, a drug kingpin was after him, and he was hiding out in another state.

Tina's folks repeatedly put her away into drug rehabilitation centers. Once "cured," she would be straight about, well, two weeks, and then was back wandering the streets, wasted. She must have overdosed more times than I sneezed. Drugs so messed up her mind that you couldn't even send her to the store to buy milk.

Tommy was into the superheavy drugs, especially heroin. He even did some time for a drug bust. He was friends with Tina. When I asked her once about Tommy, she replied, "Oh, Tommy is doing real good, real good. He's on methadone."

As I saw so many lives ruined by heavy drugs, I was convinced to stay away from them. Instead, I just smoked pot.

"I just smoked pot."

burned out the membranes in her nose. You could be with her on a date, and suddenly her nose would start bleeding. Her nose was always bleeding. It could get embarrassing.

Ray, who eventually overdosed and died, did a lot of coke too. Instead of a nosebleed, though, he got a twitch. Every 30 seconds he would wiggle his nose and sniffle, as if sucking in leftover powder. You couldn't help but stare at him, wiggling and sniffing all the time. If you hung around him long enough, you'd start to wiggle and sniffle too.

Robert, a big, hearty football player, used to knock me around when he first found out I was getting high. Eventually he got high himself.

Unlike these other drugs that could turn people into zombies, I managed to function pretty well on pot, though I do remember waking up one morning, about a year after I first started getting high, and going for a ride on my bicycle. I was 15. After pedaling to this bridge overlooking the water, I stopped to look out over the bay. I still felt a bit stoned from the night before. Kind of a buzz that lingered in my head, and it didn't go away. But I knew I would be all right because, unlike most of my friends, I just smoked pot.

I smoked a lot, but it was still *just pot*. A few mornings a week on the way to high school, we lighted up in the car. By the time we got out in the parking lot, we were covered in the smell of smoke. Sometimes, before class, we would go off into the bushes and get high. Sometimes we even smoked in the bathroom at school. And almost always, at lunch, we were back in someone's car, getting high for our afternoon classes.

Of course, being stoned



Lightbox

so much couldn't help but affect my academic performance. I earned good grades in some classes, bad grades in others. I don't know how well I would have done had I not smoked at all, but still, I did better than those who came to class on LSD or barbiturates. Some would collapse right in the classroom.

One day, not realizing that I had to take a final driving exam in Driver's Education that afternoon, I smoked with my friends at lunch. I barely knew how to drive to begin with, was always a little nervous behind the wheel, and suddenly found myself having to parallel park the car between orange cones, as well as do a few other maneuvers. All the while, the teacher was testing us. I was so stoned I didn't even know which cones were for which maneuver. Terrified, I ran over them all.

"Wake up, car three," the teacher, standing in the lot, screamed. "What are you doing?"

I wish I knew. Horrified, I realized that I'd flunked Driver's Ed. and would not be able to get a license. Fortunately, the girl who marked down the grades wrote down passes for everything. Again, as bad as that situation was, I was a lot better off than those I knew who were overdosing on heavy drugs.

Sheila, a few years younger, started getting high at 12 years old. Before long, she was so strung out on hard drugs that they had to put her away. Eventually she died of an overdose.

Linda was heavy into coke and heroin. She'd get buzzed on coke and then shoot up to "come down." One day she took off in her car and never returned. Years went by, and nobody ever knew what

happened to her. To this day, we all figure she is dead.

I didn't have to worry about dying from my drug use, because I just smoked pot.

One time, my friend George and I were pulled over by the cops. They had us step out of the car and lean against their vehicles. They searched us, just like in the movies, only it wasn't as exciting. Others searched our car. They found drugs. Fortunately, it was only pot and not a lot. Surrounded by cops, their lights flashing, we knew we could be in serious trouble. The cops poured out the pot in the bushes and told us to go home and stay out of trouble.

"Next time," the officer warned, "we will arrest you."

Some of my friends who got busted weren't so lucky. Ralph not only got high, but was a dealer, big time. He also got busted. Last I heard, he was in jail, facing years behind bars.

Their problem was that they first dealt drugs, something that I never did, and second, they were into other things besides pot, such as coke, pills, LSD, and heroin. They went to jail. But not me. I just smoked pot.

Many years went by, and eventually I even stopped smoking pot. It wasn't easy. But I stopped, unlike some of my other friends who stopped only when they died or went to jail or fried their minds so badly it no longer mattered whether they did drugs or not. None of that happened to me.

Except one thing. . . . It all began that morning when I was 15 and woke up feeling the effects of the pot. More than 20 years have passed since then, and I haven't smoked for the past 10. Yet it's kind of strange, but even after all these years, that feeling I first had on the bridge has never gone away. That sensation, that awareness of the drug, remains in me—still!

I don't think about it most of the time, but when I do, I still feel a buzz. *Even after all these years.* People would say that it's impossible, that marijuana doesn't remain in you that long. But it does. I know, because I feel it in my head, even as I write these words. I don't like the feeling, either. I wish it would go away, but it never does.

I've talked to other ex-pot smokers who have said the same thing. They feel it as well. The effects have never left them, not even after years. Maybe it's the physical damage I did to my mind back then, but I find that when I am tired, I sense it the most. I've been kind of permanently "high" now for 20 years; it's not a good sensation, either, especially when you don't want to feel high at all.

All this, even though I *just* smoked pot. ■



DEAR

Becki



A recording artist and former Miss America contestant, Becki Trueblood is interested in helping you find answers to your day-to-day problems. If you've got a question, comment, or gripe for Becki, let her hear it! Send it to Dear Becki, LISTEN magazine, P.O. Box 7000, Boise, ID 83707.

I recently moved to a new town, and I still feel like an outsider. Even though I try to be friendly, I can't make any real friends here. Everyone belongs to different groups, and I don't seem to fit into any of them. Though I've tried involvement in sports, school plays, and other activities, nothing has worked. What should I do?

I'm impressed that you have involved yourself in school activities. When you move to a new place, it's important to stay busy so as not to feel too lonely. Good friends are hard to find, and it takes a while to develop deep friendships. Don't try to quickly find friends just to replace those relationships you've established over the years. Just be confident in who you are; you'll draw people to you. Already-established groups—especially in junior high and high school—are hard to break into. Don't try to adapt to their ways. Be true to yourself. In time, you will find friends with personalities similar to yours. Look for one or two people with whom you seem to have things in common. Take the initiative. Ask them to a movie or over to dinner. Ask them to study with you. I know it's important to "feel" important, and being part of the "in" group is much of that. Because you are the new person in school, people are checking you out also. Given time, people will get to know you. Be patient.

My parents are divorced, and my mom has a new boyfriend. The problem is, I don't trust him. She says they're only friends, but he sleeps over a lot. Am I being unfair to want to talk her out of seeing him?


You want to protect your mother. You're not being unfair by doing this. But look at the reasons you don't trust him. Are they legitimate? Talk with your

mother about your concerns, giving her reasons to back up what you're saying. Your mother may find it hard seeing negatives in this man if she cares about him. Be honest with yourself and with her. She may be unaware of your feelings. Instead of trying to talk her out of seeing him, try to make her see reasons why you don't trust him. You don't want her to get defensive. Present your ideas in a mature manner, beginning with, "Mom, I feel this way because . . ." instead of "You need to stop seeing him because . . ." Understand where I'm coming from?

How can I get my sister to stop taking my clothes? I'm tired of digging through my closet for a T-shirt or skirt that ends up being stuffed under someone else's bed or hidden in a drawer.

Ah . . . the age-old question. The most obvious response is: Let her know how you feel. Tell her to stop, and hopefully she will. If it's not quite that easy, here are a few more suggestions. (1) Buy a lock for your closet; (2) get an alarm (there are many variations), so every time your drawer or closet is opened, it sounds off; or (3) join in on the fun! Borrow some of *her* clothes or mix and match outfits. Maybe you can work out a system in which you will both be happy. You'll sure have a bigger wardrobe.

My mother is pregnant and refuses to stop drinking during her pregnancy. She doesn't drink a lot, but I'm still worried this will have an effect on my new little brother or sister. How can I convince her that she's wrong? She's extremely stubborn.

Your mother should be concerned about the health of her unborn child. Alcohol during pregnancy is extremely dangerous, and unless your mother realizes this, serious problems could occur. Go to the library and make copies of articles on birth defects, fetal alcohol syndrome (FAS), and other alcohol- and drug-related effects. Call her doctor. Let him or her know what she's doing and ask for possible suggestions. Gather as much information as possible and present it to your mother. She needs proof that what she's doing is dangerous for the unborn child. Don't give up on her. 

They called it "friendly fire,"
but only one man survived the direct hit on the LAV.

BLAZE OF GLORY

Jeris E. Bragan



Susan Tull, 22, falls into a troubled sleep on Tuesday, January 29, 1991. She's exhausted but fights sleep because she knows what is coming: *the nightmare*. It began three months earlier, shortly after her husband, Lance Corporal (L/Cpl.) Ron Tull, left their home in Twentynine Palms, California, for Saudi Arabia. Every night the same sinister dream returns.

It begins shortly after 3:00 a.m.

Sleep-muffled groans struggle in her throat as the chilling drama unfolds. She's in the Saudi Arabian desert. Her husband is standing some distance away on a small sand dune. At 22, dressed in desert camouflage, the tall, rugged, blond Marine looks like he just stepped out of a recruiting poster.

"Ronnie!" she screams.

As he turns toward her, the sound of a rifle shot cracks out over the desert. He looks

startled. And then, in slow motion, he falls face down, dead in the sand.

Susan wakes up crying, thrashing, drenched in cold sweat. Her heart pounds. She looks at the clock: 4:00 a.m. And then falls back against the pillows. She struggles out of bed. She won't sleep any more today. She turns on CNN and begins her daily ritual of listening to every scrap of news from the gulf.

Shortly after 1:00 p.m. she puts her son, 17-month-old Coleman, to bed for a nap. Moments later she feels a terrible pain, twisting like a knife deep in her heart.

"This is it," she thinks.

Physically ill, she staggers to the bed and collapses. She can feel it: She *knows* she'll never see Ron alive again. And there's absolutely *nothing* she can do to stop what is coming.

Tuesday, 10:00 p.m., Saudi Arabia

As Susan slumps on her bed, it's 10:00 p.m. in Saudi Arabia. Ron Tull—known as

"Tully" to Marine buddies—is hunkered down beside his light armored vehicle (LAV), dubbed *Blaze of Glory* by the eight-man crew. He turns a hot cup of soup back and forth in his hands to keep warm.

Ron joined the corps one year ago today, fulfilling a dream that began for him in the fifth grade when he sailed from Spain to Florida on the U.S.S. *Forrestal* with his father's friend, Captain (Capt.) George Hill.

Assigned to the 3rd Light Armored Infantry Battalion (LAI), Tully's Delta Company consists of 13 LAVs and their crews. Earlier in the evening they'd dug in and established camp 37 miles west of Khafji, a ghost town on the Saudi/Kuwait border since January 17, when residents fled the city to avoid Iraqi shelling.

The Marine Corps motto, *Semper Fidelis*—always faithful—is more than a slogan for Tully. He's quiet but stubbornly patriotic. He's fiercely loyal to the corps—even after months of waiting in this wil-

derness of blowing sand. He'll put his life on the line for his comrades without hesitation. They will do the same for him.

Suddenly, radio static shatters the desert silence. An excited voice bursts over the LAV radio. "LAI! LAI! This is recon. Thirty Iraqi tanks are coming over the berm!"

Vehicle Commander Sergeant (Sgt.) Garrett Mongrella grabs the radio. "Recon, this is LAI. What's your position?"

Before the recon unit can answer, a series of muffled explosions rumble across the desert, followed quickly by tracer bullets flashing through the sky.

Capt. "Rock" Pollard's voice crackles on the radio. "Mount up!"

Things happen fast. LAV engines rumble to life, drowning out shouted commands. Tully shakes Private First Class (Pfc) Dion Stephenson, 19, who is sound asleep in his fighting hole. Dion wakes up fast, scrambles to grab his gear, and then runs to the rear of their LAV. He stops and looks at Ron for a moment.

"This is it, Tully!"

Ron forces a tight smile. Although he's never seen combat, he's more curious than



COURTESY OF RON TULL

Blown clear of the wreckage by the missile is the mangled turret of the LAV.

afraid. "Yeah, man. Let's do it!"

After lowering himself through a hatch on top of the LAV, Ron settles in behind the wheel and checks his periscope. He can feel the adrenalin pumping, but his thinking is razor sharp as he mentally ticks off his assignment checklist.

Within minutes, the *Blaze of Glory* is ready to roll.

Sgt. Mongrella and Mike Linderman climb into position behind the 25-mm chain gun. It fires 200 rounds per minute. Each shell weighs more than a

pound. In addition to the 25-mm ammo, the LAV is packed with AT-4's and other self-propelled missiles, plus hundreds of 7.62-mm machine-gun and M-16 rounds.

Two crew members stand by to feed rounds into the chain gun. The other four Marines sit down and hang on. Should other crew members be injured, Tully is trained to take over as vehicle commander or gunner.

The battle for Khafji is on.

Tully's job is to keep his vehicle in formation, avoid collision with other LAVs, and watch out for tanks—all while charging across the desert at 50 miles per hour! That's easy in daylight. It's dicey maneuvering in the dead of night, even with a full moon. But his hand is steady on the wheel, and his mind is clear. He doesn't drink or smoke. Never has. Neither do most of his comrades.

Wednesday, 12:00 midnight

Suddenly, a TOW missile slams into a tank 30 yards to the left. The tank wasn't moving or firing. Tully doesn't see it until it blows up.

"Wow! That's kinda close!" ➤



The light armored vehicle before the TOW missile hit.

COURTESY OF RON TULL



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Ron mutters. He can feel his heart pounding. Seconds later, another tank explodes in a ball of white-hot fire 70 yards ahead when a second TOW strikes its target.

"Hey, Tully, you all right?" asks Sgt. Mongrella.

"I'm good to go," Ron shouts back.

"You're doing fine. Just keep it steady."

"Don't worry; I'm not gonna freak out," Ron says.

The older vehicle commander chuckles. "I know," he says calmly.

The first taste of combat is an odd experience for the young lance corporal. He knows he should feel pure terror as the night sky lights up with tracer bullets, exploding TOW missiles, and burning tanks. Instead, he feels increasingly calm as the battle progresses.

"I think we've got trouble," Mongrella says two hours into the battle.

"What's up?" Tully asks.

"More tanks are coming over the berm. There's gotta be a hundred of 'em out there. Battalion has called in close air support."

Ron whistles softly. "Looks like we'll see some real fireworks. What's their ETA?"

"Ten minutes, maybe 20 on the outside."

Tully doesn't see the U.S. Air Force A-10 ground attack aircraft—better known as the "Wart Hog"—swooping in from behind him in an attack dive. It's deadly effective as a tank killer.

The pilot aims a heat-seeking Maverick missile at an Iraqi tank. But the *Blaze of Glory* stands between the attack aircraft and its target. Heat from the LAV's guns and rear exhaust confuses the missile's guidance system. It alters course abruptly and slams into the left rear of the LAV.

Time and space telescope for L/Cpl. Ron Tull as a massive explosion blows the gun turret off, hurling the LAV into the air like a tin can hit by a shotgun blast.

Powerful shock waves slam Tully forward against the wheel. Bomb fragments pound his back, ripping his flak jacket to shreds. Flames burst around his body, licking greedily at his neck, face, arms, and hands.

Twisting and turning like a wounded deer, the warped metal hulk, engulfed in roaring flames, falls back on all four wheels.

Seven Marines in the rear are killed instantly.

Barely conscious, Ron stares through glazed eyes at his shattered windshield. The battle rages around him. He isn't thinking or feeling, just functioning on instinct when he scrambles through the top of his vehicle, falls over the hood, and rolls down to the sand.

"Secondary explosion . . . gotta . . . gotta get away!" he mutters through burned lips.

The LAV is now literally a "blaze of glory," lighting up the desert as it burns. More attack aircraft scream overhead. Tracer bullets slice through the night air. A few hundred yards away he can see tanks and LAVs locked in deadly combat.

Second-degree burns have blackened his face, arms, and hands. He doesn't know it, but his third vertebra is fractured in three places. Worst of all, something is wrong with his chest. His lungs feel like

his feet and stumbles 15 yards from the vehicle before he turns.

Secondary explosions rip through the LAV. Deafened by the exploding missile, Ron doesn't hear the popping sound of M-16 and 7.62-mm machine-gun rounds.

He's standing on a small sand dune when the pain slashes through his battered consciousness. He knows he's hurt. His eyes roll back, and slowly, as in Susan's nightmare, he topples forward, face down in the sand, and the world goes black.

It's Wednesday, 2:30 a.m. The war is over for L/Cpl. Ron Tull!

4:30 p.m. Tuesday, Twentynine Palms

Susan is in the kitchen, fixing dinner for Coleman, when something like a tight fist slams into her stomach. She can feel her husband's pain. Tears well up in bloodshot eyes. There's nothing for her to do now but wait until the Marines come and give her the news. She knows they're coming.

Throughout the long night she stays glued to CNN.

The telephone rings at 7:00 a.m. Wednesday morning. It's her father-in-law, calling from New Jersey.

"Have you heard the news?" he asks.

"What news?" Her hand clenches the phone.

"Three LAVs were hit last night near Khafji." His voice sounds strained. She waits for the rest of it. "I don't know how many were killed. They haven't released any names," he says tiredly.

Susan is numb. But she knows how the Marine Corps works. She has checked and double-checked! "They don't release that kind of information to the media until they've

contacted the families in person," she explains.

She gets off the phone and walks slowly through her small apartment. Ron's presence is scattered about in pictures, in his jacket, and in decorative things they purchased together for their home. She can almost see him sitting at the kitchen table, playing with Coleman. She can hear his laughter.

Her mind is crowded with tender memories.

At noon she glances out her living-room window. She sees three Marines coming to her door. The woman is Warrant Officer Jones. Then there are two men, Sgt. Gregory and a chaplain. She doesn't know his name. Her hand shakes as she opens the door. WO Jones speaks quietly. "May we come in and sit down, Susan? We need to talk to you."

Susan leads them to the

living room and sits down. She's already got her list of names to call. The wife of another Marine had suggested two days earlier that it was a good idea to have the list ready.

Sgt. Gregory speaks. "On behalf of the President of the United States, we're here to inform you that your husband..."

Susan's face is chalk-white. Cold sweat breaks out on her body. She's shaking all over. She hears the words, but she doesn't believe them. A hand touches hers. She looks down. It's WO Jones.

"Didn't you hear me, Susan?" the woman says gently.

"I'm sorry... what?"

"I said Ron has been wounded in action, but he's alive! He's going to be all right."

The nightmare is over. ■

Lance Corporal Ron Tull was rescued by Marines shortly before dawn, lying face down in the sand, barely conscious and critically wounded. In addition to second-degree burns and a fractured spine, the missile that slammed into his LAV generated powerful shock waves, causing massive injuries to both lungs.

For three days he clung tenaciously to life, fighting for every breath he took as his lungs filled with fluid. Hour after hour nurses in the Fleet Field Hospital pounded his back, urging him to cough.

"Doctors tell me I survived because I was in good physical shape, and I'd never smoked," Ron says today.

The five-month desert experience was a defining moment in his life, Ron says. "Losing seven close friends made me realize that life can be snuffed out in a second—often when you least expect it. That's a good reason to do whatever good you're going to do today. Things can happen, and you don't have a second chance."

A drug-free lifestyle is an important issue with L/Cpl. Tull. "I don't drink or use drugs," he says. "And neither do most of my friends. That stuff is for losers. Life is confusing enough without complicating it with mind-altering drugs and chemicals that destroy your body."

Ron says his faith in God deepened in the desert.

"I noticed that once the bombing started and we knew we were in for a fight, guys wanted to talk about God and what really matters in life whenever we had time to talk."

He says he'd like to meet the Air Force pilot who fired the missile that hit his LAV. "I know he's gotta feel awful about what happened. But it was an accident. I'd like to tell him it's OK. I know none of my buddies would blame him."



CISCO

THE ULTIMATE "WINE FOOLER"

It's packaged like wine coolers and even stands next to coolers on the store shelf. But with five times the alcohol content, it's no wonder Cisco is sometimes known as "liquid crack."

John Burgess and Donnell Petite were high. They'd been drinking and were looking for something to do when they reached the Washington, D.C.-area Capital Beltway. They began throwing nearby landscaping rocks, weighing from 5 to 15 pounds, at passing cars. At least 24 motorists were injured, including a man who lost an eye and a woman who lost hearing in one ear from the hurled rocks. One teenager sustained extensive brain damage.

Burgess and Petite, both 18, were handed prison sentences of 38 and 39 years, respectively, for their rock-throwing spree. At the trial it was determined that, along with their beer, they'd been drinking Cisco, an unusually potent wine displayed next to wine coolers at nearby convenience stores.

Cisco looks like a wine cooler. It smells like a wine cooler. But Cisco, a dessert wine product from Canandaigua Wine Company, is a potent, potentially lethal alcohol product, warns Surgeon General Antonia Novello.

Sometimes called "liquid crack" by teens

Luan Miller

ILLUSTRATION BY LARS JUSTINEN

familiar with its potent effects, Cisco is a new carbonated alcoholic beverage that comes in five "fruit" flavors. It is sold in small bottles shaped like individual wine coolers and is in fact often stocked near ordinary coolers. But as the manufacturers say in their ads, Cisco "takes you by surprise!" While most wine coolers contain 4 percent alcohol, Cisco comes in with a whopping 20 percent. And although it is sold in individual-sized units, each bottle actually contains *four* servings. So kids who down a whole bottle are basically getting the equivalent of five shots of 80-proof vodka.

Despite bottle labels warning, "This is not a wine cooler," Cisco's packaging, color, and in-store placement are misleading, according to the surgeon general's office. In a related press conference Novello called the drink a "wine fooler," which tastes like fruit punch, but hits you with four times the alcohol of a regular wine cooler. "It's more like a high-proof liquor than any wine drink," she said.

"It looks like a wine cooler. It smells like a wine cooler . . . but it's an incredibly potent, potentially lethal alcoholic beverage," says Novello. "The drink has resulted in hallucinations, disorientation, loss of control, and loss of consciousness."

The effects are stronger than most kids suspect. A 100-pound person who drinks two

bottles of this extra-potent wine over an hour's time—not unusual in a group or party situation—could die of acute alcohol poisoning.

Over the course of a year, two-thirds of the teens who were admitted to the Washington, D.C.-based Children's Hospital/National Medical Center for acute alcohol intoxication had been drinking Cisco. Eight of the 10 were females; all thought they were drinking regular wine coolers. On the average, they had consumed just 18 ounces of Cisco—little more than an average bottle of pop.

With binge drinking—drinking until you're totally blasted—popular with many teen

"A 100-pound person who drinks two bottles of this extra-potent wine over an hour's time could die of acute alcohol poisoning."

groups, Cisco is especially attractive. And dangerous. It's practically a binge in a bottle. Just two bottles guarantee that a 150-pound person will be seriously intoxicated. And since the wine is "smooth" and "fruity," it's easy to guzzle down several bottles in an evening. Such amounts have caused a comatose reaction, according to Dr. Joseph Wright, who works in the Children's National Medical Center emergency room. Over the past year he has treated at least 10 teenagers who were brought in after drinking Cisco. The teens, all 15 years old or younger, had been found on the street, unconscious.

"They didn't just stagger in," says Dr. Wright, who has been gathering data on Cisco, underage drinking, and acute alcohol poisoning. "They were rushed in by ambulance."

Wright's study indicates that most kids are buying the beverage from local convenience stores. Since the warning issued by the surgeon general's office, many of these stores, including 7-Eleven, have agreed to remove the product from their shelves.

Complaints about the product and its resultant effects have caused the manufacturer, Canandaigua Wine Company, to reconsider its packaging of Cisco and the way it's marketed. The Center for Science in the Public Interest in Washington, D.C., has launched a campaign, "No More Surprises," distributing facts about the beverage and asking retailers to stop selling Cisco. ■

Fast Facts

- Cisco is a "fortified" or dessert wine and has an alcohol content of 20 percent by volume (40 proof). A single bottle (approximately 12 oz.) contains the equivalent of five shots of 80 proof Vodka.
- Cisco is known on the street as "liquid crack" because of its potent, unpredictable effects.
- Consumption of a single 12-ounce bottle of Cisco by a 150-pound (or less) person within an hour will result in state-defined intoxication levels punishable by law.
- Use of alcohol is considered a "gateway" to drug abuse, according to the National Council on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence, Inc. A survey of 27,000 7th-through-12th graders in New York State found little or no use of drugs among teens who had not used alcohol first.
- Alcohol-related traffic accidents are the number-one cause of death in teens (under 21).

LIFE ON THE EDGE

Rollerblading is a today sport with wind-in-your-face thrills. Whether you are on a fitness kick, or just out to impress members of the opposite sex, it's bound to put life back into your step.

"Anybody who can stand up and walk can do it."

"Just like ice-skating but without the ice."

"What a great way to meet girls—or guys!"

In-line skating. Though it looks something like old-fashioned rollerskating, it's definitely a nineties sport, with lightweight plastic boots and wheels all in a row instead of side by side.

Even though the first in-line skates were built in the 1700s, it wasn't until 10 years ago that in-line skates were developed and sold commercially.


In 1986, Rollerblade, Inc. began marketing in-line skates to the general public. As the premier manufacturer of in-line skates, they have even given the sport its common nickname—*rollerblading*. Fitness enthusiasts find in-line skates a fun alternative to jogging—as well as easier on the joints. Bicyclists and skiers use in-line skates as a part of cross-training. Parents buy them for everyone in the family to promote togetherness. Guys get them to impress girls. Girls get them to meet guys.

In-line skates can cost as much as \$350, but a good pair can be had for somewhere around \$150 to \$200. When shopping for in-line skates, wear a pair of heavy socks. For longer wear and a smoother ride, get in-line skates with full-precision bearings and high-rebound polyurethane wheels.

As a first-time rollerblader, you can plan on falling, so safety gear is something you should carefully consider. Reinforced wrist guards are the most important item. Elbow and knee pads and maybe even hip and rear padding will help prevent scrapes and bruises. A helmet will protect your head. All this protection will cost you between \$25 and \$100 but is well worth every penny you spend.

If you want to try in-line skating before shelling out all that money, many sporting-goods stores rent in-line skates and safety gear. A typical sports store might rent in-line skates for \$5 for three hours or \$10 for 24 hours, including pads.

The best place to try in-line skates for the first time is on the smoothest and cleanest stretch of pavement you can find. Though in-line skates come with a brake on the back of one skate, if you're skating fast, you still won't "stop on a dime." Keep an eye on what's ahead and allow yourself plenty of room to maneuver. Paved paths on community greenbelts and bicycle paths are popular places to try in-line skates.

For old-fashioned fun done a newfangled way, try rollerblading. 

Sandy Johnson

Tell Me More: For more information on in-line skating, contact: **Rollerblade, Inc.**, 5101 Shady Oak Road, Minnetonka, MN 55343 or call toll-free (800) 328-0171.

Outdoor Marathon Roller-Skating Association,
(404) 294-6351.

RANDY KALISEK




RANDY KALISEK

COURTESY OF ROLLERAGE







**Freedom
is a system
based on
courage.**
—Charles Péguy

Listen

PHOTO COURTESY OF ROLLERBLADE

Land Sea & Air



Greenpeace of the Action

When one thinks of the environmental protection group Greenpeace, the images are usually of gallant young idealists steering their rubber boats in front of whaling ships or skin divers plugging up pipes that pollute

rivers or hikers purposely trekking into nuclear-bomb test sites in order to stop the explosions. These images have made the environmental action group famous and big (every month, 77,000 people sign up

from all over the world).

Today, they have a vast worldwide computer network, a seven-boat navy, two helicopters, a hot-air balloon, as well as thousands of dedicated members ready for "direct action" wher-

ever the environment is threatened.

Greenpeace head David McTaggart, who first got involved in environmental issues by parking his yacht in the midst of a French nuclear test site (eventually his yacht was rammed by a French mine-sweeper), wants even more. He is contemplating a Greenpeace satellite that can provide independent verification of nuclear testing, spy on global deforestation, and basically give the environmentalists a bird's-eye view of anyone who is polluting the planet.

Even with all their computers, boats, and, one day, a satellite, Greenpeace still needs the bravado dedication of its members, who will risk their lives for the cause. When, for example, the navy wanted to bring its nuclear battleship *New Jersey* into the self-designated nuclear-free port of Astoria, Washington, Greenpeace activists hung themselves from a bridge along with a banner, blocking the ship's entrance. The stalled vessel was forced to send helicopters to survey the scene, while other Greenpeace activists held a protest on shore. The press ate it up, and Greenpeace, again, succeeded in one of its "stunts" that have helped bring environmental issues to the forefront of the world's consciousness.

In a group of 23 people, the odds of two people having the same birthday are one out of two, or even odds. —*New York Times*

Smokers consume less of just about every kind of food that is good for them than do non-smokers.

—National Cancer Institute

Baseball's Mona Lisa

Did hockey star Wayne Gretzky get hit once too often with a puck? What else could have inspired him to shell out \$451,000

for a baseball card of turn-of-the-century Pittsburgh Pirate short-stop Honus Wagner? The card (circa 1910) is a collector's item, to be sure. It all began with Wagner's aversion to tobacco. When Wagner threatened to sue the tobacco company that put his card in with 522 others in cigarette packs, they yanked it, thus making his card such a rarity today. But \$451,000? It doesn't seem so outlandish, however, when you realize that the card is expected to soon appreciate to a million dollars. Apparently, the hockey hero can make some pretty swift moves off the ice as well.

Humans are the only land mammals unable to breathe and drink at the same time. The location of the larynx in the throat, the thing that makes human speech possible, prevents humans from doing what all other land mammals can do.

—*The Sciences*

Losing Your Head

In the old days, if they wanted to kill you, they often chopped off your head. Today, dozens of people have had, or will have, their heads chopped off, but this time in hopes of living.

It works like this. The American Cryonics Society is a scientific group that takes the heads of people who die and freezes them in vats of liquid nitrogen at 320 degrees below zero. The idea is that in 50, 100, or 200 years, science will have advanced far enough to be able to connect the heads to new bodies, giving the people a chance at immortality.

Though the whole thing sounds sort of kooky, the dozens of people who have signed up—at, literally, \$50,000 a head—are deadly serious.

Oregon is the first state to approve a rule requiring physicians to note on a death certificate if tobacco contributed to the death of a person.

—*American Medical News*

Tear-out Instructions for Center Spread Poster


Great poster, huh! If you want to take it out of the magazine, here's the trick in three easy steps:

1. Turn to page 19 (oh, you're there already!).
 2. With your right hand firmly holding page 19 down against a flat surface (desktop, table, your principal's car hood), use your left hand to carefully pull page 18 loose at the spine (where the page is glued to the magazine).
 3. Flipping now to page 14, do the same thing, except in reverse. Your left hand should hold down page 14, and your right will pull page 15 loose. It should come out in your hand, hopefully in one piece.
- Now your LISTEN poster is ready to hang in your room, your locker, or the school counselor's briefcase. Let us know how you like it.

Among 12- to 15-year-olds, each week, 94 percent listen to FM radio, 85 percent watch television, 76 percent read magazines, and 27 percent read newspapers.

—*Jr. High Ministry*

Bambi's Revenge

Call it justice for all the animals ruthlessly murdered each year, but a hunter was recently killed in Long Island when the gun he was using to club a deer accidentally went off and killed him. This tragedy wouldn't have occurred if the hunter somehow understood that you're not supposed to club animals with your gun, but if you are pre-disposed to shooting innocent animals, you're supposed to aim the gun at them and pull the trigger. And they call them "dumb animals"? 

90 SECONDS TO A



National polls show public speaking is a number-one fear. Here's how you can gain the confidence and technique needed to meet and overcome this phobia.

Judi Bailey

Panic time! Only four days to the oral presentation. Preoccupied with the project? Has anxiety camped out in your chest? Are you tossing in your sleep?

Well, you're not alone. According to national polls and a publication called *The Book of Lists*, public speaking ranks as our number-one fear.

Researchers claim a whopping 85 percent of us are afraid.

But there's another way to look at it. Experts say it's the first 90 seconds that count. Just like what you experience when you see a new classmate or meet a new neighbor, you make some pretty quick—and lasting—impressions in the first minute or so. It's the same idea with public speaking or asking someone out or making comments in a group for the first time. In fact, being able to pull off a classroom talk will give you more confidence to attempt even greater risks.

So don't let your fear throw you. Instead, accept it as a challenge and use these tips for a terrific talk:

TOP-NOTCH TALK



1. Walk into the presentation. Many students make the mistake of shuffling to the front of the room, hesitating, then fumbling for the opening line. Unfortunately this signals to the listeners: "I have nothing important to say."

As soon as you are called on or introduced, start your performance. Walk tall, somewhat quickly, and smile while you bounce up to the podium. Just before you get center stage, begin your presentation—by talking, smiling, making deliberate eye contact. This makes you appear enthusiastic (instead of nervous) and eager to share the information you have. Not only will your friends marvel at your display of confidence, not only will your teacher be impressed with your attitude, you, too, will be amazed at

your feeling of control.

2. Make "audience allies" with eye contact. Even though looking at anyone may be the *last* thing you feel like doing, making friends with your audience is a key play. You need them on your side. The more "allies" you use, the easier your talk will be. This doesn't mean you can only say things they like. It means that if you act friendly to your audience, then they'll do the same in return.

A good way to compliment people is through eye contact. People feel good when you look at them. Remind yourself to do this by drawing smiley faces or eyes throughout your notes.

Notice who's smiling back. Catch a reassur-



ing look or nod. Hold eye contact for a few seconds, smile, then go on to the next person. If she's smiling, do the same. If he's yawning or making faces at you, return to the first smiling face or find another.

Avoid all the jokers, long faces, sleepers. Even though you need to scan the whole audience and glance at them from time to time, keep returning to the positive people and deliver your talk to them.

3. Begin with a favorite quote, poem, or saying. It doesn't matter if it fits your talk; you can weasel it in so it does. Find a phrase that's fun, one that charges you up. This can be anything from "Cowabunga, dudes!" to a quote from Bo Jackson to the words from a New Kids on the Block cut. One student, Jenny, begins all her talks by saying: "Helen Keller once said, 'Life is either a daring adventure—or it is nothing.'" Then Jenny says something like, "How many of you like adventures?" while raising her hand. Undoubtedly, nearly everyone in the room puts a hand up, and bingo—not only does she have their attention, but they're all committed to listening to her talk! Jenny ties in the quote by saying how her topic—or talk—will offer them an adventure.

Sound risky? It really works for her. Find a quote you like and start reciting it just as you're walking into your presentation. A caution here: Be sure to change your quote if you're planning on giving speeches on more than one subject to the same audience!

4. Think of what you can do for your audience. Not what they can do to you. Standing in front of the room is not the time to worry about your grade or ponder your popularity.

Instead, concentrate on how you can help *them*. Whether you're giving an opinion on a heated issue like racial rights, reporting recent AIDS research, or teaching them how to skateboard up steps, you have something to offer to them. Remember that.

The great writer and orator Norman Vincent Peale went so far as to suggest you love your audience as a way to leave self-consciousness behind.

Remember, you will capture your audience's attention in the first 90 seconds—by walking into the presentation, using eye contact, sharing a favorite quote, and remembering to help them. Once you have their support, the rest is cake. ■



Paul and Carol Cannon are the founders of "The Bridge," a 90-acre campus-style retreat in Bowling Green, Kentucky. If you have heavy-duty questions about drugs, alcohol, or everyday social problems, they are professional full-time listeners ready to help. Write them at "Ask the Cannons," LISTEN magazine, P.O. Box 7000, Boise, ID 83707.

My dad came home from work today and had a fight with my mom, as usual. The air reeked with tension. He gave mean, angry looks to both of us. It was the first time I'd seen him all day, but there were no "hellos," no "what's new?" He didn't say, "I'm glad the 17-year-old girl who got murdered yesterday wasn't you." Instead he said, "Is your room clean? Why are you such a slob?" I felt like a crumb.

During the war with Iraq, I didn't want to protest for peace in the Persian Gulf. I wanted to protest for sanity and peace in my own home. My dad is impossible to please. By the way, I'm anorexic and bulimic. —Terri

Could you please write something on child abuse? I'm an adult suffering from the effects of childhood sexual abuse. Abused children are afraid to say anything, and they hide their feelings deep inside themselves. Abuse can destroy the best of anyone's life. I thought I could handle it, but I couldn't. I'm in a therapy group now, and it's helping a lot. —Chris

We'd like to share some facts and feelings about abuse in our society. Certain behaviors are recognized as abusive by almost everyone, but others equally damaging are hardly acknowledged at all. Both blatant abuse and subtle abuse are wrong. People must speak out against them, especially where children are concerned.

Everyone knows what physical and sexual abuse is. But little is said about the painful effects of emotional abuse. We know several teenagers who have come close to suicide because someone important to them was harshly critical of them. Emotional abuse doesn't create the kind of scars that physical and sexual abuse does, but it can be just as deadly.

Emotional abuse takes several forms. One is

verbal (battering with words): shaming, labeling, name calling, making fun of, comparing, criticizing. Another form is *silent* violence: glaring, ignoring, not speaking to, giving hateful looks.

Neglect, abandonment, and not meeting a child's physical and emotional needs are also forms of abuse. They tell the child that he doesn't matter. Overprotecting, overcontrolling, and demanding perfection of a child are abusive as well, because they rob him of his sense of worth.

Fortunately, help is available, and it's never too late to get it. Your letter, Chris, is a testimony to that. We hope many others will follow your example.

For anyone who is living with ongoing abuse—whether it's blatant or subtle—it is important that you get support from a good counselor who can teach you to love and value yourself no matter what anyone says or does. If a very sick person is battering you verbally or physically, you can learn ways to protect yourself. A counselor can help you develop a boundary system that will keep you from taking in all the garbage. And he or she can help you find legal assistance if it is needed.

About your dad's behavior, Terri. He obviously has some kind of problem that is making him irritable and hard to please. We're very concerned about you *and* about him.

If your father was a moody, critical person already, then his concern about the way you eat has compounded the problem. He is trying to do the impossible—control your eating disorder. When anyone tries to manage another person's addictive behavior, he is attempting to control the uncontrollable, to manage the unmanageable. He will fail. Your dad can't cure you, but he doesn't know it. The harder he tries, the worse you (and he) will get. Before things fall apart completely, check with your family physician to find existing support groups and treatment centers for people with eating disorders and their families. Your parents need help just as much as you do. This could be a life-and-death issue, so please don't delay! ☐



Lights, action, fanfare, applause—it's intro time for another "new" LISTEN feature.

"Listening" should be a natural hit. Reason: its prime model is the now-discontinued "Graffiti." Graffiti was one of our most popular pages—and Listening will give us more room to continue the great stuff plus some.

Listening means just that. The LISTEN staff want you to know that we are listening to you. We want to print as many as possible of the great poems, stories, and letters you send in. In fact we are ready to print any comment you may have—good or bad. Just drop us a line and give us the word.

Listening will also be the place for you LISTEN activists to let us know your doings. We want to know just how many of your friends read the mag. We want to share with other readers your plans for LISTEN parties, LISTEN clubs, and other great ideas. And we'll give you some good tips from month to month.

Listening will also be the place you'll get the inside track on new projects and LISTEN gear. Like this issue: get a load of those bright (shield-your-eyes-bright) LISTEN shirts.

Your friends will all want a shirt. But you'll be the first to have your very own. It's easy. **Just send \$9.95 and \$2 postage and handling to LISTEN Shirt Offer, P.O. Box 7000, Boise, ID 83707.** Make checks out to Listen magazine. Specify small, medium, large, or extra-large.

And those shirts are "free"—if you sign up five friends for LISTEN subscriptions. Easy, right? Just send five \$17.95 subscription checks, together with their names and addresses, to us with a special note claiming your free shirt, and it's yours and in the mail.

Look for more excitement in upcoming LISTEN columns. In the meantime, keep Listening. Remember, LISTEN is *your* magazine.

Epilogue

Broken-topped,
Stark against the landscape
Stands the tree,
Baring to the world
Its scarred face
Where metal crunched and
scraped,
Still slow-weeping great pitch-
tears
For the girl who,
Driving drink-drugged,
Too soon died there.
—A. W. Follett,
Middletown, California

A Bad Rap

Drinking booze is a boo-boo
That merits only boos
'Cause boozing is bruising
And boozers are losers,
Which ain't exactly news.
"But drinking, Man, is cool?"
Yeah, cool like the drool of a
ghoul.
So choose not to booze
And sing sad-sack blues
And lose and lose and lose.
—R. C. W. Davis,
Zapopan, Mexico

It Was Fun

Hello, do you remember me? At most, you may have remembered my name. I have many different names. Names like cocaine, crack, marijuana, alcohol, cigarettes, and many others. But few people have heard my real name. My real name is Death. I didn't want you to think that I could kill you, but I could. It wasn't immediate, but eventually, I got the better of you. But don't worry about that. We had so much fun that it doesn't matter when you die. You lived a happy life. You were in control of your entire life—or were you? That is, except for the day when you saw your friends smoking marijuana. They offered you some, but you refused. After some subtle pressure, your so-called "friends" persuaded you to smoke some. Boy, were you in control then. Another time that you were in complete control was when you went to that party. There was beer and marijuana all over the place. You knew that you really shouldn't be there, but your craving had grown since that first puff of marijuana with your friends. It wasn't really your fault. But because of your craving, you stayed at the party and satisfied your craving. Since it was your craving, I guess you were in control. We really have had lots of fun together, haven't we? It's a shame we can't get stoned anymore. You can't really get a joint when you're six feet under the ground. We had such a wonderful time when I, pardon me, I mean you, were in control of your life. It's a pity you're dead.

—Aaron Curtis,
San Leandro, California

Dear LISTEN:

I really enjoy your magazine. My favorite part is the short stories in the front that deal with everyday subjects such as drugs. When I read the stories I put myself in their place and think about how I would react to those situations. I am sure you have helped kids my age

(11) to understand drugs and their effects. The back cover of your magazine also proves a point, that by doing drugs you are erasing and killing your own life.

—Jennifer Hartman

Dear Jennifer,

I really appreciated reading your letter. It makes us feel that we are accomplishing something when you tell us that you find the articles valuable and that you are learning from them the real dangers of drugs. By all means, keep reading the magazine, keep telling us what you like, or even

don't like, and tell your friends about the magazine and help them to buy and support LISTEN magazine.

Wishing you lots of success at everything you do. Keep at the schoolwork and try to enjoy life as well, too—but everything without drugs and alcohol. OK!



Serious, heavy-duty fun for all as the photo session for LISTEN T-shirts turns radical.

Get Them While They're Hot!

Be the first to get the new shield-your-eyes-bright LISTEN T-shirt. Just send check or money order for \$9.95 plus \$2 postage and handling with this coupon to: LISTEN Shirt Offer, P.O. Box 7000, Boise, ID 83707.

OR

Get your free LISTEN T-shirt by signing up five friends for LISTEN subscriptions. Send all five \$17.95 subscription checks **together**, along with your coupon, and it's yours.

Hot LISTEN Shirt Offer

Your name _____ Phone (____) _____

Mailing address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Quantity of T-shirts wanted and sizes preferred (indicate **number** of shirts in each size).

— small — medium
— large — extra-large

Number of T-shirts purchased times \$11.95 each (\$9.95 plus \$2 postage and handling) =

Total cost \$ _____

☐ I am claiming my free LISTEN T-shirt. I have indicated the size, and include five subscription checks at \$17.95 each (a real deal, as top subscription price is \$24.95), as well as the names and addresses of each new subscriber.

Return this coupon with either your payment or the subscription checks to: LISTEN Shirt Offer, P.O. Box 7000, Boise, ID 83707. Allow three to four weeks for delivery.

Start Your Day Right

Here's a tip: Your club might consider a benefit pancake breakfast during All American Breakfast Month. Not only is it a good way to raise some bucks, it will help promote the goals of your group. Try it and see.



The PRIME TIMES

IDEAS FOR YOUR DRUG-FREE GROUP

Recruitment Time!



September means school's started, the best time to recruit new members into your group. Look for those new students eager to fit in at the school and invite them to help you promote a positive lifestyle. Before long, your group will be growing!

A LISTEN SPECIAL

SEPTEMBER 1991

To Russia With *Glasnost*

Multinational tobacco companies are making a killing in cigarette sales to the Soviet Union. Four Pennsylvania teens decided to go for a little *glasnost* and combat the smoking tidal wave in the U.S.S.R.



From left: American teens Deirdre, Masha, Dina, and Madelyn address the staff of the Soviet Ministry of Health in Leningrad.

"How many of you smoke?" the teenage girls asked.

Three-fourths of the Soviet students raised their hands.

Madelyn Shapiro, Dina

Weisleder, Masha Korsunsky (all age 16), and Deirdre Reardon (age 17) looked at each other in shock. But they continued with their presentation. They'd come

to the Soviet Union for a reason. A very good reason.

For two weeks these four teenagers from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, would walk into classrooms in Leningrad and Moscow and share smoking information with school kids.

"The scariest thing was this classroom of older kids we visited," remembers Deirdre. "In a classroom in the United States, you'd find a small percentage of the kids smoke. In that classroom, a small percentage of the kids *didn't* smoke."

"Smoking's just accepted there," agrees Masha. "Kids smoke in front of their parents. In their society they don't look down on it because they don't know how bad it is for them. We'd ask a class, 'How many of you smoke at home?' and 75 percent would raise their hands."

"I think cigarette companies see Russia as a very large way to make money now because they don't need all the warnings," adds Deirdre.

"Yeah," observes Dina, "the Soviets were shocked by what we told them."

Yet the girls were amazed at how well the Soviet school kids

THE PRIME TIMES, GLASNOST EDITION

responded to their message. Before coming, the girls had researched and interviewed to prepare a presentation on smoking. To make their message stick, they'd come up with their own version of the game show "Hollywood Squares" called "Beat That Habit," with four categories: "Signs of a Smoker," "Reasons People Start," "Diseases and Symptoms," and "Ways to Quit."

The Soviet kids ate it up.

"In our presentation we'd tell the kids a fact like, 'You get addicted to nicotine in two weeks,'" reports Dina. "Then in the game show we'd ask, 'Is nicotine addictive?' and they would answer, 'Yes. It only takes two weeks.' They'd answer almost verbatim. You could tell they were really interested."

"At first we would go into a class, and we'd try to get the kids involved," remembers Deirdre. "But they're not used to that. They don't respond and go back and forth. But by the end of the class, the kids would be jumping up to answer questions. It was really neat to see the difference in them from the beginning of the class to the end."

The four teenagers say they had an advantage talking to the students over there. "They looked up to us as their role models because we're American teens,"



Soviet teens react to their American counterparts as the stop-smoking team speaks at a school in Leningrad.

explains Masha.

"As a teenager, I could relate to another teenager more," observes Madelyn. "Adults can get up there and tell you, 'Say No to peer pressure,' but you're like, 'Wait. Have you experienced it in the past 20 years?'"

Masha says the Russian students were so friendly and respectful toward them. "The kids over there were amazed that we would want to help them," she says. "They couldn't believe that we weren't getting paid for this. But we did. We got the gratification that we helped someone."

Madelyn adds, "I think we really got a lot across to the kids not to smoke. I must have talked to at least 30 kids, and they'd ask, 'How can I stop?'"

The girls were shocked at how much poverty there is in the Soviet Union, yet how much money Soviets will spend on cigarettes. "We saw tobacco lines stretching down the block and around the corner," says Madelyn. "If you don't want to wait, you can get a pack of cigarettes on the black market for like \$35. People even pick up butts from the street and smoke them."

"Their lives are so stressful," observes Deirdre. "A woman might work all day. Then she'll come home, then stand in line to get food; then she'll go home and cook. It's just lines and running from subway to tram cars."

The girls worked hard those two weeks to counteract cigarette advertising and the lack of education. Dina recalls: "One day we were in the streets in Leningrad. We had stickers from the American Cancer Society that said, 'Kiss Me. I Don't Smoke.' So we decided to go up to people who smoked and give them a sticker and tell them not to smoke. (We knew how to say it in Russian.) So we'd go up to them,

GLASNOST, continued next page



From left: Deirdre, Dina, Masha, and Madelyn speak to a group of students at Moscow's School #1.



Clockwise from lower left: Madelyn, Deirdre, and Dina chat with a group of Soviet teens after a presentation.

and it was so neat because the people would literally put out their cigarettes for us."

"And they would laugh, and it was so good to see the Soviet people laughing because there's so much tension there," adds Madelyn.

How did the girls get involved in this project? Madelyn explains, "It really started when my family had an exchange student from Hungary living in our house, and my friends and I learned about the problems there."

Madelyn, Deirdre, and Dina—who all hang around together at high school—decided to do something to help. So they each researched one of three areas—drugs, alcohol, or smoking—and came up with a presentation. Madelyn's mom, Susan Shapiro, a nutrition consultant for education for the state of Pennsylvania, worked on funding. The Hungarian exchange student's father and a journalist set up classroom appointments for them. And the girls were off on their first trip abroad.

Less than a year later, the

American Cancer Society (ACS) was looking for the right people to send into classrooms in the Soviet Union. According to Sam Monismith, a teacher at Penn State and an active ACS volunteer, "The American Cancer Society received strong requests from teachers in the Soviet Union to bring smoking-cessation education to their classrooms."

The ACS turned to these teenagers, who'd already proved

their teaching effectiveness in Hungary. Would they like to travel to the Soviet Union in the fall of 1990 (and bring one more friend)? Every year on November 15 the ACS sponsors the Great American Smokeout—a day when smokers are encouraged to quit, if only for 24 hours. Would the girls be willing to talk to Soviet students and get them ready for the first Great American/Soviet Smokeout?

The teens liked the idea. They pulled in their friend Masha, who was born in Russia and even speaks Russian. Masha laughs and says, "Russian was my first language, but I came to the United States when I was four, so I only have a four-year-old vocabulary!"

The girls' influence has gone far. While they were in the Soviet Union, they appeared on a teenage talk show. And on November 15, Masha represented the group on "Good Morning America." She shared her excitement that on that very day, in the schools they had visited all over Moscow and Leningrad, students were throwing the Great American/Soviet Smokeout. "They're having health fairs. They're having presentations," she said. "They're continuing our project."

—Lori Peckham



Soviet teens react to the four American girls and their strong stand against smoking.

Listen UP!

Thumbs Up



Thumbs up to **The Nurturing Place**, part of the York Street Project in Jersey City, New Jersey, and to the middle-class teen volunteers who come here to work with kids, most of them homeless.

According to Anna Quindlen, columnist for the *New York Times News Service*, the teens rock the under-five-year-olds at nap time, or feed them, and in return "gain a social conscience."

Thumbs Down



Thumbs down to the Philip Morris Company for test-marketing a low-nicotine cigarette in Arizona and Florida under the brand names **Next**, **Merit Free**, and **Benson and Hedges De-Nic**.

Promoted as nonaddictive by Philip Morris, the "de-nic" brands contain nicotine levels of about 0.1 milligrams per cigarette, compared to 0.9 for Marlboros.

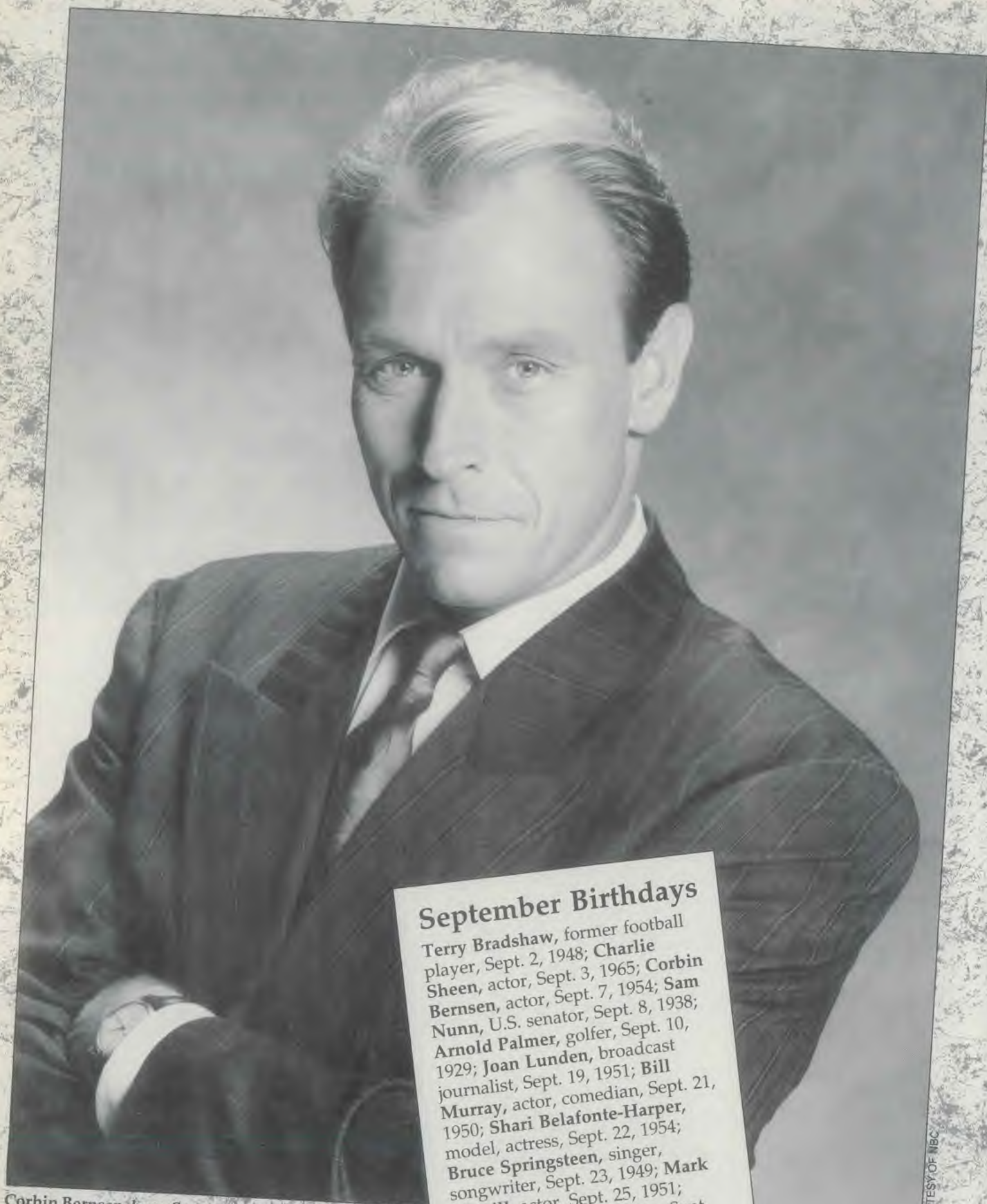
But the 0.1 level is still addictive. Smokers may counteract the low nicotine levels by smoking more often, exposing themselves to more carcinogens. According to Matt Myers, staff director for the Coalition on Smoking and Health, the de-nicotined cigarettes may be "the most hazardous tobacco product on the market in the last 10 years."

Sweet, Sweet September

September is such a great time to fall in love (come to think of it, just about any time is). But beware: if a special someone is being especially nice to you this month, it could be because they are observing **National Courtesy Month**. September's a time to practice those centuries-old skills that never run out-of-date.

On the other hand, if someone's sweet on you, they may be observing **National Honey Month**, honoring the country's 211,600 beekeepers, and 4.2 million colonies of honeybees, which produce more than 227 million pounds of honey each year.

On the other hand, if you're on the staff of *LISTEN* magazine, and you're getting thousands of enthusiastic letters from your readers, it could be just another day at the office—or it could be a sign of **Be Kind to Editors and Writers Month** (Honest, we didn't make this one up!). Even if you have a beef you'd like to share, we'd like to hear it, pro or con, and September is as good a month as any for you to send it. So keep those cards and letters comin' in, hombres.

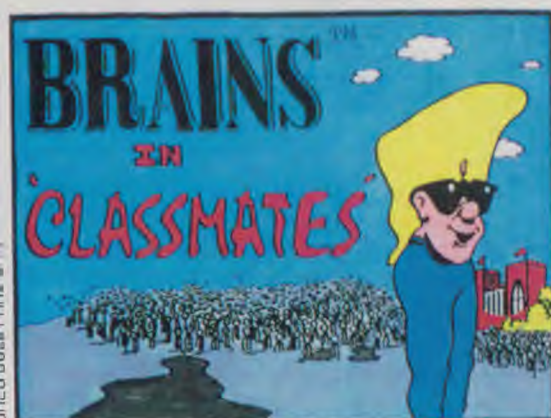


Corbin Bernsen, born September 7, 1954.

September Birthdays

Terry Bradshaw, former football player, Sept. 2, 1948; Charlie Sheen, actor, Sept. 3, 1965; Corbin Bernsen, actor, Sept. 7, 1954; Sam Nunn, U.S. senator, Sept. 8, 1938; Arnold Palmer, golfer, Sept. 10, 1929; Joan Lunden, broadcast journalist, Sept. 19, 1951; Bill Murray, actor, comedian, Sept. 21, 1950; Shari Belafonte-Harper, model, actress, Sept. 22, 1954; Bruce Springsteen, singer, songwriter, Sept. 23, 1949; Mark Hamill, actor, Sept. 25, 1951; Heather Locklear, actress, Sept. 25, 1961.

COURTESY OF NBC



MOVING? Please send us your old address label (or a photocopy) and your new address. If your label is unavailable, please print both your old and new addresses clearly, including zip codes.

OLD ADDRESS:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NEW ADDRESS:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

HEY!

PEOPLE

COMING

NEXT ISSUE

FEATURE ARTICLE



WHETHER IT'S BATTING PRACTICE OR THE NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP, PITTSBURGH PIRATE BOBBY BONILLA TAKES HIS GAME SERIOUSLY. THIS SLUGGER TALKS ABOUT HANDLING SUCCESS AND THE PRESSURE OF GROWING UP.

ALSO

WHAT DRAWS PEOPLE TO DARKNESS, DRIPPING ROCK, STICKY MUD, AND CLAUSTROPHOBIA OF CAVES? JOIN US AS *LISTEN* GOES CAVE EXPLORING.

PLUS

HAVING TROUBLE KEEPING ORGANIZED? IT COULD DEPEND ON WHICH SIDE OF YOUR BRAIN GUIDES YOU. READ "TAMING THE TIME MONSTER" IN THE NEXT *LISTEN*.

CUT IT OUT!

I WANT YOU TO MAIL ME THE NEXT 12 ISSUES OF LISTEN MAGAZINE. I AM PAYING THE SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF (REGULARLY \$24.95) IN CHECK OR MONEY ORDER (OUTSIDE THE U.S. SEND \$20.95—REGULARLY \$27.95). THIS SPECIAL PRICE IS AVAILABLE WITH THIS COUPON THROUGH DECEMBER 31, 1991.

YES! YES! YES! SEND ME INFORMATION ON RATES FOR CLASSROOMS AND THE TEACHER'S GUIDE.

MAIL THIS COUPON AND YOUR PAYMENT TO
LISTEN MAGAZINE
P.O. BOX 7000, BOISE, ID 83707

NAME _____
ORGANIZATION (IF ANY) _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
PHONE (____) _____

2C
2C
2C
2C
2C