EVERSON WALLS SUPER BOWL SUPERMAN

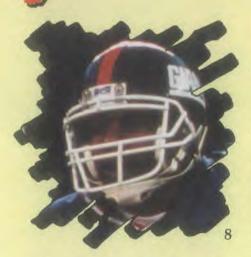
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ATMETES AGAINST IRUGS: FOUNDER/PHESIDENT STEDMAN GRAHAM INTERVIEW GETTING UP ON ICE THE SUMMER I KILLED MY BEST FRIEND

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.

8.5

November 1991, Vol. 44, No. 11







The Summer I Killed My Best Friend

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FRONT COVER PHOTO BY JIM TURNER / NFL PHOTOS

JUST BETWEEN US

Treated Like Babies

What sort of a low-down, conniving, cruel, heartless individual would take candy from a baby? The word *exploitation* pales when you talk of stealing sweets from an infant. Adults and young people generally know better than that. Or do they?

"I don't know if they even know there's candy inside. Children will be children. When they see Spuds, they just want to hug the big stuffed animal!" Holbrook, Arizona, Anheuser-Busch distributor Buck McMonigal commented on his company's participation in the White Mountain reservation Apache's annual Labor Day rodeo and tribal fair. "The company threw Budweiser can–shaped mint candies off a float carrying life-size Bud Man and Spuds MacKenzie characters."

And just what is Anheuser-Busch telling young Native American kids by giving away beer-shaped candy? Why, nothing less than "drinking me is like eating candy. A good, sweet activity." What the liquor company is trying to do is sweet-talk impressionable young kids into looking favorably on drinking. They are showing a blatant disregard for history (white man's firewater was the main weapon used to destroy the red man) and a willingness to perpetuate the abuse of minorities.

In that case it may just be worse to give a candy than steal one. The alcohol manufacturer is most clearly treating an entire group as babies fit to be exploited.

Right now I'm looking at a "responsible" advertisement put out by the Smokeless Tobacco Council (composed of representatives of six major tobacco companies). "I choose to enjoy smokeless tobacco," says the middle-aged farmer in the ad. "But I don't think anyone under 18 should have that choice." The message sounds responsible, and the copy underneath repeats that chewing tobacco should remain an adult custom. Would that these guys were consistent.

The reality is that most pro-cigarette ads are aimed at young people or young adults. New recruits to the smoking ranks mostly come from young, often underaged people.

The reality, as the *News Monitor* of 10/29/90 reports, is that "today an average of 3,000 American high-school students will take up cigarette smoking for the first time." A day!

"Out of 3,000 new teen smokers, 750 are going to die from tobaccorelated diseases." Dying—that's a real adult activity, right!

Something that sucks in so many kids and kills so many adults should be locked away. Or at least presented as the killer it is. A killer of young people. Seems like youth-oriented cigarette advertising is designed to steal the candy of youthful promise away from a lot of "babies."

And cigarette advertising seems to be persistently exploitative. LISTEN has featured firsthand reports of the cigarette multinationals refocusing on Third World countries and the USSR. But right here the exploitation continues. The tobacco industry is targeting minorities and having a profound impact on the use of cigarettes by these groups, according to data released by the Center for Disease Control *Prevention Review*, April/May 1991. That target includes \$5.7 million a year on billboard advertising in black communities and advertising in blackoriented magazines (e.g., 10.2 percent of ad revenue in *Jet* is tobaccorelated). Now that's also exploitation.

That's worse than beating up on babies. It's killing the health and tomorrows for young minority members. Young Americans.

Lincohn Steed



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THE SUMMER I KILLED MY

> How do you explain your feelings about a friend who lied to you, led you on, and cheated you at every turn? I couldn't. The pain was still too fresh.

Celeste Perrino Walker

I sat and stared out the window with what I hoped was a thoughtful expression on my face. The leaves on the trees outside on the school grounds were just turning colors, lightly brushed with saffron. I wished I could be outside collecting some to press. Actually, I wished I could be anywhere but in this particular class, with this particular assignment.

Maybe taking Expository Writing this semester wasn't such a great idea. Mrs. Lynde's words were still ringing in my head. "Write a short story about your summer." I felt as if I were back in grade school. Besides, I couldn't do it. How could I tell anyone what I'd done this summer? How do you write about slowly killing your best friend? How do you explain your feelings about a friend who lied to you, led you on, and cheated you at every turn? I couldn't. The pain was still too fresh. I could remember when we'd met. It was at a party held right after school started last year. Brian, from my math class, had introduced us. I could almost hear the loud music clash around me, reverberating off the quarry walls, as I drifted back in time.

"Hey, Chelsea!" Brian was yelling, although he stood only two feet from me. "Wanna beer?" I nodded and shrugged, feeling uncomfortable. None of my friends were here; these were all people who were in a different clique than I. Brian filled my styrofoam cup from the tap and handed the cup to me.

"The guys left the keg out, so it's kinda warm," he said. I nodded again and took a microscopic sip. They had bought some premium name, but it tasted like warm dishwater to me. It was hot for an August night. There were about 25 kids from my school scattered around the edge of the quarry, where they held all the parties in our neighborhood. This was the first time I had gotten up enough courage to come—uninvited.

I kept sipping at my glass, telling myself that beer was an acquired taste. My reasonable side wondered why I wanted to acquire it, but one look at the potentially hostile faces around me quelled my reasonable side. This was no place to act like a chicken.

Somewhere around my third or fourth glass, I began to wonder why I hadn't liked it. Beer was exquisite, especially in the company of close friends, with whom I was surrounded. I was like a different person. I couldn't think of anything to say that wasn't witty. I was surrounded by a group laughing at all my clever jokes. Where did I learn so many? ►



I knew it was the beer. At least, my reasonable side did. It was turning me into some kind of cosmic comedian. I was not a popular person in school, being endowed with too many brains and not enough beauty, and here I was, the center of attention. I told a few more jokes, cursing for emphasis. I became louder and louder. Everyone looked so far away. I shouted so they could hear me.

I was in midjoke when some parents pulled right up in a van to give their three kids a ride home. How embarrassing for them,



"Not me? He didn't mean me?" I thought, and my pickled brain agreed. "Of courth not, thilly," it replied.

Contrary to everyone's dire warnings, I felt fine in the morning. I was a little tired, maybe. But, I faced another day of school. I dreaded it. I knew that without the beer I'd be boring and unimaginative. Of course, I was right. The day passed slowly, and I wandered from class to class, keeping to myself.

A few days later, I attended another party at the quarry. Same results. Pretty soon I was in the habit of looking for alcohol after school. And not just for the party, but a little extra for the next school day.

After school I went about the job of getting some more alcohol. It wasn't as tough as I thought it would be. Brian, who also rode my bus, had an older brother who bought booze for him. It was an easy thing for him to get more. I didn't want beer, though. I couldn't get enough bathroom passes for the amount I would need to drink. I decided that the stronger it was, the less I'd need to keep me pleasantly "funny" all day. I wanted the kind of attention I had received at the party. I would do anything to have it again.

Once I started drinking regularly, I was hooked. I started every morning with a drink in my room, where I kept a bottle hidden under my bed. I carried a soda bottle full to school. At night when I walked in the door and my mother started bawling me out about my failing grades, I walked right past her into my room for my evening dose.

The only real hitch was that I wasn't regaining my popularity status the way I thought I would. I was still funny, only now my comedy always resulted in detention, where I only performed for an audience of one.

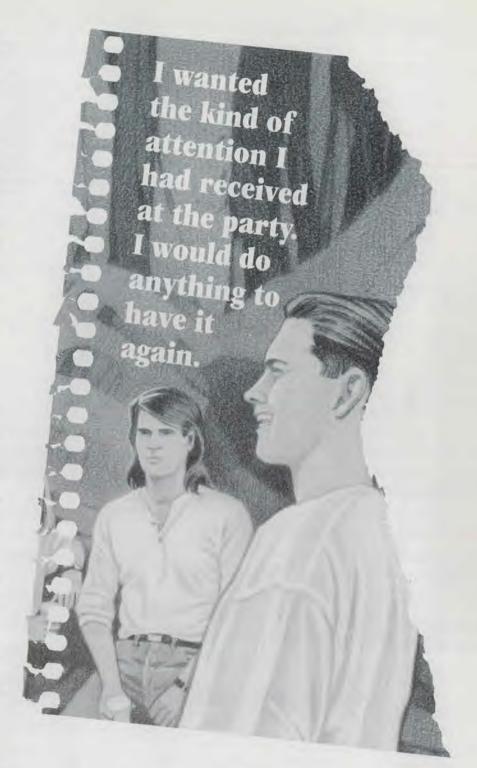
This type of comedy did not make one popular. Not only that, but people snickered at me. And it wasn't because of my jokes. Before, they had ignored me, and that hurt bad enough, but to have them laugh at me was unbearable. However, I found that if I added a little extra drink midmorning and midafternoon it didn't bother me that much.

My parents took longer than I thought they would to figure out what was going on. As soon as they did, they confiscated my stash. I fought them the whole way. It was my body, I could put what I wanted into it. It wasn't even affecting me. No, it wasn't the reason I was failing. An alcoholic? Me? Never! I could quit any time I felt like it. I didn't feel like it.

When the delirium tremens hit me and I began to hallucinate, they realized I needed more help than they had anticipated. And so began my summer vacation at Mount Hope Hospital. Drying out.

I had a well-structured day. Breakfast, therapy, lunch, therapy, supper, group therapy; it kept me busy. Finally some of it even sank in, and I began to heal slowly from the inside out, one day at a time.

I began to like and accept myself for who I was because there is no one created like me. I am unique. I didn't need alcohol to be someone I liked. And once I liked myself, other people would like me too.



I smiled and stared at the blank page in front of me. I wondered how many of the kids around me were struggling with the same thing. Finally, I decided that if my story could help someone else see the dangers of alcohol, I would tell it.

My pen started slowly across my paper: This summer I saw my best friend die and danced upon his grave. For you see his name was alcohol, and I was my best friend's slave. **Glen Robinson**

Everson Walls and Company won the day at the 1991 Super Bowl. Now this "tough guy" speaks on the subject of drugs and peer pressure.

FRSO

SUPER BOWL SUPERMAN

It was the perfect Super Bowl script. The unstoppable force—the Buffalo Bills—had just come off a 51-3 thrashing of the Los Angeles Raiders. The immovable object—the New York Giants—stood between them and the 1991 Super Bowl trophy.

Giant cornerback Everson Walls had been a major force in the Giants' defeat of the San Francisco 49ers the week before. Now he lined up across from veteran Bills receiver James Lofton. Despite incredible acrobatics by Lofton and the other Bills receivers, Walls and Company turned them away empty-handed time and again. Final score: New York Giants, 20—Buffalo Bills, 19.

He's gone the route and gotten the honors professional football has to give. Walls was selected four times to the Pro Bowl as a Dallas Cowboy and holds that team's all-time record for interceptions in a season. He holds an all-time NFL record for having

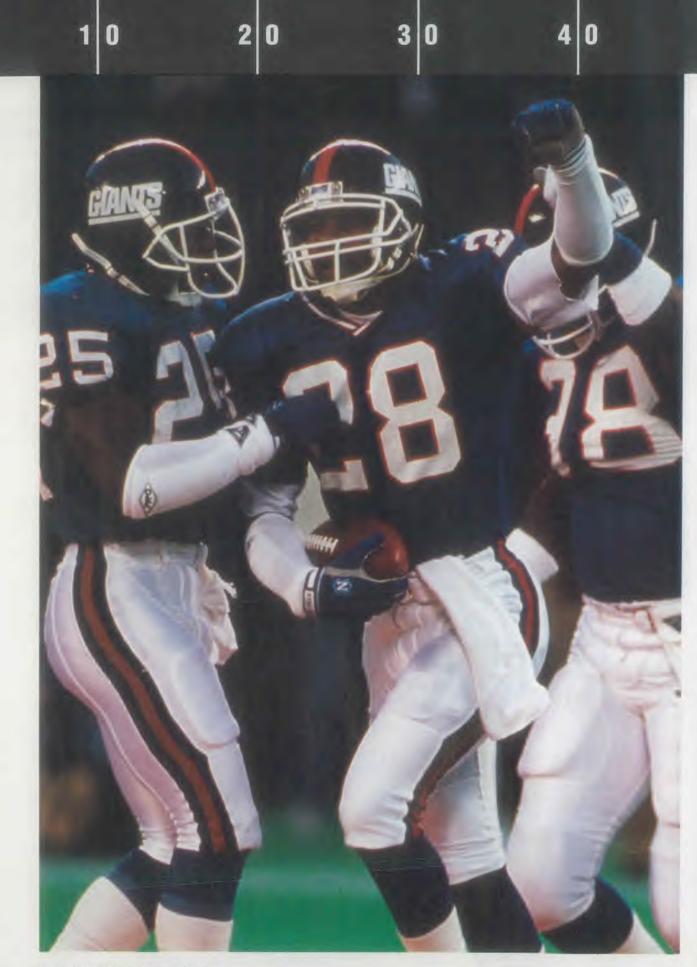
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led the NFL in interceptions three times.

But today, if you were to ask Everson Walls to talk about those milestones or to show you his Super Bowl ring, he's more likely to show you a picture of his wife Sherill and his two children, Charis and Cameron. He's the dedicated family man, and as he chats on the phone from his Dallas home, he'll be the first to admit that's where his priorities lie.

Π

"Sometimes I have to make sacrifices for the good of the league or the [New York Giants] organization," he explains. "There are times when I have to deal with a lot of pressure. But in the midst of demands and appearances, I've learned to sit back and look to where my focus is. My focus is on my family."

Even before Walls joined Athletes Against Drugs, he actively began visiting Dallas-area elementary schools and junior highs, where he feels the drug problem really happens. He's especially active in February during Black History Month. In his talks he emphasizes three things: (1) Believe in yourself; (2) stay in school; and (3) stay off drugs.

"I get a lot of kids who approach me and ask: How much money do you make? What kind of car do you drive? But in my visits, I'm trying to change their concept of the word *cool*."

Despite being thrust into a role-model position, Walls tries to convince the kids that they

"Those athletes who speak out against drugs need to realize that cigarettes and alcohol are drugs."

should model themselves after successful people they know.

"Role models should come from those closest to you—pastors and local businessmen you can pattern your lives after," says Walls.

When asked if athletes have a responsibility as role models, Walls responds quickly and decisively.

"Athletes shouldn't be forced into the responsibility of being a role model," he says. "If the athlete chooses to be one, then that's fine. But when they're forced into that role, it puts pressure on other athletes; and when an athlete falls, it makes it harder for the others. Also, it's hard for parents to follow an athlete-hero who turns out to be a disappointment."

Pressures are great in professional sports,

and Walls feels that drugs are a strong temptation to athletes. "I know athletes who are involved with drugs, and the media focuses on their problem because it makes a good story. Any time a person uses drugs, the problem is not overstated. When they're caught with drugs, those players put a lot of pressure on those who don't do drugs. A few bad apples make a bad name for all athletes."

Π

Π

On the other hand, he has a word to say about athletes who speak out against drugs.

"I've come to the fork in the road, where the difference between me and the bad guy in the streets has been minimal. The difference was that I chose the right road."

"Those athletes who speak out against drugs need to realize that cigarettes and alcohol are drugs. As athletes, we need to be careful about getting up on our soapbox.

"An athlete who speaks out against drugs while drinking beer borders on being a hypocrite."

Growing up in the Dallas area was tough on Everson. When he talks about the danger of peer pressure in school, he speaks from experience—and he doesn't mince words.

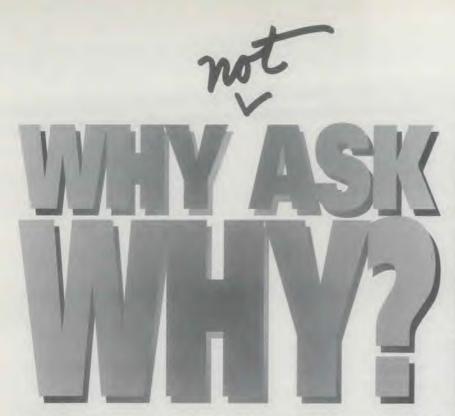
"When I was in high school, I was very black-conscious, and that caused a lot of conflict with my teachers. There was a lot of peer pressure, and I had a very low self-esteem.

"My mom helped me overcome the peer pressure of the street," he says. "I learned to look deep down inside myself and find something positive about myself, then use that to become a success."

Despite his successes in life, Everson has had his share of failures. "There've been times when I've come to the fork in the road, where the difference between me and the bad guy in the streets has been minimal. The difference was that I chose the right road.

"When you come to that fork in the road, before you make your choice, you've got to sit back and have confidence in yourself. That's the difference between good and bad.

"You'll make that decision, and everything will soon pass. Just make sure you pass through with dignity."



A lot is known about who uses drugs—and what drugs they use. A lot is known about where and when people use drugs—and even how. But the big question is, Why?

Melanie feels stressed out. Her parents are going through a messy divorce. She's pulling a D in geometry. Yesterday her boyfriend let her know that he didn't think they should "go out" anymore; he now wants to date her best friend. And on the way home today, she picked up a speeding ticket for going 49 in a 35 mph zone.

To take the edge off her pain and frustration, Melanie decides to attend a party tonight and drink until it quits hurting . . .

Carl lives in the projects. He's only 12 years old, but he's never known anything but poverty, drugs, and violence. On the news today is a story about a private security company that has been trying to keep things cool in the projects. They've had

Ken McFarland

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it—they're giving up and pulling out. The projects are on their own.

When most kids were learning how to spell and add, Carl already had his first job—as a lookout for cops while the deals were going down. Later he moved up to lower-level pushing. Now he's taking another big step: he's a user...

Angela is an actress renting a place in Topanga Canyon above L.A. She's not a household name yet, though she dreams that someday she will be Hollywood's leading female box-office draw. For now, she picks up bit parts in TV sitcoms and answers casting calls.

She knows that in the acting game, it's who you know that opens doors. So Angela hits a lot of parties and "does" a lot of lunch dates. At one of her

ILLUSTRATION BY MARY RUMFORD





first parties, she was introduced to cocaine. It made her feel powerful, focused, invincible. She's been following the white lines ever since . . .

Steve is into bodybuilding. As a wimpy little high-school geek, he soaked up neverending verbal abuse about his puny physique. His heroes were the big-screen macho kings: Schwarzenegger, Stallone, Norris, Eastwood, Bronson.

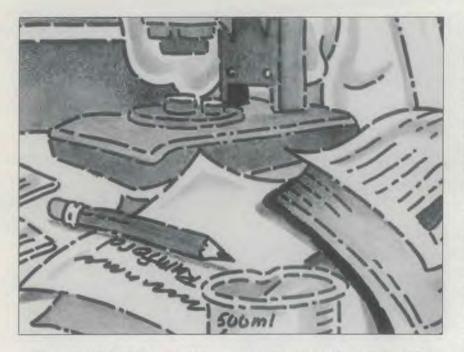
One day a classmate introduced Steve to some pills that promised a shortcut to achieving the body of steel he'd always wanted. Now he ripples with slabs of hard muscle, but he gets his steroids through shots now instead of pills . . .

After her auto accident, Sheila went through agonizing pain. Her doctor prescribed some very strong and effective pain medication, which she continued to need for many weeks, even after returning home from the hospital.

Once the pain had significantly diminished, Sheila discovered that she had become dependent on her medication. She's now undergoing treatment at a drug rehabilitation center in an attempt to break free from her dependency...

Jim is a songwriter with a couple of big hits to his credit. One rocketed to the top of the charts and stayed there for three weeks. He's hot stuff right now; the biggest names in the business are after him to write their next monster hit. >

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Convinced that his creative genius is unleashed only while he's high, Jim isn't about to attempt any new projects without a chemical assist...

Why do people use drugs? Why do Melanie, Carl, Angela, Steve, Sheila, and Jim use them?

By now, a lot is known about who uses drugs—and what drugs they use. A lot is known about where and when people use drugs—and even how.

But the big question is, Why?

Do people drink beer because of its pleasant aroma and taste? Despite what the manufacturers would like us to believe, most people are repelled by the smell and taste of beer and other alcoholic drinks.

Do people smoke because it freshens their breath and helps them live longer? Do they snort coke because it's a harmless social diversion? Do they stick needles full of heroin into their arms because it's a natural human behavior? Do they drag on marijuana joints because the doctors all agree that it's essential for energy and good health?

Hardly.

So then—Why?

Maybe an amoeba has the answer. Now, an amoeba is a pretty dim bulb in the IQ department. It can't read, write, or talk—and makes even an earthworm look like a genius.

But an amoeba knows this much: it will, unfailingly, move away from what causes it pain and toward what brings it pleasure. It has at least that much in common with all living things—a category that includes human beings.

Students of human behavior, almost without exception, are convinced that the choices we all make—the behaviors in which we engage—are ultimately driven by our great need to avoid pain and gain pleasure.

In seeking an answer, then, to the question of why people use drugs, we would do well to keep this basic law of human behavior in mind. Underlying all more immediate reasons is this law of pain and pleasure.

And what are some of those "more immediate reasons"? Among the more common are the following:

1. Peer, social, and environmental pressure. This is undoubtedly the leading reason why most people using drugs *began* and also why they continue. The pain of rejection and ridicule, and the pleasure of acceptance and approval, are powerful motivators.

No one wants to be on the outside looking in. No one wants to be out of step with everybody else. We all want to be "in" with those who matter to us.

Peer pressure—that urgent necessity to conform to the wishes and values of one's friends—seems most intense for teenagers, though it may be a motivating factor throughout one's life. Many young people in high school and college first choose to experiment with tobacco, alcohol, and so-called "recreational" drugs because they seek to gain the approval and avoid the rejection of their peers.

Social pressure is perhaps just another name for peer pressure that is more often applied to adults. When drug use—whether nicotine in cigarettes, alcohol in liquor, or cocaine in a little white line—is commonplace around you, it's often difficult not to be drawn into doing what so many others are doing.

Then, too, there are legions of drug users who, like Carl in the projects, have been surrounded by drugs from birth, and for whom drugs are a "normal" part of the environment.

2. To escape an unpleasant reality. Everyone here on this planet has burdens to bear, pain to experience, drudgery to endure. For many, the reality of life is too much. To escape their feelings of depression, grief, guilt, fear, anger, anxiety, hopelessness, low self-esteem, boredom, stress, or frustration, many board a drug-fueled jet to some better reality.

Not unlike the amoeba that pulls away from an unpleasant electrical shock, we human beings also quite naturally seek to pull away from whatever brings us pain or unpleasantness.

3. To "get high." Nothing beats feeling really good. In just moments, drugs deliver on their promise to help you feel physically energized and invigorated. Emotionally, you can feel positive, upbeat, nearly invincible. And mentally you feel incredibly alert, your creativity surging ahead at full throttle.

But the downside to this drug-induced euphoria is at least threefold. First, the world to which drugs have carried you is not real, but artificial. The feelings you experience bear no relation to your real circumstances.

Second, once the effects of the drugs wear off, you are

left less capable of coping with the realities of your life than before. And third, the pleasure produced by the drugs leads rapidly to a psychic and physical dependency on them that may be exceedingly difficult to overcome.

4. To enhance performance. Whether it is the would-be track star shooting up steroids or the businessman stoking up on caffeine-rich coffee before an important morning meeting, many people use drugs to enhance their physical or mental performance.

Again, the basic underlying principle of pain and pleasure is at work here. Drugs promise to help us avoid the painful consequences of poor performance (losing, embarrassing ourselves) and to help us enjoy the rewards of good performance.

5. To relieve pain. We can't live and escape all pain. Sometimes it is physical. Sometimes it is emotional. Sometimes the drugs chosen to escape or alleviate pain are prescribed by

a doctor. Sometimes they are purchased over the counter, sometimes in a clandestine meeting with a neighborhood pusher.

Given the universality of pain in life and the easy availability of drugs that can relieve it, it is hardly a mystery that the use of drugs is so widespread.

6. Finally, some people use drugs because they have no other choice.

They may have first experimented with drugs for one of the other reasons mentioned above. But in time—whether they realize it or not, whether they admit it or not—they become psychologically and perhaps also physically dependent on the drugs they use. They are, in fact, addicted.

For those who have started using drugs to cope with life, knowing the why of drug use can be the first step of freedom. After all, we have one thing the amoeba doesn't have—a brain.



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GETTING UP ON

Pete Zimowsky

It's incredibly thrilling—and dangerous. But it's the mental part of the sport that attracts people to test themselves against the elements of cold weather and jagged ice. Find out why the sport of ice climbing is described as "a thrill, like driving fast in a car."

Chris Haunold clings to a 75-foot wall of ice on a cold December day at Jump Creek Falls in southwest Idaho's desert.

He hangs from two ice axes embedded in the tower of ice that resembles a bride's veil hanging over the back of a chair.

"How's it looking up there?" yells Randall Hartman, who is on the ground belaying Haunold, Hartman is the *anchor* Haunold's only link to safety.

Haunold mutters something but is too busy to talk. His hair is wet from sweat, even though the temperature is 20 degrees.

He's deep in concentration, calculating his next move on one of the biggest icicles in Idaho.

Each winter, climbers across the country play a game on the ice, whether on frozen waterfalls or alpine glaciers. They play what is a chess game, with distinctive moves on ice from New Hampshire's Cathedral Rock to the Big Icicle in northern Utah.

Most ice climbers are rock climbers in the summer who want to keep on climbing in the winter.

Haunold's crampons, sets of inch-long spikes attached to his boots, dig into the ice. His calf muscles ache while his legs and ankles bear the brunt of his body's weight.

His hands have a deadly grip around the handles of the ice axes. With the axes extending from his arms and the spikes protruding from his feet, he almost looks like Edward Scissorhands.







Haunold, a young family man who owns a mountaineering shop in Boise, plots his way along the lumpy sheet of frozen water that climbers call cauliflower ice because it looks so much like the vegetable.

The sound of crashing water inside the ice leaves Haunold a little apprehensive. "That's not really a good sign," he says, hanging from one arm and grabbing for a carabiner (a ring and link used to fasten the rope to the piton) in his bag of equipment. "That's real dangerous."

Haunold avoids the water and picks a route up the icy column where it looks a lot more solid and safer. Each step and toehold is calculated like a move on a chess board.

Haunold plants his ice ax three-quarters of the way from the top, and it slips out, taking a chunk of ice the size of a dinner plate.

The ice falls to the ground, smashing against a frozen pool. Like a dishshattering, the sound echoes through the desert canyon. It's an eerie sound, and onlookers react by staring at the ground speechless. Haunold stops for a few seconds, gets his composure, and tries for

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KATHERINE JONES

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another hold. This time it's a good one. "It's best to go slow and be cautious," he says. "Don't hurry and fall."

Ice climbing is a physical sport that taxes the forearm and calf muscles. But it is also a mental sport because climbers have to chart the right course up a frozen waterfall or glacter.

"You can be on it lice], and the whole slab can peel off," says Haunold. "You can be stuck to an ice cube that is falling."

The mental part of the sport attracts ice climbers. They test themselves against the elements of cold weather and jagged ice. Cold temperatures dull a person's mind and make the sport hazardous for those who do not concentrate on their route constantly.

"It's sort of a thrill, like driving fast in a car," says Haunold, who has been climbing for 16 years.

Knowing how to climb ice is important for mountain climbers too. A lot of alpine hiking involves trekking across ice fields, even in the summer. In the high mountains of the Rockies and Cascades of the west, ice stays around all year long.

"If you are going to do a lot of hard mountain climbs, a lot of times there is hard ice you have to climb," Haunold says. "You have to be a well-rounded climber."

It's only 20 degrees in the canyon, but Haunold's clothes are soaked with sweat. Although a lot of it is from hard physical exercise, Haunold admits some of it is from tension.

Part of the tension is picking the right spot to put an ice screw, which holds Haunold's safety rope on the ice, in case he falls.

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY KATHERINE JONES



Ropes are not used as climbing aids, but safety aids. The climber uses his own ability to climb, whether gripping a finger hold or wedging his toes in a small crevice.

If he falls, the rope will catch him before he hits the ground. The jolt from the rope, which is attached to a hip harness, is enough to injure some climbers.

Each screw has to be pounded into the ice and then screwed in with the aid of an ice hammer. This is important because the screws hold the rope in place on the ice.

Another challenge of ice climbing is the ever-changing ice. One day it may be warmer than the day before, and a different route is required.

The texture of ice also changes with the temperature. On an extremely cold day, an ice ax will bounce off the hard ice, or the ice may shatter like glass.

Warmer ice is softer and is a better hold for an ice ax. The best ice, says Haunold, is that which has a texture of Styrofoam, so that the ax sinks right into it.

The pounding of Haunold's ice hammer echoes through the canyon like a woodpecker drumming his beak in a hollow lodgepole pine tree.

"You can make it as dangerous or as safe as you want it," says Haunold, 30, the father of two young children.

Hartman never takes his eyes off Haunold. For Hartman, 20, ice climbing "is a rush." He has been involved in the sport only two years and is already an avid climber. Ice climbing is "a lot more mental" than rock climbing for Hartman. He says after climbing on ice, he feels a lot more secure on rock.

After an hour, Haunold makes it to the top. Two faint cheers echo through the rugged canyon.

In about half the time it took him to get up, Haunold rappels down the ice and retrieves his ice screws.

The chips and holes left by the climber will disappear in a day. Ice is ever changing, as is the challenge of ice climbing.



How to Get Up Safely

Feeling secure on the ice means having good equipment. Ice climbing is not a cheap sport. A hip harness costs about \$50. Hard-shelled climbing boots have a price tag of between \$200 to \$300. Other costs: highly machined ice screws, \$38 each; crampons, \$120; rope, \$130 to \$150; ice hammer, \$100 to \$150; ice ax, \$100 to \$200; carabiners, \$5 each; and helmet, \$50.

Equipment is expensive because it has to be high quality. And it should be because your life depends on it. Attempting to ice climb without good equipment is foolhardy.

Ice climbing shouldn't be attempted without first taking a class from an expert climber. This is the best way to get the right instruction, information on equipment, and on-the-ice experience.

A good book to read, to get an idea of what ice climbing entails, is *Climbing Ice*, (Sierra Club; \$19.95) by Yvon Chouinard. It details the evolution of the sport and also gives instructions on all aspects of ice-climbing technique.



Welcome back to your column. Listening is the special place in LISTEN magazine for everybody to get together and do their thing. But before I let our readers share their letters, stories, and poems, let me fill you in on some interesting developments.

First up, those shield-your-eyes bright LISTEN T-shirts. I had no idea they would be such a big hit right off the bat. Even before the magazine featuring our shirts was printed, I took the time to introduce the shirt to some of the professional lecturers and experts who use LISTEN magazine. They were absolutely bowled over by the possibilities of a special LISTEN shirt. So bowled over that within a few days of my presentation, one of the representatives sent me an order for 60 shirts. They were all different sizes, so I know he didn't intend to wear them one a day for two months!

Since then I've had plenty of evidence that the shirts hit you guys right on the interest spot. Just last week, LISTEN magazine sponsored a really upbeat rap concert for teenagers. (Don't worry, it was rap music with a purpose—positive lifestyle/anti-drug rap music.) We gave away a few shirts to some of the lucky attendees. And did they just eat up those bright LISTEN logos! The rest of them weren't happy to settle for second place. "Where can we get those shirts?" was a constant demand after the meeting.

Well, you can get them right here from LISTEN magazine. Just send your \$9.95 plus \$2.00 postage and handling pronto to LISTEN T-shirt Offer, P.O. Box 7000, Boise, ID 83707. They will be in the mail ASAP.

P.S.: The shirts were also a knockout hit during a recent LISTEN cable television program. I think one of the reasons the phones ran hot with orders for the magazine was that the T-shirts were part of the deal. Oh—and don't forget; if you want a T-shirt free, then all you have to do is sign up five buddies at the special insider's price of \$17.95 for a year's subscription. Send us the money and everyone's names and addresses, and you're on our free T-shirt mailing list.

One last thing before we get into your part of this page. LISTEN team member cards. We still have thousands of them just waiting for all of you to write in and get equipped. Remember they're free. And when you write with your name and address and age, we'll send you a very special and official membership card permanently sealed in plastic. It's your ticket to even better things to come as an official member of the LISTEN team. 'Bye till next time.

-Lincoln Steed

Dear Listening:

I enjoyed reading the article in your July 1991 issue about Miss Rodeo Idaho Andrea Schlapia. There is a real need to direct more information toward the "cowboy" crowd. As a teenager I fell prey to the great lie that you have to drink beer and dip snuff in order to be a "real cowboy." It is hard for young would-be cowboys to find positive role models to counteract all of the Walt Garrisons. In order to be effective in reaching the "cowboy crowd," you need to display knowledge of the subject matter and avoid "oversensationalizing" your "cowboy celebrities," which your magazine has been sometimes guilty of in the past.

—Greg Mantz Logan, Utah

Dear Listening,

I am 13 years old. I really enjoy your magazine.

I have enclosed a poem I wrote. I hope you can use it.

Keep up the good work!

Attitude

Why can't life go swell?

- Why does it have ups and downs?
- Why can't everything in your life go well?
- It will, if you take away your frown.
- Have a good attitude, and you will see,
- How neat life can really be.
- If you have a good attitude you will find,

That no problem lacks a solution.

-Kristi Amato

St. Helena, California

Dear Editor,

I would like to give you a few facts and opinions about smoking and drugs in high school.

Smoking usually starts at the age of 12 or 13. It starts out as just being cool or experimenting with cigarettes or drugs. Most of the time they start because of peer pressure. Teenagers with parents who smoke are three times more likely to start.

One of the worst things about smoking or drugs is that it's a hard habit to quit. They can give you brain, lung, and heart damage and even kill you. Many teenagers think it's a way to get rid of problems. Actually, if anything, it makes the problem worse. You can get help, though, and it's not hard.

It's a shame that people and especially teenagers smoke and use drugs. If people in America and the rest of the world wouldn't use them, then things would be better. Fifty-three million people in this country smoke over 600 billion cigarettes every year; that's a statistic that really hits hard.

—Concerned Student, Brett Bennett

School Days

Starts out Amusing, different, and strange, and slowly becomes, boring, stupid, and deranged. The classes get longer The day starts to drag, And your favorite teacher turns into a hag. But all of a sudden the school day is done, Then it starts all over at the crack of dawn. -Christina Nohre Holloway, Minnesota

I Wonder

I wonder what tomorrow will bring Which flowers will bloom If birds will sing. I wonder what the future holds Where will I be When life unfolds. I wonder what lies over the sea Beyond the stars Inside of me. And I wonder if when I know I'll take a breath Then truly grow. —Kimberly A. Eddleman Portland, Oregon

Robert Mcintyre

I saw his name today.
I cried.
I met him last year.
we talked.
lost contact.
I was going to call.
maybe drop by.
I forgot.
I can visit.
between 9:00 a.m. and 4:00 p.m.
at the home.
please omit flowers.
-Alisa Hauser
Prairie View, Illinois



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.

Your name	Phone ()	
Mailing address		
City Sta	nte Zip	
Quantity of T-shirts wanted and sizes preferred (indicate num- ber 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) =	I am claiming my free LISTEN T-shirt. I have indicated the size and have included five subscription checks at \$17.95 each, as well as the names and addresses of each new subscriber.	
Total cost \$		

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.

Every time I open my mouth at home, trouble seems to start. If my mom and I have a disagreement, Dad takes my side, and then *they* start fighting. Mom accused me of arguing with her on purpose just to get them fighting with each other. But I don't! I *hate* to hear them yelling. I want us all to get along. What shall I do? —Janelle

Try asking your parents to set up a basic ground rule for family arguments: when any two members of the family get into a disagreement with each other, they must be allowed to resolve the matter without anyone else getting involved.

If that doesn't improve the situation, then there's a chance the problem is deeper and more complex. It could be related to temporary stress resulting from the death of a loved one, unemployment, financial pressure, moving, etc. Or it could be the symptom of a longer-standing problem like alcoholism or some other serious dysfunction that affects everyone in the family.

There are times in every normal family when things run a little bit rough, for whatever reason. It's not necessarily anyone's fault, but usually everybody blames somebody else, and because everyone is so busy blaming someone else, nobody has time to look at himself and consider that he might need to act differently.

There could be a power struggle going on between you and your mom or between your mom and your dad, and whoever is left over gets caught in the middle. Because everyone thinks it's someone else's fault, no one does anything constructive to break the cycle.

We wish we could sit down and talk to your parents. They probably hate what's going on as much as you do but don't really know what to do. Even if you are all *willing* to change, you may not be *able*. But you can be taught the skills you lack.

Tell your parents how you feel, just the way you told us. Let them know you'd like to have a close, happy family and that you wish they would find a therapist who could teach all of you how to communicate better. Look in your phone book under "counselors" for a specialist in family therapy.

By the way, don't blame yourself or your parents. It's nobody's fault. It is the shared responsibility of every member of the family—especially your mom and dad—to do whatever is necessary to change.

The scene at my house is really bad. My family is always on edge. The only time I can relax is when my mom isn't home. It seems like she's mad at me all the time. When she criticizes me, it tears me up. Some kids could probably handle this better than I do, but I'm very sensitive. What should I do? I can't move out because I have no place to go. —Troy

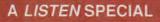
Believe it or not, both you and Janelle (previous letter) come from fairly typical red-blooded American families. And both of you seem to be absorbing a lot of the pain and shame that's floating around. It's easy to start feeling crazy or defective when this is going on.

If we could give parents and their almostadult children one piece of advice, it would be this: back off and learn to listen to each other without trying to change the other person's mind or make him see and do things your way! Accept him as he is. Most people really believe it's their job to alter, amend, or improve each other's thoughts, feelings, and behavior. But it never works. Criticism and control push people apart.

We've found a few places where such selfdefeating habits can be overcome with the help of people just like you who should have found better ways to relate: Co-dependency Anonymous, Families Anonymous, Alanon, and Alateen. To find local affiliates of these groups, call (602) 979-1751 for Co-dependency Anonymous; (818) 989-7451 for Families Anonymous. And for Alanon and Alateen, call the Alcoholics Anonymous number in your phone book and ask for meeting schedules and locations. There are no dues or fees, and meetings last only an hour.

Child Safety Month

November is Child Safety and Protection Month, sponsored by the National PTA Association. This is another opportunity to draw attention to the dangers of drug, alcohol, and tobacco use among teenagers and to how drug education can help preserve the future of our country.





American Education Week

Don't forget to promote drug education during American Education Week, November 17-23. This week focuses on the importance of public education and all that it stands for—including an enhanced awareness of the drug problem in our society.

NOVEMBER 1991

Students Tour Oprah Studio

AAD News Release

Earlier this year Athletes Against Drugs sent 200 students from Beethoven Elementary School, Chicago, Illinois, on a field trip to Harpo Studios, home of the "Oprah Winfrey Show."

The students, who are involved in AAD's Fitness and Career Awareness Program, met with Oprah Winfrey during a question/ answer period on the set of the "Oprah Winfrey Show," toured the production facilities, viewed a previously aired M.C. Hammer show, and finished up the morning with a brown-bag picnic in the audience holding room.

The students awarded Oprah and Harpo Productions with a plaque as a token of their appreciation for serving as the corporate sponsor for their school. Athletes Against Drugs also awarded principal Lula Ford with a plaque recognizing her school's participation in AAD's Fitness and Career Awareness Program.

Though the morning went quickly, the memory of the day managed to linger in the youngsters' hearts and minds. Several days later, AAD received letters written from the students to Oprah Winfrey thanking her for the wonderful visit and her encouragment. If report cards went out after this event, there would be straight A's



Oprah Winfrey and some of the visitors from Beethoven Elementary.



Beethoven students were captivated by the array of studio equipment.

all across the board.

The Beethoven Elementary School is just one of a growing number of Chicago-area schools that is benefiting from the very personal role-model program offered by Athletes Against Drugs.

Dear Oprah . . .

"By you adopting our school it makes me and the other children attending Beethoven stay in school and achieve all the goals that life has in store for us."

-Danielle Brunfield, Ill.

"You Have to Believe in What You're Doing"

Stedman Graham showed up for the interview wearing a business suit. But before he said a word, the founder of Athletes Against Drugs came across as the genuine article. Tall—I mean really *tall*—the ex-professional basketball player moves with the easy confidence of an athlete. The handshake is firm. His manner is assured.

Introduction over, Stedman settled back into the conference room chair and launched into his favorite topic. Athletes Against Drugs was founded by Stedman in October 1985. It's occupied a lot of his time since, and as its executive director the success of the rapidly growing organization is a direct result of his direction.

"You have to believe in what you're doing," says Stedman, leaning forward in his chair. "And the people we have in Athletes Against Drugs *are* committed."

Stedman's reason for founding AAD is very personal. It relates to his own experience.

Early on in his hometown of Whitesboro, New Jersey, Stedman picked up on basketball. His role



Stedman Graham—founder and director of Athletes Against Drugs.

models were Wilt Chamberlain, Wally Jones, and Hal Green. They inspired him to stick to it and excel.

Well, he did. Stedman played on high-school teams, went to university on a basketball scholarship, and then played in European pro leagues. "If it weren't for basketball," he says, "I wouldn't have made it. If it hadn't been for the opportunity to play basketball, I



Walter Payton poses with young participants at an Athletes Against Drugs "Say No to Drugs" day.

could not have gone to college."

In his own words, basketball got him "out" of a small-town situation that lacked opportunities, especially for black teenagers. "When I go home now," he says, leaning even farther forward in his seat and placing both large hands firmly on the conference table, "I see a lot of guys who didn't get out. A lot of guys are on drugs, a lot of guys are hanging out on the corner, and all that type of thing. I'm blessed that I was able to get out."

Stedman is aware that he made it in large degree because of the influence of positive role models black athletes who had succeeded, in spite of obstacles. He determined that he would gather together a great coalition of today's athletes who could fill that same role to other young people today.

He regrets that there is such negative publicity about the few athletes who use drugs. "We wanted to create a voice," he says, holding up an AAD brochure, "to speak out and tell kids that all athletes are *not* drug addicts."

So far Stedman has pretty much proven his point. Many top-name athletes have joined the AAD team. Names like Michael Jordan, Walter Payton, Everson Walls, Zina Garrison, Chris Evert, Gale Sayers, and others of like fame jump off the roster list. There are basketball players, hockey people, and equestrian champions. It's an all-star lineup. And more to come. Plans are to sign up 300 professional athletes in the next two years.

The mission statement for Athletes Against Drugs is all-embracing in its call to arms. "Athletes Against Drugs is a not-for-profit organization of athletes, celebrities, community and corporate leaders, drug-abuse professionals, and concerned citizens whose mission is to help eliminate substance abuse of youth through drug prevention education and public awareness programs." Way to go!!

THE PRIME TIMES

AAD has a national vision. Its goal is to transport the program to any area across the North American continent. For now its home base and primary focus area is Chicago. And on that score the organization is well on its way.

Early on AAD attracted the attention of Doris Odum, the very energetic and farsighted director of Community Resources for Career Education for the Chicago public school system. Doris is thrilled by the response to AAD programs in the first 11 area schools to use them and is confident that as the organization grows and corporate donations increase, other schools will join in.

The bottom line is that kids just love the AAD program. It works. It's practical. "We're not just talking 'Say Noto drugs,' " emphasizes Stedman. "We're going to take you and put you on a program that will keep you busy. We are offering an alternative." (Positive alternatives have always been the LISTEN prescription.)

Actually the AAD program is called Fitness and Career Awareness. It's a wide-ranging group of programs that includes sports clinics, field activities such as described in the accompanying report on a visit to Harpo Studios, drugeducation classes, role-model presentations, in-class curriculum, career days, and parent workshops.

A drug-free athlete is a great ambassador for the best life has to offer.

Stedman believes it's vital to involve the parents. "We have to have the parents incorporated into our program," he maintains. "You cannot send a kid out here and reinforce that he should study and stay



And you thought George Bush is tall! Stedman presents an AAD jacket to the President, who also accepted honorary membership in the program.

in school if he goes home and the parents give a whole different mindset."

Role models are the key to AAD. Parents set the tone, of course. Another very calculated aspect of the role modeling in this predominantly black inner city–directed program is putting black males in a positive leadership role. Stedman puts it on the line, challenging the popular view when he says, "They talk about there being no black males out there for the kids to look up to. Well, we are bringing the men in."

Of course AAD needs the big names for credibility and big rallies. But in many local schools the programs feature high-school athletes. They are the immediate role models for young people not too sure of how to aim high. Sometimes a national figure can seem distant and his or her success unobtainable—but local athletes have a convincing role to play.

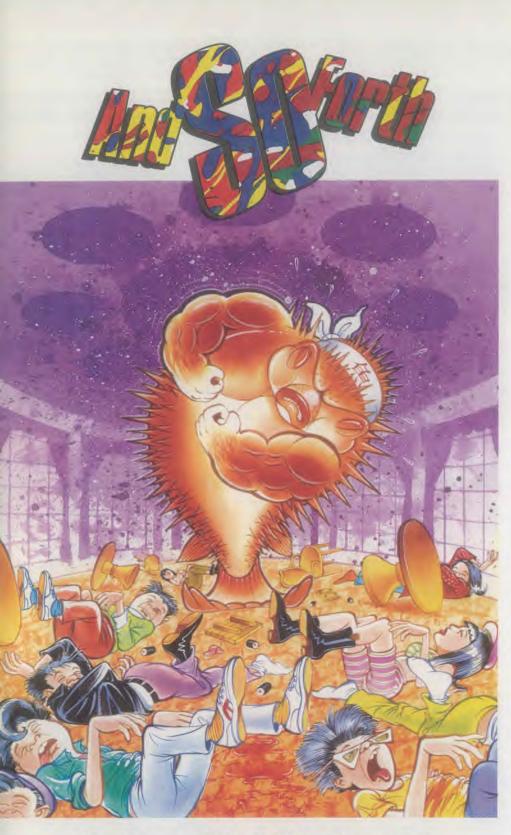
It's an upbeat approach that is

working, all the way from simple classroom lectures to major sports clinics. For an introductory program in Chicago last year, 2,200 young people were bussed to a giant two-hour rally. Super Bowl excitement could hardly be higher and the message to all was plain: these top athletes are against drugs.

"The kids can see it," emphasizes Stedman as the interview draws to a close. "It's not just somebody coming up and saying, Don't do drugs; that's not good enough. We have taken a hands-on approach. We involve the kids."

It's positive stuff. It comes from believing in the whole concept of drug-free living. And of course a drug-free athlete is a great ambassador for the best life has to offer.

"We don't use athletes who have done drugs before," points out Stedman. "You can't do drugs and then tell young people not to. We don't care to send the message that you can mess with drugs and still succeed." —Lincoln Steed



The Incredible Edible Fugu Fish

If you think it's risky to eat at a fast-food joint, you'll steer well clear of Japanese restaurants that serve fugu. Also known as the puffer, the average-size fugu

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contains enough poison in its ovaries, intestines, and liver to kill 30 people. And there's no known antidote for its toxin, which is 25 times more deadly

than cyanide. Yet each year the Japanese eat millions and millions of dollars worth of fugu, at about \$150 per serving. Fugu chefs must take intensive courses, apprentice for years, and take a written as well as practical exam to be licensed to cook the fish. The law requires 30 steps for preparing fugu, and one slip could give the customer more than a nasty bellyache. More than 200 people have died over the years from eating fugu fish. Nevertheless, the fugu, which looks like a porcupine with fins, is a national passion in Japan. There are fugu kites, fugu lanterns, fugu good-luck charms, and even a fugu memorial tombstone near Osaka. No doubt fugu tastes good, but most Americans will stick to Charlie the Tuna.

U.S. teenagers earned an estimated \$101 billion in 1990, up \$12.7 billion over 1989. Those 27.4 million teens spent about \$79 billion during 1990. —The Washington Post

Drug testing of employees spread to 63 percent of firms in the U.S. this year, up from 51.5 percent a year ago.

-Monday Morning Report

Tattoo Patrol

Though the First Amendment guarantees all variety of free expression, such as burning American flags, it does have limits, especially with minors. Two Wisconsin state legislators have introduced a bill imposing up to a \$200 fine for tattooing anyone under 18 without parental consent. It all started after outraged parents complained that their teenage daughter came home with a tattoo. If the bill passes, fewer youngsters will be carrying around roses, names of boy/girlfriends, and daggers on their epidermis. The bill is a good idea because most people who get tattoos regret it later. Also, tattoos are not like bad haircuts; they just don't go away. They can be removed, but only after a

painful procedure that leaves a pink, crusty scar where there was once a rose or someone's name. You want to express yourself with ink? Write an article against drugs for LISTEN!

Every man, woman, and child in the United States currently owes \$12,896 as their portion of the federal debt. By October 1992 it will increase to more than \$15,000. —The Kiplinger Washington Letter

An Indiana University Medical School study suggests that early teen sex may be an indication of alcohol and other drug use. Sexually active young teens are far more likely than those who have never had sex to practice self-destructive behavior, such as alcohol and other drug use, school delinquency, and suicide.

Ozone Ideas

Carbon dioxide and other gases that remain trapped in the atmosphere gradually heat up the earth. This is the greenhouse effect. Chemicals released from spray cans, refrigerants, and other products eat away at the ozone layer, allowing too many dangerous ultraviolet rays through. This is ozone depletion. In an attempt to deal with these problems, which can cause heat waves, killer storms, droughts, skin cancer, and rising sea levels-scientists are devising methods to block out part of the sun's rays, thus keeping the planet from overheating and excess UV light from zapping us. Ideas include a fleet of 747s releasing dust into the atmosphere or even naval guns shooting shells of soot high into the sky; either way, the dirt will block out rays. Others suggest billions of aluminized, hydrogenfilled balloons that would reflect sunlight or 50,000 orbiting sunlight-reflecting mirrors. No one is sure what effect all that high-flying soot might have on citrus crops, much less our lungs. Or would the Soviet Union, which gets cold enough, enjoy

50,000 mirrors diffusing the little warmth it gets? Of course, we could always stop releasing the harmful agents. The only glitch is that we would have to change our lifestyle, which is what these scientists are trying to spare us. After all, what's better—extra tons of dirt and soot in the air or taking the bus more often?

By the year 2000, an estimated 72,000 babies in New York City will have been exposed to crack cocaine during pregnancy. The state of New York estimates that the cost of special care and education for them between 1985 and 2000 will reach \$2 billion.

-Monday Morning Report

A new University of Michigan study shows that use of alcohol, tobacco, and illegal drugs is significantly lower among young blacks than among their white counterparts. Tobacco companies and brewers, undoubtedly aware of this trend, continue to design special advertising and promotion campaigns to target minorities.

Tough on Drunks

If you think drunk-driving laws are tough in the U.S., think again. According to the Journal for American Insurance, U.S. drunkdriving penalties ranked near the bottom of the list behind nine other countries. For example, in El Salvador, the penalty for a first-time conviction is execution by firing squad. In Malaysia, a convicted drunk driver is automatically jailed; if married, the spouse is too. Convicted drunk drivers in the Soviet Union lose their licenses for life. The police in Turkey drive the perpetrators 20 miles out of town and force them to walk back, and in Australia, their names are printed in the newspaper under the heading: "He's drunk and in jail!" Although death by firing squad may not be the answer, considering the thousands of auto accidents and fatalities each year directly related to drunk driving,

a similar solution may not be too far off the mark.

Cocaine and crack use has dropped 12 percent among college athletes, but use of smokeless tobacco has increased by 8 percent.

-Michigan State University

The swordfish is the fastest fish in the sea. It's been clocked cutting the water at 68 miles per hour. —*The Inquirer and Mirror*

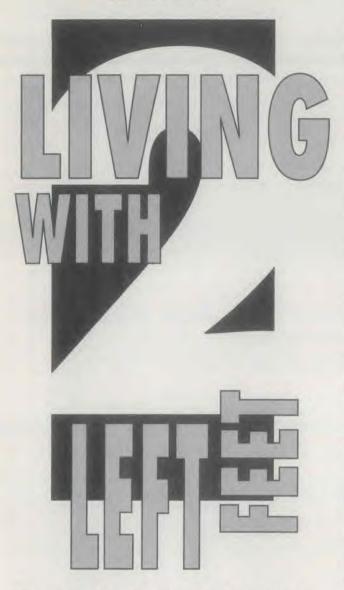
Alaska has raised the minimum age for tobacco purchase from 16 to 19. It also prohibits the sale of tobacco products from unsupervised vending machines.

-American Medical News

Such Silly Putty

In our high-tech world of Nintendo and video arcades, the simplest of playthings is making a comeback: Silly Putty. Since 1987, with the advent of glow-inthe-dark brands and numerous other colors, the gooey, sticky, bouncy stuff that had been the rage of the fifties and sixties has been bouncing back with milliondollar sales. There have even been events around the country commemorating the 40th anniversary of Silly Putty. Developed by accident during World War II as chemists and scientists were scrambling for a synthetic rubber that could be used in truck tires and boots, Silly Putty turned out to be useless for them. Scientists thought it might be good for something, though they didn't know what. Eventually, someone got the idea of selling it as a toy, and within three days of hitting the market, there were 250,000 orders. The rest is history. Since then, enough putty has been sold, manufacturers claim, to stretch around the globe three times! Despite its initial failure in the realm of truck tires and boots, Silly Putty was eventually put to practical scientific use: astronauts used it to keep tools in place during weightlessness. Nevertheless, all in all, it's still pretty Silly Putty. Z

Vivian Buchan



The teen years are tough enough without being so clumsy you're a laughingstock or a pitiful klutz. Here's how you can learn to put your best foot forward and keep it there without falling over it.

Teenagers who fall up or down stairs, bump into doors, spill soup in their laps, stumble up curbs, and trip over a crack in the sidewalk look comic or pitiful—depending on whether it happens to someone else—or to you.

Although awkwardness is more or less a part of growing up from a carefree youngster into a self-assured adult, some of the pain can be avoided if you understand what it is that causes your clumsiness and then make an effort to correct-or eliminate-it.

There are two general categories for the causes of clumsiness: (1) physical and (2) psychological. Let's investigate them to see if you are suffering from one of these causes and then learn what to do about it.

Up until about 18 years of age, your nervous system and other body parts are continuing to develop. That in itself resists your efforts to move with style and poise.

In addition, physical clumsiness can be caused from one leg being shorter than the other, defective eyesight, inner-ear imbalance, and left-handedness. Any of these problems can be easily corrected or at least managed.

A podiatrist or doctor can determine if one leg is shorter than the other and correct the discrepancy with a lift in the shoe of the shorter leg. Nearsightedness or farsightedness can be corrected by wearing glasses. An inner-ear imbalance can be controlled with medication.

Left-handedness, however, is not so easy to manage. We live in a right-handed world, where tools, equipment, machinery, instruments, computers, cameras, ignition switches on cars, etc., are all designed for right-handed use. The list goes on and on, leaving the lefties to adapt to a world in which they feel like misfits. Most of them learn early in life to avoid sitting next to a right-handed person to keep from bumping elbows and to change silverware, etc., at the table from one side to the other, adjusting to the "handicap" in individual ways that help them cope with the problem.Often setting up structured exercise programs helps to improve your overall muscle tone and bodily control. Join an aerobics class and then set up a formal program that you follow every day, such as swimming, biking, jogging, or power walking to develop muscular control and graceful body movements.

Psychological Clumsiness

Because subconscious motivations are more difficult to detect and deal with, let's find examples of the three most common private feelings that can exhibit themselves in public actions which generate clumsiness.

1. Fear. Jonathan is afraid to ask a girl for a date because he's been a klutz on the few dates he has had. He *knows* he'll spill food on the girl's clothes, fall over her feet as well as his own, slam the car door on her hand, or forget her name when he introduces her to his friends.

The negative attitude he takes toward himself in a social situation perpetuates his awkwardness, which is never apparent when he's



with his male friends or adults. So he avoids experiencing his fear by avoiding girls altogether.

2. Resentment. Linda is poised, graceful, and gracious at school. At home, she's awkward and accident-prone. She drops dishes and breaks them, spills fruit juice inside the refrigerator and leaves it there, steps on her little sister's feet, and knocks over her mother's favorite bric-a-brac. She's a victim of "selective clumsiness," brought on by resentment toward her mother, who she thinks is too strict. Because she can't have dates during the week and has to observe a curfew on weekend dates, Linda is taking out her resentment toward her mother by being as clumsy and ungainly as possible.

3. Low Self-Esteem. Bernie is a skinny 14year-old kid who is always reading or studying. He's a whiz-kid who stands at the top of the class academically but is a klutz on the gym floor. He knocks over his books when he recites, drops chalk at the blackboard, bumps into people in the halls. And he's a total flop in any social situation. Even though Bernie knows he's just about as clumsy as anyone can possibly be, he longs to be popular and have poise and assurance in social situations.

Bernie's biggest problem is his low selfesteem. Ever since he was a preschooler, his parents have pushed and shoved him to be better, do better, behave better. He was never good enough to please them, even when he brought home his straight-A report cards. His lack of interest in sports was a constant irritant to his father, who dreamed of a son who was a star athlete. The negative opinion Bernie has of himself keeps him from being the stellar scholar and outstanding leader that he could be with his intelligence and perceptive mind.

Do any of these teenagers sound like you? Are you clumsy because you are afraid, revengeful, or inadequate? Maybe it's a combination of all three. Probably the most difficult thing any of us are asked to do is analyze ourselves. The age-old advice, "Know thyself," is still a sage directive.

You start by replacing negative thoughts and actions with positive ones. You start with who and where you are right now and go on from there in a new way, with a new approach.

The first step is to set aside time every day for what athletes call "skull exercise." Imagine yourself as a winner, graceful under pressure, controlled and composed in social situations, poised and self-confident at home and school.

Successful speakers, athletes, and statesmen tend to *see* themselves in their imagination doing and being the kind of success they want to be. Victory results from the ability to *see* victory. It never comes from visions of defeat. As long as you see yourself as clumsy, ineffective, unappealing, and inconsequential, that's the way you'll stay. You can never reach the top of your aspirations if you don't first see yourself being there.

The next step is to set up imaginary "whatif" situations. Ask yourself, "What if I wear low-heeled pumps instead of high-heeled ones? Would I be more in control of my body?" "What if I lost those unwanted 10 pounds that make me feel clumsy?" Clumsiness is a self-destructive and nonproductive handicap that you can overcome or at least improve. The teenage years are tough enough without being a stumblebum who's a laughingstock or a pitiful klutz.

You can learn to put your best foot forward and keep it there without falling over it. You can improve your self-image by concentrating on the positive things about yourself rather than the negative. You can become a selfassured person who moves with the grace of a gazelle and the style of a manor-born sophisticate. It may not be easy, but it can be done if you tackle it with understanding and determination. Just knowing what makes you clumsy and awkward will provide the direction and the insight to turn you into the poised and self-assured person you want to be.

PUZZLES

Smic Smac Smoe Alan Grise

The 10 definitions below describe a common word or name that begins with either syllables *smi*, *sma*, or *smo*. For example, if the definition is "D.C. museum," then the answer is *Smithsonian*.

- 1. Teeny-weeny bit
- 2. Comedian brothers, Tom and Dick
- 3. Tom Thumb, e.g.
- 4. Laboratory apron
- 5. Blown to
- 6. as a whip
- 7. Mona Lisa is famous for hers
- 8. as a baby's bottom
- 9. Kiss (slang)
- 10. L.A.'s pollution

Answers to "Smic Smac Smoe."

30ms.01	5. smithereens	
4500ms .e	4. smock	
8. smooth	Ilsma .6	
S. smile	2. Smothers	
6. smart	negbime .l	

Compound It Alan Grise

For each list below, find the one word that can be combined with each other word to form a compound word or phrase. For example, if *winter*, *-eyed monster*, *horn*, and *house* are given, the word green can be used to form *wintergreen*, green-eyed monster, greenhorn, and greenhouse.

- 1. collar, law, pencil, suede shoes
- 2. bum, Miami, ball, comber
- 3. tamale, pants, dang!, dog
- 4. the bill, ball, tender, hot
- 5. in red, first, slipper, bug
- 6. gaze, trek, wars, fish
- 7. good, stick, fly-by-, light
- 8. paint, print, nail, butter
- 9. goose, grand, step, hubbard

Answers to "Compound It."

	5. lady
9. mother	4001 .4
8. finger	3. hot
Jugin .7	2. Беасћ
tets .8	1. blue

MOVING? Pleas print both your of	e send us your old ad ld and new addresse	ldress label (or a p s clearly, including	hotocopy) and your new a g zip codes.	ddress. If your label	is unavailable, pleas
OLD ADDRES	5:		NEW ADDRES	S:	
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Address			Address		
City	State	Zip	City	State	Zip

"I learned to look deep down inside myself and find something positive about myself, then use that to become a success," --Everson Walls

SOK

TO WHAT THESE TOP PERSONA TO SAY ON THE SID HAVE TO SAY "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

O SAY ON THE SUBJECT OF DRUGS AND ALCOHOL.

"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 Henry Lee Sumner, singer some people I've known." 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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