



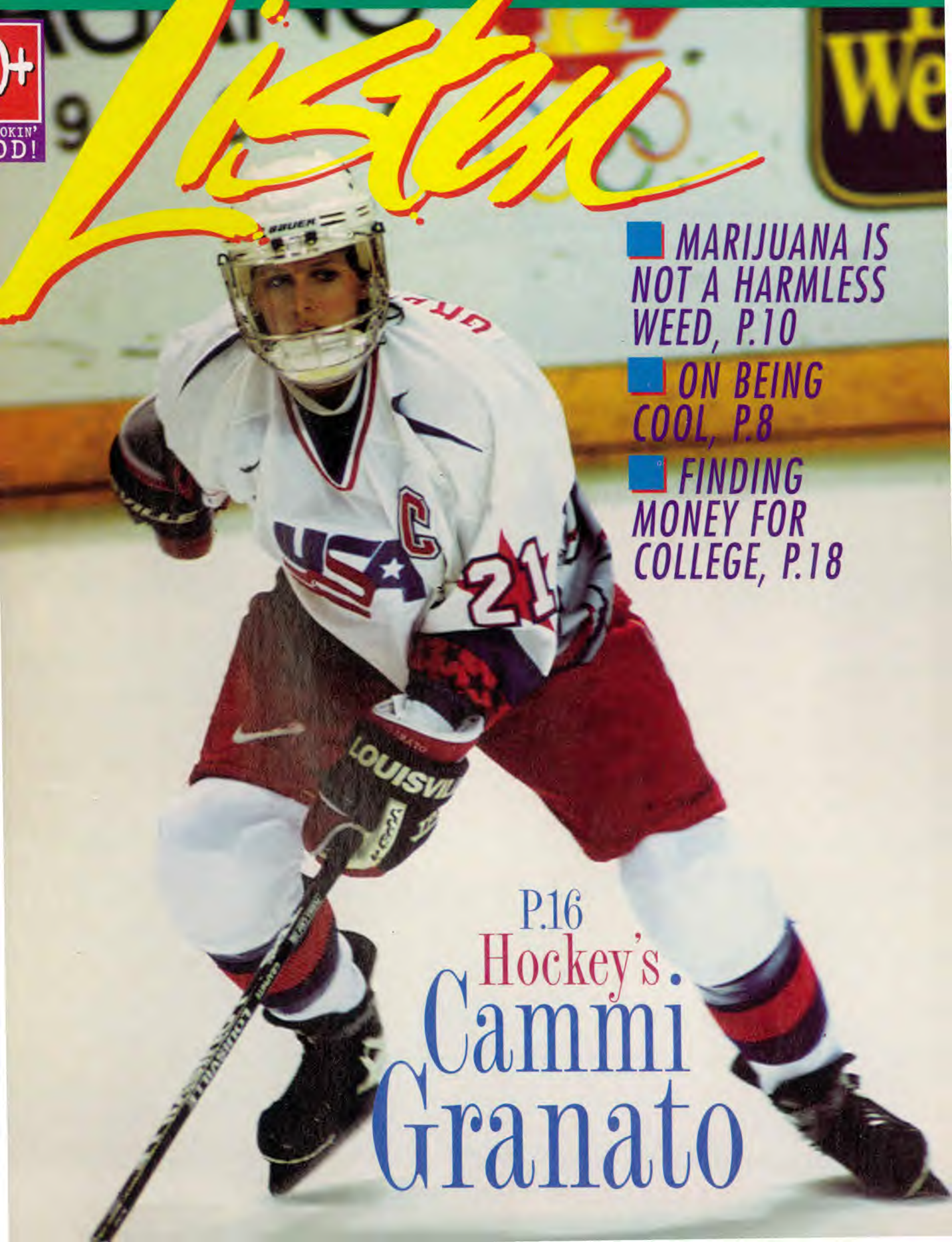
# Listen

■ MARIJUANA IS NOT A HARMLESS WEED, P.10

■ ON BEING COOL, P.8

■ FINDING MONEY FOR COLLEGE, P.18

P.16  
Hockey's  
Cammi  
Granato









*"Twenty," with a shake of the head.*

# Dying Dreams

B Y L O R I I V E S

Voices. I can hear voices, hushed and low. There are lights around me, and forms. They are people, dressed in white or soft pastels, efficiently working around me, glancing at me while watching machines scattered about the room. One shakes her head. Some kind of tube seems to be down my throat, covering my mouth. I can hear a slow pumping sound. It's a respirator. I know that because I'm going to be a nurse. Graduation is next month. I just wrote my last exam this morning.

What is going on? Why am I in this hospital bed? I don't feel any pain. In fact, I really don't feel much of anything.

My exam finished at noon today, then I went to Kelly and Lynn's for their "last exam ever" party. By 4:00 it was going strong. The entire class must have been there. There was hardly any room to

squeeze through the hallways. What a great party! Did I leave? Yes. Paul phoned to say he would be late. He said the construction crew was having trouble with the foundation forms for our house. He'd told me to wait for him at the party, but I thought I'd drive over to the site and surprise him.

I got in my little blue Honda Civic. It wasn't far. Maybe 15 minutes. Kelly had asked me if I was OK to drive, but I felt fine. I'd had only two rum and cokes. Plus those beers. But everyone knows beer doesn't really count. I've got a high tolerance for alcohol anyway.

I had felt so relaxed driving along Avonmore Road. It was such a relief to be finally through school. Soon I'd be driving this route home from work every day. I had started into that long S curve, but something was wrong. My car wasn't steering right. I kept

drifting farther and farther to the left. I couldn't seem to get to my side of the road. I hit the gravel shoulder and skidded off the side . . . Oh, I see a tree!

Hold on. Don't panic! It wasn't really much of a tree. Not much bigger than a sapling. It was a maple, I think. It's not as though I hit a telephone pole or anything. It couldn't have done much damage. I hope my car is OK.

I hear more voices. It's Mom and Dad. This must be worse than I thought. They haven't been within 30 feet of each other in the past five years except in a courtroom. Mom takes my hand. She squeezes it hard. I try to squeeze back, but I can't seem to manage it. My body feels like it is somehow disconnected from my mind. I have no strength.

"Oh, Melanie," she repeats over and over. She can't seem to stop

**There was hardly room to squeeze through the hallways. What a great party! . . . Did I leave? Paul told me to wait for him at the party, but I thought I'd drive . . .**



crying, although she is trying. Tears have left streaks through her makeup. I want to tell her to stop crying, that I'll be fine. It was just a little tree. The tube makes it impossible to speak, but I can't remember how to form the words anyway.

"Have you made a decision?" a doctor is asking my dad. He doesn't answer; he only stares at me. His suit is all wrinkled, as if he'd slept in it, and he could use a shave. His normally blue eyes look red.

"Are you sure there is nothing left we can do?" he finally asks, his voice cracking.

"As I said before," the doctor continues, "life-support machines are keeping her heart and other organs functioning. We've seen no brain activity for 16 hours now. I'm sorry, sir. She is clinically dead."

My little brother, Jamie, starts to sob. Poor kid. He's only 11. My younger sister, Wendy, hugs him tightly. Shelly, my best friend in the whole world, steps up to them and rubs Jamie on the back. What's she doing here? She's supposed to be five hours away at the university. I just spoke to her last week on the phone about a fitting for her maid of honor dress. She looks so pale. I hear her suggesting quietly to Wendy and Jamie that they leave the room. Wendy says she wants to stay, but then Mom agrees, saying they should go. Shelly holds the door as they exit the room with backward glances. All three are crying now. I want to tell them to relax. It was just a little tree. I'll be fine. That guy can't be a real doctor.

Paul has taken my other hand. He is holding my engagement ring

Kelly asked me if I was OK to drive, but I felt fine. I'd had only two rum and cokes. Plus those beers . . . something was wrong.

in his fingers. How did he get it? I was wearing it this morning. The diamond sparkles in the artificial light of the room. He tries to slide it onto my ring finger, but for some reason my hand is too swollen. He finally pushes it onto my baby finger instead. Tears are streaming down his face.

"Why didn't you wait for me, Mel?" he says in a shaky voice. "I told you I would come and get you. You were supposed to wait for me. What am I going to do without you?" He takes a deep breath and wipes his face with the back of his hand. "I'm going to sell the house when it's finished. I'm not going to live there without you." He kisses my cheek. His face is flushed and he feels hot.

"Goodbye, Melanie," he says as a fresh stream of tears begin to flow. "I'll always love you."

*We will live in that house, Paul! I desperately want to say. I'm not going to die. Guys, come on. It was just a little tree! This is not goodbye. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to crash my car. I'll make it up to all of you. I promise!*

Dad stands behind Mom and

places his hands on her shoulders. "Diane?" he questions gently. She doesn't respond. "Diane?" he asks again. She turns and looks at him and nods. He nods back. They both look so serious. What is it? Mom brushes back my brown bangs and kisses my forehead.

"I love you, Melanie. You were more than a daughter. You were my best friend." She lets go of my hand and it falls to my side. She backs away from my bed.

Dad looks over at the doctor. "We've decided. We want to take her off the life-support systems."

A nurse gently guides Mom, Dad, and Paul toward the door. *Don't go!* I want to scream. *This isn't really happening. I'm getting married. I'm building a home. I'm going to be a nurse.* But the door swings shut behind them.

No one moves in the room. Then the doctor steps to the machines beside my bed. He presses some switches. The slow pumping sound stops. Seconds go by.

"How old was she?" asks a nurse.

"Twenty," responds another nurse, shaking her head. The doctor listens to my pulse.

"Time of death: 11:42 a.m." he says. ■

*We can never know the final thoughts of Melanie and thousands of other teens like her who lost everything because of careless decisions. Perhaps this all-too-true scenario will encourage us all to act responsibly, to avoid alcohol and other drugs.*

*By the way—this story is based on the actual death of a teen. So sad, and I'm sure she never meant to hurt the ones who loved her.—Editor.*





# YO! JENNY

Listen up, teens. Say Hi to Jennifer Acklam, a Miss Texas Coed and America's Homecoming Queen. Jenny wants to hear from you. Send your letters to us at **LISTEN** magazine, P.O. Box 859, Hagerstown, MD 21741, and we'll pass them on to her for the column.

**I'm going to be starting high school next year. People keep asking me, "Are you ready for high school?" I don't know what they mean by "ready." Can you tell me how a person is supposed to be "ready" for high school?**

Going to high school is a major milestone in anyone's life. It represents challenges and situations that have never before been faced, such as driving a car, dating, more intense academic competition, and making many, many difficult decisions. In order to avoid falling on your face, you will

need to enter high school with clear-cut personal goals, concrete priorities, a clear understanding of your limits, and a fixed and steady determination to uphold your values. Being true to who you are and what you believe in is what is really meant by being "ready" for high school.

**I'm in eighth grade, and I get along with most of my classmates. The problem is that I'm really short, and people make fun of me all the time for being so short. They call me names such as Squatty, Fire Hydrant, Short Stuff, etc.**

**I act like it doesn't bother me, but it really does get to me. How can I handle this?**

No doubt about it, put-downs embarrass all of us at one time or another. It hurts to be the target of name-calling and derogatory remarks. However, the important thing to remember is that only those people who are really insecure and feeling inferior about themselves engage in the activity of making fun of others. Confident, happy people *do not* resort to this low-level form of entertainment. As for how to handle this situation when it arises, I would suggest just ignoring them. Don't counter with a comeback. In time they will get discouraged by not getting a rise out of you, and they will find another target or just quit altogether. Hang in there!

**I am 15 years old and my brother is 17. Next year we will both go to the same high school. My brother and I are really close and get along great. He and his friends treat me really cool. There is one thing that bothers me, though—he is so protective of me. He tells me who to hang around with and who not to hang around with. I feel like he's more of a parent than a brother sometimes. Help!**

First of all, consider it a *real compliment* that your brother thinks so highly of you to want to protect you! Even though his interference seems to get in your way at times, he really, truly is only trying to help you. Your brother has probably witnessed many innocent, good girls unknowingly fall into a bad crowd and lose their good reputations. If his over-protectiveness is really bothering you, maybe a good honest talk with him would clear the air. As much as you are feeling that he is parenting you, always try to remember that his intentions are good. You are a very fortunate girl to have an older brother who cares so much for your safety and well-being!

**My best friend, Sarah, and I have been the closest of friends all our lives. We have shared secrets and feelings**

**about everything. Just recently Sarah's mother died. She won't talk about it to anyone—including me. She is depressed all the time. She is not close to her dad, so they don't talk. I want to help her out of her depression, but I don't know how.**

Losing a parent is probably the most devastating experience any teenager can face. Sarah may not be talking to you because she is flooded with emotions that she can't even describe or understand. If you know an adult of whom Sarah is especially fond (teacher, counselor, minister, neighbor, etc.), talk to this person about your concerns and ask for their help. Sarah's depression and withdrawal from you is definitely a cry for help. With some professional counseling, Sarah will be able to deal with this emotional crisis. And in the end she will be eternally grateful for your compassion, love, and friendship.

**Some of the really popular, really fine, really cool guys at my school have started to meet and hang out in the mall parking lot after school and smoke cigars. My boyfriend is one of them. This really bothers me. What can I say to him to make him see how ridiculous he is acting?**

Unfortunately, "really cool" teenagers make really poor choices sometimes. These guys are obviously doing what they are to get attention. Each one of them probably knows in his own heart that smoking cigars is foolish, unhealthy, and really stupid; however, the power of that group feeling is overriding each one's good sense. You are completely justified in being bothered by your boyfriend's being a part of this group. If he has respect for you, he will listen to your opinions and feelings. Talking to him about how you feel is step number one. If he seems insensitive to your feelings, then it's fairly obvious that "the guys" mean more to him than your relationship means to him. If this is the case, there are many other guys out there far more worthy of your time dedication. ▀



# THE NEVER-ENDING LISTEN STORY

BY GEORGE PETERSON



In May 1970, while working on Nantucket Island, I shared a copy of *Listen* magazine with a senior state police officer. He read through the journal with great interest. He then said that material like this should be in all the high schools and challenged me to put them there. I immediately tried a church school—they liked it and bought some. Going on from there I placed more in the public high school on the island.

Returning home, I took a few days to see what would happen if I presented this idea in our nearby schools.

I continued experimenting until a plan developed. The *Listen* editor at that time, Francis Soper, and I made a number of school contacts whereby the principals or teachers would bring together groups of students to meet the editor and discuss the articles, the value of presenting well-known role models, etc.

Driving away from a school where the *Listen* service had been accepted, I picked up a student who told me as we drove along that he was involved in various illegal drugs, even though he would like to quit. We developed a friendship, and I kept in contact with him from time to time. I also learned that his parents were churchgoing Christians. A few weeks later the pastor called to tell me that the young man had been diagnosed as having leukemia and was hospitalized in Boston. I frequently visited him and became aware of his gradual response to higher drug-free values. He knew

his illness was terminal and prior to his death asked the pastor to arrange for me to speak at his funeral. This experience gave me a strong incentive to plunge in and do all I could to supply every school with *Listen*.

Now, nearly three decades later, I receive a number of calls asking, "How do you do it, George?" I just do what I can to help young people, and I go wherever I am

*"Listen provides insights to achieving goals, the power of positive decision-making, and developing self-esteem, which is the key to averting drug use among teenagers."*

invited to demonstrate my plan to reach schools. Each year I see many letters of appreciation from the teachers and principals to the business donors and others who enable *Listen*.

A principal in Mira Loma, California, wrote: "The monthly magazine *Listen* is used in our Friday Nite Live program, which provides an antidrug, clean-life message to the more than 400 students in the club and, by example, to the rest of more than 2,200 students."

A teacher from Yucaipa, California, wrote: "Each class set you have been able to send to our seventh- through twelfth-grade

students is used many times throughout each month by up to five different classes of students before it is 'retired' to become browsing material in our school libraries and/or counseling offices."

From the Redlands, California, High School: "Your gift allows us to send a strong antidrug message to teenagers in a format that clearly speaks to the youth. *Listen* provides insights to achieving goals, the power of positive decision-making, and developing self-esteem, which is key to averting drug use among teenagers."

A principal: "The intense issues of drugs, pregnancy, AIDS, and violence do not provide our students with much security. The time will come at some point in their lives when they will have to make some crucial decisions. Hopefully, these teens will have gathered enough information and formulated their values to make the right decision."

Principal of a Christian high school: "This magazine has been promoting an antidrug message and positive role models for young kids for more than 20 years. I used it in a health class back in the early 1970s."

Rubidoux, California, High School: "This motivational magazine on drug prevention and education has touched the lives of many students and teachers at Rubidoux High School."

San Bernardino, California: "As an educator, I know the young people of today's society have so many negative challenges to face. It is very comforting to know that





# ON BEING

# COOL

CHOICES/by Tabitha Abel-Cooper

**K**ids are meant to have fun. That is part of being a kid. Few responsibilities and lots of fun. Consequences happen in old age, after you are 20, right? Wrong. Anyhow, who needs

parents to rule their lives? Aren't they too old to know what kids need now? Kids aren't the same as they were when *they* were kids, a *hundred* years ago. But maybe some things never change.

How about disobeying rules? How does it make you feel inside? Real bad? Or you've done it so much that you feel nothing—or almost nothing? How about staying up late every night of the

PHOTO: ED GUTHERO



week? How will you feel in class each morning? How will your grades look at the end of the semester? What if no one ever helped out at home? What would your home look like, and who would be helping *you* when you were the parent? What if you ate chips and dip and candy bars and drank sodas every day? Wouldn't you end up fat, with no one wanting you on their team at school—you'd keep on getting colds, flu, acne, and so on? Fun?

We are lucky to live at a time when we know *why* it is better to eat foods from the five different food groups every day, drink water, fruit juice, and milk every day, exercise, say no when we know we shouldn't do something, and get enough sleep at night, even if staying up late is what *everybody* else is doing! The truth is that *everybody* doesn't stay up every night, *everybody* doesn't skip the chores, and *everybody* doesn't drink soda every day, and *everybody's* Mom isn't cool if she doesn't have rules.

Think about it. What is so cool about being a generic couch potato who knows everything about the latest TV shows or video games, but who can't hike up the mountains (because they'll never make it) and enjoy the streams, the dappled shade, and the sound of the wind whistling in the pines on a summer's afternoon and is not wanted on any teams? What is so cool about avoiding chores, seeing piles of dirty dishes, chaos, and disorganized mess all over the house?

And tell me, what is so cool about sitting in the dentist's chair and getting your teeth drilled and four fillings jammed into your teeth because they are rotten? And the sleep bit. How come you can never stay awake during first period, and you have to struggle to keep your eyes open? And your grades? Those bags under your

What's so cool about avoiding chores, seeing piles of dirty dishes, chaos, and a disorganized mess all over the house?

eyes, too. Come on. Is that cool . . . or stupid?

Now . . . take a good look at yourself, physically and mentally, and while you're doing that, look at the happiness quotient in your family. Examine the number of arguments that occur between you, your parents, and your brothers and sisters. Could it be a little bit your fault?

If you have said yes to any of the above behaviors, and if you are having a hard time getting on with people at home, how about starting with you and making a change in *you*?

Here's how change can come about.

- 1. Decide you need to make at least one change. Write today's date here if you agree you would be smart to make a least *one* change.

- 2. Now, list three changes you think would be helpful to make. List them in any order. They could be things you have been nagged about already, that you yourself have already thought need to be changed, or perhaps you have read them already in this article. List them here.

- 3. Now put those suggestions in order of importance, with the most important one first.

1.

2.

3.

- 4. Now pick the best day in this next week for you to start on problem number one and write it down.

- 5. When you have this problem under control, say two weeks, start on problem number two. Put the date for two weeks from the day you have listed above.

Now you are all set. You are in control, and you can succeed. Want to be cool? Go ahead, make *your* day, now!

Perhaps no one will notice at first. Be prepared for that and don't give up. The important thing is that *you know* that you can do it and succeed. Success feels goooooood. It doesn't matter what others say or don't say. *You know* you are doing what makes real sense. Then you will not only think you are cool; you really will be cool. ■



MARIJUANA IS NOT A HARMLESS WEED.

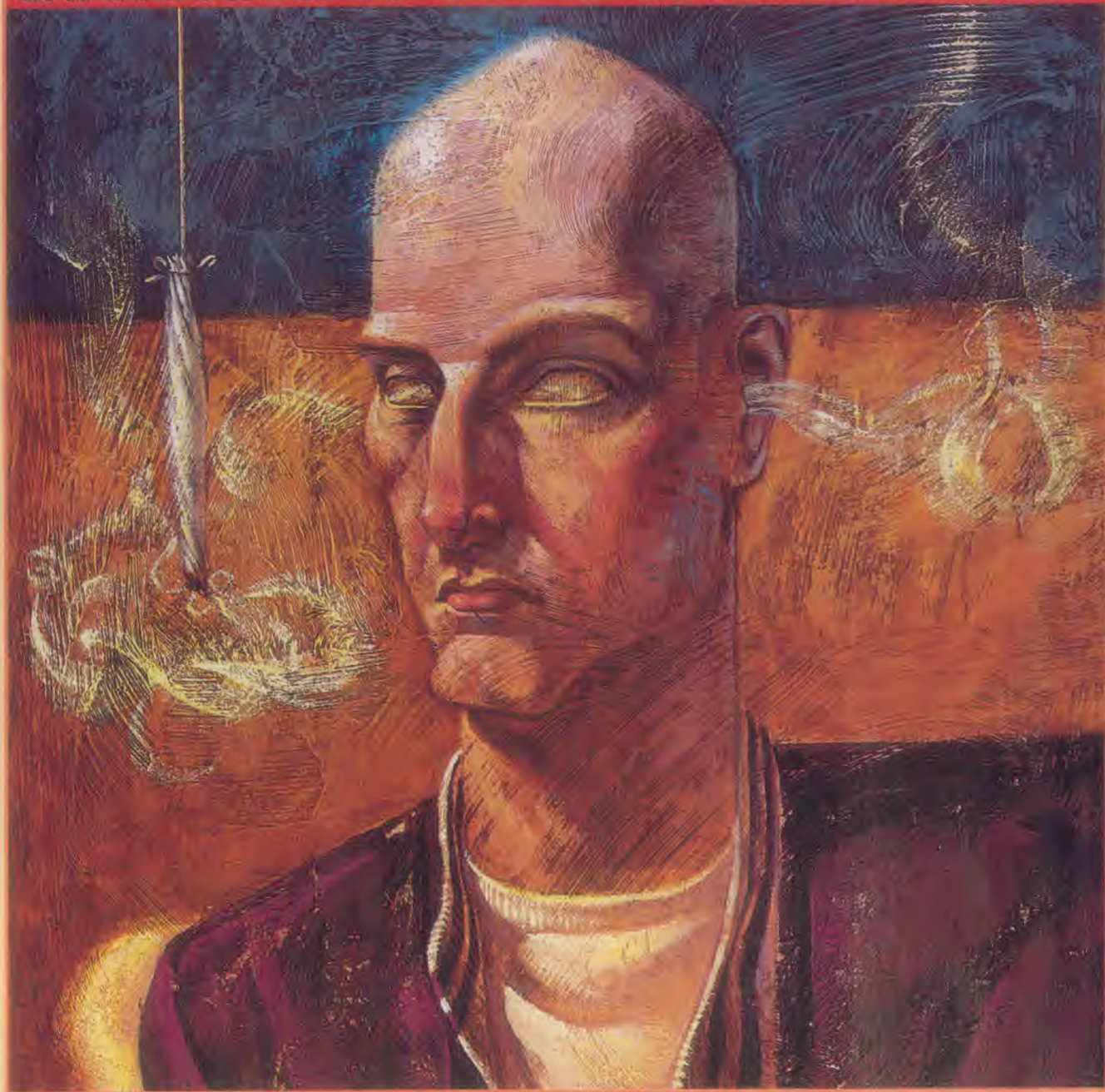


ILLUSTRATION: PERRY STEWART

**DON'T  
BLOW IT**



## No matter what you've heard or what your pot-smoking friends might tell you, Marijuana is bad news.

**M**ario was just 9 years old when he had his introduction to drugs. Sometime around midnight he heard the ambulances and sirens that awoke him from a deep sleep. He looked out the window of his second-floor bedroom and saw the red lights flashing next door. Because of the darkness it was hard to see what was happening, but he did hear someone crying—screaming, in fact. And he saw them bring the stretcher in and wheel someone out a minute later and take them away in the ambulance. Not till after 1:00 did all the lights stop flashing, and not until the next morning did he find out what happened: Jennifer, the 18-year-old girl who lived next door, had died of a heroin overdose.

Mario never forgot what happened. The pain he saw, not only in Jennifer's parents, but in his own as well, was a constant reminder of what drug abuse could do. For that reason he determined never to start.

But then later in high school he saw kids all around getting high, and none seemed to be dying. If he ever mentioned the death of Jennifer, the answer would be "Yeah, but that was heroin. We're not into that. We're just smoking pot."

"Just smoking pot." That's a phrase often heard these days. Just smoking pot. After all, almost everyone knows that heroin or acid or crack or inhalants is "worse" than smoking pot. But that doesn't make smoking pot good. Cancer, after all, might be worse than a broken leg, but who wants either?

Unfortunately, after a temporary drop in marijuana use it appears that many do want it. Smoking dope is on the rise, as with many other illegal substances. Though researchers aren't sure why, there's no question that pot is being used more and more, especially among teenagers.

According to one recent survey, nearly 70 million Americans over the age of 12 have used it at least

once, and marijuana continues to be the illicit drug most commonly used by teens. In fact, marijuana smoking seems to have nearly doubled since 1992. In any given month one out of eight teenagers has smoked pot. Another study shows that 13 percent of all eighth graders have smoked pot in the past 12 months, a jump from 9.2 percent a few years ago and twice the percentage in 1993.

Between 1993 and 1994 the percentage of high school seniors who smoked the illegal drug rose from about 35.3 percent to 38.2 percent. That's not a big jump, but each one of those points represents thousands of young lives in line to be ruined because of drug use. What's even more disturbing is that younger kids, not even in high school yet, are starting to smoke pot.

"We're talking about 13-year-olds," Health and Human Services secretary Donna Shalala warned. "We're not just here to sound the alarm. We're here to issue a call to action. . . . We have a chance to



lock arms and send a powerful antidrug message to our children."

Young people should be listening too. No matter what you might have heard, or what your pot-smoking friends might tell you—marijuana is bad news.

For starters, the marijuana of today isn't often the same as the "weed" of 20 years ago. Forget that image of happy flower children wandering around full of peace and love. Today's reefer is much more potent and much more damaging. The latest research is revealing more clearly than ever before the negative impact of smoking dope.

For years research has shown that marijuana can damage the heart and lungs, impair the user's motor coordination, and cause lethargy. It's been known too that marijuana is also a "gateway" drug, one that opens the door to cocaine, heroin, and other even more dangerous drugs.

In recent years, however, marijuana use has been linked to learning disorders in kids who use it. One newspaper reported on a 14-year-old named Jon, a good student, who suddenly started having problems at school, showing symptoms of what is commonly known as attention deficit disorder (ADD). Only after investigation did the parents learn the cause of his learning problems: weekend marijuana use.

"Children who use marijuana," says the report, "also show short-term and logical-memory disabilities. Many teenagers who use marijuana regularly feel as if they understand and remember what is being taught. Careful study, however, shows big gaps in their memory of facts only minutes later."

That's a truth any pothead can testify to.

More recent studies are indicating something new about marijuana use, something not

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previously thought true: the drug can be *physically* addicting. For years scientists knew of the psychological dependence that users faced from smoking pot, but new research from the University of Virginia shows, at least in preliminary studies, that there is a physical addiction to the drug as well.

Studies also show that women who smoke marijuana while pregnant run the risk of hurting their children. It's bad enough that you hurt yourself when using drugs, but now it comes out that you're hurting your own children. Studies done of children aged 9 to 12 whose mothers smoked pot while pregnant show that these kids suffer from what is known as impaired executive function, i.e., the intellectual ability involved in making decisions and planning. Research also shows a link between

prenatal exposure to marijuana and impaired verbal reasoning and memory among children 3 to 4 years old, and attention problems among children 5 to 7.

"At the core of our agenda," said Shalala, "must be a clear and consistent message—marijuana is illegal, dangerous, unhealthy, and wrong. We must all drive that message home, and to do it, we must sweep aside some of the powerful myths about marijuana."

One of the big questions being asked is Why, after what appeared to be a steady drop in the use of marijuana, is it now on the upswing? Things might not appear as bad as they were in the early 1970s, when marijuana use was at an all-time high, but if the trends continue, the situation by the end of the nineties could be even worse than the seventies.

No doubt one reason for increased use is a decline in the number of kids who know it's a dangerous drug. A federal survey showed that only 42 percent of teenagers consider marijuana a dangerous drug, down from 50 percent in 1992. For some reason young people don't seem to be getting the message.

The Partnership for a Drug-Free America, which sponsors antidrug advertising, thinks it knows at least one reason. "We are seeing drug abuse, and specifically marijuana use, talked about positively in rock and rap music, in television programming, and in other areas, such as fashion," the organization said. The statistics show that too many children are listening to those messages.

But there are some kids like Mario. Even after all those years he has not forgotten the sirens, the crying he heard from down below, and the pain he saw for so long afterward. Too bad it took such a tragedy, but the message got through, and he's determined not to blow it. ▀



# BRIDGING THE GAP

**Y**ou can't solve a problem with just discipline. Prevention is the key to really solving any ongoing problem such as the drug-abuse issue. By improving a child's home life, you decrease the probability that the child will do drugs.

Drug abuse can be avoided by love. Often young people turn to drugs because they aren't being loved; they need something to fill the hole. Teens naturally want attention, and unfortunately they sometimes achieve it at any cost. In order to stop the drug problem, we need to give our youth love, attention, and everything a healthy person needs.

We need to supply alternative releases for teens: things such as skate parks, indoor amusement centers, community-provided teen parties, etc. Teens often blame their drug habits on the lack of other things to do. They view drinking as the only

form of entertainment. We must change this idea by providing alternatives to drinking.

Home life has to improve in order to make any improvement in our battle against teen drug abuse. A child who isn't loved and cared for is not going to care if drugs might do harm. A teen who has grown up watching his or her parents drinking heavily or engaging in drug abuse is more likely to do the same. The root of the drug problem is the home.

By creating a safer, more loving home life and tighter community, we can instill values and self-esteem as replacements for drugs and alcohol.

Love is the way to prevention, and prevention is the way to a drug-free Nampa. ■

*Prevention is  
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*This essay, written by eleventh-grade student Courtney Johnson, of Nampa, Idaho, was the winning entry in the Concepts in Prevention "Show Us Your Stuff" contest. Congratulations, Courtney, on a fine essay.—Editors.*

C O U R T N E Y J O H N S O N



# 24 YEARS OF HELL

*Telling it like it often happens in real life . . .*

I began using drugs in 1971, in order to be accepted by my peers. My first experience was with mescaline, a derivative of peyote cactus. The people I knew who smoked pot also smoked cigarettes, wore Levis and government surplus field jackets, and had long hair. I did not want to be different, so I told my mom that the Wranglers had to go and that there would be no more routine visits for clip jobs, and I told my dad he had to scavenge me a M-65 field jacket.

Slowly but surely I moved away from the kids who are now doctors, lawyers, bankers, and accountants for the "in" crowd, as I saw them. Now most of them are either ex-cons, still in prison, in low-paying, backbreaking jobs, or are dead

from ODs, or deals gone bad, or from just prematurely wearing their systems out from dope and booze.

Alcohol and other drug addiction is a progressive thing. After peyote came pot, then amphetamines, barbiturates, booze, and one of the worst of all—angel dust (PCP). Then I moved to LSD and massive amounts of weed (an ounce used to cost from \$15 to \$30), more booze, downers, uppers, pills of any kind.

I was headed nowhere fast, couldn't hold a job or keep a relationship. So I joined the Army. It helped, but when I got to my permanent duty station, it was just like high school, dope everywhere. Back then in the seventies, I fell right in line with all the dopers.

M I C H A E L P . F E R G U S O N



Well, my life has been mostly hell since then. Except for the joy my children have brought me. Pot started to bother me, making me so paranoid that I eventually had to give it up—but then I found cocaine. Cocaine finished what was left of a bad marriage and left me bankrupt.

I would have clean stints of from three months to a year, but the monster always called to me. One night, after searching for hours to score some coke, I found a friend and had to beg him to score some for me. It was about 4:00 a.m. in a rough neighborhood, and my friend was shot twice trying to make this score for me. He lived, thank God, and the guilt of that kept me clean for quite a while.

But the dragon beckoned me, and once again I came to care about nothing but getting high. My 5-year-old daughter “busted” me. One night while I was hitting the pipe, she said, “Daddy, you’re on drugs.” That made me feel so guilty I stayed clean for several years.

Well, I shouldn’t really say clean, since my drinking increased over a period of years to where I was drinking one to two cases of beer a day, plus whiskey for that almost-instant jolt in the morning. It got to the point where I could drink a case and you couldn’t even tell I was drunk. Sure, you could smell it, but I felt I was doing everything a normal person would do in the course of a day. Finally, though, I’ve gotten clean—I don’t even smoke cigarettes.

Basically, to make a long story short, if you want to end up like me, disowned by most of my family, friendless, no wife, never getting to see my children, living



**If you want to end up like me, disowned by most of my family, friendless, no wife, never getting to see my children, living on disability, keep on doping and drinking.**

on disability, keep on doping and drinking. Or you can make the smart choice and ignore the peer pressure when you’re 14 and laugh all the way to the bank with the paycheck that a college degree will bring you. I know the money is good selling weed and rock, but they can’t put you in jail for being a doctor, attorney, accountant, nurse, teacher, whatever you want.

The only good thing I can say is that I’m still alive, and I live in a country that provides for those of us who have damaged our minds.

Seriously, there is not one good thing about dope of any kind, unless a doctor gives it to you. Some people say they can drink a few drinks and stop—I never could. And there is nothing glamorous about cigarettes, either. They cause lung cancer, emphysema, and heart disease, smell bad, and make you age prematurely. It’s a proven fact that pot makes it hard, if not impossible, to learn. And no one will know how many of the chemical compounds found only in the marijuana plant cause cancer until my generation gets a little older. If you want a real high, run, study martial arts, lift weights, or play team sports. Remember, strive for excellence, not perfection. One final thing: Alcoholics Anonymous, Narcotics Anonymous, and Cocaine Anonymous can help most people a lot. Unfortunately, I tried to do it on my own. ▀

ILLUSTRATION: RICK THOMSON





*Hockey medalist  
Cammi Granato is  
one of the top women  
players in the world.*



From  
Rink Rat  
to Olympic  
Gold





# Cammi Granato

Cammi Granato captained the women's U.S.A. hockey team to a gold medal in the 1998 Olympics. A long way from playing "hockey" at home in the basement with her four older brothers, using wads of Kleenex for a puck. It's

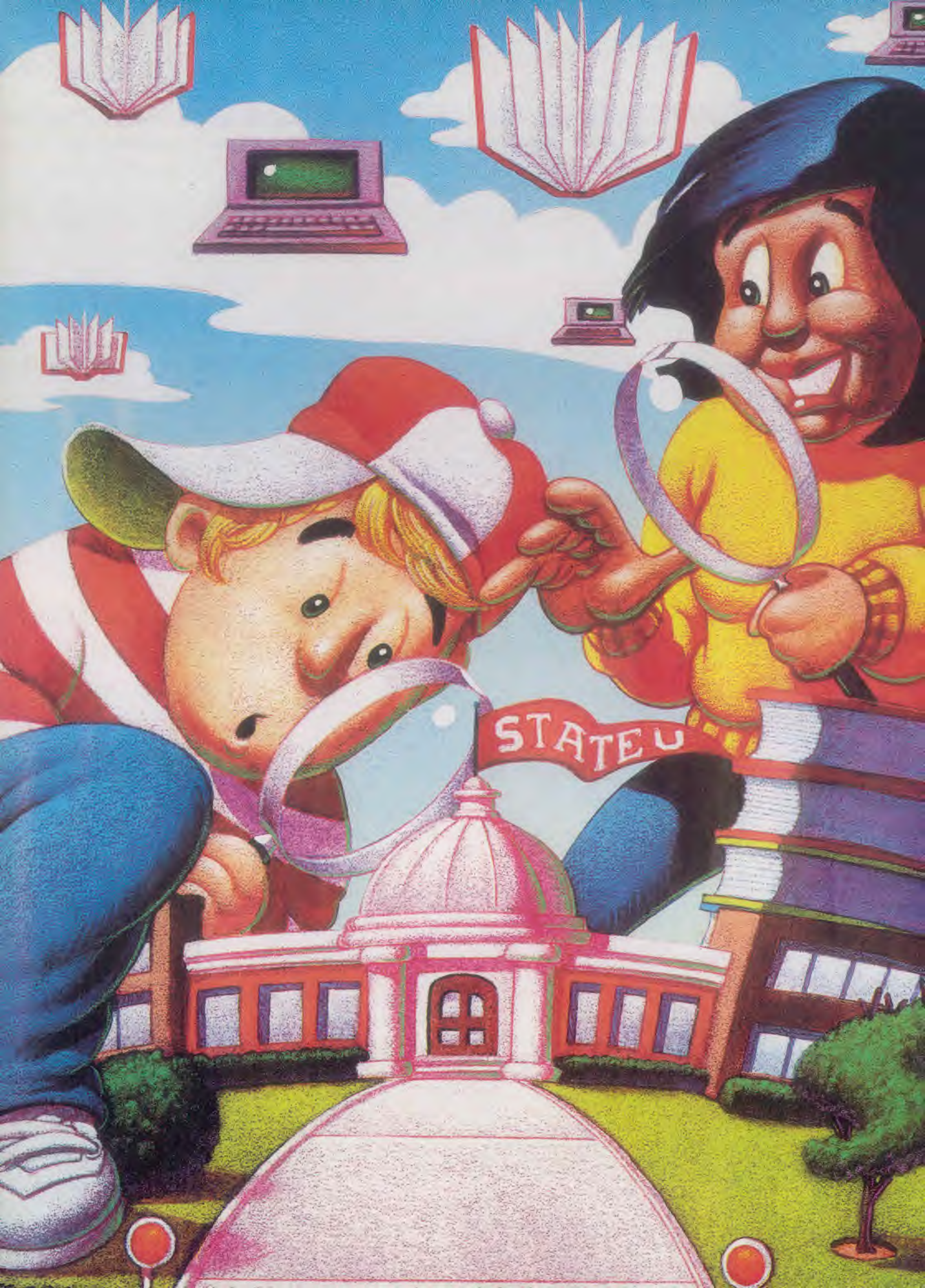
little wonder that Cammi started to play real hockey at age 5. You might say she was born into hockey.

When the young Granatos weren't playing hockey in the basement, they were on the pond across the street from their house

*(continued on page 28)*

BY CELESTE PERRINO WALKER







# FINDING MONEY FOR COLLEGE

*A few tips, pointers, and golden clues . . .*

P E N N Y   L O C K W O O D   E H R E N K R A N Z

**D**on't give up trying to go to college just because your SAT scores aren't as high as you'd like, and you're convinced you'll never get any scholarship money. There are, in fact, numerous places to look for those elusive college dollars.

Try exploring your options and look for those public colleges and universities that have relatively small price tags. Scholarships, grants, loans, and work-study programs can also help with college funds.

Attending a community college for two of your four years is one way to cut college costs. Courtney Alphin, a student at Tarrant County Junior College in Tarrant County, Texas, has had her first two years of college partially paid by a community college scholarship. You too can learn about valuable scholarships by talking with your high school counseling staff, teachers, and friends.

Many students choose to attend public in-state colleges. Average costs at these institutions run about \$10,000 per year. Even without financial assistance, this is an affordable price tag and can be financed through a



## DO YOU KNOW THE TERMS OF AVAILABLE CASH?

**B**efore looking for financial assistance, you should understand several important terms. See how good your vocabulary is with the following word match, then check your answers below.

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. Grants and scholarships
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. Loans
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. Work-study programs
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. Need analysis
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. FAFSA
- \_\_\_\_\_ 6. EFC

(a.) An income and asset evaluation that shows what a family must pay toward college expenses.

(b.) A way for students to work in a college job while studying for their degree.

(c.) Not gifts, but must be paid back.

(d.) Do not need to be repaid and are either need-based or awarded for academic or athletic prowess.

(e.) Expected Family Contribution is the result of need analysis.

(f.) Free application for federal student aid that must be filled out by all students requesting any type of financial assistance.

Answers:

1. D 2. C 3. B 4. A 5. F 6. E

variety of sources. *The Fiske Guide to Colleges 1997* (New York: Times Books, Random House) listed 42 colleges as "best buys." There are 21 public institutions and 21 private ones listed, and these are across the United States from Florida to Washington. Many of these colleges offer their own financial plans in an effort to help students. One such school, the University of Colorado at Boulder, is listed as offering about "4,700 merit scholarships that range from \$200 to \$10,000 each," as well as athletic scholarships. Another, Willamette University in Salem, Oregon, "in addition to need-based financial aid, . . . offers talent and academic merit scholarships each year, ranging from \$3,000 to full tuition."

Willamette does not, however, offer athletic scholarships. While researching your options for financial aid, some helpful books to read are:

- *Don't Miss Out: The Ambitious Student's Guide to Financial Aid*, Robert and Ann Leider, Octameron Associates, P.O. Box 2748, Alexandria, VA 22301 (\$9.00).

- *Private Colleges and Universities Profiles of 80 Colleges*, Carnegie Communications, Inc., 239 Littleton Road, Westford, MA 01886.

- *Applying for Financial Aid*, ACT, P.O. Box 168, Iowa City, IA 52243 (free).

- *Meeting College Costs*, The College Board, P.O. Box 886, New York, NY 10101 (free).

Where else can you find those other scholarships, grants, and awards not connected to a specific college or federal aid? Toby, a senior at Scappoose High School, advises that if you own a computer, start your search with FinAid, a financial aid information page located at <http://www.finaid.org/>. This Web page offers a free unbiased guide to student financial aid resources. Toby signed up for FastWEB, a personalized scholarship search service with 180,000 listings. According to Toby, once you've registered, you can check your own FastWEB mailbox for new awards and updates on current scholarships. Other information is available as well, including federal aid information, loan and scholarship information, an Expected Family Contribution estimator, and a savings plan designer. This award-winning site is maintained by Mark Kantrowitz, author of *The Prentice Hall Guide to Scholarships and Fellowships for Math and Science Students*.

Bayne Brasel, a junior in high school, has this to say about <http://www.fastnet.com>: "A student takes about 15 to 20 minutes to fill out a detailed information file, and the site searches its self-proclaimed 275,000-scholarship database and puts the information directly into a personal file of scholarship information especially suited for the student's information file. When a new scholarship is added to the site's database, it says that it will e-mail you directly if you match up with the scholarship's criteria. There are hundreds of other sites like this, but this one is, amazingly, *free!* The money to run the site comes from advertisers who send junk e-mail to your address, if you're benevolent enough to give it so that the site will remain free to students



in the future.”

Another site useful for scholarship information is <http://www.CollegeNet.com>. Here you will find general college information, listings of colleges, online applications, financial aid, and a personalized scholarship search. Once you fill out the registration form, you can view hundreds of possibilities geared to your needs, interests, and skills. Names of potential scholarships can be saved. From this “saved” list you may create letters to be sent to each scholarship coordinator.

College View, at <http://www.CollegeView.com>, offers financial aid, a college search, online applications, information on applying for financial aid, help in estimating your Expected Family Contribution, help in filing your Federal Application for Student Aid (FAFSA), and information about loans, scholarships, grants, and awards. College View offers a CD-ROM College View Scholarship Edition that can be purchased online for \$34.95. This is a personalized scholarship search that matches your background with information on colleges of your choice.

Another free scholarship search is at College Edge, located at <http://www.CollegeEdge.com>. You enter specific criteria to search 500,000 awards. At this site you will find scholarship and financial-aid links as well as online applications to almost 200 schools.

If you don't have access to a computer and the Internet, there are similar services available by mail for a fee. Steve Richardson, however, advises, “There is no reason anyone should have to pay a company a service fee for scholarship searches, as many of the companies are frauds. See the Federal Trade Commission Web

**Another free scholarship search is at College Edge, located at <http://www.CollegeEdge.com>. You enter specific criteria to search 500,000 awards. Check this article for more . . .**

page, as I believe it has a warning on it about companies promising scholarships if you send money, as many are scams. The best way is to search the Web if you wish, or simply complete a FAFSA and mail it to the Department of Education to see what type of grants and loans you qualify for. You can usually find out about legitimate scholarships without paying anything through your school, church clubs, etc. For students with a disability, your state's vocational rehab service is a good place to look for funds as well.”

Once you've done everything you can to find obscure money for college, there are other things you can do to ensure an improved financial-aid package. **Take the following true or false quiz to see how much you know.**

- 1. You should apply to schools at which you'll be in at least the top 75 percent of the class.
- 2. More than 1,200 colleges offer academic scholarships to gifted students. You should apply for one.

- 3. If you go to another state, you have access to state aid.
- 4. It's possible to spend your first two years at a community college and transfer later to a four-year college. Community colleges cost less than four-year schools.
- 5. Very few schools offer cooperative programs in which students can combine employment in their field of interest with academic study.
- 6. It's worth your time to try for athletic scholarships if you've been a hometown star of any sport—football, basketball, soccer, track, wrestling, even golf.

## **ANSWERS:**

1. **False.** Apply to schools where you'll be in the top 25 percent of your class. Colleges with money to give often award it to students they wish to have attend their school (in other words, the brightest candidates). The *Fiske Guide to Colleges* gives an overview of SAT math and verbal scores for each of the colleges listed. Check to find a school that matches your scores or at which you will be above the average score.

2. **True.**

3. **False.** If you stay in your own state, you have access to state aid that may be lost by attending an out-of-state school.

4. **True.** Be sure that your intended four-year college will accept transfer credits from your community college.

5. **False.** Almost 900 schools offer cooperative programs in which students can combine employment in their field of interest with academic study.

6. **True.**

No matter how you approach it, college will be one of the most expensive purchases you (or your parents) will make. Research your options, ask for help, and apply for as many grants and scholarships as you qualify for. ▀





## Roller Coaster Ride

**M**y dad actually dragged me to Viper—the scariest ride in the park! I was standing in line. Two minutes after 3:00, and I still had 15 minutes left in line. I was anxious to get this over with. Standing next to my dad, I said to him, “After this I’m never going to go on this ride again.”

I looked to the left and saw an ice-cream stand. My mouth started to go dry. I wanted one so bad. I begged my dad to let me get one, but he said, “If we were to get one, we would lose our spot in line.” I thought to myself, *That would be wonderful.* We stepped through the door and into yet another small line. Then I said to myself, *Then I would be a wimp. I don’t want to be a wimp. I would hate that.*”

The next thing I knew I was strapped down into the seat; there was no way out now. A couple seconds later I was up at the very top of the coaster looking down at a long, long drop. I went down screaming, “Aahh.” I went around the loop, through the corkscrew, and upside down. Another corkscrew, one to the right, one to the left, and one last hill. We pulled into the station and stopped.

Then my dad said to me, “Now we don’t have to go on it again.” I yelled at him to take me on the ride again. For the rest of the day that’s the *only* ride we went on: Viper!

Natasha Bruns, 13  
Torrance, California

## TURN BACK

When I am with you,  
I don’t want to go.  
It’s like something  
is controlling me.  
The bell rings;  
you leave.  
I stand there  
and watch you leave.  
I imagine that I could  
tell you to turn back.  
And you do,  
and smile.  
Alone, I stand and watch,  
for all I want  
is to be with you.  
I feel as if I’ve lost something  
when you leave;  
like my pockets  
have been robbed,  
emptied out.  
I feel light.  
If I could,  
I would freeze time.  
Then we could be together,  
together until I could  
handle your departure.  
And still,  
I feel a little lost;  
I feel a little light.

Ketal (Kenny) Amin, 17  
New City, New York

## The Final Game

Down by two goals—  
The clock keeps ticking down.  
Helplessness, a brewing desire—  
Wanting to get another goal.

The clock keeps ticking down.  
Rambunctious, frenzied fans, watching,  
Wanting to get another goal;  
A desperate team on the verge of defeat.

Rambunctious, frenzied fans, watching,  
The opposing team running away with victory.  
A desperate team on the verge of defeat.  
The final game of the Stanley Cup.

The opposing team running away with victory.  
Helplessness, a brewing desire—  
The final game of the Stanley Cup.  
Down by one goal.

Adam Root, 16  
Short Hills, New Jersey



**C**an you imagine what happens to summer flowers after their moisture is pressed out? Surprisingly, their shape and color remain. With just a few simple materials you can join the fun pressing flowers.

Here is a list of popular flowers that press well, to get you started: baby's breath, buttercups, clover, cucumber flowers, daisies, violets (Johnny-jump-ups), pansies, daffodils, ferns, and tulips. Of course, there are many more flowers that can be pressed.

Pick your flowers on a dry, sunny day. Use a small pair of scissors to snip the flowers, and never tear at the roots. Gently place the flowers in a plastic bag until you get home. Then press the flowers right away.

Tweezers are great to lift and place the flowers on paper. Blotting or manila papers work best, because they absorb the moisture from the flowers.

Gently place flowers on blotting or manila paper. When the page is full, set another sheet of paper on top. Then store in an old telephone book. But actually, any large book will do the job. It's a good idea to place a heavy book on top of the pressing book.

Leave the flowers in place for two weeks, then check for dryness. They should feel dry and crisp.

Give your dried flowers a color wash if you wish. The color wash will help them keep their color longer. You'll need a few materials, some of which you may have in your home. Here are the requirements: a box of low-cost watercolors, a small brush for painting, another brush to use dry, a small jar or glass of water, and a small jar of white poster paint, diluted with water. Paper towels should be used for the color wash, because they absorb the wash you are painting on the dried flowers. You will need a pair of tweezers for lifting and a metal nail file for pushing your dried flowers onto

LINDA A. BLANCHETTE

*Flower power can be a fun hobby*

# BOOK GARDEN

the paper.

For a lighter shade of rose, mix a little red watercolor with white poster paint until you are happy with the shade. For a darker shade, use more color and less white poster paint mix, until you have the right shade. Place your flowers on a folded paper towel. Brush the flower lightly with your color, holding the brush sideways. Then with a dry brush, gently brush over the flowers to set the color. When the flowers are dry you can glue them to the project of your choice.

After you have color washed all your flowers, stems, and leaves, arrange them on paper. Then, with your design arranged in place, glue them onto the paper. Any brand of white glue will hold,

and dries clear for a beautiful picture. Spread a little glue behind the flowers, using a toothpick, gently pressing down with your fingers for a couple minutes.

Here are exciting gift ideas you can make with your pressed flowers. Decorate plain blank cards with colorful and shapely pressed flowers. Your card will cheer someone special any time of the year. A large candle with your design on it makes a thoughtful gift. Using art paper, glue, your pressed flowers, and contact paper, you can design great-looking bookmarks. You may want to create a simple design with your pressed flowers and keep them under glass and frame. You will have fun pressing flowers and creating gifts others will enjoy! ■

• *A display showing a variety of Linda's pressed-flower projects.*





# AND SO FORTH

Michael Warren

## ALL ORCA ALL THE TIME

A new radio station in Canada will soon broadcast the voice of killer whales from the ocean near Vancouver, British Columbia. If you live in that area, you can tune in to 88.5-FM to hear

all the action! (*Is that static from a bad signal or killer whale calls?—Ed.*)

## SPEED KILLS (AND IT DOESN'T SMELL TOO GOOD EITHER)

On one particularly busy road in a Mongolian city, speeding cars automatically trigger sirens to warn shopkeepers and café owners of their approach. As the speeding cars come down the street, the merchants pelt them with old boxes and furniture. Drivers are then pulled from their vehicles and pelted with camel dung. Or so we're told . . . apparently there haven't been any repeat offenders in nine years.



## THE BUTTERFLY ALPHABET

Photographer Kjell B. Sandved has created an alphabet made up entirely of patterns on butterfly wings that resemble letters. The project has taken him 24 years! (*This and many similar projects probably got their inspiration from the inkblot test administered by an Army psychologist.—Ed.*)

## NEW FAITHFUL

Out in the middle of Nevada's Hualapai Flat desert there's a spectacular geyser that boils up steaming hot water 24 hours a day. But this isn't any ordinary geyser—it was created by accident in 1916 when ranchers drilling a well tapped a vein of water that is as hot as 220° F!

## FIGHTING FISH GET SMART

Not all Siamese fighting fish are quick to pick a fight, in spite of their reputation for quick tempers. In fact, some of the males watch fights from a distance to see which fish win most often. That way they can avoid starting a dangerous fight with a stronger fish. Smart move for any creature, actually.

## FRENCH-FRIED POWER

Scientists are currently testing a new tractor-trailer that runs on a fuel that is half diesel, half used french fry oil. They're trying to find out if the fuel burns cleanly. (*I hope not. Otherwise the landscape will sprout another million golden arches to produce fuel for tomorrow.—Ed.*)

## BEETLE POWER!

Some tiger beetles can run at a speed of two feet per second. To put that in perspective, that's like a racehorse that can run 250 miles an hour. (*But can they do it with a jockey in the saddle?—Ed.*)

## TORNADOES ON THE SUN

British astronomers recently spotted 12 giant tornadoes on the sun! These twisters are almost as large as our planet and spin up to 1,000 times as fast as tornadoes on earth. Coming soon as a big hot movie in your neighborhood—just joking. This one's too hot for Hollywood to handle.

## FILL 'ER UP!

The darkling beetle lives in the driest of African deserts, and it has a unique way to find water. Every morning as dew forms on its shiny shell, the beetle tilts forward so the water drop pours down into its mouth!









# HAVE ATTITUDE, WILL TRAVEL

*A teenager looks at getting the most from a vacation.*

BY JUSTIN BELMONT

**A** man travels the world over in search of what he needs and returns home to find it." —George Moore.

"I've been around the world, and I brought back more than this lousy T-shirt." It sure sounds like the next tank-top logo hit, yet after devoting two summer weeks to touring around Europe, I don't find the previous one-liner at all far-fetched.

I've always felt that one's attitude toward traveling is much like the selection of his or her car. Now, at the naive age of 15 years I'm obviously not the one to give advice on purchasing automobiles, but it's just my perception that the customer and the traveler both

have certain expectations and high hopes for lifetime satisfaction.

Personally, there is one aspect of travel that stands out in my mind as even more interesting than Eiffel Tower tours and relaxing beachside afternoons. I feel that simply learning more about yourself and your family, and having time to reevaluate your lifestyle, can provide just as much purpose as any souvenir. It's amazing when one just stops to realize all the interaction and "counseling" you gain just by traveling with close friends, family, or relatives.

Much like selecting a car, everyone is out to fulfill and satisfy their own needs, and

consequently each desires certain things. My father, for instance, likes to vacation not only to experience a different culture, but also for relaxation, as a way to escape the everyday pressures and stresses of the workplace. My mother, a counselor, tends to be more interested in learning about the way people live and their associated lifestyles. For her the purpose of traveling is to "expand worldly horizons." These, from my standpoint, are two classic attitudes that distinctly manifested themselves in the course of my two weeks away from the comforts of home.

There was also much to acquire from simply observing everyday



European lifestyle. Through England, France, and Holland the general lifestyle appeared to be much more healthy, laid back, and peaceful, demonstrated by lengthy lunch breaks and hours at a time spent at cafés and engaging in leisure activities. Europeans are very well aware of how to put themselves first without appearing at all self-centered or egocentric. It's ironic to imagine that people on the tight, programmed American schedule could have something to learn from such a passive and unproductive activity as "people watching," but there is a lot to be said for looseness.

Another broadening European perspective is the thesis that, contrary to the popular American stereotype, bigger isn't always better. The idea of "getting your money's worth" and overwhelming work schedules has generally been the unofficial motto of American industry. European business and attitude seem to focus more on quality rather than quantity. This is quite obvious in looser schedules and smaller food and beverage portions. This could have something to do with the fact that virtually every nontourist we spotted looked healthy, thin, and fit! Instead of a Whopper Extra Value Meal, just a taste or smaller sampling might prove to be quite sufficient.

My travel observations brought me back to Orlando, Florida. I enjoyed the Disney "It's a Small World" ride and finally conceived of it as having meaning in our travel experience.

Throughout our stay in Europe we were easily able to keep in touch with American events, sports, and news. Of course, we would have trouble finding Tour de France bike results while staying in Paris! With the presence of technology, such as telephones, fax machines, and the Internet, the world was brought much closer for us. When you think

**Some of us are satisfied with simply taking in temporary visions, whereas others learn to develop them into long-lasting, picture-perfect experiences.**

about it, it's a small world after all (please don't break out into song). In Europe countries and territories are in such close proximity to one another that travel almost always meant a whole other culture and language. Most Europeans understand at least a few languages or make an effort to communicate. We found this out from a Dutch waiter who understood little English, but started to produce animal noises when explaining that meat was included in the entrée. Of course, English is spoken almost everywhere in Europe. Even when we tried on occasion to ask a question in French, we usually were answered with something like "Go straight, take first right, then go on left side" in English!

Our Dutch bike-barge tour was fabulous, but one specific moment clearly stands out in my mind. It was a perfectly cool and calm morning in a peaceful Dutch pasture: peaceful, healthy air, with a classic windmill in the distance. On one side, however, gallantly stood another famous site—the Golden Arches! I'm still amazed by this scene, and I'm sure this classic example of American commercialism will always stay with me. I just hope that

foreigners' overall impressions of America aren't centered on the Big Mac! I noticed far more Dutch citizens adorned with Air Nikes than with traditional wooden clogs! *USA Today* appeared at all newsstands, and Chicago Bulls apparel was present everywhere we went, much of it worn by people who have never seen a basketball game! CNN, MTV, and popular American TV shows are constantly aired from foreign television frequencies, although the dubbing could use some work. Hey, a German-speaking Bart Simpson with a voice analogous to that of James Earl Jones is cutting it a little too close!

After this past summer's experience with European culture, I've concluded that attitude and enthusiasm can make or break the outcome of a trip. Such times are experienced only once, which gives an extra incentive to learn the most you can while you're there, returning home with an improved attitude and a broadened perspective. Pictures, postcards, journal entries, and detailed Visa bills will one day remain as the only souvenirs of a vacation, but memories and lessons will always stay.

Glancing over random items in my photo album, I feel a close connection to my various snapshots. Each picture is worth more than a thousand words, as each one carries with it a lifetime lesson and precept, telling its own special story. We, much like cameras, get exposed to many times, people, and scenes. We have a lot to learn from our photos, each one demonstrating a new view, a fresh outlook, a brand-new perspective. Some of us are satisfied with simply taking in temporary visions, whereas others learn to develop them into long-lasting, picture-perfect experiences. If a picture is worth a thousand words, then attitude is worth a million. ■



## Cammi Granato

(continued from page 17)

in Downers Grove, Illinois. As soon as it iced up, they were on the pond all day, coming in only long enough to eat supper—with their skates on—before going back out. But even though her brothers and cousins were always there to play hockey with Cammi and push her to the limits of her endurance and ability, that didn't mean that it was always smooth ice for the girl who wanted to play hockey. In fact, at times that ice was downright thin.

As the only girl on the Downers Grove Huskies team, she became the target of a game called "Get the Girl." Once when her coach was getting a drink from the water fountain, which was right outside the other team's locker room, he overheard the other team's coach say, "I want you to hit number 21—she's a girl." Not a good prospect for the eighth grader!

So she switched jerseys with a strapping six-foot cousin.

**"If you're passionate about something, you've got to go for it . . . and always believe in yourself—that's the key."**

**—Cammi Granato**

**You know there's always peer pressure to do drugs or drink. We all face that. I think for me it was just having the confidence that these people are going to accept me even if I say no. In the end they're going to respect me."**

**— Cammi Granato**

And they went after him.  
*Ouch!*

"Another time," Cammi states matter-of-factly, "the opposing team's coach flat-out told my coach, 'We're going to separate her shoulder if she plays.'" Her coach gave her the option of not playing. A lesser mortal would have taken up a sensible girl-like activity, like maybe field hockey. But Cammi wasn't fazed. "No way," Cammi says emphatically. "Nothing like that would've stopped me."

Playing against boys made Cammi tough. But not only did she play against them. Sometimes, in order to play, she had to make like one.

"There was a hockey tournament in Canada in which girls weren't allowed to

play. I had to go under Carl or C. Granato. We were billeting [similar to an exchange student program] with families, and there was a family that wanted to billet me. They were really nervous because they thought maybe they'd get kicked off the team if anyone found out. But they took me in, and it was a big secret that there was a girl playing."

So when Cammi found out that the powers that be had decided to include women's hockey in the 1998 Winter Olympics, she knew that there was more at stake at the Nagano games than just a medal. Since that first game of "Get the Girl" she had been fighting for acceptance and respect in the game of hockey. The Nagano games would allow her to win that on a global front. Young girls who wanted to play hockey wouldn't have to endure what she had. Winning at the Olympics would shoot home a goal for anyone who had ever been discouraged from pursuing a dream. And it would make a legitimate place for girls who want to play hockey.

In the back of her mind Cammi always knew women's hockey would eventually end up at the Olympics. All the heckling by team members and their parents, all the negative pressure from people who thought a girl didn't belong on the ice playing hockey—figure skating, sure, but not hockey—



would all come together at the Olympics. And that thought allowed her to grin and bear the hardships.

"There was just this love I have for the game," Cammi says. "I didn't want to quit no matter what people said. I wanted to play as long as possible."

And play she did, gathering an impressive list of awards and credits to her name that's longer than her hockey stick. Cammi has also been a member of the U.S. national women's squad since it started in 1990. She is one of the best female hockey players in the world and the leading scorer in the history of U.S. women's hockey.

It was no surprise that she was chosen to captain Team U.S.A.'s women's hockey team, or that just seven minutes and 39 seconds into the first period, she scored the first goal in Olympic history for the U.S. women's team. The way Cammi feels about drugs and alcohol is also not surprising for someone who has come so far.

"I watched some of my friends who were really good athletes get into drugs and alcohol," Cammi says. "They were playing three sports in school and were very, very good players in their sports. But they got into drugs and alcohol, and by the time they were seniors they weren't playing any sports. One of them didn't go to



**Cammi captained the Olympic gold medal winning team and is the leading scorer in the history of U.S. women's hockey.**

college at all; one went to a community college. But they could've gotten scholarships and gone on and been a lot more successful. There's no room for drugs and alcohol if you want to succeed.

"You know, there's always peer

pressure to do drugs or drink. We all face that. I think for me it was just having the confidence that these people are going to accept me even if I say no. In the end they're going to respect me. Maybe at first it was 'Well, she doesn't want to do this, so she's not cool,' but after a while they know who you are. If they don't, they're not worth it."

Enduring so much criticism and negative pressure when she was growing up has made Cammi a strong person. "If you love something, you should pursue it," she says. "If you're passionate about something, you've got to go for it no matter what, and always believe in yourself—that's the biggest key. That's where it all stems from—in your mind. And if you don't believe in yourself, it's going to be hard to make it in anything. If you do believe in yourself, you could take yourself to far beyond what you thought you could. It's different from being cocky—it's just believing in who you are and in saying 'Yes, I can do this—no matter how hard it's going to be, I can do it.'"

What's the next goal for Cammi Granato? Only time will tell. But look for her at the next Winter Olympics. "After you accomplish such a great thing, it's a nice feeling of satisfaction," Cammi says. "But after a couple months of sort of enjoying it all, you want to do it again." ■



# JUST BETWEEN US

## APPROPRIATELY SHOCKED

I've just taken delivery of an iMAC computer. Along with the resurrected VW Beetle, it sort of proves that retro is in. Makes me bold enough to admit that I sometimes listen to radio.

Like the other day. I listened increasingly spellbound to a radio "exposé" of the haphazard and ineffectual drug-education scene in public schools all across North America.

The journalist purported to be outraged to discover that there is really no uniformity in drug-education programs. He was "shocked" (something I would have thought impossible for a journalist covering political scandals) to discover that in many school systems the drug-education program had made absolutely no difference to drug-use rates among teens.

He was further shocked to discover that there is a whole subculture out there of clowns, magicians, ex-druggies, sports players, and so on who work the circuit, giving motivational lectures with an antidrug spin.

Well, this whole discussion troubled me even more than it apparently troubled the appropriately shocked moderator of the program.

First off, there is the illusive concept that if you throw enough money at the problem, it will be solved. That's not quite true of the drug problem. And second, there was the quite explicit idea that the states and maybe the federal government should take rigid control of the drug-education curriculum. That sounds quite good until you realize that nobody seems to have a definitive handle on how to really stop the drug problem.

But the big response I want to give to this sort of radio program and that sort of fuzzy thinking is this: The drug problem among our young people is a surface symptom of a deep-seated sociological dysfunction. Its causes are to be found in family values or lack of them, the breakdown of the family, the removal of the social norms and ideals, as well as the contradictory and even dangerous messages promulgated by the media in advertising and public entertainment. To expect any short classroom drug-education segment to totally counter all this is a little naive.

That said, with *Listen* magazine's 50-plus years' track record in dealing with the drug problem, we believe that our approach is the best. *Listen* magazine gives information to warn against the drug problem—certainly. But more than that, we provide role-modeling, social skills, and a values system to enable a young person to steer clear of the whole drug problem and attain their maximum potential in society. Our magazine, used consistently and in conjunction with strong teacher backup, parental support, and other protective elements in place, such as restriction of cigarette sales to minors and advertising at sports events, will guarantee a considerable decrease in drug activity.

And yes, I do still tune in to my car radio. I'm waiting to hear a program that spells out the situation like it really is: an eminently manageable situation if we accept social responsibility.



**L I N C O L N   S T E E D**

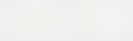
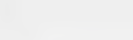
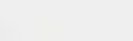
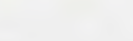
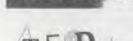
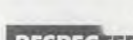
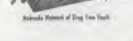
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## Taking Measures

**T**hese expressions have either one or two words missing. Each missing word is some form of measurement. How many blanks can you fill in from the given list of words?

1. An \_\_\_\_\_ of prevention is worth a \_\_\_\_\_ of cure.
2. Give him an \_\_\_\_\_, he'll take a \_\_\_\_\_.
3. Peter Piper picked a \_\_\_\_\_ of pickled peppers.
4. A \_\_\_\_\_ of fun.
5. Not my \_\_\_\_\_ of tea.
6. Put your best \_\_\_\_\_ forward.
7. A miss is as good as a \_\_\_\_\_.
8. \_\_\_\_\_ a loaf is better than none.
9. A baker's \_\_\_\_\_.
10. A bird in the hand is worth \_\_\_\_\_ in the bush.
11. A \_\_\_\_\_ saved is a \_\_\_\_\_ earned.
12. A \_\_\_\_\_ in time saves \_\_\_\_\_.

two  
ounce  
dozen  
stitch  
half  
inch  
nine  
mile  
foot  
cup  
barrel  
penny  
pound  
peck

### Answers:

1. ounce, pound 2. inch, mile 3. peck 4. barrel 5. cup 6. foot 7. mile 8. half 9. dozen 10. two 11. penny, penny 12. stitch, nine

**Y**ou know there's always peer pressure to do drugs or drink. We all face that. I think for me it was just having the confidence that these people are going to accept me even if I say no. In the end they're going to respect me." - Cammi Granato

p.16



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# In This Issue

LISTEN MAGAZINE-MAY 1999-VOLUME 52-NUMBER 5

## Dying Dreams

by Lori Ives 2

"Twenty," with a shake of the head.

## Don't Blow It

by Walden Pransky 10

Marijuana is not a harmless weed.

## Bridging the Gap

by Courtney Johnson 13

## 24 Years of Hell

by Michael P. Ferguson 14

Telling it like it often happens in real life . . .

## From Rink Rat to Olympic Gold

by Celeste perrino Walker 16

Hockey medalist Cammi Granato .

## Finding Money for College

by Penny Lockwood Ehrenkranz 18

A few tips, pointers, and golden clues . . .

## Book Garden

by Linda A. Blanchette 23

Flower power can be a fun hobby . . .

## Have Attitude, Will Travel

by Justin Belmont 26

A teenager looks at getting the most from a vacation.

## YO! JENNY

People Ask Me if I'm Ready for High School 5

## PRIME TIMES

The Never-ending Listen Story 6

CHOICES On Being Cool 8

## LISTENING

Roller Coaster Ride 22

## AND SO FORTH

Fighting Fish Get Smart 24

## JUST BETWEEN US

Appropriately Shocked 30

PUZZLE Taking Measures 31

## Next Month

■ Basketball Star Grant Hill

Hardwork pays off.

■ Adoption Is an Option

■ Passion's Choice



16



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