

WHY VIVIEN LEIGH BLEW HER TOP!

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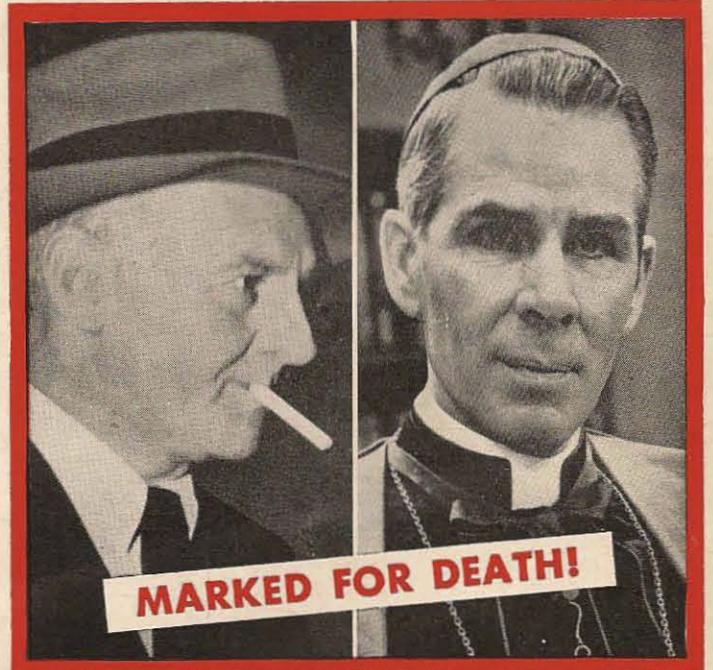
Confidential

UNCENSORED AND OFF THE RECORD

Nov. 25¢
1953



What Happened When Danny Kaye Played Buckingham Palace?



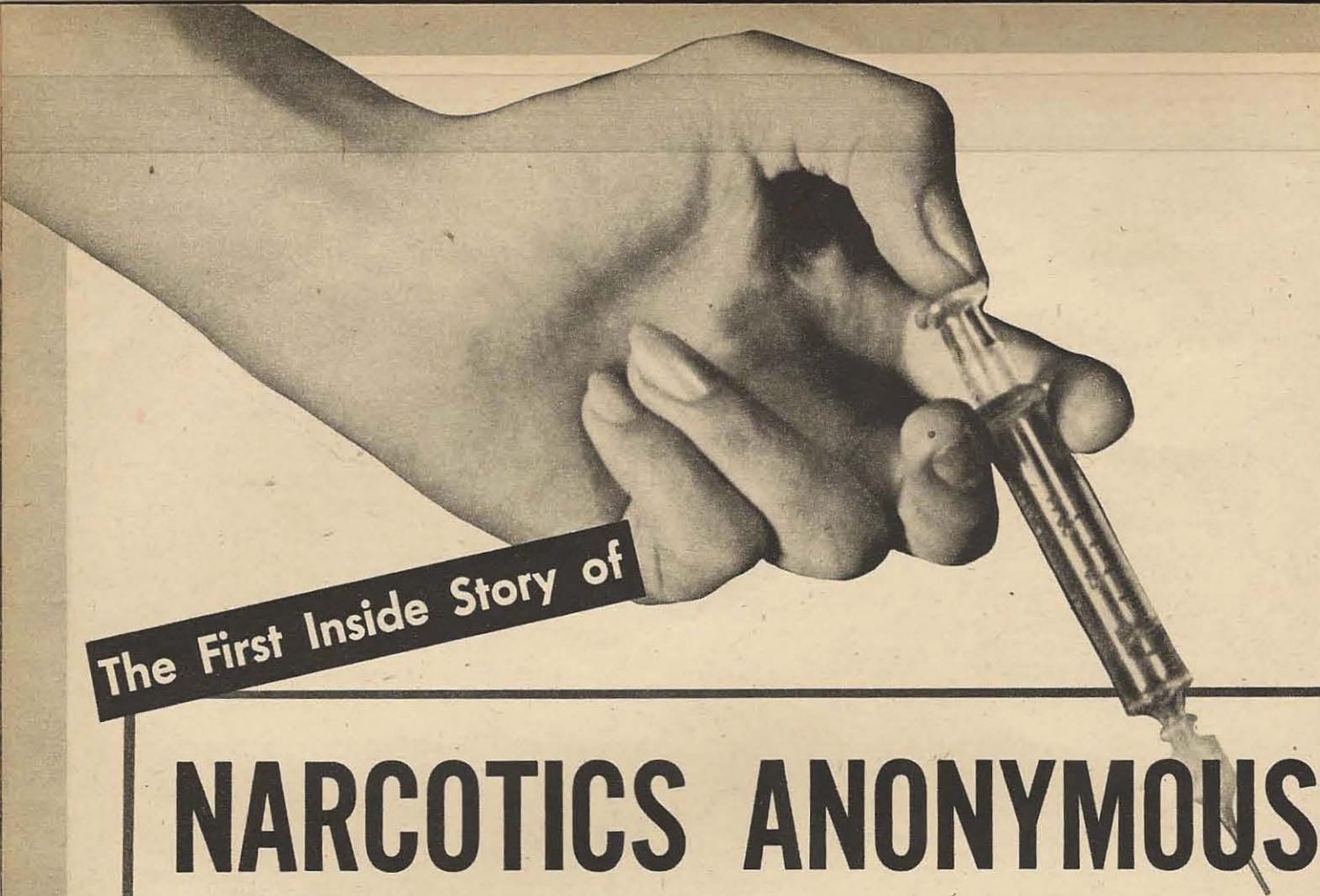
Walter Winchell

Bishop Fulton Sheen



Shocking Lowdown on "Li'l Abner!"
What the State Probers Found





The First Inside Story of

NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS

WITHOUT SEEKING PUBLICITY OR FINANCIAL GAIN A LITTLE-KNOWN ORGANIZATION IS BRINGING NEW HOPE AND FAITH TO DRUG ADDICTS. THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ WAS LITERALLY WRITTEN IN HELL BY A GIRL WHO SOLD HER SOUL!

BY BETTY SORENSON

I'M AN EX-JUNKIE who got the monkey off my back — for good. I have red hair, blue eyes and a husband who says my 125 pounds are all in the right places. If he's ever noticed them, he's never asked about the rows of tiny holes faintly visible down the insides of both my thighs.

The chances are he never will. In the jargon used by my friends when I was a hopeless drug addict, he's "real square." So far as Jim's concerned, "H" is a letter in the alphabet and "horse" is something you bet on at Belmont — not heroin. The strongest thing he ever smoked was a stale cigar. I'll bet a million he'll never know, personally, the horrible agonies an addict wraps up in that term "monkey on my back." A doctor's clinical explanation for it is the series of sensations a junkie goes through when deprived of his dope. Anyone who ever experienced it would be less sparing with the adjectives. It is walking into the yawning pit of hell, only hoping that you die or lose your mind in the process. Plenty of addicts have done one or the other in trying to shake that monkey.

The world I live in now and that alternately blissful and satanic world of drugs I once inhabited are as far removed

as the distance between Earth and Mars, so there's not much chance Jim will ever connect me with my past. I long ago resolved, however, that he'll get the whole truth if he asks for it — the story of how I slowly enrolled myself in that legion of the drug-damned and managed to escape only through a brand new and little-known organization called Narcotics Anonymous.

"Once a Junkie, Always a Junkie"

You will correctly assume from the name that NA tries to do for drug addicts what that better known institution, AA, does for alcoholics. There's one big difference, however. For a comparison between the two, I'd say a man or woman who's alcoholic and tries to reform is like a swimmer trying to cross the English Channel with his feet tied. The man or woman, trying to "kick" the drug habit is that same swimmer, only with his *hands and feet tied*. It's easy enough to prove my statement. Ask anyone, and there are plenty, who ever had to fight both habits. Easier still, look at the figures.

Not long ago, the American Medical Association came out with statistics showing remarkable strides in the treatment



HOW BETTY SORENSON GOT THE MONKEY OFF HER BACK!

It was when all hope seemed lost that Betty Sorenson, a former dance band singer "on the junk" heard about Danny Carlsen and his "Narcotics Anonymous," dedicated to aiding drug addicts. From that first meeting on, Betty Sorenson underwent an experience that, though human, was yet out of this world. She learned, too, to know a faith that moved mountains. You won't find her story on daytime radio serials; for hers was real suffering, the torment of the damned, as you'll agree when you read this heart-rending, personal account of how a doomed girl found release from the tortures of hell.

and cure of alcoholism. There is no such heartening report from the Bureau of Narcotics on drug addiction. Authorities at the Lexington, Ky. farm where addicts are sent frankly acknowledge they can't claim better than 15 percent of their patients are permanently cured when released from the hospital. Their motto, and it's the same for the rest of the world, is "once a junkie, always a junkie."

But there are thousands of addicts (federal experts put the number in six figures), many of whom would desperately welcome a method that promised to give them a reprieve from their loathsome habit, which they correctly look on as a death sentence by slow torture. Later on in this story, I'll give you the name and address of the man who can help a junkie who truly wants to "kick the monkey." If it's your terrible fate to need this information, or you know some one who needs it, use it. This is no promise of an "easy-does-it" cure, though. The one thing NA makes a drug addict realize is that his or her only salvation lies in giving up, forever, the "easy way out of things."

First, I'd like to tell how I got on "horse." It's not as completely debauched and degraded as you think. I was a singer in one of the nation's top swing bands (as you've surely guessed by now, the signature on my story is not my real name). I didn't last long enough to get a real name for myself — just a voice that did the lyrics while the saxes wailed and the trumpets blared. It was tense and exhausting work, though, particularly when we hit the road for months of one-night stands. One of the boys in the band introduced me to marijuana, "for relaxation," and that was the beginning of the end.

Misconceptions about Marijuana

Now, there are a lot of misconceptions about marijuana. Some people think it gets you in an unbreakable vice. On the other hand, irreproachable medical authorities are on record as saying it's nowhere near as bad as whiskey. A medical commission investigating the use of marijuana in New York concluded that "reefers" are actually no more habit forming than cigarettes! Years later, when I was in deep trouble, I was to learn how that could be true and yet as deadly a piece of information as the public was ever offered. I got my explanation while lying on a hospital bed at Lexington, between spasms of pain that twisted me into a shivering ball, dripping with perspiration.

My skin was so sensitive I couldn't stand to draw a sheet over my aching body. I blush now at recalling how I lay there, bare as the day I was born, while a friendly, understanding doctor reduced medical jargon to plain and simple words.

"It's pretty much true that marijuana is really not more habit forming than cigarettes," he said, "but did you ever stop to think about the number of people who have tried to stop smoking and can't do it to save their necks. It takes someone with a lot of self-assurance to quit smoking — most marijuana users don't have it, that's exactly why they drift on into using heroin."

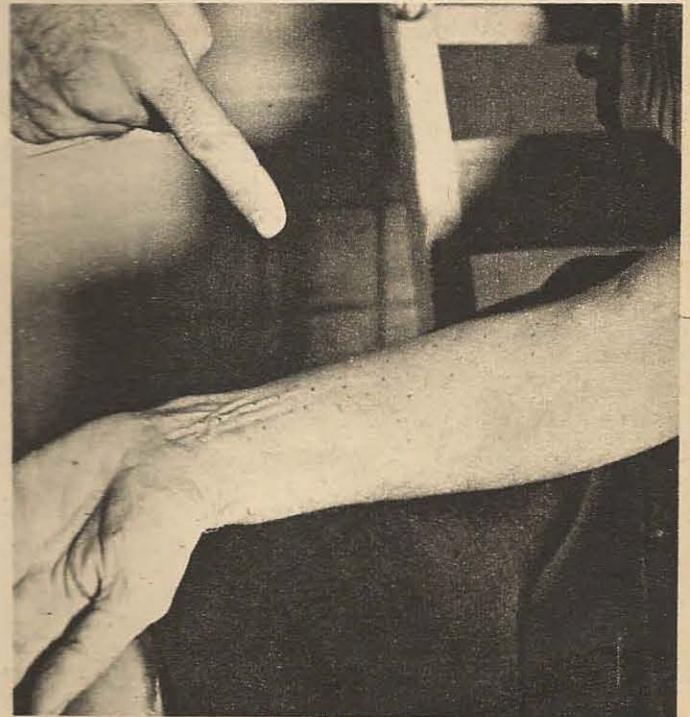
That was me, all right, in a nutshell. When "blasting" (a

reefer party in which everyone gets high) started to lose its kick, I took the dare to sniff up my nose a pinch of powder handed to me in a small square of white paper. At first, I thought I'd throw up. Then my insecurity left me and it was heavenly. I'd be another Doris Day, a second Peggy Lee — success was just snapping your fingers.

Don't think I'm pleading ignorance. I knew exactly what I was doing. I was scared stiff, but I didn't stop. Six months later, barely half a year after I'd started with the band, I was "main-lining it," that is, injecting heroin directly into my veins.

The leader of the band caught on and was terrified — I wasn't even 18 at the time. I got my walking papers, floated on to honky-tonks and joints where I'd sing for the boys and let those with extra cash maul me between numbers.

I hate to tell the rest, but NA says, along with AA, that confession is good for the soul, so the rest of it is I ended up a Manhattan call girl — one who'd do anything a customer named and some things he'd never thought of for the price of a "deck," a shot of "H." It was my luck to be arrested for prostitution in the small hours of a Saturday morning. By the time my case came up on Monday, my trouble was obvious to trained eyes. I said I'd go to (Continued on page 48)



Confirmed drug addicts such as this woman are called "mainliners" because of practice of injecting heroin directly into veins. Tiny needle marks betray users.



WHY RUSSELL PATTERSON QUIT

Continued from page 9

points; two for second; and one for third. If there are 12 judges and our dickering damsel lines up only four, she has a tremendous advantage and should win in a strut, granting she's not so homely she had no right even entering a contest with other humans.

Here's an example of how the system works. Let's assume the judging has gotten down to 10 girls and our "Miss Fixit" has the required four judges in her lovely palm. The jurists mark their score cards and she automatically has 12 points. There are 12 precious markers the other NINE girls can't even hope for from the panel of men, the rest of whom are picking the particular beauty who appeals to them individually.

"At that stage, the other entries might as well pack and go home," Patterson said, "because there simply isn't that *much* difference in the degree of beauty of the remainders. The others will get a couple of firsts, a sprinkling of seconds and thirds."

Now, remember, our Miss Fixit is no dog, herself, and is picking up, unaided, her share of second and third spots, plus a possible unbartered first she doesn't need. At this point the tide of victory starts swinging and the girl will sweep to victory in Ei-

senhower style.

Arthur William Brown, another famed illustrator and judge of easily 1,000 beauty pageants, confirmed Patterson's explanation and added that the amount of political skulduggery plus pressure, outright threats and attempted bribes, either in the form of cash or flesh, eventually wearied him so much he rarely mediates one of the cuticle carnivals any more.

The lure of the judge's chair may be as fatal for them, however, as the siren call of the runway is to the girls in such contests, because both Patterson and Brown have made recent appearances in the judges' box at the Mrs. America contest.

A Springboard to Fame?

Why do pretty girls enter these pageants and then find themselves conniving like a Kansas City ward-heeler to win? Well, the obvious answer of fame and fortune is part of it. The title of Miss America means far more than a silver loving cup and the few hundred dollars handed out by those sharp Atlantic City promoters. A girl with talent—we'll name pretty Bess Myerson as just one — can use the triumph as a springboard to fame

in television, the stage or movies.

But the biggest lure is vanity. An adoring boy friend coaxes and cajoles his beloved into entering the home town finals. Victory there is usually on the up and up. That's also the point where the gleam of battle enters a damsel's pretty eyes. Beauty and charm are a woman's greatest assets and she's darned if she'll go back home a loser in such a vital show-down. As she travels closer and closer to that gilt crown, the more her motto becomes, "Victory at any price!"

"It's a fever that can grab even the most level-headed lady," Patterson said. "She wouldn't be in the contest at all unless there was a strong streak of vanity in her. When it gets something to chew on, it gets hungrier."

If you can't quite believe that, go to any beauty contest and ignore the activity on stage at the moment of decision for a quick peek behind the scene at the losers.

This correspondent has done that on dozens of occasions. He has *never* failed to find half a dozen positively beautiful girls having hysterics. And the worst cases are always found where, by unhappy accident, the losers have learned that they were victims of a fix.

Nor is their wrath prompted by anger at the deceit practiced on them. They're invariably sore because *they* weren't better politicians. Typical was the comment of an Alabama peach who came out a poor fifth in a national beauty contest:

"What makes me so blazin' mad," she sobbed, "is that Ah coulda been out there takin' the bows — if I could only have been sure of the right judges to talk to!" **END**



NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS

Continued from page 19

Lexington and, to keep this story short, I went there twice.

Let's be fair about this. They cured my body of the drug habit, but never my mind. I was back on "H" two weeks after I got out the first time and was on my way to find a pusher, a junk salesman, after the second term when I got a phone call from another "junkie" I knew.

He took me to see Danny Carlsen, and I hope to God I never forget to say a little prayer each day for that skinny, tight-faced guy with the deep-set eyes and the big, firm mouth. It

didn't take long to discover he knew all about what I'd been through, and a few pits in Hell I'd missed. He'd been on heroin, cocaine, morphine, speedballs (a vicious combination of "H" and "coke"), as well as marijuana, demerol and no one, least of all Danny, knows what else. In 20 years, he went to Lexington eight times!

"I never managed to kick the monkey," he told me with simple dignity, "until I turned myself over to God. I admitted I was powerless to help myself and started praying for and BELIEVING in His help."

Sound like worthless information? It did to me, too, at first. But I fought down the urge to find a pusher and went to my first NA meeting, at the McBurney YMCA in lower Manhattan. I spent three hours there that first night. I was stunned at the type of persons I met. Naturally, there were more than a few show-business folks, some of whom I knew. I was also introduced to the millinery buyer for one of New York's best department stores. I shook hands with a middle-aged actor whose name has decorated Broadway marquees in lights three feet high and a doctor who lost his license but made a comeback as a laboratory researcher. Later the hat buyer and I joined a Wall Street lawyer and a taxi driver for coffee and wheat cakes (there's no class line in NA). I had three cups, but I went home and slept like a baby for the first time in years.

I had something worth working for now, friends who would fight to
(Continued on page 50)

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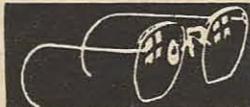
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help me stay off junk and friends I'd fight to help the same way. I think

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the secret of AA, too. I started then and there to worry more about how to keep these wonderful new pals of mine on the happy side of the street and spent less time thinking about myself. Silly? Juvenile? Maybe so, but it worked.

I learned to be a stenographer and it was in that lawyer's office I met Jim. Months later he met my friend Sally, the hat buyer. Now he pays no attention when the two of us go out for an evening to do our part for NA — "making the rounds," he jokingly calls it. At least, I don't think he pays any attention.

For all I know, he may have followed us some time in the past year and my NA secret has long ago ceased to be a secret. If that happens to be the case, I'm not worried. For he must also know that the bitter saying: "Once a junkie, always a junkie" is a lie!

Thousands of others know it, too, now. NA isn't three years old but it already has chapters in such big cities as Chicago, Los Angeles and Philadelphia. In his offices in the Salvation Army Headquarters Building at 120 West 14th Street in New York City, Danny Carlsen gets dozens of letters a day asking for advice on some thorny problem of a new member or desperately begging his recommendation

the mail from some grateful addict who has discovered the peace and contentment that comes with "kicking the monkey."

Day by day the word spreads that the most desperate addict can find real help at NA. Even more important, it's well-known that he can refuse the help and rely on NA keeping as silent as a priest coming from a confessional.

In that last, NA had a special problem never faced by AA's. There's no law against an AA falling off the wagon; but remember this: it's a federal crime to go back on drugs. From the start, however, Danny Carlsen made a bargain with Uncle Sam that what he heard, saw and knew was his to keep. He wanted anyone who joined to feel the pride of knowing his action was completely his own and that's the way it is.

Of course, Carlsen is only too willing to concede that his organization is patterned after AA's in many ways. That fact is admitted in the NA motto, boldly borrowed from Alcoholics Anonymous and one that all of us could constantly keep in mind, to our own profit. I know it's helped me. Here it is:

"God give me the serenity to accept the things I can't change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference." **END**



THE TRUTH ABOUT JOHN L. LEWIS

Continued from page 35

They not only fired any miner suspected of union sympathies, but ejected him and his family from company-owned houses. As a result, thousands of homeless miners and their families wandered over the countryside. Sick and starving, the remainder huddled in rude tents provided by the Union.

The climax came on August 24th when a "citizens' army" of 6,000 armed and angry miners fought 2,000 strike-breakers and detectives. Lewis who has more than once been accused of using armed thugs, howled that professional killers had been imported by the operators. The main streets of Madison were drenched with blood (none of it Lewis'), a gory river that was stemmed three days later only when the United States Army moved in.

Lewis not only lost the fight, he lost

West Virginia. But that didn't stop this self-appointed Messiah. Not all the be-reaved wives, mothers or children could prevent him from trying again, which he did two years later, in Herrin, Illinois, when United Mine Workers members killed 19 strike-breakers and wrecked the mine of the Southern Illinois Coal Co. For the damage it caused, the Union settled out of court for \$700,000. No payment could wash from John L. Lewis' hands the blood of men dead as a result of the strike.

The deeds of John L. Lewis against the public at large are monstrous. For almost 30 years the press has mirrored the people's hatred against this brooding, frustrated, angry assassin of anthracite who unhesitatingly will invoke the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse if it suits his perverse purpose. He and his union have been