

CASQ

Culture Alcohol & Society Quarterly
Newsletter of Kirk/CAAS Collections at Brown

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This fifteenth new issue of the CA&SQ (since its revival in October 2004) is Volume III, no. 7. After “News and Notes” with News on two AHA/ADHS panels in New York in January 2009 and two “Notes” on early AA, we summarize more of our research on the Messengers to Ebby (Rowland, Shep, Cebra) – who lie *behind* the early days of A.A. This issue was going to report on Shep C. – though he appears to have been neither alcoholic nor a member of AA, we’re here referring to him by initial, having been given access to a letter from him in the AA Archives – but we’re still awaiting a link to a copy of Shep’s 1959 Carroll College Commencement Address, “A Matter of Responsibility,” so this issue summarizes what we have on Cebra G. Then comes another (and concluding) installment on a narrative of giving up drinking, by Samuel G. Blythe (1868-1947), chapters 4-7 (the last four chapters) of his book *The Old Game* (1914). This is followed by number 21 in our series of “Washingtonian Notes and Queries.” Our next issue (III, 8) will again see contributions on current work at Brown, plans for future work, and results of past work, from the collections and by those on the KirkWorks listserv. All who receive CASQ are invited to contribute notes, queries, studies, and information on work in progress. – Jared Lobdell, *June 30, 2008*

News and Notes pp. 2-8

News: AHA/ADHS Panels Jan 2009 p. 2

Notes on an Early AA Non-Member: Charles Towns pp. 3-8

The Messengers to Ebby: Cebra G. pp. 8-16

From Samuel George Blythe, *The Old Game* (1914, pp. 27-65), pp. 16-23

Washingtonian Notes and Queries (no. 21) pp. 23-25

NEWS AND NOTES

News (AHA/ADHS Panels Jan 2009): There are two ADHS Panels at the AHA Meeting in January 2009 (New York).

Writers, the Creative Process, and the Influence of Drink and Drugs

Friday, January 2, 2009: 3:30 PM-5:30 PM
Sheraton New York, Park Suite 4

Chair: Albert Acena, College of San Mateo

Papers:

History and Historiography of William Shakespeare: Alcoholic Soldier and Writer in Elizabethan and Seventeenth-Century England
Jared Lobdell, Editor, *Culture Alcohol & Society Quarterly*

Opium and the French Colonial Imagination
Howard Padwa, University of California at Los Angeles

The Pub and the Irish Writer 1850-2000
Brad Kadel, Fayetteville State University

Comment: W. Scott Haine, University of Maryland University College

American Alcohol Studies Matures: Class of '79, Thirty Years of Reflection

Saturday, January 3, 2009: 9:30 AM-11:30 AM
Sheraton New York, Madison Suite 4

Chair: Madelon Powers, University of New Orleans

Speaker(s): William J. Rorabaugh, University of Washington Seattle
David Kyvig, Northern Illinois University
David T. Courtwright, University of North Florida
Thomas R. Pegram, Loyola University Chicago
Amy Mittleman, Independent Scholar

Comment: The Audience

Notes: Early AA Non-Member/"Founder": Charles Barnes Towns

There follows here the N Y *Times* obituary for Charles B. Towns (b. January 12, 1862, d. February 20, 1947):

C. B. TOWNS, EXPERT ON DRUG ADDICTION

Founder of Hospital Here for Narcotics Victims Is Dead— Framed Control Bills special to the *New York Times*

BRONXVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 20 [1947]

Charles B. Towns, a pioneer in the treatment of drug addiction and founder and head of the Charles B. Towns Hospital, 298 Central Park West, New York, died here today in the home of his son, Col. Edward B. Towns, 441 California Road, after a brief illness. His age was 85. Mr. Towns was an early exponent of legal control of the sale of narcotics. He framed the Boylan bill to regulate narcotics, which the State Legislature enacted in 1914. Two years later he acted as a consultant of the Congressional Ways and Means Committee in the framing of the Harrison Federal Narcotics Control Law.

A layman, Mr. Towns, shortly after the turn of the century, became interested in narcotics addiction. From another layman he received a formula for the medical treatment of narcotics which later won endorsement of leading physicians, including the late Dr. Alexander Lambert of this city, Professor of Clinical Medicine at Cornell University, and Dr. Richard Cabot of Boston.

Working always with physicians, he treated successfully many cases of drug addiction. In 1907, the late President William H. Taft, then Secretary of War, sent twelve soldiers to Mr. Towns' hospital, where under clinical observation of Army physicians, they were successfully treated. In 1908 Mr. Towns went to China and made a study of the use of opium there. He opened and maintained three hospitals, in Tien-Tsin, Peiking and Shanghai, where 4,000 patients were treated. The next year he attended the first International Opium Conference in Shanghai, where he demonstrated his treatment to the delegates. On his return further demonstrations of his treatment were held in clinics at Bellevue Hospital, under the direction of Dr. Lambert, and the latter published the details of the treatment in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. The treatment was also used for alcoholic addiction.

During 1912 Mr. Towns contributed a series of articles to *The Century Magazine*, dealing with the effects of tobacco, alcohol and morphine. His publications included "Alcohol and Tobacco and the Remedy," "Habits That Handicap," "The Menace of Opium," "Reclaiming the Drinker" and "Drug and Alcoholic Sickness."

This 1947 obituary reproduces much of its information from the (self-promotional) entry in *A Souvenir of New York City, Old and New*, New York: New York Commercial, 1918. Page 344 – or else, like that entry, was written by Charles Towns.

CHARLES B. TOWNS

No one could possibly talk with Charles B. Towns for the briefest period without being impressed with the sincerity of purpose that has made him a benefactor to humanity, or without noticing the combativeness that has led him, single handed, to wage relentless warfare against alcohol, tobacco and all habit-forming drugs. Mr. Towns is not a physician. He is just a business man; not an ordinary business man, however, because the extraordinary aggressiveness of his nature, so necessary in the sociological fight he is conducting, would be wasted energy in a commercial line. Knowing very little of drugs and less of their pernicious effects, he became interested in the sufferings of those addicted to their use, and after much experiment and research he perfected a formula for the treatment of these diseases. At the outset Mr. Towns encountered opposition from physicians who refused to accept the treatment.

Finally, Dr. Alexander Lambert, professor of clinical medicine at Cornell University Medical College, who is conceded to be the best advised man in New York on drug habits and alcoholism, consented to record the results of Mr. Towns' treatment of patients under his observation. As a result he gave Mr. Towns unqualified endorsement of the treatment and a hospital was eventually opened at 293 Central Park West, to which many of the physicians who had previously ignored the treatment sent their drug and alcohol patients. Later, Dr. Richard C. Cabot, the distinguished Boston physician, visited Mr. Towns' hospital and, being strongly impressed, sent several patients, "who easily and quickly were rid of their morphia addiction, and have now remained well for a number of years," Dr. Cabot's letter, from which this is an excerpt, also stated "I do not hesitate to say that he knows more about the alleviation and cure of drug addictions than any doctor I have ever seen"—which is a mighty good endorsement for a layman to receive from one of the leading physicians of the country. Mr. Towns has travelled all over Europe and the Orient, studying the drug evil and formulating plans for its abatement. While in China he treated several thousand opium cases with success but the government would not allow him to open hospitals there as many of the officials, high in power, were manufacturing and selling "cures" which contained morphine or some other derivative of opium. They had commercialized bogus remedies, did not want the traffic stopped, and did not intend that the American zealot should rob them of income from that source.

Before leaving China, Mr. Towns made his formula and details of the treatment public at the International Opium Congress, held at Shanghai. One month later the formula was given free to the entire world, Mr. Towns generously refusing to commercialize it. Think of a man without a medical education, placing a *boon* like this within the reach of millions of suffering and miserable men and women! All the millions of money devoted to various institutions within the last twenty years will not accomplish the good resulting from Mr. Towns' efforts for the amelioration of mankind, Mr. Towns has successfully treated thousands of cases in New York City, but this does not satisfy him. He wants to permanently and effectually remove the cause of the evil and he is working energetically to that end. He is the author of the so-called "Boylan law," passed several years ago by the New York Legislature which greatly restricts the method of handling habit-forming drugs. He is now fighting for Government aid in wiping out the quacks and charlatans who vend all common advertised fake medicine cures. He is firm in the belief that alcoholism and drug addiction should be treated by the legal authorities

where the patient, deprived of his drink or drug, cannot himself afford to pay for private treatment and that such provision should be a part of all prohibition enactments.

Mr. Towns' views and method of treatment have been given free to the world and he is now largely devoting his time to legislative work from which he derives no benefit whatever. This is a part of the life story of Charles B. Towns, a record of events that makes him one of the progressive men of the age. Mr. Towns has been a frequent contributor to magazines and recently published a volume entitled "Habits that Handicap." in which every form of addiction is exhaustively treated.

Notes

In 1908 Charles B. Towns applied for (and received) a passport, the application giving his birth date as January 12, 1862, LaGrange, Georgia. (The witness was Dr. Alexander Lambert, who said he had known him two years.) There is no Charles Towns b. 1862 in any Decennial Census record (1870, 1880, 1900) before he appears as a guest at the Hotel Endicott in Manhattan in 1910, with wife, Mary, b. about 1870, and son, Edward, b. about 1896. This Edward is Col. Edward Barbour Towns. Edward's older sister, Mary, daughter of Charles B. and Mary A. Towns, is recorded as having died in Rhode Island (where Mary Barbour Towns, wife of Charles B. Towns, was born) at the age of 12 on June 1, 1904. It is not in a Decennial Census, but Charles Barnes Towns appears on the register of the Florida State Census, 1885, in district 8, Putnam County. Records of the Towns Family provided by Mr. Randall Allen, a distant cousin, show that Charles Barnes Towns (12 January 1862 - 20 February 1947) married Mary L. Barbour, 10 October 1887. Mary (b. 1870/71) was the younger daughter of an English emigrant, Emily Barbour, who came here with her daughter, Lydia, born in England in 1867/68.

Charles's grandfather, John Terry Colquitt Towns (1797-1849) married (1st) Julia Beasley: their son, Jarrell Oliver Towns (8 August 1825 - 12 May 1904) married (2nd) Sarah Elizabeth Allen (nee Barnes) (8 February 1840 - 29 October 1916). Their son was Charles Barnes Towns (it turns out he appears as Barnes C. Towns in the 1880 Census). His closest brother was Thomas Randolph Towns (born 16 November 1863), who married Alma Sherlock 19 August 1891. There were the following full siblings: Jarrell Beasley Towns (25 September 1865 - 1894) – married Emma Hunter; Walter Pope Towns; Mary Towns – married William Banks; Henry H. Towns; Julia Frances Towns; Jarrell Oliver Towns, Jr. (12 July 1880 - 8 July 1882). Charles's father, Jarrell Oliver Towns, was in 1852 Major, 148th Regiment Georgia Militia, and in 1863, Second Lieutenant 2nd Georgia Cavalry (State Troops/ Home Guard). Mr. Allen has provided me with copies of the letters from Charlie and Randolph Towns to a young cousin who was preparing a family history, Clifford Towns Westbrook, son of Clifford Earl and Minnie Towns Westbrook. These letters (along with a brief notice of Charles Towns's marriage) are quoted in part after a brief note on Charlie Towns's only surviving child.

Col. Edward Barbour Towns, son of Charles B. Towns, born August 9, 1895, died May 18, 1979, Delray Beach FL. His widow died there in February 1985. Col. Towns was a Lieutenant in WW1. Of his three children noted in his obituary, his son, Edward Ros[s] Towns, born May 24, 1922, died at Plaquemines Parish, Louisiana, October 8, 2001. The other two were children of his second wife Dorothy by her first marriage to Bolling Robertson. Edward B. Towns is believed to have been born in

Florida. (Edward Barbour Towns was divorced from his first wife, Emilia or Emily Ros[s] Towns, on May 27, 1929.)

Here are letters, one from Towns Westbrook to Charles B. Towns, one from Charles B. Towns to Towns Westbrook, preceded by what seems a slightly odd notice from the local Troup County paper on the marriage of Charles B. Towns. The marriage notice is as follows – from the LaGrange [Georgia] *Reporter* 20 October 1887, page 2 – “Mr. C. B. Towns, son of Col. J. G. Towns, formerly sheriff of this county, was recently married in Florida. A reception was given the happy pair by the parents of the bridegroom, at their home in Senoia.” [Note that the bride’s name is never mentioned.]

Here is the letter of inquiry written to Charles B. Towns by Clifford Towns Westbrook from West Point, Troup County, Georgia, September 19, 1930;

Mr. Charles Barnes Towns,
293 Central Park, West,
New York, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Towns:

Today while looking through the new “Who’s Who” I happened to see your name, and as I am always on the lookout for the name of Towns I read it at once and found that you were born in LaGrange, Georgia, during the Civil War and was the son of a great uncle of mine.

I had always known that you lived in New York and had hospital but never really knew just where to find you and write you until recently while I was visiting your first cousin, Mrs. Ida Belle Swanson Pinckard, who was the daughter of Mary Ann Towns, our father’s sister, and it was she who told me about you.

My purpose in writing you is to ask you if you have ever heard Uncle Oliver speak of his father and grandfather Towns or of any of his people who came before him. I am trying to find something of the family history of the Towns family and it is a very hard thing to do as there are almost none of them living and they were not inclined to save such things as family Bibles and Letters.

I do know though, that they came to Troup County from Hillsborough, in Jasper County about 1846, and that your Grandmother was named Julia Ann Beasley, and that the Beasleys came to Troup about the same time. Your grandfather Towns was named John Terry Colquitt Towns and he was married twice and I think he was born in Virginia in about 1797 and he was the next to the youngest child of ten children, Governor George W. Towns being the youngest child.

What I want to know is if you have ever heard your father say whether a John Towns had served in the Revolutionary War.

I presume that you were born while your father was serving as the Sheriff of Troup County during the Civil War and that you can remember the old Towns house at Towns Hill, about seven miles from LaGrange, where your step-grandmother Towns lived and also the old Beasley Mansion. Both of these old houses have been destroyed by fire and tornado a good many years ago.

I am a grandson of your father’s half brother, Henry Harrison Towns, who served in the Civil War, and my mother was Elizabeth Towns. The last sister of your father died

in 1925 at the age of 75, and she was Julia Terry Strozier and was named for your grandmother.

I understand that you have a brother who lives in Holquin, Cuba, and also a sister, Mrs. Will Banks, living in New York, and Mrs. Calvin Battle of Culloden, Georgia and if you will give me the addresses of those people I should also appreciate it very much.

I hope that I will not take up any of your very valuable time by asking you to write to me but I should appreciate it if you will tell me all that you know concerning the Towns, and if you are in the South any more the family should appreciate you stopping in LaGrange and seeing them.

Hoping to hear from you very soon, I remain,
Yours very truly,

And here is the response from Charles B. Towns, 293 Central Park West, New York, October 7, 1930

Mr. Towns Westbrooke,
West Point, Troup Co., Ga.

Dear Mr. Westbrooke:

You will pardon my delay, which was unavoidable, in answering your favor of September 19. Your letter is of interest to me and I am sorry I cannot give you the information you desire. You have already told me much more than I knew about the family. Strange as it may seem, I cannot recall my father ever discussing his family with me. I am sure there was nothing in the family history that he was ashamed of, but I do not recall that he ever gave me any information about his father or mother, or the family history away back.

I can remember when I was a very small boy, seeing your grandfather, or great-grandfather — I am not sure which — Coon Towns. I have a faint remembrance of the old homestead, Pine Knot, also the house of Dr. Beasley, which was quite near, and I can remember him distinctly.

Just after the war my father left the old homestead — like many others at that time he lost practically everything he had. He moved to a farm nearer La Grange, and I have a faint recollection of that. My father was married twice. I was by the second wife. He had a son by his first wife. Her maiden name was Reed and her home was near West Point. Her son's name was Terry, and I can remember when I was a small boy, going with him to the old Reed estate, and as I recall now, his Grandfather and Grandmother Reed practically raised him. He died some years ago, and left a son, who is married and has two or three children. I believe they live in Birmingham, Ala.

I had a talk with my two sisters, within the year, about this very same thing (family history) and I know they have no old bible or records of any kind that would give you the information you desire.

I have a son, the only child. He is practicing law in New York. He got both his degrees at Columbia University. He went into the world war in 1917, and is now a Captain in the Reserve Corps. He is a member of the Sons of the Revolution, but was

able to become eligible for that membership, on my mother's side, through Captain Pope of Virginia. I was born January 12, 1862.

From time to time I get a communication from someone interested in the genealogy of the family. Sometime last year I received a letter from Mrs. Chas. L. Sarrazin, 912 Delaware Street, Shreveport, La.. She was a Towns, and her letter and correspondence I referred to my son. As I recall it, she had quite a good deal of information and was seeking more as you are, in regard to the origin of the family. I think it would be a good idea for you to communicate with her.

I would appreciate it, should you get any further information in regard to the origin of the family, if you would let me have it.

Very cordially yours,

Charles B. Towns

PROGRESS REPORT: THE MESSENGERS TO EBBY: CEBRA G.

Cebra Quackenbush G. (1898-1979) was from Bennington, the son of Judge Collins Millard G. (1872-1954). He attended Williams College for a year before enlisting in the Army in World War I, later read law in his father's office, attended Columbia in NYC in 1924, acted on Broadway 1924-27, went back to Vermont, served as State's Attorney in the Bennington district 1928-1932, then State Senator 1933-1935. He married five times, the last time to Lucette Caron Culbert in France, where he lived from 1954 till his death on January 1, 1979, at the age of 80. He met Lucette in the early 1920s through her brother Claude Caron, whose daughter Leslie (b. 1931) may be named after Leslie Cornell (I have written Claude's nephew, Lucette's son, Frédéric [Ted] Culbert, on this). In one of his Broadway stints, Cebe G. acted with Elmer Cornell, a cousin of Shep's and brother of actress Leslie Cornell. Cebe's son Jack Y. C. G., from his third marriage, was a year behind me at Yale (both of us in Saybrook College) and I've been in touch with him. Cebe's brother Van Vechten Breese G. (b. 1906), Brown 1929, still lives in Bennington. I have been given access to the transcript of a recording Bill W. made of Cebra's reminiscences in 1954, so I am using the proper AA form of reference to Cebra G.]

The name Cebra reputedly goes back in the Quackenbush (Cebe's mother's) family to "El Cebra" (true name and surname unknown), a patriot in the Dutch War for Independence (1567-1609), who was whipped by the Spaniards ("given stripes") so that he was said to have looked like a zebra ("Cebra"). The surname Cebra appears on Long Island before the American Revolution, and it presumably entered the Quackenbush family from the Cebra family then rather than in the days of the House of Orange-Nassau.

Cebra G.'s first marriage was in 1921 at St Paul's Episcopal Church in Troy NY to Carolyn Caldwell of Troy, daughter of James Henry Caldwell, President of the Troy Trust Company. She was a 1917 graduate of the Misses Masters' School at Dobbs Ferry. Cebra is described as a graduate of the Westminster School and of Williams College.

Recent research in Vermont has given us the name of Cebra's second wife Lenore Pettit (b. 1907), later a member of the Jackson Pollock world. After her 1933 divorce from Cebe, granted by Magistrate Collins M. G[-----] she m. Howard Baer whom she divorced in 1944. I tried to find a connection with the Margaret Pettit who is listed as the wife of Cebe's eventual brother-in-law Claude Caron and mother of Leslie Caron (b. 1931), but it is apparently a different family. On Lenore Pettit later on, here is an excerpt from the transcript of Tape 2 of an Interview January 14, 1976, with Matsumi (Mike) Kanemitsu (1922-1992) who eventually married Lenore Pettit (transcript in the Los Angeles Art Community Group Project, Smithsonian, Washington DC): "In any case, after Willett Street studio I move to Front Street. Front Street is right off the Fulton Fish Market, between [it and] Wall Street. And I rent the second-floor studio. This lady rent the whole top floor of the building, and I get to know her. We started going together, but we lived in the same building. Her name was Lenore Pettit, and she was a fashion model, and she just get divorced to the senator from Vermont; I forgot his name [State Senator Cebra Q. G.]. Then she married to commercial artist named Howard Baer, and that end in divorce. So we started going together, and she have a house in East Hampton. And so, naturally, I go with her and help her to fix the house, carpentry and all this. And those days, East Hampton is artists move in, and the first person I met is our neighbor, Leo Castelli; later he open a gallery. Leo was there, and Bob Motherwell -- he bought a place -- and they were our neighbors. And across the pond, called Georgeca-Pond, is Alphonso Ossorio. And in those day, I remember Franz Kline and de Kooning rent house at Bridgehampton, so I get to see them very often in East Hampton in the summertime. Then de Kooning and Franz and Jackson Pollock, I naturally see often there in the summertime. And then [they were] closely associated with Harold Rosenberg, art critic, and Clement Greenberg."

Cebe's third marriage was in 1936 to Mary Ormsby Sutton of 1170 Fifth Avenue in New York (residence of her aunt, Edna Sutton) and of Pittsburgh (residence of her father J. Blair Sutton). Her mother, Mary Phillips Sutton, was no longer alive. Mary graduated from the Fermata School in Aiken, South Carolina, in 1931 and from Sarah Lawrence in 1933. She was presented to society at a dinner dance at the Allegheny Country Club in Pittsburgh in December 1933, by her father and stepmother. The G.-Sutton wedding was conducted by Justice of the Peace Leo Mintzer in Harrison NY, with Mr and Mrs Elwood Kemp of New York City as the witnesses. Again, Cebra is described as a graduate of Westminster and Williams. He is also described as having been a State Senator in Vermont 1933-35.

Mary Ormsby Sutton (G.) Moore was born July 16, 1915, and died in Sewickley PA on October 13, 2001. She was the mother of John (Jack) Yates Cebra G., Yale '62, Cebra's son. They were divorced in the later 1940s. On August 15, 1950, died in Southampton, Long Island, New York, the former Barbara Corlies, Cebe's fourth wife, Barbara Corlies G., daughter of the late Arthur and Maude Robinson Corlies and (fourth) wife of Cebra G. She was born in 1909/1910 and had previously been married to Allen Hall. Note that Jack G. has lived in Easthampton much of his life (and lives there now). Lenore lived in the Hamptons. So did Barbara.

Cebra served up to the rank of Lt. Commander in the U.S.N. in World War II, used his G. I. Bill to go to Columbia School of General Studies and then the Columbia Graduate School, receiving his B.A. and then at least his M.A. in Classics. From 1946 to

1951 he was an Instructor in Classical Studies (Humanities) in Columbia School of General Studies. After his fourth wife died, he reopened his acquaintance with Lucette Caron (Culbert), whom he had met in France around 1920-21. After 1954 he lived the rest of his life in France, where his son Jack visited him from time to time. Jack (b. 1940) recalls that his father lived a while in Pownal on Clermont Avenue, and even in his fifties, his parents (who died in 1954 and 1955) would still smell his breath and wait up for him if he stayed with them. He thinks his father was drinking during the brief fourth marriage. When his father was in this country and Jack was about 13 or 14, Jack asked his father to play "ball" – to play "catch" – and his father did, even though he had a hangover. Eventually he had to lie down, and Jack asked him if it would help if he placed wet washcloths over his forehead, which he did. Eventually his father asked Jack, "What do you think of your old man?" and Jack answered, "I just think you're sick, Dad" – and whatever he meant, his father told him afterward that his reply was a major step on his father's road to sobriety.

When Jack's parents' marriage (Cebra's third) was breaking up after World War II, Jack, as a young boy, tried to mediate between them whenever they had an argument – "I tried to get them back together" – and when the marriage failed his mother went back to Pittsburgh, where she was brought up. His father renewed an acquaintance he had made in France thirty years before – he had met Lucette Caron (Culbert) while fishing in Saumur with his friend and her brother Claude Caron, for champagne bottles. I believe, after his fourth wife died, Cebra went over to France, looked Lucette up, found she was a widow, asked her when she would marry him, she said "Dimanche!" and they went to Mont St Michel. He came back to the States thereafter, and then returned to France for the last quarter-century of his life.

He told Jack that his desire for alcohol wasn't a thirst, "it was a hunger." When in France, he went to a nunnery, for their "cure" – which involved giving him as much wine as he wanted (up to six bottles a day), to keep him off "alcohol." It was at this point he decided he didn't want to die drunk in an alcoholic ward and put his mind to being sober. "You see." Jack told me, "he would be a pretty terrific success at whatever he tried – actor, attorney, state senator, soldier and sailor, scholar and college teacher – and then he'd get bored with it. He could have been a U. S. Senator if he'd set his mind to it, but he never did." But he set his mind to being sober, and after spending time with Bill W. in 1954, he stayed sober till his death on New Year's Day 1979. His pictures as an undergraduate at Williams show a startlingly handsome man. I have not seen photographs of him later in life.

A transcript of Bill W.'s conversation with Cebra G. and his (fifth) wife, Lucette, is in the Alcoholics Anonymous General Service Office Archives in New York. By the courtesy of the Archivist, Amy Filiatreau, a copy of the transcript was made available to me. I had previously listened to recordings of several of Ebby T.'s talks in which he claimed, unconvincingly to my ear, that Cebra and Shep, who brought the message to him, were *both* former drinking companions. Cebra's own testimony (in this transcript) says that he was at least a sometime drinker with Ebby: I remain unconvinced on Shep. Here is a summary of the relevant portions of the transcript, not in direct quotation.

Cebra first saw Rowland Hazard at a party at Cebra's parents' house in Bennington in the summer of 1934. Shortly thereafter (perhaps in July) Cebra and his father had an argument, with Cebra's father saying something to the effect of

“Bennington is too small for both of us,” whereupon Cebra walked out of his office, without even locking the door, and started walking toward Williamstown (Massachusetts). After he reached the next city, Rowland drove up, presumably by accident, and asked where he was going. On finding out that he didn’t know, he picked him up and drove him to the house of Professor Philip Marshall Brown, apparently an Oxford Group friend of Rowland’s. They talked and the subject of alcoholism came up – and Rowland and Phil Brown virtually guaranteed that if Cebra followed the principles of the Oxford Group, he wouldn’t drink alcoholically. He became active in the Oxford Group, toned down his drinking, went down to New York and went to OG meetings there, and after returning to what he considered normal drinking, he went back to Vermont, tried to make amends to his parents and follow the Oxford Group principles.

After this return to Bennington, he visited Rowland in Glastonbury, and at the same time Shep was visiting there. Shep was very active in the Oxford Group. They were swimming in Rowland’s pool, and talking about carrying the Oxford Group message. Ebby came into Cebe’s mind – he had played golf (and had drinks) with Ebby in Manchester – and he decided they should carry the message to Ebby. The chronology of Cebe’s recollections is not entirely clear, but it would appear that this was after Ebby had come up before Cebe’s father in court, and after Cebe and Rowland had gone to Cebe’s father to try to explain the Oxford Group principles to Cebe’s father and to persuade him not to send Ebby to Brattleboro (jail). Cebe’s father apparently said he’d make Rowland and Cebe responsible for Ebby (Rowland was closer in age to Cebe’s father than to Cebe). Cebe recalls that he didn’t know much about alcoholism at this time and he didn’t have the impression that Rowland knew much about it either.

Shep and Rowland were skeptical about visiting Ebby (I would guess Rowland wanted to be out of this), but finally Cebe convinced Shep to come with him to Ebby’s house, where they found Ebby on the back veranda, surrounded by bottles, in a filthy suit, holding his head in his hands. So Cebe walks up and says something like, “Hi! Ebby – You having fun?” – to which Ebby responds something like, “Go to Hell!” Cebe answers to the effect that “You don’t have to live like this anymore.” They take his (only) suit down to Manchester Center, rout the tailor out (it’s Sunday afternoon), get the suit cleaned, get Ebby cleaned up, take him to a restaurant, and talk to him about the Oxford Group. This was (by Cebe’s guess) in August 1934. [Cebe’s brother Van recalls Ebby as a friend of Cebe’s, but not Shep, confirming my impression that when Ebby said in talks he had drinking experience with Cebra and Shep he was overstating it.]

A statement by Van G. to Lester Cole, a student of the Vermont origins of A.A., made in 2007, has important implications for understanding what happened when Ebby, that day in 1934, was released by Van’s (and Cebe’s) father into Rowland’s custody. The statement was simply that Collins G. was not a Judge but was sitting as a Family Court Magistrate. (Van was a lawyer at that time and may have been an officer of the court: he was certainly in town and aware of what was happening with his father and brother and brother’s “friend.”) The Family Court Magistrate sat not in criminal cases but in determining sanity or insanity for purposes of incarceration in the State Hospital. If so, it wasn’t the jail at Brattleboro but the hospital at Brattleboro that Ebby had to fear. But instead Ebby went down to New York, to Calvary House (not Calvary Mission, according to Cebe), went to the Meetings, met the Oxford Group people, and joined the Oxford Group. From there Cebra’s conversation goes to more of his own and Bill’s

experience with the Oxford Group and the early days of A.A., including some mention of Ebby later on.

The story of Rowland's work with Jung (or Jung's with Rowland) seems to have come from Cebe to Bill in this conversation. Cebe recalls Rowland's telling him (during an afternoon spent with Rowland and Philip Marshall Brown) that he knew he had been having trouble with liquor, had tried a lot of places, and had gone to see Dr. Jung. (Cebe says he can't remember the year this occurred, but he thinks it was 1930 or 1931.) The mention of Dr. Jung intrigued Cebe, because he had read *The Psychology of the Unconscious* (in the Hinkle translation) and thought it a fascinating book. But, in 1954, Cebe recalled wondering how Jung could psychoanalyze anyone, so to speak, from German into English, especially Jung, with his symbolism, race consciousness, all that sort of thing, and how could Jung, no matter how smart he was, understand the "race-consciousness" of an Anglo-Saxon born in America?

Rowland told him that after he had been going to Jung, more or less successfully, for a year or so, Jung discharged him – and in a month, he got drunk again, and came back in a state of panic or despair – and that was when Jung told him he needed a religious conversion. At this point, Cebe's chronology becomes somewhat (or even more) confused, as he is under the impression that all this had been relatively recent, perhaps a matter of months between his leaving Jung and his interaction with Cebe in Vermont in 1933-34. In any case, on a drive from South Williamstown to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Rowland had taken his usual bottle along as a companion, and that, all of a sudden, he had heard a voice saying to him, "You will never take a drink again." He took the bottle and threw it into the bushes, and that was the story Rowland told Cebe at Philip Marshall Brown's house in July or August 1934.

At this point in his reminiscence to Bill, Cebe remarks that he thought Christianity was all very well – he didn't disbelieve in it – but Jung was a very considerable person indeed, and flinging a bottle away was something no alcoholic was likely to think of with the monkey on his back. He remembered asking Rowland about the hangover, and being told more or less that Rowland could bear it – which was more than Cebe thought he ever could. In fact, he tells a story about going to an Oxford Group meeting and commenting on a young lady there, to the effect "There's a good looking doll," and being told that he was offending against the laws of Purity, and responding to the effect, "Purity, my eye! I joined this outfit to get over a hangover." (On the "good looking doll," we should remember Cebe was once a Broadway actor, and he was married five times. He remarked in his conversation with Bill that he didn't do well with the rarefied spiritual atmosphere of the Oxford Group.)

We can see that much of Bill's information on Rowland may have come from Cebe (unless of course Cebe's came in a roundabout from Bill). Three other points emerge from the conversation, besides what has been noted here and in our last issue. One is that Cebe joined AA in New York in 1940. One is that it was Cebe (not Shep and certainly not Rowland) who knew Ebby before 1933: Cebe recalls playing golf with Ebby, and says he had known him for many years in Manchester. And one is that Cebe remembered Bill telling him, at Calvary, that the Oxford Group was fine, one couldn't complain about its principles, but he (Bill) didn't think it was the right thing for alcoholics.

Here is a brief summary of Cebe's account of his introduction to A.A. in 1940. Cebe reports that he really knew nothing about A.A. until 1940, when he was hypnotized in an effort to get over drinking and had promptly gotten drunk again. He saw a friend of his, an older woman, whose husband had died from cirrhosis of the liver and other alcohol-related problems, at the age of 92. She asked him what was wrong and he told her about the failure of hypnotism to cure his drinking. She asked him if he remembered Morgan R. and how he used to stumble and fall around? He said he did. She said Morgan hadn't had a drink in several years. Cebe went to see Morgan, who was busy, but gave him the name of Bert T. He went to see Bert and went to a meeting that night and saw Ebby there, at the clubhouse on 24th Street that had just opened up. He expected to see people from the Bowery, but that didn't bother him, because he figured that was where he belonged anyway. He reports he had no trouble accepting the first step because he was licked when he got there and seriously felt he was crazy – so he was happy to find he was an alcoholic and amazed that there were people who could do something about it. (Cebe carried the message to Ebby in 1934; he came to A.A. in 1940; he did not finally get sober until 1954.)

In a letter written to me in June 2008, Jack writes "My father, Cebra Quackenbush G[----], who was born on August 26, 1898, once told me that if I wanted to know what his upbringing had been like, I should read Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*, the satire on Victorian ways. Being the eldest of Collins Millard and Florence Quackenbush G[----]'s four sons, who lived in Bennington, Vermont, he was, I suppose, Ernest Pontifex, though the parallel is by no means exact. As with Ernest, though, things ended happily for him. His last 28 years were spent with the love of his life, Lucette Caron, in France, a country that because of its intellectual bent and broad-mindedness, he far preferred to America.

"He was classically educated, at the Westminster preparatory school, and was a fine teacher, scholar, and linguist, though he was also a soldier, in France in World War One, a Naval officer in World War Two, an actor on Broadway, in the 1920s, and a State's Attorney and State Senator in Vermont in the '30s. Concerning his many-sided career, he told me that once he learned the ropes, he became bored.

"His 'greatest trick' was to have completed. in just a few years following World War Two, two years of undergraduate work – he studied at Williams in 1916, before enlisting, and spent a year at Columbia in 1924 – and his Master's and Doctorate requirements, while teaching Greek, Latin, and the Humanities in Columbia's Classics Department. Had he had his druthers, he told me, he would gladly have been a professional student his entire life.

"He did not make much of his drinking, nor of his work with A.A., with me. I only saw him drunk once in my life, when I was twelve, on a summer visit to Bennington.... I had inveigled him into playing catch and, nursing a hangover, after a few minutes of this, he had to excuse himself to lie down. As he lay there, he asked, 'What do you think of your old man?' I put a cold washcloth on his forehead, and I said I simply thought he was sick. It's probably the best thing I've ever done.

"It was his view, too, that he was sick. I've learned that in going through some of his papers. There was wine on the table whenever I visited him and my stepmother in Paris and Urrugne, in the Basque country, where they had a house. Everyone drank it but he. In fact, he said he thought that I drank more than he did, day in and day out.

“He was of a religious bent, throughout his life, persuaded, as I think he was, by St. Thomas Aquinas’s logic, and enamored, as he was, of Latin, from an early age. He was interested in Buddhism, too, but, in the end, he said that when it came to religious matters, he was ‘a Westerner.’ His religiosity played a large part in his battle with alcoholism. He converted to Roman Catholicism while in a clinic at Dax over the Christmas holidays in 1954. In the end, he said, it was ‘the sight of Sister Marie Joseph standing over my bed and smiling down at me’ that had accomplished it.’

“I feel it impossible for me to describe that smile,’ he wrote in an account he wrote at the time. ‘It was not the smile of a professional greeter; it was not one of amusement at the plight into which I had gotten myself; but it was one of compassion, sweetness, and perhaps, above all, it was a smile of perfect confidence that I would get well, and gave me a feeling of hope that I shall not attempt to describe. I have been to many hospitals and sanitariums to recover from alcoholism, and, on several occasions, have been treated in a perfectly kindly fashion, but I am not conscious that I have ever been received as above....’

“I am certain that everyone who has been converted towards or away from any belief or way of life has a strong desire to understand what has happened to him and to tell others of the great event, to the end that they, too, may be brought to peace, happiness, and a useful life. I have read many such accounts and, though it never occurred to me to doubt the fact of the conversion, I have never been able to see how it was accomplished: i.e., the one converted seems never to have had anything to do with his change of heart. At least, so it was in my case.’

“Not for one minute were all my problems solved, but from Christmas Day I was convinced that, despite all my sins, (1) I could be saved, and also (2) all hatreds and resentments vanished in a moment. I wish to emphasize that, in so far as I was conscious, my will played no part in either of these feelings. I am certain that the first was largely inspired by a terrible fear, but I have not felt it before; and, as for the second, it was as automatic as the love that one suddenly experiences for a person towards whom one is unconsciously drawn. I wish to emphasize that I endeavored to strike no bargain with my Maker: I did not say, feel, or promise, actually or in effect, “Lord, if you will save me from a living death, I will give up my dislikes and hatreds.” I merely knew that the people whom I felt had offended me acted as they had because they could not help it, and I no longer considered them blameable in any way....’

“Nevertheless, if it can be said that one person converts another, it was not the logic of Thomas Aquinas, but the smile of Sister Marie Joseph and my subsequent treatment by my Catholic brothers and sisters that melted and changed my heart and mind....’

“If a man who is truly religious is guided by God to say the right thing to those in need of help – and I firmly believe this – le Chanoine Gayan could not have struck a more sympathetic chord in me than he did in his counsel after my confession. He did not give me one bit of specific advice about avoiding the sins I had confessed, but spoke to me only of the Grace of God and that I must always remember I was completely dependent on it. Intellectually, I must have known this doctrine for years and have even lectured on it, but I never understood it, as I did when le Chanoine Gayan spoke to me for two or three minutes on the afternoon of January 1 [1955].’

“He read from the prayer book he received from Sister Marie Joseph every day. He died at the age of 81 on December 31, 1979, in a hospital in Bayonne (near Urrugne) as the result of a hole in a lung that caused him to suffocate. Undoubtedly he would have lived longer in America. His younger brother, Van, who lives in Bennington, is 102! But he was, he said, ready to get off the merry-go-round. When I last saw him, he was sitting in bed having some chocolate. ‘Don’t worry about me – I’ve got a good thing going,’ he said with good cheer.

“While I’m sure Sister Marie Joseph’s smile played a big part, I think he was really saved by Lucette Caron, his fifth wife. Their story is fascinating. He met her in St. Moritz while fishing for champagne bottles in the mid-‘20s, through the instance of her brother, Claude, who had admired my father’s dexterity. When it came time to leave Paris – he and his first wife had been footed to a trip there by her father – he told Lucette that he’d look her up in twenty-five years. Twenty-five years later – and without a word having been exchanged between them in that time – he sent her a telegram, “J’arrive” [“I’m coming”].

“Having lived an interesting life after a brief marriage in the ‘20s to another American, she was beguiled, but worried too, on receiving his telegram. He had been very handsome, yes, but that was twenty-five years ago. Would he still have his hair, his teeth? She asked her son, Teddy Culbert, what she should do, and he advised that she meet the bus at Les Invalides, which she did. My father and she took up where they left off, and soon were off to Mont St Michel and a life together.

“Even *France Dimanche*, generally a scandal magazine, was touched, and wrote it up. In that article, I think, Lucette was quoted as saying that while she went out with Frenchmen, she always married Americans. They were a compelling couple: he, the handsome, worldly intellectual whose encyclopedic knowledge of history was much admired in France, and she, the mercurial journalist (*Paris-Soir*, *Paris Match*, *Mademoiselle*) who had been a Captain in the Resistance, and who was described once as ‘one of the five tyrants of the fashion world.’

My father loved it that she was not a reformer, as apparently some of his American wives had been. With nothing to rebel against, the decision was up to him. Give it up or die in a *crise alcoolique*. When my father told her he would give up drinking if she would return to the church, Lucette said she would, and off she went to confession – her first in many, many years. With a smile, he told me she had said, when the priest asked what she would like to confess, “Well, I haven’t done anything that anyone else hasn’t done ...”

[Note: Lucette Caron was the translator for at least one French film made in Morocco in the early 1920s and also of Michael Arlen’s *Le Feutre Vert* (1928). She was born February 17, 1898. Her brother Claude married an American dancer, Margaret Petit, and their daughter is Leslie Claire Margaret Caron (b. July 1931). Teddy Culbert, Lucette’s son by her first marriage, still lives in France.]

Cebra G.’s Religious Beliefs: Text of Carbon Copy of Document [Undated]:

I believe in an all-powerful and benign force that has ordained a system of immutable laws by which the universe is governed. When these laws do not seem to operate, it is merely because they are not at all, or imperfectly, understood.. I believe that

our well-being, mental, physical and spiritual, proceeds from a conformance with these laws, consciously or unconsciously.

I do not believe in sin in the sense that it is an offence against some deity, but that it consists of a refusal or inability to keep the laws that govern our every thought and action. I do not believe in a personal God who takes an Interest in our individual behaviour, regardless of our own attitude in the matter, but I do believe that by an act of will or desire we can make ourselves a part of the orderly harmonies of the universe, and that by so doing, 'the ears of some of us will be attuned to a celestial music. It is by this conscious desire to accept the universe that we draw to ourselves those qualities and conditions which can result in the good life for each of us.

I believe that the measure of each human action should be whether or not our lives tend to be permanently enhanced thereby.

I believe that the past should be without regard, except for whatever pleasant memories it may hold for us, or warnings with respect to our future conduct, and that regret is a luxury that the human race can ill afford. I believe that all men are brothers and that this is a fact unwise to ignore.

I believe that there are many errors but no sins, and that repentance should be limited to a decision to act in a wiser and maturer manner in the future, should a similar occasion of error arise.

I believe in an afterlife of some sort, the details of which I am unable to understand, but whether individual or collective survival, I dare not speculate. I believe neither in salvation or damnation in the conventional sense, except in so far as they are self-decreed. The duration of each is a matter of individual choice. I also believe that the form which our after life will take will be largely determined by the use we make of the one we have.

SAMUEL G BLYTHE (1868-1947), *THE OLD GAME* (1914)

In *CA&SQ*, Vol. 3, no. 3, we briefly rehearsed the life of Samuel George Blythe, born of English emigrant parents in upstate New York in 1868, newspaper editor, journalist, frequent contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post*, political correspondent and in the 1930s a foreign correspondent before he settled permanently in Carmel, California, where he was living when he died in 1947. We noted that his best-known book is probably *The Fun of Getting Thin, How To Be Happy and Reduce the Waist Line*, and he was considered by the humorist Irvin S. Cobb as one of the three funniest authors in America. His interest to us lies in his account of stopping drinking. Last issue's selection was from his *The Old Game*, Chapters I-III (pp. 9-25). Here is our concluding installment (from *The Old Game*, pp. 27-6?):

Those Who Have Suffered In Vain

OWING to a worldwide acquaintance among men who drink, my personal determination to quit still excites the patronizing inquiry, "Still on the wagon?" when I meet old friends. That used to make me angry, but it does not any more. I say, "Yes!" take my mineral water and pass on to other things. But the position of those who quit and go back to it, and seek to excuse the return by saying, "Oh, I only stopped to see whether

I could. I found it was easy; so I began again!" – now is that not the sublimation of piffle? The fact that any man who salves himself with this sort of statement – and hundreds do – did go back does not prove that he could quit, but that he could not!

I can understand why a man, having tried both sides of the game, should conclude that the rigors and restraints of not drinking overbalance the compensations and take up the practice again; but I cannot understand why a man should be so great a hypocrite with himself as to assign a reason like that for his renewal of the habit. No man quits just to see whether he can quit. Every man quits because he personally thinks he ought to quit – for whatever his personal reason may be. And he begins again because he concludes the game is not worth playing, which means that he is not able to play it – not that it lacks merit. When you come to sum it all up, general reasons for drinking are as absurd as general reasons for not drinking. It is entirely an individual proposition. I concluded it was a bad thing for me to drink. I know now I was right. But – and here is the point – it may be a good thing for my neighbor to drink. He must judge of that himself. Personally I cannot see that it is a good thing for any man to drink, but I am no judge. I am influenced in my conclusions, not by a broad view of the situation as it applies to my fellows but by an intensely narrow view as it applies to myself. Hence what I have concluded in the matter may be uncharitable – may smack of Puritanism and may not be supported by general facts; but I am writing about my own experiences, not those of any other person whatever.

My occupation takes me to all parts of the world and has for twenty-five years. It has caused me to make friends with all sorts of people in all sorts of places and in all sorts of circumstances. I early discovered that, as I was a gregarious person and intent on doing the best for myself that I possibly could, it was necessary for me to cultivate the friendship of men of affairs; and it became apparent to me that many men of affairs take an occasional drink. Naturally I took an occasional drink with them, having no prejudices in the matter and being of open mind. I am big and husky, and mix well; and the result was I acquired as extensive a line of convivial acquaintances, across this country and across Europe, as any person of your acquaintance. To some extent my friendship with these men was predicated on having a few drinks with them. I fell in with their ways or they fell in with mine; and as my association in almost every city, among the men with whom I worked and the men I met, is based largely on entertainment of one kind or another – generally with some alcohol in it – my life was ordered that way for two decades. And I had a heap of fun. There was no sottishness about it, no solitary drinking, no drinking for drink's sake, no drunkenness. It was all jollity and really innocent enough – a case of good fellows having a good time together.

However, there was a good deal of rum consumed one way and another. Then three and a half years ago, after a long caucus with myself, I quit. I decided I had played that game long enough and would begin to play another. It may be I did not know or figure out as concretely as I have figured out since just what I was doing when I quit. It may be! Still, that has nothing to do with the case. I quit and I have stayed quit – and I have quit forever. So all that is coming to me in the premises is based on my own determination, as all has been that has come, and I have no complaints to make; and if I made any I should expect to get a punch in the eye for making them – and deserve one.

Passing over the physical and mental sides of the fight – which, I may assure you, were annoying enough to suit the most exacting advocate of the old policy of mortifying

the flesh and disciplining the mind – there came eventually the necessity of learning how to keep in the game on a water basis – or, rather, of learning how to keep in such portions of the game as seemed worth while on a soft-drink schedule. I was too old to form many new ties. I had accumulated a far flung line of drinking men as friends. They were mostly the men with whom association was a pleasure – as in politics the villains are always the good fellows – and I did not want to lose them, however willing they were to lose me.

There came, however, with my mineral-water view, a discriminatory sense that was not enjoyed in the highball period – that is to say, I found, observed with the cold and mayhap critical eye of abstinence, that a number of those with whom I was wont to associate needed the softening glow radiated by the liquor in me to make them as good as I had previously thought they were. There were some I found I did not miss, and more came to the same conclusion about me. They were all right – fine! – when seen or heard through ears and eyes that had been affected by the genial charitableness of a couple or three cocktails; but when seen or heard with no adventitious appliances on my part save ginger ale they were rather depressing – and I am quite sure they held the same views about me.

A Thirsty Nation's Need

SO I sloughed off a good many and a good many sloughed off me; and a working basis was secured. At first I tried to keep along with all the old crowd, but that was impossible in two ways. I never realized until after I was on the water-wagon what extremes in piffle I used to think was witty conversation, and they discovered speedily that my non-alcoholic communications fitted in neither with the spirit nor the spirits of the occasion. The crying need of the society of this country is a non-alcoholic beverage that can be drunk in quantities similar to the quantities in which highballs can be drunk. A man who is a good, handy drinker can lap up half a dozen highballs in the course of an evening – and many lap up considerably more than that number and hold them comfortably; but the man does not exist who can drink half of that bulk of water or ginger ale, or of any of the first-aids-to-the-non-drinkers, and not be both flooded and foundered. The human stomach will easily accommodate numerous seidels of beer, poured in at regular or irregular intervals; but the human stomach cannot and will not take care of a similar number of seidels of water, or of any other liquid that comes in the guise of stuff that neither cheers nor inebriates. I have never looked up the scientific reason for this. I state it as a fact, proved by my own attempts to accomplish with water what I used easily to do with highballs, Pilsner and other naughty substances.

The reformer boys will tell you there is no special need for such a drink; that water is all-sufficient. Of course everybody knows the reformer boys think the world is going to hell in a hanging basket unless each person in it comports himself and herself as the reformer boy dictates! But it is not so. And it is so that the social intercourse, the interchange of ideas between man and man, both in this country and in every other country, is often predicated on drinking as a concomitant. We may bewail this, but we cannot dodge it. Hence any man who has been used to the normal society of his fellows along the lines by which I became used to that society, and along the lines by which ninety per cent of the men in this country become used to that society, must make a bluff at drinking something now and then. If he is not a partaker of alcohol he has his troubles

in finding a medium for his imbibing, unless he goes the entire limit and cuts out the society of all friends who drink, which leaves him in a rather sequestered and senseless position – not, of course, that there are not plenty of interesting men who do not drink, but that so many interesting men do.

So the problem of a non-drinker resolves itself to this: How can he continue in the companionship of the men he likes, and who possibly like him, and not drink? How can he remain a social animal, with the fellowship of his kind, and stay on the water-wagon? Well, it is a difficult problem, especially for persons situated as I was, who had spent twenty years accumulating a large assortment of acquaintances who used the stuff in moderation, but with added social zest to their goings and comings.

When a man first stops drinking he is likely to become censorious. That starts him badly. Also he is likely to become serious. That marks him down fifteen points out of a possible thirty. He flocks by himself, thinking high thoughts about his purity of purpose, his vast wisdom, his acute realization of the dangers that formerly beset his path and now beset the path of all those who are not Walking side by side and in close communion with him. He pins medals all over himself, pats himself on the chest, and is much better than his kind. Then he wakes up – unless he is a chump and a Pharisee. If he is one or both of those he never wakes up, but soon passes beyond the pale. When he wakes up – assuming he has intelligence enough to do that – he gets an acute realization that if he holds on in that manner much longer even the elevator boys will not speak to him; and he comes to a point where he finds out that the wisest of the wise saws is that a man who is in Rome should do as the Romans do, with such modifications as his personal circumstances may demand. Personally I found the most advantageous course to pursue was to drop the highfalutin air of extreme virtue that oppressed me and depressed my friends for the first few months and consider the whole thing as a joke.

The Leers of the Smart Alecs

I REFUSED to take it seriously. It was in reality the *most serious thing* in the world; but that was inside. Outside it was a thing to josh, to laugh over, to stand chaffing about – I listened to interminable comments, all couched in the same form – but, nevertheless, a thing to be held to grimly and firmly. So I went along whenever I had a chance. After the ghosts ceased haunting and the desire had gone I found I could cheer up on skillfully absorbed mineral water. I am free to say that a good deal of the conversation I heard bored me a heap; but I did not let on. And the result has been that I am no longer forced to flock by myself, but can break into almost any company of good fellows and be as good a fellow as any of them, via the ginger-ale or mineral-water process of conviviality.

All the asses are not solidungulate quadrupeds – a good many of them belong to the genus homo. These are found in every center of population and are the boys who never cease wondering how it is that any man can or does do anything they themselves do not do, and continually comment thereon. Ordinarily when a man of my type quits drinking the fact is accepted after the probationary period has passed, and no further comment is made on it. Not so with the asinine contingent. They have the same patter to prattle unceasingly about it. They have the same comment, the same bromides to get off, the same sneers to sneer and the same jeers to jeer. If there was no other reason – and

there are a hundred – why I shall not do any more drinking, I shall never taste another drop just to show these fools what fools they are when they run up against a real determination.

It took time to get into this water-cheerful stage – a good deal of time, a good deal of determination, a good deal of maneuvering; and it meant the overlooking of many things that did not appeal to me, as well as considerable charity on the part of the folks with whom I desired to remain friendly – more on their part than on mine, I am sure. However, it has worked out reasonably well; and as I have tried it in New York, in Washington, in San Francisco and Boston, and in most cities between, in London and Paris and Berlin, and in other portions of the globe where I formerly performed under the other schedule, I think I am safe in saying that it can be done if one sets his mind to it. — that is, a non-drinker need not necessarily be a hermit. Of course he can find plenty of non-drinkers with whom to associate if he makes the search; but, and it saddens me to say it, many of the non- drinking classes are not so interesting as they might be.

However, that is only one phase of it— an important phase, but not the only one. Doubtless it will seem erroneous to many persons, who have not been accustomed to the sort of relaxation that full-lived men take, to say this is important; and I freely admit that the highbrow basis is somewhat different from the highball basis.

I grant that seekers after conversation about dull and academic subjects may not find that conversation at a social gathering sought for relaxation after the day's work is over; but not all conversation of the kind most red-blooded and live men who do things crave consists of joining in barbershop chords of: "How dry I am! How dry I am! Nobudee knows how dry I am!"

More Time for Other Things

AND there is this great advantage: Your resources for the entertainment of yourself are vastly developed when you do not drink. When you do drink, about all you do is drink – that is, the usual formula, day by day, is to get through work and then go somewhere where there are fellows of your kind and have a few. Now when you do not drink you find there are other things. that occur to you as worth while. It is not necessary to hurry to the club or elsewhere to meet the crowd and listen to the newest story, or hear the comment on the day's doings, punctuated by the regular tapping of the bell for the waiter and the pleasing: "What'll it be, boys?" You do that now and then, but you do not do it every day.

After mature consideration of the subject I have concluded that the greatest, the most satisfactory, the finest attribute of a non-alcoholic life is the time it gives you to do non-alcoholic things. Time! That is the largest benefit – time to read, to think, to get out-of-doors, to see pictures, to go to plays, to meet and mingle with new people, to do your own work in. A man who has the convivial-drinking habit is put to it on occasions to find time for anything but conviviality aside from his regular occupation. It seems imperative to him that he shall get where the crowd is, and stay there. He might miss something – a drink maybe, or two, or a laugh, or .a yarn, or the pleasures of association with folks he likes. These are important when visualized alcoholically. They make up the most of that kind of a life. Do not understand that I am deprecating these. pleasures. I am not. I have already explained how strenuously I worked out a program that enables me to enjoy them

now and then; but the fact that I have quit drinking makes them incidental to the general scheme instead of the whole scheme.

It gives me an opportunity to pick and choose a bit. It relieves me of the necessity of being at the same places at the same time every afternoon or evening. Whereas I used to be the boss and John Barleycorn the foreman, I have now discharged John and am both boss and foreman; and I run the game to suit myself and have time for other things.

Let me impress that on you – the glory and gladness of time! It requires rather persistent application to be a good fellow. One cannot do much else. However, when a man has arrived at that stage where he can retain at least a portion of his good fellowship and also can be two or three of the other kinds of a worth-while fellow – to himself, at least – he has gained on the old gang by about a hundred per cent. As it is now, no chums come shouting in to urge me to go and have one; nobody drops round at five o'clock in the afternoon to hurry me along to the favorite table at the club; nobody suggests about seven o'clock that we all 'phone home and stay down and have dinner together; the old plan of having a luncheon that lasts an hour and a half or two hours in the best part of the day is rarely broached. There are few telephone calls after dinner urging an immediate descent on a gathering where there is something coming off – all these things are left to my choice and are not taken as a matter of usual procedure, predicated on the circumstances of the plan of living.

A non-drinking man is the master of his own time. If he wants sociability he can, go and get it, up to such limits, as he personally can attain for himself in his water-consuming capacity. A drinking man is not master of his time. He may think he is, but he is not. He is the creature of a habit that may be harmless, but which surely is insistent; and the habit dictates what he shall do with his leisure.

Time! Why, such new vistas of what can be done with time that was wasted in former years have opened before me that time seems to me the greatest luxury in the world – time that was formerly wasted and now is used! I hope that does not sound priggish. I have tried to show that I value highly the privilege of associating with my fellows, and that I like their ways and their talk and their company. What I mean by this pan to time is that I can have company in a modified measure, if I choose; and that I can and do have other things that no man who has a daily drinking habit can or does have

Leisure Put to Good Uses

TAKE books – though books may not be a fair test of time employed in my case, for I always have read books in great numbers – but take books: In the past three years and a half I have read as many books – real books – as I read in the ten years preceding. I have read books I was always intending to read, but never got round to. I have kept up with the new good ones and have helped myself to several items of interesting discovery and knowledge that in the old days would have been known about only through newspaper reports. I have developed a good many half-facts that were in my mind. I have classified and arranged a lot of scattering information that had seeped into me notwithstanding my engagements with the boys.

I have had time to go to see some pictures. I have had time to hear some music. I have had time to visit a lot of interesting places, such as great industrial concerns and

factories, which I always intended to see but never quite reached. I have had time to make a few investigations on my own account. I have met and talked to a large number of people who were formerly outside my range of vision. And I have done better work in my own line – I have more time for it.

If I have lost any friends they were friends whose loss does not bother me. I find that all the true-blue chaps, the worthwhile ones, though they look – in most instances – on my non-drinking idiosyncrasy with amused tolerance, have not lost any respect or affection for me, and are just as true blue as they formerly were. Most of them drink, but I fancy some of them wish they did not; and none of them holds my strange behavior up against me.

To be sure, they often have their little gatherings without me; but that is not because they do not like me any the less, and is because I do not happen, in my new role, to fit in. There are times, you know, when *even* the most enthusiastic ginger-ale specialist is not *persona grata*. We have reached a common basis of understanding. The real man is tolerant. Intolerance is the vice of the narrow man.

Now, then, we come to the real question, which is: With our society organized as it is, with men such men as they are, with conditions that surround life as it is organized, with things as they stand to-day – is it worthwhile to drink moderately, or is it not? The answer, based solely on my own experience, is that it is not. Looking at the matter from all its angles, I am convinced that the best thing I ever did for myself was to quit drinking. I will go further than that and say it is my unalterable conviction that alcohol, in any form, as a beverage never did anything for any man that he would not have been better without. I can now sit back and contrast the old game with the new. The comparisons fall under two general heads – physical and mental. The physical gain is so obvious that even those who have not experienced it admit it, and those who have experienced it comment on it as some miracle of health that has been attained. Any man – I do not care who he is – who was the sort of a drinker I was, who will stop drinking long enough to get cooled out will feel so much better in every way that he will be hard put to it to give a reason for ever beginning again.

Take my own case: I was fat, wheezy, uric-acidy, gouty, rheumatic – not organically bad, but symptomatically inferior. I was never quite normal – no man is normal who has a few drinks each day, though most men boast they never were under the influence of liquor in their lives, and all that sort of tommyrot – and never quite up to the mark. Now I weigh one hundred eighty-five pounds, which is my normal weight, for that is what I weighed when I was twenty- one; and I have not varied five pounds in more than two years. I used to weigh two hundred and fifty, which was the result of our friend Pilsner beer and his accomplices. All the gouty, rheumatic, wheezy symptoms are gone. If there is anything the matter with me the best doctors in these United States cannot discover what it is. My eye is *clear*, instead of somewhat bleary. I have dropped off every physical burden and infirmity I had, and I am in the pink of condition. I have no fear of heart, kidneys, or of any other organ. I have no pains, no aches, and no head in the morning. I sleep as a well man should sleep and I eat as a well man should eat. I am forty-five years old and I feel as if I were twenty – and I am, to all intents and purposes, physically.

So much for that side of it. Mentally I have a clearer, saner, wider view of life. I am afflicted by none of the desultoriness superinduced by alcohol. I do not need a bracer

to get me going or a hooker to keep me under way. I find, now that I know the other side of it: that the chief mental effect of alcohol, taken as I took it, is to induce a certain scattering and casualness of mind. Also, it induces a lack of definiteness of view and a notable failure of intensive effort. A man evades and scatters and exaggerates and makes loose statements when he drinks

Alcohol and the Men It Takes

AND let me say another thing: One of the reasons I quit was because I noticed I was going to funerals oftener than usual – funerals of friends who had been living the same sort of lives for theirs as I had been living for mine. They began dropping off with Bright's disease and other affections superinduced by alcohol; and I took stock of that feature of it rather earnestly: the funerals have not stopped. They have been more frequent in the past three years than in the three years preceding – all good fellows, happy, convivial souls; but now dead. Some of them thought that I was foolish to quit too!

And there are a few cases of hardening arteries I know about, and a considerable amount of gout and rheumatism, and some other ills, among the gay boys who japed at me for quitting. Gruesome, is it not? And God forbid that I should cast up! But if you quit it in time there will be no production of albumin and sugar, no high blood pressure, no swollen big toes and stiffened joints. If health is a desideratum, one way to attain a lot of it is to cut out the booze. The old game makes for fun, but it takes toll – and never fails!

I have tried it both ways, I can see how a man who never took any liquor cannot understand much of what I have written, and I can see how a man who has the same sort of habits I had can think me absurd in my conclusions; but a man who has played both ends of it certainly has some qualifications as a judge. And, as I stated, I have set down here only my own personal ideas on the subject.

As I look at it there is no argument. The man who does not drink has all the better of the game.

WASHINGTONIAN NOTES & QUERIES No. 21:

FURTHER NOTES ON JOHN F HOSS AND JOHN ATLER

In Baltimore County Court (Chancery Papers 1815-1851) Date: 1834/06/17 item C408: Michael Warner and Michael Warner, Jr. vs. John Atler and Rebecca Hoover. Mortgage foreclosure on lot on Columbia and Emory Sts. Also, Date: 03/05/1835, item C547: Joshua Dryden vs. John Atler. Ratification of sale of lot on Columbia St.

In the same Chancery Papers, Date: 01/03/1840, item C314: John Scott and Rachel C. Lightner vs. Samuel Cameron, John F. Hoss, and Huston Smith. Contract to purchase lot on E. Baltimore St.

From *Discovering Baltimore's Parks* (rev March 2007); s. n. *Union Square*:

Union Square was originally part of Willowbrook (1799), the estate of Thorowgood Smith, who was the second mayor of Baltimore (1804-1808). A debate still remains over the origin of the park's name, which dates back to 1780. However, there were several "Union Squares" across the country during this period, reflecting the patriotism of the time.... In 1847, Union Square was ceded to the City of Baltimore by the Donnell family for perpetual use as a public square. Union Square was originally laid out by architect John F. Hoss in 1851 as a central square surrounded by residential units. The square itself was designed as a series of walks and circles and held a fish pond and a cast-iron Greek temple with a drinking fountain. The iron fence surrounding the square was removed in the 1870s.

From the *Colonization Journal* (Conducted by James Hall, General Agent of the Maryland State Colonization Society), New Series, Baltimore, June 15, 1841. Vol. I, No. 1.

Colonization Convention of Maryland: The Convention assembled in the Light Street Meeting House, on Wednesday, 3d of June, 1841, at 11 o'clock, a. m. The Convention was called to order by John H. B. Latrobe, Esq. on whose motion Daniel Murray, Esq. of Anne Arundel County, was called to the Chair, and Brantz Mayer, of the City of Baltimore, appointed Secretary, for the purpose of organizing the Convention. On motion, the delegations from the cities and counties of the State of Maryland, were requested to report to the Secretary; when the following names were handed in as names of delegates from the counties and the city of Baltimore....

Baltimore City Delegation. 1st Ward. — Capt. James Frazier, William F. Giles, Joshua Atkinson, James Corner, John W. Randolph; 2d Ward. — John E. Stansbury, Peter Leary, William Rochester, Dr. Samuel B. Martin, Ezekiel Dorsey; 3d Ward. — William Rusk, Samuel Boyd, Stirling Thomas, James B. Bosley, James Elmore; 4th Ward.— John F. Hoss, Gen. S. C. Leakin, Wm. H. Hanson, G. A. V. Spreckelson, T. Yates Walsh; 5th Ward. — Sol. Hillen, Jr., James Murray, Lewis Holton, Job Smith, Jr.; 6th Ward. — Robert Howard, Samuel Rankin, Thomas Finley, Samuel Brady, John B. Seidenstricker; 7th Ward. — James Howard, Robert S. Hollins, Alexander Nisbet, John Stilson, Benjamin C. Ross; 8th Ward. — Reverdy Johnson, John Nelson, Benjamin C. Howard, Wm. G. Harrison, F. W. Brune, Jr; 9th Ward. — Moses Sheppard, Col. John Berry, Christian Keener, Aaron R. Levering, John Brice; 10th Ward. — Dr. W. W. Handy, George W. Krebs, Joseph Turner, Jr., R. Linthicum, Francis Burns; 11th Ward.— John V. L. McMahon, Charles H. Pitts, Beverly C. Sanders, Jas. Erskine Stewart, Dr. John Fonerden; 12th Ward. — Rev. Bishop Waugh, George Law, P. H. Sullivan, Francis Burns, Nicholas L. Wood; 13th Ward. — William P. Stewart, Lot Ensey, Joseph Hook, David Stewart, Brantz Mayer; 14th Ward. — Richard Lemmon, John G. Proud, Dr. William Power, Rev. G. W. Musgrave, Francis Gallagher. Baltimore County. — Charles W. Howard, Joshua Hutchings, William Jessup, Nicholas R. Merryman, William Rowe, Peter F. Cockey, George F. Worthington, John C. Orricle, W. G. Howard, Charles Buchanan, E. G. Kilbourn,

Note

The references to Adler go largely to show that the name is correctly given as John Adler, though the linking with Rebecca Hoover is important in strongly suggesting the relevance of the Adler-Hoover marriage noted in an earlier issue of this newsletter. The *Baltimore Colonization Journal* links John F Hoss, Francis Gallagher, and the Stansbury family in the African Colonization (Anti-Slavery) effort; the meeting is on Light Street, by John Zug's school, and Zug had already been active in the Colonization Society as an organizer in 1838 (his 1838 *Journal* is in the Clements Library at Michigan). Note also that John F Hoss is described as an architect, having previously moved from being a carpenter to being a builder. Also, he was Assistant Commissioner in the Mayoralty of John Smith Hollins (ca 1786-1856), from 1852 to 1854.

Reference to the *Små protokoll* of the Swedish Lutheran Church 1790-1860 recording baptisms in the Church at Baltimore, gives us as children of (John) Frederick Has and his wife (possibly Elisabeth Has): Elizabeth, b. January 1792; John Frederick (Jr.) b. October 14, 1793; Jacob b. February 21, 1795; Dorothea, b. December 22, 1796; Ulrika Rosa and Esther, b. February 2, 1800. In the 1800 Census, (John) Frederick Hoss of Baltimore shows two male and four female residents under ten, two female teenage residents (that is, between ten and twenty), and one male and one female between thirty and forty, presumably (John) Frederick and his wife. Jacob (b. 1795) may be the Jacob Hoss who married in Washington County, Maryland, in 1815.