

Gamblers Anonymous Fights Illness And Those Who Live Off Sufferers

By WARD CANNEL
NEW YORK (NEA)—The three men walking into the tavern have not come to make a deal. Syndicates like theirs don't make deals

with punks and welchers. These men are here, on a tip, to collect a \$7,500 gambling debt from a man who is in hiding. But before they leave the tavern

they will have settled for \$300 (all the man in hiding has) and promised a group they've never heard of before—the New York Gamblers Anonymous—to lay off this guy and his family so he can be helped out of a grim addiction that affects 30 million American lives today.

After one year of existence, the New York Gamblers Anonymous, patterned after the first in Los Angeles, has discovered:

—Compulsive gambling is as much an addiction as narcotics or alcoholism. And, in some ways, more subversive.

—Society makes this illness almost glamorous. This keeps very sick men from seeking treatment.

—The formula Gamblers Anonymous (or GA as it is known) has worked out appears to have the possibility of an 80 per cent success rate in combating this compulsive disease.

Gambling in the U.S. today is at least a \$40 billion business from sports events to the numbers game. The sometime or social gambler, who can take a bet or leave it, is no problem. But five million Americans are not so casual.

"You get up in the morning," a GA member says, "and you got to play something. Anything. If the horses aren't running, you'll find a bet on cockroaches. On raindrops down a window. It won't let you alone. If you don't have the money, you get it."

In musical comedies this is the outline of a laugh-a-minute scene. In thriller fiction it's engrossing. In daily news it's sophistication. Society smiles at it.

But in real life, one of GA founders says, it's misery, not only for the gambler but for his family whose food, shelter and security are pawned with little hope for redeeming.

The mechanics of compulsive gambling are considerably more intricate than making a bet. According to Dr. Harry Perlowitz, a psychiatrist who has donated his time to the GA to make what may be the first real clinical study of the illness:

The roots of the illness go back to early childhood when certain needs were unfulfilled and natural conflicts unresolved, leaving the individuals plagued by guilt.

"These needs and conflicts," Dr. Perlowitz said, "vary somewhat from person to person. The feelings, however, are the same."

"They grow up feeling that they need an immoral or unethical substitute to keep their guilt alive."

The GA provides a meeting place, direction and reassurance for the gamblers that they are not alone and can call on help if their new resolve wavers.

Dr. Perlowitz' group meetings for those who are ready for them let men rediscover their long-hidden feelings and fears. After one year of GA and group therapy, 85 per cent of the participants seem to be able to control themselves.

"Quite frankly," Dr. Perlowitz says, "I was amazed at this result. After all, we don't probe too deeply. Just enough to give the men an insight into what drives them."

Now, says one GA member, you would think that it's all rosy and we can solve the whole thing as soon as everybody joins up.

"But," he says, "we've only got 40 or 50 members because a guy doesn't come in until he's at rock bottom, the breaking point."

One man came only after his son's career in Washington was threatened by a demand letter from his father's bookie. Another man's wife committed suicide in despair. Another says grimly: "I'm Harvard, '43—honors, and Sing Sing '54—embezzlement."

But even if a man admits he's sick and ready for help, he's probably in trouble with the law or—



DICE TABLE AT VEGAS: It may be surrounded with glamor but for the compulsive gambler it is misery.

sometimes worse—hiding out from his bookie, a syndicate, a moneylender.

"Before you can get a man to join," a GA negotiator says, "we have to bail him out or make a deal. It's not so easy when you're dealing with guys who

make their living from compul-

sives. "You have to lay it on the line to these hoods and shylocks. It's a man's life at stake, his family, everything. You have got to make them listen and lay off."

Imitation Leads To Emulation

By DICK KLEINER

Newspaper Enterprise Assn.

By DICK KLEINER

Newspaper Enterprise Assn.

NEW YORK (NEA)—Imitating Elvis Presley at parties can be good fun. For Buzz Clifford, it turned out to be the first stage of a trip to the outskirts of stardom.

Buzz is responsible for the current Columbia hit, "Baby Sittin'



Buzz Clifford Bobby Rydell

Boogie." At least, he's the voice singing it. The tune was written by Johnny Parker, and, incidentally, the baby sounds on it are genuine. Parker has two children and, as a hobby, recorded their baby-stage sounds. When he wrote the song, he used the best of these on the record.

But back to Buzz. Or, as he is known officially, Reese Clifford III. He comes from Mountain Lakes, N.J., and it was around there that his Presley imitation was the life of the high school parties. This was an honest imitation, since Buzz was (and still is) a Presley admirer.

Came the Morris County Fair two summers ago. They had a talent show, and the party goers dared Buzz to get up there and imitate ol' Elvis. He isn't the kind to turn down a dare, so up he went and a career was born.

At first, his parents were against a show business life for their handsome son. Buzz's father, telephone company official in New York, figured that rock 'n' roll was too "flighty" a thing for a permanent career. But Buzz isn't figuring on being a rock 'n' roll singer forever. He's using it to make a name for himself, then plans to sing straight pop.

Buzz acquired his nickname legitimately. He says everyone in his family has a nickname—his father used to be Buzz, but allowed that down to Bud when he reached maturity; his mother is called Boo; his grandfather was called,

of all things, Buzz. (It must have something to do with the genes.)

Buzz's younger brother (nick-nameless, at the moment) is as excited about his big brother's career as any 16-year-old would be. Jim has it all figured out. Buzz will go to Hollywood, become a big movie star, and then introduce him to Tuesday Weld. It makes a nice teen-age dream.

Bobby Rydell, another of the hot young singers, tells of life aboard the buses that take these rock 'n' roll shows around from town to town. And this might be a good idea for any record company, interested in an offbeat album.

Bobby says that the stars, after a hard night on stage, relax by singing different songs. They ride between stops to the accompaniment of music their fans never hear.

For instance, he talked about a jaunt not long ago when Lavern Baker sang spirituals, with Duane Eddy playing a soft guitar background.

Bobby says that many of the touring 'n' r singers have talents in other musical directions, and they let themselves go in the privacy of the touring buses. A tape recording of one of these impromptu concerts would be an intriguing item.

Dick's Picks: Jane Morgan has a great one in "In Jerusalem" on Kapp. Others: "A Texan and a Girl From Mexico" (Anita Bryant, Carlton); "Think Twice" (Brook Benton, Mercury); "La-Bou-Lay-A" (Keely Smith, Dot); "Banned In Boston" (Merv Griffin, Carlton); "The Great Imposter" (Henry Mancini, RCA); "Show Folk" (Paul Evans, Carlton); "Top Forty, News, Weather and Sports" (Mark Dinning, MGM); "Georgie" (Adrienne Evans, Dot).

Good recent jazz albums—the new Candid jazz label uncovers a fine talent in singer Nancy Harrow, with a first album called "Wild Women Don't Have the Blues;" excellent piano work on Jazzland's "The Soulful Piano of Junior Mance;" Josh White's blues singing is always superb and his new Elektra release, "Spirituals and Blues," is among his best; good drum work on Capitol's "Mad Drums" with Royley Polley leading the percussion sounds.

ORDER YOUR Herald and News Progress Edition COPIES NOW!

You'll get a copy as part of your regular subscription but you'll probably want more.

Use this handy coupon form to reserve enough copies for your friends, relatives and business associates elsewhere.

Just fill out the form and mail with your payment of 50c per copy to the

Herald and News
P. O. Box 941
Klamath Falls, Ore.

and all wrapping and mailing will be handled for you on publication date, Feb. 26th.

Mail To:
Name
Address

Mail To:
Name
Address

Mail To:
Name
Address

Mail To:
Name
Address

Mail To:
Name
Address

Sent By
Address