



SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.  
NEWS-CALL BULLETIN  
D. 201,422

DEC 9 1963



**ARTHUR CAYLOR**

## Our Pure Baron

When the subject of smoking comes up I try to keep my big trap shut. In this business there's no sin like becoming a bore. But Baron Muller, the demon police reporter, has just now dropped by and got me back on the stuff—conversationally.

The Baron is a reformed smoker, just as I am. He's been lily pure ever since Armistice Day. And he, too, has a system of which he's proud. Every time he thinks about his favorite brand—which, incidentally, is the same as Madame Mama's—he sees it with the word "Cancer" replacing the brand name.

**IT MUST BE** good psychology because it goes right back to the "coffin nail" concept and that goes back to the days when I was a kid smoking corn-silk because it took a nickel to buy Duke's Mixture. But the fright thing never worked with me.

I quit smoking because I discovered it meant I'd go to sleep when I went to bed, without counting sheep and flopping around for three or four hours. Triumph over insomnia meant more to me than smoking. So I wanted to quit. And that's what makes quitting easy—wanting to.

The great mystery to me about smoking is why the dames ever take it up. They know most of

them can't quit without getting fat. That explains to me why, with men shaking the habit in droves, most women continue on the weed. I guess they figure they might as well wreck their circulatory systems with nicotine as with cholesterol.

**HOWEVER**, none of this is what I wanted to say when I started this column. The latest blast by the American Cancer Society has reminded me of a couple of things. First, let's consider how "committed" we've become.

Months and months ago a blue-ribbon group of British medical men indicted cigarets with such vigor that I printed a story about the way their report had England's doctors either quitting cigarets or switching to pipes.

These British medical men are tops. Anybody, anywhere, could take their word for it on the medical aspects of anything. But it wasn't good enough for this country. The President appointed a committee to see if the effects of smoking were the same here as in England. Now the Governor has appointed a committee to see if the effects are the same in California as in the rest of the country. About all that's left to do is for you to appoint yourself a committee of one.

Next, I wanted to say a good word for the press—and in this I can say a particularly good word for television. Which is big of me.

You don't have to go back too far to recall times when it was whispered about that the public wasn't given the truth about cigarets because that would be bad business for the newspapers. This just hasn't turned out to be the case at all. No public has been told everything.

**IF ANYTHING** has influenced the newspapers, I believe, it's the fact that nearly all newspapermen smoke like a three-alarm fire, confidently clinging to the idea that this merely helps make them such a hardy lot.

I think newspapers would survive without cigaret income, just as they came through the long years of Prohibition without any income from the liquor business. But I don't know about television. Every time I look at a program it's promoting a cigaret.

Nevertheless, our free press, including both newspapers and television, has shown its independence by treating the lung cancer thing and other phases exactly like any other news story in which a great many people are interested. And I'm for letting everybody appreciate it.