



### Text Version of Audio Story: Haney

Earl P. Haney's casket was loaded onto the luxury ocean-going vessel. Mr. Haney's body, however, was not in the casket — quite the contrary.

Mr. Haney, himself, boarded the great luxury liner under his own power — a living, breathing passenger.

As he boarded, he was fully aware — the doctors had told him so — that he would return to the United States from this world cruise in said casket.

Actually, what the doctors told him was, *“If you go on that cruise, you'll be buried at sea.”*

*“No, I won't.”* Haney said. *“I've ordered a casket. The captain has agreed to store my casket in the cargo hold. And upon my death, the ship's doctor will place my corpse in the casket and store the casket in the ship's freezer compartment. When the world cruise is over and the ship has once again docked in the United States, my family will retrieve my remains and give me a proper burial in the family plot in Broken Bow, Nebraska.”*

Earl Haney had dropped from a robust 175 pounds down to only 90 pounds. Agonizing worry had wrecked Earl's health.

Twice every day, a nurse at the hospital would navigate a rubber tube down Earl's throat and into his stomach to pump out the excess acid.

Earl was too far gone. There was no hope for recovery.

In the hospital, Earl lived on a strict regimen of alkaline powders and hourly doses of a tablespoon of half milk and half cream. He realized that his would be as miserable a death as one could experience.

There was so much more he wanted to do. He had always dreamed of traveling around the world. He had promised himself before he died he would see the four corners of the earth. Now facing death, he was intent on fulfilling his promise to himself.

His doctors were furious with the notion of a man so ill checking himself out of the hospital and booking passage on an around-the-world cruise. What kind of an idiot would pull such a stunt?

Accepting his death was close at hand, and now cruising on the high seas ... his business worries seem far behind.

Earl almost instantly felt better. For the first time in months, he was able to eat solid food. He gained weight ... made lots and lots of new friends.

He threw his pills, powders and potions away. It was no longer necessary to navigate a rubber tube down his throat and use a pump to pump his stomach twice a day — a task he had taken to doing himself so he could make the voyage without the expense of a nurse.

He smoked cigars and drank highballs. He experienced storms and monsoons that were enough to scare a person into that casket. He saw it as the adventure of a lifetime.

But what had fixed him of his senseless worry more than anything else was the poverty he had seen while traveling abroad, especially in the Orient.

He realized that the concerns he had allowed to wreck his health were paradise compared to the desperate lives of people living in Third World countries.

When the SS President Adams finally docked again in Los Angeles, California, instead of being removed in a casket, Earl Haney stepped off that ship a robust and healthy man now capable of managing the affairs of his everyday life.

He would return to the operation of his business and, up until his death many, many years later, was completely free of illness.

Some 20 years after his ocean voyage, he would tell his story to the pioneer and father of modern self-improvement, Mr. Dale Carnegie. Carnegie would chronicle Earl Haney's life experience along with that of many others in his book, *How to Stop Worrying and Start Living* — a book that has sold more than six million copies since its first printing in 1945. A book as timely now as it was then.

Broadcasting from the Juniata Valley with the music of Johnny X, I'm the American Storyteller.