

# THE INSIDE STORY

UNITED STATES COAST GUARD TRAINING FILM  
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## THE INSIDE STORY

### FOREWORD

THE MOST MISUNDERSTOOD OF ALL HUMAN ILLS ARE THOSE DUE TO PROBLEMS OF THE MIND. PEOPLE STILL REACT TO MANY OF THE FALSE IDEAS OF PAST AGES. THERE ARE, FRANKLY, DEFINITE MENTAL ILLNESSES OF VARIOUS SORTS BUT THE SOURCE OF MOST MENTAL PROBLEMS IS SIMPLY EMOTIONAL DISTURBANCE. THIS CAUSES AS MUCH IF NOT MORE HUMAN PAIN AND SUFFERING AND MALADJUSTMENT OF THE PERSON THAN DOES ORGANIC ILLNESS. IT IS, OF COURSE, IMPOSSIBLE TO FULLY COVER THIS SUBJECT IN ANY SINGLE BOOK OR PICTURE, BUT THIS PRESENTATION, MADE FOR YOU, ENDEAVORS TO CLARIFY THE MOST COMMON, FUNDAMENTAL TROUBLES THAT BESET US AS A RESULT OF EMOTIONAL UPSET.

*This is the beginning of Patrick Jones. From this time on, his life is going to be a constant conflict. Reality, necessity, and duty, opposing desires, dreams, and distractions. These conflicts exist in every human being, and we must learn how to deal with them.*

*Ten years later, he is still immature in thought and action. Thinking, acting, Pat Jones, who can raise more hell than any kid on the block. He has plenty of fun, some of it not exactly in accord with adult ideas of peace and quiet, but all in the routine pattern of boyhood. It makes him feel a little important to heckle his father. Not in any spirit of mean-ness, but because the old man represents authority and discipline. Yes, over the years Dad has learned that fire cracker shooting must be restricted at times. And this is going to hurt Dad more than it does Pat.*

*As Pat grows older, he finds it pleasant to have people make a fuss over him. Like the time when he won first prize in an interscholastic contest. Or when he hurt his knee in the championship football game and so covered himself with glory that everyone made over and waited on him. He was the four-star local hero and he loved it, as who wouldn't. Inside himself, unconsciously, Pat will always carry with him this memory. And Dad was proud as a peacock. He showed the newspaper clippings until they were worn out.*

*This is home and it's great, friendly and protective. Home means Mom's deep-dish apple pie, so good Dad always had three pieces. And it's sitting around listening to the radio, playing a little gin rummy with the old man. It's where he can call up Margie, whenever he likes. Ask her to the movies, or to a dance, or just down to the drugstore for a soda. Or if he feels like being alone, he can go up to his own room. There's something mighty comforting about your own room.*

*And he's a man on his own, too. Paying his own way, earning his own living. Patrick Jones, junior foreman, holding down a job with a paycheck every Saturday, and a good one for a guy of his age.*

“Patrick R. Jones.

- Patrick R. Jones. I see they're closing you out, Pat?
- Closing me out? I quit.
- Bill Goss.
- Bill Goss.
- Sorry you're leavin', Jones.

- I'm getting a better job. So long."

*And he could quit his job whenever he liked, for whatever reason he liked. Overnight, his home life is left behind and he's one of millions of men, each one a Seaman Jones. That means he isn't necessarily our Seaman Jones.*

*This Seaman Jones may have graduated from one of the ritziest colleges in New England. Or he could be Seaman Rabinovitz, who never made it beyond the sixth grade of a public school. This one could have been one of the seven Swenson kids from a farm. Or O'Brien, who never knew his folks and was raised in an orphanage. But, whoever a man is, you can tell a lot about him by what's in his heart. Seaman Jones might be a little along in years and have a wife and kids. Then again, he could be just a kid himself, and still lookin' them over, if you know what I mean. Or he could be the boy who's been going steady with the girl who's always been his, and always will be.*

#### TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF MY DARLING

*So let's take a look at the inside story of this Seaman Jones. Who's gone from this ... to this. From Mom's deep-dish apple pie to a mess line. From his own room, to this: noise, confusion, no privacy. The change is a big one and he's having a hard time adjusting himself to this new life.*

*Seaman Jones is homesick, unhappy, and disturbed. Lots of things seem to be combining to worry him. He feels that he is being unfairly neglected by his family and his girl. He's had no mail for four days now. And it seems as though he's the only one who misses. He's having trouble concentrating on his class work. Doesn't seem able to follow. And he's the boy who used to win the silver cups in high school. "All-in-all, this is no picnic", says Seaman Jones. He finds himself panicky and lost in a crowd of countless men, where everybody looks alike and is treated alike. No glory here like the time he was a football hero. He's really worried about himself. So much so, that one night...*

*"Mustn't forget my General orders. How will I pass inspection? Will I get my liberty this weekend? Are we going out tomorrow? What if I get my stripes? Exam coming up tomorrow. Gee, I've got the jitters. Am I going nuts? Exams, drills, inspections, exams, drills... My God, maybe I'm going nuts; maybe they'll drive me crazy!"*

*Then, on top of all his other problems, Seaman Jones, who'd always been a gay, friendly guy, who got along with other people, found himself unable to enter into the general easy companionship of the men with whom he was living and working. Instead of joining in, he resented the sometimes loud, rowdy fun in the barracks, and nobody seemed to care how he felt. Well, if all that isn't enough to trouble one guy, all of a sudden the knee he twisted in that grand and glorious football game went back on him. It really hurt plenty. But at least he can have that taken care of.*

*And a mighty good doctor looks it over with the greatest care. But the doctor can't find anything organically wrong with the knee. Now the most startling thing about this upset is that Seaman Jones isn't goldbricking. His knee really hurts and it's not imagination either. He feels the pain, that's how he knows it's there. That's important and it's frightening too because, on top of troubles with studies, and nightmares, and loneliness, what can be wrong? He better do something about it. He does the most sensible thing he could possibly do: goes to the mental health department and sees the psychiatrist. For naturally, an emotional upset must be treated differently from an organic illness. Jones tells his story and the doctor is neither surprised nor alarmed, for this isn't a new story to him, amazing as it is to Jones. And he knows the answer. An answer that Jones can understand because there aren't a lot of strange highfaluting terms.*

*"Today, we're making a scientific study of mind and we're finding some very encouraging things. Now, this nervous breakdown that you're afraid of, for instance. Well, the truth is nobody has a nervous breakdown, ever.*

- They don't?

- Nerves, our physical nerves, don't break. We do get into mental and emotional moods that make us pretty unhappy, the results of all the difficulties and conflicts that beset us, that we've reacted to, that we've had difficulty in adjusting to. Now, your symptoms suggest that you are in such a mood. A mood of anxiousness. Even your physical symptoms, like the aching knee you told me about, can have an emotional cause. I'll explain that in a moment. Anxiousness is quite a common mood. It makes a person focus his attention much more closely on himself. Perhaps he notices his heart beating or his muscles tensing.
- Yes.
- People often think in this mood of anxiousness that it's leading to a mental illness. Actually, it almost never does. Perhaps I can help you if I give you an idea of how your mind works. You see, Jones, emotions actually can cause real physical pain. The conscious mind is a pleasant sunny place where normal thoughts have free reign. The unconscious mind is dark and mysterious and harbors such thoughts as: "I'm lonesome. Nobody pays any attention to me. I wish I were dead. I must be losing my mind." These thoughts are constantly trying to get to the conscious mind to get past the censor who polices the band. It's his job to keep them out."

"Hey!"

*Here's a little thought that keeps popping up.*

"I'm lonesome.

- I wished I was dead.
- Huh? What did you say?
- I said I wished I was dead.
- Uh, I must be stupid. I just can't see things clearly.
- Outside, bums!
- I'm my own worst enemy!
- Stop pickin' on me! Someone's always pickin' on me!
- Nobody pays any attention to me. They're blind to real talent! Huh, watch this.
- I must be losing my mind!
- Holy cats! I must be losing mine! Here."

*Censored out of the conscious mind, these self-pitying thoughts tumble into the lap of Old Unconscious Mind, the dormant parent of all your emotions, and arouse him with their clamor. They goad him to find another way for them to assert themselves on your conscious mind. So, this brute, who never forgets anything that ever happened to you, remembers a certain incident.*

"Hmm... hmm..."

*Which got you a nice lot of sympathetic attention in the past. An incident which your conscious mind may have completely forgotten, but your unconscious remembers and now he knows just what to do.*

"I've got it, boys! Into the car with you!

- Come on fellas, let's go. \$"

NERVOUS SYSTEM. TRANSPORTATION CO.  
ARM NECK EYE PELVIS HEAD EAR FEET KNEE

"Why didn't we think of this before?

- I'm not lonesome anymore!
- I've got some attention now, this'll really make him hurt!"

"And that's why your knee hurts, even though there's nothing physically wrong with it.

- Well, I'm sure glad to hear that.
- A lot of boys feel about the way you do. There was another seaman in here a few days ago named Scott. A big strapping lad, who during his civilian days never had anything wrong with him. He won Golden Glove tournaments and was a very pretty fighter indeed. Then he landed in the Coast Guard and found himself no more important than any other seaman. He found himself being ordered around by a petty officer half his size; being told what to do and how to do it, having his hat straightened for him and even having the lint dusted off his clothes. He, a champion in his own right. And even in the classroom, he found himself thrown for a loss by simple navigation. He just couldn't turn out an adequate notebook. So, one day he turned up at sick bay with a bad stomach ache."

## SICK BAY

"A physical exam, x-ray, and laboratory studies proved there was nothing physically wrong, so he was sent to the psychiatrist. What went on in his mind was something like this... He had a lot of self-pitying thoughts running around in his mind for all his toughness. And of course, he wouldn't let his conscious mind think that. The censor chases them into his unconscious mind and Old Man Unconscious decides that what Seaman Scott needs is a darn good foolproof excuse for not doing so well right now. And he takes care of that in his own way."

NERVOUS SYSTEM. TRANSPORTATION CO.  
ARM NECK EYE PELVIS HEAD EAR FEET STOMACH

"Hey, fellas come on! Let's get off of there! Get to work! Come on!

- I'll really upset him this time.
- They're always pickin' on me, now it's my turn to do the picking!"

"Everybody has emotional disturbances and nobody is really strong enough to control his emotions absolutely. I have some notes here that I'll give you. Look them over. They may clear up some of the things that have been bothering you.

- Thank you, Sir."

*So Seaman Jones did study the notes and found them even more helpful than he'd hoped. They were interesting, understandable, and they made sense.*

## MENTAL HEALTH

INSIDE OF US, THERE IS ALWAYS A BATTLE GOING ON BETWEEN WHAT WE WANT TO DO, AND WHAT WE HAVE TO DO...  
WHEN YOU HAVE A FEELING OF INADEQUACY...

"Get the professor, would ya?

- Some notes the doctor gave me, how to go nuts in three easy lessons, or something.
- Hey, you ought to give it to some of my petty officers. I've got a guy over me that's a real Frankenstein. You know it worries me.
- Oh yeah, it says right here: "Maybe you're blaming your petty officer because you've got a sneaking feeling that you can't keep up with the rest of the fellas."
- You mean it's me that's nuts?
- Everybody does funny things. Listen to this: "Inside of us, there is always a battle going on between what we want to do, and what we've got to do."
- Yeah, that's the way I feel alright. Somehow, whenever I get a dirty job to do, no matter what kind, maybe like swabbing down the deck, I can't seem to think straight. All of a sudden I ain't Seaman Kelley no more, I'm somebody else. I look at all that deck that's gotta be swabbed, and ugh. "

*And his mind is a million miles away as he dreams himself into an out-of-the-world hero. This time as a spy in Hirohito's palace. A sort of sea-going Dick Tracy, eh Kelley?*

SECRET OPERATOR 22 1/2

*Of course there has to be a reward for a daring deed like that. And it's a real double barreled homecoming for, yup, Admiral Kelley, right down Fifth Avenue.*

"Yay, Kelley! Come on, Kelley!"

*And this is so real he can hear the crowd yelling his name.*

"Kelley! Kelley! Kelley! Get to work!"

- Yeah, sure."

"Sure, sure. That's why I can't stand that petty officer.

- Well, is it because he's a bad egg or just because he had to pull you back to reality?
- No, don't get me in no argument, son. Well, all right, maybe it was. Come on, give out with more of our problems, Mr. Antony.
- Well, maybe some of you guys don't like these man-to-man combat drills.
- I always did hate them.
- Well, look, you don't need to be no sawbones to figure that one out. You got...ah...inferiority dingus. Yeah, it's like what they call an inferiority complication.
- It says here: "When you have a feeling of inadequacy, when you feel you can't keep up with the competition, you may begin to blame the task you're having trouble with, instead of realizing it is your own weakness that is troubling you."
- Well, does it tell me how I can get cured?
- Well, sure, you've got to know something about it. Now, everyone has inferiority. It's not that that's bad. Inferiority helps us a lot of times because we try to improve ourselves. Now, if we do something that turns out good, that helps us, but there's always inferiority in all people.
- Yeah, but that's just horse sense.
- The doc says: "Mental health is just applying common sense to your emotional problems."
- Sure, only books got to put it in fancy words, so the guy who wrote it can get three bucks a copy for it.
- Hey, get this: "It is hard to recognize jealousy in oneself. For example, most of us secretly wish we could be All-American athletes. Because we can't, we like to say athletes are dumbbells, all brawn and no brains."
- And that, my fellow scientist, is what is known as the sour grapes complex.
- That's maybe why we say most beautiful girls are dumb.
- You think that's bad?
- No, but if we know what it is, we can use it to help us to get ahead.
- Say, where did you get that fortune-telling bunch of notes anyway?
- The doc gave it to me. A couple of weeks ago I started to get... Well, I thought my nerves would snap. Seems they can't snap. Your nervous system is just like anything else. It gets tired and upset, but a good night's sleep, or a little play and relaxation, and it's okay again. Nerves don't break; it's our feelings that get the best of us.
- Say, no kidding. You know what I'm afraid of?
- What, work?
- No, I'm afraid of being a coward.
- Gee, me too.
- No, sometimes I can't think of anything else. I know you'll think I'm a dope or something, but sometimes I go in the chapel and I sit there, and I start sweating. And I say, "Keep me from

being a coward. Oh God, what am I going to do if I get into action somewhere and I get so scared I turn traitor?"

*That's a natural terrible fear, the fear of doing this: running away. A fear we all have. Yet it's a normal fear, for it's deep-rooted in every animal. We call it the instinct of self-preservation. Animals react to it instinctively in order to protect themselves.*

*So we know that we may be afraid, but fear and cowardice are not the same. In fact, fear is an emotion which has always protected us.*

*For example, here's an American submarine cruising quietly. Suddenly, an enemy bomb crashes into it. It doesn't explode, but it's live, and it can any second, and it's jammed in an almost inaccessible place below. Only this skinny boy can get at it.*

*He must remove the detonator even though he doesn't know how. He's scared blue. He can be guided only by instructions from a loud speaker. But here's a great thing about fear. Sometimes, in this case for instance, it can actually help, for it causes an instantaneous change to occur in our bodies so that every muscle and organ goes into high gear, to help us through the emergency, as it's helping this seaman, while he's literally got the sub and the lives of the crew in his hands. Stimulated by fear, the heart pumps faster to carry more blood through the arteries. The glands step up their secretions of vitalizing fluids into the system. And he's doing what he has to do, as frightened as you will ever be. Fear is acting helpfully to heighten all responses. Waste materials which might slow us down are quickly thrown off and there comes an amazing intensity of concentration to carry us through emergencies.*

*You can see the terror in this man's face, but by stepping up his physical reactions to help him through the most dangerous crisis of his life, fear has become his ally instead of his enemy. Aided by fear, he's done it.*

*Now Seaman Jones, and the rest of his mates who were troubled, understand more fully some of the sources and causes of their worries. And as a result, Jones is no longer lonely and out of things. He's one of the guys. He's learned what his mistakes were and corrected some of them. He's adjusted to his new environment and he's doing all right. The same is true of Seaman Scott. He's all straightened out now and is doing a swell job. He even thinks of those bugaboo petty officers as good guys now. And this one's a swell ping pong player, too. Scott has finally found the right outlets for his energy and ambition. And Kelley the dreamer, he's not dreaming now. He's having a good time and he's studying hard, for he's learned that it's only through our own efforts that we achieve real satisfaction.*

*Yes, all people must learn to live and work in harmony, must assume new responsibilities and take pride in their duties. That's what is now reflected in these men's faces as they get combat orders. Anderson looks confident. Kelley is alert and ready. Scott is a cool, steady warrior, and Seaman Jones is going after new recognition. So then, we see how troubles fade as we learn even a little about our minds, and thereby protect ourselves against some of the unconscious trends to which we are subject. Sound mental health is our nation's greatest asset, and this we must maintain. With it, let us have pride. Pride in our corps, and in our service. And we must have faith and hope, in our cause, our way of life, and for a better world tomorrow.*

THE END  
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Transcript : Thibault Riegert