

To the Memory of **Donald L. Whaley**

I disliked Don Whaley the first time I met him. This huge, loud-mouthed, glad-handing, cigar-smoking extrovert insisted on hugging me. And he hugged me with such force that he threw me off balance physically as well as psychologically. (Real men don't hug each other in Converse, Indiana, where I grew up.)

I remember having a party for our undergraduate teaching apprentices, where we served beer with reckless, illegal abandon. Don stood with a cigar in his mouth and a beer bottle in each hand, as he convinced a cluster of undergrads that behavior analysis was the true path to the salvation of the world.

Two hours after everyone had gone home, a policeman came back with Don. He had found Don unconscious in his Volkswagen beetle. Not only had Don passed out from the beer, but also he was having an asthma attack because he'd left his inhaler at my house. Of course, the policeman was more than willing to give Don a hand because he had been one of Don's students, and like all Don's students, he loved the man.

A few years later, Don stopped drinking and smoking. Don Whaley was a man of extremes. He fought and beat many devils. But the ice-cream parlor and other pushers of sugar, fat, cholesterol, and salt finally cut him down.

Another characteristic of Don was that you couldn't always depend on him to follow up on his day-to-day commitments. But you could always depend on him to come through like a hero when the going was really tough. Suppose you had a former student who was suicidal and who had just gotten out of the state hospital. You could depend on Don to fly from Denton, Texas (where he was then living), to Chicago to try to help him.

Or suppose a friend of a friend spent his nights as a resident of a mental hospital and his days as a student in graduate school and was going crazier and crazier. You could depend on Don to invite him down to Denton to go to school and participate in Don's therapeutic community. You could depend on

Don to give more of himself and his life to that student-patient than anyone could hope for. You could depend on Don to structure, set up, and run the program that would allow the student to achieve his potential as a brilliant and behaviorally healthy scholar and to achieve his doctorate.

If Don's students were having trouble putting food on the table, you also could depend on him to come up with some task they could do, whether he needed it done or not, so he could give them some financial support by way of payment from his pocket.

But the ice-cream parlor cut him down.

Don Whaley was a red-blooded Yankee inventor and gadgeteer. He invented a self-shocker—a series of batteries in a cartridge belt. You strapped the belt around your waist, beneath your shirt. Then you taped a pair of electrodes to your side and pushed a button to shock yourself every time you emitted an unwanted behavior.

He also invented a self-flipper—simply a big rubber band you wore loosely around your wrist. Every time you emitted that unwanted behavior, you twanged the rubber band. (A couple of twangs in a row could really start that wrist a-smarting.) I used the self-flipper to suppress the high rate of negative thoughts I was having at one point in my life.

Don invented a variable-time beeper you could use to gain self-awareness. At an unpredictable time, the beeper would beep; and you would note, on a piece of paper, whatever you were doing or thinking. With Don's beeper, I learned more about myself than I wanted to know.

Don Whaley was a big man, 6 feet 2 inches tall, with the large barrel chest of the asthmatic. He oscillated between a gross 240 pounds and an Olympic 185 pounds. He earned whatever he got—fanatically dieting, fanatically running, day after day, week after week, month after month, getting himself in perfect shape, and then gradually losing it all to the ice-cream parlor and the like.

Once when Don was at the peak of his health—all muscle and aerobic fitness, we were doing a little 5-mile run; but he was having trouble. "Why?" I asked. "Because I ran 30 miles yesterday." "In an ultra-marathon?" "No, as penance. I pigged out on junk food and ice cream the day before yesterday, so I had to pay my dues."

In 1983, Don was in bad health, eating poorly, not exercising, and feeling terrible. So, in July of that year, we set up a long-distance performance-contracting program. He limited himself to 1,200 lowfat, low-salt, low-sugar calories per day. As the pounds fell off, he gradually increased his exercise from walking a mile a day to running 10 miles a day. And he increased his writing from 0 hours per day to 3 hours per day. He called me more or less every day and sent a written record of his accomplishments

every week. Any day he failed, he paid a small penalty.

Don Whaley made a hero's effort, and finally got his world on course—all systems go; but the lifelong combination of sugar, fat, and cholesterol (ice cream) took its toll. We didn't get his coronary arteries unclogged soon enough. The ice-cream parlor clogged his coronary arteries and killed him with a heart attack on October 27, 1983.

Don Whaley died at his peak, his fingers on the keyboard of his computer, his feet in a pair of wellworn running shoes, kicking out the heroic words and the heroic miles every day. He was the senior author of the first edition of this book.

With love and respect, this edition of *Elementary Principles of Behavior* is dedicated to Donald L. Whaley (1934-1983).

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