



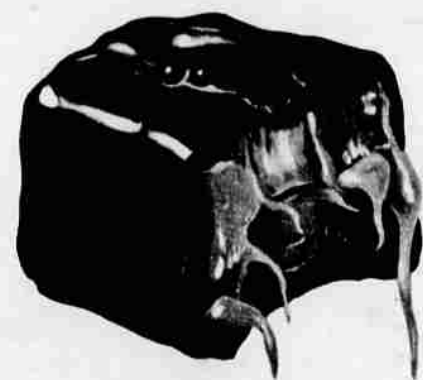
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new  
**Florient**  
kills bad  
odors fast



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all day!



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REDUCED . . .



. . . with NEW  
DECONGESTIVE  
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**Stops pain in minutes!**

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**CORN PAIN**  
**STOPS!**

You can depend on Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for fast relief from pain and double-quick removal of corns. Try them!

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Super-Fast  
Nerve-Deep  
RELIEF!

Dr. Scholl's  
Zino pads

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Night with Bladder  
Discomfort?**

Unwise eating or drinking may be a source of mild, but annoying bladder irritations — making you feel restless, tense, and uncomfortable. And if restless nights, with nagging backache, headache or muscular aches and pains due to over-exertion, strain or emotional upset, are adding to your misery—don't wait—try Doan's Pills. Doan's Pills act 3 ways for speedy relief. 1 — They have a soothing effect on bladder irritations. 2 — A fast pain-relieving action on nagging backache, headaches, muscular aches and pains. 3 — A wonderfully mild diuretic action thru the kidneys, tending to increase the output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes. So, get the same happy relief millions have enjoyed for over 60 years. New, large, economy size saves money. Get Doan's Pills today!

# The Taste of Ashes

While millions listened, the voice that had brought him fame faltered and was silenced; what happened to Bill Stern that day at the Sugar Bowl was only the beginning of the depths of despair he had to reach before he could start the slow climb to personal victory

by **BILL STERN**

*Last week Bill Stern told of the tragic car accident which led not only to the amputation of his left leg but, even worse, to his becoming a victim of narcotics. In this concluding installment, he tells of the humiliating depths he reached and of his long painful climb up the road to recovery and final victory over drugs. Both installments are excerpted from his autobiography, "The Taste of Ashes," written with Oscar Fraley. Copyright © 1959 by Oscar Fraley and Bill Stern. By permission of Henry Holt & Co., Inc., 383 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.*

A SHATTERING psychological crisis arose in my life in 1952 when the top brass at NBC informed me that the important duties of sports director were going to be taken away from me and given to somebody else.

I was outraged at the decision. After all, I told myself with furious bitterness, I had organized the NBC sports department, and now that it was running smoothly they were casting me aside.

In retrospect I realize that I was a mental and physical wreck even then, but somehow, although I was constantly in the public eye, I managed to conceal my condition from the world.

I was rapidly approaching bottom, and my work was suffering correspondingly, although I stubbornly refused to admit it to myself. But now I was requiring several half-grain injections of morphine to satisfy my need, and I was visiting the doctor almost daily. This meant more sleeping pills at night, if I was to get any rest at all, followed by the rousing effects of Benzedrine in the morning.

The day finally came in June, 1952, when I found it impossible to continue. It was mid-afternoon and I was lying on a couch in my office in dull-eyed despair, racked by waves of chills and fever, when Tom Gallery, who had taken my place as sports director, came in to discuss some broadcasting plans with me.

His words seemed vague and distant, without sense or meaning, and my mind struggled to grasp what he was saying.

Finally Gallery stopped talking and stared down at me with a puzzled frown on his face. He inspected me silently for several minutes, then, though the words seemed to be coming from a great distance, I could detect the sympathy in his voice when he said, "Bill, why don't you go home?"

All I remember of the rest of that day was the startled look on Harriet's face when I was helped into my house, and my own jumbled thinking that now, at last, something would have to be done, some resolute decision taken.

I agreed to go to a private institution to take the cure. It was the first of two futile attempts to escape my private hell.

AT LONG LAST, on Jan. 2, 1956, came my personal Armageddon.

The situation at NBC had slowly become more painful, and I finally resigned to go with the American Broadcasting Company. I took along a sponsor's contract for a network sports show at \$125,000 a year. My personal contract with ABC was for \$55,000.

Professionally I was on top of the world when ABC sent me to New Orleans to televise the annual Sugar Bowl game. But it was to be a day of shame, disgrace, and utter humiliation.

The visit opened on an ominous note when I had difficulty locating a doctor who would give me an injection. Complaining of my pains and certainly looking ill, I talked him into giving me what actually was an overdose, the night before the game. Before going to bed, I left a call for 7 in the morning. Later that night I complicated matters by taking an overdose of sleeping pills.

From that moment on, everything is a bad dream. I recall awakening and summoning the doctor who had given the injection the previous night. At first, he refused to give me another but finally yielded to my pleas. When he had done his job and left, I passed out