



Stereo
comes of
age with
Webcor's
exclusive

Panoramic Sound Stereo

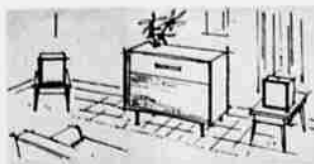


Webcor Constellation
Stereo High-Fidelity Fonograf

Give a wonderful Webcor
with **BFD*** for your merriest
family Christmas

***Bass Frequency Distribution**—Webcor's fabulous new stereo sound system—**ACTUALLY CREATES A NEW THIRD STEREO CHANNEL** for thrilling room-wide stereo sound. You hear true panoramic music no matter where you sit. See your Webcor dealer now. See your family's eyes light up on Christmas morning!

Constellation Stereo High-Fidelity Fonograf may be played as self-contained stereo fonograf—or remove two internal speaker systems and separate up to 10' on either side for even finer stereo sound. Equipped for drop-in AM, FM or AM-FM stereo radio. 5 powerful speakers—dual channel 30-watt amplifier. Webcor Fonograf's from \$37.95 to \$399.95. Prices slightly higher South and West.



FREE! Stereo demonstration record included. Selections from Somerset "Stereo-Fidelity" library.



STEREO MUSIC SOUNDS BETTER ON A WEBCOR



Stern was among the first to do television broadcasting in 1939.

THE TASTE OF ASHES (Continued)

a series of doctors met each crisis by giving me injections of morphine to ease the pain and relax the nervous system, so the stone could be passed.

In time the kidney-stone attacks reached a nerve-shattering peak which I could hardly bear. The physician attending me recommended that I see a urology specialist, who ordered me into a New York hospital for a complete examination.

I was completely unnerved when he told me that he had discovered a papilloma, a type of malignant tumor, which had to be removed. After the operation, the doctor informed me that he had removed several tumors from inside my kidney.

"We will have to keep a very close check to make certain they don't recur," he said.

THE USUAL procedure in undergoing my almost-weekly cystoscopy was for me to check into the hospital the preceding night. I was allowed no breakfast, but after being given an injection of morphine or Demerol, I was taken to the operating room.

It was such a nerve-racking and painful ordeal that I would do almost anything to stay under sedation. Eventually, I always claimed pain so that the soothing injection would be forthcoming.

Also, it must be admitted, I was beginning to like the effect of the drugs.

Strangely enough, at this time the quantities of drugs I was taking did not have the slightest ill effect on my work. And, except for this growing need, life was good to Harriet and me. We had a beautiful terraced apartment in Manhattan, I was earning big money, and we were overjoyed when our son Peter was born in May, 1940.

Yet by the end of 1941, after months of check ups on my kidney condition, the drugs began to have an iron grip on me.

By 1945 I had become so accustomed to constant drug medication—morphine, Demerol, and Dilaudid—that I had to have it. Little did I know how hard it would be to shake later on.

I had found that I could take drugs in pill form and also that if I faked stomach cramps or a kidney-stone attack or leg pains, doctors almost anywhere would give me an injection.

I don't know how strongly I was enslaved in those early years immediately after the accident; but I do know I wanted the drugs. I enjoyed the effects: the peace and calm induced within me; the knowledge that I was a wonderfully accomplished, superior person; the confidence that there was no problem I could not conquer; and, of course, the separation from pain.

Throughout most of this time I kept telling myself that I could control this urge, but by 1950 I was getting desperate.

It was then I decided on a controlled attempt to take the cure and voluntarily entered a hospital.

I was admitted on a Friday night and, as the first step, I was knocked out with Pentothal Sodium. After this, massive amounts of tranquilizers were administered. They helped only microscopically. I had horrible nightmares, in which once again I was undergoing the removal of my leg. I awakened over and over again in a cold sweat which drenched me from head to toe. Frantically I rang for the nurse, and more tranquilizers were administered.

After four days I left the hospital, weak, worn, and exhausted. I knew with dread certainty that I had accomplished nothing.

Be sure to read next week's installment in which Bill Stern tells of his terrible battle with drugs and his ultimate victory, as taken from his autobiography, "The Taste of Ashes," published by Henry Holt.