

OUR VIEW

Naming honor is fitting for city historian

We could not think of a more fitting tribute to Gladys Carr Bolhouse, a longtime officer of the Newport Historical Society and the city's historian for many years.

The society last week announced it has named its online archival database "Gladys," meaning, of course, its search function is called "Ask Gladys."

For many years, that's just what people in Newport did.

"Gladys is the ideal name for our online database," said Ruth Taylor, the society's executive director. "Mrs. Bolhouse was an authority of Newport's history. When someone had a question about Newport's history, they would ask Gladys. Naming our online database after her allows us to honor her memory and continue to 'Ask Gladys' because she's always with us."

The society received an anonymous submission to its recent online database naming contest suggesting "Gladys" for this legendary figure in Newport history, and staff knew it was a perfect match, Taylor said.

Bolhouse served as the Newport Historical Society's executive secretary and curator of manuscripts for nearly 50 years, from 1946-92. The City Council named her as the first "Newport Historian" in 1985.

A 12th-generation Newporter, Bolhouse was a direct descendant of one of Newport's founding fathers, Nicholas Easton. She was also a founding member of the Major Taggart chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and a member of the Society

of Mayflower Descendants. She died in 1995, but her influence remains.

In 2003, the road that connects America's Cup Avenue with the Goat Island Causeway was named the Gladys Carr Bolhouse Road. In 2006, a columnist for The Daily News, in recounting some confusion between two different John Clarkes, wrote: "Oh, that Gladys Bolhouse, Newport's Historical Society's former registrar of many years, was still alive. She always seemed to know where to turn."

Her family, through the Connerntons and Waluks, continues to play a part in Newport's history, as well.

Now Bolhouse's legacy is cemented in another way, as the face of the Newport Historical Society's online archives, which contain 3,500 images and descriptions of the society's historical objects, 4,600 photographs from the photo collections, and 70 archival document collections.

We applaud the society for making its valuable collections more accessible to the public in digital form, and for honoring one of its great contributors in the process.

"Gladys" will greet history buffs and genealogical researchers from near and far — and although she would have preferred "Ask Mrs. Bolhouse," it just wouldn't have had the same ring.

REALTORS

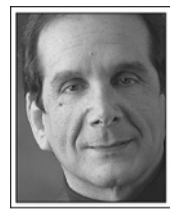


Jeff Stahl | United Feature Syndicate

The myth of 'settled science'

Why do predictions of global warming keep changing?

I repeat: I'm not a global warming believer. I'm not a global warming denier. I've long believed that it cannot



CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

be good for humanity to be spewing tons of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere. I also believe that those scientists who pretend to know exactly what this will cause in 20, 30 or 50 years are white-coated propagandists. "The debate is settled," asserted propagandist in chief Barack Obama in his latest State of the Union address. "Climate change is a fact." Really? There is nothing more anti-scientific than the very idea that science is settled, static, impervious to challenge. Take a non-climate example. It was long assumed that mammograms help reduce breast cancer deaths. This fact was so settled that Obamacare requires every insurance plan to offer mammograms (for free, no less).

Now we learn from a massive randomized study — 90,000 women followed for 25 years — that mammograms may have no effect on breast cancer deaths. Indeed, one out of five of those diagnosed by mammogram receives unnecessary radiation, chemo or surgery.

So much for settledness. And climate is less well understood than breast cancer. If climate science is settled, why do its predictions keep changing? And how is it that the great physicist Freeman Dyson, who did some climate research in the late 1970s, thinks today's climate-change Cassandras are hopelessly mistaken? They deal with the fluid dynamics

of the atmosphere and oceans, argues Dyson, ignoring the effect of biology, i.e., vegetation and topsoil. Further, their predictions rest on models they fall in love with: "You sit in front of a computer screen for 10 years and you start to think of your model as being real." Not surprisingly, these models have been "consistently and spectacularly wrong" in their predictions, write atmospheric scientists Richard McNider and John Christy — and always, amazingly, in the same direction.

Settled? Even the U.K.'s national weather service concedes there's been no change — delicately called a "pause" — in global temperature in 15 years. If even the raw data is recalcitrant, let alone the assumptions and underlying models, how settled is the science?

Last Friday, Obama ostentatiously visited drought-stricken California. Surprise! He blamed climate change. Here even The New York Times gaged, pointing out that far from being supported by the evidence, "the most recent computer projections suggest that as the world warms, California should get wetter, not drier, in the winter."

How inconvenient. But we've been here before. Hurricane Sandy was made the poster child for the alleged increased frequency and strength of "extreme weather events" like hurricanes.

Nonsense. Sandy wasn't even a hurricane when it hit the U.S. Indeed, in all of 2012, only a single hurricane made U.S. landfall. And 2013 saw the fewest Atlantic hurricanes in 30 years. In fact, in the last half-century, one-third fewer major hurricanes have hit the U.S. than in the previous half-century.

Similarly tornadoes. Every time one hits, the climate-change commentary

begins. Yet last year saw the fewest in a quarter-century. And the last 30 years — of presumed global warming — has seen a 30 percent decrease in extreme tornado activity (F3 and above) versus the previous 30 years.

None of this is dispositive. It doesn't settle the issue. But that's the point. It mocks the very notion of settled science, which is nothing but a crude attempt to silence critics and delegitimize debate. As does the term "denier" — an echo of Holocaust denial, contemptibly suggesting the malevolent rejection of an established historical truth.

Climate-change proponents have made their cause a matter of fealty and faith. For folks who pretend to be brave carriers of the scientific ethic, there's more than a tinge of religion in their jeremiads. If you whore after other gods, the Bible tells us, "the Lord's wrath be kindled against you, and he shut up the heaven, that there be no rain, and that the land yield not her fruit" (Deuteronomy 11).

Sounds like California. Except that today there's a new god, the Earth Mother. And a new set of sins — burning coal and driving a fully equipped F-150.

But whoring is whoring, and the gods must be appeased. So if California burns, you send your high priest (in a carbon-belching Air Force One, but never mind) to the bone-dry land to offer up, on behalf of the repentant congregation, a \$1 billion burnt offering called a "climate resilience fund."

Ah, settled science in action.

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Will Hoffman's heroin death be a wake-up call?

The recent death of Philip Seymour Hoffman, apparently of a heroin overdose, says a lot about the epidemic of opiate abuse gripping the United States.

SAM QUINONES
Los Angeles Times

That epidemic, which I've spent the last year researching for a forthcoming book, is rooted in a 20-year revolution in medicine that has resulted in far wider prescribing of opiates. Narcotic painkillers are now prescribed for chronic back and knee pain, fibromyalgia, headaches, arthritis and other ailments. According to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, consumption of these opioids has risen 300 percent since 1999, making them the most prescribed class of medicines in America.

After Hoffman's death, reports surfaced that the actor, a onetime heroin addict, had been abusing prescription opiates, which ultimately led him back to heroin. That's a common path, in part because of economics.

On the street, opiate pain pills sell for \$1 a milligram, according to police and addicts I've interviewed across the country. An addict can need 150 to 300 milligrams a day. A comparable high from heroin is a fifth to a 10th the price, which is part of the reason its use has almost doubled between 2010 and 2012, officials say.

Marketing is another big part of today's heroin story. Heroin is a



Robert Ariail | Spartanburg (S.C.) Herald-Journal

commodity. To differentiate their product, dealers market aggressively, which has helped propel its spread.

I read that packets stamped with the Ace of Spades brand were found in Hoffman's apartment. In the classic East Coast heroin markets — New York City above all — dealers can't fully control the quality of their imported product. So they brand, which allows a trafficker to create buzz for a commodity that he'd have a harder time selling in an unmarked baggie.

Among the most prolific heroin traffickers in America today is a loose-knit entrepreneurial group I've been researching from the tiny county of Xalisco in the Mexican state of Nayarit, where opium

poppies flourish. They market through customer service.

Police and rehab counselors say that many new addicts are middle-class white kids reluctant to venture to skid row or some menacing drug house to procure drugs. So the Xalisco Boys, as a Denver police narcotics officer has dubbed them, have dispatchers take calls and send drivers to meet addicts at suburban strip malls — delivering dope like pizza.

They give out free samples outside methadone clinics, customers tell me, and offer deals: one balloon of heroin for \$20 or seven for \$100, thus turning addicts into salesmen, hustling enough orders to get the price break. Some dealers even call their buyers later to make sure they're

happy. If addicts get a bad (read: less potent) dose, they can complain to customer service and get a free replacement.

Try doing that on skid row. Their customer-focused marketing has helped the Xalisco Boys expand to 20 states and fuel a surge in heroin in cities that include Indianapolis, Nashville, Charlotte, N.C., and Columbus, Ohio.

Hoffman was the second celebrity to have apparently overdosed on heroin recently; Cory Monteith, of the TV show "Glee," died in July. Each time, news shows have discovered the supposedly new surge in heroin, which is really about a decade old.

But that's the point: This epidemic has spread in part because it's quiet.

Most drug scourges come with public violence. As a crime reporter in Stockton, Calif., in the early 1990s, I wrote about crack-related drive-by shootings, carjackings and gang feuds. But with this opiate epidemic, the private home, like the one where Hoffman died, has replaced the public crack house. It seems the drug has narcotized public outrage, along with millions of young Americans.

Keep in mind though: Since the rise of the American automobile, traffic fatalities have been our leading cause of accidental death — until now. More people now die of drug overdoses — about 38,000 a year, according to the latest numbers from the National Center for Health Statistics. The largest category of drugs

represented within that number is prescription opioids (16,000 roughly), according to the CDC.

So in the last seven months, I'm guessing something like 10,000 Americans who weren't famous died from overdoses of opiate painkillers or heroin.

Meanwhile, many parents' lives are mangled though their children remain alive. Their kids have shape-shifted into lying, thieving slaves to an unseen molecule, and these parents await calls that a daughter has been arrested for hooking or that a son overdosed in a McDonald's bathroom. These parents' pain is as searing as the chronic pain that doctors treat with opiate painkillers. No one talks much about it — not even the ashamed parents — until a celebrity dies.

That's changing. I've met parents who are organizing — from Simi Valley to Portsmouth, Ohio, — because crying in a bedroom, arms around a photo album, makes no sense to them. But they have day jobs, and powerful market forces are arrayed against them.

So here's hoping that Hoffman's death, which encapsulates much of this epidemic, will also rouse us to a thing that is deadlier and quieter than any drug plague we've seen before.

Los Angeles Times staff writer Sam Quinones is writing a book about the epidemic of painkiller and heroin abuse in America.