

The Hornless Rhino is back, and watching this years Indians have reminded him how badly he misses smoking. In this amusing piece, The Rhino gets nostalgic about the sweet taste of nicotine, and examines just how differently general opinion has swung on smokers and smoking.



Visit the *Vinny & The Hornless Rhino* weblog at <http://www.vinnyandthehornlessrhino.blogspot.com/>

Watching the Indians this season has really made me long for a smoke. I quit smoking five years ago, but damn, I do miss cigarettes. No, I'm not crawling up the walls, I just really liked the little death sticks, and they did make watching infuriating performances by Cleveland sports franchises a little more bearable.

I wish cigarettes didn't kill you, so I could keep smoking them. Of course, even if they didn't kill you, the anti-smoking fasci di combattimento would find some other reason to shame you into not lighting up. My guess is they'd probably contend that cigarette smoke contributes to global warming or increases third world debt. The reason really doesn't matter--the point is that there's always been a large subset of the population that gets their rocks off by defecating all over anybody who appears to be having fun, so they'll always find a reason to do so. Just because the killjoys are right this time doesn't mean I have to like it-- or them, for that matter.

It's amazing--and a little scary-- to see how effective the anti-smoking people have been. A little more than a generation ago, almost everybody smoked, including professional athletes. In fact, the first "Marlboro Man" was Charlie Connerly, the QB for the New York Giants. Now, a lot fewer people smoke, and the ones who do are treated like lepers. You can't smoke indoors. You can't smoke in the outdoor stadiums that were built with cigarette taxes. You can't smoke in public parks. Even the smokers' ghettos outside office buildings are being phased out. Soon, you'll only be able to smoke in your home-- but if you have kids, you probably should expect a knock on your door from the duly

authorized representatives of the Nanny State.

Want to see how much times have changed? Check out [this television commercial from 1961](#):

Okay guys, you got my smokes, but you'll have to pry my Hostess Twinkies from my cold, dead fingers.