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Natural Hygiene

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American
Natural
Hygiene
Society



LOUIS K. ANSELL

Showman

50¢

The Road to Oblivion . . by Robert Gross

Contents

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■ MAY, 1957

Hygiene on the March — Bill Peavy	I
Arrival in Olympus — Louis K. Ansell Radiant health regained through Right Living.	4
The Challenge of Natural Hygiene — Gerald Benesh Rich truth for those who seek after it.	11
How Can I Get Slim? — Jack Trop Excerpt from an exciting new book.	14
Peace Pilgrim — Woodland Kahler Our international correspondent finds an unusual Hygienic Personality at home.	18
On How to Become Inspired — Joy Jacaruso A vital key to unlock a treasure chest of knowledge.	24
The Road to Oblivion — Robert R. Gross Tranquilizers exposed as newest threat to the health of modern man.	27
High or Low Protein? — James McEachen, D.C.	35

THE MAN ON THE COVER IS . . . **Louis K. Ansell**, showman and real estate broker; president of Ansell Brothers Theatres and Ansell & Cytron Realty Co., with offices in suburban St. Louis.

"Lou" was born in St. Louis and educated in its public schools. He received additional education by attending business college and St. Louis University where his main interests lay in the area of public speaking.

He entered the picture theatre business in his early twenties. In January of 1952 he converted the Empress Theatre to a legitimate stage, and for four years produced and presented stage plays with Hollywood and Broadway stars, supported by a stock company of players carefully selected in New York. Prior to this he also wrote, produced and directed a number of stage presentations, and spent a year in Hollywood and Mexico City in motion picture production.

Louis Ansell became interested in Natural Hygiene a year ago upon his return from Dr. Esser's Hygienic Rest Ranch in Lake Worth, Florida. He went to Dr. Esser's in desperation, after two years of failure with medical doctors, to obtain relief from a serious angina condition. His story in this issue, "ARRIVAL IN OLYMPUS" is his way of telling how happily he succeeded. He is a member of the Natural Hygiene Society of St. Louis.



Hygiene on the March

by — Bill Peavy

Dear Friends;

In my recent travels I paid a visit to an old friend in Texas who had been my room-mate during college years. We both have the same background, graduated with the same diploma and began earning our living as teachers.

Since becoming a Natural Hygienist I realized that I had to get out of the classroom and get my hands and feet back into the soil. My philosophy of life changed completely, as it does for most people who turn to Hygiene. No doubt that is why we seem so unorthodox to our conventional friends.

After my visit with my friend I received a letter from him. In it he bemoaned the fact that I had changed so. He argued in his letter that my being a Natural Hygienist was unjustified, that sickness was a natural part of life and had been since the earliest history of man.

My answer to his letter follows:

"In our discussion of health and sickness in the earliest history of the human race, which history are you referring to? Some of the histories I've read do not show sickness except in the very smallest amounts. As far as death is concerned, of course, it has always been with all animal species.

"Your deploring the fact that I have strayed so far from the fold of orthodox living and may never be able to accomplish the things my capabilities and education could otherwise do--tell me, what are these things I might have accomplished? Might I have ended up teaching like my contemporaries who are longing for the day that they can get out of it? Or be a big official or execu-

tive, sitting in smoke-filled offices in conferences and say 'yes, yes' to such rackets as polio drives, cancer funds, and the like because it pays to go along with the tide? And have and ever-loving (but dumb) wife who has a hot supper of lamb chops and white rolls every night, or a big platter of a dozen fried eggs and bacon and gravy each breakfast? And die of disease at the premature age of 55?

TRUE GREATNESS

"If I don't march to the tune of orthodoxy maybe it is like Thoreau said, 'I'm in step with another drummer.' Speaking of true greatness, if you will read history more carefully you will find, without exception, the greatest people of all time and those who have truly accomplished something—are the heretics. Heretics remain such until they become heroes posthumously when the race finally realizes how far in advance of the multitude these unorthodox people had been. Galileo was made to get down on his knees and retract what he had said about the earth being round; now he is a great man of science. Later, Bruno was burnt at the stake for telling the orthodoxy an unorthodox belief of his; that the sun was the center of the solar system and not the earth. There are many others. I'm surprised to learn you do not know the ropes of orthodoxy bind one so tightly he rarely, if ever, can make a discovery or a significant contribution to society. It is those great souls who escape and become free thinkers and doers who have the freedom to do the great things. Just try to come out with a truth nowadays and see what happens. Just because you dare to be different you may lose your job. Or the truth you disclose may interfere with the profits of the system which rules our economic destiny. Big business will not allow mere truth to stand in its way of profits.

"You say, 'Whatever achievements one makes in life, if it be for the betterment of the human race, it far outweighs the time in years spent here.' How true! In fact, if one cannot do this, life has probably been in vain. This is the reason, I am different

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and unorthodox. One just can't be part of the mob and achieve. All those who have contributed significantly to human betterment were different and have stood apart from the mob, the orthodox. The herd is too busy with trivialities and materialism, and too tired (also from trivialities), to think big thoughts and do big things. Nero gave them bread and circuses. Then later, when the empire had crumbled, he fiddled while Rome burned. The present age is giving them TV, fast automobiles, and push-button living.

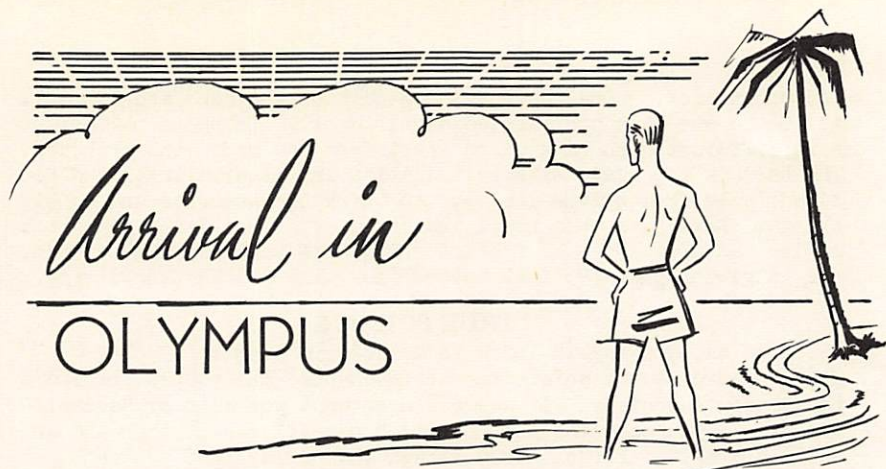
TRUE SCIENCE

"You say you regard India as a backward country. You ask if I have heard of any scientific achievements the people of India have made to society. It depends upon what you mean by "scientific." If you mean the word in its broadest sense, then the answer is "yes." First, they showed the world that you can get colonialism off the backs of the people without a bloody revolution by passive non--resistance, and now the British are gone from India. Secondly, India has given to the world the example of the Hunza people, whose superior way of life transcends all. If science cannot lead man to a superior health and happiness, it is pseudo-science. The Hunzas have a true science--a science of living!

"If you mean 'scientific' in terms of inventions and materialism, then science be damned! Shall human happiness be sacrificed on the altar of a Godless science that has given us the atomic bomb! Wonder drugs to enable people to continue in their sins instead of changing their living habits to conform to natural law! Today's so-called 'science' distracts attention from the real cause and remedy of disease. It has created a whole flock of new and deadly insecticides to poison the countryside and upset the balance of nature! The march of science, without ethics to hold its hand, becomes a demon in the hands of a ruthless, selfish minority who prostitute true science for selfish purposes and enslave the people instead of freeing them. Yes, life today is one of ease, but at what price! We might well remember Patrick Henry's words, 'Men shout peace, peace, but there is no peace; shall peace be bought at the price of chains and slavery?' Today men shout for comfort and ease--shall these be bought at the price of chains and slavery?"

Sincerely

Bill Peavy



By Louis K. Ansell

I feel so "veteran" about fasting by now that I sometimes find myself wanting to dismiss inquiries with the brusque statement that I fasted 14 days last year and 19 days this year and feel fine, and let it go at that. But if I did this I would be treating rather shabbily a medium that carries so much reward for humanity. I feel I should be telling about it every chance I get, so that more people will know about it. And perhaps, here or there, a person as desperate as I was will also learn which way to turn for help when medical doctors fail, as in my case.

Just about a year ago I was a heart case—angina pectoris, to be specific—which gradually became quite serious after more than two years of reliance on my medical doctors. The best they were able to come up with was advice to "take things easy" and to use the nitroglycerine pills they prescribed whenever I felt the pain coming to my chest as a result of walking, or other exercise, or excitement.

When it finally became necessary to double and even triple the amount of pills I had to take for relief, I complained of this to my doctor. He told me of a new "cure" the profession was experimenting with and urged me to try it. He was certain it would solve my problem, and I was beside myself with joy at the prospect. All arrangements were made for me to report to the hospital where first a test was to be made the very next day. I could hardly wait!

The day arrived at last and my happiness continued high as the doctor, his pretty nurse, and a machine that looked like a telephone switchboard with a gieger counter apparatus,

made the test. I was given a glass containing what appeared to be water and told to drink it. Then they attached wires leading from the machine to my body. The doctor turned a switch and the pointer on the dial kicked over like a gieger counter striking radium. Much to my surprised alarm, I was told a moment later it was, although just a tiny bit of it in plain water. The doctor announced I had passed the test. Now he could make an appointment with me for the full dose of the solution—500 times as much as I had already taken. Before he could do this, however, it was his duty to tell me the hazards and benefits of this new “cure”. After this I would have to sign an agreement releasing the hospital and the doctors from any liability should the “cure” turn out badly for me. He then proceeded to explain that they had had experience with about five thousand people with beneficial results to approximately half of them. Still it was impossible to tell in advance exactly what effect it would have on me. They did know, however, that the solution would destroy my thyroid gland, which was the purpose of taking it. This, in turn, would reduce the metabolic rate of my body and the work my heart had to perform thereby reducing the incidence of chest pain. On its debit side was the fact that it would slow me down considerably. I would take on more weight. My mind would function more slowly and my memory might be greatly impaired. And I would have to take certain “medicines” the rest of my life to make up for the destroyed thyroid.

At this point I could not help but cut in: “In other words,” I spouted with irony, “I’ll be half dead and half alive—a walking zombie!”

“But you’ll be around longer,” he rejoined.

“Around for what?” I pitched back. “No, no, Doctor, I will not take this ‘cure’!”

Long Distance Phone Call Brings Hope

I suppose I have had as many disappointments in life as the next fellow, but never until I walked out of that doctor’s office did I know what truly bitter dregs of despair can taste like. My faith in the medical profession was shattered! For some reason I cannot even now explain, I had resolutely abstained from telling anyone about my ailment—not even my brother whom I saw virtually every day. Until this moment none of this deception bothered me particularly, except for

not telling one certain person—a charming lady of south Florida, a young woman very special to me, whom I had the good fortune to meet after the passing of my wife. In the minutes it took me to get home from the hospital I resolved to tell the world. In doing so I would at least spare myself the suffering I used to struggle to endure when I had to keep pace with other people in any physical endeavor. And that certain lovely of mine I would tell on Sunday when I made my usual weekly phone call. Thus I would at least have the comfort of an eased conscience. I will never be able to describe my feelings as I listened to her reply! It was as if God had answered my prayers!

She told me of her mother's serious gall bladder ailment, who, after many years of suffering and no relief from medical men, went to Dr. Esser's Rest Ranch at Lake Worth, Florida, where, after an 18-day fast was rid of her trouble, and stayed well so long as she remained on the prescribed diet. I could be helped in the same manner! Such beautiful words! I was ready now to try anything and implored her to make the necessary arrangements for me! I spent the rest of the day chiding myself for not having done this very thing many months ago!

When I think about all this now, I know how foolish it was for me to have thought for one moment that I would have gone to anybody's ranch for a long fast even had I heard about it when I first knew of my trouble. I, cocktailer de luxe, consumer of the finest conventional foods, a confirmed meat and potato man, to whom fasting would be screwball, would

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have laughed in a person's face had I been told I would have to fast an aggregate of thirty-three days and afterwards live on fruits, vegetables and nuts!

I was most agreeably surprised when I arrived at Esser's Ranch, both with my fine, modern quarters and with Dr. Esser himself. A slender, soft-spoken man of pleasing appearance, he immediately conveys confidence and assurance—qualities so necessary to one being introduced to fasting for the first time.

I Began Fasting

After the entrance physical examination all are required to take, I started a daily record of my weight. I checked in at 158, stripped. I spent the rest of the day basking in the sun and getting acquainted with my neighbors. But I spent a sleepless night with a stomach ferociously demanding food. And as I lay there my mind went back to St. Cloud, Florida, where I had stopped enroute to visit my lady love. I heard again her wise mother's observation as we discussed fasting. "It takes Spartan courage," she said, "to fast several weeks." And I began to really know what she meant. Oh, how the night dragged on! Did I have the necessary courage? From one moment of great faith and expectation in this hygienic method, my mind would swing to the frustrating outlook of possible failure. I lay there all night contemplating restlessly the hobgoblins of gloom that lurk in the darkness of sleeplessness!

But there was that one redeeming virtue that is Florida—its glorious sunshine that pours over it so much more often than over most other places, bringing new hope and courage. And on that second day after I met so many others on a fast, among them little women, children and elderly people on their third and fourth week, I felt ashamed of myself and would have been content enough had it not been for that complaining stomach of mine and the thought of another sleepless night ahead.

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by George Bernard Shaw

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The pattern was the same for the third and fourth days. But something strange happened by the time the fifth day dawned—the stomach had called off the battle—it was no longer complaining!

The days were passing faster now that the desire for food had vanished completely and one day was like the next. I slept nights now. I kept the same routine, weighing and taking pride in the pound or so daily loss, a short sunbath in the Solarium, a short walk in the grounds—very short for me—neighborly visits, until the tenth day. Then something new began to happen.

As I was lying down on that afternoon of the tenth day, a sort of a nervous feeling came over me and I suddenly thought I could hear my heart beating—and rather rapidly! I had never before been much conscious of my heartbeats but now I could hear them—faster—louder. Too fast, I thought, and when this thought struck me, they became even faster. I sprang out of bed! Was this the end for me? I pressed hard on the call button at the side of my bed and stood there panicky, waiting for help! One of the women workers answered the call in what seemed an hour but actually minutes by the clock. I asked her to please have Dr. Esser come to me right away! I'll never know how I lived through the time it took him! He smiled slowly when I told him about it, and in his slow, soft way explained what I felt was only the usual reaction most people have on a fast. "The heart got a message from some part of your body for more blood and it started pumping harder to supply it," was the way he put it. And as he talked I could sense a decided lessening of the pumping, showing how mental are our bodily functions. In the days that followed this disturbance repeated itself, but I no longer feared it and, when ignored, it vanished. Out of curiosity then, I checked with other people and was surprised at the varied reactions fasters get—all harmless.

By the fourteenth day I was taking particular pride in my weight loss, because of its value in a case like mine. I was down now to $132\frac{1}{2}$, a drop of $25\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, although I had never particularly felt I weighed too much for my stocky, muscular build. And it was on this fourteenth day, at the highest comfort point of my fast, that Dr. Esser announced he was ending it. I reasoned with him that I could easily

go another week or more. But he declared it needless at this time and said I would be started on orange juice the next morning. I was to be on juices for two days, preliminary to light meals of solid food.

Nectar From the Gods

At this a strange thing happened to me psychologically. Impatience for food came with a vengeance. I could hardly wait for the next morning, and when at last my first four-ounce-glass of orange juice was placed before me I was in ecstasy! I shall never forget that first wonderful, wonderful sip! Nectar from the Gods! I just took the tiniest of sips to make the precious liquid last as long as possible.

My immediate neighbors were also taken off the fast and by the next day were planning nice, long walks including little me. I froze in my tracks when they said it! What if I were to discover I still could not walk more than three hundred feet? Mechanically I did start to walk but guardedly when one of my feminine neighbors put her arm in mine and we started to lead the way down the moonlit path to the south end of the ranch grounds. My manner must have been halting. My companion sensed it and stopped short to face me. "You're afraid of your angina, aren't you, Lou? You've got to find out sooner or later, so why play the ostrich? Shall we walk?" To be talked to like that by a person much younger, and a woman at that, was enough to awaken all the boyish bravado I ever had! Taking her arm firmly now, I took the lead and as we walked and walked and walked and I felt no need to stop, a cry of joy somewhere deep down inside me surged through my whole being! As I lay in bed that night, reliving that first long walk, I could not hold back the tears that blinded me as I thanked God for that great gift!

During the two weeks that followed the bunch of us did much walking nightly along the beach with all but yours truly trudging through the sand with bare feet. For me it was also daily exercise and sunbathing until I knew a feeling of well-being I did not think was possible for me! I was a new man—reborn with a new body! And I was already making plans for my return trip in 1957, to make certain of retaining this truly great prize!

. . . I arrived at Esser's Ranch for my second fast on January 15, 1957, but this time without the fear and doubt I

had the first time. It was quite uneventful except for a few rather unpleasant reactions I did not have the first time. For instance, the drinking water, although the same, tasted like Socrates' cup of hemlock! Reaction, number two: I would awaken during the night and in the morning with throat and mouth so dry I could smell the Sahara Desert at noon in August! And last but not least, by the sixteenth day of this fast I would feel dizzy when I got up from a reclining position but it left me after I stood a moment or two. Dr. Esser explained these reactions as being caused by the longer fast I was taking and the higher rate of elimination of the toxins from my body.

The Second Fast Broken

When I broke the fast this time I had the same heavenly experience with my first sip of orange juice. In the two weeks that followed I enjoyed the same routine in every way as previously. This time my long walks were taken during the day in a bathing suit and barefooted in the sands along the beach. It was so glorious and the feeling of well-being even more so. I checked in this time at 141½, stripped, and when I broke the fast I was down to 117½, which I did not believe at all possible. I am back to 140 on the day I am writing this, still feeling great, though not quite at the high point I reached in Florida. Apparently, for me, there is no substitute for life in the sun country wafted by the ocean's invigorating breezes, and a mind made carefree by the magic of distance from where the cares begin.

It pleases me to write all this, for whatever blessing it may be to someone as desperate as I was from medical failure. I cannot see how what I finally did can fail for any one, no matter what his health problem may be. To the contrary I can see so much help for the many as I review the varied case histories that came under my personal observation. Sufferers from asthma, tumors, skin diseases, stomach ulcers, diseases of the heart, gall bladder, and in particular a serious gall-stone case, where the stones disintegrated after a long fast and passed from the body, and all of these people given a new lease on life.

Yes, great things are possible through this Hygienic Way of Life! For me it was the escape from Hades, and my joyous arrival in Olympus!

The Challenge of



— NATURAL HYGIENE — By Gerald Benesh —

Natural Hygiene is a philosophy and a system predicated upon daily adherence to the biological laws which control life. The fullest realization and comprehension of the inherent potential of this manner of living is offered to all people who possess the integrity, drive and will power to put into practice the principles of Natural Hygiene.

To say the least this is a constant challenge. One which must be met at all times, but one which offers the greatest compensation for all the effort expended. The rewards one reaps are priceless, and I may say, endless, for as one grows in stature by applying these principles, the rewards also increase in value proportionately. These rewards, although often intangible and many times unnoticeable to others, are in themselves inspiring and encouraging. These effects are something to be experienced within rather than something to be handled and observed from without.

This way of life gives to one understanding it, a sense of security and a feeling of knowing and understanding, which today is a rarity and a seeming will-o-the-wisp that constantly evades the confused masses. The person who can make honest claim to this rare sense of well-being is himself rare to find. But by no means is it impossible for all of us to be of a similar pattern.

Fortunately, we have been endowed with a living mechanism that can withstand much abuse and neglect, and despite such hardships as each of us innocently or willfully imposes on his body, it still possesses a reserve of energy that can be called into action whenever a person has the sincere desire to put it to constructive use. There is, however, a limit to this reserve supply, but, if one still possesses an adequate amount,

recovery is possible. As the biological processes improve because of our adoption of a better way of life, the cells generate an unbelievable amount of vitality that will be delegated by the Knower within to areas that need attention and regeneration.

The Virtues of Patience and Calmness

Quite often this process seems very slow, and too often discouraging to the ailing one. But if one realized or could comprehend the scope of the task at hand of regeneration and building up untold numbers of new cells, he would humbly bow his head in reverence, and give full sway to the forces that are constantly working in his behalf, every moment of his life.

Patience is a virtue that has its own reward. The Hygienic way of life teaches us to be patient. In being patient, we lose our anxieties and other aberrations that interfere with our good state of health. It also teaches us relaxation and calmness, thus enabling blood and lymph (the fluids of life) to circulate more freely, permitting these vital liquids to bathe every cell and carry away the waste products to all outlets for elimination.

Many diseases are due to the retention of waste products which accumulate, causing inflammations, congestions, tumor formations, ulcers, and even cancers. So we see how important it is to do all in our power to permit the free outflow of these agents.

Injurious congestions are of many varieties and their effects are also varied, but the result always is an impaired state of health. Anything that interferes with the free flow of life force within the living body spells death to the affected

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area, and ultimately to the whole organism. Too many persons are of the opinion that congestions (toxin accumulations) are caused by improper diet alone. This is far from the truth. The fact is that the causes are many and varied and usually obscure to the affected person.

The misuse of mind, in many cases is the foremost offender, and I dare to go a bit further and say that in all cases it is so. If we would exercise the proper use of mind, we would evolve to a state where we would realize the laws of life and apply them to our daily living and be well—physically, mentally, spiritually. We fail to think for ourselves as a rule. We accept customs, fetishes and ideas from others as a pattern for life, whereas, Natural Hygiene teaches us to exercise all of our prerogatives and evolve to a higher state of being, which in my estimation has no end.

This way of life is a continuous evolution to a better way of life in all departments. The challenge is open to all. Join the ranks of true men and women who dare to be different, who are free of inhibitions, who are willing to grow BIG!

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HOW CAN I GET



SLIM?



By Jack Trop

This little gem has been lifted from Jack Dunn Trop's new book, "Help Yourself to Health." This book, with its new approach to Natural Hygiene, is being published by Whittier Books, 31 Union Square, New York, New York. It will be available later this summer and will retail for \$3.75.

Margaret is a good secretary. She is rather pretty but she's getting heavy again. Everybody calls her Midge. Frequently she bobs up with a new idea about how she can lose weight. Here's her latest:

"I have found a marvelous psycho-anaylst. He is absolutely wonderful. He says I don't have to go on a strict diet. He gets rid of your excess weight by mental suggestion. It's all in your mind. He has it all figured out. He is too wonderful for words."

I know that Midge has her own peculiar way of interpreting advice about health. I doubt whether any psycho-analyst said that she may eat as she pleases, and still re-gain her girlish figure.

"Especially with what you pack away, Midge. I mean what you eat most of the time—not when you're on one of your special diets. Typical hearty American breakfast—orange juice, ham and eggs, hot cakes, cereal and coffee. Chicken salad on white and a strawberry ice-cream soda for lunch. And what's for dinner? Seven courses at least, with potatoes, fried, boiled or mashed. Soggy vegetables, with the life cooked out of them. A small salad it's true, but saturated with vinegar, a volatile acid that has no place in human nutrition. More meat of course, more white bread, more pie or pastry. How can you possibly eat a meal without dessert? Some kind of soup. Yes, I know you don't eat it in that order, but what's

the difference. It's all mixed up inside and you wash the whole mess down with coffee."

"What's that, you don't take sugar or cream with it? All right, put an extra star in your book. And those are only your regular meals. How about in-between? What are you munching, at your desk, at about ten in the morning? A few fancy chocolate crackers. At about three in the afternoon, a bottle of cola. Somebody in the office always has a box of candy, and of course you take a second piece only because they coax you. On date night, and you're not bad to look at, so that's fairly frequent, a cocktail or two at six. How about that midnight snack? Ice cold milk and some left-overs."

"Let your psycho-analyst talk you out of that if he can. The miracle is not that you merely put on weight, but that you can stand on your feet. Keep it up, Midge, and you'll run the gamut of Constipation, Amelioration, and Operation."

There is more misinformation given out, and more misunderstanding on this subject of reducing weight than on any other in the whole curriculum of "How to Live." "Is it fattening?" is a question that women ask over and over again. They deny themselves good wholesome food and go in for dozens of varieties of reducing diets. The fat person who wants to get thin is attacked on three sides. One: Chemical Combinations. Two: Mechanical Devices. Three: Dieting.

Chemical Combinations will be with us as long as we have faith in the powers of drugs to work miracles. There are reducing kits containing laxatives which, due to the body's action in trying to get rid of them, practically blows whatever you eat right out of your system. Drug stores are full of tablets, pills, powders, medicated chewing gum and packaged vitamins, which are the patent medicines of our day, each one warranted to make the fat ooze from your body. As you learn more about Natural Hygiene you will become aware that no drug acts on the body. The body acts on the drug. The effort to expel the poison may result in loss of weight—there may be some doubt about that—but there is no doubt that the method is fraught with danger.

In the mechanical devices department you get yourself pummelled and pounded, rubbed every which way. You ride electric horses and subject yourself to other violent contraptions which look as if they might give you the permanent

shakes. You may find yourself wondering why so many masseurs have big pot-bellies, despite their vigorous exercise, massaging a dozen people a day, and being continuously in an atmosphere of vapor baths, and hot air baths. But you don't ask a barber why he has no hair; or do you? What about exercise? You might as well ask: "Is fresh air good for you?" Of course exercise is beneficial and essential, but you may walk around the reservoir every day, exercise continuously, and still be fat.

Why do you get fat? The correct answer is, because you eat too much. Obviously, if a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, the simplest way to get back to normal is to eat less. But that would be too easy. There may be rare people who stay fat, though they eat little. The meat packers would be interested in ascertaining their secret. They could save a tidy sum, which they now spend on food to fatten cattle.

It would appear to be manifest, that in the interests of efficiency, one should eat foods which will nourish the body best. But even when this incontrovertible fact is accepted, the question comes up, "What are these foods?" Ah, there's the rub. Diets recommended for reducing, have ranged all the way from the now almost forgotten Dr. Salisbury's exclusive meat diet, to the comparatively recent banana and milk routine.

The Natural Hygienist (and the U. S. Government) recommends that the normal diet should consist of 80 per cent fresh fruit and vegetables and 20 per cent protein, carbohydrates, and fat. A simple way to lose weight, which is based on tried and proven Natural Hygienic principles, and also is dictated by common sense is:

1. Cut the percentage of protein, carbohydrates and fat down to 10 per cent or even less.
2. Skip at least one meal a day, preferably breakfast.
3. Fast one day a week, or eat no concentrated foods on that day. (Fasting—physiological rest in bed—for longer periods of time under proper supervision will get quicker and better results.)
4. Stop being a glutton. Leave the table before you are fully loaded.

5. Eat nothing in between meals. If you are not hungry at mealtime, don't eat.

6. When your waist-line is back to normal, resume your three meals a day schedule, if you wish and increase your carbohydrates, protein and fat intake to 20 per cent of your diet. (The "No Breakfast Plan" however, as advocated by Dr. Dewey in his book by that name, is one of the best health rules to follow all through life.)

7. Do some form of exercise, besides the movements required for your daily living needs. The more you use your body, the better will be its tone and development. Greater strength and rippling muscles in a man; a beautiful symmetrical body in a woman. There is no doubt that better health is the reward for proper specialized exercises.

Apropos of gluttony, I am reminded of the peasant in one of Tolstoi's plays, who tells what he saw at his prince's home. "They came to the table, the prince and his family, and planted their feet alongside it like pigs at a trough. They wallowed, and ate, and ate, and ate. I could hardly believe my eyes, and I can't imagine where they put it all." I am quoting from memory, so the words aren't exactly Tolstoi's but, today in America, most of us eat like the prince's family.

Reducing diets carefully measure out your food down to the last drop. We are so used to regimentation and modern precision that most questers for slimness find it difficult to realize that the answer to their problem is relatively simple. They want a prescribed diet, supplemented by so-called miracle foods, like yogurt, and wheat germ, and molasses; and a vitamin pill for every hour of the day. A mineral with each meal. An amino acid tablet, and a couple of calcium wafers, topped off by an herbal laxative cocktail before going to bed. How can you possibly get along without a calory chart, and a couple of breezy books, which show how you can eat to repletion and still lose weight? A small pocket scale to weigh every morsel before you put it into your mouth, completes the necessary physical equipment.

No wonder the monkeys at the zoo have such a good time leering at the queer mortals who come there to laugh at them. Every animal, left to its own devices, knows exactly what kind of food to eat and how to eat it. Only man, the supreme being, is befuddled.

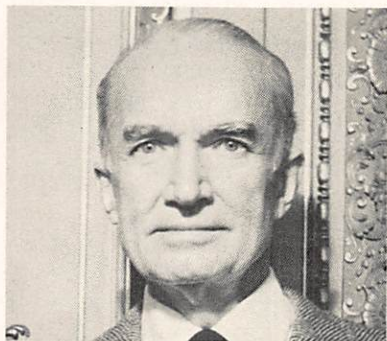
PEACE PILGRIM

by Woodland Kahler

Today man has no problem more urgent than that of realizing his aspiration toward world peace. As long as the problem is bigger than the individual who is trying to solve it, the solution must remain out of reach. Therefore, the only way to get rid of war is to outgrow it. Fortunately for the future of mankind, there are certain men and women of every nationality who have already outgrown war in word, deed, and thought. Among such forerunners of a more enlightened human race is the

remarkable American woman called Peace Pilgrim, who has taken the following vow: "I shall remain a wanderer until mankind has learned the way of peace—walking until I am given shelter, fasting until I am given food, using money given to me to spread the peace message."

In order to avoid mistaking the word for the thing itself, Peace, like the Jains of India, has projected peacefulness into her living habits. Having developed respect for the lives of her fellow creatures, she eats no meat; and having also respect for her own life, she uses no alcohol, nicotine, caffeine or other drugs. She avoids white flour, white sugar, processed foods and seasonings, eating for the most part vegetables, fruits and nuts—when possible organically grown. Each day she gets as much fresh air, sunshine, and contact with Nature as she can, preferring



Woodland Kahler



to go to bed at dusk. Most important of all she expresses no negative thought.

Peace is now on the second half of her 10,000 mile pilgrimage in the interest of world disarmament. She has already walked across the U.S.A. from the Pacific coast to the Atlantic, and from the Canadian border to Mexico. At present in the year 1956

she is walking 100 miles or more in each state of the Union and will end at the capital, Washington, D. C. Her pilgrimage is a prayer set in motion, as well as an opportunity to talk to thousands of American people. Her way of peace is to overcome evil with good, falsehood with truth, hatred with love. She asks us not to say

lightly that the Golden Rule is impractical, for it is based on a law governing human conduct as irresistible as the law of gravity. It is only because we, the people, have chosen to disregard this fundamental law that war has come upon us. Simply through obedience to the Golden Rule, the frightened, war-weary people of the world could enter into a period of peace beyond their fondest dreams.

In a message to the United Nations, Peace Pilgrim has said: "We plead with you to free us from the crushing burden of armaments—to free us from hatred and fear—so that we may feed our

hungry ones, mend our broken dwellings, and experience a richness of life which can only come in a world that is unarmed and fed." In saying these things to world leaders Peace has repeated the directive Benjamin Franklin in 1778 gave to the French Government: "He who shall introduce into public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity will change the face of the world."

Coast-to-Coast In One Year

Without hitch-hiking, Peace walked from Los Angeles to New York, taking a whole year for the journey. She

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covered the first 5,000 miles of her 10,000 mile pilgrimage in 200 days of walking, an average of 25 miles a day interspersed with 165 days of rest and reflection. During this long journey on foot without money to pay her way, Peace talked to countless men and women along the road and to groups in churches and auditoriums. She was also invited to make recordings which were broadcast over national radio and television hookups. She, herself, belongs to no church or other organization and has no earthly possessions of any sort except the clothing she wears. For two hundred days she walked until she was given shelter and fasted until she was given food. Although she asked nothing from anybody, thousands of Americans received her warmly in their homes and approved her message of world friendship and peace which is in harmony with the teachings not only of primitive Christianity but of all other major religions throughout the world.

At the end of the first 5,000 miles Peace wrote a letter dated May 15th, 1954, from which the following is quoted: "I am in the midst of a wonderful period of prayer and fasting at an idyl-

lic spot near Charlotte, North Carolina. For the past month I have taken no food, only water. My special prayer is for world disarmament—please join me in my prayer! This restful period is such a contrast to the pilgrimage and the busy round of speaking engagements during the first few months of this year. But it is only an interlude. I shall walk again." After fasting and praying for thirty days Peace wrote down a number of her random thoughts:

"There is a criterion by which you can judge whether the thoughts you are thinking and the things you are doing are right for you. That criterion is—have they brought you peace within? If they have not, there is something wrong with them—so keep seeking."

"You cannot change anyone except yourself. After you have become an example you can inspire others to change themselves."

"If you love people enough they will respond lovingly. When I offend people I blame myself completely, for I know that if my conduct had been correct they would not have been offended even though they did not agree with me. 'Before the tongue can speak

it must have lost the power to wound'."

"When you have become a channel through which God works there are no more limitations, because He does the work through you—you are merely the instrument—and what He can do is unlimited. When you are working for Him you do not find yourself striving and straining—you find yourself calm, serene and unhurried."

"Live this day. Never agonize over the past or worry over the future. Live this day and live it well."

"People try to make up for their spiritual impoverishment by accumulating material things. When spiritual blessings come material things seem unimportant."

"We spend a great deal of time telling God what we think He ought to be doing, and not enough time waiting in stillness for Him to tell us what He wants us to do."

As soon as the people of the world have outgrown war, every government will establish peace, for the government in any given nation is only an enlargement of the individual, a collective pattern projecting upon the people their own desires and habits. As they sow, so shall they reap. The notion now popu-

lar in the Western World that far flung battle stations insure security is based on a false assumption contrary to the facts of history. As the great English historian, Arnold Toynbee, has pointed out in *Civilization on Trial*, of the twenty-two or three major civilizations on record that have come and gone, all have fallen as soon as they chose to place their trust in military might. The whole matter boils down to what Lecomte du Nouy has written in *Human Destiny*: "The time has come for nations as well as individuals to know what they want." If we really want peace we must fulfill certain conditions, and then peace will come to us. No outside protection against war will be effective if the enemy is cowering at the bottom of our own hearts.

Peace Goes to "Meeting Hill"

Toward the end of her stay at Charlotte, North Carolina, Peace Pilgrim felt guided to visit "Meeting Hill" in the White Mountains of New Hampshire where my wife

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CHARLES G. ORT

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and I have a fruit tree farm. We happened to be working in the apple orchard the June morning that Peace turned off the main highway and came walking into our lives. Although she spent only a week with us, she left behind her a rich gift of tranquility that has become a lasting part of the spirit of "Meeting Hill." It is the same spirit which tells us no outside Power or group of Powers can force anybody in any country on earth to accept or reject peace. The initiative must come from within. So far, in the land of Franklin, Woodman, Lincoln, Emerson, Whitman, and Thoreau, Peace

still walks the highways, bare-headed, burdenless, and unafraid. No enemy cowers at the bottom of her heart and by her courageous example she is helping thousands of individual men, women and children all over the U.S.A. to uphold the highest tradition of the multiracial American democracy. A great spiritual awakening is taking place in our materialistic Western World. May we all pass through the darkness of fear and hate into the light of peace.

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By Joy Jacaruso

A gifted writer is able to express an inspirational idea with just the right words . . . phrase the thoughts in special ways . . . paint vivid word pictures to capture the intensity and depth of feeling. But I can't. I am unable to find the words or phrases that begin to tell you who read this how I feel about Natural Hygiene. Nor am I able to put my finger on the reasons why I love it so. I only know that I do.

It hasn't saved my life. It hasn't saved my children's lives. It hasn't given me abounding happiness. To the contrary, the more engrossed in its work I become the more worry and frustration I seem to know. It hasn't made me rich. In fact, it costs me more and more. It hasn't brought me limitless leisure. Instead, I find myself busier and busier.

But none of this seems important. No matter how much Natural Hygiene engulfs me I never seem to experience saturation. The more I consume of it, the more I hunger for it. The more I spend, the more I wish I had more to give. The harder I work, the deeper becomes my regret that I can't do even more.

Natural-Natural Hygiene-Hygiene! I love to think, write, talk, read, eat, sleep and breathe the stuff. I go to bed thinking about it. I dream about it. I wake up thinking about it. If such is possible I guess I'm "addicted" to Natural Hygiene—and I'm glad!

The Struggle

At the same time I have trouble practicing from day to day those things which I know to be true for all men, in all places, at all times.

(As I read back over what I've written so far, I think that I do know why Natural Hygiene means so much to me.



Get in the Swim! Attend the Convention!
(The Hotel Henry Hudson's beautiful indoor swimming pool)

It's because it is so logical, so obviously correct, so easily proved by anyone who cares to test it fairly. And because it holds out such a wonderful promise to all the people in all the world—to all people who care enough to be true unto themselves.)

Well, anyway, I have a day-to-day struggle being good about my diet . . . being consistent with my exercise . . . keeping my thoughts elevated and positive . . . not yelling at my children. Now, I don't figure that I am too much different from other people, particularly other Natural Hygienists. So I guess that many of the things that give me trouble give the rest of you folks trouble too. And I imagine that the things that help and lift me, also help and lift you.

One thing that I notice is that I always am a little better—that the job of being good is a little easier the first few days after one of the meetings of our local Natural Hygiene Society. (We have very fine and inspiring meetings here in St. Louis each month.) The inspiration I receive from the close contact and companionship with my fellow Natural Hygienists lifts me way up on Cloud Nine. And there I stay until my daily associations with the sick people of our even sicker environment begins to influence me more as the effects of the meeting wear thin.

Inspiration In a Big Way

Once each year, however, I get a really big dose of inspiration. It lasts for a long time. And even after the actual

moment is long past, its memories surge back fresh and strong whenever I choose to dwell on them.

You may have guessed by now that I'm talking about the annual conventions of the American Natural Hygiene Society. This year the Convention is being held in New York City. It begins July 15th and lasts for a whole week. The Hotel Henry Hudson at 353 West 57th Street is the specific site. Room costs begin at \$5.00 for singles and \$9.00 for doubles. If you want any particular questions answered about the Convention write to the Convention Manager, Bob Gross, at 217 West 12th Street, New York, New York.

Now those are the base details about the Convention. But what is really important about this affair is what each person who attends will get out of it. The speakers will deliver some lectures which will stir you and teach you—lectures you will remember and benefit from as long as you live. Recognized leaders in Natural Hygiene will be there to do this job. Men like Dr. Shelton (the number one authority on Natural Hygiene in the world), Dr. Esser, Dr. Anderson and many others. And new-comers too like Dr. Andrew Krolop from California. Outstanding laymen will speak and act as masters and mistresses of ceremony. Lee Bauer, Jack Trop, Lou Ansell, Joseph Brenner to name only a few.

And so important is the fun and fellowship with old and new friends. (No one is a stranger at the Natural Hygiene Conventions.) There's the banquet, the Miss Natural Hygiene Contest, the dancing and the entertainment, the friendly little get-togethers. What a feast for mind and body and spirit!

I know that this rosy picture I paint is true. This will be my third convention. All have been wonderful. But this year in particular I look forward to meeting many people whom I know only through letters. This year I look forward to the possibility of renewing old friendships with people who have been away from organized Natural Hygiene for a long time.

It seems that I could go on for hours and pages naming names, telling of this wonderful week that will be the Ninth Annual Convention of the American Natural Hygiene Society. But I won't. By now you should have gotten the idea that I'm hoping to meet you there too. And you. And you. And you!

TRANQUILIZERS

... THE ROAD TO OBLIVION



By Robert R. Gross

Health is a state of complete physical, mental and social well-being and not merely the absence of disease or infirmity. The enjoyment of the highest attainable standard of health is one of the fundamental rights of every human being without distinction of race, religion, political belief, economic or social condition. The health of all peoples is fundamental to the achievement of peace and security.

Subjection to so-called "medical science" induces, ultimate, utter confusion and disruption within the mind and body of the health seeker. Most people, rather than submit to principles of law and order (*Natural Hygiene*) to earn health, prefer pills, powders, potions, serums and surgery to gain and maintain this extremely precious commodity with an impossible "push-button" efficiency. The results are always harmful for they bankrupt the subject's vital forces. But they are highly profitable for commercial manufacturing interests responsible for these things and for the people who sell, prescribe and administer such poisons.

The health seeker in taking drugs of any description starts an imbalance of the physiological homeostasis (equilibrium) within his own body. The end results are nervous collapse and physical prostration. The practices and habits of using drugs—all drugs have subsequent devastating effects—are begun unwisely to get a temporary suppression of aches, pains or other symptoms of disease, be they mental or physical. These disease symptoms are end-point manifestations of

the vigorous attempt of internal vital forces to create a normal bodily environment. They should never be palliated but must be permitted to run their natural course untrammelled and unfettered.

In addition to firmly refusing to use drugs or medicines, the health seeker must learn and utilize the precepts upon which Natural Hygiene's principles are based. He must familiarize himself with and learn to use discreetly and rationally the golden nuggets of fresh air, sunshine, exercise, physiological rest (fasting), nutrition, and moral, mental and spiritual balances.

He must adopt a natural mode of living. If he does so, health and its subsequent abundant treasures of beautiful joys will not elude him. Instead, they will be his to enjoy and cherish for the rest of his life.

"Salute Sine Qua Non"

Without health there is nothing, for he who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything.

The public is endlessly and extravagantly bombarded with new drugs and pills. It is advised that these poisons will "cure" them of their disease symptoms. It is noteworthy that although these symptom-complexes may be relieved, the poisonous effects of drug consumption have created a tremendous upsurge in chronic disease and the so-called "degenerative diseases of later life." The beneficial healing efforts of the body—shown by the appearance of the disease symptoms—have been thwarted and repressed into such dangerous disfunctions as heart disease, cancer, diabetes, Bright's disease and insanity.

The appalling increase in mental sickness has been tremendous (500% in ratio to a rising population). The number of beds available in mental institutions is entirely inadequate for the medical profession to care for the human wrecks they have made and propagated with their medications, inoculations, vaccinations, intoxications and mutilations. These results of the destructive power of drugs are now being subjected to a far more potent class of deadly poisons than previously.

The Latest of a Long List

To attempt to negate their failures with these wrecks—whole and partial—the drugging profession now offers the

TRANQUILIZING TRAVESTY. These tranquilizers are devastating in their end-results. They are rank poisons and with serious, harmful, long range effects will undermine the remaining rational and mental balance of a nation.

All of the most powerful tools of the advertising profession have been brought into action to resolve these drugs for wholesale consumption by the public. Vicious, false stories have been made up about the so-called "beneficial effects" of these poisons. It is sad to think that anything as awesome, dramatic and overwhelming as, say, schizophrenia should be so little understood by the medical profession after so much "scientific investigation." To enhance the use of these tranquilizers fantastic misrepresentations have been given to the causes of complexes, suppressions, phobias, fears, anxieties, tensions, bizarre loves, fantastic and senseless dreams, the various curious incapacities of mind and limb—the anesthetics, blindnesses, tics, etc., the inhibitions, repressions, psychosomatic illnesses, childhood traumas, Oedipus yearnings and maladjustments due to frustrations. A great segment of thoughtful adults has been reduced to an appalling helpless mass of

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disorganized and quivering apprehensions. Hard-headed business men have taken advantage of a splendid opportunity to turn general confusion to financial advantage.

A list of names of the better known tranquilizers follows:

1. *Meprobanate*—derived from a muscle-relaxing drug called mephenesin. Meprobanate is marketed under the trade names of Miltown and E quanil.
2. *Atarax* (from Ataraxia, (Greek for peace of mind).
3. *Reserpine*—derived from the East Indian snakeroot *Raw-wolfia Serpentina*; trade name is Serpasil.
4. Chlorpronazine; trade name is Thorazine.
5. Many other trade names include Azocyclonol, Compazine, Dimethylane, Doriden, Dormison, Flexin, Frenquel, Moderil, Noludar, Nostryl, Pacatal, Placidyl, Rauwiloid, Raudixin, Reserpoid, Sparine and Valmid.
6. Among the "ups-and-down pills" (combining the depressant of a tranquilizer with a stimulant) are Mera-tran-Reserpine, and Serpatilin.

Documentation

In the *Journal of the American Medical Association* two California physicians, Henry T. Friedman and Williard L. Marmelgat reported many cases of severe reaction to meprobanate. They said that there has been an extreme paucity of pharmacological and clinical reports of this compound. A Seattle physician, Frederick Lemere, reported in the *Archives of Neurology and Psychiatry* that meprobanate is habit forming. He found typical symptoms of drug addiction, including a psychological craving for the drugs, a buildup of tolerance, requiring increasing doses to achieve the same effect and severe reactions when the drug is suddenly removed. Several patients under the influence of six or more tablets a day showed all the usual signs of intoxication.

The Wall Street Journal of May 7, 1956 heralded the all-out attack on the world's population (using tranquilizers) by the pharmaceutical combine. Sydney B. Self in this issue writes: "The problem of mental health is enormous. Some 10 million Americans—about one of each 16—suffers from some form of mental illness. Slightly over half of all the hospital beds in the U. S. are occupied by the mentally ill. Taxpayers now are paying close to two billion dollars a year

for care, treatment, and support of mental patients (in reality, at least 10 out of each 16 persons are suffering from mental illness).

"Growing acceptance of tranquilizer drugs is booming sales of producers. Although most drug makers refuse to quote figures, total sales now probably are running at an annual rate of 75 million dollars to 100 million dollars. And drug executives look for current volume to at least double within another year."

In the same article: "It's impossible to tell where mental drugs will go, but we haven't reached the top yet," says T. F. Davies Haines, president of Ciba Pharmaceutical Products, Inc., Summit, N. J., a subsidiary of the giant Swiss drug and chemical concern, Ciba.

Also in the same article: "The business is more terrific than we ever expected it to be," says Harry S. Howard, president of Wyeth Laboratories Division of American Home Products Corp.

Many other ominous statements in this revealing article indicate that the full and gigantic force of the medical and pharmaceutical trusts is being canalized to decimate the already low-grade health of a population in favor of personal financial gains.

Hundreds of thousands of men and women have been popping the new tranquilizing drugs—the "peace of mind" and "flight from reality" pills—down their gullets as though they were candy. And a magic candy at that! As though they were capable of dispelling gloom, tension and anxiety. In truth, this sugar-coated dizzy route to supposed mental health is going to leave us with a great, big emotional tummy ache.

Tranquilizers and Human Biology

These poisonous tranquilizers have an affinity for the nervous system. Upon absorption into the blood stream of the organism they are carried to, and attempt to combine with, specific tissue situated predominantly in areas of the brain called the *Hypothalamus* (wherein are located the controlling centers for most of the vital actions of the body—breathing, motions, sweating, beating of the heart, water and temperature regulation, etc.), and the *Lenticular Nucleus of the Basal Ganglia* (responsible, in part, for automatic motor functions).

It has also been shown that the substance of the tranquilizers has an affinity for combining with the substance of the *Superior Cervical Sympathetic Ganglion* located in the superior portion of the neck adjacent to the spinal cord (this entity partially affects the heart and controls nutrition and oxygen supply to the brain). The entire basis for the unity is predicated on electronic and ionic phenomena existing in the drug and the nervous tissue. Were this unification of drug and specific nervous tissue effected the latter would be destroyed. Thus, in an act of violent self-preservation the involved nervous tissue acts to repel and reject the 'poisonous drug invader.

The function of the nervous tissue named above is to maintain the basic integrity of the organism in many spheres. One of these is the development of a certain amount of tension and anxiety as a protective measure and a warning sign of imminent danger.

In its collective fight and vital action to prevent the union of the drug with its component cells and subsequent necrotic effects, the nervous tissue utilizes and consumes entirely its inherent nerve power. Formerly this nerve power was directed to creation of a protective tension for the prohibition of general toxemia and negative influences. The result is that the varied protective grades of tension are neutralized and muted. A false, misleading and dangerous feeling of contentment, languor, malaise and peace is felt.

This tension and anxiety is a universal phenomenon. We could not live very long without having some degree of this emotion. It is the basis of our maintaining an alert state which helps us to avoid accidents by keeping us aware of

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potential dangers. It stimulates us to emergency increases in our various physical and mental functions in time of danger when we become apprehensive.

But these are normal and present in everyone. They are the necessary extensions of the irritability of all tissue which is synonymous with life. Anxiety as we view it, however, when it is experienced as a subjective dread or foreboding of the future is a sign of illness.

There are things to be afraid of in the outer world or in reality. But when we have this inner foreboding with no outward cause we are experiencing a signal of danger of some inner catastrophe.

Use of these tranquilizer drugs either dispossess us of the protective tension, or it projects the latter into a dominant state of neuroses and psychoses and schizophrenic reactions.

All vital forces of the body are mobilized and committed to a repelling action. The resultant, wrongly-termed "side effects" of the drug are merely physiological extensions of the body's battle to reject the poisonous invader. These so-called "side effects" and long-range implications, particularly from the virulent chlorpromazine and reserpine, include jaundice, Parkinson's disease, nausea, rashes, colitis, ulcers and other gastric disorders, blood dyscrasias, headaches, confused speech, incoordination, muscular paralysis and, surprisingly, severe mental depressions. The U. S. Public Health Service reports of "a significant incident of severe depression, with suicidal tendencies, in many instances in persons under heavy reserpine dosage."

The Deeper Meaning

Beyond the factual picture there is a deeper meaning in the trend toward putting man's moods in a bottle. The pursuit of happiness has long been recognized as an inalienable right. But until the modern chemist, no one ever ventured to suggest that this goal be made available in pill form. These drugs have been wrongly used as a short cut to the goals of life—eliminate the struggle, kill the pain, get happiness for free. They have not solved the problem of human tranquility than opium or alcohol, for while the drunken character on the bar stool may have temporarily forgotten his troubles, he has not solved them. The drugs only transform disturbed psychotic patients into undisturbed psychotic patients. Now,

however, the potential of his depraved being becomes greater, more complexed, more confused.

The problem in mental illness is to ferret out the cause (Law of Cause and Effect) and remove it by applying Hygienic principles and not by merely suppressing the symptoms.

Man's struggle with anxiety and tension—or "nerves"—is not new. At various times and places he has tried all manner of chemical means to soften the face of reality—hashish, opium, peyote, kava, ayahuasca, marijuana, snake-root, cocaine, nicotine, caffeine, alcohol, etc. He has rushed to soothsayers, mystics, the muddle-headed sob-sisters, and, not least of all, the hard-headed opportunists who see a splendid opportunity to turn general confusion to their financial advantage.

Tension within limits is good, for out of this tension comes creativity, out of restlessness comes progress, out of struggle come triumph. Take away the tension and you may reduce man to a vegetable. We need to face the rigors of life to grow stronger. We have to have things to strive for. The mere striving gives peace of mind. We need struggle, incentive to create, and we need arguments. We shall have to earn our happiness and not obtain it by swallowing it.

Buddha counseled his followers that peace and happiness were not to be found in the flight away from life but rather in the plunge into it, in clasp life to one's bosom, dissolving into it, amalgamating with it, becoming one with life.

Other philosophers have called this "saying yes to life." Albert Schweitzer calls it "reverence for life"—a philosophy which asks each man to regard himself as a part of life, to belong to life willingly and unafraid.

No pharmaceutical house has yet offered a pill to provide wisdom nor has it synthesized one for understanding. These must be concocted in the mortar of the soul. To achieve understanding and satisfaction and appreciation of life we must adhere and conform rigidly to the Laws of Life—NATURAL HYGIENE.

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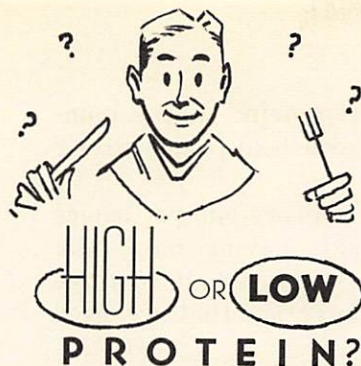
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by
James McEuchen, D.C.

We have heard and read much in recent years about the necessity of a high protein diet. We are told we must eat plenty of high protein foods such as meat, fish, eggs and cheese if we are to have optimum health.

Many reducing diets stress lots of protein, claiming that an excess of protein will help the body burn up more fat. Elderly people are told that they need more protein as they grow older.

However, the results of tests by Dr. Chittenden of Yale University in 1906, to determine the amount of protein needed by man, were conclusive, convincing and never have been refuted. Dr. Chittenden was at that time president of the American Physiological Society and his findings carried weight.

For a considerable time he conducted tests of Yale students and regular army soldiers. He found that the body could not use more protein than the amount contained in four ounces of concentrated protein foods such as meat, cheese, eggs, fish or nuts. Any amount in excess of four ounces put extra work on the kidneys and other blood purifying organs and, of course, would be likely to add to the body's toxins.

Chittenden further found that when the men were put on a diet containing only four ounces of protein food their strength and endurance showed a marked increase.

Dr. Heinheide, Food Administrator of Denmark during World War I, had three-fourths of that country's food animals killed and fed the grain those animals would have eaten to the people. The first year the death rate of Denmark dropped 40 per cent. Dr. Heinheide found that men could do hard labor when their chief source of protein was the potato, which contains only about three per cent protein.

People of different countries have thrived on a low protein diet. Among those are the Irish, many of whom use potatoes

and buttermilk as their chief source of protein. Large numbers in the Slavic countries have had good health and strong bodies on a diet low in protein.

Milk contains only about three per cent protein, yet babies have good health and plenty of energy, having only milk for food for sometimes as long as two and one-half to three years. This seems to disprove the contention that we need more protein when growing.

Some doctors are getting good results in a wide variety of ailments by removing all concentrated protein food from the diets of their patients. People who have had long fasts are said to need more protein during their rebuilding periods than at other times.

My experience . . . in feeding such persons has led me to the opposite view. I have found that almost all of them prefer and do better on the low protein foods such as avocado or potato to the higher protein nuts. A craving for certain foods is not a completely reliable guide as to what we need but at such a time, when the body is well cleansed of toxins, the preference is just one more bit of evidence in favor of the low protein regime.

Some of us have suspected that the campaign to foist a high protein diet on the American public has been sponsored by the meat industry. An article in Harper's Magazine for February 1955, throws some light on this subject. In it the author tells how the declining cigar industry was revived by some ideas which they had taken from the meat industry. He says "When the meat packers wanted to sell more meat, he (the cigar man) remembered, they had sought the advice of the legendary Ivy Lee, a public relations counsel, who believed in persuasion by indirection. Mr. Lee had sprinkled the newspapers with statements from doctors urging people to eat bigger breakfasts. The doctors never mentioned bacon. But millions of people bought bacon, because a big breakfast usually includes bacon and eggs."

Perhaps the doctors who made the statements advocating a big breakfast did so at the request of the meat industry.

I advise my patients to eat concentrated protein food only when they have a craving for it and never more than three or four ounces a day. Even persons who do hard manual labor do not need more than this amount.

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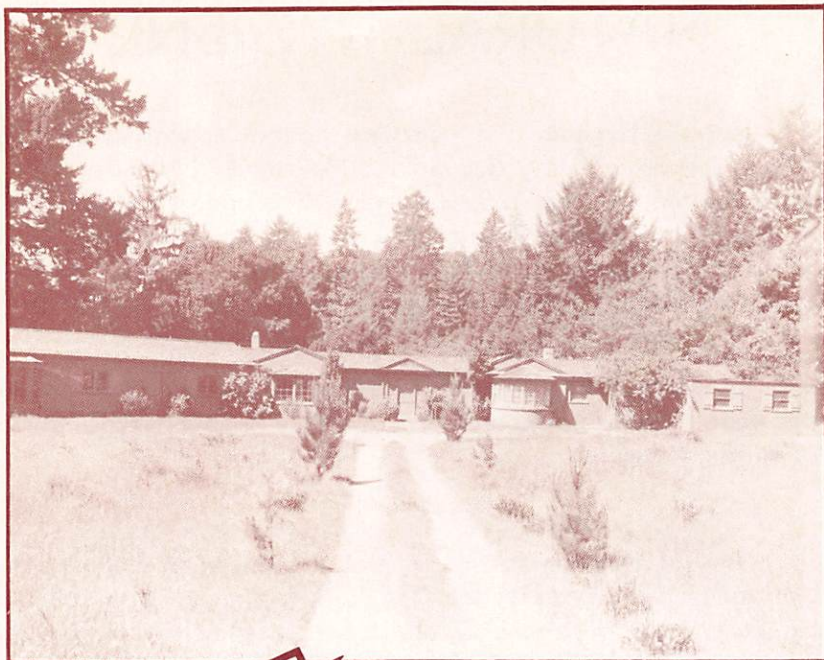
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