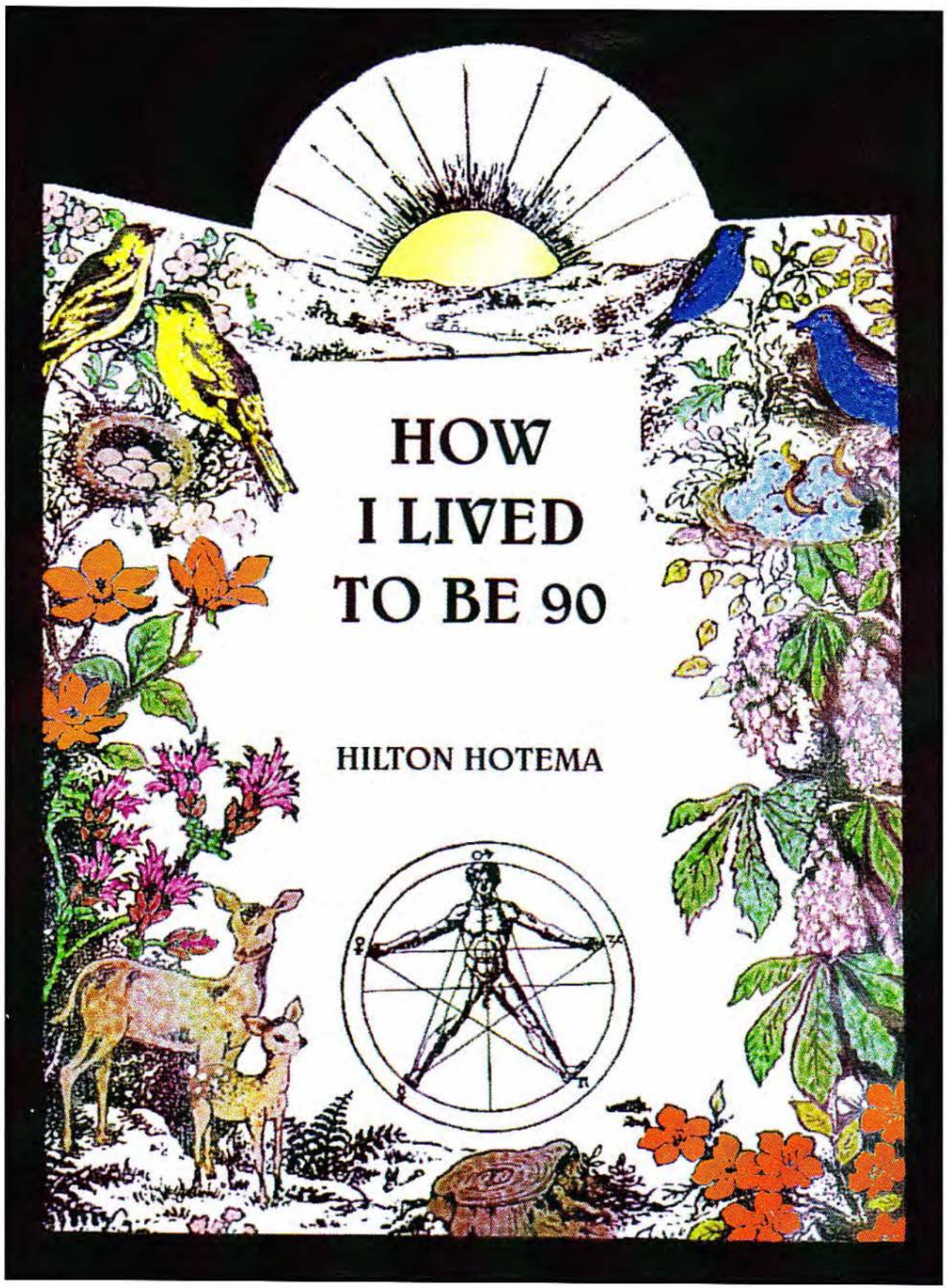
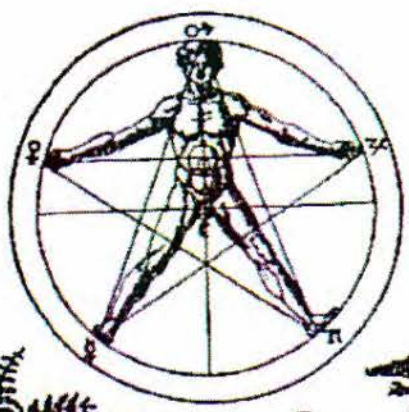
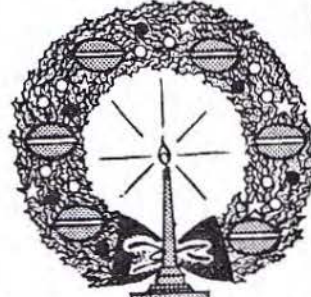
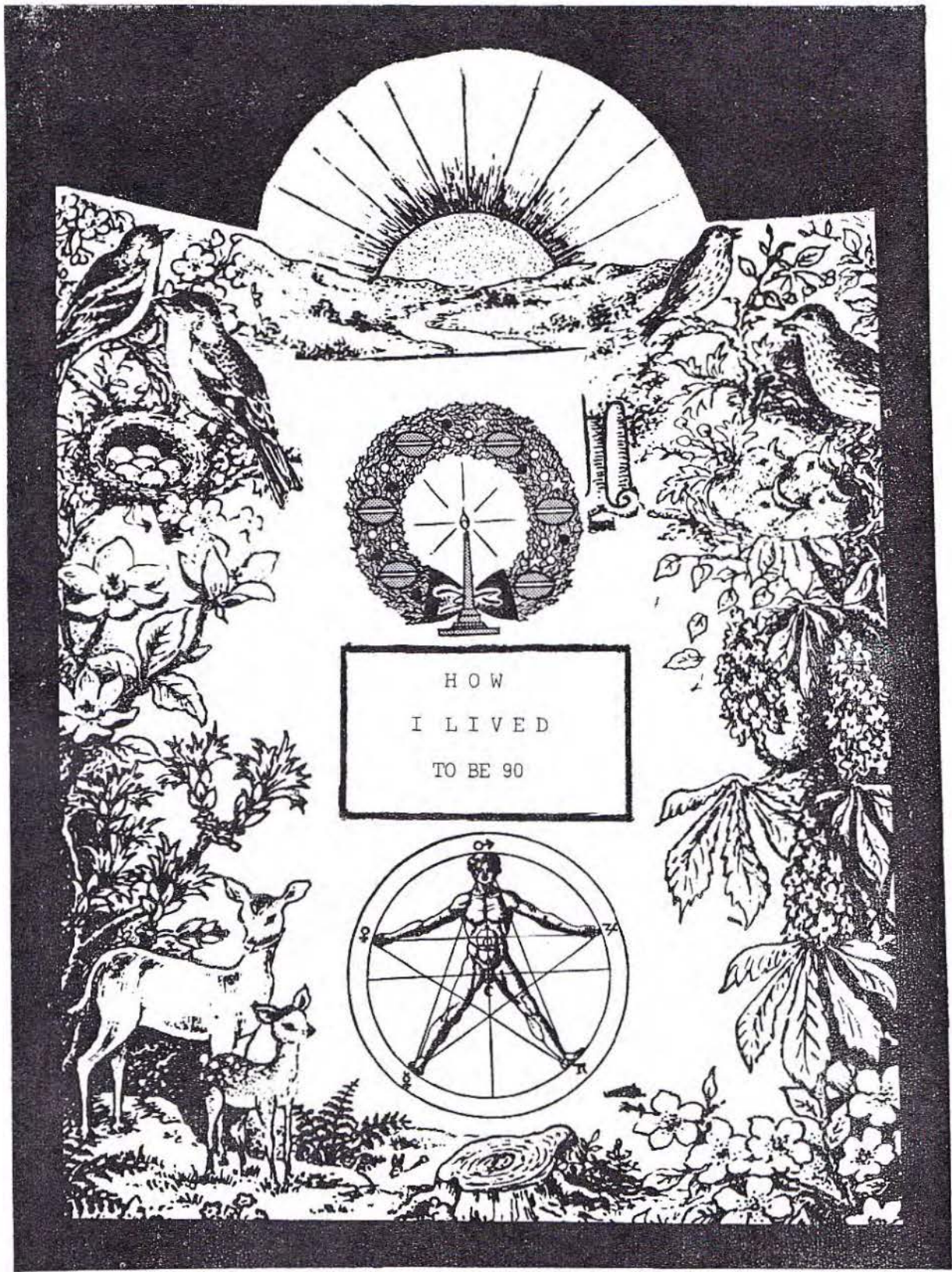


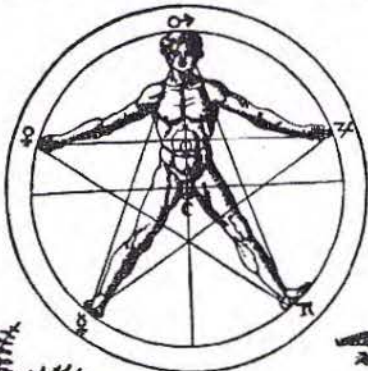
**HOW
I LIVED
TO BE 90**

HILTON HOTEWA





HOW
I LIVED
TO BE 90



HOW I LIVED TO BE NINETY

BY

Professor Hilton Hotema

Published 1966

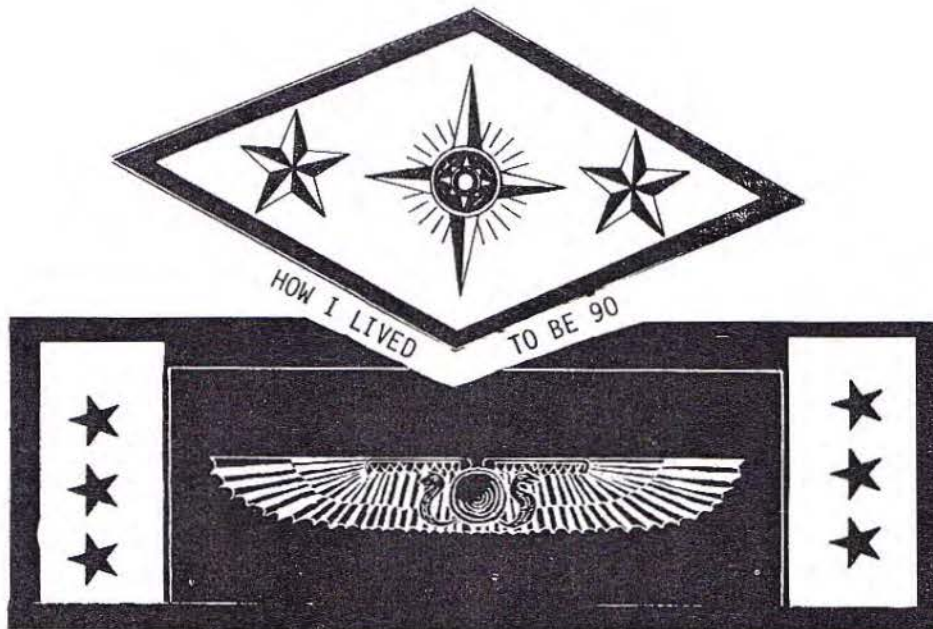
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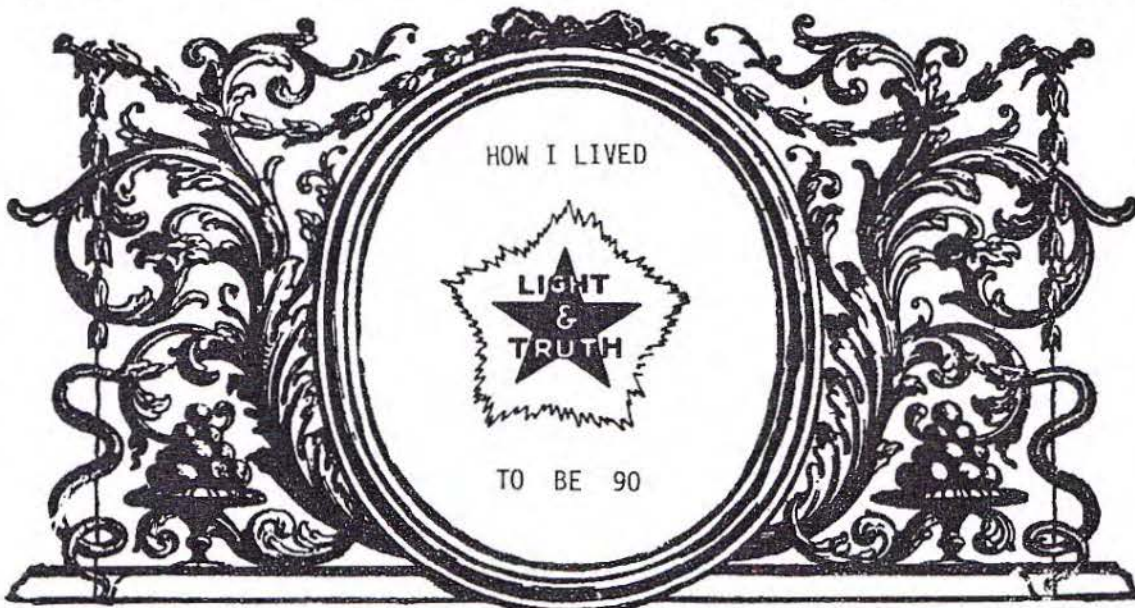
INTRODUCTION

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1967



PROF. HILTON HOTEMA



FOREWORD

For twenty years, we have published, advertised and featured the writings of the famous Professor Hilton Hotema. His first published book, Cosmic Science Of The Ancient Masters, created such a sensation that we asked him to write more. Over the years, he has written thirty-five and this, his latest (the 36th), is his masterpiece.

As he approached his ninetieth birthday (February 7, 1967), we persuaded him to reveal the secrets which enabled him to maintain such vigor and youth. Professor Hilton Hotema was delighted to write this autobiography, giving his day-by-day living habits. At first he did not want to release the book until after his birthday in 1967. However, because of the tremendous sales - we asked permission to publish as soon as possible. Many had written us for his address, phone number and wanted many questions answered. Since the professor is very busy and has little time for correspondence and visitors, he finally decided the next best thing was to begin publishing immediately.

Professor Hilton Hotema is a happy man. He found wisdom at an early age and lives by this wisdom. He says his work is now finished and that he'll live to be 150 years of age. At that time he promises to write another book! The author is not open to any engagements, does not receive visitors, nor grant interviews or enter into any correspondence with his readers. He tells no fortunes, does not teach divination, makes no predictions, composes no philters and lends himself to no sorcery and no evocation. He is a humble student of science and not a man of superstition.

We receive countless phone calls wanting the address of the professor. Many journey to us thinking the professor lives in Mokelumne Hill, California. He lives far away and takes frequent trips all over the world. We publish the works of scores of authors, none of whom live near Mokelumne Hill, California.

Professor Hilton Hotema in his remarkable career has been a soldier, preacher, chiropractor, author, publisher, lawyer, etc., as you will find by reading the enclosed pages. He has lived this book. How I Lived to Be Ninety is the true story of a great man. People have journeyed from all over the world to sit at his feet - for wisdom. These include college professors, publishers, doctors and yogis, but mostly laymen who have lost faith in the healing arts.

Professor Hotema says, "The biggest secret of all, and one to be kept hidden from the masses so they can be robbed, is to learn and know how to live in harmony with the laws of Creation, as is done by the bugs, birds, bees and beasts.

"The disorders of the abused body are the evidence of its struggle to live in spite of the way it's mistreated. Those disorders disappear when the cause is removed. But the doctors want to profit by treating them, while knowing nothing about the cause.

"Lucky am I that I saw thru it all when I was a boy only 9 years old. I never let any doctor get hold of me. But I wanted to know, and I have diplomas that make me a lawyer once, a doctor three times, and also a minister. What is there left for me to learn? I've gone on beyond the books written by those who died in the 60's and 70's while trying to teach others how to live to be 100.

"Searching for remedies and cures is all wrong. Search for ways and means to live in harmony with the laws of Creation."

Nearly a half century ago, Professor Hilton Hotema was called at midnight to save a woman's life, five miles into the country. She had been given up as a hopeless case, ready to die, by the leading medic in the country.

Dr. Hotema was then a chiropractor. In those early days those in the chiropractic profession were scorned by medical art as the last word in hog-wash and hokum," and now, in despair, like a drowning man grasping for a straw, the worried husband was forced to turn to a chiropractor.

Dr. Hotema soon reached the home and saw a large parking space filled with cars of friends and relatives who had come to see the patient die. That sight would have unnerved most doctors, but Dr. Hotema was not that type. He walked boldly in, and upon examination of the patient, found that the feeble heart had almost stopped beating, and the fading nerves had almost ceased their function.

In only a short time the patient would have gone over the 'dark river'. Dr. Hotema had arrived there just in time, and his work in saving the woman was almost like bringing the dead back to life, for her life had ebbed to that point. However, she came back to health, and not only outlived her husband, but outlived the medic who gave up her life, by 20 years, dying a few years ago at the age of 36.

Today health books and information are being suppressed by the powers that be. Soon such literature will disappear from the libraries, health food stores and book stores, and publishers will be forbidden to publish same. At present, we still publish and stock the complete writings of Professor Hilton Hotema and have placed the titles in the rear of this volume.

Dr. Hotema has also written the introductions to several other volumes which he believes are important. He has recommended other books such as those on Fasting and Natural Hygiene. He who reads may run. He who seeks shall find a teacher. You cannot buy a book and find health, knowledge or wisdom, you must study and use the information contained in the books.

The publisher gives no advice, answers no phone calls, sells no vitamins or tonics and has no time to discuss the publications. We publish over 600 different books on the following subjects:

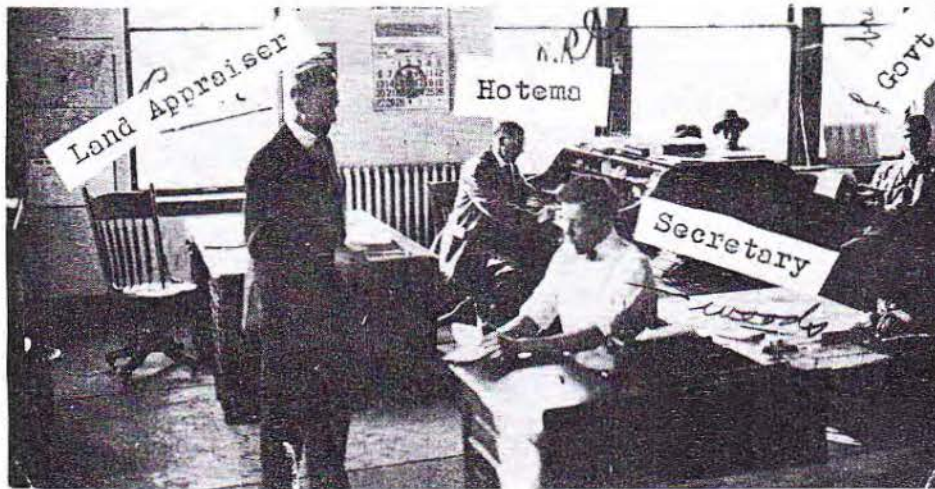
Absent Healing, Astral Projections, Astrology, Aura, Missing Books of the Bible, Book of the Dead, Breathing, Bio-Chemistry, Blood Stream, Comparative Religion, Color Healing (Chromotherapy), Cancer, Chiropractic, Diet, Diagnosis, Doctors' Books, Economics, Eyes, Fasting, Fluoridation, Food, Food Combinations, Flying Saucers, Graphology (writing analysis), Herbs, Homeopathy, Hydrotherapy (Water Cure), Hygienic System, Hypnotism, Hollow Earth, Iridiagnosis, Juice Therapy, Laying on Of Hands, Longevity, Magnetic Healing, Massage, Natural Hygiene, Naturopathy, Numerology, Od Force, Palmistry, Pyramids, Phrenology, Politics (Conservative), Personal Magnetism, Pendulum, Raw Foods, Reincarnation, Religion, Rosicrucians, Reflexology, Radiesthesia (Pendulum), Seventh-Day Adventists, Sex, Symbology, Sphinx, Sun Bathing, Tarot, Telepathy, Theosophy, Water Cure, Yoga & Zone Therapy.

We sell only via mail.

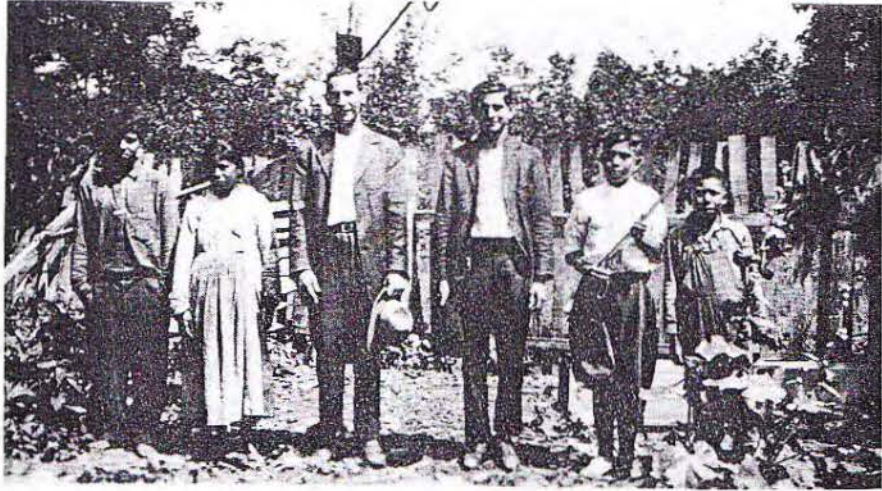
HEALTH RESEARCH



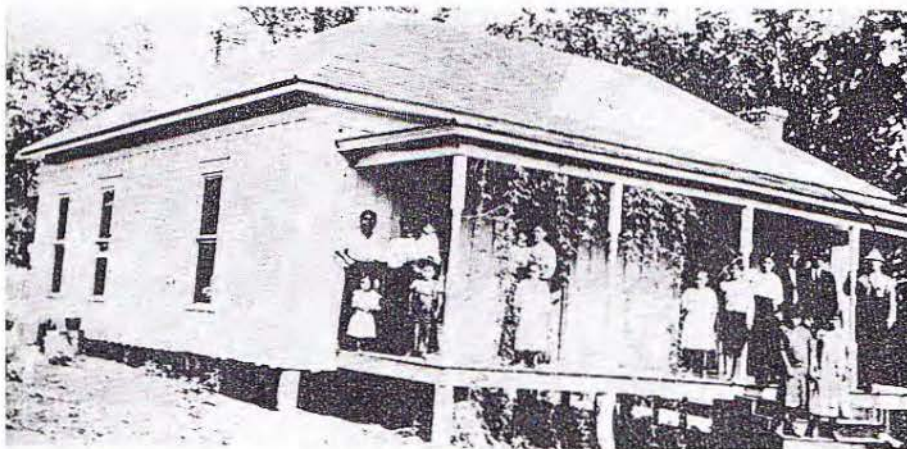
My Florida home from 1936 to 1966. Pictures taken in 1938. Persons at drive entrance - left to right - my wife, my two sons, and a lady visitor. Coconut trees shown in picture.



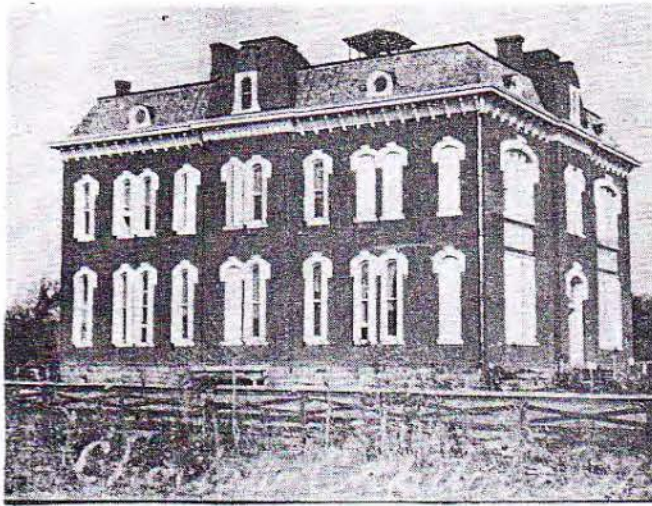
These pictures show my Hugo, Oklahoma Indian Office and my force of workers. See Chapter 4 for story.



Top picture shows a Choctaw Indian with his wife and two children. Tall man is my brother who was visiting me, and the man on his left is a friend who came with him.



Home of Choctaw Boyd Hilton, his family and visiting neighbors. Hotema last man to right.



Choctaw Council House in Pushmataha County where laws were made to rule the Choctaw Nation.



Hotema when he was Indian Agent.



Hugo, Oklahoma home of Hotema.



Hilton Hotema in 1960
After 70 Years as
A Breatharian-Fruitarian

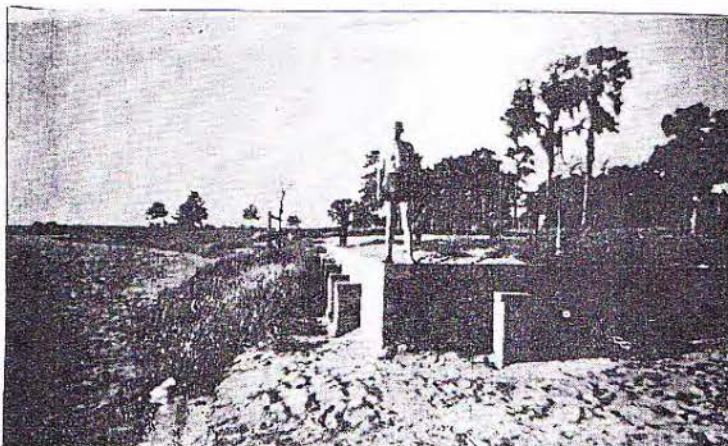
No flesh foods, no eggs, no milk, no tea, no coffee, no stimulants, no tobacco. Vigorous breathing of clean outside air, frugal feeding of uncooked-unseasoned food, and much, healthful exercise.

Too simple for the mind-conditioned masses who search for the Secret of Longevity in some mysterious brew or medical concoction made by men who can't make a blade of grass nor a grain of corn, and know so little about the body's constitution and function that they can't make a drop of blood nor explain how the body makes it.



Prof. Hotema has studied the teachings of the Ancients from hidden and revealed sources for seventy years. He has been a student of many movements and teachings, Rosicrucian, Theosophy, Hindu, Hebrew, Egyptian and Grecian Mysteries, Magian tradition, Masonry, the Tarot, Arcane Sciences, Hygiene, Vegetarian, and many others of which the outer world has never heard. He has delved into ancient records and gathered scattered and widely separated fragments of truth from the ruins of temples of the Masters who were so far ahead of us in knowledge and wisdom that only the few can interpret their true meaning. And he has interpreted it, boiled down, condensed, readily comprehensible.

Avail yourself of this great store of wisdom through which problems are dissolved and man learns to truly live.



Hotema stands on the retaining wall he built at his lake-front home in Florida in 1955 when he was 78 years old. Wall is built of concrete blocks 8x8x16 inches weighing 38-42 pounds each. He did all of the work alone, mixing the mortar and carrying the blocks. And he is no stone mason.

WHAT THEY SAY (We Have Over a Thousand More Letters On File).

"I have read The Son of Perfection, in fact the entire Lost Wisdom of The Ancient Masters through #12 - Mystery Man of the Bible.

"I have been looking along these lines for twenty-five years and this is the first literature that I have run across that puts into words what I have thought more or less. I want to thank you for the flyer that helped bring this to me. I certainly can't buy the church's idea or at least the idea they are trying to put across. In fact if I believe them I would have chucked it all years ago and went on, for life wouldn't have been worth even the effort to have tried to live.

"I am in the process of re-reading all the folios that I have of Prof. Hotema.

"It might be of interest to you. I bought these originally with the idea that I was probably barking up the wrong tree again, but I can say again that I am more than pleased with the set."

-- STORE OWNER, Roswell, New Mexico, 88201

"Now I have just finished reading "Cosmic Creation," and have read and re-read "Son of Perfection," which I think is the better work. I only wish I had known of these books when they were first published.

"Oh how ignorant we have been kept, but with the new Atomic Science, it is far easier now to accept "Hotema's" wonderful interpretation of the Ancient Masters.

"Never before have I seen the Ancient Mysteries explained in such a lucid manner, how the Solar Fire originates in the human body; how we abuse in our ignorance the precious Sexual Fluid. How it can be disseminated up through our nervous system, via the spinal cord, to the various chakras, until it is delivered up to the Pineal Gland Itself. There it transforms into a fourth dimensional being, blessed with these wonderful attributes of the Spiritual Side, Clairaudience and Clairvoyance.

"Then we become what we really are a Son of Almighty God, The Invisible Atom. Nowhere else, for the modern mind, is it so clearly explained as "Hotema" shows in his concept of the true meaning of the Hindoo Version of the Sex Force.

"Wherever and whenever I can, I shall spread the good news, to those who are ready to receive and willing to do, to those few I shall become a messenger.

"What a transformation, and revolution there would be in our society, if it were possible, for just the one book, "Son of Perfection" to be made a text book in our educational institutions. I could go on and on."

-- N. B., Piedmont, California 94610

"Words cannot express the wonderful work of Professor Hilton Hotema. It is just one grand master-piece after another.

"I wish him a long and a very happy life.

"You have wonderful books and literature and I am pleased to talk to people about it and give them my extra leaflets.

"Thanks for taking care of my order so well."

-- R. V., Springfield, Mass. 01101

"I have been studying for 14 years now, and find Prof. Hotema's writings the most enlightening and interesting that I have ever read."

-- E. K., Monterey Park, Calif. 91754

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

BE IT KNOWN ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS that statements in this volume are based on facts observed and facts inferred, the known and recognized laws of Creation, certain statements in the Bible, and other ancient scriptures and records, including stone monuments, as they have been discovered and interpreted.

No claim of any kind is made intentionally as to what any method cited may do for any one in any case, and each one acts on his own responsibility. It is recognized and understood that the author and the publisher of this work assume no obligation or responsibility for any opinion presented or expressed, nor the results that may occur in any case wherein any one may decide to pursue any path mentioned or inferred in this work.

The author of this work is not available for engagements of any kind, receives no visitors, grants no interviews, and has no desire to become Exhibit A for curiosity seekers. He has no message for any one other than those presented and contained in his writings, and he discusses with no one the subjects and matters about which he writes.

Professor Hilton Hotema

Honolulu, Hawaii, 1967

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HEALTH RESEARCH
Publisher

FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND OF THE PRESS

We believe in the inalienable and constitutional right of religious liberty, and freedom of speech and of the press as a means of education and conveying God's message to our fellow man, as is guaranteed by the first amendment to the Constitution, which reads:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an established religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

The five Supreme Court Justices of the State of Florida appeared to be in harmony with this amendment when they showed in a case before them "what is really involved in any attempt to throttle free speech or to choke the press." Concurring in the decision with the others, Judge Chapman rendered a separate opinion, in which he said in part:

"The liberty and freedom of the press under our fundamental law is not confined to newspapers and periodicals, but embraces pamphlets, leaflets, and comprehends every publication which affords a vehicle of information and opinion. The perpetuity of Democracies has as a foundation an informed, educated and intelligent citizenry. An unsubsidized press is essential to and a potent factor in instructive information and education of the people of a democracy and a well-informed people will perpetuate our constitutional liberties."

Quoted in "Liberty," Vol. 37, No. 1, First Quarter 1942, P. 31.



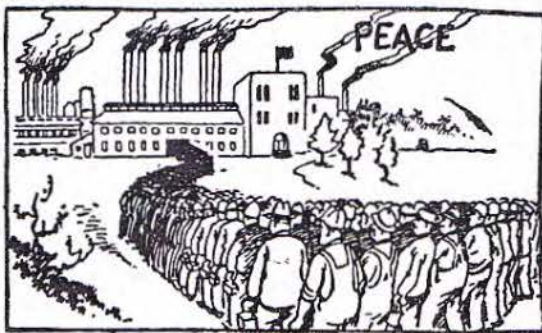
ETERNAL LAW

The true Science of Health and Economics rests upon the Five Basic Principles of God's Fundamental Law of Life. These eternal Principles are recorded in the Bible as follows, to-wit:

1. God planted a Garden eastward in (tropical) Eden, and there put man (Gen. 2:8).



But Civilization built sweat-shops northward in the cold zone, and there put the man whom Civilization had misled.



2. In the Garden grew every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food (Gen.2:9).

But in the sweat-shops grows every Evil that

is obnoxious to the sight and good for moral and mental degeneration.

3. The Garden had a natural water-supply furnished by four rivers; and the water was pure and wholesome (Gen.2:10-14).

But the sweat-shops have an uncertain water-supply furnished through poisonous pipes; and the water is polluted by "political health authorities" to "purify" it.

4. God took man-and put him in the Garden to dress it and keep it (Gen.2:15).

But Civilization took the misled man and put him in sweat-shops to grind out his days for the "necessities of life."

5. The Climate of the Garden was that of eternal spring; for man was naked and not uncomfortable (Gen.2:25).

But the Climate of the sweat-shops region is hostile to life, and man is crushed with an economic burden to protect his life from the killing cold, consisting of heavy clothing, expensive shelter, and artificial heat.

He who can think, sees in the above paragraphs the reason why moral and mental degeneration, despair, depression, disease and early death sweep the cold zone, where vital health and economic security are impossible.

Any deviation from God's Eternal Law must lead to serious consequences.

Think what it would mean if misled man were taught that *the Five Basic Principles of God's Eternal Law are the foundation of the More-Abundant-Life.*

Call Me Not Civilized

By Angela Morgan

Whatever else you may choose to call me,
Call me not civilized!
I repudiate the term.
It is only the civilized peoples
Who authorize and gleefully promote
Mass murders, crucifixions, exploitation
Of the common people.
It is only the civilized governments
That deliberately plot, wantonly scheme and plan
The unspeakable crimes under which the helpless people
Suffer and groan and die.

It is only the civilized, the extremely civilized,
Who sing and pray and chant in churches
Hymns and creeds which they only pretend to believe.
They do not believe. They never did believe.
They go to church, sing in church, pray in church,
To appease civilization.
As for me, I am through with civilization!
It has no part in me nor I in it.
I fling it from me with all my spirit,
And embrace a higher culture
Than earth has ever yet admitted to her council halls.

I bow before no alter save that of Nature;
I burn no candles save the candles of the constellations,
The mighty luminaries of the heavens
No mortal Bible can contain this vastness,
Nor blaze with Truth as the heavens blaze with suns.
Who can spell the glory of that cosmic Bible
Whose pages reach across the centuries
While civilizations rise and flourish for a moment.
Then topple into ruins, Immortal pages,
Printed with the indelible fluid
Of everlasting life.

Call me not civilized — use not that hateful term!
Insult me not by any epithet so vile,
Call me criminal, atheist, infidel, iconoclast;
Call me vicious, insult me by any obnoxious name;
Place, if you will, a scarlet letter on my breast,
But never brand me with that hideous and abhorrent
Appellation — "Civilized!"
Only the civilized mind conceives a bomb so hellish
That even hell itself turns pale with consternation and despair.

Only the "civilized" government
Drops bombs upon the innocent,
Destroying in one mighty fling of fury
Millions of human beings
Designed for happiness and for love.
Forgive them if You can,
Seeing their wickedness — for they KNOW what they do!
But in the fierce irony of that final judgment
Call them by that hideous name that they deserve —
Call them "Civilized,"
But never, never, never call ME Civilized.

Life Science, P.O. Box 2832
San Diego, California 92112

the medics know so little about the deeper processes of the body that they cannot make a drop of blood, nor expound how the body makes it. Much less can their vaunted "wonder drugs" make sound bodies of sickly ones and strong bodies of feeble ones, as the gullible masses are prone to believe.

For years I've been telling the world in my various works how to live for good health that leads to long life. But it's all too simple and cannot be seriously considered by the misled masses who are looking for mystery and magic to produce the good things that Creation impartially imparts to its products, including man.

But in the case of food and feeding, not much of Creation's pure products ever reach the dining table in the condition in which Creation produces them.

That was one of the big lessons I learned early in life. And it revealed to me the reason why bugs and birds have no sickness, no doctors, no drugs, and no hospitals, and yet are ruled by the same laws of Creation that govern man.

No mystery involved here. It's just the unnoticed simplicity of Creation's regular and orderly work. But the hard task is to get the gullible masses to give this matter serious attention.

That's what I've been trying to do for years, and am still at it. But I've accomplished so little that it's about like blowing my breath against the blizzard. The big mystery that people cannot understand is, How can the unorthodox mode of living be right and the orthodox be wrong?

Go back and read again CALL ME NOT CIVILIZED. The misled masses don't know that the state called "civilization" is really a state of artificialism. And the further it leads from the natural, the higher is the civilization.

And the time comes when it gets so high that it destroys itself, and a new start must be made. Such are the facts of history.

Disappointed will be he who learns that the mystery of good health and long life is just as simple and natural as the growing of trees and the falling of rain.

The Bible says that we reap as we sow. How true; and how few follow that path. Simply supply the requisite conditions, and the results desired are as certain as the rising and setting of the summer sun.

What are these conditions? That's the big hidden secret. Not a school in civilization teaches this wonderful knowledge, so badly needed by the masses, and so constantly opposed by the rulers of civilization.

Why? The answer to that question is plain and simple: Schools that make doctors and nurses that live and thrive on the miseries of man, naturally have no interest in good health and long life. For these make money for no one but insurance companies.

A world of good health would cause the greatest financial depression ever known. It would ruin all doctors, all nurses, all schools that make doctors and nurses, all drug makers and hospitals, most all the drug stores, and a huge army that depends on sickness for a living.

I have four diplomas that make me a doctor four times. These schools I left with diplomas in my hand and disappointment in my heart. I had not been

taught what I most wanted to know. I was not interested in sick people but in good health.

And so to learn what I wanted to know, I had to turn to the natural world of bugs and birds, controlled and guided by Cosmic Consciousness, and live in harmony with the great power that created them.

In that wild, natural field of Creation, where "progress" is unknown, where civilization has no influence, where medical science is unrecognized, I found at last the mystery that governs the course of all living things, including man.

And the simple secrets of Creation's work that I discovered in my years of researching, cover the reason why I've lived to be 90, and constitute the important message I've been presenting to the world for half a century.

But my natural philosophy, based on the inexorable laws of Creation as understood by me, has had little effect on the gullible masses that are deceived by the world-wide propaganda of those organizations and institutions that live and thrive on the miseries of man.

It's silly, stupid, foolish, even dangerous, to believe that puny man can improve on the perfect work of Creation.

It's not the fault of Creation's work that people are sick and go to the grave in the early years of their days. It's the failure of the people to learn the requirements of the Laws of Creation, and then to live in harmony with those laws, as do the cosmically controlled bugs and birds.

CHAPTER I

LONG LIFE

What is a man profitted if he shall gain the world and lose his own life? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his Life (Mat. 16:26).

People don't want to die; they want to live as long as possible. How long should Man live? It's ludicrous, ridiculous, to suggest that any animal upon the face of earth should live longer than Man.

Man is the King of the Universe, and the greatest organization of cosmic elements that Creation has ever produced after billions of years of experience. And Man has been on this earth for millions of years, and may be billions for all we know.

We have no definite knowledge of how long Man lived before he declined to his present low level. By reason of long ages of degeneration, Man has come to be as we find him in this age.

Even the wild boar, in its native state, lives 300 years. And some lowly turtles live 1500 years.

Some authorities assert that Man should live five thousand years. They even go further, and declare that he should live forever.

Glorious Life, greatest of all terrestrial treasures, and how to live long has received the best attention of the great men of every age and of every nation. But still the life-span does not increase. And there is a strange and definite reason why. We'll uncover that secret in due time.

About all the record we have of the last six thousand years appears in the Bible, and most of that is warped and twisted to make it tell a certain story.

Man has been on earth millions of years, and the Bible does present some interesting data relative to a great decline in years that Man has suffered.

Adam was 130 years old when he begat his first child, and lived 930 years. Methuselah was 187 when he begat his first child, and lived 969 years (Gen. 5:3, 5, 25, 27).

Still young men at the ages of 130 and 187, showing by this evidence that they possessed some vital knowledge that seems to have been lost with the death of Noah. He was the last of the Ancient Masters who appears to have known the secret of the ages. For after his death, the decline in the life-span was rapid.

As time passed, the decline continued at an alarming rate, as shown in Chapter 11 of Genesis, which chapter condenses in 32 short verses a long period of time covering many centuries.

In only eight generations after Noah, the life-span declined from 950 years to 148, the age of Nahor (Gen. 11:25). This is an astounding decline of 802 years.

Behold man's tremendous loss. See his most precious treasure slipping from him. In only eight generations approximately 85 percent of his life-span was lost.

Experience teaches that when man saw his precious life leaving him so fast, his heart was filled with horror. He was being hurried to the grave while yet young in years. And demon death was striking him down ere his work had hardly begun.

The word-picture makes one shiver. With the grim monster standing at the door, slaying many while in the flower of youth, with failure meeting every effort to find ways and means to defeat the demon, it seems that the race is lost.

What a wonderful story we might have had if the biblical scribe had diverged into the realm of longevity and presented some data concerning the reason for this decrease in the life-span in only eight generations.

Maybe in his day the reason was so obvious that no expoundation was necessary to inform the world. But today, and back for several thousand years, the reason of Man's short life-span is a baffling mystery to the world. Millions of dollars are being expended in pretended research work to determine the reason why the life-span is so short, and to discover ways and means to increase it. And nothing but failure has been the result. Why? Who makes any money on Long Life?

I've been working in this field for many years, and have found by long experience many reasons why Man goes to the grave so soon. And I've also discovered that the world really does not want to know those reasons, and that the pretended researching for ways and means to increase the life span is just another hoax to deceive the masses.

For instance, to expound what I mean, I'll notice the important subject of air and breathing.

Breathing is the real Life Function. It's the greatest, commonest, and simplest process of the living organism. It's the Life Process. For to stay the breath is to stop the life. And one sure and certain way to do that, is to breathe the polluted air of this corruptible civilization.

When I began half a century ago to present in my writings certain data relative to this vital fact, my readers were amazed, and flooded me with letters, thinking I'd gone off on a tangent. It was all so contrary to what they had been taught, that they could not believe what I said.

This inspired me to search for books to see what others had said on this subject, and I could find none. Then I was amazed again. The Life Function of the body, the first factor in living, and yet so vaguely considered that no writer of health books had even noticed it.

Finding this field very empty and barren, I really went to work, and in the next forty years I wrote more about air and breathing than the world had ever known before.

Several chapters of this work will be devoted to air and breathing, and the reader should study them as an important text book. But I fear that not more than a dozen of my intelligent disciples who can think, will be impressed by what I say.

At this point I will state that years ago I tried to discover the secret of Long Life that seemed to have been lost to the world with the death of Noah. But at that time I found nothing that impressed me.

Later I went to work at it again, after I had gained more experience to guide me, especially in that barren field of Air and Breathing.

And right there in that neglected field I was surprised to find what had all the appearance of being the remarkable secret of the Ancient Masters relative to Long Life that seemed to have been lost to the world with the death of Noah.

It was that discovery which inspired me to write my strange work titled THE EMPYREAL SEA.

To a discerning mind that discovery showed how the race diverged from one Age into another. That's why the Bible makes special mention of that historic event. But I have never found any health writer who has ever noticed it. Now observe in particular what the Bible says:

"And Noah (changed from the old routine and) began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard; and he drank of the wine, and was drunken" (Gen. 9: 20, 21).

Right there in that biblical passage I plainly saw revealed the Birth of a New Age, as evidenced by the new vocation of Noah.

I followed that line, and it naturally led me into the greatly neglected field of AIR AND BREATHING. My findings amazed me; and they appear expounded in THE EMPYREAL SEA.

The great shortness of Man's life-span since the days of Nahor is definitely unnatural. What is the cause of it? Every question has an answer; and I've presented the only answer that appears in print.

The facts show that the body is so perfectly made, that it should really go on and live forever. That's what the world's great biologists and physiologists have declared.

Dr. Munro, leading British scientist, wrote: "The human frame, as a machine, is perfect. It contains within itself no marks by which we can possibly predict its decay. It is apparently intended to go on forever."

Sir Isaac Newton observed: "At his creation, Man was endowed with the power of Perpetual Youth."

"With a perfectly balanced endocrine system, such as a normal man has, one should live forever. In fact, the Fountain of Youth is within the body" (Dr. Friedenburt, N. Y.).

Prof. A. E. Crews, Edinburgh University, in addressing a social Hygienic School at Cambridge, Mass., said: "Given the appropriate and essential conditions of the environment, including proper care of the body, and Eternal Youth is in fact a reality in living forms. It's found to be possible by repeated processes of fasting, to keep a worm alive twenty times longer than it would have lived in the regular way.

"There's no physiological reason known to science why similar treatment in the case of man should not produce a similar state of rejuvenation."

Facts of that nature, discovered in various experiments, helped to inspire me to write The Empyrean Sea.

But I went another step further. Instead of repeated fasting, I took the position in *The Empyrean Sea* that it's more logical and scientific to give up entirely a practice of introducing foreign substance into the body which damages it and decreases its duration, a fact demonstrated in various ways, and especially in the case of the fasting worm.

Dr. Arthur G. Clarke, British Astronomer, Physicist and Chairman of the British Interplanetary Society, writing in *Science Digest* for March, 1956, made this statement:

"There appears to be no fundamental reason why man should die so soon as they do. It's not a matter of the body's wearing out, in the sense that a machine wears out. For the body is constantly rebuilding itself, and in the course of one year, almost the entire fabric of the whole body is replaced with new material."

A similar statement was made by Dr. J. C. Dalton in his book on *Physiology*, where he said:

"A continuous change goes on in the substance of the entire body, by which its materials are constantly dissolved and constantly renewed. Vital Force is incessantly engaged in disintegrating all the tissues of which the body is composed, and rebuilding them again of new, fresh material, so that all tissues of the body are always renewed and always ready to perform their allotted work."

Dalton tried to describe the process that means Perpetual Youth. The Human Temple is completely renewed in from one to seven years. The latter estimate is the longest of all the physiologists. And so, regardless of the number of years man lives, his body is never more than seven years old.

Then why does the body sink in decrepitude as the years pass? There are several reasons for that, but they are not taught in the schools and do not appear in the books. And when I presented them in my various writings, most of my readers refused to believe what I said.

Broadly speaking, these reasons may be summarized in the terms, Breathing, Breeding, and Feeding. I've discussed them for years in my various writings, from *The Secret of Regeneration* to *The Empyrean Sea*, from *The Great Red Dragon* to *Why Do We Age*.

Now I refer to them again as I unveil the great secret of HOW I LIVED TO BE 90.

CHAPTER II

COURAGE TO DO RIGHT

As a boy I was surrounded by dismal poverty. I could not bear it, and was determined to rise above that low level. To do that required a life of planning and a lot of hard work to achieve my plans.

It seemed strange to me that people fail to realize that we live in a world of fraud. The mind-conditioned, brainwashed masses believe the orthodox path leads them in the right direction. And so it does for the benefit of the rulers and leaders.

Few adults have the backbone and courage to do right in accordance with the Laws of Creation, if that course means to oppose the whole orthodox world.

And so it seems I must have been a peculiar person even as a child. For courage was not lacking in me to do what appeared to be right when I was convinced what is right by reliable evidence.

But it takes exceptional courage to do right when the course leaves you standing almost alone. And that's the situation I often faced when I was just a boy.

As I look back, it does seem that I was never a child mentally. I was the eldest of a group of seven children, and I had to become a baby-sitter at the tender age of four years.

From there on it was my task to look after and guide my brothers and sisters while my mother did her house-work.

To be a guide I had to know what to do. For that reason I began to reach out and inform myself so I'd know what to do for those I was guiding.

First, what do we all want most of all? Good health. We look upon sickness with horror. No one wants to be sick, and especially children. That was the primary thought in my mind, and I grasped every opportunity that led in the direction of knowledge of how to be healthy.

Not many children are interested in such weighty propositions as I was. And I was interested not for myself alone, but also for my brothers and sisters.

And it seems so strange that the very first knowledge I needed, came to me when I was only nine years old. It opened my eyes and gave me a glimpse of a different world. It struck me with such force that it caused me to turn my back on the conventional world in which the crowd lives, and moves, and has its being.

Few children have the courage to do what I did then. For how could the crowd be wrong? Well, if the crowd is right, why are hospitals filled to the rafters with the sick, and more hospitals needed?

Look at the little bugs and birds: They have no sickness, no doctors, no drugs, no hospitals, no nurses; and yet they are ruled by the same laws of Creation that govern man.

Surely, there must be something wrong I reasoned. And that was the factor that impelled me to go in the direction I took. And at that very time it happened, I was supplied with reliable evidence to prove that the conventional regime was wrong.

In my little school books my parents got for me in that term of school, when I was only nine years old, was one with a title that attracted my attention especially. A small book with blue cloth cover, and in big black letters, which I can still see in my mind, was the title -- A HEALTHY BODY.

How the watchful medics ever let that little book get into our public schools that year in Quincy, Illinois, is a mystery. But they soon discovered it, and it disappeared after that term.

That was a long time ago, when there were not so many books as there are now on Good Health and Long Life. And the author of it touched only the fringe of the subject. But he wrote much that was good and stressed the value of Vegetarianism, asserting that Man is not a flesh eater.

It was then and there that I became a Vegetarian. And that worried my parents. They thought I was losing my mind. And I said, Read that book and see whether I'm crazy.

They tried to coax me back to eating flesh, and eggs, and drinking milk. But I refused to be budged. And they were reasonable. They did not try to force me. Maybe they thought I would soon get "fed up" on Vegetarianism and voluntarily return to the regular, orthodox, conventional diet of civilization. For how can millions of people be wrong and one man be right?

It seemed to be naturally easy for me to become a Vegetarian. But it was easier for me to become a Fruitarian. For I loved all kinds of fruit when I was just a little boy. And I never liked any kind of dead flesh, called meat, nor eggs, no matter how they were prepared. I just naturally was not the type that craves the products of the stinking barn-yard and repulsive slaughter pen.

There was another factor that favored me: My parents were very poor financially, and my first term in school was the only full term for me. That seems to have been a good thing for me in several ways.

When I was only seven years old, out of school I came in the month of May, when strawberries began to ripen. My mother took me with her, while her mother did the baby-sitting, and we picked berries for a fruit farmer about three miles in the country from where we lived. The picking began early in the morning as soon as the dew had dried off, and we picked till about two o'clock in the afternoon.

Fix that picture in your mind. A little boy seven years old, getting up at early dawn, walking three miles into the country and three miles back, and picking berries with his mother till two P.M. It seems that I was never a boy.

After strawberries came raspberries and then blackberries. Many quarts of these I picked, and many I also ate.

The fruit farmer we worked for seemed to notice me. For he selected me, with some older boys, to pick plums, peaches, cherries, and grapes.

And in that way I put in a big part of each summer when I was a boy. While other children of my age were playing, I was working like the hired hand. But

my work in the fruit gave me a good chance to fill up on it,

I never thought then that I was laying a foundation that would carry me thru the years, into the distant days when all of my playmates, schoolmates, first cousins, and Army Comrades would be dead and gone, and I'd still be going on, in good shape, free of aches and pains, and telling my story to the world, "HOW I LIVED TO BE 90".

I've never been sick, never had the headache, never taken any dope called medicine, never been vaccinated, never vomited because of upset stomach. I've been careful about diet for eighty years, and eat nothing to cause my stomach any trouble. In addition, I've lived largely an outdoor life, breathing fresh air, and doing little inside work.

On the ship enroute to the Philippines, the air in our sleeping and living quarters was rotten because of inadequate ventilation, and I slyly found a place up on deck where I could sleep, and slept there each night from Honolulu to Manila.

Most of the other men sat in that rotten air and played cards, checkers, and shot dice most of the day, but I spent my days up on deck, breathing the fresh ocean breeze.

CHAPTER III

THE GAMBLERS

The acquirement of knowledge and an education under the conditions that confronted me seemed like a forlorn hope. Strong head-work was required. And I did some profound thinking.

Gamblers make money--why not learn some of their tricks? We must have money to go places and do things.

In my home town there was a certain saloon that operated a gambling den on the side, and I knew about it. The laws of the town prohibited gambling. So this den was tucked away in an upper room over the saloon, its existence known only to the gamblers.

I discovered it when I was 17 years old. And I would slip in there and watch the various games, being careful that no one noticed me so I'd not be thrown out for being a minor.

The Crap Table caught my eye. It was so simple and the banker could not lose. And I watched that game night after night until, mentally, I was an expert.

But something else had to happen to help me. And it did. The war with Spain came in 1898. Soldiers in general gamble away their army pay, as money means little to a man who may be shot and killed any day.

There was my chance. That influenced me to enlist. I did, and was shipped to the far off Philippines. We soldiers got paid there every two months; and I never saw such wild gambling as those soldiers did every pay-day.

In a day or two after pay-day, the men were all broke but the expert gamblers. And there were quite a few of them too.

I got busy. On the white inner-side of my army poncho I marked out a Crap Table with an indelible pencil. I had equipped myself with dice. I was ready when the next pay-day came. I was the Banker who could not lose.

From a close, friendly Comrade I borrowed his pay, and in my first attempt came out \$367 ahead. I repaid the loan and gave the comrade \$20 for his help.

In due time came the big night, and I shall never forget it. My Co. K and Co. D were stationed in a little village called Baao. Two companies got their two-months' pay. There'd be some wild gambling that night. And we prepared for it.

It was against army regulations to gamble, so it was done on the sly. Even the officers gambled on the sly.

We leading gamblers found a good shack for our business. We hung army blankets over all openings to hide our light, and hired three soldiers to guard the building, and to warn us if necessary. Then we went to the cook-house and got some candles to give us light. And when night came, that shack was filled with soldiers, anxious to go into action.

I prepared my crap table, and it was surrounded by soldiers. The rolling of the bones was fast and furious. I had to get one of my buddies to assist me.

My army shirt had two big breast pockets. In one I put the gold, in the other I put the paper money, and the silver I piled in front of me. The gambling went on; as the candles burned down, they'd be replaced by others.

Finally all the men at my table were broke but one man, and I had their money. He put a \$20 gold coin on the line and shot \$10 of it--and lost. I pulled it in and put a ten in its place. He shot the ten, and won. Then he shot the whole \$20--and lost.

That ended the gambling at my table. It was almost three o'clock in the morning. I rolled up my poncho and went to my bunk, but I could not sleep after winning that pile of money.

I put the money in a sock and tucked it under my head. At early dawn I slipped out and hid in order to count my winnings. There it was -- \$1,267.00.

The pay-master stayed over a day so the men could make deposits with him. I took my place in the line, and when I reached his table and put my pile on it, he looked up at me, and I looked down at the floor. Nothing was said. His clerk counted the money, gave me a deposit slip and I walked out. The money drew 4% interest until we were discharged and received our final pay.

I was happy. See what I had done. A boy who grew up in abject poverty, with his first term in school when he was six years old as his only full-term; who began picking berries for a living when he was seven, who was doing a man's work plowing in the field when he was 15. And now he had the money to begin a career which he had dreamed of all his young life.

Yes, I had achieved what I had planned before I enlisted in the army. There was for me no more gambling for money. I was done.

I feel quite sure there was not another soldier who went thru the Spanish-American War that had a plan which caused him to enlist.

Show me a young man who has planned his future, and I'll show you a million who have planned nothing, except perhaps, to chase girls. They just take things as they come, and most of them, reared in poverty as I was, wind up in poverty.

However, money was not my final goal. I wanted education and knowledge, which meant much more to me than money. But I had to have money to accomplish what I had planned.

And one thing that was never in my mind when I was young, was to find a girl and get married. I had no desire to bind myself to that kind of a hole.

The thought of girls never troubled me. Most of them are looking for a man to work and make them a living.

Maybe I was a "throw-back" to those distant days when the Golden Age Gods "trod the river's shining sand". That Age is briefly mentioned in the Bible, showing the biblical compilers had the ancient scroll describing it. But they failed to say much about it.

The Bible says:

"And it came to pass (after long ages had elapsed) that men began to multiply-on the face of the earth, and DAUGHTERS were born unto them.

"And the Sons of (the) God(s)(who had been on the earth long ages before) saw the DAUGHTERS of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose."

This evidence indicates a new age of social existence was dawning, or it had never received such special notice. Now back to the Bible:

"And the Sons of (the) God(s) came in unto the DAUGHTERS of men, and they bear children unto them; the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown" (Gen.6:1,2,4).

It was a great loss for humanity when the history of those Ancient Gods was destroyed so the modern world would have no knowledge of that Golden Age, when the Gods roamed the earth and enjoyed a life-span of thousands of years. In those days the lowly turtles that live 1000 and 1500 years did not outlive the Ancient Gods.

According to the Bible, a race of Gods preceded men who had daughters. This indicates a Golden Age before woman appeared. That subject I covered in my work over thirty years ago, titled Secret of Regeneration, long out of print, and recently re-published by Health Research to satisfy insistent demands for it.

CHAPTER IV

MY START IN LIFE

When I returned from the Philippines in 1901, after I'd shot my way thru the Insurrection as related in Part II of this work, I was prepared to begin the battle of fighting my way thru this world of "dog-eat-dog," called civilization.

What a life. Who would want to go thru it the second time? And the Bible says we go thru it seven times. Read it; here it is:

"And there are seven kings (incarnations); five (incarnations) are fallen (passed), and one (incarnation) is (present), and the other (incarnation) is not yet come (upon the earth); and when he cometh, he must continue a short space" (of one life time) (Rev. 17:10).

Revelation was compiled from a scroll of the Lemurian Masters and it was written thousands of years ago. Those Masters even knew what incarnation they were in when inhabiting the Human Temple upon the earth.

That scroll dealt with the Inner World, the Kingdom of God Within (Luke 17:21). It's the greatest allegory known. The story of how it got into the Bible, and a complete interpretation of the allegory, appears in my work titled "Awaken The World Within," published by Health Research.

Upon my return from the Army, my first work was to use some of the money I had won in gambling to attend business college, where I graduated in shorthand, typing, and commercial law. Then I passed the U. S. Civil Service examination for stenographer and received an appointment in Washington, D.C. There I worked days and attended law school at night, and graduated in law. For years I was a member of the Oklahoma Bar.

Then there came an opportunity that was really the beginning of my career. I was transferred and promoted to the position of District Agent for the Choctaw Indians in southeastern Oklahoma.

My district embraced Choctaw and Pushmataha counties, with main office at Hugo in Choctaw county, and a branch office at Antlers, county-seat of Pushmataha county. Choctaw Chief Pushmataha had been a great leader of the Choctaws, and that county was named after him.

My force of workers consisted of a secretary, an interpreter, a government farmer to inspect improvements made under our supervision on Indian land, and to help the Indians select their live-stock and equipment for farming; and a land appraiser, who inspected and appraised for public sale certain surplus Indian land.

Two pictures of my Hugo office and the workers appear in the front of this folio. When these pictures were taken the interpreter happened to be absent.

All these government employees had taken and passed appropriate examinations for appointment to their positions. The work in my district was performed under my direct supervision, and I was ultimately responsible for everything that occurred.

How I did enjoy that work, more than half a century ago. One of my duties was to visit the Indians at their homes, see what they were doing, how they were getting along, and what they needed. Each quarter I had to make a written report to the main office at Muskogee covering all these matters.

For the purpose of visiting Indian homes, I had to hire team and buggy at a livery stable; and I drove miles and miles over very primitive roads thru that wild region, with the wonderful air, free of the poisons of the polluted air of civilization. I was building up my body on that pure air to go thru the years in good condition; and here I am at 90.

I made it a point to visit every Indian home in my district at least once a year, and many of them more than once. They were always glad to see me, and "rolled out the red-carpet," symbolically speaking.

Sixty years ago that primitive region of woods, mountains and rivers, inhabited by Indians, was also the home of dangerous animals, such as panthers and wild cats. And for protection, we went armed, with a 45 buckled around our waist, and were always sure to see the darkness of night did not catch us out in those woods and wild areas.

I spent Mondays and Saturdays of each week in my main office, taking care of correspondence that my secretary laid aside for my attention, and discussing certain matters of our work with those who called at my office.

One day I got a letter from a man in St. Louis, stating he planned to spend his vacation in my region, and he wanted to know whether "those pesky Indians were very dangerous."

That gave me a big laugh. But his letter showed me how little the white people of the country knew about the Indians, whose land the white people of Europe were gobbling up.

Long years ago that Indian Service of the Five Civilized Tribes in eastern Oklahoma (Home of the Red Man) came to an end and was closed. The main office at Muskogee packed its records and shipped them to Washington. And all who worked with me in those days are dead and gone. I'm the only one left.

I remained in that service only a decade. My sights were set on a different goal. I wanted to learn something about Creation, Life, and Man. So I resigned from the service, went to Oklahoma City and enrolled for the doctor's course in Carver Chiropractic College, the first chartered chiropractic school on earth.

I graduated as a Doctor of Chiropractic, and in Chapter 7, titled The Dying Woman, is told the story of how I saved the life of a woman after she was given up to die by the best medic in the country.

In searching for books on long life, I found one written by Capt. Ezekiel Dodge Diamond who died in 1916 at the age of 120. He wrote the book when he was 108 and tried to explain the reason why he had lived so long. I read the book over fifty years ago, and it tells nothing of value to him who craves good health and long life. Diamond did not know the basic secret of good health and long life.

This book (How to Live in Three Centuries), long out of print, has been re-published by Health Research. On page 43 Diamond told what he ate and drank. Here it is:

Breakfast: Cup of hot water, mush and milk, boiled codfish with potatoes, coarse bread and butter, two poached eggs, apple sauce, fruit in season.

Luncheon: Seldom.

Dinner: Hot water, vegetable or rice tomato soup, coarse bread buttered, sweet potatoes, beans, hot milk, fruit in season.

What a menu: How does it differ from the regular conventional diet? It was not that diet which enabled Diamond to live 120 years. He didn't know it, but it was the Breath of Life, way back in the days when the air was not polluted as it is now, and his outside work in that air. Yes, and the further fact that he never married and consumed the vital essence of his organism in the production of progeny. On that great subject the student should read my work titled THE GREAT RED DRAGON, published by Health Research.

Perhaps Diamond never heard of the BREATH OF LIFE. Who pays any attention to the air they breathe? And it was polluted air that finally killed Diamond. He died of pneumonia.

There's another important feature he failed to mention, perhaps because he was ashamed of it. But it's told by those who knew him and wrote about him.

According to his story, at the age of 56 he became a vegetarian. But he fails to state that at the age of 79 the muscles of his legs and back were so stiff, he could not rise from a chair nor sit down without great discomfort, often requiring the aid of an assistant. The tissues of his arms and hands were so stiff, it was hard for him to hold knife and fork to feed himself. He then turned to fruit and in time recovered health sufficiently to enable him to live 120 years.

After reading Diamond's menu, the student should read my great work, THE EMPYREAL SEA, in which I tell the world much about food and feeding not found in other books, and unknown to Diamond.

In my work titled Long Life in Florida appears the story of Charles Smith, an ex-slave who picked Oranges in Florida till he was 115, and was 124 July 4, 1966. He knows not why he has lived so long.

The only book I've read by a man who lived 100 years and knew what he was doing, was Luigi Cornaro's Discourses on A Sober Life. Doomed to die at 40, he changed his living habits and lived 100 years.

When I read that little school book, A Healthy Body, that started me to searching for more books of that kind. I read books on Biology, Physiology, etc., and learned what the great doctors of the world had said on these subjects.

CHAPTER V

THE SEED

MAN, king of the Universe, greatest created organization known and unknown, was made to live for thousands of years, and did in his primitive days when he lived in harmony with the law of his Being.

Man has been on the earth for millions of years, but our record of him does not reach back very far, consequently we know nothing about how he appeared in earlier times.

Ancient Tradition consists of fables and allegories invented by the Ancient Magi to present the facts of Creation. One of the oldest of these as to man, is substantially as follows:--

Man was created perfect, and placed in a garden of fruits and streams. He was free of all bodily appetites and had no desire to taste the fruit or to quaff the water. Moreover, he was commanded by Divine Providence not to eat or drink, as that would inject foreign substance in to his perfect body, causing it to deteriorate, decay and become unfit for his habitation. Men were mere boys when a hundred years old, and had none of the infirmities of age to trouble them. When ready to pass on to the region of the Superior Life, it was in a gentle slumber, and man silently passed out of his body thru the fonticulus frontalis, the vacancy in the bones of the fetal cranium between the frontal and parietal bones.

In creative activity, man comes into the physical world as an invisible Speck, the Seed, which possesses the Cosmic Power to clad itself in a formation of pantomorphic Radiation, as expounded in our great work titled The Empyrean Sea.

That physical formation, called the Human Body, corresponds with its physical environment. It develops and grows to a certain size, as trees do, by the condensation and appropriation of Radiation that transforms into blood, flesh and bone.

The Eternal Entity called Man does not grow, remaining constantly the same, and dwelling in his physical vehicle to appear in the visible world as a child of Creation.

When his vehicle, for various reasons, becomes unfit for his further habitation, he leaves it in the creative process called Death, a process not understood by the exoteric.

The esoteric know that nothing dies. Life cannot die. And the body was never alive. The Bible solves that mystery by asserting that it's the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing (John 6:63).

The duration of the body depends on various factors, and we are striving to explain what some of them are, and why the body, in time, sinks in degeneration and becomes unsuitable for Man to inhabit.

So little seems to be known about such things, that we must live a long time, comparatively speaking, and be ever alert to acquire knowledge of those factors which affect the body for good or evil.

Why is the world so destitute of such vital knowledge after ages of so-called medical research? Why has the secret not been discovered long before now, and taught in the schools and told in the books? Even the haughty Medical Hierarchy, whose members drop dead in their 40s, seem to know no more about the matter than the most ignorant layman.

When some of us do develop the ability to live a long time, comparatively considered, and gaze back thru the years, a few of us who can think and reason, are able to discern certain factors that reveal various phases of the secret of Long Life.

As I look back now thru the past years, why can I find no one living that played with me as a child, that went to school with me when I was a boy, that worked with me when I was a stenographer in a railroad freight office more than sixty years ago, that soldiered with me in the Philippines nearly seventy years ago?

Even my first cousins have all gone over the Dark River beyond which only mystery prevails.

Why are they all gone while I'm still here, in fine shape, with good prospects of many more years to go? There's a definite reason and I shall try to explain it.

Consider some of the stupid answers to this question: The religionist claims it's due to a special favor of God. That tells the world nothing of any value. The medic claims its just an accident, that I'm lucky etc.

Those who can think, search for knowledge to explain these things, using as their basis the True Facts of Creation, and they know there must be a practical, sensible, biological, physiological reason back of Long Life.

I have a thinker, in good order, keep it working, and have been able to discover the solution of some of the mysteries of Creation, and also of many things claimed to be due to special favors of God. And that's another reason why I'm still here.

Few people are competent to think, to reason, to determine (1) results, (2) causes, and (3) effects. Most of them are hardly able to determine that two and two make four. And that reminds me of a little poem relative to the situation I'm presenting. Here it is --

THE STATESMAN

The Statesman squares his shoulders back
And straightens out his tie
And says: "My friends, unless it rains,
The weather will be dry."

When this thought into our brains
Has percolated thru,
We common people nod our heads
And loudly say, "How true."

The Statesman blows his massive nose
And clears his august throat
And shouts: "The ship will never sink
So long as she's afloat."

Whereat we roll our solemn eyes,
Applaud with main and might,
And slap each other on the back
The while we say, "He's right."

The Statesman waxes stern and strong,
His drone becomes a roar,
He yells, and says "There is no doubt
That two and two make four."

And thereupon our doubts dissolve,
Our fears are put to rout,
And we agree that there's a man
Who knows what it's all about.

--Anon.

Not many of my readers have been willing and able to rise above the level of this corruptible civilization and believe, because of my strange unorthodoxy, that I know what it's all about. Even my army comrades, running in the old rut prepared for the people by our educational institutions, considered me a "nut" because of my unique mode of living and said so. As proof that they were wrong and I was right, they are now all dead and gone and that NUT is still here.

A few of my more intelligent disciples have seen the Light and said so. They have written me grand letters of encouragement, calling me a great man and stating that the unique data contained in my writings have done far more good for them than anything they had ever found in all the other books they had read.

It would not be proper at this point to attempt to examine in detail the reason why more of my most faithful disciples are females than males. I will suggest that it may be these females have superior minds and are able to think and reason better than the males.

I do know this to be the case of one in particular. She's in her 70s, and has been writing me for nearly twenty years. Her epistles are the most sensible that I receive from my disciples. She does some thinking herself, and not only considers that I know what it's all about, but possesses unusual knowledge regarding these things, and agrees with me that I am right.

She is evidently the product of Good Seed. She says she's never been sick, never taken any dope called medicine, has fasted a few times for 25 and 30 days to improve the state of her body, and for years has subsisted on uncooked and unseasoned foods, like the bugs and birds that are guided by cosmic consciousness. She gets around like a girl of 20, and as to the question of how long she may live, she even refuses to put a limit on the time.

Another female disciple, 66 years old, wrote me that after living five years on uncooked and unseasoned food, and out in the fresh air, she decided to have a medical check up to see what was what.

She did that, and after the orthodox medic had checked his findings, he looked at her in surprise and said: "You have the body of a woman of 30. How are you living? What is your secret?"

She said she didn't tell him, for she didn't want him to think she was crazy.

There you are: Depart from the degenerative mode of living followed by a corruptible civilization, and live more in accord with the laws of Creation, and you are considered "nuts" by the orthodox.

Many factors are involved in the secret of Long Life. Those who write on that subject seem to be wandering in the wilderness. Most of them die in their 60s and 70s, while trying to teach others how to live 100 years.

At my age I've passed beyond the books. Even books written by those who were 100 years old, tell me nothing I don't know. And I've discovered some factors that have a strong influence on the body's duration, which are not mentioned in the books.

The matter of Seed is quite important. We do inherit from our parents a certain quality that has definite bearing on the duration of our body. I'll cite some cases to show what I mean.

I had eleven first cousins, and have outlived them all. Why is this so? It's primarily due to the quality of the Seed. They were the product of tainted Seed, and I'm not.

I'll mention a case to prove this is so: My mother's brother was a strong, vigorous, hard-working man, and had a good wife. But he drank and smoked. They had a family of seven nice children, my first cousins. Some of them died before they were 20. Most of them had died before they were 30. The last one died at the age of 52.

Those who drink and smoke have tainted blood that adversely affects the Seed. Their progeny are innocent victims of that poor Seed, and early death for them is the ultimate penalty of their progenitor's evil habits.

The farmer knows the value of good Seed and uses it to plant his land. The stock raiser also follows that same course, buying high-grade animals for breeding purposes to improve his herd.

If that rule were followed in the case of mankind, it would be possible to produce a race that would soon live 200 years, provided all other factors were observed that promote longevity. If this process were properly conducted in all respects, in a few generations people would appear that would live 500 years.

My father did not drink nor use tobacco in any form. He lived a clean life and had a good wife. Yet he died of pneumonia when he was 63, and my mother died of the same sickness at the age of 68. The cause--polluted air. Read the books and ask the medics about that one and see what answer you get.

My parents had seven children, and I'm the eldest. We were the product of Good Seed, and all of us are still living, save a brother next to me. He died at the age of 79.

That he lived so long is further evidence to prove the value of Good Seed. He drank, smoked, chewed tobacco, began chasing women when he was only 16, married as soon as he was 21, and went on and married a total of seven wives, out-living them all. They were all dead when he died.

That's a typical example of heredity, illustrated in the case of my family and a set of my first cousins. And this rule has no exception.

My brothers and sisters are all living except the one mentioned. I was

able to get them to listen to me and let me guide them. But I could never do anything with that wild one who not only refused to heed my advice, but even hated me for trying to interfere with what he wanted to do when I knew it was wrong.

He had three sons. They are still living, and I think they are leading a better life than their father did.

The rest of my brothers and sisters have 20 children, all living. And so I have 23 nephews and nieces.

I have two sons, both lawyers, both married, and one has three children and the other four. I raised my two boys right, and as a result they don't know what it is to be sick or to have an ache or a pain.

After birth, additional conditions arise to damage the body and decrease its duration. We are subject to the influence of a baneful environment which continues to worsen as civilization "progresses," and to our mode of living, which is ruled by commercialism in the direction of making money with no thought of health and longevity.

Our environment is a region of polluted air, our food is filled with various poisons, and the water we drink is "purified" with poison. Under such conditions, good health becomes almost impossible.

While we are babies and small children, the leading factor in health destruction is polluted air, the deadly Breath of Life.

Look at the baby's nose and upper lip. See the lip under the nose covered with a heavy flow of mucus almost constantly. Ask the medic what that indicates and see what answer you get. Read the books and see what you find on that point.

It took me some time to work my way out of that wilderness. I could not find the answer in the books and had to acquire the knowledge by my own experience.

This question right before us is one of the big mysteries of living. And yet it should be simple. The baby's body begins to deteriorate from birth. The most general cause is polluted air, and there's hardly a time in the average person's life when the body is not suffering from the effects of polluted air. And it's all such a mystery to the medic, whose body is also suffering from the same cause, and he does not know it.

Well do I remember when I was a little boy, that when I visited the homes of my playmates, as I first entered their house I could hardly stand the obnoxious odor of that home. But, after a short time in the house, I noticed it no more at that time. My sense of smell got used to it.

The air in such homes is unfit for a person to breathe. And think of those living in that air and wondering why they feel bad and are sick. Now take another look at that little baby's nose and upper lip. And it must spend its days and nights in that foul air. Were the body not so hard to kill, the baby would never live to grow up.

When I was a soldier in the tropical Philippines, with its marvellous air, and I living out in that air all the time, I made a discovery that made me think.

That was wonderful experience for me. To learn what it meant for my body to live outside all the time in good, fresh air, where the weather was never cold, not even chilly. Where the temperature was just as warm in January as in July.

As we hiked and hiked, day after day, thru jungles, over hills, and forded streams, it would sometimes rain on us. There was no shelter, and we had to take it and keep going. And that happened so often we got used to it.

When we halted at night in some little village and found shelter where we could sleep, I took off my wet shirt and pants, all I had on, wrung the water out of them, put them back on, rolled up in my wet blanket, and went to sleep, thinking to myself that I'd be dead of pneumonia before morning. Well, that's what the medics teach.

When you are dog-tired, after hiking all day, you can sleep regardless of wet clothes and hard floors. And I slept like a log. When I woke up in the morning, I was surprised to find that instead of being dead of pneumonia, I felt like a fighting cock, ready to go, with not even a sneeze or a cough.

How come? says I. This is not what the medics teach. That experience set me to thinking. I saw the medics were dead-wrong. Now, if they are wrong in one respect, they could be wrong in many.

And long before I finished investigating that line of thought as the years passed, I was amazed by my findings in the field of medicine. One of my surprising discoveries, as mentioned in many of my works, was the fact that there is no such thing as "disease."

Now read more of my writings and get the astonishing answer to that one. Learn how medical art has invented a terminology in this respect which is totally fraudulent, and the purpose of which is to promote the interest of medicine and deceive the people.

And why did I not die of pneumonia, sleeping in wet clothes and wet blankets? Because the offending agent is not dampness, but polluted air--and I breathed good, fresh, outside air.

And there is the true explanation of the reason why the little baby, and its mother, father, brothers and sisters have coughs, colds and running noses.

The lungs, the real Life Organs of the body, begin to suffer and to deteriorate from the destructive effect of polluted air as soon as the baby is born. Right there the body begins its long, slow journey to the grave. And it's all such a mystery to the medics.

Medical art itself is founded on mystery and lives and thrives on mystery. Turn the spot-light of True Facts upon it, and it would vanish like fog before the rays of the rising sun.

CHAPTER VI

KNOWLEDGE SAVES LIFE

"My people are destroyed for lack of Knowledge" (Hosea 4:6).

The widely proclaimed "progress of medical science" and the "March of Medicine" are clever propaganda invented to fool the mind-conditioned masses. But to the wise philosopher these terms simply signify stupidity of the rankest type.

The brain-washed masses are easily deceived by the term progress. A fool is he who thinks he can improve on the methods and products of Creation.

The bee makes honey now and the spider spins its web now as they did a million years ago. There's been no "progress" in their perfect work and method.

There's no "progress" beyond the methods and products of Creation. Methods based on the stable and unchangeable laws of Creation are not subject to "progress." And he who thinks there is, was symbolized by the Ancient Magi in the Tarot Arcanum 0, titled The Fool, described in detail in my work "Land of Light," published by Health Research.

We have reviewed in Chapter 7 the happy results that came to pass in the case of THE DYING WOMAN, when sound knowledge of the laws and methods of Creation was scientifically applied to her body in her critical condition. The good results that occurred were not just an accident, but were as certain to be achieved as the sun is to rise. For the laws of Creation have no exceptions.

That fact we shall now present in another critical case. It should convince the earnest student who is looking for Light, that he can never go wrong when he supplies the condition required by the laws of Creation to secure the result desired.

Knowledge of the governing principle is the first consideration. Learn the laws of Creation that apply in a given case, and we may deduce conclusions not only now, but in the distant future, with a certainty that knows no variation.

That ability is what made the ancient Prophets. They studied and understood the laws of Creation. Unbounded faith in these laws leads always to positive and happy conclusions when given an unfettered opportunity.

Lack of knowledge of the great laws of Creation leads to the destruction of millions of unfortunate victims in every age. Too bad that organized institutions plot and scheme to hide such knowledge because it makes money for no one.

On the other hand, sickness is big business, and everything is done and is being done to protect that business. According to the press, in 1964 the people of this country expended nearly Forty Billion Dollars on account of sickness. That huge pile of money went to the doctors and drug makers and all others who live and thrive on human misery.

With these preliminary remarks, I shall now relate a true story of how knowledge of the laws and methods of Creation saved my life years ago. Just as it was in the case of THE DYING WOMAN, it was knowledge of the high value of THE BREATH OF LIFE--an important subject in the matter of life almost unnoticed in medical books.

The hall in the building extending by my office had many people in it most of the day, and some were smoking. The tobacco smoke floated thru the open door into my office, and I had to inhale it, diminishing the danger as much as I could by keeping my windows open when weather permitted.

In time the evil effect of breathing the smoke-laden air began to appear in my lungs. Knowledge of what was happening was very useful. When I went home in the evening, I went out into the woods about a mile away, where the air was pure and fresh, and ran and ran to make me puff and pant, drawing that good air into my lungs.

We hear much about certain Breathing Exercises. The best are those that result naturally from vigorous exercise, like running and chopping wood.

One night in December, in the cold zone of Hibernation, I got a shock that demonstrated the danger of polluted air and the insidious way it works. In the middle of the night I got out of bed to go to the toilet, and as I started to walk, I was amazed to find I was so dizzy I staggered against the wall. I knew the cause of it.

The fumes of the heating-plant needed to supply artificial heat to protect us from the killing cold, had affected my body, brain, and nerves so seriously while I slept, that I was as one drunk--dizzy, unable to walk without staggering. Yet the fumes were too weak to be detected by the sense of smell.

That experience made me see things I never saw before, and I was well aware of the cause. It alerted me to the dangers of living in the cold zone, where windows must be kept closed to keep out the killing cold of winter, and artificial heat is necessary to keep from freezing.

No greenhouse in the cold zone of hibernation adequately substitutes for the outdoor climate of summer weather. The air becomes stagnant and the glass filters out the rarefied elements of cosmic radiation.

No other factor affects the life of man more than Climate. The backwoods farmer knows it requires proper weather conditions to grow his crops. Medical art appears not to know that the same cosmic law applies to man. Medical textbooks say nothing regarding climate in relation to human health.

A hostile climate weakens the body, whereas a friendly climate maintains its natural strength, provided always that the other rules of healthful living are observed.

The Climate of the earth has been divided into three zones: Frigid, Temperate and Tropical.

1. The Frigid is the Zone of Eternal Death. Its intense cold and perpetual snow make living there impossible for man.

2. The Temperate is the Zone of Partial Death. It's the realm of Winter Sleep, Hibernation, a state of semi-death in which the vital functions of animals and plants fall to the lowest possible ebb without death ensuing.

Vegetables and animals constituted for that zone are so equipped that they have the ability to sink into deep sleep in winter. Animals not so equipped, are clad in heavy coats of warm fur.

As man attempted to live in the Temperate Zone, he was forced to clothe himself with the hides of the fur-clad animals he killed, and the flesh of which he ate to prevent starvation. That was the start of flesh eating.

Here appears the birth of the clothing industry. It rose from man's transgression of Creation's Plan of Human Life, and has grown into an economic burden that does its part to crush those who live in that zone.

3. The Tropical is the Zone of Life. It's the region of eternal summer, and supplies food perpetually, spontaneously produced by Cosmic Law. The region is filled with evergreen vegetation, natural gardens and economic freedom.

I would not be here today had I not known the true cause of my condition on that never-to-be-forgotten night. The day had come when I was rewarded for learning something about the laws of Creation and doing my own thinking.

In my hour of peril, doctors, health experts and food scientists had nothing of value to offer me. Had my health knowledge been limited to the teaching of the schools and the pages of health books, I had not been here now.

In that dizzy condition, the dumb doctor had said, in his professional way "You are a vegetarian, therefore you are suffering from malnutrition." He had prescribed a long rest in bed, with lots of meat, milk and eggs to build up my strength.

Strength comes not from food. Read my great work titled The Emyreal Sea. Swiftly go the misled victims under the orthodox care of doctors. In their bed they lie and breathe more of the polluted air that is killing them by inches, like the "dying woman."

When I left the schools with my diplomas and degrees, destitute of the health knowledge I had hoped to find, I then turned to Creation and there found the basic principles of Life which the schools do not teach.

Knowledge saved my life. I quickly donned some winter clothes, put blankets under my arm, and staggered out into the cold night, so dizzy I could hardly walk.

Had I slept a few hours more, it had been my last sleep, and the doctor would have said, "Death from heart attack."

I headed for the tall timber, less than a mile distant, where I knew the Breath of Life was pure and plentiful.

Such a task it was to walk to that woods. Staggering like a drunkard, I reached the woods at last, and lay down in the tall, dry grass under a tree, covering up with blankets.

With a feeling of profound satisfaction that I was now safe from the dangers of polluted air, I was soon fast asleep, inhaling the pure Breath of Life, and slept till daylight.

Then I got up, still dizzy, and went staggering thru the woods, pausing now and then to rest and reflect. I kept this up for hours. As time passed I

noticed improvement in my condition.

The dizziness that affected me is called "vertigo" by the medics. But what is the cause of it? They don't know.

It took me until noon that day, in the pure air of the woods, to get rid of that "attack of vertigo."

Consider the clever terminology, invented by medical art to promote its fraudulent system. "Attacks" of this and "attacks" of that, just as though disordered conditions of the body resulted from "devils" leaping out of dark corners and "attacking" us, when in truth that disordered condition rises from some damage the body has suffered in one way or another. To correct the condition requires only a removal of the cause and not "medical treatment."

Late that afternoon I returned to my home which I had left so suddenly in the night. I ate some raw food, then took the blankets and went back to the woods. And there on the ground I slept in peace that night.

That shocking experience warned me not to spend another winter in the gloomy land of ice and snow. And so I removed to the fine ridge section of south central Florida--a region of rolling hills, sparkling lakes, and waving groves of citrus trees, where I pick golden oranges in my shirt-sleeves when New York and Chicago are snow-bound.

Stockbridge & Perry wrote: "Florida is warm in winter when the rest of the nation is shivering or freezing. It's green when the north is covered with snow. It's lakes and rivers are ice-free, and the seas which wash its shores are mild in action and in temperature when the northern coasts are storm-bound by icy gales. When the lands of the Pacific coast are wrapped in fog, Florida glitters and basks in the warmth of her winter sunshine" (So This Is Florida).

If the people in the Zone of Hibernation knew what I know about how climate affects the living organism, there would hardly be standing space in Florida.

CHAPTER VII

THE DYING WOMAN

For the Life of the Flesh is in the blood (Lev. 17:11). All medical treatment pollutes the blood (Holmes). When the blood is sufficiently polluted the body dies (Hotema).

Seventy years ago, when we saw young, vigorous persons, one after another, die under orthodox medical treatment, it caused us to do some profound thinking. For that was strong evidence to prove that something was wrong.

Life is too precious to see it fade out like that and not take some extraordinary action to discover the cause. And it was that experience which made us do some thinking that eventually resulted in our being a Chiropractor.

We discovered in our researching that century after century the leading medics of the world had denounced as dangerous the "practice of medicine." Prof. Alonzo Clark, of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, said:

"In their zeal to do good, physicians have done much harm. They've hurried thousands to the grave who would have recovered if left to nature."

Then consider the damaging statement against medical art made by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Professor of Anatomy at Harvard. He declared:

"The disgrace of medicine has been that colossal system of self-deception in obedience to which mines have been emptied of their cankering minerals, the entrails of animals taken for their impurities, the poison bags of reptiles drained of their venom, and all the inconceivable absurdities thus obtained, thrust down the throats of human beings suffering from some want of organization, nourishment or vital stimulation" (Border Lines Of Knowledge).

The unlimited power of Creation that fills the earth with living creatures and sustains them thru life, is surely competent to care for them when sick, if given proper chance, as stated by Dr. Clark. Hence, it seemed to us to be the interference of the medics that hampered the work of Creation and caused the death of vigorous patients who die under orthodox medical treatment.

When I graduated as a Chiropractor, an event soon occurred that gave me a chance to test my faith in the laws of Creation. The hour was midnight, and I was suddenly awakened from sound slumber by the loud ringing of the telephone.

I jumped out of bed and answered the call. A man's voice shouted in my ear--Are you Dr. Hotema? Yes sir. Then come quickly to my home, five miles southeast of town, for my wife is dying of malaria. The word "malaria" simply means "bad air". Keep this in mind as we proceed.

I donned my clothes, grabbed my folding chiropractic table, jumped into my car and was soon speeding out the road.

The night was chilly and clear; a full-moon shone unusually bright, and as I reached the house, I saw a large parking space filled with cars. For the man was a well-known member of the state legislature, had the regular faith in medics, but now as a last glimmering hope, he turned to a chiropractor.

The sight and the occasion would try the nerves of most doctors. But I was not of that type. I knew a few things not taught in the schools; I was not scared; my knees did not knock. I knew nothing about this case; but I did know much about (1) the laws of Creation, (2) the law of cause and effect, (3) the law of so-called disease and cure, (4) the law of symptoms, erroneously called "disease" and (5) the great law of Unity at the Center. Armed with this knowledge not taught in medical schools, I marched boldly forward.

Leading doctors have constantly and consistently declared that "all disease is one and the same." They are nothing but the evidence of the body's struggle to live. On that sensible philosophy we based our faith, and found it to be correct. And our methods were based not on treatment and remedies, but on the sound postulate that all recuperative power in the Universe is right in the living organism. Hence, all the best doctors can do, is to give that inherent power full freedom to do its work and save the body.

And now I had a rare opportunity to test what I believed.

A dying woman, about 45 years old, had failed to respond to the best treatment of the leading medic in town. He'd been treating the patient and now gave her up to die, telling the sad husband he had done all that "medical science" could do, and there was no hope.

In despair, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, the worried husband now turned to a chiropractor, the charlatans scorned by the haughty medics as ignorant quacks, and considered the last word in "hogwash and hokum."

In those earlier days of chiropractic, the chiropractors seldom got any patients until the medics had given them up as hopeless. And with that class of cases, the chiropractors made a record so good that it caused much alarm in the ranks of "medical science."

And so I drove up, parked my car, and hurried to the house. The husband was on the porch waiting for me, and quickly ushered me into the sick-room.

The night was chilly, doors and windows were closed, a wood-fire burnt in a large fire-place, the room was filled with friends and relatives, waiting for the patient to die, and some of the men were smoking.

The sight amazed me. The medic had not been gone long when I arrived, and that was the condition he had permitted in that sick-room. The evidence showed that he did not understand the most elementary laws of life.

No wonder the woman was dying. The air in her room was badly polluted; and the medic had paid no attention to the condition of the Breath of Life. Her blood was being polluted with every breath she took.

Taking this all in with a quick glance, and knowing that we stop living when we stop breathing, I knew enough about the Law of Life to realize why the patient was dying.

At this point it is in order to enlighten the reader as to certain factors relative to which he may know little or nothing.

I shall revert to the fundamental laws of Creation and explain that the cause of all evolution is the universal tendency of Life toward higher levels, inherent by nature in all living things. That cosmic urge results in the adaptation of the living organism to its environment, in contradistinction to the

erroneous theory of science, that evolution is a result of a blind, mechanical reaction of the organism to hostile surroundings.

The inherent urge of Life is forever forward and upward, causing the living organism to function always in the direction of health and improvement and never otherwise. And yet this vitally important phase of body function is unknown to "medical science."

This is the regular power of Creation that builds and sustains the body in health when its course is not obstructed by the dumb doctor, and which restores the sick body to health, if restoration occurs at all--in spite of the hampering work of the stupid doctor and his dangerous methods and poisonous remedies.

It's preposterous to suggest that a doctor, who cannot make a blade of grass nor a grain of corn, can make any substance to help the sick body, when he knows so little about the body's constitution and processes, that he cannot make even one drop of blood, nor expound how the body makes it.

Right here the reader should study my great work titled *The Empyrean Sea* and learn that the lungs make the blood by liquefying Cosmic Radiation when it enters them as the Breath of Life. For that is the Breath of Life.

Consider the dangerous theory of the medics, who believe that they can nullify the universal law of Cause and Effect by the use of vaccines and serums, which are falsely claimed by medical art to be protective against the evil effects of a hostile environment, polluted air, man's bad habits etc,

The element ruling the state of the body is the blood. Years ago Bernarr Macfadden, of Physical Culture fame, declared that "if one maintained the blood in normal condition and circulation, sickness would be impossible." And he added: "You are what you are thru the influence of the blood in your body."

Ages of experience prove that Macfadden was right. The blood is the beginning point in maintaining health and in bringing the sick body back to health. We positively do not purify the blood by the use of poisonous drugs, vaccines and serums.

Then the reader should be informed that there is no such entity as disease that "attacks" certain parts and organs of the body. The world's great doctors have repeatedly declared that there are good health and bad health, but no disease.

The symptoms of bad health, the effects of the body's struggle to live, are what doctors are trained to study, group together, and give them empty names (diagnosis) which mean nothing at all; and then call these symptoms "disease" that may kill the patient if not treated and "cured."

There is no disease, and nothing to "treat and cure." And so-called disease never killed any one. When the medic's poisonous remedies kill the patient, he saves face by putting the blame on "disease."

A century ago, Dr. Samuel Dickson, of Edinburgh, published a book in which he asserted that "all disease are one and the same."

That simple fact swept into oblivion as absurd, the whole complicated and inconsistent classification of disease, with their multifarious names and ridiculous distinctions, exposing as false a scheme of plunder and murder, supported by centuries of fraudulent teaching, by which a profession of supposedly honor-

able men has created a false psychology of human ailments that sends thousands of trustful victims to early graves each year, while yielding great profit to its exponents. In 1964 the people of this country paid out almost forty billion dollars on account of sickness. And who got that huge pile of money?

I shall show that my work with this dying woman proved that Macfadden presented a great fact in physiology and pathology when he said: "You are what you are thru the influence of your blood."

There in a few words is the great secret of good and bad health--all ignored and disregarded by medical science because to do otherwise would ruin the sweetest racket on earth. And so, a baffling mystery is made of human ailments for the sake of profit and greed.

More than forty years ago I wrote a booklet titled Unity & Simplicity of Disease in which I said:

"When we know the principles from which Creation operates, and realize that all illness rises from a great Unity of Cause at the Center (polluted blood), regardless of the medical names given to the Variety of Appearances at the Surface, then we understand how futile it is to name these symptoms (diagnosis), and how useless it is to treat and suppress them (therapeutics). It's not only useless, but it's dangerous."

The doctor who understands the principles from which Creation operates, puts no faith in such changeable and unreliable signs as surface symptoms, for they are just the effects and not the causes. And we shall demonstrate the truth of this statement when we describe our treatment of the dying woman.

Effects may be studied for ages in medical research, in which much money is wasted; but such research will not reveal the Cause at the Center. That's why medical books state that the exact cause of disease is unknown.

Dr. Wm. Osler, greatest physician that America ever produced, said, "Of (the cause of) disease we know nothing at all."

In the study of Effects, we are directed by our understanding of the fixed and changeless facts of Creation's work. Causes change not.

Swedenborg said: "They who think from the eye are not able to think from the understanding. Thought from the eye closes the understanding; but thought from the understanding opens the eye."

The doctor who thinks from the understanding (Cause at the Center), recognizes the principles from which Creation operates, and directs his attention to the Unity of Cause at the center (blood). And when the Cause at the Center grows normal and flows normal, the infinite Variety of Effects at the surface, called disease, will wither and die, as do plants in a field when their roots have been cut in sunder.

Regardless of the kind of plants they may be, when their roots have been severed, they wither and die.

And so, the surface symptoms of sickness may be diagnoses as mumps, measles, malaria, cancer, diabetes, etc., but these disorders will disappear in time when the blood has been purified and normalized.

These are the fundamental facts of physiology and pathology that guided me

when the dying woman was entrusted to my care after the best medic in the county had asserted that she could not live.

Life is not body function as claimed by medical art, but the cause of it. And that Life Force flows freely thru the body in health, without discomfort or pain. When anything obstructs that flow, the action of Life Force is intensified, not to kill the body as medical art claims, but to save it. That is the intensification which produces discomfort and pain, termed disease, and is named according to the locale of the most noticeable symptoms.

The normal body is complete, lacking in nothing, and incapable of receiving anything from human hands, except proper care. It is self-building, self-operating, self-regulating, self-preserving, and self-repairing. All reparative power is within the body. No help, no substance, nothing is required to save or to serve the body, except to remove the obstruction responsible for the disturbed equilibrium.

The key element is the blood, as Macfadden stated. Insofar as the blood remains normal and active, all organs and tissues will remain in health. In direct ratio as the blood becomes stagnant and polluted, must all organs and tissues suffer. And that suffering is what medical art terms disease. And orthodox medical procedure is to treat and suppress the symptoms of the suffering body, while paying no attention at all to the real cause of the suffering.

The River of Red Fluid that turns the Wheels of Life is the good-health producer, the bad-health producer, and the body repairer; and these results depend upon the condition of that stream. And so, the doctor who knows the principles of creative activity, observes the following rules:

1. The duration of the body depends upon normal blood in normal flow.
2. Purification of the blood and acceleration of its flow is proper treatment of the disordered body.
3. Only the body itself makes blood and purifies it.
4. This knowledge determines the course of procedure.
5. The procedure must be natural and in accordance with the laws of Creation to produce favorable results.
6. Then no "complications" will arise, for they are the result of medical treatment and remedies.

The doctor should know and observe the fact that everything in the Universe is always governed by definite laws, with no exceptions. If we understand them and proceed accordingly, the patient is certain to recover. We can provision and predict the results of actions, reactions, and conditions. This is the great Law of Cause and Effect. "For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6:7).

The law guided me. I knew what to do and was not wandering in darkness. And so I quickly took complete charge of the situation. I had been called for that purpose. I was expected to take such action as was necessary for the good of the dying woman.

I cleared the room of relatives and friends, gathered there to see the patient die. I had closed windows opened wide to let into that sick room the great

BREATH OF LIFE that was fresh and pure, to replace the "bad air" that creates a condition in the body called "malaria," and treated by medics with poisonous drugs, while paying no attention to the condition of the air. Then I had the husband and nurse move the "dying woman" to my chiropractic table, placed where the outside air was flowing in, and lie her face down.

The husband was deeply interested and watched closely to see what a chiropractor would do to save his wife, given up to die an hour before by the medic. He moved up a chair and sat down at her head, expecting no doubt to see me perform a miracle, somewhat like the Bible describes--"the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the dead raised up" (Mat. 11:5).

I performed no miracle. But I supplied the requisite conditions for Creative Action to perform the miracle, and the miracle was accordingly performed.

I knew too much about the laws ruling the condition of the body to do what the orthodox chiropractor does. He blindly follows the teaching of the schools. I had progressed in my researches beyond that point. I did not give that "dying woman" a vigorous thrust in the back. I knew what she needed and was going to see that she got it. Her blood was polluted thru and thru by the foul air in the room, poisoned with tobacco smoke, and I was going to purge her blood of that pollution.

Watch closely and observe the simplicity of my operation: I put one of her feet high up against my breast, so the blood flow would be downward to the knee; then I slowly and deeply stroked the calf of her leg from ankle to knee, alternating from leg to leg every few minutes.

This action forced onward to the heart the stagnant, polluted blood, congesting in her lower extremities, and the heart then sent that poisoned, bluish-purple venous blood on to the lungs, for the remarkable purifying process that occurs there constantly when the Breath of Life, flowing into the lungs, is what the body needs to live. And that was the kind of air now flowing into the sick room and into the patient's lungs at each breath she took.

When I began my operation, the feeble heart had almost stopped beating, and the fading nerves were almost at the end of their work. Just a short time more and the patient would have been gone over the "dark river." I got there just in time; and my work was almost like bringing the dead back to life. She was that far gone.

I continued this work without pausing for about half an hour. And the worried husband was now thrilled with joy to see his "dying" wife showing signs of improvement so soon. That quickly did the fresh, outside Breath Of Life begin to bring into action the Life Processes of the body.

A miracle was performed by the regular work of Creation right before the astonished gaze of the now happy husband. He was so amazed that he could hardly believe what he saw with his own eyes. And to think that a chiropractor knew how to supply the conditions that would enable Creation to bring that "dying woman" back to life.

That "miracle" exposed the ignorance of the "scientific" medic, who, about an hour before, had said the woman could not live.

Behold what Creation and the Human Temple can do and will do when given the right chance by a doctor who "knows what it's all about."

But this was no surprise for me. Had the results of my work not been good, then I had been surprised. For I had for many years studied the Law of Life and had unlimited faith in the Great Power that made man, put him upon the earth, and provides everything required by the body for it to live. But the medics are not taught that great lesson in their schools.

The "dying woman" was now out of danger. I then directed the nurse to bathe her body well with cloth and warm water, drying it by vigorously rubbing with a soft towel, to cleanse and stimulate the skin, increase the circulation of the blood in the veins which lie near the surface of the body, and to hasten the elimination of toxins from the blood thru the lungs and skin pores.

The skin itself is an organ of unimaginable complexity. It covers approximately seventeen square feet of body surface. In every square inch of it there are innumerable pores, every one of which has a special office of breathing and eliminating.

Every doctor especially should know and never forget that Pope Leo X caused the death of a little child by varnishing its body all over with gold leaf. What he wanted was the image of a Seraph, both golden and alive; and the child served that purpose.

In a few hours after the pageant the child died. The dumb populace regarded the tragedy as a manifestation of God's displeasure that a human being should presume to play the immortal.

The doctors soon learned better. They found that the skin is nearly as sensitive to the condition of the air as are the lungs. But here is another vital point where medical art fails in its work.

The "dying woman" was now provided with all she needed for recovery. Fresh air, active lungs and active skin would finish the work.

As I started to leave, the husband, not so certain about the matter as I was, insisted that I stay there the rest of the night, as he had a spare bedroom I could occupy. I assured him it was not necessary; that I'd return next day about six p.m., and to 'phone me in the meantime if anything went wrong.

There was no 'phone call, and I expected none. I returned next day, at the stated time; and found the husband happy. He told me his wife had recovered to the point where he had a hard time to keep her in bed. She felt so good she wanted to get up.

Within four days the "dying woman" called at my office, to show me how well she was, and to thank me for saving her life. She died some years ago at the age of 86, outliving her husband, and outliving by 20 years the medic who gave her up to die.

That medic never spoke to me again after that humiliating event--a chiropractor saving the life of a woman after he had said she could not live.

The medics had rather bury a hillside of their victims than to have one recover under the care of a dumb, drugless doctor after they had given him up to die.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LIFE STREAM

I shall say more about the case of the dying woman and why she recovered so quickly after the smokers were driven from her room, and windows opened to let in fresh air.

Had the medic who gave her up to die known what I knew about the value of fresh air, the smokers would not have been in that sick room, the windows not closed to keep out the fresh air, and he had not given the patient up to die. For she had not been in a dying condition.

When I began to work in the field of health and life some sixty years ago, the first subject to which I devoted special attention was air and breathing.

For man can live for weeks without eating, and for days without drinking, but when he stops breathing he stops living. This fact told me that the quality of the air one breathes has a profound effect on the condition of the body.

In searching for books to learn what others had said on this vital subject, I could find none. This indicated that the doctors of the world had given almost no thought to air and breathing. The reason of that was clear--no one makes any money out of air and breathing, therefore the doctors were not interested.

This discovery intensified my searching efforts. For I saw that I had discovered practically an unexplored field. And during the next decade I wrote more about air and breathing than all the authors of the world had ever written on that vital subject.

My discoveries enabled me to write a strange story anent the Human Temple not found in books nor taught in schools. A puzzle to science, a riddle to medics, and a revelation to the brainwashed masses.

The story involves in particular the Life Stream that flows thru the body of man, concerning which I quoted Macfadden as declaring years ago:

"If one would maintain one's blood in normal condition and circulation, disease would be virtually impossible. ... You are what you are thru the influence of the blood that flows thru your body."

And here again I found science at sea. It teaches that the River Of Life is composed of what man eats and drinks. That could not be. For man must be alive before he can eat and drink; and the Bible says that it was the BREATH OF LIFE that made man a living being.

The Sanguinary Stream that turns the Wheels of Life in the Human Temple is not, was not, and could not be composed of what man eats. If it were, its composition would vary with each meal of food eaten, and its volume would suffer serious fluxation.

The stream must be constant in quality and uniform in quantity to preserve Life in the body.

This presents another surprise for scientists who consider nothing beyond

their illusionary world of materialism.

The eternal World of Radiation which was suddenly discovered by the splitting of the atom, gave physical science a serious shock. It saw the Material World dissolved into waves of vibration.

That amazing achievement changed the World of Physics to a World of Shadows, shattered the World of Physiology, exploded the theory of Nutrition, and disclosed the Real World of Radiology. And now scientists are feverishly inventing a terminology in their scheme to make the present agree with the past.

At last some of the mystery of Man was solved: His blood and his energy are not the product of what he eats and drinks. They rise from condensed Pantomorphic Radiation which fills all space and ceaselessly flows into man's lungs at every breath he takes, and is liquified into blood by Lung Action.

This Universal Essence forms galaxies, worlds, clouds, oceans, continents, mountains, rivers, forests, and everything on earth.

According to the Law of Analogy, I realize this substance also forms the Himan Temple, its fluids, flesh and bones, and the energy that imparts to it the "mode of motion" called Life.

As positive proof of the certainty of this assertion, deprive man briefly of this Electrified Radiation, in which he lives, and moves, and has his being, and he expires quickly, gasping for the Breath of Life like a helpless fish lifted from the silvery stream.

And science teaches that man is sustained and his body energized by the food he eats. Science has more discoveries to make, and medical art must make more progress.

Now for another secret of Creation: Created objects are never constituted of nor sustained by "used material." Creation never employs "second-hand" substance in any of its operations, as would be the case if man's body and blood were made of the food he eats.

Creation always uses fresh material, direct from the cosmic reservoir. And that material is Electrified Radiation.

This is not a material Universe but a Radiant Universe. Everything from galaxy to man is composed of crystallized Radiation. Our planet floats in a Sea of Radiation. Water and ice, sand and stone, trees and grass, are condensed Radiation. The lowly spider spins its delicate web of condensed Radiation.

The Human Temple, most complete and perfect organization Creation has ever produced in billions of years, elaborates its vital fluids of Radiation, employing for that purpose the world's Great Condensers, constructed by Creation for that purpose, and composed of the vast lung-area of the human thorax, consisting of approximately 750,000,000 tiny air-cells which, if spread out on a flat surface would cover a space 50 feet long by 40 feet wide.

FALLACY OF NUTRITION: - A wise doctor of long experience wrote a book titled Natural Diet of Man, copyright 1930, in which he said:

"The great mystery of nutrition is still unsolved. We can no more explain today how food material is changed into living human flesh and blood than could the lowest savage of a thousand years ago."

Fallacies are founded on the assumption and speculation and have no logical explanation. And "the great mystery of nutrition" is just another fallacy of "medical science."

Food material is never changed into living flesh and blood.

Man's body is sustained, not nourished; and the sustaining agency is the Great Aeriferous Organs that condense into blood the radiation of the Emyrean as it flows into them at each inhalation.

That scarlet fluid congeals into living flesh and bone, forming the Human Temple in which the Ancient Magi said there dwells the Spirit of the Creator (1.Cor.3:16).

This scientific expounding of Creation's Method of building and sustaining the Human Temple extends way back to the doctrine of the Ancient Magi, and exposes the medical fallacy of Nutrition, revealing the reason why man can live for weeks without eating, but stops living when he stops breathing.

The fundamental facts show that the Human Temple is a Breathing Mechanism, existing in a Sea of Electrified Radiation.

Lavoisier realized this, and said that Man is an Animate Engine, consuming Oxygen Gas as fuel, and emitting carbonic acid gas as exhaust. But the learned men of science refused to open their minds to his revelation and let it guide their reasoning to the astounding facts of Creation.

Breathing is the body's primary and principal function. All other functions are secondary and incidental, being designed to keep the body fit to perform its first function of Respiration.

Breathing is automatic, spontaneous, involuntary, and so far beyond conscious control that when asleep or unconscious from injury or other cause, man breathes deeper, better, and more rhythmically than usually when conscious and awake.

Eating and drinking are voluntary, controlled functions, and man can live for weeks without eating and for days without drinking. And compared to the lungs, the stomach is simply an expansion of the alimentary canal that extends thru the body from mouth to anus. And for aeons that now filthy, stinking tube, the present sewer of the system, existed in a clean, wholesome, dormant state, yet ever ready for service to save the body from sudden death when necessary, due to man's evil habits.

The interminable process of condensation and liquefaction, in the body's Aeriferous Organs, of Radiation as it flows into them at each inhalation, maintains perfectly the proper quantity and uniform quality of the Life Fluid that constantly courses thru the Human Temple.

Should this Creative Process ever fail, in less than three short minutes the entire economy of the Human Temple would collapse like a house of cards.

The great Emyreal Sea of Electrified Radiation in which the Earth floats, contains everything the body needs, and originally sustained it before man formed the degenerative habit of eating physical food for pleasure, as explained in our work titled The Emyreal Sea. It would sustain the body now as it did in the Golden Age had its Radiosynthetic Organs not been forced into retirement by the practice of eating and drinking--a habit that fills the body

with foreign substance that becomes rotting filth, producing tormenting pains, while sending the body to an early grave.

This solves the secret as to why certain organs in the body are atrophied and dormant. That's what happened to the Radiosynthetic Organs that formerly handled Cosmic Radiation so efficiently, that it sustained the Human Temple in vigorous health for centuries. In that glorious day of no doctors and no sickness, man had a life-span of a thousand years. The time will come when man will again enjoy that Glorious Life.

Regarding these matters Trubshaw said: "Man's body is electrical, and certain dormant glands and cellular areas which, if stimulated by magnetic force, would come into action and express powers of a so-called superhuman nature."

The degenerative-life-shortening practice of eating food for pleasure, forced the aeriferous organs into dormancy, as the body slowly adjusted its mechanism to meet the new condition--or perish. And so, instead of dropping dead in his tracks, man dies by degrees, and that slow dying process is what science calls "aging".

CHAPTER IX
BREATH OF DEATH

The Breath of Death was killing the Dying Woman and the Breath of Life halted the killing process and brought her back to health.

F. M. Rossiter, B.S., M.D., said: "Without the meeting of the air and the blood, the life of the Temple would end at once. Hence it has been so arranged that the air and the blood cannot fail to meet. When the River of Life, dark with poisons, flows from the right ventricle of the heart thru the pulmonary artery into the lungs, it always finds the air waiting in the tiny breathing rooms" (Story of the Human Body, p. 124).

The kind of air the blood finds waiting in the breathing rooms means the difference between life and death. Man knows he must breathe to live. But he seems to think the kind of air he inhales is not so important.

The Breath of Life is mentioned in the Bible (Gen. 2:7). There is also a Breath of Death. The function of Respiration is a dual process of Life and Death. Inspiration, to live, carries Life into the body. Expiration, to die, carries Death out of the body.

Like all other processes, breathing produces results according to the conditions supplied.

Inspiration may carry Life or Death into the body, depending on the KIND of air one inhales. If the air is slightly polluted, inspiration carries illness into the body. If the air is seriously polluted, inspiration carries death into the body, and man drops dead in his tracks.

A thousand persons died in less than two minutes when they inspired the poisoned air in Hitler's gas chambers in World War II. Millions of people, all over the world, are daily dying by slow degrees, in sickness, due to the evil effects of the vitiated air they inspire. And the doctors don't know it.

Man dies by degrees from inhaling polluted air that poisons the blood and fills the body with various ailments, the symptoms of which are given empty names by the medics and termed disease, to be treated and "cured" with drug poisons.

During its passage thru the lungs, the blood disposes of carbonic acid gas chiefly. This is the most common of deadly gases in the air of homes and hospitals, and yet this danger to health is completely ignored. An adult poisons nearly a barrelful of air at each expiration, charged with carbonic acid gas, and this gas has the distinction of killing quicker than any other inhaled poison--quicker than the venom of a rattler.

That's the dangerous character of the gas expired in the Breath of Death. It saturates the air of homes in winter when cold weather makes adequate ventilation impracticable, and is the cause of colds, coughing and sneezing.

This polluted air is breathed over and over, poisoning the body thru and thru, and causing people to suffer from many ailments, to "cure" which the medics administer poisonous remedies, giving no attention to the air. In fact,

fresh air is considered so dangerous that windows are closed to keep out the "deadly drafts." Yet, in those drafts the birds and beasts live in health.

Carbonic acid gas is colorless, odorless and tasteless and cannot be detected by the senses. Combined with hydrogen gas, it forms the common fire-damp that sends brave miners to their death, and is the most feared of all under-ground enemies.

When there are three parts of carbonic acid gas to 100 parts of air, man has a drowsy feeling, and this can be relieved only by fresh air. When present in the proportion of four parts to 100 parts of air, it's a fatal poison. When present in larger proportion, it's quick in action and there is no hope for recovery.

As this gas is heavy and sinks to ground level, it's often found in large quantities in wells and low lands. One author wrote:

"A man went down into a well in sight of his family. He failed to respond to their call, and they found him dead at the bottom of the well. His demise had been instantaneous."

"The gas in sewers is also due to the presence of this same poison. A man went thru a manhole into a sewer a few feet below ground level. Not returning in due time, a companion went after him. As he failed to return, a third started to enter, but was stopped by the fourth. The first two were found dead, having expired instantly by inhaling carbonic acid gas."

Many patients in hospitals develop pneumonia, especially after surgery. Their bodies are poisoned with the anesthetics administered by the nurse or surgeon to paralyze the nerve system sufficiently so the body is insensible to pain, and, in addition to this poisoning, comes the carbonic acid gas in the air the victim inhales. Lucky is he who comes out of it alive. Then he develops pneumonia and dies. But the surgery was a "success."

The human body is so perfectly equipped with the power of adaptation, that it will adjust itself in time to tolerate an atmosphere so poisonous that it would kill a vital, healthy man in a few moments if he suddenly entered it. That's the reason why men can play cards for hours with the air in the room filled with tobacco smoke.

This little-understood power of adaptation of the body to its environment was well illustrated by an experiment of Claude Bernard, but ignored by medical art.

Bernard showed that if a bird be placed under a glass-bell of such size that the bird will live in the polluted air for three hours, and is removed at the end of two hours, when it could have survived for another hour, and a fresh healthy bird is put in its place, the latter will die immediately.

That experiment demonstrated the body's power of adaptation. That is what enables poisoned man to drag out a miserable life of 50 or 60 years in an environment so thoroughly charged with polluted air, that it would quickly kill a vigorous wild Indian if he were brought in from the fresh air of the woods and hills and thrust into that environment of polluted air of civilization.

That illustrates the medical stupidity of building up the body's power to resist "disease." More ignorance and nonsense.

Due to the body's power of adaptation, people can live in polluted air and, on the surface, suffer nothing more than the various ailments called disease by the medics. And these ailments indicate to him who knows that the body is dying by inches from the effect of polluted air.

It was this knowledge which warned me why the "dying woman" was sinking into her last moments, and guided me in my work of bringing her back from the brink of the grave.

Sixty to 80 times a minute the poisonous River of Life flows from the heart to the lungs, into the millions of tiny cells that form the vast network of the meeting places for the blood and the air. The walls of the blood capillaries in the air cells are thinner than the walls of soap bubbles. Only the slightest film of porous tissue keeps the blood from seeping out in the cells.

Air once breathed is unfit to breathe again. After an apartment has been unoccupied an hour, the air in it should be as good as it was at first. Ventilation less than that is insufficient.

If the condition of the environment cannot be what it should be to correspond with a state of health, the condition of the body must be impaired to bring it down to the level of its environment.

This is accomplished by a series of ailments which lower the level of the condition of the body, and that lowering of the level is called "aging."

The condition of the body can never be better than the condition of the air oen breathes. Let no so-called food scientist fool you on that. Nor the medic, who would vaccinate you to protect you from the evils of your environment.

The Ancient Magi showed their superior wisdom also on this subject. They termed the expired air from the lungs the Black Breath of Death, and taught their disciples to visualize it as black as soot--a stream in which all the evils of mind and body, all weaknesses and infirmities, flow out of the Human Temple.

Doors and windows of homes should always be open, and bed clothes and pillows should be aired daily. How can this be done in the winter in the land of ice and snow?

By nature, man is a tropical being, and not adapted to the cold zone. He is constituted to live in the open air, with the birds and beasts. That is the law of Creation. When violated, the penalty must be paid.

Far too little is said in books concerning the kind of air we breathe. I've mentioned some of the dangers that result from inhaling carbonic acid gas, also called carbon dioxide.

City air is a deadly mixture of smoke, soot, and all kinds of fumes, including carbon monoxide gas, sulphuric acid gas, benzene, methene, sulphuric compounds, and other dangerous chemicals. And the many ailments afflicting the people as a result of breathing these poisons are treated as "disease" by the doctors, while no attention is paid to the cause.

Carbon monoxide, like carbon dioxide, is tasteless, colorless and odorless; and it takes a terrible toll of lives in cities and on highways.

Investigation reveals a concentration of 0.62 parts of carbon monoxide per 10,000 cubic centimeters of air in street level in cities of 50,000 population or more. Air containing as little as 120th of one per cent will cause headache, and 150th of one per cent may cause total collapse.

Dr. L. Burns examined blood specimens of more than 20,000 persons to determine the effect of carbon monoxide gas on the body, and said:

"Carbon monoxide gas seeps into the blood thru the lungs, and mixes with the hemoglobin to such extent, that the blood cannot perform its regular function of carrying oxygen to the cells of the body."

Scientists of Harvard, risking their lives to learn more about the effect of carbon monoxide gas, found that the average person can endure it only until the blood is one-third saturated

The danger of the gas was shown by the way it affected one of the scientists. He had just completed some tests requiring a high degree of skill and was feeling no ill effect of the gas, when he suddenly collapsed and had to be carried out into fresh air and revived.

There's no natural nor acquired immunity to the gas. Repeated exposure produces the same evil effect each time.

Many who drop dead or die suddenly, including medics, are not afflicted with heart disorder as doctors claim. The cause is polluted air.

The annual report of the Bernard Cancer Hospital asserted that city dwellers breathing polluted air, "develop lung cancer" at a rate three times greater than inhabitants of rural regions.

The Mellon Institute of Pittsburgh issued a report of a two-year study covering the dangerous effect of polluted air on human health. The report said:

"The inhalation of polluted air results in a gradual absorption by the body of all the poisonous products. The insensible intake results in a condition of slow-poisoning which insidiously eats away the vital tissues of the body."

The Chicago Health Department reported that in certain sections of that city, the sulphuric acid gas in the air rots clothes hung on wash lines, and eats away building stone and metal guttering. It also eats away the human body cell by cell. Many of the symptoms of the eating process appear as mysterious "diseases unknown to medical science"

The corrosive acids in the air affect cells and tissues in all parts of the body. They cripple the blood corpuscles so seriously that they cannot perform their normal function. That condition medical art calls "anemia."

They affect the nerves, and the resulting pains medical art calls "neuritis." As the nerves weaken, paralysis results.

They affect the cells of the muscles, producing dull pains that puzzle the medics who save-face by terming it "rheumatism."

They affect the tissues of the joints, and medical art calls it "arthritis."

They affect the tissues of the air cavities of the cranial bones, and

medical art calls it "sinusitis."

They affect the throat, and medical art calls it "laryngitis," "tonsillitis," "diphtheria," etc. Hoarseness often follows, and in time one's voice weakens and may be entirely lost.

They affect the cells of blood vessels and heart, and medical art calls it "heart disease."

They affect the cells of the lungs, and medical art calls it "tuberculosis."

They affect the cells of the pancreas, and medical art calls it "diabetes."

Names, names, names - that mean nothing except indicating the parts of the body in which degeneration is most serious and active from the action of polluted air.

Polluted air in Los Angeles is exceptionally serious. The Los Angeles Herald of a certain date said, "Heavy clouds of smoke and soot cling close to the ground, intermingled with smarting fumes that make people bleary-eyed and gasp for breath."

This dark pall of "smog" makes a ceiling over Los Angeles from 1500 to 2000 feet high. John F. Gernhardt, M.D., of Los Angeles, stated that more than 30 persons in the city died of "heart attack" in 24 hours.

FLOWING AIR--Still air, like still water, grows stale, stagnant and poisonous.

Tornados and hurricanes are natural processes of air purification. Another secret of Creation not yet discovered by science. But we discovered it and wrote about it.

I first tested the matter on poultry, and by the use of an electric fan was able to relieve in a few hours bad cases of croup and kindred respiratory ailments.

By installing the fan in the chicken house to keep the air in motion, this dissipated the foul fumes of poultry droppings, the inhalation of which makes chickens sick.

The medics go the other way. They favor still air, being careful to warn people to avoid drafts of fresh air.

I knew the same law that applies to chickens also applies to humanity. And so, in my sanitarium I installed electric fans and ventilators to keep the air in motion, driving out stale air and drawing in fresh air.

Most hospitals, homes and bed-rooms are filled with stale air, unfit to breathe. People observe the advice of medics and keep windows closed to shut out those "deadly drafts" of fresh air.

Even the gases and vapors given off by the body are poisonous and pollute the air. When the facts are known, it's easy to understand why people get out of bed in the morning with colds, sore throat and other disorders. They blame the weather; so do the medics. But it does not affect the birds and beasts.

The student should read my work The Breath Of Life and the Flame Divine.

CHAPTER X

BREATH OF LIFE

To stay the Breath is to stop the Life. Man can live for weeks without eating, and for days without drinking, but he stops living when he stops breathing. And physical science says eating is what sustains Life.

Breathing is the most vital function of the body. The lungs are the largest and most vital organs of the body. And so lightly has medical science regarded this Life Function, that nothing of interest appears in medical literature relative to air and breathing until the time of Aristotle (384-322 B.C.) And he knew so little about the purpose of breathing, that he said breathing was "to draw air into the body to cool the blood."

Then five hundred long years passed before the stupid Galenic theory was spawned (131-210 A.D.), that "Air introduced into the body by breathing served to regulate, to maintain, to temper, and to refrigerate the heat of the heart."

And there the purpose of respiration rested for nearly fifteen hundred years. The medics believed the mystery of breathing had been solved. And it was not until 1668 that the great Life Function of the organism received further attention.

There's no way to make money on air and breathing, so why waste time on something that drags in no dollars?

Then came John Mayow (1643-1679), an English chemist and physiologist, and he shocked medical science by announcing the discovery in air of an element he called Spiritual Nitro-aereus. He said:

"In respiration an aerial something essential to Life passes into the blood (from the air in the lungs). These vital particles (unknown to him), having been extracted by the blood from the air, the air expelled by the lungs is unfit to breathe again."

Before that medical science had regarded air as a simple element, containing nothing of value to the living organism. And that was the state of medical knowledge concerning the Great Life Function of the organism less than three centuries ago.

Mayow's discovery was so lightly regarded by the medics, that it was entirely ignored. The secret of Life, of Living, lay exposed before the Holy Medical Hierarchy, and yet received no attention.

In 1766 Joseph Priestly re-discovered Mayow's Nitro-aereus. In his research in "pneumatic chemistry" he isolated a gas he termed Oxygen.

Just two centuries ago was born the Oxygen theory of modern times. Priestly asserted that air is a complex mixture of gases, and is not a simple element as science believed.

He termed Oxygen "dephlogisticated air." Scheele called it Empyrean Air.

Then in 1782 came Lavoisier, a French chemist, and he showed that Mayow's Nitro-aereus was Oxygen, thus revealing more knowledge relative to the Life

Function, but still failing to discover the vital importance of Respiration.

In 1784 Henry Cavendish discovered the mysterious process by which the lungs produce blood by condensing air; but he did not know it; nor is it known to medical science unto this day. That story the reader will find in our work entitled *The Empyrean Sea*.

Cavendish produced water by exploding a mixture of hydrogen gas and oxygen gas. But he never dreamed that he had thus uncovered the secret of Creation's process of producing the Sanguinary Stream that turns the Wheels of Life in the Human Temple.

And medical science still believes and teaches that the blood of the body is the product of what man eats and drinks.

William Prout (1785-1850) an English physician, was the first in modern times to divine the elemental gases from which he said all other substances are constituted. But medical science disregarded his findings.

Only a century ago medical art regarded air as dangerous to the sick. When the wise medic arrived to save the life of a patient, after a quick examination of the patient, he ordered windows closed and fastened down, and all cracks plugged with cotton to keep out the "deadly air". He also had heavy blankets hung around the bed so as little air as possible could contact the patient.

Under such conditions it's surprising more of the victims did not die. Prof. Alonzo Clark, of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, said:

"Physicians have hurried to the grave thousands who would have recovered had they been left to nature" (Densmore, p. 205).

It took Dr. Bremer of Germany over half a century to convince medical science that air is good for the sick. But the doctors of America were determined not to let him have the honor of that "discovery." They sent one of their leading lights into the New York mountains on a "fishing trip," and he "discovered" that air is not dangerous. He said it was actually beneficial for the sick.

As there's no way to make money out of air and breathing in treating the sick, another century went by before medical science regarded air sufficiently important to Life to make a special study of it.

In 1924, for the first time, a group of physicians, working at the St. Louis Infirmary in connection with the Washington University, decided from their studies of 1000 persons, that better health and longer life for the middle aged "may be achieved by maintaining the proper level of oxygen consumption in the body."

Had some drug been the subject of that discovery, it would have been blared and blazoned far and wide.

At long last medical science found it worth while to know a little about air and breathing. But the knowledge arrived too late. Text-books had been written and medical dogmas were settled and fixed. The body is sustained by what man eats and drinks, and air has little relation to the matter.

We have expounded in *The Empyrean Sea* that the Human Temple elaborates its

vital fluids from Cosmic Radiation, employing for that purpose the world's Great Condensers, perfected by Creation for that work, and composed of the vast lung-area of the human thorax, consisting of approximately 750,000,000 tiny air cells which, if spread out on a flat surface, would cover a space 50 feet long by 40 feet wide.

The living organism is sustained, not nourished, by the work of the Great Aeriferous Organs, which condense into blood the Radiation of the Empyrean as it flows into them at each inhalation.

That scarlet fluid congeals into living flesh and bone, forming and sustaining the Human Temple in which there dwells the Living Spirit of the Universe according to the Bible (1 Cor.3:16, etc.).

This is the ancient expounding of Creation's method in building and sustaining the human body. And this knowledge exposes the fallacy of Nutrition. It reveals the reason why man can live for weeks without eating, but stops living when he stops breathing.

Lavoisier realized that man is a Breathing Mechanism. He said that man is an Animate Engine, consuming Oxygen Gas as fuel, and emitting Carbonic Acid Gas as exhaust.

But the learned men of science had previously adopted a different postulate, and refused to admit their error by letting Lavoisier's revelation guide their reasoning in this instance.

Breathing is the body's primary and principal function. All other functions are secondary and incidental, their purpose being to keep the body fit to perform its first function of Respiration.

Breathing is automatic, spontaneous, involuntary, and so far beyond conscious control, that when asleep or unconscious from injury or other causes, man breathes better, deeper, and more rhythmically than usually when conscious and awake.

The interminable process of condensation and liquefaction, in the body's Aeriferous Organs, of Cosmic Radiation as it flows into them at each inhalation, maintains perfectly the proper quantity and uniform quality of the Life Fluid that constantly courses thru the Human Temple.

When this Creative Process fails, in less than three short minutes the entire economy of the body collapses like a house of cards.

The heart plays second fiddle to the lungs. They consume 777,000 cubic inches of air per day, purify 125 barrels of blood each 24 hours, and eliminate enough poison daily to kill 12 huge elephants.

CHAPTER XI

LIVE FOOD

One author said, "Live food for live people."

In these later years of my writing on health and longevity, I seldom mention food and feeding, largely because of the many books on the subject by authors who seem to think that food is the beginning and ending of healthful living.

The fact appears to escape their minds that man can live for weeks without eating, and for days without drinking, but stops living when he stops breathing. This makes fresh air in circulation the primal requisite of living beings.

I take notice of the matter of food now because of an exceptional article in a publication that came to my desk. It says that the secret of Life, the great mystery, abides in every seed. The powers and possible future of the essence of each seed is amazing. Tiny living plants can split rocks and literally move mountains.

Life not only begets Life but also sustains Life. Nothing alive can come into existence except from something alive; and living forms cannot continue long without at least some living food.

However, at this point I invite attention to my great work titled *The Empyrean Sea*, which shows that man appears to be an exception to this rule, and lived exclusively on air until long ages of eating for pleasure caused such adjustment in the organs of his body, in order to save him from dropping dead in his tracks as a result of eating food, that the time came when eating became a necessity.

All cooked and heated substances are dead and in the first stage of decay. They are unfit for food, and yet they constitute most of what civilized man eats. A test showed that if man ate nothing else but cooked and dead food, he would die in less than two years, as I explained in *The Empyrean Sea*. It's the little raw food man eats now and then that keeps him alive during his greatly decreased life-span, resulting from evil environment and evil habits.

One splendid source of live food, says the story, is the sprouts of seeds. The sprouts are "loaded" with life. But some are not palatable and are not practical as food. Others are excellent and may be eaten in various ways.

The story says to soak soy beans overnight in clean water; then spread them out on a plastic screen or cloth; keep well moist and in the dark. Four to five times a day flush them with clean water.

Tiny sprouts soon show and grow from two to four inches long in 72 hours. One cup of these sprouts is equal in food value to a dozen glasses of orange juice. And the sprouts are alive and growing until eaten, provided of course they are not cooked nor heated.

By de-sprouting the beans and using the sprouts as indicated, the ground up beans make good bread when mixed with whole wheat flour. But, says I, this goes right back to cooked, heated, and dead food, which I condemn.

What is said of soy beans applies as well to corn, wheat, peas, and all kinds of seed.

Comment by Hotema: I've no objection to offer to this story, except as above stated. And I've never prepared food as directed.

In my opinion far too much fuss is made about food and feeding. Consider the millions of animals that live in good health all their days, and eat nothing but grass and green leaves. In the next chapter appears the case of a man who lived on grass.

The fruit of the bush, tree and vine is far superior to grass as food. It's the product of the growing effort of every plant, and in which is accumulated and stored the substance of that growing effort covering many days. And I remember when medical art in its great wisdom some sixty years ago, regarded all fruit as just a luxury and not a staple substance of food for man.

Even the Bible's first reference to man's food directs him to the herbs and fruits in these words:

"I (Creation) have given you (man) every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat" (food) (1 Gen. 1:29).

And consider the wonderful fluid in all herbs and fruits, especially the watermelon, filled with fluid distilled by Creative Action. Ask science whence comes that fluid, and you'll get an answer based on assumption and speculation, not on true facts.

Science has not yet discovered that the fluid in all living bodies, trees, herbs, animal organisms and the Human Temple, emanates from the giant ocean of Cosmic Radiation in which the earth floats, as expounded in my great work titled The Empyrean Sea, published by Health Research, and which the reader should study.

The oceans of the globe, the rivers of the earth, the water that falls from the clouds, are all formed of Condensed Radiation. They emerge from the air and they return to the air under the application of a certain degree of heat.

That's another great discovery science will make some day. And then all the text-books will have to be re-written. The present text-books used in the schools fall far short of teaching the true facts. That's another discovery I made in my researching.

CHAPTER XII

LAWYER SUBSISTS ON GRASS

More than forty years ago I published a monthly health magazine, observing the laws of Creation as my guide.

I saw the cosmically controlled bugs and birds subsisted on uncooked and unseasoned food products just as produced by Creation. This fact caused me to realize that man should do the same, for he was subject to the laws of Creation fully as much as were all other living creatures.

Some of my readers actually did their own thinking, and they saw that I was right. They adopted a diet of uncooked and unseasoned food, and were rewarded with improved health that filled them with joy.

One of these in particular was a London lawyer. He was so highly elated with the good results of subsisting on uncooked and unseasoned foods, that he wrote a book of 20 pages on the subject, sending me a copy of it in 1940.

The title of the work is "Eating For Victory" and the author's name and address were J. R. B. Branson, 105 Westbury Court, London, S.W. 4. On the first page he said:

"Not only has my experiment (on raw food) maintained me in perfect health, but it has actually enhanced my activity, my vitality, my vigor, and my enthusiasm for living. In fact, it has gone far further, and at the age of 67 had produced a surprising rejuvenation, accompanied with astonishing powers of endurance."

Barrister Branson said he was born in India Nov. 9, 1862. He died in 1956 at the age of 94.

He went to London for his education, graduated in law, and held several political offices. He was a man of broad vision, backed up by actual experience in several fields of activity. He said:

"In 1926, at the age of 64, I moved to London to study and write."

Fourteen years later he published the results of his experience regarding Raw Grass as food. He saw that millions of animals live in good health on a diet of grass, and believed that man could do the same. He said:

"I was moved by two incentives to experiment in the use of grass as food for man. One, hoping to find ... a food stuff that was both cheap and universally available. The other, an ambition to discover a means of sustenance that would enable me to support my own life without having, for that purpose, to rob other living creatures of their lives.

"An experience which extended over 22 years in breeding horses and cattle, had proved to me that grass is not only a complete and balanced food-ration for all stock, but that it is capable of being assimilated by animals without expensive and laborious processes involved in cooking.

"Horses thrive on grass; and there's no animal more full of energy than a horse. Milch-cows do the same. And however much one might feed one's cows

during Winter on commercial concentrated and artificial foodstuffs, with the first flush of Spring-grass, up went the milk yield, and down came the cost of production.

"For many years my 'Vision Glorious' has been on a world from which odorous and unsightly fish-mongers' shops, butcher shops and poultry stalls have vanished -- to be replaced by wonderful expanses of green meadows, recreation grounds and playing fields, interspersed with flower gardens and orchards. Yea, and all besprinkled with the smiling faces of joyous laughter and happy Re-Creators--men, women and children--all enjoying those sports and games which produce health and happiness and for sporting instincts, friendship and good company. ...

"If the service of man to his body were reduced to the mere provision of a sufficiency for the maintenance of the living organism, and that, on those products of the soil which man can consume directly from the soil, and without cooking and seasoning, the greater part of the arduous toil of man, and of the busy, often overworked housewife, would be eliminated, and time and energy be available for the enjoyment of life and the development of the mind; and for sports; and for pastimes, and for recreation.

"My researches into the past have revealed that there did once exist, at the commencement of our era, in the region between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, a Settlement of Pythagorean philosophers (led by Apollonius) who had adopted this happy, healthy, care-free mode of living, and they subsisted on the products of the soil in their natural state.

"These people were called Essenes. It was a brotherhood that had abnegated the use of any food which necessitated the taking of life; had abnegated everything that was conducive to, or in any way connected with war or strife, and who devoted themselves entirely to agriculture, and the arts of peace, and had all things on common; finding their self-expression in joyous devotion to useful labor and in the service of others. A sect that had not only found joyous contentment in that way of living, but a mode of living that made them friends to all the world.

"That sect, I learned from Josephus, made a custom of eating grass as part of a purely vegetarian diet. They are said to have been healthy and long-lived; to have been most deeply and universally respected; and to have been trusted by all others.

(Note by Hotema: The leader of this group was Apollonius, and his history we have related in our work titled MYSTERY MAN OF THE BIBLE, published by and sold by Health Research).

"Admission to this brotherhood was open to members of all nations, irrespective of origin. But admission was strictly dependent upon the character and disposition of the aspirant to membership, and his ability to tolerate the disciplinary tests provided in initiation.

"This sect is recorded to have been the most pious and holy sect the world had ever known. But their religion, if it may be called such, was a religion of intellect and not of the emotions. Nor did they attend at emotional congregational worship in temples; nor did they sacrifice animals to the gods; nor did they preach or proselytise; but they accepted and taught the children of others.

"To that sect, I'm convinced from my long researches, the gospel Jesus

belonged. His garment, woven in one piece, was the one garment worn by every member of the sect. By reason of this unusual form of dress, they were so readily recognized that the Eastern Gate of Jerusalem, which was the gate thru which they used to enter and leave, was called the Gate of the Essenes.....

"I do not claim I have eliminated from my diet all other ingredients but grass. Nor do I suggest it is necessary to abstain from other vegetable foods or to be ascetic. But I'm using more and more grass as I grow more used to it.

"And one of the interesting facts I discovered is, that during the Boer War, the garrison at Potchesfstrom was able to hold out as long as it did by reason of the fact that the men added to their exiguous rations, the grass they were able to cut within the confines of their encampment.

"When I laid my proposals with regard to the use of grass as an article of human food, before the Minister of Health, he was most discouraging and disgusting in his attitude, and, in the face of his discouragement, I decided not to venture on any publicity until by protracted experiments I should have found, that no untoward results supervened. I therefore simply 'plowed a lone furrow, experimenting on myself.

"The results I achieved were extremely gratifying. And consequently when at the beginning of this year, by the courtesy of a friend, I was made aware of the fact that Mr. E. B. Hart and other research workers in America, had found that extraordinary results could be obtained by adding a modicum (moderate amount) of grass juice to the rations of rats, which were being experimentally fed on milk from stall-fed cows.

"I felt in duty bound to endeavor to lay the results of my experiments before as wide a public attention as possible. What moved me particularly to this desire for wide publicity was the thought of the thousands of homeless and distressed refugees who, owing to the fortunes of war and to the outrageousness of dictators, had been driven from their homes, both on the Continent and in far-off China; and must be suffering grievous hardships owing to the lack of their natural food supplies.

"By the courtesy of the Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., I was put into possession of a reprint of a paper which their chief research worker, Dr. R. E. Slade, had read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science in which he said, that the original source of all humanal and animal energy is Solar Radiation, which is absorbed by plant life and stored--in the first instance in the leaf; and that it is only when the plant begins to ripen that the carbohydrates change into cellulose and the protein moves from the leaf to the fiber and the seed.

"Dr. Slade declared that if mankind could be induced to consume food in the form of grass leaf, we could support four or five times as many people per acre as we do under present conditions; and would support the whole of the population of our country on home-grown produce.

"Dr. Slade closed his paper with these words: 'The problem to be solved is the preparation of the food.'

"The problem which confronted Dr. Slade had been solved so far as I was concerned. And the solution is absolutely simple.

"My entire effort has been to establish experimentally the fact that humanity can live, in part at any rate, on grass as millions of animals do. And so

far as the elaboration of that idea in the shape of dainty, attractive dishes is concerned, the whole field of exploration is open to the world.

"I can only say this: By devoting attention to the careful drying of grass into hay, I've been able so to dry it artificially that when I was eating my repast consisting of hay with other ingredients, I appeared to myself to be eating the most delightful meal, which was pervaded by the taste and aroma of new-mown hay.

"In like manner, by cutting up and mixing with freshly-cut grass, the petals of roses, lettuce leaves and fruit, and adding sugar to suit the taste, I've been able to make myself most delicious salads. I have also been able, by adding cut-up rose leaves to a salad which consisted of fresh grass, rolled oats, sugar and half an ounce of currants, to produce a meal which gave me the sense that I was enjoying a repast which had the taste and aroma of fresh Lee-chees, an eastern fruit of the most delicate and delicious flavor.

"In addition to this, by mixing with grass either fresh or dried rolled oats, with tomato and lettuce, I've given myself a repast which is both appetizing and satisfying and, at the same time, very inexpensive.

"In the Winter, I've mixed with my dried grass, rolled oats and grated carrot and grated beets, both uncooked, adding sugar and currants or sultanas, according as I felt inclined, or apple or orange.

"Hitherto, I've had neither facilities nor time to permit of my making extensive experiments as to the type of grass to use. I've simply used grass off my lawn. I've also made a point of using dandelion leaves as the main constituent of my meals; also the leaves of yarrow, including the clovers and alfalfa. These need to be cut up for comfortable eating, unless very young and tender, as the stems are apt to be stringy.

"I've lived for many years in intimate association with my horses and ponies; and have found them ready to eat almost any grass; nor have I in all my years of experience had an instance where I came to the conclusion that an animal had suffered from the type of grass it ate.

"Spring grass has the ability to scour out the intestines of horses and cattle. Its laxative qualities should not be overlooked. The only warning that my own experience makes me wish to convey to those who may be inclined to follow my lead in the use of grass as food, is that they mix a little bran with the grass until their bodies have become adapted to the gentle scouring process.

"With that exception, I've had no untoward results from the use of grass as food. On the other hand, I've become rejuvenated both in mind and body to a far greater extent than I anticipated would be possible. I'm never sick any more, never take any medicine, am full of vigor and enthusiasm, and, particularly, very untiring. At the age of 68 my pulse is 75 and blood-pressure 110. My respiration is absolutely free and my wind, when running, is extremely good.

"Eating fresh green grass and fruit with the petals of flowers are merely incentives which I suggest toward the expression of that self in terms of beauty, of delicacy and of refinement.

"Fruits, flowers, grass and some cereals in the place of flesh, fish, fowl --all slaughtered, dismembered and camouflaged by cooking and seasoning further to camouflage and stimulate the appetite. These latter seem to bind man's conception of the earth: The former, to raise one's thoughts beyond the stars.

"I regard the adoption of a purely uncooked vegetarian diet, with grass, as one of the main constituents as being in the nature of dumb-bell exercises conducive to the growth of creative control.

"From actual experience I've found that I can live for days on nothing but grass mowings and sugar. What is still more surprising, I can eat the grass better without my false teeth, just mumbling it to mix it with plenty of saliva. I find that I digest it excellently without chewing."

And thus ends the interesting pamphlet by this thinking man who, finding the average person skeptical of his early opinions, became his own guinea-pig and proved on himself that grass, without designating any special variety, is more than suitable for man's diet.

A SICK DOCTOR

I shall now relate another interesting story to show what unseasoned and uncooked food will do for the body.

In No. 2, Vol. 3 of a publication called The Analyst, in October-1960, appeared a remarkable story of a sick doctor, at the age of 56, who recovered his health by eating uncooked food and lived more than 100 years. I present the story as follows:

"Years ago this writer (editor of the Analyst) had the pleasure of meeting a doctor who was then 100 years old, and for the next four years enjoyed the close companionship of him.

"At the age of 56 this man, a doctor, had developed tuberculosis which destroyed one of his lungs. His teeth had decayed and he wore plates. He was blind in one eye and wore glasses. His hearing was badly impaired, and he was suffering from cancer and partial paralysis."

Let me pause a minute and think about this physician. Consider his condition. What did his knowledge of medicine do for him? If the knowledge of medicine is what the world believes it is, this physician, at his age, should have been in excellent health. And did medicine get him well? Read on and see.

"This doctor had been a greatly admired and successful physician and surgeon in Boston. But his disordered body confined him to his bed. Sympathetic friends chipped in to raise a fund to send him out to Colorado to rest out his remaining years.

"He had enough money to carry on for almost a year. So he secured a shack in the country within walking distance of a suburban grocery. He was weak, and emaciated, and alone with his thoughts and a desire to live.

"The food he bought he did not bother to prepare or cook. In time his funds ran out, and in the early dawn he resorted to invading neighboring truck gardens, to pull up carrots, beets, spinach, lettuce, tomatoes, and whatever growing food he could find.

"Returning to his shack, he was too exhausted to eat, so he dropped his take by his bed and slept. Awakened, he satisfied his hunger by munching on beet and carrot tops and other things until the pain of chewing with false teeth became too great to bear.

"In time his condition improved and he grew stronger, carefully making a record of his foraging, determined that somehow, sometime, he would return to practice and pay his debt.

"As time went on, he recovered and resumed his practice. But he never altered his new eating habits which circumstances had forced him to adopt.

"At the age of 100 he was an excellent specimen of vigor and health. Every tooth in his mouth was one that his body had grown, and he used them to crack nuts that others would use a hammer to crack. His eyesight was good, he wore no glasses, his hearing was acute; his strength was phenomenal, and his skin was youthful in appearance. He married when he was 100."

As I read of cases like that, I learn how man has degenerated just by eating cooked and seasoned food. To learn more about that particular subject, the student should read our exceptional work titled "The Empyrean Sea".

Think how easy it would be for man to live 100 and 150 years just by knowing how to do it and pursuing the course that leads one to the desired goal.

But first of all, he would have to get out of the polluted air of this corruptible civilization.

CHAPTER XIII

SALT EATING DANGEROUS

When did any doctor ever tell a patient that salt eating is dangerous? In Collier's of Nov. 26, 1954, J. D. Ratcliff wrote: "Body Fluids - A Major Medical Problem."

Under that headline he said: "This year some 200,000 Americans will drown - not in oceans, streams nor pools, but in their own body fluids. The cause is often congestive heart failure, as big a killer as cancer."

He says that congestive heart failure is often the cause of excess fluids in the body, because -

"When diseased hearts are unable to pump enough blood to the kidneys, those organs fail to excrete the body's surplus fluid and it congests tissues, feet, legs, and ankles swell with retained water; a gallon or more may accumulate in the abdomen or chest."

This statement leads the layman to believe that blood from the heart goes directly to the kidneys as it does to the lungs. Such is not the case.

All blood from the heart, except that which goes to the lungs, leaves the left ventricle of the heart thru the great aorta, main trunk of the body's blood system. Then thru its many branches the blood is distributed to the entire body, the kidneys receiving their supply thru branches from the aorta termed renal arteries.

To increase the blood flow to the kidneys requires an increase in the general blood flow thru the aorta to all parts of the body, as occurs in vigorous exercise.

Ratcliff believes in the exploded medical theory that the heart is a pump. It is a valve, not a pump. It is the great central valve of the blood vascular system, regulating the blood flow, not pumping blood.

Then he lets the cat out of the bag. The accumulation of excess water in the body is not due to "diseased hearts." It is due to salt eating.

He says: "An ounce of salt in the body will seize and hold three quarts of water."

If salt eating is responsible for excess fluids in the body, if salt eating is the reason why "this year some 200,000 Americans will drown . . . in their own body fluids," what is the remedy? Stop eating salt.

Ratcliff is careful to see that the doctors are needed. He does admit that "low salt diet helps," but says:

"In the fight against water death, doctors today rely mainly on kidney-stimulating drugs. A new drug of this type, Diamox, is already being ranked as a major medical discovery."

There it is - pure medical propaganda. The purpose of the story is just to promote this "major medical discovery."

Why not correct the condition by not eating salt? That would leave no place for doctors and Diamox.

BACK TO NATURE

In his "Back to Nature" magazine in 1936, Dr. St. Louis Estes, frequently called the "Raw Food King" said so much against "Salt-The Death Dealer," that his article was reprinted in the May 1937 issue of "How To Live" magazine.

In the article was quoted a letter from a wise naturopath, giving his observations of salt eating. He had a patient suffering from Bright's disease, and upon examination, he found there was a small excretion of salt.

It was not the case of salt seizing and holding the water, as stated by Ratcliff. It was the body's demand for water to lessen the irritating effect of the salt. It was the tissues of the body holding the salt.

The patient was in the dropsical condition so typical of this disorder in advanced stages. So he placed the patient on a salt free diet. In three days the dropsy disappeared.

To be sure of his ground, he tried this three times, with the same result. Each time the patient was given salt, the dropsy returned; and each time the salt was withheld, the dropsy disappeared.

Dr. G. J. Drew, another "raw food king" of the 1930s wrote:

"Salt is so stable that it is not dissolved and utilized by the body. It is ingested as salt and excreted as salt.

"As the salt is absorbed by the body cells, they contract from the irritation, and discharge their precious albumen and other vital elements. This causes hardened tissues, shriveled blood corpuscles, hardened blood vessels, arthritis, and produces the state called old age." (Unfired Foods).

Hal Beiler, M.D., said: "In the days of our forefathers, salt solution was used as an embalming fluid. The ancient Egyptians used salt oils and spices in their mummy wrappings.

"Today we mummify the living with salad dressings made of salt, oils and spices, and see them walking the streets. Their dry skin, shrunken bodies, and enervation bespeak of hardened blood vessels, livers, kidneys and muscles.

"I often wonder why it is necessary to embalm such bodies after death. They are already pickled to the gills." (Philosophy of Health).

Most primitive people, in their natural state, use no salt. Bartholomew found Chinese of the interior ate no salt. Dr. Benjamin Rush found the American Indians never ate salt when discovered by the white man.

Stomach ulcers and some cases of blindness are due to salt. Glaucoma is one of the most prevalent and serious of eye ailments, causing about one in eight cases of blindness.

In the normal eye a thick fluid flows into and out of the eye at a constant rate. In glaucoma, exit channels for the fluid become blocked by a waterlogged state of the body. Internal pressures rise. Vision becomes distorted, a rainbow halo appears around lights. If not relieved, the pressure

continues to rise, eventually producing much pain. In time the optic nerve terminals are destroyed and blindness follows, due to salt eating.

Mr. A. age 39, paralyzed from waist down, limbs emaciated, was given up to die by the best doctors. He used salt freely. It was impossible to move the muscles of his limbs. A wise naturopath had all salt removed from his food, and at the end of four days he could move the muscles of his toes.

Mrs. B. age 50, was unconscious for three days from uremic poisoning; was told by three physicians that she would die of Bright's disease. A wise naturopath had all salt removed from her food, and she recovered health.

Thousands of cases could be cited where the sick recovered health by simply living on a salt-free diet.

Sodium chloride (salt) conceals itself in the cells and tissues like a thief in the night, and irritation begins that calls for water.

This eventually produces hyperesthesia of the nerves, deterioration and hardening of blood capillaries, blood vessels, high blood pressure, all forms of growths, including cancer and tumor, arthritis, psoriasis, neuritis, valvular leakage of heart, defective hearing and eyesight, and is in fact the root of many ailments.

Ratcliff's 200,000 a year who drown in their own body fluids, can thank their salt-eating habit for that.

The basic cause is not congestive heart failure, as claimed by Ratcliff. It is the result of salt-eating.

Frederick Hoelzel, after years of experimentation, declared that the cause of mental and physical deficiency is due mainly to a "retention of salt and water in the body."

He relates in his book, "Devotion to Nutrition" that his experiments showed that salt eating, with the retention in the body of salt and water, impairs the body's functions.

Many people suffer from "hidden edema," due to salt. The most common symptom of this condition is a swelling of the ankles. Hoelzel showed that the cause is salt eating. He also showed that "salt retention, hypersensitivity of the skin, thickened skin folds and fat deposits are interrelated."

An item in the press of June 27, 1966, stated that Dr. L. E. Gaul of the Indiana Med. Assn., reported that salt is one cause of acne. He put patients on a salt-free diet and "the acne bumps disappeared within three to four weeks."

The Indians in this country used no salt on their food before they learned the bad habit from the white man. The natives in the Philippines in the area where I was, knew nothing about putting salt on food and never used it.

I've put no salt on my food since I was 10 years old.

EPILOGUE

As requested by my publisher and by many of my disciples, I've written the little story HOW I LIVED TO BE 90, holding nothing back intentionally.

If I told it all, I'd simply repeat much that Health Research has published of my writings in the last decade.

I've been a professional writer in this field for half a century, founding my own monthly magazine in 1924, titled How To Live For Health & Strength, and published it for 21 years.

When I began this work, I was naturally so credulous as to believe that the world wanted health and long-life, and would welcome the health knowledge I had to impart, based on the laws of Creation; and that within a few years I could convert a million intelligent people to my healthful, unorthodox regime.

I was badly and sadly mistaken. I found that people are not considering the simple laws of Creation, understood and followed by the little bugs and birds; but are looking for secrets and mystery, and rejecting most all that is simple and natural. Only a few of the more intelligent are as wise as the little bugs and birds.

I found in my investigations that at no time in the world history of humanity, has the gullible masses ever been willing to concede that their ailments and early death are the result of their own evil work. They want to think that some mysterious entity, beyond their control, is the guilty culprit.

That was what led to the birth of medicine; and that's why medical art slyly comes up with germs, viruses, "attacks of this and that" and "unknown causes."

The Christians claim they believe in the Bible. It clearly states that we reap as we sow. But when the Christians sow the wind the the whirl-wind hits them as a result of their own evil work, they don't trust Creation, but run to doctors for help.

Watch them drink and eat substances that even a dog would hardly touch. Then for the damage their poor stomach suffers, they take drug poisons to kill the friendly pain that tells them in the only way it can, to stop abusing their body. They refuse to heed the friendly message, and paralyze with drug-poison the innocent sender of that vital warning.

Then in this corruptible civilization there comes the fraudulent story of those deceitful organizations and institutions that live and thrive on human misery. They teach the mind-conditioned, brain-washed masses that their pains indicate a weak stomach, and it needs the aid of "wonder drugs."

Yes - that weak stomach should be galvanized or steel-lined so it will stand up and not complain of the damage it suffers from the rotten stuff and poisonous seasonings that people eat, and the harmful liquids they drink.

The matter should be referred to Creation, or to God if you prefer, and an urgent request made that the body be built of tougher material, so it will take without complaining the abuse to which it is almost constantly and daily subjected.

The whole job of so-called medical research is devoted to that sly trick-of searching for some way to immunize the Human Temple so it will keep going, without suffering any discomfort or injury from man's evil work, and the polluted environment which he has built in his "progress."

And that sly scheme will continue as long as it makes millions of dollars for those who promote it.

The great doctors of the world know the medical theory of immunization and contagious diseases is as false as false can be. But they dare not speak out; and as long as the practice makes money for those who sponsor it, and people can be persuaded to believe in it, there will be no change.

The glorious Human Temple, the earthly castle of the Holy Spirit, the greatest organization in the Universe, constituted of trillions of immortal cells, with wisdom that has prevailed since the beginning of everlasting time.

It's reasonable and logical, it's even scientific, to assume that this Holy Temple was originally made to outlive all other creatures on earth. And it did thousands of years ago, according to ancient tradition.

We are here because the cells that make us, with their accumulation of wisdom of billions of years, made the right decision and knew their work. They know just what to do for us, and do it perfectly when given a chance. But the schools, the books, and the doctors, do not teach that wise philosophy.

I have never been sick, and man should never be sick, and would never be sick if he lived in harmony with the laws of Creation, as do the bugs and birds.

And when he is sick, due to his evil work, if he would abstain from food and rest his body, as the bugs and birds do, instead of running to doctors and taking their dope called medicine, the cells of his body, made sick by his evil work, would recover their natural equilibrium and become well.

But stupid man has been deceived by the schools, the books, the doctors and what the world proclaims as "progress." And behold what all this has done for him. Reduced his life-span from thousands of years to the point where he is now regarded as a super-man if he lives to be 90.

And as a result of that "progress," man is rushing to the grave in a most troubled state.

If doctors and drugs helped the suffering sick, there'd be less sickness, hospitals would become useless, and no more would be built.

But the situation is just the reverse--there's a shortage of hospital beds, of hospitals, and of nurses.

Doctors claim great power for their drugs. But these drugs are actually powerless in themselves. If they were placed on a shelf in the drug-store and had the power the doctors claim they have, they'd blow their top, and the ceiling, the roof, and cause the building to explode. But these drugs would remain on that shelf until the end of time, or until the building crumbled into ruin.

It's not the drugs but the Human Temple that possesses the power of action. And the more violent it acts, the more poisonous is the drug, and the greater the danger to the body, causing the body to act violently to case out the drug and save itself.

It seems so strange and illogical that people shirk the responsibility due their own body. Why do they expect another human being, in exactly the same boat they are in, to assume the responsibility of keeping in order the Temple entrusted to their care by Creation?

How stupid can people be? Expecting another human being to be paid in money to fix and keep in order the Holy Temple of Mind and Spirit, while they treat it like a garbage can.

When I was young in years it seems I was different from the common run of the mill. What I saw caused me to think, and my thinking constrained me to respect the laws of Creation, and to learn the great lesson of health and life from the cosmically controlled bugs and birds.

I saw they had no sickness, no doctors, no drugs, and no hospitals. Why? Because Cosmic Consciousness guides them thru life, and they live in harmony with the laws of Creation. And why are these laws not taught in the schools? I had to learn them by going to the bugs and birds.

I made it my duty and my goal to try to live as nearly as I could in accordance with the Laws of the Great Power that made me and put me here, and disregarded the teachings of the schools.

I put myself in Gear with the Cosmic Machine that rules the Destiny of all living things, have had splendid health all my days, have lived to be 90 years old, and find it hard to believe I'm that old.

My physical condition is so good that I get around like I did when I was forty, wear no glasses, have but a few wrinkles in my face, and in a recent test to see what I could do, I walked ten miles in 130 minutes, was not tired at the end of the hike, and felt like I could have walked another ten miles.

My army field notes I kept when I was a soldier in the Philippines, contain this entry I made October 20, 1900: "I was in a detachment sent today to Sabang Boat Dock for guard duty. Feel fine."

That entry was made after we had fought the Insurgents for ten months, and had hiked hundreds of miles thru jungles, over hills, forded streams, and had hiked hundreds of miles thru jungles, over hills, forded streams, searching for Insurgents, and we often ran out of food and had nothing to eat for a couple of days. And during that time, nearly every man in my company had been in the hospital for various reasons.

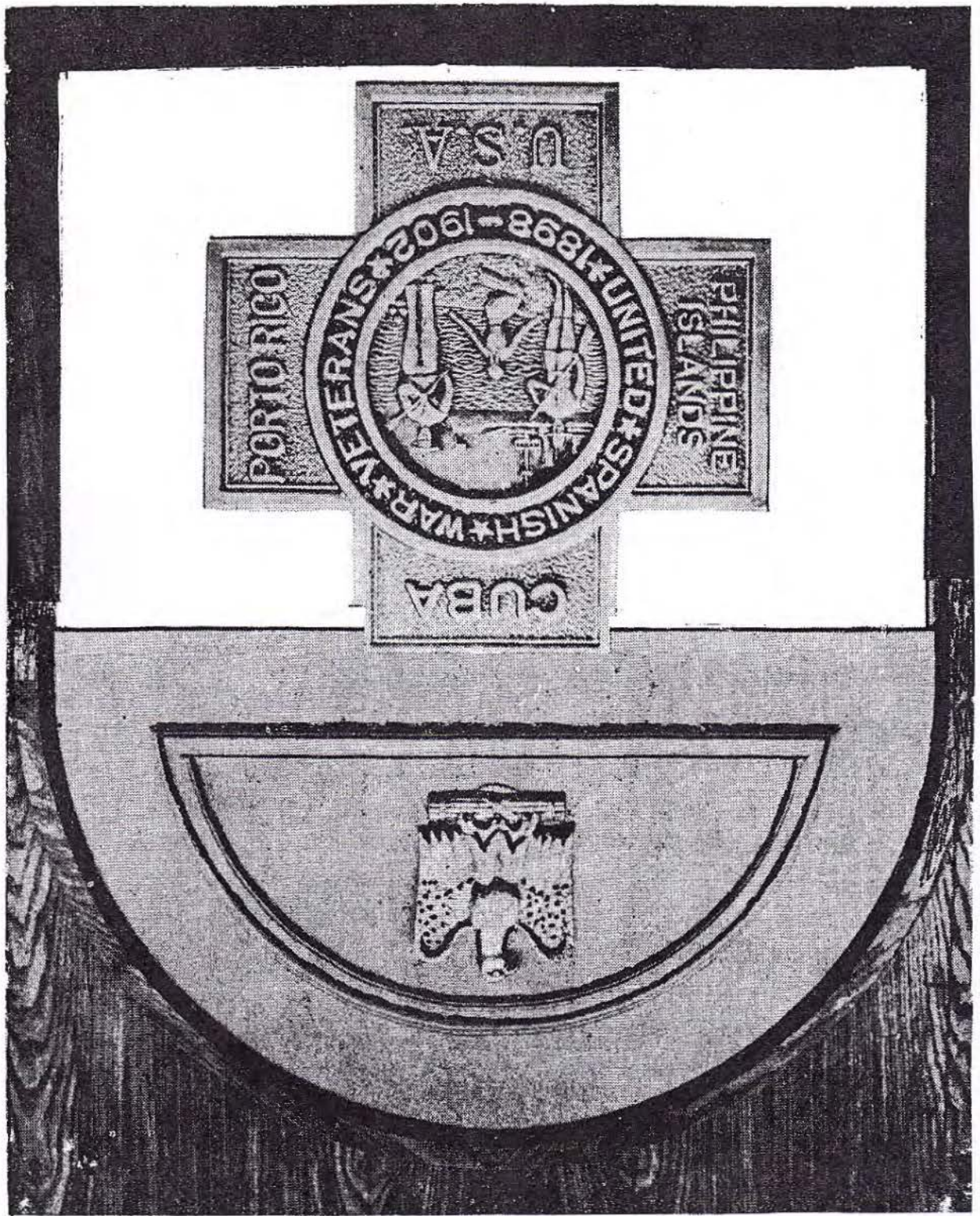
Our Co. K record showed that we hiked 3,276 miles from the time we arrived in the Philippines on thru December, 1900. And I missed not a mile of that hiking. I was always fit and ready to go. Not another man in my company could match that record.

In this decadent civilization when the man of 80 is rare, the man of 90 a wonder, and the centenarian little less than a miracle, if the reader can stay alive for another decade, I have good reasons to believe he can then read the next edition of this work, under the title -- HOW I LIVED TO BE 100.

I'm happy to say that some of my most sincere and intelligent disciples really make me feel foolish by calling me a great man, a genius. One of these in particular, the editor of a health publication, has gone so far as to classify me with such men of renown as Socrates, Aristotle, and Newton.

Of course that's going much too far. For living in harmony with the laws of Creation which preserve good health and promote long life is all so natural and simple that it's well-known to the little bee, ant and spider, to the robin, blue-jay and blackbird.

Just disregard the teaching of the schools, put your trust in the inexorable laws of Creation, and live as the Ancient Masters did when they lived a thousand years.

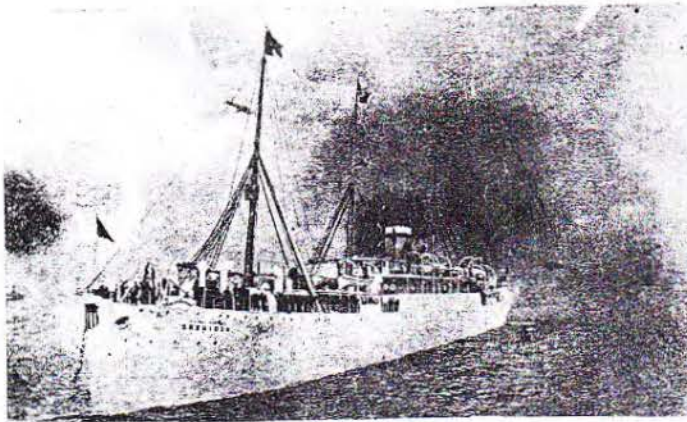


HOW I LIVED TO BE 90

Part II

War Stories

Chapter	Title
1.	Philippine Insurrection
2.	Philippine War Biggest and Hardest
3.	Fighting the Insurgents
4.	The Legaspi Hike
5.	Little Brown Brother
6.	Ambush of Company B
7.	45th Relieved
8.	What the Regulars Did
9.	A Close Call



1899



1901

45th Infantry. U. S. Vols.

Headquarters Department of Southern Luzon

Manila, P. I., April 20th, 1901.

U.S. Army Transport Sheridan
on which 45th & 46th returned
to U.S.A. in May, 1901.

To the Commanding Officer,
45th Infantry, U. S. V.,
On board U. S. A. T. "Sheridan,"

Sir:

I am directed by Brigadier General John C. Bates, U. S. Army, Commanding the Department, to inform you that he regrets the necessity which causes the departure of the 45th Infantry, U. S. V., from his Department. For more than a year it has suffered the hardships of a severe campaign under all conceivable conditions, and the excellent work of the regiment is shown by the present gratifying conditions in the 3rd District.

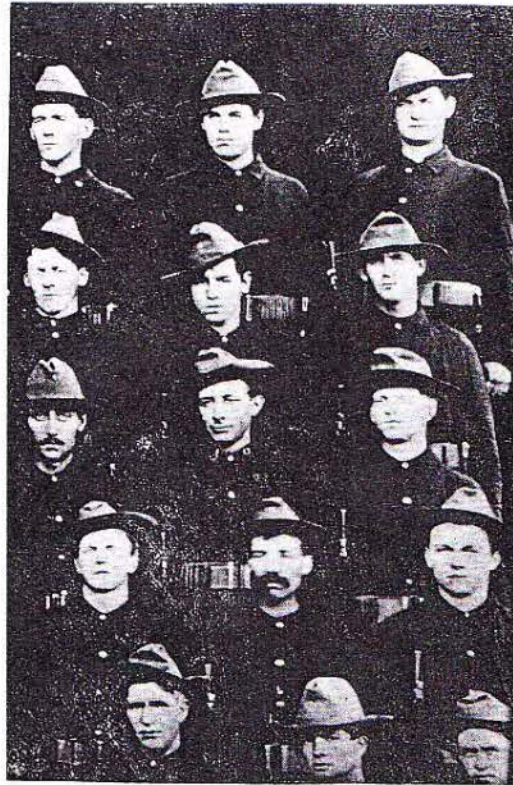
The Department commander thanks the officers and men of the regiment for their intelligent and effective efforts.

Very respectfully,

(Sgd) PETER E. TRAUB,

Captain 5th Cavalry,

Acting Ass't Adj't Gen.



This picture was taken in
San Francisco before leaving
for the Philippines, and
shows Hilton Hotema as last
man at right in top row.
- Co. K, 45th U.S. Vol. Inf.

CHAPTER I
PHILIPPINE INSURRECTION

The Peace Protocol that ended the War with Spain was signed in Washington August 12, 1898. The Insurrection in the Philippines did not begin until February 4, 1899. While it grew out of that war, it was not part of it.

The picket lines of the Americans and Insurgents were so close, at some points, that daily intercourse to a certain extent was had between them. And the growing disrespect shown the Americans by some of the Insurgents was such as to humiliate the U. S. soldiers. An example of the insolence and insults may be cited as follows:

The Insurgent pickets occupying a bridge near the outpost of the 1st Nebraska troops, held up a rag baby, calling it Americano, and cutting it to ribbons with their bolos, thus indicating what they intended to do to the American soldiers.

At that time we had so few troops in the Philippines, that the Insurgents, led by Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo, thought they could crush the little American Army and capture Manila before more troops could get there from the United States.

The scheme had been well planned. About mid-January 1899 the Insurgent newspaper, *Independencia*, along with many Insurgent leaders and their families, left Manila, and it became certain that a conflict was inevitable.

At that time the Insurgent Army vastly outnumbered the American, and had Manila completely surrounded by land, their battle line extending from the bay north of Manila, around the east side of the city, and on to the bay on the south side.

They had also planned to burn Manila, a city of 160,000 in 1898, and to massacre all the Americans. With this scheme in mind, constant skirmishing was continued, while the emissaries and spies worked their way into the city, to concoct with the natives their bloody scheme.

The night of February 4, 1899, was the time set for its execution. Hundreds of Insurgents had slipped into the city and secreted themselves, and hundreds of the natives in the city had been armed.

Strict orders to the American troops were issued to the effect that under no circumstances should any hostile demonstrations be made toward the now recognized Insurgent Army.

Then came the fateful night of February 4 for the Insurgents to destroy Manila and the little American Army; and the Insurgents felt sure of success.

When all was ready, the Insurgents gave the signal about 8:30 P.M. by firing some desultory shots at the Nebraska outpost.

That was it! The Insurrection was started. Fires began to burn in various parts of Manila and signal calls could be heard both from within and from without.

The American soldiers sprang quickly to extinguish the fires. But often

the engine hose would be cut and the soldiers killed.

At the same time shooting blazed forth from the whole Insurgent line surrounding Manila. Before morning more than three miles of Manila were on fire.

That night of February 4 was one of terror that could never be forgotten by those who went thru it. The rioting, killing, firing and burning continued all night and into the next day. Many natives perished in the flames they had kindled. But most of the city was saved and remained in control of the Americans. And when the morning of February 5 dawned, the little American Army of some 11,000 troops had gained a great victory.

Frequently during the night the Insurgents made assaults on the American line, feeling sure it would cave in. But the line held fast all thru the night. And with the approach of dawn, the Americans began to advance, driving back the Insurgents at all points.

The California and Washington regiments made several splendid charges, sweeping the Insurgents from the towns of Paco and Santa Mesa. The Nebraska troops captured some prisoners and a howitzer; and the Kansas and Dakota regiments compelled the enemy to retreat to Calocan, where a hard fight later occurred.

Due to shortage of guns, the Igorotes fought with spears and bows and arrows, charging in so closely to the American artillery, that the gunners had to shoot them with pistols.

The fighting all night was fierce, and the Americans were so greatly outnumbered, that Dewey's battle ships moved in close to shore and landed armed sailors in life-boats, and also shelled the Insurgents with the big navy guns.

With the coming of dawn on February 5, three thousand Insurgents lay dead on the ground, and among them were some Jap and German officers.

The war to conquer the Filipinos now went on at full speed. Flushed by Dewey's easy victory over the Spaniards made the Americans feel that the "inferior and semi-civilized natives" would be quickly subdued.

Gen. Merritt reported that the "natives could not resist 5000 American troops." But the blitz did not materialize. A prime reason was the sentiment of the Filipinos, exemplified in a statement sent to Gen. Otis and signed by hundreds of women, declaring "that after all the men were killed" the women "were prepared to shed their blood for the independence of their country."

The Insurgents were finally defeated in a war that lasted over three years and required 125,000 U.S. soldiers to do the job. More than 16,000 Filipino soldiers were killed and thousands more were wounded. U.S. casualties from combat and sickness were over 10,000, and expenditures exceeded \$300 million.

And yet in U.S. history books this epic struggle, if mentioned at all, is simply referred to as an "insurrection." Fed people in America today know anything about it.

We here include two pictures of Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo, leader of the Insurgents. He was born March 22, 1869, and died February 6, 1964, at the age of 94.



GEN. EMILIO AGUINALDO
1964 Foe Of Spain, U.S.

Rebel Chief Of Filipinos Dies At 94

MANILA, Thursday, Feb. 6 (AP) —Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo died today nearly seven decades after he led barefoot Phillipine peasants in wars for independence, first against Spain and then the United States.

He was 94 and had been nearly blind and unable to walk.

P. 4 of ms.



EMILIO AGUINALDO, THE SELF APPOINTED
DICTATOR OF THE FILIPINOS.

Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo
Born March 22, 1869.

CAUSE OF THE INSURRECTION

By the end of May, 1898, Gen. Aguinaldo had his forces well in hand, and was pressing his old Spanish enemy in Luzon. Dewey had given him the arms and ammunition captured from the Spaniards.

According to Dewey's report, Aguinaldo was a strong character. He was President of the Philippine Republic, the hero of the natives, and the terror of the Spaniards.

Aguinaldo had been betrayed by the crafty Spaniards with promises of reform which were never kept, and promises of pardon which were always broken. He saw his people slaughtered and his country robbed and raked and combed into poverty by the haughty Spaniards.

On Dec. 14, 1897, Governor General Rivera had made peace with Aguinaldo and betrayed him. Aguinaldo had left the Philippines and then returned with Dewey, guided him into Manila Bay and witnessed Dewey's glorious victory.

And again Aguinaldo went ashore and assumed his place at the head of the Philippine Army of Revolution, which was waiting for him. To Dewey he pledged himself to maintain order, prevent massacre, and in other ways to assist the U.S. in subduing the Spaniards and putting things to rights in the Philippines.

He set out with his drive against the Spaniards, and by June 17, 1898, his native army had captured 2500 Spanish prisoners, having defeated the enemy in a number of engagements between Cavite and Manila. He proceeded to drive the remainder into the fortified portion of Manila, wringing from Captain-General Augusti a dispatch to Madrid, which said:

"The situation is very grave. Aguinaldo has stirred up the whole country, and the end of Spanish rule over the Philippines seems near."

Dewey reported to Washington that Aguinaldo was treating his Spanish prisoners most humanely, was cheerfully guided by the Americans, and he would not attempt the final conquest of Manila till the arrival of Gen. Merritt's forces from San Francisco.

The third expedition of American troops sailed from San Francisco on June 27, 1898. It consisted of 4000 soldiers, making a total of 8000 that had sailed for the Philippines. Gen. Merritt left San Francisco for the Philippines June 29, preceded the day before by the steamer Valencia with 700 soldiers from Dakota.

While waiting for the arrival of these troops, Dewey was letting Aguinaldo with his Filipino army, fight his old enemy, thus saving American life and treasure.

The Americans had 1000 men posted half way between Cavite and Manila to guard the remains of the Spanish fleet. On the night of Aug. 7, 1898, a Spanish land force of 3000 troops made a fierce attack on them. But the Spaniards were repulsed with heavy losses. Only 12 American soldiers were killed and 48 wounded.

As a sequel to this night attack on the Americans, a combined attack by Dewey's navy and Gen. Merritt's land forces was made on Manila on Aug. 13, and the city quickly surrendered to save live and property.

Governor-General Augusti fled from the city the day before. And from the deck of the German cruiser Kaiserin, he witnessed the fall of a city he was unable to defend.

After this event, he was taken to Hong Kong by the Germans, and there announced his intention to return to Spain. He was 58 years old, and had held a number of high commands in the Spanish army.

Aguinaldo's troops had now won control of the countryside, and the remnant Spanish forces were besieged in Manila and were reduced to eating horseflesh.

At Dewey's request, Aguinaldo agreed to the landing of U.S. troops. The purpose of this, unknown to Aguinaldo, was to arrange terms of surrender of the Spaniards in Manila.

The arrangement was quickly made, but the Spaniards insisted that Aguinaldo and his staff be excluded from the negotiations, in order to avoid the discussion and payment of any indemnity to the Filipinos for the years of suffering and misery the Spaniards had caused them. And Dewey agreed to that unjust act, which he should not have done.

It was that insult, thrown into the face of Aguinaldo and his staff, that angered them and caused the Insurrection. That could have been avoided if the representatives of the Filipino people had been permitted to take part in the terms of surrender, to which they were justly entitled.

Dewey was not responsible for that. He acted under direct orders from Washington. And Felipe Agoncillo, the official envoy of the Philippine Republic, vainly pressed the treaty negotiations at Washington to recognize his country's independence.

According to President McKinley, that question was determined as follows:

"I walked the floor of the White House night after night until midnight; and I'm not ashamed to admit, gentlemen, that I went down on my knees and prayed for light and guidance more than one night. And one night it came to me this way--I don't know how it was, but it came: ... That we could not leave them (Filipinos) to themselves--they were unfit for self-government" (C. S. Olcott, Life of William McKinley, Vol. II, 1916, p. 109).

The historian Parker T. Moon commented: "The decision did not come quite so suddenly, nor so mysteriously. The President communed not only with his conscience, but also with his advisers. ... Dewey, among others, was asked to report, and replied that the Island of Luzon was most valuable, commercially and strategically, and that the islands contained 'varied and valuable mineral resources'" (Imperialism & World Politics, 1930, p. 395).

Yes; the American investors already held substantial interests in the Philippine gold mines. Also, before 1898, surveys of Philippine mineral wealth had been made and published by the U.S. Government.

And there in a nut-shell is the main reason why the Filipinos "were unfit for self-government."

Note by Hotema: I was a member of Co. K, 45th U.S. Vol. Inf., and when I arrived in the Philippines I saw, sticking out of the water in Manila Bay, the Spanish ships that Dewey blasted and sank on May 1, 1898.

That was nearly 70 years ago, and not many now living can say that. Babies born then are adults now 70 years old if living, and most of them never heard of the Philippine Insurrection.

Some of them may know a little about the war with Spain, and say it amounted to little as a war, and was all over in about three months. But they know almost nothing about the Philippine Insurrection, which exploded suddenly on the night of February 4, 1899, and went on for more than three years.

I shot my way thru fifteen months of the early part of it. And when I left the Philippines for home in April, 1901, it was still going on. My term of service expired and I was mustered out of the Army in San Francisco on June 3, 1901.

CHAPTER II

PHILIPPINE WAR BIGGEST AND HARDEST

In its Oct. 12, 1961 issue, The National Tribune carried the following story written by me.

Editor, National Tribune: I write this article because I've just read in one of your recent issues a letter written by Comrade Otilia Gressler, of Grand Rapids, Mich., stating that seldom is any mention made of the Spanish-American War in programs on radio, TV, etc., and thinks this omission is due to "the ignorance of most people in this country relative to that war."

Some histories have been written about that war, but they contain only the briefest reference to the Philippine Insurrection, which grew out of that war, and was by far the biggest and hardest part of that war.

The war with Spain was over and peace treaty signed in Washington Aug. 12, 1898. The Insurrection in the Philippines began Feb. 4, 1899, and was not officially declared ended until July 1902. And that biggest and hardest part of the Spanish-American War is hardly mentioned in our history books, and almost unknown in this day and time to the people of the U.S.A.

I've never been able to find a history book that told anything worth while about the Philippine Insurrection. I've even written to authorities in the Philippines about it, and was told that they have no such history book, and know little more about that conflict than the people in this country.

I've written to the Mayors of the largest cities where my Regiment fought the Insurgents, and they reply that they know almost nothing about it.

That was so long ago that the generation of that day are mostly dead, while those living are so feeble and blank in memory that they can tell but little about it.

In a certain issue of your paper appeared a notice by one Murray Polner, of Flushing, N.Y. that he was writing a history of the Philippine Insurrection, 1898-1902, and wanted help from all those who could supply data. I wrote him, offering to supply all data I could.

But he has come so late that most of the men who fought thru that conflict are dead and gone.

I was glad to see Gessler's notice, that the people of this nation should be informed of that biggest and hardest part of the war with Spain.

I shall quote from a letter received from Comrade Joe Meier, of Daylight, Tenn., who was with troops that arrived in the Philippines seven years after I left there. He was then a member of the 18th U.S. Inf., and said:--

"The first night at Camp Keithly (Philippines), I was appointed barracks guard, given a six-shooter and the key to the rifle rack, and allowed no light.

"The reason for this barracks guard was that Filipinos would sneak into the barracks at night and kill soldiers while they were asleep. One night they slipped into the hospital and killed six patients.

"This danger made it necessary for two sentries, after dark, to walk every post, one with rifle and the other with a repeating shot gun, with orders to shoot to kill.

"If one sentry noticed anyone prowling around, he was to get his gun into shooting position before calling 'halt,' and the other sentry was to face in the opposite direction to defend his rear.

"The Filipinos were very treacherous. Before this double guard was used, one native would draw the sentry's attention while another would sneak up behind and cut his head off with a bolo.

"Huber, one of my Comrades, the last time I saw him, still had a big scar across his face from a bolo cut that he got before the double guard was instituted for greater protection.

"Huber was on guard near an old Spanish bridge. It was very dark, and when he challenged a native, the other intended to cut off his head. But it so happened that Huber turned in time so that his rifle caught the greater effect of the bolo blow, and he lived to tell the tale.

"And we always had to look out for booby traps. The natives dug pits and put sharp bamboo spikes at the bottom, points up, and covered the tops of the pits with something so they would not be noticed. They also fastened bamboo prongs to bamboo poles, and then tied them back like a bow, with a trigger operated by a cord across the trail.

"The natives were not only treacherous, but cruel. Soldiers were found dead who had been tied alive on a large ant hill, etc.

"But great changes had occurred in the Philippines after you left and when I arrived there. And yet we found the Insurgents were still dangerous when we got there, seven years later."

These are some of the things the people of this country should know about, but do not. I saw in 1899 and 1900 all of the features mentioned by Meier in his letter. I saw soldiers killed and injured by falling into those "booby traps."

An article appeared in the press on February 13, 1966, headed "Few Spanish War Vets Left To 'Remember The Maine.'"

According to this article, only 7,273 names remained then on the Muster Rolls of James H. McElroy, Adjutant for the United Spanish War Veterans.

The article also stated: "Compared to the two World Wars the United States fought in this century, the Spanish-American War was small in terms of men.

"But the Veterans Administration said that a rough ratio showed that one-in-39 soldiers died in that war as compared to one-in-47 in World War I and one-in-41 in World War II."

The article further stated that "All of the Spanish war veterans are now in their 80s or over."

CHAPTER III

FIGHTING THE INSURGENTS

When the Insurrection exploded suddenly on the night of Feb. 4, 1899, the fighting at first turned to the north of Manila; and it was not until January, 1900, that enough U.S. troops had reached the Philippines so that a drive to the south of Manila could begin.

Then Gen. Wheaton's Expeditionary Brigade was organized, consisting of the 28th and 45th Infantry and the 11th Cavalry, and started the drive to the south on January 5th. By night we had advanced to Imus, where we halted. I was in Co. K of the 45th.

We were up early next morning, and drove the Insurgents back to Das Marinas, in Cavite Province, the home of Gen. Aguinaldo and the hot-bed of the Insurrection, where it was organized and planned.

We continued to move forward and reached Buena Vista on Jan. 9th; and on the 10th we drove the Insurgents on beyond Quintana. We continued to advance, forcing the Insurgents back, and by Jan. 27th we had passed thru Cavite Province and reached Taal in Batangas Province.

That broke the main back of the Insurrection in these provinces just south of Manila, and we moved back to Naic, on the coast of Manila Bay some distance southwest of Manila, to await further orders, while the 46th was ordered in to mop up and garrison the area just captured.

At this time Gen. J. M. Bell's Expeditionary Brigade was organized, consisting of the 40th, 45th, and 11th Cavalry, to invade another area to the southeast of Manila.

The 11th Cavalry moved overland to meet us, and my regiment, with the 40th, boarded the Army Transport Tartar. Four days later our ship anchored in San Miguel Bay, on the east coast of Luzon, southeast of Manila, and we were now going to subdue the Insurgents in the North and South Camarines Provinces. Here the 11th Cavalry joined us.

We were the very first American troops ever to invade this region, and it was here that we were fated to spend the rest of our time in the Philippines.

Our ship anchored about four miles from shore, to be safe from any shooting from the Insurgents. Then we soldiers went ashore in life-boats.

The Insurgents were ready and waiting, and began shooting as soon as we got close enough to be good targets. We leaped out of the boats into the water, chest deep, some 300 or 400 feet from shore, and shot our way to the land.

Our main target was Nueva Caceres, largest city then in southern Luzon, and about 20 miles inland from where we reached the shore. We had to battle the Insurgents every mile of the way to the city. That took two days.

The city was saved from damage, as the Insurgents did not halt to defend it; and on Feb. 22 we were in complete control of the Capital of South Camarines Province.

I was informed in 1955 by a letter from the Mayor of that city, that it then had a population of more than 100,000.

Here we rested two days while supplies were brought in from our ship. Then we were ready to follow the retreating Insurgents.

THE PAULI RIVER FIGHT

The following story by Hotema appeared in June 24, 1953, issue of the weekly National Tribune, Washington, D.C.

To pursue the Insurgents our Commanding Officer, Col. Dorst, selected companies A, C, D, E, I, K and M as his Fighting Unit, leaving other companies to guard the city. He then found a Chinaman who knew the country well, and hired him as a guide.

I was in Co. K, and about 9:00 P.M., in the darkness on Feb. 24, we set out after the Insurgents. To screen our advance, we left the ancient road within a couple of hours and diverged into the woods, which made travel slow and hard.

About 3:00 A.M., Feb. 25th, we were some three miles from the Pauli River, and the Chinaman guide advised our C.O. to halt and wait for daylight, as the Insurgents had blown up the bridge over the river and might have the opposite bank fortified.

So we stopped and lay down on the ground and we tired soldiers were soon fast asleep. Just before dawn the guards woke us, and on we went, reaching the river at early dawn.

Finding the opposite bank unoccupied, we forded the river, about waist deep. The sun was just rising, and we halted for breakfast--bacon, coffee, sugar and hardtack.

Guards at once were stationed on all sides, and I was with a group sent to a small hill about a quarter of a mile to the left, with a good view in all directions.

The boys in my group soon had a fire of sticks going, to fry bacon and make coffee -things I had not touched since I was 9 years old. I stood eating hardtack and sugar while keeping a sharp look-out for signs of the enemy.

Suddenly, as I gazed out the road over which we would soon be going, I saw the dim outline of a pony and rider approaching. Closer they came, then halted, and I saw something bright flash in the sunlight, followed by the crack of a rifle, and a bullet burnt the grass near my feet. Then the rider turned his pony and dashed back down the road and out of sight.

That was the first shot of a hard engagement which lasted till noon. That shot was a dare for us to come any closer, a signal that the enemy was ready and waiting for us.

And that bright, cloudless day, Sunday, Feb. 25, 1900, was never forgotten by the 700 troops of the 45th who participated in that fight. It haunted me in my dreams at night for forty years. Time and space do not affect the unconscious and subconscious mind.

The thrill of the fight so near at hand made the hungry, tired troops, who had hiked most of the night, forget everything except to answer that challenge so boldly flung in our face. That's what we were there for.

The Bugler quickly sounded Assembly, and the troops soon presented the formation of a long skirmish line, with the road in the center. I was to the left of the road, in hilly terrain, prairie land, no timber. To the right of the road the land was level, covered with tall grass waist high.

As we in the hills reached the top of the first, across the small depression to the next hill, we saw with surprise a long line of Insurgents, their line longer than ours, in all their glory, ready to annihilate us.

In the center of their line, on the hill before us to the left of the road, was the Commander, astride a white pony, and his staff with him, all mounted on ponies, with their flags and banners. Of course they had considered and formulated their plans of battle, and intended to make short work of us.

As soon as we appeared in sight, the Commander and his staff definitely moved out toward us, perhaps expecting us, at the formidable sight we saw, to turn and flee, as we had been told the Spaniards did. But those Insurgents soon discovered that we were not of that type.

At that moment, some soldier in our line, itching to shoot and not waiting for the Bugler to sound the "fire signal," pressed the trigger of his rifle. There was a sharp crack, and down went the Commander on the white pony.

That was it. Confusion reigned in the ranks of the Insurgents, and guns on both sides began to crack and roar. The air became a sheet of bullets. They flew over my head with a sharp, hissing sound. I kept down close to the ground.

The fighting was continuous from that moment till noon. We kept advancing and slowly forced the enemy line back. My gun barrel got so hot the wood smoked. I found a puddle of water and put my gun in the water for a moment to cool it.

Once I looked back, and saw another long line of troops, dressed as we were, and thought they were reinforcements to support us. Then I discovered they were bolo-men, on our flanks and in our rear, to charge in and cut us up when we began to falter from the fire in front.

At the end of about a three-mile push back the Insurgents crossed a small stream, and reformed their lines on the bank of it. At that point, and on back, the prairie ended and the land was covered with large trees.

Here the Insurgents planned to stop us. Here they stubbornly held their line. They had so many extra rifle-men that as fast as one was killed or wounded, another grabbed his gun and took his place. But in spite of this, we continued to advance, going forward in rushes, part of our line covering the advance of the other. Still the enemy stood firm until we were so close that our Bugler sounded "Fix Bayonets."

When the Insurgents saw that line of bright bayonets flash in the sunlight, they knew what was coming next, and they turned in fear and fled into the woods behind them, and into which we fired volley after volley at their fleeing forms.

And that was the end of the fight which began soon after sun-up and continued without a stop until noon.

We never knew how many Insurgents were involved, nor the number of killed and wounded. But during the scrap I could see dead and wounded men being piled up like cord-wood on sleds and hauled away by carabaos (water-buffalo).

As we moved forward I saw piles of dead men, left on the ground because we killed them faster than they could be hauled away. I never knew anything definite about our own casualties.

When we reached the place where the Insurgents had made their last stand, we sat down by the stream and rested and finished eating our breakfast.

During the fight, off to the right in front of us we saw smoke of a big fire, and learned later that the Insurgents burned their supplies to keep them from falling into our hands. That town was called Agdagnan.

That afternoon, the Insurgent Commander, Gen. Guavera, sent a messenger to us, under the protection of a white flag, with an offer to surrender on condition that we cease active operations--a condition that our Commanding Officer had no authority to accept.

Co. E guarded our supply wagons and pack mules; and it took charge of some 40 or 50 Spanish prisoners which the Insurgents had been forced to release in their retreat. The prisoners were so happy that they leaned on our shoulders and cried for joy.

HARKINSON'S LETTER

L. B. Harkinson, one of my Comrades involved in this fight, after reading my story above, wrote me an interesting letter, referring to another incident in which we took part, and I present his letter herewith:

Your article, which I read in the National Tribune, was a graphic description of the action that started shortly after daylight on February 25, 1900, when Col. Dorst halted his column of troops at the Pauili river after a stiff, night, forced march from Nueva Caceres, and gave us a chance to start fires and prepare our breakfast.

I had no rations at that time, which was the result of a quick decision I made about midnight, after the column left the road and diverged into the woods and brush, to screen our advance on the enemy. The brush kept catching in my haversack, causing me to fall, and I threw the darn thing away, so I had nothing to eat.

Let me go back to when we went ashore via the tug Baltimore, which you remember was impeded from entering the river flowing into San Miguel bay by barricades of coconut trees set in shears horizontally across the mouth of the river. We were forced to go ashore over a growth of matted water plants that floated with tops on the surface, and on which we had to walk about 400 feet. At each step we would sink like we were on thin rubbery ice, and there were spots all about us where there were no surface plants; and it's likely that had we went down, we'd never gotten out alive.

When we entered, late that day, the town of Daet, capitol of N. Camerines, we flanked it to the left and entered from the rear. The stone church and convent were converted into hospitals, as the church at Bacoor had been the day we got there about noon, and took the place of the 48th (Colored) which troops the Insurgents had on the run, as you remember.

That's where a Filipino woman, using a "pepper-box" pistol, pumped several shots at an officer at close range, but missed him.

You remember that on leaving Daet at daybreak the next morning we headed

for the San Miguel estuary to cross the mouth of the Bicol river and invest South Camarines province. On the way to the river, just west of the town, we passed piles of Insurgent corpses which we had shot in the engagement, stacked like coráwood, 127 all told, with but a pretext of a covering of dirt which here and there filtered down from the top and sides, as the bodies were starting to bloat under the warm temperature, and occasionally an arm or leg could be seen to move as if with life.

The rice field, which shortly before had stood more than waist high, was trampled in the manner of a used circus ground, and all about lay poisoned-tipped, long-shaft arrows, with various shaped heads.

We crossed the river as you know, and I was with the advance guard. Buck Williams was in the lead, and about a hundred feet in from shore an Insurgent outpost, who had been on guard at a tree-hidden casa, leaped astride his horse with a smack that sounded like clapping your hands together, or like the Insurgents in making their getaway on their ponies thru the woods after they ambushed us at Santa Nina where Dave Karl was killed.

Say, Comrade Hotema, I must pause to state that you surely showed your courage there under fire, when the "bogador" jumped out of your dug-out into the river at t-e first several volleys of insurgent fire, and you whipped out your 45 and put it to his head and told him to "vamoose aki pronto," and made him turn the banka around, which had swung around and was heading down stream, and head again upstream, straight for the insurgents' trench, wehn they got your boat with several more volleys.

I was in the next dug-out (hollow log boat) with Lieut. Shuman, and we landed across the river below the point. I was one of the first out on the bank, and ran out in the open from a clump of trees under cover of which we had landed, and was heading for the hill ahead. We could not determine from where the insurgents were shooting at us, so I made for no particular site.

I ran out in a clearing, and came to a back-water or draw, connected with the river and at a right angle to it, but could go no further, as the water was too wide to jump and too deep to ford. So I turned left to pass the end of it, but there was thick bursh up to the water's edge, as was also the case on the opposite side from where I stood. It flashed into my mind that the brush concealed bolo-men, and I knew not what to do.

At that moment from out of the woods where we had landed, Lt. Shuman shouted, "Get back under cover or you'll draw their fire." Before he could finish saying it, I was back under cover, and just in time, for about three volleys of shots came tearing thru the trees about us, and I could feel on my face the heat of the passing bullets.

It was just after that, when you got your dugout turned around and headed toward the insurgents' trench, that they cut loose on your boat the second time.

Some of those insurgents were mounted, and as tho it were only yesterday, I can hear them in the woods above the river, strapping their ponies and hollering as they fled.

From the well-concealed trench about 20 feet up from the water, the insurgents had a good view of the river both up and down stream. That trench had evidently been used long before, when the insurgents fought the Spaniard, and that waterhole which held me back had no doubt been built as a devensive measure to protect the trench from assault from that side.

It's a ten to one shot that bolo-men were concealed in that heavy brush, and that I was lucky and wise in staying away from it.

When we finally entered the abandoned trench, I picked up several cartridge shells, and about half of the brass jacket of one Remington shell had been shot away. I always assumed that it was the slug from that shell that killed Comerford. For when we were removing his body from the dugout, I picked several pieces of brass from the wound on his side where the bullet emerged when it went thru his body.

As I reflect on that engagement now, and envision you with your 45 at the bugador's head, threatening to blow out his brains if he didn't get back into the boat and paddle, I say to myself, "No man ever lived who had more fortitude and courage than you displayed that day."

That afternoon about 20 feet back from the river, I was on guard beneath a tall vine-covered tree, when I heard Charlie Harper issue a challenge to halt, and then in rapid succession two more times, the third instantly followed by a shot, which dropped a bolo-man at his feet.

Harper guarded a trail about 40 feet inland from and opposite me on the left. The bolo-man, at the first challenge, ran toward Harper with his bolo reversed, handle forward, as if in token of surrender. But Harper took no chances, and that guy no doubt was trying to work his way by me and get me from behind, and his meeting Harper was a surprise, because, as we discovered a little later, the bolo-man had larded on our side of the river about 100 feet upstream, ahead of my post, by means of a small dugout which he had left fastened in overhanging brush near the river, and from there he had cut over into the brush ahead of me with the intention of getting behind me.

In the engagement at the Pauli River, you said in your story that the insurgents opened the fight with a "roar." You remember that was the bunch we drove on thru to Iriga and then on to Buhi, where they sank ten brass cannon in Lake Buhi.

Write some more, Hotema, as I enjoy reading your war stories.

Your Comrade,

L. B. Harkinson.

CHAPTER IV
THE LEGASPI HIKE

Note: This story appeared in National Tribune on Jan. 20, 1955.

Editor National Tribune: The 45th was part of the brigade sent to crush the Insurrection in North and South Camerines Provinces, and the 47th was part of the brigade sent for the same purpose to provinces adjoining on the south-Albay and Sorsogon.

In March 1900 our brigade headquarters at Nueva Caceres received a call for help from the 47th at Legaspi, about 60 miles to the south. The message was sent by boat, and said the 47th was hemmed in by Insurgents.

On Friday, March 16, our Col. Dorst, who had years before fought the Indians on the Western Plains, took Co's. A, C, D, K and M of our 45th, with a detachment of field artillery and signal corps, and set out for Legaspi.

I was a member of Co. K, a company that came close to getting into everything. As we crossed the border into Albay Province on March 17, we at once met trouble. While fording the Quinalt river near Libon we had a brush with the Insurgents, and camped there for the night. There we received a message from the Insurgents at Polangui, the next town ahead, daring us to come on.

Early the next morning we moved toward that town, and, under cover of a fog, the enemy struck us without warning. Co. A was in the lead and got the full blast of the first assault. The Insurgents were driven thru the town and into the hills beyond.

Co. K was rear guard and we halted at the edge of town to protect the rear from attack. We had just concealed ourselves behind trees, brush and buildings when a force of enemy cavalry came galloping down the road, intending to attack the rear of our line.

We held our fire for the right moment, then gave them everything we had. This surprise welcome killed some and made the rest turn and flee. In that scrap we captured 35 Insurgents, 24 rifles, and 2000 rounds of ammunition. We camped there for the night.

The next morning, March 19, we were up early and headed for Oas, the next town. Far ahead a long line of Insurgents could be seen, but they faded into the hills before we got close enough to shoot.

We hiked on thru Oas, then Ligao, having several brushes with the Insurgents before reaching Guinobatan, the next town. They shot at us from concealed positions on the hills, and we shot back and went on.

Guinobatan was situated in the foothills of mountains and there we halted for the night. It was a dangerous place, with the jungles and hills filled with concealed enemies. The guard that night was doubled.

One fellow of Co. K, only 19 years old, when notified that he would go on guard duty that night, began to cry because he was scared. I stepped forward and offered to take his place and was accepted. And while he slept I, in the tenseness of a dark night and surrounded by the enemy, watched for Insurgents,

with finger on the trigger of my rifle, and the man on guard with me did the same. But nothing happened.

The next morning, March 20, most of us had nothing to eat. Our food supply was exhausted. The many attacks of the Insurgents had delayed our progress beyond what had been expected.

With the dark, jittery night gone, we set out on the last day of this journey, with empty stomachs and little ammunition in our belts, but plenty on our pack mules.

Most of the way from Guinobatan to Legaspi the right side of the dim road was skirted by hills and low mountains. When only a mile from Guinobatan we were fired on from those hills. We fired back, and went on. Another mile, and more fire. This time it was heavy and vicious and we had to do something about it.

Deploying part of our troops, including our Co. K, we advanced on the enemy hidden in the hills. The land was flat and swampy. We had to wade in mud and water often knee deep, and the way enemy bullets made that mud and water fly into our faces, it seemed the Insurgents were using field artillery.

At that moment our Co. K was right in line of the hottest fire. With mud and water splattering our faces and getting into our eyes, it was hard to see, and our line began to sag a little at the center and end, where it was composed of the younger men, boys, who should have been at home.

Our 2nd Lt. Shuman was back of that part of the line, and with drawn revolver threatened to shoot any one who attempted to retreat, and sharply commanded the line forward.

That part of our line stiffened at once, the men surging thru the water and mud, giving the concealed Insurgents in the hills everything they had.

We finally silenced their shooting, then surrounded their hiding-place. With fixed bayonets, we went right into the brush and jungles and dug them out. Some of our men plunged their bayonets thru Insurgents just ready to shoot. We captured 16 alive, with their rifles, the others escaping into dense jungles. Some had hidden their guns, and got them for us only after being threatened with the bayonet.

A mile further on, while hiking down the main street of a deserted town named Camalig, fire from Insurgents on a hillside again poured into us.

So frequent had been the shooting, most of it unexpected, that the ammunition in our belts was about gone. I had 10 rounds left. But there was plenty on our pack mules.

We came to enemy barricades along the road for about four miles. But there was no shooting. Then we reached the town of Malabog, where we were fired on again, and this continued for a couple of miles.

The last hostile shooting we encountered about 200 yards from the stone church at Daraga--and to our surprise we found that town occupied by men of the 47th. Why had they not cleaned those hills of Insurgents? That's what they were there for, and they were shirking their duty.

March 20, 1900, was another day not easily forgotten by the men of the 45th

who went thru it. The enemy had harassed us with shooting all day, from Guinobatan to Daraga. But there was no more shooting from Daraga to Legaspi, where we arrived about 5:00 PM, after a hard hike that began March 16 at Iriga and covered five days. And we had started with rations for three days.

What a sight we were that evening as we hiked into Legaspi. Tired, hungry, some bare-footed and some almost naked. The brush and briars of the jungles had torn our clothing to shreds.

When we reached Legaspi we found it occupied by two companies of the 47th. Their shoes, belts, guns and bayonets all polished as tho they were prepared for dress parade. And they had big bales of hemp stacked around their quarters for protection from enemy shooting.

When they saw us marching in, they said that we looked like the soldiers described in story books. And we felt like that too.

We spent the day of March 21 in Legaspi, drawing clothing, shoes, and rations, preparing for our return trip, which we dreaded. For we had found miles of the road were lined with enemy trenches, back into the dense underbrush.

We shuddered as we saw that trap. It had been just too bad for us had the enemy known we were coming. But we took them by surprise and the trenches were empty.

Now it was different; the enemy was expecting us. How would we manage to get thru that trap? Lucky for us that we had a Commanding Officer who had fought Indians, knew enemy tricks, and knew what to do.

In the afternoon, about two hours march from the beginning of those trenches, the long line of troops halted, and word was passed along the line for the men to lie down at the edge of the road on the grass and rest. As darkness began to settle, the guards warned us to light no matches, to start no fires, and not to speak above a whisper.

With sacks taken from Legaspi for that purpose, men wrapped the wheels of the artillery, and others wrapped the hoofs of the horses. And there we slept until about 11:00 pm, when the guards crept along the line of sleeping soldiers, shook us awake, whispered in our ears to make no noise, and to fix all equipment we carried so it would make no sound.

Thus we silently prepared to slip thru that deadly insurgent trap in the darkness of night. The moon was down, the stars were dim, and the night was dark.

Onward we glided like a long line of ghosts. In the dense brush on both sides of the road, when we reached the trenches, we could hear surprised Insurgent sentries making their getaway. They had expected to litter that dusty road in the morning with our dead bodies. But we fooled 'em.

We not only slipped thru that death-trap unharmed, but as we reached the town of Ligao, beyond Guinobatan and just out of the mountains, with early dawn breaking, what did we see?

There in Ligao, in one of the larger buildings in the center of town, with their maids waiting on them and waving palm branches to shoo away the flies, we saw the chief officers of the Insurgents, busy at breakfast, with their ponies tied around the building.

No doubt they were discussing with glee the glorious slaughter of the Americans which they had planned for that bright, sunny day. And there were those pesky Americanos ready and eager to pounce upon them.

Their guards saw us, and they all made a wild dash for their ponies, and we made a dash to surround the building. Some of the Insurgents escaped, but we captured about half of them and took them prisoner.

We moved on and reached Polangui about 6:00 PM that day, March 24th. We set out early next morning and reached Iraga, our headquarters, about 5:00 PM.

And that's a brief account of the Legaspi hike. I'm the last man living who took part in that event, and remember it all today as tho it happened only yesterday. The kid whose place on guard duty I took at Guinobatan, died in 1956 at the age of 75. His daughter wrote and informed me of his death.

I want to state here that I was never sick in the Philippines and never missed a hike, an engagement with the enemy or a skirmish. I was always fit and in good shape to go and I went.

But some of the men, when informed that we were going on a hike, would try to evade it by claiming their feet hurt them to walk, or something else was the matter with them.

Our first sergeant met that situation by making a list of those men, and having a sergeant take them to the hospital for an examination by the medics, to determine whether their claim was true or false. If their claim was found by the medic to be false, they went on the hike.

However, the medics sometimes, but not often, missed it, and marked a man "duty" who was really ill. Some of these actually died on the way.

CHAPTER V

LITTLE BROWN BROTHER

(Note: This story by Hotema appeared in Nov. 23, 1961, issue of National Tribune).

Editor National Tribune: After searching for years I finally found a brief history of the Philippine Insurrection, by Leon Wolff, titled Little Brown Brother, 383 pages, copyright 1960.

As I read the book I was moved to tears by the wonderful-word-picture presented by him of what I saw and suffered with my comrades nearly 70 years ago, as a member of Co. K, 45th U.S. Vol. Inf.

And as I gaze at my big picture of our Company, taken in San Francisco before we sailed for the Philippines, it seems unbelievable that now I'm the only one alive.

Ten years ago my stories of our days in the Philippines, published in the National Tribune, brought me many letters from Comrades of my Company and Regiment. Today they bring me almost none. They may not all be dead, but the few living are so feeble they are unable to write, or have no interest in reading and writing.

From this book I shall quote some passages that affected me very deeply as I read them, and, in my mind, saw myself, so many years ago, experiencing the very conditions the book so clearly describes:

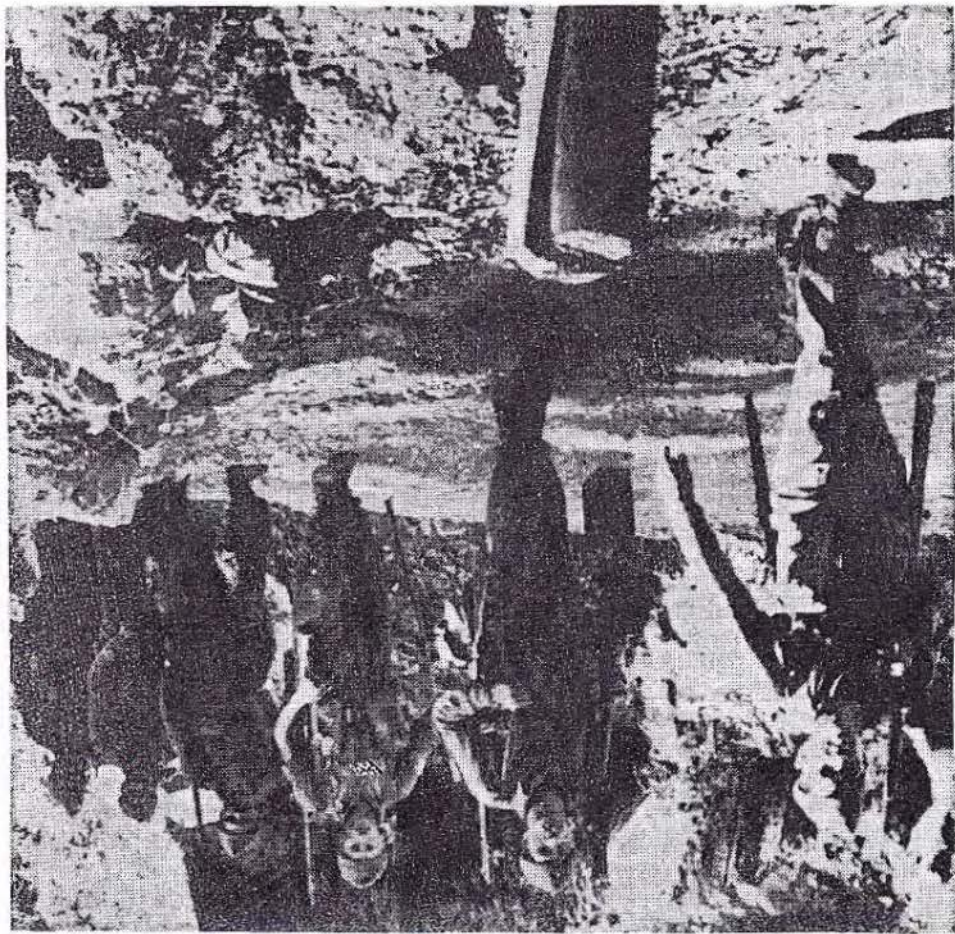
No Shelter:--"Bivouac was made without shelter where darkness found the troops. In flat, muddy land the same stream often had to be crossed a dozen times, with water chest deep. For many weary miles the troops hiked along ancient roads and thru flooded rice fields. Occasionally they found abandoned clothing, supplies, and Spanish prisoners (who fell on their shoulders and wept for joy in being rescued from the Insurgents). In canyons and at the mouths of passes, the Insurgents had built barricades. Here danger lay and fighting always flared.

"Dry creek beds were prized for easy walking, until they led into foothills. Narrow trails were welcome, until they faded into swampland or sharply rising ground. Many men dropped from exhaustion and threw away their rations and blanket roll. Often it was necessary to descend several hundred feet for water in streams below.

"Single-file the troops wallowed thru grass with only heads and shoulders showing. Occasionally retreating Insurgents slashed brush with bolos along the dim trails, and interlaced the branches across the path to retard the advance of the troops. Often the enemy planted bamboo stakes in the ground, sharp points up and concealed, and many soldiers were injured by them.

"Dirty, ragged, unshaven, worn and weary, haggard and hungry, day after day and week after week, the soldiers stalked their prey. Thru valleys and over mountains they went, hiking atop ridges along groves of trees, and could often see Insurgents watching them in turn.

Soldiers hiking in the Philippines.



"In deep canyons, Insurgent shots echoed like diminishing cracks of doom, but the troops still went on. Living on the country, or on short rations, hiking and fighting from dawn till dusk, many of them bare footed, with shirts torn to shreds, disheartened, and expecting at any moment to be killed by shots from the enemy.

"One serious problem were streams too deep to ford, making wearysome detours by land necessary. After a hard day of hiking the troops might find they were only a mile or so from where they started.

"As towns of any size were captured from the Insurgents, they were garrisoned by small detachments. This, plus losses enroute, meant that only a fragment of the original expedition reached its goal. Until reinforced, these small detachments got much uninvited attention of the guerrilla marauders. Sometimes only a dozen men could be left in a village in an area teeming with Insurgents. Their lives depended upon ruthless defensive action, and the use of Maxim guns to sweep the area around their little command post.

"In itself each detachment was isolated and insignificant. But a network of hundreds of them, enveloping every town, port and road juncture of importance was quite another matter."

And this is a brief sketch of the highlights, described in this book, of the conditions we volunteer soldiers experienced and suffered in the Philippines, in a war that the American people of today know almost nothing about. And there's a reason. That story is briefly told in a small book of 64 pages, titled U.S. And the Philippines, by Labor Research Association, copyright 1958. From it we excerpt the following:

"One of the consequences of the globe-encircling voyage of Magellan was the "discovery" of the Philippines in 1521, and the subsequent entrenchment there of Spanish feudal power.

"For 350 years thereafter Philippine culture, politics and trade were sundered from Asia and tied to Spain. During this long period of Spanish domination, the fight of the Filipinos for freedom never ceased. Revolts against colonial rule occurred on the average every 20 years and culminated in the Philippine Revolution of 1896.

"The national upsurge of 1896 drew inspiration from the writings of an intellectual, one Jose Rizal, whose novel Noli Me Tangere, translated into English under the title, The Social Cancer, was an Uncle Tom's Cabin inspiring the Filipinos to struggle.

"After Rizal's execution by the Spanish governor (for writing that book), the fight for freedom was led by Andres Bonifacio. The Katipunan, a secret society founded by him, guided the revolt against Spain. In June, 1898, representatives of the people established a Republic, the first in Asia, and adopted a Constitution modeled on that of the United States, with a Bill of Rights. The revolution was anti-feudal as well as anti-colonial. Under the Constitution all Catholic Church property, the largest feudal land-holding, was to become state property. A President was elected and also a Congress.

"The national hymn proclaimed Freedom:

"From the sleep of three centuries,
"Brothers awake!
"Crying 'Out with Spain.'
"Long Live Liberty."

Comment by Hotema: When Dewey Sank the Spanish Fleet in Manila Bay on May 1, 1898, the Filipinos naturally expected they would receive the same consideration at the hands of this country that Cuba had received. But for certain reasons they did not. The people of Cuba were granted their freedom, but the same freedom was not given to the Filipinos. And that was the basic cause of the Insurrection.



GEORGE DEWEY

Born in Montpelier, Vt., Dec. 26, 1837, son of Dr. Julius Yeamans and Mary Perrin Dewey; graduated from Norwich (Vermont) University and U.S. Naval Academy; married Susie Goodwin Oct. 24, 1867, and married Mildred McLean Hazen on Nov. 9, 1899; died in Washington, D. C., on January 16, 1917.

At daybreak on May 1, 1898, the laconic command was given to the captain of the Olympia, flagship of the U.S. Navy's Asiatic squadron: "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley."

Commander George Dewey (later to be elevated to Admiral of the Navy—highest rank ever awarded to a U.S. naval officer at the time) gave the order. It was a distressful "May Day" for the Spanish admiral Montojo, an historic triumph for Dewey's careful planning and skillful tactics, and a signal to the world. In a few hours Dewey's forces, outgunned and outnumbered, annihilated the Spanish fleet without the loss of a single man, and America had become a power in the Pacific.

The battle of Manila Bay was the climax of Dewey's career, although he had given distinguished and at times spectacular service to the Navy before that and continued to serve, under a special provision which kept him from retirement, until his death.

Dewey's victory at Manila made him a national hero. More than that, it was the hinge on which, in the following year, Secretary of State John Hay's memorable "Open Door" for China swung. In the words of Rear Admiral William Thomas Sampson, Dewey's Atlantic counterpart, "the man and the hour fortunately came together."

CHAPTER VI

AMBUSH OF CO. B.

May 30, 1900, was another red-letter day in my life in the Philippines. I was one of a group of soldiers who hiked 18 miles into tropical jungles to save from annihilation a detachment of Co. B. of my regiment.

The men had been ambushed, badly shot up by Insurgents, and were besieged for three days, without food or water, in an old stone church to which they had managed to retreat for safety, carrying with them their wounded comrades. Eleven of the men were suffering from wounds inflicted by the shooting of the Insurgents, one of the men having his hand nearly shot off at the wrist.

At that time I was with a squad of eight men of my Co. K., detailed as guard on a boat that carried supplies to various points on the Bicol river and on San Miguel Bay. I remember the names of only two of this squad--Chester Reynolds who died in 1955 at the age of 76, and Bill Shutan, now deceased, but I have no knowledge as to when he died.

On this occasion we took some supplies to Co. B., stationed at Daet on San Miguel Bay. We left Nueva Caceres about 6:00 P.M. on May 29, and arrived early next morning at the Daet dock on the bay.

Co. B. soldiers on guard at the dock said they were glad we had come, as we were badly needed; and they quickly told us the story.

Very early on the morning of May 26, Capt. Steinhauser, with a detachment of 22 men of his Co. B., hiked to Labo, 18 miles in the jungles, on orders from Gen. Bell, to nail up notices, informing the Insurgents there to come in and surrender, and then he was to return at once.

But Steinhauser disobeyed that part of the order and remained over night.

Labo was situated on a small river. There was no bridge, and the shallow water had to be forded to reach the village on the other side.

Had Steinhauser with his men returned at once as directed, nothing would have happened. During the night the Insurgents set a trap for them.

That trap consisted of bushes and vines on both sides of the trail the men would travel after they forded the river. The native guide was wiser than Steinhauser. He suspicioned that Insurgents were concealed in those bushes and vines, and told Steinhauser it would not be wise to go that way, and that he would lead them out over a safer trail.

"Get out of the way, you cold-footed coward," said Steinhauser, "we are going out the way we came in." But they did not.

They forded the river, and as they reached the trail, the Insurgents were there, concealed in the bushes and vines, and before the soldiers could see any of the enemy, three were killed and 11 wounded by the shooting of the Insurgents; and they were lucky to get out of that trap alive.

They made a rush back across the river and into the stone church.

Steinhauser was shot thru both legs and could not stand up. Two of his men carried him back to the church.

Three men were shot thru their arms and could not use their rifles. Sergeant Miller, who had been transferred from Co. K. to Co. B., and Corp. Johnson were killed. Private Phillips was missing and was never found.

Only eight men of the group were unscratched. They fought off the Insurgents while the wounded were getting back into the church. It's a wonder any of them ever got out of that alive.

When they gained the protective shelter of the stone church, they barred the heavy doors, and men went up into the tower to watch and shoot any Insurgents that exposed themselves.

Meanwhile, in Daet there was much worry when the detachment failed to return according to schedule. At the end of the third day it was certain things had gone badly wrong.

Then all available men were organized into a rescue party; patients were removed from the hospital to company quarters for safety, guard posts were decreased, and under cover of darkness that night the rescue party started for Labo, 18 miles away.

Thru the darkness and jungles they went. When about five miles from Labo they halted to rest, with guards posted in front and rear.

All were quiet; No one spoke above a whisper. They had hardly settled down when the front guard, in a nervous but clear voice, commanded, "Halt, who comes there?"

Instantly every man had his loaded rifle ready for action. Then came the answer, "Nolan."

He had gone thru the ambush unwounded, and after three days without food or water, he volunteered to go to Daet for help. He was soon telling the tale of the ambush to Lieut. Baker, the officer in charge of the rescue party.

Nolan advised against going further with such a small force. So they turned back and reached Daet just before dawn on May 30, and began rounding up more soldiers for the rescue party.

Orders were sent to the boat landing for the guards there. And it was at this moment when our boat arrived.

All eight of us Co. K. men were requested to join the rescue party. Two big pack mules, loaded with food and ammunition and led by two natives, were taken along.

For some reason I was given charge of the mules. I think they had heard of my previous work under heavy enemy fire. In fact, the Co. B. men were glad we Co. K. men were in the rescue party, as they had never been under fire and knew that we Co. K. men belonged to the fighting unit and had faced the fire of the enemy many times. That makes a big difference.

We were soon on the way. When we reached the little river at Labo, we were met by hot fire from the enemy on the other side. We soon out-shot them and put them to flight. As the Co. B. men in the church heard the shooting,

they knew help had arrived, and greeted us with loud cheers.

As the shooting began, the natives leading the pack mules turned them loose and ran for safety behind some big trees. Quick action was necessary to catch the mules, for they turned and headed for Daet. With bayonet fixed to my rifle I was after the natives, and told them to catch the mules before I killed them both. The mules were soon caught.

With the shooting over, we forded the little river and entered the church. What a sight. Men shot thru the leg, and leg swelled to almost double its regular size. One man with hand nearly shot off at the wrist. Captain Steinhauser shot thru both legs at the knees, and unable to stand up.

Men unable to walk were put on the pack mules. A stretcher was made for Steinhauser out of a blanket and two bamboo poles, and he was carried on it clear to Daet by four men. These men were Reynolds and me of Co. K., and Holden and Clarence Mack of Co. B.

The sun set and darkness came long before we reached Daet. Thirty-six weary miles covered that day. We four carrying Steinhauser were relieved about four miles from Daet by four natives pressed into service. This relief came none too soon, as we were almost ready to drop in our tracks. My legs and body ached so badly I was unable to sleep that night after we reached Daet.

When that story by me appeared in the National Tribune on Dec. 14, 1935, Comrade Holden of Co. B. wrote me and said:

"The missing link of that day on May 30, 1900, has been supplied by your article that I've just read in the Tribune, and that is the detail on the boat was composed of Co. K. boys."

That article brought me many letters from Comrades of Co. B., and that ambush at Labo was never forgotten. Some of the wounded men were crippled for life, including Steinhauser. And it could all have been avoided had he heeded the advice of the native.

Comrade Harry Gebhart, of Heber Springs, Arkansas, was a member of Co. B., and he wrote me on March 1, 1935, after reading that article. This is part of what he said:

"I did not return to the U.S. with our regiment, but stayed in the Philippines for six years and came near being a Filipino."

CHAPTER VII

WE WERE RELIEVED

Editor National Tribune: I've just read in your October 29, 1958 issue an article by Comrade John A. Jordan, member of Co. L., 26th Regiment of U.S. Regulars.

Jordan says it was his newly recruited regiment that relieved our old volunteer 45th in the Philippines in March, 1901, after we had fought the Insurgents from Manila south, clear to the southern tip of Luzon during a period of fifteen months. We had done our final job in North and South Camarines Provinces, an area where we were the first American troops ever to invade that part of Luzon.

It was here that we crushed the Insurgents, mopped them up, and then garrisoned their towns and villages until the 26th arrived to relieve us. And I had to wait all these years to learn what regiment it was that moved in to take our place.

What a happy event that was for us. I was a member of Co. K. of that old Fighting 45th. And many of my deceased Comrades had been buried in that part of the Philippines. Then in March, 1901, here came the newly recruited troops from the U. S. to relieve us so we could pack up and go home.

Our work was done, and we had done it well. What a glorious event it was for those of us who were still living, that our days of fighting Insurgents were over.

And I was so fortunate to be one of those soldiers who had survived to that great day, after seeing my Comrades shot, killed, and wounded on all sides of me. Two wounded men, at different times, had been killed right in my arms, as another man and I tried to carry them out of the line of fire.

Jordan said his regiment left San Francisco January 12, 1901, on the Army Transport Sheridan, and on March 21 anchored in San Miguel Bay, that same bay where we had tried to land in line-boats more than a year before, and had to jump out into the water and shoot our way to shore.

And after we reached land, we had to fight our way to Nueva Caceres, capital of South Camarines, 20 miles inland. That was a tough job and took two days of fighting for us to get there.

And then a little more than a year later, the troops of the 26th sail up the Bicol River in life-boats, and peacefully enter that city on that river.

Then Jordan tells about the troops of his regiment being scattered out to garrison towns and villages that we had captured from the Insurgents.

He said a group went from Nueva Caceres to Nabua, a town we took from the Insurgents, leaving 25 men there; then went on to Polangui, where we had a hard fight with the Insurgents on March 18, 1900, leaving only 20 men there; and then on to Libon, where we again had fought the Insurgents, leaving only 8 men there, including him.

March 17, 1900, we had camped for the night at Libon, and there a warning notice came to us by an Insurgent messenger under a white flag, informing us that they were ready and waiting for us at Polangui, and warning us not to come.

We were glad to get that notice, for then we knew what to expect, and would be prepared for it. And what we did to the Insurgents at Polangui I have told in Chapter IV, headed The Legaspi Hike.

And only a year later, conditions were so peaceful at Polangui, that only 20 American soldiers were left to garrison the town.

CHAPTER VIII

WHAT THE REGULARS DID

Note: This story was written by Hotema and appeared in National Tribune on May 4, 1961.

Editor National Tribune: I was a member of Co. K. of the 45th U.S. Vol. Inf., and have often wondered how the Regular Troops that relieved us in 1901 fared against the Insurgents.

Our old 45th was relieved by the newly recruited 26th U.S. Inf., and replaced us in southern Luzon in March 1901, after we'd battled the Insurgents for 15 months.

The Regulars moved in with chests puffed out and declared they'd show the Insurgents some tricks not in the book. We warned them of the treacherous bolo-men, but they only laughed and said they'd take care of them.

The Captain of one company of Regulars that relieved our Co. K. did not have the same degree of optimism. When that company moved in, and we lined up at attention, to receive them, he took a good look around at the wild country and hilly jungles, then turning to our company, he said; "If any man will step out and re-enlist in my company, I'll make him a sergeant."

His offer was not accepted. It fell on deaf ears. We had been thru it and wanted no more.

Now come stories in the National Tribune of what the bolo-men did to those Regulars. One such story appeared in the April 6 issue, and another in the April 13 issue, 1961.

The first story is titled "Spanish War Vet. Relates How He Saw Massacre." This happened to Co. C., 9th U.S. Inf., at Balangiga, Samar, on Sept. 28, 1901.

In this case, a group of bolo-men, hidden in the building of the officers' quarters, killed the Captain, 1st. Lieut., and a Sergeant Major, and also some of the guards who were on duty.

What were these guards doing when the bolo-men slipped into camp and hid in the building? The account says, "There were dead and wounded men all over the place, more bolo-men than Co. C. men."

The second story tells how bolo-men cut up a "detachment of Co. E., same Regiment" on Oct. 16, 1901, at Camp Denver, Gandara River, Samar. In this case only three soldiers escaped alive.

According to the account, it was a Catholic Priest who directed the bolo-men in both instances. In the Camp Denver massacre, he was one of the first to be killed. Of him the account says:

"Conspicuous among the dead natives was one masquerading 'padre' who lay stretched on the ground, in all the gay panaploy of his violated holy office. He and the Captain of the bolo-men, clad in a star-decorated white garment, went down in death near another dressed in fiery red."

THE BOLO MEN

(Note: This story appeared in April 13, 1961, issue of National Tribune).

Following is a graphic account of the fight at the Gandara River as it appeared in the Manila Times on Nov. 1, 1901. We believe the story will be of interest to our Spanish War subscribers and be good reading for veterans of later wars (and the people of the U.S. in general who know almost nothing of the Philippine Insurrection) -- Editor.

Catbalogan, Samar, Oct. 22, 1901.--Survivors of Lieut. Wallace's detachment of Co. E., 9th Infantry, tell of the attack of the bolomen on "Camp Denver," Gandara River, indicating the most heroic conduct by veterans who fought and died on a little camp ground no bigger than the back yard of a New York tenement house, between the swamps of the river and the big hill in front of them from which they were attacked by the Filipino bolomen.

It's impossible to imagine a more desperate hand-to-hand conflict than that which ensued when the wild yells of the attacking bolomen fell upon the camp.

Some soldiers were in the river bathing and left their rifles on the bank with their clothing. Others yet slept in their tents. Still others were gathered about a little fire over which the morning coffee was sending out its aroma in the gray air.

The bolomen cut and thrust thru the tent flaps, wounding and killing the sleeping soldiers. Those in the river scrambled up the bank, and, naked and dripping as they were, seized their rifles, put on bayonets and rushed into the wild melee, where shouting bolomen, already maddened by the sight and smell of human blood, were thrusting, stabbing and chopping into the mass of soldiers, who dared not shoot in the narrow confines of the little camp ground, lest the bullets might slay their comrades.

The Americans fought with bayonets alone, ever drawing closer and closer together in order to reach a common center, where back-to-back they might shoot to beat off their foes. Some soldiers had not time to fix bayonets to their guns, and used them as daggers. One soldier thrust his bayonet so deeply into a boloman that he was pulled to his knees in trying to withdraw the blade, and another boloman rushed in and cut off his head. Other soldiers who were in like predicament, were hewed and hacked about the face until they were forced to give up the awful struggle and fell dying to the blood-soaked earth.

Only three soldiers escaped, and as they came aboard the ship Leyte when it visited the scene, they could not tell how the soldiers finally got together in a little bunch and opened fire with their rifles and beat off the foe.

But it was done, the bolomen not killed or wounded took to their heels, and left close to a hundred bolomen who were dead and dying, their cries of fear mingling with the groans of the brave soldiers who, with death at hand, showed the same courageous spirit that must fill with admiration all who read of their manly words of "Good-bye" as the survivors hastened to aid and succor them.

CHAPTER IX

A CLOSE CALL

I experienced some close calls and hair-raising escapes in the Philippines, one of which Comrade Harkinson mentioned.

I will tell about another. After reading one of my war stories in the National Tribune in 1954, a Comrade of my regiment wrote and asked whether I remembered when a boloman cut off the head of a Co. K. man.

I was in that Company and well remember that sad event. Three of us, Dempsey, Eisenach and me, were on outpost together, on a road leading out into the country from Nueva Caceres.

Eisenach was killed by the boloman. He had just relieved me at noon. Dempsey sat at the roadside playing solitaire with a deck of playing cards, his loaded rifle lying beside him.

I started for company headquarters for my dinner, and had not gone more than 200 yards when I heard shooting. Running back with my loaded rifle, I found Dempsey shooting at a native fleeing down the road toward the woods and brush. Dempsey was so nervous he missed every shot. On the ground lay Eisenach, with his head nearly severed from his body.

A native had come along with a big basket on his head, and stopped to ask Eisenach if he wanted to buy some eggs. He said no, and then as he turned away to look down the road, the native quickly took a big bolo from the basket on his head, and hit Eisenach one blow that almost cut off his head.

Dempsey's shooting brought a squad of soldiers on the run with their rifles. We searched the woods for the boloman, finding two natives, but Dempsey could not identify either as the culprit.

Some of the soldiers got a rope and wanted to hang them both. But cooler heads prevailed, and the natives were put in prison. Whatever became of them after that is unknown to me.

Maybe Eisenach replaced me just in time to save my life. That native passed me on the road, but paid no attention to me nor I to him.

At a later time bolomen came very close to getting me. Our Third Battalion was stationed at San Jose on garrison duty, and we made daily patrols to the little towns of Goa and Tigaon nearby, where other troops were stationed. We had collected native ponies, found some saddles and bridles, and rode the ponies on these patrols.

One day I was in a patrol that was riding along a dim trail thru woods and brush, from Tigaon to San Jose. My saddle worked loose, and I dismounted to fix it. The rest of the soldiers, thinking it would take but a minute, rode on.

I found a strap broken, and by the time I got the saddle fixed, the rest of the patrol was out of sight and some distance away.

There I was, alone in jungles where dangerous bolomen might be hiding, waiting for a chance like that. And by heck they were there.

My rifle was slung over my shoulder by the strap, and my old 45 was buckled around my waist. With my hand gripping the handle of it, I was prepared for any emergency.

I rode fast to catch the other men, and had not gone far when the trail rounded a curve, and my heart almost stopped. For there were 8 or 10 bolomen. I thought my time had come, but was going to make a good fight in case of attack.

When the bolomen saw me, they pretended to be at work cutting brush -- an old trick when caught unexpectedly. They no doubt thought more soldiers were coming behind me. When it appeared that I was alone, two of them rushed at me with their bolos.

I had expected it, and was ready. I whipped out my 45 and shot them both in the breast, and they fell as if hit with an ax. I fled at top speed before the others could attack me, and soon caught up with the rest of the patrol.

The men had heard my shots and were coming back to see what the trouble was. We hurried back to the point where the bolomen were, but they had vanished, taking their dead with them.

One time, after a hard day's hike, the 1st sergeant, as usual, called the roll to see if all the men were there, and one failed to answer. He looked up and began asking who saw that man last and where. A man in the line next to where this missing man was, spoke up and said that about three o'clock that afternoon, this man stepped out of line into the brush that bordered the ancient road, to have a bowel movement, and he assumed that he was back in the rear end of the line of march.

No one ever saw him again. The dangerous bolomen were hiding in that brush watching us go by, and when this man stepped into that brush, they killed him so quickly that he had no chance to shout for help.

When our Captain heard that story, he said to us, "I want none of you men ever to do that again. When you must have a bowel movement, sit down where we can see you and stay out of the brush."

That careful we had to be to keep the dangerous bolomen from killing us.

Now I'll close this War Story section with a short poem --

Long ago it was that we sailed away,
Over the great Pacific so wide and blue,
Bound for a strange and distant land
About which we very little knew.

We saw the mountains, valleys and plains,
We forded the many rivers and streams,
We shot the Insurgents who blocked our path,
And we heard their wounded screams.

Such is the life of a soldier-boy,
Who serves his Uncle Sam;
He's just a small cog in a mighty wheel
And he doesn't give a dam.

Now all the brave men who went with me
Have passed on to their final rest,
While I still live and enjoy life
In this glorious land of the blest.

(The End)



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