



About the Author

Dr. E. L. Rasmussen was born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1881. The family moved to Michigan, and it was there that he graduated from high school and began his medical education.

After serving the required time at Detroit Medical College, Dr. Rasmussen began his apprenticeship with various doctors in Chicago. He continued his education at the University of Michigan, and the University of Illinois in Chicago. Post-graduate courses were taken at the Kentucky College of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Missouri, as well as in Vienna and Moscow.

Dr. Rasmussen gradually made his way westward and worked for the San Francisco Board of Health after the great earthquake in that city. He then embarked on various adventures (including digging gold in the Klondike) before returning to his hometown, Savannah.

He established his first highly successful Rasmussen Clinic in Ft. Myers, Florida, and later moved it to Coral Gables. He has now retired from practice and lives with his wife, Muriel, in Ft. Myers. Dr. Rasmussen is active in civic organizations, among them the Royal Order of the Moose, the American Legion, the World Medical Association, and the Florida Historical Association.

Pageant Press International Corp., New York City

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by

EDWIN L. RASMUSSEN, M.D.

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Pageant Press International Corp.

New York

1970

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

WHEN I came to Florida with the Koreshan Unity, it was our good fortune to settle in Lee County on the Estero River south of Fort Myers. In 1910 it was our good fortune to meet Dr. E. L. Rasmussen, when he opened an office at the experimental station east of Billys Creek Bridge. At that time there were several other doctors in our neighborhood, doctors Winkler, Armstrong, Stone, Matheson and Hanson, most of whom have now passed to their reward.

These doctors had the entire medical field to themselves, and they played with diseases like a child would play checkers, or a man with his collection of postage stamps.

The builders of that day would cut down the trees and make roads, but they laughed at the doctors who believed that such things as germs and bacteria cause disease. Most people thought such ideas were crazy, but as the doctors were apparently harmless they let them alone. Doctors who had no real scientific curiosity were satisfied to call all diseases simply "tropical disease."

Then, into this little world of ours came a new personality: Dr. E. L. Rasmussen. He was an investigator, who looked into and inspected everything that was new to him. He had at his disposal a newspaper, *The American Eagle*. Dr. Rasmussen wrote many articles about diseases, and as he had keen powers of observation and description, his articles were a treat for readers. He did not limit himself to medicine, some articles dealt with power politics, and some of his ideas were subscribed to by the voters. His observation was such that he could usually predict the results of an election, and we came to expect that he would usually be right.

At the beginning of World War I the Doctor was one of the first to offer his help to the cause, and he enlisted in the Canadian Medical Corps. When The United States finally

decided to enter the conflict Dr. Rasmussen came back to his native land and enlisted in the United States Medical Corps. He was put in charge of the cantonment at Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Michigan. Later he was sent to France, where he took part in the third and final Battle of the Marne. After the victory Marshal Foch gave Dr. Rasmussen a citation for his services in this battle.

The marked success Dr. Rasmussen has had in his profession is due, in my opinion, to his seemingly uncanny sense of diagnosis. True, no practitioner is infallible, since similar symptoms may result from entirely different causes, and the mental and physical characteristics of each individual are so complex that each reacts differently under similar treatment. But in the more than thirty-seven years that I have known him, I have found Dr. Rasmussen outstanding in ability, and devoted to his profession. He is truly a man sincerely dedicated to the alleviation of human suffering.

—ALLEN ANDREWS (1947)

INTRODUCTION

MANY Florida residents will remember Dr. E. L. Rasmussen, who practiced medicine in this state for many years. He practiced in Fort Myers, Lee County, Florida for sixteen years. When his star patient passed, he moved to a larger field in Coral Gables where he met with outstanding success.

He was a versatile practitioner of both the drugless field and medicinal field. He employed in his profession both medicine and drugless therapy. He believes that no one system is a cure-all and the great desideratum is to restore the body to normal functioning by whatever specific method is indicated in each case.

On moving to Coral Gables, he purchased a large two-story building at 132 Minorca Avenue around the corner from Ponce de Leon Boulevard. There he established the RASMUSSEN CLINIC and he practiced at that location for many years. His was the most up-to-date clinic. It was modern in every way with X-rays, Hemo-therapy, and twenty-four operating and treatment rooms where a maximum of work was accomplished with a minimum of effort.

His patients came from every state, but the majority came from Jacksonville, Tampa, St. Petersburg, Miami, and central Florida. His desire for a modern building on a main thoroughfare with all facilities on the main floor finally influenced Dr. Rasmussen to purchase a location in a fine residential area of Miami. There he constructed a more modern building of his own design. That he made no mistake is attested by the large and growing clientele who flocked to his door. While I was there one day shortly after the clinic opened I met outstanding people from all over the United States and Europe. I saw Mrs. Eddie Rickenbacker, Mrs. Walter Olsen of Chicago of the Olsen Rug Company, Arturo

DeFlippi of Italy, Dr. Modesto Allo, musical director of the University of Miami, Alvin Miller of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. Frost, parents of Mrs. Rickenbacker. I saw many others that day.

His clinic faces the eastern end of Third Street, S. W., which is now called Coral Way with its parkway of ficus trees leading to Coral Gables. This is the main thoroughfare to Coral Gables from Miami. Busses pass his door every fifteen minutes. We were just ten blocks from the central Miami shopping district.

The 50 by 100 foot square building is tinted a pleasing buff. The bomb-proof building is made of steel and concrete with an outside/inside access to the basement. The roof is of unique construction, as it is built to be as nearly bomb-proof as possible. The structure of the roof is on a perfectly level plane, not sloping in any direction. There is a distance of four feet from between the plastered ceiling of the building and this flat roof. Then there is a rise of fourteen inches from the roof proper to the downspout so there is at all times an accumulation of water on the roof fourteen inches deep. The water is covered completely with gravel. The doctor explained that the water acted as a condenser and kept the temperature down 15 to 20 per cent lower than in the clinic proper.

"As we were at war, and there were submarines lurking around and sinking our tankers, I planned this building to withstand fire bombing. My thought as I planned it was simply this: If we were attacked from the air with a medium bomb, the roof would withstand this type of attack, and if a fire bomb did hit the roof, the sub-roof with all the water there would leak enough to put out the fire," he said.

Outside the front entrances is a neon sign, "THE E. L. RASMUSSEN CLINIC—Treatment and Diagnosis—Twenty-four Hour Service." This new building contains twelve treatment rooms, a surgery, laboratory, examining rooms, lead insulated physiotherapy room, nurses' rooms, emergency entrance, emergency operation room, and rest rooms. There were also four dressing rooms, two complete baths, hot and cold water in all rooms, and a diet kitchen with equip-

ment for cooking and preparing all sorts of diets.

Now for the man who owns and operates this institution. He is of Danish and Norwegian parentage. Dr. Rasmussen is nevertheless a native American citizen having been born and raised here in the United States. His father, he states, was one of the original promoters of the great Battle Creek Sanatorium. Apparently the mind of his son ran in a similar vein for in his early life he evinced a liking for the medical profession. At an age earlier than usual, he entered a medical school in Detroit, Michigan and he attended lectures there. He also pinch hit for regular doctors when they made house calls or took time out for a rest.

Later he studied at the clinics in Europe. He went to Russia in 1936 where he was present at one of Stalin's purges. Stalin purged some hundreds of his top officials claiming they were too powerful, and could take over if they so desired, so he shot them all; and canned their blood. This gave Dr. Rasmussen the idea for our present day blood bank. He came home and promoted the Miami Blood Bank. He interested the Elk's Lodge and this organization put up the money to make it a success. Thus Miami had the first blood bank in the United States.

chapter 8

THE KORESHAN UNITY: INSIDE AND OUT

HERE of late there have appeared many articles in magazines and stories written up about the Koresh cult. Some of it is true, but most of it is fiction. At least, it's an interesting story. I will give you the inside story as I was their chief physician along with Dr. F. K. Armstrong who passed away years ago.

To say the least about them as a people, they were clean and honest. None of them smoked or partook of alcoholic beverages. As long as I was closely connected with them, I never could accuse them of being anything but a sober and industrious people. The first of the group I met were Dr. Richards, Allen Andrews, Mr. Bubbit, Sr., Dr. Price, Mr. Silverfriend, Mrs. Norton, Lou Staton, and Mrs. Bessemer. They were all high class citizens and respected in the community.

From my recollections of what I was told by the older members, most of them came here from Chicago, Illinois, but there were people from different areas of the United States. Their founder, Dr. Teed, was a spellbinder if there ever was one. To hear him lecture was to believe him. He could cast a spell over his listeners to the extent that they would rush home and make preparations to cede their all, as it were, over to him. Then the convert was subjected to an indoctrination period after which he could be rejected or made a disciple. One would then move into this garden of communism and be one of them, a sister or a brother as the case may be. Not only were you shorn of parenthood, but all your family ties. Your wife became your sister. A husband became a brother to his wife.

Your wife would move into an inner sanctum, a sort of

women's dormitory, where no mere man would be permitted. The men would be scattered all over in nearby small cottages which were limited to the men. There was also a communal dining room where you got a glimpse of your wife, now a sister.

As a close observer of their goings on, I likened them to a beehive. The drones, the workers: and the queen, who happened to be a man—a man who did little work, but attended to the needs of the women. He also gave advice to the men who needed cautioning. Before sitting down at the dining table, a sort of ritualistic prayer was said. Then they would sit down to a bounteous banquet of home-made bread, fish (when it was available), potatoes, grits, water or milk (when it was available from their own dairy). The work of preparing the food was carried out by a kitchen crew changing from time to time, usually once a week. Then there was a laundry brigade, a cleanup brigade, a nursery brigade. For a while, they had a fishing brigade who would paddle down the Estero River to the Gulf to fish.

After the death of Dr. Teed, who was supposed to be immortal, they set up a cemetery brigade. This brigade was to look after Dr. Teed's appetite, and to see that he was fed regularly. His food was set outside his tomb which was constructed of a slab of poured cement. He was thusly intombed sitting in a washtub with more cement poured around him, and a slab put on top, to top it all off.

Before Dr. Teed's death, the idea of communism was the basis for all their dealings. Money was thought a curse, to be done away with. Barter should be the basis of all human endeavor. After a while, to keep the Koresh ideas rolling, Dr. Teed cooked up other ideas to keep the member's minds befuddled. One which the doctor claimed had been overlooked by science was that we were living inside of the world and not on the outside as claimed by the Copernican system of astronomy. In other words, the world was a hollow sphere and we were on the inside. The doctor was anxious to prove this to the world.

He was really on the beam with a lot of his dreams. He had an explanation for the moon, the sun, and the stars, of which there are millions. He held that they are not worlds or planets but great centers of fire which made them glow in the night. This theory was named Cellular Cosmogony.

It was in the early 1900's that the Koresh community came to Fort Myers. They gave up the Chicago locations as their way of life was not acceptable to the people there. Early in 1890, they sent a group to Fort Myers to explore the idea of moving the entire colony here. The people who were in power at that time offered to donate the land necessary to establish a settlement in Lee County. This offer was accepted, and they located on the river at what is known as Estero, Florida.

Log cabins were constructed, then a store, a carpentry shop, a marina, and a saw mill. Things were booming among the mosquitoes, the snakes and the alligators. Soon they had boats plying down the Estero River to Mound Key and from there out into the Gulf of Mexico. From thence they went up the river to Fort Myers where they traded and bartered for what they needed and did not have. Boatload after boatload of furniture and useful appliances needed to build their new homes and manufactured articles were bartered for. There were tools of all descriptions, animals, etc. They had to be transported to the new destination. All this was made possible by contributions from the members who had given their all.

I remember a speech made by Allen Andrews, President and General Manager, also editor of the *American Eagle*, and leader of the Koresh Unity from the time of the death of Dr. Teed. This address was delivered before the faculty of the Florida State University at Gainesville, Florida. He was introduced by Mr. Harold Newins who was then the Head of the Forestry School, and well-versed in the Copernican system.

Mr. Andrews, a patient of mine, was indeed one of the most trusted friends I ever had. In his address, Mr. Andrews stated that there were many men who were more sure of the Copernican system of astronomy than Copernicus himself.

He said this to illustrate that a fallacy often repeated will eventually assume with many a sanctity that equals the Bible itself. As I remember the rest of his speech went like this:

... It was an Indian, I believe, who said, "A host of people in this world knows a lot of things that ain't so!" The word, "science," according to the dictionary means to know what you don't know. That which is founded on hypothesis or guess work, is not science. In this latter category, Andrews said, should be included the Copernican system. Copernicus started with a guess. It hounded him until it became an obsession. Then he took it for granted that it was the gospel truth.

Many believe that the moon is a dead world. However, some years ago, I personally saw a star through the full moon disc which would somewhat upset that theory. Such phenomena are rare, but it is a matter of record.

Present day, so-called "science" holds that high tides are caused by the pulling powers of the moon, but strange to relate, there are high tides on opposite sides of the earth at the same time. So this does not make sense.

At Tamarack mines in upper Michigan where there were two parallel shafts a mile deep and connected by a tunnel at the lower level, certain engineers conducted an experiment some years ago. According to the Copernican system, all vertical lines converge towards the center of the earth, and this they expected to prove. A heavy weight suspended by piano wire was lowered to the bottom of each of the two shafts. These were immersed in oil to deaden all vibration. The exact distance was measured a mile below. To their amazement, the distance of the two wires with the weights are slightly further apart at the bottom. The scientists conducting this test had no way of accounting for this variation. They had expected the opposite.

When you see a vessel disappearing over the horizon, it seems to prove that the earth was round, and the vessel has passed out of sight. But this is not true, as a telescope will bring it into full view. The telescope merely extends the

natural vision farther, that is all. This also proves that when you look down a railroad right-of-way, the rails seem to run together. But that is false, also. Use your telescope, and you can again see beyond where you had seen the rails end. This applies to telegraph and telephone poles. All this is easy to understand if you study the structure of the eyes. This is called prospective foresighting.

This lecture by Mr. Andrews lasted several hours. It is too long to go into further details, but he and others were convinced that they were right. They believed they could prove it. Since then science has proven time and time again that Koreshanty is so far off that it is ridiculous.

Here, I can refer to Mr. Andrews. They, the Koreshans, started out with a guess. They hounded that guess until it seemed to them that it was gospel truth.

At this time, about 1919, I did a lot of bartering with the Koresh people. My first patient at the Koresh Colony was Mrs. Andrews my friend's mother. She was an exceptionally fine woman. She was one of the first to join the Koresh movement, and she remained a faithful follower until she passed away two years later. I was on a trip to Europe at the time and was unavailable during her last illness. When I returned from Europe, I was shocked to hear that she had passed. It was difficult and hard to tell Mr. Andrews that Dr. Armstrong had done everything possible for her.

After that, Mr. Andrews and I became more attached to each other. I sold him my black touring car which I had purchased for my family. Whenever the people at the Unity were unable to make it financially, I would always make them a loan, which, by the way, was always paid when due.

However, I still have a note that has been due since Mr. Andrews was ousted by a confederate, a German refugee, in whom he misplaced his confidence. He had helped this person get located in America and assisted with her naturalization, and then she turned against him. They wrecked most of the buildings, and chose not to take in any new members. Those remaining were old and weak. Their average ages were over

seventy. Only two of the old timers are still there. Old Father Time has his eye fastened on these two who connived against the man who really built the place.

During the 1924-25 boom here in Florida, Mr. Andrews put into the Koreshan Corporation \$50,000 that I had personal knowledge of. Two thousand dollars was money made in a real estate deal which I promoted and two thousand dollars was my own. He put up the store and built an electric generating plant. He also built a tourist camp for trailers, a filling station, and added a new linotype machine costing \$12,000, to improve the printing facilities. He was on the road almost day and night. The entire population depended on him to keep the community in the black.

He had not left the community for twenty years, so I promoted the idea that he should accompany Dr. F. K. Armstrong and myself for a visit to his sister in Washington, D. C. and a brother in Brooklyn, New York. I was heading for the Philadelphia Centennial anyway, so we entered into an agreement that they would furnish the gas. I would drive, and they would stand all expenses. According to my log of the trip, we left Fort Myers on August 31, 1926 at 1:30 P.M. I was driving a Cadillac, V-63, twelve cylinders. We started with a full tank of gas, 20 gallons, and 12 quarts of oil. After two hundred miles, I suggested that it was time to stop at a filling station for gas. Dr. Armstrong could not believe that we were getting low. I said, "O.K., if you want to walk." So we left, and about fifteen miles out of town the car snorted once and died. Still Dr. Armstrong could not believe that we were already dry. I explained to him that we were lucky to get more than seven or eight miles to the gallon. We sat there for a while. Then a road construction truck drove up.

The first crack they made was, "I bet you all is short of gas."

I said, "How right you are!" They did, however, have several 5-gallon cans of gas which they emptied into the maw of the Cadillac, and we were on our way again.

Dr. Armstrong under his breath said to Mr. Andrews, "I

think we should have walked." Later that day, we arrived in Dade City, Florida, a distance of 186 miles. We took a room and left at 4:30 the next morning. We drove all day and arrived at Athens, Georgia, a distance of 524 miles from Fort Myers. We also left Athens at 4:30 A.M., arriving at Lynchburg, Virginia at 9:15 P.M. We did a lot of driving that day, 416 miles. We stopped there overnight and left at 4:30 A.M. arriving in Philadelphia at 8:00 P.M.

Dr. Armstrong had had his fill of buying gas. He stated that he would take the railroad for the balance of the trip. He was going to his summer home in Grimsby, Canada. Mr. Andrews continued on his way after spending two days at the Centennial. We then left for Washington, D. C. where he met his sister. After a day there, we left for Brooklyn, New York where I left Mr. Andrews with his brother. I continued on to Northboro, Massachusetts, 265 miles from New York. I visited my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Felt, and also visited a patient professionally at Boston. I also attended a professional ball game in Boston.

I then left to pick up Dr. Armstrong at Grimsby. But when I got there he was not ready to leave, so we visited the Canadian Medical Association Convention and homecoming at Toronto, Canada. Then it was back to Grimsby, but Dr. Armstrong could not leave. So I left for Detroit and Beaverton, Michigan. There we learned that Florida was being devastated by a tropical hurricane. That ended my vacation after visiting friends at Greenville and Grand Rapids, Michigan.

THE GREAT HURRICANE

Now the race was on to get back to Florida. This time, I drove day and night, and finally reached home in 46 hours. Things were really torn up. The college and sanitarium I operated was a twenty-room structure. There wasn't a window left in the entire building. Much was to be done. Hundreds of people were dead at Moore Haven. The dead were scattered all over the glades and doctors were needed desperately. Bard Hendry came to me and asked me if I would volunteer to go. I went in his speed boat up through the Caloosahatchee River in four hours. I am sure we straightened out many of the curves in the river. I doubt if there was any water left when we finally arrived at what had been Moore Haven. We immediately were put to work. The stench of decomposing human flesh was so nauseating that we had to tie handkerchiefs around our faces. These were saturated with a weak solution of ammonia. We finally did get masks to wear. Motor boat after motor boat was arriving with corpses. With corpses tied to them, some boats would arrive with as many as a dozen bodies. I was put to work giving typhoid shots. The activity where we worked was helter-skelter. Some of the sides of the building, and most of the roof had disappeared. Some buildings were standing upright, but blocks away from where they had been.

The heat was intense. Everyone, it seemed, was wandering around trying to locate and identify members of their families. As time progressed, identification became more difficult. Some bodies were entirely nude, and identification was utterly impossible. Some corpses were identified by the rings or other jewelry they had worn. For months and even years, an occasional skeleton was found in the palmetto

growth. Some are there even now, bearing mute witness to the terrible hurricane.

It was then that President Hoover sent a commission from Washington to make recommendations for a levee. This levee was to prevent a recurrence of this type of disaster. It took years to build the levee that henceforth would prevent such disasters.

Yes, the Red Cross arrived, but it set up headquarters far away from the disaster and housed in a plush hotel. What happened was a national disgrace as far as the aid that was given. The national response was generous but the application of aid was meagre. Here are some of the headlines that appeared in the Lee County newspapers:

SAVED BY RED TAPE: The American Eagle, American Legion acts upon recommendation of committeemen.

The American Red Cross closed its business as far as receiving new claims for relief are concerned. On December 4, a report issued stated at that time that 22,904 applications had been closed. There are still 12,349 cases who requested relief. We are led to believe that these cases are still up in the air! The local headquarters of the Red Cross over the name of Henry R. Baker issued a statement of receipts and expenditures at the close of business, November 30. Fort Myers Press, December 28, 1926.

The total collected for the Florida disaster relief was \$3,644,892.86 to date. A matter of \$907,051.39 had been distributed among those who suffered in the big blow. That left \$2,737,841.47 still in the hands of the Red Cross. Note: The cost of administration was \$106,835.98. This amount was contributed from the Washington headquarters.

Is it a wonder that the people who suffered in the September hurricane were calling the Red Cross names? There were thousands trying to get back to the status that they enjoyed

before the great blow, trying hard to make both ends meet, feed their children, and get together a few household things. And yet, the Red Cross hung tenaciously to three quarters of the funds which were raised by the generous people of the United States. This was two and one half months after the storm.

It had cost the Washington headquarters \$106,835.98, or 11 per cent of the total contributed to administer the deal. Ninety-nine per cent of the people of Miami believe that \$100,000 of it was used to purchase red tape. The people of the state of Florida think that the relief was complete failure.

To start, when the Red Cross was collecting the fund, it must have been a bad guesser. At that time they stated in the collection campaign that it would cost at least \$5,000,000 to put Florida back where it was before the big blow. What a bad guess! But at the time, they were collecting money and not paying out.

The Red Cross has done badly. It has haggled about pennies, while it wasted dollars that were not coming to them—just as long as those that were in need were properly taken care of? *Miami News*

Dr. E. L. Rasmussen hurls charges of discrimination and unfairness at Red Cross. Dr. Rasmussen has as witnesses Mrs. J. Jones, John St. Croix and many others. At this time a committee of private citizens went to Moore Haven and had a conference with the editor of the *Glades Times*. They visited fifty locations where there had been homes and contentment. After this investigation, they reported that conditions were deplorable. Some of the citizens of the area were living in shelters on the canal banks with nothing but canvass on stakes to protect them from the sun. This committee consisted of the following citizens and taxpayers: Col. O. D. Gillinham, Allen Andrews, editor of the *American Eagle*; Walter Bentz, editor of the *Fort Myers Tropical*

News; Dr. E. L. Rasmussen, physician; Dr. F. K. Armstrong, physician and surgeon. *The Fort Myers Palm-leaf*, December 23, 1926.

After this committee report, the *Tampa Tribune*, and the Tampa people contributed over \$100,000 for the relief fund mostly with the understanding that it should be spent in the Moore Haven area. Thus, at this time, there was left out of the \$100,000 the sum of \$20,000.

The Tribune believes the local committee for disaster relief should arrange directly with the Moore Haven officials to spend this balance as promptly and effectively as possible without having it go through the Red Cross channels. *The Tampa Tribune*.

We were all threatened by the Red Cross that we were all liable to suit for libel. But we would all have to be sued. Every paper in the state had made blasphemous statements against the Red Cross with its miles of red tape.

THOMAS EDISON

I met Thomas A. Edison at Savannah, Georgia, as before stated. I later met him at his home in Fort Myers. Captain Menge informed me that he was having difficulty with his diet and digestive organs. I made my first examination and found that he needed a diet. There was nothing seriously wrong; he needed more simple food with no sugar and no salt. He called it all foolishness, but he did try the diet for a week and felt much better. From then on, we advised him as to his intake and output to balance the two. He was not a good patient as he had ideas of his own that were in conflict with what I told him.

At least he was getting along and that was our goal. His right-hand man, a Mr. Ott, always gave him away when he went off his diet. A Dr. Harrower, manufacturer of endocrinal substances aided me with Edison's glandular disturbances. I had met Dr. Harrower while I was with the San Francisco Board of Health. He was experimenting with the different glandular products which were obtained from the cattle and sheep slaughter houses. At this time he had obtained results that were astounding, and had a Pluroglandular Laboratory which covered three city blocks in Glendale, California. I had the full use of his laboratory facilities, and made use of these facilities from time to time. Dr. Harrower aided me in my treatment of Mr. Edison.

Mr. Edison's health was failing when he left Fort Myers the last season he lived here. It was only a short time after he left here that he passed. But so much has been written about his life that I want to go into details of what he was like.

Certain people have said that he was an infidel. This is far

with that. As it was, he was silently lying there in his wooden box with the quiet palms and the fragrant perfume all around it.

Mr. Edison would have enjoyed the service, because it was short and to the point. His ears could not hear what was said. All was silent. There was music by Beethoven and Wagner, and "The Evening Star" by Tannhauser. An old-fashioned organ and a fiddle played, "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen," and also "The Little Gray Home in the West." The music ceased. Two men in dark robes, Rev. Steffen Herben and Lewis Perry, Headmaster of Exeter, who were liked by Edison for their help in selecting promising students, read in a most solemn tone:

I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me shall not perish. . . . In my father's house, there are many mansions. If this were not so, I would have told you so. . . . He maketh me to lie down in the green pastures, Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. . . . There is one glory of the sun, and another glory, the moon; and every star differeth from another.

DO-IT-YOURSELF FUNERALS

HE who digs a hole for his fellow man is apt to fall into it himself. This has happened. Here is more about the Koresh Unity in Estero, Florida, al la mode. There are just two of the original members of the cult left today. Of course, this exists to those who have by hook and by crook and with the aid of hungry lawyers taken over the multimillion dollar corporation. Some of these people never lived at the Estero holdings. They held off on the sidelines, but had the foresight to know that in the end they would be younger than the founders. As true members of the cult lived as brother and sister, there could be no offspring. The younger ones remaining could see that it would only be a one generation affair. These renegades, as I may call them, gained more and more control. Eventually they would fall heir to the corporation.

A great battle was going on between Allen Andrews and Laurance Bubbitt, who was helped by his lady friend, Hedwich Mitchell. She was a Jewish refugee from Germany who was being given aid in her naturalization attempt by Andrews. She became a citizen through the efforts of Mr. Andrews, whom she was secretly planning to oust with the assistance of a Mr. Whan, a brother-in-law of Laurance Bubbitt.

During the early spring, one of the older members became ill. Hedwich and Laurance planned a quick, do-it-yourself funeral. However, the elderly member recovered. The coffin had been built; the hole dug. What could be done with it? Some use had to be made of it, so they had the dust lining removed, and attached a small Johnson outboard motor to it. It was used for fishing. It certainly was a queer looking boat.

Here is the funny angle. Mr. Bubbitt thought he was rid of one more of the last members of the cult so that he and his aide could take over the corporation along with Bawn. But sometimes fate takes a hand. Fate decided against Mr. Bubbitt as I shall relate here.

Twenty-eight years ago, this same man was a patient in my clinic and sanitarium at Coral Gables, Florida. He made the suggestion that I join the Koresh movement, and he would also. As I had a lot of influence with the other members, it would be an easy way to take over the entire property. I was shocked as I had known that he was only a drifter in and out of the dining hall where he had special privileges. His mother and father were officers in the corporation. They greased his palms whenever he needed funds, and paid for his stay at the clinic out of the Koresh Unity funds.

He was a patient for two months. He was diagnosed and prognosed. We could find nothing wrong except that he was in a weakened condition from overeating and excessive use of his tongue and eating muscles. Anyway, he came to me one day before he left and said, "I've got to have relief. I'm so full of gas, my stomach feels like a balloon."

He said that he had suffered this way most all of his life, but mostly an hour or so after eating. I proceeded to probe and finally passed a stomach tube. I was prepared to catch anything that was forthcoming. I had a pan, and also a rubber bag. After the tube passed into the stomach, there was forthcoming an expulsion of gas. I was never so surprised in my life, as he said that everything he had eaten for a week was still in his stomach. I caught a bagfull of this so-called gas. I saved it, and took it to the laboratory for testing, and soon discovered that his trouble was not gas but AIR. I took him in my private office and watched him for a half hour. He was wondering what I was trying to do. What I discovered was that he was a confirmed air-swallower. I talked to him for a few minutes, and then asked him how he felt.

"Well," he said, "I feel better after vomiting up all the sour food I carried in my stomach." I had to inform him that

he was eating air, and that there had been no food.

He was furious, and said that he had never heard of such a disease. I told him again that he was nevertheless a confirmed airswallower. He left in a terrible mood. He had anticipated a diagnosis of cancer as his sister, Mrs. Bawn, had just passed. She was a patient of mine also, and had died of cancer after I had sent her to a cancer hospital in Iowa.

At my suggestion, he left for the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland. He was again given the "entire works." He was there a week. By the end of a week, I had his report back from the Chief of Staff. "Mr. Bubbitt is a confirmed neurotic, and an air-swallower." So much for that.

Some time later, Mr. Fillgally was sent over from the Koresh community. He had trouble swallowing. It took no doctor by simply looking at his throat to know that he suffered from cancer. I performed an operation and removed the greater part of his glottis and his voice box. I sewed him up. He seemed to get along all right. but someone had to nurse him and be on hand to clear his throat of mucus which accumulated in his throat. After two weeks, he died. I notified the secretary at the Unity. She stated that the coffin was ready. They would send a truck to bring him back to the Unity. I did an autopsy to confirm my diagnosis. It seemed to take the truck a long time to drive from Estero to Coral Gables. It was several days before their arrival with a one-ton Ford truck with solid tires. This was in July as I recall.

Dr. Richard arrived with a do-it-yourself undertaking kit—a coffin made of rough boards and a top to be clamped down. I had recorded the death with the State Board of Health as required by law. All was in order, but I did tell the doctor that there was a possibility that he would need a permit to move the corpse out of the county. He did not think so. He left on the trail—the Tamiami Trail. I thought, in order to be safe, that I would call the Health Department in Miami, which I did. They informed me that before the removal of a corpse from the county, a removal permit had to be issued. I informed them that a corpse was on its way out

of the county without the necessary permit. They had the sheriff on his way immediately. They caught the doctor out at the forty mile bend, and had him return the corpse to be made duly removable. Sheriff Coleman told me later that they had no trouble locating it as the buzzards were following the truck and circling up overhead.

After the official papers were prepared, the corpse was on his way back to Estero. A hole in the Unity burial grounds to the rear of the Unity property was quickly dug. There he rests!

I have personally been present at these "Do-it-yourself funeral arrangements." To the Koresh when you die, you are on the same level with a mule, a dog, or a cat. Their literature states that there is no charge for membership. What it all amounts to is that you just hand over a deed to everything you have, and sign the dotted line that if you desire to leave, all you brought with you stays put in the Koresh Unity. But hell broke out in the Unity on different occasions.

As an example, a lady in San Francisco, California who was a middle-aged woman, and unencumbered, owed a nice house in that city. She had no other property but some cash. She communicated with the Koresh Unity and wished to become a member. However, she was refused membership because she had insufficient cash. They came to me, and asked if I would be interested in trading a piece of property in California for a house I owned in Tice, Florida. I wired the lady and asked if she would trade properties so that her property would be closer to the Koresh Unity. She made me a proposition which I accepted. She deeded the property in Tice to the Koresh Unity. She was received into the organization after giving them her car and some cash.

About six months later, she was starved out and had nothing or anyone to turn to. She was expelled for a reason. They called it "unconformation," whatever that is. She came to me with her story. She could do home nursing so I gave her work whenever I could.

The qualifications for membership were as follows: all applicants had to serve six months in probation, if you can stand the six months. They state that they operate as a big family with no buying or selling between the brothers and sisters. *All needs being supplied as far as possible.* These supplies were furnished on requisition according to one's needs. This was done from the general treasury. Koreshanity operates not on the basis of equality but on the basis of equity. This dictates that no one is entitled to what he actually needs, the officers decide what he actually needs.

Therefore, the Koresh Unity is not a charitable institution. Nor is it a hospital for the sick and the decrepit where they may spend their declining years in disgrace and idleness. If you are convinced that you live inside the world, willing to give up your family, give all you have, don't smoke, don't drink, don't look at women, don't stay out after eight at night, don't swear, don't do anything else to shorten your dreary years, you may come and suffer with the other non-officer members. To accept others would swamp them *financially and industrially.*

If you are mentally sound (how could anyone mentally sound go for a contract like that?) healthy, of good habits (those stated above), and have no other vices known to the outside world (as we are inside), and if you have no dependents, you are herewith invited to correspond with our secretary stating your age, occupation, physical condition, family connections, etc. Do not come to Estero without prior arrangements and expect to remain, for you will not be accepted under such circumstances.

Now another case that came under my observation. A young man joined them. He had a wife but his health was not good. He had frequent attacks of epilepsy, and would fall in the field and lie there for some times as long as thirty minutes. This sunbath did not tend to improve his condition. He also lost sleep at night with his new bride, which did not conform with living inside the world, but this went on undetected for some time.

The time of reckoning came. They sent him to Fort Myers to pick up a pig that they had on display at the Lee County Fair. On the way home, he had an attack and fell off the wagon. The horses ran away, and spilled the pig on the highway somewhere between Fort Myers and Estero. Of course, the stable master wondered what had become of the driver and the pig after the horses arrived. That ended his membership and brotherhood.

The President called me on the phone at our sanitarium at Orange River. He asked me to give this member an examination so they would have cause to expell him. After he had arrived there, I explained that I would require several days for observation and examinations. From observation, he seemed all right. Physically he was about par with anyone else in the Koresh Unity. However, I decided that I would give him a very careful examination as they had requested. I also put him on probation, and let him outside to aid the gardener with the flowers, shrubs, etc. He seemed to act all right under the supervision of our man in the garden, although he was a little slow, in his reflexes.

I was at home one morning later than usual. I went outside where they were working. I kept bees as I was experimenting on a treatment for arthritis and bursitis, using the bee stings for counter irritation. The patient and I passed by a colony of these bees in a hive standing under an orange tree. It was leaning to one side, and was pretty well rotted near the ground. My patient spoke up and said, "Doctor, don't you think something should be done to straighten that hive up?"

I said, "We will have to get some sticks to help hold it up straight."

He said, "I can do that all right."

I was afraid that he would get into trouble with the bees and told him so.

"Well," he said, "You know all insects love me. I have always been lousy, and I don't feel good if I am not lousy, either head or body lice."

I said, "If that is so, you go ahead and brace the hive up

straight." So he got the pieces of wood to do the job, and I watched. At the first push on the hive, it crashed, rolled over, and scattered bees all around. He started waving his hands. They began to sting him. He cried for help, running towards me. I was on the retreat, but I told him while running to stick his head into the bushes. He tried that. He stooped over and the bees worked on his rear end.

He gave that up and came yelling for me to do something for him. I saw that I could not outdistance him so I ran into the office, and locked the door. He tried to break in, but I told him to run to the Orange River just fifty yards from the office door and jump in. I heard the splash. Then he hollered for help. I had to go to his rescue. The water was eight feet deep. As he was coming up, the bees still flying around him, I threw him a life saver that was on the dock. He was too far gone to grab it, so I had to jump in after him. In the meantime, we had drifted beyond the place where the bees were looking for us. I got some stings, but he looked like a gooseberry. I made my diagnosis. The Koresh Unity discovered that he had sneaked into the ladies' dormitory, so both he and his wife were expelled.