

A Fact Story of Injustices—Confiscation and Suppression

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DEDICATED TO

YOU

With the thought, that the bringing to your attention of the facts herein, will enlist your assistance to help smooth the road by eliminating the groups, suppression and injustices which have made your traveling rough. Believing that the facts stated herein will enable you to escape the vicious propaganda fostered by the American Medical Association, the Serum manufacturers and some public officials who have become their slaves in the world's greatest racket — the commercialization of human souls.

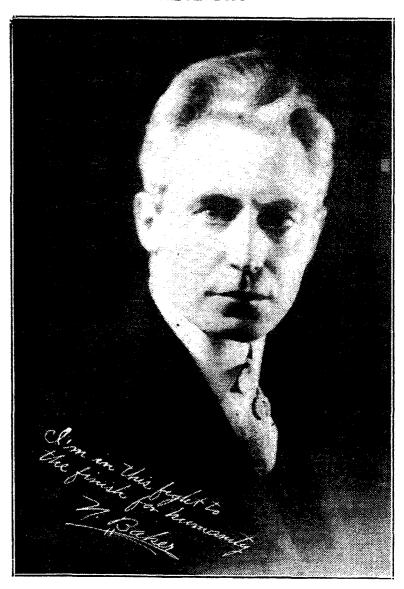
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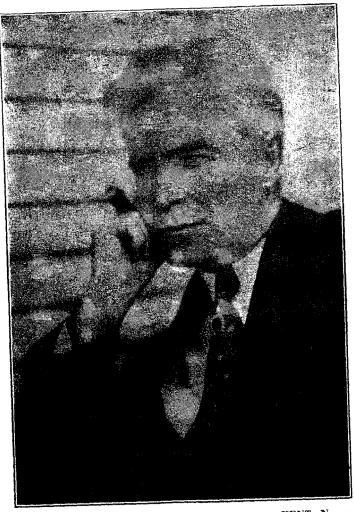
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-YESTERDAY-



At the beginning of the struggle, 1920.

__TODAY_



Norman Baker as "snapped" at radio station XENT, Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, from where his voice has been heard nightly since December 28, 1933.

Introduction

HIS BOOK will take you a few hours, or at most a few days, to read. It took half a century of magnificent living on Norman

Baker's part to make the story. It took nineteen years to collect the material for the book. took more than two years in the actual writing. not fiction: it's fact. It's about you've read about and heard about, important prominent people, who run the government, the courts, the radio censorship, the medical monopoly, the aluminum monopoly, the newspaper racket, the "public service" gouges. You've heard only the pretty things about them, the things they wanted printed, true or not. This book is fact, and not fiction: here you learn the real truth about them, with names, addresses, times, and actual facts given in detail. It's not a book of theory, mine or Norman Baker's or anybody's: it's a book of facts, with every fact verified and checked up and made error-proof. has never been a book prepared so carefully. makes it the most important book ever written. not a book of propaganda, except as facts constitute propaganda. Here's the fact that a certain murderer at this moment is holding the surgical lancet over the

quivering bared body of a woman, about to commit an abortion upon her; here's a fact that a named group of monopolists are about to put the last independent station off the air, unless they are stopped; here's a fact that a new bill now being pushed surreptitiously through Congress will send me or you to jail for advertising that a certain medicine will ease the fever that comes with a common cold. Here's facts of confiscation, monopoly and whatnots. These facts make propaganda like dynamite or TNT. In this sense, for the enormous cumulative force of the facts, it is the strongest propaganda book ever written. Ye shall know the truth, and

And it shall set you free, only if you have the manhood and womanhood to see to it that it sets you free. Before you finish it, at the bald horror, the unutterable fiendishness of some of the things you read, you will feel like crying, and swearing, and going haywire at hideous horrors perpetrated in the name of justice and law in our fair America. It's different: you never read a book that hit you like this. It's alive: as alive as a mother's love or a miser's greed. You're pretty sure to say, at first reading, It's all lies—it's bound to be! Things as terrible as this couldn't happen in America! You'll be wrong: they have happened, they are happening, they will happen, until you stop them. Here you've got it down in black and white. It will make you hot under

the collar, hot to your soul. You'll want to sit right down and write your Congressman:

Dear Sir:

DOCTORS, DYNAMITERS AND GUNMEN, A Fact Story of Norman Baker, charges that the radio trust did so and so; the medical monopoly, the American Medical Association, did so and so (fill in the details your own way); the alum inum trust and the rest did so and so. If this is untrue, send Norman Baker to jail. If it is true, send them to jail. I demand an investigation, at once, and I hope I voted for a man who will investigate.

Sincerely,

and sign your name and address. You'll write the same to your Senator, your President, any Cabinet members you know of, all persons in authority. Write once, twice, seventy times seven times. Write till you wake them up, and get the investigation. Make every member of your family, every friend, every organization you belong to, every man you do business with, write as often: or disown them, affiliate yourself with real Americans who will make it their life work to see that belated justice is done in these awful instances of injustice that this book

is so packed with. Don't sign petitions, write individual letters.

Lesser evils than those visited on Norman Baker caused the Revolution of 1776. If justice is not secured now for him, we might as well expect an outraged public opinion to do more than our fathers of '76 did. Millionaires bellyache in public about what the depression has meant to them: dear me. they've had to let the third assistant footman go, they've had to cut down 2% on all their money wasted in stock market gambling! Norman Baker has really suffered. When a group of men can rob a private citizen, under cover of the law, of a million and a half dollars investment . . . But read ahead. and see how the racket was worked. And then act. Here they are, the big respected names, that expected to go down into history with clean records: here is the mire in which they lived, and the dirt they did. Here is the splendid struggle of Norman Baker. How long are you going to let him fight alone? Not one minute! Get out pen and paper, read, write—and act, at once!

Alvin Winston.

Foreword

by Clement Wood



don't know why my friend Norman Baker wants me to write my superfluous introduction to this brilliant biography, written by one of

America's most caustic pens. I've never had cancer, I don't like the canned programs of the chain-group radio bunch, I know already what inefficient asses most doctors are. Alvin Winston has certainly put it all in: if he hasn't, if there's anything more, it can only expand unnecessarily the most moving chronicle of human struggle and success I have ever read.

Baker's record is matter of public knowledge. He has had to face the Even his cancer cures. barrage of court trials and government investigations, and never once have they shaken his indisputable proofs of actual cures, which organized medicine can't do and don't do. He simply failed to get friendly with the right gangs, the racketeers in charge of medicine and radio and the rest. Ought he to have gotten friendly with them? "You cannot serve God and Mammon" says he ought not. never have: I haven't got it in me to stoop. Neither has he. My pants are still stinging, from the last kick they gave me. So are his. So are theirs: and that's more to the point.

The book is bound to win its point. When I learn that organized doctordom has the unbounded gall to try to enact that only the "general agreement of medical opinion"—and I thumb my nose at it heartily -can determine whether any drug is helpful or not, instead of a government investigation; and that any drug supposed to have "any effect" on cancer, venereal diseases, measles, or housemaid's knee, is thereby of itself legally held to be worthless, and any advertisement of it false, I simply say, the sooner we start the investigation of this group of "belly-cutting throat-cutting" medicos, to use Alvin Winston's accurate phrase, the better. When I learn from the book, indisputably established, that the Federal Radio Commission is spending its time and our money going abroad with "secret instructions" to get Norman Baker, dead or alive, I say, let's investigate the gang, and quickly, and have a little bit of American independence and decency in our government. is an infinite relief to learn that, if I ever do have cancer, the Baker treatments, the Baker Hospital or Institute, know how to heal me. Norman Baker has almost made doctors entirely superfluous. If I had my way, I wouldn't let any doctor practice without a diploma from him. But I suppose his remedy, of medical freedom, is best: tell the tree by its fruits, the doctor by his cures, not by his gravestones. We'll leave it at that.

I admire Franklin Roosevelt so much, for his

magnificent start in cleaning up the mess the Republicans had plunged us into, that I shall not nominate Baker for President until Roosevelt is through with the job. My slogan is, Norman Baker as Roosevelt's successor! And, in all seriousness, I'm getting off a letter today to the President, to all the Senators and Congressmen I know, and a few I don't, demanding these investigations at once. we can't get decency and justice and fair play from the government, we'd just as well shut up shop, and invite Japan or the Hottentots or the maggets to run our country for us. I still believe we can get these things, even though Baker hasn't, as yet. get together, and see that we do! Write your letters It's more than time to start something, to end these hideous travesties of Americanism and Don't delay. And, as you love your decency. happiness and your Americanism, see to it that a million copies of this book get circulating at once! You can't do a finer thing for all right causes.

Clement Wood

Bozenkill

CHAPTER I

A SON OF THE CORN BELT

Most books are dead books, dealing with men and things and ideas ended and past, and fit only for museums. This is a live book. It is the story, down to this moment, of a man who is vibrantly alive, who has carved his way repeatedly to high success. This is the story of Norman Baker, modern crusader, and of the efforts to strangle his actions and throttle his voice. Unaided he can not win such conflicts forever: no man ever has, no man ever could. He is not unaided. His followers circle the globe. If you are a man or a woman, and not a moron or robot, you will at once enlist yourself beneath his banner, aiding his splendid crusades.

Norman Baker is a great man, half encircled by his snarling enemies, fighting with his back to the wall. His weapon is the strongest man has yet forged: publicity for his power, the truth for his bullets. This book is a part of that weapon. You will use it too, when you read it, and become a volunteer publicity man for it, making sure that your local libraries carry it, and that as many people as you can influence buy from one to a half a dozen copies, and keep it circulating so among all their friends and acquaintances, until the fight is won.

Norman Baker is one of America's outstanding self-made successes. Born of good simple American immigrant stock, with little book education, he has made a success of everything he has attempted. He never studied music but he invented a musical instrument which still leads its field, and is widely popular. He built and managed the most popular radio station in the United States, K-TNT, which attracted as many as fifty thousand visitors in one day. When this was silenced by the forces of greed, he built in hospitable Mexico the largest radio station in the world, X-ENT, a machine gun he is using against the strangling forces of greed. He is a voluntary captain in one of man's major warfares, the fight against cancer; he has done what organized medicine failed to do, discovered and made available to the suffering public an easy and lasting cure, in spite of the bitter opposition of organized medicine. And this is only one of his many major victories. . . .

This book proves that an ordinary man and woman may still make a success of everything he puts his hand to, in the United States today. It proves that an actual factual education beats all the rah-rah college degrees in the world. It proves that a crusader for the rights of man benefits society more than all the bloated bankers, financiers and "conservative" leaders.

The book is packed with dynamite. It will throw such a flood of publicity on the sly underhanded attempts of the vested interests to throttle Norman Baker in the hospitable land of Mexico, that they will retire with their tails between their legs from the noisome effort, and the singing land south of us will at once give this great public figure every facility in broadcasting truth to the world—to the citizens of Mexico and the United States and of every land that the etheric waves reach. It will insist upon the belated act of justice to Norman Baker, of at once

restoring to him the recalled license for his station K-TNT in Muscatine, Iowa, with ampler hours and facilities for reaching the nation. It will put an end to the outrageous persecution and snipping at the Baker Hospital, the world's only efficient place for the beneficial treatment and cure of cancer. It will, by its revelation of the strangling and health-damaging activities of the American Medical Association, inspire the worthy rank and file of its membership to secede from that body, as so many of their English brothers have done from the British Medical Association, and thereafter to form an organization liberal and helpful in its aims and practices. It will quicken the sluggish popular conscience to demanding an end to the censorship, by the vested interests, of radio programs, so that free speech over our free air will become once more a fact, and not a Utopian Most of all, it will serve to waken the world to the importance of Norman Baker's efforts in the fight to stamp out the world-wide plague of cancer, until man shall cease to suffer from this unnecessary scourge.

I wrench my text from a book that millions reverence: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free." I fling it like a searchlight on the strained suffering face of this living martyr for humanity's sake, Norman Baker. Hold out a little longer, old man—you will, none knows it better than I!—and, by the living universe, we'll have such a scattering of the vested thieves and prowlers by night as hasn't been seen in a blue moon!

We'll dig down deep, to start the story right. Down to a little baby blinking his eyes open for the first time when Arthur had been president less than fifteen months, in a little house in the little riverbend town of Muscatine, Iowa, half way between Davenport and Burlington. Just a roly-poly red-faced bundle of gurgling babyhood, with no mark on his brow to tell anyone that this man, before he died, was going to pull down more pillars than Samson ever saw, and let in light on blacker holes than that of Calcutta.

We'll start at the beginning. The saga of Norman Baker's adventurous and tempestuous life will lead us a long way from the squalling brate in Muscatine, to the man—the suavely handsome fighting leader—who, fought by the grasping rulers of his native home, left the low hill over the Mississippi for the hotter height on the farther side of the Rio Blistering in the sun, welcoming the tropic coolness of the shade, with the distant velps of the covotes shattering the brittle guietude, and the rarer unmuffled thunder of huge trucks roaring their way to distant Monterrey here it is that the little Iowa boy, grown up, is still laying brick upon brick of his triumphant Babel, whose clarifying message will drown out the bickers of lesser voices and lievendors. Busy? He wrote to me, just before finishing X-ENT-

"I try to dictate the answers to your questions dozens of times each day and night. I get a thought, and after the first paragraph I am called downstairs. The peons want to know where to dig a ditch, the others where to pile some lumber, there is a knock in the Diesel engine while testing, the stub shaft is out of true, this fellow is out of a job and wants to know what next to do, an officer comes out with a summons from the Mexican Labor Department. At

four-thirty in the morning I was awakened to take some people to the hospital with both legs broken, by a car driving onto a washed-out bridge. My dog was bit by a rattler and has a lump as big as an orange on his throat, requiring a half pint of castor oil and some potash and milk. But he'll be all right, I'm sure of it. The distilled water basin for cooling the engine broke, a few hours later, and had to be cemented while the water was pouring out. forceps lying on the washstand in the bathroom; three times a day I went and tried to pull my own tooth, and finally went to town this morning and had it pulled—it's laying on my desk now, and makes me wonder why I couldn't have pulled such a little thing. They are out of lubricating oil downstairs. brushes on the generator, spark and require adjustment. The musical director wants to know how to start the index book for filing music. I've just kicked the radio engineer out of the place, and he's on his way to Iowa now; I told the rest of the bunch to go, if they refused to work this afternoon, as they've been doing all summer. Oh. hell—a fellow is here now. and wants to know what color to paint under the roof of the porch, so I must go. If you could remain sane in the midst of all this madhouse"

But Norman Baker remained sane. He had to learn how to, a long while ago. We'll leave him building his sky-pointing dream, and return to a quieter hour on the banks of the turbid Mississippi, Thanksgiving tide a year more than half a century ago. "It's a boy!"

"We'll have to name him Norman "

In 1869, an immigrant from North Germany, with his wife and his chubby firstborn, had moved up the

Mississippi River from St. Louis to settle in the eighteen year old town of Muscatine. This man had come to America at the age of eleven as a stowaway, had renamed himself John Baker, and had had a heroic Civil War record, fighting on the side of Union and liberty. In 1865, the war over, he married Frances Anschultz, of French-German ancestry. in Galva, Illinois. Energetic John Baker started the first sheet iron and boiler machine shop in southeastern Iowa; at the time of his death, he had a hundred and twenty-six American and foreign patents. The mother was extremely cultured, and contributed poems and short stories to the magazines. Her tenth child, born November 27, 1882, was named Norman Baker. Modern psychology teaches us that it is the oldest and the youngest children who most usually qualify as of the class of geniuses—as if life gave to the firstborn its best, and to the parents of the lastborn, as a consolation for no more children, one who should lift their names higher than ever before. The pet of the family, mother's baby—look for genius here. In this case you find it amply.

Two of the children died in infancy. Six of the rest—the sisters Ida, Lillian, Myrtle, Maude, the brothers Paul and John, took after the gentler Anshultz strain. The third daughter, Irma, the youngest son, Norman, were the firebrands of the large flock. Bull-headed, everybody called them. At that, Norman got along acceptably with his parents. He remembers only one slap from his mother; and only one occasion on which his father essayed to whip him. The boy started running, stumbled on his belly near a wire fence, rolled beneath it. The angered father crept beneath the fence; the foxy



Just old enough to roll under the fence when Dad chased him.

youngster had rolled back on the other side. They kept this up, until the disgusted father confessed himself beaten, and abandoned the effort. Others have learned that it doesn't pay to try to whip Norman Baker: he won't take it.

Little Norman stumbled brilliantly through the six grades of the East Hill school in his town, the highest class there, and was transferred to the old Third Ward School. He was the youngest, he was the pet: he must go to college, as his brothers and sisters had not. Bull-headedly he would shake his head. "I don't want to go, dad, even though you do say I can have my pick of any college in the world." "Ach, when I tell you to go to college, you go. There is no answering back in this family." And the little boy would run to his mother, and plead with her not to have him sent away. He did not go to college. When he makes up his mind, Norman Baker could teach an Arkansas mule what determination means.

He shot brightly through the Third Ward School, and qualified to enter high school. To his shamed amazement, he was told to repeat the previous year's work: and he was not told why. At last his persistence won: he was too young, he was told. He tried direct action. His first record was of more times playing hookey than any other pupil in the school.

Ah, but the subtlety of the ones in the seats of the mighty! Miss Adams, his teacher, sent him quietly in, one afternoon, to see Professor Roberts, the principal. "Of course you know, Norman, that I've been to see your mother." "—Yes, Professor," hesitantly, from the boy, who had not dreamed that adult trickiness could descend that low. Well, he had been told that God found out everything, and it seemed that

his mother and the principal, once they got together, were on the same track. He ceased playing hookey. He hasn't done it since.

Admission to high school, the next autumn—and doubly equipped for his work. He lasted here a year and a half. Nor could he figure out how any of the subjects would help, in a machine shop. He used his best persuasiveness, and secured permission to leave high school.

He had to be a mechanic: it was in his blood. His memories of his father's machine shop are misty, except for impish pranks played on the workmen, which caused him and his confederates to be chased repeatedly up the railroad track. Oh, and there was Popcorn Jim and being pigeon-toed: that mustn't be left out. The boy was noticeably pigeon-toed. When the popcorn salesman was a hundred feet away, he would sing out, "Toes out, bud, toes out". The boy would meticulously aim his toes outward, even though this hurt, and slow up his walk. But it cured him. It got so that the thought of Popcorn Jim would cause him to walk with his toes out.

It cured him—and he began to figure out how it had been done. The power of suggestion—the power of mind over body—this was his first lesson in its immense potency. There was another workman, Ted Nevlin, who delighted in laying the boy on the ground, and straddling him, while he tickled his ribs. Little Norman was not only pigeon-toed, he stuttered dreadfully. He couldn't protest—and this rendered him helpless. He steeled his soul, and cured this. A second victory of mind over body. The power of the mind over matter—more and more he turned his young mind to it.

But not all the time. He stole fruit over his neighbor's fence repeatedly, and relished it. He did the typical naughty things that other boys do: consult your own memory, and fill in the details. And then he left school, to become a man. He became one.

He pondered over the possible openings, and entered Kerr's Machine Shop in Muscatine, to become a machinist and a die and tool maker.

The machine-shop apprentice found that his work consisted in sweeping the floor, firing up the boiler, running the engines, and from time to time working on the intricately fascinating machines. Slowly he mastered them. And then his chance came: and it was his first experience with the world-dominant group that might be called absentee industrialism—the greedy organizing overlords who are shrewd enough to live off of the labor and the brains of others.

Since 1891, Muscatine had been the center of the fresh-water pearl button industry, due to the organizing genius of a German named J. F. Boepple. The buttons were made from clam shells dug from the river that skirted the city. It required from five to eight separate operations to complete a button.

When the German engineer in charge of the Boepple Button Company's plant resigned, the position was offered to Paul Baker, who was working in the Kerr shop, and was known as one of the best mechanics in the section. He asked a few days to consider the matter, and turned it down.

It took a lot of argument to persuade Paul to recommend Norman for the job. But Norman won. Paul recommended the younger brother. Mr. Mc-

Dermott and another official of the button company descended susperciliously to the engine room, and asked Norman: "Think you can handle motors of that size?" The boy did not answer at once; he was intently studying the huge machines. He turned abruptly to the three men: "I don't know who you've had in charge of these motors, but I can tell you that if they're placed in my charge, you'll never see them operating with a brush adjustment, as they now operate. I'm surprised you haven't burned 'em all to pieces, in this condition!" Now Norman Baker knew that there was nothing wrong with the brushes; but he was an instinctive salesman, and psychologist enough already to be sure that McDermott didn't know a brush from a pulley. He thought it would impress the potential employer. It did. got the job. He resigned from his apprenticeship at Kerr's, his formal training truncated as before, and blossomed out as a full-fledged machinist and engineer.

He made good, from the start. When static prevented an unused button machine from being used, the boy corrected this by a charred line from the machine, over the top of the bench down the leg to the floor, near a ground connection. He knew that static electricity would follow a charred wood line, where it would not follow a metallic conductor.

Meanwhile, his busy brain had made progress in inventing an automatic button machine, that would eliminate the use of so many devices in the manufacture of the commodities. He interested the company in it, and made an agreement, whereby they were to finance the patent and build the ma-

chine, paying him three dollars a day and letting him reserve fifty per cent of the patent.

Meanwhile, the contract with the company still lacked a clause stating that, when completed, the machine would be manufactured and marketed as the market demanded. The best Baker could secure was the promise of a new contract, as soon as the machine was a success.

And now, enter the woman. The first in young Baker's life: for, with his sense of inferiority, in spite of its compensating braggadocio in the presence of men, he was still shy and timid in the presence of the mysterious sex. This girl, who worked at the button factory, probed out his progress with the mysterious machine, and finally revealed that she had overheard, two days before, one of the men involved say, "Well, if it's a success, he won't have anything but his salary."

Norman Baker saw red. He thanked the girl, and the next morning walked into the office and demanded the contract he had asked for all along. Adult business men do not respect the ability of youth; they ordered him to go back and finish the machine, or they would force him to do it. Baker thought quickly. Quit now, and they would no doubt seize his chest of tools, which would cripple him in working elsewhere. He gritted his teeth, and assented. He started smuggling his tools out of the factory that very afternoon, and had them all out within a few days.

He bared the unfair deal to his mother. She probed shrewdly to the heart of the problem: could they complete the machine, if he left?—Oh, yes; because of his blueprints. "Bring them all to me.

Then you quit, and don't worry. You're a minor; your contract is worthless, without my signature. If they get out a search warrant for the drawings, I will attend to it."

Baker quit. To this day, he does not know what became of the drawings. He imagines that his mother burned them, to avoid court entanglements. And then the young mechanic went down to James Giesler, of the German American Savings Bank, and told him the complete story. Giesler was also interested heavily in the Royal Button Company; and he told young Baker to go ahead and build the machine, at his expense, in return for a half interest. The disgruntled Boepple company employed a machinist to complete Baker's machine, but he failed expensively.

The young machinist rented floor space from the Kerr Machine Shop, where he had begun as an apprentice, and completed his first crude machine successfully.

The boy and his brother Paul purchased one partner's interest in the Vance and Meyers Boiler and Machine Shop, and he moved his incomplete machine over there. The banker tired at last of the slowness with which the button machine progressed. due to young Baker's required presence at the regular work of the machine shop, and told the young inventor he could drop the matter. And so it was never finished. A friend of his, a Nick Barry, who manufactured button making machinery, and had often seen the incomplete machine in Kerr's Machine Shop, completed his invention of a button machine, and reaped the golden harvest it brought. it all. Norman Baker had learned another lesson,

which stood him in good stead later: when one lacks money, it is useless for him to expect to make it through invention, by bringing monied strangers into the transaction. Better to let the invention lie dormant, until the inventor was financially able to manufacture it himself. He never forgot this.

Curiously inquisitive about everything with which he came in contact, Norman Baker, about this time, began to grow in another direction. He had not forgotten the object lessons of his curing his pigeontoedness and his stuttering by mental control. Constantly he saw other evidences of the strange power of mind over matter. It was inevitable that he should begin exploring in this still misty hinterland of psychology. He began to acquire a library on the subject. Unfortunately, the books he was able to obtain repelled him, chiefly because they were all from religious writers, who led into the matter of mind over the doubtful bridge of supernatural crea-Young Baker decided that the Creator, when making each of us, gave each a handful of brains. which he placed inside the head, leaving it to each individual to learn how to use this so widely neglected gift. Later on, Baker noticed how often, in the cases of the majority of people, these brains slid down, until people sat or walked on them: wondered why the Creator had not equipped man with a diaphragm just beneath his brains, which would prevent this leakage, and make man a real thinking machine. Perhaps Baker pondered on inventing some sort of contrivance for this purpose. If he did, he laid it aside, to go on perfecting his own brain.

It was mental therapeutics, healing through the

power of suggestion, that intrigued him most. enrolled in a correspondence course on the subject. for all that those he knew scoffingly dismissed such manifestations as mesmerism or hypnotism, and regarded the ones interested in them as cranks or moon-He mastered the course, and to this day gives it main credit for his later successes-indeed, even for his still being alive today. When he sickened seriously more than once, it was not the doctor's pills and potions that saved him, he is sure, but his sheer determination not to die. He never let the idea of death enter his mind, for or against: he contented himself with the firm inner assertion. "Certainly I will get well." Not that this can necessarily heal leprosy or an amputated leg: but that the proper mental state of mind is at least a condition prerequisite to any cure.

He began to practice the power of suggestion on his friends, and to study the matter of personal mag-Orators and public speakers fascinated him most: they were the living mirrors of his wish for vocal self-expression, springing naturally out of his ingrained sense of inferiority. The one man he admits envying was Herbert L. Flint, the stage hypnotist, who brought his performance to Muscatine every so often. Norman Baker missed none of these performances. He never tired of admiring the large powerful man with the smoothly modulated voice. He suffered agonies when he contrasted his own runty stature—for Baker was only five feet four at this time—with the splendid appearance of the other man.

Perhaps unknown to himself, Norman Baker at this period was probing further and further, as well as he could, into the obscure depths of his own nature, with what outside aid he could find. Healing by suggestion, and now astrology. He has never become quite a whole-hearted believer, but he still stands a little in awe of the dogmatic insistence of the star-doctors.

He encountered a book on astrology, and turned to the reading of those born under the sign of Sagittarius, or The Archer. He read with fascination the description, and found strange points of resemblance with his own nature and his own dreams. "Its profession is traveling, buying and selling, commercial enterprises, or anything in which the great executive ability, penetrating foresight, and wealth amassing characteristics of this sign can be exercised.... Cautious, conservative, courageous in defense rather than offense, self-reliant, introspective... Its mainspring is its deep love-nature. . . . and faithfulness to the marriage-vow. . . . Refined and graceful, with a quiet elegance of manner and dress. . . . Eyes expressive and true, movements quick, the shorter ones more robust and jovial, the tall slender ones silent and appreciative." Why, it was himself to the smallest lineament! Breathlessly he read on: "These people should guard against intensity of application and overwork, which is liable to cause derangement of the digestion. They should have plenty of fresh air and not too much sedentary occupation, or their lungs might suffer; and should take precautions against rheumatism.... A masculine sign: a most fortunate sign in which to be born... Independent, original, a law to themselves, and regardless of others' opinions. . . . They possess a prophetic intuition, and have a natural inclination

toward higher aims than some of their neighbors, which fact should make them very thankful and not at all conceited. . . . Where much is given them, much is required. . . . These are the Archer people, who generally hit the mark. . . . Still surer are they of hitting the mark, when in anger they hurl an accusation or sarcasm invariably at the weakest spot of their opponent's armor."

He was memorizing it, as he read it, "---An inherent faculty for amassing wealth. Not in speculation, like Libra, but cautiously, wisely and farseeingly, for they are always shooting their arrows far ahead, and then more than likely wearing themselves out trying to keep up with them. . . . The emergency people; they seem to know by instinct what to do in cases of sudden danger or untoward occurrences. a seemingly timid or indifferent nature, they will rise at such times to heights of heroism and presence of mind which will astonish every one, including themselves. . . . This nature conserves wealth.... too far, offend their pride or their self-love, in other words invade their own territory, and instant and utter rout may be expected. Their shafts are unanswerable, and their defense perfect. is, Touch me not. . . . They read human nature well. and take advantage of others' experience in the past. the habits of the present, and prophetic insight into the future. . . ."

The young man held his head proudlier. He could not stop, now. "They throw their whole force and strength into whatever they are doing.... A nervous irritability.... For their own peace of mind they should make themselves morally sure of every statement they make.... They hate anything

underhand or secret, even going so far at times as to disapprove strongly of secret societies. . . . The most devoted of friends, and likewise bitter enemies, though their better nature usually restrains them from acts of violence. . . . A natural inclination toward purity of thought and action, the fundamental cause of their physical power and endurance. Their physical strength is greater than that of any people born under any other sign, . . . They love music. . . . Naturally religious and home-loving."

He read it to the end, and nodded. It was what he had been looking for. His dreams, his nature to the last dotting of an i and the last crossing of a t, his achievements so far, his certainty of what he sensed that his future would be.

Norman Baker sold out his interest in the machine shop to his partners. Something urged him forth, and he had to obey the call. He told the family that he was old enough to stride out into the world, to learn more than that two by four town could teach him. He faced the assembled family for the moment of parting.

His mother was sobbing openly. The situation grew strained.

Paul, the older brother, spoke abruptly. "Oh, let him go. He'll be glad to come back home for some of ma's biscuits."

The soul of little Norman Baker stiffened harshly. He said his goodbyes; and, as he walked down the walk to the front gate, suitcase in hand, he made up his mind that we would starve to death before he came back for some of "ma's biscuits."

When he came back, it was a different Norman Baker the family saw from the little man who had left.



In his 'teens.

CHAPTER II

THE FAR SIDE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS

Norman Baker's wanderyears, as a machinist seeking wider experience, lasted altogether about During this time, in place after place in two years. Illinois, Ohio and Indiana, he secured brief employment in the largest machine shops he could find an opening in, and left when the urge to wander shook him again. It was always machine shops, and not manufacturing concerns, because already he visualized for himself a role other than that of a mere mechanical tender of a machine, specialized into the hideous monotony of doing one act forever, until death snapped his contract of employment. of Sagittarius the Archer, whose arrows unerringly went to their mark: only let him aim high enough. and any target he chose would be riven by his unfailing aim.

It was while he was working for a die and tool company, in Cincinnati, working for several weeks upon a die for pressing out a spring washer to be used as an attachment for repeating the playing of a cylinder record on an old Edison phonograph, that he determined to leave the tiresome field for good and all. There was one man living he envied, Professor Flint, who gave stage mental shows, as they were called in popular parlance: performances featuring the power of mental suggestion. Whoever one envies, one wants to be, or to excel. And so Norman Baker determined to outdo Flint in his own field. No

one but a genius could have succeeded. Norman Baker succeeded.

He secured, for his advance publicity man, an ambitious clerk in a man's furnishing store, who scheduled Baker's opening performance at Coal Valley, Illinois. Baker rehearsed his opening twenty-minute speech until he had it letter perfect. The town held a few hundred; the audience, drawn from miles around, was nearer a thousand. Baker had four boys scattered throughout the audience, ready to be the subjects of his demonstrations if no volunteers arose. The last few moments almost broke Baker's nerve. He secured a pint of whispet, a moment before he was to appear on the stage, and swallowed half of it. The thought of having this show flop. when he owed hotel bills for the whole company, and when his own future depended on it, almost floored him.

Curtain. He could not get to the center of the stage, where he had planned to start his speech. Half-hidden in the wings, he began: "Ladies and—". Stage-fright swept over him: he could not remember another word. To hell with his memorized selection!

"Folks," he said, thickly—and the homely word loosened his tongue. He talked straight out to them, just his own thoughts: the audience listened tensely, and went wild with enthusiastic applause time and again before he finished. He never made a better speech, than that opening night, and over the radio, after these long years he still starts out with "Folks."

One hundred and fifty dollars to the good, from that first town. On to town after town, until they began to blur in his memory, so many of them there were. Finally to Springfield, Ohio. He hired a professional theatrical manager, became dissatisfied with the results, and discharged him. In Sedalia, Missouri, he went broke first, after discouraging drops in receipts in many places. He owed seventy dollars in back pay to the troupe; and there was a girl in the troupe, whom Baker felt obligated to send back to her home, at least. When a lodge he had joined refused to lend him money on his paid-up membership card, as was Baker's right, he tore up the card, and since then has never been inside one of the lodge's halls. Money was borrowed from another lodge, to which the girl's brother belonged, and she went home. Baker lived for three days in Sedalia on a dime and a nickel—five cents a day. He pawned his watch, and landed in St. Louis, in a depression year.

He had to have work. A nickelodian wanted a moving picture operator. Baker had never examined such a machine in his life. But he visited the Lubin cinema store and had a machine demonstrated; improvised a past as operator; and secured the job. After twenty minutes work, he was discharged for inefficiency, being paid twenty cents for his trouble. Before night, he had secured a second job as operator at Manions Park, a small amusement park, with a moving picture theatre inside a tent. Here, by improving the light thrown, Baker cinched his job. Within a few weeks, Baker had a better paying position in a theatre, and was a full-fledged operator.

January of 1904 was bitter cold in St. Louis. Baker worked with coat off and shirt unbuttoned in the hot booth: plug hat and boiled shirt were in eclipse. He formed the habit of stepping outside

and standing in the opened doorway, to cool off. Pneumonia resulted. He was rooming upstairs with the Jewish manager of the theatre and his family, and they put him to bed. His fever rose to a hundred and six, although he never quite lost consciousness. The doctor, a Doctor Moore, came in one morning at eleven, and gravely studied his thermometer. "We've got to do something for that fever," he said absently. "I'll be back at two." He turned to the nurse, his voice sank lower. "Better get the name of his people, and his home address." He shook his head gravely, and departed.

Norman Baker had not forgotten his belief in the power of mental suggestion in healing. assuring himself he was not sick, even though he could not lift his head from the bed. He was not ready to go back for ma's biscuits yet. He refused to give his address, or let the nurse write to his people. The nurse brought in a large dish of icecream, from the manager's wife. The doctor returned at two: the fever was broken! "What in the world did you do to him? I never saw a fever break that fast." The nurse shrugged vacuously: "Nothing, except I gave him a dish of ice cream." "Who told you to?" "She gave it to me," pointing to the Jewish landlady. The doctor's face grew livid: "That's mighty close to murder! A person that sick hasn't a chance in a hundred of living, after eating ice cream!" Plumptly she shrugged: "That's nothing, Doctor, I always give ice cream to my children when they got a fever." It wasn't the medical profession that saved him, this time: it was the Jewish landlady's dish of ice cream, plus his granite determination to get well. The power of mind over body Norman Baker still mourns that he lacked the fifteen dollars to pay the doctor. He stands ready to repay him today, if he will emerge and identify himself.

As he lay there sick, and then recovering, he could hear the nasal voice of the song plugger downstairs singing the illustrated song. It seemed strangely prophetic, the maudlin lyric:

Playmates were they, girl and lad.
She's home today, lad feels sad.
Doctor who calls whispers low,
"When the last Autumn leaves fall, then she must go."
Lad with a tear climbs a tree.
"I'll keep her here," murmurs he.
Big man in blue sternly cries,
"What are you doing there?" Lad replies:

And then the haunting chorus:

"I'm tying the leaves so they won't come down, So the wind won't blow them away; For the best little girl in the wide wide world Is lying so ill today. Her young life must go when the last leaves fall, I'm fixing them fast so they'll stay; I'm tying the leaves so they won't come down, So Nellie won't go away."

Luckily, the little lady takes a turn for the better, the jubilant doctor announces that his deciduous prophecy was a mis-diagnosis, and all ends cheerfully. To this day, during his hectic work or driving along in a humming or whistling mood, Norman Baker recurs to I'm Tying the Leaves So They Won't Come Down.

Out of bed young Baker stumbled at last. He had weighed a hundred and fifty, before he was taken sick; he weighed two pounds less than a hundred, now. But it was all pure grit and determination. Heapored over the want ads, and found one

for a sign painter. The old sideburned gentleman in the office he called at decided to give him a chance, in spite of his sunken cheeks and sickly appearance. His business was painting and selling glass signs with house numbers, to go over the front doors. Baker expanded on his imaginery experience as a sign painter. A trial convinced the man that he had at best a would-be painter; but tender-heartedly he kept Baker on to rough in the numbers.

On the second day, he came in with a five dollar bill and a doctor's card. "Go to this man, and have him give you a thorough examination." It seemed queer to Baker; but he went. He was told to strip, and for an hour the doctor thumped and pounded his whole chest, back and front. "You want my candid opinion?" "Of course." "Go home and arrange your earthly possessions. You can't live six months. You have one lung that isn't worth a plugged nickle. Cigarettes?" "Oh, yes." "Go on smoking them, and they'll bury you in three months." "What's exactly the matter with me?" "Tuberculosis."

Baker returned to roughing in his signs. That night, he concentrated strongly on the fact that he did not have tuberculosis, and was going to get well. He recalled a friend in Muscatine, of his age, who had been told the same doleful tidings. This boy gave up the fight, and died in three months. Baker determined that that would never happen to him.

He was broke. He shared a room at a dollar and a half a week with a man who really had tuberculosis, with the habit of coughing and spitting every quarter of an hour right on the uncuspidored floor.

At the end of the first week, when his six dollars came in for sign-painting, he moved into his own

room, at a dollar and a half a week, with what seemed to be most of the bedbugs in St. Louis thrown in free of charge. He fought the pests, he took no medicines and relied on his mental concentration. One day, walking down a side street, he saw a penny scale. He dropped in a slim cent, and saw the pointer rise to one hundred forty three and a half pounds. He read the dial on the scales: his normal weight should have been one hundred forty three. By God, he was getting well—he was already overweight!

Within a few months, he returned to Muscatine. He was the picture of robust health again, he had money in his pockets, he had had experiences more varied than any of his immediate family. He did not mention to any in his family the gruelling seige of sickness he had passed through: he was afraid his parents would not let him leave home again, if he did—in spite of the fact that he was well beyond his legal majority. His brothers and sisters will learn of this illness for the first time from this book.

He did try, however, to communicate to certain members of his family and his hometown friends just what he was about, in these performances starring mental suggestion.

Mental telepathy—that was what you ought to call it. That certainly existed; all psychologists of, any standing admitted that. Norman Baker had proved repeatedly, on the stage and off, that it existed. Not at all times and under all circumstances, no; as a rule, you had to have people unusually sensitive, to receive these wordless wireless messages. It was somehow akin, Norman said, to what people called inspiration; to vivid dreams that bordered on

what was going to happen; to doing things on an intuition, or on a hunch.

Norman Baker began studying his intuitions or hunches as they came, and comparing what resulted or would have resulted, if he followed them, with the result if he had dallied to act on what others called sober second thought. He found that, in his case at least, his hunches were accurate, and that he gained most if he followed them. And from that time he has never failed to do so. He who hesitates is lost, has been his motto: and so he has not hesitated, and has not lost. If a salesman came to sell him stock, and asked half an hour to explain his proposition, within five minutes Baker felt he knew the whole proposition, and was ready to say Yes or No to it then. In view of his own sensitive intuitive nature, this is the wise thing for him to do.

He has gone through life; specializing in such matters, on the borderland of accepted psychology: and when he ultimately writes a book on the theme, it will startle many by its forward vision; he will be told that he is wrong—when all the time he will merely be twenty years ahead of his time. He has had dreams that appear to be prophetic, which have invariably come true. Baker is one of the world's sentitives: and his realizing this, and acting on it, gives him a powerful weapon most people lack.

When he has brought the subjective minds of people under his control, he has found out repeatedly how profoundly he could affect them, as in curing headaches in public performances. He has never failed.

Why, he pondered, could mind control the body so? He found an analogy that suited him. If a per-

son were bedridden with a bursting headache, and suddenly saw a blaze licking its way into the room above the only exit from the place, he would rush out of the room and never be aware of the headache. The thing that caused the headache was still there: but the excitement of the fire caused him to concentrate so utterly on it, that this automatically excluded from the mind all other considerations. Sometimes he would paint the picture of the mind by saving that there were two minds, the objective and the subjective—the objective capable of intelligent reasoning, the subjective one incapable. long as the objective mind is allowed to function, the subjective mind is its obedient servant, unquestioning. The mind is a house with one door, and that door is guarded by the objective mind; while inside is the servant, the subjective mind. During a state of waking, this relationship continues, with both minds alert and active. When the objective mind sleeps. the never-sleeping subjective mind has its inning. The control of heart and breathing and nerve-sensation is left to the subjective mind: otherwise we would die, when sleep eclipses the objective mind. a salesman approach the house and say to the sentinel at the door, "I want to sell you a broom. Your floors are dirty," the alert objective mind would retort. "But my floors are clean: I don't need your broom." Once let this objective mind be lulled to sleep, and the subjective mind could easily (lacking intelligent reasoning) be convinced that the floor was dirty, and gratefully it would favor the purchase of the Let the salesman tell the objective mind to take the broom and sweep the floor, and it would say aloofly that the floor did not need sweeping: but

the servilely obedient subjective mind, if the broom were handed it, would at once begin sweeping.

Mature thoughts, these, for a young man of twentyone. But they were Norman Baker's thoughts then,
and the passing years have only deepened, and not
corrected, them. He learned to keep most of them
to himself, except when he was in the presence of
sympathetic hearers, willing to learn. Meanwhile,
he got things in order for his second venture in the
amusement field, as his method of education by
shows featuring mental therapeutics was called.
He then farewelled the family again, and started out.

The little towns in southern Indiana, first; and then to Carrollton, Kentucky (population, 1930, twenty four hundred and nine), at the point where the Kentucky River debouched into the Ohio. manager advance agent, a Jewish chap named Bennett, had been here already for two weeks, billing the river town for a week's showing. Bennett was a likable chap, with a crippled little finger, who could not read a note of music, but could play anything you could whistle. The five or six in the troupe. with their seven or eight trunks, arrived from southern Indiana at Cairo, Illinois, to take the steamer. the City of Cincinnati, up the Ohio to Carrollton. was the year of the peak flood on the Ohio. Already Baker had picked out Bennett standing on the barge: he greeted him, the two stood watching the steamer's departure. When it had gotten a hundred yards away, Bennett turned abruptly to his employer. "We can't play here." "We-what!" Bennett shrugged: "The whole damn town's flooded. There's two feet of water in the opera house." "Well, you—" Add your own profanity; Baker used it, and more.

It was Sunday, about noon. A two weeks' hotel bill hung over Bennett already. The troupe was broke again: there was not ten dollars in the whole crowd. The regular ferryman would not take them across the river, to a place from which they could splash their way by buggy to Cincinnati. sauntered dejectedly down the river bank. Here was a negro, pulling into shore in a flat boat. "What'll you charge to row us across?" "Wall, boss, if you-all is sho you kin swim. I'll git you over somehow for fo' bits." Four bits-fifty cents bringing the mail over from the Indiana side, he ex-Baker did not hesitate: "Take you up on that." He hurried back to the hotel. The hotel manager stiffly retained all the luggage; no. the young lady could not even have a clean shirt-waist from her grip: he knew them theatrical people. Desolately Baker and the girl got into the boat, and got across the mile-wide river, with a shrieking wind blowing and whitecaps two feet high and the strongest current ever known on the river.

It took until midnight to reach Cincinnati, with endless delays, because tracks were flooded and the train had to be shunted around through Dayton.

Cincinnati seemed under water too. A sympathetic landlady at last took them in, after midnight as it was.

Baker made contact with a theatre boat, on a fiftyfifty basis. After a semi-successful season up the locked river into the hills of Kentucky, Baker, with an enlarged troupe, went broke at Columbus, Ohio. A few weeks in a machine shop, and he took a show out again. He decided to feature a young lady in a mental act similar to that of Anna Eva Fay, touted as the world's greatest mind reader. He invented the cryptic magnetic name MADAME PEARL TANGLEY, which he was sure would bring him good luck. After dreadful experiences, he found a printer who would do his printing on credit—W. H. Wilton, of Cincinnati. Came the opening night, with Baker's lecture better than ever. The act was a great success, from the start.

Jump forward a few years. First chance in New York City, in the National Theatre used by the Mar-. cus Loew booking office for trying out acts for its vandeville circuit. Just as MADAME TANGLEY correctly read what was written on the blackboard behind her, which she had never seen, a professional cleaner-up of so-called thought-transference acts rose and denounced the whole performance. Like lightning Baker offered the man one chance to trap MADAME TANGLEY. The man named his terms —he to write down numbers, unseen to the audience, and lay them face down on the floor—and then she to read them. Baker agreed, provided the audience jotted down what MADAME TANGLEY called out, and had a chance to compare them with what the man had written, as soon as she had called the numbers out. She made not a single mistake.

The act was hurried to its end, and resulted in all the contracts that Baker had dreamed of: full week stands in the Marcus Loew theatres, and the first act ever to rate this! But here was more trouble: a Mr. Savoy, from the Boston Society for Physical Research, inviting MADAME TANGLEY to appear for experiment before that body. He had seen all the

mental acts, he said, Anna Eva Fay, the Zanzigs, the White Mahatma and the rest, and she alone could stand an investigation.

Luckily for Baker, his act was tied up for several weeks to come. When he had made this clear, the gentleman nonchalantly said that they would prefer that Baker should not come with her. When Baker said he must come, but would absent himself from the city for the hour of the test, the gentleman made it clear he did not want a case of mental telepathy by hypnosis. Baker used this as an easy out, and the test never took place.

During its ten years of successful presentation, the act never had an expose. But there were enough problems that it called forth.

CHAPTER III

THE CALLIAPHONE AND PUBLIC UTILITIES

The popularity of the act increased, until it was drawing three hundred a week; and then Baker refused to play vaudeville houses any longer, and went out and booked his attraction on a percentage basis. It never had one losing week in all this time; the closest it came to this was in Roseburg, Oregon (population, 1930 census, four thousand, three hundred sixty two) where, after paying all expenses and salaries, it netted fifty-eight cents for Baker.

Baker still resents some of the petty grafts he encountered, in these years of theatrical work. In the long glitter of his life, they are the least important things about it.

And now it became clear that they were going to have to lose MADAME TANGLEY, and must find another. They moved down to New York City, and Baker placed an advertisement in the New York papers, for a secretary to travel.

He chose, from among many applicants, one of the two college-bred girls, a Theresa Pinder, seventeen or eighteen at the time, and just graduated from Wooster College, in Massachusetts, though her parents lived in New Jersey.

Baker never had a more satisfactory stenographer: her speed of dictation so far he has never seen equaled, and this was all-essential with a man who talked like a cyclone told to speed it up.

And so Theresa Pinder joined the troupe of four,

when they departed for the Reading, Pennsylvania, theatre on the Wilbur and Vincent circuit. For three or four weeks she did the correspondence splendidly, staying at the hotel, and showing no interest whatever in the theatre. Finally she was coaxed to attend a matinee, and give the company the benefit of her At supper Baker asked her for her report on the act. "I don't want to mention it. only make you angry." Baker promised that this would not be the case. "How long have you and this young lady been doing this act?" she asked abruptly. "For years." Her expression hardened: "I have never in all my life heard anyone who slaughtered the English language as you and this young lady do. It's a positive butchery. I can't understand how you've obtained the reputation you have. seen for saw, them for those, all the commonest vulgarisms."

It hurt; but Baker gritted his teeth, and took it. He made a pact with his secretary, by which she was to correct the grammar of the performance in private; and from the start it showed a marked improvement. Soon the original MADAME TANGLEY had to retire from the company; and nothing would do but the new secretary must take her place. It was in Philadelphia. The first Pearl had been tall and slim; the secretary was short, and none of the costumes would fit her. She finally adjusted the costumes to her size, and the night of the first performance of the new Pearl arrived. She excelled the original Pearl in everything.

Before the year was up, in Buffalo, the two of them decided to get married. Her father, of course, had to be present, to play the organ in the minister's

house: she was always a "daddy's girl." at eleven A. M .- though Baker would have preferred a police judge or a mayor, and no music, as containing less hypocrisy; and then the father saw his daughter's performance at the two-thirty mati-They crossed the continent more than once. and dipped into Canada again, with the young wife continuing to star in her gemlike role. And then, in May of 1914, they drifted back to Muscatine for a summer's vacation. They rented a lovely house, and the father, an unusual preacher who had preached in a local church in New Jersey, came West to live with them. He was a musician as well, organist. and an excellent piano and organ repairman and tuner: and English to the core.

Well, the schedule called for a fall opening in Chicago vaudeville houses, instead of playing the theatres on a percentage basis. Baker desired a musical instrument to be used for outdoor advertising purposes: there were none on the market except hand organs and electric bell instruments, which latter had been played to death, and offended the esthetic ear by being more of a noise-maker than a musical instrument. No doubt the presence of a wife who was a pianist, and a father-in-law who was an organist and more, spurred Baker, with his inferiority complex, to demonstrate his aptitude in music, though he had no musical education. Besides, in Muscatine his brother and Vance still operated the machine shop which Norman Baker had had an interest in until May, 1903.

So Norman Baker loafed around the machine shop, and pondered and tinkered, and suddenly produced what he named at once the TANGLEY AIR CALLI- OPE, played with air pressure instead of steam. No more coal, dirt, grime: and, crude as his first instrument was, it worked splendidly. One day the inventor was tuning it. Two blocks away James Patterson, owner of Patterson's Carnival Company, was located on a vacant lot. He heard the music, wandered around, and offered five hundred at once for it. Norman sold it, figuring he could build a better machine for himself before fall: for this was only June.

He built the second instrument, much improved, and sold it. The same thing happened to the improved third one. When September came, with the theatrical opening not far away, he had already several orders on hand. Certain young members of the Muscatine Chamber of Commerce, who were in opposition to the older and more conservative Commercial Club of the place, urged Norman to drop out of the theatrical business, and start a little factory in Muscatine to build these new musical instruments. He took the suggestion, and became a manufacturer instead of a performer.

Soon he had renamed the instrument the Calliaphone. He began in a small shop with six or seven men working, with his wife in charge of the office, aided only by a single stenographer: and it was a part time job for her, at that. Baker at once placed ads in the Billboard, the magazine for theatrical people; and since 1914 not a week has elapsed without such an advertisement. The gross sales during these years have totalled over a million and a half dollars. The whole world knows of the musical instruments, the only new tone keyboard-played instruments invented in the last forty years. At

first, of course, the instruments were designed to be played by hand; later Baker added an automatic player, and both types of machines are still manufactured, amply guarded by seven patents.

And now Norman Baker began to learn, at first hand, about business men and capitalists and bankers: for he was an embryonic capitalist himself, and his career must bring him in contact with the old stale eggs in the business. He equipped his small calliope factory with motors, machinery, materials: and this left him short financially. Manufacturing and selling were moving briskly, but practically all the instruments were sold on a conditional sales contract, with a small amount paid down and the balance over a period ranging from six months to a vear and a half. There were three thousand dollars worth of orders on hand, and fifteen hundred dollars worth of C. O. D. shipments already out. An instrument was in the railroad yards, crated for shipment by express to the Sun Brothers Circus. Baker figured that he needed a loan of three hundred and fifty dollars, for the ensuing Saturday, to meet his payroll. if the occasion arose: for he had never been backward in paying his help, and did not intend to be.

When his own bank would not advance the money, he walked over to the Hershey Bank, met the president and cashier, got them down to the factory; and, once they had seen what he had to show, they told him to write his check and they would honor it. Luckily, the next day's mail brought six or seven hundred dollars from previous C. O. D. consignments, and he did not even have to get a loan.



The Calliaphone, invented and manufactured by Mr. Baker. Millions have heard this instrument which is used on automobiles for outdoor advertising by national advertisers. It is heard nightly from radio station XENT, Nuevo Laredo, Mexico.

Before he was through with the First National Bank, he notified all to whom he owed money that they need not deposit his notes for collection in the offending bank, and altogether it cost them a lot to buck the calliope manufacturer. Meanwhile, his Calliaphones were touting the virtues of skating rinks, circuses, road theatrical companies, amusement parks, Nehi, candies, flour, Chicken Dinners, automobiles, bread, Toddy, Nic-Nac, ginger ales, chewing gum, county and state fairs, carnivals, miniature golf courses, cinema features, cough drops, theatres, and so interminably on.

One day, while Baker and his wife were sitting quietly in the office, he turned to her abruptly. "It's strange, we certainly get along nicely together; but both of us have a feeling that something is wrong."

They discussed it thoughtfully. "If we are to get a divorce," she said at last, "it ought to be now, while we're both young."

He agreed. Within fifteen minutes they phoned to their attorney, Herbert Thompson. He came right over. "We want to get a divorce, Herbert," Baker told him.

The lawyer laughed hugely. "Sure, I'll get it for you right away." It required half an hour to convince him that they were not joking. Five years without a quarrel or serious disagreement, and contemplating a divorce! People didn't act that sanely. Finally he became serious, and said that the proper grounds, under the Iowa law, would have to be incompatibility. The wife was to apply, and throw the brunt on the husband. Early in 1916 the application was made to the district court at Muscatine.

For seven weeks the judge held up his decree: no doubt he knew how much the two parties respected each other, and the whole matter must have had him puzzled.

It took twenty minutes, without an argument, to divide the property. The Delaware farm for instance, was to go to the husband, because the wife preferred quicker assets. She returned to the eastern city, where her father had a truck farm on Long Island; and requested her husband to allow her to withdraw the application, and let him make it, to save her the return trip to Muscatine. This was done, and the divorce granted.

The reason for the divorce was simple: the parties were too similar. The wife was a positive character, and a business manager; and so was the husband. Two like poles repulse each other; two unlike poles alone attract each other. She liked entertainment in her home, dancing, horseback riding; Baker cared for none of these, and asked only a bathing suit and a boat.

Baker had neglected to have his wife deed her interest in the Delaware farm to him, till after the divorce. His attorney berated him, and said that Mrs. Baker would never do it. Baker quietly asked for the deed, sent it to his wife, received it properly executed as soon as the details could be attended to. Their friendship continued, even after the divorce. On one occasion, when she was injured in an automobile accident, Baker promptly telegraphed a hundred dollars to her. When a friend who proposed to her said that this was strange, she pointed to his hat and coat, and showed him the door. She selected her second husband carefully, making sure that he was

a negative pole to her positive one this time, and is now happily married, holding an important position as a court reporter.

Norman Baker has never remarried. He had passed his half century now; and he says that, when he is through fighting and is able to settle down to a serene old age, he intends to marry again. Or sooner. Only, this time he will be sure it is the negative to his positive: And no plucked eyebrows, if you please.

Norman Baker was only a few years beyond thirty when he parted company amicably with his wife, and turned to being a smalltime manufacturer in a small But notice that already he was a marked man, a different man from any man in Muscatine, in Iowa, in America, in the world. The sum total of what he had done made him unique: he walked the streets already a man of mystery, of glamor, of Son of a machinist, listed as no better than a second by the inefficient school factory, he had become a successful inventor and, God bless us, a wholesale manufacturer of air-pressure calliones. the first that the world had ever known. More than this, he had been on the stage: the halo of footlights, successful road companies, mastery of the mental hinterlands which all of us shiver with dread before. all this was on his brow. Distinction enough for most men: not for Norman Baker. His career had barely begun, whether the stars had the details of it plotted, or merely had scrawled opposite his name, This man will do world-shaking things.

For the next five years, or until 1920, the Calliaphone business flourished. Baker had eight or ten employees in his little factory, working night and day; he sold his instruments as fast as he could turn He had begun to make enemies, too them out. all due to his firm insistence upon fair dealings from The local newspaper, the Muscatine Journal, was a member of the small Lee syndicate of papers, with affiliated papers in Mason City, Iowa; Lincoln, Nebraska; Madison, Wisconsin; two in Davenport, Iowa: and a few more. The man in control was one Adler, of Davenport, who blandly published both the Republican Times and the Davenport Democrat in his home town, in order to get the voters coming and going, and make both dance to the same selfish tune. About 1915, this Muscatine Journal printed an advertisement of Baker's incorrectly: firmly he insisted that they reprint it free of charge. From that moment, they were out gunning for him: even the tiny myrmidons of greed resent independence and backbone in a man.

He found another enemy worth fighting, and went to the contest with gusto. The local Light and Power Company, at this time, had a monopoly on supplying the city with electricity: public service for private profit. Baker's factory had to get its light and power from the company. Baker figured carefully the cost to him of the company's constant cutting off the current. When this had totalled a hundred dollars, he demanded it of the company, and was refused. Baker then promised to make the company pay a thousand dollars for each dollar it owed him. Before he had finished with them, he did.

The company was trying to raise the five cent street car fare to ten cents; Baker led the fight against this. The business men, the American



Main building of Muscatine, Iowa, municipally owned light plant.

Legion, sided with the utilities company. An election was called. Baker exposed the false propaganda of the other side. The company won the election. Baker's supporters organized a movement for a municipally-owned utilities plant. This was won by Baker's forces, by a landslide of three to one. The municipal plant lowered the light rate eighty per cent. The private company ultimately swallowed a loss of \$750,000 and moved out. Baker fought against giving away city property constantly, and won each time.

In July, 1920, a fire destroyed his entire factory; he found his insurance companies were in part bankrupt; he could only pay back advance deposits on . calliaphones ordered. The business was wiped out Baker's own life had been endangered, for he was sleeping in the building when the fire broke out. And then, Baker saw a tramp artist teach tinting pictures with oil paints, and he had the man teach him the trick. Five dollars it cost him. He had a vision of a large art correspondence school, with thousands of students all over the world painting at home, while Baker sold them the home course of instruction... An endless chain of merchandising, whereby he would market for these students their painted enlargements, and at the same time sell to them the glass, the frames, the paper even. The students, once having mastered the technique, could paint enlargements of kodak pictures of their neighbors, and roll up a tidy profit; to Baked would come the tuition fees, the profit for enlarging the pictures, the profit from the sale of the materials. Every dollar the students earned would pay its toll to the Baker till.

And yet, Baker had only five hundred to start

with: and so he interested a Mr. Walter Luellen, a promoter of oil and other stocks in Muscatine. in the He agreed to furnish a second five venture. hundred: he dallied, and Baker went ahead without This was the end of 1920. Before the end of 1921 had rolled around, the business showed the impressive profit of seventeen thousand dollars from the Tangley School, which taught art by correspondence; the next year netted twenty-two thousand to Students throughout the United the Baker till. States and many foreign countries learned, in ten lessons by mail, even though unequipped with especial artistic talent, to turn out beautiful oil paintings. The postal investigators pried into the project, and gave it a clean bill of health. The son of Sagittarius was at it again.

Like an endless chain it worked. As soon as the students learned to paint, they would ask where they could get enlargements of the Kodak pictures made. "From me," Baker would reply. This meant his own studios for enlargements. Baker became his own photographer, and built an enlarging machine. And where could they get frames, glass, and the like? "From me," again: a frame department was added to the industry, in which Baker purchased picture frames by the carload, and sold them at retail prices.

For three years the school prospered. Baker prepared all of the lessons, drew up all advertising copy, even for booklets, pamphlets, and circulars, and all of them were money-getters. Another business Baker was an ace in, and still is: advertising. After all, he himself had taken a correspondence course in it at eighteen. Hundreds of other pupils took the

same course: Baker alone added genius to what he was taught. After his year and a half of high school, he took correspondence courses in engineering, in advertising, in law: he mastered each, because he had chosen them and was paying hard-earned cash for them.

The Calliaphone business revived itself. kept dribbling in; soon they were pouring in. his brother's factory, first; and then so many orders came in, that he had to buy his own building, a three story structure on Chestnut Street, in the home town. Within a few months this factory was running two shifts day and night, the machinery in the factory never stopping for months at a time, even for Sun-Once every twenty-four hours his factory days. built, sold and shipped a complete automatic musical instrument; and three or four times a month, in addition, a complete automobile outfit, requiring a special body built on a automobile, was turned out for national advertising campaigns. The pleasing tone of the instrument lav between a pipe organ and a callione; and as soon as Baker's next venture, the radio station, got under way, he called upon his Calliaphone to introduce to the air-conscious listeners a new musical tone. He is still building them in his Muscatine factory, from loud toned ones that can be heard a mile away to soft-toned instruments for the home. It is on the air now, from the station across the Rio Grande: it blends with any musical instrument from a piano or a violin to an orchestra, and is a startlingly agreeable accompaniment for singers.

This business boomed until one year it grossed almost two hundred thousand dollars. He could not straddle two horses, the art school and the calliope factory as well: and so he retired from the Tangley School, by ceasing his advertisements. It was several years before the last orders ceased coming in. The total profit in three years were well over seventy-five thousand dollars: if the other enterprises had not requisitioned him, he would have no doubt built up a business that would have grossed a million dollars a year. And all because he had acted on his hunch, that day he heard the impoverished tramp sell the method of painting photographs to the local Muscatine photographer. He who hesitates is lost: he who doesn't hesitate becomes a Norman Baker.

Nor have we yet exhausted all that the amazing man accomplished, during these hectic years of individuality building.

CHAPTER IV

STATION K-TNT

It would be impossible to chronicle all the astonishing and outstanding things that Baker has done, in his varied and useful life. He is of the genius type. a man whose mind functions with appallingly brilliant incisiveness; and, at the same time, as is true of the genius type, he possesses an intuitive side which any woman would have to envy. The colleges, in their mis-education, teach us (and us, until very recently, meant only the men, since "higher" education was denied to women) that logic and thinking are the only sure guides for valuable and outstanding action; and that intuition is a thing which should be left to the lower animals, and to women. Baker, lacking the disadvantage of such a cut-and-dried college education, sensed rightly, from the start, that intuition was more important than even his brilliant thinking ability, and from the start he has let it lead him, ahead of man's limping stumbling weapon called logic.

When, as a journeyman mechanic, he announced to his few close friends that he had determined to abandon this business that he knew, and go on the stage with an entertainment featuring mental suggestion, they turned appalled faces at him: "But that's out of your line of experience. You'll only be wasting your money." He knew intuitively that he could make good in the field: and so he did. When, in 1914—the year our Western culture rocked from the shock of the opening of the World War—he in-

vented the Calliaphone, and on the advice of a few progressive young business men of Muscatine abandoned his lucrative career on the stage to start a factory manufacturing musical instruments. friends gave the same doleful counsel. He shut his ears to their logical good advice, and proceeded to follow his hunch—and the money-making venture is still flourishing. When, in 1920, his factory burned down, and he got the sudden inspiration to start the art correspondence school, the same dismal croaking was repeated: and again he bucked logic and followed his hunch, to net almost a hundred thousand dollars from the venture. It is no wonder that the American Medical Association publicly branded him as a Jack-of-all-trades; to the one-trade mind, such as that of a medical man, there is something suspicious about a man who can do everything, and everything well. No doubt Baker will proudly accept the charge, if to it is added the summary of what he did in all these trades: so that the indictment will then run, Norman Baker, Jack of all trades, and master of all.

. Always, along with the entertainment angle to his stage appearances, he would touch upon the matter of healing by mental suggestion: indeed, it was the therapeutic value of suggestion, in the case of his own illnesses, that had first turned his attention to this. Now we must go back a step, and pick up his first venture in the field of wholesale healer.

In the tense days of 1920 and 1921, when Baker was leading the fight against the public utilities of Muscatine, to maintain the five cent streetcar fare and ultimately to secure a municipal lighting plant for the city, events happened constantly which

showed the lengths to which the conservative interests would go, in their efforts to discredit any man courageous enough to buck their would-be gouges. Among these conservative interests, as has been mentioned, was the American Legion.

An organizer of the World War Veterans arrived to give an organizing talk in Muscatine. Baker, and his lawyers, Thompson and Thompson, made every effort to give this man a chance to talk. They failed, so bitter was the determination on the part of the Legion to permit no opposition. Baker challenged the Legion to debate the matter, in City Hall; the Legion refused to accept.

Baker had no record of killing, during the World War; his record lay on the side of healing. In September, 1916, in Toronto, his observation of shellshocked veterans returned from the trenches had made him recommend mental suggestion as a cure; since he knew that drugs, serums, and vaccines could. never cure such a nervous affliction. He tried to interest the editor of the Toronto World in his proposed cure: he could not get a hearing. He tried the Canadian War Department, the Surgeon General even, expanding on his proposed cure: mental suggestion, spinal massage and diet, proper water, air and sleep. No answer. He made the same offer to the war departments of England and France, and the United States, when we were dragged into the war. No thanks, even.

And later on, a report was published of the methods of cure of shell shock victims, presumably issued by the United States Medical Department. Roughly, the figures ran:

73% cured by mental suggestion, music and rest.

11% cured by diet.

3% cured by medicine.

And this merely meant the cure of the nervous system, and did not include stammering and stuttering. The mere signing of the armistice, with the end of the danger from war, caused thousands to recover at once from this wrecked condition, according to extant records of the war.

Baker also presented to the United States, to England, to France, and to Thomas A. Edison, his design and specifications for a submarine bombing net, to be placed across the English Channel, which would prevent German submarines from entering or leaving the Channel. He received polite thanks, with the warning that, even if used, the fact could not be published, for strategic reasons. To this day he does not know whether his suggestion was followed, or not.

There were private enmities that met Baker too; some of them instigated by the forces of greed that he was fighting. One person, a former friend of his, grew into the idea that Baker had grievously wronged him. He secured a revolver, and, ascertaining Baker's movements, he stood waiting for him on the platform of the Rock Island Railway in Davenport, Iowa, to shoot him as he alighted from the Chicago train, to change to the train for Muscatine. His tightened, as he saw the dapper young man step Unobserved he raised his gun. He saw a man he respected, another citizen of Muscatine, step The party saw another citizen of Muscatine, step up to Baker, and watched the play with interest on the faces of the two men. Baker looked honest. decent: not the sort of man who could conceivably do

the wrong he had been accused of. Slowly the pistol was lowered.

Three years later, this friend, who had found out that the suspicions were groundless, came up to Baker and presented him with a thirty-two calibre revolver, loaded with the very bullets once intended to be used to end Baker's life. "I was wrong, old man. Here's the damned gun: I thought you might like to keep the thing as a keepsake." Baker shook his head, and slipped the gun into his hip pocket. He still has it. And, from the incident, he is more careful than ever not to act on circumstantial evidence; better make sure of your facts, before shooting. If the friend had not belatedly done this, this book would have ended before this.

And now, with this varied background, for the first time we find Norman Baker discovering his real weapon in life, the magnificent publicity that the radio affords.

Norman Baker had already had his first course in the best education in American local government: his alert observant travels from Augusta to 'Frisco, from Corpus Christi to Saskatchewan. He was now about ready to graduate from his second and final course, a first hand knowledge of one typical American town or citylet, Muscatine on the great bend. American towns, no matter the size, are pretty much like waffles baked in identical irons by the same -There's A, the bankers, the capitalists and industrialists; there's B, the local press; there's C. the conservative Commercial Club; there's D, the dumb mass of the people; there's E, the few intelligent liberal leaders; there's Z, the politicians. Queerly enough, the group A has never been known

to be unselfish. It constitutes C. meets once a week or so to munch a meal at the local hotel, sing a few poor songs poorly, listen to one of its bland resonant bigwigs give an inspiring talk on some such theme as giving away a bit more of city property to the railway corporation or some other of its constituent members: then noisy cheers for the members present. and "For he's a jolly good fellow," and the meeting is adjourned with no further constructive good for the A, now becomes C, whistles, and B community. comes up wagging its tail, and is told "Sic 'im!" Out pops an editorial modestly praising itself for civic spirit and boosting and public service, and stridently demanding that the noble suggestion from A, now become C, be carried out at once. Another whistle: Z comes yelping up, and at once the project is consumated. If E has dared to protest, ways are found to hobble and cripple and at times silence the objec-All D has to do is to stand another gouge. American city government

Baker was in on all of it. He recalls one meeting of a Civic Club, where they argued for almost an hour on donating five dollars to have the piano at the Orphans' Home tuned: and in the end appointed a committee to investigate. He knew what happened to E, too: he was a part of this group. If a man in any sort of business spoke out too independently against any project the commercial association was trying to carry through, on his next visit to the bank he would be told that the president of the bank would like a word with him. Far oftener than nine cases out of ten, the business man would already owe a loan, or would be planning to negotiate one. And now the bank president is purring: "Bill, much to my

amazement someone's told me that you're not in favor of so-and-so. I know that, once you give the matter serious thought, you can't line yourself up against the best interests of the community that way. I hope the project will have your one hundred per cent support. Oh, and by the way, Bill, that little loan of yours—fifteen hundred, isn't it?—comes due next month. I suppose you're arranging to take care of it." Usually this works. Bill isn't too blind to see that, if he doesn't do as the banker suavely suggests, his loan will be called, or he won't get the loan he needs. He knows which side his loans are buttered on.

Norman Baker learned this from every side of him. At least he can proudly boast that never yet has he danced to any banker's tune; he prefers to play his own fiddle. Not that all bankers are so narrowminded and petty. Baker still points with pride to one Muscatine banker. Jim Giesler. Politically Baker had fought him for years, in spite of the fact that Baker owed him an overdue note for fourteen hundred dollars. At a mass meeting Baker roundly denounced Giesler's stand on some important matter. The banker did not say a word, he did not call the overdue loan. When Baker, to test his liberal-mindedness, took a friend down who wanted to borrow eight hundred dollars, courteously Giesler told the man to bring over his deed, and if the title was satisfactory, he could have the money at once. But one good apple won't sanctify a wormy barrelful.

The inactivity of the local Commercial Club, as far as matters really beneficial to the community as a whole was concerned, caused the few liberal leaders

to desire a mouthpiece of their own. First they started the Chamber of Commerce, already mentioned, and began to lift the lid slightly off matters municipal in Muscatine. The stench that arose was not too pleasant. As 1923 rolled into 1924, certain of the wealthier men of the town were inspiring press publicity and broadcasting at their weekly civic club meetings that Muscatine ought to have its own radio station. For two years they bleated about this, and nothing was done but the bleating. One day, at lunch with three or four of his own friends, some one called Baker's attention to the fact that the radio boosters had decided to compromise by giving each. Monday evening's program from station WOC in nearby Davenport, and call it "Muscatine Night."

Baker suddenly had his hunch. He arose in stiff self-control: "Fellows, I'll build a radio station for Muscatine, and build a good one too. If you all will wait here for me a few moments" He walked out, and across the street to the German-American Savings Bank, over which J. L. Giesler presided. "Jim," said Baker slowly, "you've heard this two years' talk about a radio station here: you've seen the crawl, by which the scheme has been deflated to a night a week from the Davenport station. I'm willing to build a radio station here that will be a monument to the radio industry: I'll build it without a cent of public subscription, without forming a corporation or selling stock. All I ask in return, in consideration for popularizing Muscatine throughout the world, is for the Municipal Light Company to give me free electricity, water, and taxes."

"What's in it, for the town?" Baker expanded: daily talks exploiting Muscatine, its many advantages,

its low electric rate, in an endeavor to secure new industries for the stagnant town. "It'll lift Muscatine from being a little burg lost in the Mississippi corn fields, to a city the whole world knows about." The banker nodded: "I'm with you. We'll give you free light, power, water, and taxes." Baker knew that the man meant what he said, and had the power to carry it all out. He was an outstanding trustee on the light board, and could make them do what he wanted; nor did he lack influence on the city council, who would have to grant the exemption from taxes.

Next day's paper carried the astonishing news; it became the moment's insistent topic of conversation. Muscatine split into two camps. The business men and the majority of the people decided at once it would be a great thing for the community; on the other side, the bankers and capitalists shook their heads, and guffawed at the idea that Norman Baker could build a radio station. The pro-Baker party called the conservatives the soreheads: in retaliation, they said that Baker would build a station that looked like a red barn, and "the Lord have mercy on us, while we have to listen to the type of programs he sends out!"

Herbert Hoover was then Secretary of Commerce, and in charge of radio affairs in the United States. Baker applied to this department for permission to build a radio station at Muscatine, of five hundred watts power on a channel of 333.3 meters. What was to be the call letters of his station? In those days, there were two classes of government licenses: Class A, small-powered stations, whose call letters commenced with K; Class B, the stations with power from a thousand watts up to five thousand, with the

first letter W. What combination of letters should Baker choose, in order to make the station internationally known? Suddenly the letters TNT. standing for trinitrotuolene, one of the world's greatest explosives, flashed across his mind. Everyone knew what TNT meant. He knew that his station would do more than boost Muscatine to the world: already he sensed that it would give constructive talks for the masses, the hordes of farmers and laborers and small business men, as well as humanity in general, and that, knowing his own nature, he knew that a lot of these talks would be extremely explosive. considered the matter settled, and filled in the application with the significant letters K-TNT.

The world took notice of the briffiant label, from the start. Whenever an especially important talk would go out over the air from his station, people would query of friends and neighbors, "Did you hear that TNT talk from Muscatine?" "It was TNT, all right," with a chuckle. Once again his hunch had been invaluable.

The Department of Commerce granted the permit. Baker turned to drawing the plans for his building. A red barn? Not unless the Capitol at Washington was a Gothic backhouse. Baker and his small group of friends still met regularly in a cafe in the evening, and all contributed to the factualization of the misty aircastle. The white tablecloth, menu cards, anything would do to draw on: Spanish castles, Egyptian tombs, Americanized homes, all were considered. The worried waiter, as soon as the group entered, would bring, not water, but sheets of paper, to save the tablecloth from spoliation.

One night, when Baker sat alone waiting for the others, his hunch came again: why not combine all of these schools of architecture into one resplendent building that would be different from anything in the world? A bit of American, a dash of Moorish, a gob of Spanish, an ort of Egyptian, and so with all the rest. It took a genius to make a thing of beauty out of this edificial mish-mash: and Baker was a genius.

And where should this melange of architecture be Obviously on the highest hill in the city. Muscatine is located in a natural amphitheatre, with a high horseshoe hill starting on the east and arcing around to the edge of the Father of Waters, a mile wide at this point. Baker did not hesitate, or bicker over the price: he purchased what is still known as K-TNT hill, a hundred and sixty-five feet above the river's face. The soreheads had spread reports that talk of Baker's station was all hamburger, that it would never be built. And then the deed was recorded for the purchase of the site. The croaking tune altered to, "Wait till you see the red barn Baker sticks up there!"

Of course, the local bigwigs were numerically far in the minority; and they must have feared that, if Baker came into control of a powerful organ of public information like such a radio station, this would severely cramp their idealistic efforts to give away city property to private interests, and perpetuate their capitalistic gouges. There were always servile politicians eager to put over such deals, in return for a direct handout or the more urbane reward of political advancement. Baker, it was true, had never yet showed an itch for office; but he might

throw his power behind any of a number of potential liberal candidates with progressive ideas, and this would puncture their plans irremediably. Soon enough all this happened: K-TNT had its large share in electing local officials, placing Ralph Thompson in the State Senate, and returning Smith Brookhart to the United States Senate after he was denied his seat. Baker was known as a firm believer in municipally owned public utilities: an idea like this made the banker class shiver in their patent leathers. Suppose he actually spoke of the advantages of municipal ownership and control, and other cities caught the contagion!

We have not begun to exhaust the ramifications of the opposition yet. Boy, page the American Telegraph and Telephone Company. What was their attitude on the matter? Did they have any fears that Baker might incautiously leak complaints against the excessive rates of telegraph and telephone companies? It was common talk that their minds were concentrated on complete control of Radio, that they had their biggest finger in the press of America and all of the radio stations except possibly a dozen, which they joined in calling outlaw or radical stations. No doubt you found them from the start opposing each step toward the realization of Baker's dream for K-TNT.

The fall of 1924—Coolidge was running for President against the corporation lawyer picked as the Democratic candidate, and the lethargic country was blandly ignoring the stench from the Teapot Dome revelations—Baker commenced excavations for the foundation. Icy weather set in; building had to be

postponed until the spring. The opposition had no intention of postponing its activities.

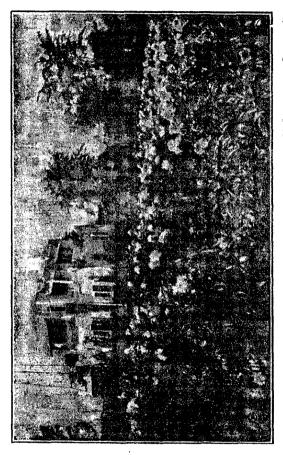
Baker's Calliaphone factory was in operation; and here he planned to build his own K-TNT transmitter. Those on the inside of radio affairs in America know that the American Telegraph and Telephone Company own the Western Union Telegraph Company as well as the Postal Telegraph Company; the majority of citizens, even today, believe that these three enterprises are separately owned. They are separately incorporated, of course, but a holding company unites This vast interest, with keen foresight, had purchased or pooled over four thousand patents in both radio transmitting and receiving. They owned or controlled practically every important radio invention; to this day it is impossible to build a radio transmitting station without infringing upon some of their The influence of the company spread, by foreign patents, to other lands as well; they brought into their organization subsidiaries of foreign electrical companies, many of which they dominate.

The Western Electric Company built and sold radio transmitters, microphones, transmitting tubes, and varied other devices, all necessary to complete a radio transmitting station. Their prices were not low. Many who desired a broadcasting station were unable to pay the price demanded; very few were able to give sufficient security for the purchase of the essential machinery on the instalment payment plan. This drove many to set to it and build their own transmitters, known in the radio field as Composite Stations. At least, Baker was a more than efficient mechanic. He set to work to build his own trans-

mitter in the factory where his air-pressure calliopes were being manufactured.

Now a real obstacle. In 1924 the American Telegraph and Telephone Company was selling patent licenses. A builder of a station required two licenses. —one from the government to build and operate the station, and a license from the A. T. & T. corporation to use their patented devices, to buy these from them, and to use their wiring hook-up for the trans-They announced that they would sell such licenses to anyone who wished to buy them at the rate of four dollars per watt. For a hundred watt station, the cost would be four hundred dollars. Baker sought a five hundred watt station. This meant a drain of two thousand dollars for this license from Baker knew that he had to purchase microphones, transmitting tubes, and the like, and to use the corporation's wiring circuit and control devices such as tube sockets—all protected by patents. In Baker's mind, this constituted a prima facie case that the corporation constituted a radio trust or monopoly. Nevertheless, he sent them an offer of two thousand dollars for the license, which entitled one, not only to use their patents but to purchase restricted apparatus.

He did not receive even the courtesy of a reply. He began to realize that he had a fight in front of him.



K-TNT, Muscatine, Iowa, America's most beautiful and popular radio station, confiscated by Federal Radio Commission on June 12, 1931, through influences of American Medical Association, Public Utilities and the Press.

CHAPTER V

IS THERE A RADIO TRUST?

Norman Baker began to probe into the queer past of radio, that young giant among human industries. In 1837 Samuel Morse, an artist with no education in electrical matters, invented the telegraph. In 1876 a teacher of the deaf, similarly ignorant of electricity, named Alexander Graham Bell, invented the telephone. Twenty years later, an Italian, Guglielmo Marconi discovered wireless telegraphy, — which constituted an actual threat to the monopoly in speedy distance communication held, by the telegraph, cable and telephone interests. Hartz, whose wireless waves Marconi used, died a poor man, like so many discoverers. Marconi organized his own corporation, employing another European invention, the coherer; and ultimately sold out to British interests for some cash and stock which netted him millions.

Researches conducted by the American navy perfected wireless or radio apparatus; whereupon American capital entered the radio business in an effective way. Wireless telegraphy became reliable, due to the alternator generator invented by E. Alexanderson of the General Electric Company—an invention perhaps preceded by one made by Reginald Tessenden of Pittsburgh some time before. Thomas A. Edison's Edison Effect led to Fleming's 1905 Fleming Valve Patent, a vacuum tube with hot and cold electrodes; and Marconi bought this. The Radio

Corporation of America came into being, with the alternator patent of Alexanderson's. The crystal detector replaced the Fleming two-electrode tube—invented by G. W. Pickard, who sold the patent to the United Fruit Company, with steamships to various countries.

In 1889, Dr. Lee de Forest discovered the threeelectrode vacuum tube; this made wireless telephony, telegraphy, and radio broadcast really possible. In 1907 this was patented; in 1909, the first radio broadcast program, featuring Caruso, was presented by de Forest from New York City. It was ten years later before the electrical trust began to broadcast. Marconi and de Forest became deadlocked in the courts. The Radio Corporation of America emerged out of the agreement between the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the General Electric Company, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, the Wireless Specialty Company, the United Fruit Company, the Radio Corporation of America, the Western Electric Company: and something resembling a factual monopoly resulted. Langmuir, of the General Electric Company, improved the vacuum tube in 1913. This year E. Armstrong invented the feed-back circuit. and sold it for \$400,000.

The war came; the United States government took over all the patents. Owen D. Young, then president of the General Electric Company, organized the Radio Corporation of America, and bought control of the important patents, putting Europe practically out of the running. The radio trust required all manufacturers of radio receiving sets to pay a license fee on every set they manufactured. After

1919, it practically monopolized the fields. In 1920 Conrad, of Westinghouse, started to broadcast phonograph records, which was the birth of Station K-DKA of Pittsburgh.

And now, the interlocked few turned on the independent stations, as "tin can stations"; as players of canned music; as "direct sales" stations. They altered the wave lengths of the independent stations to give them locations difficult to be received; cut their power took away their evening hours, and made them day stations—all through a radio commission strangely subservient to the large radio group, with its impressive Wall Street backing.

Norman Baker bucked this group, from the start. He was the first man who advocated publicly that all chain stations should go on one wave length when broadcasting the same program simultaneously. He claims to have been the first man to have called the American Telephone and Telegraph Company a giant octopus, seeking to control the air. These remarks are on record; Baker made them at the Fourth National Radio Conference in Washington, in 1925, which were quoted in the press. There he prophesized an end to freedom of the air.

The first broadcasting transmitters offered by the Western Electric Company were said to be nothing but their code transmitters worked over into broadcast transmitters, and they were not very efficient. Baker learned that WOC at Davenport had trouble with its transmitter, and determined to build his own. He learned more details of the radio monopoly from official records, also from a pamphlet by Senator Dill, of Washingon, dated May 11, 1928, and entitled The Radio Trust Exposed. Interested readers can

secure a copy from the United States Government Printing office.

Baker had already been fighting the group for four years, commencing when they were in the early stages of monopolization. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company ignored his request for a license. They urged him not to build his station. They urged he purchase time each day from WOC at Davenport, or go there and give his own Norman Baker Program each day. But WOC was owned and operated by a chiropractor named B. J. Palmer, and Baker adjudged that this man lacked the "intestinal fortitude" to attack organized medicine. So he determined to go ahead and build his own station.

After throwing countless obstacles in his way, they refused to sell him a license. In 1925, tended the Fourth National Radio Conference, in the city of Washington. K-TNT was actually being erected. Baker noted that a Mr. Harkness was consulted on every question before the gathering; and discovered that Harkness represented the A. T. & T. Baker rose and charged that the A. T. & T. was "a giant octopus seeking the entire control of the air," and urged that all stations go on one wave length, while broadcasting their programs simultaneously. The 98% of small stations supported Baker; the 2% chain stations sided with Harkness. Baker was appointed to the Committee on Power and Metropolitan City Interference. He urged more power for Class A stations, or those which had at least 500 watts of power. He was attacked for his presumption, in seeking to establish a station in "the wilds of Iowa." Baker, in his own defense, promised to have a station that would be the most popular in the United States.

Harkness hinted to Baker that the matter of the license could be arranged. Baker retorted that he would not cross the street to get it. The monopoly spread the idea that it was not feasible to have the chain stations broadcast on the same wave length. when presenting the same program simultaneously. Baker's attorneys discovered, after Baker sought to patent a device which would insure this, that the trust already owned three prior patents, pertaining to the same matter! Baker's application for a patent was protested, as interfering with a patent applied for, filed two months after his own application—a patent finally assigned to the Federal Telephone Manufacturing Company of Buffalo. Baker had established that his plan was feasible; he dropped his patent application.

On Thanksgiving day, 1925, K-TNT officially opened, with its first program. With all his suavity Baker, from the start, used it to inform America of conditions in the radio industry. Let his own broadcast speech illustrate the type of his attack:

"K-TNT was the first station to start the fight for freedom of the air, to place chain stations on one channel when broadcasting simultaneously. It was dedicated to farmers, laborers, and the common folks, and was known as the common folks' station. No bars, no doors that kept you from any room in the station, except from dangers of high voltage in the transmitter room. The public would come and sit in the broadcasting room where the artists would perform, instead of standing out and looking through glass doors and bars as though they were peeking at convicts in a cell. The homey atmosphere, the truths and facts I have uttered, the facts that no one

has ever forced me to retract one statement, the prominent important subjects I talked on, soon made K-TNT the most popular station in America, ves. I may say, in the whole world. This may sound boastful; but the K-TNT booklet shows pictures of crowds averaging five thousand every summer Sunday, and as high as fifty thousand people visiting K-TNT in one day, which constitutes more visitors than could be found in all the chain stations in the country on any one Sunday. It would be difficult to find a hundred visitors on the average on a Sunday at the average chain station, simply because the millions of American radio listeners are tired of their monopoly, and angered because the freedom of the air has been taken from them, through the action of the Federal Radio Commission in granting to these stations the best channels and the highest power.

"All the members of the Radio Commission have been servants of the radio trust of America, making many decisions against the best interest of the public, to such an extent that every session of Congress has threatened an investigation of the Federal Radio Commission.

"Feeling that I had been discriminated against by the A. T. & T., I determined to test the case. I communicated with Senator Smith Brookhart, from Iowa; I told him the story, and he and I placed the A. T. & T. before the Department of Justice and the Federal Trade Commission for an investigation, charging them with violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Laws, with discrimination, and with monopoly. Mr. Brann, attorney from the Department of Justice from New York district, came to Muscatine, and spent some time with me gathering evidence. Inci-

dentally, it was station K-TNT that returned Senator Brookhart to the senate, when the Iowa gang tried to knife him.

The outcome of the investigation into the electrical trust of America, containing the seven companies known as the 'Big Five,' was that the combination was broken up in 1927. But I have always said that it was broken up in name only, as they still carry on strange transations.

"About the time that the federal trade investigation was ended, I received a confidential letter from a member of a government department. Clipped to the top of his letter was the cryptic message, 'In a few days you will hear important news.' Within a week two representatives of the A. T. & T. walked into my private office at Muscatine, and laid upon my desk three copies of the A. T. & T. license to K-TNT. This bore out what I had told the A. T. & T. man in Washington months previous.

And my efforts will continue, until the freedom of the air has been secured, and the radio octopus crushed forever!

Needless to say, such talks began to wake up the country. It was just after the fourth radio conference, already described, that Representative White, of Maine, supposedly elected as a labor delegate, introduced in the House of Representatives the White Radio Bill, which was a masterpiece of legislation for the benefit of the radio combine; and was entirely against the interests of the very people who had elected him, the laboring classes. At the same time, Senator Dill introduced the Dill Radio Bill in the Senate. Baker testified before the Senate committee on radio matters just about this time, and just after the hearing on the White bill before the

House committee. In this instance, Baker had his attorney represent him¹. The attorney returned and told how he had orated for hours, berating the iniquitous measure until Baker need have no fear that it would pass. Within a few weeks, Baker secured a copy of the man's actual remarks before the committee: they were brief and comparatively mild. It taught Baker not to trust important matters to others, but to attend to them himself.

After all, Baker decided that the Dill radio bill was merely the Senate sister of the White bill he objected to so; and so he went to Washington to attend the Senate hearings on it. Senator Watson of Indiana was chairman at the hearing, and the Senators were in part friends of the combine, and in part clear-visioned critics of all attempts at monopoly. During the morning session, Baker himself talked for two hours on the original Dill bill, breaking it down paragraph by paragraph. When he ended, Senator Watson said smilingly, "Well, it doesn't look as if we have much of a radio bill left."

When the meeting adjourned, Senator Dill took Baker aside and told him that he had no selfish motives whatever in introducing the bill, and would welcome suggestions to protect the American public from any who sought to control or monopolize the air. Baker was ready for the Senator; he already had printed copies of the bill, with his own recommendations in bold-faced type opposite the offending sections. The Senator read them over carefully; Baker is proud to point out that seven of his ten recommendations are now part of the Dill Radio Law. The other three were not used because, had they

¹⁻William Randall, Muscatine, Iowa.

been inserted, the A. T. & T. forces would have prevented the passage of his bill entirely. The three omitted paragraphs, relating to the regulation of chain stations, would have prevented all the subsequent radio troubles the country has suffered from since. Baker still insists.

Today, in America, Baker is fond of saying, the people are the victims of a complete monopoly by the chain broadcasting companies, organized by and with the capital of the electrical and radio trust, and dominating because they have been allotted the best channels with the highest power; and because they were clever enough to take in those stations, as chain members, that were properly located geographically, until today they constitute a spider-web or network over the entire United States and Canada, and even Mexico. And Baker is proud of the fact that, while he spoke in the Senate investigations, Representative White was present in person to hear the just diatribe launched against him. Nor did he say one word in defense of the accusations Baker leveled against him.

Meanwhile, the popularity of K-TNT continued to Sunday and holiday crowds became increasgrow. ingly greater. This was one aspect Baker had not anticipated: but the people's love of a courageous fighter for truth is never tardy in expression. Yet in the end such a champion of fair play was sure to be ridiculed, humiliated, and cast down, by loud press taunts of "radical" hurled at him. Not that in any boastful spirit Baker held himself out as a popular leader: he merely showed that, to fight his own battle for survival, he had to throw the spotlight of publicity upon the trusts, the monopolies, and upon government officials who proved to be puppets

of the exploiting groups. And always the lovely tone of the Calliaphone was a background for the human voice, for piano duets, vocal selections, violin, choral numbers, orchestras, and bands. Dickerson used its microphone to address the people. and so did Senator Brookhart and several others of the august highest legislative body in the land. controversies, K-TNT stood out as the only station in the land that covered both sides of every contro-Especially did it devote time to agriculture, actually reporting agricultural battles, instead of merely mentioning them. One of the most famous speeches delivered from the station was that on August 24, 1926, by Colonel M. O. Ruiz Sandoval, consul of Mexico, on the listed subject The Religious Controversy of Mexico. The speech turned out to be a brilliant vindication of President Calles from all taunts of anti-Catholicism and Bolshevism, by establishing that all that he had done was merely following the 1917 Constitution of the country. He pointed out that Baker's broadcasting station, in view of the blanket of silence in the American press regarding Calles' side of the controversy, was the only available means of carrying Mexico's message to the people of the United States.

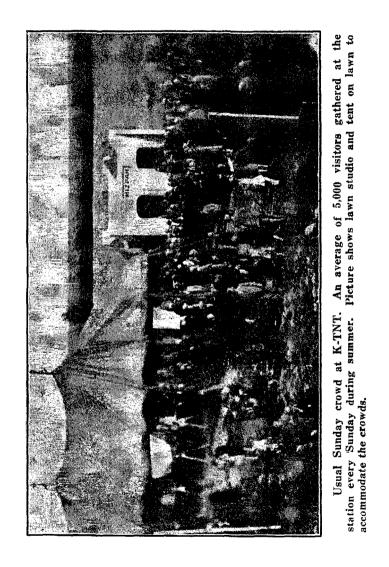
The fundamental law of Mexico now provided, he pointed out, merely for complete separation of church and state; for native priests and ministers in all faiths; for non-sectarian elementary education, in charge of non-clerical teachers; and for the elimination of convents and secret religious organizations. He pointed out further that the contest was not at all over religious liberty, but over the vast church properties and over education: and in a moving con-

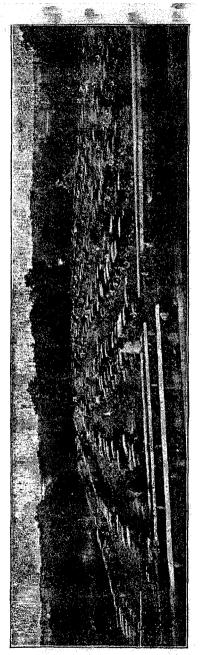
clusion he foresaw a re-arisen Mexico, with such religious liberty as the sister republic to the north enjoys.

It was by activities such as these that the great worth of K-TNT to the public was established.

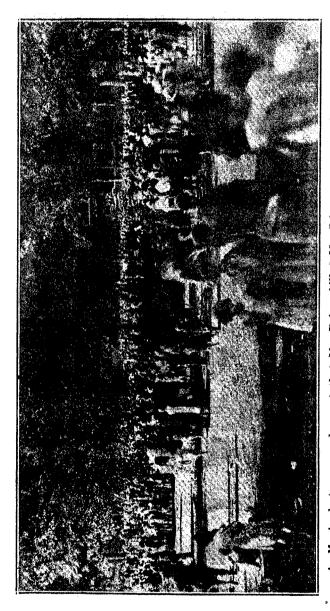
When the first huge Sunday crowd visited the station, there had been only one rest room provided. Every toilet facility in the nearby residences had to be requisitioned; and at once Baker ordered more rest rooms constructed. The crowds surged into every room in the lovely station, and finally stood on the upholstered furniture, causing natural breakage; and so a lawn studio had to be built, with seating arrangements to accommodate such unprecedented The rooms in the studio, while large, could never accommodate more than three hundred people. Baker called on his ingenuity, and constructed a three-walled studio on the lawn, with one side open like an open-air bandstand, using benches and folding chairs for the audience. Then there were complaints about the hot sun: so Baker erected a tent thirty feet by sixty over the seats and benches. A sudden storm demolished the tent; a firmer tent was devised and erected. The crowds grew, until they reached the unprecedented size of fifty thousand people on one Sunday in May, 1930. Automobilists arriving in the early afternoon would find all the streets, alleys. and vacant lots nearby sardined with parked cars, and at times they could find no parking place closer than half a mile from the studio.

There was the danger of accident in handling such large crowds, especially since many of them brought the children along. Baker took out a fifty thousand dollar liability policy, to protect the crowd in case of





Part of the thousands of automobiles that brought the 50,000 crowd to K-TNT. The largest crowd to visit any radio station in the world.



A. M. A. doctors spread report that Mr. Baker killed Mr. Johnson by permitting skull removal. This 50,000 crowd assembled a few weeks later at KTNT to see and hear Mr. Johnson.

accidents. More than a million visitors were handled at the station during its existence, and only three minor accidents took place. And God was certainly with the station, the religious would remark: no accidents, and for one whole summer not a cloudy Sunday, much less a rain.

To provide cheap gasoline for his countless visitors. Baker constructed K-TNT Oil Station, with six pumps and three driveways. He lowered the price of gasoline and oil, and saved the public hundreds of thousands of dollars. When the oil refineries grew unaccountably slack in their deliveries, Baker installed storage tanks, and purchased thereafter only from the independents. Refreshments were sold to the huge crowds, at unprecedentedly low prices. To answer complaints of gouging restaurant prices, Baker purchased the leading restaurant in the town, and brought the price of chicken dinners down to fifty cents. To stop the pilfering of the restaurant's K-TNT silverware, souvenir programs were printed. A coffee stand, serving also sandwiches, was erected on the station grounds. When a girl tried to blackmail him through a local lawyer named J. Kammerer. Baker went to the radio and blistered the lawyer over the air for the attempted blackmail. He fought brilliantly back against other local enemies, a lawyer named Howard Bartlett, a certain Reverend Haef-He answered the problem of tire blowouts by manufacturing and selling the Tangley Pure Gum Rubber tire, at a price lower than mail order prices for shoddy tires. He got out a mail order catalog, selling everything from lady's dainty handkerchiefs to pairs of shoes: and on the average he saved the purchasers 10% on everything they bought from him.

The press began to attack him, as a "Direct Advertising" station, which mentioned the price of the articles advertised. He retorted savagely, in spite of being busied with more enterprises than any man in Iowa. Muscatine enjoyed a boom, through the countless visitors that the Baker enterprises brought in. Every merchant in Muscatine profited from this. Yet shortsightedly they joined the opposition to Baker. Meanwhile Baker ploughed steadily ahead, living up to the high-visioned motto, The customer is always right, even though he is wrong. A few times he was crooked, as when a farmer painted his barns with paint unfairly acquired from Baker. But Baker held that 98% of the people were honest, and he could afford to forgive the remaining 2%.

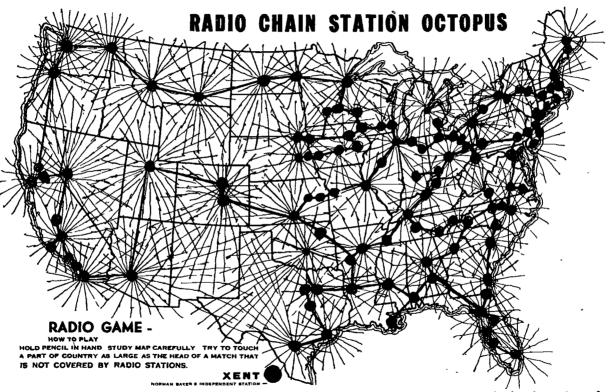
Baker's attitude toward his customers came from three incidents—one concerning a suit from a tailor that did not fit Baker, the second, concerning a pair of button shoes whose buttons tore out at first wearing; and an earlier incident, in which Baker was at fault in ruining a new pair of patent leather shoes. He never dealt with the tailor or the first shoe store again. But the second shoe store sent him a new pair of patent leathers; which made Baker ashamed, but convinced that the policy: The customer is always right, meant satisfied customers forever. He has never ceased to patronize this store.

A fight commenced between the Muscatine Journal and K-TNT over advertisements. The Journal, not always overhanded in its tactics sniped continually at Baker's activities. A radio wedding was broadcast from the K-TNT studio; it was probably the first ever held in the history of man. The bridegroom was an Illinois farmer; the bride was from a nearby Iowa

city. In their fight against Baker, the Journal exhumed certain discreditable things in the bridegroom's past, and published them; worse than this, they published an alleged expose of a pre-marital love affair the bride had had. At the time of the marriage, the young couple seemed destined to happiness; later Baker learned that, after the hateful publicity, family trouble occurred. Baker has always blamed this on the fact that the bitter Journal held them up to public scorn in its headlines, as part of their campaign against the owner of K-TNT.

It all made Baker bitter. For he had learned that certain members of the Journal staff were having their own affairs far from the family fireside, and were starring in drunkenness and resultant automobile accidents—and, needless to say, these matters did not reach the Journal headlines. Later on, one such incident, involving someone high in the Journal. did reach the public ears, and caused a lot of embarrassment. And the opposition extended to many or most of the prominent midwestern papers, who found the power of the station increasing so in their own communities, that their own political pets were being shorn of their power, and real champions of the people were ousting them. It would take a thousand volumes to tell the whole story. We must avoid the fascinating minor incidents, and plunge on to the main attacks.

They came with startling suddenness.



The Federal Radio Commission discriminated against Independent Stations by assigning best channels

CHAPTER VI

ATTACKS ON K-TNT BEGIN

So far, eliminating such minor opposition as comes to every successful man from individuals whose main livelihood comes from preying on the wealthy, five large groups were aligned against Baker: and all with good reason, to them. The bankers, through their innate miserly jealousy of any independent young man succeeding in business: and added to this their fear that he would expose their civic malfeasances and end their furtive profitable rackets, a fear that allied with them their lickspittle followers, the local political gang. The public utilities, privately owned, because of his advocacy of public ownership. The radio trust, since he was a vigorous rival to their business and allied with them their servile adherents. the Federal Radio Commission. The merchants. through short-sighted objection to Baker's own both merchandising. The newspapers, Baker was a rival in advertising, and because, as a rival voice that reached the public ear, he jeopardized their monopoly on swaying public opinion. A sixth powerful opponent still lay in the future: we will come to it soon enough. Of all these, it was the newspapers that struck first.

The planning, as Baker saw it, was to break him financially, if possible. How was this to be achieved? One helpful way was to have Baker summoned to Washington for hearings before the radio commission, with the concomitant lawyers' fees, expensive transportation from Muscatine to Washington, nearly 1000

miles, and the like. The first shot was fired by an article in the Muscatine Journal by their Washington correspondent, a Martin Codel, who was regarded by many as being a partisan on the side of the capitalists; and who had clearly aligned himself with the radio trust stations and against the independents. Other Iowa and midwest papers had similar articles. Codel's article alleged that protests had been received by the commission from the American Red Cross, the Iowa State Department of Agriculture, and several national farm associations; and that these would be introduced at the hearing against Baker. The proper notification was served upon Baker, and he journeyed to Washington with his attorneys and witnesses and all data, for the hearing.

The newspapers of the country had played up the case in a sensational way. For weeks before the hearing, the midwest papers sought to discredit Baker in the public mind: a sort of prejudging and pre-deciding the case, without giving Baker any hearing at all. The hearing began. Baker, having one matter he wished to expose, was delighted that A Washington newspaper corresthe fight was on. pondent, who sent out "colored" or editorialized dispatches from time to time to his midwest newspapers, including the Sioux City Iowa Journal, which operated radio station K-SCJ, took the stand first. He, the only witness, spoke for about five minutes, to the bewilderment of his hearers, who were not quite sure what he was driving at. Finally the chairman of the commission. Judge Sykes, interrupted him, and asked just what he was trying to get at. This was a hearing on a radio station, the chairman said, and they were not at all concerned as to who the lowa Journal was, or what states their subscriptions covered. After more indecisive talk, the chairman told the witness that, if this was all he had to say, the commission would summarily dismiss the case.

The witness was dumbfounded; he was as full of stage fright as Baker had been, on the occasion of his first stage appearance in Coal Valley. He could be master of the universe, when he pounded his typewriter at a tiny table in a dark back room; but here he was facing a judicial body that required him to adhere to the facts, and he was neither prepared for the test nor equal to it. He spoke nervously ahead for the few minutes. The chairman stopped him. and dismissed the case. Baker was not pleased at the sudden termination: he had had his own expose he wished to make, and this summary dismissal spoiled the chance of that. He was out twenty five hundred dollars for attorney fees, transportation and other expenses. He still is sure that the whole thing was a frame-up concocted by the Iowa newspapers and the public utility interests, to milk Baker out of these expenses.

Baker determined to go to the root of the matter—the Martin Codel press story, for instance. Protests from the American Red Cross? He had always aided their cause, he had boasted that his station had devoted more time to charity, with no payment for it, than any station in the United States. Not only did K-TNT broadcast such propaganda as they sent in, such as appeals for the million dollar drive for the Mississippi flood sufferers in April, 1927, but when the Iowa coal miners were starving and freezing, K-TNT consistently called day and night for food and clothing for them; and no other Iowa or midwest

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station did this. And effectively, too; Baker's appeals evoked a carload of supplies for the impoverished miners—and all at a time when the Iowa press hushed up the whole matter, so that outsiders never knew what was happening.

On November 9, 1927, Baker wrote to the national American Red Cross at Washington, citing Martin Codel's press article, and asking specifically if the Red Cross had fathered any such complaints. cited his aid to the Red Cross, and demanded a copy of any complaints the Red Cross had made against Three days later, the Director of Public Information of the national body, from Washington. Douglas Griesemer, wrote Baker that the American National Red Cross had never made any complaint against the station, and that the files of the Federal Radio Commission showed no petition or complaint against K-TNT by the American Red Cross. also wrote to the radio commission; Sam Pickard, one of the commissioners, replied on November 12th that no such complaint had ever been filed and referred Baker to Codel for the sources of his "information." Baker wrote the Red Cross, asking them to demand a retraction from Codel; and he also wrote Codel directly, demanding a retraction.

The National Red Cross body wrote Baker, under date of December 20, 1927:

It seems to me it should be sufficient for your purpose to have the official statement from us, in your files, to the effect that the American National Red Cross did not at any time, either directly or indirectly, make any charges whatsoever against Station K-TNT, either before the Federal Radio Commission, to any newspaper

man, or to anyone else. You may accept this letter as such statement.

Baker's records show no letter received from Codel. The bitterness of his campaign, and its dishonesty, is evidenced by these statements from Codel's signed article in the **Muscatine Journal** under date of November 1, 1927:

The chief charge against him (Baker) is that he has been freely attacking Muscatine organizations and officials, and protests have been filed already with the commission by the Red Cross to the effect that he has been unduly criticizing and hampering the activities of that organization. Baker, on the other hand, has stated that he represents the large share of the farmers of Iowa and is backed by them. He denied attacking the Red Cross.

The article went on to list protests that K-TNT was interfering with three New York stations operating on the same wave, and following repeated warnings that it was deviating from its assigned channel. We will come to these matters later. The subtlety of Codel's unfair attack appears from the fact that the Red Cross is a charity organization commanding general respect, and the dishonest statement that it had protested against K-TNT, in spite of the alleged denial of Baker, was sure to aid in turning popular sentiment against Baker, on the part of those who did not know of his splendid civic record on every matter.

In 1926, of course, radio receiving sets were practically in their infancy. Paul Crosley's screeching "tom-cats" sets still flooded the country, and other receiving sets were far inferior to the present

day selective sets. Yet troubles caused by these receiving sets were then blamed on the radio stations and their allocations. K-TNT's wave length had about twenty stations jammed on it. To relieve that interference. Baker had his wave length changed, selecting one with fewer stations, and cut down the interference on K-TNT's old channel perhaps twentyfive per cent. He also built a larger transmitter; his station had five hundred watts, and he went on the air with ten thousand. It was at this time that Bellows became a radio commissioner, and, later, resigned; it is more than hinted that the full reasons for this have never been made public. He did mention often the valuable farm service his station WCCO at Minneapolis was giving to the farmers of the northwest; although the farm service was no more and no less than what the average station thought it had to give. Bellows, however, asked for more power for his station, and received it from the com-Later he became a power in the National Broadcasters' Association: and Baker still is morally certain that this association was another device of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company to rivet its power upon the radio field.

It was about this time that the Federal Radio Commission began to state that K-TNT was wabbling off its wave length. This, even though the Department of Commerce's testing station in Nebraska listed, each month, K-TNT as one of the stations that maintained their frequency. Baker went to Chicago and talked to the radio inspector there. The inspector stated that at times every station wabbled off its frequency; his records showed only one instance in which K-TNT had done so—and in this

case they were off only 3,600 cycles. He showed records of other stations, and insisted that this instance was nothing to complain about; he pointed out that some of the high-powered stations owned by the radio trust, the Chicago Tribune and others, were off their wave lengths at times 29,000 and 76,000 Commissioner Bellows excused that: but he cycles. refused to excuse K-TNT's offense, and punished Baker for it. He cut the power of K-TNT as low as 1,100 watts. Baker wrote for the reason. answer was that the efficiency of the K-TNT transmitter was so poor, that it was not capable of giving 10,000 watts.

Baker knew that he had the commissioner in a trap. He demanded that inspectors from the radio department come to Muscatine and test his transmitter. Finally the inspectors arrived. Mr. Turner, the Chicago inspector; Baker's engineer; and Baker were present in the transmitter room of K-TNT when the transmitter was tested by the government inspector. The man did his own testing, and found that the switchboard on the K-TNT transmitter showed the station was putting out over 8,000 watts. Baker's engineer then tested the output of the antenna, which showed 14,000 watts or more.

When these reports reached the Federal Radio Commission, the station's power was increased to 3,500 watts; they refused to grant more. Baker was proud of his transmitter, and had good reason to be; thousands of listeners wrote in that the K-TNT programs came in "like a ton of bricks on the roof," "like a battleship going up the Mississippi," "like a TNT bomb"—and letters came from as far as from Australia, New Zealand, South America, MacMillan's

north pole expedition, and even from the southern tip of South America. Another proof of K-TNT's efficiency was this. They were on the same wave length with a Brooklyn station, possibly a thousand miles away. That station complained about interference from K-TNT in Brooklyn. Using their station as 100%, they made a test, and ascertained that K-TNT was sending its programs clear into Brooklyn with 80% the strength of their local programs, an efficiency that no other station in the United States ever showed.

And now Baker's opponents solicited the aid of Dr. J. R. Mohler of the United States Department of Agriculture. It was reported that he had complained against K-TNT to the commission, on the ground that it had misquoted him. Baker had merely read a circular printed by the Farmers Protective Association, Box 563, Honeybrook, Pennsylvania; Mohler was angered because Baker had read what he had written, as one of the doctors who extolled the scheme of the packers of America against the American farmer in their drive for the tuberculin testing of cattle—a matter we will arrive at, in much detail, Baker filed a sworn affidavit on the matter with the commission, sending a copy of it to all the national legislators, members of the commission, and other officials, including the President. And on the reverse side of the affidavit he pointed out that, instead of national farm organizations protesting against K-TNT, the Farm Union, the Farmers Protective Association, the Corn Belt Federation, the Federated Clubs of Ohio, and labor, had endorsed his station. But even this did not win his point with the deaf public officials.

And now a smaller opponent appeared: the retailers of radio receiving sets. Art Chaudoin of the Chaudoin Electric Company, John Fuller of the Fuller and Hiller Hardware Company, John Ficken of the Ficken Furniture Company, and other retailers of radio receiving sets, joined in the fight. All these were selling Bosch, Crosley, Atwater-Kent, RCA and similar receiving sets at prices of from a hundred dollars up to over two hundred dollars each. sold such sets upon trial; when the prospects would have the sets installed, they were unable to tune K-TNT out, at least in Muscatine, and get any other Naturally the people of Muscatine, with common sense, were not going to spend two hundred dollars for a radio set with such poor selectivity. For, in the K-TNT stores, they could buy a Baker radio set for about thirty-five dollars, that would tune out K-TNT locally, in three degrees on the dial. Baker had had them especially built, with extreme selectivity: there are thousands of them still in use in the midwest and over the country generally.

So it was that Chaudoin, Fuller, and Ficken, no doubt annoyed because their sets would not move, while Baker was selling hundreds, started down the main street of Muscatine, with a petition asking for a reduction of the power of K-TNT. They asked the merchants to sign. In self-defense, Baker stated all these facts over the air from K-TNT, without mincing any words. He made it clear that only an ass would pay two hundred dollars for a poorly selective set, when he could purchase from Baker a set built with extreme selectivity for thirty-five dollars.

The newspapers began to blare out that Baker was

making personal attacks over his station. These "attacks" were simply flat facts about radio receiving sets, which would put money into the pockets of radio listeners wise enough to act on them. Baker sent his solicitors down the street, to call on the business men to sign a petition in favor of K-TNT. Then, for the first time, he learned from the lips of the business men themselves their actual sentiments towards K-TNT. In a thousand ways the petty animositis had reached Baker: but he had not tied them together, and could not understand them. One radio listener, touring the country, had reached Muscatine, stopped at a gas station, and asked where K-TNT was: this was after the station had been on the air for two years. The attendant blandly said that there was no such station in Muscatine. Baker laid this merely to one gas station's envy of his huge gasoline station, which sold gasoline two cents a gallon cheaper than any other station, and lubricating oil ten cents a quart cheaper; and because Baker sold five hundred gallons of gasoline to every fifty he could sell. But now for the first time Baker got a real census of local business feelings towards him.

He still cherishes a list of every Muscatine business and professional man, and his exact comments for and against K-TNT secured during that drive for the petition favorable to the station. The opposition interests him especially, since his station drew a million people into Muscatine altogether, who spent well over a million dollars there; and since every retailer should credit Baker's station with adding from one to five thousand dollars to his sales, during the life of the station.

Another thing naturally militated against Baker with the Federal Radio Commission, even on the records. The powers in opposition to him were seeing to it that a constant flood of letters protesting against K-TNT were sent in; while it never occurred to the pleased friendly listeners to write at all, unless an occasional enthusiastic letter to Baker himself. A hint from one of the great chain station groups. which desired to close some independent station to secure its wave length for some subsidiary of the combine, would cause its hundreds of thousands of employees throughout the country to write in letters of complaint: and thus the record would be padded with such protests. Even if the station under attack is forewarned, and collects hundreds or even thousands of letters, its position is not good, after being closed and thereafter defeated in the courts. When it goes for succor to its Senator or Representative, in good faith he may go to the radio commission, to find out the status of the case. A commissioner could truthfully say, "Look here, Senator, here are ten thousand letters of complaint against that station. We were forced to do something to protect the radio listeners of America." Blessed are the radio chain stations, for they have preempted the air.

And now we come to the actual steps that caused the withdrawal of K-TNT's license. They constitute a dastardly plot and conspiracy to kill the station, for selfish purposes: callous to the fact that this meant confiscation of private property, for all that it was done under the cloak of the law. Each step in the conspiracy will be revealed, before we are through.

The whole thing is, at first glance, unbelievable.

The sensation-blunted public are quite apt to believe that a charge of this kind is exaggerated. But this is a book of facts: and the facts about to be unrolled are of a gravity and importance sufficient to inspire a governmental investigation into the whole malodorous mess, which will end in a complete restoration to K-TNT of its license, and with punishment of the offenders.

The press in Iowa gave many columns freely to the publicity attending the organization of the Iowa Radio Listeners League. The newspapers broadcast the story that the radio listeners of Iowa were meeting to organize the association, in order to fight against "direct selling radio stations." Iowa then contained three of the largest merchandise-selling stations in the United States, K-FNF, K-MA, and The two former were selling merchandise over their stations a year before Baker started selling merchandise. The natural presumption was that the newly formed league would impartially attack all three stations. Their theory was that a radio station could advertise all the merchandise they wished if only they did not mention price. Such a dividing line between stations beneficial to the public. and those harmful to it, is arrant nonsense on its face. Such a would-be enforced secrecy as to selling price is as ridiculous as if newspaper advertisements were forbidden to mention price; or as if the merchants of the state were permitted to display their goods for sale, but could never even whisper the price.

The papers kept the public informed as to the progress in the association's growth, with its membership fee of a dollar a year. One Francis St. Austell, a Scotchman, was selected as president of the

Soon commenced a barrage of infantile league. press editorials and articles, saying that K-TNT used canned programs, programs not fit to listen to. consisting entirely of phonographic records; that from morning to night all the station did was to bellow Baker's wares: that the mentioning of prices should be prohibited over the air. And the tail of these articles was invariably that the Iowa Radio Listeners League was conducting a vigorous fight against direct selling stations, the slogan chosen to smite K-TNT Thousands of such clippings reached the Baker office, from loyal supporters; it became clearer that K-TNT alone was being violently attacked, and that Henry Field of K-FNF and Earl May of K-MA were not being attacked severely. minor articles about these stations, banging and biffing then as gently as if love-pats were intended, was all the notice they received. And, of course, none of these bitter diatribes against K-TNT printed the station's side of the story. Nothing about K-TNT selling coffee and other merchandise from ten to fifty percent lower than mail order houses or local stores; nothing about the one hundred percent guarantee of money back if the customer was not satisfied; no calling attention to the fact that Baker's advertising was intersprinkled with a splendid free program from morning until night, whereas newspaper advertising gave the reader nothing free. would these same papers permit the station to answer the attacks against it.

Baker pondered a great deal as to why this juvenile Iowa Radio Listeners League was waging practically its entire fight against K-TNT. Naturally Baker's station had more enemies than either of the other merchandising stations; because they took the paths of least resistance, whereas Baker did not hesitate to unbare the truth about the octopus-like A. T.& T., and about the wonderful municipal light plant at Muscatine, which set the teeth of the privately-owned public utility interests on edge. And he was making so much money that he did not have to borrow from the bankers, which they resented; and he was independent of soul, and gaining ground politically, even to national mention,—not to speak of his direct charge that they were teamed up with the Wall The capitalistic groups of Iowa Street groups. weren't sleeping any too soundly, with Baker attracting from five thousand to twenty-five thousand people weekly to his station: such a man would become a political menace to their entrenched privileges all too quickly. Here was a real tribune of the farmer. the laborer, the common people: such a man was a direct threat to the whole gouging gang.

And then Francis St. Austell, president of the adolescent league, arrived in Muscatine, to join in the fight of Art Chaudoin, John Ficken and John Fuller against Baker, concerning his competition in selling really selective radio receiving sets for a sixth of what they asked for ineffectively selective receiving sets: more than this, to lead this fight. Baker examined into the past of Austell. He had his record from the cradle up. The man was a Scotchman, not naturalized as a citizen of the United States; and he was presuming to tell American radio listeners what they should do. Reports came to Baker that Austell was touring Iowa in a dejected ancient automobile worth a couple of hundred dollars, selling what were said to be worthless stocks, bonds and

securities wherever he could, especially to widows and orphans. And now Austell was leading the fight in Muscatine against Baker, and the Journal was printing sensational stories against Baker, and boosting the work of Austell and his league. Baker had two alternatives: to remain silent and let the unnaturalized Scotchman and three radio set retailers crucify him; the other, to go to K-TNT and tell the public the facts. Baker chose the latter.

He must have told the truth: for no suit for libel was ever started against him, for this smashing revelation. And now we must jump ahead to even beyond the time, June 1931, when the radio commission closed K-TNT, and Baker went to Mexico to build a far more powerful station. It was in August, 1932, when the mail brought Baker the following letter, written upon the stationery of the Union Mission Hotel, Main Nebraska Street, Norfolk, Virginia. Behold the letter:

August 6, 1932.

Mr. Norman Baker, Muscatine, Iowa. My dear Mr. Baker:

You have abused me so much in former days from your station KTNT that probably my name will be familiar to you.

I am wondering whether you would be interested in knowing the inside history of the attacks on your station, who was behind them and who financed the movement to get up that petition in Muscatine which started the trouble with the Commission.

I am in possession of a lot of facts which would prove interesting and valuable to you.

You may be pleased to know that I am out of a job broke or this letter would not have been written.

If you are interested and will pay for information I will write a report.

On receipt of this please wire me if interested. If not interested throw this letter in the wastebasket.

Yours truly, Francis St. Austell

Baker's heart almost missed a beat. The inside history who was behind them who financed the movement Baker answered at once:

August 12, 1932

Mr. Francis St. Austell, C/O Union Mission Hotel, Norfolk, Virginia. Dear Mr. Austell:-

I am glad to receive your letter of August 6 written from Norfolk, Va., and addressed to me at Muscatine, then forwarded to me here where I am building this station, the largest in America.

Your letter does not surprise me, although I am sorry of your financial trouble and when I am in a public fight, we are enemies as far as the fight is concerned, but not personally.

I know you have a lot of valuable information and there is a time in everyone's life that they regret things which have been done and many times those things are done because of the almighty dollar. Much would depend Mr. Austell, what your information would be worth because the gang finally succeeded in closing KTNT and truly I owe all of you thanks because if the gang had left me alone, I would still be in Muscatine upon the hill with KTNT, 5,000 watts limited to daytime reception and now I am building this, the largest radio station in the world, 150,000 watts, so you can naturally imagine that I am happy.

A man or woman never reaches the extreme height of success until they are forced ahead by thrusts which stimulate a determination to forge ahead, for no other purpose than to show what can be done.

You might be a man that I could use in my business but I don't know your education and ability and your loyalty to me would have to be proven in case you were interested in such a connection. You might write me in detail a copy of the report that you would give me, leaving out all the names if you wish, therefore not divulging your secrets and his could be in the form of an affidavit unsigned, which would enable me to judge the value of it.

You understand that deal is now closed, it was years ago, and I cannot understand how it would be of any value now, but if you know something that could be used successfully in a fight to secure the license of KTNT for renewal, then it would be good stuff.

Let me hear from you and I am wondering what in the world ever took you so far from Des Moines to Norfolk, Va. I know that town well but it has been years ago since I was there.

I will be here another month completing this station trying to get on the air by October and in September must get back to Iowa because I head the Farmer-Labor ticket in Iowa for Governor, which will be a hot race.

Your truly.

Norman Baker

After all, his fight with Austell had been a public contest; when Baker entered the contest, he faced the possibility of a good spanking, and when it came he had taken it like a man. There was no need to hold a private grudge against a public opponent.

And then Austell answered:

August 15, 1932

Mr. Norman Baker, Nuevo Laredo, Mexico. Dear Mr. Baker:

Your letter just received. I had heard that you were building a big station in Mexico and have often wondered how you were getting on with it.

With 150,000 watts you will certainly be able to

cover a lot of territory.

As you remark the old fight is over but there are still people who will be jealous of your 150,000 watts and will try to throw a monkey wrench into the machinery.

With regard to the war against you in Muscatine it was started by the Public Utilities of Iowa. that time you were strongly supporting municipal ownership and were dangerous to the power com-They decided to go after you. After it was panies. started it was easy to hand the fight over to the medical people who kept it going. Of course could give names of those who financed the starting of the fight. The manager of the power company at Moline was of course one. In fact it was at first purely a public utility fight against you as representative of municipal ownership. In fairness to myself, I thought at the time that I was fighting against "direct selling" which I now regard as perfectly legitimate.

The Public Utilities having started the fight found it quite easy to withdraw at the best time for themselves. The medical people had a whole case prepared for them. As I see things now I was just used as a tool and unfortunately did not exact proper payment for services rendered.

The Commission states that the wave held formerly by KTNT has been done away with entirely as far as Iowa is concerned and it would be very hard to get a renewal.

With regard to my being interested in a connection with your organization I can only say, "Give me a chance". As far as education is concerned I can satisfy anybody. In fact I am very highly educated, have travelled in many countries and have been successful as a writer and lecturer. For years I was in the British Army as an officer. A commission in the army meant that you had an education equivalent to a course with a degree at any University.

If you ever see The World Book, an encyclopedia in ten volumes, extensively advertised by radio, you will find my name as Staff Editor in the original edition. This book is in every library and practically every college and school in the country. I am an exceptionally good announcer with a very distinct pronunciation. I speak practically perfect English, have a good knowledge of French and could guarantee to speak pretty fair Spanish in three months.

Of course I would like to join you. As you say my loyalty would have to be proved. In the course of a very eventful life I have never proved disloyal to anyone who played the game. I like the fight you have put up and believe I could help you in the future.

I can sell time, can write continuities, am a good publicity man and want to go to work. I know a lot about radio having built every kind of set there is. Give me a chance and I will show you. I will go to work for next to nothing to prove myself.

I am going to ask you on receipt of this to write me whether you will take a chance by helping me to get back where I belong. A year ago last February I was badly smashed up in a car accident and have earned nothing since. I am of very steady reliable habits.

If you can use me I will feel that I have a real chance. I have been doing some announcing for a little station here but it has now gone off the air.

Really I don't know what to say about myself beyond what I have said. For years I have wanted to connect with a radio station as I can think of nothing that appeals to me as much as radio does. I want to get to work and can be useful to you.

Will you give me a job? It is a matter almost of life and death for me to get to work at once so you can make your own terms provided you will help me to get to Laredo. I am married and have one daughter. My wife and child are in Toronto.

I shall be in a fearful state of anxiety until I get a

ceply—by wire if possible.

Yours truly, Francis St. Austell

So Austell was converted to direct selling over the air, was he! Nothing unusual in that; the powerful radio trust chain stations had made the same switch. Nor did it need Austell to tell Baker that the same interests in America would seek to throw a monkey wrench into the machinery of the Mexican station, X-ENT. Baker had anticipated this; and it had already begun to happen. But the important thing in the letter was the light it threw on the fight against K-TNT.

So the privately-owned public utilities of Iowa had started the fight, rather than the press! Baker had at times suspected that; the press barked when the capitalist whistled. And they were right in their opposition to Baker, he admitted to himself. He had broadcast to the world that the old privately-owned company had sold light and heat at twelve and a half cents, while the new municipal plant charged only two and a half, a saving of ten cents per kilowatt: hundreds of thousands of dollars deflected thus from the pockets of private greed to the pockets

of the humble citizens. He had invited manufacturers to come and locate in Muscatine, since the publicly owned plant sold electricity as low as a cent and an eighth for manufacturing purposes. A man can not expect applause from the forces of private greed, when he bucks them successfully.

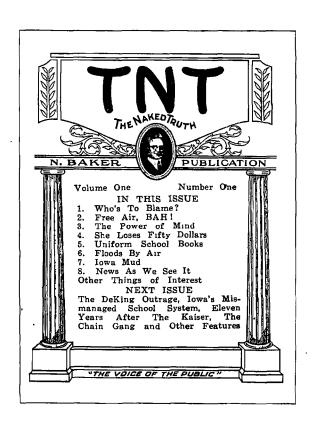
They had determined that Baker was their most dangerous enemy, whose mouth must be closed. to prevent his preaching municipal ownership so successfully that he ended the reign of the private overlords They might have hired a single of public utilities. gunman to do it; but then there was always the chance that somebody would have had to go to prison. . They chose the other alternative, silencing K-TNT and destroying his means of publicity. And they had turned the fight over to the sixth large group opposing Baker, the American Medical Association, unmentioned so far in this book: a monopoly as powerful as the public utilities group, with a better organization for control both politically and in the home. We will delve into their opposition to Baker very soon.

Austell and his organization had been used as tools, nothing more; and, typically of callous capitalistic employments, they had not even been recompensed adequately for their dirty work. Here was the manager of the power company at Moline, Illinois, across the river from Iowa, one of the financial backers of the Iowa Radio Listeners League; one who helped pay the salary of its president, and who no doubt was in on his share of the dollar a year exacted from the Iowa members. It looked to Baker like a case of conspiracy, between the Iowa public utilities group and the Moline interests: surely using the mails

to obtain money under false pretenses was one of the least of things they had done! - After all, this group that instigated the fight were merely co-workers with Insull of Chicago, in public utilities that rob the people with exorbitant rates for light, power, heat and gas; with stocks sold to the public so full of water that a dry spell any summer could throw them into a receivership; that were rich enough, powerful enough, and unprincipled enough, if need arose, to buy public officials, the press. Insull is now in Greece, to avoid incarceration in a Federal penitentiary—the very man Baker had heard night after night from his interested radio station WENR in Chicago, as he advertised his worthless waterlogged stocks in the various Insull public utilities corpora-And there were a lot neither in prison nor in tions! foreign exile.

If there was a sense of justice and fair dealing in the governmental authorities, Baker decided, once let this evidence be placed before them, and they would see a conspiracy to revoke the license of K-TNT, wreck it, confiscate Baker's property, and With such a framed-up case, it was impossible for Baker to secure justice from the Federal Radio Commission: he had to fight blindly, for lack of this belated information that the president of the Iowa Radio Listeners League now furnished. These facts, if Baker had known them then, could have been introduced before the radio commission, and conceivably K-TNT would still be in operation, if the showed any fair-mindedness at all. commission There is still time for them to rectify this dreadful injustice, either voluntarily or at the command of an aroused public conscience.

Now for some other phrases in Austell's letter. "The Public Utilities, having started the fight, found it quite easy to withdraw at the best time for themselves. The medical people had a whole case pre-As I see things now, I was just used pared for them. for a tool, and unfortunatly did not exact proper payment for services rendered." The "medical people": they deserve a whole book by themselves. Why should they unite with the bankers, the press, the local political gang, the jealous merchants and retailers, the public utilities grabbers, and the rest of the logical opponents of Baker's splendid fight in the people's interest? Baker knew why: he smiled grimly to himself. But first, other incidents of the fight occurred to him. He thought these over in order.



CHAPTER VII

ALUMINUM POISONING AND CANCER

In April, 1929, a new magazine appeared on the newsstands of America. Its name was TNT: The Naked Truth, and, needless to say, it was a Norman Baker publication. It fought its courageous course until December, 1931, when it was discontinued, and Baker's Mid-West Free Press replaced it.

Baker announced, during May of 1929, over K-TNT, that the next month's issue would carry a story dealing with the poisons of aluminumware. For all that Baker acts swiftly on hunches, in this instance he had moved more slowly than his usual custom. His first suspicion had come to him directly, although at the beginning it was never more than a suspicion.

Baker, living alone on East Second Street in Muscatine at the time, was fond of coffee. Regularly he consumed four to seven cups a day, and sometimes more. He made his in an aluminum coffee percolator; he could never make it taste right. At his mother's house, when he made it in a graniteware coffee pot, it tasted precisely right. He purchased an enamelware pot. After that, his coffee at home was excellent. He became interested in the subject of poisons from aluminumware; and the huge advertisements of the aluminum interests seeking to counteract the literature dealing with aluminum poisoning. University reports, which he later learned were inspired by aluminum manufacturers, admitted

the poison; but said that the amounts taken up by the foods while being cooked or standing was infinitesimal. Baker recalled that aluminum did not rust, but that aluminum vessels in constant use developed holes. These must come from the aluminum getting into the foods.

Baker began to test the matter in his own laboratory. What he learned convinced him he ought to go ahead. He wrote articles on aluminum poisoning; the publishers would not accept them. Baker observed that the Wallace Farmer at Des Moines, Good Housekeeping, Collier's, The Literary Digest and other magazines catering to both men and women, ran advertisements from the aluminum interests.

When the June TNT was being printed, an aluminum representative named Bond tried to secure an advance copy of the article; and, on failing, said that, if the article appeared, the aluminum companies would break Baker financially. Baker retorted that, instead of one article, he would run one a month for the next six months. The articles, supplemented by articles by Dr. Charles Betts of Toledo in the magazine on the same subject, constituted the most powerful attack on aluminum poisoning ever delivered. Baker spread the more vital facts from the articles through the air over K-TNT. His hearers made tests for themselves, and destroyed altogether about a million dollars worth of aluminumware, purchasing enamelware to replace it. The crusade practically drove aluminumware out of the midwest stores. Bond later joined the Muscatine Chamber of Commerce, having switched to selling advertising novelties; at one noon lunch, he rose and denounced Baker as the man who had ruined his business.

Baker's researches dug deep. He discovered that the United States Government aided in suppressing the facts concerning aluminum poisoning; and permitted the use of aluminum in city water in almost every city in the United States. Docket No. 540, November 12, 1925, published by the Federal Trade Commission and reprinted by a baking powder company, showed the alum in baking powder to be poisonous; and alum is an aluminum derivative; being sodium aluminum sulphate. Its conclusion included:

The evidence in this record does not prove that (aluminum compounds as used in baking powder) are harmless. The evidence in this record does prove that there are substantial grounds upon which to predicate an honest opinion that they are harmful.

In spite of this, about 60,000 tons of aluminum metal, or 120,000,000 pounds of aluminum, are used every year in the manufacture of baking powders in America: one pound per man, woman and child in the country.

The same substance is used to "purify" city water. 80% of the people in the United States use water so purified. At the rate Toledo, Ohio, pays, this means an annual drain of over \$25,000,000 paid to the aluminum manufacturers. Baker points out that, if the 76,800,000 people who have to drink this water are made ill by it only once a year, this means 76,800,000 calls by the doctor, costing more than \$153,600,000, a levy that goes into the pockets of the medical profession. The aluminum used annually in baking powders in the United States brings in \$16,800,000 additional income to the aluminum overlords.

From every quarter the testimony of the doctors began to come in, corroborating Baker's findings, as embodied in the articles in **TNT**. Dr. Edward Wood, Professor of Chemistry, Harvard University; Dr. John Wise, Medical Inspector of the United States Navy; Dr. Charles L. Olds of Philadelphia; Dr. Wm. Held, Director of the United States Health League; Dr. H. A. McDugian, testifying under oath before the Federal Trade Commission,—these were only a few of the voices raised against aluminum poisoning. Dr. Harry Gideon Wells, Pathologist of the University of Chicago, more than corroborated their statements.

The Women's Clubs of Madison, Wisconsin, in July of 1929 were almost successful in having a bill passed in the state legislature, providing that manufacturers of baking powders containing alum must print the correct name of the aluminum salts on the label. The bill was sponsored by Assemblyman Philip Nelson, of Maple, Wisconsin. It was said that some of the legislators felt that Governor Kohler preferred not to act on the bill; for, after all, there are large aluminum manufacturing companies in the State.

There is not, says Baker, a dentist, who can show ten patients who have worn false teeth with aluminum plates for a period of three years, without one or more of them contracting cancer of the mouth. Baker has had patients apply at the Baker Hospital, which he founded later, who lost part of their tongue, gums and roof of mouth from cancer, which appeared after they had worn aluminum plates for two years or longer. The October, 1929, issue of TNT contained a letter from a dentist, giving his experiences with aluminum plates. In the first ten years of his practice, he stated, he made seven aluminum dentures,

as he had learned to do in dental college. Later three of the seven patients died of cancer, and he has been unable to trace the other four.

And now the aluminum overlords began to show Dr. Betts, who had published an article in the Toledo Daily Times, was warned to immediately disclaim or retract his statement antagonistic to the use of aluminumware, or he would be damaged financially, and implicated in law suits. He did not And yet, opposition to the aluminum retract. interests was dangerous, for the head of the aluminum combine, or one of the chief figures in aluminum manufacture, Andrew W. Mellon, at this time was Secretary of the Treasury, and the head of the Internal Revenue Department of the United States. There is such a thing as investigation of income tax reports: such may be inconvenient and extremely expensive, even thought here are no irregularities Baker for a long time has suffered from investigations of his income tax reports, started while Mellon was Secretary of the Treasury.

The Income Tax Department, through their auditor Miller of the Davenport, Iowa, and Omaha offices, is at the moment of this writing, auditing the books of the Baker companies. There is no doubt of his legal right to audit these books. But his decisions, and the decisions of others in the department, that losses aggregating thousands of dollars cannot be deducted, is unjust, and contrary to the usual practice. The stock market crash of 1929 caught Baker with about \$200,000 invested in the market; the ruling has been that he cannot deduct the losses on these, on the ground that his previous year's statement did not show that he was engaged in the business of stocks,

bonds, and investments. Of course, the previous reports did show that for years Baker had been dealing in stocks and bonds. Baker is fighting this income tax case now; but the mere fight will cost him thousands of dollars.

Not that Baker took any of it lying down. He went right after Mellon, printing in his Midwest Free Press details of all the corporations that Mellon controlled, and his refunding of millions of dollars of the taxpayers' money back to his own corporations. These weekly exposes in the Free Press helped to cause the Congressional investigation of Mellon's activities. Before the investigation could get under way, President Hoover lifted Mellon out of the Treasury department, and sent him abroad as ambassador to the Court of St. James. Baker's only regret is that he is not entitled to all the credit for the investigation.

Long before this, Baker had begun to feel the ponderable weight of the opposition of the aluminum overlords. Newsstand sales for TNT began to fall off, with increasing momentum. Many dealers wrote in ordering Baker to send no more copies to Baker could not understand this, as the same dealers, a short while before, had been doubling and tripling their monthly orders. He began to inquire as to the reason for the astonishing drop in orders. One newsdealer in Pittsburgh, Mellon's home town. wrote Baker that the ministers of the city were up in arms against the magazine, and refused to buy newspapers from stands where they saw TNT dis-Baker had never printed anything that should antagonize preachers or religious people; he believes that every one has a right to his own creed and dogmas. He has employed Protestants, Jews, and Catholics indiscriminately, and has discharged any individual who sought to annoy others with his religious views. It was not hard to figure out that the thing that had upset the ministers of Pittsburgh was the attack on the Mellon aluminum interests; evidently the Pittsburgh expounders of the word of the gentle carpenter from Nazareth were too sensitive to buy newspapers from a stand which sold a magazine containing an attack, no matter how justified, on perhaps the wealthiest parishioner in Pittsburgh.

A newsdealer from Duluth, Minnesota, wrote an even more memorable letter. It was written on tablet stationery with a lead pencil, in answer to the query as to why he did not want any more TNTs shipped to him. "No. I cannot use any, and for heaven's sake don't send any more up here. A well dressed fellow came to my newsstand one day, asking for a copy of TNT. I sold him a copy. many more have you?' 'Six'. 'I'll take all seven . .' He paid cash for them, and then said, 'If we ever see another copy of that damned magazine on your newsstand, you'll soon be without customers, and we'll kick your damned newsstand into the middle of the street.' And he meant it, too, Mr. Baker. You can't realize what the conditions are up here. So please don't send me any more, but send me your bill for the last month, and I'll send you check."

In similar ways, the newsdealers throughout the United States and Canada were "persuaded" to discontinue handling the truth-telling magazine; in a few months its newsstand sales had dropped almost to zero. Barring subscriptions, there weren't enough

sales to buy peanuts for a single lunch for a small sideshow elephant. Somebody had done a good job.

But, long before this had happened, Norman Baker had added to his activities a new angle: the investigation of the cure of cancer. It was his courageous fight in this field which ultimately precipitated his downfall, temporary though it may prove to be, in the United States. Let us see how he was brought into this.

In the midsummer of 1929, while the magazine TNT was only a few months old and was still having a large newsstand sale, Murray E. King, its editor, and Baker were on the alert to find some matters of sensational public interest, which they could feature in the magazine. At this time Baker, like most Americans, had been led by the pronouncements of the American Medical Association, and their subsidiaries the State Boards of Health, to believe that cancer was one of the most dreaded of all diseases, and was incurable. Yet even an incurable disease has a morbid fascination for many readers: and Baker wondered what he could present on the subject, that would be novel, sensational, and also helpful.

He recalled suddenly that several readers had called to his attention a doctor who had been treating cancer for years, and who was reported to have made cures. Baker learned further that the doctor had a large mortgage on his home, of some fifty thousand dollars; and that this had been caused by his fights against the medical group, who had brought him into court frequently in their efforts to revoke his license to practice medicine, and had ultimately broken him financially by this means. Baker pon-

dered: was the man a faker, or did he really have the ability to cure cancer? Certainly any doctor who so advertised would be a faker, a quack, a charlatan, unless he could prove his facts. The fact that he had held out so long against the attacks of the medical groups went a long way towards establishing that he was no faker, but had a real cure; otherwise, they would have driven him out of business long before, and no doubt jailed him in addition.

Baker invited this doctor to come and see him, telling him that Baker could do him much harm or much good; that, if he was willing, Baker would investigate his cancer cure, and, if it could be established, that TNT would give him a big story, with the headline Cancer Is Curable; whereas, if the investigation revealed that the man was not curing cancer, the title would be, Cancer Doctor a Fake. At this time, Baker didn't know; the story would be grist to the TNT mill, either way it turned out.

This was not Baker's first incursion into medical In 1926 he had met an Iowa registered matters. physician. Dr. Barewald, who had been a practicioner more than twenty years, a broadminded independent doctor not dominated by organized doctordom; he was so distinguished a man, that he had formerly been mayor of Davenport just up the river. Barewald said that he had a cure for varicose veins. by a simple injection process. He showed Baker some of his proofs: Baker talked to some of his patients. One was a carpenter who for months had been unable to climb a ladder in his trade, as he suffered from large protruding veins on the leg, only slightly aided by the elastic stockings some ordinary doctor had prescribed. When Baker talked with the man, he had no trace of the veins, and the man told a wonderful story of his complete cure, which had then taken place more than two years before.

He and other patients convinced Baker that Dr. Barewald had a cure. At this time, let it be noted that the medical profession claimed that varicose veins were not curable; they were resorting to operations, removing part of the veins, or were using elastic bandages to keep the veins from protruding too much, and bursting and perhaps causing death even though this might mean that the varicose veins would produce leg ulcers, and the dreadful condition called milk leg. Baker was convinced at last, and went into a partnership with Dr. Barewald known as the Tangley Institute, Muscatine, Iowa, for the treatment and cure of varicose veins and leg ulcers by a simple painless injection method.

The Davenport newspapers released a big feature story, dealing with Dr. Barewald's discovery of a cure by the injection method. The next day, a Chicago newspaper carried a news item from the president of the American Medical Association, denying the discovery, and stating that there was no known cure for varicose veins. Needless to say, this official or semi-official pronouncement upset the doctor, who feared, as he was now in conflict with the American Medical Association, that they would give him all sort of trouble, and might try to revoke his license, on the ground that he was practicing medicine unethically. He brought the trouble to Baker, in some bewilderment. Baker suggested that the article be answered in the Associated Press, by simply saying that if the president of the American Medical Association would send a varicose vein patient to Dr. Barewald, at Davenport, that the doctor would return the patient cured. From then on, the newspaper attacks ceased; though for a long time the national and state medical journals preached to the doctors who compose the national and state societies the fallacy of treating varicose veins by injection, branding the method as another medical fake.

Baker cites this, in connection with his cancer investigation, as evidence that a layman may investigate a cure or an alleged cure, even more efficiently than the American Medical Association. For their committee is usually loaded with members of the association, who are often prejudiced in advance against the innovation. If it is by a secret formula, which they cannot get hold of to capitalize for themselves, they are inclined to condemn it, and thus deprive the public of a cure; while they continue to charge high fees for treating the same ailment even while they pronounce it incurable. For, after all, as things are constituted now, doctors remain slaves of their livelihoods.

Baker started his investigation of the alleged cancer cure in the same spirit. First he told the doctor that he would not commence the investigation unless the doctor requested it, as he had no desire to ridicule or persecute anyone by undesired publicity. The doctor requested that the investigation go ahead. He gave Baker the names of more than twenty patients, whom he said he had cured of cancer, many of them living within a hundred and fifty miles of Muscatine. He presented a description of each case, and urged Baker to call and talk personally with each patient. Baker shook his head. He was not interested in

past successes: a dime, a good cigar, a box of candy, could purchase all of the medical recommendations anyone would want to use. If TNT was to investigate the method, its own committee, without a doctor on it, either of the drugless or the drug variety, would select five cancer patients, send them to the doctor in Missouri, and judge his treatment by his success Only if this test was satiswith the test patients. factory would the committee call upon previous alleged cures, to see how long they had taken, and compare them with the arbitrary five-year period set by the American Medical Association. association insists it will not investigate a cancer cure of less than five years' duration, though in the cases of other diseases an hour's cure suffices them.

A price was arranged for the cost of the treatment. including room and board; Baker was also to pay some of the expenses of the patients. He was to announce over K-TNT the beginning of the investigation, and ask for volunteers from various parts of the country, out of whom the five would be selected. course, Baker realized that patients must be selected who really had cancer, to prevent the medical association from taunting, "But how do you know it was cancer?" To prevent this, patients were selected in the extreme advanced stages of the disease, who had been to the Mayo Brothers Clinic, the Iowa State University, or to other reputable doctors who had pronounced the cases as cancer. Baker's files contain the records of the Mayo Clinic, at Rochester, Minnesota, and the other doctors, given to him by the patients selected.

The test patients were told that this was an investigation merely. None were promised or guaran-

teed a cure, but were taken at a weekly rate of about thirty dollars for room, board, nurse, medicine and doctors' fees complete. In some cases Baker paid the transportation, while several were not charged a cent for anything, being regarded as wholly charity cases.

Sufferers from cancer and several other diseases are ashamed of the fact, though without good reason; and many of these are averse to having their names published. In mentioning these five cases the names will be left blank. But their correct names and addresses are now matters of court record, and are on file in the Baker office.



Test Patient No. 1

The first patient selected was a woliving in a man houseboat on the Mississippi, twentytwo miles from Muscatine, suffering from an advanced cancer on her thigh close to the hip. She had been treated

local physicians of the Muscatine County Medical Association, and also at the Medical College of the Iowa State University. Under their treatment the cancer grew from a small spot to a large open sore; and after all methods failed to stop the increasing malignancy, radium was used. The woman was badly burned by the radium, as photographs indicate. This radium burn was about four inches long, and appeared to be about three

inches deep; an average-sized orange could slip into the opening thus made. The Iowa State Medical College had dismissed her as incurable; she was sent home with morphine pills to quiet the pain, and she was expected to die soon. To get the American Medical Association in a trap, Baker wrote them a letter on plain paper, signing a fictitious name, telling them that he had a relative suffering from cancer, who had been treated by the doctors of this medical college with the use of radium, and who had been then sent home as incurable: did they know of any treatment that could still be used? Their answer stated that, if the woman was treated by the State Medical College, nothing more could be done for her. Baker wrote further, stating that he had heard of alleged cures by this Missouri doctor; had they heard of him, and could they recommend him? They replied that they knew of the man, and advised Baker to have nothing to do with him, as he was a "crude quack." And so the American Medical Association was on record: what would the doctor turn out to be?

History of the treatment, and results, in the case of patient number one: The patient had been suffering untold agonies, and had used morphine so much that she had become addicted to narcotics. Three days after the treatment started, the pain disappeared, and narcotics were no longer necessary. The hard radium-burned cancerous mass began to soften and diminish. Much hope was held out for her recovery,—if not complete, at least to such an extent that many happy years would be added to her life. Shortly after her treatment started, she was called home on account of the illness of her mother.

The mother died, and the patient did not return for the rest of the treatment. When she left, the doctors recorded that the cancerous mass was about half Baker visited the woman's home on the houseboat after her return, with a doctor. Instead of the sore being three inches deep, it was so healed that it was not more than an inch deep. Signs of healing were visible at the edges of the sore. patient was being cared for by a woman, at this time: there were no screens on the houseboat, and hundreds of flies were bothering the patient, making a very unlovely and unsanitary sight. Since her mother's death, the patient said, she was not able to continue the treatment, and never returned. Thus ends test patient number one, with at least great improvement.



Test Patient No. 2

Patient number two was a man from Moline. Illinois. He had just returned from the Mayo Clinic, where his case had been diagnosed as cancer of the throat, with removal of the vocal organs recommended. He told the doctors that he would rather die than be completely speechless, and refused to permit the operation. Instead.

he went home to Moline to die. Friends had heard the K-TNT offer concerning test patients.

and his wife had brought him to Baker's office in Muscatine. He could not talk above a low whisper, at this time: Baker could not understand what he was saying, and the wife had to act as his He was an iron molder by trade, in one interpreter. of the Moline foundries. He was told that it would take at least three months to treat him properly. with no false promises or guarantee of a cure. accepted. One month later, he came back to Muscatine unannounced and entered Baker's office. Baker was astounded. The man smiled at the naive aston-"What in the world are you doing here?" ishment. asked Baker. The man answered in a normal tone of voice, to Baker's amazement, and said that the little resident hospital in Missouri was crowded, and he feared tubercular infection of his throat, because the doctor had placed two tubercular patients in his room, one of them so far advanced in the disease that he had to be brought into the room on a stretcher. This patient never returned to Missouri. thirty days' treatment, he talked in normal voice, though he said that at the end of each day, because he talked too much, he experienced a tired feeling in his throat muscles. Baker told him he was like a boy with a new bicycle; he had been unable to talk for months, and now he wanted to make up for that long silence all in one day. Baker advised him to rest his vocal organs, by talking as little as possible for a month or more, and urged the man to return and complete his treatments. The patient said that he was feeling fine, that he was all right, that he could talk now, and was going back to his work in the foundry. Baker advised against this; the dust of the foundry, that he would have to breathe, would

irritate the throat condition, and was bound to make He smiled, and said, "I'll try it, anyhow." Months afterward, after Baker had opened the Baker Hospital at Muscatine, he returned for treatment. His voice was again in a bad condition. several weeks' treatments at Muscatine, and his voice started to improve: but for reasons of his own he decided to go to Chicago and have an operation performed on his throat, because he thought that the recovery was not rapid enough. Baker even called in a local physician, who agreed to perform the operation if required. Baker advised against it, sure that no operation cured cancer. He had contracted a severe cold which settled in the throat area. patient left for home, giving some plausible excuse, and later Baker heard that he had gone on to



Chicago. He had a prominent physician there perform the operation, and was killed on the operating table during the administration of the anesthetic. He never regained consciousness. Killed is the word I use: if he had not gone on that operating table, he might still be alive. He was alive when he walked $_{
m the}$ into operating room, dead when they pushed him away on the operating That ended test case table. number two.

The case of the third patient was pitiful indeed. The man was a painter, from Muscatine:

Test Patient No. 3

in the infancy of the case, he had been treated by doctors of the Muscatine Medical Society. Dr. Beveridge of Muscatine started to operate for cancer of the stomach, and actually cut the patient He reported that he saw the large mass of cancerous matter, and decided that it had reached a stage too late for an operation to save the man's And so he sewed up the wound he had inflicted. and sent the man home to die as incurable. from more rapid growth of the cancer, caused by the tender scarred tissue caused by the surgeon's knife. The man was tubercular, as well, and had not been able to eat solid food for six months: during this time, he had subsisted entirely on liquids. was eating his supper in the K-TNT cafe, when a woman with two little children hanging to her dress came in the front door, and spoke to the cashier; and she came over and said that the woman wanted to speak to Baker. He was tired, he was nervous from a busy day's activities, it generally riled him to be disturbed in such a condition while eating. he told the cashier to send her over. Then it was that Baker learned of this case for the first time. She asked if Baker would accept the case as one of his test patients. From the description, Baker felt that the case was hopeless, but still worthy of trial. Baker accepted the case, and agreed to pay for the husband's treatment. It was a charity case, strictly at Baker's expense. The husband went to Missouri for treatment. He was skin and bones by this time; the doctors corroborated the presence of tuberculosis. When he reached the Missouri hospital, the entrance to his stomach had practically closed. Water could not enter: when he drank it, it would run out when

he stooped over. Two weeks' treatment showed great improvement, and after a few days the cancerous mass had softened to such a degree that food could now enter the stomach. Soon he was eating solid food again, for the first time in six months—and all in about one months' treatment! Doctors reported that the hard mass in the abdomen had been reduced, until it was about the size of a walnut. then complaints began to come in from the doctor and attendants that the patient was unruly, and would not follow instructions. Things given him to eat he would cunningly throw away, pretending that he had eaten them. It was suggested that Baker Baker wrote him that there were write him a letter. two roads he might travel, and he must make his own choice. One was the road to the grave, leaving a splendid wife and his lovely children; the other the road to a possible cure, with years of pleasure ahead of him with his wife and children. If he continued his unruliness and disobedience. Baker wrote, that would force him on the road to the grave; if he changed his tactics, was agreeable and followed instructions, the road he had chosen meant a pleasant future. Baker was a little aggrieved that the man was acting so, especially when he was a charity patient. He had not yet learned the vast ingratitude of those who receive charity, which flows out of their natural sense of inferiority at having to stoop for charity to others; nor had he fully grasped how disease creates morbid psychology, so that one who has for months suffered from such a serious affliction may not return to emotional normalcy of conduct for years thereafter. In a little while, the wife ascertaining that some cancer cases were now being treated

under Baker's auspices at Muscatine, became lonely for her husband, and wanted him to return to Muscatine, to continue his treatments there. Baker advised against this, but could not control her wishes. And the man continued to smoke cigarettes. his arrival at Muscatine, after being examined by Dr. Norton and another doctor, the patient gave up his own case mentally, lay around the house, wouldn't exercise for his tubercular condition, even when the doctor would drive him out in his automobile and put him out a short distance from his home, for a short distance of forced exercise. His wife told Baker that, while he was back in Muscatine, he ate pancakes and eggs for breakfast: and altogether he became so unruly, that the doctor told him that he would have to obey instructions, or that the treatments In the end this was done. would be discontinued. Dr. Howe took over the case, and in five weeks the patient died.

During this time, with the Baker Hospital operating in Muscatine and the Muscatine County Medical Society, to which Dr. Howe belonged, fighting Baker in every way, it was reported to Baker that the doctors wished to find what medicines the Baker Baker had taken the formula Hospital was using. of the Missouri doctor, had perfected it, and was using this with other preparations. The widow was approached, and asked for permission to have an autopsy performed. She must have known the purpose for which this was desired, namely, to secure some knowledge of the Baker formula. veniently forgot all that Baker had done for her, in taking her sick husband in as a charity patient at his own expense. She gave the permission.

mitted the Muscatine organized medical group to perform an autopsy, remove all the organs, and bury her husband with straw or some foreign material substituted for the organs. Almost every doctor in the county, except those in the Baker Hospital, who were not invited, attended this secret autopsy. autopsy was to "advance science," they said. Dr. Howe was not friendly to Baker, in part because of his knowledge that the patient had lived while under the care of the Baker Hospital, and had died when in Dr. Howe's care; and because Baker had had to have the doctor's sister, a teacher in the local schools, reprimanded for mistreatment of the daughter of Baker's own superintendent, Mr. Bellows, whom we will come to soon,—the mistreatment, it was said, being because the girl's father worked for Baker. Ultimately the organs of the dead cancer patient were sent to the Iowa State University for analysis. But too long had elapsed: the search proved fruitless. and Baker's formula was never discovered. end the doctors never admitted that this was the purpose of the analysis. And, as a final grace note to her ingratitude, on one occasion, when Baker's representative went to the widow's home, after her husband's death, to talk over important matters with her, she concealed Dr. Howe in her home, so that he could eavesdrop on the conversation.

Patient number four, a man from Kansas, came to Baker direct from the Mayo Brothers Clinic. They had performed a painful operation on him, removing the greater part of his jaw, and sent him home to die. The pictures of him show the result of the Mayo operation, which left a hole entirely through the cheek. The swollen upper lip and the hard can-

cerous mass under the chin are clearly visible. The man had mentally given up all hope of a cure. According to the report of Baker's representative, in three weeks the swelling of the upper lip had entirely disappeared, and the entire solid mass under the chin had started to soften. Even the cancerous mass at the edge of the jaw, where the operation had taken place, showed signs of healing. Baker's representative stationed at the hospital, Mr. Bellows, reported



Test Patient No. 4

that the patient came to his room very much excited. and claimed: "Look, Mr. Bellows-look at my lip! It's as soft and natural as vours! Feel how the swollen place under my chin is softening!" He saw improvement what was possible in cancer in such a short time. and thought of what had been done to him by the doctors, which would disfigure him for life. Raising his hand above his head. he swore bv

Eternal that he would go back to the doctors that had operated on him, and blister them. Later Baker heard vague reports that there had been trouble between him and the doctor who was treating him; one account was that this arose when the

doctor discovered some property in his name in Kansas, and demanded a fee that he refused to pay. The outcome beyond this is unknown. Baker had no control over the Missouri doctor who treated him, except to discontinue the tests; and they were too promising to do this.

The fifth patient was a middle-aged woman from



Test Patient No. 5

Galesburg. Illinois. cancer of the with breast. She was in one of K-TNT's large Sunday audiences. while Baker was explaining the search for test patients from the lawn studio. She came up to the platform, interrupted the speaker, and said that she wanted to be a test patient. Dr. Barewald. of Tangley Institute, was in his office at K-TNT, which he kept open every Sunday afternoon subject to

calls; he at once examined her, and pronounced it an obvious case of cancer. After a few weeks of the treatment. the cancerous mass was softening rapidly and gradually disappearing. But her extreme nervousness caused a lot of trouble among the other patients. She complained of everything connected with the hospital; even Baker had to write her, asking her to

be more accepting. She finally left the hospital to visit her home, promising to return for the rest of the treatments. This was the last ever heard of her.

And there was a patient number six, an entirely unexpected patient. This was Baker's own superintendent, Mr. Bellows. For fifteen years, as Baker knew, he had suffered from stomach trouble, and had had to be careful of his diet all of that time. most foods being forbidden. He went to Dr. Lamb. of Davenport, a pathologist, for examination and diagnosis. The diagnosis was of a stomach ulcer about the size of a dime. He prescribed a stringent After eight months, when he showed no signs of the mental and physical struggle he was going through, he came into Baker's private office and almost collapsed on a chair. "Baker, I'm all in. can go no further. I'm so sick, I don't care whether I live or die. I've had a hemorrhage for eighteen hours straight." Baker told the man he thought he was getting well, as he had heard no complaint from him for eight months; he could see at a glance what a wreck the man really was. "I've been using all my mental power to get well. I can't do it. up." Baker picked up the phone, and called the man's wife. "Mrs. Bellows, pack your husband's grip. He's off on the first train tonight for Missouri. to undergo treatment." She answered that she would: that she thought that was the place where he ought to go. When Baker hung the receiver up. Bellows shook his head. "I can't go, Baker. I'm not able to, financially. Later I may be able to ..." Baker handed him three hundred dollars in bills, and told him to take the money and not let finances worry him: he was to leave on the first train, the 11:00 P. M. Bellows offered a note for the three hundred; Baker told him it was a gift, and not a loan, to prevent his worrying about ever having to pay it back. Baker said he only wanted him to go to Missouri and get well, and make up his mind that he was going to do so, no matter how long it required.

Bellows arrived at the hospital in Missouri, and diagnosis showed seven distinct cancerous lumps in his stomach. He acted as Baker's representative at the hospital, and kept Baker advised of the test patients: this gave Baker a check on the doctor's re-At this time Baker had already made arrangements with one of the Missouri doctor's former assistants, a drugless doctor, Dr. Gearing, well advanced in years, to come to Muscatine for After remaining thirty days under conference. treatment, with rapid improvement in every way, Bellows became discontented. He wanted to come back to work; Baker insisted that he remain. wrote Baker that all lumps except one had entirely disappeared, and that he would be better off resuming his work, while the treatments could continue under Dr. Gearing, at Muscatine. Baker agreed To make sure that the lumps had disfinally. appeared. Baker had him go to a local practioner, Dr. Oliver-a semi-independent, regarded as an outlaw or rebel doctor, even though he did belong to the county medical society, and let his name be signed to advertisements against Baker. Dr. Oliver examined Bellows in Baker's presence, and said there was no sign of a lump remaining, and that he believed all had disappeared. In spite of this diagnosis, Baker trusted the Missouri doctor, and had the treatments

continued under Dr. Gearing. In a short time treatments were discontinued, and Bellows was pronounced cured. He was eating anything he desired, no restricted diet, and could eat a beefsteak as quickly as anyone; cole slaw and cabbage, which for years he had not been able to eat, he now relished. This was in September, 1929. Bellows worked with Baker until he was discharged in 1932; when last heard of, he was running a barber shop in Rockford, Illinois. From 1929 to 1932 he remained in Baker's employ, without a day's lay-off on account of sickness.

Out of the six test patients, none received full treatment except Mr. Bellows: and he was absolutely Without the course, Baker is sure that he could not have lived three months from the day he collapsed in the private office. His reports gave the details of the discontent of the many patients in the Missouri hospital, especially as to the unsanitary living conditions. All the patients were given castor oil: and there was only one toilet, which made them form into a line, and forced many to seek relief in the yard and chicken house. Conditions like this made it impossible for Baker to go into partnership with this doctor. Reports reached Baker that there was a man who hung around the hospital, claiming that he was the "fixer." When a new patient arrived, this man would visit him, secure information as to how much he was paying the doctor; and then he would trick the doctor out of about half of what the patient was paying. The doctor is reported to have given such sums up many times, to prevent suppositious attempts to revoke his license. gave the radio advertising talks for the doctor over

K-TNT that he had agreed to; but the doctor never paid any of these advertising bills.

Then Baker sent Bellows to make the rounds of the doctor's former patients, with a camera, and secured stories, affidavits and photographs which established that the cures had been permanent. Here was a woman who had been treated for cancer in 1923, and it had been entirely cured; her brother had had cancer of the liver, and had recovered under this doctor's treatments, at about the same time. Another woman swore to her complete cure from cancer of the urethra, her son's cure from cancer affecting his sight; and a friend's cure of cancer, after he had been sent home to die by a famous clinic. There were so many of these, that Baker was utterly and finally convinced.

So it was that, in the December, 1929 issue of TNT, he came out with an article revealing all these facts, headed by the proud title Cancer is Conquered. More than that, the same issue announced that patients thereafter were to be treated at a new enterprise, the Baker Institute, at Muscatine, which was opened to the public on November 27, 1929. He had arrived, from his painstaking tests, at the conclusion that—we quote from the December, 1929, TNT—

the worst cases of cancer can be permanently cured. He challenges the world to investigate and disprove this broad and positive statement by the facts. All that he asks is open-minded investigation—

But that was not what he got.

CHAPTER VIII

THE EMBATTLED DOCTORS BEGIN TO FIGHT

Baker, with his typical forthright honesty, had made an announcement of his discovery even before the printed one. In November of 1929, he went before the camp of the organized enemy—only, as yet, he had not recognized that organized doctordom could be so short-sighted as to throw any possible obstacle in the way of a sincere lover of humanity, who had aided in the discovery of a cure for one of mankind's worst scourges, the curse of cancer. He presented himself, with the full report of his committee, before a doctor member of the Muscatine County Medical Society, and told of what had happened to his six test patients, amply buttressed by photographs; and, in addition, he detailed the additional photographs and affidavits of cures from cancer, tuberculosis, goiter, gall-bladder trouble, and similar diseases, accomplished by the doctor whose method Baker had investigated, without the use of operations, radium or X-ray. Baker, in his sincere naivete, suggested that the organized doctors start a hospital in Muscatine, import this Missouri doctor to teach the technique of curing cancer, and then make the locality a world-center of the cure of cancer.

Only a high-souled idealist could have had this dream. No sane group of lovers of humanity, especially no group of skilled tenders and healers of the sick, could possibly have refused such a glittering proposal. It would have altered the world's medical

history, and made Muscatine one of the world's most important health centers. But this group turned Baker down cold. One of the leading practitioners laughed: "You mean right, Baker, but the trouble with you is that you've let this doctor pull the wool over your eyes. Don't you realize that, if there was a cure for cancer, our medical association would already know about it, and it would have been published already in the Journal of the American Medical Association?" The other silly heads nodded in sagely It was like a conference of foolish agreement. savage Indian medicine men, faced with the first Indian who had discovered that fire could be made by rubbing one stick upon another: "Our fathers never heard of this. If it were so, we would already know it, for we are the wise ones. Let us hear no more of it."

Baker fought them back as brilliantly as he was able to. But when did eloquence move solid insensate stone? "The trouble with you, doctor, is that, like so many men—especially so many men in the so-called learned professions, law, medicine, religion, and the like-vou don't really expect progress in man's knowledge. At best, you limit all progress to that through orthodox channels. You think only your medical society has medical knowledge; I know of not one discovery your medical societies have made, now recognized as of permanent value to man from a health standpoint. No man will condemn a thing. without investigation, unless he is an unprogressive All I'm asking you people to do is to investigate: and then, if you find claims are utterly substantiated, to take advantage of this discovery I bring to you start your hospital, and earn the undying gratitude of mankind the world over for your progressiveness."

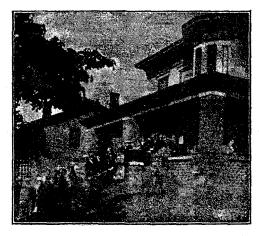
Insensate stone: it was impossible to move them. When he saw at last that nothing could move them, he announced that there was nothing left for him to do but start his own hospital, and show by cures that the scourge which they pronounced humanly incurable was curable. The first patient was admitted into the hospital on December 14, 1929. Already the first TNT article was on the stands; the next two issues contained, in addition to the story of the Baker tests of the method, his investigation of the Missouri doctor's previous cures. then, the man who had been called the "fixer" at the Missouri hospital, got in his work. upon the patients whose affidavits and photographs had been published, and sought to cause Baker trouble from them. He persuaded one woman to threaten suit for fifty thousand dollars against Baker. through her attorneys in Kansas City, because he had published her affidavit and photograph. She had given Baker full permission to publish; when he established this to the satisfaction of her attorneys. needless to say the suit was never brought. Baker had hints that the agreement had been three-foldone third of whatever was recovered to the patient, one-third to the lawyers, one-third to the troublemaking "fixer." But it was not profitable to divide nothing three ways: and that was all they succeeded in getting.

And now the organized doctors, who had let the golden cup pass from them, began to rage and vent their spite in every way they could conceive. Baker had announced repeatedly over K-TNT the

THE POPULAR BAKER HOSPITAL



Exterior view of Baker Hospital at Muscatine, Iowa. It was from the upstairs room that shots were fired at gunmen, as explained herein.



Usual crowd of patients that live outside the Hospital awaiting entrance to hospital for treatment each morning. opening of the hospital for the cure of cancer. Cancer patients began to come from all parts of America and Canada. Soon there were six hundred of them registered. Some of the beds had to be removed to make additional treating rooms; the time arrived when there were eleven physicians, all licensed to practice in Iowa, and fifty nurses. As fast as a patient was pronounced cured, he would want to tell the story of his cure over K-TNT; and this too spread word of the good work.

Muscatine began to boom. There were only ninety-five beds now in the hospital; many of the patients had to live in private rooms and rooming houses; hotels were jammed, except for a few rooms reserved for transients. Over the air Baker begged the people of Muscatine to make more room for patients in their homes. Many families, who had never rented rooms before, did so now, to accommodate the flood of sufferers. Some patients slept on cots in the hallways of private homes, paying five dollars a week for the privilege. Many patients could find no room at all in Muscatine, and had to live in Davenport, thirty miles away up the river, commuting daily to the hospital for their treatments by automobile, by bus, by electric interurban. And, in addition to Baker's printed words, and his own and the cured patients' stories over the air, their mouth-to-mouth praises of the hospital tingled throughout the continent.

Trouble started. It became increasingly difficult for Baker to secure enough doctors. Doctors told him that they were afraid to work at the Baker Hospital, for fear that their licenses would be revoked by the influence of the State Medical Society

on the State Health Board and the State Health Department. Dr. J. L. Statler, Baker's chief physician at the start, was refused renewal of his license by the Iowa State Health Department. Baker defied them. Dr. Statler continued working without the license renewal card, which is issued every June to every licensed physician in Iowa upon payment of two dollars. Doctors would come, work a few weeks, and leave quickly and mysteriously. While they were working at the hospital, they would receive unsigned letters something of this tenor:

Dear Doctor:

I am writing you as a friend. I hear you are going to be cited for a hearing before the Medical Board, who are out to revoke your license, because you work at the Baker Hospital. Take this tip, given in a friendly spirit, and govern yourself accordingly if you wish to retain your license.

And this, my friends, in the name of all the gods that ever lived, was part of organized doctordom's attempts to prevent the cure of cancer: to saddle mankind forever with this hideous agonizing killing scourge, in spite of the successful efforts of a great lover of humanity, who was offering the cure of the dread disease broadcast to men! It was an attempt to throttle Norman Baker, merely because he was healing the grievously sick. The mind revolts, the stomach turns, at thought of such hellish blindness upon the part of the trusted organized healers, who still grow fat only upon man's continuing sickness.

Doctors of the Muscatine County Medical Association, each morning when driving to their office down Mulberry Street, were irresistibly fascinated by the sight of the hundreds of patients waiting at the front door of the hospital, for the eight o'clock opening of the doors, when they would receive their treat-It made the myopic unworthy docfors sick, at thought of Baker's success, and their collective They must have said a thousand times, in their short-sighted blindness, "This thing cannot go on any longer. If it continues, we will lose all of our high fees for operations, for X-ray treatments, for radium applications on cancer patients. Baker Hospital is flourishing; our Muscatine Clinic is on its last legs and may close. (now closed) The local city hospitals are practically all empty, and this damned Baker's preachings over radio, about cancer, tumors, stomach troubles, gall-bladder, kidney, bladder and rectal troubles, appendicitis, tonsilitis, hemorrhoids, varicose veins and his doctors curing them without operations, X-ray or radium, will rob us of thousands of dollars." For doctors are still slaves of their incomes.

The Muscatine medics got together. Two of the doctors, who had hitherto always been independent, joined the Muscatine County Medical Society, with the rest of the sorry sheep, and together all of them placed a full page advertisement in the Muscatine Journal showing the picture of a man in armor with sword in hand thrust at the sky, screamingly headlined The Defense of Health. A lower lesser headline ran, Analysis of 1,500 Applications for the Saunders Cancer Awards, by George A. Soper, Ph. D., Managing Director of the American Society for the Control of Cancer. Page 15, of the August, 1930, TNT, gives the advertisement in full. It stated that the prize offer had expired; and that the effort

"to find a solution of the cancer problem through the offer of a monetary reward" has merely demonstrated the futility of such an effort. The advertisement is signed in bold black type. Muscatine County Medical Society, followed by the appended names The whole advertisement of twenty-seven doctors. took the stand that cancer was still incurable: in spite of this, organized doctordom was still leading the poor suffering cancer patients to the operating table, the X-ray machine table, the radium table, with the exaction of a high fee for such non-curing activities: and it is reported that the total fees for such treatments in one year in the United States alone totals the staggering sum of eighty-two million dol-The doctors have a stereotyped phrase to cover their non-success: "Operations, radium and X-rays are the three recognized treatments for cancer." The doctor does not add—there is no record available of a doctor adding-"But organized medicine also holds that your cancer is incurable." And when the operation takes place, the bloody mass is pulled out of the doctor-inflicted wound, and cancer cells drop back into the wound from the blood dripping from the removed mass, and other cancer cells have eluded removal, and the trouble starts all over again: the patient no better, the doctor the better by a little practice and from a hundred to a thousand dollars exacted for the operation, depending upon the patient's ability to pay. To the rich, the gouge is much larger.

Cancer comes back, Baker ascertained, in nearly ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, according to Dr. Mayo, of the Mayo Clinic. Often the stricken patient returns to the same doctor. He does not

dare recommend an operation again; instead, he suggests X-rays: there is X-ray therapy at so much the minute, and the X-rays successfully scatter the cancer, and spread it to the good tissues, often causing, in addition, an incurable burn. Perhaps two months of temporary relief; and then the malignant growth breaks out again, growing this time like a fire drenched with gasoline, due to the X-rays' quickening of the growth of the cancerous mass. The poor half-dead patient goes back to the same doctor, thinking all healing is locked up within his skull. doctor is in a quandary. Operation has failed. Xravs have failed. But there is radium left. treatments, more high fees. Again a temporary relief, and then more dreadful pains than ever occur. All radium-burned patients state, as a rule, that this is the worst of all the pains, an agony almost un-The doctor purringly gives the suffering patient a box of white tablets, and tells him to take one every two hours, especially when he has severe pain: and so he sends the patient home. tives go to the doctor: what can the patient do next? If they still have money, the doctor probably recommends such-and-such a clinic. Another high fee. from the patient, almost on the brink of the grave This fee is split fifty-fifty with the local doctor, who has shipped the dying patient on. again, with more temporary relief from more X-ray and radium, which deaden the tissues temporarily as morphine deadens the nerves. The patient is still getting worse. By this time, the relatives have gone to the doctor and demanded an honest expression from him: they are utterly aghast when he says, "I am very sorry, but we have done all we can for him. Let him remain at home, make him as comfortable as you can. Give him the morphine pills whenever he experiences extreme pain, as I believe that the end is near. Medical science knows no cure for cancer."

This is the typical case history. Baker has publicly challenged any doctor of the American Medical Association, or any world-renowned cancer specialist. from Dr. Joseph Colt Bloodgood of John Hopkins to Francis Carter Wood of Columbia. or Dr. Cutler of the Chicago Hospital, or the Mayo Brothes Clinic daring them to deny that this is absolutely true, and the normal experience that every cancer patient has to undergo, at the hands of organized doctordom. He has publicly challenged any or all of them to a public debate with him over the Columbia or National broadcasting chain, with the radio audience to be the judges, on this subject; the loser to pay the entire price of the radio chain hookup. He says that this challenge holds good as long as he is living and in good health. And, since he has learned to avoid organized doctordom, that should be for a long time vet. Baker offers as the subject of the debate: "Can an allopathic doctor cure any known disease of the human body by drugs or allopathic methods? And can they permanently cure cancer by operations, X-rays, or radium? Do doctors know of a drug that is a specific for any known disease?" have been no acceptances of the challenge, as yet.

The press stories had all said that cancer was incurable, and that those engaged in cancer research throughout the world were still in the dark as to a cure. In 1929, when Baker's voice carried to the world over K-TNT the message that the scourge had

been conquered, the American Medical Association saw that their commercialized quackery was being exposed, and the pens of the servile spokesmen of the supposed gods started to write. They already had their method of throttling all outside news upon medical subjects. Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association, and of Hygeia, their official organ of propaganda, the spokesmen and instructors of the eighty-six thousand members of organized medicine, at an official congress of the association in Chicago, in 1928, explained to his audience of doctors the association's method of medical propaganda. "The newspaper," he said, "is the greatest medium for the medical education of the public. Let me turn, then, to some of the plans which have been devised at the headquarters of the American Medical Association, for checking medical news at the source." He then explained how the news material was received at the association headquarters, and was prepared in form acceptable to them for dissemination. "These abstracts are assembled," he continued, "and then worked up into running accounts, which are sent to the large press services, including the Associated Press, the United Press, the United News, Science Service, the Consolidated Press, and the International News Service, to be issued directly to the newspapers. addition to supplying newspapers with medical news. the American Medical Association has arranged to reply directly to inquiries from individual editors concerning special stories that may arise in their In this manner, much unauthentic and unsatisfactory medical news has been held up." proceeded to boast of the association's handling of the diphtheria incident in Nome, with its resultant flood of inquiries from prominent papers; and added, "Opportunity was thus given for the dissemination of a vast amount of information on the value of diphtheria anti-toxin, and the use of toxin-antitoxin, and general knowledge of the way in which scientific medicine works in the control of epidemics." world has found out since some of the loud quackery in the incident referred to—in addition to its general knowledge of the doubtful value, or worse, of such antitoxin treatments. The world has learned how speedy methods of transporting the serum were offered to the serum company and the medical authorities, and were refused, to provide the far slower and far more spectacular dogsled method; it has learned how the bronze statue to the alleged dog-hero Balto, in Central Park, New York City, was erected for publicity purposes of the same sort to a dog that was not even the hero of the absurd trip.

In his bland manner Fishbein has asked the editors of all newspapers to censor all health and medical news coming to their desks. He wishes to control everything that is printed or spoken over radio regarding health. As Dr. Shelton says:

If an autopsy were held on him, it would probably demonstrate that he has paranoia in one half of his head, and a resounding vacuum in the other.

Do you wonder that Norman Baker can only take such harmful efforts on the part of organized doctordom to throttle, censor, and dominate medical news, sought to be achieved through such a windy mouthpiece, with an honest man's righteous scorn and indignation? The excitement among the organized doctors, caused by the public announcement of Baker's cancer cure success, caused them quickly to right-aboutface. A series of articles on cancer began to appear, in a feature called the **Daily Health Service** by Dr. Morris Fishbein. Obviously it would not do for the public to know too definitely that Dr. Fishbein's medical practice was limited to sixteen months in a contagious ward at the Durand Hospital, Chicago; instead, the caption above his article always reads:

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association and of Hygeia, the Health Magazine.

No one but a Jew, says Baker, could be smart enough to think up and use that fetching subtitle, Hygeia, the Health Magazine. This is a propaganda magazine sold to the public. As to his general cleverness, Baker points out that one of his articles is headed Doctor Can Control Cancer of Breast if Called in Time, and that it contains:

Early diagnosis, early surgical removal, and treatment with X-ray and radium means a definite prolongation of life expectancy by many years.

The same article warned against "pastes put on externally, medicines taken internally, or injections", "none of which has as yet been proved to have real value in the control of this condition." This sounds like a warning meant to embrace the Baker method; and, for all that he uses the cautious word "control" instead of "cure," it is a long departure from the old cry, "Cancer is incurable." It was a clear effort to take the sting out of the fact that a mere layman

was offering to the suffering public a method which actually cured cancer in sixty-five per cent of the cases treated. The warning at the end of the article Baker construed correctly as a direct attack upon his method. External and internal medicines were used in the Baker treatment, and so was injection.

The Propaganda Department of the A. M. A.— Baker likes to call them the Amateur Meatcutters' Association, though a lot of them are certainly professional meatcutters by now—then started their press campaign to discredit and humiliate him, to ruin his reputation, and to close the Baker Hospital. These articles did not lack viciousness and did not show gentlemanliness. They began to broadcast, by this method, to the world, that Baker was a "cancer faker." obtaining money under false pretenses, by taking fees from cancer patients and guaranteeing cures; that he was a quack, a charlatan, a calliope manufacturer attempting to inform the world about cancer, an art school manager professing knowledge of the dread scourge which was still a sealed book even to the medical profession; that he was a broadcaster misleading the public, the meanest man in the world (this from an editorial in a Detroit paper). that he should have his radio license revoked, that he should be kicked off the air, that he should be denied the use of the mails,—the attempt to throttle him; that he was a drug addict, a drunkard, who gambled his money away; that he was a woman chaser, that he was a woman hater—any story would serve their turn; that he ought to get married and settle down, and leave the field of medicine strictly These are only a few of the headlines and subjects of stories published about Baker.

not call him a murderer: perhaps, knowing their own records, they were a bit sensitive about charging anyone with taking human life. At that, in 1932 a Dr. Aitkens, now of Denver, Colorado, who was put out of the Baker Hospital, did spread the report that Baker was a murderer.

Not that this stopped Baker's success, at first. More patients came to the hospital constantly: the crowd on the front porch each morning at eight o'clock grew larger and larger: the cures increased. And so, seeing that their campaign of vilification was failing, they turned to more direct underhanded methods. On April 4, 1930, a committee of the Muscatine County Medical Society issued a circular letter, sent to doctors generally, urging that wide pressure be brought on the Federal Radio Commission-obviously either to throttle Baker's utterances. or to close his station. Dr. T. F. Beveridge, who signs first, was connected with Dr. Howe in a clinic. Dr. Howe was the defendant in an action in which a Mr. Legler recovered twenty thousand dollars damages, against Howe, as part owner of the Muscatine Clinic, for giving him a life burn, through the doctor's ignorance of the way to operate an X-ray machine. Dr. Cone was a young doctor who failed to work up a paying practice in Muscatine, and had to move out. Here is the letter:

Muscatine County Medical Society

L. A. ROYAL, Pres. G. A. SYWASSINK, Vice-Pres. E. L. EMERSON, Sec'y-Treas. Muscatine, Iowa April 4, 1930.

Dear Doctor:-

Re-Radio Station K-T-N-T- & Baker Institute Muscatine, Iowa.

This is one of the usual advertising type can-

cer cure, and, of course, they will treat anything else they can get hold of, all with the same treatment—some form of injected medicine—and so far as we know, without an adequate diagnosis being made. However, if this were all there was to it, the damage would not be great, as it affects only the few who come to him for treatment, and some people must find out for themselves in the face of the best advice that can be given them.

Locally, the conditions are known and most people ignore him, but this radio broadcasting covers a wide area and his preachment against health measures and all rational treatment of disease; his advice to the lay public to ignore the medical doctor and be treated by Osteos, Chiros, Nature healers, etc., his tirade and raving against vaccination for smallpox, and against surgery, X-ray, and radium in the treatment of all cancers, goiters, appendicitis, gall stones, etc., etc., his insulting assertions and accusations against what he calls the "Giant Medical Trust", naming the County, State and American Medical Associations, repeatedly calling the A. M. A. "The Amateur Meat Cutters' Association", all of this you can understand is poisoning the mind of the public and is certainly a menace to progressive health measures, and makes it more difficult to have people apply to qualified medical men and accept the best available medical and surgical advice.

This is your problem, even more than ours locally, because of the general influence over such a wide area. We believe it is the duty of every Medical Society in this section of Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin and Missouri, to bring it to the attention of their state society and the American Medical Association, and thru these Associa-

tions bring pressure upon the radio commission at Washington, D. C. Why should a man be permitted to use abusive and damaging assertions over the radio that, if made in public, or in printed form, would at once make him liable to prosecution?

We are enclosing a few excerpts from some of his radio talks and he continues making long harangues of a similar or worse character than the samples here given.

Very truly your,
T. F. Beveridge
L. C. Howe
A. J. Cone
Committee, Muscatine Co.,
Medical Society

The first three lines contains an undeserved slur upon Baker, in calling his method "the usual advertising type cancer cure," and in stating "of course, they will treat anything else they can get hold of, all with the same treatment—some form of injected medicine." "Most people ignore him locally," the letter continues: in spite of the fact that the six hundred patients, and their friends and relatives, secured, many of them, lodging places in Muscatine. and all of them bought some merchandise at least from the local merchants. There is some jealousy displayed toward "Osteos, Chiro, Nature healers etc.": while Baker's sane sound opposition to vaccination, surgery, X-ray and radium in smallpox and cancer cases is called a "tirade" and a "raving."

Naturally, this letter was never intended to reach Baker's hands. But he has thousands of friends and followers throughout the world, and these keep him posted as to such attacks. At times men high in the

American Medical Association, soul outraged at the machine's opposition, passed this information secretly on to Baker. As the plan developed, it was to condemn Baker as a broadcaster, holding that his condemnation of operations, X-rays and radium in cancer treatments were detrimental to the public health: and holding the same of his opposition to the squirting of poisonous pus from calves' bellies and the like into people as vaccines and antitoxins, as also harmful to the public health. They could not throttle him by press alone; apparently they decided they could not defeat him in the courts; and that left only the destruction of his advertising mouthpiece, K-TNT, as a means of silencing his notification to the world that he had the cure for cancer: so that his hospital. from lack of patients, would die of inanition.

The medical association proceeded to go on the chain station hook-ups, and there to denounce pastes. powders, plasters, internal medicines and all forms of treatment for cancer except operations, X-rays and radium: they advised their listeners to be on the lookout for quacks and charlatans who claimed to have a cure for cancer. They alone, they said, the self-appointed exalted czars of everything medical. would graciously vouchsafe to notify the suffering world when, in their opinion, cancer was curable: and, until that felicitous hour of condescension arrived, men, women and children were to go ahead and suffer and die from the awful scourge, grateful to the American Medical Association for saving them from being cured, and for condemning them to agony and death.

The county medical association solicited the aid of the state medical association, and the battle waged

furtively and out of sight to revoke the license of K-TNT. On June 20, 1930, Vernon D. Blank,—what a flattering name for a medical practitioner or manager!—Managing Director of the State society, sent out his circularized blast:

IOWA STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY

1122 Bankers Trust Building DES MOINES

Office of the Managing Director

June 20, 1930

Dear Doctor:

This letter should be a personal one because of its great importance, but because of the emergency and short time at our disposal, this same letter is being sent to fifteen localities in order to assist the Muscatine County Society and the American Medical Association in our joint effort to get the broadcasting license of the Baker Institute Station KTNT revoked as of July 1.

On the enclosed slip you will find the name of a Baker Institute patient (or relative). It is our belief that each of these patients is dead, or at least has already left the Institute, but we have reason to believe that there was sufficient dissatisfaction that it would be easy to comply with the urgent request which we are making.

Will you please make every effort to secure an affidavit, properly acknowledged, stating that the patient was induced to go to Muscatine by radio talks over Station KTNT. Our instructions are:

"As we understand, this may be direct or indirect; that is—if they heard the Radio talks over KTNT themselves and so state, so much the better; or if their neighbors or other member of the family heard the talk or promises and they

were induced in that manner to come for treatment, this is O.K. Make affidavit as explicit as possible on that point, that they were induced by radio. The point is that they were induced to come by his radio broadcasting over KTNT."

PLEASE SEND THE AFFIDAVIT TO DR. T. F. BEVERIDGE MUSCATINE, IOWA TO REACH HIM BY JUNE 25 OR 26.

As you will undoubtedly need to employ a lawyer and possibly also a notary, any expenses in connection with securing an affidavit should be forwarded to the state society for payment.

This request is an official one from various officers of the state society, but in order to save time we are endeavoring to get this to you in the first mail. Your prompt cooperation will be of great value in our efforts to stop one of the worst situations existing in the field of medical practice at this time.

Sincerely yours,
Vernon D. Blank
Managing Director.

VDB:DCM Enc.

The purpose is made a little more obvious, now. Note the wording beginning with the fourth line of paragraph one:

—in our joint effort to get the broadcasting license of the Baker Institute Station KTNT revoked as of July 1.

The brief fifth paragraph directly links up Dr. Beveridge of the county association with the plan to throttle K-TNT. Big-heartedly, in the next paragraph, the state association bound itself to meet all expenses in connection with the securing of an affidavit, including lawyers' and notarial fees. And

the Defense of HEALTH

ANALYSIS OF ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED APPLICATIONS FOR THE SAUNDERS CANCER AWARDS

By GEORGE A. SOPER, Ph. D., New York City Managing Director of The American Society for the Control of Cancer

(Below are quoted verbalim the closing paragraphs of the efficial report made by the American Sector for the Cautrel of Cancer regarding the \$190,000 prize for a macor cury which was efformed in 1871 by William L. Sanadors of New York 1

- "I The offer of large prizes in money for the discovery of effective methods of preventing and curing cancer brought 1,500 letters of upplication within 4 months from writers in 24 volunties
- "2. The systematic attention given to all of hees applications has made it possible to divide the propositions into various rroups and classes. There were 83 persons who presented preventive procedures, and 397 who offered cures. There were 207 cures of-cred for external, 39 for internal and 164 for zancer in all locations. Of the total number of applications, 555 were illustrate, 565 were indefinite, and 291 were mercenary.
- "3 The object of the donor of the awards, which was to stimulate inventive genius, has not thus far been accomplished. Instead, there have been brought to light many empiric remedies, the existence of a large number of which had been known to the scientific world for years, but had been given up by educated medical men as ineffective or unnecessarily painful and mutulating. Many secret remedies have been offered for sale.
 - "The promoters of an extensively advertised 'serum' not only proposed to eater the contest, but laid down the terms and conditions under which the investigation of their claims must be made

- "4 The procedures of known quacks and charlstans have formed but a small proportion of the applications. The number of physicians' and research workers of standing who have indicated a desire to be considered as applicants for the awards has been insignificant.
- "5 Preventive measures have been notably few, nearly all relating, to diet and hygiene.
- "6 All applications received up to February
 1, 1928 were considered, at which time the offer of the prizes expired.
- er of the prizes expired.

 47. The time and labor spont in group serious attention to this attempt to find a solution of the eaneer problem through the offer of a monetary reward are being justified by the demonstration of the futility of this method and in putting so many empire and ineffectual remedies officially on record
- "8 Although money awards have been offered before for the discovery of a method of preventing or curning cancer, it is believed that this is the first time that so systematic a study has been made of the applications."
- has been made of the applications."
 "The explanation of this is found in the following words." A devotion to seurce and modeline which has almost without exceptions has been always for his almost without exception has been always for his always and the explanation of the particular or commercial exploitation of seventile medical discoveries which can cure the ills of mankind. The discoveries which can cure the ills of mankind. The discoveries which can cure the ills of mankind. The discoveries the sevent has a seven and the seventile of the seventile they give that knowledge to mankind without stant or condition or profit to the macking with

Muscatine County Medical Society

MUSCATINE
Dr. T. F. Beveridge
Dr. Emma Braunwarth
Dr. A. L. Bryan
Dr. A., B Clapp

Dr. A J Coue
Dr. W. W. Daut
Dr. E. L. Emerson
Dr. B. E. Eversmeyer
Dr. S. D. Folsom
Dr. E. B. Fulliam
Dr. L. C. Howe
Dr. J. L. Klein
Dr. G. D. Lezotte
Dr. W. S. Norton
Dr. A. J. Oliver
Dr. C. P. Philips
Dr. C. P. Philips
Dr. G. A. Sywassink

Dr E K. Tyler
Dr A J Weaver
Pr T I Wignm
CONESVILLB
Dr H H. English
WILTON JUNCTION
Dr A. R. Leith
Dr H. P. Mason
Dr L. C Winter
NICHOLS
Di V O Muench
WEST LIBERTY
Dr L A Roard
Ly to discredit B

Copy of advertisement placed in local daily to discredit Baker's work.

paragraph one links together in the malodorous un-American attempt (1) the American Medical Association, (2) the Iowa State Medical Society, and (3) the Muscatine County Medical Association, in the effort to revoke its license and entirely destroy K-TNT. Baker has sued the state medical society for a hundred thousand dollars for this thus admitted plot, and the case is now pending in the courts of Iowa. Would not the average lawyer brand this as conspiracy?

The filing of this suit rather drove the medical opposition into cover. They have been slyer in their activities since. They did not cease their fight; to the contrary, it became more vicious. By June of 1930 the Baker Hospital was still packed to the doors. All available rooming houses and hotels were filled with patients from all over the United States and Canada. On some days, as many as three or four patients left the hospital, cured. When these returned to their home cities, they were a walking living eloquent education to the editors who had been labelling Baker a cancer faker.

And ever the fight grew more direct and vicious.

CHAPTER IX

GUNMEN, DYNAMITERS AND DOCTORS

For some time, Baker had been receiving an increasing flood of unsigned letters threatening his life. After the first dozen came in, he secured permission to carry a revolver. He paid no further attention to the threats; but his friends were worried. They advised him to change his habits, so that he would not be on the streets or in his automobile late at night; you could never tell when some crank, with a fancied grievance or one directed against mankind in general, might be egged on to some act of direct violence.

Baker's habits were well known in the community; they were almost as methodical as a clock. every night he would go down to the K-TNT Cafe before retiring; not once in a month would he be in Usually he sat in the restaubed before midnight. rant from midnight until one or two o'clock in the morning, reading the daily papers, re-reading important correspondence, and doing his real thinking on business matters; for at this time alone could he sure of being undisturbed. Norman Baker. moreover, was born along the great river, and is for-He never cared much for baseball or ever its son. football, or even for politics, that more variety of football, in which the public is kicked around so continually by the astute players. stead, his delight was to own a boat, a cruiser, launch, or speed boat, which he kept tied at night in the river that flowed forever past the great radio station and the great hospital that were his living enduring manserving monuments. When he would leave the cafe. at last each night, generally far after midnight, he would stroll—and everyone in the community knew this—down to the river bank, to make sure that the boat was well hawsered, in case of a storm. he would walk meditatively to bed, either in his beautiful apartment on the second story of station K-TNT, in his private room at the Baker Hospital, or sleep on the davenport in his office. If he did not feel over-fatigued, it would be the station; if he had worked too late, the hospital or office. few times each month he would work so late in his office on important matters, that he would forget the time entirely. He would start out, intending a bite at the cafe, and assuming that it was perhaps about two o'clock; and then he would discover that it was daylight. For twenty-six years, down to the writing of this book, he has never had one day's vacation, free from all business cares. Not that this is to be praised as natural living; for he works under tremendous energy, and the flagging body and nerves entitled to their long relaxation. But for twenty-six years he has been the general in charge of an army fighting for its very life against an immense opposition; not until he has routed them will his driving soul permit him to relax.

His main energies, that hectic spring and summer of 1930, went to the fight with the angry hornets of the American Medical Association. He still had his hospital, he still had his magazine TNT, he still had his radio station; but he brooded over one fact about it continually. And that was the fact that, since 1927, the Federal Radio Commission had deprived

Baker of his evening hours on the air. Up to that time, K-TNT had been on 1170 kilocycles, with full time day and evening. But during the 1927 allocation of wave lengths, arbitrarily the commission had taken his channel from him, and given it to Dr. Leon Levy, of station WCAU, in Philadelphia. It may have been just a coincidence that Levy had a relative who was president of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, that powerful group of chain stations, who have always received from the commission the best channels, with unlimited time and the highest power. Baker did not think that it was a coincidence. Neither do I.

Baker did not take this discriminating decision lying down. He asked for another hearing from the Federal Radio Commission, and was granted it. He managed to get into the hearing a full statement of what the American Telephone and Telegraph Company had done in connection with the opening of his station, and that was something. But that was all he could get directly. Except that, when Baker spoke to one of the commissioners, Mr. Caldwell of New York state, about changing the kilocycle channel for K-TNT, to eliminate interference, Caldwell asked Baker to scheme out a channel, by which the commission could change the present channel to the advantage of the other stations and K-TNT. Wouldn't Baker bring his scheme in the morning?

Caldwell, as Baker and many knew, when he was appointed to the commission, was the editor of an electrical magazine, published by the electrical trust group. The records of the Senatorial committee investigating his record, with regard to confirmation of his appointment, showed that, in addition to the

\$10,000 a year he received as radio commissioner, he drew a salary from the Wall Street group that owned the magazine, which was said to be \$17,000 or some similar figure. Baker at first fought against the man's confirmation; his own connection with at least one Senator was so strong, that he could have placed Caldwell's confirmation in the balance, or possibly defeated it. Everything indicated that Caldwell would be fair to K-TNT, and Baker ceased his opposition, to his subsequent sorrow. Caldwell was confirmed by one vote.

All that evening, after Caldwell's request, Baker and his secretary worked at the Willard Hotel, preparing suitable changes in allocation to recommend to the commission. He had had a Pullman reservation for his return trip home; he cancelled it, to accommodate the commissioner. Early the next morning, he took the plans around to Caldwell's office. His secretary said distantly that the commissioner had gone to New York City. Whether the secretary misrepresented the facts, or whether Caldwell had deliberately evaded Baker in this fashion, Baker has never known.

The only thing left for Baker to do was to carry the plans to the office of Sam Pickard, commissioner for the fourth zone, in which Muscatine lay. "If you'll look over them, Mr. Pickard, you'll find that each one of the dozen and more plans submitted would not only better the reception and cause less interference for K-TNT, but would lessen the interference of the many other stations on the same channel." Pickard turned abruptly to Baker: "Mr. Baker, it's not your business to tell us where we shall put K-TNT. It's the duty of the commission to work

that out." Baker's blood ran hot: after he had cancelled his reservations, undergone a day's extra expenses in Washington, sat up half the night and more preparing the plans, at Caldwell's request, to receive this curt dismissal! Baker spoke swiftly. "Mr. Pickard, I cancelled my reservation, stayed over an extra day to work out these plans,—and all because Mr. Caldwell requested it. In his absence, this morning, I brought them down to you. You now tell me that it's none of my business, and I want to tell you my idea of you: you're a damned coward!"

Pickard's stenographer, a young lady at his right. rose abruptly and left the room, realizing that a torrid argument was coming. Sam Pickard clenched his fist, and pounded on his desk: "I'm not a coward. I faced the bullets Over There." Baker was right back at him: "Yes, you faced the bullets Over There. like so many more; but you are too cowardly to face the A. T. & T. bullets on Wall Street. Furthermore. Mr. Pickard, I know what you think of me, and I know what you are trying to do; and I wish to let you know that my opinion of you isn't one whit higher. I'm going to fight to my dying day in an effort to inform the citizens of this country that you are incompetent, a tool of Wall Street, and afraid to admit your name is Sam Pickard unless the A. T. & T. permits you to do so." It had taken Baker a long time to gather his facts about the commissioner: he could not resist blurting out a hint of it now. "I don't give a damn what you do regarding K-TNT, whether it closes or whether it operates. I'm leaving this office an enemy of yours, as you are of mine, knowing that, as a public official, paid by taxpayers' money. you are a traitor to their cause. The quicker both

of us understand this, the better it will be for both of us. This is the last time I come to you as my zone commissioner, for any information or help regarding K-TNT."

Pickard's face was now flushed. "Let me see your plans. I'll look them over carefully, and advise you." He took them, opened the drawer of his desk. placed them within. Baker took up his hat, and left. He heard nothing more concerning them. little while later, in that same 1927, the Federal Radio Commission called a conference to cover Iowa matters, naming Des Moines as the location of the meet-All the broadcasters of the State were invited to attend: Judge Sykes and Sam Pickard, of the commission, would be on hand. The purpose of the conference was to try and correct the radio quota for the State, which the commission claimed was exces-Baker was convinced that the real purpose was to begin an effort to get rid of all the independent stations, and clear the road for complete monopoly of the air by the radio trust; and thus enable it to drive out, over the whole country, all independent stations, which would force radio listeners to listen to the chain programs, or have to shut off their radios and retire.

Baker attended the meeting. He was the first man in the convention hall. The next man to appear was a Mr. Jameson, who introduced himself as an attorney from Washington, D. C., who specialized in radio matters before the commission; he said he would be glad to do any work of that sort for Baker. Apparently he was there to solicit the Iowa broadcasters for such business. Baker told more precisely what station he represented; at once the at-

torney began talking about correcting the quota. Hotly Baker argued for the independents, saying he had come to the conference to urge them to sit tight and resist all attacks of Sykes and Pickard, who were not in love with the independents, but were closely affiliated with the A. T. & T. stations. This seemed to pain Jameson: "You shouldn't take that attitude, Mr. Baker." Baker's eyes flashed: "I don't need anyone to tell me how to act in a radio conference. It's plain to see that you're on the other side of the fence, and I'm doubly uninterested in your suggestions."

Soon the broadcasters had assembled, and the two commissioners appeared. Plenty of hand-shaking. back-slapping, a general effusive air of love for Iowa and its independents: all just one happy family. The majority of the smaller broadcasters seemed panicky, and hardly dared mention the names of the two commissioners present. Up to Baker came Frank Elliott, part owner and manager of WOC at Daven-He told the owner of K-TNT that Sam Pickard wanted to see him: that he had sent word that the problems of K-TNT could easily be fixed up, if Baker was willing to drop his license for KPNP, a one hundred watt station license he held; and in that case K-TNT could get the 5000 watt increased power Baker desired for it. Since that memorable argument in Washington, Baker had not seen Pickard, much less spoken to him. He determined to make Pickard come to him, this time; and, during the conference, to carry out his original intention, of urging the Iowa broadcasters to sit tight and not yield an inch, since their rights could not be legally taken from them, or their stations closed.

Baker sauntered around the hall, exchanging greetings right and left. Finally he came near to where Pickard was standing. The commissioner moved up and greeted Baker with alacrity. you know. Baker, I believe I can arrange matters to suit you, regarding K-TNT. Give you an increase to five thousand watts, and arrange a channel with good hours, if you'll only help us in this Iowa quota matter. You have a license for K-PNP, a small hundred watt station you haven't constructed yet: it would really be no service to you, only an added expense. Your one fine station ought to serve you nicely. If you'll let us cancel your license for K-PNP. I'll increase your power to 5000 watts and fix things up for K-TNT." Baker smiled guardedly. fine, Sam. You'll always find me ready to play ball, when the game is square. Cancel K-PNP, give me five thousand watts with a good channel and good evening hours for broadcasting over K-TNT, and everthing will be satisfactory."

The conference was seated, and the steam roller went right into action. The two commissioners presided, the roll was called, the talks started in the effort to kill off the independents. There was very little argument from the smaller station managers, who didn't seem to know what it was all about. The morning session ended; there was a noonday banquet. Baker ducked away from this, and left for home on the first train, relying on the commissioner's promise to him. When the new allocations were announced, in November of 1927, for all stations in the United States, Pickard had kept part of his promise: K-TNT did have the power increase to five thousand watts. But it was left on the same 1170 kilocycle channel.

and the cream of the channel was taken away and given to Dr. Leon Levy, of station WCAU at Philadelphia. Baker was required to kick his station off the air at sundown, which meant no night programs after seven-thirty, the latest summer sunset; though he was of course allowed to open his programs at sunrise.

In other words, K-TNT was altered into a daytime station. Baker's voice was throttled to reach daytime listeners only. K-TNT was also permitted to go on the air when Dr. Levy's station went off at night. Baker argued with the commissioner that this was unfair, especially because the commission ruled that the time of western sunsets was to regulate the channels: and this would give Baker an hour more for his evening program. To hell with the rules must have been Pickard's contention; whatever dictated his course, he instructed Baker to be off the air at sunset, eastern time.

Records showed that Mr. Levy's station was signing off each night at midnight, Philadelphia time, and had done so for months past. Baker, then, could start broadcasting again at eleven P. M., Muscatine time. Baker started putting on his programs every night at eleven P. M., and giving cancer talks and excellent programs of entertainment. This was his only opportunity to reach evening listeners at a distance, and get his cancer and health talks to the public. Mr. Levy was somehow inspired to extend his programs to one A. M., which no doubt was eminently satisfactory to the American Medical Association and the chain stations of the radio trust.

Baker wrote to Mr. Levy, protesting against the taking of this extra hour from him. Levy

replied to the effect that he didn't give a damn if K-TNT was blown clear off the channel. He filled in his extra hour with "police reports," hardly a vital subject for such an hour. Baker could only conclude that Levy did this, to answer the dictates of the medical combine. At the present time, Mr. Levy broadcasts full time on 1170 kilocycles, with fifty thousand watts of power, and is one of the key stations of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, of which one of his close relatives is president, and which is owned by Wall Street.

A few months after this unfair new allocation, depriving K-TNT of its most valuable rights in the interest of a subsidiary of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, Pickard resigned from the Federal Radio Commission, and accepted a high position as an executive of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, where he is still employed. He had served them well, as a radio commissioner fattening at the public till; he now has them as his direct paymaster.

And now we are back in that tense late spring of 1930. The best Baker could do was to put his cancer and health talks, and his splendid program, on for the hour between midnight at Muscatine and one o'clock A. M.; even though many radio listeners had already retired. Baker even had a microphone installed in his office in the hospital. On the night of April 30, 1930, precisely at midnight, he began talking, as usual, from the microphone in his office. Recently he and his helpers had seen an increasing number of prowlers and snoopers around the hospital and the radio station. The hospital was open each day for visitors, and Baker had spotted at least half a dozen spies, going in as supposed visitors.

This and similar matters caused Baker and his assistants to be especially careful, and on the lookout for anything that might happen unexpectedly. His gun was never out of reach, day or night. Others of his executives had received permission to carry weapons. K-TNT, assailed by the medical trust, had been forced to turn itself into an armed fortress.

On this early morning, as was his custom, his gun lay in plain sight on his desk. He had not reasoned the matter out: and he disliked a gun: but he had an intuition that it ought to be there. And Baker is wise enough to follow his intuitions. The K-TNT Cafe kept open all night, as Baker knew. Suddenly. just before he closed his broadcast at one o'clock, the phone at his elbow jangled. "Hello-Baker's office." "It's me, calling from the cafe. Baker'd better not come down: there are three tough-looking guys parked across the street, in front of the American Savings Bank, in an old model Buick, with a foreign license plate. We're worried about him."

Dr. Charles Loeffler of Chicago, Baker's visitor at the time, was in the office, as was Bellows, the superintendent; the superintendent of nurses, Miss Amiss; the hospital secretary; and Mr. Hoxsey. One of the group received the message, and repeated it to Baker, when he went off the air at five minutes after one. Baker was told about the message; he and the rest began to laugh and joke about it.

The hospital building was about sixty foot frontage and a hundred ten feet long. It was located in the middle of a large lot, with twenty foot lawn on either side, and in front. Next door was a small residence, and its owner had a small dog: a small harm-

less creature that had never been heard to bark an alarm before this night. They were all in the owner's office, one of the front corner rooms on the second floor; his sleeping room, its door open, was just beyond. The group arose to get ready to go down to the cafe, regardless of the warning, when suddenly, from the house next door, the little dog began to bark violently. The sound sliced the brittle stillness; it was so clear, so definite, that they could picture the whole scene: some intruder was outside the building, for you could hear the dog running toward someone, barking fiercely, then running back, and again back at the intruder. It was like a spoken warning.

Not a word was spoken in the group. Everyone sensed something was wrong. Someone, with swift forethought, turned out the lights. Both rooms were now in darkness.

At once the shooting commenced. They saw three men skulking on the lawn outside. The 38 automatic was emptied at them. In an agitated voice, one in the group called out that he saw two of the prowlers helping the third, his arm over their shoulders, in a limping rush toward an auto waiting in the alley behind the hospital. The cafe cashier had been correct: the three marauders had been waiting for Baker, and had tired of the wait and come to the hospital to get him.

The shooting awakened all the patients in the hospital. Wild excitement dominated the place. Some insisted on going home at once, and could hardly be pacified. One hysterical patient started the wild rumor that, if the prowlers could not get Baker, they would return and blow up the hospital.

At once Baker had guards posted around the whole building, to pacify the patients.

A crowd gathered swiftly, including belated policemen. A blood stain on the grass was discovered; the shots had winged their man. Mr. White, night tender at the bridge ticket office, within a hundred feet of the hospital, said that he saw the auto come toward the bridge without lights, and that he had been about to raise the gates, thinking the party wanted to cross the bridge, when the car turned into the alley leading behind the hospital. Baker told the police at once to notify the keepers of all bridges crossing the Mississippi at Muscatine, Davenport, and Clinton, to be on the lookout for the fugitives.

And then the tired excited group went on to the cafe for a tardy snack, and so to bed. It was almost three o'clock. The hospital is on one of the main streets, in the center of the city; the radio station was eight blocks up the same street, on top of the highest hill in the place. Midway between the two was the K-TNT Oil Station, also open all night, and the only business place in that section of the city that was open all night. It was the only place in the neighborhood where a telephone was available all night.

Baker had been in bed only a few minutes, when the phone bell jingled again. "Hello—Baker speaking." "Somebody's just thrown two bombs at the radio station." It was not the Oil Station speaking. Baker dressed hurriedly, and started for K-TNT. He stopped at the Oil Station, to reprimand the night attendant for not advising him sooner. There was a night watchman at the radio station, too; and Baker was most afraid that someone had tried to damage

the transmitter, to prevent his medical talks. He soon ascertained that the oil station attendant was not to blame; his isolated station, midway of a large vacant site of two city blocks, poorly lighted in the rear, had been shut off from the world, by someone's cutting the telephone wires that entered it from the rear, to prevent any calls for the police.

Mr. Zeug, night watchman at the radio station, had shot at the bombers, as they ran through an adjoining vacant lot. The fruit trees and berry vines obstructed his sight and aim, and, as far as could be found out, he had failed to injure any of them.

The Associated Press story was carried, under the following headlines, in the Chicago Daily Tribune of April 12, 1930:

HUNT 3 GUNMEN ROUTED BY RADIO "QUACK" DOCTOR

Gun Fight Climaxes Fight with Dr. Fishbein

Muscatine, Ia., April 11—(AP)—Police at all towns in Iowa and Illinois where bridges span the Mississippi river were on the lookout for three men who fired upon Norman Baker, the operator of Radio Station KTNT, a few minutes after he had signed off at 1 o'clock this morning.

Baker's report of the attack to police was verified by C. E. White, keeper of a toll bridge, who saw the shooting from his shanty, less than a hundred feet away.

White saw flashes of fire, as of a gun exploding, and heard loud reports an instant later at the back of the building. Baker and Harry Hoxsey of Girard, Ill., were having a conference

in an upstairs room there from which Baker had been broadcasting.

One Assailant Wounded

Hoxsey told police he jumped to the window on hearing the shots and fired at the three men whom he could dimly see on the ground below, wounding one of them. The other two dragged the wounded man around the building, supposedly to a waiting automobile, and made their getaway.

Bob Hunter, first officer to arrive on the scene, found blood on the grass where the attacker

had fallen.

Both Hoxsey and Baker have legal permits to carry guns. Baker is head of the Baker Institute, a cancer hospital on the water front.

Ten minutes before the encounter Baker had called the local police station to report the presence of three suspicious-looking strangers about the hospital and asked police to investigate.

Dr. Fishbein Denounced

After the shooting Baker telephoned the Associated Press and told of the incident. He later sent a long telegram attacking Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association, for the latter's current editorial condemning the KTNT station as a quack institution.

Baker did not charge the American Medical Association with making the attack on his station, but said that he felt that the editorial might

have aroused feeling against him.

This important and sensational story was tucked away inconspicuously on the financial page, in spite of its first page importance; which no doubt helped to focus the light of public interest away from the Fishbein led the attack, or had anything to do with the firing on the radio station? What did the newspaper headline writers know, that insidiously inspired this similar wording in the two unfair and antagonistic accounts?

Needless to say, Baker saw like lightning the peculiar connection the papers hinted between Dr. Fishbein and the mysterious and dastardly attack. I do not imagine that he had ever visualized any doctor in the A. M. A., much less Dr. Fishbein, as a potential night marauder, would-be murderer, and dynamiter: the headlines made his mind leap to a wondering query as to whether or not there was any He sent out three investigators to connection at all. ascertain the precise whereabouts of the mysterious Dr. Fishbein, the "attacker", on the night in question. All reported that he had been in the Presbyterian Hospital on the Tuesday following, April 15th, and that he had been there since April 9th. We must of course presume that the doctor's ailment was a Genuine or not, it furnished an genuine one. admirable alibi.

Mrs. L. C. W. Little, secretary or manager of the Medical Liberty League, of Chicago, who published the magazine The Avalanche, an energetic worker for medical freedom, and against the crime of vaccination—let us use her own expressive phrase—came to Muscatine, and investigated all details of the peculiar attempt at murder and bombing, timed so accurately—at least, on the surface—to explode with the editorial attack on Baker in the Journal of the American Medical Association, coincidence though this may have been. Her findings, in the May, 1930 Avalanche, republished in the July, 1930,

TNT, bore out every detail of the story that Baker and the other witnesses had told to the police. She noted at once that the same issue of the A. M. A. Journal contained an editorial spanking of Liberty, the national magazine owned by the Chicago Tribune interests, for printing a contribution criticizing the medical profession, and incidentally finding fault with Liberty's containing advertisements of certain proprietary medicines.

Her investigation added nothing to the account, except a threat to the attendant at the oil station that the men were going to blow up the entire establishment, and he had better get the hell out of there and find another job; and the fact that the two bombs thrown at the transmitter room, with the apparent intention of destroying the transmitter, had done no serious damage except to throw sand in the night guard's eyes, so that he could not shoot straight.

The newspapers throughout the country, except for a few small and insignificant ones, either buried the report of the outrage entirely, or gave it a bare mention. The police department apparently went into a profound slumber on the whole thing: this seemed to be not the kind of attack that they were instructed to deal with. Baker did secure an investigator from the Iowa State Department, but nothing resulted from this. He was able to talk to Harold Wilson, county attorney, in whose hands rested the responsibility of all connected with this outrage; but he could secure no access to the State investigator, who seemed to be working hand-inglove with Wilson. Nor did Sheriff Nesper of Muscatine County seem to take much interest in the matter. The whole government organization connected with the investigation of such a crime seemed to be paralyzed by some strange inactivity, as if word had seeped down from above that they were to go to sleep on the case. And above, too often in American political matters, especially where the American Medical Association and its subsidiaries are on one side of a contest (read those newspaper headlines again, with their virulent editorializing, if you please) means organized doctordom, and its means of political control.

Hitherto. Baker had considered Wilson his friend. and had boosted his candidacies on various occasions. The thing reminded Baker how much Muscatine, and indeed every town, needed an independent paper with an independent-souled editor, who would launch constant campaigns against the constant flood of grafters and embezzlers, and secure grand jury indictments of the swine at the public feed Baker kept after Wilson; and, after long inactivity, met with no answer but the statement that there had been nothing "tangible," with an inflection hinting his suspicion that the matter might well have been a frame-up on Baker's part. Baker demanded the evidence found by the State investigator, the Sheriff, and all others who had been working on the case. He told Wilson forthrightly that he was a coward. Wilson didn't like this. mean it," said Baker. "Any man who will lie down, in an affair as outrageously serious as this, is a damned coward." He has never retracted, or found reason to.

The sheriff and the county supervisors refused to give the hospital protection with guardsmen, and

Baker secured permission to place a machine gun at the radio station, and one at the hospital. An armed fortress, told by the protecting powers of the state that he must protect himself. He had four night watchmen at the hospital, four at the radio station, who were kept on duty for about three months. The newspapers blurred over the whole affair, angered at Baker because he had exposed their cowardice in not daring to print an article on aluminum poisoning, for fear of the withdrawal of aluminum advertisements.

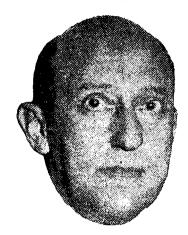
The snooping by the medical overlords continued. The hospital nurses boarded in private homes throughout the city. Two or three of the nurses boarded at the home of this county attorney, Harold Wilson, on East Fifth Street, Muscatine, the ownership being in his mother or wife. These nurses returned home one day, to find their suitcases and other belongings had been ransacked, and all left in dis-When brought to Wilson's attention, he gave no satisfaction, and Baker ordered the nurses to board elsewhere. Wilson made no effort to place the matter properly before the police authorities, and find out who thus entered his home illegally and secretly, without his knowledge—for we must assume that it was without his knowledge. Reports say it was a medical investigator. Needless to say, Baker has not boosted Wilson for public office since; he would not boost him even for dog-catcher, now. Especially since vivisecting surgeons have such an affinity for dogs, rats and the like.

Nothing else was ever heard regarding the gunmen or the dynamiters. The whole matter was blanketed in dead silence thereafter.

But naturally it made Norman Baker regarded his enemies of the organized medical world in a strangely different light. Somebody had shot at him, somebody had tried to dynamite his place: the newspapers, invariably servile toward organized doctordom, had described it as "Gun Fight Climaxes Fight with Dr. Fishbein", and "Try to Shoot up KTNT; Attack by Dr. Morris Fishbein." It was high time he looked into this organized opposition, and thoroughly.

He found out plenty.

DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN



DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN, whose likeness is shown above, is known as the brains of the American Medical Association.

It is hinted that his diplomacy may be questioned, as not having served the proper time in medical college for same. It is said his medical experience consists of about sixteen months in the Durant Hospital in Chicago, in a contageous ward. Whatever his medical experience has been, he fell into an excellent position as editor-in-chief of the nearly ninety thousand doctors whom he controls by his writings in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Dr. Fishbein has become noted for his stereotyped talks that he gives in various places when he can secure an opportunity to tour the country and talk before "noon day clubs." Those who have heard him once, say it is like a circus, "hear him once, you have heard it all."

He delights in speaking in a discriminatory manner of all other classes of doctors. His abuse has driven many from the allopathic methods to the drugless doctors. He has been discredited in his talks by those who have been cured by drugless methods and who later hear him denounce such treatments.

It is rumored that there is much dissention among the more honorable doctors of the A. M. A. ranks who desire his removal.

CHAPTER X

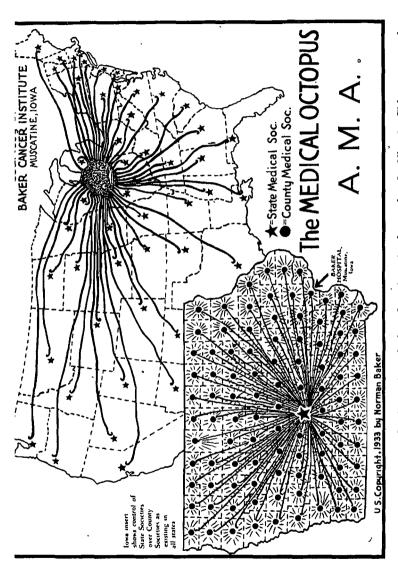
THE MEDICAL OCTOPUS

Baker went into his study of the American Medical Association with some naive belief lingering that it was a group of healers of the sick, devoted to relieving the ills of suffering humanity, charitable, worthy of support and assistance. There might be some, especially at the head of the group, who were selfish and small-motived: this could not be true of the majority of them.

It might be limited to the few at the top of the A. M. A., plus the collection of blithering myopia victims that were the curse of Muscatine County, Iowa. On the whole, take them by and large, they must be a decent admirable group of men. When you said "doctor," you didn't use the same tone of voice you used in saying "murderer," "dynamiter," "thug," "assassin," "conspirator," "quack," "faker," "scoundrel." There's not so much difference in Baker's voice now. He has found things out.

This story is a horrible one. But when we recall that many doctors in good standing specialize in the murdering of unborn babies, we need not be surprised at anything we find from this group, whose psychological makeup is so well understood by the leading modern psychologists, when they say that the physician is the sublimated "Peeping Tom," and the surgeon the sublimated sadist, or blood-letting killer.

Grant that the professional beside-manner of the doctor or surgeon requires him to simulate the same



ing State Societies, the State Societies organize County Societies, the County Societies control all city and county health matters. The tenacles of this Octopus dominate every citizen. The American Medical Association functions by its national office in Chicago, organizhypocritical regret that the urbane popular undertaker has: this can not alter his soul's hideous face.

The doctor starves, if people stay well: is he to rejoice at what makes him starve? Or is he to rejoice at what alone brings him a livelihood, their illness? If he cures them easily and promptly, he throws himself back to starvation again: are we to expect doctors to struggle nobly to achieve this group slow suicide?

Perhaps we would gain if we gave them a different job: no money unless a cure. Or the Chinese method, doctor's fees as long as the patients stay well, and the fees automatically stop when illness comes. There must be some less stupid way of paying the "Peeping Toms" and the butchers, so that they at least will get a bonus out of a cure, instead of regarding a cure as a gouge out of their incomes.

There are individual physicians Baker counts as his friends; and they are worth it. The old family physician is disappearing; the modern practitioner tends more and more to being a mere soulles's commercializer of man's sufferings. Not that this is worldwide. In Mexico, for instance, the doctors are more free lances, independent of soul, and progressive: most of them would be badged "rebels" by the A. M. A. group, for they will stand dictation from no man as to what medicine or treatments they will use, and as to whether they will even join a medical association or not.

Let us dig somewhat into the past, to form a backdrop against which the modern medical group may crawl. Archaic medicine consisted in the archaic religions in every land. Healing was a divine function; thus nobly is medicine sprung. Slowly science fumbled upright; and there were always independent doctors who followed the old tried superstitions or home remedies, and always those who stumbled bravely ahead with stumbling science.

About 1846, in this country, the division between two schools of medical thought became clear. One group was the eclectic doctors, with their affirmative foundation: "The investigation and practice of medicine should be entirely free and untrammelled; and no central body, no association, combination, or conspiracy should have the power to prescribe a certain standard of faith or medical creed, which should be received and forced upon every member of the profession by threats of professional disgrace and ruin. We recognize that every enlightened, educated and honest physician should stand upon the same platform of professional respectability and should enjoy the same rights, no matter what doctrines he may advocate in medicine, or what system of practice he may deem it his duty to adopt." But the insane desire to dominate possessed the other group, the would-be-autocrats in the field.

The group of would-be dominators of the medical field resolved to boycott and punish those who would not follow at the waving of their scalpel baton. A conference was accordingly held in New York City in 1846, and at this the American Medical Association was born. From the start it was an unruly, dominating, selfish, ignorant baby, which in later years grew up to be a heartless commercializer of human agony, with a record which may conceivably entitle it to be called the greatest menace and monopoly the world has ever known.

From the start, it had a two-fold objective; to secure and govern, for itself, all lucrative offices in the army and navy, the civil service, and the hospitals; and, second, to unite as one against the other physicians and practitioners, destroy their social standing, and drive them out of the business of medicine entirely. They then drew up a code of ethics.

Several lawsuits arose out of this code, one costing the association a very large sum in damanges. Soon able jurists were describing this code of ethics "a combination against common law, and a conspiracy against the public health. It was not without reason that Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, knew what he was arguing for during the making of that great document, when he said,

We have provided for religious freedom, but, unless we make provision for medical freedom, our best efforts to establish a government of freemen shall prove abortive, and the American people will forever live in bondage.

Freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom of speech, were ultimately written into the Constitution and the Bill of Rights; Dr. Benjamin Rush's vision of medical freedom never grew beyond a vision.

The American Medical Association, as it stands today, is an incorporation under the Illinois State laws, their papers of incorporation being on file in the office of the State Recorder or the Secretary of State, in Springfield, Illinois. Baker began to examine into its history. He found it spread broadcast for the public to read, but in authoritative periodicals not easy of access to the general public. He discovered things he had never dreamed could be true. He discovered them, of all places, in the December, 1922, issue of the Illinois Medical Journal. Here he read, among other things, under the title The A. M. A. Becomes an Autocracy:

The A. M. A. is today a one-man organization. The House of Delegates of the A. M. A. stands divested of power, except the perfunctory privilege of electing a Board of Trustees. The entire medical profession of the United States, in so far as its organization is concerned, is today at the mercy of one man and a Board of Trustees that is subservient to him.

"Few members of the A. M. A. realize the centralizing changes that have taken place in their organization within the last 22 years. So adroitly and insidiously have these changes been brought about that the majority of the members, even those best informed regarding the organization, have been so dazzled by the material prosperity of the A. M. A. that they have entirely overloked the fact that dur-

ing this period of expansion the Association has been converted from a democratic and self-governing body of professional men into a highly centralized machine WITH ABSOLUTE CONTROL CENTERED IN A SINGLE INDIVIDUAL.

In 1898 the A.M.A. was an entirely different organization from what it is today. Dr. John M. Hamilton, then editor of the Journal, devoted a few hours each week to general supervision.

Dr. Hamilton's death in 1898 led to the determination of the Board of Trustees to elect a wholetime editor who would devote himself to developing the Journal. In February, 1899, Dr. Simmons was elected editor of the Journal. At the annual meeting in June, it was suggested the editor of the Journal also act as Secretary of the Association. This suggestion was adopted and Dr. Simmons occupied the two offices from that time until 1911.

The Illinois Medical Journal article went on to say that by 1901 Simmons, the editor of the A. M. A. Journal and the secretary of the national organization, had somehow also become the trustee of this Journal. A reorganization was started which centered around control of the Journal and the immense funds which came into it. Simmons by this gradual insidious process became dictator of the organization. The membership fee in the national association is five dollars a year; of this, four dollars goes to the Journal. Control of this large and growing fund gradually enabled Simmons and his group to change the control of the organization into a complete and absolute dictatorship. Again we quote the Illinois Medical Journal article:

The only source of revenue of the Association was the Journal, and the only purpose for which money was expended, with the exception of some slight Association expenses, were the expenses of publishing the Journal. It was, therefore, perfectly natural that all bills should be approved by the editor (Simmons) and all checks signed by him..... It was early recognized by those desirous of concentrating the powers and resources of the Association that whoever controlled the finances of the Association would ultimately control the Association itself, since no action would be taken, no committee could function, no officers could carry on any activity, except as the necessary expenses for such purposes were authorized. In the 22 years of expansion of the Association and the Journal, the anomalous condition has devel-

oped whereby the Journal which is the property of the Association, now absolutely controls the Association to which it belongs. The editor of the Association has developed into an absolute dictator of the Association and its affairs, through the control of the finances of the Association.... The individual members are today in the same position as the stockholders of a corporation. They can vote for directors but they have nothing to say abut the policy or management. The editor of the Journal has developed into a GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ASSOCIATION WITH ABSOLUTE CONTROL OVER ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE ORGANIZATION WHO HAVE BEEN GRADUALLY SUBORDINATED TO HIM. Into his hands has been placed control of all the funds of the Journal of which he is editor; also all the earnings of the Journal; and all of the funds of the Association itself and all of the surplus funds of the Association and of all other property that it may have.

This article immediately sent Baker off on the trail of the dictator of the American Medical Association, Dr. George H. Simmons. Who's Who in America gave him a most respectable back-ground:

SIMMONS, George H., editor; b. Moreton, Eng., Jan. 2, 1852; s. George and Sarah Louise (Clifford) S.; came to U. S. 1870; student Tabor Coll., la., 1871-72, U. of Neb., 1872-76; M. D. Hahnemann Med. Coll., Chicago, 1882; M. D., Rush Med. Coll., 1892; L. M., Rotunda Hosp., Dublin, 1884; post-grad, work in Europe, 1883-84; (hon. A. M., Tabor, 1899; LL. D., Northwestern U., 1907.) Practiced medicine and surgery, Lincoln, Neb., 1884-99; gen. sec. A. M. A., 1899-191; editor Journal of Am. Med. Assen., 1899-1924; established Western Medical Review, 1896. Commd. 1st It Med. R. C., U. S. A., 1908, maj. 1917. Sec. Neb. State Med. Soc., 1895-99; Western Surge and Gynecol. Soc., 1896-99; pres. Inst. of Medicine, Chicago, 1921 Clubs: Cosmos (Washington); University, City, Edgewater Golf (Chicago). Office: 535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, III.

A splendid record, on its face. We note that the revered doctor is eighty-four today; that he came to America from England at the age of eighteen; that he was a student at two institutions of learning, though not a graduate, up to his twenty-fourth year; a doctor at the age of thirty; a doctor again—the first queer note—at the age of forty; a practitioner in Nebraska for fifteen years, during which time he was secretary of the Nebraska State Medical Society and of a body entitled the Western Surgical and Gynecological Society, evidently specializing in the

diseases of women, and also had time to found the Western Medical Review. With this apprenticeship, in 1899 he became general secretary of the American Medical Association and editor of its Journal, holding the first post twelve years, the second for twenty-five. Apparently never married. A stainless and enviable record, on its face.

Baker probed behind the mask. He discovered an attack in a little magazine called Jim Jam Jems, published by Sam H. Clark at Bismarck, North Dakota, in the March, 1913 issue. Following this up, he secured affidavits from people closely connected over the years with the career of Dr. Simmons. Notably from his divorced wife, Margaret E. Simmons. It has all been published in TNT, as most of it had been published before; Dr. Simmons has denied none of it, he has sued no one for libel; it must be taken as the bleak unvarnished truth.

At the age of eighteen, George H. Simmons ran away from his home in England and came to America. He secured a free education by posing as a theological student at Tabor College, in Iowa, and as an agricultural student at the University of Nebraska. Neither the soil nor the word of God attracted him sufficiently; he took a short course at the Hahnemann Medical College in Chicago, and received a degree entitling him to regard himself as a doctor. returned to Lincoln, Nebraska, and married a lovely and well-familied girl there. They had a baby. which lived only eight months. While the baby was still alive, he met a woman who had been one of his wife's girlhood friends, and became infatuated with her, spending much of his time with her. to treat his wife cruelly. Three months after the

baby died, he took all the joint savings, told his wife she must meet future payments on their home, and said he was returning to Europe to complete his medical education. His wife was pregnant, at the time he made this announcement of his plans; a little life, their joint product, was stirring within her womb. He told her that he was going to perform an abortion upon her. He took his keen surgeon's knife, with the enciente body of his own wife bared before him, and deliberately destroyed the little life. And then he left her.

The wife was obliged to teach, in order to meet payments on the home they had purchased together; in spite of this, the doctor wrote importunate letters from Europe, demanding money from her. After a little more than a year he returned to Lincoln, and for two years resumed the practice of medicine. Not too successfully. Suddenly he blossomed out as founder and owner of the Lincoln Medical Institute and water cure.

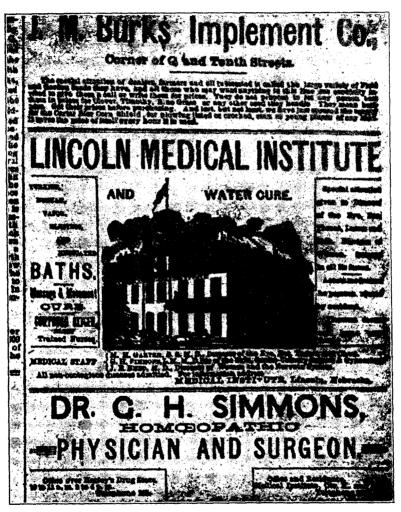
On the following pages are their advertisements from a Lincoln, Nebraska, paper of 1886, 1887 and 1888.

G. H. Simmons, L. M., M. D., is listed for Diseases of the Skin, Genito-Urinary Complaints (this word is obscured), and Gynecology. "All non-contagious diseases admitted." Below appears a card of Dr. G. H. Simmons, Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon, with two office addresses. Now on the blacklist of the American Medical Association, and was in 1886. This institute, his wife states, lasted only a year. In one of his advertisements Simmons claims to have spent a year and a half in the greatest hospitals in London and Vienna. In another, in which he has blossomed

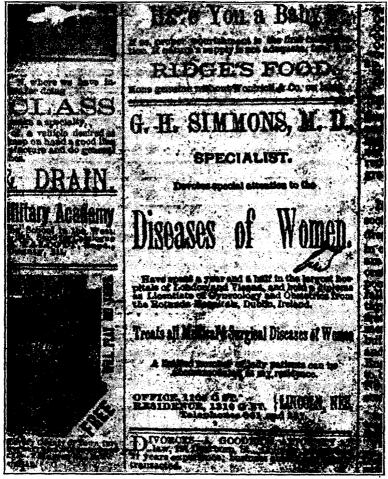
forth as a specialist in rectal diseases, he guarantees to cure all cases of "Hemorrhoids (Piles), Fistula, Itching Piles and Rectal Diseases." His homeopathic method, his advertising, his guaranteeing a cure, are all contrary to the strict mandates of the American Medical Association, which he was so soon to become dictator of.

After his return from Europe, his wife had begged him for a home and children. She became pregnant; this made the doctor furious. He gave her not one moment's peace; every moment in her presence he kept at her to consent to an abortion. He made life a continual hell for her—we are quoting her affidavit, remember—and threatened to sell the home. He said he did not want a child by her. At last, in mental agony, and for the moment sure that she did not want a child with the instincts of such a father, she consented. Again he took his keen surgeon's knife, with the enciente body of his own wife bared before him, and deliberately destroyed the little life that they had jointly started.

The infatuation for the girlhood friend of his wife had continued, after his return from Europe; and continued until one Mrs. Irvin came to Lincoln with her husband and a crippled boy, to consult the homeopathic specialist. She was a beautiful woman, and became infatuated with the doctor. movements became the talk of the town. In his office, when her husband was in town, and in her home when he was away, they spent many hours together. The doctor told his wife that Mrs. Irvin had neuralgia; never did neuralgia patient have a more attentive specialist attending her. this his only affair. His wife had a house-guest.



Double advertisement from a Lincoln paper, 1886, wherein Dr. George Simmons now head and dictator of the medical trust, advertised, in violation of medical ethics, an institution that purported to cure practically everything. Note also the fake, "compound oxygen." Observe also that this man who is now head of, the organized Allopaths was then a Homeopath. Regarding this photostatic reproduction and the others used in connection with this article, Margaret Simmons, former wife of Dr. Simmons, says in an affidavit: "I have seen the photographic reproductions of the advertisements of George H. Simmons, and will say that they are absolutely true."



Advertisement from a Lincoln paper, 1888. Concerning Dr. Simmons' advertisement here of "Diseases of Women," Mrs. Simmons says: "One of these advertisements which reads, 'A Limited Number of Patients can be Accommodated at My Residence,' did not arouse my suspicion at first, but as I became acquainted with things medical in helping my husband, and as one peculiar thing happened which I will relate later, and since I have studied medicine and graduated, I KNOW THESE SPECIAL CASES WERE ABORTIONS." (The index hand in this ad calling attention to Dr. Simmons' modest praise of himself was inserted by us.)

Mrs. Kate Monell-Hurlburt; the doctor had an affair with her, which became more noticeable when Mrs. Simmons left for Mount Vernon for treatment, and during the two years Mrs. Simmons was studying medicine in Chicago, at her husband's request, to help him with his practice. After he divorced his wife, Dr. Simmons married this woman. Note that both these marriages are omitted from the record in Who's Who. Nor was this his only emotional outlet.

The doctor kept up his practice of aborting his wife. each time that he made her pregnant. this so often, says her affidavit, that he ruined her Every so often the urge must have come health. upon him to enjoy her body. He took no precautions to prevent pregnancy, since he had another There are surgeons who remedy for the condition. enjoy every detail of such a life-destroying act. would make her pregnant; and, just when the hopes of postponed mother hood arose again in her breast and the little life stirred beneath her heart, he would take his keen surgeon's knife, with the enciente body of his own wife bared before him, and deliberately destroy the little life that they had jointly started. He kept this up, until he finally wrecked her health. He gave her morphine, without telling her what he gave her, for relief; and made her a morphine addict.

He then sought to have her detained, against her will, in Mt. Vernon, Ohio. The doctor in charge tried to keep her prisoner, tried even to prevent her from writing letters. She got as far as Chicago, in spite of the efforts to restrain her, and wrote to her husband to send her the money to come home. He wrote her at once that he did not want her to return, but that he wanted to get a divorce. He

tried first to get it on the grounds that she was a drug addict—in other words, tried to divorce her for something he had caused! Failing in this, he secured a divorce, without her knowledge or consent, on the grounds of her cruelty to him! Her affidavit says that the complaint on which the hearing took place was fraudulently substituted for the one which she had seen.

At the time of the second abortion, her husband had come to his wife and told her that he would have to go to jail, unless she could raise twelve hundred dollars for him. She got her mother to sign a note to the Capital National Bank of Lincoln; later she had to borrow from her uncle to pay the bank; and finally she had to sell her home in Lincoln to pay her uncle.

As a homeopathic doctor, his career had not been glittering. And so he went off to Chicago to attend the Rush Medical College, to become an allopathic doctor presumably. We quote from wife's affidavit:

He remained there but twelve days and returned home and told me that he had arranged to take his course by having roll call (answered) for him, but that he would go back at the time of the examination. He went back at the time of the examination and returned with a Rush College medical degree. He was only gone a few days.

Before his wife left Lincoln for Mt. Vernon the last time, she had sold the house and paid off all the debts of Dr. Simmons and herself, and had twelve hundred dollars left on deposit in the bank before mentioned. She never received any of this money. It was taken and used by her husband. The only money she ever received from him was an alimony of \$40 a month for one year, which she accepted, weak and sick as she was, to save herself from starvation. And there was a darker side to her husband's practice, as her affidavit goes on to state. One of his advertisements had read: "A Limited Number of Lady Patients Can

Be Accommodated at My Residence." She did not suspect at first anything peculiar about such patients; she saw enough later to convince her that they were abortion cases. She goes into details about some of these. We need not.

While Simmons was editor of the Journal of the A. M. A., he ran advertisements of the Abbott Alkaloidal Company of Chicago, after he had previously, in the same periodical, condemned the product thus advertised as fraudulent and dishonest and "no-good dope." His wife's affidavit says that she gave Dr. Abbott the information regarding Simmon's past life in affidavit form; and that shortly thereafter the full-page advertisement in the Journal appeared. In return for this, Abbott had promised her, says her affidavit, that he would help the ex-wife secure the return from Dr. Simmons of the twelve hundred dollars of her money he had used; that he would hire a lawyer at his own expense to fight the fraudulent divorce and make her husband give her a home. The outcome of the incident was, that Dr. Abbott simply did not live up to any of his promises.

The ex-wife eventually landed in a poorhouse in New Jersey, and in 1930 Baker personally sent her seventy-five dollars to buy her a few clothes, and pay her transportation to Chicago, where she could be with friends. The ex-wife's letter was pathetic in the extreme; it stated, among other things, that she would like to have the heel of one of her shoes raised about three-quarters of an inch, because she was a little crippled, and that she thought a shoe-maker would put on the raised heel for about fifty cents. And this was the woman whom the divorce papers describe as having been "cruel" to her husband, Dr. George H. Simmons, virtual dictator of the American Medical Association!

I offer this man's life, and Norman Baker's as a splendid study in contrast. From every standpoint, Baker stands out as a splendid cultured gentleman; it is impossible, within the limits of decent writing, to characterize Dr. Simmons. Compare the marriages of the two men, if you will: compare the treatments of their wives: compare the details of their divorce actions. In every respect, Baker shines, Simmons smoulders with a brimstone light. Compare Simmon's past, as homeopathic guaranteeing cure-all doctor, with Baker's magnificent efforts to relieve humanity. I need say no further.

If Dr. George H. Simmons now belatedly chooses to deny any of these statements, he is hereby invited to submit a truthful affidavit; and this will be published at the close of this chapter in all future editions of the book. He has delayed so long to answer any of these matters, that they may be almost accepted as true by the statute of limitations.

And this man sits at the head, or did until recently of the ninety-six thousand doctors organized into the American Medical Association, with a monopoly upon the positions of army and navy surgeons, examining insurance doctors, and all responsible positions in all of the leading hospitals. Some wise man once said that every institution was the lengthened shadow of a man. For years the A. M. A. has been the lengthened shadow of Dr. Simmons. We have seen what manner of man he is: we need not be surprised at any collective activities of the A. M. A., from now on.

CHAPTER XI

THE NETWORK OF THE SPIDER'S WEB

The home office of the American Medical Association today is at 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago. still listed as the address of Dr. George H. Simmons. This is a large six-story building with basement, costing many hundreds of thousands of dollars. building stands by itself, which eliminates robbery by gaining entrance from an adjoining building. well guarded with large steel doors which lock automatically, and which are controlled by an electrical device. Glass partitions are made with reinforced steel, and the important papers of the association are protected in steel files placed in strong vaults of the best steel and concrete construction. reason, the association deems it best to protect its secrets from any danger of leakage to interested parties outside of the organization.

From this central office they have gone to each of the forty-eight States in the union, and have organized as their branch subsidiary the State Medical Society. The purpose of this has been to control all State medical matters, to regulate health boards and restrict the membership on these to association members, to lobby effectually to secure the passage of those bills relating to medical matters which will work to their own advantage,—the sort of bills that any honest commentator must call class legislation.

With this control of the State Health Boards they can announce epidemics of smallpox, diphtheria, influenza, infantile paralysis, sleeping sickness, real or imaginary. They have a monopoly of state medical news, as their State Medical Board issues health reports in favor of their work, especially in matters concerning vaccinations, which mean income for the doctors involved and for the serum manufacturers.

This charge of political domination of the states is not matter of guesswork. There is no office of any State Medical Society whose files do not show circularization lists of doctors and politicians, to aid in their active political work. Nor do they make a secret of their effective lobbying and more direct political actions. The Journal of the American Medical Association itself published a letter from Dr. S. J. Crumbine, of Topeka, Kansas, established how fully the Kansas State society was in politics; and urged all other State and County societies to do as much. It told of the determination to secure representation in the legislature; of the choice of Dr. R. L. Nichols of Liberal, the county seat, to make the race; and how, regardless of party lines they elected him.

The doctors agreed not only that they would work for his election, which they did most heartily, but also they would turn back all his patients on his return from the legislature and pay him a per diem bonus as well while he was in attendance at the capital.

Dr. Nichols made his maiden speech the other day in the house defeating the schemes of the enemies of the Kansas food and drugs law by causing the untimely death of House Bill 76. This bill called for the reorganization of the State Board of Health, replacing the majority of the physicians

on the board with laymen who are interested in the manufacture and sale of food and drugs. Incidentally it might be remarked that the present Democratic governor—who won his election by a majority of twenty-six votes,—was elected by the physicians of Kansas, eighty-five per cent of whom voted for him as against the Republican candidate, the publisher of the Topeka Capital and a large number of other publications which carry nostrum advertisements. Dr. Nichols is ably assisted by two other physicians, one of whom ran on a platform of public-health education, disregarding the platform of his own political party. Is it not about time that the physicians of the country should emulate the example set by the Seward County Medical Society and get together?

And here is a letter sent out from Chicago, under date of February 21, 1916, printed on the stationery of the Illinois State Medical Society, which establishes beyond peradventure their intention and desire of controlling all things medical in America:

Dear Doctor:

Chicago, Illinois.

Enclosed you will find a card indicating how your Senator and Representative voted at the last session of the Illinois Legislature on a medical bill of vital interest to the people and the profession.

Retain this card for future reference; from now until the 'primaries and election. Lose no opportunity to impress your brother physician with the importance of doing everything possible in a legitimate way to re-elect those who voted right and to defeat those who voted wrong, should any of these men seek renomination and re-election. Remember every physician can influence upwards of fifty votes.

Experience with the last legislature should satisfy you that in the future it is unsafe for doctors to trust their interests to the average representative.

Instead of depending upon laymen to look after his welfare, physicians should in greater numbers become members of our legislative bodies.

The Lancet Clinic says we should have at least as many physicians as lawyers in our legislatures. Certain it is that medicine should be better represented numerically in our legislative halls.

In a few months the new members of the House and Senate will have to be rominated and elected, and it is the duty of the profession of each Senatorial district to see that one physician is nominated for both House and Senate. Then, regardless of politics, the profession of the district should guarantee their election. This can easily be done if every individual will put his shoulder to the wheel.

Surely in every Senatorial district some representative physician can be induced to make the race for member of the legislature.

The letter proceeds to list distinguished English and European doctors in politics; and five American doctors who signed the Declaration of Independence. It continues,

For the good of the country there is no reason why we should not have proper medical representation in Illinois. A good physician can be the best of military governors. It would be a credit to many constituencies could they be represented by educated ethical medical men. . . .

The Legislative Committee of the Illinois State Medical Society, while convinced the benefit that will accrue to all the people by having a large number of physicians in our next Senate Legislature, are loath to undertake the work unless there is a large percentage of doctors in the state who will promise to render active aid and assistance in the movement.

Please indicate on enclosed card what you will do and return to the committee at once. Legislative Committee, Illinois State Medical Society.

Here is an exact replica of a pledge card sent out to candidates for the Illinois legislature, dated August, 1914, accompanied by a long letter. The printed address on the card, to which it was to be returned, was Drs. Fowler and Taylor, Chairmen of Public Relation and Legislative Committees, Illinois State and Chicago Medical Societies, 31 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois.

and will use mobject of which at a standard ready in the fie not practicing module legislation was tate and not for practice. It is supervision over examination be now recognized their names sor	e standard for ay influence to is to permit a for medical education. I should under the prediction. I should under the interest shall vote to reall candidate for all alike schools of me "Path", "Come be to give a for all medical der the present statement of the control of the	all practition of defeat any any cult to proceed that it all time interest of the of any special etain, in Illinotes for practive whether they edicine or "Ism". To help ame the State Bolicenses issue ant law the State Bolicenses issue and law the State Bolicens	ers of medicine legislation the actice medicine than those also followers are support medicine people of the cult or school ois, a one board tice. That the belong to the ve tacked onto the medical bard of Health d by the State Board of
Candidate from	the	and	District

A typical public reaction to such un-American tactics is excellently stated in an editorial published March 20, 1916, in the **Pharos Reporter**, of Logansport, Indiana, which concluded:

It doesn't take a great deal of perspicuity to see the threat involved and, according to our view of American philosophy of government is a dangerous attack upon the freedom which our representatives are presumed to have.

The American Medical Association is unparalleled for the adroitness and persistence of its efforts to secure legislation for the benefit of the medical profession, and the doctor "in politics" has become so common that it is in some localities, at least, difficult to find a doctor who is not "in politics." The time has come when this association may as well know that it cannot continue to repress the scientific advance of the world and that there are developments in the thought of men which transcend the narrow limits of any school or association.

We can recall vividly the day when all the venom of hate was directed toward those who suggested "Homeopathy"; a time when these latter advocates were the butt of allopathic ridicule, and that continued until the narrowness of the view of the "regulars" disgusted the public and then attacks ceased.

The letter above quoted has for its object an attack upon all drugless healing, including Christian Science, Osteopathy and the profession of the Chiropractor. The people do not need a guardian to instruct them how to think on these things and if they do, they will undoubtedly assume the selection of their own monitors. The writer of this article is not a Christian Scientist, but he has had long enough experience to come to the safe conclusion that the world has not reached its maximum of healing knowledge in the books of the medical doctors. "..."

It is no part of the purpose of The Dispatch to offend the individual members of the medical profession, and we speak thus plainly because we feel that the average physician has little to do with the political activities of the American Medical Association. "..."

Hence we think that the activity of the American Medical Association is undemocratic and dangerous to the highest interests of the people of this Republic, and the sooner we confine their energies to the promotion of their own cause and deny them the right to dictate to the rest of us as to whom we shall employ when we are ailing, and as to what limitations we shall make on the right of people to choose in the methods of healing, the sooner we shall rid ourselves of a burden which is just now getting to be intolerable.

Norman Baker has even seen the group directly at work in their lobbying. In 1930, he attended the legislative session of two houses in the State Capitol at Des Moines, and saw the doctors at their nefarious lobbying with his own eyes. They went further. There was an "investigator" for the State Medical Board, named Carlson; hired by the State Medical

Board, and every member of the board is a member of the Iowa State Medical Society. This investigator was paid by the taxpayers of the State, and is not an employee of any national, state, or county medical association, as far as the records run. He spent his time in the State Capitol lobbying for certain medical bills sponsored by the Iowa State Medical Society.

The American Medical Association and its affiliated medical societies consist solely of allopathic doctors, as already described: the administrants of drugs, serums, and vaccines designed to set up, in the body, a condition incompatible with the disease. The word comes from two Greek words meaning "other disease." or "other suffering": that is, their effort is to neglect the disease already in the patient, and to cause in him another disease or suffering of a diametrically opposing nature, and thus supposedly As if, when a man's leg is cut off, they benefit him. should cut off his ear or give him malaria, in some warped notion that this aids the cure of the amputated leg. They emerge from medical college unable to administer or even name one drug out of all the world's compounded drugs, which is a cure or specific for any known human disease. port cures; but these cures have been made by nature. while the allopathic doctors delayed the recovery of the patient by injecting or administering other diseases or sufferings to him, while all the time guessing at the diagnosis of the ailment from which the patient was actually suffering. That the diagnosis are no better than guesswork may be established by Dr. Richard C. Cabot of the Harvard Medical School. head also of the Massachusetts General Hospital, when he says:

Over fifty per cent of the diagnoses by the allopathic physicians are wrong.

Regarding their brother surgeons, the well known Dr. William J. Mayo has said:

There are fifty thousand surgeons operating in the United States, and only ten thousand of them are qualified to operate.

Four out of every five surgeons, in other words, should at once be put out of business. The entire ignorance of the allopathic medical profession is clearly demonstrated in a book entitled A Layman's Handbook of Medicine, by Dr. Richard C. Cabot, whose distinguished affiliations are listed above. We quote from him page by page. Page 150,

They do not know what appendicitis is, or how to prevent it.

There is no cure for asthma, but it may get well itself. Page 165, of Bright's disease.

No medicine helps the kidneys to get rid of this inflamma-

Page 135, on constipation,

A person who uses laxatives never gets rid of constipation. Page 137, regarding the liver,

One is apt to be told, "This drug works well on the liver." But there are no such drugs.

Page 303, discussing spotted fever.

It sometimes occurs as a result of drugs.

Page 359, on whooping cough,

Some day we may have a cure; but so far we have not any. Page 353, on scarlet fever, measles and chicken pox.

We do not know much about the exanthemata (or, eruptive diseases, or rashes); we have been searching for many years for these germs, but we know very little about them. This ignorance makes the diagnosis still wholly unsatisfactory. Page 501,

Drugs are seldom of much value.

Page 502,

The honest doctor must often confess that he doesn't know what "general" trouble is present, nor what the matter is.

Luckily, in most cases the trouble passes off without the luxury of a diagnosis, or the bother of treatment.

Page 514, of grippe or influenza, popularly called the flu, At present we know no effective treatment for it, and can combat it only by "giving up to it."

The general ignorance of the whole allopathic medical profession was never put more authoritatively and sweepingly, than in this utterance of one of the titled bigwigs of the group itself. On page 515, he says:

Disease usually gets well of itself, if given half a chance. Many a victory over germs is so easily won by the body's healing power, that we never experience any illness at all. We try to aid nature! We clear the way for Nature's Army of Restoration. In the two hundred and seventy odd diseases, as listed in textbooks of medicine, Nature, with some help from hygiene, can usually do the work.

An endless flood of such proofs could be furnished, all from nationally and internationally known physicians. And since thus the allopathic doctors can not cure one disease with drugs, their organization, the American Medical Association, with its State and county subsidiaries, becomes a vast network of societies that foster quackery by charging for services and drugs, which they know do not cure, and which they pretend do cure.

Before we depart entirely from the universal political activities of the organized allopaths, let us return to Norman Baker's own State, Iowa, where it is openly charged that the embattled allopaths control ninety-nine per cent of the politicians, and hold them in a state of constant trembling awe. The Iowa State Medical Society sent out a letter on November 1, 1916, attacking the proposal of different and easier examinations for Chiropractors, and ending, "It is needless to say that it will be best to work quietly among your friends."

Baker found out how this control operated in the State, in January, 1931. He called on Governor

Turner, after the medical forces had prosecuted and persecuted Baker for a year, and told his story. The governor said to him, "Mr. Baker, my hands are tied. But I have a good friend on the Health Committee of the Legislature, and I believe I can arrange for you to give a talk before that committee." Nevertheless. When Baker applied at the door of he did nothing. the Health Committee room, it was locked, and the secretary of the committee, in the outer room, refused Baker admission or any consideration whatso-Thus a branch of the Iowa State Legislature. an open committee, was barred to a taxpayer of Iowa. The governor was even afraid or unwilling to approach the legislature and ask them to appoint a legislative committee to investigate the cancer treatments given in the Baker Hospital, even after the cures at the hospital had been established in the district court at Muscatine, in September 1930.

As if the national and state organizations were not enough, the grasping allopaths organized in every county of every state a County Medical Society. a county was too small, they combined several of them together for further efficiency. This brings the organization of the allopaths down to every man's front door. The function of the county societies is to influence county and city and township and ward politicians, as the State society controls the State politicians, and the national association the national politicians. Any physician in the county who refuses to join the medical society is termed an outlaw or a rebel; and in subtle ways the member physicians humiliate, ridicule and scoff when his name is men-If he is sued for malpractice, or improper or illegal treatment, which is the constant fear of

many physicians, he finds it hard to secure any of the doctors to testify in his behalf as a medical expert or otherwise. Needless to say, this fear of having his business ruined and being unable to secure protection is a powerful club influencing every practicing doctor to join the county society.

Inspired newspaper articles began to appear, advocating the things that the embryonic monopoly desired. Somehow the offices of city and county health physicians were created, which furnished a position of authority from which the selfish allopaths could utter their dogmatic desires.

Up to this point, the organization had not secured direct contact with the children: and the children are the most fertile mental ground in which to plant the seeds of any propaganda. Slowly city and county school doctors, dentists, city, county and rural school nurses; and finally, to pacify the parents, the Parent-Teachers Associations, featuring talks by doctors, doctor's wives, or nurses.

The majority of the members are unaware still of the real organizers of the groups, or of the selfish motive behind the organization. Nor are the organization harmless to the children. Many parents today can see crooked teeth in the mouths of their children, because the busy-body school nurse noticed a loose tooth, and had it pulled by the dentist prematurely, before nature was ready for it to come out; and the new tooth came in crooked after many weeks, deflected by the movement of the teeth to the two sides, which had begun to trespass upon the The same is true of hundreds of children forced to go through life without tonsils, the throat's natural guard against infections. Late in life the time may come when this guard becomes so saturated with poisons, that it can no longer eliminate them. but spreads them: and not before then is there any reason for tonsilectomy. But the premature elimination of tonsils permits poisons to enter the unguarded stomach, just as the withdrawal of guards from a bank vault would permit robbers to enter. Baker has told the parents of America sternly to qualify and learn how to handle the bodies of their own children, instead of leaving this to the ignorance and selfishness of unequipped adolescent school nurses and greedy allopathic practitioners. Such married couples as can not learn and qualify in this regard. he says, would confer an inestimable boon upon posterity by fondling and tending nothing larger than poodles.

This attack is nationwide; never think for a moment that Norman Baker is the only man who sees and says the facts. The **Pathfinder**, of Washington, D. C., which would not run Baker's honest cancer treatment advertisement—we do not have to guess too much to see the long tenacles of the A. M. A. beneath this refusal—published in their May, 1931 issue:

Medical service in this country has become an acute question, and the medical profession is under fire as never before. Writers, lecturers, publicists, politicians, and patients have joined in the attack; many physicians themselves have admitted the rottenness in Denmark. and it is now quite apparent that a revolution is in progress: that the near future will see a more

practical and more equitable system in effect between doctors and those requiring the doctor's care.

The revolution is growing.

Still the greedy activities of the A. M. A. went on. The object was to secure for themselves all lucrative practice, missing none. The organized decreed that they must also control all medical treatment of the sufferers among the poor cared for by During the national convention of the American Medical Association, held in Detroit a few years ago, a new enterprise, the County Health Unit, was proposed. Here is how it was carried out, in Muscatine County, Iowa, Baker's home county. years the position of county physician of this county had been held by Dr. Norton, an independent doctor with a nice practice, who did not belong to the county medical society; and with the \$1500 or \$1800 from the county in addition to his other income. years ago, Dr. Beveridge, of the Muscatine County Medical Society, was instrumental in presenting to the County Board of Supervisors a contract which replaced the county physician with a County Health Unit, consisting of all the doctors of the county who were members of the Muscatine County Society, for a yearly remuneration of over twice the amount, or between \$3600 and \$4000, plus extras for hospital medication, bandages and the like. years the county has done this. In two years the organized allopathic doctors have collected between \$3600 and \$4000 from the taxpayers, above what the satisfactory medical service previously cost them.

Iowa has ninety-nine counties; the same process repeated throughout the State would mean a yearly gouge of \$198,000 from the taxpayers to the allopathic organization. There are forty-eight States; forty-eight times this amount is \$9,600,000, all to pour into the pockets of the members of the American Medical Association. Their stake is worth doing a lot for, openly and furtively: and they do a lot to achieve it. Inactive county supervisors, a throttled public opinion, a servile press, an apathetic populace, and the gouge will become a reality, worth approximately ten million dollars a year to the medical octopus.

There is no cure for such a condition, but an aroused public opinion. This book will go far towards rousing it: all the readers of this book should automatically become boosters for it, and voluntary propagandists against the heartless callous efforts of the medical autocracy to milch the public in this fashion. taxpayer's league in every county, that would demand and effectuate the repeal of the County Health Unit plan: this could do a lot. It would in addition make it possible for the drugless healing profession to strengthen their opposition to the entrenched allopathic octopus. No longer, then, would the helpless sufferers in the county poorhouses be forced to submit to operations, radium and X-ray treatments, and drugs usually useless: no longer would they be the prey of doctors who dally with their symptoms alone, instead of removing the cause of the disease-the same as placing a pail to catch water leaking from a leaky bathtub, instead of plugging up the leak.

There are other activities of the County Medical Society. Their warfare on the independent doctor never ceases. They can threaten or actually bring him into court on a charge of unprofessional conduct or some similar charge, even though the independent doctors have a larger practice, a greater income, a finer reputation than they. They can report such doctors to the State Medical Society, which controls the State Health Board and the State Medical Examination Board, or the Board of Medical Censure. In their hands the State has placed the entire control, to decide what doctors can and what doctors cannot practice medicine in the State. Even in States which favor drugless healing, the organized allopaths seek to pass laws requiring a medical examination of all drugless healers, before a license is given them; although such examination has nothing to do with the methods of the drugless healer, since he does not use drugs, but body manipulations, with roots and herbs as medicines. By instinct the sick animal seeks and finds the roots and herbs which will afford relief and aid nature's cure; only has man been so blinded by his own precocious and empty learning, that he has sought to flee from nature's real healing and rely on the sorry crutch of his brain's intricate and superstition-derived medicaments, whose total value is perilously close to zero.

Not that their efforts always succeed. The Illinois Supreme Court, in 1921, declared unconstitutional the Illinois Medical Practice Act of 1917, because it discriminated against drugless healers. Yet such upflares of intelligence in the direction of medical freedom are all too rare; and the never-ending insidious efforts of the American Medical Association and its allied groups slowly root out the independent judges who uttered them. And so the prediction of Dr. Benjamin Rush, that great advocate of medical freedom during the fight over the Declaration of Independence, becomes a reality:

Our best efforts to establish a government of freemen shall prove abortive, and the American people will forever live in bondage.

Nor had Norman Baker yet found out all the ramifications of the power of the American Medical Association.

Des Moines, Iowa. May 24, 1934

Dear Doctor:

We feel that for the best interests of our profession every member should be fully informed as to the record of former Governor Dan W. Turner who is a candidate for nomination in the coming June Primary

From our personal knowledge and from the records before us, we know that as governor, Mr. Turner was constructive and right in his attitude and actions on all matters affecting the health and medical interests of our citizens

Remember that Mr Turner and his friends were made to bear the political brunt of the anti-medical fight waged by Norman T Baker and the anti-medical opponents of cattle testing for T B Mr Turner's friends were our friends in the fight to secure fairer treatment under the Workmen's Compensation law

In each of the many appointments pertaining to health and welfars, Governor Turner made choices based upon a sound health and medical program.

For these reasons, everything which you can properly do to promote his candidacy will be a direct contribution to the cause to which our prefession is dedicated

Fraternally yours,

Waterloo Iowa

Shenandoah Iowa

Washington Jowa

Primghar Iowa

M. Grery MN

The above is an actual reproduction of a letter sent out by Iowa organized doctors, in their effort to control the state election. The fact that they say "our profession"—"every member" lays suspicion at the door of the Iowa State Medical Society, an arm of the A.M.A. They seek medical domination for selfish gain. Voters should always vote against an organized doctor.

CHAPTER XII

HOW THE MEDICAL OCTOPUS FUNCTIONS

When a group of men, whose consciences are calloused and blunted by the teachings of their profession, and their slavery to their livelihoods, come into possession of power, it is only humanly natural that they should seek to broaden and increase this power, no matter how much the public may suffer from their successes. The dictators of the American Medical Association, acting through the servile membership, has divided its activities into departments. called Councils. Thus we have—

The Council of State Boards

The Council of Infant Hygiene

The Council of Education and Schools

The Council of Sanitation

The Council of Pure Food

The Council of Registration of Physicians and Surgeons

The Council of Registration of Institutions, of Public and Private Relief, Correction, Detention and Residence

The Council of Organic Diseases

The Council of Quarantine

The Council of Health Information

The Council of Immigration

The Council of Labor Conditions

The Council of Research

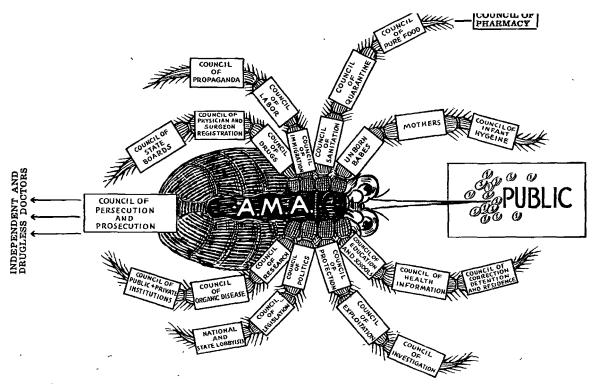
The Council of Drugs

The Council of Politics
The Council of Propaganda
The Council of Investigation

The Council of Protection

The Council of Exploitation

The Council of State Boards supplies information to the State and county doctors as to how to pass medical laws in favor of the pocketbooks of the organized allopaths, whether these are against public



The A. M. A. spider affects every citizen—none escape its bite. It crawls into every government department, hatches selfish medical laws, traps the mother before childbirth, seizes the newborn child, poisons its pure bloodstream with its serum sting, sucks the pocketbook empty and buries its mistakes without objections.

interest or not; and how to aid in killing off the drugless healers.

The Council of Infant Hygiene instructs the doctor as how to prey upon the susceptibility of mother love, to extract money from her and her husband. Not that this is the admitted purpose: this is what their activities may be generalized into, and is a fair statement of their actual achievements.

The Council of Education and Schools instructs the doctors how to mold the education of the school children, until they look upon every orthodox doctor as a god; and how to place the suave medical propaganda in the school textbooks.

The Council of Sanitation deals with methods of allopathic doctors in their relationship to the treasuries of city, county, state and national government, and is especially concerned with extracting millions of dollars from these treasuries, under the guise of sanitation.

The Council of Pure Food leaps out on the manufacturers of all food products, and in a direct or indirect manner throws the fear of God into them, until they have taught the manufacturers their valuable lesson, that every food product must bear the label or O. K. of the A. M. A., which reads—ACCEPTED, AMERICAN MEDICAL ASS'N, COMMITTEE ON FOODS. Naturally, a charge is made for this service. The financial possibilities in this are quite large.

The Council of Registration of Physicians and Surgeons deals with the A. M. A.'s own, and keeps a close scrutiny on rebels, outlaws, or independent doctors. In practice, it is not unfair to say that their effort apparently is to ruin such medical heretics, by bringing all kinds of petty charges against them, and where that fails, by bringing charges concerning their domestic affairs: and, if the independents are to be believed, the truth, or falsity of these charges is immaterial to the Council.

The Council of Institutions of Public and Private Relief, Correction, Detention and Residence has to do with the controlling of all such State, city or county institutions of this class which can be saddled with an allopathic doctor at the taxpayers' expense; thus the taxpayers are forced to pay additional and involuntary charity to the A. M. A. group.

The Council of Organic Diseases has, as one of its apparent functions, to spread a smoke screen of propaganda over the abysmal ignorance of the doctors; they instruct the doctors how to secure adequate payment for their useless or largely useless drugs, and spread the reports of epidemics, well based or otherwise.

The Council of Quarantine, if charges against it are to be believed, is called upon to call a case of chicken-pox smallpox, and then to have the county or city health physician, or the State Medical Board, declare a quarantine, causing the sale of million of dollars worth of service, poisonous syrups, and vaccines, with the allopathic doctors heralded in the papers as the Balto's of the human world.

The Council of Health Information advises the health commissioners or the State Board what to do and how to handle propaganda throughout the state, to extract dollars from the State treasury, and to spread false health information and thereby strike fear and dread into the hearts of the public; to spread

stories advocating their useless treatments and drugs: and intentionally to avoid any publicity about their An instance of this may be shown in the person of Dr. Steelsmith, formerly Health Commissioner of the Iowa State Board of Health. In September, 1932, he issued a statement to the Iowa press that cancer was on the decrease in Iowa. He said. "For several years, in Iowa, there was a steady decrease in the number of deaths from cancer; but in 1931 there was a marked decrease. It is hoped that this decrease is a result of the information issued by health authorities, and that the decrease will continue in Not since 1927 has the cancer death rate been as low as in 1931. In 1927, it was 110.9 per 100,000; in 1930, 117.0; yet in 1931 it dropped to 112.3." Dr. Steelsmith omitted the one vital health fact which would have explained the decrease. although he knew it as well as any man in the State. He and every doctor knows that cancer has risen, in the past few years, from the twentieth disease from the top, to the second from the top—heart disease being first. He knew that the decrease in the 1931 cancer death rate was due to the fact that the Baker Cancer Hospital at Muscatine had opened in December, 1929, and had made numerous cures of cancer, which naturally decreased the death rate. Baker Cancer Hospital should have gone this credit; Iowa was the only State in the union of which the decrease was true.

The Council of Immigration is obviously to keep fat positions for A. M. A. members, and keep out independents as much as possible; to regulate everything relating to immigrants that might conceivably place a dollar in the pockets of the doctor members, such as vaccination.

The Council of Labor Conditions prevs upon labor, as the over-inquisitive school nurses prey upon the The employers must be frightened school children. into demanding vaccination of all their employees; to achieve this, epidemics must be announced, no matter how slim the evidence on which the announcement is based. Moreover, they distribute literature and "information" to labor, in the attempt to educate the workers as to the faults in their health methods. so that the doctors can fatten on the scant wages of labor too: just as their Cancer Week propaganda and their Daily Health Newspaper propaganda enable them to earn a reported \$82,000,000 yearly from poor cancer sufferers, for the quack treatments by operation, radium and X-ray.

The Council of Research is in part to educate the public in the merits of the medical profession as servants of disinterested scientific research, to protect human health, happiness, and life; and, as a concomitant of this, they have urged the government to appropriate millions of dollars to finance this priceless "research." In spite of all this expenditure, they have never given to the world one single medical discovery of value.

The Council of Drugs is to educate the doctors how to foist worthless drugs upon the public; to enable them to extract millions of dollars from drug manufacturers, whom they have scared into the belief that unless their drugs or compounds are endorsed by the A. M. A., no doctor will use them. The combined efforts of this Council of Drugs, the Council of Health Information, and all the other Councils, have

not been able, to this date, to offer to the public a cure for an ordinary cold. A Baltimore capitalist, some years ago, announced by press dispatch that he stood ready to pay \$100,000 to anyone who found a cure for a common cold. He still has his \$100,000.

The Council of Politics is to frighten the more timid politicians, as well as some of the more courageous ones, to jump at the crack of its whip; to become obedient to their mandate.

The Council of Legislation is to make laws favorable to the allopathic attitude and practice, against the public, against drugless healers, against laymen interested in healing their fellowmen, against all organizations who seek to take a dollar away from their prospective patients, in any connection in which health is involved, even indirectly. To show how extravagantly far they will attempt to go, in Iowa, during the past two years, they have attempted to pass a law on suggestive therapeutics, or healing by mental suggestion. So embracing were the terms of this proposed bill, that, if passed, it would have made it illegal for a child's mother to give it suggestions concerning its health, or in any way use the power of suggestion in the creation of a mental condition. It would have made illegal the act of a mother, who rubbed a little camphor or some home preparation upon a tiny bruised place, and said, to her own child, "Now, now, don't cry, it's feeling fine now, you go right on to sleep." By the proposed law, that mother would have been thereby a lawbreaker: guilty of using the power of suggestion upon her child.

The Council of Propaganda—we are paraphrasing one of Norman Baker's forthright indictments of the society's subsidiary organs in this whole sectionis to educate the public that black is white. your child has smallpox, when it is really chickenpox; that every child should have his tonsils removed, to improve his health (why not cut his head off at birth, and be done with it, you faking gouging medical ignoramus?): that the teeth should be extracted. to stop slow poisoning of the system; that the appendix serves no useful function, of no value to the human body, and should come out . . . Take a long breath, and proceed: That the gallbladder is nothing but a trouble-maker, and should be ripped out. -That the adenoids have no valuable function at all, and should be carved out. -That the kidney is always too large, and that a piece should be sliced off from it. -That the stomach needs an exploratory operation, to see if there is an ulcer or a pimple on the stomach wall. —That the heart and lungs cannot be removed, or instant death would result, so that these two organs at least can be left undisturbed. —That such-and-such a drug, discovered by their research department, is good for so-and-so. —That every doctor should be smart enough to insinuate that he can make a cure, but that he should stop short of guaranteeing a cure. That their own figures lie, when they establish that fifty-three per cent of their diagnoses are incorrect.

All of these, and more, have been put out by the Council of Propaganda. It has important methods:

The Journal of the American Medical Association, a periodical sent to the doctor members to keep the wool pulled firmly over their own eyes. Hygeia, a monthly publication distributed free to many who are not foolish enough to pay the subscription price; and especially to school teachers, and libraries: for this is a doctors' magazine for the laymen. Its major function is to influence the public in favor of the allopaths and their drugs.

A daily or weekly newspaper published by the American Medical Association, containing all kinds of articles, propaganda and fake stories on health, all set up complete, ready to be copied and included in any newspaper, without requiring the local editors to rewrite. This is sent free of charge to the newspapers of the United States, with instructions that any articles appearing therein may be used by any publisher free of charge.

Through their political influence, and direct and indirect threats upon officials, they have succeeded in influencing the Federal Radio Commission of the United States against any station that will dare permit a doctor to give a health talk over the air, unless it has been censored and approved by the local County Medical Society, in advance.

There are countless cases to prove this last point. Dr. Clark, of Chicago, was excluded from the Chicago stations, because he gave health talks on how to get well and keep well by following nature; that is, by eating, drinking, and breathing properly. A doctor in Toledo, another in New York City, another in Detroit, hundreds of others, have been refused permission to talk over the air, when they refused to stoop to the censorship of the A. M. A. Further on the same matter, there is not a radio station in America that will dare accept a paid talk, even if only one minute long, advertising a book on cancer, even though the book were the most sensible one ever written. Baker tested this himself. He wrote to

the radio stations of Texas and Iowa, and to the leading ones throughout the United States, asking them to give a few minute announcements, to listeners interested in cancer, that a free forty-eight page two-colored booklet would be sent, on request of those who wrote in. Money was sent in advance with the ad. Money and advertisement were both returned, in every case. Not a radio station in the United States dared accept the paid announcement.

If you have a cure for cancer, you are not permitted even to pay for notifying the people of America, in press or over the air, that you have it. The American Medical Association has so decreed. It enforces its decree. If there is a hell, may they burn in it forever, for selling out mankind for the \$82,000,000 a year that useless and harmful cancer treatments bring them. Judas sold out his master for thirty pieces of silver; no such tiny price for the modern organized Judases. Judas went out and hanged himself. Norman Baker is willing to start a fund to provide rope for all the modern Judases.

The Council of Investigation is now in charge of Dr. Arthur J. Cramp, M. D. Thousands have read between the lines of his writings malice, jealousy; and ignorance of the things he writes about. One of his latest efforts is getting out a pamphlet entitled Cancer Cures and Treatments. The pamphlet ridicules and condemns the doctors who are actually curing cancer, in view of the fact that the A. M. A. has never been able to publish the facts and the proof, with names and addresses, of a single case of cancer ever cured by their methods, operations, X-ray treatments, and radium treatments. Dr. Cramp naturally does not publish the blistering facts concerning the

A. M. A. doctors and the result of their expensive, harmful, and sometimes fatal "treatments". If he did, out of the thousand calls for a doctor, nine hundred and ninety-nine would be for drugless healers, to one for his kind.

The Council of Investigation sees to it that the proper persons are placed in hospitals and other medical places operated by independent doctors, or where owned by laymen, not subservient to the A. M. A.; and the duties of these persons are to furnish a case, real or manufactured, by which such doctors and laymen are haled into court, either to be destroyed by court action or to be drained financially repeatedly, to their financial destruction. They boast of their power over the courts, and of their political power, rather incautiously.

Their work includes also investigating and bringing selfish charges against drugless healers and medicine manufacturers who either refuse to submit their work or products to the A. M. A., or who have not paid for its endorsement. A masterpiece of silliness as yet unwritten is a full list of the products they endorsed, with notes on the worth or lack of worth of these. Baker has a report concerning a medicine made of street dust and house dust; the report expressing a doubt as to whether the manufacturer could stabilize the medicine, because the dust of one home would differ from the dust of another home in a different locality, and that the same was true of street dust. Lest you think this is exaggerated, here is their own report of the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, taken from the Journal of the American Medical Association for November 7. 1925:

HORSE DUNG ALLERGEN-SQUIBB, HOUSE DUST ALLERGEN-SQUIBB, LE PAGE'S GLUE ALLER-GEN-SQUIBB AND STREET DUST ALLER-GEN-SQUIBB NOT ACCEPTABLE FOR N. N. R.

Report of the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry
The Council has authorized publication of the

following report. W. A. Puckner, Secretary....

As the composition of horse dung; house dust, glue and street dust is indefinite, it is irrational to test the hypersensitivity of a patient by means of a stock preparation; instead, an extract should be prepared from material which is likely to correspond with that to which the patient is sensitive.

In consideration of their indefinite composition, the Council finds Horse Dung Allergen-Squibb, House Dust Allergen-Squibb, Le Page's Glue Allergen-Squibb and Street Dust Allergen-Squibb unacceptable for New and Nonofficial Remedies.

Three hundred years ago, pigeon's dung and grass-hopper spit were solemnly used as medicines. The A. M. A. seems aimed for the good old days of such filthy medicaments.

Of course, Baker sides with the farmer; and he would not mind if the farmer could sell his horse dung (included in the Allergen-Squibb remedy) at their price, which would come to approximately a quarter of a million dollars for a load of horse dung, without side boards. The press accepted the ad of this priceless product without demur; they rejected Baker's free offer (which he wanted to pay for inserting), for a copy of a 48-page pamphlet on the

cure of cancer, to be sent to cancer sufferers: Baker's pamphlet was "unethical", but horse dung is a part of the ethics of press and organized doctordom. In fact, I think that their ethics and practice could well be summed up in this two word phrase.

The Council of Protection aids in controlling the insurance companies, and is in charge of forming their own insurance companies, so that they can sell insurance to their doctor members against that form of social crime known as medical malpractice. gunman or murderer can not get acceptable insurance against killing his victims, permitting him to go scotfree if his operation is successful; but a doctor, protected by this insurance, can kill a patient in the operating room, and never be brought to financial justice for it. Some of these malpractice policies cost as much as \$34.75 a year; the Chicago rate is \$13 a year, and this figure controls many localities. Thus a patient was treated in a Muscatine Clinic by a Dr. Howe, associated with Dr. Beveridge and other local doctors in the clinic: the ailment was a small one on the back, and X-rays were used. Dr. Howe burned the patient so badly that he suffered for years. and may carry the results of the malpractice to his The patient won his suit for damages in the lower court and in the appellate court as well: the judgment was for twenty thousand dollars, or some such sum. Dr. Howe was protected by malpractice insurance, and the large verdict and court costs came from the insurance company's coffers. The clinic was forced to dissolve; but there are other clinics spreading similar healing still in existence. The Council of Protection also will defend doctor members tried for abortion and other criminal acts.

such as selling narcotics to drug addicts, selling whiskey illegally, and the like. The idea may spread to the other criminal classes; they could use it.

The Council of Exploitation can be used to foster anything upon the public that will help extract the reluctant Almighty dollar from the public's pockets, and help deposit it in medical jeans. At times the organized doctordom sells such products directly to the public; at times it merely endorses, recommends, advocates, and sells the idea to the public, through medical journals and newspaper publicity stunts.

Let us take chlorine, as an example. To put it over, propaganda about impure drinking water was started. University Research Departments, State Medical Boards, were called on to issue public death reports chirping on the matter. The public became alarmed. The doctors planted the idea that no drinking water should be used, even if from the best wells, without purification.

Well, chlorine gas was used to kill the soldiers in the world war; why shouldn't the same slow insidious poison be injected into our drinking water, if this meant money to its manufacturers, buttressed by an endorsement from the A. M. A.? Would it not mean more millions for the doctors by causing more sickness? Naturally the kept press will not accept contributions calling attention to the harm from chlorinated water.

The Council of Exploitation plays the fiddle for chemical manufacturers, to make the farmer dance to their tune. A few years ago, the discovery was reported of a worm called the "corn borer" which was supposed to be doing much harm in the State of Pictures were published in the Ohio papers. showing vast corn fields absolutely stripped, without a leaf remaining on the stalks, and the stalks all bent down and broken, four to five feet high as they were. The corn borer had done it, said the Ohio papers. Baker met two farmers with proofs of what had happened: the farmer whose fields had been stripped and laid low had said accurately, "Corn borers, hell! The hail did that. We're not bothered with corn borers." But the government appropriated ten million dollars to eradicate the "corn borers" from Ohio, with government roadside guards and pickets to enforce their quarantine. Thus does the medical racket function.

Within the last two years the Department of Agriculture at Ames, Iowa, has emitted propaganda about grasshoppers jumping over the Nebraska line into western Iowa, and devouring the products of the fields. Private investigators reported no more grasshoppers in the fields in question than are usual; but the Department of Agriculture spent fifty thousand dollars of the taxpayers' money for a carload or more of chemicals to be blown about the farmers' fields. And these are two cases out of hundreds or thousands that have happened and are happening and will happen, until an aroused public opinion stops such nefarious operations entirely.

And we are not yet through with organized doctordom.

CHAPTER XIII

NORMAN BAKER ON TRIAL

Baker was engaged in investigating the international ramifications of organized doctordom, when finally the octopus got him cornered in court for the first time. He had discovered the Canadian Medical Association, the Mexican Medical Association. the British Medical Association, and similar groups in almost all civilized countries, affiliated with the A. M. A., and at times organized by them. But no one had gone as far as the local product in wholesale conquest of the field. Most of all the more independent-minded Mexican doctors kick against the pricks of the slavish subserviency to organized allopathy. In Canada, the servility is more complete, and embraces, as it did and does in America, the radio field as well. No Canadian station dare broadcast a talk on health, without previous censorship of the talk by the Canadian Board of Health. Let the people die, rather than shake the financial throttle-hold of organized allopathic doctordom! We have a state medicine, which is as silly as if we had a state religion, and as if no talk could be given on a religious subject without the O. K. of a Catholic priest, or a Jewish rabbi, or a Methodist minister, or a Haitian voodoo papaloi.

Dr. Simmon's successor as editor of the official Journal of the association is one Dr. Morris Fishbein. Little need be said about him. His activities have been indicated sufficiently to show how unbeneficial he is to the people as a whole.

We have travelled a long way from Muscatine, and the moment when shots were fired blindly into the darkness from Baker's office at the three men sent there to kill him, and the bombing the same night of his radio station K-TNT, followed by the next day's headlines, "Gun Fight Climaxes Fight with Dr. Fishbein." and "Try to Stoot Up K-TNT; Attack by Dr. Morris Fishbein." The press had somehow leaked the fact to Baker that he was down on the blacklist of the organized medics; he was on his guard, from that moment on.

A reporter from the Des Moines Register and Leader arrived at the Baker Hospital one morning, and asked to see the superintendent, Mr. Bellews. It was generally known that the paper was owned by Gardner Cowles, one of the leading dominating Republicans in the State, a man later nominated by President Hoover as a director of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation; it had not been friendly to the Baker interests, in the past. At the moment the superintendent was engaged, and the reporter waited for some time in the reception room. He even copied the inscription the Hospital had painted over the reception room door:

A quack is one who thinks and does things others can't do.

Ultimately he was given an interview by the superintendent. The reporter said that his mother had cancer, and that he wanted treatment for her; that she had cancer, and was unable to come to the hospital. He was told that if the patient was too weak to come to the hospital, possibly he could be given some medicine that would give her enough strength to make the trip later. The hospital had found that weak patients could sometimes be strengthened enough to make the trip. And so he, asked if the hospital could guarantee a cure.

Bellows was on the alert at once, as he had been instructed to be. He said at once that the hospital never guaranteed a cure in any case. No one but a fool, he pointed out, would ever guarantee a cure of anything, even of a corn on a man's big toe: on the way home from treatment, the patient might contract pneumonia and die, and the relatives of the patient would then no doubt sue the guaranteeing doctor or hospital, saving that the treatment had killed the patient. The Baker Hospital did make one sort of guarantee: and this was that, if it once pronounced a patient cured, any recurrence of the disease at the same point on the patient's body would be treated free of charge. This was contrary to the iniquitous code of ethics of the A. M. A. which is in its favor.

The reporter's mother, it turned out, did not have cancer at all; the whole story was an invention, to make trouble for the hospital if it could be persuaded to guarantee a cure. A nasty story followed in the Des Moines paper. The reporter came back to the hospital, and asked for their side of the story. Baker told him it was a waste of time; that they did not dare publish the facts about his hospital, even if shown them. He showed the reporter many of his proofs of cures; and the man finally said, "Baker, don't blame us; we know you are curing cancer, but you know the boss: it's what he thinks, not us."

At this time, the summer of 1930, Baker was being subjected to a raking fire of undesirable and untrue publicity; nothing was too petty or contemptible to

be said about Baker and his activities. And yet, this was the summer when the most astonishing cures were taking place. The cancer treatments and cures of the hospital were attracting attention throughout the world; the very fight against Baker had focussed public attention upon him. And now occurred the most remarkable demonstration of his method that had ever taken place. This concerned the case of Mandus Johnson.

The facts were so remarkable and unprecedented, that Baker knew that, if he had them done in the treating rooms of the Baker Hospital ordinarily used for such treatments, the American Medical Association would deny or ridicule them. And so Baker decided that the public should be the audience. He announced over K-TNT that, on Monday evening. May 12, 1930, doctors were invited to attend a public demonstration that cancer was being cured by the Baker treatments at the Baker Hospital. He announced that, during the demonstration, the top of a man's skull would be removed—a skull affected with cancer; and that this would be accomplished without the use of anesthetics, without the loss of a drop of blood, and without pain.

Thirty-two thousand people attended—twice as many people as the entire population of Muscatine. They covered the hillside, which was a hundred and sixty five feet high; thousands of cars from places as distant as Kansas City had to be parked in a space surrounding the radio station a mile long, and extending along the side streets in each direction for several blocks. Such a crowd could not possibly all see the demonstration; some of them had to be content with listening to the remarks and explan-

ations broadcast from various points below the hill's summit by loudspeakers. After introductory remarks by Baker, a score of cancer patients from the Baker Institute, representing every stage of the disease, from the most malignant on which treatment had just begun, to definitely cured cases. appeared on the platform. Wherever possible, these exhibited the effects of the treatments, and each made a speech testifying to the remarkable results of the treatment. The Baker treatment was administered to one pa-A cancer was lifted from the face of another patient before the astonished eyes of the vast multi-Patients exhibited the depressions, where cancers had been only a day or two before. tient told her touching story in tones that could be plainly heard, although her voice had been restored from a mere whisper by the treatment only a short The preparation used to kill external, time before. cancers was exhibited, and also another preparation for removing internal cancers; their powerful and remarkable properties were fully discussed. climax, the entire top portion of the skull of a patient almost in the last stages of cancer was removed and held up for inspection by the physician before the gasping throng, exposing the brains of the entire top of the patient's head. It was the most remarkable demonstration of healing ever held in the history of man, in any land in the world.

The stories were amazingly similar. Many of the patients told how they had come to the institute after they had been given up to die by regular physicians and clinics; how they faced death utterly without hope, until they heard of the Baker treatment. They told how they had come to the institute, how the



32,000 visitors assembled at K-TNT in one evening to see the top of a cancer patient's skull removed after only three treatments at the Baker Hospital.



Showing the cancerous head of Mandus Johnson, Galesburg, Illinois, before treatment at the Baker Cancer Hospital. A. M. A. doctors started to treat him when sore was only size of a bean. In six years it rapidly spread to this condition.



Showing top layer skull removed after three treatments. This feat was performed before 32,000 audience at K-TNT. No pain, no blood, no anesthetic or knife used.



Mandus Johnson's head after being cured at Baker Hospital. He bared his head as shown, to the jury in the Federal Court, Davenport, Iowa, case; Baker vs American Medical Association, February, 1932.

treatments had been administered, and of their phenomenal improvement. They spoke of their restored health, and their new bright and hopeful outlook on life. Wherever possible, they exhibited the very scars, to show health where death had been.

Norman Baker stood Miracles were not over. forth, holding a small glass vial containing less than a half teaspoonful of yellow powder. This amount of medicine, he said, was sufficient to cure five hundred cases of external cancer. To prove that, while this powder would kill cancerous tissue, it was harmless to normal tissue, was not poisonous, and did not contain potash, sulphuric acid or other burning preparations, he swallowed some of the powder. He then drew from his pocket a four-ounce bottle of black-colored medicine used at the institute to cure internal cancer, and to prove its harmlessness to the human system he swallowed the entire contents of the bottle.

Needless to say, the vast crowd was convinced. The meeting turned into an ovation to this living human savior, who could heal those that were sick, and restore sight to the blind, and cure the halt and the lame. Intense indignation was expressed at the infamous fight waged by the medical trust against Baker and his institution. Baker had proved his case before the world, if not before the secret conclaves of the greedy grasping allopathic doctors.

Baker, just before the Mandus Johnson demonstration, had invited any doctor in the audience, of the drugging or the drugless school, to come up on the platform, examine the patient's head before the top skull bone was removed, and watch the demonstration throughout. Baker's secret spotters, circulating throughout the crowd, had already reported at least twelve doctors in the audience directly or indirectly connected with the Iowa State Medical College, and dozens of other doctors, local and from other cities. Not one of these came to the platform. One doctor alone came, a drugless healer: and he was convinced. Today, at this writing, three and a half years after the demonstration, Mandus Johnson is still alive and healthy, and working daily. A New Testament could be based upon this one demonstration.

The next day, the medical lies started. Mandus Johnson had been killed during the demonstration: this was one story. Another was that a fake plaster-of-Paris skull had been used. Baker had prepared even for this; he had had Johnson sit on the edge of the platform close to the audience, and had them pass by for inspection of his bowed head. Hundreds did. Many of these fainted. Yet so did the medical lie persist, that Baker felt it necessary to hold another gathering, a few weeks after the first; and at this, he promised, Mandus Johnson would talk to the crowd, and show his head, almost healed completely.

Fifty thousand people came. After all, a human savior is not too common, and the world hungers to learn of and see with its own eyes actual miracles. Fifty thousand people.... The huge site of K-TNT was not large enough to accommodate this crowd. The meeting was held at Weed Park, in Muscatine, and remote control devices were placed to broadcast the program. Governor Hammill, of Iowa, was broadminded enough to attend the meeting, and address the gathered thousands. At once the press started a campaign to defeat Hammill for reelection: their slogan was, "Governor Hammill visits Baker,

the cancer quack ..." The outrageous campaign won; Hammill was defeated, and Turner, another Republican, took his place. In 1932 Baker had the thrill of helping defeat Turner for reelection, when Baker himself ran on the Farmer-Labor ticket in opposition to Turner for Governor.

No one who ever attended that meeting will ever forget a detail of it. The meeting was announced for two-thirty in the afternoon; by ten in the morning, thousands of persons were already gathered in the After the governor's speech, Baker and the physician attending received ovations almost hysteric. Thirty patients who were being cured or had been cured appeared one by one before the crowd. surged closer and closer, became more and more densely packed. Many were overcome, and had to be carried fainting or unnerved from the crowd. The institute physicians had their hands full attending to these. The demonstration was almost a replica of the first, with actual cancers lifted out tweezers, exhibited to the crowd, and the patients finally shown again, to establish that no healthy tissue had been harmed. And then came the speeches of the cured patients; and all testified to no recurrence, although in some cases several years had elapsed since the cure. See the July, 1930, TNT for the names and addresses and case histories of these Last came Mandus Johnson himself. was still alive, though with no full skull to cover his brain: alive and in good health. Since that first demonstration, in which the brain itself had been exposed to the gaze of thirty-two thousand people, remarkable improvement had taken place. cancerous growths had all disappeared, and nature had provided a membrane which covered the brain, and served as a protection to it. The ovation to Baker at the end was tremendous, and is beyond the power of words. Here was a man who was actually saving mankind against this hideous scourge: a living human savior.

There is always a Judas in such a picture. In this picture, there were far more than one.

On May 13, 1930, just one day after Baker's glorious first demonstration, the enemies struck. United against him were the American Medical Association: the Iowa State Medical Society: the Muscatine County Medical Association; Dr. Beveridge and Dr. Howe, the ringleaders in things medical in Muscatine; the Iowa Public Utilities Association: John Fletcher, Attorney General of Iowa: Gerald Blake, Assistant Attorney General; some inappreciative business men of Muscatine; Dr. Morris Fishbein, the Elisha of the A. M. A., who wore the frayed mantle of Dr. George Simmons, the rather spotted Elijah of the allied medical autocracy: the Iowa State Medical Board; Dr. D. S. Steelsmith, State Health Commissioner: Dr. C. T. Lesan, of Mt. Ayr. Iowa: Dr. W. A. Seidler of Jamaison, Iowa: Dr. H. W. Plummer of Lime Springs, Iowa: Dr. J. Lowry of Fort Dodge, Iowa—these five constituting the Iowa Health Board: Governor Dan Turner of Iowa: Clyde Rabadeaux, publisher of the Muscatine Journal: Mr. Adler, of the Lee syndicate of newspapers, from Davenport: the Muscatine Chamber of Commerce. semi-progressive, but now allied against progress: and numerous others. These will be remembered by the future only because they were small and short-sighted enough to fight Norman Baker and his magnificent fight in man's behalf against cancer. Only one thing makes us remember Judas: we do not forget this.

Some among this group, especially the organized doctors, got together, after they had fired their first barrage in the newspapers and the "health" magazines, stating that Baker was a cancer fake and a quack, who should be in jail for misleading cancer patients to a belief that they would be cured, and taking their money for this, when as a matter of fact—so the lies ran—Baker did not cure cancer. This group influenced the State's legal machinery, and on May 13, 1930, just one day after the triumph of the open-air treatment of Mandus Johnson, they brought action before Judge A. P. Barker, in the District Court at Muscatine, asking for a temporary injunction, on the charge that Norman Baker was practicing medicine and surgery without a license.

The charge is insanely absurd, on its face! Here was a layman who had located and perfected a cure for cancer: what in God's name is the fault in that? Here was a layman who owned and operated a hospital, of course using accredited doctors for his medical and surgical work: Bernarr Macfadden, a layman, has his hospital and health sanitarium in Danville. New York: I am informed that Henry Ford owns a hospital in Dearborn, Michigan; a million men wealthy or rich, could own hospitals, properly administered by legally qualified and accredited doctors, without either infringing on the law or doing Yet this was the aught but good to mankind. trumpery trumped-up charge levelled against Baker by the envious opposition.

The first attempt failed. The court refused to grant the temporary injunction. They persisted. They brought a similar action asking for a permanent injunction, stating that Baker practiced medicine and surgery in the State of Iowa without a license. was a shameful and outrageous proceeding. this time. Norman Baker was too well known to have such a silly charge levelled against him. attempt was filed the day after thirty-two thousand people saw the magnificent demonstration healing of cancer: but he had not been the physician or surgeon, he had had licensed physicians surgeons to do this part of the work. He merely owned the hospital, and had perfected the cure. No law could ban either, unless it were an outrageous attack on fairness and decency; and no such law was on the Iowa statute books. In the press, for weeks, they had been vilifying Baker as a quack, as a faker, as a charlatan, as one who could not cure cancer, as one who obtained money under false pretenses. Why did they not charge him outright with any of these things? Because by now they knew that they were all lies, which they could not establish in court. Their secret investigators, the nurses they had bribed to spy for them, had reported too amply to them that Baker was curing cancer. They were desperate to close the hospital, and deflect to their greedy pockets the money it brought in: money paid Baker to cure cancer, money they wanted paid to them to coddle it or increase it and make it worse. They were desperate to furnish their servile press with materials for new headlines, Baker, Cancer Quack, Arrested; or Baker, the Cancer Quack, Enjoined. "Practiced medicine and surgery without a license?"

knew it was a lie out of the whole cloth! They knew, none better, that Baker had never treated a person in his life; that he had never prescribed for a person in his life; that he had never touched a person with a knife in his life.

The battle in court lasted nine days. Judge Ely was the trial judge, in the case asking for the permanent injunction, and, after hearing the evidence on both sides, he gave it as his opinion that Norman Baker was not guilty of practicing medicine and surgery in the State of Iowa without a license. In truth and fairness, he could have done nothing else.

Members of the organized State medicos openly boasted that they would get Baker in the Supreme This implication was an egregious insult to the bench of Iowa, to the Supreme Court and every member of it. That is, it would have been an insult, if it were untrue: if true, it was a scandal. In due time the Supreme Court of Iowa it was true. rendered its decision, reversing the lower court. sum and substance the decision stated that, while it was true that the evidence did not show that Norman Baker had ever treated a patient, or prescribed for him, yet the evidence did show that he owned the hospital and the equipment, knew the ingredients of the medicines used, and employed physicians licensed by Iowa to do the treating; yet, as a layman could not operate a hospital by employing licensed physicians. he was guilty of practicing medicine in the State of Iowa without a license.

Baker suffered enough, during the two hearings. When he had started the Baker Hospital, in December, 1929, he had employed a Dr. Arey of Muscatine. At this time, Baker states, the doctor had only

a small practice; and he eagerly accepted the position as Chief Medical Doctor of the new hospital. There were about twenty nationts: Dr. Arey was the only doctor. He said he was not much interested in a straight salary, but was keenly interested in a sharing proposition: a percentage, or a set price, for Baker reminded him of the enmity he each case. would encounter from the Muscatine County Medical Society doctors: he said that he did not give a damn for them, that he was looking out for himself, and that, if he took the job, he would give Baker the kind of service he desired that was faithful and courageous. The price was agreed upon, something in the neighborhood of fifteen dollars a month for each patient under his care. In a few weeks his salary, from the rapidly growing number of patients, totalled over a thousand dollars.

Baker had had witnesses for all these interviews The doctor had agreed to become with Dr. Arev. Chief Doctor, examining, diagnosing, and treating the patients; and that, in the case of cancer patients. he would prescribe and administer the Baker cancer treatments, and the other Baker treatments that were offered at the hospital. Baker reminded him that these treatments were not recognized by the A. M. A., and that a member of the A. M. A. became inethical if he prescribed unrecognized treatments. The doctor said he would not hesitate to prescribe and administer any treatment, if he was convinced that it would do the patient good. Baker complimented him upon his broadmindedness, and gave him the position. Later the doctor became a member of the County Medical Society, and thus came under the benefits of the County Health Unit plan, already

explained, which gave the doctors of the county some four or five thousand dollars annually for treating patients on the county poor farm.

During the trial of the application for the permanent injunction, Dr Arey took the stand against Baker, at the behest of the American Medical Associa-Baker had one small grim satisfaction: when Dr. Arey would drive to the courthouse to testify. Baker would invariably say, "There goes Doc Arey in the new car I bought for him." Not that Baker had personally made him a gift of it; but the money the doctor had made out of a few weeks at the Baker Hospital had more than paid for it. Dr. Arey, Baker insisted, testified directly contrary to the truth, regarding what his services were at the Baker Hospital. Baker insisted hotly, after the testimony was over, that much of it had been lies; he defied and still defies anyone to sue him for libel on this. Baker could produce his own witnesses as to the actual agreement with Dr. Arey, which would tend to establish that Dr. Arey was a perjurer, and might even reopen the old case against the hospital.

But the doctor had married into some money, and his main financial struggles were over. During Dr. Arey's cross-examination, Baker sat at the side of Herbert Thompson, one of his attorneys, who was conducting the cross-examination. It was well known that doctor and the lawyer were close friends; it was said that Dr. Arey was Thompson's family doctor. He had also been Baker's family doctor. Baker suspected that things were not going right, when Thompson was selected ahead of Hanley or Devitt, his other attorneys, to do the cross-questioning. It was rumored that Dr. Arey had not wanted to be

a witness at all in the case; and that, if he did take the stand, somehow he would be handled with silk gloves during his inquisition. Baker scoffed at these rumors. But when he asked Thompson to ask certain questions of Dr. Arey, his attorney showed great nervousness, and tried to make Baker leave him alone. Finally he whispered to Baker, "Let's let him go at that. He hasn't hurt us by his testimony." Baker told Thompson, "You certainly have the wrong impression of his testimony. He has literally crucified us, by lying about his services at the hospital"

The witness was dismissed. Then came the argument, in the Grand Jury room, as to whether or not Baker should take the stand to counteract Dr. Arey's testimony. It was generally understood that the A. M. A. wanted knowledge of the secret formula of his cancer treatment: Baker asked his attorneys whether or not, if he took the stand, the State's attorney could force him to answer this question: "What are the ingredients used in your cancer medicine?" Hanley and Devitt argued that the other side could not force Baker to reveal a trade secrel: Thompson was energetically opposed to Baker's taking the stand, and the two other attorneys couldn't influence him to consent. This discord kept Baker off the stand in his own defense.

The case was closed, and the judge adjourned court before announcing his decision, which he held up for some days. The day after the matter was submitted to him, Herbert Thompson and Ralph Thompson, of Thompson and Thompson, and Charles Hanley, all of Baker's attorneys in the case, called upon Baker and asked payment of their attorney

fees. These men had been schoolboy friends of Baker's; certainly such a demand was, to put it mildly, premature: especially as the decision had not even been rendered. Baker had never failed to pay a bill to any of them before; he was known to be financially able to pay. Yet Herbert Thompson spoke first, and said in effect, "Well, Norman, it's all over now, and we came to talk to you about our fees. You know this has been a very important and sensational trial. We have talked the matter over among ourselves, and believe that eighteen thousand would be about right."

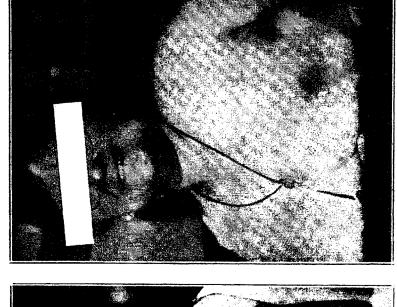
Baker, tired and nervous from the nine days' grind of the trial, almost collapsed. He flashed back, "Important trial, hell! You must think this trial has been advertised throughout the world. you think you are. Clarence Darrow? You'll wait a hell of a long time before you'll get that sum of money from me. You'd better get together again. and all of you come down to earth, when you come back to talk to me." Baker exploded to his friends: "They must have thought this was a chance to pull my leg, and get enough to pay all their debts-which they haven't paid to this day!" Devitt alone handed in a reasonable bill: Baker paid this, without demur. After further talk over a number of days, Baker, out of patience, told them that he was through talking with them, and they would have to deal with him thereafter through a third party. A go-between named Randall was selected, and the bill was paid promptly, once it was placed at a reasonable figure.

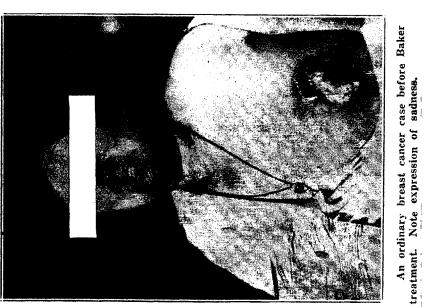
And this ended the relationship between Baker and the firm of Thompson and Thompson, who had represented him in legal matters for fifteen years.

Hanley showed himself more reasonable throughout, and Baker used him repeatedly afterwards; while Devitt is one of his attorneys, to this day.

There were three other defendants included in the application, besides Baker, one of them being one Harry Hoxsey, a trusted subordinate who had become disloval. Baker agreed to, and did pay all the attorney fees for the three other defendants. Baker was exempted from the final decision of the trial court, the other three defendants, on the strength of Dr. Arey's testimony, were found guilty. and were enjoined from the further practice of medicine or surgery without a license in the State of Iowa. Had Baker been allowed to take the stand and rebut Dr. Arey's testimony, his words might have prevented even this partial injunction, as he would have shown that these three worked only under the direction of Dr. Arey. Or, at least, this applied to Mrs. Mary Turner and Charles Gearing; the other defendant, Hoxsey, as was later discovered, had treated without guidance from Dr. Arey.

A few days before the trial, this fourth defendant, Harry Hoxsey, announced that he would not be represented by the attorneys Baker was furnishing, and hired his own lawyer, one Howard Bartlett. When the decision was announced, the court costs, of about two thousand dollars, were saddled on Baker, even though he had been held not guilty. He had to pay them. Meanwhile, the organized Iowa doctors had forced the State to spend about ten thousand dollars of the taxpayers' money in the ineffective attempt to throttle the independent healer of cancer. And the decision of the Supreme Court had enjoined Baker from practicing medicine





After using Baker's cancer treatment. Notice difference of expression.

or surgery without a license, which meant, in effect, from owning a hospital administered by licensed doctors. The A. M. A. must have gloated at the prospect of the hospital's being closed, and the hundreds of patients in the process of being cured from cancer driven forth, to suffer the sterile orthodox treatments of operations, X-rays, and radium. They said they would close the Baker Hospital; and, by God, they had done it!

They gloated too soon. The Baker Hospital did Baker is a hard man to stop: his hospital not close. is open and doing a thriving business today. was a way out of the legal dilemma, and he was quick to see it and act on it. He leased the hospital to Dr. W. W. Potter on a monthly rental plan, over a period of two years. At the time of the lease, the hospital had hundreds of patients under treatment, the fees aggregating many times the figure named in the agreement of the lease; thus it was an excellent business proposition for Dr. Potter. The contract of the lease was at once recorded legally in the Courthouse at Muscatine. Dr. Potter agreed to use the same name for the hospital, the Baker Hospital; he himself demanded this, as well, in order to take advantage of the past publicity, since the newspaper attacks on Baker had made the hospital internationally known. He agreed, further, to purchase the Baker cancer medicines from one of Baker's companies. was a licensed Iowa pharmacist, he was to superintend the making of the medicines, and in every way feature the Baker cancer treatments, because of their astounding past success.

Baker was now out of the hospital business. Dr. Potter went to work operating the hospital success-

fully and profitably by retaining the efficient staff Baker had assembled. The average cost per patient, per week, including board, medicines, nursing and all doctor's fees, with no extra charge for medical extras, has always been very reasonable, from the start, down to the present day. The average rate was perhaps the cheapest of any hospital in the United States. On the day of arrival, each patient There was no charge for this. was examined. fee for a complete physical examination, including urine tests and the like, was only ten dollars; and this was refunded on the payment of the first week's bill: it was merely a method of protection against curiosity seekers, who would have swamped the hospital if such a complete examination was given free.

Matters, on the surface at least, progressed well at the hospital, under the new regime. The undercover efforts of the medical octopus, of course, did not cease; nor the flood of newspaper and magazine stories repeating the previous untrue charges against And then, angered by the repeated persecution, came the day when Baker filed his suit for half a million dollars against the American Medical Association; and this at once put an effective soft pedal on the libelous articles. The filing of his suit for one hundred thousand dollars, for conspiracy, against the American Medical Association, the Iowa State Medical Society, and the Muscatine County Medical Society, went further in toning down the virulence of their attacks. As long as Baker remained in the State of Iowa, and was master of the fort, no further legal proceedings were instituted against him by the organized medics. For it was a

fort, by now, with machine guns, revolvers, rifles, and tear-gas bombs.

Worst of all, at this time the Iowa State Medical Society had about three thousand dollars in its treasury; and the suit for a hundred thousand dollars damages did not add to their piece of mind. It was sure to mean a retainer of a couple of thousand dollars for their Iowa City attorney. And this possibly meant an assessment on each doctor in the State, due to the actions of their layman manager, Vernon D. Blank.

Dr. Potter was not a specialist in cancer and kept his hospital staff of doctors, nurses, attendants and employees practically intact, as it had been under Baker's ownership. All of these were experienced; and clearly a change of too many faces would disturb the patients, and cause a lack of confidence in the new ownership. R. A. Bellows, a former chain-store manager, had become superintendent of all the Baker enterprises; and since the opening of the hospital in 1929 he had acted as its manager. He had now had over a year's experience in hospital management. understood the business side of it, and knew the former patients. Dr. Potter wanted to keep him on as manager; but Baker still needed him to superintend the other enterprises. A compromise was reached, by which he gave half of his time to the hospital, and half to the other enterprises, and received half his weekly salary from each.

And, after a few weeks under this new ownership, discontent began to creep into the hospital organization. Baker had of course promised the most cordial cooperation and assistance, without remuneration, in the running of the hospital: he wanted it to continue a success, for the mere good of humanity. And now Baker, who had constant sources of information as to the inside workings of the institution, began to learn of the discord there; But there are other matters to be taken up, to keep the record chronologically accurate, before we come to what he did in this instance.

Things were not going well in Muscatine. While a small clique was devoting its energies to fighting the most valuable citizen the town had, Norman Baker, the place was a nest of bootleggers and other lawbreakers; administration of welfare matters was a crying disgrace; note shavers, usurers, makers of illegal contracts, were victimizing the farmers. The very doctors who were bending their every effort to stop Baker's actual benefiting of humanity were forgetful of medical matters that high-souled doctors would have fought to a finish: such as the neglected report of the Council of Pharmacy and Chemistry of the A. M. A., condemning certain claims made by manufacturers of Mercurochrome; such as the report of the A. M. A.,

It is realized that the antiseptic virtues of Listerine are so infinitesimal in comparison with better antiseptics, as to invalidate even modest claims made for it;

such statement of several writers in the official Journal of the association that eight grams of potassium chlorate were sufficient to cause death, while Pebeco toothpaste contains thirty grams of the poison in each two and one half tube; such as the old and neglected report of the A. M. A. that—

the advertisement and the sale to the laity of

such a nostrum as Sal Hepatica can only increase these evil results.

that is, constipation and neurasthenia. Their medical arithmetic was bared by Dr. William A. Rohlf, president-elect of the Iowa State Medical Society, when he prefaced his inaugural address,

Let us forget for one moment the idealistic and altruistic phase of our relationship to humanity, and consider the financial side in relation to preventative medicine.

He established, by figures of the head of the State Health Board, that the medical income from treating the State's three thousand diphtheria patients, over a five year period, came to sixty thousand dollars a year; while the medical income from injecting anti-diphtheria serum into the 44,000 babies born annually in the state would be \$120,000, or twice as much! In other words, vaccination against diphtheria doubled the doctors' incomes. Things like this Baker had learned to expect; but they still shocked him.

He looked back at that trial before Judge Ely, and smiled in sour resignation. The prosecution had brought in at least seven witnesses, to damage Baker's case, who had nevertheless all sworn that they had been cured of cancer at his hospital! Eight witnesses for the defense testified they had been cured of cancer or some other malignant disease at the same hospital. In spite of that, the Supreme Court had enjoined him. Well, this was how a man's fight to save his fellow men was adjudged by the poisonous forces of social conservatism.

He shook his head, as he thought of another malodorous fact he had discovered: and that was, the unreliability of men who professed loyalty, and did not have it in their souls. Take Harry Hoxsey. for instance. Affable, likeable-no doubt about these: but as reliable as a veering wind. Baker had employed him, at two hundred and fifty dollars a Moreover, when he came to Muscatine from Girard. Illinois. Baker had endorsed his five thousand dollar note at the American Savings Bank of Muscatine, so that he could pay his back debts and enter Baker's employment with clean hands. He brought his wife and child to Muscatine: and Baker gave him four thousand dollars or more to buy a home, in which his wife still lives. While Baker was attending one of the radio hearings in Washington, Hoxsey left the Before Baker had departed, he had told Hoxsey that some of the things he was doing were disgracing the hospital, and they must be stopped or Baker would have to discharge him.

Hoxsey mingled among the patients, and many things, directly and indirectly, to influence them against his employer. During Baker's absence from Muscatine, Hoxsey rented a building about two hundred feet from the Baker Hospital, and opened a hospital of his own. Some twenty or more patients listened to his story, and went with him. His hospital soon closed—Hoxsey slipped! The patients who had deserted the parent hospital and went to Hoxsey's soon saw their mistake. Some left it: others died; others became paralized. Some who left his hospital were ashamed to return to the Baker Hospital and went home to die; others returned to complete their cures, and recovered. From Muscatine Hoxsey went to Detroit, and had some trouble with the authorities there. He left a Detroit doctor holding the sack on a small clinic the two of them were

operating jointly there; there were rumors that Hoxsey left to avoid a jail sentence. He had left his wife and child in Muscatine; later, the wife secured a From Detroit he journeyed to Girard, or elsewhere in southern Illinois, to try another venture curing cancer; but he did not last long at this. was next reported in Wheeling, West Virginia, where he influenced some doctors to join him. came that he had left this city in a hurry too, leaving hotel bills unpaid: while creditors of the clinic had He was next heard of in Atlantic City, where he is said to be still endeavoring to influence the mayor, the owners of a radio station, and the owners of the Brigantine Hotel on lonely Brigantine Beach, to open another clinic. Last reports of him do not speak of his success. Perhaps the people of Atlantic City looked into his past record, and found too much. His technique of salesman's approach was to place a can of queer looking powder in a secure place, in sight of the prospect, saying that in case of his death there was enough powder to cure a million cases of cancer. Baker once overheard this price-One of these cans is tucked away, even less remark. today, in Wheeling; a Dr. Cox, of Pittsburg, is curator of another, though this doctor and his associates were not taken in by the astute promoter.

Altogether, Hoxsey has sued Baker for \$81,000 for slander; the case was thrown out of court. Herbert Thompson and Ralph Thompson, formerly Baker's attorneys acted as his attorneys. A. Mr. J. H. Kammerer who Baker previously assailed as mentioned in a woman case, joined the Thompsons. This is not all of the malodorous record. The States Attorney at Lansing, Michigan, the Attorney General

at Springfield, Illinois, can supplement the record, if any are interested. Meanwhile, Baker had paid the five thousand dollar note of Hoxsey's that he had endorsed; and then sued Hoxsey and secured judgment on it for this amount. His own private opinion is that this judgment is not worth a plugged dime.

Meanwhile, K-TNT was still functioning nobly. Six A. M. to five and 7:30 P. M., and such after midnight hours as he could squeeze in; with Norman Baker opening the day in the dawn hours, and again taking the time from noon to one-thirty, and with musical, religious, variety, news, market reports, farm flashes, valuable recipes, the mailbag, and other features that endeared the station to every listener. In addition to the regular performers, Jim the canary, had his place of honor, and chirped in so regularly that it became called the canary station. had that much to show for his efforts, anyhow. the Calliaphones, and the thousand varieties merchandise, better and cheaper than sold by others. And the hospital still running, still over his name.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MIDWEST FREE PRESS

And this was the hectic end of 1930; and it was about this time that Norman Baker's attack on the aluminum trust, in his magazine TNT, was followed by their closing down on the newsstand sales of his magazine, and turning it into a deficit, instead of a source of profit. He was seeing more and more the need of a widely circulated periodical, to supplement his vigorous words over K-TNT. He was finding a thousand facts which cried aloud for public knowledge: and ever the truth-distorting medical organization, and the servile lickspittle press, would do their utmost to keep these facts from the public.

Baker discovered the tie-up between the subserviency of press and even newsstand owners to the aluminum trust, and the dreadful spread of cancer, which had caused it to move up from twentieth on the list, in mortality statistics twenty years ago, to second on the list today. It is no accident that Docket 540 of the Federal Trade Commission investigation of the aluminum interests, is reported out of print, and unobtainable by those interested, If every reader of this book will at once write to his federal Senator and his Congressman, demanding that the book be reprinted for public distribution, this will start a movement that should again cause the scarifying book to be again available to the public. About 1911 dates the beginning of the rise in the cancer death rate. 1911 also dates the introduction of

aluminum cooking utensils into general use. The connection is not fortuitous, but actual.

Cancer, then, had as one of its strongly aggravating causes the spread of the use of aluminum ware in kitchens. The public should know this, for its own protection. The newspapers can not be persuaded, by any means, to run such information, so tense is the hold the aluminum trust has upon him. Aluminum Poisoning, by Dr. Charles T. Betts, covers the whole ground, and is sponsored by the Anti-Cancer Club of America; if you cannot get a copy anywhere else, a dollar and a half sent to Norman Baker will secure one for you. If that is direct advertising, make the most of it.

Baker, at least, had not hesitated about going right after aluminum poisoning with both fists, in his magazine TNT, and he now had to pay the price for his courage, in the loss of all the newsstand circulation on which the magazine had relied for support. Worst of all, a number of subscribers had paid in advance, and something must be done about these subscriptions. And so Baker suddenly decided to publish a tabloid weekly, the Midwest Free Press. He wrote to his subscribers, and asked their permission to send the weekly periodical to them instead of the monthly; and all accepted. Baker decided that he would publish a weekly which included the true stories that the other papers, for one reason or another, did not dare to print. He also used in his weekly several magazine expose articles each week; so that the subscribers received, not a mere newspaper to throw away after a cursory five minutes reading, but a full week's reading. And you may be certain that the new weekly did not go light on the aluminum trust, which had ended its predecessor, the monthly magazine TNT; it, and the magazine Plain Talk in Washington, D. C., had much to do with the ultimate removal of Andrew Mellon, the aluminum overlord, from the Treasury Department, and having him shipped over instead to be ambassador in England. Of course, this fight had added one powerful enemy, the aluminum interests, to the radio station K-TNT, "Know The Naked Truth".

Meanwhile, the people of Muscatine were growing more and more angered against the Muscatine Journal, for its general suppression of the truth. The overlord of this paper, which belonged to the Lee Syndicate, was one Adler, of Davenport, who owned both the Republican and the Democratic papers there, and forced merchants to advertise in both his papers or none. Baker determined to open a K-TNT. retail store in Davenport, Adler's home fortress; he went to Adler with cash in advance, for the insertion of a half page ad in his papers, merely announcing the opening of the new store. So bitter was the enmity of this group of papers to Baker, that the advertisement was refused. He thought he had Baker by the throat, since these were the only papers Instead, Baker announced over in Davenport. K-TNT, thirty miles away, the opening of his store: and over ten thousand people passed the front door of the new store, on its opening day, as a result of this announcement. So great were the crowds inside, that the clerks who made sales at either end of the store lost so much time, getting to the cash register in the center of the store, that several thousand dollars' worth of sales were lost this way, or the opening day. The receipts for the opening of the

small store, not more than twenty feet wide by sixty, were in the thousands of dollars. Baker himself, in the evening, shook hands with over two thousand people at the front doors. The store remained in operation until the radio trust pushed K-TNT off the air, when it had to close.

The Muscatine Journal began to carry streaming headlines, attacking K-TNT and Norman Baker. Thousands of people resented this, and many of these cancelled their subscriptions to the local Lee Syndicate paper, urging Baker to start his own daily news-This caused him, in 1930, to incorporate the Progressive Publishing Company of Muscatine. purchased a splendid location in the heart of the city, and built a three story building, which he himself designed, and which is today one of the most beautiful buildings in the city. It was equipped with the latest word in equipment, and the moment of bringing the first issue off the press came closer and Baker at this time was touring through Kentucky. Tennessee, and the near South Washington: and suddenly a brilliant idea occurred Without hesitation, he called Long Distance from his hotel room, and asked to be connected with President Hoover, in the White House. there he arranged for Hoover to press a golden key in the White House, and set in motion the large press in his printing office in Muscatine, when the first edition of the paper was published.

Baker returned to Muscatine, and announced over K-TNT that the large presses would start to roll off the first edition of his paper at 2:30 P. M., after the President himself had pressed his golden key in the White House, and thus sent the current over telegraph lines to a small electrical relay in the press room of the unborn daily, which in turn would throw on the current for starting the motors of the big He invited everyone to visit the Midwest Free Press Building, to watch the big presses begin to roll when the President pushed the button, which would be 3:30 P. M. Muscatine time. Newspapers over the United States simply went rabid. when Hoover actually started it did they admit that the announcement had been fulfilled. Worst of all, Baker claimed and proved that he had more than six thousand bona fida subscribers, before the paper was ever issued. He began with more than the Muscatine Journal had been able to build up, in seventy years.

And now the Journal entered into a circulation race with the Free Press. Baker had not much money left, after buying the land, erecting his building, buying the equipment, and the rest; the Lee Syndicate was said to have resources of more than a million. Promptly Baker began printing full page advertisements, challenging the Journal to let a committee of business men audit both circulations, and give the truth to the advertisers of Muscatine. The Journal wisely refused to accept, knowing its circulation was far lower.

Baker called the Audit Bureau of Circulation of Chicago to task for a breach of their ethics; and, since the Journal belonged to a chain which helped support the ABC in a wholesale way, the Free Press was discriminated against and Baker dropped from the association. Baker makes no bones of saying that he is sure that many of their audits are padded, which forces the poor advertisers to pay a higher

rate for advertising than the actual circulation warrants.

The Progressive Publishing Company had been incorporated for \$150,000, with common stock at ten dollars a share, of which more than two thirds was sold. Baker, from the start, wanted to make a union shop of the publication. He gave it a fair trial, and in the end had to fight local union sabotage by making the **Free Press** an open shop. It will remain so, until the union representatives can convince Baker that they will play fair with him, and not yield to capitalists running rival papers.

False rumors were now spread around the advertising agencies of the United States, that represent foreign and national advertising for newspapers; Baker found it hard to secure such advertising. The Journal directly approached business men of Muscatine with false statements about its energetic rival. In spite of the unparallelled benefits Baker, K-TNT, and his other industries were giving to the city, the merchants of Muscatine, or fully ninety-five per cent of them, sided with the Journal, and refused advertise in the Free Press. The capitalistic groups all joined hands to kill the new daily. naturally they could not dictate its editorial policies. The local bankers joined in the fight against Baker. The sash and door factories, owned by millionaires who imported foreign labor from Europe to work for ninety cents a day in their factories, joined in the hue The pearl button factories, who were cheating their employees on the piece-work scale by requiring fourteen dozen, and not twelve dozen, as a gross, in computing wages, joined in the fight against Baker too. And as a climax the majority of the

working men and women, whose battles Baker is still fighting, refused to subscribe for the paper, and spent their small earnings for the rival **Journal**, which always fought labor tooth and nail in striketimes.

And always personal problems to deal with, in addition to the vaster impersonal ones. The advertising manager of the paper, one William Carpenter, played around with women not his wife at the expense of the paper; and collected bills due the paper from local merchants, pocketing the money himself. Confronted with these facts, facing a prison sentence, Carpenter pulled out his check book, and wrote out a check for the full amount. Carpenter was at once discharged for his dishonesty. Later on he sought to retaliate in many underhanded ways. We will come to these later.

Meanwhile, there were the eternal snippings from the organized doctors, led by the resplendent Dr. Morris Fishbein, successor to Dr. George Simmons. Baker ascertained that the only medical experience that Fishbein had had, since leaving medical school, was sixteen months practice in a contagious ward of the Durand Hospital, at Chicago, from which he was elevated to the papal post of exalted ruler of the American Medical Association. And somehow Baker got hold of a copy of the Code of Ethics of the American Medical Association, and read it with To his aghast vision. growing horror and disbelief. the code of "ethics" began to picture to him the doctors' organization as a conspiracy to cover up errors and mistakes, even when death resulted from The whole code can not be printed here; but we have room for some of the worst sections.

For instance:

All discussions in consultations should be held confidential. Neither by words nor by manner should any of the participants in a consultation assert or intimate that any part of the treatment pursued did not receive his assent.

Nice harmless-sounding words: but—their meaning! If any blunder occurs in the operating room, for instance, and no friends or relatives of the victim or patient— are present, any blunder that ensues, which causes the death of your dear one, must, by this rule of "ethics," be covered up, and the doctor Even if friends or relatives are present, they may not be able to understand what the consulting doctors present see fully: some awful blunder, that means death: and the lips of these consulting doctors, their nods even, are sealed forever, by this hell-inspired agreement. In this connection, Dr. Ernest A. Codman, of Boston, a member of the Scientific Group of the American Medical Association, pointed out that practically all cases of bone sarcoma were erroneously diagnozed. He continues,

Legs have been amputated when they should not have been, and left on when they should have been amputated.

Similarly, many an operation for a ruptured appendix has disclosed a healthy appendix; but the doctor has sewed the patient up, and collected his fee, while the patient has suffered. Many forceps, shears, pieces of bandage, needles, sponges, cotton, whatnot, have been left in the wound by mistake when closing it, only to cause sickness and death a short time thereafter, all of which has been discovered by the doctors who operated the second time, who found

the foreign articles sewed up in the body, but silenced the whole matter, letting somebody's loved one die without daring to reveal the truth, which would be the basis of a suit for malpractice.

Another of the conspiratorial agreements is: The physician, in his intercourse with a patient under the care of another physician, should observe the strictest caution and reserve; should give no disingenuous hints relative to the nature and treatment of the patient's disorders, nor should the course of conduct of the physician directly or indirectly tend to diminish the trust reposed in the attending physician.

By this, if you call in the second physician and he finds that the first doctor is killing the patient with an obviously wrong treatment, he dare say nothing—to the patient; he must keep his mouth shut about the other physician, except in private whispered talk with him; and even if he is laughed at or told to go to hell and mind his own business, he has voluntarily emasculated his independent manhood and agreed never to reveal the hideous and sometimes fatal malpractice.

Another of the thuggish provisions is:

The same circumspection should be observed when, from motives of business or friendship, a physician is tempted to visit a person who is under the direction of another physician. Instead, such visits should be avoided, except under peculiar circumstances; and when they are made, no inquiries should be instituted relative to the nature of the disease, or the remedies employed, but the topics of conversation should be as foreign to the case as circumstances will admit.

This part of the code is to prevent a patient and his friends from hearing any discussion that may arise, when the visiting doctor finds that the attending family physician is treating the disease in error. In meaning it says, let your good friend die, that is unimportant to the medical profession; but never hint, even, that the attending physician is in error. The case has arisen with all of us, when we have been sick, or had a friend sick, and there has been an effort made to change doctors. When you suggest or even hint a change of doctors, you must have noticed the frozen distaste on the part of the attending family doctor. Some light is thrown on this provision of the malodorous code:

A physician ought not to take charge of, or prescribe for, a patient who has recently been under the care of another physician, in the same illness, except in case of sudden emergency, or in consultation with the physician previously in attendance, or when that physician has relinquished the case or has been dismissed in due form.

It is provisions like this which prevent one physician from speaking harshly of another, or blurting out any malodorous truth about him: unless, that is, the one discussed happens to be an independent. The ethical code practically instructs the physician never to say anything damaging to another orthodox doctor, or even to insinuate any thing damaging regarding his practice. It sums up the attitude thus:

The physician acting in conformity with the insinuations regarding the practice adopted, and, preceding sections should not make damaging

indeed, should justify it, if consistent with truth and probity.

That is, right or wrong, intelligent or ignorant, the whole group are organized into a wide conspiracy of concealment and spiritual emasculation, against the interests of the public. The thing stressed is to protect the fellow doctor, at all costs: **not** to protect the best interests of the patient, who, after all, is the one who will suffer from mistakes or malpractice, perhaps even to death. Doctors are not even to exhibit any of their excessively dirty linen in public:

A peculiar reserve must be maintained by physicians toward the public in regard to professional questions, and as there exists many points in medical ethics and etiquette through which the feelings of physicians may be painfully assailed in their intercourse, and which cannot be understood or appreciated by general society, neither the subject matter of their differences nor the adjudications of the arbitration should be made public.

Keep it secret, don't let the dumb stupid public know anything of what they are doing, display a "peculiar reserve" even when a course of treatment is killing a patient—"peculiar" is right! This is the magnificent apotheosis of hypocrisy.

After reading and digesting this code of "ethics," Norman Baker realized that he had, all unintentionally, come into conflict with this hideous amorphous monstrosity, the American Medical Association: this cancer on the body social. He had earned its ill will, by perfecting an actual cure for cancer, and thereby threatening doctordom's bloodtoll in the shape of fees for operations, and X-ray and radium treatments; it could never forgive that un-

intended death-blow to its ill-gotten blood-toll. ethics, as far as he and his independent-souled kindred were concerned, consisted of a stab in the dark. and mental and spiritual poison about Baker sown broadcast among the people of America: in the hope that, at the end, they might fling his dishonored corpse out upon the offal-pile of their own dead Those newspaper headlines—"Gun decencies. Fight Climaxes Fight with Dr. Fishbein" and "Try to Shoot up KTNT: Attack by Dr. Morris Fishbein:" these became a little clearer now. And what would they not do, once they realized that his next effort would be to cure the vastest cancer of all, the American Medical Association itself, that malignant growth upon the body social?

Not all the doctors, thank God, were to be included in this blanket indictment; all the independents, and all out of the 86,000 members of the A. M. A. who were forced, by the demands of their profession, to join it unwillingly, or starve—these Baker exempted from his own proscribed list. Only, everything decent would be the gainer when these independentsouled members of the octopus belatedly asserted their dormant independence, and spurned the foul organization wholly. Baker can see a vision, in which a new organization, perhaps to be called the American Medical Alliance, drains away all the decent members of the old, and combines with the present independent doctors, including the drugless healers: all to work together for the good of mankind, with medical freedom as the cornerstone of the new edifice: that is, that there shall be no further jealousies between the doctor of medicine and the drugless healer. Then the hospitals would be operated on an independent basis, with freedom to all schools of medical thought, all classes of doctors. If the M. D. can not cure the patient, call in the drugless healer; if the drugless healer fails to cure, call in the M. D.: but at all times let the paramount consideration be the health and the life of the patient. rather than that sluttish worship of the dollar that is the god of organized doctordom today. And, when the time comes that such a movement starts, Baker stands by, always equipped with some tremendous organ of publicity, like his new radio station X-ENT in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, which is at the disposal of this, as of all other movements designed to aid mankind, and smite hip and thigh the foul oppressors that have made earth a hell, instead of a heaven, for such long and dismal years.

They are waking, they are stirring in the dark, the first upheavals within the very ranks of the A. M. A. are happening, while its bland grasping overlords are hardly conscious of what is occurring. Consider these remarks of Dr. George F. Butler of Chicago, while speaking before the Mississippi Valley Medical Society: a statement all the more remarkable and significant, because it is made by one of the A. M. A. members, out of whose 86,000 enrolled some 80,000 may well be decent of soul and potentially independent of attitude:

It is monstrous for any man or set of men to forbid the use of any method, any instrument, any remedy, or any treatment which, in the opinion of the attending physician, promises success. I repeat, it is an insult to our independence and intelligence that we are not allowed to read any book or medical journal we please

at any time or place, whether in medical society or in the seclusion of our offices; to use any remedy we please, whether it be so-called "regular," "homeopathic," "electric," "alkaloidal," or "proprietary"; or any method of treatment whatsoever, even though it smack of Christian Science or osteopathy, without being subjected to public ridicule and criticism by a few self-appointed "authorities" and "leaders" in medicine.

Fine brave independent words these, ringing like a bugle-call to the more timorous and backward members of the organization. The revolution is brewing, is almost ready to burst. Either the medical association will clean its own house, or the public will do it for them. From every side there are tremors of what is happening. Consider these remarks by Dr. William Gerry Morgan, while president of the American Medical Association, published in the New York State Journal of Medicine, in the issue of June 15, 1931:

We are too prone and too ready to accept the claims of manufacturers and travelling salesmen as to the virtues of each new group of remedies which are offered to us. This is not a fault confined to the doctor of small experience, but is common to all medical men. When we once fully realize this universal failing, the accruing dividends of pharaceutical manufacturers will show a progressive downward tendency, to the everlasting benefit of suffering humanity. Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "If all the medicines in the world were thrown into the sea, it would be better for men and worse for the fishes."

The laity is becoming somewhat restive under

the wholesale slaughter of teeth and tonsils, so much so that our leading dentists and laryngologists, being held responsible for the failure of relief from some vague symptoms in one part of the body or another, have led the retreat from this, I might almost say, fad. We physicians are now beginning to realize that the appendages are of sufficient value to the human economy to attempt to discover some method by which they may be conserved.

Perhaps the harshest criticism which has yet been voiced by lay writers is that the altruistic aims of the medical profession, upon which is built our pride of tradition, are being rapidly and progressively sacrificed upon the altar of the Golden Calf. Such a charge against our profession ought to be as unjust as it is malicious. Is there, however, just a shade of justification for this indictment? Are we becoming overcommercialized, just a little bit?

The clipping sent Baker breaks off abruptly here. The answer to the last queries, of course, is Yes.

Worst of all is the fact that the medical octopus is the greatest deterrent on progress in healing. It is easy for us to laugh at the substance used in compounding drugs a hundred or so years ago: when earthworms, toads, hog lice, other vermin, pulverized human mummies, the urine and dung of bulls and goats and human beings, the menstrual flow of women, and other loathsome and disgusting things, were commonplace in medicine. Sheep dung was prescribed to cure measles, the dried bellies of skunks to heal boils, powdered fox's lungs for asthma, skinned mice for whooping cough, and powdered human

skull as one of the great specifics, with a hundred orthodox uses. Old medical handbooks recommended, for stews, when patients were put on a diet, insects, rodents, and the dried ordure of various animals. A thousand sources migh be listed, to establish these practices. Compare The Commercialization of Human Souls, by Dr. Herbert Shelton, page 18:

The English Pharmacopoeia of the 17th century states that fox lungs are beneficial in asthma; Viga's plaster, made of viper's flesh, live frogs, and worms, is beneficial in many ailments; moss from the skull of a person who has died by violence is a highly beneficial remedy; human urine, sweat, and the saliva of a fasting person, possess remarkable healing powers; cat-ointment and oil of puppies boiled with earthworms are effective remedies in dysentery.

Cat-ointment and oil of puppies, and the puppies with earthworms! Seventeenth this; but twentieth century, the medicine we have already discussed: the Squibb and Company medicine compounded of horse dung, sold be the energetic salesmen of the vast manufacturing concern to drugstores and doctors throughout the entire country. and so ultimately prescribed for the patient, and taken by him. Not much progress, under the unprogressive dominance of the American Medical Association: from oil of puppies to horse-dung—thi is the history of orthodox medicine.

Was there **no** way that Baker could actually get his cancer cure before people in authority, who would administer a scathing rebuke to the conspiratorial and unprogressive organized doctordom? He determined to try, anyhow

CHAPTER XV

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

After the Iowa Supreme Court decision, reversing the lower court's verdict that Norman Baker was not guilty of practicing medicine and surgery in the State of Iowa without a license, merely because he owned a hospital, Baker decided to take the matter higher, and see if there was not some governmental authority that would see to it that the world knew of and utilized his cancer cure. His attorneys stated that he could not appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court from the Iowa Supreme Court on this case. he went first to Dan Turner, the then Republican governor of the State. Baker spent about an hour and a half with the man in the governor's own private office. Turner professed himself very interested in the proofs of cancer cures which Baker showed him: dozens and dozens of large eight by ten inch photographs, showing first the patient suffering with the disease, and then the appearance of the same patient after the cure had been effected. Baker pointed out how vital it was, to the people of the State, the land, the world, that this should be amply investigated by the State. He asked Turner to appoint a committee, or have the Legislature appoint a legislative committee, to investigate Baker's hospital and its method of curing cancer. If they ascertained that cancer was actually being cured, Baker pointed out that it was the governor's duty to place the stamp of his official approval upon it. so that the three thousand sufferers from cancer in Iowa should at least have a chance to escape the dreadful death, and be cured. On the other hand, said Baker straightly, if the committee found that there was any faking or misrepresentation present, the place should be closed and he himself put in jail. This was the proposition Baker made to the governor.

The governor shook his head. He said that he was sorry that he could not do a thing; "Baker, my hands are tied." he said. But he said he had a good friend on the legislature's Health Committee, then in session. and that he would try to arrange for Baker to give his talk and present his story to that committee. is tragic that a man in public office, with the opportunity given Turner to investigate and approve of one of mankind's great forward steps in healing, should have washed his hands so abjectly of it. that the governor would do was to pull a card from his vest pocket showing the composition of the various committees; and suggesting three different officials that he thought might do something in the matter. He marked the card, and passed it over to Baker. Baker went in due time to the room occupied by the Health Committee, while they were in session. Even when he told the committee's secretary that the governor of the State had sent him, the secretary would not let Baker into the committee room, or give him any consideration whatever. So it was that the State of Iowa, as represented by its executive and legislative officeholders, rejected Norman Baker and his positive proofs that he had the cure for cancer. They had established themselves as callous and cold to human suffering and death as the organized disease-and-death trust, the medical monopoly.

Baker gave them one final chance. He went

home and wrote this letter to all of them, and sent it to them at once:

To Governor Dan Turner: To the State Legislature: To Atty. Gen. John Fletcher:

> Muscatine, Iowa February 21, 1931

Gentlemen:

In the spirit of fair-play, and for the good of humanity, I am addressing this letter to each of the state officials, members of the legislature, the governor, and to Attorney General John Fletcher. This, not with a view toward exerting influence, but to put the facts directly before you; and if I succeed in accomplishing that, I feel that your superior intelligence will take care of the rest.

In Iowa, at Muscatine, the Baker hospital is operated, regarding which, much contention has belched forth through efforts of the medical trust groups in Iowa; and in spite of it all, ONE FACT REMAINS. Either Norman Baker, the owner, who has, by spoken and printed word, stated that CANCER IS CURABLE without operation, radium or X-ray, is a quack and faker or the Baker Hospital uses a treatment that cures.

To ascertain the truth is an easy matter. If he is a quack and taking money from susceptible sick people afflicted with cancer, as the state attorney's office has inferred, then his hospital should be closed and Norman Baker put in JAIL. On the other hand, if he has found a treatment that cures cancer, and if cancer is being cured or has been cured at his hospital, then the entire world should know of it, and the persecution of the medical group, as well as the persecution and

prosecution by the attorney general's office SHOULD STOP.

Every official and legislator knows, without going into detail here, the force—the power, of any organization that is organized to foster any special thing upon the public. Everyone of you know or should know, that the American Medical Association, the parent organization with offices in Chicago, which branches out to a state medical association in every state, then to a county medical association in practically every county, and which then fosters upon the country folk, a school nurse which reports show is a "medical snooper" for the medics, together with the helping hand of the Parent-Teacher's association, constitutes one of the greatest, strongest trust organizations in America, and that once they start to persecute and prosecute anyone, they generally make a good job of it.

After this same group refused to even investigate a treatment that the committee from the TNT magazine found to have cured cancer, Norman Baker took it upon himself to start a hospital, his sole intent being to help suffering victims of cancer. This was done only after local doctors of the Muscatine Medical society refused to even investigate the treatment or review the data gathered. The hospital was fully equipped, entirely new in interior construction, the finest of conveniences arranged and the treatment was made known to the world by him, over KTNT radio station, and through the columns of the TNT magazine.

Hundreds, yes thousands, of people came to Muscatine from many parts of America and Canada. The majority, by far, were those who had undergone operations, radium and X-ray treatments, and had then been pronounced incurable. Many of these were sent home well; many helped to the extent that years were added to their lives; many whose cases were too far advanced, were helped to the point that they went home without the aid of morphine pills every few hours, which they were using when they arrived. Their pain was relieved at least. Of course, some cases were incurable, and nothing could be done for them.

The percentage of cures is large; off-hand I would state that over 60 percent of external cancer cases are cured. The percentage of cures of internal cancer is less, but numbered among the cures of internal cancer made by the Baker Hospital, are many cases of cancer of the uterus, cancer of the stomach, cancer of the lung, etc. Regarding these cures, the Baker hospital has the data; the proof; X-ray pictures; and photos showing conditions "before and after," microscopic and pathological data, as well as hundreds of cancers, preserved in bottles, for exhibition.

I have offered, and attach hereto, a photo of a certified check for \$5,000, which I placed in the American Savings bank of this city, this check to be paid to anyone who will come and investigate the work of the doctors at the Baker hospital, and prove that Norman Baker has made one false statement regarding cancer having been and now being cured at the Baker hospital. I have openly challenged Gardner Cowles of the Des Moines Register to investigate, offering him, unconditionally, this \$5,000 certified check, if he finds misrepresentation as stated above.

Not satisfied with their persecution and prosecution of Norman Baker, the medical group of Iowa, including the Iowa Medical Society, Muscatine Medical society, and John Fletcher of the attorney general's office, have openly

boasted that they were "going to clean up the Baker hospital." My licensed doctors have been threatened, and Dr. J. L. Statler, who has practiced for over fourteen years in Iowa, and received his license every year, was denied his renewal card last June because he worked for Norman Baker. He HAS NOT AS YET, received his renewal license card, but they have not the courage to come to the courts in this district and attempt to revoke his license, because they know we will be able to expose and lay public, their vicious indifferences to the health of the citizens of Iowa, and their vicious persecution.

Furthermore, other doctors in my employ have been told that if they do not leave my employ, their license will be revoked. Another doctor has been told that if he leaves my employ, they will renew his license, which now stands unrenewed. ALL OF THIS is transpiring in the fair state of Iowa, and is surely a stain upon all of us who permit such monopolistic conditions to exist.

The Iowa state health board, under the direction of Dr. Steelsmith, surely deserves an investigation; they should be made to openly show their hands, and especially account for the state's money that is being spent in paying lobbyists in Des Moines during this session.

Attorney General John Fletcher should be questioned to ascertain if it is not the truth that medical bills now before the state legislature have not been written for the sole purpose of furthering the persecution of Norman Baker and the Baker Hospital. Let us analyze the situation.

Bill No. 224 was first written to permit the board of health to revoke the licenses of any

physician on the same grounds as in the district court: then it further states that they may renew a license of any physician which was revoked, by recommendation of the health commis-WHAT HAVE WE? First, any physician they do not like, or whom they cannot control, or who works for a hospital like the Baker hospital they can revoke his license; whereas, as the law now stands, they must go into the district court in the district where the said physician practices, in order to revoke his license. Secondly, the bill enables them to renew any revoked license by recommendation of the health commissioner, WHICH MAKES THE HEALTH COMMISSIONER A CZAR-a czar upon whom more power is bestowed than a REAL czar, perhaps. Every physician they dislike, will never have their licenses renewed, whereas, any physician, who, by chance, has had his license revoked for murdering innocent girls by criminal ABORTION or for the selling of NARCOTICS AND MAKING DRUG ADDICTS. may have his license renewed. It is easily conceivable that in many cases, if this bill goes through, they would be renewed, if by chance, the physician had political pull, or was a member of the Medical association.

Regarding the good standing of convicted doctors, Mr. T. Swann Harding, in his book entitled, "Fads, Frauds and Physicians," published by the Dial Press, New York City, on page 243, says: "It is also true that at least one authentic case could be cited, where in spite of protests to the contrary, a local branch of the American Medical Association retained as a full member, a doctor who was convicted under the Narcotic Act; he remained a member in good standing

during the time he was in the penitentiary and, of course, thereafter."

This bill No. 224, I understand, was defeated on the floor of the house, and was reconsidered upon motion by Representative Allen. I also understand that it is being rewritten, and that the medical group have signified their willingness to accept it with the clause stricken out about revoking licenses; but want the clause renewing licenses, held. It should be defeated IN ANY FORM.

THE HOSPITAL BILL, which I understand is not yet printed, has been before the com-This bill, it has been stated, was written directly against Norman Baker and the Baker Hospital, and WHY, may we ask? For reasons that in that hospital, they are curing cancer, after doctors of the medical group have branded the cancer as incurable and sentenced the patient to death. That bill gives MORE czaristic powers to the state medical board, by enabling them to license all hospitals in Iowa, and after the first year's license expire, they will use the same dominating, unfair tactics they now use in cases of physicians' licenses, by refusing to renew the hospital's license. They will do this in the same manner as they refused last June, to renew the license of Dr. J. L. Statler.

THIS HOSPITAL BILL SHOULD BE DEFEATED FOR THE GOOD OF ALL IOWA.

They have also introduced another bill, called the pharmacy bill, and added a clause which also is undoubtedly directed against the Baker hospital. Bill No. 159 SHOULD BE DEFEATED, as it simply gives the health board further powers to limit the mixing of medicines, whereas the present pharmacy law has held good for many years. These "catch-traps" are bills

written up from experiences they have gleaned from the court fight here at Muscatine, where they were not successful in proving Norman Baker guilty. While the supreme court has reversed the decision, my attorneys will apply for re-hearing, after which it will go to the United States supreme court, if necessary and possible.

Dr. Lake of Chicago, in his article in the Medical Economics magazine for August, 1930, brazenly says that the doctors get what they want by merely reaching for the 'phone and 'phoning their legislators, which statement is an insult to every legislature in the United States. Doctors should be reprimanded for such brazen public boasting. It proves their confidence in their monopolistic powers. Their ease of influencing legislatures, which they brazenly boast of, could easily be rebuked by turning a deaf ear to their vicous demands.

My honorable Sirs. I am fighting for the same kind of liberty that was foremost in the minds of our forefathers and the masters of democratic republics. I fight for the same liberty set forth in Magna Charta; for the same kind of liberty that Thomas Paine fostered when he penned "The Rights of Man" on the drumhead in Potomac Valley, which set the blood boiling in the veins of the colonial army sweeping the British tyrant before them; the liberty that makes every honorable American forget the dollars—forget self—ignore prison bars and stand for the rights ' supposedly bestowed upon us by the Constitution of the United States. I fight for this, and ask you to assist in this great fight for humanity, so that we may have the same freedom that Dr. Benjamin Rush proposed to the makers of the Declaration of Independence, by addressing Thomas Jefferson thus: "The Constitution of

this republic should make special provision for medical freedom as well as religious freedom. To restrict men and deny equal privileges to others, will constitute the bastile of medical science. All such laws are un-American and despotic. They are fragments of monarchy and have no place in a republic."

Such conditions surely have no place in our good state of Iowa.

In conclusion, I again refer to the second paragraph about Norman Baker and the Baker hospital either being branded as fakers and crooks and the hospital closed and Baker put in jail, or the truth of the cure (if it is proven a cure) being broadcast throughout the land, whereby millions could be saved from that horrible and painful death by cancer. I ask you to exert every effort to secure a legislative investigation of the cures and treatments used at the Baker hospital; to make said investigation fair and honest; to have said committee composed of doctors from all cults, as well as laymen, and let the "chips" fall as they may, from such investigation.

If this investigation proves that there is "quackery" being practiced, I urge the closing of the hospital—in fact, I will not wait for you to close it legally, but will immediately close the doors forevermore. On the other hand, if said investigation proves that cures are being made, I ask you to pass legislation to enable the treatments to be continued without prosecution at the hands of the American Medical association, the Iowa State Medical society, the Muscatine County Medical society, as well as the Attorney General's office at the hands of John Fletcher and Gerald Blake.

To pass this matter by, with an idle jest, means

a future reprimand for ignorance, as surely as that received by those who laughed at the telephone, the telegraph, the steam engine, the airplane, the radio, and other progressive steps in science, which causes scoffers to admit their lack of foresight and progressiveness; and I feel sure you do not want to be classed with this near-sighted group.

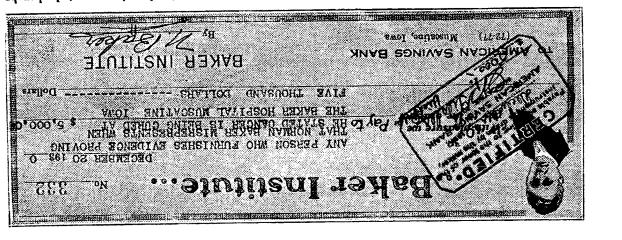
The time is NOW, when in a short time, the state of Iowa can prove Norman Baker a faker, if what the newspapers, medical trust, and John Fletcher say is true; it is an opportunity to rid the state of that which seems to be a THORN IN THEIR SIDE.

May we have this investigation?
Your respectfully,
BAKER HOSPITAL
N. BAKER

Norman Baker, incidentally, is one of the most vigorous and hard-hitting letter-writers I have ever known. He is the son of the Archer, Sagittarius, in this too: and woe to the victim of his aim! But, in this case, his effort was useless: nothing could stir the calculated lethargy, the ordered inactivity, or the sarville political gang. In reality, they did not

this too: and woe to the victim of his aim! But, in this case, his effort was useless: nothing could stir the calculated lethargy, the ordered inactivity, or the servile political gang. In reality, they did not need to investigate: through spies and other means they had learned, too well for their peace of mind, that no faking was going on. If Baker had been faking, they would have closed the hospital and jailed him long before. Naturally, the A. M. A. had no stomach for an investigation, which must end in an approval of the cures; and the servile Solons jumped when the medical whip was cracked, then as ever.

So the State would do nothing. Neither would



Replica of \$5,000.00 check offered by Norman Baker to anyone proving he misrepresented when he stated Cancer was being cured at the Baker Hospital—This check is still unclaimed.

the A. M. A. and its State and county subsidiaries, or the Rockefeller Foundation, or the Mayo Brothers Clinic, or others whom Baker appealed to, for a square deal in making his cancer cure known to the world. Suddenly Baker had another brilliant thought. This was going to be a big long hard fight, costing a lot of money: why not get the support of the one group who would be the financial gainers if people did not die from cancer: that is, the insurance companies! Once let them investigate, approve, and make general the use of the Baker cancer cure, and the lives of cancer patients who would otherwise die would be prolonged; and this meant more premiums, instead of an actual cash outlay for the large death benefits. It was brilliant common But even this effort failed. politan Life, the Prudential, and other companies not only refused to investigate, but some of them did not even honor Baker's offer with an answer. the Metropolitan, instead of cooperating with Baker, attacked him, by carrying full page advertisements in the leading national publications, advising the public to keep away from quacks and charlatans. They did not mention Baker by name in these advertisements; but they did refer to the case of a boy named Irwin of Maquoketa, Iowa, claiming that his case of barber's itch was diagnosed as cancer. usual, they did not tell the truth: what's a lie, among capitalists?

Baker ascertained that the wealthy insurance officers were thus dominated by the A. M. A., who stipulated that no physician could be employed by the insurance companies unless he belonged to the A. M. A. and its State and county subsidiaries. The

idea of insurance companies led naturally to that of fraternal lodges, who often operate insurance departments for their members. The National President of the Woodmen of the World, W. A. Fraser, wrote that his time was too taken up with his own fraternal affairs, to investigate the matter at all. spite of the fact that Baker offered to have the man select test patients and send them to the Baker Hospital, which would thus establish what it could do. But so it is that the blind, deaf world reacted to this splendid offer. Baker still has it open, to any lodge, association, or group willing to participate in such a test. Yet when it is recalled that fraternal organization, as far as Baker has ascertained, selects its physicians from among the A. M. A. myrmidons, it becomes a little clearer why they will not take the fine progressive step of so testing the Baker cancer cure.

In desperation, Baker turned to the United States Health Department, even though he knew it was loaded with A. M. A. doctors until it was simply lousy There is no law barring drugless healers with them. from federal positions: but there is the subtle question on their application blank, as to what medical societies they belong to. Somehow this is insidiously successful, and the positions are filled by A. M. A. The same sly technique appears in the application blanks of the Federal Radio Commission. which ask, "Do you use chain programs?" and "Which chain programs do you use?" It is an unneeded commentary on the dominance of the air by the chain broadcasting companies, that those stations cooperating with them in general receive far better consideration than the independents, in every way,

In spite of his knowledge of these things, Baker, as early as November, 1929, flushed with knowledge that his own test cases had established the virtues of the treatment, wrote to the President of the United States, seeking a government investigation and approval of the method. He was referred to Surgeon General H. S. Cumming, of the Bureau of Public Health Service, a subsidiary of the Treasury Department. Just why health should be listed under the Treasury, rather than under the Department of the Interior, is hard to say: except that wily Andy Mellon, of the Aluminum group, was over the Treasury, and made his finger fit into a lot of pies. Cumming eldered Baker suavely, writing under date of November 12, 1929:

While it is easy for us to understand your enthusiasm over the very early favorable results which you believe you have observed following a certain treatment for cancer, it will probably be difficult for you to understand a certain reserve and skepticism which we cannot conceal. Our attitude arises from a long experience with alleged miraculous cures, which has taught us the wisdom of taking plenty of time before arriving at conclusions. We now have on file here scores of claims for the possession of cures We cannot for cancer. They are all different. investigate them all. We think it best to reserve our interest for those which are not secret and which have some scientific plausibility.

The five cases which you cite are not, so we understand, fully cured as yet. Let us see how they are six months from now.

Baker secured the good auspices of the Iowa Senator, Smith W. Brookhart, in the matter. Baker inquired

about an alleged offer of the government concerning a cure for cancer. Cumming wrote to Brookhart, and Brookhart relayed to Baker, that there was no such government offer; but that one William Lawrence Saunders had offered three prizes of \$50,000 each for the discoveries of the "causation, prevention and cure of cancer"-an offer made December 15, 1926. and to stand for three years. It had eleven days to run, when Baker was informed of it. Moreover, the decision of the award judges, the American Society for the Control of Cancer, "must be approved by the American Medical Association and the American College of Surgeons". wrote to Senator Brookhart that of course \$50,000 "would be no offer for what we have," but that he was interested in the fact that the offer had been made.

Baker wrote again to Surgeon General Cumming, a profoundly moving and eloquent letter. He commended the doctor's caution; but he pleaded for a fair and full investigation, both regarding the cancer cure and the cure for varicose veins, without operation in either case.

November 29, 1929

Dr. H. S. Cumming,
Surgeon General,
Bureau of Public Health Service,
Treasury Department,
Washington, D. C.
Dear Doctor:

We want to thank you for your letter of November 12th, a copy of which we have sent to President Hoover regarding our treatment for Cancer and nutritional diseases.

First, we want to remind you that we have no

"ax to grind". As magazine publishers, we simply investigated something which the American Medical Association did not do. Invitations were spurned by medical men to attend a Conference at which 100 patients would be treated. That, on the face of it together with the "hounding" of the physician in question to such an extent that he placed a mortgage on his home aroused our suspicion of jealousy, prejudice and narrow mindedness; therefore, we investigated.

We cannot censure any physician, especially one of your standing as Surgeon General of the United States, in being anything but cautious and suspicious of "so-called cures" because as you say, we believe your department has been literally flooded with data pertaining to "so-A cure for Cancer and other incalled cures". curable diseases is being sought on every hand by doctors and others alike. A much greater battle must be fought in convincing the medical profession of a cure than the battle against odds to bring forth the cure. In our estimation, the American Medical Association is confined to a narrow sphere, not meaning the individual members but speaking of the association in its entirety, that they have held back medical progress instead of stimulating it. You may disagree and on second thought, possibly you will not. you as Surgeon General of the United States. discovered a cure for Cancer tomorrow and if you happen to be one who had been fought by the Medical Association and then after discovering a cure refused to give it up to them, you would be pronounced a "quack", a faker and your license revoked, perhaps. You would not be in a mental attitude to give up that which you had worked for years to find, especially, if you were to give it to those who had hounded you.

Then if you were inclined to do so, they would first laugh, ridicule and censure you and it would require thousands of dollars in expense to demonstrate, holding conferences, meetings. You state your attitude arises with alleged miraculous cures which has taught you the wisdom of taking plenty of time before arriving That is proper, but I neglected at a conclusion. to tell you that this is not a new cure. We can let you talk to patients who were cured five years ago after other physicians and leading clinics had given them up to die. At the present time in Muscatine, Îowa, there are pafrom the Mayo Brothers Clinic Rochester, Minnesota, who after they went on the operating table at the suggestion of the clinic were pronounced incurable. They are still living and there is no question in our minds but what they are going to be cured.

Dr. Dittmer of Colesburg, Iowa, had a brother dving of Cancer and wanted us to send the medicine which we could not do as the treatment must be administered at the Institute. brother went under the knife and was given but a few weeks to live. Dr. Dittmer came here to investigate the treatment as he could not induce his brother to come as his brother's physician in a neighboring town told him that any treatment for Cancer was a fake and to pay no attention to it. Dr. Dittmer and a friend called here, went out and looked over the patients under treatment and left immediately to see if he could not induce his brother to come even at this late date and take the treatment, stating that he was fully satisfied with what was being accomplished. You are at liberty to write them and if you do not hear from them, let us know.

You state you would not care to subject your

patients to any treatment except that which was known to the American Medical profession and if that is the case, no doubt thousands of patients are going to die for the simple reason that you are taking the wrong attitude, in case you do not investigate this treatment, because it is secret. You ask us to wait two years or five years and This treatment then see what could be done. is five years old and there is no guess work about it. You talk about the scientific plausibility of treatment you would rather interest yourself in than a secret one, regardless of either, it should be results that count, and hundreds of war veterans are going under the knife, being burned with Radium or having the condition scattered with X-ray while this treatment is already saving many from such.

We may relate that six years ago a friend physician of mine discovered a cure for Varicose Veins without operation, simply a mere injection. Before I became a publisher of a magazine some few years ago, I interested myself with this physician and I was ridiculed, humiliated and censured for taking up with a "quack" but we can show you many cases of Varicose Veins and Leg Ulcers with 85% absolute cures and no recurrences in six years of treatment. Then I find in the past year, medical journals carry a formula for injection for Varicose Veins and just how successful it is I do not know but I hope it is a good one like the one I am speaking of. We were going to give it to the American Medical Association and we announced the idea to the Associated Press. The next day the president of the American Medical Association in an Associated Press story stated there was no cure for Varicose Veins. We stopped right there as we were not going to try and force a cure on a man too narrow minded to even investigate before mak-

ing a statement.

Now I am saying to you that we are speaking of a cure for Cancer and a cure without operation, Radium or X-ray. I mean exactly those words and any physician may come and investigate. You owe this to humanity, especially in

the position you hold.

Dr. Cumming, there is one thing I wish to impress upon you and that is, as publisher of the TNT magazine, owner and operator of radio station K-TNT and numerous enterprises in this city which constitute the Norman Baker Enterprises. I have too much of a reputation to sacrifice by lending aid to anything except that which we have found to be absolutely correct. department is spending a lot of money for things more useless than it would be to send a physician to Muscatine and make an investiga-We want a physician who will come here with an open mind and we will then be satisfied with the report that he carries back to you. Have I made this impressive enough to warrant your action in this matter? If so, I would be glad to hear from you again.

With every kind wish and assuring you that it is only with the spirit of helping humanity that I am bringing this matter to your attention. I

remain

Yours very truly, TNT MAGAZINE

NB:AMW Per Norman Baker.

A copy of this went to President Hoover and another to the Iowa Senator. Surgeon General Cumming answered with this curt evasion of his duty as a man and an office-holder:

I have received your second letter dated November 29th on the subject of the cancer treatment in which you are interested. It does not suggest to my mind any answer essentially different from the one dated November 12th.

And this was every word he wrote. Patiently Baker wrote the discourteous one again, pointing out that his cancer cure was not new and untried, but had been used successfully for some years. Especially he rebuked the doctor's assumption that the American Medical-Association must have a monopoly of the right to judge cures. He pleaded again for an investigation.

December 17, 1929

H. S. Cumming,
Treasury Department,
Bureau of Public Health Service,
Washington, D. C.
Dear Mr. Cumming:

We thank you for your letter of December 9th but it is a surprise to us for the reason that in your former letter you inferred you could not become interested because it was a new treatment and that we should wait for five years and

see what results would be.

We hurried to correct you in that assumption, telling you that this was not a new treatment for Cancer but has been in use continuously for a number of years and we have the living proof as witnesses of the fact that it does cure Cancer, both internal and external as well as Goiter. That it cures them without operation, without Radium or X-ray and we cannot understand why an official in your capacity and with the responsibility that is around your official position will turn a "deaf ear" by writing a four line letter stating that your first reply suffices.

I assured you that the writer did not dare jeopardize his reputation with anything of a "quack" nature and I fully realize the strength and influence of the American Medical Association, of which no doubt, you are a member and fully realize the influence of the Association under which you work under and we came to you in an open broad minded way believing you would be overly anxious to save the lives of the thousands of poor sufferers who are dying inch by inch—especially members of the War Veterans Bureau and other such associations.

I again urge you, Doctor, to give this matter your attention. It is something that is worthy and we have resolved to do our utmost to bring this matter to the attention of humanity. We can do so without jeopardizing our reputation in any way.

Our next move will be to take this up with the United States Senate, even thought it ends in a Senatorial investigation of the American Medical Association or any other association that raises their hand to keep this wonderful thing from humanity.

I realize the position you are in. It is too good to believe. You have had many cases like it but coming from one as reputable as we, deserves some consideration from your office, at least a physician sent here to make their own investigation. If you can arrange that, the writer will be at liberty in about 30 days to assist him in any way.

Yours truly, TNT MAGAZINE

NB:AMW Per Norman Baker

There was no answer. On September 21st of this year Baker wrote again to Surgeon General Cum-

ming, reminding him of the time that had elapsed, which had merely corroborated the correctness of his claims for the cancer cure. To date, there has been no answer.

Meanwhile, Baker had been referred to General Hines, Chief of the War Veterans' Bureau. His plea, in behalf of the veterans suffering from the spreading scourge, was eloquent enough. He offered to cure five veterans, afflicted with Cancer, Tumor, Goiter, Bright's Disease, Stomach Ulcers, and Rheumatism, if they were turned over to his hospital.

Dec. 7th, 1929

General Frank T. Hines, Director of Veterans Bureau, Washington, D. C. Dear Mr. Hines:

We have a matter here that we have been taking up with Senator Brookhart and Dr. Cumming, Surgeon General, and he gives us your name to take the matter up with, which has to do with the sick veterans.

We are sending you a copy of the December issue of our magazine TNT and wish you to read the article entitled "Cancer Conquered". This magazine conducted this investigation and we can say without fear of having to contradict our statement that we have uncovered an absolute cure for Cancer and Goiter, whether they are external or internal, and without operation, X-ray or Radium, simply an intra-muscular injection of the medicine, which is not a serum.

This is not our discovery in medical lines but our curiosity was aroused when we heard of the treatment and the attempts being made to practically smother same by not investigating by others who should have done so, namely, the medical association.

There has been opened in this city, what is known as the Baker Institute for the treatment of Goiter, Cancer, Bright's Disease and other nutritional diseases which this treatment covers. At this time, there are practically 25 patients in this city who have been accommodated in homes awaiting the opening of the Institute and 80% of them have come here as a last resort from the Mayo Brothers Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, and other specialists in Cancer, Goiter and such diseases and have been pronounced incurable.

We invite any physician, any association, to come here and make any investigation they want, look up the condition of the patients before arriving and examine them today, and in so doing will positively convinced. It is not new, it was not just discovered yesterday, therefore, the usual comeback of medical associations when asked why they do not know a thing, they cannot say that is temporary. This treatment has been given for 15 years and we can show living patients with Cancer who took this treatment and were cured five years ago.

Now, our object in writing you is this—as Director of the Veterans Bureau, you are no doubt interested in curing the many boys who are suffering from such incurable diseases as Cancer, tumor, goiter, Bright's disease, Stomach Ulcers, etc., and we suggest that we prove to you as we did ourselves regarding this treatment, namely, for you to select 5 patients in different stages and location of Cancer, or with Diabetes, Stomach Ulcers, Bright's Disease, tumors, etc., and judge solely by the results obtained upon these five patients and be sure and include one with rheumatism. Would you be interested

in such? Now, remember, this is not a new treatment that you are subjecting your patients to. You are not subjecting them to anything that is going to cause harm or interfere with any further treatment or operation they may want to take in the future, but we suggest you investigate this treatment before letting them go under the knife, or use Radium or X-ray, the three things that you well know do not cure many Cancers of the bowels, stomach, bladder, etc.

This is going to strike you like a bolt of lightning from the sky—it seems to good to be true—it is too phenomenal and miraculous to believe but we assure you as publishers of the TNT magazine, owner and operator of radio station K-TNT with 5000 watts of power, and as owner and operator of the various Norman Baker Enterprises with assets of practically one million dollars, we have too much of a reputation at stake to jeopardize it by making any false statements, therefore, we present this matter to you for for your investigation.

If you wish to send a physician here from your department, you may do so; we will appreciate it and we will co-operate with him in making

any investigation that he wishes.

Yours truly, TNT MAGAZINE

NB:AMW Per Norman Baker
On December 18th the answer came:

You realize, of course, that the U. S. Veterans Hospitals are all approved institutions and it is the policy of the Medical Service of the Bureau to utilize only such methods of treatment as are recognized and approved by the American Medical Association and other reputable medical bodies.

He suggested that Baker refer his matter to the A.

M. A., who were already Baker's bitter greedy enemies, and to the Hygienic Laboratory of Washington. D. C.

Until the therapeutic regime you describe is approved by these agencies, the Bureau cannot utilize, nor can it introduce the same in the Bureau hospitals. . . .

Very truly yours Frank T. Hines Director

Baker wrote back at once, pleading for an investigation of his cures, and suggesting a senatorial investigation of the American Medical Association.

December 24,1929

Frank T. Hines, United States Veterans Bureau, Washington, D. C. Dear Mr. Hines:

We received your letter of December 18th but results could not be obtained by following the suggestions you make.

You state to have this treatment given over to the American Medical Association and to others. For over 15 years, medical associations have fought the physicians connected with this treatment and prevented it from reaching the public for reasons that we do not understand unless it is jealousy and enviousness and the usual red tape connected with associations and governmental work.

The treatment will never be given to the American Medical Association for reasons that should be obvious to you. If, in your office to-day, you had a treatment that would cure Cancer or other incurable diseases, and you attempted to give it to medical associations and have them accept it, it would cost you many, many

dollars before you got through with the red tape. I believe you realize this.

You also suggest we send it to the Hygienic Laboratory, Washington, D. C. It is not necessary to send this treatment to any laboratory or any medical association or to any physician to examine as to whether it is good or not. know "the proof of the pudding is in the eating" and when we can lead you to proofs, people who have been cured of Cancer, not one but many of them—people who were treated years and years ago and are well today, without any after effects, why in the world would that treatment want to go to a laboratory to have some bonehead Doctor tell you whether he thinks it would cure All that Doctor could tell you would be that it should be tried for 5 years and then check up on the results. It has been tried over 15 years and the results have been checked more carefully than a body of physicians would have checked it, until at this time, we are able to say to you that Cancer, Tumor, Goiter, either internal or external, can be cured, if there is any vitality whatsoever for the patient under the That means, if they have not gone treatment. to the extreme limit, even those who have undergone operations and been abused or treated by X-ray or Radium, even they can have hopes. must be a bad and extreme case before it would be given up by those who administer this treat-What do you care and what should others care what the treatment consists of when it has been given for years and years to hundreds and hundreds of patients, many of whom have regained their complete health, and such experiments proving that there is nothing in the treatment to harm the individual?

We have too many things going on in the

United States today with the stamp of approval of the American Medical Association on them that should not be tolerated by the American What is needed, Mr. Hines, is a senatorial investigation of the American Medical Association and those connected with it in their legalized medicine and their damnable tactics. many of which you are no doubt aware of. There never was a corporation or an association in America that obtains more money under false pretenses than Doctors are securing and they are the only people that can bury their mistakes and the writer has seen quite a few of these mistakes which ordinary "horse sense" would have saved and know of many, many more the same as you no doubt know. These cases include from the breaking of a child's neck at child birth to the attempts to treat and to cure by Radium or Xray followed by the foolishness of cutting on a patient having a cancerous mass weighing many pounds, for instance, located in the abdomen and then operating and reducing his vitality from 3 to 6 weeks in order to get a slice out and put under the microscope. You know and we know that the ordinary man with brains would know that that mass is there should be cured and it is too big to take out whether it is a Cancer or a tumor; therefore, why the operation unless it is for the purpose of the almighty dollar?

Is there any satisfaction in cutting a person open to find whether it is Cancer instead of a tumor and sending you a bill for \$200.00? Is that worth while to bring to the attention of the American public? We shall not stop until we have gone through with all efforts to the United States Senate and see if they want to know the facts.

If I were in your position today instead of the editor of the TNT magazine, I would immediately get my staff together and say, "Here, if this TNT magazine at Muscatine, Iowa, can prove beyond a doubt that this treatment has been administered for years and without any bad effects upon the patients and prove that it does not contain ingredients of any kind that are poisonous or harmful to human life, and prove that Cancer is absolutely being cured, it would become our duty to permit that treatment to be applied to patients in our Bureau."

I have written you frankly, Mr. Hines, knowing your position; knowing the influences which surround your physicians and knowing the power of the medical association and the powerful lobbies that many times are no doubt exercised many times. I am speaking to you for the benefit of humanity. It is a crime and a stain upon any medical department that refuses this treatment to the poor folks who are dying every day in America to the average of possibly over 200,000 yearly. You say that unless it is approved by the American Medical Association it could not be accepted.

Pray tell me if you or any other physician can tell me why it is that physicians all over the country are using preparations put out today by some laboratory, listed tomorrow, accepted by the association the next day and sold to the doctors the day following, not knowing whether the preparation is any good whatsoever for the treatment that it is being given for.

If the American Medical Association would be just one half as careful in investigating the different preparations and say to the manufacturers that they should try it for 5 years upon so many patients and then judge the results. they would be doing more for mankind than the way they are doing. This fight is just starting and we intend to go the limit, using all of our resources and power to bring this to the attention of the American people and disclose those who attempt to stop it.

You can help us. This could be brought forcibly to the attention of those who should be directly concerned and test patients could be sent to the Institute here for immediate attention and judge by what the treatment does for

them. .

Yours truly, TNT MAGAZINE

NB: AMW Per Norman Baker

A copy of this letter went to the President, as well. There were no results.

Still Baker did not despair. He learned Senator William J. Harris, of Georgia, had introduced into the Senate on May 16, 1929, Senate Resolution 79, instructing the Commerce Committee or its subcommittee- it authorized and directed to make a thorough investigation of the means and methods whereby the Federal Government may aid in discovering a successful and practical cure for cancer, to report the same promptly with recommendations. and to have the cooperation of the Public Health Service and other bodies in the search. He learned that the subcommittee was sitting or was about to sit in Washington, and he volunteered to appear before it and produce his cure. This offer went through Senator Hiram Johnson to Senator Harris. latter wired Baker, under date of March 22, 1930:

RELATIVE TO SENATOR JOHNSONS TELE-GRAM CANCER COMMITTEE IS NOT CON- SIDERING CANCER CURES BUT RESOLUTION CONFINES COMMITTEE WORK TO APPROPRIATION NECESSARY FOR FEDERAL GOVERNMENT TO COOPERATE IN CANCER CONTROL

This was, of course, an absurd evasion of the original purpose of the investigation. Baker answered him hotly, the same day:

March 22, 1930

Senator Wm. J. Harris, C/o Senate Office Bldg. Washington, D. C. My Dear Senator:

I thank you for your telegram of the 22nd inst., in answer to my telegram to Senator Johnson, in which you state your committee is not considering cancer cures, but resolution to appropriation necessary for Federal Government to cooperate in cancer control.

That is just where the officials of the United States are starting off on the wrong foot. That is why my associates and I wanted to testify before your committee. Here are a few things for your committee to consider.

Why appropriate money to cancer control, when they are laboring under the delusion that there is no cure for cancer? If there is a cure for cancer, why shouldn't the people of the United States know it through a committee such as you, and not be misled by the medical doctors you have had before your committee, who have inferred that there is no cure for cancer and that the only way to combat it is to control cancer in its early stages.

Second, do you know that the American Medical Association knows that there is a cure for cancer, and have done everything possible to

suppress it, even to persecuting those connected with it?

Third, do you know that one person (the details of which we have) has been arrested about 110 times?

Fourth, do you know that he holds a receipt signed by the Clerk of Court at Salem, Illinois, where he pleaded guilty to the terrible crime of curing cancer, and paid \$120 for that crime? This was after the American Medical Association surgeons operated, and the cancer had come back four times as large as before; and today this man is absolutely cured, well and healthy.

Fifth, do you know that on the 3rd of January, 1930, the Medical Trust of America offered one million dollars to hush this thing up, and that offer was refused? We are able to tell you of a doctor connected with the American Medical Association in an executive capacity who can give you the facts of this¹.

Sixth, do you know that a group of newspaper men, after investigation and becoming convinced of the truth of this cure, agreed to put it over with more publicity than Lindy ever received, providing they could secure 90% of the revenue from the cancer cure?

Seventh, do you know that offer was refused and they finally agreed to take 75% of the revenue, which was also refused?

Eighth, do you know that there is an Institute in Muscatine, Iowa, where there is today over 175 people under treatment, coming here from Mayo Brothers Clinic, State Universities and other cancer specialists, where they had been given up to die, and that the majority of these people are going home well?

Ninth, do you know that cancer and goiter, re-

¹⁻ Harry Hoxsey made this stutement, which is believed false, since investigation,

gardless of whether they are internal or external, are being cured without the use of the knife, Xray or Radium?

Tenth, do you know there is not a doctor in the world who can cure one case of cancer by these means or has ever benefited them beyond temporary relief, that it always comes back after operations?

Eleventh, do you know that X-ray and Radium do more harm in cases of cancer, than good, and this is recognized by all Medical authorities

excepting those in the Medical Trust?

Twelfth, do you know that 80% of all operations made in America are upon cancer patients, and the tune is to about \$82,000,000, and there is about \$182,000,000 given to the Medical Association in operations, treatments and paraphernalia for treating cancer, which makes it possible for them to offer one million dollars to hush up the information we have at hand?

Thirteenth, we are sending you a reprint of the December, January, February and March issues of TNT Magazine, which is well worth

your perusal.

Isn't this kind of evidence you would like to have before your committee, or is your committee going to be like the fellow who went out West to hunt a goldmine, and stepped right over one he had in his own backyard.

We are being very frank in this matter, because we see, as a magazine publisher, only that your committee might appropriate some more of the taxpayers' money for something which is not necessary, and put it into the coffers of the Medical Trust.

Do you know that we have written to Sergeant General Cumming, of the Health Department, your city, asking him to send five cancer patients from the U. S. War Veteran's Bureau, in order that they might judge upon the results accomplished, and that they refused to do this, unless O. K.ed by the American Medical Association of Chicago, that giant octopus which has its tentacles at the throats of every human being in America?

Do you realize, as publisher of TNT Magazine, and owner and operator of Radio Station KTNT of 5000 watts of power, and operating 12 other kindred enterprises dealing with the Public nationally, that I couldn't afford to jeopardize my reputation by making a remark or a statement which I could not substantiate with facts?

I request that you let the other members of your committee read this letter, and that you telegraph immediately if you want my associate and I to testify before your body. We can give you more absolute facts on cancer and its control than all that you have heretofore collected, no doubt.

Your committee, no doubt, is working on the control of cancer and seeking appropriations to spend with these physicians, with the sole thought that cancer cannot be cured, and that the only way to stamp out the terrible scourge is to control it; and in that you are entirely wrong, because there never was any appropriation of money to stamp out any disease in America, which was ever successful, and that even includes your poisonous syphilitic pus, shot into the arms of the school children for Smallpox, which will in 40% of the cases, react into syphilis in later years, as many well-known physicians know.

Now think this over, Senator; I think we have given you a line upon some information which will be great news to you; I believe it ought to come to the Senate, and if we cannot get it there before your committee, it will go through some other route.

Yours truly,
TNT MAGAZINE
Per Norman Baker

NB:AM INCL.

P.S: In reading and digesting this letter, I ask only one thing. Whatever action you take, remember, tomorrow your wife, your mother, your daughter, your son, or you may be a victim of that terrible scourge of cancer; and this will mean they will operate upon you first, then they'll burn you with Radium, then treat you with X-ray and scatter it all over the body—then the Undertaker signs your death warrant—unless your committee is broad enough minded to investigate that which the Association has condemned.

Remember, there are 50,000 physicians in America who do not belong to that giant octopus, which is trying to get the Public's money.

On March 27th, Senator Harris wrote Baker,

I... assure you it gives me pleasure to refer this to the committee for their consideration.

Meanwhile, a lengthy letter was sent to Senator Brookhart, reminding him of the 200 patients then at the hospital, and urging the investigation; and another to Senator Harris, stating flatly that the cancer cure had been discovered, and pleading for a chance to establish this by testifying before the Senatorial Committee. A further letter got Baker no further in his effort to achieve at least a hearing.

There must be some way to get his cancer cure before the people, through the instrumentality of their government, who could certainly confer on greater boon upon humanity, than thus. The whole thing cried aloud for official government investigation: the monopolistic organization and activities of the American Medical Association and its spiderweb of subsidiaries: their callous indifference to all Baker's efforts to have them investigate his definite conspiracy to his wreck nificent humanitarian enterprise, render worthless his property and his investments, and perhaps, as in the "Attack by Dr. Fishbein" incident, darker things than this. How could Baker win Congress to the investigation so insistently due, of the whole matter?

One way occured to him: to go directly to the executive fountainhead of our government, President Hoover himself. He had A. M. A. influences surrounding him, even in his cabinet, of course: Dr. Work, an ex-president of the A. M. A., had been Secretary of the Interior while Hoover was in the cabinet, and now Dr. Wilbur, another high exexecutive of the same medical group, held the same position. And there was the President's private doctor in the White House, and some A. M. A. interfiliations in every single Department. Yet the press friendly to him had always described him as openminded, fearless, courageous. And SO secured an appointment at the White House, during September, 1930, to bring the matter directly to the harassed American-born British promoter in whose hands the executive destinies of his countrymen tem-After all, Hoover was in the porarily resided. future to press a golden key that would start the Midwest Free Press on its splendid courageous career; perhaps he would press the golden key now. and open the door for Baker to world knowledge and acceptance of the vital Baker cancer cure.

Baker arrived at 10:30 A. M., as requested. was told that the President was in conference with Senator Moses, and would see him at 2:30 P. M. While he waited around the White House, the assiduous little White House velpers of the press surrounded him, and wanted to know what was his business with the President. Baker reminded them that they would not publish the truth, even if he gave it to them: that they had established that amply in the past. All that they published was the fact of Baker's appointment with the President. Baker dropped around to the Radio Commission. and was heartily greeted by all members except Judge Sykes, who curtly pleaded an immediate important engagement. Blandly Baker told him he was to see the President at 2:30, which may have given the commissioner a bad hour or two.

Baker had met Hoover, while Republican nominee. during the previous campaign, and had pleasant memories of this, as well as of Hoover's exceptional fairness to him, while, as Secretary of Commerce under Coolidge, he presided over the Fourth Radio Conference in Washington, D. C., already referred And now he had a pleasant half hour's talk with the harassed executive. Baker explained swiftly the facts about his cancer cure; of his rebuff at the hands of Surgeon General Cumming: of his inability to interest General Hines, Director of the Veterans Bureau, in the cancer cure as applied to "Why is it, Mr. Baker, that the suffering veterans. the American Medical Association fight this cure of yours?" the President asked. But he smiled as he asked it: for he knew. When Baker had ended, Hoover said. "Give me time to investigate this. Mr. Baker." Baker wanted nothing better. He suggested that no big hullabaloo be made about it, but that twenty-five soldiers and ex-soldiers suffering with cancer be selected from the War Veterans Bureau—one-third virgin cases, one-third medium advanced cases, and one-third cases pronounced incurable by the medical department—and, of these, one-half internal cases, and one-half external cases; the patients all to be sent to the Baker Hospital at Muscatine, where they could be under the watchful eye of a government physician, while Baker's own doctors treated them with the Baker cancer treat-That complete records of all the cases would be taken, together with photographs, in the case of the external cancer patients; and that then he himself could be the judge of what had been accomplished in the cases of these twenty-five test patients. If he was convinced that the results were important and encouraging enough to warrant a federal investigation, it could then be made.

Hoover was plainly interested: he sat back relaxed in his chair, and was the opposite of irritated at both his caller and the subject-matter under discussion. Baker still is not sure whether or not he was in earnest, when he asked time to investigate the matter. If he meant it, he must have found that he would be blocked at every turn by the forces of the A. M. A. For, in spite of this brilliant beginning, nothing ever developed from it.

As time passed, and nothing fruited from his long and arduous efforts to bring man's collective governing bodies to do the obvious, logical and sane thing, to investigate this cancer cure which would mean such a tremendous benefit to humanity, Baker must have grown a little bitter at the politicians' inhumanity to man, as he had been sickened by the medical callousness and greed toward human suffering, disease, and death. He had gone from the lowest to the highest, among the government dignitaries, seeking an investigation, or to find someone who was interested sufficiently in suffering humanity, and the chance even of relieving mankind from this awful scourge, to make an effort in the matter. Not one had helped him. He was at the end of his rope, with municipal, county, state, national government functionaries. There was one other channel left: strange that he had forgotten it, so long! And that was the church, the church that called itself the representatives on earth of the living god, the followers of that gentle healer who had gone about all Galilee healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people; whose mere word, or the touch of the hem of whose garment. could restore health to lifelong invalids: whose word to his own chosen band of diciples was:

Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give.

Surely there could be no rejection from followers of this ancient gentle physician, so persecuted by the organized society of his day! And so Norman Baker went to the Catholics, and to the Protestants, and begged them to enlist themselves in his shining humanitarian venture. Without exception, they turned down his plea. Not theirs to heal the sick; leave that to the specialized professionals in what

their Jesus had done so freely and amateurishly, that is, from love of the healing, and love of man, and without pay. Not theirs to aid Norman Baker heal sufferers from the scourge of cancer, which organized medicine admitted it neither understood nor could cure.

Some of the preachers Baker found worse than others. One such was, Rev. U. S. Smith¹, formerly pastor of a Muscatine church, who has now found it best to leave town and move westward. Muscatine, Baker never heard of his open hostility. When he left the town, it was reliably reported to Baker that the preacher referred to Baker as "the cancer faker at Muscatine." All the time Rev. Smith was stepping away from the scriptures, condemning Baker, his wife was afflicted with cancer, and she was permitted to die of this dreaded disease in 1931. after all the efforts of his doctor friends with their usual operation, radium and X-ray treatments, while a few miles away the Baker Hospital was curing Baker has begged him for a debate, under any auspices. even to leaving decision to the preacher's own supporters in the congregation of his own church. Not too full of intestinal fortitude, Baker would say of him.

There was another preacher, the Rev. John Haefner, of the Zion Lutheran Church of Muscatine. Lest any thing Norman Baker blames him for unfair hostility without reason, we will come to letters that Haefner wrote, over his own signature. If what he did and said seem not consonant with the teachings of the man-god he professes to follow, let us be for-

¹⁻Rev. Smith's wife contracted cancer and died. He had continually condemned the Baker Ho-pital, and possibly feared going to them after his condemnation

giving, and say that he has already earned his own reward in the scorn with which his own soul must regard its doings; and that these will not be forgotten when he passes on to whatever state he next qualifies to occupy.

Well, Baker had knocked at the doors of all of them, now, and had been refused admittance. "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you—" strange how forgetful even preachers could be! This chapter records as blackly bleak a series of incidents as anything in the book. Forget for a moment that you know the whole callous melancholy story, and regard it for a moment with fresh eyes.

One hundred and forty thousand people die, every year, in the United States alone, from cancer. eous disfigurements, awful pain, speedy death, are the portion of those who suffer from it: a blasting of health and happiness, a withering of all dreams for the future of the sufferers, a severing of human ties, sorrow and the agony of separation to the ones near and dear to the sufferers. One hundred and forty thousand separate individual deaths, each Organized medicine, in the form of the American Medical Association and its interfiliated subsidiaries, admits that it does not know what causes cancer: what spreads it: how to cure it. It recommends its three pet quack nostrums, operations, which mutilate the already disfigured sufferer, and never cure: X-rays, which burn and increase cancer, and never cure: radium treatments, which burn and increase cancer, but never cure. Through their greed, they seek to monopolize the role of preving upon those suffering the agonies caused by the scourge, for their thirty and many more pieces of silver per patient. And now here is a man, a layman, who stumbled on a method that cured cancer, without mutilating operations, without burning Xrays, without searing and killing radium. He proceeded to perfect this method: to his delight, he found that it worked, that it cured swiftly and easily what all organized doctordom could not cure. noble honesty and sincerity he offered to let the organized cut-bellies and cut-throats administer it for him, and get the credit with him, making Muscatine and its later cancer cure subsidiaries the most famous health centers in the world. They turned him down. They fought him bitterly. For that he had the effrontery, the colossal gall, to want men and women to cease this awful unnecessary suffering, which paid them so many cents per groan, so many dollars per scream of agony, so much filthy lucre for each death rattle that their own ethics and practice unnecessarily have murdered and are murdering and will murder. they hounded him, drained him financially, perhaps instigated a dastardly murderous attack on his very The filthy swine, traitors to every dictate of decency, to every right expectation that their role in life is to heal the sick, rather than callously condemn them to unnecessary death! This was Baker's experience with organized doctordom. This is still his experience with it. This will be his experience with it, until an aroused public opinion thunders at the deaf ears of Washington its demand for an immediate investigation of this murder combine called the American Medical Association, who insist on killing off the man who has a cure for cancer, that they may fatten their pocketbooks forever by killing the patients with their own fancy frills of burning

torturing agony!

Alone, one man against the cynical greedy combine and its interlocking allies the aluminum trust and the like, he knocked on the door of city health officials and city political powers: he appealed to the county officials: he pleaded with the State officials: he implored the national health officials, the body in charge of the suffering war veterans, the smug Senate Committee actually considering cancer cures and control: he went to the insurance companies, the private foundations to aid man's efforts toward health, the best known medical clinic in the country, the fraternal lodges, the churches that call themselves the churches of Jesus the healer: and finally he went to the head of the government itself, the President of the United States, in private conference in the White House. He went to each of these sessions, my friend, with proofs: affidavits. photographs of the sufferers before the treatments were administered, photographs of the cured cases. He had even dared, before crowds of fifty thousand people, to administer his treatments in the open. went a harassed hounded man, illegally and outrageously forbidden by the servile courts of his native State to conduct a hospital to save human lives by this method he alone knew, and wanted to have become the property of all mankind. God. I would rather have cut my own throat, than do what they all did, from the veriest county political lickspittle to Hoover: Say to Baker, Go back, I won't help you, I can't help you, my hands are tied, I won't even investigate or help you get an investigation of your What they said in effect was, Norman cancer cure. Baker, you are already a great benefactor of mankind. For that, insofar as our power goes, we condemn you to further hounding, persecution, financial loss and ruin and wreck if possible; we condemn you to be throttled, to be robbed of your magazine, your newspaper, your hospital, your radio station; we condemn the cancer sufferers of the world to suffer and die, world without end, relief, or rest, all to add a few dollars to the putrid tills of the doctors who constitute the hell-inspired conspiracy against medical freedom, the American Medical Association.

If Americans, if the man in the street and the women in the home, if the plain common people he is devoting his life to, if the haggard rich and the hungry poor are silent under this mounting Everest of outrages that Norman Baker has suffered; if the supine State legislators and the Congressmen and federal Senators cannot be roused to insist on an immediate and excoriating investigation murder combine, the American Medical Association; if an aroused public opinion does not mount like a tidal wave and insist upon an immediate rectification of these great and crying evils, we deserve to suffer and die, all of us, as the victims of these petty bellycutting and throat-cutting tyrants we are permitting But I believe enough in America to lord it over us. and its sense of fair play and justice, to know that this condition can not last much more. America, come swiftly, clean out this infamy, put behind the bars these smug bitter enemies of human health and happiness and life who are binding sufferings from incurable cancer forever upon the human race, by fighting to the last ditch against the one real cancer cure available in the world.

America, bring back the son of the Archer to the high esteem he earns with all the shining sons among men who devote their lives to benefiting mankind. You are tardy, overtardy, in your justice: act swiftly: the jails yawn for the organized conspirators against public health and life; a seat of the highest honor at your bestowal is empty and waiting for that heroic battler in man's cause, Norman Baker.

CHAPTER XVI

THE CLOSING OF K-TNT

After one of Baker's hearings before the Radio Commission in Washington, D. C., in 1930, sometime in the early spring of that year. Baker stopped on his way home to visit the Federal Radio Inspector at Chicago, a man whose name he remembers as Hays. At this time, the commission was appealing to all radio stations to install a "crystal control" device, which stabilized the station's frequency, and kept the station on its kilocycle channel, thus avoiding much interference among the stations. The idea, Baker told the inspector, was a good one: the only good idea he had ever heard of the commission having, as yet. He was ready to go ahead and build the crystal control for K-TNT, Baker told the inspector; he wanted a permit for that purpose. inspector told Baker to go ahead and construct it; that a permit was not necessary. Baker did so, and had it promptly ready to connect and operate. Knowing that a permit from the Federal Radio Commission was necessary for connecting it, he applied to the commission at Washington for this permit. They wrote back that they found no application on file for a permit to construct such a crystal control. and sent an application blank back to Baker. the early summer of 1930 he returned it to Washington, properly signed. He had completed the crystal control by this time, and had requested a permit to operate it. There was no answer to this application.

Baker wrote repeatedly, with his crystal control standing idle, asking why he had received no answer to his application. At length he wrote an insistent letter demanding to know the reason for the He found out that other stations received such permits within a few days after they applied. Now this was the early summer of 1930, and his enemies at last were getting ready to strike: the jealous Muscatine Journal and other papers into whose advertising receipts K-TNT had gouged: the American Medical Association, murderously furious that a layman dared offer to the world a cancer cure, with its resultant damage to their incomes: the public utility companies, panicky as always because of Baker's insistent preaching of municipal owner-In the dark, without a sound, they had all been working for a long time. And now Baker was suddenly summoned to appear for a hearing before the Federal Radio Commission as to why the license of K-TNT should not be revoked ...

They succeeded in having the commission send its counsel to Muscatine, for the taking of the testimony there, to save the expense of having to send their witnesses to Washington. Practically all witnesses later went to Washington to testify at the final hearing without a subpoena. The Muscatine hearing. for taking of testimony, was set for October 4, 1930, the hearing in Washington was set for sixteen days Now it was that the commission replied to Baker's insistent letters about the crystal control: since K-TNT had been cited for hearing before it, it wrote back, now that he was cited for a hearing the commission had decided not to grant the permission until the hearing had been concluded. Of course.

after the hearing the crystal control was not permitted to be used; which cost Baker several thousand dollars, for his mere willingness to cooperate with the commission's ideas.

No doubt they had stalled Baker all summer, knowing what things were writhing under the surface in Muscatine. A few dates may help us here. petition from Dr. C. H. Kinnaman, epidemiologist for the Kansas State Board, against Baker was filed August 15, 1930, the Muscatine County Medical Society's circular letter, antagonistic to Baker, already included in a previous chapter. The letter from the State sent out April 4, 1930. medical society went out June 20th following. libelous article causing the half million suit against A. M. A. was published on April 12, 1930. seems evident, from the commission's unusual dilatoriness in the matter of the Baker application, that the Washington authorities knew, as early as the spring of 1930, that the ax was being sharpened. and had been planned to fall on the husky neck of the vigorous station. The Kansas City Star, was among the first, if not the first newspaper to reprint the slanderous editorial from the Journal of the American Medical Association against Baker.

The announcement of the hearing listed no reason or grounds of complaint against K-TNT. Baker wrote at once, and several times again, asking the commission what the complaints were, even though they preferred not to give the names of those complaining. He was given no information. He went to Washington, and asked for this information in person from the Commissioners. They gave him no satisfaction. The commission functioned as an arbi-

trary and dictatorial body; its precise activities in this case—Baker may not know this—are legally described as "taking property without due process of law." forbidden in the national Constitution. defendant is entitled to know the complaint against him: but the commission did not function in any legal, open, and honest manner. It hid the complaints entirely. All that Baker was told was that his station was not serving public interests, convenience and necessity. Selling goods more cheaply than anyone else, and better goods too, and saving money to the people—opposed to the public interest? commission limited "public" to his merchants. Saving lives with actual cures in his cancer hospital, not serving the public interest? Then the commission limited "public" to the greedy conspirators of the A. M. A. Baker pleaded for time so that he could prepare his evidence to rebut them, and so that he could correct anything that was wrong. Their lips were sealed.

Baker went to the Chief of the commission's legal department, a Mr. Brown, an Indiana political worker, from the State that gave Tom Taggart to the nation. Baker asked Brown what the complaints were. -You'll find out later, was all that he was Baker flung the truth right at him: "Brown, I know who the complainants are. They are a bunch of doctors who are jealous of me, because we are curing cancer, and have guts publicly to broadcast the fact, without any fear of their being able successfully to deny it." Brown shrugged; but Baker was mistaken, he insisted. There were no complaints about his station's cancer activities. Today this same Mr. Brown is one of the elect, one of the

members of the Radio Commission, thanks to the political loyalty of Senator Watson of Indiana, who had previously lifted him for local gratitude to the position of chief of the commission's legal depart-Alas for the public interest, the commission today has no mechanical or electrical expert on radio matters on it: it consists of a group of judges, and public utility receivers. Scientific radio aptitude is ignored, the farming classes, labor. the general public, are ignored.. To a man they are staunch supporters of the radio trust. That they are collectively misfits in these positions is obvious: such collective subserviences can no more run the country's radio affairs successfully than they could run a farm or an undertaking establishment success-But this was the tribunal that sat in judgment over Baker and K-TNT; and it did not cause his heart to leap, when he considered their stooping postures.

On October 4th, then, in the courtroom justice of the peace in Muscatine, the commission held its hearing to take the testimony of Baker's Iowa W. L. Walker, of Washington, assistant enemies. counsel of the commission, represented them. spite of what Brown had said, about no complaints concerning Baker's cancer work, many of the witnesses were doctors. Even the press had put Baker on notice that this was the gravamen of the complaint. On August 15th, a dispatch from Washington had said that the medical profession had been "maligned. abused, and falsified" by statements made K-TNT; that the complaints came from the State Board of Health of Kansas; that an affidavit of Dr. C. H. Kinnaman, epidemiologist for the Kansas official medicos, declared that he repeatedly heard the speaker "claim to cure cancer in any stage", and that he had urged sufferers "to keep away from the 'slaughter house,' the State University hospital at Iowa City." Dr. Kinnaman, in later press stories, had grown eloquent over his board's sponsoring of immunization against diphtheria, typhoid fever and smallpox; whereas speakers over K-TNT had repeatedly attacked this immunization.

The hearing. The witnesses against Baker, Here is Dr. Andy Hall, Director on the Board of the Department of Public Health for the State of Illinois. He testifies that he has had stenographic notes made of talks made over K-TNT. He became a little fussed, when he admitted that he was not even present at the Elks Club when the stenographer took down the K-TNT talk; but he had heard the same talk over another set, he insisted. What had he objected to? To Baker's remarks, protesting against the dropping of preventive medicine in a newborn baby's eyes; against the chlorinating of water; against orthodox methods of treating appendicitis. The doctor admitted that Illinois had no compulsory vaccination law: but his board stood for vaccination, he said. On cross examination, the doctor objected to words of Baker, in which he had said that smallpox vaccination was, or might be, syphilitic cow pus. He defined vaccine as being secured from healthy heifers: even a schoolchild knows that this is impossible, and that the heifer has to be infected, before the vaccine can be secured. He was not even aware that the heifer is as a rule infected with smallpox from a human being, to produce the vaccine, and that syphilis might conceivably be conveyed so. a bit fussed, admitted that there was no positive test

INTERIOR VIEWS OF K-TNT



Main Studio



Looking from No. 1 into No. 2 Studio.

as to whether a human being had syphilis or not. He said that the value of vaccination was not in dispute any longer-even though his own State did not require it. He wasn't positive how many States did require it. The vaccines used were purchased, he said, from reputable concerns; these had tested them before they were sent out, but the State Board of Health did not test them. When asked whether or not the A. M. A. urged the State boards of health to encourage vaccination, he evaded by saying that all sensible medical men encouraged it. By sensible medical men, he said, he excluded osteopaths; but he thought that homeopaths practiced the same sort of medicine as allopaths; although, of course, their methods are directly at variance.

The doctor was dismissed. Came Dr. R. C. Smith. of Onslow. Iowa. He had been a doctor six years; he had been to the Iowa State University. He was not an allopathic doctor, he testified; he was a physician of the regular school: in other words, the brilliant young medic did not even know what sort He swore he had never studied of a doctor he was. in the allopathic school of medicine; that he had never heard the term used: that he didn't even know what the term meant. He testified as to four broadcasts of Baker's, on which he had taken notes. few of his gems, reputed to be Baker's words, were: that the Iowa State Medical Board was "sending Herman Carlson around the State trying to get people to steal for them".... —That the A. M. A. figured how much poison each child's body could stand, and how much they could get out of giving this poison; and that each one was bled on an average of \$19. That sweet blushing schoolgirls of 16 were vaccinated

on the leg, and the listeners knew why. That parents slept in the same bed with the school nurse. And so on. On cross examination, he grew very confused as to what vaccine was made from, and how it was made; he admitted finally that he simply didn't know.

Alfred C. Brandenburg, of Clinton, Iowa, an excourt reporter, was on hand with transcripts of what he stated were ten of Norman Baker's talks over K-TNT, between May 6th and 14th. He had taken some of his notes, he said, at Dr. Howe's, in Muscatine, and some at Dr. Beveridge's, in Muscatine. He had been employed, he said, by Dr. Beveridge to take the notes. He was hazy as to who had paid him, at first. He was recalled later in the afternoon, and testified that the **Muscatine Journal** had given him the check for his services.

It may now be increasingly clearer to you that Norman Baker has not exaggerated one whit the group colleagued against him. The Muscatine County Medical Society, the Muscatine Journal, doing their dirty work together: here is the proof, out of the mouth of one of their own sworn witnesses.

Then came Jessie H. Easson, a court reporter of Muscatine. She had her own stenographic notes of some of Baker's talks. A lot of Baker's talks. had commenced taking them down at the request of Dr. T. F. Beveridge, of Muscatine. Her checks were signed by the Muscatine County Medical Association. by Dr. Emerson, their treasurer. She admitted that she had at times corrected Baker's grammar, in transcribing her notes. A few times she had taken her notes in Dr. Beveridge's house. Most of the talks she had taken down in the house of one Bomke. an employee in the Muscatine postoffice who had previously been reported to the Postmaster General in Washington, by Baker, for improper mail service. The combined reports of these two reporters, of these Baker talks, made a stack of typewritten sheets six or seven inches high. Of these thousands of pages, four lines were read into the hearing at Washington. But they served their purpose; they ran up the bill for costs against Baker.

And then came Mrs. Bernadine Smith, of Onslow, wife of the doctor who didn't dream that he was an allopath. She testified that she had taken down the note in longhand; that the man who spoke was not a pretty rapid talker, but spoke "just moderately"—and take my word for it, Norman Baker is about the fastest speaker I have ever listened to; that she took down "all I wanted; I didn't attempt to take all of it"; that she took down about 80% of "the part she wanted," and "filled in the best I could" the other 20%; that the Muscatine County Medical Society had requested her husband to take down the notes.

Came Margaret Griffith, stenographer and general female factotum at the Muscatine Journal. During the week of May 9, 1930, she testified, she had had to answer the phone at the Journal office; she had taken down, during that time, over thirty-five messages cancelling subscriptions to the Journal; that practically every one made the same comment, that "they didn't want that dirty old paper any longer; that they were for Norman Baker; that they were through with the Journal, and to stop it at once." On cross examination, she testified that an advertisement submitted to her for the Journal, to appear on September 26, 1930, advertising an ad-

dress to be broadcast by Judge Rutherford, had omitted the local station's name, which was handed in on the copy: that is, that the name of station K-TNT had been stricken out. She knew it had been there, because she saw it scratched out.

Came another stenographer, one Mrs. Edwin B. Fulliam¹, with bigger and better dirt against Baker -little snatches of a sentence or two she said she had taken down from his speeches, reflecting on the domestic misconduct of the publisher of the Muscatine Journal, and saying that K-TNT would continue on the air, even if its license was revoked; that it would take the State militia to put them off. Nobody lingered long with her, and she is now nursing her husband for reported cancer of the nose. Edith Garnes, bookkeeper for the Muscatine Journal; she too testified as to phone cancellations to the local Lee sheet during the fateful week of May 9th; that 10% of these gave a reason; that this reason was that Norman Baker had told them to do it. girl, nobody cross-examined her. Came Louis C. Boice, circulation manager for the same sheet. too testified about that week of May 9th, and about people cancelling the paper because "it was a dirty sheet, that they didn't want it in their homes; and they stated that Mr. Baker had advised them to call the Muscatine Journal office and stop their Journal." Nobody, however, he said, had said this to him in That the total number of cancellations had been around 21/2% of the total subscriptions.

And that was all.

^{1—}Since testifying, Mrs. Fulliam's husband, Dr. Ed. Fulliam suffered from a condition of nose that some stated, may be cancer. Local doctors failed on his case and he was treated at Iowa State University. Time will tell.

On to Washington, on October 20th. Baker had been tipped off at second hand by a real estate man and ex-senator, George M. Titus of Muscatine, that the station would be closed. Similarly, Clyde Rabedeaux of the Journal, at a noonday meeting of the Chamber of Commerce or the Commercial Club, when a movement was proposed to save K-TNT, arose and said in substance, "It's no use, boys; things are all set."

Six volunteer witnesses appeared against Baker at this hearing. One was Herman Carlson, State Medical Board Investigator of Iowa. He swore that he had heard the broadcast from K-TNT at fifteen minutes to 1 o'clock, on May 6th. Baker had come armed with full data as to every minute he had been on the air. Baker's accurate records showed that the station had not even been on the air at that time. So trustworthy were the witnesses against him! This perjury, demonstrated by Baker before the commission, brought no effort at punishment.

Dr. Beveridge, of Muscatine, and his wife, were also volunteer witnesses; and they brought along their preacher, a Rev. Tom Fogelsong, pastor of a church dominated by the Beveridges. Dr. Beveridge said that it was against his will that the Baker Cancer Hospital was permitted to be kept open. Dr. Beveridge, of course, at the time was connected with the Hershey Hospital at Muscatine, whose business had dropped off materially, at the successful rivalry of the Baker institution. Baker charged outright that Beveridge had never cured a cancer patient in his life, that all of his cancer patients had died: Beveridge hardly adored this reve-He gave his prejudiced testimony, as did lation.

his wife and the preacher of their church. George Hinshaw, an ex-editor of the Muscatine Journal, was another volunteer witness, a man whom Baker had defeated repeatedly, when he proposed some such matter as giving away city lands to the railroads. He said that the programs from K-TNT were worthless, and consisted entirely, at the noon hour, of phonograph records. Baker established, from his accurate records, that no phonograph records had been played during the noon hour for years; that these were used, and then sparsely, only in the early morning and sometimes in the afternoon. But there was no prosecution for perjury, for this.

Mrs. Beveridge had testified that Baker ignored religion in his broadcasts. Baker introduced evidence showing that every Sunday for years there had been a religious program of an hour, or more; that this time was given free of charge to any church that would send its minister to talk over K-TNT, whether he be Protestant, Catholic, or Jew. The station prided itself upon its open-mindedness in religion. But such was the dishonest evidence that was admitted by the commission, in spite of Baker's precise proof that it was all untrue.

During the trial, attorney Fisher, for the commission, introduced the stack of typewritten pages six or seven inches high, with thousands of pages, the stenographic reports formerly introduced in the Muscatine hearing before Justice of the Peace Horst. Only material from one page of all these was used by the commission's attorneys, in their cross examination. But they did swell the bill of costs to staggering proportions. Baker's attorneys pleaded for the introduction merely of the paragraphs or lines in

question, plus at most a few pages before and after the most points. This was not done.

For instance, there was the evidence introduced to establish that Baker had used obscene and indecent language over K-TNT. The testimony was that Baker had used the word "testicles" over the air. Between you and me, and Baker may not agree. "testicles" is no more obscene and indecent than head or foot, if used soberly and properly. Nor had Baker used it. On the occasion in question, he was talking before the microphone one evening, when the Journal was banging away most vehemently at One of his assistants, Harry Hoxsey, approached Baker, while he was talking over the microphone, and said in substance, "Look, Mr. Baker, they have got your and my pictures in the paper to-It even shows your spectacles." He laid the paper on the announcer's desk. The witness testified that Hoxsey had said, in substance, "Look, Mr. Baker, they have got your and my pictures in the paper tonight. It even shows your testicles." anything can be funnier or more absurd than giving any credence whatsoever to any such alleged remark. which no one in his sanity could ever have made: which was introduced in a two-line speech removed from its context, out of testimony of stenographic reports coming over a bad radio set. I want to hear it. But in it went, silly little lie that it was, since it gave one more lever against Baker, to the low selfish colleaguing interests so anxious to get rid of his clear courageous voice over the air.

More and more Baker discovered that the hearing was a cut-and-dried thing. One man, who knew the ins and outs of Washington, and who still retained

some admiration for Baker's long vigorous fight against the powers that be, called him aside into the hallway: "What are you wasting your time here for, It's just time and money thrown away. They reached the verdict before the trial commenced." More and more Baker discovered that the man was right. Examiner Yost, who was presiding over the hearing for the commission, permitted these volunteer critics of Baker's station to testify that K-TNT's programs were worthless; that it had few listeners, and the like. Baker promptly sought to introduce evidence that his radio station was the most popular in the world. He had pictures showing his Sunday crowds every Sunday in the summer, crowds seldom under 5,000 people, and rising up to 7,000, 18,000, 32,000, and 50,000 visitors all assembled at the same time, to visit a radio station such a thing was never heard of, in the whole history of radio in America! Baker told of the problems of parking cars to accommodate 50,000 visitors in one day; of his lawn studio, his seating arrangements for over a thousand people, the huge circus tent erected for shade; of his having to carry heavy liability insurance against the risk of an accident to these im-The Examiner listened to it all with mense crowds. Perhaps he could not even credit it. lidded eyes. that any one man, any one radio station, in the world could attract like that. A rotten worthless station. an unnopular station-this was what the verdict would have to be: somehow justice closed her ears to the proof to the contrary. Baker's attorneys offered to introduce into the evidence an actual large-sized photograph of the crowd of 50,000 attending the station in one day: or, at least, of as

many of them as the camera could include. "No," said Examiner Yost flatly, "you can't introduce that. That's not evidence, in this hearing." He excluded it.

"That's all, gentlemen." The Examiner looked down at his desk; he may have been trying to make sure that he had forgotten nothing. "The hearing's over." The records were all handed to him. The attorneys, for Baker, for the commission, were stuffing their used and unused ammunition into their brief cases. Baker rose with the rest, and started to leave the room. Suddenly through the crowd came a Washington, D. C., attorney, named Hansen, who represented the medical group allied against Baker. "Examiner, here is a brief of the Iowa Medical Society and others, in this case." It was at once permitted to go in.

A brief, on behalf of the Iowa Medical Society, the Illinois Medical Society, the Muscatine County (Iowa) Medical Society, the Commissioner of Public Health of the State of Iowa, the Director of Public Health of the State of Illinois, the Director of Public Health of the State of Nebraska, T. F. Beveridge, L. C. Howe, M. P. Bomke, Herman B. Carlson and C. H. Pitchforth. A queer document. Let's see just what the charges were, as summed up by the bitter opposition:

The record discloses the fact that Baker has constantly and consistently used his station in attacking established institutions and individuals who had incurred his animosity.

Granted. All crooked dishonest institutions and individuals, all organized thieves by night and murderers and anti-social forces of every nature, had

"incurred his animosity," as the brief put it. ing politicians and political gangs preying on the public. selfish public utilities milking and gouging the public, bankers and mortgage men and usurers fattening off the needs of farmers and laborers, all these had "incurred his animosity." Callous conscienceless organized doctors, best only in misdiagnosing ailments and in charging extortionate fees for useless and harmful treatments, for operations. X-rays and radium for cancer, for instanceorganized doctors who rejected the one real cure for cancer, refused even to investigate it, to perpetuate their blood-toll on human agony and death—these "incurred his animosity." The servile sycophantic discredited Muscatine Journal and the other whores of the press—these "incurred his animosity." it, gentlemen: all you have said, so far, is a high crown in Baker's favor. But have you anything against him? Oh—that he attacked these "established institutions and individuals." You're indicting him for having the manhood, the decency, the magnificent Americanism to protest against your filthy gouges? Grant it, gentlemen: this is a higher crown in Baker's favor. Haven't you anything against him?

He is engaged in "numerous other business activities, all of which are advertised extensively over his station:" listing TNT magazine, Baker Institute—(do you forget you've kicked him out of this illegally and unfairly, you squirmers under the ground?), Progressive Publishing Company, "the purpose of which originally was to establish a daily evening newspaper in competition with the Muscatine Journal which resulted in the publication of the Midwest Free Press" (But are you such asses that

you can use this as a complaint?), merchandising of tires, gasoline, books, radio equipment, etc. . . . The A. M. A., the brief proceeds, have "differed with Baker's theories and practices in connection with the treatment of cancer at the Baker Institute." -More shame to you, you mutilators by operations and burners and killers by X-ray and radium! cause of their disapproval of his methods," (and their dirty underground warfare—they leave that out. notice) "-they have been attacked in broadcasts by Baker over KTNT on numerous occasions." And so it goes on, listing Baker's finest activities as grounds to close his station: moaning that he has called the A. M. A. the American Meatcutters Association and the American Mummy Association: that M. D. stood for More Dough; that the doctor members of the A. M. A. were charlatans and quacks: that the members "without exception"—a lie, as all Baker's words establish—were held up to the public as being unscrupulous, immoral, inefficient, moneymad malpractitioners. It would have been pretty close to the truth, if he had said it thus; he always carefully exempted the honest decent members in his words, and urged them to leave the malodorous medical octopus. It goes on to list Baker's direct attacks on certain doctors: but, since the doctors deserved these attacks, all the more credit to Baker for having the guts to use his station to benefit the community, instead of being silent on crying evils and abuses!

They complain of Baker's common-sense advice regarding the treatment of an inflamed appendix: treason, this, to the branch of human butchering called surgery, but high fidelity to the best interests

They object to Baker's proof of men and women. that smallpox vaccine might be syphilitic cow pus, though he had established this possibility in both They complain of Baker's direct attack upon one of the State Health Inspectors of Iowaincluding the charge that he had entered a hotel drunk, with a drunken woman companion. But if this had been untrue, why was not Baker sued for libel? If it was true, it was his duty to call attention to it. and he did. Baker had called the Attorney General of Iowa a damned coward, said the brief. testified he never used profane language over the air; maybe he should have used it, in this instance. Baker had charged certain people with being prostitutes and abortionists. Note, please, that the brief does not state that any of these remarks of Baker's were untrue: he is indicted for saying these things, as if lack of tact in dealing with a rattlesnake is a They complain of Baker's direct attacks on the Muscatine Journal: from what little I know of the paper. Baker under-stated the facts in every instance: he should have bit them harder. endangered the "public health", the brief said: the public health being construed by them to mean the right of organized doctordom to throttle a real cancer cure, and condemn mankind forever to agony and death from cancer, accompanied by an enormous blood-toll to the surgeons and doctors of the A. M. His activities, the brief continued. "are conducive to the creation of trouble and unrest." Thank For when Muscatine and Iowa and God they are! the United States are ridden by quacks, grafters. and skunks in human attire, it is time to waken the people to trouble and unrest. If this is not done

in the open, as Baker did, it will be done in the darkness: and bloody revolution must ensue. dom of speech means the right to make such complaints openly, that the conditions may be cured; the denial of freedom of speech drives the sufferers into furtive underground conspiracies, which end in the bloody extinction of the grafters, quacks, and skunks in human attire: less than they deserve, in all fairness, but still it makes rather a mess in public places, and it is more to the public interest to have them quietly shelved and pushed out of public life, than to have them lynched and murdered in public, which again they deserve. In Russia no freedom of speech was permitted: we had, as a result, the extermination there of a vast social class, the preying aristo-If freedom of speech is denied generally in America, as it was to Baker, we will have our bloody uprising here, and the lives of the public thieves and murderers will be taken in the sight of high heaven. and innocent blood will be spilled too. Take warning now, you filthy un-American preyers upon the public: do to other men of courage and love of mankind as you did to Norman Baker, and you will reap a harvest so bloody that only your stinking flyblown carcasses will remain, to lesson future ages of the peril of denying free speech to real men and women!

Whose names are signed to this brief, after the resonant public health officials, all shrinking and trembling because Baker's honest forthright attacks have jeopardized their hideous monopoly upon matters pertaining to health? T. F. Beveridge. L. C. Howe. M. P. Bomke. But where is the "Doctor" that should be prefixed to these names, where is the "M. D." and the "D. D. S." that should be affixed to

them? Beveridge is a doctor. Howe is a doctor. Bomke is a dentist. He had started to build a calliope of his own as a competitor of Baker. hired a discharged employee of Baker, and had spent in the neighborhood of \$1,500 in a futile effort to make his instrument play. He had sold furs and tinkered with his calliope, between his hours of pulling teeth. He had been before the Grand Jury . at Muscatine for buying stolen automobile tires. Some asked if he paid \$3.000 for a counterfeiting machine, and been bilked like any simple sucker out of the money, and had been unable to bring the man into court, if he had tried to do this. The courts do not protect the individual who tries to defraud the government by counterfeiting. Dentist Bomke. . . . Herman B. Carlson: an employee of the doctors, against whom Baker had said enough, and truthfully enough. C. H. Pitchforth, a politician under fire for serious malfeasance, whom Baker had in one week's campaigning overwhelmingly defeated for reelection, with a young and untried rival. Kenneth These were the signers of this Declaration Coder. of Enforced Dependence, this written plea to end freedom of speech in Muscatine.

The brief of Baker's attorney held one unanswerable gem, in referring to his medical opponents:

No spirit of public interest inspires the efforts of these people to ruin the business of this applicant. They are plainly trying to use the commission to censor all dissemination of knowledge contrary to their narrow views.

Baker had attacked two physicians by name? These were Beveridge and Howe, of course; and he did it only when the Iowa Supreme Court sustained judg-

ment for twenty thousand dollars, for grossly injuring a patient with X-ray treatments.

In spite of all this, Examiner Yost did what the organized bitter small-town medicos desired: he recommended to the commission the closing of K-TNT, that \$750,000 investment of Norman Baker's. What to him that this meant closing the most popular radio station in America, one that had the fervent following and acclaim of the actual radio listeners? If not, why did they flock to cancel their subscriptions to the malodorous Muscatine Journal, at Baker's mere hint, or at his direct request? What to him that the persecution's own testimony showed that Dr. Beveridge had hired a stenographer, and that the Muscatine Journal had paid him? If this did not establish conspiracy, in God's name what would? What to him that this action of his would be a stab in the vitals at free speech, and another step toward the complete monopoly on things medical in the hands of the grasping belly-cutting, throat-cutting American Medical Association? He recommended that K-TNT be closed.

Upon this recommendation, the Federal Radio Commission revoked the license of K-TNT. A unanimous decision. Harold LaFount, E. O. Sykes, Ira E. Robinson, C. McK. Saltzman, W. D. Starbuck, all unanimous against free speech, and in favor of the medical monopoly. Baker had called Starbuck a New York politician, which he was. Baker had reminded LaFount that he was a Public Utility Receiver of the Private Utility gang. Saltzman had urged Baker not to continue to fight the radio chain stations. Baker had fought Sykes' confirmation as commissioner. Sykes had protested to Baker against Baker's

clear contention that the previous commission had discriminated against K-TNT, in cutting his power, and misrepresenting the power of his transmitter, and so on. Sykes had a son, a law student, working, at this very time, in the office of Elisha Hanson, the Washington, D. C., attorney who represented the medical interests against Baker in this very hearing. Nice fairminded impartial judges Baker had to be tried by. And so they closed his station, the most popular radio station in the world. It still stands on its hill above the turgid, turbid Mississippi, the loveliest building in Muscatine. There are weeds seven feet high in front of it, all around it. The doctors did The Muscatine Journal did that. The commission did that. It can open in thirty days, if its rights are restored. Will the American people lie supine before this crying injustice, and permit forever Baker's property, used to fight in favor of humanity, be taken from him, at the behest of these greedy private interests? I don't believe so. lieve in America, believe in mankind, and its ultimate fairness. Let's start the ball rolling now, to retire the unworthy ones, and restore Baker and free speech to the air!

CHAPTER XVII

BAKER'S FINAL BROADCAST OVER K-TNT

There were only two legal channels of appeal for Baker to choose between. The regular channel was to the Court of Appeals; the more impressive one, to the United States Supreme Court. Baker's Washington attorneys, Mathews and Trimble, recommended the Supreme Court. It sent the case back to the Court of Appeals.

Baker appealed to this body. The Federal Radio Commission introduced its thousands of pages of useless and incompetent testimony, not used in the actual hearing at all, as has been pointed out. would pad the records, and force a gigantic bill for costs on Baker. The clerk of the Court of Appeals sent Baker a bill for over \$5,000, the cost of printing the record, which must be paid before the case could proceed. But the stock market crash of 1929 had nipped Baker; he had placed a \$50,000 mortgage on his Muscatine property; he did not have the cash. He appealed to the attorneys for the commission to omit the superfluous records, using only those necessary properly to present their case. They refused to cut out one silly irrelevant page. After all persuasion had failed. Baker's attorneys asked the court for an extension of time. Thirty days were granted. At the end of that time, Baker was worse off than ever before financially. The American Savings Bank, at Muscatine, in which he had his deposits, had closed, in the meantime; its doors have never since been opened. On top of this, the Davenport Commercial and Savings Bank closed, with more of Baker's money tied up.

Baker pleaded for an extension until March, a mere sixty days. On November 21, 1931, he received an official reply:

Supplementing my letter to you dated the 9th instant, this is to inform you that the Court to-day denied a motion for further extension of time to make the deposit for printing in your case against the Radio Commission, No. 5418, until and including March 31, 1932.

Thus Baker was denied an appeal, because local Iowa bankers had his money tied up in their closed Because the costs in the case had been padded so outrageously, that only a rich man could even appear to ask for justice. Because justice, America, is made so expensive, that it is out of the reach of the common people entirely. except by paying a preliminary toll and gouge of \$5,000 and over, Baker, right or wrong, was not allowed to have his case heard at all. Because we all have to suffer from this exorbitant and extortionate price set by our overlords upon a mere application for justice. If things like this are not remedied. there is no way that our land can escape a bloody station was closed, because revolution. Baker's "moneychangers in the temple," to use President Roosevelt's magnificent phrase in his first inaugural. had broken the nation's credit, forced a condition worse than a panic, and had swirled this one courageous Iowa fighter down, in their greedy assault on the pockets of all of us.

The commission voted promptly to close the courageous station. Baker was given no notice at

all. In the late afternoon he received a telegram:

Washington, D. C., June 12, 1931

Norman Baker,

KTNT.

Muscatine, Iowa

COMMISSION HAS RECEIVED ORDER FROM COURT OF APPEALS DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA VACATING STAY ORDER OF JUNE FIFTH NINETEEN THIRTY ONE IN YOUR CASE STOP COMMISSION DIRECTS YOU TO DISCONTINUE TRANSMITTING ON RECEIPT OF THIS TELEGRAM

James W. Baldwin, Secretary 3:20 P. M. FEDERAL RADIO COMMISSION

Time had elapsed, more than Baker asked for; but the court had closed its ears to his case. And now he was given not one minute to close: he was to "discontinue transmitting on receipt of this telegram." Immediate confiscation of property; a \$750,000 investment closed without five minutes of grace.... This is called justice, in America.

Baker read the telegram a second time. He laid the yellow flimsy on his desk. He thought only one thing: "A seven hundred and fifty thousand dollar business shot to hell." That was the actual investment; the total loss, figured conservatively from the income of his various businesses, would bring the figure closer to a million and a half dollars. Baker walked firmly out to the office of his secretary, and laid the telegram on her desk: "The jig's up. I'm going to give a farewell talk over K-TNT from the microphone here in my private office. You may tell all the employees, if they want to hear it, that they may come into my private office. The old man's

got a few final things to say. They may want to hear him."

They came in, from all directions. The men, the women even, hurriedly brought in chairs, as noiselessly as possible. Every inch of the large office was crowded with the horror-struck and loyal fighters in Norman Baker's army. Baker called another secretary: "Get out your notebook. I want you to take down my last words over K-TNT." He was too stunned to be angry. He gritted his teeth; some day someone was going to pay for this: that was all he would let himself think. All open and above-board, too; they might fight as furtively as their natures demanded; he was too much of a man to fight like a thug.

All the employees were asembled. They had phoned to the radio station, and had had them announce that K-TNT had been ordered off the air immediately; they had requested that all the listeners telephone to their friends to tune in at once, for Norman Baker's final words over K-TNT. No time for forethought, no time for preparation, no time for any arrangement. Norman Baker stepped firmly up to the microphone, and spoke.

BAKER'S FAREWELL BROADCAST

Well folks, before I start this talk, I am going to give you 5 minutes to call all of your friends, all of your farm folk out in the fields, and your neighbors; call them in to hear this talk, because the Court of Appeals has decided that Station K-TNT must go off the air immediately, and that is now—right after this talk. And we must stay off the air until the Court of Appeals has time to review the case of Radio Station K-TNT and to review the decision of the

Federal Radio commission, which will come before the Court of Appeals, possibly it might not be until fall. So this may be the last talk that you will hear from Norman Baker over Radio Station K-TNT.

It is now about five minutes after two o'clock, and I am giving you five minutes to call all of your friends and folks in and have them tune in to K-TNT, as the message I have for you is one that I believe you will be interested in hearing. Now I am going to ask the folks at the station to go ahead and give you a little musical program, and I am going to turn the microphone right back to them until ten minutes after two. That will be five minutes yet, in which you will have time to have all of your friends assem-Now the boys at the studio please go ahead with the program for five minutes. But folks be sure and 'phone your friends, no matter where they Get them in out of the fields and everywhere, everybody, for I have many things of interest to you, and you will at least have the privilege of saying you heard Norman Baker's last talk over his Station K-TNT at Muscatine. Iowa, today at ten minutes after two o'clock.

Maybe Not Last Talk

I say his last talk—don't know if it is the last talk forever or not, but it is now, and maybe for some months yet, or until the Court of Appeals has time to review the case. Now the boys at the studio go ahead. (Mike turned back to main studio and records played).

Well folks, I trust you have made a lot of phone calls and that you have the members of all your families and those of your neighbors tuned in on their receiving sets now to hear the last talk over Radio Station K-TNT from Norman Baker—meaning the last talk until the Court of Appeals has had time

to review the decision of the Federal Radio Commission.

On June 5th, at 12:30 noon, I received a telegram from the Federal Radio Commission stating that they had decided the case against us and that K-TNT must go off the air that night at midnight. Of course as we have no evening hours on K-TNT for the past several years, and our closing hours for the day being sundown, Eastern Standard Time, that meant we were to go off the air at 7:45 that evening, and that our nightly talk that goes on at 5 minutes after 12 could not be given.

Decision Was Vicious

The decision was vicious. It showed rank discrimination and unfairness for the reason that it only gave me from 12:30 noon until 7:45 p. m., that same evening to tell you folks the facts and truths and to make arrangements for the closing of K-TNT. decision was vicious for the reason that there was no consideration given to the fact that in the building of K-TNT, and in the building of our transmitter, in the purchase of the land and the experiment and all expenses that go to make up the successful operation there was a cost of over \$250,000. These are the assets of radio station K-TNT. The United States government took no consideration of that, nor did they consider the advertising contracts which we have had for national advertisers and others who are using the services of K-TNT—that these contracts must cease immediately—meaning that it was rank discrimination of such proportions that one could hardly expect it to take place in the United States of America.

I am sure that there are millions of people in America who see this. There are millions of people who will ask themselves today, "Where is justice to be found in the United States?" Where is the justice that your fathers and my father and our grandfathers fought for and that you and I should enjoy? They fought for freedom. Our old grandfathers fought for freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of religion, and I believe you will find in the history of those wonderful papers, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, that George Washington, one of the foremost, was quite eager that freedom of religion should not exist in America, and he fought, we are told, for the Church of England, meaning that had he been successful, you and I could have attended no other church in America except the Church of England.

Medical Freedom Sidetracked

At that time, Thomas Jefferson, a man whom I have always loved for the courage and fearlessness he displayed, arose to maintain by argument, that the people of America, if to have a free country, should have freedom of religion, and after arguments pro and con, the Declaration of Independence carried freedom of religion, freedom of speech and freedom of the press.

Sitting there with them was another man, who must be credited with considerable foresight and vision, and that man was Dr. Benjamin Rush, the doctor and physician who saw the medical end of things which were going to take place in this country of ours, the United States of America, and he saw too that monopoly would take place in the medical end of things, so he argued for the addition of medical freedom to freedom of speech, freedom of religion and freedom of the press, that it should be written into the Declaration of Independence—medical freedom. But the others didn't seem to have the foresight and vision that Dr. Benjamin Rush had, and medical freedom was not plainly written into the Declaration of Independence.

Today we can look back and admire the foresight

of Dr. Benjamin Rush, for the reason that the organized medical group of America, including the American Medical Association, College and Association of Surgeons and all our state and county medical associations, constitute organized medicine which tells you what you should and what you should not do.

Organized Medicine Ignorant

Organized medicine fought everything and everyone—man, woman and organization alike—that dared to even insinuate or dared to talk of any method of treatment by the natural methods, suggestive therapeutics, power of mind, Christian Science, chiropractic, osteopathic, naprapathic, masseuers and what-nots, all of which have come into existence for the mere reason that organized medicine with its knowledge of things medical, has made a dismal Today the most common of all diseases cured. Even a bad cold, after over 150 failure. cannot be cured. years of medical science research, the medical science has no specific cure for, and this exists, even though 140,000 physicians—men and women graduates from the best medical colleges—after four to seven years of medical training, with the best professors as teachers, come out from those colleges with diplomas strapped around their necks and without knowledge of one specific cure for any known disease.

And still, surrounded with all this gross ignorance, they have the audacity to organize with their seventy thousand and over physicians, joined with organized medicine, many for the mere purpose of protecting themselves in their own business, by organized efforts of the A. M. A., against those who might bring malpractice suits against them and for other purposes. Organized medicine, to protect its own has gone to and formed its own insurance companies, and for the small sum of about \$35 per year its doctor members can secure yearly insurance

policies to protect them from any malpractice suits and fights through the highest courts of the land, against you, the public, who have no other recourse open but to spend thousands of dollars to fight, if you choose to do so. The result is that the power of that highly organized organization with its concentrated efforts of the medical profession and societies of America has succeeded in closing this station, K-TNT at Muscatine, Iowa—the most beautiful radio station in America—a monument to the radio industry—a station which has led in its activities, in the nature of its programs and in many other things—and they did this, regardless of the large investment in it; regardless of the fact that it stands today, the most popular radio station in the wide world.

K-TNT Fought for Public

And that statement I make, I make not reluctantly, but truthfully and without fear of contradiction, affirmed and proven by the fact that you people out there in the great spaces, come to Muscatine to visit K-TNT, saying that this station has fought the battles of the farmer, fought the battles of the laborer and the battles of the general public—fought those battles giving you the truth—giving you things the press of America was afraid to give, and you have come to Muscatine.

I have seen as high as 50,000 of you folks come to Muscatine and K-TNT as visitors. That is the largest group of people that ever visited any one radio station in any one day, and that is more people than go to the average radio station in a whole year of their visiting hours. Then I have seen crowds of 32,000 people; 26,000 people; 22,000, and many of 16,000, 14,000 and 12,000, and as the majority of you will affirm, on practically any Sunday, there are on an average 5,000 or more people assembled at K-TNT.

But in view of all that—in view of all those things showing that K-TNT is the most popular station in America—the decision today proves to you conclusively what the organized efforts of the medical profession of America can do, organized as they are in their state, their county and their national organizations, constituting the American Medical Association, which through its state medical societies and county medical societies have not stopped in their

efforts to gain complete control of you.

Not being satisfied in placing their doctors as United States senators and representatives, they have placed doctors in positions in President Hoover's cabinet-from Dr. Work, on down to Dr. Wilbur of the Department of the Interior, and every branch of the government; every branch of the state assemblies or legislatures, as well as other offices, and always, invariably placing no one but organized doctor members of their society, as members of the state medical boards. It gives them one of the greatest chances for propaganda and influence ever known, and if Dr. Benjamin Rush, who signed the Declaration of Independence—if his ghost were to rise from its grave today, instead of scaring the people, the ghost would be scared, at the audacity of some people and would sink back to the grave, never to show its face again.

Station Opened in 1925

People of America will never, in my estimation, for at least 25 years, realize what that gigantic power and terrific influence means to the lives and the welfare of the people of America. When they can come and take from you—the farmers, the laborers, and the public in general—a mouthpiece—a radio mouthpiece of 5,000 watts, erected here at Muscatine. Iowa, under the name of K-TNT, construction of which was made in 1924, and which went on the air officially during the summer of 1925, and which has fought bravely, courageously and fearlessly for six long years, the battles of you farmers, laborers, and general public, then when you realize that valuable station will be gone today when I close this microphone, it ought to make you stop—make you think, and make you ponder over the conditions in America today.

If it did nothing else, it should make you wonder as to how you will vote at the next election—whether or not you will support the administration when Hoover comes out for president in 1932 with the rest of the ticket—that is a question for you to ponder on.

I say this is my last talk—possibly it will be the last for at least some months until the court of appeals has had time to review the case of the Federal Radio commission against this station, and then, if the court of appeals' decision is against us, to keep K-TNT closed (and no doubt that will be the case), we will try every way to take the case to the supreme court of the United States.

Judges Are Influenced

It is true that decisions are not fair in many cases -and many decisions are made by prominent judges in America who are indirectly influenced by those who have gone out and invited the judges to their homes to play bridge or go out and play a game of golf. During that game of bridge or that game of golf, there are no bribes offered, but a subtle method of propaganda is used by not only one, but two or three friends perhaps from the outside who have been invited to that party with those they want to influence, and indirect suggestions are made regarding "so and so" which does not fail, in many cases to bring a favorable decision to the "powers that be" against you, the farmer, the laborer, and the millions that make up the 120 million people in the United States, all in the same category, the common public of America.

You are going to miss K-TNT—you are going to miss the service it has given to you, for the reason that other stations of like power and even smaller, to the smallest stations of 100 watts of power, have looked to this case of radio station K-TNT, with awe; have anxiously awaited a decision to see whether Norman Baker, owner and operator of radio station K-TNT, would win in the decision for the rights of the farmers, laborers and the common public, or These stations are now whether he would lose. intimidated: their managers have hearts filled with fear, feeling that if they say one word of truth to the American people, aside from what is read in the ordinary newspaper channels in daily papers, they will be kicked off the air.

Chain Stations Favored

The movement is on in America to try to strike every independent station off the air and to give all channels and power to the electrical trusts of America and to the chain stations, regarding which the Federal Radio commission had the audacity to say that the independent stations sell merchandise or that they give the price of merchandise over the air, which in their minds, constitutes direct advertising. But they go along and permit the chains over the chain stations of America to sell everything from soup to hickory nuts and all they need do is not to mention price. The Federal Radio commission decrees that is not direct advertising, and it is all right for them to go ahead! They have broken every rule of religion, when they have gone on chain stations every Sunday and every Sunday evening, selling every thing from toothpicks to shoe polish and cigarettes, and they have told you ladies that they perfect your shape or make your form better, and that they are "kind to your throat." They have done that all on the Sabbath, and I am wondering what you ministers —you religious organizations, and you christian people think when you tune in your set next Sunday or any Sunday, and hear the selling of merchandise on Sunday by the trust radio stations of America, and when you go out of your home—when you go downtown in your automobile or out for a walk and you find the doors of your merchandise houses closed in respect to the Sabbath?

Chain stations could have heralded one of the greatest things to the American people ever heard of, but you could not get them to connect their stations on the chain and give a service to the American people unless they saw the almighty dollar ahead. They will connect all stations together, however, and broadcast a prize fight or something which you people don't care much about kiddies listening to, on account of its brutality, classed next to the bull fights of Spain.

Won't Broadcast Patriotism

They do that, but if you people who are patriotic -if your forefathers could rise from the grave and ask the chain stations and the electrical trusts of America to broadcast that most wonderful tone—the tones from a peal of that old Independence Bell now hanging in Independence hall at Philadelphia. Pa. the peal that rang forth the good news of the Declaration of Independence, the electrical trust and the Federal Radio Commission, with all its members, including General Saltzman, Harold Lafount, Mr. Starbuck, Judge Robinson and Judge Sykes, I believe would be indifferent as to whether it ever rang forth in America, recalling the Declaration of Indepen-I know full well that the electrical trusts dence. would never permit it, because I have urged that one of the greatest things and benefits to the American people, to show their loyalty to the American public and their willingness to do something for them, would be to set a microphone on the streets of Philadelphia,

below the Independence Hall, and have someone pull the rope, letting that grand old bell ring again the independence of our country. But you, the public—the laborer and farmer, and all—will never hear again, the ringing of that grand old bell of Independence, for I think before that happens we will all be dead.

And all this makes you and I think, if we have any patriotic blood in our veins, and I may mention that this is Norman Baker talking, from Radio Station K-TNT, who by order of the court of appeals, ceases broadcasting—this will be the last talk and the last program you will hear over station K-TNT until the court of appeals decides upon our case—that of the people's station of America. And it makes you think of this one thing. Your fathers have fought, and my father has fought—if I had time I would like to tell you the history of my father and what he went through, fighting for justice in America.

Tells of Father

I will take a little time, saying this. My old dad, a member, I believe, of the 27th Infantry of the State of Illinois, was captured in battle during the Civil War; was thrown into the Andersonville prison—and those who have read history know the Andersonville prison to be one of the most horrible places ever a human being was put into.

It was a large place with practically level ground, surrounded by a high board fence forming a stockade, and at certain distances there were guard houses, where was stationed a guard with rifles and shotguns. Through the middle of that stockade there ran a litte creek where fresh pure glistening water flowed through the stockade. This prison was the worst and most horrible ever known, unless some dungeons in Europe may be worse. There were wire fences along each side of the creek, and the prisoners were not given water as they should have been—they

had little cans which they were served soup in, and if they dared crawl under the wire fence 10 or 12 feet to the water's edge and dip up an old tomato can full of fresh water to drink, they were shot dead by the guards along the stockade.

Every prisoner in that prison wanted to get out. My father was quite a genius. He had great daring. courage and fearlessness, and he tunnelled out of the old prison, using the old top of a tin can and a piece of bark to dig a hole just big enough for a man to crawl through. Another man would come after, pushing the dirt back, and for months and monthsthey would just take a piece of bark in their hands, cut the ground in front and push it back under their stomachs to the next fellow who would grab it and push it on down until it went out through the opening. The prison officials would have a heavy iron cart with a mule hitched to it and drive the heavy iron cart all over the ground of the prison so that tunnels being dug would sink under its weight and be detected. But my father succeeded in escaping he went along an old river, and nearby were guards with bloodhounds sent out after him.

The bridge was some distance away, and the guard was standing on the bridge, when my father, in the river, saw him. He got whole logs, tied them together, put branches over them, got under the water with just his nose sticking out (he was quite a swimmer), and floated down under the bridge where the guard and bloodhounds were. He floated down and down until he floated into the big Atlantic Ocean.

Makes His Escape

Of course that was in the days when a man weighing 175 pounds was away down to 112 or 100 pounds, having nothing to eat from starvation. He saw a vessel out at sea, grabbed a stick and tore the shirt off his back and waved it at the vessel far at

sea, who saw it, and picked father up. Naturally he hoped it was a northern ship which would maybe take him to the Northern army, but it happened to be a Confederate ship, and he was taken back to the ship as a prisoner, when they found out he had escaped from Andersonville.

Father was quite a mechanic and a boilermaker by trade and the Confederacy had very few mechanics and boilermakers, they needed more and so they took him to a town named Danville, I believe, and told my father if he would join the Confederacy they would put him to work in the boiler shops at Danville, and not only give him his freedom and keep him out of the Andersonville prison but would pay him \$3 per day. Father politely told them to go to hell, and they sent him back to Andersonville prison, and in retaliation for escaping, and his firmness for sticking up for the North and what he thought was right, they put him out in the graveyard, burying men who died from scurvy.

Scurvy was a disease well known to the prisoners of Andersonville, and was just what the name implies. From lack of water to drink (naturally they had no water in which to take a bath) they got scurvy—black scurvy, I believe they called it, one of the most dreadful diseases I guess that is known to medical profession. When you would pick up the bodies they would fall apart from the terrible disease—practically rotten. My father worked in that graveyard burying the victims of scurvy. They put prisoners in there so they would get the disease and die, and they wouldn't have to shoot them.

Escapes Second Time

Father went back in the prison and got hold of a guard—father had an old 7-jewel watch—and he bribed that guard to let him out. And he got out the second time, it was the second time he escaped from that horrible Andersonville prison. But they

caught father again and took him back to prison and hung him by the thumbs. For 5 hours they tortured him, and tattooed a large eagle under his chin all the way over the abdomen.

K-TNT Enemies Unfair

Now radio station K-TNT is closed by people who, in my estimation, are vicious, unfair and inhuman and disrespectful of the rights of the people of the United States.

Fortunately, we have a little civilization in America today. They have done everything possible—threatened this and that and finally have succeeded in closing radio station K-TNT at Muscatine, Iowa, maybe forever, and maybe for only a few months, but it looks very much like it might be forever.

This parting talk is to you, good friends, listeners and cooperators, who have been so loyal to station K-TNT at Muscatine, Iowa, owned and operated by me, and I feel that over the period of construction of this station to the present day—from the time we built the foundation in 1924 until the closing of this station, this afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock, that you, the most of all, will admit—and all of you must admit, if you will be fair, that station, K-TNT, or Norman Baker, or anyone else connected with its operation can never be accused of fighting the American people—fighting the farmer—the laborer or the general public. All that we have fought has been monopolization and trusts, capitalistic groups and Wall Street, and unfair organizations they have organized with only one thing in mind, and that one thing is to grab the almighty dollar from the American people by compulsion or otherwise.

No one can ever deny that statement, and my prophesy to you is that you, the farmer, laborer and common public will never, never again in the history of America, ever succeed in getting a 5,000 watt

radio station that will stand for the farmer, laborer and general public. You never will get it unless one thing transpires, and I am willing, even though licked at this step in the game—we are taking it like men and women and aren't shedding any tears, for we know we have given you six years of the best service any radio station or organization in America ever gave the American people—but there is one chance, and I am going to mention that chance at the end of my talk, and I want you to stay tuned in for it.

One Chance Left

That one chance will save the day for the people of America, but I am afraid that organized tactics have given you such a dose of sleeping powders that you will sleep longer than Rip Van Winkle ever slept before the effects wear away. And if you sleep for the next 20 years as many have slept for the last 6, I am telling you that you will be in a worse condition than you are today.

Now folks, in reciprocation for what we have done for you which has not only been 7 years of work; that has not only been 7 years of fighting for your cause—the farmer, laborer and common public—but I personally have spent over \$100,000.00 in this fight for you, and that is a lot of money. I, personally have put a quarter of a million dollars into radio station K-TNT, and have spent it in getting that station better, and if you will add to this what I have spent, on an average of \$35,000 yearly for talent and cost of operating it, I have spent far over a million dollars.

The time is a long way off—in fact, years and years ahead, when you are going to find another individual that will be so engrossed in the matter of justice and freedom that he will spend 7 hard years working for your betterment, let alone, spending one million dollars in the attempt to succeed. The time is now when you can reciprocate.

Don't Realize Facts

Those of you—and there are thousands of you who will say "It can't be; I don't understand it; I don't see how they succeeded in closing K-TNT; where is justice to be found in the United States?"—I can hear you make mental remarks like that. But this is just like everything else that happens in America You have taken the stand it cannot be; it will not be done.

Your house will never catch fire; it will always be your neighbor's, but sometime you will find your house in ashes simply because you would not take a precaution. Thousands have done it, but thousands have not done it—thousands of you appreciated what we have done for you—you appreciate the noble. courageous fight we have made, but you haven't spent a 2-cent stamp for a letter to show your appreciation. Now that is some of you. But a great many of you, I want to thank from the bottom of my heart for your loyalty and co-operation. And now we stand with K-TNT going off the air—with your public mouthpiece gone—your independent mouthpiece gone, and this station goes with the reputation and the name of having been the fighting radio station of America. Fight Longstanding

The American Telephone and Telegraph company, back in 1924, refused to grant me a patent license, so I could operate my station. I had a license from the United States government, but they owned the patents, and could enjoin any station from broadcasting that did not have a license from them and pay a royalty for same, the royalty being \$4 a watt for the license.

I started with 500 watts. That meant \$2,000 for a license, and I offered that and the American Telephone and Telegraph company who controlled things in radio back in those days of 1924 and 1925, said

they had stopped issuing a license for their patents to be used or the methods of wiring and their diagrams, unless you bought a transmitter from their company, which was the Western Electric Company, and if you would buy the transmitter from them, that included the license to operate.

Well, they wanted over \$50,000 at that time for a transmitter, and I didn't have that much money to put into it, so I chose to build my own. But they would not grant me a license to operate, for the main reason, in my belief, because Muscatine, Iowa, then a city of 17 or 18,000 population, had the public utilities company which served it with electricity, charging 12½c per kilowatt, and I helped in the fight to lower the rate and led the fight for the street car companies to lower the fare from 10c to 5c, and they finally settled at 7c. It saved the people of Muscatine 3c on each street car fare.

Then friends of mine and I got together and floated a \$350,000 bond issue to build a municipal lighting plant, and then the people of Muscatine were paying 12½c a kilowatt for electricity. And we won in that fight.

The city voted for the bond issue and Muscatine has a municipal light plant here today, and the people of Muscatine light their homes for 2½c and housewives cook their meals with electricity, for it is as cheap as gas.

Naturally the public utilities didn't like me and at that time owed me \$100 from before the fight, for times when they had cut off the current from my factory and my men and motors were forced to lay off. It wasn't an act of God, because the light company cut off the power, and I kept track of that time, so they owed me \$100, which they refused to pay. Then I started out. I told them for every dollar of that one hundred they owed me, they would

pay one thousand and it would cost them \$100,000 to pay that bill, and they paid it, and paid it dearly. They paid about \$750,000 in business losses, \$7,500 for every dollar they owed me besides.

Fight for People Won

My friends came to the rescue, joined in the fight, and today the chain electrical octopus with tentacles reaching out from Wall Street is with us no more, and Muscatine is served by its own municipal lighting plant. It has saved many dollars for the people of Muscatine and the earning of that city plant promises to make Muscatine a taxless city. That is an accomplishment of which the people of Muscatine may well be proud.

Tells Ways Out

Now there is one way out of this—two ways, and I am going to mention them and wait a week or more, and see just how loyal the people of the midwest are to themselves and their community. I anticipated this decision; I knew the powers of that gang; the unfair and discriminating tactics of the Federal Radio commission, because I have fought them from the time of organization, and there isn't a Federal Radio commissioner who can deny it. And to show you some discrimination:

First—They wouldn't increase the power of K-TNT when they increased everybody else's and finally I fought and got an increase for a 10,000 watt license and built a 10,000 watt transmitter with a capacity of 14,000 watts of power in the antenna. Mr. Bellows, who was then a federal radio commissioner (who was asked to resign, but which was never made public to the American public, and which comes to me from a United States senator), finally cut us down to 1100 watts, and when asked why he did this, he said because the transmitter at K-TNT was not capable of giving over 1100 watts of power.

I immediately demanded an investigation from the Federal Radio commission and had an inspector come out from the Chicago Division, who sat at Station K-TNT with my engineers, Carl Menzer of Station WSUI at Iowa City, my consulting engineer, and others, and tested the transmitter at midnight that night after the programs were over, and Mr. Turner, the inspector from Chicago, by his own figuring, found that the transmitter was giving over 8,000 watts at the switch board and Carl Menzer put on all his resistance instruments and found that the output was 14,000 watts actually.

But in spite of this, the Federal Radio commission would not admit their mistake and never gave me that power until I fought and fought and finally got back 3,500 watts.

Then I went to Washington again for another hearing. The Sioux City Journal at a little town over there called Sioux City, Iowa, brought a case against us to secure our wavelength. We went before the Federal Radio commission, with our 16-inch guns all cocked, and the Federal Radio commission dismissed the hearing, because they said there was no case against us. This cost Baker \$2,500.00.

Sought More Power

Then I went back home and we remained on the air with 3,500 watts. I went back after 5,000 watts of power, had another hearing at Washington. Mr. Caldwell was then a Federal Radio commissioner, and his appointment was confirmed by a majority of only one vote of the Senate, which wouldn't have happened except that I didn't request one senator friend not to vote for Caldwell because Caldwell had promised to treat K-TNT fairly, and never did it.

Finally, at that hearing, Caldwell said to me, "Mr. Baker, if you can show us an allocation where we can give you more power, we will be glad to do it."

I showed them. Finally Sam Pickard, one of the Commissioners, said to Baker, "You're just the fellow I want to see. I believe we have got the matter all fixed up. If you are willing to cancel your little license of KPNP we will give you 5,000 watts for K-TNT.

I had a little broadcasting license, KPNP, at that time. And I said, "Pickard, I will work with you 100 per cent, when you prove you want to do justice, and I am believing that you do, so I will take your 5,000 watts and cancel my little 100 watt license, but I want some evening hours." "I think it can be arranged," he said. So I left on the first train out of Des Moines, and came back to Muscatine—I didn't even wait for the dinner and the banquet.

Refused Evening Hours

When the 1927 allocation of stations came, I got 5,000 watts, but I went off the air at sundown, and they refused to give me evening hours. No doubt they thought if they shut K-TNT off with daylight hours so many people couldn't hear what Mr. Baker had to say when he spoke the truth about public and important questions.

So I have succeeded since 1927, for three or four years now, in talking to the people of the midwest within the daytime hearing distance of K-TNT, being on the air again only after midnight when that great chain station, WCAU at Philadelphia, signs off. That shows more discrimination shown in favor of the chain stations, and the Federal Radio commission took the evening hours away from your farmer and laborer station and gave them to WCAU, the chain station, so that they could have the best channels. They gave my channel to them, and let me take what was left so that Leon Levy, who has a brother-in-law or son-in-law who is president of the Columbia Broadcasting chain, might profit. Sam Pickard deserted

the Radio Commission to become an official of the Columbia Chain.

That left K-TNT with practically no suitable hours to talk to you. But we went on trying to please and play ball, and made no exposes or attacks regarding the commission for 3 or 4 years, until last year the Federal Radio commission came out and advocated that all radio broadcasting stations in America install crystal control devices attached to their transmitters so that the transmitter could broadcast on a steady frequency, and I went to Chicago where they gave me permission to build it, but when I built the crystal control, the commission said I must have a permit. and I have had the crystal control built ever since way last summer, awaiting that permit. They have authorized every other station when it asked, but they refused to grant me the right to connect my crystal control and stabilize the frequency of Station K-TNT, which is absolute and positive proof of the discrimination of the Federal Radio commission against K-TNT, for it happened long before this trouble came up and we were cited for hearing on October 20, 1930. That was in the summer of 1930.

Fight Up to Public

Now folks, this fight is up to you. Here is what you want to do: I anticipated this, and got nearly 1,100 of you together in the midwest—you bought stock in the Progressive Publishing Company, which was organized and publishes a daily evening newspaper from the finest new three-story newspaper plant in the State of Iowa, and with the best equipment, starting on December 19, 1930, when President Herbert Hoover, of the United States, pressed the golden key in the White House at Washington, D. C., at 2:30 p. m., which started the great press rolling and ran off the first edition of the Midwest Free Press here at Muscatine.

That paper has grown to nearly 8,000 circulation,

and we need a bigger circulation; we need your subscriptions to build the Midwest Free Press up—it is a paper which should have at least 50,000 circulation so that everyday you people can get the truth and news regarding all these monopolies and their unfairness to the American people.

Even though K-TNT is closed, it is up to you to put your shoulder to the wheel and help push. Send in your subscription. Don't wait until tomorrow—send them in now, and you people in outside cities, who don't have carrier service, it is only \$4.00 yearly; \$2.00 for 6 months; \$1 for three months or 50 cents a month.

I don't care how bad you say times are, I don't care if you have to go without potatoes for your supper, it is up to you to get the voice of the people of America coming into your home every evening, even though you never read any more of those newspapers you have taken for years, and which have failed to tell you the truth and worked with monopolistic interests and trusts of America against you.

May Go to Mexico

No doubt we will go to Mexico and start a powerful station to tell the people all over the world just "what is what." And there are two ways to do it.

I can go down and build a station myself, or I can let you people come in as partners of Norman Baker. If you want to join with me, how many of you are willing to invest from \$10. up to \$5,000, in the building of a radio station of 50,000 watts or 100,000 watts in Mexico, that will go all over the United States better than K-TNT ever could do. We will start out in Mexico, and I also figure on starting a hospital down there.

You know the Baker Hospital here at Muscatine has been the "bone of contention" which caused the medical trust to start their action and influence against this station, which hospital has now been

leased to Dr. W. W. Potter, of Muscatine, Iowa, and where they have been and are successfully treating cancer—internal and external—goitre, internal and external, stomach ulcers and stomach trouble, appendicitis, prostate gland trouble, gallbladder trouble, etc., without operation, X-ray or radium.

And this fight was brought about because I, as publisher of the monthly Magazine TNT, at Muscatine, Iowa, which enjoys a national circulation, had a committee from that magazine make an investigation of a treatment which was claimed to have cured patients for 25 years. I personally brought doctors to Muscatine and I got 5 patients, and paid their treatment expenses and the work which was done so successfully upon them caused me to examine their records for 10, 12 and 15 years back.

The doctors of organized medicine refused to have anything to do with it on account of the fees they liked to get from the American people in operations, radium and X-ray, the only three things they used for the control of cancer.

Hospital is Started

So I started the Baker hospital at Muscatine, Iowa; got licensed Iowa doctors to do the work, using the famous Baker Cancer formulas. People all over the United States and Canada came to the Baker hospital and we had nearly 600 patients at one time. Practically 75 per cent of external cases, sixty-five per cent of uterus and seventy-five per cent of breast cases were sent home well.

Then the medical trust got after me and brought suit for practicing medicine and surgery in the State of Iowa without a license, whereas I never practiced or treated or even thought of it. I defeated them in the lower courts and they carried it to the Supreme Court of Iowa, where it was decreed that because I owned the hospital, because I knew the secret formulas and because I employed licensed physicians, I was

guilty of practicing medicine. It was absolutely a frost, and a shame upon fairness and justice in America. The Baker hospital is now leased to Dr. W. W. Potter, a licensed Iowa physician, who is using the same formulas with the same success.

Then in this great fight for humanity, and to save some of the 150,000 men and women dying every year of cancer in America, I went to the governor of the state of Iowa, Dan Turner, asking him to have the Iowa State Legislature appoint a committee to investigate the Baker Hospital, and if they found we were not curing cancer either in the past or at present, to close the hospital and put Norman Baker in jail. Dan Turner refused to investigate.

I wrote the same letter and request to every representative and senator, asking them to appoint a legislative committee to examine the work of the Baker Hospital, and if it was not curing cancer, to close it and put Norman Baker in jail, but if they did find that cancer was being cured at the Baker Hospital without the use of the knife, radium or X-ray, to tell the people of Iowa that there was a cure for that dread disease without being cut with the knife or burned to death with X-ray or radium.

Shows Hoover Proof

I went to President Hoover, proved my cancer cures to him.

I asked him to appoint a committee to investigate, and send 25 or 50 of those boys who fought in the war and who are now dying of cancer for one reason or another, and who have been given up to die, after operations, radium and X-ray have failed to cure them, to send them to the Baker Hospital at Muscatine, Iowa, and we will treat them and it won't cost the government one penny. For him to decide from the good we do to these soldier boys who contracted

cancer through fighting for that grand and glorious

flag of America and what it stands for.

And President Hoover said, "Mr. Baker, give me time to investigate this." And I said, "Mr. President, that is exactly what I am here for. I will gladly do it." and I left, in hopes that some day President Hoover or the United States Senate would see the necessity of not believing everything some doctors say, but will get some broadminded and commonsense men with ordinary horse sense to investigate the remarkable treatments going on everyday at the Baker Hospital, Muscatine, Iowa, and which is going to make Muscatine the cancer center of the world. And that was the last I heard of that effort.

Commission Refuses License

One week ago, on June 5th, the Federal Radio commission said the license of K-TNT would not be renewed. It is now the 12th day of June—just one week has passed since that decision, and I am now in receipt of a telegram from James W. Baldwin, secretary of the Federal Radio Commission, which reads as follows:

"COMMISSION HAS RECEIVED ORDER FROM COURT OF APPEALS DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA VACATING STAY ORDER OF JUNE FIVE NINETEEN THIRTY ONE IN YOUR CASE STOP COMMISSION DIRECTS YOU TO DISCONTINUE TRANSMITTING ON RECEIPT OF THIS TELEGRAM."

3:20 P. M.

Therefore, in conclusion, we are going to sign off in a minute, and I am making one last final appeal to you people, for I know you are interested. I have at least 1,000 letters in my files telling me so, and there is a man sitting within 5 feet of me, who knows the requests made for Norman Baker to enter the political field and start a "Norman Baker for Governor Club."

But I have no political aspirations, and I want to thank you people for the letters you have sent—I am really flattered to think you want Norman Baker to enter the race, and I will say this to you:

If I ever did run that office, you would get the most constructive, conservative and most business-like fearless and courageous administration the State of Iowa has ever had, and if I found after I had taken the chair, that I couldn't do that, I would resign, and nobody would have to impeach me.

I am making one final appeal for you to get out that check book and send your money here to Norman Baker for the Midwest Free Press—it is only \$4.00 a year; \$2.00 for 6 months; \$1.00 for 3 months and 50c a month. Or it is 15c a week by carrier.

Cancer Operation Unnecessary

And if any of you folks are suffering from cancer, gallbladder trouble, prostate gland trouble, appendicitis, stomach ulcers, stomach trouble or goitre, and have been told that an operation means life or death -even though you have been pronounced incurable by Mayo Brothers clinic, state universities or John Hopkins, take my advice as the last words of Norman Baker to sick humanity in America. Believe what I tell you about cancer being curable without operation, radium or X-ray—you will never break down that statement, in spite of the fallacy perpetrated by the organized doctors of America who are making over 100 million dollars yearly in their fees charged for operations, radium and X-ray treatments, which permits them to split fees with your family doctor. And if too sick to come, send your friends or relatives to visit us, because we haven't to this day had to operate upon one case of tonsils, appendicitis, stomach ulcers, prostate gland trouble or goitre, nor one case of internal or external cancer.

We have never performed one major operation. That record stands and I have invited even the presi-

dent of our government to appoint a committee to come to Muscatine and investigate the work of the doctors at the Baker Hospital, founded by Norman Baker, your speaker here this afternoon over Station K-TNT, and these are my last words to you.

Remember, write me letters, and if you want to join me in the investment, and will put up capital with me, we will go to Mexico and put up a 50,000 watt station. Don't send me any money now, but write and tell me if you are willing to buy stock at perhaps \$10.00 per share in case I organize a Mexican company.

Loyalty Appreciated

In conclusion I want to thank you for your loyalty; I want to thank you for your co-operation, for you have been fair, honest and sincere, my listeners, and I want you to know that station K-TNT is closing without one thought of jealousy or one thought of malice against any man, woman or group that fought to close it. It was their fight, and it was our fight to retain it. This is the second step of the fight, and we have lost. We will now wait until the court of appeals decides the case and find out if we will be back again or not. But frankly speaking, it would be ridiculous for a station to go back on the air after several months of silence, for it would lose all its audience.

And to Clyde Rabedeaux of the Muscatine Journal and Mr. Adler of the Lee Syndicate of Newspapers, to Dr. Beveridge, our good surgeon who is so anxious to cut people up, to Dr. Howe, who handles the X-ray machine and is always willing to use it, and to Mr. Pitchforth, who got kicked out of the auditor's chair, I like you all. Don't get mad because you got kicked out of the auditor's chair—your day may come politically, if you are square with the people. And Dr. Beveridge, you may get lots of operations if you will cut only when it is necessary. Dr. Howe, you regulate that old machine and learn to run it and

not cause malpractice suits like the one of Mr. Legler, and it won't cost you \$20,000; and the Iowa State Medical society, we will settle our little suit when it is decided in the courts; the Muscatine County Medical society, and you the American Medical association, we will settle our little differences when that \$500,000 suit is decided in the Federal Court at Davenport. These are my parting words to you over K-TNT; I like every one of you, but the fight is not over. It is never done until we are dead and we will never say die.

Fight Not Over

Thank you one and all. These are the last words from radio station K-TNT. The Court of Appeals has decreed that this radio station K-TNT, operating on 1170 kilocycles with 5,000 watts of power which channel was stolen from us and given to Dr. Leon Levy's station WCAU Philadelphia, a key station of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, that chain monopolistic gang of America, and station K-TNT must cease to operate. I thank you; goodbye; good luck and good health to all. Norman Baker talking, and don't forget those subscriptions to the Midwest Free Press.

Well, folks I would rather have been the author of that speech, than of any utterance by any king or emperor or president ever recorded. Call in the folks out in the fields; they've had a voice till now, and that voice has been throttled by the ones who, in their greedy worship of money, held rightly that the truth was their greatest enemy. Baker's farewell address to his friends and supporters His whole long struggle, the public enemies he attacked who turned snarling against him Their temporary victory His plans for the future involving the radio station in Mexico, and all the

test of it Turn and read that over again. It's worth more than all my book about the man who uttered it.

Ribald glee in hell.... There was a celebration held over the closing of K-TNT. Members of the newspaper gang that had fought Baker and had helped close the station put on a drunken celebration that lasted from Muscatine to Davenport, and that did not hiccup drunkenly to its end until morning.

The business men of Muscatine, too late, had their eyes opened. The K-TNT crowds were gone; retail business began to sag appreciably. They had not raised their hands to help save the courageous station; bitterly they repented of the fact, now that they saw the cost to themselves. It is true that the price of supporting Baker, during the tense closing days of the struggle, might mean a boycott for the independent-souled merchant who sided with him. Baker's friends were so threatened. The majority of the business men, after all, were in debt to the local bankers; the bankers opposed Baker; words were spoken outright directing the business men to remain at least neutral, on pain of serious financial inconvenience. The bankers had no use for him: he had so much money he did not have to borrow; he recommended more flexibility for the postal savings bank; after the stock market crash of 1929. Baker predicted the bank crash openly, and recommended to all his friends to place their deposits in the Postal K-TNT closed: the crowds began to Savings Bank. avoid Muscatine. Crowds of five to fifty thousand a Sunday, no more. Hundreds of thousands of dol-

^{1—}Muscatine, Iowa is broke, according to press reports April 30th, 1934. Owners of business enterprises and citizens are asking Mr. Baker to reopen K.TNT, to bring the crowds back to the city.

lars worth of goods had been sold to these visitors, whom Baker personally drew to the little city. together, he had brought over a million visitors to He had employed 172 people. Muscatine. positions were the best paying ones in the city. average salary was 25% higher than the average in any other industry in the city. With K-TNT closed, and Baker's advertising outlet gone, he had to lay off This in turn made the income of the 150 employees. In the two years Muscatine retailers sag lower yet. following the closing of K-TNT, many small business men of Muscatine failed, or closed their businesses. Today many locked doors are seen on the main street of Muscatine. When the heart dies, the little arteries and veins cannot survive.

At first, the merchants optimistically whispered to each other, "It's only a slump; things will get a lot better, soon." They got worse, instead of better. Baker had friends by the thousands, throughout the world, especially through the little towns and villages of his native Iowa. Tipton, Iowa, a town of about 2,145 people, twenty miles away, had paved roads to Davenport, gravel roads to Muscatine. For years, thanks to Norman Baker, most of the Tipton trade left Davenport, the same distance away, and came All because of Baker. to Muscatine. When K-TNT was closed, with the assistance or the dumb neutrality of the Muscatine retailers, these shoppers became angered, and returned to Davenport. lost 90% of the Tipton trade. It has never regained The same was true, almost to the same degree. of dozens of communities. Shoppers had been able to bring their families to Muscatine, to K-TNT, and

spend the day in its homey hospitable atmosphere. This was all gone. They stayed away.

August, two years later. Norman Baker is in Mexico, busily building immense X-ENT. Another large retail store in Muscatine is forced to close its The proprietor is quoted as saying that he now sees where he made a mistake, by sticking with the "big money" crowd. Another newspaper story had it that the Chamber of Commerce, almost a solid bloc of Baker's enemies, felt it their duty to do something to attract some people into the city. staged a celebration, to last three days. One of their features was a preacher, preaching in the park. Muscatine claims 16.778 population: it only cost about 2.000 population to close K-TNT and allow their greatest benefactor, Norman Baker, to move with his thriving businesses to Mexico. The malodorous Muscatine Journal spent days advertising the There were pages of adverwonderful celebration. tising (at so much the inch, of course) from merchants of nearby towns, in the nature of congratulatory It was to be one great immense getadvertisements. together celebration. After weeks of advertising in this fashion, the opening day arrived. Foreign cars. of out-of-town visitors to the "celebration," just weren't. One paper said that there were 7.000 at the park for the celebration; other estimates said 5.000. A few of the Muscatiners assembled at the park, that was all. At the end, the promoters were in the red \$2,000. It had been a flop. In spite of the fact that the promoters net over ten million dollars in combined assets, they sent representatives to the Council and the Municipal Light and Power Board. and begged the city to foot the deficit. The Light Board came across with a thousand of the taxpayers' money to save the mistake of the bankers, and the City Council forked up the other thousand.

Quite a contrast to the old days, when the worst Sunday saw 5.000 out-of-town visitors brought into Muscatine by the personal magnetism of Norman Baker and his enterprises. Not one cent's cost to the taxpayers, then: Baker footed all the bills. But it's too late to lock the barn door; the high-mettled steed has galloped away. Of course, the Muscatine Journal did not lose money from the celebration; people had to pay what they had contracted, for its advertise-On another occasion, the Journal and the civic clubs got together to stage a fall festival. was widely ballyhooed in the paper, and throughout the neighboring towns with more advertising for The anticipated opening day arrived. the Journal. For five or six blocks, on both sides of the main streets of the city, there were boulevard lamp Around each of these the management of the fall festival tied five cornstalks, brought in from nearby farms. In spite of this esthetic touch, the farmers didn't come to town. Cornstalks were no And there was another celebration treat to them. sponsored by the assiduous Journal, called either a Broken-Down Auto Parade or a Dog Parade, Baker can not quite remember which. About seventy-five people were on the main street. A pity, isn't it? The irrefutable arithmetic is, Muscatine plus Baker is a lot. Muscatine without Baker is nothing.

If the retailers of Muscatine, and the city itself, had suffered severe losses from the closing of K-TNT, these were all nothing compared to Baker's own losses. But the retailers suffered enough: for Baker's

followers, in the other towns and cities, automatically and without organization started a boycott on Muscatine, until the wrong done Norman Baker had been righted. They became more infuriated, when later they learned that a ruling of the radio commission requires all communications, in the way of criticism of any station, to be put in affidavit form, and sworn to before a Notary. Hundreds, thousands of letters written in favor of K-TNT, not in this form, were slid into the waste baskets in Washington, unread. For an affidavit requires a Notary's fee, an especial form, and necessary delay; and only the selfish enemies of Baker went to that trouble.

And now one by one Baker's enterprises began to die of inanition, with his advertising mouthpiece gone. No more construction work—and he had kept a contractor busy solid for six years, keeping up with his achieved plans. The K-TNT Gasoline and Oil Station, representing an investment of thousands of dollars, with better and cheaper oil and gasoline, was one of these; the K-TNT Cafe, representing more thousands of dollars in outlay, and a large staff; the merchandising of better automobile tires, radio receiving sets, and a hundred other commodities, with warehouses, office equipment and stock merchandise running into the hundreds of thousands of dollars; the TNT press, which had issued the magazine TNT, costing thousands more; the new office building, to take care of these enterprises; the Baker Cancer Hospital, whose building and lands cost nearly fifty thousand dollars more: the K-TNT stores in the shopping centers, one in Muscatine and another in Davenport; the Tangley Company, building calliaphones and air pressure calliones; the daily Midwest Free

Press, with more than 1,100 subscribers to its capital stock at ten dollars a share—these were only a part of Baker's extensive interests in Muscatine. the callione manufacturing end of the business is barely kept alive; the Baker Hospital, which once had six hundred patients, is far below this; Baker was forced to sell the stock in his chain stores and warehouses at a loss; the TNT press is used only for his own printing: the K-TNT Oil Station is leased for a small sum; the K-TNT Cafe had to be sold at a loss: the weekly Midwest Free Press is on its last legs; the Tangley tires, the Tangley radio receiving sets, are off the market; the crown of it all, K-TNT radio station, the loveliest in the world, is disappearing in a forest of weeds, most like the rank useless enemies that closed the station. 'Property Baker purchased around Muscatine, for future building activities, has depreciated 75% since the boom town has become a bum town. There are other losses; why list them? The wreckers did their work well.

Confiscation of all this property, merely because he stood for the under dog, for labor, for the farmer, for the common citizen, Roosevelt's "forgotten man"; merely because he found a way of ending men's agonies and death from cancer, and because this cut into the bloodtoll of organized doctordom, a bloodtoll for useless and definitely harmful treatments, that never cured cancer yet and never will; merely because he fought man's battles against the greedy public utilities interests, the harmful aluminum trust, the selfish radio chain groups, the sycophantic press—And the government stood idly by and permitted all this to happen, nay, more, was the agent in all this happening, without one word raised in his de-

fense! If any public cause ever called aloud for investigation and correction, this series of vicious injustices does.

The Federal Radio Commission is the costly agent of government mainly responsible for this wreckage. Costly? Let an article in the August 17, 1933 Midwest Free Press give the figures:

As at present constituted the Commission consists of five members, each getting \$10,000 salary yearly with liberal expenses. They are appointed by the President and their appointments must be confirmed by the Senate. They are named for six year terms under the 1927 Radio act, the high law of the air.

The Radio Commission also has a big staff of field workers and lawyers. The government has been liberal in donations to the Commission. And the Commission has been liberal in spending. The donations are made with the chains having no licenses, no fees to pay such as are usual in other businesses which require government supervision.

Expensive Supervision

In addition to the government largess allowed the Commission, the Radio Division of the Department of Commerce also gets plenty. Or did until last year when the Radio Division had its claws clipped. For the 1932 fiscal year the Commission's appropriation was \$454,197 and the Radio Division's appropriation was \$490,000. Thus the government in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1932 spent almost a million dollars "regulating," investigating, ruining independent stations and going through other acrobatics for the Radio Trust. The trust didn't pay a nickel of this money. It's quite a racket when you can not only get a government commission to block off independent

competition but also have the government pay the bill for stifling this competition.

For the fiscal year ending last June 30, the Radio boys got appropriations of only \$790,587. For the current fiscal year they will have to worry along with a mere \$640,000 taken from the people's taxes.

Thus in three years the federal government will have expended almost two and one-half million dollars so the American people can listen to inane sales talk, inferior jokes and have independent radio stations denied the right of free speech.

The commission has almost arbitrary powers. A station owner whose investment may easily run over \$100,000, may have his station silenced and his investment ruined because the Commission does not renew his license. The Commission usually gives as an excuse for this high-handed action that operation of the station is "against public interest." But its interpretations of what is "against the public interest" are as varied as they are ludicrous. One station can "get away with murder," while another is shut down for a flimsy excuse.

It is strange how many ex-Commissioners and other employes of the Commission gravitate toward employment by the radio powers after leaving the Commission.

The six-year term for Radio Commissioners means they are beyond all other power in the United States.

For instance if President Roosevelt believed the present personnel of the Commission, was inadequate, inefficient, "against the public interest," or worse, he could do little to correct what he might think were terrible evils in the Radio Commission.

Of course, Baker did not quit fighting: he can

never quit, until he retires with honor, with all of his fights won. Just one week after that final broadcast, a war veteran had written to the Veterans Bureau for permission to have his wife treated for cancer, or carcinoma, in the Baker Hospital.

On June 19, 1931, the Medical Director of the Veterans Administration, United States Veterans Bureau, wrote him, refusing the request, and referring to the Baker Hospital as "a healing cult." Baker wrote an eloquent letter, establishing his cures—his practical monopoly of cures of cancers. Callously the magnificent offer was rejected again.

This was the sort of rebuff that the powers that be always administered to this genuine lover and healer of humanity. The same thing had happened to him already, earlier this same summer, in that fight between the farmers and the government forces colloquially referred to as the Cow Tail War in Iowa. This was a contest between the embattled farmers of Iowa, and the organized veterinarians, aided by the Department of Agriculture of Iowa, to force the tuberculin testing of cattle. The public has not yet been told the farmers' side of the story; the press would not give them space.

On March 19, 1931, over four thousand Iowa farmers, born and raised in the State, crowded the Capitol in Des Moines, protesting against the viciousness of the compulsory tuberculin testing law. These were only a small representative group of the majority of the State's farmers, who correctly labeled the law as the work of the serum manufacturers, meat packers, and veterinarians. They showed that two stockholders or directors of large Chicago packing companies held official positions in the Iowa Department

of Agriculture. They held that these men were placed there to force through this compulsory bovine tuberculin testing law, in order to accomplish the purchase of farmers' cattle at condemned prices.

The Iowa farmers do not object to an adequate testing of their cattle for tuberculosis; they would welcome an infallible test. What they complain justly of is that this particular law was, in effect, another typical American racket: especially since healthy cows react to the tuberculin testing, and tubercular cows, nearly dead, pass one hundred per The farmers also fought for the right to select a veterinary of their own choosing, to protect their rights against dishonest or inefficient veterinarians. They pointed out that the State inspectors were extremely careless in making the tests, and could make it react or fail, whichever they chose. They cited cases where the inspectors, in testing, raised the cow's tail, injected the tuberculin serum, and laid their syringe on the barn doorsill, in the midst of manure and filth; then picked it up and used it on the next cow, without sterilizing it. This filth could cause infection; the cow's tail would swell, and it would be classed as a reactor. If a lump appears in two or three days after injection, the veterinarian claims that this establishes tuberculosis in the cow. The worthlessness of the test appears from the fact that a veterinarian could use an empty needle, and cause a swelling by the way he inserted it: much more so would laying the needle in barnyard filth cause a swelling. In self-defense, many farmers. immediately after the injection, as soon as the veterinary left, would apply alcohol or some other substance to the cow's tail, and thus kill the effects of the tuberculin.

The farmers produced affidavits and other evidence, showing that cattle taken from them as "reactors" and sold to the packers as "tankers", were found, upon slaughtering, to be perfectly healthy; in which case, the meat was canned, and otherwise sold to the markets for public consumption. condemned cattle, bought at low prices, were supposed to be sent to the tanks for making oil and grease; instead, the packers obtained them at the condemned prices, and used them for meat. cases, the farmers saw the slaughtered cattle have a few tubercular cells removed, while the rest was sold to the public for meat. Since tuberculosis is systemic and travels by the blood, according to the A. M. A. doctrines, this meant the sale of tainted diseased meat to the public.

The farmers pointed out that the manufacturers of tuberculin had made millions from the sale of their medicinal filth: that the veterinarians received ten dollars a day for injecting it; that the meat packers thus had millions of head of cattle condemned, bought them at condemned prices, and sold them as good meat, meaning a profit of millions of All these three forces were comdollars to them. bined to "put over" the law. When a cow was condemned, the packers bought it cheaply; the State, in many instances, paid the rest of the appraised value of the condemned animal to the farmer, thus saddling the taxpayers with this unnecessary burden. to benefit the packers. The farmers linked the whole group of State and National Departments of Agriculture, the Veterinarians Association, the Farm

Bureau and their county agents, with the American Medical Association, all working against the farmers. The Farm Bureau, they pointed out, was fought by the Farm Union and the Farm Grange, because it was organized by Chicago capital as a purely commercial venture, and in its work was inimical to the For the Farm Bureau has been made a part of the Department of Agriculture, and each county is required to advance so many thousands of dollars each year for its maintenance. Merchants and professional men of every city belong to and contribute to these Farm Bureaus, in order to get some of the farmers' business; just as they join lodges and civic clubs, to stimulate business. Iowa farmers have gone into court, to seek to enjoin their counties from paying money to the Farm Bureau.

The farmers wanted an infallible test. advocated the milk test. The tuberculin proponents said that tuberculosis could pass from the cow to the human being by drinking the milk, and cause human tuberculosis. Baker properly ridiculed the idea; nevertheless, it would at least be a fairer test than the tuberculin one. The serum manufacturers and the rest do not favor the milk test, since not more than 10% of the cattle now condemned would be condemned under it. They began to shout that the milk could not be tested for tuberculosis: Baker investigated, through pathological laboratories, and found out that the test could easily be applied. Baker furnished the names of these laboratories to many They had the milk from their cows tested, and ascertained by trial that the milk tests did not give the same results as the tuberculin tests.

made by Cedar County farmers who had milk tests made after the tuberculin test was administered, proved the tuberculin test wrong.

The governor and the legislators, after promising an adequate tuberculosis test, broke their promises. The farmers resorted to direct action. First they locked the gates of their farms. If the inspectors insisted on opening them, sometimes they would find themselves thrown out into the middle of the road: and sometimes the farmers' children would merely pelt them with ancient eggs, which in all faith smelt better than the tuberculin group's activities. inspectors would come with a crowd too large for any farmer to handle. The telephones would be resorted to; the neighboring farmers would turn out en masse, two hundred to eight hundred of them, and the testers would go away without injecting their filthy substance within the tails of the cows.

Governor Dan Turner, a "friend of the farmers" before election, finally called out the State militia against them. The farmers swarmed like enraged bees to the State House. The Legislature was in session. The Senate at once tabled all its other business, to give them a hearing. From one in the afternoon to eleven at night the farmers talked, demanding an optional law instead of the compulsory one.

And then the healthiest 4-H girl in the United States was picked out as Marian E. Snydergaard from Grundy County, Iowa, with a record of 99.7 out of a possible 100. And then it was discovered that seven cows on the Snydergaard farm, whose milk fifteen-year-old Marian drank, were tubercular. In other words, her health had come from drinking tubercu-

lar milk. No paper except the Midwest Free Press printed this authenticated story: if they had, the tuberculin testing law would have died in a wave of popular indignation. Baker had used his magazine TNT and his radio station K-TNT, as long as it was permitted to remain open, to broadcast the about the tuberculin test to the farmers of the His enemies sniped at him with little lying country. stories, such as a dispatch to the Des Moines Register and Leader that a National Guardsman had forced him to move his car. over Baker's protests. no such incident whatever had happened. Nor even one word spoken by Baker to a guardsman, or by a guardsman to Baker. No wonder the newspapers were angry with him: the farmers excluded all of them from their property, during this cow-tail war, and gave Baker free access to their places and gatherings. Baker, of course, forced an immediate retraction from the Register and Leader: but meanwhile the silly little slur had spread far and wide. and the other papers did not print the retraction.

At the next election, Governor Dan Turner and John Fletcher, both antagonistic to the farmers, were turned out of office. There were swift indictments against some of the more active leaders of the farmers; but all of these persecutions failed. The Fairfield, Iowa Grand Jury sought to indict Baker for his part in the fight, and even summoned his secretary with files of the Free Press: but they could find no evidence upon which to base an indictment. Baker was told that the sheriff's office at Tipton had a warrant for his arrest, in Cedar County. He drove over and offered to surrender. There was no warrant. The war ended with a temporary victory for the

serum manufacturers, the veterinarians and packers. But it had cost the State of Iowa nearly a million dollars, when to the actual cost is added the cost of raising the cows' tails and buying the serum. There was an aftermath to the fight. The farmers finally found that they were to be kicked off their farms by the mortgagees, since the depression had made it impossible to meet their payments. knocked at the gates of the legislature, and secured some extensions. The insurance companies and bankers sought to foreclose anyhow. The country knows the result. One judge was yanked out of his private study in the Courthouse, was slapped, dragged out, deprived of his pants, roped as if for hang-Farmers gathered at every mortgage sale and bought the property for a dollar or so, giving it back to the owner: they notified the lawyer for the mortgagee, the sheriff and the rest of them that they had better not put in a bid. These were wise, and did not bid; or there might have been bloodshed, or the use of the rope that spills no blood yet does its work. Again the governor. Herring this time, called out the militia. This may cost him a reelection.

No wonder, when a man like Baker sided so uniformly with the common people, that the self-elected thieving "big money" classes decided he must be silenced, and forever. And now they had closed K-TNT. What was he to do next?

CHAPTER XVIII

THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION ON TRIAL

Baker realized that, with his station K-TNT closed, his fight to have it reopened would be harder than ever, because the radio commission would point to the fact that Iowa was "over-quota." Of course, it was still over-quota after K-TNT went off the air; in spite of this, the commission granted WOC of Davenport and WHO of Des Moines an increase of 50,000 watts, making Iowa more over-quota than ever. By this precedent, the proper popular insistence may force them to restore to K-TNT the rights taken from it; this, even though this means that the bestowal of the 50,000 watts to WOC-WHO must be reduced.

The Progressive Publishing Company of Muscatine was one of the corporations Baker had formed and in which he was a large stockholder, together with 1,100 other stockholders among the farmers, laborers and general public of the midwest. Baker wrote the commission for permission to transfer the station to the Progressive Publishing Company. They wrote him, under date of October 6, 1931:

You are hereby notified that at a meeting held October 6, 1931, the Commission denied the above described application (file no.-4-AL-B-383, In re Application Norman Baker, for Voluntary Assignment of License, dated 9/12/31), for the reason that the proposed assignor now has no license which can be the subject of a voluntary assignment.

They wrote the Progressive Publishing Company,

pointing out that the quota due to Iowa was 7.30; that the quota assigned was 11.45; and that the granting of an application to them would violate General Order No. 102, paragraphs 1 and 3, unless equivalent quota facilities were withdrawn from an existing station located in Iowa. The commission evidently intended to forbid Baker to sell his property, or transfer its license, on which the highest court in the land has never yet passed. And, after this letter, the same commission increased the chain station subsidiary, WOC-WHO, 50,000 watts: which shows how the official mind functions, when the radio trust is involved. WOC-WHO finally separated after building their new station in Central Iowa. Then WOC petitioned the commission for another radio station at Davenport, where WOC is located. and secured it. One outside voice alone had been raised in favor of K-TNT, and that was the voice of Representative Harold McGugin, of the third Kansas district, who filed a powerful brief with the radio commission, protesting against their decision in the K-TNT case. They paid no attention to him.

As already stated, Baker had leased his hospital to Dr. W. W. Potter, an Iowa registered physician who had come to Muscatine from Mediapolis, Iowa, and had purchased the practice of Dr. Frank Halstead of Muscatine. An intrigue developed inside the hospital. Both sides brought their gossip, levelled mainly against Dr. Potter, to Baker. Everyone disliked the embroglio, making it necessary to cancel his lease. Baker was too busy, with his plans to remove to Mexico and build the world's largest radio

station, to sift the trouble to the bottom. Dr. Potter returned to Mediapolis.

After he left, Baker sold the hospital to Dr. J. L. Statler, who had been with the hospital since its inception, even during the Potter regime. R. A. Bellows, superintendent of all Baker's enterprises, who had given half his time to the management of the hospital under Dr. Potter, continued the same arrangement under Dr. Statler.

Meanwhile, January, 1932 had arrived, and Baker was preparing to fly to Mexico City, to secure a permit for building a radio station on the Mexican border. Bellows promised to run things in a way that would reflect credit upon Baker's name; and, with this reassurance, Baker left for Mexico City. At Moline, Illinois, he embarked on an airplane, and landed in Mexico City early the third day.

First he secured a permanent passport, issued by the Mexican government. Then he organized a Mexican corporation, and secured permission to build a 100,000 watt station at Nuevo Laredo, in the State of Tamaulipas, Mexico, across the Rio Grande from Laredo, Texas. He had, before leaving Muscatine, filed suit for half a million dollars against the American Medical Association; and this had been set for trial before Federal Judge Dewey, in the Federal Court at Davenport, for February 8, 1932. He received a wire in Mexico City to be on hand February 9th for the A. M. A. trial; and informing him that Judge Dewey, an Iowan, had been removed from the case, and sent to Minnesota, while Judge Nordbye

from the Mayo Clinic State, had been named to hear the case. Baker boarded a plane at Mexico City on Sunday morning about 8:30, and arrived in Moline at five o'clock, Monday evening. The case was set for the next morning in Davenport.

Since 1930 the Journal of the A. M. A. had been attacking Baker, under the editorship of Dr. Morris Fishbein; and on the day of the Journal's appearance. or even before, the Kansas City Star would reprint the articles and start to pound Baker. They did this with other people attacked in the Journal, Libel suits to the tune of several million dollars are in the courts against them now, for this too assiduous espousal of the A. M. A. causes. The case opened. The A. M. A. had imported three Chicago lawyers. and had engaged also local counsel. Baker was not financially able to engage attorneys with much Federal Court experience; he stood his ground with Charles P. Hanley, of Muscatine, and James France. of Tipton. The American Medical Association still openly boasts that no one has ever won a verdict from them for over a few cents. This is no compliment to the independence of the American judiciary. the judges, so far, have not resented the wide slur. When the A. M. A. engages in a case, its double effort is to win, and also to drain its opponent financially. It will spend large sums to do this. Baker's suit against them is said to have cost between \$100,000 and \$150,000; reports were that their attorneys had received a retainer of \$30,000, which shows how seriously they regarded Baker's action.

They started the drain a long time in advance. More than 100 costly depositions were taken, with Baker's representatives present, at his expense, some \$8,000. Baker's attorneys acted in many ways harmful to Baker's interests. The case opened with a Minnesota judge,—the state that holds the Mayo Clinic. It lasted three and a half weeks. Baker's attorneys refused to allow Baker's searching questions about cancer to be propounded to the A. M. A. experts. They permitted misleading entries from his books to be introduced. The judge announced to the lawyers that he would set aside any verdict, except for a nominal amount. Baker, and 17 cured patients. established his cures. The defense offered an inaccurate analysis of a mixture falsely said to be Baker's remedy. The defense experts tended to admit the inability of A. M. A. doctors to cure cancer. Baker's experts established that the A. M. A. remedies might be "successful," but usually killed the Baker could have established, from the highest medical sources, the failure of the A. M. A. methods, radium, X-ray, and operation. Some of this got into the evidence.

And so the taking of evidence ended, and it came to the summing up of the attorneys, for both sides. In his closing argument, Baker's attorney, Hanley, lauded Baker to the skies, as a great humanitarian in the work of actually curing cancer for humanity's sake. And then came the judge's charge to the jury. The jury was instructed to determine whether or not the A. M. A. was fully justified in printing the articles that accused the plaintiff of quackery and being a boastful pretender and a medical practitioner. The court defined "fake" as being any person or thing that was not what is pretended or represented

to be. If the alleged libelous articles, in their judgment, were true, they were to find for the defense; if untrue, to find for the plaintiff. They were to determine the amount of malice present, if the articles were untrue, and this might add to the amount of the damages assessed. He said further, in substance, that even though a cure for cancer has been shown by the many people who testified in the case that they were cured of cancer, still the treatment could be a fake. The judge repeated the alleged libel, as published in the Journal of the American Medical Association on April 12, 1930:

In Iowa at Muscatine from Station KTNT broadcasts a businessman named Baker who is selling a cancer cure with cigars and a cheap magazine as side lines. His cancer cure includes the old Hoxsey fake, originally promoted in Illinois and apparently now resident also in Iowa. nostrum for cancer is boomed by Mr. Baker over his radio station KTNT, which can be heard almost anywhere after 11:00 at night This is exceedingly proper since it is the time of night when many devious and doubtful matters are promoted. Over his privately controlled station Baker indulges in a repetition of much of the scandalous insinuation that proprietary manufacturers used back in 1905 when they first attempted to hinder the battle of the American Medical Association against the promotion of medical fraud.

Baker has even claimed that the American Medical Association offered him one million dollars for his cancer cure with the intent of forcing it from the market so that patients might be compelled to resort to surgery for the saving of their lives. The lie is so obviously false to any person with intelligence above that of a moron

that it needs little thought to convince his hearers of its fallacy.... What is Mr. Baker doing with the money that he is snaring from the pockets of sufferers with cancer and wheedling from the funds of chiropractors, naturopaths, nostrum promoters and other medical malcontent?

The viciousness of Mr. Baker's broadcasting lies not in what he says about the American Medical Association but in the fact that he induces sufferers from cancer, who might have some chance for their lives if seen early and properly treated, to resort to his nostrum. The method can result in Muscatine, Iowa, as it did in Taylorville, Illinois—merely in death certificates signed by the physicians who have been so poor in finances and in morals as to sell their birthright to Mr. Baker for his mess of garbage.

This was not the only article complained of. An equally vicious attack appeared in the same periodical on April 19, 1930, which referred to "Norman Baker's cancer cure quackery;" said that the Des Moines Register had "made an investigation of its own which established the utter falsehood of the claims made by him in his radio talks". It called Baker "an exposed cancer quack," a "blatant quack"; it spoke of his "obscene mouthings and pernicious promotings." An equally vicious article appeared during May, 1930 in Hygeia, The Health Magazine, an A. M. A. effusion, under the heading "Broadcasting Bunk," consisting of a reprint of the first Journal libel.

These articles breathe malice, hatred, outrageous lying. The judge's charge included the statement of the defense that patients at the Baker Hospital were charged for the treatment "ranging from

\$50 a week to \$100 a week sometimes the patient had to board himself, and had to pay \$50 to \$100 a week in addition for the treatment;" and the further statement of the defense that "no appreciable results were ever obtained by the Baker Institute by the use of this so-called cancer treatment." The judge insinuated that Baker and his associates, even if their remedies were genuine, were quacks, in that they did not have sufficient medical skill and experience, although he knew Baker's associates were lowa licensed doctors with over twenty years experience.

After this charge, the jury was dismissed to de-They were not locked up; the judge stated that he had no funds at his disposal to have The jury consisted of Iowa farmers and this done. small town merchants, whose battles Baker had for so long fought over K-TNT. Only one thing made him wonder, about the constitution of this particular After the trial had been in progress some two weeks, a man had approached him in the alley behind his office, in Muscatine, as he was walking from his garage toward the Free Press building. It was after midnight; Baker put his hand on his gun, fearing a holdup. The man identified himself as an Iowa citizen, and asked to be taken to Baker's office on a matter of importance. Once there, he said that he was in a position to swing the jury: that is, to dictate their verdict. He said he would do this in Baker's favor, if Baker would give the jurymen a percentage of the verdict. Baker accused him of being an A. M. A. spotter, seeking to have Baker jailed for attempting to bribe the jury. sent him away, giving him no satisfaction.

. Three nights later, again after midnight, the man

approached Baker; and said the jury was fixed, if Baker would pay \$1,000 down, and 5% of the verdict, it would be in Baker's favor. A third time, when this was rejected, the offer was made to Baker. Again Baker turned down the dishonest offer.

The case ended the next afternon, about five. The judge's address extended until twenty minutes past six. The jury was dismissed, with the judge's recommendation that they meet that evening to deliberate, and to be sure to be in the juryroom early the next morning. Of course, this subjected the jury to potential approach and bribing from any source. The judge said that the Court had no money to spend in locking the jury up and feeding them. Baker still feels that he lost the case, because of the poverty of the Federal Court. If efforts had been made to get him to bribe the jury, the same attempt may have been made with the other side.

Just before noon the next day the jury returned, and their verdict was read: "We, the jury, find for the defendant." The judge's charge, the jury's decision, were clearly based on the theory that, while Baker's cancer cure was really quite possibly efficacious, that it had been administered under Baker's direction, by two practical nurses and a chiropractor, none of whom was a licensed physician; and that the administering of even the most efficacious cure in the world, in such amateur hands, constituted medical quackery. Said the judge,

The mere fact that there may have been cures does not conclusively establish the falsity of the charge of "cancer quack," "quackery," or "fake."

It is quite evident that this theory does not cover the facts of the case, when on the one hand you have

the American Medical Association and its interaffiliations covering every state and county in the country, every channel of public health every important quasi-public position, such as in the leading hospitals, with the leading insurance companies, with the leading lodges and other groups. and the like; and on the other hand you have Norman Baker, one layman unqualified in medicine, but with an authentic cancer cure. When, furthermore, you have organized medicine, thus a virtual monopoly, irrevocably wedded to their trinity of cancer treatments, by operations, by the use of X-rays, by the use of radium, all of which are deeply suspected even among themselves, or definitely harmful and fatal. When, furthermore, you have organized medicine refusing even to investigate Baker's authentic cancer cure, since its adoption would end their huge toll for their suspect or harmful and fatal treatments. When, desiring to cure mankind of this scourge, and with the doors of the A. M. A. rigidly and selfishly locked against him, there was nothing left for him to do. layman as he was, but to rely upon such persons, unqualified of course in A. M. A. eyes, as would help in this alleviating and curing human suffering. effect, the A. M. A. said to him. "We, the qualified. won't aid you in your cure of cancer: and we won't let vou cure it with the aid of those we call unqualified." Their definition for unqualified, may be any doctor that works for Baker. This is an outright denial of medical freedom; this is a monopolistic suppression of an important method of healing and cure, is contrary to public policy, the very thing Dr. Benjamin Rush argued against, as far back as the framing of the Declaration of Independence. The judge failed to say any of this in his charge.

Baker had achieved something: he had made the organized doctors change their slogan of "Cancer is incurable" to "Cancer is curable if taken in time; see your doctor if you find a suspicious lump." Baker's victory in the case would have established that the American Medical Association and its membership were the quacks and fakers; operations, Xray treatments, radium treatments for cancer, with their enormous doctor's fees, would have passed into oblivion—as they must, soon enough: Baker's cure would have become the standard, to the saving of millions of dollars of the money of patients, and endless agonies and human lives now callously sacrificed upon the altar of medical greed. reason the medical octopus stood ready to spend an unlimited sum, to prevent these things from hap-They prevented them, thanks to the judge and the jury. And Baker achieved one thing more: since that time, the A. M. A. has printed no further articles calling him fake or quack. They almost got their fingers badly burned, that one time: they dread the Baker fire. If any such articles come into the hands of readers of this book, it will be of service to humanity if they are at once forwarded to Baker: for he is not through with the organized conspirators against human health yet.

The whole case constitutes a crying outrage in American justice. It cries aloud for swift government investigation of the iniquitous libeling A. M. A., and speedy dissolution of their monopoly. Readers of this book can not too soon start sending their barrage of demands for this investigation to

every United States government official, the President, members of his Cabinet, Senators, Congressmen: enough of such letters, and the belly-cutting throat-cutting monopoly will be investigated, and exposed, and dissolved, and medical freedom for the first time bring its blessings to America.

Baker had suffered enough from the amateurishness of his attorneys, unused to Federal Court pro-Soon after the trial was over. Mr. Hanley presented his reasonable bill for his services, and was Mr. France, the other counsel. promptly paid. rendered no bill: The trial ended in March: the same month. Baker returned to Mexico. Baker left word with his sister, Irma Baker, his bookkeeper and treasurer, to let him know as soon as the bill came in. so that Baker could check it over and pay it. some weeks he wrote his sister about it; she replied that she had never received it. One day, Mr. France came to Muscatine and secured an attachment against Baker's property for the amount of his bill. had agreed on \$35 a day, with his actual expenses. The bill as rendered was for \$100 a day. once wrote a friendly letter to France, asking why he had made this overcharge, and why he had never presented any bill. There was no answer to this. The courts forced the lawyer to release his attachment, and he now waits for an opportunity to serve papers upon Baker, to commence suit for the collection of his fee. His unethical and unfriendly procedure may force him to wait until the highest court in the land fixes what compensation he is entitled to Of course, his procedure meant more undesirable publicity against Baker, unfair as it was, and his journalistic opponents were quick to snap it

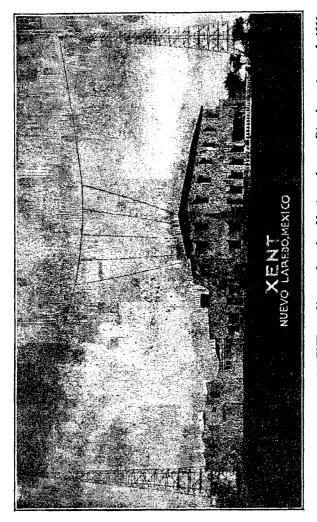
up and inflate its importance. But that is one of the hazards of the enormous fight Baker is waging. with the world for a stage and the forces of darkness for the villain he is sure to overcome, in the end. How they liked to jump on him, these lickspittle heharlots of the press! Thoughtlessly, during one day of the trial, Baker, with permission to carry a pistol. started into the courtroom with it. The Federal marshal called Baker aside quietly, when tipped off to do so, and relieved him of it for the day, promising to return it in the evening. The Davenport and other papers spread the headlines screaming across the entire front page, BAKER DENIED GUN IN FEDERAL COURT. Well-behaved lads, these newspaper boys! They never disappoint you; you can always be sure in just what direction they will twist the truth.

Well, Baker had had another sample of American justice. Thoughtfully he returned to Mexico.

It became clearer to Baker that something must be done to relieve the friction at the Baker Hospital. And yet, Baker had to proceed to Mexico. Already, though he had secured permission to build a 100,000 watt station, he desired an even stronger one. He warned Bellows, the superintendent whose affairs of the heart were causing intrigues among the staff and employees of the hospital, to cease these, and proceeded south. He was asked to address the Chamber of Commerce at Laredo, Texas, and did so. He told them how XENT, with 150,000 watts of power, would be the largest commercial broadcasting station on the North American continent, to be built within ten miles of their front door, on the Monterrey highway eight miles from Nuevo Laredo.

He explained how the station would work with the Mexican Departments to exploit the beauty, the art. the wonders of Mexico, and thus attract tourists. explained that the broadcasting would be of same high type as K-TNT had been; and proposed to exploit Laredo, Texas, as well, by having the Texas town mentioned once every hour over XENT. Baker's one proposition was that he wanted the Laredo Chamber of Commerce to guarantee the expense for building the highline eight miles to the station, a total of about \$5,000, or deposited as a token of cooperation, to be paid over a period of several years: the amount to be placed in escrow to protect them against any promoting scheme, and not to be paid until the station was completed. He was going to spend a quarter of a million dollars: he asked Laredo. Texas, to spend five thousand for the highline. The President of the Chamber told Baker finally that they were not interested: several of their directors could not understand how a large broadcasting station could possibly be of any advantage to their city.

And so Baker crossed the river to Nuevo Laredo—this was in March, 1932. He has lived there ever since. He at once bought a 75 acre site on the paved highway from Nuevo Laredo to Monterrey, just fourteen kilometers, or eight miles, from the river town. He selected rolling land along the highway, and the highest hill in the neighborhood. The radio towers are visible from Laredo, Texas, ten miles away. Construction was started at once. The main building is fifty feet wide and seventy-two feet long, with a second story over a third of it, used for office and living quarters. The Diesel engine house, two



An unusual view of XENT at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico. Large Diesel engines of 1330 horsepower and 900,000 watt generators supply the electric power for this 150,000 watt station.

stories high, and other buildings are in the rear. Attractive stuccoed brick walls connect all the buildings, making one unit of the whole.

An effort was now made to steal the Baker Hospital in Muscatine. The effort failed.

When K-TNT was closed, in 1931, Baker's one method of reaching the people of Iowa was to go to them and speak to them. He addressed more than 225,000 people in about twelve weeks, at times making four speeches in one day, with only two days a week devoted to this tour. The crowds varied from fifteen hundred to twelve thousand. West Branch, Iowa, Hoover's birthplace, Baker drew twice as large a crowd as the amply advertised Hoover meeting here drew. These meetings upset the medical group intensely. Some said Baker was out for Governor; others, that he aspired to shoulder the Senatorial toga. Baker has no political ambitions: he has twenty-five hours work to do every twenty-four hours; and he knows that, once in office. he would within a month be leading a hue and cry against every dishonest official in the State, from cowtail raisers to bedsheet measurers.

Perhaps it was the disgruntled hospital groups, perhaps it was the slimy Iowa tentacle of the giant medical octopus, that started the State after Baker again: or perhaps both. Anything to tie Baker up in that summer of 1932, to delay work on XENT, to hobble his efforts to run for office, the very prospect of which made their meals sit uneasy within them. The newspapers joined the merry chase. Soon the County Attorney of Muscatine County, Harold Wilson, had a warrant sworn out for Baker's arrest on "information." The warrant was for "Conspiracy

against the medical laws of Iowa;" it carried a fine and imprisonment. The law, in extradition cases, requires the filing of affidavits, or an indictment; decisions explicitly refuse extradition upon information only. But what's the law, between such as Baker's enemies? The papers were sent to Des Moines; Governor Dan Turner O. K.'d them. Turner requested Baker's extradition from Governor Sterling of Texas, in April of 1932. Harold Wilson and Sheriff 'Nesper had a pleasant ride down to Texas at the Iowa taxpayers' expense, to turn the extradition papers over to the Texas governor, and the warrant over to the Texas Rangers. Maybe a beer or two across the Mexican boundary.

Naturally, Baker's opponents did not sleep easy, when they knew he was building a 150,000 watt station in Mexico; he might spill more beans about them than all Boston needed for its baked bean industry. They made every effort to delay and prevent the completion of Mexican station XENT. A person connected with the Kansas City Star, or stating he was so connected, telephoned to Mexico City to make trouble for Baker there. Alas for his scheming, Baker was sitting at the desk of the Mexican official in Mexico City, when the conversation took place. Baker was at once informed; and the power of his station was at once increased to 150,000 watts. Mexican officials advised Baker to remain in Mexico until XENT was completed and in operation; if he crossed the border, they hinted, anything might happen, to delay the construction of the station. Baker followed this friendly counsel. He did not leave Mexico until the station was in operation and he had told his story to the world.

When this was accomplished. Baker marched across his Rubicon upon American soil, and gave the anti-Bakerites a fight that will not end until their end. He will come back with his microphone, or on it. 'At this writing, Sheriff F. B. Nesper of Muscatin County, Iowa, still holds the warrant for Baker's extradition. The Iowa opposition has grown tepid; its leaders have expressed a willingness to drop the matter. But Democrats and Republicans are so deadlocked there, that Governor Herring and other politicians to this date appear afraid to do anything. The case is still open. Harold Wilson, Mucatine County attorney, stated he was agreeable to quash the entire affair. Mr. O'Connor, states attorney, stated he did not desire to proceed with the dirt of ex-John Fletcher and Gerald Blake of attorney general's office. Herring, governor, refers the matter to the others. The Republicans say to the Democrats—you quash The Democrats say,—no, you quash it. in the meantime remains a political football, while the Governor of Iowa and the others lack the courage to correct the wrong.

Luckily, Baker has secured affidavits from some of the very ones who swore to statements before the States Attorney's office, telling precisely who prompted them to do what they did, and correcting their former statements. The State of Iowa will soon have no witnesses left in the case, except Carpenter and Snyder, if they can be located still. Again, they had Baker cited before the Supreme Court of Iowa, to show cause why he should not be punished for violating the injunction standing against

in June, 1935, Mr. Baker went to lowa, where they served their warrant on him See last chapter

him from the 1931 Supreme Court decision. This gave them two handles to their skillet they wanted to fry him on: the warrant for conspiracy, the citation regarding the old injunction. Any recipe would do, so long as the malodorous mess—Baker in jail—was cooked up. In jail, Baker may prove a better fighter even than out of it. He'll leave friends and supporters outside, never fear. If only America could give birth to a Medical Freedom League, to oppose the monopoly; if only the Farmer-Labor party, strengthening daily, would demand medical freedom— These things may happen, even while I write them.

Baker now returned to the man to whom he had first leased the hospital, Dr. Potter, and leased it to him, after Dr. Aitkens was forced out. The long fight to close the hospital, to stop the Baker cancer treatments, has failed, so far. An aroused public opinion must see to it that it fails forever. If Baker's cure was not authentic, he would have been jailed, and the hospital closed, long ago. The hospital has a record none other can boast of. Hundreds and hundreds of cures of cancer, many of them established repeatedly in court. A hospital four years old, without a major operation, with no radium or X-ray treatments; and constantly sending cured cancer patients home. Unfortunately, many of these patients came and left penniless. These and others have been threatened with boycott by the regular doctors, if they permit their names to be used in testimonials. But the record stands: 75% cures in cases of external cancer, about 65% cures in cases of cancer of the

¹ Now, 1936 there are No. 1 and No. 2 Baker Hospitals at Muscatine, with 5 and 6 year records of cures.

breast or the uterus. In appendicitis and gall bladder troubles, not one complete failure. And all because those who engendered and have run the hospital know that Nature is the best doctor; that fresh fruit and vegetables are always better than A. M. A. canned variety; that gall bladders, appendixes, and tonsils have indispensable functions in the body, and must be left in to perform these, unless hopelessly diseased, a condition that perhaps never occurs.

Baker had considered a long time, before deciding on Mexico. Canada would not do: from a radio standpoint, Canada was entirely under the thumb of the United States.

But Mexico was different. Medical associations are trying to control radio but there is freedom there, and justice, and less monopolistic control: Baker has found this out. There are germs of the evils; but they have not grown great and menacing yet. Baker has, of course, been annoyed by his American enemies, even in Mexico. Suspicious strangers loitering near his lovely home on Victoria Street, in Nuevo Laredo. A burglar who broke in and stole his keys, trousers, shoes, socks, eyeglasses, and watch, as well as a few insurance policies. The A. M. A. communicated with the Chamber of Commerce at Nuevo Laredo: was it true Norman Baker was building a radio station there? It was, was the answer, They began to move against Baker. But the Mexican doctors are more independent than those of the United States. They prescribe any treatment they believe to be good, whether recognized by the medical society or not: they are not "civilized" enough voluntarily to emasculate themselves at the dictates

of the selfish allopathic group. A number of root and herb medicines are commonly prescribed. is true the Mexican people, some sixteen million, have no easily available literature telling the truths about health. There is a field in Mexico for such a publication. It may be filled at any time. Mexican people are highly intelligent, contrary to the opinion current in the United States, so carefully fostered by our grasping capitalistic groups. Americans have been taught that Mexico is an ignorant land, practically schoolless, with bandits on every hilltop and in every valley, with robbery of foreigners on dark streets, with immoral women as a rule. All lying propaganda, spread by sensational press stories that ignore wholly the intellectual progress, the natural wonders, the natural and man-made beauty, the art, the morals, of Mexico.' Baker had lived two years there; his opinion of the people has risen momentarily. Their domestic life is admirable; their public conduct, exemplary. There are palaces to rival any in the world; even the humblest hovels have the grace of flowers in bloom. Wife-beating is unknown. Divorces are as scarce as independent doctors in the United States. The people as a whole are gracious, courteous, obliging. Some are shrewd in business; caveat emptor is ancient as an answer to this.

Meanwhile, Iowa had been placarded by the press with the statement that Baker was a fugitive from justice. It was stated by Mr. France, of Tipton, Iowa, one of Baker's attorneys, in his effort to attach property, which was heralded in the Muscatine

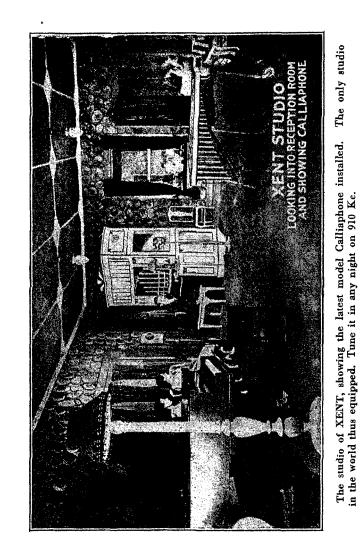
At this date, May, 1936, Mr. Baker has lived 4 years in Mexico, spending part of his time in Iowa.

Journal and reprinted over the midwest. There was only one good answer for it: for Baker to accept the proposition that had been made to him, that he run for Governor of Iowa, on the Farmer-Labor ticket. Baker was busy in Mexico; he could not conduct a campaign in person. He got out some telling literature, which swept through the State. But it was a Presidential year, and the major parties had their way even with State offices. Next to the two major parties, Baker carried practically every county in Iowa. He never left Mexico during the entire campaign, and only entered the race to help defeat Turner, John Fletcher, Attorney General and his assistant Gerald Blake. Blake had said he would never be satisfied until he saw Baker behind the bars. were swept from office. Almost eight thousand votes cast for him: Turner rejected: the Democrat. Clyde Herring, in: it was a magnificent showing for a "fugitive from 'justice,' " to use the snide slogan used against him. Then came the political doublecross. The new governor, Clyde Herring and attorney general O'Connor, who were assisted to office by Baker's newspaper, refused to correct the wrongs of the rejected candidates.

Meanwhile, the Reverend J. Haefner of the Zion Lutheran Church of Muscatine wrote correspondents, describing Baker as a "fraud" whose hospital was closed, with Baker a fugitive from justice in Mexico. H. M. Bartlett, a local attorney, president of the Muscatine Chamber of Commerce, called the hospital discredited, and Baker a fugitive from jus-

^{*}Mr. Bartlett committed suicide at Muscatine, 1935,

Fearing Baker's campaign, his enemies had a warrant issued for his arrest to discredit him. lowa officials refused to have the warrant served on Baker in Texas, to take him back to lowa The warrant laid over three years in Texas.



tice in Mexico. Chiropractor Palmer, who conducted WOC, later combined with WHO as part of the radio chained group, rejoiced at Baker's fall and addressed a meeting at Muscatine and talked over WOC against Baker who for years had supported his cause. Baker had the backing of the farmers of Iowa; he had offered to President Franklin D. Roosevelt, on August 18, 1933, THE BAKER PLAN OF AGRICULTURAL RELIEF, which would have solved the farm problem.

Baker's espousal of the farmer's cause is in line with his whole life's activities. In addition, he desires to see the large farming class placed upon a profitable basis, so that the farmer will receive a fair income for his work, which every worker is entitled to; and he knows that when the farmer flourishes, we all flourish. Baker had sought to limit membership in his United Farm Federation of America to actual farmers: he protested against being named national secretary. But, as the originator of the Baker plan, they felt he was entitled to this, and knew that no one could better guide them through the period of organization. Unfortunately, absence in Mexico has necessarily militated against his ability to devote as much of his time as he wished to the UFFA's work. But his pro-farmer stand is so well known, that the capitalistic groups opposing the farmer, tremble at the prospect of Baker's ever returning to the United States, to go aggressively into this work.*

He sides with the actual farmer in all of his struggles. Naturally, he is not in favor of the present

Mr. Baker returned to the U S in '35, and to lowa in June, 1935. He
entered race for U. S. Senator from lowa in 1936.

administration, in its policy of limiting crop production. What is wrong is insufficient distribution, in the consumer's eyes; and the gouges of the middlemen, in the case of the farmer. The farmers are organized today in bickering groups; and of course the opposition forces do everything possible to keep them so divided. "A house divided against itself..." Baker is at work uniting the house. Sooner or later the effort will succeed. He advocates that the farmer's ills cannot be cured by the destruction of farm products and that cost of production plus a profit is the only way out. That production cost with profit will never materialize until the farmers organize one farm association, for farmers only and discontinue all others.

CHAPTER XIX

BUILDING XENT IN MEXICO

Naturally, the efforts of Baker's enemies in the United States did not cease, when he crossed the Rio They made their influence follow him, as Grande. often, as subtly, as insidiously, as they could. corporation, the Compania Industrial Universal, S. A. of Mexico, imported two of his most efficient secretaries from his Muscatine office, to handle the importations through the custom house. Both possessed the official credentials permitting them to work in Mexico: they had come with the highest recommendations, one to be bookkeeper and secretary to the XENT corporation, the other to be assistant secretary. A sudden notice came to Baker. ordering him to remove both of these young women from Mexico. Since they were the most indispensable of Baker's employees, he asked that they be given a hearing, and the privilege of answering any charge against them. The charge was that they were practicing medicine in Mexico, or intended to practice it! The Mexican Health Department, whose officials no doubt are members of the Mexican Medical Association, had recommended to the Mexican Immigration Department that they be deported. The girls knew nothing of medicine, had never practiced it. never intended to. Then came Mexican justice. The Immigration Department did not deport them when facts were presented, but demanded an additional 500 pesc bond as a guarantee that they would not practice medicine in any of its aspects. Obviously more of the trouble-making machinations of some arm of the A. M. A., or some similar inimical force. Their deportation would seriously cripple Baker's efficient handling of the multiplying details connected with the opening of XENT. If they had been deported, Baker would have been forced to move his main office into Texas. Silly little annoyances: but enough of them mount up.

For years, Baker has had trouble with the United States Postoffice Department, connected somehow with the fight the privileged class interests have waged against him: for the long tentacles of these organizations stretch into every branch of the national, state, and local governments. Baker has often used decoy letters to trap snooping postoffice inspectors, on the trail of some letter or mailed printed matter which they could claim misrepresented the facts of Baker's cancer cure, and on which they could base a prosecution for using the mails to defraud. An incident of this kind occurred while Baker was in A man came to Baker's warehouse in Mexico. Laredo, Texas, representing that he was a Mr. Brown of the Texas State Health Department. He interviewed Baker's secretary here, demanding to know what was in a package mailed from Baker's main office at Muscatine, in March, and addressed to him in Laredo. Baker at once took the matter up with the Postmaster General in Washington, asking what right the Postal Department had to give information about his private mail to any State health depart-They answered that they had no right, except to give information to the Food and Drug Department, for its own personal information; and that the Food and Drug Department had no right

to convey this information to a State health department. Medical control of the federal government, however, is so great and obvious, that leakages like this occur where ever it serves the interest of the organized medical group to wish them. In the past few months Baker has detected many letters which were opened by snoopers and now uses a locked envelope for his important mail which cannot be opened without detection.

It is obvious that this doctor-controlled government includes the Federal Radio Commission, and that it could be called on in the effort to prevent or close Baker's radio station XENT at Nuevo Laredo. They understand fully what a threat to their continued monopoly of the air his powerful station would be: as menacing a threat as it would be to the medical octopus. The regular stations, the press, are silent regarding such stories as the A. M. A. achievement. on discovering a fever they could not locate in a United States Senator's wife. Since she had a parrot in the house as her pet, solemnly they dubbed this fever "parrot fever," and let her die of it, while practically putting an embargo on the shipment of parrots from Mexico into the United States. Parrot fever is an achievement fit to go beside catointment and oil of puppies boiled with earthworms. with the Squibb horse-dung medicine and the poulticing of a king with sheep ordure.

In July of 1933 the American Radio Delegation, including Commissioner Sykes, sojourned down to Mexico. Before their arrival, the blatant jingoistic press announced that they were going down to close Mexico's border stations—including, of course, XENT, the great Baker station, the most powerful

on the continent. Senator C. C. Dill of the State of Washington had been the original mover for this radio conference with Mexico. The first published reason for the conference was to reallocate wave channels and similar innocuous generalities. press was fed with stories concerning the serious interference of Mexican stations with United States stations: written from a biased and prejudiced viewpoint, nothing was said about the more serious interference with Mexican stations of the high-powered American stations, particularly of the chain station. Mexico has found out before that America will offer her no forum to state her side of a case, to air her grievances to the sober good common sense of the American people. This was established in 1926. when Baker's K-TNT was the only mouthpiece in America for the authorized remarks of Colonel M. O. Ruiz Sandoval, who desired to present to American people President Calles' side of the controversy then agitating the press of both countries. Col. Sandoval was sent by President Calles of Mexico. and gave a talk from KTNT that did much to counteract the falsehoods of the press against Mexico. favor to Mexico, brought upon Baker, the ill-will of U.S. officials.

At the time of the Mexican radio conference, the A. M. A. forces in this country had already won their fight to inflict censorship of all health talks over any radio station in Canada—an outrageous thing they have so far been prevented from doing directly, in the United States. There was a hope throbbing in the breast of the subservient American radio group, so docile to the least lifting of an eyebrow by organized doctordom, that a similar censorship could be

inflicted on Mexico. And so Judge Sykes, one of the five complaisant radio commissioners, with an army of twenty-two assistants, was delegated to represent the United States government at this International Radio Conference, to be held in Mexico City. On his way south, the judge stopped at San Antonio, Texas, and gave a talk before a Civic Club. The San Antonio Express quotes him as saying that there was a "chaos" in Mexican radio affairs, that must be corrected, that any radio station selected wave lengths or channels at will. The doctors of the U. S. boasted that they would force Mexico to place restrictions on medical broadcasts in Mexico. They forced Canada to do it, why not Mexico?

The International Radio Conference opened in Mexico City on July 10, 1933, and lasted, not the one week originally planned, but one month. The American press headlined the conference daily. But there was nothing in these stories about better international arrangements being made for the benefit of the international radio listeners. Here is how one of the larger Philadelphia papers treated the conference, in one of its news stories: and this is typical of what the press of the whole country was doing:

U. S. WILL DEMAND MEXICO DRIVE EXILED CHARLATANS OUT OF BROADCASTING FIELD

Delegates to Radio Parley Hope to Squelch Such Renegades as Goat-Gland Faker and Cancer Quack

By DREW PEARSON and ROBERT S. ALLEN WASHINGTON, July 8.
It won't be found in the agenda, but one of the

major objectives of the American delegation to the North American Broadcasting Conference in Mexico City is to put a quietus on renegade radio stations that are cluttering the Mexican side of the border.

One of the chief offenders is Dr. John R. Brinkley, Kansas "goat gland" doctor. Ordered off the air by the Federal Radio Commission' several years ago, Brinkley built an 80,000-watt station, the most powerful on the continent, at Villa Acuna, directly across from Del Rio, Tex.

The station is equipped with special apparatus so that its broadcast is directed into the U.S.A. Recently, Brinkley obtained a 500,000-watt license from the Mexican Government, which will make his station the most powerful in the world.

Quack Builds Station.

Another offender is Norman G. Baker, of Muscatine, Ia., who was barred from the air by the Radio Commission, also on the ground of alleged medical quackery.

Baker advertised a cancer cure. He now is building a 150.000-watt station at Nuevo Laredo.

opposite Laredo, Tex.

Shortly after Brinkley got his Mexican station into operation protests were lodged by American broadcasters with the State Department. demanded official protests to the Mexican Government.

Wires Are Pulled.

The Department was on the verge of acting when suddenly it was called off. Prominent Republicans objected to any interference with Brinkley, and they took their complaints to President Hoover.

Brinkley now has hired Charlie Curtis. Hoover's Vice President, to represent him in Mexico City.

The Roosevelt Administration is determined to put a stop to international wave pirating. The American delegation goes to Mexico City with secret instructions to sign no agreement that does not eliminate such stations as Brinkley's and Baker's.

Judge Heads Delegation.

This job is in very competent hands. Head of the delegation is Judge E. O. Sykes, chairman of the Radio Commission.

Originally it was intended to send only two delegates to Mexico City. The conference then was to include only the United States, Canada, Newfoundland and Mexico. But suddenly it was discovered that Mexico had stolen a march by inviting all the other Central American Republics.

Fearful that this was an attempt to "gang" the three English-speaking representatives by a Latin group, the U. S. A. increased its delegation by adding Roy T. Davis, American Minister to Panama, an expert in Central American politics. It will be Davis' job to "handle" the delegations from these countries.

Note part of this inspired article: inspired, in the sense that all Washington dispatches carried by important newspapers emanate from Washington, D. C., correspondents of the various papers, who have much closer access to the President and the White House family, the Cabinet, the heads of the various departments, and the important Senators and Congressmen, than is dreamed of. Here are the important things to note: Baker is "another offender"—offender meaning, as defined above, a "renegade radio station cluttering the Mexican side of the border." Baker has been "barred from the air by

the Radio Commission, also on the ground of alleged medical quackery"—an egregious misstatement of the hearing and the complaints culminating in the closing of K-TNT, which was based primarily on his station's being called a "direct advertising station," or one which quoted prices; and because of his alleged attacks on established institutions and on individuals. He was not taken off the air for medi-Another press lie And now cal quakery. note the most significant thing of all: "The American delegation goes to Mexico City with secret instructions to sign no agreement that does not eliminate such stations as Baker's" Secret! A swell secret, when it is thus badly spilled to 120,000,000 Americans, and in addition to the whole rest of the world! If secret, how did the leak embodied in this story occur? What punishment has been meted out on the reporters who spilled it, the editors who O.K.'d it, the publisher who published it? The records are silent in this regard. This was an "inspired" leak, of course.

And, unless these accredited correspondents, presumably still with access to White House and Capitol secrets in Washington, are lying—and I for one am sure they are not—then this constitutes United States government persecution of one of its own citizens, while he is in a foreign land. If Baker's K-TNT had once offended, at least in the eyes of his enemies and the servile radio commission, surely that gave the government not the slightest moral or legal justification for assuming that a station he had not yet finished building, nor put on the air, was going to be an offender! The precise logic is as if the government itself, in the case of a man once tried and held

guilty of an offense such as disorderly conduct, should demand of a foreign country that it prevent this man's conduct entirely in the future, since the government was of opinion that a man who had once been disorderly could never be anything else there-Damned presumptuous, to say the least; damnably unfair, and damning persecution, to add a little more. Surely it was Mexico's privilege to license Baker, if it wanted to; surely the United States government, as represented by this radio commission delegation, hadn't the faintest right in the world to let out one yap or yelp about what Baker was going to do, when he hadn't even begun to do it! In decency they might have waited until he did something, before lodging appropriate protest. bit premature, old zanies. Did Sykes and the rest of the United States government crew think that (a) they could read Baker's mind, and know in advance he was going to offend? and (b) that they owned Mexico, and could tell her how to run her own business? Did they forget entirely their ponderous preachment that the purpose of legal punishment is to correct and improve offenders, and should be followed by legal conduct thereafter, so that Baker, once punished, would presumably never offend No, they are merely a bunch of tools of again? gouging selfish wealthy interests in America, andforgetting the rights of the people, of Baker, of Mexico, forgetting Americanism and decency and fair play and even the Constitution and the laws of this country, they went forth armed with "secret instructions" to get Baker, and throttle him before he had ever had a chance to say a word. Al Capone

would have had a higher standard of ethics than this.

If President Roosevelt knew of this, he deserves the same condemnation. It is to be hoped that he did not dream of it; that this will open his eyes to what is going on inside the government beneath him; that he will at once institute an investigation, that will bounce the servile tools of the gouging wealthy interests, and cause an immediate return to law, to decency, to Americanism, to fair play; and an immediate return to Baker of all taken from him, including the license of K-TNT so unfairly withdrawn in June, 1931.

Lest you think that that Philadelphia news story was an isolated symptom, here is the story, two days later, from the Rock Island Argus:

MEXICAN EDICT DOOMS BORDER RADIO STATIONS

Surprise Move Ahead of Conference Spells Ruin of Brinkley and Baker Ventures

BY ROBERT MACK

Washington, July 10.—What was to have been prime issue at the North American radio conference, which begins in Mexico City today, has been settled by the Mexican government through issuance of new radio regulations designed automatically to wipe out all stations along the border by so-called "renegade" American broadcasters.

In a surprise diplomatic move the Mexican government announced that it had drafted new regulations which will limit ownership of Mexican stations to Mexican citizens. More-

over, all stations must use the Spanish language except where government permission is given to broadcast in other languages.

The restriction apparently spells the doom of all stations along the border operated by Americans with the sole purpose of serving listeners in the United States. These stations have caused serious interference with American and Canadian stations through operation on or in between their wave-length. The ruling means that the 80,000-watt XER at Villa Acuna, across the border from Del Rio, Texas, operated by Dr. John R. Brinkley, deposed medico-broadcaster of Kansas, will be wiped out, along with the 150,000-watt XENT of Norman Baker, former Muscatine, Iowa, "cancer specialist" and broadcaster, located at Nuevo Laredo, across from Laredo, Texas.

The conference opening today was called to work out a redistribution of wave-lengths available for broadcasting among the North and Central American nations. It was expected that the American delegation would demand the extermination of these outlaw boarder stations in Mexico as a condition precedent to any realignment of wavelengths. Now that this important problem has been settled, the nations involved may immediately settle down to the working out of a recasting of a broadcasting of a broadcast band.

Whatever the outcome of the conference, it is expected that there will have to be a sweeping reallocation of broadcasting stations in the United States. This is not contemplated, however until a complete new plan of station operation from the technical standpoint, can be worked out.

This time, it is a Mexican edict that dooms Baker: the alleged prime issue at the conference "has been settled by the Mexican government through issuance of new radio regulations, designed automatically to wipe out all stations operated along the border by so-called 'renegade' American broadcasters New regulations which will limit ownership of Mexican stations to Mexican citizens. Moreover, all stations must use the Spanish language This ruling means that the 150,000-watt XENT of Norman Baker, former Muscatine, Iowa, 'cancer specialist' and broadcaster, (will be wiped out.)" We will see, we will see. The impetus for the conference had come from Senator Dill, long touted as an advocate of freedom of the air: the press stories announcing this had coupled it with an intention to prevent Baker's XENT from being operated; the Senator's action, in this matter, is incredible, and certainly earned the cordial and vociferous thanks of the radio monopoly, the A. M. A., and the other forces opposed to Baker's independent-souled station.

For a month the Mexican delegation listened to what the Americans had to say. No doubt enough was said covering the matter referred to above in the "secret instructions." And here was the outcome. Mexico had not yet become a tool of the selfish American monopolies. The Chicago Tribune is quoted; and there is no jubilation in the brief story:

RADIO PARLEY IN MEXICO FAILS TO REACH ACCORD

MEXICO CITY, Aug. 10.—The Mexican government tonight in a formal statement said that the regional radio conference which adjourned at noon after meeting here for one month, had been unable

to reach an accord in the matter of distribution of broadcasting channels but that an understanding had been reached in some minor matters relative to radio control.

The statement said that the matter of allocation of broadcasting channels, for which the conference was called, could perhaps be discussed later. Agreement was reached not to widen channels and to control stations on their assigned wave lengths, it was said.

It is reported that the conference failed because Mexico asked for six of the available 96 broadcasting channels for border Mexican stations, several of which have been barred from the air in the United States, and the United States delegation balked at this.

Reread that last paragraph; "It is reported that the conference failed" because Mexico insisted on giving proper channels to Baker and others it had decided clearly entitled to these! "and the United States delegation balked at this." Yes, there were secret instructions, all right. The American delegation did what it had been told to, and signed no agreement. The attempt at persecution, by our government, of one American citizen, Norman Baker, had failed. Shame to everyone connected with the illegal and outrageous attempt! And high praise to the independent attitude and the splendid fairness of Mexico, forced to fight against the swaggering, bullying tactics of this great and greatly unjust neighbor, whose past history has been stained often enough with bloody and unfair attacks on its southern neighbor.

An aftermath of this appeared in an inspired news story, signed by Martin Codel, whose anti-Baker activities in the past have already been chronicled, in the Washington, D. C., Sunday Star, ten days later, or under date of August 20, 1933. We have space for only a little of his chat:

RADIO WAVE WAR WITH MEXICO SEEN

U. S. Delegates Disappointed by Failure of Conference Recently Held.

BY MARTIN CODEL

War on the radio wave lengths with Mexico appears to lie ahead, as an almost inevitable consequence of the complete failure of the Mexico City wave-length parley to reach an agreement regarding the division of the broadcasting channels among the nations of North America.... The Mexicans declined to consider the elimination of border stations along the Rio Grande, which are concentrating their broadcasts, northward to serve the United States audience. These stations are largely backed by American capital, in several instances being used by broadcasters who have been barred from the wave lengths by the Federal Radio Commission and the courts here.

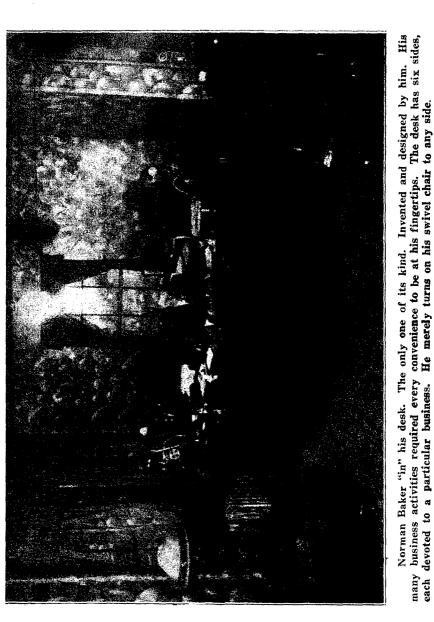
Well, that ends another malodorous attempt—and, this time, an openly unfair, un-American and illegal attempt—to persecute Norman Baker. This time, it is the American government itself that is openly doing the persecuting. Mr. President, gentlemen of his Cabinet, Senators and Congressmen, people of America, will you lie supine beneath this new insult to decency, law, and a man's brave attempt to heal the scourge of cancer; or will you demand an investigation of the interfiliated radio commission-A. M. A.-radio chain group monopolies, and an ending

of their foul practices? Don't worry, Baker wrote the whole thing promptly to President Roosevelt. The President ignored the matter by refusing to give it his personal attention, merely acknowledging receipt of the letter through his secretary and passing it along to the Department of State. very department that started the persecution of Baker, according to the Press. Is there no way to stop these foul attacks, now participated in by the government itself, against an American citizen battling only to heal men from cancer, and to stop the A. M. A.'s needless butchery of cancer patients? Mexico, before the conference placed the medical censor in their new radio law, and stands without medical Freedom of the Radio as does Canada. the boast of the American Medical Association to control the Mexican Radio department was fulfilled. It is believed Mexico will be the first to eliminate it when she awakens to this great injustice of depriving her citizens of medical freedom. The U.S. doctors now claim they will have a paid employe in the Radio Department of Mexico.

CHAPTER XX

NORMAN BAKER TODAY-AND TOMORROW

Let's try to turn to pleasanter matters. Don't think the man has to spend all his time fighting the monopolistic lice and vermin that plague our body social. He has his fun, too . . . He even invented the desk he sits at. What a desk! It's more like a whole office, or even an office building. There's no other desk like it in the world. It's hexagonal in shape, nine feet in diamater, of suave black walnut. It has six major divisions, and an entrance for the sturdy little Napoleon to use in getting to the central swivel chair. Medical Matters; Calliaphone; Merchandise Sales: Advertising: Research: Radio—these are the six little worlds it contains. At each side of the desk is a dictaphone, for dictating correspondence. Between each pair of sections is a shelf to hold reference books, catalogs, and the like. Each section holds two letter trays: one for incoming, one for outgoing mail. There are two letter files on opposing sides of the desk, with two filing drawers and two index drawers, to hold Baker's personal reference correspondence, properly divorced from the main files. Two telephones, a push-button system keeping him in touch with each department of his multifarious activities, a globe of the world, a microscope, a lamp over each section and, swinging swiftly from one to another of his incredible multiplicity of interests, the sturdy little Napoleon himself. I'm filed somewhere in it; and you may be-and I hope among the friends, and not among the pernicious enemies. You don't sit at this desk, you sit in it. Artistically lovely, esthetically



satisfactory, infinitely efficient, a work of genius . . . The South Texas Citizen, of Laredo, on September 23rd, 1933, carried a jubilant story of the imminent opening of the new border station, XENT. Transmitting tubes standing nearly three feet high, costing thousands of dollars; yet with a guaranteed life of only 1,000 hours; one hundred and twentyfive gallons of water circulating around them, to keep them cool; every inch of wire in the plant insulated, because of the radio frequency current throughout the building; the 450 H. P. diesel engine, the first unit of the engines, already in operation, directly connected to a 300,000 watt generator; 75,000 watts of power to be used from December 1st onward. which will reach every part of the continent; twice this much later, covering a radius of 2,500 miles around Laredo; artists arrived and arriving; 250,000 pictorial booklets ready for distribution, to encourage tourists to Mexico, with a special XENT Tourist Office to take charge of these-all these, and more, the article detailed. The XENT programs will be like the K-TNT ones, homey, rather than highbrow: the voice of the mellow Calliaphone. The Bells of St. Mary, Beautiful Isle of Somewhere, O Sole Mio, a Hawajian medley, **Mother Machree**, a medley of old songs. Negro spirituals, stirring marches, My Mother's Bible . . . the Kiddie's hour, the recipes, the stirring talks by Baker, impressive talks by others, the Calliaphone, taps.... No advertising of fake stocks and bonds, or fake or shoddy material of any kind; nothing against the interest of the people, and enough against their enemies. That's what's coming. That's what's here, as I write.

Baker believes profoundly in international peace;

he is opposed to wars of capitalistic nations against each other, which is another way of spelling the slow group suicide of our white culture: race suicide in a wholesale terrible way. XENT will be a tremendous force, when moments of strain come, in favor of peace with Mexico, and against war. The Mexican side can always be heard over it, as well as the American.

The total cost of the station, with the full 150,000 watts of power on the air, will be about a quarter of a million dollars. As usual, Baker had the transmitter made in his own Muscatine shop; it would have cost much more to buy it already made. Baker landed in Mexico without cash enough to build the first unit of his buildings. He didn't wait: he went right to work digging the foundation, and then the first building. He had to borrow. Not from the bankers: they had nothing to lend a man who was a tribune of the people. He mortgaged personal property, he let the humble listeners to K-TNT and readers of the Free Press lend him amounts as small as ten dollars apiece. They'll get it back, and the interest, and a bonus on the profits of the station: and we'll all get a bonus in the way of the benefits it achieves for all of us. The bankers of Mexico stood by to aid him: so far, he has not even needed to call on them, much as he appreciated their fine spirit of cooperation.

Nor are the forces of evil idle. The Tugwell Bill, a new Food and Drug Bill is to be introduced into the next Congress.* Assistant Secretary of Agriculture R. G. Tugwell has emitted an article plausibly pleading for it. Much of what he says is true, about

[•] Was introduced in 1934 and still under consideration in 1936.

iniquitous and lying advertising of foods and drugs. But here is the joker:

An advertisement of a drug shall also be deemed to be false if it includes (2) any representation, directly or by ambiguity or inference, concerning the effect of such drug which is contrary to the general agreement of medical opinion.

And further,

Any advertisement of a drug representing it directly or by ambiguity or inference to have any effect in the treatment of any of the following diseases shall be deemed to be false: ... cancer, "Contrary to the and thirty-five other diseases! general agreement of medical opinion." that is, contrary to the expressed opinion of the A. M. A. the A. M. A. is practically self-admittedly a dictatorship, run by a small group, or by a single individual. Its or his word, then, can damn any such drug: to make it worse, the advertisement of any drug offered "to have any effect" in the treatment of cancer and the other listed diseases is branded as a false advertisement, and punishable, in advance. Medical slavery can go no further. Medical freedom receives a death blow, if this iniquitous bill becomes It is vicious and vile, in its intention and its notential damage to all of us. We must see to it that it does not become a law! This is the concern of everyone of us, from the President, the Senators, the Congressmen, down and up to the last one of us. The bill is a thousand times worse than I have stated: I have dealt with it only as it concerns Norman Baker and fight to cure cancer. It will hobble and cripple and mutilate and terminate medical freedom in every direction: it will mean medical slavery for all of us. We have state and national laws that can take care of anyone who misrepresents goods, and there is no need of this A. M. A. sponsored bill. By what knowedge can the A. M. A. doctors of the Pure Food and Drug Department determine if a medicine has a curative affect upon cancer? Do they possess the sum and substance of all medical knowledge?

The world-wide revolt against medical domination is commencing. It has started in England. Two thousand doctors have revolted from the dominance of the British Medical Association, and have formed the National Health League, under the presidency of Sir Augustus FitzGeorge, K. C. V. O., son of the late Duke of Cambridge, and at one time A. D. C. to King Edward when he was Prince of Wales. The fight is against orthodox medical practice, and the whole germ theory, and in favor of right living, hygenic surroundings, and right mental and emotional attitudes: the doctors say they will persist in it, no matter if it means financial injury to themselves.

In America, it is well understood that thousands of A.M.A. members are members for protection only, who realized that their professional success, and even their securing malpractice insurance, depend on their joining the State and county units of the A.M.A. There is a growing discontent among them, a growing disposition among even the most outstanding members of the profession to blurt out, with appalling effect, the sterility, dry rot, and medical bankruptcy of their practices, both in the case of drugs and of surgery. It is time for these sporadic upflares to become general; it is high time for the

American doctors to do as their brothers across the sea have done, and desert in a body from the iniquitous parent organization, and form their own American Medical Alliance and end medical slavery and bondage, in favor of medical freedom for all. This step is inevitable: the only open question is when it will take place, and who will be the ones courageous enough to take the lead in this magnificent march towards a healthy, happy civilization.

Now suppose Norman Baker were to formulate, for you, his own conception of the value of allopathic doctors, surgeons, and drugs: or suppose I were. Would you agree with the following, which may or may not be his or my opinion, or would you disagree in any instance? Why not make a check mark (\checkmark) before each of these you agree with, and a dash (-) before each you disagree with, and total up the results? And, as a whole, after reading the following statements, would you think the person or persons who thought and said these things were sane or insane? Balanced or unbalanced? Here are the steps in this evaluation of allopathic doctors, their drugs, and surgeons:

- 1. Cures are beyond doctors.
- 2. All medicines are poisons.
- 3. Medicine is a science of guessing.
- 4. Drugs do not cure disease. The particular symptoms may be quieted by a narcotic or some other drug, but the disease itself remains.
- 5. Medicine is a shapeless collection of incoherent ideas.
- 6. The amount of death and disaster in the world would be less than it is now, if all disease were left to itself.

- 7. There is not a single disease for which the doctors have an absolute specific.
- 8. There are 107 single, uncombined, different and confessed poisons in daily use by the allopathic school of medicine.
- 9. The fact that a doctor has to make a living out of disease, handicaps his eagerness to diminish and prevent disease in his vicinity.
- 10. If medicine is to remain a profession, this competition for money must cease.
- 11. When the people see medical men persistently spending millions of dollars of public funds in health boards in attempts to establish a medical oligarchy, it is only natural for them to conclude to thoroughly investigate whether or not doctors give value received for their money.
- 12. Thousands of desperate cases of chronic diseases could be easily cured if someone had sense enough to tell the poor victims to quit taking medicine.
- 13. No one can entirely recover health while taking medicine.
- 14. All the allopathic doctors' curative agents are poisons, for they diminish the patient's vitality.
- 15. The allopathic doctors are productive of vastly more evil than good.
- 16. The whole germ proposition is a silly senseless fable. The average medical mind is so dwarfed by superstitions that it cannot comprehend a simple law of nature anyhow. Doctors of today are not allowed to think for themselves—they must follow the medical priests and swallow the A. M. A. dope or they will be branded heretics and be burned at the stake of medical ethics.

- 17. It is impossible to harmonize allopathic medicine and common sense. Drugs do not cure diseases.
 - 18. Medicine is not a science.
- 19. 99 out of every 100 medical facts are medical lies. Medical doctrines are for the most part stark staring nonsense.
- 20. There is no potency in the doctor, his medicine or treatment; but rather in the forces that reside in the patient.
- 21. Medicine is a colossal system of self-deception.
- 22. There is not a single medicine in the world that does not carry harm in its molecules. Medicine is more dangerous than dynamite.
- 23. Drugs, miscalled medicines, are absolutely injurious to the patients.
- 24. Were there no doctors on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less death from sickness than now prevail.
- 25. The doctor does more mischief than the disease.
- 26. Medicines are instruments of death in physicians' hands. The public would be infinitely better off without professed drug physicians.
- 27. Improper medication is the cause of the chronic sufferers of today.
- 28. The medical profession are endeavoring to establish State medicine. State medicine is no more to be tolerated by the people than is State religion.
- 29. Our school children are being used as revenue producers by political doctors and political educators.
 - 30. Back of disease lies a cause; and the cause

no drug can reach. Doctors know that there is a cause of disease, but they do not work on it.

- 31. A drug is never a help in disease.
- 32. Allopathic doctors know little or nothing of the real action of drugs.
- 33. As we place more confidence in nature and less in the preparations of the pharmacist, deaths diminish.
- 34. Drugs cure one disease by producing another.
- 35. A sufferer would be safer without a doctor than with one.
- 36. The first duty of a physician is to instruct the people in the laws of health, and thus prevent disease. The tendency has even been toward a conspiracy of mystery, humbug and silence. The rank and file of orthodox doctors are like sheep led astray. Doctors have bitterly opposed every real and scientific help in the art of medicine, and filled the world with incurable invalids.
- 37. Doctors study false facts and false theories. They have multiplied diseases, and increased deaths.
- 38. The practice of medicine is a farce. Ninety per cent of allopathic doctors are quacks.
- 39. An eye specialist destroyed the sight of a basketful of eyes, before he learned to operate successfully for cataract.
 - 40. Operations for appendicitis are unnecessary.

I went back over this, and took this test myself. I agreed with only slightly more than half of these platform planks. I had my wife take the same test. She agreed with 58% of the planks, not with the rest. She said that the person or persons who believed in some of these must be a little queer. What

do you think? If you have not already done so, go back and check those you agree with, and, with a dash, those you don't Now how does the score run? And do you think the person or persons who believe these things are sane or insane, balanced or unbalanced?

They are not my opinions. Let's get rid of that. They are not Norman Baker's.

They are not the opinions of any layman or laymen, or of any unorthodox independent doctor or doctors. At least, not in the form I give them.

They are the opinions of the following orthodox allopathic doctors, who have all published them: (1) Dr. J. H. Tilden. (2) Dr. Joseph M. Smith, of New York City. (3) Dr. Abercrombie, F. R. C. P., Edinburgh. (4) Dr. T. R. Allison, L. R. C. P., London, England. (5) Dr. J. D. Bacon, of Illinois. (6) Dr. J. Bigelow. (7) Dr. Wm. A. Brady, Attica, Ind. (8) Dr. Broady. (9) and (10), Dr. Richard Cabot, Chief of the Medical Staff of the Massachusetts General Hospital. (11) Dr. Alex K. Calhoun. (12) and (13) Dr. C. S. Carr. (14) Dr. Alonzo Clark, of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. (15) Dr. Coggswell, of Boston. (16) Dr. C. S. Duvall.. (17) Dr. L. M. Edwards, of Omaha. (18) Dr. R. C. Flower. (19) Professor Gregory, M. D., of Edinburgh. (20) Dr. A. W. Herr, of Cleveland. (21) Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. (22) Dr. J. N. Hurty, of the Indiana State Board of Health. (23) Dr. Janison, of Edinburgh. (24) Dr. J. Johnson F. R. S., of London, England. (25) Dr. A. B. Hender, of Davenport, Iowa. (26) Dr. E. Kimball, of New Hampshire. (27) Dr. U. R. Lyle, of Logansport, Ind. (28) and (29) Dr. N. A. McQuestion, of Mansfield, Ohio. (30) Dr. S.

Weir Mitchell. (31) Dr. Noyes. (32) Professor Osler, M. D. (33) Professor Parker, M. D., of New York City. (34) Professor Martin Payne, M. D. (35) Dr. Ramage. (36) Dr. Alex M. Ross, F. R. S., England. (37) Dr. Benjamin Rush. (38) Dr. Schweninger, physician to Prince Bismark. (39) Dr. Vene Armstrong. (40) Dr. J. D. Bacon, as in No. 5. They are 40 out of 104 of the orthodox medicos cited in **The Golden Age**, in a symposium on medicine. They have gone much further than Norman Baker ever went, in this damning self-indictment.

The life of Norman Baker, from this point, can only be marked. Continued In Our Next. have brought the thrilling story down to today.* He has opened, he is running XENT in Mexico, he is waiting for the belated investigation of his cancer cure by any responsible body, confident he can establish for once and forever that he is the conqueror of this dreadful scourge; he is waiting to see how far the A. M. A. can influence the Mexican Medical Association, and how far they can influence the Mexican government in depriving the citizens medical liberty by their control of the Mexican Radio. hospitals are functioning in Muscatine, Iowa, and Laredo, Texas, their fires a bit banked until he gets his publicity back at work, but still curing the dread disease, which all the king's asses and men of the A. M. A; C. M. A. and M. M. A. can not do; he is hourly trusting for the beginning of an investigation of the servile radio commission, which took away his K-TNT license, and which has sought to persecute him in Mexico. If I were to have the power to dictate the future chapters of his life. I think I should head them:

Author refers "to date" as year 1933
 Baker Hospital Laredo, was closed Jan. 1935, and all patients removed to Muscatine, lowa, because of insufficient room in Laredo.

Chapter XXIII. License of K-TNT Restored; Baker Operates the Two Greatest Stations in All Radio History.

Chapter XXIV. Dissolution of the A. M. A., as a Monopoly, after Government Investigation.

Chapter XXV. Dissolution of the Chain Radio Monopoly, and Appointment of Impartial Federal Radio Commission.

Chapter XXVI. Selling of Aluminumware for Kitchen Use Made a Federal Penitentiary Offense. Poisonous "Purifying" of Water Forbidden Hereafter.

Chapter XXVII. Norman Baker Elected President of the United States, on Farmer-Labor Ticket. Perhaps of the United States and Mexico. But perhaps that is looking too far into the future. But Jim the canary is whistling his heart out, right over the immense hexagonal desk; and the sturdy little Napoleon is leaning over towards me earnestly. "Now, Alvin, the way this book ought to end is—"

'Chapter XXVIII. Norman Baker Elected President of the United States. Perhaps of the United States and Mexico. But perhaps that is looking too far into the future. And what is happening, even now, is interesting in the highest degree—and as significant.

Meanwhile, Baker kept the Free Press alive, by personally providing the necessary money to pay the weekly pay roll and other publishing expenses, totalling from \$100 to \$300 per week. In the annual stockholders' meeting of January 8, 1934, an attempt was made to eliminate Norman Baker from the management of the paper. Baker was accused of taking secret profits from the newspaper, in selling it supplies. One of Baker's ex-lawyers, Herbert G. Thompson, was boomed for the mayoralty of Muscatine. He was defeated by a landslide of 2 to 1. The Mid-

West Progressive, which had succeeded the Free Press, and published by Baker's enemies, died with Thompson's defeat. The rout of Baker's local enemies was complete.

Baker had established, by this time, a branch of the Baker Hospital at Laredo, Texas, operated successfully by a Texas physician with a memorable list of public cures. Baker asked Governor Ferguson of Texas to give his hospital a public test; this request was ignored. Efforts to close XENT continued, but all of them have failed.

Baker left in March, 1932, for Mexico. Six weeks later, the warrants referred to already were issued for his arrest, and the Governor of Texas was requested by the Governor of Iowa to extradite him. Baker had promised Mexico to finish the station. XENT: and he staved across the border until it was finished. Then he notified the Texas officials in Laredo that he was going to appear on American soil again, and could be arrested. When the Texas Rangers wired this to the Sheriff of Muscatine County, a wire came back that Iowa did not have the funds to bring Baker back. And so, on July, 1935, Norman Baker paid his own way to Iowa, to face such fight as his panicky enemies still had in them. He was arrested and subjected to a preliminary hearing before J. C. Coster, Justice of the Peace, and bound over to the Grand Jury which later returned two indictments against him. These indictments are still pending in the District Court of Muscatine County. At the same time a citation for contempt of the Supreme Court was served on him and on December 2, 1935, the hearing on the contempt charges was opened before Judge J. E. Purcell, as Referee, and lasted five days. Judge Purcell reported a finding of guilty to the Supreme Court, where the case is still pending for final decision. This contempt case will cost both the state and Mr. Baker thousand and thousands of dollars. Thirty patients of the Baker Hospital testified as to their being cured at the institution of cancer, tumors, and hemorrhoids. The maximum penalty is one day in jail and a fine of \$50. Baker has announced his intention to carry the case to the U. S. Supreme Court if necessary.

On July 14, 1935, when Baker returned to Iowa after a three and a half year absence, 25,000 people attended his meeting in Muscatine. On September 8, 1935, another public meeting was held in Muscatine to publicly prove 6 year cures of cancer by his formulas. It was attended by a large crowd of thrilled people. Many of the cancer patients who had been treated during the big meeting on May 30, 1930, returned, and repeated their stories of cure. The Baker Five-Six-Year-Test had been completed. For the first time in the history of mankind, a group of patients cured of cancer six and five years before appeared to testify to the world at large of the miraculous cures of the Baker Treatments. public proof now meets all requirements of the medical profession who demanded five year cures before any cancer treatment would be recognized. Baker's statement and their words were transcribed electrically on large 16-inch transcription discs, as a permanent record for posterity.

Baker at once requested Governor Herring of Iowa to investigate this miraculous achievement. The Governor asked for the names of the patients, promising to investigate. Baker furnished the names. The Governor made no report and never advised Baker of the investigation he promised. In any case, the cancer cures have NOW been proved before the Supreme Court of Iowa, as well as the District Court

of Muscatine, and the Federal Court at Davenport. The record is being completed.

In January, 1935, the Baker Hospital Number 2 was opened in Muscatine; and almost overnight every bed was occupied. Both it and Hospital Number 1 are now filled, with new cures being recorded every week. Subscription lists have been opened to purchase a large hotel in the Middle West, further south, to be transformed into a 1,000 room Baker Hospital, founded by public donations, or enlarge the Muscatine Hospitals. Each donor will have his name on the bronze tablet in the building, as well as a contract entitling him and members of his family to free medical treatment to the extent up to the amount that each donates.

On January 6, 1935, Dr. Potter, who had had a two years' lease of Baker Hospital, was refused a renewal of his lease, because of low percentage of cures and lack of cooperation.

Among Baker's other troubles with doctors was his experience with a Dr. L. D. Conn of Texas, whose expenses Baker paid to Muscatine to study the Baker technique at the Hospital there so he could open a southern branch and he unaccountably disappeared, leaving a note under Baker's door. One cured patient, Mrs. Cromer, who is still under obligation to the Baker Hospital for curing her of cancer, went to a Dr. Cantrell of Lone Tree, Iowa, who gave injections to cure cancer. This Dr. Cantrell was reported to state authorities for investigation by the State Health Department. The cure in this case took place at the Baker Hospital. Mrs. Cromer now announces she was cured by the treatment she recommends to others, while the truth is, she was cured at the Baker Hospital by Baker medicines.

And, as a melancholy foil to this story of Baker's

success in curing cancer, on February 15, 1936, Dr. Francis Carter Wood, one of the leading A. M. A. authorities on cancer, announced publicly, that 95% of hospital cancer cases were incurable; that the best that could be achieved was a 20% salvage of cancer patients. And this was merely for a limited group of cases. This public confession of A. M. A. failures is in astounding contrast to Baker's proved success.

The Free Press had been wrecked. On November 8, 1935, The News of Muscatine, Iowa, a weekly, made its first appearance, published, edited and managed by Harry L. Fisher. It carried Norman Baker's writings, and was clearly his mouthpiece—to be enthusiastically welcomed by his thousands of Iowa admirers. It is fighting the battle of the people, as

all Baker mouthpieces do.

The Universal Advertising Agency, a trade name for Thelma Yount, of Laredo, Texas, held the exclusive right to American advertising over XENT. It applied for permission to erect a radio studio in Laredo, Texas, with remote control to Mexican stations. Baker represented her in Washington; and threw a bombshell into the Federal Radio Commission, by showing them their own letter dated March 6th, stating that her trial would be March 26th, and that they were going to refuse her a permit. This is the first instance on record in which a decision was announced twenty days before the trial. As had so often happened, Baker had really been tried without permitting him to be heard, instead of Miss Yount.

A plot to wreck the transmitters of station XENT was discovered in November, 1935, in time to prevent total wreckage. One Wayne Miller, a sub-engineer at station WHO in Iowa, who had charge of the transmitter of XENT confessed that someone in

Iowa had instructed him to do the job; that he had secured employment under Baker for this purpose. Miller was forced to repair part of the damage. Baker's trusted musical director at XENT, Marvin Lucke, was also implicated in the plot; Baker's engineer stated that Lucke led the officers to the home of a Dr. Cook in Lardo, where the local plotting had taken place. Dr. Cook's activities are now under nivestigation. He is a member of the medical association. He, Dr. Crowe, and Dr. Potter are three who have used every effort, however unethical, to wreck the glorious work that Norman Baker is doing for humanity. Dr. Potter swung to the state and testified against Baker in the recent indictment case.

The station is in perfect order again. On February 2nd, 1936, it was used by the Mexican government for a program from 7 to 9 P. M., especially dedicated to the Unied States. Ambassador Daniels spoke at length on this program.

Meanwhile, Norman Baker is as active as ever, in all good causes. He has been urged by countless friends to make the race this year for Senator from Iowa. Both parties are seeking to have his name on their ballots. These friends point not that his magnificent BAKER PLAN FOR UN-EMPLOYMENT AND AGRICULTURAL RELIEF is a platform such as no candidate for public office in America ever had. This would stop the dole; and in the end provide. by self-sustaining work, more than 12,000 miles of transcontinental paved 80-foot highways, two from Maine and the Eastern seaboard of the Pacific coast, four from north to south. These would be paid for by currency issue coined by the government, thus eliminating interest and taxation. If Iowa is wise, it will force Baker to run; and if elected, he will probably dominate the next sessions of Congress. If he runs, you can be sure that he will awaken Iowa and the Middle West in a way to make Huey Long's campaign in Louisiana seem like a pink tea. Baker holds the non-stop record for speech-making in the United States, and his oneman fillibusters against legisltaion inimical to the public interest may whip a recalcitrant Congress into line, and make them for the first time really represent the interests of the people.

CHAPTER XXI

SOUNDING OFF

I started out by promising that this would be a live book, and not a dead one. It made itself alive; all that I had to do, was to refrain from killing it—which I couldn't have done anyhow, for you can't kill an explosion of trinitrotuolene, or T. N. T. But there is something about live things, including live books, that I've kept up my sleeve until this point; and that is, that life is fertile, and not sterile; that life produces action, and not inertia or inactivity. This book is alive: life is contagious. You've read it: it won't die, within you. You won't let it die, within you. You'll let your mind go back and sort out the principal things in it, the things that are still unfinished: and, like a wire tingling with a powerful electric current, you'll start to finish them.

Mexico is, by right, a great, independent-souled country. Foul propaganda has told us it is a land of rowdy bandits. It is a land of historical and natural beauty, of graciousness and courtesy, of justice. We have meddled too often and too poisonously in its affairs, in our collective greed, for all to be well south of the Rio Grande. Our meddling organized doctors have found a few of their skunkine kind down there, so that the 1933 regulations of Mexican radio now contain, on page 25,

79. The propaganda of medical products must have only the character of commercial advertising, and will be subject to the regulations that the Department of Health may dictate.

80. Lectures, propaganda, etc., of a medical or hygenic character, can only be broadcasted with express authorization of the Department of Health.

So long as the Department of Health stands for health, and not for greed, Baker is safe. But this is the lever that may be used against him, because organized medics influence the Mexican government the same as in the U.S. and Canada; in fact all It goes beyond our own radio bill, which countries. still forbids direct censorship, no matter how hellishly powerful your indirect censorship is. Yet our organized belly-cutting throat-cutting medicos, in their new "Food and Drug Bill," have gone further: an advertisement of a drug shall be held to be false if it includes any representation, even by implication, "concerning the effect of such drug which is contrary to the general agreement of medical opinion:" that is, contrary to the lying A. M. A. propaganda; and any advertisement of a drug, claiming that it will "have any effect on cancer, and the other named diseases, is held to be false, even if it be 100% true. This bill must. be defeated, at all costs; or infinite suffering and death will result from it, and nothing but a bloody revolution can throw the foul-souled medicos out of the seats of the mighty. Mexico is sound, unless our organized medical racketeers and aluminum racketeers and radio racketeers can dominate it. Mexico has not turned them the cold shoulder.

The fight is not yet over. Baker is there to offer to Mexico his magnificent station, to permit the truth about Mexico to be broadcast; and this will be a potent bar to unnecessary and outrageous capitalism-engendered wars between the two countries.

These are the facts in the case of Norman Baker. What must we do, stirred alive by these revelations, more sensational than any yet contained in any book ever published?

- Demand a government investigation of the foul American Medical Association, until it is killed, its dominance of State, of county, of municipal medi-Bring in medical freedom. Waken American doctors to revolt, as their British cousins have already done against the British Medical Association, and form an independent American Medical Alliance, standing for medical freedom, with free rights to all schools of medical thought. End the Simmons-Fishbein racket, and the racket of their small selfish oligarchy, and restore medical freedom Mr. President, gentlemen of the Cabto America. inet, Senators, Congressmen, State Legislators, every independent American, you are called on to do this, and at once! You are called on to investigate, and act witheringly, against these enemies of human health, happiness, and life. End this effort at a State medicine, and give suffering human beings a chance to get well without organized medicine's quackery and drugging poisons. Medical freedom is not a radical idea, except insofar as it is a return to the doctrines of the founders of this government. who gave us political and religious freedom, and freedom of speech, but omitted to give us medicine Our suffrage, our religion, our speech, are free: for God's sake, unite and free our health, our happiness, our lives, from this hellish dominance of the allopathic oligarchy!
- II. Demand a government investigation of the servile Federal Radio Commission. Here are some

of the facts, in this book. There are a universe of others. End the control of the air by chain station groups and their servile commissioners, who have the effrontery to journey to Mexico City with "secret instructions" to demand ruin to an American citizen legally recognized by a foreign government. And, incidentally, restore to K-TNT its withdrawn license, that this belated justice may be done to Norman-Baker, and his \$750,000 and more of investment in Muscatine may not be stolen outright by rascals in high places.

TTT. Cease the persecution of Norman Baker's cancer cure, so long-continued, as this book estab-Demand an immediate and impressive examination of his claims. If he is a quack, a faker, jail him, end his hospital. If he is not, give belated justice to him, extol him as worth a thousand Lindberghs, make him a national hero, an international Let the fame of his cancer cure and his Cancer Hospital be world-wide. Let the scourge of cancer be conquered. All he demands is an investigation. That he should have had years ago. Make these weak sisters, the ones in charge of our national medical department, the medical director of the U.S. Health Department and Veterans Bureau, at once give this investigation. Let it be given independently by every government subsidiary. He stands ready and over-anxious to prove all his claims. A tree is known by its fruits: his fruits are health restored. cancer conquered. He is entitled to this investiga-Without delay, let us have it!

IV. And here is no more. You now have the facts, its your play now. Let your next move be immediate by communicating your wishes to the

The other things will flow out of the proper ones. fact that this book is alive, and Norman Baker is alive, and the public causes he fights for are alive, and conquering. The upsurge may well place him on the governor's seat of his home State, or among the togaed Senators, or even higher in the national government. Leave that for the future to decide. His only ambition is to serve men and to heal them. So far, our records have sought to repeat the tragedy ending on the Hill of the Skull. It is not too late to correct this. When fifty thousand people were called, by his own truth-telling and personal magnetism, in one day to come to his radio station and watch them heal the sick, we do not need a cross, we need only a crown.

I leave it to you, people of America, people of Mexico, people of the world.

CHAPTER XXII

LATEST DEVELOPMENTS AGAINST BAKER

Just as this book is going to press, further developments have come up that are of interest to the readers, showing just another link in the ten years of persecution and prosecution Mr. Baker has suffered.

As reviewed in previous pages, Mr. Baker experienced much opposition from his American enemies working upon officials in Mexico, with an attempt to close Radio Station XENT at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, which operates on 910 kilocycles, with programs daily from 5:30 p. m. to 8:45 a. m. central time.

It appears that every time Mr. Baker enters a political race someone brings out a warrant for his arrest, which may be for the purpose of blackening his reputation, discrediting his campaign, or occupy-

ing his time from the campaign.

During Roosevelt's election, the Farmer Labor Party influenced Mr. Baker to run for Governor of Iowa, even though he was in Mexico. He consented and the race was on, but Mr. Baker took no active part and did not leave Mexico to enter into the campaign in Iowa, for reason of the fact that he was in the first stages of building Radio Station XENT in Mexico.

Just about that time a warrant for his arrest was brought out in Musatine, Iowa, as reviewed in previous pages. A local newspaper, the Muscatine Journal, and others, carried the story that Mr. Baker was a fugitive from justice and that he had escaped to

Mexico; that, mind you, in view of the fact that he had been in Mexico for many weeks before the warrant was brought out in Iowa.

There seems to be no question but what the warrant in Muscatine, some three years ago, was a double-header for a purpose—that is, not only to discredit politically, but to have the warrant go to Governor Turner, then to Governor Sterling of Texas to arrest Mr. Baker if he came across the border and to keep him busy in court so that XENT could not be constructed.

This latest charge is a Federal indictment, put out by the Grand Jury at Laredo, Texas, accusing Norman Baker, Mr. E. R. Rood and Mr. Roy Richardson for conspiring, maintaining, and operating a reproduction machine for making electrical transscription records and conveying them across the border to be used on the programs at Radio Station XENT at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico.

No other government action seems to prove the persecution of Mr. Baker more than this case because many Recording Studios make electrical transcriptions that are shipped to Mexican stations and used without permits.

Furthermore the action of the press proves the concentrated action to destroy XENT or belittle Mr. Baker for reasons that such press stories use only Baker's name in the headlines and only slightly mention the others concerned. Such headlines read: "Warrant for Baker's arrest — Federal Indictment for Baker, etc."

Mr. Baker strongly denies any connection with such an affair, that he has not made records and did not conspire, and believes the influence of the entire matter comes from the combination of the organized medics, including Dr. Crowe, secretary of the Texas State Medical Board of Dallas, Texas, and two radio inspectors from the Federal Communications Department. It may be well to assume that the hatred against Baker held by members of the Federal Communications Commission may have caused pressure to be brought on the matter, but only time will bring out the facts.

Mr. Baker asserts that he will carry the case to the United States Supreme Court, if necessary.

The government hunted and found most all of Mr. Baker's disgruntled and discharged employees of XENT to use against him before the Federal Grand Jury. Among them are Marven Lucke, former musical director discharged for conniving with Dr. Cook and others to close XENT, Chas. Stevens, radio engineer discharged for drunkenness, incompetency and destruction of property.

In the meantime, at this writing, April 27, 1936, Mr. Baker was busy with his Senatorial Campaign through Iowa during May and June, 1936.

Mr. Baker gave Iowa one of the best campaigns the state has ever had, traveling with a three car caravan all enameled orchid and purple, with large posters on the billboards, and literature all printed in the same color, plus the wearing of orchid shirts and purple ties by Mr. Baker. He was defeated in the primary with five others.

The press treated his campaign with silence, while the other candidates received good publicity. Mr. Baker also carried his medical fight and the Baker Treatments for cancer cure to the public during his talks throughout the state.

Mr. Baker has been placed under \$5,000.00 bond for the Federal Indictment, while Mr. Richardson's bond was reduced to \$1000.00 for the same offense.

Harry L. Fisher, one of Mr. Baker's attorneys for years, was in the race with Mr. Baker, traveling with him throughout the state, seeking the office of Attorney General of Iowa, also on the Republican Ticket. His large vote sent the nomination into convention. We now leave Mr. Baker with his plan to form a Bull-Moose Progressive Party in Iowa.

CHAPTER XXIII

UNCLE SAM AND BAKER

Many and varied were the events which happened in the life of Norman Baker during the year 1937. One was the happy and gratifying culmination of one of his life's dreams, but for the most part they proved to be only the continuation of the persecution and prosecution he has endured ever since that eventful and now historical announcement, in 1929, that Cancer is Curable. So numerous were the affairs that demanded the attention of Mr. Baker, that no heed was given to politics. He had more important work to do. Some tragic beginnings and happy endings, and all considered the year provided some great forward strides in Mr. Baker's fight in the interests of humanity and resulted in victory for him in many a skirmish with the enemy.

As mentioned in a previous chapter, the Federal Grand Jury had returned a criminal indictment against Norman Baker, E. R. Rood and Roy Richardson, charging them with violation of the Communications Act of 1934. The decks were cleared for action and on Monday, April 19, 1937, the trial opened in the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of Texas, Laredo Division, with United States District Attorney, Douglas W. McGregor, prosecuting the case with all the vicious vigor and venom at his command.

At the opening of court on the morning of April 21st, the anniversary of the Battle of San Jacinto,

the Hon. Judge T. M. Kennerly, took occasion to voice an eulogy in memory of the day and significantly mentioned that the grandfather of one of the government counsel was in Sam Houston's army but not in the battle of San Jacinto. Even the laity in attendance at the trial wondered if the court's remarks would have any effect upon the jury. Norman Baker, "a stranger in a strange land," being tried on a criminal charge in a Texas court, before a Texas jury, to whom he was a stranger, and remarks by a Texas Judge commemorating the anniversary of a day particularly dear to the heart of every native Texan, would seem to be sufficient excuse to cause considerable concern on the part of Baker.

One by one former employees of radio station XENT, vicious and disgruntled because of their discharge—one because of drunkenness—took the witness stand to voice their venom and hatred, without too much regard for the truth, against their former benefactor. In fact as we shall see later several were charged with perjury. One outstanding characteristic of the trial was the spiteful and vicious attitude of the District Attorney toward Mr. Baker's In one particular instance he assumed a discourteous and ungentlemanly demeanor toward a dignified young lady witness until his conduct became so unbearable that she refused to answer further until properly addressed and appealed to the Court, who rebuked McGregor for his rudeness. The vicious attitude of the District Attorney was so noticeable that the spectators received no little satisfaction in the display of courage on the part of the young lady and the Court's rebuke of the offending District Attorney.

A rule of practice in the Federal Courts of the South requires that only one attorney may actively engage in the examination of witnesses. Mr. Baker's attorneys were not conversant with this rule as it is not general. They had prepared to divide the trial work, one to make the direct examination, one to cross-examine and others to handle the technical phases of the case. This rule took Baker's attorneys by surprise and proved a decided disadvantage in that the attorney who was prepared to rigidly cross-examine the vicious and disgruntled former employees was forced to leave this examination to the attorney wholly unprepared.

Verdict and Sentence

The jury was out only about two hours when the bailiff was informed they were ready to report. Court was convened and the jury filed into the jury box and their verdict read:

We, the jury, find the defendant, Norman Baker, Guilty on Count One, Guilty on Count Two, Guilty on Count Three, Guilty on Count Four. and Guilty on Count Five.

The verdict was the same as to the other two defendants, E. R. Rood and Roy Richardson.

The three defendants were then presented before the bar for sentence. Richardson was called first and upon the recommendation of the District Attorney, he was sentenced to serve one day in the county jail; E. R. Rood was next called and was sentenced to four months imprisonment in jail and given a fine of Five Hundred Dollars; Mr. Baker was saved to the last as a "feature" maybe or possibly a dramatic climax.

Now the joy bells in the camp of Baker's enemies began to ring out their tidings of victory; at last Baker was to go to jail; what difference by what means, fair or foul, or for what crime, Baker to go to jail. Oh! Joy supreme. How cunningly the Fates had played into their hands we shall soon see.

Mr. Baker stepped to the bar bewildered, firm in the knowledge he had committed no greater crime than to aid humanity, relieve the sick and suffering, help the weak and defend the cause of the common people. The stern words of the Judge seemed to come from afar off: "Have you anything to say why judgment and sentence of the Court should not be pronounced upon you?" Mr. Baker appeared dazed. He was wholly unprepared for such a verdict, and the enormity of what seemed to him a gross miscarriage of justice almost overwhelmed him. him the evidence conclusively showed that he was not guilty of the things he was charged with. Just then the stentorian tones of the District Attorney burst forth: "As for Baker, he owns everything." The Judge continued: "no good cause being shown why the judgment and sentence of the Court should not be pronounced herein:

It is, therefore, the Judgment, Sentence and Order of the Court that the defendant, Norman Baker, be imprisoned in a jail in this District for the term and period of Four (4) months, and that he pay to the United States of America a fine of Two Thousand (\$2000.00) Dollars.

Judge Kennerly was already preparing to take a train within a half hour for Beaumont where he was to serve as substitute the next day. Baker's attorneys, relying upon usual practice, hastened to draw up an order for the continuation of the existing bond until the necessary formalities could be completed for a new bond, and returned to the Judge-

requesting his approval. Judge Kennerly refused to grant the order, refused leniency or consideration, stood adamant and advised that nothing short of the complete formalities necessary for the setting and posting of the bond would be acceptable. He would be at Beaumont next day and they could see him there. In the meantime—the Fates were working hand in hand with the enemies-NORMAN BAKER WAS REMANDED TO THE CUSTODY OF THE MARSHAL TO BE COMMITTED TO JAIL PENDING THE MAKING OF HIS BOND. Baker's attorney's feverishly prepared the papers and set out for Beaumont, driving all night, they arrived in Beaumont and immediately contacted Judge Kennerly. He advised them as Beaumont was not in his jurisdiction they would have to file the application for bond at Houston; that it should be done that day in order to get it on the calendar for hearing next morning; that he would be in Houston next day. Baker's attorneys were not to be discouraged. They wired the Clerk of the Court at Houston that they were on the way and asked him to wait for them. At four o'clock that afternoon the necessary papers were on file and the hearing upon the bond was set for the following day. Saturday April 24th. It was not until about ten o'clock Saturday night that Mr. Baker was released, and the prayers of his enemies had been answered—Baker was in jail, yes, something over two days.

Mr. Baker had never been in jail. His reputation had been above reproach, but now it must forever bear the stigma of having served that time in jail.

Government Witnesses Charged with Perjury
As a result of the reckless and apparently wanton

disregard of the truth displayed by some of the government witnesses, Mr. Baker filed a complaint, supported by numerous affidavits, with District Attorney Douglas W. McGregor, charging MARVIN LUCKE, CHARLES STEVENS AND EDWARD REGALADO, with perjury. It is possible that Mr. Baker did not realize that his complaint was a demand upon McGregor to bring an indictment against his star witnesses—the witnesses who without doubt made possible the conviction of Mr. Baker—and that is certainly asking a lot of any District Attorney. In fact those things are very seldom, if ever done, but had the situation been reversed what a simple matter it would have been. Whether Mr. McGregor was too busy or the charges too pertinent, is not known, but Mr. Baker never received so much as a reply. As some have said: "It's a hard job to get the government to indict their own witnesses."

The despicable, sneaking, underhand activities of MARVIN LUCKE, as admitted by him while on the witness stand were further augmented by his previous admission, during a conversation, that he had surreptitiously taken several recordings XENT studio and given them to the government authorities to be used as evidence in the trial of Just why these recordings were not produced at the trial is not known, but as a result of his admission charges of larceny were filed in the State Court of Tamaulipus, at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, and his extradition requested. It is known that he was arrested and detained in jail for several days at Amarilla, Texas, which gave him opportunity to appreciate Mr. Baker's feelings. The final outcome is not yet known. Just how MARVIN LUCKE, the son of a minister, and church organist could lose his selfrespect and stoop so low is hard to understand.

The law upon which the indictment was found and for violation of which Mr. Baker was prosecuted reads as follows:

Section 325 (b) Communications Act of 1934

No person shall be permitted to locate, use, or maintain a radio broadcast studio or other place or apparatus from which or whereby sound waves are converted into electrical energy, or mechanical or physical reproduction of sound waves produced, and caused to be transmitted or delivered to a radio station in a foreign country for the purpose of being broadcast from any radio station there having a power output of sufficient intensity and/or being so located geographically that its emissions may be received consistently in the United States, without first obtaining a permit from the Commission upon proper application therefor.

Mr. Baker appealed from the decision of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of Texas to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals of the Fifth Circuit. This court reversed the judgment of the District Court in what is reported to be one of the quickest decisions ever reached by this Court. The opinion handed down by the Circuit Court of Appeals is as follows:

IN THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT OF APPEALS FOR THE FIFTH CIRCUIT

No. 8452

NORMAN BAKER, et al., Appellants,

versus UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, Appellee.

APPEAL FROM THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF TEXAS

(December 16, 1937)

Before FOSTER, SIBLEY and HUTCHESON Circuit Judges.

SIBLEY, Circuit Judge: Norman Baker and E. R. Rood were indicted and convicted for conspiring to violate and for violating Section 325 (b) of the Communications Act of 1934, 48 Stats. p. 1091. Only one of their contentions, raised by demurrer and by motion for directed verdict and by request to charge, needs to be considered, to wit, that what they were doing is not a violation of the statute properly construed.

Baker was operating a radio broadcasting station in Mexico, near the international boundary, which could be heard over a great part of the United States. In Laredo, Texas, he and Rood had offices where and recording apparatus by which talks in English which they made were recorded on discs resembling phonograph records, which were physically sent into Mexico to the station and there played so as to reproduce the speeches and to broadcast them over the radio to be heard in the United States. They

They had no permit so to do.

Section 501 of the Act provides punishment for anyone who wilfully and knowingly does any act or thing prohibited by it or declared unlawful. Section 325 (b), italicized for present emphasis, reads: "No person shall be permitted to locate, use or maintain a radio broadcast studio or other place or apparatus from which or whereby sound waves are converted into electrical energy, or mechanical or physical reproduction of sound waves produced, and caused to be transmitted or delivered to a radio station in a foreign country for the purpose of being broadcast from any radio station there having a power output of sufficient intensity and being so located geographically that its emissions may be received consistently in the United States, without first obtaining a permit from the Commission upon proper application therefor."

We reject the contention that the words "No person shall be permitted" make the section merely a direction to the Commission in issuing permits, and not a prohibition laid on the public. The full expression is "No one shall be permitted" to do the named things "without a permit from the Commission." While tautological, perhaps, the meaning clearly is that no person shall do those things without a permit. What things are forbidden? A radio station

or other place from which, or apparatus whereby, (first) sound waves are converted into electrical energy, or (second) from which or whereby mechanical or physical reproduction of sound waves is produced, and, in either case, caused to be transmitted or delivered to a radio station located in a foreign country but effective in the United States for the purpose of being broadcast. There is no question here about the foreign radio station being within the Act, nor that material for broadcast was furnished it from the United States. The contention is that a physical phonograph record is not forbidden to be made in the United States and transmitted to Mexico for broadcast any more than a manuscript would be.

The words of the statute "sound waves are converted into electrical energy" evidently refer to transmission of speech or other sound to the foreign radio station by radio, telephone or loudspeaker apparatus. Sound waves are audible vibrations of the air; and in the instances stated they are not themselves transmitted to the foreign station, but by using an electrical sending apparatus they are converted into electrical waves which are at destination caught up by a receiving apparatus which produces sound waves for broadcasting like the original ones—reproduces them. This was not done by the appellants.

Did they in making and sending out what we will call phonograph records of their speeches maintain a place from which, or use apparatus whereby, "mechanical or physical reproduction of sound waves was produced and caused to be transmitted?" We think not. In the case of such record "mechanical or physical" means, as distinguished from electrical, are used within the meaning of the statute, both to make the indentations which constitute the record and to reproduce the sounds when the record is "played." But again the "sound waves" mentioned in the statute are the audible movements of the air. They are produced when the words are spoken which are caught by the recording apparatus. They are reproduced when the record is used to make them again, and not before. It is not the recording apparatus, but that playing the record, that makes the reproduction of the sound waves. If these records had been played in Texas, a reproduction of the sound waves would have been produced in Texas, and if transmitted to Mexico for broadcast a case within the statute would have been made. But the defendants had no place and no apparatus in Texas for reproducing the sound waves. They only recorded from there. It may be that what was done was intended to be prohibited, but the intention is not expressed with the clearness that is required in a penal law. The law as written does not prohibit the recordation of sound waves in the United States and sending the record to Mexico to have the sound waves there reproduced and broadcast.

The judgment is accordingly reversed for further consistent proceedings.

REVERSED

Oakley F. Dodd Clerk of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals A true copy: Teste: (SEAL)

The government has made application for writ of certiorari to the United States Supreme Court; meaning the appeal of the case to the higher court, and at this writing (February 28, 1938), the U. S. Supreme Court gave a decision in Baker's favor, by refusing the writ of certiorari, thus the law as per section 325 (b) is now void and anyone can make recordings without a permit.

Whether or not Baker's enemies are happy that he served two days in jail and at a cost of thousands of dollars defended his liberty, his character and his reputation, is of course unknown, but it must have given them little satisfaction in view of recent developments. It must be a source of gratification to Baker to know that in spite of his few days imprisonment, in spite of the constant efforts of his enemies, in spite of the co-operation they continually receive, his great humanitarian work continues on and on; that through his efforts he has made possible the curing of many cases of cancer and tumor, both internal and external, after the world's greatest specialists have pronounced them incurable; that such cures are produced by the medicines he perfected and placed in the hands of the courageous doctors of the Baker Hospitals at Muscatine, Iowa, Eureka Springs, Arkansas, and clinics in Mexico and Australia.

But let us hasten on. There is greater work yet to be done. The greatest dream of Baker's life is to be fulfilled before the close of this momentous year.

CHAPTER XXIV

SUES FOR MILLIONS—LIBEL

The year 1937 must have been considered, by writers, magazines, newspapers and other publicity mongers, as an open season for libelous publications. Haldeman-Julius, so-called publisher of Girard, Kansas, on numerous occasions during the year. recklessly and evidently wantonly dashed off libelow articles attacking Baker, the Baker Hospital and the efficacy of the Baker Treatments for cancer and tumor. He is now puzzling his fertile gray matter for defenses to two suits for libel, in the State Court of Kansas, totaling over half million dollars, for his brilliant(?) editorial efforts, with more suits The Regal Press, Inc., publishers of Radio Guide magazine, permitted its editor, Curtis Mitchel, to utilize an entire page to a libelous castigation in which Mr. Baker was very prominently mentioned in no complimentary terms. For this masterpiece of editorial libel the Regal Press, Inc., is now answering a damage suit in the United States District Court in Texas, for the sum of Three Hundred Thousand Dollars.

The most audacious and gigantic attempt to tear down the reputation of Baker, the Baker Treatments and the Baker Hospitals, thus far was the elaborate production of the libelous moving picture monthly review known as the "March of Time," "Conquering Cancer" which was produced and distributed by Time Inc., RKO Pictures, Inc., and ex-

hibited in about ten thousand theatres throughout

the United States and foreign countries.

Let us go back to February, 1937, and attend the picture show. The scene is almost any theatre, nearly 11,000 of them; large or small, in practically any city, town or village, anywhere in the United States or some of the foreign countries. reach our seats the orchestra is playing and then upon the screen is flashed the "March of Time." Vol. III, No. 6, there is a prelude: "The Mormon Church," "Vacations in Winter," and then "Conquering Cancer." Norman Baker is branded as the notorious quack who broadcasts nightly from a powerful radio station in Mexico; a catalog of the Baker Hospital at Muscatine, Iowa, is held up to view; then a picture of Morris Fishbein, editor of the American Medical Journal, (High-Priest of the organized medics) is posed as a little god of all things medical; a picture of Mr. Baker is easily discernible; and all the while a voice is screaming out at us the insulting, damaging statements concerning Norman Baker. As we leave the theatre we are wondering how the intelligent officials of the producers could have permitted the production and release of such an obviously libelous picture to pass their censor. Of course the influence of the American Medical Association might have had something to do with it. As we contemplate the picture we find ourselves wondering if the cures of cancer and tumor by the Baker Treatments are becoming so well established, if the reputation for cures of the sick and afflicted at the Baker Hospitals are becoming so widely known, that the organized medics are getting desperate. We wonder. It's enough to wonder about with the Woman's Field Armies scattered in every community preaching about Mr. Baker and advocating operation, radium and x-ray instead of the Baker medicines.

Baker's attorneys have already filed their first suit in the District Court at Davenport, Iowa, against RKO Pictures, Inc., and numerous theatres in Iowa and Illinois, asking One Million One Hundred Thousand Dollars in damages, and one case in Chicago for one half million. At this writing, February 22, 1938, others are in preparation and will soon be filed which will add more millions. It is thought that when the entire series of suits, based upon this showing of the "March of Time," are filed it will prove to be the greatest accumulation of suits ever filed in libel damage cases, as it will total many millions of dollars in damages and involve theatres, distributors and agencies in practically every state.

Enough of this. Let us go to Mr. Baker's dream castle; his life's ambition realized.

CHAPTER XXV

THE CASTLE IN THE AIR

Baker's life's dream materialized; a dream come true. For many years Mr. Baker had hoped for, dreamed of and visioned a large imposing structure of brick or stone, with all modern conveniences, situated in one of nature's beauty spots, away from the noise, grime and contamination of the city, in a cheerful and congenial atmosphere, where nature's pure, sparkling, unpolluted water could be had in abundance; where the sick and afflicted, the sufferers from cancer and tumor and the many other human ailments could come for rest and quiet and be cured of their diseases. He traveled thousands of miles searching, constantly searching for such a place as would fulfill his dream. No such place seemed to exist, and then one day he heard of a massive stone mansion nestling in the Ozarks. hastened to investigate and when he gazed upon that beautiful stone structure atop the Ozarks, nearly 2,000 feet above the sea, surrounded by nature's grandeur, he cried, EUREKA! (I have found it) my dream castle. There amid the Ozarks at Eureka Springs, Arkansas, he saw the fulfillment of his life's dream; it was all he had ever longed or hoped for—this would be the new home of the Baker Hospital.

Fifty-one years ago the doors of the now historical Crescent Hotel, were thrown open to the public. It was constructed entirely of native stone and required nearly two years in building, at a cost of over a quarter of a million dollars. The wonderful

climate, the pure sparkling mineral water that flowed from the many springs in the valleys and the beautiful mountain scenery had already made Eureka Springs famous as a vacation and health resort and the Frisco Railway Company built this elaborate and spacious stone mansion to accommodate the ever increasing flow of tired and ailing humanity. It has been the mecca for thousands upon thousands of vacationists and sick folks ever since.

Here atop the Ozarks, almost two thousand feet above the sea, majestically stands this magnificent castle in the air. The lookout tower on its roof provides a view into four states, while in the valley below the famous Crescent Spring provides healthful, invigirating, life-giving mineral spring water at nature's best. From the windows of every room in this mansion may be viewed the beauty and grandeur of the Ozark mountain scenery, the fresh mountain air ladened with the scent of pine is wafted in from the neighboring hills and the warm, brilliant sunshine is at all times congenial and stimulating. Accommodations equal to the finest hotels are provided together with all modern conveniences. THIS IS THE NEW HOME OF THE BAKER HOSPI-TAL. The place where the sick, lame and afflicted, the sufferers from cancer and tumor, and practically all human ailments may come, enjoy these advantages, and be cured at the lowest weekly rate ever given for health services.

To gaze into the lobby and see the folks, young and old, sitting around contentedly enjoying themselves, one would hardly think of them as being sick, but upon inquiry you would learn that many of them who are being treated for cancer, tumor and many other ailments, have been pronounced incurable, many have had operations, others have been treated with X-Ray, radium, electric needles, serums and burning acid plasters, and have come to the Baker Hospital as a last resort. Further inquiry would develop the information that these folks have already found relief and that great numbers like them have already left the hospital cured. When the doors of the new Baker Hospital were opened, hundreds rushed there to meet this man Baker, to see this castle in the air, to obtain the Baker Treatments and practically all have left with only the highest praises for the accommodations and treatment received and the cures obtained.

It is almost inconceivable that anyone could be so low, so despicable, so dishonorable as to place a single obstacle in the path of one who has achieved so much for humanity, has made possible such institutions as the Baker Hospitals, has given to the world the Baker Treatments for the cure of cancer, tumor and other human ailments. If there is a place of punishment in the hereafter, if there is a hell, it cannot be too great, too hot or too deep for all such, for every thrust at Norman Baker or the Baker Hospitals is but a blow to the sick and suffering.

The folks of Arkansas and especially Eureka Springs, should be proud indeed to have the Baker Hospital in their midst. Their appreciation and gratitude should be unbounded for Mr. Baker's nightly broadcasts, lauding the beauty and grandeur of their Ozarks, from his powerful radio station XENT on the Mexican border, which means that millions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of visitors will be drawn to their state. Surely they will not fail to realize that all this good fortune is

due to the efforts of one man—NORMAN BAKER. The man whom the organized medics oppose and condemn at every opportunity; the hardest and most relentless one-man-fighter the world has ever known; the man who bounces back from adversity like a rubber ball. THAT IS NORMAN BAKER.

If the Government will work with Norman Baker, instead of believing the American Medical Association and the organized surgeons are the sum and substance of all cancer knowledge then cancer will be conquered much quicker. What will come next? Only the future will reveal.

Send for these 3 FREE BOOKS

"Cancer and Tumor are Curable Without Operation, Radium or X-ray"

This book should be in every home. It takes the fear out of "Cancer". Explains how both internal and external cancer and tumor are curable by medicines, without operation, radium or X-ray. Takes the "bunk" out of the Medical Trust's false propaganda which is driving millions to the grave. Get this book - read FREE for 0c postage it - advise your friends.

"THE CASE OF MISS WARD"

Miss Ward's case, is one that every woman and girl should know. Here is the case of a young girl, given up to die with only about 18 months to live. How she was cured of cancer of the Uterus, cancer of the breast and side and other ailments. Now married after 6 years and the proud mother of a healthy child.

FREE for 6c postage

"AMERICA'S GREATEST CRIME"

Every red blooded citizen should read this unusual book. It contains many pages of data, evidence, facts and illustrations that will cause you to write your congressman at once and help stop America's FREE for 6c postage greatest Crime.

BAKER HOSPITAL

MUSCATINE

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