

Addendum: 'Dr. Baldor and His Hospital', a letter from Ms. R. K. Haley

By R. K. Haley

In November 1939, my father died at Cornell Medical Center (Memorial Hospital, New York City) of leukemia. At this time, Dr. Dusty Rhodes said, "There is no cure for leukemia."

In 1941, a friend's father, Mr. Smith, developed leukemia. I wrote Dr. Rhodes and asked if there were any recent developments. He answered, "No". But my friend had heard of a doctor who apparently was treating leukemia successfully. I advised her against taking her Dad to a "Quack" and throwing her money away. But she drove him to Tampa, Florida, when he was too weak to walk, and stayed with him daily at the small hospital operated by the doctor, for two weeks. They returned and the 71-year-old man begins to gain strength and finally recovered, apparently, as three years later a blood test showed no leukemia. So the local doctor said it must have been a "Misdiagnosis". He died of a heart attack about seven years later while he was on a deer hunt.

After Mr. Smith's apparent cure, I felt compelled to look into the treatment given by this doctor. I went to meet the doctor and saw his hospital, which was small (only 17 rooms) and spotless. A drinking fountain of spring water was in the hall, and it was a busy, well-run establishment. I had a hard time convincing the doctor that I was purely a humanitarian and a harder time getting his ear, as the waiting room was always full. But I listened and watched. He treated all illnesses, but was well known for his success in cancer treatment.

Shortly thereafter, a child of a friend, who was very poor, was diagnosed as having leukemia. I paid all expenses to send the child for two week's treatment. The child returned and recovered and resumed a normal life. The child was put on a limited diet. Last heard of, fifteen years after treatment, he was fine and normal. Then, an older person developed leukemia-and he was arrested or cured, but he had to live on a rigid diet. He also fared well. Then there were those who went and did not stay on a diet, and later died.

Finally, I became ill with multiple complications: sinus, bronchiectasis, kidney complications, colitis for more than nine years, and a severe rash. I went to this hospital and was put to bed and the doctor said he would first purge me and would see me in a few days. I was given prune and apple juice and non-acid liquids for three days-no solids. The fourth morning, I had cream of wheat. Honey daily-only whole wheat or rye bread-and finally, some salad, etc. All vegetable and foods used were not chemically sprayed. Many items grown with manure rather than fertilizer. I received two or three high enemas. This was in 1945.

The third morning he came and said that as all poisons and chemicals were out of my system, I was ready for a thorough examination and he started my blood tests. They gave

me X-rays, barium for colitis, watched progress, blood counts, etc.- normal procedures by well-trained nurses.

The fourth day I was given my first Glyoxylide treatment (Dr.Koch's) then I was given Staphage Lysate by inhalation treatment and had a violent reaction about 4 or 5 hours later. Chills, fever, coughing fit, diarrhea, and pains in my right hand. The nurses piled me with blankets and I went to sleep and slept several hours. Then I awoke. I felt better than I had in years.

The next day, the doctor gave me another SPL treatment, and every other day for 14 days, the SPL was administered. I never had another reaction to the SPL. When I left the hospital, less than three weeks after entering, I was without sinusitis or even bronchitis (much less bronchiectasis) and was on the road upward. This was the first time in eight or ten winters that I was not subject to periodic trips and several days visits to the hospital for injections of various so-called "wonder drugs". The reason I had finally decided to go to this hospital was because a team of medical men wished to operate and scrape my bronchial sacs, but they admitted this would not cure the cause of my trouble.

I was sent home from my wonderful doctor's hospital with a very rigid diet: no whiskey in any form, no tobacco, coffee, meat, fried foods, white bread (except water ground meal) but no refined flours, no white sugar, etc., etc. I adhered rigidly to the diet and he gave me Dr. Koch's cookbook, and in six months I was a new woman. Then he said that I should eat only, in place of meat, fowl, for another six months, which I did, and at the end of the year, I was allowed to resume a normal diet with discretion. I have since always maintained this diet within reason.

During the three weeks I was in the hospital, after I felt well enough, I began to talk to the patients and found that the doctor was held in such high esteem by many that they nearly thought of him as a God. I spoke to several terminal cancer patients who had been given up, whom he had treated. Some (a few) he actually cured completely and others he arrested. Almost all had the pains relieved and many had resumed a normal life—excellent results also with arthritis.

Later, I wrote the doctor and asked his cooperation in surveying each patient who had gone to him for treatment. He cooperated, because he knew by then (I'd known him three years or more) that I was sincere in my intentions and had paid to have several patients treated. He had patients who apparently were "cured" of leukemia or other incurable diseases like cancer, and today, are still living.

About this time, the doctor's work came to the attention of the AMA. A lawsuit was instigated by a poor man with a terminal cancer, who had already had a portion of his jaw

removed before going to my doctor. He continued to drink whiskey and the cancer continued to grow and he sued my doctor. The case was a big one and there was much publicity over it. His hospital was taken away and the doctor was discredited as a “quack”. He lost his license and everything he had and was forced to sell his hospital in order to pay damages. He left town, but not before I found that the poor man who sued him had been financed by total strangers, who brought in lawyers from New York, Chicago, etc., etc. so the AMA apparently accomplished their objectives through this patient.

Defeated, my doctor went to Cuba. This was long before Castro was on the scene. There he built up a practice. Once I was again taken with a bad attack and flew there and he again corrected my conditions.

I am told that after Castro took over, my doctor was forced to leave Cuba and tried to get work in the United States, but at every point he was defeated by the AMA. He eventually ended up living permanently in the Canary Islands.