

Carrot Juice Testimonies, Life Food Juices, by H.E. Kirschener, M. D.

... The great value of fresh vegetables juices was again brought to my attention by a Mrs. Hogle, of Salt Lake City. This woman had been ill for a long time, and had consulted many physicians for an ailment of her stomach accompanied with feeble digestion and other intestinal complaints.

The advice given her was to eat nourishing food, after many efforts with drugs had failed. One day there was a rap on Mrs. Hogle's door and an elderly man asked her if he could interest her in some fresh carrot juice, telling her how his health had been restored through its use.

Mrs. Hogle was desperate enough to try anything, so she arranged for this man to deliver his fresh carrot juice to her each day. It was not long before her digestive system and elimination improved, and she became interested in helping others by devising a machine to cut up the carrots by electricity, and a press with which to extract the juice.

Later on, Mrs. Hogle came to California to visit relatives, and when I showed an interest in using the juice to treat tuberculosis patients, she presented me with one of her machines. I had a gardener who grew carrots for the market, and every day my helper made large quantities of carrot juice, which I used successfully in treating not only tuberculosis, but other chronic ailments.

Then came the climax to my interest in this new way of treating illness that failed to respond to the use of drugs. I was placed in charge of some 200 tuberculosis patients for the County of Los Angeles. (Olive View Sanatorium – Outside Services). The daily diet of these patients consisted largely of macaroni and spaghetti, and other starches and over-cooked food.

Some of these patients had spent nine long years on their backs with very little progress toward recovery. I had a small ranch where I grew alfalfa, parsley and spinach. Each day the leaves of these greens were juiced, and a glass of this "green drink" daily soon changed the progress of these patients to that of recovery. In fact, patients, where there mixture could be combined with fresh carrot juice the improvement was even more rapid.

Another outstanding "case history" that deepened my interest in the life-giving qualities of fresh, raw carrot juice, was that of Mr. B of Oregon. Having some business in Northern California, I decided to get from Mr. B firsthand the details of his dramatic experience with the use of carrot juice, for I had heard considerably about this man during the preceeding year.

Upon reaching Mr. B's home, I found him to be a man of sixty-four years. Although he was born in Texas, he had lived for twenty-three years in Baltimore before coming west to Oregon ten years ago. His family was short lived. Mr. B's father died at the age of

forty, and his mother at sixty-four. He had three brothers, all of whom are dead; also a sister who died of cancer at the age of forty-five.

Mr. B's illness started in 1948. However, for some fifteen years prior to that time, he suffered with terrible pains in his abdomen in the region of his stomach. He was treated by many physicians for stomach trouble, but medicine did not seem to reach his ailment... In 1948 he passed blood in his urine and suffered from a breaking out of warts on his head.

Inasmuch as he was a newcomer in the city where he was living, Mr. B asked several people to give him the name of a good physician upon whom he might call. They all recommended the same one... the physician whom he contacted made no examination, merely questioned him – then burned his warts with nitric acid, and for the bleeding told him to take three or four drops of turpentine on a spoonful of sugar three times a day. The bleeding stopped for the time being. But in two months the bleeding started again, and the same treatment was prescribed.

After seven months, Mr. B went to another physician, who, upon hearing his story, sent him to a specialist in a neighboring city. Following an examination, the specialist advised an operation on the next day, to which Mr. B agreed. A growth, which proved to be cancerous, was removed from Mr. B's bladder.

Four months later, another operation was performed on this man, and some radium seeds were implanted in his bladder where the growth had been removed. Then three months after the implanting of the radium* seeds, he went to a veteran hospital. The physician who now treated him told Mr. B's wife that if he lived a year out, he would be fortunate.

I saw a photograph of Mr. B's left kidney which was removed in 1949. The picture showed that the kidney was enlarged to twice its normal size, and at least a dozen areas of cancer could be seen on its surface.

Up to the time he started drinking vegetable juice in 1951; Mr. B had gone through some forty operations and examinations of his bladder. In health, this man weighed 183 pounds, but a short time after going to the hospital and being operated on, his weight was down to 128 pounds – a loss of 55 pounds.

At first Mr. B only drank a glassful of carrot juice a day, and he didn't see any beneficial results. But in 1953, when he increased the amount to two quarts a day, he noticed marked improvement in his strength and health. Soon he was able to start work selling juicers. His weight increased to 155 pounds – a gain of 27 pounds.

Now at the age of 64, Mr. B never has a cold, and for one who was so ill for such a length of time, he enjoys remarkable vitality, full capacity for work, and enjoyment of life.

In February, 1956, at the urgent request of my parents I went to my doctor for a complete medical check-up. At the time I didn't feel ill, and was holding down a full-time job in addition to caring for my family. However, there were symptoms that indicated that all was not well. I was emaciated, and suffered from discoloration of the skin in the upper portion of my body. I was also subject to violent vomiting spells, headache and backache. All these I attributed to overwork. At this time I was forty one years old, and the mother of four living sons.

The results of the test and X-rays showed me in apparent good health, with the exception of my right kidney. But as the kidney was still functioning, the doctor advised me against immediate surgery. He felt that I might "get by" for at least another years before having it removed. He reported that I had probably had the condition for two to three years, and assured me that he would not let things get out of control.

In November, 1956, I returned to the Clinic for another check-up. The results of the dye test and the X-rays showed that both kidneys were now affected. I was sent to one of the best Urologists in Los Angeles County, who put me in the hospital within a matter of hours. Cystoscope, X-rays and other tests indicated immediate surgery – if possible.

After hours of physical and mental torture, I was told that surgery was absolutely impossible, as both kidneys were now barely functioning, and much of each kidney was already destroyed. The X-ray showed that the kidney were collapsing and in the state of rapid disintegration. The doctor informed me that I had a rare and fatal kidney disease called "Pyo-nephrosis," for which there was no known cure. When I inquired how long they figured I had to live, I was told that with God's help, plenty of rest, a rigid diet, and if I could respond favorably to all known antibiotics, perhaps I might live a year.

On November 26th, I was put on a rigid diet, including one small glass of milk, some sweets, green leafy vegetable, yellow vegetable, tomatoes, celery and rice. But, unfortunately, this diet did not seem to help. My weight dropped to 98 pounds. I suffered agony from bloating and edema, and often was confined to my bed with severe hemorrhaging. By December I was suffering so much pain, it was almost unbearable, and we sought the advice of many Urologist and surgeons, including those from the Mayo Clinic. All these specialists confirmed the original diagnosis. None gave any hope of recovery.

I now began failing so fast I could scarcely believe it was really me. My strength was ebbing daily, and the hemorrhages became more frequent and severe. I began to pass pieces of kidney tissue, and pain racked my body day and night. Each urine specimen, taken three times a week, showed a more alarming condition than the one previous. Pus and blood were present in ever increasing amounts. I could stay only three days at a time on any one antibiotic, and then was switched to another. Yet my life was slowly but surely ebbing away.

By the last week in April my condition became extremely critical. I could scarcely say more than a few words and would be completely out of breath, due to a lack of oxygen in my

system. Breathing became so difficult that I found myself fighting for every breath. The doctors told my family I'd be lucky if I lived three weeks.

Then one day I met a very dear friend whom I had not seen in eighteen years. At first she did not recognize me, and was shocked beyond words at my physical condition. One of her first questions was: Lola, have you ever tried raw juice therapy?" I didn't even know what she was talking about. Then she proceeded to relate many interesting stories about the therapeutic value of live food juices. She asked me if I had ever read a book on this subject by a physician in nearby Monrovia. I said, "No." She immediately left the house and rushed to the nearest Health Food Store, and was soon back with a copy of the book. She begged me to read the miraculous experience of Mrs. X; of the little boy from Nebraska, and other thrilling case histories found in "Live Food Juices."

I read the book, and was deeply impressed with its 'common sense' approach to the problem of disease- its cause and cure. I felt, however, that I personally was beyond the point of being helped. But my mother and father and family insisted that I give this raw juice therapy a 'try'. After all, I had nothing to lose and everything to gain in following the instructions found in this new book.

I started immediately, drinking one gallon of fresh, raw carrot juice daily, and a half gallon of the author's therapeutic "green drink," made from green leafy vegetables, including alfalfa, parsley, dandelion, water-cress, mint, beet greens, etc. (See formula on page 119)

When I began drinking these fresh, raw juices, I refused all other medication – all hypos, all antibiotics, all found in bulk form, either cooked or raw. Nothing passed my lips but fresh, raw juices, extracted daily by my husband. Many of my friends thought that by discarding all medicine and cooked foods, I'd surely die.

To make a long story short, three days after taking absolutely nothing but raw juices, I began to breathe easier and deeper. I was greatly encouraged and could notice improvement daily. I could talk for five or ten minutes without losing my breath; my heart improved and the gushing noises in my ears stopped. I could also move my legs in bed without help.

On the sixth day, I asked my husband to help me out of bed; for I felt I could now stand on my feet. I had to insist, and he finally consented to let me try to stand alone – and I did! On the eighth day I took my first steps alone in many weeks. Then on the tenth day, as is usual in cases of extreme toxemia, I suffered a terrific "reaction." With almost unbearable pain in my back, accompanied by alarming hemorrhaging, I was about to be taken back to the hospital, when suddenly the bleeding stopped, and plans to rush me to the hospital were cancelled.

While I was very weak following that terrible hemorrhage, I was not unduly alarmed. I had been told that many who are in most critical condition, experience some pretty "rough" reactions during the early stages of the raw juice therapy. Within three hours after the violent hemorrhage (which by the way, was my last) all pain in my back and body began to subside, and the following day miraculously vanished. I could scarcely believe it myself! To be able to rest – no fever – no pain – it was like a dream!

Juice Testimonies

This is April 1958, and my condition is steadily improving. My weight is now back to normal; I continue daily on my gallon of carrot juice and one quart of the "green drink". Since the last October, I've eaten a small vegetable salad and some fresh fruit daily. It has now been more than a year since any meat or animal products or cooked foods have passed my lips. I am able to do a great deal of my own house-work now. Of course I must go slow and not become unduly fatigued.

O, it is so wonderful and so gratifying to be on my feet again after being so near to death's door! I am so grateful for the knowledge I have obtained – that proper diet is the greatest single health factor. There can be no substitute for live foods, naturally grown, to nourish and purify a polluted blood stream, or to regenerate and rebuild the tissues of a sick, broken body. I KNOW, because this miracle, thank God, has happened to me!

... My visit was a great success. While visiting the plant I learned why Mr. and Mrs. X were engaged in their present work. Their breathtaking story is little short of miraculous.

Mrs. X was born in California in 1911. She had spent most of her life on a farm; but had never cared for milk. Her family, like so many other rural American family, lived on starches (refined), fried potatoes and fatty meat. Fruit was a luxury. She was married at the age of sixteen, and from then on had better food.

After an automobile accident, approximately sixteen years ago, Mrs. X nearly fatal illness started. Within a few days she became subject to nervousness accompanied with a severe attack of jaundice.

I saw by records of her illness in 1941 at a well-known clinic, where a diagnosis of gall bladder disease was made, and that she had lost sixteen pounds. She did not improve with extensive medication, and became so ill that she was placed in a Sanatorium where she had intravenous medication for three weeks.

In spite of all that could be done, Mrs. X continued to lose weight, and at one time vomited for twelve days with an additional loss of twelve pounds. Her weight normally 135 pounds, was now below 65 pounds. The diagnosis of splenic leukemia had been made by three different physicians.

Becoming desperate, Mrs. X consulted a woman who had studied medicine in Europe, and who had a thorough training in the use of raw fruit and vegetable juices in the treatment of disease. This woman claimed she had been cured of cancer by carrot and other juices after medication had failed.

Before starting on the carrot juice diet the patient (Mrs. X) had no control of her bowels for one year. Her condition was so desperate that she could take the carrot juice by the spoonful. Gradually it was increased to an eight ounce glass every twenty-four hours. Finally she was taking one gallon of juice per day!

Juice Testimonies

No other liquid food or medication passed Mrs. X's lips for eighteen months! During the first two months she had a stormy time with reactions – hemorrhages from the bowel, and other alarming symptoms – and NO GAIN in weight. Then all at once the course of her disease miraculously changed, and she gained one pound a week steadily until her normal weight of 135 pounds was reached.

Another symptom that had bothered her a great deal before starting carrot juice therapy was arthritic pains in her joints. She could not even use her hands. This condition rapidly disappeared with the improvement in her general health.

Her first solid food after eighteen months on carrot juice was liquid peaches (ripe from the tree), Romaine lettuce (only the juice), celery, pears, dates, and hone. Now her diet consist of carrots juice all day, and after work in the evening a large salad of raw vegetables with avocado, sunflower or sesame seeds, or a few nuts.

For the past seven and a half years the patient has been working hard from twelve to sixteen hours per day, and on her feet constantly. Her health is perfect, and she has been free from colds.

When one can eliminate a serious condition that took over ten years to develop, simply by drinking carrot juice over a period of eighteen months, this health method certainly deserves the attention of the medical profession.

The story I am about to relate is one of the most remarkable that has been brought to my attention during more than fifty years of medical practice. It involves the “case histories” of three children – all from one family – one of which developed leukemia soon after birth; the second child, which was born with leukemia, and the third, which was given carrot juice immediately after birth, and has remained in a condition of perfect health.

The first child, a baby girl, was born in 1951. At the time of birth the doctor referred to her as his “prize baby.” Apparently she was perfectly normal at that time. This beautiful little girl was dark-complexioned like her father, but her color soon began to fade, and after two months she was so pale the parents became alarmed and consulted their physician. The doctor ordered an immediate blood count, which revealed the sad fact that this baby girl was suffering from leukemia. She was taken to the hospital, and there within the space of five and one half days she was given twenty-five blood transfusions. But all these super-human efforts to save the child were fruitless, and the little girl died at the age of three months.

The second child, a boy was born in 1953. An examination of the child's blood revealed the terrifying fact that this second baby was born with leukemia! The baby's doctor had become acquainted with the remarkable experience of Mrs. Catherine Ferraro, who had recovered splenic leukemia by taking large quantities of fresh raw carrot juice daily. He was determined to save this second baby, if possible, by the same means. He immediately contacted Mrs. Ferraro by telephone, and arranged for her to bring two quarts of carrot

juice to the hospital each day. Although the Ferraros were not in the carrot juice business at the time, they graciously responded to the emergency, and when the baby went home the carrot juice therapy continued.

It is interesting to note that during the first three months of this baby's life, NO OTHER FOOD was allowed. After three months, however, other foods were added to his diet, including both fruit and vegetables. Did this simple raw juice therapy work? Much to the joy and satisfaction of everyone concerned, at the end of one year the blood count was normal. There was no evidence of leukemia! The carrot juice had evidently performed a miracle in restoring the child's diseased bloodstream to a normal healthy condition.

Today, at the age of five, with the exception of some occasional bronchial asthma, the little fellow is apparently in perfect health. He continues to take his daily ration of carrot juice. He also drinks lots of citrus juices, of which he is very fond. His weight is 48 pounds.

The third child, a beautiful little girl, was born in 1954. Blood tests made at the time of birth showed no evidence of leukemia. The blood count was normal. This favorable condition was no doubt largely due to the fact that the mother drank quantities of carrot juice regularly throughout her pregnancy. Having become enthusiastic "converts" to the raw juice therapy, the parents weren't taking any chances, and the third child was also given nothing but carrot juice for the first three months after birth. Now, at the age of four she still takes two glasses of carrot juice per day, and the two youngsters consume a gallon of juice a week. They are now the "picture" of vibrant good health.

What more convincing evidence could anyone find, showing the powerful remedial effects of the raw juice therapy than that which we have noted above? I doubt if there has ever been a comparable case recorded in the annals of medical history.

Wheatgrass Testimonies, Be Your Own Doctor by Ann Wigmore

My husband has been a victim of **emphysema** for several years. Lately, he could only take a few steps at a time. Then he would have to stop and grasp for air. I do not believe he would have lived very long if it were not for the wheatgrass. I could only raise enough for one good glassful each day. However, within a month he became a new man. The shortness of breath was gone, and today he helps with everything, lifts lugs and works all day.

Even as a child I seemed to have **high blood pressure**. My face was always flushed, and the least exertion sent my heart pounding. When I married and the children began to fill the house, my real troubles began. My sister suggested I try the wheatgrass therapy. Thanks to my husband's labor, I had three boxes of wheatgrasses growing. Two weeks later my doctor said my pressure had fallen "37 points" and the week following 17 more. So the danger is passed and has been for over half a year. I cannot thank you enough."

My **ankles were swollen** out of shape and pained like an ulcerated tooth. I put them under a sunlamp in the evening, but that didn't seem to help. I rubbed them with salve and I had them massaged. Still the swelling didn't seem to help. Then I started the wheatgrass as you suggested, two drinks a day and a poultice of the pulp at night. In three nights there was a marked difference. The redness vanished and the swelling began to go down. The pain disappeared. Within two and a half weeks they were back to normal.

I must tell you about myself. The wheatgrass has made me a new man of me. Eleven months ago, I had **diabetes**; my circulatory system was so bad, my tear glands weren't functioning; my digestive organs were shot. I was spending between sixty and seventy dollars per month on drugs and vitamins and getting worse. My doctor, a good physician and very dear and old friend, shook his head and said, "There's nothing more I can do." Even though I did not speak of it, I was giving up. Just then as a ray of sun peeps through the clouds, I was given a ray of hope, another chance. I mentioned my diabetic condition to my neighbor, Mrs. HM. Concerned about me, she told me about the wheatgrass program and how it helped so many of her friends. As she was sprouting wheat to help maintain her family's health, she gave me a box and loaned me a book, *Why Suffer?* I immediately went to sprouting and put the program into effect. In two weeks, I noticed a drop in my blood sugar; within three weeks, my blood sugar was normal. At this writing, it is "101". Soon after, improvement. On learning and understanding how the wheatgrass replaces the missing ingredients in my body, because of many years of eating devitalized foods, I adopted the Whole plant base diet.

An excerpt from Why Suffer on fasting

The health giving advantages of fasting, as I have observed them among my visitors at the spring in the far meadow, was impressed upon me more strongly when Star came down with an illness. The little animal evidently felt some abnormalities arising in his body because he found a "substitute" to take his place with the herd, a nondescript, curly haired creature we knew as "Shaggy" and with whom he had battled regularly until this time.

One evening, Star had all the visible symptoms of "the mopes," as my grandmother called them: a hot nose, eyes full of discharge, and a weakness in his legs so great he could hardly stand. Before my grandmother could help him with an herbal brew he had slunk away into the darkness and disappeared.

"He's hidden under the woodpile or deep in the brush," was her comment. "I've noticed that trait in the animals. When they are really sick, they seek solitude, away from tempting food of all kinds and even from water. And this resting of their digestive processes give Mother Nature an opportunity to muster her healing powers with nothing to interfere with her work. Human beings do not always have that much sense. The family hovers about the ailing one, plies wine, milk and other foods 'to give strength: and in my opinion sometimes

causes the death of many unfortunates whom they love and only seek to help. When you seemed to be dying, Annetta, I kept even warm goat's milk from you. The little two-year old daughter of the Gustaitis family was not nearly as ill as you – her throat was partially open – but whose aunt forced thick soups into her weakened body despite my protest, passed on within two days. You, on the other hand, who seemed doomed for an early death from birth, came through stronger than you had ever been before.”

It was two weeks later that Star came out from under the woodpile and dragged his thin body to the sheep trough near the well. He could hardly move and could barely lap the goat's milk my grandmother brought from the barn. But the distemper was gone, and his strength came back rapidly. The long fast had done its effective work.

Drink Your Troubles Away, by John Lust

Twelve prisoners—all serving long terms – were offered an unconditional pardon if they would submit to living a few weeks on a diet which **entirely excluded minerals**. The men, naturally enough, welcomed this opportunity for freedom and felt it would be an easy way out of their troubles.

They soon found out differently. Originally, the experiment was scheduled to last for sixty days. After only a few days, the men refused to continue even though they knew a pardon awaited them.

Some tried to commit suicide because they were suffering so greatly. Six of them developed pellagra – that creeping death which results from **diet deficient**—and two other definite signs of the disease.

Newspapers all over the country carried the story on their front pages. Protest over the inhumane treatment came from all parts of the nation. Finally the government had to bow to public opinion. But, this is the most dramatic part of the whole story. The men were put on high mineral rations, and without exception all of them were restored to complete health.