



Oranges

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Doctors will tell you to eat oranges—one would almost get the idea that oranges are a healthful, healthgiving food.

They tell you to eat 'em.

Now, let's face this question: The doctors make their best money from sick people—(when you are well, they don't get one cent). If, therefore, oranges are good for you, the doctors are advising you to eat them against their own interest and welfare—in the face of the fact that many young doctors are already without visible means of support. . . .

It is not reasonable—and oranges are not a good, even mediocre, food. But we need not "doubt" oranges just because the doctors boost them—we can use our own reasoning power and doubt them "on a scientific basis."

Nature never did intend that man live in one country and eat in another country. Nature intended that man eat where he lives, and any and all fruits, etc., that he can reach in four hours of foot travel between meals.

Nature never intended (and could not anticipate) that man would haul his "feed" 3,000 miles before he ate it.

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Oranges may be a good food in California—in Oregon they are a mild poison—in Montana a stronger poison—in Minnesota, you're flirting with sour stomach, if you eat 'em. And so on. . . .

Remember, the doctors tell you to eat 'em. And remember I'm telling you to lay off. . . .

Furthermore, ('slong's we're making a case against them) oranges are picked green for shipment; colored with acid fumes to resemble a ripe orange—green apples, what!—the acid clings to the fruit—a man's simply plumb crazy that eats 'em.

I leave it to you, reader; isn't it true that

you yourself have noticed how sour they are compared to the orange of 20 years ago? Green apples!

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Doctors advise also, "drink lots of water."

Great speakers absolutely refuse water on the eve of an oratorical-ordeal or verbal-fusillade—they argue water impairs their thinking ability. Hence, the doctors' advice. . . .

It would appear they want to put your brains in a condition of *non compos mentis* to the end that their prescriptions might hold water, to put it in kindly English:

"Water, water everywhere
But not a drop to drink."

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I lead my team to water (40 minutes to 7 a. m.) and tell them "drink lots of water"—which they do not. The "nigh" horse, Paddy, won't touch the cursed stuff. Remarkable intuition, eh? And healthy, um' my! They keep me patching rubbers noon time and evenings.

I say, this water guzzling. I say, is got to stop, I say—until we get organized, I say.

Things have many sides: and ends and tops and bottoms, plus:

Some time ago when Superior was in full flush exhilliration over feasting its 60,000 eyes (in pairs) upon my pulchritudinous presence, it happened that a man, who had married during a spasm of optimism and press-agented prosperity—that-was-to-be, got the rheumatism, with the result that he could not labor and support his wife and family. It was giving him "Hell," according to his say so, "even while he was still alive," so, rather than start prematurely to suffer the muchly advertised torment, he decided to conform with his environment by transforming himself into an actual corpse—the idea being to suffer during eternity and not prior to it—

Recalling the fearsome tales about the high temperature and liability of ignition he decided to wet himself down good. . . . With this in mind he hobbled, dragged himself, down to the bay, and, after tenderly feeling of his rheumatic joints, he jumped in to the icy waters—20 below zero.

An officer of the law, thinking the man drunk (because of the difficult progress he made) had trailed him and consequently

pulled him out (instead of in) a most solid chunk of pure ice.

They took him home and thawed him out in the bosom of his family. Next day, he went to work for the same ice company whose pond he had attempted to use as an entrance to the hereafter. His rheumatism was gone. Such is life. Contrary to the hub.