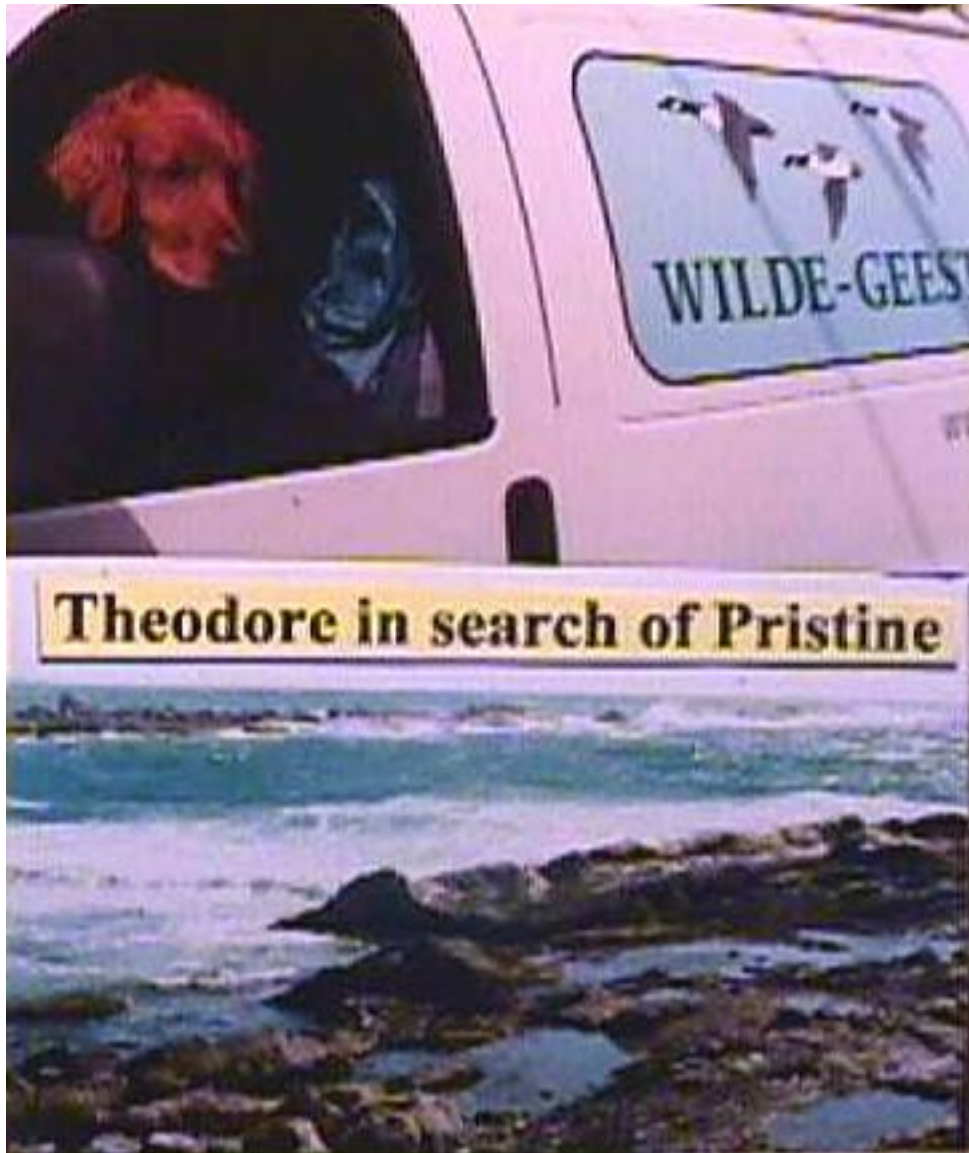


## Chapter 6 - Man & Dog Travel on Stomach

*The Spider and the Bee - In short the question comes to all of this - Whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, which feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, produces nothing at last but flybane and a cobweb; or that which, by an universal range, with long search, much study, true judgement, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax. Jonathan Swift (The Battle of the Books, 1704)*



### Part 1. Flybane and Cobwebs

"Lawsy mercy me," sighs Ed. "That Chapter 5 leaves me deeply concerned about the man's sanity. It's bad enough that he imagines me, but when he talks to a horseradish, and flirts with a mother-of-vinegar, I begin to wonder."

"Cool it, chum!" shouts the man. "I have urgent matters to discuss with my readers, who must listen patiently to my concerned observations about globalization, global warming and the food supply. Then, they can receive my sage advice on how to deracinate a flea, and how to cook the very best chow a man and dog 'ever eat."

"Get on with it, then," replies Ed. "But remember, this narrative is supposed to be upbeat and an inspiration to the unseen majority, and here you are a-moanin' and a-groanin' that the whole world is goin' straight t' hell-in-a-teacup. Why don't you settle down and tell your audience how you made that lovely Banana-Raspberry Ice Cream Pie, entirely from scratched up ingredients. I recall, you tastefully combined stale bread, blackstrap molasses, marshberries, plover eggs, snow, and a white topping that sure wasn't Cool Whip."

High on his dander, the man hisses almost too softly for imaginary ears to hear, "Keep up that there flippery and ah'ma-gonna turn you off! Sure, I'm distressed about how the 'spider mentality' described by Swift survives as the linchpin of modern society."

"Jonathan, my dear friend," sighs the man. "Your sharp quill scratched the heart of your society, and should have irritated ours as well. Your Yahoos obviously had impenetrable skins, and my generation's hides appear equally impervious. Now, there's a plethora of books for dummies, which tell 'em how to do everything, including how to make chicken soup. But Jon, you beat 'em to the crossroads in *The Dunciad*, when you described how dullness prevailed over scholarship, art and science!"

"*Dumbing Down -The Strip Mining of American Culture*" was recommended at the end of Chapter 5. The man apologizes to Editors Katherine Washburn and John Thornton, for borrowing the Swift quotation about the spider and the bee, that follows the title page of their book.

"Every essay in their book is thoughtfully written, and each reflects a wide range of attitudes and concerns," comments the man. "But Robert L. Park's 'Voodoo Science' appears to indicate his continued admiration for scientific achievements and trust in science."

In the section titled, "Science Friction," Park states that in 1989, the American Chemical Society approached the Smithsonian Institute's Museum of American History with an offer to donate \$5.3 million for an exhibit to remind people how they benefit from science. He goes on to say that what the ACS chemists got was "not exactly what the chemists had in mind. They envisioned something along the lines of the old DuPont commercial, 'Better things for better living through chemistry' - what they got was closer to Love Canal."

The first stop in the exhibit is a re-creation of the 1876 chemistry laboratory of Ira Remson at Johns Hopkins University, with mannequins of Remson, and a German named Fahlberg, bitterly debating credit for discovery of saccharin. Park criticizes this and the rest of the exhibit because it emphasizes environmental horrors, weapons of mass destruction, and social injustice, and, he goes on to say, "Missing is any sort of balance:

no hint of the millions of lives saved by the discovery of antibiotics; no mention of those spared from starvation by pesticides and fertilizers; no value assigned to improved working conditions and the leisure to indulge in whatever activities bring us personal satisfaction."

"Oh, those simpler times when I believed in science, in its purveyors, and in its irreplaceable role in our civilization," muses the man. "In 1933, I empathized completely with the faculty outrage, as I sat in a classroom in Remson Hall at Johns Hopkins University, and heard about how a dishonest graduate student named Fahlberg had accidentally tasted the sweetness of saccharin while weighing a sample, had kept the observation from Dr. Remsen, and had profited from it after his return to Germany. Academic dishonesty was viewed harshly in this research institution, where the profit motive and corporate buyouts of academic research had not yet arrived.

"Let me see," says the man. "My dictionary defines 'scientist' as an expert in science, especially one of the physical or natural sciences. Where does it say anything about honesty, or morality? I recall, it was good-old Fritz Haber (1865 -1934) who was the one who 'spared those millions from starvation' by discovering how to capture nitrogen from the atmosphere for use in fertilizer. So after that, as chief honcho in the German World War One chemical warfare program, it appears he earned the right to kill or disable Allied soldiers with his deadly gases, and to receive the Nobel Prize in 1918.

"I think it was the year when Haber died that I remained after class, in Remsen Hall, to hear an American Chemical Society lecture on Farm Chemurgy - a whole new branch of applied chemistry!" recalls the man. "A proposal that could have changed history was never seriously considered. It was suggested that the nation could effectively deal with the Depression by putting every farmer and every farm back to work producing corn and other crops for conversion into alcohol - to totally replace petroleum as a fuel. Think of the ramifications and you can only conclude that by now we could be living in a cleaner, better world.

"As if to underscore what the government and industry answer would be, a stone sailed through the window," recalls the man. "Not deliberate, it was the unintended result of fracturing stones with mallets, near the chemistry building. The workers were paid fifteen dollars a week by the Works Progress Administration (WPA), to reduce stones to gravel without mechanical assistance, to avoid competing with contractors. The cloistered faculty and students thought this interruption was funny - what could be more ridiculous than this demeaning activity, on the campus of an institute of higher learning? Plainly, a government that placed economics above the dignity of its citizens could never hope to lead them to the end of the rainbow.

"It was a kind of Bangladeshi's last chance," muses the man. "With people desperate for employment, and no demand for armaments, there was a crying need for leadership and redirection - an inspiring national effort, something like tooling up for a flight to the moon, only more attainable and related to our precious heritage, the soil.

"After WWII, the military reinforced its grip on the national budget, university research was invaded by industry, and Abe Lincoln's land grant colleges became increasingly involved with agribusiness and the processed food industry. These 'Cow Colleges' were established by an Act of Congress, in 1862, to teach agricultural and mechanical subjects, and to provide direct assistance to farmers. Now, small independent farmers and the independent businesses that relied on them were becoming a happy memory."

Ed has been hiding behind the computer, and his words appear on the monitor. "*ENuf eNuf oLde COOT, i nevver lErned to spell prOper, bUtt i due no, iTz hi tYMe togit on with yor storie.*"

"At last I agree, my dear Edward," replies the man, "but I must approach matters as my logical brain dictates, and your mention of 'tYMe' reminds me of a story heard on CBC-Radio, about a kindly prosperous farmer who tried to advise his less fortunate neighbor, George, about his pig operation. He said, 'George, I see you carrying water and feed clear across your barn to feed and water the pigs. You're wasting lots of time, when you should store everything you need nearby.' George replied, 'What do pigs care about time?'"

"I suspect," continues the man, "that rats are more perceptive and worried about the future. Recently I heard one rat warn another, 'Stay away from scientists - they may cause cancer!' Indeed, there are *beaucoup* reasons to be suspicious of those techno-types who tell us that saccharin is bad for rats, but safe for humans because people don't have the alpha 2U globulin that rats do...and you can bet human lives on it!

"What a frightening game of Russian roulette, to be consuming countless foreign substances vouched for, or totally ignored, by health and regulatory agencies - so influenced by powerful business interests that they can no longer keep a responsible eye on consumer protection," laments the man. "So five years ago I decided to rely on my own devices in an attempt to protect Theodore from as many environmental conditions, medications, repellants, and foods with foreign substances, as possible. For starters, commercial dogfoods and all the associated 'goodies,' were completely eliminated from his diet.

"Food selection for dog and man is not an easy task," continues the man. "Even in supermarkets bursting with more than 20,000 food items. How many products, in whole or in part, contain pesticide residues left behind by treatment with any one of about 40,000 formulations? The pesticides in such formulations are frequently highly toxic materials which would put Professor Haber's old fashioned chemical warfare gases to shame.

"Some of these toxic blends offer considerable risks when applied to raw agricultural products, especially when the produce moves freely across our borders from countries with lax control over such applications," explains the man. "An FDA study in 1988 listed the following food items as containing more chemical residues than others: Baked potato with peel, spinach (fresh or frozen), raisins, sweet pepper (green and raw), collards, strawberries, squash, frankfurters, peanuts (dry roasted), pumpkin pie.

"And then," the man adds, "there are the hundreds of food additives, used to bring about desired effects in food products, facilitate processing and packaging, increase shelf life, and likely to become integral components of the food; plus over 700 uncontrolled substances on the 'Generally Regarded as Safe List (GRAS).'"

"You've finally said a veritable mouthful," says Ed. "But specificity is needed to get your points across. How about some examples of frequently used substances which the manufacturers admit are there?"

"Okay, Ed," replies the man. "To make it easier I prefer to quote "*The Best of Nutrition Action Health Letter*" SP-DM-P-12, published by the nonprofit Center for Science in the Public Interest, pages 50 - 51, 'THE TEN WORST ADDITIVES.' The substances are as follows, with greatly reduced summaries of their comments:

01. Acesulfame-K: Sold under brand names 'Sunette' or 'Sweet One.'
02. Artificial colors: The colors used in soft drinks, and in many processed foods.
03. Aspartame: Sold commercially as 'NutraSweet' or 'Equal.'
04. BHA and BHT: Antioxidants used frequently to combat rancidity.
05. Caffeine: A stimulant, mildly addictive, and one of the only drugs added to foods.
06. Monosodium Glutamate (MSG): 'Chinese restaurant syndrome.'
07. Nitrites: Nitrosamines (carcinogens) may result from cooking, or form after ingestion.
08. Olestra: Fat substitute, may cause abdominal cramps, loose stools, nutritional deficiencies.
09. Saccharin: Banned by FDA in 1977; egged on by industry, Congress reversed decision.
10. Sulfites: Preservative occasionally linked to breathing difficulties of asthmatics.

"Is there no conscience, no sense of responsibility, for introducing products with foreign substances into our food supply?" asks the man. "It's bad enough that people are tempted to consume natural sugars beyond safe limits, but Artificial Sweeteners! Synthetic Dyes! A Fat Substitute with unhealthful, unpleasant side effects! A Flavor Booster to alter how people perceive true flavor! Preservatives that may inhibit normal digestion!"

The man drops wearily into his favorite "made in China" canvas camp chair. "Edward, my good fellow, I've had all the 'flybane' I can tolerate. It's time to shift gears, from the *ridiculous* to the *sublime*."

## **Part 2 - 99.999% Pure**

*"The world will never get any better until children are an improvement on their parents."*  
- Bob Edwards, Publisher, "*The Eye Opener*," 18 May, '21

"What are these babes doing here?" asks Ed.





















The names of the children (in the order shown above), where they live, and the names of their parents or grandparents, are as follows:

Image 2. BETH, Cow Head, Newfoundland, daughter of Monica & Stephen

Image 3. JULIAN, Durham, North Carolina, son of Elizabeth & Tim

Image 4. KALIE & JOHN, Toronto, Ontario, daughter and son of Allison & Howard

Image 5. & 6. KRISTAN & CAMERON, Cow Head, NFLD, granddaughter & grandson of Irene and Todd H.

Image 7. MCKENZIE, Nain, Labrador, daughter of Marilyn and Reg

Image 8. SIDNE, Portugal Cove, NFLD, granddaughter of Nora & Gary

Image 9. THEA, Carrboro, North Carolina, daughter of Laura and Cyril

Image 10. & 11. VANCE & GRANT, Ocean, North Carolina, sons of Julie & Todd M.

"I'm hoping these pictures of beautiful children, who have transited the Wildegeist orbit in recent years, will help pull this narrative out of the pits," says the man. "That appears to be the best way to cheer my faithful readers."

"You sly old fox," smirks Ed. "You're the worst cheerer-upper I know, so you must have motives besides pure enlivenment."

"Right on! You'd better believe it! You've got something there! I'll say! That's for sure! You're telling me? I'll drink to that!" the man replies. "These fortunate children arrived in this world in mint condition. The challenge is keep 'em that way, and to use each one's good fortune as a foundation for a long, healthy, productive life."

"My, oh my, oh my," laughs Ed. "I can see it coming - the old boy's about to tell the parents how those lovely children should be raised. What a presumptuous, arrogant, meddling, know-it-all old fool!"



"Nothing of the sort, Ed. I plan to describe how man and dog have maintained an enviable health record by living in a clean environment and avoiding bad foods. There is ample evidence that an early start in properly feeding a child (or dog) will improve the likelihood of healthy growth and mental development to adulthood and beyond - obviously the foundation for a long, healthy life," says the man. "While a neglectful attitude can have severe consequences, since the nutritional requirements during the early years are several times those of an adult, when figured on a pound for pound basis.

"All this talk about the wonders of twentieth century science, yet any advances will be for naught if this new generation, the babies, children, teenagers, suffer malnutrition because of parental ignorance or neglect," continues the man. "The proof of my concern is in the statistics regarding U. S. consumers: Heavy on the fast foods and soft drinks; heavy on the sugars and fats; heavy on fake colors, flavors, and MSG; bottoms getting heavier and broader!"

"As to the adults," says the man, "let 'em use their teeth, intemperance and self-indulgence to dig their own early graves, but how about their children? Where are they to learn self-control and healthy life habits without supervision from babyhood on up?"

### **Part 3. Pristine**

"Well, at long last, Theodore, after that long trek across the island of Newfoundland, from Cow Head to Provincial Capital City (St. John's) - lookie lookie at that supermarket! I'll bet there are umpteen thousand different items in there!" coos the man. "Oh my, Ed. How I long to indulge my gluttonous appetite by buying everything so tastefully appetizingly within reach.

"Come now, Theodore, stop dreaming about how you'd wolf down all those expensive fatty steaks - the dog foods in the glitzy bags - the cat foods too, if they'd let you in the store, which they sure enough won't," says the man. "So let's get real and see if we can find something pristine for our humble board."

Ed, in the throes of a temper tantrum, shouts, "That guy's been over the hill for some time, but when he talks 'pristine' to that carrion-eating dawg, I'm seriously worried about his future, and mine. If I'm to disappear from his imagination, I'd at least like a juicy hotdog, chopped onions and mustard on a bun made of light white flour, as a last meal for the condemned."

"Steady on, Ed, you ain't goin' nowhere," replies the man. "Everything's fantabulous! I simply think that now that our Theodore has attained an immature adulthood plus ninety pounds gross, he's mentally capable of understanding my use of descriptors to guide his and my selection of foods, and environments suitable for our well being. Our success in eating well and living in pollution-free environments explains why he is so bright-eyed, bushy-tailed, and in a continuous state of cussedness.

"SIT, THEODORE! Pay Attention!" orders the man. "We are about to provide the gentle readers with a long list of descriptors, each one a part of '*PRISTINE*,' a word which

defines the living conditions and foods you and I have enjoyed. Newfoundland offers innumerable pristine places, and is capable of producing most of the fresh unprocessed foods that we require for our excellent diet:

#### DESCRIPTORS FOR PRISTINE PLACES & FOODS

Bare bones	Basic	Bread and butter
Down home	Essential	Fresh
Fresh as a daisy	Fresh as the morning dew	Fundamental
Genuine	Germinal	Grassroots
Natural	Nature-like Native	New
Intact	Integrity	In a state of nature
In the raw	Inviolate	Oneness
Organic	unity	Original state
Plain and simple	Primal	Prime
Protogenic	Sempervirent	Simon pure
Sound	State of Nature	Totality
Unadorned	Unartificial	Unbroken
Uncluttered	Uncontaminated	Undamaged
Undeified	Unhandled	Unembellished
Unimpaired	Unspoiled	Untainted
Untouched	Unused	Virginal
Unsullied	Whole	















"Good job, Theodore!" applauds the man. "These pictures will provide some idea of what it's like for a dog to run free, and breathe clean air, in an unspoiled terrain. But Theodore, I'm sorta obligated to admit to something your best friends didn't want to tell you - that you had developed an odor. Do you remember, I took you to the vet who diagnosed the condition as 'smelling like a dog,' and in dire need of a bath and grooming? So far A-OK until they discovered "UKULELE."

#### **Part 4. Ukulele**

Hawaiian - uku means flea; lele means leap  
*Diatonic Scale (Notes used to tune Ukulele)*

*Sol Do Mi La*

"MY DOG HAS FLEAS!"



Possibly, the man had been unduly optimistic in thinking that his healthy friend could escape invasion by fleas without chemical repellants, while wintering in North Carolina. Indeed, it worked until the fifth time Theodore traveled to Newfoundland after an unusually hot winter, and a sweltering stay in Annapolis, MD. The groomer was obviously shocked to find

fleas and ticks on Theodore. Chemical sprays were recommended for dog and residence, but the man decided these chemicals would never be an acceptable option.

In his moment of need he referred to Richard H. Pitcairn and Susan H. Pitcairn's book, *Dr. Pitcairn's Complete Guide to Natural Health for Dogs & Cats* (1995, Rodale Press, Emmaus, PA), and found many reasons to avoid toxic substances in the care and feeding of animals, and suggestions for dealing with the problems.

Without delay, a "Pet Shampoo" containing "no insecticides, no pesticides, no detergents, a pure, gentle, natural soap" was used to bathe Theodore at two-week intervals. Rugs were discarded and the cabin floors mopped several times a week with mild ammonia solutions and dishwashing detergent. Theodore's bedding is now laundered three times a week, and fleas have become as scarce as hen's teeth. Much of this happy outcome is due to a kindly woman named Irene, who supervised the extermination process and shampooing of Theodore.

### **Part 5. Must We Worm our Way back to Safe Foods?**

*"Multiplication of insects and their devastations are largely incited by the degeneracy in our plants and the badness of our culture," wrote Horace Greeley in 1870.*

"I'm leery about telling folks how much better corn and other vegetables used to be, before worms and bugs were eradicated, but here's Obie, who has just admitted he's never seen a corn worm munch happily on an ear of corn," says the man. "I wager he's only eaten the kind that a corn worm wouldn't be caught dead on, since them critters were outstanding connoisseurs of corn-on-the-cob quality.

"We'd wade into Bogue Sound to rake a mess of quahog clams, then invade Elmo's or Julian's corn fields (to which we had season tickets), and select only the newly matured ears with medium brown colored tassels and plumpness. The corn worms were respectfully given the tasseled ends and wrappings, after which the lion's share was steamed with the clams. In those days, I considered ten ears of corn, and a dozen medium sized clams, a light lunch."

"What's worse than finding a worm in your apple?" people asked, laughed, and said, "Finding half a worm."

"Nowadays, I'd settle for half a worm if I could bite into a ripe, crisp apple that tastes like one, and is free of chemical residues and preservatives," comments the man. "And those mummified peaches I bought in the supermarket! A mature, chemical-free peach ripens rapidly, but these sat unchanged and waxlike in my fruit bowl for ten days, and then the peeled flesh had a strange unearthly color."

"As I recall, you were never a great lover of worms," says Ed. "Your mother didn't like to look at them, scattered everywhere on the pavements in Baltimore after a rain, and passed her aversion on to you."

"Since you've revealed my guilty secret, I admit it's true. I don't like to look at worms," replies the man. "But now I long to see them back at work in healthy soil instead of those devastated thousands of miles of dead, sterile, poisoned planet, now made economically viable for corporate farms, world-class golf courses, and the neighborhood lawns of the affluent."

"Enough worm's eye view of the world, Old Man," yells Ed. "Squirm your way back to the pristine side of the story, or, God Willing, finish this long winded chapter!"

"Last spring, when Theodore and I arrived at our cabin, Harold and his grandson were nearby, digging worms to go fishing. My faithful dawg stole their can of worms and returned the crawlers to their natural habitat. Now wasn't that a farsighted thing for Theodore to do?" asks the man.

"Each year, I gain increased respect and understanding for the way a Newfoundlander enjoys and depends on gardening, berry picking, fishing, hunting, cutting trees in deep snow for lumber and fuel, and how it reflects pride in their enviable lifestyle, in an economy that provides much less income than in the rest of Canada," says the man. "And this fresh insight led me to recognize that George, Gary and others are producing bountiful supplies of organically raised vegetables!"

Compost, kelp, and crop rotation contribute to their success, and then there are the greenhouses, individualistically designed by Gary, Michael, Calvin, Luke, and others. Michael is growing six-foot corn plants, and beefsteak tomatoes! The following images, in order of appearance, shows: (1) George harvesting strawberries; (2) George harvesting a bumper crop of beets; (3) Gary and Nora picking carrots and onions; (4) Gary and his greenhouse; (5) Michael's greenhouse and corn.











"Theodore, I'm tired of feeding you supermarket vegetables, uncertified as safe, from faraway places," says the man. "So now we are growing SPROUTS, from alfalfa, mung beans, adzuki, and wheat, and produce an abundance each week in five square feet of trays. And our busy bread-making machine makes us totally self-sufficient in producing crusty, chewy, highly nutritious breads," brags the man.

"Several times a week, we breakfast on buckwheat pancakes filled with sprouts, or berries," continues the man. "And then, before hitting the beach at 0700 hours, I rev up the bread machine with such ingredients as the following":

#### Theodore and Ted's Bread for the Day

**Flour:**

1 cup unbleached flour; 1 cup whole wheat; 1 cup rye wheat; 0.5 cup buckwheat flour; 0.5 cup 80% Gluten flour

**Other Ingredients:**

0.5 cup powdered milk dissolved in water and apple vinegar (70/30) to make 1.5 cups of sour milk; 2 tbsp. olive oil; 2 tbsp. brown sugar; 3 tsp. Baker's yeast.

"Now you have your head buried in that pile of books. What's up, Elder Citizen?"

"Keep a civil tongue in your mouth, Ed. These books may help convince my friends that their gardening efforts and ability to produce organic vegetables could trigger some new, vibrant home industries, and thereby bolster the flagging infrastructure of the Great Northern Peninsula":

*Across the Table - An Indulgent Look at Food in Canada* (1985), Cynthia Wine, Prentice Hall, Englewood Cliffs, NJ.

*All-New Encyclopedia of Organic Gardening* (1992), F. M. Bradley & B. W. Ellis, Eds., Rodale Press, Emmaus, PA.

*Growing Food Organically* (1993), John B. Harrison, Waterwheel Press, W. Vancouver.

*Growing Plants from Seed* (1991), Doc & Katy Abraham, Lyons & Burford, NY, NY.

*Hydroponic Food Production* (1978), Woodbridge Press Publishing Co., Santa Barbara, CA.

*Hydroponic Home Food Gardens* (1990), Howard M. Resh, Woodbridge Press, Santa Barbara, CA.

*Organic Gardening without Poisons* (1970), Hamilton Tyler, Van Nostrand Reinhold Co., Toronto, Canada.

*Real Food for a Change* (1999), W. Macrae Roberts and L. Stahlbrand, Random House of Canada.

*Safe Eating* (1990), Patrick Quillin, M. Evans & Co., Inc., NYC.

*Square Foot Gardening* (1981), Mel Bartholomew, Rodale Press, Emmaus, PA.

*The Book of Whole Grain* (1978), M. B. Bumgarner, St. Martins Press, NYC.

*The Greenhouse Expert* (1994), D. G. Hessayon, Transworld Publishers (Expert Books). London, UK.

*Winter Gardens - Solar Greenhouses for Cold Climates* (1983), Mark A. Craft, Ed., Firefly Books, Ltd, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada.

*Your Organic Garden* (1994), Jeff Cox, Rodale Press, Emmaus, PA.

"Now that you've gone literary, you're lying there with your nose in a book, growling. What's got you so disturbed, old man?" asks Ed. "GRRRRing's for Theodore, not for you."

"He'd GRRRR too if he could read *Silent Coup - Confronting the Big Business Takeover of Canada* (1997) by Tony Clarke (co-published by Canadian Center for Policy



Alternatives, and James Lorimer & Co., Ltd," grits the man. "Be warned! This pristine lifestyle is seriously threatened and can soon go down the drain. At least I'll have my sprout garden!"



*September, 1999*