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## 'DOC'S' MACHINE BARES AILMENTS OF HUSKY SAILOR

Tells of Ills Not Found by  
Hospital Staff.

This is another article in a series by Tribune reporters who have visited quack doctors and submitted to their "treatments." The state department of registration and education has obtained 11 warrants charging violation of medical laws. The series will be continued in an early issue.

BY ORVILLE SMITH.

Impressive pictures of vital organs and other anatomical parts adorn the walls of "Old Doc" D. A. Hopfear's office at 5 South Wabash avenue. On the windows are Venetian blinds; the place is attractively furnished; deep-toned carpets cover the floors. It looks like a doctor's office all right, with that medical atmosphere. "Old Doc" Hopfear is not an M. D., tho, and he was seized on a warrant charging violations of the Illinois medical practice act and spent last Thursday night in the Cook county jail.

The "Doc" was among eleven alleged quacks whose arrest was ordered by Judge Albert E. Isley of the County court Thursday evening on complaint of inspectors for the state department of registration and education.

### Finds Ills Missed by Others.

Before the state investigation began I had visited "Old Doc" Hopfear's office and had discovered I had plenty wrong with me, altho a corps of physicians in Passavant Memorial hospital had put me thru three days of exhaustive mental and physical tests and found me in perfect condition, 26 years old, 168 pounds of bone, brawn, and muscle—(if I do say it myself)—5 feet 10½, and ready for the United States navy!

Hopfear takes great pride, he said, in his "diagnostic" machine. It's a wonder, puts the finger unerringly on every ailing spot in the human frame, he added.

"You wouldn't believe it," he told me, "but I've made over 20,000 diagnoses—and 20,000 treatments—on the strength of that machine alone. It must be quite a contraption for me to do all that business!"

Machine Does the Advertising. "I don't have to advertise," he confided. "That machine does it for me!"

"Gee whiz!" I said. "So it even advertises!"

"Old Doc" Hopfear beamed. The peculiar, wistful expression on his sallow face, his thin neck sticking up out of his laboratory coat, his graying hair, these all made him look like some large, lugubrious bird.

"Well, you know what I mean," he said. "It's so marvelous, they tell one another. Word of mouth advertising. Want to see it?"

I told him that was why I'd come to his office. I'd heard about that machine too. A friend told a friend of mine that this machine could "find things" the ordinary doctor couldn't see at all.

"There she is!" said "Old Doc" Hopfear. He pointed to a device against the wall; it looked like an elaborate and mammoth console radio. On it were 36 control knobs, two dials and six lights.

How Machine's Fame Spread. "Who recommended me?" Hopfear asked suddenly. "A friend of a friend, like I said, down where I work. He hadn't been up here himself. He heard about you second hand."

"I see. And you came on account of this magnificent machine?" "Yes, Doc," I said. "You see, I've been to a couple of doctors with this cold." I sniffed, but I really didn't have a cold.

"Ah, yes; it's a great little machine," he went on. The phone in the other room rang. He answered it, said "Yes," then listened. Finally he spoke:

"No, I can't use that treatment of yours, because... No, I don't think so... because my prostatic patients have been complaining; causes too much pain. To get that thing in, I

have to give them an... What?... Yes, I know, but they've got used to the painless short wave treatments I give 'em."

Rejects Painful Treatment. "My short wave machines have been so busy I thought I could transfer some of them to that treatment of yours. But they complain it hurts too much. What's that?... O, I know if I use too much air, it will wreck 'em, but the whole thing causes too much discomfort, I don't think I want it any more..."

He came back. "Now, this cold of yours," he said. "We'll have to get rid of it for you. But first we'll see what the real underlying cause is. You know, a cold is only a superficial manifestation of nature trying to eliminate something from your system. There is always an underlying cause. Now, we get at the machine. Sit here, my boy."

He had me sit beside the big contraption. He went out and almost at once the machine began to hum and crackle. One of the lights began to glow. "I've turned it on," he said, as he came back. He picked up a metal plate about four inches square, attached to the machine by a wire, and stuck it inside the back of my collar.

### "Most Co-operative"



BETTE DAVIS.

Hollywood, Cal., Dec. 14 (P).—The Hollywood Women's Press club came up today with its selections for the most co-operative stars of the movie world in talking for publication. The voting was done by 50 women who write for news services, syndicates, and magazines. Bette Davis and Bob Hope were the winners. Close behind Miss Davis were listed Rita Hayworth and Ann Sheridan. Runners-up to Hope were Clark Gable and Robert Taylor. And the most unco-operative? Together again was that famous team, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

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It dangled against my spine. Then he rubbed an oil on his hands and sat down at the machine.

And Now the Diagnosis. "Now it comes out," he chuckled. He looked at me: "The diagnosis," he said, and started rubbing with his right hand on an opaque black glass on the machine, while with his left he twisted the knobs.

The lights flashed on and off. A squealing sound came from the plate he was rubbing. He rubbed harder. It began to make a noise like a hen that has just laid an egg—a sort of a cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck-cluck!

As he rubbed and twisted the knobs he talked. Every now and then he would stop rubbing or knobbing and point to the machine.

"You see," he spoke breathlessly, "if there's anything wrong with you anywhere it shows up here," pointing to the row of knobs, "and the energy charge comes down thru here," tracing a supposed course thru the contraption, "to this plate where it creates a static charge which I keep wiping off."

He rubbed furiously. It must be good exercise, I thought to myself. I got no sensation; all I could feel was the plate dangling down my neck. The harder he rubbed the more squealing came from the plate under his fingers—like a person rubbing wet fingers over a window pane.

Localizing the Trouble. "When we get this sound," he continued, "we localize the trouble up here," and he began twisting a second bank of knobs back and forth.

Every now and then he would stop dialing and rubbing long enough to write some figures down on a mimeographed sheet. Finally he hauled out a box containing about 30 corked glass vials, each containing two large capsules. He picked them out seemingly at random, rubbing and twisting on the machine while he touched an electrode to the corals.

It began to look like Voodoo. The vials were labeled, "phos-o-food," "male-o-food," "fem-o-food," "derm-o-food," etc. I couldn't catch any more.

During this process he also stopped from time to time to write down figures. Finally he was thru, shut off the machine, sat facing me and placed the tips of his fingers impressively together.

"My boy," he said, "you have several minor troubles which really don't amount to much."

"Gee, doc, that's swell. Then there's nothing wrong," I beamed at him. I was too fast.

"EUT," he continued gravely, "there are three things which are pretty bad. Your liver is weak, your spleen is in bad shape and your prostate is only 65."

"Sixty-five! Gee, doc, how bad is that?"

"Your liver is throwing off bile and it isn't taking care of the toxins the way it should. There is quite a bit of tissue degeneration..."

"Degeneration?"

"Degeneration! And I find bacillus coli present. Bacillus coli usually wanders around in the bowels. But with you it's got into the liver."

"Gosh, I..."

Spleen, Kidneys, and Thyroid. "Your spleen should run at least 24—we like to see it average 30. But in your case it's only 13. Of course, your kidneys are only 13 when they should be 25 or so; you have a little trouble in your bowels, and your thyroid gland is weak—not burning energy the way it should—and your lung energy is low..."

"Wow, I'm in bad shape," I groaned. "You are, but fortunately you're not an old man and your organs haven't broken down. A little treatment, six, eight weeks at most, ought to fix you up."

"You owe me \$10 for my examination and diagnosis. Your treatment will be \$36. Please pay \$10 as you go out. Good day!"

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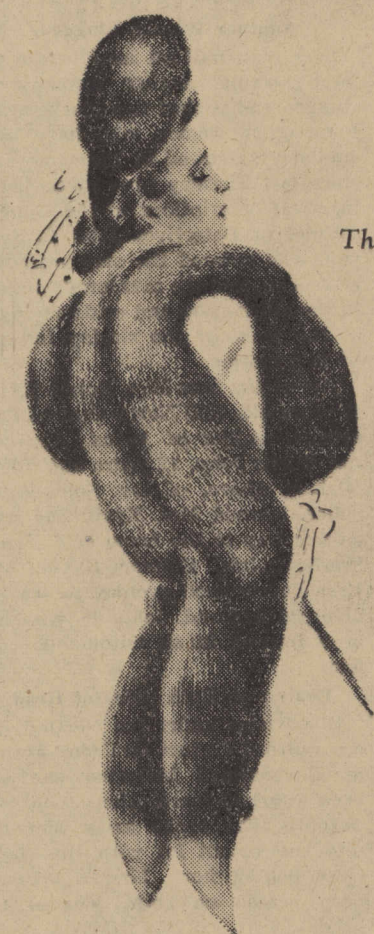
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