

In Memoriam

Jack M. Blount, M.D.

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Philadelphia, Mississippi

by

*Perry A. Chapdelaine, Sr., Ex. Dir./Sec.
The Arthritis Trust of America*



*Jack M. Blount, M.D.
Chairman & Chief Medical Officer*

Jack M. Blount, M.D. was born in Hickory, MS, August 28, 1921. He received his undergraduate degree at "Ole Miss" (University of Mississippi) and his M.D. degree at George Washington University, Washington, D.C.

Even prior to entry in medical school, Dr. Blount had the misfortune to be afflicted with crippling rheumatoid arthritis, the systemic disease visibly affecting his hands, feet and hips more than other portions of his body.

As there was no known way to halt the disease by conventional treatments, Jack later on had to have his hip joint replaced twice. He also suffered a great deal from pain day and night, as most of those afflicted with this terrible disease know. To halt the mind-numbing pain, Jack took a large variety of traditional treatment drugs and alcohol, until finally, like many arthritics, he despaired of life itself.

Jack was a strong church member and had always been an active contributor to charity and community needs, even to the extent of having purchased and contributed a school bus for the school system in his hometown of Philadelphia, MS.

Unless one has been thru the terrible affliction of rheumatoid disease, it is almost impossible to describe the daily pain and emotional travail that stems from it as well as from traditional treatments. Perhaps only the common mistreatment of cancer can be understood as more severe.

Little by little Jack watched his toes, feet, fingers, arms and hips become twisted and virtually useless.

In what follows, we reproduce his own words describing his long-time suffering as a very fitting tribute to his faith in God and his long-standing hellish pain and disfigurement.

Once Jack had found a way to halt the progress of the disease (through application of the English Professor Roger Wyburn-Mason, M.D., Ph.D. treatment recommendations) Dr. Blount reopened his medical clinic and began treating all who requested it, whether they could afford the price or not.

Dr. Blount treated more than 17,000 people by the Roger Wyburn-Mason, Ph.D., M.D. method described on our website,

<http://www.arthritis-trust.org> in our article "Arthritics' Primary Treatment Protocol."

Gus J. Prosch, Jr., M.D. -- who later treated tens of thousands of arthritics using the same protocol -- was himself cured of a seven-year-standing backpain by Dr. Blount.

This writer, also suffering from what his family doctor described as "galloping rheumatoid arthritis," was one of those cured in six weeks by Dr. Blount.

Many years of traditional drug treatments as well as alcohol used to numb present-time pain had taken a severe toll on Dr. Blount's liver and other organs. One day some years ago Dr. Blount became comatose. His wife, Carole, a trained nurse, called in a physician who mis-diagnosed some form of mental problem, and therefore Jack was brought to a psychiatric clinic in Meridian, MS.

This concerned writer visited Jack during his stay there, finding that he was kept under deep narcotics and being given electric shocks three times weekly. Jack was virtually unaware of what occurred in his room from minute to minute.

When this irrational and damaging treatment was terminated (for whatever reason), Jack was again diagnosed by a different physician, who pointed to a failing liver problem.

Placed on a regimen which permitted his liver to recover to some extent, Jack regained some semblance of his conscious identity.

When this writer asked Jack why he'd permitted electric shock treatment, he said, "Perry, had I been conscious I wouldn't have permitted electric shock!"

When his wife was asked why she permitted electric shock, her answer was "Well, it was the doctor's advice, and one must do what the doctor says."

Carole was and is a lovely, loving person, and her response certainly reflects that of the dutiful well-trained nurse embedded in our customary medical practices.

Jack's severe pseudo-medical treatment left him mentally impaired, but still able to function to a limited extent, whence he became a physician for the care of aged people in a home for the elderly. This did not last long, as Jack seemed to deteriorate mentally and physically.

At one trip to the hospital for non-arthritic reasons, his stay so weakened his muscles that once again he was unable to move about without assistance. And, once again Carole became the full-time home-nurse with a bed-ridden husband.

The changes in Jack's mental acuity, drive, and physical activity after electric-shock treatment were obvious. Although severely crippled, Jack's entire outlook had been to help folks with similar arthritic disease. After damaging pseudo-treatment by psychiatrists, Jack's life was virtually terminated, with little ambition and a steady downward spiral.

Of course, one can excuse the psychiatrist, and rationalize and ascribe Jack's final condition to that of his many years of alcoholism, drug abuse, and other pain-relievers which damaged his liver and other organs. But even with all those negative factors, prior to electric shock treatment, he was up daily working to help other folks conquer their insidious and misunderstood disease process.

After the electric shock, not only rational integration was increasingly lessened, but also drive -- within himself and for the plight of others.

Please note that Jack Blount, along with Wyburn-Mason, were honored for their work in helping others toward wellness by naming this foundation after them, it's official name being "The Roger Wyburn-Mason and Jack M. Blount Foundation for the Eradication of Rheumatoid Disease," also for short called either "The Rheumatoid Disease Foundation" or "The Arthritis Trust of America.

His story is an emotionally gripping account of a man who has been to the very depths of hell and has come back to tell us how he escaped the fires. He told his story simply, without any attempt to embellish, and it was told with a genuineness that makes you believe in his continued concern for your health and welfare. Keep in mind that he was cured of the ravages of rheumatoid arthritis, that he had since treated better than 17,000 patients successfully, and that he freely gave of his knowledge to any who asked. He was a man who was active physically in his youth although his symptoms began as a systemic illness in his teens with muscle pain, metatarsalgia (pain in the foot), lumbago (pain in the back), intercostal (between ribs) pains, iridocyclitis (inflammation of eye), psoriasis (skin lesions) and that eventually he got pains in the joints, generalized arthritis with effusions (fluids into joints), carpal tunnel syndrome (compression of nerve in wrist), paresthesia (loss of feeling or perverted sensation), ulcerative colitis (sore or inflammation of colon), aseptic necrosis (death) of a femoral head for which a prosthesis (steel and plastic joint) was inserted, etc. He was reduced to total invalidism and took to alcohol, morphine-containing drugs, barbiturates and was a terminal case. He had to give up his medical practice in March 1974 and had taken steroids for more than twenty years.

Now read Dr. Blount's own joy at, when, at last, achieving freedom from the ravages of rheumatoid disease!

Dr. Jack M. Blount's "Miracle" & His Gift to Mankind

Dr. Blount's Story:

Rheumatoid Disease is of the Entire Body

I cured myself and more than 17,000 others of an incurable illness. "Rheumatoid Arthritis." I call it a MIRACLE.

I had rheumatoid disease. Rheumatoid Arthritis is a disease of the entire body, not of just the joints although most of the pain and destruction seems to be in and around the joints. I was hopelessly ill.

In the Spring of 1974 I had developed aseptic necrosis (complete destruction) of my right hip socket and femoral head. I had to quit work (private medical practice) and take to the bed. The only thing that would help was a hip replacement with a prosthesis. The orthopedic surgeon that I went to said at first he would do the operation but then changed his mind giving the excuse that because I was only fifty-two years old at the time I was ineligible. They didn't know, yet, how much dependence to put on the procedure.

Despair

Despair set in, I could only lie in bed and stare at the ceiling. The cure of my illness was hopeless. No one knew the cause. No one know anything useful to do for it. The usual advice was to take a lot of aspirin and learn to live with it. Pharmaceutical companies tried to improve on aspirin and gave us Butazolidin®, Indocin®, Motrin®, Tolectin®, Nalfon®, Naprosyn®, Clinoril®, Meclomen®, etc. They called these "nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory" agents [NSAIDS]: all were useless except for some analgesic effect.

"Cortisone" was introduced in 1949 and was hailed for a while as the long awaited answer. It was, and still is, the quickest relief of arthritis symptoms, but it causes devastation worse than the disease. These adverse effects included hyperadrenalism (Cushing's Disease) diabetes, ulcers, weakened bone, (decalcification) etc. I took a form of this for about twenty years.

While lying in bed my arthritis became complicated by colitis, with diarrhea of sometimes up to twenty times a day, kidney stones, alcohol, and drugs. I was in and out of hospitals repeatedly. I thought I would surely die. Friends kept sending word that they were praying for me. I often thought of committing suicide. The

pain and agony were unbearable. One morning after I had accumulated about forty Seconal® capsules (sleeping pills) I swallowed them all. Four have been known to kill. I didn't want to kill myself, but I couldn't endure such perpetual agony. After some hours my wife found me unconscious and on finding the empty bottle, she knew what I had done. I awoke very groggy and tied to a hospital bed. After regaining enough sense to know anything at all, I wanted to know if I had been apneic. (Had I been deprived of oxygen long enough to cause permanent brain damage?) I was assured the answer was "no". Despite such an overwhelming dose of sleeping pills I had continued to breathe adequately without supplemental oxygen or assisted breathing. This was a miracle in itself. "Somebody up There" was not ready for me.

Why Was I Saved?

Back home I kept breathing but hardly living. Why was I still here at all? I had been waiting for some earthly savior and none came. Was there some "learned University professor or researcher" somewhere who knew something to do?

The Miracle of

Professor Roger Wyburn-Mason

One day in the spring of 1976 I came across an article in *Modern Medicine*¹ entitled "Rheumatoid Disease: Has One Man Found the Cause and Cure of Rheumatoid Disease? Arthritis," written by Robert Bingham, M.D., practicing in California. Dr. Bingham, orthopedic surgeon, had heard of work done by Professor Roger Wyburn-Mason, England, and had gone to there to interview the Professor. His article told about how the English researcher, practitioner, microbiologist, had determined that the etiological agent (cause) of rheumatoid disease is actually a germ, a protozoan, an amoeba, similar to the "lettuce bug" amoeba that causes dysentery. He also reported that a chemical (in fact, several chemicals) had been found that would kill the "bug" in patients without killing the patient. [There are most likely more than one microorganism and causation to Rheumatoid Disease, we now know. Ed.]

He was curing people who had the disease that was killing me. The chemical (medicine) that the Professor was using successfully was called clotrimazole³.

That's wonderful, but how could I get some for myself? It was not on the market anywhere in the world for systemic use. [For a source, contact a compounding pharmacist. Ed.]

Finally, in the Spring of 1976, my orthopedic surgeon decided to operate. They removed the upper part of the right femur with the femoral head and reamed out the acetabulum (socket). The socket was filled in with plastic to make a new one and the bone was replaced with a "comma-shaped" steel rod with the pointed end inserted down into the marrow, distally, of the remaining femur.



Jack M. Blount, M.D. hip x-rays for joint replacement

Now, I thought I would recover. But recovery was terrible. I still needed my pain medicine and booze. My brother became disgusted with me and had me sent to an alcoholic ward and "detox" center at the State Hospital. After a month there I was off everything addicting except my daily early morning "Cortisone." I still had my rheumatoid disease -- my germs, the amoeba. I still had to rid my body of them. The operation seemed to give them new life.

Somehow, I remembered that clotrimazole is the active ingredient in a preparation used to treat yeast and fungus infections of the skin but it was just one part clotrimazole plus ninety-nine parts propylene glycol, car antifreeze -- Prestone®. This is poisonous to man if taken internally.

I decided to telephone Delbay, the company that puts the mixture together, and see if I could get clotrimazole that hadn't been mixed. The answer was "no". They were afraid of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.

Failing with that endeavor I started wondering if there might be something else almost the same that would work. I looked at the word 'clotrimazole' and focused on the 'azole'. I looked that up in the medical dictionary and found that the parent of this is 'imidazole'. Somehow I remembered that I had heard that word somewhere before. I kept repeating it. Then I remembered that this is the chemical name of the medicine metronidazole, or Flagyl®. I compared the formulas of the two and they looked close enough alike that I thought it was worth a trial. We [Americans] had had Flagyl® since 1962 and used it to cure amebiasis (intestinal) and vaginal trichomonas infections. It was known to be able to kill both of these protozoa. I decided to try it. Later I pulled out a drawer in my bath room and there was a bottle of one hundred Flagyl® tablets. A MIRACLE! God had put the answer to my illness that close to me.

How should I take it? I realized that the small dosages that were recommended for trichomonas and intestinal amebiasis would not do any good. If it would have, someone would have discovered it accidentally. I checked the medical text books and saw that it had been given in doses as high as three tablets, 250 mgm, three times daily. That is the amount I started to take.

I Experiment On Myself

I didn't know how long to continue taking it. I didn't know if it would kill me. I realized I didn't have much to lose; therefore I took all I had which lasted eleven days. On the morning of the eleventh day, I got nauseated while brushing my teeth -- and emptied my stomach. Then I knew I couldn't take anymore even if I had had more readily available, so I stopped. [This early experimental dosage is not recommended. See <http://www.arthritis-trust.org> "The Roger Wyburn-Mason, M.D., Ph.D. Treatment for Rheumatoid Disease" for correct dosages by body weight. Ed.]

But during these eleven days a miracle had begun to happen. My arthritis started getting better. I awoke in the middle of the night and realized that the soreness, stiffness, and swelling had started subsiding. I looked at my hands which had been so bad and now were so much better. I couldn't hold back the tears. I started praying and thanking God.

After that I didn't know how much was enough. I knew that I was still sick. I still had sweats and felt cold. I was bound to still have the infection. After two weeks I decided that I needed more. I restarted taking three 250 mgm tablets three times a day. I took it for eleven days more and on the eleventh day I got nauseated again. But, I was surely improving by the day. I decided to continue this pattern.

More Successful Patients

I decided to find out if some of my former arthritis patients

were brave enough to try it.

I telephoned them and invited several of them to my home, one at a time. To each I explained what it was all about. Every single one was eager to try it, nothing else had ever helped. Why not? During the Summer of 1977 about thirty of them were treated and most of them had the same good experience that I had. Some got nauseated from the start and decided to quit.

Among the thirty was a Reverend Ethel Beall. Brother Beall not only had arthritis, but had lost a leg due to an automobile accident. The bone in the stump of the leg had gotten infected and drained constantly and was always painful. During this treatment period with Flagyl® his arthritis got better and his leg got well and stopped hurting. (Several months later he died suddenly of embolus [blood clot] while recovering from a prostate operation).

Well Again!

After 8 months I was able to return to my private medical practice on a limited basis. I had been out three and one-half years. On September 1st 1977, I was back in the office seeing patients by appointments.

I decided to write Professor Roger Wyburn-Mason in England and tell him of my experiences. I owed him my life. He answered immediately and said that he had decided to include my case in a book he was writing. *The Causation of Rheumatoid Disease and Many Human Cancers -- A new Concept in Medicine.*² My story appears on page 205 in the book.

We continued to correspond and I visited with him during the Summer of 1978. He told me that he tried metronidazole at one time and it didn't work. His dosage was not adequate; he had tried giving only 250 mgm three times daily. However, later he gave 750 mgm three times daily and it did work about equally as well as clotrimazole. He found other nitroimidazoles that would do the job, also. [This early experimental dosage is not recommended. See <http://www.arthritis-trust.org> "The Roger Wyburn-Mason, M.D., Ph.D. Treatment for Rheumatoid Disease" for correct dosages by body weight. Ed.]

Later he found three commonly used medications that are amoebicidal when used in high doses: furazolidone, allopurinol and rifampicin. [There are also others. Ed.]

His experiments proved that Flagyl® and the other nitroimidazoles are excreted slowly from the body and it is not necessary to give them on a daily basis. After giving a loading dose for two days there is an effective blood level (for killing the amoebae) for several days more. During the past six years I have treated more than 17,000 arthritic people with very gratifying results. Some are cured of the disease while in others it has been arrested. People are now coming from all over to share in the miracle.

Professor Roger Wyburn-Mason should be nominated for the Nobel Prize in medicine.

Prayer for the Entire World

I pray that the entire world will soon know and people everywhere can receive the same relief that I have. What a joy I know now!

I thank God!

This information is free to whomever will take and use it. I need no wealth and seek no fame.

References

1. *Modern Medicine*, "Rheumatoid Disease: Has One Investigator Found Its Cause and Its Cure?" Robert Bingham, M.D., Feb. 15, 1976, pp. 38-47.

2. *The Causation of Rheumatoid Disease and Many Human Cancers*, Roger Wyburn-Mason, M.D., Ph.D., Iji Publishing Co, Ltd., Japan.. Out of print. Limited number have been donated to

medical libraries (USA) by Jack M. Blount, Jr., M.D. An *Addenda* (precis' and summary) is available from The Arthritis Trust of America/The Rheumatoid Disease Foundation; 7376 Walker Road, Fairview, TN 37062-8141 requested donation \$8.50).