

"An Interview with Marcus Welby, M.D."

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Poor old Marcus Welby. It seems I just won't leave him alone. The reason for this is that he represents the epitome of surrealism in medicine. Even the medical profession began to get upset because it was beginning to raise false expectations from the public who transferred the TV image to real life. They expected their family doctor to spend all day with them and cared little, if at all, about being paid. What a relief when it went off the air -- but then there's always syndication.

It would be nice to say that it was just the problem of medicine, but programs such as Welby continue to make demigods of the MD. The public loves it because of the drama and because they feel they can legitimize worshiping something of the earthly realm.

Our duty is not to tear down medicine -- the public wouldn't stand for that -- but to make them realize that medicine is not a cure-all and that there are viable conservative alternatives.

Allow me then to engage in a mythical journey into Marc's (I know him pretty well) office. Imagine, if you will, that you have just sat down in front of your TV with some popcorn to watch "Marcus Welby, M.D."

Receptionist: Oh, Dr. Welby, there's this gentleman who just walked into the office to see you.

MW: May the blessings of Hippocrates be upon him. (He comes to the front desk).

RHT: Gee -- is it really you?

MW: Yes, my son. What can I do for you?

Recept: Oh, Dr. Welby. You can't. You must rest. You haven't slept for three days.

MW: Four. But who's counting when serving his fellow man? Woman? Er -- humans.

Recept: Oh, Dr. Welby, you just make a person feel good all over.

RHT: Excuse me, but I have to get this in before the commercial. Could we talk privately?

MW: Of course, my son. Let's go into my office. Now tell me, what may I do or how may I serve you?

RHT: Well ...

MW: First, tell me what kind of work you do.

RHT: I'm a chiropractic physician.

MW: Hmmmm. A chiropractor. Aren't I supposed to dislike you intensely?

RHT: That's up to the individual.

MW: Nooo. I'm sure I read it somewhere. (He reaches for a leatherbound volume of "The Sayings of Morris Fishbein." Now let's see. Oh my -- look under the heading of chiropractic. Hmm -- it says here that you're a quack and that you're not qualified because of your poor education.

RHT: That's funny. The AMA had to admit in court that it didn't know anything about chiropractic education. So organized medicine just isn't qualified to judge anything that it knows nothing about.

MW: Well ...

RHT: Besides it isn't a very good idea to quote Fishbein. While an MD, he apparently never had a day of medical practice in his life. He related only to those things he felt qualified in doing such as denigrating, through his editorialship of medical publications, things he knew little or nothing about. Not ministering to patients.

MW: Well, let me see now. (He reaches for another book titled "The Wit and Wisdom of Doyl Taylor." Let me see now, it says here that you poorly trained people kill thousands of innocent men and women every year.

RHT: In a deposition taken by the chiropractic attorney, George McAndrews, he had to admit that he "didn't know a chiropractor from an antelope" before he accepted the leadership of the American Medical Association (AMA) Quackery Committee, that he had never even visited a chiropractic college in the decade of his tenure at the AMA, and that he had never witnessed a chiropractic adjustment. In other words, this lawyer/newspaperman with no experience as a health professional got paid for ten years to try to destroy something he admitted he knew nothing about.

MW: Hmmm.

RHT: As for his assertion that chiropractors kill thousands, our lawyer asked him to produce any studies that might validate that claim. Needless to say, none was forthcoming. In fact, two independent studies revealed that medicine, through the improper use of drugs and failed surgery, kills an average of 3,000 people every week.

MW: Why are you picking on me?

RHT: Partly because the segment of the healing arts you represent has historically had an intense interest in eliminating all forms of competition and in the process has tried all kinds of deceit to achieve that goal. In the interest of not only the chiropractic profession but for the welfare of the public that the medical profession drugs and butchers with seeming vigor, it's necessary that the public be informed of the truth -- and that will set them free.

MW: But, I'm so well-educated and ...

RHT: Excuse me, Marc. No one argues that you might not be bright and well-educated -- but in what?

MW: What do you mean?

RHT: Well -- a lousy average of 60 hours in pharmacology in medical school, followed by the seduction of the doctor by the pharmaceutical companies for the rest of his professional life, doesn't seem to qualify the medical practitioner to prescribe all the hundreds of new drugs being produced every year, does it? Hmmm? You're also allowed to manipulate bones, use acupuncture, advise on nutrition, and use physical therapy modalities without any formal education in these subjects. You and your colleagues are indeed well-educated but not in all the areas your license

allows you to practice and that's disgraceful and dangerous. What makes it even worse is that the United States Bureau of Statistics estimates that about 90 percent of what you do has no proven validity.

MW: Look. I'm busy. Why don't you check with Doogie Houser?

RHT: Makes better sense than being in this rerun.

MW: Oh -- what did you say was the name of that lawyer? I have this small malpractice problem.

RHT: George McAndrews. But, I must warn you that he defends only just causes.

MW: Do you have any other names?

As I leave, Marcus can be heard asking the receptionist to send for a catalogue from a chiropractic college. I told you it was make believe, didn't I?

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