ONE OF THE REALLY GREAT MEN IN THE STRUGGLE AGAINST FLUORIDATION

“We few, we happy few, We band of brothers”

Shakespeare, Henry V

In April 1973, while chairman of the Dutch opposition against fluoridation, I flew to England to attend a conference of the International Society for Fluoride Research (ISFR) in Magdalen College, Oxford, chaired by Professor Sinclair, a specialist in nutrition. It was there that I met the really great men in the worldwide struggle against fluoridation. Within the first hour I met Professor Steyn from Pretoria, Dr Waldbott, author of *A struggle with Titans*, and Professor Burgstahler, a co-author of Waldbott’s book *Fluoridation: the great dilemma*, who had just finished his great statistical study proving the increased occurrence of Down’s Syndrome in fluoridated regions. From that first meeting Albert struck me as a man of impeccable integrity, great honesty, and a good scientist. He was someone without bias weighed all the facts in the scales of real evidence, an impressive quality which is so glaringly lacking in those who propagate fluoridation. In February 1976, the ISFR, in which Albert played such a prominent role, proved decisive during its conference in Zandvoort, the Netherlands, in winning the fluoridation battle in my country on April 27, that same year. Since then fluoridation has been forbidden by law.

In May 1977, we had the honour of Albert being our guest at the graduation from Leyden University of my eldest son as a medical doctor and later at a celebration dinner. During that time he told me that things looked well for the fluoridation battle in the USA. However, Albert was far too honest to realise, that essentially we were not engaged in a rather hefty scientific debate but in a dirty war. There was something innocent about dear Albert. Evil was there around him but did not touch him.

Since then we had regular contact, usually when Albert sent me a letter with a seemingly simple question about fluoride which usually took me at least three hours to answer and which answers he sometimes even published. It always struck me how extremely modest this very clever man, with his far superior knowledge, was by treating me as his equal.

Some weeks ago, a lady from Jerusalem who I had been helping with a bitter antifluoridation battle in Israel (How world wide this struggle is!) gave me a call to tell me that Albert was fatally ill. Straight away I rang him and caught him at his breakfast. Although things looked bad for him, he was his usual calm and thoughtful self, taking life as it came. We had a good talk. Shortly afterwards he passed away. I have lost a good friend. Heaven will be glad with him.

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