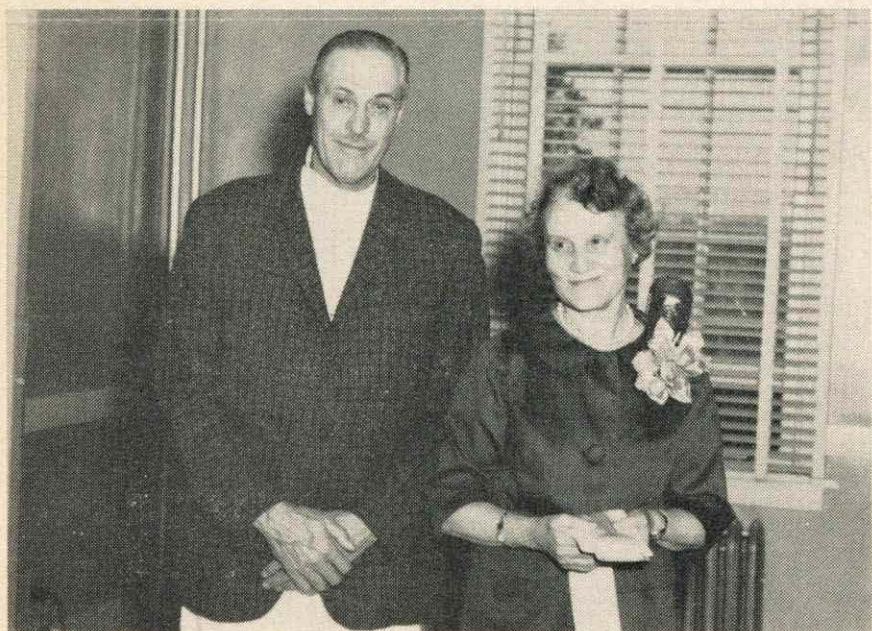




Gladys Wheatley Retires



Miss Gladys Wheatley, who retired on October 31 as medical secretary at Manitoba Sanatorium, is pictured with Medical Superintendent Dr. A. L. Paine with whom she worked for 20 years. In his remarks at a tea in her honor, Dr. Paine told about his long association with Miss Wheatley and about her many kindnesses to the patients and staff. "Amongst other things," he said, "she was capable, industrious, loyal, discreet, sympathetic and understanding. Fortunately, she had just enough faults so you could live with her."

(Photo by Bill Amos)

The staff of the Sanatorium Board sadly said good-bye to Gladys Wheatley this month. After nearly four decades of quiet, devoted service as secretary to the medical superintendent at Manitoba Sanatorium, Miss Wheatley has retired.

Miss Wheatley has been a main pillar of our sanatorium ever since she made her first train trip from Winnipeg to Ninette on a broiling day in July. "I went out to do clinic work for three months," she laughingly recalls. "But I became very fond of the place, so I stayed — for more than 37 years."

One of a family of 10 children, Gladys was born at Portsmouth, England, and as a child, six years old, she emigrated with her parents, her twin sister Doris and seven older brothers to homestead at Strasbourg, Saskatchewan.

Even though she was a child, Gladys remembers the harsh life of those early days on the prairie. Her family set up home first in a tent, then as winter approached they moved into a sod house. They lived there for several years before their permanent home was ready.

Four years after the family's arrival in Saskatchewan, Gladys' father caught pneumonia and died, and the job of keeping the home and farm going fell to Mrs. Wheatley and the older boys. In 1924 Mrs. Wheatley, Gladys, Doris, their younger sister Kitty and brother Jack moved into Winnipeg. The

girls took business training and in 1929 Gladys went to work at Ninette.

For about eight years she was secretary to Dr. D. A. Stewart, first medical superintendent of Manitoba Sanatorium. Subsequently, she was secretary to Dr. E. L. Ross and Dr. A. L. Paine. All three relied on her heavily, not only to help with the day-to-day operation of the hospital, but also for her quiet patience and strength and her ability and willingness to take over tasks extra to her work. "Gladys had her finger on the pulse of Ninette," remarked one of her friends. "She always knew what had to be done . . . and very often she was the one who did it."

Dr. Stewart, a prolific writer, often kept Gladys busy at her typewriter seven days a week, and long into the evenings. "At times I found that the only way I could have a few hours to myself was to get up before everyone else on Sunday mornings and disappear into the hills."

But Gladys wouldn't have traded a moment of her life at Ninette. "I remember how proud we were to type the treatises and essays prepared by the medical internes," she once said. "As soon as they arrived at the san Dr. Stewart would hand them a list of the different scientific studies they could pursue in their spare time. We had the idea that by typing the papers neatly and

(Cont'd. on page 4)

Tuberculosis Prevention Is Everybody's Business

During the months of September and October, 24 new active cases of tuberculosis were reported in Manitoba, bringing the year's total of new diagnoses to just over 180. Many of these patients were Indians and Metis; a few were Eskimo, the first of a group picked up on a recent extensive x-ray survey of the Central Arctic.

But the majority were whites, from our communities here in the southern part of the province. Among them we count a boy, about 17 years of age, a young wife, a mother of three small children and her brother, a married man in his mid-thirties, and several elderly people.

So the story goes, year after year. About the same number of new active cases annually, the same number of deaths, the same tragedies and heartbreaks.

And as once again we embark on our annual Christmas Seal Campaign to raise funds for tuberculosis prevention, we tackle another old problem: Complacency.

Tuberculosis, which claims some 5,000 new victims in Canada yearly, could to all intents and purposes be wiped out, if public apathy could be overcome. . . if people would only use the preventive services which their Christmas Seal contributions finance.

Last month a large tuberculin and x-ray survey was conducted by the Sanatorium Board in the city of Brandon. Despite excellent coverage given to the clinics by the press, radio and TV, despite an almost 100 per cent canvass of homes in Brandon and Cornwallis municipality, only about 50 per cent of the population turned out for free tests.

Why? Apathy.

"This apathy," an American physician once said, "is largely the result of professional and lay smugness from looking at the accomplishments of the past. We have permitted the public to be exposed to half truths in our zeal to publicize the good results."

The doctor was referring to the tendency to emphasize declining death and new active case rates, rather than the some 20 per cent of our population who harbor the germs that cause tuberculosis; to talk about the people who don't occupy tuberculosis beds, rather than about the people who do.

The result is that new cases of tuberculosis rarely cause a stir these days . . . despite the fact that **tuberculosis is a preventable disease.**

"When one child becomes ill with poliomyelitis, our newspapers dramatize the story of poliomyelitis," the doctor said.

"But when at that very moment, over 100 children are ill with tuberculosis in the very same city, there is no front page story."

As from the beginning, the tubercle bacillus is capable of infection, destruction and death, and that story must never be suppressed or blurred by statistics.

CHRISTMAS SEALS FIGHT TB



& OTHER RESPIRATORY DISEASES



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Better Done By the People

Through the years the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba has depended on the help of volunteers to carry out various health programs. Our tuberculosis surveys, for example, would never amount to anything if it were not for the thousands of men and women throughout the province who readily contribute their time and energy to carry out house-to-house canvasses and assist our surveys teams to provide the free examinations. Each year several hundred volunteers have helped us get the Christmas Seal Campaign under way; other groups have donated large amounts of money to help further our work. In recent years, many women have given their time to comfort and aid patients at the Manitoba Rehabilitation Hospital.

The Sanatorium Board of Manitoba is itself a voluntary agency, and the men who govern our affairs are volunteers — astute business and professional men from the community who take out time from their busy lives to lend us their advice and knowledge.

In a recent article, Dr. William L. Cooke, president of the National Tuberculosis Association, succinctly described the role of voluntary organizations and volunteers.

"No one questions for a minute the ability of the professional health worker to function efficiently," he said. "But when we forget the contribution of volunteers, the enthusiasm of volunteers and the ability of volunteers to interpret health to the public, health organizations like ours will lose all value.

"No one questions the efficient work of our governmental health organizations, but I am sure the leaders in these official agencies are among the first to appreciate the catalytic effect of the volunteer.

"We always need professional guidance, but it is the volunteer who can influence public opinion and reach all levels of the population, into every ward and block, to eradicate tuberculosis."

PROSTHETICS SEMINAR

A Seminar on Lower Limb Prosthetics was given by James Foort and Douglas Hobson, of the Sanatorium Board's Prosthetics and Orthotics Research and Development Unit, on November 18 in the auditorium of the Society for Crippled Children and Adults building.

The purpose of the seminar was to provide persons, interested in supplying patients with prosthetic devices, with background material on current developments in this field.

Invited to attend were staff members of the Society for Crippled Children and Adults, representatives from the Workmen's Compensation Board and Indian Health Services, social workers and directors of social services from various Winnipeg hospitals.



CHRISTMAS SEAL STUFFERS — Their arms and shoulders were aching from picking up pieces of paper and stuffing them into some 40,000 envelopes, yet these Christmas Seal volunteers were still laughing and joking after several hours of the tedious work. About 60 people turned out one night last month to help our Christmas Seal Department finish preparations for the 1966 anti-tuberculosis campaign. Most of them were Sanatorium Board staff members, and among them were, from left to right: Top Left — Steve Kotz and Al Svendsen, Manitoba Rehabilitation Hospital Maintenance Department, and standing behind them, Miss Esther Lee, Christmas Seals Department; Top Centre — Janet Smith, supervisor of the Central Tuberculosis Registry, Mrs. Mary Wadell, Christmas Seal Supervisor Miss Mary Gray (standing) and beside her, Mrs. Grace Mathers; Top Right — Miss Rikka Guttormson, M.R.H.-C.T.C. Laboratory, and Mrs. Betty Carey, Central Tuberculosis Clinic Admitting Office; Bottom Left, Ted Sims, Director of Pharmacy Services; Centre Left — Mrs. Margit Dienes, Miss Margot Paulsen and Mrs. Gertrude Fender, C.T.C. nursing staff; Centre Right — Executive Director T. A. J. Cunnings; and Bottom Right, the hard working men in the mailing room, Tom Pickering, supervisor, Modern Building Cleaning Service; Alec Nunn, Rudy Tronka, Mailing Room Supervisor, and his assistant Max Ulm. (Photos courtesy of Pat Holting and Jim Zayshley)

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS SEALS

The first Christmas Seal in the world, reproduced here, was issued in Denmark in 1904. The inspiration of a postal clerk, Einar Holboell, the little stamp portrayed the head of the Danish queen.



This was the beginning of the TB Christmas Seal campaigns which now circle the globe. The first Christmas Seals were sold in Canada in 1908 to raise funds for a sanatorium in Ontario. In 1911 the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba had their first Christmas Seal Sale, offering a stamp that was characteristically Manitoban, a bison encircled with holly. Finally in 1927, the provinces of Canada took up the Christmas Seal unitedly, with one seal for the whole country. The proceeds were to be used solely for the prevention of tuberculosis and in Manitoba they supported our first travelling TB clinics.

This year's Christmas Seals were designed by Montreal artist-photographer Albert Kieran. He offers a lovely composite design achieved by using one single picture of a shepherd with his sheep walking towards a centre star.

Contributions from the sale of these seals now finance an exten-

sive program of tuberculosis prevention in Manitoba, including tuberculosis detection surveys, travelling consultant clinics, a BCG vaccination program, research and education.

TB IS COSTLY

Tuberculosis is costly. The annual bill in Canada is about \$40 million, says Miss Anne Grant, health education consultant for the Canadian Tuberculosis Association.

Hospitalization costs from \$25 to \$30 a day. Even for three months of hospitalization, which is the minimum for tuberculosis patients, the tax bill is around \$2,500.

And this is just the beginning, Miss Grant says. There are lost wages to be added in, often mother's allowance on top of that and perhaps financial assistance to the patient until he gets another job. He or she may have to train for a new job.

According to Miss Grant, a conservative estimate of the cost to the economy would be \$5,000 per patient. Yet this bill does not include some intangibles — the anxiety of the patient and his family lest he break down again, the fact that at least three other illnesses, influenza, diabetes and alcoholism, are a special threat to him.

Tuberculosis casts a long shadow over an individual's health.

One does not need a degree in mathematics to figure that with TB, prevention is cheaper than cure, as well as better.

A very good reason why we should continue to use Christmas Seals.

Pembina House To Hold Seminar

A big Open House, followed by a three-day staff seminar, will be held this month at Pembina House, Ninette, by the Special Rehabilitation Services of the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba.

Residents in the Ninette area and representatives from interested agencies are invited to attend the open house on November 29.

The subjects to be covered at the seminar on the three days following will embrace all facets in the social and vocational rehabilitation of the unemployed. Speakers include Don Koreen, Jim McCallum and Jack Ferguson of the Department of Education; Dr. H. A. Moise, director of Community Psychiatric Services, Brandon; E. Raaflaub, Canada Manpower Centre; Miss Lois Fry, chief psychologist, Society for Crippled Children and Adults; Ted Locke, director of Vocational Opportunity Services; R. G. Butterfield and T. A. J. Cunnings of the Sanatorium Board, and George Munroe, a Pembina House student.

On the final evening, December 2, the students of Pembina House will take part in a variety concert with Lynn Kuzenko, supervisor, acting as master of ceremonies.

* * *

In their monthly news letter to the Bulletin, the Pembina House students gave a full report on a Hallowe'en party (see page 4) and told about plans to form a hockey team which they hope will be able to compete with other teams in the Ninette area.

(Cont'd. on page 4)

Discharged — At Last!

by Vera MacGillivray

Published in the Illinois ITAM

After nine months, like a pregnant woman expecting a baby, the magic moment arrived and my discharge slip was delivered to me by the sanatorium doctor.

Nine months of chemotherapy plus lobectomy had brought me to the sunny day when I could leave the TB sanatorium and return home.

I had full instructions about taking my drugs regularly, resting every day from one to three and being x-rayed once a month, but there were other aspects of the return to normal life that the doctor never mentioned. These I had to discover and cope with by myself or with the help of my husband. In fact in one low moment, looking back, I actually found myself truly grateful for the shelter that a TB sanatorium affords its patients. And all the while I was there, I only wanted out!

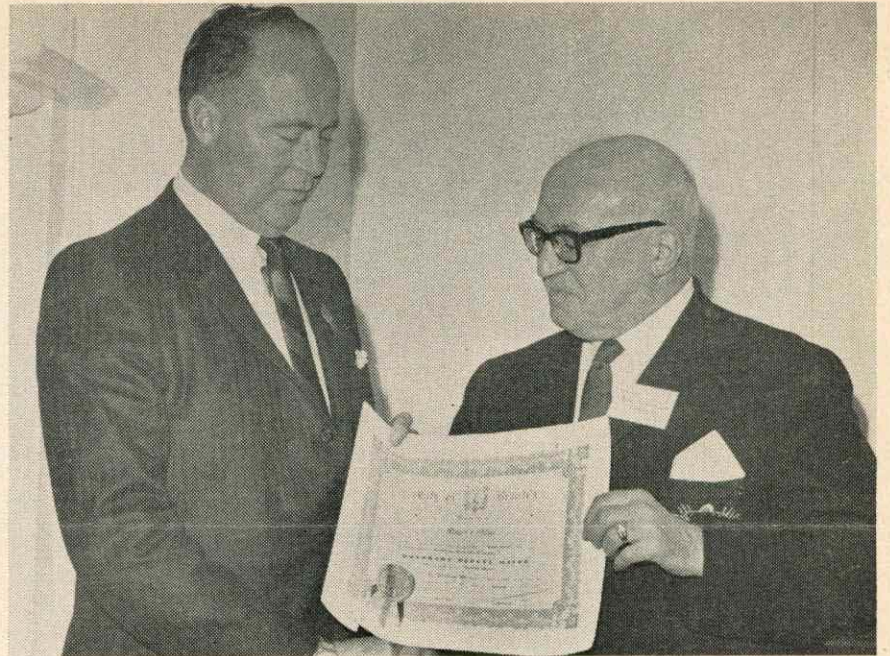
The first few weeks at home had a kind of charm about them as each day I tried something "new", the visit to the beauty shop, for example, and the luxury of having my hair cut, shampooed and set. It was a thrill to put a key in the front door lock and open the door of my own home. It was an even

greater pleasure to lock the door behind me as one thing I minded most in the sanatorium was the lack of privacy.

Another highlight after I returned home was the invitation to a Christmas cocktail party. R.S.V.P. the invitation read and we most certainly did with an enthusiastic "yes". Without realizing it, this party was to be my first experience with the general public.

Up until this time, except for all being X-rayed as a necessary precaution, not one of my friends had ever made me feel like an outcast. However I was to learn that many people fear tuberculosis and the ex-patient and the fear expresses itself in various ways.

For example, a fellow at the cocktail party said, "Of course I can't kiss you after you've been ill, but I can shake your hand," when I inadvertently stood under the mistletoe. That was when I first realized that some people might regard me as a permanent germ carrier!



AT THE MONTHLY MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATED CANADIAN TRAVELLERS, Brandon Club, Mayor S. A. Magnacca presents a handsome certificate to past A.C.T. president Ernie Forsythe making him honorary deputy mayor of the City of Brandon. Mr. Forsythe was honored by the city for his contributions over the years to the work of the Associated Canadian Travellers in support of Sanatorium Board of Manitoba health programs.

(Photo courtesy of The Brandon Sun)

Then there was the neighbor who came to visit and bluntly asked, "How is it you came home so soon after surgery? Shouldn't you have stayed longer in the sanatorium?" And last, but not least, there was the militant woman who contacted the public health nurse

to inquire about the advisability of my being home at all.

It was a harsh blow to realize that not every one was going to welcome my return to normal life. I had to try hard to understand that it was ignorance, fear and complete lack of understanding that made people react the way they did. After a few tears, my sense of humor took hold and I learned to laugh it off. All I could do was try to reassure people that there was nothing to be afraid of in my particular case.

The attitude of members of one's family plays an enormously important part in the patient's life and I am fortunate to have a husband who really doesn't mind the changes we've had to make in our way of living. We don't go out as often as we used to and we gave up bowling for the time being. We know that our lives can resume a normal pattern within certain limits and that the age-old panaceas of time and patience plus drugs will help.

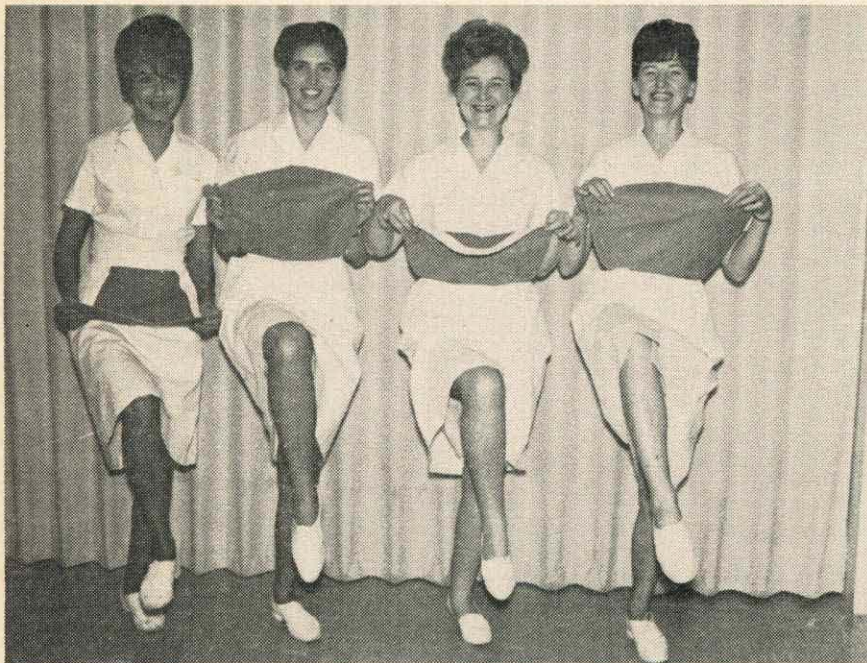
It has been some months now since I left the sanatorium and it all seems like part of another life. However, the transitional period has been made smoother for me by having a houseworker who does the heavy cleaning. The lighter household tasks I can manage myself.

My friends cooperate and no one ever calls me on the telephone between one and three in the afternoon as they know that is my rest period.

Readjusting to the normal life of a homemaker has its ups and downs and it isn't easy to pass up some of the social activities because they can be exhausting. However some of the habits I acquired in the sanatorium like regular meals and plenty of rest still retain their value. And reading, any kind of handicraft, even T.V. can still be excellent forms of therapy.

Editor's Note: The misinformation regarding the medically discharged arrested case of tuberculosis, is a problem. As far as tuberculosis is concerned, the medical discharged arrested case of tuberculosis is the very safest person to associate with.

Soup, Spaghetti . . . and a Song!



Our Cafeteria Colleens doing the Can-Can—or would you believe "You Ca'na Push Your Granny off the Bus"?

We've been sitting on this story a long time — waiting for the moment when our cameraman could actually catch these girls putting on one of their impromptu vaudeville acts for Sanatorium Board patients and staff.

One day this month ace photographer Jim Zayshley was lucky. For his benefit only, four of the girls went into their famous can-can routine. Jim, precariously poised for action on a chair, was fascinated. But somehow he managed to snap this picture before he fell off.

For staff, patients and many visitors at the Manitoba Rehabilitation Hospital, these girls need no

introduction. For our other readers we are very happy to present, from left to right, Miss Anita Carriere, Miss Evelyn Eldridge, Mrs. Isabel Stewart and Mrs. Phyllis McCabe. They are the "peas or carrots?" girls behind the counter in the cafeteria, the girls who never fail to serve food with a smile, and very often a joke. The staff are delighted with them. The patients adore them. The Sanatorium Board considers them one of their best assets.

"You make me forget the pain," a woman with arthritis once told Phyllis. That was the night when an orchestra came to entertain the patients and Phyllis, deciding they

lacked the proper zip, left her post by the coffee urns, jumped up on the stage and did a lusty song and dance. "That was a Scottish number," she told the audience in her broad accent. "In case you didn't know, I'm Irish!"

The girls will perform at the drop of a hat. One evening, after particularly exhausting duties, Phyllis and Isabel smeared cold cream on their faces, slung garbage bags over their shoulders, stuck their feet into buckets and clumped back into the cafeteria where two men sat glumly over their coffee.

"I'm Santa Claus," Scottish-born Isabel announced. "And this," indicating Phyllis, "is White Christmas. We're going to sing Jingle Bells." Their performance brought down the house.

At other times, members of the cafeteria staff have sat down and sung to patients as they lingered over their trays and on two occasions recently they unexpectedly performed for volunteers at Christmas Seal stuffing sessions. "You Ca'na Push Your Granny off a Bus!" they sang at the last blitz, aprons over their heads "granny-style". On another night the volunteers were treated to the can-can.

"We have a very large repertoire," claims Phyllis. "We'll sing and dance for anyone."

But the word from the front office is that there must be no permanent contracts.

This sort of therapy is not easily obtained. Finding these girls was . . . well, it was another rare matter of serendipity.

MISS ELSIE WILSON

A Pioneer in TB Prevention

Among the score of old acquaintances who attended the tea on November 5 in honor of Miss Gladys Wheatley was Miss Elsie J. Wilson, who for many years was Chief Consultant in Tuberculosis Nursing for the provincial Department of Health and head of the Central Tuberculosis Registry.

Looking brisk and cheerful, Miss Wilson talked briefly about the old days of tuberculosis control in Manitoba and compared them with the current situation.

"They are not at all the same," she observed. "But I think that in many ways the problems faced by the tuberculosis workers today are much more difficult than those of 30 and 40 years ago." She was referring to the last hard core of infection and disease embedded in various segments of today's population and which has become increasingly difficult to find and eradicate.

Miss Wilson, who retired in the fall of 1956, belonged to a far different era of tuberculosis control, when the first adventurous attempts were made to stem the yearly toll of destruction and death.

She had served overseas during the first world war and on returning home joined the newly formed Public Health Nursing Services of Manitoba. Early in her work she became deeply impressed with the tuberculosis problems, and at about the time the first travelling tuberculosis clinics were formed in 1926 and 1927, she was assigned by the Public Health Nursing Services to full time work in the TB field.

With Miss Wilson as the co-ordinator, the provincial public health nurses became very important partners in the campaign against tuberculosis. Before a clinic was held in a community, these nurses would co-operate with the local physicians to draw up lists of known infection or suspicion; then armed with the lists, they would visit each family and ensure their attendance. And just as they do today, the nurses kept in constant touch with the families of the tuberculous, helped make arrangements for the patient's

admission to sanatorium and for his homecoming and after care.

Miss Wilson herself accompanied the sanatorium doctors and x-ray technicians on the travelling clinics, and she made numerous visits to patients in hospital to discuss their problems. She acquired an extraordinary knowledge of people and conditions in all parts of the province, which led Dr. E. L. Ross to refer to her as "Our Tuberculosis Encyclopaedia." Rarely did she forget a patient's or contact's name, which in those days was quite impressive as patients and contacts numbered in the thousands.

Because of her extensive knowledge and her deep interest in tuberculosis, it was decided that Miss Wilson was the ideal person to help form and head the Central Tuberculosis Registry in 1937. This Registry, which gathered complete records and social data on all tuberculosis patients and contacts in the province, became a model for registries later formed in the other provinces and, indeed, in other parts of the world.

Miss Wilson was truly one of the great pioneers for better health in Manitoba, a hard-working, unassuming woman known for her clear judgment and forthright opinions. It was a very great pleasure to meet her again.

PEMBINA HOUSE

(Cont'd. from page 1)

About 50 young men and women are now enrolled in the Pembina House program of work conditioning and social and academic upgrading. Among those who have recently completed the course are Dolphous Andy and Elnora Watts, who are attending an up-grading school in Brandon, Caroline Bussidor and Geraldine Turner who are taking up-grading in Winnipeg, Sandra Tait, now enrolled in a hair-dressing course and Walter Cook, Don Mason and Peter Towedo, now employed in Winnipeg. Clarence Straight, also a recent graduate, is planning to enter an electrical construction course in Winnipeg.

Former Chief Engineer Dies

James Robert Scott, former chief engineer at Manitoba Sanatorium, Ninette, died October 28 at the Killarney Hospital. He was 86 years old.

Mr. Scott retired from our Ninette staff on October 31, 1955, and at the time held the record for the most years of service to the Sanatorium Board. Born at Carleton Place, Ontario, he came west to Winnipeg in 1901 and joined the sanatorium staff in March, 1916, when the hospital was but six years old. During the next 39 years he served under three medical superintendents, saw more than half of the sanatorium buildings erected.

Mr. Scott himself had responsibility for the day-to-day maintenance of the sanatorium, particularly for the heat and water supply which in the early years of the sanatorium was a big problem. He was an able and conscientious engineer, a kind



JAMES R. SCOTT

and devoted employee. The staff and members of the Sanatorium Board express their deepest sympathy to his wife Clara, his daughter and grandchildren.

GLADYS WHEATLEY RETIRES

(Cont'd. from page 2)

fixing them up prettily, we could help them win prizes. We spent hours at it, and you can imagine how pleased we were when one of them did win a prize."

Miss Wheatley is a shy, retiring person, yet one could write a book about her many kindnesses and interests. Ex-patients love to tell the story about seeing Gladys in the early spring, scurrying from the administration building to the infirmary carrying a black bowl filled with prairie crocuses. Each time a different patient was the recipient of her lovely gift.

Gladys is keenly interested in nature and wildlife. An enthusiastic painter, she has sought to recapture the Ninette landscape using oils on canvas. And for years she kept a bird feeding station outside her office window and made notes about her fluffy visitors.

In recent times, the Indian and Eskimo patients occupied much of her attention. Each Christmas, for example, she made sure that each was remembered with a gift, and she helped the little ones and the older ones record messages for broadcasting back home via the CBC's Northern Messenger.

Visitors to Manitoba Sanatorium will also miss Gladys very much, for usually it was she who met them at the door and saw them comfortably fed and established. This writer, in particular, used to delight in her warm invitations to "Come up to my room for tea, and see my paintings."

These memories, and many more, were recalled at the various gatherings held in Miss Wheatley's honor. On October 28 the whole staff at Manitoba Sanatorium turned out for a tea in the assembly hall. Dr. Paine, with tears in his eyes, made a little speech and presented her with a watch.

The following week, Miss Evelyn and Miss Gladys McGarrol were hostesses at a tea at their home in Winnipeg. Twenty-four women who had known Gladys through the years came to wish her well and present her with a very handsome clock and other gifts.

On November 7, Executive Director T. A. J. Cunnings and R. L. Bailey, vice-chairman of the Sanatorium Board, held a luncheon in her honor. And finally, on behalf of the Board, Dr. Paul Mari of the Central Tuberculosis Clinic painted a picture of Manitoba Sanatorium and presented it to Gladys. A lovely winter scene in oils, it also will be a permanent reminder of the place to which she devoted so much of her life . . . and of the very special regard we all have for her.

FREE SERVIETTES

Ideal for Service Clubs, Professional Organizations, Church Groups. Attractive Christmas Seal paper napkins now available in small or large quantities at the Christmas Seal Office, Sanatorium Board of Manitoba.

Phone SP 5-0181



HALLOWE'EN AT NINETTE — Patients and staff, both young and old, turned up in a weird assortment of costumes when Manitoba Sanatorium held a Halloween party last month. The masqueraders toured the infirmary building for the benefit of those who could not attend the party, then they gathered in the assembly hall for a dance and the awarding of prizes. Roger Butterfield, supervisor of Special Rehabilitation Services, chaired the program which included performances by students of Pembina House and members of the nursing staff. Shown here are members of the band, under the direction of Dr. A. L. Paine, the violinist, and a group of young patients, many of whom had never heard of Halloween until this party was held.

(Photos by Bill Amos)