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THE MESSENGER



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THE

Mr. J. Zayshley,
City Health Dept., X-ray,
Winnipeg, Man.

Messenger

OF HEALTH



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DECEMBER - - 1946
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SANATORIUM CHRISTMAS

The spirit of Christmas is already abroad, touching new hearts daily, until at last, just before that happy day everyone in this land of ours is imbued with the magic sentiment that lends good will to every thought, kindness and joy to every deed.

In the sanatorium, plans are already well forward for concerts and visiting, and there is a great bustle of sewing and knitting, and making of leather purses, and all those other things that will carry good wishes to friends and loved ones. Hundreds of Christmas cards will carry their messages of friendliness and good cheer, and, despite difficulties, gladness and exaltation spreads in ever widening circles.

We think that perhaps nowhere is there a truer appreciation of the significance of Christmas than at the sanatorium. Character is tempered by adversity; fundamental values, stripped of the gaudy tinsel of society, are seen in a clearer light. There is time to think, and to appreciate the good qualities in our friends that normally we are too busy and too lacking in understanding to notice. There is ample opportunity to apply the precept of the Golden Rule; to do kindly things, not simply dream them; to cultivate the spirit of Christmas not for just a season but for the whole year through.

*"Tis not the weight of the jewel or plate,
Or the fondle of silk and fur;
'Tis the spirit in which the gift is rich,
As the gifts of the wise ones were;
And we are not told whose gift was gold
Or whose was the gift of myrrh."*

HELPING PEOPLE IN DIFFICULTIES

The Family Bureau of Winnipeg held its 10th annual meeting last week, and we were reminded once again what splendid things are accomplished by Miss Moore and her staff of able and devoted workers, and how fortunate Winnipeg is to have them.

The function of the Family Bureau is very simply stated. Its sole concern is to help people who are in difficulties and who have problems they cannot meet. Their creed is the conviction that the home is the cornerstone of the community and of our civilization. To protect and maintain homes, and to sustain the men and women and children in them in times of strain and distress, the Family Bureau offers skilled, sympathetic, experienced and confidential aid. Budgeting Service is offered by the Agency's home economist to those asking assistance in planning the spending of the family income. An emergency Housekeeper Service is provided when the mother is suddenly taken from the home by illness or other necessity. The Bureau stands ready to help when family relationships are "out of joint", perhaps because of inadequate housing, illness, economic problems, intolerance or infidelity.

Probably illness is one of the greatest single contributing factors to creation of circumstances in which the individual can turn with confidence and benefit to the Family Bureau of Winnipeg. Patients in sanatorium should remember that this service is gladly made available to them if they feel that it might be of assistance.

"My best of wishes for your Merry Christmases and your Happy New Years, your Long Lives and your True Prosperities . . . Remember: Here's a final prescription added, 'To be taken for life'."



While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

—NAHUM TATE.



The History of Quinine

By DR. H. M. SPEECHLY

(Continued from The Messenger for November)

THE first scientific enquiry into the chemical properties of cinchona bark was made by two French chemists, Pelletier and Caventou. They showed on September 11th, 1829, that the principle alkaloid was quinine, so called from the Peruvian "quina-quina". Actually, there are some thirty active principles in cinchona bark of which three are well known as cinchonine, cinchonidine, and quinidine. Many years after, by public subscription in Paris in 1900, a bronze statue was erected on the Boulevard St. Michel to Pelletier and Caventou, but sad to say, the German vandals melted down the two figures for use in making guns in the year 1941.

Now let us shift our view from Europe to the U.S.A. If you had happened, in 1830, to visit a small town called Arrow Rock, Missouri, you would wonder why the bells of the Methodist Church were being rung so vigorously. No, it was not a call to prayer, but merely a reminder for every person in that ague-ridden town to take Dr. Sappington's pills which contained quinine as the chief ingredient. This doctor was the first in the Mississippi Valley to push this remedy for malaria.

It is interesting here to note the peculiar American way of pronouncing the word quinine. In all the world except the U.S.A. the word is pronounced "quinen", but Americans commonly say "kwy-nine".

The first quinine factory in the States was established at Philadelphia in 1823. Sappington sent his son to that town to buy a certain number of ounces of quinine, then worth \$3.00 per ounce. But on the youth's return it was found that he had bought it in

pounds instead of ounces which almost ruined his father! However, as the Doctor now had so much quinine, he made and sold his "Dr. Sappington's Antifever pills". His name is to be found in the revered "Dictionary of American Biography"; his portrait hangs in the Old Tavern in Arrow Rock; Dr. R. J. Terry the medical historian says of Sappington: "The control of malaria in that great valley of the Mississippi required years of persistent effort under the hardships of frontier life. Was it less of a contribution to civilization than today's triumphs of sanitation?"; and—to put a little humour into this—he was a direct great grand-relation of Ginger Rogers.

I repeat that during the 18th and 19th centuries the wasteful stripping of cinchona trees by the natives caused the supply of bark to dwindle rapidly. Infusions and extracts of the bark had been in world-wide use for malaria long before quinine was isolated. Holland and England took alarm at the quickly dwindling supply of the bark. Holland in the 1850's and England in the 1860's sent out well-equipped expeditions to South America to secure seeds and plants for starting plantations in Java, India, and Ceylon, but both failed because they secured the wrong species. Yet quinine had to be produced even at a loss. However, what British and Dutch scientists failed to bring about was effected in a most curious way.

An Englishman named Charles Ledger saved the day. Ledger, a veritable Cockney, was born in London but in the middle of the 19th century was living in Puno, Peru. He was a buyer of alpacos for the New South Wales government of Australia. Although he had

no scientific training he had a good deal of common sense, and being probably aware of the rising scarcity of quinine, he shrewdly obtained through a native, not only a supply of cinchona calisaya bark, the species containing the highest amount of the drug, but also some fourteen pounds of the seed from the head waters of the Maramore River in Bolivia. While Ledger knew that this species of bark was high in quinine, he little guessed that his collection of seeds was to change the whole future of the quinine industry. He sent the lot to his brother in London with instructions to offer the seeds for sale to the British Government for their plantations in India. The offer was refused, so the brother went to Holland and offered them to the Dutch Government for their Java plantations. The canny and thrifty Dutch, cautious at first, eventually bought a pound of seed for the equivalent of thirty-three pounds sterling. That precious package of seeds arrived in Java in December, 1865, where it was sown in the Government Cinchona plantation under the direction of K. W. Van Gorkom, without any notion of what was to follow. Thus was founded a great industry which secured the practical monopoly of the sale of quinine until the Japs invaded Java in 1942. Some seed of the first sowing spoiled, but 20,000 germinated and 12,000 seedlings were set out in 1866.

Besides Van Gorkom, the final success of cinchona culture in Java was due also to J. E. de Vry, J. C. B. Moens, and M. Karbosch. For forty years they persisted in this task despite bitter criticism from people who ought to have known better, even from the Government officials. People said it was just an "expensive hobby". No private planters could be coaxed to grow cinchona then, but today there are over 100 private planters in the mountains of Java.

These wonderful trees from the Ledger seed produce nearly all the quinine

in the world now. Far better than any perishable monument in stone or bronze to the memory of Charles Ledger, was the bestowing of the special botanical name on these trees of "Cinchona Ledgeriana", for indeed his shrewd selection of the proper seed saved the lives of millions.

Add to this an interesting botanical success on the part of the Dutch growers. Cinchona is as likely to hybridize spontaneously as blackberries. It has been, therefore, a marked scientific achievement of these able Dutchmen to secure the final standardization of a pure line of Cinchona Ledgeriana producing bark with the highest known quinine content; and the more so because this was done before the re-discovery of the Mendelian theory by another Dutchman, Hugo de Vries, at Amsterdam in 1900. It meant also a remarkable marshalling of the knowledge of horticultural practice, soil science, chemistry, and forestry. This perfection of cinchona culture has never yet been duplicated by any other government, although the Dutch have freely given or sold seeds to foreign governments and private planters in the Philippines, India, Eritrea, St. Helena, Formosa, Indo-China, Belgian Congo, Reunion, the Caucasus, Madagascar, Hawaii, Tanganyika, Queensland, Uganda, the Cameroons, Jamaica, and California. Since the defeat of Japan, the Dutch have continued their successful culture of cinchona in Java with unabated zeal.

Following the war shortage of quinine, the U.S.A. determined to attempt a renewal of plantations of Cinchona Ledgeriana in the Andean slopes. Accordingly, the Department of Agriculture grew thousands of seedlings under glass at Belksville, Maryland, which are being shipped to favourable places in tropical America without any idea that an early production of quinine will be possible. Remember that the trees must be not less than 15 to 20 years old before

they will produce mature bark with not less than six per cent quinine extraction. It is interesting to note that all the huge commercial plantations of cinchona in India and Ceylon were put out of business automatically at the turn of the twentieth century precisely because the Java bark came into full production about that time. Thus, nearly all the world's supply of quinine until March, 1942, was produced from Java bark. The largest quinine factory, annually producing 900 tons of quinine, was at Bandoeng, the great Java centre, with a few European and two American factories also producing the drug but mainly from Java bark. These produced enough for the world's needs and even the huge war demands for quinine were so well met that it was thought that large enough stocks were built up to anticipate the Japanese invasion of Java in 1942.

Notwithstanding this foresight, something like a panic seized America at that invasion. The Press, which rarely even mentioned quinine, put out thousands of ill-informed articles blaming government and others wrongly. They did bring out, however, one interesting fact that thirty-five per cent of all cold remedies do contain quinine. Nevertheless, it was decided in Canada and the U.S.A. first, that all quinine stocks should be reserved for use in malaria cases only; secondly, that the League of Nations Malaria Commission's formula called "Totaquina" should be adopted as a substitute; and thirdly, all importations of bark and preparations thereof were placed under strict government control.

What about substitutes, synthetic or otherwise, for quinine? Quinine remained unchallenged as the best reliever of malaria, though all sorts of remedies were put forward, such as Georgia bark (*Pinckneya pubens*), the Dogwood bark (*Cornus florida*), the bark of a Chinese ash tree, the Emuapple of Australia, and the bark of the Californian Garrya, plus lots of old wives'

remedies. During the war chemotherapy has largely replaced the dangerous failure of quinine supply, but no one has constructed a real synthetic quinine. The first substitute synthetics put forward as atabrin and plasmochin are now re-named in the U.S. pharmacopoeia as quinacrine and pamaquine. A group of medical scientists in Manchester, England, have produced recently another named paludrine (from palus—a marsh) said to be less toxic and more effective than the others. It is claimed now by those who have had extensive experience with these synthetics that they are superior in controlling malaria at least in some respects to quinine. It is probable, however, that quinine will continue to hold a high place because of its well known dosage and low toxicity, and because it has other uses than that of controlling malaria. Quinine and the synthetics above mentioned, powerfully prevent the poisonous influence of the parasitic plasmodia introduced into human blood by the Anopheles genus of mosquitoes as first proved on August 20, 1897, by Ronald Ross, then a Surgeon-Major in the Indian Army.

INTERESTING BROADCAST

The Casualty Rehabilitation Section of the Dept. of Veterans Affairs has arranged for two Dominion-wide broadcasts regarding physically disabled veterans. The first of these, should be of very great interest to the patients and staff of the tuberculosis institutions in Manitoba. It concerns the treatment and rehabilitation of the tuberculous. It may be heard over station CKY, December 18th, from eight-thirty to nine o'clock p.m., Central Standard Time. It is scheduled for this time to assist in the pre-Christmas sale of Christmas seals.

The second broadcast concerns speech defects and will be heard from eight to eight-thirty p.m., on Friday, December 27th, over station CKY.

Streptomycin

By DR. J. D. RILEY, Superintendent, Arkansas State Sanatorium

WE HAVE made wonderful progress in recent years in the treatment of diseases. The sulpha drugs and penicillin have saved so many lives that could not have been saved before we had these drugs.

Streptomycin is another wonder drug, but unfortunately articles by uninformed lay people have led many to believe that it is a cure for tuberculosis. As a matter of fact, information recently received by me from the Civilian Production Administration does not include tuberculosis in those diseases where streptomycin is recommended. It does include tuberculosis under the statement that streptomycin has been found to be an agent in the treatment of the following diseases, but its position has not been definitely defined, and specifically discussing tuberculosis it reads as follows:

"TUBERCULOSIS: In view of the present limitation of supplies of streptomycin and the uncertainties of the amounts that will be available in the next six months, it is the opinion of the committee that no patient with tuberculosis should be started on treatment with streptomycin unless the physician is reasonably certain that he can obtain enough material for a minimum period of 3 to 4 months treatment, using 1.5 to 3.0 grams daily (a minimum amount of 135 to 270 grams for an individual patient. Moreover, every patient should be warned that when streptomycin is given in this amount they will develop vertigo which is due to disturbances in the labyrinth which are irreversible. That is to say they are permanent. Once vertigo appears, many patients learn to compensate for it so that it becomes

less noticeable with the passage of time, but caloric tests show that disturbances in vestibular function is permanent.

Insufficient or inadequate treatment will inevitably lead to many disappointments. It should be stressed that streptomycin will not replace any of the established forms of treatment and it should never be used as a substitute for other forms of therapy."

This drug is now available at \$20.00 per gram. One can readily estimate, since the above grams should be necessary for the treatment of an individual patient, that treatment for one patient would cost from \$2,700 to \$5,400.

Since dictating the above, I have just received a letter from Dr. Chester S. Keefer, chairman of the National Research Council, which reads as follows in regard to dosage:

"It is not advisable to start treatment of a patient with tuberculosis unless you are assured of an adequate supply of the drug. The minimum dosage is 1.5 to 3.0 grams a day for a period of at least three to six months."

This means that the cost of treating one case would vary from a minimum of \$2,700 to \$19,800.

I have often told patients that we do not yet have a remedy for tuberculosis which can be put into capsules, but that the remedy for tuberculosis must be put into heads. And while I can blame no patient for seeking and accepting streptomycin as a remedy, still it is up to us to disillusion all such patients.

Our problem is the diagnosis of tuberculosis early enough for treatment and fully explaining the treatment of the disease to patients. The patient's prob-

lem is to seek and accept the advice or one whom he considers the best available tuberculosis specialist and to keep on taking the cure by established, proven successful methods.

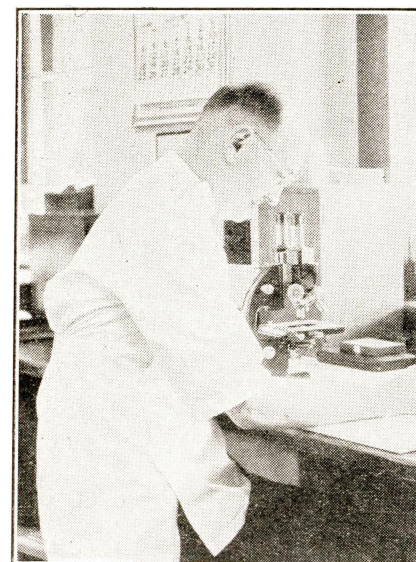
All of us have the hope that we may some day discover a remedy for tuberculosis which may be taken by mouth or given by needle that will cure tuberculosis, but we do not know that this will ever come. We have faith, but "faith is the substance of things hoped for, not seen." Until we do actually know that we have a remedy for tuberculosis in the form of a drug that can be given by mouth or by needle or otherwise, we must rely upon our present established and successful methods of treatment.

The tuberculosis death rate at the

beginning of this century was 215 per 100,000. It is now slightly less than one fifth that number. We have made spectacular progress in the control of this disease. But it is true that we have done the easy and obvious things and that the complete elimination of tuberculosis as a disease will call for greater efforts on the part of all of us.

Nevertheless, whether or not a specific remedy for tuberculosis, in the form of a drug, is discovered, we have sufficient knowledge of tuberculosis. The lamp is sufficiently bright, the path is sufficiently clear, the call sufficiently loud so that all of us co-operating together will continue our present program, not until we have an irreducible minimum, but until we have a tuberculosis free world.

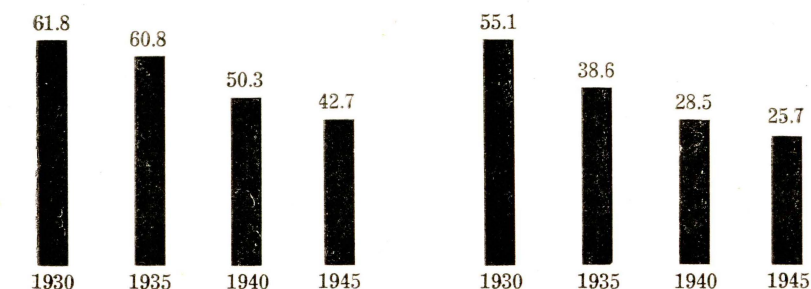
Mr. J. M. Scott Honoured



Mr. J. M. Scott, Chief Medical Technologist of the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba, was honoured recently by the trustees of the Francis E. Fenton Trust. Mr. Scott was presented with a cheque for \$240.57 in recognition of his study and paper on "Laboratory Findings in Cases of Minimal Pulmonary Tuberculosis." The work was carried out in the laboratory in the Manitoba Sanatorium, Ninette, Man. Presenting the cheque to Mr. Scott, on behalf of the trustees, Dr. Ross, Medical Director of the Sanatorium Board made this statement:

"I wish to be the first to congratulate you and trust that your work and this recognition of it will be an inspiring example to others, not only in this institution but in other Sanatoria. It is hoped that research in tuberculosis will be thus stimulated".

The Campaign Against Tuberculosis in Manitoba Is Saving Lives



Tuberculosis death rate per 100,000 population for white people and Indians in Manitoba, 1930 to 1945, shows a reduction of 31%.

Tuberculosis death rate among white people in Manitoba has been reduced 54% during the past 15 years.

Prevention of tuberculosis is the only known means of eradicating it. During no time in the past has the preventive campaign against tuberculosis been conducted as aggressively or as extensively in Manitoba as in 1946. Tuberculosis can only be discovered early by the x-ray and by the end of this year well over 100,000 people in Manitoba will have been x-rayed by tuberculosis clinics and mass x-ray surveys—a free service, made possible by the sale of Christmas Seals.

A new mobile unit with the most modern x-ray equipment installed in a large trailer complete with generator, was put into operation this year and has x-rayed 3,000 to 4,000 people weekly. Over 6,000 University students will have chest x-rays in January.

Not one cent of the money raised by the Christmas Seal sale is used in the operation of any tuberculosis hospital or sanatorium but is solely for the preventive program. The Seal Fund finances x-ray surveys, travelling clinics and the preparation of sanatorium patients for rehabilitation when they leave sanatorium.

You can help to eradicate tuberculosis by purchasing Christmas Seals.

AROUND THE CITY HALL

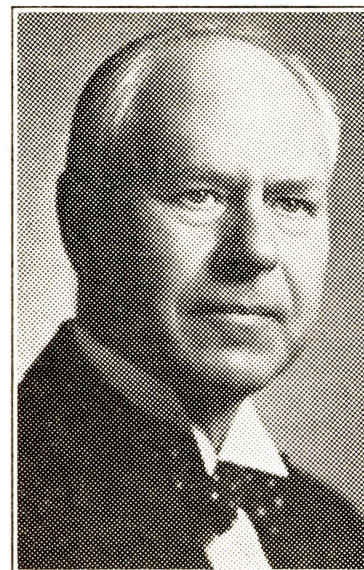
The X-ray Division of the City Health Department have just completed the T. Eaton Company chest x-ray survey. We had excellent co-operation and a good response. Some 6,503 persons were x-rayed.

The x-ray unit will be at the City Hall until after Christmas.

A new stenographer in our department is Miss Betty Wood.

Word was received from Miss Gladys Foster, who left us a few months ago, that she is now in Chicago and is experiencing very interesting work.

Former Chairman Retires



Congratulations are extended to Mr. C. E. Stockdill, assistant to the vice-president, Canadian Pacific Railway, who retired last week after fifty years of service with the company.

Mr. Stockdill was an active member of the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba for twenty-eight years, acting as chairman of the Board in 1942 and 1943 prior to leaving for Montreal. He has now taken up residence at Victoria, B.C.

From a busy and responsible life Mr. Stockdill gave generously of his time and experience to advance the welfare of Winnipeg and Manitoba. In none of his many activities was his assistance and counsel more valued than in the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba.

All who were associated with him in the work of tuberculosis control will wish Mr. Stockdill many happy years of retirement.

Oldest Employee Retires

Charlie Clisby retired from Manitoba Sanatorium staff on Nov. 30th having been employed longer than anyone on staff. He was at the Sanatorium site before there were any buildings, in fact, helped clear away the trees to enable Dr. Stewart and others at that time to determine just where the buildings would be erected. He was employed by the contractor and assisted in building the very first building at Ninette, and when this work was over, he was taken on the Sanatorium staff. That was in

1909, and he has worked continuously since then.

Mr. Clisby will continue living at home with his family at Ninette. Every one of the Clisby family were in the armed services.

A number of the Sanatorium staff gathered together informally on November 28th and Dr. Ross, on their behalf, presented a gift of money to Mr. Clisby with the instruction that he was to buy something for his home with it.

IT'S WORTH TRYING

Was it Carlyle who saw his only manuscript of a great book burned, and promptly sat down to do it over again? That happened more recently to a friend of mine in Shanghai whose work of three years was lost in the Japanese bombing of a printing house. "I think," he wrote me, "that I can do a better job now. Anyway I'm not afraid to try." He certainly had more fun trying than another friend of mine who, earning a small salary, found, ten years ago, that he'd saved enough to start out for himself—and never had courage to do so. Wouldn't he have been better off if he'd tried and failed?

Rehabilitation of the Tuberculous

It is not generally recognized that tuberculous patients have a unique opportunity for constructive thinking and study while relaxing and resting their bodies. Although physical activity is restricted in the treatment of tuberculosis it is possible for the patient, through directed education under medical supervision, to leave the hospital better equipped to face life than when he entered it. This process of education is known as rehabilitation, which has been defined as the restoration of the handicapped to the fullest physical, social, vocational and economic usefulness of which they are capable.

REST is fundamental in the treatment and cure of tuberculosis. The period of rest usually lasts for many months and it is during this time that the rehabilitation of the patient should begin. This may mean the planning of a completely new mode of life. Almost always it also includes some kind of productive work in order to earn a living. Since rest, with only a limited amount of physical effort, is necessary to regain health and to continue in health, the new life must bring to the patient the maximum of financial return with a minimum amount of physical effort.

This can be accomplished most easily by improving the patient's knowledge and education. The fact that a patient is lying in bed resting his body does not mean that his mind is at rest. It is natural for him to worry about the future, and now is the time for rehabilitation to begin. If the mind is occupied

with constructive thinking, the patient's physical condition improves more quickly, and a plan for his future may be evolved. Constructive reading and study are part and parcel of rehabilitation.

A young laborer admitted to the hospital with tuberculosis came to realize he would never again be able to do hard physical labor. He was intelligent and co-operative, so he studied, read and took a correspondence course while in bed. Later when his disease was cured he was able to qualify as boss of the laborers and soon afterwards he became a contractor.

Surprisingly many people have a latent unrecognized ability which the rest period brings out. As they relax they think and from this comes creative impulses. Many of the world's greatest geniuses have been men and women with tuberculosis. Is the genius due to some mysterious action of the tubercle bacillus? Or is it due to the rest and the opportunity to think? Scientists are uncertain, but it would seem that the long enforced period of relaxation and the consequent opportunity to think, to meditate and to take stock of one's abilities might be the real answer.

The mind continues to function while the body is resting, in spite of all efforts to keep quiet. If it is directed towards constructive thinking, a fuller, happier life will result. The more information and intelligence a person has, the more valuable a worker he becomes. There is no reason why the thoughtful patient should not gain from his enforced rest. Incidentally his future health is protected by rehabilitation because he has learned to utilize his mind and to conserve his physical strength. In many tuberculosis hospitals, courses in high

school subjects and reviews in elementary studies are given. These are considered as important as food, rest and surgical treatment.

Occupational therapy focused on arts and crafts is not entirely adequate. For, although it keeps the patient's hands and mind occupied while in the hospital, it brings little financial return, and rarely leads to a future occupation for the patient. Today we speak of vocational therapy, which means treatment of the patient's mind through preparing him for a vocation which he can utilize when he is ready to return to the competitive world.

Men and women with tuberculosis do not differ essentially from men and women who are not ill. But their disease imposes upon them restrictions and problems from which the well man is free. It is with these problems and restrictions that the rehabilitation of the tuberculous deals.

Rehabilitation is a process of education by means of which the patient arrives at the best possible adjustment to his handicap. While this adjustment may be achieved alone, it is one which is achieved more easily with help and direction.

There are four aspects of the rehabilitation of the tuberculous: medical, psychological, social and economic. On the medical side, the patient should have an intelligent knowledge of tuberculosis and of his own disease. He should know that even a small amount of infection demands a great amount of care. He should learn about curing, and how to co-operate with the nurses and doctors. Although he wishes to be active as soon as possible, he must learn that the physician alone can decide when his rehabilitation is to start.

The psychological aspect is perhaps the most difficult and one of the most important. The patient learns that tu-

berculosis is a recurrent disease and this usually frightens him. He worries over possible ostracism because people fear tuberculosis. He is separated from normal daily contacts. For these reasons this period should not be empty of incentive, plans and hopes. Bed rest by itself will not produce relaxation, nor is there any speedy road to recovery. It requires a seemingly endless amount of courage, perseverance and understanding.

The social problems will range from the boy or girl required to leave school or college to the family losing its wage-earner; and from the ill worker who believes his job too good to leave, to the patient willing to go to the hospital but forced to remain on a long waiting list for a bed.

Lessened earning power is costly not alone to the individual but also to the community. Hospitals bear a share of the costs of the illness, but society as a whole pays the bills. Skill in any line of work grows rusty during long periods of illness, and this human asset is one that business and the community can ill afford to lose.

Rehabilitation works with the individual and with the community to convert ill-founded fear into well-founded hope. It works under medical advice and on the basis of total physical, mental and emotional capacities, building a practical program of activity. It makes use of all available resources toward an eventual life plan compatible with the patient's health, interests, abilities and ambitions. The community must be taught that although rehabilitation does cost money, the lack of it costs more, not alone in illness, but in dollars and cents.

Rehabilitation of the Tuberculous, H. St. John Williams, M.D., New York State Journal of Medicine, March 15, 1946.

The Just Right Christmas



We're sort of hard to suit. Christmas never is just right. In time of war, if we could only have a Christmas in peace. If only we had enough money, then Christmas would be so easy to handle. When we could shop, it was a rush and a bother; and when we can't shop, it's not so good. When there were so many of the family to remember, it was tough covering all of them. Now that the list is so much smaller it doesn't feel too good.

And sometimes, even when we are still young, we show our age, and make it quite clear that Christmas isn't what it used to be. "Why, I remember—" I know, but it really won't help to know what you remember.

Too bad isn't it, that we have got into this way about Christmas? It can be pretty wonderful, and in a really big way; not just doing some giving and hoping to get.

You see, there is that card. Beautiful in itself, warm and rich the colours, and then you put your name on it and send it to a friend. And the letter—you are not much for letter writing, so your letter means all the more. And gift,—don't say it wasn't much. It is so much, you thought of it, and wanted it so badly, so that you could give it away.

And there is the great, unchanging fact of Christmas. No, don't be afraid and shy away. I'm not going to suggest that you pretend deep things beyond you.

But Christ did come to bring peace and good will, understanding in the finest way between people. And wherever there is the will to live for peace and good will, for understanding, there Christmas really comes.

Did I say that Christmas never is just right? We can change that now, just people like we are, in our thinking and living, and be sure that Christmas IS just right.

REV. RUSSELL MCGILLIVRAY
AUGUSTINE CHURCH,
WINNIPEG

What Discharge Will You Receive?

DISCHARGE from the sanatorium can be achieved in various ways. You can get thrown out. To facilitate this means of departure the sanatorium usually adopts a number of rules. It is not the best, but is by far the quickest means of getting away from it all. It might be compared with a rapid, somewhat unpleasant, method of suicide. In many cases it is just that and nothing more. Not recommended.

A second, and almost equally as reasonable a means, is to decide that you are sufficiently cured and sign out of your own accord. This is a more subtle way and requires some mental effort—you must invent an excuse. Of course the excuse you give is never really the reason for going home, but it gives play to your imagination and can be considered a kind of fun. Essentially the only reason why an insufficiently arrested or active open case leaves the sanatorium is because he or she feels that all doctors and nurses deep down know nothing about the disease and that medicine is the bunk anyway. A few of the better class excuses follow:

"I can rest better at home." This is the usual version of boy meets girl, boy loses girl, excuse. Of course the patients can't rest better at home. Life crowds in at every corner and won't be denied. Unfortunately the noise of an emotional explosion has reached the ears of the patient and nothing will do but to hurry away and set it all right personally. Too late he learns the rumors are exaggerated or that the explosion has caused damage which cannot be set right. In the meantime the discharge papers have been signed and sealed and the bugs eat merrily on.

"I can't stand the food." Of course not. The poison from the uncontrolled tuberculosis is clogging the digestion and dulling the appetite long before the dining room is reached. This is true because the healing body needs and wants food—yet food, good or bad tastes bad. Don't use the food excuse—it means you are still sick and need sanatorium care. Remember it's the bugs and not the dining room poisoning you.

"I'm an old chronic case—you can't do anything for me here." Young mothers and old grandfathers particularly delight in this subterfuge. The mother is lonesome for her uninfected child. She goes home and brings them both back to the sanatorium. The grandfather lives with the married daughter. They have a darling little girl at home. She's only twelve, gay, bright, and curly-haired. The apple of his eye. See those rosy cheeks—that's the fever he brought home to her. Tuberculosis. "Here's a bug—from me to you, with love. Granddaddy."

"I won't take—." The dash represents pneumothorax, a thoracoplasty, pneumolysis, cod liver oil, an afternoon nap, occupational therapy, advice or two lumps of sugar with tea. This type of excuse represents the apotheosis of egotism. The patient knows a cure for his tuberculosis, surer than the means offered at the sanatorium to control his disease and intends to hide away in some spot and get well alone. It is a medical axiom that he who treats himself has a fool for a doctor. But the bugs, like little Audrey, just laughed and laughed.

There is one other way of going home—have the doctor send you home cured. A discharge by the medical staff means

a lot of things. It means that they have searched your sputum and admit there's nothing there. They have pounded you thin, lectured on fat, have watched for rales and watched for fever, have had you X-rayed and fluoroscoped, and finally admitted defeat. All they have done to help you has been done right and is staying just as they want it. You are cured. They have to let you go.

But just a word before you leave: You can still fool the whole lot of them. Go home. Forget the sanatorium and all you've learned there. Stay up late. Get around and do things, a lot of things. Never mind the checkups. Let your pneumothorax expand by missing refills. Do all these things and even if the staff sends you home, it won't mean a thing. The bugs will yet get you.

—Pep, via Florida Sunshine.

LIFE BEGINS AT BREAKFAST

Nutritionists, physicians, and public and school health workers for years have stressed the importance of breakfast as an important adjunct of good nutrition, health, and efficiency. In spite of these educational efforts, far too many children and adults will start the day's work on little or no food. Then they wonder why they feel fatigued and crave candy or other energy food in mid-morning.

Breakfast could not have been more appropriately named. You literally break a fast of about 12 to 14 hours when you breakfast. If you fail to break this comparatively long fast you are likely to have that all-gone feeling so familiar to Gandhi. You, however, need to indulge in more physical activity than the Mahatma. So you need energy for the morning's work. A cup of coffee gives you only the food energy in the sugar and cream. The caffeine "energy" is purely stimulating, evanescent in type. Coffee is a whip for a tired horse.

Going without breakfast is like driving a car, with no gas in its tank, on

the starter. The car may run for a block or two, but such treatment is tough on its electrical system.

There are many causes for the no-breakfast or the poor breakfast habit: Late rising, desire to reduce, inconvenience or lack of available facilities. After the omission has been indulged in for a while, it becomes a habit; the stomach craves little or no food; some say even the thought of food induces distaste or a slight nausea. The habit is often formed in children. Thousands of children in this community have breakfast that is inadequate in quantity or quality or both; many children eat no breakfast worthy of the name.

The remedy is to substitute gradually the good habit for the bad one. Eat a little more food each morning until the meal is adequate. Soon the stomach will demand the food it needs and has been accustomed to getting. Breakfast should preferably be hot and should supply one-third of the day's calories.

Remember, life begins at breakfast—everybody's health.—Sanatorium Sun.

ARE BOOKS INFECTED

This is a question frequently raised in the minds of patient and visitor alike. Usually it is the visitor who is the alarmist. If they were half as particular about letting anyone pick up their children or give them candy, etc., as they are about procedure in the San, they would really be aiding in the prevention of tuberculosis. So, good people, take note:

According to a statement by NTA, it is possible to transmit tubercle bacilli in books, but that it is probable, is another matter. The bacilli, like all life, has to have air and moisture to live. In careless usage, sputum would alight in a book in small quantities in the shape of a fine spray, and therefore dries and dies quickly. Numerous experiments have been carried out with the following results: Four patients with

uncontrollable cough were asked to be extremely careless with certain books, coughing into marked pages. These were carefully scraped, cultures made, and 16 guinea pigs inoculated with the resulting culture, but not one contracted the disease. A similar experiment with contaminated garments in which guinea pigs not only breathed, but were inoculated with the dust, had equally negative results. Of course patients don't deliberately cough into books;

they apply the hygiene in this as any other precaution they are taught. The very sick do not usually read much. It follows then that few books are infected, and even if they were, could not damage lungs, as germs must be breathed to start pulmonary tuberculosis. It is the direct personal contact that plays the havoc in this disease. This is the chief source that we all should be concerned about.

—Pleasant Review.

A Driver's Dictionary

Condensed from Public Safety

By ALLEN SAUNDERS

Amber Light—Something the other fellow is supposed to wait for while you drive through.

Bumpers—Projecting horizontal bars which prevent pedestrians from denting your radiator grille when struck.

Call of the Open Road—"Hey! Whaddya think you're tryin' to do?"

De Luxe Model—Any standard job with a built-in vanity case.

Emergency Brake—An upright lever which the groping hand can readily find just a few minutes after the emergency has passed.

Finger Wave—Signal by a lady driver that she is about to turn left, turn right, back up, or knock the ashes off her cigarette.

Garage—A convenient small building for the storing of the lawnmower garden tools, sleds, porch furniture and, if room, the family auto.

Glove Compartment—A handy place for sticking little souvenirs of your trip, like the fish-heads Bobby tucked away and forgot about last summer.

Horn—A device of which Satan needs two, but the dopey demon of the downtown traffic jams does a better job with one.

Jack—You must have it to raise a car, and you must raise it to have a car.

Mechanic—Any man with a felt skull cap, three wrenches and a convincing car-side manner.

News—Man Mortgages Home to Buy Automobile!

Old Model—Any car on which the factory paint is dry.

Parking Space—Gap in line of cars along the curb, occupied by either a driveway entrance or a fire plug.

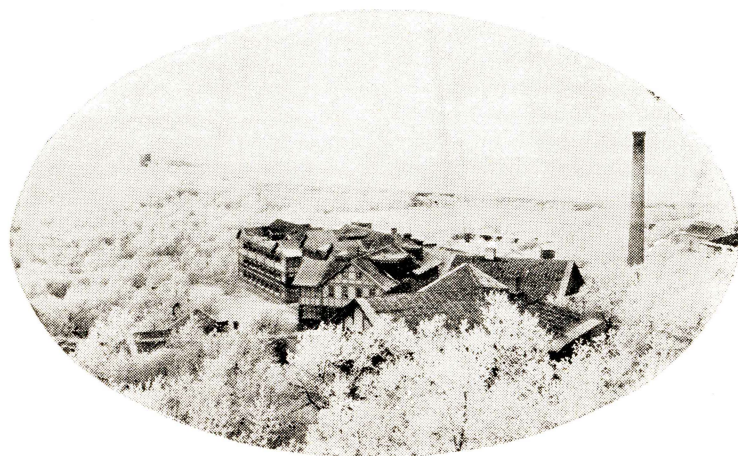
Rumble Seat—Corruption of English word, "grumble", meaning to "squawk, beef, or otherwise register discontent."

Soft Shoulders—A good thing to keep your wheels and your hands off while driving.

Tourist Home—An institution which congests the roadsides during the day, becoming scarcer as dusk approaches and non-existent after 8 p.m.

Wiper—An ingenious contrivance for spreading mud in a thin even layer over your windshield.

Manitoba Sanatorium



West Three News

We greatly fear the hour has passed for the doings of West III to reach the editor in time for the December issue, but can we help it if we can arouse no enthusiasm for reporting 'till after "The Messengers" arrive?

But be that as it may, here is the lowdown. After the hustle and bustle, the excitement and fun, of Hallowe'en and the resulting concert, we have settled down to cure chasing and Christmas preparations. We still take time, though, to talk of the minstrel show and costumes,—how could we possibly forget them when we enjoyed them so much? As far as we are concerned the doctors can think up another "do" anyday, and the sooner the better. Our thanks to all of you.

As Mrs. Hayden passes through the East each week, she has an opportunity to see all those beautiful men over there. However, she might feel that "clothes make the man" and could you call pyjamas clothes?

Have you ever had doctor trouble? Alice Johnson saves us from that. We

know a doctor will be on the flat if she moves out of bed, so—we go to ours. Thanks Alice for suffering so greatly on our behalf.

One night all was still, when an anguished, Oh! came from the balcony. On being cross-examined the next day, Mrs. Pritchard confessed to having hit her foot against her bed. Do you think we should collect enough money to buy her a flashlight?

Mrs. Fleury, who can turn out a sweater in an amazingly short time, looked with pity at Marj Poureh who sadly proclaimed that another diamond sock would turn her hair white. Ours is going that way everytime we look at the boxes of Christmas cards waiting for addresses. Too bad we're not all like Bertha McDonald, who can look with pride at a completed file.

For those families who would like an expensive Christmas hint, here is an example you could follow. Mrs. Stefanie's family went together to get her a lovely new radio. What patient could wish for more?

Mrs. Rondeau roamed off to her home in Somerset one Sunday and even

though nobody told us this until the following Thursday, we wish her the very best of luck.

That goes for Mary Lawrenson too. She helped us celebrate her birthday by passing around her cake. Couldn't you have a few more natal days this year, Mary?

'Bye now, and may this Christmas be as happy as the most delightful dream you have ever dreamed and may the New Year bring you nothing but the best.

West One

After its holiday West I is once more in full operation—bright and cheery once again? It seems (judging from the rapidly filling wards) a most popular winter resort.

Yacko Doi, Stella Gushta, Mrs. Marjorie Malcolmson, Mrs. Marg Greenway, and Dr. Georgina Hogg arrived from the C.T.C. Mrs. Jenkins came from Brandon.

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From West II descended Misses Jean Carpenter, Margaret Crate, Doreen Wicklund, and Mrs. Asham and Mrs. Stone.

We are all doing a spot of serious thinking as to what and to whom will go various small Christmas remembrances.

Yacko is in a perpetual state of confusion trying to define the difference between homesickness and lonesomeness, and giving demonstrations of both.

The former West II patients are feeling oddly neglected these days as the come down of the doctor's daily visits to once a week is slightly enervating.

Of course as well as new patients there are new staff members. We like them—Linda with her so-o-o cheerful "Time to wash" at 6 a.m., Norma's ready blush, and Dorothy—we always have been partial to red hair.

And now all of us on West I would like to wish the doctors, nurses, staff, and our many friends in the other wards, pavilions and Sans, a very Merry Christmas and a successful New Year.

East Three Laments

After a holiday of three months as reporter, I find myself elected again to do the honors for our flat.

The past month has had many goings and comings. I hope I get it all straight. Elmer McKnight and George Lalor left for their homes while Chris Gates has moved his abode to King Edward.

Our register shows the signature of a number of new arrivals. Sigurdson, Ames, and Hibbert from the C.T.C. Hayden from St. Lazare, O. Graham from Deer Lodge Hospital, and Cecil Taylor and Dave Smith from East II. I nearly forgot to mention Ed Westbrook who came from Cardale and Albert Orobko from The Pas. Best of luck to you all.

The ones who were able to attend the concert put on by the staff for the

patients in the infirmary enjoyed the finest entertainment it has been our pleasure of seeing for many a day, and East Three wishes to thank all those responsible for it.

Gosh, just five weeks to Christmas. How time does fly, but then it will not be long until spring.

Visitors have taken advantage of the nice weather, and many patients have been lucky enough to see relatives and friends. McCulloch, Westbrooke, Hudson, Hryhorchuk, Endell, Rourke, Redding, and Farion, were some of the lucky boys.

We wish everyone a very Merry Christmas and the best of health for 1947.

Number Two

Did someone say No. 2 had settled down? Don't believe it. Here's what has happened lately.

Mrs. Lewis' husband came out to help celebrate their wedding anniversary, but a few days later she kept a date with Dr. Paine—in the O.R. of course. Glad to hear you're doing so well, Joe.

Mrs. Bailey also left us for a visit to the O.R. and Anne Potoroka went to West 2. Good luck, kids.

We welcome Mrs. Cuddy and Maria Reimer from the C.T.C., Mrs. Doell from Plum Coulee and Ada Davidson. Hope your stay is short and pleasant.

\$64.00 question. "Who was responsible for the man-hunt in No. 2?"

Congratulations to Mrs. Radalinsky on her wedding anniversary, and to Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Cuddy and Elsa Nelson on their birthdays.

Irene Townsend, Ann Harder, and Dorothy Stewart were the lucky ones to have holidays. They report wonderful times.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Holden (nee Bernice Payne) of Deloraine, paid us a flying visit.

We've done well this month. Lots of

company and lots of chicken. Now we're waiting to see if there's been lots of weight gained.

Alda Seidal and Elsie Brunberg have just come in for check-ups. It's good to see you again girls.

Orchids to the staff for the very delightful entertainment at Hallowe'en. We suggest they do the same at the Christmas concert, which brings us to our last note—a very merry Christmas to all from the girls in No. 2.

Thoraco Themes

There have been far too many changes again to record—in fact this flat is like a checker board—moves continually. However, we shall try to give out with the highlights.

Dr. Paine has been kept busy sharpening his operational gadgets of late, the following have been his recent vic-

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE

Name

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.....

Use Block Letters

tims: Mrs. Lewis from No. 2 Pavilion, Mrs. Cater from the Obs, Mrs. Bailey, Young and Bone from West 2, not to withhold the major operation — Mrs. Fecik underwent, pneumonolysis. Margaret Baird and Mrs. Gibson joined the "Pneumo Society."

Incidentally, and not accidentally, there have been two men on this flat—namely Messrs. Toews and Joe Shyposky—two more O.R. casualties. Nothing fatal of course.

Things we'd like to know—and why do we?

Why a certain person takes her walk at 4.30 a.m.?

Why Lorna always whines in her sleep?

Why a certain character wants a springfield mattress while bathing in the tub?

The Hallowe'en concert put on by the doctors and their cast, was very much appreciated by all. Our hearty thanks to all who participated. We're hoping to see much more of this type of entertainment in the future.

Sonja must have had a share in the project for the entire program was dedicated to her.

New and old faces now on the flat — Anne Potoroko from No. 2 and Mrs. Eklboom from Souris, Margaret Crate and Jean Carpenter have left us to reside in West 1. Naturally you are missed by your many friends.

Not having been around much, I find this will be all for this month. May I take this opportunity, on behalf of the members of his flat to wish everyone a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

LALLEMAND'S
Yeast

NUMBER ONE PAVILION

I would like to start this off with a few suggestions (of which there are few as far as news is concerned). I hope this will start a few of you No. 1 fellows thinking about next month's column. Any little humorous poems or respectable, or should I say printable jokes would be appreciated.

The recent arrivals who injected new life into this pavilion this month are Albert Trudell, Harvey Anderson, Pat Jaques, Steve Labaty, Bill Pidlaski and August Granburg from the Infirmary, Bob Johnson, Howard Shouldice, Frank Pearce and Clifford Clark from the Clinic, Charlie Hunt from Brandon, Adam Clark from Souris, and Don Lester from No. 3 Pavilion. Under Miss Cassidy's cheerful supervision your stay is sure to be a pleasant one. John Zitaruk and Oscar Carlson were the fortunate ones to obtain leave this month.

This I shall take no responsibility for. It is a joke they have handed to me in the form of an old nursery rhyme. It begins as you will see, not because I want it to, but because the guys are twisting my other arm.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner

Eating his Christmas pie.

He stuck in his thumb

And pulled out a Massey Harris tractor
And said, "How the h - - - did you get in there."

Okay you guys I have written it, now hand me my left arm. I hope you are satisfied "Muscles."

A suggestion. The mob would like to know if you would like to elect a Queen of the Sanatorium. This contest could be closed around Christmas and the coronation could take place on Christmas Day. Maybe we could have a little friendly competition of reporters from the different buildings also.

Johnny Melnychuk has been chasing flies, ants and what have you. He says they are specimens for his photographic

collection. We wonder just what that is when he suddenly leaps up and shouts "another specimen." It is very hard on the equilibrium to say the least. He really knows his specimens though.

Steve Labaty has something on his hands. It cropped up just recently. Miss Cassidy says she has her ideas as to how he came by it. Steve calls it "Ivy Poison." At this time of the season? It is an annual occasion the man says.

For the past month the second floor of this building has been resounding with cries of "Check!", reminiscent of my stock-taking days. On investigating I found it to be Chief Wahoo Chartier beside himself with delight after removing a pawn in a chess game with "The Master" Bert Kemball. With admirable patience "The Master" has taken under his wing 5 recruits, the rawest I might add, Howard Shouldice, Harvey Anderson, Steve Labaty, Pat Jaques and Charlie Hunt. He has moulded

them into such proficiency that Mr. Yanofsky would have to be at his sharpest to compete. His efforts have resulted in an interesting tournament which all participants enjoyed very much. Should there be any aspiring chess players in any of the other buildings, please submit your names to Mr. Kemball and he will gladly match you with one of his students.

It is gratifying to see William Achymichuk who with the scissors and comb is making the No. 1 men look a little less like Al Capp's comic strip characters.

Sgt.-Major Pidlaski and Blonde Bob Johnson have blown part of their "gratities" on some photographic material and are enthusiastically talking about "making pictures."

"Under the B, sixty-eight!" That's Frenchy Trudell calling the numbers at the nightly bingo game in the Rowdy Room. Every now and then Cliff Clark

would shout "BINGO!" even though his board was empty. "Just to make it more exciting," he says. Something like the fellow who caused his dog to develop an acute case of neurosis. He would walk past the dog every hour with a fragrant meatball and then quickly shut himself in a room where he would pretend to feed a cat. Who said No. 1 was dull?

NUMBER THREE PAVILION

It has been rather quiet on this front during the past few weeks, but there are a few items of news that are worth recording.

Jack Burke has again taken on the shopper's job and seems to be bearing up rather well under the additional exercise. It interferes a little with his knitting and his bridge-playing, however.

Steiney Thordarson recently enjoyed a week's leave at Langruth, Manitoba, and looks as if the holiday did him good.

At the time of writing, an old patient, W. J. Christie, is in from Onanole, Manitoba, for a check-up. He left here last spring and continues to look well.

There have been only three recent moves in and out of Number Three. Ken

Hatherly was moved over to the Gordon Cottage for observation and exchanged beds with Hank Henry. Charlie Tisdale, one of the San's old-timers, blew in recently from Chicago for a check-up. He expects to stay with us until after Christmas. He says Chicago is O.K., but the haircuts down there are too expensive.

Most of the boys are either busy with hobbies or are doing part-time work. We have knitters, album-makers, and a photographer, while some of the boys help with the necessary tasks of bed-pulling, cleaning, etc. We have at least three confirmed coffee-drinkers and one would-be yodeller.

Gordon Cottage News

There have been a few changes during the past month. The one which annoyed me the most was when Mr. H. A. Henry was transferred to Number Three Pavilion. I had worked on Hank for two months, convincing him to take this job of reporting. He did so once, and then, without delay, was moved out. Anyway, we congratulate you on your progress, Hank, and hope your discharge won't be long in coming.

To take Hank's place in the cottage, we have Ken Hatherly—watch repairman, album-maker, wood-carver, maker of exquisite bed-lamps, and last but by no means least, "lady killer". Ken thinks that everyone should have hobbies, and he and his friend, Ross Hryhorchuk, insist that Max McConnell have at least one.

It is fortunate that I am a bit late in writing up this column or we wouldn't have been able to tell you of Claude "Culbertson" Ground's return from the C.T.C. in Winnipeg. Claude trudged in last night murmuring ecstatically about how glad he was to be back—all of us understand his sentiments.

A new member to join our ranks is

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★
HOLIDAY
★
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Lloyd Ames from Hartney. We wish you a short and pleasant stay, Lloyd.

Dick Hanna enjoyed a visit with his father and mother, who drove down from Oxbow, Saskatchewan. Max McConnell had a gang of wild Hamiotans to visit him last Sunday. (Hamiota is a small town in the north-west part of the province near Miniota.) Ross had a very special nurse out from Winnipeg to visit him.

Skuli Freeman left us last week for his home in Charleswood. All of us extend to both Skuli and his wife sincere good wishes for a bright and happy future.

By way of bringing this rambling account of the men at Gordon Cottage to a close, we should like to extend to all our friends at the San and everywhere, best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

St. Boniface Sanatorium



STE. THERESE TATTLINGS

Once again we have come to that time of the year when our thoughts turn to Christmas and that ever important question. Will we be allowed to go home for a while? You can see that gleam in the eyes of those who think their chances are good. Good luck to you all.

Sister Robert does a wonderful job for those not fortunate enough to be able to go home. Each room is decorated with the utmost care. The halls are lit with colored lamp shades and a mantel is placed in the entrance of the hall. This is gaily decorated with candles and the old Yule log to give us that homelike feeling. We thank you Sister Roberts from the bottom of our hearts

for your great effort to make everything perfect for the festive season.

This month we bid farewell to Mrs. Polton, Mrs. Holm, Mrs. Ellis, Miss Barkman and Miss Breauseau. Our best wishes go to you all. We also welcome the newcomers: Miss Ginter, Miss Desavtel and Mrs. Stempnick. We hope your stay will be short and pleasant. The birthday list for the month is very large. Those who celebrated were the Misses Christensen, Hoepner, Drebit, King and Ingram. Mrs. Polton, Mrs. Horning, Mrs. Griesbrech, Mrs. Sasanella, Mrs. Seaticki and yours truly. Flowers and Cologne in abundance was received from our many relatives and friends. Routines have popped up in the last month. Mrs. Rosencrans to R. 4;

Mrs. Lewicki to R. 5; Mrs. Ratner to R. 6; Mrs. McDermott to R. 5; Miss Yaka to R. 5; Mrs. Kitchen to R. 5, and Mrs. Reimer to R. 6. Still taking bed rest are Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Olson, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Gora and Miss Drebit.

The nursing staff is as follows. Miss Kirby, Mrs. J. Grant, Miss Zastere, Miss Smith and Miss Cantin on nights to tuck us in. In closing our hope is that the New Year will bring renewed hope and a better understanding of all. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to everyone.

Youville Yodellings

Again from Youville we say hello,
It must be in quite a hurry though.
For this is December when we remember

To think up ways of spending our dough.
The Blue side ladies can rarely be seen,
Although a few of them are on routine.
They watch those who pass, and know more or less
Who's short, tall, stalky or lean.

The 257's have become rather shy.
'Twas said when a little mouse ran by,
They jumped and they shrieked and all ran and peeked,
But the mouse got away on the sly.

The heartiest welcome we must extend
To those who've just come in for the mend.

Hesper and Vicky share Room 260,
And Doerksen is out on Youville's end.

In Room 56 Mrs. Botcher is new,
She does the most beautiful shell work too.

Anne has a sore throat since her tonsils came out,
Otherwise troubles they know only few.
In 258, there's never a pinch
With Elliston, Loewen and Mrs. Lynch.
They laugh all day and then they say
That chasing the cure is a cinch.

Knoll is pretty impatient these days
Losing weight the longer she stays.
Van Sickle sings well and Wasney can tell

Riddles and jokes in the corniest ways.
Though Buckle is more than right on the dot

With two kinds of figures she's on the spot.

One deals with numbers the other with genders,

The latter is new since the Hallowe'en plot.

Home-goners this month add up to three.
That's Youville's favorite number you see.

Good sailing to Strutt, Miss Johnson and Pearl,

We hope you're happy as can be.
Our dear Miss Jenkins is simply grand,
With Sister Desmarais at her hand.
Mokelky and Scott, Simmons and Peat,
And Terry on nights complete the band.

Now to our friends from far and near,
We'd like to wish you Christmas cheer.
To our doctors and nurses who are reading these verses
And to our Reverend Sisters out here.

Jerrett

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Ici St. Jean

Hello gang. The girls from Youville gave us quite a scare on Hallowe'en night but we got over it. Everybody happy? We should be because we're right in there with a lot of famous people. Look over the list of the T.B. "elite", then add your name to the bottom, or the top. Eugene O'Neill, W. C. Fields, Adolph Hitler, Dorothy Dix, Henry Morgenthau Jr., Joseph Stalin, Noel Coward, Rudolph Hess, Somerset Maugham, Viscount Halifax, H. G. Wells, Pope Pius XII, Ben Bernie, Harold Stassen, Al Jolson, Ghandi, and Bernard McFadden. Alas poor Adolph and Hess.

We welcome several newcomers to the flat during the month. Namely Mr. Wiseman, Bill Hrehoruk, Mike Shepit, Mr. Boute all from St. Joseph and Pat Perrin from K.E., also Mr. Whitford. We trust you will enjoy our company fellows. Lucky boys to leave us for

home recently were, Jim MacKay, Minnedosa; Ken Porter, Winnipeg; John Pubihunski, Winnipeg, best of luck to you all.

Cure chasing personnel at present is as follows. In 101 Mr. Carson is still trying real hard to win the hockey or fight pool. In 102 a newcomer Mr. Buote, we welcome you and wish you the best. In 103 Berg and Kutchera are now known as the pranksters. Just ask the nurses, they know. 104 is very quite since J. Pubihunski left and has mate Tom Borrer is pretty lonesome. Bob O'Halloran at last won a pool. He said it's about time! Jim Boddie is the lone occupant of 108 at present and keeps his radio company or vice-versa. Mr. Anderson left us for the third floor recently. 109 is filled to capacity now with two newcomers, Mike Shepit and Bill Hrehoruk. Len Johnson and Bob Sacouman the old timers are still plugging along nicely.

In 110 we find Bob Wilson "The Westerner" turning out some nifty saddles these days. Anyone got a horse to sell? Jack Roland expects to leave us anytime for home and has turned over his Messenger duties to Art Turner also of 110. Turner says he didn't accept the job it was forced on him, but will do his best. He needs a stenographer. Any offers?

In 111 we see Webber busy on a huge jig-saw puzzle while newcomer Whitford coaches from the sidelines. Cochran is giving the nurses lessons in card playing while McLaren looks on with that dreamy look in his eye. In 112 are our newcomers Dave Wiseman and Pat Perrin, so the old times Andy Einarson and Mister Demchuk have lots of company. No arguments please boys.

Our staff consists of Head Nurse Bailey, assisted by Mrs. Crantson, Miss Clemons, Miss Sacousci and our new orderly, Ed. Thiesen. All doing a swell job. Sr. Krause supervises our flat in her usual friendly, capable manner. Well gang here's wishing you all a swell Christmas and a prosperous healthy New Year. We also extend our greeting to all the doctors and the staff of the Sanatorium.

St. Lucs

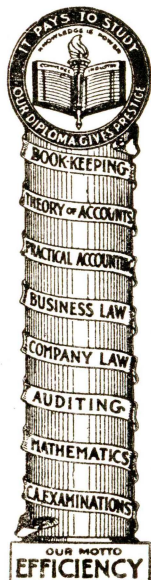
To begin this month we should like to take this opportunity to wish everyone, everywhere, a very merry Christmas and a happy, prosperous and progressive New Year.

To Nick Marykuza the patients and staff wish to extend their deepest sympathy in his recent bereavement.

It is said that Tommy Bjarnason is economizing. He bought a second hand Free Press from the boys in 229 for 3c. Incidentally Tommy's an "It pays to be ignorant" fan. Stan Van Koughnett is still complaining about his radio reception. Jake Unrau the boy with the bulge. Better get some new trousers Jake. Something has to go soon. Walter Britsky has more cousins, (female)

than he has C.C.'s of air. Personally we don't believe they're all cousins. Is "Anonymous" another cousin, Walter? Frank Chartrand received the "go" sign November 6th and left for his home in Oak Point, Man.

Elmer Boyd is waiting patiently for his chest protector to come off. Poor Elmer! He'd had his hand up for 18 months and nobody paid any attention. John Kuchma back on the flat after his second stage thoraco, and wondering when his "population" is going to visit him. Jean Lambert has had a gay time this month. He was initiated to pneumothorax and had a ghastly gastric, but he still smiles all over the place. Nick Kullbaba supplies the boys in 233 with a checkerboard when there isn't one to be had. It's the new dressing gown he is sporting. Gerry Dubois our new young orderly from St. Malo, Man., blushes beautifully. Just whistle or wink, girls. Fred Schlesinger our top kick orderly tells his troubles and problems of life to the patients. Anyone wanting Angora



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wool, see Fred. Warning—he drives a hard bargain. What size and width shoes do you take Fred?

Last month we bade farewell to Mrs. J. Stalker formerly of the O.R. One of the old faithfuls of the San, Mrs. Stalker's ever present smile and good humor will be missed by all. Our head nurse Miss Finch wonders what Manitoba winters are like. Silly girl! She is moving up to the O.R. on December 1st. No doubt there will be some new cuts around, and we don't mean on the menu. Christmas suggestions for our Miss Norman. One sewing kit. She just keeps coming apart somewhere or other. Miss Gosselin has a bad case of "Dropitis", my! my! a whole tray too. She also walks right into doors for no apparent reason. Miss Munsell is sooo quiet and reserved. We wonder if she's that way off duty. Our night nurse Miss Hildebrandt seems to be having "flat" trouble. Maybe someone should tell her which flat she works on.

Annex

Gay Poinsettias candles bright,

Clear bells ringing in the night.

May these things make Christmas seem

Like a joyful beauteous dream.

Then may glad spirits linger through

A year of happiness for you.

There should be a law against these sub-editors coming in and saying, write something and have it ready in an hour. Oh well, they asked for it so here goes!

In Room 301 Anne Cote is not talking but from the happy smile she gives me I would say she was feeling fine. Clara Lavalley is still serenading in general. "What has Dale Evans got that she hasn't got other than a radio contract"? Betty McGinnes just realized that she might as well get used to this place, only to find out the next day that she could go home. Did you know that Mary Gueboche weighs (?) You would never know it would you? But Ellen Campbell

is running such a close second that it makes you hold your breath wondering what the outcome is going to be, every time those two get on the scales.

In Room 303, quiet as a mouse is Mrs. Skunk. Happy as a lark is Mrs. Desjarlais. Oh, oh, it can't be true, not again! Well I guess it is. That noisy Beatrice Schmidt giving dancing lessons to Anne Ferland. so far no progress. Annie says "I wanna learn the real G.I. jive." Mable Chartrand still knits so furiously she hasn't time for nonsense. Eva Lucier is quite a gal. Starting P.X. didn't keep her down, she's back on routine four. Angus Lucier is really working on her sweater. Mrs. Olson having completed her tour of operations is now taking life very, very easy. Mrs. Costick is chasing the cure. So long as she's behaving herself we will leave her alone.

The girls in 317 are busy digging up aches and pains so they coax the nurse into getting their favorite doctor over. Girls, girls, most of them are married.

Among our staff changes we lost Miss Kulba who unfortunately has the mumps. Mrs. Gerry, Misses Dickie, and Stackey. take over on first floor while Miss Jarrett and Tockler run things smoothly on second floor. Miss Bolton and Miss Feobker and Miss Cuss complete the staff on third floor. Sr. Perrin is ever on the job. Guess we've done enough damage for today so until next time. cheerio.

Good Food Is a Necessity

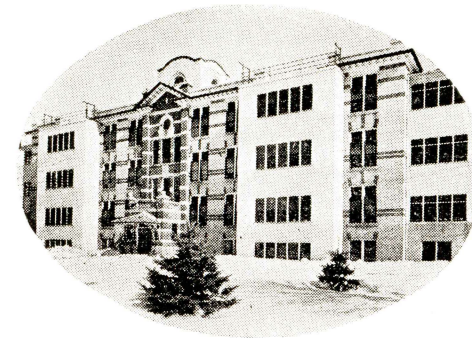
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After a three month's holiday from writing news for the Messenger, I find that I've become quite lazy, and the mere thought of work frightens me. But it must be done so I hope you readers will bear with me.

The event causing the most excitement in the past months was our Hal-lowe'en party. We had it too late to give it a write-up in our last issue so would like to mention it now as the patients and nurses, including Dr. and Mrs. Ritchie, really deserve a big hand for their contribution to the evening's entertainment. Our thanks also goes to Miss Minnie Muir and the Augustine Business Girls Club for bringing the prizes and a fine choir.

Leading the procession was Rev. Jack Booth who later performed a marriage ceremony between Cynthia Stewart and Wally (Lost Week-end) Gosha-luk. The text was read from a well-thumbed copy of "Kitty" which may account for Wally leaving his bride of a few hours for cute Li'l Daisy Mae. The last we heard, however, was that instead of heading for Dogpatch, he was seen "Way Down in Lonesome Valley." Okay, Wally, don't shoot!

Not being able to find any pulses to take or temperatures to read, Nurse

Andrest decided that "Baby" Butterball needed someone to keep an eye on her, and that's just what he did all evening. In fact, he kept his eyes on her from that day on and took them off only to shoot murderous glances at the six-man escort with which she was surrounded one night, at one of the recent shows. Never mind, Norbert, the course of true love never runs smooth! Another baby worth mentioning was Bill Schroeder who had the advantage of being pushed around in a wheelchair by a Mammy who was simply out of this world—or should have been. Mammy was one other than John (Love Dat Man) Skibalski who showed off a beautiful pair of gams under a skirt of green lace curtains.

Dr. Ritchie switched roles with his wife and made a lovely nurse, while whiskers and stethoscope really did something for the Mrs. But we must admit that a skirt looks a lot better on her than its does on him! Another grand sport was Miss Sheppard, who gave everybody a pretty tough time trying to guess who was under all those sheets. But, badly missed in the Hal-lowe'en lineup this year was Miss Ellis, who is at present in the King George Hospital. Hurry up and get well, we miss you!

Added to his many other talents, we hear that Cliff Collins is quite a crooner. Up on Third, Clare Ernewein's melodious voice can be heard emanating from the bathroom every morning at seven fifteen sharp. All we need now is a little competitive battle in the best Crosby-Sinatra style. May the best man win.

Bob Ronnebeck, D.F.C., has taken the big step and presented his one and only with a diamond. When's the big day, Bob?

We hear that Two-Bit Martin and Pigeon Gates are pretty handy with a needle and thread. You should go into business, boys, there are plenty of torn pyjamas to be mended around here.

We've always been under the impression that the boys on Third were a rather quiet bunch, but we hear that such is not the case! Heading the list of wolves is Wilfred Coumount, who was once a shy, blushing lad, but who has come out of his shell lately—but definitely! Leot Hansen and Norman Wiloughby are the lucky boys with the beautiful girls coming to see them. But experience has taught naive "Chuck" Ackabee that he'll have to improve his technique, if he's to hold the hearts of the fairer sex.

Peter Barnesky doesn't seem to be as fickle as the others, for he was heard saying to someone that his big heart-throb was a certain sweet young graduate from Second floor. It was supposed to be a secret, but after all, you can't blame us for wanting to keep "Mitch" down here with us.

Any young girl looking for a husband, complete with form and a reliable team of horses, may apply to W. Bohn, Third floor, K.E.M.H. I know just the girl for you, son; don't we, Mr. Booth?

The male population of the Edward offers quite a choice for any young girl desiring to enter wedded bliss, even including "Diplomat" Jack Driscoll.

Very little seems to be happening on Second floor these days, or maybe the grapple system isn't what it used to be. What we do know is that, after starting pneumo, Jackie Lott decided that a change of residence was in order, so she moved in with Olive, Jean, and Kelly Maxwell. Dorothy Watson packed her duds and moved in with Mary Martinec. A few of the gals from the North balcony decided to move out for good leaving Eulie Forhan, Dorothy Allen, and Ruth Ellison, looking forward to following their footsteps. Kay Sparwood is still rating a lot of attention from that wonderful boyfriend and we hear that the latest she received from him was a box of chocolates that took up space covering half of her bed. No wonder there's a shortage of chocolates! What we would like to know is this! What secret charms do Anne and Frances possess to rate bouquets of flowers from the Shriner choir boys? They just won't tell.

In closing we'd like to thank Drs. Downey, Quong, and McIntyre, and all the nursing staff for their care and kindness to us in the past year, and to wish them a very merry Christmas. Included in the thanks and good wishes is the Legion which provides us with some mighty fine entertainment; to Mr. Imrie and Mr. Pielou for bringing and showing the movies to us. And to the patients, best wishes. May the next year see them with regained health and with their loved ones. So long everybody.

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Clearwater Lake Indian Hospital

Approaching the entrance of Ward 3 there is a rush, scramble and scurrying of feet, and canes and crutches seem to make the grade desired, without any serious entanglements. From several coroners, there floats on the air, melodies from the favorite instruments, with a lively rhythm of dancing feet, snatches of songs and gales of laughter.

In the first room to your left, meet the two Alberts of the "Chickermunk" clan—champion paper rippers. Both of these boys are cast cases, yet they can get into endless combats to the extent, that, during rest period, to ensure a moderately peaceful rest, Albert Kanobe's bed must be moved out in the corridor. Albert Head is then lord of all he surveys.

The first salute you are likely to receive from these little cherubs, will be a request for something. Their fancies vary considerably in a few minutes, so their requests are not singular in numbers, e.g., a book, deck of cards, pencils, scissors, papers, etc., or it may be a request for a song or a story. There are moments when brotherly love between these two is evident and peace is establish, but not for long.

Gordon's room is not far off and what this lad hears through the walls, only Gordon knows.

In the Big Ward, Lazarus Bee is instructor to a group of boys interested in water color painting. The boys paint and shellac paper cut-outs of houses and villages for a stand-up map of Palestine which is used in religious instruction. They have recently received two fine large illustrated colored maps of India and Africa. The interest displayed on the boys' part was of no small measure.

Richard Miswagon and Esau Trout are busily engaged in copying in handwrit-

ing a large number of hymns to be used later for Christmas Carols. Occasionally we get a little song practice worked in. The boys are willing to learn and enjoy doing things. There are thirty-four patients in this wing—a very blithe family indeed.

'Bye until next month.

ARCTIC AIR

1. Thursday evening, October 21st, the Elk's Lodge of The Pas paid a good will visit to the patients and peoples of "The Base", bringing, as a staunch supporter, "Elsie the Cow," a comedy skit which brought quite a harvest of mirth from the patients and staff alike. All visitants were attired in costume, comprising a gala parade.

The community continued its gaiety with a monster masquerade dance at Recreation Centre to the old-time tunes so generously supplied by the Elk's Orchestra. Amid a cascade of orange and black decorations, and swirling couples, our Master of Ceremonies, Tom Jenner, kept the crowd on its toes—if not on his neighbor's. Although the canteen supplied steaming coffee, witch's brew and other tasty snacks—the old apple bucket before the fireplace drew a sporty crowd. Doris Masyk, as a deceivingly garbed witch, with Doctor Ridge, as a none-too-husky gladiator, captured the prizes of the Hallowe'en Ball.

2. November 6th and 7th, two members of the Board, Dr. E. L. Ross and Mr. Cummings, paid a visit to Clearwater Lake. Their time seemed entirely given to the vigorous demands of business but the folks here hope they reaped benefits from their efforts.

3. We heartily endorse Reg Lock's decision to establish his family in this bracing northern climate. May they fare well.
4. It would appear that Albert Orobko prefers chasing deer at his "old hunting ground" around Ninette, than stalking deer in the more untrodden regions of Clearwater. Hi, big game hunter! You shouldn't have got that first and last one? However, other less accurate nimrods have taken up the chase.
5. Happy, we are, to hear that Dr. McRae has also returned to his old roost at the Ninette perch and once more actively gets around. Your geraniums, Doctor McRae, though not abloom, are a flourish of greenery.
6. A milestone in the history of Clearwater was reached last Sunday, when two households became the boastful owners of a son. Pat is recovering rapidly but Tabby still wears that worried face—he is haunted by the fact, "we don't all like cigars."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor

I think the idea of a reunion of old "graduates" of Ninette Sanatorium a good one and certainly would be glad to attend should it become a reality. If I can help in any way I would be glad to do so. Being a graduate of 1923-1926, there aren't so many that I knew there then living near enough to attend, but who knows? It could be a really worthwhile day for us all to see the changes which have taken place since we left.

This is just a suggestion, but it would be rather enlightening if each one wore a tag to let others know what year they were "graduated". I'll be watching the *Messenger* for further word of the plans.

It would be nice if Dr. J. Pritchard (Uncle Joe he was to us) could be there. I believe he is in Montreal now.

Sincerely yours,

EVA L. DUFFIELD.

Box 20, Minto, Man.

To the Editor

In the course of each month a great many sanatorium magazines and tuberculosis bulletins cross my desk and most of them are rather mediocre on the whole. I have long respected *The Messenger of Health*, but I want to tell you that I think your last issue strikes a remarkably high note. The article of Dr. Paine I am recommending to our librarian for permanent library reference, and several others are almost as good.

More than once I have had occasion to remark to fellow American tuberculosis workers that the Canadian journals strike a far higher note than ours.

Congratulations again and best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

HAROLD HOLAND,

Acting Director, Publications.

Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association.

To the Editor:

Through the medium of *The Messenger of Health* I wish to express my sincere thanks and appreciation to the doctors, sisters, and nurses of St. Boniface Sanatorium for their care and kindness shown me during my stay there.

To my fellow cure-chasers, I wish the best of luck and a speedy recovery.

Sincerely,

VIOLET ELLIS.

157 Kingston Row,
St. Vital, Man.

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