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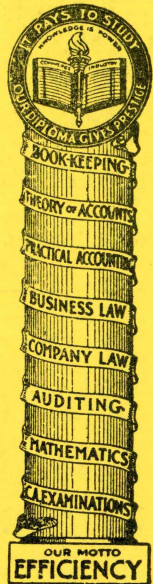
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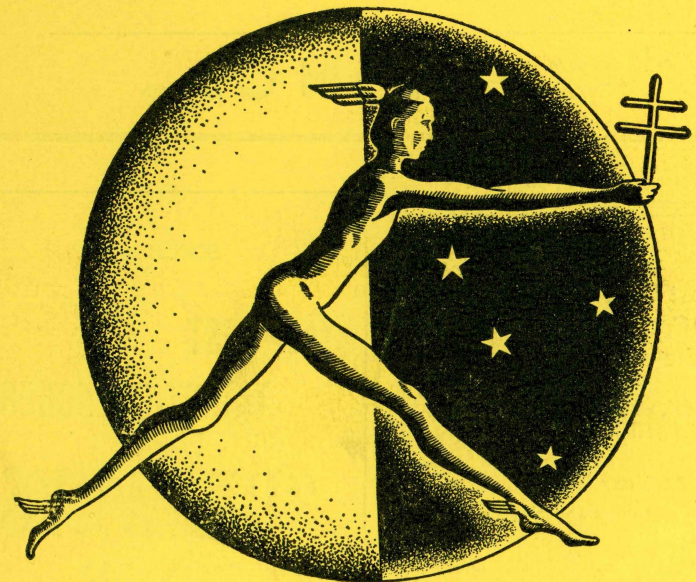
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THE

Messenger

OF HEALTH

J. Zayshley,
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VOLUME 8-No. 1 10 CENTS
JANUARY - 1945
WINNIPEG - MANITOBA

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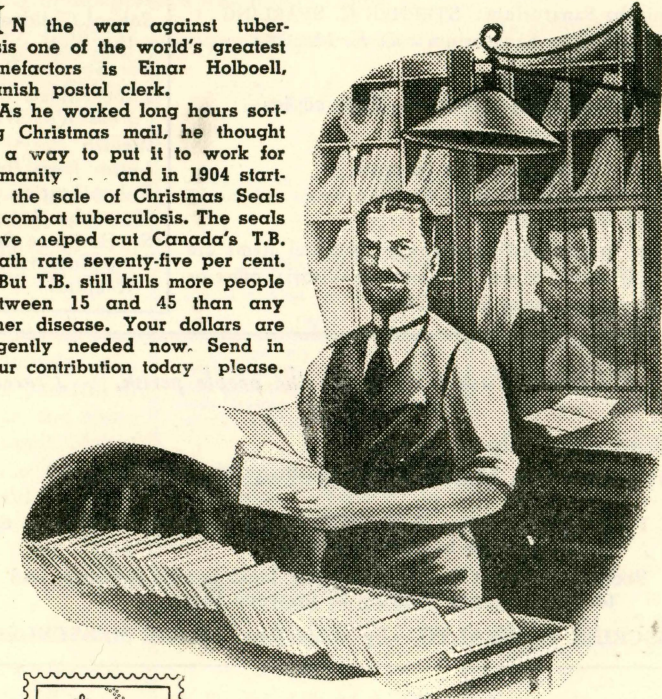
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THE *Messenger* OF HEALTH

Published monthly to promote better health in Manitoba. Editorial office: 668 Bannatyne Avenue, Winnipeg.

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REPRESENTATIVES:

King Edward Memorial Hospital: JEAN CHAPMAN
Manitoba Sanatorium: STEPHEN C. SPARLING
St. Boniface Sanatorium: G. E. MILNES

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"Where there is no vision the people perish."-- Proverbs.

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Vol. 8, No. 1 Jan., 1945

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HAPPY NEW YEAR

Truly "we spend our days as a tale that is told"; and now another chapter has been concluded and we have had an opportunity to dip, perhaps wistfully, into the first prophetic paragraphs of the new.

Within the limitations of the story's setting, each individual both writes the lines and plays the leading role in his own history. It is his to direct the course of the action and mould the characters as he will.

We hope that as your narrative unfolds you will find the plot full of interest, with the scene laid in pleasant places, and with fine thoughts, happy, hopeful incidents, and an abundance of friendliness and good fellowship on every page.

HEALTH FAIR AT SELKIRK

Under the chairmanship of Dr. C. McIntyre, the Selkirk Home and School Association is sponsoring a Health Fair on January 19th and 20th. It is proposed to have exhibits illustrating various aspects of health maintenance, moving pictures on health topics, X-ray apparatus, and a variety of informative materials that will be available to all those who desire them. A competent staff will be on hand to answer questions.

It is hoped that a chest X-ray survey of the entire population of Selkirk and district will be done in the not distant future by the Travelling Tuberculosis Clinic.

In arranging the Health Fair and asking for the tuberculosis survey the citizens of Selkirk are displaying a commendable interest in the physical welfare of the members of their community.

ASKS THAT WORKERS SHOW X-RAY CARDS

Dr. W. H. Hatfield, director of the Division of Tuberculosis Control in British Columbia, puts forth an interesting suggestion as to how the X-raying program in his province might be made more efficient. He suggests that workers be asked to present their X-ray cards, testifying to the fact that they are free from the disease, as well as their registration cards, when seeking new employment. It is his belief that such a request on the part of employers and Selective Service officials would speed up the program of checking tuberculosis among workers.

—CTA News Service

There is no duty we underrate so much as the duty of being happy. R.L.S.

Resolved

☪

To make it as easy as I can for others to enjoy life.

☪

To refrain from burdening anyone else with a load that I should carry myself.

☪

To use my tongue well with kindly, helpful words, and that means that thoughtless gossip, as an indoor sport, is done with.

☪

To keep from jumping at conclusions. (There'll be plenty of jumping; better watch this one.)

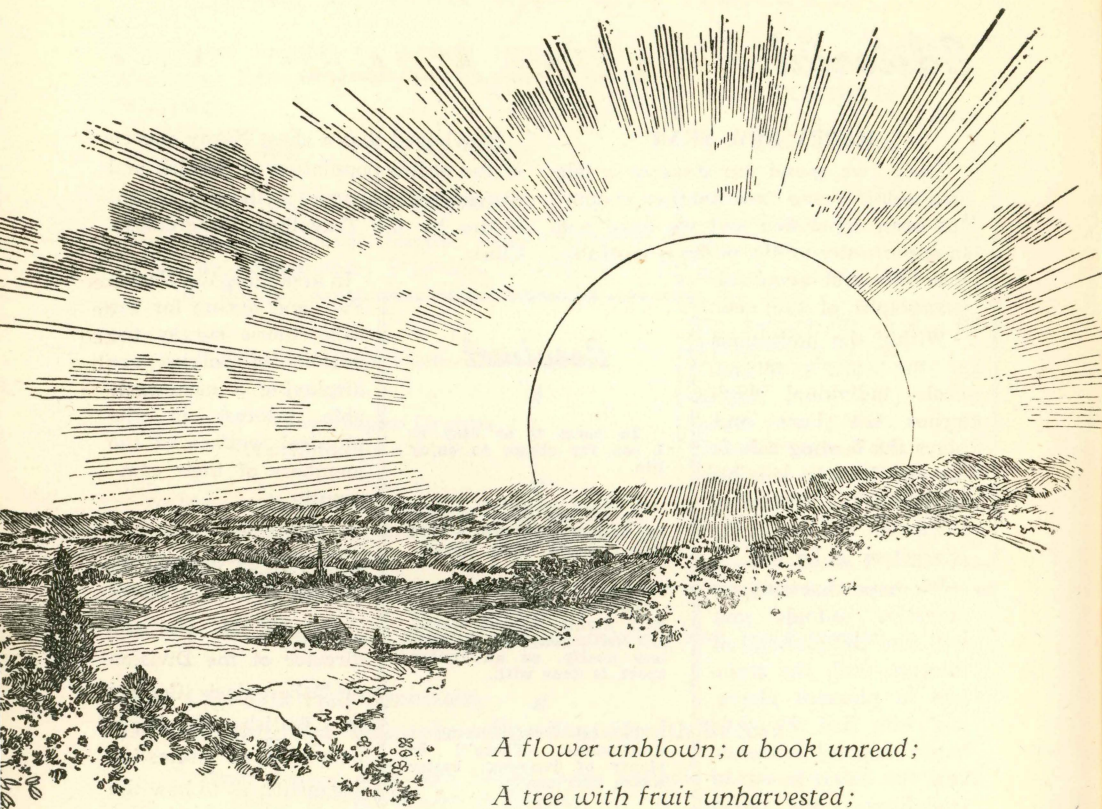
☪

To serve myself. The day of the valet is over. Some day I'll be helpless. Until then, I can do it.

☪

To try and be a little more sensible, which means, in part, to stop crossing bridges before I come to them, to stop crying over spilt milk, and, to know that I can't have my cake and eat it.

—Rev. Russell McGillivray



The New Year

*A flower unblown; a book unread;
A tree with fruit unharvested;
A path untrod; a house whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
A landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies;
A wondrous fountain yet unsealed;
A casket with its gift concealed—
This is the Year that for you waits
Beyond tomorrow's mystic gates.*

—HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

New Year Message

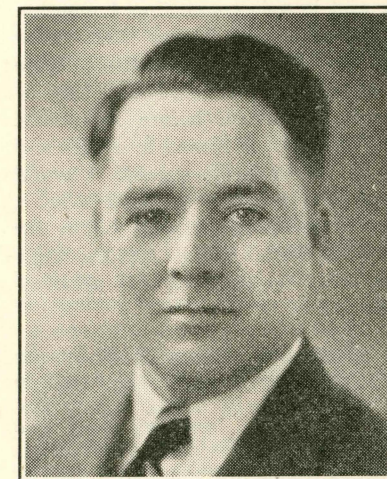
At the close of the New Year's Day concert at Manitoba Sanatorium, Dr. Ross extends greetings to staff and patients. We take pleasure in passing along his message to MESSENGER readers.

WE LOOK forward tonight to the beginning of a new year,—a year, no doubt, of great sacrifice and we hope, of triumph, peace and the liberation of war-wearied peoples. We hope the spirit of co-operation that has existed among the Allies in war will be carried on in the administration of liberated countries and the peaceful economic reconstruction of all countries. It seems obvious even now that great diplomatic effort and guidance may be necessary to attain this. The year 1945 will be memorable in shaping history for generations.

Right here in this sheltered nook on a peaceful continent what should we be doing and thinking about at the dawn of the New Year? It is stock-taking time—and in this we should unveil our mind, our heart, our soul. If there is revealed prejudice, hatred, jealousy or selfishness—out with them—and make room for a fresh stock of healthy, sparkling, constructive thoughts and resolutions. These thoughts need not be brilliant or original but only those of humble goodness, honesty, devotion and courage in our everyday life and work, whether it be on the cure or in any capacity on the staff. Our daily duties come first and the resolution for all should be—to work, co-operate and harmonize in making this Sanatorium pleasant, interesting and efficient in the cure of tuberculosis. A place to be proud of and with all sharing equally in this pride.

The world is passing through trying times and I need hardly say that the

Sanatorium has found it difficult during the past year to maintain its recognized high standards. The staff of each department, being decreased, has worked under a handicap—particularly the nursing staff—and in thinking of medical



DR. E. L. ROSS

and nursing services I wish especially to pay tribute to Dr. Paine and Miss Stocker. The Sanatorium could not function without each and every department. We need food, light, heat, water, mending, laundering, cleaning, maintenance, painting, accounting, and the medical department, which includes, of course, the x-ray and laboratory. I wish to thank the heads of all departments for their loyalty, and all others in carrying extra burdens with untiring devotion. Of so much importance also is the co-operative understanding of the

patient body as a whole, which I acknowledge and deeply appreciate, and in the words of Robert Burns—"You wait your bright reward."

The Sanatorium Board has completed a useful year in all its branches, which mainly, apart from operating this Sanatorium, the Central Tuberculosis Clinic in Winnipeg and Dynevor Indian Hospital at Selkirk, are the Travelling Clinics, Tuberculosis Surveys, Rehabilitation Division and the Christmas Seal Campaign. The greatest expansion in our work this past year has been in the preventive program through surveys, and in this connection I mention Dr. Sigvaldason. During 1944, over 60,000 well people in Manitoba have been x-rayed for tuberculosis. The x-ray reveals disease before symptoms, before infection is spread to others and when it is more easily curable. I would like to take the time to read a short letter I received along with money for Christmas Seals which typifies hundreds of others received and acknowledged:

"Please find enclosed \$2.00 for the Christmas Seals. I am very happy to receive them and happy to help you in every way because about two years ago travelling tuberculosis clinics found my son had tuberculosis. He was sent to Sanatorium and came home cured. What the travelling clinics have done for us we can never repay. I am an Indian living on the reserve and lost three of my brothers, three of my sisters and my father from tuberculosis. Now with the help of travelling clinics, thank God, my family, myself and many others are now free of tuberculosis. Thank you again."

The receipts from the Christmas Seal sale are very gratifying and encouraging and make possible our Travelling Clinics and Surveys, which are of educational as well as case-finding value. Christmas Seals also finance our Re-

habilitation Division. At this juncture I would like to pay special tribute to Mr. T. A. J. Cunnings, as Director of Rehabilitation, for his vision, courage, energy and ability. His own accomplishment is an outstanding lesson to all of us. His prolonged and difficult labor of five years in the Infirmary, has been more than justified by the birth of the *Messenger of Health* and the Division of Rehabilitation. Much more could be said of the fine qualities of many ex-patients and others at the Sanatorium.

Time is going on and if all the bright and purposeful thoughts I mentioned earlier are going to be in our minds in the morning, I think we should soon get off to bed. In closing, Mrs. Ross and I extend to everyone in our Sanatorium family the very best wishes for 1945. May it be a year of happiness, uninterrupted improvement in health and satisfaction and accomplishment for all.

"As we step into the year 1945 may we hold our heads high and keep our feet firmly implanted on solid ground, and have faith in ourselves and in the land where 'Men of Good Will,' thrift and energy can enjoy more and more of the good things of life through their own ideas and efforts."

TRAVELLING CLINIC PROGRAM

January, 1945

Selkirk—		
Wednesday	Jan. 3rd	
Dauphin—		
Wednesday	Jan. 10th	
Thursday, a.m.	Jan. 11th	
Brandon—		
Friday	Jan. 12th	
Portage la Prairie—		
Wednesday	Jan. 17th	

MORALE

As Important for the Patient as for the Soldier

By DR. J. D. RILEY

MORALE is much discussed but perhaps little understood. When things go wrong and nobody seems to have any interest in you or care anything about you, the morale is low. When all goes well and everybody speaks encouraging words and does kind things for others, showing their interest in them with a feeling of courage, optimism and hope, there comes a certain satisfaction, and the morale is high.

Morale may be compared to electricity. All of us know about it, but we know so little about it. Each of us has a storage battery, some little and some big, a reserve fund of discipline and courage, with a supply that exceeds the demands of the day. Morale imparts decision to action, firmness of will. It radiates vitality. It is the mainspring of success.

During war, morale is a most important factor. When the morale of the soldiers is good, the army can accomplish the most, and when the morale is low, the army is almost certain to suffer defeat. And the readers of this article will realize better than the public at large that all the heroes do not die on the battle front. Many a patient wages quiet warfare against the tubercle bacilli in a heroic manner never exceeded on the battle front. Morale is just as important for the patient as for the soldier. During the First World War, when the Germans believed they were not going to win, they went to pieces. Calculations based on a military point of view pro-

The author has been Superintendent of Arkansas State Sanatorium since 1930. He is recognized as one of the leading American authorities in the field of tuberculosis. The fact that he himself has had the disease makes him especially fitted for the responsibilities of his position and gives him a keen and sympathetic understanding of the problems of tuberculosis patients.

phesied victory for the Germans in 1919 and 1920, but they failed to consider the full effects of morale. In defeat, the Allied morale was stubborn and inflexible; but when the Germans faced defeat, their morale crumbled, and the end came quickly, not so much because of a lack of men and supplies as a lack of morale.

When a physician sees the morale of his patient ebbing away and worry, discontentment, peevishness and fear gaining ground, he realizes that this patient's mental attitude is not suitable to accomplish the most in the opportunity afforded him to take the cure.

Worry, so common to so many people, has never accomplished anything. No patient would be unfair with a friend or relative, but so many are unfair to themselves because they adopt worrying and fault-finding habits. Such a patient is not playing the game fairly with himself and does not put himself in position to receive the best results from any form of treatment. Healthy-mindedness, optimism, and courage are great assets and should be cultivated assiduously.

The qualities of the mind of the patient which should be his objective are perhaps best summed up in the word serenity. The secret of serenity is the ability to control our attention. More people are controlled by their thoughts than control their thoughts. One can surely attain the ability to turn off the current of his thought as he would turn off the electric light, and if one's thoughts turn toward despondency, morbid fears and grief, he should turn off this current and turn on a current of courage, cheerfulness, patience and optimism. You have never accomplished

anything by worry and most of the things you have worried about never happened. If you will spend your time counting your blessings, naming them one by one, you will not have so much time to count your misfortunes.

Man's extremity is God's opportunity. We should cultivate and practice a religion of healthy-mindedness, courage, optimism, patience and reverence, free of malice, hate, jealousy, and envy; for these last things will give you mental indigestion, which can be more disastrous than indigestion of the gastro-intestinal tract.

So many patients cross the bridges before they get to them. As mentioned before, so many things we worry about never actually happen. If a patient enters the sanatorium and is told that he probably will be confined here for one year, and he then counts the day of his confinement, subtracting one day each day, and, if he adds the total number of days beginning with 365, 364, 363, and so forth on down to one, he will find that the total is 186 years!

Worry about useless things has a bad influence on the course of the disease by its depressing action of the physiological functions of the body. A good way to avoid such worry is to live one day at a time, or if necessary one hour at a time. We should learn to pass our crises unruffled, no matter what happens, and then we shall be much more apt to pass them successfully.

The effects of emotions on the body are well known. Experimenters have made an opening into a dog's stomach while experimenting with the dog. When a piece of steak was placed in the dog's view, his stomach filled with digestive fluid; but when a cat was held by the tail in front of the dog, his stomach became dry and contained no gastric fluid. To a degree the same thing happens in your stomach. When you think of pleasant things or think good things about people, and when you are willing to

accept your lot as it comes to you and brighten the corner where you are, you are prone to have good digestion. But when you worry and fret and find fault with others and are not willing to accept what you must inevitably accept, you do not have the proper digestive fluids and consequently suffer indigestion.

One could give several examples of the effect of the emotions physiologically. For instance, shame or embarrassment causes a dilation of the blood vessels of the face with a rush of blood into the dilated vessels, and the result is known as blushing. Fear produces the opposite effect, a constriction of the blood vessels with a resulting pallor of the face. A shock may cause fainting by causing a dilation of the abdominal blood vessels with a rush of blood away from the brain into these dilated vessels, and the resulting anaemia of the brain is responsible for the fainting. Grief or joy may cause a flow of tears. Sudden news, good or bad, may cause a complete loss of the appetite temporarily.

For several hundred years experimenters have searched for the cause of the depressive emotions. Various insects and small animals with supposedly morose dispositions have been dissected in an effort to locate the cause of these emotions. We now know that the toxins and poisons of disease may produce depressive emotions by their action on the nerve centres. We know furthermore that depressive emotions increase the toxins and poisons from the disease and that, therefore, it is desirable that patients exert a great effort to be cheerful and agreeable to those about them and to strengthen their will power in order that they may overcome depressive emotions and peevishness caused by the toxins of disease. Cheerfulness, optimism, and courage will more than offset the toxins of the disease in most cases.

There is nothing more important in this world than self-control. To lose your temper and say things that you should not say and do things you should not do is not evidence of a well-trained, well-balanced intelligence, but a lack of self-control. It requires much more courage and much more determination and patience, calmly and deliberately, to decide what to do and then do it quietly, peacefully, cheerfully and without malice or criticism of others than it does to follow one's natural inclination to get folks told in a short manner, to say nasty, ugly things not fit to enter the human mind, and which only betray one's littleness.

It has been my observation that tuberculous patients as a whole have a wonderful supply, an inexhaustible supply of patience, confidence and courage that is a stimulation to those who are associated with them. It is remarkable how they carry on and prove their worthwhileness under adversity. When I am discouraged or blue, I have only to behold the examples set by so many of my patients.

The important things in this world, I think, are not the ones we are inclined to consider so at first thought. I think that worldly attainments, such as the accumulation of money, reputation and worldly standing are not so important in life as the love, grace, and tenderness of life itself. To have peace and confi-

dence within our souls; these are the beliefs that make for happiness. Nothing more effectually weighs down the spirits, contracts the sources of pleasure and darkens the countenance than the exclusive thought and reference to personal interest, and no one can hope to maintain a cheerful disposition or to exert inspiring influence until he takes a genuine interest in other things and other people.

For the most part life is what you make it. The idea shared by many that life is a vale of tears is just as false as the idea shared by the great majority, the idea of the young and healthy and rich, that life is a place of entertainment. Life is a place of service, and in that service one has to suffer a great deal that is hard to bear, but more often to experience a great deal of joy; and that joy can be real only if people look up and live a life of service and have a definite objective in life outside themselves—and their personal happiness.

Dr. Lawrason Brown, a world authority in tuberculosis, has summed up self-control as follows:

"After all, the most important thing is to be able to control one's self. Unless a patient can say no when the occasion arises, his chances for getting well are very slight. He can tear down in one day or in an hour what it has taken him months to build up."

—Sanatorium Outlook.

Things I Never Knew Till Now



The origin of spectacles as an aid to vision is not certainly known either as to time or place. There are reasons for believing that the thirteenth century saw the beginnings, and there is even evidence of the existence of a single originator of the apparatus. This is found in the inscription over the tomb of a native of Florence which reads as follows: "Here lies Salvino D'Arnato of the Amati of Florence, Inventor of spectacles. May God forgive him. A.D. 1317." * * * *

War Savings Stamps to the value of \$340,802.97 were sold in Manitoba schools from September, 1943 to June, 1944.

Children Don't Inherit Tuberculosis

By P. P. McCAIN, M.D.

Former President, National Tuberculosis Association

TUBERCULOSIS is not an inherited disease but is caused by a germ, the tubercle bacillus. Children born of tuberculous mothers do not develop tuberculosis if they are removed from contact with their mothers immediately after birth and raised in homes free of tuberculosis.

Every child who develops tuberculosis gets it from some other person who has the disease—a relative, a nurse-maid, a cook or possibly a teacher or school-mate. Tuberculosis so often goes through a whole family because the members of a family live in close contact with each other, and, if one has tuberculosis, the others become heavily infected with the germs.

Very young children are more likely to develop tuberculosis from a tuberculous member of the family because they stay at home more closely and are more constantly exposed. Often persons with a chronic cough have tuberculosis without knowing it. They may think it is due to bronchitis or a cold until some child in the household dies with tuberculous meningitis and an examination of the members of the family shows that the child was infected with tubercle bacilli from the person with the chronic cough.

Children should not live in a home with anyone who has active tuberculosis. The tuberculous person should be admitted to a sanatorium until his disease is arrested and until he has learned to practice the precautions necessary to protect the others in the home.

In previous years children used to get tuberculosis from milk from infected cows. Veterinarians however, are rapid-

ly wiping out tuberculosis from the cattle of this country, and there is now no danger of contracting tuberculosis from this source. The veterinarians eradicate tuberculosis from cattle by giving all of them the tuberculin test and by killing those that gave a positive reaction.

It is also altogether possible to wipe out tuberculosis in children. To accomplish this the parents should, before the child is born, find out whether or not members of the family have tuberculosis. This can be done by having all members of the household, including servants, take the tuberculin test, which is entirely harmless, and by having an X-ray film made of all who give positive reactions. If the child is born into a healthy home, if he gets reasonably good care and if sensible precautions are taken to protect him from those who have tuberculosis, he should never develop the disease.

The Chaser

During Health and Physical Fitness Week at the Y.M.C.A. early in December, the Winnipeg Health Department X-ray Unit gave chest X-ray films to nearly one thousand persons. The films are being read and reported on at Manitoba Sanatorium.

GOING HOME?

The Messenger will be glad to visit you there every month.

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Memories . . . 1871 to the Present Day

By DR. H. M. SPEECHLY, LL.D.

(Man., hon. causa)

WHAT is your earliest remembrance?" is a common question and not always easy to answer. For instance, when in 1869 my parents with my three sisters and I were in a sailing vessel bound from India to London round the Cape of Good Hope in South Africa, it is a fact that while my oldest sister and another girl were sitting in a sheltered part of the deck, a wave came over the gunwale and soaked them both. Is it possible that I, then barely three years old, could have remembered that? I hardly think so, candidly. Yet, I have always had a perfect mental picture of that event which naturally would produce a vivid impression on a small child. I think, however, that actually after hearing often of this minor disaster—"fancy getting wet like that!"—I unconsciously made my own mental picture.

Certainly I remember a few things between the ages of five and six: I remember two towns, Ipswich in Suffolk, and a little south thereof Harwich, now an important submarine base at the extreme north-east tip of the county of Essex, but in 1871 a seaside town. At Ipswich we were given, I think by an uncle, some Indian-made highly coloured toys and a rattle containing the handsome red and black seeds called Indian shot, the seed of a plant grown every year on our Municipal Hospitals ground, the *Canna*, whose tropical broad upstanding leaves and scarlet or yellow flowers make such a brilliant display until chilling frosts destroy them. But at Harwich my memory is of a disaster on the breakwater that protected the harbour. I was arrayed in my first straw hat and felt very swanky

when a cruel puff of wind blew it off into the sea, never to be seen again! Ah, me, the sorrow thereof! Later in that year we lived in the University town of Cambridge on the road to the station, opposite St. Paul's church on the tower of which is a clock. Hitherto time to me, as told by a clock was a puzzle, but gradually I learned what it all meant and remember the pride with which I learned to tell the time from that church clock.

Small boys dislike to be called sissy names. One day I was walking with my father, (a Cambridge graduate and a St. John's College man,) when we met the Professor of Hebrew, Prof. Mason of that College, on Trumpington Street. There is a gutter on both sides of the street occupied by clear running streams of water. "This is my small son," said my father to the old patriarchal bearded professor, who to my disgust said, "How do you do, duckie?" One evening that fall, I remember the celebrations on Thanksgiving Day for the recovery of the Prince of Wales—after King Edward VII—from a very severe bout of typhoid fever. Fireworks on the broad open public green sward of Parker's Piece, and oh boy! weren't we small kids excited! It was the first fireworks we had ever seen. "Oh, crikey!" we exclaimed as each rocket ascended to the heavens. Art Hardy, by the way, knows Cambridge well, but he wasn't born or thought of in 1871. Butter was sold by the foot in Cambridge in those days, being put up in crinkled rolls the size of a stout ruler. Soon after this, my father went off to his mission field in India and left us. We were six in number then. With my mother from 1872 to

1875 in the small seaside town of Weston-super-mare on the north coast of Somersetshire I first learned to love birds and their nests. One day a cousin of mine, (Rev. Charles White, later a Missionary to the Indians at Wabasca in the Peace River district, N.W.T.) lifted me up to get my first vision—(I was six years old then) of one of the beauties of Nature, four sky-blue eggs with brownish-black speckles at the thick end in a mud-lined cup contained in an outer covering of grasses, the nest of the song-thrush, a brown bird with white breast spotted black.

It was the same sense of the beauty and grace of God's Nature that stirred me when I first saw the loveliness of butterflies such as the Peacock and the Red Admiral. It stirs me still when I see the pale green wings of the luna moth or the glorious blending of many colours in the Ocropia or the Polyphemus so common in and around Winnipeg.

In those early 1870's the Australian boomerang had a great vogue amongst boys and men, so that we all wanted to throw them but found it hard to get the knack. On one occasion I saw a man throwing one with such success that it careened wildly past an open window a second after someone had withdrawn his head and luckily just missed a crack! Very few people in Winnipeg remember now the days of the penny-farthing bicycle, the fore-runner in the 19th century of the present improved style. I never wanted to ride one of those. Why? Because in my 7th year I saw a near tragedy. A boy of about 16 had just learned to ride one and losing his nerve as he met a pony and small cart, ran the big front wheel into the axle of the cart. The pony ran out of control for a short distance with the boy trailing on the road head downwards. His pale face made me feel queer but he only suffered a cut scalp.

If you look at the 1870 numbers of

"Punch", that faithful recorder of feminine fashions, you will see that crinolines had disappeared. I never remember seeing them, but hair-nets for controlling abundant locks were the fashion still and now in these war times you can see them in use again. During our three years at Weston, I was put to a Dame's school with other youngsters of both sexes, taught by two middle-aged ladies. It will interest present readers to know that the Winnipeg suburb of Weston during the present war has adopted that very Weston-super-mare (Weston-on-the-sea is the meaning of this queer name) and has sent many parcels for its relief after severe bombing by the Luftwaffe which destroyed nearly all the shopping district and many residential streets. Some cousins of mine live there, but only the roof of their home was damaged. There is, or was, an Airmen's camp just outside the town but the Nazis were out to destroy civilians. This same place, nevertheless, has sheltered many evacuees from Bristol and elsewhere since it was bombed. What wonderful generosity!

When my father returned from India in 1876, we spent several months in London, a horrible experience for a rural-minded youngster. I first saw tomatoes for sale in an Italian shop in Greenwich where in the Park stands the famous Observatory from which Greenwich mean time is derived. At that time, there were not more than four tons of tomatoes imported in London. Before 1914 not only thousands of tons were imported but this valuable fruit had been grown extensively in Great Britain. The first time I ate a tomato was in 1891 when I took a doctor's practice at Norton Woodseats near Sheffield; and he grew them in a cold frame. They were good too.

It is interesting to recall how homes and streets were lit in my early boyhood. In homes, candles of tallow or wax, carried on; various kinds of

candlesticks were used round the house. As the wicks burnt down the black carbonized ends had to be cut off with queer looking snuffers which were scissors with a kind of hood to hold the dead wick. Of course every six year old wanted to snuff the candle. If you go to the Manitoba Museum and ask the museum-keeper, he will show you a fine brass snuffer. For lighting rooms in a larger way, lamps with straight or circular wicks of varying size were fed with the vegetable oil known as Colza pressed from grape seed. Coal-oil or paraffin as it was called in England came in about 1880 for all sorts of domestic lighting. For street and house lighting coal gas began in 1792 and the scenery round most towns was made hideous with huge ugly gas reservoirs like that one near the Laura Secord school. As for electricity for street lighting, that commenced in London about 1882—at least it did for me. I had to cross the Thames on one occasion by Waterloo Bridge and gazed at the novel bluish white arc lamps one evening in that year. Then by degrees gas lamps fell out of use and the familiar figure of the lamp-lighter with his rod tipped with a perforated brass container loaded with some glowing slow-burning material was no more seen. Most small boys if they didn't want to be engine drivers would yearn to be lamp-lighters. How splendid to be able to go down the street lighting lamps!

Skating in England is possible only in hard winters. When I was 9 years old the meadows near the village of Grantchester, two or three miles from Cambridge, where I went to school for two years, were flooded and frozen for three or four weeks. It was then I learnt to skate. The school was founded by a Dr. Stephen Perse in the 18th Century and was known as the Perse Grammar school and situated on Free School Lane in the heart of Cambridge. Between 1914 and 1930 this school was shifted to

the Great Eastern Railway side of Parker's Piece on the site of the old gaol; but during this war a Hun bomber dropped a bomb on the school buildings which were badly damaged without loss of life, I believe. Talking about winter conditions in England—here are some memories: After the Christmas holidays in Jan. 1881 as the train drew out from Hereford with me aboard, it began to snow and when I reached Bath, I had to get a horse and rig to drive 5 miles to my last school, Monkton Combe. The livery man decided that two horses were necessary and he only just made one trip there and back, so deep had the snow fallen. Only about a third of the boys arrived back that evening and next day all the narrow country roads were 10 feet deep in snow. Another winter in the 1880's the Thames in London was frozen over but the tide broke the ice into huge blocks. Again about 1895 when I was in practice near Birkenhead, I had a house on the banks of the River Dee. That winter the estuary of the Dee was more or less cluttered with blocks of ice 12 ft. high. As the tide moved in and out, the roar of these moving blocks could be heard for miles. During my war service from 1916 to 1919, all three winters were very snowy with plenty of skating.

A total of 4,300 residents of Timmins, Ontario, were X-rayed during the month of September in the course of a community-wide survey sponsored by the local Lions Club. An active canvassing program preceded the venture, in which house to house calls were made on residents urging their attendance at the tuberculosis clinic. Dr. Graham Lane, local medical officer, who directed the survey, reports an excellent response on the part of the citizens. The clinic spent almost three weeks in Timmins and then moved on to South Porcupine and later to Schumacher.

School Children Lead the Way

AN INTERESTING account of a school project which resulted in a whole community being surveyed for tuberculosis is contained in a letter recently received at the national office of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association.

The story of how a miniature Gallup Poll on Tuberculosis was conducted by one pupil of Walker School District at Bruderheim, Alberta, is told by the secretary of the Walker Better Health Study Group. The idea sprang from the desire of the teacher in the district, a Mr. John MacDougall, to provide practical training for his class in Vocation and Guidance. He hit upon the plan of formulating a questionnaire on tuberculosis, with the help of the Health Officer, and sending his students out to interview various people in the community on the subject. A by-product of the project was the fact that valuable information was gleaned as to the extent of the people's knowledge of tuberculosis.

Armed with paper and pencil, the youngsters set out to record the answers of their elders to the following questions:

1. What is tuberculosis?
2. What causes tuberculosis?
3. What might make you think that you had tuberculosis?
4. How can tuberculosis be cured?
5. Is tuberculosis hereditary?

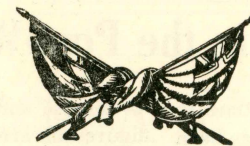
So much interest was stimulated by the questionnaire that an adult study group was formed to carry on from where the children left off. The answers to the questionnaire were scored and it was found that among 58 students and 55 adults (including housewives, merchants, farmers, commercial travellers and teachers) considerable misinformation existed with regard to the disease.

Tuberculosis was quoted variously as being a disease of the lungs, of the lungs and bones, and simply a disease. Only 7 of the 55 adults interviewed were aware that tuberculosis is caused by a germ; 17 gave colds as the cause and the rest said they did not know the cause. Fifteen of the adults questioned did not name any of the signs and symptoms of tuberculosis; 14 gave one; 17 gave two; 5 gave three; and 2 gave four symptoms. In answer to question 4, six did not name any means of curing tuberculosis; 21 mentioned fresh air only; the rest named one or more of rest, diet, fresh air or surgical treatment. *Twenty-one of the 55 adults believed that tuberculosis is hereditary.*

The need for some action seeming to be indicated as a result of the questionnaire, it was decided to probe a little more deeply into the community's fund of knowledge before deciding on what course to adopt. Included among the questions in the second questionnaire was a query as to whether or not the subject of the interview would be willing to take a test for tuberculosis, provided it were free. Fifty-eight out of 67 adults questioned replied in the affirmative to this. Accordingly, arrangements were made to tuberculin test the community and a day was set for the survey. One of the citizens offered free use of his hall for the testing and on February 23, some 283 residents of Bruderheim and another 100 persons from outlying districts were given the Mantoux test. The 88 positive reactors are shortly to be x-rayed.

Bruderheim's experience would seem to indicate the important part that schools may play in tuberculosis control and may serve as a valuable guide for other districts.—C.T.A. News Service.

FOR SERVICE PERSONNEL



"BACK TO CIVIL LIFE"

From time to time in this column, I have attempted to give the ex-service personnel hospitalized in the Manitoba sanatoria a concise resume of the Dominion Government's Rehabilitation programme. During the past months, we covered the major portion of the programme laid down in P.C. 5210, the Federal Government's Post-discharge re-establishment order. In wishing the Manitoba sanatoria officials and patients a very Happy New Year, I want to pay special tribute to your editor for the privilege of discussing the problem of discharged personnel through the columns of "The Messenger of Health" and for the very splendid work he has done in assisting ex-service men and women in the Manitoba sanatoria with their post-discharge problems.

A word to discharged personnel—The Canadian Government has published a booklet entitled **Back to Civil Life** which contains a concrete outline of the Dominion Government's rehabilitation programme. It is given free to all discharged personnel. Every ex-service man and woman should read this pamphlet carefully. If, after reading the booklet you find that you are interested in specific provisions under the Post-discharge Re-establishment Order, you should feel free to contact the Personal Services Welfare Officer, Deer Lodge Hospital, either by letter or telephone, or in person for an interview. If there are any questions you wish to ask about any part of this programme, please feel free to ask them. Perhaps with the kind permission of your editor, it might be of some value to ex-service personnel in the Sanatoria to have one or two questions of general interest answered through these columns.

To all Veterans, may I say that the Dominion Government's programme or any similar programme can only be effective if the individual for whom it is designed to help is willing to put forth the maximum effort to help himself. In any undertaking individual initiative is the keynote to success. In short this programme is designed to help the individual to help himself. The programme will give to anyone who is entitled to make use of its provisions a reasonable measure of social security while the recipient has an opportunity to develop effectively whatever skills he or she may possess.

JOHN T. MACPHERSON
Personal Services Welfare Officer
Dept. of Veteran Affairs

AUTOMOBILE WORKERS SET GOOD EXAMPLE

When 872 delegates to the United Automobile Workers Union meeting in Grand Rapids, Michigan, took time out from convention business recently to be X-rayed for tuberculosis, they set an example which other industrial unions might well follow.

The purpose of the demonstration was to show labor leaders the value of chest X-rays as a means of protecting worker's earning capacity by discovering tuberculosis and other chest diseases in the early, and consequently, most easily curable stages.

Fifty-two of the films taken showed evidence of some pathological condition, including one case of moderately advanced tuberculosis and eight cases of minimal tuberculosis—indicating that the survey had not been made in vain.

—CTA News Service

Tuberculosis in the Post-War World

THE NEW YEAR is a good time to review the progress which has been made in tuberculosis control. Now that the prospect of Allied victories bring nearer the post-war world and its problems, it behooves tuberculosis workers to take stock of their position.

A study of statistics during the war years shows that Canada has been one of the most fortunate of the belligerent countries as far as tuberculosis is concerned. Although our present death rate from this disease is slightly higher than in peacetime, there has been no alarming increase in the tuberculosis toll. The death rate from tuberculosis in 1943 was 51.7 per 100,000 as compared with 50.1 in 1939, the last peacetime year.

Canada shares her good fortune with regard to tuberculosis control in varying degrees with the other English-speaking Allies. The United States, after two years of war, has a death rate of 42 per 100,000 in 1943 as compared with 47 per 100,000 in 1939. England and Wales, after a set-back in the first two years of the war, rising from 62 to 69 per 100,000 between 1939 and 1941, are now experiencing a definitely favorable turn. In Scotland the rate jumped in the first year of the war from 70 per 100,000 to 80 and there has been little improvement since. Australia and New Zealand have been able to maintain their death rates during the war period somewhat below the level immediately preceding.

Very different, however, has been the experience of the countries at war on the continent. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has endeavoured to compile fragmentary reports from Europe into a composite picture of tuberculosis conditions. An appalling state of affairs is noted in practically every country. France reports a 30% increase

in disease among young children. Such figures as are available in Holland indicate a 50% increase in mortality. The findings of the Allied Military Government in Italy point to a three-fold increase in tuberculosis in that country.

In Bulgaria, which contributed little military help to Germany and which was not the scene of military action until recently, deaths from tuberculosis in urban areas rose by 7% in the single year from 1941 to 1942.

It is obvious from figures such as these, that no matter how fortunate may have been our experience on this side of the Atlantic, tuberculosis still constitutes a serious threat to the health of the world. With the tremendous shifting of population likely to occur in Europe at the close of the war, when it is estimated that some 20 to 30 million refugees and enslaved workers will want to return to their homes, there is likely to be a dangerous spread of infection.

Even those of us who live in a favored country cannot afford to ignore a situation which vitally affects so many people. Through our contributions to U.N.R.R.A. we are doing our part to assist in European rehabilitation, but this is not enough. For our own protection, we must seek to repair the weak spots in our own tuberculosis control program.

Fortunate though we are compared with the rest of the belligerent nations, tuberculosis is still a disease that exacts too heavy a toll of Canadian lives. Since the war began we have had some 30,000 tuberculosis casualties—at the rate of some 6,000 a year. The battle against this disease is not yet won, and European experience would indicate that any relaxing of defence measures might easily result in catastrophe.—C.T.A. News Service.

W E A L T H

To have a sense of appreciation that some things are of more value than others, and that inward assurance that the soul is good friends with what makes the birds sing, the flowers grow and the stars twinkle, lends a quiet inward calm beside which other forms of pleasures and rewards are as nothingness itself. To earn a little, to spend a little less than one earns; to love and nurture a few living things—a shy little plant in the window or an affectionate dog; to thrill at the sight of a morning sunbeam lacing itself through the dinginess of your room; to own and often read a few dear old books until they grow as intimate as a prayer; to have a few understanding friends to whom you never need explain, and then to know how to keep that friendship in repair; to be able to entertain yourself with the memory of deeds done for themselves alone without any desire for reward or applause, and with thoughts that cluster like a wistaria 'round a noble purpose, and thus make fragrant your solitude; to be content with the homey things that are nearest—daily bread, daily loves, daily duties—so that you do not have to grasp at the stars for adventure; then at eventide a simple prayer with the benediction of sound sleep, while the silent stars keep vigil overhead, and the childlike trust that God is behind all—Ah, this is to live with plenty, which is just enough to make life what it should be—an adventure in happiness where one finds those precious things that neither age nor misfortune can snatch away!

—W. Waldemar W. Argow, Th.D., Syracuse, N.Y.
Sunshine Magazine.

* * * * *

GOOD ADVICE

Keep busy. That is the sovereign remedy for unhappiness. Hard work is a panacea for trouble. You never saw a very busy person who was unhappy.—Dorothy Dix.

Letter From Britain

Dear Friends:

Another letter to add to the long list—and I didn't expect I would be writing this number when I first began in 1941!

I have started on my fourth year Overseas—goodness! time passes before you realize it.

Now I have reached the point where I would like to be home again. For a time I had visions the War would be over by now and perhaps I could be home by Christmas but it was a vain hope. I will not venture a guess as to when this conflagration will end, although the prospects of a victory this winter are still not completely gone. Our troops, including all the Allies are doing a tremendous job under terrible climatic conditions. Words cannot describe the hardships of the front-line soldiers. They deserve our everlasting praise and more than that—assurance that they will be cared for in the future!

In spite of severe wounds and permanent disabilities these lads we look after are still bright and cheery—never a murmur of complaint with their lot; one becomes very humble after looking after them. Lads with arms and legs off, or worse still—blind, carrying on as if nothing had happened. The terrible side of war is driven home to us every minute.

Well, enough of the morbid things.

During the past month, I was able to enjoy one or two good plays and a particularly fine performance put on by the R.C.N. They had a sell-out for a week's run in Birmingham and I was very proud to be wearing Canada badges as they performed superbly; in fact, it was one of the best shows I have seen anywhere.

Unfortunately we are having a very wet fall—just the weather this country is noted for but which I hadn't encount-

ered until now. It seems to rain every day or part of every day and we have frequent fogs, so my outdoor activities have been limited to an occasional bicycle ride.

My brother had a leave and visited me for 48 hours. Unfortunately, I was too busy to give him much of my time but I was able to meet him in London for a week-end. I also visited Dr. Perrin (Lt.-Col. now) at his hospital near London. I really enjoyed seeing him again and we had a grand old 'chin' far into the night!

Incidentally, today one of the patients I had in the operating room told me of a dance he attended at the San last year. He and a group of Sergeants came over from Shilo. Somebody may remember the occasion. He unfortunately was seriously wounded in Italy and is on his way home.

As this letter won't be in print until after the festive season, it is rather late to wish you the Season's Greetings but I do hope you all had a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May 1945 bring one and all of you improved health and much happiness in a world where peace and security reigns supreme.

Sincerely,
HERBERT MELTZER

Major Herbert Meltzer,
No. 19, Canadian General Hospital,
Canadian Army Overseas.

NEW PLASTIC MATERIAL

"Velon", a versatile new plastic perfected by the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., is expected to find wide variety of uses after the war. Practically wear-proof, it's not only as flexible as a rubber hose but is also impervious to the action of most acids. Used as a fiber, it is so stain-resistant that even ink spots may be removed by simply wiping with a damp cloth.

Rehabilitation Notes

A COMPREHENSIVE PLAN for re-establishment by the Department of Pensions and National Health of veterans in small businesses, has been presented to the Toronto Reconstruction Council. The plan contends that small businesses have been declining during the past three years, and that a number of those closed could be re-opened in the interests of sound economy. The veteran would supply part of the cost of establishing the business out of the gratuity provided by the Government, and the remainder could be supplied by the Government on an equal basis with a grant repayable at low interest over a long period.

CONGRATULATIONS to the following students who completed courses of study in November: Arthur Orlowsky, Essentials of Distribution; Bernice Hall, Unit One Typing; Edna Jarrett, Unit Three Typing; Audrey Rogers, Unit Two Typing; Rikki Ellison, Unit Three Typing.

IT IS STATED in an article in the *Labour Press Service* (London) for September 6th, that in 1940 there were in Great Britain 200,000 people classed as "unemployables." That figure has been cut to 18,000, which means that 182,000 have been placed in productive work in the past four years.

To accomplish this result, first of all the term "unemployable" was discarded. There might be neglected members of the community but no considerable number were regarded as totally unemployable. Then all on the "unemployable" list were carefully and individually interviewed. It was found that some had been out of work for years and had lost their old skills. For these a period of rehabilitation and training was suggested and many took advantage of this offer. A living wage was paid during the training and, it is asserted, "in a remarkably short time most were able to return to the workshops at their old trades." Others, given special training to fit them for lighter jobs, "fitted admirably into their new occupations."

INDICATING WHAT CAN BE DONE in the way of personal advancement while "on the cure," Maurice Lalonde completed five and Norman Spruhs four subjects in Grade XI at Manitoba Sanatorium last year. Both young men wrote and passed the regular Department of Education examinations in June. We extend hearty congratulations on their accomplishment.

Manitoba Sanatorium

West Three News

The Chinese custom of paying all debts by New Year's appears to us to be a very good one but how can it be done? We owe a huge debt of gratitude to our doctors who have unflinchingly given us the benefit of their experience and skill and to the nurses, attendants and others wit whom we come in contact, for their cheerful services. All we have with which to pay are the two words "thank you"—but we do mean them!

We thought it about time for Frances Vaski, Mrs. Baker, Florence Gadway, Mrs. Watson and Isobel Nabis to make this news column again but when they were asked the point blank question, "What have you done for **The Messenger** this month?" they only blushed and stammered, "Who, me? Why, nothing!" Which left us exactly where we started.

So we interviewed Mrs. Nicholson on the subject of anniversaries, she likes them (and so would we if we could only spell the word). After some twenty years of married life, the Nicholson's are still in love, which is a fact to confound the cynics though how they manage it is their own secret.

Mrs. Dyck and Mrs. Olinkin have had birthdays and visitors this month. We haven't yet found out who Mrs. Dyck's visitor was but we do know Link has her husband home from Jamaica. Isn't it wonderful?

Trude Hathaway didn't have a birthday, at least we don't think so, but she did have visitors—her mother and sisters.

Melba Fry broke up the Glee Club by moving to the Obs. Good luck, Mel.

Peter, our orderly is here with parcels! 'Bye now!

Your excited reporter.

East Three Flashes

Our New Year's welcome goes to H. Clarke and H. Baron, who came from the Clinic; J. Dowd, who hails from Glenboro; Bob Spruhs, who moved in from Number One, and J. Toews, who hails from Steinback. May the New Year restore health to you all.

Our "Kid" Len. Higgins visited the O.R. and came back minus some adhesions.

Room 15 was vacated by Anderson and Beaufoy, who moved to the Gordon.

J. Wiebe, G. Pantel and H. Freedy were lucky to spend a few days at home.

A few patients have been making resolutions for 1945, but as for myself, I shall just take things as they come!

The picture shows are very popular and Saturday night is greatly looked forward to.

May the New Year be one of the best in the annals of the Sanatorium and to everyone we wish much happiness.

The Obs Observer

By the time this goes to press our usual happy Christmas and New Year's will be over for another year.

A few moves and a few newcomers to report. First of all, Anna and Vara Yakabovich moved over to Number Two and we welcomed Miss Small and Miss Anderson from the C.T.C.

Mrs. Eva Wyld was fortunate to be able to go home to Brandon. Good luck, Eva.

Mrs. Gorenstein moved over to West Two and kept a date with Dr. Paine in the O.R. We'll be seeing you, Ray.

Melba Fry came to us from West Three and Ardith Lamb from West One. Mary Lawrenson spent the day in Brandon and reports an enjoyable visit.

Thoraco Themes

Mrs. J. Snusher, our previous reporter, has been moved to the Women's Obs. and the reporting job fell upon my shoulders; a new "pack" at that, so now I'm sporting more responsibility. It's fun.

Edith Oannish celebrated a birthday and the whole flat was fortunate enough to get a piece of the lovely birthday cake that her sister baked. Many happy returns, Edith!

Olga Orobko was the lucky gal to get a number played for her by "The Happy Gang." Flo. Hayden insists she sings much better since her tonsils were removed. If that is singing, I advise the girls to keep their tonsils!

"Dippy" Halliday is collecting pictures for her photo album. She would especially like a nice one of Dr. Paine!

Vi Staranchuk and Alda Saedal have gone to no end of trouble finding enough wool for their "Lion Socks." In fact, I had to warn people to hide their sweaters and socks for fear they would end up in Room One.

These people who leave their packing for the last minute—one yells for string, more seals, scissors—oh, but that is Christmas for you! It's the spirit the girls have that makes it so interesting.

Those who had ops. in the past two months were: Sylvia Larson, Olga Orobko, Doug. Rankin, Mr. Hickson and Frank Mitchell, all of them paraffin pack cases; Betty Rink, Mrs. Hannah and Mrs. Gorstein, thoraco stages, and Mary Thomas and Lorna Blackburn, bronchoscopies. Never an idle moment for our Dr. Paine—or should I say for his weapons?

What is that we see with bell-bottoms down at this end of the hall? It's our Merchant Seaman Wally Orobko back from Jamaica and visiting his sisters Olga and Ina.

Laura Delamater and Lil Hicks also had visitors. Mrs. Hannah had her children out to see her too.

On behalf of the girls and myself, we wish everyone a Happy New Year. Cheerio till next month.

East Two Notes

Now that the Christmas and New Year's celebrations are over, the boys have settled down to their normal cure-chasing routine again. We hope that the coming year will see a great improvement amongst all.

This month we welcomed Don MacLellan and Keith Alexander of the Navy; also our welcome to Mr. Sewell of Winnipeg. We hope their cure-chasing days will be happy and profitable ones and that they will soon be able to "chase" back home again.

Doug. Rankin and Claude Ball have returned from the West and seem to be well and happy. Alex Rospad and Stew

After the War...WHAT?

Young men and women with long vision are thinking seriously about the post-war years.

Today, due to the scarcity of help, positions are easy to get without much training. But after the war employers are going to demand higher standards of training and efficiency. The incompetent, half trained employee will be weeded out.

Secure YOUR future in the post-war years by a thorough course of training at the "MANITOBA." Full information about our Home Study Courses upon request.

The
Manitoba Commercial College
 334 Portage Avenue - Winnipeg
 THE BUSINESS COLLEGE OF
 TOMORROW — TODAY!

Fitzpatrick have moved out to continue their cure-chasing in Number One.

Mike Olynik has ordered some calendars but it doesn't seem as if they will appear before 1946. He says he isn't worried about what the men will say but he is a little concerned about what might happen when the girls in the West get to know.

Oliver Whiteway received a very much needed piece of wearing apparel for Christmas. His friends seem to have underestimated his size and it looks as if he will have to undergo an abdominal thoraco before he can wear it.

Some of the boys in the ward seem to have made a New Year's resolution to eat more garlic sausage. We hope the inward results will be more encouraging than the outward signs indicate.

Miss Margaret Sinclair is the latest addition to the nursing staff. We extend her a hearty welcome and hope that she won't find life among the wolves too disturbing.

So long for now.

Dynevor Echoes

Hello everyone! We hope you enjoyed your Christmas as much as we did ours. On Wednesday, December 20th we had our Christmas tree and we started the program off with the singing of Christmas carols under the direction of Rev. Sage and Miss Stapleton. It was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

Our thanks to Mr. F. Bradley, Winnipeg, for coming again this year to show us a most enjoyable movie; and to Mr. Hancock, Dr. Campbell, Miss Goldsmith, nurses and patients for the splendid job of decorating the wards and tree and preparing for Santa's arrival. We would also like to thank the Salvation Army, Mrs. Parkes, Mr. Langrill and the I.O.D.E. and L.B. Chapter and St.

Peter's little club for their many kindnesses.

We all enjoyed a sumptuous Christmas dinner with all the trimmings and after a short rest period, we had a stream of visitors.

Our guests included Miss Hilton, Miss Palsson, Mr. Norquay and Franklin Parkes.

As newcomers we welcome Madeline Flett, Margaret Houle, Theresa Bab, Gladys Hudson, Janet Green, Gloria Bunn, Susan Ferguson, Tom Big George, Alfred Robson, Stanley Munroe, Lucien Spence, Eli Spence, Rudolf Flatfoot, Abraham Pisew, Campbell Browne, Noel Valentine, Levis Wesley, James Flett, Judus Skawinamosh, Fred Kakegamic, Jonah Mamagsic, John Keeno, Jackie Perrault. Happy days to all of you and may you soon be one of the fortunate ones to come around and say goodbye.

We bade farewell to Florence Mason, Mrs. Stevenson, Mary Cheebodabee, Elizah Mason, Leslie Thomas and Herbert Blackhead. Our best wishes for their continued good health and happiness go with them.

We certainly miss Nurse Land but welcome Miss Fairies in her place and hope she enjoys her stay with us.

Your reporter joins everyone here in wishing you all a Happy New Year.

John Yellowlees & Sons

NINETTE, MAN.
The Friendly UNITED Store

MEN'S WEAR

A complete assortment of
COSMETICS & TOILET ARTICLES
ORIENT HOSIERY IN SILK,
AND SILK AND WOOL
GROCERIES — HARDWARE

We invite the patronage of
Sanatorium residents.

St. Boniface Sanatorium

Ste Therese Tattler

With carols ringing in our ears, goodwill and good wishes in the air, thoughts and words should flow freely at this time. We are still in the throes of "Just Before Christmas" so if we appear to drift a little perhaps you'll forgive.

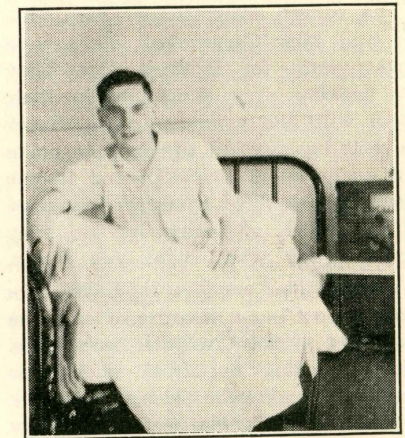
I'm trying to think of how you'll be thinking 'round about January 9. The gay garlands and festoons that took hours to put up and minutes to take down, have been tucked away in their respective hidee-holes for another year. Some of you will still have that mysterious, happy look about you—sort of a 'cat that swallowed the mouse' expression as you recall December 25th or January 1st. I'm thinking now of those fortunate ones who enjoyed the privileges of a pass out, for fortunate they were indeed.

There was much scurrying around as Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Haverluck and Mrs. Cavanagh eagerly scrambled into outdoor apparel as soon as supper was over on Christmas Eve. Then, a hasty once over from the rest of the gang—a merry 'Merry Christmas' wish and away they sped to that place we all dream of—home. Perhaps I should put a footnote here to the effect that all the wanderers have returned, having had the misfortune to get the car started after hopefully parking it in a snow drift for two days and praying for a blizzard, a la Toronto style.

However, the bouquets should go to those who 'stayed in.' For far from being a dull holiday, everyone mixed a generous quantity of her own cheer and good spirits with everyone else and the brew was packed full of bubble and sparkle that lasted throughout the day. Oh boy! are we ever looking forward to

New Year's—could it be because Stella has promised to give us each a kiss promptly at 12 o'clock New Year's Eve? Wonder who will be her first victim—ooooh! aren't you simply tingling with excitement?

Everyone is fine on the flat—as a matter of fact we're disgustingly healthy.



GORDON E. MILNES

former member of the R.C.M.P.,
has capably represented THE
MESSENGER at St. Boniface Sanatorium for more than a year.

There's Mrs. Munroe raving about the merits of her diet and begging for some mucilage to stick her leg back on—it came unstuck at Christmas. Little wonder for things do get knocked about so in the mails and a little cedar chest can't stand right on three legs, can it? Say—do you know what—Mrs. Johnstone must be on pretty special terms with Santa, for you should see what he brought her. That Jolly Old Fellow certainly hasn't lost his sense of humor either judging by the three bulging

stockings full of fans, prunes, bracelets and monkeys he left for Mrs. Munroe, Mrs. Johnstone and Mrs. Blake—a right thoughtful idea.

Someone on this flat reminds me of a flower. It couldn't be—Weeping Willow—oh dear no, besides that's not a flower. How about a — Johnny-Jump-Up — that's it! Whatever will we do after you make that New Year's resolution,—oh, but there's Easter coming so you'd better make two resolutions, the second one resolving to make the first one stick. How about it, Ina?

Mrs. Moran, Miss Mondor, Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Gregorchuk all have a cheery smile for us these days. They are looking very sunshiney in their room with the yellow curtains. Sister Roberts has worked tirelessly to make our rooms more homelike and in one week washed, dyed, ironed and repaired fifty curtains, of which we are very proud to say again, thank you, Sister.

What's this we hear? Voices harmonizing softly our favorite tunes in the rosy glow of the Christmas tree lights. Bjorg, peeking out from under her many cards of good wishes, not only enjoying it but taking part while Lindy puts in a sweet note as she thinks of how her sister will bring a touch of home by spending a day here with her. Stella is chiming in, bringing the harmony a little closer as she and Mrs. Haverluck glance at the tree which is very much a credit to all of them. Boy, of boy! can Stella make stars! There seems to be a considerable echo in the building or could that be Al and Beth tuning in—poor kids they just don't seem to be able to help themselves when a song is in the air. They say it does something to them—we'd best not say what it does to others.

Mrs. Russel went visiting a-down the hall for dinner on Christmas day and that, with a merry wave from Nellie Fedowsky just about takes care of everybody.

Miss Kirby, Miss Lasko, Mrs. Grant and Miss Ludwig have been busily pushing us around these days. But this time we don't mind a bit, in fact we appreciate it a lot for they've been escorting us in the wheelchair to the other flats to view the decorations and Christmas scenes the Sisters have erected there.

Miss Wallace is still patiently attending to all our wants and trying to get us bedded down at the appointed time. Someone told her she spoilt us—but—come closer, Wally, while we whisper loudly—"We don't mind a bit, in fact—we love it." We're proud to see you've been 'capped' too, Miss Wallace. Congratulations!

Irene's mournful theme song these days is, "Dolly with the Hole in Her Stocking"—right, Irene? While our little Pee Wee keeps rhyming over 'n over "Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes, Rings On Her Fingers" and oh—that light in her eyes. By Corky! right Pee Wee?

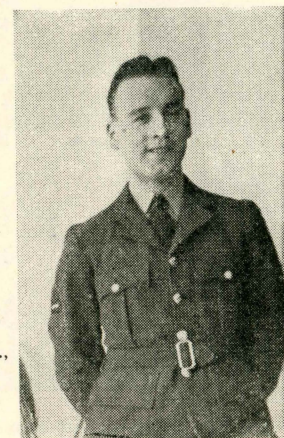
Well, somehow I feared we wouldn't make this issue but like all good Scotsmen 'twoundn't seem right to have this debt outstanding at the end of '44. So—let's start the New Year right with high hopes for everyone in 1945.

Good Luck.

Ici St. Jean

Boxing Day! Yes, Christmas is over and now we sit back to wait for the New Year, and then no doubt some inevitable after-effects! The atmosphere has been quite cheerful down here with the place festooned with streamers, tinsel and multi-coloured orations, thanks to Miss Olafson, Miss Carberry and Miss Robertson. (Miss Knellman didn't like to disturb us through the night!) Sister Noisieux and Sister Charette added much to the splendour of the hall by erecting a beautiful and rather realistic woodland scene, complete with water

falls, a dam, pine trees, houses and also a cattle-shed representing part of the Nativity. Here, I must add, much advice and direction was given by a self-appointed sergeant who, I believe, barely escaped having his beard tugged! Milnes put in some good work converting the balcony into a cozy sitting-room. I think



L. Maxwell,
of the R.A.F.,
author of
Ici St. Jean.

we could almost hear the tintinnabulation of the little paper bells—surely a sign of a successful season. We hope everyone had just that.

But to get on with the show—Exits? No, after all they have to come in first, so let's take the entries. Mr. Tucker, for whom the novelty has worn off, returned to the San for another spell. We hope he has every success. Now the exits—Mike Medal hastily packed his bags and made for Selkirk. (No, No! don't think that—his home is out there) with a happy heart and eager countenance. Mr. Twells with no less happy heart wended his way westward to the prairies where he says 'men are men, and Pansy is still but the name of a flower.'

Those fortunate enough to spend Christmas at home were Const. Milnes, Ken Ray, Bill Budd and Mr. Lovell. Milnes managed out for a week and as I write he has not yet returned. Will the call of the home fires be too much for

him? They would be for me, I'm afraid. Ray had five days away, spending them somewhere in Ontario (military secret!). Budd and Mr. Lovell had the weekend in the city. (They each have R. 7 now). That left the flat rather quiet and a good time was had by all! I guess Mr. Lovell avoided the drudgery of getting out of bed to wash himself when at home.

Stewart Gold, having the room to himself for the weekend, spent it very peacefully. I think he took a whole day to open his parcels as he seemed to have myriads of them. Has anyone seen a wing of a chicken sailing round the San? After it had been severed from the carcass it just got up and vanished into the blue—leaving old Stewie minus a good dinner. It must have been like the dove during the Flood! George Dunsford and Andy also spent the time in a spirit of peace—or did they? I believe there was some controversy over a little, tender inscription in a book Andy got as a present. They fought it out on the cribbage board, George winning very decisively. Mr. MacFarlane, having been left in solitude by his room-mates, had the privilege of acting Santa Claus to the staff. What was in the bag you tucked away behind the tree, Mac? Bottles of milk? Reynolds had a little setback recently, reversing to R. 5, which perhaps accounted for a little of his melancholy. Little Tommy Tucker made the best of it though and likewise his buddy:

Little Jack Turner sat in his corner,

Eating his Christmas puddanty:

He stuck in his nose and there the thing froze,

Now he thinks he is Jimmy Duranty!
Poetic licence—Phew!

Kropelnicki and O'Halloran seemed to agree more or less over the weekend, and all was serene except for an occasional good-natured bellow from Bobby, which probably led someone to com-

pare him once to Ferdinand the Bull. Riggs now spends the time writing letters in a writing case he received from some of his girl-friends at Christmas. Father Adams now has a big R. 8. Father Shulist took him up town at the weekend and we're not very sure who led who astray. He looked better for his little outing. Jack Venier and Nick are still spending the time each in his solitude and I don't think either one found the festive season over-taxing to his strength.

So with this good wish we start off the New Year—may it be a happier and more prosperous one for all. Cheerio again.

St. Luc's

We were still gorging ourselves on the good things left over from Christmas when the Boss hove in sight and reminded us not to forget to remember to do our duty. So, with our eyelids propped open and a throat aspirin soothing our burned-out throat, we do or—for dear old Milnes! (Thanks.)

Mr. Lafortune won himself leave of absence, followed by a discharge. Wish we could work as fast. Amen! Smith, Kuz, Merineau, and Palacek had leaves of absence. Taylor had two and Delaronde had one and is out again as we write.

Routines to: Palecek R. 6; Lacoucette R. 3; Richard R. 10; Peters R. 10; Kul-

baba R. 4 and Britsky R. 4. Carlstrom is out of his shell, which is a nice progressive move. We mustn't forget Damas Moreau, who was discharged.

Miss Taylor left us for her home and we hope that she is in good health and



Sister O'Hara built a snow-en-wrapped, warmly-lit village on St. Luc to lend a cheerful Christmas atmosphere to the ward.

spirits; Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Ewaschuk went to the Annex; Miss Doekker went home for a week or so; Miss Mazureck to St. Joseph's; Miss Hiron and Miss Gert Wiebe are our new nurses.

Our sincerest thanks to those who made our Christmas such a happy one and Happy New Year to all.

Youville Yodellings

Youville sends New Year's Greetings to you all, with the wish that 1945 brings health and happiness.

For the last three weeks, Youville has seemed anything but a sanatorium. Remarks like—"I haven't time to visit until after Christmas. These socks, doilies etc., must be finished," or "I'll really chase the cure after Christmas," were overheard everywhere.

We welcome the new patients in 258—Mrs. Lauridson, Miss Hargreaves, Miss Remple and Miss Dolly Possek. We also welcome Dr. Kujawa in 261 and we hope she'll soon be up again, asking us all the questions that we can't possible remember the answers for.

Room 257 has been opened since last going to press, so we welcome its occupants, Mrs. Lord who came from the King Edward Hospital, Mrs. Ross, who charges you for a look at what she calls her "zoot" suit, Mary Friesen, who after two months vacation came back to Youville to start double pneumo, and Margaret Busch, who gave up teaching to fill the fourth bed in 257. They're a happy group.

Those on Youville fortunate enough to have Christmas leave were Mrs. Ledger, Mrs. Simms, Joey Dukelow and Mrs. Maybee. Mrs. Martiniuk deserted us in favour of St. Luke's. Some of the other girls would no doubt liked to have followed suit. Mary Fedun got her discharge shortly before Christmas, so Santa, (or the M.D.) was really good to her. Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. Rommund have both been helping to keep Dr. Sinclair in form, by having thoracos. Both are doing nicely.

Vic Zdan is happy on R. 10, but making beds still isn't her idea of a good time. Joey Dukelow has R. 5 and is the envy of us all now. Irene Moar paid an unexpected visit to the Annex, following Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve but was lucky to be able to get to Youville for Christmas dinner. That was really something!

Peggy Cummings and Mrs. Carriere are the new occupants of 239. Peggy

finds it a small room for all her Christmas gifts. What price popularity!

Happy New Year to all.

St. Joseph's News

We are all very pleased to have Sister Noiseux with us again. We missed her pleasant smile while she was away for three months. However, we are sorry to report the departure of our charge-nurse Miss Jenkins who left on December 15th. Miss Jenkins' kindness and pleasant disposition will be missed on St. Joseph's.

The staff shortage is keeping the Nurses very busy these days. At present we have Mrs. Earl, Miss Wolbaum, Miss Gereau and Miss Mezeric as the regulars with Miss Carberry filling in the vacant spots when her duties in the Dressing Room will allow her to. Miss Carberry is about to leave for a few days holiday; a trip to Oak Lake, we hear. Mrs. Nichols is also pressed into service whenever we catch her on the flat. Those of us who need a dressing changed occasionally are happy again as we have Mrs. Stalker back on the job again.

Miss Kay Wally and Miss Jean Bernuy are the lucky patients to get away on leave. Mr. Drew has received his discharge and was fortunate in getting home in time to spend Christmas with his family.

Newcomers since last report are: Mrs. C. Chartrand, Mr. C. Ashbury and Mr. J. Wickdahl. Mr. Ashbury is getting along very well having gained 5½ lbs. in the past three weeks. Another potential fat boy is Abel Robideau; he has gained about 15 lbs. in the last two months. How do you do it, Abel?

With best wishes for a happy and healthy New Year to our many friends here at St. Boniface, the Manitoba Sanatorium at Ninette and the King Edward Memorial Hospital at Winnipeg. May 1945 bring you good health and a happy return to your families.

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King Edward Memorial Hospital

Now that the festive season has been drawn to a "spirited" close, and the New Year has been ushered in, your reporter hopes that you have all settled down to a less hectic routine. Of course, I believe, we have all made the traditional New Year resolutions, but how many of them will be kept remains to be seen.

First of all the patients who were less fortunate than yours truly, would like to extend their sincere thanks to those who helped make the Christmas holidays as enjoyable as possible.

To the various organizations, such as the I.O.D.E., The Canadian Legion, Salvation Army, Augustine Church, The Imperial War Veterans, The Air Force Auxiliaries, and Associated Army Auxiliaries, who have worked so energetically throughout the year, we extend our thanks. Also at this time perhaps it would not be amiss to join hands in expressing our sincere thanks to Dr. Dugald McIntyre, Dr. H. M. Speechly, and Dr. T. Quong for services rendered during the past year; to Miss Robertson, Miss Hemming, Miss Drinkwater, and genial X-ray technician Clare Simpson for a year of devoted guidance in nourishing, and lighting our path to a healthier life; and to the nursing staff, Miss Cooney, Mrs. Sinclair, Miss La Bel, Mrs. McMorrin, Miss Dingwall, Mrs. Thorn, Miss M. Hemming, Mrs. Webster, Miss Briscoe, Miss Ellis, Mrs. Kohn, Mrs. Wildgoose, Mrs. Bower, Mrs. Whittaker, I say, "God bless all their little hearts" for they come no better.

On the 31st of December the patients of the King Edward Hospital held a farewell gathering for Miss Hemming, our supervisor for the past seven years. George Smithers presented her with a lovely purse on behalf of the patients

and expressed their appreciation for services rendered in the past. The occasion concluded with everyone joining in and singing "For she's a jolly good fellow." Miss Hemming will be missed but we sincerely wish her every happiness in the years to come and hope that she will always carry pleasant memories with her of King Edward.

New Year's Eve proved to be quite a gala affair this year, due no doubt, to the "good spirits" that pervaded the Edward. Entertainment galore was provided and there was never a dull moment. Our little Emily Wray came forth and showed us how jazz tunes should be sung. And after hearing her, we know that Betty Hutton has real competition in this "solid sender." No foolin'.

But for those who love the old ballads, you won't find a better man than Whitey Baker. He drew tears from many an eye with his heart-stirring rendition of "When Irish Eyes are Smiling" and we hear from reliable sources that Whitey must have thought it a sure thing for inducing sleep, for he continued crooning long after his colleagues K. Coyle and Paul Ostapowich had drifted into dream land.

Mary and Winnie had an idea that a song from them would be appreciated and after a few hours of gentle persuading (mainly by having a couple of plants thrown at them) they decided to be their sweet selves, which was bad enough. Many more amusing incidents occurred but we thought we'd let you in on the highlights of the evening. Suffice it to say, there were a good many souls who just hated themselves the next day.

Second floor lost two of its old standbys when Jean Chapman and Sola Maxwell packed their duds and said

farewell. But Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. Gratton and Ann Brown came to fill the vacancies. May your stay be short and sweet, girls.

On an uneventful day in December the silence was shattered by a few blood-curdling yells. Our ears perked up, our noses twitched and we immediately sent our spies out to inquire what the rumpus was about. They came back with the tidings that a soldier and a sailor were about to invade the King Edward. The soldier was Phil McGowan's hubby who had returned for a 30-day leave after being overseas for five years. As soon as he hit town, he rushed here and before we had time to get our breath, he had whisked our Phyllis away and she won't return till his leave is up.

The sailor was Betty Lindsay's spouse who had been away for a year and a half. Betsy wasn't as fortunate as Phil in obtaining a leave but Hughie certainly didn't neglect her in the least. We hope it won't be long before Elsie's and Carrie's husbands return too.

We are trying to make Mrs. Valenta and Jenny Yarish 'fess up as to who wired them those lovely flowers. Secret admirers, girls?

It seems there is another potential mark for "Master Cupid" in the persons of Sir Racehorse and Little Miss Carrotop: more notes via "Carrier Pigeon", more sighs—ah, me. And how about showing us that lovely gift you received, Dotty?

What we wintinow is the final results of the torrid courtship of our Lil' Abner Scott and his Second Flat Daisy Mae. This affair, I understand, reached its climax through a series of heart-stirring cryptograms, a modern innovation of the age-old affaire d'amour. Ingenious fellow, this Lil' Abner chap! Said Dr. Speechly to Yorge Schmeezer, alluding to a few of the patients who trotted out on an unofficial trip to the outside over the holidays, "Give them

an inch and they take ell." You know what an ell is, don't you?" "Oh, yes," replied Yorge, "It is what we caught when we returned,—proper 'ell." You needn't have snickered, La Belle and Dewy Dewburg, you know just as well as he, what it was all about.

Said "Daisy Friedman", "Boys, I'm turning over a new volume this year. I resolve not to swear at the nurses, not to complain about the marble slap which serves me as a bed, not to suggest the liquidation of all dietitians and above all, to keep happy." Congratulations, bub!

Well, that's all you guys and gals. Sorry there isn't any more scandal but the sleuths are inactive at the moment. I hope you all had a heavy holiday, and are set to shake the old dust off your feet. May 1945 be a happier one. Cheerio.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S AT MANITOBA SANATORIUM

Christmas and New Year's were celebrated with all the traditional good-will and cheer that characterizes festivities at the Sanatorium. They are now but pleasant memories.

Things got under way December 23rd with the Carollers visiting the Infirmary and Observation wards and heralding the approach of Santa Claus (Bob Lumsden), Mrs. Santa Claus (Miss Cassidy) and their fairy helpers (Grace

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Page and Mrs. Watson) who were kept busy distributing gifts from the brightly decorated trees.

Sunday, special services were conducted in the Assembly Hall by the Rev. Dr. Kenner and solos and music were provided by the choir from Ninette and Mrs. Sigvaldson.

Christmas and New Year's morning brought the Medical Staff around to extend season's greetings to each patient.

Then came the sumptuous dinner—at noon for the Infirmary wards and an evening party for ambulant patients and staff. The Infirmary enjoyed "open house" from 3 to 4 p.m. on both occasions.

The concerts which started at 8 p.m. in the Assembly Hall marked the close of the festivities with Dr. Ross acting as the genial Master of Ceremonies.

The Christmas program consisted of song and dance numbers by Norma Cunnings; popular songs by Mrs. Sherman; songs by Rikki Ellison; a short play by the Number Two girls; a skit by the Number One boys; a tableau, "Three Kings" by the Observation girls and a message from Dr. Kenner. A dance for the staff brought the evening to a close.

The New Year's concert consisted of the following numbers—rhythm band by children of staff members with Miss E. May, accompanist; song by Mrs. Sigvaldason with cornet and piano accompaniment by Dr. and Mrs. Ross; dialogue by Alice Paine and Bruce Ross; songs by Mr. Chapman accompanied by Miss E. May; the dramatization of the "Shooting of Dan McGrew" by the Gordon Cottage boys; a quiz by the Number One boys; the Sailor's Hornpipe by Misses Butler and McKenzie, accompanied by Miss Francis Findlay on the accordion; a skit "If Men Played Cards Like Women" by the King Edward Cottage boys; chorus by the Nurses' Home. The Rev. Mr. Syms, a well-known friend of the Sanatorium

who was a guest for the occasion, spoke a few words. The program ended with words of thanks to all departments by Dr. Ross, and a message of good cheer, hope and inspiration for the coming year.

Sit There, Please

"Your wife used to be terribly nervous. Now she's as cool and composed as a cucumber. What cured her?"

"The doctor did. He told her that her kind of nervousness was the natural result of advancing age."

* * *

Young Bride: "Darling, I got these scalloped potatoes from the cook book."

Husband: "I though I tasted one of the covers."

* * *

Junior: "Daddy, if I'm a good boy, can I have a dime?"

Father: "What! when I was your age, I was good for nothing."

* * *

A haughty woman swept into a fashionable kennel shop.

"I want a collar for Alexander," she said.

Timidly, the clerk inquired, "What size, please?"

"You should know the size," the outraged customer exclaimed. "Alexander buys all his clothes here!"

* * *

Housewife: "I don't suppose you know what good honest work is?"

Tramp: "No lady, what good is it?"

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JOTTINGS ON A DESK PAD

Married — Louise Sparks, ex-San patient to Flying Officer L. M. Bovee of Cloverdale, B.C. The ceremony took place at Knox Church, Winnipeg on December 16th.

Congratulations—to James Zayshley who is X-ray technician at the City Hall, on successfully completing his examinations as Registered X-ray technician. He has obtained both American and Canadian registration.

Seen about—Section Officer, Jean Campbell, former dietitian at Ninette was in the city early in December. For sometime past she has been stationed at Assiniboia but she has now been posted to Vulcan, Alberta . . . Nursing Sister May Clark was a Christmas visitor at Ninette. Miss Clarke is in charge of the R.C.A.F. hospital at Dafoe, Saskatchewan . . . Walter Orobko, looking well and happy, spent Christmas at Ninette. He is in the Merchant Navy and only recently returned from trips to Bermuda and other points in the West Indies . . . Gladys Wheatley was a visitor in the city during the holidays.

Leaves—Miss Hemming has left the King Edward Memorial Hospital and will be greatly missed by everyone. We wish her luck.

On staff—Miss McLenaghan and Miss Ray are new members of the nursing staff at the Central Tuberculosis Clinic.

Of interest—Mrs. Peter McBeth (nee Mabel Fredrickson) entertained a number of former San patients at a delightful evening on December 15th. Among those present were Mary Gray, Floris

Olsen, Mrs. Marjorie Read, Doris Robertson, Kay Ruane, Winnie Ruane, Mabel Turner and Ruby Feldman . . . Word was recently received from Mrs. Irene Sterback (nee Korell) that she would be glad to see any former patient or staff member from Ninette if they happen to be visiting Toronto. Her phone number is HA(rgrave) 1571 and her address is 57 Hopedale Ave., Toronto. . . . Mrs. Croft and a group of talented assistants staged a most enjoyable Christmas concert at the Central Tuberculosis Clinic on Thursday, December 21st. Sandwiches and Christmas cake for visitors, staff and patients turned the affair into a real Christmas party. And now it can be told—Santa Claus was none other than D. Scott!

LIBERTY

One evening I wanted to touch the tea-urn which was boiling merrily. It was my early taste of bronzes, I suppose; but I was resolute about it. My mother bade me keep my fingers back. I insisted on putting them forward. My nurse would have taken me away from the urn but my mother said, "Let him touch it, nurse." So I touched it—and that was my first lesson in the meaning of the word "liberty". It was the first piece of liberty I got and the last for which I asked for some time.

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LETTERS

To the Editor:

I would like to express my sincerest appreciation and thanks through your publication to Dr. Campbell and the staff at Dynevor Hospital for their care and kindness.

My recollections of Dynevor Hospital will always be pleasant, and I shall remember for many years the friends I made during the months I was there.

I wish you all the best of everything. Good luck.

Sincerely,

FLORENCE MASON.

To the Editor:

Since last renewing [my subscription to *The Messenger of Health*], I have married and I am expecting to leave for Overseas to join my husband. As you know, wartime restrictions prevent the forwarding of printed matter to civilians so I shall have to wait until later when *The Messenger* can be sent to me.

I have enjoyed your publication very much in the last few years. For a small magazine, I think it does a tremendous amount of good and may it be even more successful in the future.

Sincerely,

PHYLLIS LOCKHART LARGE.

309 Morley Ave.,
Winnipeg, Man.

To the Editor:

I wish to take this opportunity to express my sincere thanks and gratitude to the doctors, nurses and staff at the Manitoba Sanatorium for the wonderful care and many kindnesses I received during my stay there.

For all the patients, I wish a very speedy recovery and the best of everything in 1945.—Sincerely,

MADELEINE MOLONTUK.

Box 1289,
Portage la Prairie.

Page Thirty-two

ELASTICITY OF THE MIND

The want of energy is one of the main reasons why so few persons continue to improve in late years. They "never try an experiment" or look up a point of interest for themselves; they make no sacrifice for the sake of knowledge; their minds, like their bodies, at a certain age become fixed. Genius has been defined as "the power of taking pains"; but hardly anyone keeps up his interest in knowledge throughout a whole life. The troubles of a family, the business of making money, the demands of a profession destroy the elasticity of the mind. The waxen tablet of the memory, which was once capable of receiving "true thoughts and clear impressions," becomes hard and crowded; there is no room for the accumulations of a long life. The student, as years advance, rather makes an exchange of knowledge than adds to his stores.—*Jewett's Introduction to Plato.*

The first community tuberculosis survey in the province of British Columbia took place during the month of September in the town of Steveston. Hitherto the mobile tuberculosis unit has been operating chiefly among shipyard workers and industrial employees. This is the first attempt to survey a whole community.

More than 600 Kitchener people identified with food handling trades were given chest X-rays recently. The survey was organized jointly by Dr. J. W. Fraser, Kitchener Medical Health Officer, and Dr. C. K. Mader, food and milk inspector.

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and kept*

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flight,*

*But they, while their companions
slept,*

*Were toiling upward in the
night.*

—LONGFELLOW.

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