

Miss G. Wheatley,
Manitoba Sanatorium,
Ninette, Manitoba.

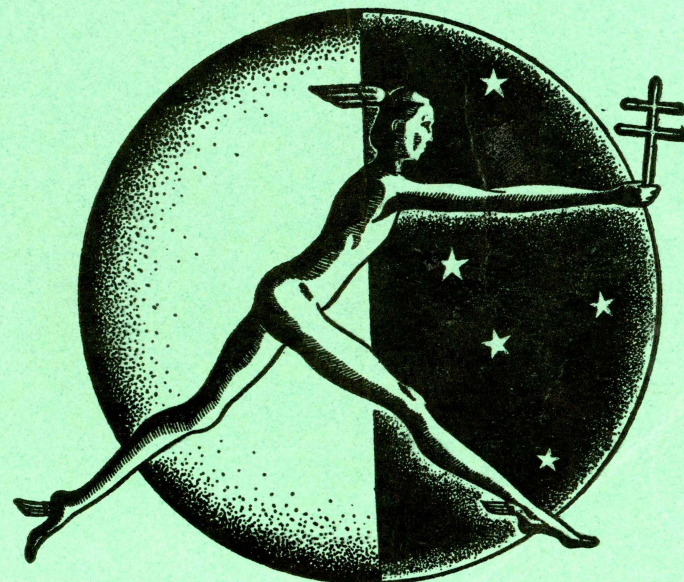
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"Where there is no vision the people perish."—Proverbs.

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Sunlit Days

*We'll sing of the better things, my friend,
And we'll think of the better ways;
We'll trust tomorrow to heal our sorrow,
As beauty has healed today's.
We'll sing and think of the better things;
For the sake of those we know
Who need the sun and the shine of life
On the rocky road they go.*

*We'll trust in the better things, my friend,
And hope for them, and smile;
We'll sing of the light instead of the night,
And 'twill come true after awhile;
We'll chase the shadows and grief away,
By thinking of better things;
And maybe God's answer will come some day
To the heart that sweetest sings.*

Folger McKinsey

—Via Itam.

Editorial » » » » » » » »

We feel that words along the theme of the 55th annual meeting of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association bear some repeating. The "Messenger" spoke editorially of the meeting last month but it is now possible to mention some of the things that were said and done since the meeting is now history.

It was mentioned that the Winnipeg convention would be international in scope. Dr. John Skavlem of Cincinnati, speaking on the sociological implications of tuberculosis said, "The individual effort of an informed person can do more for his health and that of his family than all other things that can be done for them . . . For control of tuberculosis it is not necessary to eradicate the tubercle bacillus from the universe, which I do not think is possible, but to cut down the rate of transmission [through public knowledge of the disease] to a permanent low level and thus prevent the perpetuation of new cases."

Mr. Winfield Smith of Philadelphia, when speaking of the "Future of the Voluntary Association," which the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba is, said, "The future holds many major opportunities for voluntary associations to contribute to the health and happiness of mankind. Whether any of them will be of first magnitude as they rise to meet these opportunities will depend upon their knowledge of the past, the strength of their convictions in the present, and the clarity of their vision in the days ahead."

Dr. M. B. Paul of Burton-on-Trent, England, spoke as did many of our own Canadian doctors. Dr. Paine and Dr. Zacjew of our Manitoba Sanatorium combined to give an interesting paper

on some of the findings in regard to surgery at the Sanatorium.

Our editorial last month said that experts from across Canada would exchange views on all aspects of tuberculosis control. This they did on subjects dealing with chronic cough, surgery, antibiotic treatment, X-ray, etc.

It is a tribute to the quality of the meeting that total registration was one of the largest ever recorded. The weather did not co-operate but, after all, these hundreds of people did not convene in Winnipeg to discuss or admire the weather.

All the delegates spoke glowingly of our province (in spite of the weather) and we must say, Western hospitality was at its best.

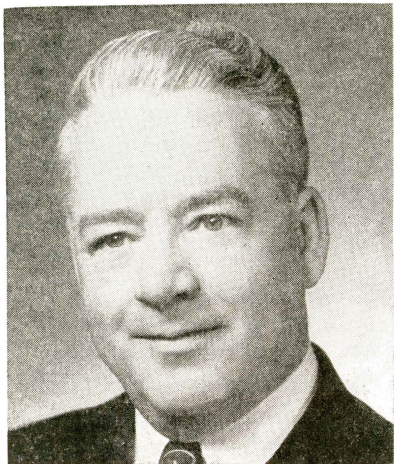
All meetings were well attended and, from remarks heard around the hotel, the value of the meetings was high.

We hope, and are sure, that another sixteen years will not elapse before the Canadian Tuberculosis Association brings its Annual Meeting back to Manitoba.

If you once forfeit the confidence of your fellow citizens, you can never regain their respect and esteem. It is true that you may fool all the people some of the time; you can even fool some of the people all the time; but you can't fool all of the people all the time.

—Abraham Lincoln.

DR. E. L. ROSS



E. L. ROSS

At the 55th annual meeting of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association in Winnipeg earlier this month, our Dr. Ross was elected president of that national body. This is the latest but, if history means anything, certainly not the last honor to be bestowed upon our Medical Director, and we offer our heartiest congratulations. Born in Morris, Dr. Ross graduated from the Manitoba Medical College in 1925 and immediately joined the staff of the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba as Assistant Medical Superintendent of the Manitoba Sanatorium. In 1937 he succeeded the late Dr. D. A. Stewart as Medical Superintendent of the Sanatorium. With the expansion of the Board's prevention and treatment program in 1944, Dr. Ross assumed the duties of Medical Director and, in 1946, he established his present office at the Central Tuberculosis Clinic in a move to further centralize the Board's services.

Dr. Ross is a past president of the Brandon and District Medical Association; in 1941, he served as president of

the Manitoba Medical Association; he has been on the Council and has been a member of various committees of the American Trudeau Society; he has served on the Management Committee of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association for several years. Immediately following the 1955 meeting, Dr. Ross left for London, Eng., as one of the Canadian representatives to the Fourth Commonwealth Health Tuberculosis Conference—there he will deliver a paper on "X-Ray and Tuberculin Surveys"; later he will represent Canada at the International Union Executive and Council Meetings in Paris.

In addition to all this, and in addition to his many duties as Medical Director of the Sanatorium Board, Dr. Ross is a lecturer in medicine at the Manitoba Medical College. And since 1925 he has written and presented over a hundred different papers and lectures on all aspects of tuberculosis and its control.

Thus has Dr. Ross been a prominent figure in the tuberculosis control picture in Canada for 30 years and it is altogether fitting that on this his 30th anniversary, the 1955 masthead of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association should read: President—Dr. E. L. Ross, Winnipeg.

I have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust the conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance, any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it.

—Dickens.

Patient - Nurse Co-operation

A GREAT deal of attention has been devoted to the ideals and ethics of the nurse, and justly so; for the nurse, by the very nature of her work, owes a high debt of responsibility toward those whom she serves. She has a very definite creed, and very definite duties to do, even in the face of a tremendous shortage of nursing help.

However, since it is already understood just what is expected of the nurse, it occurs to me that we, as patients, might do well to pause for a moment and consider our responsibility towards the nurse—and we do have one, just as we have a responsibility towards everyone with whom we come in contact.

Perhaps, because of our illness, and a certain degree of helplessness that overcomes us as patients, we are sometimes inclined to think of the nurse as someone in white whose very presence on the floor should insure our complete physical comfort—a kind of tireless angel, with an unlimited amount of endurance and, indeed, of patience. An Angel, let it be said, who can remove her wings, or replace them, according to our own particular mood.

Let us face ourselves squarely and honestly—and this is not always an easy or pleasant thing to do; for very often we get just a fleeting glimpse of ourselves as we really appear to others. Yet we wish to see ourselves as we appear to the nurse, so let us illuminate the picture.

When we become patients of a hospital or sanatorium, we are deprived, temporarily, and to a certain degree of our world possessions; those things which, to the outside world, differentiate us materially from others. We are left with only the simple necessities of life; a bed—a toothbrush—pyjamas, and possibly a few books and a radio. The

point which I wish to emphasize is that a person, when stripped of his usual environment and possessions, has no pretense to fall back upon; he becomes an individual in the truest sense of the word. And what a revelation this can be!

I have known patients, doubled in pain, on a narrow hospital bed—patients with utterly nothing between themselves and the eyes of the world, save a cotton surgical gown, two sheets, a blanket, and their own pain. Yet when I walked into their rooms, I have been struck instantly by the greatness of their souls: for they possessed a courage and a humility, a sense of harmony with God and man, that no experience on earth could strip them of. We cannot all attain this greatness of soul, but we can try, day by day, and we can add to our stature immensely by doing just what we are doing at the moment; examining ourselves, honestly and sincerely.

It is this harmony with God and man and, more specifically, this relationship between patient and nurse that we wish to discuss. I have always contended that a good nurse makes a good patient; but if this is true, then it is equally true that a good patient promotes the good will of the nurse. Indeed, the behaviour and reactions of one patient can influence the atmosphere of an entire ward; and we all know to what extent one patient can elevate or destroy the peace of mind of those nearest him. Yet there are always those among us who will assume this attitude: We are patients, we are here to be taken care of, and this is the duty of the nurse, we should give no thought to anything but our own welfare. True enough, we are patients, but this does not relieve us of our responsibilities toward our fellow men. Our nurse is very human; and though she does not,

or should not, show it, she, too, has her worries. She, too, may carry an aching heart beneath that cheerful countenance. If you and I can be aware of this, it may make us appreciate her more. A little smile of gratitude, or gracious "thank you", for an act of service she performs—even though it be in her line of duty—would go a long way toward encouraging good will between yourself and your nurse. It may actually renew her strength, if she is tired; and you would be surprised to know the lift it may give her and the genuine joy with which she may anticipate serving you again. Just remember that we all like to be appreciated, no matter what our profession or status in life, and that there is no tabu on consideration or gratitude—ever for a patient.

We all know of the individual who waits until the nurse is out of the room, and down the hall before he rings for

an aspirin. Perhaps it's not deliberate, and he simply does not think, until the nurse leaves the room, yet it is this little habit of not thinking that can grow upon us, whether we are in a hospital or not, until we become so completely wrapped up in ourselves, so unaware of the comfort of others, that we are miserable. We are miserable because we have not encouraged friendship and good will—and these are the very essence of life. How unjust to others and to himself is the thankless, thoughtless person.

The hospital or sanatorium is our temporary home; so let us give a little thought to our own responsibility in promoting good will and harmony, and let us remember that, although the nurse is here to serve us, we have it in our power to make that service a joy to her—by accepting it as a blessing unto ourselves.—*San O'Zarik.*

Reflections

TRUSTING IN GOD

Psalms 7:1. "O Lord my God, in thee do I put my trust."

Men and women put their trust in many things in life, but not always do they put their trust in God. They put their trust in money and the desire for economic security; and when things go against them, they realize that they have put their trust in something that slips through their fingers like sand. In the brave days of physical strength, they put their trust in health; and they discover that health can be as fleeting as the wind. They put their trust in friends; and they find that friends sometimes can be as fickle as the weather.

The psalmist put his trust in none of these things; he put his trust in God. Economic security might fail him, but God would not fail; health and friends might desert him, but the health of his spirit would remain strong in the friendship of God. He knew that, in God, he had one source of trust that would never let him down. He had discovered the truth that Martin Luther was to discover, when he said: "I have held many things in my hands, and have lost them all; but whatever I have placed in God's hands, that I still possess."

"O Lord my God," says the psalmist, "in thee do I put my trust."

(Selected by Rev. T. Saunders, Chalmers United Church, Winnipeg, who is chairman of Hospital Chaplains' Committee, United Church of Canada.)

Letter Writing Made Easy

I HAVE been asked by a number of people, that number being one, to pass on to our readers a few tips on how to write really good letters.

To begin with, letters are of many sizes and kinds. There are small letters, and capital letters, day letters and night letters, business letters and personal letters, just to mention a few.

Before delving into the art of letter writing, permit me to state with pardonable pride that I am considered quite an authority on the subject. For many years past, I have had to write weekly to find out what was holding up my unemployment compensation checks. But those were business letters, and we shall limit the present discussion to the personal, or friendly, letter. Those of you who wish to learn to write unfriendly letters, I refer to the master of that field who has had many examples of his sparkling technique published in the press. His name eludes me for the moment, but I believe he is from Missouri.

Now, about letter writing; class will come to order. You begin by putting the date in the upper right hand corner of the page. There is no particular reason for this, except that you have probably made an ink blot in the upper left corner, so it wouldn't do to put it there. As a matter of fact, it would probably be better if you left off the date. It can do you no good, and may do you considerable harm. At best, it will only serve to remind your correspondent how tardy you are in answering his letter. On the other hand, you never know when you may be hauled into court, and your letters used in evidence against you. By leaving out the date, you will at least tend to confuse the issue, and may end up with a hung jury.

With the date carefully omitted, you now shift over to the left side of the page and write the salutation. There are many salutations kicking around from which to choose, such as "Honorable Sir," "Dear Madam," or "My Dear Mr. So and So." This last should never be used unless you are sure he is a so and so. If you wish to be more personal, there are such salutations as "Dear Henry" or "Hiya Stinky." The latter is not recommended when trying to borrow money. But here again an excellent case can be made for omitting the salutation entirely, since after all, the "dear" part is nothing but flattery, and may contribute to making the person unbearably egotistical, not to mention the possibility of involving you in an alienation of affections suit if writing to a member of the opposite sex. And if he doesn't know his own name by now, it's time he learned at his own expense. Save your ink.

With these preliminaries disposed of, we now come to the (if you will pardon the expression) body of the letter. If you have something on your mind, this is the logical place to unburden yourself and start life anew. However, if you are like me, this poses a problem. What I have on my mind usually can't be stretched to fill more than two or three sentences, and this leaves me face to face with a large expanse of blank paper. Laboring under the delusion that my correspondent will be unhappy with me if I fail to send him a bulky letter, I then spend considerable time grasping at straws with which to pad it. I have compiled an invaluable list of topics which help you provide your letters with quantity, if not quality. Clip it out, and paste it inside your hatband for future reference:

1. Comment on how much, or how little, rain we've had.

2. Ask how Aunt Agatha is feeling these days.
3. Refer to how hot, or how cold, it's been lately.
4. Inquire if Uncle Enoch has had any further trouble with termites in his wooden leg.
5. Mention how long, or how short, the days are at this time of year.

If, after using these handy hints, you still don't have enough material for a letter, I suggest you buy smaller size stationery. However, for those of you who wish to write even longer letters, I will now introduce you to a sure fire system which is guaranteed to make you the centre of discussion, if not the envy, of all your friends. This system is known as "quotes". You begin with the remark that you have just discovered an article that you know your friend will want to read, and you then quote several thousand words taken from any good magazine. (Note: Articles from Esquire are definitely not recommended for Aunt Agatha.) Following the quotation, you bring the subject to an end with some such remark as "Most interesting, don't you think?" which does not commit you one way or the other as to the contents of the article. This system not only provides you with letters of any desired length as fast as you can write them, but also has the advantage of leading your correspondent to believe that you are a person of some intelligence who knows what the article is all about. This we do not guarantee.

Now, with the body disposed of, we turn to the complimentary close. This is placed on the first line below the body of the letter, and over towards the right of the page. It is known technically as an unbalanced line to the right. According to a recent Gallup poll, the "truly" group of closings, "Yours truly," "Yours very truly," "Very truly yours," is still the favorite

with the American public, the "Sincerely" group running a close second. The complete selection of closings, available at better department stores everywhere, includes such flowery specimens as "Your humble servant," "Your devoted friend," and many, many more. As for your choice of the complimentary close, I offer this word of caution: Don't overdo it. The use of one of the "truly" or "sincerely" groups would probably indicate, at least to a psychiatrist, that you have a guilty conscience, that you anticipate in advance that your correspondent will not believe a word you have written, and that you are therefore defending yourself by insisting that you have told the truth. Consequently if you add very to the closing, you will only succeed in further arousing his suspicions regarding the reliability of your statements. If you must use a closing, play it safe, and simply write "your, etc.," and let him interpret it as he wishes.

At the end of the letter, it is usually considered the sporting thing to tip off your correspondent as to who you are by signing your name, but I would be derelict in my duty if I failed to advise you to print it. After all, Aunt Agatha may turn out to be not such a sweet old lady as she appears, so don't blame me if she traces your signature onto a check, and takes it on the lam with the grocery boy. And now, one final word of advice: under no circumstances, should you include your return address, either in the letter, or on the envelope. If you do, you will leave your correspondent with no alternative but to answer. This, in turn, will require you to write again, and round and round you go, in a never ending circle. Which reminds me, I have a sure thing in the fourth race today, so I'll have to hurry along. Class dismissed.—The Sunnyside, via Health Rays.

Prominent Guests Visit Clearwater

On Sunday, May 1st, the C5 aircraft that had carried the Queen Mother to Canada in 1954, Prime Minister St. Laurent around the world in 1953 and the Duke of Edinburgh to Canada last year, arrived at Clearwater Lake Sanatorium Airport carrying 22 members of Parliament and Senators.

Off the plane came Dr. Fairey who, before his retirement, was the Deputy Minister of Education for British Columbia, Mr. Mitchell, druggist by trade and Liberal member for Sudbury, Mr. Dufresne, Conservative member for Quebec and Mr. Lusby, lawyer and Liberal member for New Brunswick.

in the Sanatorium servery where they were served lobster salad and ham and chicken salad.

Later, at dinner, Dr. Carey, as chairman, introduced the guests. Mayor Dembinsky of The Pas was called upon and extolled the virtues of the community. Mr. Jack Carrol, President of the Chamber of Commerce and who may be remembered by people at Ninette, gave a brief address on the advantages and potentialities of the North. The last speaker, Mr. Henry Lee, president of the Rotary Club, spoke also on the resources of the community

HOUSE OF COMMONS CANADA

OTTAWA, May 6, 1955.

Dear Dr. Carey:

On my return I have given some thought to our very pleasant and worthwhile trip to The Pas. I think one of the outstanding features was our visit to the Sanatorium where you are doing such a wonderful job.

Please accept my grateful thanks for your kindness and congratulations on the work you are doing.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) F. T. FAIREY, M.P.,
Victoria, B.C.

Dr. Carey,
T.B. Sanatorium,
The Pas, Manitoba.

The aircraft itself was inspected by local residents who readily agreed it was entitled to its reputation of "The Most Modern Airplane in the World." Luxurious carpets, full-sized bedrooms, lounges for both passengers and crew are but a very few of the conveniences with which the machine abounds. It is literally a flying hotel.

After a complete and thorough tour of the Sanatorium, the guests were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Carey in Dr. Carey's residence. Then followed lunch

and intimated that now that the west was full, ambitious young men could do worse than "go North."

The following day, Monday, the party was entertained at lunch by the Rotary Club of The Pas. At that time the guests spoke a few words and each one expressed their thanks and admiration of the work being done for the Indian in the North. On their return, they promised to thoroughly acquaint the Hon. Mr. Martin with the work the Sanatorium Board is doing in Manitoba.

Rehabilitation Notes . . .

The story goes that several years ago Marie, Queen of Rumania, visited New York at the same time as a world famous psychiatrist. She expressed a desire to meet the doctor and a mutual friend promised to broach the matter with him.

"The Queen of Rumania would like to meet you," he said.

"Really," replied the busy psychiatrist, "and how long does she think she has been Queen?"

This may seem a roundabout way of starting to say something on the topic of self assurance but we think the Queen's story does apply. How many of our thoughts about our own abilities today are stimulated by what we **think** other people feel toward us?

Fortunately, Marie was Queen and a straight-thinking woman to boot, otherwise, upon hearing of the skepticism of the psychiatrist who, after all, should **know** about such things, she might well have begun to entertain grave doubts as to the validity of her royal claim. Some of us lack the self assurance of Marie. Some of us, in fact, go to the other extreme and begin imagining criticism when it doesn't exist at all. We reach the point where we begin to feel that we are less gifted and less able than others.

In our own field, how often do we hear people say "We can't go back to studying now. We're too old!" And how often does such a remark stem from the fact that we are being guided by what we feel is the popular opinion about us?

This is not the kind of thinking that brought about the discovery of America. Columbus didn't succumb when everyone else insisted the world was flat. Lincoln didn't give up his dream of a United States when all his critics cautioned that the Civil War would only result in an ever-divided country. Lister carried on in the face of loud public laughter over his theory that infection was caused by germs. Yet these men could have surrendered quite easily.

They persisted rather, in spite of outspoken criticism.

We cannot therefore give up merely because of imagined criticism.

And the truth of the matter is, others don't really think such diabolical thoughts about us. They are willing to help and to give opportunity but they do ask some assurance that the willingness to assist works both ways. And, because public opinion, real or imagined, is such a powerful force today, let's, if we are going to acknowledge it, acknowledge it in a positive rather than negative way. Let's use it, not to move us into a brooding state of inactivity, but into a phase of renewed energy and ambition.

We're all Queens of Rumania and, for once, the psychiatrists are wrong.

AMONG THE PERSONNEL

On May 16th, Miss Joan Kelly assumed her duties as Secretary to Mr. Cunnings. Miss Kelly is a graduate of the University of Manitoba and of the Angus School of Commerce. Previous to joining the Sanatorium Board she was associated with the Winnipeg Public School Board. Miss Kelly succeeds Mrs. June Fehr.

* * *

Dr. J. N. Hassett has joined the medical staff of the Clearwater Lake Sanatorium. Dr. Hassett took his medical training at the National University of Ireland and, in Dublin, was associated with the St. Vincent's Hospital. In Winnipeg, he was on the resident staff of the Winnipeg Municipal Hospitals.

* * *

Brandon Sanatorium welcomed David Hutchison and Keith McCulloch, medical students who commenced their duties at Brandon during May.

* * *

Mr. Michael Doussis joined the staff of the Central Tuberculosis Clinic on May 16th as temporary X-ray assistant.

* * *

Mrs. Mary Klimczak has joined the staff of the Brandon Sanatorium as Charge Nurse. Mrs. Klimczak began her duties on May 2nd.

* * *

Miss Catherine Murphy started work at Clearwater Lake Sanatorium on May 2nd. Miss Murphy is employed as a Stenographer-Typist.

* * *

Another class of Practical Nurses in Training has arrived at Brandon Sanatorium. Members of the current class are: the Misses Florence Ferguson, Marilyn Furmaniuk, Shirley Purpur,

Dorothy Mullaney, Vera Rezanoff, Maxine Warren and Carol Kenner.

* * *

Mr. E. Dubinsky, Administrative Assistant at the Clinic and Mr. R. Gowing, Business Manager at Brandon, are currently attending a hospital administration course at Trinity College, Toronto.

* * *

Mrs. Janet Calder has commenced working as Nurses' Assistant at the Dynevor Indian Hospital.

* * *

Congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Ram-saran, Brandon Sanatorium, on the birth of their daughter Devi Jo on April 24th.

* * *

Miss Mary Mar commenced her duties as Nurses' Assistant at the Manitoba Sanatorium on May 5th.

* * *

Those joining the kitchen staff of the Manitoba Sanatorium include: Mr. Tommy Nishikihama, the Misses Alice Paine, Lorna Minty, Beth Pattyson, Catherine Graft, Emelda Ballegeer, Frances Halischuk, Shirley Scott and Marian Morrissette.

* * *

Miss Josephine Harris commenced her duties as Licensed Practical Nurse at Brandon Sanatorium on May 16th.

* * *

Nurses' Assistants starting work at Brandon Sanatorium during May were: Mrs. Jean Taggart, Mrs. Jean Poets, the Misses Clare Baliyak, Marion Zenchysen and Doris Clark.

* * *

During the month of May the following joined the Housekeeping staff at the Manitoba Sanatorium: the Misses Annette Moreau, Ida Ryder, Dorothy

Jones, Coleen Bothun and Florence Johnson.

* * *

At Clearwater Lake Sanatorium the Misses Ernestine Fosseneuve and Eileen Harkin started work in the Commissariat during the month.

* * *

Those joining the kitchen staff at Brandon Sanatorium during May were Mesdames Joyce Fardoc, Eileen Lennox and Katharine Helten.

* * *

Miss Mary Fiddler and Miss Evelyn Fosseneuve have started work on the

Domestic Staff at Clearwater Lake Sanatorium.

* * *

Mr. Larry Campbell started work as a laborer at Clearwater Lake Sanatorium during May.

* * *

Miss Dorothy McMillan and Miss Margaret Philpott have joined the Laundry staff at the Manitoba Sanatorium.

* * *

And joining the Laundry staff at Clearwater Lake during May were Mrs. Christine Grahn and Miss Jane Korzinaski.



In March the "Messenger" published an account of the crash of a U.S. B-47 near The Pas. The following letter from Air Marshal Slemmon indicates the importance with which both the American and Canadian governments view the contribution of the Sanatorium and of Dr. Carey toward the happy conclusion of the unfortunate incident.

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE

Office of Chief of the Air Staff
OTTAWA, April 6, 1955

Dear Dr. Carey:

I have just received a warm letter from General Nathan F. Twining, Chief of Staff, United States Air Force, in appreciation of the rescue of crew members of a USAF B-47, which crashed near The Pas, Manitoba, on 13 February, 1955.

General Twining had high praise for the assistance and co-operation rendered by the various agencies who assisted during and after the rescue operation. The following is an extract from General Twining's letter:

"In addition to the above personnel, would you please convey my thanks to Dr. S. L. Carey, Clearwater Sanatorium, The Pas, Manitoba, for his invaluable assistance."

May I take this opportunity to add my word of thanks for the excellent co-operation which you extended to the RCAF personnel who were engaged in this rescue operation.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) C. R. SLEMON,
Air Marshal
Chief of the Air Staff

Dr. S. L. Carey,
Clearwater Sanatorium,
The Pas, Manitoba.

Dr. Montgomery and The Immortal Alice

A GREAT many individuals would admit to engrossment in a hobby without having planned anything of the kind and scarcely knowing how it all came about. This would almost seem to be the case with Dr. Lall Montgomery whom an early literary love unsuspectingly led to the building up of an absorbing interest in a unique Lewis Carroll collection, one which can be duplicated in few places in the world today.

Dr. Montgomery, a native of Western Canada, received his degree in medicine from the University of Manitoba and launched out on his professional career in 1929. He crossed the border and settled in the state of Indiana, and in 1937 was certified by the American Board of Pathologists. Today he is pathologist at Ball Memorial Hospital, Muncie, in that state.

It was really the necessity of studying foreign language that kindled the first fire of interest that was to blaze up into a lifelong enthusiasm. Learning to speak French and German was required of the graduate student and

The Messenger is pleased to print the above article from "The Canadian Doctor." Undoubtedly many people from the Ninette area will remember Dr. Montgomery from his past association with the Manitoba Sanatorium. He is from Deloraine and he graduated from the Medical School of the University of Manitoba in 1929. Prior to his move to Indiana, Dr. Montgomery spent a year on the staff of the Sanatorium. In addition to his interest in medicine, he was a gifted violinist and a member of one of the most successful orchestras the Sanatorium ever had. And even back in 1930 he showed a flair for wood carving and wood cuts, which probably accounts for the priceless collection described above.

advice to read "Alice in Wonderland" in these languages fell on very receptive ears since the book had been a favorite of his from early boyhood.

He obtained copies of Lewis Carroll's immortal story in the two foreign languages, placed each individually beside the English edition, and, remembering that "if you take care of the sense the sounds will take care of themselves" soon had a working knowledge of both French and German.

But having lent her aid to the acquisition of knowledge, Alice was not going to be easily dismissed. She had captured him for life so that soon the captivating girl and all associated with her adventures had a place of importance in his mind second only to that accorded his profession and family. He found himself picking up all sorts of editions of "Alice in Wonderland" wherever he encountered them, then irresistibly branching out to gather in objects of all kinds suggestive of the immortal story.

Today Dr. Montgomery has more than 700 copies of "Alice in Wonderland" in his country home near Muncie. These are no ordinary "Alices" but the widest diversity imaginable. They include one in Braille, two in shorthand, and copies in Gaelic, Hebrew, Chinese, Esperanto and Serbian. The copy in Serbian bears the signature of Alice Liddell Hargreaves, the little girl to whom Lewis Carroll told the story many years before it was first printed. The most recent translation to join the collection is one in Bengali, sent to Dr. Montgomery by a friend in Calcutta, India.

Not satisfied merely to possess the volumes, Dr. Montgomery has learned Braille so that he may read "Alice" as a sightless person does and get something of his reaction; he mastered

shorthand so that the little hieroglyphics might bring "Alice" freshly to life through this medium. His studies of foreign editions have taught him much about people. For instance, he has found the stolid Germans, not always understanding the subtle humor of "Alice in Wonderland", left out some lines, while the French, if puzzled, gave their own interpretation to the Carroll lines, at times even improving on him.

With Alice so continually on one's mind it was almost inevitable that a corresponding interest should develop in items suggestive of the book, its character and author. Dr. Montgomery has a heterogeneous array of objects in porcelain, wood and other materials, some rare, all interesting. Among the figurines the doctor possesses is one of the Mock Turtle which he carved himself. Friends add constantly to the collection. One such donation was one of the original drawings for the first edition of "Alice in Wonderland". Another is three original drawings and three color copies the Walt Disney Studios sent him from their production of "Alice".

It is the friendships made this way, as word of Dr. Montgomery's enthusiasm and collection has spread widely, with resulting imperishable memories, that have furnished one of the greatest rewards of this hobby. Not long ago, out of the blue, the doctor was in receipt of copies of Lewis Carroll's last book with a number of the author's letters from two elderly English ladies who were among Lewis Carroll's last child friends and to whom the copies were presented.

Not the least pleasing to the doctor in his collection are the paper cutouts and puppets his own children give him at Christmas time. The collection has, in fact, become a family affair and the rejoicing is general when a new addi-

tion is made. The children, three girls and a boy, ranging from 15 to 2, are growing up with the same love of "Alice" Dr. Montgomery entertained as a boy, and which led him on to his life's engrossing hobby. It is achieving a peculiar unity for the family, which is evident in all phases of living.

The Montgomery family home is in the middle of a small forest where each year after a family conclave members select and cut their own Christmas tree; where each spring they tap some sugar maples and make syrup; where a little later they enjoy the garden which possesses the largest daffodil bed in the state.

As Doctor Montgomery said when mention was made of the monetary value of his collection, he has never considered it in this sense but in the joy and satisfaction it gave him and his friends and the friends and associations he has acquired and continues to acquire in the pursuit of his hobby. And, of course, he is doubly fortunate his family shares in his enthusiasm.

TRAVELLING CLINIC

| | | |
|----------------|---------|-------------|
| Victoria Beach | July 5 | 1 to 4 p.m. |
| Grand Marais | July 6 | 1 to 4 p.m. |
| Lac du Bonnet | July 7 | 1 to 4 p.m. |
| Portage | July 13 | 1 to 4 p.m. |
| Kinosota | July 14 | 1 to 4 p.m. |
| St. Malo | July 18 | 1 to 4 p.m. |
| Dauphin | July 20 | 1 to 4 p.m. |
| Ste. Rose | July 21 | 1 to 4 p.m. |
| Strathclair | July 22 | 1 to 4 p.m. |
| Hecla | July 26 | All day |
| Arborg | July 27 | 1 to 4 p.m. |
| Teulon | July 28 | 1 to 4 p.m. |

MANITOBA SANATORIUM

BEV MUNROE AND HIS PEMBINA VALLEY BOYS

Cure chasing days need not be idle days. This was proven by Bev Munroe and his Pembina Valley Boys two days before Bev left the Sanatorium. He put on a splendid two hour Western Show for the patients, staff and their families. Bev started his singing career after leaving the Sanatorium in 1949 and had a show with CKX. He returned to the Sanatorium the latter part of 1953 until May 1955. During his last stay he has organized a number of orchestras and has entertained at various Sanatorium outings. It's surprising the number of patients who are musically inclined.

The show consisted of Bev, his guitar and his golden voice, Alan Watson and the electric steel guitar, John McKay and his violin and Matt Paulenko at the bass fiddle. Rumors have it that they will be putting on two hour shows at nearby towns in the Brandon district. Best of luck for an adventurous future!

Bev, the singing cowboy, sang his way into many hearts here with his wide choice of vocal selections. One memorable selection was "The Waltz That Made You Mine" which was written by Bev and dedicated to his wife, Donna. His jokes were worth opening your ears to, also. From a train's whistle to a cow's moo—just listen to Al on the steel guitar. How that boy can make the guitar sing. Hearing is believing. Alan hails from the Ninette district—even Ninette has its talents. Matt who is a patient at the Sanatorium caused quite a commotion when he came on stage as Cousin Lem. Only a dumb cousin like Lem could squeeze music from a run down old violin. No offense, Mat. Should see him at the bass fiddle, though. Such talents! Last but not least, Johnnie's fiddling is

enough to put the brakes on any train. This little lad is from Wawanesa way and won first place in the Junior Fiddling contest at Portage la Prairie last year. Best of luck for this year and keep fiddling, Johnnie. Out with that winning smile, too.

Dr. Paine thanked the orchestra and stressed the fact that while Bev was on the cure he still went ahead and planned for the future. Always thought the Sanatorium is a university in itself. Bear in mind, folks, that only great people get TB and keep struggling.

West One

We're now reporting once again on goings-on and news.

We'll visit each and everyone

And listen to their views.

Let's welcome Mrs. Doris Taylor and Miss Rita Flammond from Winnipeg. Pretty additions to the ward.

Mrs. Downing went to West 2, had her op, and is doing nicely. Roman Onufruchuk went to the Obs. to be with his mother.

Room 2: Kay Shearer — struggling with history. Nothing like a few visitors on the weekends! Joyce McCallum —Went to Winnipeg to graduate. That must have been some speech! Congratulations! Fergie—To the C.T.C. for an op. Hurry back—it's too quiet!

Room 3: Mrs. Sadowick — Keeping us all in line. Had a very nice visitor the last few days—her hubbie, no less! Margaret Parenteau — Busy with studies. Keep up the good work.

Room 4: Anne Chunick — Still philosophizing. Our female Bertrand Russell. Lots of fun.

Room 6: Mrs. Mallick — Parlez-vous francais yet? Anne's cohort in debates

Room 7: Mrs. Mowat—Enjoying her evening walks. Keeping busy with crocheting and visiting.

Big Ward: Mrs. Szlachtycz — Knitting and sewing keeps this friendly

lady out of mischief. Mary Constant and Lorraine Prince—Still livening up the place with giggles and chatter. Busy with studies when quiet. Mathilda Dysart — Our card shark. Always friendly and pleasant. Chris. Baker—Beading lovely slippers. Had a nice long visit from her husband.

Room 10: Edith Hanisch — Our maths. expert and ardent Godfrey fan. Keeping out of mischief? Doreen Van Bibber—Another lucky gal — out for walks. How we envy her that pony tail!

Our tale is told, it's time to go—so goodbye!

Number One

Hello from No. 1. There is a fair amount of work going on every day such as school work, leathercraft, jewelry making, etc. In the evenings lately it has been canasta, crib, rummy and, by the way, we have a great violinist to listen to, when we can talk him into playing, that is. His name is Thomas Flett. To go with the fiddle we have a guitar player. The strings on this are plucked by Ted Middleton and the two go very well together.

Now, for some news of the other fellows. "Tiny" Bill Schenk is still putting on weight. It's a good thing for him that they make size 44 pyjamas. Our lover boy Bob Gunson is still able to keep Tony busy delivering bush

mail. Gene Gaetz is making a belt. By the time he gets home he will have enough experience to be able to tie an even bigger knot, eh Gene? Lindsay Brown is still making jewelry when he's not sleeping, which takes up most of his time. We have two cooks at No. 1—Don McKenzie and Henry Cranwell. The other night they were busy frying some Pelican Lake salmon (jackfish). It was very good, too.

Pete St. Pierre, our No. 1 glamor boy, likes Manitoba so well he is going to stay for another few months, or is it the girls he likes? George Newby must be getting homesick again. He would like to take another leave, but instead he thinks he should wait and get his op. Charlie McKay (Sunny Boy) had an accident this morning. Seems he dropped his radio down the balcony stairs but, to his amazement, when he picked up all the pieces and put them together the radio worked better than ever. Mr. Searle doesn't seem to hear the dinner bell now and again. However, he always gets fed even if he is late. Frank Sinclair lost his bed the other night and had quite a job getting it back in place when he did find it. (Who was de bum?) George Bridle's better half was out to visit him last week and she had quite a time finding him. Where were you hiding, George?

The fellow with all the ups and downs is Frank Johnson, better known as the "Elevator Man". Frank is busy making red roses but for whom he won't say. John Zacharias is still busy with his weaving machine. Napoleon Merasty will be leaving for home any day now. Ruben Nattaway, Pat Young, Charlie MacPherson and E. Dan are very quiet boys these days. Harry Yaciuk is still plugging along with his school work. Edwin Nordquist is busy making dies for tooling leather. Quite a handyman, this chap. I don't believe there is anything he can't make from what I've heard.

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That's all for this month.

No. 3 Pavilion

Here we come again after a long rest. Things were more or less at a standstill here during the winter, but now that summer is on the way there is a little life in the old place again.

Our newcomers are Tony Glencewicz the radio man from No. 1, Mr. Mudrey from the K.E., and our old coach Ray Kahler is back with us, looking hale and hearty and ready to take over the reigns of government again and also get in trim for the football season.

Rex Mason and Stan Hart both left for home and the wide open spaces.

Mr. Mahr is kept busy with the library and Herb Jackson is the busiest man of all. Between putting on fish feeds and painting pictures he has no time to get into any mischief. The rest of the gang are just marking time. So I will say adieu.

Number Two

The Big Fight

There's terrific excitement here in No. 2 tonight—May 16th. The stadium is packed—absolutely packed—Canadians, Ukrainians, Germans, Norwegians. The big fight is on between Margaret "Fatty" Heinrichs and Mabel "Garsuck" Cook for the world heavyweight title.

I can see a few of the prominent figures in the ringside seats—Leona Sokulski, Garsuck's promoter, dragging away on a six inch cigar and next to her, the stadium owner herself Mrs. McDonald, nervously twiddling thumbs. It's 7-1 she's got a big bet on this fight tonight.

As these two fighters come trotting from their lockers we can see who is the heavier. Today, Fatty tipped the scales at well over 200 lbs., and Garsuck well under, but these two fighters look in good shape as they climb through the ropes and retire to their corners. Fatty, dressed in yellow silk trunks covered with polka dots

and Garsuck in white sateen trunks covered with holes, sure look swell—a sight to be seen to be believed.

Now Fatty's talking to her manager, Trixie Spence. Maybe she's discussing how she can protect that nose of hers. You'll remember she got it bust in her fight against "Skin and Bones" Blockhead in the Pillow Featherweight class. Anyway . . .

Dong—First Round

"Fatty goes for Garsuck—hook to the jaw, right to the button (wherever that is), a left to the right eye, right to the left eye. The crowd's sure having its money's worth (admission free). They're screaming the roof off and pulling each other's hair in sheer frenzy . . ."

Silence and then "It's me, listeners. The wiring broke, but you've only missed seven rounds with the usual punches, pinches, pokes, that you find in these big fights. Oh yes, in the fourth round, Referee Flett was knocked down by mistake . . ."

Dong—Eighth Round

"A right from Garsuck right on the nose and Fatty's wiping it on the back of her glove (no Celluwipes left). Will Garsuck take advantage of this red obstacle between Fatty's two black eyes, for it could well decide the decision of this grand fight. Now a left from Fatty and another left—ten consecutive lefts 'downstairs'—clean fight this. Fatty's getting real fierce bouncing up and down like a cat on hot bricks. Left, right, right, left . . ." DONG.

"Garsuck's back in her corner shouting at Fanny Sinclair, who is wiping her down with a dresser-scarf ('Manitoba Sanatorium' is written on one corner of it.)"

Dong—Ninth Round

"Fatty is still jiggling up and down. It is plain to see this woman from Winnipeg is the more energetic. They're at it again—a right hook to the ear—

an upper cut to the jaw—Garsuck pokes her nose in Fatty's eye—a clean fight this—left, right, right, right, and F-Fatty's g-g-got Garsuck DOWN (on the floor). Flett waddles up and counts (amid boos and cheers and other horrible noises). 1-2-3-4-5- and Garsuck's up again. Garsuck's DOWN AGAIN, UP, DOWN, UP, DOWN. This strong fighter of "no fixed address" just won't give up, but it's plain to see she's 'had it.' Flett rushes in and ends the fight." Hooray!

"Margaret 'Fatty' Heinrichs retains the title. Congratulations! We guessed she would. However, we must say that Mabel 'Garsuck' Cook put over a magnificent show. She got punished a lot by Fatty but she came back again and again for more and took all that Fatty gave—in fact all that Fatty can give."

"Well, listeners, here's 'Limey' Davies, your favourite commentator saying "So long." It's been a wonderful night—hope you've enjoyed it as much as we have."

East Two

The boys on the flat seem too busy to bother with news this month, or is it only the writer who sneaked out on his slave driver, ducking down the stairs too fast and landed home for leave?

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He's a fast one, but we'll try to catch him next month!

Number Two

News from West Two

Is scarce, 'tis true

But will see what we can do

T'wards entertaining you.

In Room 1 we have Evelyn Erickson from Minnedosa, who is just staying with us for two or three weeks. (Wouldn't it be nice if all our stays could be as short as Evelyn's?) Mrs. Fields, who is recuperating—but fast—from surgery. And Jessie Lajeunesse, who is hoping to go home in the near future. Peggy Barker and Goldyn Hoe, former occupants of Room 1, recently vacated to the Women's Obs.

Elizabeth Bousquet is alone in Room 2. Mrs. Bousquet is also recovering from surgery, and we hope she will soon be feeling much better.

We have two very recent op cases in Room 3. Mary Funk and Olive Robertson. These gals are really looking "chipper", and are singing "It don't hurt anymore", already.

The op cases which occupy our singles come and go so frequently that it is impossible to keep track of them over a period of a month, so we shall just wish these folk "Good Luck" and a speedy recovery, and skip along to Room 8.

Here we find Sheila Harrison. Every time I come into this room I get delayed. If you ever want to spend an interesting evening just gabbing, and I DON'T mean gossiping—Sheila's the gal you're looking for.

Last, but not least, we arrive at the "Big Ward". Cecily Davies, Margaret Hendricks, and Sadie Neufeld have recently moved to outside buildings. Emma Lundie, Priscilla Gibeault, Mrs. "Tommy" Thompson, and Anne Duff are the only ones left in here to live up to the motto, (derived from hard—but true facts), "the noisiest ward on the

flat" and I must say these gals are doing a terrific job!

Now to end up these "tattlings" with some poetry:

On the slope of the Pembina Valley
And the shore of Pelican Lake
Lies Ninette Sanatorium
So peaceful and sedate.

The patients come from near and far
To breathe the air so pure.
The rules, the food, the rest you get
All help you "chase the cure."

The atmosphere is friendly
In this little world we call our own.
Although we're treated splendidly
We'd rather be at home.

The friends you make, the things you
learn

While here, ain't taken serious
But when we leave, we'll all think
back

And say, "T'was quite a pleasant
experience."

Toodle Lu 'til next month.

West Three

When the countries behind the Iron Curtain hold their next elections, they would be well advised to study the tactics of our Messenger reps. These gals have it down to a fine art. For instance I was elected (?) this month and after twenty-four hours of careful thought I still don't know exactly how they work it—what skill!

The news this time must be written in a great rush. The steady stream of patients from West III to West II to keep the all important date makes it difficult to locate everyone.

In Room 1—Mary Funk slipped away to West II, had her op and the word about her is very good—Marylin can't think about her trip downstairs at all, she's too happy making plans for a leave. Jeannette will be heading for Somerset and saying goodbye to all her friends here in June—lucky gal.

In Room 2—West II claimed our Olive and Mrs. Norquay and Elsie sure miss her.

In Room 3—Mrs. Kolesar keeps a trained eye on all visitors arriving and keeps us posted. Helen Harris is very happy being "Aunt Helen" to two wee nephews who arrived from the west coast.

In Room 4—Eulie is beginning to wonder if maybe it really is true that all successful gardeners have green thumbs. (She hasn't.)

In Room 5—We welcome Mrs. McKenzie. Between visitors and crocheting she doesn't have many spare moments.

In Room 6—Mrs. Hodgson is conducting an experiment to see if she can grow flowers that are as lovely as the ones she makes from wood fibre.

In Room 7—Curly is enjoying a visit with sister Dorothy and Mitzi.

In Room 8—Yvonne after a quick visit to West II is happy with all her old friends again.

In the big ward we see Katy knitting away using a couple of small telephone poles for needles. Marie Sims enjoyed a visit with her husband recently.

Mrs. Dysart and Mrs. Merasty keep a steady eye, every evening, on the

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doings around Gordon Cottage. What is it they can see that I can't?

Station CKX in Brandon is missing a sure bet if it passes up Gladys Delorande. She is the Bev Munroe of West III.

Lydia just arrived back from a car ride and tells us the fishermen have taken over the lake.

Rose is becoming such an expert at "Italian" hemstitching that Mario Scelba, Italy's Premier, is trying hard to have her included on Italy's "Most Wanted" list. (Most desirable, of course).

Last minute news on the arrival of Mary Ducharme who is said to come from a town north of Churchill. There are towns north of Churchill?

End of paper—end of news—end of me.

Margett's Mansion (King Edw'd)

We are happy to report that Messrs. McAuley, Ritchot, and Mudrey have left us for the greener fields, namely, the East Pavilion.

We welcome Mr. Murray and Mr. Olson from East 3, and also have the mat out for Mr. Sinclair from No. 1.

"Whooping" Hank Lone is still trying to figure out just how that coconut got into his bed, and we might add that "Two Gun Wallis" is not helping out very much with a solution. The theme song for these two young squirts appears to be "Over the Hills and Far Away."

We are happy to welcome Mr. Busted back to the fold after his leave. Think he got lonely for Howdy Doody.

Ernie Wilson is still trying to figure out how a shirt could shrink so much in a trip to the laundry. He is now looking for a doll . . . ? that will fit it.

"Red" Goodwin left us for the surgery he was anxious for, and latest reports indicate that he came through with flying colours.

Doug. Hanslip is busy with his school work, but took time out to produce a 28 crib hand, much to the disgust of

Oscar and Spicer, who still do not believe it.

Close watch is being kept on "Tubby Westbrook" who is exceedingly despondent over the fact that he just don't seem able to win a game of Rap Rummy.

Bob Wright is busy on his paper puzzles, and Messrs. Boyko and Danleyko are still feeding the squirrels (four-legged ones).

Cliff Cramer has justly earned the title of "The Judge". Never saw a guy who could count a crib hand faster or, for that matter, more accurately.

John Saviuk is waiting to meet Dr. Paine in the O.R. and our good wishes go with him.

Sam (and Mrs. Sam) had a delightfully short leave in Winnipeg. They report a wonderful time.

Tony Leshchynsky is away on leave, and the welcome mat is out for him when he returns.

Happy hunting, everyone.

East Three

Hi, there! Another month rolls around and it means some more work for some of us. So let's get started. First of all, we are all happy to hear that Betty has got her discharge and wish her all kinds of luck although we all miss her a lot around here. Her successor, Sally, will fill her shoes very capably and we wish her success and hope you don't get too many refusals.

Well, we have as usual some new patients to welcome to our midst. They are Gledhill, Turner, Fediuk, Donato, Buck and Sinclair. May your stay be short and sweet. To start off with the regulars, let's first mention Lacoski. His name hasn't been spelled right once since he came here. He is our wandering boy and, Harry, please remember the trains only run in this neck of the woods three times a week. So I think you will be better off feeding Buster, the squirrel. McNaughton and George are still the busy bodies and how they play cards is no one's

business. Stevens is still writing letters and sometimes they are much larger than the newspaper. Where do you get all the news?

Andy, Laddie and Critten still play rummy at nights and I have a hunch that Laddie sees (?) too much. Cheer up, Laddie, now that you are in a single room you can get the ball games and all the news. I'm glad he is here to keep us posted. Peter is as busy as ever, what with his leatherwork and having his baths? Paddy, Parrod and Dmetro are our quietest patients and you never know they are here. Flynn is head over heels in his books and I'm glad he is coming along so well. Baron, I see, is another one who sticks to his books now. I wonder if it is because Guy is such a nice chap or what?

Kannokko, Peskiw, Donato, Sinclair and Buck seem to have the bug for cards. But they seem to stick to that room very well. So we will just say, "You are good boys!"

Sabiston seems to stick to his bed very well and I'm sure that it will pay you in the long run. Borowsky has been studying a lot lately, what with his exams just past. I do hope when you get the final results you will get top marks.

Woods seems to keep his pep and whenever he has a minute he has someone hanging on the ropes at cribbage. Keep it up, fellow, you are doing all right. Moore and Wold are still having their little arguments about this and that. I think one of these days one of them will have to draw the line as, by a recent survey, he is at least 250 years old. What's your opinion, Art? But at least it keeps one occupied.

Congratulations to our charge nurse, who recently graduated from the Brandon Mental Hospital, winning the gold medal and top honors in her class.

Before I close I would like, if pos-

sible, to pass on a word of thanks to the doctors and staff of the O.R., and also to the staff of West 2, on the wonderful job they did when I had to visit the O.R. just lately. When in the O.R. there seemed to be a feeling when you went in the door that everything was O.K. and it gave you such a lift that any worry or doubts seemed to vanish right away. It's just one of those things that can't be explained. And then back to West 2, you couldn't wish for better attention if you had a dozen special nurses. So I say, thanks a lot. I'm sure I'll never forget you all.

Observation Building

We now proceed to give you the news and views from the lookout post in the Observation Building. First we see Sally Wagenaar and Jean Cross going to Brandon. We were surprised to see them back as we thought they had been detained at a side show at the circus. Lorna's latest interest has been

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in houses and "more houses". As for Valdine Paul we'll just say men and more men. Maie Karsoo has departed to further her studies in the city—the best of luck, Maie.

Olive Lavallee has taken a decided interest in baseball — all she needs now is "a back catcher". Mrs. Henton has developed the fine art of diplomacy in all situations. From the Observation post we frequently hear rumblings and roaring of a new war. We don't need to look to know that it is just Sadie Neufeld and Aileen Ferley arguing again. We were all pleased to see Rena Hart go home after many years in the San.

When we hear the quiet rustling of pages we know it is Hilda Kannenburg studying for another exam. Toni La-Riviere heard there was a very handsome eye specialist in Brandon—result—she has sore eyes. Angie Berthelette is another diplomat and we think she should have gone in for politics. Mary Kohut does a wonderful imitation of the night watchman. Slam! Bang! Boom!—it's just the man in our lives, Roman Hopalong Cassidy Onifreychuk, shooting us all. How Lucy manages to do such wonderful cross stitch amidst all this is beyond us.

Peggy Barker and Goldyn Hoe are making the best of their last month here. Shirley Simpson is the celebrity in our midst—the boys walk by just to take her picture. Audrey Clyde should have been a detective. She pulled the neatest manoeuver we've seen around here in a long time. Pearl Bosiak, our chief cook and bottle washer, has decided that she was a lady before she came into the San.

The Observation Post has spent an interesting month—new faces, new figures, new developments, new complications have been an inspiration to us all.

POSTMORTEM:

(or "Elegy Written in The East Pavilion")

Slowly and silently winds the way

Home for many good cure chasers all.
Again Mother Hubbard finds her cupboards

For new tenants call.

On the walls hangs in gold

Guitars, fiddles, drums and bass,
Monroe's doctrine to Brandon home
Leaving amid many a saddened face.

Leaving behind woodticks and bush,
Fagnon, Wiebe, Felix Spence.

Seeking adventure in the Greater North,
Climbing through our memory fence.

Admitting facts, no more the truth

All roads of success from E.P. lead
Comes Frieson, from 1, Allied Van and all

From 10 month stay, quite bushels
of seed.

Special line for little Tony

Gone to Estevan, among the valley fair.
Lonely vigil he'll have to keep,
A little sport to pass his care.

Above high in easel mount

Rembrandt, Tony and Wittle Chin.
Jack complains he cannot mix
Paint with fish, its next of kin.

Strangling Jimmy and Staggering
McLeod

Guitar in hand, tool in hand
To make the limit high above
To his name in ounces and band.

Cushioning Zitoruk, Quiet Mike

Belting Ritchot, Nordal, Paulenko.
List the names, the downstairs boys.
Paulenko's hair cut before we go.

The lamp light forever will not burn.

Soon Miss Byrns nighstick comes,
Chasing Wally, and all our boys
To our matted four-legged domes.

THE SANATORIUM GAZETTE

The weather: Satisfactory, but fair and changing.

Headlines: Fishing season commences on May 7th. Reported Good. Jake Neufeld catches record 15 pound Northern Pike. Oliver Whiteways makes catch. Fifteen Minnows.

Sports Suggestion: Given by Ivan Bishop. Quote: "Let's drain the lake by pail-fulls and find out how many fish there are in Pelican Lake.

Social: Married Betty Thomas to Orville Erickson, formerly of Mostowy Limited. Party line operations taken over

by Joey Freeman. Receptionist, Miss Mary Frieson.

Sports Fashion: For golf apparel consult Messrs. Bradford and Bill Stewart.

Sports: Miss Lorraine Pritchard finds out the water's a little cold for swimming. Jim Mason given free showers by fish.

Unexpected: Ralph Morgan wins television set at Dunrea.

Note to girls: Joe Shyposki's got new tires on his car.

Music: Bev Monroe and his Pembina Alley boys gave farewell concert for staff and patients. TB cure advanced somewhat. Many thanks.

Fort Garry Quartet gives one hour of Barber Shop harmony—without clippers and razor.

What Dr. Zacjew got out of the latest hit "A Rusty Old Halo."

Gardening: Gladys Wheatley's trays coming along fine. Tulips in bloom. Fresh rhubarb in the garden. Watch the grass mowing for change of weather. Poison ivy discovered in bush by Honeymoon Bridge. (This news item's origin unconfirmed.)

Baseball: Congratulations to the softball teams A and B. Should name Streptomycin and P.A.S.

Forgotten: To put the name Chase on back of Grace Cook's boat.

Football: Coach Kahler moves out to No. 3. Please refer to him.

Mother's Day: How many mothers can a man have. Or how many children does one have. That is the question. Well it's nice enough.

We thank the Schubert Choir of Brandon, who put on a superb performance. We regret the director had advised us to keep our booing low. There wasn't a boo to be heard and being a opera and classical fan I can truly say, it was one of the best performances of HMS Pinafore ever seen or heard.

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BRANDON SANATORIUM

"A" Ward

Well, here we are for the news again this month. We are surely pleased to have Agnes Knott back to our ward again. Our ward looks lovely with the nursery rhymes painted by Miss Smith—and we are keeping it tidy too.

"A" girls are really looking hep with their new style pedal-pusher pyjamas. All set for the warm summer days.

The Shrine Circus clowns who came on May 20th were enjoyed by all and now there are red felt hats on each small head.

Cookie is making progress in his new "walker".

Doris didn't mind her vaccination a bit after the doctor winked at her.

"B" Ward

Hi, everyone. It's news time once again and here's the latest:

First of all we would like to extend our best wishes to Eliza Beardy, who left us a week ago for her op. Hope you are coming along all right, Liz—hurry back to us.

The latest operations are Charlotte Mason, Diane Crowe and Martha Pascal. Keep up the good work.

The Bee's loss was the Jay's gain when Evangeline Cook, Keneena Beardy, Martha Ryle and Ruby Napaokeesic transferred. In their place we have Sarah and Margaret. Hope you like your new surroundings, girls.

Diane's ambition is to be a movie star. Well, sweetheart, if there are stars like Jerry Lewis and Lou Costello there's hope for you and me.

"C" Ward

May came and went much too quickly for me to catch my breath, but anyway here goes. So settle back, folks, while I give you the lowdown around this ward.

Breezin' through we get a glimpse of little Anne Crommarty. She is ab-

sorbed as usual in a catalogue.

Irene Monias doesn't want to be mentioned (okay unmentionable Irene).

In this big ward who should we find shooting the breeze but none other than Vickie Whitecloud. She's got the gift of gab, so they say. That's all right, Vickie, I always did admire a person with something to say. Especially if it concerns "Thunderstorms"!!!

Further on we find Helen Cochrane and Mary Beaulieu spry as ever. They are doing wonders with the strep they are getting. Apparently these two ladies each weigh a dainty one hundred and eighty-nine pounds.

Then we come across the new arrivals: Sarah Jane Duck, Mary Laura Gull, Nancy Racette, Marina Hornebrook, Eva Hunter, Louise Powssin, and last but not least Margaret Beaulieu. "Welcome, ladies."

"D" Ward

Our latest op patients were: Thomas Oovayou, Francis Baptiste, Johnny Meechas, Norman Monias, Stanley McKay, Charles Thomas, Thomas Wood, Agnes Knott, Sarah Kanabee, Margaret Tsannie, Eliza Beardy and Elizabeth Harper. Everyone of them is doing well.

We miss the following who were moved to other wards: David Quiquish, Nehemiah Dan, Donald Francis, Ernest Bruce, Pharoah Harper. We hope you fellows will like your new surroundings.

Now for some incidents which have occurred during the past month:

Morris Williams was found peeking into Peter Monias's locker. His reply was, "O.K., Sherlock, the case is solved." It seems someone had hid his lunch in Peter's shoe!!

Armond Contois is known in these parts as the "King"—for the masterful way with which he handles women!

Pierre Karlik is studying French. He hopes to taste a French dish soon!

Peter Monias laughs in his sleep. He says Planet Mars is a funny place while Norman Monias dreams of Russian spies.

"E" Ward

Welcome to Joe Roulette from Sandy Bay and Sandy Ellis, who was transferred from Clearwater Lake Sanatorium.

Good luck to Nicodemus McKay, who was discharged this month. John Rae was transferred to Fort William Sanatorium. We hope you like it there "Dear John".

Thomas Wood and Norman Monias left us for "D" Ward and McIvor Cook is back with us again after his op. Luke Moose was transferred from "H" Ward.

"F" Ward

Here is your newly appointed reporter for "F" Ward. I will try to keep you posted on the happenings at our end.

Latest addition to our ward: Pharoah Harper, David Quiquish, Linos Wuskey and Donald Francis, who came from "D" Ward; Jimmy Towers is also with us from "G" Ward. All are doing very well. Our fortunate pals who got their discharge this month are Billy Shingebes, Henry Taxpayook, Charlie (No Comb) Mishinogeesic. He even refused to comb his hair when he was ready to leave. One gentleman here kindly and carefully combed his hair

for him and then bade him a fond farewell. We wish you the best of luck, Charlie.

Frank Paishk made a paper hat called a sombrero—it is really a combination of a ten-gallon hat and sombrero put together. With a guitar in his hands he looks like a real Mexicano—hillbilly style!

Our expert fiddler, Delorme Bull, hopes to get his date book under circulation before long. He is booked for discharge.

We are all very grateful for our new television set on our ward, thanks to the Knights of Columbus and the sanatorium staff for a very thoughtful arrangement.

Basil Bighetty is the proud owner of a Spanish guitar. He only lends it to a special party, though!

Johnie Stone's nickname is "Worm". No wonder the chickens are after him. Till next month, Adios.

"G" Ward

Welcome to new admissions Moses Nuyugalik, Harry Cloud, Mark Keeper and Henry Fox.

Ops this month were Stanley McKay and Frances Baptiste.

Thomas Oovayou was transferred back to "G" after his op and now has routine 4. Also on routine 4 are Simon Hastings and Glen Shingoose.

Lucky boys getting their discharge

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this month were John Knott and Antoine Green.

"J" Ward

Here we are again with this month's report. Everyone is feeling 100 per cent and here are our latest happenings.

Discharges were Bella McDougall, Mary Matinet, Helen Taylor and Harriett Mason. Our best wishes go with you, girls.

We miss Keneena Beardy, who was transferred to St. Boniface, and Eva Scott, who went to Dynevor Hospital. Hope you like your new homes, girls. And Flora Ann Ross is just waiting patiently for her ticket to home.

Welcome to Sarah Jane Turtle, Eva Cook, Evangeline Cook, Martha Ryle, Ruby Napekesic and Anne Eskimo, who have come to us from "B" Ward, and to Rhoda Tait and Jean Ogemow, who came from "C".

Margie is lucky to get two stamp-less letters every day.

Our quiet gal, Nancy Goodwin, is

always wearing a big smile on her pretty face. Keep it up, Nannie—we like your smiles.

Mary and Eva are as busy as bees with their fancy work. Nice going, girls.

The few girls we didn't get around to mentioning this month are all fine.

Cheerio till next month.

"K"

Our new patients in "K" Ward are Maggie Black, Agnes Sinclair, Jemina Millar, Lucy Eskimo, Harriet McKay, and Helena Eskimo. We hope you like us, girls.

Those sporting routine 4 are Annie Beardy, Nora Munroe and Agnes Pascal.

The only discharge from our ward went to Aurillia Peebles. Margaret T. is getting along fine after her op.

We are glad to have Mrs. White back on "K" Ward.

Everybody seems to be busy doing something so I won't disturb them.

See you next month.

358: Mrs. Hnajiwi is chasing the cure so we won't bother her with questions this time.

359: These girls are doing swell as usual.

360: Olive and Olga seem to be happy with their outdoor exercise.

361: Elaine is doing fine and Tapila is going home soon. Hope you won't have to wait too long.

362: Mrs. Desjarlais is chasing the cure as usual and Christine is sure making use of her routine.

363: Mrs. Guiboche is back with us again. Her roommate is Mrs. Gauthier who seems to be getting along O.K.

365: These girls are as busy as ever in here. Annette is happy whenever she can go and visit her friend across

the hall.

364: Elise and Marlene have a new roommate named Mary.

367: Mrs. Magnusson received beautiful red roses on Mother's Day. Her roommate is doing well these days.

368: Jacqueline, along with her friend Estelle, has started a display in her room. How's business, girls? Lillian is fine. And so is Judy, now that she has routine 4.

369: Mrs. Hyndra looks very happy these days. Keep it up, Granny.

370: Estelle now has routine 5 and spends most of her time with Jackie. Mechtilde has routine 4. Their new roommate Keneena is doing fine.

371: Madeline has routine 5 and enjoying it very much. Priscilla is getting acquainted with the next door neighbor.

Guess that's all for now. We'll say so long now till next month.

Residence Report

Summer has come again, time for picnics, beaches, etc. Oh! What a glorious feeling.

We bade adieu to Marie Strebly and Dina Abbes, who have taken up residence in Ste. Rose. The Misses Carman and Reimer just sailed into port and are dropping anchor for six weeks. Happy sailing, girls!

It seems Doreen Parker is quite interested in Portage la Prairie. What

has Portage got that Winnipeg hasn't? (Editor's note: Most of our nurses.) We know it isn't the flood that's attracting you.

A trip to Ste. Rose proved very agreeable to Bea Phiefer who had a "bon voyage" but a slight headache on returning. She is looking forward with anticipation to a vacation to the west coast next month.

Leonne Turenne has day-dreaming spells these days. Maybe her head is just in the clouds over a certain engineer.

Charlotte (Five-o'Clock Charley) Fosseneuve has decided to hang her hat here for a spell, now that exams are all "fini". Charley had a tonsillectomy just a few weeks ago. Feel as though there's something missing? She will become famous one of these days when her songs are released on M.G.M. records. She promised us a Cadillac.

We all admire your new sleeping togs, Lucille and Bertha. Very becoming and really co-oo-ol, aren't they?

The whistle has blown and it's time to board the "Sanatorium Special". See you next month.

St. John's

Room 100: Mr. Settee, our cowboy, is getting ready to fly the coop; should be in the vicinity of Cross Lake, Man., serenading the young maidens very shortly. (That is providing he doesn't

ST. BONIFACE SANATORIUM

St. Mary's "A"

We wish to welcome the following newcomers: Keneena Beardy, Mary Bowaluk, Priscilla Thompson, Rita Genaille, Mrs. Gauthier, Mrs. Magnusson and Mrs. Hnajow. Hope you will get used to san life.

Discharges this month were: Jean Ledoux, Mary Jane Vandal, Jean Nolin and Anita Belcourt.

Sporting routine are: Olive Gomien, Olga Desjarlais, Judy Land and Mechtilde LaBossiere.

356: Claudette and Denise sure miss their roommate Anita.

357: Well, Ida, sure hope you will enjoy yourself when you go home for leave. Yvonne will be all alone. Wonder if she'll shed any tears.

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wear the guitar out before arriving there.) Mr. Chung, our bantam weight, starts snoring and sounds like a heavy-weight. Mr. Moar or "Chief", as he is known, is just waiting for a job so that he can get back into circulation. Any offers?

Mr. Bobby Nakoulak is back on his feet again after having his large toes repaired in the O.R. Orvis is looking forward to wintering in a different part of the country this year. Next bed, M.T. Let's hope it stays that way.

101: Mr. Joe McFarlane is busy chewing garlic (it's sure good stuff but for what?) and turning out leather work.

102: Mr. Morris has taken up a correspondence course (light house-keeping). Mr. Reid hit his finger with the mallet but is back turning out the leather work again. That was a bad miss, George.

101: Here we have Mr. Johnson, the writingest man you ever did see and he keeps Mr. Pete Jensen busier than a queen bee typing it out for him. We're wondering what the name of the book is.

104: Freddie, the barber boy, as well as trimming hair, makes very nice lamps. Say, Fred, where were you the night your lamp was over on Ste. Therese? Mr. Nagy will be taking up

farming again—and soon.

105: Mr. Monteith done left us, mama, and no we have here Mr. Fields, recently moved down from St. Joseph. How do you like it down here in the daytime as well as evenings.

106: Quietest room on the flat. No one here just now (washroom).

108: Dudka is busy with his wallets and the occasional game of 15-2, 15-4. Mr. Zastre is in here with Mike for a short visit.

109: Here we have the China boys. They like that green tea. (ugh!) Have you started drinking that stuff, too, Mr. Leichman?

110: Mr. McDonald and Mr. Appler are newcomers to this flat. Mr. Warneski is getting ready to jump over the traces. Bill Bridges is upstairs. Hope you're down with us soon, Bill.

111: The Picton boys are getting like two roly polly teddy bears. You'll have to cut down, boys. Just two helpings after this, eh? Mr. Keisman is quite busy turning out some nice plastic work. (Did you really do all that yourself, Charley?) Mr. Dybka, the old-timer, keeps a constant eye out for some doctor to corner in the hall—any doctor, any hall.

112: Ha Cha Chornia, and George, I thought wrestlers were the only groaners. You should hear these two guys though. Honore Bazinet always on the lookout for a game of crib. His specialty is teasing a Scotchman across a crib board. Mr. Sinclair always has a pocketful of magazines. He doesn't accept them unless they're new. How's the forestry course coming along, Gordon? Hear you're going cutting cordwood at Pine Falls come winter time.

114: Here we have the grandfather of the flat, Mr. Black. Still takes the odd caper down the hall.

The lucky ones to go home this month so far were: Mr. Jimmy McKay, Mr. Lee Bew and "Scottie" Mon-

teith. Good luck to you, fellows.

Will see you again next month, if you don't see me first.

St. Joseph's

According to the calendar, it's summer; according to the thermometer our weather is having more ups and downs than an elevator.

Once more our flat has become a checker board. In the past month there were more moves than you'd find in a chess tournament.

Steve Kebigishig left his home in the balcony to go to 334, Mrs. Henderson moved to 308, Mrs. Hayes to 305, Mrs. Strutt to 314. The few empty beds were quickly filled and we hauled the welcome mat out of mothballs for: Mr. F. McKay, Mr. Lyle Harron, Mrs. M. Hohenstein, Mr. J. Kotcher, Miss Emily Settee, Mr. H. Page, Mr. M. McKinnon and Mr. N. Minor. Welcome to "transfusion tavern". Hope you have a speedy recovery.

Mike Drewniak is still busy with leatherwork, rushing to meet a deadline. He also puzzles out the cross-words in his spare time.

Mrs. Derry is looking at the world through her new glasses. Verra smart, indeed, if we may say.

Lyle "Spider Web" Harron would rather fish than eat—stew, that is. Don McLaren has his eye on the front door, hopinfi it will open for him real soon. (Doctors, please note!)

Mrs. Hayes is running a close second to Mitchell-Copp with her jewellery. And they look very lovely, too.

Mrs. Henderson finds it hard to keep up her correspondence and make earrings, too. Heard Miss Timmins say, "I wonder if they'll give me a new room in the residence and if I'll be working in the new wing at St. Boniface Hospital."

Here's Mr. O'Neil working on the jumble puzzle. No prizes yet though. Ed Jensen keeps mighty busy these days teaching leatherwork.

Mrs. Strutt says, "I couldn't face myself in the mirror in the morning." Hear wedding bells in the family too.

Mr. Hoepfner wishes it would warm up a bit and dry up the flood. Nap Pelletier says everything in the modern home is controlled by switches—except the children.

Mrs. Sinclair, reading a newspaper, said, "It says here the man was shot by his wife at close range."

"Then there must have been powder marks on him," said Jeannie Wengenow.

"There were," replied Mrs. S. "That's why she shot him."

Mrs. Cook noted a fashion item in the press that said to make girls look taller, skirts will be almost skin tight this spring. Emily Settee agreed that they will also make men look longer.

Mr. Blue figures the spring has sprung—a leak that is. The flood situation makes him think it will be a wet year. Hmmm. Could be. Clarence Hemming and Walter Skawronyk both had operations recently and reports show they are coming along nicely. Keep it up, boys. Mr. Keating doesn't say much but he always smiles when we go in to see him.

Steve does his serenading from 334 these days, much to the delight of 327.

Now sharpen up your pencil, kiddies, and try to solve an otherwise unsolvable problem.

Let X equal 15 (apples, oranges, or even operations); let Y equal 8 (this can be 8 anything, even children); let Z equal 3 (it could be 3 heads but we'll make it toes—broken ones). The problem is to subtract X, Y, and Z from S (for Sanatorium) and come up with the answer 1—I discharge, that is. So far no luck but we'll keep trying.

Time to make like the bees and buzz, but remember, if success goes to your head, it's probably because there was lots of room up there.

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St. Therese's Tattlings

An illusion must be shattered now and then, and here and there a fond but misconceived conception disrupted, in the effort to show the real St. Therese.

New admittance: Mrs. Pauline Chesnuk and Mrs. Kelbray.

Discharged: Cecile Denyer, Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Mykowski.

Graduated on routines: Jeanette Delannoy, 6; Pauline Picton to 4 and 5; Agnes Sansregret, 5; Bernice Pruden, 7; Mrs. Flett, 4; Sophie Fellbel, to 4 and 5; Angela Sylvester, 7; Mrs. Pele to 4 and 5, and Mrs. Cote, 5.

Climate searchers: Winnie, Ella and Clare have been exploring the outside world lately. Apparently the three of them came back with very amusing tales.

Fashion note: Dot Reid modelled a pair of socks that matched the color of her earrings, while Bernice appeared with a rainbow dress.

The three busy bees, Nina, Mrs. Fillion and Jane Russell??? in 156 are sure turning up nice handicraft work.

Angela and Irene like it when Olive is lullabying. At least it's keeping them from being afraid of their shadows.

If Pauline and Jeanette ever get sick, they'll simply call on Dr. Boneder (Inga). Even the visitors call on her in need. Her motto for a good

night's sleep is P.A.S. and a knock on the head.

Sophie entertains Mrs. Cote and Mrs. Pele with her arithmetic problems.

Miss Crowe is exchanging news with her partner, Mrs. Pauline Chesnuk.

From what we saw, Agnes received a parcel. The party that sent it was very generous, with papers we mean.

Both Mrs. Goneherenko and Mrs. Lazaruk are busy reading.

Sister Desrosiers moved in with Sister Alma-Therese.

Marge patiently crosses the numbers on the calendar till her review.

Mrs. Lynn, Lee and Mrs. Flett bade farewell to their roommate, Mrs. Mykowski.

Prediction: By the time this reaches print, Gladys Houle will be doing her cure-chasing at home.

Overheard in one of the rooms:

First patient: How do you feel?

Second patient: I feel fine. How do you feel?

First patient: I feel with my fingers.

I'll end now, hoping this will bring you the best of everything.

Youville Yodellings

We are sorry to have lost Sister Desrosiers, who is a patient on St. Therese. Hope your stay will be short and sweet, and that you will be back to us soon.

We wish to welcome the following newcomers to the flat and hope their stay will be short and pleasant: Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Parkinson, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Mikaychuk, Mrs. Carpenter and Miss Weibe.

The lucky one to leave was Lorielle Roy.

Those who visited O.R. in the past month were: Mrs. McCormack, Mrs. Lambert, Miss Dubois and Miss Gadway.

272: Anxiously waiting their discharges are Mrs. Akatoo and Mukkee. Sara, Koodloo and Peta are all sport-

ing new routines. Atenook is just waiting for the day she can get out of her cast.

266: Mrs. Ledger was out for a week-end. Hope you had a nice time. Mrs. Keirl, we hope that you will be up and around soon.

Sister Kergoat and Sister Lanoix are busy chasing the cure so we have nothing on them.

264: Mrs. Mullins is doing fine since her op and is patiently waiting for routine. Mrs. Sweeney has a big smile for everyone.

263: Sister Rochefort and Sister Vallieres are both on routine 5.

261: Mrs. Pahl is busy crocheting. Who is the lucky one? Irene is as busy as ever.

260: Sister Deschatelets has knitted a smart pair of slippers. Is it true, Sister Matte, that they walk by themselves?

258: In here we find our crossword experts, namely, Vivian Roy, Vern Gadway, Germaine Dubois and Mrs. Carpenter.

259: Annie Guthrie is making flowers. Practice makes perfect, they say. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Parkinson are both newcomers so we have nothing on them yet. Mrs. Watson is busy trying out her routine 4.

257: Mrs. Warkentin is anxiously waiting for her review and a word

to go home. The three new patients are model cure-chasers.

256: Mrs. Denton, how does it feel to have routine 5? Keep up the good work. Mrs. Schroeter is still doing some lovely crochet work. Mrs. Lambert and Mrs. McCormack are looking fine after their ops.

252: Sister Le Maire is busy occupying herself with puzzles these days.

250: Sister Valerie is as cheerful as ever.

241: Mrs. McLeod is anxiously awaiting news that she can go home. Jeanette is Youville's corn swiper these days, so, girls, hide your food. She's always starved. Now that Mrs. Atkins is out of her cast she won't leave Dr. Kozin alone until she gets routine. Miss Mondor looks as good as ever. Nothing on her.

239: Granny Turcotte is busy making necklaces. Are they very hard to make? Mrs. Gonich is a big girl now. She has routine 5.

237: Vi—why is that big smile on your face every visiting day? That's love, so they say. Mrs. Raoult is embroidering these days. Isabelle, what's this we hear about a secret admirer? Anybody we know? Mrs. Podaima is doing a bit of everything these days. How do you do it, Pearl?

That's all for this month. So long for now.

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Sanatorium Dictionary

Doctor: The chap who seem to pop out of cracks in the wall when you're breaking routine, but seldom catches you when you're being a good cure-chaser.

Aspirin: That which if you need one, you'll get a worse headache than you got, trying to get one.

Streptomycin: Ouch!

Penicillin: Ouch!! They use a bigger needle.)

P.A.S.: Pepper and salt.

Fluoroscope: Real gone TV.

Review: Where you expect what you don't get, and get what you don't expect.

Full bed: Someone's already in it.

Pneumonectomy: That which you only want one of.

—Compiled by Etta Moll O'Gee with apologies to Webster.

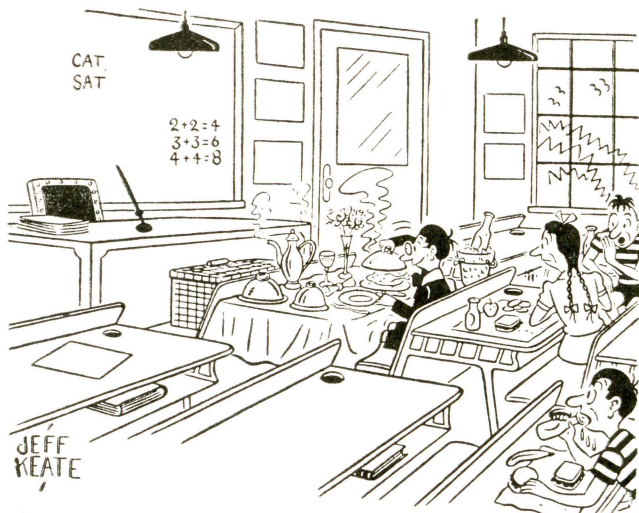
LETTER TO THE EDITOR

560 Beresford Ave.,
Winnipeg, Man.,
June 19, 1955.

Dear Sir:

I would like to thank the doctors and nurses for the wonderful care given me while I was a patient at the Manitoba Sanatorium, Ninette.

Yours truly,
(Miss) CONNIE GLASGOW.



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