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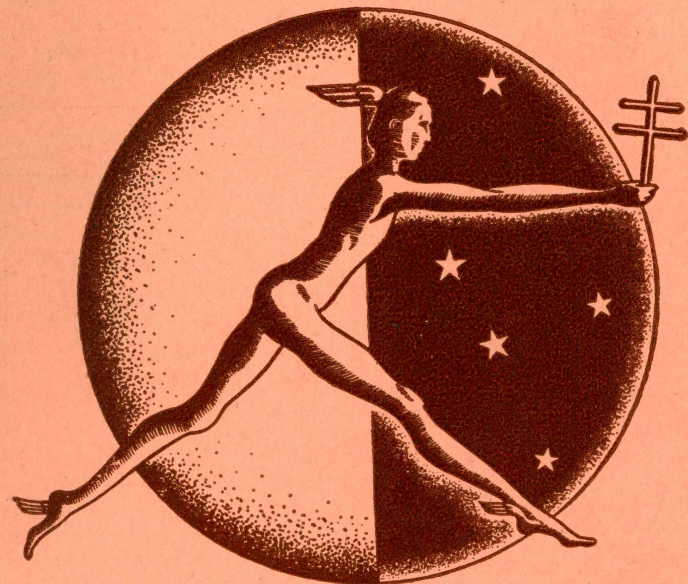
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THE

Messenger

OF HEALTH

J. Zayshley,
City Health Dept.,
X-ray



VOLUME 7—No. 11 10 CENTS
NOVEMBER - 1944
WINNIPEG - MANITOBA

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ESSAY CONTEST

Open to School Students from Grades VII to XII in MANITOBA
on the subject of

TUBERCULOSIS

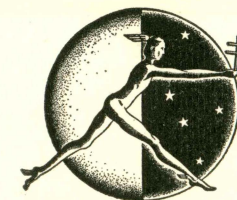
The Sanatorium Board of Manitoba is pleased to announce an essay contest open to all students in Manitoba who are in Grades VII, VIII, IX, X, XI and XII. The lesson on tuberculosis sent to all schools in the province will provide a basis for the essays. Extra marks will be given for initiative shown in investigating and reporting on local conditions with regard to tuberculosis.

RULES

- Topic of the essay—TUBERCULOSIS.
- The lesson on tuberculosis is to be taught to the pupils by the school teacher.
- Essay not to exceed 800 words in Grade VII, VIII and IX group.
Essay not to exceed 1,000 words in Grade X, XI and XII group.
- PRIZES:

Grade VII, VIII and IX Group:	Grade X, XI and XII Group:
1st — 1 prize of \$10.00.	1st — 1 prize of \$15.00.
2nd — 2 prizes of \$2.50 each.	2nd — 2 prizes of \$7.50 each.
3rd — 5 prizes of \$2.00 each.	3rd — 5 prizes of \$3.00 each.
4th — 10 prizes of \$1.00 each.	4th — 10 prizes of \$2.00 each.
- All essays must be written by hand. No typewritten essay will be judged.
- The teacher in each school will select the best essay in each of the two groups. The Contest closes January 31st, 1945, and the two selected essays must be in the mail on or before that date, and sent to the Manitoba Sanatorium, Ninette.
- On the top of the first page of the essay the teacher will write clearly:
 - Name and Post Office address of Pupil.
 - Name and Post Office address of Teacher.
 - Name and number of School District.
 - Grade of Pupil competing.
- The essays will be judged as follows:

60 marks for material.	5 marks for neatness.
15 marks for presentation.	5 marks for punctuation.
15 marks for spelling.	



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

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Vol. 7, No. 11 Nov., 1944

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Editorial

X-RAY SURVEYS CONTINUE

Through arrangements between Dr. M. S. Lougheed and officials of the T. Eaton Co. Ltd., chest x-ray films are now being offered to the more than 6,000 members of the Eaton staff. Employees have been quick to take advantage of this health protection service, and during the first week more than 1,000 of them passed before the x-ray camera.

The portable x-ray equipment from the City Hall has been set up in the Mail Order Building Hospital, and the excellent facilities for handling the large numbers attending the Clinic permit the employees to have their x-ray with speed and convenience.

X-ray Technician Jas. Zayshley is assisted by Mrs. Helen Rollins and Miss K. Stepnuk; Miss G. Foster is in charge of the clerical work, and Mrs. Botsford, Tuberculosis Nurse on the City Hall staff, assists and advises those in attendance.

Dr. Lougheed points out that these x-ray surveys are carried out under a co-operative arrangement between the City Health Department and the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba. It is expected that the City tuberculosis unit will give chest films to a total of 18,000 people during the year 1944.

The Travelling Tuberculosis Clinic operated by the Sanatorium Board, with Dr. J. M. Sigvaldason as physician-in-charge, has just completed a survey of the entire communities of Flin Flon, Sherridon, Cranberry Portage and The Pas. Next week they will do all students at the University of Manitoba who are attending University this year for the first time. From there they will move on to other industrial and community groups. Travelling Clinic sur-

vey work is done in addition to the regular monthly and referred-patient clinics that have been and must continue to be an essential part of their service.

It is a tribute to the people of Manitoba that they show such enthusiastic interest in utilizing the Clinic facilities that are thus being made available to them. Undoubtedly this acceptance of the need for chest x-rays for everybody is one of the most promising indications of a genuine desire to improve health standards that has occurred in recent years.

CHRISTMAS SEALS

Winter stormed into Manitoba yesterday. With snow lying deep against the hedgerows and fences it seems quite appropriate to point out that next week Christmas Seals will be in the mail on their way to homes everywhere in Manitoba.

Ever greater accomplishments are financed by the Christmas Seal sale. They provide for the Rehabilitation Division. They finance the Travelling Tuberculosis Clinics. Last year 81 regular clinics were held at which 5,062 examinations were given. At the same time, at industrial and community surveys 31,651 persons were given free X-ray examinations of the chest.

Ultimately it is hoped to make this free chest X-ray examination available to every individual in the province. It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of Travelling Clinic activities in preventing pain and suffering, saving money, and raising health standards everywhere in Manitoba. We hope everyone who receives Christmas Seals will remit generously and promptly.

A Familiar Feeling

*I've been angelic for days and days,
It seems like months and years,
But now I'm getting awfully bored,
The very thought brings tears.
I know that little walk I own
Is going to stretch for miles,
But if I'm caught out wandering
I wonder if I'll smile?*

*My conscience has become too soft,
I've been too good, too long,
I think that I should harden it
By doing something wrong.
The window like a magnet draws,
Shall I get out of bed?
Perhaps I should turn on the light?
Ideas fill my head.
Of only one thing I am sure,
If I do wrong I'll pay.
I guess I'll keep on being good
Until another day.*

MARGARET LOBB.

Learn to Relax

WHEN someone asked Chauncy M. Depew how he took his exercise, the grand old man replied, "By acting as pallbearer for many friends who are killed by exercise." It was said of this devotee of the easy life that he always took a nap in advance of a speaking engagement which would keep him up late at night.

Depew lived to be almost 94 and his years were lived to the fullest measure of achievement. That there was no conflict between his tension-relief habits and useful living he proved by his out-

sity and originator of a course in relaxation at the college, expressed agreement with psychologists in an article published recently in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*.

Also in accord with the psychologists is Dr. Victor G. Heiser, writer of a popular syndicated column on health and author of the book, "Toughen Up, America!" Both believe that people who lack any of the four main attributes to counteract high pressure living can be trained in methods of efficient living, so important now in maintaining per-

Every sanatorium patient should acquire the art of complete relaxation. For despite the assistance of surgical procedures, rest, rest and more rest is still the foundation of successful tuberculosis treatment.

standing career in law, oratory and politics.

Psychologists now are able to present scientific evidence to support Depew's philosophy of relaxation. These trained observers believe that people who live dynamically without being tense have four main attributes which help them to keep their balance.

Natural Rhythm

These four attributes are:

1. A certain natural rhythm to their daily activities, with "peaks" of accomplishment and alternating "valleys" of purposeful rest and repose.
2. A sense of values which make it possible to minimize effort and strain.
3. An ability to reduce muscular tension in any part of the body at will.
4. An ability to "cat-nap" or actually to fall asleep anywhere at any time when rest is needed by the mind or by the body.

Dr. Josephine L. Rathbone, assistant professor of physical education at Teachers College of Columbia Univer-

sonal and national security.

When people who lead active lives need constant admonition and training to relieve strain, it is no wonder that the tuberculosis patient, who is almost entirely dependent upon rest as a cure, sometimes does not take full advantage of this health-building remedy. For in addition to poor habits of resting acquired during active life, the sick man must overcome many new mental worries as well as the toxemia of tuberculosis, a condition in itself disturbing to proper relaxation.

The patient, moreover, is no longer able to enjoy the blessings of normal physiological fatigue. The man with a job, tired and satisfied after a hard day's work, asks only a comfortable place to stretch his weary limbs and he immediately begins to enjoy his well earned rest. Such sweet repose is denied the patient confined to his bed all or most of the day.

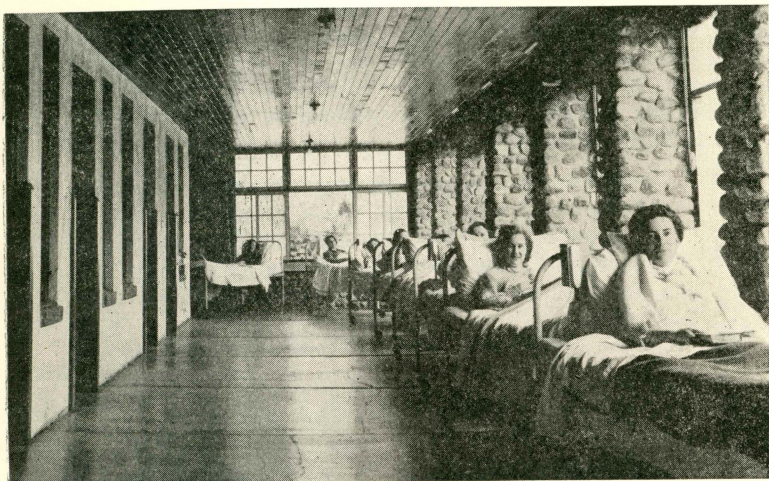
Every patient knows that an absence of disturbing sensations aids relaxation.

Perhaps the most widely recognized of the sensations are the responses of the brain to stimulation of the external sense organs such as the eyes, ears or various points in the skin. Psychologists call these external sense organs, or receptors, the exteroceptors.

Other well-known sensations are the responses to a second set of receiving organs—those located within the body, such as in the digestive, circulatory or

as weakening to the body as chilling. Wind or strong draft, whether in summer or winter, should be avoided.

Don't face a strong light and, if your eyes are extremely sensitive, insist upon having your bed turned so that the light reaches you only from the side or rear. Seek a retreat as far away from disturbing noises as possible. Remember that not only a loud noise but also a recurrent sound that creates expectance



Resting on the Balcony

excretory system. These visceral receptors or enteroceptors keep the brain informed through nerve connections of any unusual internal discomfort.

Temperature Factor

Ordinary good judgment dictates that the patient get rid of as many disturbing sensations as possible. Have a good bed, smoothly made, and long enough for comfortable relaxation. Temperature is very important. For cold weather the bed must be kept warm without being weighted down with covers. The bed should be aired every day, otherwise moisture from the body accumulates in the covers and conducts heat away from the body. Dress lightly in warm weather. Remember that overheating may be

in the mind, as a dripping faucet or a rattling blind, may interfere with proper relaxation.

Avoid tight clothing or constricting bands that cause pressure or interfere with the circulation of the blood. Don't ignore thirst or any other internal discomfort that makes you restless. If you have indigestion or chest pain, consult your doctor for the proper diet.

The body also has a third set of receptors which psychologists call the proprioceptors because "the adequate stimulus is a property of the organ in which the receptors are located." In other words, the organ itself furnishes the stimulation. If the patient continues to be restless after the obvious conditions for relaxation mentioned above

are met, usually his proprioceptive sensations are to blame.

The proprioceptors are of two kinds—the kinesthetic receptors of the muscles, joints and tendons, which are concerned with motion and posture, and the vestibular receptors of the inner ear, which are concerned with body equilibrium.

To illustrate the proprioceptive sensations, close your eyes and consider the position of various parts of the body. You can tell the position of an arm—for instance, whether it is bent or straight, elevated in front of your body or hanging at your side—by the response of your brain to the stimulations arising in the arm itself.

The muscles, joints and tendons which acted upon the motor impulse to place the arm in a certain position also contain receiving organs which are stimulated by the contractions, tensions and frictions in these various parts of the arm. Likewise, kinesthetic receptors combined with equilibrium receptors keep you informed, even in the absence of visual sensations, of the position or posture of the whole body.

Many patients who claim to be tense and nervous do not know how to control their proprioceptive sensations. They lie with clenched fists, stiffened spine,

furrowed brow; they sigh or breathe irregularly, cough unnecessarily; or they roll, twist and turn and can think of a thousand excuses for reaching or getting out of bed.

Naturally, with mental responses resulting from every movement and tension, the patient's brain is in a turmoil of sensation.

Since there is perfect unison between physical relaxation and mental relaxation, it is almost impossible to consider one without the other. We have seen how muscular activity stimulates mental activity. Conversely, because of the intricate relationship between mind and body, mental or emotional unrest is always accompanied by muscular unrest.

Concerning the methods of progressive relaxation it can be said here that, first, "the patient learns to recognize tenseness, even if slight, in each of the chief muscle groups of his entire body, including those of the eyes and the speech apparatus." When he becomes aware of a residual tension in any muscle he concentrates on that muscle until it is relaxed. Thus, as the name implies, progressive relaxation means that the individual relaxes more and more each successive minute.

—Sanatorium Sun

Reprinted from SPUNK

Things I Never Knew Till Now



Fort Garry, early name of the community that is now Winnipeg, was named after Nicholas Garry, according to an article in the Manitoba School Journal. . . . Director of the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1821 he came to the prairies from England to settle the feud between his own company's traders and those employed by the North-West Company. He arrived in New York on May 20, 1821 and travelling by water reached Selkirk on Aug. 4th. He was a bachelor and a man of tact and varied capacities. Noted in his diary: On Sept. 2nd he presided at a meeting at Fort York to form an Auxiliary Bible Society. At the meeting £130 was subscribed, joined by Garry's contribution of £50. . . . At Rainy River, after addressing a council of Indians, he gave them a nine gallon keg of rum and recommended them "to be sober and quiet."

The Significance of Cough

By DR. T. L. QUONG, Municipal Hospitals, Winnipeg

COUGHING is a natural reflex provided for us so as to clear the respiratory passages of irritant materials,—just as the sneeze reflex clears our nose, and the gag reflex will expel noxious agents from the throat and stomach. Acute cough is common and is complained of by everyone at sometime or other. We are all familiar with the cough that so often accompanies the ordinary “head cold.” It should cause no worry for it usually passes off in less than three weeks. Tobacco users frequently cough. Here, smoke is the irritant. Sometimes people cough and clear their throats for no obvious reason. Some use it to stall for time and to offset the effects of embarrassment. These are of little moment and seldom require investigation. On the other hand, it is well to remember that cough is the most common, and often, an early symptom of disease in the respiratory system.

Chronic, persistent cough, hanging on for a month or more, always should be investigated, and the cause determined whenever possible. Generally speaking, most chronic coughs are due to infections in the lining of the air passages or in the lungs. They may be due also to inhaled foreign bodies, and to new growths in the air passages, or in the lung itself.

The nature of a cough often gives a clue as to the probable cause. It is dangerous to dismiss a chronic cough as unimportant merely because it may exhibit certain seemingly innocent fea-

tures. Coughing is frequently accompanied by the expectoration of mucus. This is significant. Copious amounts of foul smelling expectorated material may indicate a lung abscess or bronchiectasis. Blood streaked mucus may point towards tuberculosis; whereas painful cough with little or no expectoration often suggests pleurisy. Occasionally lung cancer causes cough, in the early stages of the disease. Congestion in the lungs either from an infection or a failing circulation will almost certainly produce cough.

In pulmonary tuberculosis, cough may or may not be present, depending upon the extent of the disease. It is surprising how often fairly extensive disease is found, and yet the patient will deny the presence of cough. On the other hand, a small lesion with cavitation may produce a severe cough with purulent sputum long before the patient has noticed any other symptom. It can be stated, however, that cough is seldom an early symptom of pulmonary tuberculosis, and more often than not, by the time the patient notices cough there is already gross disease.

Coughing is a significant factor in the spread of a number of communicable diseases—the most important being pulmonary tuberculosis. It is wise practice to cover the mouth when coughing, regardless of the cause. A cough that hangs on for weeks or months always suggests some abnormality. It may be trivial, or it may mean serious trouble. Modern medical diagnostic facilities make it relatively easy in most cases to discover the cause and institute proper treatment.

“Wot How”

MILLIONS these days are worrying about the English-speaking peoples sticking together. I am worrying about the English language itself sticking together, and what should be done about repairing it before it falls apart so badly that a Canuck will need the services of a paid interpreter each time he meets an Aussie, a Newsie, an American, or (strangest of all) an Englishman, in order to conduct a conversation. Primarily, we’ve got to start driving nails through those vowels to hold them down somewhere, or the Tower of Babel incident must be considered mere over-the-teacups conversation compared to meetings such as outlined above.

I have no criticisms against the speech of those others of the Empire, or of lower North America, who also profess to speak English—in fact, they are probably right. Maybe they do. Englishmen, for instance, have had several more centuries, as a nation, in which to study the language than has Canada. But what astounds me is that, of mornings I get out my kit and shave, but the Aussie on my right “shives”, and the Newsie beyond him scrapes ‘em off part way between “A” and “I”, while the Englishman on my left whacks off his whiskers in probably another degree of the variations of sounds between those two vowels! Not to mention that I use a razor, while the other lads (with an identical implement) refer to it respectively as a “rizah”, a “roizah” or a “raazah!” This does not include what a southern Yank may do to an unoffending “A”, for, granting that he removes any harshness in his variation, the result defies spelling. But that “A” has to be pinned down somewhere, even if we have to change the spelling and write it with an “I”, or over “OI”! A man should be able to recognize an “A” on sight, and greet it accordingly.

We still manage to keep within

shouting distance on the “E”, so much so that we need not discuss it. But the double “E” is another question. Canadians chop off the two “E’s” with their bare quota of sound, while our lingual brothers seem, at times, suddenly to recall a soft “I” they have left lying around somewhere, and substitute it for the two “E’s”; or, having pronounced them, linger lovingly until they trail off into an “uh” sound on the after end. The reason? Rillih, I don’t know—reeuhly! But something should be done about this pair of letters. I for one have no objection to saying that I “feeuhl” up to the mark—but I don’t want my companion to reply that he, also, “fihls” splendidly.

This brings us to “I”—and if I ever heard a poor defenseless vowel so ruthlessly pushed about by a variety of disagreeing tongues, may Oi hoid moy fice from the loit forever! While, if you have followed me, you may point out that this latter course would be generally approved, let it be understood I am dealing here only with conditions involving vowels. But to get back—the “I” is dragged in by some of our down-under friends and English brethren to pinch-hit for “A”—Oi hite to sigh it, but it’s true! And it is seldom left to do a job by itself, its brother “O” is usually herded along, stealing some of “I’s” limelight. If I were this letter, I would positively refuse to do “A’s” work; would insist on performing my own, and would tell “O” where to go or I’d quit! Still, on the other hand, if I have been mispronouncing “I” all these years, and it really is “OI” or should be spelled with “A”, I’m quite willing to change. But let it be unanimous—let’s mike it roit!

Now to “O”—hard to touch on in less than a thousand words. To the majority of non-American English-speaking peoples, there really is no

such letter—or, if there is, they're afraid to let it out by itself. It always has to drag "U" or "W" along right on its tail. I don't see why, unless it's because you can say "OU" with your mouth slacked off in an at-ease position, whereas it really calls for the Cupids bow stance and almost total sobriety (no hearsay, this last), to unloose a Canadian "O". So, hearing some other Britisher say "Ow, now", we know it is safe to construe it as meaning "Oh, no"; but supposing your eighteen-year-old Canadian daughter is in the next room with an Airman and drops such a remark, how are you going to interpret that? However, "O" is either "O" (round-mouth attack, as in blowing a smoke ring), or "OU" or "OW" (relaxed system) and should be made to do its own work or have a recognized and steady helper. I'm willing to follow any established rule, but I want to be certain as to whether my daughter is merely replying in the simply negative or has inadvertently just sat down on a tack. That's fair, isn't it?

The "U" seems to be the most successful, dignified and business-like of the international English vowels. I mention it here as an example—if we are all agreed that "U" (either short or long) can be, and is pronounced in only one way, what's keeping us apart on the others?

Then there is the side issue of the letter "R", which need not be laboured over—it would be taking an unfair advantage, since North Americans—other than "Hawwawd" graduates or those hailing from the "Lowah Saouth"—can prove their point in this regard. It must be admitted either that there is an "R" sound, or that there isn't. I hoped so. Let's hear you say "marry". Well, there you are! You start a word like that and you've already jumped and simply have to pull the rip-cord. No matter how quickly that "R" following

a vowel is clicked out, you can't fool a soul! You had to pronounce it. Therefore, if "R" is certain to land you a nasty left-hook in "carry", why show your abject fear of the letter by pronouncing "care" as "ca-ah"—Better to fight back—even as the Scotsman who not only appreciates his "R" but hates to relinquish one once he gets it in his mouth, where it multiplies quicker than rabbits in a hutch! This, of course, is the other extreme. Alternately, however, if there is going to be some form of studied division of the "R" words—to be pronounced in some, in others to skulk behind a puny "ah"—by all means let's standardize 'em. English is so complicated now that a few more rules won't hurt—and let's stop blaming the Jutes, Anglos, Britons, Normans, Romans, Picts, Scots Danes (no checking on chronological order, please) and the hosts of others who threw their letter into the alphabetical soup which finally boiled down into the English language. Most of those old boys are dead, anyway, and as incapable of defending themselves as are our abused vowels.

Let me repeat that I do not consider that Canadians are necessarily correct in their version of these pronunciations of the same letters in the same language. But internationally these vowels, at least, have got to be cornered, their proper function and work outlined to them with revised spelling if considered necessary, and severe disciplinary action taken if they deviate from the rules as laid down to them.

The other night I asked an Aussie pal to pass the ale. He looked puzzled for a moment, then smiled pityingly and said, "Ow, it's the ILE you want", and proceeded to pass the ale. But all that valuable time was wasted while he was translating a simple vowel into Australian. Truly, a state of affairs which English-speaking peoples should not tolerate for another day!

A W.

Our Army Is Healthy

The Canadian Army has as low a tuberculosis rate as any army in the world. This is one of the interesting facts brought out in a recent statement by Col. J. D. Adamson, consulting physician on the Headquarters Staff of Army Medical Services.

In all the four years of war, only 684 cases have been returned from overseas, and, of these, only 18 have died. This is only a fraction of the number who



In the Army from April 22, 1941, until he was discharged due to illness in October, 1943, this young man is back from Overseas and is rapidly recovering his health in a sanatorium.

developed tuberculosis and died as a result of service in the last war.

An idea of the relatively slight disability caused by tuberculosis in Canada today may be gathered from the figures for 1943, when a total of 85 new cases, most of them in the very earliest stages, were discharged from the army in Canada because of disease contracted during service.

Even with the recent increase among troops in Canada, the announcement said, tuberculosis incidence in the army is still less than 20 per cent of the prevailing civilian rate. There are, cur-

rently, twice as many tuberculosis deaths among civilian Canadians as there are cases among Canadian soldiers.

Factors contributing to the increase of the disease in the army in Canada were described as being basically the same as those which have brought about a simultaneous, though greater, increase among Canadian troops overseas, namely, the unavoidable exposure of soldiers to contact with civilians, among whom, in some districts, open cases are still at large.

In this connection the statement points out that at the beginning of the war, due to high enlistment standards, the Canadian Army was 100 per cent tuberculosis free. The men who have since contracted the disease have obviously been infected by civilian carriers.

It is of interest to add in this connection that a cross-Canada X-ray survey is being launched among army personnel. A test group of 5,000 men selected from every military district in Canada is being chosen, and it is hoped from the results of the survey to determine the current rate of disease among the troops. Such a survey will also have the beneficial effect of weeding out early cases.—C.T.A. News Features.

FLOWERS FOR PATIENTS

A happy and generous thought this summer on the part of the Ninette Girl Guides prompted them to gather flowers and present them to patients at Manitoba Sanatorium.

By no means less welcome were the interesting personal letters that accompanied these gifts. We happened to hear special comments on the letters of Kay Pettit, Judith Ross and Doreen Moggey, but no doubt there were others equally worthy of note.

This "Good Deed" was quite in keeping with the Girl Guides' fine tradition of service to others.

Letter from Britain

Dear Friends:

This month has been more exciting so I can write a few details without being too boring, I hope.

The work goes on much as before but thank goodness, we have been less busy. We still find a good deal to do even at that.

Socially, apart from a week's leave, I have enjoyed a few very fine entertainments. I had the opportunity of hearing a recital given by Yehudi Menuhin. This was my first chance of seeing him in person and as you can surmise, he was grand. He has a very fine stage presence as well as outstanding ability as a violinist. Another excellent performance I enjoyed was "There Shall Be No Night" with Alfred Lunt, Lynne Fontaine and their American company. They played in the Hippodrome in Coventry. This was one of the few buildings which withstood their blitz. The play itself is depressing but the acting was superb. I have never seen any better performers. Another excellent evening's entertainment was Saddler's Well Opera Co., performance of "Madame Butterfly." Just last evening we had a group of performers from Birmingham—"The Arden Singers"—put on a concert here for staff and patients. The singers consist of eighteen lovely young ladies with marvelous voices. The entire audience were thrilled with the singing. I could have listened to them all night. You will now imagine I have had one round of concerts. Actually the entertainment available in a large city is considerable and we take every opportunity we can get.

As for my leave, I went to the Lake district in Cumberland. This area is extremely picturesque and very popular country for holidays. Fortunately the

weather was fine for my stay and that made a great difference. I stayed at a farm recommended by a friend. As a result, I was in bed early every night and enjoyed excellent food.

The countryside is mountainous, not on the scale of our own Rockies but quite substantial. There are numerous small lakes and streams. It is a popular 'hiking' country and quite the usual thing is to see groups of men and women with large packs on their back climbing up and down the mountains. I climbed one mountain (that did me!). The view of the countryside was grand. I also visited the coast around St. Bees and Whitehaven. Even at this late date I developed quite a tan. The only drawback was the miserable trip on the trains to and from my leave. The trains are crowded and I stood all the way up and back. It was my first leave since January so I did appreciate it very much.

The war news has been grand of late. We naturally have great hopes of an early ending of this European struggle. Still, Mr. Churchill has warned of too much optimism.

As things appear now, I no doubt will get my chance to go to France before it is over. A call may come along any day—although I am not packed. Last year I was packed to go to Italy and at the last minute, I was left behind—so, I am not packing prematurely this time.

As this letter has become rather lengthy, I will close at this point.

The best of health and luck to all.

Sincerely,

HERBERT MELTZER

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

The Art of Opening a Conversation

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

OPENING a conversation is really the hardest part. It may best be studied in the settings and surroundings of the Evening Reception, where people stand upright and agonize, balancing a dish of ice cream. Here conversation reaches its highest pitch of social importance. One must talk or die. Something may be done to stave it off a little by vigorous eating. But the food at such affairs is limited. There come a point when it is absolutely necessary to say something.

The beginning, as I say, is the hardest problem. Other communities solve it better than we do. In China, conversation between strangers after introduction is always opened by the question, "And how old are you?" This strikes me as singularly apt and sensible. Here is one thing that is common ground between any two people, high or low, rich or poor—how far are you in your pilgrimage in life?

Prison Parlance

Compare with the Chinese method the grim, but very significant, formula that is employed in the exercise yards of our penitentiaries. "What have you brought?" asks the San Quentin or Sing Sing convict of the new arrival, meaning "And how long is your sentence." There is the same human touch about this, the same common ground of interest, as in the Chinese formula.

But in our polite society we have as yet found no better method than beginning with a sort of medical diagnosis—"How do you do?" This admits of no really satisfactory response at all. Convention forbids us to reply in detail that we are feeling if anything slightly lower than last week, but that though

our temperature has risen from 98.4 to 98.7, our respiration is still normal.

Still worse is the weather as an opening topic. For it either begins and ends as abruptly as the medical diagnosis or it leads the two talkers on into a long and miserable discussion of the weather of yesterday, of the day before yesterday, of last month, of last year and the last fifty years.

Let one beware, however, of conversation that begins too easily. This can be seen at any evening reception, as when the hostess introduces two people who are supposed to have some special link to unite them at once with an instantaneous snap—as when, for instance, they both come from the same town.

"Let me introduce Mr. Sedley," says the hostess. "I think you and Mr. Sedley are from the same town, Miss Smiles. Miss Smiles, Mr. Sedley."

Off they go at a gallop. "I'm so delighted to meet you," says Mr. Sedley. "It's good to find somebody who comes from our little town."

"Oh, yes," answers Miss Smiles. "I'm from Winnipeg, too. I was so anxious to meet you to ask you if you knew the McGowans. They're my greatest friends at home."

"The—who?" asks Mr. Sedley.

"The McGowans—Selkirk Ave."

"No-o, I don't think I do. I know the Prices on Selkirk Avenue. Of course you know them."

"The Prices? No. I don't believe I do. You don't mean the Pearsons?"

"No, I don't know the Pearsons. The Prices live near the park."

"No, then I'm sure I don't know them. The Pearsons live close to the college."

This is the way the conversation goes

for ten minutes. Both Mr. Sedley and Miss Smiles are getting desperate. Their faces are fixed. Their sentences are reduced to—

"Do you know the Petersons?"

"No. Do you know the Applebys?"

"No."

Then at last comes a rift in the clouds. One of them happens to mention Beverly Dixon. The other is able to cry exultingly—

"Beverly Dixon, Oh, yes, rather. At least, I don't know him, but I used often to hear the Applebys speak of him."

And the other exclaims with equal delight—"I don't know him very well, either, but I used to hear the Willie Johnsons talk about him all the time."

They are saved. Half an hour later they are still standing there talking of Beverly Dixon.

An equally unsuccessful type of con-

versation is one in which one of the two parties is too surly or too self-important to talk, and the other labors in vain.

Mr. Grunt capitalist, is approached by a willowy lady.

"Oh, Mr. Grunt," she is saying, "how interesting it must be to be in your place. Our hostess was telling me about your shoe machinery factories."

"Honk," says Mr. Grunt.

"I should love so much to see one of your factories. They must be so interesting."

"Honk," says Mr. Grunt.

Then he turns and moves away. Into his little piggy eyes has come a fear that the lady is going to ask him to subscribe for something. Yet she is probably as rich as he, and hasn't the faintest interest in his factories. Only she is fit to move and converse in polite society and Mr. Grunt is not.—YOUR HEALTH.

Manners Maketh the Man

The strange thing about manners is that there is little said about them and so much said about etiquette. Yet manners, which are conduct or behavior, are so important; while etiquette, the form to be observed in social life, is so unimportant. Manners have made very little change in fundamentals for centuries while etiquette varies markedly in a decade.

Take the matter of table manners, for instance. A 13th century Latin text of manners for children says, "When you are set down, tell no dishonest tale; eschew also, with all your might, to be scornful; and let your cheer be humble, blithe and merry, not chiding as if ye were ready for a fight." That recipe was written 500 years ago but it can scarcely be bettered today.


Another old treatise on manners says, "When you are set before the meal, fair and honestly it eat. First, look you that your hands be clean." That was written

long before we knew that diseases were caused by germs, or that dirty hands may carry disease, or that soap and water would kill germs.

We live in a scientific age when we like to know the reasons for things, but long before our forefathers knew why things happened as they did, they had already established many of the habits of conduct which we know today. Nobody knows who first observed that cleanliness and good health were associated, but some of our wiser ancestors must have suspected it.

We can glibly tel reasons now—that soap and water kill disease germs—that the secretions and excretions of the body may contain harmful bacteria and so on. But it must have taken keen observation and a well developed sense of good conduct to have made cleanliness at table so important before anyone had ever thought of germs.

—The Buzzer



The Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League

No. 105

MANITOBA BRANCH

TUBERCULOUS VETERANS SECTION

Com. Jas. Hudson
Pres.

Com. D.W. Galagher
1st Vice-Pres.

*"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them."*

Com. T. Dixon
2nd Vice-Pres.

Com. V. E. Garner
Sec.-Treas.

THE last general meeting of the branch was held in Provincial Command Office, Tuesday, October 3rd, at 8 p.m. Due to the fact that this was the first meeting in three months, much of the evening was devoted to the reading of correspondence. Discussion on the proposed banquet to be held in the near future for the purpose of forming a Ladies' Auxiliary, had to be postponed until the November meeting, due to unforeseen circumstances. Our delegate to the Winnipeg District Command, reported on his attendance at the June meeting of that body. At this meeting, delegates attend to present the opinions and proposals of their respective branches.

Our comrades still in the sanatoria will be pleased to know that arrangements are proceeding satisfactorily toward bringing them regular entertainment during the winter. The members of the Hospital Visiting Committee hope to present, monthly at least, one picture show or other entertainment, at each hospital. During the past month, the following was achieved: At the Central Tuberculosis Clinic, with the kind co-operation of Miss Ross, the patients attended a picture show; a movie at the St. Boniface Sanatorium was enjoyed, nearly all the ex-servicemen being able to attend; at the King Edward Memorial Hospital, the T. Eaton Co., Ltd., "Trumpet Call Revue" presented an excellent show to a very appreciative audience of patients. These entertainments are brought to our comrades through the co-operation of Mr. Robin-

son of the Joint Hospital Committee of Greater Winnipeg.

The T.V.S. was proud to note the attendance of a former C.W.A.C. at the last meeting. May we state here, that former members of the womens' services are welcome, and are entitled to all the privileges and fullest assistance which the Legion can give them.

Believing that insufficient publicity has been given to the Re-establishment Credit available under the provisions of the War Service Grants Act, 1944, we reproduce the various purposes for which this credit is payable. It is primarily for those members of the forces who do not elect to take benefits under the Veterans' Land Act, 1942, or any educational, vocational or technical training benefits. In order to assist them in their re-establishment, all such members of the forces entitled to the War Service Gratuity are eligible, in addition thereto, for a Re-establishment Credit to be used for certain specified purposes shown below, equal in amount to the Basic Gratuity payable to them. All or any part of this credit may at anytime within a period of ten years be made available to such member if it is shown to the satisfaction of the Minister that such credit is to be used for (i) the acquisition of a home, to an amount not exceeding 2/3 of the equity as determined under the Act; (ii) the repair or modernization of his home, if owned by him; (iii) the purchase of furniture and household equipment for his domestic use, to an amount not exceeding 2/3 of the cost; (iv) working

Kindly address comments and enquiries to: F. Hutton, 539 Newman Street, Winnipeg.

capital for his profession or business; (v) the purchase of tools, instruments or equipment for his trade, profession or business; (vi) the purchase of a business to an amount not exceeding 2/3 of the equity fund required for the purchase; (vii) payment of premiums under any insurance scheme established by the Government of Canada; (viii) the purchase of special equipment required for educational or vocational training; (ix) any other purpose authorized by the Governor-in-council.

(Application forms for benefits under the War Service Grants Act may be obtained from the Veterans' Welfare Officer, or through the Legion.)

From the report of the General Secretary, at the Tenth Dominion Convention of the Canadian Legion of the B.E.S.L., the following interesting facts have been culled: The past two years have seen a considerable growth in our organiza-

tion. At present, the Commands and Branches number 1,172; Ladies' Auxiliaries 554. In Manitoba alone we have 135 Commands and Branches, and 83 Ladies' Auxiliaries. Incomplete membership returns for the Dominion show an increase of some 25,000 new members. This increase is very gratifying, especially as most of the new members are veterans of the present war.

The report of the Dominion President dealt in detail with the many activities of the Legion; they show the determination of our organization to continue its good work, and, broadly speaking, fall under five headings: (1) Service to ex-service men and dependents specifically; and service to the country generally. (2) Our legislative program. (3) Social activities and development of comradeship. (4) Special wartime services to the Armed Forces. (5) The development of our organization.

WHAT IS MAN?

Says a public utilities expert:

An average American working man weighing 150 pounds can generate the equivalent of 0.172 horsepower per work day, which is 47.5 kilowatt hours of work a year or 1423 kilowatt working hours during a working lifetime of 30 years.

Says a gold-brick salesman:

Man is a sucker. He believes anything or nothing, depending upon how you tell him. If he sees a straightforward sign "Wet Paint," will he believe it? No! He'll test it out every time with his finger. But if he reads in a highbrow book that there are 3,417,386,219 stars in the firmament, he believes that like gospel and never bothers to check the truth of it.

Says Lew Lehr:

Monkeys is the queerest people and vice versa.

Says Shakespeare:

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how expressive and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!

Says the Psalmist:

What is man, that Thou are mindful of him? and the son of man that Thou visitest him? For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet; all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea.

Rehabilitation in Russia

THE EXTENT to which the person suffering from tuberculosis is being used in Russian industry is revealed in a recent article appearing in the *British Medical Journal*. A survey of some 25 large factories operating in the U.S.S.R. (including the famous Barricades Factory of Stalingrad) brings to light the fact that out of some 250,000 workers approximately 1,500 were known to have tuberculosis.

Sometimes there was set up a special shop, known as a "Prophylactic Workshop," where conditions could be to a certain extent controlled. Workers in one such shop in a hammer and sickle factory in Kharkov were employed for the most part as fitters and turners, their job being to turn out locks, spanners and hinges. Close medical inspection was provided over a period of two and a half years. There were no night shifts and the working day was reduced with increased rest periods. Extra food was provided for these workers and a certain number ate in a special canteen. Some workers slept in the famous Soviet "night" sanatoria, while others were sent at intervals to regular sanatoria for treatment.

The Russians have also taken steps to meet the problem of re-training the tuberculous person. This is carried on, for the most part, at centres within the factory in preference to the sanatorium. The advantages of such a method are numerous. It is a very easy matter to place the tuberculous person, once trained, in his own industry; equipment and instructors are readily available and there is no lost time between completion of the course and employment.

Persons whose previous jobs have involved heavy manual labor, hot or dusty work, are in the group considered most

eligible for re-training. Those engaged in the food industry or in contact with children also come in this class and it is thought advisable also to provide a change of occupation for those whose work exposed them to toxic hazards or rapidly changing weather conditions. The Russians recommend the manual occupations of turner, fitter, electrician, knitting and sewing machinist for persons suffering from tuberculosis.

Among the interesting features of the Soviet system are the "night" and "day" sanatoria. The tuberculous person in a sufficient stage of convalescence to work all day in a factory is frequently housed at night in a "night" sanatorium. Others, not so far advanced, may be restricted to part-time work and they spend their hours off in a "day" sanatorium. These institutions are situated conveniently near to the factories.

As far as financial arrangements are concerned, the Soviets provide special allowances for tuberculous persons while undergoing re-training (often for a period varying from six months to a year). The object in re-training is always to provide them with a job at least as remunerative, if not more so, than the one held previously. In case of the part-time workers, his loss in earning power is made up by the Social Insurance Fund.

It is interesting to note that rehabilitation schemes for the tuberculous are developing along different lines in different countries. The Russian pattern is quite different from the British and American, but all are directed to the same end. A pooling of the experience of the United Nations along these lines should go far toward facilitating a rapid advance in this branch of social medicine.—C.T.A.

Manitoba Sanatorium

King Edward Korn

I'm getting awfully tired of having the same heading, so be prepared for a change in the near future. Any fool knows that korn is over for this year, although one would wonder if they happened to be listening in to some of the conversation carried on in this noteworthy building! So, now that Christmas is approaching (who said that!) I think we will change it to "King Edward Krackers."

Our residence has had its share of comings and goings. The most important 'going' being the departure of Jean Bigelow and Gunnie Torgerson, our two "hello" girls. They moved over to the Main Building and are now quite at home in Room eleven, first floor. We miss you very much but hope you will be happy in your new abode. Come up and see us sometime!

Those coming for check-ups were Frank Brown, Brandon; Jack Abel, Winnipeg; Hazel Griffin, Darlingford; Louise Murchison, Harding; Marjorie Dodd, Hartney. All received grand reports and we congratulate them.

Reta Latimer came back for a check-up and decided to spend a while with us; she is now over on West One. We all wish you the best of luck Reta and hope it won't be long before you are back with us.

One of our boys came back to us from the East—Morley Davidson making it from Infirmary to the K.E. in one jump. Jack Hudson from the Gordon Cottage took up lodging upstairs. Nice having you back Morley and to you Jack, we hope you like it up there. Needless to say it can't be called 'quiet' around here anymore.

Your humble reporter spent a very lovely week at her home in Miniota. For the information of those who do not

know or haven't heard of the place, it is in Manitoba and Winnipeg is one of its suburbs, the others being Brandon, Portage and all points west. It's a jolly nice village and anytime you are going through, be sure and say 'hello' to the Elleringtons.

Got back in time to wave good-bye to Gunnie Torgerson who spent a week visiting at Brandon and Hartney.

By the time you read this, the goblins and witches will have been to call. I hope you all had a nice Hallowe'en.

Number Two's Hallucinations

Another month has rolled around and time to jot down what little news there is. This column finds itself with a new reporter since Ina Orobko left us for the Infirmary. We're pleased to see her looking so well and smiling.

Starting off with the "data," we find that Janet Townsend spent two enjoyable weeks visiting Wawanesa and Portage la Prairie and is now back to tell us all about it.

Our newcomers are Betty Wawrow and Mrs. Sanderson. We welcome you and hope you like your stay with us.

There is always a buzzing sound here—abouts and some of our busy bees to begin working exercises are Iona Secord and Helen Smithard on ward duties with Mrs. Doell and Doris Rozyk brightening up the kitchen and dining room.

Verna Gadway paid us a surprise visit the other day while visiting her sister Florence—nice, eh what?

Happy Anniversary to you!!! It certainly was to three of our married ladies' namely, Mrs. Haidy, Mrs. Janz and Mrs. Smith. These lucky ladies' were presented each with a scrapbook

(made from clippings, pictures, etc., suitable to the occasion) by their room-mates.

By the time this goes to press, Ina Watson will be safely home. Good luck to you Ina!

The days are filled with the steady click, clack of typewriters as the girls keep up with their lessons.

Perhaps by next month there will be something to write about so, 'till then—cheerio.

West Three News

We have finally discovered why a poet sang of the warm October haze and days, for as you know, or should know, we're having Indian Summer. The sunny afternoons and spicy evenings reminds us of our youth when we used to race wildly through such games as "hoist your sails," and "hide and go seek" and so on and so forth, remember?

But they bring nothing but thoughts of bats to Frances Vaski who at some benighted hour one evening, found a screen reposing on the balcony floor—not the right place for it at all. We hate to tell you this but she even became a bit profane on the subject. Strangely enough she never did find the person who had taken it out but we think it was the wind.

The party we hinted at last month did take place. Wish you could have seen Melba Fry and Fay Allen each with a basket of presents in their hands and dressed in cigarette girl costumes; Melba was in white satin, Fay in black velvet. Isobel Nabis opened her parcels, we played games, drank good coffee and so to bed. Those who were present were—anyone who could wangle permission to get as far as the Big Ward. We all had fun.

Doreen White since her return, has shown her appreciation for the pleasant company on this flat by gaining four lbs., in two weeks; good going in any

language! Helen Braun our newcomer from Winnipeg did almost as well with 3½ lbs. She was so-o-o happy! Helen came out here to be an attendant but after one look around, she decided some time in bed was the thing for her—or maybe the doctors made the monotonous decision, you never can tell.

Mrs. Watson had her soldier-husband home from Italy as a visitor this month. We didn't get a good look at him but the Big Ward seemed favorably impressed. As for Mrs. Watson herself, bet she's never been quite so excited before.

We did see Florence Gadway's sailor brother, O, brother! The rest of the services were represented by Mrs. Nicholson's Air Force brother from Dauphin and we missed out on him too.

Betty Rink left us for West Two and Dr. Paine's tender mercies. Fay Allen went to Number Two. Good luck to both of you!

Thanksgiving Day came and went

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
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 THE BUSINESS COLLEGE OF
 TOMORROW — TODAY!

and as usual we had many things both foolish and serious for which to be thankful. We had never realized just how many until we came to count them up. One of the silliest was Mrs. Baker's and Mrs. Stewart's thankfulness for the end of the World Series. They were rooting for different teams; they live together, 'nuff said?

Hallowe'en is next on our list and we cand hardly wait to see who will be dressed as what, or whom. Our decorations should soon be going up, want to help?

East Three Flashes

More news and views from the Pent House in the sky and there have been many newcomers and return engagements. Our welcome mat was laid out and over it came Hickson of the R.C.N. who recently returned from active duty and took a berth in Room four. Keith Clark moved over from the Gordon to be his bunkmate and to give some of the boys a lesson in bridge. Ray Fleming moved into Room ten on his return from a short vacation at home. Swain and Thibert moved up from East Two. Bill Johnson moved over from Number one. A hearty welcome to you all and a speedy exit out the door of "recovered health."

Johnson and Clarke visited Dr. Paine for adhesions and came through with flying colors.

We all wish Miss Petty the best success in her new venture and we extend a welcome to Miss Duncan who takes over Miss Petty's position.

The patients of East Three wish to thank the Girl Guides for the flowers and nice letter.

Great praise was heard on a certain Sunday for the entertainment put on by Toots and Adam on the lawn. Their performance was up to a standard seldom seen and Dr. Anderson is to be

congratulated on the training of these dags.

Visitors have been plentiful over the long week-end. Kozier, MacLeod, Asham, MacDonald, Anderson, Clarke and Ferguson were some of the lucky ones.

Just a thought for the month: "Doing nothing is the hardest job you can do since you cannot quit and rest."

The "Obs. Observer"

For the first time in months, we have had only two moves. Mrs. Sanderson moved over to Number Two and we welcome Freda Peterson from West Two.

The most exciting thing to happen in the Obs. for many a moon was the appearance of an engagement ring on Dorothy Loste's third finger, left hand. Our very best wishes Dorothy and we hope it won't be too long before the diamond has a companion.

Snooping around, we find oh, so many girls knitting. Mary Lawrenson just finished a blue and white baby bonnet with mittens to match; Mrs. Gorenstein is busy turning out the smartest socks—the latest being a pair of "diamond socks." Grace Rodgers is busy knitting and so are Anne Yakabovich and Vera Wilson.

Lucky people to have visitors this month were: Mrs. Gorenstein who had her family and husband; Mrs. Sankew's husband; Mrs. Bailey's husband; Dorothy Loste's fiancé; Mrs. Ward and Mary Lawrenson had their mothers as visitors. Lottie Cox had a very welcome visitor in the person of Eleanor Scarrow who was renewing acquaintances around the San.

Things we would like to know—

Why Vera Wilson is so-o-o interested in mail from "across the line?"

Why Sylvia Larson is afraid that some people might need wooden knee-protectors?

East Two Notes

With the World Series over, normal cure-chasing returned to East Two. "Stu" Fitzpatrick was the envy of all patients when he won three pools in a row. Some people have all the luck!

Moves were few this month but here they are: Jack "Ding-Ding" Kullberg and junk, moved over to Number One after a hectic morning of packing. "Chuck" Martynuk left for Gordon Cottage but liked our flat so much that he returned to have his adhesions severed. Stuart Fitzpatrick, Alex Rospad and "Scotty" Mundie were a few more to have this "op."

Mike Malinoski went to the West for a thoraco (so he says) and in exchange we have Walter McMorran who underwent two stages.

Ray Fleming tok a week's leave but on his return took up residence in East Three.

Morley Davidson came in for sinus incision but remained for only a short while and hiked back up to the K.E.

Dr. McRae who spent a couple of months at the C.T.C. in Winnipeg is now back and may again be found in Room 15.

As we go to press, we learn that Joe Stewart has moved in from Gordon Cottage.

The patients of East Two wish Miss Petty the best of luck in her new appointment and express their sincere thanks for all she has done to help us in our cure.

Miss Seyes back from her holidays may again be seen stamping her foot at Doug. Rankin.

On interviewing Alex Rospad as to his favorite dish, he told us it was a "Peach Melba Sundae" topped off with a cup of "Fry's Cocoa."

Overheard on the balcony:

Gee! this year went so fast, I didn't even have time to get cured.

P.S. — Carriere found his garlic in Pateman's drawer.

Thoraco Themes

There have not been a great many changes this month. Freda Peterson was the only lucky gal to move out. We know you will be happy amidst that Observation Korn Freda—although we hate to admit it, we miss you.

Another sorely missed bright spot in our lives and we don't mean just her hair, is Miss Duncan whom we have lost to the East Infirmary. Oh, you lucky boys!

Imagine Irene Halliday's surprise and pleasure upon receiving a postcard from a little Belgium girl expressing thanks for sending her soldiers to liberate their country. I'm sure Irene will treasure that souvenir.

While making our rounds, we see everywhere navy socks in the making. The prize we think, goes to Edith Hanisch for her accomplishments.

There were five people on the surgery list this month. They were Lillian Hicks, first and second stage thoraco; Mrs. Rink, first stage; Mike Malinoski, second stage; Ina Orobko, paraffin pack and Laura Delamater, tip off scapula.

As our favorite World Series announcer kept repeating—"The string she runs out."

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We invite the patronage of
Sanatorium residents.

Gordon Cottage Calling

First of all, our esteemed charge nurse Mrs. Hodgins who has so ably administered to our wants in the past, decided at last to leave us and moved to the coast. We wish her every success and happiness in her new venture.

Others to leave recently were: Bud Kuryk to Lac du Bonnet, Art Brazier and "Barney" Medland to Winnipeg, and David Hughes to England. With them go all our best wishes. Mr. Smythe's report notwithstanding, the Gordon Cottage reinforcements were entirely satisfactory, to wit: Joe Stewart, Ed Stevens, Chuck Martynuk and David Cossey not to mention Otto Schutte and George Charyszyn—good men all, tried and true.

After several months of diligent cure-chasing in the Gordon, our inimitable Jack Hudson moved up the hill to the King Edward.

Colin S. Campbell, a former Gordon hobo but now a resident of that well known metropolis Reston, Manitoba, was here this month for a check-up and at the same time renewed old acquaintances. We were glad indeed to see him again and to hear that he received such an excellent report.

Another visitor this month was Frank Brady, also of Reston. Frank was a patient at the Sanatorium twenty years ago and he tells us he has enjoyed excellent health ever since.

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Nurses' Home

Well, I am back again after a month's absence from the N.H. news whose execution I put in the trusted hands of my misguided friend and fellow conspirator Miss Selina Johansson. She has since left us for greener pastures, namely, the Air Force—she hopes. We wish her luck or on second thought, maybe we should wish the Air Force luck.

One of the most startling events of this issue is the loss of Miss Jean Petty. After being with us for seven years, she has joined the U.N.R.R.A. and hopes to go Overseas very shortly. A most enjoyable corn roast was held in her honor with a large number in attendance and a presentation of money was made.

New attendants this month included Miss Alice Edgar and Miss Florence Bingan. We were fortunate also in securing the services of Miss Harp who is a help in the X-ray department as well.

Rose Hamilton was away for a week but is back again looking rested and ready to dive into the work again.

Miss Wiolbaum left us for the bright lights of the city much to the chagrin of the leather-worker on East Two.

Miss Willoughy has now taken over Gordon Cottage and is known as "Ma" to the boys there. She replaces Mrs. Hodgins as "Auntie."

At present we are busy knitting those soft downy socks for the Merchant Marine—the deadline being one week away.

So — bye now and good knittin'.

CONCERT PARTY

On Oct. 25th, the Rev. Dr. E. N. Howse and his party from Westminster United Church, Winnipeg, presented for the patients and staff of the Manitoba Sanatorium, a delightfully entertaining and educational evening.

After words of welcome by Dr. E. L.

Ross, the Rev. Dr. Kenner, who had made arrangements for the evening, introduced the party.

Chief Petty Officer Edward Forest began the evening with baritone solos and during the evening held the audience spellbound with his beautiful renditions of such selections as the rollicking "Cavalier" and the always popular negro spirituals.

The second soloist of the evening was Miss Helen Tennant of Westminster choir. With a charming personality and a lovely soprano voice, she sang such beautiful old favorites as "The Owl" and "Oh, Dry Those Tears".

The humorous part of the concert was supplied by Miss Edith Haig with her monologues, "The English girl at the Movies" and "The Scene at the Station". The hearty laughter of the audience

showed the enjoyment received from Miss Haig's interpretations.

Dr. Howse's lecture, "The Life and Love of Mark Twain" was one which will be long remembered. To many humorous and philosophic quotations and anecdotes from Samuel Clemens' own works, Dr. Howse added flashes of his own wit and humour. The combination gave a most enjoyable and educational hour.

In his closing expression of gratitude, Dr. Ross gave special thanks to Mr. Herbert Saddler, organist of Westminster Church, for his services as accompanist for the vocal artists.

It is a great privilege to have entertainment of such quality and to each of these fine artists is extended heartfelt appreciation and an urgent invitation for a return visit.

St. Boniface Sanatorium

Ici St. Jean

"Life is made up of sobs, sniffles and smiles, with sniffles predominating"—well that certainly is true enough these days as colds seem to be the fashion down here. However the smiles don't seem to be lacking either—it will be a sad day when they disappear! But let's look around and see what else there is going on.

Our nurses first of all—Miss Robertson and Mrs. Shiels with Miss Olafson are making light of the work during daytime and Miss Chester doing her best to make light (of it) at night but she blew the fuses! Send for Barney!

Amongst the gentlemen of leisure (the "leisure" part is right anyway!) a few minor changes have taken place. A new face to these parts is Mr. Turner just down from upstairs. He is still under suspicion of espionage, but

as Ogden Nash says: "A little talcum, Is always walcum!" (Yes I know his name is Turner, but I couldn't think up a rhyme for it!) He is keeping company with Messrs. Reynolds (Billy the Kid!) and Twells. Billy needs a bit of watching just now anyway! The other change was a transfer of places between Milnes and Nichols. Nick's (Charles de Nichols) big worry at the moment is whether or not he is still able to call himself a full-blooded John Bull. Milnes seems to be proving quite compatible with Mr. Lovell and Mr. MacFarlane—I hear them talking far into the night. Mr. Lovell and Mac each have Routine five now.

Christmas spirit has already started to invade the flat. I see Father Adams painting a lovely picture with a view to Christmas decoration. But around the same quarter it isn't all that way. Jack Venier and Bobby O'Halloran take

great delight in howling insults at each other and in the mud-slinging the language used isn't anything they ever heard in Sunday School. After a few minutes of this Jack calmly asks Bobby to lend him his razor and everything in the garden is lovely once more. Jack has risen high in the world lately—he purchased one of those super-mattresses and spends his time in real comfort. Perhaps it is just as well that he doesn't have to get out of bed—he is so far from the floor that he would need his parachute! Kropelnicki says nothing in these little interchanges of compliments but he makes the sparks fly when he gets busy with some of his weird electrical appliances. Phil is the only man who has created a radio out of a few feet of wire and a razor blade! He has the works under the bed but we are not supposed to know that.

Anderson has been coaxed finally to leave the balcony and is now back home again with Bud and Dunsford. He spends his time—or most of it, playing cribbage with George. Bill still persists in "throwing the caniculae"—or whatever is the appropriate expression for

low scoring in that game. However he has routine 5 now and it is good to see him up and around again. I must have a care what I say about him now—he looks too big! We have an embryo musician down here once again it seems—Mike Medal is fast becoming an accomplished one man band. Go to it Mike, we could do with some lively hill-billy stuff at times, as long as you don't start singing adverts! Stewie Gold is still taking things easy and I see Ray has laid aside his leather tools and is catching up on a bit of bookwork.

There but remains to mention Maxwell, the only chap who knows how to wash out a Kleenex and make it do a second time, and then his long-suffering roommate Orval Riggs, of such impeccable behaviour he almost has a halo! After that I have nothing more to say. Cheerio till next time.

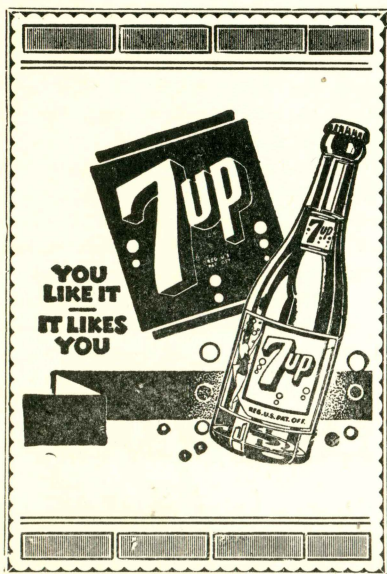
St. Joseph's News

For the past month we have a number of moves and several new patients to report on.

The balcony has been closed for the winter, with the two occupants, Mike Kendyfore and Metro Mezerecky taking quarters in Room 302. Kay Wally is now in Room 320 with Jean Bearney. Having been in 315 for some time, Kay finds 320 a much larger room, and brighter too, especially when the Air Force is visiting. By the way, these two girls are getting around lately; Kay with routine 7, and Jean with routine 10.

Our "Man from Mars" Alec Balla, has been fitted with a new plaster jacket. The cast extends from the waist up to the top of his head and reminds one of something out of the comic papers. Alec is a pleasant chap though and he doesn't mind our good-natured kidding. However, unlike most of the cast patients he is able to get up and walk around; he has routine 10.

A very entertaining movie with Deanna Durbin, and an excellent concert by the



Canadian Legion concert party were enjoyed by those of our gang who attended. We send our sincere thanks to the sponsors and the entertainers.

With best wishes, we welcome Mary Thiesen, Esther Schneider, Annie Zakarias, Mrs. Sabel, Mrs. Bell and Andy Rentz. To these we say: "consider every day as Sunday, the day of rest."

Ste. Therese Tattlers

There was I, right in the middle of a beautiful, big sigh after finishing the last account of Ste. Therese's doings as to who was there and what was here when—presto-chango—everyone was in a different spot. By the time the sigh was finished, people were dodging about right before my very eyes. Surely one good breath couldn't do that to a person, could it?

"The doors swing in—the doors swing out—La, dee, dee, de, dee, behind those swinging doors". That melody keeps floating through the air at odd intervals in odd keys. It's very cheering you must understand though—odd—in a happy way.

Seems to be some internal turmoil in this room, nothing serious, we hope. Oh, no, just one of our friends changing corners for the Fall and Winter seasons. Oh, pardon us for reading over your shoulder but don't mislay "Simpson's" will you, Lindy?—we haven't ordered our winter woollies yet.

Our thoughts are very much with our Sister Roberts as she travels towards her home in Montreal. This was a very unexpected and most pleasant surprise for Sister. Even yet we can scarcely believe it is so and we somehow think Sister feels the same way. It is with a feeling of joy and sadness mingled that we wave her goodbye. Perhaps I shouldn't tell, but we made up a little rhyme for her, I don't think Sister would mind if we told you:

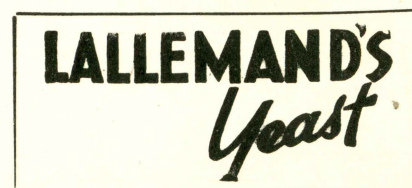
Ere you leave us awhile
We'll be thinking of you,
As we say, "Bon Voyage"
We want you back too."

However, without further ado we would like to introduce you to our new friends and their respective routines. Mrs. Haverluck has come to us from the Central Clinic and have Mrs. Blake and Miss Nagrebiano all sporting routine 3 at present. Mrs. Paluk from St. Joseph's flat brought along the Moran is the fortunate one of the newcomers without routine 10.

Mrs. Blake looked so delighted the other morning we just had to ask why? and she eagerly replied "Pneumo, pneumo, they are going to give me pneumo, I'm so glad." We're glad that you're glad and wish you luck.

Congratulations are in order for Mrs. Marcus for Routine is hers. She did have four for a week but soon discarded that in favour of five, though she's all black 'n blue in spots—poor kid. Why, just the other day she was showing me a big bruise she had and was wondering "Now, where did I get that." We shook our heads in a bewildered fashion but later noticed her pinching herself and muttering "Routine 5, routine 5". We rather think that accounts for the black 'n blue spots though there's no accounting for the muttering, is there?

They tell us there were black cats prowling—witches riding brooms—pumpkins grinning and lots of funny faces abroad in true legendary fashion on that night of nights when the spooks sally forth to hobnob with the goblins. We just remembered in the nick of time the warning of Little Orphan Annie,



"The goblins will git you, if you don't watch out"—so, we contented ourselves with a few funny faces—different funny faces, I mean, our visitors bought them for us at the drugstore.

Mrs. Grant, Miss Gareau and Miss Wiebe are our nurses at present with Miss Kirby our Charge Nurse. Miss Soleski has been faithfully tucking us in nights but we're sorry to say she tucked her ownself in one night so well that she hasn't got untucked yet. However, by the time you are reading this we hope she'll be quite well again and out of "sick bay". We're ever so glad Miss Wallace is able to take her place with us on the nursing staff again. We were rather worried for awhile for fear Wally was going to have to leave that "back step" alone for awhile when the infection took possession of her foot. We are happy to have her back—feet 'n all—stepping cheerfully in 'n out—that is when she doesn't take her p.m. in the a.m.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge one for yourself.

—FROUDE.

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We hear Mrs. Munroe and Mrs. Russell are quite interested in the "mint situation". Incidentally, we all are I guess, but something tells me this smells like a peppermint.

You should see our spiffy, newly-painted beds. We've had a retread job done on some of our wheels and others fixed with new ones so that now wherever we go, we'll go quietly.

Talking of going—a good idea, methinks—"a little less talk and a little more action, please." Soooo

Thirty days hath November

And that is all—until December.

St. Luc's

We lost our "Charlie" Nichols! Woe is us! She's done gone and wanted! Alast and Alack! Good luck Charlie and may your sponges all add up.

Mrs. Chudley and Miss Taylor are our new "Grads". Mrs. Shaw and Misses Robinso annd Spanniere, plus Webb complet eour staff. Recently Webb Pasha worked on Youville. At last girls, you've seen a man!

Miss Spanniere is currently practicing opening doors with her foot. Take it from us, it is no mean "feet" getting one's foot on the door-knob, but our Miss Spanniere did it.

Mr. Kuz returned to our beloved zoo, as did Alex Skolowski, who had another spine fusion. Good luck, boys.

Mr. Lacouette is our new patient and Archie Sanderson also went to bed for a rest. Messrs. Knutson, Zukewich, Jones, and Murray from St. Joseph's. Happy cure chasing!

Fleury had a first stage thoracoplasty, while that fast talker, Merineau, had a bronchoscopy. Tony Kruk is out of his shells and we hope it's for good Tony. Jerry La Flamme has a Saskatchewan look in his eye.

Les "I am Not Bashful" Turner left us for St. Jean's. Kiesman moved into

204 with Cote; Barthkiew to 205 and Lasiuk and Migdal into 208. Leaves of absence went to Migdal, Cote, Taylor, Burtney and Kirumchyk. Moreau Jr. jumped to Room 10.

That's all, so cheerio until next month.

Youville Yodellings

Hello again. Like the proverbial bad penny, here we are, after one month's respite. Nice to know you missed us. We missed you, too. I mean ree-ly. Just a few weeks ago, we said good-bye to the last potato bug, as he tripped the light fantastic to . . . Say, where do they go in the winter time? On making his departure he waved saying, "see you next Spring". The nerve of the guy! Oh well, soon the snow will fly and cover up the potato patch and potatoes will be a thing of the past—or will they?

The river of the roses, that's what '64 resembles these days, with both Mrs. Turney and Mrs. Romand having their share. Lucky people. Mrs. Turney left us for St. Jos. for a few days, but couldn't staw away, likes us too well (we hope). However, she is just as chirp as ever. Always heard you could not keep a good man down. So . . . wonder what I'm sitting here for?

Any of you folks care to see a few sleight of hand tricks? Come around, I'm sure Joey will oblige, particularly if the Doctors have just made rounds. She had her tea-cup playing leap frog on it's way to and from her mouth, the other day. It was a sight to behold. Hints to all Doctors; make rounds at least one hour before mealtime to aid the patients' digestion.

Wonder what Mary Fedun saw out of the bathroom window the other morn, that made her swoon. Was it that good, Mary? Folks, what do you think of a girl who becomes engaged to one gal than turns around and flirts with another? Vickie Zdan calls it pigamy. Am afraid we will have to agree with her. One beauty hint discovered by Vickie

quite by accident may interest you gals, who are longing for that golden gleam in your tresses. Substitute orange juice for lemon as a hair rinse. She can't as yet vouch for the gleam, but she is patiently waiting, and all things come to those who wait.

Isobel had a visit from her little son the other week. He excitedly related his experiences of his first days in the little red schoolhouse. Wonder what he discovered to make him so enthusiastic. "Could never find it myself. Oh well, maybe I will in my second childhood. Here's hoping.

If you should happen to see a dream walking, it's Peggy Cummings in her red transparent velvet house coat and her royal blue satin slippers, mmm-m.

Cannot report much on the blue side, our routine won't stretch that far. However, we do hear a hilarious chuckle, coming from that direction. It's none other than Giggling Gertie, alias Mrs. Simms. Keep it up pal, it gives us a lift every time we hear you.

Once more down goes the welcome mat to the Misses Korzinski, Syko, Coffey, Grunau and to Mrs. Mabee. To one and all we wish the best; a speedy recovery and soon return home.

Up the routine ladder climb Mary Fedun 6, Vickie Zdan 6, Alma Wold 10, Doris Martinuk 8. Mrs. Mabee didn't do

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any climbing, just took a running broad jump and hit routine 10, lucky girl. Joey at long last on routine 5, says the easiest way to get routine, is to get down on your knees and beg. Which reminds me of a song.

For if you coax long enough, coax strong enough,

You will come to know, coaxing will make it so.

Must try it sometime.

As to leaves: Alma Wold was out on a 36 a few week-ends ago. We hear she was inspected on her way out but not so on her return. Well, what some folks don't know, won't hurt them. Mrs. Carriere spent two days with her hubby in the big city. There was one other leave, let's just say it was awfully nice.

It seems one has to take drastic measures to bring results. When our Jean Brown went for review, she

threatened to shoot the first M.D. who said "No" to her discharge. Result, she's settled in a little love-nest in the city of Calgary and with her go our best wishes.

Welcome back to Sr. Desrosier who has been on retreat. During her absence she was replaced by Sr. Charette.

Nurses come and nurses go, but we stay on. Am sure it must be a mistake, but we count five nurses at the time of writing. "That's just something out of this world as Denea would say. They are Eslie (Smiley) Zalaski, Joy Wallace, Miss Knellman, Jean Denea (love dat gal), and Miss Reed at the Head; with Miss Pletz tucking us in at night, or should say, waking us up in the morning.

And so we say, bon soir old things, cheerio chin-quin, na-poo, toodle-oo, good-bye.

King Edward Memorial Hospital

October days have come and gone and the poetic urge that attacks T. B'ers simultaneously with the old germ comes over one—(not two this month). While other folks receive bouquets of roses, bon-bons and such we continue to collect brick-bats, baleful glances and invitations to poison ourselves with an axe. Then "Aunty Climax" came, taking our little partner and pal to the O.R. to be treated to some of the best. We are pleased to say she will soon be her old chipper self and P.O. can pull his face back up into its usual grin.

A delightful entertainment was put on for the patients by T. Eaton's Trumpet Call Revue. Lots of lovely girls and perfectly beautiful men, carrying a large sign—"Please do not touch". Half way through the program five of the audience were called to take part in a little hat-snatching episode. Never

dreaming there would be a reward of a dollar to the winner, up jumped Dotty MacWatson. Alec MacBlythe, Archie MacArchie, Jean MacChapman and Miss Jensen (how did she get in? She will na—ba— chance!) You have probably guessed it, in a few moments Alec MacBlythe had five hats on his "heed" along with various clumps of hair and a dollar bill in his hand!

The seasonal curricular activities have re-opened at the College of Monetary Exchange under the expert guidance of Professor "Laughton" McCarvel. The Prof. maintains his admirable record as of yore and continues to expound his theories on the Law of Averages. Any new suck—I mean students who wish to enroll, please register and leave your deposit with treasurer "Baldy" Syko to save time. Our skeptical new comer "Ausie" Friedman, deciding to test the

Prof's. theories, applied for a course and after a few throw—I mean attempts at fathoming the mysteries, pulled up his socks and returned to his more profitable art of knitting and purling. The oh—so—dainty layette isn't quite completed and D-Day is scheduled sometime in December. Therefore speed it up you cute kid. Our tall, blonde, and beautiful "Schmeizer" Smither has been wearing a most forlorn look for the past few weeks but now he is kicking his heels for joy. Thank goodness she has returned. Johnny "Today I yamma Man" Melnychuk passed his twenty-first birthday last month which explains the added girth to his chest.

The W. H.'ers Club room sports a huge aquarium complete with six equally huge fish. The boys claim they are Goldfish but there is a can of gilt paint on the stand of Willie the Oz. When supper doesn't appeal to Georgie he takes up his fork and stalks those fish; he swears they will taste like speckled trout. The furnishings for the tank were patiently collected; tiny stones by Mike Sawchuk, shells from Mrs. MacMoran and Mrs. Whittaker sidles round the various fish bowls looking for bigger and better things.

No one can deceive a little child, specially a small girl. Tiring of waiting a few minutes for mother, Dinsey called to Pop Thompson "come and play with me—I'll be Red Riding Hood and you just be yourself—a wolf!"

A reporter called on Ken C. and took several very nice pictures for the Standard. A few days passed and then the fan mail began to pour in. Now Ken needs a secretary to answer the fair maidens who write "Dearest Little K" and "Won't you be my own itty bitty Kensie."

Whitie Baker comes in for his share of beautiful correspondents. One pens "I ith fifty inches tall, have blue eyes, buck teeth, and am ten yearth old." Paul O. sits in his corner counting his

"Chestnuts." First his plastic hearts (mostly for Mumpsa-Daisy) second his real estate business and third, he is still "Chestnuts" about Dot. The pneumonia bug took a beating in record time when it bit Scottie Proctor, keeping him in bed for only a couple of weeks. Steve Krakalowich stayed just long enough to say hello to his old friends.

Our new patients this month are: Miss Ristock, Mrs. Lindsay, Mr. Rice, Labelle, and Korneluck. We hope your stay will be short and happy.

Mrs. Shinnie and Mabel Watt visited the South Balcony girls, gazing at their old beds, Mabel soulfully said "now I can sleep till 10 a.m.!" Ann P., Ann H., and Ann "Marjie" Martin moved their belongings to the far end of the big ward to make room for Mr. Roper and the movie machine from the City Hydro. We thoroughly enjoyed several "shorts" ending with the cartoon "Sinbad the Sailor". At one side of the room was Myron D. a pirate of the latest school

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with a fatal fascination for the weaker sex. Myron's burning question is "Will Montreal tangle with Winnipeg?"

A welcome to the two new internes, Doctors Elliot and Davies. The latter will travel from attic to basement in search of the sedimentation on the ambulate.

"Toni Petroni" (you wanta da fruit?) "Rosie" (the one between two thorns) and Elsie (with the fanciful fringe) all reside in Grassy Hollow. They each thought they had husbands till "King and Country" claimed the lads, leaving the lassies to languish in 210. McGowan hovers on the border of this doubtful haven and squawks "Husband—what is dem tings?"

Mrs. K., Mrs. T., and Miss C. are still our "One, Two, Three Girls." MacHaines goes round calling "Any cocktails today? Minnieoil? or Milcomag?" Mrs. "Niska" will do any thing for the boys of Para-Dice Gardens. When Jock cried to be moved it had her stumped so she bought him a wee consolation, a pkb of mag-sulf.

Some people cause happiness by entering the room and some by leaving—thats me folks—Goodbye now.

It is possible to do much better than endure:

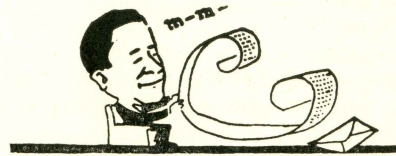
It is perfectly possible to enjoy.
There is no outlet for the pent-up soul.
—Li Po.

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JOTTINGS ON A DESK PAD

(Readers are invited to send in any news item of interest.)

Married—Former Manitoba Sanatorium nurse Anne Rudiak in Vancouver Sept. 30th.

Born—To Flt. Lieutenant and Mrs. J. Grisdale (nee Florence Sharpe) a daughter, Jacqueline, on Oct. 10th at Winnipeg General Hospital.

Seen about—Mrs. Lorraine DeVleiger and Mrs. Hunter (nee Bessie MacDonald) looking in the pink of condition; Kay Escott, who is now a Sergeant in the Air Force stationed at Calgary, called around at the Clinic while on leave.

Speaks—On Oct. 7th the Associated Canadian Travellers and wives gathered to hear an address by Miss Elsie J. Wilson on the establishment of Traveling Clinics. She was also interviewed over CKRC on Oct. 26th by Mrs. Eve Henderson.

Appointment—Dr. Kurt Anstreicher, graduate in medicine at Vienna, is on Resident staff at the Central Clinic. He left Vienna following German occupation in 1938.

Of interest—Friends and former patients of Dr. Lim Yuen will be interested in learning that he is with the New York Hospital which is associated with Cornell University. Before proceeding to China, he will spend nine months there as Assistant Resident in General Surgery.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. George Gwatkin (nee Emily Boucher) at Lethbridge, in October; a son.

LETTERS

To The Editor:

I would like to thank the doctors, nurses and staff of Manitoba Sanatorium for their kindness and care during my stay there.

Yours sincerely,
JOE OBERIK

Marriaggi Hotel,
Port Arthur, Ont.

To the Editor:

Through *The Messenger* may I express my thanks to the Reverend Sisters, Doctors, Nurses and staff of St. Boniface Sanatorium for their kindness and care both while nursing and as a patient.

To my friends and fellow cure-chasers go my admiration for your courage and cheerfulness. I learned more than just ways of regaining health from my association with you.

With very best wishes for a speedy return to health and home.—Sincerely,
(MRS.) JEAN BROWN.

TRAVELLING CLINIC PROGRAM

November, 1944

Portage la Prairie Indian School—	
Wednesday	Nov. 1st
Selkirk—	
Wednesday	Nov. 1st
Fort Alexander Indian School—	
Friday	Nov. 3rd
Dauphin—	
Wednesday	Nov. 8th
Thursday a.m.	Nov. 9th
Brandon—	
Friday	Nov. 10th
Portage la Prairie—	
Wednesday	Nov. 15th

DRINK MORE MILK
It's Good For You

MR. WILTON TELFER

The sudden death of Mr. Wilton Telfer on October 4th came as a great shock to the community of Ninette and the staff and patients at Manitoba Sanatorium.

Born at Bally Bay, Ireland, in 1886, Mr. Telfer came to Canada when a young boy of ten. He lived and worked in Winnipeg until a breakdown in health necessitated his admission to the King Edward Hospital in Winnipeg in 1917. The following year he was transferred to Ninette.

As health became restored, he resumed his former trade as a plumber at the Sanatorium, which work he did until his death. His researches in plumbing led to the invention of the Telfer Steam Valve.

Mr. Telfer, however, will be remembered mainly for his sterling qualities and his various activities in the Institution. His whole interest was wrapt in the welfare of the Sanatorium and patients, and as a personality contributed much to the spirit of the place. One of his voluntary interests and very essential duties was operating the radio station and public address system. He also kept an accurate record of rainfall and temperature and prepared an interesting temperature graph. His records were so well kept that he served as local agent for the Meteorological Branch of the Dominion Government.

The death of Mr. Telfer leaves a vacancy in the Sanatorium "family" that cannot be replaced.

Burial was in Ninette Cemetery, the church service being conducted by the Rev. Dr. Kenner, of Ninette, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Syms, of Souris. The graveside service was conducted by Strathcona Lodge of the Masonic Order, of which Mr. Telfer was a member. Pallbearers were Donald McDonald, John Crawford, J. R. Scott, P. Dally, Robert Lumsden, and Ralph Morgan.

Mr. Telfer is survived by his widow, Mrs. A. Telfer; his son, Smith; and daughter, Shirley; all of Winnipeg.

Sit There, Please!

Neighbor: "Don't you find that a new baby brightens up a home?"

New Father: "I should say so. We have the light on all night now."

* * *

"Don't you think a man has more sense after he's married?"

"Yes, but it doesn't do him any good then."

* * *

Pat: "What did he die of?"

Mourner: "He died of a Tuesday."

Pat: "No, no. I mean what was the complaint?"

Mourner: "There was no complaint. Everyone is satisfied."

* * *

Nurse: "It's rest hour. I'm telling you boys, for the last time."

Tommy: "That's swell! Now we can read in peace."

* * *

Student: "Could one refer to the Venus de Milo as the girl who got the breaks?"

English Librarian: "Why not, may I ask? It's an 'armless joke."

* * *

"I can't marry him, mother," said the sad girl, "he's an atheist and doesn't believe there is a hell."

"Marry him, my dear," said the mother, "and between us we will convince him that he is wrong."

* * *

"What is the greatest water-power resource known to man?"

"Women's tears."



Cannibal mother to Voodoo doctor: "I'm worried about my boy. He won't eat anybody."

—The Canadian Doctor.

Accident

Magistrate (to man accused of begging): "What have you to say?"

Prisoner: "It wasn't my fault, sir. I just held out my hand to see if it was raining and the gent dropped a dime in it."

* * *

"I don't like your heart action," said Dr. Rothstein to the new patient. "But of course, you've had some trouble with angina pectoris."

The youth heaved a sigh. "Yes, Doctor, I have, but you haven't got her name right."

* * *

A drunk took passage on one of the new two-storey busses and sat down by the driver. He talked loudly, and the driver, growing weary, suggested that he ride on the top deck. The drunk was co-operative and cheerfully scrambled up the stairs. In a few minutes he was back. The driver inquired. "What's the matter? Don't you like it up there?" "Oh, sure," drawled the drunk. "But it ain't safe—no driver up there."

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