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Blondie

By Chic Young

WHILE YOU'RE WRITING CHECKS, DEAR, MAKE OUT A BIG ONE FOR CHRISTMAS SEALS.

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Buy Christmas Seals

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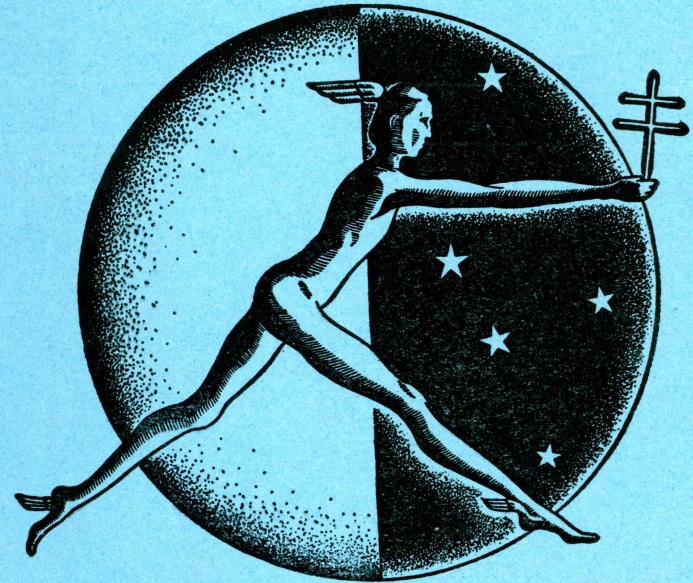
THE

Messenger

Dr. A. L. Paine,
Manitoba Sanatorium,
Ninette, Man.

OF HEALTH

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VOL. 19, No. 11 10 CENTS
NOVEMBER - - 1956
WINNIPEG MANITOBA

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ALWAYS GOOD — AND
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•
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•
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MANITOBA TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THE *Messenger* OF HEALTH

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

How Can You Help Maintain, Or Even Improve, Manitoba's Excellent Health Record?

First: Guard your own health; have periodic check-ups and see your doctor at once in case of illness.

Second: Interest yourself in your local health services, and lend support to every agency tending to improve them.

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Good Health . . .

Whenever you go out of doors, draw the chin in, carry the crown of your head high, and fill the lungs to the utmost; drink in sunshine; greet your friends with a smile, and put soul into every hand-clasp. Do not fear being misunderstood—and never waste a minute thinking about your enemies.

Try to fix firmly in your mind what you would like to do, and then without violence of direction you will move straight to the goal.

Philosoph of ELBERT HUBBARD

Editorial » » » » » » » »

A MESSAGE FROM THE MEDICAL DIRECTOR

Tuberculosis is not conquered. Many people assume that tuberculosis is rapidly on its way out and no longer creates a major public health problem. Humanity has been so many centuries struggling against tuberculosis as the first cause of death that it is understandable that we cannot quickly shift to appraising it in any other terms. The satisfaction from reduced mortality has blinded many to the sustained tuberculosis morbidity and its chain of causes and effects. Even from the point of view of deaths alone we cannot ignore the fact that, despite the remarkable advances in treatment, there were 72 tuberculosis deaths in Manitoba last year and 1,300 in Canada. In Manitoba in 1955 there were 332 new active cases of tuberculosis reported and nearly 10,000 in all Canada. There are today 1,000 patients, 500 of these non-Indian, in Sanatorium in Manitoba, where they will remain on treatment for an average of over a year. These facts bear witness that this one disease is still of grave social, economic and public health significance.

On the other hand, there has never been in the past more justification for optimism. New active cases are gradually decreasing and the death rate is only one-third that of five years ago. Treatment was never more effective and case-finding and diagnostic facilities never so available or refined. For nearly 30 years the money raised from the sale of Christmas Seals has in great measure been responsible for reducing the menace of illness and death from tuberculosis in our homes in Manitoba.

Tuberculosis is a communicable disease caused by a germ. There is

no specific immunizing agent as in some other diseases, so the only means of prevention is to escape infection with the tubercle bacillus. Unfortunately, tuberculosis does not attract attention by rashes and swellings and, indeed, seldom by symptoms or sickness, in its early stages before infection can be spread to others. The chest x-ray is the only means of early detection and that is why the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba has been carrying out an extensive x-ray survey program during the past 10 years. Vast numbers are x-rayed yearly by surveys throughout the province. Industrial surveys and pre-employment x-rays in urban areas produce significant findings, as also does the general hospital admission x-ray program. In 1955 x-ray examinations totalled 324,342—215,806 by community surveys, 93,812 general hospital admissions, 5,894 on travelling clinics, and 8,830 by stationary clinics. A great portion of this program is financed by the sale of Christmas Seals, which also assists in a program of rehabilitation for tuberculous patients.

Tuberculosis can be eradicated. Victory now is only partial. The speed of completion depends upon public understanding and support. Right now you can help in no better way than by buying Christmas Seals.

DR. E. L. ROSS,
Medical Director

TRAVELLING CLINIC SURVEY DATES

Portage	November 14	1-4 p.m.
Altona	November 15	1-4 p.m.
Steinbach	November 30	1-4 p.m.

"I Remember" . . .

MISS HAZEL A. HART

The following article "I Remember", by Miss Hazel A. Hart, appeared in the September issue of "The Valley Echo", and we are re-printing it with her permission, as I am sure many staff members and patients of the Manitoba Sanatorium, Ninette, will also remember Miss Hart as a visitor there in June of this year. She came with Mr. and Mrs. T. A. J. Cunnings to help judge the craft display.

In a recent letter she states, "That was one of the nicest days I had all last summer. We had a lovely drive out from Winnipeg and home again in the evening, and we had a lovely day at the Sanatorium. I have talked about it many times since".

Miss Hart is now the field representative of the Christmas Seal Fund in the Canadian Tuberculosis Association office in Ottawa, Canada, and is widely known across Canada among tuberculosis and other health workers.

The Valley Echo says, "Miss Hart is another example of how tuberculosis interrupts one's plans, changes them, and finally steers them into an avenue of much more importance and of greater satisfaction."

Looking out across the smooth grass, the flower beds, the shrubs and trees that are the landscaped setting of the Fort Qu'Appelle Sanatorium today it is a simple trick of memory to conjure up a picture of the huge potato patch that occupied that same space when I was a "freshman" there in 1922.

But in those far-off days it was not so easy to grasp the landscaper's vision and project oneself forward in time to imagine what the picture would be in 1956. At that it might have been easier than to dream what sanatorium treatment would be like so far in the future, even if we had cared.

Who in those days foresaw the battery of new drugs; the free treatment for all; the fine new sanatoria at Saskatoon and Prince Albert; the clinics spread across the province; and most amazing development of all the mass x-ray surveys that were to become annual safaris hunting out the dreaded Tubercle Bacillus?—and all to such good effect that the tuberculosis death rate would be reduced almost to the vanishing point. He who might have prophesied such a fantastic combination of eventualities would have been considered an imaginative fellow indeed.

Certainly there were no such visions in my girlish mind as I was whirled up to the Administrative Building in the midst of the potato patch, at a breathtaking speed of not less than twenty miles an hour in the pride of the Sanatorium, the newly acquired bus, expertly handled by Stiffie, that much-loved, long-time, non-official Welcomer and Godspeeder of all patients, their families and friends. Blase' indeed, and low in spirits, was the traveller who got no thrill from a ride in that hard-seated, stiff-sprunged, cramped vehicle which nevertheless in 1922 was the last word in bus travel and, to its riders at least, symbolic of the up-to-date equipment of the Fort Qu'Appelle Sanatorium of that day.

Imagine though, if you can show my confidence in the good judgment of the medical staff was shaken when, having been taken to Number Two Pavilion and turned over to the nurse in charge. I was told to undress and get into bed! That in the middle of the afternoon too; Certainly they must be looking for work, thought I, to put a person like myself to bed and then bring supper to her. It was even more shattering to my confidence in the nurse

when she told me I was to stay in bed until the doctor saw me. Well, thought I, there's no point in being unpleasant about it, she'll feel foolish enough about this when the doctor puts her straight.

Meantime, I went quietly to my room, and was slightly mollified to find my roommate was in bed and looking just as well as I thought I looked. There was first some unpacking to be done and a place found in that tiny cupboard to hang my beloved skates which one of the lads back home had reminded me to bring along because he said the Sanatorium was beside a beautiful lake and exercise was an important part of the treatment of tuberculosis. A bit cheered by the sight of the skates, and remembering that indeed there was a lovely lake out front and for sure I'd be skimming over it before the week was out, I climbed in the curiously high bed, on wheels, a combination I'd never seen before, and with a cherry red blanket neatly folded across the bottom of it. I didn't have to admit it out loud, but it was good to lie down and have a rest before supper; it had been a long train trip from Landis, nearly four hundred miles.

And so, quite unsuspecting, I began a new way of life that was to be as completely different from every dream I had ever had of what the future held for me as if I had been transported on a magic carpet to the farthest ends of the earth.

Need I say that the doctor connived with the nurse? It was four years later before I was allowed to dress each day. For some time I felt the doctor was being very unkind to me. Every other patient on my balcony had been given some idea of how long she might have to continue her treatment of bed rest, "A year Miss Addy," "Six months Miss McComb," "A few months Miss Hoffstader." But me? No, he

was just being ornery, all he would say was "Indefinitely Miss Hart", and with that I had to learn to be content. None but a TB patient can conceive of the damper that put on my share in the balcony conversation, no surmising when I'd start exercise, no idea of when I'd join the gay gangs in the dining-room, no visiting to other parts of the Sanatorium, no plans for going home. And of course, the skates hung tantalizingly in the cupboard, symbolic of, though I did not know it, a way of life that had gone forever.

It was years later, with life back on the track again, Dr. Boughton explained that when he first examined my chest and looked at my x-rays he was not at all sure I'd ever be well again and so was forced to reply to that universal patients' question "How long will I have to stay in bed?" "Indefinitely Miss Hart." It is a wise Providence, and a wise doctor who gives us each day at a time.

But ignorance can be bliss, or near it, and life was not too dull. Those were the days when the San was full of First War veterans, and the second floor of my pavilion housed some of them. Orders were strict of course. "No visiting between floors", and the nurses did their best to enforce the rule. But these were boys who had fought their way through a heart-breaking war, what was a back stair to them? And which of the nurses could resist that Irish grin of Pat O'Donohue's, or that innocent face of Jimmy or Russell's business-like pursuit of his hobby of the new-fangled crystal radio, and his generosity in sharing those fascinating howls and whistles interspersed with a few bars of music that his mysterious wires and tubes and headsets brought in to our building. And of course Russell had to be helped in his experiments by his trusty aide MacSavaney.

Yes, very soon life began to take on a more interesting look. Each week some one came around with books from the library, some patient on exercise, usually a young man on the women's balconies of course, and they took their turns. They each had lots of advice to give as to what books to read, and advice to give on how to handle the nurses and doctors, and dates to make by proxy for evening visits from some of the up-patients. Many a romance was started or promoted, or both, by those ambulant volunteer librarians.

There were bedside car games arranged for evenings, and fascinating new bead handicrafts to be learned, and new patterns in knitting and crocheting and tatting and letters to be written and stories to be heard and told. With all these activities to tuck in around two-hour rest periods both morning and afternoon and "lights out" at 9:30, the days were busy indeed, and far from unhappy.

Perhaps the most important development in the social life of the sanatorium that winter of '22-25 was the development of radio. There were several fans and at least four of them had radio sets, varying from crystals to five-tubes. We were fortunate enough to have one of the most ardent fans in our pavilion, M. O. Russell, a Great War veteran, who had found that by extending wires and hooking on headsets he could bring the same program from one radio set to every bedside on that top floor. A San-shaking discovery it was, and greeted by much head-shaking and wonderment as to how far these boys would go with their new fangled toy.

Then my brother Warren arrived to see how things were going with me, and hearing what was happening in radio upstairs he went to see the boys, was impressed, asked if they would try to connect their machine with a

headset in a room on the floor below, and was told they'd try, for if the wires would carry the messages horizontally they'd surely carry them vertically too.

And so it happened, with a headset given me by Warren and a wire connected by Russell, the first vertical connection from one floor to another was made at Fort Qu'Appelle Sanatorium and I heard my first radio broadcast in December 1922. I classify that thrill with my first car ride only a few years earlier, and my first airplane flight twelve years later, truly thrills of a lifetime and not to be compared with my first view of television which was a poor thing in comparison.

Truly history had been made for this was the beginning of the radio network which a year later was organized and engineered by M. O. Russell and his buddies, all enthusiasts in the field. Headsets had been generously given by radio listeners throughout the country, assiduously solicited by Burt Hooper of Regina's CKCO.

So it was that Fort Qu'Appelle Sanatorium became the first in the British Empire (yes, it was an Empire then, not a Commonwealth; how everything changes!) to be completely wired for radio with a headset for every patient, and loud speakers in some of the public sitting rooms. Though that may seem old stuff to present day patients and staff who accept their radio service as they do their bread and butter, it gave the Sanatorium population of 1923 a feeling that amounted almost to snobbery when they wrote letters back home and spoke of the radio programs they were hearing from Chicago, from San Francisco, from New York, from Cuba! It was exciting indeed to travel by ear through the air waves and next morning chat with our fellow patients on the "20-below" balcony about the

concert we heard last night from Cuba.

There were other "firsts" in those San days of mine: the first sedimentation tests, the first x-raying of Normal School and University students, the first thoracoplasty operations, the first pneumos on both sides. All these practises, and many more that are considered routine today, came one by one into the tuberculosis control picture of the "20's" and gradually became accepted and indispensable parts of the program.

It was in those days too that Saskatchewan became the first province in Canada, and the only place on this continent to offer free treatment to those of its population who had active tuberculosis. This boon to all, sick and well alike, was hailed on every side as the most progressive forward step any province or state had taken in tuberculosis control. Many were the patients who for years had felt a stigma attached to the financial assistance they had been forced to accept from their local municipalities. Many too were the families that no longer needed to send their hard-come-by dollars to the Sanatorium each month to pay for the treatment of a loved one. Today free treatment is as much a pattern of life in Saskatchewan as free schooling. Saskatchewan people today can scarcely comprehend what a boon it was when the legislation passed by the government in 1928 made free treatment of the tuberculosis a reality in 1929.

I think I may be forgiven if I put it on the record here that it was the resolution, passed unanimously by the Rural Municipal Association of Saskatchewan at their annual meeting held in Moose Jaw in 1928 asking that the legislation be enacted, was the deciding pressure in obtaining the passage of the bill. Any readers will realize my feelings too when I recall that the first request for such legislation had

come from a resolution presented to the annual meeting of the RMA three years earlier by my brother Ray who was then the reeve of the municipality of Bushville, and Frank Freedman who was then its secretary. It was a triumph of education and democracy that though the first presentation of the resolution in 1925 had collected only six affirmative votes in a meeting of six hundred representatives of the municipalities, yet the idea spread and won a unanimous vote from the same group only three years later, 1928. It was indeed a proud and happy day for all of us.

And so the days and months and years went by. Already I have taken far more space than should be my share in this "I Remember" series. But I can not sign off without mention of the wonderful day in 1927 when my "Will I ever be able to work again?" worries were solved by the suggestion from Dr. Boughton and Bobbie Roberts that I go to Saskatoon and from there take charge of the affairs of The Valley Echo. An undreamed of opportunity! And one that was taken with the greatest timidity, and was held on to firmly only because of the generous assistance and coaching by that same pair re-inforced by scores of others, patients and staff, who made my way if not easy, since I was so utterly inexperienced, then at least possible, and always pleasant and rewarding.

So it was that the Big Bad Bug completely changed my life and turned it into undreamed of fields. I might sum it all up in the words of David Grayson in his book "Adventure in Contentment" which I discovered in those first months at Fort San when I was forced to read instead of skate: "How can you tell that a thing is bad until you come to the end of it—it might be good." It has been good. And the end, I hope, is not yet.

Director of Rehabilitation of Indian Affairs

As an initial step in an expanded program for the rehabilitation of handicapped Indians in Manitoba, the Sanatorium Board announced today the appointment of Edward Locke as Indian Rehabilitation Officer.



EDWARD LOCKE

A veteran of the Second World War, Mr. Locke has been employed for a number of years in the Provincial Welfare Department, for the past three years having his headquarters at Dauphin. In addition to the experience gained in the welfare service, Mr. Locke has lived and worked for many years in the central and northern parts of Manitoba and has an extensive personal knowledge of the character and problems of the Indian people.

The improved program now being established is sponsored by the Department of Citizenship and Immigration, Indian Affairs Branch, and Indian Health Services Division, Department of National Health and Welfare.

In the beginning the extended rehabilitation service will concentrate on

assisting patients at Brandon Sanatorium, Clearwater Lake Sanatorium, and Dynevor Indian Hospital. Those institutions are operated by the Sanatorium Board for the Federal Government, and are presently treating nearly 500 tuberculous Indians and Eskimos. As circumstances permit, the service will be extended to include assistance to all handicapped Indians.

This program is an extension of a service that has been carried out in some measure for the past ten years through co-operation of the Board and government agencies. It will include an effort to guide patients into suitable occupations, further development of the present teaching services in sanatorium, utilization of technical training services, placement service, and assistance in adjustment to urban living and industrial employment.

Under the chairmanship of R. D. Ragan, Regional Supervisor of Indian Agencies, a Rehabilitation Committee has been established to guide the program and as it progresses it is hoped to enlist the assistance and support of business, labor, welfare and community organizations.

HOSPITAL APPOINTMENT

Mr. T. A. J. Cunnings, Executive Director of the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba was elected President of the Associated Hospitals of Manitoba at their annual meeting held recently in Winnipeg.

For the past eight years Mr. Cunnings has been a director of the Association, and last year served as First Vice-President. During the past year he has also served as chairman of the Third Party Payments Committee of the Association and headed a committee to make a study to improve the hospital rate structure through a system of inclusive rates.

AMONG THE PERSONNEL

An international aspect was added to the nursing staff of Clearwater Lake Sanatorium in October. The four nurses who commenced duties took their training in various parts of the world. They are: Miss Sheila McCombie from Southern Rhodesia; Miss Hannah Coleman from Ireland; Miss Anita Martin from Minnesota; and Mr. Thomas Callaghan, a Male Registered Nurse from Scotland.

Mrs. P. Torgerson, R.N., has been appointed Superintendent of Nurses at the Central Tuberculosis Clinis. She succeeds Miss M. Summers who resigned her position. Prior to her appointment Mrs. Torgerson was a Charge Nurse on the Clinic nursing staff.

Mrs. Hanna Bird, R.N., has joined the nursing staff of Dynevor Indian Hospital. Mrs. Bird is a graduate of St. Boniface Hospital. She has worked at both the mental and general hospitals in Selkirk and also was previously employed at Dynevor.

Miss Florence Bilinski commenced duties as a Charge Nurse at Brandon Sanatorium in October. Miss Bilinski is a Brandon girl but took her nurses' training at the Wellesley School of Nursing, Toronto General Hospital.

Miss Astrid Paulsen, L.P.N., has joined the nursing staff of Manitoba Sanatorium as Operating Room Technician. For the past three years she was employed at the Princess Elizabeth Hospital in Winnipeg.

The Maintenance and Engineering departments at Clearwater Lake Sanatorium have three new Staff members. They are: Mr. R. W. O'Reilly, Main-

tenance Engineer; Mr. Lionel Deroche, Stationary Engineer Trainee and Mr. Rodney Koppnitsky, Diesel Operator.

The latest class of Practical Nurses in Training arrived at Brandon Sanatorium at the end of October. The group includes Miss Marilyn Stewart, Miss Elizabeth Dueck, Mrs. Florence Clark, and Mrs. Jacqueline Knapp-Fisher.

The following commenced work as Nurses' Assistants at Clearwater Lake Sanatorium in October: Misses Edith Popplestone, Charlotte Hardy, Sylvia Adamson, Phyllis Favelle, Marie Ireland, and Eleanor Ostafichuk.

Mrs. Jean Embury started work at Clearwater Lake Sanatorium as a Telephone Operator in October.

Miss Lillian Nichols and Miss Doris Rusk are Nurses' Assistants who commenced employment at Clearwater Lake Sanatorium in October.

Mr. Noel Pilloud of Notre Dame de Lourdes began work at the end of October in the Laundry Department at Manitoba Sanatorium.

New members of the Commissariat Department at Clearwater Lake Sanatorium are the Misses Hazel Campbell, Freda Burns, Alvina Whitehead, and Marie Anne Goulet.

At Manitoba Sanatorium Miss A. McDonald is a new member of the Commissariat Department, while Mrs. Ada Norton began work in the House-keeping Department.

(Continued on page 32)

"THIRTY YEARS AGO"

The following items were sent in by Mr. Robert Wood for publication in The Messenger of Health. He thought they would be of interest to patients who were there in the old days, and who would remember that Dr. D. A. Stewart was invariably referred to as D.A.

Mr. Wood was the writer of the parody on Richard III, but doesn't remember who wrote the others.

We will re-print them with the hope that they have not been copyrighted and that the authors will now claim their right to fame.

* * *

23rd Psalm. (To the tune of "Take a deep breath, now cough.")

"D.A." is my doctor, I shall not want
He maketh me to lie down in a white
bed.

He leadeth me to a quiet balcony
He restoreth my health
He leadeth me in the paths of pneumo-
thorax

And helio-therapy for his name's sake.

Yea tho I walk through the valley of
utmost despair

Thy stethoscope and needle shall
comfort me.

Thou preparest a history of me for
the use of

Mine enemies. Thou heapest abuse on
my

Head for wrong living. My tears over-
flow.

Surely if I chase the cure I shall
lengthen

All the days of my life and I shall
dwell in

Thy favor forever.

Rest Hour — Manitoba Sanatorium

The saddest words of which I ken
Were coined for us poor T.B. men
You'll hear them time and time again
"It's Rest Hour."

When I'm not resting very well
And want to talk for just a spell
Some lazy lout lets out a yell
"It's Rest Hour."

Enough before I now must seek
And should some roughneck dare to
speak
You'll hear yours truly loudly squeak
"It's Rest Hour."

Ten Commandments—Revised Edition
D.A. spake these words and said:

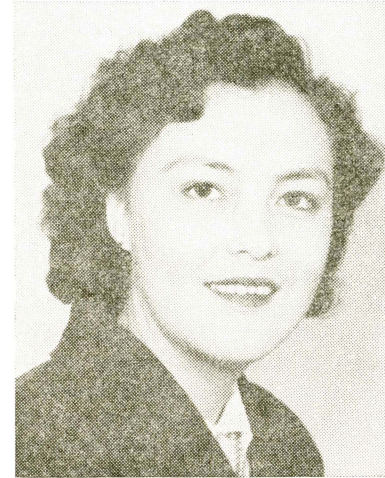
1. I am Medical Superintendent of the Manitoba Sanatorium and have brought thee out from among the people and out of the city of dust and dirt, out of the land of filth.
2. Thou shalt have no other Medical Superintendent before me.
3. Thou shalt not read during rest hours, nor bow down thyself unto letter writing, nor talk much, for I thy Medical Superintendent hath a watchful eye, visiting the iniquities of the patients unto the nurses, even unto the second, third and fourth staff doctors of them that hate me and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me—and chase the cure.
4. Thou shalt not take the name of the Medical Superintendent in vain, for I will not hold him responsible for any retaliation.
5. Remember the pneumo day and keep it holy. For six days shalt thou go without air and take rest, but the 7th day is the pneumo day and in it thou shalt go prepared to enter into the gates of the Operating Room.
6. Honor thy doctors and thy nurses that thy days may be long on the balcony that thy Medical adviser hath given thee.
7. Thou shalt not flirt.

(Continued on page 13)

Rehabilitation Notes . . .

OUR ALUMNI

I am sure that many of our readers will say "Why, I remember her!" when they see this picture of Mary Pangman.



MARY PANGMAN

Mary is a tall, friendly girl who was born in Camperville, Manitoba. She received her public school education there and then was employed in various fields of work.

In December of 1950 she was forced to take a rest at Manitoba Sanatorium. During her sojourn there she enrolled in a typewriting course by correspondence, through the Success Business College, Winnipeg, and successfully completed the three units. She also took a course in Business English.

A year before her discharge in June 1954, Mary worked as an aide in the operating room for a few hours every day.

Following her discharge she worked in a store in Camperville, and also kept on with her typewriting. In August, 1956, she came to Winnipeg again with the hope of finding suitable employment.

As she was a skilled sewing machine operator she took a job in a sewing factory until she found a position where she could use the skills she had acquired in Sanatorium.

The helping hand of another of "Our Alumni" assisted Mary to achieve this ambition. Alice Le Bel, who had been working as a receptionist in a doctor's office, was moving on to another position. She was thoughtful, and phoned the Director of Rehabilitation at the Central Tuberculosis Clinic to say that the job she held was a suitable one for an ex-patient, and that she would be glad to help anyone become re-instated before she herself left. A kind thought indeed, and much appreciated.

The job suited Mary perfectly, so if you are making an appointment with an M.D. the cheerful voice answering the telephone could be Mary's. Our best wishes go to her, and also to Alice in her new work.

* * *

There were two new enrollments at M.T.I. this month. Miss Keneena Beardy, an ex-patient of St. Boniface Sanatorium registered in the Hairdressing course on October 15th. Keneena is from Cross Lake, Manitoba, and has been a patient in Brandon Sanatorium and at St. Boniface. Following her cure, she worked as a nurses' aide while she waited for admission to the Manitoba Technical Institute. We will let you know when she completes her course and where she sets up her Beauty Parlor.

The other enrollment is Jim Miller, of Manitoba Sanatorium, Ninette, Manitoba. He is registered in the course in Electrical Appliances at Manitoba Technical Institute, as a preliminary to further work in electricity.

MORE OPEN DOORS

LAST year, more men and women with serious disabilities were hired by Canadian employers than ever before. During the year, 19,753 men and women with physical handicaps were placed in jobs through the National Employment Service—an encouraging 43 per cent increase over the total for 1954.

There was more than one reason for this increase. Partly, it was a reflection of the general employment situation—1955 was a year of high employment and it is likely that many employers turned to the physically handicapped to fill jobs difficult to fill otherwise.

However, there were other reasons for the increase that were probably more important, and more hopeful, for the long-term employment outlook for the handicapped.

One is the steady extension of the national program of rehabilitation of the disabled, which embraces all types of services and leads whenever possible to employment. Now effective at both federal and provincial levels, the program has enlisted the direct support of many employers and has informed and interested many more people, in all walks of life, in rehabilitation and employment of the so-called handicapped.

Another reason for the increase can be found in the work of the Special Placements Division of the National Employment Service. This is an activity of the employment service of long standing, set up for the benefit of groups of workers who need special assistance in obtaining employment. One of these groups is the physically handicapped, and the Special Placements Division is therefore playing an increasingly important part in the rehabilitation program. There are now more special placement officers at work

than ever before and in recent years their effectiveness has been increased by a staff training program which has included special university courses.

Whatever the reason, the result has been to open more doors to handicapped workers. Once an employer has hired a physically handicapped worker, he is not likely to need any further selling on the handicapped—experience has proved that the handicapped are their own best salesman.

The 19,753 jobs found for the physically handicapped by the National Employment Service included 14,268 for men and 5,485 for women with a wide range of physical disabilities. For instance, 4,504 jobs were found for persons with medical conditions such as lung, heart and stomach ailments, defective vision and hearing, rheumatism and diabetes. Another 2,602 jobs were filled by people with orthopaedic conditions such as amputations or paralysis. This list, including just about every category of disability which could affect a person's employment, points up the fact that there is no sharp dividing line between the handicapped and the rest of us. Many people are holding down jobs today with just such disabilities, who have never thought of themselves as handicapped, because their disabilities are no handicap in the particular job they are doing. There is, in fact, no one of us who is not physically unfitted for some kind of work.

* * *

The other side of the coin is that a job can be found for most handicapped people solely on the basis of the abilities they can bring to their employer—a job which they can do as well as a so-called normal person. This business-like approach, which rejects any appeal to charity, is that of the Special

(Continued on page 15)

Manitoba Sanatorium Library Notes

Additional books — donated by the Ladies Auxiliary of the A.C.T. are:

1. *The Woman Who Would Be Queen* by Geoffrey Bocca, a biography of the Duchess of Windsor, one of the most controversial personalities of our time, the woman for whom King Edward VIII gave up his throne.

Mr. Bocca has revealed hitherto unknown factors, intrigues, political manoeuvres and personal pressures which have long clouded the story of the abdication crisis.

2. *The Half-Crown House* by Helen Ashton. This is a story about an old English manor house, of the splendors it has seen, of the people who have lived there and the mark that each has left.

But it is also very much the present which concerns this book. The Hornbeam family, for all their colorful history is hard up, and the only way they can keep the old mansion house going is to open it to tourists who, for the admission fee of half a crown, wander about the treasures, and in so doing relive that past almost at first hand. And the reader relives it with them.

3. *Speak To The Winds* by Ruth Moore. Here is Ruth Moore at the peak of her creative powers. In this book you smell the spruce forests and clam flats; you feel the ocean winds and the salt spray; you taste fresh-baked bread and steaming chowder. Best of all you meet a group of characters you will never forget.

This novel portrays the life on a small rocky island off the American coast of the Atlantic, the settlers there being a proud American, jumble of Scots, Italians, Portuguese and Greeks, chiefly fishermen and farmers.

Speak To The Winds is the story of these people and their friends and neighbours . . . salty and down-to-earth people, real and warm and true.

We also gladly received a number of books presented by a staff member of the sanatorium, and also some Ukrainian books donated by a Winnipeg firm.

* * *

"Book love, my friends, is your pass to the greatest, the purest and the most perfect pleasure that God has prepared for His creatures. It lasts when all other pleasures fade. It will support you when all other recreations are gone. It will last you until your death. It will make your hours pleasant to you as long as you live."—Anthony Trollope.

"THIRTY YEARS AGO"

(Continued from page 10)

8. Thou shalt not commit matrimony.
9. Thou shalt not swear no use slang.
10. Thou shalt not smoke nor drink.

Richard III Sanatorium Version

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the sun of
March
And all the snow that lay upon our
paths
In the deep bosom of Lake Pelican
buried.
Now is our eye lit with a wondrous
smile
Our tuberculosis bugs dissolved like
snow in hades.
Our 15 minutes exercise increased "ad
lib"
Till each man says he's going home
'in the spring'
And now instead of chasing hard the
cure
Within our rooms and "hanging over
radiators"
We gladly take the sun "in nudo
corpore"
And emulate in hue the dusky Indian.

(R. Wood, Sanatorium, March 1927)

WINNERS!!



JEANNETTE PELLETIER

The friends of Jeannette Pelletier, a patient of St. Boniface Sanatorium and of Wally Shibata, an ex-patient of Manitoba Sanatorium, Ninette, Manitoba, will all join in congratulations to these lucky winners of the Free Press Jumble Contest on October 27, 1956.

Jeannette won the \$100 first prize and Wally won the \$75 second prize.

Jeannette said she had been sending three entries a week for some time without winning, and it was only when she put her mother's name on the entry that she won, so she gives all the credit to her mother. Mrs. Pelletier lives at 147 Bertrand St., St. Boniface, and is very proud of her daughter. Since winning, Jeannette has had an exciting time at the Sanatorium, as it is the first time anyone in the Sanatorium has won such a big prize. Fellow patients and staff have been offering congratulations. Jeannette says she will keep on trying to win, and, no doubt, all of her pals will do so too.

She is currently taking a course in Pitman's Shorthand as part of her

Rehabilitation plan and is doing very well.

Jeannette's brother Raymon is also an ex-patient and is now serving an apprenticeship in Electrical Construction. He has been working at Fontaine's Electric Shop in St. Boniface and on October 29th began his first period of training at the Manitoba Technical Institute. He too, is very proud of his sister.

She hasn't decided how best to invest her money. She says there are so many things she wants and needs so won't make a hasty decision.

Following his discharge from Manitoba Sanatorium at Ninette, Manitoba, Wally was registered at Manitoba Technical Institute in an Architectural Drafting course under Schedule "R" and is finding the course extremely interesting.

Wally, who is a practical-minded chap says he will use the money for books and also to get an extra supply of equipment for use at his boarding house. He will thus be able to do his home work without having to carry his drawing tools in the cold weather. He says some of them are of plastic and could crack in the cold.

Our congratulations go to these winners too.

Buy Christmas Seals



Help Fight TB

HALLOWE'EN

A successful gala evening was held on Hallowe'en at the Manitoba Sanatorium. Staff and ambulant patients paraded in costume through the infirmary. Later they assembled in the main building for costume judging and lunch.

Mrs. A. L. Paine, Mrs. E. Pearce, Rev. T. A. Paine and Mr. D. Graham had the unenviable job of judging the costumes, which were of an extremely high calibre.

Terry O'Brien danced off with women's fancy dress as a seductive Apache dancer, followed by the Moun-tie, Jim Lindsay. Oh yes, Jim carried off the prize for men's fancy dress. Mr. W. Stanger the scarecrow got first prize in men's comic dress. Mrs. Wilson and Maxine McMordie gambled and came out on top with the dice in the ladies' fancy dress. The San Bush family held a reunion. Those attending were: Grandpa, Toni Lariviere; Grandma, Davy Crockett; Papa, Angie Bethalette; Mama, Aileen Pritchard; Daughter, Scallyway and little Benjamin; Mongy the missing link. The poor family looking as if they had seen better days enjoyed the handout. Mrs. Venables got the prize for ladies' comic, coming as a turtle and an egg. The question is who came first the turtle or the egg? Mitzi Newmark and Don MacKenzie the funny couple masqueraded as a farmer and his wife.

There were many other weird and wonderful costumes including a Medusa, Lepreshaun, Mummy, Ghosts, Dutch girl, Animated Music figures, Greek figure, Devil, Daisy Mae, Eskimos, Artists, Skeletons, and Toreadors. A few children as Clowns, Cowboys, and a lovely French lady, added to the general picturesque scene.

The Recreation Hall was gaily decorated with the traditional Hallowe'en colors of black and orange.

The orchestra, the Royal Canadians, supplied the crowd with excellent dance tunes.

There were many costumes present and it was difficult for the judges, Mrs. C. Venables, Mr. Gordon Davis, Belmont, and Mr. MacDonald, Dunrea, to decide the winners. The outstanding costume of the evening was the Cave-man, in a fur skin and carrying a huge club, who race around the hall giving everyone quite a fright. This costume won first prize, and was worn by Jack Ritcher, Terry O'Brien won the man's fancy, Barbara Kelly the ladies' comic, and Eliz. Clee the ladies' fancy. The prize couple were Joyce Temple and Marion Harper.

MORE OPEN DOORS

(Continued from page 12)

Placements Division. They themselves point out that their name is incorrect from one point of view. Their work is "special" in that they give a more intensive kind of service to the handicapped, but the placements they make are not special—the handicapped worker, like any other job applicant, is simply properly matched with a job he can do efficiently.

* * *

Employing the handicapped can be good business for the employer. But the national rehabilitation program which helps the handicapped into employment is also good business for the whole community, as is shown by a recent sample of closed rehabilitation cases from the files of provincial rehabilitation co-ordinators covering 631 persons, in their first year of work, will earn \$1,200,000, and from now on they will be tax payers, not tax consumers.

—Federal Department of Labor

The Art of Convalescence

THE operation is over, antibiotics have done their work, the illness is past. Doctor, nurse, physiotherapist—everyone around the bed begins to relax and smile, though, at the same time, they manifest a trifle more irritability than in the dark days a fortnight ago. The patient is urged to take himself in hand. In a dressing gown, he sits in the chair, trembling all over. The pleasant routine of illness is gone; grim convalescence has begun. All too soon—in a matter of days instead of weeks—the hospital throws him forth in the world. Abbreviating the period of bed rest is a great improvement; it prevents thrombosis, congestion of the organs, and other undesirable complications. But in essentials it does not shorten recuperation!

It is astonishing how the art of convalescence—an experience in life which nearly everyone has to face sooner or

later—is so strangely unwelcome. Once more, the convalescent has become a novice, and however strong the desire to get fit, it is hard going. He feels listless, and, at heart, not much interested.

The next day is worse. (Oh, that second day of getting up after a long illness—much worse than the first.) But everything passes, even the second day, then a week, a fortnight. Next arrives a certain futile impatience, a desire to do more. This is due to fatigue, but it deceives him, because he feels so much better, and is inclined to rush things. Then comes an important intuition; he realizes that convalescence simply cannot be hurried. It must be allowed to go its own pace, like a lazy horse. Because he has been allowed to sit in a chair on the first day after the operation, it does not mean that the process of body re-

LIFE'S SAVING TENSIONS

"I must work the works of Him who sent me while it is day. The night cometh when no man can work."—John 9:4.

Psychiatrists and Neurologists tell us that tension is a contributory factor of major importance in many of our modern diseases. Our Sanatoria and Mental Hospital are filling up with people who have said "I can't take it any longer." However, we ought to realize that not all tension is bad; A watch will not run properly unless there is a proper tension on the main spring. Successful Christian living is like the watch. We must be enthused and concerned about the Christian Life. I wonder if the unimpressive results being realized from so much preaching—so many churches—so many choirs—so many Christian organizations is due to the fact that too many Christians and Church members are taking faith for granted. The world of our day is a mechanized push-button world and when we start apply the push-button technique to the Christian faith we run into trouble! The trouble is caused by the inertia of tradition—habit and routine.

The New Testament portrait of our Lord is that of a man whose spirit was alive and vital with dynamic tension. God's work needs doing? We can't delay any longer! "The night cometh wherein no man can work."

With Him the quiet moments of the day were opportunities for prayer and communion with His Heavenly Father. It was the power he received in the "Desert Place" that inspired his mind to give us His immortal teachings and produced His works of wonder and power. The wrong kind of tension which destroys can be answered today by the right kind of tension which constructs!

J. ROLPH MORDEN, Augustine United Church, Winnipeg, Man.

pair has become any quicker. Tissues heal only at their own leisurely tempo. Bruised feelings will require longer before they are functioning properly. Modern drugs kill the germ, operations remove disease, but there is no way, it seems, of regaining former health, except through the co-operation of time.

Here, in this personal awareness of time values, the modern outlook towards life fails. We are all—doctor, nurse, patient—in too much of a hurry. The art of convalescence must be practised and, like every other art, it requires leisure for its development. Old-fashioned treatment was gravely inadequate, but at least it did not outrage this subtle time sense. Those familiar prescriptions, a tonic, a holiday, a convalescent home, were very effective largely because with them was swallowed a liberal dose of time.

As convalescence proceeds, our friend comes to feel more sympathy for those ladies and gentlemen who perambulate the promenade in bath chairs, en route for a discussion of operations in the hotel lounge. The frivolous side of convalescence is part of its mystery. Why does he have so little appetite for Bridge in the evening, why so small a desire to read?

He goes on, trusting that seaside air will do him good; the influence of atmosphere has not been scientifically analysed, but it is a fact of nature. Residual air has been expelled from those unused spaces at the bottom of the lungs: fresh red blood corpuscles have been manufactured. The oxygen transport system is being overhauled. Nonetheless, organic chemistry has its own time laws, and they will not be accelerated just because it happens to suit us. The most vital part of convalescence is the tempo. A renewal of personality has forcibly begun, and must be completed. After a severe illness, none of us is quite the same.

Can the art of convalescence be summarized? Recognize it as a period of readjustment—for body and emotions—much more lengthy than is generally expected. A good rule might be this: ask the doctor how long you will need to get thoroughly well, then double it! The doctor, poor fellow, is obliged to be encouraging. He must lead us on, donkeys as we are, by a carrot, for to mention an adequate period for convalescence in the beginning would be too great a shock.

There is much yet to be discovered—in physiology and social medicine—about this tedious management of convalescence. At present, the individual has to learn it for himself because it has to be experience, and not mere theory.

But it is quite unlikely that any therapeutic discovery will take the place of time. We stand on the ground floor of life once again, waiting to go to the level where we are at home. Shall we walk—or is it better to wait for the lift? That is the dilemma of modern convalescence! Perhaps, in the end, it will be safer to walk up slowly, even though it may occupy more minutes.

Hours, minutes, days—these are the raw material of life and health. We cannot overlook their value.

This the modern world is trying hard to do. We are nearer in point of time to Australia, but the distance is still six thousand miles. We think the space between health and illness is less. It is still the same, because we are still human—all too human!

Some say that one day when we can journey to the planet Mars, we shall have the experience of living longer, owing to a different time standard. This may be true. But the knowledge is unlikely to be of much practical service to our successors on this earth when they come out of hospital, or say their goodbye to sanatorium regime, devoutly hoping never to return. —NAPT Bulletin

MANITOBA SANATORIUM

East Two Flat

We have quite a change on this flat for this month. We'll start off with the operations. They are: Walter Scott, Leslie Thomas, Jefferson, Wagner, and M. Bruce. They are doing very well after their surgery. Down in our West big ward we have all young men. I've noticed Wesley Young trying to read the paper through a bed sheet. He didn't know it was a French made bed. Papa Wood purchased a new Philip's shaver. He says his stubble hasn't got a chance. Baker has proven himself a cribbage shark. He's shown Mr. Gordon a perfect hand—just a small sum of 29 points. Both Bob and Duncan McCallum enjoyed their week's leave at Boissevain. Cliff Norton wishes the boys in the West ward were like a radio, so he could switch it off and go to sleep. Hogarth is wondering if Dr. Paine would allow him to play football **outside**. Ted Higgins has luck, he got his leaves and won two pools on the World Series game. Bob Bolton has left us for a change of scenery.

New recruits here are: J. Johnson, L. Cartier, H. Wilson, and Mr. McIvor. We wish you all a short and pleasant stay. Cartier is making the best of it I see. He's become our new Romeo. Page is also a new man here. We've nothing on him yet. Next we come to Room 2 where we find Mr. Baluk and C. Goetz. They are the best cure chasers on this flat.

We have two pensioners in Room 16, Matthiason, and Cravette. Whispers and Moustacheon will have to brush up on their cribbage as Baluk and Goetz are running out of competition. Mr. Custard takes his walk at noon and apparently enjoys himself meeting his friends.

This takes care of them all.
Adios for this month.

East Three

Sorry there won't be much to say this month as we are still dizzy from so many comings and goings.

The promotions this month are: Johnnie Armstrong to No. 1. Charlie Olson, Abe Zacharias and Henry Kay to the K.E. Boy, the flat is quiet now, and last but not least, Mr. Sabiston, to his home.

We welcome D. Smith, J. Houston, J. Pelletier, D. Sutherland, O. Norton, W. Richardson, L. Dumas, and J. Fleming to our midst from Winnipeg. May your stay with us be short and healthful. We also have J. Gordon back with us after his visit to the O.R. He says: "I'm a good cribbage player, I give my opponents 29 hands." He's referring to Baker who drew a 29'er the other night while playing Gordon in Fleming's room. After that bit of reporting you should know why I said I'm still dizzy.

The quip of the month: "T.B. or not T.B." by Dr. Paine, with apologies to Shakespeare.

While you are still dizzy from reading the above scribble you might as well keep on reading.

The following correction appeared in a small town paper. "Our paper carried the notice last week that Mr. John Jones is a defective in the police force. That was a typographical error. Mr. Jones is really a detective in the police farce." And if you are still standing here's another one.

"She told me," Mrs. Busybody complained to her friend Mrs. Tonguewagger, "that you told her the secret I told you not to tell her."

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Tonguewagger, in a tone of chagrin, "I told her not to tell you I told her."

"Oh my," signed Mrs. Busybody, "Then don't tell her I told you she told me."

That's all, folks.

West One

Hi everyone! Another month has been struck off the old calendar, and once more it's Messenger time. Our lowly flat is nearly empty, (which is the way we like to see it) so news is very scarce.

Mrs. Mercredi moved out to Number Two last week. Hope you like your new living quarters. With her gone, that leaves our big ward empty (for now).

Mrs. Thompson, also Mary Chimchuck are, as always, chasing the cure, so can't find anything else to report on them.

Nan Haig was home for a few days, on Thanksgiving weekend. You should have a few more days at home for a bonus, eh, Nan?

"Our Traveller", Mrs. Mallick came back to us after her stay at the Clinic. Then took off on a leave, home. Good going, Mallie.

Mrs. Scott is in Room 5 now. Back with us after spending her summer away.

Mrs. Hammett has been promoted to full routine.

In Room 111 we find, hmmm . . . ! Glad to hear the World Series is over for another year. Maybe we can get back to our everyday routine, eh Edie?

Mrs. Goritz, makes the loveliest cushions and her roommate Kay Schultz sells tickets on them. I wish I were one of the lucky ones to win.

Last, but not least in Room 1 we find Mrs. Fuery and Grace Sutherland. Mrs. Fleury is away on leave at present so all is quiet there.

Guess that about does it for this month. Cheerio for now.

West Two

The Big Ward should be called the Nut Cracker Suite (with apologies to Tschaiakowsky, of course) due to the strange noises emitting from there at times. One would think it contained a den of lions with the trainer roaring to accompaniment of the guitar. Never mind, girls, it all helps to keep the place lively.

Katie Sanderson has the answer to winning checker games. In the morning before washing your face or combing your hair you challenge your opponent for a game. Try it—you can't go wrong—guarantee to win every time. Eliza Flatfoot's favorite song lately is, "Oh Johnnie, Oh Johnnie!" She is Miss Nickels' sidekick and a good job she is doing, too. We lost Nancy Swanson who left for her home in Nelson River, but our gain is Annie Cromarty from the Brandon Sanatorium. How is Ninette compared to Brandon, Annie? Best of luck. Why were so many women attracted to Room 6 when John Matthiesson lived there? Could it be because he is tall, blonde and ?? One would think we were going to have a cold winter the way George Carriere was sawing logs here. He runs a close second to John Gordon. Leslie Thomas, Mike Bruce, Geraldine Ledoux, Clifford Hanson and George Robertson paid us a visit but didn't stay long. What's the matter, don't you like us?

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Kay West, our fresh air fiend, is full of vim, vigor and vitality. Should get her to tell some of her experiences. Hope you find life as interesting out west and remember to drop in at Calgary for coffee. Matilda Bloomfield could be seen daily taking her exercise walking around the San. Enjoying the scenery, Matilda? Does anyone else see a resemblance between a clock and a speedometer? She thinks that when it's quarter past six the car is going fifteen miles an hour. Wouldn't want her to chauffeur me anywhere.

Enough damage this time—see you!

West Three

Hello everybody. It's time for news again. So far everyone up here is doing quite well. We miss Katy Heide, and Mrs. Pearse who moved out for greener pastures. Mrs. Morton left us for her home in Winnipeg. The newcomers: Rosalie Chubb, Louise Mayhem and Ida Thomas from the Brandon Sanatorium are busily doing their schoolwork. Mrs. Audrey Plantje came back to us, and so did Geraldine Ledoux, after having surgery. Before you know it Geraldine, you'll be moving on. Mary Tanick and Helen Campbell are putting on weight galore. Watch those waistlines, girls.

Wish I had a voice like Rosie's in Room 111. It's so melodious.

We hope Mrs. J. Wilson likes our company. Mrs. Hanson always has a smile for everyone. Emily Hinchcliffe is kept busy answering her mail.

Mrs. Moore still takes her walks. Frances Muswaggon needs a special flyer for her mail. Mrs. Irene Richards is looking quite perky these days. It's good to see you looking like that, Irene. Keep up the good work. Babs Wilson is the lucky one who has her family out to see her occasionally. Angie Rey has her nose in a book. At the

same time she's chewing gum and doing her knitting. Can you beat that?

'Bye now, 'till next month.

Number One

Hello friends, here I am again to give you the up-to-date news in Number One. We have a group of card sharps upstairs, and I think that they would rather play bridge than eat. They are Al Sharhan, George Gowler, Dan Graham, and Jim Lindsay. They don't claim to be experts, but they have lots of fun. John Lacharias is our champion cure casher. Wilson Spence and Baptiste Bigblood have lots of fun playing checkers. I still have to find out which one cheats the most.

Ole Olafson is very happy these days, maybe it is because his wife has joined the Sanatorium staff.

Alvin Stanger, whose locker looks like Santa Claus' work-shop has been showing his father a few fine points on leather carving. Mr. Stanger has started up in a belt business.

George Carriere and Cliff Hanson have moved to the Infirmary after visiting with Dr. Paine in the O.R.

G. Gowler and F. Krasicky have both gone home for good.

Jack Staschuck, our No. 1 heavy-weight is quite a charmer. Anything you want to know about "How to win a fair maiden's heart" just ask Jack.

Art Bartlett and Gerry Helgason are having a grand time talking about duck hunting.

Well, folks, I will close now, I hear Miss Willoughby coming up the stairs, and if she catches me doing this during rest hour that would be the end of me.

Number Two

Hi folks.

Well, it is time to give out with the happenings in our happy home.

I see some new faces, they are: Vara Yakabocitch, Olga Brown and Pearl

Basiak. Welcome girls, and may your stay be short but pleasant.

Leaves have been a specialty this month, the lucky ones were: Mrs. Stanger, Rose Podruski, Marlene McFarlane, Bertha Tharnovitch, and Mrs. Wilson, and a merry old time was had by all. Mrs. Kolesar says the buses should run to Brandon on Wednesday. Cabs cost too much. We welcome Mrs. Pearse, Grace Hayden, Louise Buck, and Louise Mecredi from the Infirmary. Hope the new found freedom agrees with you, girls.

Vicki Trefry, Kay West and Eileen Saunders left us for a visit with Dr. Paine. Hope you are back with us soon girls.

Maxine lost her head to the garbage man, and she's not very happy about it.

Evelyn Linklater departed for home, lucky girl. We wish you the best of luck, and good health, Evelyn.

That's all the scandal for this month. Tune in for our next broadcast.

'Bye now.

Gordon Cottage

Another month has passed and all the fellows on the Gordon are still the same as ever. We have the same old bunch.

Frank still does nothing, but as I have said before, watch him, you never can tell when he will break out. Percy is still as busy as a bee. What with doing this and that he has little time for even a little walk. Perhaps he thinks its going to be a hard winter, and wants to get accustomed to the indoors. Oscar is still the same, and does anyone want to see his lamp? It's a honey, but I think the leave he had spoiled him. What about another trip, Oscar? Ted just got back from a couple of days in Selkirk, and I wonder what he means when he said he had a feed of fish jaws or cheeks, anyway, whatever it was he had he stayed in bed for two or three days on his return, so what was it you had, Ted? Tell the truth now.

We wish to thank the staff in the dining room for the lovely dinner they served on Thanksgiving, and a special thank you, to the girls who served our table. The next affair will likely be Hallowe'en, and boys, get your costumes out, and get into the spirit of the day.

So until then, cheerio.

Observation

The news in the air at the moment is, of course, about Hallowe'en. Naturally, everyone is quite anxious about their garb.

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WINNIPEG

Our lower floor is its usual quiet self. Mrs. Dysart, Phyllis Collins, Pricilla Gibeault, cook up the most delectable smells, almost makes you feel like adhering to the old adage about "following your nose". Their neighbors to the east, Angie, Toni, and Mrs. Davis are all busy working. Angie, at the moment is interested in the Hudson. It is a neat model, isn't it?

We're all glad to have our little Katie Hiede back. Jean Rubel has lately taken to migrating to the city. She "Syd, it's much more educational than Ninette." Rita Guiboche is really quite green and has been caught by the Briar.

The sitting room consisting of Sally-wag and Pritch is generally up to some mischief "behind the White door."

Gwen Parker is back with us and we're all very glad to have her smiling face adorning our building again. Mitzi has of late been interested in poetry. She started out with "It is the dawn."

Toodle-oo.

King Edward

Hi everyone.

Things up in the King Edward are fairly quiet. With winter approaching the atmosphere of romance which usually dominates our quarters is gradually disintegrating. From here on in, the many happy summer activities will be mere memories as well as favorite topics of evening conversation throughout the winter. But the coming of winter is also a healthy asset to us as well. Cooler evenings (combined with indoor warmth) stimulate a desire to simply relax and chase the cure.

Lyle Stuart and Henry Kay in their southend suite are about the only ones who are able to enjoy the sunshine with winter approaching. Where those fellows get the pull to obtain a sunny room such as they have, is certainly beyond our powers of comprehension.

When the weather is suitable H. Moore and R. Wood have a long dissertation in the woods after dinner, where, we presume, they solve all the world's naughty problems.

In the past month several new arrivals joined the cure chasers in our abode. These were C. Olson, Lyle Stuart, Henry Kay, Mr. Kuzyk, and yours truly.

We now know that whenever Mr. Kuzyk takes a rest he cannot be disturbed easily. Having decided that the weather was ideal for an afternoon nap outside, he had made himself comfortable behind a clump of bushes. The afternoon past by, and there was no sign of Mr. Kuzyk. Fearing he had got lost somewhere up the hill, a search party was launched. There was, however, no sign of Pop. Returning, the party noticed him, undisturbed, lying near the building, gazing upward at the sky.

We would like to wish Walter Scott, Leslie Thomas, and John Mathiesson a speedy recovery following operations.

Several of our inmates were also fortunate enough to obtain leaves. Having returned, and looking well are: R. Wood, and Lorne Hurd. Fellows on leave at present are: Nick Diewniak, and Doug. Nakagawa.

We are happy to see that Miss Margetts is back after her leave. Her pleasant smile is certainly welcome in the King Edward.

Harold Butler received the news everybody in the San usually welcomes. We wish him all the best in good health when leaving the San.

Highlights: Ted and his stogies. Mr. Olsen and his daily walk. Frank Hansasewicz, and his craving for ice cream. Dennis and his reading exercises.

S.O.S.

Will somebody please fix our TV set?

ST. BONIFACE SANATORIUM

St. Therese Tattlings

Hi . . . here we go again.

First of all, we said a fond farewell to "our baby" Sandra Kangas. The flat just isn't the same with her gone, but I suppose we couldn't be selfish and wish her to stay forever. While we lost Sandy, we welcomed back Julie Perreault who has kept us laughing ever since her arrival. Do you ever unwind Julie? (Please don't!)

In Room 156 we find Mrs. Zurek who is convalescing after her operation. We hope to see you up and about very soon Mrs. Zurek. Mrs. Morris is a lazy one. How she loves to snuggle down after breakfast for an extra 40 winks! Mrs. Martin is very busily completing Christmas presents before she takes a trip to the O.R.

Across the hall in 157, Henriette Morin is getting pretty darn tired of staying in bed. Never mind Henry, March isn't too far away (who am I trying to kid?) Laura Johnson is our record collector. You name it, Laura's got it. We generally like her selections, but oh that Elvis! Horrors! Mrs. Villiers is busily knitting these days (a row every week or so) . . . One must pass the time somehow, but just think Randy how the time would fly if you knit a row EVERY DAY!

In 158 we find Sylvia Kalmar and Margaret McFarlane busily making slippers and bunnies. Say, have you ever notice Margaret's hair style? Pretty chic. Sylvia has quite a time with Billie, her goldfish. He doesn't seem to think the fishbowl is big enough for him. Why don't you put him in the bathtub Sylvia? (Oh gad, what a horrible thought!)

In Room 159, Sheila Larkin, the lucky World Series \$25 pool winner is patiently waiting for her review. Not VERY nervous! Mary "What seems to

be the trouble" Craig whose favourite saying is, "I can't eat THAT!" is hopping to go home pretty soon. Elsie Mulhearn is pretty well finished making all her Christmas presents. Gosh it tires us out just to watch her. You had better stop laughing in your sleep El—Mary doesn't like it.

Best wishes are extended to Sister Kergoat who has finally been discharged. And now in Room 161 we find Sister Mary Nicholas with Sister Mary John listening with interest to the former's stories of China.

In the next room we see Sister Ann weaving mats. We know they will be especially nice.

Sister Felix de Valais has finished a lovely piece of crochet. Sister Josepha crochets too, and is an avid reader besides.

Next in line is Sister Desrosier, a jack-of-all trades, happy as a lark on her newly acquired routine 6.

Rounding the corner we come upon Sister Gill and Sister La Chambre eagerly searching for questions to answer. They will soon be competing with the "Quizz Kids."

In Room 164 live ever pleasant Sister Valerie and her equally pleasant companion Sister Rochefort who makes doilies by the dozen.

Sister Delottenville has commenced her session with the surgeons. We wish you success Sister, and to you and all, speedy recoveries.

Well, that's all for another month. But before we close off, have you heard this one?

"How old are you?"

"I'm five. How old are you?"

"I'm either four or five. I don't know which."

"Do women bother you?"

"No".

"You're four."

Youville

"Patience is bitter but it's fruit is sweet."

Best of luck to Mrs. Olafson who was discharged recently. There were no new admissions since the last report.

In 237 we have Donna busily cutting grass—whose I wonder. Love those bananas, eh Marge? Best of luck to Lena who is expecting an op soon.

239: Mrs. Ginette is expecting good news soon. Granny Lepak always has a nice smile for us.

241: Congratulations are in order for Jeannette Pelletier who recently won the \$100 prize in the Jumble Contest. Still need a sedative J.P.? Mrs. Newton and Donna V. were also lucky in winning pools. Your day will come Stephanie—in the meantime keep up the good work post op.

Sister Marie Rose and Sister Joel are making pretty slippers with foam rubber. They are very attractive.

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Around in 256 we see Gerry and Dellene eagerly awaiting each visiting day—for certain friends of course. Verna keeps busy with her knitting.

257: Seeing as how the rent is free, Lena and Mrs. Szengara have decided to stay with us for awhile longer. Mrs. Noon is one of our best cure chasers.

258: Mrs. Coustar kept house while Minnie and Molly enjoyed leaves. How's Pitman these days Molly?

259: Aunty goes on a shopping spree for the girls every week. Don't you think a suitcase would be handy? Granny and Hilda are busy studying English, and Lily is making bunnies.

260: Mrs. Laurendeau and Mrs. Vermette both enjoyed leaves. The knitting needles and crochet hooks are really clicking here.

261: Love that view, eh Smitty? Would binoculars help?

263: Mrs. Miller and Miss Guthrie keep busy knitting and crocheting, and also look forward to mail time.

264: Mrs. Wallis and Mrs. Redfern are still hoping for a lucky pool ticket.

265: Itchy feet already, eh Josie? It won't be too long now.

266: Mrs. Ducharme enjoyed a leave. Who is all that mail from Mrs. Hood?

272: Here we have a busy bee of knitting and studying. Keep up the good work girls!

Au revoir till next time.

St. Mary's "A"

Newcomers: Marlene Rivalin, Margaret Fontaine, and Beulah.

Discharges: Delrose, Flora, Mary Louise, Alphonse and Zachus.

Julianna is hoping to get her discharge this month.

343: Joseph seems to be doing alright after his visit to the O.R. Howard is busy making Hallowe'en masks while David sits watching him. Neville is kept busy answering the girls' letters.

356: Melda and Doreen keep to them-

selves quite a bit making rugs and necklaces.

357: Jean knits or visits her sister while waiting for Rebecca to finish working.

358: Miss Skagford is by herself, so plays solitaire a lot.

361: What will Doreen do now that Mary Louisa has her discharge?

362: Shirley stays in bed reading comics while Annette goes visiting with Doreen.

363: Granny spends most of her time knitting.

364: Therese and Margaret are reading comics and singing while Beulah is busy making things and learning to speak English.

365: Marlene is always busy working, writing letters, or looking out the window. I wonder what she looks at. Marjorie leaves her work for tomorrow, and eats candy and reads comics.

368: In here, Rita, Elsie and Lorna keep busy making all kinds of odd play toys while Nora never stops laughing.

370: Marie is waiting for her review this month. Marie tries to read Julie's mail every chance she gets, but Julie keeps it secretly hidden.

St. Joseph

300: Mr. McKay is due for an op soon. Mr. Klyne is the happy man in this ward. Kasmir is gaining weight steadily.

301: Mr. Cherniak, all alone again, poor fellow.

302: Mr. Wallis is making some nice carnations. Mr. Hohenstein always has a roomful of visitors—lucky guy.

303: Ed Jensen—everything quiet here.

304: Mr. Sanderson is taking up Maths. Mr. Rae is making a cushion.

305: Mrs. Derry is sporting a new pair of house slippers. Cute too—all colors of the rainbow.

307: Paul sounds like Presley on the guitar. What? No sideburns? Johnny

is back on routine 4.

308: Mr. Perreault is making house slippers. "Pop" Flockton tried too, but alas, he has given up.

309: Here we have two Grampas both sporting canes.

310: Leo Harz got routine 5, and has his wife bringing him the best in foods from home. Tommy Mitchell is always making those trips downstairs. What's cooking kid?

312: Mr. Barnby and Mr. Rollins have their own private heater. Looks like winter coming up.

314: Mr. Lachance resting quietly. Mr. Balko says rain water for a bath is the best in the world.

315: Mr. Shapanski just got back from a leave. Seems very sappy now. Mr. Bellehomme is just taking it easy.

327: Mr. Dedieu is our cheerful Frenchman. Morin loves playing crib. Mr. Cadez is always full of wisecracks. Mr. Gilboy seems to be taking a shave every time I see him.

332: Mr. Matwichuk is always looking out the parlor window. Mr. King is very quiet.

334: Mr. Wittman wants to go home already. Dale is also making slippers. Mr. Willets is getting around pretty good in the wheel chair. Mr. Mitchell is resting in bed.

See you again next month.

St. Luc's

Seeing I am still on this job, I would first like to welcome these new patients: Mr. Graham, George Thomas, Mr. Martin and Mr. Applar. We all hope you will feel at home with us.

200: Here we have Mr. Happy-go-Lucky who seems to worry a lot about his old girl friends. Mr. Saltiss is enjoying a pass at this time. Ray watches for a chance to take someone's chair now and then. Roderick would like to sell his guitar, so come and make a deal with him. Vic Prince likes to

talk about the good old days when he could take out any girl he wanted. Mr. Martin is a new one, so we can't say too much about him yet.

201: Mr. Brosius is still trying to beat that last game of solitaire. Mr. Kwast wishes that the time would go faster as he finds that it goes too slow.

202: Pop Kinal is feeling like his old self again. Mr. Juskow is still seen watching those Holla games.

203: Mr. Dondo isn't seen too far from his bed. Mr. Hanna is a very good cure chaser, and we all wish sometime, that we could do the same.

204: Mr. Shearer likes to watch the people go by from his big arm chair. Mr. Graham has been here before, so he is trying to find out how many people he still knows.

205: Mr. Jennings would like to know who makes all that noise next door. Mr. Holmes says he keeps dreaming about those nice pretty girls he used to know.

208: Mr. Craig has just enjoyed a pass. Mr. Nosaty is doubtful in whether he should start leather work or not.

209: Here is one bed empty as Jim Saunders left us for Ninette. Joe Brown has another addition to his watch business — it is a cabinet. Herald likes to correct Pete whenever he hears him a mistake in English. Pete says he owns this place, so for partnerships come and see him.

210: Mr. Leach is always busy with those football pools. Mr. Gudmudson has really been seeing the world lately. We are glad to see him getting around so well. Mr. Tobac thinks that winter is coming soon, so he wants to get in a few hours outside. Louie is willing to take anybody on for a friendly game of casino.

211: Bill Chan seems to spend his time writing love letters. Douglas Wong seems to be in the chips lately. Andy Gilchrist lost his girl-friend and Vic

Prince found one. Charlie doesn't want a pass till Christmas.

212: Mike Shymanski enjoyed a nice leave, and reports everything ready for winter. Grandpa Parision is always waiting for his French story to come on at 6:30. Mr. Lukie says he is going to stop smoking.

220: Bro. Gagnon is feeling very good these days, and is always ready to say Bonjour.

222: Mr. Boiley always has a smile for us as we go past his room.

225: Here we have another new patient, Mr. Applar. Johnny has let up on his leather work for a few days until he gets caught up in his book-keeping. Mr. Carrol is threatening to throw out anybody who goes to play guitar there. Mr. Yablowski got a new shaver but couldn't get it started, so he asked if it was broken. (P.S. He forgot to switch it on.)

227: Alfred has been supplying us with old time music very faithfully. Jack Sims says Christmas is near and he wants volunteers to help put up the Christmas village.

229: We see that Mr. Irwin is always busy carving. Lloyd is waiting for his next review which he hopes is the last one. Stan Nowicki is busy making cushions and necklaces.

233: Mr. Macedon will have to hire a new secretary. We have George Thomas, who wishes he was someplace else. Joe McKay likes to go for rides in a wheel chair. Albert Goosehead was caught with red lips, we wonder if it was lipstick. Leo Wis-kies is going to wait till spring to go for that canoe ride. George is heard laughing again so we know he is feeling better. Busie would like to know who wants to play Holla. Finally we have Kenneth Park who is really proud of his new radio.

So for this month I'll say goodbye, but don't forget to keep smiling.

BRANDON SANATORIUM

Among the Personnel

Miss Dellene Kent and Miss Dorothy Gibson, Nurses Assistants at Brandon Sanatorium, have left our staff in order to take the winter course at the Agricultural and Homemaking School. We wish them both success.

"A" Ward

We welcome to our ward Leonard Demas, to the nursery wee baby Nellie Eskimo—a playmate for Moses Kula-bik. Nellie is the namesake of one of our Evening Supervisors.

The children are very busy making things for Hallowe'en and asking how long until Santa comes.

Our baby, "Tu Tu" as she calls herself, has a new pair of glasses and is very proud of them.

Howard and Rubin Shingoose will be able to spot on TV anytime now as top wrestlers. These wee lads are the pets on A ward.

"B" Ward

Here's the latest news from "B". First of all we'd like to welcome the following, our new patients—and four beauties too, who came to us from Clearwater Lake Sanatorium, Nancy Spence, Jean Sinclair, Shirley Spence, and Eva Flett. Hope your stay will be short and sweet girls.

We miss Louisa Mayhem and Annie Cromarty who have left us for Manitoba Sanatorium to have their operations.

Julie and Okotak Eskimo left us to join their friends on "C" ward.

Our nurse, Mrs. H. Udell, has gone to make her home at Ninette, Manitoba. We wish to extend our thanks to her and wish her well.

"C" Ward

Congratulations to Kivaloata Eskimo for her increase in routine.

Measles have kept us quarantined for the past month. Now the measles have

gone and so have three of our friends, Mary Tulima, Abigail Pooyak and Julie Oogarlook who have taken up residence with the Jays.

Sarah Eskimo is the proud mother of a baby girl, Nellie. Congratulations Sarah.

Father Rio visited our ward bringing news from our far away homes. Thank you Father Rio. We appreciate your most kind services.

I'm afraid we haven't any more news to relate to our readers. Be good to yourselves everybody.

"D" Ward

Here we are again for another edition of the Messenger. There have been a lot of changes this month. We welcome six new Eskimo girls, Kooaguk, Mineayorak Annokuasa, Emonoactuk, Etayachick, Sheannurlook and also Elijah who speaks English. We hope your stay will be a pleasant one.

Transferred to F are George Starr, Robert Napokeesic, Henryapic and Thomas Chickie.

Allan Ross and Someonee are back after trips to the O.R. And we are happy to say they are doing well.

Congratulations to Titeega and Jeanie Eskimo who are now on routine 4.

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"E" Ward

Welcome to our new patients Ernest Kematch and Augustus Cook from Shoal River and Lawrence Ironstand from Tiberton, Manitoba. We hope your stay won't be too long and that you will be happy here.

Mosonee Keeper has finally received the long awaited routine. Congratulations for your fine cure chasing.

William Mason, Alec Sinclair, Louise McPherson and Peter Walker are the ones the teacher comes to visit every day. Pete Demas goes to the school-room. These boys all agree that education is a must and they are all out to prove that something will eventually come from learnin'.

Joseph Nepinak has his hands full too. Education on a higher degree and he is getting along splendidly, thanks to Mrs. Ames, teacher.

Joe Monroe left for Ninette Sanatorium for further treatment and we want to wish him all the best. Want some worms for your fishing, Joe?

The rest of us are going fine. We would all like to say thanks to Mrs. Skene for the lovely set of billiard balls.

And now, like a bear, I'll go into hibernatin' for a month.

"F" Ward

Another month has rolled along and its time to report again. Discharges

were issued to George Chubb and William Ross. May your health continue to be excellent boys.

Two smiling gentlemen arrived to take up their places, Armand Contois and Abraham Houle. Welcome boys, and may your stay be a pleasant one.

Others who moved to our midst are George Starr, Thomas Chickie, Henry-apic, Robert Napokeesic, Jimmy Williams, Laurie Weenusk, Nicholas Nepinak and Robert Mitchell.

Mr. Catcheway is full of smiles these days and who wouldn't be with all those unstamped letters arriving daily, and passes too.

Poor Henry just can't beat Moose at a game of pool, although he claims he is a champ.

Mr. Dowan, when not doing homework, can be seen behind a detective magazine.

We don't have room to mention everyone but in general we are all doing well. Until next month, goodbye.

"G" Ward

Allock Eskimo, Kanak Williams and Sineonee Eskimo are the latest arrivals, all the way from D ward. Welcome boys and we hope you'll like our mansion.

Zac Hastings was transferred to Ninette Sanatorium for further treatment. To him we send our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Jimmy Williams, Laurie Weenusk, Robert Mitchell and Nicholas Nepinak left for F ward. We miss them as they were the life the party.

Pawloosie Eskimo and Stephen Spence came to us from "F" and they occupy beds left by our friends departure.

It seems there isn't much to report this month as things are at a standstill. So that's that till next month rolls around.

"H" Ward

A very special welcome to our latest arrival, three-year-old Paul Eskimo who came to us from Clearwater Lake Sanatorium.

Another one to arrive from the distant horizon is Charles Hart.

Routine four was bestowed upon two of four fine boys, namely, Joe Bighetty and George Mattinas. We like to congratulate these boys on their fine cure chasing.

Stanford Dorie visits weekly, generally comes back wearing a great big smile.

Shapangak gets his school work here in the ward.

Willie Crowe gets into more mischief than anyone we know.

"J" Ward

We will start off this month by bidding a fond farewell to our discharge Jays, namely, Mary "Frenchie" Manchese, who went home to Ebb and Flow; Abelia Beardy and Mary Keeper who have returned to Ontario. We miss you gals but wherever you may travel we wish you every happiness.

Welcome to four ladies from C ward, Domina Okotak, Julie Oogarlook, Mary Tulima and Abigail Pooyak.

Special thanks goes out to radio station CKX for all the fine recordings they have made available to us as a present.

"K" Ward

This is your reporter on the job again to give you the latest happenings and activities of the Kayes. Glancing out the window we see white specks gently falling earthward, to remind us that winter is on the way.

We wish continued health and happiness to our latest discharge, Katie Harper. Back to "Home, Sweet Home".

No sooner were the beds empty and we ushered in two girls from the wide open spaces, namely, Christina Cook and Theresa Contois. Welcome girls to our house of surprises and we hope your stay isn't too long. Theresa is feeling rather blue, never mind Terry, he'll write soon.

All the grandmas are asleep so we will not disturb them.

Click, click. Ruth Henry is the busiest gal, always knitting. This pair she says is for the old man . . . wonder who the old man is!

Mary is singing "Every day of my life" and the two angels who love listening to that type of song are Jeannie and Susan.

Mary Ann Ross is our guitar pickin mama since the departure of Rosalie, who incidentally, along with Ida Thomas, left for Ninette Sanatorium. Hope you gals like your new home.

Well, well. Look who has finally been promoted to higher routine—Lillian Nepinak. And she really enjoys that bit of freedom. Her best friend, Snooks, seems to be getting as much fun from this routine as our proud possessor, Lillian.

And so this is your reporter, Snooks, who has brought you up on the latest, saying bye bye until next month.

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CLEARWATER LAKE SANATORIUM

The nursing staff at Clearwater Lake Sanatorium, and one or two aspirants, under the guidance of the Supervisor, constructed a very fine tennis court in the early part of the year.

Following a period of "warm-up" play, it was decided to formally organize a Tennis Club. Elected were: Mr. Leonard UmphervillePresident
Miss Ann SawatskyTreasurer
Dr. S. L. CareySecretary
Membership numbered, 11 active players, and several outside participants.

Intense interest was displayed by the staff—even up to the time of the cold weather in October. Tournament play was carried out throughout the Fall. The results were as follows:

Men's Single Championship:

Dr. S. L. Carey
Roman Prosiw, runner-up

Ladies Single Championship:

Mrs. Cupples
Mrs. Pearl Gareau, runner-up

Men's Double Championship:

Dr. Carrey—another
Roman Prosiw—another, tied

Ladies Double Championship:

Mrs. Cupples-Miss Lavoski
Mrs. Cupples-Mrs. Gareau
Unfinished.

In the mixed doubles, in the Men's division, Mr. Roman Prosiw played in

26 winnng sets, and Mrs. Cupples, Mrs. Gareau, played in 7 winning sets. No decision was reached owing to the complexity of the scoring!

Next year it is our intention to reshale the court, to increase membership, to start the season as soon as the frost leaves the ground. Also an effort will be made to simplify our complicated mixed doubles scoring. It has been a good season, the staff has welcomed it as a refreshing change.

We welcome these new patients to the Sanatorium. We hope they will find friendship and healing here.

William Clark, Mrs. Gilda Clark, Henry Chief, Sarpinaik, Krelsuynyok, Harry Kapiannar, Maloy Miles, Andrew Snowbird, Adelaide Muswagon, Amulik, Rodney Saunders, Mrs. Sarah Ouskun.

The following have left for their homes. They leave with our good wishes and trust they will continue with good health.

George (Lake Harbor), Anagakoluk, Victoria Sautier, Mrs. Catherine Anderson, Elias Captain, Cyrus Hill, George Lathlin, Walter Spence, Mrs. Caroline Spence, Stella Moose, Ronald Parent, Koochajuk, Yarak Sanak, Sussie, Dora.

Ward "H"

The patients of this ward send greeting to all our San friends. Ann Newman (Room 1), is our faithful comic book exchanger. Patsy Campbell, as singer, and Elizabeth Linklater, accompanist on the guitar make a fine duet. Their favorite song right now is: "Crazy Arms". They invite others (Room 13) to come in and sing.

To whom does Rosalie Bighetty write so often?

Maggie Mason: "How tall is he, Rosalie?"

Rosalie: "As high as my heart."

Kathy Merasky likes to play cards. She is often the "granny". Come on, Kathy you're not that old. We heard that Eugene Ballentyne was surprised to find a worm in an apple. He would have been more surprised to find half a worm.

Radio station KFAR of Flin Flon broadcast a program in which the Cranberry Portage children took the main part. Pat Campbell sang, John Quinn Erin Cupples, Ann Newman, Victoria Sautier told of their school work and read from their readers. Miss Marion, the principal of the San school, told of her work with them. Dr. Carey, Mrs. Cupples and Mrs. Ferguson spoke of the fine progress being made of the children. Most of them will be able to go home in January. We suspect there will be two Christmases for them. The children closed the broadcast by each saying hello to parents and friends. Some were a bit "microphone" shy but the announced told us of their many happy, broad, smiles.

Wards "M" and "P"

(The children's ward). Suluk and Kovik have started to school. That clear young voice you hear often is that of Atteetah. He loves to sing and breaks into song at all hours (and we mean just that.)

The children enjoyed the Hallowe'en treat of candies, ice cream, and apples. Each child received a card with Hallowe'en witches, and things made by the school children of Cranberry Portage.

Ward "V"

Catalogues have been studied very earnestly these last few days. Santa Claus is certainly going to be good to a number of children in the northland.

Nurse Coleman has learned to the delight of us all that "awchok" in Eskimo does not mean pepper.

DYNEVOR ECHOES

In recent weeks we have admitted 13 patients, among them were Charlie Bushie, Gladys Bushie, Katherine Owens, Violet Owens, Lillian Duck, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Felix, Mrs. Japan, Walter Ross, Mr. Mordon Everette, Annie Copenace, Florence Skye and Mrs. Green. Dorothy Traverse was transferred to the C.T.C. Mrs. Mallette and Audrey Murdock went home, Diane Starr was sent to the Cecilia Jeffrey School at Kenora and Christine Owens was transferred to Brandon and Marie Bouchie went to the C.T.C. also.

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Let's travel around the wards and see what everybody is doing. In the Office Ward we see Messrs. Williams, Bruyere, Stevenson, Beaulieu, Halcrow and Turtle. They are all feeling pretty chipper. Then on to the little boys—Aoudla and Winkie are busy with school work and wondering what kind of mischief they are going to get into next. Joseph French and Richard are still trying to annoy Roy and Walter but I think the two smaller ones are getting the best of the bigger ones. Mr. Flett and Mr. Boyd are cozy in their little two bed ward. Mr. Flett presented the nurses with a griddle pan "so they can have pancakes in the morning." This was very much appreciated. Mr. Boyd is feeling a lot better now. In the Big Ward the fellows are enjoying TV. It's nice to see Leonard Mason feeling so much better. Here we see Alex and David trying to cut hair—"Look out Mr. Goosehead, they might start on you next". Mr. Mainville is holding his own and enjoys TV, especially when the World Series was on. Edgar Murdock is holding his own and gaining weight.

Now for upstairs and the gals — Nora Carrie, Helen and Winnie have made their room into a cozy little nest. The children are lively and feeling pretty good. The girls from Little Grand are quite happy in their room

and Jemima Henderson wants to say Hi to everyone. In the Big Ward the TV is going strong and everyone is enjoying it very much. Mrs. Harper and Mrs. Ryle are doing fine. Mrs. Roven and her daughter Margaret send greetings to their friends.

Mrs. Pruden is still keeping the patients occupied with hobbies and the things they are turning out are beautiful. Mrs. Bird, R.N., rejoined our staff in October and is a most welcome addition. Mrs. Gunn left us and we all miss her. Other than that, the staff remains the same.

The grounds are all ready for winter and the buildings have all been put in readiness for that 40 below blast that we will be getting in all too short a time. Cheerio for now—see you next month.

AMONG THE PERSONNEL

(Continued from page 9)

Miss Doris Burns and Miss Eliza Lathlin started work in the House-keeping Department at Clearwater Lake Sanatorium in October.

* * *

Mrs. Carrie Sytnyk started work at the beginning of October in the House-keeping Department at Brandon Sanatorium.

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