

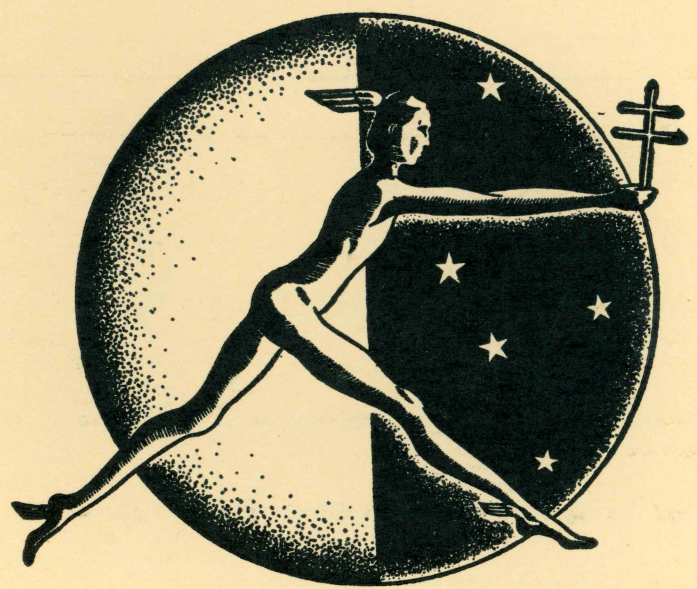
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Messenger

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THE *Messenger* OF HEALTH

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

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Circulation this issue: 1,350 copies

Single copies, 10 cents

Subscription price, \$1.00 a year

Articles, poems and newsworthy personal items are invited and should be sent direct to the editorial office or given to a representative listed above.

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It's the children whom you love and all they learn from you.
Success depends on character and everything you do.*

La Siesta—Arizona

Editorial » » » » » » » » » »

Last month we noted the tremendous amount of labor required to distribute Christmas Seals throughout the Province of Manitoba. And the actual mailing of the seals is really only half the work. Once the seals go out, the Seal Staff gird themselves for the equally difficult task of recording the returns sent in, of typing receipts for all money and of mailing these receipts out to the appropriate donors. Then comes the job of checking all names of those people who have not contributed following the first letter. Follow-up reminders are then forwarded to them and the circle, though now reduced in size, begins all over again.



Now the Seal Staff, nor the entire Clinic Staff for that matter, couldn't handle this task in a year probably, let alone three or four months. And the net proceeds from the Seal Sale would be drastically reduced if all extra staff had to be hired on a salary basis.

That is where the public-minded ladies of our community come to the aid of the Seal. For years now the Associated Canadian Travellers' Wives Club have donated their services to this humdrum task of stuffing thousands of envelopes and typing thousands of receipts. Of course, the regular staff at the Clinic pitch in and help when they have the time but without our volunteer assistants the job would never be done. Helping the ACT wives are the PEO Sisterhood and the wives of the Professional Engineers. These good ladies work from dawn to dusk all through the week, making sure that the familiar Christmas Seal is sent on

its way to do its ever-necessary job.

The Associated Commercial Travellers organization is, of course, well known throughout Manitoba for its annual series of Amateur Shows which raise money for the X-ray Survey work of the Sanatorium Board. The Amateur Shows are essentially a man's job so the good wives of the travellers as part of their activities, contribute their share in the fall when Seal time comes around. The PEO Sisterhood, although perhaps not so well known locally, is a world-wide organization of women whose many charitable endeavors spread goodwill in every corner of the globe. The Engineers' Wives, in addition to their Seal activities undertake to provide Christmas gifts each year to Sanatorium patients in Manitoba.

It is obvious then that these community-minded women recognize the value of the Christmas Seal when they take time out from an already busy schedule to assist in the Seal's task of raising funds for tuberculosis prevention work. They, just as obviously, do not take the Seal for granted nor consider it a responsibility that other people can attend to. If all of us adopt the same attitude then we need never fear that tuberculosis control will falter in Manitoba because too many of us didn't care. We must all care to make sure we do not become careless. The absence of carelessness must inevitably lead to the happy state of carefulness, which, in turn, must just as inevitably insure that the toils of these volunteer assist-

(Continued on Page 32)

European Venture

By DR. E. L. ROSS, Medical Director, Sanatorium Board of Manitoba

THE following is a brief report on the Commonwealth Health and Tuberculosis Conference held in London in June and the meeting of the International Union against Tuberculosis in Paris. I had the privilege of representing Canada and contributing to the programs of these conferences.

After the busy and hectic week of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association meeting in Winnipeg we (my wife was with me) were looking forward to a restful and contemplative time on the boat. We failed in this but thoroughly enjoyed our trip over, arriving in London at midnight, June 20th. The Commonwealth Conference began the next morning in the Royal Festival Hall, a new building, very modernistic, and in the main hall the architectural, lighting and acoustic effects were remarkable. My first reaction was a shudder to think that the next day I had to speak to 1,500 people, representing 55 Nations. My subject concerned the preventive phase of tuberculosis control, mainly through community and general hospital X-ray surveys, from a Canadian point of view, outlining the program of the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba specifically. Although possibly a routine gesture, I received the following from the Secretary-General of the Conference: "On behalf of this Association, and members of the Conference both from home and overseas, may I thank you most warmly for your part in our Conference. We have the impression that this session was a great success. Your paper was most valuable and very much appreciated by the delegates, and we are most grateful."

The Conference was devoted mainly to prevention, case-finding, infection in children, choice of drugs in treat-

ment, and the disease as a problem of different races. I will not attempt to make this a medical report but can say that in most fields Canada ranks high, and in some more aggressive than elsewhere. We have been much more active in case-finding than in England and appear to have a healthier respect for the tubercle bacillus as the root of the tuberculosis problem. There are, of course, reasons for this apparent casual attitude toward a person with infective disease in England. One has been the shortage of beds in Great Britain and, although there are now empty beds for other communicable diseases, there is a real shortage of nursing staff for tuberculosis.

Generally speaking, Sanatorium treatment and the use of drugs and surgery is much the same as in Canada. There is a variation in the attitude towards resection surgery, some centres being much more enthusiastic than others. There is still more collapse therapy practiced than in North America and in a general way I think less resectional surgery. The King Edward VII Sanatorium in Midhurst in Sussex has beautiful grounds and is rated as one of the best in England. It had just under 200 patients, an excellent medical staff of five doctors, including the Superintendent, Sir Jeffrey Todd. The surgical service is very active and operations are performed by outside consultant surgeons. Some patients are on a private basis and 25 beds are used for non-tuberculous chest surgery. Their per diem cost is much the same as our. The standard of medical treatment is very good but hospital and ward facilities are not comparable to those in Canadian sanatoria. For our doctors' information, in England they are using

INH more than we are, also streptomycin more intensively, and less PAS. They, I believe, have been slower in adopting the longer courses of chemotherapy but are more readily accepting ambulant and home treatment with drugs. Excellent research work has been carried out in England.

The papers presented at the Conference were for the most part 15 minute summaries of a subject and, although interesting and informative, they did not lend themselves to note-taking but the full transactions will be published. Such a Conference broadens one's views and made me appreciate that programs and methods of solving the tuberculosis problem must vary greatly. What we are doing in Canada and Manitoba may have been of interest to the delegates from India and Africa but of little practical value to them, where lack of food and elementary hygienic principles contribute greatly to their high tuberculosis morbidity and mortality.

I spent an interesting day at a chest clinic at Canterbury, Kent, with Dr. Owen Clarke, an excellent man who spent a few days at Ninette as an exchange scholar when Dr. Scott was in England. His clinic is in an old house with laboratory and X-ray facilities several blocks away at a general hospital. I also had an afternoon at the Medical Clinic of the Canadian Immigration Department in London reviewing tuberculosis cases that were immigration problems. I found it very difficult to reconcile governmental regulations, medical and compassion.

There were, of course, many social functions. The reception by the Lord Mayor of London at the Guildhall was one of the most impressive with traditions, robes, armour and spears as in a fairy tale. We had a pleasant chat—indeed, our picture taken—with the Lord Mayor, who is very interested in

Canada. A reception by the Royal College of Physicians was very formal and dignified and the personalities notable and interesting. The British Medical Association also had a reception. Dr. Kincaid from British Columbia and I called to see the High Commissioner for Canada. The outstanding social event was, of course, the Queen's Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, which I will not attempt to describe.

International Union Against TB

This organization, which has existed since 1920, is a federation of National Tuberculosis Associations and is concerned internationally with the clinical, laboratory and social aspects of tuberculosis. It attempts to co-ordinate and further the work of tuberculosis associations throughout the World. It stimulates investigations and maintains a close relationship with the World Health Organization in the field of tuberculosis control. The permanent headquarters is in Paris and a conference is held every two years in a country needing stimulation of official agencies or in one that can make a worthy contribution.

This year the meeting in Paris was mainly of the Executive Committee, the Council and various sub-committees, with two days devoted to clinical subjects. In the absence of Dr. Wherrett, Executive Secretary of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association, I represented Canada on the Executive, the General Council, the Secretaries Conference, and the Committee on Health Education. I have made detailed notes for a report to the Canadian Tuberculosis Association, with which I will not burden you. One subject that is special interest to us in Manitoba was the use of tuberculosis beds that are becoming vacant. It was hoped that the Union could give some leadership regarding this problem and the French presented a resolution to the effect that the first

use of unnecessary tuberculosis facilities should be for non-tuberculous pulmonary conditions. This was strongly opposed by Dr. Benjamin of India, the new President, whom I got to know quite well. Many countries have insufficient governmental recognition of the tuberculosis problem, and a pronouncement featuring empty beds by the Union might lead to further complacency. Odd as it may seem the block of countries needing to convert beds, such as Denmark, Sweden, Norway and the United States, were also opposed to the resolution and I was too, simply because needs and conditions vary in all countries and will have to be met accordingly. In general the policy of first closing the smaller and outlying institutions seemed sound and it was recognized that very few sanatoria were suitable physically or in their location to treat other diseases, except possibly non-tuberculous chest conditions. Some expressed the view, mainly the United States and English delegates, that it is unrealistic to use money raised for tuberculosis for other purposes because this might lead to the public eventually failing to support tuberculosis. Also most other diseases are now provided for by governmental or other voluntary health organizations. Denmark, with one of the lowest tuberculosis death rate in the world, is now concentrating on providing better housing and home conditions for patients who have had tuberculosis and, along with Sweden and Finland, are continuing a full scale B.C.G. vaccination program. The continuing of chemotherapy at home has a bearing on vacant sanatorium beds but there seemed to be no general disapproval nor obstacle in making provision for this. The medical meetings were not very fruitful, mainly because of language and interpretation difficulties. I think in resectional surgery they are more aggressive

on the Continent than in England. Large series of cases with excellent results were presented.

There were many interesting features about the Paris meeting. The interpretation service at the Committee meetings was remarkable. One felt that the International Union was or had been pretty much a French, Italian and Spanish organization. The United States is financing about one-third of the cost and had an influential voice, and is gradually making constructive changes to make the organization of greater functional value.

One may ask just how the International Union can contribute to our programs in America and I think the Union can, certainly indirectly, and as a nation of the world Canada has to accept accompanying responsibilities in health as in other matters. Tuberculosis is still a grave problem in many parts and thus a menace to any country.

We in Canada have a great deal to be proud of in our tuberculosis work, much of which does not appear in medical literature and we would no doubt gain greater international recognition if we did more reporting.

We were well entertained in Paris and managed to see a good deal of the City after the Conference, and took a conducted tour through Northern France, Belgium and Holland. We then spent a few days in and out of London, joined my brother-in-law and sister, who live in England, and toured up through the beautiful lake country, Glasgow, the Trossachs, Loch Lomond, Loch Ness to Inverness, and down through Perth to Edinburgh, then along the East coast of England. We finally reached the saturation point of cathedrals, castles, history, traditions and customs. My wife kept a diary — a bookful — which we can periodically review and re-live our wonderful experiences.

TOMATO CATSUP

By DR. J. E. MacDONELL

EACH one of us should have some special interest in life: one narrow enough to allow of an adequate study yet broad enough to engage our entire being. Tomato catsup has fulfilled this definition for me. And if some small fame has come to me; if my name will be on the tongues of future generations; if I have borne even a small candle in this dark world of ours, it redounds to the credit of catsup.

Now the term tomato catsup (the neologism ketchup, although profane, has with use become permissible) is thought to be derived from the Chinese *koe-chiap*, which is the brine of pickled fish. This is the most likely proposition, its origin from *upas*, a Javanese word for the poisonous tree *antiaris toxicara* being pretty well discredited except in certain prejudiced Javanese circles. For similar reasons an origin from *cassareep* (*cassaripe*), a non-poisonous extract made by boiling the juice from the root of the plant *cassava jat'ropha manihot* (or *manihot ultissima*) of tropical America (where it is used as a condiment) is thought unlikely. This extract is antiseptic, and has been used by natives since the beginning of recorded time in the treatment of diseases of the eye. This fact as referred to students of comparative culture for further study, it being a well-authenticated fact that the aborigines of the Canadian Edmonton oil fields drink a mixture of half-beer, half-tomato juice, and call it red-eye. (cf. Murgatroides. Red-eye, a social study, 1949).

Of local and historical interest only is the Australian legend that the natives of that continent brewed a red and savory mixture; and that this was named by learned missionaries for its

"down under" locale. Thus: the Greek *kata sub* meaning under became the term *katasub* and thence quickly corrupted to *catsup*. This is obviously contrived and is probably kept alive to encourage the tourist trade.

To return to the world of fact: It is certain that catsup has been in use for many hundreds of years. The earliest literary reference, and one of great moment is found in a sonnet recently unearthed in the attic of a Norfolk Broads' Windmill. It has been variously attributed to Shakespeare and to Bacon although clearly bearing the mark of Kit Malrowe (who was killed in a tavern brawl . . . allegedly at the instigation of Walsingham but historically and in truth, argumentatively over a tough piece of mutton). This of course, is the famous Catsup on Bacon Sonnet, which was, in some of folios, erroneously printed as the Bacon on Catsup Sonnet. This gave rise to the myth that Bacon had indeed authored the poem and by inference extended his authorship to all of what we now call "Shakespeare's Works." These, for the most part, are now held to be the spawn of Marlowe's pen; at least in the more enlightened circles. One might hope that this baring of the facts will once and for all dispose of the Baconian pretence in the matter. I have retained the Elizabethan spelling.

CATSUP ON BACON SONNET
Catsuppe; Thou ripe-red torrent!
What art thou?

Lush hoarder of a score of secret ways
Of overwhelming taste. The olde
knew how
To lace their beef with spices; and to
braise

Bacon to succulence from barren sow.
But we are lately come to evil days

And know not what to do. When
we try now
To fill our stomachs we but fill our days
With tasteless dust. Unless we lean
on thee,
Pour out thy largesse on our pallid
plates,
O richest of the spices of the East!
We have in thee, red Bacchus, empyre
Of gustatory pleasure. Yea! the fates
Grant us, in thee, full many a tooth-
some feast.

Marlowe

So much for the historical back-
ground. I would fain move on to an
ordered discussion of the uses to which
catsup may be put. You will note that
any discussion of abuses is avoided as
unworthy . . . such abuses as those of
the amateur theatrical being passed
over quickly and with some contempt.
The utilization of catsup may be divid-
ed (albeit arbitrarily) into the mundane
and the epic; these uses being roughly
equivalent to those of the man in the
street and of the Gourmet.

I. The mundane (ordinary) use:

- (a) To enhance flavor (e.g. as with
beans. I will not further labor this
obvious item.)
- (b) To kill the taste (e.g. as with par-
snips, squash, and fish of all kinds.)
- (c) To hide a serving of liver.
- (d) As a replacement of yolk of egg.

II. The epic (extraordinary) use:

- (a) In tea or coffee: this is purely a
cultivated (acquired) taste.
- (b) As a sandwich. (Applied thinly it
is excellent for hot weather and
for picnics in ant free areas.)
- (c) Thinned as a soup.
- (d) In tomato juice: A word of cau-
tion here. This use is properly re-
served for only the most sophisti-
cated since it provides a sensation
which is almost entirely tactile. A
dollop of catsup is carefully intro-
duced into a perfectly still and
chilled glass of tomato juice. The

glass is then quickly raised and
emptied at a swallow (much as an
oyster on the half shell is taken).
The finely attuned taste buds will
feel rather than taste the dollop as
it passes, enveloped in the sur-
rounding tomato juice yet delicious-
ly though subtly distinct.

- (e) On ice cream. (N.B. Avoid straw-
berry flavors.)

I have dealt at some length and in
some detail with the uses of catsup.
But all knowledge of this sort is wast-
ed if the catsup container is wrong.
There is in fact only one proper vehi-
cle; and this is of course the tradi-
tional bottle, round at base, octagonal
about the shoulders and stopped with
a metal "pry off" cap. I remember a
housewife (newly wed) who introduc-
ed a plastic tomato-shaped catsup-
container for use at table. The stem
served as the spout. Gone was the
familiar gurgle and spit of the catsup
bottle (tapped at its base); and in its
place this soft thing which (in theory)
had only to be squeezed to produce its
contents. However, the performance
proved to be most unpredictable and
on being squeezed, it was wont to belch
rather than to extrude, sometimes the
catsup, sometimes air, and more often
a fine aerosol spray which was neither
air nor catsup and yet was both.

One would be wise to always pro-
ffer catsup in its original and traditional
container. It should, having been
stored in a dry cellar, be brought prop-
erly canted in a silver bucket for
chambering, some hours prior to serv-
ing. One has a wide choice of brands,
the most of which are quite satisfac-
tory for everyday use. Special occa-
sions demand something more; my own
personal preferences are for Heinz '49
and Aylmer '53. It is probably best to
avoid all of the '52 vintage. That was,
as you remember, the year the potato
bugs ran out of potatoes.—Health Rays.

Rehabilitation Notes

ESSAY CONTEST

We have just read an old article on sanatorium activities and in this the author mentioned, as one of many useful occupations, the writing of original manuscripts for publication. Then we recalled writing something along this line in an earlier "Rehabilitation Notes" column. So we looked it up. In August, 1954, we said—and we quote our own stuff because we naturally like it better than that other fellows—"What about writing as a pleasant in-sanatorium activity. Contributions to the Messenger indicate that there is a goodly amount of talent confined to Manitoba institutions at the present time."

We might have mentioned that the "contributions" were few and far between, but we didn't.

Anyway the point is, it seems there are not many patients taking advantage of this easy, enjoyable method of passing time on the cure. So, the editorial board of the Messenger got together and decided we could afford to contribute a small amount of cash toward the promotion of more activity along this line and, at the same time, to make it possible for a few talented, energetic people to have a few extra bucks in the kitty come Christmas shopping time.

We announce, therefore, through the medium of Rehabilitation Notes an Essay Contest open to any patient now under treatment for tuberculosis in a Manitoba sanatorium.

The rules are simple:

1. The essay can be on any subject the writer chooses—politics, cure chasing, television, sports, the Seal Campaign—to give a few examples.
2. It can be fiction, in the form of a short story. (Christmas might be a good theme).
3. It must not exceed 1,500 words but may be shorter.
4. It can either be typewritten or hand written. We don't care.
5. It must be in the Messenger offices, 668 Bannatyne Avenue, Winnipeg, not later than midnight, Wednesday, November 30th, 1955.
6. The decision of the judges is final and all entries become the property of the Messenger of Health.
For this we offer three cash prizes: First, \$10.00; second, \$6.00; third, \$4.00.

The winning entry will be published in the December issue of the Messenger and, from time to time, other entries will be published, along with, of course, the author's name.

We're sorry the prizes couldn't have been larger but the Messenger tries to save some cash for a rainy day, too.

So have fun and good luck. Don't work too hard but you'll be surprised, once you get started, how quickly you can pound out 1,500 words.



Silver Wedding Anniversary

September 6, 1955, was a memorable day at Manitoba Sanatorium, Ninette, as patients and staff honoured Dr. Paine and his wife on the occasion of their Silver Wedding Anniversary.

In the morning a bouquet of twenty-five red roses was delivered to Dr. and Mrs. Paine as a complimentary gift from patients and staff.

By mid-afternoon all gathered on the Infirmary lawn for the formal presentation of gifts. That Dr. Paine has been a Superintendent, doctor and friend to all was voiced in a moving address as follows:

"The patients of the Manitoba Sanatorium have assembled here this afternoon to extend to you, Dr. and Mrs. Paine, our congratulations and best wishes on the occasion of your Twenty-fifth Silver Wedding Anniversary.

"We are all very happy with the opportunity afforded us, to be able to do so. This happy occasion also marks approximately the same length of time of your association with this Institution, which makes this day all the more memorable. Your leadership, guidance and unselfish devotion, in both the medical and nursing professions have endeared you to all who have been under your care. You have given freely of hope and sympathetic understanding, and those of us here, and those who have been restored to their families and outside activities, are deeply grateful."

This was read by Mr. M. Spicer on behalf of the patients, and Goldyn Hoe presented two beautiful silver dishes in the Goudron pattern.

Then Bob Lumsden spoke and concluded with the following remarks:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of the staff of Manitoba Sanatorium and other friends, I would like to present Dr. and Mrs. Paine with this small token as a remembrance of our appreciation and to show the esteem with which they are held here at the Sanatorium. We wish you both and also Alice and Martha all the happiness possible, good health and may you all be spared to at least another twenty-five years of happy married life together."

Mr. J. M. Scott presented a silver candelabra and tray.

Dr. and Mrs. Paine were visibly touched by the expression of sentiment and each voiced their feelings of appreciation.

All patients and staff present then took the opportunity to express their personal good wishes to the popular couple. Later Dr. and Mrs. Paine visited the Infirmary patients who had been unable to attend the public reception on the lawn.

In the evening about sixty friends gathered at the Paine home for a surprise buffet dinner which had been prepared by Mrs. W. Zajcew and Mrs. P. P. Mari. The table centre was a beautiful wedding cake.

Outside guests included Dr. and Mrs. R. Martenson, Mrs. Paine's parents from Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. J. Cunnings, Winnipeg, Mrs. A. H. Povah, Winnipeg, Dr. and Mrs. R. O. McDiarmid and Dr. and Mrs. H. Evans from Brandon, Manitoba.



SANATORIUM ADVANTAGES

By T. F. O'LEARY, M.D.

IN THE short space at my disposal rather than discuss any single phase of tuberculosis, I will give you a few random thoughts that seem to me of some importance in the over-all business of "taking the cure."

To begin with, there are certain generalities that must be kept in mind. They are: 1. Tuberculosis is an infectious disease which is not cured by climate, diet, or drugs alone; 2. While the disease is localized in the lungs, it involves the whole system, and is accompanied by a depleted vitality and a general lowered resistance; 3. Pulmonary tuberculosis jeopardizes the life of the patient not as immediately but as surely as does acute appendicitis; 4. Tuberculosis is one of the most curable of diseases; 5. Patients who have this disease, generally speaking, regain their health through attention to details, or lose their lives through failure to pay attention to details; 6. Basically the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis consists in outlining a mode of life with attention to details for each patient, and the guiding of each patient through the cure by close medical supervision.

To be more specific, there are two lines of procedure in taking the cure that may be followed. First, there is the rest, hygienic, dietetic regime together with the use of drugs; the purpose of this is to build up the resistance of the body against the disease. Secondly, there is the use of mechanical procedures, which consists in restricting the motion of the lungs, such as pneumoperitoneum, thoracoplasty, or by surgical removal of a portion of the lung, or the entire lung when necessary. Right now I would like to focus your attention on one very important thought . . . only time and careful medi-

cal observation of each individual case can determine what further procedures may be necessary to effect a cure and best protect the patient against future breakdown.

In other words, frequently a patient will make a remarkable recovery in relation to general health and feeling of well being, even with negative sputum, but when a full appraisal is made, especially by x-ray studies, remnants of the disease in the form of cavities may be found. When this situation occurs it may be disturbing to the patient to be told that surgery must be performed to completely eradicate this useless portion of the lung that could only be a source of future trouble.

Therefore it is readily seen why a relationship of faith and confidence should exist between the patient and his doctor. To protect this relationship the patient should never hesitate to discuss the progress of his case with his doctor. Patients should never attempt to interpret their own feelings and symptoms — that is the business of the doctor. There are no more pathetic patients than those who attempt to determine the course and status of their disease by the way they "feel," or those who attempt to judge their condition by that of their fellow patients. Feelings and looks are extremely deceiving. A very apt statement has been made, "He who has himself for a physician always has a fool for a patient."

It should be emphasized that what the patient has in his head is, as a rule, much more important in determining the course of his disease than what he has in his lungs. By what he has in his head I mean his ability to adjust to his environment, to accept the diagnosis, and to follow instructions in taking the cure. Self control,

willpower, determination, and co-operation with the physician are important factors in effecting recovery.

The doctor can discuss the disease with the patient, can explain the cure, give him moral support and guide him but the patient himself must "take the cure." To do so he must master his emotions rather than let his emotions master him. The patient should understand that getting well is a job at which both he and the doctor must work. Each must do his share thoroughly.

Another thought I would like to leave with you is that the sanatorium is the best atmosphere and environment in which to take the cure. Let us consider this for a few moments. We are all more or less products of our environment, and the patient with TB, whose nervous and mental equilibrium is already disturbed by his disease and his situation, will be profoundly influenced by his surroundings. Trying to take the cure at home is a very difficult problem. In the home there are countless things that come up every day which upset any regimen. Many visitors, particularly those who come frequently and stay too long, or who say the wrong things, are often the factors which cause patients to die of this disease. In addition, patients are disturbed by trivialities that take place in the home.

Furthermore, the attending physician is not able to visit, to observe and follow his patient as closely as he should. Finally, in the home, every minor unfavorable variation in the patient's condition throws the family into a state of nervous excitement, and the reaction on the patient is always deleterious.

On the other hand, the sanatorium offers the best possible environment. In the sanatorium the patient has the mutual sympathy and moral support of the other patients and the intelligent guidance of all the attendants. He has,

as well, an opportunity to profit by the examples and mistakes of the other patients. The education and information he acquires under such conditions form the keystone to his discipline, which is so essential while he is on the cure, and in his conduct after he leaves the institution. In a sanatorium, life is systematic and the hours are regular.

One objection offered to going to a sanatorium is that the patient will get lonesome. As a matter of fact, the patient is more isolated and lonesome at home, because he is set apart from those about him who are well; whereas in the sanatorium the opportunity for self-pity is removed when one is in the company of others in the "same boat". In the sanatorium the doctor has more opportunity to study and observe the patient, and consequently is in a better position to guide him.

As has been pointed out, the treatment of the patient rather than the treatment of his disease is the most important step in making it possible for the patient to get well. It is evident from what has been said that in the home the conditions and circumstances make it impossible to treat the patient adequately, while on the other hand the conditions and circumstances in a sanatorium make possible the most efficient treatment of the patient.

All that has been said in favor of the sanatorium as being the most suitable place to take the cure does not mean that patients in a sanatorium do not find things about which they should complain. There is no perfect place. An institution, even though it is the best, is still an institution—it is not a home. There are certain features in a home which make for comfort which do not exist in an institution, but the patient who feels that he must indulge in these personal comforts at the sacrifice of a routine of life that is most con-

(Continued on Page 32)

AMONG THE PERSONNEL

Congratulations to Dr. and Mrs S. L. Carey of Clearwater Lake Sanatorium, on the birth of a son, Paul Stuart, on September 21st at St. Anthony's Hospital, The Pas, Man.

* * *

Miss Marion Cross arrived at Clearwater Lake Sanatorium on September 28th, via Canadian Pacific Airlines, to commence her duties as Laboratory Technician. She replaces Miss June Trautman who accepted a position in Winnipeg. As well as being a Registered Laboratory Technician, Miss Cross is a Registered Nurse, a graduate of the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal. She has had considerable experience in laboratory work with Indian Health Services, and more recently was with the U.S. Public Health Service in Alaska.

* * *

Miss May Elliott resigned her position early in September as Housekeeper at the Central Tuberculosis Clinic to go to England. Miss Elliott was a valued member of the staff for nearly nine years. On leaving, she was presented with a farewell gift from the staff.

To replace Miss Elliott, we were fortunate to obtain the services of Mrs. Julie Androwski, better known as Miss Julia Romanson, former Food Supervisor at Manitoba Sanatorium.

* * *

Early in September Miss Beryl Jones arrived at Manitoba Sanatorium from England to commence duties as a Charge Nurse. Miss Jones is a State Registered Nurse and also holds her Midwifery Certificate.

* * *

Best wishes are extended to Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson of Clearwater Lake

Sanatorium on their recent marriage. The bride is the former Miss Catherine Murphy and up to the time of her marriage was working in the Business Manager's office. The bridegroom is the Assistant Chief Engineer.

* * *

Mr. Steve Melnychuk has been appointed Chief Cook at Manitoba Sanatorium. Mr. Melnychuk brings a wealth of experience to his new appointment, having held positions in various hotels and companies. He replaces Mrs. Eva Hoepfner who is resigning to devote her full time at being a housewife.

* * *

Two new additions to the nursing staff at Clearwater Lake Sanatorium are Mrs. Dorothy Pogonowski and Miss Grace Rigby. Mrs. Pogonowski is a Registered Nurse from England, while Miss Rigby is a recent graduate from St. Anthony's Hospital, The Pas.

* * *

Late in September, Mrs. Elsie Constable commenced her duties as Clerk-Typist at Brandon Sanatorium. She took her business training in Brandon.

* * *

Mrs. Embyl Martin has rejoined the staff of Clearwater Lake Sanatorium and is again in her previous position of Clerk-Typist in the Business Office.

* * *

Mrs. Elda Clendenning, who has been the Seamstress at Clearwater Lake Sanatorium since 1950, has retired from the staff. Her place has been taken by Mrs. John Wilson, transferring from the Business Office.

* * *

The latest class of Practical Nurses in Training arrived at Brandon Sanatorium on September 5th. The class includes the Misses Ruth Murray, Sonia

Harapiak, Jacqueline Miles and Frances Moir.

* * *

Mr. August Shmecko joined the staff of the Survey Mobile Units early in September as an X-ray Assistant. "Gus" is a graduate of St. Paul's College.

* * *

Mrs. Irene Chayko and Miss Hilda Lowe joined the staff of Clearwater Lake Sanatorium as Nurses' Assistants in September.

* * *

A number of Nurses' Assistants began work at Manitoba Sanatorium in September. They include the Misses Viola Shellborn, Elizabeth Lukey, Shirley Stralak, Eleanor Friesen, and Mary Zacharias.

* * *

Mr. Robert J. McElroy of Ninette began work as a Janitor at Manitoba

Sanatorium in the latter part of September.

* * *

In September the following started work at Manitoba Sanatorium in the Commissariat Department: Miss Ella Schlivinsky, Katharine Dueck and Rose Brown.

* * *

At Clearwater Lake Sanatorium, new members of the Commissariat Staff are Mrs. Agnes Swanson, Miss Lena Morin and Miss Adele Fiddler.

* * *

Mrs. Jean Mackie started work in the Housekeeping Department at Brandon Sanatorium in September.

* * *

A recent addition to the Housekeeping Staff at Manitoba Sanatorium was Miss Elizabeth Miller.

Reflections

A STRANGE PLACE FOR A VISION

If you turn to the Book of the Prophet Ezekial, to the first verse of the first chapter, you will read these arresting words: "The heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God." Visions of God! Surely here was a man most fortunate, touched by the favour of the Most High. Perhaps we might feel that these Ezekials of the world are irritatingly fortunate. Ezekial with his vision of God must seem a planet away to a person struggling back to health. "The heavens were opened" to him—that's almost discouraging to someone else who may feel that the heavens have tumbled in on him, so deep is his trouble, or so drearily commonplace his way. Many of us probably feel at times that a much better text for us would be the word from the Book of Job: "Oh that I knew where I might find Him."

It is a great thing to know that visions of God are very often received in strange and unlikely places. It reminds us that the final power and creative initiative still lie with God, and that every tomorrow is "hopeful" because God is in it. Think back over the story of the most radiant, the most complete lives and you have known—you will find that they all know why Ezekial could say, in a difficult and trying time, "The heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God."

(Charles H. Forsyth, John Black Memorial United Church, a member of the Hospital Chaplain's Committee, United Church of Canada.)

Plan to Leave?

By ELLISON F. WHITE, M.D.

YOU SAY you have had enough of this blankety-blank sanatorium life? So your mind is made up, and you just can't stand any more of this? So you are going to leave against medical advice, no matter what anyone says or does?

Wait just a minute, Mac, before you do. Let's talk things over just one minute more before you leave.

Your reasons are good; at least they look good to you. So are all the reasons that all other people could give—all those other people who don't like it here any more than you do. There are as many reasons for walking out as there are people in a sanatorium.

But, as I say, your reason for leaving looks good to you—good enough to get up and "lam out of here."

Before you put your clothes on and start walking, though, let me ask you: Where is it going to get you to do this? Sure, you'll be "outside", and for a while at least, you'll be rid of the doctor and the nurses and the medicines and the unbearable routines and the intolerable lack of activity.

The truth of the matter is, Mac, you're giving up, and you're tired fighting, and you don't want to get well, at least not right this minute while you're talking so big about leaving.

But what's it going to get you? You still have active T.B. If you don't, you wouldn't be here. Your doctors and your nurses and all the others don't need jobs badly enough to try to keep the place filled with people who don't need care. Believe it or not, they are happy to see people go home cured—but not this way.

So you're going to leave, and you're going to take your active T.B. with you, and while you can run away from here, you can't run away from your

disease because it's inside your chest, and whether you go home or to the North Pole, it's still in you.

Oh, sure, you're going to cure at home, and you probably will for a little while—until some friends drop in to play cards and keep you up a little late, and then it's easier to stay up late the next time, or to go for a little longer walk, and then . . .

And where are you going to get x-rays and blood tests and sputum studies and physical exams without going half-way across the town on a bus, and do you have any idea what they'll cost? You'd better check up on that now, before you leave.

Oh yes, you'll be happier at home and everyone knows that people get well faster when they are happy. But how long do you think it will be before you begin to get a little gnawing worry about this increasing cough or that little low-grade fever? Not long.

And you'll begin to worry a little about infecting your baby or your wife, and you'll begin to fret about them. Still happy, are you? Happy people get well more quickly, remember?

No, you can't run away from this thing, no matter how hard you try. And what a gamble you take! Risking your health—and what is a million dollars without it—and actually you know you're betting your very life that you can run away from this thing and get by with it.

So don't tell me you have to leave because it's your wife, or money matters, or the food here, or anything else. You're just being a quitter right now and you don't want to get well, at least not right now. And you're taking the biggest gamble of your life.

Let us know these "reasons" you're advancing for leaving, and we'll work

Their motto is, "The more noise, the better the result."

The inhaler has a technique all his own. He carries a little plastic tube and on the least pretext gets it out, inserts it in one nostril and "pffroo!", then the other nostril, "pffroo!", then back in the pocket. He repeats ad lib and you can't see what's going on because you're too busy watching his maneuvers. Now that we have finished the blower, let's try the

Coughers

Let's reverse the order here and take up the raucous ones first. The musical cougher — He presents a concert when he coughs. The noise is booming but he sure gives it all he's got. All the notes are there and he loves it! Nothing can be heard over his coughing until he is through and what a smile of comfort comes over his face when he is through! The onlookers? To them it is nerve-racking.

The audience cougher — He has a death-rattle type of hacking cough that gets him plenty of space on a bus or train. He always has a newspaper or book which he reads casually and he usually sits isolated because his terrible sounding emissions clear the area around him as if he had the plague. A deep sigh comes from fellow passengers when he leaves. This type is sometimes found in elevators and he is never crowded by his fellows.

The church or mimic cougher is found particularly in church, libraries, musicals or other quiet places. There are millions of them around and they must be descended from the apes — they do what others do whether they need to or not. They never cough because they need to cough, but when somebody else coughs, it triggers a reflex in him and he follows suit. One good cougher with myriads of this type to set off the epidemic can spoil the sermon, music, lecture or show for an entire audience.

The gentle cougher is like the gentle sneezer. If he had the most severe type of bronchitis, virus, flu and pneumonia all combined, he would still hold it back until all else fails, then he would let out a very, very soft "cough". It must be frustrating for him, too.

Colds

Now we come to the treatment of what causes all the above phenomenon. Ever notice how many bizzare remedies are offered to you if you are afflicted? The treaters are always and fully armed with their materia medica for a cold. Roughly they can be classed in three general classes.

There are the dosers. Their pockets are full of pills, bottles, inhalers, and rubs. The medicine cabinet at home resembles a fairly stocked drug store. The desk drawer is full of remedies and the top of the desk displays bottles of tablets, cough medicines and tissues. The moment they sneeze or cough, down go the cough syrups, cold tablets, throat disks, vitamins—and lemon juice!

The philosophers or fatalists. To them a cold is a cold, that's all. It will go away in three or four days, they reason, so why do anything. They just don't go to work, stay in bed and read or sleep, and appear at the office when they are well — bright eyed and keen. No pills, bottles, rubs, etc., for them.

The sowers or spreaders — These interesting people are closely related to the dosers mentioned above. They have scads of remedies at work or at home and at the office but the "show must go on." The office cannot get along without them, poor martyrs, and so they must suffer while they work, gallantly. They sniffle, sneeze, cough and blow incessantly. While if all their acquaintances, co-workers and relatives participate in the germ marathon? They have their work to do or everything will go to pot.

Where do you fit in in the classification? Don't answer!

BRANDON SANATORIUM

RETIREMENTS AT BRANDON

On September 8th the staff of Brandon Sanatorium gathered in their Canteen to honour the six senior members retiring this month after a combined length of service of some 43 years. Mr. Gowing, in addressing the gathering spoke of the valued contributions made by this group to the successful growth of Brandon Sanatorium.

"These are unspectacular virtues perhaps, yet are so important. Deep rooted qualities of service, willingness, and loyalty, cannot be found easily or treated lightly. We who remain have gained much from our association with you and we are grateful."

Presentations from the staff were made by the three department heads affected by the retirements, Mrs. Cruikshank, Superintendent of Nurses, to Messrs. Chapman and Humphries, Nursing Orderlies; Mrs. Denbow, Housekeeper, to Mrs. Dick, Senior Seamstress, and Mrs. Borley, Housekeeping Assistant; Mr. Newman, Chief Engineer, to Mr. Horobin, Senior Carpenter, and Mr. C. R. Taylor, Shift Engineer. Following the presentations and messages of thanks from the recipients, the entire staff set in to enjoy a splendid buffet supper.

On September 29th the Nursing staff had a "Going Away" party in the canteen for Miss Germaine Ferrand and presented her with a train case and necklace. Our best wishes go with you, Gerry.

* * *

"A" Ward

Here we are nearing another month's end. "A" was the scene of some excitement when a six pound three ounce baby girl was admitted to our nursery early one morning. Baby Amos is thriving on the loving care which she is receiving.

"A" was quarantined for a few days but everything is fine once again.

"A" has had several new patients admitted this month, Tu tu, Kokomo, Pinnocchio and Pixie—all adorable wee Eskimo children. The ward is getting quite filled up, with thirty-odd patients.

Clara Racette and Rose Betty Richard have been able to go to school and are happy to be able to join the other little scholars in the class room.

"B" Ward

First we would like to welcome our only new patient Caroline Longclaws, a cute little gal from Rosburn who has already received routine. Hope your stay will be short and sweet, Caroline.

Other lucky girls on routine are Thelma Patayash, Dora Nattaway, Martha Pascal and Elizabeth Harper. Glad to see you gals up and around.

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Annie Eskimo is the only one who has had an operation. She is doing fine and we expect to see her up and around soon.

Why all the sighs and blushes, Lenora?

Eva, Marie and Martha are back to school again after their little "holiday."

"C" Ward

Not much news from "C" this month. We are glad to have Madeline McPherson and Jessie Eskimo with us.

Alice Linklater got routine four today. Good for you Alice.

Margaret Ironstand is busy doing her fancy work.

Hazel Ross and Marina Hornbrook are competing for Joe Roulette's affections. May the best girl win!

"D" Ward

Our ward is practically all remodeled now. The rooms are freshly painted and look very nice.

Newly operated patients this month are Roland Roulette, Francis Baptiste and Armand Contois. All are doing very well.

Norman Monias, Thomas Wood, Stanley McKay and David Tanner are up and around with routine four. It won't be long now boys so cheer up.

Talbot Harper moved to the big ward and is now expecting routine four anytime.

Pierre Karlik feels pounds lighter and not because of dieting — he has had his cast removed.

How do we kill time on D Ward? It is not too difficult. Time really passes quickly as a matter of fact. We are well entertained with shows and television. We also have a guitar and a fiddle and with these there is never a dull moment.

Wishing you all a speedy and complete recovery.

"E" Ward

Welcome to our new patients, Leslie Cromarty and Ackpac Eskimo.

Congratulations to McIvor Cook who is sporting routine 5. He has left us to take up residence over on "F".

Joe Roulette has routine one and a half — that's Joe's side of the story through!

Pete Meccas has a new business — renting radios by the hour, or day. Are you listening girls?

Mr. Ellis is getting along very well — with the girls that is.

Jonah Mamesick has moved closer to the wash room.

Frank Anderson is writing an autobiography.

All the fellows are getting along fine. We will see you again next month when once again we bring you "What's on Wally's Mind."

"F" Ward

Our discharges for this month were Paroah Harper, Nehemiah Dan, Norman Benn and bed-pusher Basil Big-hetty. The best of luck to you boys wherever you may be.

Congratulations to Edgar Linklater, Solomon Houle, Laurent Beaulieu and new crew cut Laurent Richard, also Alex (Shorty) Catcheway who are all up and around and doing very well. Incidentally "Shorty" is going home tomorrow. Lucky boy!

Now let's find out where all our ward mates are. The first room is occupied

by Thomas Cheekee, Linos Wuskey and Joey McKay — Joey as usual is reading a letter — one minus a stamp!

In the next room are Laurent Beaulieu, Solomon Houle, Edgar Linklater, Stanley Hobson, and Laurent Richard. They are all ready for some shut eye so please don't disturb!

What is brewing in the next room? Here is our expert leather craftsman Moses Spade with Peter Monias, Ernest Bruce and Garth Sinclair. They are all busy reading letters.

In the next room we have McIvor Cook. Mike Bruce Eskimo, Glen Shingoose, Natcheak and Joseph Eskimo and the two Georges, Lathlin and Bradburn. By the way, Bradburn nearly met his match in the heavyweight class when he met Lathlin. However, now the only interest in this room is the mail.

In the big ward we have David Quequish, Alex Shorty Catcheway, Charles Thomas II, John Pemican, John Stone and Lazarus Sakakeesic.

"G" Ward

With new arrivals from other wards and an odd brave from the outside coming here this ward has seen a few changes since our last report.

Three youngsters have moved in from "H" ward. These boys, Theodore Big-hetty, Charlie Castel and Robert Contois, have certainly made our ward more lively. John Pemican and Glen Shingoose have moved to "F" ward. Johnny Longclaws was the only discharge this month.

Our jeweller George Starr and Steve Kent had quite a time repairing our table. Of course they were given plenty of help and advice from the other fellows.

Recently admitted were Colin Seve-right and Louie McPherson. Say Louie, why don't you get your record player fixed?

"H" Ward

Welcome to our new Eskimo patients Semerak, Tim Papak, Pudlalik, Eijeuudlook and Saveyajek. Our new friends are getting acquainted with their Indian brothers and all are very happy — just one big happy family.

Transferred from "A" ward this month are Cecil and Kenneth Mentuck and Brian McIvor.

Congratulations to David Rattlesnake and Gabby Elk who are now pacing around with routine four.

Our ward is still as lively as ever — but you should see how we observe our rest periods!

"J" Ward

Welcome to the latest additions to our paradise inn: Marie Louise Catcheway Harriet McKay and Muriel West. We also have Elizabeth Beardy, who incidentally is our mathematical wizard and our ambitious student.

We wish to send out all the luck and best wishes to Marie Sutherland who is now attending school at Lebet, Saskatchewan. Our thoughts also include Nancy Goodwin — "Smiling Nancy" who has been transferred to Fort William Sanatorium.

Our glamour girl Lorna Kirkness has intentions of joining the painted beauties in Hollywood after leaving here. Has the business course been to put us all off the track? — or is it the means to the end?

The school girls are having a holiday — Gladys we all love you!

"K" Ward

Welcome to Mary Kashuratiuk and Susie Eskimo. We miss Harriet McKay who left us to go to "J" ward.

Say Virginia, it is no wonder your eyes are bothering you the way you read those love stories.

Jemina and Agnes are busy doing bead work.

Our Eskimo patients are all getting along fine and are busy making things.

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MANITOBA SANATORIUM

STUDIES IN WINNIPEG

Hilda Kannenberg has been in Canada since September 1952. Because of unsettled conditions in Germany she only went to school for three years there. Upon arrival in Canada she began English classes in Daniel McIntyre school in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Studying in the evenings and working in a sewing factory during the day proved to be much for a girl of 17 and in the spring of 1953 she was admitted to Manitoba Sanatorium as a patient.

She enrolled in the Sanatorium school at a Grade IV level, and in June 1955 had successfully completed Grade IX. She was also working part time in the operating room by this time.

The Zonta Service Club of Winnipeg became interested in her and have arranged for a bursary with the result that Hilda is now a student in St. Mary's Academy in Winnipeg. She hopes to enter the nursing profession on completion of her high school.

* * *

The East Pavilion

Michael Pescelevitch, a friend of Messrs. A. Ritchot and Arthur Friesen, has taken refuge in No. 3 Pavilion.

Art Friesen is away for a few days leave so all is quiet on the eastern front.

The man with the smile, Douglas Hanslip, has returned to his humble abode.

Jimmy Miller, Tony Olenceiwcz and Adam Sydorczuk are busy making albums.

Cushions have occupied John Zitaruk's and Tony Hosak's time. A. Ritchot is in the belting business.

Pat Young has gone to The Pas for two weeks. Lindsay Brown and Elijah are keeping the K.E. in tip top shape.

Congratulations to Adam Sydorczuk who is going home this week.

Marcel, one of Miss Willoughby's veterans, is quiet but has a pleasant smile.

Woo Chin's sparing partners have been increased with Danny Daneleyko and Charles. Woo's hobby is painting.

Wally Shibata and Jimmy Miller are cheering for the Blue Bombers.

Johnny Muswagon has gone home to Cross Lake. Best of luck.

Tony Hosak and Wally Shibata both celebrated birthdays this month.

That's it for this month.

Around the San

The coldest temperature recorded this month has been 22°, so we're pulling up our red blankets and relaxing with a novel.

Jim Mason claims the fishing season has started again so I must see what I can do to beat his record. Oliver White-way is still enjoying perch fishing.

Quite a trick photography that Mary Dyck and Susan Funk thought up!

Helen MacManus is still living and is well on the way to recovery after her experience setting up bowling pins.

Wonder why Don Schribner leaves every time Wally Shibata joins him to fish.

Belated congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Paine on their 25th wedding anniversary.

Bill Amos has taken over for Bill Stewart while he is on holidays.

Sid and Herb have returned to Winnipeg. Best of luck on the exams.

Ralph Morgan convinced Sid Nelko that it would cost him a quarter to keep warm. Sid paid the quarter and was almost roasted out.

Lucky Darlene Gimmell takes a trip to Pilot Mount every weekend.

We welcome Ann, our head telephone operator, back.

Mystery of the month is how Kay Veneables missed the bus.

Congratulations to Julie Romanson, and Fred and Freda Mostoway.

Dr. Mari has traded his Ford for a Studebaker. That puts him in a class with Mr. Hamlin, Joe Oberik, and Dick Murray.

West Two

Room 1: Our Mrs. Smiley is as cheerful as ever, also, Mrs. Taylor who is doing very well after her op.

Room 2: Here we have Maxine McMordic who likes movies. I wonder why! Stella Bruneau is another newcomer.

Room 3: Mrs. Sutch rooms here with her murder mysteries. (Books I mean.)

Room 4: Mrs. Simpson occupies this room. She is coming along nicely after her op.

Room 5: Mrs. Dysart is feeling fine after her op.

Room 6: Mr. Taylor is feeling better now, due to visits from Mrs. Taylor no doubt.

Room 7: Mrs. Sadowick is doing fine after her op.

Room 8: Mrs. Harrison is a real glamour girl with her new hairdo.

Room 9: Mrs. Norquay is busy crocheting and visiting. Priscilla Gibeault is doing fine, also Olive Robertson who enjoys her walks. We have two cute additions here, Patsy Radford and Lynne McMordic. Marilyn Milne is home on leave, lucky girl!

Au revoir friends.

East Three

Hi friends. Our new members for the month of September are Spence and Ellis, a couple of boys from the northern part of Manitoba, and Bickell, Scott and Butler of Winnipeg. We hope your stay will be short and cheerful.

Our everyday gossip leaves us with the following. Mr. Gledhill has moved from Room 12 to Room 16. Turner and Fediuk are looking quite well lately. E. Wilson has been discharged and has left us for his home. Mr. Kingdon has also been discharged. A. Piper has moved outside to Number One. Sorry boys there will be fewer card games. Farley, it is a poor idea to let those girls shave you. What do you think about it, Perrot? L. Ammiote is putting on weight. Who knows what A. Granberg is making? Is it to keep S. White in bed at night? Does anyone know how to get a TD-18 up beside S. White's bed? I wonder why he wants one. A rumor on East Three is that B.P. can do Peachee's laundry better than Peachee. Another rumor is that the McManus clan has joined the Wellingtons.

That's all for now, gang. See you next month.

Number Three

Hello everybody. We have no visitors this month so news will be scarce. However, downstairs we have Mr. Mahr

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who looks after the sanatorium library and is one of our hardest workers, and a very good cure chaser. Then comes Mr. Kahler from whom we get out information on football and baseball. Mr. Moorehouse is next and is still entertaining the patients with his picture shows. Mr. S. Thordorson is a steady bed-puller and cure chaser.

Upstairs we have the pride of number three, Walter Hydrochuck, Gus Gielens, Vine Johnson, Mike Olynik, Mike Mudrey, Norbert Spence, Bill Kissick and L. Sada.

That's all for this month, so long.

Nurses' Home

Well here we are with the low down on the girls. As we approach the second floor and knock on Room 11, we find Tina Glushka and Elizabeth Lukey with their heads hanging out the window. (Nosey?)

Room 10: We find Viola Shellburn and Denise Smith. Viola Shellburn is extremely busy with company from Shellmouth and Denise is sitting at home these nights being true blue to her new steady. Drat these steadies. The place is much too-oo quiet.

We stop at Room 9. Knock! No answer. Slowly we open the door and what do you think we find? In the far corner we see a cave. Oh never mind, it's only Peggy Dennison asleep with her mouth open again. Hold it, we

hear something else, but we can't find it. We look in the closet, behind the door, under the beds, at last, in a tangled mass of bed clothes we find Cathy Hill.

Room 8: Here we find Verna Kirkness and Eva Dysart. No more screams in the evening. Verna is working 4-12.

Room 7: Holds two old timers. Elsie Edwards, with a dreamy look in her eyes, dashes to the phone. (boy friend?) Still disappearing in the evenings is our Dorothy Wheeler? Watch out blondies.

Room 6: Susie Funk is new here so we haven't much on her yet. (Sliding down any hills lately?)

Room 5: Holds Helen McManus (Red) still fuming about some mysterious letter. Never mind, there's no one like the Irish and we love her just the same. With Red we have Betty Howall who sleeps until 7:16 a.m. and gets to work at 7:30 a.m. Pray tell, how's it done?

Left holding the fort in Room 4 is Verna Jackson and Sue Skrahib. (Double Troubles.) Verna who is still suffering on night shift and Sue with an expressionless look on her face is unusually quiet these days. Perk up, Sue, we all miss your house building and the casters off your beds.

Mrs. Couling, next on our list, will be away for two months and is missed by all.

Room 2: Miss Margetts made a flying trip to Calgary lately, wonder why.

Room 17: We find Sally Asato and Marion Harper. Did Billy Bay starch your jeans, Marion? Sally, our little bookworm is still studying, especially the dictionary.

Room 16: Is occupied by two new girls, Mary and Helen Newfeld, they have a little "Prefect" calling for them quite often.

In Room 15 we have Agatha Janson giving all us little kiddies heck about the noise. Nevertheless, we still think she's a swell person.

Room 14: Is occupied by Vicky Procyk who is still studying hard. Sure glad to hear you passed all your exams.

Room 12: Is occupied by our one and only Lydia Cromarty, an expert sewer.

Now we slide down the bannister and with a crash, bang, we land at Room 4. New girl, Miss Zacharias, we'll leave her alone for this month.

Room 3: Quiet, Betty Szabo is on night duty. Can't disturb her. Shirley Straluk Betty's new roommate is found downstairs munching onion sandwiches.

Room 2: Is occupied by two new attendants. Liz Clee and Eleanor Frieson. Both are too busy with their new jobs to cause much rumpus.

I think perhaps, before we get ourselves executed, we shall say adios for this month.

West Three

Yes, it's us again with more news of interest.

Room 1: Angeline Rey is a newcomer with energy which puts us to shame. Welcome to the field. Betty White can sometimes be seen not reading. Rae Macdonald is running a delicatessen shop. Has everything from peaches to pears.

Room 2: Elsie is having a busy time these days with her roommates. Mrs. Davis has moved in from Room 8 and has not reformed with the change. Bertha Tharnovitch can be recognized or heard by her hearty laugh.

Room 3: Helen Harris is deserting us for West Two and surgery. Speedy recovery, gal. Mrs. K. is her usual busy self, sewing and defying the scales.

Room 4: If anyone wants advice on starting tomato plants on top of a radio, call on Eulie for advice. Joy of her life — beef steak tomatoes.

Room 5: Mrs. McAuley seems to enjoy the company of numerous visitors she is having lately.

Room 6: Mrs. Hodgson is still busy with her hand work and more animals.

Room 7: Lydia Thomas thinks there's nothing like a banjo.

Room 8: A big welcome to Jean Frier-son — hope your stay will not be too long.

Room 10: Mrs. Scott has crossed the welcome mat and has joined the ranks of the early morning risers.

Big Ward: Kathie has left us for Number Two and typing. Best of luck, gal.

Rose is going to set up a shop and sell her lovely baby dresses. Anyone want to learn smocking!

Mrs. Dyzart has undergone surgery since last issue and we miss her up here. Hurry and get well.

Imagine three birthday cakes! Gladys had a big party and a good time was had by all.

Mrs. Merasty is enjoying her new found freedom in Number Two. Good luck!

A hearty welcome to Jessie Sinclair and Mathilda Bloomfield who came to us from Clearwater Lake San. Hope you have a pleasant stay.

That's it for this month from West Three.

King Edward

Hi there. Here is another little note from K.E. It has been a very uneventful month as there is only one change. Sammy Taylor had a date with Dr. Paine and we are happy to say everything turned out well. Sammy is one of the most popular boys over here.

M. Goodwin returned after a spell in East Two and is his usual self again, although this time he is doing a little work making belts. I think they are for the Calgary Stampede. They sure need them. Make the non-slip kind will you?

The rest of the boys on the first floor seem to take things as they come. Of course Cramer had to go and win the bet on the fight but he gets beaten a lot at cribbage by Pop so none of us mind his change of luck.

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Sinclair still takes his walk around by the garden. But tell me fellow what happened to the pigs? We had pork for a while. I'll bet you didn't report to the right person.

Toni still makes the best coffee in the San and I was glad when the boys showed their appreciation. Keep it up, Toni.

On the top floor our Pop, M. Song, is quite happy these days winning at cribbage and rummy and of course, beating Cramer is a big thrill for him.

M. Wallace is rather quiet these days but perhaps he never gets thawed out. He still has his bed outside day and night.

Spicer is on a vacation for a few days and do we miss him! But that recording machine you sent us is sure making good boys out of the bunch. One never knows when what he says or does will be on tape. They sure fooled Rankin with it.

What's that Doug? Ken has been quite busy on the sewing machine lately but what lovely work he does! I saw the boys lining up outside his door with torn pyjamas, etc., getting him to sew them up.

McNaughton got back safely after a few days in Winnipeg and as usual brought back a lot of orders for his beloved rabbits. Did you lose any weight, Art? Too many rabbits?

I suppose Chris is quite busy doing his homework and going to the Craft

Shop. I don't blame you fellow, but is it worth it to get your teeth out?

M. Oscare is still the same and chasing the cure pretty well. Steve is his roommate and I think he knows every plant in the garden and for that matter on the grounds. What about Vancouver, Steve? Well that's all for now. See you all next month and "Lat weel alane."

East Two

Here we are again in September which everyone knows is a very busy month. Moves, football, baseball and what else is there to talk about except newcomers which we welcome but hope their stay may be short. We have back from ops L. Bone and J. Robertson, both doing well. The latest moves to the outbuildings are L. Johnson, H. Cranwell, G. Newby. Dick Murray is patiently waiting, and why not. Bill Mak is doing a thriving business in the big ward, jewellery, of course.

Down at the east end we find Alex still in bed and Jack Bowman wondering about leather work. Next there is the Paul Friedman room. How is the corned beef on rye, Paul or Fred. When are you going outside, Mr. Saviuk? We have Mr. Norton back. He was away for a while Paddy Shields is a father again, third little girl. He had cigars bought, though. The office is a beehive of activity. Everyone is after back-rubs, wonder why?

Mr. Balfour is starting jewellery. How that stuff sells! Mr. Rentz was missed but caught him in Room 17 watching the card game. Guess he's getting pointers before he gets his feet wet. Mr. King is making good use of the mild weather while it lasts. Bill LaRiviere says he intends to, also, but we haven't heard too much about the duck hunting.

Sam Taylor is back with us after his op and he's feeling wonderful.

That's all for this month. Bye.

Obs.

Another month has rolled around and it is time for Messenger news again. I was only told about five days ago to do this and here it is the dead line and I'm just starting.

I'll start with the east ward downstairs. There we have Lucy and Roman. Lucy just had her birthday the other day and we girls from upstairs were asked down for a lovely lunch. Roman is a little late getting his coon-skin cap but he finally has one. He seems to wear it all the time. Wonder if he sleeps with it.

Tony and Angie are in the other room. Angie is still busy working and sure has a hard job. Tony works once a week with the dentist.

Sally is all alone in her ward and don't know anything about her. Too bad.

Jean Cross has gone on a three week holiday and I'm sure she will have a lovely time.

Upstairs we have Jean Rubel back from her leave and back to work. Said she had a lovely time.

Cicely is still working and right now is enjoying a week's visit with a friend from England.

In the sitting room we have Clyde and Lavallee. Both moved back when they started work. Audrey is on leave at present and when she comes back

she expects to start four hours work.

Said is still alone in the ward and sure would like a roommate.

By the time this comes out Thanksgiving will have come and gone and I'm sure we here all have an awfully lot to be thankful for. For myself and the girls I would like to say thank you to all who have helped us get our health back so that we can work again, even if it is part time.

Freda has moved to the main building and Goldyn Hoe had a happy day the day she went home. Hi, Goldyn.

Bye now.

Number Two

Tonight when we were nonchalantly hiding under our beds, who should come a-looking but Sally. After she had twisted our arms and beat our heads we became our usual co-operative selves and agreed to write this short essay.

Let's start with a hail and a farewell. This month Ann Duff, Mrs. Flett, and Mrs. Bosiak left for home. The best of luck! Audrey Clyde and Olive Lavallee headed for their old homestead — the Obs. — to become working girls. It's nice and quiet here now — how is it over there? We also sent Shirley Simpson to West Two where she is doing well after surgery.

New among our ranks are Mrs. Funk, Katie Heidi, and Rita Flamond. And

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last but not least — Mrs. Ferguson (Fergie). Hope you are all enjoying your life in the outside building.

Mrs. Shmon—Busy packing her bags, leaves for home in two days. Best of luck.

Mrs. Favel—Enjoying evening walks. Is a good cook as the girls at cooking class will testify.

Mrs. Downing—Busy with home permanents. Glad to see she has a meal up.

Mrs. Szlachtycz—Busy knitting and sewing.

Mrs. Fields — Enjoying reading — keeps the librarian busy.

Mrs. Merasty—Has a meal over and is enjoying her walks.

Mrs. Thompson—Had some nice visitors over the weekend. Going home soon.

Aileen Ferley—Now she's made her pot-holder she's resting for another ten months. Oh, I forgot the studying (?)

Mrs. Fleming—Swears she does something else but knit but as yet we have not found out what. Never mind, you are going home soon.

Joyce McCallum—Work, work, work! Learn, learn, learn! Cuss, cuss, cuss!

Kay Shearer—Working gal now (?) Typing in the library.

This epistle has been written under great difficulties. Wish some people would stop blowing fuses.

Number One (Miss Willoughby's Wigwam)

Here we are back again folks. New-comers from the infirmary are: H. Stevens, P. Critten, L. Buck, M. Leskiw, R. Donato, R. Merasty, L. Johnson, F. Johnson, H. Cranwell and G. Newby. We hope that your stay will be short and pleasant.

D. Daneleyko, M. Giernaert, and A. Sydoruk left Number One for E.P., best of luck boys. R. Westwood and C. Merasty were lucky to get their discharge, we hope that you boys will stay healthy from now on.

Roy Westwood, who has had more privileges than any other patient still wasn't satisfied so he sneaked away for home three days ahead of time.

L. McKenzie and P. St. Pierre were about to celebrate when suddenly an uninvited guest appeared and spoiled the fun. It's too bad, Don that it had to happen.

Duffy moved down into the kitchen ward as he wants to be close to the coffee pot.

Our heavyweight Wm. Schenk likes to talk about a variety of subjects but his main subject is girls.

A. Wold is still in the plaster of paris business and he is doing a good job making figurines.

W. Wood's corporation is getting larger all the time, it must be the good food Walter.

T. Flett is getting ready for the O.R., best of luck Tom.

R. Gunson is back from the C.T.C. and is just as noisy as ever. He says that he came back for more rest. Say Bob, do you think that you get enough rest from 2 a.m. until 7 a.m.?

R. Stevens and P. Critten are very good cure chasers, keep it up boys.

E. Borowsky, our wandering humming bird is fluttering around everywhere trying to find a girl. Are you getting anywhere Eugene?

P. Searle still gets heck from Miss Willoughby now and then. I think that she'll make a man out of him yet.

E. Young is still carving ducks, etc., out of wood.

R. Nattaway and C. McPherson are scouting around for something, keep looking boys and maybe you'll find it!

Mr. L. Buck had a bronchoscope lately and it looks like he will visit the O.R. soon, best of luck Mr. Buck.

R. Merasty is chasing the cure quite well, keep it up Rene.

M. Leskiw and R. Donato are taking their walking exercise on their own.

E. Nordquist is back from his leave. He got back one day late but he had a very good excuse.

Larry Johnson is going out on leave again, we are hoping that everything turns out all right for you, Frank.

C. McKya still likes western music and he can't see how anybody could like any other type of music.

H. Yaciuk is busy making albums and you should see the pictures he picks for his albums. I guess once a farmer always a farmer.

M. Mlynarowich has completed his petit point and is now making figurines out of plaster of paris.

Cheerio, and bye until next month.

ST. BONIFACE SANATORIUM

St. Therese Tattlings

I'll open this issue with this poem.

We're in the T.B. bug-home,
We haven't much to fear,
The cure is sure to come our way
With the doctors we have here.
Really shouldn't worry much,
We have our room and board
And for extra room service
All we do is pull a cord.
Combine your treatments
Include your nurse
And remember pals—
It could be worse.

—Anonymus

Graduated on routine: Dot Reid, Mrs. Jergens and Mrs. Perreault to 4 and 5. Mrs. Craig, Mrs. Gonecherenko to routine 5.

Newcomers: Mrs. Lamirande.
If Estelle keeps chewing the end of her fingers while waiting for review we'll be able to call her "Venus de Milo". Mathilde calmly does her bead work.

Jean is never alone even in the absence of her roommates. Panda stays home.

Gert, are you looking at the moon or studying the stars?

We have reason to believe that a concert is brewing, if not, why are all the musical instruments lying around in Room 157? Success, girls. No names mentioned, trouble in spelling.

Well, what do you know? Dot Reid got herself routine 5, no beefing now, it's legal.

Leaves sure agree with Ruby Craig—gain in weight and stars in her eyes.

No need to write about yours truly. You know all my faults anyway.

Jeannette eats so little, still gains weight, must be that happy sunny disposition.

Nina sure doesn't let our Bombers down.

Winnie and Sophie enjoyed a short visit with their husbands. Hope you'll both have a permanent visit soon.

What is Mrs. Fillion anticipating? Mmm! What a dress!

This place sure changes a person. Here's your proof. The sentence I'm just about to quote was heard in 160, "Put on the window and pull down the light." Isn't that right, Mrs. Sinclair, Miss Crowe?

We'd like to congratulate Mrs. Green on her wedding anniversary. We know it is a little late but it still comes from the bottom of our hearts. Well, Agnes finally made it. We wonder what she'll do with all this money.

There's someone happy here. Mrs. Gonecherenko, after enjoying a leave, is enjoying a routine 5 promotion.

Mrs. Sankew has switched her songs from "Yes, We Have No Bananas" to "I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts".

Both Sister Desrosiers and Sister Deschatelets are getting along fine.

Lee looked like the lost soul while waiting for her crib partner to return from what we hear was a pleasant leave.

Henriette, Emily, Mrs. Flett are getting good at playing checkers.

Mrs. Lynn and Gisele are still sticking with that job of cure chasing.

Turn it off, pal. You'd better quit, gal while you're ahead. You know, you're getting to be a real going concern and we just can't have that. So creatures, I better take my conscience's advice. I hope I'll see you all around next time. If so, you're braver than I am—I can't take myself. Till then, swing easy, breathe easy and talk easy. The life you save may be mine.

St. Lucs

Martin Litwin and Ferdinand Willburger have just joined us from St. Joseph's and Pete Myhaluke and Page.

Maurice Nault is doing fine after a recent operation and is expected to come down soon.

Don is smiling after getting his cast off.

In Room 210 Joe Dondoe has just joined Mike and Arnie.

Henry Boily has been moved to Room 227.

Charley Woo has moved into room 225 and is sporting routine 8.

Lloyd Anlerson seems glad about his review for he now has enough routine for exercise.

Denis Goodman is getting ready for that pass he's been expecting.

Henry Curtaz is gone on a pass that he's been worrying about these last few days.

George Wengeno has left us in Room 233.

Ed. Desautels is the one that went home last month in Room 209.

Messrs. Roumaniak and Borys have left us to go to another flat.

Henry Lee is busy these days doing leatherwork with Jack Simms.

Victor Prince and Earl Woods and Robert Pelletier are waiting patiently for their review hoping that it will fall before their discharge.

Ici St. Jean

Our Messenger reporter Mr. Hugh O'Neill has departed from our beloved flat, and the duties he was performing so capably have been left temporarily to me.

First of all a brief report on the discharges they are: O'Neill, Bazinet, Orvis, Kontusic, Wong, Sinclair. Our best wishes go with you all.

Room 100 certainl is blessed with some bright looking characters, but Messers. Hu Flung and Ly Low have things well in hand. This is quite a job with fellows like Eskimos' Bob and Pete, and the notorious Ray Munroe in your midst.

Next stop is a little chat with Joe Macfarlane. This guy is tops when it comes to leatherwork.

L. Moar in 102 has been kept busy of late; football, baseball, and hockey . . . all within 24 hours.

Peter Jensen is sporting a new "crew cut." Says its reminds him of the days

he played drawback for Stony Mountain Giants. Baldy is his new mate.

Fred (I don't like the Bombers) Kutchera and Norm Minor are a couple of busy lads.

Mr. Blue has joined the ranks of the plastic workers, turns out some fine work too. Mr. Fields has manufactured some swell looking lamps.

Porter and Jefferson have had some tough checker games. One of them last for 14 days. It was a championship game. Passing by one day I overheard Jeff saying to his opponent "it's your move, I moved yesterday." Mr. Macdonald almost had a heart attack, the suspense was killing him.

Charlie Kiesman is now throwing body and soul into the whist game. Quite a competitor too.

Mr. Buchan is still "railroading."

Newcomers we'll report on next month are: Sawchuck, Eades and Blaine.

St. Joseph's Jottings

Room 300: Our jet-propelled Mr. Lazaroosie flew off to the Mountain San in Hamilton, Ontario.

When Frank McKay's exercising, his footsteps echo down the hall.

Mr. A. Laquette, Mr. W. Rose and Mr. Peloquin are all new additions to the balcony.

Room 302: Mr. C. Hoiby a newcomer and his wife is keeping him well supplied with goodies.

Room 301: Fred Astaire has a competitor in Andy McDonald.

Room 303: Mrs. Derry never seems to be without visitors.

Room 304: Mr. Felkowsky had his op and is doing fine, thinks he and Mrs. Henderson should be in the same room so they can compare aches.

Room 305: Mrs. Hayes room is headquarters for Miss Ditchfield and Mr. Heron.

Room 307: Overheard Mr. Trager say "I'm going to make Hollywood yet."

Mr. Zacarharkow makes frequent visits to the balcony.

Room 308: Mrs. Henderson had her op and is back in her room now and isn't doing any handicraft at present. says she's on an enforced holiday.

A handsome young man from Boston was visiting Miss Timmins and a few days later she had leave to visit the dentist—at least that's what she says.

Room 309: Mr. Bridge is a good shot—he brought in two ducks already cooked.

Room 310: Our Eskimo "Oogie" has secret admirer who sends him a flower.

Room 311: Mrs. Szengera almost has a private room.

Room 312: Ed Jensen is getting his Christmas shopping done early, so is his partner, our boy, Howard Thomas.

Room 314: Mrs. Hohenstein is very generous with her sponge cake, but who likes cake made out of sponge!

Mrs. Strutt has a date, she knows with whom, but not when.

Room 315: The newcomers here are Mrs. Coull, who is busy knitting little things, her partner is Miss Iris Laurie who is doing painting and also joined the brigade of wire twirlers—don't get them crossed, Iris.

Room 327: The Picton and Morin boys have a habit of having their beds where they aren't supposed to be.

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In Room 332, Mr. Keating swaps Tribunes for Free Presses.

Mr. Gudger "Red" is our doubting Thomas—he wants to be shown. Mr. Skawronyk is never around when the reporter calls, and Mr. Hemming is the silent one.

Room 334 is a room of newcomers, namely Messrs. R. Evans, P. Laliberte, R. Willet and J. Cherniak.

SANATORIUM ADVANTAGES

(Continued from Page 12)

ducive to his getting well, is liable not to get well.

And finally, remember this, your stay in the sanatorium can be one of the most productive periods in your life. It provides a rare opportunity for a person to become acquainted with himself, to come face to face with the realities of life, to have the opportunity and the leisure to think things through, to prepare for more complete living later on, to learn to adapt one's self to one's personality, to formulate a philosophy of life. All the many facilities and the personnel of this sanatorium are here for one purpose, and one purpose alone, to restore you to health.—Skyliner.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page 3)

ants will not have been in vain.

So take a look at the Seal on this page, add a few marks for the pretty

colors not shown and ask yourself if our volunteer workers don't deserve a round of cheers for making sure that this friendly and valuable bit of paper gets to your house on time every year. Think of the contribution to tuberculosis control these women make and think of what a state we would be in if every year they didn't do more than their share of work making sure that tuberculosis stays the way we like it—controlled, to the best of our finances and ability. Thank you, ladies, from the people of Manitoba!

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

15752-106 Avenue,
Jasper Place,
Edmonton, Alberta.
September 12th, 1955

The Messenger of Health,
668 Bannatyne Avenue,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Dear Sir:

Through the medium of "The Messenger of Health", I would like to congratulate Mr. John Kozier on his recent marriage of August 2nd.

Several years of subscription of "The Messenger of Health" is all worth hearing news like that.

Good luck, good health, and a good future to both!

An old San friend,
(Mrs.) OLGA GALER.

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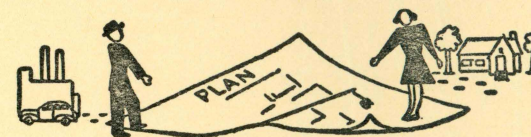
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