

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

If
You could see the
Germ of
Tuberculosis

It would be easy to avoid
Infection

Since it is too small to see

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- WASH YOUR HANDS FREQUENTLY
- GET SUFFICIENT REST
- EAT NOURISHING FOOD

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Messenger
OF HEALTH



VOL. 18—No. 9 10 CENTS
SEPTEMBER - - 1955
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THE Messenger OF HEALTH

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

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*Forget each kindness that you do,
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear,
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
Wherever you may meet it.
Remember each kindness done,
To you whate'er its measure
Remember praise to others won,
And pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made,
And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid
And be a grateful debtor.*

—Selected.

Editorial » » » » » » » » » »

Christmas comes early to the Central Tuberculosis Clinic. While most people are enjoying the hot July sun at the beach, a small group of people at the Clinic begin preparation for the annual Christmas Seal sale. While most people do not feel that first surge of panic until newspapers record "only fourteen days till Christmas," this same small group begins to feel lost when the calendar records "only three and one-half months till Christmas."

And so, a word or two about Christmas Seals is not too amiss at this time even though the festive season is almost four months away.

The arrival of the seals themselves at the clinic brings a certain amount of excitement. We are all interested to know what the new seal is like. Is it better than last year? Are the colors nicer? What shape is it this time? These are some of the things we wonder about.

It is our belief that no one will be disappointed in the 1955 edition. As in the past few years, it is broader than it is long.

And, once again the seal comes in two basic colors with recent trends in Christmas coloring being quite evident in 1955. The seals are alternately dark blue and chartreuse. Of course the Cross of Lorraine appears on each one, with "Canada" and "1955". On the blue seal there appears a brown-haired rosey-cheeked young fellow clutching, in one hand, a Christmas gift and, in the other, a sprig of mistletoe.

He faces the red headed young miss on the chartreuse seal and her gaily wrapped Christmas gift must be heavy because she is using two hands to carry it. If our four year-old young man has any designs in regard to the mistletoe then we would say our young lady was in for an affectionate smack on the cheek.

The sheet of seals makes an attractive picture and we think the swing towards a more "modern" type of color scheme will prove very popular.

These then are the items which the ladies in the Seal Office handle with such loving care. At this point, the seals are merely being folded but very soon the stuffing of the envelopes will commence and, before long, these colorful, silent messengers will be on their way across the province.

And that journey brings to our mind two things. One—and more will undoubtedly be said of this later—is the time and effort and devotion which the workers at the Clinic—both our own staff and, later, the citizens of our city who volunteer to help in this gigantic task—put into the job. For "gigantic" it is. Every year three hundred thousand sheets of seals are folded and mailed—all by hand and, knowing that each sheet consists of one hundred seals, a rapid mathematical calculation reveals that **thirty million** seals will be circulated in Manitoba alone by the end of November. Those responsible for the success of such a venture are to be congratulated.

And secondly one sees in the Christmas Seal a gentle reminder that a great menace—tuberculosis—still lurks among us, waiting its chance to deal destruction and death whenever vigilance is relaxed. The seal itself serves to keep us alert and the money made available through the sale of the seal enables us to continue carrying the fight to the enemy. It is to be hoped that, before long, the need for the seal will disappear and that the seal itself will be able to retire with the knowledge that a difficult job has been well done. Until then let us remember that a penny for the seal is just about the best penny we could ever spend.

NATIONAL HEALTH GRANTS

By HON. PAUL MARTIN
Minister of National Health and Welfare

PERHAPS the greatest strides made by Canada in bringing tuberculosis under control have been taken during these past six or seven years. In part, this has been due to the widespread use of the newer drugs like streptomycin, P.A.S. and isoniazid, and, of course, to the development of improved surgical techniques. But, unquestionably, an important factor has been the stimulus provided by the federal grants for tuberculosis control that have been available to the provinces since 1948, when the National Health Program was first inaugurated.

In a recent article in the Canadian Journal of Public Health Dr. G. J. Wherrett, the Executive Secretary of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association, assessed the value of the federal grants-in-aid in these terms:

"The basic principles of tuberculosis control have changed very little but the application of these principles has undergone a tremendous development. In Canada, the major share of the burden of the tuberculosis program is carried by the ten provinces. With the advent of the National Health Program of 1948, for the first time in our history the Federal Government

assumed a major role in providing funds for newer advances. Federal participation in health matters, on the scale undertaken in the health grants program, is a major step in Canada. The health grants program places the federal government squarely in the field for assistance in the care and prevention of a number of diseases, including tuberculosis."

Let me hasten to add that the principal and primary responsibility for the control of tuberculosis rests with the provincial authorities and the greatest credit reflects on Canada's ten provincial administrations for the energy and effectiveness with which they have organized their programs of tuberculosis prevention and treatment. There is an honoured place too for voluntary groups like the Ontario Tuberculosis Association which have pioneered so many new features of our tuberculosis program and which carry continuing responsibility for a number of important services.

The measure of our success in the fight against tuberculosis is reflected in part in our rapidly declining tuberculosis death rates. In the twenty-year period from 1928 to 1948, there was a 54 per cent cut in tuberculosis deaths. But, during the six years from 1948 to 1953, the reduction in tuberculosis deaths was no less than 66 per cent.

I am happy to add that the tuberculosis death rate among Indians and Eskimos—for whom the Department of Government I have the honour of administering provides treatment and care—will also be away down this year. In fact, during the past ten years, the death rate among our native population—while still much too high—has been fall-

ing faster than that of our white population.

But here I must offer a word of caution. Although tuberculosis deaths, among Indians and white alike, are falling in such a remarkable manner, the incidence of tuberculosis is not going down in anything like the same proportion. There has been only a gradual and moderate reduction in hospitalization for tuberculosis—something of the order of five per cent in terms of beds occupied, during the past year.

It is to be noted, too, that tuberculosis morbidity statistics are not as encouraging as we would like. They show a drop of only 12 per cent in the past ten years—due, perhaps, to our expanding population—and, of course, because of improved diagnostic techniques.

Consideration of these sobering facts brings me again to Dr. Wherrett's writings on the tuberculosis situation. He recently pointed out that we have reached the "cold war" stage in the struggle with tuberculosis and he saw many likenesses to the cold war in the international field. Both lack the spur of win-or-lose combat which arouses and maintains enthusiasm.

In our justifiable satisfaction with the dramatic fall in tuberculosis death rates, we cannot afford to fall into the error of thinking that tuberculosis is conquered. Although it may have lost many of its death-dealing features, tuberculosis is still the greatest single cause of lost man-hours among our young people and still brings suffering and disruption to thousands of Canadian homes.

As in so many worthwhile causes, the pioneers in tuberculosis work were dedicated enthusiasts who banded themselves together in voluntary organizations and who aroused the country to action through its official agencies.

These associations, in turn, integrate their activities into the national picture through the Canadian Tuberculosis

Association. So, although tonight we are observing the tenth anniversary of the creation of the Ontario Tuberculosis Association, we are, in effect, perpetuating the good work of those who first started Canada on the road to conquest of a once widespread affliction.

In a democratic country such as ours, we do not expect governments to do everything; we place a special value on voluntary effort, through which every citizen can participate in campaigns for the health and well-being of his fellows.

The Canadian Tuberculosis Association, which was the first voluntary health agency in Canada, has served as a model for the formation of other national agencies. Here, indeed, is tangible evidence that the annual grant which the Federal Government has given to the Association for a great many years has more than justified itself.

In every province, as in Ontario, branches of the Association have pioneered in providing many of the varied services for tuberculosis patients that are now in use, including the first services for rehabilitation—an aspect of tuberculosis care that is now beginning to receive the increased attention it merits.

As these programs have proved themselves, they have been gradually taken over, in whole or in part, by government. Many services, of course, are still subsidized—and, in some cases, operated—by the provincial branches of the Association.

The work of the Association has always been well supported by service clubs and individual citizens through the annual sale of Christmas seals and in other ways. The confidence of the public in the services provided by the Canadian Tuberculosis Association and its provincial affiliates is seen in the very marked increase in the response to the Christmas Seal campaign. Indeed, the sale of Seals has increased ten-fold

This article is taken from an address by the Hon. Mr. Martin delivered in May 1955 to the Ontario Tuberculosis Association. We would like to point out again that the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba is one of the "voluntary associations" referred to by Mr. Martin and, while our activities are administered differently from those in Ontario, we do work along the same fundamental principles in tuberculosis control.

during the past fifteen years—from less than \$200,000 in 1939 to over \$2,000,000 in 1954.

There is one outstanding method of discovering the disease in its first stage. That is through X-ray examinations of everyone—the apparently healthy as well as the sick. For this reason, the wide expansion of mass X-ray surveys assumed the greatest importance. A great forward step in the survey technique has been the use of miniature X-ray equipment. These miniature machines greatly reduce the cost of X-ray work while increasing the productive capacity of such procedures.

While the progressive development of mass surveys has been apparent for some years, it has been greatly speeded up by federal grants under the National Health Program. Of particular value is the provision now made to provide for the systematic chest X-ray examination, as a matter of routine, of everyone admitted to hospitals for any reason.

With federal encouragement, as part of the general program of tuberculosis prevention, there has also been a notable extension in the use of BCG vaccine and in research into its effectiveness. The recent widespread attention given to the Salk polio vaccine has turned the spotlight of public interest on this type of preventive technique. It may well be that, in time, the administration of B.C.G. vaccine against tuberculosis will come to be regarded as a routine public health measure.

At the turn of the century, the only known method of managing tuberculosis was rest its treatment was something static. The modern concept of tuberculosis treatment supplements this with a dynamic program involving specialized procedures and equipment, adequate accommodation, modern drugs, and properly trained staff. Here the National Health Program has been instru-

mental in increasing sanatorium accommodation, improving the level of equipment and services available, and providing streptomycin and other drugs free of charge to sanatorium patients who might benefit from this form of therapy.

Another significant development in the treatment of tuberculosis is the much wider use of surgery as a result of relatively recent advances in surgical technique. Here, too, federal grants have helped the provinces in extending and improving surgical equipment and facilities, in training chest surgeons, and in providing for their employment in provincial sanatoria.

In spite of all the advances that have been made, in which we may all take some measure of pride, tuberculosis is still one of Canada's major health problems. The solution of this problem will call for continued effort and continuing co-operation by groups like the Ontario Tuberculosis Association, members of the health professions and governments at every level. Our aim should be to have the lowest tuberculosis death rate in the world and to work towards the eventual elimination of tuberculosis as a threat to human health and life.

We must view the anti-tuberculosis program as a complete integrated whole—made up of many essential parts—prevention, early diagnosis, effective treatment and proper rehabilitation. The cost of driving tuberculosis from Canada will be high, but the cost of failure—in lost time, lost productivity, and human suffering—would be immeasurably higher. Canada's health workers have dedicated themselves to complete and final victory over tuberculosis. The energy and devotion of all who have joined in this vital task amply testify that this great goal can and will be achieved.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

By ELBERT HUBBARD (Printed in 1916)

IN ALL the Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastness of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! There is a man whose form should be cased in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavoured to carry out an enterprise

where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angle of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test. You are sitting now in your office—six clerks within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes sir," and go do the task? On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions: "Who was he? Which encyclopedia. Was I hired for that? Don't you mean Bismark, What's the matter with Charlie doing it? Is he dead? Is there any hurry? Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up for yourself? What do you want to know for?"

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not. Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's not in the K's, but you will smile very sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it

up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity catch hold and lift—these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their efforts is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to. Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory. "Yes; what about him?" "Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for." Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment", and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-dowells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving after "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues; only, if times are hard and work scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out, and

forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know a man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress, him. He can not give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be "Take it yourself!" Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled Number Nine boot.

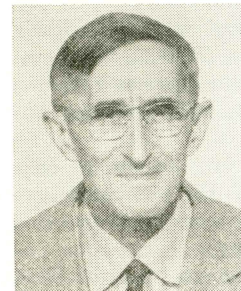
Of course, I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor,

(Continued on page 16)

Long Records of Service

ROMEO ST. JEAN



Romeo St. Jean first became associated with the Manitoba Sanatorium in 1915, at which time he was employed at the Sanatorium for two years. He was then employed by the Fort Garry Hotel in Winnipeg and at Minaki, Ontario, for two years. He was also employed at the Prince Arthur Hotel for about two years. On June 1st, 1926, he returned to the Manitoba Sanatorium and has been employed here as an orderly until retiring on pension August 1st, 1955.

Although Romeo's prime function was that of an orderly, he had many other duties in which he gave excellent service, for instance, he looked after the Meteorological thermometer and the rainfall for the weather bureau. He kept everyone at the Sanatorium informed on the day's temperature. He looked after the Assembly Hall, Dining Room, and Kitchen clocks. This was a hobby with Romeo. He was very punctual regarding time.

Romeo, also, looked after the Sanatorium guinea pigs. He was very fond of animals, and he has the distinction of being the best man we ever had for this job. He kept everyone at the Sanatorium informed on the arrival of the Pelicans each year. He has been mentioned in the Chickadee Notes in the Free Press several times for reporting the arrival of birds in the spring.

Romeo's many friends will miss him very much. He was presented with a

wallet containing a sum of money from the Sanatorium staff. Our best wishes are extended to him in his retirement.

* * *

ELIZABETH J. GOLDSMITH

Miss Elizabeth Jane Goldsmith joined the staff at the Manitoba Sanatorium as a staff nurse on April 1, 1926. She held various positions on the flats of the Infirmary and her last position was that of charge nurse in the Women's Observation. She held this position for about the last 15 years.

Miss Goldsmith was a very faithful and loyal employee. She was well liked by the patients under her care and by the staff.

Miss Goldsmith has the distinction of being one of the first employees to take part in the Sanatorium Retirement Plan. We extend our best wishes to Miss Goldsmith for the future.

* * *

VERA MARGARET WILSON

Miss Vera Margaret Wilson was on the staff at the Manitoba Sanatorium from 1943 to 1946 as a staff nurse. She left the Sanatorium at that time to go to England. She returned to the Manitoba Sanatorium and again joined the staff on a part time basis on September 8th, 1950, and on a full time basis on December 19th, 1950. During this time she held the position of Staff Nurse, Charge Nurse, and Ward Supervisor.

Miss Wilson is going back to England and on her departure she was presented with travelling luggage from the patients and a gift from the staff. A tea was held in her honor by Dr. and Mrs. Paine at which time all her friends had the opportunity to wish her success in her new venture.

Schemes for Making Money at Home . . . BEWARE!

Be leery of those ads promising big money for spare-time work. Some are legitimate; many more are phony or fraudulent.

AN advertisement carried in hundreds of newspapers and magazines not long ago read like the answer to an almost universal prayer. Under a help-wanted heading it said:

Typists, Sorters, Assemblers, Long-hand addressers needed by large mail-order concern. Piecework. Home. Spare time. International Enterprises, 216 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Ill.

It caught the eye of thousands of housewives, shut-ins and others hoping to earn extra money in their spare time at home.

But what and who were behind it? The thousands who answered the advertisement couldn't possibly know, but later an investigation made by the inspection service of the Post Office department turned up the answers.

Back in the early 1950's Richard P. Wilson, or Dick Wilson, as he was usually known, was a young and enterprising businessman in Stillwater, Minn. He owned an outo sales company, had some real estate around town and doing all right. Then he hit on a scheme for doing a lot better—selling necktie-making kits by mail.

Operating as Wilson Ties and Tie of the Month Club, he advertised that he would employ tie makers. Those who answered his ad paid him for kits and then attempted to sell their work back to Wilson Ties. Usually the ties were rejected as not being good enough to satisfy the firm's extremely high standards.

Still one jump ahead of the law, Wilson in 1953 opened a new business. To hide from disgruntled patrons of the tie concerns, he called it International Enterprises. And to obtain an address in Chicago, where he figured a "large

mail-order concern" was more likely to operate than in Stillwater, he employed the legitimate services of a man who maintained a mail-receiving address in Chicago.

The "large concern" in the ad consisted of Wilson, his wife and two women employees, working in two tiny rooms in Stillwater.

How did the business operate? Well, take the testimony of a young Minnesota housewife and mother. Call her Mrs. Smith. In response to her answer to the ad, Mrs. Smith later told postal investigators, she received a letter from International Enterprises offering to send her, for \$5, instructions on how to earn "\$25 a week or more" at the letter-addressing job.

As some 10,000 others did, she sent her \$5 and got in return a 32-page pamphlet giving her the opportunity to purchase literature and envelopes from the firm. All she had to do was buy postage and send the stuff out addressed to any names she could dig out of directories.

Mrs. Smith was dismayed that more money was required from her, but she wanted to protect her \$5 investment. In the end she agreed to buy 600 pieces of literatures to mail out. These proved to be exact replicas of the first letter she had received with the \$5 offer.

To the 400 letters she finally mailed, she got 15 replies, each accompanied by \$5. She sent half of the total to International Enterprises and kept \$38.50 for herself. Taking out \$12 for postage, she had \$25.50 for all her work. From this \$25.50 must be subtracted from her original \$5 and the cost of the mailing material.

Many, many women had the same experience Mrs. Smith had, but some

fared a little better. They quit after the first bite and lost the original \$5, but saved a lot of hard work.

Among those who abandoned the scheme but were willing to testify against Dick Wilson were a young housewife with a tiny baby and a taxicab-driver husband, the 35-year-old wife of a machinist, who had several young children, a 24-year-old girl with only a part-time job.

Last January Richard P. Wilson was found guilty of mail fraud, fined \$10,000 and placed on probation for five years. Presumably, that racketeer is finished, but there are dozen of others to take his place.

Despite the best efforts of better business bureaus all over the country, the Post Office Department and the Federal Trade Commission, the phonies and the near-phonies continue to flourish. One estimate states that the take runs up to several million dollars every year.

Changing Times, seeking a real answer for the many subscribers who have asked for an appraisal of the home money-making schemes now being advertised, recently answered 85 such ads, picked at random from two national magazines. The results fill a large file case drawer with an incredible assortment of money-making ideas. Some of the plans might, with a lot of hard work, actually pay off. Some are absolutely impossible schemes. Some offer only trite, poorly written self-help material.

Business opportunities range from raising bullfrogs, minks and pheasants to reselling hosiery, perfume, and pictures made of feathers.

Nearly all present common pitfalls. They reek of optimism and soft pedal the hard work involved in making the schemes pay.

For instance, mushroom raising, according to one company, is extremely simple. The company's plans, the literature reads, can be grown by any

amateur just about anywhere—in a spare roof, attic or cellar, indoors or outdoors, under usual conditions.

The Federal Trade Commission, in a complaint charging the company with false and misleading advertising, says that a great deal of horticultural ability is needed to grow mushrooms, that their disagreeable odor rules out growing them in a spare room, that the "usual" conditions referred to are really a controlled temperature of 65 degrees.

The complaint also alleges that although the advertising implies the firm will purchase dried and fresh mushrooms grown anywhere in the United States, it will not buy fresh mushrooms raised beyond a 150 mile radius.

Although the firm has denied the allegations and the case has not been finally decided, this much is clear: The buyer should look behind the bright promises made in ads.

Home businesses are profitable only through hard work and common sense. But many of the offers made in the ads answered by Changing Times presented improbable pictures of great riches for little work. Huge commissions were implied. New automobiles were offered as bonuses. Testimonials attested to fat profits overnight. Just a few firms warned that selling their merchandise could only supplement the income.

Then, there were the ads promising to teach how to make more money. One read like this:

12 Steps To Success. New self-analysis technique shows you how to become successful by selling your strong points and overcoming your weak points. Send \$1 to . . .

What came back was a ten-page booklet listing and describing 12 elements for success. Such traits as honesty, judgment, leadership, co-operation, initiative and personality comprised the list. The reader was asked to compare himself with two other persons on the basis of the 12 elements,

send back a self analysis and then, if he wished, sign up for a course of self-improvement tailored by the "personal consultants" to help him measure up. The cost of the course was not mentioned.

A 15-page mimeographed booklet, purchased for \$2 on the promise that it would show a simple way to attain "wealth and power", turned out to be a treatise more or less on the theme that hard work conquers all.

Several companies, whose ads implied that complete plans on setting up a mail-order business would be furnished, actually sent only a listing of products that might be sold. The prospective seller had to take it from there.

Correspondence courses were numerous and their value hard to assess. According to the literature, though, you could learn baking, photo-engraving, piano tuning, sewing machine repair, detective work and almost anything else you can mention—all by mail.

One ad merely stated that for a dollar the company would send information on job opportunities in the Pacific Northwest. For a buck what came back in the mail was a couple of half pages from a newspaper classified section. Not even a letter accompanied the clippings.

A great many of the home-mail-addressing jobs work on what is a chain-letter scheme. The only way to get your money back is to induce other victims to fall into the same trap.

The people who run such operations are not the only ones who get into trouble. A woman in a small Oregon town last year found herself being investigated by postal inspectors—just because she answered an ad similar to that of Richard Wilson and did what she was told.

Her reply produced a letter promising to send, for \$1, instructions on mailing out literature for the company. She was to mail out similar letters under her own name. She did that for a

year and a half, keeping 50 cents of every dollar that came back to her.

Then the postal inspectors moved in. The lady learned that she was a part of a nation-wide operation about which the Post Office had had hundreds of complaints. On the threat of losing her mail privileges she signed an affidavit promising to stop her activities.

Charles I. Leavitt and Edward A. Pack, who operated a fictitious company that consisted of only a rented post-office box in Lynn, Mass., never intended to send their customers anything. They inserted ads in 315 newspapers in approximately 40 states (paying for them with bad checks). The ads offered, for \$1, to show how to make big money addressing mail.

The first day Leavitt and Pack picked up 50 letters, 49 of them containing dollar bills. But that same day the postal inspection service got wind of the fraud.

The very next day inspectors arrested Leavitt and Pack and confiscated three mailbags of letters. In a short time the postmaster returned to senders 13,000 letters—each presumably containing a dollar bill.

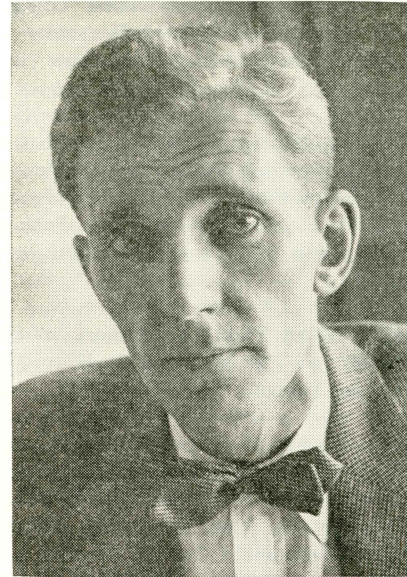
The two men, who had intended to take quick pickings and leave town, were tried and convicted of mail fraud.

These stories make mighty scary reading, but bear in mind that there are legitimate enterprises making offers in advertisements. Not all are gyps. Here are some rules to remember as you try to avoid the phonies:

1. No honest business charges a fee for employing you, so ignore help-wanted ads that demand money.
2. Don't buy products for resale unless you are sent a free sample. Shoddy merchandise won't help your prospects.
3. Discount the promise of big money, and be prepared to work hard.
4. Ask your better business bureau whether it has a line on a particular company.

(Continued on page 16)

AMONG THE PERSONNEL



G. R. GOWING

Mr. G. R. Gowing, Business Manager, Brandon Sanatorium, was recently advised that he successfully completed the requirements of the second year in the Extension Course in Hospital Organization and Management. We extend our congratulations to Mr. Gowing for obtaining his certificate in Hospital Administration and becoming a graduate of this Extension Course sponsored by the Canadian Hospital Association.

Congratulations also to Mr. E. Dubinsky, Administrative Assistant of the Sanatorium Board, who has successfully completed the first year of the same course.

Both Mr. Gowing and Mr. Dubinsky attended the four-week sessions held at the University of Toronto this summer.

Dr. E. L. Ross, Medical Director of the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba, recently returned from an extended tour of Great Britain and the Continent as representative of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association. Dr. Ross attended the Commonwealth Health and Tuberculosis Conference in London where he presented a paper on "X-ray and Tuberculin Surveys." He also represented Canada at a meeting of the International Union Against Tuberculosis in Paris.

* * *

Dr. D. L. Scott, Medical Superintendent of the Central Tuberculosis Clinic is attending the Post Graduate Course in Tuberculosis of Childhood. The Course is being held September 26th to 30th at the Department of Pediatrics of New York University College of Medicine, Bellevue Hospital, New York.

* * *

Dr. S. Pogonowski has been appointed to the Medical Staff of Clearwater Lake Sanatorium. He is a graduate of the Polish School of Medicine, Edinburgh University, and for the past three years was Medical Officer for the Bahamas Government at the Princess Margaret Hospital, Nassau.

* * *

At the beginning of August, Mrs. J. R. Leggitt commenced her duties as Academic Instructor at St. Boniface Sanatorium.

* * *

Miss Edna Dillon, who has been on the staff of the Central Tuberculosis Clinic as a Licensed Practical Nurse since 1944, retired this month. Miss Dillon was presented with an electric clock from the staff.

Her place is being filled by Mrs. Margaret Manly who formerly was employ-

ed at Manitoba Sanatorium.

* * *

Mrs. M. Brittain has been promoted to First Cook at Clearwater Lake Sanatorium. She replaces Mrs. Maude McIntosh who is retiring. Mr. Charles Hiebert is the new Second Cook.

* * *

Miss Luella Griffith of Rathwell, Manitoba, commenced duties as Clerk-Typist in August in the Central Tuberculosis Clinic offices. She replaces Miss Eleanor Hardy who left to be married to Mr. Douglas Smith of Calgary. Best wishes are extended to the young couple.

* * *

The following have joined the staff of Manitoba Sanatorium as Nurses' Assistants: Misses Elizabeth Howell, Susie Funk, Mary Neufeld, Helen Neufeld and Peggy Denison.

* * *

Mr. Pat Barret has joined the staff of the Central Tuberculosis Clinic as a Temporary X-ray Assistant on the X-ray Survey Mobile Units.

* * *

Miss Irene Lussier, on the domestic staff of the Central Tuberculosis Clinic, has been transferred to Manitoba Sanatorium in the Laundry Department. Other new members of this department are Mrs. Nellie Canfield and Miss Miriam Taylor.

* * *

Miss Jean Isfeld and Mrs. Bernice Gullett started work in August as Nurses' Assistants at Brandon Sanatorium.

* * *

New staff members at Clearwater Lake Sanatorium included Miss Stella Chartier as a Nurses' Assistant and Miss Adelaide Lathlin as Housekeeping Assistant.

* * *

New members of the Commissariat Department at Manitoba Sanatorium who commenced work in August are

the Misses Beatrice Carriere, Doreen LeClair and Mary Dyck.

* * *

Misses Eleanor Martin, Hagar Lathlin and Mrs. Margaret Nabess began work in the Commissariat Department at Clearwater Lake Sanatorium in August.

* * *

New employees beginning work in the Housekeeping Department at Manitoba Sanatorium are Misses Doreen Garabed, Helen Carriere, Doris Sackowski, and Mr. Francois Cretton as Janitor.

* * *

Mrs. Helen Field began work as a domestic at Dynevor Indian Hospital early in August.

An actress at a party, seeing an authoress whom she disliked, went over to congratulate her on her latest book. "I enjoyed it, dear," she said. "Who wrote it for you?"

"Darling," replied the authoress, "I'm so glad you liked it. Who read it to you?"



Nope, ain't got my spring plowin' finished yet . . . the old woman ain't as spry as she uster be.

Aspects of Tuberculosis

By RENE J. DUBOS, Rockfeller Institute for Medical Research

THE antituberculosis campaigns of the beginning of the twentieth century were born in a tragic atmosphere. The fact that tuberculosis was then a personal experience in the life of every individual certainly helped in giving to the movement its popular appeal. But fear of the disease and compassion for those who suffered would not alone have been sufficient to start the anti-tuberculosis movement on its way. Tuberculosis was not a new plague in the Western World and, in fact, it had been prevalent in the cities of Europe and North America all through the nineteenth century. For a long time, however, it had been accepted as an unavoidable fate, with a sense of despair and resignation. It was the widespread conviction that nothing could be done to control tuberculosis which made Dickens speak of it in Nicholas Nickleby as "the disease which medicine never cured, wealth never ward- ed off."

Three discoveries brought about a complete change in this attitude in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Noticing that tuberculosis was particularly destructive among the poor, sociologists and humanitarians reached the conclusion that susceptibility to it was greatly affected by factors of the social environment and that, conse-

Dr. Dubos is a research worker of world-wide reputation. He has been honored by the award of the Trudeau Medal for his work of cultivating the *Mycobacterium tuberculosis* in suspension culture. He studied with Dr. Selman Waksman of Rutgers University and was a member of the early research team which developed antibiotics.

quently, some measure of control over the epidemic could be achieved by way of social reforms. Then it was found that prolonged rest and good food in pleasant surroundings could go far toward helping the stricken individual to overcome his disease or at least to live in relative comfort with it. This led to the development of sanatoriums and encouraged the hope that the physiologic factors affecting resistance to tuberculosis would soon be defined in precise medical terms. Finally, the discovery of the tubercle bacillus in 1882 removed the sense of mystery which had heretofore surrounded the disease. By making it possible to trace the causative agent through the community, it provided a concrete target at which to shoot. The conclusion appeared inescapable for a time that, by finding and destroying the bacilli, one would eventually eradicate the disease. This new knowledge and the atmosphere of hope which it engendered soon converted passive and resigned compassion into a fighting faith. The antituberculosis movement synthesized in one single crusade the efforts of sociologists, humanitarians, and hygienists to improve the fate of the destitute by social reforms; to strengthen the human body by advocating a healthy way of life; to control infection by tracking and destroying the tubercle bacilli.

By rendering more effective the therapeutic procedures based on rest and good nutrition, the recent advances in surgery and in chemotherapy have added many years of survival to persons who would have rapidly died of tuberculosis in the past.

We shall not consider here the variety of factors which can be the cause of new outbursts of multiplication of the

bacilli once dormant in the lesions. Suffice it to mention that influences apparently as unrelated as puberty, fatigue, malnutrition, uncontrolled diabetes, emotional disturbances, et cetera all appear to favor reactivation of tuberculosis. The well-documented effect of age on susceptibility to tuberculosis illustrates in a dramatic manner the hazard entailed in a dormant symptomless infection. The tuberculosis mortality is so low in children five to fifteen years old that this period of life has been called the "golden age" of resistance to tuberculosis. By contrast, susceptibility becomes high shortly after puberty and during early adulthood. It would be erroneous to conclude from these facts, however, that tuberculosis infection contracted during childhood is of little consequence. While it is true that infection rarely proceeds to a catastrophic outcome between the ages of five and fifteen, the bacilli of primary infection often survive in the tissues and are ready to cause progressive disease as soon as resistance is weakened in subsequent years.

Where are the sources of infection? Now that bovine tuberculosis has been practically (although not yet entirely) wiped out from the United States, human carriers are almost the only sources of bacilli. The adult and older men, who constitute today the most important reservoir of infection, are also the group least readily reached by screening the wisdom of their ancestral way of life. More important from our point of view is the fact that there are today communities in the industrialized Western World which were once riddled with tuberculosis and which have now all but eradicated the disease. Thus, it is certain that tuberculosis is not an inescapable component of human society. It is always the result of gross defects in social organization and in the management of individual

life. It is truly a social sin which can and must be stamped out.—N.J. TB League Bulletin.

MESSAGE TO GARCIA

(Continued from page 8)

and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendations; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes his missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intentions of chucking it into the nearest sewer or of doing ought else but deliver it, never gets "laid off", nor has to go on a strike for higher wages.

Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed and needed badly — the man who can carry a "Message to Garcia."

MONEY MAKING—BEWARE!

(Continued from page 12)

5. If you send your money and are dissatisfied, demand a refund and keep on demanding.

6. When you encounter fraud, inform your postmaster.

7. If you really want to start a home business, read authoritative material and how to do it. Two bibliographies—"Home Business" and "Handicrafts and Home Products for Profit" are available free from Sales and Distribution Division, Department of Commerce, Washington 25, D.C., or from Commerce field offices.—"Changing Times, The Kiplinger Magazine."

Rehabilitation Notes

More often than it should be heard is the sanatorium complaint of "nothing to do."

It comes from every type of patient—the one chafing under restraint, the one yearning for home, loved one or distant places; the many who just can't see anything but walls and ceiling and the interminable hours, days, weeks, months.

"Nothing to do?" Why, there is everything in the world to do—and all the time in the world to do it!

Books to read, letters to write, friends to make, their troubles to worry over, and—if nothing else—dreams to dream.

It may be that tuberculosis forces a cessation of physical activity and, in extreme cases, curtailment of mental toil. But that enforced rest can be turned into one of the most vital periods in life if it is used to inventory one's life and decide what shall be done with the new life after the cure—for it will be new.

To return to the old life—the old activities and worries which put one in the San—will be to ask for another round of curing.

This period of inactivity should be used to plot the course to be followed in the future, and then, when tolerance is allowed, use the rest of the San stay to operate for that course.

Learn a new profession or to have energy in housework, read all those books you've always meant to read but never had the time, improve your mind in any of a hundred ways, finish—or add to—your education, ride a hobby—either for cash or pleasure, get acquainted with the people around you and in so doing broaden your outlook and gain tolerance toward others.

Though anchored physically, there are many fields to explore mentally—and spiritually.

Courses in high school subjects and reviews in elementary studies are given. These are considered as important as food, rest and surgical treatment.

Surprisingly many people have a latent unrecognized ability which the rest period brings out. As they relax they think and from this come creative impulses.

Many of the world's greatest geniuses have been men and women with tuberculosis.

Is the genius due to some mysterious action of the tubercle bacillus? Or is it due to the rest and the opportunity to think?

Scientists are uncertain, but it would seem that the long enforced period of relaxation and the consequent opportunity to think, to meditate and to take stock of one's abilities might be the right answer.

The mind continues to function while the body is resting, in spite of all efforts to keep quiet. If it is directed towards constructive thinking, a fuller, happier life would result. The more information and intelligence a person has the more valuable a worker he becomes.

There is no reason why the thoughtful patient should not gain from his enforced rest. Incidentally his future health is protected by rehabilitation because he has learned to utilize his mind and to conserve his physical strength.

"Nothing to do?" Why, there's the greatest job in the world to do—the rebuilding of yourself.

Temperature

By J. LLOYD EATON, M.D.

FIRST, I would like to point out the difference between "temperature" and "fever" as a matter of correct medical English. Every person has a temperature at all times. After death the body temperature falls rather low; during infectious diseases it may be high. By fever we mean a rise in temperature above the normal. If a patient has a fever, he may say "My temperature is high", but it is incorrect to say "I have a temperature" when he really means "I have a fever."

The temperature of so-called "cold-blooded" animals, such as the snake and frog, depends on the temperature of the surroundings. In a warm environment they become active. In a cold, they are more torpid. In man the body temperature is maintained at a fairly constant level and is more or less independent of his surroundings. The temperature is determined by the balance which exists between the amount of heat produced and the amount of heat eliminated. The heat produced depends on the basal metabolism, muscular activity, indigestion and break-down of food, etc. Heat elimination is mainly through conduction and radiation from the skin and the evaporation of water from the skin and respiratory tract. If a man is in a room where he feels moderately warm the skin capillaries dilate, allowing twice as much blood to flow through them, and so cause greater elimination of heat into the air. This dilation and contraction of capillaries is under control of the heat regulatory centers in the brain which try to maintain a constant level between heat production and heat elimination, normal temperature.

In infectious diseases, such as tuberculosis, there is a struggle between the

body and the bacilli—the body summoning its defensive mechanism against the toxins liberated by the bacilli. Increased heat production is one result. Toxin also acts on the heat regulatory centers, causing a lack of adjustment between heat production and heat elimination, the result being fever.

As explained previously, a patient has an increased heat production due to his battle with the bacilli and also a toxic derangement of his heat regulatory centers. Only mental or physical activity requires energy, which causes a production of heat. In a normal person, most of the mental activity and ordinary muscular activity are usually taken care of without a rise in body temperature, but great nervous strain or unusual forms of muscular activity may cause a fever, in some instances, such as during a mile race, as high as 100-101 degrees F. In such cases, however, the temperature returns to normal quickly during rest. In the tuberculous, this normal reaction is accentuated due to his defective respiratory center and a small amount of activity may bring about a relatively high fever which returns to normal very slowly. There is some dispute as to whether the center may continue deranged when there is no longer toxin circulating. In other words, it may be possible for an ex-Tb. to have such delayed heat elimination when his disease is already arrested. However, any real fever probably means some disease activity with liberation of toxic products.

—The Stethoscope

Success is making more money to meet obligations you wouldn't have if you didn't have so much money.

MANITOBA SANATORIUM

East Pavilion

A convincing looking saleslady came up and with a short smile asked us in her usual manner if we would write the Messenger. It looks as if I have a job.

The East Pavilion boys have experienced a rude awakening with the arrival of the two pups. Well behaved and petted during the day they go to bed early and awaken at the early hour of 3 a.m. Falling out of bed to quiet them you land on a small section of cushioned floor. By the way did it rain last night?

New arrivals have declined and we note that Mr. Douglas Hanslip has joined the renegades downstairs. Welcome to you, Doug. Hope your stay will be short and enjoyable. He seems to have given up his belt business and resorted to building homes for crippled radios. Note homes and not houses.

James Nordal, Ted Middleton, and Jack Toy have departed from our fraternity. We wish you boys all the luck in the world. You will certainly be missed. If you're around Swan River be sure to visit Jack Toy's Cafe. According to our D.P. (discharged person) Lindsay Brown, he's quite a cook. I might add that he deserves the title of Champion Perch Eater.

On the evening of August 20th I was attending a very important event and fulfilling my duties as general manager just in case anyone is interested.

Elijah Dan and Squaky Young are working and are quiet as usual. Muswagon and Napoleon, unemployed at the moment, are spending their time enjoying the scenery. Dr. Atkinson found out that Johnny has another interest over on West One.

Mr. Ritchot is making belts and is experimenting with cloth ones. He's still listening to his soap operas. His

roommate, Honest John, has taken leave and we hope that he will come back and pick up his little puppies.

Little Tony says he will be leaving on holidays soon. Destination? Estevan. He is practising up on his mad Russian guitar solo.

Art "Leader" Friesen has returned from home and has decided to stay a while longer.

Number One

Hi everybody. Miss Willoughby is back from her holidays and we are glad to see her looking so well. I guess the holidays must have done her a lot of good.

D. Danyleyko is a busy boy between fishing and playing cribbage with W. Wood.

D. McKenzie is busy making pussy cats and he makes them quite well.

P. St. Pierre is happy because his girlfriend is coming back on staff again. How do you like taking those fancy, rainbow coloured pills, Peter? Looks bad!

A. Wold is busy making ornaments with plaster of paris. Have you found out how to keep the ears on the deer Arthur?

T. Flett has not been playing his violin for a long time now, how about some hot music?

It has been very quiet since Gunson left for Winnipeg. Do you think that you'll be quieter when you come back Bob?

E. Borosky is last at the table and first to get out and he usually decides to come back a few minutes later for a second helping. He would make a good garbage disposal unit.

Most of W. Schenk's boy friends are gone home now and he is left alone with all the girls.

W. Woods, the famous umpire, is lucky that the girls didn't bury him alive. The only time he called a strike

was when the ball was hit, but if the bat was not swung he still called it a ball.

Miss Willoughby has a hard time teaching P. Searle table manners.

The food must agree with Duffy as he gained five pounds within the last two weeks.

F. Johnson has had some tough luck lately, lets hope that everything turns out all right.

R. Nataway and C. McPherson are doing a lot of prospecting out on the hills. Do you boys expect to find gold?

R. Westwood, our alpine boy, has now switched to rowing the boat. Do you think that you'll ever become a captain?

E. Norquist is busy making wallets and he claims that he makes more now than he did when firing a railroad locomotive.

M. Gienaert says that he's make a good rear admiral providing he could have girls dressed in bathing suits for his crew. It's a wonder that you are not scared of girls but you are really scared of mice, aren't you Marcel?

Marcel, did you ever try to figure out how the little mouse got into your locker? Maybe you should get yourself a ball bearing mouse trap.

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H. Yaciuk is studying hard these days. C. Merasty has lost a pound at the last weigh day, what happened Cyril, is the mileage getting you down?

C. McKay has a difficult time keeping track of the long-distance swimmers at the Winnipeg Beach. How far is she now, Charlie?

A. Sydorчук is still in the album business although he claims he is not doing too well financially.

M. Mlymarowich is busy doing petit-point, how many years does it take to complete one of them Michael?

I think that Margaret would do better if she used a mop instead of a bat when playing baseball.

Cheerio folks till next month.

Around the San

Another two men lost which means two more weddings. The main building assembly hall was the scene of two showers. One earlier in the month for Miss Julie Romanson and one lately for Miss Freda Lang. Ralph Morgan and I should have borrowed Dr. Zaczew's direction finder. We sure had a time finding a church, but Ralph found the hotel without any trouble. Mitsy was there with Mr. Baxter from Killarney, also Dr. Sid Nelko and Dr. Herb Adler. Tillie, Connie Glasgow, Mary Friesen were just a few of the old timers that were there. Julie's reception was held in the Marion Hotel. What took you so long Julie?

Miss Chapman has taken over Julie's place temporarily. Our counter brigade has been replaced but as yet I haven't learned the names of the new staff. Little (Mischievous) Lorraine has left us to go back to school.

We have an unconfirmed report that Pritch was seeking ten little puppies under a barn. The mystery of the missing pups was solved when it was discovered they had taken up temporary residence downtown. Now we are serenaded with those doggone blues early in the morning. Gwen Parker

seems to have become quite an authority on dogs.

Charlie Stinton is inspecting hands and with the clue of a Dentyne chewing gum wrapper is trying to solve the riddle of the corn field.

Gladys Wheatley is on holidays so it seems the flower garden is being neglected a little. Hardest workers in the San are Pritch and Jake Penner.

Mr. Joe Scott is back from Duke University. I hope he had a very enjoyable trip.

"Would you send a taxi to the main building right away?" That would be Cicely Davies, no doubt.

I wonder what Bill Amos is doing now that he hasn't me to aggravate.

Brad's house was visited by a streak of lightning and for a moment he had a hot bed.

Miss Hine is assisting Mrs. Pritchard now.

Case of the disappearing popcorn is annoying Verna Jackson.

What did you forget this time Skrabie?

Mary Marr is around for an annual visit again.

Jean Cross has joined Velma Pritchard in the Poison Ivy Allergy Club.

The television set has been sent away to be repaired so there is not too much excitement around the main building. Miss Ellis is back with a nice tan. Miss Manchester is on holidays and Kay Venables is attending conventions with Miss Busch. Coach Kahler is still in high spirits about the Blue Bombers. Aileen Ferley is totting a bucket and a shovel around. The South Indian Lake girls, Betty Clee and Eva Dysart, are back with us. Oliver is back and taking care of all information.

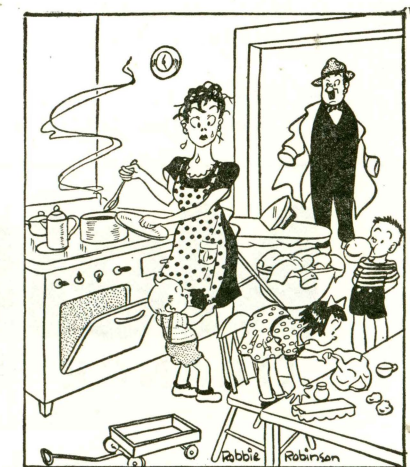
King Edward

Well folks, I must say, whether I am right or wrong, it seems that this Sally girl finds me wherever I go. I was transferred over here two weeks ago and within the hour who should be my first visitor but Sally. So if I

make a lot of mistakes just blame her.

On the first boor of K.E. and all doing well are Messrs. Banks, Dynulanko, Boggs, Cramers, Hindle, Wright, Sinclair, Taylor and Toni. Watch out fellows, if I am here next time I'll have a good line up on you all. At present the only ones are Sinclair with his daily walks, etc., and M. Cramer and his games at rap rummy (don't you think Pop is after your hide). Sammy has a beautiful hair cut but now you see boys you left one hair sticking up. As for Sammy's croquignole game and rummy—no comment. What does your wife see in you? Now that leaves Toni. What a coffee maker he is and always on time! Our thanks, Toni.

What a bunch on the top floor! If I could write a book I would have at least three or four volumes. We have Oscar with his dark-haired women and his Bombers, and now he has only one goldfish to look after. I think his late partner, Hanslip, used the rest for fishing bait. Steve Uhyrn just joined our family and look out boys, he's a lady killer for sure. Rankin is still as busy as a bee and by the way he's working, all the radios and television



Hello dear. Accomplish anything today?

sets around here will be fixed before long. Olson is still our smiling boy and I think if you watch, you'll catch him holding hands at the picture show. Another thing, Ollie, what goes on in Wold's place when you are over there so much?

Art McNaughton is trying out a way to multiply rabbits. He has so many orders to fill he will be here for years if he doesn't get a move on. All anyone need do is call croquingnole, rummy, or chinese checkers and the rabbits are forgotten until it's too dark to work. What an excuse he gives his wife.

McRoss (Charlie) came over here the same time I did and he has really gotten into the swing of things, especially the painting of those "things". Congratulations, Charlie, you did a swell job.

M. Speces (Speke) comes next and he is our helping hand. If you want anything he has it or it won't long until he has. All the boys say a big "thank you."

In the next ward we have Pop Lone and M. Wullace. How they play cribbage! Pop did you ever learn the game? How about cutting out your little walk at night and reading the book according to Hoyle. They are both good sports and we think they're tops.

I wouldn't finish this little note without a word of thanks to the staff in K.E.

I think that we are very lucky as each and every one is the best. We take our hats off to you.

West Three

Even in the sweltering heat they expect news for the Messenger, so here goes. We welcome Miss Angeline Roy, Miss Betty White, Mrs. Bertha Tharnovitch, and Miss Jean Gruison who are patients. Hope your stay is short but pleasant, girls! We also welcome Mrs. M. Scott from Neepawa and hope that her stay will be short and pleasant.

Rae has a steady date on weekends. By the way, how do you get thirty in one hand of crib?

Mrs. Davis has moved to the east but she still checks to see if it's black in the west.

Mrs. Kolesar is keeping as busy as ever watching us. She hasn't stopped putting on weight, either.

Helen is going on leave. Have a good time!

Eulie is on a diet. Are you really in favor of selling the cow?

Mrs. McAuley has moved into Room 5 and likes it. We hope you'll soon be up and around.

Mrs. McKenzie has gone home and we wish her the best of luck.

Mrs. Hodgson is still producing flowers and animals. She enjoyed a visitor a few days ago.

Lydia has moved to Room 7 and is enjoying it. How are the flowers and

knitting?

Mrs. Merasty moved out to No. 2 and it sure seems to agree with her.

Gladys is keeping at her sweater. It will soon be finished.

Rose has finished her little dress and it's adorable. Some little girl is lucky.

Katie is as busy as ever. Painting, pasting and framing pictures is the latest. We like your new bob.

Mrs. Dysart is busy with bright colors. Somebody is going to be cozy this winter.

East Two

Hi friends. Well another month has rolled around which means more work for some of us. So here we go. First, we have some newcomers—Mr. Broomfield, Mr. Nelson, Balfour and Bowman. They are here for a short stay. Mr. Geere, Morton and Rose have gone home.

Mr. Uhryn and Kerr have moved to the K.E.

G. Newby has gone on leave and Mr. Johnson just came back.

Mr. Shmon had a birthday the other day and had a cake. Lucky fellow!

Bone received "bush mail" so there must be a romance in the air.

Mak says he's losing weight but we don't think so.

Hanasiewicz and Rentz are coming along fine.

Cranwell is back at work and is fine, too.

Bolton is our sports fan, anything that comes along.

King is still chasing the cure.

Wisnieurki still makes his rounds on the flat.

Shields and Murray play chess. What happened?

Drewniak is busy making wallets. He'll soon be rich.

P. Freedman and J. Wiatrowski still have their little tasks.

Goodwin is in the belt business. He sure is putting strings somewhere.

Lariviere says he is the crib champ

and is looking for someone to play.

Woods still gets his visitors. Cheaper by the dozen.

Halaiko is busy with his leather.

R. Mirasty is called "Lover Boy."

Robertson is a very good cure chaser.

E. Young is still making a mess on the floor according to Bill who sweeps it.

We have lost two good nurses, Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Broadhead have left for Prince Rupert. Our regular nurses, Miss Gates, Miss Gantwell, Miss Dick and Miss Mahar, and our nurses' aides are treating us very well.

That's all for this month. Cheerio.

East Three

Hello again. Once more we have three new visitors, William Hare, another card shark; Mrs. Jones, single and still good looking; Glen Orvis, received a new haircut and a number of names.

Busted is still chasing the cure. White, did you know you look bigger in bed than standing beside it? Flynn's art gallery is getting larger. Don't strain your eyes, Paul. Mr. McManus has his 1955 model of the two piece cast. We all hope you don't have to use it too long. Laddie has left us for a short holiday. Peter K. has been kept busy cutting hair. How is it coming, Pete? Mr. Kingdom has also left on a short holiday. Scarvold insists on chasing the cure and all he gets out of it is more rest. Moore still says there should

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be a new baseball ump. What do you think, Woods? Ronnokko has been discharged and left Piper with a nice big room. Stevens, Critten, Leskiw, Donato and Buck have taken residence at Number One (Broadway and 32nd). Harry Young has moved to K.E.

Well, that's all for this month. Bye. Obs.

Hi everybody. Was asked to write the Messenger and so will try and do so, but between hot weather, army worms and work it won't be very much.

First, we'll start downstairs and on the east side we have Lucy and Roman who just got back from a week's leave. It is nice to hear Roman's voice again. Kind of miss the little guy when he's gone. Tony is still here and works once a week in the dentist's office. Angie is back again with us old timers and has started work with the diets asking people what they won't eat (which they don't get anyway). She took Doreen Worden's place.

On the west side we find that Hilda has left Sally and has started four hours of work. Jean is still busy working full time and is planning her holiday in September. Cicely Davies moved in with us and is working in the telephone office. We're wondering how she makes coffee with an electric pot. Goldyn Hoe is still here but hopes to go home in a short while. She is doing the typing in the Lab while Jean Rubel is on holi-

days. Jean will soon be back with us again and will find a big change here. Freda Mostowy is back from her wedding and short honeymoon. We all wish Freda and Freddie all the luck and happiness in their new life together. They had a lively wedding and Freda was a lovely bride. She made her wedding gown with Miss Kleissen's help. Sadie has started work again for the last time, she hopes. Works four hours in the chart room.

Well that accounts for all the girls who are still in the Obs.

We say hi to Mary Friesen and Doreen whom we miss but still wish them luck at home.

Lydia Cromarty moved to the nurses' home when she started full time awhile ago. Bye now.

West Two

We would like to welcome Mrs. Bruneau from the C.T.C. for a short stay on West Two. Mrs. Field and Mrs. Downing left for Number Two. Emma Lundie is working at Clearwater San. Good luck! Mrs. Norquay is making flowers these days and had a visit from her little daughter. Fun-loving, forever smiling Dorothy Smiley has started some petit point in her spare time. What spare time? Sheila Harrison, lucky gal, has her parents and friends visiting her. Never a dull moment. Yvonne Bighetty is busy making slippers and doing fancy work. Olive

Robertson has her sister visiting when she isn't burning up the balcony (as Dr. Zacjew calls it). Marilyn Milne, sporting a new hairdo, has visitors and is doing some fancy work. Mrs. Taylor is away on leave at present. You will never finish your tablecloth that way, Reg. Mrs. Funk just got back and is hard at work sewing skirts and doll clothes. Priscilla Gibeault when not chasing the cure is sewing, sewing. What a bunch of busy little bees these days on West 2!

Number Two

Another month has passed and no time for the low down on Number Two. This month has been like Grand Central Station with incoming and outgoing traffic (in the bush).

We wish to welcome on the incoming train—Mrs. Fields, Mrs. Merasty, Mrs. Szlachtycz, and Mrs. Downing. They all have moved out of the infirmary to our abode.

Cicely Davies and Angie Berthelette left by wagon for the Obs. Both are working now and singing "Oh How the Money Rolls In." Mrs. Heinrichs and Ellen Sidoryk both departed for home on the same day. Good luck, girls. I hope Marge got that cute little pup home in one piece. If anyone is looking for Mrs. Faval or Mrs. Shmon,

they're busy watching TV and have left orders to be interrupted during commercials only.

Kay Shearer and Joyce McCallum are now going over to the classroom to study for an hour each morning. Girls, is it the studying you enjoy or the morning walk?

Winter should soon be here. Mrs. Mary Fleming has been knitting in preparation for some time now.

Audrey J. Clyde and Olive La Valle are both starting to work next week. All I can say is watch out.

Mrs. Pearl Bosiak is still working on her sweater. Pearl, who is going to finish it first, you or the moths?

After ten months Aileen Ferley has finally made a pot holder—reward is a sandpail and shovel.

Mrs. Shirley Simpson is referred to as the "little one", in height only.

Mrs. Thelma Cory, Mrs. Flett and Anne Duff are looking forward to going home in the next few weeks so are starting to sing "I'll Soon Be Moving On."

Mrs. Thompson, where did you get that poison ivy?

Now that the dust has cleared I'll sign off and start running to save my hide.

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BRANDON SANATORIUM

"A" Ward

We are sorry to say that our "A" reporters have been discharged. We miss you Evelyn McKay and Doris Malcolm but are happy to see you better and able to go home.

"A" is like a new ward with the discharges of Madeline Mousseau, Helen Aggiar and Allen Ingootonook who were loved by one and all.

A great big welcome to our new patients Margaret Malcolm, Verna Houle, Mary Houle, Collen Houle, Rose Betty Richard, Clair Racette, Grace Catcheway, Muriel West, George Mattais and Sarah Geesic. We hope you will soon feel at home, children.

August was an exciting month for Agnes Kejick, Mary Nottingham, Isabel Munro, Iris Roulette and Christine Linklater. These five wee ladies started school and are oh, so enthused over all that is new and strange.

"B" Ward

Hi everybody! Here is a bit of news for this month. The news seems to be as scarce as hens' teeth here on "B". However, everyone is looking quite contented and in high spirits.

Lenora Pachinose, Annie Harper, Anne Ishoomatak and Nora Oudie were promoted to routine 4 and judging by the pleasant expression on their faces, it is quite obvious they are very pleased. Incidentally, Nora Oudie has the treat of going to classes. We musn't forget to thank the nurses for the lovely flowers they have given us for our bedside tables.

"C" Ward

Here we are again with the news of the month. We wish to welcome the following newcomers: Margaret Ironstand, Julia Eskimo, Beatrice O'Meara and Gladys Pelly. Hope you will like San life, girls. A hearty welcome also to Martha Beardy and Hazel Ross from "B" Ward and Annie Kopenace from

"K" Ward. Hope you like us, girls—also Florence Sky who has come from Dynevor.

August was surely a moving month as Helen Cochrane, Nancy Racette and Margaret Beaulieu left us for Dynevor—we really miss you gals—and Mary Benn, Victoria Whitecloud and Elizabeth Sinclair went all the way across the hall to "J".

Mary Louise Catcheway and Alice Linklater are again guests of the Brandon Sanatorium.

Congratulations are in order for our "Nokum" Flora Flatfoot upon receiving routine. Careful Flora—no Mamboning in the corridors!

"D" Ward

Here we are trying to keep you posted on the doings of our ward—known as the newly operated patients' ward. First bear in mind, ladies and gentlemen, that we are only allowed so much space in this column and that we are trying to give you the highlights of the happenings. We would like to keep you informed on the old and new patients especially.

We have had quite a few changes this last month. First the carpenters are busy hammering, sawing, et cetera. In a word you would not know our ward. It is completely remodeled. The rooms are larger, more spacious and very attractive. Boy, we won't want to get better any more. We are too comfortable here on "D".

We are glad to have with us John Sinclair and Joe Monroe transferred from Clearwater San.

Congratulations to Thomas Wood, Norman Monias, Stanley McKay—all are sporting routine 4.

Good luck everyone, until next month—Cheerio.

"E" Ward

Greetings from "E" everyone. A friendly welcome to two new patients,

Alex Stagg and George Robertson. Hope you boys like your new surroundings. Our guitar-picking sensation Mr. Dedsky will be leaving us shortly to take up residence somewhere in southern Ontario. Must advise Mr. Meccas to buy a cadillac! Smoky sends Papa a goodnight kiss, Maxim to you shut-ins.

Simon Ross is worried. Where did that letter come from? Flying objects seem to be hovering over "F" Ward, then suddenly veered off toward Jay's residence—could it be a Flying Saucer? Benjamin predicts an early fall. Tom Gasayue is practicing for the Fiddler's contest—poor old violin.

Raymond Flatfoot and Jonah Mama-geesic still have arguments on arithmetic. Ray says "I've added two and two and it only comes out four!" Frankie Paishk is busy these days with last minute jobs like school work and paintings. Frankie is due for discharge shortly. Continued health and success to you Frankie, also to Mr. Redsky. Frank Anderson is obviously not with us at present. He is in deep thought again. Our baby Moose — meaning Luke, still chuckles away in real English.

David Omand and Sandy Ellis are real pals. And Alfred Williams is still playing solitaire.

"F" Ward

This is your reporter greeting you from the pages of the Messenger. Time rolls around again to keep you in touch with the news—here are the highlights.

Welcome to our new patients Stanley Hobson, Solomon Houle, Laurent Beaulieu, Laurent Richard, Alex Catheway, Louie McPherson and Edgar Linklater. The latter two were transfers from Clearwater Sanatorium. We hope your stay will be short and pleasant, boys.

From other wards we have Norman Benn, George Lathlin from "G" and Thomas Cheekee and Charlie Thomas from "D".

Our fortunate friends who went home this month were Donald Francis, James Nepinak, Lawrence Bittern, Walter Mamageesic, Simon Hastings, Pawloosie Eskimo and our famous Koosherak.

We wish you luck, boys.

"G" Ward

Alex Stagg, George Lathlin have moved to other wards. We welcome William Oupalutuck who has moved in with our Eskimo friends.

Steve Kent wonders why he isn't as popular as his pin-up hanging at his door. How do you get the colours blended Steve?

Save money, save razor blades, save fuss, use the new style shaving, men. Did you ever try plucking your whiskers? George gets all the credit for introducing this new style of shaving.

As I gaze into the pool room I see a few heads—for instance John Pemican. He hasn't met any tough customers since the disposal of Glen Shingoose last month.

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In the corner we find Simeon Eskimo Aklunark scratching his head and chewing his pencil while he is doing his school work. Nalliki nods his head side to side and looks on with awe, wondering why Simeon looks puzzled when doing school work.

Eskimo Ouyokik smiles from ear to ear and keeps muttering "Those wonderful women."

The expert hands of George Starr are constantly busy making chains and bull rings—pardon me I mean necklaces and earrings.

David Eaglestick does a whistling snore when sleeping, while John Longclaws pours a jug of water down Dave's throat—don't know what happens after that—we don't stick around long enough to find out.

Would like to mention a most prominent figure—Joe Gabriel—girls, he is still around waiting for the right one to come along—and his hair is turning grey!

Ernest Catt is looking from side to side to see if anyone is following him—and well he should—Lambert is only one of many who have their eyes on that "Dagwood sandwich."

"J" Ward

Another month has passed and with it we lose some dear friends who have

received their discharges. They are Suzzette Francois, Anni Manielar (who goes all the way to Coral Harbour), and Janet Thickfoot, and Annie Everette—both transferred to Dynevov .

Transferred from other wards were Eva Cameron, Charlotte Mason, Abelia Beardy and Mary Benn.

Ellen Ross journeyed here from Clearwater accompanied by a record player. She sets our toes a-tapping with all those records. Nice to see your cheery smile, Ellen.

Just can't decide whether we like the "Apple-a-day" or "Mountie" pyjamas best.

All you hear from Nellie these days is "Chum, I love you." We are wondering what she means.

We miss Lorna Kirkness who moved to "B" Ward for her op. We hope she'll be back with us real soon.

Well folks it is time to buzz off as no one seems to want her name mentioned, it wouldn't do for your reporter to have a lump on her head for being nosey!

"K" Ward

From the privacy of the exclusive ward of "K" we bring you greetings. Welcome to our new patients Irene Neapew, Mary Sutherland and Georgina Amos. Hope your stay is short and sweet, gals.

Virginia Houle and Lucy St. Pierre have obtained their routine. Congratulations girls.

Everyone on "K" is very industrious and peeking around we see quite a variety of work being done for Mrs. Davidson—moccasins, X-ray plate work and knitting and embroidery. Do we class letter writing as work? If so, "K" is most busy indeed.

We miss Mrs. Ames who is away on holidays. Hope you have a good time but hurry back to us.

Cheerio till next month.

ST. BONIFACE SANATORIUM

St. Lucs

The lucky ones to go home this month were Sam Everson, Ray Pelletier, Clarence Abranason, Don Crane, Ed Ewaniew, and Andy Seniuk.

There are three new ones this month. Lloyd Swain, John Chartrand, Isaac Wiebe. Mike Yawranko has joined us from St. Jos.

200: Earl Woods is turning out leatherwork pretty fast.

Ken McLeod is a sick boy these days. What is it?

203: Jack Strange has welcomed Lloyd Swain.

204: Messrs. Carrol and Gilchrist are both looking fine.

209: George Craig and Peter Nosaty are our model cure chasers.

209: Wow, look at 'em work! Everybody working, Jim, Ed, Joe all on cushions. Ray is another of our cure chasers.

210: Mike Pine took a little trip to the O.R. He's looking fine.

211: Here we come to Henry Lee who is busy with his nose in his books. Maurice is doing leatherwork.

212: Here we come to our rummy players, Messrs. Curtaz and Parissien. Isaac Wiebe has just joined them.

220: Here is our checker expert, Brother Gagnon.

229: Here we come to the handicraft store. Ron, Den, Robert all turning out leatherwork. Lloyd is complaining that he isn't getting enough exercise.

233: Fred Tanner is another expert at checkers. Fred and Alex are entertaining their roommates.

That's all for this month, folks. So long.

St. Joseph's Jottings

This is your reporter from St. Jos. again. Didn't make the front door yet so made my monthly tour trying to pry

news out of folks.

Room 300: Mr. Lazaroosie has a jet-propelled gait since he got his routine. Mr. Kusugak is still happy, and a whizz at cards. Mr. Chartrand needs his shoes oiled. The other Eskimo boys are relishing the cooler weather.

Room 301: Mr. McDonald, a newcomer, is looking for a nurse with a car.

Room 302: When last seen Mr. McKay was chasing the cure. When you go out the window next time, Mike, remember to put the screen on again. At the time of writing Mike Drewniak got his discharge.

Room 303: Mrs. Derry went to Winnipeg and was glad to return to the quietness of her room. Was the traffic at Portage and Main worse than St. Jos.?

Room 305: Mrs. Hayes is running in competition with Birks.

Room 304: Mr. Harron is typing with eight fingers now. Mr. Felkowsky returned from his holidays and says it's easier to rest here.

Room 307: When you hear someone saying "Hat-you know, what you put on your head", that's Mr. Trager teaching the Eskimos to speak English. If you want any advice, medical or otherwise just ask Mr. Zacarharkow.

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Room 309: The reporter say Mrs. Henderson lacing a wallet and using 18 feet of lacing. Wonder how she managed not to hang herself. Miss Timmins looks in the Want Ads daily to make sure nurses are still in demand.

Room 310: Mr. Johnson is so anxious to get his strept. that he gets ready the day before. Mr. Bridges' pet saying is "What's there to drink?"

Room 310: Messrs. McMullen and Kotchai are keen on solitaire.

Room 311: Mrs. Szengera is doing some lovely crocheting, while Miss Ditchfield who came to us from Ste. Therese is making jewelry.

Room 312: Master Howard Thomas has been a real tonic for his roommate, Ed. Jensen.

A lady in 314 says she's knitting and at the same time she's waiting for wire. What are you using for needles Mrs. Strutt—telephone poles? Mrs. Hohenstein has more hobbies than anyone here—nine to give a number.

Room 317: Mrs. Taylor is feeling well enough now to do some beadwork, keep up the good work.

Room 322: Mr. Pine is doing fine after op. and is back on St. Luc now. Mr. Yawrenko has come to us from St. Boniface Hospital.

Room 327: Messrs. Elie and Robert Picton are busy concentrating on correspondence courses. Messrs. Arthur and Maurice Morin are joining them

in the same task. All these fellows came from St. John's flat.

Room 332: If anyone wants an argument here are the four gentlemen to give it to you.

Room 334: At the time of calling Mr. Cheechuk was in the craft room, Mr. Page was doing leatherwork, Mr. Myhaluk a newcomer was nowhere to be found, and I'm told Mr. McKinnon is a cribbage fiend.

During the past month the R.C.A.S.C. band was kind enough to come out and entertain the patients, the Western fans were not forgotten when a Western band played and sang. Thanks to all those concerned.

St. Therese Tattlings

I think we should have a daily report on Ste. Therese instead of monthly report because there is changes every day. One time it was called "Hagen's Paradise" but boy how things have changed. Well I should be getting along with my news.

Addition to this flat: Emily Setter, Jean Wengenow, Mechtilde and Estelle Labossiere, Mrs. Sinclair came to us from upstairs. We hope you'll like it here. Gisele Morin, Jeon Manulak, Gert Joyal were the newly admittances.

Discharged: Mrs. Pele, Sister Alma-Therese and Mrs. Parkinson.

Now we come to the "Musical Room" (157). Pauline Schsnuk just relaxes after that heavenly leave.

Mrs. Perkins was recently promoted to routine 6. Mrs. Jurgens and Mrs. Perreault lucky pool and purse winners.

Mrs. Fillion and Nina thought they would like the morning sun for a change. They are now in Room 159 with Sophie and Winnie who just came back from their leaves.

Excitement of the month: Dot Reid and Pauline Picton face crib champs Clara Einerson and Lee Ouellette. This excitement was too much for Mrs. Reid.

She couldn't possibly take it because she just dreads beating them. (Big Deal.)

Jeannette (Chaser) Delannoy fumbles with her jumbles—while life goes on around her. Who is the lucky man that causes all the smiles while Ruby reads her mail? Hubby Bob of course.

Miss Helen Crowe seems to be enjoying the company of her new roommate Mrs. Sinclair.

Mrs. Green not only got herself routine 6, but also two rugby pools.

Agnes sure keeps us guessing who belongs to the cigarettes and lighter? Seen in passing, those socks look pretty sharp.

Mrs. Sankew spends considerable time admiring two up-and-coming movie starlets, real cute too.

Mrs. Gonecherenko looks as if she is in the greenhouse business.

Who is the lucky person going to share that nice balcony bed spread, we wonder.

Mrs. Lynn still is a faithful cure chaser. Mrs. Flett, the fruit juice kid, is sporting a new housecoat, pretty nice.

Sister Desrosiers is doing very well on her cure chasing, the best of luck to Sister Deschatelets on her recent operation.

Famous last words "How much did you gain?"

Are You Afraid of Tuberculosis?

Are you afraid to touch anything previously handled by a person who had the disease? Are you afraid to work with, for, or employ a person who has had tuberculosis?

For generations, the general public has been morbidly afraid of tuberculosis. This attitude was logical in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when, because of unhygienic conditions, transmission of the disease was frequent and rapid. Since then, however, fairly effective methods of prevention have been established. Nevertheless, the public has clung to the belief of 200 years ago that to see, talk to or touch a person with tuberculosis is to catch the disease.

The average patient has had tuberculosis for at least a year to eighteen months before the diagnosis is made. During that time, the patient has lived a normal relationship with society, frequently with a positive sputum.

As soon as a diagnosis of tuberculosis is made, the patient is trained by doc-

tors and nurses in proper methods of preventing spread of the disease, and he ceases to be the menace he was previously. Paradoxically, however, as soon as his disease is diagnosed, the patient is ostracized by the general public and even his family. In other words, months after the horse is stolen, the barn is locked. And all too frequently, it is never unlocked.

Every patient who has been treated at a sanatorium has been trained in the proper use of paper napkins, sputum cups and other methods of prevention and in personal hygiene generally. If the patient continues to use the knowledge gained, he is obviously not a menace to anyone. And if he is fortunate enough to cure his tuberculosis he is no longer infectious, and certainly should be given every opportunity to enter his rightful place in society again.

It is a tragic state of affairs when a person who has spent anywhere from a few months to several years regaining his health, is ostracized by the general

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public because people do not understand that the former patient is no longer a source of danger to the community. To correct this condition, it is essential that everyone has a proper understanding of the avenues of infection and spread of tuberculosis and the methods of prevention used in effecting control of the disease.

The avenues of infection and spread of tuberculosis are limited. The tuberculous person should cover his mouth with a paper napkin when coughing or sneezing. Children should be kept away from the patient. If these precautions are adhered to, chances of infection are remote.

In every community there are people who have a chronic cough for many years and are certain it could not be tuberculosis because "it would have killed me long ago" . . . They sit in the theater or church with you and cough frequently. They eat at your table, using your china and silverware. They may be you!

It is not logical to suppose that you would be better off to have a person working with or for you who had tuberculosis and who has learned how to protect you and others, than to have a deadly, though innocent, chronic infecting you and your children?

Many people, when they learn they have tuberculosis, feel that, if the fact becomes known, they will be shunned by everyone, even their closest relatives. Consequently, they keep their condition a secret as long as possible.

During the ensuing months, the disease often progresses to an incurable stage and numerous innocent persons are infected. If these same people were more tolerant and understanding regarding tuberculosis, they would be spared infection in such instances.

Likewise, the patient would seek immediate treatment, be cured and restored to a useful life in the community instead of remaining a hidden menace.

The public should realize that their co-operation and assistance is necessary in aiding the authorities in diagnosing the cases of tuberculosis and getting them trained properly. And when the patient is well it is the public's responsibility to provide suitable employment so that he may remain well, happy and productive, rather than be a financial and social burden on the community, state, and civilization.—Mountain Air.

It is not the place nor the condition but the mind alone, that can make one happy or miserable—L. 'Estrange.

* * *

Every man should keep a fairsized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends.—Henry H. Beecher.

* * *

A good listener is not only popular everywhere but after a while he knows something.—Wilson Mizner.

* * *

Most people do what they are requested to do; successful people do a little more.

* * *

True friendship is a plant of slow growth.—George Washington.

TRAVELLING CLINIC

Portage	October 12	1 to 4 p.m.
Beausejour	October 14	1 to 4 p.m.
Crane River	October 18	1 to 4 p.m.
Dauphin	October 19	1 to 4 p.m.
Duck Bay and Camperville	October 21	All day
Winkler	October 25	1 to 4 p.m.

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